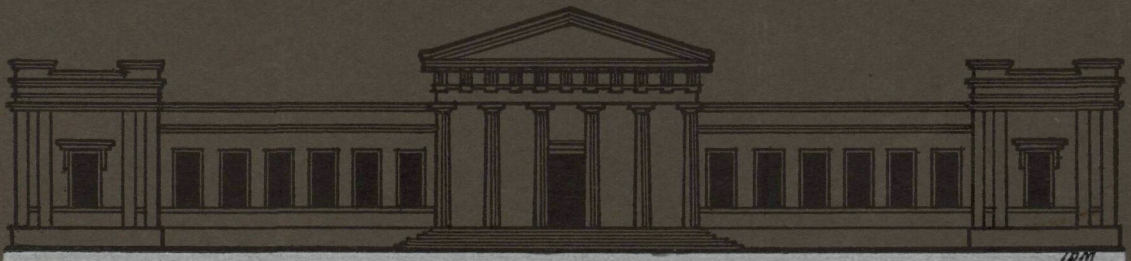


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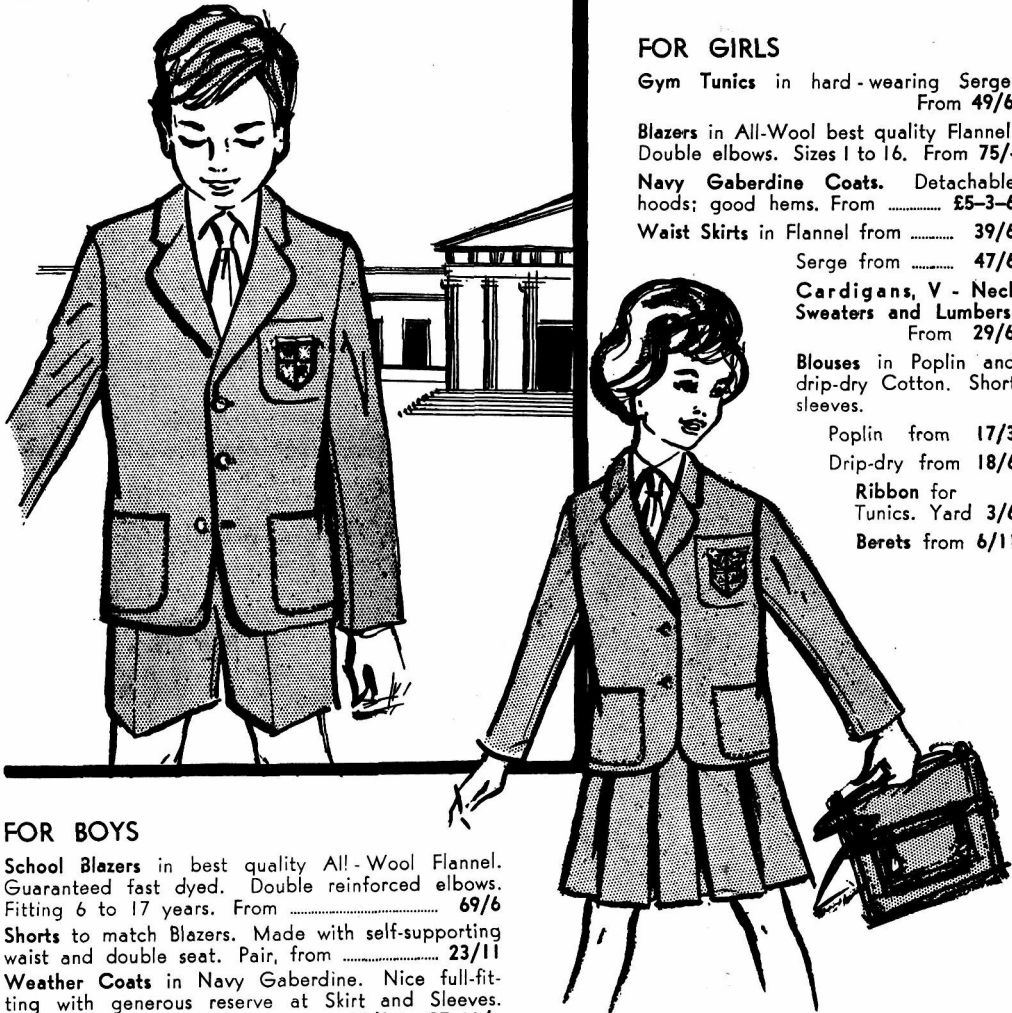
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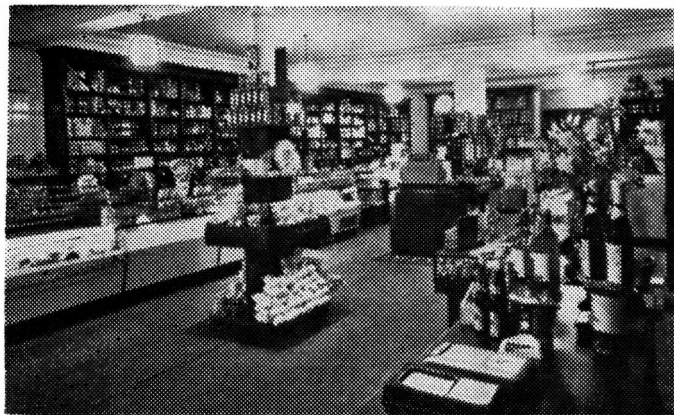
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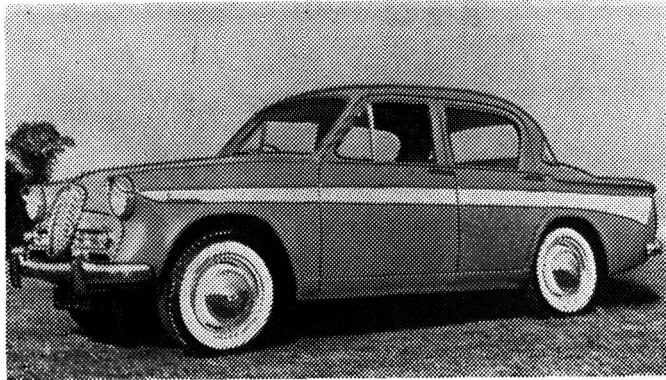
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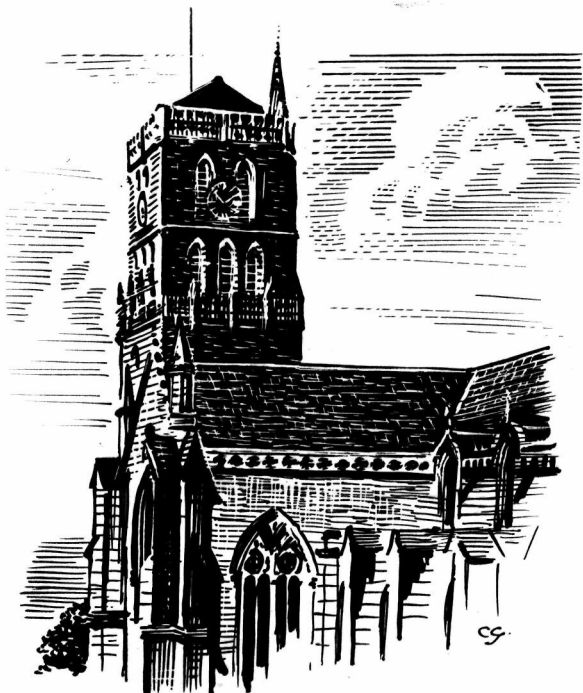


Illustration from "Historic Dundee"

DUNDEE ST. MARY'S

KNOWLEDGE is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster. — *Tennyson.*

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL

KNOWLEDGE is of two kinds.
We know a subject ourselves,
or we know where we can find
information upon it. — *Boswell.*



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EDITORIAL

No. 130]

JUNE 1961

[1/3

“As far as the education of a Sixth Form pupil is concerned, the purpose of education at this stage is to help the individual ultimately to make a coherent interpretation of his whole experience. It holds, however, that the best way to do this is to give him, from the age of sixteen onwards, an experience in considerable intellectual depth, but in a very narrowly limited and naturally coherent range.” We cannot promise the reader, in this Editorial, intellectual depth, but we have produced a narrowly limited and, we hope, coherent piece of work.

It is with much pleasure that we welcome you to read this masterpiece of the creative instincts of the good pupils of this school. Let us say right away that we have no very clear idea of the main function of an Editorial and, by looking at previous editions, we find that we are not alone in this sentiment. We feel, however, that our purpose is to collect, collate and comment on events which the future holds. The Swimming Gala draws on apace and Sports Day is almost upon us, heralded as usual by hurried running practices and hectic, irate House Captains, all thirsting for honour.

On reflection on events at school, may we commend the very laudable ambition of certain members of the school who, although they are about to leave, are determined to do one last service by surveying the school. Perhaps the recent cloudless skies have encouraged this occupation. To turn to higher spheres, the duties of our school prefects are ever-multiplying while their prefectorial

status seems as doubtful as of yore. Looking back at previous years, we feel that they should not be disheartened, but surely the time for change may have come.

It is too much, we fear, to expect anyone to read an Editorial, but to the educated minority, who regularly gaze upon these laborious efforts which every poor editor finds it his lot to write, we would say that any fool(?) can make a reasonable attempt to write about something, but it is not quite such a simple operation to write about nothing. We shall therefore attempt to give a brief résumé of what entertainment there is to follow in this magazine. The Junior School have again made an ample contribution with many delightful poems which are sure to provide enjoyable reading for many. There are also articles concerning the various activities of pupils and former pupils, which never fail to attract much comment and interest. All the school societies have presented a report on their work throughout the term. We hope that, through these contributions, the reader will gain enjoyment and some knowledge of life within our school.

The day is fast approaching when our search for knowledge will be leading us, and many of our friends, beyond the bounds of this school. For each individual, perhaps, this will mean something different, but I am sure that they will all have one thing in common—a remembrance of and affection for our school which is a part of our lives and, because it is our own, is to us the very best.

News and Notes

THE SCHOOL SPORTS

The Sports were held at Dalnacraig on Saturday, 3rd June, in perfect weather conditions. The Senior Championship was won by David Wright, the Intermediate by Alan Grewar, and the Junior by David Mathewson. The girl champions were, respectively, Nancy Paton, Helen Jamieson and Gillian Macmillan. The organisation of the sports was perfect and an excellent tea was provided. Chief Constable John Orr presided, and Mrs Orr presented the prizes.

The recording apparatus used to announce events was kindly supplied by Mr Eric Larg. Several new events were introduced. For girls there was the Broad Jump in all three championships, and Discus Throwing in the Senior and Intermediate Championships. For boys, Hurdles were introduced in the Intermediate and Junior Championships.

NEW RECORDS

BOYS' CHAMPIONSHIP

$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile — A. F. H. Murray, 2 m. 2.8 secs.
1 Mile — A. F. H. Murray, 4m. 30.6 secs.

GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP

220 Yards — M. A. Reed, 28.2 secs.

GIRLS' INTERMEDIATE

220 Yards — D. Fraser, 27.8 secs.

LIFE - SAVING

The following awards have been made to High School boys in 1960-61 —

Elementary Certificate, 11; Intermediate Certificate, 11; Bronze Medallion, 11; Bar to Bronze Medallion, 1; Bronze Cross, 3; Award of Merit, 2; Scholar Instructors' Certificate, 2.

ATHLETICS

This term it has been possible to hold two Athletic contests against Morgan Academy at Monymusk Road Grounds. The School was narrowly defeated on each occasion. However, the standard was good, and prospects for the future are promising.

ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate MR HALLIDAY on having a piece of sculpture, "Wild Goose," accepted

by the Royal Academy, London. In a recent exhibition of the Society of Marine Artists held in the Guild Hall, London, Mr Halliday had a painting, entitled "Balkan Trader," exhibited. He also had a painting of Aberdeen Drifters shown at the Boat Show at Earl's Court, London. In the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, Mr Halliday has had three works, one piece of sculpture and two marine paintings, accepted. The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours showed one of his water colours of Lake Gadair, Wales.

Mr Halliday has been commissioned to make the Dr Baxter Memorial Trophy in memory of the well-known Scottish Ornithologist. The trophy takes the form of a young Jackdaw in bronze.

MR VANNET is also to be congratulated on his success on having two water colours, "Misty Morning" and "Boats, Volendam," and an etching, "The Fisherman's Daughter," accepted by the Royal Scottish Academy. Two of his water colours were shown recently in the exhibition of the R.S.W. Mr Vannet has been commissioned to inscribe the New Memorial Book in the Scottish Naval, Military and Air Force Veterans' Residence.

GIFTS TO LIBRARY

The Library Committee gratefully acknowledge gifts of books to the Library from Mrs R. Falconer, Miss A. Lickely, D.A., Mrs Wareham, Mrs L. Craigie-Smith, The Old Girls' Club and a group of Old Boys.

HELEN F. FALCONER.

FROM THE LOWER SCHOOL

Donations were handed to the "Save the Children Fund" by Lorna Marshall and L. VI, girls after their performance of "Aladdin". Sally J. Ross and Catherine Coull organised a Fête and gave part of the proceeds to the same fund. Before Easter, L. VI. Girls performed two plays.

Peter West and Alan Masson were presented with their prizes (silver and bronze plates respectively) by President Nehru in the Shankar's International Art and Literary Competition.

L. VII. Girls and Boys presented the play, "The Other Children," by Margaret Harding, to their parents in the Craft Room of the Lower School.

MISS GRACE DINGWALL, M.A.

We are very proud to have in this issue an article on Cambridge by a distinguished former pupil, Miss Grace Dingwall. After taking an Honours Degree in Classics at Edinburgh University, Miss Dingwall is studying Education at Cambridge. She finds Cambridge very exciting, and the English way of life most interesting. Last term she did teaching practice at Putney High School for Girls, giving instruction in Latin, Greek and Mathematics. Miss Dingwall has now been appointed to Brighton and Hove High School where she starts teaching in September.

STAFF CHANGES

Mr John Coletta has been appointed in the Gymnastics Department. Miss Soutar left at Easter to marry Mr Douglas David Scott, and has been succeeded in the Lower School by Mrs L. E. Stevens who came to us from Gillburn School. Miss Ogilvie is leaving at the end of the session to marry Mr Peter Close. We wish them all every happiness.

SWIMMING GALA

The Swimming Gala was held on Tuesday, 6th June. The Senior Champions were Bruce McLeod (F. VI.) and Sheila Buchan (F. IV.). The Junior Championships were won by David Hinrichs and Barbara Smith, both in F. I. Prizes were presented by Mrs T. H. Thoms, wife of the President of the Old Boys' Club who was Chairman.

MR IAN TAYLOR'S CULTURAL ACTIVITIES

Mr Taylor has had two scripts accepted and produced on the Scottish Home Service of the B.B.C.

"A Christmas Pilgrimage," on 22nd December, told the story of Christmas in selected Biblical passages illustrated by poetry readings and carols. The narrator was the Rev. Ian Pitt-Watson, Forfar, and the readers Tom Fleming and Lennox Milne. The carols were sung by the Edinburgh University Singers directed by Herrick Bunney.

"Winter's Awa," 23rd April, was a compilation of Scottish poems and songs to celebrate the return of Spring. The readers were Effie Morrison and Bryden Murdoch; the singers, Dundonians Moira Milne and Jack Renwick. James Sloggie arranged the music for flute, 'cello and spinet to give an appropriate pastoral air to the programme.

Both these programmes were produced by the former D.H.S. English master, George Bruce, now Features Producer with the B.B.C.

In the Autumn, Mr and Mrs Taylor formed a group of singers and elocutionists — former and present pupils — David Henderson, Ann Colligan, Jean Thomson, Elaine Webster, Ann Cumming, Barbara Patrick. Under the auspices of the W.E.A. they gave an acted presentation of Christmas music and poetry — "Carols and Candlelight" — in Dundee Art Galleries on 23rd December. The previous day, the singers of the group provided the illustrations for a short talk on Christmas Carols given by Mr Taylor to the Dundee Rotary Club.

For Dundee's Civic Week, Mr Taylor has been invited to give two recitals in the Art Galleries. On Monday, 10th July, at a "lunch-hour" recital of "Songs for Children," he will be accompanied by his wife. Friday, 14th July, is to be an evening Lecture-Recital, entitled "Six Centuries of Scottish Song and Verse". The entire programme of poems, songs and accompaniments is to be sustained by Mr Taylor. It is hoped to arrange for him to give an abridged version of this lecture to Senior Pupils, some time in June.

THE STAFF v. PUPILS HOCKEY MATCH

On the 30th March, Dalnacraig West Hockey pitch was graced by the presence of the 1st XI., and a team representing the staff. The support given to this battle was quite considerable, and the liveliness of the crowd reflected itself in the amusing antics of the players.

It was observed that many of the staff team had been hiding their light under a bushel, and, together with the fact that members of the staff team are great rugby, football and hockey players, the 1st XI. found themselves up against some tough opposition. However, it must be said that the 1st

XI. tried their best to hold the game together, as many of the staff, quite ignorant of the rules, tended to stray somewhat from their positions. Unfortunately, the 1st XI. failed to score any goals owing to the acrobatic skill of Mr Jacuk, who played a splendid game as goalkeeper. Our three gym. teachers, Mr Allardice, Mr Coletta and Miss Paton, kept the pace of the game high, with Mr Allardice breaking away on his own in spectacular drives up the pitch.

However, despite this great talent which the staff seem to have, there was a great deal of obstruction and dangerous play against which the 1st XI. stood up very well. The final score was 3-0, and the end of the game came all too soon. The match, which had been reintroduced after three years (our thanks to Mr Allardice and Miss Paton), was greatly enjoyed by all, and the hope is that it will be repeated in future years.

JENNIFER DUNLOP.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte, Violin, Clarinet and Theory held in December, 1960, and March, 1961.

PUPILS OF MR PORTEOUS

F. III.

Ian Smith — Grade V. (Theory), Pass.

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)

F. IV.

Marion Cathro — Grade VI., Pass.

F. III.

Anthony Kobine — Grade V., Pass.

F. II.

Rosemary Wood — Grade VI., Pass.

Sandra Spencer — Grade V., Pass.

James Coull — Grade IV., Pass.

Lindsay, Easson — Grade III., Pass.

F. I.

Patricia Smith — Grade IV., Merit.

L. VII.

Caroline Hesselgrave — Grade IV., Pass.

Jane Rorie — Grade IV., Pass.

L. VI.

John Mee — Grade II., Pass.

PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE (Pianoforte)

F. II.

Helen Lyle — Grade IV., Pass.

L. VI.

Gillian Garden — Grade I., Merit.

Pauline Hendry — Grade I., Pass.

Moraig Ross — Grade II., Merit.

Beverley Arthur — Grade II., Pass.

Patricia Buchan — Grade II., Pass.

Robin Foote — Grade II., Pass.

L. V.

Helen Johnstone — Grade I., Merit.

PUPILS OF MR REID (Violin)

F. IV.

Graeme Bruce — Grade V., Pass.

F. I.

Fiona Bell — Grade IV., Pass.

PUPIL OF MR ELDER (Clarinet)

F. III.

Ian Smith — Grade IV., Distinction.

ELOCUTION RESULTS

At the December Examinations in Speech of the Trinity College the following pupils passed successfully:—

GRADE II.

Deborah Menelaws (Hons.).

Gillian Birrell (Merit).

Susan Mee (Merit).

These pupils were unable to sit the examination in June owing to illness.

ELOCUTION RECITALS

Following the usual custom, the Elocution pupils give a Recital every other year. This year it was decided that the Recital should be given in two parts, an afternoon performance for the younger pupils and an evening performance for the Seniors, thus allowing more time for each so that more worthwhile items could be attempted without creating too long and cumbersome a programme, which can be very trying to both young performers and audiences alike.

These shows took place in the School Hall on 10th March and 10th May, and, in spite of the very limited staging available, proved remarkably effective. In fact it was felt by some that the very simplicity of the setting added to the charm of the children's performances.

The pupils taking part appeared to enjoy themselves very much, especially the younger children, and it is hoped that the audiences also derived pleasure from these little Recitals.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

DR. DOUGLAS on his being awarded the C.B.E. in the Queen's New Year Awards.

DR. ALISDAIR G. STEWART, who leaves for Canada next month to take up a research fellowship in Medicine at Montreal General Hospital. Dr. Stewart graduated M.B., Ch.B. at St. Andrews University last year. He was awarded a Sir James Mackenzie Prize in Medicine and a Robert Davies Royds Prize in Medicine and Pathology.

MR DOUGLAS DORWARD on his being awarded the Degree of D.Phil. by Oxford University after a stay of 18 months on Ascension Island with the British Ornithologists' Union Centenary Expedition.

DAVID ROTHWELL on passing through Mons Officers' Training School and on being commissioned into the Royal Artillery. He served for six years with the school cadets and left to go to the army with the rank of sergeant-instructor.

CORPORAL DOUGLAS J. BRAND, Royal Marines, who has gained a Commission. His promotion to Second-Lieutenant is with Seniority from 1st May, 1961. Lieut. Brand in 1959 was King's Badge Winner.

ALISON BUCHAN on winning the Second Prize in the Dundee Presbytery's Essay Competition to mark the Quater centenary of the Reformation.

PAMELA ROLLO and MARGARET SMITH on being awarded Queen's Badges.

HELEN JAMIESON on winning the British Under-Fifteens' Championship at Wengin in Switzerland, the Ladies' Races at Glencoe and the Under-Eighteens' Race for the Junior Championship.

MARGARET WALKER and RAYMOND WILKIE on being chosen for the Midlands Swimming Teams.

THELMA C. ROBERTSON and DEBORAH A. MENELAWS who won First and Second Prizes respectively in the Brooke Bond Tea Writing Competition.

A. B. BUCHAN who won Second Prize in the Brooke Bond Tea Art Competition.

JANET KERR and MARGARET L. SMITH, who were First and Second respectively in Impromptu Speech-Making (under 18) at Arbroath Musical Festival.

COLIN MCNAB, who was First (equal) in Impromptu Speech-Making (not under 18).

MISS ANN GILCHRIST and CHRISTINE SUTHERLAND, who also gained awards at the Arbroath Musical Festival.

JEAN GRAY and MARGARET KAY on winning Excursion Club prizes, first and second respectively, in an Excursion Club Essay Competition. The prizes, two beautiful rugs, were awarded by Mr Sutherland of Messrs Thomson and Shepherd.

RAYMOND WILKIE, who has been chosen to represent Scotland against the R.A.F. at swimming in the Butterfly Event.

D.H.S. RUGBY SEVEN on winning the Perth Academy Rugby Seven-a-Side Tournament.

RONALD ADAMSON, JOHN HENDRY, IAN STEWART and DAVID WRIGHT, who played for the Midlands Schools Rugby Select.

WILLIAM DEWAR, who won the Dundee and District Table Tennis Consolation Cup.

MAUREEN MCKELL on having received, during the past year, in the B.B.C. T.V. Sketch Club, ten certificates and three prizes. The ten paintings which won the certificates were shown on T.V. and sent throughout the country on touring exhibitions.

The Prize-winners in the R. S. P. C. A. Essay Competition:—

Under 13—PETER WEST, L. VII.; ALAN AITKENHEAD, F. I.

Over 13—HAROLD TAYLOR, F. III.; RUTH BREMNER, F. II.; GAVIN LICKLEY, F. III.

BRUCE S. KYLE on being appointed the first Secretary of the C.E.W.C. (Dundee Branch).

ALISON BUCHAN, SHONA COLQUHOUN, MOYRA HAMILTON and SHEILA MURRAY, who completed the Perth-Dundee Walk and THE F.P. ASSOCIATION TEAM, which won the Men's Team Race.

MR JAMES R. G. WRIGHT, of Edinburgh University, on winning the medals in the Honours Classes of Latin, Greek and Ancient History; the Scott and Dunbar Prize in

Greek; the W. S. Society Prize in Latin; and the Hardie Prizes for Latin Prose Composition and Classical Essay. In December, Mr Wright was elected to a Major Scholarship in Classics at St. John's College, Cambridge. He has recently been awarded a Carnegie Trust Research Grant and has just completed his term of office as the first President of the University's new men's hall of residence, Holland House.

MISS CHARLOTTE LYTHER on winning the medal for General Logic and Metaphysics at St. Andrews University.

MISS JEAN THOMSON, of Queen's College, on winning the medal for Midwifery.

MR MICHAEL TOSH on winning the Chancellor's Medal for an English Essay at Oxford University.

HELEN LYLE, F. II., on winning two Junior Midlands Tennis Championships, the Open and the Under-Fifteen.

GRAHAM REID, F. II., on winning the Junior Midlands Tennis Championship for Boys under fifteen.

SCHOOL MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE - WINNERS — 1961

Front Row (l. to r.)—Harvie L. Findlay (Polack Prize for Gymnastics—F.II. Boys); David C. Mathewson (Aystree Cup for Junior Championship); Catherine A. Coull (Old Girls' Club Prize for Piano Playing in the Junior School); Mona D. Spence (Larg Prize for Violin Playing—Junior); David M. Hinrichs (Junior Championship for Swimming—Boys); Eileen M. C. Duke (Special Chess Prize for Girls); Gordon D. C. Low (Walter Polack Memorial Prize for Dux of L.VII. Boys—Equal); Beverley Arthur (Junior Leng Medal for Singing); Douglas N. Gow (Oakley Cup for Shooting—Under 14); Susan M. M. Reid (Girls' Junior Tennis Cup); Julia M. F. Garden (John MacLennan Prize for Dux of L.VII. Girls); Robin M. Stimpson (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of F.II. Boys); Ronald M. Davie (Walter Polack Memorial Prize for Dux of L.VII. Boys—Equal, Russell Chess Trophy).

Second Row (l. to r.)—Margaret L. Smith (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of F.IV. Girls); Graeme M. Bruce (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of F.IV. Boys); Elizabeth M. Barnet (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art); George C. Duke (Rector's Prize for Geography, Low Memorial Prize for English in F.V.—Equal, Low Memorial Prize for Latin); Norma Duncan (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Music); David D. Adams (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Mathematics); Alison M. Buchan (Harris Gold Medal for Dux of School, Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English—Equal, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize in English—Equal, London Angus Club Prize for Dux in History); Bruce S. Kyle (Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Linda E. Mollison (Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English—Equal, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize in English—Equal, Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); David T. Hunter (J. B. Meiklejohn Prize for Mathematics in F.V.); Pamela A. Grewar (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Homecraft); Richard C. Balharry (Special Prize for Music); Patricia A. Cull (Special Prize for Homecraft); Michael J. L. Mort (Low Memorial Prize for English in F. V.—Equal).

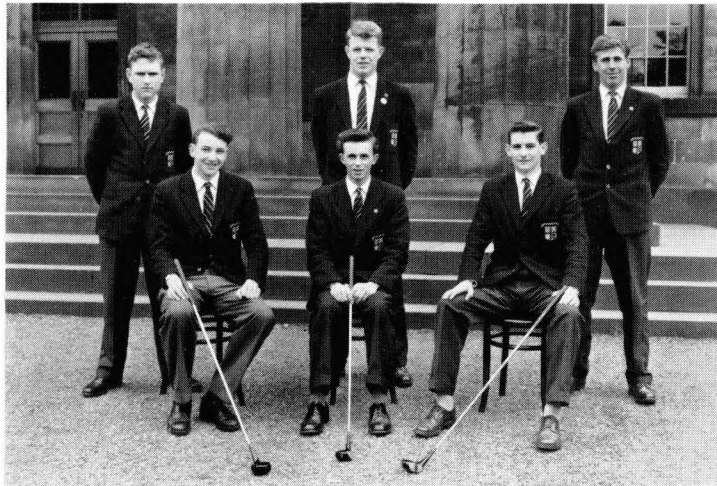
Third Row (l. to r.)—Sheila M. Greaves (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of F.III. Girls); Christina I. Simpson (Championship Cup for Dux in Gymnastics—Girls); Helen M. Jamieson (Intermediate Girls' Sports Championship Cup); Christine D. Sutherland (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Girls); Sheila S. Anderson (Girls' Tennis Championship Cup); Barbara H. Patrick (G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public Speaking); Margaret E. Kay (J. B. Meiklejohn Prize for Mathematics in F.V.); Elizabeth M. Smith (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of F.II. Girls); Barbara A. C. Smith (Junior Championship for Swimming—Girls); Alison M. Haggart (Rector's Prize for Violin Playing—Senior); Agnes M. Paton (Girls' Sports Championship Cup); Elizabeth A. T. Nicholson (Larg Prize for Piano Playing—Open); Dorothy L. G. Fraser (Larg Prize for Piano Playing—Intermediate).

Back Row (l. to r.)—Gillian J. McMillan (Junior Girls' Sports Championship Cup); John M. McKean (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Boys); Bernard N. Bowman (Don. F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Alan G. Grewar (Harold Young Martin Rose Bowl for Intermediate Championship); David K. Wright (Ballingall Gold Medal for Gymnastics, Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete, Arthur Ritchie Cup for High Jump); Alistair F. H. Murray (Loveridge Cup for Mile Race); Bruce D. McLeod (Championship Trophy for Swimming—Boys); Peter Kilgour (Boase Medal and Pirie Handicap Cup for Golf); Ian E. Smith (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of F.III. Boys); Sheila M. Buchan (Championship Cup for Swimming—Girls).

Absent—James Davidson (Cunningham Medal for Dux in Science, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize in Science, G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public Speaking); Martin J. H. Nicol (Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Samuel D. Paterson (Urquhart Cup for Champion Shot of Rifle Club); Alexander M. Davie (Beckingham Chess Trophy).



MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE - WINNERS — 1961
 (Names and Awards after School Notes)



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

GOLF TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)— A. R. Lyle, J. R. Hendry, D. K. Wright.
Front Row (l. to r.)— W. F. Dewar, G. D. Mackie (Capt.), P. Kilgour.



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

"1066 AND ALL THAT"—Forms II. and III.



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

"DOTHEBOYS HALL"—Form I.

Cambridge

The first thing one must do on arrival in Cambridge is to procure a bicycle by hook or by crook. There are literally hundreds lying around all through the town whether in the public racks or just leaning against some convenient wall. However, the police collect such abandoned bicycles and have monthly sales, which are great fun. The bidding is very exciting, especially at the commencement of term, when hundreds of new students arrive. Somehow I managed to buy a bicycle thus, but that was only the beginning of my troubles. Bicycle repair shops always seemed to be so busy that I found myself forced to be mechanically-minded very quickly, fixing brake blocks, punctures, front and back lights, etc. Oh, why do the batteries always die when the shops are closed? I am afraid it looked most suspicious when I could not unlock my chain and so had to guide my bike through the main street on its front wheel!

However, this is all part of life in Cambridge, which was so new and different to me after Edinburgh. By now, too, I have mastered the art of cycling along with my long graduate gown billowing out behind. The undergrads are lucky in having short gowns! Begowned figures, of course, are commonplace throughout Cambridge day and night, but I never cease to be stirred by the dignity of it all. A gown must be worn after dusk even if you are in evening dress, unless you want to risk being fined by the proctor and his bulldogs, who are reputed to be good runners, in case you feel like trying to avoid them.

After Edinburgh, with its few University hostels, I found the residential atmosphere of Cambridge University strange at first, but the closely integrated academic and social life is wonderful to experience. The Colleges are all rather lovely and there are so many that it took me quite a few weeks to locate them all. Now it is my determined task to visit them all and this is made possible by that great English social event—tea. "Do come along to tea, and we'll toast crumpets," is the regular invitation to all, so that thus one meets lots of interesting people, who then invite you to tea in their turn, and so on. Therefore, most of my time last term was

spent in drinking tea and discussing every possible topic with various people. Another great social gathering is the Scottish Country Dancing Class which is very popular with the English and "other foreigners". Everybody is very keen and enthusiastic so that we all enjoy ourselves immensely. Many wear Highland dress from top to toe, and to an exiled Scot this is wonderful till they begin to speak! Much of our other spare time is taken up by societies, theatre, concerts, etc. Then the problem is not finding a place to park the car, but where to leave your bicycles.

I have been used to the University going mad in April, during Charities Week, but Cambridge University concentrates all its energies into one day—Poppy Day. Each College has its own float, as well as various stunts to capture the pennies from passers-by. The floats circulate the town all morning from 8 a.m., while the Market Square and all the streets at the centre of the town are full of students doing their own stunts, whether it be a string quartet in full evening dress or scantily clad cavemen brandishing clubs. A very rapid trade goes on at the "Slave Market", where bearded Arabs capture any unwary girls passing by or even girls off the floats and put them up for auction to any gentleman in the crowd: I am afraid they usually were not worth more than 3s.! In the afternoon we went along to the Punt Jousting at the back of King's College, where Trinity and Caius battled against each other. The sympathy of the crowd was certainly with the champion, who was flung into the freezing water by his opponent's lance, i.e. mop. Many soup-tureen helmets and emblazoned shields were lost in the fray! Amongst great rejoicing, Trinity were the victors. People must get a sadistic enjoyment out of seeing others thrown into cold water, as there was another piece of engineering, which threw a girl into a six-foot tank of cold water if you threw a ball into a certain hole. However, everybody entered into the fun so that the money rolled in. At night too, many Colleges had plays, revues, cabaret, etc., and on Jesus Common there was a great Barbecue with side-shows. I went out collecting for the fire-eaters from Peterhouse. They would swallow paraffin and breathe out fire, much

to the admiration of all. All this effort resulted in Cambridge University collecting about as much as we collect in a week at Edinburgh — over £12,000.

In Hughes Hall we are all graduates, so that we have many privileges in connexion with residence. We each have a key to the house, and men are allowed in the Hall till 10.30 p.m. every day of the week, which is certainly a great difference from East Suffolk Road! Meals, too, are much less informal, as we help ourselves to food and sometimes do the washing up as domestic staff is so scarce. Otherwise Hall life is much about the same except that we have penny meters for our irons and gas rings, which is rather awkward, especially if you find your kettle still cold instead of boiling since the penny has run out!

I hope this account does not read as though Cambridge is all play and no work. I do assure you that studying does manage to get squeezed in here and there and there are ample facilities for working. The University Library is a most awesome building where gowns must be worn all the time. Books of every description are to be found there and there is even a restaurant, where you can have lunch and tea, if faced with a day of work.

Thus my nine weeks in Cambridge flew past, leading this new, but varied life, so that I am eagerly looking forward to my summer term there, since there are many more ventures for me to discover in this beautiful town with its stately colleges, spacious commons and peaceful River Cam.

GRACE DINGWALL.

THE REALISATION OF A DREAM

How many of you have been able to realise your dream? There is one man who has been able to do just that; he is Clough Williams-Ellis. What he had long sought—the perfect site for the realisation of a dream—he at last found at Portmeirion, and the gay holiday village that now clusters about the tree-topped cliffs sheltering the sandy bay, where a cascade falls to the sea, is an extension of the presiding hotel into which the old seaside mansion has been gradually transformed.

Portmeirion, on its private peninsula in Cardigan Bay, has been growing for over thirty years, and the picture imagined by its designer, Clough Williams-Ellis, is nearly complete. Williams-Ellis had been enchanted by the tiny villages which he had seen in Italy and he determined to find a site to build one for himself. All artists dream of painting a masterpiece; each architect thinks of himself as a second Sir Christopher Wren. Unfortunately, they do not have the money or the time to devote themselves to their dreams. Williams-Ellis was lucky; he had both money and time. Thus, through the years, planting and clearing, building and embellishing have gone on step by step to produce what the visitor finds today—a tight little knot of building on its shelf above the sea, with the rest of the peninsula still a wild of rock and woodland.

It would seem that the village was not supposed to be found since there are no large signboards pointing “This way to the Italian Village”, and the entrance is difficult to find, but I felt, on visiting the village, that its beauty would be marred if hordes of bus tourists arrived to litter the cobbled streets and beautiful gardens with orange peel and paper bags.

Portmeirion is a holiday resort and its hotel has unusual (as well as the usual) amenities and a cellar and cuisine that are exceptional. In the Town Hall are held dances, concerts, art exhibitions and other functions. Tennis, table tennis and croquet are among the games available and, for the golf enthusiast, Portmeirion lies between two excellent golf courses, Harlech and Morfa Bychan.

Portmeirion is, indeed, a beautiful village for a holiday. I hope that, if you are ever in Wales, you will go and see for yourself the result of one man's dream. Williams-Ellis himself holds that the development, even of a very lovely place, far from disfiguring it, should add new beauty, if only nature's part in the scene is respectfully studied and sympathetically acknowledged in all that is done to change it. This Williams-Ellis has done, and the result is a village, the sight of which immediately transports the visitor to the sun-drenched coast of the Adriatic.

JANET KERR, F. V.

Working Holiday in France

Last Summer, Bruce Kyle and I went across the Channel to the Breton part of St. Malo to attend a course on French Literature under the auspices of the University of Rennes. We had originally planned a sea crossing, but, since the shipmen went on strike the day we left Dundee, we were compelled to fly. In fact, we were extremely lucky to get the B.E.A. flight from Gatwick, as many other holiday-makers decided to fly when the cross-channel steamer service stopped. No doubt providence guided us since we were on our way to work whereas others were going to enjoy themselves.

When we arrived at the Airport at Dinard it was raining. Bruce had no mac with him and was very wet by now and so, having arrived at our lodgings in St. Servan (a few miles outside St. Malo) we went in search of a tailor's shop. When we found one, the owner at once recognised us as English, which we hotly denied, and informed us that he had been to America. He insisted in talking to us in English and sold Bruce an ordinary plastic mac at a sum equivalent to 33/- which we considered exorbitant. However, as the rain could have continued all the fortnight we planned to spend in Brittany, we were cornered, and we knew it. In fact, it never rained again till we got back to Southampton.

We were given lodgings with the Bonnier family. Their chief pastime was to play cards for coins of no value since the devaluation of the franc. There was also a game, reminiscent of bowls, called "boules," which was played on the roughest terrain possible. Bruce and I played several times and sent Papa Bonnier, who was a railway worker, into an angry mood because we won and insisted that the French had been beaten at their national game.

The day after our arrival in St. Malo we searched for, and at length discovered, the place where we were to study the literature of Guy de Maupassant for nearly ten days. At the end of the course the administration decided that we had worked well enough to receive our "Certificats d' assidue". It would be tedious to describe the long hours in the classroom, while outside the sun shone brightly and the temperature was high.

Fortunately, however, we had some spare time and this we spent on the beach, sun-bathing or bathing. One afternoon we took a trip to the nearby monastery of Mont St. Michel which is situated on an island just off the coast. I was persuaded to buy a bronze replica of it and it now sits in the dining-room. But it cannot serve as an accurate reminder of the scene of the monastery as the sun set behind it—an awe-inspiring sight.

We made many friends in France, and had many amusing encounters. On one occasion, when attempting to get into a cinema to see a film entitled "Dulcibelle", we were ordered back by an armed guard who demanded our age. When we told him, he refused to believe us, but eventually the Gallic ties and the "Auld Alliance" between France and Scotland triumphed and we were admitted. We had to emphasise many times that we were Scottish and not English.

The journey back was most uncomfortable. The whole crossing, by night steamer, we spent on deck, rolled only in a rug, and the following night (after an exhausting day in London) we had to sit up all night from London to Dundee. Our budgeting proved adequate—I had sixpence left when I arrived here from a memorable and valuable trip abroad.

JAMES DAVIDSON, F. VI.

LOST!

How well I remember that day! The air around was so misty and moist. I plunged my hands into the murky depths of the water and groped desperately. Something slimy slithered through my hands and at once I attempted to grasp it, but alas it slithered through my hands. In despair, I bent down and gazed intently into the water. Again I plunged my hands into the gloomy depths—but all in vain. Getting somewhat annoyed, I tried again and again to seize that elusive, slimy object, and again and again I failed.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the call of my mother. "Do hurry dear!"

"Coming, Mum," I replied, "coming as soon as I find the soap!"

EILEEN YEAMAN, F. II.

The British Submarine

In April, 1900, it was stated in the House that the Admiralty were not prepared to take any steps with regard to the submarine as it was only the weapon of the weaker nation. But it was in December of the same year that the Admiralty became concerned when they noticed the additional provision for submarines in the naval programme of Britain's traditional enemy. Thus started the British Submarine.

The first submarines were "Holland" 1 and 2, being designed by Mr Holland, with plans bought from America. These were for experimental purposes. The first submarine of British design was that made by Messrs Vickers, Son and Maxim. Unfortunately, the A.1 was sunk when the S.S. "Berwick Castle" struck the conning tower of the A.1. Since that day, to prevent a similar recurrence, submarines have had a second conning tower hatch separating the control room and the conning tower. Thus, if the conning tower is flooded, the rest of the ship will not be. The A.1 was eventually raised. After the "A" class came "B," "C" and "D," the "D.1" being the first British submarine to be fitted with Diesel engines instead of petrol engines.

The "Nautilus" 'N.1' was built by Messrs Vickers, but spent most of her short life in dockyard hands and was a failure. The "Swordfish" was the first steam-driven submarine in the British Navy.

After World War I. came the Inter-War period. In 1919, 49 submarines were scrapped, the "A," "B," "C" and "D" classes, and between 1919 and 1924 "E," "F," "G," "W," "H" and "K" classes were scrapped leaving only a few survivors. It was decided that Monitor submarines should be built and thus it was that K. 18, 19, 20 and 21, which had had their keels laid down, became M.1, 2, 3 and 4.

The M.1 had a 12-inch gun while the M.2 was made into a submersible seaplane carrier. She had her 12-inch gun removed and a hangar and a catapult installed. She was equipped with a Parrall "Peto," a seaplane specially devised for submarine operations. M.3 was converted into a minelayer. M.1

was rammed by a merchantman in the Channel and M.2 sank while carrying out the "flying-off" procedure. Happily, M.3 lived to a ripe old age, being scrapped in 1933. M.4 was never completed.

The "K.26" was Britain's largest steam-driven submarine. The "X.1" was 363 feet long and displaced over 3,000 tons. With a maximum surface speed of 18.5 knots she could go half way round the world without refuelling. Her armament included 5.2-inch guns. At the time of her completion in 1925 she was the largest submarine in the world. She was scrapped in 1937 and made several smaller submarines which came under the London Treaty which limited the size of submarines to 2,000 tons.

In the Second World War, British submarines operated in the Atlantic, North Sea and Mediterranean areas. Some were operational in the Pacific, but, for the most part, this area was left to the American submarines.

The small "X" craft played a large part in the war, operating in the Pacific a lot. It was these "X" craft that knocked the "Tirpitz" about to a great extent, and, of course, everybody knows of the successful attack on the "Takao", a Japanese 8-inch, first-class cruiser of 9,850 tons displacement. Lieutenant Fraser, commanding "XE.1", attacked the "Takao" in the Johore Straits with limpets. He was awarded a V.C. along with his diver, Leading Seaman J. J. Maginnis. This was an epic of the War in the Pacific.

Nowadays, British submarines are built for defence only — to "hunt, find and kill". For this they are equipped with the latest equipment, radar, asdic, radar periscopes, wireless sets, and countless other machines for finding range, speed and hearing, and for calculating settings for torpedoes, etc.

Several "Porpoise" class submarines have been built, fitted out with these amenities for this purpose. Now, with atomic submarines such as "Dreadnought", recently launched, on Britain's naval programme and crews with the traditional "Hearts of Oak", we can

live with minds at rest, knowing Britain's shores to be well protected.

I should like to quote:

"Of all branches of men in the Forces, there is none which shows more devotion and faces grimmer perils than the submarine . . . Great deeds are done in the air and on land, nevertheless nothing surpasses our exploits."

—Winston Churchill, 1943.

DAVID HOLT, F. II.

REPORT ON THE NAVAL AVIATION COURSE AT H.M.S. "ARIEL", LEE-ONSOLENT, EASTER, 1961

The course is designed to teach cadets the principles of naval aviation in most of its aspects, in a number of lectures and demonstrations.

Lectures are on the history of the Fleet Air Arm, flight deck operations on a carrier, crash survival, aero-engines, meteorology, etc., together with lectures of general interest connected with the navy, such as anti-submarine warfare, torpedoes, mines and officers' duties.

On arrival at H.M.S. "Ariel", the cadets are split into four watches and stay in these groups whilst on tours of the various installations in and around the station. These tours of inspection are one of the features of the course and include inspections of naval aircraft, a field gun track, a day on board a minesweeper during exercises in the English Channel, and a tour of a wartime destroyer and of H.M.S. "Victory".

The other stations we visited were H.M.S. "Vernon", the Torpedo and Anti-Submarine training school, and Seaford Park, the Survival Training School.

Recreation was in the form of P.T. and games, as well as trampoline work.

On the last day of the course, alternate watches were taken flying in a D.H. Devon for about an hour.

The weather during the course was good and shore leave was granted for two nights of the week.

JOHN M. FAIRLEY, Pipe/Sgt.

REPORT ON PHYSICAL TRAINING COURSE

Last Easter I was on a Physical Training Course at Aldershot. We started work as soon as possible as we had to fit a fortnight's work into one week. After the Commandant's opening address we started some serious work on exercises, the usual impression of P.T.

On this course we had much outdoor work such as vaulting and agility exercises. We sampled the outdoor work first thing in the afternoon of the first day. This was the Confidence Course, part of the paratroopers' course, on which you either gained confidence or lost it. It consisted of climbing around on ropes, fifty or sixty feet in the air. The assault course was comparatively easy compared with the confidence course, but the twelve foot wall and the water jump were difficult. The "trainasium," an eighty foot high construction of steel tubing, was very good fun with rope slides and a twenty-five foot jump to make it more interesting.

We also had trampoline, boxing and swimming, although the emphasis was mainly on instruction as it was in the basket ball.

There were several competitions, including basket ball, swimming, relay races, an obstacle race which covered half-a-mile, and a P.T. competition.

Although we wore boots all the time outside and had to "double" everywhere, the course was exciting, energetic and well worth attending.

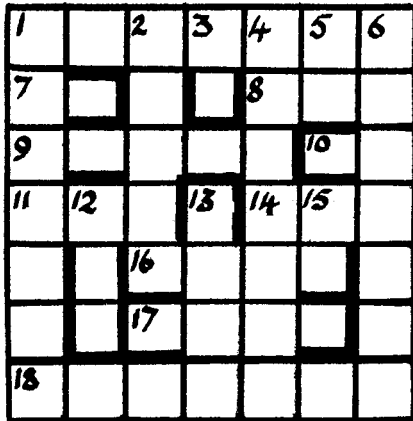
D. FAIRLEY, F. III.

EXAMINATIONS

Every year, in November and May,
 X-ams the teachers are plotting.
 All our play is taken away—
 "Must go and do some swotting!"
 Inside the classroom, the teacher's there;
 Not one word must we disclose.
 At once we settle down to bear
 That awful paper in front of our nose!
 If we have not listened during term,
 Or done sufficient revising,
 Next time, we say, we'll really learn—yes—
 Stop that televising!

Miss X, F. II.

CROSSWORD



Across

- Science of cleanliness (7).
- Transposition of number (2).
- Large weight measure (3).
- Tar (5).
- Measure of ability (2).
- Hook and — (3).
- Repeat this to get African terrorist Organisation (3).
- Presently (4).
- Make dirty (4).
- Place for washing (7).

Down

- Hopeful (7).
- Doors (5).
- Not out! (2).
- Moth, die! (anagram) (7).
- Transposition of 7 Across (2).
- Investigation (7).
- Second person (3).
- Object of modern scientific endeavour (4).
- One (2).

Answers on page 26.

RUTH STURROCK and EILEEN DUKE, F. I.

DUNADD

It was a grey, rainy day when we first read the sign on the Oban to Lochgilphead road saying "Dunadd, Iron Age Fort". Behind this bare statement lies a wealth of historical fact.

Dunadd itself is a 175 foot hill rising out of the brown, peaty boglands of the great Moss of Crinan. After slithering to the sum-

mit over wet grass and slippy, lichen-covered rocks, I looked out over the Moss to the grey waters of Loch Crinan and thought about the fort's strategic assets. It had two natural barriers—the Moss, which was probably even wetter in the Stone Age, and the River Add, winding its leisurely way to the sea. Lastly the fort had strong rock foundations for the fortifications.

Judging by the discovery of remains of buildings, pottery and beads during excavations, this was no temporary refuge. It was founded by invading Scots in about the third century A.D. It withstood many sieges and until his accession to the throne of a newly-united Scotland it was the home of Kenneth Macalpine.

At the summit we saw the three carvings on the rock—a drawing of a boar, a cup, from which the kings were probably anointed, and a foot print. The print is thought to be that of the first ruler who lived here, Fergus Mor MacErc. Future kings, almost certainly had to place their right foot in it on ascending to their throne.

Looking over the Moss from the summit, I thought of men of ancient times, such as Saint Columba, who probably saw Dunadd as we saw it that day—grey, gloomy and forbidding, with the islands behind shrouded in damp, clammy sea mist.

ROBERT DAW, F. III.

FACETS OF THE WHEEL OF TIME

Rosy filter clouds of dawn
Veil the sky at earliest morn,
Then they will be swept away,
Revealing glorious azure day.

Cirrus opal shell of dusk,
Of past day the empty husk,
Herald too, though day must die,
Of treasures of the mid-night sky.

Kings and queens of days of yore,
Spangled on Heaven's sapphire floor,
Spend their measured hour of play
Till banished by approaching day.

Orion and the Pleiades
Are fading in the morning haze
For, as the Wheel of Time must turn,
So sure will come the appointed morn.

RUTH BREMNER, F. II.



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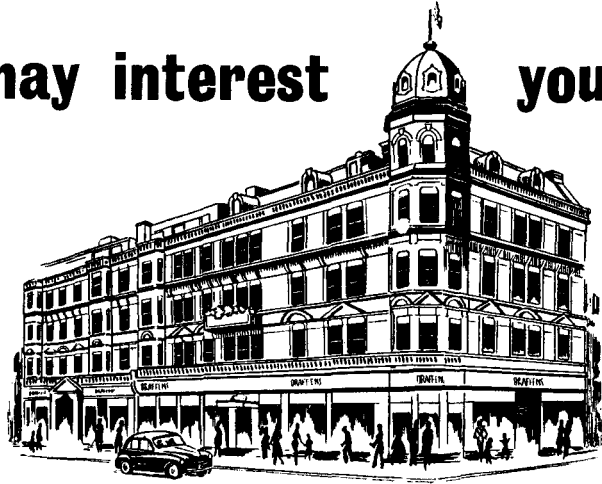
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Diary of a Cadet in Belgium

WEDNESDAY, 28TH DECEMBER.

- 09.20— Got up early this morning as I had to be at our Embassy before midday.
10.55— Left the school.

I proceeded to the Embassy where I saw Mr Wright, the Air Attaché, who introduced me to two men in the Military Attaché's office. What I wanted was some way to get into the Palace. While one man phoned the Palace, the other man told me how to get to some addresses which I wished to visit. The reply from the Palace was that, because of the strike, visits could not be arranged at present. I left the Embassy and proceeded down the Rue de la Loi on foot. In this street is housed the Parliament and all the main government offices. I walked through the Parc de Bruxelles towards the Royal Palace at the far end. The park was full of Gendarmerie (a mounted army regiment), fully armed soldiers with packs and grenades, policemen and several armoured cars. The Palace had only its customary three guards visible. Down past the U.S. Embassy to the Rue de la Loi, where I entered the Ministry of Defence with the same guest as I had been to the British Embassy with. They were very helpful and gave me an address to go to—

Ministère de la Défense Nationale,
Administration Générale du Personnel,
Direction des Distinctions Honorifiques,
Caserne Major Geruzer,
294 Boulevard Général Jacques,
Bruxelles IV.

Here I met the C.O. of the Division A.E.S.H. I received 23 cap badges from him and was told to send him a list of my needs, and he would see that they were complied with. As for entrance to the Royal Palace, he could give permission but only with Royal consent. In some military tailors outside the Caserne I bought two medals. Medal of Military Merit 1st Class (45 frs.) and Commemorative

Medal of the War 1940/45 (32 frs). I was also given free the medal bar "Pugnator".

I now went down Avenue Nouvelle, which is just beside the Caserne, to visit a friend of mine—J. van Engeland. When I arrived he and his wife were out. His two children invited me in and I talked to them, listened to some of their records, joined in their games and did a jigsaw puzzle with them. The boys were 10 years old and 6 years old and their friend was also 10. All three boys spoke no English. At 18.00 Julien returned home. His wife had come back at 16.00. We had tea and then we went upstairs to see his collection. He has a marvellous collection of Nazi items (55 different dirks, swords, standards, medals, cap and cloth badges). He is also interested in British badges, of which he has over 1,000, as well as 20 different Scottish berets with their Army badges. For his 7 rifles and 1 machine gun he has a huge stock of ammunition which was his personal issue when he was a member of the Belgian Resistance Force. I received eleven badges from him and a book, "Waffen S.S. im Bild" which I was to return on Saturday. He took me back to Laeken in his car. We arrived there at 22.30. I dumped my badges and the book and proceeded to a cafe down the road where I had a coca-cola and a bite to eat. I also purchased 65 cigarettes (33 frs.) for my parents. I went back to the school and "lights out" was at 23.45.

THURSDAY, 29TH DECEMBER

- 09.30— I woke up and looked at the badges and book.
11.00— I got up.
11.10— Informed by a cadet that I had 10 minutes to get ready before going to a cocktail party with the C.O. of the Division Française with which I was staying.

11.25— Ready to go.

11.30— Left in Captain-Adjutant's car.

12.00— Arrived at his house.

As I did not drink, I had orangeade and, like the others, I ate plenty of hors d'oeuvres (caviare and shrimps on toast and some other dishes). There were two cadets, myself and the C.O. at the party.

12.50— Left C.O.'s house in his car and went to Rue Gallait where I visited Guy Dhaenens. He was the owner of a military outfitter's and his collection of military information and data concerning uniforms was enormous.

15.00— Left Guy Dhaenens.

I took the tram to the Gare du Midi and went to the Rue de Suède, but J. Vaessen was out—I took a tram back to the centre (or so I thought). At 17.10 I finally reached the Place Rogier. I had something to eat in a cafe after which I went to see a film on the Royal Wedding (1720/1840—25 frs.) in French.

18.50— Went to see film "Le Capitain", also in French.

20.30— Left cinema.

After waiting 30 minutes I boarded a tram, but it was the wrong one. I got out at the terminus and waved down a car which took me right back to the school.

23.45— Arrived back at school.

00.15— Lights out.

FRIDAY, 30TH DECEMBER

10.00— Got up.

12.00— Lunch.

For the first time since I arrived I had time to admire the surrounding countryside. Our school was in Laeken, an outer suburb of Brussels. On the right were the Palais et Jardins de Laeken—the home of Le Roi des Belges. To the North-East we could see the house in which the Princes of Liège live. Prince Albert

de Liège is a brother of the present King. On the north boundary of the school was a summer house much used by Queen Elizabeth (wife of King Albert). To the left was the town of Laeken, now a busy thoroughfare for traffic to greater Brussels. The school itself was divided into two sections, Flemish and French, and mixed school subjects with military. Uniform is worn all the time. The aim of the school is to prepare cadets for the Ecole Royale Militaire (Belgium's Sandhurst). 90% of the boys become officers in the Army or the other services. It is not compulsory to enter the Army after leaving the Ecole des Cadets. The course takes 3 or 4 years. The entrance age is 15 and most leave about 18 or 19.

18.00— A cadet (Congolese) brought me a bar of chocolate and a handful of sweets. (In the school there were 21 Congolese students who hope to become officers in the Army of the former Congo-Belge.)

19.00— Supper.

20.00— Padre came and fetched me. We went at once in his car to his office, just off the Place Rogier. On his desk I saw several letters and documents addressed to a certain Prince Rheinhart. I asked, "Are you a Prince?" and he replied, "What does it matter?"

21.15— Left his office and went to his house.

22.00— Arrived at his house which turned out to be a huge castle. It was completely surrounded by a moat which is still full of water. Before entering, we crossed the road to speak to a company of soldiers who were billeted in an empty house belonging to the ex-village schoolmaster.

23.00— We had supper and then the padre helped me to make my bed. The apartment which I was given consisted of two rooms decorated with furniture and tapestries from Versailles (Louis XIV. period).

24.00— Lights out.

SATURDAY, 31ST DECEMBER

08.00— Reveille.

08.20— Left with padre for Nunnery, where he took mass. I sat in the back of the chapel and listened.

10.00— Had breakfast, over which his identity was finally established — he was Prince Guy Rheinhard de Sardhana. He showed me over the castle and told me its history. I then went boating on the moat and the Prince took colour slides of me.

14.00— I left for Avenue Nouvelle in Prince's car. Van Engeland was waiting for me and we went in his car to see A. Elebaut. After this we went to a cafe and had coffee. Now we looked round some medal and badges shops and later we did some New Year's shopping. I now went back in Prince's car to the school.

19.00— Left school and went to Guy's house to see if he was ready to go to the Hogmanay party at Waterloo. He wasn't, so I went to the Canasta and waited for him. Here I was quite well-known and received a present of a fountain and biro pen set from the manageress. When Guy arrived, we went into Bruxelles and went to a dance hall. We stayed there till midnight and, after wishing everybody a Happy New Year, Guy and his girl friend and I left in a taxi for another club. Guy paid the taxi fare.

SUNDAY, 1ST JANUARY, 1961

(Happy New Year — Bonne Année)

00.25— Arrived in taxi at another dance hall! I bought 3 Coca-Colas (75 frs. 15% for waiter = 90 frs.).

05.20— Left and took taxi to Place de Laeken where he paid 50 frs. for taxi and I paid tip (10 frs.).

05.35— Drink in Canasta.

06.25— Arrived back at school.

06.45— Went to bed. — "Up at 11.00 to take change over of the guard."

17.00— Got up.

17.04— Prince came and told me we were going to the Vatican Embassy for a reception and then to a dinner party at the home of the Earl d'Aprimont Lynden.

We now went in the Prince's car to his dwelling where I changed into a Highland Dress uniform (white shirt, Black Watch tie, Black Watch kilt and dinner jacket) and met his mother. All three of us now went to the Vatican Embassy where I was introduced to the Apostolicus Nuntius, Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, with whom I chatted for five minutes. The Ambassador was very pleased to see me as I was the first kilted Scot whom he had met. Also, I am a Protestant. The Prince and I now went into the Buffet where I was introduced to his sister and to Baroness de Spot, to the Minister of Finance and to several other members of the Belgian nobility. While in the Buffet, I was mistaken by His Excellency M. Meneur, for Prince Albert de Liège. The reason for the confusion was my height and the sash I was wearing as Duty Officer of the French Division of the Cadet School — I was Duty Officer for two days. However, when he approached me and noticed my kilt, he saw his mistake.

We now went to the home of the Earl d'Aprimont Lynden, where there was a small dinner party. The Earl's father is Belgian Ambassador to Greece and his uncle is Grand Marshall to the court of the King. The guests were the Prince, his mother, Mme. Laurant and her daughter and I — the guest of honour. On arrival, we chatted for half an hour and then we had dinner, which consisted of many French and Belgian dishes. After dinner, we had coffee and the Prince set up his tape-recorder and projector. We now watched some slides of his castle and domains and

listened to the recorded commentary. After this the Prince left in his car for Ruisbroeck. Before I left, I received an invitation from the Earl to stay at his house any time I was in Brussels. Later, I received a similar invitation from the Prince. Back in the castle, we drank lemonade and ate biscuits.

02.00— Lights out.

MONDAY, 2ND JANUARY

09.45— Reveille.

10.30— Breakfast, over which we discussed the day's programme. After this I took a photo of the castle.

12.00— We left the castle and went into Bruxelles. On the way the Prince pointed out part of the old city walls and mediæval buildings. In Bruxelles, we looked over the Albertine (Belgian National Memorial to King

Albert), the Palace of Ravenstein and, as we left the Palace, a sour-faced Prime Minister of Belgium nodded to the Prince. We now went to the Palais Royale where I took some photographs and learnt that the King was back home. Later that day the royal standard was hoisted over the Palace. Alongside was the Palais des Académies which used to be the home of the son of the King of the Netherlands until the founding of the Kingdom of Belgium after the revolution of 1830. We now walked through the Parc de Bruxelles to the Parliament. The Prince was a senator and had a pass which would let him into the buildings whenever they were open. Unfortunately, it did not open till the following day (3rd January). We proceeded along the Rue de la Loi past the memorial to the French unknown soldier and to the Prince's office near the Place Rogier.

Essay on Deserted Railway Stations

There they stand today as dusk deepens, lampless, cold and deserted. As I recalled the past, I thought that once upon a time this was far from being the case. Then, as darkness fell, the platforms would begin to glitter in the mellow gaslight and the porter, after having had a look round at the prospective passengers, would retire into the office for a quick pipe before the train arrived.

Then would approach the evening train by which the visitor from distant parts arrived, or the tripper returned, and by which the families of one village could visit the families of other villages.

Today, 50-odd years later, when one stands on the deserted platforms at Newtyle, much of the atmosphere that must have prevailed in former days can be captured, bringing with it a wealth of unearthly reality. Darkness has fallen, but, above, the gas lamp splutters wearily on its hook and the passengers gather together on the platform to wait the unhurried progress of the train from Ardler and beyond. (If one looks carefully, says the porter, one can see the train pulling

up the hill from the latter place!) Who knows? Perhaps these people are off to see George Robey or the Great Little Tilley at the Palace Theatre, or to see for themselves one of the fabulous new motion-picture machines after having completed their Saturday evening journey.

Suddenly, all is action! There is a frantic bell-ringing in the signalbox (perhaps, the Auchterhouse man is having a sly nap!) and suddenly the signal clangs down to allow the progress of the little train, which has swung manfully up the hill and is quickening its pace along the bank to Newtyle. With a flash of burnished brass and a squeal of brakes, the "Blair" has arrived. All climb aboard, the pinched faces showing white against the moonlight, whilst the guard exchanges the day's news with the uniformed guardian of Newtyle station.

The waiting train seems to have grown impatient, and soon we see the cause of its complaint, swinging into view out of Nethermill Wood, and dashing daintily round the



Photograph by Jack Fisher, Portobello
 President Nehru presents Scott Lawson, William Masson and Peter West with prizes which they won in an international Art Exhibition held in New Delhi, India. The ceremony took place in Edinburgh.



"TOM SAWYER" — L.VII.

Photograph by J. D. Brown



CRICKET 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)— A. J. More (Scorer), Mr J. E. Stark, A. S. Gray, R. M. Duckworth, A. G. Napier, D. Hardie, R. T. Leslie, M. J. H. Nicol, Mr Stevenson, Mr Allardice.

Front Row (l. to r.)— M. M. Gault, M. J. S. Walton, B. N. Bowman (Capt.), C. W. W. Rea, D. A. Reid.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)— Frances Bowman, Moira Wilkinson, Judith Reid.

Front Row (l. to r.)— Carmen Ellis, Sheila Anderson (Capt.), Helen Lyle.

curve, to sink into its own little platform. It is the Alyth branch train, which will have been held up (as usual on Saturday evenings) at Pitcrocknie, because some erring golfer has forgotten his clubs. The Westinghouse pumps sing in conflicting tempos as the passengers dash over the wooden footbridge to catch their train to Dundee. One minute later, with a blast on the "Caley" hooter, the little blue engine pulls away from the station, with the gay, friendly, cream and brown coaches following behind, somewhat lethargically, as if trying to shirk the hills that lie ahead on the winding route to Dundee.

Having watched the red tail lamp receding round the bend, the Alyth engine lazily propels its train into the main platform, ready to meet the oncoming Dundee train with its covey of tired breadwinners, ready to convey them homewards to Meigle and Alyth. On the station walls the brightly-coloured posters glare in the gaslight, "Travel to Glasgow and Perth—in comfort—by C.R.", whilst above, the mystic letters — C.R. — are explained to the uninitiated in cut-out block letters, "CALEDONIAN RAILWAY". The forbidding notice, "Cross the line by bridge only", stands out through the rain which has begun to fall while, in complete contrast, in the office, a blazing fire awaits both staff and locals alike.

It is all so crystal clear, yet how different now! The little trains no longer converge on Newtyle from Alyth and Blairgowrie, whilst the rails redden with rust and the weeds grow up to submerge them. The once proud signal has finally changed down — on to the ground, and the moss-grown platforms thicken steadily with weeds and grow rotten with disuse. The offices are long closed up and many parts of the roof have swung crazily from the horizontal to the vertical, it would seem, having given up the fight in despair, but somewhere a piece of the past is retained in the presence of the "Newtyle" nameboard, lying dirty and bent, and covered with weeds.

Some, like the old stations at Alyth and Meigle, have been resurrected from their long sleep by occasional passenger trains, but there is no one to wait in the waiting room, and nothing to wait for — the empty buildings staring out on the daily goods train with an air of reproachful melancholy.

Others, like Eassie and Ardler, still flank the living lines, the trains continuing to pass but never more to stop.

As the great winds sweep up the Vale of Strathmore, the iron bridge at Ardler (at which place, I am told, the railway originally stopped for the convenience of a farm and a mill!) sings and trembles like some out-size Aeolian Harp, whilst the mellow voice of the passenger train of yore may still be heard as she slips gently up the hill, through the Nethermill Wood, to Newtyle.

MICHAEL B. SMITH, F. V.

EVERYBODY AND NOBODY

Dear Sir,

May I, through your magazine, endeavour to make the acquaintance of two of your best known pupils? Although not personally known to me, their names are constantly on my daughter's lips.

I refer to Everybody and Nobody.

To help you to identify them, I can tell you that Everybody wears 15 denier nylons, while Nobody wears thick black stockings. Nobody wears a school beret with an up-standing rim, and National Health spectacles.

Everybody has a record player, while Nobody has such a small allowance as has my unfortunate daughter. Everybody is allowed to wear stiletto heels, but Nobody's mother objects to the damage they do to the floors. Everybody goes for simply smashing holidays, Nobody has to be content with the quiet resorts beloved of her parents.

Everybody takes a transistor radio to grounds. Nobody's father is afraid it will get broken.

Everybody's brother is super, Nobody's brother is a pest.

If you can identify them for me, please use every persuasion to induce them to leave school. I am sure most parents would subscribe to pay their passage to Australia or any other country of their choice.

Yours sincerely,

MRS SOMEBODY.

A Trip to Switzerland — April, 1961

An ardent train-spotter at Dundee Tay Bridge Station about 8.30 p.m. one Monday early in April might have seen a group of about twenty boys presided over by several anxious parents as they stood on the cold platform waiting for the London train to draw in. Similarly, an ardent Swiss train-spotter at Brunnen Station very early on the next Wednesday morning would probably have noticed the same group of boys, by now along with many others from other schools, arriving tired but excited on the platform after travelling over the Channel and across France.

Brunnen, where we were staying, we found to be a beautiful little village on Lake Lucerne. Although there were many typical Swiss chalets in the town, we soon discovered that almost half the town consisted of hotels built for the sake of the many tourists attracted by the wonderful scenery all around. The Lake itself is situated in the centre of Switzerland and is almost totally surrounded by high mountains. During our stay there, one of our favourite pastimes in our spare time was to row over part of the Lake exploring the various inlets around its shores. Since the whole lake occupies such a wide expanse, however, the only way to see a lot of it was by one of the many steamers which crossed back and forth across its waters, and, indeed, we had an opportunity to do this the day after we arrived.

After an early breakfast, we set out by steamer to Vitznau, another lakeside village, and from there we rose up the mountainside by mountain railway past beautiful chalets and high mountain pastures until we reached the top of Rigi-Kulm, a high ridge towering over 6,000 feet above Lake Lucerne. There we sat in glorious sunshine on ground still partially covered with snow, and ate our lunch of typical Swiss cheeses and ham. In one direction, far below us, we could see stretched out the plain of Switzerland, which is not completely mountainous as some might think, and, on the other, the magnificent Bernese Oberland. It was here on Rigi-Kulm that we came to realise the true magnificence of Switzerland.

Several days later, we went on our second main excursion by coach to Engelberg, a winter sports paradise high up in the mountains. After climbing a tortuous mountain road through high cliffs and extremely high waterfalls plunging down the mountainsides, we at last reached the village of Engelberg with its stately monastery famed for the beautiful decorations in the various halls of the interior. From the village we rose by "Luftseilbahn", or cablecar, up into the heart of the surrounding mountains to Trubsee, where there were still many skiers present. After spending a most enjoyable day there we returned home via Lucerne, one of Switzerland's major cities, and there we stopped at a chapel set up in memory of Queen Astrid of Belgium, who died there in a car accident. Although we saw little else of Lucerne on that occasion, we returned home knowing that we were to return to this beautiful city some days later.

On Monday morning, after breakfasting before seven o'clock, we set out on our longest excursion of all to Lugano, travelling by the famous Orient Express right through the heart of the Alps. To do this we travelled through the famous St. Gotthard Pass, a tunnel $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles long which spirals through some of the highest mountains in Europe. At the other end of this tunnel, we gradually descended towards Italy, passing through small Italian-looking villages near the Italian border, until at last we reached Lugano itself, a large town on the side of a beautiful lake nestling at the foot of hills carpeted with green deciduous forests. Although we were still in Switzerland, the language of the inhabitants, the quaint back streets of the old part of the town and the stifling heat all gave us the impression of being in Italy itself. Most of us spent our time on or around the lakeside where the heat was slightly less intense. All along the edge of the lakes were magnificent hotels standing on a long esplanade decorated with rows of trees and splendid fountains, while, behind this modern centre, lay mazes of narrow streets with old whitewashed buildings, many of which were antique shops. At the end of the day, as we drew out of Lugano and returned to the

cooler and more mountainous land of the north, we were leaving with many memories of one of the loveliest parts of all Europe.

Before we left Switzerland we made two more trips. One was back to Lucerne where we saw once again many huge hotels catering for Lucerne's many tourists. We also saw some of the largest clock-manufacturing shops in the world where anything from the most intricate watches to the largest chronometers is made.

On our last day in Switzerland we went by coach to the north of Switzerland where we visited the spectacular Rheinfall, a huge waterfall on the river Rhine. Descending by a rocky stairway to the edge of the river, we

could stand practically underneath the cascading waters carrying melted snow from the high Alps. Later we went to Zurich, the largest city in north-east Switzerland, and indeed, the commercial centre of the country. Here, once again, we saw the splendour of Swiss cities. On this day, we had our lunch at Zurich airport, watching planes leaving for all parts of Europe.

And so, when we left the next day, we took home with us the memory of a wonderful country and a friendly people. Apart from having had a most enjoyable holiday, we had at the same time learned something of the ways of a totally new part of the world to us.

I. E. S., F. III.

Night in a Bothy

As Summer draws near, and with it the most popular time for wandering through the Highlands, one remembers with pity the large number of young people who have never tried this exhilarating form of exercise. Many have doubtless read of the adventures of walkers, but dismissed them as unlikely to befall them. These fears are groundless, as are any on the following events, which are commonplace, even dull, to the hardened wanderer. As tales of day-time adventures are rather common, let us follow the night life of a few young lads as they pass the time from dusk to dawn in a certain well-known bothy.

It is early evening, as four very wet young wanderers make their way into a certain nameless bothy, which lies, very picturesquely between a pine wood and a loch. They rest on the wooden floor for a minute, thankful to be out of the driving rain. Presently they change their dripping clothes and start to prepare dinner. One Primus, despite being dismantled, examined and cleaned several times, stubbornly refuses to light. It is put aside in disgust. The heartening roar of the other stove, after partially heating a dixie of water, suddenly and for no apparent reason, falters. The blue flame gutters and dies. Frantic pumping and much waste of matches have no effect. The four angry young men stand round the offending piece of metal, glower-

ing at it and muttering to themselves. An extensive investigation reveals that the tank is empty. The absence of fuel is found to be the cause of the other Primus's failure to operate. Needless to say, all the spare fuel has been used up that very morning. Alas! A wood fire is out of the question after the heavy rain and they must resign themselves to a cold dinner.

Hardly has this awful thought of going to bed without hot food sunk into their numbed brains, than there is a sound at the door and two kilted young lads enter and greet the miserable quartet in friendly fashion. The spirit of friendship was never stronger in their hearts, and they welcome the pair as long lost brothers. As they chat away, the rather unusual subject of paraffin finds its way into the conversation. On being told, very casually, of the deficiency, one of the pair willingly produces a full bottle for his new and enthusiastic friends, telling them to take as much as they need. He is taken seriously, and both stoves and a spare bottle are filled. The bottle, with an inch of fuel left, is handed back with profuse apologies and offers to pay for what has been taken. The boys, on the principle of friendship, refuse, mistakenly, the first time, fully intending to be persuaded into accepting money, but, with such phrases as, "Well, if you absolutely refuse . . .", "If you're sure . . ."

and, more positively, "Well, thanks very much", they get no second chance.

Good relations are restored in a couple of hours, however, as, after an ample dinner, they sit round the fire (made with dry wood found under an old tarpaulin in one corner) and teach each other the songs of their respective areas of Scotland. After a suitable night-cap, they build up the fire, don their scanty slumberwear, climb into the sleeping bags and fall asleep to the crackling of the logs . . .

Two hours later, one bundle stirs as its occupant awakens, shivering with cold. The fire is only a faint glow of red embers. After a moment's hesitation, he gets up, heaps wood on the fire, drags his bedding nearer it, puts on as many clothes as he can find in the flickering light, does a few violent exercises to accelerate his sluggish blood-stream, and drops into his sleeping-bag to continue his interrupted sleep. These same motions are repeated almost exactly by different people each time the fire dies down until, by dawn, there is a tight semi-circle of bodies round the fire.

As the darkness slowly evaporates, the six bundles stir, one after the other, and eyes peep surreptitiously from the folds, only to disappear in horror as they note the twilight.

One can still sleep for an hour or two. Someone, some hours later, casually tells the world in general that the time is seven o'clock. From deep within one long bundle comes a series of grunts. Then, with a crash that shakes the bothy, the occupant jumps from his bed, grabs a towel and disappears through the door. Shocked faces follow his passage as their owners conclude that he has gone to wash before breakfast. It is a disgusting habit which still lingers from his civilised life, but must be borne patiently. When he returns, several minutes later, naked and dripping all over, the shock changes abruptly to horror as they realise that this superman must have completely submerged himself in the freezing waters of the loch. Words fail them. They can but gape in awe as the man of steel vigorously towels himself dry, exhorting his comrades to follow his excellent example. To his disappointment, they display no inclination to do so.

They get up later, have breakfast, wash (not bath) and prepare to leave. As they set off on their long day's journey, a motley crew in kilts, jeans, even one pair of red shorts, and various foreign jerseys, their hearts are high as they anticipate the joys of another day to be spent in the beautiful Highlands which are the national heritage of the youth of Scotland.

Camping is Fun

"Where'er we go, we fear no foe,
We are the High School G.-G.S.-O!

These well-known words will surely bring back happy memories of Tarfside to all High School Guides, past or present. Indeed, so amusing are the incidents which I call to mind on the mention of camp that I thought that those not fortunate enough to spend a week with us in Glenesk each year might like to share our enjoyment.

Last year, the Advance Party thought it highly amusing when one of the Guiders announced that she had forgotten her pyjamas. What was perhaps even funnier was her make-shift sleeping attire, consisting of garments reminiscent of Cromwellian times.

Ablutions are carried out in the River Esk and minor accidents are bound to hap-

pen with forty-odd Guides perched precariously on rocks in the middle of a fast-flowing river. Last year, a certain Guide slipped in a vain attempt to retrieve her face-cloth, and, as she fell, she caught hold of her friend's shorts. The result—two dripping Guides made their way slowly up the river-path to explain their appearance to the Commandant.

One year we were very fortunate in that it rained for two consecutive days. Why bother washing if there is plenty of rain to "do the needful"?

Members of staff are always made very welcome, especially those who are considerate enough to bring ice-cream with them! Ingenious gadgets (using more string than wood!) for holding shoes, airing bedding,

etc., are always erected to impress Mr Erskine on his annual visit. However, these delicate structures seem to disintegrate with embarrassing ease in his presence.

Visitors' Day is eagerly awaited, not really because the Guides are keen to renew acquaintance with their parents, but because they are longing to have at their disposal the food which parents invariably bring. Last year, most visitors brought strawberries, and, in our tent alone, we had eleven pounds between six Guides. Was it any wonder that the Guiders were kept up nearly all night dealing with numerous *extremely* sick Guides?

Last year we invited a small troop of even smaller scouts to our camp-fire. They entertained us with several songs and we were "honoured" to hear them sing:—

"You can't go to heaven with the Dundee High,

For they'll go where the Demons lie!"

Not to be outdone, we retaliated with a song which talked of "a scout with knobby knees!"

Last year camp was "fab". We had "fab" food (occasionally), "fab" fun in the tents at night, "fab" weather, "fab" bathing, etc. I had not realised how much the word was used until I served Mr Erskine with tea when he visited us. "This is very nice," he said. "Or should I say 'fab'?"

At night we had several funny experiences. At about four o'clock in the morning, a sheep came and started bleating outside our tent, consequently waking all but two of the inmates. At exactly the same moment, however, the two sleepers sat bolt upright, chorused, "I wish that stupid sheep would shut up!" lay down again and went back to sleep. I have seldom had experience of a coincidence such as this.

I was extremely glad last year not to be sharing a tent with an unfortunate member of the community who suffered from insomnia. Each night, she counted, instead of the customary sheep, all the little spots on the soles of her rubber boots!

In anticipation of another excellent camp this Summer, I can only hope the following mottoes will be adopted:—

Guides — "Have fun!"

Guiders—"Turn a Blind Eye!"

Parents—"Send Food to Tarfy!"

"SKIP," F. IV.

A NEW INDUSTRY

With the advent of myxomatosis, wild rabbits have become increasingly scarce and also very unpopular with the housewife. Thus a new industry has appeared — namely, the rabbit industry. As yet, few farmers have realised the endless possibilities of this rapidly-expanding industry, but there is no doubt that rabbit-breeding will, in the future, become a flourishing industry. Compare the broiler industry. It began the same way and now there are huge broiler farms all over the country.

A farmer who is intending to start rabbit-breeding must first obtain suitable stock. The best breed at the moment is the "Australian White". This breed, as its name suggests, has pure white fur and, much more important, its flesh is all white. Naturally, with the present demand for breeding stock, the prices are high, and a good buck may cost £16-£20, the does being slightly cheaper. Another important advantage of the breed is that it can put on 10 pounds in weight in ten weeks.

Rabbits are kept in spacious hutches inside. The room must be well ventilated and kept at a reasonable temperature. The most successful hutch used up till now has a floor of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch wire netting and is 3 feet long, 3 feet wide and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. A wooden dropping-board, which is easily removed, is placed below the wire, and thus cleaning becomes simpler.

The breeding hutches are slightly different, for they contain a small dark corner with a wooden floor on which the doe can build her nest. The doe is separated from her litter of from four to six young rabbits after two weeks, and two weeks later the does are separated from the bucks. Meat rabbits are sold after ten weeks when they weigh ten pounds.

If rabbits are expected to weigh ten pounds in so short a time, they must be properly fed. Some foodstuff firms, such as B.O.C.M., are already manufacturing pencils and nuts specially made for rabbits, and, if

the rabbit industry grows, so also will the number of firms producing rabbit foodstuffs. The nuts which are being produced are very hard and not only serve as a food, but also as something to gnaw which is very important to a rabbit.

The most worrying problem facing a rabbit farmer is disease, to which rabbits are very susceptible. The worst is "snuffles", for which there is no cure. The disease is thought to be caused by lack of ventilation and the first symptom is sneezing. As soon as rabbits begin to sneeze, they must immediately be removed, but the disease, unfortunately, usually spreads, despite this precaution. The

other diseases are usually curable by various sera and injections.

The only other difficulty is making sure the breed that is received actually is "Australian White", for there are other rabbits with white fur, but these, unfortunately, have yellow feet which discourages the housewife from buying them.

Despite difficulties and disease, there is no doubt that the industry will rapidly expand and its money-making possibilities are manifest. Because of this, the man who starts earliest will make most money. "The early bird catches the worm."

MICHAEL FLETCHER, F. III.

Invasion of Switzerland

CHAOS! The only word to describe Tay Bridge Station on the night of Wednesday, 5th April. It seemed impossible that so many people could get into such a confined space. The whole of Dundee appeared to have come to see the party of girls from Dundee High School off on their holiday to Switzerland.

As the time for departure drew nearer, we stumbled down the stairs, unused to our heavy suitcases and, amid the farewells of relieved parents, we set off on the evening train for Edinburgh. During the journey to Edinburgh, Miss Anderson, Miss Henderson, Miss Stevenson and Miss Gray gave us our Swiss francs and our instructions for our transfer to the London train.

After an almost sleepless night to London, we arrived at King's Cross Station and boarded the bus which was to take us to Gatwick Airport. Owing to fog over the Channel, our plane was delayed fully two hours, but at last, amid excited chatter, we took off, bound for Switzerland! The journey in a D.C.4 of the Balair Line, which flew at an altitude of 8,000 feet and a speed of 220 miles per hour, was very pleasant, although a number of the party were air-sick.

The warmth of the Swiss climate hit us as we alighted at Basle Airport where a luxurious continental bus was waiting to drive us to Basle Station. Now only the last lap of our journey remained — by train for an hour and a half through blossom-covered slopes

and by picturesque chalets. At Lucerne the parties separated; Miss Stevenson and Miss Gray took charge of the party going to Rothenburg, and Miss Anderson and Miss Henderson of the party going to Löwen Gasthaus, Ebikon. Since we had had a very tiring journey, we decided to retire early to bed.

The following morning, armed with our packed lunches, we walked the four miles into Lucerne to meet the Rothenburg party. Together we boarded a steamer to take us down Lake Lucerne to the Rigi, our destination for the day, calling in at Weggis and Seeburg and finally disembarking at Vitznau. We boarded the Funicular railway and soon cameras were focussed on the wonderful views around us since this was our first sight of the real Switzerland. Having reached the terminus of the Funicular railway, we climbed the last few hundred yards to the summit. When we had admired the panorama, we had lunch outside the Rigi-Kulm Hotel before descending to Vitznau where we spent an enjoyable hour shopping.

Numbers checked, we took seats in the open part of the steamer for the return journey. We had a gay time, singing with several young Germans and teaching them some of our Scottish songs.

On the Saturday we enjoyed a leisurely morning in Lucerne, shopping. It was warm and sunny for the return trip into Lucerne for

sightseeing, and that night the Ebikon party was honoured by the presence of Mr Duke at dinner.

For the following day a trip up Mount Pilatus had been arranged, but, as some were apprehensive of heights, an alternative outing was planned. Miss Gray accompanied these few to St. Mark's Episcopal Church for morning service. In the afternoon they took a trip by launch to the Hermitage. By this time the majority of the party had climbed Mount Pilatus by the steepest rack railway in the world and were having lunch on the terrace of the Pilatus-Kulm Hotel. An enjoyable afternoon was spent lazing in a temperature of over 70°, soaked in many different kinds of sun-oil.

Both parties spent the Monday morning exploring the neighbourhood of their respective hotels, although the more energetic of the Ebikon party climbed a neighbouring hill.

After lunch, a luxurious coach conveyed us through mountainous country to Engelberg, a ski-ing resort. From there we ascended by rack railway and by cable car to the Trubsee. There we walked over deep, hard-packed snow to the frozen alpine lake. On descending, we went on a shopping expedition in Engelberg before reboarding the bus for the return journey to Lucerne.

After breakfast on Tuesday, we left for Zurich on another luxurious continental bus, by this time thoroughly accustomed to travelling on the right-hand side of the road. On arrival in Zurich, we spent an hour wandering about the back streets searching for the shops before eating our packed lunches. The majority of the party spent the afternoon walking round the beautiful shops in the city, but a few of us were fortunate to find the University and the magnificent hospital which is world-famous.

As Ebikon is on the main Zurich road, the Rothenburg party paid their respects to our "gasthaus". After an early dinner, Miss Henderson and Miss Anderson departed to do likewise at Rothenburg.

On Wednesday, drowsily we scrambled down at 8 a.m. to the usual delicious breakfast of rolls, fresh butter and coffee. A small group from the Ebikon party set out at once to visit the Lion of Lucerne and the Glacier Gardens while the remainder made tracks for

the centre of Lucerne to finish off shopping. At twelve noon both the party from Rothenburg and that from Ebikon boarded a steamer to take us on a forty minute sail to Stanstad where we had our picnic lunch by the lakeside. It was a glorious day, and after a pleasant hour's sunbathing we returned to Lucerne. Many of us took this, our last opportunity, to walk along the picturesque road from Lucerne to Ebikon.

As a suitable ending to our holiday we went into Lucerne to see the night life of the town. The fountain was beautifully illuminated and the reflections of the lights danced on the shimmering lake.

The following morning was our last in Switzerland. Our cases seemed to have shrunk as we tried to pack our souvenirs. Immediately after breakfast we set off by train for Basle where we explored during the morning in oppressive heat.

Once on board the plane we had a very smooth and enjoyable flight. The weather was perfect and we were above the white clouds for part of the flight. On arrival on British soil once more, after negotiating the customs safely and speedily, we made the hour's journey to King's Cross Station where we deposited our cases in the Left Luggage Office. We found that the language spoken in London was more foreign to our ears than that we had heard in Switzerland!

As we had more than three hours before the departure of the train at 10.30 p.m., we set out to find a Lyon's Corner House in which to have a meal. Eventually we found one, just off Trafalgar Square, where we enjoyed a delicious — and expensive — meal. We arrived back at King's Cross by tube, somewhat footsore and weary, and thankfully found our sleepers, which, like those on the journey down south, were second class with two-tier bunks and were extremely comfortable.

Next morning, a little after nine o'clock, as our train was crossing the Tay Bridge, although we had seen many beautiful sights, we realised that the sun shining on the River Tay was as wonderful as any. Dundee Tay Bridge Station came suddenly to life as an excited band of sun-tanned maidens, laden with baggage and armed, seemingly ready for battle, with alpenstocks, descended upon

the platform. It was obvious to the waiting parents that everyone had had a wonderful time.

As the last of us left the station, we saw Miss Anderson, Miss Henderson, Miss Stevenson and Miss Gray, still on the platform attending to the minor details which are so necessary, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking them for all the work they did to make the holiday so successful.

C. E. W. C.

The Council for Education in World Citizenship now has a thriving membership in the High School and, indeed, in Dundee. Over one hundred senior pupils from Dundee and fifty from Angus Schools, specially chosen, attended the Annual Day Conference held in Tay Square Halls, on Friday, 22nd April. The speakers were Mr A. N. Dhawan, India House, and Mr de Vries, from the Malayan Students' Department in London. They talked on "The Commonwealth in Asia", under the Chairmanship of Mr Carson, Depute Director of Education.

We were all served with morning coffee and a special lunch, after which, the conference broke up into Discussion Groups to argue various points. The open debate, which followed, was presided over by Mr I. A. Beveridge, Secretary of the Commonwealth Institute, who was assisted by Mr Dhawan, Mr de Vries and Dr. D. G. Southgate from Queen's College, who very kindly attended our conference to connect the Indian and Malayan views and to put his own valuable point of view.

The conference ended at 3.45 p.m. and was, I feel, most enjoyable and most informative. I am very glad to know that our work is being followed with such interest by Headmasters and the Education Authority, shown by the fact that our branch was increased by the affiliation of five County Schools after this conference. We can look forward to interesting inter-school and inter-city debates next year.

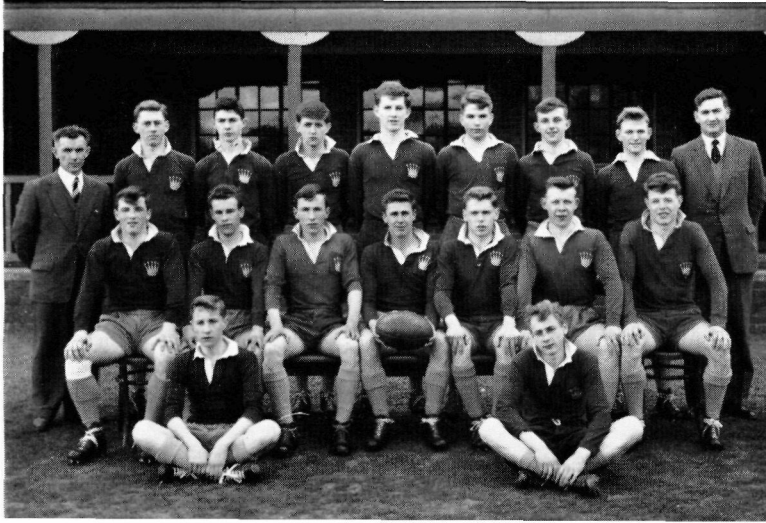
On the national level, five Dundee pupils were given a grant to go to the National Conference in London, which was held from 3rd to 6th January. This proved a most interesting experience as we were able to hear

such speakers as Mr Ian Macleod, M.P., the Colonial Secretary, speak on African affairs. We heard Africans express their views and were given ample opportunities to question each speaker. The social side of this trip to London was very enjoyable when we met boys and girls from all over Britain and had opportunities to explore London, an initiative test on its own.

While the National Conference was held just after the New Year, the Scottish Conference was held at Gorebridge, outside Edinburgh, immediately before the Easter holidays. This conference lasted four days and we discussed many problems which Russia and Russian Communism pose for the West. Three senior boys from High School attended this conference, and we all learned a great deal more about Russia and Russian politics than would normally be possible, as we were lectured by people who had been to Russia and had made a special study of the problems on the spot.

During its limited period of existence in Dundee, our branch of the Council for Education in World Citizenship has covered problems dealing with Russia, Britain and the Common Market, the Commonwealth and Africa, all burning world problems of the moment of which a full knowledge is so valuable to future citizens. Our connection with the English-Speaking Union has enabled us to study Anglo-American relations in addition to affording the chance of a month's trip to America to several of our members. The C.E.W.C. is now an important link between the Dundee High School and the Harris. Morgan, Grove and Lawside Academies while, with the affiliation of County Schools in Kirriemuir, Forfar, Brechin, Arbroath and Montrose, we anticipate that the Dundee and District Branch of C.E.W.C. will take an ever-increasing part in inter-city and national conferences.

In all our efforts, we have been encouraged by the Education Authority, who have kindly financed many of our ventures, and we have been exceptionally fortunate in having as our Chairman, Mr Erskine, our own Rector, who has taken such an interest in all the work of C.E.W.C. and without whose help our branch would not be thriving as we hope it is today.



RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Mr Allardice, D. D. Adams, J. H. McConnachie, R. Sellars, D. Hardie, R. T. Leslie, D. Stobbs, D. A. Reid, Mr G. C. Stewart.

Second Row (l. to r.)— C. W. W. Rea, B. N. Bowman, R. I. Adamson, D. K. Wright (Capt.), I. S. Stewart, A. M. Hall, J. R. Hendry

Front Row (l. to r.)— M. M. Gault, M. J. S. Walton.

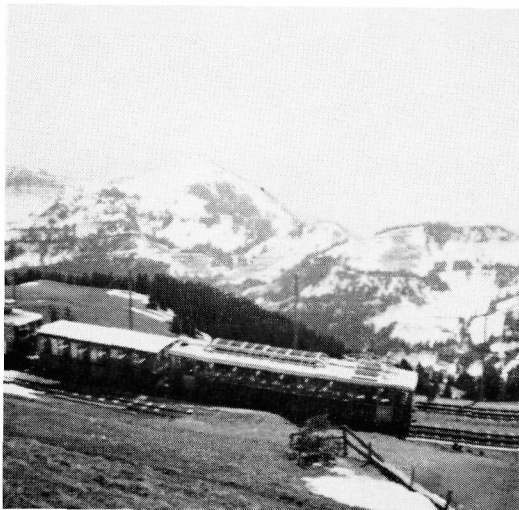
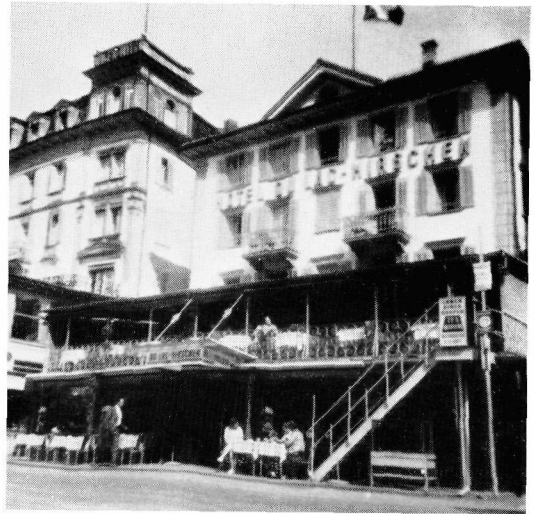


Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Shona Colquhoun, Jean Gray, Frances Bowman, Pamela Grewar, Agnes Paton, Sheila Anderson, Miss Paton.

Front Row (l. to r.)— Hazel Rickart, Barbara Patrick, Jennifer Dunlop (Capt.), Linda Mollison, Christine Worsley.



SWITZERLAND, 1961 (Boys)

Top Left — View from “Luftseilbahn”, Trubsee.

Middle Left — Urmiberg.

Bottom Left — Rigi Funicular Railway.

Top Right — Hirschen Hotel and Golden Eagle, Brunnen.

Middle Right — Rigi Hotel.

Bottom Right — Lunch at 5,000 feet.

"Tatties" the Modern Way

Planting potatoes may seem to you a very dull and back-breaking task, but, although tiring, it is anything but dull when done the modern way. I spent the Victoria Holiday weekend on a farm, and, when told that the potatoes were to be planted, I at once had a vision of myself, plodding up a furrow, putting in a potato every three steps, as I had too often done before. However, my fears were soon dispelled. A very new, very modern contraption greeted my eyes as I entered the implement shed in the company of Robert, the owner of the farm.

"That's our new potato planter," said Robert proudly. "We just got it this year . . . Er . . . Do you think you would manage to take it up to the field, while I fetch the potatoes in the trailer?"

Dubiously I agreed, remembering an occasion just two years previously when, in taking a tractor and trailer from the same implement shed to the same field, I had demolished a hen-house—and a hen; we had chicken for lunch the next day. However, nothing daunted, I clambered into the driving-seat and started the engine.

"Lift it up a little!" shouted Robert from the rear. Gingerly I moved the lever controlling the hydraulic lift. Nothing happened. I pushed the lever fully over, and suddenly the machinery coupled on behind rose up to alarming heights. Quickly I pulled the lever into the "down" position, whereupon the "mountain" behind me subsided to a more orthodox level. The sixty-four thousand dollar question was, however—would I be able to reverse out of the shed into the yard, and then make the sharp left turn into the road? It seemed to me that all the possible obstacles had been gathered together from all over the farm. But somehow I succeeded in negotiating the oil drum, the bags of fertilizer, the hen-house—and the hens—and all the other impedimenta which barred my way, and soon I was jolting along the apology for a road which led to the field.

Before long I caught the sound of the second tractor behind me, and, risking a glance over my shoulder, I perceived the tractor close behind, towing the trailer, laden with

bags of potatoes on top of which Anna, Robert's young sister, was perched precariously. When we arrived in the field, Robert proceeded to explain to me the workings of the potato planter. There was a seat fixed on each side on which the planter sat. Every time the bell rang, a potato was to be dropped down a small hole. The deposited potato was then automatically covered up by the machine.

"Easy," thought I, as Robert prepared to empty a sack of potatoes into the bin.

"Put your hand over the hole!" he shouted, as the potatoes tumbled in. It was too late. Already half a dozen "Redskins" had been prematurely planted. Nevertheless, I promptly thrust my hand over the aperture, only to withdraw it equally promptly, as my fingers were painfully trapped. Another half dozen potatoes followed the first, before I learned how to keep my fingers out of the way. Then, the bin full, with Anna and me perched precariously on the two very hard seats, we moved off slowly. Then—bump! Robert abruptly released the hydraulic lift, and we hit the ground with a teeth-rattling jerk.

"Right!" called Robert, and we armed ourselves with potatoes. "Ping" went the bell, and I dropped a potato down the hole. "Ping" it went again, and yet again, as I scabbled frantically for a second potato. I began to think that there was rather more to this than I had thought.

"Stop!" I called, and hastily dismounted to replace the missing potatoes, while Anna looked on with the complacent superiority born of much practice. Gradually, however, I became used to the rhythm and had less trouble in keeping up, comforted to see that Anna was not infallible, and did miss some out occasionally. Up and down the field we went, the clear ping of the bell rising plainly even above the roar of the tractor. Now and again we would stop, and one of us would hop off and run to insert a missed potato, or to cover up some which had been left exposed. Now and again there would be a longer pause while we replenished our diminished stock of potatoes, carefully blocking up the holes to avoid inadvertent "planting".

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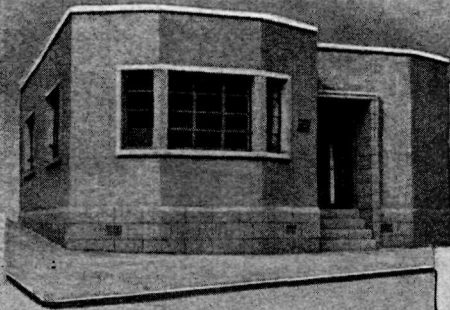


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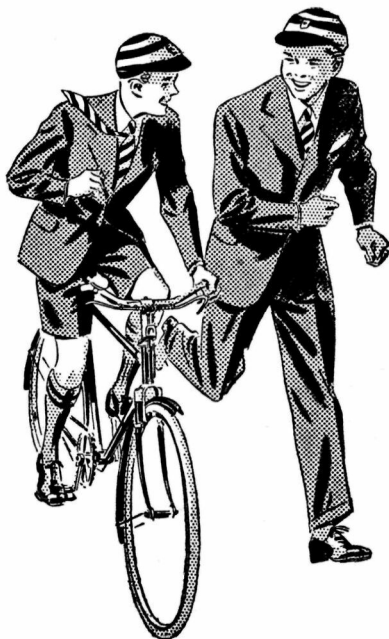
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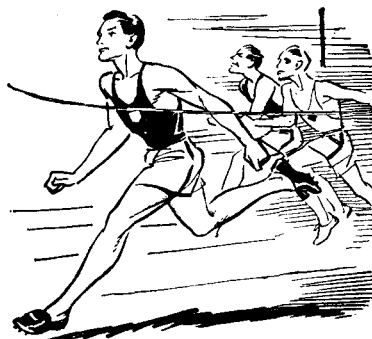
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READING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION, 1960 - 61

“— and the like regret is suggested to all the auditors, as the penalty of abstaining from speech, that they shall hear worse orators than themselves.” — Plato.

With the advent of the English Speaking Union's Debating Competitions, in the past two years more than a little emphasis has been cast on the school's Reading and Public Speaking Competition for the Colonel G. H. Philip Memorial Prize.

This year the organising committee departed slightly from the procedure followed in previous years by holding only one preliminary round, for boys and girls respectively, in the War Memorial Library, and selecting from the contestants three girl and three boy finalists to speak before the school for the award.

The original entrants were required to read prose and poetry, after preparation, to a panel of staff members acting as judges, and then were given half an hour to prepare a speech, of three or four minutes' duration, on a chosen subject. From a wide field of entrants, six finalists were chosen:— Barbara Patrick, Kathleen Thomson and Janet Kerr; and James Davidson, Robert Sturrock and Bernard Bowman.

The final took place on Friday, 3rd February, in the school hall. The school was honoured to have as judge the Very Rev. Dr. R. F. V. Scott, former Moderator of the General Assembly. It was of interest that the subjects he chose were “The Merits of Television” and “Woman's Place is in the Home”; the verse and prose extracts were also different.

In his summing up, Dr. Scott praised the high standard of all, which, he said, made his decision the more difficult. His placing gave Barbara Patrick, the winner of two years ago, the girls' prize, and James Davidson, last year's winner, the boys' prize.

It was interesting to note that some of the unsuccessful competitors were from Forms III. and IV., a good sign for the future. It is at an early age that one must conquer the nervousness to be encountered in public speaking and these pupils seem to have rea-

lised this — the reason, without doubt, for the whole competition and award.

JAMES DAVIDSON, F. VI.

A DAY IN THE CAIRNGORMS

Last Summer, a party of us spent a day in the Cairngorms climbing Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui. We set off early and took the car to the top of the new ski road, which takes you up about 2,000 feet.

We were fortunate to have a beautiful day for our climb. After about an hour of climbing, we reached the cairn which adorns the summit of Cairngorm. We could see Loch Morlich below us, sparkling in the sunlight and distant coloured dots which marked the Loch Morlich camp-site.

Reluctantly leaving the view, we continued on our way across to Ben Macdhui.

Before tackling the final slopes of Ben Macdhui, we stopped at a small, but very cold lochan, where we had lunch. We left our rucksacks under some stones and continued over ground rather like a desert. Farther up, this merged into large stones, which we found easier to walk on, as we could jump from one to the next.

At last, we reached the top of Ben Macdhui, and we walked over to the indicator. To the South-East we could see down the Lairig Ghru, with the Dee meandering through it. Far away in the distance, the snowy heights of Ben Nevis could be seen. In the other direction we saw the distant hills of Morven and Caithness.

From where we stood, we had a wonderful view of Cairn Toul, Devil's Point, Angel's Peak and Braeriach. Below us, although we could not see them, were the Pools of Dee.

It was very stony and desolate on top of the mountain, but, even so, there were sheep grazing on the scanty grass.

It was with difficulty we tore ourselves away from the beautiful Highland scenery, but time was getting on.

We made our way down the mountain-side, following the path of a cool, clear burn. As we walked, we passed small patches of snow, even though it was the middle of July.

At last, we arrived back at the car park, tired but very happy.

JENNIFER SMITH, F. II.

NEGLECTED EDUCATION ?

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

In Law we read that a nation is "a consciousness of community of race, language, religion, culture and history". The power of teaching most of the latter lies very much in the hands of the schools and it is with deep regret that we note a decided lack of interest in the teaching of Scottish culture and history to Scottish pupils.

One would think from the school curriculum that there was hardly any Scottish culture at all. Brief mention is made of Burns who is a poet of such calibre that even in Russia he is appreciated. We are well informed of the lives and works of Chaucer, Addison and Steele, and Shakespeare, but what of Barbour, Hogg, Sir David Lindsay and Sir James Barrie? Any knowledge that a pupil may have of the four people last mentioned has not been gained in school, and of this fact we are certain. Surely, the works of these men deserve a major place in Scottish Education!

One is certainly aware of an inadequate amount of Scottish History in school and in this connection the study of the development of law and of the history and traditions of the Church is shamefully neglected.

Surely, our national pride should make us delight in studying our culture and history instead of neglecting it and forgetting it as the present situation forces us to do!

"Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days!"

GEORGE T. LYON AND JOHN D. ORR, F. IV.

(We cannot agree with our correspondents that Scottish language, religion, culture and history are not adequately represented in the school curriculum, but would respectfully suggest that Barbour and Lindsay belong rather to the University Syllabus. Perhaps after studying the Book Lists for Forms V. and VI. and certainly after reading Buchan's "Montrose" which appears in the list for Form V., Messrs Lyon and Orr will change

their minds about the history of the Church being neglected. Nevertheless, we are thankful for their article which reveals a healthy interest in Scottish culture. — Editor.)

AN ENJOYABLE DAY IN THE EASTER HOLIDAYS

Last Easter holidays, my friends and I, four of us in all, went for a cycle run to an ideal spot, a quarry near Tullybaccart. Having dumped our bikes, we ran to the foot of the cliffs of the quarry and proceeded up. It was easy at the foot, but quite hard-going at the top. From there, we saw a wonderful landscape, stretching far into the distance. We descended gradually until we were again on safe ground. Soon we had cut the turf and gathered stones to form a fire-place and there we set a light to our fire. Just a few yards away was a huge pile of chopped firewood which we found very handy to keep the fire going. We cooked sausages, bacon, black pudding and other things and then started on the sandwiches. One of the girls discovered, to her utmost dismay, that each of her sandwiches had been broken into two or three parts. Soon we started to clear away our things as it was getting cold. We collected the rubbish and buried it, then left.

P. P., F. II.

" SCENE 6, PLEASE !"

The final touches were added to my make-up, the beard put on with horrible-smelling paste, and we tiptoed up the stairs.

We had been preparing for over a year, in classrooms, school hall, and, eventually, the Y.M.C.A. Hall. We had read our parts a thousand times, we had struggled with accents and gesticulations, trying to speak clearly and look the part. There had been a dress rehearsal the day before, but everyone had been relaxed then, because you could still make a mistake and do a piece over again. Now this was the real thing — with an audience.

In the dressing-room, we had waited for a long time, reading, joking, playing and getting made up by teachers. Now the first scene went on stage, then the second, and it came near our turn.

We were called upstairs and waited in the wings with the girls who had come from a different room. The six of us sat down and tried to relax, but felt rather nervous. Scene 5 came off; the compère said his part; the curtain lifted.

We started the scene a little uneasily, but, as it progressed, we felt more relaxed. We managed to sing almost in tune, and during the dance a teacher told us to smile, so we grinned to each other. The dance ended, the act was finished and we went off stage.

Back in the dressing-room, we changed into other costumes and were soon called again. This time we were less nervous and began to enjoy ourselves. We did the act and the audience applauded generously as we marched off.

Lastly the finale. Everyone crushed into the wings. Then each group took up position on the stage. Then we sang loudly until the final curtain descended. The curtain went up again, however, because Mr Erskine wanted to make a speech. This caught us unawares; out of position with hats off and wigs squint; but nobody minded, because we were having a good time now.

A few minutes later we were scrubbing off make-up, packing costumes, looking for lost belongings and making a lot of noise. The costumes were left for the following night and we went gaily home, though rather sad that there were only two performances of "1066 — And All That".

A. LAWSON, F. II.

A TALK WITH THE DEVIL

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the minister.

"I suspect your soul is blessed often enough," drawled the red figure in a languid, sleepy voice.

His companion gulped.

"And how, may I ask, is your parish?"

The minister shook at the knees.

"Public houses. How many?"

"T-t-two p-p-p-p . ." stuttered the man.

"Disgusting!" snorted the enquirer. He emitted a cloud of sulphurous fumes, polished

his horns, and tucked his tail into his waistcoat pocket.

"M-may I-I . . ."

"Certainly."

"Venture to ask y-you a-a question?"

"By all means." The scarlet gentleman played 'Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum' on his fingernails, removed his false teeth, and filed them.

"It's a fact," said the more composed minister, "that I've always been curious to know something about you."

The coloured gentleman replaced his false teeth and squelched his eyes.

"Do tell me something about yourself," begged the minister.

"I was born," began the gentleman, "of poor but honest parents. My staple diet then was roast teeth and Yorkshire woman. However, at the tender age of three, I dieted, having only a slang witch and glass of daughter. I was educated at Dr. Demon's Devil School and graduated at Auld Nick's University. I — Hey! Come back!"

The minister did not stop running until his manse came into view.

GORDON LOWE, L. VII.

L. VI. REVIEW

D. M. is top for maths

While D. R. starts the laughs;

At the top in art, B. B. is there

While in exams, R. F. takes care.

And now to get on to sport,

With L. G.'s ardent support!

At rugby E. M. mounts the score

And at cricket, appealing, gives a roar.

G. M. at cricket, hopes for luck,

And sorrowfully says, "I got a duck".

B. P. tries to captain L. VI.,

And B. D. is full of tricks.

And now to our teacher, Miss Nicol.

Who often has us in a pickle,

"She's very nice," some people say,

And, playing tennis, gets her way.

TWO "MACS", L. VI.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAY

I'm going to Seamill for my Summer holiday. On a sunny day we could go down to the beach at Seamill. If it is a rainy day, we can still have a swim because there is a swimming pool in the hotel. I may take my roller skates to Seamill. Sandy is going to a dog's hotel while we are at Seamill, and he will have lots of fun with the other dogs.

LINDSAY MITCHELL, L. II.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE NEW LIFEBOAT

The Duchess of Kent launched the new lifeboat at Broughty Ferry on Monday. She named it "The Robert". The colours were blue, red, white and orange. There were lots of people there. I was at the front.

JENNIFER WILSON, L. II.

HIGHLAND HOLIDAY

At Easter, we went on holiday to the North of Scotland. We went up the east coast and passed through fishing towns like Buckie, Portgordon, Findhorn and Burghead. Then we went to Inverness and from there to Ullapool. On the way, we saw the Carrishalloch Gorge, probably the deepest in Britain. There, visitors can see how the river has cut through the rock. The beautiful waterfall can be seen best from a bridge built across the Gorge.

DONALD MURDIE, L. V.

THE PIGEON

Once, when I was out for a walk, I saw a pigeon sitting doing nothing. A man said it had hurt its wing and so we took it home. Mummy put it in a box and it began flapping its wings and falling on one side. We put it in the garden, and the other birds all stood round it, flying up and down occasionally. When Daddy came home from work, he took the pigeon to the D.S.P.C.A. which means Dundee Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They said it was only a baby.

JANICE MUNRO, L. III.

MY HOLIDAY

We went to the zoo on Monday. After we had seen quite a few animals, we went to have lunch. I had steak pie and carrots. Then we went to see the monkeys. They were very funny. One climbed up the cage and went on a chain. It tried to walk along, but it fell down. It got up and scratched its head. After we had seen the monkeys, we saw the sea lions. They were quite funny, too. They kept making a lot of noise, and two had a fight. The biggest sea lion won. I had a ride on a pony and so did my brother. Some of our friends were with us. My friend wanted to see the lions and my brother wanted to see the wolf. We saw an Arctic fox and it was white. When we went home, we had to cross the River Forth. My friend and I went to see the camel. It was quite big.

IAIN SMITH, L. II.

MY PET

My pet is a cat. He has a funny sort of face. He is very playful and sometimes very naughty. When I give him his food, he jumps up on his hind legs against the sink, mewing.

FIONA SINCLAIR, L. II.

BILLY AND SUSAN

Billy and Susan are lambs. They are brother and sister. They were born during the first week of March. Their mother died very suddenly, and so we had to look after them. They have grown very big. They soon became very greedy and still are.

SHEILA ROBERTSON, L. III.

THE FAIRY COBBLER

Once there was a cobbler. He was a little gnome. He mended and made shoes for all the fairies. One day, a fairy, called Silverwings, came to Fairyland. She was very unhappy because she hadn't a friend. The cobbler made some magic shoes for her and she made lots of friends among the fairies, and they all lived happily ever after.

LINDSEY WILSON, L. III.

MY LITTLE RED BALL

I looked here and there,
Under Daddy's chair.
What could I do?
I'd asked Mummy, too.
Then, last of all,
I looked in the hall.
Guess what I found —
My little red ball.

ALISON BROWN, L. III.

G Y P S I E S

When I saw the gypsies,
Running barefoot through the wood.
When I saw their caravans,
When I smelt their food,
Then I felt a longing
To go out and play,
But my nurse wouldn't let me
So I stayed in all day.
Then, at dawn of morning,
I stole to the glen
And followed the gypsies
For a while and then,
When I was a-travelling
In their caravans,
I felt a sudden longing.
And, when they had a dance,
I felt a longing to go home,
And the birch trees swayed,
Sang their song of mourning,
Echoed through the glade,
And, when night did fall,
I, my heart so sore,
Thought of nurse's warning
Which I ignored before.

IMOGEN MORGAN, L. IV.

P E N N Y

Penny is our dachshund. She is a German dog. She likes chasing cats, rabbits and mice. When we go on holiday, she likes to dig up mole-hills but she never finds any. Once, when we cooked a meal outside, she came and took some of the food. She loves going for walks and, if she sees a rabbit or a hare, she goes mad. Once she caught a rabbit and a mouse too. The rabbit was ill and so was the mouse. She only took one look at them and walked away.

SANDY GOSSIP, L. IV.

SPRING CLEANING

The curse is here! Those vermin, the spring cleaning bugs, are back. It is almost hopeless to keep them out, but some remedies are known.

The bugs, of a mottled blue colour, attack every spring in their hundreds. The really dangerous one, *Advertisum Maniacum*, bites deeply into the imagination, but the bite, which makes you see spots of dust before your eyes, is not fatal.

The bug has *the* most extraordinary eyes. They are about an inch up, on stalks that look most suspiciously like broom-handles, and are covered with wax polish. The eggs are of a watery-pink, are greasy to the touch, and covered with old advertisements. The babies hatch forth in early spring and are covered with great expanses of reddish fur.

A deplorable habit of the bug's is to sit on some large article and make it far too heavy to move. At your frustration, he sits and laughs till the dusty tears run down his cheeks.

ALISON McLEAY, L. VII.

**NELSON
CREAM ICE
COMPANY LIMITED**

45 NELSON STREET

TELEPHONE : 27217

10 WELLGATE

TELEPHONE : 25222

DUNDEE

THE CAT AND THE BIRD

"Hullo, hullo," mewed Marmaduke. "what have we here?"

"Me, I hope," squawked the budgie.

"Oh, it's you," purred the cat.

"Yes, it's me," squeaked the bird.

"Well, fancy seeing you here!" returned Marmaduke.

"Yes, fancy!" said the budgie, Joey by name. "Where else did you expect to find me."

"H'm, yes! I was wondering if you would be taking your after-dinner walk."

"I've not had my dinner yet," observed Joey.

"Well, you've got a point there," said Marmaduke, gazing in disgust at a sodden mass of bird seed in Joey's plate. "I don't blame you. You must be terribly cramped in that little cage. Are you coming out?"

"Have you had your dinner yet?" chirped Joey.

"Well, no," purred Marmaduke.

"I don't think I'll come then," laughed Joey.

"I wonder why they always lock these cages," mewed the cat slyly, pawing the catch.

"Yes, I wonder why," smirked Joey, hopping on to a little bar.

"It wouldn't be dangerous to leave it open really, to allow you a little more freedom."

"I wouldn't push my nose into the bars if I were you," laughed Joey. "It might get stuck."

In a dignified fashion Marmaduke withdrew his nose.

"Supposing someone opened the door," remarked the cat. "Would it cause any inconvenience?"

"You're too fat to get into the cage," sniggered Joey. "Have you seen yourself in the mirror? That cat food is very fattening."

Marmaduke started to get annoyed.

"There is nothing wrong with my figure," he replied testily.

"That's a matter of opinion," chirped Joey.

Out flashed Marmaduke's paw, over went the cage and out flew Joey.

"You should have tried the catch," he laughed. "I had a pretty good idea it was open."

Marmaduke glared at him. "Birds!" he snorted. "Birds!"

PETER WEST, L. VII.

PENNY AND SILKY

Our hens are called Penny and Silky. They are white, with bright pink combs and yellow feet.

We feed them at eight o'clock each morning on a mash consisting of chicken meal mixed with water, and I always make sure they have fresh water. In the evening we give them grain and shut them up. As a treat, we give them worms and green vegetables.

ROSEMARY SEMPLE, L. IV.

MY SISTERS

One of my sisters is a baby and the other is a girl. The baby's name is Pamela and the girl's name is Sally. Sally helps Mummy sometimes, but usually makes a mess of it. Pamela is very good at picking things up. Everywhere she goes she takes her bow-wow and says "Mummy". Whenever the door is left open, she laughs and climbs up the stairs. Sometimes, when I see her, I run up and catch her. Today Sally and Pamela are playing in the shed.

NEIL HUTTON, L. II.

LIMERICK

There was a young man from Milan,
Who proposed to sail to Japan.
His boat turned over
And he swam to Dover,
That unlucky man from Milan.

RICHARD GILLIS, L. VI.

A LARGE NEST

A few weeks ago, when I visited Buchanty, I was walking round a pond with Tom Weir, a well-known naturalist, who writes every month in the Scots Magazine. We saw many wild birds, including ducks and geese. Suddenly, two large geese flew out of the rhododendron bushes in front of us and, when we looked into the bushes, we were surprised to see fifteen large goose eggs in a nest.

LORNA MACDOUGALL, L. IV.

THE WOOD IN AUTUMN

Yellow, faded green, fawn, brown,
The shrunken, withered leaves surround
Old tree-trunks, mossy, crumbling down,
While ferns are crumpled on the ground,
Nuts and acorns, beechmast, too,
Fallen branches, bracken black,
Violets, grasses, moist with dew,
Crisp, dry twigs, which snap and crack.
Meandering streams; sky of blue;
The wood is in its autumn hue.

GORDON LOWE, L. VII.

MUCH LAMENTED

My old friend is gone. I never thought how much he meant to me until I realised that I would never see him again.

He was a quiet fellow, who was always ready to help one out of difficulties, if the need arose. He never dressed in bright colours, always preferring a dull grey for his suits, sometimes trimmed with a sombre black collar and matching cuffs.

Now he is no more. Perhaps it was better for him, because, towards the end of his short life-span, he was considerably smaller and much weaker. In spite of this, it came as a great shock to learn that I could no longer rely on my trusted companion to help me through my work.

How I miss him! There was no one quite like him. He never complained and was always working. I bemoan the fact that I kept him working so much, hardly letting him rest for a minute.

Never can he be replaced. Nobody can fill the gap which my invaluable, much lamented, old rubber has left in my life.

JULIA GARDEN, L. VII.

MY EASTER HOLIDAY

I went to Belfast in my Easter holidays. We went to visit my Granny and Grandpa. We went in a boat called the "Irish Coast" in which we also came back. Coming back, we saw the "Canberra". She weighs forty-five thousand tons, the biggest ship to be built in Belfast since the war. While I was out with my Daddy, I saw Stormont, the Government buildings of Ulster (Northern Ireland). I think I had a lovely holiday, don't you?

ANTONY PATTERSON, L. IV.

MY DOG

My dog is a West Highland Terrier, and he is called Ghillie. He is supposed to be white, but I'm afraid that he hardly ever is with all the dust off the roads, especially his stomach, because it is so near the ground. He is five years old, but he is just as lively as he was when he was a puppy.

If somebody rustles a bit of silver paper, he will come running, because he thinks that there is chocolate inside it. Also, if I give him something to eat and I ask him for a paw, he gives me it. Then I ask him for the other paw, and he gives me it too. Sometimes I ask him to spin, and he does so. He was cut not long ago and I think that he looks just like a little lamb. Really, he is a good little dog.

MORAIG ROSS, L. VI.

WILD LIFE

At the break of dawn, the wise old owl retires to his hollow tree and settles down to await another dark night. A deep, throaty barking is heard. It is mating time for the deer, and the stags are fighting by means of their antlers for a mate. High up on the bark of an old oak tree is a woodpecker, searching for his morning breakfast of insects.

A little roe deer fawn moves restlessly, waiting for his mother, and looks round with his large eyes in search of her. Little fox cubs have been playing in the sun, but now the vixen is ushering them into the earth.

A frightened hare rushes haphazardly between tree trunks and bushes, and jumps any small obstacle in his path,

MOIRA SPENCE, L. VI.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED . . ."

It happened in the lounge.

Two kittens, named Bubble and Squeak, were playing around Georgina, their proud mother, who was at that moment trying to smoothe their whiskers, but in vain, as the two bundles of naughtiness would not, and could not, keep still for one minute.

The two kittens then decided to go on an expedition of exploration in the lounge. They had not gone very far when they saw, on top of a blue satin sofa, an inviting ball of wool, white as snow.

Their little eyes searched the room, to make sure no one was looking. They were safe. Georgina was having "forty winks". Bubble tried to jump on to the sofa, but it was too high. Squeak, one inch taller, also found it too high. They scanned the room for something to stand on. Ah, there was the big brass coal scuttle! They set off at top speed and skidded to a stop in front of it, but alas! a big brass coal-scuttle is far too heavy for two tiny kittens to push across the room.

They looked for something else. Of course! There was the cardboard box near the fireplace that the Man put firewood in. Bubble and Squeak pattered to the box. Good! It was empty. Patting the light box across the floor was easy, and soon they reached the sofa. Squeak gave his biggest jump and landed on the box. He then jumped on to the sofa, gave the ball of wool a prod and sent it tumbling down to the expectant Bubble. Soon they were having the time of their lives.

Suddenly, they heard footsteps! They left the wool and dashed to their mother's side and pretended to fall asleep. When the Man and Lady returned and saw the cardboard box and found the beautiful "grey wool", they knew what had happened!

HILARY GRANT, L. VII.

CILURNUM — ROMAN FORT

During the Easter holidays I visited Cilurnum, a Roman Fort. It is said that it is the best-preserved fort of the Roman Empire and forms part of Hadrian's Wall. It is

a Cavalry Fort and is situated in the beautiful countryside of the Tyne Valley. I saw the commandant's house and the strongroom which was built underground. In some rooms I was able to see their central heating system. The stone flags were raised on piles and fires were lit underneath. Beside the Fort were the baths, with niches in the walls in which, I assume, they sat and put on their clothes. Another year I hope to go to another part of the country and see the wall as it winds up hill and down dale.

ROBERT MILNE, L. V.

THE GIPSY

Down the road in a caravan
Comes my friend, Joe, the gipsy man,
His face as wrinkled as old apple crabs
And his hair as grey as the churchyard slabs.
His clothes are covered with dirt and mire
And torn in places where cut on some wire.
A dirtily old scarf he wears round his head.
And round his waist, a sash of red.
But, although he is dirty and old as the hills,
And his clothes aren't clean and covered with
frills,

I have a great friend 'cause he likes me. I
know.

Yes, I've found a friend in Gipsy Joe.

FIONA MUNRO, L. VI.

A WISH

I wish I had a pony,
Coloured white and grey,
To trek upon the mountains,
Upon a summer day.

We'd picnic by a little burn,
Running fresh and clear,
And listen to the curlew's cry
And watch for nervous deer.

We'd canter over heather moors —
We'd climb the highest Bens;
We'd follow little sheep tracks
That wander through the glens.

We'd come home tired but happy,
And ready for our tea.
A bag of oats for pony,
And ham and egg for me.

ISOBEL SCRYMGEOUR, L. V.

A VISIT TO THE MODEL VILLAGE

While we were on holiday last year, we decided to go to Hastings for the day and visit the model village.

The first thing we saw, as we came into the big garden where it was situated, was a lovely church with music coming from inside. As we went round, we came to a lovely little castle with statues, turrets and even tiny trapdoors. Running all round the village was a little stream crowded with all sizes of goldfish. On this stream a boat race was taking place. Over on the other side of the stream was a gypsy camp. Little brightly-painted caravans, pulled by horses, were dotted about, and gypsies, making baskets, were seated on the steps.

In the middle was a mansion with hounds and horses setting out for the hunt.

There was even a house in the process of being built. It seemed propped up with scaffolding, and a wheelbarrow and ladders were lying on the ground.

On the whole, this lovely place was just like a real village, and very good fun to visit.

SALLY ROSS, L. VI.

LOCOMOTIVE No. 123

On Saturday, 20th May, this odd engine came to Dundee. It was built by Neilson and Company in 1886, and took part in the Race to the North in 1888. I had read about it, and was delighted to be able to see it. Daddy took me and we went into the locomotive sheds, and had a close-up view. It was very clean and polished and was painted the old C.R. colours. On the buffers thistles were printed. The driver was bringing it out, and I was lucky enough to have a ride on the footplate, the length of the shed. Later on, we saw it go across the Tay Bridge, pulling two of its original coaches.

ROBERT BERRY, L. V.

GIGHA

Gigha is an island of the Mull of Kintyre. It is six miles long by one mile wide, and has an island, called Cara, at the bottom. All the milk on the island goes to a creamery at the south end of the island. In the creamery the milk is made into cheese and has a very light colour. If you were to walk round the island, you would walk about twenty

miles, not fourteen as some would imagine. There are about one hundred and seventy people on the island.

PETER GREWAR, L. VI.

RESCUE AHOY!

One day, during the summer holidays, Angus Park was walking idly along the sea-shore when he found a boat on the sands. As he was tired, he sat down in the boat and soon fell asleep with the gentle breeze. Unfortunately for Angus, the tide was coming in and soon surrounded the little, frail boat. After a while the tide started ebbing and the boat was carried with it.

The boat was still moving with the current towards the open sea when Angus suddenly awoke. He received such a fright that the boat nearly toppled over into the water. Angus then looked at his watch and found it was six o'clock and he should have been back at five.

Although he was worried, Angus remembered what his Scoutmaster had said about being in trouble. He immediately took off his white sweater and started waving it in the direction of land.

On the shore, people saw his plight and sent for the lifeboat. The lifeboat soon set off in the direction of Angus. When it was near Angus, one of the men threw a rope. Angus caught the rope tightly and it pulled him on to the lifeboat. Although Angus was safe, he was still afraid of what his mother and the owner of the boat would say. His mother was not angry, but warned him never to do it again.

ELIZABETH BROWN, L. V.

SPRING

When spring is here the lambs appear,
And skip around in glee.
The daffodils send up their shoots,
Then pretty flowers have we.

The birds in spring make little nests,
And sing most joyfully.
The mother bird sits on her eggs,
And one day babes will be.

Spring sunshine comes to make the buds
Of apple, cherry and may.
Our gardens seem to come alive
With many colours gay.

JOAN GRANT, L. V.

Old Girls' Club

We have pleasure in sending greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The twenty-ninth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Singing Room on 27th March, 1961, when the following office-bearers and executive committee were appointed—**President**, Mrs W. J. Walker; **Vice-Presidents**, Mrs J. Watson and Mrs D. Thomson; **Hon. Secretaries**, Mrs G. Stobie, 20 Glamis Road, Dundee and Miss M. Cunningham, 56 Lawside Road, Dundee; **Hon. Treasurer**, Miss C. K. Scrimgeour, 54 Seagate, Dundee; **Executive Committee**, Miss A. Gray and Miss M. Turnbull (ex-officio), Miss M. Moyes, Mrs A. Inverarity, Miss M. McConnachie, Mrs M. Cooper, Mrs E. Johnston, Miss J. Bowden, Mrs M. Johnston, Miss E. Hutcheson, Miss N. Whitton, Miss E. McKenzie, Mrs Marshall, Mrs R. Hay, Miss A. Reid, Miss I. McNaughton and Miss E. Soutar. Mrs Thomson and Miss McKenzie are representatives to the Athletic Union. Mrs Watson and Miss Cunningham are representatives to the F.P. Association.

The Club's membership is now 542.

A demonstration in floral arrangements given by Mrs Lowden delighted all present.

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

The Reunion Dinner, held on 4th November, 1960, in the Royal Hotel, will be long remembered as one of our very special occasions. A representation from the Old Boys' Club was invited to join us in paying tribute to our guest of honour, Miss Whytock. On behalf of both Clubs, Miss Turnbull presented Miss Whytock with a cheque and a beautiful brooch in the setting of a crown, in which a Cairngorm was surmounted by tiny pearls. On behalf of their respective Clubs, Miss Turnbull and Mr Thoms expressed thanks to Miss Whytock for her many years of service and devotion to the school, and extended good wishes for a long and happy retirement. After an excellent dinner, the company was entertained by Miss Turnbull with a show of coloured slides taken during her African tour.

The next Reunion will take the form of a Dinner, to be held in the Royal Hotel, on Friday, 3rd November, 1961.

We extend a warm welcome to all girls leaving school in June to join the Club.

As our members are widely scattered, the Committee feel that it would help to keep us all more in touch if items of news concerning any member appeared on our page. To do this requires co-operation from all members, so do please support this effort and notify the Secretary about anything that you think may be of interest to the Club.

Would members also please notify the Secretary of any change of name or address?

The following have joined the Club since June, 1960—

Miss Pamela C. Bell, Woodlands, Carnoustie.
Miss Janet C. Booth, Mains of Ardestie, Monifieth.
Miss Isabel S. Bruce, 294 Blackness Road, Dundee.
Mrs Margaret S. K. Bruce, 34 Panmure Terrace, Barnhill.
Miss Joan Carr, 2 Farington Street, Dundee.
Miss Anne I. R. Clark, "Dalbreck," Coupar Angus.
Miss Ann F. Colligan, 6 Argyle Street, Dundee.
Miss Heather M. T. Davidson, 276 Strathmore Avenue, Dundee.
Miss Jennifer M. Derrick, 12 Balgay Ave., Dundee.
Miss Deirdre Fraser, 296 Blackness Road, Dundee.
Miss Judith A. Greaves, 71 Collingwood Street, Barnhill.
Miss Christina M. Ireland, 90 Logie Street, Dundee.
Miss Kathleen R. Jackson, 10 Adelaide Terrace, Dundee.
Miss Jane A. Jaskulska, "Hermon Lodge," Broughty Ferry.
Miss Joan E. MacDonald, 150 City Road, Dundee.
Miss Elizabeth M. McGregor, 38 Castle Street, Tayport.
Miss Wendy Scott, 20 Ancrum Road, Dundee.
Miss Muriel H. Smith, 10 Baldovan Road, Dundee.
Miss Nichola F. H. Smith, 6 Golf Ave., Monifieth.
Miss Elizabeth C. G. Soutar, "Westcroft," Wormit.
Miss Margaret A. Swanson, Strathmore House, Newtyle.
Miss D. Louise Walker, 102 Forthill Road, Broughty Ferry.
Miss Frances E. Walker, Craigie House, Craigie Drive, Dundee.
Miss Margaret E. C. Watson, 242 Arbroath Road, Dundee.
Miss Elaine H. J. Webster, 19 Lammerton Terrace, Dundee.
Miss Valerie A. Winsor, 86 Brook Street, Broughty Ferry.
Miss Roslin M. Wright, "Hillpark," Wormit.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages—

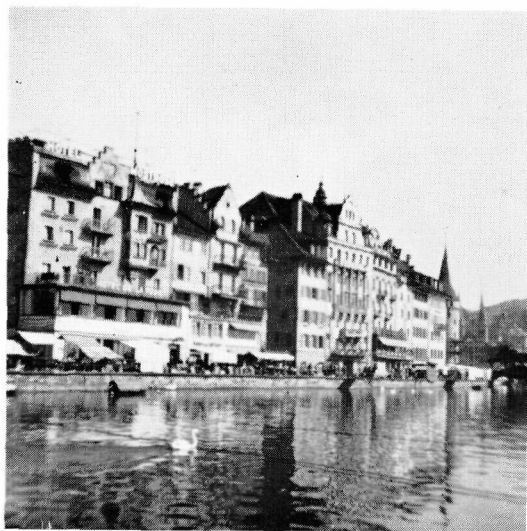
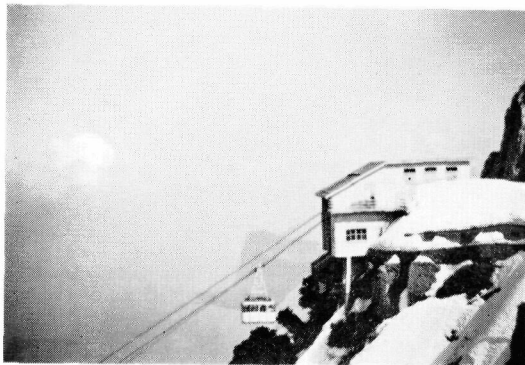
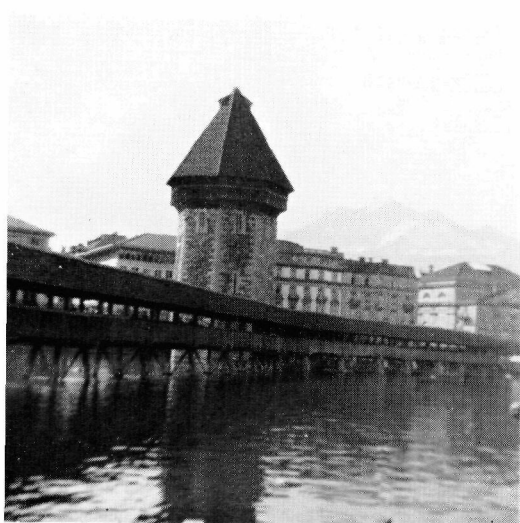
Isobel Anderson to Ian Dryden.
Jean Sprunt to Alex. Watson.
Winifred Stewart to Grant Govan.
Anne Mathers to Chris. Greig.
Alice Oswald to Murdoch McPherson.
Ann Galloway to Colin Howie.

OBITUARY

Miss Margaret Lamb, 19 Madeira Street, Dundee.
Mrs M. Scrimgeour, Bay House, East Newport.
Mrs Peter Jackson, 4 Constitution Terrace, Dundee.

We deeply regret the deaths of the above members. Mrs Peter Jackson was President of the Club during 1949-50, and she also served on the Board of Directors of the School.

Martha Stobie, Hon. Secy.



SWITZERLAND, 1961 (Girls)

Top Left — Glacier Gardens, Lucerne
Middle Left — Pilatus.
Bottom Left — Lucerne Market.

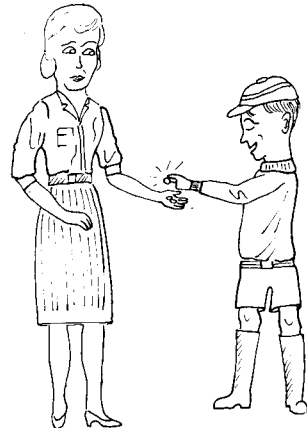
Top Right — Old Bridge, Lucerne.
Middle Right — Vitznau.
Bottom Right — Trubsee.



AN IDEAL MUM! WELL, SHE
WOULD HAVE TO BE —



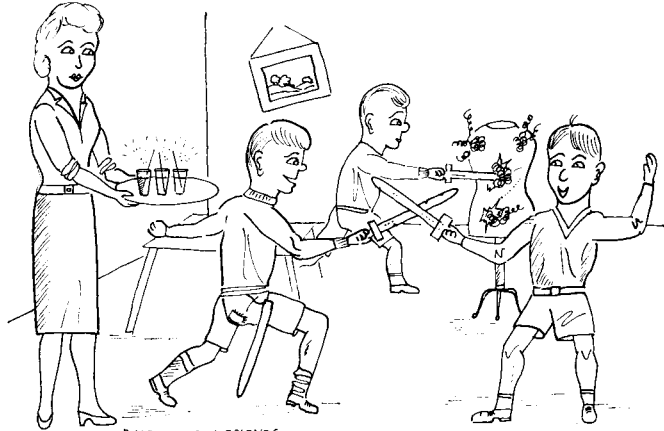
INTELLIGENT, OF COURSE



GENEROUS WITH POCKET MONEY.



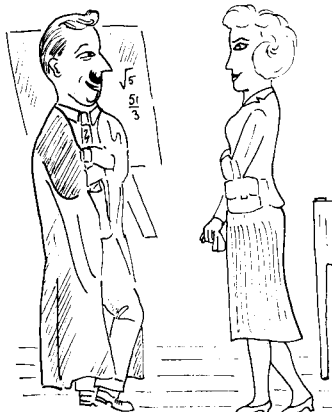
KIND TO ANIMALS.



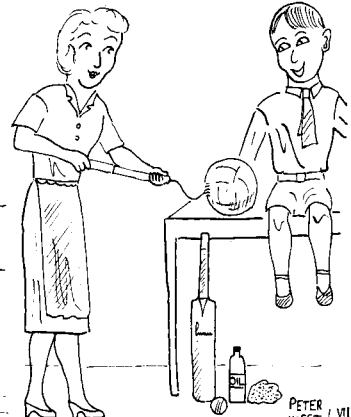
— AND TO MY FRIENDS.



GOOD AT FIRST-AID.



ABLE TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION



AND KEEN ON SPORT.

PETER
WEST LVI

THE IDEAL MOTHER

Reports

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

With the cricket season well under way and the tardy appearance of summer, we find we must cast our mind back to the winter and write the final rugby report.

At first glance, the 1st XV. record looks neither brilliant nor disappointing:—

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
14	6	2	6	126	73

But, when one discovers that four of these defeats were by the narrow margin of three points, one by six points and the greatest by only eight points to nil, a more favourable light is shed on this season's efforts. These narrow defeats are typical of the team's performance—good and attractive open play when all was in our favour, but, as soon as there was even a slight setback, depression and a lack of thrust. One feels, however, that, had a greater number of pupils come to support their team, as did an ever-increasing and vociferous group of F.P.'s, we should have been spurred on to overtake those frustrating three-point leads. We thank the faithful F.P. following and urge pupils—and parents—to follow this example in future seasons.

The season closed on a most successful note when the school "seven" went one better than last year's team by winning the Perth Academy "Sevens" Cup, defeating Stirling High School in the final.

The school was well represented throughout the season in the Midlands Schoolboys Team—R. I. Adamson and J. R. Hendry played in all the representative matches and, together with D. K. Wright and I. S. Stewart, they were in the Midlands Team which made a short, successful tour of the North of England during the Easter vacation.

Caps this season have been awarded to these four mentioned above and, in addition, to A. M. Hall and B. N. Bowman.

Despite an unfortunate spate of injuries, the 2nd XV. improved greatly towards the later stages of the season, and, although their record appears unimpressive, one feels quite optimistic for next season.

The 3rd XV., who could be described as the most enthusiastic team, have had a most successful season, and finished with a record which surpasses everyone's initial hopes.

The Colts XV. disappointed, but, it is generally agreed that this unfortunate record was due to their lack of brute force, rather than lack of ability, in the face of older and heftier opposition.

The junior teams made up for the Colts' lack of success, the Form II. XV. in particular being most impressive and prompting favourable comments wherever they appeared.

On the whole, then, quite a successful season, for which we thank everyone who was concerned—from those teachers who gave up a Saturday to travel with teams, to those who helped on the more practical side. In particular, we should like to thank Messrs G. C. and N. G. S. Stewart, Mr Biggar, Mr Lornie, Mr Coletta and Mr Allardice, all of whose great enthusiasm has instilled a new determination into every player from L. VI. to Form VI.

B. N. B.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

This winter the weather has been much more favourable than in previous years, as can be seen from the number of matches we have managed to play—and win. There have been only three cancellations and of the remaining nine matches we have won eight, losing only to a strong F.P. team.

The beginning of our successful run was at the Junior Midlands Tournament, held at Dawson Park in November, when, by winning our section and beating Morgan Academy by 1 short corner to nil in the semi-final, we reached the final, where, unfortunately, we lost to the holders, Perth Academy, by 3 short corners to 1. Later, however, we gained our revenge by beating this same team in a school match by 2 goals to nil in a fast, exciting game. Our other most rewarding victories were over St. Leonard's and Aberdeen High School, both by the narrow margin of 2-1.

All teams have done very well throughout the year; all have improved as the session progressed. The 2nd Year XI. have lost only twice and the 3rd XI., though handicapped by lack of fixtures, were unbeaten. The 1st XI. can, therefore, be sure of able players from the younger teams to replace those who are leaving this year. The top scorers are—1st XI., Nancy Paton; 2nd XI., Pamela Rollo; 3rd XI., Sheila Mackie; and 2nd Year XI., Helen Lyle.

The Junior House matches were held on 11th March, surprisingly in good weather, and were won by Lindores, with Aystree second and Wallace third.

All members of the 1st XI. will testify to the enjoyment and success, if not the high standard, of their matches with the staff and a team from the 1st XI.

There only remains for me to express our thanks to Miss Paton for her encouragement and enthusiasm which matched our own, and the ladies of the staff who have helped on grounds days and Saturday mornings.

L. E. M.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following office-bearers were appointed—Captain, B. N. Bowman; Vice-Captain, M. J. H. Nicol; Secretary, R. T. Leslie; Treasurer, D. A. Reid; Committee, J. H. McConnachie and C. W. W. Rea.

The 1st XI. has had a fairly successful start to the season having won 2, lost 1 and drawn 1. Our drawn game, which was against Forthill XI, was a most satisfactory result as there were 5 County players in the Forthill team and only 10 runs were needed for victory with 2 wickets in hand. B. N. Bowman scored 47 runs in this match, but our highest scorer to date is M. Walton with an undefeated 52 against Madras.

At the start of the season it was thought that the bowling would be somewhat weaker than last year, but A. Gray, A. Napier and M. Walton have bowled better than expected and the team has not been weakened through poor bowling.

The 2nd XI., ably captained by G. Malcolm, has also had a reasonable start to the season, having won 1 and drawn 3.

The 3rd XI., with a number of young players in the team, has shown great enthusiasm and the younger teams have also displayed their keenness and interest in the game.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank Mr Stark and Mr Allardice for their coaching at the nets, and Mr Stevenson and other members of staff for giving up much of their valuable time in order to umpire matches.

R. T. L.

TENNIS CLUB REPORT

Once more the courts at Dalnacraig and Monymusk have been busy with practices for house teams and matches. So far the 1st VI. have played two matches and won both with handsome margins, and the 2nd VI., having played two, have won one and narrowly lost the other. Both championships are almost in the final stages and the house matches soon to be played. We wish to thank Miss Paton for her coaching and Miss Cairncross for accompanying us on our away matches.

L. E. M.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The school teams have had a year of success in the Dundee and District League. The first team was second in Division 2 and is being promoted to Division 1, and in the Schools League, the "B" and "A" teams took first and second places respectively.

We played two friendly matches with Aberdeen schools, winning the first 5-1, but losing the second 5-4.

This year, the school entered for the "Sunday Times" National Schools Knock-Out Competition for the first time. We beat Kirkcaldy High School 4½-1½ in round 1, had a walk-over against the Mary Erskine Girls' School in round 2, but lost 4½-1½ to Edinburgh Royal High School in round 3, which was the Scottish final.

In competitions within the school, Sandy Davie has won the Beckingham Trophy, and Ronald Davie the Russell Trophy.

Sandy Davie.

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, our own senior pupils have been leading the meetings and they have all shown great promise.

Our numbers are still small and any new members will be made most welcome next term.

LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

The Literary Society has enjoyed a most successful year. Interest in its many activities was sustained throughout the very full syllabus. We had great difficulty in finding enough Friday evenings to accommodate the large and varied number of events which were planned. Notable among these were the Public Speaking Competition, the C.E.W.C. Conference, hard-fought Inter-School debates and many interesting talks, sometimes illustrated. A party of sixty members of the Society attended the Sadler's Wells opera to see the production of "The Barber of Seville" while, still on the musical side, the Gramophone Society enjoyed the support of a select few.

For the first time ever, the Literary Society transferred to the Morgan Academy for an Inter-School debate which was very successful. The event which attracted most interest was, perhaps, the "Trial by Jury" where the conditions for a trial were re-created as authentically as possible.

Thus our syllabus contained a wide variety of interesting topics and I hope that the "Lit." will continue to thrive and increase in popularity.

Bruce S. Kyle.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

This year the Senior Dramatic Society produced two plays for the Literary Society. The first was a one-act play, set just after the time of the Spanish Armada; the other was the well-known tea-party scene from "Pygmalion".

These plays were played in costume, "Pygmalion" being played in modern dress. Mr Smith explained that these plays were at the dress rehearsal stage, and much scenery was lacking. Miss Gray then gave a short talk on George Bernard Shaw, and, in particular, on his play, "Pygmalion".

Before each play, Christine Sutherland played appropriate music on the piano.

The plays were well attended and (we hope) enjoyed by all.

Once again I should like to thank Miss Gray and Mr Smith for their unfailing help throughout the year, not to mention patience at rehearsals and at all other times.

R. R. S.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

Members of the Junior Dramatic Society have had a very busy session with many calls on their spare time in a tremendous effort to attain perfection in their productions. Their success on 28th and 29th of March, when they presented their plays to a full house, no doubt was sufficient reward for all their labours. "Dotheboys Hall", from Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby", was the choice of Form I. and their producers, Miss Knight, Miss Stevenson and Miss Cairncross. Form II. and Form III. combined to present "1066 And All That", the most ambitious undertaking that we have attempted so far. Its success was greater than we dared to hope for and reflects great credit on the producers, Miss Soutar and Mr Ian Taylor. Mr Taylor was responsible for the musical direction and production and for the dances which he devised himself. He and his accompanist, Miss Coull, deserve great praise for their playing which contributed a great deal towards the success of the performance.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who helped in the staging of these plays — Mr Biggar, our Stage Manager, and his team of experts, Miss Edgar and her make-up team, Mr Halliday and Mr Vannet for an endless supply of props, Mr Murray for the same, the ladies of the Sewing Department for help with costumes, and countless others. At the same time we should like to thank Mr Lewthwaite, Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., and his assistants for their invaluable co-operation, and the Directors of the School for their substantial backing of our enterprises.

CADET REPORT

Our congratulations must first be extended to three of our former members. The first is David Rothwell who is newly commissioned with the Royal Artillery. As will be remembered, he was a sergeant in the Unit. The second is Douglas Brand, who has been commissioned into the Royal Marines. It will be recalled that he was awarded the King's Medal on his passing out parade. The third is Pilot-Officer Montgomerie, who has passed out of Royal Air Force College Cranwell.

At Easter, Cadet D. G. Fairley attended the advanced Physical Training Course at Aldershot and obtained his Crossed Swords. The last from our Company to obtain these was Sgt. Cuthbert.

Also at Easter, Sgt. J. Fairley had the honour of being selected to attend a Naval Aviation Course at Lee-on-Solent.

It will be remembered that we appealed for money for more kilts. Although we have not reached our target, we have been able to order forty new kilts. We still hope our many friends who have not subscribed may yet do so.

On the 8th June, Cultybraggan will be the scene of the Army Proficiency Test (once the Cert. "A", Part II.). This is the first time the seniors have travelled so far afield to sit their final examination.

This year the Annual General Inspection was on the 16th June, at Dalnacraig. Colonel A. I. R. Murray, O.B.E., of Highland Brigade, accompanied by Officer Cadet A. B. Grant, from R.M.A., Sandhurst, who, as Staff Officer, inspected.

GUIDE REPORT

We are nearing the end of yet another successful Guide year, but it is with regret that we say goodbye to Miss Larg, our friend and Guider for many years. She has inspired us with her unflinching enthusiasm on all aspects of Guiding, and Camp will be incomplete without her. Always she has been most generous and each year has procured the perfect setting at Tarfside for camp. She also, on previous years, provided the Guide Companies with Patrol shields.

The shield was won this year by Kingfisher Patrol of Company 2.

We are happy, however, to welcome as our new Guider, Mrs Brown, who has already become one of us.

The Guides have enjoyed several successful hikes to Balmerino under the guidance of Lieutenants Young and Paton. At the beginning of the year we all had great fun practising for the Parents' Coffee Night, which took place in February. We hope that the concert was enjoyed as much by the parents as it was by the Guides.

Many Guides have gained their First-Class Badges this session and we must heartily congratulate Pamela J. Rollo and Margaret L. Smith on gaining their Queen's Guide Awards.

We should again like to take this opportunity of thanking all the Guides, who give so generously of their time and we are all looking forward excitedly to camp.

A. R., P. J. R.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Since the last report, Penny Hutton, Sheila Gordon, Lindsay Burrows, Robert Weir and Dougal Smith have given displays, and Mr Stevenson gave a display of stamp oddities. We were fortunate to have a display from Stewart Harvey, an F.P., who gave a complete display of stamps from the Netherlands issued between 1950 and 1960.

At Dundee Philatelic Society's Junior Evening on 15th December, Weir, Smith, Doig and Burrows gained 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th places respectively.

Our last meeting on 24th April took the form of a Competition Night, Weir, Doig and Burrows taking 1st, 2nd and 3rd places. We are very grateful to Mrs Duncan for her gift of catalogues and stamps, to Dr. John Kerr (an F.P., now in New Zealand) for stamps, and also to other members of staff for stamps, all of which were handed out as prizes.

The Stamp Exchange has operated very successfully. A higher standard of stamps has been obtained and more points than ever before have been exchanged.

P. Grewar, Secretary.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

At the A.G.M. of the Golf Club, the following officials were appointed for the session 1960-61:— President, Mr D. R. Paton; Captain, Gordon D. Mackie; Vice-Captain, Peter Kilgour; Secretary and Treasurer, William F. Dewar.

We should like to extend our congratulations to Mr Paton on becoming Provost of Carnoustie and also to thank Mr Smart and him for the assistance they have given us.

Once again, the golf teams have quite a large number of fixtures to fulfil. The "A" team, with the addition of Bell Baxter High School to the fixture list, have a total of fifteen games.

To date, only one victory has been secured from six matches, but we have twice held our opponents to a draw. Bell Baxter have twice proved our betters, winning $5\frac{1}{2}$ at Cupar and $4\frac{1}{2}$ at Downfield.

We are hoping to display more promise in our remaining fixtures and to put our rather shaky start behind us.

It must be remembered, however that we do not have quite the wealth of talent this year which has been at our disposal over the last two seasons.

The "B" team and Junior team have also played matches, and have achieved mixed success.

The first round of the Boase Medal (Open) was played on 10th May, and Peter Kilgour (Form V.) leads the field with a fine 79.

William F. Dewar, Secy.

THE SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CLUB

The Club has been progressing well.

On 20th March, Norman N. M. Hutchison, the Club's Camp Organiser, spoke to the school at prayers.

A Games Night was held on the following night. This venture, which was attended by 25 boys, was a great success and it is hoped to hold another before the end of term. We should like to thank Mr Allardice and Mr Stark for the use of the Gym. and apparatus.

For the second year running, an Easter Week-End was held at the Strathkinnes Youth House. This was attended by 11 of our own boys, 4 F.P.'s and 5 officers. As the two week-ends have been a

great success, it is hoped to hold many more and to have camping trips in the summer.

G. M. B., School Representative.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra has gone from strength to strength. Several new members have joined us, but one of our members has had to withdraw. The full orchestra now totals 20.

We have been working hard with the Concert in June in mind. The orchestra started last November to play at Prayers on Tuesday mornings. We should like to thank Mr Porteous for all the work he puts into the orchestra.

G. M. B., Leader.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

The Rifle Club has continued to flourish this season and it has been gratifying to see so much enthusiasm, especially among the younger members.

The team has put up some very fine performances, gaining third place in the Strathcona Shield and being well placed in the British C.C.F. Small-bore Championship. The old Boys, however, narrowly defeated us in one of the most enjoyable matches of the season.

The Urquhart Cup for the Champion Shot was won by S. D. Paterson and the Oakley Cup for the Junior Championship by D. Gow.

Other members have also distinguished themselves, J. More winning the Angus and Mearns Junior Championship Medal, and I. Stewart and F. Macfarlane being chosen for the Dundee Rifle Team.

In conclusion, we should like to record our thanks to Messrs J. Stark and H. D. Adamson for the unfailing help and encouragement they have given us throughout the year.

Result of Old Boys' v. Pupils' Match

Old Boys		Present Pupils	
G. Linton	100	F. Macfarlane	100
K. More	97	J. More	98
D. Henderson	97	M. Stewart	92
G. Mottashaw	92	D. Cowling	95
B. Morrison	96	S. Paterson	99
A. Miller	96	C. McKay	93
D. Laurie	93	R. Burns	97
D. Mathers	97	P. Aiken	93
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	Total 768		Total 767
	<hr/>		<hr/>

F.P. Club Reports

F.P. ASSOCIATION

New Ties, Badge and Colours

Most Former Pupils of the School will know that a Former Pupils' Association was formed some time ago for the principal purpose of having a Former Pupils' Badge registered with the Lord Lyon and designing new Ties and Scarves for the use of Former Pupils.

The Committee of the Association have given careful consideration to these matters and a Badge has now been registered for the exclusive use of Former Pupils of the School. In this Badge, the quarters are exactly the same as those on the present Pupils' Badge, but with a Gold border and the Motto, "Prestante Domino", below.

New Ties and Scarves have also been designed and these incorporate dark blue and red which were the original Old Boys' Colours, and the Gold of the present School Colours. The Tie has a dark blue background with a narrow red diagonal stripe and the motif of the School Pillars repeated between the stripes. Summer and Winter Scarves and Cravats are of similar design.

The ties are now on sale at the School Outfitters. Summer Scarves and Cravats will be available in the near future and Winter Scarves at the beginning of September.

F.P. TENNIS CLUB REPORT

I take this opportunity to welcome back to the courts, two of our very keen lady members, Mrs Sheila Brown and Mrs Carole Lemon, after the birth of their respective children.

One of our very stalwart members, Mr Hamish L. G. Laurie, very kindly donated young trees which are to be used to lessen the cross winds that are so prevalent at Monymusk. No doubt this will make tennis there more enjoyable and it may even improve our standard of tennis somewhat.

This year, for the first time in the Club's history, we have been given permission by the Directors of the School to have Sunday tennis at Monymusk, between the hours of 2.30 and 9.30 p.m. We trust that, with the good weather coming on, the courts will soon be in full swing.

The Annual Dance, held at the Chalet on the 21st April, was an outstanding success and I take this opportunity to thank the Committee and members of the Club for all their help in the running of the dance. We look forward to the 16th of September when we hope to hold a Scavenger or Treasure Hunt, followed by a Dance in the Woodlands Hotel.

Our members wish me to extend a cordial invitation to the young ladies and gentlemen leaving school this term to join the Club.

Finally, the rules on which our Committee runs the Club so successfully:—

1. Don't come to the meetings.
2. If you come, come late.
3. If the weather doesn't suit you, don't come.
4. If you don't attend, find fault with what has been done
5. Never accept office—it's easier to criticise than to do anything.
6. Nevertheless, get annoyed if you are not appointed.
7. If asked in a meeting to give an opinion, reply that you have nothing to say. After the meeting, tell everyone how things should have been done.
8. When others roll up their sleeves and help, howl that the whole place is run by a clique.
9. Hold back your dues as long as possible. Better still, don't pay at all.
10. Don't bother about getting new members, but, if you do, be sure they are like yourself.

D. McRitchie, Hon. Secy.

F.P. BADMINTON CLUB

The Club has completed a successful season with the first team, which had gained promotion to the 1st Division of the Churches and Welfare League, finishing in third place. The second team, playing in the 3rd Division of the Dundee and District League, has found the opposition tougher, but we have been able to introduce several younger players to competitive matches, a policy which will show results next season.

Attendances on Club nights maintained a good level all season and we hope to continue the popular Competition and Tournament nights introduced this year.

Any F.P. interested in badminton should contact the Secretary, Mr N. Ballantine, 33 Hillside Road, Dundee, without delay. You will enjoy being a member of D.H.S. F.P. Badminton Club.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

The Club again has had a reasonably good season. Most of the matches played up to Christmas resulted in wins for School. Although results after that date were not so favourable, this being due mainly to lack of a consistent team.

Many new members are needed to keep the Club flourishing, and it is hoped that plenty of new blood will be available this year. Anyone interested—please join!

Officials for season 1961-62 are as follows:—**Captain**, Margaret McConnachie; **Vice-Captain and Secretary**, Jane Bowden; **Treasurer**, Helene McKenzie; **Match Secretary**, Winifred Paton; **A. U. Reps.**, Margaret McConnachie and Winifred Paton.

F.P. RUGBY CLUB

As I write, another Rugby Season is now over and the F.P.'s this year have had a varied record. Generally speaking, the team has done very well, and it can be reckoned that we are the top team in Dundee, having to our eternal credit beaten Panmure at Linlathen 6-5. Though the margin is small, it does not give a true reflection of the game which was hard from start to finish, and turned out a deserving win for the F.P.'s. On two occasions we drew with Harris and on one occasion we lost to Morgan by the margin of 6-8, the only difference between us being a conversion, but, on the replay, we got our revenge by beating them 13-0.

We have been rather unfortunate this season with injuries in the early part when Murray Ratray damaged an ankle and missed a considerable number of the first games. Our Vice-Captain, Harvey Wright, also damaged an ankle and missed considerable games in the New Year. David Nicol, unfortunately, had to have his appendix out and suffered various other minor injuries throughout the season. Nonetheless, the 1st XV.'s record is as follows — Played 27, Won 12, Drawn 4 Lost 11.

So far as regards games lost, a considerable number were simply by the odd point, and, where perhaps last year we had a more impressive record, we were favoured by good fortune which this year deserted us.

I am happy to report that throughout the season we had a 2nd XV. and a regular 3rd XV. playing. It is always a good sign when a Club is able to put three XV.'s on the pitch and the keenness and competition that this is causing for people to get their place in any of the teams is certainly improving the standard of rugby and fitness.

The Seven-a-Side, under the Captaincy of Harvey Wright, did exceedingly well, getting to two semi-finals out of the three competitions that were entered. In Aberdeen they beat the dark horses of the Tournament, Aberdeen University, thereafter beat Aberdeen Academicals and narrowly lost to Boroughmuir (5-0) who were the eventual finalists. In Perth we started off by beating Panmure,

followed this up with a victory over Morgan and lost to St. Andrews University who were also finalists. In Inverness, with a very changed team, as Ian and Earle Reoch were both playing cricket, the side went down to Aberdeen Grammar School 13-0. This was our first invitation and trip to Inverness which all the members thoroughly enjoyed despite unfortunate injuries to the Captain and Vice-Captain.

To conclude, we are all extremely grateful to Mr Allardice and Mr Coletta for their help with training, their enthusiasm and encouragement. Mr Allardice always refused to take the credit for our improved form, but I think there is little doubt that, but for him, the Club might still be in the Doldrums. We would take the opportunity of welcoming Mr Coletta to the School and to the side, and hope he will be happy with the Club.

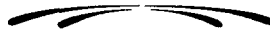
F.P. ATHLETIC UNION

This has been another eventful year for the Athletic Union, and, while not much is heard of our activities apart from the Athletic Union Ball, we carry on our work all the time.

The Ball, this year, was held on 17th March in the Invercarse and was again a complete "sell-out". We were restricted to 180 people attending, and, once again, a large number of applications had to be refused. We can only encourage people who wish to come to this most enjoyable function to make sure that their applications for tickets are in in good time.

We received Club Reports at various meetings, and the general trend seems to be that the Clubs are all in need of new blood from the School. It is to be hoped that those boys and girls leaving the School this year will join some of the F.P. Athletic Clubs to boost their membership.

We would take this opportunity of welcoming Mr Ogilvy Smith as our new President and of conveying our thanks to our Treasurer, Mr Alex. Millar, who does so much good hard work and gets so little praise for it.



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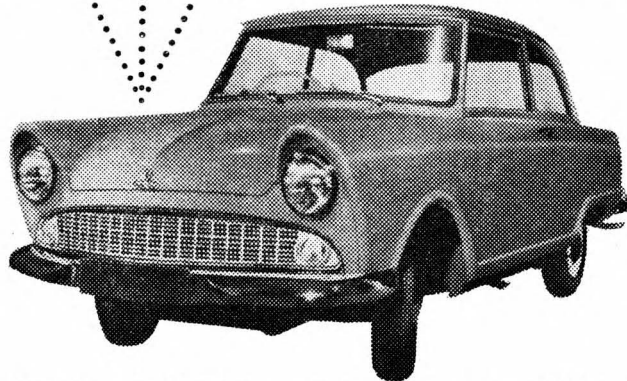
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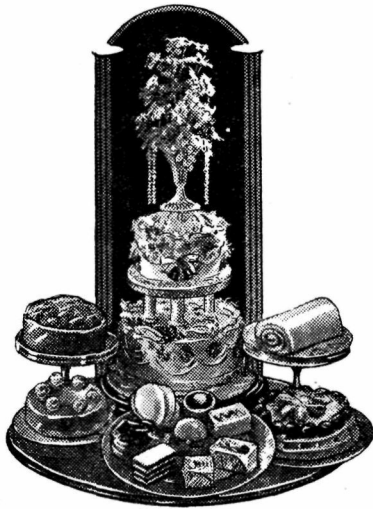
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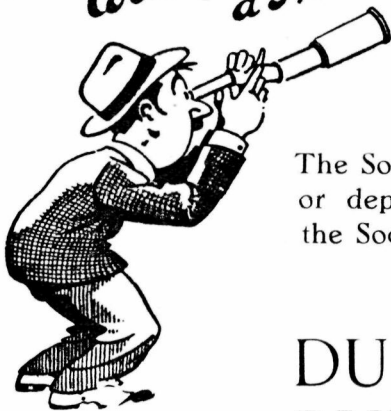
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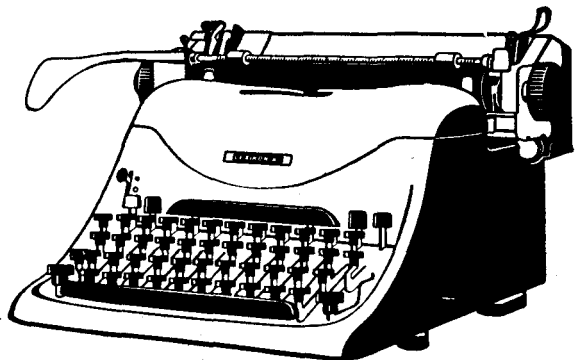
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