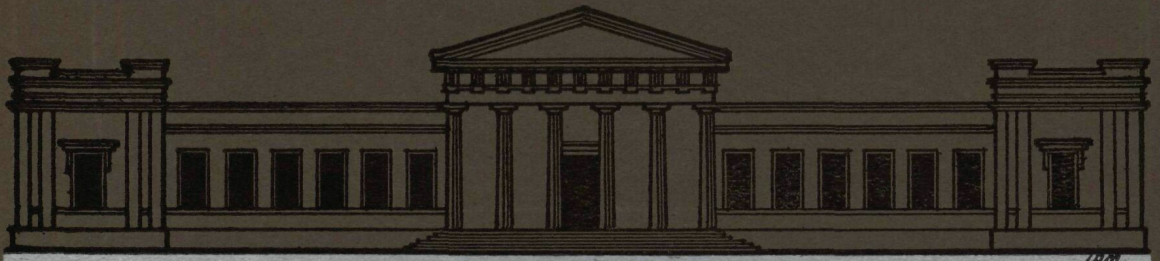


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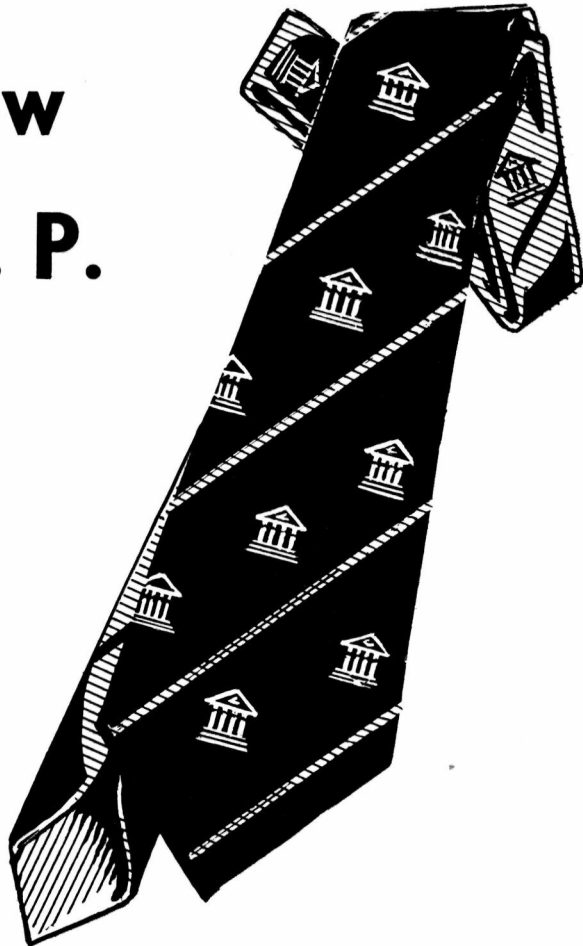
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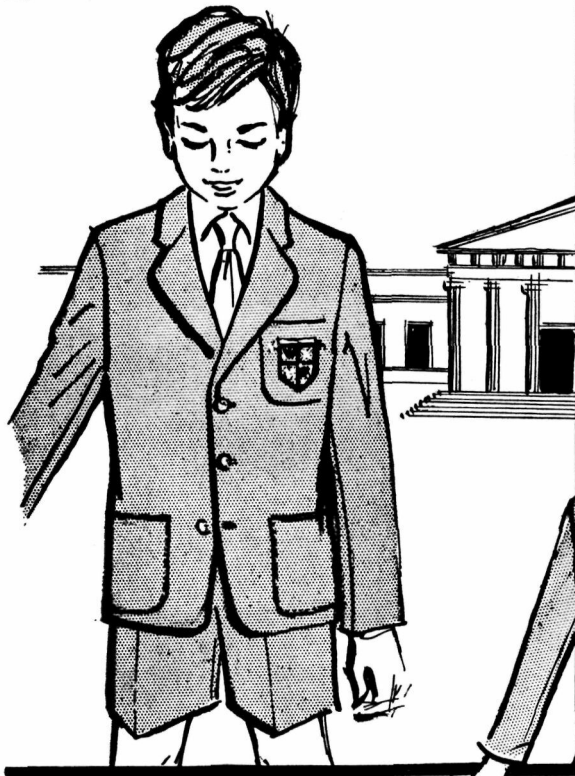
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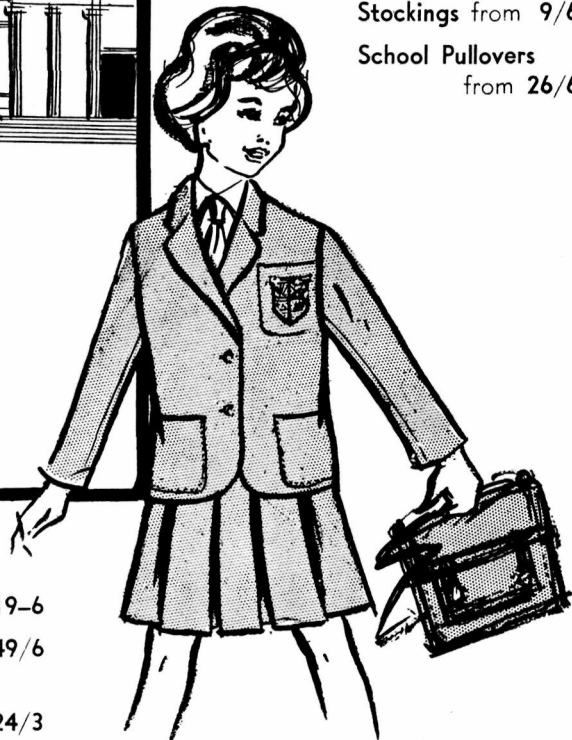
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EDITORIAL

No. 131]

DECEMBER, 1961

[1/3

Just how blank can one's mind be? Up till now we had considered that our mind could never be more devoid of ideas than at examination times — but we had then never tried to write an editorial. One of our illustrious predecessors pointed out that, whereas any fool (!) could write an article about *something*, it took a genius to write about *nothing*. Laying no claims to genius, we hasten to find something to write about.

Exactly ten years ago, when we made our first contribution to this illustrious publication, we had no such problems. With no hesitation we dashed off an epic fully three lines long about a hedgehog. Little did we guess then that in the dim and distant future we should be racking our brains for ideas for what, in those far-off halcyon days, we called "the front bit", but which, we regret to confess, we seldom, if ever, favoured with more than a cursory glance. Indeed, it seems to us that the principal function of an editorial is to inform any future editor, frantically seeking inspiration, that all his tentative ideas have already been used by his predecessors. As we watch the infants proceeding along their carefree way, we wonder upon which of

these innocents the burden of editorship will fall at the end of the next decade.

The obvious subject to take up concerns the joys and privileges attendant upon the lofty ranks of the sixth form. However, as we have been warned off this fascinating subject by several threatening colleagues, all demanding that this editorial should be "different", we deem it prudent to consider something else.

The school is proceeding along its usual sedate path. Practices for the Carol Service are being held at all sorts of inconvenient times, and, although we miss Mr Porteous' expert training, we hope to produce a choir of a very high standard indeed. The Dramatic Society, too, is in full swing and rehearsals are under way for this summer's plays. The Chess team also have done very well in the "Sunday Times" Cup (which we presume has no connection with the show-jumping trophy of the same name), and we hope that their success will continue.

Having thus filled up a large amount of space with a small amount of material, it only remains for us to wish our readers (if any) a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

News and Notes

PRIZEGIVING 1961

The Junior Prizegiving took place this year in the Capitol Cinema, on 29th June. Mrs Walker, President of the Old Girls' Club, gave an address and presented the prizes. The Senior Prizegiving was held on 30th June, also in the Capitol. Lord Provost McManus presided and Mrs McManus presented the prizes.

THE ARMISTICE SERVICE

The Armistice Service took place once again on Friday, 10th November, at 11 a.m., to remember the former pupils of the school who fell in the two World Wars. The School assembled in the front playground, the Guides and Cadets as usual looking very smart on parade. The Rector conducted the service. The wreath was borne by the smallest Guide, Jennifer Gillies, and the smallest Cadet, Garry Stiven. It was received by the Head Girl, Jean Gray, and the Head Boy, John More, who placed it on the War Memorial. After the service which, though brief, was reverent and awe-inspiring, we returned to our classes.

STAFF NEWS

We were joined at the beginning of the session by Miss Lorimer in the Mathematics Department, succeeding Mr Lornie, who left at the end of last session to further his studies. Miss Marion M. Gray came to the Junior Department, and Mrs Davidson, a former pupil of the school, teaches part-time in the Physical Education Department. We extend to these new members of staff a hearty welcome and hope they will be very happy in their new posts.

For about half the term we have been without Mr Porteous, who has been ill. He hopes to be back with us next term, and we are glad to be able to report that he is making very satisfactory progress after an operation. We all wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

We are very happy to welcome back Miss Coutts with us. She has kindly helped to relieve the added pressure of work on the Music Department caused by Mr Porteous' absence; for this we are most grateful to her. We also wish a speedy recovery to Mr Coletta who had an accident at rugby early in the session.

ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate MR HALLIDAY on having a watercolour, "Clyde Shipyard," hung in the Summer Salon of the Royal Institute, London, also on having another watercolour, "Building Ships," on view in the Industrial Artists' Group, Guildhall Art Gallery, London. The latter work has been selected by the Arts Bureau to tour English Art Galleries. In the exhibition of the Society of Marine Artists, London, Mr Halliday shows two watercolours — "*R.N.L.B. The Robert* moored for her christening by the Duchess of Kent", and "The Pool of London". Again, the latter has been selected for tour by the Arts Bureau. Four of his works were shown in the Centenary Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute, these being two pieces of sculpture, "Allegro" and "Deer", and two watercolours "The Mouth of the Eden Water" and "Le Pont Levis, Entre Vaux".

MR VANNET is also to be congratulated on having an oil-painting, "The Harbour, Gourdon," a watercolour, "Blue Barge," a wash-drawing of fishing boats and an etching hung in the Centenary Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts. He was also represented in the Society of Scottish Artists' Exhibition in the R.S.A. Galleries, Edinburgh, by a watercolour of Rotterdam Harbour. An etching by Mr Vannet has been chosen by Dundee Savings Bank for their 1962 Calendar. The subject is Broughty Ferry Castle.

MR TAYLOR

During the autumn, Mr Taylor formed a quartet to study Scottish music and poetry. Under his direction, they gave a Recital of "Music and Poetry for the Scottish Kirk" in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, on 12th November. The other singers were Hilary Young, Elaine Webster and Jean Thomson, the last two being former pupils. There was a further link with the school at this recital in that many of the pieces had been edited by former pupil Dr. Kenneth Elliott, now a leading authority on Scottish music. For this performance, too, Mrs Taylor (Joy Coupar) had set to music the famous "Ane Sang of the Birth of Christ", from the Bannatyne MS.

On 13th and 20th December, Mr Taylor collaborated with Mr J. D. Boyd, Curator of Dundee Art Galleries, to present Lecture-Recitals on Scottish Art, Music and Literature.

SHOOTING TEAM'S SUCCESS

We congratulate the Cadet Shooting Team on winning the Mitchell Trophy in the National Small-Bore Rifle Association Winter Competition. This Competition is open to all small-bore rifle teams in Britain and was last won by the cadets in 1945. The team consists of L/Cpl. Peter D. Aiken, L/Cpl. John R. S. Burns, Cdt. Fergus MacFarlane, Cdt. Samuel D. Paterson.

Three cadets, Burns, MacFarlane and Paterson have reached the final of the N.S.R.A. Junior Championship in the Harry Lauder Trophy. Eight competitors shoot in the final.

BELGIAN CADETS VISIT DUNDEE

This summer, three Belgian Cadets, from the "Ecole Royale des Cadets", visited Cadet Camp with our C.C.F. I went to Brussels to collect them and we arrived in Dundee on Saturday, 1st July. That afternoon the cadets and I proceeded to Cultybraggan. The only noteworthy incident that day was the roll-call where, on that day and for the rest of the week, the Duty Sergeants contested to see whose French pronunciation was best. On Sunday the whole Company, and the Belgian cadets, marched to church in Comrie. After meeting the Rector, the cadets, David Fairley and I, proceeded to Lochearnhead where we had an impromptu picnic. The highlight of the week was a two-day mountain exercise. It rained heavily, but the cadets must have enjoyed it, for they returned the following day to take some photographs. We all spent the last day of the camp on the ranges and the Belgian cadets, who had never fired before, did extremely well. All five of us returned to camp on Friday and the following afternoon we crossed the Tay and met Major Halliday, who took us to St. Andrews. That evening we had dinner at David Fairley's house and the following day, at noon, after saying "Au Revoir" to Major Halliday and Mr Lornie, the Belgian cadets, Philip Fraser, David Fairley and I left Dundee — the Belgian cadets to return home and the others

to proceed on a hitch-hiking tour round Western Europe.

RAMSAY R. DALGETY.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte, Violin, Oboe and Theory, held in June, 1961:

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)

F.V.

Sheila Buchan — Grade VI., Pass.
Jacolyn Kyle — Grade V., Pass.

F.III.

James Coull — Grade V., Pass.

F.II.

Roger Milne — Grade IV., Pass.

F.I.

Colin Ogilvie — Grade I., Pass.

L.VI.

Catherine Coull — Grade II., Pass.
Victoria Dryden — Grade I., Pass.
Elizabeth Roberts — Grade I., Pass.

PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE (Pianoforte)

F.I.

Zoe Mair — Grade III., Pass.

L.VII.

Thelma Robertson — Grade III., Pass.

PUPILS OF MR REID (Violin)

F.V.

Graeme Bruce — Grade V. (Theory), Pass.

L.VII.

Gordon Stuart — Grade II., Pass.

PUPILS OF MRS ELDER

F.V.

Ann Buchan — Grade V. (Theory), Pass.

F.II.

Eileen Duke (Oboe) — Grade III., Merit.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

JOHN S. G. BLAIR, B.A., F.R.C.S., who graduated Master of Surgery (Ch.M.) at St. Andrews University in June, 1961. His thesis, "Slipperiness of Human Fat", was awarded High Commendation.

DR. DOUGLAS DORWARD on receiving an appointment as Junior Lecturer in the newly-opened Zoology Department of the University of Melbourne; and on being the first Dundonian to give an Armitstead Lecture.

ROBERT BUSTARD on his nature programme, "See Closer," which is to run for six weeks on S.T.V.

ELIZABETH M. THOMSON on winning the Dentistry Dental Materials Medal at Queen's College, 1960-61, and on becoming the first National Dental Queen at the XVth British Dental Students' Association Conference at Bristol in July.

NEIL J. H. BALLANTINE, of the Technical College, on winning the Principal's Special Prize for Mechanical Engineering (First Year), presented by Sir Hugh Beaver, K.B.E., LL.D., D.Econ.Sc.

MRS RAE COMPTON, who will be remembered as Gladys Brotchie, on being commissioned by Highland Home Industries to knit a complete outfit for Princess Margaret's baby.

Mrs Compton has been asked to knit a duplicate outfit to be exhibited by Highland Home Industries. The senior girls had the privilege of having a preview of these garments and were very impressed by the fine quality of the work.

Mrs Compton is now designing for Fortnum & Mason, London, and recently had one of her designs reproduced in colour on the cover of "Vogue's Children's Magazine".

GEORGE DUKE on winning a prize of £2 in the Senior Division of the Royal Overseas League's Commonwealth Essay Competition. EILEEN DUKE on winning the first prize of £10 and ELIZABETH NICHOLSON on winning a second prize of £5 in the Junior Division of the Competition.

PETER MOONIE and JOHN BRYCE on having their paintings selected by the B.B.C. to be shown in the Qantas Gallery, New York. Six paintings have been chosen from Scotland to be shown in an exhibition of Paintings by British Children.

PETER WEST on being awarded first prize in his age group in an international children's art exhibition held in London. This exhibition is to tour Britain and will be seen in Dundee during March, 1962. Only two first prizes were won by British Children.

MRS ELDER on winning the Scottish Ladies' Chess Championship, 1961.

SANDY DAVIE, who was runner-up in the Scottish Boys' Chess Championship, 1961. Sandy also played for the Scottish Team in the Glorney Cup Competition.

NANCY PATON on being chosen to play for the Midlands Junior Hockey Team.

DOUGLAS HARDIE, ROGER LESLIE and CHRISTOPHER REA on being chosen for Midlands Schools Rugby Fifteen.

ANNE BIRRELL, KATHLEEN HENDRY, VALERIE HENDRY, SHEILA MORE, ALISON REID, MARGARET THOMSON and MARGARET WALKER on becoming Queen's Guides.

MR JAMES SPANKIE on his appointment as an announcer and interviewer with Grampian Television.

MR JAMES HOOD on gaining the master's prize of the 1961 Captain Murdoch McLeod Prizes at Dundee School of Navigation.

MR A. F. DUNCAN on his appointment as district manager of the Power Petroleum Co. Ltd.

MR W. A. MARSHALL on being appointed agency superintendent at the Dundee branch of the Caledonian Insurance Company.



An Artist Visits America

My first contact with art in the United States came as we were slowly moving up "The Narrows" and before I stood on American soil. I had been looking forward to seeing the Statue of Liberty and the Manhattan Skyline for a very long time. Although I got up at 5 a.m. so that I did not miss them, I found myself looking out at an expanse of dense grey fog. The horn blew repeatedly and we lay at anchor off the shore of America for many hours. Some time after lunch, we were told that we were approaching the Statue of Liberty, but, simultaneously, we received a message to go at once to Immigration.

There is something sinister about immigration officers—something intangible, but there nevertheless. Perhaps it is the knowledge that here is someone who can upset "the best laid schemes o' mice an' men," even at the eleventh hour.

I duly took my place across the table from a large, tough-looking man who was perspiring in the humid atmosphere. Silently he examined my passport and vaccination certificate. With a great deal of noise a large deaf woman took her place at another table some nine feet away. She was an immigrant.

"Have you ever been to prison?"

The implication that she might have been was taken as a slight to her character. Heads turned. The question was repeated, heard and answered loudly. Silence ensued. The next statement was heard — "It says here that you were a ballet dancer".

I never heard the answer, nor did I find out if he was reading out information which he had or framing a ridiculous question that degree softer than her ear could discern. Certainly I found it hard to believe that this woman, who weighed sixteen stones, had ever graced the stage in a tu-tu.

The air of tension eased, only to return to me immediately when the immigration officer opposite me spoke: "Whose picture is that on your ring?"

An undeclared article—I might have known. But he answered his own question: "Leonardo da Vinci's 'Mona Lisa'."

The picture was half an inch in length and he saw it upside down.

There was nothing either in the man's manner, nor yet in his speech, which would connect him with art, but from his ensuing conversation it was apparent that he was well acquainted with the art galleries of New York.

He handed me my documents, wished me a happy vacation and I was free to take my first look at New York.

This was not an isolated instance. All types of people frequent art galleries in the U.S.A. You meet students, holiday-makers, business men, all examining and discussing the paintings and sculptures. Everything is in their favour, granted—study rooms, slide libraries, lectures, all to be got at the art gallery. But we must remember that, no matter what opportunities lie before us, if the desire to use those opportunities is not within us, we may as well have no access to them. And the desire to find out about painters in the U.S.A. is strong.

The first art gallery that I visited in the United States was the immense Metropolitan Museum of Art. The curator of this art gallery is Theodore Rousseau, Jun.

Paul Valery once said — "There are many interesting museums, but almost none that are pleasant and delightful to visit".

This cannot be said of the Met. You get rid of your parcels as soon as you enter. There is a beautiful restaurant with tables grouped round a large indoor lake. In the centre of this expanse of water is a fountain; the sides and bottom of the lake are blue. Beautiful sculptured figures flit across the surface of the waters. It is idyllic. Except that—well, except that the Met. must be about the only building in New York without air-conditioning, and to sit beside a cool, inviting lake on a humid day in the middle of July can be sheer torture!

Since it is only possible to mention a few paintings here out of the many thousands that are to be seen, I shall describe or mention only a few of those that interested me. They are possibly not the most famous or yet the ones that the Americans paid most for,

but they are the ones that I would go to see again if that were at all possible.

I liked Antonio Pollaiuolo's "Portrait of a Young Lady", although I thought that the original looked harder than reproductions that I had seen earlier.

Having always admired Degas' paintings of ballerinas, I was delighted to find a whole balcony devoted to sketches in plaster and plasticine of the same subjects as he painted. Although this time his subjects were seen "in the round", he handled his plaster just as he had handled his paints and pastels.

The same beauty of attitude was there and Degas' own personality came over as strongly as it does in his pictures.

At the other side of the gallery stood two pieces of sculpture by Rodin, the huge and magnificent work called "The Thinker", and "The Kiss"—both so wonderful in their execution that they leave one spellbound.

Murillo's "Virgin and Child" is the most beautiful of the many paintings that bear that title that I have seen. The child is child-like, and the Virgin has an inner radiance which glows forth from the painting. It is a dark painting with light and brightness striking the child and highlighting the Virgin's face as she looks down at the child with a look of compassion and understanding of all that is to happen to him in the future.

Rembrandt's self-portrait is another of the many wonderful portraits to be seen.

The figure composition which remains most vividly in my mind is "The Third-Class Carriage", by Honoré Daumier.

My favourite Daumier character is there—the heavy-lidded peasant who sits between his wife and infant and his sleepy son. The other occupants of the carriage fade into the background, providing the perfect foil for them.

I can never see a Daumier painting without immediately recalling one of my classmates at college.

As usual, I found myself still in a gallery when all my friends had departed. It was while I hurried through a gallery in a vain attempt to "catch up" that I saw out of the corner of my eye a wonderful piece of goldsmithing. Naturally, I went back. Never before had I seen such perfection. I knew

why when I read the artist's name—Benvenuto Cellini. The cup is supported on the back of a turtle. In profile the cup looks like Aladdin's lamp, but there the similarity ends. The cup itself is half an oyster shell. At the back stands a magnificent enamelled peacock. Such craftsmanship is beyond belief.

However, it was more of those monuments of the history of art that made my visit to the Met. complete. My visit to the gallery was nearly over when I entered a room and gasped for breath. For there facing me sat Salome, immortalised forever by Alexandre Regnault. The impact that this painting makes is tremendous. Its presence hits you with an almost physical force. Occupying one wall is this dark-haired witch, resplendent in bright yellow. Her clothes positively shimmer, and her supreme arrogance is repulsive—but attractive, too; and herein must lie the charm of this painting—the correct balance between attraction and repulsion. Her feet are stuck in slippers which rest on a leopard skin rug. Across her knees is a large dish, containing her knife in its jewelled sheath covered possessively by her hand. The colours in this picture complement the composition and vice-versa. This painting is for me the personification of barbaric splendour.

Farther along Fifth Avenue, and still in sight of Central Park, we come to the Museum of Modern Art or the Guggenheim Museum. In the art world I would rate this building, which was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, alongside any of the works of art that it contained. And it contains many masterpieces.

Like everything new, modern architecture takes a little getting used to and this is extreme modern architecture. As an art gallery this building is an innovation. Its outside appearance is, if anything, squat. The main block comprises four concentric rings, the bottom one being the smallest. Inside one can look straight up from any part of the floor at the large glass dome in the roof. Sculpture is arranged on the ground floor amongst trees and ponds. The idea of the garden coming right into the house is used so that, at certain points, all that separates us from the outside world is a colossal sheet of glass on both sides of which the flower garden flourishes. The whole conception is based on a helter-skelter. A ramp winds

slowly up and round the inside of the building. There are no steps. The gradient is such that one is not aware that one is climbing. This could be due to the fact that the paintings are so interesting. A balcony at our left-hand side prevents any accidents.

There is a large permanent collection of Kadinsky's works. Braque, Bonnard, Marc Chagall, Cezanne, Ben Nicholson, Modigliani, Henri Rousseau, Georges-Pierre Seurat and Picasso are but a few of those represented on its walls.

There are other works by the school which believes in cutting the canvas and sewing it together with string before it is fit for use. There are immense canvases, empty except for three spots of paint, and there is also an elevator should you should you find that you are not strong enough to look at any more of those exceptional works.

This gallery, in particular, is the haunt of students. Most of them are recognisable because they wear "sneakers". "Sneakers" are very dilapidated "white" gym shoes. By chance I had packed a pair to wear at the beach. When I say that my cousin pounced on them with glee and said that they were the most fashionable garments, if such you could call them, in my case, you can perhaps imagine their state! But this has nothing to do with art. Apart from the actual building, I liked the paintings of Isidro Nonnell. Although he portrays poverty amongst the gypsies he does so with beauty and delicacy. His paintings, Marc Chagall's "Green Violinist" and the

architecture of the Guggenheim are enough to justify a visit to New York.

The Museum of Art in Philadelphia is remarkable for the many parts of the world that it contains. A Spanish Romanesque Cloister of the Eleventh Century, from Saint Genis des Fontaines in the Pyrenees, is housed in a gallery. Even the fountain in the centre of the quadrangle is there! A pillared hall from India is also there. The Chinese Palace Hall is phenomenal. The beams still show the original polychrome. Chinese porcelain and jades of perfect beauty can be seen.

The Drawing Room of Lansdowne House, London, has been reassembled in yet another gallery. Early American rooms are by no means the least interesting. Paintings by Benjamin West, Whistler, Eakins, Sargent and Homer, the American painters, show us that the United States have also contributed to the development of art.

The Art Galleries, or Museums of Art, as they call them, make all kinds of information available to the general public. Study and lecture rooms are provided. Classes are run to promote a better understanding of art. The art galleries are always full of people.

What I saw is only true of one very small part of America. But what I did see there showed a wholesome interest in painting, past and present. Perhaps we in Europe are nearer to the birthplace and home of painting, but then again is it not true that that which is close is most difficult to see?

My Visit to Germany

My dreams were brought abruptly to an end as a pleasant voice informed me that we should fasten our safety belts as we were now approaching Düsseldorf and should land in five minutes. After a hectic search through the maze of exits and entrances at London Airport, I had eventually found my Luft-hansa flight, and we had taken off from sultry, cloudy London only an hour and ten minutes before. We made a perfect landing after a smooth flight, and I stepped out into blazing sunshine on to German soil, with great excitement and not a little trepidation. I had been invited to stay with my German pen-friend in Dortmund, and I had never met

her, nor had I any idea of the type of surroundings to which I was going. I had been corresponding with Gisela for three years and was delighted when the opportunity of meeting her presented itself. And now, unbelievable though it seemed, here I was in Germany.

At the Customs Desk a plump little German in a green uniform and a peaked cap, tilted at a crazy angle, asked me if I had anything to declare, and I nervously replied in my school-girl German that I did not. He grinned broadly and enquired if I had no tea, or coffee, chocolates, etc., to declare, and waved me on jovially when I produced a small box of chocolates which I was taking as a pre-

sent to the family. I then settled myself on a bus outside the airport, ready for the journey to the air terminal in the centre of the town where Gisela and her mother were to meet me.

We drove along the broad elegant Düsseldorf streets, and I marvelled at the beautiful new buildings everywhere. The look of general prosperity, manifest in Germany, has been achieved by their characteristic thoroughness and hard work; they have made a virtue out of the necessity of re-building their country after the devastation of the War.

Sure enough, when I got out of the bus, I was clapped on the shoulder by a lady clutching my photo, who introduced herself as Frau Mitze, and Gisela, her daughter. Gisela was petite and beautifully dressed, and we had in common dark hair, as well as, alas! big noses. We were all delighted to meet each other, and, on seeing my look of complete bewilderment on hearing a stream of German, Gisela explained syllable by syllable that we were going to the station hotel where we would just have time for a drink before the train for Dortmund was due to leave. There I had my first sample of Apfelsaft, which I found cool and refreshing. I regret to say that my attempts at conversation en route were not numerous, as I was still very unsure of my German, and Gisela very unsure of her English. As she was the only one of her family with any knowledge of English. I was obliged to speak German all the time, which, no doubt, was very good for me.

I was relieved to find that the Germans are more sensible than the French and provide a platform which saves one the degrading experience of being seen to clamber rather elegantly aboard a train. The German trains are all-electric, and are more like our buses, with sets of two seats facing each other. Although the train was crowded, we managed to find seats and established ourselves as comfortably as could be expected on the hard, green, leather-upholstered seats. We found ourselves opposite a small boy, clad in the usual leather shorts, and a worried-looking woman who was obviously his mother. Across the passage sat a brawny Boy Scout, probably off to camp, with equipment which overflowed into the passage and a vast rucksack which was inevitably tripped over by any unwary passer-by. Opposite him sat a large,

elderly woman in somewhat gaudy, floral garb, doing her best to make incessant conversation to a long-suffering, muscular man in uniform (he, too, wore a squashed-looking peaked cap)—I judged by his prominent revolver in holster—a policeman.

The luggage-racks were bulging with all sorts of odds and ends, and full advantage had been taken of all the clothes-hooks—so thoughtfully provided. On one unfortunate occasion, when the train gave a sickening lurch, I found myself engulfed in a copious overcoat, and Gisela had been almost knocked unconscious by a blow from a brief-case which had been too precariously balanced on top of the other luggage in the rack. After some struggling, I managed to extricate myself from the depths of the coat—this appealed greatly to the Teutonic sense of humour.

The Germans' sense of humour is as robust as their appearance. The typical German appeared to me as ever dressed in a pale-grey suit, carrying a stumpy grey umbrella in a case, a brief-case, and at the same time smoking a cigar. He looks plump and contented, as if his staple diet were beer and sausage. The German girls were, almost without exception, immaculately and tastefully dressed, with beautiful grooming and posture.

After a journey of about an hour, we reached Dortmund, and took a slow train to the suburb where Gisela lived. I was delighted with their house and garden, and found Gisela's grandparents charming. We lived on the ground floor, and Gisela's aunt and uncle lived upstairs. The house was simply, but comfortably furnished, and everything was quite immaculate. Gisela then told me about Dortmund and reeled off with great pride the names of the ten big breweries—beer is Dortmund's main industry besides iron and steel.

There I spent a very happy fortnight with many amusing and interesting experiences. On one occasion, I was sent to the scullery, adjacent to the kitchen, for some clothes pegs. I had never been into the scullery before. I opened the door, and a very strong smell instantly assailed my nostrils. I heard a shuffling noise coming from behind a low wall at the far side of the room, and I cautiously went to investigate. Imagine my utter astonishment at coming face to face with a large pink pig!



Photographs by J. D. Brown

C.Q.M.S. More receiving Medal for Angus and Mearns Junior Knock-Out Shooting Competition from Colonel Murray.



Major Rothwell presenting the Centenary Trophy to the Cadet Company. The Trophy is to be awarded annually to a cadet who has given outstanding service to the unit.



Photograph by J. D. Brown

"THE OTHER CHILDREN" — L.VII. CLASSES



Photograph by courtesy of "Evening Telegraph" of

SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE, 1961

"Oh, yes," said Frau Mitze when I remarked on the pig, "we've just finished the last one!" That explained the prominence of pork in the diet!

On another occasion, Gisela and I went to the baker's to buy some cream. I imagined a small carton such as we buy here — but no. Gisela calmly produced a bowl from the depths of her shopping bag, and gave it to the assistant. He took it to a steel container and pressed a sort of pump which made peculiar squishy noises and filled the dish with cream. He then popped the whole thing into a paper bag, which Gisela put back into her bag.

Frau Mitze was a wonderful cook and, from time to time, produced huge flans, fifteen inches in diameter, filled with pineapple or sliced plums and smothered in cream. At about four in the afternoon, we would drink coffee and have an enormous piece of cake. This was great fun at cafés because one could choose from a very varied selection of cakes, all of which made one's mouth water.

On my last day, as a great treat, I was taken to the Rhine on a bus tour. We had to get up at five a.m., for the bus left at seven

a.m. The tour took us through Cologne to Bonn, where a steamer was waiting to take us up the river to Remagen. Luckily, we stopped in Cologne just long enough to see the Cathedral which is magnificent. I was tremendously impressed with Bonn, too. The day was cloudy and overcast, but it did not rain. Frankly, I think the Tay in the Carse of Gowrie can rival the Rhine in beauty. The waters of the Tay are at least cleaner than those of the Rhine! We sailed up one of the most famous stretches of the Rhine and saw the well-known Drachenfels and St. Petersberg. We rejoined the coach at Remagen an hour later and, after a most enjoyable day, arrived home, tired but happy, at nine p.m.

The next day, alas! I had to come home. We all parted the firmest of friends, and I left Gisela with a plea to come and stay with me next summer. I think my German improved greatly, even in a fortnight, and I had seen many interesting and famous places and things, despite the dreadful weather. Needless to say, as soon as I left, there was a heatwave in North Germany!

GILLIAN PAYNE, F.VI.

Thoughts on "Apartheid"

The strong feelings and arguments that have been caused in the last two years by the racial policy of the South African Government have surpassed those caused by any other topic of the last few decades both throughout the world, in general, and in this country in particular. Within the last year or so, there have been innumerable recruits to the army of antipathy towards Dr. Verwoerd and his Liberalist Government. Many of these are outspoken and dedicated men, but the vast majority have been won over by the exaggeration of "emigrés" from the Union, by the propaganda of the Pan-African Groups and by the overdone "Black man can do no wrong" clique, led by those perpetual demonstrators, Michael Foot and Canon Collins. One feels that most of the opponents of "Apartheid" have been won over by these biased "supporters" and know only of its bad points, of which there are many. However, no system is infallible, and perfection takes time to evolve.

One often wonders, on hearing the eloquent attacks on racial segregation by Canon Collins and his supporters, if they would be so keen to practise what they preach. How many of the anti-Apartheid party who are reading this article, for instance (and I am sure there are several), would be willing to allow their daughters to marry negroes, even well-educated negroes, not semi-illiterate, semi-civilised Bantu? Not many, I would wager.

Let it not be thought that I am denigrating the Bantu people, but it should be noted that the Europeans in South Africa have centuries of breeding and civilisation behind them and they, quite rightly, are not willing to give up all this by rejecting the principle of Apartheid.

The plan of the South Africans is to raise the Bantu to their standards and, after this ultimate goal has been reached, the curtain of Apartheid will gradually disappear. This is

not realised by many people in this country who picture misery and cruelty. Far from it — the Bantu in the Union have the best living- and working-conditions, the best pay and the most academic opportunities of all Africa and, indeed, the Nationalist government has further plans for improving the Africans' lot.

Why, then, do people in Britain, ignorant of the real situation, accept the complaining stories of the "ill-used" negro and reject the defence of the European—our own kind? We have become so apathetic and critical of ourselves and our kind that we are willing to believe that the negro is being ruthlessly persecuted by the tyrannical white man. But

whose word have we? — Only that of the African — the man who is desperately anxious, by any means whatsoever, not to run, but to fly, before he can walk.

In this, there is an interesting and important analogy. If we succumb so rapidly and so simply to the propaganda from South Africa, how will we withstand the full onslaught of the Communist attack in the cold war? Indeed, if we act towards their "persuasion" with the same naïvity as in this issue, Mr Kruschew might as well come to London for his summer holidays this year and "paint the town red"!

ALBUS, VI.

The Moray Sea School

An extract from the log-book of John M. Fairley during an "Outward Bound" expedition.

THURSDAY, 20th JULY, 1961.

Today was quite routine and there were few events of particular note. I was wakened at six to do my spell of "anchor watch" and spent a quiet hour on deck before being relieved, and going about my duties as captain's cabin hand. The wind was light, and we had to use the engine to supplement the sails all day, as we sailed north up the Atlantic coast of Skye. Just after I had served the captain's tea, I had gone for'ard when suddenly I heard the shout of "Fire! Fire in the Captain's cabin!" At once boys ran to their "fire-stations", taking all available extinguishers with them. Unfortunately, my "fire-station" was below decks at the First Aid cupboard, and so it was not until later that I learnt what had happened. The drill was very good, and there was no panic, and, in fact, there never had been a fire. The smoke had been caused by the bearings on the propeller-shaft overheating. As a result we had to run at reduced speed for about an hour until the engine finally stopped. From then on we were under sail.

That night was quite an adventure as we sailed on to make up for lost time now that we had lost the use of the engine.

For the first hour of my watch I was in the wheelhouse steering the ship, when various lights and rocks began to be sighted. The

captain was called to the wheelhouse and, after taking several bearings on the sighting compass, in front of the wheelhouse, he came back and started to work with the parallel rule and the charts, calling out now and again for the course I was steering. At last he gave the order to call the other half of "Hood" watch on deck, preparatory to tacking. This, incidentally, was the first time I had been at the wheel when tacking, and I had to think hard to make sure I had not forgotten any of the orders I would be given, so that I would be ready for them.

"Ready About!" The boys in the darkness in front of me moved to their ropes.

"Aft sheets!" — "Lee-ho!" I spun the wheel, using the "lazy handle" until it was hard over to starboard. The lubber line followed the wheel round the compass card until the sails were flapping, and on again as the wind coming over the port side started to fill them again.

"Let drop!" Suddenly all was movement on the decks as the sheets were let out and the relieving tackle was moved to the starboard side. Then I was given my new course and the sheets were trimmed.

Not long afterwards I moved for'ard to relieve one of the look-outs in the bows for the next hour. Then was spent a busy time

reporting various rocks and lights as they appeared out of the mist.

FRIDAY, 21st JULY

Unwillingly, I woke up to go on watch again.

The morning passed without incident whilst the engineer's assistant slept, for he had been up all night with the engineer trying to repair the engine — a forlorn hope, for it had to be done in harbour with the ship hauled up on the slipway. We learnt that we would not be sailing down Loch Duich as planned but, instead, coming alongside at Kyle of Lochalsh.

Coming alongside under sail was something never before attempted by a crew of Moray Sea School boys, and from all accounts it was executed efficiently and well. It says a lot for our training that twenty-four boys, who had never seen one another three weeks before, should be able to work together so well.

After cleaning up the ship we had shore-leave until 5 o'clock, provided we had written up our logs up to Thursday. With half-an hour to spare, I went ashore to phone Mum and Dad. That evening, after we had been warned to make our stories bigger and better than those of the two watches we were changing with, the bus took us to the end of Loch Duich where we found our tents for the next five days pitched and waiting for us.

SATURDAY, 22nd JULY

I do not propose to describe each day in detail, for it is sufficient to say that, as far as the walking was concerned, one day was much the same as another.

Ben Attow (3,383 ft.) was our first objective. After a gruelling climb during which we were enveloped with cloud, we reached the top. All of a sudden, the cloud cleared and we had a breathtaking view of the coast with the mountains of Skye in the background. We also saw our route to camp on the other side. The scenery all round us was magnificent. My one regret is that I did not have a film in my camera to photograph it. The camp was near Patt Lodge, Loch Monar.

SUNDAY, 23rd JULY

Nothing of real interest occurred during the day although we climbed to over 2,000 feet

whilst crossing a saddle. The weather so far had been dull but dry. I remember finding out with surprise that it *was* Sunday. All day (or nearly all day) we were on tracks and, as a result, we reached our camp-site ahead of time.

MONDAY, 24th JULY

This, the third day of the hike, was by far the longest we walked (27 miles), and we arrived at our destination an hour behind time. It was also about the most interesting day of the hike, and it may be worth relating the main points of interest.

We struck camp about 7 o'clock (Reveille 5.30) and walked along one of General Wade's military roads, through a Forestry Commission plantation, to the main road between North Strome and Strathpeffer. This we crossed and commenced a short sharp climb through some old coniferous forest, during which I acquired a "walking stick" which I was to find very useful (certainly from the point of view of morale, if little else). Then, as we started looking for the track which crossed the hill, we gradually climbed and, on coming to a burn, which had cut a very deep cleft in the hill-side, we decided to follow it to the watershed, cross the burn and continue till we reached the track. It was not long before we were enveloped in cloud and, when we left the burn, we were glad of our compass. The track, although we could not see it until the cloud cleared, as we were walking towards it, was only 200 yards away.

We left the track at a game-keeper's lodge and started out across a deer reserve. This was, in fact, the Glen Torridon Nature Sanctuary which includes Ben Eighe. This mountain (3,309 ft.) is remarkable for its white quartzite peaks which, at times, give the appearance of snow. Kinlochewe, which nestles at the foot of this mountain, was the first and last "shopping centre" we were to see on the hike, and we made the most of it! We had lunch (the usual half-packets of dates and biscuits and half an orange or apple, but this time supplemented by extras bought a quarter of an hour earlier) before going on to the Heights of Kinlochewe where we were to collect the next two day's provisions.

JOHN M. FAIRLEY.

The Elephant and the Butterfly

In all the kingdoms ruled over by His Gracious Majesty, the Divine and Imperial One, the Omnipotent Ali Suwaki, there was not one such elephant as Babut, bearer of the howdah of His Gracious Majesty. His cap and mantle were of finest scarlet Thai silk, fringed with cloth-of-gold, and bearing silver tassels and little bells. When Babut marched slowly and solemnly past the silent kneeling crowds of petrified subjects, His Gracious Majesty's howdah swayed gently, and all the elephant's silver bells tinkled with a sound like little birds singing in a forest at dusk. From the depths of his large amber eyes he regarded the awestruck citizens, but did not give any thoughts to them, aware that he, in his luxuriant trappings and splendour, was the Thing to be wondered at, the One to be Admired and Respected. And, of course, there was His Gracious Majesty also, but Babut considered him merely as the cupola on the temple, an added finishing touch, to make him seem the more brilliant.

His Most Gracious Majesty soon divined the elephant's feelings towards him. As time passed he began to observe an almost contemptuous smirk in the elephant's eyes, whenever he mounted his lofty seat; the beast seemed to say "How small you really are! How unworthy of notice! I am the one who carries all the burdens; how silly you would look if I threw you off, just when I pleased!" But Babut waited till the time was ripe.

It was when the kingdom was in the throes of a General Election. His Gracious Majesty's party, the All-Out Imperialists, had been in power for twenty years and had high hopes of remaining there, especially after His Gracious Majesty's address in the public place was received so favourably by the citizens. They were silent, but since they were always silent, there was no need to suppose that the country would soon be in a state of revolution, was there? But Babut had plans.

On the morning of the Election, His Gracious Majesty was borne down the High Street by Babut, on his way to the Cabinet Meeting. The sun never shone more brightly than it did that morning; His Gracious Majesty's procession seemed like a blaze of molten gold pouring down the street. Then

what horror, what amazement, what stupefied silence (it must be supposed it was stupefied for the people were always silent when the royal personage passed) when His Gracious Majesty, the Omnipotent and Crowning Glory suddenly toppled with his howdah from the elephant's back, and fell to the ground! The elephant had unseated the emperor! Confusion in every face: doubt, fear, mutterings, "Our emperor unseated by an elephant?" The poor emperor, who had broken his leg was endeavouring to rise, but nobody thought of assisting him; the population were in a state of amazement; who could this animal be who could cause their god-like emperor to fall? Surely he must be more powerful than even the all-powerful. "Then the elephant must be made Emperor", was the cry which arose from all sides. The crowd, completely forgetting His Gracious Majesty of the Broken Leg, surged forward to surround the Elephant and marched him up to the Royal Palace. All hail His Most Divine Majesty, Babut the Beautiful!

One year later, the kingdom was again making preparations for a General Election, and there was a certain faction who disliked their Emperor. So they formed a plan, in which the most important part was played by a small cabbage-white butterfly.

As the Election procession moved slowly down the High Street, Babut was almost drunk with success. The silent crowds became blurred before his eyes. Then suddenly he noticed a tiny white dot on the end of his trunk. It was a butterfly. How dare, he thought, how dare a butterfly sit on the end of an Emperor's nose! In a fit of supreme rage, he uttered a sudden hoot, and sneezed at the same time, spluttering on the crowd on either side. They were amazed. How was it possible that a god-like being might both sneeze and hoot? Then a voice was heard, "He is an imposter! He is not a god-like being at all!"

So the butterfly was made Emperor.

Moral — The pride of a dictator is easily vulnerable.

ELIZABETH NICHOLSON, F.IV.

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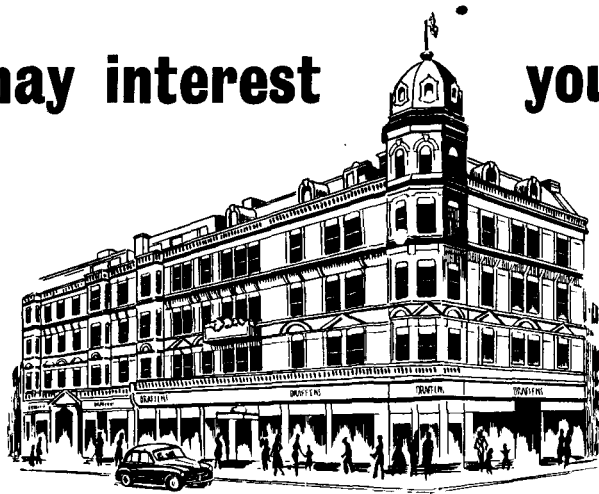
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Hitch - Hike Round Europe

We set off from the French Army Barracks at about three o'clock and went by the underground to "Porte d'Italie" which, as the name suggests, is on the way south. Before we could find a suitable place to start hitch-hiking, we had to walk through a fruit market which was, like all the markets in Paris, on the pavement and stretching for as far as the eye could see. While waiting for traffic to start coming down the road, Philip Fraser, my travelling companion, and I sat down at a café for a drink.

Soon we were on our way towards Monaco. We reached La Charité by evening and decided to spend the night there. We had become a little wet by an hour-long walk in the rain, and so we were eager to find a dry spot on which to sleep. We were very optimistic that first night and, to pay for our optimism, we managed to get only half an hour's sleep, although we tried for two hours to find a comfortable position.

At three o'clock in the morning we started walking again because it had started raining. This was to be a piece of good luck as we soon found out, for, after trying the doors of several barns, we were given a lift by a Frenchman who had been in Britain during the war with the Special Air Service. He was very eager to try his British Army Language on us. I am pleased to report that it has not changed much over the years. When he had put our kit in the boot of his car, he told us to push the dog aside and get in. There was only one slight complication; the dog seemed to object to our presence and would probably have objected even more to being pushed aside. This animal, although not very polite, had a strong set of white teeth to back up his argument. Once in the car, however, Philip and I were used as pillows for this enormous animal, whose name we learned was "Devil".

The owner of the vehicle gave us coffee and we took a mouthful each. We gasped because it was so hot and also for an entirely different reason; this coffee was almost three quarters hot whisky!

Having been dropped in Clermont-Ferrand, we had several quick lifts which took us to Le Puy, a beautiful old town set in a

valley and surrounded by high mountains, a truly magnificent setting for such a beautiful and religious town. Around this town are many high outcrops of rock, separate from the cliffs, and one of these is actually in the town. On the highest of these rocks are statues, three in all, of St. Christopher, St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary.

From here we took the whole afternoon to reach Avignon. On the way we saw the huge viaduct built by the Romans at Pont du Gard. This is certainly a great feat of engineering. On this second-class road we saw also some villages which looked worse than some of the slums in our great cities, and we were assured that these were not the worst in France.

By late evening we had reached Le Canet, through which we walked and found a suitable place to sleep. This we chose with great care as we had passed a gipsy encampment and did not wish to be robbed during the night.

The next morning we awoke, cold and damp, only to see the mist rolling from the hills and the sun just beginning to come over the horizon. As soon as the sun rose properly, the mist disappeared and we became quite warm. The lifts started after about an hour and we reached Le Lac without much delay, but from here to Nice we had to travel separately and we met in Nice. Philip arrived twenty minutes before me. From Nice we took the bus to Monaco.

After a most enjoyable week as the guests of Colonel Hoepfner, second aide to Prince Rainier, we left for Italy. The Colonel took us to the frontier in one of his police cars and, as a result, we arrived at the frontier before the rest of the two mile long queue. The police waved us through, and at the frontier post we were not asked about our luggage or anything else as others seemed to be. A film was taken by a photographer for the Italian Ciné News and, after saying goodbye to the Colonel, we were on our way.

But bad luck dogged us all that day, and we had only reached Albenga by nightfall and, although we tried a Carabinieri office and an army barracks, we could not get a bed anywhere. We decided to try the camping site. We had hoped to find a quiet cor-

ner but, on arriving, we were spotted, not only by the superintendent of the site, but by a group of Englishmen and also a Dane, besides the rest of the camp, who all seemed to come just out of curiosity. I mentioned the Englishmen and the Dane because both helped us, the English group by giving us tea and advice concerning the Alpine passes which they said were extremely cold at night, and the Dane because he gave us a place to sleep for the night.

The next morning we were told that we did not need to pay as we had come a long way and that they did not get many hitchhikers in the camp. We thanked everybody and left for the Alps.

Just outside the village of Albenga two boys stopped us and tried to sell us a gold watch for several thousand lire. Not only could we not have afforded the watch, but we had been well warned by one of our teachers about these hawkers, and so we gave them a flat no for an answer.

We soon started off into the foothills of the Alps and moved quickly north towards Turin. At one point we were stopped by a little lady who talked non-stop for five minutes before we could exercise our one and only Italian phrase, "Non parla Italiano" — I do not speak Italian. At this her face fell. She hesitated and then carried on undaunted. We kept her happy by saying "Si, si" every so often until a car came along and rescued us. The little woman stood and waved good-bye as though we had been old friends.

At Turin we had to catch a tram so that we could reach the other side of the city and the road to Susa, a town high up in the Mt. Cenis Pass. On the way there we were given a lift by a man in a Fiat 500, the smallest car on the roads. After we had got in, our kit had to be passed in through the roof because it would not go through the door.

After Susa we walked for a while and then found ourselves a quite well-sheltered place in which to sleep. We slept till the exhilarating hour of three, when we were awakened by the cold. We sat and shivered for a few minutes and then ate our breakfast of crushed bread, which was hygienically cut with our sheath knives, and some squashed butter. We then set off up the hill. I am in

full agreement with the Englishmen at Albenga — it is cold in the Alps at night.

A little way up the hill we were surprised to find an inn, and even more surprised to find it open. We went in and bought ourselves something to drink and then set off for Geneva, our next objective.

Our first lift took us out of the Alps to Chambery. I was sorry to leave the enormous masses of rock. The snow glistened in the sunlight, and the great cliffs and rocks formed a stark background to the bright green fields which surrounded the chalets. The air was cold and clean, and there was a sharpness about it. Yes, I was sorry to leave the Alps.

After Chambery we made a beeline north and by the evening we reached Geneva. After walking through this great city we were given a lift by a Scotsman who was working for the United Nations. He took us to his house and gave us a meal. He showed us Mont Blanc from a rise just behind his house. It is certainly a most majestic mountain.

On leaving our host, we went to a farm where, upon asking, we were given the use of a barn for the night. We spent a very warm, although somewhat flea-bitten, night.

In the morning we left early and had a quick lift up to Col de la Faucille where we had breakfast. From the top of this hill we could look down the Scarp slope at the farm where we spent the night. It was about two thousand feet below us. After breakfast we had a lucky lift and the man took us up as far as Nancy. This lift, through beautiful countryside which was not unlike parts of Britain, took almost all day.

Two Americans took us a little farther from Nancy and they offered us a flight in an air transport which would be leaving Kaiserslautern on its way to Bonn the next day. They said that, if we wished to take this flight, we would have to produce our identification cards and discs, travelling and standing orders and a few other things which we did not have. Needless to say, Philip and I did not try to take the flight. Instead, another man took us to within five kilometres of the Luxembourg border. Only when he had dropped us did he tell us that we had passed his home almost two hours previously and that, late as it was, he had gone out of his way to help us.

The next morning, after another cold night, we had a series of quick lifts which took us into Germany. By teatime we had reached Bonn, our objective for the day. We started to look for the barracks of the United States Marine Corps, but could not find them. We went to the police station and there spent half-an-hour while the Embassy was located. We were then taken there by a police car. We spent a very enjoyable day at the barracks and left for Brussels on schedule.

We travelled quite quickly to Liege via Aachen and Maastricht and, when we asked for a bed in a barn, the Belgian at whose house we enquired not only took us into his

house and gave us a room, but took us down to his dining room and gave us dinner. He explained that the surrounding countryside did not belong to him, nor did the barn.

The next day, after being given breakfast, we went on our way and, after a very quick run, arrived in Brussels by lunchtime. I spent a very nice weekend at Brussels and then went to Knocke to see a friend of mine. On this journey I had my first lift in an American sports car which travelled down the "Auto-route" at 140 miles per hour. It was certainly an exhilarating feeling. From Knocke I went to Ostend where I met Philip, and we left the continent for home.

DAVID G. FAIRLEY, IV.

Shakespeare Without Boredom

On Wednesday, 1st November, the members of Form II. assembled in the Hall to receive some "educational entertainment". Mr Webster, from the Repertory Theatre, came round so that he—in his own words—"could see what an audience looked like". He told us that Mr Erskine had invited him to speak to us on the subject of Shakespeare, and he hoped that his interpretation of "The Merchant of Venice" would help us to understand how a Shakespearean play is really acted on the stage.

The speaker immediately captured our interest, clad, as he was, in kilt, Highland footwear and a white, open-necked shirt. This garb was the more surprising, in view of his Australian origin.

Then, with "props" consisting of one cane, he started to act the first part of the play, making the characters really come to life. He acted the humorous parts very well, putting life into Gratiano's long speech, which seems so dull on paper. Skilfully, he portrayed Shylock as a vengeful, despised cut-throat dog, and the convincing Italian accent employed only served to increase the air of authenticity. His illustration of the haughty Prince of Arragon was excellent, causing pupils and teachers alike to burst in to peals of appreciative laughter.

The part of the handsome Morocco suited Mr Webster very well and an enjoyable scene followed. Then he played the scene where

Bassanio make his choice in the casket lottery. He showed Bassanio's goodness where the other two suitors were weak, and how Bassanio and Portia were so obviously attached to each other.

Many of these speeches were delivered from memory—a feat which impressed us all, as we remembered how we had laboured to commit even short speeches to memory.

The feminine rôles presented little difficulty to Mr Webster, as he tackled the parts of the fair Portia and her maid, Nerissa, his falsetto voice causing more laughter, in spite of his warning that any boy who laughed would have to write three hundred lines: "I must not laugh in class because it wakes the teacher up".

Of course, the highlight of the whole performance was the court scene. Mr Webster acted Shylock at his most vengeful, Antonio at his most courageous and Portia at her cleverest. At the end, when Shylock was defeated and forced to beg for his life, we shared with Antonio his gratitude towards Portia and his forgiveness towards Shylock.

We were so engrossed in this masterly display that we could not believe that two periods had passed so quickly. When Mr Stewart rose to ask for a vote of thanks to show our appreciation, we all responded most enthusiastically.

E. D., L. M., A. A. and M. C., F.II.

Royal Artillery Course, South Wales

Three cadets and I attended a 1961 Summer Artillery Course during the first ten days of August at R.A. Sennybridge, near Brecon. Cadets from various Scottish and English C.C.F. units also took part in this very interesting course.

On the morning of Tuesday, 1st August, we left Dundee Tay Bridge Station along with a number of cadets from Morgan Acad. C.C.F. The train being half an hour late, connections had to be held for us all the way south. From Shrewsbury the High School party took a different route, thus reaching Brecon one hour ahead of the other Scottish cadets.

At Brecon, transport awaited us to take us out to Sennybridge, and we arrived there at 9 p.m., the journey having taken thirteen hours. We were billeted along with boys from Strathallan and Fettes. I was put in charge of the hut and shared a small room in it with L/Cpl. McKean.

After having a meal, we were shown round camp by our B.S.M. and a Strathallan boy who had arrived earlier. When the main party arrived we were divided into two Batteries, D.H.S. being in Q — Quebec, and all settled in for the night.

Next morning Reveille was at 6.30 a.m. After breakfast we were further divided into T.A.R.A.'s (Technical Assistants Royal Artillery), Right Section and Left Section, then split into gun crews, D.H.S. boys being each in a different crew. Our introductory lecture to the R.A. was given by the course C.O., Major Payton-Jones. We were then taken to the Gun Park for a demonstration of the 25-pounder gun which we later were to use. The crews were taken to their P.S.I.'s (Permanent Staff Instructors) to be taught the rudiments of gun drill.

Here I should explain that a gun crew consists of six men but, in order to make it more interesting, we were five men, which meant that no one member would be standing idle. The duties are as follows — No. 1, in charge of gun, gives commands and checks that gun is ready to fire; Nos. 2 and 4 load gun; No. 3 lays and sights gun; No. 5 is in charge of ammunition.

During the next few days we were taught gun procedure and all about fuses and am-

munition. Films were shown to us of the work of the R.A., including parts of World War II. Demonstrations were given of the electrically-operated anti-aircraft gun and also of the Thunderbird guided missile. We had several practices with the T.A.R.A.'s who operated the wireless sets through the Tannoy system, giving orders of positions and directions of targets.

Unfortunately, the weather was exceedingly bad and, instead of being out on the ranges most days to practice gun drill, we had at times to stay under cover in a large shed to put in a spot of hard, but interesting, work.

The highlight of the week came on the last two days, when we were out on the ranges actually firing our 25-pounders. The first day we fired 12 shells and substantially increased the number the next day.

Each gun is laid exactly the same. Then one gun is chosen to do "ranging" and, if this gun lands a shell on the target, the rest of the guns can do likewise. If the crew of the ranging gun land a shell say two hundred yards short of the target, the order, "Add four hundred", is given. This shell will pass the target and this goes on until two consecutive shells land on the target. The process is called "bracketing".

If the target is out of sight of the guns these commands are given by the O.P. (Observation Post) Officer, who is in a position nearer the target area but, when the target is visible from the G.P. (Gun Position), he remains with the guns. After ranging is finished, the O.P. Officer will order several rounds of gunfire. This means each gun fires several rounds. When the firing was finished, the guns were hooked on to the three-ton trucks, and the convoy returned to camp.

So far it would appear that it was all hard work, but we had quite a lot of leisure time in the evenings from 7.30, which was usually spent in the Naafi making friends with boys from other schools or walking down to the village of Sennybridge, which was just at the camp gates. We had the whole evening off on Saturday when we put on our kilts and set off to hitch-hike to Brecon. After walking quite a distance and wondering why we had

no luck, eventually we got a lift from a motorist who explained that we had been walking on a Clearway, on which motorists are not allowed to stop. We had a good look round and were able to see quite a lot of the town before we returned to camp.

On Sunday morning there was a Church parade, at which the D.H.S. cadets, being the only cadets with kilts, were specially requested by Major Payton-Jones to wear their kilts and lead the march-past after the service.

On Sunday afternoon there was an organised hill climb, during which we had a swim in a small lake. This was a very enjoyable outing.

On the last morning we were roused at 5 o'clock and, after breakfast, we were given a packed lunch and mounted our trucks for the station. It was the end of an enjoyable week, and we felt we were now able to handle a 25-pounder gun efficiently.

N. P. K., F.V.

Escapade

This is a true story of the adventures and mishaps which befell certain members of the Dundee High School during a hectic fortnight spent exploring their heritage—the Scottish Mountains. Any resemblance to any persons attending the School is purely intentional, and the author hopes they will be taken in the spirit of comradeship in which they were made.

We left Glendoll Youth Hostel just after ten o'clock on a cold, misty Thursday morning. Had any unfortunate wayfarer chanced to be on Jock's Road at the time, he would have seen a strange sight. D. T. (the Professor) was the self-appointed leader for the first few miles until he ran out of breath; he made a dashing figure as he strode resolutely onward, his black walking stick clicking all the while. N. R. presented a picture of the practical dodger as he struggled on manfully under his mountain of haversacks, nochalantly munching half a cake of gingerbread (remnants of a belated breakfast). P. M. looked the most respectable of the trio, though even he appeared incongruous in a ski-ing cap that insisted on falling over his eyes every time he raised his head; he looked rather like Dopey in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". This, then, was the party, or rather 75% of the party.

We had decided to spend a part of our Summer Vacation in the glory of the Scottish hills and, rather than waste roubles on transport, had determined to walk to the Cairngorm Mountains.

Thus we set out — an eccentric trio, determined to live with or by Nature for fifteen days or die in the attempt. Mac was to meet

us in Braemar and we were very anxious to see him, not out of love, but because he had two tents — we hoped. It was this thought more than any other that spurred us on to even greater endeavours when the lumps of lead on our backs threatened to bring us to a stop.

The walk to Tolmount was uneventful, but for the fact that P. M., our guide for the first few miles, lost us. How three normal(!) boys, with maps and compasses, and standing on a path, could get lost is a problem so intricate and complicated that I will not even attempt to explain it. Let it just be said that, after a while, we paused for lunch with Loch Callater in the distance. We had been walking for over three hours and tucked into a picnic lunch which was consumed with only one mishap — N. R. chose to seat himself on a piece of dry ground which wasn't. We had chosen a beautiful spot for our repast, at the bank of a tumbling burn which threw itself, rushing and spluttering, down the hillside. However we had to press onwards.

The descent from Tolmount, though at short distance, was very steep and took rather a long time. Once the flat was reached, however, we burnt up the miles, and it was not long before we reached the bonnie shores of Loch Callater and decided to stop for five minutes.

Forty minutes later we determined to move on and did not stop again until the main Braemar road was reached at 5.30 p.m. What a sight we must have appeared as we trudged along the main road to the hostel! Surely, a more disreputable band had not been seen in Braemar since the last appearance of M. M.

and his hill-climbing compatriots, but more of him anon.

Needless to say, Mac and the tents were conspicuous by their absence when we arrived at the hostel. As we were worried about the tents, we telephoned through to Ballater to be told that Mac had thought it more sensible to remain in his comfortable hotel for one more night, no doubt preferring the hotelier's cuisine to the revolting concoctions D. T. could dish up.

However, at eight o'clock that very night, Mac and the tents made an appearance—our party was complete. In the dormitory there were also an American and an Irishman and, after overcoming the language barrier, we spent a most enjoyable evening exchanging songs, anecdotes and experiences. This is an integral part of hostelling and is the highlight of a stay in any hostel, so varied are the personalities one meets. On this occasion, unfortunately, we decided to turn in early as we suspected that the next few nights would find us without much sleep. By 11 o'clock we were all sleeping the sleep of the just, preparing for what tomorrow had in store for us.

True to form, we were the last people to get up in the morning, and it was not until well after ten o'clock that we set out, having first had to wash the dining room floor as a punishment for sleeping so long. Soon we were trudging along the tarmac ribbon that seemed to move endlessly before us. Then, just before midday, we passed through Inverey. A mile's walk from there brought us to the Canadian Bridge which spans the Dee. We crossed this and soon found ourselves at the entrance to the drive up to Derry Lodge.

The sun was shining and the sky was blue as we marched smartly along the track. Looking over to our right, we saw, rising in the distance above Meall an Lundain, the rounded summit of Ben Muich Dhui, for once completely free from mist.

Arriving at Derry Lodge, we collapsed beside the river and had a banquet of cheese and oatcake crumbs (D.T. sat on them) and admired the scenery. Looking straight ahead of us we saw the cliffs of Ben Bhrotain far, far away in the distance. It was here we were to strike the ¹airigh an Ghumach (Lairig

Ghru) and walk the short distance to Corrou Bothy where we were to spend the night.

The walk from Derry to the Luibeg Bridge was uneventful though we lost a lot of time trying to find the latter. Hereafter we were faced with the gruelling slog up and round the shoulder of Carn a Mhaim, a hard climb even without rucksacks. It was growing dark by now, and no sight could have been more welcome than the tin roof of Corrou Bothy away in the distance.

Corrou Bothy is the last of the old Cairngorm Bothies and used to belong to the Duke of Fife who kept it locked up except when it was used in the stalking season. Nowadays its only inhabitants are climbers and the Grey Man himself. The Cairngorm Club put a new roof on it about five years ago and it is an oasis of comfort in a desert of rocks, cliffs and bog.

We invaded the bothy just before nine o'clock and cooked ourselves a delicious meal. Unfortunately, it was too dark to gather wood or bracken, and anyway, the fireplace was stuffed with ashes, so all our warmth came from the stoves. We eventually settled down to sleep before midnight, little dreaming of the rude awakening we were to have in "the wee sma' 'oors". But more of that next time.

I. G., V.

EVER BEEN CAMPING ?

It was near the end of summer, and school was drawing to a close, when four of us decided to spend a week-end camping up Glenisla. Tents, sleeping-bags, blankets, H.W.B.'s and food were hastily gathered. Then we piled into a little Hillman Husky (with chauffeur), our equipment being heaped on top of us. It was almost dark when our chauffeur unloaded us and our paraphernalia on a muddy track leading to our chosen site, then set off on his way back, quite convinced that we were all mad, only to be recalled with a shout as we had left our tents in the boot.

Eventually, we reached the wood in which we were to spend the next three nights for better or for worse! Not noticing that the grass was rather soggy after a week of torrential rain, we gaily dumped all our blankets, etc., on the ground. Amid great hilarity the tent was pitched on the side of a hill (it

felt much bigger when we were lying down!). There was also a small store tent pitched somewhere among the trees, but, as it was dark by this time, we could not see it. This was a major disaster as all the food was there, but one member found it as she went flying over one of the guy ropes.

However, all was settled after everyone had finished having hysterics, and our minds began wandering towards food. (We think we spent at least half our time eating or getting things ready for eating.) A little primus had been brought along and, after a discussion about how it should work, a little meth was poured on. A match was applied, and lo! a little flame appeared. We pumped vigorously, and phut! it went out.

Still, it was a start. Next we got a flame . . . SIX FEET HIGH . . . but it died down and at last the mantel began to glow. We got out eggs and about six tins of spaghetti, and boiled ham. We had a lovely meal!

After this we were feeling rather tired and so we went to bed — or rather sleeping-bags. The stove was out, and we were in the dark. One member, being rather squeamish, began to shriek every time she touched something, but we soon got her quiet by telling her tales of Frankenstein. She was soon too petrified to move, never mind scream. There was a fight as to who was not to sleep at the door (or rather outside the door, as we were rather squashed). The loser luckily was a brave type. For a while there was silence, then: —

“Help! Something’s biting me. There really is something! Oh, who put this fork in my bed?”

“Who dug this hole right under me?”

“Poor you, my bed’s lovely and soft.”

“I’m hungry!”

“What again? Well, there is some spaghetti left over from supper.”

After this we were so exhausted that we immediately fell asleep only to wake in the morning and discover that, owing to the hill, we had slid down to the other end of the tent. However, we were consoled by the fact that one member had been keen enough to get up and start breakfast.

On the whole, we had a hilarious time, as you can gather from the first night, and we only wished we could stay longer but, school

starting on the Tuesday, we thought it wiser to return home in time. After all there is always another time, isn’t there?

A. J. L. S.

OUR EXPERIENCE OF GHOST TRAINS

During our holidays at St. Annes-on-Sea we visited the Pleasure Beach in the nearby resort of Blackpool. To both of us the ghost train was a new experience, and we stepped dubiously into the little red and silver car, adorned with skeletons. No sooner were we seated than the car set off along a miniature track towards a dark, sinister opening. The vehicle veered sharply right and, suddenly, a monstrous illuminated skull loomed up in front of us. We passed through a “cemetery” with open “graves” and a solid brick wall into the open. Our relief, however, did not last very long because we found ourselves once more in total darkness with a blood-curdling cry echoing in our ears and ghostly figures trailing over our faces.

Suddenly there was a flash and a coffin, containing a body (suspiciously like a human one), rose to meet us. A dagger was protruding from its grotesque head. The car stopped less than six inches away from this gruesome spectacle. Having come out from under the seat, we realised that we were alone with this body and seemingly forgotten about. We began to shout for help and the face seemed to smile sardonically which did not help matters. We felt as if something was about to pounce on us. The minutes seemed to stretch into hours. Eventually, the car started moving again, but our ordeal was by no means over. We had yet to experience travelling through a tunnel which was moving in the opposite direction to us and several caves adorned with ugly witches glowing an eerie shade of green.

Then, just as suddenly as we had entered this chamber of horrors, we found ourselves out amongst the teeming crowds, and it was only then we realised just how foolish we had been. Our friends, who had also got stuck, were mortified when we owned up to being culprits for that awful noise, and we ourselves were rather ashamed. The moral of this story is: *Do not go on a Ghost Train without a torch, a whistle and a pack of cards.*

S. MACK AND E. S., F.V.

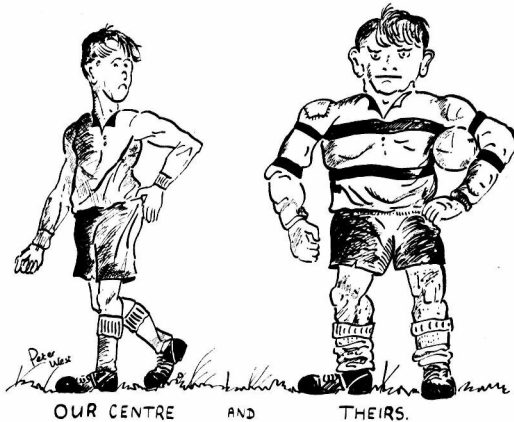
A Day in the Life of a Rugby Tyro

It was a damp, bitterly cold Saturday morning and we, a bedraggled group of figures in Rugby kit, trudged along a muddy track to our opponents' pitch. Joe, a tall, lanky lad, hitched up his shorts as he spoke: "Beastly cold, isn't it? My feet are frozen".

Nobody seemed very interested in the state of Joe's feet as most of them were too preoccupied with their own troubles. The Captain, in particular, had a problem on his mind: "Do any of you chaps remember where the pitch is?" he inquired impatiently.

"Turn right at the top of the lane, straight on for 50 yards, turn right at the gasworks, and carry on through the field marked 'Beware of the bull'," said Douglas, the most efficient member of our team.

"I'm afraid you're not going to get a game today, Tom," said the captain to our reserve. "It's a pity, as this is the first time we've had a full team this term."



"Can't say I'm disappointed," replied Tom. "The ground will be like a quagmire, and I don't fancy being tackled by their centre. I heard that a chap who tried to stop him last week is still nursing a couple of broken ribs."

"Shut up," snarled our captain. "Stop spreading alarm and despondency. Remember, if you'd like to win and you think you can't, it's almost a cinch you won't." After this pep-talk we continued in silence, trudging through the muddy farmyard and to the gate of the field marked "Beware of the

bull". Fortunately, the bull was not at home, although a playful goat chased us across the field. The run warmed us up, and we felt almost cheerful — until we saw the opposing team, average weight 9 stone; height, 5 foot 7 inches, and very ugly. They were all rushing around in an enthusiastic manner, limbering up for the game.

"By the way, where's Mike?" asked Joe. Alas, there was no Mike!

"We'll just have to take Bert out of the scrum," said the captain after some moment's thought. "Bert! you'll play centre."

"But I'm a wing forward," objected Bert.

"That's just too bad. You're a centre now," replied the captain. After ten minutes had elapsed, the referee decided to turn up, and play began.

Joe's first kick, caught by the wind, landed in the hands of their ape-like centre, and panic spread throughout our ranks. He thundered down the pitch, brushing us aside like flies, all except Bert, who, in his frantic efforts to get out of the way, fell on his face in the mud. The centre, in his headlong course, failed to see Bert, tripped over him, and fell with a resounding thud.

The opposition, dumbfounded at their hero's fall, eyed Bert with awe; he was now a marked man. Every time he got the ball all their defence would make a beeline for him. He scuttled backwards in his usual manner and flung out the ball to our winger who scored easily. By the time our opponents had recovered from this first shock, we were 10 points up.

We almost felt sorry for their scrum half, a little chap, who accidentally touched down on our 25-yard line for a try — admittedly there was a slight mist at the time. He flung himself over the 25, touched down and was just congratulating himself on having scored his first try when five of our forwards knocked him flat. It took his mates quite a long time to explain to the dazed player what had happened.

Half-time came and the captain, to his dismay, realized that he had left the oranges in the pavilion. "Who's going to nip back to get the oranges?" he asked hopefully. There

was no great flood of volunteers for this extra half-mile run. Tubby, who is always prepared for such an emergency, took a large juicy apple from his pocket and munched away happily, while his companions eyed him with envy. But even half-time has to come to an end, and all returned to the centre. Harry, who is rather absent-minded, found that he had lined up with the wrong team and hurriedly transferred himself.

At first, play was slow, but things soon started to liven up when the opposite scrum half passed the ball out to the centre, who knocked on twice, and then passed forward to his wing. The wing then ran into touch, dashed over our goal line and dropped the ball. The referee who had been wandering aimlessly around the centre promptly awarded a try.



HALF-TIME.

"Gosh! What a rotten one-sided ref.!" moaned Joe as we lined up under the posts for the kick. "Let's hope this kicker make a mess of it." The kick was some 15 yards out directly in front of the posts. The kicker carefully dug a little hole with his boot and placed the ball upright with mathematical precision,

walked back and viewed his masterly work with satisfaction. It fell over. This happened half a dozen times before the ball was finally positioned. His powerful shot struck the cross bar with great force, the posts shook, and the bar wobbled precariously before plunging to the ground and narrowly missing some of our players.

A thick mist had slowly been spreading over the pitch, reducing visibility to a few yards. Unfortunately, their team took advantage of this by losing our men in the murk, and sneaking through to score a try. Luckily, it wasn't converted, but now we only had a lead of three points with 5 minutes to go. Our opponents were pressing very hard, and it seemed that our slender lead was soon to be lost, until Joe, with great presence of mind, saved the situation by kicking the ball into the canal. The final whistle blew as the ball was retrieved. We had won!

PETER WEST, F.I.

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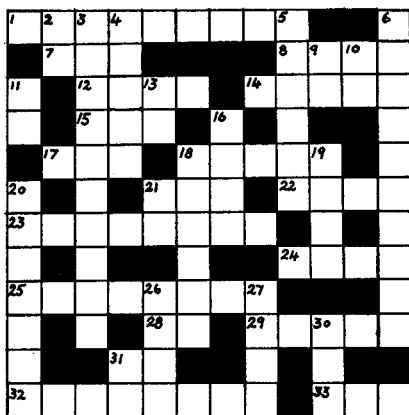
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Across

1. Butterfly's former state (9).
7. Being molested by one is a painful experience (3).
8. Soviet News Agency (4).
12. Fut. tense, Active, 1st Person singular, of Latin verb "to give" (4).
14. In the lunch hall, it sometimes has cheese in front of it (5).
15. Such-and-such is of no — (3).
17. Has an irritating bite (3).
18. The World's greatest book (5).
21. Prefix meaning "bad" (3).
22. An American satellite (4).
23. Seaport on South Coast of Wales (8).
24. The one with the hole (4).
25. A lovely tree in autumn (8).
28. French or Latin "and" (2).
29. Dark (5).
31. Imperative of Latin verb "to give" (2).
32. A funny job? (8).
33. A monkey with no tail (3).

Down

2. Seen on pencils (2).
3. Many factory workers are becoming prone to this (10).
4. In bread (5).
5. Steady (6).
6. Study of the mind (10).
9. Like (2).
10. Contract "street" (2).
11. The woman of the family (2).
13. To — or not to — (2).
16. Account (4).
18. Connected with a general election (6).
19. Rebounds (4).
20. "Black Beauty" is one (7).
21. Objective of "I" (2).
26. One of oldest English drinks (4).
27. Now called "Avon" (4).
30. Harrogate has one (3).
31. Latin "about" or "concerning" (2).

ALAN BLACK, F.I.V.

Solution on page 27.

AN INVENTION I SHOULD LIKE TO MAKE

Although it seems that at the present time military power is based on nuclear weapons, rockets, satellites, etc., there are other forms of warfare which could become even more dangerous. For example, Chemical Biological Warfare could cause as serious loss of life as a nuclear attack. More generally, weapons of any sort, ranging from poisonous molecules to mechanical devices, which are capable of multiplying rapidly, are deadly weapons for two reasons. First, only one such weapon has to be constructed to destroy a country of any size, and secondly, in the early stages of reproduction, the weapon stands a good chance of remaining undetected.

The idea of a device capable of reproducing itself is useful in defence as well as in attack. If weapons capable of emitting destructive radiations could be constructed so as to reproduce themselves, an impregnable defence against direct nuclear attack could be built. The only other method of nuclear attack against such a defence is to detonate a bomb some distance away so as to direct fall-out on to the defence, but fall-out shelters are easily constructed, and sufficient warning would be given of the imminent danger. Besides, fall-out, if great enough to do damage to an enemy, is likely to damage one's own country as well. The actual radiation mechanism of the above-mentioned weapons would have to be simple, because of the immense complexity of the reproductive mechanism, but this is compensated for by the numbers of such weapons available.

One disadvantage of a reproductive mechanical device is that it requires material for its manufacture. This would have to be extracted by chemical means from the soil, which does not contain many of the metals required for the production of radiation. Possibly the best method of producing such radiation is to condense a ray of light several millions of miles in length into one about an inch, or a fraction of an inch, in length. This requires a device which takes in light and, by means of reflectors, makes it revolve in an approximately circular path. When the reflectors are removed, a beam of light emerges about ten thousand million times the intensity of the original one. Nevertheless,

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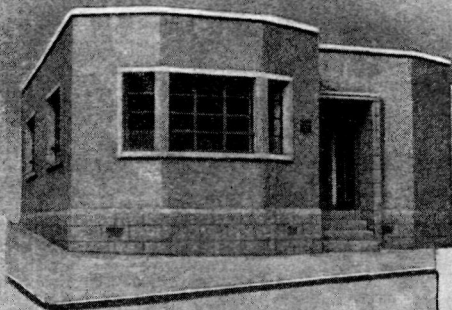
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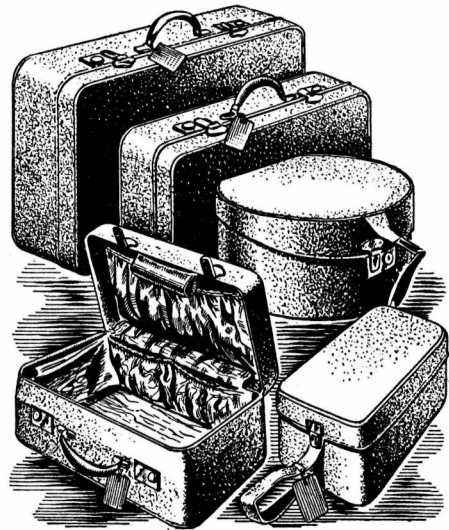
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such a simple device requires substances not easily obtainable by purely mechanical means, and such a machine, if at all possible, would be extremely complicated and expensive—probably more so than if the weapons were constructed individually.

More practicable is the building up of molecules capable of reproduction. All forms of life, of course, depend on such molecules, but in most cases they multiply slowly and under very limited conditions. If a molecule could be constructed which reproduces itself rapidly in varying conditions, “feeding” on the atmosphere, and also poisonous, it would be a useful weapon in warfare. The disadvantage of such a molecule is that it would use up a large percentage of the atmosphere, and that certain important ingredients for the molecule, not very plentiful in air, would soon be exhausted. Probably the best weapon of this sort is a molecule which reproduces only in the human body. All types of germs and viruses do this, but not at sufficient speed or with sufficiently deadly results. If a molecule divided every second in a human body, death would result after a minute at the most. A sort of epidemic would break out, killing off a whole country in a few days. One city could be wiped out in an hour. The greatest

difficulty encountered in any type of reproductive contrivance is that of keeping it under control. An epidemic such as described above would be of little use if it destroyed the entire human race, and consequently some method either of immunising the people of friendly countries, or of providing some harmless reproductive device to wipe out the poisonous one is essential. The second method is very difficult and rather risky, while mass immunisation of the populations of several countries is likewise impracticable and again rather risky, particularly in the case of an efficient poison. The difficulty again arises with mechanical radiation-emitters, though a satisfactory use would be to limit the materials required for construction.

These methods could also be applied to peace, there being considerable prospects of the development of a reproductive robot, though this would possibly have to be built on human lines, the material of the robot being a reproductive molecule. There is a great future in research in this field, and both methods of war and peace life may be greatly altered by such developments. The discovery of a successful reproductive device would be a great honour to any scientist.

SANDY DAVIE, F.IV.

D. H. S. Guide Camp, 1961

FRIDAY, 30th JUNE

We left the School gates at 5.30 p.m. and reached Tarfside at approximately 7.15 p.m. The advance party were still working hard, putting up cook-houses and other tents. Some of us prepared the tents for sleeping while others helped to erect the flag pole and extra cook-house, or to put the marquees in order. After everything had been done, we were allowed to have tea. That was at 8.30 p.m., and we were very glad of it. After receiving some instructions for the next day's duties, we went to bed—not to sleep though.

SATURDAY, 1st JULY

There was not one time during the night when there was complete silence, and we were up very early—at 3.30 a.m., and finally at 6.30 a.m. At our first rising we took some photo-

graphs which did not come out too well owing to the light. As our patrol was on “messenger duty”, we put on our uniforms, collected all orders from the other guides and set off for the village shops. Altogether we bought two hundred and fifty postcards. As it was a very hot day, we went into the river, accompanied by Lieutenants Young and Paton (now a Captain). After supper we retired to bed and got a little more sleep than the previous night.

SUNDAY, 2nd JULY

After breakfast and duties, we went for a short walk over the swinging bridge and along the opposite side of the river. We were collecting wild flowers for a flower compass which each patrol had to do. When lunch was over, we put on our uniforms. We paraded to church and went into church at 3.15 p.m.

After a very pleasant service we went back to camp, where we had a stalking test after we had changed. The flower compass competition, which was judged by Mr Duke, who came to see us, was won by the patrol of Anne Birrell and Margaret Walker. Again at night no one was tired.

MONDAY, 3rd JULY

We were up early this morning to prepare our lunch for the hike on which we were going. We left camp at 10.30 a.m. with Lieutenants Young and Paton and climbed the "Cowie" and, as it started to rain, we were very wet when we reached the top. We had lunch on the top in the pouring rain. After lunch we split up; Miss Young took the younger ones down again, and Miss Paton went on up the "Blue Cairn" with the older guides. We came down the "Blue Cairn" on the west side, through the village and so back to camp. There we left our wet clothes in the marquee and went to change. Late at night our tents would have been gone with the wind had it not been for the three hardy Guiders who were up for three hours securing all the tents and cook-house. They got to bed at approximately 3.30 a.m.

TUESDAY, 4th JULY

Miss Thompson and Mrs Brown (Lieutenant) arrived. The morning was spent in taking our clothes from the marquee. In the afternoon Mr and Mrs Erskine, Mr and Mrs Stark, Miss Smith (Secretary) and Miss Cunningham came up to see us and stayed for tea. Mrs Walker brought ice-cream which was enjoyed by all at tea time. At night we had a cricket match against the Guiders, during which Captain Larg tore a muscle in her leg and was suffering considerable pain. The Scouts of the First Hillside Company came along to arrange about the camp-fire night.

WEDNESDAY, 5th JULY

As it was the birthday of one of the Guiders, we gave her the usual treatment for anyone having a birthday during camp. This, much to her disgust, got her out of bed too early for her liking. We spent most of the morning preparing our items for the camp-fire at night. At about 2 p.m., parents and visitors started to arrive and, when we had all been

away for about three hours, we came back to camp laden with extra food. A few people, who were back early enough, had a short swim in the river before the preparations were completely finished. The camp-fire started at last, and it was greatly enjoyed by all. The best item was that done by the four Lieutenants. Tea and biscuits were supplied for the visitors afterwards. When we were in bed, we had a marvellous time as there were almost twenty tins of fruit to be eaten!

THURSDAY, 6th JULY

In the morning we started taking down the extra cook-house and tidying up the woodpile, cleaning and packing pots and tidying everything up because it would have taken too long on the next day. It was a really hot day and we were lying very peacefully on the grass when Miss Paton suggested going for a walk up the hill at the side facing camp. Only twelve people went. We climbed to the top in two hours and there we stayed for quite a while, refreshing ourselves with the cool breeze, before starting off down again. We went down the hill and passed through the Scout camp, where we received things they had bought for us in Edzell. After lunch we gave the Guider a late birthday present. We did absolutely nothing except sunbathe in the afternoon until we heard a certain car coming down the track. We all knew who were in it and rushed to meet them. As usual, Miss Henderson and Miss Anderson were given a terrific welcome. They brought us ice-cream which we all thoroughly enjoyed. It was decided we should have a swim before tea and Miss Henderson, armed with her camera, came down to the river with us. The final of our tournament was played, and two third-year guides won it. After cooking the next day's breakfast, we took the main cook-house down.

FRIDAY, 7th JULY

We had the usual last day breakfast of boiled eggs, bread and butter, and tea. After eating we went to pack our kit, which took quite a time. When all the kit-bags were in one pile, we waited for the bus, which arrived at 10.30. Captain Larg came to see us off and gave the tournament winners a prize. We said "Au Revoir" to Captains Larg and Gray and Lieutenant Paton and set off for

“Bonnie Dundee”. We arrived at half-past twelve and, after arranging to meet next day to collect our kit-bags from school, went off home.

I think I can safely say that Guide Camp, 1961, was again a great success, and everyone is looking forward to another camp next year at Tarfside.

A. P. L., F.IV.

“ OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY ”

From my earliest childhood, indeed from that dramatic moment in the recesses of time when I first began to listen to, and to understand what was being said around me instead of hearing, yet remaining in blank ignorance of the meaning of such simple words as “Mamma” and “Papa”, I have never ceased to marvel at the achievements of man in exploration. The journeyings of Marco Polo, the voyages of Cook and, more recently, the ascent of Everest by Hillary and Tensing, have been the objects of my endless wonder and imagination. And yet, fool that I was, I had always a smug feeling inside me that there was not quite as much skill and endurance required to achieve such feats as is popularly believed. Indeed, as I grew older I began to feel that I, too, could match their exploits with a little experience, and perhaps even better their performances in my later life. And so, with this thought in mind, I bravely packed my kit and set out to journey “over the hills and far away” to lands unexplored and even unheard of. Admittedly, I took two companions with me—just to help out, of course, and admittedly my destination was not really “far away”,—into the Cairngorms to be precise—but everyone must make a beginning, and this was mine.

After a hazardous journey to Braemar through the wilds of Scotland, the trek began, the three of us plodding grimly onward over rough tracks and paths into the heart of the Cairngorms, with minds set on scaling our country’s highest peaks. Despite a few early setbacks, namely the fact that the combined weight of tents, food and clothing on our backs had us gasping for breath every few minutes, we at last completed the arduous trip, and, under a beautiful Highland sunset,

we pitched camp amid rugged mountains and roaring rapids far from civilisation. The fact that none of us was exactly sure which guy rope went round which peg or where exactly the entrance to the tent was situated caused slight concern for a time, but we explorers can face up to any hardship, and soon we were sound asleep, a fairly hot meal inside us and dreaming of the following day, confident that the weather would be fine, for every explorer knows that “red sky at night is the shepherd’s delight”.

It began to rain about midnight. At first a slight drizzle damped the walls of the tent, but soon our sweet slumbers were broken by the relentless drum of raindrops on the tent. Nevertheless, optimists that we were, we turned over and assured ourselves that it would be off by morning. On rising next morning, we felt, our sense of sight being seriously impaired by a heavy mist, the sleeping bags and the ground sheet to be sodden with water, while some of our clothes, along with the food, were floating gently in a pool of water in the store tent. It was there that I first began to have doubts about our being “over the hills and far away”.

However, with typical stoic outlook of any adventurers, we set to work to try to restore order and to feed ourselves, satisfied on one account, that at least there was no imminent danger of our dying of thirst. After a wet breakfast, we set off in wet clothes back along the wet track for Braemar to buy more provisions. Ben Macdhuil would have to wait till the next day. That night, as I lay in my sodden sleeping bag, the rain pouring relentlessly down, I at last began to feel even my original super-optimism slipping at the thought of another day in such conditions, at the same time cursing myself for vainly thinking that I could better Hillary.

The next morning completely obliterated any small hope we might have still had that we could start our mountaineering that day, or any other for that matter. And so, scraping together as many semi-dry clothes as we could find, we set off dejectedly, abandoning our tents to the fury of Nature, with the purpose of taking refuge in a hostel and, at last, that evening, tired and somewhat dispirited, we reached our destination and contacted base camp at Dundee to send help urgently.

The following morning, however, to our absolute amazement and delight, the black skies gradually parted to reveal traces of blue, and, after more than fifty hours, the rain went off. That afternoon, having retrieved the rest of our equipment, we set off on our long journey back to civilisation under the most mortifying circumstance of the whole expedition — in a motor car.

I have heard said that "over the hills and far away" lie strange and pleasant lands with joyful, contented people. I have read of the rolling meadows and plains and the majestic mountain ranges. There is one thing, however, that the worthy gentleman who conveyed this picture to me forgot to mention. It positively pours with rain!

IAN SMITH, F.IV.

A VISIT TO SANDWOOD BAY

*"And here the sea fogs lap and cling,
And here each warning each,
The sheep bells and the ship-bells ring
Along the hidden beach."*

One can almost imagine the ship-bells ringing along the hidden beach of Sandwood Bay. This desolate stretch of sand and moorland lies in the extreme north-west of Scotland, six miles from Cape Wrath.

In order to reach Sandwood Bay, it is necessary to cross four miles of moorland and bog. We took the car from Rhiconich past Loch Inchard, one of the wildest of the five great fjords on the Sutherland coast. This was one of the haunts of the Vikings who appropriately called it the Engi-fjord or Meadow Loch, now Loch Inchard. A short distance past Loch Inchard we turned on to an extremely rough, narrow road which was covered with pot-holes. Eventually, this road became impassable and, having parked the car, we set out to walk the remaining four miles. One mile farther on, the road disappeared completely, and we began to cross moorland and bog. We passed several small lakes and, after a while, came upon a sheep track which wound its way round the hillside, soon arriving at a viewpoint from which we could see Sandwood Loch. We passed an old cottage known as the "haunted cottage". Stories have been told that hikers have tried

to spend the night in this cottage but that it has proved impossible to sleep.

Continuing towards the sea, we were astonished to see, from the top of the next rise, a wide expanse of shining sand. On either side, stretched high, rugged cliffs of Torridon sandstone, battered by the sea. To the north we could just make out the white shape of Cape Wrath Lighthouse which now guards the bay.

As we descended the hillside, we were struck by the magnificence of this lonely spot. Right away in the corner of Scotland, who would expect to find such a beach? The expanse of white sand stretched for about a mile. At the northern end a peaceful loch, from which a small river leads to the sea, adds to the stillness, while at the southern end stands a sentinel of solid rock, dominating the scene. This majestic sea-stack, a part of the cliff which has been detached by the ceaseless attack of the sea, contemplates the magnificent view and braves the restless sea as its foaming waves pound hour after hour on the sand and rocks. An outcrop of rock extends away from the sand, making a barrier for the waves on their way to the shore. They throw sparkling foam high into the air.

One can quite well imagine the circumstances which caused so many ships to be wrecked on this part of the coast. We were astonished at the number of wrecks which lay, half-buried in the sand. Some showed the skeleton formation of a ship, others only remained as a collection of wooden planks. All of them tell a tragic story. Many ships were wrecked on the rocks on this beach until a lighthouse was built on Cape Wrath just over a hundred years ago. Some of the wrecks date back to the days when Viking ships sailed round the coast, coming to disaster on the rocks. There is one legend which tells that a crew of Norsemen, having been shipwrecked here, clambered up the cliffs by the shore. One of them, finding his axe too heavy as he was very weary, left it behind. This can evidently still be seen today.

Many other legends haunt this lonely spot. There are tales of mermaids and ghosts. One certainly does have a sensation that this place is haunted. This is one of the loneliest, loveliest and most peaceful places in all Scotland. Indeed, it is so quiet, that we experienced a

feeling of uneasiness, a feeling of isolation and loneliness. So strong was this feeling, brought about by the stillness, that, after a while, it became slightly frightening. One feels oneself drawn away back into the days when the Norsemen landed here. Through the stillness one can hear their shouts as the galleon flounders helplessly on the rocks. One can imagine them dragging themselves up the sand to safety.

We were sorry to leave Sandwood. It is not often that one is at such a beautiful place. As we walked up the hill we met a shepherd who, accompanied by his dog, was rounding up the sheep which had been grazing on the machair by the shore. It was a welcome sight to see another human being in this desolate area. He was very friendly and told us several old legends.

Once known as the "Parbh", meaning a haunt for wolves, this part of north-west Scotland is completely uninhabited, apart from a few sheep, rabbits and ptarmigan.

We enjoyed the walk back across the moor. A lonely fisherman passed the time in silence on one of the lochs. We watched the shepherd disappear over the hill, then turned away from the sea and walked home. It had been a most interesting visit and, if I ever have the chance again, I will not hesitate to go back to Sandwood Bay.

N. PATON, F.VI.

DEVELOPING FILMS AS A HOBBY

If you want to be able to develop a film, you would be best to buy a developing tank. With a developing tank you do not need to get your hands in contact with fixer, nor do you need to work in total darkness all the time.

First of all, load the tank in total darkness. Then, once you have made sure the top of the tank is properly closed, you may go into the light. Mix up your developer and fixer and then check that the temperature required is right. Pour the developer into the tank. After that agitate the developer inside the tank with a stirring rod every minute until the time required is up. Then pour out your developer and wash out the tank in cold water. Now pour in your fixer and agitate in the same way. Pour out the fixer, open

your developing tank, take out the film, and wash it in the sink for, at least, a few hours. Dry the film in a dust-free room.

This passage on developing films is very brief, but it may help you a little in developing films. Good luck with your films.

Points to notice —

1. No light in darkroom at all.
2. If you do have a light for your darkroom make sure it is a safe one.
3. Never taste developer or fixer, for you may never taste it again.

GORDON STUART, L.VII.

MY DOG LANCE

My dog, Lance,
Is always on the prance,
Looking for rats,
Chasing cats,
Careering around —
Now, what has he found?

Mummy's best hat
Is lying on the mat,
Lacking the ribbons
Which match her mittens,
Looking forlorn —
What else has he torn?

English Grammar,
And my "Highway Drama",
Shredded to bits
Where he sits,
With innocent glance —
That's my dog, Lance.

LINDSEY FREDERICK.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across — 1. Chrysalis; 7. Bee; 8. Tass; 12. Dabo; 14. Pasty; 15. Use; 17. Ant; 18. Bible; 21. Mal; 22. Echo; 23. Llanelly; 24. Polo; 25. Sycamore; 28. Et; 29. Dusky; 31. Da; 32. Comedian; 33. Ape.

Down — 2. H.B.; 3. Redundancy; 4. Yeast; 5. Stable; 6. Psychology; 9. As; 10. St.; 11. Ma; 13. Be; 16. Bill; 18. Ballot; 19. Echo; 20. Classic; 21. Me; 26. Mead; 27. Eden; 30. Spa; 31. De.

WHIZZ - BANG CRACKERS

These magic words are on our lips;
 Blue flames bite our finger tips;
 Rockets flying through the air;
 Witches soar, I know not where.
 Hills around, in redness, lie,
 Bursts of light infest the sky.
 There lies asleep, throughout this noise,
 Sir Timothy, my own Tortoise.

ROSALIND BROWN, L.VII.

WHERE ARE OUR CART HORSES ?

It is sad to think that the majestic cart horses are quickly disappearing and the modern tractors are taking the place of these hard-working animals. Not so long ago horses were the only way of pulling the farmer's implements, but now, in the world of combine-harvesters, balers, and other modern agricultural implements, they are being pushed out of farm life. No more can we see rows of horses munching hay peacefully in stalls, a ploughman and his team tilling the soil in a stubble field, or a paddock full of horses eating the lush grass while foals frolic in the sunshine.

A friend of Daddy's was looking for a horse and plough to till a small piece of ground and had a considerable amount of trouble finding them. Eventually, he found a suitable pair a few miles from Arbroath.

So, you see, the age of the cart horse is going and the horses left are kept mainly for pleasure.

MARJORY BOOTH, L.VII.

SOMETHING NICE TO EAT

Sometimes, on a rainy day, when I cannot go out to play, I ask Mummy if I can make some sweets. This is my recipe—Crush two ounces of broken biscuits with a rolling pin. Melt a 2 oz. bar of plain chocolate, over water, in a double saucepan. Add the biscuit crumbs, one tea-spoon of honey and one oz. of chopped peanuts. Stir till thoroughly mixed. Shape into small balls with two spoons while still warm. Then place on greased plate to cool.

JENNIFER STEVENSON, L.VI.

HEAVY THINKING

I've racked my brains, I've strained my wits,
 My thoughts have moved in starts and fits.
 To find a line I've worked and striven
 To send the "mag." from Girls L. seven.
 Now, teachers, pupils, friends and all,
 Please to hear this frantic call.
 From all poetic work relieve me —
 I'm just no good, so please believe me.

MORAIG M. M. ROSS, L.VII.

NATURE

The rippling stream, it downward falls,
 And, at its goes, it sweetly calls
 The flowers to wake, the birds to sing
 That will fill the earth with a lovely ring.

The owl, it sits on a branch so high,
 Eyeing the world with a beady eye,
 Thinking of bats, of moons, and stars,
 And not at all thinking of buses and cars.

The hares on the hill who gambol all day,
 The sparrow, the thrush, and the big black jay
 Are looking for worms in the soil so deep,
 And all their feathers they neatly keep.

HAZEL MITCHELL, L.VII.

BEFORE THE BELL

Stir in the bedroom,
 Rush in the hall,
 Breakfast in the dining room,
 And that's not all.

Up and down the staircase,
 Out through the door,
 Back to the landing —
 My beret's on the floor.

Panic on the highway,
 In my Daddy's car,
 Stop at the school gate,
 Just in time — hurrah!

Packed in the playground,
 Safe in the line.
 "Have you got your hymn book?"
 "Oh! — I've forgotten mine!"

LORNA C. MARSHALL, L.VII.

GOOSE - NECKED BARNACLES

On my holiday in Tiree we came across a strange and wonderful object. One evening, my brothers and I were playing on a small beach. Suddenly, David shouted, "Look what I've found!" We went across and saw a bottle covered with queer shell-like things. They were like mussels but on stalks, and out of the shells came little brown feelers. Their shells were light-blue with a yellow edge.

Next day, on the beach, a man came across to us with another bottle, similar to the one which we had found. He then told us what they were. They were Goose-Necked Barnacles. He explained that the gale-force winds and high tides had brought them from the South Atlantic Ocean. Goose-Necked Barnacles often cling to the bottoms of ships and slow them down.

ALISON McNICOLL, L.VI.

BIRDS' DUET

Upon the snow-clad window sill,
A gay song does the Robin sing.
He opens wide his little bill,
And through the air his song does ring.
Then up pops little Jenny Wren,
An yonder tree her nest is set.
And starlings join the chorus, when
Robin and Wren sing a duet.

CHRISTINE MCKEAN, L.VI.

CHU - LI AND MU - LI

Chu-Li and Mu-Li were Siamese cats
Who lived with a Prince, named Ho-Ti.
They made all the rugs and also the mats,
And officially arranged the Prince's bow-tie.

Chu-Li was tall and Mu-Li was shorter,
And each one wore a bell round his neck.
One day, as they played by the edge of the water,
A duck swam along and gave them a peck.

Chu-Li liked catching all the mice,
But Mu-Li, he was Prince Ho-Ti's waiter,
And brought in all the doughnuts and rice,
For which he got his own food later!

C. JONES, L.V.

CHU - LI AND MU - LI AGAIN

Chu-Li and Mu-Li were Siamese cats,
Who lived with a Prince named Ho-Ti.
They were looked on as terrors by all the old rats,
For they used them for games of "I spy".

Chu-Li was younger, and wore a red bow,
But Mu-Li preferred a green collar.
Chu-Li was small, but expected to grow,
While Mu-Li was thinner, but taller.

IAN GOSSIP, L.V.

AN INTERESTING FRIEND

Last Summer I spent my holidays in Gloucestershire near the Forest of Dean. Near the house where I was staying was a charming little black and white cottage, called "Morning Wood". I was delighted when my hostess introduced me to its owner, Miss Burgess. It is true to say she is a bird-lover. Birds of all kinds feed from her hand, including blue-tits and chaffinches. She even had a pane of glass removed from her bedroom window to allow her feathered friends to visit her more frequently. Perhaps some of you have heard her on the radio, as she sometimes broadcasts in Children's Hour.

LOUISE DAVIDSON, L.VI.

FAIRY FOLK

I'm a little elf,
Sitting in the wood;
I'm a little pixie,
Doing what I should.

We are tiny fairies,
Ruled by Titania bright.
If you see us dancing,
Oh, what a sight!

There's a cheeky goblin,
Playing in the dell.
There's a fairy trumpet tooting,
And the goblin's bell.

The elves are playing happily,
With some little shells;
The pixies helping others,
To bring water from the wells.

FIONA BUCHANAN, L.V.

MOONLIGHT NIGHTS

The sky is bright on moonlight nights;
The fairies are happy and gay.
The day is done; the gnomes have gone
To sleep the night away.

The grass is silver 'neath the leaves,
And glow-worms light their lamps,
The fairies feast on honey drops,
And the elves are little scamps.

The moonbeams filter through the trees,
The dance is at its height.
A cloud creeps slowly o'er the moon
And puts the folk to flight.

PATRICIA ADAMSON, L.VI.

THE WALLACE COTTAGE

Near the end of the thirteenth century, the English were occupying Dundee, and Scotsmen were not allowed to carry arms.

One day, a young Scot, named William Wallace, was strolling through the city streets armed with a dagger. He was stopped by an Englishman named Selby, and in a fight he slaughtered Selby. He fled from the city and went towards his uncle's home near Stirling. When he reached Longforgan, he began to feel very tired, and the English were close behind. He begged for help from a woman named Mrs Smith, who dressed him as a woman and told him to sit on a kern stone at the door of her cottage. When the English came, they paid no attention to the young woman sitting on the stone. After they had gone, he hurried to Stirling. In later years, Sir William Wallace became the Scottish hero. The cottage still stands in the village and the kern stone is in a museum in Edinburgh.

ISOBEL SCRYMGEOUR, L.VI.

A FIREWORK PARTY

What fun a firework party can be, especially when combined with Hallowe'en! We have had one for many years, and, now I am older, the parties go on longer.

There are thrills from start to finish. In the afternoon, before the party, the bonfire preparations have to be finished, and then, as darkness comes, how splendid it is to

hear the first crackle of the bonfire, and see the first rockets and silvery fountains sprinkling their bright showers into the black sky!

It is always a little disappointing when the display is over, but, after all, what could be more enjoyable than to come out of the cold and have hot soup, baked potatoes, and sausages on sticks around a blazing fire with your friends?

After this, when everyone is warm, there is the joy of ducking for apples, and other games, with time going far too quickly.

It has been suggested now and then that I shall soon be too old for these parties. However, I am hoping to enjoy many more of these bonfire nights, as I really think that, secretly, the grown-ups have just as much fun as we do although they may like to disguise it.

SUSAN MEE, L.VI.

ODD JOBS

When I was on holiday, we went to a farm hotel. I made friends with the staff and often did odd jobs.

First, I got up at 6.45 and went for the cows, which were milked by Gerald, the farmer. At 8.30 I had breakfast and then fed the chickens. Then I helped in the bar till 12 noon. At 12.30 I had lunch. At 3 o'clock I fed the chickens and collected the eggs. Then I got the cows to be milked. At 6 o'clock I helped in the bar again and at 7.30 had dinner. Later I helped in the bar till 9.30, when I went to bed.

JOHN MICKERSON, L.VI.

SCARA BRAE

During my summer holiday I went to the Pictish Village of Scara Brae, on the Orkney mainland. It consists of seven stone huts connected with one another by covered alleyways. During excavations it was discovered that the huts were built on top of a previous generation's "midden" and were found to be buried in their own "midden". The latter was found to consist of peat ash, bones, shells and stone-age tools, giving evidence of their way of living. Because they are situated in a sparsely populated area, they are amongst the most perfect examples of Pictish dwellings.

R. MILNE, L.VI.



GUIDE CAMP, 1961



HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Sheila A. Mackie, Jeanette M. R. Soutar, Valerie C. Hendry, Margaret J. J. Walker, Wendy K. Ross, Helen I. Lyle. tw

Front Row (l. to r.)— Margaret Stewart, Sheila S. Anderson, E. Jean Gray (Capt.), Agnes M. Paton, Frances D. Bowman. 3tA bs



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Mr G. C. Stewart, N. I. G. Rorie, J. W. Andrews, R. M. Johnston, I. P. Bell, M. J. S. Walton, M. J. L. Mort, Mr W. D. Allardice. wCB.

Middle Row (l. to r.)— R. C. Balharry, D. Hardie, C. W. W. Rea, B. N. Bowman (Capt.), J. H. McConnachie, R. T. Leslie, M. McK. Gault.

Front Row (l. to r.)— A. R. Lyle, M. J. Schnee, J. D. Orr, K. H. Wood.

THE RED BABY SQUIRREL

One day, when I was out in the car, I stopped to admire a beautiful house. I went on a little bit, and there were many fine trees in the garden. On one tree, guess what I saw! I saw a lovely, little baby squirrel. Its tail was very long and went away up its back. In its paws it held a fir cone and it was nibbling away at it. I thought it was a wild one, but, when I hooted the horn, it just sat there. It didn't move at all, so it must have been tame. I wish I could go back and see it some day.

ELAINE MCGILL, L.IV.

THE MYSTERY

What could it be? The compost heap was moving! Quietly, I crept nearer. With a stick I scraped away the cut grass. Some distance down I found a hedgehog. With strong gloves I managed to get him out. What a bright fellow he was! I put him in a box and went to get some tit-bits. Afterwards I saw another hedgehog, and out it came, too. We kept them in the box for a little while. I should have liked to take them to school, but, as hedgehogs have fleas, it might not be such a good idea.

MARGARET LEYS, L.IV.

THE RABBIT

The rabbit in the wood has a very white tail,
And, when he runs about, he makes a deep
trail.

He's got a deep burrow on a farmer's furrow
And three fat babies in his burrow.

He goes out hunting in the night,
With only the glow-worm's tail for a light,
And, when he comes home, he is loaded with
food,

For little children who have been good.

They have their breakfast by the lake,
Frogs and toads are the pills they take.
At the end of the day, when they have been
fed,

They go to their bedroom and snuggle in bed.

ELIZABETH BOASE, L.IV.

A TRIP TO ITALY

One day, when we were in Italy, we went to Pompeii. It was our eldest sister's birthday, the 16th August, 1961. We had a little book which told us about Pompeii. We had some refreshments at a trattoria which was made from the ruin of a house. There was an amphitheatre with the Gladiators' Barracks beside it. There is a book called "The Last Days of Pompeii". On the roads there are big stones and there are still the marks of chariot wheels. There is a house called the House of Diomed. There is a temple called the Temple of Jupiter.

ROBERT DOUGHTY, L.IV.

MY HOLIDAY

I was on holiday at Gairloch. I was playing "Japs and Commandos". We were climbing up a sand dune and at the top we found a sand-lizard. We showed it to our mothers and fathers and then let it go. We found another lizard, but its tail came off and it got away. We also caught a frog and put it in the water jug. Ronald Aitken and myself and our big brothers had a job to get it out again. I spent the rest of the time in the shop reading comics.

DAVID MEE, L.IV.

MY MOUSE

My mouse was grey and white and blind in one eye. She ate oatmeal, damp bread and plenty of water. Her bedroom was as posh and dainty as you like. But her playmate was as sharp as a lion. They both lived in a large cage in a small cupboard.

SYDNEY E. SCROGGIE, L.IV.

" MY CAIRN "

I can bank on my Cairn as a chum,
He's bright when most humans are glum.
A cheery young sport,
Of the old-fashioned sort,
He can talk with his eyes —
He's not dumb.

ALISON M. FREW, L.V.

MY VISIT TO A SPANISH AQUARIUM

I was on holiday in Spain, at a little town called Blanes. I once went to the aquarium there. It was a comparatively small aquarium and there were not many tanks. In one tank there was a big lobster and several tiny fish. There was a gigantic eel in another with several big white fish. They had beautiful scaly bodies. There were a lot of eels and quite a lot of lobsters and many other shell-fish. I should think there were about sixteen tanks.

CHRISTOPHER SOUTHGATE, L.IV.

THE WALLACE MONUMENT

One day, while we were staying in Stirling, we went to the Wallace Monument. As we went upstairs, there were rooms with all sorts of paintings. When we arrived at the top, you could see all over Stirling and other places, and, if some hills were not in the way, you could nearly see Edinburgh. While we were there, we got some photos taken of us. But then we had to come down to go to another place.

BRIAN EADIE, L.IV.

MY HOLIDAY

On my holiday I went to the Orkney Isles. When I was there, I went to St. Magnus Cathedral, Kirkwall. The Cathedral, the most splendid building in the North, was founded in 1137. It is largely built of the local red sandstone. Preserved in the pillars near the choir are the relics of the northern Saints, Magnus and Rognvald.

ANDREW JOHNSTON, L.IV.

MY PET

My dog is called Sally, and she is a Golden Labrador. She is full of mischief and often runs off with my toys because she wants me to play with her. I then have to chase her round and round the garden before I get them back. She thinks that is great fun. She loves to go for walks to the sea-side and also in the country to hunt for rabbits.

FIONA RAWLINGS, L.III.

TOOTHBRUSHES

One day, when we were on holiday in Wester Ross, Mummy decided to sterilise our toothbrushes in boiling water. When they were finished, they had hardly any bristles and looked awfully funny. You see they were made of nylon which melts in boiling water. Mummy's was the funniest because it was all bent.

We had to go sixteen miles to get new ones.

JANE MCNEILL, L.III.

THE CHEESE MARKET

Alkmaar is near Amsterdam, in Holland. The Cheese Market is held in Alkmaar every Friday. The porters are dressed in white uniform and coloured straw hats. The colours are red, yellow, blue and green. Merchants buy the cheeses. The cheeses are rolled down a chute into barges on the canal. There is a low bridge that opens to let the barges through.

LINDSAY M. MITCHELL, L.III.

BROWNIES

A few weeks ago I joined the Brownies, and I am in the Elves patrol. We have a medal which Brown Owl gives to the neatest Brownie to keep for a week. Last week I was very pleased because I won the medal.

Each patrol has planted bulbs, and it was my turn this week to look after them. I do enjoy the Brownies.

HAZEL WILKINSON, L.III.

MY KITTEN

I have a kitten called Tim. Sometimes he is naughty and pulls the clothes from the drying screen. He loves to chase a ball of wool. When the cupboard door is open, he goes inside and hides behind the packets of soap powder.

He has a drink of milk and then curls up and goes to sleep in my dolly's cot.

ROSALYN MARSHALL, L.III.

Reports

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The following officials of the Chess Club have been elected for this session—Hon. President, the Rector; Secretary, Sandy Davie; Treasurer, David Hunter.

The school has entered 5 teams for the Dundee League this year, one in the Senior League and four in the Schools League.

In the first round of "The Sunday Times" National Schools Tournament, the school team defeated Kirkcaldy High School $5\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{2}$.

We are grateful to Mr Jacuk and Mr A. D. D. McKay for assisting us this term. Mr McKay is President of Dundee Chess Club.

We also wish to express our gratitude to Mr Murray, Mr Halliday and his assistants for making a demonstration set for us.

SANDY DAVIE.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Society commenced its activities in September. The first meeting was very well attended and Anne Reed was elected Secretary.

We are now divided into two groups, the cast of the Greek play "Ion" rehearsing mainly in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, and the cast of the comedy, "Playgoers," in the craft room.

As the "Highers" have now been brought forward to May of next year, we are working very hard, if not a little hilariously, to be word perfect by next term.

We wish to thank Miss Gray and Mr Smith for giving us so much encouragement by their patience and sound advice.

M. A. R., Secy.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Society has resumed its activities with Mr Lamb taking charge of Form II. Group, while Miss Laing and Miss Cairncross share responsibility for Form I. The former will be doing extracts from "Twelfth Night", and the latter will be practising with a dramatisation of an extract from "Pride and Prejudice". We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Knight for all the good work she has done for the Society, both as a producer and as treasurer, and we wish good luck to Mr Lamb who succeeds her in both offices.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

This year, the average weekly attendances have doubled, from sixteen to thirty-two. A Senior Fellowship has been started for Forms IV. to VI. This meeting takes the form of Bible Study and Discussion.

In October we held a "Squash" in the School Hall to which we invited all S.U. members. A

special invitation was extended to Form I. pupils and the response was encouraging. About sixty people attended, and we were addressed by the two S.U. Staff workers for the East of Scotland, Miss F. S. Kilpatrick and Mr N. A. Richards.

At the beginning of November we held a "Sausage Sizzle" and a Fireworks Display. This was also well attended. Representatives from our Branch won the Inter-School Quiz Shield for Dundee District at one of the monthly Rallies.

During the term we were addressed by the Rev. J. Logie, from Rajasthan, India, and by the Rev. P. Madora, from the Waldensian Church, Italy. Altogether we have had a very encouraging term, and we hope our numbers will continue to increase during the remainder of the session.

G. M., F.V.

CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

At the last A.G.M. of the Club the following officials were elected—Secretary, G. Potter; Committee, D. D. Adams, J. R. Hendry, M. J. L. Mort. In the summer term a successful combined outing with the Girls' Excursion Club was held, under the able leadership of Miss Henderson and Mr Lornie, whom we should like to thank for giving up their valuable time in our interest. The route taken was from Loch Callater to Loch Muick over Lochnagar, and the weather, apart from some rather heavy showers, was good. Miss Laing and Miss Dryburgh were also present.

During the summer many boys went walking or climbing, and a record attendance is hoped for at this year's A.G.M., which will be under the guidance of Mr N. Stewart who kindly expressed willingness to take over Mr Lornie's Vice-Presidency.

CADET REPORT

The Company roll this year has increased on last year's, a healthy sign, indeed, yet we would urge still more boys, especially those in the junior forms of the Upper School, to join the Unit.

The Annual Camp was again held at Cultybraggan, near Comrie, where, despite rather mixed weather conditions, an enjoyable week was spent by all. As usual, the Company trophies were keenly contested, and the eventual winners were No. 3 Platoon under Sgt. D. Wright, who won the Platoon Cup, and Cadet G. Stobie, who won the Coronation Trophy, the championship of the Junior Company. The Band maintained its usual high standard throughout the year under the supervision of Mr McLeod and gave an excellent account of itself when it beat retreat in Comrie Square on the Tuesday night.

At Camp with us were three cadets from the Ecole Royale des Cadets in Brussels. The Company entertained these boys in return for hospitality offered by Ecole Royale to Cpl. Dalgety who visited Brussels, among other places on the Continent, at

Easter. The Company has presented a plaque to the Ecole Royale and this is now placed, I understand, in a prominent position in the College.

On 16th June, the General Inspection was held at Dalnacraig, the inspecting officer this year being Col. A. I. R. Murray, Commandant of Cultybraggan Camp. In his speech to the Cadets, Col. Murray emphasised how, although this country may never again be involved in a conventional war, there will always be an ever-increasing need for leaders and leadership, the fundamentals of which are developed in the Cadet Force. Incidentally, there was a fairly good attendance of parents and friends at the General Inspection, but we would be delighted to see many more.

Cultybraggan Camp was used by the Unit earlier in the year when, on 8th June, candidates for the Army Proficiency Test were examined there instead of at Buddon, which the Unit had used formerly. The percentage of passes was not the highest the Unit has produced, but this was more than made up for by L/Cpl. C. McKay, who gained a pass at Credit Standard, a meritorious achievement.

The younger boys, who sat the Army Basic Test at Dalnacraig, were examined by N.C.O.'s of the Senior Company. They almost achieved a 100% pass, there being only one unsuccessful candidate. Well done!

On 9th November, in the front playground, the School, Guides and Cadets held their Annual Service in remembrance of old cadets of the High School who fell in action in the two World Wars.

On behalf of the Cadets, I should like to welcome to the contingent Mr G. C. Stewart, and I hope that his association with us will be a long and happy one. As I mentioned at the beginning of this report, the Unit is flourishing, owing to the never-failing enthusiasm which Major Halliday and his officers instil into the contingent, for which we are ever grateful.

K. H. WOOD, C.S.M.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

We welcomed several new members to our number at the beginning of the session. Mr Stevenson and Robert Weir have given very interesting displays—Mr Stevenson's on German stamps and Weir's on British and Commonwealth issues, the latter being a very well written-up and colourful display. The Stamp Exchange system is functioning as well as ever.

PENELOPE HUTTON, Secy.

LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

The Rector presided at the first meeting of the Lit. on 6th October, when the following were elected members of Committee—Ann Cumming, Gillian Payne, Neil Bowman, Mark Schnee, with Kathleen Thomson and Michael Smith as Secretary and Treasurer respectively.

At the first meeting, when the subject was "that American influence is a menace to Britain", Neil Bowman and Mark Schnee defended the motion ably against Margaret Smith and Kathleen Thomson.

Other October meetings were—"A Bit of my Life", presided over by Mr More, when many members gave a short talk on both serious and light-hearted subjects; and the E.S.U. Debate, when the High School, represented by Neil Bowman and Mark Schnee, spoke on the subject "that we are dependent on America to survive in the world".

The first meeting in November featured Mr Taylor, with an "Exotic and Irrational" performance, a practical treatise on opera while, on the 10th, the High School was again debating with the Morgan Academy on the subject of mediocrity, when Graeme Bruce and Margaret Smith defended the side ably. The next meeting consisted of debates in four sections for Forms III., IV., V. and VI.

Among future items are an address by Mr Wilfred Taylor and "Juke Box Jury". An interesting and varied programme has been planned for this session, and it is hoped that members will avail themselves of the opportunities for speaking offered by the debates and discussions arranged.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed—Captain, B. N. Bowman; Vice-Captain, C. W. W. Rea; Secretary, R. T. Leslie; Treasurer, J. H. McConnachie; Committee, D. Hardie, R. C. Balharry, M. Gault. Captains—2nd XV., P. Kilgour; 3rd XV., H. Anderson; Colts XV., H. Findlay; 4th XV., R. King.

After a shaky start to the season, the 1st XV. have settled down and have won seven out of the last eight matches. Most of last year's back division are still with us, but the pack has been almost completely rebuilt. The most encouraging result to date is a victory against Boroughmuir School, the match being played in Edinburgh. It was an exciting game throughout, and it was only in the dying minutes of the game that the winning try was scored and converted to give us victory by 13 pts. to 11 pts.

Owing to injuries in the 1st XV this year, the 2nd XV. have seldom played with the same team two weeks running, and their rugby has suffered accordingly. However, they have played with great spirit and many of their players are potential 1st XV. men.

The 3rd and 4th XV.'s have had mixed fortunes this year, but they have shown keenness and enthusiasm and are, we hope, on the upgrade.

The Colts XV. this year are a third year XV. and have had a highly successful season to date, winning nine out of their ten games.

Lower down the school our success has been limited, the Form I. and II. teams being rather disappointing this year. However, they have not been heavily defeated, and it is hoped that their rugby will improve and give us something to hope for in the future.

We congratulate C. W. W. Rea, D. Hardie and R. T. Leslie who have kept the name of the school to the fore by their inclusion in the Midlands Schools XV.

We should like to thank Mr Allardice, Mr Coletta, Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr Biggar and Mr N. G. Stewart, who have given up much of their valuable time to coach the teams. We should also like to thank other members of staff who have given up their Saturday mornings to travel with the teams.

	Points				
	P.	W.	L.	D.	F. A.
1st XV.	11	8	3	0	123 88

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

Record — Season 1961.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	T.
1st XI.	14	5	7	2	0
2nd XI.	11	5	4	1	1

As can be seen from the above records both first and second elevens enjoyed quite a successful season this year, the only real enemy having been that age-old foe of cricket—rain. On several occasions a win seemed obvious, but along came the weather man with different ideas!

For the 1st XI., the outstanding match was the Annual Victoria Day tussle with Forthill XI. They batted first and we managed to dismiss them for 130. In our innings, despite the absence of one of our best batsmen, we scored 120 for 8 and great relief was registered on the faces of our more experienced opponents when stumps were drawn!

Another encouraging result was a ten-wicket victory over the Meigle Junior XI. who, it should be noted, included a few of their Strathmore Union winning team. In fairness to them, however, we must admit that six of our school eleven also played regularly this summer for various teams in the Union.

The 2nd XI. also had a good season, most of their results being quite satisfactory. In their penultimate match, they recorded the singularly unusual result of a tie. This was against Grove Academy and it is the first time for many seasons in both schools that such a decision has occurred! In the 2nd XI. and, indeed, right down the school to L.VI., there is much talent and a bright cricketing future is clearly to be expected.

The Don F. McEwan prizes were, this year, awarded to B. N. Bowman and M. J. H. Nicol, and cricket caps to the same two, along with C. W. W. Rea and M. J. S. Walton. We congratulate all four on these honours and also extend acknowledgments to all members of staff who helped make such a successful season, whether by coaching, umpiring or travelling with teams for away games. In particular we should like to thank Mr Stark who, by his multifarious deeds, bears all the burden of this school as much as do the pillars.

In closing, we should like to wish Mr Porteous, who is an ardent cricket fan and travels with a lot of the elevens, a speedy recovery from his most unfortunate illness.
B. N. B.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The teams have had a very successful term. The 1st XI. have won four matches out of six,

the fifth being lost narrowly to Bell-Baxter after a very close, hard game, and the other drawn with Harris. The 2nd XI. have also done very well, winning all six matches. The 3rd XI. have won three matches and drawn two, and the 2nd Year XI. have won three matches, drawn two and lost two.

The results of the 1st XI. are as follows—

	F.	A.
Sept. 9—Grove Academy	(A) 7	1
16—Blairgowrie High School	(A) 3	2
23—Morgan Academy	(H) 6	2
Oct. 7—Kilgraston	(H) 6	1
21—Bell-Baxter High School	(A) 3	4
Nov. 4—Harris Academy	(A) 4	4

The Junior Midlands Trials (Dundee Section) were held at Dalnacraig on 28th October, when Jean Gray, Frances Bowman and Nancy Paton were selected to go forward to the final trials.

The teams would like to thank Miss Paton for her invaluable coaching and encouragement. We are also grateful to all members of staff who help on grounds days and umpire for us on Saturday mornings.
N. P.

GUIDE REPORT

A very successful Guide Camp was held at Tarfside last year. Although the weather was very mixed, everyone enjoyed herself and we should, on behalf of the Company, like to thank all those who helped to make it possible.

During September there were no Guide meetings, but the Patrol Leaders and Seconds met to discuss various aspects of testwork. When Guide meetings commenced after the October Holiday Week-end, many new Guides were welcomed from L.VII.

The Patrol Leaders for this year for Company 2 are—Bluetit, Anne Birrell; Canary, Hazel Ptolmey; Kingfisher, Anne M. Young; Nightingale, Elizabeth Kinnear and Anne Whalley; Skylark, Wendy Macpherson and Barbara Ramsay; Thrush, Frances Bowman; Wren, Mavis Buchanan and Penelope Hutton.

The Patrol Leaders for Company 2a are—Bantam, Sheila More; Blackbird, Wendy Ross; Bullfinch, Sandra Duncan; Chaffinch, Janette Forsyth; Robin, Joan Robertson; Sparrow, Susan Gibson; Swallow, Margaret Walker.

The Company Leaders for Companies 2a and 2 are Margaret Walker and Anne Birrell respectively.

Although we miss the services of Captain Larg, we welcome Lieutenant Paton as Captain of Company 2 and wish her every success in her new appointment. We also welcome back four members of F.V. as Cadet Officers, namely, Valerie Hendry, Pamela Rollo, Ann Rothwell and Margaret Smith.

After much hard work, Cadet Officer Valerie Hendry and Patrol Leaders Margaret Walker, Anne Birrell and Sheila More, have gained their Queen's Guide Awards.

Finally, we should like to thank Captains Gray and Paton and all others who help to make Guides so successful and enjoyable.

M. J. J. W., R. A. B.

TENNIS CLUB REPORT

During the latter part of the summer term both tennis teams were, on the whole, successful, the 1st VI. winning three of their four matches, while the

2nd VI. won two. The results were as follows —

1st VI.	Games —	F.	A.
Mary Erskine School	43	48	— loss
St. Leonard's School	51	48	— win
Harris Academy	83	34	— win
Morgan Academy	72	45	— win
2nd VI.			
Mary Erskine School	44	36	— win
St. Leonard's School	40	59	— loss
Perth Academy, 1st VI.	54	45	— win
Morgan Academy	55	62	— loss

The following people from the 1st VI. were selected to play for the Junior Midlands team — Helen Lyle, Moira Wilkinson, Judith Reid and Sheila Anderson. We should also like to congratulate Helen Lyle on winning both the under-15 and under-18 Girls' Singles titles in Junior Midlands.

On behalf of the teams, I should like to thank Miss Paton for all the work she did for us last term.

S. A.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

Once again the Rifle Club has continued to flourish and has gained several successes.

During the summer season, first and second places were won by members in the Junior Competitions of the Dundee and Angus Association, and the two representatives of the Club at the Scottish National Outdoor Meeting, held in Arbroath, although not winning trophies, gained much valuable experience as well as certain prizes.

The indoor season has had an exceptionally good start, with three of our members, shooting for M.S.W. Rifle Club, reaching the final of the Scottish Junior Championship, the result of which will be eagerly awaited. Another success was the winning of the Col. Mitchell Trophy for the British Junior Indoor Championship by an M.S.W. team consisting of four of our members, scoring 793 out of 800. In the British C.C.F. Championship the team failed to reach the final, although improving greatly on last year's performance.

I should like, on behalf of all the members of the Rifle Club, to thank most sincerely H. D. Adamson, Esq., for the use of M.S.W. Rifle Range, Mr Stark, the Officers of the Cadets, and all the members of the Dundee and Angus Association for their help, advice and encouragement.

F. MACFARLANE.

THE ORCHESTRA REPORT

The School Orchestra resumed this session with a total of twenty-four on the roll. Although several of our rehearsals have been carried out with as few as fourteen there.

The work studied last session has been revised, and one new piece, "Preludio", by Vivaldi, has been added to our present repertoire.

The Orchestra again played at prayers on Tuesdays under Mr Porteous and, recently, under the Rector.

We wish Mr Porteous a speedy recovery and thank the Rector and Mrs Elder very much for keeping the Orchestra going during Mr Porteous' illness.

G. M. B., Leader.

C.E.W.C. REPORT

At the time of writing, final preparations are being made for the Annual Dundee Winter Conference, which will be held on Friday, 24th November. The speakers will be Mr Terence Lawson, General Secretary, C.E.W.C., London, and Mr J. S. O'Connor, Youth Advisory Officer, Scottish T.U.C. Owing to the political implications of the conference — "Russia Today" — representatives of the local branches of the main political parties have been invited to attend as "observers". It is hoped that at least one hundred fifth and sixth formers from the senior secondary schools in Dundee will attend.

The Annual Christmas Lectures, which will be held in Westminster Hall from 2nd-5th January, and which bring together each year over a thousand sixth formers from Land's End to John o' Groats, have peaceful co-existence as their theme — "Towards One World". Presenting the British picture will be Christopher Mayhew, M.P., and the Russian Ambassador will give the Soviet view. Among the ten well-known speakers will be Lord Lambeth, the former Archbishop of Canterbury, and it is expected that the Prime Minister will make the opening address.

It may be interesting, especially to those adults who believe that modern children have no interests besides "pop" and film stars, to note that there is a party of 17 going to these lectures from Dundee and 13 of them are from D.H.S.!

B. N. B.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CLUB REPORT

An encouraging number, seventeen boys, attended last summer's camp, but, unfortunately, of this number, only five were newcomers.

At the time of writing, a Club Night which, it is hoped, will be attended by members of the Club in Arbroath, is being arranged for the near future. It is also hoped to arrange further functions, to which all new members will be welcomed, in the New Year.

1962 is the Club's Jubilee Year and several outings and activities have been arranged.

I should like to thank all those who give some of their leisure to the running of this Club.

GIRLS' EXCURSION CLUB REPORT

A meeting was held at the beginning of term to appoint officials. We were very pleased when Miss Whytock consented to be our Honorary President, Miss Gray the President and Miss Henderson the Vice-President. The following girls were elected to be on the Committee—Secretary, Nancy Paton; Treasurer, Marjory Foote; and Class Representatives, Margaret Kay, Pamela Rollo and Jeanette Forsyth.

So far the Club has been on only one outing. A group of six girls, accompanied by Miss Henderson and Miss Paton, climbed Ben Chonzie, which is over 3,000 feet. This outing was very successful.

An excursion has been arranged to Beattie's Bakeries and, if it is possible, we hope to attend a Court Case and visit local places of interest.

On behalf of the Club, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Henderson and other members of staff who have helped us in any way.

N. P.

JUNIOR BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

As the Club is now embarking on its sixth season, we feel it has earned a place in the reports on school activities. The Club has never been in a healthier state; membership this year totals thirty, an increase of 100% on previous years. The standard of play of the new members is very encouraging and augurs well for the future. The one match we have played this season, against Blairgowrie, was keenly contested, Blair just winning by 5 matches to 4.

In closing, I should like to thank Mr Stark for the help and advice he gives the Club, and the F.P.'s for their never-flagging support and interest.

I. G. R.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION DEBATE

"The future of Britain lies more with the United States than with the Commonwealth."

This was the question before eight senior pupils of Dundee High School, Morgan Academy, Harris Academy and Grove Academy on the evening of Friday, 27th October. The debate, held under the auspices of the English-Speaking Union, took place in the School Hall where, amid great excitement, the four teams battled for first place. The atmosphere was tense as the first debate, between Dundee High School and Morgan Academy, began.

Neil Bowman, speaking for the motion, argued that the Commonwealth nations were very willing to take what they could out of the Commonwealth, but had no desire to put anything in. Although he did not deny that we should do all we could for our

member states, we should not be regarded as a "doddering old parent depending on our children". Neil pointed out the alliance of America in the last war and asked if we could find anything in the Commonwealth on which we could depend for the future. Neil delivered a very persuasive and excellent speech, the audience appreciating his witticisms which helped to ease the tension.

His seconder, Mark Schnee, expressed his opinions on the economic and cultural advantages of co-operation with America. It was interesting to know that labour problems in Dundee would be outstanding if it were not for such American firms as the N.C.R. and Timex. He continued by saying that he thought we should rise out of our present-day complacency and march into the future with the United States. Mark's standard of speaking was high and, after hearing two such excellent orators, the majority of the audience were definite in their decision to give the proposers of the motion their vote.

The opposers of the motion, the Morgan Academy team, fought back strongly. They argued that, together, Britain and the Commonwealth could make an extremely strong force. Such ties are not to be found with America. America is immature, and her resources are showing signs of running out, whereas the Commonwealth has many resources yet unexplored.

After listening with rapt attention and interest to all four speakers, the two leaders summed up for us. Neil's summing up was excellent. This first debate was certainly the most exciting of the two. The audience, aware of the importance of the occasion, enjoyed every minute of the debate, finding it most interesting and willingly rallied with applause.

The vote was taken, the result being a decided win for Dundee High School by 102 votes against 43.

The second debate, Harris versus Grove, was not quite as exciting, but nevertheless keenly fought.

Mr A. G. Robertson, head of the German department and director of extra-mural studies at Queen's College, was the adjudicator. For his decision, he had taken into consideration the delivery, content and arrangement of the speech, as well as the general performance of the team. He particularly considered the summing up.

During Mr Robertson's address, the audience was attentive, eagerly listening for him to announce the winners. In his adjudication Mr Robertson pointed out that our team had seemed very confident and that the summing up was exceptionally well done. The teams had set Mr Robertson a problem, all eight speakers having performed very well, but, considering all points, Dundee High School were chosen to go forward into the next round.

N. PATON.

Old Boys' Club

GOLF

The Annual Old Boys' Golf Outing was held on Saturday, 17th June. The usual Course at Kirriemuir was not available and the Outing this year took place at Forfar. This Course, exposed at any time was, on the Saturday of the Outing, swept by a fierce gale which kept scores unusually high even for an Old Boys' Outing. Mastering the conditions better than others, W. A. S. Dryden returned the lowest net score and won the Trophy.

Perhaps because of the change of venue or the weather conditions, there was a very poor turn-out compared with recent years. It is hoped that Kirriemuir will again be available in 1962 and that there will be a really good turn-out.

On Wednesday, 28th June, the usual Match against the Pupils was played at Barry. The Present Pupils' Team, weaker than in the past two or three years, was further weakened by the absence of one of their couples because of an Inter-Schools Athletic Meeting. The Old Boys, taking advantage of their weakened opposition, managed to win all three games. Again there was a fierce gale and the fields adjoining Barry Golf Course took a severe toll in golf balls.

OLD BOYS' CLUB DINNER

The first Friday in December is an important date to which our members look forward year by year, because one is always sure of meeting old friends and, in many cases, finding new ones at the Annual Dinner. This year, at the Royal Hotel, a happy evening was much enjoyed by a company of 130. The President, Mr George F. Ritchie, was in the Chair and the Guest of Honour was Professor Patrick D. Ritchie, F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemical Technology, Royal College of Science and Technology, Glasgow. In proposing the Toast of "The Club and the School", Professor Ritchie gave an address which will long be remembered for its racy delivery interspersed with humour, but chiefly because it gave us all considerable food for thought on educational matters. While reminding us of the necessity in modern times for emphasis on science and the need for more teachers and new methods, he made the point that a good grounding in English is just as essential now as ever. It is refreshing to find that there is support for the broadly based education of the High School in the scientific world. Those present who know Pat Ritchie ex-

pected a first-class speech, and he certainly did not disappoint them. Lord Dean of Guild Alex. S. Drummond made the kind of polished and capable reply to the Toast which we have come to associate with him.

The President presented the Nicoll/Richmond Trophy for Angling to Tom McLaren and the Stuart Trophy for Golf to Bill Dryden, both popular winners. Mr Gordon J. Robbie, as President of the Former Pupils' Association, handed over to the Rector the framed Lord Lyon's Parchment displaying the new badge for use by former pupils. The Parchment will be hung in the School Board Room. We are indebted to Mr Robbie for his useful work in registering this badge, as a result of which we now have a new F.P. Association tie which is proving to be a popular design.

Mr H. J. Carlton, another experienced and entertaining speaker, gave the toast of the President in his inimitable manner, and George Ritchie replied appropriately. George was a genial and effective Chairman, and we are fortunate in having him as President for the coming year.

Other Guests included Lord Provost Maurice McManus, Chairman of Directors; the Rev. Dr. H. O. Douglas, C.B.E., School Chaplain; and Mr W. A. M. Graham, F.R.I.C.S., A.A.I., representing Dundee and District Watsonian Club.

F. P. Report

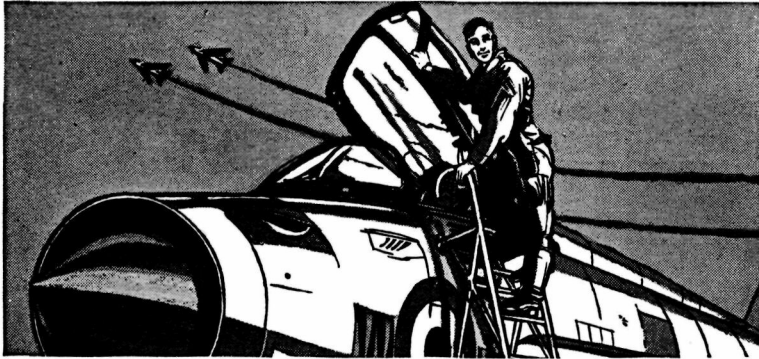
F.P. BADMINTON CLUB

The Club has had a very successful start to the season. Membership has increased, and we are pleased to see a number of the younger F.P.'s coming along to learn the "ins and outs" of badminton.

A competition night was held early in November and a good turn-out of members enjoyed an evening of varied contests.

We have started our league fixtures in the Churches and Welfare League 1st Division (1st team) and the Dundee and District League 3rd Division (2nd team), but have not played sufficient matches to forecast our eventual league positions.

Any F.P. interested in joining the Club should contact our Secretary, Mr N. Ballantine, 33 Hillside Road, Dundee, as the season continues until the end of March.



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If you are over 15 years 8 months you can apply for an R.A.F. scholarship, and if you are successful, a place will be reserved for you at Cranwell. This scholarship can be worth up to £230 a year, tax-free, to your parents and enables you to stay at school to take the necessary S.L.C. subjects at Higher grade.

Through a Direct Entry Commission

If you are 17-26 and hold S.L.C. in English (Higher), mathematics and three other acceptable subjects, you can apply

for a Direct Entry commission. This gives you a pensionable career to 38 (or 16 years if this is longer), with good prospects of serving to the age of 55. If you retire at the end of 16 years, you will receive a pension of £455 a year and a tax-free gratuity of £1365. If you prefer to serve for a shorter period, you may leave after 5, 8, or 12 years. All periods of service carry a tax-free gratuity of anything from £775 to £4000.

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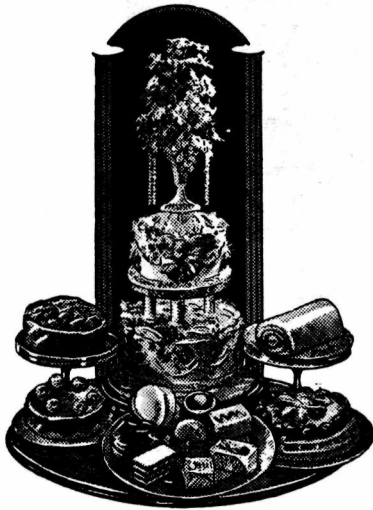
Pay is excellent At 21, as a Flying Officer you will earn £950 a year; at 25, as a Flight Lieutenant on full allowances, you could earn over £1750 a year.

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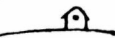


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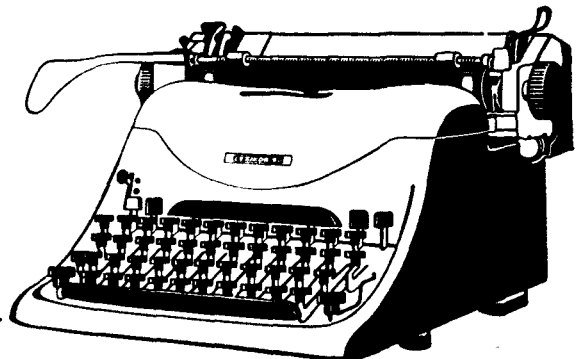
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