

THE HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

MAGAZINE



Furniture Removals Storage and Packing

- Our Staff are at Your Service to all parts of the City and Country.
- Excellent Storage Accommodation available for Furniture, etc.
- We specialise in packing Household Effects for destinations abroad.

J. & J. GRAY, LIMITED

18-30 PERTH ROAD - - DUNDEE

Established over a Century

Telephones: 25991, 22912

**JOINERS UPHOLSTERERS
FLOOR COVERING SPECIALISTS**

Awnings and Carpeting available for Church Weddings, etc. Chairs and Tables for Hire at all types of Functions.

Schoolwear

for Boys & Girls



IN OUR GIRLS' DEPT.

GYM TUNICS,
 sizes 22" to 42" **43/6 to 59/6**
 Very heavy quality **72/6 to £5 15/-**

NAVY WAIST SKIRTS,
 24" to 28" lengths **39/6 to 69/6**

BLAZERS, with Badge **57/6 to £6 3/6**

TRENCH COATS, by Heatonex,
 with Hood from **£4 17/6**

TRENCH COATS, by Doody from **£6 5/-**

NAP COATS,
 by Fashion Sport **£4 19/6 to £6**

CARDIGANS, by Braemar and
 Holyrood, 24" to 36" from **24/11**

BERET, with Badge **10/11**

IN OUR BOYS' DEPT.

BLAZER SUITS,
 to fit 5 years **79/6**

JUNIOR SCARVES **12/6**

SENIOR SCARVES **14/9**

REEFER SCARVES **17/6**

SCHOOL BELTS **4/9**

TIES, Senior **6/6**

Junior **5/3**

PULLOVERS,
 by Braemar from **37/6**



REFORM STREET, DUNDEE

Also at - PERTH, ST. ANDREWS and ELGIN



GROCERIES
PROVISIONS
WINES AND SPIRITS

•
COMPLETE SERVICE
FOR COCKTAIL PARTIES

•
LARGE SELECTION OF
CONTINENTAL AND
ORIENTAL FOODS

Have you seen the interior of this Store before?

IF NOT, WE WILL BE VERY PLEASED TO SEE YOU

DUNDEE SUPPLY COMPANY LTD.

Established
1873

80 - 82 COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE

Telephone
25006

Goods and Car Parking Entrance—16-18-20 Rankine's Court (Off High Street)

J. B. HAY & CO. LTD.

*BUILDERS AND
CONTRACTORS*

SPECIALISTS IN FACTORY CONSTRUCTION
MASON, BRICK, JOINER AND PLASTER WORK

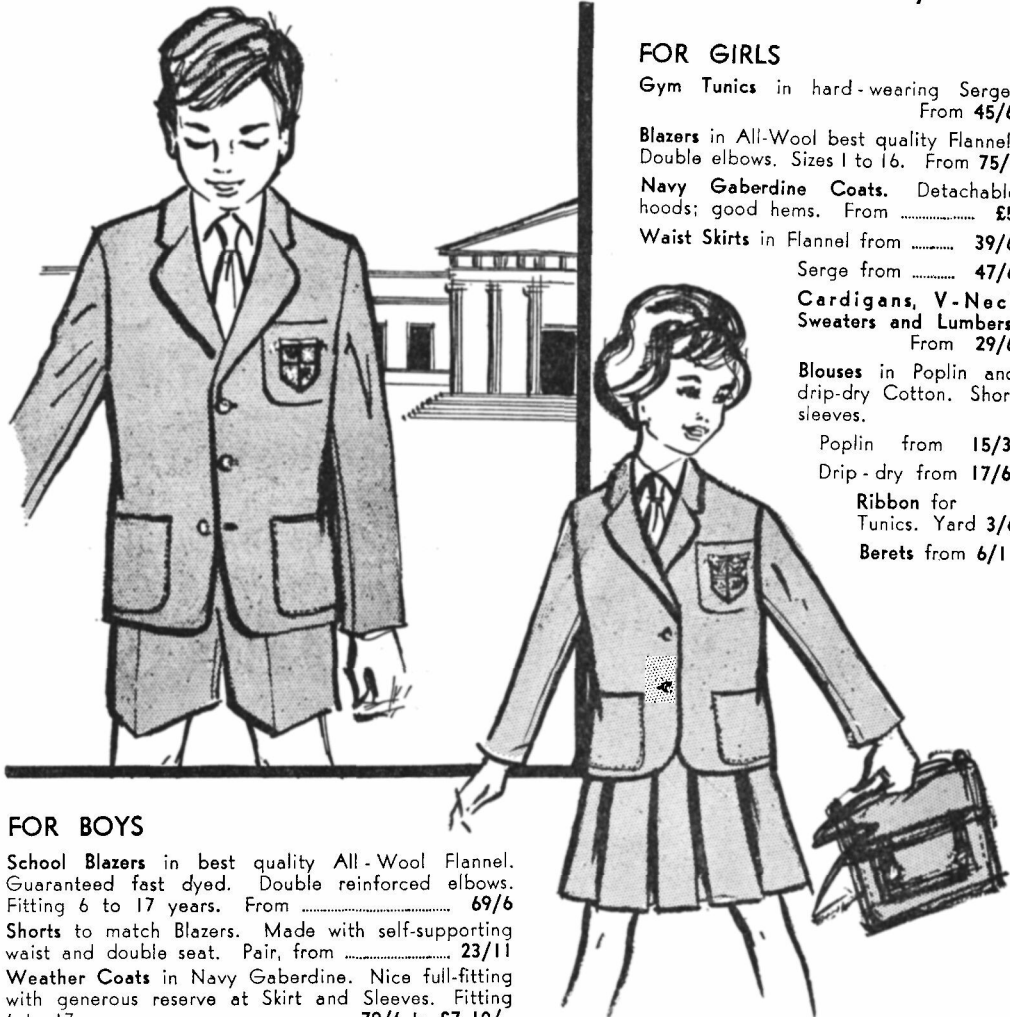
6 GUTHRIE STREET - DUNDEE

TELEPHONE No. 22505

SMITHS of Dundee

SCHOOL OUTFITS

... correct in every detail



FOR GIRLS

Gym Tunics in hard-wearing Serge.
From 45/6

Blazers in All-Wool best quality Flannel.
Double elbows. Sizes 1 to 16. From 75/-

Navy Gaberdine Coats. Detachable
hoods; good hems. From £5

Waist Skirts in Flannel from 39/6

Serge from 47/6

Cardigans, V-Neck
Sweaters and Lumbers.
From 29/6

Blouses in Poplin and
drip-dry Cotton. Short
sleeves.

Poplin from 15/3,

Drip-dry from 17/6.

Ribbon for
Tunics. Yard 3/6

Berets from 6/11

FOR BOYS

School Blazers in best quality All-Wool Flannel.
Guaranteed fast dyed. Double reinforced elbows.
Fitting 6 to 17 years. From 69/6

Shorts to match Blazers. Made with self-supporting
waist and double seat. Pair, from 23/11

Weather Coats in Navy Gaberdine. Nice full-fitting
with generous reserve at Skirt and Sleeves. Fitting
6 to 17 years 79/6 to £7 10/-

Ties, Junior 5/-; Senior 6/-. Caps 10/6.

Stockings from 7/-.

School Pullovers from 25/6. Belts 4/9.

F.P. WEAR TIES in Terylene
and Silk 10/6.

Scarves 22/6.

School Bags, Brief Case style in
Canvas 17/6

Attache Cases from 24/6

Rucksack style, Canvas 15/- & 15/9

Plastic 21/9, 22/6 & 27/11

SMITH BROTHERS
MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE

Manufacturers of

BASKETWARE, CANE FURNITURE.
BRUSHES. MATS and MATTING.
HOSIERY and KNITWEAR.
BEDDING and UPHOLSTERY.

Blind Craft
DUNDEE.

Repairs a Speciality
Estimates without obligation

THE ROYAL DUNDEE INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND

Offices, Workshops and Showrooms :
MAGDALEN GREEN, DUNDEE
Phone 67292/3

Retail Branch Shop :
30 HIGH STREET, DUNDEE
Phone 24761

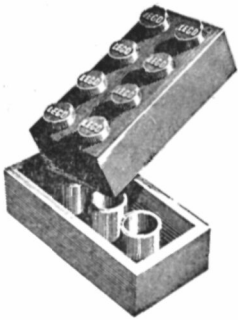
W. E. DRYDEN

ESTABLISHED 1880

Fruit and Flowers



DUNDEE

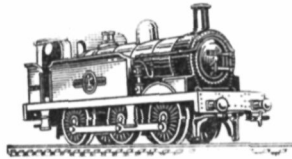


FOR ANY AGE — BOY OR GIRL —
THE FINEST BUILDING TOY EVER
INVENTED ———

See the Full Range from 10/6



MODEL RAILWAYS ARE
OUR SPECIALITY
FULL SELECTION
ALWAYS AVAILABLE



OFFICIALLY APPOINTED
SERVICE AGENTS FOR
TRIANG RAILWAYS AND
SCALEXTRIC
ROAD RACING

The Toy Shop

22 Whitehall Crescent
Dundee
Phone 22793

IT ALL DEPENDS
ON **YOU!**

This war-time slogan was never more needed than when the war was partially won.

IT is the effort of the individual that counts and Dundee High School, now looking forward to further reconstruction, has never in its long history had a better opportunity of adding another chapter to "Historic Dundee".

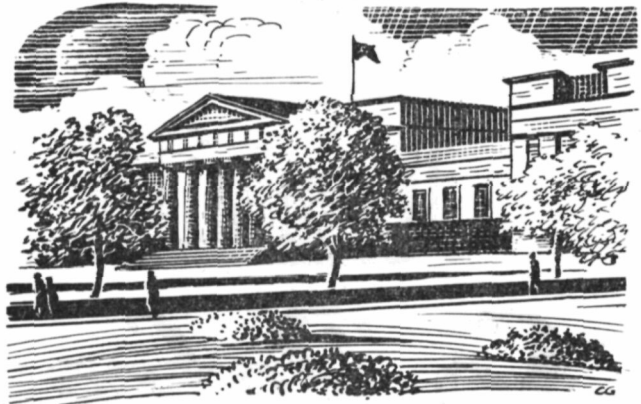


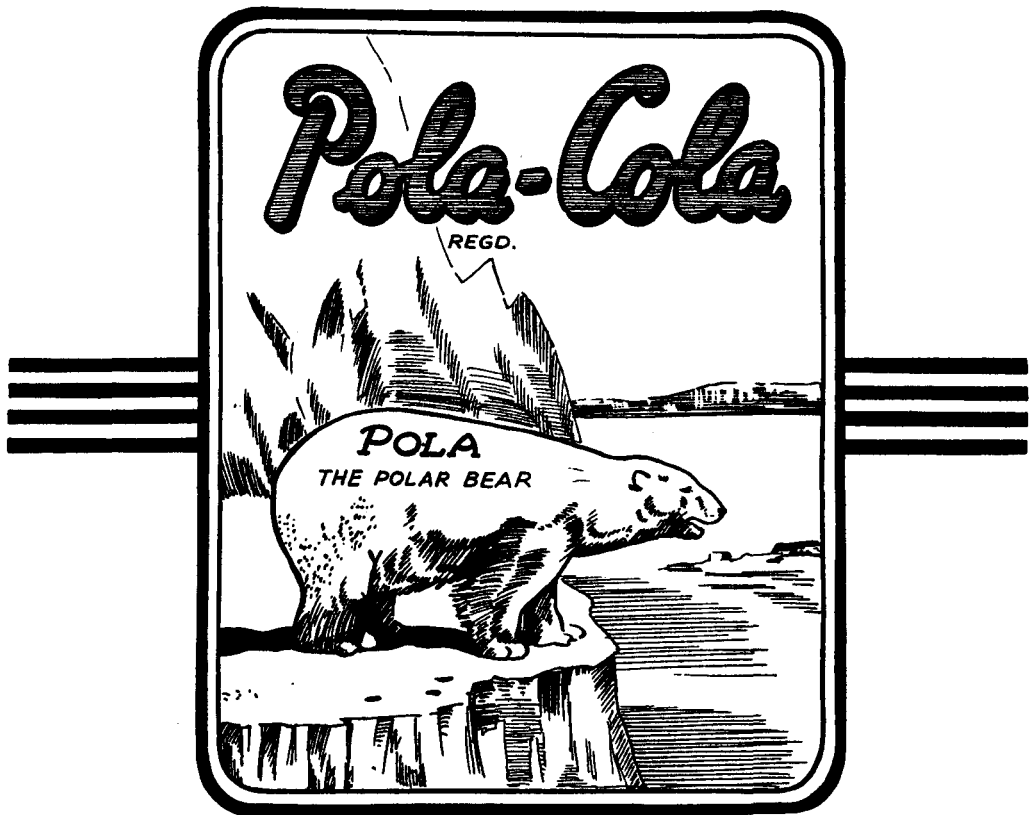
Illustration from "Historic Dundee"

HENRY
Adams
1791 & SON

TAKE PLEASURE IN INSERTING THIS ADVERTISEMENT ON BEHALF OF THIS PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL WITH A CLASSICAL BACKGROUND AND MODERN APPROACH

Keep Cool!

DRINK



So Refreshing!

**ROBERTSON FRUIT PRODUCTS LTD
DUNDEE · ABERDEEN · GLASGOW**



EDITORIAL

No. 129]

DECEMBER, 1960

[1/3

If former editors have blithely accepted the editorship, confidently put aside any doubts as to the subject matter (if any) of the editorial until, in the professional jargon, the "deadline" was fast approaching, then, feverishly consulted previous magazines for hints, ideas or even three-syllable words, spent hours scribbling a few lines which were immediately scrapped and consigned to the waste-paper basket, actually had a few ideas on subjects which were regretfully rejected as irrelevant or unsuitable, and, finally, when it was finished, been thankful for the anonymity of their post, we sympathise. If they have not, we marvel and feel our inferiority complex growing, for trying to prove ourselves worthy of our noble predecessors has been difficult: you may say "unsuccessful", but we hope not. We comfort ourselves, however, with the hope that they too have doodled uninspiredly, consulted unsympathetic friends, contemplated resignation or worse, but finally won through and produced the editorials which have graced the pages of previous magazines.

The first stage of the Reconstruction, that mainstay of this page in the past few years, is at last complete. The Preparatory Department and the Senior School cloakrooms in the Girls' School are now in use and a large area of the front playground has been resurfaced. When addressing those present at the Old Boys' Club Dinner, the Rector appealed to them to help finish the second part of Reconstruction plans. He has also suggested that a body called "Friends of the High

School of Dundee" should be started to look after the fabric of the School.

It is gratifying to be able to announce that there is a steadily increasing interest among pupils in debating and public speaking. Firstly, there is the School's own public speaking competition, the first rounds of which have already taken place with the usual large entry. Secondly, the Literary Society, which has been extremely active this term (in fact it has been difficult to find enough Fridays for its wide and entertaining syllabus), has held a debate with the combined Literary Societies of Morgan Academy. This was a new feature which proved a great success. Finally, the School Hall has been the scene of the first two rounds of the English-Speaking Union sponsored Inter-Schools' Debate. In both the first round, the Dundee Section, and the next round, which was the Angus final, the winners of which are to compete in the grand final in Edinburgh, the High School team came a close second.

As well as interest in this department of the "Lit.", there is always that enthusiasm in the School which enables the Hockey and Rugby Teams to "play the game" whether winning or losing; the Dramatic Societies to rehearse faithfully for forthcoming productions; the Girls' Excursion Club to enjoy the outings it has had in and around the city; the Chess and Stamp Clubs to go on their quiet but flourishing way; the Choir to practise diligently (whether in the singing room,

[continued overleaf

cloakroom, corridor or hockey bus) for the Carol Service; the Guides to work and play as hard as usual and the Cadets to be as smart as usual, more now having kilts. With all the extra-curricular activities many may wonder whether there is any time for work. Those preparing for the "Highers" and Bursary Comps., and the younger pupils, who

have just finished examinations, will at once testify to work and certainly enough of it.

Having filled the requisite amount of space without resorting to discussing the weather, it only remains for us to wish our readers a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

News and Notes

ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate Mr HALLIDAY on having a portrait head in bronze, "The Artist's Wife", accepted for the annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts and on having a wash drawing, "Balkan Trader", hung in the Society of Marine Artists, Guildhall, London. In the Biennial Exhibition of Dundee Art Society he is represented by four bronzes, one oil, four water-colours and a wash drawing.

Mr VANNET is to be congratulated also on having two water-colours hung in the Royal Glasgow Institute exhibition and two water-colours on show in the Society of Scottish Artists Exhibition, Edinburgh. In the Dundee Art Society Exhibition he is represented by three oils, three water-colours, two pen drawings and two etchings. Mr Vannet's etching, "Claypotts Castle", is the subject of Dundee Savings Bank's 1961 Calendar.

We congratulate Miss EDGAR on her oil painting, "The Sun is Spent", which was hung in the Exhibition of Dundee Art Society.

HIGH SCHOOL F.P.'s AT ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY

The following students passed the Honours Examinations in 1960:—

Patrick Constable (Mathematics and Political Economy); Alan Duthie (Greek and Hebrew); Alison Jewell (French Language and Literature); John Stocks (Latin and Greek).

Third Year Students taking Arts are:— Hazel Anderson, Olive Carnegie, Douglas Galbraith and Molly Douglas.

Second Year Students are:— Gordon Adams, Ann Christie, Ian Cuthbert, Ross Henderson, Charlotte Lythe and Alison Reid.

In the Faculty of Medicine, Una Stephenson is in her second year.

In the Faculty of Science are:— 4th year, Harold Bustard and Maureen Ritchie; 3rd year, Isabel Anderson, Lorna Guild and Stewart Harvey; 2nd year, Douglas Barnet, Fergus Gibb, George Hunter, Ronald McLeod, Sheena Milne and Gordon Ritchie.

Claude Taylor and Alan Forsyth are studying for their Ph.D.

SCHOOL PRIZE-GIVING CEREMONIES

The Junior School Prize-Giving was held on Wednesday, 29th June, in the Capitol Cinema. The prizes were presented by Miss Madge Turnbull, who addressed the pupils.

The Senior School Prize-Giving was held the following day, also in the Capitol. Mr J. R. Crystal spoke of Miss Whytock's work for the School and wished her happiness in her retirement. Miss Whytock graciously presented the prizes and Mr J. S. Anderson gave the vote of thanks.

STAFF CHANGES

Every one found difficulty in expressing his or her feelings when Miss Whytock retired, but we found it easy to welcome Miss Gray with open hearts. There was much speculation among pupils as to who would take Miss Whytock's place, and it was with feelings of pleasure and expectation that we learned of Miss Gray's appointment. We hope that her new post will afford her as much satisfaction and enjoyment as her previous one obviously did and that her successor in the Classics Department, Mr Alexander, a former Dux of the School, will have a long and happy stay with us. We extend to him a warm welcome as we do to Miss Paton of the Physical Education Department and Miss Cairncross of the Art Department. We wish Miss Lickely a long and happy retirement.

The death of Miss Scott caused a vacancy in the English Department, which was temporarily filled by Mrs Duke and Miss Turnbull, to whom we are more than grateful. Mr Lamb, who has been teaching in the English Department of Grove Academy, has now been appointed to fill the vacancy. We trust he will be very happy in his new post.

We take this opportunity of welcoming Miss Smith as Rector's Secretary in place of Miss Murrison, who resigned on account of illness. We have also to thank Mrs Stark, who filled the vacancy before the appointment of Miss Smith.

SCHOOL PREFECTS

At Prayers, on Tuesday, 20th September, the Rector announced the appointment of the following prefects:— Barbara H. Patrick (Head Girl), Jennifer A. Dunlop (Second Head Girl) and M. Ishbel Thomson, all three having been prefects last session; David S. Adams (Head Boy) and James Davidson (Second Head Boy). On Tuesday, 22nd November, the following prefects were appointed:— Jeanie L. Davidson, Linda E. Mollison, John R. Hendry and Bruce S. Kyle.

THE OPERA

On the evenings of the 23rd, 24th and 25th June the College of Education Hall resounded to the strains of familiar and well-loved Gilbert and Sullivan music and song. The performances of "The Gondoliers" were a rousing success.

VISIT TO THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

On Friday, 2nd September, a party of senior pupils and three members of the staff visited Edinburgh and attended a performance of "The Wallace", in the Assembly Hall, a visit which was much enjoyed by all. We should like to thank Mr Stewart for arranging everything, and also Miss Cunningham, Miss Laing and Mr Duke for accompanying us and proving such enjoyable companions.

REFORMATION SERVICE

October, 1960, marked the four hundredth anniversary of the Reformation in Scotland. The School held its own service celebrating this event on Monday, 17th October, in St. Mary's. The music, hymns and psalms all reflected the spirit of the Reformation. Dr. Douglas conducted the service and gave a

very interesting description of St. Mary's before the Reformation. He reminded us that the Reformers were responsible for much of the present educational system. The School's own celebration was very much in keeping with the rest of the celebrations of one of the most significant influences on Scottish life.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION COMPETITION

We were represented in the English-Speaking Union Debating Competition this year by James Davidson and Neil Bowman. The first round of the competition was held in the School Hall, on Friday, 21st October, when our opponents were representatives from Harris, Grove and Lawside Academies. Mr Inglis, Rector of Kirkton High School, was Chairman. In the first debate of the evening, our team spoke against the team from Harris Academy, opposing the motion that "If civilisation is to flourish television must perish". The second debate was between Grove and Lawside, on the same subject. During the course of each debate, there was an opportunity for open discussion and questions from the floor, and many of our own pupils were among those who expressed opinions and fired questions at the speakers. Quite apart from the excitement of the competition, the debates provided us with a very lively and entertaining evening. Professor Matheson, Master of Queen's College, who judged the competition, commented on the high standard of speaking from all our teams, and awarded first and second places to Harris Academy and High School respectively.

ARMISTICE SERVICE

42 years after the First World War and 15 years after the Second World War, the School assembled on Friday, 11th November, to remember those pupils of the High School who had fallen in the two wars. The parade of Guides and Cadets was extremely smart, and the strains of "The Green Hills of Tyrol" from the Pipe Band were stirring. The School was led in prayer by the Rector, and the wreath was received by Head Prefects, Barbara Patrick and David Adams, who carried it up the steps to lay it at the War Memorial. Our brief tribute ended quietly and the pupils returned to their classes.

A VISIT TO THE OPERA

On Wednesday, 26th October, 60 members of the Literary Society went, as a party,

to see "The Barber of Seville", a production by the Sadler's Wells Opera Company. The performance was enjoyed by all and it must be said that it was to the opera's credit that we were able to combine education with entertainment in the best possible way.

LIBRARY

We have recently received a welcome addition to our Library. It is "A Slim Volume", poems by W. Fraser Mitchell.

Mr Mitchell is an old boy of the School (1911-1918) and pays tribute, amongst others, to the English teaching of Mr Macbeth and Mr Valentine, who helped to form his taste for poetry.

We are glad to accept this gift, unique in its kind.

"1066 AND ALL THAT"—AN APPEAL

The Junior Dramatic Society Appeal to Old Girls and Boys to support their venture of producing two plays on 28th and 29th March. The first is "1066 And All That", a musical play by Reginald Arkell, based on the book of the same name by Sellar and Yeatman; the second is "Dotheboys Hall", an adaptation from Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby", by Evelyn Smith. To make the venture a success we require an audience of 500 each night. The plays will be performed in the Y.M.C.A. Hall.

WAR MEMORIAL LIBRARY

An Appeal to Parents and F.P.'s

A few books are missing from the Library and cannot be traced. These books are stamped inside and clearly numbered on the outside. The most serious loss is of a bound copy of the Magazines, 1938-1943. This is virtually irreplaceable as a record of school life in those years.

Please check your book-shelves and return any "borrowed" books as soon as possible to Miss H. F. Falconer or to Mr E. M. Stewart.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Examinations for Pianoforte, Violin and Theory, held in June, 1960:—

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)

F.V.

Hazel Rickart — Grade VII., Pass.

F.IV.

Margaret Thomson — Grade III., Pass.

F.II.

Margaret Black — Grade IV., Merit.

Rosemary Wood — Grade V. (Theory), Pass.

F.I.

George McD. Smith — Grade I., Merit.

L.VII.

Jane Rorie — Grade III., Merit.

Jennifer Gow — Grade III., Pass.

Graeme Webster — Grade II., Pass.

L.V.

Catherine Coull — Grade I., Merit.

Joan Taylor — Grade I., Pass.

PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE (Pianoforte)

F.IV.

Ross Balharry — Grade V., Pass.

F.I.

Sheila Macadam — Grade I., Merit.

L.VI.

Patricia Buchan — Grade I., Pass.

PUPILS OF MRS ELDER (Pianoforte)

F.IV.

Sheila Buchan—Grade V. (Theory), Pass.

L.VI.

Bruce Buchan — Grade I., Pass.

PUPILS OF MR REID (Violin)

F.I.

Alan Aitkenhead — Grade III., Merit.

Barry Buchan — Grade III., Merit.

L.VI.

Norman Cathcart — Grade II., Merit.

ELOCUTION EXAMINATION PASSES

At the Trinity College of Music Elocution Examinations, held last June, the following pupils of Miss Low were successful:

GRADE II. (Preparatory)

Alison Buchanan (Merit), Victoria Dryden (Hons.), Maureen Dunn (Hons.), Katherine Gilruth (Hons.), Fiona Ross

(Hons.), Carl Young (Pass), Keith Gillanders (Merit), Ian Hunter (Merit), John Taylor (Merit), Wm. Young (Merit).

GRADE III. (Adv. Preparatory)

Patricia Buchan (Hons.), Jane Burns (Merit), Norma Duncan (Merit), Pamela Grant (Merit), Alison McLeay (Hons.), Lorna Marshall (Hons.), Thelma Robertson (Hons.), Valerie Smith (Merit), Joan Walker (Hons.).

GRADE IV. (Junior)

Gillian Shearer (Merit), Roslyn Slidders (Merit), Barbara Robertson (Merit).

GRADE V. (Intermediate)

Elaine Appleby (Pass), Kathleen Ferguson (Merit), Elizabeth Johnston (Merit), Wendy McPherson (Merit), Hazel Masson (Pass), Patricia Ramsay (Merit), Vivian Ramsay (Merit), Barbara Young (Merit).

GRADE VI. (Senior)

Rosemary Prickett (Pass), Margaret Walker (Merit), Anne Young (Pass), Brent Smith (Merit).

Lorna Marshall was awarded a Special Prize, having gained 96 marks — the highest mark for the area.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

DAVID ROTHWELL on being accepted for training as an officer at Mons Officer Training School.

JOHN STOCKS on gaining the James Forrester Prize in Greek at St. Andrews University.

ALISDAIR G. STEWART on winning the Sir James McKenzie Prize in Medicine and the Robert Davies Royds Memorial Prize in Medicine and Pathology at St. Andrews University.

COLIN D. H. CHISHOLM who has won the Graham Smith Prize in Chemistry at St. Andrews University.

SCOTT LOWSON, WILLIAM A. MASSON and PETER WEST on winning prizes in the Children's International Painting Competition held in New Delhi under the auspices of the Indian Government. This is the second year Peter West has been among the prize-winners. Out of sixty thousand paintings submitted, three hundred and forty-two were

accepted. Six prizes were awarded to children in the United Kingdom, three of which came to the High School.

All three prize-winners have their work reproduced in the beautiful magazine which is published in connection with the Exhibition. Last year's prize-winners, Peter West and James Mill, have their photographs in the magazine.

DOUGLAS FOX and ALAN GRANT on passing the Regular Commission Board for admission to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Both boys were sergeants in the High School Cadet Contingent. We also congratulate C. RUSSELL on obtaining a direct Commission into the Royal Air Force and J. D. HAMILTON, a former Cadet sergeant, on passing a selection Board for entry to an Officers' Training School of the R.A.F.

Mr HENRY CAMPBELL SCARLETT, C.A., who received the C.B.E. in the Queen's Birthday Honours.

Major JOHN S. SMITH, second-in-command of the 15th Scottish Parachute Battalion (T.A.), who received the M.B.E.

Mr DAVID W. SPREULL, Town Planning Officer of Jamaica, and resident in Kingston, who was awarded the O.B.E.

ALASTAIR D. WOOD who has been awarded the Patrick Alexander Lowson Memorial Scholarship which is for study at any university in the United Kingdom.

Mr WILLIAM DOUGLAS CULLEN who graduated LL.B. with distinction at Edinburgh University and was called to the Scottish Bar in June.

Mr JAMES LYON, M.A., LL.B., who has been awarded a post-graduate scholarship at McGill University, Montreal.

Mr CALLUM MACFARLANE who has gained a Lewis Edward Scholarship of £350, awarded by the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

ALEXANDER M. DAVIE who became the first Dundee boy to win the Scottish boys' chess title.

ROBERT M. BELL and NORMAN RAITT who gained the gold standard awards in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. They received their awards from the Duke of Edinburgh at Holyrood.

RICHARD BALHARRY who composed a hymn tune and gained third prize in a nation-wide competition organised by the Church of Scotland Committee on the Religious Instruction of Youth.

SHEILA M. REID on being one of the winning pair in the Girls' Doubles of the Scottish Lawn Tennis Championships for the second successive year.

FIONA ANDERSON on gaining the Queen's Guide Badge.

MISS ELIZABETH HILL on being accepted as a student of Art in the Royal Academy Schools, London.

PETER CUTHBERT on being accepted as a cadet in the Police College at Hendon. Out of one thousand applicants, one hundred and twenty were accepted.

Peter Cuthbert was a corporal in the Cadet Company.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr ALEXANDER THOMSON, C.A., has been appointed one of the five general managers of the Halifax Building Society.

Mr ALEX. S. DRUMMOND has been elected Lord Dean of Guild.

Obituary

We regret to record the deaths of the following, to whose relatives we extend our deepest sympathy — Mr Peter Smith Lowson, Dr. R. L. Mackie and Mr A. A. Mathewson.

Mr Peter Smith Lowson, M.A., B.Sc., who died in June, at one time taught Science at Dundee High School. He was a lecturer in Science at Training College until he retired in 1938.

Dr. Robert L. Mackie, Abercraig, West Newport, died at his home on 20th October at the age of 75. He graduated with first-class honours in Arts and a degree of B.Litt. In 1913 he was appointed lecturer in History at Dundee Training College and, during the First World War, was an officer in the Royal Scots. He retired in 1949. A noted historian and scholar, in 1958, after a life-time of study, he published his most important work, "King James IV. of Scotland". His work on this subject was recognised by the award of the degree of Doctor of Literature by St. Andrews University last year.

Mr Alistair A. Mathewson died in a nursing home in October, having been in poor health for some time. He was the last of his family to take over Messrs Mathewson & Son, Tea Merchants, in 1923, remaining in charge until his retirement in 1954.

Mrs MARGARET G. MCKENZIE, M.A.

On the 23rd day of August last, at the age of 67 years, there passed to her eternal rest a dear lady, Mrs McKenzie, who was loved and respected by all her colleagues and by more than one generation of Dundee High School pupils.

Margaret G. Izatt was the daughter of a schoolmaster of Dallas in Morayshire. She was a pupil of Elgin Academy and then took an honours degree in mathematics at Aberdeen University and her professional training to be a teacher at Cambridge. Miss Izatt first came to Dundee High School in 1916. In those difficult war years she taught in the Mathematics Department, assisting also in the running of the girls' organisations. She was Vice-President of the Girls' Literary Society in 1917-18 and President of the Tennis Club in 1918. In 1918 she became engaged and soon after left for Turriff Academy to be nearer her fiancé. They married and went to Canada.

When, eventually, she returned to Dundee High School, in January, 1941, it was practically to replace the same mathematics master on his retirement as she had replaced when he went on military service during the first war. On this occasion she was met on the staff by two former pupils of her old school, Elgin Academy. It pleased her often

to recount the annals of that school, especially of a revered rector and teacher of mathematics and his never-to-be-forgotten classroom. Mrs McKenzie loved mathematics. She drew pupils to her subject and the High School lost a real teacher when she retired in June of 1953.

It is always an inspiring thing to get to know one who meets affliction and adversity with courage and without complaint. Mrs McKenzie's husband died in Canada, leaving her with three children, one a cripple and invalid. Her elder son, Norman, was invalidated from the R.A.F. just when she came to Dundee, in 1941, and, after a sore time to his mother, he died. Since then, having set her younger son, Bruce, on the way to being another honours graduate and teacher of mathematics, she devoted her whole life and care to her very helpless and invalid daughter, Dorothy.

Now the trumpets have sounded on the other side. We, too, not forgetting the loving kindness of this former colleague and teacher and the light of her smile, salute a brave soul.

Miss MARY K. SCOTT, M.A.

Miss Mary K. Scott joined the English Department in September, 1956, and quickly established herself as an efficient, conscientious and popular teacher. Her pupils soon learned to appreciate her quiet, friendly interest in them and their work, and to trust her skill and judgment.

Outside the classroom, too, she showed an infectious gaiety of spirit in taking her share in some of the many extra-mural activities of the School, notably the Junior Dramatic Society.

In the Autumn of 1959 she underwent a very serious operation from which she made a remarkable and most welcome recovery. With great courage and determination she came back to teach in her old room during the Summer term of 1960. Unhappily, illness struck once more during the Summer vacation, and we were not to see her in school again.

Early on Sunday morning, 18th September, the long battle against pain and weakness was over. To a hushed assembly, the

Rector announced the bitter news on Monday morning, and paid a short but moving tribute. Never was the Lord's Prayer more real to us.

On Wednesday morning, Dr. Douglas conducted a memorial service at Assembly, and, in the afternoon, the Staff, Prefects and representatives of the Senior pupils joined with the family and a wide circle of friends and former pupils in a simple, memorable service at the Crematorium. Another, but sad, milestone in the history of the school had been passed.

In good and bad times alike, Miss Scott was ever a loyal colleague and friend. School is immeasurably the poorer for her loss; and yet, out of the wasteland of pain and death, sprang a rich well of true feeling and emotion — something rare in the history of this or any school. The memory of Mary Scott will linger long with us.

THE PASSING OF A FRIEND

We all attended Prayers on the morning of Wednesday, 21st September, in sober mood, for Dr. Douglas, the School Chaplain, was to conduct a short service in memory of our good friend and teacher, Miss Scott, who had mercifully been relieved of her suffering on the previous Sunday. While we sang "For all the Saints", we were perhaps reminded how bravely and cheerfully Miss Scott had fought her good fight.

Those of us who had been privileged enough to work under her guidance in the Junior Dramatic Society were reminded of her constant help and tireless effort in making our three Shakespeare plays possible. We remembered, too, the frantic final rehearsals when Miss Scott remained ever calm and serene.

It was difficult to comprehend that one who had become so much a part of us would be with us no longer. For many of us this was our first experience of the passing of a friend, and, as we drove up to the Crematorium, we felt that the exceptionally fine, sunny day was symbolic of Miss Scott's sunny character.

The service, though short and simple, was beautiful and moving. As we walked away, the sun still shone, and peace was with us all.

G. P.

Retiral of Miss A. Lickely, D.A.

To have been brought up in a living tradition to which one has also devoted one's life, surely sets one apart. This is the case with Miss Lickely, because she was not only educated in the High School, she came to the School, into Form I., with a strong sense of the traditions of the "High". When I came to the High School, I recall her old English master saying to me, "Annie Lickely was a fine English pupil", and records show that she was outstanding in the Art Department.

After taking her Higher Leaving Certificate, Miss Lickely went to Dundee College of Art where she took a diploma in design. In 1926 she returned to her old school to serve on the staff of the Art Department. Thirty-four years of loyal service to the school have brought her in contact with three generations. Many homes must have examples of craft-work which had its origin in Miss Lickely's room. Her standards were high and perhaps her finest work was with the senior girls in embroidery. She took this work over about five years ago, and, from the start, it was apparent that the quality of her work was comparable to that of Miss Barnett and Mrs Jeans, both of whom have an international reputation.

The standard was so high that exhibitions of embroidery, which are normally shown only in Art Colleges and Galleries, were offered in the High School.

Selections of the finest embroidery done throughout the world frequently appeared for

a few days in Miss Lickely's room. She was meticulous in her demands, and even the best work of her pupils fell short of her standards. Her own craftsmanship was outstanding, as shown in her fine Metalwork, Leatherwork and Weaving.

For many years Miss Lickely contributed poetry and articles to the School Magazine. She has left to the School an exquisite piece of her craftsmanship in the lovely leather covers of the War Memorial Book. One of the greatest pleasures which Miss Lickely got in the School was from her work in connection with the Operas and Plays. She was very interested in stagecraft and make-up. The make-up in the Operas and in the School Plays was always under her control. In the early days it was she who made the side curtains and backcloths, and one of her greater achievements was to supply stage-lighting from four motor head-lamps, which miraculously remained suspended by an invisible wire above the stage.

An atmosphere of gaiety was supplied at the Christmas Dance by Miss Lickely's decorations, and it was sometimes puzzling to know how she got them fixed to the most unlikely places.

She has retired from the teaching profession to practice the crafts to which she is devoted, and to breed budgies. Her many friends (she has a great capacity for friendship) wish her well.
T. S. H.

Mr McLaren

I am looking out of my Study window as I write these words, watching a jaunty step and a straight back; and I find it difficult to believe that it is nearly forty years since Mr McLaren joined the staff and that he will be retiring at the end of the year. If he is tired, and he may well be, he certainly deserves his rest and good fishing with it, for no man could ever spend himself more in the service of the School than he has done. To organise the Physical Training and Games of the School, the post to which I presume he was appointed originally, is a good work in itself,

especially as he helped to develop both from modest beginnings to the full stature of activity we now have. But to this was added the responsibility for the maintenance of the Grounds, and these are three times bigger than the grounds he took over. There is no doubt that he had to pay the penalty of success with overwork, especially in the last few years; but I know it is, to him, full compensation that we now have grounds big enough for the purposes we need them for, and enthusiastic games players always eager to use them.

But his work for the School did not end with his own Department. For 25 years he served the Cadet Corps as officer, adjutant and, finally, as Officer Commanding; this service stemmed from a distinguished career in the First World War and found a second expression in A.R.P. and Home Guard work in the Second. For many years he was an active helper of the School Party and Dance, disciplining the unruly, shuffling steps of the young, so that none would be ashamed to dance on the great night, and assuming the disguise of Father Christmas for the Preparatory Department. He organised, and has run up till now, the Charity Fund in the Gym. and the Christmas parcels for poor families in the town. He created the House system for games and sports. These activities were well-known and appreciated, but I doubt if he got the credit he earned for School Fire Precautions, Traffic Regulations, Hall Seating, and such like tasks that he did with an awesome efficiency and authority.

To generations of High School pupils and colleagues on the staff he has been an Institution, inspiring both respect and affection for himself as well as for his work. We shall all miss him greatly.

" TOMMY MAC "

Can there be an Old Boy of the High School between the ages of 18 and 60 who is not filled with a feeling of loss at the thought of the School without a "Tommy Mac"? I think not.

1921 seems, and is, a long time ago, but it was in that year that "Mac" arrived quietly at the School to take over as Gymnastics Teacher. I doubt if, in those somewhat far-off days, he was known by the modern and more dignified title of Physical Training Instructor. Quietly he may have arrived, but he has made his presence felt and often heard in no uncertain manner ever since.

My own impression, looking back to the years 1921-1928, when I was one of the pupils "Mac" had to deal with, is of an energetic, cheerful individual always in a hurry, marching through School corridors in military fashion, like a sergeant-major on parade, but a very human sergeant-major who was always there to take a kind and fatherly interest in

any boy in trouble. I remember him also on the rugger field, not so kind or fatherly, with cane in hand. Woe betide the forward whose anatomy was allowed to rise beyond the height at which maximum effort could be exerted! Surely, in those days, the High School had the lowest packing set of forwards on record.

And in the Cadets! There again it was not long before "Mac" brought his experience in the First War to bear on the Cadet Corps, and, in him, Davie Mann and Peter Legge, the School had a great team of Officers who did wonderful work together. When Davie Mann and Peter Legge had gone and "Mac" had become C.O., then at School and at Camp he inspired the Cadets with his own magnificent example.

And yet again, on the first Saturday of June each year, resplendent in white flannels and blazer, "Mac", with megaphone ever to lips and pistol in hand, boomed and cracked the Annual Sports to success with breath-taking efficiency. This he must have done on well over 30 occasions and so well disciplined did he have everyone and everything connected with the Sports that even the weather dared but once or twice to play him false.

I think efficiency was his watch-word, but efficiency always coupled with good humour. He had a hand in almost every School activity, gymnastics, cadets, games, sports, swimming gala, dancing and Christmas parties — "Mac", of course, as Father Christmas. Nothing was too much or too little for him, and everything he touched benefited by his interest and enthusiasm.

The School loses an outstanding character who will be remembered with sincere affection all over the world wherever High School boys are found. There is little doubt that, for many years to come, in his retirement, he will be sought out for guidance and advice.

I know I am expressing the feelings of all Old Boys and the present pupils, too, when, on my own and their behalf, I wish "Mac" a long and happy retirement with many "tight lines" and catches so good that exaggeration will be unnecessary.

G. J. R.

Pottery

In an age when the skill of the craftsman has been superseded by machines which can produce with incredible accuracy vast numbers of articles for everyday use, the art of the individual potter stands aloof. It is true that potters' wheels are now driven by electricity and kilns are electrically fired, yet no mechanical device has been evolved which can replace the skill of the potter's hands. For countless centuries the potter has taken a piece of shapeless clay, thrown it on the wheel and, by the combination of mind, hand and eye, he has fashioned a thing of beauty. Excavators all over the world have unearthed pots which, thrown in the distant past, tell something of the story of long dead generations.

There are, today, many mechanically made articles in pottery, and it would be blind romanticism to deny that many of them have an aesthetic appeal in the same order as that of an aeroplane, or a ship, or a rocket. However, an article made in all its stages under an individual control has a human quality entirely beyond the powers of a machine. It is this quality which grips us when we look at a mediæval pot or handle one of the beautiful urns from Pompeii.

The ease with which a skilled potter throws a pot can deceive us into the belief that little skill is required, but let the unskilled attempt the first movement of centring the clay, and disillusionment is immediate. There is no skill that gives greater satisfaction than that of holding the clay under perfect control until the final act of cutting the finished pot from the wheel.

During the last fifty years, there has been a great revival in Europe of hand-thrown pottery, and there are names of individual potters which are internationally known. The great artist, Picasso, has, in recent years, produced pottery of originality and character,

while, in this country, there are potters whose work is comparable to the finest of mediæval times. Pottery is a craft which, because of its facility, requires not only skill but the discipline of taste. Often in the past extravagance of form and excessive ornamentation have led to vulgarity. Always in a craft, form should grow from the material and decoration from the form.

The earliest pots known in this country, made about four thousand years ago, were crude and thick, porous and crumbly, having been fired at a very low temperature. Many pots have been found in the burial places of the early Britons. They were made without a potter's wheel and were fired without glaze. Two thousand years later, when the Romans came to Britain, they brought a much higher degree of potter's craft. Roman kilns were constructed in many parts of Britain and many of their finest pieces were beautiful, smooth in texture and clearly intended to be ornamental as well as useful. When the Romans left, the craft fell back and the level of pottery was much as it had been in pre-Roman times.

It was not until well after 1066 that pottery once more reached a standard comparable to that of the Roman occupation. In the twelfth century, when many of the great Cistercian Abbeys were founded, the crafts in Britain really made great strides. The typical mediæval pot was made from a rather coarse and gritty clay. The beauty of mediæval pottery was in its simplicity. There is a beauty in everything that is perfectly contrived to fulfil its function, and this is particularly true of mediæval pots.

The worst that can happen to a craft is for it to become ornate and purely ornamental without function. This often happened during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but today there is a revival of the feeling of the old monastic pots, but we must not merely copy these pots, rather must we learn from them so that we can create something of our own which belongs to our own times.

T. S. H.



Photograph by D. & W. Prophet

MR T. McLAREN,
DIPLOMA OF DUNFERMLINE COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION



EXAMPLES OF THROWN POTTERY FROM THE ART DEPARTMENT



Photographs by J. D. Brown

EXAMPLES OF MOULDED, THROWN AND GLAZED POTTERY FROM THE ART DEPARTMENT

The Edinburgh International Festival

This year I paid two visits to the Edinburgh International Festival. The first was on Monday, 29th August, the day before my return to school. My two companions on this occasion were Judy Leslie and Rosemary Gibson. We had arranged to attend a performance, in fact the first night, of "Les Trois Mousquetaires". Rosemary had lately returned from a holiday in France and, as Judy was soon to attend finishing school in Switzerland, we thought a French play would be most interesting and, we hoped, instructive.

When we left Dundee at twelve mid-day, the sun was shining brightly and we were clad in Summer dresses and light shoes. We knew enough, however, of the contrary weather of this country to have in our bags, together with our packed lunches and a copy of the English translation of "The Three Musketeers", our plastic "macs".

With great difficulty, we refrained from starting on our lunch until the appointed hour, but, when that welcome time was reached, we made an excellent meal, ending with peaches in varying degrees of "squashiness". A leisurely meal, preceded and followed by endless conversation on all topics under the sun, including, strangely enough, school, occupied all our time and soon we were drawing into Waverley Station.

The merits of the Chocolate House having been extolled by Judy, who had been there before, we determined to visit it before our planned excursion to the Castle. Wishing we had brought sun-glasses (not because of the sun, but because we just *might* have been mistaken for "someone"), and fondly hoping we looked like distinguished visitors, we made our way along Princes Street. Influenced, perhaps, by the thought of the play in the evening, perhaps by the snatches of conversation which occasionally floated past us, we decided to try to converse in French. Our vocabulary did not, however, stretch to the expressions of delight which escaped our lips as we window-shopped our way along Princes Street and, when we reached our goal, we had relapsed into our native tongue which probably sounded foreign anyway, to the English visitors, at least. We heartily recommend anyone visiting the Chocolate House to treat herself to "Deep Purple".

The sun was still shining when we emerged, feeling, a bit uncomfortably, more than satisfied, and continued along Princes Street until, by way of a comparatively quiet road, we reached the Castle. It was a long time since any of us had visited Edinburgh Castle and we found everything interesting and stirring—patriotically. As we looked out over Edinburgh, we did not think of the rain clouds just approaching, but pictured the Castle and the town as they must have been in centuries past, with the now obsolete cannon pounding the town beneath, creating havoc and destruction among the besiegers.

Before the end of our visit we marvelled at the hundreds of names in the foreign visitors' book, people from practically every country in the world who had come to Scotland, and, we hoped, would return home favourably impressed. Before the end of our visit, too, the rain began and it was on wet, slippery cobble-stones that we walked, when we made our way back to the centre of the town, passing the Assembly Hall, which Rosemary and I were to visit later in the week.

Being healthy and normal (as nearly as possible the last day of freedom) teenagers, we had keen appetites as we set about choosing a restaurant to patronise. After tea, we had time only to walk (once more) along Princes Street and down to the Lyceum where the play was to be performed.

Once comfortably seated, we opened our programmes with feelings of expectation, and were a little surprised to find that there were twenty-five scenes. We were warned that the play was "a free adaptation of the original", and, indeed, it was. The company who performed the play were called "Compagnie Roger Planchon". Roger Planchon also adapted the play, produced it and played D'Artagnan.

This was the first time we had seen a French production and we were amazed to see a stage upon a stage. On the actual stage was a sloping wedge-shaped stage with ramps up the sides and down the back. When the curtains first opened, the stage was empty and the backcloth was merely a black curtain. We were reminded of the Elizabethan method

of introducing scenery and props when black-clad boys, moving swiftly and quietly, carried stools and tables, even M. de Treville's bed, on and off the stage. Various emblems were suspended above the stage during the scenes, and from these one realised where the action was taking place. For example, a huge fleur-de-lis meant that the scene was taking place in the royal palace, and bridges, in silhouette, represented Paris. By this means, the scene could shift from the Red Dovecot Inn to the camp of Buckingham across the Channel. Actual journeys on horseback were shown quite simply. By running once round the "wedge" stage a journey of many miles was covered. The horses were sticks with a cord for reins, like children's hobby horses. Great amusement was caused when M. Bonacieux gravely stroked his horse's neck. The play, we realised, was a comedy, almost a farce, only the names had not been changed and the basic story was *almost* recognisable. Their mock sword-play and the mock battle, which was like a folk-dance including rhythmical stamping, afforded great amusement.

The crossing of the Channel was beautifully done. The three *Serviteurs de Scène* knelt on the stage with huge blue flags which they waved from side to side, horizontally, gently at first, then more and more vigorously and then gently down again, imitating the waves of the sea, both in sound and sight.

We were equally impressed by the non-chalance of D'Artagnan, the wickedness of Lady de Winter, the cunning of the Cardinal (who, at one point, cooked an omelette on stage), the loneliness and beauty of the Queen, and the virility of the Duke of Buckingham (who was eventually assassinated in his bath by a fanatic).

Because of the explanations (in English) of each scene and the wonderful, expressive acting, the words mattered comparatively little. This was very fortunate, for me at least, because I managed to understand only a word here and there!

Walking back (yet again) along Princes Street, now beautifully illuminated, we admired the floodlit Castle and remarked on the number of hikers. Edinburgh seems to be their Mecca. We caught the late train home to Dundee but we were a lot less talkative than on our outward journey!

Next morning, Rosemary and I were quite pleased to return to school — even if it was only to enthuse about the dashing Musketeers to the others. We were gratified to read that day in "The Scotsman" that the reporter had enjoyed "Les Trois Mousquetaires" thoroughly — almost as much as we had!

LINDA E. MOLLISON, F. VI.

SMALL BROTHERS

Although the story is entitled "Small Brothers", I have only one. One is enough.

He is seven years old, by name, George. He is small, but what he lacks in size he makes up for more than enough in naughtiness. Perhaps he sounds like a dog. I am justified in saying that he often acts like one.

Now, that may sound rather cruel, but it is, to a certain extent, true. I am not saying that he chewed rugs and slippers in his early stages, but he had a passion for wax crayons and other "delicious" objects. He is quite human as well, of course. I will even go so far as to say that once he did a normal (quite normal) thing, for a baby, at any rate — he plunged his tiny fist into the gloomy, sticky depths of the treacle tin, and dried it off in the sugar bowl.

Now that he is older (but not much wiser), he may be said to be similar to any other boy of his age. From what I have heard from other suffering elder sisters, small brothers seem to be the bane of their existence. I would not say that. After all, I should be used to him now. But every day brings new games, such as jumping up and down on the couch (which should also be getting used to him) or firing roll after roll of "caps" in his "Lone Star" gun. And I, poor, battered, big sister (for he uses his fists!), am expected to stop him! I might as well try to stop a fly from flying.

I do try, though, and I have an ever-growing collection of battle scars to prove it, but I feel I have done my best when I see George lying in bed, after a hard day's fighting, looking like a small, rosy-cheeked cherub. I, of course, know differently.

S. SPENCE, F. II.

Gifts for the home

OCCASIONAL FURNITURE



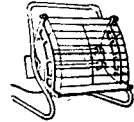
WORK BOXES from £6-5-0
 CAKE STANDS from £3-15-6
 MAGAZINE RACKS
 from £2-5-0

OCCASIONAL CHAIRS
 from £8-19-6
 STOOLS from £1-16-6

LINENS, TOWELS, ETC.

DINNER MATS,
 Sets of Six from 25/6
 TABLECLOTH SETS from 29/6

SHEET SETS (Single
 Sizes) per pair from 45/-
 PILLOW CASES from 14/6



ELECTRICAL

TOASTERS from £2-8-0
 KETTLES from £4-10-0
 MIXERS from £8-12-9

IRONS from £2-13-6
 BLANKETS from £3-15-0
 FIRES from £3-15-0

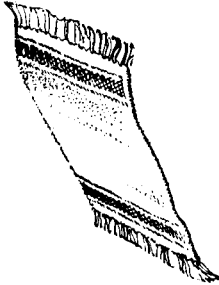
CHINA AND GLASS

Angel Chimes 8/9 & 49/-
 Santa Novelty Candle
 (31 hour burning) 13/-
 Table Decor Candles:
 Apple 6/-, Pear 6/6
 Illuminated Stainglass
 Window Candle 6/6

A large and varied selection of coloured candles.

Royal Worcester

2 Sweet Dishes (boxed)
 11/- & 12/3
 Cocktail Set (boxed) 21/-
 China Box 26/-
 China Thimbles
 (Hand painted) 13/-
 Lined Jewel Boxes from 27/6



RUGS

AXMINSTER RUGS—

4' 6" x 2' 3" from £3-5-0
 6' x 3' from £6-15-6

WILTON RUGS—

4' 6" x 2' 3" from £6-10-0
 6' x 3' from £11-15-0

Visit our

TOY FAIR

on the Ground Floor

SILVERWARE

E.P. CAKE SERVERS from 11/-
 E.P. JAM SPOONS
 with M.O.P. handles from 10/6
 6 STEAK KNIVES from £2-17/6
 WOOD TOAST RACKS from 18/9
 WOOD CRUETS from 32/6

WHITEHALL STREET

Phone 26241



One of Scotland's

FINEST AND MOST MODERN

Bookshops

JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.

where you can be assured of friendly and courteous service

- ★ All the latest Books — Fiction, Travel, Biography, etc.
- ★ An attractive range of Personal Stationery.
- ★ A large selection of Fountain Pens and Pen Sets.
- ★ Greetings Cards for all occasions.

Copies of our illustrated Monthly Book List are available, gratis, on request.

JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.

BOOKSHOP

6-8 WHITEHALL STREET - - DUNDEE

Pictures

Our Selection of Oils and Prints
is worth viewing.

Expert Workmanship in Frame-making,
Firescreens and Coffee Tables, etc.

FRASER & SON

38 COMMERCIAL STREET - - DUNDEE

Phone 25284

NOW
TWO
STORES

Draffens

ONE TRADITION

Two stores . . . the Main Store, famed for generations, and the Young Fashions Store, much more recent. More departments, bigger departments, better service, better shopping . . . and, in the mood of the moment, a Young Fashions Section that is just the place for a young, lively fashion taste and a limited purse. Yes, it really costs no more at Draffens and it's sound sense to shop at a top fashion house. Two stores in a great tradition. Two stores where the name's the same—Draffens— a name you'll want to keep in mind.



WILLIAM DEVLIN

SINGER DISTRIBUTOR FOR ANGUS

Invites you to drive without effort or anxiety in—

- SURGING
POWER
- VIVID
ACCELERATION
- ROOMY,
LUXURIOUS and
VERSATILE
- SUPERB DRIVING
COMFORT
- GENEROUS
LUGGAGE
SPACE



The elegant NEW

**SINGER
GAZELLE**

A ROOTES PRODUCT

TRY THE NEW GAZELLE WITH AUTO TRANSMISSION

188 Perth Road, Dundee

Telephone 25666

Buy your Watch from a Practical ★ Watchmaker

15-Jewelled Gent.'s Waterproof Wrist Watches
from £5 2 6

15-Jewelled Ladies' 9-Carat Gold Wrist Watches
from £10

Large Selection of High Grade Watches—
Smiths, Rolex, Roamer, Tissot, Uno, Limit.

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR BOY OR GIRL

Smiths "Empire" Wrist Watches
Prices from £2 11/-.

Lotus Pearls (with a 20-Years' Guarantee) in
Presentation Cases from £2 12 6.

WEDDING RINGS — ENGAGEMENT RINGS
ETERNITY RINGS — SIGNET RINGS

JAMES B. LATTO

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER ★

58 BELL STREET :: DUNDEE

Established Over 40 Years

School
Underwear and
Sportswear

G. L. WILSON

Good
Shopping

"THE CORNER"
DUNDEE
TELEPHONE 26361

Good
Service

For Anniversaries and Special Occasions

Give Pleasure

Give Flowers and Fruit

from

Margaret Ritchie Ltd.

Interflorists

8-10 Union Street - - Dundee

Telegrams: "Interflora"

Telephone 22695-6

Holiday in Morocco

I have not, in the past, been very adventurous about holidays, but, by a happy chance, I had the opportunity to spend a most interesting holiday in Morocco towards the end of July and the beginning of August, 1960. My journey to Morocco was so swift that I had great difficulty in believing that I had really arrived. The journey was accomplished between 7 in the morning and (approximately) 8 the same evening. Flying from Renfrew, B.E.A. to London and from London to Paris, I spent more time in Orly Airport in Paris than anywhere else unless, perhaps, the motor journey to Renfrew from Dundee. Setting off from Orly about 6 p.m., in a Caravelle of Royal Air Force Maroc, we had a marvellous flight in gathering dusk over Southern France and Spain. I looked down on Gibraltar and then we were following the Atlantic coast line to our first stopping place, Rabat. To touch down at Rabat, the plane's wings expanded as we swooped like a gigantic eagle down on the tiny airport. The sun was just setting, but the heat on the ground was overpowering. I realised truly then, that, in this island of ours, we just do not know what heat is. One or two people joined the plane for the last, very short journey to Casablanca. All were very lightly clad. Casablanca was my destination, and only then, at the customs, did I see for the first time since the morning in Renfrew, the two pieces of luggage I had so trustingly handed over. So here I was in Morocco—in Africa, that enormous continent, so much a part of today's news but full of an unmistakable past, mysterious and exciting.

The Moors and Berbers, whose land Morocco is, had a much admired and highly cultured civilisation while other countries, such as our own, were infants in civilisation. I do not intend to write here about the complicated vicissitudes from which Morocco has suffered historically, but, coming into contemporary history, it is necessary to say that from 1912 till very recently much of Morocco was under French control. Morocco is full of romantic place names, but in its ancient cities now there is a particularly unhappy mixture of the modern and the old. In most of these cities there is a new and an old city and they do not blend. The old, as a

result of this mixture, has sometimes lost its grace and the new, most of the time, is somewhat shoddy. As for the inhabitants, the admixture has been unfortunate, too. We now find very often the natural astuteness of the Arab overlaid with the worst features of the Western character so that these individuals so affected seem to belong neither to our culture nor their own.

As for Casablanca, I stayed here in a continental style villa, in a pleasing street off one of Casa's main boulevards. This, at least, the French have done—given the Moroccans splendid roads and the Moroccans seem to be able to care for them. The houses along the streets and boulevards are all bright with flowers and striped awnings. While I was there in July-August, the weather was very hot, increasing daily to reach its height in September. July-August is, therefore, "Off-season" for Morocco as far as tourists are concerned. The most beautiful months are over Christmas till March. Then all the hotels are full of Europeans and Americans wealthy enough to spend their Winter months in the luxury of Morocco's best hotels. In the "Off-season", the hotels are open for coffee only and light meals. I believe that in season the country and city alike are most beautiful. They must be, for I thought most of it very beautiful even in August's scorching heat. Casablanca is not really a lovely city, though it has attractive features. There is a beautiful park occupying the whole of the central area. In the heat of the day it was cool here and I often watched children at play in their shadowed play-park inside this main park. There are huge multi-storied blocks of flats in the centre of Casa and everything looks bright and sparkling, partially due to the fact that the buildings are light in colour, but also because of the clarity of the atmosphere. There are vast industries and much dock-land activity to be found in Casa and, as a city, it was perpetually busy. While I was there, a great many of the French who still reside there had gone to France on long vacations, but even so you could see how busy it must be at other seasons of the year. I did not think much of the shops and everything was very expensive, including the hairdressers, of whom there seemed to be a superabundance. I had my hair done by a young

Spaniard. He did a wonderful job, but oh, the price! The Moroccans, to a large extent, still wear the long flowing robes and head coverings which we usually associate with Arabs. The women walk about on their ordinary errands looking exactly as they do in Biblical pictures and still wear the covering on the face leaving only the forehead and eyes visible. In the countryside, the scenes were indeed as in Biblical days—men riding donkeys and the women walking, troops of camels, oxen ploughing dry, dry land and everywhere in the country the miserable-looking shacks in which the country Arab dwells. Despite this, the country Arabs are more handsome and healthier-looking than those in the towns. In the medinas, the great closed-in markets of the Arabs, to be found in every city of any size, the incidence of tuberculosis and eye diseases is very great. The medina in Marrakesh was a most interesting one. Led by a guide, we made our way through the market. To me the most interesting parts were those where we saw the raw materials being prepared for the making of rugs, leather goods, silverware, and the fine cloths for the djellabahs (the long robes of the Moors). Purchasing in the booths was great fun. We beat down the owners, who also, of course, enjoy this, to buy all sorts of lovely leather goods. The men spent ages trying to reduce the price on second-hand daggers with romantic stories attached to them. Outside the market-place, we watched the snake charmers with their crowds of open-mouthed spectators. Other groups were clustered round the story-tellers. The desert Berbers have no entertainment apart from this or, perhaps, the horse races. We attended a horse race in one of the towns near Casa—Mazagan. As a beginner, I had unexpected good luck at betting. The whole thing was most exciting. The grandstand(!) was full of colourfully-dressed Arabs intent on their steeds, quarrelling noisily both in the paddock and at the betting stall. The jockeys were small (naturally) in comparison with some of the huge men around. I felt very conspicuous. I saw only two other women all afternoon. The last race was a shambles. The horses were the youngest of those entered and would not stand still. The one that caused all the stir, rather unfairly, I thought, won the race. Before attending this race we had visited the huge Portuguese fort at Maz-

agan (its Arab name is El Jahdida). In 1502, the Portuguese established a fort there in an attempt to make settlements in Morocco and, in 1506, began work on a huge harbour installation, including this fort, which took 30 years to complete. Inside this immense fortress—the Portuguese were never able to proceed beyond the fortress to the inner part of Mazagan—there was built by the Portuguese a large cistern to hold water supplies actually brought from Portugal, because Mazagan's inhabitants were poisoning the water elsewhere. Ironically enough, the Jewish community now occupy what remains of this fortress, including the remnants of the Catholic Church built by the Portuguese, the staunchest of Catholics. And the Jews loathe both Christianity and Islam, the religion of the Arabs.

The capital of Morocco is Rabat—a rather beautiful city where the new buildings, though so obviously new, and the magnificent old buildings, including the King's palace, do at least make a not unpleasing compromise. The King's palace is quite splendid, and from this, every Friday, he makes a formal procession to the Mosque, surrounded by a bodyguard specially selected and, in many cases, holding the position by heredity. In Rabat is the seat of the Government. From all I heard and saw, efficiency is not exactly the cry among the Government Officials. It is not safe to post any official documents in Casa and hope they will ever reach Rabat, although Rabat is no further away than Edinburgh! It is reported that the present Moroccan Government is made up of men, the majority of whom are under 40 years of age! To these men, who have taken over the Government since the French freed them, the French have taught very little. They will have a hard task to put Morocco on its feet.

To me the most outstanding part of my visit was the sight of the ruins of Volubilis. The ruins lie on a hill-side close by another but rockier hill-side, on which is built the holy city of Moulay Idris. But what a difference! Even Volubilis's ruins are clean-cut and tidy. The Triumphal Arch is almost intact and the great sweep of the colonnaded walk has all the dignity of which Rome was capable. Moulay Idris is full of narrow, dark alleys, climbing up to its great Mosque, in which the body of King Moulay Idris lies.

Volubilis is typically Roman — Moulay Idris as typically Moorish. The sight of these places side by side is most effective. Volubilis was not originally Roman — it goes back to Neolithic times. There followed a Punic occupation and, subsequently, Juba II. and Ptolemy were reputed to have stayed there. The battlements were those of Marc Aurelius and the Triumphal Arch Caracalla's. We know from tablets in Volubilis that British soldiers were garrisoned in Volubilis. Rome's empire was certainly far flung! The

French, we must admit, are very interested in these remains and have done much to develop Volubilis since it came under their jurisdiction. In Volubilis, that afternoon, it was cool and shaded amid its oaks — an oasis in Morocco's somewhat exhausting heat.

And so to make an end. I should like to go back to Morocco — I unravelled for myself only a few of its mysteries. I do not think brief holidays entitle anyone to become an authority on any country, but they can, and do, whet one's appetite to learn more.

“The Wallace”

It was raining. Our spirits, however, were undampened as we set off on the afternoon of Friday, 2nd September, to go to the Edinburgh Festival. For better or worse, we were off to see “The Wallace”. It had been rumoured that it was spoken in verse and that there were five acts. We were all somewhat apprehensive as our experience of such plays was practically limited to a Shakespearean tragedy.

After a much-appreciated meal in Edinburgh, we were allowed to inspect the city before going to the Assembly Hall. As the Wallace Monument was not at hand, a few of us decided to climb the Scott Monument. Despite the rain and puddles at the top, we spent quite a considerable time viewing the capital. We admired the flower clock and spent an inexpensive and enjoyable half-hour window-shopping in Princes Street.

But soon we were all safely gathered inside the Assembly Hall. The stage lay below us like a plateau. It had several steps up to it all the way round. This stage was not rectangular, but was built in two heights with parts of it sticking out in places. On the floor (for it obviously depicted a room and not a battlefield) were animal skins for rugs, a rough table and little three-legged stools. The play opened with a gentleman who, unfortunately, was not wearing the kilt, telling us something of the background history on which the play was based. This man represented the Scottish side right through the play and would come running on to the stage between each act to tell the audience more about the history of the period. He was offset by an Englishman (in bowler hat and

carrying a rolled umbrella) who endeavoured to overshadow the Scotsman by relating the English victories over Scotland at the time of the play. These two characters added a very informal and appealing touch to the play, which helped to draw the audience nearer to the actors.

A great disadvantage of the play, however, was the use of the Scots vernacular, which the English, and even some of the Scottish, members of the audience, found hard to understand. For some it was a great strain having to translate each sentence as it was spoken, but for those who could fully appreciate the language it was an evening of delight.

The play got off to a good start, but ere long, William Wallace's beautiful, day-old bride had been stabbed to death. Our sorrow was short-lived, for we quickly saw that the people in those days gone by were only thinly-coated with the veneer of civilisation. Mirren's murder was not such a dreadful act then as it would be now. Yet Wallace seized this chance to inspire the rebels in Scotland. His great war-cry was now to “avenge a maiden's blood spilt for Scotland”. From his standard fluttered a rag soaked in his wife's blood. This was to be a fight to the death.

As the play unfolded, we began to feel our Scottish blood rise within us. Our patriotism rose as we heard Wallace pleading his cause. His acting was superb and could hardly fail to arouse something within us. Yet we were also stirred, although in a different way, by the splendour of the court of King Edward. His wife, Queen Margaret, was a striking figure in shining black. In contrast

to her, the young Lady Isabella was dressed in pure white. These characters were remembered mainly for their dress, while the Prince of Wales, no less adorned than the ladies in his yellow cloak, shocked everyone by his utter ignorance and lack of virility. In this court scene, however, the characters which made the most vivid impression on my mind were the court fools and jesters. These creatures came pouring over the balconies on ropes and running down the aisles like an army of weirdies from the moon. Their faces were ghastly and looked hollow, while they were so physically wretched that they seemed anything but human. They squirmed and rolled about on the stage like something out of a horror film. This act was so full of sound and horror that it was a relief to reach the interval.

As we stepped outside for the interval, we could feel our blood boiling within us. We had seen Scottish noblemen whipped at Edward's court and our hearts went out to Wallace, as if they were trying in vain to reenact history and make Wallace win after all. While outside, our attention was diverted to the Castle which was floodlit, and from it was coming the skirl of the pipes. How we wished we could go in and see the Tattoo in all its splendour. Just at that moment a door opened and a coach drawn by horses emerged. It was the one bearing "Queen Victoria". She graciously stepped out and the coach went by. Our disappointment disappeared in a flash. We had seen a small part of the Tattoo so that now we felt a part of it. But William Wallace was calling us. He could wait no longer. His hour was at hand.

The excitement in the last two scenes mounted as we saw Wallace treacherously caught and taken to England. His speech in the dock at the English Court was a masterpiece. He refused to bargain with Edward, but, instead, poured forth all his pent-up emotions. His final blow to Edward and the English was to show them how he was in fact the victor, although he appeared to be the vanquished. As if to prove this, Robert Bruce suddenly fled from the court, declaring vengeance on the English. Edward, the Hammer of the Scots, was broken. He had lost Wallace and now he could see that he had lost Bruce and Scotland also. Bruce's spectacular exit, as he ran down the aisles, relieved some of the tension in the last scene. It helped to repair our broken pride. The hero had been taken, but another was ready to take his place.

This play, which we had expected to resemble a Shakespearean tragedy, had ended happily. We were satisfied. And, as we slowly made our way through the floodlit streets of Edinburgh, admiring the colourful shop windows and every few minutes stealing a glance at the Castle, aglow with lights, as if afraid it had disappeared like a castle in the air, we were happy. We had come expecting little and received much. William Wallace was no longer a hazy character in a history book to be forgotten the day we left school. He was a man with great ideas and much pride who would live on in our memories for many years to come.

J. L. D., F. VI.

"The Gondoliers"

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 23rd, 24th and 25th June, the High School once again mustered its varied forces to produce "The Gondoliers", by Gilbert and Sullivan. It is always a great joy to us all to produce and take part in these shows and this was no exception. Despite tremendous calls on the time of all the pupils, the practices were well attended and a lot of hard work went into the finished performances. Mr Porteous was hard at work, not only at official rehearsals, but during the day, coaching pupils in their separate parts. Mr Cunningham was

producer, and a hard task he had, as our time was strictly limited. Part of the time he was suffering acutely from bruised ribs, but he never once deserted us. Mrs Duncan had to work very hard to keep pace with all the rehearsals, and we cannot but admire the patience she always showed despite the many times she had to repeat songs and dances. We were very lucky in obtaining costumes from Messrs Mutrie Ltd., Edinburgh, but we were somewhat disappointed with the scenery. It was necessary to summon Mr Murray and his "lads" to our aid, reshaping gondolas and

painting scenery. They showed great efficiency and skill in all they were called upon to do. Directing these stage operations was Mr Douglas Robertson who has been the good friend of the Opera of Dundee High School for many years.

As for the performers themselves, they gave generously, every night, of their best, and I am sure all the audiences were delighted and felt they had spent a most pleasant evening. The handsome, dashing gondoliers, Marco and Guiseppe Palmieri (Douglas Fox and Colin McNab), set the pace and tone of the evening, and, with their female counterparts, Gianetta and Tessa (Ann Cumming and Elaine Webster), they made a charming quartette, making up for their lack of years by youthful zest and the sheer fun they felt in their performance. I take it the readers realise that their singing, too, was of a high standard. The Duke of Plaza-Toro (James Davidson), his Duchess (Ann Colligan) and their daughter, Casilda (most beautifully played by Jacqueline Millar), provided an interesting and often amusing trio. The Grand Inquisitor (William H. M. Smith) did extremely well in a very exacting part and

in a quiet, gentle way made his impact on the audience. Casilda's lover and the real King of Barataria was Martin J. H. Nicol. He sang well and his awareness of the importance of team-work was seen in his scenes with Casilda where both blended beautifully. Inez (Moirra Robertson) brought feeling to the dénouement, which it was her duty to reveal to the audience and so bring the play to an end. All the principals mentioned and those with lesser parts, not mentioned, individually, added up to an excellent cast, but they would have been as nothing without the support of a very good chorus. They provided the backing that the principals needed and in no performance did they fail to enter into the spirit of "The Gondoliers".

Our thanks are due to all who made this an exciting production and this includes all the members of staff who rendered any service whatsoever, in make-up, in catering and, not least, in keeping us right financially. Operas are costly things to run, and our Mathematics Department, with feet on the ground, see to it that we do not become airborne.

A Visit to the N.C.R.

On Wednesday, 27th October, a party of thirty girls from the Girls' Excursion Club visited one of the N.C.R. factories. We were given permission to visit the factory during school hours. At 2.30 p.m. we left the school and made our way to the factory. Outside we were joined by Miss Henderson and Miss Anderson.

The N.C.R. Company established themselves in Scotland in 1945. After surveying the countryside, they decided that Dundee might prove a satisfactory place to set up their industry. Indeed, it has proved very successful, owing to the fact that Dundonians are highly skilled craftsmen. The Company bought a large piece of land on the Kingsway, beside the Camperdown Estate, and there the first factory was built. However, the industry proved so successful that another factory was soon required. The Company bought two plots on the Industrial Estate. The second factory, Block 4, was built in 1952. Block 24, their third factory, was com-

pleted a few years ago. If they had foreseen that their industry would prove so successful in Dundee, they no doubt would have built one enormous factory. This would have made the running of the industry much easier.

Having three separate buildings, they require lorries to transport the goods from one factory to the other. They also have a special service-bus used by the employees to get to the various factories. Their transport is coloured black, because Mr Paterson, who founded the N.C.R. Company, used to be a coalman and he insisted on his lorries being painted the same colour as he himself used to look after a hard day's work.

The factory we visited was Block 4. When we arrived at the entrance, we were greeted by a photographer who took our photographs. We were told later that we would each get a copy of the photograph and it would appear in the next edition of the N.C.R.'s monthly magazine. Inside the foyer, the officials gave

us a warm welcome. We noticed, on our right, a large framed placard with the following words written on it:—

"We are honoured today with the presence of a Party of Pupils from the Excursion Club of the Dundee High School".

We really did feel important!

Our party was divided into three groups. Miss Henderson accompanied one group, Miss Anderson another, and the third group were "on their own". A guide led each party round the factory. We learned that one of the guides was a Former Pupil and he knew one or two of the present staff.

We began our tour of the factory at the Screw Machine Section. The sound of the machines was deafening. At this section, small screws of different shapes and sizes are made out of steel rods which are fed into the machines. The surplus oil and shavings of steel are collected and separated, the oil being used again but the shavings sold for scrap.

We moved to another section where some more small parts of the machines were being made. All the individual parts of the machines produced by the N.C.R. are made in this factory. These parts are then transported to Block 24 where they are assembled. The finished product is then sent to the Camperdown factory for a final inspection before being sold. There are over 150 machines made each day. In the factory we visited, there are 3½ million parts made each day.

From the machine-making section we were then shown round the medical department. If there are any accidents, the injured can receive first-class medical attention immediately. In attendance all the time are a doctor, a sister and two nurses. We were amazed at the amount of up-to-date equipment they had. There is also a dental department. A dentist comes to the factory five times a year to check the employees' teeth.

After our tour of the medical department we returned to the noise of machines in the factory. Our next visit was to the enamelling department. We were warned not to touch anything as cyanide is used in one of the processes and the guide did not want any casualties. We watched the bodywork of the cash registers being sprayed with a greyish-coloured liquid before being enamelled. We also saw the drawer of the cash register being made. It is made from a hard plastic material in one complete piece. The N.C.R., apart from making cash registers, also make adding machines and accounting machines.

Our tour of the factory lasted just over an hour and our guides were very pleased that we had shown so much interest and had asked so many questions. After visiting all the departments, we were invited to the staff canteen for afternoon tea.

We thanked our guides for making our visit so enjoyable. The visit was so successful that I know some of the girls would now like to visit the other factory, to see the finished product being assembled.

Orleans

On 4th July three buses left Dundee, with those school girls and boys who had taken part in the Dundee-Orléans exchange last year and who were going to visit their French friends in and around Orléans. On the long journey down to London we had high tea at the Primrose Café at Carlisle. This sounds like a transport café, but it was, in fact, very nice with plenty of food for us hungry people! Although we tried to get to sleep in the bus, the break at Doncaster for hot tea or coffee was a relief to some of us. We breakfasted at the London Victoria Bus station and, after weighing our baggage at the Skyways office, the first party of us left in a Skyways

Bus for the airport at Lympne. When we arrived there it was raining, but the airport buildings were very modern and comfortable. I do not know quite what we were expecting, a Comet perhaps, but the aeroplane, into which thirty-six of us climbed, seemed rather small. We fastened our safety belts, sucking barley sugar which an efficient and well-groomed air-hostess handed to us. The engines were revved up, and we moved down the runway, slowly at first, and then faster and faster until we were airborne. It was, by now, quite foggy and all we could see was a layer of white cotton wool down below us. We read magazines to take our minds off the

rather obvious paper bags in front of us. But very soon the plane hit an air-pocket and gave a lurch. Soon these air-pockets came thick and fast and, although I quite enjoyed it, some squeamish people were not so happy.

However, we landed safe and sound at Beauvais, in pouring rain. "So much for French weather", we all said. After a longish journey on the right hand side of the road, past houses all with shutters, in a bus driven by a man in a beret, we reached Paris. The traffic in Paris is quite as bad as it is made out to be and, after a rather hair-raising journey, we reached Austerlitz Station where we waited and waited and waited. Apparently the other planes had been grounded by fog and the rest of the party had to come by boat and train. Some of the party even lost themselves and arrived a day late. However, we finally arrived at Orléans although at midnight instead of seven o'clock. However, the kisses on both cheeks were no less warm because of the delay and very gratefully we piled into cars and finally into bed.

I am afraid I, for one, overslept until half past ten the next morning, to be greeted by a bowl of coffee and biscottes (oven-toasted bread). I did not descend to dunking them in my coffee, however. The next day we went to the Mayor's reception in the Town Hall, a very old and beautiful place, with the inevitable statue of Joan of Arc in front. The reception was a very grand affair with champagne and speeches. We were afterwards shown round the "Mairie".

Our days were spent in sightseeing in and around Orléans. We visited Orléans Cathedral which contained lovely stained-glass windows, some of which, unfortunately, had been broken during the war. We also visited the Parc Pasteur, a beautiful garden almost in the centre of Orléans. It had a fountain composed of statues. In the Place Martroi stood the statue of Joan of Arc, an impressive sight. Needless to say, we used up countless reels of film during our stay. We visited the gardens behind the library which used to be the Bishopric, and also the beautiful ivy-covered museum. We also visited the swimming pool, although the sky was grey and the French people said it was too cold. This was in the open air, and the Dundee people could be recognised by their various degrees of white skin, as they lay at the side trying to

acquire a beautiful tan like their French friends.

Most of the time, however, we spent in a small place, called Olivet. We took the bus, which was a single-decker, with few seats but plenty of standing room, to a place with a floral clock, and walked down to the "Pavillon Bleu", a café beside the Loiret. This was a beautiful river, with trees on one side and summer-cum-boat-houses on the other. We sailed up it in a motor boat and watched the swans sailing past. There was a peaceful walk beside the Loiret, but we spent most of the time at the café. This had a beautiful setting and, indeed, we saw a wedding party there. Some chairs and tables were outside and some inside. There was a space for dancing. It seemed rather queer to us to be dancing at half past two and sitting inside drinking "cokes" and "oranginas" when the sun was shining outside, but it was all part of the holiday. When we came back from Olivet, we sat in a café again, drinking cokes and oranginas. It was amazing how many boys our French friends knew, considering they were at a separate school and that some of them were not even allowed to talk to boys!

During our stay we were taken on organised tours. We visited the Galeries, a chain-store rather like Woolworths and Marks and Spencer's rolled into one. We visited the Châteaux of Chambord and Blois. Chambord was a huge impressive castle with a many-turreted roof. The rooms inside were bare, as all the furnishings were brought from Versailles when the king stayed at Chambord. Quite a removal! The ceilings were covered with salamanders, the emblem of one of the Kings of France. Inside was a marvellous double spiral staircase which opened out on to each floor. We left Chambord and, after picnicking on some huge French loaves, set off for Blois. On the way we passed Cheverny, but we did not visit it. The Châteaux of Blois is in the middle of the town and is really more like a house than a castle. It is a mixture, architecturally. We saw the secret cupboards of Catherine de Medici and the beautiful staircase along with many other things. We also visited Fontainebleau, a beautiful, furnished château. It was more realistic somehow to see Napoleon's bath, which was very small, and all the lovely Napoleonic furniture. Chartres Cathedral,

too, was unforgettable. Chartres has three marvellous rose windows and these, along with the carvings round the porches and the crypt, and the feeling of reverence and awe in the church, left a deep impression. Here, we saw the famous Chartres blue, used in the stained-glass windows, the secret of which has been lost.

But perhaps the crowning visit was the visit to Paris. We visited Notre Dame and saw the famous Rose Windows and walked beside the Seine. We stopped at the Place de la Concorde and walked up the Tuileries Gardens to the Louvre, went up the Champs-

Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe and saw the Opera House: but best of all we saw the Eiffel Tower. Unfortunately, we did not have time to go up it. Paris has an atmosphere all its own.

When our holiday ended, it was with very mixed feelings that we boarded the train for Paris. We were very sad to leave the kind and hospitable people who had been our hosts for three weeks, but, as a result of this sojourn abroad, we were able to appreciate Scotland and our own homes far better.

JACQUELINE MILLAR.

Paris Diary

Wednesday, 20th July — Soon after our arrival, we boarded the Métro, with our destination the Place d'Etoile, so-called because twelve streets lead off from that magnificent centrepiece — the Arc de Triomphe. France's Unknown Soldier lies in state under the arch while the Flame of Remembrance burns continually at the head of the tomb. Inscribed on the triumphal arch are the names of many officers of Napoleon's armies. Eager to see the fine view from the top, we went "par ascenseur" to exclaim at the panorama spread before us. Having descended "par escalier", we wandered down the Champs-Elysées, noticing various details, such as the fact that boxes for calling the fire brigade are red, while post-boxes are blue, which explains why some British people try to post their letters in fire boxes! We also saw that, on meeting and leaving friends, the French kiss them on both cheeks or shake hands ceremoniously.

We had lunch in the Rue St. Honoré. The meat was inclined to be almost raw. The French seem to have an aversion to potatoes, but they take a plentiful amount of greens and a queer vegetable called an aubergine.

After lunch we crossed the Place de la Concorde, where there are two bronze fountains which throw water to a height of thirty feet, and eight monuments representing the chief towns of France. The Obelisk of Luxor in the middle of the Place is just like Cleopatra's Needle in London. Near the statue of Brest, the guillotine was set up in the days of the Revolution. We entered the Tuileries

Gardens, where there are two ponds. In the first were many brown fish, and in the second we saw giant goldfish. At the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, we turned to survey the vista. Stepping back a few paces, I looked up through the arch to the fountains of the ponds, past them to the Obelisk of Luxor, past the Champs-Elysées — a moving stream of vehicles, to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, standing high and alone. We strolled through the gardens, admiring flowers and statues, down to the banks of the Seine, which had a horrible smell and was filthy. We went back to the Cité Universitaire by bus.

Thursday, 21st July — We visited the Ile de la Cité where Paris began, and saw Notre Dame Cathedral with its Rose Windows, bas reliefs, etc. It was in the streets of L'Ile de la Cité that we first saw the inevitable Paris notice — *Defense d'Afficher* (Do not put up advertisements), which we saw everywhere in the city. The next item on the agenda was the Palais de Justice, built in the nineteenth century. Sainte-Chapelle, built in the thirteenth century, we found very beautiful, and the exhibition of St. Louis (9th of France) was interesting.

After another interesting, if surprising, lunch, we walked along past a picturesque market of flowers and birds. We noticed the Tour St. Jacques, with its statue of Pascal. At the Louvre, we looked at many exquisitely made statues and such famous pictures as the "Mona Lisa". We had an expensive coffee under a parasol on the Rue de Rivoli and

then made tracks for the college in Cité Universitaire where we were staying. Opposite Cité Universitaire is the Parc du Montsouris, a pretty, peaceful little place, where we went in the evening. It has an artificial lake with swans and some bronze statues beside lovely plots of flowers. Dinner was usually taken at the Maison Internationale, a beautiful building gifted by Roosevelt.

Friday, 22nd July — Today I visited the Jardin du Luxembourg — a paradise of flowers and statues. The Pantheon has many murals of St. Geneviève and also of St. Joan of Arc. In the crypt are about sixty tombs of famous Frenchmen. We entered the church of the Sorbonne to see Cardinal Richelieu's marble tomb. His hat was suspended from the roof above the tomb.

In the afternoon we went to the Bois de Boulogne. We walked round both lakes on which were many types of water-birds, some with batches of small, fluffy babies. I was surprised to hear human babies and toddlers speaking perfect idiomatic French, while I talked haltingly with a true British accent. We also saw some people feeding the swans with peanuts which some men were going round selling in little bags. We travelled back by Métro to our abode.

Saturday, 23rd July — In the morning, I went to Montmartre. At the top of a flight of steps stands the Church of Sacré-Coeur. After gazing at some shops, in front of which souvenirs were placed, we ascended by cable car to the Church of the Sacred Heart. Standing beside the Church, we could look down on Paris. Inside, we looked at mosaics and marbles. There is a very large mosaic of the Sacred Heart of Jesus covering the vault of the choir. I also visited the mediæval Church of St. Pierre de Montmartre. We wandered through the quaint streets of Montmartre and saw many artists revelling in the picturesque scenes. Another interesting sight was the Moulin de la Galette. In the afternoon, Mummy and I went shopping in the Galeries Lafayette and other shops. At the Galeries Lafayette, we went up eight escalators to have soda citrons in the roof garden at the top. After that, I went three times up and down the shop on the escalators, in all, forty-eight times. Then we went to the College by bus.

Sunday, 24th July — We strolled in the district round the Cité Universitaire. On this

walk, I noticed, chalked on the pavement, our game of hopscotch, but here the children hop from earth to heaven ("Terre" and "Ciel"). We also saw a few beggars of the many who litter the streets of Paris. Near the hostels is a large motorway which had tunnels where the cars broke off into their separate streams of traffic.

After lunch, we took the Métro to the Ecole Militaire, where Napoleon I. was a cadet. We walked up through the Champ de Mars to the Eiffel Tower — a unique erection. We went by lift to the top and looked down to the second floor where people were eating at the restaurant, and beyond, to the first floor, where the people looked like blue-bottles. Away down on the ground were dinky cars and ants who were, I believe, people. I looked down the vista to the Ecole Militaire and my eye roved over all Paris, with its landmarks . . . here the Invalides . . . there Sacré-Coeur, etc. From the shops on the "troisième étage" I bought a small Eiffel Tower as a souvenir. On the lift down, I was amused to hear many American voices. Back on ground level, we went to Les Invalides, with its magnificent dome and the large sarcophagus of Napoleon Bonaparte. We also saw many old cannon and a room containing mementoes of the Little Corporal.

We returned home to a hearty dinner at the Maison Internationale. "And so to bed".

Monday, 25th July — Today we took a train from the Gare St. Lazare to Versailles. First, we visited the Palace of Versailles, an imposing building and the largest royal residence in the world. I went round with a French guide and discovered I could understand a good bit of what he said.

We walked through the gardens of Versailles with their lovely flowers and interesting statues. We had come on the wrong day for the fountains playing, but we saw many of them. We walked down past the Tapis Vert, or Green Carpet, to the Grand Canal, and looked back to admire the vista. At the Grand Trianon, with a French guide, I learnt much about Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, Louis Seize, and Napoleon. The Petit Trianon was a delightful little palace and I spent some time there before going on to the Hameau—a sweet little make-believe village with thatched cottages in the old French style

and a dairy, farm, etc. With that as an ending to an enjoyable day, we returned to the University City by train and Métro.

Tuesday, 26th July — I went to the Madeleine which faces the National Assembly across the Seine. The interior is not very interesting, but on the walls, in little niches, there are life-size statues of saints. We continued to the Place de l'Opéra with its large opera house—the biggest in the world. There are lovely shops in the Boulevard des Capucines and many famous jewellers' shops in the Rue de la Paix. At the Place Vendôme is a column bearing a statue of Napoleon.

We took lunch at a Self-Service Restaurant before proceeding to the Bibliothèque Nationale which has the largest collection of books in the world. We also visited the Bourse. The Bourse is the French equivalent of the Stock Exchange and is supposed to be the noisiest in the world. It sounded like a monkey-house with all the monkeys chattering at the pitch of their voices. After dinner at the Maison Internationale, we went out again to see the illuminations.

The illuminations on the Champs-Élysées and the Arc de Triomphe light up at 9.15 p.m. The Arc de Triomphe is bathed in a yellowish light and all the lights on the Champs-Élysées are a dignified white. At the Rond Point the illuminated fountains play all night long, as do those at the Place de la Concorde. I slept late the next morning.

Wednesday, 27th July — Saw the Place des Vosges and the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, also the Hotel Carnavalet and Victor Hugo's house. At the Place de la Bastille, the site of the old Bastille prison, we saw the Colonne de Juillet. In the afternoon, Mummy and I visited the Magasin du Louvre to do a little shopping. Having bought some gifts, I spent the remainder of the afternoon on the four escalators and looking at very tiny birds being sold in cages.

Thursday, 28th July — We went to the Palais de Chaillot with its Museums, all of which are very interesting. Going down the Avenue President Wilson, we saw the Musée de Galiera and the Musée Nationale d'Art Moderne and some famous Places. We witnessed cars crash at a corner of a Place. One car was moving at about double the speed limit, which is approximately thirty-seven and

a half miles per hour (60 kilos), and, having scraped another car, it bounced over and over, but landed the right way up. The driver was not seriously hurt.

This afternoon we visited the Jardin des Plantes which has numerous museums, wonderfully laid out gardens and a zoo. The reptile section was very interesting. It had chameleons, toads, lizards, etc. As I walked about the zoo, I saw many little Claudes with tiny trousers almost disappearing under their blazers.

Back at the Collège Franco-Britannique I felt tired but happy.

Friday, 29th July — Today, we started at the Church of St. Germain-des-Prés, the oldest Paris Church. It has an eleventh century nave and a twelfth century choir, tower and door. In this quarter of Paris there are many religious shops. In one shop were many little ivory figures of saints, and inside we saw a man carving one of them. The Church of St. Sulpice has many beautiful murals and the Paris meridian goes through it.

In the afternoon we went to Montparnasse with its artists and intellectuals. I saw the Dome Café where a man sat for years and just existed. I believe that type of man is called an existentialist. Across the Rue Montparnasse is another notorious café—the Rotonde. This evening we went to Montmartre to see the floodlit Sacré-Coeur. It was a marvellous sight when the lights went up. As we walked along the streets, we saw many brightly-coloured advertisements. On one building there seemed to be a waterfall.

Saturday, 30th July — Our destination was the Châteaux de Vincennes. The castle is a rectangle, surrounded by a moat which is empty. It was built in 1373, and was the royal residence before Versailles. Our Henry V. died in one of the rooms. Beside the chapel are two pavilions for the King and Queen. In 1940, King George VI. and Sir Winston Churchill came here. At the Liberation, in 1944, the Germans shot the Resistance prisoners who were kept there. We climbed the tower with a French guide.

In the afternoon, we were in the Bois de Vincennes, where I entered the zoo which has many concrete rocks to look like the animals' natural surroundings. We saw elephants,

monkeys, bears, tapirs and many other animals. Camels and goats were giving rides to small, ecstatic children. As we made our way to the bus stop, a police car tore past us with its horn blaring furiously. At first I thought it was a fire engine.

Sunday, 31st July — As this was a day of rest for us, I shall take the opportunity to tell you something about the Cité Universitaire.

Situated in the south of Paris, it is a group of hostels in extensive parkland. In any one hostel people of a certain nationality may stay. We stayed at the French-British hostel. Among other hostels are those for Mexico, Argentina, Spain, Morocco, Tunisia, Switzerland, Cambodia and Belgium.

A Continental breakfast may be had at any hostel. At lunch-time, students of every nationality flock to the Maison Internationale, where a typical French meal is served. Here also, dinner can be obtained in the evening, and also cups of coffee, lemonade, cocoa, etc.

The Cité Universitaire is open to all students and teachers and their families. It is very handy for buses, and the Métro station is just across the road.

Monday, 1st August — Today, we went to the Rue St. Honoré. The Palais Royal is an attractive building with lovely gardens and a large fountain. We walked up through the Tuileries Gardens to a restaurant.

For lunch, I had a salad with aubergines. Then I had a meat course followed by a sour creamy-looking stuff rather like yoghurt. To finish up with, I drank a bottle of apple juice.

This afternoon, we packed for leaving tomorrow.

Tuesday, 2nd August — We are back in London again, after an exhilarating plane flight.

EILEEN DUKE.

MY FIRST DRIVING LESSON

I was sure I would never learn to drive even before I had ever sat in the driver's seat. I did not like travelling fast; I hated overtaking and I was terrified of corporation buses. I never did like crossing roads, and now, with the vast driving experience of one lesson behind me, I like it even less.

I somehow think I created a bad first impression on my instructor. Perhaps I just do not look the "driving" type; perhaps, and

this seems more probable, it was my shoes, which were of the long, pointed toe variety. The instructor gave these a wondering look as much as to query whether they would allow my foot proper near the pedals at all.

On discovering I had never even tried the gears of a car, my instructor decided that I should have my first lesson on a deserted part of the links. After showing me the gears and making sure I knew which pedal did what, the fearless man told me to sit at the controls. "Push the clutch right down till it's against the floor", was his first command. A moment later the steering-wheel was blocking my field of vision. The poor man looked quite hurt. How could anyone be as stupid as I was? (He did not know what was yet to come!). About half a dozen pushes and jerks later we had the driving seat far enough forward for me to reach the pedals without slipping off the seat.

I soon mastered the gear positions, and we went on to the complicated business of starting the car. The instructor attended to the starter, gears and hand-brake; all I had to do was to let the clutch out slowly, apply the accelerator gently and steer straight ahead. Despite several lurches and bumps, I managed to steer more or less straight, and now I was to reverse. I put the car into reverse gear (after a struggle with the lever which just would not "lift") and reversed gently, looking over my shoulder to make sure the way was clear. "That's funny", I thought, "I'm heading for a signpost. There must be something wrong with the steering". Suddenly I felt a tug at the steering-wheel. Of course, I knew what was wrong. I had forgotten to turn the steering-wheel.

I advanced and retreated several times, gaining confidence at each successfully completed manoeuvre. I was dreaming of the day I could really drive when I was interrupted by the shout, "Use your clutch and foot-brake!" We stopped with a vengeance. I must keep my mind on the driving, for my lack of concentration had landed us about a foot from the edge of a four-foot drop into the sea.

"It might be safer going round in circles keeping away from the drop", reasoned my instructor. So I started going round and round in circles, keeping my eye on the accelerator to make sure I did not push it too

far down. "Watch where you're going!" was my next, almost hysterical, instruction. I just managed to avoid the large boulder which was blocking my path, but I landed in loose sand. "Accelerate". The wheels spun but the car refused to move. "Well, reverse then". This had no effect either. "Get out and push!" The result was still the same. Finally, the harassed instructor pushed and I took the controls and we managed to get the car on to firm ground again.

"I think you've done quite enough for today," he said, as he entered the car, "Take her on to the road again". I made my way slowly towards the bridge which led to the main road. Yet a new hazard blocked my way. There was about a foot of water under the bridge. Bearing in mind all I had heard about water affecting the brakes and steering of cars, I was petrified and forgot to steer. We were heading straight for the wall. How fortunate it was the instructor was such a quick-witted lad! We emerged safely from the water hazard and I was on the open road.

This was the real thing at last. It was relatively simple; I just had to keep the car parallel with the road-side. "Take a look in your mirror every now and again". I did.

There was a grey Morris Minor bearing down on me fast. I was in the middle of the road. What did I do? I dropped everything! "Put on the brake!" I heard vaguely. I stamped on it hard. The car stopped; its occupants lurched forward, but remained within its precincts. In a flash the instructor had my door open and was pushing me away from the controls. He lit a cigarette and we proceeded home.

Would I ever make a driver? The look on my instructor's face showed that he, too, had his doubts. He must not be too intolerant, however, as this was my first attempt, and personally I was very pleased that I had returned with the car in one piece. Unfortunately, there is no happy sequel to this episode as I have not yet passed my test, and I would not be so foolish as to hazard a guess at the result when I do eventually sit it.

Thus ended my first adventure at driving a car. This is a full and unabridged account, and, as such, it would be dangerous were it to fall into enemy hands, for instance, a future passenger, the car insurance authorities, or a driving test examiner, so, for obvious reasons, this instructive lesson will remain anonymous.

PHONE 22421

D. & W. PROPHET

Portrait, School and College

:: *Photographers* ::

10 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE

Refereeing Can Be An Enjoyment

Both players and spectators know that you cannot play an Association Football match without that extra man, the referee. His decisions affect the quality of play, the tempers of the players, and, most important of all, the result of the game. The referee is often called the most important man on the field.

The majority of people believe that refereeing is only for mad persons who enjoy being jeered at. This is not so. I am participating in my third season as a referee and do not know a more enjoyable way of spending a Saturday afternoon. I always go on to the field of play with every intention of having a good game, and usually it turns out that way. Of course, referees often make mistakes. But don't we all? All a referee has to do is to make one decision which is not to the liking of the crowd, and he is described by all the names under the sun. Those on the terracing never upset me. If a referee begins to worry about the remarks of the crowd he will get nowhere.

A referee must be strict at all times, otherwise the game will get out of hand completely. He must show from the start of the game that he is "the boss". I am always very strict during the first five minutes. If, in this time, you let the players know that you are in charge, then you will have little trouble for

the remainder of the game. There are, nevertheless, a few players who think that they can do just as they wish. The referee must take action immediately and warn them as to their future conduct. If a player shows violent conduct (i.e. if he has been guilty of foul play, or if he has used obscene language), then a referee must have no hesitation in ordering him off the field of play. Fortunately, I have had to take this action only twice.

Recently, I refereed two ladies' teams in a five-a-side game in the Dundee Ice Rink and was very surprised at the remarkably high standard of football produced. Another unusual game which I refereed was the Glasgow Referees versus their Dundee counterparts, at Rutherglen. The least said about that game the better! This year, at Tannadice Park, I took part in my first game before a really large crowd. This match was watched by about six thousand spectators. I must admit that I was rather nervous at the start, but once the match had begun, I completely forgot about the crowd.

In three seasons I have been in charge of many matches and have yet to referee a dull game. Yes, refereeing is enjoyable. It is a job worth doing, and worth doing well!

W. HAMILTON, F. V.

The Colonel's Bed

In all the holidays there is one day I shall never forget, the day we went to see "The Colonel's Bed". This is a cleft in the precipitous sides of a rocky, narrow gorge which is found a few miles to the west of Braemar. The "Colonel" was a good-for-nothing who lived by his wits on other people. The local farmers had to plough, sow and reap their crops and tend their sheep and cattle, while he robbed them at will. He lived during the 18th century and eluded his pursuers simply because he could never be found. His hiding place was the cleft in the rocks where he could sleep—provided he did not sleep-walk. At night he could keep warm by lighting a fire on the ledge.

How he found his way down is still a mystery, for the steps which are there now,

though rough and hewn out of the rock, seem to be of a later date. The stream that flows below is deep and silent; the water is a peaty-brown colour; and though there may be a strong current under the surface, bits of fern and grasses which have fallen from the sides of the gorge into the stream barely move. There are many gorges like this on Deeside and they call them lynns.

The day we went to see it was hot and sultry. We trudged along for about two miles, not a long distance, but the path twisted and climbed continually. We had to walk carefully; adders are common. The surrounding countryside was a panorama of hills, and streams gushing through narrow gorges and under bridges down to the River Dee. The path to "The Colonel's Bed" is marked by a

rather weatherbeaten signpost, and it is nothing more than a sheep track winding down to the "Bed". Then suddenly we came on steps leading down to what appears to be a sheer cliff. Once down, we found ourselves on a wide ledge which narrows away till none of it is left. On this ledge, a low, deep crevice forms a natural bed in the rock face. Above rise the sheer sides of the gorge and, between them, at the top, is blue sky. Below, in the mysterious depths of the stream, we saw salmon and trout lying in the placid water. On a narrow shelf of rock and sand at water level lay a dead salmon with a bite out of the back of its neck, killed, obviously, by an otter. The dead salmon, the coolness and the silence of the gorge, all gave us an eerie feeling.

The sight of "The Colonel's Bed" had been interesting, but we were glad to be out in the open again. Looking back, we saw the gorge, dark and frightening, a place which might be haunted. But above it the swallows dived and sang, rabbits bounded in the grass and deer stood above us reminding us that once again we were on the track and the way home.

GRAHAME LEES, F. III.

A LETTER FROM KENYA

P.O. Box 30165

Nairobi, Kenya

26th July, 1960.

Dear Sir,

The following may be of interest to some F.P.'s —

"The note in 'The Scotsman' of 23rd July, that William Douglas Cullen, M.A.(St.A.), LL.B.(Edin.), and William Millar Wedderspoon, C.B.E., M.A., B.Com.(Edin.), B.Sc.(St.A.), had been admitted to the Faculty of Advocates may be of interest to two generations of F.P.'s, since Cullen, at 24, and Wedderspoon, at 49, were a generation apart — though united in their pride of scholastic ancestry!

"Wedderspoon owes an additional debt to the School in that his questioners at the ancient ritual of impugning his Latin verses were David Maxwell, Q.C. (a school-mate of his in 1924-1928 and fellow-student to 1932), Donald Ross, and Buist Carmichael — all D.H.S. men whose lights now shine in the Court of Session as they formerly did at Euclid Crescent.

"Lest any potential recruits to the Scottish Bar be put off by the reference to the Latin thesis, it may be as well to explain that this consists in 'cribbing' (an activity actually commended in this instance) a thesis, perhaps originally written a couple of hundred years ago, on a title from Justinian's Digest. The new entrant then concocts three questions and three answers in Latin, the questions being put to him verbally by pre-arrangement with three Advocate friends, on presentation of the thesis before the assembled Faculty. The questions and answers may be lengthy or brief, according to the linguistic ability of the entrant, and the latter is even permitted to conceal the answers on a slip of paper in the palm of his hand!

"In Wedderspoon's case, David Maxwell (a former Classics dux) condensed the ordeal for him into six words:—

1. Q.—'Cuius?' A.—'Custodum'.
2. Q.—'Omnibus?' A.—'Omnibus'.
3. Q.—'Semper?' A.—'Semper'.

—surely a triumph of inflection!

'Moses laboured not in vain!'

Yours faithfully,

W. WEDDERSPOON.

E.S.U. COMPETITION

We were represented in the English Speaking Union Debating Competition this year by James Davidson and Neil Bowman. Mr Inglis, Rector of Kirkton High School, presided over the meeting, which was held in the School Hall, on Friday, 21st October, when our opponents were Harris, Grove and Lawside Academies.

In the first part of the competition, our Team spoke against a Team from Harris Academy, and opposed the motion: "If civilisation is to prosper, television must perish". The second debate of the evening was between Teams representing Grove and Lawside Academies. In both debates the speaking was of an exceptionally high standard, and, when the debate was thrown open to the floor, many of our own pupils were among those who expressed opinions and fired questions at the speakers. Professor Matheson, Master of Queen's College, who judged the competition, praised all the speakers and awarded first place to Harris Academy; the High School came second.

CLARKE MOORE.

Telephone 85060

William Whyte
63 Strathmartine Road
Dundee

TELEVISION - RADIO - ELECTRICAL
CYCLE - SALES AND SERVICE

Agents

for

FERGUSON

PHILIPS

PILOT

MARCONI

K. B.

ULTRA

G. E. C.

The Art of Stonework

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
CARRIED OUT BY
OUR SKILLED CRAFTSMEN

JOHN McCONNACHIE

Building and Civil Engineering
Contractor

33 GUTHRIE STREET
DUNDEE

DUNDEE TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK

FOUNDED 1815

FUNDS £28,750,000

New Accounts Opened Deposits Received
Withdrawals on Demand No Stamp Duty
A Free Savings Service

COMPOUND INTEREST
ORDINARY DEPARTMENT 2½%
(Tax Free up to £15 annually)

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT 4%

Hours of Business at Dundee Offices:

Daily, 9.30 a.m.—4 p.m.; Saturday, 9.30 a.m.—12 noon; Friday Evening, 5.30—7 p.m.

Head Office: 2 EUCLID STREET, DUNDEE

TELEPHONE No. 22741 (3 lines)

Branches throughout Dundee and at Forfar, Kirriemuir, Brechin, Edzell, Friockheim, Carnoustie, Monifieth, St. Andrews, Guardbridge, Tayport, Newport-on-Tay, Wormit

*Procure all your Garden Needs
from Croll's—only the best supplied*

SEEDS, BULBS, ROSES, PLANTS, ETC.

Catalogues Free

D. W. Croll
Ltd.

**63 Commercial St.
Dundee**

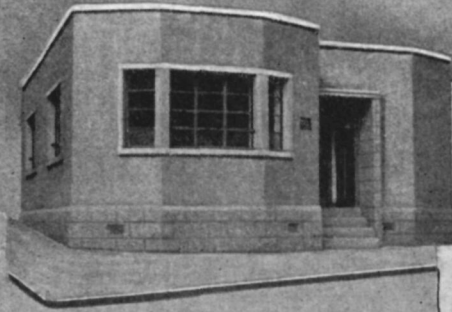
★

Seed Merchants & Nurserymen

Telephone No. 26394 (3 Lines)

Gibson & Dargie

LIMITED
BUILDERS & CONTRACTORS



REG. OFFICE
2 CARDEAN ST. DUNDEE.
PHONE 82130

- **JOBGING
PROMPTLY
ATTENDED TO**
- **ENQUIRIES
INVITED**

ESTIMATES GIVEN WITHOUT OBLIGATION

With the Compliments of
MENZIES & SONS LTD.

Specialists in
MEN'S and BOYS' WEAR

FOR VALUE

MENZIES

AND SERVICE



PRINCES STREET and WELLGATE, DUNDEE

MAKE IT A HAPPY CHRISTMAS
by Paying a Visit to _____

Meldrums

NEW TOY DEPARTMENT

THE SELECTIVE VIEW OF TOYS AND
GAMES WOULD BE HARD TO BEAT

REMEMBER—THE EARLY CALLER IS ASSURED OF
THE BEST SELECTION AND THE BEST SERVICE

MELDRUMS

REFORM STREET
Tel. 24751 DUNDEE

For Fruit, Flowers and Vegetables

C. HACKNEY (Dundee) Ltd.

FRUITERER

FRESH
FRUITS
IN
SEASON



FLORIST

FLOWERS
FOR
ALL
OCCASIONS

FROZEN FRUITS A SPECIALTY
DELIVERIES to all PARTS of the CITY

209 Perth Road
'PHONE 67642

223 Albert St.
'PHONE 81568

THE COUNCIL FOR EDUCATION IN WORLD CITIZENSHIP

The Council for Education in World Citizenship, which is the principal organisation of the United Nations Association for schools, exists to promote study of world affairs and problems and is recognised as being of national and international importance. A full knowledge of all the problems facing us in this age, and an indication of how these problems could be solved by our efforts are the essence of being a world citizen. To this end, C.E.W.C. offers assistance to schools in the arrangement of conferences, brains trusts, exchange conferences with young people from other countries, and helps in the provision of speakers who are experts on world problems.

There is now a thriving branch of the Council in Dundee. The member schools include High School, Harris Academy, Morgan Academy, Grove Academy and Lawside Academy. We have made arrangements for our own local conference to be held in the School Hall, at the High School, on 9th December. The High School will act as hosts to Mr George Thomson, M.P., and Mr Leslie Spoor, an Extra-mural Department Lecturer from Edinburgh, suggested to us by the European Iron and Steel Community. The conference will be attended by 100 pupils from the five Senior Secondary Schools in Dundee, and members of staff. Our discussion will be "Britain's position in Europe", which, considered economically and politically, is one of the burning questions in the world today. We hope that this conference will be a success and that it will help to foster interest in the affairs of the C.E.W.C.

Dundee is also taking part in the Annual Christmas Lectures of C.E.W.C., held in London. To highlight the importance attached to this conference, I might quote, "the opening address is by The Rt. Hon. Ian Macleod, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies". Other speakers are—The Tunisian Ambassador, The High Commissioner for Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Mr Joshua Nkomo, President in exile, Southern Rhodesian African National Congress. Dundee will be sending an official party of five pupils, one from each member school, who will be assisted in their expenses by grant aid from the Education Authority. We are happy to know that

our work is considered so valuable and are grateful to the Director of Education for getting the grant for us. Our party will be increased by other pupils who have a genuine interest in world affairs and who are willing to pay all their expenses.

Our work and interests are, indeed, very worthwhile and valuable in any education. We feel, therefore, that our chairman should be a headmaster and the School feels very honoured that our Rector, Mr Erskine, is the Chairman of the Dundee Council. I am delighted that High School has been able to play a leading part in this venture.

BRUCE S. KYLE, F. VI.

Local Branch Secy.

HOW THE BRAEMAR GATHERINGS BEGAN

Once upon a time there were three carpenters who lived in a small cottage on the banks of a great river, in the shadow of great mountains, far from anywhere of importance to the world.

The carpenters encouraged others, now and again, to gather in the long nights of winter to pass a few hours in jovial company. In midsummer, uniformed in the white linen aprons of their trade, they would walk in procession through the rich groves of birch and pine that surrounded their village and from which they drew their livelihood.

The aged, the sick, the bereaved, the orphaned, all became their special concern. They went to Law and established themselves as a friendly society, and through years of famine dealt in meal to keep solvent, at the same time providing, at fair prices, the staple diet of all but starving people.

When times improved, there was time (and reason) for a return to merriment, and in what better way could they enjoy their holiday than in a revival of the old skills of traditional athletics, with a "good plain dinner" and a ball to round off the occasion? Their fame spread throughout the valley, and local noblemen began to take an interest in the carpenters' community services.

When Queen Victoria hastened from a troubled Parliament to Balmoral in 1848, fashion followed her to Deeside, bringing the makings of a new prosperity to the great

river valley. When, within a week of arriving at Balmoral, she took her Consort and all her children to the Braemar games at Invercauld, she established a tradition of patronage that has been maintained down the years to the present day.

MARGARET BLACK, F. II.

THE CROWNED HEAD

Dundee High School has had many famous pupils and masters. Our school song mentions soldiers and patriots, such as William Wallace, of whom this was written by Henry the Minstrel,

*"In till Dundé Wallace to scule thai send,
Quhill he of witt full worthely was kend".*

The song does not mention the headmaster who crowned a king.

Son of the Laird of Edzell, David Lindesay, came in 1597 to be headmaster of the Grammar School, as D.H.S. was then called, from a similar situation at Montrose Academy. In 1605 he was ordained minister of the Parish Church. He did not resign his headmastership when he was ordained, but continued in both posts. However, a year later, he decided to resign his headmastership in favour of the Church, declaring that, "he was nocht able to dischairge with ane gude conscience baith the offices".

Lindesay possibly preferred the Church as it was a better paid job, but he discovered that he was not getting any salary at all, as the Abbacy of Lindores, which was responsible for the minister's stipend, had been formed into a barony and all the income had been transferred in favour of Lord Lindores who would not pay up. It was with great difficulty that he finally received payment. So, even then, there seems to have been wage disputes.

In 1619 came further promotion, when he was made Bishop of Brechin. Once again he did not resign his former post. On this occasion he was able "to dischairge with ane gude conscience baith the offices".

At the time of his coronation, in 1633, Charles I. was trying to extend Episcopalian pomp in the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland. David Lindesay, wearing magnificent robes, crowned him with the Crown of Scotland, in Holyrood Abbey, now a ruin.

The year after the coronation he was made Bishop of Edinburgh. When Laud's prayer book was first read by the Dean of St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, in 1637, Bishop David Lindesay was there.

At the reading of the prayer book, the congregation broke out into riot and David Lindesay went up into the pulpit to try and restore order. Stools and Bibles were being thrown around when Jenny Geddes picked up her stool and threw it at Lindesay, barely missing him.

So poor David Lindesay crowned Charles I. and was "crowned" by Jenny Geddes.

ROBIN M. STIMPSON.

MY HOME

The sun's rays shone brightly through my bars as I awoke to greet another beautiful day. Every morning, without fail, one will hear my young master's voice reciting my name as he sits, in his pyjamas and dressing gown, on the side of the arm-chair beside my cage.

As you will have guessed by now, I am a budgie. I am two years old, green in colour, with a yellow head and five or six round black spots on my cheeks. The spots indicate that I am a good speaker, and it is little wonder, for my master spends fully an hour every day teaching me to say my name and address.

Let me give you an idea of a typical day in my home. After the children have been hustled off to school, Mrs Walker will open up the cupboard, bring out the bird seed and, as a special treat, give me a spray of millet for breakfast. For the rest of the morning I sit on my perch, gazing through the window at my cousins, the blackbirds and sparrows.

At one o'clock precisely every schoolday you can hear the familiar footsteps and whistling of my young friend as he ascends the stairs. This is my hour of freedom, for I am allowed to fly freely round the room for an hour, but, of course, I spend half the time sitting on the mantelpiece admiring myself in the mirror.

When the children have to return to school, I am put into my cage where I spend

half of the afternoon sleeping and the other half on my swing.

At six o'clock all the family sit down and have their meal while I drop down to my seed-box to enjoy myself as well. After tea comes the homework session, when the master of the house is kept busy doing mathematics, geography and any other homework which his sons cannot manage.

Nine o'clock sees the children go to bed, while Mr and Mrs Walker do the late evening chores, such as washing the supper dishes and polishing the shoes, and by eleven o'clock they, too, have gone to bed, not forgetting to put a cover over my cage, for I have also to sleep. When I settle down to sleep, I think to myself that I am very lucky to live in such a nice home.

ALAN B. WALKER, F. II.a

THE FINAL CLIMB

"We go to gain a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name."

Actually, the "little patch of ground" covered an area just under fifty square miles and the profit gained was pure enjoyment plus a great sense of achievement.

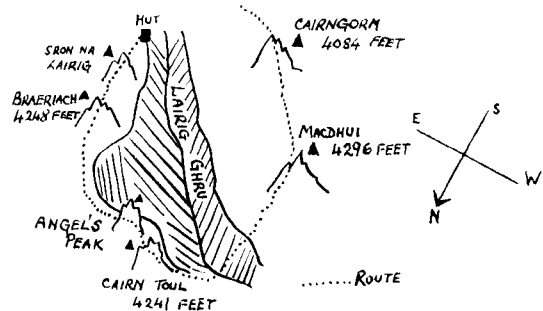
It was the last day but one of our camp, and we all wanted to finish our holiday with a climb that we could all remember and boast of until we met again next year. After a blister inspection and the news that the expedition was liable to be a forty mile slog, we found that the numbers had shrunk to eight stalwarts — a perfect number for the hills.

Now, before I proceed with my tale, I should explain that the camp was a chalet at Loch Morlich, at the foot of the Cairngorms, and that "we" were members of the Bible Class of St. Mark's Church, Dundee. Our minister was leaving for a new charge in Edinburgh and, as he organised the camps, this would be our last climb together.

The morning of Thursday, 4th August, broke wet, misty and cold (it always does in the Cairngorms), but, undaunted, the eight would-be heroes set out with their compasses, sandwiches and brandy (for medicinal purposes only, I assure you), to attempt to climb the "Big Six", the main peaks over 3,000 ft. in the Cairngorm range. On the sketchmap I have drawn you can see that they are all pretty high, the greatest being Ben MacDhui,

4,296 ft. above sea level. This mountain is the second highest in Great Britain.

As the Lairig Ghru Path is the main artery leading to the mountains, we walked up it until we reached the Angus Sinclair Memorial Hut where we struck out for our first hill, Sron na Lairig, 3,000 ft. high. It was at this point that the mist and our despondent spirits began to rise.



This hill is regarded by climbers as a means to an end, as our next peak, Braeriach, lay just above it. By now it was nearly noon, and we saw the glorious panorama of the majestic 'Gorms to the South. It was August, and already the hillsides were tinged with the royal purple of the heather. To crown our good fortune, looking over to Cairn Toul, we saw a golden eagle soaring, screeching and gliding above the corries which are just below the summit. After another fifteen minutes' climb we had conquered Braeriach.

Looking around us, we saw that we were at the head of the famous Plateau of Braeriach, the largest area of ground over 4,000 ft. in Britain. Now not only armies march on their stomachs, so we rested at the An Garbh Choire, a burn which lay between us and our next objective, Angel's Peak.

While partaking of lunch, which consisted of tomato sandwiches and as much of the An Garbh Choire as we could drink, we realised with some trepidation that, after descending into the Lairig, we would have to ascend the opposite, even steeper side to reach the top of Ben MacDhui; in all, a drop of over 2,000 ft., almost immediately followed by a gruelling, back-breaking slog of 2,500 ft. up the other side. Our worries were increased by the ominous rolls of thunder which were preceded by occasional flashes of lightning which were followed by various pearls of wisdom concerning late lamented

mountaineers who had either been struck by lightning or drowned in one of the Cairngorm "monsoons" which are unique in the Scottish Highlands.

After the feast we set out for Angel's Peak and Cairn Toul, both of which looked deceptively near us. The latter was conquered at three o'clock in the afternoon and a ten-minute breather was observed by all. Fond memories! Five months earlier, the illustrious Dundee High School Climbing Club had paid a visit to this very peak.

We descended by Coire ant Saighdeir, a corrie on the MacDhui side of Cairn Toul. After an eventful descent which lasted all of forty minutes, we reached the Lairig Path once more. Now the most severe part of the climb lay just before us, the ascent of MacDhui. We could not have climbed more than a quarter of the way when the skies opened. Even before we had time to clamber into our waterproofs, we were rather wet. To add to our misfortune, dusk and a mist fell together, so the eight "abominable snowmen" groped their way by compass to the Ordnance Survey Cairn at the summit of Ben MacDhui.

It was here, under the scant shelter afforded by the cairn, that eight tired, wet but determined climbers partook of the Martell, so thoughtfully brought up the mountain in "a wee, silver flask".

Was it the brandy or a climber's pride that gave us that warm glow as we set off for the final peak, Cairngorm, in blinding rain and mist. Five down and one to go; could we do it?

At exactly 8.30 p.m., twelve hours to the minute after leaving Loch Morlich, we arrived at the cairn at the top of Cairngorm. Our goal had been reached. Altogether, we had climbed nearly 25,000 ft. which were spread out over six fairly high mountains.

We descended into the valley, triumphant, by means of the ski road which had been washed away in places by swollen burns which had burst their banks. To our astonishment, the valley had suffered from the worst thunderstorm since 1944, and those at the camp were not a little anxious about our safety. After a hot meal and showers we were eight tired but very contented climbers.

N. R., F. IV.

THOMSON'S EMPORIUM

SEE OUR DISPLAY OF THE LATEST DESIGNS IN
FIREPLACES

Large Selection to choose from. Expertly Fitted and Moderately Priced.

FOR A GOOD SELECTION IN

FURNITURE

Bedroom Suites, Dining Room Suites, Bed Settee Suites, Display Cabinets,
Kitchen Cabinets—also separate pieces.

Linoleums and Congoleums and Patterned Inlaid. All at reasonable prices.

YOUR SUMMER OUTING, DAY, AFTERNOON, OR EVENING TOURS.

You should Travel in one of our NEW

COMFORT COACHES

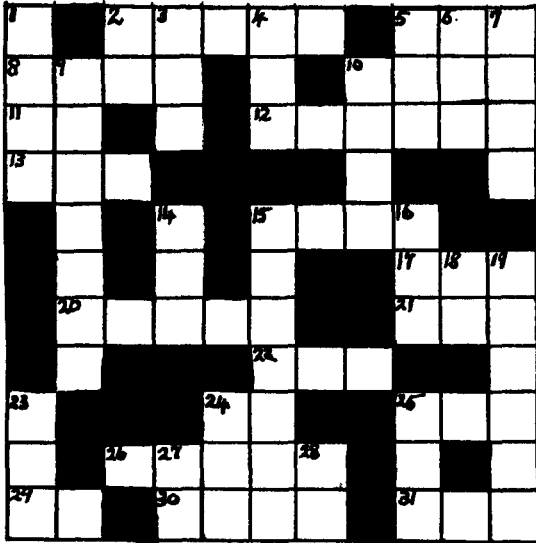
14, 22, 38 and 41 Seaters available. Catering arrangements part of our
Service. Enquiries invited from all classes of Social and Sporting Clubs.

Showrooms at 164 HIGH STREET, LOCHEE

111 SOUTH RD., LOCHEE

Phone 67201/2

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



4. Does it have a lion on it? (3)
5. A falsehood. (3)
6. A hostelry. (3)
7. A thing disliked by many pupils. (4)
9. Ethelred was. (7)
10. To peep. (Scot) (4)
14. What the cat sat on. (3)
15. Those whom we look to for a good example. (7)
16. What we hear with. (3)
18. A three-toed sloth. (2)
19. These snakes should be good at arithmetic. (6)
23. What every girl must wear between October and May according to School regulations. (3)
24. "And may there be no moaning of the — When I put out to sea". (Tennyson). (3)
25. What every boy hopes to own. (3)
27. The objective case of "I". (2)
28. The ablative case of the Latin for "you". (2)

Solution on page 35

ACROSS

2. Beneath. (5)
5. Where many pupils from Forms III.-VI. go on a Friday evening. (3)
8. Nobleman or English Master at the High School. (4)
10. Cows. (4)
11. Opposite of out. (2)
12. Where pupils of Forms III.-VI. go after 5 Across. (6)
13. What every pupil should do. (3)
15. Meaning of the Latin verb "Facio". (4)
17. Initials of the Amateur Athletic Association. (3)
20. Fruit liked by High School pupils? (5)
21. To drive away. (3)
22. What Macadam is associated with. (3)
24. Imperative of the verb "to be". (2)
25. Used in Billiards. (3)
26. A High School Science Teacher who lives up to his name. (5)
29. In the direction of. (2)
30. A Celtic language spoken in Ireland. (4)
31. The initials of the pupil in Form VI, who thought this up. (3)

DOWN

1. An opening or approach. (4)
2. Great Britain and Northern Ireland. (2)
3. What a hockey player likes seeing the ball going into. (3)

MY FATHER

My Father is a Dr. who works with germs. He works at Queen's College. He has a laboratory of his own. It is at ground level. Sometimes he takes me to the laboratory if I have been for a haircut and he needs to do some work and he has not time to take me home.

GRAHAM SHEPHERD, L. II.b

MY HOBBY

My hobby is collecting things for an electric train. I have been collecting for one and a half years. In that time I have collected a station, a bridge, a level crossing, six points and two engines.

I am hoping to get a gravity unloading mechanism and a few more rails.

JOHN PATE, L. IV.b

SKI-ING

I can ski and so can my brother. My Mummy and Daddy can ski, too. This year we are going to Switzerland to ski, and I will be having ski-ing lessons. We are going to a place called Wengen. I have not been there before and I have not been in an aeroplane before.

PETER MITCHELL, L. II.b

IN EDINBURGH

For my holiday I went to Edinburgh. I went up the Scott Monument. I went to the shops and my brother bought an engine, my sister bought a jacket and I bought some toys. At night we watched T.V. The next day we went to Edinburgh Castle and we saw swords and spears and galleons and the Crown Jewels. I saw some soldiers and went into the prison. I went into Saint Margaret's Chapel, too.

SCOTT SHERRARD, L. II.b

BEAVERS

The birch tree is a favourite tree of beavers. It gives them food and working material. They gnaw wood and eat it. They use it for making dams and homes. They use other trees, for instance, beech and many others. When the young ones come, the only thing the father does is get food while mother nurses the babies. When the babies grow up, they leave their home and find a mate. Then they make their own homes.

ELIZABETH SMITH, L. III.

MY PET

I have a Springer Spaniel. We call him Mack. He has brown eyes, and his coat is black and white and tan. When I go home I play with him, and on Saturday I give him his breakfast and lunch and tea. I take him out for a walk and I play with him in the park. I play with him in the garden on Sunday. He likes to run in the garden for exercise. His age is one and a quarter.

MORAG JAMIESON MCFADZEN, L. III.

MY PUPPY

My puppy's name is Steve. He is tan and white. He is a fox-terrier. He is a very good watchdog because, whenever anyone passes our house or rings the doorbell, he always barks. There is a chair at the window and sometimes he climbs up on it and has a look out of the window. He has a sock, a slipper and a rubber bone. Sometimes I tie his sock on to his tail. He always cries when I come home from school to get me to take him walks.

ELAINE MCGILL, L. III.

MY DOGS

My dogs' names are Judy and Jock. My Daddy feeds them each night at nine o'clock. Jock is a shooting dog, but Judy is a puppy and is just being trained. Each Sunday we take them out for a walk on the beach. Daddy throws a stick or a ball into the water and tells Judy or Jock to get it. As well as taking them for walks, we have to brush their coats to make them nice and shiny. I am glad that we have dogs because they are such good friends.

I. DOUGLAS, L. IV.b

WINTER

As the snowflakes tumble down,
A snowman on the lawn is found.
The squirrel now is snug asleep;
On the ground the snow lies deep,
The Christmas tree on the village green,
With lights a-shining can be seen.
The robin, from its tiny nest,
Comes to show its scarlet breast.

D. MURDIE, L. V.

**NELSON
CREAM ICE
COMPANY LIMITED**

45 NELSON STREET

TELEPHONE : 27217

10 WELLGATE

TELEPHONE : 25222

DUNDEE



By courtesy of The National Cash Register Co. (Mfg.) Ltd.

D.H.S. EXCURSION CLUB VISITS N.C.R. CO.'S WORKS

Above — A Cordial Welcome

Below — A Close Inspection



MARRAKECH —
La Place Djemaa El Fna et la
Terrasse Panoramique du Grand
Café de France

RABAT —
Le Palais Impérial



CASABLANCA —
La Place Mohammed V.

RABAT —
Les Remparts des Oudaïas



POPPY DAY

It was an exciting day on the eleventh of November because Dundee High School was having a Remembrance Service in the playground. All the guides and cadets were lined up and the whole of the High School was lined up. The cadet pipe band was playing and, when all was ready, the Service began. A girl and a boy were chosen to take the wreath up to the head girl and head boy who took it to the Memorial. "The Last Post" was played on the bugle. The bugler was behind a pillar. There were a lot of people watching the Service.

DAVID LESLIE, L. IV.

COTTONTAIL

Our rabbit is a large black and white rabbit, called Cottontail. We think he is a French Argent rabbit.

He lives in a hutch at the bottom of our garden. The hutch is a converted dog-kennel and is large and roomy. It is in an old hen-house and he can run about in this if we have no time to let him play in the garden.

Cottontail has three meals a day, breakfast, lunch and supper. He gets tealeaves and oat meal, vegetables and bread and milk. He is very lively and is great friends with Juno, our golden labrador, but we do not let him play with Mr Cat. Our cat has caught too many field mice and young rabbits for safety!

Cottontail is now two and a half, and we hope he will live to be a very old rabbit.

ROSEMARY E. SEMPLE, L. IV.

A VISIT TO EDINBURGH

I went to Edinburgh with Mummy and Daddy to spend the Autumn Holiday week-end with Uncle Bill, Auntie Joan and Heather. On Saturday they took us to the King's Theatre to see a farce, called "The Bride Comes Back". Appearing in it were Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert, Robertson Hare and Angela Browne. About two weeks later, I read in the paper that the Queen had gone to see the same play in Brighton. I hope she enjoyed it as much as we did.

ANNE COOK, L. VI.

A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On Hallowe'en I went to the Brownie fancy-dress party dressed as a witch. Daddy painted an old black evening skirt of Mummy's with brooms, spell books, cauldrons, cats, moons and stars, in silver paint. Daddy also glued some long rags for hair on to my sister's witch's hat which I borrowed. Just before I went to the party, Daddy made a broomstick and fixed my toy cat on the end.

When I got to the Brownie Hall I saw the other Brownies, dressed up. One was dressed as a Dutch Girl, another as a cat, and another as a jester. We played games first and then the fancy-dress parade began, when I walked round in a circle with the rest of the Brownies. Two judges chose people out of the ring and I was last to be chosen. Then those who had been picked out walked round in a circle, and I got the surprise of my life, when Brown Owl said, "I think we will have to give the prize to the witch". I had to go up to one of the judges and receive the prize, which was a big box of chocolates. After that we had ducking for apples and a lot more games.

Halfway through the party we had cakes and lemonade. All too soon it was time to go home, and already I am looking forward to Hallowe'en next year, when all sorts of weird and wonderful things happen. Winning a box of chocolates was wonderful for me, this year, anyway.

GRISELDA GILROY, L. IV.

MAGAZINE ARTICLE

I've tried so hard to write a story.

I've tried harder still a poem to write.
For me I think there'll be no glory
For this is all I can think of tonight.

ALISON BUCHANAN, L. IV.

RIDDLE - ME - REE

My first is in fault, but not in wrong;
My second is in tall, and also in long;
My third is in hope, but not in desire;
My fourth is in wonderful, but not admire;
My fifth is in cry, and also in fret;
My whole is under the carpet.

ANSWER — FLOOR.

ELIZABETH BROWN, L. V.

DENMARK

Although I'm only eight years old,
 I've travelled many miles,
 To United States and Canada and the warm
 Bahama Isles.
 But the land I like is Denmark,
 The land of fairy tales,
 Where every boy's a sailor
 And their boats have coloured sails.
 I like the Tivoli Gardens,
 With the trees ablaze with light,
 With a Cinderella Palace,
 Like a jewel in the night.
 I like the Roller Coaster;
 It went dipping up and down.
 When I was breathless up above,
 Below me lay the town.
 The Raadhus Pladsen had the finest shops of
 all,
 Full of silver and of china where I bought
 myself a doll,
 Dressed in national costume
 With cap and ribbons gay.
 Then I went to see the Mermaid
 On a rock beside the bay.
 I floated in the Baltic and went to Elsinore,
 Took a trip to Sweden,
 Then back to Denmark's shore.
 And, oh, it was a sad farewell
 I took of Danish ground!
 And in a silvery aeroplane
 I came home, safe and sound.

IMOGEN MORGAN, L. IV.

HIGH FORCE

The River Tees divides Yorkshire and Durham. As it flows on its course, it forms many waterfalls. One of these waterfalls is called High Force.

During the summer holidays, when staying in Yorkshire, I was taken by car to see High Force. On the road we passed an aerodrome near Darlington. Here we saw two aeroplanes which had fought in the Battle of Britain.

The High Force waterfall is two hundred feet high. While the water gushes down one side, a trickle of water flows down the other. But I was told, during winter, torrents of water roar over the whole fall to such an extent that the road is flooded. This was, indeed, a day to remember.

VIRGINIA WAIN, L. VI.

A GREEN ROSE

In my garden I have a green rose bush, which is quite a rare plant.

Queen Victoria said she would like to have a green rose in her wedding bouquet. The horticulturists, after a lot of hard work, developed a green rose. The Queen was delighted to have the rose in her bouquet.

There is a green rose bush in Kew Gardens, and I have heard there is one in Fife. Including mine, these are the only three in Britain that I know about.

ROBERT BERRY, L. V.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

For my holidays I went to Paris. The first day was boiling hot, so we decided to go and see the Madeleine, which is a very beautiful church. When we had gone up many stairs, we came to the door and walked in. There were some people preaching, and a priest was walking about. When we had walked around the church, we decided it was time to go back to the hotel for lunch. In the afternoon we went shopping and it was boring.

The next day was Bastille Day and we saw the soldiers marching down the streets. We did not go to see General de Gaulle, but we saw the fireworks at half-past ten at night. On other days we saw the Eiffel Tower and the Sacré Coeur, and we had a sail down the River Seine.

RUTH GARDEN, L. V.

GETTING UP

It's awful in the morning
 (I think you'll quite agree),
 To crawl out of your cosy bed.
 It always is for me!

Getting dressed at tortoise pace,
 Yawning all the time,
 Washing face and cleaning teeth —
 It really is a crime!

But, when it comes to Friday night,
 Oh, joy! No school next day!
 Not really that I mind the place,
 But getting up! Dismay!

MOIRA SPENCE, L. VI.

THE TUMULUS

We went for our summer holidays to Britany. It is famous for the standing stones which stand in lines for about one quarter of a mile. It is also famous for the Tumuli. One day it was too cold to bathe, so Daddy suggested that we should go and visit the most important Tumulus to help our general knowledge.

When we arrived, there were lots of cars and people. We joined the end of a long queue and waited for a long time until a guide came and opened the big wooden door. He handed out candles to Daddy and other members of the party. We all started walking in single file along a narrow stone passage. At intervals there were holes in the wall with big stones in them. The guide explained very quickly in French, as Daddy translated, that there had been families buried in them. The guide's voice echoed through the passage as the candles flickered and made the journey very eerie. Some of the bodies that had been found were in the museum in Carnac, but some had still not been taken out.

Everyone, I think, must have been relieved when the guide opened the door and we saw daylight again, but the trip had been both very exciting and interesting.

SUSAN MACMILLAN, L. VI.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

As I look to the skies at night,
A thousand stars I see.
But one, much brighter than the rest,
Is shining down on me.

This is the Christmas Star, I know,
With tidings of good will;
To bring to us a story
That is remembered still.

Of Christ, the Babe, Who once did lie
In a manger low,
With the oxen and the ass,
As every child should know.

We, too, can make our sacrifice,
And to Him give our hearts;
And know that, in this world of ours,
We, too, have played our parts.

ALISON MCLEAY, L. VII.

CAMPING BENEATH THE CUILLINS

Last summer, while on holiday in Skye, we decided to go camping for three days during August. Although reasonable, the weather was not as good as it might have been, and so we waited to see if it would change. When, at last, we left, near the end of our holiday, we chose the worst weather.

As we were going to Glenbrittle, which is some distance from where our cottage is, we took practically a whole day reaching there. When we arrived, we had a difficult job pitching the tents in the wind and rain. At last, however, they were up and we in bed. Shortly afterwards, we were awakened by the noise of an engine, and men arrived in a tractor, crossed the river by a ford, and drove up a steep track through the forest plantation, on some mysterious errand. Poaching deer, perhaps!

Next morning, we were awakened by a large herd of cattle, tramping and lowing round the tents. Watching the cows, we did not realise there was a Shetland pony among them until my sister exclaimed. There he was, eating someone's sausages from a plate!

There had been a mist over the Cuillins, but now, early afternoon, the sun was shining. We played in the river, while the grown-ups lazed on the bank.

By tea-time the sky was dark with rain-clouds. We decided to spend the night in a private hostel, and were very glad we had done so, because the rain came down in torrents. It continued to pour the following day, but, when we reached our cottage in the evening, we were amazed to find the sun was shining, with no sign of rain. Afterwards, we discovered we had chosen the only wet part of the island for our camping expedition. Nevertheless, it was an exciting experience.

FIONA MACKAY, L. VII.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Across.—2.—Under. 5.—Lit. 8.—Duke. 10.—Kine. 11.—In. 12.—Greens. 13.—Try. 15.—Make. 17.—A.A.A. 20.—Dates. 21.—Rid. 22.—Tar. 24.—Be. 25.—Cue. 26.—Smart. 29.—To. 30.—Erse. 31.—R.R.S.

Down.—1.—Adit. 2.—U.K. 3.—Net. 4.—Egg. 5.—Lie. 6.—Inn. 7.—Test. 9.—Unready. 10.—Keek. 14.—Mat. 15.—Masters. 16.—Ear. 18.—Ai. 19.—Adders. 23.—Hat. 24.—Bar. 25.—Car. 27.—Me. 28.—Te.

BASTILLE DAY IN PARIS

This year we went to Paris for our holidays. It was with great luck that we were there on Bastille Day. All the flags were out on the streets, and, when the great day dawned, everyone was given a holiday. There were soldiers, with bright uniforms, marching, and plenty of other military parades.

In the evening, there was a beautiful show of fireworks by the banks of the Seine. They were the best I have ever seen. I thought it was a great pity when the display finished, as I could have watched them all night.

Bastille Day in Paris is a day I'll never forget.

JULIA GARDEN, L. VII.

SCHOOL IN VERSE

"Get out the green books quickly," says our Master.

"Get busy on the problems on page two; They're all dead easy; work a little faster, And see how many of them you can do."

"Your English," says our teacher, "is appalling.

Your writing and your spelling's very bad; It's my belief you are not really trying, And, if you don't improve, I'll tell your Dad."

When, at the second bell, we have gymnastics,
We vainly try to stand upon our head.
The Master says, "You must be more elastic;
Don't look as though your feet are made of lead."

Cadets we view with keen anticipation,
As there's a chance of shooting in the gym.
We sight the "bull" with cool deliberation,
Although our chance of hitting it is slim.

Although we've played our rugger for a long time,
Our matches have not met with great success,
And, but for GAD'S advice bawled from the touchline,
We might have made an even greater mess.

P. WEST, L. VII.

RYE

Last Summer I spent my holiday in Rye, an ancient town in the South of England. The picturesque houses, inns and cobbled streets are very appealing, and those passing by feel they must stop to look more carefully into each landmark.

The Parish Church, situated at the highest point of the town, has many interesting objects for those who take an interest in historical relics.

Rye is famous the world over for its delicately hand-painted majolica ware.

One of the oldest streets in Rye is Mermaid Street, where the traditional Smugglers' Inn, the "Mermaid", is still in use.

If you ever pass through this fascinating town, stop to look at some of the many historical buildings and landmarks.

SALLY ROSS, L. VI.

OUR PUPPY

The name of our puppy was Bengo. She was born with six other puppies which looked very cute. Her mother, Susan, had a lot to do with cleaning them, keeping them off her head and many other things. The next day the other six of them went to the vet., and Bengo was the only one of the seven left. She had a very good life after that. Not long ago she was given to a gamekeeper in Letham. I should think she is having quite a hard time now training. She is a very fast runner and so she should be very useful.

PATRICIA HUTTON, L. V.

MY NEXT HOLIDAY

For my next holiday I am going to Rosemarkie, on the Black Isle. I am looking forward to it because there are lots of things to do, including tennis, bird-watching and seeing things of historical interest. There are fossils to be collected on the beaches and flowers unknown to other parts of the country. There are even bamboo trees. My sister, Jane, and I think we are going to enjoy our holiday at Rosemarkie.

PATRICIA BUCHAN, L. VI.

MOON AND THE CLOUDS

The moon lay like an illuminated ball,
 By two ridges of cloud,
 One light, one dark.
 And, like gossamer on a spring day,
 The moon shone through the clouds.

There is no man on the moon,
 But soon there well might be;
 Spaceships and men will try their best
 To conquer this strange world.
 But to me, lying in bed,
 It is just the moon shining through the silver
 clouds.

JIMMY BARNES, L. VII.

MY PET TORTOISES

I have two pet tortoises. Their names are Slowcoach and Timothy. Timothy is a large tortoise and Slowcoach is a little tortoise. They eat lettuce and tomatoes, and drink water. The two of them hibernate in the winter. Just now we cannot find them and we think they are buried in the compost heap. In the summer we tried to plant lettuces, but the tortoises came along and ate the lettuces. We like the tortoises as pets.

ANNE MUNRO, L. V.

MACDUFF

When I was on holiday, I stayed at MacDuff. MacDuff is a little fishing village on the Moray Firth. Each morning and night the fishing boats came into harbour. Once they are in the harbour, they unload their cargo which consists of squids (octopuses), mackerel, haddock and sole. These are then auctioned at the sale market. They are put on to lorries after the fish are covered with ice, and taken to the fish shop where they are sold to the public.

GORDON KEDDIE, L. V.

ODE TO ARITHMETIC

Is it Beacon, or is it Holmes?
 Is it Page 10? Is it payments or loans?
 Or is it Mechanical? And if so
 It might be Page 90, or anything.
 And if it is, as it must be, is 223×247 ,
 55081?
 Or is it — well, it could be anything under
 the sun!
 And now I think I'm losing my mind;
 Well, any fool knows that 11×10 is 109 or
 — or is it?

RONALD DAVIE, L. VII.



Reports

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

Since the beginning of the season, the 1st XI. has played eight matches, of which two have been won, two drawn and four lost. All the games have been close, especially that against Kilgraston, when we lost 4-3 after an exciting struggle. The 2nd XI. has done very well, losing only one match and winning all the others decisively. So far, the 3rd XI. has not been defeated and the 2nd Year XI. has lost only once.

Compared with previous years, the number of goals scored is high, especially by the 2nd XI. who have already scored 33 goals against 6, and by the 2nd Year XI. with 26 goals against 11. This is a very encouraging state of affairs because, recently, although our play has been on a par with that of our opponents, we have been unfortunate in the circle. The top scorers for the 1st XI. are Nancy Paton, Hazel Rickart and Frances Bowman (equal), for the 2nd XI., Pamela Rollo, for the 3rd XI., Wendy Ross and Margaret Kay, and for the 2nd Year XI., Helen Lyle.

The Junior Midlands' Trials (Dundee Section) were held on 29th October, and three of our candidates, Sheila Anderson, Nancy Paton and Christine Worsley, were chosen to go forward to the final trial which was held on 19th November, when Nancy Paton was chosen for the reserve team.

The Senior House matches were held on the 12th November. Lindores won, with Airlie second and Wallace third. Despite the weather, the games were played with enthusiasm and enjoyed by all.

On behalf of the teams I should like to welcome Miss Paton and say how much we are enjoying her coaching and how grateful we are for her encouragement. I should also like to thank the ladies of the staff who help on grounds' days and umpire for us on Saturday mornings.

GUIDE REPORT

The Guides enjoyed camp this year in spite of the fact that it was Miss Whytock's last year with them as a Guider.

At the beginning of the new session many Guides were welcomed from L.VII., and, in September, a short ceremony was held for those Flying Up from Brownies. Several parents were present to see Miss Dale, the District Commissioner, present the Brownies with their Wings.

The Patrol Leaders for Session 1960/61 are:— Company 2—Thrush, J. Sutherland, C. Sutherland; Nightingale, S. Sutherland; Skylark, V. Hendry; Bluetit, M. Stewart; Kingfisher, M. Smith; Canary, P. Rollo; Wren, A. Banks. Company 2a—Sparrow, S. Gibson; Chaffinch, W. Clark; Blackbird, A. Rothwell; Swallow, M. Walker, A. Birrell; Robin, E. Nicholson; Bullfinch, M. Smith, I. Urquhart; Bantam, S. MacKenzie.

Pamela Rollo and Ann Rothwell are Company Leaders of Company 2 and Company 2a respectively.

We are very pleased to welcome Miss Paton as Company 2's Lieutenant, and Miss Larg is now Captain of Company 2.

At the Annual Guide Gala, on the 14th October, High School Guides won the Junior and Senior Cups.

We congratulate Fiona Anderson on gaining her Queen's Guide Award, and also those Guides who have gained their First Class, All-Round Cards and Little House Emblem. We should like to thank Miss Gray for giving these Guides her invaluable advice and assistance.

On Friday, 4th November, to celebrate the Jubilee of Guiding, a Camp Fire for Guides of Dundee and District was held at Camperdown Park and we all enjoyed singing and watching the display of fireworks.

At the Armistice Service, Marion Wiltshire, the youngest Guide, carried the wreath, while ten of the most senior Patrol Leaders formed the Guard of Honour.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Guiders who give so willingly of their time.
P. J. R., A. R.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

At the meeting of the Chess Club in September, the following office-bearers were elected:— Hon. President, the Rector; Secretary, Sandy Davie; Treasurer, Alan Lawson. Recently, Mr Jacuk has been assisting in the supervision of the beginners.

This year the School entered a team for the "Sunday Times" National Schools' Competition for the first time. The team defeated Kirkcaldy High School 4½-1½ in the first round. The team also defeated an Aberdeen Schools' team 5-1 in a friendly match.
Sandy Davie.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

Meetings of the Society have been held in Mr Smith's room since the beginning of October. The attendance is slightly larger than last year, but more new members would be welcomed, especially from Form IV.

At the moment we are busy preparing two extracts, one from "Pygmalion" and one from "The Spanish Lady", for production at the Lit. in February.

As always, we are indebted to Mr Smith for the use of his room, and we thank both him and Miss Gray for their unfailing advice and enthusiasm.

Robert R. Sturrock, Secy.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

The meetings of the Scripture Union have been held this term, as usual, in Mr Paton's room, on Monday at 4 p.m. They have been attended regularly by an average number of fifteen members, and we have been greatly encouraged by the keenness of these members.

So far this term we have had one visiting speaker, namely the Rev. Mark Wilson, a missionary from the Eastern Himalayas, but we hope to invite several more visitors during the next two terms.

We have also been impressed by the help and encouragement given by several members of staff and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking them.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Society has suffered a heavy loss by the death of Miss Mary Scott, our secretary and producer. Miss Scott was one of our most enthusiastic members, producing three Shakespearean plays in three successive years. The ties between her and her group, now Form V. pupils, were very strong indeed, partly owing to her enthusiasm, but more to the sympathy, understanding and good nature which were part of her character.

But the work of the Society goes on, Miss Laing has become our new secretary, and Miss Gray has volunteered to help Miss Soutar and Mr Taylor with the production of "1066 And All That", which is scheduled for 28th and 29th March. Miss Knight, Miss Stevenson and Miss Cairncross have taken charge of the Form I. Group and hope to produce "Dotheboys Hall", on the same dates.

In giving two performances, the Junior Dramatic Society are breaking new ground, not without grave financial risk, as the cost of production of "1066 And All That" (with its large cast and great variety of costumes) is likely to be very high. We therefore appeal to parents and friends, and Old Boys and Old Girls, to support us with their presence in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, on 28th and 29th March. **The Theatre must not perish.**

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed:— Captain, D. K. Wright; Vice-Captain, R. I. Adamson; Secretary, B. N. Bowman; Treasurer, J. R. Hendry; Committee, A. M. Hall, I. S. Stewart, M. J. H. Nicol. Captains— 2nd XV., B. O. Fimister; 3rd XV., J. Davidson; Colts, J. Andrews.

1st XV.—Although the pack retains most of last season's members, it was necessary to experiment with a completely new back division in the initial games. It was unfortunate that these first few matches should include perhaps the hardest—against Aberdeen Grammar School and Robert Gordon's College. It is, therefore, to the credit of the team that only very narrow defeats resulted. The most

encouraging display to date has been against Dollar Academy when we drew level, having been down 11-0 at half-time. However, in most of the matches so far, there has been a lack of thrust near the opponents' line after domination in the open, with the result that, in some games, the team has failed to press home its advantage. All matches have been played with fine spirit and, thanks to Mr Allardice's strenuous training sessions, every man lasts the pace well.

The 2nd XV. have had mixed fortunes but, since the beginning of the season, there has been a marked improvement in their play, many of the team being potential 1st XV. men.

With only one defeat (and that with a weakened side), the 3rd XV. continues with gratifying keenness and determination, and there is great competition for places in the 2nd XV.

The Colts have been rather disappointing, but they play with great spirit although handicapped by lack of weight.

Mention must be made of the L.VII., Form I. and Form II. Teams who are playing hard and showing great enthusiasm. Several encouraging comments have been received from other Schools, especially with regard to Form II.

We congratulate R. I. Adamson on keeping the name of the School to the fore by his inclusion in the Midlands' Schools XV., and J. R. Hendry on being chosen travelling reserve, and we are pleased to note that A. McFarlane (a prominent member of last year's team) who is now in Edinburgh, is not only commanding a regular place in the Heriot's School 1st XV. but has also been selected 1st reserve for the Edinburgh Schools' XV.

We should like to thank Mr McLaren, Mr Allardice, Mr Biggar, Mr Lornie and Messrs G. C. and N. G. Stewart for their invaluable coaching, and also those members of staff who have helped us by travelling with our teams.

Finally, this report would not be complete without expressing our sense of loss at the retiral of Mr McLaren, whose enthusiasm and high ideals of sportsmanship have been an inspiration to us at all times. We extend to him our best wishes for a happy retirement.

Results—1st XV.

| | | Points | | |
|------------------------------|-----|-----------|----|----|
| | | V. | F. | A. |
| Sept. 10—Harris Academy | (h) | 15 | 3 | |
| 17—Dollar Academy | (h) | 11 | 11 | |
| 24—Aberdeen Gram. School | (a) | 3 | 9 | |
| Oct. 8—Robert Gordon's Coll. | (h) | 0 | 8 | |
| 15—Waid Academy | (h) | 32 | 0 | |
| 22—Melville College | (a) | 0 | 3 | |
| Nov. 5—Kelvinside Academy | (a) | 3 | 6 | |
| 12—Morgan Academy | (a) | Cancelled | | |
| 19—Dunfermline High School | (a) | 6 | 3 | |
| 26—Morrison's Academy | (a) | 9 | 12 | |
| Dec. 3—Perth Academy | (h) | 3 | 3 | |

B. N. B.

LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

This year the Literary Society has a very full and varied programme which is a good sign of the increasing interest shown by the members.

The first evening took the form of a debate, "That there are too many Rules". After this, James Davidson and Neil Bowman were selected to represent the School in the English-Speaking Union Debate.

The Rev. J. E. M. Baikie gave a talk on the Scottish Reformation which enlightened the members on some of the aspects of one of the most important events in the history of Scotland.

Three talks were given by members of the Excursion and Hill-Walking Clubs and slides taken by members were shown. One of the talks was about the recent visit of a party of girls to the National Cash Register Factory on the Industrial Estate.

On 11th November, the boys and girls had separate meetings. The girls heard a talk on Africa, illustrated by coloured slides, given by Miss Turnbull, while Forms III, and IV, boys held a discussion under the chairmanship of Mr Alexander.

I should like, on behalf of the Society, to thank Mr More for all the hard work he has put into producing such an interesting syllabus.

S. M. R.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA REPORT

The orchestra re-assembled after the Summer Holidays under its new conductor, Mr T. E. Porteous. Our numbers have increased and are the biggest since the School Concert, 3 years ago.

We have been practising the Minuet from Handel's "Samson" and the March from the "Occasional Overture", also by Handel. Several hymns have been tried with very favourable results.

Any instrumentalist who wishes to join the orchestra should come along to the Girls' Hall at 4 p.m. on a Monday, when he or she will be made most welcome. Lastly, on behalf of the orchestra, I should like to thank Mr A. Morrison Reid for all the work he did for the orchestra, and we hope that Mr Porteous will carry on that good work.

G. M. B., Leader.

GIRLS' EXCURSION CLUB REPORT

Although we have now changed our name from the Hill-Walking Club to the Excursion Club, we have not entirely given up hill-walking.

At the beginning of the term a meeting was held to appoint the officials. Miss Whytock kindly consented to be Honorary President, Miss Gray, President and Miss Henderson, Vice-President. The following girls were elected to be on the Committee—Hazel Galbraith, Jean Gray, Christine Worsley and

Joan Sutherland, the Treasurer being Barbara Patrick and Secretary, Ishbel Thomson.

Owing to the bad weather we have been for only one walk, which was very successful. Interesting outings were arranged to the N.C.R. and Telephone House.

The Boys' Hill-Climbing Club joined us for a meeting of the "Lit.". The aims and achievements of both clubs were discussed by Barbara Patrick, Jean Gray and David Adams.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank all the members of the staff who have helped the Club, and especially Miss Henderson, who has done so much for us.

M. I. T.

CADET REPORT

Once again camp was held at Cultybraggan in a week of mixed weather. There was the annual patrolling exercise which was very successful, although there were complaints from the attacking patrols that the secret rocket site was very difficult to approach, being on a piece of territory with very little cover, but all patrols managed to get the necessary information. They were out on the hills from Monday at lunch-time till Tuesday morning without any sleep and walking about thirty miles.

The Platoon Cup was this year held on Parents' Day and showed the mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters how smart their cadets are for the occasion. Thanks must be given to the examining personnel who really had things well organised and quickly dismissed the nerve-racking tests in a military manner. Sgt. Kay's platoon deservedly won the Cup by one point. On the same day, the Coronation Trophy was won by Cadet Peter Aiken. Those who did not gain distinction on this day must be complimented on their smart turn-out owing to their conscientious "bulling".

Some glory must be given to our Pipes and Drums who, as usual, put on an impeccable display. Owing to the bad weather, the "Beating of the Retreat" in Comrie was somewhat ruined, although it was apparent from the practices in the camp that they could put on a very good show.

We met an ex-pipe-major of the band in the shape of Rob. Macintyre, who is playing the pipes in the Glasgow University O.T.C. Pipe-Band, which united with three or four of our boys to give a very impressive display of massed pipe-bands. Perhaps the most outstanding figure was the drum-major of the O.T.C., who amazed everybody by his dexterity with the mace, although our present drum-major, namely Iain Stewart, is throwing the mace around with daring abandon.

Iain Stewart has also been down to the Scottish National Rifle meeting at Ayr with John McConachie, who gained a second in the Junior Championship. More will be said about this in the Rifle Club Report.

The Cadets seem to have instilled the army as a career in some of our boys' minds. We have two boys, Douglas Fox and Alan Grant, at Sandhurst, and one, David Rothwell, at Mons. These boys (or should I now call them men?) have reported that the Cadets have given them an excellent grounding in military training although they say they have a lot to learn. C.S.M. Fimister and Cpl. Schnee visited Sandhurst and met O.C.'s Grant and Fox, who are really being put through the mill in their first six or so weeks' training. It was very interesting to see how today's young officers are trained, and we can only wish our chaps the best of luck for their future in the army.

In the Junior Company, the shooting medallists for 1960 were:— L.VII., J. A. Dunbar; F.I., S. S. Barbieri; F.II., P. D. Aiken. At the Cadet camp, Cdt. P. D. Aiken was awarded the "Coronation Trophy" for the best all-round cadet, with Cdt. H. Gray runner-up.

At the Remembrance Service, Cdt. H. Robbie represented the Junior Company as a wreath-bearer.

Adequate thanks cannot be given to Major Halliday and his fellow-officers who have arranged an extensive training programme for all Cadets. Thanks must also be given to Mr Stevenson who is teaching Fieldcraft, to Mr Allardice who is teaching Life-Saving and to Mr Vannet who looks after the Junior Company, to Mr McLeod for his excellent work with the pipes and drums, to Mr Blackley who is responsible for the drums and stores, to Mr Livingstone of the T.A., and to all N.C.O.'s who are putting their backs into their work and trying to make this year a bumper year and keeping up the fine reputation of the Dundee High School Cadets.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

Since the Club moved to M.S.W. Rifle Range, the use of which was generously given by Mr H. D. Adamson, membership has grown to three times its original size.

Results, so far, have been fairly creditable. In the Scottish Junior Championship, John McConnachie and Fergus Macfarlane tied for 5th place

with a score of 291/300. One member is now shooting for Dundee and Angus in the Counties League.

Last summer, the Cadet Company was good enough to send John McConnachie and Iain Stewart to the Scottish National Meeting at Ayr. Although no cups were won, much experience was gained. For arranging this trip we owe our sincere thanks to Major Halliday and to Mr Stark, and we are grateful to both for their enthusiasm.

Once more the School team has shown progress by defeating the Old Boys, who put up a very fine performance. This match is always looked forward to by the pupils as it is a welcome change from the straightforward League matches.

The tie for top place in the P.P. team was decided after six shots, the winner receiving a prize of a penknife from the Old Boys.

I. S.

| Old Boys | | Present Pupils | |
|--------------------|-----|---------------------|-----|
| A. Millar | 96 | Iain Stewart | 100 |
| W. Morrison | 96 | John McConnachie | 100 |
| D. Laurie | 90 | Fergus Macfarlane | 99 |
| D. Mathers | 99 | John More | 96 |
| G. Mottashaw | 91 | David Cowling | 95 |
| D. Henderson | 97 | Sam Paterson | 97 |
| K. More | 99 | Roger Burns | 96 |
| | — | | — |
| | 668 | | 683 |

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Membership since last year has been doubled, with many new members from Form I. To date, we have had four meetings, two of which have been exhibitions by members, Pamela Grewar and Lindsay Burrows. The standard of collecting appears to be rising. The Club has received a gift of a 1961 edition of Stanley Gibbon's Stamp Catalogue—a very welcome gift, which will, no doubt, be used very much by members.

Pamela Grewar, Secretary.



Old Girls' Reunion Dinner Presentation to Miss Whytock

At a particularly happy gathering in the Royal Hotel, on Friday, 4th November, a hundred and forty Old Girls and representatives from the Old Boys' Club met to welcome, as their Guest of Honour, Miss Florence E. Whytock.

In the course of the after-dinner speeches, references were made to the outstanding qualities which have characterised all Miss Whytock's work in the innumerable activities associated with a school such as ours. Her patience, her tolerance, her understanding, her quiet dignity and well-balanced judgments had all helped to form the strong

bond which exists today between the Old Girls' Club and the school.

The presence of the five officials from the Old Boys' Club added much to the pleasure of the evening, and, in a delightfully witty speech, the President, Mr Thoms, conveyed to Miss Whytock the affectionate good wishes of all the Old Boys for a very happy retirement.

After the presentation of a brooch and cheque from the combined Clubs, Miss Whytock, in a speech of great charm and sincerity, thanked the company.

M. Turnbull, President, Old Girls' Club.

Old Boys' Club Dinner

The Annual Dinner took place this year in the Royal Hotel, Dundee, on Friday 2nd December. Once again there was a record attendance, 163 Members and Guests in all. It is gratifying to find that there has been, over the last few years, a considerable increase in the attendance of younger members and that a number of the School staff continue to support this function.

The Guest of Honour was Mr J. Graham Meiklejohn, C.A., a son of the late Mr J. G. Meiklejohn, Mathematics Master of the School for many years. In proposing the toast of the Club and the School, Mr Meiklejohn recounted many interesting and sometimes amusing stories about his late father, both in and out of school. This, of course, was thoroughly appreciated, especially by those of us who had been taught by "Mike", a gentleman who earned the affection and respect of both pupils and colleagues. The Toast was ably replied to by the Rector, Mr D. W. Erskine, M.A., B.A., who referred to the necessity for continued progress and improvements to the School. The Club President, Mr T. H. Thoms, who presided, then presented the Stuart Trophy for golf to Mr K. W. Pritchard and the Nicoll-Richmond Trophy for angling to Mr Alfred M. Clark. Mr K. K. Weatherhead, Hon. President, paid tribute to Mr Thomas McLaren, due shortly to retire after almost 39 years of excellent and faithful service to the School in the Physical Training Department, and thereafter presented him, on behalf of the Club, with a set of bowls and a cheque. Mr McLaren expressed his thanks in a

short, but entertaining, speech. Mr A. T. Millar proposed the Toast of the President, and Mr Thoms, whose faultless chairmanship greatly contributed to the success of the evening, replied. The proceedings closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne".

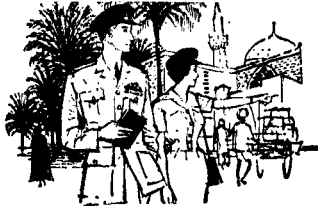
The Guests present were Lord Provost Maurice McManus, D.L., J.P.; Mr J. Graham Meiklejohn, C.A.; Mr Walter L. Scott (Dundee and District Watsonian Club); Rev. Dr. Hugh O. Douglas (School Chaplain); and Mr. Thomas McLaren.

OLD BOYS' GOLF OUTING

The Old Boys held their Annual Golf Outing at Kirriemuir on Saturday, 25th June, when 16 Old Boys were present. The weather was particularly kind this year, and after a keen competition, the result was a tie with net scores of 66 by Ronald Lyle and Kenneth Pritchard. The play-off resulting from the tie was played at Barry on 23rd July, and the winner was Kenneth Pritchard.

The Annual Match against the present pupils took place at Barry, on Tuesday, 28th June. The Old Boys were represented by D. S. Dryden and R. S. Hood, S. G. Dryden and G. J. Robbie, K. Pritchard and H. Wright, and the present pupils by A. J. Low and D. J. Tasker, P. Kilgour and G. D. Mackie, and G. D. Maxwell and W. F. Dewar. The result was a win this year for the Old Boys of 2 matches to 1.

adventure and security



as an officer

in today's R.A.F.

Do you realise what a 'top job' it is to be an R.A.F. officer? What other job, for instance, can give you both adventure and security, as the R.A.F. does—or offer you the challenge of such great responsibilities at such an early age? Try to think of a few. Then match them with the pay and prospects in the R.A.F. If you were a pilot of 25, as a Flight Lieutenant with full allowances you would be earning over £1750 a year.

Most officers enter the R.A.F. on a Direct Entry commission which guarantees service to at least the age of 38 and there are very good prospects of continuing their career to the age of 55.

If you are selected for a permanent commission, you may start your career as a cadet at Cranwell or Henlow. Education is on University lines and, since you are paid, it costs your parents nothing. There are R.A.F. Scholarships to help boys to stay at school until they are ready for one of the Colleges.

Direct Entry officers in the general duties branch fly as pilots, navigators, or air electronics officers. On completion of service, a pension of at least £455 a year is awarded together with a minimum tax-free gratuity of £1365.

EDUCATIONAL QUALIFICATIONS: Scottish Leaving Certificate in English (Higher), mathematics and three other acceptable subjects.

Minimum age, 17½.

R.A.F. College, Cranwell offers training up to degree standard to men who will eventually occupy senior posts in the R.A.F. The Cranwell cadet must be an outstanding natural leader whether he trains as a pilot, navigator or an expert in logistics or administration.

EDUCATIONAL QUALIFICATIONS: Scottish Leaving Certificate in English, mathematics, science or a language, and two other subjects (Higher Grade in English and two other subjects). *Age limits: 17½–19½.*

R.A.F. College, Henlow supplies the first-class technical brains needed to maintain the highly complex aircraft and equipment of today's R.A.F. Here you get the most modern scientific training available anywhere, studying either at Henlow, for H.N.D., or at a University for an honours degree after a year at Henlow.

EDUCATIONAL QUALIFICATIONS: Scottish Leaving Certificate in English, mathematics and science (physics and chemistry) all at Higher Grade, dynamics and one other subject. *Age limits: 17–19½.*

Apprenticeships in a number of trades are available to boys between 15 and 17 who are not staying on at school.

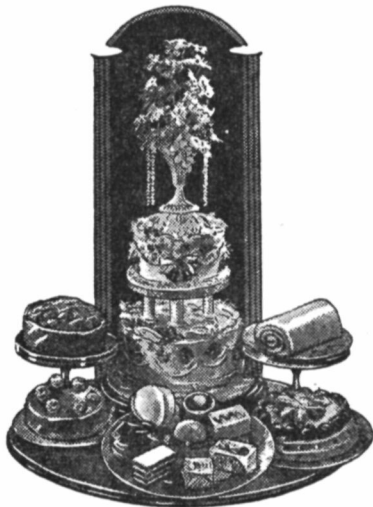
EDUCATIONAL QUALIFICATIONS: There is a written entrance examination. Two 'O' level passes in G.C.E. exempt you from this.

You can find out if you are good enough to fly with the R.A.F. by taking a pre-assessment test. This test, taken when you are 16 or 17, involves you in no obligation. See your *Careers Master* for further information on these and other R.A.F. careers, or write to:—

Sqn. Ldr. M. E. Hobson, A.F.C., R.A.F., 21, Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

TODAY'S TOP JOB IS THE R.A.F.

***For all good things
a baker makes--***



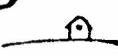
Telephone 82224

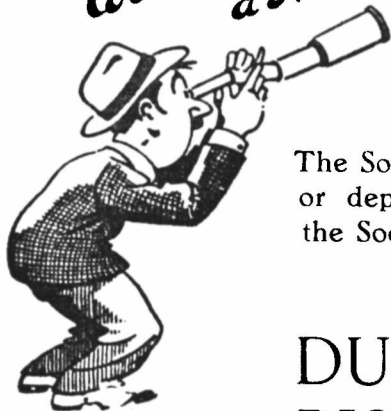
WALLACE
"Land O' Cakes"

8 CRICHTON STREET
AND BRANCHES

WALLACE LAND O' CAKES LTD.

Head Office : STOB SWELL BAKERY

*Are You
Looking for
a House?* 



Write for free Booklet and learn
how we can help you to obtain
your "ain wee house."

INVESTMENTS

The Society are prepared to accept money on share
or deposit. Interest 3%. Income Tax paid by
the Society.

The
**DUNDEE and ANGUS
BUILDING SOCIETY**
132a NETHERGATE, DUNDEE

PHONE No. 25476

**FOR ALL CLASSES OF
BUILDING WORK**

Charles Gray
(Builders) Limited

**4 FRANCIS STREET
COLDSIDE**

DUNDEE



Telephones : DUNDEE 87128 (Three Lines)



PRODUCTS OF QUALITY

The standard of our goods is consistently high and is an appreciated feature of our Bakery and Restaurant Service. Why not test both to-day?

You'll enjoy a meal here, tastefully served in congenial surroundings at a moderate cost.

THE
AULD DUNDEE PIE SHOP LTD.

(DAVID WALLACE)

Pie Bakers and Restaurateurs

22 CASTLE STREET, DUNDEE

PHONE 23682

***All the
School Books
and Stationery . . .***

as prescribed for Classes LI to VII and Forms I to VI
in Dundee High School

May be obtained from

FRANK RUSSELL

Bookseller and Stationer

26 BARRACK STREET, DUNDEE

IT IS ADVISABLE TO PLACE YOUR ORDERS AT YOUR EARLIEST

TELEPHONE 24380

Sole Distributor for

**HEADRICK
LIVINGSTONE**

olivetti

STANDARD & PORT-
ABLE TYPEWRITERS

**54 BELL STREET
DUNDEE**

Large stocks of used machines
always available for sale or hire



THE DOG FOOD SHOP

(W. W. CROAL)



**15 SOUTH UNION
STREET, DUNDEE**

PHONE No. 23920

DOG AND BIRD DEALERS. GRAIN
AND SEED MERCHANTS.

Bird Cages, Dog Collars, Leads, Brushes,
Combs, Etc. Goldfish Bowls, Aquariums,
Plants and Accessories.

Horseflesh for sale each Tuesday and Friday.

Agents for :
Sherleys, Martins and Karswood Dog
Remedies, Vetzyme.

Your Cake—

Whether it be Birthday, Wedding,
or other Celebration

—MUST BE THE FINEST

GOODFELLOW & STEVEN LTD.
BROUGHTY FERRY

ALSO AT ARBROATH AND MONIFIETH

**EAT
MORE
MEAT**

for
ENERGY
and HEALTH

WE buy only Prime Young
Cattle and Sheep thus en-
suring delicious tender meat for
our customers.

Deliveries to all parts of the city.

Aberdeenshire Meat Co.
Limited

28-30 WELLGATE, DUNDEE

ESTABLISHED 1868

PHONE 23737

Lots of ways of Learning . . .

Not all teachers adopt the same methods of imparting knowledge, and scholars have their own "pet" subjects.

When it comes to shopping ability, however, there is only one sure method of learning—by experience. Experience has taught thousands of shoppers in Dundee and district that it pays to shop at any Branch of KIDD'S if they appreciate QUALITY bakery goods and confections.

Ask the lady of the house. She will tell you that the name ANDREW G. KIDD LTD. is synonymous with QUALITY.

ANDREW G. KIDD LTD.

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT DUNDEE

ALSO AT 148 HIGH STREET, PERTH

RESTAURANT & SMOKE - ROOM—26 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE

SMALL FUNCTION ROOM———26 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE