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MAGAZINE



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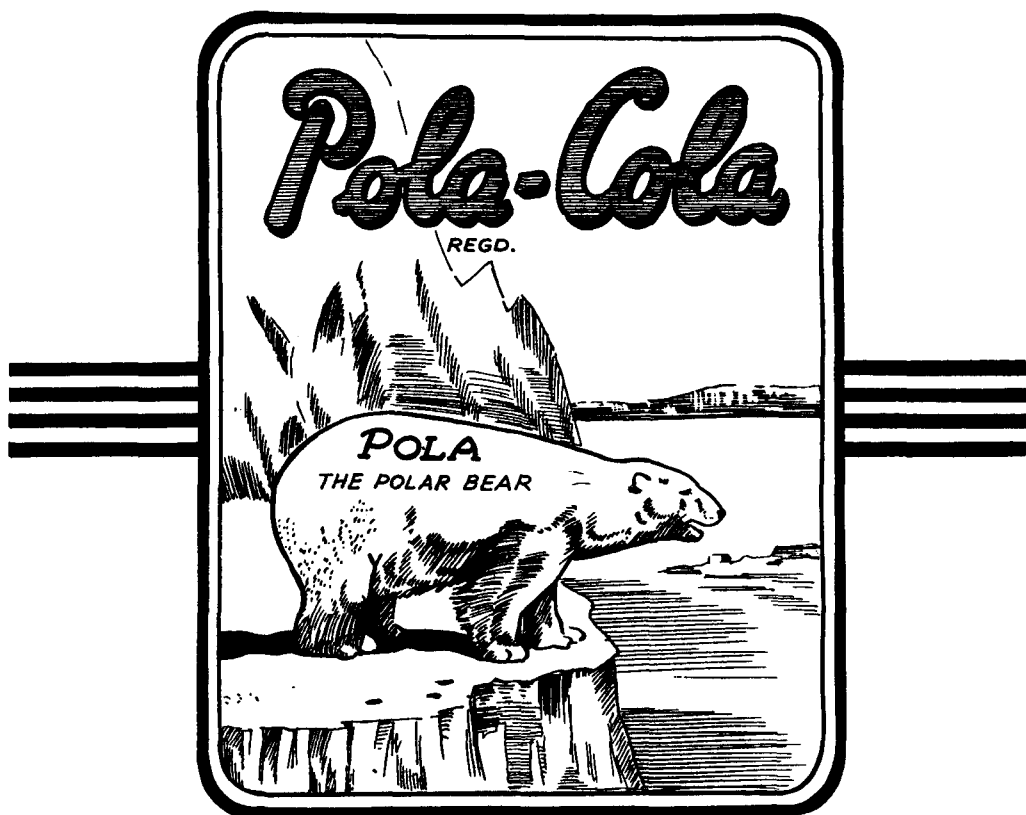
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EDITORIAL

No. 127]

DECEMBER, 1959

[1/3

*"Where shall I begin, please, your Majesty?"
he asked.*

*"Begin at the beginning," the King said,
gravely.*

No better advice, we feel, could be given to prospective editors at the commencement of each new term, and it is especially suitable for this edition.

With the resumption of classes in September, we found that we were to be allowed to use the newly-acquired sports field at Monymusk Road, although it had not been officially opened. Music classes were delighted to find that at last a new gramophone, with all the latest equipment, had been installed in the singing-room. Later in the term, new cloakrooms were opened and the lunch-hall beneath the Preparatory Department rooms was completed. The Library Prefects have finished labelling our fine collection of books and it is hoped that the whole of the Senior School may soon be allowed to borrow them.

The most important thoughts in the minds of senior pupils in these times seems to revolve around the forthcoming production of "The Gondoliers." Snatches of song burst from the lips of many would-be soloists, and threaten even to drown out the clatter of Cadet boots in the corridors. Extensive practices are being held for this, the Carol Service and other musical evenings, and there is

scarcely a lunch-time when the hall is free of choristers.

Turning to the weather—always a favourite topic with those who cannot think of anything to say and yet are compelled to fill up a certain amount of space—we can safely say that the torrential rains in November in no way dulled the spirits of sports enthusiasts who ploughed their way through the mud at Dalnacraig, and the gales in early December reflected the boisterous feelings of the lower classes once more released from the tension of examinations.

Extra-curricular matters have played an important part in this term's activities. Climbing and Sailing Clubs are in the process of being formed and the Gramophone Society—soon to become a permanent body—has had one meeting under the auspices of the "Lit." The finals of the Public-Speaking Competition are to be held on 8th January, the first two rounds being earlier than usual owing to the need to find candidates for the Inter-Schools Debate—a competition which our team won.

Seeing the notices in the shop-windows which tell us that there are only — more shopping days to Christmas, we are reminded of our final duty in this edition — namely, to wish one and all of our readers —

*A Merry Christmas and a
Happy and Prosperous New Year.*

News and Notes

PRIZE-GIVING, 1959

The Junior Prize-Giving this year took place in the Capitol Cinema, on 2nd July. Mrs Thomson, the president of the Old Girls' Club, gave an address and presented the prizes.

The Senior Prize-Giving was held on 3rd July, also in the Capitol. Professor A. A. Matheson presided and Mrs Charles Matheson presented the prizes.

ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate Mr HALLIDAY and Mr VANNET on having water-colours accepted for the annual exhibition of the R.S.W. in Glasgow. Mr Halliday was represented by "Kinshauldie," "La Place de l'Eglise, Menton," and "Balkan Trader." The first of these works was purchased by the Glasgow Art Galleries. Mr Vannet's water-colour, "Evening Light, Arbroath," has been presented to the school by the artist.

In the exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists, Edinburgh, Mr Halliday had three pieces of sculpture well placed, namely, "Young Pigeon," "Jetsam," and "Dance of the Dawn," while Mr Vannet had on view two water-colours ("Rotterdam" and "Arbroath").

Both Mr Halliday and Mr Vannet have had work hung in the annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts. Mr Halliday contributing a statuette in wood, "Wild Goose," and two water-colours. "Grey Morning, Arbroath," is the title of Mr Vannet's water-colour in pen and wash, and his etching is a view of Gourdon boats.

Mr Halliday has a portrait-bust in bronze, "Anna," on view in the Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Sculptors, London, and he and Mr Vannet were represented in the Scottish Contemporary Exhibition in Dundee Art Galleries this autumn.

Mr Vannet illuminated the Dundee High School page in the "Cadet Centenary Book," which is to be presented to H.M. The Queen by the C.C.F. Association and finally deposited in the Cadet College at Frimley Park. The book is being produced to mark the Jubilee of the British School Cadet Units.

Mr Vannet has again had the honour of producing the etching for the Dundee Savings

Bank Calendar. The subject, a most appropriate one in view of the restoration appeal, is Dudhope Castle.

REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICE

The Remembrance Day Service was held on 6th November. Certain of the Guides and Cadets formed a Guard of Honour in front of the pillars. Many friends of the school attended the ceremony.

The whole school silently remembered those former pupils who laid down their lives for their country. As the band played a lament, Guide Margaret Bryce and Cadet Peter Aitken handed the wreath to the Head Girl and Boy, Joan Macdonald and Fraser Ritchie, who carried it into the school and laid it on the War Memorial.

LECTURE ON NEWSPAPERS

On Monday, 2nd November, the school was visited by a representative of the daily newspaper, *The Times*, Mr Hills, who lectured to an assembly, comprising Forms V. and VI. girls and boys, on the subject, "Newspapers and the World." Mr Hills knew what he wanted to say to us in the all too short space of forty minutes, about newspapers as they are today, their form, and the history of their evolution. Obviously quite at home on the subject—publication figures and special dates tripped off his tongue quite easily—he gave us a lecture full of solid points for thought, illustrated very aptly and humorously as the occasion demanded. From the beginning our attention was firmly held and, as he finished rather breathlessly just as the bell rang, we were all perhaps a little wiser about the importance of newspapers in our modern world of today.

D.H.S. F.P.'s AT ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY 1958-59

1st Year — Hazel Anderson, Isobel Anderson, Olive Carnegie, Molly Douglas, Douglas Galbraith, Lorna Guild, Stewart Harvey and James Hunter.

2nd Year — Harold Bustard and Maureen Ritchie.

3rd Year — Marjory Ower (Special M.A.—Scottish History and Political Economy), Jean Thomson (2nd M.B., Ch.B.—Anatomy

and Physiology), and Pamela Whyte (2nd M.B., Ch.B.—Anatomy and Physiology).

The following are working for Honours, and did not sit degrees:—

Patrick Constable (Maths., Political Economy), Alan Duthie (Greek, Hebrew), John Stocks (Greek, Latin), and Alison Jewell (French, German).

4th Year—Howard Bell (Hons. Natural Philosophy), Neil Hooper (Hons. English), Robert Logan (Special M.A.—Mediaeval and Modern History), Stanley Yeaman (Hons. Geology), Ishbel Tough (Hons. Botany). Claude Taylor and Alan Forsyth are doing Ph.D. in Natural Philosophy.

OLD BOYS' CLUB ANNUAL DINNER

There was a record attendance of 138 at the Dinner held in Invercarse Hotel on 4th December. The Guest of Honour, Mr ROBERT L. LICKLEY, B.Sc., D.I.C., M.I.Mech.E., F.R.Ae.S., the well-known aircraft designer and Director of The Fairey Aviation Co. Ltd., proposed the toast of the Club and the School with a convincing directness which clearly indicated his keen intellect and strong personality. Mr J. FRED STEWART, an Old Boy and Director of the School, ably replied.

The toast of the President, Dr A. Stewart Davie, was entertainingly given by Dr J. B. Malcolm. After a suitable reply Dr Davie, who made an excellent chairman, presented golf and angling trophies to Mr Donald B. Grant and Messrs G. S. Ritchie and J. I. Tullis, respectively.

ATHLETIC UNION BALL

The Leap-Year Athletic Union Ball will be held on Monday, 29th February.

BROUGHTY FERRY LIFE-BOAT FUND

A collection made in the school realised the sum of £150.

STAFF CHANGES

This term we say goodbye to MISS CURRIE (of the Needlework Department) who is leaving to be married. We wish her all happiness in her new life. In her place we welcome MISS ALISON YOUNG, another former pupil of the High School. We also welcome Mr LORNI, who has already fully established himself in the Science Department.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte. Violin and Theory held in June, 1959:—

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)

F. V.

Shona Colquhoun — Theory — Grade V., Pass.

F. III.

Jean Whyte — Grade IV., Pass.

F. I.

Wendy McPherson — Grade IV., Pass.

Sandra Spence — Grade IV., Pass.

Margaret Black — Grade III., Pass.

James Coull — Grade III., Pass.

L. VII.

Margaret McTavish — Grade III., Pass.

L. VI.

Jennifer Gow — Grade II., Merit.

Jane Rorie — Grade II., Merit.

Alfred Vannet — Grade II., Pass.

Graeme Webster — Grade I., Merit.

Elizabeth Pate — Grade I., Pass.

Gillian Shearer — Grade I., Pass.

PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE (Pianoforte)

F. IV.

Sheila Murray — Grade III., Pass.

F. II.

Ross Balharry — Grade IV., Pass.

Ramsay King — Grade IV., Pass.

L. VII.

Kathleen McLaren — Grade I., Pass.

L. VI.

Graham Fletcher — Grade II., Pass.

Thelma Robertson — Grade II., Pass.

L. V.

Robin Foote — Grade I., Pass.

PUPILS OF MR REID (Violin)

F. IV.

Peter Milne — Grade V., Merit.

L. VII.

Fiona Bell — Grade III., Pass.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

MAJOR HALLIDAY, who was selected by Scottish Command to attend a War Office Selection Board at Barton Stacey. He was also appointed by Command as commanding officer to take a party of twenty-four Scottish Cadets on a three-day visit to Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

KENNETH G. MORRISON, a former C.Q.M.S. of the Cadet Contingent, on being commissioned into the Regular Army. While in training at Mons, Lieut. Morrison was appointed junior under officer. He has recently been posted to 2nd Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, Munster, Germany.

ALISON BANKS, who won the Dundee and District Shield, competed for monthly at Scripture Union rallies, for Bible Knowledge.

MARION MACLEOD, who won the Margaret Hill-Boyd Memorial Trophy, and a kilt pin presented by Jenny B. MacLean, for piano playing at the Mod, held in Dundee this year.

MARJORY SMITH, on winning first prize for a miniature garden; third prize for wild fruit; and fourth prize for wild flowers, in a scholars' competition at the Dundee Flower Show.

CHRISTINE SUTHERLAND, who won a second prize for piano playing in the 12 and under 14 age group at the Arbroath Musical Festival.

MR TAYLOR, on giving a recital of "Four Centuries of Shakespearian Song-Settings" in the first series of lunch-hour concerts to be held in Dundee, and on giving a series of ten lectures to Queen's College evening classes on "The Appreciation of Vocal Music." For his last lecture, in which he discussed Christmas Carols, the illustrations were provided by

the school carol choir under Mr Erskine's direction.

MR RONALD C. KELT, on being awarded the C.B.E. in the Birthday Honours.

DR DERICK A. E. DEWAR, on his appointment as radiologist (consultant) for the Dundee teaching hospitals.

MICHAEL TOSH, on being elected president of Corpus Christi Dramatic Society at Oxford University. He has also been elected dinners and social secretary of the University Conservatives' Association.

MR IAN M. S. ROBERTSON, on his appointment as a lecturer in the department of Scots Law, Queen's College.

SHEILA JAMIESON, on being one of the fifteen men and women chosen by the Ski Club of Great Britain to train in Austria and Switzerland for the winter Olympic Games.

MR KENNETH J. ELLIOT, on being awarded the Ph.D. of Cambridge University.

PATRICIA RAMSAY, on winning first prize in the Speech section (Grade IV.) of the Trinity College of Music Examination.

HAZEL GALBRAITH and JEAN GRAY, on gaining the Queen's Guide Badge.

SHEILA REID, on being one of the winning pair in the Girls' Doubles of the Scottish Lawn Tennis Championship. She also won the Girls' Singles at Stonehaven and with AILEEN PATERSON won the Ladies' Doubles.

HOWARD WRIGHT, DUNCAN CROAL, RAYMOND WILKIE and LINDSAY TOSH, on winning the shield for the Midlands Schoolboys' Relay.

MR D. A. SHEPHERD, on being elected president of the newly-formed Scottish branch of the Rating and Valuation Association.

Obituary

We regret to record the deaths of the following, to whose relatives we extend our deepest sympathy — Mr George Archibald Hamilton, Rev. Dr Charles Guthrie Cooper, Mr John D. Panton, Mr James G. Cruden and Dr Elizabeth Mills.

MR G. A. HAMILTON, chairman of the directors of Messrs Richard Buist & Sons Ltd., died on 27th May, 1959. Educated at

the High School and Glasgow University, he left to enter the firm, which he served for forty-seven years. He took an active part in the work of St. Paul's Mission when it was in the Overgate, chiefly as superintendent of the Sunday School.

The REV. DR C. GUTHRIE COOPER died at the beginning of July. Born in Broughty Ferry, and educated at Dundee High School

and St. Andrews University, he graduated M.A. in 1904 with first-class honours in Mental Philosophy. In 1907 he took his B.D. degree with distinction in Theology and Church History, and in 1932 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from St. Andrews University.

Mr J. D. PANTON died on 18th June, after a long illness. For forty years he served as treasurer of Dundee Harbour Trust and held the same post in St. Enoch's Church for thirty. He was a director of the Dundee Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and, until lately, secretary and treasurer of Dundee Industrial Estate Tenants' Associ-

ation. Mr Panton received the M.B.E. award in the 1950 New Year Honours List.

MR J. G. CRUDEN died at the beginning of June in Dundee Royal Infirmary. He was well known to many former pupils who took part in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas which he helped his friend and colleague, Mr A. J. Millar, to produce.

DR ELIZABETH MILLS, one of the early women graduates in Dundee, died at the end of September. She attended Dundee High School and graduated M.B., Ch.B. at St. Andrews University. For a long time she was associated with Dundee Women's Hospital, Elliot Road, and with the approved schools.

Army Outward-Bound School

Our first view of the Army Outward-Bound School was from a small three-carriage Welsh train — a B.R. equivalent of "Genevieve." The camp was about a mile from the village of Towyn and we, Murray and I, were fortunate to get a lift from a sergeant who was going to another camp farther up the road.

We reported to the Guard Room and were allotted to a patrol and allocated billets. We discovered that, apart from ourselves and two cadets from Daniel Stewart's, the other people on the course were boys and young soldiers in the Regular Army. Each patrol was under a Regular Army instructor, and it was not long before they had us round to the store and were fitting us out with a varied assortment of equipment — tents, sleeping-bags, waterproofs, stoves, climbing and walking boots, etc. We spent the first afternoon getting to know the members of our patrols and settling in to our billets.

The course proper commenced the next day with a dip in the sea at 6.30 a.m. This pleasant practice took place every morning irrespective of weather conditions and the temperature of the sea. After breakfast the C.O. addressed us regarding the purpose and aim of the course. The first week consisted of instruction on mountain rescue, sea rescue, first aid, knots and belays, and the technique of rock-climbing. Except for canoeing, assault

course and circuit training, most of the time was spent in the classroom.

At the end of the first week we departed with our sleeping-bags, stoves and compositions for our first scheme. This lasted thirty-six hours and consisted of hiking, practising to use our equipment and learning to survive on our own cooking. Then back to camp for more training.

We were tested on what we had been taught. Our times for the assault course, the 100 yards and the half-mile were recorded and a steady improvement was expected.

Halfway through the second week the whole camp set out for a four-days' exercise on and around Snowdon. Our party was dropped at the foot of the Snowdon Horseshoe. It was our task to attain the summit the hard way — round the Snowdon Horseshoe. In places this became a six-inch ledge with a five-hundred-foot drop on either side, and, to add to the excitement, there was a thick mist which cut visibility down to twenty yards. We reached the summit more dead than alive. But, after a reviving drink, we felt fairly cheerful as we set out in the mist and rain on the return trip. We arrived at the Rescue Post where we had left our kits, only to learn that we had to cross the Alydders, a range of mountains, in order to reach our base camp some seven miles away.

The following day we went on another

hike, through the Devil's Kitchen, leaving at eight and returning at four, only to find that some climber had had an accident and we were required to carry the injured man down the mountain.

The next day consisted of another hike, which was considerably longer and more tedious, and which had to be completed in a shorter time.

The final day of this scheme was spent rock-climbing. This consisted of a two-hundred-foot fairly difficult, or difficult, climb. This was executed under the watchful eye of the instructor, who generally led the way up the climb. We then returned to camp for the final week.

This was the toughest week and it consisted of inter-patrol competitions, our written examinations and preparation for the final scheme.

The final scheme—this was the most important of all, in which all the training, except rock-climbing, was put into practice.

It was the manner in which one conducted oneself on this scheme that played a great part in deciding one's final grading—A, B, C, E or F. The scheme consisted of hiking 45 miles and climbing 30,000 feet in two and a half days. This meant sleeping without tents on the hills for two nights. As it rained for most of the time, to say nothing of hail and mist, this was quite an experience.

The last day—after breakfast, the C.O. summed-up the course and gave us the results of the patrol competition, the winners of which received a seven-pound cake. In the afternoon our instructor gave us our gradings and our personal reports. Then we had to write a composition giving our opinion of the course.

The A.O.B.S. is a great institution and the course a very worthwhile experience. At all times, one felt confident and safe as well as at home in the hands of men who were experts in their job.

D.M.R.

The Senior Dramatic Club

Each summer term sees the pupils of Dundee High School busy with some activity—an opera, a concert, or a play. The summer term of 1959 was no exception. For, by Easter, 1959, the senior Dramatic Club was seriously engaged on the production of two plays—one, a translation of Sophocles' "Electra," and the other a Scots comedy, "A Surgeon for Lucinda." We felt that in those two plays the senior pupils had good vehicles for the display of their varied talents and the audience a great deal of material, both to interest and delight them.

Much of the work on the sets, particularly "Electra," was done before the actual production by the art and technical departments. This work was done carefully and unobtrusively.

Wonderful costumes, with an authentic "look," were produced by the Sewing Department who, out of vague specifications to do something Greek or something late 18th century, coaxed miracles of delight. Much effort, too, was made in this direction by the mother of a family, all of whom have attended, or are attending, school—a labour of love.

Immediately before the production, on 18th and 19th June, we were much indebted to Mr Biggar and a group of boys from the Technical and Art Departments and from elsewhere in school for long and arduous work on the construction of the set. There are always far more details to attend to than one would imagine.

In the Scots play we were particularly lucky to procure, on loan from Mr Walter Beaton, genuine period furniture and accessories.

In the Greek play, "Electra," the name part was superbly played by Jane Thomson. Providing an excellent contrast to Jane, as her young sister, Chrysothemis, was Nichola Smith, Margaret Watson was a regal Queen Clytemnestra. The men, the Tutor, Orestes, Electra's brother, with his friend, Pylades, and the husband of Clytemnestra, Aegisthus, formed an interesting background for the ladies. The somewhat older man, the Tutor, Peter Mee, was very convincing. James Davidson and Norman Raitt played the rôles of Orestes and Pylades on alternate nights. The villain of the piece, Aegisthus, Gordon

Ritchie, brought dignity to his part. One of the particular features of the Greek play is the speaking chorus, commenting on the play's actions and characters. A mixed chorus in the "Electra" surmounted well the inherent difficulties of its rôle. When a short section of the "Electra" was broadcast, the verse-speaking of the choir was remarkably good.

The Scots comedy was highly enjoyable and played with great verve and skill by the cast. It was great fun, I am sure, for those performing in it and the audience was enchanted with the dulcet tones of Lucinda, Pamela Bell, with the confident efficiency of the maid, Nancy (Ann Colligan), who knew more about the household's affairs than anyone would have guessed, and with the primness of the minister's sister, Medea, a charac-

ter nicely sketched by Elspeth Ower. The men were most attractive — the "he-man" father, Duncan Jardine (Colin McNab), his canny friend, Andrew Gemmel (Gordon Adams), the pompous minister, Hector (David Stimpson) and Lucinda's suitor, the soft-spoken Robert Melville, romantically portrayed by Douglas Davidson. Much of the natural wit in this play was written into the parts of the two surgeons, Phineas Boyd and Hercules Gibson. Grant Leslie and Bill Hamilton extracted every ounce of fun from these characters. The pace of the dialogue, racy and amusing as it was, never flagged.

The Senior Dramatic Society is deeply indebted to all its own members who worked so hard, to the assistants, and to the audience who supported it.

A Fisherman's Life

Last summer, during a beautiful day in July, looking over a sea of azure blue, over the Pentland Firth to the cliffs of Hoy, in Orkney, I walked along the road from Thurso to the fishing village of Scrabster. As I walked, I gazed over the panoramic view enclosed by Dunnet Head and Holburn Head. The centre-piece of the scene was the little harbour of Scrabster, where the Orkney mail boat, *St. Ola*, of 750 tons, was unloading her cargo. A beautiful ship, the *St. Ola* makes the stormy crossing of the Pentland Firth every day, except Sundays, on its voyage to Stromness. Also nestling in the harbour were fifteen fishing boats of the seine-net style. It was on one of these small boats that I was going to try my luck on the stormy seas.

At four o'clock I arrived at the fishing boat on which I was going to sea. The *Primula* was a typical boat and, on embarking, I met the skipper, Angus Mackintosh, who was known as far down the west coast as Torridon. After some clever manoeuvring by Angus, we sailed out of Scrabster harbour (and everybody went to sleep, except the man at the wheel) for the six-hour trip westward to Cape Wrath. There are five of a crew on these boats and, including myself, we each had one hour at the wheel.

At ten o'clock we arrived off Cape Wrath with the *Primula* bobbing about like a cork in a maelstrom and the waves washing over

the deck in such a fashion that, when standing in the wheelhouse, I felt as though I was on a rock with water washing all around me.

It was into this turbulent sea that our nets were shot. Shooting a net is a very complicated procedure. A brightly-coloured buoy with a light on it, called a "dan," is thrown over the side with a rope attached to it. This rope is 720 fathoms, or 4320 feet long, and the boat steams in a straight line until this line is completely overboard. To the end of the rope is fixed the net which is in the shape of a bag and is made of nylon. At the end of the net is another three-quarters-of-a-mile of rope. The boat now steams back and collects the "dan." The two ends of the rope are led through the winch which slowly hauls in the net. The net itself is hauled in by hand. This whole process takes about one and a quarter hours and, when finally completed, the deck of the boat is covered with over a mile and a half of rope while the boat itself is attempting acrobatics in the stormy sea.

After three poor shots we left the "Cape of Storms" and returned to the Kyle of Tongue for four hours' sleep. The living-quarters on these boats are cramped, and there is always the aroma of diesel oil in the atmosphere. The food is of amazingly high standard.

At six o'clock in the morning the alarm rang and, within fifteen minutes, the *Primula*

was heading west for Cape Wrath and the Atlantic. It was a wet, misty day and the Cape was living up to its name. The noise from the foghorn was quite deafening within a mile of the cliffs. Until two p.m. we were tossed back and forth by the long Atlantic swell which was quite restful after the short heavy seas of the Pentland Firth.

After a few unsuccessful shots the boat returned to the short seas of the Firth. These seas are the result of the wind and tide opposing each other and forming a "jabble" in which one has little control of the boat. All through the day we worked, shooting the nets and hauling them in again, getting very poor returns for our efforts. We learned over the radio that the other boats in the area were also getting very few fish.

At one o'clock the following morning we made our final shot off the Kyle of Tongue and we were lucky as the net was full of haddock. When the fish were brought on board they were gutted. They splashed about in the gutting bays and threw up bits of jelly fish on to our faces and into our eyes. This made gutting agony. The fish were lowered into the hold and the decks cleaned down. The time was 4 a.m. We had been fishing for 22 hours. At five-thirty we arrived in the

harbour at Scrabster. The night had never been dark because the orange tints of the sunset lingered in the west as the morning's sun arose over the horizon in the east. Our catch was unloaded and we returned to Thurso to get some sleep because we were due out again at five p.m. in the afternoon.

I now greatly respect these fishermen who toil to provide us with food. They work under atrocious conditions as regards safety, comfort and weather. The men I was out with had only seven hours' broken sleep in forty hours. This did me no harm, but these fishermen are working over one hundred hours every week, every month, every year, until they come ashore. The amount of money which fishermen receive fluctuates greatly, depending upon the demand for fish. People who have no conception of the life these men lead should not slander them. I now shall support heartily these men who are sometimes criticised for their behaviour and who are blamed for the high prices of fish. These are men who do not know what a strike is or what a forty-hour week is like. These are men who are correctly called by Neil Munro in his book, "Para Handy," "Britain's hardy sons."

C.A.M.

The Hebdomadal Hillwalkers

To the great surprise of many, it came out at a recent meeting of the Literary Society that every week-end, throughout the glorious summer term we have just experienced, at least one party of boys, but most week-ends more than one, took to the hills. These imaginative beings normally reached the foot-hills by motor vehicle (not without adventure) or by railway train on the Friday night, wandered about the tops over Saturday and Sunday and returned to the shelter of civilisation on Sunday night. As the term advanced, these parties increased in numbers and it may safely be claimed that, between them, these groups set foot on over one hundred Munro tops—usually two or more boys reached each top, our proudest hour, perhaps, being when seven of us were simultaneously on the summit of Beinn a' Ghlo.

Allow me to digress here to explain to the uninitiated that a Munro top is a top over three thousand feet with at least one hundred

feet of re-ascent of decided gradient from the col. All of these were climbed and classified by the late Sir Hugh T. Munro, Bart., of Lindertis. This is a greater achievement than it sounds as there are five hundred and forty-four tops and two hundred and fifty-six separate mountains in Scotland.

It was decided by these boys who had sampled this invigorating pastime, being far from selfish, that their duty to posterity lay in the establishment of an organisation within the school to cater for those who were interested in the sport. Accordingly, at the time of writing, a climbing club is in the process of formation under the benign eye of Mr Erskine himself. It is the aim of this society to promote the exploration of Scotland's native heritage, the hills, and to open the door for younger boys on the wonderful world that is theirs to enjoy.

What is it that makes our hills the focus of the aspirations of these increasing num-

bers? Firstly, it is their natural beauty; the loneliness of their deep, birch-dappled glens, filled with the sounds of Nature; and the sheer exhilaration of gazing for tens of miles across a strange part of our homeland, the roof of Scotland. In the hills we find also a sense of comradeship and peace with one's fellow-beings; a spirit of co-existence and partnership is essential for progress and, indeed, survival.

The rigours of existence in the hills give one a true appreciation of the luxuries of civilisation. It appears the height of luxury to lie on even hard rock or rough scree after a long climb, or to quench one's thirst at a tiny spring of water, rising up through the gravel before rushing down to the sea. It is very simple to fill the kettle at the tap, light the gas, put it on the cooker and sit before the fire for a few minutes until it boils, but these scientific wonders are only fully appreciated after a spell in the wilds. There you must first find your burn, clamber down its steep banks, to the discomfort of aching, blistered feet, fill your mess-tin in the frozen current and then scramble back to the tent, losing half your water as you go. Then there ensues a struggle against the elements as you essay to light the primus in the teeth of a gale while your companions hold down the roof over your head and attempt to shelter the temperamental machine from the ubiquitous blasts which threaten destruction every minute to your tent; with extreme good fortune each person might receive half a mugful of the restoring beverage after half-an-hour and half a box of matches. The last reason, but probably the main one, is the spiritual aspect; you are lifted above the petty problems and restrictions of civilisation and life reduces itself merely to keeping alive. What does it matter that you cannot watch the buffoonery of Sergeant Bilko because you have too much homework when you are sixty miles from the nearest television set? You are filled with a sense of independence, of freedom to act as you choose; as the sole representative of humanity for twenty miles you feel that this part of Scotland, this heritage of moor and rock, is yours to own and enjoy to the full, in harmony with your immediate fellows, the deer and the ptarmigan. In these hills you realise the insignificance, the true position of man and how you are in the hand of Providence. What chance of survival would you

have should these mighty, irresistible elements be unleashed to hurl you from the narrow ridge on to the crags below or to belabour you until, finished in mind and body, you succumb to the fury of the blizzard and lie where you fall until your frozen corpse is swept away by the torrents of Spring to be battered out of all recognition in the rocky stream? What are the puny edifices of man alongside these grisly, black cliffs that stand sentinel above our hill passes? And, at night, as you lie in your sleeping-bag below the star-filled dome of the sky, these same thoughts of eternity assail you; here, above you, lies the Universe, extending to infinity, far and yet farther without limits waiting to be explored and understood, if an understanding of this masterpiece is within the scope of human intellect; but there in the cities below you lies humanity, too engaged with its trivial, mercenary pursuits even to notice the existence of this wonder, oblivious of the fact that we are not even the tiniest of cogs in an infinitely large machine.

"I think, therefore I exist," said Voltaire; if we do not think, do we fully exist? The hills awake in even the most unimaginative a realisation of the significance of our existence and broaden our lives. When the climber returns home his sense of proportion has been restored; he is refreshed in mind and body and fitter to meet the challenges of life.

A.D.W.

CITY LIGHTS FROM THE RIVER

The quay was left and, through the summer night,

The throbbing diesels northward turned the bow.

The haze of daytime had dispersed, and lo!
O'er the still waters, parted by our flight
And by our passage changed to seething white,

The city lay its guardian hill below,
Causing the sky an awful red to glow,
Its streets transformed to magic paths of light.
Long stood I in the balmy night-time breeze,
Searching each sight by daylight known so well,

While mirrored beams came dancing through the foam.

But whether better when bejewelled by these
Small lights or bathed by sun I cannot tell;
To me 'tis always dear: it is my home.

G.D.

Modern Developments in Chemical Apparatus

As most readers know, the new and reconstructed laboratories were initially made possible by a large grant from the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education in Schools. Many, however, will not be aware that the same fund also provided a generous grant towards scientific apparatus for these laboratories. Much of this grant was used to provide standard equipment for the new laboratories and additional apparatus for those reconstructed. A portion, however, was used for some quite new equipment, especially for advanced work. It is my purpose in this article to give a brief account of some of the new chemical apparatus now at our disposal and its benefits for present and future Form VI's and other senior pupils.

With the advance of science has come the development of new and often complicated apparatus. Most of this requires a knowledge and experience of science far above that provided in schools. Up to Scottish Leaving Certificate (Form V.) standard, the conventional test-tubes, beakers, flasks and, of course, bunsen burners, are still the basis of most practical work.

In Form VI., however, we have introduced up-to-date apparatus (1) for the analysis of metals in compounds (inorganic qualitative analysis) and (2) for the preparation of organic compounds. Some are basically the same as standard equipment, but much reduced in size, while some are quite novel.

During inorganic analysis, compounds containing metals are rendered soluble and each metal is identified by precipitating it out, using various chemicals. In the conventional scheme, ordinary test-tubes and other apparatus are used: in the new procedure—often called “semi-micro”—the test-tubes are only one-twentieth the size of the ordinary type and only measure 3 in. x $\frac{3}{8}$ in. Other apparatus is similarly scaled down, making beakers, for instance, the size of thimbles.

This reduction in size of equipment leads to (a) the use of much smaller quantities of chemicals, (b) a smaller area of bench space per pupil, and hence each pupil can work individually with his own set of equipment without overcrowding a laboratory. In pupils it demands the development of a precise and

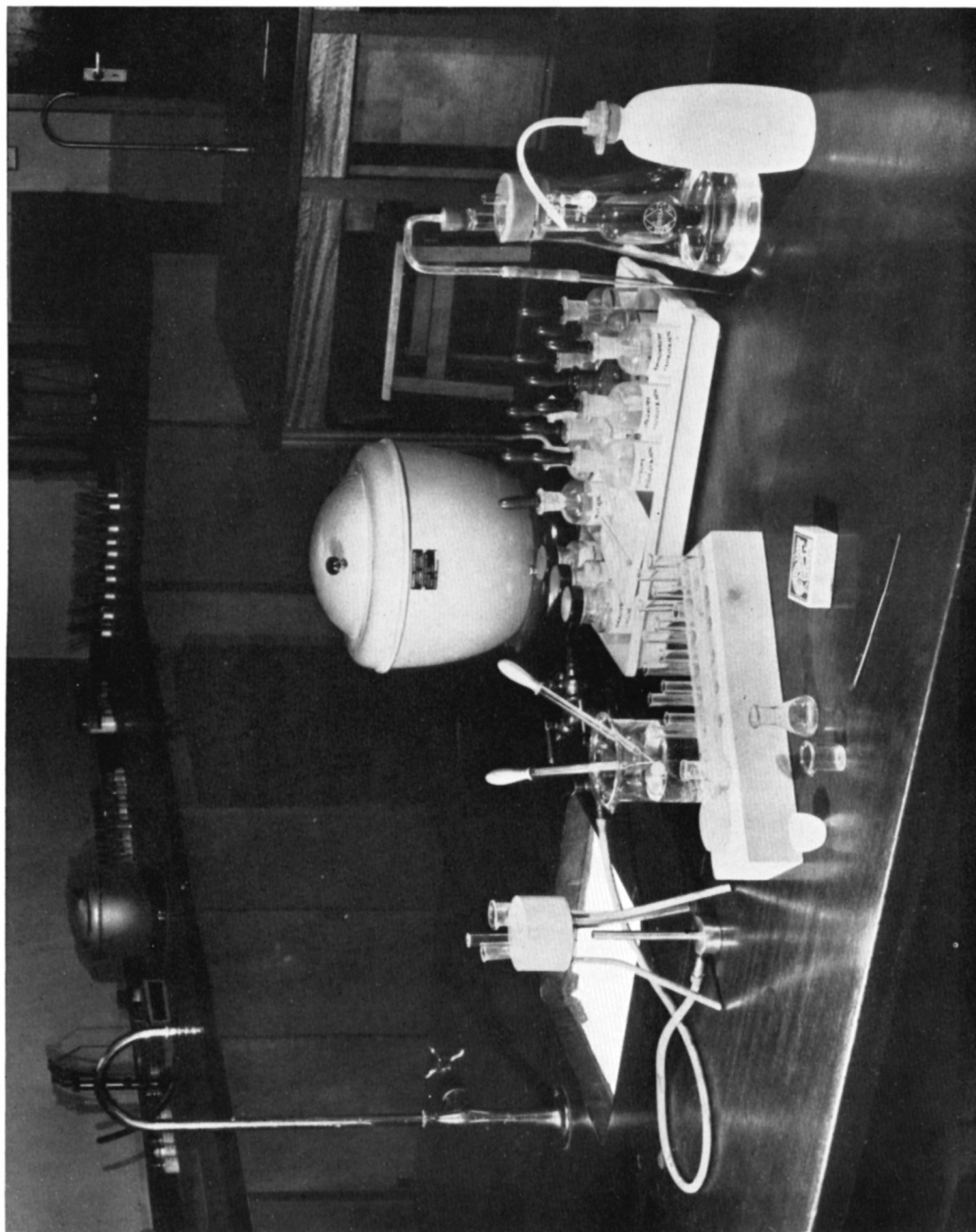
careful technique—not altogether easy initially—but, when acquired, leads to much more accurate working together with greater speed. The semi-micro scheme is also speeded up by the elimination of the slow filtration process, its place being taken by centrifuging with a power-driven centrifuge revolving at 2000 revolutions per minute, which does the same process in a fraction of the time. Greater accuracy is also obtained by the use of modern experimental techniques and chemicals.

Any analysis scheme also requires the use of an evil-smelling gas, called hydrogen sulphide, which can make the atmosphere of a laboratory rather unpleasant. Now this gas is generated in a much smaller generator which delivers the gas through a very fine jet. This, together with the much smaller amount required, leads to a much healthier atmosphere in the laboratory.

For organic chemistry preparative work, the apparatus has also been scaled down considerably. It has been designed with specially-fitting glass joints, enabling units to be quickly assembled for any required preparation. This cuts down the time required for each experiment and enables pupils to carry out more preparations while, of course, using much less material. They can now prepare many compounds which formerly were only prepared by the teacher or in theory.

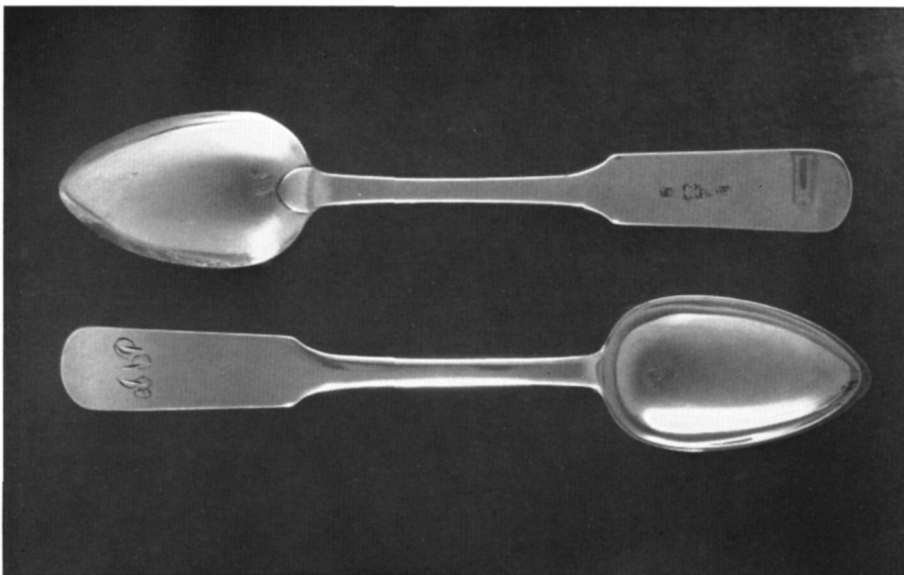
At present, the main benefit of this work to Form VI. pupils, apart from its purely educational value, is in their preparation for University and Technical College, where most of the practical work seems to be on this small scale. Previous experience of this type of work will undoubtedly stand them in good stead at University or College where standards are now very high. Having mastered the initial techniques in their own time at school, they will be in a position to tackle the more advanced work with confidence. In the future this work may have a more direct benefit to pupils still at school if external practical examinations are ever introduced in Scottish schools. The use of semi-micro apparatus and techniques, with their greater accuracy and speed, should give pupils a very good chance of passing such examinations with merit.

J.S.



Photograph by J. D. Brown

APPARATUS FOR SEMI-MICRO INORGANIC ANALYSIS



Reprinted, with apologies to Norman Brown & Co.

"THE SHEEN OF SILVER" — THE WORK OF DUNDEE GOLDSMITHS



GUIDE CAMP, 1959

The Sheen of Silver (continued)

At the end of my article in the Summer Magazine, I left you with, so to speak, the key to hall-marks in your hands, and waiting for the household plate to find a tongue for you.

Now, what kind of things should we look for on our visits to museums or, when we have the opportunity, on our walks through one or other of the larger homes now open to the public? What is there left to us, not in records but in the round? From early days in Britain, not a great deal. The common people used coarse earthenware (*see D.H.S. pottery to be*) and largely wooden tableware known as treen. Silver was very much for the wealthy, the nobility, and the throne. The well-to-do merchant used pewter which was far from cheap.

It is fascinating to mark how one type of vessel grew from another, not suddenly, of course, but through the centuries. The best things usually evolve from former well-tried models. Take the universal wooden bowl. The "better off" the user, the finer the wood, then a refinement and strengthening of the rim with silver along with which went a silver disc in the bottom of the inside to cover the mark of the lathe perhaps. When silver was added, the wood was usually a spotted maple and the disc became richly ornamented, and was known as the "print," the whole being given the name, "mazer." A base heightened to a hand's breadth made it a "standing mazer," of which there are, I believe, only ten remaining, but these are very good to look at. A low silver bowl was in use also, nearly always with a lid or cover. That, raised on a base, became a standing cup and an added knob or knop in the stem, for secure holding, made it a chalice such as were, and still are, used in religious ceremonies. A horn drinking vessel also became banded with silver and then cut across and given a silver base when, behold! the beaker or tumbler shape.

The master salts of previous mention, such as Warden Hill's, were the property of courts, colleges, monasteries and such wealthy communities or persons. The standing cups were prized possessions and, as such, became useful presentation pieces when they were

very richly wrought, and jewelled and enamelled in the style of the architecture of the period. This source of ornamental detail was popular until the Renaissance when classical ornament was "reborn," as the name implies. We still give cups as presentations, from the local flower show to the racing cups and the "league" sports trophies. It is a habit with long roots.

I have mentioned drinking vessels only, as these were so important. While they were at the simple bowl stage there were few other things in use. Wooden trenchers came before plates. Knives were used and spoons go far back, but there were no forks for a long time. Larger trenchers and bowls would be used for serving from. The necessary use of fingers led to the introduction, by the more fastidious people, of ewers and basins to hold rose-water which was poured over the hands between courses. Guests carried their own cutlery, and not until Queen Elizabeth's time did people think of setting even knives for their visitors. Consequently, we find that beautiful carrying-cases were made for knives, etc. James I. gave his name to the first knife which folded into its handle—the "Jack" knife. The fork came to us from Italy about the same time. Hitherto, a few were used at Court only, for preserved fruits or ginger. The new fashion provoked ridicule and it was even condemned as blasphemous because God had given us fingers to use. The fork had but two prongs until late in history.

Early spoons were round in the bowl with thin rod-like handles which became ornamented with a knob or a seal shape (not the animal). A wild figure, or "wodewose," was also fashionable, but more so were sets of figures of the Apostles with a Master spoon depicting Christ.

About 1760 the end was flattened out as it remains today. Other old pieces were candlesticks, pomanders, which were silver balls for holding sweet-smelling substances used to combat less pleasant odours, and the silver tankards which appeared about mid-16th century. Shallow standing bowls or dishes came into use then, too, and the majestic salt became simpler and bell-shaped with an upper half for pepper.

The second half of the 17th century was an age of destruction. In 1625, Charles I. was already pawning in Holland "16 gold (silver gilt, no doubt), cups, 13 gold ewers and basins, 4 gold salts, and 29 gold dishes." His seizure of the Goldsmiths' store of metal, which was kept for safety in the Tower of London, had the unexpected result of the founding, by the outraged smiths, of the British banking system.

During the Commonwealth decoration was frowned upon. Much fine workmanship was melted up and strictly plain utilitarian plate took its place. Even "graven images," such as Apostle spoons, were destroyed. Extremists of any variety usually do more harm than good.

With the Restoration came an understandable thirst for beautiful plate that was hard to slake. Queen Catherine had a fabulous gold toilet service, the Duchess of Portland had silver tables, sconces, andirons (use your dictionary), braziers and chimney furnishings (vases on the mantelpiece to you). Nell Gwyn slept on a bed overlaid with silver.

A change in social habits now caused the manufacture of smaller objects and new types. The family no longer dined in the great hall with the retainers, but privately in a room apart. Sets of small plates and spoons appeared. Forks began to do away with the need for the rose-water ewers. Sugar and pepper casters and pairs of small candlesticks came into use upon the table. Low covered cups with two handles, porringers and posset cups were largely used and held also the stews and ragouts which were ousting the drier joints and roast fowl which were wont to be hacked to pieces upon a trencher.

During Charles II.'s reign, tea, coffee and chocolate became popular. At first, pots for each drink were very similar. Tall and tapering, they had a small spout, and the handle, generally of wood, might be placed opposite the spout or quarter-ways round from it. Punch bowls with accompanying lemon strainers, ladles and tumbler cups were made. Silvers being now scarce led to the use of much thinner plate which had to be strengthened by embossing. A brief taste for oriental subjects gave way to William and Mary fluting and gadrooning. A "flute" is a long hollow and a "gadron" is a long rib, roughly speaking. Bead work, or rows of little balls

of metal, decorated handles and scrolled cartouches held heraldic engraving.

The Huguenot goldsmiths kept to their own style of work with great integrity at this time, when our own were slipping a little, for which British plate owes them a debt of gratitude. They disliked thin embossed metal, and used cast and applied ornament. Their only new idea was a single bottle wine cooler for the table, but they refined existing pieces, designing the "helmet" jug and deepening and adding grace to the somewhat squat little posset cups.

Under Queen Anne afternoon tea came to stay. Tea was dear, so pots were small and pear-shaped. A kettle for the table with a small lamp underneath appeared. Double caddies for black and green tea, spoons, dredgers, muffineers, covered sugar bowls (milk and cream jugs were not known until George I.'s reign), saucerless china tea bowls, which led to spoon trays, all made up the tea equipage which, in its turn, demanded large trays on bracket feet.

The dining-table now had sauce boats, soup tureens, cruet stands, dessert as well as table spoons and forks, epergnes, chafing dishes, stewpans and dish rings. Supper services were known, but complete dinner sets were seldom made except for royalty or the Jewel House which supplied ambassadors and such representatives of state.

The multiplication of types now gives the feeling of a growing flood of silver ware as the different reigns come and go.

Towards the end of Anne's reign economy caused silver to become plainer and no bad thing either.

Shortly after George II.'s accession, Parisian artists, led by Meissonier, an architect and goldsmith, tried to create an atmosphere of lightness and fantasy by using irregular lines and broken scrolls. Marine objects, foam, seaweed, shells with fruit and flowers thrown in, the lot, broke out all over everything. This was the Rocaille or Rococo style. It required extreme virtuosity to cope with it, and Paul de Lamerie became one of its adepts although he died before it reached its height. Used with discretion, it could be attractive but, when it was allowed to run riot, as did happen, results were deplorable. Constructional balance disappeared under an incoherent welter of applied ornament.

Gifts for the home

Occasional Furniture



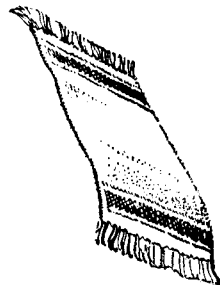
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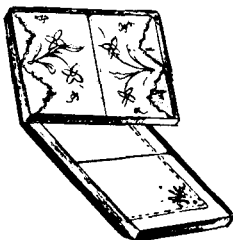


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In 1758, Robert Adam, a Scot from Kirkcaldy, returned from the newly-discovered ruins of Herculaneum with inspiration which pulled all forms of art out of their wallow of Rococo trimmings. Adam's use of classical decoration is too well known to dwell on. His work was dignified and refined in taste. The tea-table now had cake baskets, milk jugs and hot-water jugs. Trays had an up-standing pierced edge, which type of decoration extended to all sorts of containers, causing the need for blue glass linings which really did the containing.

The Adam period ended with the 18th century. The conquest of Egypt brought sphinxes and winged figures and mummies via Paris in the short-lived Empire period. A heavy and slightly vulgar monumental style grew up then for presentation pieces, and good design died in the commercial houses for which the unfortunate goldsmith was now working. He made things from designs made by people with no knowledge of the craft. Business men, with no real aesthetic feeling, controlled the trade. The less said about its products the better. The true sheen of silver was dimmed in the smoke of the 19th century. The hard glitter of electro-plate gave more delight to the strange race which grew up among the undoubted wonders of the machine age.

Today individual smiths are few, but some there are, and master craftsmen, too. There is a resurgence of hand work just now which extends to all crafts. Fine work is being done, mostly for presentation pieces, or church or civic plate. Some firms now are producing good work by good designers, and young smiths are being encouraged to make smaller things for craft centres. Acheson House, in Edinburgh, is worth a visit.

We in Dundee are fortunate in having, in our College of Art, an instructor who is one of the ablest craftsmen in Britain. Those who have studied the new mace made for the city by Bernard Harrington will have no doubt of that. It is encouraging to see young students turning out fine silver under his guidance.

The individual craftsman, in any medium, has a hard row to hoe in competition with the factory, but public taste is improving again and his way of life is reward in itself; so good luck to him! There is always room at the top.

As an article of this nature is only produced by borrowing from better writers who have made a complete study of the subject, I must acknowledge indebtedness and commend my readers to—Charles Oman's *English Domestic Silver*, *Metalwork* by Donald Smith, *Silver* by Peter Wilding and, of course, to Ian Finlay mentioned in the text for his *Scottish Gold and Silver Work*.

ANNIE LICKELY.

FORM FOUR

This year our class is really fine,
At everything we're best,
At hockey, Latin, rugger, Maths.,
And also all the rest.

The Form Four genius is G.D.;
He really is a swot!
We work like mad, but still we wish
We'd half the brains he's got.

G.P., a German scholar is;
She's something of a brain.
But I am often thankful that
"Ich kann Deutsch nicht verstehen."

Oh, rugger is for B.N.B.,
He gathers every pass;
And for the public speaking comp.,
He practises in class.

On hockey field S.A.'s at home,
There she's indeed the best;
"Come on, come on!" supporters cry,
As she outstrips the rest.

R.A. has come from far away
To join our happy throng.
He mingles with the flowing tide—
Will soon be swept along.

In singing we have our A.C.,
'Midst us she has no peer.
This summer she will doubtless be
Wed to some "Gondolier."

In Form Four there are two G.M.'s.
The boy on chess is mad.
The girl at Thursday dancing class
Is ne'er a wallflower sad.

M.R.'s figure's worth applause—
Her waist is twenty-two.
It must be nice to be so slim;
I wish I was, don't you?

If I but let my name be known
I'd meet a fearful doom,
But I shall be incognito—
"Miss X" my nom-de-plume.

ANON. F. IV.

Lake Constance

Visitors to Constance almost invariably find, at some time during their sojourn there, that they are tempted to go for a sail round the lake, calling at some of the towns on its shores. Some, however, not having cause to look favourably upon the marine breezes, prefer to make this journey by bus, which does not take so long, and holds the additional thrill of passing through German, Austrian and Swiss Customs, for this lake—the second largest in the Alpine region—forms part of the boundaries of these three countries. Being desirous of attaining further stamps on our all-too blank passports, we chose to take this second alternative.

The sun was shining brightly and everything seemed fine as we rolled out of Constance in our specially-hired bus. This part of the journey was already well known to some members of our group who came here to swim almost every day. For some time the journey proceeded smoothly, while we admired the scenery on either side, then finally we arrived at the Staad where we found that it was necessary to go part of our journey by boat to Meersburg. Joining the queue (which somewhat resembled that at the Tay Ferries on Saturday afternoons) we settled down to await our turn. Great was our consternation when we discovered that our driver had left our communal ticket at the Reisebüro in Constance.

It was over an hour later that we finally arrived at the front of the queue only to find the boat was full. The crossing—when at last we did manage to embark—was so smooth that we were halfway across before we realised that we had left the harbour.

Owing to the delay in starting, we were not allowed to stop in Meersburg, and our sight-seeing there had to be done through the coach windows. At the ferry exit we were again delayed for a few moments while a very large bus, containing proportionately large Americans, manoeuvred itself out. This did not arouse any ill-feeling, however, for every time we overtook them the cheery grins and enthusiastic “waves” were mutual.

The next large town on our route was Friedrichshafen, which includes the old monastery and village of Hofen. Zeppelins were

built there before World War II. Our first stop was in Lindau, the central point of the transit trade between Bavaria and Switzerland. The most-photographed part of this town is the harbour-entrance, on one side of which there is a lighthouse, and on the other, a huge statue of the Bavarian lion. The Town Hall, with its attractive frescoes, made a most appealing picture, but certain of our party seemed to be more interested in the pastry-shops opposite. Having satisfied the “inner man” with chocolate biscuits coated with nuts and cherries, we set off once more.

To save everyone from trooping out and in these buses when they reach the frontiers, it is quite usual for an official merely to ask the driver if all the passengers are of one nationality. Being satisfied in this, he then allows the bus to pass through. When this happened to us at the Austrian Customs, however, the whole contingent raised such a shout that the officer, smiling pityingly, at last consented to stamp all our passports. While the queue behind us gradually grew longer and longer, a junior official, beaming broadly, ploughed his way through almost forty passports.

Our only stop in Austria was at Bregenz, the capital of the Vorarlberg. Now, at last, we were to see some real mountains! A cable-car runs up from the town to the village of Pfänder, situated on top of a very high hill. From here, while enjoying a typically Austrian iced “apfelsaft,” we looked down to see Bregenz far below the two streams of the Rhine flowing into the lake and, in the middle-distance, Lindau on its two islands. Walking round to the other side of the hill, we looked beyond to a vast sea of mountain-tops, the most famous of which are Scesaplana, Altmann and Säntis. We spent very little time in the town itself, having found, near the terminus of the Pfänderbahn, a little shop which sold most desirable souvenirs and chocolate. We were most surprised to learn later that there had once been a Roman settlement here, known as Brigantium.

It is only a short distance from Bregenz to Rorschach in Switzerland, but once more we found ourselves stopped at the Customs. This time, however, the officials did not seem to look quite so pleased!

As Rorschach is mainly a commercial town, we limited our walk to the streets nearest the harbour. Here we were delighted to find an Otto Weber chain-store, in the windows of which were displayed some of the wooden summer-shoes, which were very much in vogue in Germany at that time, at a considerably greater price. Although we had set our hearts on buying a pair of these, the elder members of the party, for some reason or other, frowned upon this suggestion. Could they, perhaps, have been thinking of the tiled floors in the hotel?

Passing Romanshorn, the great Swiss centre of the transit trade, we at last came within sight of Kreuzlingen, a Swiss suburb of Constance, and the only consolation at journey's end was the thought of another stamp on our passports. We arrived home, tired but happy, singing lustily, convinced that we had never spent a more enjoyable or profitable day. In the days that were to follow we explored Constance itself and the surrounding district, but nothing could quell our pride at visiting three countries in one day.

HELEN S. THOMSON.

Planning a New Dundee

Dundee is a very lucky city in that it has a perfect situation and beautiful surrounding countryside. It is almost equidistant from the other three large towns, namely, Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Glasgow. We have excellent shops and are especially proud of the Tay Bridge, which is a magnificent feat of engineering, and the Caird Hall, a beautiful piece of architecture.

In spite of these admirable qualities, Dundee, unfortunately, lags behind the other three cities in enterprise and development. We have many flourishing industries, and these could be vastly aided by the advent of a Tay Road Bridge and an airport. Dundee and district could become a holiday resort, and a tourist industry could be started.

The Tay estuary is an acknowledged beauty spot throughout the British Isles, but holiday-makers are somewhat discouraged by the large, dirty, smoky city with few attractions, at the mouth of the river. Those tourists who do venture to the city are shocked by the complete dearth of good hotels. We can only boast two three-star hotels, which is very bad for a city of our population. Why cannot we pull down all the ugly tenements in the centre of the town and build shops, communal garages and hotels on these sites?

We must, with the help of our Government, expand our present industries and start new projects. The unemployment rate in Dundee is much too high, and something must be done to make the community happier and more prosperous.

We also require a sports stadium, such as the White City Stadium in London. Dens

Park is beautiful, and we are most fortunate in having it, but it is not sufficient for the recreation of the people of Dundee.

There is little cultural interest in our city, and we must have another theatre to stimulate this. Admittedly, the Repertory Theatre is doing excellent work, under the able guidance of Mr Westwell, but this one theatre is not sufficient. It is imperative that we do something to combat television. Thus the standard would be very high, and enjoyment would be greater.

Dundee sadly lacks a large exhibition hall and adequate Museum and Art Gallery space.

Our Museum has been vastly improved by Mr Boyd, our enterprising curator. He says himself that it is his fervent wish that a city of our magnitude should have another museum. Mr Boyd started the Children's Museum Club and is creating an interest in Art, Archaeology, Dundee's history and Nature Study most successfully among the younger section of Dundee's population. This Club has been so enthusiastically received that there is a waiting-list of at least two hundred children between the ages of eight and fifteen.

To my mind, Dundee's harbours are nothing like sufficient. Dundee was once the greatest port in Scotland. Cannot we make it so again? The situation is ideal, and a great harbour should be constructed, and the docks expanded. We must bring more trade to Dundee, if we are to succeed in our project.

Our city would be a perfect route centre. True, our Tay Bridge Station has been

modernised and vastly improved, but we must have more efficient railway services to and from the rest of the British Isles. A road bridge would join the Highlands with the Lowlands, as would an airport.

Dundee is lucky enough to have the Law, Balgay Hill, Camperdown Estate, Dawson Park, Baxter Park and Dudhope Park, where one can stroll in peace, breathing clear, almost country air. How much more we could make of these lovely parks! We could have elaborate flower-beds, beautiful trees and

floodlighting at night. We should have a restaurant at the top of the Law, where we could sit and enjoy the beautiful view.

Even now, Dundee is extending her boundaries daily with new houses and gardens and huge blocks of flats—all of which appear like mushrooms, almost overnight.

The fulfilment of my dreams, however, depends entirely upon the initiative and enterprise of every citizen. Come on, Dundee!

GILLIAN P. PAYNE, IV.a

The Pleasures of Travel

Who can enumerate all the pleasures of travel? If I ever win seventy-five thousand pounds on the football pools, which is not likely, as I do not fill up the coupons, I shall spend nearly all of it on travel.

Not all the joys lie in seeing places. For months before my recent holiday in America I was busy making lists and then altering them; buying new clothes and making others; poring over plans of the ships in which we were to travel; anxiously perusing guide books of the places we meant to visit; planning, first one itinerary and then another. Near the time of departure came more essentials to be done; name tapes had to be sewn on all my possessions, new suitcases had to be bought, the special labels had to be written and affixed, partly by sellotape and partly by faith, to our suitcases—there seemed no end to the delectable chores concerned with a holiday abroad. Then, in the midst of the chaos of packing, we were summoned to Edinburgh for our visa. A whole day off school! We returned with our passports duly stamped and returned to the effort of restoring order to our packing.

At last, the day before the great day arrived. We travelled down to Glasgow, and on the twenty-seventh of June, nineteen hundred and fifty-nine, we set off.

Our first sight of the ship, or as much as we could see of her owing to the rain, was from Greenock pier. How remote she seemed! It appeared incredible that this majestic form could convey us all the way over the Atlantic, but she did, taking all of six blissful, halcyon days.

Quebec was our first port of call, but I did not feel properly in Canada until I reached Montreal. There Lisbeth met us, and there we became acclimatised to the scorching heat and the French voices. Ottawa was a complete contrast. The scorching heat was still there, but the city was so very English in type. Every morning the guard outside the Parliament buildings was changed with elaborate ceremonial, watched by a huge crowd which, on four occasions, numbered us. The guard looked very colourful on the grassy square, as all the soldiers were in scarlet uniform. Parliament is the place to see members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, both on horseback and on foot. One small boy I met later in the States was very jealous that I had not only seen the Mounties, but actually spoken with some!

In Toronto we went to visit two lots of friends. We were very pleased to meet Professor Skinner and his wife again. Professor Skinner used to be the head of the Training College in Dundee. I also spent a day with my Canadian pen-friend, Heather, who had just returned from Australia. No one will be ignorant of the fame of our next stopping-place—the fabulous Niagara Falls. The Canadian Falls, or Horseshoe Falls as they are called, are more spectacular than the American Falls, although the latter are higher—by about eight inches. Few things have ever awed me more than to come out on a ledge behind the Horseshoe Falls, to feel the spray, almost solid, on my face, and to see the cascading, almost frightening, sheet of water hurling itself into the depths below, a bare arm's-length from where I stood.

New York came next, with Times Square ablaze with lights, Broadway's theatres and cinemas vying with one another in the brightness and originality of their advertisements; the Empire State Building, its lofty spire bearing the television aerials for all the New York transmitters; 5th Avenue with its fashionable shops, where I bought my dress for the school dance; there is no end to the thrills of New York. We went to "My Fair Lady," "J.B." and "The Flower Drum Song." We visited all the places that "everyone" visits in New York. I went to the Girl Scout Headquarters and, on the way back, I met a lady and a gentleman who had been on the ship with me.

Then came Boston, steeped in old-world tradition, with the three great colleges—Radcliffe, Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I visited the planetarium there—it was fascinating.

Who have not tasted the joys of camping? That was what we embarked on next. Our first camp was at Mount Holyoke, near the college where Lisbeth had been lecturing. Then followed Breton Woods, New Hampshire, from where we climbed Mount Washington, "the highest mountain in the United States outside the Rockies," a lake-side camp at Lake George, and an island one on Mount Desert Island in Maine. Then, as the tent and the other camping equipment had to be sent away to the boat, we had to cease camping. We had just time to make a hurried visit to Washington, but even in the short time, we saw most of the sights. At the Capital I met a crowd of American Girl Scouts from Illinois who were, as one of them said, "Just tickled pink to meet a real, live Scots Guide."

At last we had to catch the plane for Boston. Mr. Barnet, a Methodist minister, and his family took us down to the airport to see us off. In Boston we caught another plane to Montreal, and said goodbye to the U.S.A.

Next day we flew to and from intriguing old-world Quebec, and all too soon it was the day before our departure. The morning was occupied with seeing a friend off on *The Empress of Britain*. I was very flattered when my friends among the crew recognised me again.

The afternoon was spent in buying souvenirs, and the next morning, at seven o'clock, a very sleepy trio commenced breakfast. We were soon joined by a fourth, Frank

Thomson, who was almost as sleepy, because the night before, we had all gone to the pictures together and we had had to pack after we came home. He saw us off as the S.S. *Laurentia* sailed down the St. Lawrence River after the most perfect holiday I have ever had.

KATHLEEN THOMSON, IV.a

HOCKEY CAMP

During August I attended a hockey camp at Belmont, Meigle, for one week. This was held under the auspices of the Scottish Women's Hockey Association. Ninety girls from all over Scotland attended the camp, and there were eight girls from the Midlands.

We soon got to know each other and our coaches and we had great fun at the coaching sessions. We were divided into teams and, during the week, we played all the other teams. Pamela Grewar and I were in the 'C' team, Miss Chalmers being our coach, and we had grand fun with her.

On Sunday night we were shown films and slides of the South African Tour and of the International Tournament in Holland. We then had dancing in the hall. During our free time we played tennis or table tennis. We also went for walks and hill climbs and we went bathing in the River Isla.

We had a week of beautiful weather and it was very strenuous playing three and a half hours of hockey a day. There were two hockey sessions in the morning and one at night. Half the time we had stickwork and the other half of the time we had games. One night we were shown a hockey film with the English team demonstrating. After this we had a game in which we had to play in the position of those marking us. It was great fun playing in different positions and we all got rather mixed up.

On the last whole day we had a tournament in which we played every other team. The 'C' team did very well, getting into the final.

One evening a select team of the girls played the coaches and, of course, were beaten.

On the last night we had sing-songs and midnight feasts in the dormitories, and the following day we were all very sorry to leave the camp where we had spent such an enjoyable week.

P. ROLLO, F. III.

The Ambulatory Ambushers

On learning that an adventure exercise in the vicinity of Ben Chonzie (Ben Y Hone) was to be held at camp, the school branch of the M.B.A. (Munro Baggers Association), determined not to miss a top, contrived to ascend this distinguished eminence during the exercise under the guise of an ambush party. Following a grouse-chasing episode, involving some Sassenach O.T.C., the land-owners demanded the presence of an officer with each party, but this was overcome by the promotion of the company's senior lance-corporal to local, acting, unpaid, junior officer. We were excused Church Parade to draw supplies which included, following a request for solid fuel, two bags of coal and four pails of peeled potatoes in water. These and the army carrying equipment offered we turned down since, following the experience of the previous year, we preferred our own specialist equipment even to the extent of carrying two small tents.

Filled up with one of the camp's excellent lunches (our newly-commissioned officer was observed to go round thrice), the six of us, armed only with two dozen penny bangers, departed in a most unpretentious manner a day before the main expedition who were only to have the pleasure of one night out. To the casual observer we must have presented a most unmilitary spectacle in our multi-colour anoraks, shorts and ski-caps. This motley militia made good time to Comrie, pausing only to devour ice-cream, and left to the accompaniment of a shower up the Glen Lednock road, being passed on the hill by the leaders of the other parties out on reconnaissance the easy way, in the dormobile. We stopped at the top of the hill while some went down to see the Deil's Cauldron and others up to the monument to spy out our route.

Four miles and several vitamin pills later, we struck off up the Invergeldie Burn towards our primary objective, Ben Y Hone. Just as the going was becoming hot, we stumbled upon a miniature hydro-electric dam where we enjoyed a most refreshing bathe, being able to dive from the parapet. As the ascent of the steeper slopes began, we felt the weight of the comforts that we had determined to carry after our Spartan existence in previous exercises, with the result that our sergeant showed a

renewed interest in botany; the faltering climber would stoop over the specimen, muttering "butterwort," in order to regain his breath while our biologists expounded upon insectivora. About six o'clock we stood on the summit of Ben Y Hone whence, between scudding drifts of cloud, we caught glimpses of Strathearn, while in the west, Ben Vorlich, Stuc a' Chroin, Ben More and Stobinian stood erect against the reddening sky. We descended the steepest part of the eastern side of the hill to an expanse of hillocks, interspersed with bog, and found a bivouac commanding a view down the glaciated valley of Loch Turret towards Crieff. This site was so sheltered and camouflaged that our sergeant, acting as involuntary rearguard, passed within a few yards of it unseen and was later found wandering in a semi-delirious condition in the vicinity of Lochan Uaine. He was soon restored by a supper of soup, stew and vegetables, and we retired to sleep, three in each tent.

It did not take the cold long to inform us that we were at twenty-five hundred feet. Nevertheless, the mist had cleared and the lights of Crieff shone enticingly ten miles away down Glen Turret against the sinister black mass of the Ochils. Due to the size of the tents and the declivity of the terrain, the drum-major gradually rolled out and spent the night halfway down the slope to Lochan Uaine. Towards four a.m. a public-spirited gentleman made a trip on a compass course to the nearest stream to return with a flask of lemon barley water. We rose about nine, there being neither reveille nor blankets to box, and, after a breakfast of porridge (no dispute over it this year as the party was fifty per cent. Nationalist), we struck camp.

Leaving our rucksacks we headed west across the featureless moor north of Ben Chonzie, observing many interesting Alpine flora, several large herds of deer and numerous flights of ptarmigan. We first used resection as a necessity in this expanse, but once we gained the Creag Uchdag ridge we kept up good time. Our only halt was to admire a nest of ten young grouse, one of whom, undergoing minute examination by our geologist, seized the opportunity of popping into his mouth, leaving him foul-mouthed for quite

some time. We installed ourselves, against best military principle, on top of a knoll of glacial deposit, commanding the col which we thought the main forces must traverse. It was pleasant to lie there gorging ourselves on the blaeberrys growing in profusion while across Loch Tay the panorama of mountains, Meall nan Tarmachan, Beinn Ghlas and Ben Lawers, unfolded itself.

Then we saw them; several dark shapes moving with remarkable velocity over the light brown of the Finglen reentrant. Surely they could not be walking at that speed? We rolled down the slope to take up an assault position behind a large rock. Then a roaring became louder and louder, and four motor cyclists appeared. While the drum major went into ecstasies over their trials models, Cpl. Stimpson elicited from them that they had passed two sections of cadets just outside Ardeonaig. We returned to graze on our fields of blaeberrys until, shortly after two o'clock, we exploded our bangers, a little belated, for the benefit of Sergt. Adams' party who sportingly kept going to let us ambush the subsequent party. After half-an-hour of peering down the path, we chanced to look behind us to see the tail-end of Sergt. Sutherland's party who had cunningly sneaked round the other side of the knoll. After much running and circumvention, we fell on them as they rested, only to be informed that we were dead; our brilliant attire had been spotted from well down the glen and we had been heavily mortared. After exchanging a few pleasantries, both sides retired — they down to the Glen Lednock "rocket-site" and we up towards Ben Y Hone.

Cloud had been building up for some time and no sooner were we on the ridge again than we were enveloped in a damping mist. Our morale sank with our boots as we struggled through innumerable, sodden peat-bogs in the general direction of our rucksacks, which we found among the glacial mounds after no small search. After a few bites from our large cheese, we strapped on our rucksacks and slithered down the precipice to the Mhoine Bheag and north into Glen Almond. Forging the river, we proceeded down the glen to Auchnafree where we once more turned north, following the winding of the bustling Glen Shervie Burn through its meadows. At the bifurcation of the glen we took the steep but well-made track to Amulree. We had

originally intended to camp at the summit of this narrow, ravine-like pass in order to assail the enemy as he crossed at dawn but, exhilarated by our last ascent, we continued past Lochan Uaine, green with rushes, and Lochan a' Mhuilin, bivouacking towards nightfall less than a mile from the shores of Loch Freuchie.

We spent a peaceful night, the only disturbance being a party from an O.T.C. who passed on their way to blow up some bridge. In view of the clear skies we had not erected the tents and, although there were some nocturnal showers, we awoke dry about seven, thanks to the superior quality of the army sleeping-bags. During our cold breakfast the greatest calamity of the expedition occurred — our junior officer dropped the egg which he had carried for forty miles, but our sergeant surrendered his carefully preserved one, more because he could not stomach a raw egg at such an early hour than out of humane considerations. Deciding to carry out our ambush unhindered, we took our packs down to Loch Freuchie, leaving one of our two cadets, contentedly reading a book, as a guard.

As we returned up the hill we saw Sergt. Sutherland's party, shunning the path, moving with creditable speed towards the rendezvous, despite the fact that they had had no sleep. Then we encountered Sergt. Adams again and, helping his party with their packs, descended amicably to the gathering point, arriving with the trucks, to find all the parties, except Sergt. Young's, present. Eventually we returned to camp in the larger truck, leaving the smaller to await the missing party which arrived an hour later, having snatched some sleep. So ended another successful adventure exercise, enjoyed by everyone of the participants, despite the fact that they had marched thirty miles and fought a "major battle" in less than twenty-four hours.

GOOSE-SHOOTING AT DAWN

It is fascinating waiting for geese on a cold, wet winter's day, lying face down in the mud, at the bottom of a potato or stubble field.

When waiting for geese in the morning, there is the disadvantage of having to arrive at the field about an hour before sunrise to have time to settle down comfortably, and conceal oneself from the extremely acute vision of the geese.

Slowly the cold and rain seep through the goose shooter's clothing, and his hands become numb with the cold but, suddenly, he hears the dawn chorus of geese winging their way up to the feeding-grounds. In the distance a wedge-shaped outline of geese is flying over towards the field in which the shooter is concealed. When the geese are about two hundred yards away they break formation and fly round the field once or twice and, if there is nothing suspicious, they plummet towards the earth, with a great beating of wings and clamour. However, the shooter, who is sporting, will not let them land if he can have a shot at them in flight.

Slowly the geese approach, losing height and, at the last moment, for some unseen reason, they swerve either to the left or right (they always do!) and the unwise hunter will discharge both his barrels without much hope of success. Nevertheless, the geese are obliging at times and, when they fly within sensible range, the hunter rises and fires and, if the shots are well aimed, two geese will drop out of the formation like stones, and hit the ground with a resounding thud! The sportsman has had his first success of the morning. If the flighting is good, he may have more sport; on the other hand, he may not see another goose.

A.F.M.

FORM VI. REPORT (Girls)

To soften the blow of our first term as Sixth Formers, the members, at the end of the first week, visited the Edinburgh Festival. Whether in compliment to a more mature intellectual appreciation, or to a subtle "softening-up" process for the advanced-level studies, the Sixth Form, and they alone, were permitted to view the production of "The Three Estates." The play proved to be rich in acting ability, swiftness of action and beauty of costume. Doubtless, the hearts of some female members were set a-fluttering by the handsome John Cairney.

On our return, however, a great disappointment awaited us. The "powers that be" decided that, owing to past indiscretions on the part of former pupils, our form had to face the hard fact that no longer was the library available at all times. In spite of a little ill-feeling that the new Sixth Form had to pay the penalty for others, we were mollified to

discover that entrance could be effected by the sponsorship of a member of the staff.

Of course, Sixth Form is now but a shadow of its former self, as numbers are sadly depleted. Can the truth of the old adage, "Guid gear gangs in sma' packets" be applicable? At least for Form VI. girls, the allocation of cloakroom space at music-room level seems to be a recognition of their scholastic heights, and perhaps also of their mountaineering abilities!

Now the carefree days of youth are fled, and most of our members have donned the cloak of grave solemnity in keeping with our station. Alas! the aim of our existence seems to be study and still more study for those ever-approaching bursary examinations.

PAMELA BELL.

INTER-SCHOOL DEBATES

This year the English-Speaking Union organised a number of debates between schools within a specified area. A team was entered from the school and it comprised James Davidson (leader) and Colin McNab (seconder). We opposed the motion for the first debate, "that Transatlantic friendship owes more to the pictures than to the politician," which was held in Tay Square Hall on Friday, 23rd October. The other schools taking part were Morgan Academy, Lawside Academy and Grove Academy, the last-mentioned team being second, coming forward with us to the second round against the Angus schools.

Our opponents for the second round, which was held in Tay Square Hall on 27th October, were Forfar Academy, Montrose Academy and Grove Academy. We proposed the motion that "the Commonwealth means more to Britain than Britain to the Commonwealth." Grove Academy was placed first and, as High School were second, we were eligible for the final round between the Angus winners and Perthshire winners, which was held in Blairgowrie, on Monday, 7th December.

Three busloads of pupils and staff came from Dundee to support the school team which was proposing the motion that "Christopher Columbus went too far." A victory was once again scored by the School with Grove Academy second, Blairgowrie High School and Strathallan being unplaced.

C.A.M., J.D.

Kirk Week — 1959

I was lucky enough to be able to attend the meetings of Kirk Week—1959, which was held in Dundee from 4th to 11th July. There were delegates from all over Scotland as well as a few from other countries and continents, people of all walks of life and all colours — black, brown, yellow and white. The programme for the week was divided into three topics — (1) "The Crisis of Man." (2) "The People of God," (3) "The Word of God."

On Sunday afternoon we heard Bishop Johannes Lilje, a leading German churchman, give a very spirited talk on "The Crisis of Man." Bishop Lilje, it should be noted, suffered in a prison camp during the last war for his beliefs. In the evening, Tom Fleming, the actor, illustrated, by means of passages from the Bible, his idea of "The People of God."

"The Word of God" was the title taken for the Bible Study groups which met each morning, the leadership of which was taken by laymen and women. Monday morning saw the second of the "The Crisis of Man" series — "The Crisis of Man—in Industry" — in which the speaker was Canon E. R. Wickham. That evening there were two speakers, one from Holland and one from Geneva. They spoke, with authority, on "The People of God Active in Europe."

On Tuesday morning John Wren Lewis spoke on "The Crisis of Man in Scientific Development." In the evening Bishop J. E. L.

Newbiggin spoke on "The Church" in "The People of God" series.

Wednesday morning brought Moultrie R. Kelsall to speak on "The Crisis of Man—in Taste and Judgment." *The Messiah* was performed that evening in which two of the present Form III. took part — one in the tenors and one in the basses. It must be a rare thing for two boys of that age to be able to claim that they have sung in *The Messiah* in a choir numbering 200. Although the newspapers spoke of this performance as one of the best Dundee has ever heard, many people rate it as the best they have heard in Scotland.

The subject on Thursday morning was "The Crisis of Man — in Family Life," and the speaker was Mrs Kathleen Bliss, D.D. In the evening the subject was "The People of God — Active in Asia and Africa," the speakers being Samuel Mathai, from India, and Rev. John Gatu, from Kenya.

Friday, the last day, opened with "The Crisis of Man — in International Relations" (speaker, Dr Robert C. Mackie). The two speakers in the evening were W. S. Robertson and the Very Rev. Dr George F. MacLeod, who both spoke with intelligence on "The People of God — Challenge to Scotland." Later that evening there was a Communion service held in St. Mary's. In general, an enjoyable and worthwhile week was had by all.

G.B., F. III.

The "Quiet" Holiday

When our friends heard that we had taken a small cottage eight miles up Glen Tilt, which is near Blair Atholl, they thought that we would have a very quiet holiday. The month we spent up there was very hilarious.

For the first day or two none of us could become accustomed to having no electricity and we did not know how to use one of the paraffin lamps which had been put there for our use. The first day we used the oven (an old type of Rayburn), the egg custard took four hours to cook, so we quickly installed calor gas, or otherwise we would have had to live on tinned foods.

Our nearest neighbour was two and a half miles down the glen and we walked there every morning and evening to collect our milk in a flagon.

One morning, when the rain was coming down in torrents, I ventured out alone, clad in a raincoat and wellington boots, to collect the milk. It was rather a lonely walk, with only the "baa" of the sheep and the noise of the river rushing by. Halfway there I saw a herd of cattle across on the other side of the river and did not think anything was amiss, when I heard thundering hoof sounds behind me. I walked on quite casually, swinging the

milk can and singing gaily, until I reached the cottage where I was met by a rather worried Mrs Thomson. I asked her what was wrong and she said, "Thank goodness you've arrived safely, Christine. The bull has crossed the river and the shepherd has just gone up to look for him." You can imagine my dismay at having to walk all the way back, wondering whether the bull had been caught or not.

Going round a bend in the rough road, I saw a black shape looming up in the distance. The bull! I frantically looked for a place to hide. Consternation gripped me when I saw the bank was too steep to climb as it was slippery. On the other side there was a drop to the river. I looked again. It was a car. I arrived at our cottage vowing I'd never go out again if the bull was anywhere near at hand.

The next incident was my effort at milking the cow. It failed sadly. As our friend, Wilma, was in bed, suffering from an overdose of fishing, eating too many rasps and shock—as the previous night she had ventured out to stalk the deer which came down to the river at night. She was crawling along the side of the dyke and was about to turn the corner when she lifted her head. There, two feet away from her, were a pair of wicked-looking antlers and flashing eyes (needless to say she returned in a hurry). Aileen and I went without Wilma to collect the evening milk. When we arrived at the cottage we found our neighbours were also sick, and I gallantly offered to come down in the morning to see to the animals.

At six-thirty a.m. Aileen and I left the house to do our morning's work. Everything went wrong. We were late, for a start; the animals were beginning to be restless from lack of nourishment, and the three pet lambs escaped from the field (as we had left the gate open).

When we had finally tied up the cow, I put the stool down alongside her and was going to sit down when I had my first qualms about milking. I glanced at the menacing hind legs and shuddered at the thought of being kicked. Suddenly, the swinging tail hit me smartly across the face. I took fright and ran out of the byre. Immediately, Aileen pushed me in again. I looked appealingly at my father, who was standing in the back-

ground laughing, but all he said was, "You said you could milk the cow." That was the last straw. I went in gallantly, trying to keep my legs from shaking, sat down on the stool, put the pail down, and proceeded to milk the cow. I might have looked professional, but the result was—no milk.

One hour later I had milk in my wellingtons, over my coat, on the cobbles, but only a quarter of the bucket had been filled. My wrists were aching, the cow kept moving, the calf was lowing, the lambs were bleating and, to crown it all, Mrs Thomson came out to see how we were managing and treated the whole thing as a joke. The only successful thing we managed to do was to feed the hens and that was just because Aileen's father has a poultry farm. I do not think I am cut out for a farm-hand.

We also went pony-trekking a few times, which was very amusing, but much more successful. Our so-called "quiet" holiday turned out to be one continuous comedy with countless other incidents for which I have no more room.

CHRISTINE WORSLEY, F. IV.

LINES COMPOSED WHILE WANDERING NEAR OPINAN, WESTER ROSS

While wandering through this weary waste of
 moor,
 And moss, and lochs, and peathags without
 end,
 I ask what power is strong enough to send
 This annual tide of tourists, rich and poor,
 To drive them through these glens by impulse
 sure
 Into the North. Can birches soft which bend
 Above the torrents, brown with peat, which
 wend
 'Twixt mist-enshrouded peaks, combine to
 lure
 Such throngs from lowland vale? But no;
 the force
 Is found in these lone crofts which guardian
 belt
 The rain-swept lochs; each kindly father's son
 Scatters with warmth the gloom from
 traveller's course,
 Just as the mellow rays of sun do melt
 In spring the winter's snows on Torridon.

A.D.W.

The Murderer's Cottage

On our way to Tomintoul, over the Devil's Elbow and the Lecht, as the car strained up hill and down dale, over wild moorland, my mother said, "We must look out for Toplis's cottage."

I wasn't paying much attention, being more interested in identifying the makes of cars we were meeting, but later, on the other side of the Lecht road, after we had passed Hay's Well, mother said, "Are we near Toplis's cottage now?" and, as we came to a lonely, boarded-up, semi-ruined cottage, with bare moorland for a background, she said, "There it is. What a lovely hiding-place!"

It certainly was, and here, in 1920, a farmer and a policeman were shot by the notorious murderer, Toplis, who earlier had shot and robbed a man in Andover, Hampshire. He had got right away and somehow reached Tomintoul where he had found work as a labourer in the village. Finding this lonely and empty cottage, he lit a fire, the smoke of which was seen by a farmer. He summoned a gamekeeper and the local policeman before investigating.

When asked what he was doing in a cottage usually used only in the grouse season, Toplis whipped out a revolver, shot the policeman and the farmer, and rode off on the policeman's bicycle, shouting "Cheerio! goodbye!" to the petrified gamekeeper. The murderer was hunted and later killed in a gun battle with the police in the Lake District. Toplis's cottage, however, is not the main attraction of the area for me.

Tomintoul is a lovely little village which is almost solely a tourist stopping-place with a number of fine hotels, including the Richmond and the Gordon. In its unusual square, with its mown grass and trimmed trees, I have seen as many as ten touring buses stopped at one time!

Many visitors come to see the very fine Roman Catholic Chapel. Also worth a visit is the formidable gorge of Ailnack through which the lovely river Ailnack cuts its way towards its confluence with the clear-flowing but dangerous Avon. They join about two miles from the village and flow past Tomintoul towards the Spey. The danger of the Avon is emphasised by the local rhyme—

*Water o' Avon that rins sae clear,
'Twad beguile a man o' a hunner year.*

Avonside is said by some to be the most lovely glen in Scotland and, after walking along much of it, I can see why, with its birch-lined banks and background of purple heather.

Tomintoul is one of the few places in Britain that can boast of nearby uranium. This, however, is too deep down to be exploited. The village has no industry, but tourism is increasing each year, more and more people returning to enjoy its hospitality, beauty and pure pine-laden air. I will be one of them again next year and, when I pass Toplis's cottage, I will know that I am near Tomintoul again!

ROBERT E. DAW, F. II.

A Day on Lochnagar

"Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar."

One has to see the mountain before one can appreciate to the full the beautiful song, *Lochnagar*, written by Lord Byron. We are taught in school that to write a poem we require inspiration and, after having seen Lochnagar myself, I now know how Byron came by his.

Lochnagar is 3786 feet high, situated in Aberdeenshire, just over the border from Angus, and is a mass of its own although,

geologically, a part of the Cairngorms. It consists of several summits which surround the main top. On the way one can fully enjoy the scenery of Royal Deeside and the Cairngorms farther north.

After an enjoyable day spent travelling, we reached the head of Glen Muick where we camped for the night and prepared for our climb the next day. We could see the mountain from our tents and the dark mass of it seemed to frown upon the countryside. No wonder it has been named "Dark Lochnagar."

Next morning we rose early, feeling refreshed after a good sleep and excited about the day ahead. The weather was perfect for mountaineering, not too hot and not too cold, with a blink of sun every few minutes. We packed a light picnic and, well equipped for all weathers and hazards, we set off at a good pace along a road to the Glen Muick Lodge. Since we were fresh and keen in the early morning, the sound of our climbing boots on the granite track was very different from the sound they were to produce several hours later as we returned, tired and weary, after a day's climbing.

The track from the Lodge led up through a pine wood on to the mountain itself. In the distance the line of track seemed unending as it slowly ascended. Soon we reached a point where the track turned and our first view appeared before us. We saw down Deeside towards Balmoral. The ground round about us was becoming very bare and the small crystals of the white granite sparkled in the sun. The heather became more sparse as mountain azaleas became more plentiful. On and on we went and still the top remained far from our grasp.

Soon we came to our first resting-place — Fox's Well, which is not only marked by a well of clear, fresh water, but by a monument to some unfortunate climber who lost his life while attempting a rock climb on the "frowning glories of dark Lochnagar." Not letting this dampen our spirits, for after all it is just part of a climber's lot, we set off again!

The route became steeper and soon we were ascending a part known as the "Ladder." When we reached the top of this all that remained was a walk of a few miles out to the summit. Below us was the loch, dark and calm, as it lay at the foot of the awesome black cliffs. We studied several of the famous rock climbs and gully routes although we did not contemplate anything so ambitious ourselves. At the top of some gullies there were the remnants of the winter snows which, on melting, were revealing dangerous screes. For miles we could see mountains stretched out like a map before us and at our feet a ptarmigan gurgled as if to welcome our approach.

After having eaten our lunch, we set out at full speed for the top. It did not take long and it was every bit as rewarding after our effort as we had hoped. The visibility was so good that it seemed that Scotland was at our

feet. As time was passing quickly, we soon had to leave the top and retrace our steps, this time being more daring and staying close to the top of the cliffs in order to see the tops of the gullies and pinnacles more clearly.

The descent always seems much quicker and in no time we were back at our camp, feeling very tired and looking forward to a cooked meal.

As the sun was disappearing for the day and we all were sitting round a blazing camp fire, I looked back at the dark mountain and knew just how Byron must have felt when composing these lines —

"Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Lochnagar."

MURIEL H. SMITH, F. V.

A VISIT TO LIVERPOOL DOCKS

While staying in Liverpool during our Easter holidays last year, one of the most interesting places we visited was the docks. I should very much like to tell you about this visit.

I think I should mention that very few people have the privilege of visiting the docks and ships, as permits, which are required to allow you through the Police Gate, are extremely difficult to obtain.

The car drove up to the large gate and we handed the permit to the policeman on duty, who, after examining it, handed it back to us and opened the gate. We drove in and parked the car.

Our guide, Mr D —, led us on to one of the biggest liners, *The Empress of Scotland*. This ship weighs 26,300 tons. The first room we saw was the dining-room with its lovely organ. From there we went through the cocktail room to the lounge. It is luxuriously furnished and the ceiling has a magnificent dome. We were shown the library, the smoking-room, the swimming-pool, and the tourist, second-class and state-room bedrooms, but it is impossible for me to give a description of them all here.

As we were disembarking, *The Empress of England* sounded her siren as she passed by up the Mersey.

To anyone who is contemplating a visit to Liverpool, I would strongly recommend, if at all possible, a visit to the docks.

SCOTT LOWSON, F. I.

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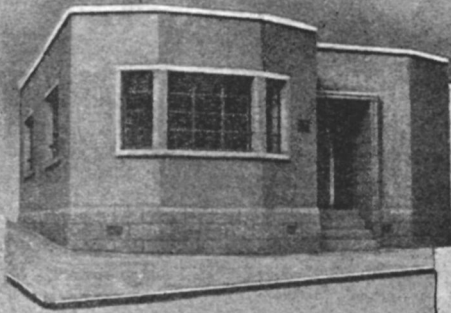


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THE SECOND DAWN

Dor stood on a knoll at the head of the valley and let his eyes travel from the ever-advancing dust-cloud to the starry heavens above, especially to a star that seemed to shine brighter than all the rest; there in a glance lay the choice between life and death.

Dor realised that Jon, Xax and he were the sole survivors of his once proud race. The Bomb had destroyed all life on Mars; even the plant life was dying and he, too, would die unless . . . Oh, it was a difficult decision! Whether to die quickly on Mars as the rest of his race had done or to attempt the long journey to the planet that sparkled out there in the gathering dusk.

His ancestors had once visited the planet and had brought back varying reports; huge animals, volcanoes, marshes and dense forests. Martians might be able to exist there, but the difficulties would be enormous. If Dor went there he would have to start life all over again; there would be no Federation, no space-ships (their own had only enough fuel for the one journey), no robots, warmth or security; there was no guarantee that they would even reach the planet. One more look at the cloud decided him; he turned on his heel, walked up the ramp of the ship, and closed the hatch.

The small ship rose gracefully off the face of Mars and was soon a tiny speck. In the not-so-distant future the Earth was going to have its first colonisers, three survivors from a dead planet whose descendants would one day return to their original home, but that was going to be a very long time ahead, a very long time.

N.R.

FOREST FIRE

One careless match. That is all. A gentle night breeze fans the dry, now smouldering patch of leaves. Conditions for it are ideal, and the hungry tongues of flame lick round the unresisting roots of some conveniently near bushes. Soon fire has spread through a large area of parched forest, leaping round withered trees and dead brambles.

Animals are disturbed and run for their lives. Among the first out of reach of the

greedy fire are the fleet-footed, timid deer, soon followed by scared rabbits. A fox slinks like a shadow from the undergrowth, his eyes gleaming like twin lamps in the unwanted light. Many animals escape from the raging inferno; many remain to perish.

Towards dawn, firefighters have most of the blaze under control, and return wearily to their homes. But the fire is subsiding quickly now, as if satisfied with the great damage it has done.

One careless match. That was all.

SANDRA SPENCE, F. I.a

CAIRNGORM

One afternoon, in August, a party of us decided to set out from Boat-of-Garten, where we were staying, to climb Cairngorm. We took the car to a car-park at Loch Morlich, near the foot of the mountain.

Through pleasant, wooded surroundings, we followed a well-worn track which, for a while, followed the course of the Allt Mor, a swift-flowing mountain burn. Climbing rapidly, we soon left the woods and were out into open, heather-covered ground. Unfortunately for us, the path was very muddy, owing to the rain which we had had earlier on, but, as we were suitably clad and shod, this did not worry us. We had been advised to carry with us extra clothing to wear as we approached the higher reaches of Cairngorm and, sure enough, when we reached approximately 3000 feet, the air was distinctly colder and we saw snow in the corries of Ben Macdhui.

It was interesting to notice that, at that height, the heather and grass had given way to a rough, stony surface. By this time we were climbing very steeply and a wonderful view was unfolding before our eyes.

Finally, after two hours ten minutes, we reached the Cairn, which is 4084 feet above sea level. We did not stay long there because of the extreme cold, but made our way down, slithering and slipping over the rough stones, until we reached the heather where, having found a suitable shelter, we had our picnic.

The descent took us two hours and, on looking back, we found the mountain shrouded in mist.

JENNIFER SMITH, F. I.a

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL SAILING TEAM

This year, for the first time in the history of the school, a crew was entered for the Scottish Schools Sailing Championship which took place on the Gareloch during August.

The crew comprised William Smith, Colin McNab and George Potter. After a good start on the Monday in a strong, blustery wind, a week of calms and light winds awaited us. By the Friday we were not far from the bottom of the list of forty-two British schools, but much valuable experience was obtained for future years. During the week we were visited by Mr Erskine, who very kindly came through from Dundee for the day.

We should like to express our gratitude to William Smith's father, Mr Alexander Smith, who arranged everything for us, taking a caravan to Roseneath for us to stay in and putting himself to personal inconvenience in order to further the interests of the school.

Our efforts were certainly not in vain as some friends of the school have very kindly promised to train a crew for next year.

C.A.M.

THE MOON

The moon doth shine.
The stars do twinkle up on high,
But I am in my bed; I cosy lie.
The fairies dance.
The fairy Queen does come.
But I am in my bed; I cosy lie.

ANN F. JOHNSTON, L. III

OPERATION TORTOISE

I have a pet tortoise. Her name is Janey. During the summer, when I was at my auntie's, Janey became ill. A lump grew on her head. I was told she would die. I was very sad. We went to stay with our granny. She stays in Montrose. We know the Vet. in Montrose very well. I took Janey to him to see if he could make her better. He took her into his surgery and in a few minutes he brought her back to me, minus the lump on her head. She was now quite well and I was very happy.

JOYCE FLEMING, L. III.

ROSES

Sweet briar in the hedgerow,
Growing free and wild,
Makes a pretty posy
For a country child.

Roses in the garden,
Blooming fresh and fair,
Cast their lovely perfume
On the summer air.

Gathered by a town child,
What a pretty sight!
Red, pink, yellow, golden,
Crimson, cream and white.

But the rosy garlands,
Wherever they may bloom,
Town or country roses,
Wither far too soon.

MARGARET E. I. MORGAN, L. III.

THE OSTRICH AND THE BEAVER WHO WENT FOR A WALK

One day the Ostrich and the Beaver went for a walk. Suddenly a big ball, orange-striped with black, came rolling towards them. "Look out," cried the Beaver, "it's a tiger." The Beaver dived into the river. The Ostrich fluffed out his feathers so that he looked like a bush. "Well," said the Ostrich when the "tiger" had gone away, "I don't think we'll go any more walks here."

MARGARET H. NEILSON, L. III.

MY BUDGIE

My budgie's name is Jeba. His name is made from the first two letters of my name and the first two letters of my sister Barbara's name. He is a pretty shade of yellow and has two white spots at each side of his neck. His wings are tipped with grey. He has a bath each week. He spreads out his wings and throws the water over himself. When I let him out of his cage he likes to fly around the room. Best of all he likes to play football on the carpet with his plastic ball. He has a dish for his seed and one for water. He gets some millet once a month. He is quite a chatterbox and says, "Pretty Jeba," "Pussy cat," and "Pretty, pretty boy." I love him very much.

JEAN C. SMITH, L. III.

MARY'S PET

Mary lived in a small house with her father and mother and six brothers and sisters. Mary wanted a pet more than anything else in the world, but her mother said there was no room for a pet.

Mary was very sad, but secretly she saved and saved all her pennies until she had five and elevenpence halfpenny. She wondered if the pet shop would have a hamster or a rabbit that she could keep outside, but they were too dear. Sadly Mary went to the City Square where she saw people feeding pigeons. Alongside the pigeons there was a cheeky seagull stealing the crumbs. Mary thought, "That's the very pet for me." She went into the baker's shop, which was next door, and bought a bun. She broke it in pieces and fed it to the seagull. Every day she brought him a bun and Sammy the Seagull—for that's what she called him—knew her very well. Sammy now followed Mary home and every day Mary fed him with the scraps left by her six brothers and sisters, and even her mother had to admit that a tame seagull was the very best of pets.

MARGARET E. I. MORGAN, L. III.

PLAYTIME IN THE GARDEN

Our garden is ideal for playing in because it has a square lawn with a slope leading down to it. It is surrounded by many trees and bushes.

In Springtime my sister, brother and I usually find a great number of birds' nests. Among them we have found the nests of greenfinches, starlings, sparrows, robins, blackbirds and thrushes. We have seen the young birds after they were hatched.

In Summertime we play tennis, croquet and hide-and-seek among all the bushes. We also amuse ourselves on a swing. By removing the swing and using ropes and a bar of wood we have a trapeze.

We sweep up all the fallen leaves in Autumn and have bonfires. We also gather and store the apples.

During Winter we sledge down the slope when there is hard frost or snow, and a hollow on one side of the lawn makes a wonderful slide.

Our garden seems to have everything as it overlooks the Tay Bridge, and we can see far up and down the river and across to Dundee.

CORAL WILSON, L. IV.

CHRISTMAS EVE

At the little green house in the land of snow a neat little sign says—

S. CLAUS

Inside, the elves are busy making toys, and everyone is busy, especially Santa Claus. Mrs Santa Claus is in the kitchen making scones and Christmas cake.

"Two days till Christmas," says an elf. Santa Claus is still packing away toys. He will finish by Christmas Eve.

Perhaps at the last house he will decide to have fun. First, he will play with a toy train; next, with the toy building set; then with the toy musical box.

Then he will go home and have a nice rest.

SHEILA M. BOWES, L. III.

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GLEN LYON

We go to Glen Lyon for our holidays. It is ten miles outside Aberfeldy, and the countryside is beautiful. There are great big hills in front of and behind the house where we live, and we try to climb them at least once every holiday. The river is wild and there are lots of whirlpools as well as big rocks sticking up in the middle, and these make the water go thundering down the Glen. As you come into the Glen you can see McGregor's Leap. A soldier is supposed to have leapt from one side of the river to the other, escaping from the enemy. Farther up the Glen there is a Roman bridge across a waterfall which is very pretty. There is only one bus a day in the Glen. It goes up to Bridge of Balgie in the forenoon and comes down again in the afternoon.

MAUREEN DUNN, L. IV.

MY HOLIDAY

On my holiday we went to the Costa Brava. One day we visited Ampurias. There we saw the remains of an ancient Roman city. We saw the ruins of a large Roman villa where some of the mosaic floors had been polished and were still very beautiful.

The Roman people must have been shorter than we are, for the houses were much smaller than our own. We also saw the tombs of some of the people who lived there long ago. The coffins were covered with red tiles and looked very small. We also saw the great cisterns where they stored their water.

A beautiful museum has been built there and it has a large collection of ornaments and small pieces of jewellery which have been dug up. It gives a very clear picture of how people lived long ago.

PATRICIA DUFF, L. IV.

BRODICK CASTLE

When I was on holiday in Arran I visited Brodick Castle. It now belongs to the National Trust for Scotland who have made an appeal for money to preserve it.

It has beautiful and famous gardens. There is a lovely rose garden, a water garden with lily ponds and waterfalls, and a great big rock garden with many winding paths where my brother, sister and I got lost. At the end of one of the paths there is a little

round summer-house which looks down on Brodick Bay. It was built for an Austrian princess who married a Duke of Hamilton. The ceiling of the summer-house is made of thousands of fir cones.

Inside the castle there are many interesting things. We saw a tiny room where King Robert the Bruce once hid from his enemies.

We had a very nice tea on the terrace and kept some crumbs for the blue-tits which were very tame.

KATHLEEN GILRUTH, L. IV.

CHARITIES DAY

I like Charities Day best of all. I saw the procession for the first time when I was nearly two and I have seen it five times since.

In the morning we go to the City Square and watch Miss Charities christening the monster with a soda siphon. The students build the monster on a lorry and cover it with jute. Then they paint it with bright colours and put a hose through the mouth to squirt water over the crowds. There are stalls and merry-go-rounds in the City Square. My brother and I go on the roundabouts, and Daddy tries to win a coconut.

In the afternoon we see the procession starting off. Then Daddy drives us all over the town to see it at different places. One year we took colour photographs of the floats and the monster in Meadowside. The students are all dressed up and shake their tins for money.

One year, just before Charities Day, a student, dressed in a lion's costume, came round the doors with his tin. My brother, who was very young, saw the lion and ran into the house and locked the door. Daddy had to climb through the kitchen window.

It will soon be April and Charities Day.

M. GIBB, L. IV.

MY HOLIDAY

I went to Beaumaris, in North Wales, for my summer holidays. Beaumaris stands on the Menai Straits. On the first day we had our picnic lunch at Penmon. Mummy and I went to Penmon Priory and we also saw a Saint's cell.

MICHAEL GREEN, L. IV.



CADET CAMP, 1959



Photograph by J. D. Brown

MAJOR-GENERAL BATTYE WITH THE WINNERS OF STRATHCONA SHIELD



OLD BOYS' ANGLING CLUB OUTING, 1959

GOLF

I like golf very much. I think that it is a very interesting game. I play on the Monifieth Golf Course. I am not very good, but I can hit the ball. When I am playing well I am very pleased. Before long, though, I'm slicing and hooking the ball all over the golf course. When I start that I lose my temper completely. So, if you want to become a golfer, make sure that you can hold your temper back when you start playing badly.

ROBIN FOOTE, L. V.

" TINY "

Tiny, my pet tortoise, like his name, is very small. He measures three inches across his back. We brought him here from Newcastle last Easter, and he spent the Summer days in the garden and it was there he found what food he needed. Often we spent hours looking for him under the clumps of flowers. he was so small and so like the colour of the soil.

Now that Winter has come we have brought him indoors. He does not seem to want to hibernate, so we have put him in a small box

which has dried leaves and have put this beside the fireplace. Tiny sleeps most of the day but, when we hear the leaves rustle, we know he wants to be lifted out and he has a little wander round the room. He does not eat these days and must have stored sufficient inside him to last the Winter.

When the Spring comes I hope he will become as lively as ever, and once again be the friend of my cat and dog.

VICTORIA DRYDEN, L. IV.

GATHERING HOLLY

One day, near Christmas, my brother and I went out to gather holly. Near our house there is a wood with a stream and all along the bank there is holly which is high and wide. On the other side of the stream is our den where we play, but to find the den is very difficult. We gathered some holly and then went to find the tunnel which leads to the den. We found the den and on the wall of the den there was a lot of holly. My brother cut the bottom parts and I cut the higher up parts. Then we went home for tea.

RICHARD MUCKART, L. V.

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Portrait, School and College

:: *Photographers* ::

10 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE

CHRISTMAS EXPECTATIONS

The winter's come,
The summer's gone,
And now the snows and frosts come on.

The white-roofed houses
Stand in a row,
The curtains drawn and windows aglow.

The postman's knock
Brings joy and gladness
To the hearts and homes of sadness.

A row of candles
Is shining bright,
Shedding o'er the scene their light.

So, in ancient house or hall,
A Merry Christmas to you all.

ROSEMARY MAIN, L. VI.

THE BURN

Rushing, gushing, never still,
Through the town and down the hill,
Past the brown cows in the field,
On towards the sea;

Through a village, never stopping,
Seeing the horses pass a-clopping,
Over the sand dunes, brown and yellow.
It has reached the sea.

ALISON SEMPLE, L. VI.

**THE WORKING TIDAL MODEL OF
THE TAY**

In the summer holiday I went with Mummy, Daddy and a friend to see the working tidal model of the Tay. Starting about Perth, it includes an area which is approximately a sixteenth of the North Sea. It has a machine like a pair of scales at one end which takes two and a half minutes to rise, in which time most of the water runs into the gap underneath, and the tide goes out. It takes the remaining two and a half minutes to fall, in which time the water is pushed out and the tide comes in. Waves can also be made by making a V-shaped rod go up and down. This is where the plan of the Tay road bridge is being prepared.

CAROLINE HESSLEGRAVE, L. VI.

THE MOON

The moon glides on her silvery way,
Over the corn-fields, and over the hay;
Over rivers, lakes, and the shining sea,
Over houses, and barns, and you and me.

All night she shines over the land,
And gives late workers a helping hand.
But, when dawn comes, she must flee,
And shine on lands far over the sea.

FIONA MACKAY, L. VI.

THE LEAGUE OF PITY

This is a league helping all children in need. Some, who have no parents, or are ill-treated, are given homes at our league house in London. We also have a badge with the initials N.S.P.C.C., which means National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

There are about 50,000 leaguers, and Mr Arthur Morton helps to write a magazine for us.

ANNE GEDDES, L. VI.

A STRANGE MEAL

There was a sudden crash and then the sound of dripping water. We looked out of the door and there was the white goat, Nanny, with a mouthful of orange and green marigolds. She must have knocked the vase off the hall-stand with her horns on her way into the house for her bottle of milk. The marigolds must have been a change of diet from the raincoats which she usually nibbles.

JANE RORIE, L. VI.

TRIP OVER THE ALPS

I wonder if Hannibal was mad taking his army of 90,000 foot soldiers and 12,000 horsemen over the Alps. Nowadays the roads are much better and safer. The Alps are about 800 miles long. I went to Italy in Summer, 1958, and over the Alps as well. Now, just think of it: thousands of years ago Hannibal took his army over the Alps and in winter-time, too. Nearly three-quarters of his army were killed.

ALAN McHOUL, L. IV.

MY ROOM

In my classroom there are a blackboard, a map and some windows. We have some pictures about Switzerland at the back of the room. There are some cupboards and there is even a strap and it is black. There are a lot of desks. We are at the very top of the school. There is a very nice jug in the room. There is a big picture of Rome with men in boats, men ready to go and fight, and a man with a cross-bow in his hand ready to fire. There are a lot of bags and coats, too, on the ledge at the windows. There is a desk where my teacher sits and does exams.

RICHARD MILLS, L. IV.

NOT TO WORRY

The captain of the ship was looking very worried. When the ship stopped, a lady passenger asked what was wrong.

"Our rudder is broken," said the Captain.

"Well, that won't matter," she said. "It will always be under water and nobody will notice it."

PETER GREWAR, L. V.

SOOTY THE CAT

When Sooty first came to us he was a small, timid kitten who jumped at his own shadow and generally behaved in a very nervous fashion. However, he gradually gained confidence and settled down to the life of ease so much appreciated by domesticated members of the feline race. He has sleek, black fur and a small white patch on his breast as well as black whiskers and paws.

A few weeks ago I won a goldfish at a garden fête. Sooty was fascinated by the fish and used to watch it for hours. One day he jumped up on to the shelf where the goldfish bowl was standing. He made a grab at the fish, missed, and hastily withdrew his sodden paw. Disgusted, he jumped down and started to lick the ants' eggs and water off his paw. After this escapade he lost all interest in the fish.

He then turned his attention to the sparrow population which, in his opinion, had got alarmingly out of hand. At the time, a family of sparrows were nesting above the kitchen window. Sooty decided that an occasional sparrow for breakfast would make a nice

change. The parent birds soon realised his intentions and were constantly warning their irresponsible offspring. Alas! the warnings went unheeded and their number suffered a steady decline.

Sooty was also in the habit of pursuing unfortunate sparrows into the house. Once, at an early hour in the morning, I heard a fluttering of wings and a thud as the cat leapt through the window after his victim. I am sure the sparrow was very glad that cats cannot fly. The bird flew downstairs and took refuge behind a cupboard in the kitchen. The cat was forcibly removed, severely reprimanded, and shut in the dining-room. At last the sparrow made his escape through the window, minus several tail feathers, and Sooty was let out. The would-be assassin looked at us as if to say, "I hate you!"

Winter has come and he has now given up hunting as he thinks it is too cold. He spends the day in an armchair dreaming of his hunting and fishing experiences.

PETER WEST, L. VI.

A VISIT TO VENICE

Last Easter holidays my sister, my father and I decided to visit Italy. We crossed the Channel by boat and went the rest of the way by train.

Our first night in Italy was spent in Milan where my father has some business friends. The next day we travelled on to Trieste, and stayed the night there also. The next day was the day we had been waiting for, the day we were going to visit Venice.

At last we arrived in Venice and found our way to the hotel where we were going to be staying. Quickly, we made ready to do some sight-seeing and photography with my new camera.

First of all we visited the Square of San Marco which is a wonderful square of shops under the shade of a stone roof with pillars and surrounded by beautiful buildings. In the centre of the square there were crowds of very tame pigeons which would eat out of my hand.

The next night we decided to ride back to our hotel on a gondola. This was very pleasant, but the water was very dirty.

I enjoyed my visit to Venice very much.

DAVID G. SCOTT, L. VII.

A WELL-TRAVELLED GOLDFISH

While on holiday near Glen Cannich we visited the Highland Games at Strathpeffer. As well as watching the items in the ring, we had a shot at some of the sideshows.

Among the sideshows was a stall selling candy-floss and toffee-apples, and another stall where one could win a goldfish by throwing a ping-pong ball into a narrow-necked jar. Mummy said we could have a go as nobody was likely to win a goldfish. However, to everyone's astonishment, my younger sister, Janet, put her first ball into one of the jars and won a goldfish. As it was a very hot day we put him in a little plastic bag on a fence nearby, with Daddy's jacket protecting it from the fierce rays of the sun. We christened our goldfish "Peffie," after Strathpeffer, where we got him, and took him to the hotel in his plastic bag.

Next day we were to travel up to Bettyhill, in Sutherland, and, to carry "Peffie" safely, we needed a two-pound jam jar. The hotel manager gave us one, and I sat with the jar on my knee in the back of the car to try and prevent the water from spilling over.

"Peffie" stayed for a week at Bettyhill, getting clean water from a burn every day, but we did not give him any food. Then he travelled the long, weary way down to Dundee in the same old jelly jar. Daddy bought a glass tank, a supply of ants' eggs and another goldfish to keep him company. "Peffie" is perfectly happy and does not want to travel again!

DIANA SUTHERLAND, L. VII.

A WET ADVENTURE

One morning, while I was holidaying with my cousins in Kincraig, the five of us decided to go for a cycle run to Loch-an-Eilean. Food was our first thought when we spied a small tearoom. After buns and tea we set off for the loch. There, to our delight, we saw two hand-made rafts. My eldest cousin was captain of one raft and I of the other. He had two passengers, and I was alone as one of the party decided it was safer on land. All went well until the two passengers in my cousin's raft spied something in the water and both leaned over to look. The next thing I saw was three floundering figures. I paddled to the rescue as quickly as I could but, fortunately, the water was not very deep at that point.

My brother was trying to remember his swimming lessons and my girl cousin said she thought she had swallowed half the loch. Fortunately, a student from Glenmore Lodge happened to appear and helped them take off their wet clothes. We shared our dry clothes with one another and were soon cycling home to our worried mothers. It was a great adventure.

NEIL MALCOLM, L. VI.

BEGINNERS' HOCKEY

Gail and Susan bullied-off.
Susan got the ball.
She passed it to a dreaming wing
Who 'mediately did fall.

Ruth fled on to the other goal,
But Fate was in her way;
For, as she raised her stick to shoot,
The backs their best did play.

Now Margaret hit the ball to Jill,
Who passed it on to me,
And, dashing onward down the field,
I saw dear Dianne D.

Dianne then took the ball from me.
I hoped that she would shoot.
But no! She ran a little more,
And then — it hit her boot.

She hit the ball, a long, low shot,
And it rolled firmly in;
Into the goal it trickled. Cheers!
The team was one big grin.

EILEEN M. C. DUKE, L. VII.

WINTER SEA

Not long ago, this sandy bay
Was all agog with children gay,
Wearing swim-suits every day.

Now all is dismal, cold and grey;
Now all the folk have gone away
To enjoy Christmas in their way.

Great breakers crash upon the sand,
Piling forward to the land
Where sea-birds flock, in screeching band.

The gale comes in with freezing hand
That whips up clouds of stinging sand,
And slaps adventurers on the strand.

RHONA MACKENZIE, L. VII.

THE OLD PENCIL

Here I am lying at the bottom of the cupboard. When I was new I was bright red in colour. Now my point is broken and my top is all sucked. I still have teeth marks from the puppy who carried me away one day.

In my young days I would write sums, spellings, interpretation and, oh! so many other things. I have not been used for two years. Think of that. I have not written a thing for two years.

I wonder how long this dull life will go on.

LORNA C. MARSHALL, L. V.

THE BIRTH

Mary and Joseph in the stable lay
After their weary travelling day.
'Twas then the Holy Babe was born
On that cold and frosty Christmas morn.

Outside the Holy Star did shine,
Showing that humble place divine,
Where our Holy Baby lay
On that Christmas Day.

The shepherds to the manger came,
Through the driving sleet and rain;
Three wise men guided by the star
Came from distant lands afar.

FIONA STEWART, L. VII.

MY MODEL RAILWAY

Model railwaying is a popular hobby for boys. In fact, I have noticed my father's considerable interest.

My own lay-out started as a single track on a board; now it is permanently secured on boards in the attic. I have several points, sidings, platforms and all the other things needed in a good lay-out. The rolling-stock and locomotives are mostly Triang OO gauge models and are operated electrically on 12 volts.

One of the locomotives is a "4-6-2 Stanier Princess Class, No. 46201, Princess Elizabeth." There is also a twin-coach diesel railcar set, a class 5 mixed traffic locomotive, and a little 0-6-0 shunter for odd jobs.

The two-line track was a feat of engineering as it takes us through rolling countryside and then on through high mountains which had to be tunnelled. Leaving the tunnel, the

track crosses a single-span girder bridge over a deep chasm. After that it passes through an industrial estate, before entering a four-platformed main station. Unlike British Railways, these trains are never late and are never fog-bound.

PETER SUTTIE, L. VII.

SHIPS ON THE CLYDE

While on holiday in the Isle of Arran we saw, and were on, quite a few ships.

Transport to Arran was provided by the *Glen Sannox*, a vessel named after Glen Sannox in Arran, and one of the Caledonian Steam Packet Line. Her funnel is short, and was criticised in the television programme, "Kyle's Clyde." However, with her modern appearance inside, I think that she is a very beautiful ship. The vehicles embark by means of a lift which rises to different heights according to the tides. The cars are lowered by the lift to a car-deck, where gates are opened and the vehicles are driven into the car-deck which holds about forty-five cars.

There were also two ships which gave pleasure cruises from Arran. They were the *Caledonia* and the *Waverley*, also of the Caledonian Steam Packet Line.

The *Caledonia* was paddle-driven, but the *Waverley* turbine. My father and I sailed on the *Caledonia* round the Kyles of Bute to Rothesay, where we saw the *Queen Mary II*. leaving the harbour. After spending an hour in Rothesay we boarded the ship and continued our voyage back to Arran.

The following afternoon a large ship doing its trials entered Brodick Bay and dropped anchor. After looking through binoculars we discovered that it was the *City of Melbourne*, one of the City Line.

Also on our two-week holiday we saw two of the *Empress* ships — *The Empress of England* and *The Empress of Britain*. *The Empress of England* was held up by fog when coming into Greenock, and the unlucky passengers were taken ashore by means of a smaller boat.

In Brodick Bay was one much smaller boat, a cabin-cruiser, named *Mist*. The owners very kindly gave sails to children who, with their parents' permission, were taken off the beach and given a free "tour" of the bay.

ALAN AITKENHEAD, L. VII.

Reports

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The following office-bearers were elected at the first meeting of the club this session — Hon. President, The Rector; Hon. Vice-President, Mr Russell; President, W. Dewar; General Secretary, D. T. Hunter; Treasurer, Alan Lawson.

The membership this year is about twenty, about the same as last year. Three teams have been entered in the Dundee and District Chess League, two in the Schools League and one in Division II. of the Senior League.

We regret that Mr Beckingham has been unable to give instruction to the senior members of the club as he used to do, but we still have Mr Elder and Mr Russell to help with the club. D.T.H.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Attendances at meetings, held on Monday at 4 p.m. in Mr Paton's Room, have this session been fairly good. We are pleased to welcome several new members who have joined in recent weeks. The branch, during Missionary Weekend in Dundee, received an interesting talk from Mr Jeffries of Nyasaland. Miss Peebles Brown, the local S.U. Staff Worker, has also paid us a visit. Alison Banks of Form III. won for the branch a trophy awarded to the winning school in a Bible Quiz open to the schools of the district. We should like to thank Mr Erskine for his continued interest in the group.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB REPORT

The Table Tennis Club, which was started at the beginning of the session by a few enthusiastic individuals, is thriving, and the general standard of play is progressing. For this we have to thank the coaches, Bill Dewar (Form IV.) and Alan Findlay (Form V.), who are teaching the basic strokes to the other members of the club. They have both had high averages in league table tennis and we are indebted to them for their help.

We rashly entered a team for the league at the beginning of the session. Roger Leslie has proved the star of this team which has, however, only won one match to date. This is probably due to the fact that many High School pupils are playing for other teams. However, the members of the team are enjoying the matches very much and are benefiting from the experience of league table tennis.

G.D.M.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The "Lit." continues to flourish this term, the membership being somewhat larger than last year. In the early weeks an important item was to find the most suitable candidates for an Inter-School Public-Speaking contest. After preliminary tests — the most important of which was the first round of

our own contest — James Davidson and Colin McNab were chosen to represent the school. So far, they have acquitted themselves most favourably, having won the first round and being narrowly defeated in the second by Grove Academy, the former runners-up.

Towards the end of the term, an experiment was made to start a Gramophone Society. Despite unfavourable weather conditions, almost forty members turned up to hear Mr More's most interesting lecture, entitled "At a Solemn Music." The evening proved to be so successful that it is planned to make this Society a permanent branch of the "Lit."

H.S.T.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Senior Dramatic Society resumed after the summer vacation under the able guidance of Mr A. Smith and Miss A. Gray. At the first meeting Colin A. McNab was elected secretary, and Mr Smith gave the Society some practice in mime and movement. The following meeting was a tape-recording session at which everyone heard his or her own voice. Our last two sessions have been spent on Shakespeare's sonnets and extracts from "As You Like It."

Our activities this year have changed in form from those of previous years in that we now have a tape-recorder which is much used. We intend to enter a tape-recording competition for which we are learning extracts from "She Stoops to Conquer." Later in the year, Mr Raymond Westwell of the Repertory Theatre is visiting us to give a talk about the professional stage. More members would be most welcome. C.A.M., Secy.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Junior Dramatic Society has resumed its activities with two groups meeting on Mondays and Wednesdays. Miss Scott and Miss Soutar, with the help of Mr Taylor in the musical items, hope, eventually, to stage a production of "1066 And All That." In the meanwhile we wish Miss Scott a speedy recovery and hope to have her back with us soon. We should like to thank Miss Anderson for her invaluable services as treasurer, and we are deeply obliged to Miss Knight for taking on these duties. We are sorry to lose the able assistance of Miss Currie and wish her the best of luck in her new life.

CADET REPORT

Camp was held again this year in the familiar surroundings of Cultybraggan. The weather was glorious throughout our week and the food excellent. As usual, a Church Parade was held in Comrie on Sunday morning, when the pipes and drums, supplemented by ex-Pipe-Major Harvey, now in the Officers' Training Corps, and Corporal

Bowman, now resident in Bathgate, put up their customary good show.

Profiting from last year's experiment, the adventure exercise was held on a much larger scale this year. Three main sections, under Sergeants Sutherland, Adams and Young, spent one night out, marching from Ardeonaig on Loch Tay to Loch Freuchie via Glen Almond and Glen Lednock, where they attacked a "rocket site" defended by a section of Part II. cadets. An ambush party also took the field, spending two nights in the hills and ascending Ben Chonzie. Not to be outdone, the Junior Company, under Major Rothwell, carried out a route march along Loch Earn and a successful night exercise.

The company was well represented at summer courses: three cadets — Duff, Hunter and Rorie — attended a signals course while at camp; Sergt. Fox, Sergt. Leslie and Lance/Cpl. Mill attended an artillery course at Otterburn, Sergt. Fox also observing the firing of a Corporal missile in the Hebrides; Sergt. Murray and Corpl. Rothwell participated in an Outward Bound course in the Welsh mountains; C.S.M. Hunter and Sergt. Stiven sat their Part III. examination at Frinley Park Cadet College.

Back at school, parades are once again being held in the back playground after a break, owing to the reconstruction. Due to the large number of cadets possessing their Certificate A, Part II., a new platoon of boys wishing to sit Part III. has been formed. Its activities include Navigation, Life-Saving, First Aid and the instruction of junior platoons. We should like to thank Captain Creelman of Dundee Technical College for again taking the Navigation Class. The Part II. platoon, under Sergt. Young, are receiving instruction at the Drill Hall each week, while the Part I. platoon, under the tight grip of Corpl. Kay, are being instructed in Fieldcraft by Mr Stevenson and in map-reading by boys from the Part III. platoon. The Junior Company is progressing well under Mr Vannet, who also looks after the shooting along with Major Larg, and Sergt. Murray. Drum-Major Ritchie claims that the pipes and drums are the best for many years, and the band is certainly the largest platoon on the parade square. They would like to express their thanks to Mr McLeod who coaches them on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Company gave its usual exemplary display at the Armistice Service, in spite of adverse weather. The guard, made up of boys from the senior platoon under Sergt. Young and trained by Lieut. Blackley, were exceptionally good. It is hoped to send a party of forty-nine boys to Germany next Easter and preparations for this are now proceeding.

The Company would like to take this opportunity of offering its sincere thanks to its officers, Major Halliday, Captain Jacuk and Lieutenant Howat, for their unfailing enthusiasm, interest and loyalty which are a constant source of inspiration to the boys.

S.G.T.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

This year an extremely young and solid team has been formed and their progress, so far, has been far beyond our hopes. There is no lack of enthusiasm or team members and this is completely contrary to what we could foresee at the end of last term. As an example of this, three members of the team have formed a team in themselves and are so far unbeaten in the Junior Division of the Dundee and Angus League.

Once again the Old Boys suffered defeat at the hands of last year's team. The prize for the best individual score was again won by John McConnachie. The scores were as follows:—

Old Boys	Boys
David Henderson ... 98	J. McConnachie 100
Alex. Millar 97	P. Aitken 94
Kenneth More 96	S. Paterson 97
George Mottashaw ... 94	J. More 96
W. Morrison 94	D. Cowling 97
Alisdair Laurie 93	D. Rothwell 94
David Mathers 91	I. Stewart 98
Graham Ritchie 90	A. Murray 91

All this, however, would have been impossible but for the constant enthusiasm and management of Mr Stark without whom we could not function. Credit is also due to M.S.W. Rifle Club who have kindly lent their range to us and have given invaluable and expert tuition.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

It is encouraging to note the enthusiasm which prevails in our school rugby this session. From Lower VI., who are receiving their initial grounding in the fundamentals of the game, to the 1st XV., the boys are showing a keenness which it is good to see and a fine standard of play is being maintained.

Members of the staff who are actively interested in the game are fully occupied on Saturday mornings when as many as ten fifteens may take the field. Others help us by travelling with teams and in so doing give up much of their valuable time.

The acquisition of the new ground at Monymusk Road is proving a great boon and has relieved the congestion of previous years. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Directors of the School for their foresight and for the boost which they have given to the game in school as a result of their purchase.

The new ground was officially opened by Mr A. W. Wilson, convener of the Selection Committee of the Scottish Rugby Union, and to mark the occasion a game was played against Trinity College, Glenalmond. The School fifteen put up a good fight and up till half-time held the College boys. In the second half superior weight and skill told, and Trinity College ran out winners. Before the game all players were thrilled to shake hands with Mr John M. Bannerman who had left his duties at the Mod to be present at the opening ceremony of our new ground.

By defeating Dollar Academy in the first game of the season, the 1st XV. seemed to be well on the way to emulating the success of last year's XV., who finished the season by winning the Seven-a-side Tournament at Perth. An exciting game against Aberdeen Grammar School resulted in a last-minute victory for us. The following week we were narrowly defeated by Gordon's College. A comfortable win against Waid Academy was offset by an unfortunate defeat by Melville College. The succeeding games, against Kelvinside and Morgan Academies, were drawn but we returned to the winning strain in a hard-fought game against Dunfermline High School.

We congratulate D. C. Small and A. B. Grant on keeping the name of the school to the fore by their inclusion in the Midlands Schools' XV. which played a Glasgow Schools' XV. early in November. The next Schools Representative game will be played at Monymusk Road on 29th December, when a Midlands Schools' XV. will meet an Edinburgh Schools' XV.

The steady improvement in both 1st and 2nd XV.'s is due in large measure to the coaching and vigorous training given to these teams by Mr Allardice.

The 2nd XV. lost the first two games of the season but, since then, there has been a marked improvement in their play and the side contains some promising and prospective 1st XV. players.

Equally encouraging are the keenness, determination and steady progress of the 3rd XV., a side which was formed only last year. An ever-increasing fixture-list should prove an incentive to the boys in this team.

The Colts have played with spirit and skill and, so far, have won most of their matches. They improve steadily under the coaching of Mr Biggar and Mr G. C. Stewart.

Form II. XV. have not done so well as was expected, but Form I. XV. and Lower VII. XV. are both doing well. Form I. has fielded a second fifteen on several occasions this session. On the whole, school rugby is in a healthy state.

We should like to thank Mr McLaren, Mr Allardice, Mr Biggar and Mr G. C. Stewart for their willing help, not only on Saturdays, but at other times as well. We thank also all members of the staff who have helped us by travelling with our teams on Saturdays and given so much of their time in our interests. Our thanks are due also to the Former Pupils who have helped so much in refereeing and coaching on Saturday mornings.

E.C.R.

THE GUIDE REPORT

The Guides have had a very successful opening to the new session. Several Guides have gained the All-Round Cards and the Little House Emblem, while a good many have entered for their First-Class. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Captain Gray for the valuable assistance she has given to these girls. Patrol Leaders in

Company 2 are:—Bluetit — Margaret Stewart; Canary—Gillian Payne; Kingfisher—Fiona Anderson; Nightingale—Sheila Sutherland and Pamela Rollo; Skylark—Elizabeth Barnett; Thrush—Nancy Paton; Wren—Moir Robertson. In 2A they are:—Bantam—Marjory Foote and Sheila MacKenzie; Blackbird—Kathleen Thomson; Bullfinch—Marjory Smith and Eileen Urquhart; Chaffinch—Wilma Clark; Robin—Elizabeth Nicolson and Ann Rothwell; Sparrow—Margaret Kay and Carol Robertson; Swallow—Wilma Skinner. Fiona Anderson and Kathleen Thomson are Company leaders. Many recruits from L. VII. were welcomed.

F.M.G.A., K.M.T.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season, probably due to the formation of a 1st XI., half of whose members were new, the results were not quite up to expectation, but there has been a general feeling of progress in this, the first half of the season. Results of 1st XI. fixtures are as follows:—

		F.	A.
Sept. 12—Grove Academy	(a)	1	2
26—Morgan Academy	(h)	0	1
Oct. 3—Convent of the Sacred Heart, Kilgraston	(a)	1	1
10—Waid Academy	(a)	1	4
17—Madras College	(h)	Cancelled	
24—Bell-Baxter High	(h)	Cancelled	
31—Perth Academy	(a)	3	2
Nov. 7—Harris Academy	(h)	2	1

The luck of the 2nd and 3rd XI.'s has been varied, but the 2nd Year team have done exceptionally well so far, winning all their matches with decisive scores. The top scorer from 1st, 2nd and 3rd XI.'s and 2nd Year team are respectively, Hazel Rickart, Nancy Paton, Norma Duncan and Frances Bowman.

The Junior Midlands Trials were held on 24th October but, unfortunately, our five candidates — Jennifer Derrick, Judith Leslie, Joyce Appleby, Louise Walker and Sheila Anderson — were not successful.

During the term Miss Downie organised a Coaching Week and a week of Inter-Form matches where great rivalry was shown. The girls have also shown great enthusiasm for the Senior House matches which, unfortunately, were cancelled owing to rain and have yet to be played.

On behalf of the teams, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the ladies of the staff, who help us so much on grounds days and umpire our matches on Saturday mornings.

M. McKEAN.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

We are very pleased to report that last year the Cricket Club enjoyed one of its most successful seasons since the war. Both 1st and 2nd XI's ended the session with very satisfactory records, the summarised results being —

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st XI.	11	9	2	0
2nd XI.	7	5	1	1

Caps were awarded to A. Grant, F. Neillie, I. Reoch, F. Ritchie, A. Allen and E. Reoch, the last four of whom were also awarded games merit scarves.

The Don F. McEwan prizes were won by A. Allen and I. Reoch.

Our thanks are due to Mr McLaren and Mr Stevenson and to other members of the staff for their great help in umpiring matches on Fridays and Saturdays. We should like to thank especially

Mr Allardice and Mr Stark who have done much to improve our knowledge of the finer points of the game at nets on Wednesday afternoons and Monday evenings.

E.C.R.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Several meetings of the Stamp Club have been held this term, a highlight being the talk and display given by R. Bell, when many excellent stamps, attractively mounted and written-up, were on view.

The Stamp Exchange, which again functioned smoothly last session, several hundreds of stamps changing hands, is once more in operation. We should like to thank Charlotte Lythe for the many stamps she presented to the club for distribution among the younger members, to enable them to build up booklets of doubles for the Exchange.

The club meets fortnightly — on Mondays, at 4 p.m. — and a cordial invitation is extended to all interested.

J.S.



F.P. Club Report

F.P. RUGBY CLUB REPORT

The season started with its first trial on 22nd August when there was a fair turnout, and an afternoon of light training and a number of obstacle races were organised. Thereafter "Dally" Allardice took us in hand and we went through very rigorous training until we played our first game against Madras F.P. at St. Andrews on 5th September. Thoroughly fit, though smaller in size, we were unfortunate to lose in the last 30 seconds by 6 points to 5 points, after leading 5-3 for most of the game. Apart from a serious defeat by Gordonians, the club has had an exceptionally good season, winning in all, 9 of its 13 fixtures, having scored 185 points as against 134 points. This considerable improvement in matches is entirely due to very much greater fitness than we have ever had before and this is due entirely to "Dally" Allardice, with notable victories over St. Andrews University and Kirkcaldy.

On 9th September we had the opening of Monymusk with a D.H.S. F.P. Select against a XV. led by Adam Robson. Though the Select lost 24-8, we had an exhibition of open rugby with much attrac-

tive play from both sides, though superior experience and weight told its tale. A smoker followed in the Chrome Rail at which almost every rugby player in Dundee appeared and a most enjoyable evening was had by all.

In the Perth and Angus Trial we had two representatives — Norrie Byer and David Nicol. Norrie Byer proceeded to the Midlands against the North where, we are told, he played extremely well, though, unfortunately, he did not get a place in the North side.

The 2nd XV. have done very well also under Jimmy Donald's captaincy and for the first time for many years we have had enough playing members to put a third XV. on the field quite regularly without any difficulty and, despite three fifteens, we are experiencing embarrassment with the number of spare people available. Should the very encouraging support for the club from school continue, we hope in the future to put on three regular teams and even four.

In ending, we appreciate the support given by the school boys which spurs the teams to great efforts.

Old Boys' Angling Outing

Once again our Annual Outing was held on Loch Leven on the evening of 2nd June, 1959. The company assembled in the Bridge Hotel, Kinross, for a meal scheduled for six o'clock. By the time it was assessed how many wanted steak and onions in preference to cold salad, most of the company had decided that the wind was even worse and a further fortifier was required, this making the meal nearer 6.30 p.m. During the meal the sweepstake draw was made and various side bets placed as well. There followed a photograph of the assembled company before going down to the pier where rods were hurriedly assembled and all kinds of extra clothing hastily donned. Although we had once again secured an allocation of ten boats, due

to the increasing popularity of the outing, the majority had to fish three in a boat. The contest being of a not too serious nature, this was accepted by everyone quite happily, and surprisingly enough everyone finally returned without having embedded his flies in his partner's ears or hat. Once again we were blessed with a cold, windy evening and, by the time eleven o'clock arrived, everyone was quite pleased to head for the pier. At the "weigh-in" returning boats reported mixed results and the best result was a tie between the two dentists, Ivor Tullis and Graham Ritchie, who agreed to hold the Nicoll Richmond Trophy for six months apiece. As always, a very pleasant evening was had by all.



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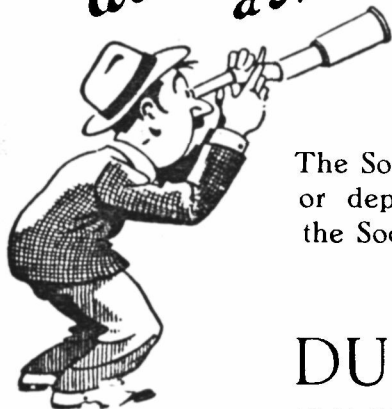
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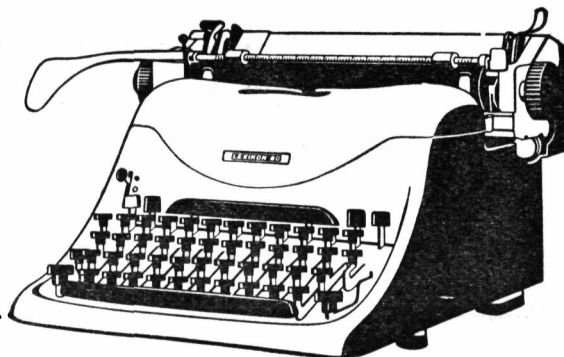
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