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MAGAZINE



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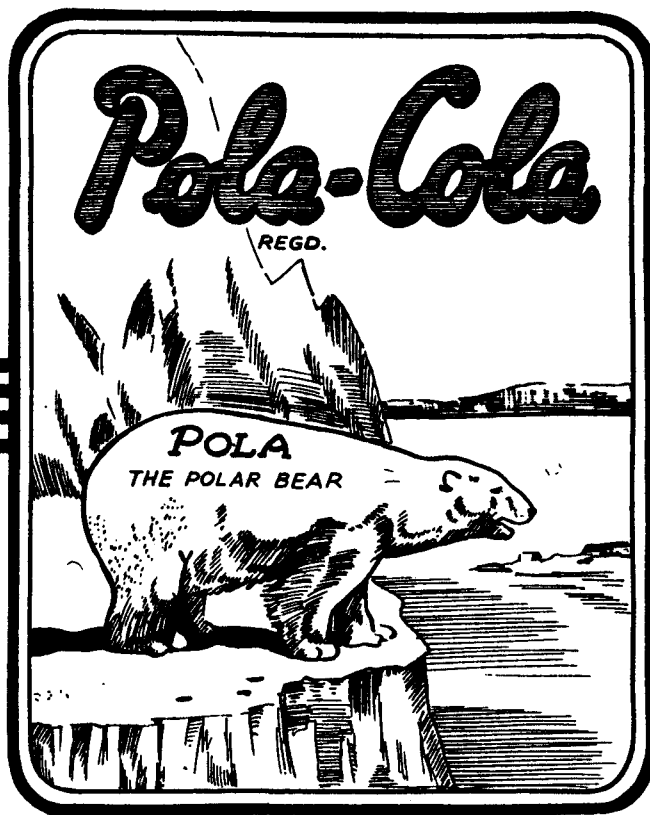
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EDITORIAL

No. 126]

JUNE 1959

[1/3

Scarcely have we found time to relax after the Highers and the Bursary Competitions when we have wakened up to find another Editorial due. In early May the shadow of terminal examinations still hangs over us, but we are already conscious of the lighter atmosphere of the summer term; tennis tournaments and intensive dramatic rehearsals are in full swing, and Berets need No Longer be Worn. And, of course, our faithful Magazine contributors are already thoughtfully chewing their pencils.

Our new editorial block, designed by Mr Halliday, represents the connexion of the old Grammar School, the ancestor of the High School, with the Abbey of Lindores. In the early thirteenth century the Abbot and Monks of Lindores were granted a charter by Gilbert, Bishop of Brechin, empowering them to appoint a vicar to the parish church of Dundee and, in effect, to appoint the masters of the city school or schools. The school's connexion with the Abbots of Lindores lasted from then until the Reformation. And if we are to believe Blind Harry, who was somewhat addicted to lying, however, about sixty years after its foundation the school received its most famous pupil, William Wallace.

But let us return to the present day, and the most up-to-date part of the school, in all senses — the Science Labs. (How seldom the Science Labs. are mentioned, except when they are newly opened or, more rarely, suddenly destroyed!). After the March examinations life there is rather less hectic; and now,

in late Spring, students need no longer crouch, shivering, over lighted bunsen-burners. And these same unsung Science Labs. are the saboteurs' happy hunting-grounds; little juniors casually smash test-tubes while seniors shatter whole boxloads of apparatus at one sitting. A tiny female Botanist nonchalantly strops an enormous sectioning-razor; a keen Zoologist kneels on the floor, one eye closed, while his comrades weave slow circles round him with coloured chalks. (This is an experiment, not a survival of Druidical sun-worship). Here, too, the problems of the Universe are threshed out between teacher and sceptical pupil, while the less intellectual and philosophical look on in more or less worried incomprehension, and the Lunatic Fringe stares intently on an unfixed point in space, then whoops joyously to a neighbour, "Look, quick, there a Molecule!"

The Swimming Gala draws on apace, and the Sports, and House Captains are already marshalling their teams, recruiting for the Relay Races, and organising practices for hurdling and high jumping; nobody suspected of having the slightest athletic aptitude can hope to escape. Arrangements are proceeding for the traditional Mixed Doubles tennis tournament, and the Prefects' Dance. With a mixture of feelings, the School Leavers are awaiting the end of term; next year's Magazine Editors are as yet regardless of their fate. Until they take up this record in the next issue, we close with the conventional bright hopes for the Summer Holidays.

News and Notes

FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE REFORMATION

The School will be interested to know of two commissions which Mr W. P. Vannet has recently executed for the General Assembly's Committee on the Fourth Centenary of the Reformation, of which Dr Douglas, the School Chaplain, is convener.

The Committee was anxious to have a Symbol of the Reformation, which could be used for a variety of purposes. The design chosen was that of an Open Bible and a Communion Cup. This symbolises effectively the two fundamental aims of the Reformers, namely, to let the people read the Bible in their own language instead of having it hidden from them by the Roman Church, and to restore to them the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in its scriptural simplicity and purity. Mr Vannet's design is most successful in conveying these ideas.

The other commission undertaken by Mr Vannet was to inscribe on vellum the text of two messages sent by the General Assembly to the Churches in France and Geneva on the occasion of their Jubilee Celebrations in May and June of this year. The messages speak of the close connection between the Reformed Churches in France and Switzerland, particularly through John Calvin and the Church in Scotland. The text has been translated into French by Mr A. J. Steele, Lecturer in French at Edinburgh University; and Mr Vannet, as can be well imagined, has made a beautiful job of the lettering. We hope that these messages will be framed and kept by the Churches to whom they have been sent.

It will also be of interest to know that there is a certain historical appropriateness in Mr Vannet's having used his talents for these purposes. He is a member of St. Mary's, which was the first Reformed congregation in Scotland.

THE PUBLIC-SPEAKING CONTEST

There was a good entry, and two preliminary rounds were contested before the finals, which were held on 13th February in the Girls' School hall. The finalists were Jane Thomson, Barbara Patrick and Janet Kerr; Gordon Ritchie, Peter Mee and Peter Thomson. The adjudicator was Professor J. H.

Baxter, D.D., of St. Andrews. The contestants were required to read a prepared passage of poetry and a prose passage given them with only one minute to read it over. Then they were given about half an hour to prepare a short speech on one of a choice of subjects.

The winners were—Girls—Barbara Patrick (F. IV.); Boys—Peter Mee and Gordon Ritchie (F. VI.) equal.

CHRISTMAS SCIENCE LECTURE

A party of senior pupils attended the Christmas Science Lecture in the Chemistry Lecture Room, Queen's College, Dundee, on Wednesday, 17th December. The lecture was given by Professor Ritchie, Professor of Chemistry at the Glasgow Technical College. The subject was "Science versus the Fine Arts Forger," and was illustrated by coloured slides.

ELOCUTION RECITAL BY PUPILS OF MISS LOW

An Elocution Recital was given on Friday, 27th February, in Tay Square Halls. Despite the fact that this was held at the height of the 'flu epidemic, it passed off very successfully, and the children have to be congratulated in coping so adequately with changes of cast and curtailed rehearsals.

L. I. performed very sweetly "The Rainbow Fairies."

L. II. acted the story of "The Wind and the Rain."

L. III. and L. IV. girls performed most successfully "The Story of Persephone" with a number of outstanding performances and voices of beautiful quality.

L. III. Boys entertained the audience with the amusing sketch, "The Chinese Shilling."

L. V. Girls acted a little play, "The Wishing Well." All the girls got their various characters, worked together as a team, and the audibility was good. A very nice little performance from such young pupils.

L. VII. — The girls from this class were set rather a difficult exercise — a scene from "Pride and Prejudice" — but in spite of the many difficulties they had to overcome — difficult characterisation and long speeches — they acquitted themselves very well for such

young performers and showed a remarkable keenness and interest in their work.

The senior girls completed the programme with a one-act play by Sierra.

All have to be thanked and congratulated for their enthusiasm and keenness in putting on such a creditable performance in the time at their disposal and the difficulties under which they were working.

ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate Mr Halliday and Mr Vannet on having examples of their work accepted for exhibition in the Royal Academy, London. Mr Halliday is represented by a piece of sculpture in wood, "Sitting Bird." This work is to be reproduced by the Talbot Press. Mr Vannet has one of his etchings, "Fishing Boats, Gourdon," hung on the line. It is of interest to note that over twelve thousand works were submitted to the Academy of which one thousand five hundred were accepted.

Both Mr Halliday and Mr Vannet also have work on exhibition in the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr Halliday has a bronze head, "Anna," in the Sculpture Hall and a drawing of woodlands in the Black and White Room. Mr Vannet shows three works, an oil of Rotterdam, an etching of Gourdon and a water colour (of a Dutch canal).

Mr Halliday, in a recent exhibition which was held in Edinburgh under the auspices of Scottish Command, was awarded first prize for two of his animal bronzes. He also had work shown in Glasgow's Civic Art Exhibition.

ATHLETICS

The Athletics Section has been very much alive this term and much good work has been done. We wish to thank Mr Biggar and Mr G. Stewart for their efforts on our behalf.

ANNUAL SPORTS

The Annual Sports were held at Dalnacraig on Saturday, 6th June. The weather was not unpleasant although raincoats were in evidence, but the threat of rain did not prevent a large number of spectators from being present. The Senior Championship was won by Douglas Small, the Intermediate by David Wright and the Junior by Alan Grewar. The girl champions were Ann Smart (Senior), Anne Reed (Intermediate) and Susan Gibson

(Junior). Mr J. J. McFadzen, president of the F.P. Rugby Football Club, presided, and prizes were presented by Mrs McFadzen.

SWIMMING GALA

The Swimming Gala was held on Tuesday, 9th June. Mr Gordon J. Robbie presided and Mrs Robbie presented the prizes. The girl champions were Judith Leslie (Senior) and Sheila Buchan (Junior), the boy champions Bruce McLeod (Senior) and Howard Wright (Junior). Airlie House gained 62 points, Aystree 34½, Lindores 28 and Wallace 27. This success gave Airlie the Inter-House Trophy with 238 points, Wallace was placed second with 183 points, Lindores had 122½ points and Aystree 120.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

We should like to thank (a) Miss Isabell Hutchison who has gifted her sister's 135 science books to the school; (b) the anonymous donors, who previously gave three chairs for the school hall, for giving two more chairs to match; (c) A. Caird & Sons for presenting the rugby caps.

MUSIC COMPETITION

The Music Competition was held in the Hall of the Girls' School on Friday, 6th March. The adjudicator was Miss Duncan, St. Leonard's School, who was deputising for Miss Margaret Reckless, Principal Teacher of Music in St. Leonard's School. Winners were — Pianoforte Competitions — 1st Class, James Coull, L. VII. (5 competitors); 2nd Class, Sandra Spence, L. VII. (16 competitors); Open Class, Hazel Rickart and Norma Duncan, F. III. (8 competitors).

Violin Competitions—Junior Class, Barrie Buchan, L. VI.; Senior Class—1st Peter Boyd, F. I.; 2nd, Peter Milne, F. III.

ART PRIZES

In the Fry's Painting Competition, which is open to pupils in age groups throughout Britain, Peter West won one of the National first prizes. Other prizes were awarded to J. Fairley, M. Mottashaw, Elizabeth Nicholson, Maureen McKell, H. Colligan, D. Croal. There were over three hundred thousand pictures submitted in this competition.

In the Brooke Bond's Art Competition this year the subject set was "My Favourite Scene." In the Senior Section Jennifer Dunlop won the first prize for an outdoor camping

scene and Gordon Gilchrist with a painting of a canal at night was awarded second prize. Peter West came first in the Junior Section with a chalk painting of a horse race. An under-water painting of fish by Charles Scrimgeour gained second place.

THE WAR MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Throughout the session the War Memorial Library has become an integral part of the school, closely associated with the academic and cultural life of the senior pupils. Here Form VI. pupils spend their "extra" periods, a privilege prized by many and wisely used. Specially-appointed library prefects from Forms IV., V., VI., have been in charge during the lunch hours, when the library is open to members of these forms, and have given valuable help towards the completion of the preliminary administrative work. Their duties will be still more responsible next session when we hope to give all pupils in the upper school the opportunity to borrow books regularly.

The library is controlled by the following committee — Mr Marshall, Mr More, Mr Howat, Miss Stevenson, Miss H. F. Falconer (secretary) and Mr E. M. Stewart (convener).

We should like to record our thanks to former pupils and friends of the school for gifts of books during this session. Among these will be found books gifted by Miss Mary Brown, formerly of the English Department; a large number of mainly scientific books gifted in memory of Miss C. C. R. Hutchison; and books gifted in memory of Jim Don. We are always grateful to the Old Girls' Club for their annual gift of books to the junior department of the library.

Worthy traditions are not easily made, but we are sure that the senior pupils are building up a tradition of respect for the library and of an intelligent use of its contents.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte and Violin held in December, 1958, and March, 1959:—

PUPILS OF MR PORTEOUS

- F. IV.
Kathleen Scott — Grade V., Pass.
- F. I.
Ian Smith — Grade IV., Merit.

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN

- F. III.
Moira Wilkinson — Grade V., Pass.
Rosemary Russell — Grade III., Pass.
- L. VII.
Sandra Spence — Grade III., Distinction.
Lindsay Easson — Grade II., Pass.
- L. VI.
Kathleen Ferguson — Grade III., Pass.
Roger Milne — Grade II., Pass.
- L. V.
Jenny Blain — Grade III., Merit.
Grade IV., Merit.
- L. IV.
Moira Spence — Grade I., Merit.

PUPILS OF MRS ELDER

- F. III.
Kathleen Thomson — Grade V., Pass.
- L. VI.
Margaret Bryce — Grade II., Merit.

PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE

- F. I.
Neil McLean — Grade III., Pass.
- L. VI.
Gillian Munro — Grade II., Pass.

PUPILS OF MR REID — VIOLIN

- L. VI.
Alan Aitkenhead — Grade II., Distinction.
Barrie Buchan — Grade II., Distinction.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

SECOND-LIEUT. A. S. ROBERTSON, a former Warrant Officer of the Cadet Company, on being a member of the colour party on the occasion of the Presentation of Colours by H.R.H. The Princess Margaret to the 1st Battalion, The Royal Highland Fusiliers. Lieutenant Robertson was a member of the old Colour Party of the 1st Battalion The Highland Light Infantry.

MISS AILEEN PATERSON on being awarded a tennis "cap." She is to play in the Scottish international team against Wales at Edinburgh.

JIMMY MAXWELL on gaining a third prize in the Ontario assistants' golf championship.

BAILIE ROBERT MCINTOSH on being elected to the Bench.

DR JAMES S. A. SPREULL on being appointed to the William Dick Chair of Veterinary Surgery of Edinburgh University.

PROFESSOR EMERITUS SIR ALEXANDER GRAY on being awarded an Honorary Doctorate in Law by Edinburgh University.

MR KENNETH W. PRITCHARD on becoming a partner in the firm of J. & J. Scrimgeour, Solicitors.

MR ALEXANDER SMITH on his performance in the production of "We Must Kill Toni" by the Dundee Dramatic Society.

MISS DUNCAN on her clever acting in "The Lady Purrs" by Ted Willis.

MISS DOWNIE on her engagement to Mr G. Barrie Kinnes, of Broughty Ferry.

MISS CURRIE on her engagement to Mr Roderick M. Reid, of Inverness.

LILIAN WHYTE and GEORGE DUKE on their gaining prizes in the Brooke Bond's Tea Essay Competition, and the latter on winning a first prize of £10 (Junior Section) in the British Overseas League Essay Competition.

MISS JOYCE S. WHYTE on her appointment as educational representative for "His Master's Voice" gramophone records.

PETER MEE, F. VI., on passing the Cambridge Entrance Examination in English and History.

GEORGE H. HUNTER, F. VI., on winning a Harkness Scholarship to St. Salvator's College.

DONALD G. JUNOR, F. VI., on winning a Miles Bursary to Queen's College, Dundee.

IAN D. CUTHBERT, F. VI., on being awarded a Dundee Educational Trust Entrance Bursary to St. Salvator's.

UNA W. STEPHENSON, F. VI., on being awarded a Taylour-Thomson Medical Bursary to St. Salvator's.

CHARLOTTE M. LYTHE, F. VI., on being awarded a Duncan Bursary tenable at St. Andrews University.

PETER D. THOMSON, F. VI., on being twenty-fourth in the Edinburgh Open Bursary List.

The School's RIFLE-SHOOTING TEAM on winning the Strathcona Shield.

CAROL ROBERTSON, F. III., on winning the Jean Coupar Rosebowl awarded in the Dundee Junior Red Cross competition.

ELIZABETH THOMSON on being chosen Queen's College Charities' Queen.

ANNE DEWAR, a former pupil, on being chosen for the Scottish International Lacrosse team for the second time.

DAVID DUFF, RAYMOND WILKIE, DUNCAN CROAL and LINDSAY TOSH on their successes in the Midlands Schoolboys' Swimming competitions. Wilkie, Croal and BRUCE MCLEOD were chosen for the Midlands team.

DR DOUGLAS and MR VANNET on their performance on B.B.C. Television's "Meeting Point" shortly after Christmas.

MR TAYLOR on winning, at the Arbroath Musical Festival, the Gold Challenge Medal for the best senior vocal competitor and the George Eggo Cup for vocal solo — premier class — open to the winner of any senior vocal class at any Festival since 1949.

GRAHAM MACLEAN and NORMAN CATHCART on their successes in the Arbroath Musical Festival. Graham Maclean was first in the 16-18 Class (Violin) and second in the Open Class. Norman Cathcart (Violin) was first in the Under 10 Class.

SANDRA RECORDON, F. III., on winning a prize in the National Bible Society Essay Competition.

NEIL M. STEPHENSON, L. VII. (D.H.S.), DAVID LOGIE DAVIDSON (Grove Academy), ALAN BARTLAY WALKER (Harris Academy), on winning High School Bursaries.

J. P. M. WHYTE, Esq., B.Sc., (Forestry), Conservator for Scotland of the Forestry Commission, who has been awarded the O.B.E. by Her Majesty.

GORDON RITCHIE on winning a Kitchener Scholarship.

J. L. WEATHERHEAD, M.A., LL.B., a student at New College, who has been elected President of Edinburgh University Union for 1959/60. This is the first time a New College man has been made President of the Union for very many years.

HELEN JAMIESON on winning two junior cups in the Scottish Ski-ing Championships.

JAMES R. G. WRIGHT, of Edinburgh University, who is medallist in the Intermediate Honours Latin Class, and medallist (equal) and C. S. Edgar prize-winner (equal) in the Intermediate Honours Greek Class. James

has also been awarded a Cowan House Senior Scholarship. He has been appointed librarian of the Sellar and Goodhart Classical Library and has been invited to take part in the excavations at Stonehenge this summer under

Professor Stuart Piggott.

JEAN THOMSON on gaining first place in the Medical Physiology Class at St. Andrews University.

SCHOOL MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE-WINNERS — 1959

Front Row (l. to r.) — James W. Coull (Old Girls' Club Prize for Piano-Playing in the Junior School); Robin M. Stimpson (Walter Polack Memorial Prize for Dux of L. VII. Boys); Sandra M. Spence (Larg Prize for Piano-Playing—Intermediate); Martin T. Mottashaw (Junior Leng Silver Medal for Singing); Andrew B. G. Lendrum (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Boys); Hazel B. Ptolmey (John MacLennan Prize for Dux of L. VII. Girls); Barry D. Buchan (Larg Prize for Violin-Playing—Junior); Alan J. Lawson (Russell Trophy for Junior Chess).

Second Row (l. to r.) — Peter G. Milne (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Boys); James Davidson (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form IV.); Gillian P. Payne (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Girls); Peter J. Mee (G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public-Speaking—Equal); Gordon J. Ritchie (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art—Equal, G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public-Speaking—Equal); Eilidh N. C. Souter (Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in French); George G. Hunter (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Mathematics); Charlotte M. Lythe (Harris Gold Medal for Dux of School—Equal, Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English—Equal, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize in English—Equal, London Angus Club Prize for Dux in History, Edinburgh Angus Club Prize for Dux in Latin, Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Una W. Stephenson (Harris Gold Medal for Dux of School—Equal, Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English—Equal, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize in English—Equal, Cunningham Medal for Dux in Science, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize in Science, Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Peter D. Thomson (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Greek); Alison M. Reid (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in German); Douglas C. J. Brown (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art—Equal); Neil J. H. Ballantine (D. S. Bryson Prize for Dux in Technical Subjects); Helen S. Thomson (Rector's Prize for Art Appreciation); George C. Duke (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of F. III. Boys).

Third Row (l. to r.) — William P. Boyd (Rector's Prize for Violin-Playing—Senior); Graeme M. Bruce (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form II. Boys—Equal); Margaret L. Smith (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form II. Girls); Sheila M. Buchan (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Girls); Heather M. T. Davidson (Championship Cup for Dux in Gymnastics—Girls); Judith A. Leslie (Championship Cup for Swimming); Barbara H. Patrick (G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public-Speaking); Susan H. Gibson (Junior Girls' Sports Championship Cup); Margaret A. Reed (Intermediate Girls' Sports Championship Cup); Norma Duncan (Larg Prize for Piano-Playing—Open—Equal); Frances D. Bowman (Girls' Junior Tennis Cup); Margaret A. F. Smith (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III. Girls); Hazel N. Rickart (Larg Prize for Piano-Playing—Open—Equal); Judith A. Greaves (J. B. Meiklejohn Prize for Mathematics); Hugh J. Kilgour (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form II. Boys—Equal).

Back Row (l. to r.) — Margaret A. Smart (Girls' Sports Championship Cup); George D. Maxwell (Beckingham Chess Trophy); Alan G. Grewar (Aystree Cup for Winner of Junior Championship); John R. S. Burns (Oakley Cup for Shooting—Boys under 14); Douglas C. Small (Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete); Peter A. H. Allan (Don. F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Ian C. A. Reoch (Don. F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Alistair J. Low (J. B. Meiklejohn Prize for Mathematics, Boase Medal and Pirie Handicap Cup for Golf); Douglas J. K. Barnet (Loveridge Cup for Winner of the Mile); Bruce D. McLeod (Championship Trophy for Swimming); David K. Wright (Harold Young Martin Rose Bowl for Winner of Intermediate Championship); Iain S. Stewart (Urquhart Cup for Champion Shot); Michael M. Gault (Polack Prize for Dux in Gymnastics—Form II. Boys); Sheila M. Reid (Girls' Tennis Championship Cup).

Absent — Ian D. Cuthbert (Ballingall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics, Arthur Ritchie Cup for High Jump).

Later Awards — Peter D. Thomson (Low Memorial Prize for Latin, 1958); Una W. Stephenson (Low Memorial Prize for English, 1958); Alastair D. Wood (Low Memorial Prize for Latin and English, 1959; J. B. Meiklejohn Prize — Proxime Accessit in Mathematics in Form V.).

Obituary

We record with regret the deaths of the following Former Pupils to whose relatives we extend our deepest sympathy—Mr George A. Kinnear, Mr John Methven Mitchell, Mr George Fraser, Rev. Alan Munro Davidson, Mr Hubert Carlton, Mr Frank G. Young, Rev. Alec W. Abel, Mr Frank H. Morrison, Rev. W. L. Coulthard, Lady Beveridge, Rev. T. C. Sturrock, Mr T. R. Lawson, Mr George Archibald Hamilton and Pipe-Major William McLeish.

MR GEORGE A. KINNEAR, who was a senior partner in a firm of Dundee solicitors, played an active part in local life. Among his many interests was the history of the Tay Bridges, about which he wrote a radio feature. A prominent member of the Dundee Film Society, he was also one of the founders of Dundee Repertory Theatre Ltd.

MR JOHN METHVEN MITCHELL, M.B.E., J.P., was a former county clerk of Fife. He was nationally recognised as an expert on local government administration, and served on several national committees. During the war he gave his salary as food executive officer for Fife toward the equipping of the Tontine Canteen. One of his colleagues spoke of "the great respect with which he was regarded."

MR GEORGE FRASER, C.A., died recently in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

REV. ALAN MUNRO DAVIDSON, who was educated at Dundee High School and at Edinburgh University, served as a combatant officer in the First World War and was awarded the Military Cross. For his service in the Chaplains' Department during and after the Second World War he was mentioned in despatches three times and received the C.B.E. He was an Honorary D.D. of Edinburgh University.

MR HUBERT CARLTON was senior partner of the well-known Dundee law firm, H. and H. J. Carlton. He served his law apprenticeship with the secretary of the High School, and went on to qualify at Edinburgh. He set up practice in Dundee in 1894. He was a member of Dundee Education Authority until

its functions were taken over by Dundee Corporation, and was a director of the High School.

MR FRANK G. YOUNG was Principal of Dundee Technical College from 1929 to 1946. A B.Sc. of St. Andrews, he did notable work on gas defence in the First World War. He became Director of Education in Orkney in 1919. He was a past president of the Old Boys' Club and served until recently on the Board of Directors.

REV ALEC W. ABEL studied at St. Andrews and Edinburgh and was assistant at St. Mary's, Dundee, before going to Logie-Pert Old Church, Arbroath. During the war he served in Burma. After serving at Kemnay, Aberdeenshire, he was appointed minister at Kinglassie Parish Church in 1955.

MR FRANK H. MORRISON was a well-known Dundee solicitor, a former town clerk of Newport-on-Tay, and the town's only Honorary Burgess.

REV. W. L. COULTHARD was minister of St. Leonard's Church, St. Andrews. In 1958, St. Andrew's University awarded him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

LADY BEVERIDGE was a former dux of Dundee High School and one of the first women graduates of St. Andrews University. She was secretary of London School of Economics for 19 years. After the First World War she received the O.B.E. for her work in connection with the Food Ministry's distribution schemes. She and Lord Beveridge were married in 1942.

REV T. C. STURROCK was minister of the South Church, Edzell. For a short period he was in charge of the Scots Church in Algeria and had long experience in the administration of education.

MR T. R. LAWSON was a director of William Lawson & Sons, Tay Rope Works. He qualified as a C.A., was a director of Dundee Royal Infirmary and later joined the Board of Management of Dundee General Hospitals. A director of D.H.S., he was convener of the Rector's Committee and vice-chairman of the Board.

MR GEORGE ARCHIBALD HAMILTON was chairman of the directors of Messrs Richard Buist & Sons. He was a great-grandson of Richard Buist, who founded the firm in 1833, and a nephew of the late Lord Provost W. H. Buist.

PIPE-MAJOR WILLIAM MCLEISH was one of the original members of Dundee City Police Pipe Band when it was formed in 1905. A native of Strathbraan, near Dunkeld, he served for seven years with the Scots Guards as a piper at the turn of the century,

and fought in the South African War. He joined Dundee Police in 1904 and served two years in the central and twenty in the Lochee district as a constable. His last eight years in the force were as a sergeant in the harbour division. On his retirement he became piping instructor to Dundee High School Army Cadet Force, a position he relinquished in 1953. Pipe-Major McLeish composed two pipe tunes — "Major McLaren" in honour of the former commander of the school cadets, and "Dundee High School Cadet Company." Both are now in the army manual of piping.

The Late Major T. R. Lawson, M.C., C.A. An Appreciation

When Thomas Reid Lawson died on Thursday, 30th April, 1959, at the age of seventy-one, the School lost one of its most devoted old boys and one of its most capable administrators. He stood in a great succession and was worthy to be named with William Harris, Alexander Mackay, T. H. Smith and Sir George Ritchie. All these and others in their day steered the School safely through dangerous waters, but it fell to the lot of T. R. Lawson to be at the helm when the difficult passage between Scylla and Charybdis had to be navigated. On the one side was the danger of being swallowed by the monster of State control and on the other the danger that the standards might be forced down by the whirlpool of economic pressure.

With confidence, and yet with care and coolness, he steered a course to avoid these dangers and so retain independence, and at the same time maintain high standards.

I know well, and he would have agreed very cordially, that the present satisfactory position was not attained by his efforts alone and that much remains to be done. At the same time none would deny that the chief credit must go to him. In his play, "Heauton Timoroumenos," the Roman poet, Terence, makes one of his characters say *Humani nihil a me alienum puto*. This might have been paraphrased in Mr Lawson's case into, "There is nothing which touches the School that is not my concern." He was interested

in every part of it and in every aspect of its various activities.

He was educated at the School; he was one of the founders and a past president of the Old Boys' Club; he was an office-bearer in the Former Pupils' rugby and cricket clubs; he was appointed a director by the Chamber of Commerce on 2nd November, 1939, and served as convener of the Works Committee from 1939 to 1946 and convener of the Rector's Committee from 1949 until he died. At an early stage he realised that the School would require to look to its former pupils for the funds necessary to enable it to continue to take its place in the forefront of education in the city and he set himself to the task of awakening their interest and obtaining their support. The enthusiasm which he showed in this matter was a major element in the success which followed, inducing others who were not old boys to contribute generously to the Reconstruction Scheme.

In his speech at the ceremony when the new laboratories were opened on 25th March, 1958, Sir Edward Appleton referred to Mr Lawson as follows:—

"The conduct of the appeal for building funds has been, I know, a combined operation, and there surely is ample credit to go round. But I would like to mention specially the sterling efforts of Mr T. R. Lawson, convener of the Rector's Committee of the Board. He's been quite tireless

in promoting this good cause and has crowned all his local achievements by leading the deputation to the Trustees of the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education in Schools—a national body—which expressed its approval of your project by giving you £17,500.”

When T. R. Lawson left school he became a Chartered Accountant and afterwards served throughout the 1914-1918 War in the Royal Artillery. As a Subaltern he was awarded the Military Cross and later he was promoted to the rank of Major and commanded a battery of 18-pdr. guns. At the beginning of the second World War he was Assistant Commandant of the Special Constabulary and, when the “Z” Anti-Aircraft Rocket Battery was formed, he was appointed to command it.

After the first World War he went into the family business of Rope-Spinners of which he became chairman. The Church claimed his interest and he was treasurer of Ryehill Congregation for fifteen years and one of the senior elders. Several charitable institutions and public bodies took advantage of his services, especially the Dundee Royal Infirmary, the Royal Dundee Institution for the Blind and the Chamber of Commerce. It is significant that he never pushed himself forward or tried to obtain publicity or to be in the limelight. Rather he was sought out as one whose opinion was valuable and whose experience was useful.

There is no doubt that the discipline of his professional training (and it will not be

misunderstood if I say that he served his apprenticeship in a hard school) stood him in good stead in all his public work and helped him to form balanced judgments and to take long-term views.

He was an all-round man, however, and in many fields of sport he excelled. In rugby, tennis and golf he played a good game and latterly he was a keen and successful angler. Above all, however, he was a good sportsman and respected as such.

In his private life, as in his public life, he set and maintained high standards. Always he was helpful and considerate, willing to go a very long way round to do a good turn, not waiting to be asked but offering advice where he felt he could give it, a very pleasant and a very loyal friend at all times.

The School has been fortunate in the past in having the help and the guidance of many gifted and public-spirited men both on the staff and on the directorate. It may be that some of them have had more brilliant talents than T. R. Lawson, but none of them have had a greater love for the School or have served its interests with more devoted zeal.

I am sure that in everything he had adopted for himself the School motto, “*Pre-stante Domino*,” and that the Lord was always standing before him. Now, as Thackeray wrote of Col. Newcome, he has answered to his name and stands in the presence of the Master.

We salute the memory of a notable servant of the School, an all-round sportsman, a good soldier and a public-spirited gentleman.

The Innocents Abroad

Through my dreams came the insistent ringing of the telephone. Who on earth was phoning me at 6.45? Then I realised that I was in a hotel bedroom with my aunt as my companion, and that we were about to embark on our eagerly anticipated German holiday.

A taxi dropped us at Kensington’s ultra-modern air terminal. After checking in our baggage, we retired to the lounge, to await the announcement of our flight number by the attractive announcer on the television screen. On hearing it, we boarded a BEA bus which

transported us to London Airport, where a smart air-hostess guided us to the Elizabethan aircraft which was to take us to Germany. My aunt hurried into the plane to procure the best seats, and it was only when everyone was seated that she realised that it was not the kind of aircraft in which she had previously travelled, and that, as we were above the wing, visibility was nil!

After arriving at Köln airport, we were taken by bus into Köln itself, and what impressed me most on the way was the road-signs, which are very different from our own,

being pictorially descriptive. Köln station is typical of the German stations — it is a very modern glass building, but it is more than an arrival and departure point for trains. There are all sorts of shops inside, and it might be likened to our Arcades (I am not likening it to Dundee Arcade, but the type of Arcade to be found in Glasgow, for example). Köln was very badly bombed in the war, but rebuilding has progressed extremely quickly, and there is hardly a sign of the bomb damage left. Yet, in spite of the havoc wrought by the bombs, reconstructed Kölner Dom, Germany's sublime architectural masterpiece, still stands in all its Gothic splendour.

We were staying in Königswinter, a picturesque little village on the banks of the Rhine. The day after our arrival, we went on a bus tour to Wiesbaden, the famous spa, by way of the Taunus forest. We continued then to Rudesheim, where we transferred from bus to Rhine steamer, and we sailed down to St. Goar. This is the most delightful part of the Rhine, with the lovely castles on top of the wooded hillsides, the vineyards and the famous Lorelei rock. There was a party of young Germans in holiday mood, who sang all the Rhenish songs, and, as we passed the Lorelei rock, the strains of that undying melody were sung by them.

During our return bus journey to Königswinter, we were also regaled with German songs from the driver.

When we visited the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Crag, a hill behind Königswinter, the ascent was by funicular railway. The top commands a beautiful view over the Rhine, and of the Petersberg, an adjacent mountain, on the top of which is the exclusive hotel in which Princess Margaret stayed when she was reviewing the B.A.O.R. troops. The Drachenfels is the traditional scene of the slaying of the dragon by the Wagnerian hero, Siegfried, and halfway up the hill is a hall to commemorate this event, in which are paintings of the "Ring" cycle, and at the end of which is a bas-relief of Wagner.

An unforgettable evening was spent at the operetta, Strauss's *The Gipsy Baron*, at Koblenz. The stage was moored on the Rhine, with the covered auditorium on the banks. The combination of fairy-lights, delightful acting and Strauss's music seemed to epitomise the whole character of the Rhineland.

A trip to the Moselle valley showed us the extensive vineyards, which provide the grapes for the famous local wine. On this trip, we stopped at Bad Ems, which to me was historically interesting, as there Wilhelm of Prussia "sass ganz heiter" and signed the famous Ems telegram.

Our last visit made in this part of Germany was to Bonn, the Federal capital of West Germany. We sat in the Distinguished Persons' Gallery in the Bundeshaus, the very modern Parliament building, which is equipped with all the facilities for radio and television transmission. While in Bonn, we also went to No. 20 Bonngasse, the birthplace of Beethoven. Little remains of Beethoven in Bonn except his piano, his string instruments, his grotesque ear-trumpets, his musical scores, some letters, his death-mask, and other minor relics. To think that in these small rooms lived this genius who conceived the immortal harmonies that have inspired us ever since! The modest garret in which he was born is empty, but for a bust of himself with a laurel wreath before it.

After a week in Königswinter, we moved on to Garmisch-Partenkirchen by rail via Wiesbaden and Munich, a rather hectic twelve hours!

The scenery was entirely different, showing the Tyrolean influence — much more mountainous, and chalets replacing houses. One always associates gay Tyrolean costumes and dances with this area, and indeed, I spent a most interesting Bavarian evening seeing the traditional dances and hearing their songs.

The most memorable experience of our stay was a tour to Schloss Neuschwanstein, one of the castles built by Ludwig II., the Bavarian king who was proved insane. (I do not believe my father's theory that this insanity stemmed from his devotion to Wagner and his music). We took a "Droschke" up to the castle of Neuschwanstein which is the most beautiful fairy-tale palace — I am quite sure that it is the original of the castle portrayed on Gibb's Dentifrice! The king's apartments are luxuriously furnished, and the walls contain paintings from Wagnerian operas. The throne room is fascinating. On the roof are sun, moon and stars; slightly lower down are sainted kings; then comes the throne, and under it a beautiful mosaic floor with the



The Late Major T. R. Lawson, M.C., C.A.

Convener of the Rector's Committee and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors



MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE-WINNERS — 1959

(Names and Awards after School Notes)



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

GOLF TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) — G. Adams, W. Adams, D. Tasker.

Front Row (l. to r.) — A. Low, J. Bryce (Capt.), G. Ritchie.

beasts of the earth on it. The chandelier in the room is in the shape of a crown. The balcony of the castle also commands a beautiful view of mountainous scenery. Then there is a concert hall, which was, however, never used in Ludwig's time! His eccentricity seemed to run to castles, as he built five in all, but, far from proving his madness, at least one of his castles was centrally heated, and the kitchen premises were far ahead of nineteenth-century standards.

Schloss Linderhof, which we also saw, is a miniature Versailles, and, while it is too ornate to be attractive, the grounds are magnificent. Observed from the colourful gardens, its facade is seen through the cascade of a 140-foot high fountain, which plays in the middle of an ornamental lake. I left Linderhof with vivid memories of the Blue Grotto, a softly-lit cave imitating the famous Blue Grotto of Capri and, last of all, a mind-picture of Ludwig himself, sitting in his Moorish Kiosk, dreaming his dreams while his servants slowly fanned him.

In contrast to Kölner Dom's architectural style were the baroque churches in this part of Germany. In the Wies Church we were privileged to see a German wedding, and surely never had a wedding such an ornate

background! The beautifully frescoed ceiling and the heavy gilding make it unbelievably lovely.

Across the frontier, at Innsbrück, we saw the state apartments of the Austrian monarchs, and the tomb of the famous Emperor Maximilian, with its attendant statues of relatives and heroes, including England's King Arthur and Godfrey de Bouillon, the famous Crusader. Incidentally, having built for himself this magnificent tomb, he decided to be buried elsewhere!

Let us finish our German journey with our pilgrimage to Oberammergau. This little village nestles at the foot of the high Kofel mountain and, as everyone knows, each tenth year the famous Passion Play is enacted. Local villagers play all the parts and let their hair and beards grow so that no artifice is required. It seems fitting that these gentle village people should portray Jesus and His disciples. The theatre itself is huge, with a capacity seating for six thousand people, and a huge stage which can hold six hundred people at a time; the acoustics are perfect. It must indeed be a wonderful experience to see this magnificent play, which has been presented, with a few interruptions, since 1633.

A.M.R., F. VI.

The Change of Fashion in Opera

Fashion changes much in fifty years and most changes are readily apparent to the casual observer. One need not discourse at length to convince an audience of the change in transport, medicine and dress, to name a few items at random. But one topic comes rarely to mind in this connection — opera. The remarkable changes in this art were made all the more apparent to me by my chance acquisition of a book — "Opera at Home."

Published in 1921, by the H.M.V. Gramophone Company, it catalogues all operatic records available at this date. Its glossy, finely printed and embellished pages give a lengthy and romanticised account of operas, arias and artistes in a leisurely style which itself bespeaks a bygone age. The book thus covering the twenty years of recording from its beginning to 1920, one is able to survey the glorious days of late Victorian and Edwardian opera.

One sees a tantalising number of records by great artistes whose names are remembered even yet, by those not particularly well acquainted with opera — Caruso, Homer, Tetrassini, McCormack, Chaliapin and the youthful Gigli — as well as those equally famous in the eye or ear of the connoisseur — Patti, Plançon, Bonci, Tamagno, Martinelli, Farrar, Scotti, Destinn — to name only a few.

Although most of these artistes' records have been deleted, it is fortunate that a number are being reissued, thus enabling the present generation to appreciate the glorious singing of the past. Admittedly one must allow for atrocious recording of orchestral accompaniment, but, that done, one is rewarded by performances which have no rivals today. For the period under discussion was a time when "bel canto," beautiful singing, flourished, and the voice was the attribute of importance in opera. And in this period there

were magnificent voices.

It is not a poetic fancy to describe Tetrazzini, Melba and Galli-Curci as song-birds. When one hears them sing a coloratura aria one is astounded by the way in which roulades and trills are accomplished. There is no sense of striving after effect, of conscious artistry or apparent effort. Each singer opens her mouth and emits these beautiful sounds apparently as effortlessly (such is her art) as a bird — and the tone is equalised throughout the entire range. Their present-day counterparts, of whom Callas has forced herself into the limelight, are in no way comparable. Listen to Tebaldi or De Los Angeles or Callas try a roulade, and you will be conscious of the effort of placing and articulating each note; or to Callas, sustaining a top note, and observe the 'yowl' and vibrato which have become her trademark at such points. The trill — one of the most important vocal embellishments — is today almost a forgotten art: it is either ground out in "fours," or it degenerates to a mere vibrato, or it disappears entirely. One modern recording of the Jewel Song from "Faust" omits the all-important trills which depict in music the joy in Marguerita's heart. Yet Selma Kurz, singing in "Un Ballo in Maschera" in the thirties, would start a trill at one side of the stage, walk slowly round the stage to reach eventually the other side — still trilling. Changed days indeed! Many of today's well-known sopranos are not singers in the true sense of the word — they have merely light, pleasant voices and, to quote one critic, "give vent to soubrette-like twitterings" in really difficult florid arias.

The late Guido Cantelli declined an offer to conduct "Rigoletto" at La Scala, Milan, because he could not think of one soprano who could sing Gilda sufficiently well. Yet in 1910 there were at least nine brilliant exponents of the rôle, and in 1930, three.

Let me select only one other class of singer for discussion — the tenor. In the past there have been brilliant individual voices ranging from the gloriously virile, full-blooded singing of Caruso, the silver trumpet tones of Lauri-Volpi, to the exquisite "vocetina" of Schipa. There are none now to compare. We have some pleasant-voiced Mozart tenors but none to stand comparison with the style of McCormack or the sheer voice of Tauber. Bjorling, though ageing, is perhaps the most competent tenor of today. Put on a record of

his and he sounds excellent; follow it by that of a tenor of a past age and the comparison of voice can be likened to a pallid water-colour contrasted with a rich oil-painting. A recent book drew the conclusion that the tradition of "bel canto" ended with Gigli and that none of his later contemporaries possessed his artistry.

What can be said in favour of the better of the contemporary singers is that they seek to interpret character by the voice, more than some of their predecessors did — Tito Gobbi and Callas being notable in this sphere. But while interpretative power may be acceptable as an alternative to vocal splendour in lieder, this is not so in opera. Rossini stated that the chief requirements of an opera singer were "voice, voice and more voice."

But opera consists not only of singing but of acting — and in this department past generations fall into disfavour. The idea that opera consists of a small tubby tenor trying to make love to a massive soprano who towers over him, undoubtedly stems from past ages. One's feelings of rapture at the singing are rather shattered when one sees photographs of the great prima donnas of the past. Tetrazzini could be described only as short and corpulent, Melba, appearing towards the end of her career in "Faust," looked old enough to be Faust's mother instead of his lover. Moreover, she had two actions only: one arm extended — excitement; two arms extended — great emotion. The great Adelina Patti refused to attend any rehearsal — her dresser told the unfortunate producer where the diva intended to stand during the performance.

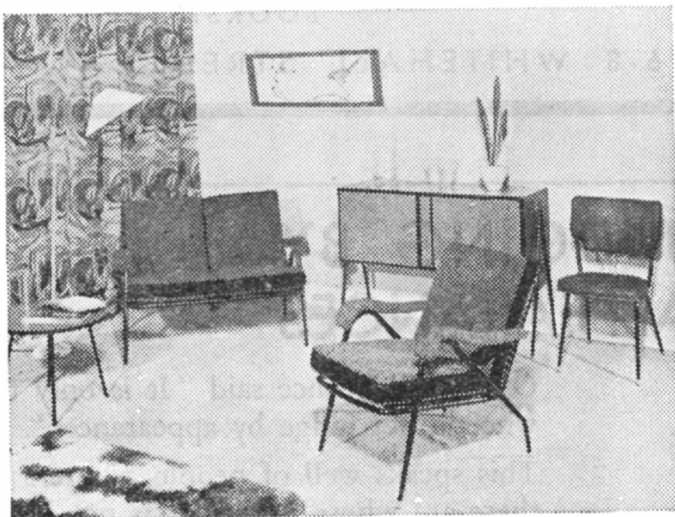
All these facts, plus that of very "stodgy" production and over-realistic scenery, must have led to productions which were anything but unified. Here, modern opera is the undoubted superior.

Apart from the inevitable few exceptions, operas now possess very good actresses and many are beautiful women, some dazzlingly so. Even as hardened a critic as Neville Cardus admits that he must go to a performance a second time when Sena Jurinac or Lisa della Casa is singing, in order to judge their singing, so attracted is he by their beauty. Anyone who has seen these ladies at the Edinburgh Festival or elsewhere will likewise have been captivated by their charms. Staging has also been improved tremendously, with production



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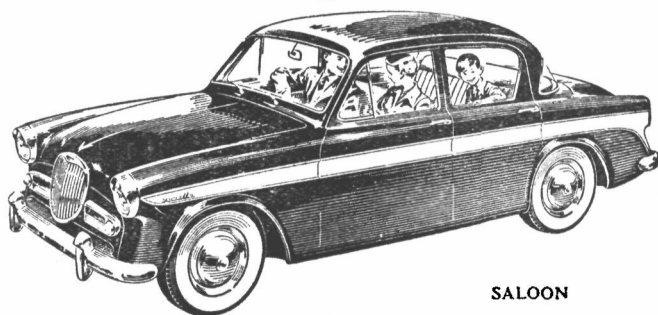
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and lighting effects making an opera extremely realistic.

Altogether we seem in this generation to have the best of two worlds: we can see a very fine production with probably pleasant, if not brilliant, voices, and we can recreate it in our mind's eye at home substituting the voices of the finest singers of the past on gramophone records.

A further consideration of "Opera at Home" made apparent the growing taste and discriminating powers of the opera-loving public. It is hard to believe, for instance, that, in 1900, Mozart operas had been forgotten. Beecham and Dent brought about a revival of a few of them before 1920, but, even as late as the thirties, the brilliant "Cosi fan Tutte," a firm favourite, was considered very risky "box-office."

All the dead wood of Victorian opera has vanished from the repertoire. No longer do

we hear of such operas as "The Demon" by Rubinstein, "Isabeau" by Mascagn, or Donizetti's "Dom Sebastien." True it is that operas such as "Les Huguenots" are no longer performed, for want of singers, but for the most part opera repertoire is in a most healthy state. Since the war, revivals of Rossini's operas and more recently stylish presentations of eighteenth-century works have offered much to delight eye and ear. The best of the new operas, like Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," have been acclaimed as being written in a new idiom, but no less worthy of praise on that account.

Considering that we now can purchase complete recordings of more than a hundred operas, many being available with optional casts, we appear to be in a very fortunate state. It remains for posterity to pass judgment on that statement.

IAN TAYLOR.

A Weekend in the Cairngorms

Four members of Form V., tiring of the post-Highers café-crawl, decided to try something new during the May holiday weekend, and so a car was arranged to take us and our kit to Derry Lodge on the Saturday morning and bring us back on the Monday evening. In spite of the last-minute breakdown of one of the party's motor-bikes, at a quarter-past ten the car, groaning under the unaccustomed weight of five people and all their kit, headed north. The Devil's Elbow was successfully negotiated, although in bottom gear, and we arrived at Derry Lodge towards one o'clock.

After consulting Mr Scott, the stalker, we ate a small lunch and pitched our tents in Glen Derry. We spent the afternoon building stone dams across the Derry Burn, but, tiring of this, we set off up Glen Derry in the evening. The going was wet underfoot, following the heavy, thundery hail-storm of the afternoon, but we soon dried ourselves out by a brisk ascent of Beinn Bhreac to do both its Munro tops. Coming back, we committed the classic error of cutting across country and running through a snowfield and several bogs, but a brew of hot soup soon dried us out. We retired to our sleeping-bags about ten o'clock but found it so oppressively hot that we went

for a midnight stroll during which one of our number fell through a gap in a wooden bridge, fortunately suffering only bruises.

On Sunday morning we rose at 6.30 and, after our own version of an omelette for breakfast, set off two hours later along the Lairig Ghru path. The path is fairly level, apart from the climb out of Glen Luibeg, and we reached the bank of the Dee opposite Corrou Bothy in good time and without expending much energy. But time was lost since we were compelled to ford the Dee, one unfortunate having to do a double crossing, having forgotten his pack. Refreshed by this, we made good time in Coire Odhar, pausing by a waterfall for our "elevenses" — oatmeal, chocolate and water. Now the panorama of tops was beginning to open out around us and urged us up the shoulder of Cairn Toul. It was during this ascent that we spotted our first ptarmigan. After gaining Stob Coire an t-Saighdeir we stumbled across the boulders round the edge of the corrie itself to reach our first objective — the summit of Cairn Toul — where we lunched, overlooking Lochan Uaine.

Now began a most enjoyable ridge walk along the tops of the deep eastern corries, punctuated by halts to admire the ranges of

hills around us. To the south the dark outline of Lochnagar broke the skyline; to the west of this, past the flat top of Glas Maol, rose Beinn-a-Ghlo; in the west, seven ranges away, the murky shape of Ben Nevis could be distinguished; and across the Lairig Ghru were the grey tops of Ben Macdhui and Cairngorm. We crossed Angel's Peak and traversed the Braeriach plateau, stopping to fill our water bottles at the Wells of Dee, to Einich Cairn to obtain our most spectacular view: two and a half thousand feet below us lay Loch Einich, looking like a sheet of black glass and reflecting every detail of the surrounding cliffs. Having weighed our packs down with suspected cairngorms, we headed for the summit of Braeriach where we ate the rest of our food. To the south lay deep corries and Lochan Uaine, black, like Loch Einich, while to the north we looked into Strath Spey to see Loch Morlich and Glenmore Lodge of happy memory.

We descended to the Lairig Summit and the Pools of Dee via Sron na Lairig, passing the wreckage of an aircraft. After a pause at

the Pools of Dee, where we saw our first human beings since Coire Odhar, we hastened back down the Lairig Ghru, one of our party losing the sole of his boot. In spite of this we had made good time, covering twenty-five miles and seven Munro tops in twelve hours. After a two-hour running buffet, we crawled into our sleeping-bags where we slept like tops.

We were wakened about nine by the inevitable cuckoo, but were unable to find the bacon, the stalker's dog being suspected. We felt lazy that morning and so we contented ourselves with the ascent of Càrn Crom, not quite a Munro, from where we obtained a very clear view.

After a dinner of left-overs (excellent "skirlie" containing oatmeal, dumpling, potato crisps, onions and jam, which even the stalker's dog refused), we burned our refuse and took down our tents. We were picked up about five, and, after a flag-lowering ceremony, returned home to baths, bed and the term exams.



The Ruin

M. Walton, F. II.

Bursary Competitions

Knowing too well that the Bursary Competitions still lay in wait for us, we entered F. VI. much as we usually enter a dentist's waiting-room. Our life then centred on these examinations. First term, we plodded over barren tracts of intellectual territory towards them; after Christmas, we drifted inexorably, like a ship running on to an iceberg. We still went to concerts, but with faint twinges of conscience, and even worked, spasmodically, in "free" periods.

But the Last Week came, and the cold sunshine of late March. Erica became Serious, but all the same she and Liz and I determinedly worked on a crossword on Friday afternoon. Kirsty, who hated exams with a deep personal malice, went shopping as an excuse for not swotting and at the weekend developed a tendency to sing, noisily. This happened frequently in the cloakroom, too. But in this final week nobody could work in class, least of all in the Science Labs, where Kirsty discovered with curiously slight consternation that she could only solve one problem in ten, and so joined her friends in doodling long lines of Ions. Gordon sketched a magnificent haggis; Smarty drew compulsive rows of "cusps," spiders and beetles. Quiet Liz became quieter; "passive," she called it. Brynhild could only instruct us intensively to "Take it in the Right Spirit," but nobody did, particularly when she and Kirsty and Smarty announced their sudden intention of rendering the "Ride of the Valkyries" during a free period. Goof drew Evil Spirits, High and Low Spirits, Right Spirits, across the top of her dictated notes; Kirsty interpolated hers with long, rambling Angry Young comments, and inscribed depressive fragments of German poetry in the margins. Bluey and she constructed long lines of Depressions approaching a Bursary Comp.

In the midst of it all we received an Edinburgh Festival programme and planned our holidays in gaps between French Proses and Kinetic Theory. During a curiously irrelevant class discussion on Berlin, Kirsty painstakingly explained to the tone-deaf and totally uninterested Erica the difference between Mahler and Wagner.

On the second last day we discovered a

weird, lurid joy in being alive. Work ran more or less to a standstill, and a vivid hysteria flickered about us. Erica spent a free period deliberately doing nothing. "Tomorrow," said somebody, "we'll be sober." We were. Brynhild, Erica and Liz were suddenly absent. The rest of us wandered about in a wildly fluctuating panic. Kirsty sang with Tom Dooley —

"By this time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be!"

Nobody cared to remind her.

* * * * *

At Dundee, candidates waited in scared cliques among cases of botanical specimens and entered the examination-room only to fight with swivel chairs. A few practised the insufferable one-upmanship of going out for a fresh book of paper after the first five minutes. On one occasion a bright-red balloon was seen to float past the window. Periodically, at the signal to stop, maths instruments were dropped in profusion. Making the best of both worlds, they wore "civilian" clothing, and superciliously watched the uniformed High School pupils drifting along Nethergate, but were not above seeking penny fares on the bus home.

"Living in" at St. Andrews, Liz found that 9 a.m. was an uncomfortable hour at which to start an exam., for she had to hike across the town to the examination hall. Tramping up and down St. Andrews in the cold, damp weekend, she wore her high heels down an inch; in the cold, cold residence she and her friends hugged hot-water bottles filled at the taps.

Kirsty cursed the starting time, too, crossing by the early ferryboat each morning, unable to sit down on the newly-washed seats and so compelled to stand in the middle of the upper deck, compulsively reciting Housman —

"Crossing alone the nighted ferry
With but one coin for fee,
Who, on the wharf of Lethe waiting
Count you to find?"

Which was rather unfair on Gordon and Sheena, who met her with their car each morning.

But before 9 each morning we converged on North Street, and the girls packed like tinned beans into the tiny cloakroom. Then we all stood submissively in the tiled corridors of the Younger Hall, amid the symbolic black marble. Here, school uniforms rubbed shoulders with gay civilian clothing; panic was restrained, yet informal. Mercifully quickly, the door was opened, and we oozed into the barren exam-room. Coconut matting abounded, and on its pedestal a funereal clock ticked. The invigilators handed us our papers, and only then the full hopelessness of the situation struck us.

Afterwards, Sheena and I induced a black cat to cross our paths, and, later still, we stood dinnerless in the Residence grounds and further planned our holidays. Alone on the station platform, Kirsty performed a marvelous Solo for High Heels on Concrete.

Then there was the Last Morning. I was alone to wander, long before the exam., along the seafront, where at the low tide the rocks lay in long straight ledges, sun-streaked and shadowed, and at the lovely old harbour the pier stood stranded above the water. Turning up towards the Younger Hall again, I came upon the gasworks.

* * * * *

After it was all over, the only course was to forget it; to abandon the futile and suffocating sudden remorse as the too-long-delayed inspiration dawned, "Why didn't I say that?" or "How on earth did I forget Jaeger's Experiment?" Brynhild, strong individualist, went off to have an appendix extracted; Erica and Liz went cycling. Kirsty found a filthy stretch of red-clay-covered rocks and dull, dark coastline terminating suddenly where a coarse, square brick building rose abruptly from the high-tide line. Wiping red clay from her trailing, dusty hair and scrubbing it off her coat collar, she wondered if there were more pleasant ways of forgetting.

SIEGRUNE.

ONOMATOPOEIA

What does this fascinating and well-nigh unpronounceable word mean? The illustrious title of some Eastern potentate, perhaps? Or maybe just the scientific name for chickweed! But away with these idle theories. Our old and trusty sage, the dictionary, must be consulted. Mascot, Mutability, Nigritude, Obsol-

ete, Onion, *Onomatopoeia*! The definition reads — "Formation of words in imitation of natural sounds." Hmph! Note well this name with which Englishmen have dubbed you, all ye "glugs," "clanks," "booms" and "clatters." That you, delightfully expressive and simple gems of vocabulary, should be named thus! Did a dry-humoured old man, with this in mind, call you by such a mouthful? Alas, no! The derivation of this glorious word is given simply as "Gk. *onoma* (onomatos) a name; *poiein* to make."

But this unequal combat with our mechanical know-all, the dictionary, must be given up. The dampening effect it has on one's imaginative powers is too great! So, after murmuring "*Onomatopoeia*" a final time, our flight of fancy must end.

HAROLD TAYLOR, F. I.

THE SEA

Tube-squeezed suntan, railway posters,
school French essays —

These the sea?

Tough men and wailing women, bitter men
and faithless women —

These the sea?

Do men concern the waves, should the
waves concern men?

The sea is an endless flowing, an endless
disintegration and reintegration

That has no death because it has no life,
No end because no beginning.

The fish cannot think, they are content —
They are content mouthing till they die
round their transparent incarceration
of convention —

But men can think. They cannot understand
The death-throes of a universe burning itself
to gas and regeneration,

But they can understand
The death-throes of a sea smashing itself to
mud and regeneration.

It has no part for them.

It is sure of an eternal being

That has tortured men since the first man
died and sent them screaming to
religion.

It is not made by them,

Of them,

Or for them.

Its strength is not made by them,

Of them,

Or for them.

It is not of their element.



Form I. in "Something to Talk About"



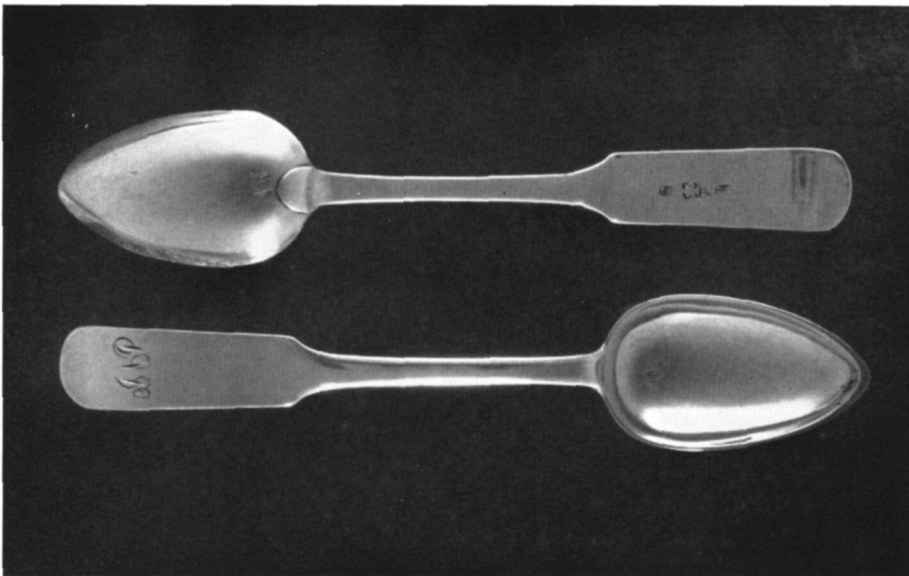
Photographs by Norman Brown & Co.

Form III. in "The Forest Lovers" from "As You Like It"



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

Form II. in "The Dear Departed"



Photograph by J. D. Brown

"The Sheen of Silver" — The Work of Dundee Goldsmiths

The Sheen of Silver

About 2000 B.C., near the ancient city of Ur, a girl was late for her appointment with death. In the 15th century a writer found cause to point the way to youth. In the same century a warden of an Oxford college made a presentation. Compared to those events, it was just yesterday that a London company commissioned the making of an object to commemorate a great event.

What has an apparent yesterday in common with 2000 B.C.? The stories of the chosen events all come into the long and enthralling history of work in precious metals. The sheen of silver, the sparkle of precious stones and the colour of fine gold have fascinated mankind from days long before recorded history.

The girl? She was an attendant upon a queen. The queen died and, according to custom, she must have with her in the world to come all that she owned in this one, even her whole court. Centuries after her death and the passing into oblivion of the Sumerian civilisation, archaeologists found them all. Their beautiful gold ornaments lay round the heads and necks of the women-in-waiting, and one girl, who had not had time to dress her hair, had come hurrying with her beaten-gold hair ribbon folded in her hand.

The children of the 15th century were, it seems, not unlike those of today with regard to some things. The "Babee's Bok" of circa 1475 points out that the removal of salt from the salt cellar with a clean knife was the correct procedure. Dipping your meat into it was strictly non-U.

"The salte also touch not in his salere
With nokyns mete, but lay it honestly
On your Trenchour for that is curtesy."

No forks in those days — only knives and fingers.

The salt cellar or, simply, the salt, as it was called, was a very important piece of table furnishing. It was one of these large master salts which was presented to New College, Oxford, by the warden in C. 1490. One of the few early examples left to us, it is still to be seen in New College and is known as Warden Hill's Salt. Standing 14½ elegant inches high, it is silver gilt and, in shape, looks rather as if someone had twisted

pleated paper so that it is thin in the middle with fluting swirling out to base and crown. Its lid is like a pointed roof having triangular panels of purple-patterned glass. The "waist" is clasped by a ring of Gothic foliage inspired by the architecture of the period which, indeed, was the basis of all silver design until the Renaissance. "Hour Glass" is the description given to salts of roughly the same shape, only ten of them remaining to us today.

Now it does seem but yesterday when the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths of the City of London commissioned the making of a cup to commemorate the coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second.

The craft of the metal worker has a long history. I have seen a fluted gold cup found in the city of Ur which can hold its own against our work today. The Egyptians had secrets which died with them. In Italy, during the Renaissance, Benvenuto Cellini was a master craftsman whose work would be difficult to surpass.

Whoever the first smith was, Hephaestes or Tubal Cain, his descendants have always been highly esteemed and the goldsmith took first place among the arts for centuries.

The qualities of this wonderful substance, metal, so different from the stone that went before it, gave great joy and excitement to the making of things at the end of the stone age. Metal is tough, not brittle. It can be hammered into shapes, bent, drawn out into wire, or beaten into sheets, thin enough to make a hair ribbon for a Sumerian maiden. Indeed, both silver and gold can be beaten into "leaf" so light that an incautious breath can blow it away. Metal can be blended in a melted state with another metal to make an alloy or a new metal. Bronze is an alloy of copper and tin. Because it is harder than copper and casts much better (that is, retains the shape of the mould it is poured into when melted), we can understand why the Phoenician galleys ventured as far north as Cornwall in their search for tin to make the metal they used so much.

Gold, found water-washed in nuggets, was probably the first metal used for personal adornment. Too soft and scarce for weapons, it was worn as beads and beaten into twisted

neck and arm rings (torques) when its beauty and quality of never rusting soon made its possession a sign of wealth. Bronze was used in Egypt well before 4500 B.C., but perhaps the earliest use of metal in Britain was 2000 B.C.

Silver, found in conjunction with lead, was mined in Cornwall and elsewhere before the Romans came. As late as the 17th century our coins bore the letters W.C.C., signifying that the Welsh Copper Company supplied the silver. Silver is alloyed with copper to make it more durable. Like gold, it has a beautiful surface when polished and makes a perfect background for precious stones and the glowing colours of enamel.

The term, goldsmith, covers the worker in silver as well, so there is no deception when we mention the goldsmith's turning out silver ware. He makes jewellery for personal adornment, and the word "plate" covers all the gold and silver vessels made for domestic or ecclesiastical use. It has nothing to do with E.P.N.S.

There is room here for only a sketch of our heritage in metal. We were really not bad at the job.

900-1200 A.D. covers the period of most wonderful work in Ireland. Most of the gold worked in early Britain came thence, and it is a fact that the Celtic goldsmith has never been surpassed. This opinion is expressed by Sir C. Y. Jackson, the greatest authority on the craft. To take one fine example, the Ardagh Chalice is composed of gold, silver brass, copper and bronze, enriched by enamel work and set stones, amber, silver and gold filigree work and tooled decoration. Some great circular brooches remain to us, also of the period, made in Scotland as well as Ireland. The Hunterston brooch can be seen in the National Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh, as can another fine large piece, the Crozier of St. Fillan. (Visit that place). Enamel work was outstanding. Gold was found in Scotland, too, at Wanlockhead (no, I don't think you'll have any luck), and silver in the Lead Hills.

Ian Finlay has given us a book to make the Scots heart beat higher, in his "Scottish Gold and Silver Work." It is beautifully illustrated. This subject, of course, is much better with pictures. I can only tell you where to go for them. Try the Reference Library,

Mr Finlay says, "There are few crafts in which the Scots can claim seriously to have rivalled foreign craftsmen, and it is strange that the craft in which a people, so modest in numbers and in wealth, excelled themselves, should be the goldsmith's." But here we must take the wider view, and follow the craft in Britain as a whole. Scots workers, after all, made the same things as were made in the south. Purely Scottish shapes were the quach and the thistle cup. Sometimes a new fashion lingered before it reached Scotland. There was a time lag of thirty or forty years in the introduction of the tea-drinking habit and the making of those fine round Scottish teapots. Perhaps tea found stronger opposition up here.

As the flow of plate from these skilled hands continued, and more and different objects came into use as time went on, sometimes, though seldom, gold, mostly silver or silver gilt or parcel (partly) gilt, no one can be blamed for wondering where the great store of plate that we should have left to us has gone. What a development of the craft we should see and what a wedge of social history it should unfold if we had it! But we don't.

Comparatively little remains and very few early examples. Why? Plate was looked upon as capital. The ownership of plate demonstrated wealth. Plate could be melted up when hard times came. It was—frequently. When fashion changed, plate was remade *à la mode*. It went to pay taxes and disappeared in Royal loans of the forced type favoured by the Tudors. Masses of it was lost in the dissolution of the monasteries. Plate was removed from the possession of enemies of the Crown. Henry VIII. is said to have done well out of his in-laws—as well as Wolsey and one recorded as "Duke of Bucke." The tale goes that, for all his store of plate, he ate off a wooden trencher in private, because even the pewter service was too expensive for everyday use.

All this wastage explains why even the best goldsmiths' names seldom became household words handed down to us as the painters' have been. The difference is that you cannot melt pictures.

Predatory monarchs, also, had less use for paintings. The feeling for history and the desire to preserve what has gone before is a

comparatively modern symptom. Only a hundred years ago plate was still regarded as capital.

How, then, do we know as much as we do about the work of early goldsmiths?

A great deal of research has been done into records kept by families, tradesmen, courts, churches and colleges. Inventories were made; wills detailed plate as bequests. The Royal Households kept the goldsmiths busy and also kept accounts. Colleges, luckily for us, kept more than records. They kept more successfully than most out of wars and politics and so kept their plate. We have many treasures to look at in the keeping of colleges, as witness Warden Hill's Salt.

One authority has it that 1660 is the date that divides silver you may only admire respectfully in a glass case from silver you can buy for yourself if you are lucky and have the knowledge. We may find pieces in our own homes from the 17th century. If you have the chance to handle old silver, you can feel the "skin" it acquires from long years of loving care and its marking will tell you its story. It might say to you, "I was made in London in the year 1705. I am made of solid silver of the Britannia standard, and my maker's name was John Sutton."

The language of British silver which we can read today had its origin in an effort to frustrate the sellers of silver with too much alloy and those who melted up and remade stolen plate in the back streets. In the year 1238 the Government appointed six London goldsmiths to see that the standard of purity of all plate equalled that of the coinage. Every pound (troy) of silver must contain 11 oz. 2 dwt. (pennyweight) of pure silver and 18 dwt. of alloy. This was the sterling standard named after a coin bearing a star which was known as a sterling. This standard has held since then with the exception of a break from 1697 to 1718 when there was such a demand for plate that coins were being melted up to make it. The plate standard was raised then by 8 dwt. and known as the Britannia standard. 1300 saw the hall-mark for silver introduced. At the hall of goldsmiths all silver had to be stamped with a leopard's head, full face. In 1327 the Goldsmiths' Company received its first charter after which all plate shops had to be situated in the High Street of the Cheap or market — Cheapside

today. A maker's mark was added; first a symbol, then letters from the name. A date letter came next in 1478. Until the Restoration the letter was changed each year on 19th May, the day of the smiths' patron saint, St. Dunstan. Since then it has been done on 29th May. The years are indicated by the kind of letters used and variations in the shape enclosing them, a simple but clever and effective idea. In 1544 came the familiar lion, *passant guardant* at first; that is, a profile view with his tail to your right hand, but he is looking round at you, possibly in case you pull it. Since 1821, however, he has taken his eye off you and looks the way he is going. Maybe he has learned to trust the animal-loving British public or perhaps stubbed his toe. That is the hall-mark as we know it. The leopard stands for London, the lion for sterling standard. A figure of Britannia and a lion's head took their place during the years of the higher standard.

There were many provincial assay offices; that is, offices where the chemical test for standard is applied before silver can be stamped. But most were closed in the middle of the 19th century. Each had its own stamp, but they did not all use the date letters and lion. Dundee used the pot of lilies, which flourished from 1550 to 1834, usually with the maker's mark on either side.

Now we have only Edinburgh and Glasgow, while in England there are London, Birmingham, Chester and Sheffield. Irish silver is stamped in Dublin. I hope you can see the Dundee mark on my spoons in the photograph.

Perth used a double eagle which I have seen on a pretty little spoon made by one William Ritchie in 1786. I don't know who D.M. on my spoons was but, if I had recourse to the "Lockit Buik" of the Dundee Hammermen, I might find out. A small pocket book gives you — for 7/6 — the key to this fascinating language.

THE "ELEVEN PLUS"

I've always wanted to be eleven,
Since, I think, the age of seven;
But, next year, with all its fuss,
I hope to be past eleven plus.

PHYLLIS ANDERSON, L. VI.

Classical Mythology

Finding myself in the Border country during the Easter holidays, I took the opportunity thus afforded to visit my longaevous and loquacious friend, Classicus. You may well imagine my consternation when, leaving the history that perishes on the tombstones at Melrose for the living (and unorthodox) history of Classicus' ancestors, I arrived at the door of his family home, the "Cat Cradle," and found in occupation two diminutive grey mice. Remembering the well-worn adage, I hastened to enquire of them my friend's whereabouts. Since they had listened through a hole in the skirting while Classicus had related his family's adventures to me, they knew who I was and could address me by such signs as were intelligible to me. Despite their race, they wept as they told me their cataclysmic news — Classicus had died. Realising that his end was drawing near, he had made a desperate effort to perpetuate his family's mastery of the human tongue, and, failing in that, through the perversity of the younger generation, had drawn up his will and relaxed into his last sleep. I could not quite follow the mice's accounts of his funeral, but I gathered that beside it Cock Robin's had been a pageant. His corpse was taken from the catafalque where it lay in state for interment in the family catacomb under St. Catherine's Cathedral.

I mumbled some thanks and turned to go, hardly conscious of what I was doing. But, as I reached the door, one of the mice stopped me, and presented several pedescripts to me. These, he explained, were left to me by Classicus, in the hopes that I would publish what was of interest.

I discovered that these pedescripts were the entire written history of the family. Apart from the stories Classicus had told me verbally, there were several genealogical tables, etc., interesting only to the specialist in catenation. There was, however, one unfortunately incomplete epic, which I am privileged to reproduce here, in a slightly edited translation from the original cat-Greek, to the memory of my friend Classicus — "sit terra ei levis."

"Around the year 3475 a.w.d (after the (first) war with the dogs) a most distinguished and mouse-destructive member of the family,

Apollo, surnamed Argofelinos, whose concerts were a joy to all who knew him, was appointed ship's cat to Jason, in his famous voyage to the 'Golden Fleece,' then under the proprietorship of one Aetis King." The frequent reversion of the names arises from the failure of an ignorant translator to appreciate the strictures imposed by the hexameter line. The voyage, as discerning historians will know, was due to the rigid enforcement of the Theban licensing laws by Orpheus (who was the leader of the city's Abstinence Society. Since he accompanied Jason he has been proverbially associated with liars).

"In his search for the ideal wine," so the pedescript reads, "Jason was fortified by Mead (Hellenised in the orthodox texts), whose influence revived his flagging spirits." It was only through Mead's all-pervading influence that the crew of the "Argo" avoided the first rock 'n' rollers — Scylla and Charybdis. They were not quite so successful in resisting the enticements of Calypso. Not until Apollo, pursuing a fish-bone, disappeared entirely into one of the musical dustbins, did Jason escape Calypso's charms. Jason's rejection of Mead shortly after the successful conclusion of his voyage is, in the light of the uncorrupted text, easily explicable.

There are some very revealing records of Jason's activities in and near the "Golden Fleece." For example, the story of the sowing of the dragon's teeth has a famous explanation. "At the tenth hour the barmaid Circe had departed with Jason to see the performance given by the Sirens (the Luton Girls' Choir of their day)." Jason's finances had run rather low, since he had completed his stock-buying at the "Golden Fleece," but, because of the publicity value of Jason's patronage, the famous Colchis sugar refiners, Castor and Pollux, requested Jason to visit their factory, and to mark the occasion presented him with free samples of their assorted sugar cubes. As the Castor and Pollux processing was rather primitive, these lumps have frequently been mistaken by archaeologists for dragons' teeth (except for Sir Arthur Evans, who thought they were solar molars). This misinterpretation may have been based on the Colchis back-street rhyming slang in which "dragons' teeth" was used for "dentists' grief," the

popular term for Castor and Pollux's sugar. Much of the doubt over the reference in Aristophanes' "Toads," line 324, is resolved by this parallel. Castor and Pollux's other product, their oil, was a medical panacea. "When the population of Colchis, which happened to be equipped for a rehearsal of the siege of Troy, started to investigate some lumps that fell from a split bag, Jason dropped into their midst not a stone but a bottle of Mead, which started their destruction of each other."

The next ten lines of the text are completely illegible, since, in the course of a fight with the cat in the next palace, the scribe (a cat's-paw) knocked over his ink-horn on to the parchment. One phrase, that "Apollo came down pillaging the 'crow's nest'," can be read beyond the ink-stain, and then the text ceases abruptly. I found, however, on a palimpsest

pedescript, one further passage, presumably from the same epic.

"The games held in celebration of his feat (the text has 'paws') occupied four days. It was intended that they should be only three days, but Apollo chased away the dog-watch at a crucial moment. Jason unfairly claimed that Apollo's action was to prolong his favourite sport — cats-as-cats-can wrestling. On the extra day there were held races in primitive catamarans as well as a point-to-point rat race."

At the foot of the last page of the pedescript is a phrase which we can, at the moment, transcribe only as "WATER LAIR."

C. LYTHER, F. VI.

STOP PRESS—British Museum Department of Pedescripts and Catascripts suggest "WAT A LIAR" as alternative reading.

Windsor Centenary Camp

Last year, two Guides from Companies 2 and 2a had the honour of being asked to represent Dundee along with 14 others at Windsor Centenary Camp. This camp, and others at Doe Lake in Canada, Barbados, Our Chalet at Adelboden, and in Norway, were being held to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Lord Baden-Powell. Another, the one on which the interest naturally centred, was the Scout Camp at Sutton Coldfield.

In the evenings, there were camp-fires and each nation which was represented there took a turn of entertaining. The French display was very spectacular with flares of various colours which illuminated the stage. I could understand very little of it, because French is very much a foreign language to me. With great difficulty the best turns were chosen and performed at the closing ceremony. These included dances from Greece, India, Italy, Poland, Sweden and Scotland. There was a parade of the flags of the nations represented and of a troop of girls dressed in the style of the early Guides. The Princess Royal was also present. The evening ended with rockets, "bangers" and flares which we were later told could be seen as far away as Windsor itself.

As the following night was the last one before the foreign Guides left, we resolved to celebrate it with all due solemnity. To any

hardened Guide, this, of course, can mean only one thing — a midnight feast. As the Europeans would be leaving early in the morning, we resolved to retire at the comparatively early hour of 3 a.m. However, due to circumstances beyond our control, we were forced to abandon our celebrations an hour earlier.

We began with a short feast, but, as no one felt any inclination to return to our tent, we decided that it was our duty to make certain that the rest of the camp were also enjoying themselves. We strolled around the camp singing and then proceeded to the platform and entertained one another. The Scottish Guides obliged with a demonstration of "Strip the Willow" and an "Eightsome Reel." The programme concluded with a short "rock 'n' roll" session which ended abruptly when we were requested to retire by a Guider.

On the last day the Scottish contingent left last and it made one feel almost awestruck to see a complete camp, which had housed 4000 Guides, Cadets, Rangers and Guiders, and which included a market, post office, laundry, café, coffee-bar, exhibitions and a hospital, disappearing completely in about 45 minutes.

We left Windsor at 7 p.m. and arrived in Dundee at 12.30 the following afternoon.

S.M.L., F. V.

Summertime in Heidelberg

The sun dolefully regarded its reflection in the puddles at the side of the road; gloomy clouds hovered dismally over spires and rooftops; an endless stream of water from the last shower but one ran off our plastic rain-coats and poured gleefully into our already soaking sandals. Then, all at once, the clouds lifted and the sun smiled once more upon the land. Summertime had come to Heidelberg.

We had started the day in joyful anticipation. Equipped with maps and guides, cameras and sun-glasses, we bundled into a bus at 7.30 a.m. ready for what the day would bring. Our driver, a tall, blond, sun-tanned specimen of German manhood, who spoke English with an enchanting accent, which, far from detracting from, added to, his charms, was christened "Herr Rheingold" from the name of his coach.

As the bus rolled along a magnificent "auto-strasse," the rain began to fall, and soon we could hardly see through the rivulets which teemed down the windows. After we had gone some distance, Herr Rheingold, perhaps to relieve the monotony, or, perhaps, having heard of the peculiar habits of the British race, pulled up at a roadside café and announced, "Now you haf tea." Noticing that he himself made no attempt to get out and having had a breakfast large enough for two, we decided to remain inside while the rest tumbled out. For the next ten minutes we had a very pleasant chat with the amiable gentleman and were on the whole rather sorry when our comrades made their dripping way back up the aisles.

Being really eager to see as much of Heidelberg as we could, we refused to wait in the bus after arrival and sallied forth, looking like a cross between the Abominable Snowman and an advertisement for Dunlop tyres. Before long our courage was rewarded as, with amazing suddenness, the sky cleared.

It was quite by accident that we obtained a French leaflet about Heidelberg, but it was too late by then to do anything about it, and we had to use our brains for once on the holiday to translate for the benefit of the other less scholastically-minded members of the party who only spoke German and Afrikaans! Perhaps it was slightly unusual for

Scots people, speaking English, to be wandering about the streets of a German town reading a French brochure, but, when one is on holiday, one will do anything.

Needless to say, our first intention was to see the famous University. We had always imagined this as a picturesque building of the Renaissance type, surrounded by a cobbled yard; so far did it differ from this picture that we walked past it twice before we realised what it was! It is not that we do not like straightforward architectural styles — indeed, we maintain that there will never be anything that can surpass the classic lines of Doric structures — but here a few twists and tails would have been most welcome. Nevertheless, we had to take a photograph. Gracefully we grouped ourselves round a fountain in the cobbled square (that part at least was what we had expected), trying our best to look as if the sun was beaming down. It is to be regretted that a large, black puddle appeared in the foreground of this otherwise excellent snapshot.

Then began our search for a musical beer-mug. This was not such an easy task as one may think, for we had decided that it must be coloured and have a picture of Heidelberg on it; it had to have a silver lid; no other tune than "Gaudeamus Igitur" would suffice; in addition to this, it had to come within the limits of our restricted purse. At last we found the very thing, and very thankful comrades were free to look for what they wanted.

By this time we were feeling rather "peckish," and, by common consent, we trooped into a students' restaurant, highly recommended by "Herr Rheingold." What amused us especially here was the communal water-jug which, in the shape of a wellington boot, stood in the middle of our table. Despite shudders of horror from certain hygienically-minded members of the party, we insisted on sampling the water.

In the course of our wanderings, we passed the Cathedral and were delighted to see the small, booth-shaped shops which nestle under its shadows like so many chickens round their mother. Here there were postcards, leather-goods, clocks, beer-mugs and all kinds of delicate wares to catch the eye of the visitor.

It is impossible to be long in Heidelberg without visiting the castle, that ancient stronghold where the Heidelberg Tun, a famous cask, now lies. The climb up the steep, cobbled pathway can quite easily be compared with certain parts of the Grampians, but, once at the top, we supported ourselves on the balustrade and looked out over the magnificent panorama beneath us. Down below ran the silvery waters of the Neckar, and a cable-car on the opposite shore made its smooth journey downwards.

After making our own perilous descent, we resumed our tour of the famous buildings. While we were admiring the façade of the University Library, the rain once more began to fall, and we hastily ran across the road to St. Peter's Church. To our dismay we found the door locked, but, rather than venture out into the gale, we sheltered for some time in the porch. When we had been there for about fifteen minutes, we decided that too much time was being wasted; with one accord we set off down the path. Imagine our surprise

and horror when, upon turning a corner, we found the main door wide open! There was only time for a very quick glance now before we set off for the Jesuit Church. The interior of this building was painted white, against which the massive oil-paintings looked particularly striking as did the gold of the altar.

Through the years, Heidelberg has often been involved in German history: Johan Hus was burned at the command of an Elector of Heidelberg and another encountered Luther at the Diet of Worms. This town only began to recover in the eighteenth century after being destroyed in about 1690 by Louis XIV.

It is not only the particular charm of Heidelberg and the surrounding countryside that summons the crowds of people from all parts of the world: the numerous cultural treasures, which include the University, the Museums, Libraries and other buildings also contribute a very large share. Truly a visit here is most educative at the same time as being very delightful.

HELEN S. THOMSON, F. V.



" Night Patrol "

Ian Moncur

The School Diary

DEC. 19—Just a memory—our School Dance on that date.

21—The Carol Service was held in St. Mary's, and was, as usual, a great success, the church being filled to capacity. It is particularly encouraging to note the excellent turnout of Former Pupils at this service.

JAN. 5—After the annual round of family parties, we returned to school as giants refreshed, full of good resolutions, turkey and plum pudding.

12—Faith, hope, and a belief in the marker's charity—may it not be misplaced as we enter the arena for the Prelims.

23—The usual "Blast o' Janwar win'" blew stronger than ever in recognition of the Bicentenary Year, and "Blew Handsel in" on the High School Burns Supper.

28—Mr Thomson, of St. Ninian's, Crieff, gave a most interesting talk about the new religious centre set up in Crieff, and told us about the week-end courses for senior pupils to be held there.

FEB. 25—"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." We underlings bow the knee before the new prefects, Joan Macdonald, Alistair Allen and Alexander Stiven.

MAR. 2—"If you can look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow and which will not, speak then to me . . ." In the minds of how many aspiring Highers candidates did these words echo on this awful day?

14—The Junior House matches in hockey were held, the order being—Wallace, Airlie, Aystree, with Lindores winning the goal-shooting competition.

20-28—"Many are called, but few are chosen." Comforting ourselves with those and similar cheerful thoughts, we set out to storm the

Bastille of the Bursary Comp. And the few? George Hunter, Donald Junor, Una Stephenson, Ian Cuthbert and Charlotte Lythe. The rest of us returned home sadder, but obviously not wiser, people.

22—The Easter Service took the form of a narration with music, and the dim lighting in the church was most effective.

23-24—The much-maligned 11-plus took place.

26—"Oh, to be in England now that April's there!" But we of the High School are quite content with Scotland so long as there are Easter holidays.

APR. 14—Back to school to find that our teachers have been playing "stations," and that the classes of each department are much more conveniently situated. It was with great pleasure that we welcomed back Miss Foggie and Miss Stevenson, and we hope that they will both continue looking as well as they now do. The thanks of the pupils are due to Miss Dryburgh and Mr Cruden, who took over from them in their absence. In addition, we should like to welcome Mr Stewart and Mr Allardyce, and hope that they will be very happy in our midst.

MAY 1—The examiner for the orals of the French and German Highers came to the school and tested candidates.

4—Rugby caps were presented to Ian Reoch, Alistair Allen, Fraser Ritchie, Ian Cuthbert, Ross Henderson, Alan Grant, Finlay McLaren, Douglas Small and Fred Neillie.

5—Some welcomed the Progressive candidate, some the Labour, but we all welcomed the election holiday.

6—Why is it that the male sex is ever on the lookout for caps, while the female of the species is only too delighted to be rid of hers?

- 7—The Careers Convention once more set up its headquarters in the school and proved most helpful to those still undecided as to their future. Congratulations to the prefects on a good job as directors of labour.
- 8—When Dickson's luxury buses rolled up to the High School, people must have wondered what the continental destination was. Alas! 'twas only Buddon, where the Cadets were going to be certified — for promotion, of course.
- 13—Once again the late and lamented Queen Victoria's opportune death enabled us to hold our Tennis Tournament. It was won by Pamela Bell and Douglas Barnet. "The actors are come hither" and are rehearsing madly for the performances, on 17th and 18th June in Training College Hall, of "A Surgeon for Lucinda" and "Electra" (the Greeks had a word for it, if only the cast could remember it!)

FORM IV.

The following are my classmates,
I'm with them hour by hour;
I really wouldn't change them
Although they're just a shower.

A rugby player of repute
Is our friend, D.R.,
While he's full-back, you can be sure
Opponents won't get far.

The class genius, R.C.M.,
A brainy lad and tall,
Always tops exam. results
And makes us all feel small.

A golfing champ. is D.J.T.
He hits a powerful drive.
He burns up Downfield every week
And rarely takes a five.

A football fiend is B.H.
He'll tell you all the rules.
He watches matches every week.
But can he do the pools?

A budding cricketer is A.F.
When bowling he's in clover.
One day, while rushing round the school,
He bowled a maiden over.

An athlete is my friend R.A.,
A rugby stalwart, too,
And when he's going at full tilt,
I can't stop him. Can you?

A boxing fan is G.E.
He spends all his free nights
By going to the Caird Hall
And watching gory fights.

A brain at Maths. is R.R.S.
He certainly ain't dim.
My only wish is that I knew
Just half as much as him.

A sporty lad is J.D.,
A brainy type as weel,
Who lives in wild Blairgowrie.
A proper Highland chiel!

The class crackpot is G.D.M.
On chess he's very keen,
And, if he practises much more,
He'll fit in at West Green.

I.S. just seeks adventure.
The Highlands do him lure.
Last year he lost a denture
While cooking stew at Bruar.

A record fiend is D.R.
He's always on the hop.
We sometimes wish that he
And his new records would go pop.

A popular chap is B.S.K.
He never seems in haste.
His New Year Resolution?
Two inches off his waist.

A jolly joker is J.M.
There's really no one dafter.
His funny phrases keep us all
In prolonged fits of laughter.

A handsome fellow is G.M.
With an eye for every lass.
And also they have eyes for him,
But is he so good in class?

A word about our masters.
They are men of great repute,
But if I dare say otherwise
Then I might get the boot.

I hope my scandalous remarks
Produce no ill-effects.
But, if they do, just look me up;
My name is Mister X.

Swiss Journey

By 9 p.m. on Tuesday, 31st March, little could be seen of the new entrance hall of Tay Bridge Station, save the twenty-seven lucky, Switzerland-bound girls, accompanied by a large following of apprehensive parents, dogs and boy friends. In the midst of the buzz of excitement, three stalwart figures, namely, Miss Henderson, Miss Anderson and Miss Gray, could be observed, patiently trying to introduce some semblance of order into the chaos.

Eventually, however, all were safely installed in their sleepers and fond farewells said, when, to the great relief of all concerned, the train moved off. The journey was for most a sleepless one, and it was a somewhat weary, travel-soiled party that arrived at Kings Cross Station.

The morning was spent in touring round London, catching glimpses of many famous landmarks, including the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, Trafalgar Square and Buckingham Palace.

Having lunched at one of Lyon's Corner Houses, we boarded a bus for Southend from where we flew to Basle. The plane flight was an experience enjoyed by most of us for the first time.

On our arrival in Basle Airport, we were met by a very luxurious bus, vastly superior to those in Britain, which drove us from the airport in French territory into the town centre in Swiss territory, Basle being a town part Swiss, part French and part German.

We arrived at Hotel Engelhof, our residence for the night, in time for supper, after which, feeling much refreshed, we deposited our baggage in our bedrooms and set off to explore a little of Basle.

It is a beautiful city, built on the banks of the Rhine and we were most impressed by the architecture of the churches, especially the Basle Münster, by the general appearance of cleanliness, by the gay window-displays, and by the many fountains with their clear, bluish-green water.

The following morning we once more assembled our belongings and were conveyed to Basle Station from which we travelled to Interlaken. The journey was an unforgettable one. We were charmed by the beautiful green

countryside, dotted with so many chalets and the thrill of our first glimpse of the towering snow-covered mountains was one which we shall always remember. Our journey took us through Berne, Spiez and along the shores of Lake Thun to Interlaken.

We arrived in Interlaken around lunch-time on a gorgeous sunny day. From there we drove through Wilderswil to the Pension Schönfels, in Gsteigwiler, our home for the next seven days.

The Pension is set on the top of a steep incline, climbing upwards from Wilderswil. On one side, in the distance, are the mountains, Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau, whilst, on the other side, one could look down the valley towards Wilderswil and Interlaken. The Pension itself was a four-storeyed, wooden chalet, with delightful rooms, each with a magnificent view of its own.

That afternoon the more energetic among us walked the three miles into Interlaken to explore the town, returning rather footsore and weary to supper and bed.

Next morning, we rose bright and early and, having breakfasted, set forth, complete with packed lunch, to Wilderswil, whence we travelled by bus along Lake Thun to Spiez and then, by Frutigen to Kandersteg. In order to reach it we had to climb up a great height, accomplishing some rather narrow, hairpin bends which made the Devil's Elbow seem very small and insignificant in comparison.

On arriving at Kandersteg, after some anxious debating on the part of the staff, it was decided to risk a journey on the chair-lift which, after all, turned out to be a very pleasant trip. At the top of the chair-lift was a big chalet-cum-café where we deposited our belongings and set off for a frozen Alpine lake. Up there we gradually encountered more and more snow and, as we slithered down treacherous snow-covered slopes, we learnt the true value of stout walking shoes and spiked walking sticks. The Alpine lake was set in delightful surroundings with tall, snow-clad mountains all round. Here we lunched and then stretched out in the gorgeous warm sunshine. Then the more ambitious among us ventured out on to the lake, but, on encountering knee-deep snowdrifts on the return journey, our enthusiasm was slightly dampened.

On the return journey we stopped to see the Blue Lake which truly justifies its name, being an indescribably beautiful shade of blue.

On Saturday morning we took the train to Grindelwald. The second part of the journey climbed upwards so steeply that the train required the assistance of a winch to prevent it from slipping backwards. Having spent an hour or so souvenir-hunting in Grindelwald itself, we embarked upon a three-hour hike to the Upper Glacier. The first half of the walk was accomplished in brilliant sunshine and with comparative ease, owing to the absence of snow. Later, however, the path led us up some very narrow and precarious paths with deep snowdrifts on either side. On reaching a chalet half-buried in snow, near the glacier, we obtained an excellent view of it. Unfortunately, it was too early in the season to obtain access right into the Blue Grotto in the glacier itself.

On Sunday we rose very early and set out for the Jungfrauoch, the lower peak of the Jungfrau. We took the train to Lauterbrunnen where the Wengernalp and Jungfrau railway starts. We climbed steadily upwards, enjoying beautiful scenery the whole time, and, as we neared Wengen, we caught our first real glimpse of skiers, hurtling down the snow-bound slopes. At 6700 feet we reached Kleine Scheidegg, the central point in the mountain realm. Here we basked in the sunshine, watching the many skiers all around until we boarded the Jungfrau Railway, bound for the Jungfrauoch.

Soon we plunged into a tunnel $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, climbing steadily upwards with a gradient of one in four. It took fourteen years to construct this tunnel. At 9000 and 10,000 feet there was a halt at the Eigerwand and Eismeer Observatories. From here we gazed out on to the vast snowdrifts of the sheer mountain slopes. The train halted at the Jungfrauoch, 11,330 feet up, and we came into the hotel which occupies a unique position on the very brink of the largest glacier in the Alps. It was only a few minutes' walk from the station out on to the plateau where we had the most magnificent view over the Aletsch snow-fields where ski-races are held in mid-summer. Carved out from the ice just under the plateau is the Ice Palace, with its imitation café and car all made of ice. Inside the Ice Palace the temperature is 4 degrees under freezing point.

We walked along the Sphinx Tunnel to the Sphinx lift where we ascended to the Sphinx terraces at 11,720 feet. This is the highest viewpoint in Europe that can be reached by rail. Down below, on the extensive snow-fields, is a summer ski-school and also kennels from which husky dogs pull sledges out over the snow.

The downward part of the journey was made from Kleine Scheidegg to Grindelwald, the Glacier Village, thus completing the circular trip.

The following morning we slept late and it wasn't until the afternoon that we boarded the train for Lauterbrunnen. From there we travelled by bus to the Trümmelbach Falls. They are 900 feet high and are as famous in the Alps as Niagara in America. The falls are fed by the glaciers of the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau, and thunder down inside the mountain itself. It is possible to ascend the falls by lift and, on arriving, we were struck by the magnificence of the water shooting out from the rock with such force and by the thunderous roar of the water. We then descended the slopes to Lauterbrunnen, set in the beautiful valley of the Lütschine. Here we spent an hour or so souvenir-hunting before returning.

On Tuesday our spirits were somewhat dampened by the sight of a steady drizzle of rain — the first we had seen since our arrival in Switzerland. It was fortunate that our expedition that day took us to Berne where the shops have covered walks in front of them, thus making window-shopping a comfort in all weathers.

The town of Berne is the seat of the Federal Government and Civil Service. There are numerous bridges gracefully spanning the river Aare and, on reaching a high point in the city, we obtained a wonderful view of the Government Buildings and the town. As there was a hailstorm, our visit to the Bear-pit was disappointing, owing to the reluctance of the bears to appear in such weather.

At noon we assembled round the clock tower and watched the charming little figure-play marking the passing hours.

In the afternoon the sun slowly came from behind the clouds and we spent the rest of our time exploring the shops. That evening we joined with a party of English schoolboys, who were also staying in the Pension Schönfels, and together we held an impromptu

concert which turned out to be rather hilarious, but was greatly enjoyed by all.

Wednesday, our last day, dawned bright and clear once more, and we spent the morning completing last-minute shopping in Interlaken. Interlaken itself is a beautiful town of many hotels. It is magnificently situated between the lakes of Brienz and Thun. There is a beach with good bathing, a Casino-Kursaal and many lovely parks, all of which combine to make Interlaken a popular holiday centre. Every year an open-air performance is held of Schiller's "William Tell."

That afternoon we sailed from Interlaken, down Lake Brienz, to Iseltwald. It was a wonderful afternoon, and the combination of the beautiful deep-blue water, set in perfect surroundings and backed by the mountains, together with the warm sunshine, served to make a suitable climax to our holiday.

All too soon Thursday morning arrived, and, having eaten our last Swiss breakfast of coffee and rolls (altogether it was estimated we had eaten 800 rolls) and bidding farewell to our hosts, we started off on our homeward

journey. Visibility was better on the return plane flight, and we had a good view of the Channel, with its glistening water and small boats. We landed at Blackbushe airport and, Customs formalities having been dispensed with, we travelled up to London by bus. We spent an evening in London, and then caught the night train home.

At 9 o'clock on Friday, 10th April, the peace of Tay Bridge Station was once more disturbed, as suitcases and duffel-bags were dragged from the train and spiked walking-sticks tripped up all and sundry. Parents swooped upon their respective daughters and carried them off, enviously admiring their glorious sun-tan. Thus the last stage of the journey was over, and we were left with many happy memories to carry in our minds for ever.

We should all like to express our thanks to Miss Henderson, Miss Anderson and Miss Gray for all the hard work they put in to make our holiday possible and also for their kindness and good humour during our stay abroad, all of which combined to make our holiday a highly successful one.

A VISIT TO A LIGHTHOUSE

At Easter, when I was in Shetland, I was fortunate enough to be shown over Sumburgh Head Lighthouse. It was a lovely afternoon, so Father, my brother Willie, Joan Robertson and I decided to walk up the path. When we reached the lighthouse one of the keepers met us and conducted us to the lighthouse. Inside, there was a spiral staircase, and in the well of it was an arrangement of chains and weights, something like those in an old clock, which, we were told, drove a motor upstairs. It took only half an hour to run down, and so, every thirty minutes it had to be wound up again.

This motor turned a great bank of prisms, which, as it was supported on a mercury bath, turned at the slightest touch from us. The prisms were so arranged that all the light from the lamp in the centre was concentrated in one small area, and the flash was seen when that area was directly opposite you.

We then went out on to the balcony. We were astounded at the view and were told that at night the light could be seen over twenty miles away. Fair Isle was visible as

were several other unidentified lumps of land. Then we went below again, and, after signing the visitors' book and thanking the keeper, we made our way back down the path to the car and went on our way back home to Lerwick.

KATHLEEN THOMSON, F. III.

APATHY

When I consider what we have to learn,
The secrets of this world, the universe,
The age-old stars, which boundless skies
traverse,

My heart is sore. Is it that I do yearn
Alone from all this race on earth to earn
The truth in all these things, and to disperse
The doubts? My friends follow their ways
perverse

And miss the point. But shall this judgment
stern

Condemn all those who seek a happy life,
To pass their measured span of days in
peace,

Content in simple pleasures, without lust
To ravel out the mysteries of this strife?
They do not see the earth—until they cease.
Compared with all the stars, a speck of dust.

Round the Forms

FORM I. — GIRLS

We welcomed a new girl at the beginning of the year. On Saturday, 7th March, a group from our class attended the international hockey match between Scotland and England at Murrayfield, Edinburgh. We left Dundee by bus at 9 a.m. and had a pleasant run through to the city. After enjoying a good meal at Crawford's, we once again entered our bus and made for Murrayfield and all its excitement. We enjoyed watching the game — the only disappointing thing was that Scotland lost 7-0. On our return journey we ate sandwiches in the bus, and in between mouthfuls sang songs.

Our hockey teams beat L. VII.

We are putting in hours of practice at swimming, running, tennis, etc., in preparation for Sports Day.

Most of the Guides in our class would like to go to Guide Camp, and we are all keeping our fingers crossed that we shall be chosen. Many of us are working for badges.

JEAN BAIRD.

FORM I. — BOYS

The Latin section of Form I. boys have welcomed two new members to the class this term and we are happy to say they have already settled down quite well.

The main talking point this term has been the injury to a member while playing cricket at Dalnacraig. While umpiring at square leg, John Bryce was hit in the face by a cricket ball and very unfortunately he sustained a fractured upper jaw-bone.

Our rugby team, captained by K. Ritchie, has had a fairly successful season and the cricket team, whose captain is P. Murray, has opened the season very well with two victories in succession — one over L. VII., when we won by a large margin, and another over Grove Academy, when we won by 22 runs.

The class branch of the Junior Dramatic Society gave a fine performance of "Something to Talk About," by Eden Phillpotts, produced by Miss Soutar, Miss Ogilvie and Mr Duke. The male members of the cast

were M. Fletcher, I. Smith, P. Boyd, J. Bryce and H. Taylor.

R. KING, R. DAW

FORM II.

Form II. report that, despite the loss of several of their number, they have done well in games. The girls have won nearly all their hockey matches, and the boys did well in rugby. They are now busy with tennis, cricket and athletics. At the time of writing the report, they are doing much last-minute "swotting" for their exams., but are looking forward to the time when they are not compelled to stay indoors working in the evenings.

CHRISTINE SUTHERLAND, LORNA GEDDES

FORM III. — GIRLS

Form III. Girls report two eventful terms. In February, they held a very enjoyable dance in York House. The proceedings were enlivened by several uninvited Form V. boys. The members of the class would like to thank all those who helped to make the dance a success.

In games, one member, who has also been selected for the hockey first eleven, was chosen for the tennis first six, and two members have been picked for the second six. Also, two members of the class were defeated by three games to one by Miss Anderson and Miss Henderson.

Before Easter, Form III. performed an excerpt from "As You Like It," produced by Miss Scott and Miss Anderson.

KATHLEEN THOMSON

FORM IV. — GIRLS

The Form put in a very good entry for the Public-Speaking Competition, which was won by Barbara Patrick with Janet Kerr second.

In the sports field, Form IV. has five members in the tennis teams. Some members of the Form are entering for the Gym. Cup which is to be held at the end of term. Those who are not in teams are busy with sports prelims. and play rehearsals.

Although it seems a long time since the School Dance, it is still remembered by us as a most enjoyable evening. We are now

waiting eagerly for the Prefects' Dance in June.

Those who were in Switzerland at Easter came back sun-tanned and healthy, and ready for a term's hard work as the Leaving Certificate Class.

Most of Form IV. entered for the Victoria Day Tennis Tournament and enjoyed themselves very much, although, in some cases, they did not play spectacular tennis, but all were good sports—even the couple who gained only two points.

On the whole, the Form has had its share of working hard and playing hard this term.

SHEILA REID, VALERIE WINSOR

FORM IV. — BOYS

The boys report successes, especially in games. They furnished five members of the team that won the Strathcona Shield, and four cricketers (including the vice-captain of the 2nd XI.). In golf, too, the form provides much material for the school teams.

Individual achievements come from Bruce McLeod, with his efforts in the Scottish Schoolboys' Senior Swimming Championship, and from Jim Mill, who is the school representative to the Scottish Schoolboys' Club. The Form also displays a keen interest in table tennis.

The Dramatic Society has an active membership from Form IV., many of whom have been chosen for important parts in the end-of-term production of "Electra." Our reporter claims that the boys will look "cute" in their specially-designed haircuts. Although academic work becomes more pressing for the Form after March, many members are nevertheless in hard training for the sports.

JAMES DAVIDSON

FORM V.

Events in Form V. in the past term have been overshadowed by the Higher Leaving Certificate, and, due to this, the Form has tended to play a smaller part than usual in school activities. The Winter term came to a great climax in the School Dance and the Carol Service, at both of which there was a large attendance of Form V. Then came the holidays—but for us it only meant all the more time to "swot." Not knowing where to begin, we picked up our French books. Half-way through the first page, we decided that

perhaps we really ought to be revising Latin adjectives, and, pulling out "Kennedy," we carefully studied "bonus-a-um." Two cups of coffee and four biscuits later, we came to the momentous decision that we were really only wasting our time. Out came the record-player and soon the room was filled with the strains of the latest recording by a man called Presley. As this was not very inducive to study, school books were put back on their shelves and conveniently forgotten until the day before classes resumed, when the Form was shocked into activity by the alarming proximity of the "Prelims." But towards March this was replaced by an "It's too late to start now" fatalism, although frantic teachers started issuing such comforting words as "You're sure to pass—if you've been working!" or "All you've got to do is to work at Vocabulary." The Highers themselves, held in the peaceful atmosphere of Tay Square Hall, were the usual "mixed bag," some easy, some not so easy; despondency being observed in mathematical circles.

A most unexpected honour was the visit of Miss Thomson, the Modern Languages Inspector; it had been passed through the grapevine, just after the main exams., that such a visit could be expected, but its suddenness affected not only us but also the teachers in this department.

With the Easter holidays came a release from all the former tension. A party from Forms IV., V. and VI., under the careful supervision of Misses Henderson, Gray and Anderson, spent a delightful vacation in Switzerland, while those at home shook the mothballs from their tennis "whites" and strolled out on to the courts.

The Form has been well represented in the rugby, cricket and golf teams, seven of its members receiving rugby caps. Fewer boys than usual attended the rugby internationals in Edinburgh, owing to the proximity of the Highers, but this excuse will not cover the fact that the Form had no finalists in the Public-Speaking contest, although well represented at the Burns Supper and the Easter Service, although it could not provide narrators.

Now the Summer activities are in full swing. Tennis, cricket and athletics have taken the place of hockey and rugby, and parties of girls once more make their pilgrim-

ages to the baths. Increasing interest is being shown in the controversial sport of hill-walking.

The Dramatic Club continues its rehearsals for the "Electra" and "A Surgeon for Lucinda"; the male chorus in the former owes a great deal to Form V. support. At the moment of writing, costumes for the ladies' chorus are being given out. But it is hard to believe, as we have been told, that these shapeless objects will look very graceful under the stage lights, if worn properly.

A feeling of languid ease and lethargy has permeated the Form. Even the most zealous scholars appear to have been affected by this, though in contrast to this, we seem to have taken a fanatical craze for reading John Buchan's "Montrose." Seeking a reason for this, we have come to the conclusion that it must have something to do with the fact that the term exams, begin soon.

Soon the term will come to an end, when the Sports and the Gala have decided the victorious House. For many of us, this will be a sad day, for, though we have grumbled in years past about homework and examinations, the school has become a part of us. Those left behind will continue to complain, but within themselves they will know that they are glad to have another year in which to prepare themselves for the final break.

H. S. THOMSON, ALISTAIR WOOD

FORM VI.

This has been a year of finality; the members of the Form have attended their last School Dance; they have taken part in their last Easter Service as pupils; now, the final report is compiled.

School quickens with the passing weeks. In the Candlemas term there was an obvious acceleration in class work with the approach of the season of bursary competitions, while later, amidst lecturettes and "background" essays, dramatic rehearsals and running practices, the term skids inevitably towards the end of June.

The Form has been active, however, throughout the year. One grey December morning many assisted Mr McLaren in marshalling multitudes of assorted gifts into orderly parcels to be distributed through the city. Another group learned the art of packing groceries into chicken-shaped brown

paper parcels to be given to old people by the members of "The Lit."

Extremes of mood were apparent in January; misguided mathematicians studying advanced branches of the art, stray botanists and zoologists and hazy historians alike endured preliminary examinations for the "Highers," while others remained aloof and imperturbable in the afterglow of New Year festivities. Too soon, the friends looked on in pity as the Leaving Certificate candidates slipped away to Tay Square Hall. It was agreed by the Form that the isolation of the hall, shrouded in silence save for the tinkle of the invigilator's teaspoon, was infinitely more splendid than the fellowship of period bells, chattering juniors and revving Post Office vans experienced in the Girls' School Hall. Relentless time advanced; the Form was busy preparing for the Easter Service and further examinations. The school was deserted by many of the Form during the last week of term when the St. Andrews Bursary Competition was held. The holidays followed immediately.

As the Directors do not belong to the school of philosophy which holds that hardship of body means inspiration of mind, Scientific Sixth exult in handling the semi-micro apparatus of the Advanced Lab., Classical Sixth rejoice in the furnishings of the Board Room, and all have the use of the the Library for all Forms during the lunch-hour as a reading room. Library prefects have been appointed from Forms IV. to VI., the majority from Form VI. Recently their main duty has been that of pasting small green pockets inside the covers of all books in preparation for the opening, next session, of the lending library.

During the long evenings of this term, the Form has been and is participating in tennis, swimming and athletic practice, cricket matches, and the preliminary heats for events in the School Sports.

A.C.

"THIS IS MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND"

The Emigrant was sitting in his kitchen, talking to his nephew about his long-lost Scotland.

"How well I remember," said he, "the shooting parties we used to have on the Great

MacWhachle's estate! I once shot a haggis weighing over ten pounds! Ah!" he stoked his pipe, "They were the best bred haggi in Scotland and fed on nothing but worms and vinegar." (Here he blew a cloud of nostalgic smoke at his nephew who was feeling slightly sick, having just eaten haggis for supper).

"And how peaceful it was to hear the sound of the sporran come floating over the hills and sit in the moors smoking a bagpipe, of an evening." He readjusted the dirk in his stocking and carefully smoothed the creases out of his tartan dressing-gown.

Some months later, the emigrant's nephew decided to see for himself this strange land of tartan and toddy. He, therefore, booked a passage on the "Empress of Caledonia" and spent most of the voyage reading travel brochures or Gaelic Grammars.

On reaching the Clyde, he rushed on deck to behold the beauties so vividly described in the brochures. A wonderful sight met his gaze: an unending panorama of smoke stacks, tenements, warehouses and all the glories of the shipyard was spread out before him. Needless to say, he retired below.

Some weeks later he arrived in the Highland town of P——. He looked disdainfully in shop windows that displayed tartan autograph books, tartan pin-cushions, tartan calendars and, to be really "Hieland," tartan corn-plasters.

An advertising poster attracted his attention. It depicted Bruce holding a tin can in one hand and fearlessly watching a giant tarantula ascend his right leg. Underneath, the poster announced, "He was not afraid. He used Scooto insecticide."

Boiling with fury at this humiliation of Scotland's hero, he returned to his hotel. Somewhere, he was sure, there must be a truly Scottish village, with no "tartan giftie shoppies," a place, peaceful and quiet, where the inhabitants spoke in gentle, sing-song voices and tended little crofts.

After his daily bagpipe lesson the nephew was chatting to his tutor, and learned that such a place was Bheag-Mhor by the shores of Loch Leekie. He set off that very day while the hotel guests were still removing the cotton-wool from their ears.

The bus stopped in Bheag-Mhor village street. Children wearing fluorescent bobby-

socks were playing with hula hoops on the pavement. The only tartan to be seen was in their drainpipe jeans. A notice of the Blue Bonnets Jazz Band's next local appearance was stuck in the window of a shop which was having a sale of Elvis Presley records. An impatient crowd of teenagers, clad in duffel coats and suede shoes, waited outside for the sale to begin.

The nephew's dreams of the crofter's simple life faded when, as he stopped by a farmyard gate, a surly old man on a tractor shouted, "Get oot o' the way, man!" Plucking up courage, the nephew stammered a few apologetic sentences in Gaelic. The pure-born Highlander stared at him, then drove away muttering, "Blooming furriners! Can't speak plain English!"

The emigrant's nephew returned home with very decided views that his uncle was a fraud.

ELIZABETH NICHOLSON, F. I.

OUR TRIP TO MURRAYFIELD

A party of about thirty girls from the school was going to Murrayfield to watch the Hockey International between Scotland and England on Saturday, 7th March.

Saturday morning dawned fine and clear although it was rather chilly. There were four girls from our class in the party and we met at 8.45 a.m. outside the school where a bus was waiting for the party. When we were all ready, the bus set off through the busy streets of Dundee.

We went by Perth, through the Glens to Kincardine, and then across Kincardine Bridge until we finally reached Edinburgh. When we arrived at Crawford's, where we were to have our lunch, we found that we were too early for lunch. As we had about half-an-hour till lunch, we were allowed to do as we pleased. The four of us decided to wander along Princes Street and have a look at the shop windows. After gazing at some lovely dresses and sports shops for a while, we thought it was about time for lunch and so we walked briskly back to Crawford's.

After an excellent lunch we set off for Murrayfield. On arriving, we saw crowds of schoolchildren milling about, but, when we entered, we found it wasn't terribly full, compared with the crowds at rugby matches. The game was most exciting although Scotland



(Above) Chariot Race

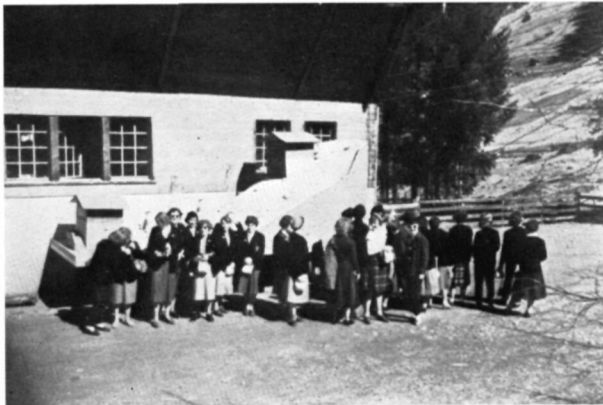
(Below) Hannibal Crossing the Alps

Peter West, L. V.

SWISS JOURNEY — 1959



Pension Schönfels



(Above) At the foot of the Chair-Lift at Kandersteg



(Right) At the Trummelbach Falls, Läuterbrunnen

were defeated. At half-time some local schoolgirls came round with sheets, spread out fully, and people tried to throw pennies into them. When the game was over, lots of people rushed to get the players' autographs. One girl in our party managed to collect six autographs.

We had all brought packed teas with us and we ate them on the way home instead of stopping on the road for tea. We were all singing gaily when we entered Dundee about 7 o'clock. After collecting all our belongings, we left the bus and made our way home.

My friend took me to her house, where we changed, and then we set off for a party!

ANNE BIRRELL, F. I.

EXPERIENCES OF AN 'L' DRIVER

Ah! the joys of driving! Not so joyful, however, to those experienced drivers who have to sit in a feverish state of apprehension as we 'L' drivers plough our way through the traffic. On approaching traffic lights which are turning from amber to red, our instructor tells us to brake and push down the clutch. Disaster strikes as we mistake the accelerator for the brake! A policeman frantically waves us back as we shoot through the traffic lights and rush past him at a somewhat high speed. At our next halt we stall the engine, and, much to the horror of our instructor, we cannot restart. Cars are rapidly piling up behind us and the irate tooting of horns unnerves us completely. Shrinking down in our seats, we shamefacedly let our instructor take over the controls. At last we are clear of all confusion and, quickly regaining our confidence, we continue on our way, listening attentively to our instructor.

Coming into a traffic jam, disaster again strikes. We carefully change into first gear and then, as the congestion clears, we change into second gear, or what we thought was second. A shriek of horror from the instructor tells us that there is something amiss. Focusing our attention on the car in front, we find that, instead of coming nearer to it, we are in fact getting further away. Horror of horrors! What we thought was second gear was in actual fact reverse! The car is gradually gliding backwards, much to the alarm of the passer-by. Once again the instructor comes to the rescue, and everything is righted. Our nerve-wracked instructor heaves a sigh and

tells us that the lesson is over. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he waves goodbye. However, we do not let such little misadventures as those worry us. Our thoughts now turn to the time when we have passed our driving test. How blissful it will be then!

'L' DRIVER.

SPIRIT'S SONG

I about the earth have flown
On wings of gossamer, and known
The joys of lying by a stream,
Water wimple, water gleam,
And heard the rushes moan and sigh
When breezes play there, hush, then die.
The gliding moonlight now doth seek
The glistening otter smooth and sleek.
Where bubbles break and circlets spread,
The water vole has raised his head,
But now is gone. Dawn winds are blowing.
Listen! Is the cock not crowing?
And on the sheen the river hath
Now have ripples spread a path.
It is time that I should go
When the sun has bid me so.
I am a nocturnal sprite
And find my solitude in night.

E. NICHOLSON, F. I.

THE SPARROWS

In sunlight, streaming through the glass,
we find
The pupils, drowsy in the languid air.
Oblivious of the speaking voice, they stare
Out through the pane, no thought of French
in mind,
To see a sparrow's nest, its dwellers blind
To traffic thundering down the street. Up
there
The housetop birds work on, having no
care
For books, exams., and troubles of mankind.
But is their life so fine? What gust or blast
May bring their clump of rags and straw
to doom?
Their home, high on the cornice, bathed in
sun,
Is lying bare for predators to cast
To death the fledglings soft. Yet we assume
They lack our strain, their life an empty
one.

C.E.W.C. Conference

The first item on the agenda was "high tea," but the rest of the programme did not follow this prosaic, if necessary, pattern. For the Council for Education in World Citizenship's annual Easter Conference provided a weekend unique in our experience, and, since we were the first from Dundee to attend, unique in the history of the School. The purpose of this particular conference was to enlarge our understanding of the problems of the Middle East and to suggest to us the possible solutions.

When we arrived by bus from Edinburgh at the Y.M.C.A. in Wiston, near Biggar, we found assembled under the aegis of the United Nations some fifty senior pupils from various Scottish schools (mainly in Edinburgh and Glasgow). During the long-awaited high tea we had an opportunity to meet more closely some of our "fellow-delegates" (for we had been flattered by that title during our correspondence prior to the conference), and after it we settled down to our first serious work—a talk on "Unity and Disunity in the Arab World," by Pierre Cachia, a lecturer in Arabic at Edinburgh University. In this lecture we learned about the political groupings among the Arab peoples and the reasons underlying their present attitudes to world politics. The other two lectures, which served to complement the first, were on "The Turks in World History," by J. R. Walsh, a lecturer in Turkish history, and "The Desert Arabs," by Dr P. W. R. Petrie. Mr Walsh spoke of the historical antecedents of modern Turkey, and of the drastic reforms achieved within one generation by Kemal Ataturk. Dr Petrie's lecture, based on many years' practical experience of the Yemen, dealt rather with the social conditions and problems of the Middle East. To assist him in his talk were his wife and two students, one from Aden and the other from Persia, who, because of their national costumes, were a popular subject for amateur photographers. Dr Petrie and his companions were joined for a "Brains Trust" by an experienced traveller of the Middle East and a "distinguished Yemeni Princess" who looked suspiciously like one of the organisers of the conference, both suitably arrayed in Arab dress.

The questions for the "Brains Trust" had been prepared beforehand by the discussion groups, each of which was under the leadership of a senior delegate. The discussion groups had further work in answering questions that arose from the lectures and optimistically settling all the problems of the Middle East by universal education under U.N.E.S.C.O. They spent, however, some of the time intended for discussions in planning their programmes for the "Wiston Revue," held towards the end of the conference.

Since our last full day was a Sunday, the morning was taken up with church services. In the afternoon the hard-working secretaries of the discussion groups presented their reports. After that the organiser of the whole conference gave us a short talk on the usefulness of the weekend. In commenting on the group reports, he explained more fully the work done by the United Nations in the Middle East. Sunday evening was spent on our last lecture, delivered by one of the organisers, Mr David Read. He spoke on "The Arts of the Middle East," exemplifying his talk by records of Arabic music, and by readings of translations from Persian and Arabic poetry. Various delegates were invited to take parts in the play that followed.

In our participation in these serious activities we found ourselves at a slight disadvantage alongside most of the other delegates who had clearly benefited from membership of town School Citizenship Associations and similar bodies. This is a gap in Dundee's youth activities which, we feel, could and should be remedied.

As our time, however, was not wholly devoted to lectures and idealistic theorising, great use was made of the opportunity provided at Wiston for enjoying various activities.

On the first evening, since few had progressed beyond glancing suspiciously at one another, we joined in a general sing-song. Delegates had been asked to bring their musical instruments with them, and thus the singers were accompanied by two guitars, a mandoline, a recorder and several harmonicas.

This was found such a successful method of concluding the evening that, when repeated on the last night, "lights out" was waived until the following morning.

To the consternation of the uninitiated delegates, it was announced after lunch on Friday that the ticket for admission to the informal dance to be held in the evening would be some form of headgear to be made and worn at a parade. The sunny afternoon quickly passed; many climbed Tinto Hill nearby, others played in the seven-a-side hockey match or on the tennis courts; table tennis also proved popular, and for the more sedate there was croquet on the lawn. Tea-time came therefore, but no hats had been made, yet the originality and humour of the creations revealed none of the haste of their feverish concoction. Middle Eastern towel-turbaned potentates paraded amidst flower-bedecked maidens. Thankfully, during the dance that followed, all surreptitiously hid every vestige of head-dress.

The chief entertainment towards which all effort was directed was the production of the "Wiston Revue." Every free minute found, huddled in separate corners, discussion groups considering, arguing, planning, script-writing, or, if far advanced, rehearsing for Saturday evening. Our group spent all its time in concerted despondency.

After frantic scurryings to obtain props and borrow costumes, the curtain rose half-an-hour late. The guarded secrets were at last disclosed. A slick presentation of a TV giveaway quiz and "This is Your Death" were given by one group; another enacted the trials of Christopher Columbus and Guy Fawkes; another freely adapted and modernised "Edipus Rex"; a fourth showed rehearsals in progress at a B.B.C. sound studio; while the fifth translated Bertha Waddell into Omar Khayyám's Children's Theatre. In spite of the temporary loss of a pillowcase and a dustbin, all thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

No conference is complete without its midnight feast; thus it was that enthusiasts crawled from their beds and gathered in the games room to dance eightsome reels at five in the morning.

Our enjoyment of the conference is, we hope, an earnest of future enjoyment by our successors at D.H.S.

C. LYTHER, A. CHRISTIE, F. VI.

WHEN AN AUTUMN DAY DAWNS ON THE MAC-O-CHEE HILLS

When an autumn day dawns on the Mac-o-chee Hills,

The golden sun rises on my window-sills.
I leap from my bed, there where I lie
And watch the sun's glory light up all the sky.

Out o'er the valleys and meadows I view
A sparkling world, still wet with the dew,
And then, as I stand there I watch with amaze

The not far distant hills with fire come ablaze.

The dull listless world that slept through the night

Is now wondrously filled with colour so bright.

With orange, with yellow, with brown, and with green;

It seems as an artist had painted the scene.

Though the era has passed that brought this land fame,

There is always one thing that will still stay the same;

The pioneers' sun is the sun on my sills,
And the same sun that sets on these beautiful hills.

O stranger, come beg me to leave this domain;

With heart and soul try, but only in vain.
For I'll always be here when the sun lights my sills

And an autumn day dawns on the Mac-o-chee Hills.

SANDY HUMBLE
(American Pen-Pal)

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL

On two occasions I have visited the Scottish National War Memorial, built on ground once occupied by the Chapel of St. Mary at Edinburgh Castle. It is the centre and symbol of a nation's grief and gratitude.

The four sides of the building are adorned with figures representing "Justice," "Mercy," "Freedom," "Truth," "Charity" and "Knowledge," in addition to numerous heraldic and other emblems. The entrance on the south front gives access to the "Hall of Honour" in

which are separate memorials to the Scottish Regiments.

Facing the doorway is the "Shrine." The "Stone of Remembrance" rests on the exposed natural rock and bears the Steel Casket which contains the combined "Roll of Honour." Around the walls of the Shrine runs a bronze frieze, on which is carved a procession of figures — men and women, and even birds and other animals, who, in the fields of operation, contributed to the winning of Victory and Peace. It is, indeed, a Shrine of Sacrifice on the Castle Rock.

JEAN BAIRD, F. I.

THEY

They will do nothing new.
They hang in clusters in cafés,
Afraid to stand alone.
Their hollow laughter rings at empty, cruel
jokes,
Or what are meant as jokes,
But seem as meaningless
As lamp-posts in a wilderness.
In class they drowse in apathetic sleep.
But who can blame them?
Compelled for endless hours to hear Latin,
Useless to them, unwanted, unpursued.

They will do nothing new,
The cricket snobs,
The tennis snobs,
Frown on all other sports.
They do not know the joy it is
To drink pure water after long hours of
toiling,
Up a steady slope,
To gain the summit of some ancient mass
of rock
And on all sides look down and round,
To see an endless range of peats,
Some softly shadowed,
Some garlanded with cloud,
Some smeared with snow.
They will do nothing new,
They will support no enterprise to gain
A wider knowledge of this world.
They frown on climbing as a dangerous
sport.
Undertaken by inconsiderate fools.
Apathy!
They disclaim, disparage those
Who try to free their country from its
bonds.
They are individuals, all the rest a mob.
But every individual in that mob considers
all the rest a mass of like-thinking
beings.

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MY PET

My tortoise is called Terry and I like to give it dandelion leaves to eat. I give it water to drink.

It takes its own baths and it walks all over the garden. It sleeps at night in a hutch.

DOUGLAS SIBBALD, L. I.

MY EASTER HOLIDAYS

In the holidays I went up to Aberdeenshire for the first week in April. We had lots of fun there. There was a park next door with swings and a chute. There were swings in the hotel garden as well as in the park. On one of the days we were there we were fishing in the River Muick but I didn't catch anything. Daddy had all the luck and caught three baby trout.

MORAG J. P. STALKER, L. II.

THE NOTE AND THE COAT

At the top of a mountain
I opened a tin.
There was a note,
It said, "Find the coat."
So off we went.
My name is Kent.

We found a coat,
The note was true.
The coat was blue.
And after that, when I put the coat on,
I remembered the note.

I did not get it from a shop.
I got it from a mountain top.

CHRISTOPHER JONES, L. II.

MY DADDY

My Daddy is called Tom Leslie. He is quite tall and quite thin. He works at an office and he is head of the office. He sometimes plays cricket with me, and once he bashed my teeth in, and I had to get them out. I had to go to the Dental Hospital, and see what could be done. We are going to Spain, because we are fed up with rain, and I chose to go to Spain. We are getting the Flèche D'or. That is the French way of saying the Golden Arrow.

DAVID LESLIE, L. II.

NIGHT

At night
The stars are bright.
There is a kite.
The moon makes light.
It is always a lovely sight at night.
The rest of the sky is dark.
A dog gave a bark.
Bedtime!

C. J. A. JONES, L. II.

I AM A ROMAN

I am one of the great Romans. I helped to conquer Britain and I am living in Britain. When we go into battle there is always a Standard Bearer. He carries the Roman Emblem — the Eagle. The men who fight with a sword are called Roman Legionaries. I always hope the Romans win. I live in a villa. A villa is built round a courtyard and has a fountain or a pool in the middle. We have built many roads made of stone. First, we lay flints, then rammed chalk, gravel, rammed chalk again, then gravel, and finally stone-slabs. We have taught the Britons many things.

ELIZABETH BROWN, L. III.

THE MOUSE

A mouse one day ran under a chair,
With a jumping and squeaking and bouncing affair.

I caught him and held him;
He shuddered with fear,
"O, let me be free or I shall bite!"
I let him go free and he squeaked good-night,

And off he ran filled with delight.
O, mousy has gone! Never more shall I see him!

Or was it a dream, or did I free him?

CHRISTINE MCKEAN, L. III.

HAPPY TIMES

Spring and Summer are the best;
Birdies sitting in a nest;
Little babies learn to fly
While painted wings go dancing by.

Tiny lambs in green fields play
By their mothers all the day.
Showers and sunshine take their place.
Hailstones sometimes, downwards race.

MOIRA SPENCE, L. IV.

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MY TRIP TO LONDON

When I went to London in the Easter holidays I saw Westminster Hall where William Wallace was tried. I saw the four lions at Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus where the statue of Eros stands. Daddy, Richard and I went on the train to Bond Street where we saw the statue of the Duke of York and the statue of Boadicea in her chariot. We saw some of the churches in "Oranges and Lemons." We went to Buckingham Palace and drove down the Mall. We went to the Tower of London and we talked to a Beefeater and then went home.

FIONA ROSS, L. III.

PAISLEY

I came here in a Diesel. There was snow at the side of the rails. There is a station near Garthland Hotel where we are living. From the window I see the planes that take off at Renfrew. One day we went to the museum where we saw pearls and a gigantic shell. Another day we went to the zoo at Largs. There a monkey took my cap off and a parrot said "Hello!" There are lots of parks, open spaces and zebra crossings at Paisley.

DAVID DOW, L. III.

A LITTLE ELF CALLED MUMPY

One day there was an awful hustle and bustle. Mumpy, the Elf, was moving from the Toadstool House to a much larger one. This was called Elephant's Hideout because it was so large. Mumpy thought he would change it to Rainbow's Curtain. So, after a week or two, all the furniture was moved in and everything was ready for Mumpy. "Everything is ready except for curtains," thought Mumpy. "Oh, bother! What shall I do? The shops are all shut and this is not market day!" Suddenly Mumpy heard a cry for help. "Where are you?" he cried.

"Over here," said the voice.

"Oh, I see you," said Mumpy. It was Sammy Spider caught up in a roll of wire-netting. Mumpy gently freed the thankful spider.

"There, now," said Mumpy.

"Oh, I must reward you!" said Sammy.

But Mumpy would not take anything! Sammy's sharp, little eyes noted that Mumpy

had not yet got curtains. As he went out, he also noticed that the house was now called Rainbow's Curtain. A few days later, Pepe, the postman, came with a parcel for Mumpy.

"I wonder who this can be from." Mumpy opened the parcel and saw the most beautiful piece of cloth he had ever set eyes upon. There was a note with it and it said: "I hope these curtains fit your windows. I spun them with all colours of the rainbow. Love from Sammy, the Spider."

So Mumpy got his curtains after all. I think a house never more suited its name. Do you?

RUTH PEARSON, L. IV.

MIRROR FABLE

Once there was a girl, named Mirabel, who loved to look in a mirror. If you ever wanted to find her, you would look in her bedroom. The walls there were covered with mirrors. She grew so vain and proud that nobody liked her. She never went out to play, so she grew very pale and weak. Her mother grew very worried and took her to the doctor. The doctor's advice was to sell the mirrors. Now Mirabel is strong, healthy and very pretty.

LORNA C. MARSHALL, L. IV.

ON MY BIRD-TABLE

The sparrow is there, with his shining eye. He's always first! and he's never shy!

Here comes a yellow-hammer! He always says, "Please,

May I have a little bit of bread and never any cheese?"

From underneath the hedge hops a little dunnock;

He's always here on time by his dandelion clock.

Along hops my robin. As he pecks up crumbs of bread

The other creatures all admire his pretty breast of red.

The seeds are disappearing fast, for here's a chaffinch now,

Holding up his smart, proud head, to show his blue-grey brow.

My garden's full of singing, for the birds are happy, too.

I'm always happy when I'm helping small, defenceless birds. Are you?

SANDRA SPENCE, L. VII.

MY ANIMAL FRIENDS

In our garden we have about four birds' nests. They are in the hedge at the bottom of the garden. One of them is a thrush's and another is a hedge-sparrow's. The thrush has nested there for two years. Last year I fed the mother bird with crumbs while she was hatching her eggs.

When I was three years old, I had a hedgehog. It lived at the bottom of the garden.

A. H. HUTCHISON, L. IV.

THE BIRDS OF HALLIBURTON

If you like to see and hear wild birds, a very good place is the Halliburton Forestry Estate. An easy way to get there is to go along the Coupar Angus Road, through Birkhill and past Lundie. When you are well up in the Sidlaws, you will see Lochindores on the left. Just past this, when the road begins to descend steeply towards Coupar Angus, you take a sharp turn to the left. Nearly a mile further on is the estate. All that you have to do then is jump out of the car and climb over the stile.

Last time we went we were welcomed by a pair of pied wagtails. These dainty little birds run around, wagging their tails as they pause, searching for insects. They look very smart with their white shirts and black collars.

On either side of the path the foresters have planted trees which now are five feet high. There are cedars and Scots pines and a great many spruce. Small birds frequent these trees and we saw many chaffinches and tits. Farther along the path there is an interesting track to the left which leads to the foot of a steep hill. We could see jackdaws circling round the top. Mum and Dad said it was too steep for them, so I climbed up the hill to get a better view of the jackdaws. They look very like crows except that they are smaller and have grey heads. As I turned to come down, I saw a kestrel hawk hovering over the valley. After a minute or two it swooped down and flew off with what appeared to be a field mouse in its claws.

After I had climbed down, we walked along the foot of the hill. There was quite a large patch of marsh in between the hill and the outskirts of the wood. As we walked round this marsh we were suddenly startled by a loud clatter or crow of four

pheasants as they flew into the wood. After walking through the wood we proceeded across open moorland to Redmyre Loch. As we were approaching the loch, there was a sudden whirring of wings as several grouse flew from a clump of heather, alarmed by our presence. We went on over the hill and there was the loch. We could see four wild ducks swimming on the loch, so I crept up stealthily and got a good view of them through the reeds. Two of the birds, the males, had brilliant green heads.

Curlews also make their homes in the high country near the loch. As they flew overhead we could just see their curved beaks. I decided that, when I got home, I would look up my bird book to see what their eggs looked like. At that very moment there was a great flurry of wings almost at our feet. There was the curlew's nest with four eggs! They were greenish yellow, blotched with brown. I did not have to look up my bird book after all.

PETER WEST, L. V.

DISASTER

"Fibro Vinyl Football" read the label on the red monster. It was my latest purchase, obtainable at under ten shillings. Wrapped in a polythene bag, it was my pride and joy at that moment. Our lawn was quite small, but it suited the purposes of my young brother and myself. We started a game of "Penny's Punch," a game known to only myself, my young brother and a friend. It so happened that half a dozen "rosa nucleares" had been installed that morning in the flower-bed. A sharp kick by me propelled the ball against the roses. Pop! The monster was no more.

GORDON LOWE, L. V.

PERCY AND THE CAT

Percy was a poodle,

His friend, she was a cat.

They had a game of tug-of-war

With Percy's master's hat.

Percy's friend, the pussy,

She lay upon the mat,

While greedy little Percy

Just finished off that hat.

CAROLYNE HESSLEGRAVE, L. V.

WEEKLY TORTURE

Whether in the bath or at the basin,
 I really have to dip my head in.
 My hair droops over my bending head
 And makes it feel like a lump of lead.
 The water gurgles in my ears,
 And in my eyes are smarting tears,
 For, though my eyes are screwed up tight,
 And don't let in a spot of light,
 Somehow, though I know not why,
 Some shampoo always finds my eye.
 Rinsing and drying are not so bad,
 And when it's all over, I'm very glad.

FIONA BELL, L. VI.

FED-UP-NESS

The king is getting awfully bored,
 And now his court he loathes;
 He's tired of strutting round about
 In stiff and kingly clothes.
 His castle he is tired of,
 (With its deep and weedy moat).
 He wants to go away to sea,
 And sail a little boat!

He thinks that it is not quite right
 To sit upon a throne!
 He doesn't want to listen
 To his spokesman's weary drone.
 He wants to join a trusty ship,
 And sail the world around;
 And he will ne'er come back again
 Till foreign lands he's found!

ALISON E. MCLEAY, L. V.

EILAT AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

Eilat is the southernmost town in Israel.
 It lies opposite the town of Aqaba and both
 of them lie at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba.

Last summer I flew to Eilat from Tel-Aviv, over the Negev Desert. Halfway over the desert, I saw a peculiar white-looking object floating over the desert. It turned out to be a cloud.

When I descended from the aeroplane, the heat struck me as a blow. Even though there is a north breeze — not wind — blowing all the year round, it makes no difference to the heat. It was 110° when I was there and our party was considered lucky!

The town's buildings are quite new but the town's site dates back to the time of King Solomon, when it was called Ezion-Geber.

The natives of the town use a simple air-conditioning system. Screens of woven rushes are hung on the north wall and water drips

down them. The same water is used over and over again. Only the hotels use the electric air-conditioning plant.

The beach is formed of small stones and a little coral. I saw some moving black-and-white stones which turned out to be small crabs. The water was warm and very clear, so clear that you could see every pebble on the bottom, but if you swam beyond a certain red pipe you were liable to be shot by the Jordanians.

A party of us went out on to the Red Sea in a glass-bottomed boat. The coral was red, orange, brown, white, green, yellow, blue coral and brightly-coloured tropical fish. We also saw a wreck.

In the evening it grew quite cold and the water turned red at the edges.

The mountains are made of coloured rocks, red, orange, brown, white, green, yellow, blue, and purple. The rocks are ground to sand and put in bottles in patterns, designs, zig-zags, squares and circles. How it is done is a secret.

I shall never forget that interesting tour.

RUTH STURROCK, L. VI.

NELSON CREAM ICE COMPANY LIMITED

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DUNDEE



CRICKET 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.) — Mr Stark, R. Macintyre, J. Cooper, K. Wilkie, F. Neillie, H. Garden, W. Hamilton (Scorer).

Middle Row (l. to r.) — R. Henderson, G. F. Ritchie, I. Reoch (Capt.), A. Allen, A. Grant.

Front Row (l. to r.) — E. Reoch, M. Allen.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) — Roslin Wright, Sheila Anderson, Pamela Bell.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Judith Leslie, Jennifer Derrick (Capt.), Sheila Reid.



HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.) — S. Jamieson, A. Smart, J. Lang, J. Thomson, S. Anderson, S. Colquhoun.

Front Row (l. to r.) — C. Duncan, J. Leslie, J. Derrick (Capt.), E. Cullwick, J. Appleby.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.) — R. Henderson, B. Devlin, J. Cuthbert, F. McLaren, A. Grant, R. Adamson, G. F. Ritchie.

Middle Row (l. to r.) — D. Keddie, A. Young, I. Reoch, A. Allen (Capt.), D. Small, F. Neillie, A. Hall.

Front Row (l. to r.) — S. Brown, E. Reoch.

IN PRAISE OF FLOWERS

Buttercups and marigolds, silverweed and thyme,
 Meadow sweet and meadow crane's bill,
 brilliant celandine,
 Mare's tail, mouse tail and foxglove tall,
 Fragrant honeysuckle climbing up the wall,
 Red archangel, white archangel — fallen
 out of heaven,
 Goldilocks and champions to us are given;
 Lady's smock, lady's fingers, lady's mantle,
 too,
 Flowers whose perfume fills the air, flowers
 of every hue.
 Jack-in-the-hedge and ragged robin, sweet-
 scented vernal grass,
 Dog rose and willow-herb attract us as we
 pass,
 Star of Bethlehem, speedwell bright and
 blue forget-me-not,
 Herb Robert, comfrey and marsh penny-
 wort.
 I've mixed up the seasons, I've mixed up the
 flowers;
 But I've told a little of the glory that is ours.

EILEEN M. C. DUKE, L. VI.

DIFFERENT SOUNDS

What sound makes you feel most at rest?
 The sound of the sea lapping on some pebbly
 shore? A bird's call in the morning? Or the
 cry of geese making their way to their night's
 resting-place?

How different these from the hiss of frying
 bacon, or the old-time rustle of crinoline skirts
 on marble floors!

Many would be the sounds our great-
 grandparents would miss in this contempo-
 rary day and age. For instance, the scratch of
 a quill pen, the rumble of carriages on cobbled
 streets, or even the outdated sounds of flint
 and tinder.

Compare them with our modern equival-
 ents — the squeaky slip of our latest fountain
 pen, the soft hum of balloon tyres on "tar-
 mac" or asphalt road, and—a far quicker way
 of coaxing flame — the scrape of a match.

So many things have been "electrified"
 that the old-time farmer would sadly note the
 absence of the music of the churn, and the
 steady drip of milk into a pail, almost as much
 as the old sailor would the chorus on the
 ropes.

The jangle of the old-fashioned bell-pull
 has given way to the sharp, unfeeling "brrr"
 of electric telephone and bell; the gentle hum
 of the spinning-wheel to that of noisy, power-
 driven machinery. All are sounds we never
 hear. Someday, the sounds we call modern
 will have been replaced, and the world will
 have lost another decade of sounds.

JEAN FRASER, L. VII.

BY THE BANKS OF THE TUMMEL

It was a glorious spring day when we set
 set out from Pitlochry to walk to the Falls of
 Tummel. We crossed by the bridge at Clunie
 and saw lots of rowing boats out on Loch
 Faskally.

Turning along the road, we passed many
 people picnicking on the hillsides. Sheep
 were wandering along the road, and some
 were quite tame, accepting tit-bits from pic-
 nickers.

Primroses were scattered on the hillside,
 and silver birches grew in abundance. In the
 shade, wild hyacinths created a blue haze in
 the fresh green undergrowth.

Above the falls, the sunlight dappled the
 water, and the deep pools among the rocks
 were amber brown.

MARGARET MONCUR, L. VI.

AN OLD FRIEND

I know an old lady
 Who sits up in bed.
 She wears a pink shawl,
 A white mutch on her head.

I know an old lady
 Who reads all the day.
 She tells of her childhood,
 Her work and her play.

I know an old lady
 Whose smile is so cheery.
 She likes me to visit her,
 And never seems weary.

I know an old lady,
 She is ninety this year.
 How we all love her!
 She is rather a dear.

OLIVE SHERRARD, L. VI.

"TWO BRAINS . . ."

It happened in the sitting room. Our newly-acquired kitten was lounging inelegantly on the rug beside the sofa, when he suddenly caught sight of a ball of bright-red wool lying on the sofa. He was up in a flash. Wool was a thing he recognised and liked.

With some misgivings, however, he surveyed the some five inches of sofa which, to his sorrow, he would have to climb, and then, with an almost resigned expression of dissatisfaction on his little face, he stood back for a run.

Again and again his claws stuck into the sofa, three inches or so from the ground. With an expression of pure disgust he stalked out of the door. But not for long. Oh dear, no!

Within five minutes he came rolling in, accompanied by the kitten from the house next door.

I laughed. Now, what was going to happen? The two kittens rolled across the room. The one from next door stretched out his body to its fullest extent and then, to my greatest surprise, our own kitten again stood back for a run. Right up the other kitten's back it ran, and, at last it obtained its objective.

I even fancied I heard it give a sigh of pure delight as the two kittens rolled on the floor with their prize.

DOROTHY DICKSON, L. VII.

A VISIT TO EDINBURGH

"Hail, Happy Morn!" No wonder I was excited. For that day we were going to visit Edinburgh.

We set off about 8 o'clock and arrived in Dundee at half-past. We did not go by the Tay Ferries, but took the road by Perth and arrived in Edinburgh about noon.

"They're changing guard at Edinburgh Castle." As we drew up in the car-park the old guards marched away, while the new ones replaced them. We walked round the castle for about half-an-hour and then went for lunch. Far off we could faintly hear the one-o'clock gun being fired.

After lunch we went to the zoo. The polar bears were extremely entertaining, climbing up the walls and pushing their noses into a small hole from which a steady trickle of water flowed. It was about five o'clock when

we came out of the zoo, and it was decided that it was time to set off for home.

We arrived at half-past eight, tired but happy, after our day in Edinburgh.

J. COULL, L. VII.

A MINK FARM

While on a touring holiday, my family and I spent a night at the beautiful little hamlet called Ford, on Loch Awe.

From my bedroom window, there was the most wonderful view of high hills, so close I felt I could almost touch them.

My brother and I raced out to explore, but we were puzzled by a strange and unpleasant smell on the hillside. This was solved when we suddenly came upon a mink farm. The animals were housed in long lines of strong, wire cages, about three feet off the ground.

The animals were dark brown in colour, thin, lean, and rather like ferrets.

Although they were bright and intelligent, they did not appeal to me until one cleverly escaped by gnawing with its sharp teeth through the wire. Great was the excitement on the hillside until it was recaptured.

I could hardly imagine that one day these animals would be made into expensive fur coats.

MAUREEN MORRISON, L. VI.

OLD BOYS' CLUB**GOLF REPORT**

The Annual Golf Outing of the Old Boys' Club was held at Kirriemuir on Saturday, 20th June, 1959. The number attending this year was somewhat smaller than in the last few years but the weather was perfect. After a keen struggle Donald Grant, with a net 65, won the trophy.

Later the same month, on Wednesday, 24th, the annual match between the present pupils and the Old Boys was played at Barry. The teams were—

Present Pupils — J. Bryce and A. Low, G. Ritchie and D. Tasker, Wm. Adams and G. Adams.

Old Boys — R. S. Hood and D. S. Dryden, T. Reid and G. J. Robbie, R. S. Aitken and D. Grant.

The younger team proved too much for the Old Boys and the result was a victory—2 matches to 1—in favour of the present pupils. This result, incidentally, maintained the present pupils' unbeaten record for the year.

Old Girls' Club

We have pleasure in sending greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The twenty-seventh Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Boys' School on 16th March, 1959, when the following office-bearers and executive committee were appointed:—President, Mrs T. Thomson; Vice-Presidents, Miss M. Turnbull and Mrs W. J. Walker; Hon. Secretaries, Miss Isobel Ogilvy, Blairmuir, 210 Arbroath Road, Dundee; and Miss Muriel Thomson, 56 Glenprosen Terrace, Dundee; Hon. Treasurer, Miss C. K. Scrimgeour, 54 Seagate, Dundee.

Executive Committee — Miss Ella Burns Petrie (ex officio), Miss Whytock (ex officio), Mrs M. Lindsay, Mrs D. P. Thomson, Miss J. Thomson, Miss J. Cuthill, Miss M. Howe, Dr Mackie Smith, Miss W. Cooper, Miss S. Wallace, Miss A. Mudie, Miss M. Cunningham, Miss S. Allison, Miss M. Moyes, Miss J. Gellatly, Miss M. McConnachie, Mrs M. Cooper and Mrs E. Johnston.

Mrs W. J. Walker and Miss Jean Gellatly are representatives to the Athletic Union.

The Club has now a membership of 521.

After the meeting Miss Margaret Larg showed many beautiful coloured slides of her recent trip to Australia.

The Club gave its annual donation of books to the Girls' Junior Library.

The Annual Reunion, in the form of a dinner, took place in the Queen's Hotel on 24th October, 1958; 108 members spent a most enjoyable evening. After the dinner the company moved to the reception room where a display of the paintings of Miss Whyte, guest speaker, were set out. Miss Whyte is a former art teacher at the school. A talk, full of humorous anecdotes and racy incidents, followed on Miss Whyte's experiences abroad, and these were illustrated by reference to the paintings. A short term of whist ended a happy evening.

The next reunion has been arranged for 6th November, 1959, in Nicoll & Smibert's Rooms. It will take the form of a Social Evening.

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

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

The following have joined the Club since June, 1958:—

Thomson, Miss Elizabeth M., "The Cottage," 8 Bridge Lane, Barnhill, Dundee.

Anderson, Miss Isobel F., 159 Hamilton Street, Barnhill, Dundee.

Anderson, Miss Hazel F. G., 6 Duff Street, Maryfield, Dundee.

Haslock, Miss Sally M., 200b Broughty Ferry Road, Dundee.

Haslock, Miss Susan F., 200b Broughty Ferry Road, Dundee.

Ferguson, Miss Heather C. O., "Floralbank," Station Road, Invergowrie.

Gibson, Miss Shoena M., 305 Strathmartine Road, Downfield, Dundee.

Douglas, Miss Isobel M., 69 Dalkeith Road, Dundee.

Paterson, Miss Wilma, Romsdal, 5 Adelaide Terrace, Dundee.

Kinnear, Miss Katherine T., Tighbeg, Errol Road, Invergowrie.

Harris, Miss I. Marjory, 93 Commercial Street, Dundee.

Brown, Miss Margaret A. K., 10 Airlie Terrace, Dundee.

Guild, Miss Lorna J., 18 Kenilworth Avenue, Dundee.

Wallace, Miss Dorothy J., "Wilmohr," 143 Ferry Road, Dundee.

Kidd, Miss Muriel L., 19 Adelaide Place, Dundee.

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

Bowden, Miss Jane R. C., Baldovie, Broughty Ferry, Angus.

Anderson, Miss Helen L. B., 4 Ferndale Drive, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.

Oswald, Miss Alice M. M., 13 Lawside Road, Dundee.

Coupar, Miss Barbara E., 45 Americanmuir Road, Downfield, Dundee.

Sturrock, Miss Eileen S., "Ellesmere," 316 Strathmartine Road, Downfield, Dundee.

Mitchell, Miss Anne G., 32 Inverary Terrace, Dundee.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages:—

Margaret Tait to Stewart Anton

Elma Latto to David Cathro

Charlotte Mitchell to Stephen Thomson

Avril Donaldson to David Tweedie

Catriona McIntosh to George Farquhar

Joyce Fairweather to Alexander Yates

Brenda Dawson to Murray Lamond

Obituary

Miss Jeannie Brown, Northgate, St. Andrews. It is with regret we record the death of Miss Brown. She was well known to many Old Girls.

Lady Beveridge, Stanerton House, 104 Woodstock Road, Oxford.

We also regret to record the death of Lady Beveridge, a former dux of the School.

Before ending this report we should like to pay tribute to the memory of Mr T. R. Lawson, Chairman of the Rector's Committee, and send our deepest sympathies to Mrs Lawson.

Apologies

We apologise sincerely to Mrs Lee of Albany Terrace, for our mistake in last year's report.

Reports

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

Owing to the most unkind rugby weather experienced for many years, there is very little extra to report on the previous Magazine entry. Since December only two further games have been played, both of which were won. These were against Harris Academy and Morgan Academy. It was most unfortunate that so many games were cancelled as the form which the team were showing before the Christmas holidays suggested that they would win most of the remaining games. Even so, however, it has been one of the best rugby seasons the school has had for a very long time. The success and enthusiasm shown by the members of the 1st XV. have encouraged the other XV.'s to do better as well.

This season has, however, been a most unfortunate one from the point of view of injuries, and it is hoped that in the future the number of serious injuries incurred, both by us and by opponents, will be much reduced.

The School capped a grand season by winning the Midlands "Sevens" Tournament at Perth. All credit to the boys who played in the seven and to the loyalty of those who altered their holiday arrangements so that they could play in the team.

Honours gained by the players of the 1st XV. were as follows:—

Caps were awarded to P. A. H. Allen, A. B. Grant, G. F. Ritchie, A. D. M. Young, I. D. Cuthbert, D. C. Small, R. S. Henderson, I. C. A. Reoch, F. G. McLaren, W. F. S. Neillie.

The following players played in the Midlands Schools XV. this season — I. D. Cuthbert, I. C. A. Reoch.

The Colts XV. and 2nd XV. had very good seasons and this should mean that next season's 1st XV. should be well equipped to keep up the good work of this season's team.

The 3rd XV. played well and most enthusiastically, although they were rather short of fixtures.

The 1st and 2nd Year teams did not play as well as expected, and let us hope that they will endeavour to improve next season. There are too many individuals in these teams.

Enthusiasm is still the chief characteristic of L. VI. and L. VII. and the future supply of rugby recruits seems to be assured.

The thanks of the players must be extended to Mr McLaren, Mr Thomson and Mr Biggar for their help and encouragement during the season. Thanks are also due to Mr Garden and Mr Nicol for refereeing whenever called upon, to all members of staff who so willingly give up their time to travel with teams, and to the Rector for his loyal support.

We take this opportunity of saying a big thank you to Mr Thomson for all the work he has done in the interests of school rugby during the past seven years and in particular for his excellent coaching of the 1st XV. We shall miss Mr Thomson — his vigour, enthusiasm and sincere interest in everything connected with rugby in the school have been an inspiration to all of us.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

Unfortunately, because of bad weather at the beginning of the year, many of this year's hockey fixtures had to be cancelled. Results of team fixtures:—

		F.	A.
Dec.	6—Lawside Academy	(a) 4	2
	13—Perth Academy	(a) Cancelled	
	20—Bell-Baxter	(h) Cancelled	
Jan.	17—Grove Academy	(a) Cancelled	
	24—Blairgowrie High	(a) Cancelled	
	31—Morrison's Academy	(h) Cancelled	
Feb.	7—Waid Academy	(a) Cancelled	
	14—Harris Academy	(a) Cancelled	
	28—Lawside Academy	(h) 3	1
Mar.	14—Junior House Matches.		

Results of the Junior House matches were as follows:—1 Wallace, 2 Airlie, 3 Aystree, 4 Lindores.

The Midlands Junior Tournament took place on Saturday, 21st March. This year D.H.S. just missed reaching the semi-finals, Morrison's Academy having one more point. Morrison's succeeded in reaching the finals where they were beaten by Blairgowrie High School.

To the disappointment of all, the Staff versus Pupils match had to be cancelled, as well as the 1st XI. versus 1st XV. Boys, owing to the bursary competitions for the universities.

Quite a number of the 1st XI. are leaving, which made concentration on the 2nd XI. fairly important.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Downie and Miss Whytock and all other members of staff who helped to improve our hockey on grounds days and who made such an enjoyable season of hockey.

J. LESLIE.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following office-bearers were appointed:—Captain, I. C. A. Reoch; Vice-Captain, G. F. Ritchie; Secretary, E. C. Reoch; Treasurer, P. A. H. Allan; Committee—W. F. S. Neillie and J. D. Cooper.

The Cricket Club has had a very successful season, both the 1st and 2nd XI.'s being undefeated. The hard wickets, caused by the persistent good weather, have resulted in the 1st XI. compiling large scores to which our opening pair, A. Allen and F. Ritchie, have contributed many runs. They have been well supported by the other batsmen who have scored freely when required. The brunt of the bowling has been borne by J. Cooper and E. Reoch who have bowled consistently on unhelpful wickets. The fielding has improved, owing to some intensive coaching by Mr Allardice, who has taken a keen interest in the Cricket Club since he arrived at the beginning of this present term, and mention must also be made of the capable wicket-keeping of H. Garden.

The 2nd XI. have been ably captained by G. Winton who has been the most successful bowler. The most successful batsman has been M. Nicol and the team has proved largely too strong for the

opposition. As the 2nd XI. this year is a young team, we look forward to even better things in the future.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr McLaren and other members of the staff, and F.P.'s who have given up much valuable time to umpire our matches, and also Mr Stark for his coaching at the nets. E.C.R.

LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

As ever, the Society's activities have this session displayed their usual diversity.

At the end of November, Mr Howat presided at a debate, "That Modern Culture is Degenerate." After a spirited argument, to which many members contributed, the motion was defeated.

The December meeting took the form of a "Mock Trial," in which Messrs More and Taylor acted as opposing counsels and Mr Erskine as sheriff. John Silver was tried and acquitted of charges of house-breaking, robbery and assault.

The Bi-centenary Burns Supper was well attended. Dr Hugh O. Douglas proposed "The Immortal Memory," and members of staff combined with pupils to render a selection of the poetry and songs of Robert Burns.

The Society was glad to welcome two former pupils: in January, Lt.-Col. I. M. Grant, F.R.C.S., who gave an interesting talk on Hong Kong, illustrated by excellent coloured slides; and in the following month, Miss M. Andrew, C.B.E., M.A., also with coloured slides, spoke on her visit to New Zealand.

The final round of the Reading and Public-Speaking Competition was held on 13th February.

For the last meeting, Mr Paton organised a Parliamentary Debate at which he himself was the Speaker and members of the Society formed the Government and Opposition. As the main business of the House was a debate on the Opposition's motion of censure on the Government's educational policy, the meeting was a lively one.

The Society wishes to thank members of the staff for their lively interest and co-operation in its doings, and especially Mr More who, as secretary, was responsible for much of its administration, and the Rector for his unfailing support. A.L.C.

GIRLS' SWIMMING REPORT

This year the girls' swimming team has had, so far, one of its best seasons by gaining first and second places in the Inter-School Relay Race at the Grove Academy and Morgan Academy Galas respectively. The team on both occasions was Deirdre Fraser, Jeanette Souter, Sheila Buchan and Eilidh Souter. Although we had less success at the Scottish Schools' Swimming Association Gala (Dundee Area) than in the past two years, five girls gained standard certificates.

Once again there is a large number of girls, twenty-four altogether, preparing for the Royal Life-

Saving Society's awards; seventeen under the instruction of Miss Downie. Two senior girls are attempting the Bronze Medallion, the others the Bronze Cross and the Award of Merit. Muriel Smith and Elaine Webster, Form V., are each instructing a class for the Bronze Medallion in order to gain the Society's Scholar-Instructor Certificate.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank those members of the staff who are fostering an interest in swimming among the girls. I feel a special word of thanks is due to Miss Whytock who always does so much to give the younger girls a good start in swimming. E. SOUTER.

THE GUIDE REPORT

We have had a most successful year, thanks to the combined efforts of Captain Whytock, Captain Gray, Lieutenant Larg and Lieutenant Burnett. Due to the hard work of all concerned, especially Captain Gray, a large number of First-Class Badges have been awarded.

Carol Robertson won the Jean Coupar Rose Bowl for First Aid. This is the third year out of the six that this award has been won by a member of the High School Girl Guides.

A special training course was open for all Patrol Leaders and Guiders in Dundee, and this provided a great deal of interesting and useful information.

We should like to congratulate the recruits who have been very hard-working this year. Most of them have now gained their Second-Class Badge and we feel they deserve a word of encouragement.

Everyone is looking forward to another invigorating summer camp at Tarfside.

It is thanks to the Guiders that we have had so many achievements this year.

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

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The principal activity of the club during the second term has been the play for the two trophies. The Beckingham Trophy has been won for the second year in succession by George Maxwell. Play in the Russell Trophy has not yet been completed.

In the Dundee Chess League, our first team has, unfortunately, been relegated to the second league. However, this does not mean that the standard is low; on the contrary, it has been quite high in the face of very considerable opposition.

In the Schools' League, our 'A' team were narrowly beaten into second place by Grove Academy 'A' team, and the 'B' team also finished well-placed.

For the future, it is very pleasing to record that the enthusiasm and skill of many of the younger members may produce even more satisfactory results. G.H.H.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

At the meeting, at the end of last term, the following officials were elected:—

Captain, J. Bryce; Vice-Captain, A. Low; Secretary and Treasurer, G. Ritchie. Mr D. R. Paton is again President.

This season is marked by a very noticeable increase in enthusiasm throughout the senior school and the number playing at Monifieth on a Wednesday afternoon has risen to twenty-two. The scoring has been consistently lower than in previous years and we have enjoyed considerable success in all our matches.

'A' Team v. Morgan Academy (h)	Won	3-0
v. Forfar Academy (h)	Won	5-1
v. Grove Academy (h)	Won	3-0
v. Arbroath H.S. ... (a)	Won	3-0
v. Morgan Academy (a)	Drawn	1½-1½
'B' Team v. Morgan Academy (a)	Won	3-0
Junior Team v. Arbroath H.S. (h)	Drawn	1½-1½
v. Grove Academy (h)	Lost	1-2
v. Morgan Acad. (h)	Won	3-0

The Boase Medal has been won this year by A. J. Low with an aggregate of 168 (82, 86). D. Tasker was second with 172 and W. Adams third, four strokes behind.

The Pirie Handicap Cup Competition is reaching its final stages. A. J. Low is one finalist and will play the winner of the match between D. G. Junior and W. Dewar. G.J.R., Secretary.

CADET REPORT

The unit has been mainly concerned during the second term with preparations for the Cert. 'A' examination, held this year on Friday, 8th May. Candidates for Cert. 'A', Part I., were this year examined by the senior N.C.O.'s, and all of the 17 cadets who sat the exam. passed. In Cert. 'A', Part II., there were only two failures out of a total of 28 cadets presented. Furthermore, Cadet Stimpson is to be congratulated on gaining a credit pass.

On behalf of the boys, I should like to thank R.S.M. Henderson of the 4/5th Black Watch, Bell Street, for his invaluable help with drill, and also Mr Stevenson, who was responsible for fieldcraft instruction. Map-reading and Weapon-training instruction, on the other hand, have been carried out entirely by the Senior N.C.O.'s, under the supervision of the Officers.

During the Easter holidays four cadets attended a physical training course held at Northern Command Headquarters in York. All of them seem to have enjoyed it and have profited from the experience. Cadets Mitchell and Cuthbert are to be congratulated on being recommended for the more advanced course at Aldershot.

Most of the senior boys have been working for certificates in preparation for the Part III. course. This year it is hoped to send four of the senior N.C.O.'s on the course to the Cadet College at Frinley Park for a week during the summer. Meanwhile, 12 boys have completed a First Aid course, and were presented with their certificates by the British Red Cross Society on Friday, 1st May.

Another group of N.C.O.'s have been attending a navigation course, under Captain Creelman of the Technical College, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking both the Red Cross Society and Captain Creelman for the time and energy they have devoted to the unit.

Once again the shooting team is to be congratulated on winning for the school the Strathcona Shield and maintaining our excellent record in this event. Six of the members of the successful team are now preparing for a competition under the auspices of the Scottish Rifle Association, to be held next year on the Dechmont ranges, near Glasgow.

This year the Annual General Inspection was held on 23rd June. The inspecting officer was Major-General Battye, Director of Movements at the War Office, accompanied by his staff officer, Capt. Bowes-Lyon.

The Unit would also like to express its thanks for a visit by Officer Cadet I. E. D. Montgomerie, who represented R.A.F. College, Cranwell, at the General Inspection, and also by Officer Cadets R. Gibb and M. Dunlop, who have given talks to the senior cadets. We must also thank the War Office who sent an officer to address the boys during the second term.

Finally, I must mention the amount of work done by Major Halliday and his officers. It is not generally appreciated how much is involved, and, on behalf of the Unit, I should like to thank them for the time and effort they devote to it.

G.H.H., C.S.M.

* * * * *

We regret to record the death, at the age of 83, of Pipe-Major McLeish, "Pipie," as he was known to the hundreds of boys who knew him in the Cadet Company.

"Pipie" served as Pipe-Instructor in the Cadet Pipe Band for 18 years. During that time he won the highest respect from all who knew him. Many of his boys gained distinction in the piping world after they left school, and one of these boys, James Spankie, who recently served with the 1st Battalion Black Watch Pipe Band, joined Pipe-Major McIntyre and Pipe-Sgt. Stewart in paying a last tribute to "Pipie" at the Crematorium on 3rd June.

Pipe-Major McLeish had a long and varied career. He joined the army at an early age and served in the South African War. At camp he used to fascinate us with stories of his early days — the great ceremonial parades of the Victorian era, his experience of meeting Queen Victoria at Windsor when he was on sentry duty, and the etiquette of Court life at Buckingham Palace.

After leaving the army he served in the Dundee Police Force, becoming a sergeant in the Harbour Division. On retiring, he joined the High School Cadets. Long will this grand old man be remembered by all of us who knew him and no better ideal can be followed by the cadets of today than to serve their generation as he served his.

T.S.H.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

At the beginning of the summer term the Dramatic Society entered upon a period of feverish activity which culminated in the performance of two plays, Sophocles' "Electra" and "A Surgeon for Lucinda," by James Scotland, on 17th and 18th June. The casts of both plays have enjoyed doing them very much, "A Surgeon for Lucinda" being so funny that it continued to amuse the cast right up to the final night, even after the long weeks of rehearsal. During all the time that we were rehearsing the plays, Mr Smith and Miss Gray gave us every help and encouragement although they must often have been discouraged by our slowness.

Earlier in the year the Society entered a national competition for a tape-recorded excerpt from Galsworthy's "The Silver Box" (Act 1 Scene 2), and were placed fifth in the schools' section. Unfortunately, this was not good enough to win a prize. The technical quality of the recording was excellent, however, since we used Larg's studio with the kind permission of Mr Larg.

PETER G. MEE, Secretary.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Society is in a very healthy condition. On Wednesday, 25th March, in St. Paul's Halls, we performed three plays before an audience of about 400. Form II. acted well in "The Dear Departed," by Stanley Houghton, produced by Miss Knight and Miss Currie.

Form I. enjoyed, and made the audience enjoy, "Something to Talk About," by Eden Phillpotts, produced by Miss Soutar and Miss Ogilvie.

Form III. gave a striking presentation of "The Forest Lovers" from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," produced by Miss Scott and Miss Anderson. We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our sincere gratitude to all those many and very obliging people who helped us in these productions.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

I am pleased to report that the school team won the Strathcona Shield for the second time in succession and I should like to take this opportunity of congratulating the team on their success.

The medals and the shield will be received individually by the members of the team, at the General Inspection, from Major-General Battye, the inspecting officer.

The Oakley Cup for under-fourteens was won this year by Roger Burns. The Urquhart Cup was won for the third time by Iain Stewart, but an extremely close runner-up was David Rothwell. It is the first time in the history of the cup that any one person has won the cup three times and this deserves special commendation.

We feel that more boys who have shooting ability might come forward and support the club.

There are a number of young boys who shoot well and, with coaching, could be shooting in the teams. We appeal to these boys and to others who are interested to support us.

The team would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Stark and Mr Ritchie, an interested former pupil and past winner of the Urquhart Cup, for giving up most of their Friday evenings and helping to coach the team. D.A.C.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Since the last report the Society has been addressed by Mr Stevenson, A. Stiven, G. Hunter, R. Bell and C. Lythe. At the Club's annual competition the first prize went to D. Hunter. We thank all those who donated the prizes and gifts that were distributed among members.

The members who went to the Dundee Philatelic Society's "Junior Night" enjoyed, besides two excellent talks, the distinction of winning four of the first six prizes.

The Stamp Exchange System has as usual been very profitable to all the participants. As the books are still in circulation, the final number of stamps exchanged is not yet available.

C.L., Secretary.

TENNIS REPORT

Throughout this term tennis has been in full swing at Dalnacraig, with no cancellations of matches. The 1st Team is in very good form and, although it has a few more matches to play, it remains undefeated. The 2nd Team began rather shakily, but now seems to be settling down. The results obtained so far are:—

	For	Ag'st
2nd Team v. Morgan Academy	53	64
1st Team v. Morgan Academy	69	48
1st Team v. Morrison's Academy ...	67	50
2nd Team v. Morrison's Academy ...	33	72
2nd Team v. Harris Academy	57	60
1st Team v. Morgan Academy	85	32
2nd Team v. Morgan Academy	59	58

The 1st Team is now looking forward to its visit to Kilgraston School for Girls, Bridge of Earn, on 20th June, for the Kilgraston Tournament, which is open to couples from all the surrounding schools, and the team hopes to better the good results obtained last year by the school.

The two teams extend their congratulations to Jennifer Derrick and Sheila Reid on being chosen to represent the Junior Midlands against the East of Scotland on 23rd May.

The only other results are those of the Junior House Tennis matches in which the standard of the juniors' play was high. Results — 1st Airlie, 2nd (equal), Aystree and Lindores, 4th Wallace.

I should like also to thank Miss Downie, on behalf of the two teams, for the benefit we have definitely received from her excellent coaching and advice. PAMELA BELL, Secretary.

F.P. Club Reports

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

This season's hockey has been more successful than in the past years, due mainly to increased membership. Play has shown a marked improvement, and once again we are proving that the D.H.S.F.P. Club is a force to be reckoned with.

Unfortunately, many matches had to be cancelled due to the severe winter weather, but in those played the team was most successful.

Congratulations must be extended to Aileen Paterson who has brought honour to the Club by playing for Midlands and also Scottish Reserves.

Any girls leaving school who are interested in joining the Club will be most welcome. It is only by having a large membership that we can hope to be successful in the future.

The officials for season 1959-60 are — Captain, Miss Margaret McConnachie; Vice-Captain, Miss Jane Bowden; Secretary (Correspondence), Miss Jane Bowden, Baldovie, Broughty Ferry; Match Secretary, Miss Sheena Giles; Treasurer, Miss Jean Gellatly.

A full fixture card has been drawn up for next season and this, along with the co-operation of the weather, should give us many good matches.

JANE R. C. BOWDEN, Secy.

F.P. LAWN TENNIS REPORT

The following office-bearers were appointed at the Club's Annual General Meeting in May:—

President and Hon. Treasurer — Mr Ian L. Thomson.

Assistant Treasurer — Mr Alan D. Clark.

Hon. Secretary—Mr J. S. Laird, "Inverlaw," Albany Terrace, Dundee.

Members of Committee — Misses Margaret McConnachie, Helen Anderson, Sheila Bruce, Messrs Hamish Laurie, Angus Brown, Harvey Wright, Peter Buttars.

Our thanks are due to the Rector, Mr Erskine, for granting us the use of the New Gymnasium in which to hold our Annual General Meeting. The meeting was followed by a Show of Wimbledon Films and we hope to make this a feature of our meetings each year.

The 1959 season is off to a bright start, and the large attendance of members in the evenings and on Saturday afternoons is very encouraging.

At the time of writing, our ladies' team and our men's 1st team are doing very well indeed in their respective divisions of the Midlands League.

There is much to be done in raising the general standard of play in the Club, but our first objective, a large and enthusiastic membership, is in sight. As it was with Abou Ben Adhem, so we trust may our tribe increase with the passing seasons.

We take advantage of these columns to address ourselves particularly to those leaving school this term, and others who are eligible to become junior members of our Club.

We cannot offer you an opportunity to play in the highest standard of local tennis. That can only come in time, and with perseverance. We think, however, that you will find at Dalnacraig a pleasant and friendly club atmosphere, which is sometimes not always present in the larger club.

Our committee is an active one and lays great stress on the importance of the social side in Club affairs.

Our programme for the current season is as follows:—

June 20—American Tournament.

27—Mystery Car Treasure Hunt.

Aug. —Evening Scavenger Hunt and Sausage Sizzle.

29—American Tournament.

Oct. —Closing Dance.

We take this opportunity of wishing the pupils and staff of Dundee High School, on behalf of all our members, a very happy and enjoyable summer holiday.



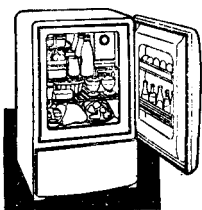
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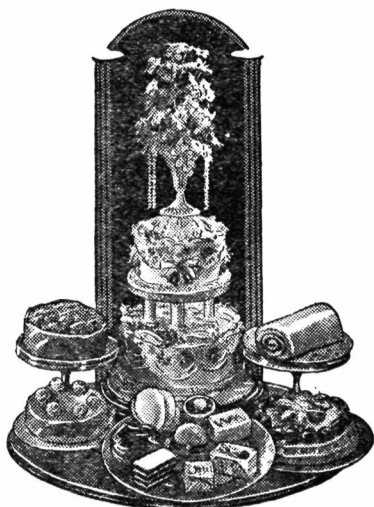
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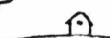
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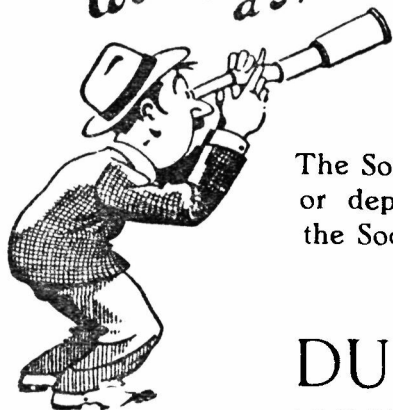
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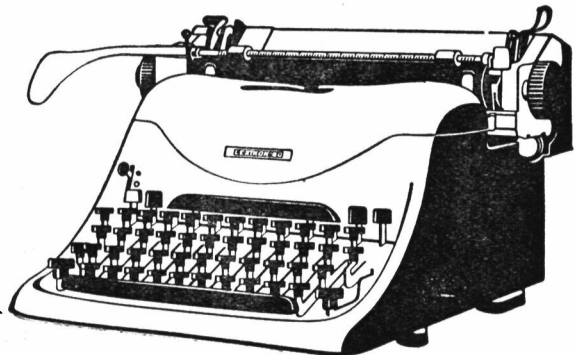
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