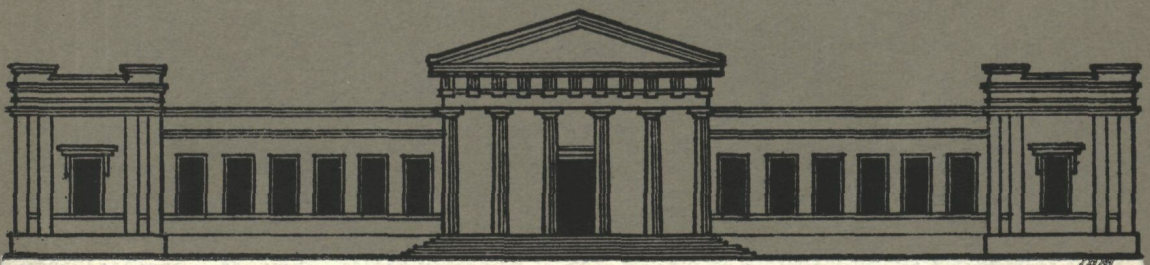


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MAGAZINE



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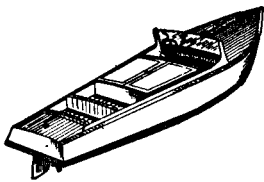
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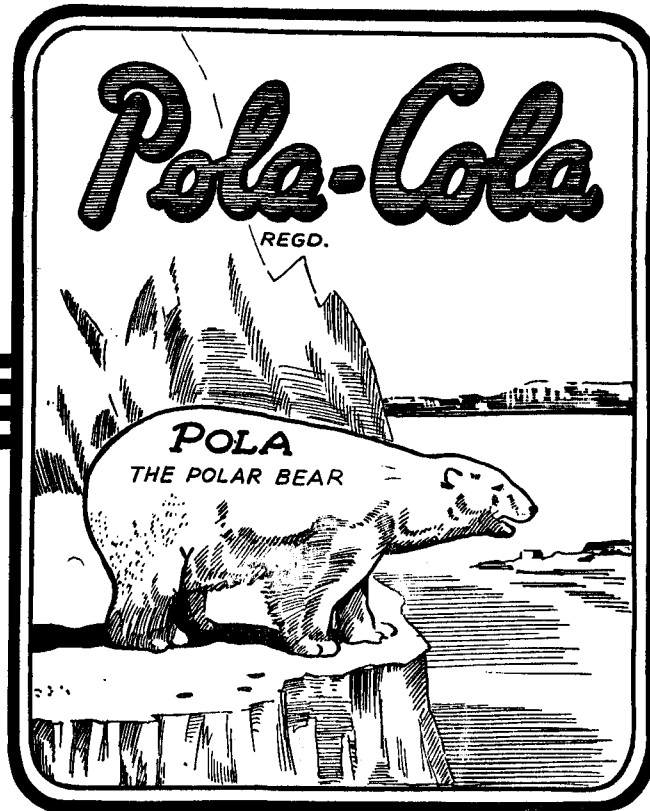
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 124]

JUNE, 1958

[1/3

Editorial

There are many events in the school year which, to those interested, may be classed as important. For some, there are, alas! the Bursary Competition and Higher Leaving Certificate Examinations; for others, the Sports, the Swimming Gala, the Exhibition, and the Concert; for nearly everyone, we fear, the end of the session. This year, however, saw an event definitely out of the ordinary — one of the most important events in this, or any other year. On Tuesday, 25th March, Sir Edward Appleton, Vice-Chancellor and Principal of Edinburgh University, formally opened the new laboratories, the first and major accomplishment of the reconstruction. It was decided, especially after the recognition of the importance of the event in the "Evening Telegraph," to supplement that article with a special issue of the Magazine. Let it be noted that, despite larger bulk and content and more photographs, the price has remained stable, due to the generosity of the Governors.

We have mentioned before the beginning of a new era in the history of the School. This was, of course, the conventional phrase to use on such occasions; yet its realisation is possible. Guidance, whether appreciated or not, there has always been, and it shall indeed continue; now, however, we have amenities which make a valuable addition to the immense opportunity. More space has been

created in the same room, and more rooms have been found in the same space; the School is now in the happy position to absorb a greater amount of humanity. The new era has come, offering added opportunity to an added potential.

It is too much, we fear, to expect even the educated minority of our readers who actually peruse the Editorial to gaze thus ahead with bated breath towards a rosy scholastic future for either themselves or the School. By this time the fancies of young men and women have turned elsewhere; and, as this is being written, the end-of-session activities loom large. Form VI. is debating the form of its ceremonial exit; what better place to perform our own? To those, then, who form the future potential of the School, we would stress the opportunity of the new era; results now depend upon their own efforts. To those who have made this opportunity possible, proper gratitude is expressed elsewhere; we hope that we speak for the School when we say that lasting thanks can best be expressed in a firm grasp of the opportunity.

Lastly, to those among whom we bequeath our editorial mantle, we would express a greeting faintly tinged, perhaps, with condescension, yet also our sincere regret for anticipating in time the Great Things of future years which will herein be recorded.

Rector's Letter

My Dear Friends,

Perhaps it is appropriate that in this Reconstruction number I should address a few words to you all.

The past eighteen months have not been without their anxieties. £65,000 is a lot of money. It is a lot to spend wisely, and in spite of help from all sides the weight of decision that fell on my shoulders was often hard to sustain. It is a lot, too, to raise. I would still feel happier if we had a few thousands more at our back for the immediate reconstruction — which is now going on well up to time, and will be finished before the end of this year. That will complete the work in the Boys' School: all being well, we shall tackle the Girls' School basement next summer. But as I look ahead further than next year, I realise that the School will always need the help of its friends. For instance, you will see in another part of this magazine an appeal for books for the library:

what the Librarian is perhaps too diffident to say is that 1000 new books will be required before the library is as good as I want it to be. So I hope that you will not forget us, either now or in the future.

Important as these considerations are, however, they are not the reason for this letter. Its main theme is to record my gratitude to a great number of people whose goodwill, expressed both in financial generosity and in kindly interest, will not soon be forgotten. A school, if it is to prosper, must be believed in by all concerned with it. That is why I was so happy to see so many parents and friends not only present at the Opening and the Open Days, but so clearly as excited about our progress as I am myself. It is a great comfort and impetus to all of us in the School to know that you are supporting us in our work.

Yours sincerely,

D. W. ERSKINE.

News and Notes

Music Successes

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte and Violin held in December, 1957, and March, 1958:—

Pupils of Mr Porteous

L. VII.—Ian Smith, Piano Grade III. Merit.

Pupils of Mrs Duncan

F. II.—Hazel Rickart, Piano Grade V., Merit.
Moirra Wilkinson, Piano Grade IV., Pass.
Rosemary Russell, Piano Grade II., Merit.

L. VII.—Anthony Kobine, Piano Grade II., Pass.

L. V.—Roger Milne, Piano Grade I., Distinction.

Pupils of Mrs Elder

F. III.—Jeanie Davidson, Piano Grade V., Pass.

F. II.—Kathleen Thomson, Piano Grade IV., Merit.

L. VI.—Dorothy Fraser, Piano Grade IV., Pass.

L. V.—Margaret Bryce, Piano Grade I., Pass.

Pupils of Mr R. A. Reid

L. V.—Gillian Hunter, Piano Grade I., Merit.
Gillian Munro, Piano Grade I., Merit.

Pupils of Mr A. Morrison Reid

F. II.—Peter Milne, Violin Grade IV., Distinction.

L. V.—Fiona Bell, Violin Grade II., Merit.
Alan Aitkenhead, Violin Grade I., Merit.
Barry Buchan, Violin Grade I., Merit.

Elocution Examination Results

Trinity College of Music

Grade II.—Gillian Shearer, Merit.

Grade III.—Patricia Ramsay (Honours), Vivian Ramsay (Honours), Elaine Appleby (Honours), Maureen Grant (Merit), Eileen Duke (Merit), Elizabeth Johnston (Merit).



Sir David Anderson aboard his yacht



SCHOOL MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE-WINNERS, 1958

(Names and Awards after School Notes)



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

GOLF TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) — Douglas Tasker, Alistair Low, James Bryce.

Front Row (l. to r.) — P. Harvey Robertson, Malcolm Dougall (Capt.), Gordon Ritchie.

Grade IV.—Anne M. Young (Merit).

Grade V.—Wilma Skinner (Merit).

Grade VI.—Patricia M. Walton (Merit).

Girls' Golf

For the second year running a small band of hopefuls, clutching bags of ancient or borrowed clubs, has joined the Wednesday expedition to Monifieth. The lure of the golf course was not in any way decreased by the loud-voiced disapproval of the boys. No one among the nine is aspiring to "scratch" standard, and there is a good deal of hilarity between 3 and 6 p.m. on the Ashludie Course, but it is hoped that golf for girls will become an established part of the summer term activities.

H.W., O.M.C.

Music Competition

Experimentally inaugurated last year, this competition has proved popular. This year there was added to the existing piano section a violin section. The winners, playing to a considerably larger audience than last year, were Hazel Ptolemy (L. VI.) in Class I., Donald Cuthill (F. III.) in Class II., and Eileen Souter (F. V.) in the Open Class, who played respectively Sonatina in A (Clementi), Sonata in G, Opus 49 (Beethoven), and Sonata in F minor, Opus 2 (Beethoven). In the violin section, the winners were Michael Fletcher in the Junior, and Steven Rae and Graham Maclean in the Senior Class. All of these we congratulate. We also extend our thanks to Mr William C. Bowie from the Royal High School, Edinburgh, who filled the office of adjudicator, to Mrs Duncan who accompanied the competitors, and to Mr Porteous who arranged the competition.

The Carol Service

"You have it in your power to make this THE Carol Service." Mr Porteous was waxing lyrical, we thought sceptically and continued the choir practice. At least, we comforted ourselves as the day came closer, there was going to be safety in numbers.

The day stopped coming closer. I, as usual, entered the choir stalls on the wrong side and stumbled over most of the tenors and the organ to my seat. We apprehensively surveyed the congregation, which affably surveyed us. And still they came. We fingered our precariously stapled carol-

sheets and exchanged reminiscences of the School Dance.

Mr Douglas stood up and indicated some empty seats for the still-flowing stream of people. While we were singing the haunting Introit, "Bow down thine ear," the ushers were providing seats along the aisles and at the back of the galleries for the largest congregation for some years: a joyful throng which forced, nay, inspired us to our mettle, joined spiritedly in the familiar combined items and listened encouragingly to those by the choir.

In addition to the Introit, the choir sang Bach's Christmas Oratorio, "Hear, King of Angels," and Pettman's arrangement of an old Basque Noel, "The Infant King," hoping humbly that justice was done to both. Another special item was the Junior School's charming rendering of "How far is it to Bethlehem?" which put us all to shame.

The sequence of lessons, telling of the Nativity from the prophecy of Isaiah to the visit of the Wise men and explaining the Incarnation, was delivered clearly and with sincerity by the readers. The atmosphere of the service added to the effect of the words to paint afresh the glowing picture. Christmas in general, and the Carol Service in particular, are always full to abundance of that essential element, colour, presented both to the eye and to the imagination.

Mr Douglas, vividly recounting the story of the strange communion service in a Gestapo cell on Christmas Day, 1944, gave a triumphant example of "light in darkness," of faith and hope in despair. The address stirred the imagination, already excited by the occasion, and the exhilaration of the whole service was reflected in the final hymn, "Hark! the herald angels sing," a triumphant ending to a memorable occasion.

We in the choir are able to pay a special tribute to Mr Porteous, recognising as we can the amount of work which he put in to ensure the success of the service — a success quite inevitable as a result. Moreover, we were ideally placed to witness his acrobatics on the console, the intricate control of which was fully in his hands (and under his feet). That he was able to sing both bass and tenor as well bears witness to his indispensability and to our indebtedness to him. The thanks of

the School must also be offered to Mr Douglas, the readers, the ushers and the congregation.

Prize-Winners in Brooke Bond's Art Competition

Senior Section — 1st (equal) Irene G. Smith (F. V.) and Douglas J. Dick (F. II.), 2nd James W. Andrews (F. I.).

Junior Section — 1st Peter A. N. Moonie (F. I.), 2nd Sally Lindsay (L. VI.).

Fry's Painting Competition 1957

Two **First Prize** awards in the Fry's 1957 Painting Competition were gained by **Lorna Geddes** (12 years) and **Brian Junior** (11 years), who are pupils at Dundee High School.

The prizes consist of Treasure Chests packed full of chocolate bars.

Certificates of Special Merit plus a selection box of chocolate were awarded as follows:—

Boys — L. VI.—Scott Lowson; L. VII.—Murray Petrie, Kenneth Stobbs; F. I.—James Andrews; F. II—George Duke, Robin Keay, Brian Sturrock. F. III—Ronald Adamson, John Hendry, James Mill.

Girls — F. I — Alison Chalmers; F. III. —Margaret Watson, Jacqueline Millar.

The subject set by Fry's was "A Desert Island Scene." A total of 73 entries was sent from D.H.S.

Ballet Evenings

On Friday and Saturday, 29th and 30th November, 1957, Miss Winifred Stewart presented, in St. Paul's Hall, Tay Square, evenings of Ballet, Music, Singing and Drama in aid of the School Reconstruction Fund. These evenings were a great success and School Prefects had the privilege of being present to act as programme-sellers and ushers.

Public Speaking Contest

The finals of this contest, inaugurated by the Rector last year, were held on 14th February, 1958. The usual audience of Lit. members was augmented by younger pupils, parents and friends. Mr Erskine gave a few opening remarks before introducing the adjudicator, Mr Ian Gilmour.

The five boys taking part in the finals, Robert Logan, Peter Mee, Gordon Ritchie, Malcolm Dougall and Steven Rae, in turn, read aloud a poem and a piece of prose, and were followed by the girls, Lorna Guild, Hazel Walker, Jane Bowden and Marie Walls. The contestants then withdrew to prepare their speeches, the boys being given the choice of two subjects, "The Future of Dundee" or "That the Equality of the Sexes is a Myth," while the girls were asked to speak on either "The Place of Women in Industry" or "That the Scottish Leaving Certificate be Abolished."

The speeches were both interesting and well phrased, and it was hard for the audience to decide on the winner. Mr Gilmour, after bestowing words of praise on all the competitors, announced the winners to be Jane Bowden and Gordon Ritchie.

Christmas Lecture

On 13th December, 1957, at 3 p.m., the Royal Institute of Chemistry Christmas Lecture for senior pupils was given in Queen's College. The lecture, which was on "The Chemistry of Food — Inside and Out," was given by Magnus Pyke, B.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S.E., F.R.I.C., manager of Glenochil Research Station Distillers Co. Ltd. About twenty senior pupils from Dundee High School attended.

Athletic Union Ball

On 20th February, 1958, the Athletic Union held their annual Ball in the Empress Ballroom. The School Prefects were kindly asked as guests and a delightful evening was spent by all. Attendance, on the whole, was poor compared with previous years, but we are sure that if the dance continues to be as successful socially — if not financially — then there is nothing to be feared for the future.

Hockey Matches

On Wednesday, 26th March, the annual Staff v. Pupils hockey match was held at Dalnacraig. An eager and enthusiastic audience cheered the players, the Staff gaining the most support. The Staff team showed surprising agility and skill and succeeded in holding their own against the superior play of the 1st XI. whose numbers were, unfortunately, depleted owing to Bursary Competition Examinations. The match ended in a draw (no score) — a fitting result.

The Boys v. Girls hockey match was held at Dalnacraig on the afternoon of Wednesday, 2nd April. The teams were given support by various teachers and members of the School. The Boys' team, consisting of members of the 1st Rugby XV., showed neat stickwork (and bootwork!). The game was hard and speedy, the boys scoring the one and only goal. After the game the teams had tea, provided by the players, in the Pavilion.

J.R.C.B.

Staff Changes

In the Junior School Miss Brodlie left at Christmas to teach in Forfar, and Miss Latto leaves at the end of this term to be married. Our best wishes go with both. We trust that Miss P. Soutar, who took Miss Brodlie's

place, will be very happy in the High School. In the Upper School we have missed Mr Vannet who has been absent since January owing to illness. We hope to see him back at work again in September, and we are very grateful to Mrs Malcolm for taking his place. We were sorry to lose Mrs Pearce who resigned because of illness in January. We trust she will soon be well again. In place of Mrs Pearce we welcome Miss K. M. Currie, a former pupil of the School. Miss M. C. C. Downie, Rector's secretary, also resigned in January and was succeeded by Miss A. Murrison. We wish them both success in their new posts. We wish a speedy recovery to Miss Davidson and thank Miss Turnbull and Mr Duncan for their assistance in the English Department.

MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE - WINNERS

Front Row (l. to r.) — Kenneth N. Ritchie (Walter Polack Memorial Prize for Dux of L. VII. Boys—Equal); Hazel B. Ptolemy (Old Girls' Club Prize for Piano-Playing in the Junior School); Rosemary B. Prickett (Junior Leng Silver Medal for Singing); Sheila M. Greaves (John McLennan Prize for Dux of L. VII.—Girls); Michael J. Fletcher (Larg Prize for Violin-Playing—Junior).

Second Row (l. to r.) — Margaret E. M. G. Souter (Dott Memorial Prize for Dux in Music, Larg Prize for Piano-Playing—Open); Ogilvie Stephen (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Boys); Sally M. Haslock (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Needlework); Robert C. Moore (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of F. III.—Boys); Lorna J. Guild (Harris Gold Medal for Dux of School, Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Mathematics, Cunningham Medal for Dux in Science, Sir John Leng's Trustees' Prize in Science); Ralph W. Gibb (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art, Rector's Prize for Art Appreciation); Olive M. Carnegie (Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English, Sir John Leng's Trustees' Prize in English, London Angus Club Prize for Dux in History, Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in French); Donald C. M. Cuthill (Larg Prize for Piano-Playing—Intermediate); Margaret H. Fyffe (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in German).

Third Row (l. to r.) — Carmen S. Ellis (Girls' Junior Tennis Cup); Sheila M. Buchan (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Girls); Ann P. Cumming (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Girls); Jennifer M. Derrick (Girls' Tennis Championship Cup); Judith A. Leslie (Championship Cup for Swimming—Girls); Elizabeth M. Thomson (Girls' Sports Championship Cup, Championship Cup for Dux in Gymnastics—Girls); Linda E. Mollison (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III.—Girls); Jane R. C. Bowden (G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public Speaking); Margaret Anne Reed (Intermediate Girls' Sports Championship Cup); Christina I. Simpson (Junior Girls' Sports Championship Cup).

Fourth Row (l. to r.) — Ian E. Smith (Walter Polack Memorial Prize for Dux of L. VII. Boys—Equal); Peter W. Cuthbert (Polack Prize for Dux in Gymnastics—Form II. Boys); George D. Maxwell (Beckingham Chess Trophy); Bruce D. McLeod (Championship Trophy for Swimming—Boys); Iain S. Stewart (Urquhart Cup for Champion Shot of Rifle Club); David W. Duff (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Boys); Andrew J. More (Oakley Cup for Shooting—Boys under 14); Michael J. S. Walton (Aystree Cup for Winner of Junior Championship).

Back Row (l. to r.) — William F. S. Neillie (Boase Medal for Golf); David G. Henderson (Don. F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Douglas J. K. Barnet (Loveridge Cup for Winner of the Mile Race); Malcolm A. Dougall (Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete); Robert N. S. Logan (Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Ian D. Cuthbert (Ballingall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics—Boys, Arthur Ritchie Cup for Winner of the High Jump); Kenneth G. McLean (Larg Prize for Violin-Playing—Senior); Michael Hardie (Don. F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Gordon J. Ritchie (G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public Speaking); Ronald D. Byer (Harold Young Martin Rose Bowl for Winner of the Intermediate Championship).

Other Prize-Winners — Helen S. Thomson (Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Peter H. Robertson (Pirie Handicap Cup for Golf); Alexander W. S. Rae (Larg Prize for Violin-Playing—Senior—Equal).

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

Rev. H. O. Douglas on his receiving the Degree of D.D. from St. Andrews University.

Mr R. L. Lickley, Technical Director of the Fairey Aviation Company, on receiving, along with Mr Peter Twiss, the George Taylor Gold Medal for their paper on the Fairey Delta II. published in the Society's journal.

Dr John S. G. Blair who has been admitted a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. Dr Blair was Dux of the High School and a Harkness Scholar at St. Andrew's University. He took first place in the B.A. Final General Examination, London, 1955.

Dr W. Perry on his being appointed to the Chair of Materia Medica in Edinburgh University.

Miss Anna J. Mill on her retiral from her post as Professor of English at Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts. She is returning to Scotland in the autumn.

Mr W. Duncan Baxter on receiving the freedom of the City of Cape Town. Mr Baxter, who was Mayor of Cape Town 51 years ago, has been for many years Chairman of the Council of the University of Cape Town and of the Board of Trustees of the Kirstenbosch Botanical Gardens.

Mr Charles Duncan Anderson who has been appointed sole manager of the British Linen Bank's London office at 38 Threadneedle Street.

Mr Alex. Smith on his performance in Derek Binfield's "Wild Goose Chase" in the Little Theatre.

Mr Ian Taylor on his singing of sea songs at the "Youth and Music" recital held last December.

Mr Ian G. Dorward on winning the Bruce of Grangehill and Falkland Prize in Logic at St. Andrews University. Mr Dorward recently returned from Canada where he had an exchange scholarship to Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

Mr Stewart J. Cram who has received an appointment with the Standard Bank of S. Africa in Nairobi. For the past two years Mr Cram has been honorary treasurer of the F.P. Rugby Club.

Mr Edward P. Gibb who has gained his Second Officer's Certificate and is now sailing as Third Officer with the Ben Line.

Mr Ian E. D. Montgomerie on his being awarded a cadetship at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Lincs.

Miss Elizabeth H. T. Thomson on her appointment as Instructor in Physics at Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts.

Mr James Campbell Smith, A.R.I.B.A., who became a qualified Town Planner in June, 1957, and is now an Associate Member of the Town Planning Institute.

Mr R. Stewart Smith who, after gaining his Diploma in Architecture and being elected to the Associateship of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has received an appointment with Messrs O'Gorman and Fortin, architects, in Ontario.

Miss Rosamund Dickson who has completed her course at R.A.D.A. and is now with Bromley Repertory Company.

James Wright who is medallist in Ordinary Greek and Latin at Edinburgh University, first in the list of distinctions for Latin Prose and winner of the Butcher Memorial Prize in Greek.

Mr George Bell, a former Pipe-Major of D.H.S. Cadet Pipe Band whose "Military Tattoo" has been inserted in Book Two of the Edcath Collection of Highland Bagpipe Music, compiled by Pipe-Major Donald Shaw Ramsay, B.E.M., ex-Pipe-Major of the Edinburgh City Police Pipe Band.

Peter West (L. IV.), who has had one of his pictures, "The Chariot Race," accepted for the National Exhibition of Children's Art, 1958, to be opened in the Royal Institute Galleries in September. After opening in London this Exhibition will be shown in many of the principal Art Galleries throughout Britain.

Mr Halliday, one of whose carvings is to be presented to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of the visit of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Philip to Fife on 30th June. At a recent Art Exhibition held under Scottish Command, Mr Halliday was awarded a Certificate of Merit and First Prize in Sculpture. He has also a bronze bust, "Anna," in the Salon des Artistes Francais, Paris.

Mr Vannet who has two etchings and a water colour in the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Gordon Ritchie who was first in the Impromptu Speech-Making Class at the Arbroath Musical Festival.

Sheila Jamieson on winning the Baxter Trophy, the Bachelors' Trophy and other prizes for ski-ing.

Patricia Kerr on gaining a Clyde Henderson Bursary for Science.

Kenneth More who has won a Laing Bursary for Engineering.

Marjory L. H. Smith who was second in the second round of the Scottish Gas Council's "Youth in the Kitchen" competition.

Margaret Fyffe and Olive Carnegie on gaining Clyde Henderson Bursaries for Arts at St. Andrew's University.

Lorna Guild, who has won the Dundee Educational Trust Residential Scholarship for the study of Science at St. Salvator's College. Lorna also gained a place in the Edinburgh Bursary Competition.

Obituary

We record with regret the deaths of the following to whose relatives we extend our deepest sympathy:—Mr J. Donald Mills, Mr Henry McGrady Bell, Mr Robert Keay, Dr Jeannette Stalker and Miss Jeanie S. Brown.

Mr J. Donald Mills died at his home, 99 North Street, St. Andrews, on 26th January, 1958. Born in 1872, he was educated at Morgan Academy and Dundee High School. He studied architecture in Dundee and in the Midlands and took his F.R.I.B.A. He went into practice in Dundee and designed important university buildings in Dundee and St. Andrews. He was responsible for restoration work on several Scottish castles and was invited by Queen Mary to help in the design of Balmoral Castle gardens.

Mr Henry McGrady Bell, a noted figure in the Dundee timber trade and friend to many of Finland's greatest sons, died in Edinburgh. He was British Consul, then Consul General and Chargé d'Affaires in Finland for nearly thirty years. In 1950 he published a book called "Land of Lakes—Memories Keep Me Going," which reveals an intimate knowledge of the Finns and their country. During the First World War he was appointed to the British Legation in Petrograd because of his knowledge of Russian, and for his war work was made C.B.E. in 1920. In 1934 he was created C.V.O. He was a Commander (first class), White Rose of Finland.

Mr Robert Keay (46) died suddenly at Southport in January of this year. Mr Keay began his career as a grocer's boy in Johnston's Stores Ltd., and rose to be an executive

of Meccano Ltd. After leaving Dundee he became manager of a large London grocery store. He then went to India, where he was in the grocery trade in Bombay and Karachi. In the army, during the war, he rose to the rank of major.

Dr Jeannette Stalker, wife of the late Dr James M. Stalker, died suddenly in Dundee Royal Infirmary on 6th January, 1958. After graduating M.B., Ch.B. at St. Andrews University in 1916, Dr Stalker held resident appointments in Dundee Royal Infirmary and in Bangour War Hospital, Edinburgh. She was in practice in Dundee from 1932, latterly in partnership with her son, Dr Alexander M. Stalker.

Miss Jeanie S. Brown, who died at her home in St. Andrews on 5th June, 1958, gave thirty-four years of devoted service to the High School. Miss Brown was educated at Madras College, St. Andrews, where she was Dux Medallist, and proceeded to St. Andrews University where she graduated M.A. Appointed an assistant in the Girls' High School in October, 1915, Miss Brown later became headmistress of the Preparatory Department in 1935, a position which she most worthily occupied until her retirement in August, 1949. Miss Brown was the personification of loyalty and self-discipline. Countless numbers of former pupils may remember with deep gratitude the high standards of conduct she implanted in them. Of a kindly and much respected colleague we retain a grateful memory. "A short life is given us by nature, but the memory of a well-spent life is eternal."

The Late Sir David Anderson, LL.D., B.Sc., M.I.C.E.

The old school has produced men of eminence in almost every field of endeavour. It is perhaps not generally realised, however, that the school has a particularly strong personal interest in two major engineering projects which are presently very much in the public eye.

The late Sir David Anderson, a former pupil of the School, took a large part, as a member of his firm of consulting civil engineers, in the design of the proposed Forth Road Bridge starting as long ago as 1930, as well as submitting designs (at the Report stage) for the proposed new Tay Bridge as far back as 1929.

He was, with his partners of his firm, responsible for the design and supervision of construction of many important bridges in Britain, and for tunnels of large diameter, both for the London Transport Executive (tube railways and escalators at stations) and road vehicular tunnels. In the latter group was the Mersey Tunnel between Liverpool and Birkenhead, the main under-river portion being 44 feet internal diameter. Other of his bridges were:—

Southwark Bridge, as reconstructed 1912-1919; Tyne Bridge, Newcastle, the largest steel arch in Europe; Tees (Vertical Lift) Bridge at Newport, the first of its type in Britain and the largest of its type anywhere; Wearmouth Bridge, Sunderland; Craigavon Bridge, Londonderry; Trent Bridge, Nottingham; Boothferry Bridge, Goole; Newport Bridge (Monmouthshire).

His work on London's underground railways involved the design of many miles of tunnels for London Transport Executive, both running tunnels and the larger tunnels at stations.

When the Government of the U.S.S.R. was first considering the construction of the Moscow underground railway they asked for assistance, in 1931, from London Transport Executive, concerning experience on London's underground railway system, and Sir David Anderson, as a member of a British team of specialists concerned with underground railways in Britain, went to Moscow at the invitation of the Russian authorities.

During the 1914-18 war, he served in the Royal Engineers.

After graduating B.Sc. in 1900, he became A.M.I.C.E. in 1906 and a full Member of the Institution in 1915. He was President of the Institution of Civil Engineers in session 1943-44, and an LL.D. of St. Andrews University in June, 1936, Knight Bachelor in 1951.

I was privileged to enjoy a lifetime of friendship with him. I visited (mostly during the erection stages) a number of the engineering enterprises with which he was so intimately connected, viz., the Mersey Tunnel (many times), underground railways in London, Rochester Bridge, Tyne Bridge, Southwark Bridge and others. At his office in Westminster he sometimes allowed me to "browse" over some of the amazing pile of drawings in his room and these gave me some idea of the vast amount of work involved in planning and design before the construction of even one of the moderate-sized bridges is begun.

Sir David Anderson was a man of whom Scotland and the School might well be proud. His engineering services were in constant demand and for his firm he was concerned in many vast schemes, including the proposals for a Channel Tunnel. He served on numerous technical committees and was chairman of many of them.

His professional skill and high standards of integrity and conscience gave him the highest possible place in civil engineering circles everywhere.

His favourite recreation was sailing; and, living as he did mostly in Rochester, Kent, on the Medway, he usually had "a boat" of one kind or another, and with it he seemed to find the perfect distraction from the constant strain and heavy responsibility of his profession.

Latterly he acquired a yacht suitable for the open sea, and both on the south coast of England and off the north-west coast of Scotland I have sailed with him with great enjoyment.

His loyalty to his friends was abundantly apparent. He was a staunch churchman and devoted much of his spare time, and of his

substance, to the Baptist Church of Rochester.

In his later years he was carrying a tremendous burden of responsibility involving all manner of engineering projects, and this often involved much travelling. At such

times I used to urge him to "plan ahead for more leisure," and I well recall his saying, "First I would like to see the Forth Bridge finished." His wish was not to be fulfilled. He died at his Scottish home, Dura House, Cupar, on 27th March, 1953.

A.S.B.

The Formal Opening of the New Laboratories

The first and principal part of the reconstruction was completed by the end of February and was formally opened at a ceremony in the Caird Hall on Tuesday, 25th March.

The reconstruction comprised three new laboratories, two science lecture rooms, a reconstructed chemistry laboratory, a new geography room for the teaching of specialised geography, one extra classroom, a new war memorial library, new staff rooms, a new administrative block consisting of a Rector's room, a committee room, a rector's secretary's office and a waiting room. This scheme gave the extra advantage of access by passage from one part of the school to another on the ground and first floors.

At the formal ceremony the principal guests were Sir Edward Appleton, G.B.E., K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, and Lady Appleton. Lady Appleton, however, was unable to attend owing to illness, but sent a message of regret at her indisposition and conveyed her good wishes to the School.

Sir Edward was met at Tay Bridge Station by the Rector, Mrs Erskine and Mr Weatherhead. He then proceeded to the School where he inspected the new buildings and equipment. Thereafter he was entertained by the Directors to a lunch in the City Chambers, kindly lent to them by their chairman, the Lord Provost, who placed at the School's disposal not only the building but the staff also. As a result of this kindly gesture, the ceremony of the introduction of guests to Sir Edward, and the lunch itself, were carried through both efficiently and in a most pleasant atmosphere.

The Directors took the opportunity of inviting to the ceremony many friends of the

School and public personages in Dundee. Among those present were members of the Board, prominent people in the educational life of the City, Magistrates, representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, members of the Appeal Committee, representatives of the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs, of subscribers and of parents, and those who had helped the School in various activities.

The principal ceremony was held in the Caird Hall, under the chairmanship of the Lord Provost, before a large assembly of School, staff, ex-members of the staff, parents and friends. Approximately two thousand were present. The proceedings began with a short service conducted by the Rev. Hugh O. Douglas. The service consisted of Psalm 100, a Scripture lesson from Proverbs, chapter 3, verses 13 to 20, and a prayer. Sir Edward then addressed the School as follows:—

"In the middle of the last war, at a country parish in England, a notice was put up, on the Church notice board, which said, 'The Annual strawberry tea will be held, next Saturday, in the Vicarage garden.' However, at the bottom of the notice, in quite small letters, it said, 'P.S.—In view of the shortage of strawberries prunes will be served instead.'

"Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm bound to say that, in coming to this School gathering this afternoon, I feel a bit of a prune — a bit of an impostor. And I'll tell you why. I've noticed — and I expect you have, too — that when anyone addresses a school gathering — an old boy, say, at a speech day — he usually is able to claim that he was never any good at school examinations — that he never passed an examination in his life, that he was always bottom of the form, and so on. Now, my Lord Provost, why I feel a bit of a fraud this afternoon is this — that I can't

claim for myself any such distinction. I don't think I was ever quite at the bottom of a form and I don't think school examinations ever gave me any great difficulty! I felt I must confess all this to you at the start.

"However, to be serious, I want to say at once what an honour and a privilege it is to be with you on this great day in your School history. I feel this to be specially so because of the happy and intimate relations which have always existed between your school and the University of Edinburgh, which I now have the honour to serve. I'm aware, for example, of the outstanding successes of Dundee High School pupils in our bursary examinations in Edinburgh. No one looking through the lists could fail to notice this. I'm aware that you've provided us with as many as five Professors—all men I've known myself. I'm also aware that you provided Edinburgh University with one of its Principals, Sir Alfred Ewing — one of the greatest scientific engineers Britain has ever produced. Now I've mentioned the name of Sir Alfred Ewing specially because I've my own reasons for feeling indebted and grateful to him. I well remember, as a young man, starting out on a scientific career, receiving words of warm encouragement from him. He was, of course, by then, distinguished and famous, while I was a mere research student, not long graduated. But Sir Alfred took an interest in what I was trying to do in the field of scientific research, and that meant a very great deal to me. He was a great, and a good, man who, just by being himself, influenced the lives of many, many young people. He will always remain one of my own scientific heroes. And I trust that you young people before me in the audience, who hope to pursue scientific careers, will find his life and work an inspiring example, too.

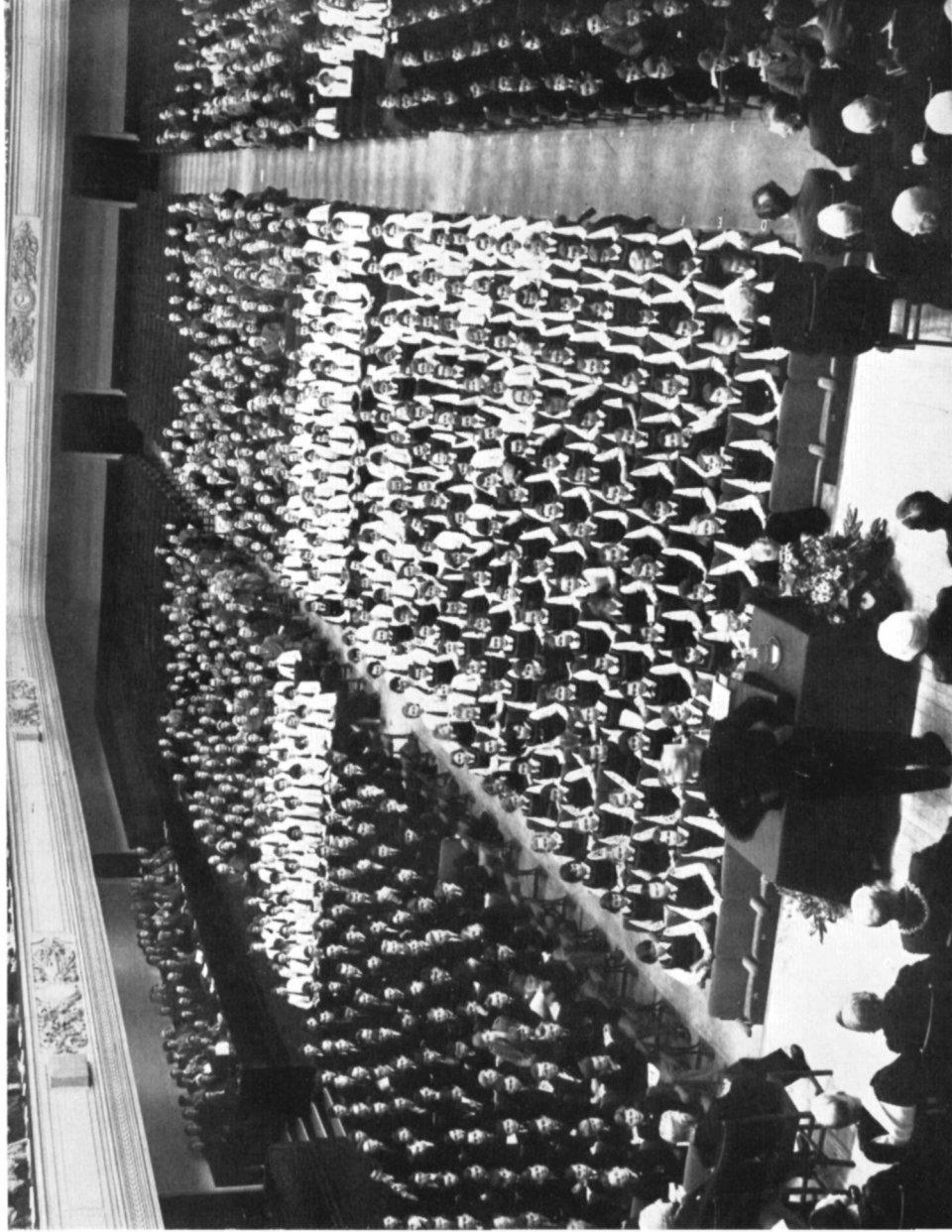
"But, of course, the traffic between Dundee and Edinburgh hasn't all flowed in one direction — far from it. For Edinburgh — as regards both his school and university — has educated your own Rector, Mr Erskine, where he carried away the highest honours both at school and university. That, I think, is an eminently appropriate example of Edinburgh's expressing its gratitude — of saying 'Thank you' — to Dundee.

"Now this morning, under the guidance of the Rector, I had the pleasure of inspecting

your new buildings — the new laboratories for the teaching of science, the library and other accommodation. How admirably it's all been designed by your architect, Mr T. H. Thoms, who, I'm not surprised to learn, is an old boy of the School. His work illustrates what, I think, we need so much in the world today — a blend of both tradition and progress — for he has given us, in these new school quarters, a happy combination of both continuity and enterprise.

"But equally admirable, it seems to me, is the way your new buildings are being paid for. I could mention the names of many firms and many individuals who have contributed to this remarkable sum, which stands at £65,000 to date. But I would prefer to group them quite simply into two groups — former pupils of the School, and other friends of the School. Dundee can well be proud, my Lord Provost, of these striking expressions of gratitude from old pupils and of admiration from your well-wishers outside the school circle. The conduct of the appeal for building funds has been, I know, a combined operation, and there surely is ample credit to go round. But I would like to mention specially the sterling efforts of Mr T. R. Lawson, convener of the Rector's Committee of the Board. He's been quite tireless in promoting this good cause and has crowned all his local achievements by leading the deputation to the Trustees of the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education in Schools — a national body—which expressed its approval of your project by giving you £17,500.

"Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is no exaggeration to say that we are all now living in the second heroic — or golden — age of physical science. The first heroic age occurred in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when men first grasped the power of investigating nature by the experimental method. It was the age of men like Newton when scientists — natural philosophers — studied the things they could see with their eyes — the planets which they could see through their telescopes, or the small things they could see — still with their eyes — through their microscopes. (By the way, during this period, some people had the most extraordinary ideas about the results of scientific progress. Take the case of the dis-



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

Sir Edward Appleton addresses the School in the Caird Hall



Photograph by courtesy of "The Courier & Advertiser"

The Platform Party in the Caird Hall

covery of spectacles. One writer — a clergyman — objected to their use because, he said, they gave the man who had a pair of spectacles a mean advantage over a man who hadn't a pair — a doctrine which has quite a modern ring about it. The same man also said that spectacles were wicked things because they gave men an advantage over women — because women could **not** wear them for fear of spoiling their beauty — whereas men **could** wear them because they had no beauty to spoil!).

“ By contrast, the present-day surge of scientific progress has followed largely from our improved knowledge of some things we **can't** see — from our knowledge of the electron, of the atomic nucleus, of radio waves. Another thing is that the rate of progress in this second great age of scientific achievement is vastly greater than in the first. I've mentioned the electron, the atomic nucleus and the use of radio waves. Well, all these things have been discovered in my lifetime — and I don't count myself as being very old — well, not yet.

“ Another thing we must remember is that the first golden age of physical science was the age of the amateur — people did scientific experiments and worked out scientific theories in those days just because they loved finding things out — as a hobby if you like. By contrast, today, most scientists are paid to do their job. It is largely the day of the professional — though I, for one, am only too ready to acknowledge the splendid work done, from time to time by amateurs, particularly in the field of scientific observation — in wild life, astronomy and radio for example.

“ However, no professional scientist is likely to be successful in his work unless his attitude towards it is that of the enthusiastic amateur. His work must never be simply a mere occupation; it must be a dedication to a great cause — that of advancing human knowledge for the benefit — in the end — of mankind everywhere. Discoveries, you see, do not belong to the people who've made them; they belong to the whole human race.

“ So you'll see how much store I set on enthusiasm and a love of one's job. I always remember the remark of a young scientist who'd been appointed to a research post with

what seemed to him to be a large salary. 'Just fancy,' he said, 'being paid all that money for doing what I would rather do than anything else in the world.'

“ Now I realise that many people are inclined to view this onrush of scientific progress with misgivings. According to some, science has brought us to the brink of ruin, because it has given mankind the power to destroy itself. According to others, science is to be condemned because it replaces skilled hands by machines — because it denies craftsmanship all its personal and individual characteristics. Science, all these people say, could well take a holiday. On the other hand, you've got those who put science on a pedestal. They see in science a cure for everything. Science, they say, can eliminate want; and, if we can only abolish want — they say — we can make people good — by curing them of bitterness, envy and spitefulness.

“ However, as I see it, none of these extreme views is justifiable. Science undoubtedly makes things more readily available in time and space. It has brought — and will continue to bring — welcome improvements in the material machinery of living. But science isn't everything. And it does not satisfy all human needs. Above all, I want to stress to you the limitations, as well as the power, of science. Some people seem to think because a thing is new it must surely be better than anything old. I'm sure you will agree that this is plain nonsense.

“ No, our problem today is not solved giving science a holiday — as some people suggest. It is solved by making science — like all such knowledge — our servant — and not letting it be our master. Anyway, science is only a means to an end. It does not tell us what that end should be — good or evil. And it is in this connection of values that we must specially draw inspiration from the past. And, in doing so, as has so often been said, we must note three main strands in the tapestry of history — at any rate of the Western world. From the Greeks we learned to value intellectual enquiry, to esteem the whole domain of secular culture. From the Romans we learned respect for justice, law and stable institutions. But, most important of all, from Christianity we learned reverence for the human individual and new ideals of thought and conduct. Here are the things — the per-

manent things—which don't change with the advance of science.

"Now today, we meet as members and friends of an educational institution. And my message to those of you who are being educated to pursue a scientific career is a simple one; and it's this. It will not be enough for you to be educated narrowly as a scientist. If you become merely that you may find a place — a niche — in a corner of a laboratory and that will be all. No, I want you to be the complete man or woman — the complete citizen — who recognises his duties to his fellows and who seeks to serve them — who seeks to promote human happiness, by way of science or otherwise. Now you may say, 'Yes, but I'm only at present a boy or girl at school. What can I do about these things now?' And my answer to that question is to advise you not to let your scientific education restrict your general education. And by general education I mean particularly learning about what people — and particularly great people, and good people — have said and done about the great issues of their own time. The trouble with the education of a scientist, you see, is that he learns all about things; he doesn't learn enough about people. So you must keep up your general reading — history, biography, literature — all the time. Never let it stop.

"But there's another thing. Your general reading should help you to develop your own power of communication — by either the spoken or written word. For, if you think of it, the whole world is run by way of the communication of facts, thoughts and ideas — embodied in words. Learn to be able to write, and speak, simple persuasive English. By 'persuasive' I mean English that will make people want to hear — or read — more of what you've got to say. Above all, don't make your sentences involved. People always get annoyed if they have to read a sentence two or three times in order to discover what it means! And all this is as important to the scientist as to anyone else.

"Now I know that, in this gathering this afternoon, there are not only school pupils, but also parents of school pupils. And to them I venture to address a special word. Now I often hear people say of a particular person that he's a product of this or that university, as if the university were every-

thing. No, I prefer to think of a graduate as the product of a home, a school and a university, because all three contribute to the making of the complete man or woman. Now, the very fact that you parents are present this afternoon clearly means that you feel some concern for your children's education; so I'm sure you won't mind my suggesting a way — a simple, practical way — in which you can promote this. Now I'm not going to say anything about television or homework! I'm not going to suggest that you should allow your kitchen — still less the sitting-room — to be used for scientific experiments. I know what these young chemists are. It wouldn't be good for the kitchen. (There once was a man — a chemist — this is really true — who used to make magenta dye in his wife's cooking oven. He made quite a lot of money out of this. But all the household bread used to be coloured red).

"Now, I'm going to suggest something quite different and it's this. Don't count books a nuisance in the house. And, if you have only room for a very small library, please let it contain **books of reference**. A good English dictionary is obviously the first choice here, but that can be supplemented by dictionaries of other languages, a dictionary of quotations, an atlas and, if possible, an encyclopaedia. In this way young people can be encouraged, from the start, to have a respect for facts — can be encouraged, if they don't know something, to find it out for themselves. You see, in after-life, we find we can't carry everything around in our heads. But that doesn't matter so much if we know where to find things in books of reference.

"Now, I mustn't run on any longer. Otherwise you'll be thinking that I'm one of those speakers who is finished but not stopped.

"It only remains for me to thank you for inviting me here, for making me feel so welcome and for allowing me to take part in these proceedings which I'm sure represent a landmark in the history of this fine old institution — an institution which, as we see, manages to be both old and young at the same time — the High School of Dundee."

* * * * *

After his speech the Rector gave votes of thanks to Mr Weatherhead, who had been responsible for the events of the day; to the Lord Provost for presiding; and to Sir



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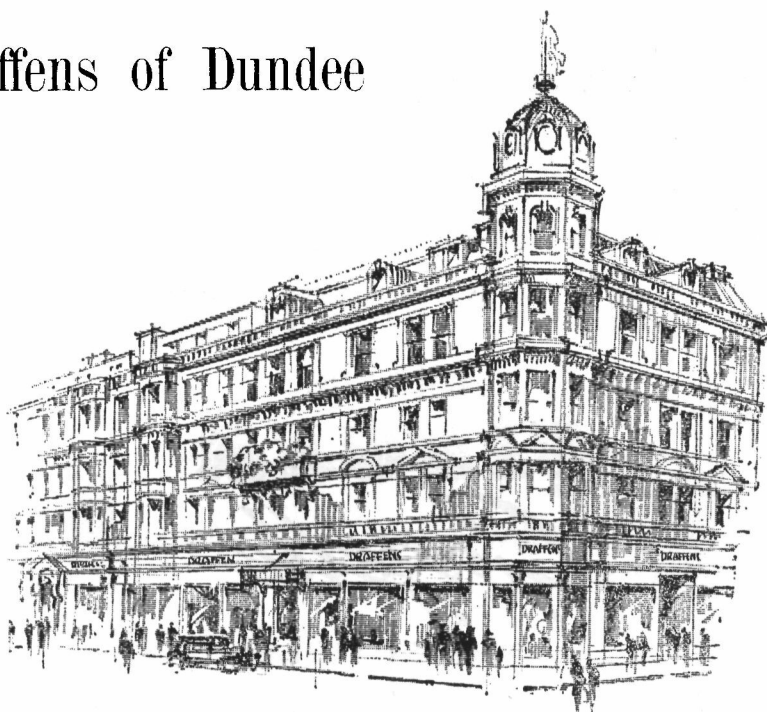
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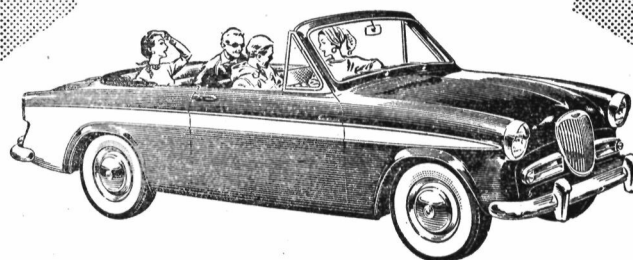
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Edward for honouring the School with his presence and his speech.

Owing to the absence of Malcolm Dougall (Head Boy), Molly Douglas (Head Girl) and Jane Bowden (Deputy Head Girl), who were sitting Bursary Competition Examinations, the presentation of a travelling clock to Sir Edward was made by Kathleen Ritchie, and a gift of jewellery to Lady Appleton was presented in her absence to Sir Edward by David Nicol. Bouquets were given to the Lady Provost and Mrs Erskine by Lorna Guild and Elizabeth Thomson. Lady Appleton's bouquet was sent to her. The ceremony ended with the singing of the School Song and the National Anthem.

Sir Edward then met members of the staff at tea in the Marryat Hall while large numbers of the guests of the Directors were shown round the new school buildings by the Prefects.

In order that parents and friends should see the reconstruction, the Rector organised Open Days on Monday, 31st March, and Tuesday, 1st April. This idea had a success far greater than the Rector anticipated — it seemed that most of the parents came and saw round the new buildings. The School is indebted to staff and prefects for acting as hosts.

Molly Douglas, Jane Bowden.

In Memory of the Fallen

Sixty former pupils of the School gave their lives in the Second World War. Their sacrifice demanded a memorial worthy of those who died and worthy of the School and all it symbolises. On Wednesday, 8th June, 1949, the first part of the War Memorial was unveiled. A Service of Remembrance was held in Dundee Parish Church (St. Mary's), followed by the Unveiling and Dedication of the War Memorial at the School. At the service in St. Mary's, which was conducted by the late Rev. J. H. Duncan, D.D., we were fortunate in having as preacher an old boy of the School, the Rev. A. M. Davidson, C.B.E., M.C., D.D., who spoke from the text, "He hath redeemed us from our enemies, for His mercy endureth for ever." Three large white Madonna lilies, symbolising the badge of the School, stood in vases on the Communion Table.

At the second part of the service, held at the School pillars, after an opening prayer by Dr Davidson, the names of the fallen were read by the Rector, Mr Ian M. Bain, M.A., B.A. The names alone were read: that was how the School knew them; that was how the School would remember them. The memorial was unveiled by the Senior Prefects, Elizabeth Dick and Roger Chawla, and "The Flowers of the Forest" was played by the pipers and drummers of the Cadet Corps. After a prayer of dedication by Dr Duncan, a wreath of white irises and lilac was laid at the foot of the Memorial by Guide Maimie

Donald and Cadet L./Cpl. M. Richardson, and Dr Davidson pronounced the Benediction.

The moving address delivered in Church by Dr Davidson and the note of solemn dignity that marked the whole of the ceremonies left a lasting impression on all who were present. It was one of the great days of the School's history.

In 1949 the Memorial was placed on the landing of the stairway opposite the main door of the Boys' School. The simplicity of the Memorial is our first impression. It consists of the bronze figure of a typical Dundee High School boy, with hands outspread, dedicating himself to service, and set against a background depicting the destruction of war. Underneath is our School motto PRESTANTE DOMINO — "With God before." This figure is flanked by two plaques bearing the names of the fallen. The bronze work was done by Mr T. S. Halliday, our senior Art master. Several pupils posed to help him make a figure, representative of the typical High School boy. The stone-work on which it is mounted was given and prepared by Mr H. K. Symington, an old boy of the School. Underneath is placed a desk made by Mr A. D. Murray of the Technical Department from old desks which had been used for generations in school. In this rests a vellum book containing the names and details. These details were ascertained and verified as accurately as possible by Miss Helen F. Falconer of the Primary Depart-

ment who acted as secretary to the War Memorial Committee. The beautiful illustrated work and script were done by Miss Joan Cuthill, and the finely-tooled leather cover was executed by Miss Annie Lickely, both of the Art Department. The School owes a deep debt of gratitude to those members of the staff whose artistic skill was employed with such generosity, sympathy and love in the production of a real "School" memorial worthy of those who died.

When the reconstruction of the Boys' School took place, the Memorials from the First and Second World Wars were re-sited on either side of the Entrance Hall.

Ten years ago it seemed that it would be an almost impossible ambition to complete the main scheme of the War Memorial, but 1958 has seen its realisation. Sited in a quiet corner of the reconstructed school, above the former Physics Lab., now the new Gymnasium, the library is indeed a worthy memorial. The shelves are of light oak. Matching them are tables, chairs and cabinet, the thoughtful gift of Mr George R. Donald, who handed over to us his retiral gift from the

Dundee Chamber of Commerce in this handsome form.

The shelves are already well filled, thanks to the selfless, painstaking work of past generations of teachers, Mr Valentine, Mr Borland, Mr Laird and others. Already friends of the School have gifted suitable books, old and new, and there is room for many more books of this kind. The colossal task of cataloguing and classifying thousands of books is progressing steadily, and before many months have passed, the Library should be in full working order, both as a place for reference and study and also for the lending of books to all pupils in the Upper School.

Simple inscriptions on a panel near the door are a permanent reminder that the Library is a War Memorial.

We, in our day, are privileged to see a dream come true. Already the Library has acquired an atmosphere all its own. We know that present and future generations of pupils will use it with the respect and dignity of which it is worthy: there, too, they will learn to cherish the traditions for which our boys fought and died. Thus truly, "we will remember them."

Dedication of the War Memorial Library

On the afternoon of 16th June, the War Memorial Library was formally dedicated.

In the Hall of the Girls' School pupils of Forms V. and VI., the Rector and staff, former members of staff, directors, next-of-kin and friends of the School joined in a service of dedication, conducted by the School Chaplain, Rev. H. O. Douglas.

The order of service followed very closely that of the first unveiling and dedication almost exactly nine years before. The 23rd Psalm, time-honoured, ever fresh, was followed by prayer and the Lord's Prayer. The Scripture lesson from Hebrews, chapters 11 and 12, with its reminder of the "Great cloud of witnesses," brought its comfort and challenge. Again we pledged our faith, as the boys had done in the fires of war, to the "Land of our birth."

Then the Rector, in a short address, expressed the thoughts and emotions, the mem-

ories and aspirations of all present. Directing our minds to the words, "We will remember them," he reminded us of the reason for our remembering the fallen, and showed how fitting it was that the method of our remembrance should be centred in a library where generations of pupils could prepare their minds for and dedicate their spirits to the high task of proving themselves worthy of the supreme sacrifice made for them.

After a prayer of intercession and thanksgiving the service was closed with the hymn of triumph, "For all the Saints," and the Benediction.

Thereafter the company moved in slow procession round to the main entrance of the Boys' School and, passing the floodlit memorials in the central hall, proceeded upstairs to the Library where, in a short ceremony, this beautiful sanctuary was formally dedicated by the School Chaplain.

The hour of solemn remembrance and dedication was over. But many other memories were recalled downstairs, where the guests lingered in the Boardroom over cups of tea and renewed old friendships (for some had come from afar to honour the dead with

us), or pondered quietly over well-loved names on the memorials in the hall.

With characteristic dignity another milestone in the history of the School had been passed.

The Modern Movement in French Art

The middle of the nineteenth century saw the birth of a new era of French Art. The French Revolution had not led immediately to democratic government, but to Napoleon's military absolutism under which, in the early years of the century, administrative and legal reforms were effected. The restored Bourbons tried to govern as constitutional monarchs, but the reactionary rule of Charles X. provoked a revolution in 1830 and led to the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe, which failed to comprehend the changing social conditions of the nineteenth century. A large proletariat existed without political influence, and the middle class was committed to the current individualist commercial policy. It is to this middle class — and to some extent to the peasant class — that we must look in order to find the foundations of the so-called Modern Trend in the Art of France.

This Essay has been entitled "The Modern Movement in French Art"; perhaps it would have been more correct to call it "The Modern Era in French Art," for there are indeed many movements which followed one upon another and overlapped to form this gigantic Revolution.

The first movement, and almost certainly the fundamental one on which the others were based, was called Naturalism and here two names stand out — Courbet and Manet, who were the seeds from which this immense and ever-youthful tree has sprung. Courbet and Manet could not bring themselves to conform with the Classical and Romantic painters. They disliked Ingres because he hated anything that was not Greek in feeling; and they disliked Delacroix because they believed that the men and women in his pictures were far from natural; the kind of people one would expect to find in story-pictures of history and legend; but in treatment, as in character, they are artificial.

Not only did Courbet and Manet object to the type of person portrayed by these painters, but also to the reason for their being put on canvas at all. It was not an artist's job, they said, to make pictures that were explanations of theory or a scene in history; it was, rather, his province to paint natural men and women in natural occupations and surroundings. Thus the minor battle was waged in the Paris studios. There was quite a good deal of friendly opposition, but, nevertheless, the new Naturalism prospered. Although it never became a school in itself, it did, however, prepare the way for a very big school indeed — Impressionism.

Courbet, who lived from 1819 to 1877, was a remarkably energetic type of man who did not in the least care what others thought of him. He shouted down the opposition both in the way he argued and the way he painted. Indeed, in this respect, his work is an excellent illustration of the theory that a reformer must say a thing three times, very loudly, in the hope that he may be heard once. At first, Courbet painted peasant men and women on a grand scale, with brutal strength in treatment and an extremely liberal use of dark shadows. To an observer it appears as if the persons have been thrown on to the canvas. His coarse and bold brush strokes shocked the people who had got accustomed to the smoothness and the well-mannered painting of the Romanticists. Later, however, they began to see reason in his theories, and men followed him who carried his logic farther than he himself did. Like his contemporary, Manet, Courbet had always admired the work of the Spanish painters, Velasquez and Ribera, and that of Caravaggio in Italy, and, from the last two, it is believed he obtained his violent love of contrasts in tone. Nevertheless, it must be recognised that he had not the genius of the Spaniards or of Caravaggio.

Courbet, himself, was, in fact, only partly a Naturalist, as he painted men and women in his studio and set them in a landscape, just as he would have set them in the background of the studio walls. His Naturalism, therefore, stopped short of the landscape itself, and then, instead of working from Nature as he so faithfully worked from human models, he trusted to memory, thus giving the impression, on some occasions, that his figures do not truly belong to their surroundings. Nevertheless, he painted real people as he saw them, and did not try to make his pictures tell a story, or to make the people one bit more beautiful than they really were; and that, in itself was, in his generation, a great step forward.

As we look at Courbet's work now, it does not seem to us to be particularly unusual. Great admiration is felt for the finely-painted faces in that famous picture of his, "The Funeral at Ornans," in the Louvre, which is almost drowned in the black tones which he loved. We can perceive the fine truth and the naturalness in his picture, "The Stone Breakers," in the Dresden Gallery. Had we lived in France in the mid-nineteenth century, however, and had seen this thing for the first time, we should probably have been very bewildered.

Manet (1832-1883) followed hard on his contemporary's heels and also produced an innovation of which his predecessor had been incapable — the treatment of light. Courbet had never accepted the existence of light except to illustrate his dark and general tones, but Manet theorised that the principal subject in a picture was the light. He was, however, unable to work out this theory himself practically as, like Courbet, his gifts did not carry him far enough. Like Courbet also, he learned from the great Spanish artists the true value of contrasting tones and colours, as is obvious in his striking picture, "The Bar of the Folies Bergères," and he tried to get a strong light effect in the same way in his picture, "Breakfast on the Grass," but it is obvious all the time that the problem of light was beyond his solving. He was, in fact, too much of a studio painter really to understand the out-of-doors.

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In the meantime, the problem of the treatment of light continued to trouble the

artists of France, and it was presently solved in two ways — *Plein-airisme*, the study of the appearance of light and colour out-of-doors, and *Impressionism*, a method of painting light and colour. Thus, if we are to understand this development and be able to judge the work of the world, we must look in great detail into these two trends.

First of all, here, briefly, is the argument put forward by the open-air school:—"If a natural object is to be rendered well, it must be painted on the spot in its natural surroundings. (This is quite obvious in modern times but, odd though it may seem, was not appreciated by artists until this time, late in the nineteenth century). If a person sits in a room, the light falls on that person from as many windows as the room contains. If a model is posed in a studio lighted from the north side only, in the customary way, the amount and direction of light and shadow can be argued out to a nicety. The painter can work away knowing that the light will fall on the right cheek, the right side of the nose, the right shoulder and the left aspect will correspondingly be in shadow. The only complexity will come from any object near which the model happens to be placed. Similarly, the quality of light that comes into a room thus arranged is, in a way, arguable. The difference between light and shade on a red, blue or brown object can be easily estimated. It is because painting in a studio is freed from many problems that the art student, working in these conditions, gets the best out of his training and can concentrate on the fundamental subjects of line, tone and texture — in fact, he can learn how to draw and paint.

"Now take the model from the carefully-arranged studio, and set him or her in the open air. Here the light comes from every quarter in a most bewildering fashion. The painter can no longer calculate on the 'left side in shadow, right side in light' effect. Also, if the figures are set anywhere but in the middle of an open field, the light falling on them is affected in another way. Trees, water, the wall of a house — all these objects catch the rays and throw them back, coloured and constantly changing as the hours of the day go by, on the person standing near them. Thus, except for actual shape and form, the model presents as different an appearance

out-of-doors from indoors as one can possibly imagine."

It was when artists realised this that they came to the conclusion that they must paint the people in their pictures of rural life actually out-of-doors if they were to be true to life at all. Thus came about the first two steps of the new movement in French art: the desire to paint natural, everyday people for their own sakes and the painting of those people in their ordinary surroundings.

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Bastien-Lepage was the most important of the Plein-airists in France. He painted some beautiful and tender pictures of peasant men and women in the fields; "the grey surface light that lies on trees and grass wraps its folds round them making them merge with their surroundings." His best known open-air painting is "Haymaking," in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris. A beautiful painting of quite another kind is his famous "Bernhardt" portrait.

Although, in general, the effect of the open-air school was a fashion for painting humble work people — men in factory yards, labourers in fields and such, some painters did attempt to portray their subjects at play in more brilliant and sunny surroundings. It is interesting to note that pictures which still reflect this movement of fifty years ago are exhibited every year in both Paris and London. Dagman-Bouveret has probably worked out the theme of the peasant farther than anyone else. His best known picture is "The Conscripts," in the Palais Bourbon, Paris. A great many second-rate artists have painted pictures of peasants but have made the mistake of depicting them as merely picturesque, relying for their effect on the romantic idea of the "horny-handed sons of the plough."

In this country work of a very different kind has been shown by Augustus John and Clausen. The latter's large frescoes of labourers are very far removed from the merely romantic idea that takes the place of good painting in the work of smaller men.

While the Plein-airists were evolving their ideals of open-air work, other painters were saying, "This is not enough; in fact, it is only a beginning." These men felt that, although artists had gone, very rightly, out-

of-doors to paint subjects of open-air life, they were, in fact, only a little nearer to getting real light into their pictures than the academic painters who insisted on painting studio pictures in the traditional way. They felt that the brightest colour on a canvas would never rival its model in Nature, for that is colour plus light, and the clearest, bluest sky in a picture only looked something like a sky when the canvas was seen indoors. The solution to the problem was a scientific one. It is well known that the existence of colour is due to the breaking up of pure rays of white light. Velsquez had shown long ago in his technique that colour, loosely treated — that is to say, colour broken here and there — is more alive, vibrates more, than colour tightly and evenly laid down. The French painters, however, carried the idea further, and said that pure light could be got by the actual breaking up, on the canvas, of the colours into which, in Nature, that light is broken.

This, roughly, is the basis of their technique — "If a blue sky is desired, then the artist considers this to be blue plus light. Anyone possessing a few tubes of oil paint and a canvas can experiment on the lines laid down by the French painters. We know quite well that, if a blue sky is painted with one solid colour, as a workman paints a door, it is a very nice blue, but it could not possibly be said to be like the sky, because there is no light in it.

"The chief colours into which pure light is split are blue, red and yellow. For a summer sky cobalt blue, rose madder and lemon yellow are the delicate variety of colours normally chosen. The artist now begins at the top left-hand corner of the canvas and proceeds to lay on dabs of pure yellow in a straight line, with a scrap of bare canvas in between them. While the whole of the portion of the canvas supposed to be the sky is thus covered, we carefully clean our brush and begin again at the top with dabs of rose madder, laid so that the yellow shows in between. The colours must not be mixed with the brush on the canvas, but laid as cleanly as possible. Then again, the artist cleans his brush and lays on dabs of cobalt. When the sky is thus covered, it can be gone over adroitly and lightly — here and there blending the colours — but how far this mixing may be done is a matter of experience.

"If he then paints under the sky a bar of grey-green, which seems to him to be the right tone for a field lying under the sky, and a simple object, such as a hurdle or a wheelbarrow — something to give the effect of tone — and then sets the canvas at the other end of the room and looks at it, there is a great deal of warmth and light to be seen in that sky. If he had mixed these three colours on a palette he would have obtained a delicate grey. Left in vibrating patches of clear colour, they give the illusion of the summer sky. This method is most suitable to oil painting."

This, then, was the style of painting evolved by the French artists, and from a study, called "An Impression," by Claude Monet, it came to be known as Impressionism. In modern times this movement has been superseded by various others which are based on a definite scheme of thought, some of which will be dealt with later. For the present, however, it must not be forgotten that to understand and fully appreciate Impressionistic art, it is necessary to look at it in a special way — a way quite revolutionary to the people of the late-nineteenth century.

Impressionistic art cannot be understood from a few inches. Many people, looking at a painting in the first place while standing beside it, ridicule it as a mass of coloured blobs with no harmony or meaning. On moving round the gallery, however, they turn round for some reason and exclaim at the sight of a beautiful landscape shining out from the opposite wall. Hurrying over, their judgment receives a sharp rebuff when they are confronted by the mass of dabs they so recently criticised.

This, strange as it may seem at first, is, in fact, only a repetition of what is to be seen out-of-doors. Nature is only seen at close quarters by inches. A field of corn which is golden at a distance presents, at near sight, a hopeless tangle of green, yellow, grey, red and blue stalks, with the dun earth showing between them. Thus, in demanding that their pictures shall be studied at a distance, the painters of Impressionist landscapes are only asking us to treat them with the same consideration that we extend naturally to the real scenes which they are attempting to portray.

The early Impressionists, who are already ancient history to the Moderns, centred their

efforts on this single problem of showing colour imbued with light. It was their whole life's work and they were forced to put up with great opposition and ridicule. In present times it is extremely difficult to think of any artist of the least importance whose work does not embody, to some extent, the theories which they put forward. Early paintings by the Impressionists show very little regard for composition and decoration and are merely simple representations of certain aspects of nature and life.

Monet, the leader of the movement, painted some fine examples which are at present in various galleries in Europe as well as some private collections. One of his works, which is in a private collection, is his wonderful study of London Bridge while, in the Lane Bequest at the Tate Gallery there is his most beautiful picture, "Sunshine on Snow," in the opinion of many, one of the greatest ever painted by this or any other artist. Other notable works of his are the study of Saint Lazare Station, Paris, and the portrait of a woman which was in Berlin.

In England, Whistler produced a certain kind of Impressionism, much to the disgust of the champion of the pre-Raphaelites — Ruskin — who declared the works to be arrant nonsense. Whistler was undoubtedly a fine portrait painter, however, and reproductions of his portrait of his mother and that of Thomas Carlyle are abundant, and from these we can judge what a master of decoration and portrait-painting the artist was.

A different kind of spirit is evident, however, when we compare his Impressionist pictures with those of the Continental artists. To him, his subject was not colour plus light; instead it was colour plus darkness. He turned out many nocturnes — "beautiful studies where the last light of day is clinging to the River (Thames), and buildings loom dark against a violet sky." An outstanding example of this is his picture of Old Battersea Bridge.

It is interesting to note that, in Paris, its home, Impressionism caused as much opposition as it did anywhere else and, partly because of this and partly because they felt that they could not really agree with its ideals, many artists chose to ignore the new school and produced theories of their own. As it happened, one such artist was Puvis de Chav-

annes, who has long been classed amongst the finest decorators of European art.

Half poet and half painter, Puvis produced paintings which have been described as beautiful, restful dreams. His pictures are designs with figures which seem to float by in gentle, flat tones and "with no aggressive patches to call the eye away from a perfect harmony of colour." The artist appears, in many of his works, notably "The Poor Fisherman," in the Luxembourg, to have an insight into the souls of his subjects. Love, kindness, labour and hope, along with many other feelings, are expressed by the lovely forms of his frescoes. This painting, in particular, is very tenderly and beautifully treated and reminds us very much of Duccio and the Sienese.

Other pictures by Puvis de Chavannes include those from the life of Saint Geneviève which adorn the walls of the Panthéon, in Paris. "There are few things in art more still and beautiful than the panel showing the Saint watching over Paris." In the Lane Bequest there is a very beautiful head painted by him, and another fine picture, "Death and the Maidens," is in the National Gallery.

Another two artists who kept apart from the Impressionist movement were Gustave Moreau and Paul Baudry. Baudry's work is marked by clever grouping of figures and beautiful painting, as in "The Toilet of Venus," in the Bordeaux Museum, and "Fortune" in the Luxembourg. Moreau's paintings show something of the intellectual ideals that underlay the work of the pre-Raphaelites in England. His pictures are symbolic, and their meaning haunts the mind after the eye has passed them by. "The Apparition," "Venice" and "Orpheus" in the Luxembourg are fine examples of his skill.

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So far in this essay, the advent of Impressionism and the various careers of its followers have been the main subject. Now, with a short summary of the previous paragraphs to help understanding of the transition into the Modern Movement, some consideration will be given to the various branches which broke forth from the main stem and to the artists who brought about their birth.

As has already been pointed out, the Modern Movement in French Art began as a

return to reality: it was a revolt against conventions in art that were out of touch with the spirit of the time.

The genius of modernism, working at first only through a few pioneers, was beginning to seek its expression elsewhere. In gathering its material from the spectacle of contemporary life, with truth to Nature as its guiding principle, it was a resumption of the great tradition of French Realism, so grandly maintained in the past by the succession of Fouquet, the brothers Le Nain, and Chardin.

To present the world that they knew, without using the dramatic artifice of making their scene tell a story or unduly stressing its picturesque qualities, was the aim of the new realists. Their subjects were taken mainly from the lives of the working masses in town and country, rather than from the people themselves, and were thus sure of portraying their theme without falsification of sentiment. A superb integrity kept their art unconcerned with rendering anything outside their vision of objects in them. Thus, although the first of them, Honoré Daumier, made his living as a radical caricaturist of extraordinary power and virulence, there is no hint of political bias when he passed from his drawing as a pictorial journalist to painting. "The fellow has Michelangelo under his skin," Balzac said of him, and something of the Italian master's plastic force went into his pictures of Paris washerwomen on the quays of the Seine, and of motley groups uneasily crowded in third-class railway carriages. What Daumier did with the working population of the city, Millet did with the labourers of the fields.

But, as was stated earlier on in this work, it was Courbet who made realism a battle-cry against the academicians who still clung to the effete classic and romantic formulas. With uncompromising tenacity, Courbet painted exactly what he saw. It was for Edouard Manet to do this also, and indeed to borrow much of Courbet's method, but also to link realism directly with the tradition of the Old Masters.

Later, Manet was captured by the Impressionistic movement which grew out of realism and the history of which has already been covered in detail. Monet, who carried the technical theories on light and colours to

extremes, sometimes analysed his colour into little more than a scintillating blur, but in his studies of cathedrals and water-lilies he wins an exquisite compromise between form and the play of light upon it. Alfred Sisley, more limited in range, was content in his best work to capture a stir of leaves and a sparkle of running water with magical precision.

It remained for Camille Pissarro to show that the ultimate value of theories in art depends less on the technical strictness with which they are applied than on the temperaments which they attract to their practices. "This Impressionism was the painting of a true pastoral poet, not only conveying with rare solicitude the changing pageant of the seasons in the French countryside, but also, less dramatically than Millet though with as deep an understanding, the spirit of the rustic lives that peopled it. There is in his work a real freshness of the open air, and it was part of the Impressionist doctrine that painting should be done directly from the subject and not worked up from sketches in the studio."

To catch the all-necessary exactitude of light and atmosphere, landscape must be painted out-of-doors, and Berthe Morisot, one of her country's few great women artists, in the Impressionist studies of young women and girls on which her fame is established excelled in suffusing her canvases with a vibrant radiance of sunlight. It is noticeable in respect to this that the sun nearly always shines on those subjects of Nature which appear in Impressionist painting, giving it animation and happiness.

It was, indeed, to landscape that the early Impressionists mainly devoted their talent, though Monet painted the famous picture of a Paris Railway Station, and Pissarro a night-piece of the boulevard glittering with gas-light. Later came prominent members of the movement who turned with more deliberate attention to metropolitan scenes as opposed to Nature, and to effects of artificial rather than natural light.

Chief among them was Edgar Degas who began as a follower of the classicism of Ingres, whom he rivalled in his marvellous gift of draughtsmanship, either choosing his subjects from antiquity or painting contemporary scenes with a hard, imitative clearness. Gradually he turned from these generalised

and static presentations to a manner as instantaneous as possible, pinning the very moment of appearance as it pulsed with motion. iridescent in one notable section of his work with the artificial lighting of the theatre. Along with his use of the Impressionist method to render with ever greater accuracy the subject as he saw it, went, alas, much of the cynic's attitude. In some of his works he seemed to delight in revealing the destruction of the classical ideal of physical beauty under the conditions of modern life. "His thin, angular bathers, his washerwomen bent over their labour in dulled, ungainly gesture, and the clumsy poses of his ballet-girls in training — all these were evidence of his refusal to allow any film of false aesthetic sentiment to interpose itself between his vision and the thing seen.

Following closely upon Degas in this field come Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, who chiefly devoted himself to portraying the life of Paris, its glittering theatres, and so forth, with an eye which tended at times towards caricature.

The most severe theorist of the movement, Georges Seurat, came into prominence at this time. "His dominant passages of colour emerged from their subsidiary tints in a speckling of multifarious dots which won for his particular form of Impressionism the name of Pointellism. This method imports a strong pulsation of life and light to his pictures of the circus-ring, and of Parisian fairgrounds and holiday resorts, as well as to his landscapes of the Normandy coast, bathed in a shimmering summer haze."

The Impressionism of Pierre Bonnard and Edouard Vuillard, in contrast to this, was of a far looser texture. They divided colours less rigorously into the component elements; they defined less sharply their boundaries of form; nevertheless, they invented hues of a brilliant lustre, dappled and gleaming, and caught with unerring rightness the domestic atmosphere of the Third République's upper Bourgeoisie.

Having started their careers in Impressionism, however, some painters, who had met with varying success, decided that the movement was too restricting for the full development of their talents. It seemed to them that, in stressing the importance of light, they were



HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.) — Miss H. Downie, I. Anderson, R. Walker, E. Thomson, L. Guild, K. Ritchie, M. Douglas.

Front Row (l. to r.) — J. Bowden, R. Ellis, C. Sutherland (Capt.), M. Walls, S. Giles.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.) — A. M. Thomson (Pres.), D. Keddie, A. Allen, F. Ritchie, R. Henderson, I. Reoch, G. Hay, A. Young, F. Neillie, D. Small.

Front Row (l. to r.) — D. Henderson, A. Grant, M. Dougall, D. Nicol (Capt.), M. Hardie, H. Robertson, I. Cuthbert.



Photograph by D. & W. Prophet

PREFECTS — 1958

Back Row (l. to r.) — Lorna Guild, Michael Hardie, Elizabeth Thomson, Robert Logan, Kathleen Ritchie, David Henderson.

Front Row (l. to r.) — David Nicol, Molly Douglas, Mr Erskine, Miss Whytock, Malcolm Dougall, Jane Bowden.



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

Form II. in "Wedding Revels"

overshadowing other and equally important components of painting. They believed also that there was a danger of the subjects of their pictures becoming entirely lost under the "atmosphere" of light which shrouded them. The seceders, later known as the leaders of post-Impressionism, had in common an intense feeling for form, though in other respects they were distinctly isolated each in his own very emphatic individuality.

Undoubtedly the most prominent, both in his achievement and his influence on succeeding generations of painters, was Paul Cézanne, whose life was a continuous sacrifice to his ideals of art. Cézanne was completely enclosed in his own world of effort to realise his conception of what painting ought to be, and had little time for the ordinary pleasures and responsibilities of everyday life. Beginning with works of an unbridled romanticism, he disciplined himself to a more naturalistic style by following the example of Manet. But Cézanne had a poor gift of invention and little interest in the modern spectacle as a source for pictures of social or dramatic significance. He was still without the mastery in draughtsmanship which it took him years to reach; his luminous depths of colour and fine sense of composition could not hide an intractable line or deceive him as to his shortcomings.

It was now that Cézanne, having failed as a Realist, entered into the folds of Impressionism under the guidance of Pissarro and found, at last, the theme that suited him in Nature. Nevertheless, severe self-criticism brought him near to despair in his attempts to reach the perfection he sought, of "realising his sensation in the face of Nature." Abandoning comradeship and ceasing to show his work in public, he retired to live as an artist hermit in his native town of Aix, in Provence.

Only now did Cézanne attain his goal. At last he found himself expressing his sense of volume and inevitable pattern in a wealth of landscape, portraiture and still-life, asserting the vital rhythm that underlies all nature, in its fragments as in its mass; mingling a classic gravity with an exultant lyricism; and restoring to colour the clarity and splendour of the Old Masters.

Auguste Renoir, a close friend of Cézanne, also pierced beneath the surface attractions of

Impressionism to a more permanent and classic mould of form. Renoir began life as a painter of porcelain, and then branched off to produce a charming series of pictures of Parisian working-girls as they thronged the streets on their way to business, or danced at suburban halls, or spent their Sunday holidays in the city's green outskirts. In all these works the artist's former profession is always evident in the precise touch and clear outlines of his subjects. In the end, however, the desire to express the reality of the object in itself, "a love of plastic substance and a sense of natural abundance," led Renoir almost exclusively to the painting of the female figure in its more opulent appearances, robust and flushed with sunlight and health. In these exuberant circumstances, his creations reveal him as the happiest of painters.

In this respect, Renoir was a complete contrast to Vincent Van Gogh, who also experienced Impressionism on his way to a more individual form of expressionism. Van Gogh, however, demanded more from his art than mere reproduction of the spectacle of Nature and Humanity; he sought also the spiritual force which gave it vitality and pulsed through it. Accordingly, it became his increasing aim "to convey all this through the superficial aspect of his subject, whether the countenance of some humble denizen of Provence, gnarled with the hard experience of life, or a patch of southern landscape contorted with the mysterious energy that ruled its formation." It has been argued, because of this tremendous, compelling force, that Van Gogh was, in fact, a religious painter, in whom torment and ecstasy alternated throughout his intense urge to make his art the witness to his unswerving faith in the teachings of Christianity.

It was because of this urgency of purpose that Van Gogh quarrelled with his friend and colleague, Paul Gauguin, the remaining great post-Impressionist, who sought from the world little more than decorative possibilities. His urgent desire for broad, deep colour and well-defined pattern in landscape took him eventually from Brittany to the South Seas where he found his exotic dreams realised. From these four leaders of post-Impressionism spring the main currents of Modern French Art.

Cézanne's casual remark that Nature, in its formal elements, would be reduced to the sphere, the cone and the cylinder, started a movement mainly associated with Pablo Picasso and known as Cubism. It consisted in splitting the representation of the picture's subject into a series of geometric shapes and arranging these in such a manner as to form a pattern based on reality, yet composing a pictorial unity on its own account.

Georges Braque and Juan Gris applied this method chiefly to still-lives, but Picasso, a master of versatility, subjected landscapes and the human figure alike to the cubist process. Direct representations ceased to be the painter's aim, and his pictures became a translation rather than a transcript.

There were, however, other ways than cubism for attaining this end, and Henri Matisse, influenced more by the spirit than the actual work of Van Gogh, and Gauguin, was content with almost a shorthand notation of the subject itself, provided that it gave him sufficient basis for the creation of pattern and exquisite colour-harmony.

Matisse was followed by innumerable artists, both French and foreign, who together made up what is known as the School of Paris and who subordinated imitation of the object to display, through its treatment, a personal temperament or style. Thus Amadeo Modigliani, with some help from negro sculptures, invented a new primitivism in figure painting; André Derain produced concentrated adaptations of classic old masters in landscape and portraiture; Maurice Utrillo tinged his studies of Montmartre with a unique aura of urban nostalgia; Marc Chagall invented pictorial folk tales redolent of Eastern-European Legend; Soutine made a tragic caricature of life and landscape; and Vlaminck devoted himself to a poetry of cloud and darkening distance.

In this remarkable variety of theme and handling, the work of two older painters came into a prominence long denied them. The old, retired custom-house officer, Henri Rousseau, was hailed as a belated primitive for the perfect candour and innocence of his pictures of family groups, suburban landscapes and oriental fantasies, while Georges Ronault revived the spirit of Byzantine art in his religious studies and satirical presentation of the bourgeois character. Ronault

reaches in paint the jewelled splendour of mosaic, while in his case, as in that of Rousseau, the dream is never far behind the interpretation of reality.

It was only a step from such work as theirs to Surrealism, which seeks its matter in subconscious imagery. Salvador Dali, Miro and Max Ernst are among the masters of the macabre fantasy and meticulous detail which characterise Surrealism, but there are definite signs that French painting is about to return to the more classic and intellectual manner in which its greatest triumphs have perhaps been won.

* * * * *

Many people, in these days of rapid and revolutionary progress, do not fully realise how extremely difficult it is to appreciate and criticise Modern Art, particularly that done by artists who are still alive or who have only recently died. This fact, paradoxical though it may seem, is not peculiar to the art of painting, but is also to be observed in music and literature. For example, everyone can discuss, understand and criticise the various campaigns planned and executed by Napoleon, but it is left to very few to do likewise with the everyday decision of our politicians and other leading public figures.

It must be realised that, although a certain amount of Modern Art has given the experts a great deal of trouble as far as understanding and interpreting is concerned, it does not follow that these experts or, for that matter of it, anyone, should condemn it. Much of what is termed Modern Art is, in fact, experimental: the work of artists seeking new modes of expression, more powerful and more satisfying than those of their predecessors. The scientists working on the amazing British discovery, "Zeta," are not criticised or derided by the general public because their work is not entirely understood. Why, therefore, should the artists who look for true expression in shapes and forms (a good example of this is Barbara Heyworth, the modern sculptress) be ridiculed? The answer to this appears to lie inherent in the human character — all great inventors and theorists, even Christ himself, were laughed at and derided, to some varying extent, by the ignorant masses.

In the last few years, French Impressionistic paintings have enjoyed a remarkable

wave of popularity. It is difficult to find the true reason for this, but probably the most obvious one is "freedom." Never before in the History of Painting has so much freedom been exhibited in the representation of actual things. Since the Impressionist Movement, the freedom exercised by artists has increased to almost alarming proportions. Does it follow, therefore, that, as Modern Trends in

Art have followed almost directly from Impressionism, Modern Taste in Art will develop likewise? At the moment, this seems to be highly probable, particularly when we consider the meteoric rise to popularity of Picasso who merely has to flick his brush at a canvas nowadays for it to be sold at a fantastic price.

Ralph W. Gibb, F VI.

For One Night Only

In response to numerous requests (two in number), I have allowed myself to be persuaded to recount another of the anecdotes related to me by Classicus, the loquacious cat of whom I have previously told you. We were discussing recent programmes on the radio (to which Classicus is a very attentive listener — he said he was very fond of "Mrs Dale's Diary"), and I happened to refer to the Covent Garden Opera House centenary. This prompted Classicus to remind me that the Covent Garden Theatre was in operation long before it became an Opera House.

"Indeed," he continued, "one branch of my family has traditionally provided theatre cats for London — and not the 'Puss in Boots' sort — since the time that Mr Shakespeare required sound effects for 'Macbeth,' Act IV., Scene 1, Line 1. It is regrettable," he sighed, "that this cherished honour so long held by what we call our theatrical branch has terminated so recently. The last member of the family to hold the position of theatre cat was rendered redundant by the introduction of Miss Agatha Christie's 'Mouse-trap'."

At the Covent Garden Theatre itself there was for a time one of the most distinguished London theatre cats, by name Thalia. Her period of office was around 1800, Classicus recalled, because the twins to which she shortly gave birth were called Addington and Paddington to commemorate the Treaty of 1802. It was during her time that there was the first and last production of "The Captive," written by Matthew Lewis, who was nicknamed "Monk" Lewis after his blood-curdling novel, "The Monk."

"Despite the horrific nature of his writing," said Classicus, "Lewis was a popular literary figure," and he digressed to tell

me how highly Sir Walter Scott had thought of him. Indeed he told me that one of his forebears, Wavertale, who had lived at Abbotsford but subsequently had to leave and take refuge in Meg Merrilies' caravan when a Dandy Dinmont was introduced to the domestic circle, had quoted Sir Walter as saying, when asked to dine with "the Monk," that it was the proudest moment of his life.

It appears from what Classicus said that, when Lewis's play was staged, a very large and fashionable audience gathered to express their approval of this young writer. The play itself was a dramatic monologue, with a few actors who came on and ruined the more gruesome parts of the action. As was her custom on first nights, Thalia decided to be a spectator to this play, and so, after her customary stroll along the catwalk, she established herself in a corner of the Pitt (frequently confused with the Prime Minister Pit), and awaited the commencement of "The Captive."

Thalia accounted among her finest acquaintances in the world of acting, and equalled only by the celebrated Mrs Siddons, one Mrs Litchfield. "This Mrs Litchfield," said Classicus, "greatly recommended herself to Thalia by her generosity in the matter of cots' heads from Billingsgate." It was she who was to read the monologue, playing the part of "The Captive" of the piece, a miserable woman who was imprisoned as a lunatic by her sadistic husband. What Classicus described as the "catastasis" of the play came when her terror and agony of mind finally drove the woman into genuine madness before the very eyes of the audience. Used as she was to cat-calls and caterwauling, Thalia was amazed at the reception of the play. In Classicus' words — "It threw a portion of

the audience into hysterics. The whole theatre was filled with confusion and horror. Some ladies were bathed in tears, others fainted, some shrieked with terror." Thalia, who inherited a poetic streak from her mother, Calliope, spoke of "pale horror painted on the countenance" of the less demonstrative members of the audience. The incident impressed itself upon Thalia, as her tail was seriously injured in the stampede of panic-stricken box-keepers. "And," observed Classicus with the abrupt ending associated with Manx cats rather than half-Persians, "this is the end of my tale, as it nearly was of Thalia's."

In case any of you find the story far-fetched, you can confirm the details for yourselves in "Fifty Years of Theatrical Kittle-Cattle," by Felix Stowe (first edition 1861), Vol. III., pp. 65-743. The German edition has illustrations.

C. Lythe, F. V.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE OPENING CEREMONY

We flowed into the Caird Hall, where programme-distributing prefects diverted us into our various courses. We took our seats, and the girls stripped off their coats, and hid them like guilty secrets under their seats, revealing hundreds of white blouses, virginal as writing sheets of examination paper.

On the platform were daffodils enough to gladden the heart of any lake poet, and at the back bloomed a camera and tripod like an unopened sunflower. At the corner of the balcony, press cameras gleamed, a battery of celestial machine guns.

Spasmodically, we looked around in search of relations. Sweet-bags rustled. Time, registered on the twin clocks above the platform, "ambled withal" as on Friday afternoons.

The first diversion was created by the arrival of the school staff who took their places on the platform, mathematically dead centre. The white sleeves of the resuscitated school blouses of the female staff emerged from black gowns, like a soap-powder advertisement, in the middle of the dark phalanx of male suiting and academic dress. We were still engaged in trying to identify faces when

the advance guard of the platform V.I.P.'s arrived, and took its station on either side of the stage.

At last, the occasion rose to its true importance as Sir Edward Appleton and his attendant train came on to the platform. As most of his companions were well known to the school, Sir Edward's rubicund and benign face was easily distinguished.

The Rev. H. O. Douglas and the Lord Provost dispatched their business with their invariable grace and efficiency, and Sir Edward rose to address us. Press camera lights flashed from the balcony like Jove's thunderbolts, and the school froze to a deeper silence. The speech, appropriate and well adapted to the mixed character and varied stage of development of the audience, held the interest of all. Sir Edward must have been gratified by the reception his shafts of wit received from the small child in the balcony who saw the point five minutes after even the most determined parents had finished creaking and guffawing in the background, and tee-hee'd shrilly.

The Rector rose to speak in conclusion. The prefects made a well-timed appearance; bearing gifts for Sir Edward and Lady Appleton, who regrettably could not be with us. Finally, the school was able to let off suppressed steam with a spirited rendering of Schola Clara, and the National Anthem concluded a momentous occasion.

But, although we were opening the new science laboratories, there was not even a representative test-tube present in the Caird Hall. The only evidence of scientific activity was provided by the press photographs.

C.L., U.S.

THE THINGS YOU SEE . . .

This year I attended only two concerts in the Caird Hall, and a wider disparity between them there could not have been; yet I enjoyed them both, though from different points of view.

One was the first Scottish National Orchestra concert of the season, which was conducted by Hans Swarovsky. The other was the famous appearance of a young entertainer known as Tommy Steele. On comparing the two concerts from an impartial view-

point, I came to several conclusions. At the Tommy Steele concert, I felt the whole show could have been improved on, and the general feeling of amateurishness made me feel slightly ill at ease. However, this was outweighed by the fact that all the performers seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely, and an informal air of friendship between stage and audience prevailed. The orchestra at the other concert, by way of contrast, performed their parts with unquestionable perfection, but with an attitude of solemnity, that soon made the audience assume extremely serious expressions. Not all "high-brow" music is meant for such absolute and undivided concentration.

The only fault I have to find with the S.N.O. concert is the over-emphasis on etiquette. At the end of even the most exhilarating and emotional work, it would be

dreadful to give any greater mark of one's appreciation than a polite handclap. Occasionally, I long to give vent to my feelings with a subdued cheer, but have to "toe the line" with everyone else. At the other concert, however, Tommy Steele's not untuneful songs were met with such deafening over-enthusiasm that I could scarcely hear his voice at all. Again it was a form of etiquette — for a teenager not to be "sent" by their idol would be almost a crime. Perhaps it is the same fault with both — a feeling that the "done thing" is right, and that the dictates of one's own emotions are not to be heeded.

At both these concerts, but in particular at the second one, I found studying the reactions of the audience around me almost as entertaining as the spectacle on the stage which I had originally come to see!

Anon.

The Homecoming

(EASTER HOLIDAYS)

Jean entered, suddenly, just after 3 o'clock, when the alarm clock on the dresser registered a quarter to four. She threw down her case and took possession of the place as confidently as if her 12-months' absence had lasted only as many hours. Michael, her little brother, was waiting, half-expectant, but still surprised, and, without a word of greeting, they set about altering the alarm clock to "wrist-watch mean time." Grandpa, sleeping on the bed in the recess, never stirred; Granny indicated the kettle on the fire, and asked, "Tea or coffee?" The dog emerged from her daydream far enough only to ascertain that a well-known stranger had indeed entered, and crawled back under the dresser.

Jean looked around, took in everything, recognised the pink, artificial roses as the only new additions to the furnishings, and set about unpacking. It took little time to spread through the warm, untidy household a cheerful havoc of cast-off clothing, and to festoon the fireplace with newly-washed nylons. She talked all the time, and, if scarcely a word of it was really heard, and half of that was uncomprehended, no one had suffered any loss.

She began on her brother first. "The fields were all the same on the way here, just

green and brown, and the sky colourless, like bleached darkness. I loathe early spring, and the wind's like a wet rag today . . . Granny, for any sake, have you a stocking-thread? I've laddered my new nylons." Here, she merely paused for breath before taking off again, "Michael, did I tell you about the dog taking larig-nitis? . . . well, you know what I mean . . ."

And when she had recounted the tale of the events that had recently disturbed the peace of their parents' household, tea was ready.

And slowly she retracted into her own position among them, settling down, with her sewing spread around her, amidst the warm confusion that here passed for order.

Nothing had changed. From her earliest recollections the settee had lain there, littered with the past week's newspapers. Granny still sat, surrounded by knitting patterns, dominoes and jig-saw pieces, recounting the late tragedies of the village with the constant animated monotony of a worn gramophone record. Grandpa woke, and joined the party, and was beset by Michael's demand for a game of cards.

And, when the swopping of news had ended, Michael returned to the centre of the

household stage, his position but briefly lost to the new arrival. For she belonged here as much as the outdated fireplace, or the dog herself, but it was not so with Michael. Younger by five years, he held his place by force, and made himself felt all the time. Sharing Granny's patient enthusiasm for games, he cajoled her into spending every free moment opposing him at dominoes, or reconstructing jig-saw puzzles, now so familiar as to be "puzzles" no longer. And when no one was free to partner him, he played "ludo" with himself. His other deep interest was money-making. At 11, he was already prepared to try every available method of money-making — stopping short of actual work. He had embarked on a programme of writing letters to every paper that published — and paid for — readers' letters, and in this, his greatest asset was Jean. For she might begin by correcting his grammar, but would end by writing the whole thing.

So now a new interest attracted them — a prize crossword. This was completed in a space of ten minutes, and posted forthwith, which inspired Grandpa to criticise their answers in the light of his own, and, while Michael fought him on a delicate point of English grammar, Jean was debating with Granny the merits of up-to-date heating systems. In these conditions, conversation could only be carried on in shouts, which increased in volume when Jean took up the quarrel with Grandpa, and Michael retreated to the floor, to play "ludo" with himself, a complicated business, involving four sets of coloured counters, and three imaginary persons for whom he had to shake the dice. This ended with his shrieking, "I can't play 'ludo' with myself in all this noise!", at the same time throwing the 'ludo' board ceiling-ward and showering counters on the hearth-rug.

Suddenly, silence broke over them like a wave. Granny moved off to wash up, Grandpa began to prepare for tea. Jean relapsed into her sewing, Michael sprawled on the arm of Grandpa's chair, with the current copy of "Radio Times." Slowly the atmosphere of normality returned to the place, but normality here rather resembled a muted, slow-motion "Goon Show."

Granny started on another jig-saw puzzle, and Michael pestered Grandpa quietly, incessantly, until he yielded, and dealt out cards

for a game. Jean caused a sudden, brief consternation by searching wildly for a pen, and unearthing a pencil. Granny recited softly a nonsensical, half-remembered nursery rhyme; Grandpa reopened the vexed question of that last clue in the crossword.

"What did you put for 7 down?"

"The same as you put," Michael told him.

A pause — then, "Who said that was right?"

"Jean did."

A larger pause — "But how did she know?"

"The dog! The dog told me!" Jean yelled suddenly, breaking her unnatural silence, momentarily, and waving her sewing like an old duster. "Forget that ghastly crossword."

Silence again. "Wee Willie Winkie ran through the toon . . ." Granny sang softly, over the puzzle.

Jean wanted to laugh, but, suddenly, couldn't. This was all perfectly natural, here, and always had been.

"Siegrune."

THE CHRISTENING

The lawyer's daughter was christened in May. She was six months old and had fair hair. It was a very fashionable occasion. All the townspeople were arrayed in the latest fashions. The doctor and his wife were standing outside the church talking to the lucky parents. The grocer was there with his wife as were all the other inhabitants of the town.

All the congregation filed into the church and sat in their pews. After two hymns and a prayer, the child's grandparents walked proudly up the aisle with the child in her grandfather's arms. He handed her to the minister. All attention was turned to the font when a small voice from the back was heard:

"Mummy, what's the bird-bath for?"

Sheila M. Reid, F. III.

WE CONGRATULATE

John Cameron on winning the Medal in the Special English Class and the Carstairs Prize in the Senior Honours Mathematics Class at St. Andrews University. John has been elected President of the Students' Union.

The Anarchists

It stood, its facade the inevitable pillared Regency style, ruined with a covering of grime, in what had been in its heyday the centre of the fashionable town. Now, its heyday a past memory and a present regret, the old theatre graced a lonely backwater to which a struggling company attracted a mere trickle each night.

I wandered, as wander I will, along the backwater one pale morning and, my curiosity aroused, strolled inside. The interior, cool and dim, seemed to be for ever expanding with the pressure of its gloomy, silent echo. The gallery hung expectantly above me; the stalls stood motionless, waiting; but, out in front, the stage did not respond. The curtains hung listlessly, ignoring the aimless dust which floated on to them and settled comfortably; the boards seemed determined never to make as much as a creak again; ropes and pulleys lay about helplessly. The little light that was seeping in from some hidden skylight above the grid was so cowed that it only succeeded in emphasising the weight of the surrounding darkness — a darkness which denied the existence of anything beyond it, except in time.

In its midst I stood, with visions of past glories on the stage before my eyes. I gazed at the empty stalls, seeing an Edwardian first-night audience in full evening dress, and my eyes fell on the only existing occupant. He gave me a curious impression of sitting without being seated; he seemed to lack the necessary relaxation. As I approached he was writing, and, as he wrote, he seethed. How he wrote in such light will remain an eternal mystery — but, of course, Angry Young Men spend most of their lives in garrets. He was muttering as he wrote; the muttering rose to a crescendo as he rounded off a curtain-call vituperation against the world at large, ranting aloud in the fury and evident agony of inspiration. I stood in silent contemplation while the heat was somewhat dissipated, and then addressed him:

"I suppose that that is destined to be the instrument of salvation for this theatre, for you and for the world. Is it being produced here, or is it meant only to be read?"

He stared at me. "You think you can

appreciate a play, least of all my play, at a reading?"

"Words, words, words. Is there anything else in products such as yours? The modern playwright tries to get so much off his hair-shirted, floppy-pullovered, asthmatic chest that audiences are left with what was intended to be an indictment of civilisation delivered by a collection of static, vapid apologies for psychological cases."

He looked at me. I smiled modestly.

"Do you," he managed, "by any chance write?"

I nodded, again modestly. "Angry young articles, mostly. Directed against you and your ilk, but usually consigned to the wastepaper basket. I suppose your attempt is consigned to a desperate fortnight of empty houses before it is, to put it mildly, taken off."

"What do you know about it?" he began, and proceeded to enlighten me. His prose had the happy knack, his only happy feature, of creating visions in the imagination — visions which, in spite of their unreality, in spite of myself, I found myself accepting, appreciating; visions which finally became my own.

We sat, the urge of creation upon us, as we scribbled, read aloud, corrected, tested snatches of tentative dialogue. Ah, the joy of an intense anger, a writer's anger! Now, as I look back on the experience, I realise the reason for Angry Young Men. At that time I had other, more engrossing activities. We found ourselves driven on to the stage in our search for effect, planning and practising movements, turns, tricks of expression and speech, all the trimmings of pseudo-method acting — and, of course, enjoying ourselves hugely in our pessimistic, vitriolic, angry young way. We hurled resounding lines at each other, never suspecting in our enthusiasm our own amazing representations of static, vapid apologies for psychological cases.

"Why in the world are you?"

"I'm not in the world; God help me, I'm of it."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Do I ever mean anything? Do you ever mean anything? All day you rip forth a ceaseless barrage of banality, and not once do you dare to put your soul into it —"

"Soul? You actually credit man with a soul?"

"I merely apply yet another inane piece of nonsense coined in the mumbo-jumbo of a false escapist ecstasy, called religion . . ."

Gradually the play, the mumbo-jumbo of the only true ecstasy, called anger, began in our hands to take solid form. Out of order we were creating chaos, a chaos of words and situation. What we wanted now was a chaos of a set. We discussed the possibilities of the theatre.

"Why not present it in total darkness?" I cried in a fit of insane inspiration.

"You're too tame for a revolutionary. Don't you see the real answer? Can't you see, staring you in the face, the only way to make the audience sit up?"

"Of course! No seats!"

"No, better than that! Light the stage or leave it dark—as you like! Let them stand or sit — it doesn't matter! It's the actors who matter — the actors and their relation with the audience. What better way to achieve that relation than by scattering them among the audience? If, in an ecstasy of Method, they want to demonstrate, let them come forward. You're right; we don't need much movement, so we'll lose nothing this way. And we'll have the theatrical world in chaos — what a gain! To overthrow smug convention and weary orthodoxy in the burning flame of an anarchic sea —" He was growing not only incoherent but ungrammatical. It was my turn to gaze.

The immense possibilities stretched out before us, like the sea of stalls, its rows beating like waves upon the captive stage as our unleashed flood would beat upon the captive minds of the audience.

"They don't want to think," exclaimed my friend, "when they've got the whole thing on a plate in front of them! Put them in the plate, let them sizzle in the stew! Let them shudder as the salt pours down upon them!"

Fired with a new vigour and a new hope, we worked again upon our masterpiece. Time passed, and we heeded it not, for time was as nothing in the presence of creation such as this. We argued, we shouted, we fought, we were angry and we wrote it all down.

When at last we knew, though how we knew I cannot tell, that no more could be done, that the work was quite complete, we rested from our labours. Then it was that earthly cares returned, and we were hungry. We turned again, and surveyed the scene, the hallowed scene of our immortal efforts; the scene, so we dreamed, of the new renaissance in drama, when even the flickering screen and its illusion would pale into insignificance beside the reality and the glorious experience of our play in our theatre. We gazed upon the gloom, and the gloom was an opaque veil behind which flamed untold light. In companionable defiance we stepped forth into the artificial mask of normal existence. The sunshine fell upon us, and we blinked owlishly. In our blindness we almost walked into a large notice, standing on a pedestal in front of the theatre:

SITE FOR SALE
PENDING
DEMOLITION

And the bulldozers rumbled relentlessly through the ruin of our magnificent castle in the clouds.

ROAD SAFETY

Recently, the Outspan Orange Company held a competition concerning a subject of nation-wide importance — Road Safety. I was lucky enough to be chosen for Dundee's team of four.

A series of competitions was held in the City Chambers to determine who should make up this team. After a very thrilling contest, two High School pupils gained the first two places, while a Rockwell girl and a Harris boy were third and fourth respectively.

We were all shown round the City Chambers and were very interested to see the Lord Provost's chain of office with the exquisite Caird Emerald as the centrepiece.

Every Saturday afternoon we attended instruction classes run by the Police Traffic Department. We discussed informally the various aspects of our subject, which I found

extremely interesting, admittedly rather to my surprise.

Our first competition in the series was Dundee versus Inverkeithing. One cold November evening we met our influential friends on the Town Council and two officials of our redoubtable Police Force at the Val D'Or Restaurant. After tea we set off in a luxury coach to Inverkeithing.

En route I was instructed in the "fascinating art" of Pontoon, much to the amusement of our elders (who were doubtless remembering their own youth). Naturally we did not play for money.

We eventually reached Inverkeithing and were greeted by our opponents. Much to our horror, we were instructed to be seated on a raised platform, bedecked with a Union Jack and two Lions Rampant. There were microphones, too, with which we had not previously been acquainted. We were faced by a large audience from Inverkeithing School, and were duly introduced to the panel of judges. We were all very nervous, and at last the quiz started. A total of three marks could be awarded for each answer, and we were each asked three questions.

An atmosphere of nervous tension hung over the two teams. My turn came, and for a

dreadful moment I could not remember any Road Safety whatsoever. However, I answered the question to the best of my ability, and, after an awkward silence, the judge announced his mark.

The audience, unfortunately, were not very good, and were rather angry when the final score was announced. It was—Dundee 30½ marks out of a possible 36, and Inverkeithing 30. We heaved a unanimous sigh of relief.

A reception was held for us all in a hotel, where we had refreshments. We thanked our hosts for a very good quiz.

Our next opponents were the Fife champions—a team of girls from Bell-Baxter Academy. We won a decisive victory in this quiz. However, we were later defeated by the Aberdeenshire champions—a team of boys from Peterhead Academy, who were very good indeed.

I thoroughly enjoyed the experience and found Road Safety a fascinating subject. I have made many new friends and feel satisfied that I now know a little about this most important matter.

Gillian P. Payne, F. II.

Visit to Germany by the Cadets, 1958

On the sunny morning of Friday, the tenth of April, at 7.44 a.m., a train pulled out of Tay Bridge Station, bearing thirty-nine kilted Cadets under Captain Jacuk. After receiving last goodbyes from Major Halliday at Leuchars, we finally left "home ground" on our long journey. After we had changed to rather cramped saloon coaches at Edinburgh, the heat of the afternoon found us travelling through the comparatively flat, uninteresting English countryside. On reaching London, about 5 p.m., we were conveyed by motor coach to Liverpool Street Station where, after a wait of some hours, we entrained for Harwich. Disembarking on Parkestone Quay, we fed in a large shed and were assisted through documentation by a friendly Military Police corporal from Lochee.

On boarding the troopship, "Empire Wandsbeck," we were led down a steep companionway into the depths of the forecabin

and installed in cramped canvas four-tier bunks, each equipped with blanket, pillow and life-jacket. After an announcement to move our watches one hour forward to Central European time, the ship moved out into the North Sea. Unfortunately, her rather violent motion proved too much for us, most of the party being sick, although the senior N.C.O.'s, installed in cabins, had a better time. Some cadets had a thoroughly unpleasant time and it was thankfully that, far gone in the lassitude of sea-sickness, we disembarked at the Hook of Holland where, after a hot meal, we changed our money into B.A.F.V.'s (military currency) and boarded a military train.

We were pulled through Holland by an electric and Diesel engine in turn, being impressed, as travellers usually are, by the flatness of the ground, the canals, windmills and modern buildings. These gave way to birches

and woods of conifers, and, after a delay at the frontier, where our Diesel was changed for an ancient steam engine, we entered Germany. We had two excellent meals on the train, which reached Düsseldorf towards 4 p.m. There we were conveyed by army coach through the city to Gort Barracks, Hubbelrath, where the First Battalion of the Coldstream Guards was stationed.

Our first impressions of Düsseldorf were of the bridges across the Rhine, the remaining bombed sites, fast being filled by modern buildings, the spacious streets, the pillars, covered with advertisements, standing at street corners, the tramcars, single-decked, but pulling one or two trailers, and the speed of the traffic.

On arrival at Hubbelrath in the middle of a small snow-shower, we were shown our billet, a low, concrete building, surrounded by flowering forsythia and pussy-willow. We occupied rooms equipped for four, six or eight cadets, each boy having a wardrobe and a bedside locker. The beds were far more comfortable than those at normal cadet camps, and, moreover, we were provided with sheets. In addition to these comforts, the rooms were centrally-heated.

After a good tea, we settled in and then went next door to the N.A.A.F.I. and W.V.S. room, where later we were to all but scoop the pool in the weekly games of Tombola. Here I must compliment the ladies of the W.V.S. on supplying throughout Germany these carpeted rooms, with armchairs and a large selection of games. It was there that we made friends with the Guardsmen who were all decent fellows, although a little bored with their long stay in Germany.

After 11 p.m., "lights out," we fell asleep at once, to be wakened at 6.30 a.m. by two buglers of the Corps of Drums, who seemed every hour to play some bugle call, usually meaningless to us. After the pleasant surprise that we did not have to "box" our blankets, and after a good breakfast, we were given a talk on the organisation of a battalion by our liaison officer, Captain Napier, a well-built, merry, round-faced, kindly officer, who was affectionately followed by a black and white spaniel. After a few words from the Commanding Officer of the battalion, we were shown round the camp by Drill-Sergeant Stevens, who took us to the guardroom and to

the cobbler's and tailor's shops, among other places of interest.

After an excellent self-service lunch with a large menu from which to choose, we were taken in three-ton trucks to Düsseldorf where we spent the afternoon exploring the shops.

On Sunday we had a late reveillé and a long lie (if we did not want breakfast) after which we marched down the road to the church at the Third Battalion's barracks. In the afternoon we had a tour, arranged by Captain Jacuk, to Köln in a rear-engined German coach which, at first sight, appeared too small, but, by use of seats folding down into the passage, the party was accommodated. We travelled via the Berlin-Köln autobahn, a great dual carriageway with bridges every few hundred yards, an excellent road, although the cracked concrete surface was being repaired in many places, causing considerable traffic jams.

On arrival in Köln, we were impressed by the new bridges over the Rhine, especially a transporter bridge. All the bridges were destroyed in the war and it was still obvious that Köln had had a bad time. We visited the beautiful Köln Cathedral, climbing one of the five-hundred-foot twin spires, from which we obtained a wonderful view of the city, its old walls and the wide Rhine with tugs pulling strings of large barges upstream at a slow speed and the great barges rushing downstream towards Düsseldorf, to which we returned in time for tea via Kaiser Wilhelm's residence at Benrath.

From Monday to Wednesday we fired various platoon weapons, including the two-inch mortar, the Energa anti-tank grenade, the Bren L.M.G., the rifle, the .38-inch pistol and the Sterling S.M.C., with which Cadet Fimister won a prize of 1 mark for the best score. We threw grenades and saw the 3.5-inch rocket-launcher operated with a successful result by Captain Jacuk. The customary demonstration of the platoon in attack completed our study of the platoon.

As for the battalion, we had demonstrations from the various platoons of the support company. The mortar platoon gave a demonstration of the three-inch mortar, the machine-gun platoon of the Vickers M.M.G., and the anti-tank platoon of the seventeen-pounder gun. Perhaps we had best fun operating the

wireless sets of the signal platoon, who also gave us a demonstration of the field telephone.

During this period we also participated in a night exercise with the cadets of Sutton Coldfield Grammar School, who were staying with the Third Battalion, using our two-inch mortar flares to great effect. We returned in high fettle to a meal of either hot watery stew or very meaty soup which was delicious.

On Thursday morning we were given a lecture on atomics by Captain Maxse and shown a film of the destruction of Hiroshima. After lunch we left for Paderborn, the home of the 17th/21st Lancers, the "Death or Glory" boys. We travelled in three-tonners along the tree-lined Köln-Berlin autobahn through the Ruhr, across the Rhine-Herne and Dortmund-Ems Canals, past Ham and Ems into more typical German countryside, with high-roofed houses and wayside shrines. On our way we stopped at the Windmill (so called because it is a converted windmill), the only British Y.M.C.A. canteen on the autobahn.

On arriving at Paderborn, we were billeted in the second storey of four-storey former German barracks, where Hitler trained his armoured regiments. On the following day, after "boxing" our blankets and parading for inspection (discipline, on the whole, was stricter at Paderborn), we went and saw over the Centurion tanks, went out to the training area in them, having a good time with their radios, and practised tank gunnery (a .22-inch rifle clamped to the barrel) on the miniature range, which was next door to the stables which we also visited.

On the following day we went to Sennelager, a huge, town-like camp, to see the war-dogs' school, where, unfortunately, many of the dogs have had to be destroyed. We saw many interesting demonstrations by the dogs, mostly Alsations, Doberman Pinchers, Boxers, Great Danes and Labradors, and their handlers, the majority of whom are displaced persons. As we left Sennelager we saw a contingent of Canadians, led by pipers, arriving.

On Sunday, back at Hubbelrath, after our long lie we went into Düsseldorf since our expected football match with the Battalion, for which we had been practising in the evenings, had to be cancelled.

Monday was dull, our first dull day in our sunny stay, and we went to see the film,

"The Queen's Birthday Parade," and heard a lecture by the R.S.M. on the Guards' duties in London. After this we had a quiz on "Matters Military," the panel being officers of the regiment and the chairman, Captain Napier. In the afternoon we paid our last shopping visit to Düsseldorf.

On Tuesday, after a presentation to Captain Napier who had looked after our interests well during our pleasant stay, we reluctantly left Hubbelrath and entrained for the Hook of Holland where we boarded H.M.T. "Vienna" and crossed to Harwich in ideal conditions. After passing through the customs and having breakfast, we returned in a rather unexciting British train to London, where we spent the day seeing the sights, doing most of our travelling by the Underground. Surprisingly, we were objects of as much curiosity in London as in polite Düsseldorf, and we had as many photographs of us taken as in Germany. We all arrived safely for the night train and arrived about 9 a.m. in Dundee, which, although it cannot compare architecturally with Düsseldorf or Köln, is home for most of us.

I should like to thank, on behalf of the cadets who went to Germany, Captain Jacuk, who stepped into the place of Mr Vannet, to whom we wish a speedy recovery. The trip would have been impossible without Captain Jacuk, and he was most kind to us in Germany, coming round the billets enquiring about our comfort and health. I also wish to thank Major Halliday for his lengthy work before the trip, and C.S.M. Gibson for performing efficiently a hard and, to a large extent, thankless job of work.

A. Wood.

ON THE MOUNTAINS

During the Easter holidays, when Michael Hardie and I were attending a ski-ing course at Glenmore Lodge, an expedition was organised to tramp over the Cairngorm Plateau. Here is a brief account of our adventure.

Our party of eight people, with two instructors, set off from the lodge after breakfast. Each person had a packed lunch and was suitably clad for the journey, or so he thought. The weather was not too promising, with low cloud covering the high tops, but in the Cairngorms this could change very quickly.

The first stage of the journey through Glenmore Forest was completed in record time and then, as we began to climb, the pace began to slow down. We climbed steadily for half an hour and then stopped to take a compass bearing on the summit of Cairngorm over which we hoped to pass. The weather by now had worsened and flurries of snow kept passing. The wind was gale force and it was becoming cold. As we hit the snow-line, a blizzard enveloped us completely and, to all intents and purposes, we were lost. We now had to rely entirely on compass bearings from a map.

The temperature had fallen to the sub-zero range and we were all feeling the cold badly. The hair on our faces became white with ice and our hands contained no feeling at all. The conditions underfoot were not good. We were walking on hard ice and had to move very carefully in case we slipped and fell. To add to our difficulties, a white-out had come down. This gives you a weird sensation of utter loneliness. Everything is white; there is no horizon, no distinguishing features at all, except your own feet which at times disappear also.

Slowly we struggled upwards, trying to penetrate the whiteness, but even wearing snow goggles did not help. The cold was almost unbearable. Then, suddenly, with a stroke of luck, we hit the summit. A new compass bearing was taken which we hoped would take us down into Coire Cas, where the ski-hut was situated, and from there back to the lodge. We simply could not go on in such conditions.

For the descent we roped ourselves together and slowly began our return journey down an ice-face. The going was extremely slow since footholds had to be hacked out with an ice-axe. The wind seemed to be trying to blow us away. Ever so slowly we inched our way down until we reached easier ground and Coire Cas. What a tremendous relief it was to reach Jean's hut and warmth!

This was the first time either of us had been in these conditions, and, even though things were rather uncomfortable, we thoroughly enjoyed it. It was an experience we shall never forget.

David McP. Nicol, F. V.

"SCHOOLDAYS ARE THE BEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE"

How often have we heard this cliché and how often have we entirely disagreed with it? Being in the midst of our schooldays, with homework, examinations and various punishment exercises still fresh in our minds, we were inclined to forget the other, more pleasant aspects of school life. Now, having reached the exalted heights of Form VI., we can stop and look back on the past thirteen years of our lives.

They have, on the whole, been enjoyable years, and spent, by many of us, within the walls of Dundee High School. In our earliest years we were carefully guided and protected by the staff — first of the Primary, then of the Junior School. When we arrived in the Senior School, our troubles, as well as our joys, began; we were obliged to study Latin as well as French; Arithmetic was no longer called Arithmetic, but Mathematics, and Mathematics seemed to stand for all sorts of mysterious things, such as Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry — subjects which are still a mystery to many! Instead of Nature Study, we were obliged to attempt (at first, at least), peculiar subjects, called Physics and Chemistry. Our report card percentages, we discovered, were no longer obtained by a series of tests, but by important things called examinations. And as we progressed through the school, first the "Lowers," then the all-important "Highers" were held in front of us with dire threats of failure in them if we did not work **now**!

But, as human beings do, we soon forgot our trials and tribulations. We forgot about that nightmare, Physics examination, in which we could solve none of the problems and in which we confused two similar experiments; we forgot the Latin examination in which the unseen translation would not translate, and even the French prose in which we gained a half out of fifty has faded from our minds. Instead of these unfortunate episodes, we remember the amusing incidents and the enjoyable moments of our schooldays — the moments that will live in our memories to be told to our children and grandchildren.

Thus have been spent the past thirteen years of our lives — apart from three of these years spent on holiday. Our lives have re-

volved round school which has been our background and our immediate future.

Now, in a few short weeks, we shall pass through the school doors for the last time. No more shall we have to don our uniforms and wear our hated berets. We shall enter a new phase in our lives in which we must make our own way in the big, wide world, prepared to some extent by school. For it is here that our characters have been formed, for better or for worse — here, also, that we have made friendships to last us all our lives.

Our schooldays have been, for the most part, happy and carefree days. But now we must leave and fend for ourselves. Many of us will go on to the university and our days there may be enjoyable, too, but, after that, who can tell what will befall us? Some of us will attain success and fame; others, less successful, will nevertheless probably be content; while others still will be called upon to endure severe trials and hardships. What will happen to whom, no one, fortunately, can tell. Schooldays may be the best days of our life. Who knows?

Anon, F. VI.

ODENSE

Thousands of people the world over have, at some time or other, read and loved the stories of Hans Christian Andersen. When asked, however, where he was born, they think for some seconds while their faces assume blank expressions and then finally admit that the name has slipped their minds for the moment.

Odense, his birthplace, is one of the largest towns in Denmark. Situated on the island of Funen, it is connected with the coast by a canal which is one hundred and fifty years old. At one time in the history of the country there was great danger lest Denmark should suffer the same fate as Poland, as Sweden claimed that Zealand belonged to her, and Germany wished to take over the adjacent peninsula of Jutland. As neither country, however, would allow the other to gain possession of Funen, it was responsible for keeping Denmark an independent country.

The town itself dates back to very early times and takes its name from Odin, the central figure of Nordic mythology. In Den-

mark, one is surprised at the lack of publicity. The Danes are justly proud of their famous countryman, but, unless one obtains a guide, it is very difficult to find his house, which is a small, yellow building standing at the junction of two narrow, cobbled streets. This setting could quite easily have come out of the pages of one of the lovable Dane's own books. Inside the house there are on view many of the storyteller's own belongings, some manuscripts, letters, pictures and such like things. In a large library next door there are copies of his stories in nearly every known language. It is wonderful to think that the son of a poor cobbler brought joy to so many people. Andersen knew within himself that he was destined to become famous, but he thought that this would come about through the serious stories which he wrote and not through the fairy tales which he made up for the children of the neighbourhood.

In the centre of the town is a beautiful park known as the "Hans Andersen Gardens." Through the middle of this park runs Odense Brook, and over this there has been made a circular garden supported by poles. Round this there is a high fencing which is latticed in parts and covered with roses. As the park is in a slight hollow, it is very pleasant to gaze down upon as one descends the main pathway. Near a bridge over the brook, there is a bronze statue of the storyteller. "H.C.," as he is affectionately called by the Danes, stares out upon the world with a sad, pensive look, never giving a thought to the hundreds of people who come to gaze at him. An impressive background is formed for this statue in the great Gothic pile of St. Canute's Cathedral.

One of the most famous buildings in Odense is Odense Cathedral. This is one of the finest Gothic buildings in the country and is built on the site of an old Romanesque Church, the ruins of which are still deep down inside. In the crypt there are the remains of King Canute the Holy, who was murdered nearby in St. Alban's Church. Across a square from this Cathedral there is an immense statue of the king, who wields his mighty sword in his right hand.

There are many places of interest in Odense, one of the most popular being the zoo which is the oldest in Denmark. A large amusement park, which is the largest in the

provinces, is an added attraction for younger people. To tell of all the places where one can spend an interesting and enjoyable afternoon would take far too much time and space, but I hope that you have been interested in what I have written here, and may perhaps visit this pleasant town in order to feel for yourself the sense of peace and old-world calm which it gives.

Helen Thomson, F. IV.

"THE HIGHERS"

"Venit Summa Dies et Ineluctabile Tempus"
(Vergil)

I.

The "Highers" began, for most of us, in F. I. or F. II., on the first occasion when we made 49 per cent in an exam, and the teacher proclaimed, "At this rate you'll never get a Higher!" In F. III., the fear was temporarily allayed by the more immediate concern of the Intermediate Certificate, but in Fourth Year it had returned with an awful intensity.

And then, it was Fifth Year. The inevitable Day was at hand; it remained for us only to smile bravely on the verge of doom. Piously, in the month of September, we pronounced our noble resolutions; we would drastically cut the number of gay evenings we allowed ourselves; we would do faithfully every piece of homework set for us; we would begin studying fully a month before every exam. By Christmas, each and every resolution had been broken like an old cup, but January brought the "Prelims," and their attendant message of hope and despair. Then even that was behind us; the hours passed slowly, and March drew nearer; March, with snowdrops buried in snowdrifts, and panic-stricken teachers offering us last-minute advice, unspoken sympathy.

A new feeling developed, weeks before the exams — the "I'll begin swotting-this-week-end" complex. But each week-end brought its new distraction, each evening its new television programme, and the last week came, dark and slow and vaguely unpleasant, rather like watered-down treacle. At the eleventh hour, we worked doggedly, and we first felt an intense heartfelt longing, as we looked on the boundless plains of freedom that lay open to us, at a mere fortnight's distance; it was

our first glimpse of the sunlit world After the Highers.

* * * * *

And then, it was upon us. Once, we had counted the years, now, we counted the minutes. The first Monday morning brought an exhilaration that momentarily displaced our fears. Friendships were never more precious as we gathered to confide doubts and difficulties, discuss facts and formulae, and show off our mascots — kittens, and elephants, and lucky beans — produced for the occasion.

And when we had taken our seats and filled in all necessary details on the fronts of our writing-papers, came the brief space when we could converse with neighbours on any distasteful subject the occasion brought to mind. (In these nerve-racking intervals, we frequently talked of funerals, and physics, and firing-squads). Then, it was time for the final handshake, the last whisper, then the Examination itself engulfed us, then it was over, and we gathered in groups around the radiators to perform the post-mortem, to experience the bliss of having a couple of friends second our answers, or the woe of finding none in agreement. And there were the long lunch-breaks, when we sauntered around the town eating chocolate, or congregated in coffee-shops, and the "late mornings," when there was no need to show up until half-past nine.

But the last day came, and the Final Exam. It lasted two hours, and, for once, most of us finished in half the time. In the remaining hour, we read and re-read our papers, studied every minute detail of the Instructions to Candidates, and relapsed finally into the fascinating pastime of watching the snow slide slowly off the Post Office roof. The invigilators drank coffee, over by the piano, or wrapped themselves round the oil-stoves. We cleaned our pens, returned to our window-gazing. One of my friends was looking like a stained-glass saint; I could understand her feelings.

And so it ended, for us, on a gentle note of anti-climax. Scattered Art exams. and Greek Unseens lingered on into the next week, like the snow in the shadowy places, long after the thaw.

The next week-end brought the Reaction, but it is not my duty to describe the weeks

of joyous dissipation that followed. You will all experience them in due time.

II.

Let me return to a subject nearer to the hearts of all of us, and one on which I am well qualified to speak —

How to Fail Successfully

Let me first make it plain: Successful Failure begins in the week before the **Highers**. I have already said it is customary in that week, to swot, but it is possible to swot for hours at a stretch without absorbing a single fact. All that is required is a plentiful supply of sweets or fruit, placed conveniently just out of reach, and a few interesting and irrelevant thoughts, along with a deep-seated uncertainty as to what subject one ought to be studying. Possessors of gramophones need none of these; a plentiful supply of records alone will ensure a Glorious Failure; I write for those who do not possess one of these praiseworthy distractions. Studying in class

is easily rendered valueless, with the aid of a few chattering friends and a couple of magazines under the desk.

Indeed, home study is the only danger. Certainly one can resort to many devices; instead of cramming Maths., try listening to the "Eroica" symphony. I know from experience that Beethoven is of little assistance when one does not know the Theorem of Apollonius.

Also, mascots and personal tokens can safely be relied on to produce no luck whatever. I never dared enter an exam.-room without first kissing my toy elephant, but, I assure you, it did no good whatsoever.

But, finally, remember, a Successful Failure is not a feeble 48 per cent. It must be done in a spectacular fashion, with 28 per cent instead of 88 per cent., or 14 per cent. instead of an anticipated 54 per cent.

But few of us have that kind of courage, nowadays.

Siegrune.

Occupational Therapy College

To most people the term "occupational therapy" conjures up a picture of red knitting, pink bunny rabbits, and baskets! What the man-in-the-street does not realise is that, to become an occupational therapist, there is a three-year training involved, and that throughout that training much more emphasis is placed upon the academic aspect than the craft aspect.

This college, the London School of Occupational Therapy, is the largest of the seven colleges of its kind in Britain. In our year, we D.H.S. ex-pupils are the only two upholders of the thistle out of the eighty first-year students of varying nationalities, mostly Sassenachs. Although our college caters for both male and female students, there is an overabundant majority of the gentle sex with the result that our three African negro students are happily resigned to the fact that, for three years at least, they will have to succumb to being studied both psychologically and anatomically, since, unlike those of us endowed with an excessive supply of adipose tissue, their muscles are very well developed and clearly defined.

Our training this year, on the academic side, includes detailed anatomy, physiology and psychology. Next year our curriculum will contain applied anatomy, orthopaedics, psychiatry, applied psychology and more detailed hospital work. Our introduction to hospital work has proved most interesting. The students who, this term, have worked in hospitals for either mental or neurotic patients, will next term gain experience in physical hospitals and vice versa. Besides this dual hospital training, which gives us the advantage of being able to secure a post in any type of hospital, we spend several days visiting factories and other homes of industrial pursuit, e.g., the Ford Motor Works at Dagenham. This enables us to learn more of the varying social circumstances and background of the differing patients who may come to the occupational therapy department for treatment.

Our afternoons are occupied with crafts such as weaving, basketry, woodwork, carpentry and cabinet-making, pottery, leatherwork, embroidery, needlework and dress-making, drama, art and orientations. The latter is not, as we may imagine, mystic pro-

jections over a ball of incensed crystal, but, to one's dismay and to the destruction of one's "flexores et extensores digitorum profundorum," and the alarming production of keratin producing

"the horny hands of toil" (the eloquent Snout we can't do without!), one finds oneself tied up in knitting, knotting, netting and tatting. In addition, we are orientated to stool-seating, rug-making, soft-toy-making, puppetry and raffia work. Domiciliary crafts, including cookery, gardening and interior decoration, are essentially important in rehabilitation work, especially with regard to mental patients.

Allied with drama is general recreation, in which, with a ruthless disregard of our self-conscious state, we are to be found taking part—in public-speaking, in organising group activities, such as country dancing and folk dancing, and discussions, and in leading various types of physical recreation.

We are urged to take part in as many varied social activities outside everyday college life as our pockets will permit. We have often visited the British Drama League, near Tottenham Court Road, and exhibitions of art and design in a number of London's renowned shops, centres and museums.

Occupational therapy is essentially work with humanity, and surely there is no better place in the world in which to gain practical experience in every type of hospital and with every type of patient than the busiest city in the world.

J.M.H. and H.O.D.

PERTH TO DUNDEE BY "123"

A unique opportunity was offered to railway enthusiasts on 10th May. The 72-year-old 4-2-2 engine, No. 123, was coming to take a train from Perth to Dundee and back.

Punctually, at 3.15 p.m., the little engine and her two-coach train sped into Perth Station from Glasgow. As on a similar occasion some weeks before at Perth, there were crowds on the platform to greet this unusual spectacle among engines. Crowds swarmed over the track, admiring the Prussian-blue livery, lined out in gold, the polished brass and the thistle adornments on the bogie splashers with which the old veteran was adorned.

The single pair of driving wheels caused great interest, the driver remarking that it was tricky going getting the engine to start, it being rather temperamental when starting and inclined to slip.

Now a little personal history of "No. 123." She was completed in 66 days in 1886 for the erstwhile Caledonian Railway and was immediately hailed as being one of the most beautiful engines ever to run in Britain. She had a very strenuous and distinguished career during the "Races to the North" in 1888 and 1895, but, being rather an isolated engine, she retired from express working, took over hauling the Director's Saloon, and finished up on the Dundee-Perth route between 1930 and 1935. In 1935 she was withdrawn and was eventually saved, by a body of locomotive connoisseurs, from the ignominy of being broken up.

And now back to Perth. At 3.45 p.m., with a blow from the typical "Caley" hooter (not the whistle), we were off! Everyone waved until the train had disappeared over the bridge.

Some trouble was experienced in starting, due to the single driving wheels not gripping, a fact that had virtually sealed the fate of the "singles" during the early years of the present century, but soon we were crossing the Tay.

From a little boy in Perth to an octogenarian at the roadside near Kinfauns, who gravely doffed his cap at the passing train, there was not one person who did not stop and gaze at the stately progress of "No. 123." Our speed was approaching 70 m.p.h. as we passed through Errol.

The two coaches were restored to the extent of having their original liveries, Caledonian maps on the sides of the compartments and a little brass plate at each window giving instructions on how to open it, an embellishment which even British Railways cannot offer. Passengers today have to be content with a painted substitute or nothing.

Photographers at the line-side were there in plenty all along the route and, as we slowed down passing the outskirts of Dundee, there seemed to be more people than ever coming to welcome the train. As we entered Dundee West Station, a crowd of people rushed up to examine the polished engine. The driver and



Form III. in " Marie Stuart—Reine de France "



Photographs by Norman Brown & Co.

Form I. in " Campbell of Kilmohr "

1



2



3



4



5



1. On the Quay, Hook of Holland
2. Outside Düsseldorf Station
3. Gort Barracks
4. Field Practice
5. Field Practice

fireman, standing on a linoleum-covered cab floor, had a busy time signing autographs.

At last the little engine moved off with a light "chiff-chiff" of her exhaust, contrasting strangely with the roar of modern locomotives. And now was ended a unique trip. British Railways had thoughtfully issued for the run special tickets which passengers were allowed to retain as souvenirs of a memorable occasion.

" 123 "

MY MEETING WITH TWO RUSSIAN GIRLS

In January, two Russian girls, Natasha Alexandrov and Eujenja Bukhova, visited Dundee for some weeks, and I was lucky enough to meet them.

They were staying at the Training College hostel, "Mayfield," and one Saturday my father and I took them to St. Andrews. The previous night snow had fallen, but that morning a thaw had set in and the ground underfoot was wet and slushy. To add to our discomfort, it began to rain, and it rained off and on all day. Neither girl had a raincoat, but Zenja, as Eujenja was known, vowed that she would buy one the following Monday.

On the way across in the "ferry" the two girls and I, in spite of the rain, wandered all over the vessel, while my father prudently remained in the car. They were very interested in the Tay Bridge and asked many questions. Both thoroughly enjoyed the car trip from Newport to St. Andrews, and were very interested in Leuchars aerodrome.

In St. Andrews, we could not do many things, as it was raining heavily, but we sat in the car at the shore-end of the pier for quite some time. We went into St. Mary's college, and upstairs in the library, where many old books and papers are kept, there was a globe, on which the two girls showed us their home towns. Natasha came from Kiev and Zenja from Saratov. In the girls' opinions, neither town is far from Moscow — "only about twenty-four hours by train!" We also went to a room which had been used by students of very long ago.

Then we met my sister and went for lunch. Over lunch we learned that the girls had been to three Burns Suppers, and considered haggis

delicious. Both had seen the satellite several times in Russia, but never in Britain. We were amused to note that their English, which was excellent, included colloquialisms such as "Uhuh" and "Mmhm." We did not linger long after lunch, but came straight back, deviating only to go round by Tayport.

When we reached home, we discovered that motor-car trials were being televised. Natasha and Zenja both enjoyed this, and also "The Lone Ranger," which followed. After tea we sang Scots songs until it was time for them to leave. The song they liked best was "Charlie is my Darling."

One day later I met them when they were being shown round the School which, they said, they enjoyed very much.

Kathleen M. Thomson, F. II.

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF YOUTH HOSTELLING

Drip! Drip! Drip! That is the rain falling gently down my neck, into my shoes, soaking the sleeping-bag which has been inadvertently placed on the top of my equipment and altogether drenching my companion and me. We squelch through bogs and rivulets; we are both bawling at the top of our voices as we cross the deserted hills through a light mist. We are not, however, shouting in anguish but singing because it is so good to be alive.

After wending our way slowly, but cheerfully, down the precipitous slope, we eventually catch sight of a road far below us snaking its way into the distance until it eventually disappears behind a small hillock. Having squelched through bogland to the road, we catch sight of an imposing-looking building on a hill — the hostel.

We have arrived at our destination at last. But, unfortunately, there is a drawback — it is not yet four o'clock when the hostel opens. We regard each other questioningly and decide to pay the extra 6d owing to the sodden condition of our clothing. Besides the luxury of dry clothes we will be able to store our equipment in the most convenient nooks and crannies and hang our wet things in the warmest recesses of the drying-room to ensure climbing into dry clothes tomorrow morning.

This is the day we have a slap-up feed. On goes the kettle for a "cuppa" to warm us

up before we start the big preparations. First there is the packet of mushroom soup to be opened and mixed — oh! and there is the cauliflower to be prepared (one of our specialities). It is soon cut up and put into boiling water and the mushroom soup is bubbling away merrily.

Quick, find a frying-pan or the steaks (no less!) won't be ready in time. My cousin searches high and low, but cannot find one anywhere. At last, she goes and asks the warden: "Can you tell me where the frying-pans are kept, please?"

"Och, lassie, are you blind? There a' hingin' up along the door o' the back-kitchen."

Sheila makes a dive for the door and sure enough there is a gleaming row of pans. Having selected one, she dashes back and soon even the steaks are sizzling away nicely.

"Where's the bacon?"

"What did you do with it this morning?"

"You didn't leave it at Glendoll, did you?"

"Oh, thank goodness, here it is under the repair outfit!"

By the time the bacon is cooking the mushroom soup has shrunk considerably. We decide to eat it, although the rest of the meal isn't nearly ready, and are soon tucking in to the first course of our super supper. The second course is delayed in the kitchen and arrives ten minutes late, but, nevertheless, is very acceptable.

After a pause for dish-washing, there is a mad rush for the Warden's Office.

"Can we have the table-tennis bats, please?"

"Sorry, lassies, but we are having a tournament tonight. Would you like to join in?"

"We would."

"Good, that makes fourteen."

There is a counter-attraction to the table-tennis in the shape of a roaring log fire, and many people are soon deserting the tournament for a sing-song round the fire. Four Frenchmen lead it, singing a surprising variety of British songs. I am ashamed to say that, when asked for a Scottish song, the Scots

among us can only muster up the first verse of the "Skye Boat Song." They, however, sing an endless number of French songs, ranging from folk-songs and nursery rhymes to France's "pop" tunes.

At last we decide to have supper with two of our new-found friends. We manage to produce a packet of biscuits and half a pint of milk and they supplement these with some of their milk supply. After supper we all retire to bed tired, but oh! so happy. No doubt, when we awaken tomorrow, it will still be as cold and wet, but what does it matter?

A. Walker.

S.N.O.

It is seven o'clock on a Wednesday evening. In the Caird Hall small groups of people stroll quietly and confidently along the side corridors to their seats. These are gradually occupied but, alas, are seldom filled, for this audience has gathered not for a "show starring a popular guitarist," but for a concert given by the Scottish National Orchestra.

As seven-fifteen slowly approaches, the audience sit down, wriggle, remove gloves and scarves, fuss over the folding of coats and finally settle into the least uncomfortable position — which is all in vain, for, as the orchestra plays the opening chord of the National Anthem, they again stand, letting fall to the floor a shower of programmes, gloves, scarves and handbags while coats sneak down behind the tip-up seats.

The audience resettles; the satisfied murmurs of the subdued-coloured tweed-clad women cease and a vacancy of expression passes over their faces; the dour, unimaginative Scotsmen, who sit firmly fixed in one position in their lumpity-padded seats, focus a set stare on the conductor or soloist and remain thus hypnotised for the evening. The smooth notes of the opening bars of the overture break the tense, expectant stillness.

The audience now assumes an attitude of rapt attention. A solitary angular man, a press critic perhaps, who appears to have been drawn with the precision of a set-square and fine pencil, fits himself into the corners of his seat, and laying one foot across a knee, proceeds to make copious notes using the

angle of his knee as a writing desk. A young girl, who is unable to contain her delight in the gay rhythm, executes a movement midway between conducting and hand-jiving. She is looked down on by the purists who consider this "animal enjoyment." It does not, however, disturb her neighbour, the earnest music student, with fuzzy red beard, poring over a massive score, trying vainly to follow the intricacies of orchestration. Farther along this row, a tired business man reclines relaxed in his seat; his eyes are shut and his head nods slightly in time to the music. At the back of the gallery sit several tall vivacious girls, wearing college scarves swathed in as many different ways as their long hair is secured by clips, combs, pins, buckles and ribbons.

The last chord reverberates through the hall, the soloist acknowledges the last of the applause and the audience overflows out into the entrance hall and down the steps into City Square. Some chatter of "seeing" the music and speak of "that thumpy bit like elephants cavorting about, and the bit after the hailstones on a glasshouse, you know." Others, as they step into their cars, express a wish to terminate the life of the first horn. But again, others are humming the second theme contentedly to themselves as they go towards the more humble fifty-six seater Corporation bus.

The pleasure which this varied audience attains must, indeed, be of different textures, but, of whatever kind, at seven o'clock a month later people will again be making their way among the pigeons across City Square to the Caird Hall.

A.L.C., F. V.

BERET PICKINGS

"Hail to thee, blithe Beret!
Worn thou never wert."

Throughout the year it has been necessary to inflict punishment regularly on certain vain and obstinate young ladies of D.H.S., who abstained from wearing the regulation headgear—it was conspicuous by its absence. The following are extracts from the resulting essays on "Why I Should Wear My Beret."

One knowing junior stated that "the beret must be navy-blue with a school badge on

the front of it. The badge is worn directly above the nose," and this one was eager to pass on a good tip—"The ordinary soft beret is better than the high beret because it is easily carried and can fold up and be put in a case."

Many and varied were the reasons given for the wearing of berets—"Prefects get a great kick out of seeing girls going down the street wearing berets. This is why we have to wear them." Or, to put it quite bluntly, "after several tickings off, one gets tired of it and digs out one's beret and wears it just for the sake of peace and quiet."

The general opinion was that it made them look neater and distinguished them from pupils of other schools. "People in town recognise High School pupils by their berets. Sometimes this is a distinct disadvantage."

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity!" "It keeps the hair in place, checking stray ends." "It prevents the hair from becoming disorderly, except when it is blown off, which is usually the statement when a person is caught without it. The culprit, it may be said, will be hoping feverishly that her accoster will not notice that it is a perfectly clear day and that the treetops stand straight and still." "Berets can cover up terrible hair styles."

The following seemed to be more concerned with comfort than with comeliness—"It keeps the head warm and therefore keeps the rest of the body warm, therefore protecting it from the frosty air and biting winds." "It is warm on my head and keeps my hair dry, and also keeps my hair from going straight on rainy days and keeps me from getting earache and colds and maybe pneumonia."

And from comfort and comeliness we turn now to co-education—"They are also a source of amusement for the boys who are not troubled by having to wear caps." "Knowing how much neater berets make girls, I feel sure the boys would look much neater if they wore caps."

In conclusion, "I must also wear my Dundee High School beret because it finishes me off."

M.D.

A LUCKY STROKE

You take a practice swing or two—
 Get ready for the drive,
 Then put your ball upon the tee
 (A brand new "sixty-five").
 Take your stance, swing slowly back,
 Straight arm and all the rest
 And hit it like a rocket;
 You're sure it is the best
 You've ever hit in all your life,
 If only it were straight;
 But you've sliced it, like a rabbit,
 O'er burn and fence and gate.
 Then by a stroke of luck, the ball
 Comes bouncing back and flies
 Towards the pin, towards the hole,
 Rolls round and there it lies,
 A hairbreadth from that fatal spot
 In which it was to go.
 But luck, my friend, has passed you by,
 You must kneel down and blow.
 You take a deep breath, close your eyes
 And wait with growing pride.
 The ball moves slowly forward now
 Then drops nonchalantly inside!

Harvey Robertson, F. V.

THE CAIRD HALL

Mummy took me there. All the big girls
 were downstairs in their school uniforms.
 They all had their cardigans off. It was very
 nice. We sang "Schola Clara" and "All
 people that on earth do dwell." Mummy en-
 joyed it, too. All the teachers were in three
 rows. They looked very smart. At the end
 we sang "God Save the Queen" and then
 we went home and had tea.

Joan Taylor, L. II.

FLIPPY'S HOUSE

Once upon a time there was a little elf,
 called Flippy. He was a gay little fellow,
 with a green tunic and red pointed hat, blue
 shoes, and a leather belt round his waist.
 Flippy lived in a toad-stool house. In the
 house were three rooms — a kitchen and two
 little bedrooms. In the bedrooms there were

tiny little beds and a bedside table and
 chair. In the kitchen there was a table and
 chair, a little sink and a wringer. The little
 house was all dressed in yellow, blue and
 green. Would you like to live in a house
 like Flippy's?

Alison M. McRostie, L. III.

MY PET TADPOLE

I have a little tadpole.
 It's as fat as fat can be.
 I keep it in a jam jar
 For everyone to see.

It's a funny little creature.
 It will become a frog,
 Some day I'll see him leap afar
 And rest upon a log.

Sheila B. Pringle, L. III.

MY PEKINESE

One day Daddy and Mummy and I went
 to Perth to get a Pekinese. Daddy knew the
 lady who bred them. When I was going
 home I put him in a blanket to keep warm.
 He was only a ball of fluff. When I was
 home I gave him some raw mince.

Maureen Dunn, L. II.

FAIRIES

Hush, hush, the fairies are about!
 They are roaming the woods tonight.
 Will they remain? Will we see them in the
 morning?
 No. They'll go when all is light.
 I see yellow and purple fays, and also blue
 and green,
 And I think that I can see—the Fairy Queen.

THE SHIP

A ship goes sailing by,
 UP THERE, in that beautiful sea.
 Oh! please try
 To tell me what it can really be.
 Its yellow sails unfold.
 Look! it's shining like gold.
 The beautiful sea is really the sky,
 And the moon is the ship that goes sailing by.

Jenny Blain, L. IV.

A RAINY DAY

All I do is sit and sigh,
And look for better weather.
If only I could reach the sky,
The sun would shine for ever.

The rain, the wind, and the drifting snow
Are parts of nature's powers,
But I proclaim (and this I know)
The Earth must have these showers!

J. R. Balharry, L. VII.

INDIA

I should like to live in India. I would be able to ride elephants. It would be fun to climb on to an elephant's back and go riding along. It would be fun to play with children who played different games. We would live in a house that had hardly any furniture. We would speak a different language. Indian children wear very little because it is so hot. Perhaps some day I shall visit India.

Patricia Buchan, L. III.

THE COTTAGE

The cottage was situated beside a clear waterfall. Its casement windows looked out over a grassy plateau where a little girl was tending some black-and-white cows. Round the porch grew some sweet-smelling honeysuckle. Round the small garden there towered some tall mountains. To get to the village you had to go on a well-beaten track through the mountains. For this was in Switzerland.

Alison McLeay, L. IV.

MY HOLIDAY

I went for a picnic to Coronation Beach. On the way I saw some pigs. We had sausages for tea and hard-boiled eggs. After tea Peter went to fish and he caught two trout. And I fell in the water and wet my pants. At 6 o'clock we went home.

Ricky Mills, L. II.

MY PETS

I have two goldfish. Their names are Boko and Coco. They live in a bowl. Sometimes they play with me.

John Pearson, L. I.

MY HOLIDAY

I went to Carrot Hill yesterday in the car. I went with my Mother and Father. I saw some lambs. Then I played with my brother Gordon at Cowboys and Indians.

Roy Bradford, L. I.

ME

I am a boy, and my name is David Dow. My age is six and a half and I am in L. II. boys at the High School. At school I get reading, writing, sums, spelling, drawing and handwork. My address is 9 Traill Street, Broughty Ferry, Dundee. I have a garden of my own. The games I like are doctors, buses and schools.

David M. Dow, L. II.

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MY FAVOURITE SUBJECT — ART

When one starts a new year at school, one usually has all the right equipment—crisp, new books, paint brushes, paint-box, etc., that is, if you are the eldest in the family and the perfect child. But, unfortunately, I am the owner of an elder brother who hands his books, paint brushes, etc., down to little me. I am also far from being the perfect child. As a matter of fact, I am a most untidy and dirty girl. It isn't my mother's fault. Why? Well, it's like this—one minute tidy, untidy the next. One minute clean, dirty the next. That's me!

Well, to come to the point, I love art, especially when we have to get new paint boxes and brushes which my brother doesn't have. It's lovely when you start an art period, to find out that you have rows and rows of different slabs of paint. Bright colours or dull colours, they're all very pretty. (One doesn't know that by the end of the year these bright little slabs have gone and only tiny little blobs of paint are left in evidence of what had been there before). And one starts on a fresh piece of paper and draws a beautiful picture, of a little English village in winter, maybe, or the Matterhorn or something beautiful at least. Yes, art shows the beauty of the world for those who cannot go out to find out these things for themselves.

Eileen Duke, L. V.

THE STAR-SPANGLED SOLAR SYSTEM

Besides the Earth, there are eight planets revolving round the star we call the Sun. Mercury, the nearest to the Sun and the smallest, is scorched on one side while the other side is dark and cold. It takes its name from the Greek messenger of the gods, and is lifeless. The Romans had two names for Venus, the next planet in orbit. When they saw it in the evening they called it Hesperus and when they saw it in the morning they called it Phosphorus. Although it is our

nearest neighbour in space, very little is known about it because its surface is perpetually covered with thick layers of cloud. It is also lifeless. The Earth, on which we live, I need not describe, but it is the third planet revolving round the Sun and is animated. It has one moon. Mars, often called the Red Planet, because of its reddish-orange colour, has darker markings on its surface, which look like canals but cannot be because scientists believe that there is no water on Mars. Mars has two moons. Next comes the giant of them all, Jupiter. Famous for its "great red spot" which appears and disappears, Jupiter also has dark straight lines across its surface which are caused by currents in its atmosphere. It has twelve moons. Saturn is very like Jupiter, except that it is a bit smaller and it has rings round it. These last are made of tiny particles of dust packed together. It has nine moons. Uranus has lines going up and down and is the seventh planet going round the Sun. It has five moons. Neptune is like Uranus, tipped sideways, but it is a little bit bigger. It has two moons. Pluto is the latest discovery and the farthest away from the Sun. It is a little smaller than earth and has no moons. Any form of life on the last five planets I have mentioned is impossible, because they are far too far away from the Sun and life would be frozen out of existence.

The stars are too numerous to be counted, but I feel I must mention one or two of the larger ones.

You have been taught to wonder at the enormous size of the Sun. Now try to imagine a star so big that the Sun would be a speck in the centre, while the four planets—Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars, could revolve around the Sun and still be inside the body of that star! Such is the gigantic and unbelievable size of Betelgeuse. Yet for all its diameter of 300,000,000 miles, there may be a star beside which Betelgeuse itself may be a speck. Betelgeuse belongs to the constellation

of Orion, and marks the Hunter's right shoulder.

Rigel, too, is a big star and also belongs to Orion, the Hunter. It marks Orion's left ankle.

Next, the familiar Pole Star, Polaris. Without it, ships at sea could not navigate very well. Therefore Polaris is a very useful star. It marks the place where the North Pole of Earth points to the heavens. I could write lots more about the Solar System (which means Sun's System) but it would fill the whole magazine.

Lesley McLeish, L. V.

CLAYPOTTS CASTLE

Once I went to Claypotts Castle which is quite near my house. I went with my aunt. When we got inside, we had to ask the man if we could go in to see the castle. We went in and climbed up a flight of stairs. We came into a room which had two holes which were used for cannon. Claypotts Castle was built in the sixteenth century. After that I went up and saw another room with a shelf which must have been used for crockery. When I was at the top room, I opened a window and looked down on the grass. On a windy winter night it is not too difficult to imagine Bonnie Dundee and his men sitting down to supper in this now dusty room.

Christopher Ritchie, L. IV.

MR MOUSE'S ADVENTURE

"You must get some more food from the larder," said Mrs Mouse to her husband. "Tommy is complaining that he hasn't tasted bacon since last week." Mr Mouse, who was polishing his tail with the floor polish, sighed.

"All right," he said, "I smelt some cheese just now." He put the lump of polish in the coffee, tweaked his whiskers, and set off. When he reached the table below the shelf, he sniffed. Sure enough, there was a great fat lump of best cheddar cheese. Climbing up to the shelf (by means of a string of sausages)

was a tricky bit of work, but he managed it. He hoisted the cheese on to his shoulder and began to crawl back to The Hole. Suddenly, he heard a faint "meow." Looking down, he saw — who should it be, but his old enemy, the cat! The cheese (which he had forgotten about) began to slip off his shoulder and, with a jerk, fell on the cat's nose, bounced off again, and finally landed at the cat's feet. Seizing the opportunity, Mr Mouse dashed back to The Hole, where Mrs Mouse welcomed him gladly.

At supper that night, Mr Mouse told them about his adventure, and how they laughed! "I shall be much more careful next time," said Mr Mouse, as he kissed his wife before getting into bed, to fall asleep, tired out.

Gordon Lowe, L. IV.



THE MERSEY TUNNEL

If you wish to travel from Liverpool to Birkenhead you can go either by ferry boat or the Mersey Tunnel.

This Tunnel is hollowed out under the River Mersey and stretches for about a mile. To enter the Tunnel you must pay a toll at one of the pay boxes. Then you choose either to go by the fast or slow lane.

The traffic keeps a steady pace all the way and is not allowed to stop except at the junctions. There are two junctions which branch off into tunnels leading to the docks. As Liverpool is one of our largest ports, you can imagine how important the Tunnel is.

Although lots of vehicles pass through it, the Tunnel is kept quite fresh and clean. It is always brightly lit and seems to reflect lights on all sides. It is one of the finest examples of engineering.

James Marshall, L. IV.

SOVIET VISITORS

A few weeks ago I went to Mayfield Hostel with Daddy to collect two Soviet students. Their names are Eugenia Bukhlova and Nataliya Alekseenko. As their names are difficult to pronounce, the students called them Jean and Natasha.

They were on a visit to Scotland. As they are training to be teachers of English in the U.S.S.R., they were hoping to improve their English. They spoke English even to each other, but, when they grew tired in the evening, they found it more difficult.

Jean came from Saratov in Russia and Natasha from Kiev in Ukraine. Jean speaks Russian as her native tongue, but Natasha speaks Ukrainian. As everybody in the U.S.S.R. has to learn Russian, she speaks it also.

Their clothes are not so brightly coloured as ours. Like the Americans, they wear light clothes and thickly-padded overcoats.

I showed them newspaper cuttings of the Coronation, but Jean was most interested in a model of the Coronation Coach as she had seen Catherine the Great's coronation coach in Moscow.

Neither of them had seen double-decker buses until they arrived in London. One of the photographs Natasha gave me shows a Russian single-decker bus.

Natasha saw Beryl Gray and the Bolshoi Ballet in Kiev.

When they left, they gave us postcards of their home towns. In one of these pictures there was a building in Saratov where Jean said shoppers went in one door and bought their material and went in another door and had their dresses made while they waited.

Their visit was all too short and I could not learn as much as I would have liked about the U.S.S.R.

Robin M. Stimpson, L. VI.

SURF - BATHING

Along the coast of Cornwall there are many beautiful coves and bays suitable for "surfing." "Surfing" looks extremely easy, but there is quite a knack in it.

At the popular "surfing" resorts people may be seen going up to the hut and collecting a surfing-board, very confidently, as if to say, "It's easy!" Not long afterwards, these extremely confident people will probably be seen floundering about in the water.

The idea of surf-bathing is to lie on the board and come right in to the shore, with the waves, but, if you don't catch the waves at the right time, you are tossed about in the water, and finally bumped against the sand underneath, and you come up, wondering what has happened.

It is an exhilarating feeling to be brought in by the waves.

Anne Birrell, L. VII.

MY BEST FRIENDS

My best friends live in my playroom. There are ten of them and I have had them since Christmas, 1956. For home lessons one night, apart from sums and spelling, I had to find where some Volcanoes were, such as Hecla, Stromboli, Vesuvius, Etna and Cotopaxi. I asked Mummy where they were and she said she knew where they all were except Cotopaxi. Mummy hadn't a clue where it was. As usual I was told to find out from my best friends. I looked up Volcanoes and found Cotopaxi was in South America (Ecuador). Well, I suppose you are curious to know who my friends are — I'll tell you. My ten volumes of Children's Encyclopaedia, and what I would do without them I don't know.

Patricia A. Ramsay, L. V.

BIRD-WATCHING

I have a thrush nesting in my back garden. We knew nothing about it until my father noticed it. I was very excited about it because I could watch a real bird nesting. When I first saw it, the nest was well built. After about three days it laid its eggs; then it sat firmly on them. I do not know when the eggs hatched, but it was two or three weeks ago it started feeding. The thrush has four babies all of which are very greedy. I hope that they all will be very strong birds.

Hamish Eadie, L. V.

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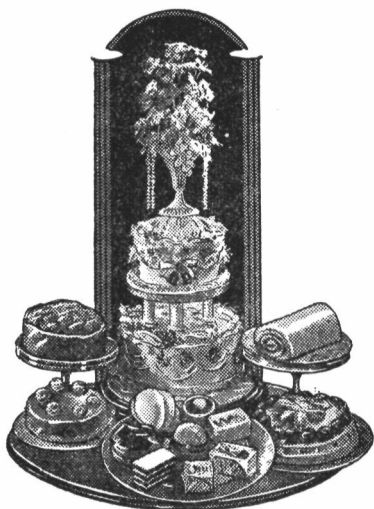
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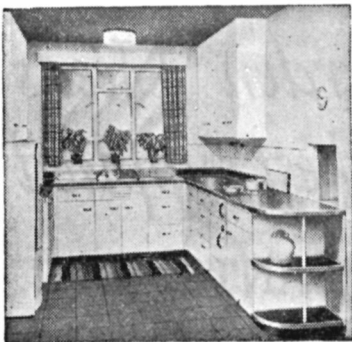


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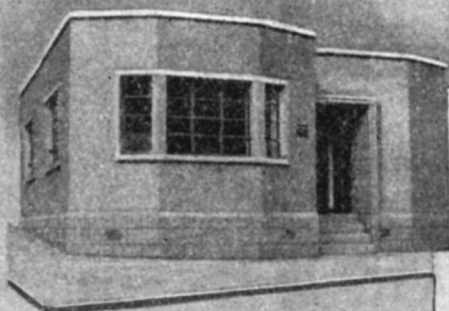
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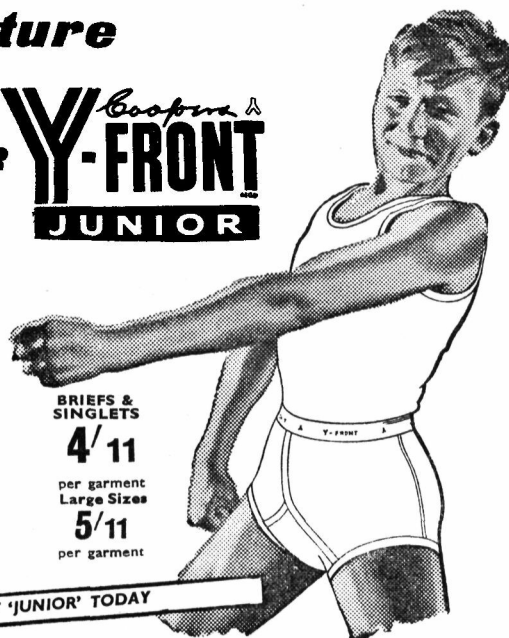
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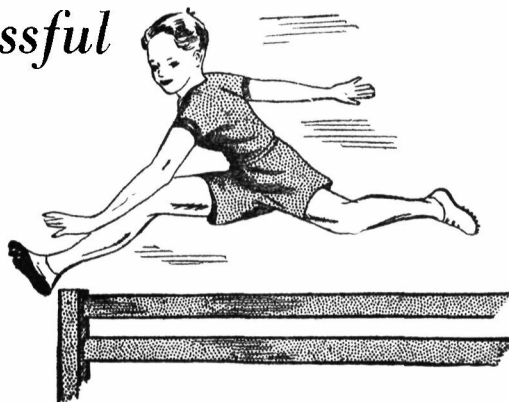
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SPORTS FEVER

(With Apologies to John Masefield)

I must go down to the courts again, to the
scene of the racquet and ball,
And all I ask is a partner, and that rain will
cease to fall,
And a high lob, and a hard drive that sets
the net shaking,
And no sudden dash for shelter 'cause of rain
clouds breaking.

I must go down to the grounds again, to the
crowded pitch and the boys,
And all I ask is a leather ball and an awful
lot of noise,
With a good team, and a sound team, and
a victory nearing,
And a forward's kick, and a full-back's save,
that sets the crowd cheering.

I must go down to the baths again, to the
cubicles, sprays and pool,
And all I ask is a quick shower that will really
keep me cool,
And a clear pool, and an empty pool, with
the sun's rays shining,
And a white cloud, in the blue sky, with a
silver lining.

Jennifer Smith and Jean Fraser, L. VI.

**A PICTURE**

I went to see the picture of Robin Hood
on Saturday night. Robin Hood is living in
Sherwood Forest with his band of men. He
is a good man. He is the owner of Sherwood
Forest. He has a green hat, a green jacket
and a feather in his hat. The Spaniards
caught Robin, but he escaped. He did not
die but got wounded and was all right. His
wife died in the end. Robin just fought on
for all his might, but his arrows were finished
and he had only his sword to fight with. He
just fought until the Spaniards had a lot of
men. Then Robin died.

C. J. Hinrichs, L. II.

GOAL

The winger on the halfway line
Neatly traps a pass.
He beats the inside-right for speed
And streaks across the grass.

He flicks inside to number nine
Who tries to take a shot,
But he's brought down by the left full-back.
The ref. points to the spot.

The centre-forward takes the kick,
The keeper punches out,
But number seven heads it in,
This time there is no doubt.

Alan Y. Lawson, L. VI.

MY SCHOOL DAY

Every morning I jump out of bed,
And call my sister a "sleepy-head."
I wash, and I dress, and I start to play,
And that begins another day.

After breakfast, it's off to school,
(And sometimes the mornings are rather
cool):
Enter the school and up the stairs,
And into the room to say our prayers.

Our teacher comes in for the morning work,
NOW there's no time to play or shirk.
But soon the lunch-bell is ringing clear
And all the girls give a loud cheer.

Each afternoon drags slowly on;
We long for tea, and home-made scone.
Homework done, and out to play.
Oh! how short a schoolgirl's day!

In for supper we swiftly speed,
A bath and a scrub we surely need;
Say our prayers and into bed.
Now it's I the "sleepy-head!"

Maureen Grant, L. VI.

THE DERBY

Number five, who was leading, had kept a good pace,
While the others all struggled to conquer the race:
Number nine almost managed, he drew up so near,
But just then his horse bolted, and ran off in fear.
Number four fell behind; he was really so slow,
His brown horse was stubborn, refusing to go.

Number three, number six, number one, number eight,
All were galloping fast, keeping up a good rate,
All the while the tense crowd were all roaring and cheering,
But at poor number four they were laughing and jeering.
Number five seemed to be the best one of the lot,
Or, at least, that was what the spectators all thought.

Never halting nor stumbling or e'en holding back,
With his mind on his work and his eye on the track,
And his colours a-gleaming — all blue, green and red,
And his fine jockey's cap perched so high on his head:
But then, all in a flash number five was outrun,
Number two passed the post and the race had been won!

Hazel B. Ptolemy, L. VI.

WASP ON THE WINDOW-PANE

It was the colour that caught my eye: a vivid flash of yellow and black darting round the window-pane; the most curious fly I have ever seen — a hardy wasp. My thoughts flew to summer-time, lazy days by the sea, the whirr of tiny wings from the trees, and pes-

tilent plagues in the garden. But this is December.

Round and round the window-pane went the vivid flash of colour, agitated to agony, overcome by the desire to find what secrets lay behind the glass. A crash against the glass and down it went to the window-sill, hairy legs bent, gauzy wings a little soiled by the crash, now coloured dusty grey.

The little wasp rested, with folded wings hanging motionless. It turned, and, with a lovely gliding motion, flew off the window-sill. Now, almost unseen by the dark clouds, it took to wing. But the desires of the kitchen still loomed in its mind. Up went the nearly invisible speck, strength born again, until its strength was nearly gone and it crashed again, off the window-sill, straight against the garden seat below. Back once more it came, now the other way, to meet the towering barrier of a scrubbing brush. Again retreat, and then a daring leap to the glass.

It crashed against the glass, flew back, and crashed again. Its flight was frantic and frenzied now. Its mind becoming a blur, it crashed several times. Then, as if it had learned its lesson, it sped away, only to return with increased vitality. One terrible blow on the glass and it fell — there on the window-sill, one gossamer wing shining in the light, the other folded beneath its senseless body.

Eleanor Mitchell, L. VII.

WOOD

Have you ever thought of the many uses of wood? If it were not for wood we would not have furniture nor rayon nor paper. We also would not have the butts for rifles. Even in houses we have many little articles such as pencils, rulers, pencil cases, or wooden instruments. The wartime Mosquito was made of balsa wood.

Dutch clogs are made of wood, but now the plastics and other materials are taking wood's place, and soon we will not use it any more.

James Dunbar, L. V.

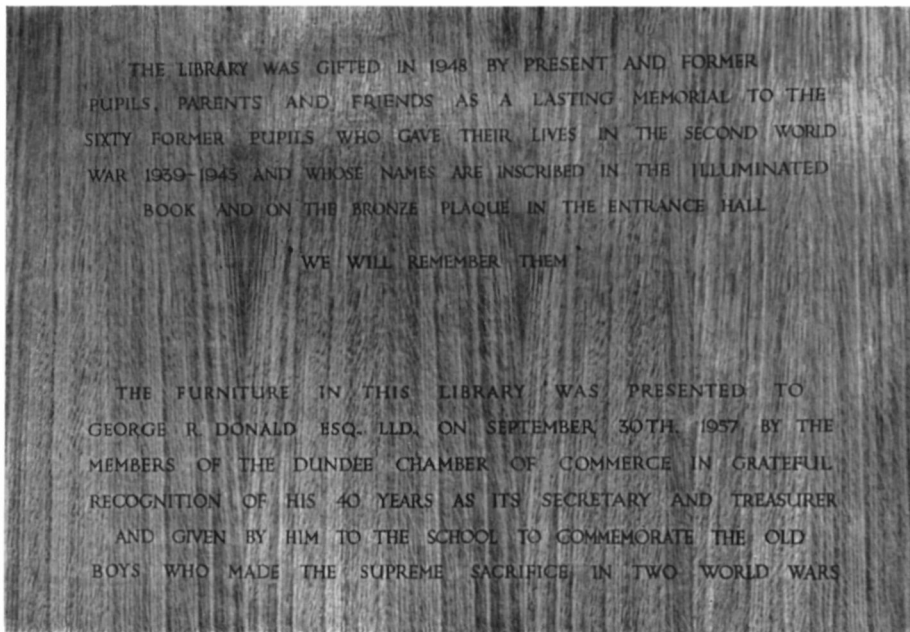


Photograph by courtesy of "The Courier & Advertiser"

Form VI. in the New Chemistry Laboratory



Sir Edward Visits the New General Laboratory



Photographs by courtesy of "The Courier & Advertiser"

Memorial Plaque in the New Library

STAMPS AND STAMP-COLLECTING

Since I began to collect stamps about three years ago, I have never regretted taking up this interesting and, indeed, fascinating hobby. Not only is there the pleasure of collecting and exchanging stamps, but also perhaps the thrill of discovering a rare or valuable stamp.

Stamp-collecting, or philately, to give it its proper name, is probably the most popular hobby in the world today, yet the first stamp was issued only just over a century ago. In May, 1840, Britain issued the first postage stamp, the famous "Penny Black." Then, stamps must have created a great deal more interest than they do today, when the only time a stamp is referred to by the average citizen is with a grunt of disgust when he discovers that the stamp-machine is empty!

To any new collector, a large packet of mixed foreign stamps and a good stamp-album are to be recommended. At first, some foreign stamps' origins may be in doubt, but soon, however, they will become quite common; e.g., Hevetia — Switzerland, Norge — Norway.

To anyone who is thinking about starting this hobby, I have only one thing to say. There may be a hobby where you can get as much pleasure as in stamp-collecting (although I very much doubt it), but there is certainly no hobby out of which you can obtain more.

Ian Smith, L. VII.

THE VIEW

One day, last summer, while we were staying in Oban, we decided to climb Pulpit Hill. After climbing steadily for about an hour, we reached the top. It was worth our hard climb. There, before us lay, like a carpet, all the land for miles. There was even a dial pointing out all the other landmarks,

such as Ben Nevis, and indicating how high the peak was, though I cannot remember.

We stood, and feasted our eyes on the beauty of this scene. Oh! I thought, wouldn't it be wonderful to build a house there, and to wake up every morning and look out upon this magnificent scene — the blue, sunlit waters of Oban Bay, which is said to be bottomless, hills and mountains to the east and west, in front of us the water, with a large, naval ship making out into the open sea, a pleasure steamer, slowly and quietly cruising round the bay, and several rowing boats and motor boats? Behind us lay fields, spread out like a patchwork quilt.

I do not think I will ever forget that scene.

Joan E. Macfarlane, L. VII.



TELEVISION DEBUT

Only after hours of rehearsal did I realise how much patience was needed to produce a short feature programme which, on the Television screen, would last only a few minutes.

After spending a day in front of television cameras, under powerful lights, I felt rather tired.

In the morning, with three other boys, I acted a mime about Red Indians. Later, I was surprised when Polly Elwes, the Television reporter of the B.B.C. programme, "Tonight," asked me to be interviewed. I walked towards the camera, feeling rather nervous, but I need not have worried, for the whole film team were extremely kind and patient.

It was a wonderful experience which I would not have missed for anything, and I am looking forward to seeing the finished programme on the screen.

Donald G. Coutts, L. VI.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A CRICKETER

MONDAY

Cricket is a smashing game
When I am at the wicket,
Hitting twos and threes and fours.
For me it's just the ticket!

TUESDAY

Cricket is a rotten game.
Why do I play at all?
I've fielded hard for hours and hours,
And then been bowled first ball!

Norman Fowler, L. VI.

THE HEDGEHOG AND THE FOX

One day, in a little wood, a hedgehog was having a quiet stroll. While he was going on, now and again he would stop and look all round him. He would look at the trees, the flowers, and the little stream. All this time he never noticed a fox a little way in front of him. The fox was waiting to let the hedgehog past so that he could creep up behind him. When the hedgehog was getting near his home the fox crept past him and waited

for him. In a little while he saw the hedgehog. Then, when the hedgehog was in front of him, the fox crept down beside him, but the hedgehog heard him and curled up into a prickly ball. When this happened, the fox was angry, but he knew it would be hopeless to try and get the hedgehog now. Looking sad, he went away to his den.

James Arbuckle, L. IV.

PLAYTIME

As you go walking through the town
You'll hear a happy noise.
You round a bend, and there espy
A crowd of girls and boys.

We, High School pupils, are at play
And what a noise we make!
We eat as much as we can hold—
Sweets and often cake.

Yes, when you venture through the town,
Upon a warm Spring day,
You'll find us making **such** a din,
We **are so** glad to play!

Sandra Spence, L. VI.

Old Girls' Club

We have much pleasure in extending greetings to the Old Girls everywhere.

The 2th Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Girls' School on 24th March, 1958, when the following office-bearers and Executive Committee were appointed:—

President, Miss Ella Burns-Petrie; Vice-Presidents, Miss M. Turnbull and Mrs T. Thomson; Hon. Secretaries, Miss J. Ogilvy, 210 Arbroath Road, Dundee, and Miss M. Thomson, 56 Glenprosen Terrace, Dundee; Hon. Treasurer, Miss C. K. Scrimgeour, 54 Seagate, Dundee.

Executive Committee — Miss Margaret Larg (ex officio), and Miss Whytock (ex officio), Miss J. Stevenson, Mrs G. R. Raitt, Miss M. Anderson, Miss I. McNaughton, Mrs H. Lindsay, Mrs D. P. Thomson, Miss J. Thomson, Miss J. Cuthill, Miss M. Howe, Dr Mackie Smith, Miss W. Cooper, Miss S. Wallace, Miss A. Mudie, Miss M. Cunningham.

Mrs T. Thomson and Miss A. Mudie are representatives to the Athletic Union, and Miss J. Stevenson and Mrs A. J. Walker represent the club on the Appeal Committee.

The club has now a membership of 515.

The club gave its annual donation of books to the Girls' Junior Library. Dr Agnes Savil, a notable Old Girl, presented a copy of the 2nd edition of her book, "Alexander the Great and his Time," to the School Library.

It was agreed that the Annual Reunion in the form of a dinner, would take place in the Queen's Hotel on 24th October, 1958.

After the meeting, Mr J. Potter gave the company a witty and amusing talk on "Yachting on the Tay."

The Annual Reunion, in Mathers' Hotel on 8th November, 1957, was in the form of a Social Evening. The evening was most successful and everyone had a most enjoyable time. After an hour's whist, tray suppers were served, then Mr Eric Larg showed films of Guide and Cadet Camps. Three of the school girls in last year's cast of "The Mikado," sang "Three Little Maids," and Gelda Leslie sang a solo, "The Moon and I." Afterwards, Miss Margaret Larg entertained the gathering with an account of her adventures at the Wren Conference in London.

The Hockey Club are in need of members and support, and we would appeal to anyone who would be willing to help them in any way. The Club has instigated a scheme whereby Old Girls may become Honorary Life Members of the Club, and anyone willing to support them in this way should contact Miss Jean Gellatly, 52 Albany Road, West Ferry.

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

Would members please notify the secretaries when they change their names and addresses? The following have joined the club since June, 1957:—

Keith, Miss Fiona G. M., 35 Abertay Street, Broughty Ferry.

Watson, Miss Heather E., 50 Harestane Road, Downfield, Dundee.

Ritchie, Miss Maureen F., 8 West Park Gardens, Dundee.

Mee, Miss Margaret F., 12 Cedar Road, Broughty Ferry.

Mill, Mrs Jeannie, "Sunnybank," 6 Brington Road, Dundee.

Paton, Miss Winifred M., Woodlea, 15 Upper Reform Street, Tayport.

Clark, Moyra D., 7 Carlogie Road, Carnoustie.

Franchi, Muriel, "Kinnoull," Errol Road, Invergowrie.

Dunn, Mrs Constance, 33 Desswood Place, Aberdeen.

Hardie, Mrs Nellie W., 25 Springfield, Dundee.

McGregor, Miss Ann M., 38 Castle Street, Tayport.

Leslie, Miss Gelda E., 19 Hyndford Street, Dundee.

Jack, Mrs Florence A. R., 66 Springfield Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

Cruden, Miss Helen E., 1 Magdalen Place, Dundee.

Campbell, Miss Isabella W., 54 High Street, Monifieth.

Sinclair, Miss Wilma R., 111 Arbroath Road, Dundee.

Shepherd, Miss Patricia H., West St. Margaret's, 18 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry.

Wilkinson, Miss Wendy, 17 Americanmuir Road, Downfield, Dundee.

McConnachie, Miss Margaret M., 186 Arbroath Road, Dundee.

We have pleasure in announcing the following Marriages:—

Dorothy Ison to Alex. Bruce Moore
Isabel Jean Ogilvie to Peter John Millar
Elizabeth Hutton to David Newham
Elizabeth Caird to Geoffrey Dutton
Margot Roberts to John Anderson
Beatrice Clark to Peter Stone
Audrey Brush to Gordon Richardson
Alison Brush to Charles Cattril
Sheila Kelly to Alexander Watt
Marjorie Mudie to Patrick Waller
Sheila Neilson to John Tetlow
June Anderson to Douglas Loomes

It is with regret we record the deaths of the following:—

Mrs Brackenridge, 4 Roxburgh Terrace, Dundee.

Miss Emily E. Wilson, Lingarth, West Newport.

Mrs J. C. Lee, 39 Albany Terrace, Dundee.

Old Boys' Club

It will be with relief that many members who have squeezed into the last vacant seat in Keiller's Restaurant or sipped sherry beforehand with elbows pinned to the side, will hear that the Old Boys' Dinner this year is to be held at the Invercarse Hotel. Keiller's has served the club well, but it is no longer spacious enough to accommodate the increasing numbers attending the Dinner.

* * * * *

The principal guest at the Dinner in December this year will be the Reverend Donald Falconer. Ron, as his contemporaries will remember him, spent his earlier years in New Zealand. He left the School about 1928-29 and is now Director of Religious Broadcasting with the B.B.C. in Glasgow.

* * * * *

Mention of New Zealand recalls that Mr Edward Robbie, the well-known Dundee solicitor, spent four months this winter visiting his younger son, Edward, who is now in Auckland. There he is employed by the British Petroleum Co., and finds New Zealand a very pleasant country in which to live with many very strong ties with the Home Country.

SHOOTING MATCHES

This session, two matches were held between Present Pupils and Old Boys, the first on 17th January and the second on 28th February, 1958. On each occasion the Present Pupils shot with such devastating effect that their opponents were thoroughly trounced. However, the Old Boys considered it no disgrace to be beaten by such an improved team, and much of the credit for this success must go to Mr Stark for the excellent tuition he has given them.

After a tie between K. More and F. Murray with scores of 99 in the January match, a further few shots decided the former as winner of the pocket

knife awarded to the top scorer of the Present Pupils in the first match. In the second match the propelling pencil was won by D. Rothwell with a score of 99.

The following are the scores, and it should be noted that, in February, one member of the Old Boys' team didn't turn up, but the Present Pupils very sportingly allowed their opponents' top scorer to shoot a second card.

January

Present Pupils		Old Boys	
K. More	99	G. Ritchie	97
F. Murray	99	D. Mathers	92
D. Henderson	97	J. Penny	90
D. Cowling	97	D. Lawson	88
D. Rothwell	97	A. Drummond	88
J. Stewart	96	J. Weatherhead	88
A. Murray	92	A. Millar	87
K. Smith	90	F. Slimman	80
	767		710

February

Present Pupils		Old Boys	
D. Rothwell	99	G. Ritchie	99
D. Henderson	98	G. Ritchie	98
D. Cowling	98	J. Penny	96
J. Stewart	98	D. Mathers	95
F. Murray	94	W. Ritchie	90
K. Smith	94	D. Lawson	87
A. Murray	93	J. Weatherhead	87
K. More	91	F. Slimman	86
	765		738



Reports

LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

The Society has had several interesting and entertaining meetings this session.

In December, Miss Gray presented an evening on the theme, "How the Arts Reflect the Changing Moods of the Times," in which three members spoke about music, literature and art.

The next meeting was what Mr More later described as a "highlight in the records of the Society." Mr Taylor gave us a very interesting lecture on the outline of the theatrical world at the time of Gilbert and Sullivan, and this was illustrated by numbers from the operas with Miss Enid High (soprano), Mrs Isobel Gall (contralto), Mr John Corbett (tenor), Mr Taylor (bass) and Miss Joy Coupar at the piano.

In January, we were privileged to have Mr William Christie to give an "Illustrated Talk on the Shetland Islands." We were very interested to hear about life in these islands today, but Mr Christie was obviously concerned about the ever-increasing problem of the young people being drawn away to the mainland for employment.

"Many Questions" was the title given to our next meeting. Mr More presided and introduced the panel. A variety of questions was asked, and several people in the audience were called upon to speak. The evening was a great success.

To our last meeting we welcomed Mr Alex. Robertson, a well-known Old Boy of the School. Mr Robertson's subject was "Shipping Ventures on the Tay," and it was clearly a subject on which he was well-qualified to speak.

I should like to take this opportunity to express thanks, on behalf of the members of the Society, to Mr Erskine, our Hon. President, to Miss Whytock and Mr Howat, our Hon. Vice-Presidents, and to Mr More, our Secretary, for devoting so much of their time to us and for showing such a genuine interest in the Society throughout the year.

M.D.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Throughout the past session, meetings of the School Branch of the Scripture Union have been held weekly in Mr Duke's room. Attendances have been fairly good.

Among the speakers whom we have been privileged to hear were the Rev. James Torrance of Invergowie Church, the Rev. Malcolm Ritchie of St. James's Church, and the Rev. Roy Hogg of High Church. Mr Erskine and Mr Stewart have also addressed us and we are indebted to Miss Kirk who has willingly helped us and taken the meetings often throughout the year.

In February, by permission of Mr Erskine, Form I, were addressed by two Scottish representatives, the Rev. J. W. Meiklejohn and Miss H. Peebles-Brown. As a result of this meeting, several new members were gained.

The leaders for next session are, as yet, undecided, but we trust that the School branch will continue to flourish and that more pupils will come to realise the value of the Scripture Union in life.

H.A., S.M.G.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

Since the last report was published there have been five meetings of the Society. Two meetings were devoted to the reading of Noel Coward's "The Young Idea" and James Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." (It is perhaps appropriate to state that an enjoyable time was had by all). Mr Smith held for two weeks on "The Structure of the Play," and a final meeting consisted of one of our popular tape-recording sessions. We hope for more support next year, when activities will probably take a more varied and important form.

We must again record our thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr Smith and Miss Gray.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Junior Dramatic Society presented three short plays in the School Hall on Friday, 28th March. The first, played by Form III., was a French play, called "Marie Stuart — Reine de France," which was written and produced by Miss Coull and Mr Stevenson. The second, played by Form I., was "Campbell of Kilmohr," which was produced by Miss Knight and Miss Stevenson. The third was "Wedding Revels," from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which was played by Form II, and produced by Miss Scott and Miss Anderson.

The cast of the first was as follows:—Mary Stuart, Elspeth A. Ower; Mary Beaton, Anne S. Mackintosh; Mary Seton, Judith A. Leslie; Mary Fleming, Jeanie L. Davidson; Mary Livingstone, Elizabeth M. Abbot; Catherine de Medici, Linda E. Mollison; François II., David A. Cowling; Cardinal Charles de Lorraine, Alan G. Findlay; Duc de Guise, Robert C. Moore; Lord James Stuart, Bruce S. Kyle; Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, James Davidson; Courtiers, Donald C. M. Cuthill, James D. G. Mill; Trumpeter, Andrew R. Macfarlane; Recorders, Jean S. Baird, Frances D. Bowman, Lois M. H. Gilruth, Anne M. Young, Sheila M. Greaves.

The cast of the second play was as follows:—Mary Stewart, Lorna Geddes; Morag Cameron, Sheila Mackenzie; Dugald Stewart, Finlay G. J. Macdonald; Captain Sandeman, John B. F. Cathcart; Archibald Campbell, Graeme M. Bruce; James

Mackenzie, Mark Schnee; Soldiers, Kathleen Duncan, Alison Chalmers, Ramsay Dalgety and Robin Hunter.

The cast of the third play was as follows:—Quince, Ogilvie Stephen; Bottom, Neil Rorie; Flute, Kenneth Wood; Snout, George Duke; Snug, Roger Leslie; Starveling, Peter Milne; Oberon, Neil Bowman; Titania, Elizabeth Rae; Puck, Nancy Paton; Peaseblossom, Rosemary Russell; Cobweb, Elizabeth Barnett; Moth, Hazel Rickart; Mustardseed, Patricia Crombie; Elves, Patricia Cull, Margaret Stewart; Theseus, Gillian Payne; Hippolyta, Anne Reed; Philostrate, Derek Anderson; Lords and Ladies, Peter Cuthbert, Kathleen Thomson, Pamela Grewar, Sandra Recordon, Moira Robertson, Mary Russell.

The members of the Society would like to thank all those who helped them in so many different ways.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

This year's hockey has been rather disappointing because of the severe winter weather which we experienced during the early months of the year.

The Midlands' Junior Tournament took place at Dalnacraig on Saturday, 22nd March. D.H.S. was well to the fore and succeeded in reaching the semi-finals, when they were defeated by Waid Academy by only one corner. Morrison's Academy defeated Waid in the final.

In the afternoon of the 22nd there was the Hockey International, Scotland v. Ireland, at Dawson Park. D.H.S. supplied the eight "ball boys" while other schools sold programmes, etc. The result was a draw — 1-1.

Result of team fixtures were as follows:—

- Jan. 11—Aberdeen—H.—Cancelled.
18—Grove Academy—H.—2-0.
25—Blairgowrie—H.—cancelled.
Feb. 1—Morrison's Academy—A.—1-1.
8—Waid Academy—H.—cancelled.
15—Harris Academy—A.—cancelled.
Mar. 1—Lawside Academy—A.—cancelled.
15—Morgan Academy—A.—cancelled.
22—Perth Academy—A.—cancelled.
29—Midlands Junior Tournament.
Apr. 1—Junior House Matches.

Two other outstanding events on the fixture-list were the Staff versus Pupils match, and 1st XI. versus Boys 1st XV. Both these matches were thoroughly enjoyed by all, and are dealt with in more detail in separate articles.

Unfortunately, the entire 1st XI. are leaving school at the end of the term, which necessitated concentration on the up and coming 2nd XI.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock and Miss Downie and all other members of the staff concerned with making a most enjoyable hockey season.

L. J. GUILD.

TENNIS CLUB REPORT

The weather has not been very kind since Easter, and, although several weekdays were fair, the week-ends were generally wet. This meant the cancellation of several matches. Thus the only results obtained so far are:—

	For	Against
1st Team v. Morgan Acad. ...	67	50
1st Team v. Morrison's Acad.	66	51
2nd Team v. Morgan Acad. ...	77	40
2nd Team v. Morrison's Acad.	55	80
2nd Team v. Harris Acad. ...	91	26

There was, however, one memorable occasion. This was our visit to Kilgraston School for Girls, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Bridge of Earn. There was an American Tournament which was organised by the Kilgraston girls. There were several Perth schools and boarding schools, giving a total of 26 couples in the senior section. D.H.S. had three couples — J. Derrick and L. Guild, I. Anderson and S. Giles, K. Ritchie and C. Sutherland. Each couple was in a separate group, K. Ritchie and C. Sutherland winning their group. They were defeated, however, by the winning couples of the other two groups. The weather was ideal in spite of the fact that it was raining heavily in Dundee when we left at 10.15 a.m. It was a most enjoyable day, and the Kilgraston girls hope that D.H.S. will continue to send couples to this tournament every year.

I should like to thank Miss Downie, on behalf of the two teams, for the keenness she has shown in supervising team practices throughout the season. I think that many members of our future teams will benefit greatly from her coaching and advice.

L. J. GUILD.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

Office-bearers:—President, D. R. Paton, Esq.; Captain, M. A. Dougall; Vice-Captain, P. H. Robertson; Secretary and Treasurer, G. J. Ritchie.

The Boase Medal, which carries with it the championship of the club, was won by W. F. Neillie with a 36-hole aggregate of 180 over Monifieth Medal Course, a creditable total when one remembers that the first round was played in continuous rain and wind and that only seven competitors out of seventeen completed the round! P. H. Robertson was runner-up, one stroke behind.

The Pirie Handicap Cup was won by P. H. Robertson who defeated Malcolm Dougall in the final.

Certain team fixtures have had to be postponed for various reasons, but we hope to complete our programme during June. Results of matches so far played are:—

- v. Harris Academy—Won 4½-1½.
v. Forfar Academy—Won 6-0.
v. Arbroath High School—Lost 0-3.
v. Harris Academy—Drew 3-3.
v. Grove Academy—Won 2-1.

Finally, it is worth recording that Malcolm Dougall has been selected to play for Angus in a representative eight-a-side match against a team of schoolboys from Perthshire.

G.J.R.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

Throughout the second term the Club has been mainly concerned with the tournaments, and with playing our Chess League fixtures.

The Russell Trophy for beginners has not yet been completed and a play-off is now in progress. The Beckingham Trophy for the school champion has been won by G. Maxwell, Form III.

In the Dundee Chess League, our team has done reasonably well, considering the class of opposition. Next year two teams are to be entered in the league and we can only hope that the experience gained will benefit the participants as much as it has done this year.

In addition to the Chess League fixtures, a match was played against the newly-formed Grove Academy Chess Club, which the school won by $9\frac{1}{2}$ points to $2\frac{1}{2}$. It is hoped to play a return match at the beginning of next season. We should like to make this a regular event, as it encourages the younger players in particular to improve the standard of their game.

D.A.C.

CADET REPORT

The Certificate 'A' Examination was held at Buddon on 30th April, and this year 57 cadets passed. Credit must be accorded to Sgts. Brand and Chisholm, who, having given all the instruction themselves, forwarded 17 of these passes.

Mr Jacuk, who came to the school at the beginning of this session, joined the contingent during the Easter term, being commissioned as Lieutenant, and later promoted to the rank of Captain. Mr Jacuk attended an officer-cadet college previous to the war, and was later commissioned in the Polish Regular Army. During the war he became attached to the British forces. I feel sure that his great popularity among the boys will carry him happily through many years with the contingent.

During the Easter holidays Sgt. D. Brand and Cpl. I. Cuthbert attended a physical training course at Aldershot, and both now wear crossed-swords.

Also at Easter, a party of 39 boys, under the charge of Capt. Jacuk, paid a visit of a fortnight to Germany. They stayed there with the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, at Gort Barracks, Düsseldorf, and all seemed to enjoy the experience a great deal.

Lately, the band has been distinguishing itself by playing at Dawson Park for an international hockey match and at the St. Luke's and Queen Street Church Fête in Broughty Ferry. As is the custom, they provided music at the Annual Sports, to add to the enjoyment of a pleasant afternoon.

In the future they are to play at the Comrie Highland Gathering on 5th July, and also they have been asked to play one evening in Comrie while at camp. It is also interesting to note that the band has made a tape-recording. All this success is due partly to the great enthusiasm of the band members themselves, but, above all, to the assiduous instruction of Mr McLeod, who sacrifices much of his valuable time for the purpose.

In the shooting, the Urquhart Cup has been won by Pipe L./Cpl. Iain Stewart, but not without a struggle. To separate L./Cpl. Stewart from C.S.M. David Henderson, it proved necessary to shoot off three times. The Oakley Cup (under 14) was won by Cadet John Moore. Two matches were held against the Old Boys, the school emerging with flying colours on both occasions. The Strathcona Shield, which is open to all Scotland, has again been won by the shooting team to whom we accord our heartiest congratulations.

The school was represented by a platoon of 15 boys in the Territorial Army Jubilee Parade on 14th June.

The Annual General Inspection is to be held on 1st July at Dalnacraig. Whilst preparing for the ceremonial parade, we have indeed been fortunate in having the able assistance of Major Giles and R.S.M. Gateley, who come from the St. Andrews University O.T.C., and we are most grateful for their help.

This year's Annual Camp is to be held at Cultybraggan, Comrie, from 4th to 11th July. The most outstanding feature will be an adventure exercise which will take the place of the usual night exercise and which is also part of the new Certificate 'A' syllabus, due to start next year. The twenty senior boys who will take part in the exercise will cover a distance of about forty miles and sleep at night out in the open. We are extremely fortunate that Major Rothwell has so kindly consented to be present with us at camp. Major Rothwell was an officer during the war, and when demobbed, he became commandant of the Cadet Battalion in Dundee, a post which he has now relinquished.

Capt. Vannet, M.B.E.

All ranks regret Capt. Vannet's illness, which has made it necessary for him to relinquish his commission in the Cadet Company, but we are glad to know that he is making a rapid recovery and is now convalescing at home.

Capt. Vannet has been an officer with the unit for almost twelve years, and we all realise and appreciate the immense amount of work which he has done for us.

The Junior Company especially will regret his resignation as it was due to his enthusiasm that the younger boys became such an integral part of the contingent. We can recall the pleasure he felt when the Junior Company on two successive years won the Platoon Cup.

But his work did not finish with the Junior Company. When the new Certificate 'A' syllabus

came into force, we were told by the War Office that the difficult part would be map-reading. This was Capt. Vannet's department, and he soon proved that, when a first-class instructor took a subject, the difficulties were soon ironed out. Candidates were soon scoring between ninety and a hundred per cent., and in the last examination congratulations were sent to the map-reading instructor. Every candidate had passed and all on a high standard.

He did much to foster the shooting, and we must not forget these magnificent notice boards which we display at camp and which so impress our visitors.

Long will the cadets remember and cherish the services of Capt. Vannet.

I should like to take this opportunity, on behalf of the boys, to offer my sincere thanks to Major Halliday whose unfailing enthusiasm and interest are always an inspiration to the boys. Lt. Howat's great loyalty to the Company has again been in evidence this year, and we thank him for his skilled instruction in fieldcraft.

M. HARDIE, R.S.M.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Although a few of the senior members have not been able to attend regularly, the Stamp Club has functioned throughout the winter. Several interesting talks and attractive displays have been given, and it is reassuring to note that, although the number of members has decreased slightly, the quality of displays has not been impaired.

The Stamp Exchange has again been operating and several hundreds of stamps have changed ownership.

In order to foster an interest in stamp-collecting, the Club is planning a small exhibition of members' sheets to be displayed on School Exhibition Day.

J.S.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

This season we again have Mr Stevenson as President with Mr Stark and Mr Thomson as Vice-Presidents. We should like to thank Mr McLaren and Mr Stevenson, all other members of the staff and F.P.'s who have given up much of their time to umpire our matches. We should also like to thank Mr Stark for his invaluable coaching on Monday evenings and Wednesday afternoons.

The 1st XI., once more captained by D. Henderson, have lost to Morgan Academy and drawn with Harris Academy, against whom R. Gibb performed the "hat-trick," and Perth Academy. In the latter match we were saved by a stand between F. Neillie and J. Cooper. However, we have defeated both Grove Academy and Madras College by substantial margins. F. Ritchie has been top scorer with 37 not out against Grove, and I. Reoch has also been a successful batsman. However, our record could be

very much better if our fielding and catching were improved and we expect to see a great improvement by the end of the season.

The 2nd XI., captained by R. Henderson, have had half their games cancelled for various reasons and, as a result, have not been able to prove themselves. However, they have convincingly defeated Harris Academy and Madras College and have drawn with Perth Academy. A. Nairn and A. Smith have both been successful bowlers.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

The season started badly with an unfortunate defeat by Harris Academy in a match in which rugby was almost non-existent. However, in the following game, against Dollar Academy, the team showed much improved form and this form, in general, was maintained throughout the session. The result was that, on the whole, this was a good season. As usual, quite a number of games were cancelled, including the return match with Harris Academy. After an unfortunate trip to Aberdeen to play Aberdeen Academy we found the ground was unplayable.

The forwards were usually lighter than the opposition and consequently the backs did not get quite as much of the ball as they would have liked, although on occasions they could have made more of the supply they did get! There has been, however, an all-round improvement in both attack and defence, and one of the most improved players is A. Young at wing three-quarter. The forwards scrummaged well and showed a lot of fire in the loose rushes, but it must be mentioned that their line-out play was very weak. The side has been well captained by D. Nicol and we congratulate A. Grant and D. Nicol on being chosen for trials held by the Midlands Schools' Rugby Association selectors.

Caps have been awarded to the following players this season:—A. Allen, M. Dougall, A. Grant, M. Hardie, D. Henderson, D. Nicol, G. F. Ritchie and A. Young.

The 2nd XV. showed similar form to the 1st XV. It is felt that, in general, the forwards could put much more fire into their play and that the backs could show more decisive purpose in attack and defence.

The colts XV. have had one of their best seasons for some time, having lost only two games. Well done!

The 2nd Year XV. have not had as good a season as is usual, but the 1st Year XV. have done very well indeed, having lost only two games out of eleven played. The L. VII. XV. results are not quite as good as usual. We hope that next year they will make up for their lapses this year.

Many thanks again to the members of the staff, the Midlands District Referees and Mr Garden, all of whom have so willingly given up their time to referee matches and to travel with the teams.

A.M.T.



Senior Pupils in the New Library



Photographs by courtesy of "The Courier & Advertiser"
The Rector in his New Study



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) — Lorna Guild, Jennifer Derrick, Sheila Mearns.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Sheena Giles, Isobel Anderson, Catherine Sutherland (Capt.).



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

CRICKET 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.) — Mr Stark, E. Reoch, J. Cooper, A. Allen, A. Grant, G. F. Ritchie, R. Gibb, N. Ballantine (Scorer).

Front Row (l. to r.) — F. Neillie, I. Reoch, D. Henderson (Capt.), M. Hardie, J. Borrie.

F.P. Club Reports

F.P. BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

Season 1957-58 has now closed and with it the memories of a not very successful year.

The Asian 'flu epidemic, followed by a severe winter, affected attendances throughout the season. The committee are very grateful to those members who did attend despite the weather conditions.

In league matches our first team finished second from the bottom in Division I. of the Dundee Churches and Welfare Badminton League and will probably be relegated. Illness, National Service and weather prevented us from playing our strongest team in matches which we had hoped to win, otherwise we might have retained our Division I. status achieved the previous year. Our 2nd team in Division II. of the Dundee and District Badminton League have retained their position.

It is of some consolation to state that the junior standard of play continues to improve. It is hoped that their enthusiasm will spread to the senior members of the club next season.

F.P. LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The club has been under a severe strain this season due to lack of players. We feel that there must be a considerable number of girls who play hockey at school, but who, upon leaving school, do not keep up their hockey playing. These are the girls we are anxious to secure for our club and any girl who is interested should contact club officials as soon as possible.

Our team has done well this season in spite of handicaps — Played 13, won 6, drawn 3, lost 4.

The officials for season 1958-59 are:—Captain, Miss Aileen Paterson; Vice-Captain, Miss Anne Mathers; Secretary (Correspondence), Miss Muriel Thomson, 56 Glenprosen Terrace; Match Secretary, Miss Margaret McConnachie; Treasurer, Miss Jean Gellatly.

We have an attractive fixture card for next season and look forward to some good matches.

MURIEL B. THOMSON, Secy.

F.P. TENNIS CLUB REPORT

I take this opportunity, on behalf of all our members, to congratulate and extend our best wishes to one of our very keen members, Miss Margot Wilson, on her engagement to Mr K. Lockerby.

It is with great pleasure that I report that our Annual Dance held this year in the Chalet, was an outstanding success and I thank all for their support and for the enthusiasm which the members and committee displayed in the organisation of that memorable evening.

This year the club introduced a social Committee who organised a Car Treasure Hunt which was held on 28th June. This hunt gave us a gentle, interesting run in the car through the leafy lanes of Angus.

We also have this year quite a few members entering for the Midlands and Carnoustie Tournaments and we wish them all the best of luck.

Once again will soon be seen at Dalnacraig a tennis practice wall which may be used by our Saturday and Junior members.

Finally, our members wish me to extend a cordial invitation to the young ladies and gentlemen leaving school this term to join the club.

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

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

PETER G. BUTTARS, Secy.



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NEWS

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

motions, distinctions, etc. Particulars should be written on the blank spaces below and overleaf, and sent to the Magazine Editor, The High School of Dundee, Dundee, Angus.

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NEWS — continued.

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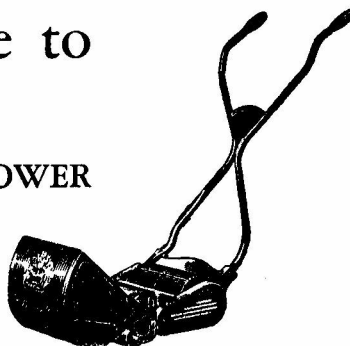
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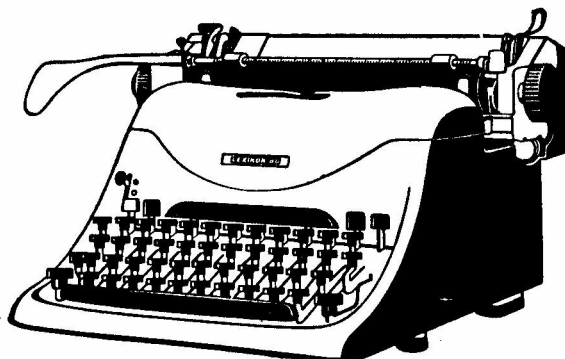
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