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MAGAZINE



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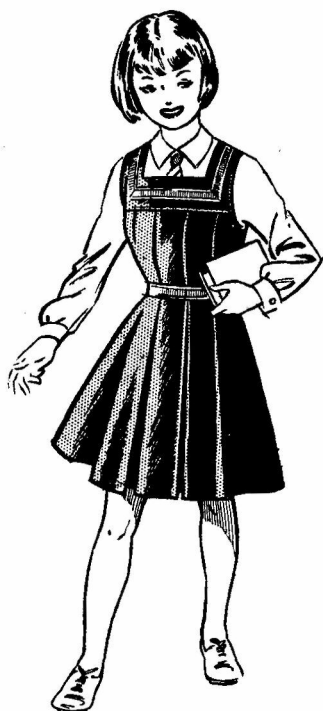
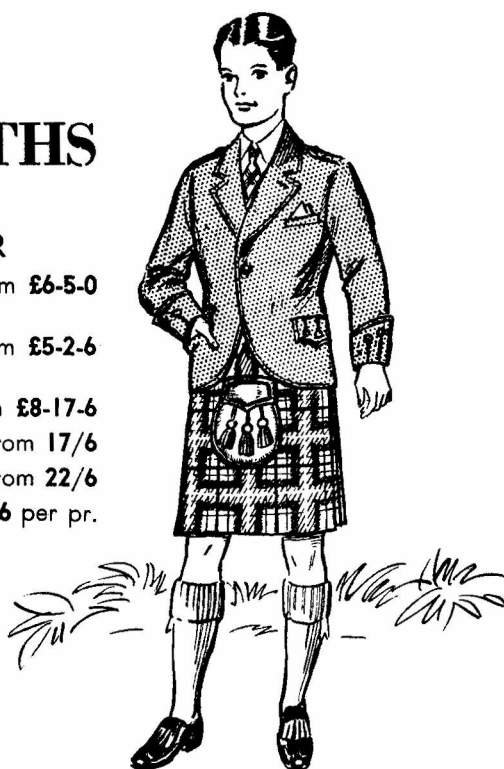
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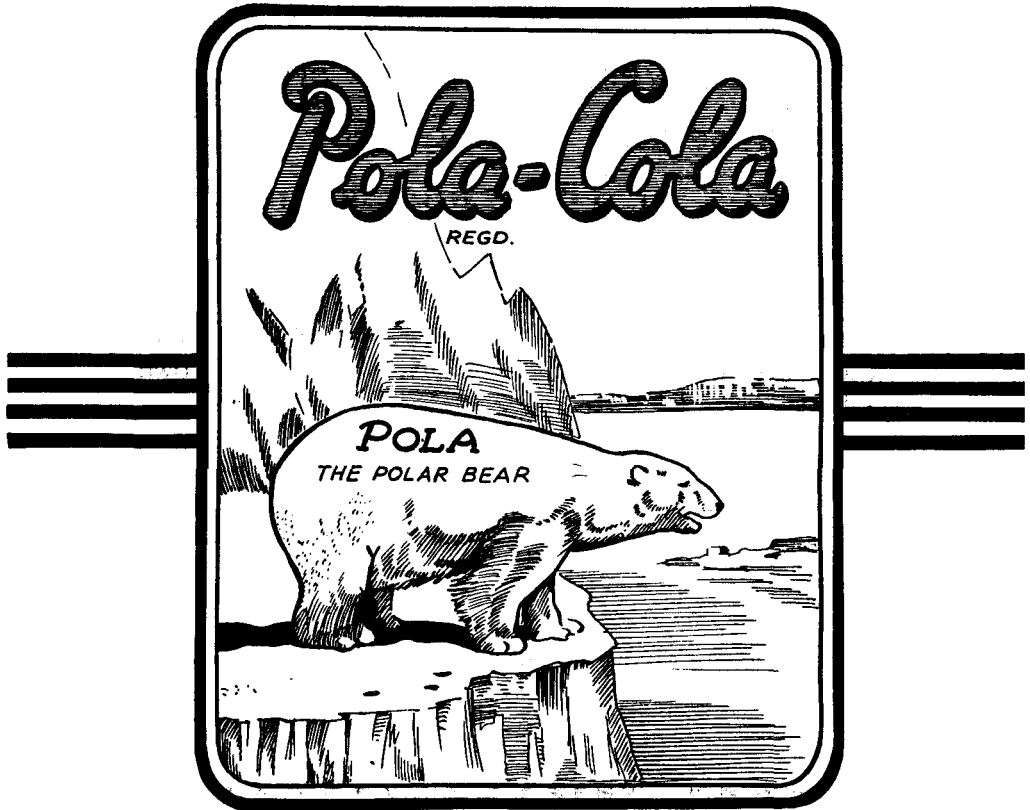
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 125]

DECEMBER, 1958

[1/3

Editorial

With the beginning of each session the Magazine passes to fresh and inexperienced editorial hands. We find that our eminent predecessors have bequeathed to us a standard hard to sustain. Nevertheless, on the assumption that there is strength in numbers, we face our task with some confidence, because for once the editorial "we" also has the force of grammatical logic.

The most recent notable innovation in the life of the School, and particularly of the Sixth Form, has been the opening of the War Memorial Library for use during "extra" periods. Instead of enduring the sense of inferiority engendered by sitting alone in a vacated classroom or inconspicuously in the corner of one full of small boys construing Latin verbs, we can now retire for periods of individual study to the electrically-heated comfort of the Library. There, surrounded by volumes on subjects ranging from *A History of German Literature* to *An introduction to Infinitesimal Calculus*, we have the opportunity of pursuing our own lines of study with reference books to hand. We study in a silence broken only by the spasmodic gramophone from dancing classes downstairs or the squeaking shoes of some apprehensive student treading, like Agag, "delicately," across the polished cork floor. We are, and succeeding generations of Sixth Formers will be, indeed grateful for this enlargement of our facilities and for this token of confidence in

our sense of responsibility. We look forward to the day when, Mrs Doughty having finished the job of cataloguing, the entire School will be able to borrow books from the considerable stock that has been built up over past years.

We are no less happy to record the considerable embellishment of the School by examples of their own work gifted both by members of the Art Department and by artist friends of the School.

Stimulated perhaps by the changes in our physical surroundings, we venture to think that a comparable spirit of change might profitably permeate the School Magazine. In this spirit we offer two fresh features. By the appointment of Form Reporters, whose edited contributions appear under the heading, "Round the Forms," we had two main objects: firstly, to represent more fully the interests of forms other than Form VI. and, secondly, to reflect the day-to-day happenings in the classrooms. Similarly, in "The School Diary," the emphasis lies on activities which, we think, have hitherto been almost neglected in the welter of news about formal and extra-mural events.

We adhere, however, to the long-established and laudable practice of wishing all our readers, both inside the School and beyond, a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

News and Notes

SCHOOL PRIZE-GIVING CEREMONIES

The Junior Prize-Giving was held on Wednesday, 2nd July, in the Capitol Cinema. Mrs Erskine gave an address and presented the prizes.

The Senior Prize-Giving followed on 3rd July, also for the first time in the spacious comfort of the Capitol. Mr MacPherson gave an address and Mrs MacPherson presented the prizes.

STAFF NEWS

We welcome Miss A. M. Ogilvie to the Junior School in the place of Miss Latto. Miss Davidson and Mr Vannet, both happily restored to health, resumed their duties at the beginning of this session. We regret the absence of Miss Stevenson, and hope that she will soon be well and back with us.

SCHOOL EXHIBITION

The Exhibition, held on the afternoon and evening of Friday, 27th June, was wider in scope than ever before. In addition to the usual excellent displays from the sewing, art and technical departments, the Stamp Club exhibited members' stamps.

GIFTS AND BENEFACTIONS

As the Rector often points out, the School is fortunate in its friends. As evidence of this we report with gratitude the presentation of additional prizes for Form V. by Mr MacPherson; of blotters for the Library by Mr Barrie and, as mentioned on the Editorial page, of pictures by Mr Torrington Bell and Mr Halliday.

EXHIBITIONS OF EMBROIDERY

Two interesting exhibitions of Embroidery on loan from the Needlework Development Scheme and the Embroiderers' Guild were held in the Art Department of the Girls' School and were much appreciated by the senior pupils.

EXTRA SPORTS GROUND

The sports ground at Monymusk Road, the property of Messrs Urquhart Lindsay and Robertson Orchar, has been purchased by the directors of the High School for the sum of £7000.

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

On the last Saturday in August, about 11.20, we all flocked to the Tay Bridge Station. The reason? We were off to see the Old Vic's production of "Twelfth Night." When everyone had assembled, clutching packed lunches and the inevitable plastic macs, we made our way down to the platform, wondering if we might be lucky enough to get one of the new Diesel trains. We did not, however, and, when we had all been packed into the carriages reserved for us, the train departed.

At first there was a general buzz of conversation as the happenings of the previous two months had to be fully discussed. However, when the journey was well under way, a noticeable hush, followed by the rustling of paper bags, descended on the coach. Lunch had begun. We arrived to find Edinburgh bathed in sunshine, and by the time the Assembly Hall was reached, everyone was rather hot and out of breath.

Set on the traditional apron stage which made the audience almost seem to participate in the action, this play was magnificently acted and I am sure no one, after seeing this gay production, would ever say again that Shakespeare was dull. The costumes were beautiful and the players seemed to live their parts rather than merely act them. The lithe, vivacious Maria was a delightful contrast to Sir Toby whose excellent miming drew laughs from everyone, while the loyal Cesario and the proud, selfish Olivia were excellently portrayed.

After the play was over, we went through Edinburgh, gaily decked for the Festival, to the place where tea was booked for us. Then, with time to spare, we made our way back to the station. We arrived back in Dundee about 8.30, having most enjoyably furthered our education.

May we once again thank Mr Stewart, Mr Duke, Miss Anderson, Miss Cunningham, Miss Henderson and Miss Scott without whose enthusiasm and hard work this most enjoyable outing would not have been possible.

JANE L. MILNE

NEWS FROM THE ART DEPARTMENT

In the annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, Mr Halliday was represented by three works—*Spaniel Pup* (bronze), *Bird and Fish* (Mahogany) and *Freighter Loading* (Drawing), and in the S.S.A. Exhibition in Edinburgh he had two works on view—*Pieta* (Beech) and *Echo* (Grey Elm). *Echo*, an abstract wood carving, was shown in a Television programme and was purchased by a Canadian art collector.

Mr Halliday exhibited four oil paintings and six water colour paintings in the Biennial Exhibition of Dundee Art Society, and in the Craft Exhibition following he had five wood carvings on display. An oil painting, *Yew Tree, Birkhill*, which he presented to the School, now hangs in the Board Room.

In the Royal Glasgow Institute, Mr Vannet had two water colours and an etching on view. One of these water colours, *Gourdon Boats*, was purchased by the Corporation of Glasgow for their permanent collection. Mr Vannet was recently elected a Life Fellow of the International Institute of Arts and Letters which has many distinguished members. In the Dundee Art Society Exhibition he exhibited ten pictures and in the Craft Exhibition he displayed two embroidered cushions.

In the Dundee Art Society Craft Exhibition Miss Lickely exhibited a silver brooch and a sugar and cream set also in silver. These exhibits show a fine sense of craftsmanship.

In the Dundee Art Society Exhibition, Miss Edgar exhibited two oil paintings and a water colour.

PIANOFORTE AND THEORY EXAMINATIONS

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations held in June, 1958:—

PUPIL OF MR PORTEOUS

F. V.I.

Douglas Galbraith—Grade VIII., Merit.

PUPIL OF MRS ELDER

F. II.

Sheila Buchan—Grade IV., Merit.

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN

F. IV.

Shona Colquhoun—Grade V., Pass.

F.III.

Elisabeth Kobine—Grade V., Pass.

F. I.

Anne Birrell—Grade III., Pass.

L. VII.

Margaret Black—Grade II., Distinction.
Wendy McPherson—Grade III., Pass.

L. VI.

Margaret McTavish—Grade II., Merit.

L. V.

Jennifer Gow—Grade I., Merit.
Jane Rorie—Grade I., Merit.
Pauline Moonie—Grade I., Pass.**PUPILS OF MR REID**

F. IV.

Agnes Paton—Theory, Grade V., Pass.
Richard Balharry—Theory, Grade V., Pass.

F. I.

Ross Balharry—Grade III., Pass.
Neil McLean—Grade II., Pass.

L. VII.

Alan Lawson—Grade IV., Pass.

L. VI.

Margaret Anderson—Grade II., Merit.
Maureen Morrison—Grade I., Merit.

L. V.

Graham Fletcher—Grade I., Pass.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

I. H. BUIST CARMICHAEL, M.A., LL.B., on his being admitted to the Faculty of Advocates.

DAVID MITCHELL GREEN, M.B., Ch.B., M.D., on his appointment as senior lecturer in Bacteriology at Queen's College, Dundee.

KENNETH P. DUNCAN, B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., D.I.H., who has been appointed group medical officer of the industrial group of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, with headquarters at Risely.

MICHAEL M. LAURIE, who has been awarded the Leverhulme Fellowship for research in the social and aesthetic field of national parks.

WILLIAM FORBES MORRISON, M.A., on his being awarded a fellowship for research in the fishing industry, economics and statistics.

GRACE M. DINGWALL, on her taking part in an archaeological expedition to Athens.

JAMES R. G. WRIGHT who, as Greek medallist at Edinburgh University, has also made a tour of sites of archaeological interest in Greece.

IAN J. LAWRENSON, Ph.D., on gaining a post-doctoral research associateship at the University of Illinois.

JOHN MONCRIEFF, Straiton, Leuchars, who has been awarded a Nuffield Scholarship for America. He is especially interested in breeding pedigree Suffolk sheep and in rearing British Friesian calves.

MURIEL CRAWFORD on gaining a Certificate in Personnel Management (1957) and a Diploma in Works Management (with distinction), in 1958, of the Royal College of Science and Technology, Glasgow, the latter a unique qualification for a girl. She has now taken up a post as Assistant Appointments Officer with Pirelic Ltd., Burton-on-Trent.

ROBERT CRAWFORD, B.Sc., who has been appointed Geophysicist with the Iraq Petroleum Company in Basrah

JOHN R. CAMERON on his being awarded the Carstairs Prize for Mathematics at St. Andrews University.

MOIRA B. HARDY on winning the Coulthard Prize for Economics at St. Andrews University.

MICHAEL DUNLOP on his being accepted for Cranwell College.

ALAN S. ROBERTSON, M.A., who took Honours in Psychology and Political Econ-

omy in June, 1957, on his being gazetted Second Lieutenant in the H.L.I. and on his being posted to the 1st Battalion at Lüneburg as Intelligence Officer.

COLIN ROBERTSON on being awarded a Travelling Scholarship in Design from the Dundee College of Art. He is at present studying in North Italy.

MRS ELDER on winning the Scottish Ladies' Chess Championship.

CHARLOTTE LYTHER (Form VI.) on winning the Second Prize in the Hansard Society Essay Competition open to all the schools of the Commonwealth.

UNA STEPHENSON and PETER THOMSON on winning the Low Memorial Prizes for English and Classics respectively.

JOY ANDREW on gaining her Queen's Guide Award.

JAMES BRYCE on winning the Mudie Medal, the Jim Henry Handicap Cup and the Dave Livie Cup for golf.

GEORGE DUKE on winning a £2 prize in the Overseas League Essay Competition.

AILEEN PATERSON on winning two titles in the Scottish Midlands Tennis Championships.

FRANCES M. MATHERS and ISOBEL M. HENDERSON who have passed the final examination in Diagnostic Radiography and are entitled to the letters M.S.R. They have trained for two years in the new Radiological Department at Dundee Royal Infirmary.

Obituary

We record with regret the deaths of the following to whose relatives we extend our deepest sympathy:—Colonel Christian Nicholas van de Rydt, Mr Alexander Thomson Lickley, Professor Norman Kemp Smith, Mr Frederick Claud Sturrock, Mr Alexander Potter, Mr Peter R. Johnston, Mr Robert G. McLean, Mr Charles Blackadder Kinnear, Mr William Stirling Draffen and Mr J. S. Stalker.

COLONEL CHRISTIAN NICHOLAS VAN DE RYDT (60) died in Edinburgh on 4th July, 1958. Born in Dundee, son of a Dutch father,

who was engaged in the import of dairy produce, Colonel van de Rydt studied agriculture in Guernsey. He completed his studies in Holland where he took up residence in 1920. He founded a dairy export firm at Leeuwaren where he became British Consul in 1937. Evacuated in 1940, he returned to Dundee and in 1946 became Consul-General for the Netherlands.

MR ALEXANDER THOMSON LICKLEY, manual instructor at Monifieth J.S. School, died suddenly on 28th July, 1958, while on

holiday at Tummel Bridge. Mr Lickley taught at Logie School before going to Monifieth, where he had been for over twenty years. He was well known as a golfer and before the war was a finalist in the links championship. Mrs Lickley was for some time a teacher in the Lower School, and their son, Gavin, is a pupil in Form I.

EMERITUS PROFESSOR NORMAN KEMP SMITH (86), distinguished philosopher and former occupant of the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, died in Edinburgh on 4th August, 1958. He was educated at Dundee High School and Harris Academy, going on to St. Andrews, and later to Berlin and Paris. He held the degrees of LL.D. of St. Andrews and Hons. D.Litt. of Durham. He was Lecturer in philosophy at Glasgow University from 1897 to 1906, then professor of psychology at Princeton University, U.S.A., and, in 1914, Cosh Professor of Philosophy at Princeton. He was appointed to Edinburgh in 1919 and retired in 1945. He was Mills Lecturer at the University of California in 1923.

MR FREDERICK CLAUD STURROCK (76) died in Capetown on 6th August, 1958. Born in Newport, son of Mr James Sturrock and grandson of Sir John Leng, M.P., Mr Sturrock became one of South Africa's best-known public figures. He went to South Africa in 1907 and established the engineering firm of Sturrocks Ltd. He became an M.P. in 1929, Minister without Portfolio in 1936, Minister of Railways and Harbours in 1939, Minister of Transport in 1943, and Minister of Finance in 1948.

MR ALEXANDER POTTER (89), head of the well-known Dundee shoe firm, died on 16th August, 1958. He had a 78-years' connection with the firm which was founded by his father in 1866. He was keenly interested in botany and photography and travelled extensively in Europe, U.S.A. and South America.

MR PETER R. JOHNSTON (90) died in hospital in Dundee on 18th August, 1958. Mr Johnston served his apprenticeship in law in the office of Reid, Johnston & Co., and in 1893 entered into partnership with Mr John L. Stevenson. He was depute justice of the peace clerk for the County of the City of Dundee for many years and was also Greek

Consul. Other appointments were as secretary and law agent for various fruit farms, for Dundee West End Garage, for Balgillo Estates Ltd., and for Smedley Estates Ltd. He was an elder of McCheyne Memorial Church and treasurer for many years.

MR ROBERT G. McLEAN (76), the well-known Dundee auctioneer and valuator, died in the Royal Infirmary. Mr McLean was identified with Dundee Citizens' Association and was chairman of Ward 1 Committee of Dundee Ratepayers' and Electors' Association from its inauguration until 1947. He became vice-president of the Association in 1939. Mr McLean was an F.S.A. (Scot.), and was a founder-member of Lodge Dundee St. Mary (1149) Freemasons.

MR CHARLES BLACKADDER KINNEAR (53) died at Montevideo, Uruguay, on 30th August, 1958. After service with D. Pirie & Co. Ltd., he joined the staff of the Bank of London and South America as an accountant in 1929. In 1952 he was appointed manager at Asuncion, Paraguay, and later at Montevideo. Mr Kinnear was very musical and was a former member of Dundee Orchestral Society, of which his father-in-law, the late Mr A. M. Stooles, was conductor.

MR WILLIAM STIRLING DRAFFEN (77), chairman of Draffens of Dundee Ltd., died on 25th September, 1958. Mr Draffen was among the first members of Dundee Rotary Club in 1921, and was its president in 1928. With the late Mr Thomas Shaw, he founded Dundee Business Club. He was the first chairman of Dundee Ratepayers' Association, which office he held until 1940. He was president of the Dundee Orphan Institution and of the Sick Poor Nursing Association. "He was a man of deep intellect, a gentleman and a staunch friend."

MR J. S. STALKER, M.A. (St. Andrews), B.A. (London), died at the home of his son in Edinburgh in November, 1958. Mr Stalker came to the classical department of the High School in September, 1904, and taught in the School for 39 years, retiring in June, 1943. Throughout his long service in the School he always gave of his best and strove always, not merely to teach, but also to give to his pupils a genuine love of the classics. He will be remembered and mourned by many of the older generation of former pupils.

Scenes from the life of Vincent van Gogh

I. Vincent's Early Life

Vincent van Gogh was born on 30th March, 1853, at Groot-Zundert in Holland. His birthplace lay in the middle of a flat country beneath a low sky, intersected by canals which might have been drawn with a ruler. The life of the inhabitants was narrow and provincial, for they were good bourgeois who had an easy and trouble-free existence; they followed the precepts of law, custom and the ten commandments. Vincent grew up in the company of a number of younger brothers and sisters. His father was a clergyman, by nature and profession helpful, good-tempered and considerate; and he had a great inward affinity towards his wife, Anna Cornelia Barbentus. However, the family's material position was very modest.

The red-haired boy was not handsome. He was so different temperamentally from his peaceful environment — he was unsociable, passionate, undisciplined and retiring. But a warm relationship existed from his earliest days with his brother, Theo, who was four years younger.

When he reached the age of twelve, Vincent was sent to a boarding school at Zevenbergen and returned to his parents' old-fashioned, many-windowed house when he was sixteen. His sister describes how at this time he used to escape from the tedious drowsiness of the little village and the curiosity of his father's parishioners and take refuge in the country. "Broad rather than tall, his back slightly bent owing to the bad habit of letting his head hang forward, his reddish hair cut short beneath a straw hat which overshadowed an unusual face: not at all the face of a boy. His brow was already slightly wrinkled, his eyebrows drawn together in deep thought across the wide forehead; his eyes small and deep-set, sometimes blue, at other times greenish, according to his changing expressions. Despite this unattractive awkward appearance, there was yet something remarkable in his unmistakable expression of inward profundity."

Even then his parents felt that he was unusual; they felt a presentiment of the trouble he would later be to them and would often discuss the future of their eldest child. They

decided to send him to The Hague, where they obtained, through his father's brother, Vincent, who was half owner of all the Goupil Galleries in Paris, London, Berlin, Brussels, The Hague and Amsterdam, a post for him as salesman in the Paris branch. The firm sold mainly sentimental genre paintings of the type then to be seen in the Paris Salon, but there were also lithographs of Corot's pictures. Vincent was adept at packing and unpacking books and pictures, and for three years he performed his duties in an exemplary manner. In 1873, when he was twenty years old, he was sent to the London branch. There he spent his spare time in drawing, modestly, for his own amusement. He sent his sketches home to his mother and Theo. Although in London, he had ample opportunities for studying art, for seeing all kinds of work and for developing his taste. The result was disastrous. He preferred the works of Mauve, Ziem, Boldini, Meissonier, Knaus, Israëls and one or two sickly religious painters. Even when names like Constable and the painters of the Barbizon school appear among his preferences, we can only conclude that he was attracted by their choice of subjects, and not by their artistic merit. He did not care for class or quality but only for the contents of the pictures.

Here was Vincent at the age of twenty-two, earning five pounds a month and regarded as a most promising young man, though a bit eccentric. But Vincent himself had suddenly lost all delight in selling pictures. He was in love for the first time, and his love had been scorned. The night he had told Ursula, awkwardly, that he wanted her for his wife, she had looked at him with wide eyes. "Your wife! Why, that's impossible! I'm engaged. My fiancé is in Wales." She wrenched away from him, then turned and spoke in a whisper that struck him like a shout — "Red-headed fool!"

The blow stunned Vincent. And pain, curiously, made him both sensitive to pain in others and intolerant of the cheap and blatantly successful. "How can a man spend his life selling bad pictures to stupid people?" His sales dropped off until he was of no value to the gallery. Dismissed from London, he obtained through his connection another post

in Paris where he remained for two months, and then, after another short visit to London, he spent two years in the French capital. Although he continued to work at Goupil's, his attitude towards artistic matters had changed. He did not like his work, was not interested in the beautiful city, which gave him nothing, and lodged in a room in Montmartre, where he read the Bible with a young Englishman, discussing its contents for hours on end. He often went to the English Church, and thought of devoting his life to the poor. The result was that he left Goupil's for good.

His anxious father came to Paris and made proposals which did not meet with Vincent's approval. Theo advised him to become a painter, but even this idea, which had occupied Vincent's mind earlier at one moment in London, was now rejected. His education had been neglected and he was not suited to any ordinary profession. In 1876 he went back to London and obtained a post at Ramsgate as French teacher in a school which had about twenty miserably poor pupils. Vincent had to collect the school fees from their parents and through this he gained an insight into the conditions of the poor: families herded into cold, unfurnished rooms, shivering in rags, illness staring from their eyes. He lost his job when he returned without the money. He then went to the house of a Methodist preacher who kept a rather better boarding school and with whom he had eager discussions on religious matters. He himself preached bad sermons and one Sunday Vincent was sent to preach at an important church, before a large and critical congregation. There his fervour, his heavy-handed power, his penetrating eyes all had a tremendous effect. As the listeners crowded to shake his hand, he was thinking: if only he could lay this triumph at Ursula's feet, and share it with her! Tramping in a drenching rain he found her home all lit up, and carriages standing outside. Then Ursula and a tall man were framed in the doorway, and the crowd surged out laughing and throwing rice. Vincent turned away and trudged back in the downpour, collected his belongings and left England for ever.

Christmas of 1876 was spent in Etten, where his parents were now living. He was gloomy and restless and they breathed a sigh of relief when he went away again. Through

his uncle, Vincent, he obtained a post as apprentice in a bookshop at Dordrecht. At this period he lived like an ascetic, wore Quaker clothes and gave himself up entirely to piety. Despite these sorrowful and gloomy moods he still took an interest in the landscape surrounding him, which sometimes found enthusiastic expression, and we may assume that now and then he made sketches of it. But at this time drawing was probably no more to him than the song a traveller whistles as he tramps along a dusty country road. How poor his understanding for art then was is proved by the fact that in the small town museum a trashy *Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane* by Ary Scheffer was the only thing to excite his admiration.

He did not stay long in Dordrecht. He was now determined to become a pastor. For this a university degree was necessary and first he had to consolidate his education and sit an examination. For fourteen months Vincent worked perseveringly in Amsterdam, spending hot summer afternoons struggling with Greek dictionaries. But soon he realised his unfitness for a clerical education; he withdrew from the examination and decided to become a preacher on his own account. He left Amsterdam and went to Brussels to prepare himself at an evangelical school. Three months later it was found impossible to give him a definite appointment and at the suggestion of a friend he decided to go to the Borinage, a coal-mining district in Belgium.

Vincent went, and shortly there was not a hut in the village where he had not brought food and comfort, nursed the sick and prayed with the miserable. About the miners' huts were a few dead trees and ash-dumps; and over all, the tall chimneys spread black smoke all day long. The miners were small people with hunched shoulders and bony limbs: "Blackjaws" they were called, for soap to them was an impossible luxury. Until they die, the Borains never completely get the coal dust off their faces. By day the village seemed deserted: half a mile underground was the labyrinth city in which the population spent its waking hours from childhood until death. Not a miner had ten francs put away and often Vincent would give away his own few francs. When Vincent came back to his room one day, nearly insane from the grief and suffering about him, he looked at his own

comfortable bed, its clean sheets and pillows; he surveyed his complete wardrobe. He had more food in one meal than the miners had in one week. Suddenly he felt himself a hypocritical liar and coward, preaching the virtue of poverty, yet living in comfort and plenty. He packed up his extra clothes to give to the neediest; he moved into a shanty with no window, its floor the native earth, and swept by icy blasts. Now he was living like the miners, eating the same food, sleeping in the identical bed. He even rubbed coal dust on his face to look like everyone else. At last he was one of them, and had won the right to bring them the Word of God. He preached, too, but he did not have the gift of speaking and, devoting himself entirely to his work, he became weak and thin. His father, although he was himself a clergyman, could not understand this eccentric behaviour and came to see his son.

February that year was bitter. Absorbed in collecting coal, preparing hot drinks and medicines, Vincent never found time to open his Bible. The Word had become a luxury the miners could not afford. As the cold abated, fever set in its place. Spending most of his salary on others, his vitality sapped by starvation rations, Vincent went round with a fever, his eyes two fiery holes in their sockets, his nerves jumpy, his cheeks hollow, but his chin stuck out as firmly as ever.

Then came the day when Vincent saw black figures scurrying excitedly away from the hoist building. "An accident! They're trapped!" Frightened women and children came running, some crying hysterically, others staring ahead wide-eyed. A group appeared carrying three children wrapped in blankets, terribly burned—two girls of about nine and a boy of ten. All three were unconscious, the hair and skin burned off every exposed part. Inside a cabin, Vincent undressed the first child and asked for oil and bandages. Oil was quickly brought, but bandages were non-existent in the Borinage. Vincent grabbed off his coat, tore his shirt into strips and bandaged the child from head to foot. He did the same with the second girl, but when he came to the boy, he had to cut up his woollen drawers for bandages. At the mine, volunteer crews worked for twelve days without stopping. Since no coal had been brought up, no wages had been paid,

and, although the village had not one centime, the miners struck. Vincent spent his next fifty francs on food, but soon there was nothing left, and the miners watched their families starve. Just then the Committee on Evangelisation, declaring Vincent's conduct "undignified and disgraceful," cut off his salary and forbade him to preach. And the mining company announced that, if the men did not return to work immediately, the mine would be shut down permanently. A group came to Vincent: "What shall we do? You are the only man we trust. If you tell us to go back, we will. If you tell us to starve, we will do that." Vincent pleaded with the manager, but in the end, defeated, he had to tell the miners to go back to work. From that moment he felt that he could never preach to them again. God had turned a deaf ear to the miners, and Vincent had been unable to soften Him.

He had lost God and had lost himself. But months later, something came to life within Vincent: there must be some good in him; he was not altogether a fool and a waster—he could surely make some contribution to the world. But what? Sitting at the mine gate, he began sketching the miners as they emerged. That evening as he copied his rough studies, he realised that he was homesick for the world of pictures.

It is characteristic of the contradictions in his nature that his first pictures date from this very time when he could exclaim: "Christ was the greatest of all artists!" and that it was then that he spoke a great deal about painting and wrote to his brother: "I often long to go back to pictures." He did a number of water-colours and drawings of the life of the miners. He was busy; again he entered the huts—with paper and crayon instead of a Bible. He sketched the children playing on the floor, the wife bending over the stove, or the family at supper. And he was happy. Not even serving God had brought such sheer ecstasy as creative art. Once, when for eleven days he had not one centime and lived off a few borrowed wares, he did not complain, even to himself. What was the hunger of his stomach, if his spirit was well-fed?

II. The Great Period

The successive stages of this brilliant and melancholy pilgrimage, which ended in the

tragedy of Auvers-sur-Oise, are clearly marked and form a series of logical steps in the development of Van Gogh's art. His stay in Provence — "the great period" as it has been rightly called — is the climax. "I want to see this brighter sun at last" — that was Vincent's avowed reason for going to Arles, and there in a few months (from 21st February, 1888, until 9th May) he produced "like a painting machine" almost two hundred pictures. He painted the squares and the streets of the town, the Aliscamps, the public gardens, the bridge, sunsets near Arles, fields with the railway in the background. He painted the blossoms of fruit trees, gardens with gaily-coloured flowers. He painted white roses in a vase, lemons in a basket; he painted portraits — his own time after time, the Berceuse, the Arlésienne, the Zouave, the peasants of the Camargue, the postman Roulin and his family. He went to Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer and painted the sea and the boats. He painted and painted and painted . . . Here in Arles he made himself immortal, he created his work, his "monumentum aere perennius," the work not of an eye, a palette, a hand, but of a great and generous heart. Only occasionally, when his heart was tired, his hand went on painting, and then empty or decorative elements entered into a few of these hundreds of pictures.

He gave himself up completely and lavishly, as he had once done in the Borinage. He rented a house, painted it yellow and adorned it with six pictures of sunflowers. It was to be the *House of the Friends*. The idea of the communal life of the early Christians kept returning to his mind; he dreamed of artists living together, producing the most beautiful pictures as the fruit of their existence in common. He remained the deep, sensitive man he had been before. He had not become a "bourgeois," nor did he become a "painter." Something sentimental is the essential element in his art. If we wish to analyse his work, we must begin with these values of feeling and expression. He was a lover who penetrated from the surface into the essence, the totality of things. He did not love sunshine, he loved the sun and it was the latter he wanted to paint, not the former. When he writes: "How beautiful is yellow!" this is not merely the sensual reaction of a painter, but the confession of a man for whom yellow was the colour of the

sun, a symbol of warmth and light. Yellow aroused ecstasy first as an idea in the man, then as a colour in the artist. Thus the sunflowers which he painted rise above the significance of ordinary still-life, and he himself said that they produced an effect like that of stained-glass windows in Gothic churches. The sunflowers are not perhaps the greatest of his pictures, but certainly the most popular, and symbolic of the cult of the sun which pervades all his painting. Here he succeeds, as no other artist has ever succeeded, in giving an impression of the tremendous radiant energy of the universe in immediately comprehensible terms — "I want to paint in such a way that, if necessary, everybody with eyes will be able to understand me."

In portraits, especially self portraits, these values of feeling and expression are to be found in abundance. He himself confessed that he would have preferred above all things to paint pictures of saints, with modern figures it is true, but intimately related to the primitive Christians. But he was afraid of his own emotions. His landscapes, too, are not the reflection of an eye, but actual experiences of a human being. He himself says of them that in one he wished to express great peace, in another the extremes of loneliness and sorrow. His religious attitude to the world is perhaps most vividly expressed when he paints flowers. His sister wrote of him that, even when he was a boy, he understood the "soul" of flowers. He used to tie them together in bundles with a sensitive hand, the same hand with which he later packed pictures and books into cases, and later still tended the wounds of the sick. With this same delicate hand his brush now reproduced not only the appearance but the very soul of flowers. In one of his letters he speaks of the "sickly greenish-pink smile of the last flower of autumn." That is the language of a conception which is the direct opposite of that of the Impressionists.

In the course of his experiments with pure colours, he found a new approach to the problem of the human face, a method all the more striking and original at a time when the portrait was completely out of fashion. The great series of forty-five portraits painted in Arles — among them *Lieutenant Milliet* with his sallow face and red képi standing out against an emerald background — forms a

pendant to the fifty peasant portraits of Neunen, but Van Gogh had by then learnt to sublimate his immense religious love of mankind without lapsing into sentimentality. "The portrait," he admitted himself, "is the form which brings out the best in me." Though his pictures have the same profound humanity as those of his compatriot, Rembrandt, his ambition was to do for the portrait what Monet had done for the landscape: to replace the traditional *plastic* effects of light and shade by new *musical* effects based on

the harmony of pure colours. Van Gogh's portraits stand out like icons from symbolic backgrounds whose intense yellows and blues heighten the foreground colours in the same way as the gold and azure of Byzantine mosaics or Siennese primitive paintings. But whereas for them colour had a fixed and universally accepted value, for him it had become the concrete symbol of the earth, the sky and the sun, whilst at the same time reflecting and expressing the violent surging of his own emotions.

Rhine Journey

For four hundred miles of its total eight hundred and fifty, the Rhine flows through Germany; at Mannheim it is joined by the Neckar, at Mainz by the Main, and at Düsseldorf by the Erft. To describe the course of the complete journey through the country would take too much time and space, and, therefore, for the purpose of this essay, the portion from Mainz to Cologne has been selected.

Mainz, the capital of the Rhenish Hesse, reached its peak of prosperity between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, when it was called "Golden Mainz." St. Martin's Cathedral, with its six towers, is the oldest of all the Rhenish Cathedrals. Inside this church there is a monument representing the figure of a beautiful woman placing a wreath on the coffin of a great poet and singer, who had honoured women in his songs. Indeed, in his lifetime, so great was the feeling inspired by his songs that he was generally known as "Frauenlob" rather than by his own name.

After boarding one of the steamers which ply up and down the Rhine, we pass Wiesbaden, a famous watering-place, and Eltville, where we see our first castle, and arrive at Ingelheim, where the famous Kaiserpfalz, built by Charlemagne, once stood. One of the many touching legends of the Rhine relates to this castle; it tells how Emma, the Emperor's favourite child, fell in love with her tutor, a poor scholar, named Eginhard. How their love endured through exile and suffering makes a very pleasant story, and, as the Emperor is eventually reconciled to them, we leave them all "living happily ever after."

It is said that the king of all Rhine wines is "Johannisberger." A legend is told of how Charlemagne, noting the great fertility of the district, planted, with his own hands, vines brought specially from Orléans, which was at that time famous for its wine. As time went on, these plants thrived in the land round Rudesheim and Johannisberg, and, amid great festivity, the Emperor tasted the first glass of this new wine. Every spring, so the legend runs, the figure of Charlemagne can be seen in the light of the moon walking up and down, blessing the vines.

Across the river from the National Monument at Rudesheim is Bingen, where we can see the celebrated "Mouse Tower." We all remember how we shuddered with horror when we first heard the story of Bishop Hatto, who was eaten by mice after he had murdered some of his people. There is nothing grim about the picturesque tower standing on an island amid the waters of the Rhine, and common belief has it that the legend has arisen owing to a toll which the rich Bishop exacted from ships on the Rhine and to other such things which made him unpopular with the people.

A legend, which could almost belong to our own King Arthur, is told concerning Castle Rheinstein, which is now a museum. It tells how an old knight, Gunzelin, appointed by his nephew to woo a young girl, named Gerda, induced her father to look upon him instead of the young man as a suitor. Although Gerda was dismayed by the proposed match, she could not do anything to prevent it. On the day of the wedding, however, the

bridal procession was wending its way towards the church when a cloud of insects surrounded the bride's horse. In the confusion which resulted, Gunzelin's horse fell over a precipice. The young knight rescued Gerda, and her father finally agreed to their marriage.

An awe-inspiring story is told of how, at Castle Sooneck, Siebold, a robber baron, was pierced through the mouth by an arrow shot by a blind archer, who was offered his freedom if he could hit a target guided by sound only. The archer so hated Siebold that when he heard his voice ordering him to shoot, he aimed his arrow at the lord of the Castle.

Passing Bacharach, where we see Castle Stahleck, which is now a youth hostel, we come to Caub and Castle Gutenfels, named by a previous owner in honour of his sister, Guta, who is said to have married Richard of Cornwall, Emperor of Germany.

Many people know the legend of the Lorelei, immortalised by Heine's song, but few know that it is a huge mass of basalt rock situated at one of the narrowest parts of the river. The legend tells how a fairy used to sit singing on the top of the cliff and, like the sirens of old, would lure sailors on to the rocks below. When, after the king's son was killed in this way, a body of men were sent out to destroy her, she threw down her pearls into the water, and the river came up to enfold her in answer to her plea.

A little farther up the river stands St. Goar, named after the Christian missionary who settled here in the sixth century. Above the village stands the Rheinfels, once the strongest fortress on the Rhine. Across the river is St. Goar-hausen and Burg Katz, which was built at the end of the fourteenth century and rebuilt in 1898. Burg Maus, the real name of which is Deurenberg, received its nickname from the Counts of Katzenelnbogen in contrast to the Katz. (Cat and Mouse).

A legend which illustrates how strong are the passions of man is told of the Castles of Sterrenberg and Liebenstein. Two brothers, the sons of a knight, both fell in love with their cousin, a young girl, named Angela, but, although their father wished the elder to marry her, it was Conrad, the younger, who won favour in her sight. While he was fighting in the Crusades, his father caused the Castle of Liebenstein to be built in honour of

his return, and scarcely was it finished when the old man died. It was an extremely angry elder brother who heard that Conrad had married a beautiful Greek woman. Upon their return, the brothers met in a fierce duel, the elder fighting on behalf of Angela against her faithless lover. The girl, however, intervened when he had been wounded, and they returned to their own castles. Shortly afterwards a high wall was built up between them, and Angela ended her life in a convent. To this day the legend of the "Hostile Brothers" is told in that district.

Passing Boppard, where six valleys meet, we come to Stolzenfels, which, originally built in 1244 and destroyed in 1689, was rebuilt in the nineteenth century by King Frederick William the Fourth. Almost directly opposite stands Burg Lahneck where the last Knights-Templar died while defending the castle.

The first large town at which we arrive is Koblenz, where the Rhine is joined by the Mosel. The town is overlooked by the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein on the other bank of the Rhine.

During the next few miles up the river, we pass many other castles perched high above the water: Hammerstein, which once provided a refuge for the Emperor Henry IV.; Rheineck, which was already known in the eleventh century; Arenfels, with a window for each day of the year; Ockenfels, high above the town of Linz; these all show us how fierce was the rivalry among the knights of the Middle Ages.

Behind Erpel rises the Erpeler Lay. This steep, basaltic cliff is extremely picturesque and greatly beautifies the landscape. A little farther on is the Hohenhonnef, a sanatorium for lung diseases. This building, standing high above Bad Honnef, resembles a palace.

As we pass the mighty Drachenfels, we shudder at the thought of the dragon which is supposed to have had its abode near there. The legend tells how a Christian maiden, captured by the heathen tribes which dwelt in that vicinity, was tied to a tree on the top of this cliff as a sacrifice to the dragon. But, when the beast approached, the girl tore off her crucifix and pointed it at the creature. To the amazement and horror of those watching, the dragon was seized by a sudden trembling and fell over into the river, and the

maiden's bonds broke. As a result of this, these heathens became Christians and lived peaceably near the hill for many years.

Another story is told of the nearby monastery of Heisterbach. One day, a young monk, who had been seriously troubled by doubts which kept assailing him, wandered out of the grounds. After walking for some time he became tired and lay down to rest, but even in his dreams he was disturbed by the thought that a thousand ages seem only as a day in God's sight. When he awoke, it was to hear the bell ringing for Vespers. Hastening back to the monastery, he found to his astonishment that he did not know any of the monks. The Prior, questioning him, said that the people of whom he spoke had been dead for three hundred years. Immediately, the monk's face became completely white, his hair faded in colour, and shortly afterwards he died, exhorting his comrades not to doubt what they were taught.

Our next principal town is Bonn, the temporary federal capital. It is chiefly famous for its University, founded in 1818. The palace here was once the residence of the Electors of Cologne. Other famous buildings include the Minster, with its great central

tower, and the Church of the Kreuzberg, a place of pilgrimage. From Bonn to Cologne runs one of the well-known roads for which Germany is famous. This "Autostrasse" is a boon to travellers, for there is a section upon which one can travel if one is in a hurry, and another part allows those who wish to enjoy the scenery, to go as slowly as they feel inclined without an irate vanman hooting at their tails. Near the river, on this road, stands Brühl, a garden-town. The Rococo Castle of the Elector Clemens August is now the representation house of the Federal President.

At last we arrive at Cologne, dominated by the twin spires of the Cathedral in which are preserved the remains of the Three Holy Kings, and which is Germany's sublime architectural masterpiece. This building received slight bomb damage during World War II, and restoration work is making rapid progress.

And so we leave the Rhine. We may or may not have learned anything to benefit us greatly, but we cannot help being impressed by its wealth of legends and its great castles, for who can resist such tales of beauty and valour?

HELEN S. THOMSON, F. V.

Paul Klee (1879 - 1940)

"Come on, Man! Appreciate this holiday freedom which enables you for once to change your point of view as well as the air and let yourself be carried into a world which, by diverting you, will give you strength for the inevitable return into the greyness of the working day."

These are the words of Paul Klee, now gradually being given his place as one of the greatest of the modern painters. To him painting was his passport to a carefree and joyful experience, and he wanted others to enjoy it in a like spirit. By going with him, he says, we can reach a position from which we could have a completely new outlook. We must do so, for the objects in Klee's paintings were seen only with the eye of his imagination, since his animals and people are suggestive and evocative symbols rather than faithful representations. We cannot appreciate his paintings, or much of the painting done today, if we are concerned

only with external appearances. Those whose only concern is with external appearances often ask the questions, Why Modern Art? Why the return to the primitive? To the seeker after realism the paintings of today may seem unnaturally coloured, lacking in drawing and perspective, and possibly quite meaningless. If, however, we are willing to follow Klee into this world of his own creation we, also, must see with the eye of the imagination.

This "eye of imagination" was the artistic creed of Wassily Kandinsky and Franz Marc with whom Klee became associated in "The Blue Rider" group which was formed in Munich in the year 1911.

Klee had come from Münchenbuchsee, a village near Berne, where he was born in 1879, to study art in Munich, and was much attracted to the work of these two painters. Kandinsky was the first completely abstract painter. In his own words, "a painting should be the fruit of intuitive imagination, entirely

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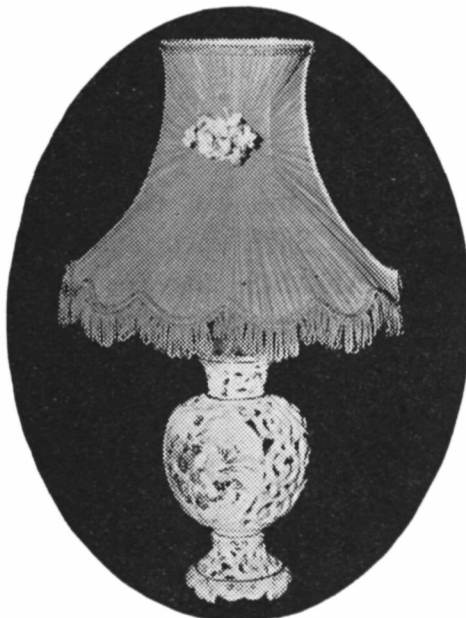


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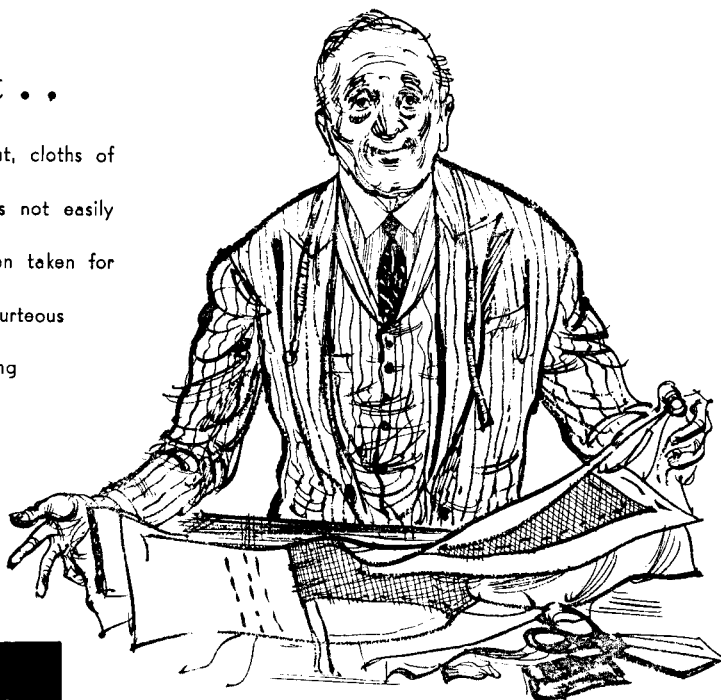
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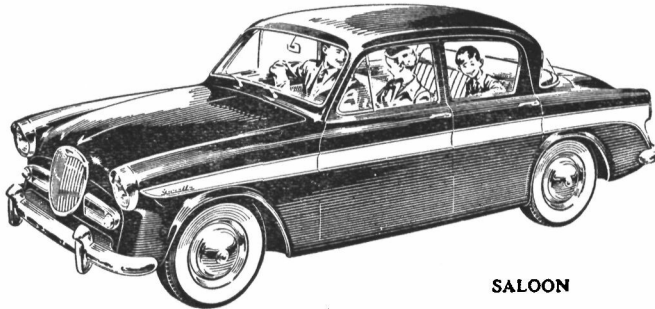
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free from all external realities and so exclusively directed to the feelings."

Van Gogh is called an Expressionist painter because he tried to express his emotions through his paintings, which he did by exaggerating or changing natural forms and colours. Kandinsky went one step further, and he has been called an Abstract Expressionist because he tried to express a mood or emotion by shapes and colour without reference to natural forms at all. He likened this process to the composition of music and called his paintings "Improvisations" and "Spiritual Harmonies."

Klee found himself in agreement with Kandinsky's theories on the relationship of music and painting and to him music was a necessity. He grew up in a musical environment since both his parents were interested in music, his father's profession being that of music teacher and organist. With this background, he developed into a very fine musician himself, and, for a long time, was doubtful whether he should adopt a musical or an artistic career. Although deciding to be a painter, he did not forsake music, but continued to play his violin, and in his paintings he gave thought to the balance, variation and repetition of shapes and colours, as the musician does with sound, achieving in the end an abstract harmony that had only an incidental reference to the outside world.

Kandinsky and Klee thought along the same lines up to this point, but Kandinsky became entirely abstract while Klee based all his symbols upon observation. He filled his studio with curious and beautiful natural objects which he studied, and later transformed in his drawings and paintings. Many of his creations have this mysterious quality of a "dual image," seen first, perhaps, as an abstract shape and then coming to life and seen as an allusion to some living organism, and the abstract shape, far from being meaningless, takes on a new meaning.

The artists of the Blue Rider group (named after a painting of Kandinsky's) explored their new abstract world and followed the French cubists in discarding linear perspective. Our bodily eye shows us the image of a road narrowing as it recedes, but our intelligence tells us that the width of a perfectly straight road remains constant, so we may say that

our eyes deceive us and perspective is an optical illusion.

Instead of creating space by means of this illusion, Picasso and Braque sought to create, not only space, but volume, by superimposing upon one another facets and planes suggestive of cubes. Klee could not be described as belonging to the Cubist School, but its influence is apparent, particularly in those of his paintings which appear at first sight to be no more than a flat pattern of coloured squares; here it is colour that is used to create a new perspective.

In this Klee was influenced by Robert Delaunay, who was a revolutionary, and said of his paintings, "Colour alone is the subject and form." He created depth by the subtle juxtaposition of colours and tones. His paintings of the Eiffel Tower, for instance, show not the brown paint and rusty metal, but a glorious creation of luminous scarlet, soaring into a sky whose colour graduates in a most unnatural manner from pale grey-blue to deep Prussian blue. Here Delaunay was using colour in an expressive, not a descriptive, manner. The same experiments were carried into drawing, by many painters, amongst whom were Picasso and Franz Marc, distorting natural form for expressive rather than descriptive ends.

These are two entirely different artistic viewpoints. One may be called expressive painting and is concerned with the expression of emotions and ideas by the use of symbols, that is, shapes and colours which represent ideas. The other may be called descriptive painting and is concerned with visual images.

Klee, of course, had a symbolist's way of thinking, and though he absorbed many influences, he revealed himself as an artist of great sincerity, always preserving his own way of seeing things. He started in the humblest way with small drawings and etchings, experimenting with all types of media, many of his own invention. For many years Klee felt no urge to use colour, but showed great originality and invention in his black and white drawings, even reversing the usual process and scratching a white line on a blackened sheet of glass. When, at last, about 1914, Klee did launch into colour, it was wonderfully expressive of mood and emotion.

Though words come easily in describing the influences on Klee, his paintings cannot

be adequately described in words; but it is possible to see them in reproduction in the many books recently published. The scale of his works is small, and though all his paintings and drawings, while based on objects or scenes of his own observation, explore his own fantastic world, they differ very much in technique and in colour. His drawings are often very witty and humorous, and have carefully studied linear patterns. His paintings are full of colour, sometimes applied in small squares, the objects being outlined in a continuous line as in *Steamer and Sailing Boats at Sun-*

set. In other paintings the shapes are clearly defined and recognisable as natural forms, as in *Landscape with Yellow Birds*. He often uses geometric shapes in his more abstract compositions, for instance, in *Starbound*.

Klee is, perhaps, not an easy artist to understand, and a spectator may question why he should be interested in the workings of some painter's wild imagination. There is no reason why he should, but by looking, keeping an open mind and trying to understand, he may catch the enthusiasm of the painter and find great delight in his new creations.

The Hellenes

A diminutive vase with a fading imitation rose, a crucifix, pictures of the Virgin Mary and of two of the latest screen heart-throbs — these, it seems, are necessary companions for all Greek bus-drivers. A little experience of Greek roads demonstrates the reason for the religious objects. Driving along the edge of a precipice in a series of elaborate zig-zags to avoid cavernous pot-holes is enough to appal even the stoutest-hearted. And one of the main memories I have of Greece is of a number of those fearful, spine-shattering journeys, where an average of fifteen miles an hour represented superb driving.

This memory, with that of the heat, and the dusty, rocky, burnt-red landscape, tends to efface even the beauty of the ruins (some of which, I suspect, are more attractive now than they were in antiquity). But the main impression one receives of Greece is not of a land with a glorious past, but of a country with a somewhat insecure present and dubious future. Thus it is about modern Greece, and the modern Greeks that I am going to write, telling you simply how they appeared to me on a first and rather brief acquaintance.

A recent writer has called the Greeks "happy extroverts." Extroverts they certainly are. The Greeks are not given to profound heart-searchings on any topics. They take life as it comes, without asking any questions. They are exuberantly plain and direct in their relations with other people. Most of their life is lived in public, at the innumerable cafés where they sit for hours over Turkish coffee and "ouzo" — the men, that is, while the women stay at home and work. For strangers

is reserved their greatest friendliness. They will accost you in the street to ask you where you come from. Where have you been in Greece? Are you enjoying your visit? Ask a direction of one of them, and he has soon convened a small discussion group, who proceed to cross-examine you, in every language they can muster, as to your country of origin, your father's employment, and anything else that comes into their heads. A silent Greek is a rare animal. Conversations carried on by people at the opposite ends of buses are the rule rather than the exception.

But are they happy? For the majority, I doubt it. There is a difference between gaiety and happiness. The Greeks have a certain surface air of enjoyment of life and high spirits, but for many of them life is a sore struggle. Much of the country is barren. Crops tend to be small and hard-won (apart from the ever-fruitful vine and olive). Many of the country people are poverty-stricken. There is little major industry; even in it wages are low. Only the office-workers, the educated and upper classes are comfortable. This is exemplified in Athens. Just east of the main square, Syntagma, one enters the pleasant residential and diplomatic district of Kolonaki. A few hundred yards west of it you find the Plaka, the native quarter, as it were. The old town, close-packed and tumbledown, not so very much different, I feel, from what it was two thousand years ago.

It is this contrast between wealth and poverty, not that between ancient and modern, that struck me in Athens. The ancient monuments by no means dominate the city,

and it is possible to walk through most of it without ever seeing the Acropolis. But the poverty does lurk behind the smart shops and first-class hotels, where one sees the rich Greeks, paradoxically less happy looking than their unfortunate fellow-countrymen. But they simply reflect a more sophisticated level of life, imitated from that of Britain and, mainly, America. They resemble their countrymen, however, in their readiness to burst into angry dispute at the slightest provocation, and in their business acumen (a quality for which some have other and less polite names). But it is they who work in beautiful air-conditioned offices, and drive about in large American automobiles, their tyres screeching at every corner. The other half sell their wares from open-fronted shops, each trade concentrated in a few contiguous streets, following ancient custom.

Thus it is that the great mass of the Greeks do not seem to me to be really happy. They are willing to struggle, as they have struggled for centuries, and occasionally they throw off their cares in communal gaiety. But behind the light-hearted facade there is a certain emptiness, just as behind the white-washed walls of their houses there is dirt and squalor. So it is that the great ambition is to go to America and make good. The local boy

who has done this almost always comes back to help his family with the new-found wealth. But for most people dreams are unfulfilled and they carry on the struggle which their ancestors waged so long, oppressed by foreign rulers and civil strife. Now they have only themselves to fight, and they are making great progress. But so much has yet to be done that the old sense of insecurity lingers on, and this, allied to the excitable natural temperament of the race, breaks out every so often in desultory rioting. This is really a kind of national sport and has a cathartic effect on the political passions.

But, for all this, the Greeks are not so far different from ourselves. The memories one really brings home are of their open-armed welcome, their ebullience, and also a true depth of feeling. Could we in Britain assemble twelve thousand people to watch a performance of a great tragedy? Could we run a season of Shakespeare lasting two months and attract several thousand people to each performance? I think not. But it is we who think ourselves superior and the Greeks inferior. Juvenal's *Graeculus esuriens* is still the view of many, but only of those who have never been in Greece.

J.R.G.W.

Scandinavian Holiday

During the summer holidays I had the very good fortune to be a member of the Round Table party going on an exchange trip to Denmark. There were two other High School pupils in this party—Gordon Ritchie and Joy Wainwright. We soon discovered that one of the Hawick contingent, Finlay McLaren, was coming to the High School the following term as his father was taking over a farm near Carnoustie. This made the D.H.S. party four-strong, but we quickly made new friends and, soon after leaving Edinburgh on the *Elizabethan*, we had settled down to a game of cards.

When we arrived at Newcastle, we were met by a Round Tabler from Durham who told us he, too, was going to Denmark and was in charge of us during the voyage.

After going through all the customs formalities, we were soon on board the motor vessel *Parkston*, where we were shown to our

cabins. Most of the party were in one big cabin—the “tween decks”—but Gordon Ritchie and I were fortunate in sharing a second-class one. We went below for lunch and, as it was a Danish ship, we had our first sample of Danish food. I thought it was good, and, as I am notoriously “fussy” about food, in my own family, at least, that is quite a compliment.

Lunch over, we decided to go on deck once more, only to see the British coast-line slowly descending the horizon. It was then raining (a truly British habit) but, almost as soon as we lost sight of Britain, it cleared up into a beautiful afternoon. Although most of the voyage was very rough, and most of us were seasick, our crossing passed without mishap.

We reached Esbjerg, on the west Jutland coast, some twenty-five hours after leaving

Newcastle, and after "au revours" to all our friends — British and Danish alike — we each set out with our particular hosts and hostesses.

I motored from the port to Kolding, where I thought I was to be staying, but my host told me that, owing to the limited space in his flat, his stepson, Michael, and I would be staying at Michael's grandfather's "hoved-gard" (farm). After telling me that the hoved-gard was near Jyderup, in Zealand, and the journey was over land for 100 miles and sea for 145 miles, my host asked me if I would like to cycle there. As I enjoy cycling, and had been told that Denmark was a very flat country, I was delighted at the prospect. So, the next morning, Michael procured a bicycle for me and in the afternoon we set out on the first stage of our "trans-Denmark Expedition."

That afternoon we cycled from Kolding to Stensballe, a small town on the outskirts of Horsens. We passed through Fredericia, near which we saw the Lillebaeltsbroen (Little Belt Bridge) which connects Jutland with the island of Fünen, and through Vejle, near which there is the famous Danish holiday resort of Munkebjerg. These are the most beautiful and largest of the many towns on the Kolding-Horsens route. We put up for the night at the house of Count Scholten, Michael's uncle. This was the first time I had been in a nobleman's dwelling-place and I was greatly impressed by the vastness of the mansion and all the servants scurrying about. I must tell you, however, that there are a great many more Counts and the like in Denmark than in our own country, because in Denmark each of a Count's or Viscount's sons assumes the title, not just the eldest son as in Britain. We had a most excellent five-course dinner (drinking champagne, of course), but, as we had an early start the following morning, we went straight to bed after dinner.

In the morning we left the Count's mansion at seven o'clock and set out for Arhus where we were to get a boat for Kalundborg. To my dismay, instead of the very flat roads I expected, the route to Arhus was one switch-back after another and only when we were within sight of the city did the road flatten out. About halfway between Horsens and Arhus we saw the Ejer Bavnehøj, one of the highest hills in Denmark (561 feet), on which

there is a tower commanding a wide view of the surrounding countryside.

From Arhus we sailed in the motor vessel *Kalundborg* to Kalundborg, a voyage of 4½ hours, making one stop, at the island of Samsø. After a good rest on the ship, we were ready to continue our cycling trip — the last stage now — to Jyderup. This time we had a companion—a German student whom we had met on the ship. I practised my French on him, and we understood each other — just!

On our way to Jyderup, I was very interested to see, at Farevejle Church, the mummy of our own James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, who died there in 1578. Soon we reached Jyderup, left our German friend, and our journey was completed! Michael's grandfather, a retired Colonel of the Royal Danish Hussar Guards, was, like most of the Danes I met, most hospitable and kind, and also spoke very good English.

During my stay at the farm (I was there for a week) I found life was much the same as on a Scottish farm. One day, though, during that week, Michael and I went by bus to Kalundborg. There we were shown round the Danok Svovlsyre and Supersposphat Fabrik factory, and I was told that it is the largest rayon factory in Northern Europe.

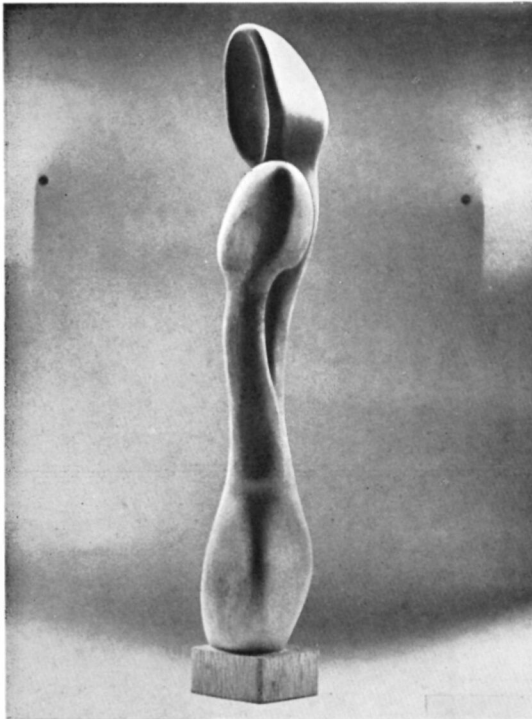
I visited also the famous five-steepled Kalundborg Church of Our Lady. From the architectural point of view this church is without parallel. The base plan is the old Grecian cross, but the idea of the five massive connecting steeples is bold and very grand. The middle and highest one is to Our Lady. It is 144 feet high. The other four bear the names of St. Anne, St. Catherine, St. Mary Magdalen and St. Gertrud. The interior was restored some years ago to its original state, and the centre part is most striking with its four high columns and trapeze capitals, bearing broad semi-circular arches. The gilt altarpiece, which is very richly carved, was bequeathed by a nobleman in 1650 and the christening font dates back to the time when the church was built—1170. After visiting that lovely church, we made our way homewards, passing on the way the huge radio and television transmitters. Kalundborg is the main long-wave transmitter in Denmark.

After a most enjoyable week on the farm, Michael and I said goodbye to the Colonel and boarded the train for Copenhagen

MODELS BY T. S. HALLIDAY, D.A., F.I.A.L., F.R.S.A.



STAG. Presented to Her Majesty the Queen by the people of Newport



FLOWER FORM. Photograph by Norman Brown & Co. Selected by the Arts Council to tour Britain



D.H.S. CADET. In the Scottish United Services Museum, Edinburgh Castle. A Bronze is in the possession of Major A. Eric Larg, T.D., D.L.

BRIG. J. S. SANDERSON, D.S.O., O.B.E.



Presenting Shooting Medal to Peter J. Murray as
Best Shot in No. 1 Platoon, Junior Company



Photographs by J. D. Brown
Presenting Strathcona Medal to P./Cpl. Iain S.
Stewart

(Kopenhagen in Danish) at Jyderup. The train covered the 60 miles between Jyderup and the capital in two hours (stopping for half an hour at Holbaek, due to a derailment some miles ahead) and we arrived in Copenhagen in the early hours of the evening. From Copenhagen Central Station we went by Diesel to Klampenborg where we were to stay with Michael's aunt.

We went to bed early that evening and rose early the following morning as we were going sightseeing in the city. As on nearly every day of my holiday, it was a glorious morning, so, after breakfast we set out for Copenhagen and soon we were climbing the road inside the famous Round Tower, up which Christian IV. is supposed to have driven his chariot. From the top of this great tower there is a marvellous view of Copenhagen, with its many towers. We passed the beautiful Town Hall on our way to one of Christian IV.'s many castles—Rosenborg. There we saw the treasures and crowns of the royal families from the 15th to the 19th century. Christian IV. was very fond of ivory carvings, and at Rosenborg all kinds of such carvings are to be seen. All round the outside of this lovely 17th-century castle were guards marching with fixed bayonets, and I was able to photograph one of them while he stood to attention in front of his sentry-box. So then to the Grundtvig Church which is a memorial to a Danish Bishop, Grundtvig, a poet, historian and preacher. The unusual architecture of this church was inspired by the lovely simplicity of the Danish village church and the symmetry of a church organ, and it has a striking effect as one looks towards it.

After that wonderful spectacle we had lunch and in the afternoon continued our tour of the city, first visiting Amalienborg, the home of the Danish Royal Family, where we saw the Danish Royal Lifeguards on duty all round the square of buildings. After watching the changing of the guard, we went to see the beautiful fountains of Gefion. These fountains show a fair lady driving three oxen and a plough and there is an interesting story about these statues. It is said that, long ago, a Danish Princess, Gefion, was in love with a Swedish Prince who, in his turn, was in love with Gefion. However, they had a quarrel, and, wishing to gain the Princess's favour again (because, Gefion thought, as women

always do, that she was in the right), the Swedish Prince gave her permission to plough out of Sweden any amount of land and make it Danish. She accepted this offer and that is, so the story goes, how Zealand came into being. If a map is studied, one notices that a lake in Sweden—Lake Värnern, is very similar in shape to Zealand, thus supporting the theory. The Fountains depict that little story. Whether or not it is true I cannot say.

Some yards farther on from the Fountains one can see the Statue of the Little Mermaid—inspired by Hans Christian Andersen's story—poised on a rock at the entrance to Copenhagen harbour. After photographing the Mermaid, we made our way home, but in the evening we visited the fabulous Tivoli Gardens. This is a lovely place, housing terrace restaurants, a concert hall, numerous bandstands, old shady trees, landscaped flower gardens, a pantomime theatre and many popular fair-ground amusements.

The next day we motored north to Elsinore where we visited Hamlet's Castle—Kronborg. This castle commands a marvellous position at the entrance of the Sound between Denmark and Sweden. From olden times it has been partly a royal palace and partly a fortress. It was once famed as the unconquerable castle that forced passing ships to pay a levy to the King of Denmark, but it is now just one of the castles tourists must see. Like most old Danish castles, it has a large courtyard in the centre, and it was there that, until recently, *Hamlet* was performed, each year, by such famous actors as Olivier, Gielgud and Redgrave of Britain; Nilsen, Lindström and Pallin of Scandinavia; and Robert Breen of the U.S.A.

When we went a round tour of the underground dungeons, we came face to face with Holger the Dane. His legend originates from French poems of chivalry and is attached to a historic person, Antchari or Ogier, the Dane, who lived in the 8th century. In Danish folk-songs of the Middle Ages, he is described as an invincible hero. There have been many stories told of him, but the most popular one is from French chronicles which make him a Danish prince who fought Antichrist with fire and sword. This legend has been retold and added to through the generations. Holger has been made a hero concealed in the mountains ready to save Denmark whenever she

might be sore distressed, but now he lies in the casemate of Kronborg determined to come back to the busy world above when he is needed.

After leaving Holger and Kronborg, we crossed the Sound by ferry, and saw Håloingborg Castle which, like Kronborg, defended the Sound, only this time from the Swedish side. We spent the afternoon in Sweden and returned to Copenhagen in the early evening. Late that night I left Michael and his aunt and went by ship from the capital of Denmark to Aalborg, a town the same size as Dundee, in North Jutland. There I stayed with Danish friends whom I had met in this country.

After a week in Aalborg I travelled by

train to Esbjerg where I met all my fellow "Round Tablers," and soon we were cruising across the North Sea on our way back to Britain. The crossing was very calm this time and, within a day, we were back in the United Kingdom. We were very fortunate in not being held up at the customs at Newcastle. A customs officer saw that we were a party of schoolchildren and led us away from the customs area without having our luggage examined.

We left Newcastle at 8 o'clock in the evening and, at 1 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, 23rd August, I arrived in Dundee after a holiday which I shall remember for the rest of my life.

B. NEIL BOWMAN, F. III.

"A Deed without a Name"

"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."—Cadet Report, June, 1958.

It was in June that the rank and file of the contingent first heard of this interesting plan and one afternoon in early June eighteen N.C.O.'s and two cadets were picked from the boys assembled in the senior platoon's hut at Cultybraggan. This group was divided into two parties of ten, which were to cover the same route in opposite directions, under C.S.M. Henderson and R.S.M. Hardie. I am presently going to relate the adventures of the latter's party.

The following morning we were issued with such equipment as was available, namely, bulky sleeping-bags, groundsheets and two large stoves of the "Primus" variety per party. The expected rucksacks had failed to arrive (I have since learned that they are now lying in crates in the company store) and we were offered kitbags, the only useful part of which was the cord with which they were fastened. Moreover, the neatly-packed compositions were missing and we were left to carry such things as bags of potatoes, large tins of beans,

meat, etcetera, open tins of runny jam and, worst of all, eggs.

In spite of these difficulties, our party set off between ten and eleven on the morning of Monday, 8th July, in the direction of Comrie, a ragged crew, wearing a variety of headgear and tattered, badly-fitting denims and carrying our sleeping-bags tied to our backs with rope, rifle slings or strips of blanket. It was no surprise, therefore, when an urchin, almost as badly-clothed as ourselves, ran alongside us at the entrance to Dalginross, crying, "Down with the Army," a sentiment with which some of us were inclined to concur.

About half an hour after leaving the curious stares of Comrie behind, the monotony of slogging along the road to St. Fillans was relieved by the arrival of a large army lorry. A second lieutenant leapt down, introduced himself as Mr Petit, and said that he had come to keep an eye on us. Unfortunately, the vehicle had to return and we gave up all hope of a lift. It seemed to be the hottest day of summer, the heat rising in waves from the hard, metalled road, and we were continually tantalised by the cool waters of the Earn running sun-dappled under dark trees.

It was with relief that, having crossed the Earn, we turned into a grove of trees to have lunch. Lunch took the best part of two hours through no fault of ours: one of our "primitive stoves" had a leaking fuel tank and

L./Cpls. Henderson and Murray had to return to St. Fillans to purchase petrol. Our officer was the only wise person, doubtless having had previous experience of army stoves: he brought his own packed lunch. It was on leaving this spot that half the contents of the tin of jam which I was carrying poured down the back of my neck when I swung my borrowed haversack over my head to put it on, much to my discomfort.

Now there followed a non-stop march of almost five miles along the south side of Loch Earn, during which Major Rothwell drove up in his car, stopping for a few moments to see how we were faring. We stopped by the side of Loch Earn at Ardvorlich to bathe our blistered feet before beginning our climb over Ben Vorlich. As we passed Ardvorlich House, a maid was setting afternoon tea on a table on the lawn and, after going about six hundred feet above the loch on a steep path, we settled by the side of a burn flowing down over the stones and surrounded by birches to have our tea.

The going became harder after this, the path petering out, and Cpl. Adams and Cadet Scott, who had luckily obtained rucksacks and were carrying more supplies, were now lagging behind in spite of their valiant efforts, but Mr Petit stayed behind with them and they arrived at our bivouac only a few minutes behind us. We were thankful when the slope levelled out and we went through a pass under the crags to the east of Ben Vorlich, obtaining from our altitude of seventeen hundred feet above the loch a fine prospect of the Ben Lawers group to the north. Near the top of the pass a spring of very welcome pure water was discovered and we quenched our thirst although it was officially forbidden to drink water when away from camp.

After the discovery of a frog in a bog in the pass and interesting conjectures as to the species of a large bird circling near the summit of Ben Vorlich, we descended speedily into Dubh Choirein where we found C.S.M. Henderson's party who had arrived at six o'clock, about three hours before us. They informed us that the officers had been to investigate their situation, walking up from the road in Glen Artney, and that there was an excellent pool for swimming in the Allt an Dubh Choirein. It was also rumoured that there was a helicopter ready to fly us out

if necessary. Mr Blackley, who had gamely accompanied their party, was lying, exhausted but cheery, in his sleeping-bag.

We at once set to preparing the evening meal, a very large can of beans eaten out of our mugs, and, after washing and drinking our fill from the burn, we lay down in our sleeping-bags around the ruins of the shieling of Dubh Choirein, unable to enter it because of the fine crop of nettles growing within. After discussing the aims of the Scottish Nationalist Party and school life, we fell to watching the stars and the vapour-trail of an aircraft moving slowly across the bluish-black dome of the night sky. As I dropped off to sleep, these lines from *The Lady of the Lake* kept running through my mind:—

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way."

We did not waken in time to see the sunrise, but were wakened by the sounds of C.S.M. Henderson's party preparing to depart and the smell of frying bacon. At this point we had one of our rare disagreements, the Scottish Nationalists, headed by L./Cpl. McLeod, wanting to prepare porridge, while the Sassenach sympathisers wanted to use the remaining fuel in the stoves to prepare ham and eggs, but, a vote being taken, we did not have our porridge. To console us, R.S.M. Hardie and Cpl. Adams displayed excellent culinary abilities in preparing the best ham and eggs I have tasted, in spite of the stove running out of petrol before they had completed their task.

After burning or burying our litter, we set off down Gleann an Dubh Choirein, making such good progress over the fairly level ground that we reached Glen Artney Lodge within an hour. There we met Major Halliday who was going up to Dubh Choirein to inspect the site of our camp for cleanliness. Our feet, which had been comfortable while traversing the soft heather, began to become painful as we went along the metalled road, and, the day being as hot as its predecessor and there being no suitable water around, we became very thirsty. The road seemed to go up for ever and, driven by desperation, we

went to the farm of Mailermore (may its crops be large for ever!) where the farmer's wife gave us a large jug of water from which we replenished our bottles, surrounded by a wondering crowd of young pullets.

At last the road began to go down and, as it was only midday and we had arranged not to enter the camp, which was about two miles away, until three o'clock, we stopped for lunch in the small wooded valley of a stream which rejoiced in the name of Allt Tairbh. Our first action was to tear off our boots and socks and bathe our feet in the cool water, making use of powder provided by Mr Petit.

After lunch, cooked over a wood-fire and including peculiarly-shaped Italian tomatoes, we left on the last lap, our blisters being numbed after the first few painful steps. We had been hearing pipes tuning for some time and, rounding a corner, we saw Pipe-Major Harvey and Pipe L./Cpl. Stewart, who played us into the camp with patriotic airs. We marched past the officers assembled on the lawn of their mess, giving a smart eyes-right and swinging our arm that was not engaged in holding together our equipment, and, passing along the dusty road lined by cadets standing to attention (not for us but for the

regimental march which the pipers were playing), came to a halt in front of our huts.

A few minutes later, to our great surprise, the other party arrived, having come by the longer route. They said that they had marched so quickly that the pipers who met them could not play quickly enough. After relaxing in deliciously cold showers, we went to have our feet, the state of which annoyed the medical officer, treated.

There are many conclusions to be drawn from this experiment: the supplying of proper equipment, especially of rucksacks, would be greatly appreciated; the marching on the roads and not on the hills did the damage to our feet, and it would be more satisfactory in future if the cadets were taken by truck as far as possible, thus allowing for a longer march over the hills; the exercise could successfully be repeated in future years, given dry weather and good leaders, as we had this year. The exercise can reasonably be claimed successful, militarily, because of the almost simultaneous return to camp of the two parties, thanks to the sense and good judgment of their leaders, and, personally, because it taught me to appreciate, among many other things, good comradeship and water.

A.D.W., F. V.

Deutschland Über Alles

This summer, I spent three weeks in Germany, living with a family near Bremen. While I was there, I was most impressed by the amazing rise in prosperity. This led me to wonder whether the old spirit of Prussianism and national aggrandisement (*Deutschland über alles*) had risen with the fortunes of the Federal Republic and whether Germany could involve us in yet another war. Accordingly, I made enquiries while I was in Germany and found Germans very willing to discuss politics, especially German politics, and on returning home, I consulted Bernard Newman's *The Three Germanies*, to find out something of the opinions of people in the "Democratic Republic" of East Germany.

In West Germany the Federal Government of Dr Adenauer has almost fallen over backwards to suppress Prussianism. In the new German army, which is being formed to

take part in NATO, the whole emphasis is on defence and the old German jackboot has undergone a most notable transformation — it has rubber soles! Needless to say, the goose-step is most definitely *out*!

In East Germany, however, there is a very different state of affairs. A favourite German story is of a German Rip van Winkle who slept for some years and woke up to hear military marches, followed by a speech eulogising "the greatest thinker of all time, the creator of all new life, the guardian of the people's happiness." He did not understand that the speaker was referring to Joseph Stalin and not Adolf Hitler!

The puppet government of East Germany has deliberately fostered the German love of smartness and uniform. It might be argued that the East German army is only the counterpart of the West German army, but

there is a great difference in the ideological basis of the two armies. The East German army emphasises "The Fight for Peace" rather than defence, and it should be remembered that "peace" is universal Communist domination. As for such refinements as boots with rubber soles — well, the imperialistic capitalists have a monopoly of rubber!

The army is not, however, the most sinister factor of East German rearmament. That position is reserved for organisations with comparatively innocent names, such as "People's Police," or "Workers' Factory Guards," or "The Free German Youth." Many people would like to know how the police intend to use armoured cars and tanks, and why the Factory Guards need a machine-gun each. The "Free German Youth," which is also armed, is thought by some people to be the most sinister of all. Experience of Nazism showed that armed youth movements were more brutal and obeyed orders more blindly than either the regular army or the police.

The effect of two defeats and the subsequent policy of the Federal Government have succeeded in stamping out Prussianism in West Germany. The Germans have suffered too much from war to be aggressive again for a very long while and the memory of the privation and hardship of 1945-1948, when the mark became almost worthless and thousands starved, will make West Germans above all, a peace-loving country for many years to come. Even in East Germany the government may encourage Prussianism, but the common people, especially those working on the land, feel very much the same as West Germans.

The mania for national aggrandisement is as dead as Prussianism, but it has been replaced by an overwhelming desire for unity. All the government buildings in Bonn are prefabricated and many of them are designed to be taken piecemeal to Berlin and re-erected there when Germany is reunified. Indeed, the only solid political buildings in Bonn are the British and American embassies, which seems to reflect a certain pessimism on the part of their governments. This desire for unity is just as strong in East Germany where even the unpopular Ulbricht is cheered if he mentions reunification, although his conception of the subject is rather different from that of his audience.

To understand the problem of reunification we must go back to 1945. It was suggested in the settlement that Germany should be administered as an economic whole, with a weak central government and local authorities which were to have wide powers so that a strong national policy would be impossible. However, Stalin resolved to keep the part of Germany he had conquered and quickly made it clear that the Russian sector, which had originally been no more than a zone of occupation, was going to be administered as a separate state.

What is more, he proposed to alter the frontiers of Poland, shifting the entire nation westwards. The eastern provinces of Poland were absorbed into Russia, while the area of Germany to the east of the rivers Oder and Neisse was incorporated in Poland. East Prussia, the German province around the port of Königsberg on the Baltic, was divided between Russia and Poland. For the purposes of this alteration, the entire German population of the Oder-Neisse provinces was evacuated and Poles were moved in. The allied leaders, having no particular love of Germany at that time, weakly agreed.

Now that ideas of German unity are beginning to be aired, the Oder-Neisse provinces are going to cause many difficulties. Even assuming that East and West Germany can be united, the Oder-Neisse district will still cause trouble. The Germans maintain that the provinces have always been part of Germany and that their right should not be disputed. The Poles, on the other hand, maintain, with some justification, that the provinces are only just compensation for the unprovoked attack which Germany made on Poland at the beginning of the last war. They can also point out that they have possession of them now and that they mean to stay there since their communications with the outside world depend upon the "Polish Corridor," and more particularly upon their newly-acquired port of Stettin which is in the controversial territory.

This state of affairs presents innumerable possibilities to the Russians. Knowing the overwhelming desire for unity, Mr Krushchev can make several propositions which would be advantageous both to him and to the Germans. For example, if he were to suggest, just before a West German election, that Russia

might be willing to negotiate some settlement of the problem, but that he was not willing to bargain with Adenauer's pro-NATO government, then it is quite possible that Adenauer would lose the election. Russia could then go on to say that, if West Germany abandoned NATO, German reunification would be brought about and the Poles would be ejected from the Oder-Neisse provinces and East Prussia.

It seems to me very unlikely that the Germans would be able to resist such a temptation, for they know quite well that, if they are to regain the Oder-Neisse provinces, they must deal directly with Russia, for Germany is none too popular in Central Europe, and especially in Poland. The resulting recriminations from the West would only succeed in driving the Germans further into the arms of Russia.

Perhaps this danger of Russian domination could be averted by the military neutralisation of Germany. Russia occasionally suggests that all armies of occupation in Germany should be immediately withdrawn. When Russia makes this suggestion again, we should agree. They might not accept, but, if they did, the prospect of a settlement by Russia would have vanished, and I think it unlikely that the East German army would be superior to the West German one.

But such a settlement would not really solve the Oder-Neisse problem, and perhaps the only way of ensuring that they are not the

bone of contention in a further war is to keep Germany divided, because she cannot demand to be given the Oder-Neisse provinces until East and West Germany are united. This may sound a brutal solution, but I am convinced that a divided Germany is more stable than a strong united Germany bent on regaining the Oder-Neisse provinces. The existence of such a Germany would leave Europe open to another partition of Poland between Russia and Germany. Mr Krushchev knew well what he was saying when he declared that Germany could once more be a threat to England and France.

We should have no scruples over thus deliberately preventing unification, because we may be sure that many Germans would have no scruples over exchanging Germany's part in NATO for an alliance with Russia, if unification would result.

I know that my recommendation of a split Germany is out of fashion at present when public opinion is moving in favour of a closer partnership with the Federal Republic, but I am merely suggesting the only policy which seems likely to ensure peace in Europe. Indeed, the failure of all talks between Russia, America and Great Britain on the future of Germany seems to indicate that the governments of those countries are of my opinion. We must not forget those solid-looking embassies in Bonn which seem so pessimistic about the reunification of Germany.

PETER G. MEE, F. VI.

Selima — The Truth at Last

"You talk about poetic licences. That chap Gray should have had his suspended *sine die*." Looking around for a topic for a School Magazine article, I called on my feline friend, Classicus, and for some reason I can't remember, the subject of poetry was mentioned. When I referred quite casually to the poet, T. Gray, Classicus' eyes suddenly exploded into fire and his whiskers quivered like antennae. He looked for all the world like Eisenhower reading Montgomery's Memoirs.

I had seen him like this only twice before: once when somebody said that "Arabia Felix" was another name for the "Arabian Nights," and once when I innocently expressed the

opinion that "all cats are grey in the dark." I know that he was moved by no ordinary emotion and that only by unburdening his soul could he return to his normal purr-laden repose. So to open the flood-gates I said, with a gentleness usually reserved for public-speaking contests, "Pray, tell me, what was amiss with the poet, T. Gray?"

Classicus established himself in a commanding position, his back to the fire, his ears erect, and began his denunciation. "On T. Gray's own confession Selima was a cat of many parts," and he quoted verbatim (and accurately) two stanzas in which Selima is called "demurest of the tabby kind," "pensive," fair of face, snowy of beard, velvet-

pawed, jet-eared and emerald-eyed; in short, a paragon among cats even by the high standards of the 18th century when prize Persians were two a penny and were kept in the back garden to scare sparrows off the onion beds.

"Now," he proceeded, "according to the statement of this T. Gray (which, contrary to all good historical method, has been accepted without substantiation), Selima was fond of fish and, attempting to secure a goldfish from a bowl, fell in and was irrevocably drowned."

At this point Classicus discovered that his tail was scorching, so he put it out of the window to cool off and continued his discourse from the sill. Speaking thence with great emphasis and crystal-clear enunciation, he came to the crux of the matter. "The facts are as follows.

"As you, having been lavishly educated in Eng. Litt., are aware, the soi-disant poet, T. Gray, lived mainly in the country churchyard at Stoke Poges (pop. 2115, early closing Weds.). Nearby stands the mansion house of Stoke Park (open to visitors May-Sept., admission 2/6, children up to 10 years 4 months 5/2), and in the middle of the 18th century a cadet branch of my family held the exalted office of rodent eradicators (not to be confused with onion-bed patrollers) at Stoke Park."

"Don't tell me," I interjected, "that Selima was your grandmother seventeen times removed." This was rash, for Classicus can turn petulant, but unless you chivvy him he is inclined to be unduly circumlocutory, and, though his back arched ominously and his tail came in from the garden, he soon resumed. "Selima," he said, brushing a tear off his left whiskers, "died unwed, so how could she be my grandmother? In fact," he proceeded,

"she was my grandmother eighteen times removed's third and youngest sister, and, by general consent, the handsomest of a handsome family.

"Like most fair young damsels, she was choosy about her food, and it was well known among her friends and relatives that, at the very sight of fish, her young stomach rebelled. So the base motive attributed by this T. Gray is plainly and maliciously false. Furthermore, from her earliest youth she was a great reader of the Diary of S. Pepys, and we still treasure her own copy in which she had underlined the passage in which Pepys says that fish kept in a glass of water will live for ever."

"How then," I asked, "if she disliked fish and believed them to be immortal, did she come to die a fishy death?" Classicus snarled. "In the household at Stoke Park there was a maidservant, a tweenie by status, who suffered from a rare disease known as *felixophobia*. It has, I rejoice to say, since been cured by injections of catmint essence and long residence by sufferers at altitudes of over 22,000 feet. This *felixophobic* maidservant was called Kate." Then, suddenly, he quoted again from the poet, T. Gray:—

"Malignant Fate sat by and smiled."

"Now," he said, "do you perceive the dastardy to which the man had sunk? In the first draft of the poem—which was filched by Selima's young brother and is preserved to this day in the strongroom of our bank—the line in question runs:

"Malignant Kate sat by and smiled."

So, of course, I enquired why the change was made. He was going to tell me when his supper was served. It was fish.

C. LYTHE, F. VI.

Reflections on having one's Photograph taken

Having my photograph taken is a thing which I hate. I have always said that I take a bad photograph, but the usual reply to that is, that the camera doesn't lie. I am sure that a camera must lie, because looking at myself on a photograph and in a mirror are two entirely different things. Looking in a mirror, I have always thought that I was handsome (perhaps I am the only one who thinks so).

but, on peering at my image on a photograph, I often wonder who it is I am looking at.

There are various ways of having one's photograph taken. The worst one is the studio photograph. Having to get all dressed up is a thing I hate. It's all right getting spruced up for a party or a dance, but having to do it all for a photograph seems to me to be a waste of time. "Why can't this ordeal be suffered

in the garden?" I have often asked. There is always an answer to that question, whether it is to send to an uncle whom I have never seen, or it's just a photograph for the album. In the photographer's you are met by a man with a strange smile and long hair down the back of his neck. He seats you on the arm of a chair, and, when you scowl at him, he takes a fit and you have to put on a watery grin or smile, which, anyone must know, is a false one.

The strange thing is that, when you have a passport photograph taken, you smile and then you are told not to smile. Is the photographer ever satisfied?

The best type of photograph is the holiday "snap." Looking back at those gives you a good laugh. After a holiday you come back with about twenty photographs of yourself, all of which are bad. The funniest photographs are those which say, for example, "Baby on the beach at Brighton," and baby sticks his tongue out at the camera. Why can't I take a photograph like that? The best photograph of me (and even then it's not very good) was taken when I was playing cricket in the summer. I was caught unawares and was clean bowled at the same time.

Did I say that was the best photograph? Well, the best one was taken in the summer

when the sunlight got into the camera and all that could be seen was a blank piece of paper.

Another type, which is just as bad as a studio photograph, is a wedding photograph. A picture of the family standing at a church door, with father in his "tails," and mother draped in a fur, looking like an Eskimo, must make a bride turn green when she sees it. Freezing with cold and standing for about ten minutes with a big smile while the cameraman fixes his camera is not a laughing matter. Anyway, he usually catches you when you are not looking. However, there is one consolation. When you see the wedding album everyone else is just as bad (if not worse). A wedding is good fun with all the food and lemonade, but why must it be spoiled by the taking of photographs?

I have dealt with all the main ways of getting one's photograph taken, and I think that people should only take views. I would rather look at a picture, say, of Brighton pier, than at a picture of myself standing on Brighton Pier, but some people insist on taking your picture, even if you warn them that it will spoil their album.

I wonder how I would look on television!

GRANT ELLIOT, F. IV.a

A Visit to Tentsmuir

One day, last Spring, my father and I decided to go to Tentsmuir and watch the wild bird life of that well-known district. It was a cold, gusty day, the type of weather when the birds are hungrily searching for food for their newly-hatched young.

We left home in the car about half-past one and set out along the dusty road to Shanwell Farm, where we left the car. We then began our two-and-a-half-mile walk through the woods to Kinshaldy, which is the name given to a small area of Tentsmuir. This bird reserve is a wilderness of sandy moorland which lies between the Firth of Tay and the Eden mouth. A large part of this area has been covered with forestry plantations, but a wide expanse of the shore has been left in its natural state.

We set out along the wide margin of sand. On the way we visited an ancient wreck, which has been revealed this year by the strong winter winds which have uncovered it from sand. After about a mile, we cut inland to the place where many sea-birds were nesting. We had paid a visit to this spot a few weeks previously, when the eggs had just been laid, and we therefore knew exactly where to look.

One must be very careful when walking through land where there are birds' nests, as at any moment one may step on a hidden nest. I did that very thing! I was walking carefully along, when, suddenly, a bird flew up from beside my feet. I looked in excitement at the ground, and there was a nest so well camouflaged that I could hardly distinguish it from the ground. In it were two tiny babies. The bird was a skylark.

We soon reached the marsh and we waded through freezing cold water, while the seagulls were screaming and wheeling overhead. We came across several nests in which were seagulls' eggs that were not yet hatched. The gulls we saw were mainly Black-headed Gulls.

We were fortunate enough to find a nest with a baby gull in it. It was a lovely, fluffy creature, but obviously its parents were not pleased with us! However, we took a photograph of it sitting in the middle of the nest.

We also remembered having seen an eider ducks' nest and, on locating the spot, we found that, to our disappointment, the young had already gone.

But time was becoming short. We thought

that we had better make for home as a strong wind was gradually coming in from the sea.

Walking back along the shore, we saw several terns' nests. These cannot rightly be called "nests" because they are just tiny holes, scraped away in the sand. Many of these may be seen as the tern makes quite a few of them. The ringed plover also nests here and he lands away from his nest and runs in a round about way towards his hole.

We went home by Rhynd Farm and Shanwell Farm, and collected the car. We arrived home at six o'clock, after having spent a most enjoyable afternoon at Tentsmuir Bird Reserve.

NANCY PATON, F. III.

GEMS

In the earth are millions of tiny, sparkling crystals. These are composed of many different materials, and many are beautifully coloured. This, added to the difficulty in finding them, has made the rarer varieties something for which men have struggled, fought and died. This seems strange, but perhaps it is not so surprising when we think of the trouble nature has taken in making them. Consider the difference between coal and diamonds. These are both fashioned out of carbon. It is almost impossible to change the one into the other, but that is practically what nature did. However, perhaps the strangest thing about gems is the weird beliefs which have grown up around them.

Gems used to be prized, not only because of their beauty and rarity, but because certain properties were attributed to them. Amethysts were supposed to prevent drunkenness, or, at least, the headaches which followed, diamonds to ensure happy marriages, and turquoises to bring good luck, while to emeralds was attributed, besides magical properties, medicinal value. Nero wore emerald eyeglasses to watch the games in the circus.

The Roman soldiers wore the bloodstone, a variety of green jasper flecked with red, because they believed it could prevent a wound from bleeding badly. They also believed that wearing a diamond on the left arm made them brave and daring. In the Middle Ages, the diamond was worn for pro-

tection against the Plague. Thus gemstones were commonly considered important talismans. On the other hand, however, one belief was that large diamonds worn as ornaments attracted disaster.

Gems have long been used in connection with religion, too. It is fairly well known that the High Priest of the ancient Hebrews wore a breastplate with twelve different gems in it, and tradition has assigned a precious stone to each of the Twelve Apostles. The sapphire was long venerated by the Jews, and was said to have been set in King Solomon's rings. It was customary in the Orient for people to load their gods with jewellery, thickly studded with gems, and Indian rajahs placed their rubies in temples, so that the gods might keep them safe from theft.

In Ancient Egypt, people had their jewels buried with them for use in the next life, and were particularly fond of fashioning gems into the shape of the scarab, or sacred beetle. One scarab was placed on the chest of a dead person, along with a prayer for his protection on the Day of Judgment, while another was placed under the coffin as a symbol of immortality, so that no fiend could harm the dead as he passed through the underworld.

A bishop's ring was the sign of his dignity and authority. It was presented to him in solemn ritual and broken when he died. Church dignitaries still wear elaborate rings,

and the Pope today always wears an amethyst one.

Today, however, most of the ancient superstitions concerning gems are dead in the Western World. Precious stones are now put to far greater use than ever before, in industry. The diamond is probably the most extensively used. Because of its great hardness it is used as a tip for tools in nearly all engineering processes. Thin wire is made by drawing it through tiny holes in diamonds. Diamonds have, of course, to be used in drilling those holes. Giant saws for stone-cutting have diamond-tipped teeth, and drills for boring deep into the earth have diamond bits, or tips. A rather less spectacular and rather unpopular use of diamonds is in the dentist's drill.

Rubies and sapphires are also used in industry. Because of the great cost of natural ones these must be produced artificially in laboratories. Agate is used for precision weighing. All this is a far cry from the burial rites of the Ancient Egyptians.

GEORGE C. DUKE, F. III.

MID - TERM BLUES

If you're late and miss prayers,
Taken up the front stairs,
And your name's taken down in a book,
And your homework's not done,
And your pen starts to run,
Be careful, read on now, and look.

If Pythagoras bores you
And Latin prose gores you,
If offered a "cog" you refuse;
At once be on guard,
Yes, it may be quite hard
To admit you've caught "mid-term blues!"

This illness is catching,
Its germs now are hatching
In the minds of the friends you once knew;
And soon they'll be wailing,
Their faces all paling
From an illness much worse than the 'flu.

No one yet knows
How this dread illness grows,
Though they're working on it in London.
They're all very weary
Trying to prove a strange theory
Suggested by Sir Stanford Runden.

This great man suggests
That the bugs (nasty pests!)
Are acquired when the victim needs work;
To make holidays fewer
Seems to be the right cure,
And to see that no homework you shirk.

So if YOU wish to lose
The mid-term blues,
Just work with a will, if you can;
Then they will soon leave you,
Your friends will receive you
And swear you're a different man.

N.R., F. III.

BUBBLE, BUBBLE, HOOP AND TROUBLE!

Today is not, as you may think, the era of Atomic Energy, but, instead, it is the era of "Bubble" cars and Hula hoops. A most comic situation arises when you try to fit one into the other — *not*, as some witty person suggested, fit the "Bubble" car into the Hula hoop!

As you know, a "Bubble" car is by no means an easy machine to get in and out of, and, when one tries to take home a Hula hoop in it, it becomes practically impossible. If there is a passenger, the situation is solved by the passenger fitting the hoop round his or her neck, thus letting the rest of the hoop lie motionless on the shelf behind. It is when there is no passenger, however, that the trouble starts. In vain the driver attempts to sit on it, trying to keep it upright, but the "thing" persists in falling over the poor victim's head, thus preventing him or her from driving. It is useless to prop it up where the passenger would have been sitting as it rolls from side to side, bumping its nasty, round circumference against the driver's head. The only solution, therefore, is to prop it up behind you at an angle whereby the hoop will not encircle your head again.

Having been a participant in this comic affair, I strongly advise no one to take a Hula hoop home by "Bubble" car. It is bad enough to cause chaos in a bus by letting the "thing" loose so that it practically bowls the passengers off their feet, but in a "Bubble" car it almost strangles you!

E.W.

SIR OLIVER'S RETURN

Sir Oliver rose from the tomb
And went to haunt his castle,
Leaving his head in its earthen bed,
Wrapped up in a brown paper parcel.

Reaching the gates of his family home,
He glided up the drive.
"Keep off the Grass," a notice said.
Sir Oliver complied.

He floated in at a window
And wandered thro' the hall,
Past suits of armour, shining bright,
Past pennons, lofty, tall.

He glided to the kitchen,
The banquet hall was laid.
A hand fell on his shoulder,
"Hey, mate, you haven't paid!"

Sir Oliver turned slowly round.
He felt rather annoyed.
"Now, who are you, my little man?"
"Why, me! I am the guide.

"You haven't paid, my naughty lad,
But, if you're really willing,
I'll show you round this mighty house,
If you pay me a shilling."

Sir Olly stared; he turned white,
In fact, white as a ghost.
He then let out a ghoulisn groan
(It was his very lowest).

"And, if you've indigestion, sir,"
The little guide then said,
"I'll show you Queen Anne's chamber;
You can lie down in the bed."

Sir Olly went up to the room;
He really was "dead" beat.
He lay on top the royal bed
And soon was fast asleep.

The cockerel crew. Sir Olly woke.
He'd better go away.
'Twas time for spirits to depart,
Because 'twould soon be day.

He left the house, went to his grave,
Jumped in, replaced the sods,
Continued his eternal sleep
Till summoned by the Gods.

R.I.P.

N.R. F. III.

MY EFFORTS TO BECOME A BERRYPICKER

Last Easter I decided that I should like to become a berrypicker in the following summer holidays. I wrote to Mylnfield — the Horticultural Research Institute at Invergowrie — asking to be placed on the berrypickers' list for 1958.

Approximately a week later, I was informed that my name had been placed on that list and that I would be told when I was wanted during the summer.

By the time the first week of the holidays had passed, I realised that I had not been sent for and, feeling slightly put out, I set off one afternoon intending to find out why I had not been sent for. After cycling the four miles to Mylnfield, I found myself outside a long, low, white building. In front of this building was a notice which read: "Berrypickers please register here on first day."

I left my bicycle against a wall and ventured into this building. I was confronted by a room full of typists and one of these typists asked me what I wanted. I was told to go back on the following Wednesday — two days later — and being thus dismissed, I prepared to cycle the four miles again. Eight miles in one hour was just a little too much for me! However, when I eventually reached home, I had made up my mind to return on the Wednesday. Eight forty-five on Wednesday morning found me wobbling past a tractor — and nearly hitting a wall — in the hopes of being accepted as a picker. I'm afraid Wednesday was not my lucky day because, after I had joined a long queue and was nearing the office door, a figure slipped out of the office and said: "Sorry, no more pickers today — come back on Friday."

Rather annoyed, I arrived home at nine-thirty a.m. — after having eaten my lunch on the way — and presented myself to my mother. I told her that I was going back on the Friday and she smiled and said: "Never mind. All the cycling will keep you slim." It did.

Thinking that at least I would have a sylph-like figure, I joined another queue outside the same office on Friday. This time I was accepted. I was given a card with a number on it and informed that I would be expected to show my card and give in my number at

the start of each morning and afternoon's work.

Having succeeded in being registered, I had no more worries and thoroughly enjoyed my "holiday." I, along with many others, worked a seven-hour day for five days a week throughout the summer holidays, earning a considerable amount of money and making several new friends.

In spite of all the bother to become a registered picker, I intend to repeat my "holiday," even if I am slim enough now.

ANON, F. III.

A BOY'S SONG

Up the jolly High Street,
On to Euclid Cresc.
We're afraid to go on farther!
We haven't done our less'!

Into Mr ——'s.
"Good morning, boys. God bless!
Rub out these ghastly figures!
That book's one awful mess!"

Soon we go to Latin,
Mr ——'s out to stress,
A point we've all forgotten.
What was it? — Ah! "navés."

To French with Mr ——
"Toujours" we onward press,
Our "le's" and "la's" and "qu'est-ce
qu'ilya's,"
We practise with finesse.

Our life's one hectic struggle,
But we shall let you guess.
Is life worth living at the High?
The answer *must* be "Yes."

RAMSAY KING, F. I.

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL MINT

During the Easter holidays, which I spent in London, I found that one of the most interesting places I visited was the Royal Mint. I should like to tell you about this visit.

A permit is required to allow you through the Police Gate, and once you pass through, you are taken to the Furnace Room where, as you can imagine, the heat is overpowering. Here the metals are melted down and poured into moulds, and are passed through seven roller presses, in order to reduce them to their

proper thickness. They are now taken to the cutting machines, and a steady stream of blanks, as they are referred to, comes pouring out from a chute in the bottom of the machine. The blanks, as the name implies, are coins without markings on either side, or milling round the edge. The blanks are taken to be washed and dried by hot air. They are then inspected for the first time and any with flaws rejected. The blanks are now fed into the stamping machine from which they emerge as completed coins. Another check is now made and any with flaws are discarded. The coins then reach the counting machines which fill each bag with the required number.

We have now reached the final stage of our tour as we follow the bags of coins to the Dispatch Room where they are prepared for sending to banks in this and many other countries.

I should mention that the Royal Mint makes coins for a number of foreign countries and most of the medals presented by the Queen.

To any one who is contemplating a visit to London, I would recommend a visit to the Royal Mint on Tower Hill.

STANDING ROOM ONLY!

Having only joined this school at the beginning of the session, I was anxious to resemble an experienced traveller on my daily journeys to and from Broughty Ferry in a bus. The first few days passed peacefully enough (my air of sophistication put to no great test) but, on that fateful Tuesday, the bus was crowded and I had to stand. The driver seemed to take a malicious delight in lurching his vehicle violently round the corners, just at the point when I had gained enough confidence to relax my hold on the pole which I had been clutching grimly. Time and time again I was thrown bodily across the bus, while my fellow-passengers looked on with superior amusement.

Embarrassed and humiliated in the extreme, I alighted at Shore Terrace, having a new respect for those calm and collected people who stand serenely on the deck, swaying in perfect harmony with the movements of the bus!

HAROLD TAYLOR, F. I.

Round the Forms

FORM I. report that, having now found their way round the complicated geography of the Senior School, they have settled down to the ignominy of being the youngest, instead of the oldest, class in their part of the School. They miss a few familiar faces and welcome newcomers. In hockey, they lost narrowly to a Form II. team. — JEAN BAIRD.

FORM II. have also been active in hockey. The First team defeated Morgan at home and Bell-Baxter away, but lost to Perth Academy. They have high hopes for their match against Morrison's Academy. Signs of panic have been detected among the Guides who are due to sit their First Class shortly. The Form has lost a few members, but has re-acquired a former pupil. Whilst expressing their regret at Miss Stevenson's illness, they are relieved that Miss Henderson escaped certain death when a hockey ball just missed her head. — VALERIE HENDRY.

FORM III. report an eventful term. In Geography, they learned that, if we did not have Latitude and Longitude we should not know whether we were in the Sahara or at the North Pole. When told that the farther east one goes the less important women become, and the farther west the more important, they posed the so far unanswered question: "If one person goes east, and another west, what happens when they meet?" — KATHLEEN THOMSON.

FORM IV. report a few alterations in their membership, and a full list of their form officials. Two of their members, Heather Davidson and Catherine Duncan, are House Captains, and Judith Leslie is treasurer and secretary of the Hockey Club. The form has been very active in extra-curricular activities. Miss Kinnison's Ballroom Dancing Classes on Thursday are greatly enjoyed. On the return journey from the Old Vic performance of *Twelfth Night* in Edinburgh, members of the form who study German struck up an immediate acquaintanceship with a party of German students. Especially after seeing a film about Switzerland, several members decided to join the excursion which is being planned for the Easter holidays, though some dissension is reported over the appropriate costume to be worn. The form have great

hopes of successes in the Public-Speaking competition. — VALERIE WINSOR, SHEILA REID.

FORM V. — Prior to the recommencement of school after the summer holidays, a party from the School attended a performance of *Twelfth Night*, by the Old Vic Company, at the Edinburgh Festival. As we congregated at the station, each person casting envious glances at M——'s new shoes, at N——'s suede jacket, and at P——'s suit, we exchanged the usual complimentary greetings and chatted of holiday activities. When we finally left Dundee, some members were left standing in the corridor, and, in spite of the generosity of their comrades, who squeezed up to allow more space, two were left homeless. As the train was crowded and many people were trying to edge their way past, these two wanderers began to become desperate. Members of staff kindly offered to find accommodation, but our friends replied that they did not mind standing. Eventually, Form VI., in the kindness of their hearts, opened their arms to them, and they finished the journey with nine in the compartment.

On arriving in Edinburgh, we found that our train had been running late, and, in spite of hurrying, the party had to split up and find seats where they could. This, however, did nothing to spoil our enjoyment. The performance was perfect in every way, and at least one member of the party vowed never to miss another festival.

After hastening to the "Wee Windaes Restaurant" for tea, which we enjoyed very much, we started back for the train. Some highly intelligent member of the party decided that she knew of a short cut, and we set off gaily on our way. Unfortunately, the members of staff did not appear to agree with our route, and there was a slight consternation at the station when it was found that they hadn't arrived! In time, however, they appeared, having come by the more orthodox way.

When the train arrived, there was a rush for seats. The members of the party who had been outcast before made sure that this time they would be more comfortable. Judging by the reports, the majority of the people had a very pleasant journey back, and one

or two interesting incidents took place. On the whole, we were rather sorry when we arrived back in Dundee.

School! After eight weeks of blissful leisure we found it rather hard to come back down to earth and work. Not even meeting old friends could dispel the gloomy cloud which hovered round our heads like the sword of Damocles—this year it is our turn! Before the next issue of the Magazine is produced, our fate will have been decided! "To fail, or not to fail," as one of our friends so kindly put it. "They" are speaking of abolishing qualifying examinations; "they" have almost abolished Junior Leavings Examinations; will "they" ever think of abolishing the "Highers?" Ah, well! That will not be this year at any rate, so we must just "grin and bear it" and keep our noses to the grindstone

The fact that our term exams. have been earlier this year has only made us work harder (?). No more do we sit gazing idly into space, chewing the end of a pencil. Now, we concentrate completely on the work in hand. The plumper members of the class moan out: "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" while the Classics enthusiasts breathe, "Dum spiro, spero!" Nothing distracts our attention. Nevertheless, while inwardly digesting the "Theory of Quadratics" (and giving ourselves slight pangs of indigestion in the process!) we cannot help thinking of the new dresses we shall wear to the School Dance and whom we shall invite to partner us at the Young People's Ball.

To take our minds off this hard work, a selection of us have joined the Dramatic Society. At one of the first meetings, we discovered, to our horror, that we did not usually sit down in a graceful manner. Disgusted by this, we spent at least half an hour that night standing up then sitting down again, while mystified parents thought that the strain of working so hard had been too much for us. On the following day, however, we returned to our normal method and collapsed into our seats at Prayers.

A few members of the class were incorporated into the morning choir, and, after a few days of nervous fumbings and down-cast eyes, we braced ourselves and attempted to sing our best. When we heard that we

had to sustain a whole programme at the Brotherhood, we decided that some additional practice was needed. At lunch-times, members of the class could be seen creeping furtively into the Hall. When those outside heard their singing, the reason for this furtiveness was understood. Nevertheless, the choir gave a very creditable performance on the actual day, and we all enjoyed Mr Erskine's solo. We owe a great deal of thanks to Miss MacNaughton for coming along to assist the altos.

With the beginning of Autumn comes the start of the hockey season. Most of the class are members of one of the "Elevens," and those who are not, wish them good luck in all their matches.

Apart from these outside interests, there seems to be little else likely to distract our attention. Certain people have entered for the Public-Speaking competition, and these wander around the cloakroom mumbling a weird incantation which sounds rather like "Laurel wreath," and another chant which includes "royal something or other."

But soon we must settle down to work in earnest, for that black day is approaching. Superstitious members of the form are heaving sighs because the Latin examination is on Friday, 13th March, while others lament that March must come so soon. But March will soon be over and then we shall stay out late every night and read all the detective stories we can lay our hands upon.

"We fail!"

*But cram your brains to the bursting-point
And we'll not fail!"*

"Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus!"

H.S.T.

FORM VI. — This year Form VI. is fairly large in numbers: in stature, however, it is nearly equalled by Form I., who doubtless demonstrate the beneficial effects of vitamins and national milk.

Members have been exerting themselves both at Dalnacraig and in the D.H.S. classrooms. Among the various societies, the Stamp Club and Dramatic Society have had active Sixth Form support. Of the numerous entrants in the Public-Speaking competition, a few of the form have survived to the next round. They attribute their success to the

deep-breathing classes held directly before the competition started.

Alone of the forms in the School, Form VI. has the privilege of having its examinations divided into two groups, as some people are working for Leaving Certificate subjects and thus sit those examinations in November, while the regular school examinations are three weeks later.

But Form VI.'s specialised work, we are told, has its compensations. From the science lab. comes a report of experiments with elementary guitars; from the Latin class the question: "Who wrote Livy?" Louis XIV., we are creditably informed, expressed the intention of expanding in all directions.

The senior prefects are rejoicing in their new room, previously the junior library, which is gradually being furnished.

A banner placed irreverently above the fine pillared front of the school exhorts us to be X-rayed. Consequently there has been a rash of yellow badges on the left lapels of senior pupils. Some, it is whispered, take the air at lunch-time in the hopes of being profitably ensnared by Mr X-ray.

ANN CHRISTIE.

TIME

It cackles.

Of course, it's irrelevant.

It cackles at us whirling like leaves, cursing the absence of Time.

The wind drops, and we collapse on to our restless bed of earth and moan, "We have no Time."

While Time laughs out its timeless cachinnation,

Echoing shrill through the statued cenotaph of the ages where sombre ghosts brood over the follies of their youth,

Repeated in this age,

And yet called worse by those who were wise once, now foolish.

Of course, it's irrelevant.

And Time cackles.

And another man comes into the world,

And Time's cackle is shriller,

And for fear the spiders stop weaving their webs, and crouch closer to the marble urns of death.

Of course, it's irrelevant.

A DAY ON THE HILLS

When I look back on my experiences of grouse-beating in the holidays, the more enjoyable incidents stand out best in my mind, but, if I look a little more closely in my memory, I have recollections of dull, uninteresting and altogether unpleasant circumstances. One of these stands out almost as clearly as the enjoyable incidents and I cannot help but re-live it all again.

It was a dull, sultry morning when we got up. It almost seemed that the sticky heat was coming from the light grey clouds which hung almost motionless overhead. Our cottage, however, was situated half-way up a hill, overlooking the pleasant valley of Glen Prosen, and a light, cool, morning breeze fanned our faces as we made our way down the hill to the lodge where the gamekeeper and shooters decided on the beat which was most suitable for the kind of weather and wind. In the little shed the beaters stood or sat, whiling away the time with jokes, stories or merely drawing patterns with wet sticks on the concrete floor. Although we were quite used to the job, we still had some apprehension concerning the beat we were to do, for, whether it was an easy day of four drives, or a hard day of five or six drives, we still earned the same amount per day. Consequently, everyone hoped for an easy day. All hopes for an easy day were dissolved, however, when we were told it was to be a notorious beat, called the "Strone." With many grumblings and curses, members of the party gathered together their rucksacks, waterproofs and jackets, all paraphernalia which was reputed to be "good for the hill," and swung off up the first steep slope which led to the hard day's work ahead.

The "Strone" consisted of a long ridge of hills which subtended further ridges of hills, not unlike the folds in a curtain as it hangs on the curtain rail. The slopes were mixed. Some were long rises, just as tiring as short and very steep ones. On the other hand, of course, there were the long, very steep ascents which slowed down our progress considerably. Once on top of a hill, however, one could enjoy the marvellous view spread out before one and the fresh wind which cooled the perspiring face of the walker.

Our first walk was a path alongside a stream and so was fairly flat. It was terribly

hot, however, and the sweat trickling down one's face and neck attracted the horrible insects which flapped in front of one's eyes and clung to one's skin and hair. When we reached the bottom of our first hill, we stopped to regain our strength for the hard climb ahead. There was little or no talk and, when the order came to move, there was only the rustle of down-trodden heather springing up again as we began to climb this formidable ascent.

We were soon climbing with both hands and feet as we neared the top. At the top, we were welcomed by a rolling, white mist bearing down on us. This mist persisted for the first half of the day on high ground, and we inevitably did not enjoy the first half of the beat.

After dinner, we again strung out and, as I watched the rest of the party disappearing through the mist, after I had taken my position in the line, I began to wonder if it was worth the money. Suddenly, the final blow struck, and I was reduced to a heap of absolute misery. It started to rain hard. My boots and feet were already soaking with the dew from grass and heather and, as I sat there in the sodden peat, I shivered as each trickle made its cold way down my neck and back. I remained there for almost half an hour, watching the clammy mist rise and fall in the valley below. I could no longer feel the rain, but could hear it drumming on my sodden cap. When at last the whistle to start the line was heard, I stood up and moaned as the new position of my clothes touched the remaining dry part of my body. Walking was agony, and I squelched along, sliding and slithering down the hill. As I walked, my cold, wet situation began to poison my mind. How I hated those smug, selfish men in their sheltered butts, peering out, looking for the game. It was not worth it, I decided, and squelched on my wet and weary way.

IAIN STEWART, F. IV.a

SATURDAY MORNING DUTIES

Saturday morning is a time I look forward to during the weekdays. It is a time when I can relax from mental work, and do not have to be up early in the morning. However, it has its drawbacks. Having been virtually idle, physically, during the long weekdays, there are several tasks which must be done. I have dis-

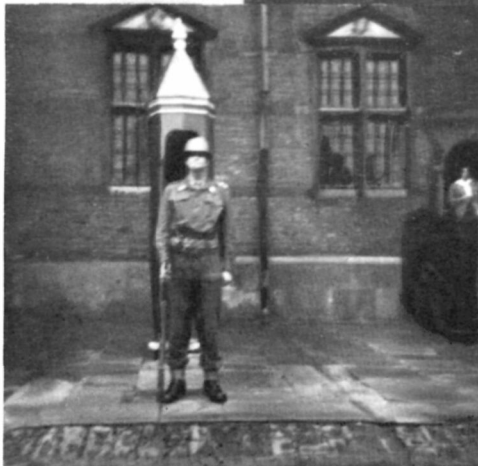
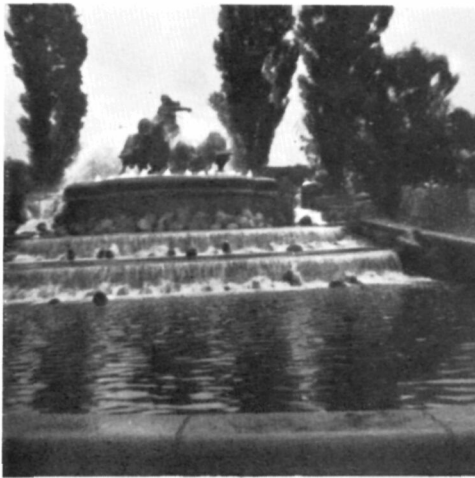
covered that, far from being a time of well-deserved relaxation, Saturday morning usually means hard work for me.

After breakfast, I must go out to break up some firewood, which results in bruises, sometimes cuts, and a bad temper, if the wood is particularly obstinate. After I have filled a box with sticks, I hardly have time to sit down when a shout is heard from the kitchen. I hasten to pull the lawn-mower out of the shed, and for the next half hour I am wearily plodding up and down the lawn, pushing the old lawn-mower, obeying instructions.

When my brother comes back with a store of groceries, there is always some part of his bicycle which is broken or requires to be adjusted. This task I must do, because my brother knows nothing of the mechanism of his bicycle, in spite of my attempts to teach him. This done, I continue to dig the garden or cut the hedge, my happy spirit almost completely broken. The black heaps of soil are turned over by the spade, heap after heap, until I feel exhausted, and sit down for a rest. Another shout from the kitchen, and I am back with my spade. Sometimes I manage to escape for five minutes and run across the road to a shop where I purchase a considerable amount of confectionery, which helps to compensate for the hard work.

At last I am finished and go to fetch my bicycle, but I am still out of luck. My brother has lowered the saddle and gone off for a ride without even asking my permission (a common fault). My father then comes out, and, if I am unlucky, I spend the rest of the morning and some of the afternoon washing the car.

These, then, are my main Saturday morning duties, and are carried out if the weather is fair. If, however, the weather happens to be wet, I am spared most of these tasks until Sunday, my day of comparative rest. On reflecting on these duties, it is perhaps a good thing to work physically, because it is said that the best rest is a change of work. In spite of blistered hands and a sore back, this work does keep me fit, and it has its better aspects, when I collect my modest "wages" at the end of the day. I have a free afternoon and evening, of which, like Charles Lamb, I try to make the best, and, as a result, I do not enjoy them unless, as happens on rare occasions, I find something useful to do, such as persuad-



Top Left—Fountains of Gefion, Copenhagen

Top Right—Statue of the Little Mermaid

Centre—Close-up of the Fountains

Bottom Left—Rosenborg Castle

Bottom Right—Amalienborg—Royal Residence



GUIDE CAMP, 1958

ing my father to give me some elementary driving lessons. These must be a heavy punishment to the car. I hope that fixing the car's engine will not be one of my future Saturday morning duties.

I have reflected on my duties on several occasions in the past, and I have decided to accept them and the reward associated with them.

CLARKE MOORE, F. IV.a

THE SCHOOL DIARY

1ST SEPTEMBER

*And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.*

How apt are Shakespeare's words! We crept unwillingly to school today, and found that term had begun auspiciously for us Sixth-formers by the installation of a brand-new green waste-paper basket in our cloakroom!

16TH SEPTEMBER

Secret balloting for the privileged positions of House Captains took place.

18TH SEPTEMBER

Prefects were elected—Jane Milne, Moira Pate, Ann Smart and Eilidh Souter in the girls; David Gibson, George Hunter, Fred Neillie and Ian Reoch in the boys. Laggards beware!

22ND SEPTEMBER

Literary Society—Appointment of Office-bearers.

1ST OCTOBER

Initiation of Library Prefects by the Rector—those prefects to supervise the library during lunch-time and after four, when it is open for the use of pupils wishing to extend their knowledge.

4TH - 6TH OCTOBER

"O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!" we chortled in our joy. This was echoed by both staff and pupils—the holiday weekend was upon us.

7TH OCTOBER

"All the world's a stage"—members of the Dramatic Club are preparing to make "their exits and their entrances" at the end-of-term production. As usual, they are fortunate enough to have the assistance of Mr Smith and Miss Gray.

19TH OCTOBER

Dundee High School Choir visited the Dundee Brotherhood, and rendered religious anthems. A solo was sung by Mr Erskine, and instrumental solos were given by two members of the School.

31ST OCTOBER

The appointment of Jane Milne as Head Girl, Moira Pate as Deputy Head Girl, George Hunter as Head Boy, Ian Reoch as Deputy Head Boy.

1ST NOVEMBER

"Vive le sport!" The first half of the Rugby House matches ended in a win for Wallace, with two matches to their credit; Airlie and Lindores being second equal with one match won and one lost. Obviously, Aystree was foot of the league!

3RD NOVEMBER

The School was fortunate enough to be addressed at Prayers by a missionary from Nigeria, who gave a most interesting talk on "Rice Christians."

During this week and the weeks to come, exams were rampant. No comment!

7TH NOVEMBER

In the morning, the Remembrance Service, with the Two Minutes' Silence, was held in the front playground. The wreath was laid by the Head Girl, Jane Milne, and the Deputy Head Boy, Ian Reoch—the Head Boy being an officer in the Cadets.

13TH NOVEMBER

The first round of the Public-Speaking competition was held. The results are awaited in fear and trembling by the candidates.

During the term we also had a French inspector and the usual "shower" of students.

And so to bed!

LAST TRAIN ON THE "AULD LA'DER LICHT"

On the morning of Saturday, 15th November, 1958, rather more than the usual flow of passengers were seen to be converging on No. 3 platform at Edinburgh (Waverley) to join the 12.52 p.m. for Gorebridge and Hawick. Some people were taking it as usual back to Dalkeith or Hawick, but for many it was a memorable occasion, but a melancholy one. For it was the last time a train was to run to Lauder on the little railway from Fountainhall.

There were many visitors from a distance, but some of those who were taking the train had known the line for years; some were bringing their children to show them how things had been. It felt like a family occasion, so that complete strangers spoke to each other and were gathered into the community for the trip.

Seven coaches were provided and were loaded to capacity. The run was made over former N.B. metals to Fountainhall which was as far as most people were going. From Waverley, it runs through some rather regrettable Edinburgh outskirts and down into more placid scenery, dotted with slag heaps and mining towns, notably Newtongrange, and finally, into bleak, rugged country — the country of the great hills.

Most of the stations have been modernised with new name-boards, etc., but a few antique survivals, like iron drinking fountains with the admonitory words, "North British Railway. Keep platform dry," still survive, pointing to an older, more rugged age in railway work.

As the train drew into Fountainhall, the platform positively groaned with its unaccustomed weight of passengers, waiting for the special train which was to take us to Lauder. This normally quiet little place must have done its biggest business in years!

As we waited for the "Special" to back into the bay platform, there was time to think of the events that brought about the railway

In the 'nineties, Lauder's only connection with the outside world was a road carriage from Stow Station. After an 1896 Act, an opportunity was taken to build a line from Lauder to Fountainhall. The first sod was cut

in June, 1899, by Lady Lauderdale, and in 1901 the line, some 10½ miles long, was brought into operation, amidst great public rejoicing.

During its independent existence, it proved financially successful and passed to the LNER. in 1923.

But, as with so many branches, the advent of the bus brought about a decline in traffic, and on 10th September, 1932, the last passenger train ran. The goods traffic left came from a Ministry of Food depot at Lauder, but, when it closed in October, it brought about the complete closure of the line. Very soon the rails will be lifted.

And now, back to the train. After everyone had found a seat in the two coaches (and there were about 130 people), with a whistle, it jerked away and veered left over a magnificent viaduct, over the Gala Water to a level crossing. This bridge was damaged in the floods of 1948 and, as a result, the line was closed from 1948-1950.

The guard operated the gates of the crossing, and soon we were on our way. The line soon swung N.E. to start its climb over the Lammermuirs. The line abounds in sharp curves and gradients. On each side of us the bleak, cold hills, enshrouded in mist, looked down on us with what seemed like a metaphorical tear in their eyes.

The little engine was soon climbing hard, but a little later the summit was reached and we were coasting down into Oxton, the only intermediate station on the line. It was an unpretentious wood and galvanised iron structure, strangely enough, recently painted. Unfortunately, the platform has been knocked away so that there was quite a jump to get on to it.

Oxton Station was notable for its fine, flowering shrubs, the remains of a station garden. But, partly due to the oncoming winter and partly to the many enthusiasts' feet, they were not, perhaps at their best! The whole population of Oxton was there to see the little train. The remains of the platform slid still farther to the ground under the many people rushing about there. Many photographs were taken there, and soon, when everyone, including a band of loyal locals, had rejoined the train, it moved off, surrounded by people.

The little train fairly raced down the bank towards Lauder and, as it slowed up round the bend to Lauder, passing some condemned wagons, left to lie there in obscurity till the demolition train came, we could see the tremendous crowd gathered on the platform. They numbered some 800 people. Again, out came the cameras, this time including some newspaper and television cameras.

After a minute or two, the Provost made a speech on the "death" of the little line and then presented the driver of the B.R. lorry, which was to take over the freight, with a safe driving medal. He then solemnly placed a wreath on the engine. Again this was recorded on film.

Tea, provided by the inhabitants of Lauder, was then served in the nearby goods shed. The station buildings here, too, had been freshly painted and the platform was still intact and littered with dead leaves.

About half an hour later, after the engine had managed to round its train, crushing many pennies in its path, we were ready to move off, being joined by the Provost and the Council.

Amidst the noise of many detonators and crammed with still *more* locals, we set off down the track. In our compartment was a man who had been on the first train, 57 years ago. He told us what it was like and showed us some tickets which he had bought when the line was still open.

At Oxtou, we dropped a crowd of local people and soon after, we were on our way again, back over the Lammermuirs, over many crossings protected by cattle grids. It was growing dusk as we attempted the level crossing, where the guard got out and opened the gates. Over the Gala Water we went, and into Fountainhall.

Studying the name-board, "Fountainhall Jcn.," we wondered what people would think in future seeing the "Jcn." part and wondering where on earth the junction was.

Night fell. It was to be the last night, as far as the little railway was concerned, for, very soon, the only witnesses left as to its path would be the stations, the crossings and the silent grey viaduct which faded away as we watched, nostalgically, into the dark of night.

MICHAEL B. SMITH, F. III.

DOROTHY ANNE

In the past months, the peaceful routine in our household has been shattered by a very small member of the family. The new addition is now aged fifteen months, and her name is Dorothy Anne. She is, needless to say, the darling of the family; a happier, better-natured, blue-eyed, golden-haired baby I have never seen. She literally creases herself with smiles.

Her elder sisters are devoted to her, and their soulful rendering of *Stille Nacht* or *Guten Abend* pacifies the infant at bedtime. Whether she is soothed by this or is surprised out of crying at the sudden burst of "song," is open to cogitation. Her favourite song used to be *I like riding on the Choo-choo-choo!* for she has always had a sense of rhythm, and sways or bounces in time to music.

For the garden she has a pint-sized duffle-coat, with a hood and tartan lining, of which her majesty is immensely proud. She stomps round, picking up every dirty object, and delights in thrusting handfuls of mud into her mouth, much to her mother's horror and anxiety.

Television is something which fascinates Dorothy. This evening she roared with laughter for no apparent reason when a certain young lady, whom she termed "Baba," sang *Volare* and *More Than Ever* with great sincerity. Dorothy's favourite programmes are those about animals. Shrieks of joy issue forth, and shouts of "Bow-wow" or "Birdie" are uttered. She is a great animal lover, and we have tried to prevent our little dog from being jealous of her, with a result that Iris tolerates Dorothy now, but gives her a wide berth whenever possible.

Mummy's patient efforts to teach her to feed herself have been innumerable, but Dorothy still finds the most efficient method is to pick up fragments in her fingers and "pop them in" that way. On frequent occasions has she teased her despairing parents by holding large particles of food over the side of the high chair, smiling mischievously at everyone, and at the words, "No, Dorothy!" triumphantly dropping them and beaming all over her face, hence gaining the name, "a little imp of mischief."

This, she may be, but she is a continual source of amusement. She always hastens to

speed the parting guest by waving a chubby little fist in the air and saying, "Bye-bye." When the time comes for her father to go to the surgery, she toddles over to the window, and waves a fond farewell. Her face lights up when she hears a bus coming up the road or a dog barking in the distance. She is very clever.

GILLIAN PAYNE, F. III.

REFLECTIONS ON WATCHING A QUEUE ASSEMBLE FOR THE CINEMA

It can be extremely interesting to watch a queue forming outside a cinema on a bleak, frosty Saturday evening. Some people loathe standing in a queue, and the time drags by for them. However, other people take the opportunity of having a nice long chat with their companions and forget the cold and laugh and jest with one another.

I, myself, do not like having to stand out on an icy cold pavement, just for the sake of seeing a film which may well turn out to be very disappointing. To me, it is a dreadful waste of time. I do not, however, think that it is a waste of time to take a look at these people who stand in a cinema queue for, sometimes, quite a considerable length of time.

I did so, a week or two ago, and found it interesting, and at the same time very amusing. As the queue grew longer, it was fascinating to watch those who came to join it, to see how they reacted. One couple, middle-aged, stepped off a bus and came over to see how long the queue was. They exchanged a few remarks, and they were obviously debating as to whether it was worth while waiting, or whether they should go and try their luck elsewhere. However, the husband apparently submitted to his wife's judgment, and they joined the queue. Minutes later, a party of four young couples came on the scene, but there was no sign of hesitation on their part, and they promptly queued up behind the other people, chattering and giggling like little children.

In case you may be wondering how I could stand on the opposite side of the street and idly gaze across the road all this time as if I had nothing better to do, let me now put your mind at rest — we were visiting friends who conveniently occupied a first-floor flat

on the side of the street opposite to the cinema. We had introduced the subject by asking our friends if the noise coming from the cinema disturbed them at all, and we all promptly took up our positions at the window to investigate.

However, to continue with the story, after the young couples had been followed by a mob of young children, three quite elderly women came along. I was amazed to see that they were not to be dismayed by the length of the queue, and soon one of them was telling the others about the incident at the post office while she was collecting her pension the previous day, or some such other piece of news which her listeners lapped up, quite oblivious to the frost beginning to form on the pavements.

It was amusing to compare these ladies with the couple of old men who came along just seconds behind them. They took one glance at the queue and promptly turned to go back in the direction from which they had come, obviously according to some arrangement that they had made beforehand that, if there was a queue at the cinema, they would just go to "Joe's Bar" in the next street.

After some time, I returned to the window and was shocked to find that the people whom I had been watching had moved only a short way up the queue. I noticed also, with a smile, that the man who had given in to his wife was in no pleasant mood and was obviously complaining to his dear one about the cold, saying that it would have been wiser to stay at home beside their warm fireside. The party of young people were obviously quite accustomed to waiting in queues for the cinema, and bursts of laughter issued from their direction as one of the male members filled his companions with his witticisms.

The children, on the other hand, were somewhat bored, waiting to see their idol of the screen, and they tossed up a coin, after which one of them collected sixpences from the others and ran off. He returned five minutes later, and, as I had anticipated, distributed packets of chips wrapped up in newspapers, and, judging from the expressions on their faces, the boys and girls were enjoying their welcome feast on such a cold night.

The husband, whom I have already mentioned, was growing more irritable as the

moments went by, and, as the accordion-player, without whom a cinema-queue would not be complete, came level with him, he defied his wife by not giving the "musician" a copper (much to my amusement!).

As I watched these people, their different temperaments were revealed to me, and the different sexes and age-groups seemed to behave in different ways. The young children were obviously very impatient, as was natural, and very eager to be inside the cinema to see the film which they were looking forward to. The young couples were very happy, and they just looked on the outing as being their night out when they can talk with their friends who are at different jobs and whom they do not see all week. The old ladies were rather like them, but the middle-aged couple were obviously out just to pass the time. So were the two men who went away on seeing the size of the queue. This was also apparent in the manner in which they entered the cinema when, at last, the "first house" came out. The children rushed in joyfully, the young couples continued their light-hearted talk, and the husband appeared greatly relieved, and a faint smile came over his face. People will always queue up at a cinema.

DONALD CUTHILL, F. IVa.

OPTIMATES AND POPULARES

The year was 134 B.C. The scene was the Roman Senate. Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus had been elected Tribune on a programme of dividing captured land among the people. This was disputed by the larger part of the Senate. However, Romans were accustomed to solving this type of conflict by peaceful means. The Senate, well within its rights, persuaded a Tribune — Octavius — to veto the proposal. Gracchus, however, being in a hurry, carried into the Comitia — the equivalent of our House of Commons — a motion to depose Octavius. In fear of his life, Octavius withdrew and the Agrarian Law, as it was called, was carried unanimously.

The Senators were careful to keep within the law. The Comitia had spoken, and the division of public lands began. But Tribunes were elected for only one year at a time, and consecutive re-election was forbidden. Though one man might be elected Tribune again, there must be an interval when he could be

prosecuted as a private citizen for illegalities committed while in office. Thus Gracchus must retire at the end of the year, and the division of land could not go far in half a year. Also the best lawyers in the Senate were conferring to bring a deadly prosecution against Gracchus when he retired.

Influenced by both these facts, Gracchus broke the law. He announced his intention of seeking re-election, and in the elections he was re-elected, despite the vetoing of another Tribune.

The laws of the constitution had been defied with impunity, and the Senators took to the last resort — the sword. They marched into the forum, with Publius Scipio Nascia, an ex-consul, at their head and clubs broken from the senate benches in their hands. In the fighting that followed Gracchus and three hundred of his followers were slain. The constitution was safe.

But blood had been shed in the forum; the civil wars had begun. Henceforth the Roman citizens were divided into the Populares, who revered the memory of Gracchus, and the Optimates, who followed the Senate. It was one or other of these parties that was to rule Rome up to the time of the great struggle between Caesar and Pompey, which ended in an utter defeat and a treacherous death for Pompey, and the annihilation of the Optimates who supported him.

J.D., F. IV.

LIFE

As I sit and meditate
About my almost sealed fate,
A voice cries, "Now, this is your chance
To rid yourself of this false trance."

Why sit and do nought but ponder,
When round the world you could wander,
Making progress, easing strife
For those who follow through this life?

Man, his mind must never fetter
From making good even better.
His limit must not be the Earth,
For he was put there but by birth.

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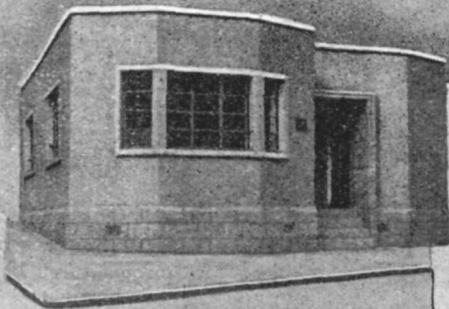
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MY PET

I have a rabbit. His name is Whiskers. The rabbit is all white, and he has pink eyes. His teeth are very sharp. I give my rabbit grass and some carrot to eat. I have a hutch for my rabbit. Sometimes I let him out in the garden to eat grass.

RICHARD MILLS. L. III.

THANKSGIVING

O, thank thee, God,
For a lovely day,
With the birds that sing
And the lambs that play
In the meadows gay.

DAVID M. DOW, L. III.

THE RED SQUIRREL

One day I saw a squirrel's drey.
Shall I annoy the squirrel? Nay!
I love the squirrel's bright red coat.
I'd love to write to him a note.
Then I should say, "Red squirrel gay,
Do you eat your nuts in May?"

CHRISTINE E. MCKEAN, L. III.

JOHN AND THE GOAT

Once, when we were staying at a farm in Forres, there was a goat there. She had a long beard and her name was Nanny. One day, when we were having breakfast, my little brother, John, came running in crying. Daddy asked him what had happened and John said that Nanny had butted him. Daddy asked him why the goat had butted him. John said the goat had butted him because he had pulled her beard.

KATHERINE A. GILRUTH, L. III.

MY GARDEN

One day I asked my Daddy if I could have a garden of my very own. He told me that I could if I worked hard and looked after it. He gave me a small plot in a sheltered part of the garden. I raked it and hoed it, and a few days later Mummy helped me to put in some seeds. I chose Alyssum, Stocks, Anemones, Poppies, Clarkia and Nasturtiums. Luckily there was a lovely pink rose bush already in the border and a tree as well. When summer came, there were some lovely flowers which I cut for the vases.

SUSAN MEE, L. III.

TELEVISION

Once, when we were staying at a farm in loved to watch television. Every day, when he came home from school, he switched it on and stared at it for hours and hours. He forgot to do his homework; he forgot about his friends, and he even forgot to eat. He grew so thin you could hardly see him. His Mummy was very worried and sold the television. The boy grew fat and friendly and was top of his class in no time.

LORNA MARSHALL, L. IV.

THE SEASONS

Now Spring is so joyful,
And Summer so light,
But just think of Autumn,
The leaves are so bright.
Now Winter is coming,
With snow and with sleet,
And see children sledging
With boots on their feet.

MOIRA SPENCE, L. IV.

THE FAIRY WISH

There was once a little girl and her name was Mary. One day, Mary was playing in the garden with her ball over by the hedge. The hedge was full of spiders' webs. On the highest twig was the biggest of them all. Mary saw something dangling in it and it was shouting, "Please get me out of this sticky web." Mary realised it was a fairy and pulled her out. The fairy said, "Thank you, very much. Would you like a wish? Wish a wish in bed tonight," and Mary did. She wished for a blue bicycle.

And when she woke in the morning, she looked out of the window and there, in the yard, was a blue bicycle.

FIONA MUNRO, L. IV.

SNAKES

In my summer holidays, in nineteen fifty-six, I saw an adder and a grass-snake. I happened to find the adder up near Blair Atholl, and I found the grass-snake under a stone on a moor at Loch Inver. You can tell an adder from a grass-snake, for it has a V-shape on its neck. A grass-snake has a smooth body and cannot move on a roadway and sometimes gets killed.

MICHAEL CLARK, L. IV.

WHEN I AM AT THE BEACH

Sometimes, when I am at the beach, I climb the rocks, and once, when a rock came loose, I jumped aside and it rolled down into the sea with a splash. After it was at the bottom of the sea, I looked to see if it had done any damage and, when I looked, I saw a long passage. I stepped inside, but no more rocks rolled away, so I walked as far as I could because it was so dark. I went back to where my Daddy was and I took a torch with me, but, when I got back, I couldn't find the cave and I went and had a picnic tea on the beach.

BILLY MARTIN, L. IV.

DUCKS AT SCHOOL

Little ducklings went to school
In a deep and rocky pool.
First they paddled, then they swam,
Right up to the miller's dam.

From Master Bullfrog did they learn,
Whose pointer was a great, green fern.
He wrote upon a big, grey slate
The names of those who swam in late.

ALISON McLEAY, L. V.

A WALK IN THE SIDLAWS

One Sunday we went for a walk over the Sidlaws. This is one of my favourite walks. When we got to Newlandshead, the hills looked grey and gloomy and dark clouds hung over the summits.

As we walked along the hilly path, overgrown with heather and bracken, I suddenly saw a kestrel hovering in the sky searching for its food. It scarcely moved except for a slight quivering of its wings. Then, suddenly, it swooped down to catch its prey.

Soon we came to a stile. We climbed over and turned into a wood. When we got through the wood there was more heather. Then, without warning, there was a whirring of wings and a snipe disappeared into a thick copse. As it was the nesting season, I thought there might be a nest. Suddenly, I saw four olive-green eggs with brown spots in the tangled grass beneath our feet, and there was the nest!

We did not stay long as we did not wish to frighten the snipe. We continued our walk

and eventually climbed a hill on which stood a cairn of stones. It was fairly high, so Dad helped me up and I put on another stone. As we turned to go home, we saw a brown hare streaking through the heather and away over the hill.

When we were getting near the stile, Dad saw a deserted nest in the bank of a stream. He thought it was either a kingfisher's or a water ousel's, which is sometimes called a dipper. Walking down the rough track, I espied our car in the distance. I was sorry our walk was nearly over but I was looking forward to getting back to the car where there was a flask of hot coffee and plenty of ham sandwiches.

PETER WEST, L. V.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAY

For my summer holiday I went to Israel. To catch the night train to London we went to Leuchars. From London we went to Dover, and on to Calais. At Calais we boarded the train to Paris, and then went on to Venice. On the way to Venice we passed through Switzerland during the night. Although it was night, I was able to see a lot of it. We went through the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

When we boarded the S.S. *Jerusalem* at Venice, it was almost evening. During the voyage we stopped at Greece, where we saw Athens and Piraeus, and at Limasol in Cyprus. At Cyprus we had to stay on board. A day or two later we reached Israel.

In Israel we travelled to Jerusalem, Beer-sheeba, Tiberias, Tel Aviv, Haifa, Jaffa and many other places. As for seas, we went to the Dead Sea, the Red Sea and the Sea of Galilee. The journey back had only one difference — we did not go through Switzerland.

JUDITH STURROCK, L. V.

CHRISTMAS

At Christmas we think of ice and snow,
Of holly and ivy and berries aglow.
We remember, too, the manger bed,
Where baby Jesus laid His head,
When the Wise Men offered gifts so rare,
While the oxen gazed on that scene so fair.

JIMMY MARSHALL, L. V.

THE OWL

On the last day of my summer holiday at Kingussie, this adventure happened. Daddy had set a rat-trap outside, because a rat was eating the bread that we put out for the birds. He had set the trap at night because the rats came out then. I rose before the rest of the family in the morning, and ran to a window, so that I would be able to see if Daddy had caught the rat. He had not caught anything, but, sitting beside the trap was an owl with its head tucked under its wing. It had a very sharp, curved beak and sharp claws, so none of us wanted to touch it. At last Daddy went and fetched a clothes-pole and prodded it gently to see if it would wake up. It did wake up, and sat blinking at the daylight and us. We presumed that the bait in the trap had attracted the owl, and it had swooped at the trap and the trap had sprung, hitting the owl on the head. The knock had given the owl slight concussion, we thought. With some difficulty, Daddy at last coaxed the owl on to the clothes-pole, and started to carry it to a nearby fir tree. On the way to the fir tree, the owl fell off several times, but at last we reached it and left the owl snoring in the tree.

ALISON GOSSIP, L. V.

THE KIPPER FACTORY

While on my holiday, I was lucky enough to be shown round a kipper factory. It was at the harbour in Mallaig, in the West of Scotland. First, the herring are gutted. This is done by an ingenious machine. The fisherwoman puts the herring on the edge of a turntable. As each fish passes a hole in the machine, an "arm" comes out and grabs the fish. As each fish is grabbed in, one (gutted) herring comes sliding down a chute at the bottom of the machine and flops into a basket.

The next stage is the washing. This is done by placing the basket, which has been under the gutting machine, into a large tank of water. After about five minutes it is brought out.

Now the gutted and washed herring are hung up to dry. Then comes the vital part. The herring are placed on hooks above smouldering oak chips.

This, for a great deal of the kippers, is the last stage. For others, however, it is not, as there is still some freezing to be done. In

a much cleaner building there are three big refrigerators. The kippers are put on big trays and put in the refrigerators. When they are brought out, they are as hard as rock.

There was one thing that I didn't like about the factory, and that was the smell.

ALAN AITKENHEAD, L. VI.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT TO DUNDEE

My Daddy took me to the McRae Boys' Club to see the Duke of Edinburgh. He had come to Dundee to present certificates to boys who qualified in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. After he had presented the certificates, he watched a display of Highland and country dancing and gymnastics. The Duke was very interested in one of the boys who had danced at Braemar Gathering. As he was leaving, the Duke stopped to speak to a boy just behind me. I wonder if I will ever be as near to Royalty again!

DOUGLAS RITCHIE, L. V.

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THE CRIEFF RAILBUS

One rainy day, when I was on holiday at Crieff, my father took us down to the station. We were about to go on one of the most exciting journeys of my life. My father and mother wanted to go to Gleneagles on the Diesel Railbus, so you can imagine what I said when they told me what they were going to do. When the Railbus, which was about twenty feet in length, came into the station, we found that the doors, which were automatically operated, were worked by the press of a button.

Every house near the railway had a few concrete slabs for a platform, and iron steps were put down so that the passengers could climb in or out.

We had a very comfortable ride and enjoyed it very much.

PETER SUTTIE, L. VI.

DOWN THE THAMES TO GREENWICH

During our summer holidays, we went by steamer from the heart of London to Greenwich. In this seven-and-a-half-mile stretch of the Thames, we saw much to interest us, including the Royal Festival Hall, Hungerford Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, Victoria Embankment, and the famous Blackfriars Bridge, with its two pulpits to commemorate the friars who did so much for the poor of London.

Southwark Bridge and London Bridge passed in quick succession and soon we were gazing at the Customs Houses, the Tower of London, and the Traitor's Gate. Shellmex House has a very large clock, three inches longer in diameter than Big Ben.

After passing under the new Waterloo Bridge, we saw the floating Police Station. There are only two of them in the world — here and at New York. The black motor launches of the police were all the time patrolling the river. We thought Somerset House an imposing building, and soon we were to see Scott's ship, *Discovery*.

The river was crowded with Customs House launches and German, Dutch, Swedish, Polish, Belgian and French ships. At Wapping, we saw the stairs down which the Pilgrim Fathers descended to embark on the

Mayflower. We were interested to see the *Broughty* which we have often watched going up the Tay.

The Isle of Dogs, we were told, owed its name to the fact that Charles II. had his hunting dogs kennelled there. At the top of a flight of steps leading to the river, Raleigh gallantly laid down his cloak.

We disembarked at Greenwich, and, after lunch, climbed to the Royal Observatory, where I stood on the Meridian Line. Our interesting excursion finished with a visit to the *Cutty Sark*, a very famous tea-clipper indeed.

EILEEN M. C. DUKE, L. VI.

AN UNUSUAL PET

The first time I saw a heron was during a visit to Skye. This particular one was tame and lived in the grounds of a large house. He was found lying injured in a wood and taken home to be cared for by the owner of the house. As he had an injured wing and was unable to fly properly, he was called Droopy.

In Spring, he tried to make a nest, but was not very successful. Every time he made an attempt, he became entangled with the sticks, and he soon gave up.

Each evening, at six o'clock, he was fed with fish, which he swallowed whole. Every night he slept on the lawn beside a seven-year-old turkey, called Billy Graham. They were great friends and often wandered in the garden together.

MORNA WILSON, L. VII.

MY TEAM

R is for rugged, the forwards, all eight,
U's for united when we pull our weight.
G's for the goal with posts soaring high,
B's for the back with mud in his eye;
Y's for the yells when we score a try.

F is for "Feet, forwards! Into the maul!"
O is for offside — that's no good at all.
O is for orange we have at half time,
T is for try, but I can't find a rhyme.
B is for boot with studs in the sole,
A is for aim when we're kicking for goal.
L's for the line-out and "Jump for the ball."
L's for L. Seven, the best team of all!

N. HOWARD FOWLER, L. VII.

THE DEAD SEA

This summer I visited the Dead Sea, in Israel. It lies in a very hot and barren valley. It is hot because it lies one thousand, two hundred feet below sea level. The average summer temperature at Sdom (called after ancient Sodom), in the valley, is between 110° and 120°. The Dead Sea is called the Dead Sea because there is no life in it.

Once upon a time, the Dead Sea covered a much greater area than it does now, but evaporation caused some of it to vanish. Where the Dead Sea used to be, the earth is covered with salt crystal which glistens in the sun. The water contains twenty per cent. dissolved minerals and is quite valuable.

We bathed in the Dead Sea. It is quite true that you can lie on the surface of the water and read a newspaper without sinking. It is really very hard to pull your legs down without help because the water is so buoyant. If you swallow any, you are likely to be sick (a friend of ours was), and, if you get water in your eyes, it stings.

People evaporate the water to get the minerals in "pans," which look like big oblong fish ponds. One of the minerals obtained is potash, a kind of fertiliser. The Dead Sea does not completely vanish with all the evaporation because the River Jordan flows into it. But gradually it is disappearing because the Jordan's water is not enough.

Surrounding the sea are cliffs made from salt rock which is rather like ice, but does not melt. We went into a cave in the rock and it was quite cold. In one place there has been an earthquake and the layers of rock are vertical instead of horizontal.

There is no vegetation whatsoever round the Dead Sea because of the salt. It is really a salt and rock desert and a very impressive place.

RUTH STURROCK, L. VI.

MONSTERS OF THE MINCH

While on holiday on the Isle of Skye this year, my family and I saw many strange and interesting creatures. The first of these monsters were sharks, who seemed unafraid of my father's rifle, let alone of us! My father took several shots at them, but their thick, blubbery skins saved them from being

wounded. We later saw a school of these same creatures, their black fins mere shapes on the water, as they basked and rolled in the sound.

On that same excursion, we saw a whale jump clean from the water and land with a monstrous splash. We were far away from it and so could not see what type it was, although we could see from its shape that it was either a pilot or bottle-nosed whale.

Later that week we saw an enormous medusa jellyfish, so called because of the numerous red hairs which hang from its head. This jellyfish (one whose sting could land one in hospital for a long time) was carried by a current into the midst of a shoal of smaller coral jellyfish to which it attached itself as it was carried through them. Soon after there was not a sign of these small jellyfish, either in the sea or on the medusa. Later, the medusa, too, was gone.

On the last week of our stay, seals and porpoises were seen frequently in the bay. Even a dog otter, brown in colour, and its mate, were observed.

After having seen all these interesting creatures, we were loth to go, but we felt our stay had been rewarded by glimpses of these wonderful creatures.

JEAN FRASER, L. VII.

FILM PREVIEW

One day, when we were touring in Hertfordshire this summer, we went to Tring Public Park. Tring Park was part of the estate of the wealthy Rothschild family who were famous bankers, and was gifted by them to the local Council.

We had heard there was a film being made there and we hoped that they would still be shooting.

When we reached the valley where the film unit were, our first sight was of caravans, buses, saloon cars, horse boxes, Land Rovers, and even a fire engine and ambulance. Farther on, however, in complete contrast, there was a perfect American colonial village. In the valley there was an inn, a blacksmith's shop and a white wooden house. On the hill there was a white wooden church, a graveyard and another colonial house. As the film was about the American War of

Independence, on the other hillside there was an encampment of tents for the British Army under General Burgoyne. In front of the inn there was a gibbet lying on the ground.

The buildings, however, were all one-sided and seeing the way they were made took a little of the glamour away. The grave-stones in the graveyard were hollow. One of them had inscribed on it, "Here lies Ann Mann, Who lived an old maid, But died an old Mann." The front of one building was the blacksmith's shop and the other side the white wooden house. The piles of logs were hollow boxes with slices of log nailed on the outside.

The name of the film was *The Devil's Disciple*, by George Bernard Shaw. Starring in it were Janette Scott, Burt Lancaster and Sir Laurence Olivier.

We were in luck. They were still shooting. Even though it was still quite bright, they had the big arc lamps on. The scene was one of Burt Lancaster riding forward three yards to Janette Scott and lifting her on to his horse. What the film will not show is the man who gave Janette Scott a push up from below.

Although we were there for over an hour, they filmed only this one scene, taking it over and over again. I do hope that in the final film that is not one of the scenes they cut.

ROBIN STIMPSON, L. VII.

GUISING

When children go out guising
On a cold and wintry night,
They're all dressed up in funny things,
And often look a sight.

Their clothes are torn and shabby,
And their skirts are rather long,
But they do not seem to worry,
And just go gaily on.

And, when they come to my door,
I always let them in.
"Please sing a song and dance a jig,
Here's sixpence for your tin."

Then off they go quite happily,
Jingling their money box.
They'll buy some super fireworks
To celebrate Guy Fawkes.

FIONA M. BELL, L. VI.

AN AUTUMN EVENING

I love an Autumn evening
Among the Highland hills.
The sky is pink and purple,
The glen with shadows fills.
The green and yellow bracken,
The clear, still loch shows deep,
On a silent Autumn evening
As the whole world falls asleep.

Most sheep are on the hillside,
But some are in their fold;
The river twists in silvery coils,
But the water's crystal cold.
The waterfall is lively
And reflects the fading light,
But our tent is rather lonely,
Though it's fun, just for the night.

The trees wear lovely garments,
Of yellow, green, and red,
And sometimes it's so lovely
I don't want to go to bed.
But the day and view are dying,
And the valley darkness fills,
So I dream of Autumn evenings
Among the Highland hills.

MARGARET MCTAVISH, L. VI.

A VISIT TO A MONASTERY

While on holiday in Gloucestershire, we went to Prinknash Monastery where we saw monks making pottery. First of all, we saw them dig the clay up from the ground. This was taken into the building where it was cleaned. It was then pressed out of a machine in the form of a long, fat "sausage." The monks then chopped off big and little bits according to what they wanted to make.

We went into another room in which we saw monks making big and little pots on pottery wheels. It looked so easy, but I suppose it wasn't. Once they were made, they were put into a kiln to be fired. In another room we saw big pots of the dye which was used to paint the pottery.

After that we went into the showroom where we saw the finished pots which were really beautiful. Before we left, Mummy asked if we could go into the monastery itself, but she was told that ladies were not allowed.

VALDA A. TAYLOR, L. VI.

THE BASS ROCK

The day I remember most clearly of my holiday was the day we went to the Bass Rock. As it was low tide, we had to go to the old pier. There were already some people there, and, after we had waited a short time, the motor boat arrived.

The boatmen helped us aboard, and soon we left the pier behind. It was a pleasant trip, although there was a stiff breeze. When we reached the rock, the boatman stopped the engine and we slowly circled the island. The Bass Rock rises sheer out of the sea and is one of Britain's largest bird sanctuaries.

We were greeted by the noise of the birds as they circled above or dived for fish. At this point the boatman took out a box containing the different kinds of eggs laid by the birds. Many different kinds of birds, including puffins, razorbills and guillemots, nest on the ledges of the rock. The Bass Rock used to be a prison for Jacobites and Covenanters, but now most of the building is in ruins, and

a large part had to be demolished to make room for the lighthouse.

As the boat left the island, I thought of what a wonderful day it had been.

SCOTT LOWSON, L. VII.

MORNING

The bells peal out, loud and clear,
To hail the morning coming near;
The birds are singing o'er glassy mere,
"The morn is coming."

Rising are the mushroom-gatherers few,
Preparing for plunge into starry dew,
Their baskets swinging in the grey dawn's
hue —

Morning is coming.

The grey mist breaks into sunlit sky,
The birds still sing on the treetops high;
The whole world is bursting with the happy
cry —
"Morning has come!"

SALLY LINDSAY, L. VII.

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Old Boys' Club

OLD BOYS' CLUB DINNER

The twentieth Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club, which was held in Invercarse Hotel on Friday, 5th December, 1958, may safely be claimed to be one of the most successful in the history of the Club. The acceptances totalled 134 — a record; the accommodation was comfortable and pleasant, and the dinner itself an excellent one; and the standard of oratory was on a very high level throughout. The renewal of friendship with one's school contemporaries always enhances the enjoyment of such an evening and it was evident that this was well appreciated by all.

Those of us who remember the Guest of Honour, Rev. Ronald H. W. Falconer, M.A., B.D., now Organiser of Religious Broadcasting in Scotland, in his schooldays, were especially glad to welcome him back to Dundee. Many of his classmates were present and they included the President, Mr Gordon Robbie, the Vice-President, Dr A. Stewart Davie, and Mr A. Eric Larg, who was one of the speakers. All were delighted to find Ronnie the same likeable and able fellow as they had known in days gone by; and in proposing the toast of "The Club and the School," he recalled many happy memories in humorous vein. This, however, was by no means the sole theme of an address which carried weight and dignity as well as humour and found the right blend for the occasion. We were given plenty of food for thought by his remarks on the ingredients of good education and he did not fail to pay tribute to the influence which the teachers of his day exerted upon him. It can surely be no accident that so many of our distinguished Former Pupils give these sincere and unsolicited testimonials to past and present members of the staff, and this should be of much encouragement to those who attend our dinners. It is hoped that, although the staff is always well represented, more of them yet can come along in the future, not only to hear their praises sung, but because they are always most welcome.

Mr Falconer told us that he was much impressed with the recent improvements in the School's accommodation and, replying to the Toast, our Chaplain, the Rev. Dr H. O. Douglas expressed the view that the future

outlook was a bright one. He also voiced the appreciation we all feel of the work done by Mr Erskine in raising the standards of achievement in the fields of scholarship and sport. Dr Douglas did not neglect the lighter side and regaled us with many amusing tales.

The Toast of the President was well and truly given by Mr A. Eric Larg, who revealed an inexhaustible fund of wit and, while doing due honour to Mr Robbie's fine qualities and achievements, did not fail to remind him of his schoolboy exploits. Mr Robbie gave an appropriate reply and his chairmanship throughout was well worthy of the occasion. We were all happy to have with us the Chairman of Directors, Lord Provost William Hughes, C.B.E., and the Rev. Roy R. Hogg, representing the Dundee and District Watsonian Club. It is hoped that they enjoyed their evening as much as, one feels sure, did all our own members. Can we, perhaps, look forward to a new attendance record of 150 on 4th December, 1959?

THE LATE COL. CHRISTIAN VAN DE RYDT

Many former pupils and members of the Old Boys' Club will regret the untimely death in Edinburgh, of Colonel Christian Van de Rydt on 3rd July this year. Christian will especially be missed by his many contemporaries who remember him at school in the pre-1914-18 War years, and since the 1939-45 War. They will think of his outstanding qualities of friendliness and strong sense of humour, and, perhaps above all, his genial presence. Many will recall with pleasure the occasion when he was Guest of Honour at the Annual Dinner in December, 1956, and the other occasions on which he attended those functions.

After the 1914-18 War, Christian, who had the unique distinction of claiming both Dutch and Scottish citizenship, returned to his native Holland where he went into business, and where he became Consul for Scotland in Leeuwarden. Escaping back to this country when the German armies overran Holland in 1940, he rendered most valuable assistance to the then Prime Minister of Holland, Dr Gerbrandy. For his services to his country and

to the Allied cause, he was appointed Commander of the Order of Orange Nassau by Queen Wilhelmina.

After his return to Scotland, he became Consul General for the Netherlands, an appointment he carried out with distinction. One is often inclined to associate a certain stiffness and perhaps reserve with persons who hold appointments representing their country, but underneath Christian's distinguished bearing dwelt a geniality that was quite infectious.

We mourn his passing, but to have known him as a friend is to cherish his memory.

GOLF OUTING

The annual golf outing was again held this year at Kirriemuir on the afternoon of Saturday, 21st June. Twenty-two golfers, of varying ability, turned out and, after a close tussle, the result was a tie between R. S. Hood and W. S. Dryden, both with net 64. In the play-off, a few days later, R. S. Hood emerged triumphant, but only on the last green. The Old Boys were very glad to have the Rector with them on this outing.

Later in the month, on Wednesday, 25th June, a team of Old Boys, consisting of W. S. Dryden, T. Reid, G. Chalmers, J. Low, D. Grant and G. J. Robbie, entertained the present pupils' golf team, H. Robertson, M. Dougall, G. Ritchie, J. Bryce, A. Low and J. Adams, in a match at Barry. This was a

very pleasant evening and the result was a victory for the Old Boys by two matches to one. All the matches, however, were closely fought and finished within sight of the Club-house.

RIFLE CLUB SHOOT

The first of the two annual Shooting matches between the Present Pupils and a team from the Old Boys' Club was held in the Gym. on Friday, 14th November. The standard of marksmanship of the Present Pupils was too high for the Old Boys who were again defeated. The complete results are given below:—

Old Boys' Team		Present Pupils' Team	
G. S. Ritchie	94	David Cowling	94
Alex. Millar	93	Kenneth Smith	94
William Ritchie	81	John McConnachie ..	99
Innes Duffus	100	Iain Stewart	99
Alastair Lawrie	84	David Rothwell	95
William Morrison ...	91	John More	88
Kenneth More	99	Alex. Murray	97
David Henderson ...	98	Fergus Murray	94
740		760	

The best shot among the Present Pupils receives a small gift from the Old Boys' team, but on this occasion, as you will see, a tie resulted between John McConnachie and Iain Stewart. After the match was finished they shot off to discover who was to be ultimate winner, and it took 15 shots before a decision could be reached. McConnachie won.



Reports

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed:—Captain—A. Allen; Vice-Captain—I. Reoch; Secretary—F. Ritchie; Treasurer—F. Neillie; Member of Committee—A. Young; 2nd XV. Captain—A. Stiven; 3rd XV. Captain—G. Winton; Colts XV. Captain—D. Hardie.

The season so far has produced most heartening success, from the 1st XV. down to the Junior XV.'s. The results are the best for many seasons and much of the success may be credited to the stimulus given to the School by the 1st XV., and the enthusiasm seems as strong on the touchline as on the pitch.

The 1st XV. commenced the season with a good victory over Harris Academy, followed by a comfortable win against Dollar Academy. Two close defeats were suffered from Aberdeen Grammar School and Gordon's College, but this was amended by easy victories over Waid Academy and Melville College. An unfortunate succession of minor injuries to key players has resulted in a drawn game with Kelvinside Academy at Glasgow, and a poor win over Morgan Academy, the worst display this season. The F.P. game was lost by 3 points to 0. The combination and speed of the backs, and the fire and determination of the pack, ably led by I. Reoch, are clearly shown by the fact that we have crossed our opponents' line 27 times. The defence, however, could be tightened up.

The 2nd XV., despite being depleted by injuries in the 1st team, are undefeated so far, and much credit is due to its enthusiasm fostered by A. Stiven, captain for the second successive year. Their best performances were in beating Aberdeen Grammar School and Gordon's College.

Though the Colts were not expected to live up to the standard of last year's team, they have won all but one game, mainly due to strength in the three-quarters. The enthusiasm of the newly-formed 3rd XV. is remarkable, despite the lack of fixtures, and at last a place has been found for those who cannot quite get into the 2nd XV.

Form II., Form I. and L. VII. XV.'s continue to enjoy success over local teams and Form I. have been specially commended.

Particular gratitude is due to Mr McLaren, Mr Thomson and Mr Biggar for the great sacrifice of time and effort which they make in our interests. Our thanks are also due to Mr Ian Garden and Mr David Nicol for their very good services in refereeing whenever required. We are also grateful to Mr Erskine for his continued interest, and to all members of the staff who give up a Saturday to travel with the teams.

Record up to 25th November:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
1st XV. ...	9	6	2	1	112	35
2nd XV. ...	5	5	0	0	86	14
Colts XV. ...	8	7	1	0	138	57

G.F.R.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

This year, we have a completely new 1st XI. which, in the circumstances, has done fairly well against older and more experienced teams. Of the five matches played, we have won one, drawn one, and lost four by a narrow margin. The 2nd XI. have had almost similar results, while the 3rd XI. have not yet lost a match. The 2nd Year XI. show promise and have the makings of a good 1st XI. in the future.

The Midlands Junior Trials were held at Dalnacraig on Saturday, 15th November. There were no Dundee High School representatives in the team chosen from the Dundee area, but there were three pupils in the reserve team.

The senior Hockey House matches were held on Saturday, 22nd November. The goal-shooting competition was won by Lindores with Airlie and Wallace 2nd and 3rd respectively. The results of the matches were:—1 Aystree, 2 Wallace, 3 Airlie, 4 Lindores.

Officials for the season are as follows:—Captain, Jennifer Derrick; Vice-Captain, Catherine Duncan; Secretary and Treasurer, Judith Leslie; 2nd XI., Captain, Jennifer Dunlop; 3rd XI. Captain, Jean Gray; 4th XI. Captain, Sheila Miller; 2nd Year XI. Captain, Sheila Buchan.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking, on behalf of the teams, Miss Downie, Miss Whytock and other members of staff for the time they have spent in improving our hockey and umpiring our matches.

J.A.L.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

The two cricket XI.'s finished the season with a very satisfactory record, the highlight for the 1st XI. being their victory over a strong F.P. side which included the Forfarshire captain, G. A. Main. The strongest opposition to both 1st and 2nd XI.'s came from Perth Academy, against whom 2 games were drawn and 1 game lost. Throughout the season our batting was consistent and this contributed largely to the successful season. The stands most productive of runs came from our opening pair, A. Allen and F. Ritchie, the latter heading both the batting averages and being top scorer with a 77 not out against Perth Academy. The most successful bowler was E. Reoch, who captured a half-century of wickets for a little over five runs apiece.

The Don F. McEwan prizes went to D. Henderson and M. Hardie, and caps were awarded to A. Allen, D. Henderson, M. Hardie, R. Gibb, I. Reoch and E. Reoch.

The summarised results of the XI.'s read as follows:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.
1st XI. ...	11	6	2	3
2nd XI. ...	7	5	1	1

We should like to thank Mr Stark for his invaluable coaching on Monday evenings and Wednesday afternoons. We are also greatly indebted to our President, Mr Stevenson, to Mr McLaren for organising the games, and to the other members of the staff and F.P.'s who gave up much of their time to umpire our matches.

E.C.R.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The following office-bearers were elected at the beginning of the session:—Hon. President, the Rector; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Mr Beckingham, Mr Russell; President, P. Mee; Secretary, G. Hunter; Treasurer, G. Maxwell.

Membership this year is good, but is not so high as last year. This year we have entered three teams in the Dundee and District Chess League, two in the Schools' League and one in the Senior League. To date, the senior team has lost to Technical College, and the other two teams have won their opening matches.

Mrs Elder has been giving instruction to the more advanced members of the club, while Mr Russell has attended to the beginners. I should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks both to them and to Mr Beckingham for their continued interest and help with the club.

G. H. HUNTER.

CADET REPORT

Camp, this year, was held at Cultybraggan, near Comrie, in a week of exceptionally fine weather. A new feature of camp life, introduced this year, was a patrolling exercise; twenty of the senior Cadets spent two days and one night out in the open, covering about thirty miles. It was a great success, and everyone seems to have enjoyed it.

The band must be congratulated on its superlative displays at camp. On several occasions, notably at the Comrie Highland Games, and on the Thursday evening, when they beat retreat in the town Square, they received nothing but praise.

As usual, the trophies were competed for on the last day. The Platoon Cup was won by No. 2 Platoon, and the Coronation Trophy, which was very hotly contested, was awarded jointly to Cadets M. Schnee and M. Duckworth.

During August, Sgt. MacIntyre, Sgt. Stiven, L./Cpl. Murray and L./Cpl. Fox attended a Scottish Command Course at Cultybraggan. All enjoyed it, and have found the experience invaluable.

Once more our thanks are due to the staff at Bell Street, who have been giving drill instruction to the Part II. Cadets, and putting on film shows for the Junior Company.

This year, there has been considerable reorganisation of Cadet examinations. Cert. "A", Parts I. and II. have been renamed the Basic Test and the Army Proficiency Test respectively. The former is now awarded by the School, but the latter is still an external examination.

There has now been introduced a more advanced certificate, Cert. "A", Part III., of a very much higher standard than Part II. One of the prerequisites is a certificate in first aid, or some other specified subject, and to this end a group of twelve senior Cadets have been receiving instruction from the British Red Cross Society. I should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the Red Cross for their willing co-operation.

Since the beginning of this session, we have been holding weekly parades in the front of the School, the back playground still being unavailable.

We are very glad to see Mr Vannet among us once more, now, however, in the capacity of a civilian instructor. It is also my pleasure to welcome to the unit Mr Stevenson, again as a civilian instructor, who is helping us with map-reading and fieldcraft.

Finally, on behalf of all the Cadets, I should like to thank Major Halliday and his officers for the time and effort they devote to the unit.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

The Stamp Club has had two meetings so far. The first was occupied mainly with official business. At the second an interesting paper was given by George Hunter on "Stamps of Great Britain and the Commonwealth." The Stamp Exchange System is again in operation and prospective participants are reminded that, even if they cannot attend the Club's fortnightly meetings (Mondays at 4 p.m.), they are invited to join the exchange system.

We thank the Dundee Philatelic Society for inviting our members to its "Junior Night" in December.

We are pleased to welcome several new members at the beginning of this session, and hope that still more will join.

C.L., Secretary.

LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

The Rector presided at a preliminary meeting of interested members of Forms III. to VI. on Monday, 22nd September, 1958. The following were elected members of the Committee — Jane Milne, Una Stephenson, Gordon Adams and Gordon Ritchie, with Ann Christie and Robin MacIntyre, secretary and treasurer respectively.

There were two meetings in October. At the first, "Hat Night," when Mr More presided, a panel — Gillian Payne, Sheila Reid, Jane Milne, Alison Reid, Neil Bowman, Robin Bowman, Colin McNab and Peter Thomson — expressed opinions on both serious and light-hearted subjects. In a break in the panel's discussions, members of the audience were called to speak on several topics.

At the second meeting there was a large audience to hear Miss D. Foggie and Miss R. Falconer tell of their summer holidays spent in the United States of America. Describing their routes, they illustrated their talks with excellent coloured slides.

The November meeting, at which Mr A. R. Duke presided, was devoted to a study of Samuel Pepys. A paper on Pepys as a diarist was read by Charlotte Lythe. Examples of the music, drama and poetry of his period were given and his interests in architecture and the navy were considered.

An interesting and varied programme has been planned for this session and it is hoped that members will avail themselves of the opportunities for speaking offered by the debates and discussions arranged.

A.L.C.

GUIDE REPORT

A very successful Guide Camp was held at Tarfside. The weather was excellent, and many were sunburnt. We were very pleased to have Lieutenant Burnett back among us. Since we returned to Guides after the summer vacation, two new patrols have been formed — the Wren and the Sparrow.

The Patrol Leaders this year for Company 2a are:—

Blackbird—Anne Mackintosh; Bantam—Elspeth Ower; Bullfinch — Judith Leslie; Chaffinch — Joy Andrew; Robin—Ishbel Thomson; Sparrow—Moyra McGregor; Swallow—Barbara Patrick.

The Patrol Leaders for Company 2 are:—

Bluetit — Joyce Anderson; Canary — Valerie Fowler; Kingfisher—Fiona Anderson; Nightingale — Rosemary Gibson; Skylark — Heather Wilkie; Thrush—Jeanie Davidson; Wren—Marion Hay.

The Company Leaders are:—Company 2—Jeanie Davidson; Company 2a—Barbara Patrick and Joy Andrew.

This year, at the enrolment of the new recruits, the parents were present. Lieutenant Larg was warmly welcomed back after her visit to Australia.

After much hard work, Joy Andrew won the Queen's Guide Award and Mrs Bentley, the County Commissioner, presented it to her in the presence of her relations and the Anton House Girls on Friday, 28th November.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Captain Whytock and Captain Gray for their unfailing service to the Guides.

K.M.J.A., J.L.D., B.H.P.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Society continues to flourish and enthusiasm runs high in all three groups. We hope to present three plays in March. Form III., under Miss Scott and Miss Anderson, are rehearsing "The Forest Lovers," from "As You Like it," by Shakespeare. Form II., with the help of Miss Knight, Miss Stevenson and Miss Currie, are preparing "The Dear Departed," by Stanley Houghton, while Form I., assisted by Miss Soutar, Miss Ogilvie and Mr Duke, hope to produce "Something to Talk About," by Eden Phillpotts.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

During the last session we were somewhat hampered by lack of support, but all our expectations for this year have been justified, and the number of members is most heartening. We expect to have a busy session, since we intend to put on two plays in the summer term. The first of these will be "Electra," a tragedy by Sophocles, and the second a modern comedy, the title of which is yet to be decided. As may be expected, all our meetings will be directed towards the production of these two plays.

Miss Gray and Mr Smith are, as usual, giving the Society their enthusiastic assistance.

P.J.M.

F.P. Club Reports

F.P. CRICKET CLUB REPORT

Once again the cricket season has drawn to a close. Unfortunately, the weather did not react as one would have expected after such a severe winter, and batsmen often found themselves playing on the proverbial sticky wicket.

In spite of this, the 1st XI, succeeded in improving their position in the Strathmore Union League by finishing halfway up the league table. By far the best score of the season, 112 for two wickets, was against Mannofield XI, at Aberdeen, but the game had to be abandoned because of the weather.

We have again been having difficulty in fielding two XI's every Saturday, because of the lack of playing members and, as a result, the committee decided that it would be in the club's best interests to withdraw the 2nd XI, from the Strathmore Union, as it was clear that we would be unable to fulfil our Union commitments.

I should like to take this opportunity, therefore, of appealing to cricket enthusiasts leaving school this session to contact the General Secretary when the School closes in June.

At the recent Annual General Meeting of the club, the following officials were elected for season 1959:—

Captain, Mr J. D. F. Carnegie; Vice-Captain, Mr J. I. Tullis; General Secretary, Mr J. C. Turner, 1 Kerrington Crescent, Barnhill, Dundee; Match Secretary, Dr W. Guthrie; Treasurer, Mr I. McEwan.

JOHN C. TURNER, Gen. Secy.

F.P. BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

At the Annual General Meeting of the Club, the following officials were appointed:—President, Mr John A. Grieve; Vice-President, Mr James B. Houston; Hon. Secretary, Miss Joan K. Drummond; Hon. Treasurer, Miss Alice Oswald.

This season the membership of the club has increased greatly and we are pleased to be able to report that attendances at Club Nights have been very heartening. The standard of play in the Club, naturally, improves with the keener competition therein and we are confident of a better year for our team than last year.

As in previous years, our Junior members are very keen, and we are delighted to note their enthusiasm and loyalty. The Juniors are participating in various friendly matches with other clubs and this helps to keep their interest from waning.

We are always pleased to welcome F.P.'s to our Club and would be pleased to see any new members, who care to join us, on any Wednesday, Thursday or Saturday evening at the Gym.

J.D.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The Club's condition has improved considerably since last season as regards playing members. A fair number of extremely promising young players has been recruited from the School teams. Much effort is being put forward by members to overcome the financial difficulties we have been in for some time and the situation shows improvement.

Well-deserved honour has come to the Club through our captain, Aileen Paterson. Aileen was chosen to play for the Rest of Scotland team, and scored two goals. At the District Trials, held on 15th November, she was chosen for the 2nd Midlands team.

Results for season 1958-59 have been encouraging so far, and reflect the enthusiasm of our new young players. Indeed, the team has been congratulated on its dash! Results—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
8	4	3	1	36	21

MURIEL J. B. THOMSON, Secy.

F.P. TENNIS REPORT

"Lylicus Scoparius," "Knicker Tams." Perhaps these words bring back memories of a beautiful summer day in June when a company of over 40 people took part in our Treasure Hunt. We set off from Dundee and eventually arrived at destination X, which was Forfar, via Monikie, Kingennie, Carmyllie and Guthrie. First prize was won by Miss Sheila Bruce and party and second prize by Mr Douglas Lemon and party. The special prize of a picnic chair, generously donated by Mr David Smith, was won by Miss Yvonne Stewart.

The Treasure Hunt was a great success, with fun unlimited, and congratulations must be extended to the organiser, Mr James Laird.

The other main event of the season — a Progressive American Tournament — took place on Saturday, 14th August. The winners of the day were Miss Margot Wilson and Mr P. G. Buttars.

Two stalwart members of our first team had a marathon battle in the final of the Men's Singles Championship. Mr James Soutar beat Dr Derek Duckworth, 10-8, 12-14, 7-5, and the match lasted 3 hours 20 minutes. Well done, gentlemen!

Miss Edith Nicoll retained the Ladies' Singles Championship, beating Miss Jean Buttars in the final.

The winners of the Mixed Handicap Doubles were Miss J. Thomson and Mr J. Soutar.

The above were the main items of interest during the season and we now look forward to next year with the possibility of winter tennis. We also hope to introduce one or two novelty items next season, one of which will be a barbecue to be held after either a Dance or a Scavenger Hunt.

Meantime, may I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

P. G. BUTTARS, Secy.

NEWS

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

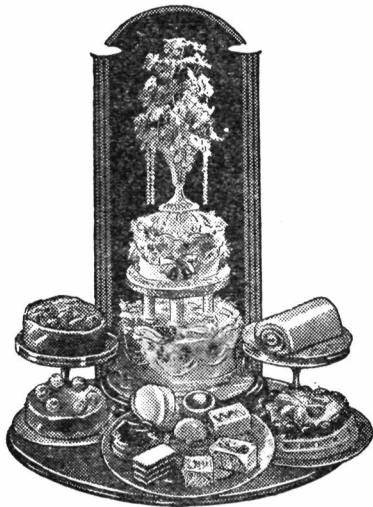
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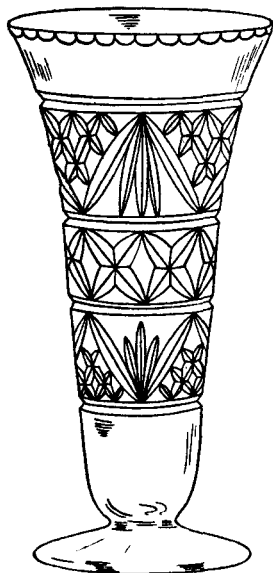
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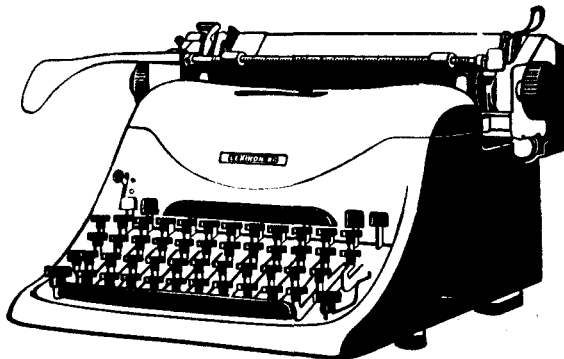
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