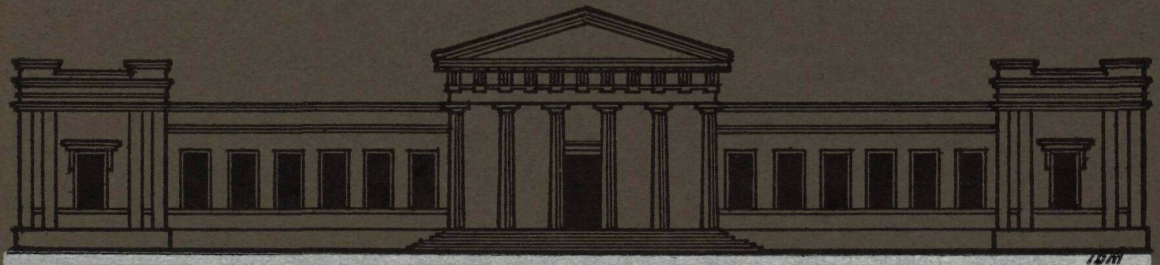


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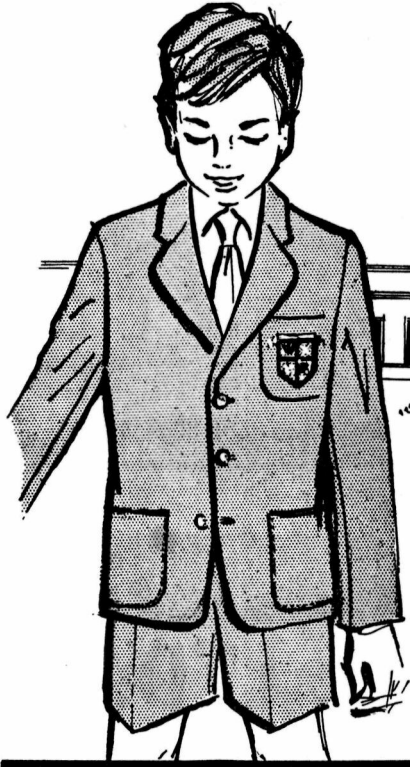
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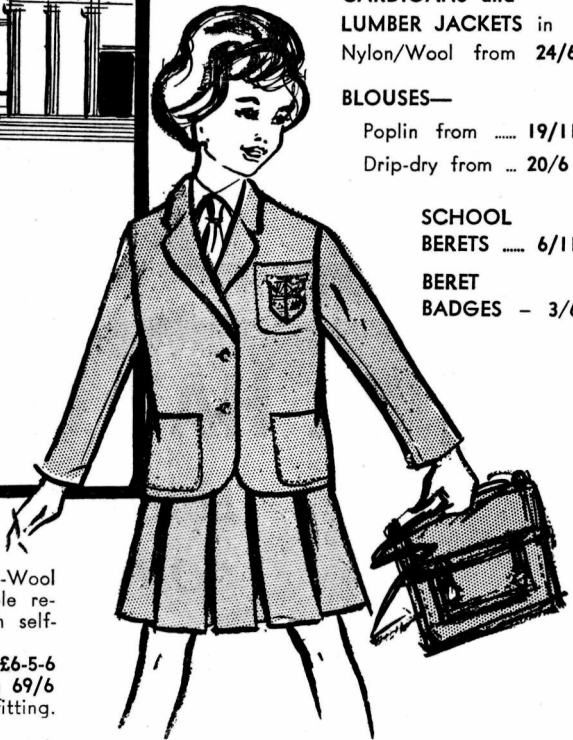
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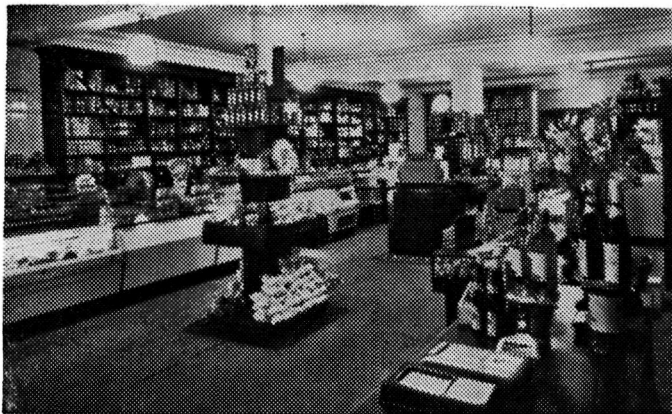
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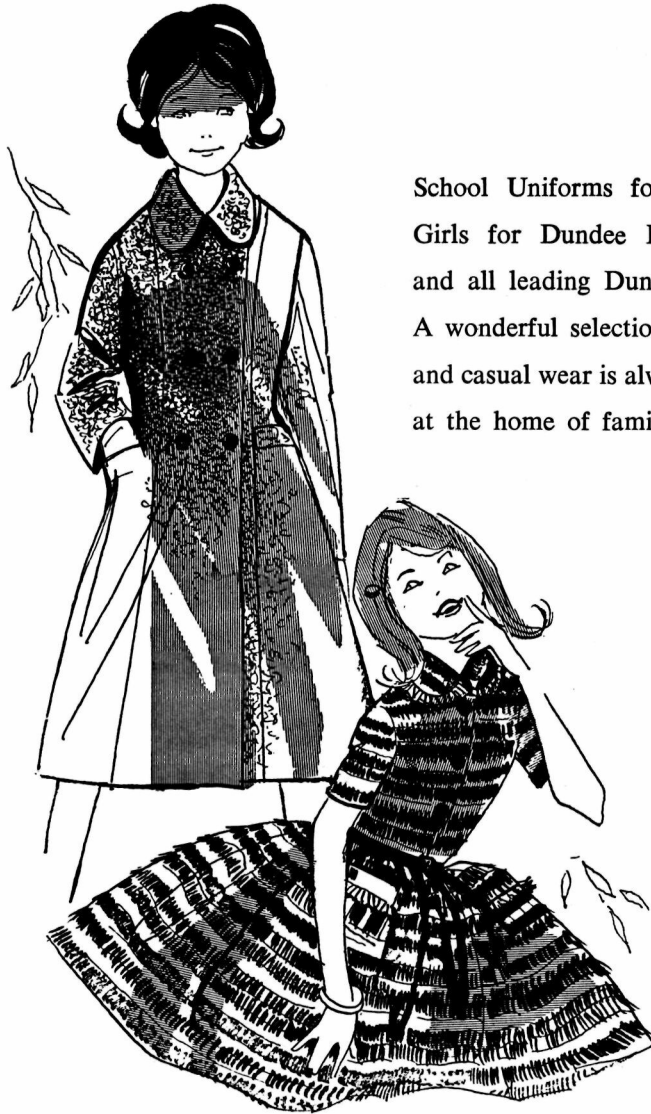
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EDITORIAL

No. 132]

JUNE 1962

[1/3

Once more we find ourselves drawing towards the close of another summer term — another school year. For some of us it is our final term at this our “schola nobilis”, and we are reminded constantly and persistently that this is so. Imposing communications appear on the breakfast table. Perhaps they come from a university, advising us on the books we shall require or suggesting gently that we should now acquire our gowns and trenchers; or perhaps they concern our first “job”. A vague awareness of excitement, mingled with emotion, can be detected among us, as we realise more fully that we are on the threshold of a vast upheaval in our lives.

But what of those whom we leave behind? Perhaps they have “never had it so good?” There is now no novelty in using the new buildings, but we hope that in these brighter, modernised surroundings which provide an atmosphere more conducive to study, the seeds of scholastic success in future years are being sown. These lucky pupils, thanks to the new system of examinations, will now be released from the burden of anxieties hitherto the lot of Form V., and their years of a comparatively carefree existence will be prolonged.

In addition, during the summer term of 1962, the High School girls have become the “cynosure of neighbouring eyes” — thanks to the new, most becoming summer uniform. In a phrase perhaps not unlike an I.T.V. advertisement, the dresses successfully combine comfort, practicality and glamour!

It was from the Form VI. girls that the idea came for several of the term's main activities. Due to the combined efforts of everyone, functions, including a concert, dance and sale of work, were organised, and £470 was raised for Famine Relief. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking most sincerely all those who helped to make our efforts such a success.

The school's normal activities are proceeding well. Owing to the timing of the new examinations, however, the Swimming Gala was held in March, and the Sports have been postponed until 23rd June. At the end of June the Dramatic Society is presenting two plays: “Ion”, by Euripedes, and “Playgoers”, by Arthur Pinero. A traffic policeman was startled to observe a trio of Grecian ladies driving nonchalantly through the town, on their way to a rehearsal! A local restaurateur was likewise somewhat surprised to find himself serving Coca-Cola to a party of Ancient Greeks! We hope these incidents may prove to be in the nature of good publicity, and we are looking forward to welcoming a large and no doubt enthusiastic audience to these productions.

Even now rehearsals are beginning for the opera to be produced next summer, the thought of which brings a pang of regret to some of us who are leaving. It seems strange that we shall not be there to participate in this or, indeed, in any more activities of the school in which some of us have passed as many as thirteen years of our lives.

News and Notes

STAFF CHANGES

This term we bid farewell to four members of staff. Miss A. Cunningham left in April to take up a post at St. Agnes' School, Edinburgh. Miss D. Duncan is going to Canada and Mr I. Taylor has been appointed to a post in Yorkshire. We wish them all every success in the future. It is with regret that we note the retirement of Miss H. Falconer, for she has rendered the school long and devoted service. She has always taken a great interest in the School Library, and we are all most grateful to her for the hard work which she has put into it. We wish her a long and happy retirement. Next session we shall welcome Miss H. K. Lonie and Mrs Foote to the Primary Dept., Miss E. Sturrock to the Junior Dept., Mr W. D. G. Thomson to the Science Dept., and Miss M. F. Ritchie to the Mathematics Dept.

EXTRA PRIZES IN LOWER SCHOOL

"Children's Newspaper" National Handwriting Test for 1962 — Lindsey Wilson, L. IV., Special Prize; Gillian Green, L. IV., Fountain Pen; Maureen Dunn, L. VI., Certificate of Merit.

Brooke Bond National Educational Awards — 1st Prize, Essay, Virginia Wain, L. VII.; 2nd Prize, Essay, Moira Spence, L. VII.; 1st Prize, Handwriting, Richard Muckart, L. VII.; 2nd Prize, Handwriting, Lindsey Wilson, L. IV.

Scottish Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Essay Competition — 1st Prize, Robin M. Foote.

ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate MR HALLIDAY on having his drawing, "The Transvaal Castle Fitting Out", accepted for exhibition by the Royal Academy, London. Mr Halliday also has a drawing, "Raising Steam", on exhibition in the Maritime Museum, Göteborg, Sweden. His painting, "Building Ships", was recently shown in a maritime exhibition in Queen's College, Belfast. A painting of the Broughty Ferry Lifeboat, "The Robert", at her naming ceremony by H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent, was shown at the boat show at Earl's Court, London, and later at the boat show in Kelvin

Hall, Glasgow. Mr Halliday has two paintings and a drawing in the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, and had two water-colours in the R.S.W., Edinburgh, in February.

We also congratulate MR VANNET on having two etchings and a drawing of Fishing Boats in the Royal Academy, London. Mr Vannet has five works, an oil, two water-colours and two etchings, in the R.S.A., Edinburgh. He also had two works in the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours.

MISS EDGAR is to be congratulated on having her water colour, "Flower Phoenix", hung in the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

INVITATION TO CHESS PLAYERS

The School Chess Club would like to have an annual match with the Old Boys. Any Old Boys who are willing to play in this match please inform Mr J. S. Anderson, Hon. Secretary.

LIFE SAVING

Life Saving Awards for Session 1961-62 are as follows —

	Boys	Girls
Elementary Certificate	14	—
Intermediate Certificate	14	17
Bronze Medallion	15	17
Bronze Cross	9	4
Bars to Bronze Medallion	2	1
Award of Merit	4	3
	—	—
Total	58	42
	—	—

ANNUAL SWIMMING GALA

29th March, 1962

RESULTS: Girls' Championship — Anne Birrell. Girls' Junior Championship — Hazel Masson, Elizabeth Mills. Boys' Championship — Lindsay Tosh, Raymond Wilkie. Boys' Junior Championship — David Rorie. House Champions — Lindores, 90 points. Runners-up — Aystree, 43 points.

Mr G. F. Ritchie, President of the Old Boys' Club, Presided, and Mrs Ritchie presented the Prizes and Trophies.

GIFTS TO SCHOOL LIBRARY

Books have been gifted to the Library during the session by Miss Ella Burns Petrie, Miss Sheila Reid, Mr L. B. Weatherhead, a group of Old Boys, and the Old Girls' Club, and others were received from the library of the late Miss E. H. Sheach.

The Library Committee thanks the donors for their interest in and generosity to the Library.

MR TAYLOR

We congratulate Mr Taylor on his appointment to a Lectureship in Mathematics at Bretton Hall Training College, West Bretton, near Wakefield.

Bretton Hall was primarily a College for the training of teachers of Music and Drama, but in the past two years courses have been extended to include Mathematics and Science.

Since January Mr Taylor has collaborated in the modern art classes given by Mr Boyd, Curator of the Art Galleries, by giving lecture/recitals on modern music and modern poetry. In addition, with the relaxing of copyright restrictions, he arranged and presented a Gilbert and Sullivan concert in the Art Galleries. Performed by well-known artistes, most of whom had D.H.S. connections, the concert attracted a particularly large audience.

We are indebted to Mr Taylor for all the good work he has done since his appointment to the High School, and we wish him every success in his new post.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

MR D. E. E. GIBSON, C.B.E., on being made a Knight Bachelor in the New Year Honours.

MR A. P. M. FORREST on his appointment to the Chair of Surgery at the Welsh National Medical School in the University of Wales.

SANDY DAVIE on winning the East of Scotland Chess Championship (Dundee Section).

HELEN JAMIESON on gaining second place in the British Junior Ski-ing Championship.

MAUREEN MCKELL on having one of her paintings chosen by the B.B.C. to be repro-

duced in a book of the best "Sketch Club" entries, and PETER WEST on having his painting, "Hannibal Crossing the Alps", shown on Television.

THE CADET SHOOTING TEAM, and in particular FERGUS MCFARLANE, on the outstanding successes of the past session.

FERGUS MURRAY, Edinburgh University, on winning the Three Miles Race in 14 mins. 35.2 secs. in a match against Glasgow University and on receiving a Blue for Athletics.

ALISTAIR LOW on being present holder of the Scottish Universities Golf Championship, and a member of the present Angus Senior Team.

CHARLOTTE LYTHE on winning a medal for Economics at St. Andrews University.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte, Violin, Oboe and Theory held in December, 1961, and March, 1962 —

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)

F. IV.

Ian Smith — Grade VII., Merit.

F. III.

James Coull — Grade V. (Theory), Pass.
Margaret Black — Grade V., Pass.

F. II.

Iain Coutts — Grade III., Distinction.

F. I.

Jennifer Gow — Grade IV., Pass.
Alfred Vannet — Grade IV., Pass.

L. VI.

Victoria Dryden — Grade II., Pass.
Patricia Duff — Grade I., Merit.
Catherine Coull — Grade III., Pass.
Susan Mee — Grade I., Pass.
Elizabeth Roberts — Grade I., Merit.

L. V.

Morag Stalker — Grade I., Merit.

L. IV.

Gillian Philip — Grade I., Pass.

PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE (Pianoforte)

L. V.

Patricia Ritchie — Grade I., Pass.

L. IV.

Joan Ritchie — Grade I., Pass.
Lindsey Wilson — Grade I., Distinction.

PUPILS OF MR REID (Violin)

F. IV.

Graeme Bruce — Grade VI., Pass.

L. VII.

Norman Cathcart — Grade III., Pass.

PUPILS OF MRS ELDER (Oboe)

F. IV.

Christine Sutherland — Grade VI.
(Theory), Pass.

F. II.

Eileen Duke — Grade IV., Pass.

The Story of £477 15s 10d

TOWARDS the end of November, 1961, "Spectator" printed the most moving photograph of starving negro children. This was an effort made by the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief to make known their great need for funds. In the forefront of the picture a young doctor supported a negro child, of about four years of age, whose legs were so thin that they could not support the little weight of the child. One could not shun that picture, but what could we do to help?

Two members of Sixth, Moira Robertson and Gillian Payne, set to almost immediately to raise funds as best they could. The pictures were cut from the "Spectator" and posted throughout the school, but even such "conscience-pricking" pictures as these were not sufficient to stir the pupils of D.H.S. to give generously, and it was decided that something would have to be done on a very much larger scale.

The girl prefects held a meeting, and it was suggested that a Sale of Work might be a good way of raising funds. Form VI. were very enthusiastic when they heard the idea and were prepared to undertake the responsibilities of such a Sale. Now the question was, "When do we start?"

Following this a series of meetings took place between the prefects, Miss Gray and Mr Erskine. No one wanted to curb our idea, but the School calendar was so taken up with cricket matches, tennis matches, dramatic rehearsals, cadet inspections, over and above the "Highers" and "O-levels", that it seemed likely that any thoughts of a Sale of Work would have to be forgotten. However, Mr Erskine summoned the Head Prefects one afternoon and told them that the only suitable date to hold a Sale would be Friday, 27th April. No one was given an opportunity to say otherwise.

Things were at last moving. The girl prefects met frequently to decide upon the kind of stalls that could be arranged. Each girl prefect was in charge of one or other of the stalls, and the management of that particular stall was her responsibility. This proved a good idea in that the girl prefects "roped in" the rest of Form VI. girls to help with the stalls. Any décor and advertising were entirely up to those in charge of the stalls.

Every day there were offers of help and suggestions for more stalls. The guides offered to take over the Cake 'n Candy Stall; the Music Staff offered to hold a concert; the Gym Staff offered to hold a display of dancing and gymnastics; Form V. offered to hold a dance and Form II. boys were persuaded to have a Lucky Dip. In this way the Forms of the senior school that were not too preoccupied with examinations were "roped in".

The above-mentioned duly took place and proved to be very successful enterprises. Parents and friends supported the Concert, held on Wednesday, 18th April, at 7.15 p.m., in the School Hall. Their offspring in Forms V. and VI., exhausted after having twisted all night at the Form V. Dance on Tuesday, 27th March, comprised the majority of the senior choirs and sang with gusto.

By this time a considerable sum of money had been raised. This was greatly augmented by the sale of Raffle Tickets, Sale of Work Tickets and contributions from the girls of Forms I., II. and III. who had been selling home-made tablet and toffee during break.

Not to be outdone, Form VI. boys volunteered to help, and it was suggested that they should run a Fun Fair in the large art room above the School Hall. Our Sale of Work was snowballing into something greater every day.

Contributions arrived daily, but it was not until 48 hours before the Sale of Work was due to be opened that contributions in "kind" started to arrive. So many things arrived during Thursday that there was hardly room to stand in the store room. On Wednesday there had been 30 bottles for the bottle stall, but now there were 330 bottles and it was the same story with the rest of the stalls. 48 hours to go and the various items had to be sorted out and priced, stalls had to be set up and countless odds and ends attended to, but primarily Form VI. had to be excused classes.

Thank you, staff, for being so understanding, for, unless as many of Form VI. as possible had been excused classes on Thursday afternoon and Friday, the Sale of Work would still be an idea.

Accommodation and tables had not figured very prominently in the minds of Form VI, as it was taken for granted that accommodation was always available and that tables just appeared. The only person who worried about the lack of tables was Mr Stark, but, as always, he took it in his stride and tables did actually "just appear" although we had to keep our fingers crossed that the boxes supporting some of them did not get dislodged.

Thank you, Mr Stark, for all the willing help, and tables you gave us.

Thursday afternoon was spent setting up tables and stalls, and by 4 p.m. it looked as though, with a bit of luck, the Sale would commence at the appointed hour.

A host of posters and wall decorations appeared from the Art Department, who worked constantly, preparing notices for all sorts of things. Never once did they complain when we ran across to ask for another poster and yet another poster—they did them while you waited.

Thank you, Art Department, and all your willing helpers, for the beautiful posters and advertising you did for us.

On Thursday evening the stall-holders returned to school to complete the décor and arranging, and it was well after nine before school closed. Form VI. girls worked hard during Thursday evening, for in the morning the Hall was completely transformed, and one was heard to remark, "Gee, 'n I

thought it would be a flop!" Form VI. must have indeed excelled themselves.

Yet more contributions were handed in during Friday, and everyone ran to and from the Hall from 8.30 a.m. until 4.30 p.m.

By 6 p.m. everything was ready, and shortly before 6.30 p.m. Mrs Erskine officially opened the Sale of Work. In her opening remarks Mrs Erskine commended the work of the Oxford Committee and was proud that D.H.S. should be the "spear-head" in Dundee of a world-wide campaign to be launched by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh some time in June.

Lesley Caird, the youngest girl in Miss McNaughton's class of beginners, presented Mrs Erskine with a beautiful bouquet and, after she had curtsied very daintily, the Sale of Work was opened.

Thank you, Mrs Erskine, for such a lovely opening to an unforgettable evening.

About 7 p.m. everything was in full swing. The bottle stall was completely sold out and the Cake 'n Candy was quickly following suit. Downstairs, in the lunch hall, tea was being made and served to those who sought a seat away from the crowd in the Hall.

Thank you, Cathie and Anne, for all the help you gave so willingly. Thank you, guides, for serving the teas so efficiently and thank you, staff, for lending a hand with the dishes.

Upstairs, in Miss McNaughton's room, ice-cream and orange drinks made good sales.

Thank you, Miss McNaughton, for allowing us the use of your room.

Yet up another two flights of stairs the noise of the Fun Fair filled the air. The Fun Fair, in the large art room at the top of the Girls' School, was truly a fun fair in every sense. Form VI. boys, in various disguises, were all set to rob as many people as they could.

There were cans to be knocked down! There were darts to be thrown, but the man in charge kept his back to the board so that, when you called out that you had hit a card, by the time he had turned round the dart had invariably fallen to the floor. This warranted a broad grin and a "Sorry, madam—no prize".

There was also a shooting range, but there again, unless you knew how to adjust the sights of a gun, the chances of winning a prize or even of hitting the target were rather remote—Who said there were holes in the wall?

The “Fortune Teller” was a great attraction and was never without customers. The teller’s tent was carefully guarded in case anyone became mortified. Young maidens trooped in, full of expectation, and reappeared shortly after, wondering how on earth they could support a husband and eighty children in Siberia. I hope they knew to take the future with a sack of salt.

For the professional golfer there was a tricky three-yard drive—but oh, those bunkers!

If you were at all interested in underwater stunts, there was ample scope to try this popular sport. A bucket of water stood in a secluded corner of the room, watched over by a hardy man complete with flippers, goggles and snorkel tube. On the bottom of this closely-guarded pail there was a shilling which, if one covered it with another coin (presumably a shilling or more valuable coin), one could keep.

With no money left in your pockets, you left the Fun Fair to the strains of Chubby Checker or Cliff Richard.

Thank you, lads, for your splendid effort.

In the School Hall people were crowding round the stalls, buying everything within sight. At 8 p.m. the draw for the Raffle took place. No doubt many hearts sank when they saw the box of raffle tickets being lifted on to the platform, but those who were fortunate enough to win prizes must surely have been delighted. Immediately after the Raffle there was a short auction when several items were sold to the highest bidder.

Thank you for all the lovely prizes and auction materials that were donated so willingly.

During the evening, at 7.15 p.m. and 8 p.m., the displays of dancing and gymnastics

took place in the large gym. For the small admission fee of 6d parents and friends enjoyed three quarters of an hour of “light” entertainment.

Thank you, Gym staff, and all those taking part, for your most entertaining contribution.

Shortly before 8.30 p.m. almost all the stalls had been cleared, and there remained very little unsold. Gradually parents and friends went their respective ways and clearing up began while, in Miss Gray’s room, the Maths department were in charge of the “cash”.

The ever-popular task of sweeping up fell to two very obliging boys in Form II.

Thank you for wielding the brushes so willingly and a thank you also to those boys who cleared away the dishes and dismantled the tables, and to the two very upright fellows who managed the door so profitably!

As the clearing up programme got under way, regular reports came from Miss Gray’s room as to the total sum raised. When we poked our heads round the door to ask what we had reached, we were told, “£220, and still counting, and get out”. . . . “£330, £370” . . . and so it continued until the “huddle” behind the closed doors concluded, “£477 15s 10d,” a truly magnificent effort.

Thank you, staff, for all your help and support.

Thank you, Miss Gray, for all the time and energy you devoted to the Sale of Work.

Thank you, Mr Erskine, for finding a suitable date in the school calendar and for urging the school to attend the various activities.

Thank you, school, for contributing so generously and supporting Form VI.

Thank you, parents and friends, for your presence at the numerous activities and for your generosity at all times. Without your aid our Sale of Work could not possibly have been a success.

THANK YOU, Form VI. girls. It was indeed a day to remember!

E. J. G.

A Naval Welcome

LAST year, while staying with some relations near Newcastle, I experienced the great thrill of being invited to the Captain's cocktail party on board a submarine, H.M. Submarine "Sea Scout".

"Sea Scout" and her sister submarine were on a short visit to Newcastle dockyard and, as the people with whom I was staying have a son serving as a junior officer on board the submarines' depot ship, they were invited along to meet some of the people with whom Peter lives and works.

Duly at 6.30, we arrived at the docks and were horrified to find that the submarines were moored side by side alongside the quay and "Sea Scout" was the further away. To get on board we had to cross a narrow gang-plank to the first submarine, then another gang-plank, this time with no hand-rail! This one was made of a type of wire mesh, and we could see through it the horrible, dark, oily water, swirling around about twelve inches below. As it was a fairly windy day, both the submarines rolled slightly in the swell, and the gang-plank heaved alarmingly. At last we reached "Sea Scout", but a worse hazard was yet to come. To get into the interior of the submarine we had to go down the forward hatch. This proved to be a hole in the deck, then a space of about two feet, down which we had to jump on to a sort of inner deck, with a smaller hole in it, down from which was a ladder. Just imagine climbing through a hole and down a steep ladder. Try at the same time to look elegant and cope with a very full skirt and high-heeled shoes!

The officers and crew were most polite and helpful throughout. On arriving at the quayside, we were saluted smartly by one of the officers of "Sea Scout". A sailor helped us on to the first gangway and we were saluted again, this time by the captain of the other submarine. Then we had to edge our way round the conning tower on a ledge about twelve inches wide.

At the foot of the ladder we found ourselves with the crew's quarters on one hand and on the other a narrow passage, which was almost entirely blocked by an enormous bearded man, motioning us to join him. He

backed away along the passage, and I noticed on the right there were several watertight doors, and a wall covered with pipes and wires on the left. Even the roof was a tangle of wires and flexes. At the end of the passage was the main "room" of the submarine—the Control Room. This was where the cocktail party was held because it was the only place large enough to hold more than ten people at once. There were about twenty people in it, and the atmosphere was hot and sticky. What must it be like underwater with all the ventilation hatches closed?

The captain came to meet us, with his charming wife, and we were surprised to see how young he was, only twenty-eight. When he left to meet some more of his guests, we were left at the mercy of the large gentleman with the beard, who appeared to be acting as barman.

The Control Room was a jumbled mess (or so it seemed to me) of levers, dials with flickering needles, pipes, wires, switches and flashing lights. Two enormous periscopes, like giant stalactites, came down from above, and it was fascinating to look into a piece of glass and see the water and the quay-side warehouses outside.

There were three cadets from the Naval College at Dartmouth who wanted to join the submarine section and had been sent to Newcastle to join "Sea Scout" for a short trip to see if they still wanted to specialise in submarines after they had seen and experienced life in such cramped conditions.

At one end of the Control Room was the torpedo store. The sight of those pointed grey tubes there, waiting to be sent on their mission of destruction, made me realise just how terrible man's methods can be.

Later we went into the officers' quarters. Five men live and sleep in an area 10 feet by 10 feet. Every possible inch of space was used in some way. On three of the walls there were very comfortable bunks which served as seats for the folding table in the centre. The table was used at night as a base for another bed. Below the bunks and all round the walls were lockers for clothes, etc. Everything was stowed away very neatly out of sight, except for their head-gear which

was kept on the roof, tucked away behind some pipes.

The time passed very quickly, and very soon it was 8.30, and we had to go, al-

though, I think, had my uncle not decided that it was time to leave, we might have been there still.

JOAN ROBERTSON, F.IV.

Helen F. Falconer, M.A.

IN a school, such as Dundee High School, with a large staff, it is inevitable that many changes occur year by year, but when Miss Helen Falconer intimated that she was going to retire, after thirty-nine years' service on the staff, I felt that an integral part of the very structure of the School was about to be swept away.

Miss Falconer was cradled in the atmosphere of the teaching profession, having spent her early years in Abernethy Schoolhouse, where her father was the well-loved schoolmaster. Her mother, too, was a schoolmistress, and it was only natural that she learned a true love of teaching from them. Not for her was the easy life of being transported daily to and from school, but, in summer and winter, in all weathers, Miss Falconer walked or cycled the long miles to the train which brought her daily to Dundee, and so to the Harris Academy. There, she proved an apt pupil, and completed a most successful school life by gaining the Dux Medal. After graduating M.A. at Edinburgh University, Miss Falconer finished her training at Moray House Provincial Training College, and her first appointment in 1923 was to Dundee High School which she has served so faithfully for the whole of her career.

Until 1952 Miss Falconer was in charge of the Infants' Class of boys, and also taught English and Arithmetic to the Qualifying Class, in addition to teaching Handwork, Singing and Nature Study to various other classes in the Primary Department. For the last ten years Miss Falconer has taught the third year class of boys, so that her association with the boys of D.H.S. is a very long-standing one indeed. Many, many parents in Dundee remember with deep gratitude the care and understanding she has bestowed upon her pupils. Every boy has been always an individual in the eyes of Miss Falconer,

and to each one has been given sympathy, affection, encouragement, or correction, according to his needs.

Perhaps the most astonishing characteristic of Miss Falconer's is her wonderful memory. She can recall with remarkable accuracy all the myriad throngs of little boys who have passed through her hands, and her continued interest in their careers after leaving school is proof of her profound regard for each and every one of them.

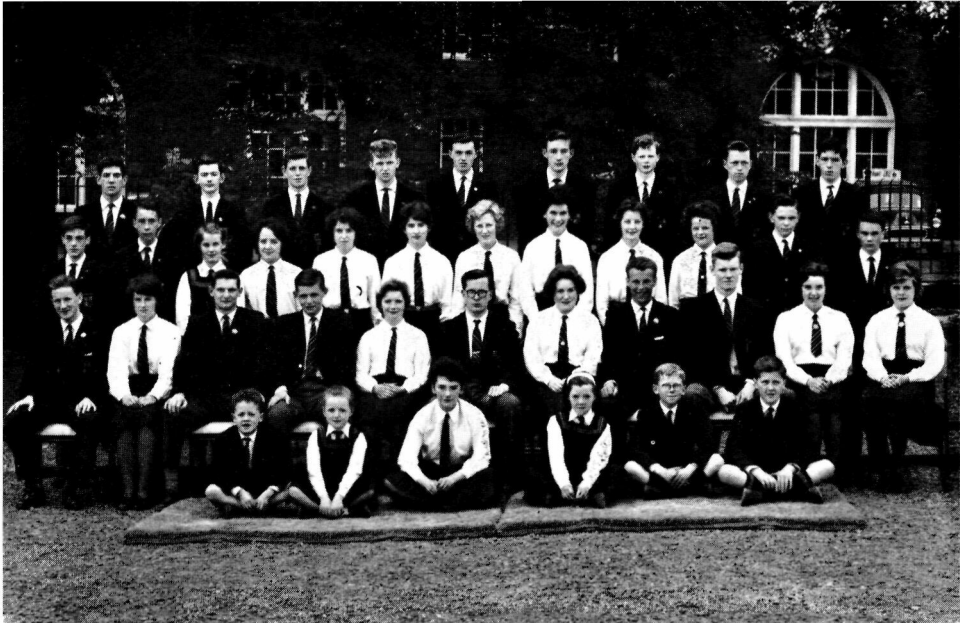
At this point, I should like to make reference to one of the finest services Miss Falconer has rendered to the school. During the war, she kept, most meticulously, lists of all those who were serving in the Forces, and she was in touch with the families of those who lost their lives. She was responsible for the School Roll of Honour, and the foundation of the School Library was largely due to Miss Falconer's unsparing efforts in organising the War Memorial Appeal. Furthermore, when the Library was at last completed during the School Reconstruction, she undertook the onerous duties of Secretary to the Library Committee, and has assisted up to the present time, with the cataloguing and indexing of all the books.

It is, therefore, with great regret, that we have to say farewell to one who has given such long and devoted service to the School. Miss Falconer, I know, will miss D.H.S. just as much as we shall miss her, but her interests are wide and varied. She is a Nature enthusiast, a keen gardener and botanist, and now we hope she will have a long retirement and good health so that she may browse among the rock plants she tends with so much care. To one who has given all of herself in the execution of her duties in Dundee High School we offer our sincere thanks, and best wishes for many years of a well-earned, interesting and happy retirement.



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

HELEN F. FALCONER, M.A.



Photograph by D. & W. Prophet

MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE - WINNERS, 1962

Back Row (l. to r.)— Michael J. L. Mort (G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public Speaking); Ronald S. I. Goodfellow (Chamber of Commerce Medal, presented by George L. Donald, Esq., for Dux in Commercial Department); Ian E. Smith (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form IV.); Raymond F. Wilkie (D. S. Bryson Prize for Technical Subjects); Norman A. Black (D. S. Bryson Prize for Technical Subjects); Peter A. M. Moonie (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art); Alexander M. Davie (Beckingham Chess Trophy); James I. K. Webster (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing — Boys); Robert S. L. Weir (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III. Boys — Equal).

Third Row (l. to r.)— Robin M. Stimpson (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III. Boys — Equal); David K. W. Paterson (J. B. Meiklejohn Prize for Mathematics); Jane M. Rorie (Larg Prize for Piano Playing — Intermediate); Christine D. Sutherland (Larg Prize for Piano Playing — Open [Equal]); Elspeth J. McNab (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing — Girls); Hazel B. Ptolmey (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of F.III. Girls); Margaret L. Smith (J. B. Meiklejohn Prize for Mathematics — Form V.); Gillian P. Payne (Old Girls' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Agnes M. Paton (Larg Prize for Piano Playing — Open [Equal]); Eileen M. C. Duke (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form II. Girls); Michael D. Cowan (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form II. Boys); Barry D. Buchan (Rector's Prize for Violin Playing — Senior).

Second Row (l. to r.)— Andrew John More (Head Boy); Pamela J. Bruce (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Homecraft); Peter Kilgour (Armitstead Medal for Dux in Mathematics); Graeme M. McNeill (Rector's Prize for Geography); Margaret A. F. Smith (Armitstead Medal for Dux in French); David T. Hunter (Harris Gold Medal for Dux of School, Cunningham Medal for Dux in Science, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize in Science); Kathleen M. Thomson (Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize for English, G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public Speaking); Bernard Neil Bowman (London Angus Club Prize for Dux in History); Ian D. Petrie (Edinburgh Angus Club Prize for Dux in Latin, Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Greek); Moira A. Robertson (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Music); Elspeth Jean Gray (Head Girl).

Front Row (l. to r.)— Scott R. Sherrard (Robbie Prize for Dux of L.III. Boys); Fiona M. Williamson (Hutton Prize for Dux of L.III. Girls); Beverley Arthur (John Maclellan Prize for Dux of L.VII. Girls); Elizabeth J. Roberts (Old Girls' Club Prize for Piano Playing in the Junior School); Robin M. Foote (Walter Polack Prize for Dux of L.VII. Boys, Junior Leng Medal for Singing, Prize for Public Speaking in the Junior School); Norman D. P. Cathcart (Larg Prize for Violin Playing — Junior).

Escapade

Concluding the adventures and mishaps which befell certain members of the senior school in the Cairngorms last summer.

IN the last issue of the magazine we left our quartet of heroes sleeping (?) on the earthen floor of Corrou Bothy. It must have been after midnight when we heard footsteps outside. With an almighty crash the door was swung inwards — the Army had arrived!

Uttering all manner of unpatriotic remarks concerning our armed forces and Mr Profumo, we clambered out of the way to avoid being trampled on by what seemed like legions of large, black beetle-crushers. However, after a quick mathematical problem (count the boots and divide by two), we discovered that our calm had been shattered by only three noisy men. Whether they were regulars or territorials on an exercise we never thought of asking. Let it be said that, after they had cooked and consumed a meal at about 1 a.m., the “magnificent seven” of us slept soundly until 7 a.m.

N. R. was first up and, glancing round, saw that Mac was missing. Reasoning that, with only three people left, our food would last longer, we were disgusted when he turned up, unharmed, at breakfast-time. He had been cold and had gone for a walk.

The three bulwarks of Britain's defence departed soon afterwards, leaving behind a pound of excellent bacon as a farewell gift. When we followed them, about three hours later, on the last stage of our journey, the sun was peeping over the shoulder of Muich Dhui and brightening our path through the Lairig Ghru. We stopped for a break at the Pools of Dee, then pressed on to the Angus Memorial Hut where we duly added our names to those of other misguided eccentrics who tramp the hills for the sheer pleasure of it. Our last stop was at Piccadilly Junction where five different paths meet, then on we went to Loch Morlich.

We rigged up what could laughingly be called tents. P. M. and Mac never told us they were so dilapidated — P. M. said that his was a scout tent, and we could well believe that Baden-Powell himself had once slept in it.

However, after a meal and a rest, all complaints were forgotten and we almost felt like human beings again. Cairngorm and her neighbouring corries were shrouded in mist, so no immediate plans were made. Instead, we satisfied ourselves by sitting outside our tents, taking in all the bustle and movement of other camp-dwellers with the critical eyes of experts. It was agreed that the two “better built” (I refuse to say fat) members of the party should not sleep together in case the walls of the tent could not take the strain and, therefore, P. M. and D. T. occupied one tent and Mac and N. R. the other.

Looking back on our cooking, I think it fair to say that we did rather well. The saner members of the party had brought bleu-et-gas stoves, but Mac had a primus. These things are sent from Heaven to try us. The con-founded stove was as temperamental as a prima donna. One minute it would shoot out methylated spirits in your eye; the next it would remain as dormant as Form V. boys in class. One thing though, whenever Mac got it out to make breakfast, you could be sure it would be working in time to cook the lunch.

One day we decided to climb the 'Gorm and Muich Dhui and then to adapt our plans to the weather. It took a lot to dissuade Mac from taking the bus up to Corrie Cas, but we all eventually got off to an early start (10 a.m.).

We had conquered both Cairngorm and Muich Dhui and were sitting at the summit of the latter, eating our lunch, when four figures loomed into view. One was wearing a hat that resembled a soup-plate. P. M. remarked that this figure had the same gait as a certain worthy back at school. Sure enough, when he lumbered nearer he proved to be M. M. Imagine our horror when his companions turned out to be High School types as well.

It was obvious to us that M. M. had lost his razor and comb and, after closer scrutiny, perhaps his soap as well. However, we welcomed them enthusiastically on the off-chance

that they would offer us some food — alas! a vain hope. After photographs had been taken and local news exchanged, we bade them farewell and left them sitting on the cairn gorging fruit pies and sandwiches with quite disgusting vigour.

One night, during the second week of our stay at the camp site, Nemesis reared her ugly head. We were all quietly sleeping (even Mac and D. T. were not snoring for once), when the skies opened. Until then it had never occurred to D. T. and N. R. to inquire if the tents were waterproof. The result can be imagined.

Four very wet youths, two of them distinguishable by their bulging veins and purple faces and their spasmodic exclamations in a dialect of Swahili, carried all their belongings into the nearby Youth Hostel where, it must be admitted, a very pleasant night was had by all.

The next day we packed up and went to the Aviemore Hostel where we joined up with two more High School worthies, I. B.

and D. K. Two most interesting and educative days were spent in their company, during which time I. B. and N. R. had their fortunes told from teacups, D. K. and Mac had a brush with death in a potato field, and a member of the group, who shall remain anonymous, had an unexpected bathe in the Spey — fully clad!

Alas! all good things must come to an end, and the party split up. D. T. and N. R. left for Dundee after lending P. M. a map and a pair of trousers, which have not yet been returned.

Not much is left to tell. The two who left were picked up by a Dundee-bound van driver outside Dalwhinnie and were home for tea the same night. The others stayed on and re-climbed Cairngorm, but bad weather spoilt other expeditions. Taken as a whole, the holiday had been a great success and valuable experience had been gained. In closing, I have only one thing to say — will P. M. please return my trousers?

I. G., V.

LINES WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR WHILE ON A CLIMB LAST SUMMER

When the noise of the city's behind one,
When the traffic and tumult are past,
When the strain on one's brain is forgotten
And peace overtakes one at last,
One can think, while tramping the moorlands;
One can ponder the meaning of life,
Were we put here to slave and to suffer,
Our existence to be one of strife?

In the wildness I see all around me
I find solace and pure peace of mind.
My thoughts I can tell to the skylarks;
My secrets are shared with the wind.

There are none to impress or to bore me,
To make me feel one of the crowd.
In the presence of God or of Nature
The silence itself seems so loud.
Is this then, perhaps, the real meaning
Of life as it really should be?
No standards, no set regulations,
But life in itself, lone and free.

IAGO, V.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

Discussing the result of the Grand National with my son aged 8, I explained that the winner came in at 25 to 1 which meant that anyone who put a Pound on at 25 to 1 could win £25. He was intrigued, but his next question rather stumped me, "What would I win if I put it on at 3 o'clock?"

The same youngster was discussing with a young friend of the same age the death of his friend's grandfather. The conversation went something like this:—

Graeme: "Did your grandfather come to see you often?"

David: "Yes quite often."

Graeme: "That's funny — I don't remember ever seeing him."

David: "Well you won't now — he's dead."

Graeme: "Don't talk like that. I don't like talking about people who are dead."

David: "You shouldn't worry — we've all got to die sometime."

Graeme: "Oh! I know that. I'm not immoral."

Homeward Bound

OUR brave band for this highly unorganised expedition consisted of two large beings who constitute two-thirds of the 1st XV. front row, namely J. A. and N. R., and one poor, slightly-built creature of no fixed abode in the 2nd XV.

We were to spend the first night (fools that we were!) in a hut in Glendoll. This erection was about six feet by eight feet and waterproof and windproof in all parts, except for the door. We received transport to this place and, after tramping around in the mist and rain for about half-a-mile, we found that we were back where we had started from, and so, in the pounding rain, we made ourselves at home. N. R. tried to light the lamp which was in the hut, but with small success. D. F. then tried to light the oil heaters, still without success, so he tried the lamp and only managed to squirt fuel to the magnificent height of two feet.

N. R. then appointed himself cook and proceeded to cook an unforgettable meal. To describe it is beyond the scope of the English language. How anyone could manage to burn soup I do not know and probably never will, but this was accomplished.

That night the two larger bodies commandeered the top end of the hut and made themselves comfortable. Meanwhile the previously mentioned, slightly-built creature tried to fit himself in in such a way as to avoid the feet of his two friends and also the draught from the door. Peace reigned for but a short while — N. R. had a fly buzzing around near his head. A candle was lit and a heroic battle was fought with a running commentary from J. A., mingled with war-whoops from N. R. until, with a final crash, the battle was over and an exhausted N. R. proceeded to make himself comfortable.

Next morning our self-appointed chef got to work on the porridge while D. F. busied himself with bacon. Little did N. R. realise that most of his porridge, which was again burnt, was enjoyed by a couple of sheepdogs. After locking up, the trio set out for Milton of Clova.

The early morning snow had stopped and, when we started our ascent of Cairn of Barnes, there was only a young gale blowing.

As we crunched our way through the knee-deep snow, we devised a plan to remove all blame for mistakes by ourselves to a scape-goat. For this honour we accepted a well-known figure of school life who was recently nominated for a drop-kicking demonstration, none other than J. D. O. So from then on all mistakes were the fault of our absent friend, J. D. O.

We plodded on up the hill until we came to the top and there we consulted the map and planned out our route. From here on J. D. O. was under constant fire for leading us into the most boggy region of Glen Prosen, for mislaying the tin-opener, and for many more of our own blunderings.

When we reached Glen Prosen post office, we sat down for a well-earned rest.

The next part of our trip was uneventful although interesting as, whatever else we may have been short of, it was not talking material, and impersonations of well-known characters in amusing situations were a popular way of passing the time.

When we pitched camp for the night, we struggled gamely with the heaving canvas and eventually settled down to a well-earned meal which consisted of practically all the remaining food except what we would need for the following breakfast. After this, bed-choosing began, and N. R., rash fellow, chose to be against one wall; J. A., not to be left with a single place, chose the other wall, and so D. F., making up for the previous night, had a most sheltered position between the two larger forms.

In the morning we all woke up cold, despite our protective clothing, which consisted of two shirts, three jerseys, two pairs of trousers, several pairs of socks, an anorak and a pair of gloves. This was not only night, but also day attire, for all except N. R. who insisted on cramming on a tall, brown, woolen creation which any respectable sheep would not have been seen dead in. This he called a hat and said it came from Madeira.

Before putting on our boots in the morning, it was found necessary to thaw them as the perspiration had frozen in the leather. Breakfast that morning was to be cooked by D. F., but his expert demonstration came to

a sticky end when it was discovered that the specimen chosen for his demonstration had frozen into its shell. Having dismantled the tent, we set off in a snowstorm for Alyth. It snowed the whole way and we looked like a group of Arctic explorers when we trudged in eventually.

At the bus stance N. R. proceeded to enquire when the next bus was due. He approached an old lady who, on turning round and seeing a great unkempt monster, clothed in massive boots and a voluminous cape, accompanied by two others in similar dress, only lacking the hat, turned to flee, but, finding the way blocked, had to turn and face the monsters. All this was watched by the staff of the bank who were all at the windows in order to see these three peculiar people so obviously from Dundee High School.

D. G., F.IV.

SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, WARMINSTER

AT Easter, L/Cpl. Fraser and I spent a week at the School of Infantry, Warminster, as the guests of the Demonstration Battalion, 1st Bn. Black Watch.

At 13.20 on Sunday, 8th April, the London train drew into Warminster Station and, on disembarking, we were met by Lt. Lindsay who drove us to the School of Infantry. We both had a separate room in the N.C.O.s' mess which was above "D" Coy. offices.

Reveille the following morning was at 06.30. We drove to the Demonstration Range where we saw fired, and fired ourselves, the Wombat—the new anti-tank gun, Energa and Mills H.E. grenades, G.P.M.G. — General Purpose Machine Gun, S.L.R., S.M.G., 2 in. mortar. We witnessed the demolition of some unexploded grenades and, when I was given the chance to throw an H.E. grenade, I took it. The grenade somewhat deviated from its planned course and nearly blew up the occupants of the adjoining slit-trench.

Also during the week we saw several demonstrations on Section and Platoon Battle Drills and took part in a few exercises on Fire and Movement.

On Thursday No. 11 Platoon visited the R.A.F. Odiham where we spent the day making a film on Helicopter-Infantry Co-operation, and Supply Drops by spotter planes.

The climax of our visit was learning to drive the new Armoured Personnel Carriers. The A.P.C. has a crew of two, driver and commander, is armed with a .30 Browning machine gun and a 7.62 mm. Bren. The Browning is placed in an armoured turret, capable of rotating through a full circle. We soon understood these vehicles and, on our last day, Saturday, 14th April, we spent two hours driving them on the roads in the camp.

After leaving Warminster we took the train back to Dundee.

R. D. and P. F.

AN EXCERPT CULLED FROM SMITH CLASSICS

They haven't got a tartan
And they haven't got a clan,
Yet still they stand pre-eminent
Of all the genus man,
Unhaberdashed and unabashed,
Unhyphenated and un-E-ed,
In all the history of the race
The Smiths, they take the lead.

A Smith made bricks at Babel,
A Smith threw stones at Troy,
A Smith — on good authority —
Was Noah's cabin boy;
And when the Romans came to Rye
And lacked the landing pith,
The Standard Bearer of the Tenth
Was Quintus Marcus Smith.

In all the clever stories
That men relate with glee,
Somewhere about the climax
A Smith is sure to be.
In arithmetic problems, too,
That vex the schoolboy brain,
Smith is the man who walks so far
And goes so far by train.

And when the planets, swerving round,
With wild, chaotic crash,
Collide, and grind together in
The universal smash,
When this old world, in fragments flung,
Shivers like splintered glass —
Unhaberdashed and unabashed,
The last man — Smith — will pass.

ONE OF THE CLAN, F.III.

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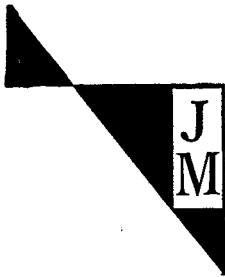
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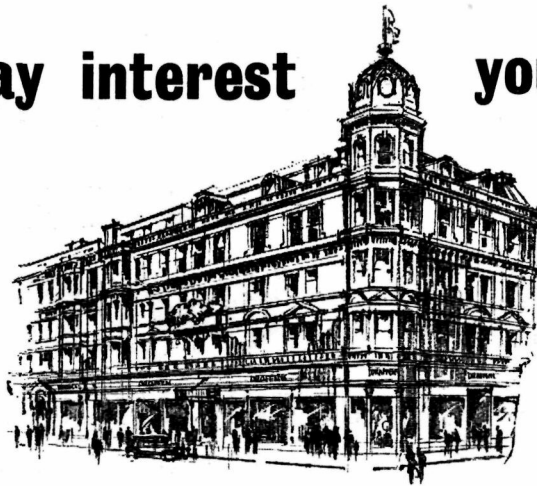
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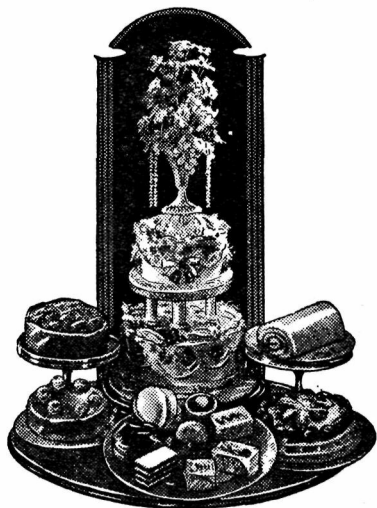
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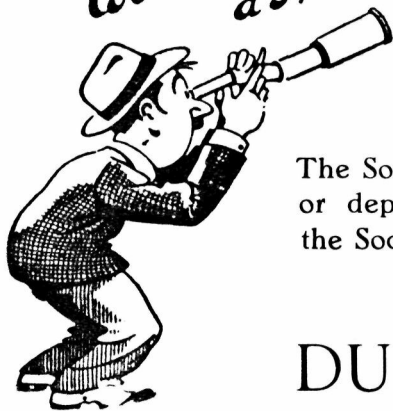
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The Dark Blues

WELL done the Dens Parkers! We're proud of you! This football season adds to the history of Dundee Football Club a chapter of thrills, disappointments, suspense and excitement.

On many occasions in its sixty-nine chequered years Dundee Football Club has hovered on the brink of success, but until now has never attained the glory of League Championship. Although the adulation and applause of its myriad supporters go to the eleven tip-top sportsmen in navy blue and white, we might pause for a moment to think of the many men who, without material reward or public acclaim, have buoyed along the Club all these years.

Dundee Football Club was formed in 1893 by the amalgamation of Our Boys and East Craigie. In those days the club ground was a combined football pitch and race-track at Carolina Port. Lack of transport, however, kept it out of the way for many fans, and it was only for the big matches that the crowds turned out.

A favourite vantage point was the Burn-ing Mountain, a slag heap from the nearby gasworks. Provided you didn't mind the smoke that issued from it, it commanded a good view of the pitch.

Dundee was admitted to Division One of the Scottish League in 1893 and two years later created a League record by losing 11-0 to Glasgow Celtic. The previous season Dundee had knocked Celtic out of the cup, but in this ill-fated match Dundee was without centre-half-back Bill Longair who, it was said, could take on a whole forward line if he felt in the mood.

The Club's morale must have taken a shaking from this 11-0 defeat because by 1898 they found themselves occupying bottom position in the League.

Financial and other difficulties added to the Club's troubles at this stage, but, mainly owing to the efforts of Bailie John Robertson, it kept afloat.

Unfortunately, the Carolina Port site was no longer available and there was a frantic search for one to replace it.

Gussie Park was considered, but a piece of agricultural land, now known as Dens Park, seemed more suitable. With admirable speed the ground was built up. The old Carolina Port grandstand was dismantled and re-erected at Dens in time for the opening match of the 1899 season.

Nine local men (Harry and Tom Stewart, Watson, Fairweather, Longair, Keiller, McDiarmid, Steven and Robertson) turned out for Dundee against St. Bernard's and drew 2-2.

Inspired by their new surroundings, the Club fought their way to second top place in Division One in the 1902-3 season, Hibs being the winners.

About this time Dundonian Peter Allan took on the job of building the team into a nearly-perfect football machine. 1909-10 was their great year. Sweeping all other teams before them, they reached the Cup Final in a match against Clyde at Ibrox. This resulted in a 2-2 draw, and the replay ended in a no-goal draw. In the third attempt Clyde was leading up to the last five minutes. Many despondent fans left the ground early, but the determined Dundee lads worked a miracle and it ended 2-1.

Dundee went mad with delight. Every football man and boy turned out to cheer home the victorious team and its officials.

The next year it seemed they might bring it off again, but in the semi-final Dundee lost to Hamilton Academicals, and not long afterwards the famous combination of players was broken up. Johnny Hunter, the cup-winning captain, left to manage Motherwell.

Dundee's first full-time manager, Sandy Macfarlane, took office in 1919. Before joining Chelsea as a player, Macfarlane had played nine years for Dundee.

Later that season Dundee officials heard that a large firm were negotiating to buy part of their ground on the north side. Although they still had ten years of the lease, they decided to buy Dens Park outright. Then followed another bold decision. A new grandstand was built, and the total cost of these two moves, around sixty thousand pounds,

was paid by 1931, only ten years after the stand was opened.

Dundee in those days shone none too brilliantly in the Scottish League, most years finishing around mid-table.

In the 1924-25 season, however, they reached the Scottish Cup Final. Celtic, in tremendous form, finally beat Dundee by two goals to one. Celtic's goals, incidentally, were scored by Patsy Gallagher, father of Tommy Gallagher, the sports writer and erstwhile wing-half for Dundee.

At the end of the 1937-38 season Dundee Football Club and its ardent supporters suffered the bitter blow of relegation. The season had begun with Dundee winning the first six games, but thereafter they did not win two games consecutively. With Dundee and Queen of the South both holding thirty-one points, Dundee played its last match of the season against Ayr United. This ended in a draw, but, as Queen of the South had beaten Rangers, Dundee and the First Division parted company for the first time since 1893.

Dundee began well in Second Division football, but officials, fans and players alike knew it would be a hard task building another team worthy of the higher Division.

Then a task of a different sort temporarily put football off the British map. Teams all over the country, including Dundee, broke up for duty in the armed services.

In the interval, 1941-44, there was a transformation in club administration. Mr George Anderson, long connected with Aberdeen football, took over the management and an alert new set of officials were appointed.

At the end of the war the clubs returned to the divisions they had occupied prior to the 1939 break-up, so Dundee found itself in the Second Division.

Not unnaturally there was a great scarcity of players, many of them still being in the forces. Dundee, however, began to construct a great team. Albert Juliussen, a Huddersfield player who had made his name with Dundee United, was signed on and became part of its backbone. The men of Dens topped the Second Division by ten points, but, as this season had been decreed one for the teams "to find their feet", promotion was delayed.

As next year they again led the Second Division, the Dark Blues went back to their proper place among the top-notchers. At the end of the season Dundee was fourth top of Division One.

Albert Juliussen's transfer to Portsmouth at this point caused an uproar among the fans, but his replacement, Alec Stott, soon showed his skill, and the side missed the League Cup by only one point.

Between 1948 and 1952 the Dundee Team did nothing to stun Scotland, but in the latter year and in the subsequent one they won the Scottish League Cup. On the second occasion they also reached the Scottish Cup Final, but lost to Motherwell 4-0.

Back they went to a rather mediocre position in Scottish football until in 1958-59 they reached fourth place in the League. The next year they equalled Rangers in third position. The 1960-61 performance was disappointing, but with this mercurial club the supporters never have to be in the doldrums for long.

Here we are at the finish of the 1961-62 season, right on the crest of a wave. The win against St. Johnstone proved a grand finale to a grand season.

PATRICK BARCLAY.

OUR JUNIOR CHURCH

As there were some girls too old for the Children's Sunday School, Ward Chapel decided to let them have a part to themselves to run by themselves. A Junior Church was chosen. The architect designed it to look like a very small Church with a platform at the front and a communion table and reading desk. On the communion table there are a Christening Cup and a money plate. The congregation sit in front

Just like Ward Chapel, we appointed four Deacons who often help with the arranging of the services. A flower arranger was also needed. Our secretary does the minutes and our information and notices. We suggested having a library and voted for a librarian. To start off with the Sunday services we had older people to help us, but gradually the Deacons each took services of their own.

Although our Church is very new, it is getting on very well and we are all very proud of it.

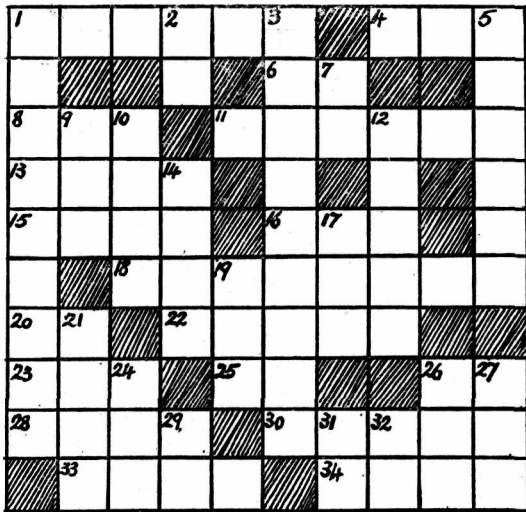
P. BUCHAN.



"ROUND THE BONFIRE"

by Maureen McKell, F.IV.

CROSSWORD



Across

1. A mark of infamy. (6)
4. Meat for the radio amateur? (3)
6. Andrew was one. (Abbrev.) (2)
8. With reference to a swan. (3)
11. Musical sticks? (6)
13. While Cliff may be Joan's, Adam may be Anne's. (4)
15. Uncommon girl's name. (4)
16. French — "Badly." (3)
18. Could it be the name of a daring spirit? (8)
20. Condition. (2)
22. Repeat. (5)
23. Usually seen jellied. (3)
25. Controversial roadway. (2)
26. Abbrev. meaning "in the same place". (2)
28. To thrust. (4)
30. An export from the Polynesian islands. (5)
33. Antonym for "flows". (4)
34. Cheapest mode of transport. (4)

Down

1. Associations. (9)
2. "— man, go!" (2)
3. A condition of health which causes shortness of breath. (9)
5. Distress. (6)
7. Land forces. (Abbrev.) (2)
9. Queer. (3)
10. "— fide." (4)
12. A useful paper holder. (5)
14. Praise. (4)
17. With an "—s" on the end, it can be found in the Bible. (3)
19. Teachers take a — view of people playing truant. (3)

21. Usually held to raise money. (4)
24. Science workshop. (Abbrev.) (3)
26. Hit-and-run secret "army". (3)
27. He didn't — an eyelid. (3)
29. A form of shot. (2)
31. Died. (Abbrev.) (2)
32. Post Office. (2)

(Solution on page 25)

A. K. B., F.IV.

ANIMAL - LOVERS ?

MANY people have said that the British are the greatest animal-lovers and pet-keepers of the world, but, taking all into account, do you think that this statement is strictly true? No, it is not, and it is far from the truth.

For example, everybody, at one time or another, has possessed, or seen, a tin of biscuits with a gay hunting scene portrayed on the lid, but I can guarantee that not one of you has ever seen one with a picture of the fox after the hunt on the front.

How many people that you know of, live one stair up and keep a dog or a cat?

Have you ever thought about the horse-trade or what it means? No, you have not. What is the horse-trade?

The horse-trade is the exportation of horses from Ireland to the Continent to be slaughtered. The conditions on the ships are disgusting. The horses are chained so that they cannot lie down and their drinking water is filthy. When they are landed, their troubles are not over, for the methods are primitive. A few years ago a law was passed that no horse of the age of seven was to be shipped, but now very young horses, even yearlings, are being exported.

Cruel, isn't it? But it is all done in Britain, by the British—a nation of animal-lovers!

HILARY BROWN, F.I.

NOTICE

To all Former Pupils of the School
There is an important notice for you
at the back of this Magazine.

See after page 36

Memories

THERE is something about a wood fire burning in the dusk which appeals to the primitive instincts in man. In primæval days it signified the end to precarious foraging for food and the beginning of relaxation with his comrades. It was a time to reminisce on adventures encountered, to recall strange places and stranger people. This ancient instinct was influencing two young men in a Highland glen one summer night as they lay before a blazing fire, watching the setting sun change the sky from fluorescent orange, through fading yellow, to a final all-pervading darkness.

Reluctant to delay longer on one of the summer days that Scotland does experience occasionally, they had set out on the trek in the middle of the afternoon, characteristically without thought or tent. In the gathering dusk they had lost the path as it threaded its way through boulders in a braided river, and had found themselves marooned on an island. Somewhat reluctant to doff boots and socks and endure the delicious agony of hot, dry feet in icy cold water of unknown depth, they had preferred to bed down under the stars and, finding a dead tree, had broken it for firewood. After a meal, having donned their prolific slumberwear and climbed into sleeping bags on opposite sides of the fire, they had relaxed by the glowing embers, even as their counterparts of thousands of years ago. Tiring of interminable "shaggy dog" stories, they had started to recall the rather strange collection of memories which might boldly be classified as "experience".

"What strange people you meet!", they reflected. There was the party of four acquaintances from school encountered on a certain Cairngorm peak, who, although professing earnestly to have no food and drink and to be weak from hunger, were rather belied by the amount of fresh litter on and around them. A motley crew, indeed, it consisted of a scientist, a fanatical football supporter and a chirpy F.P., and was led by a pear-shaped, unkempt, half-hearted Scottish Nationalist who wore trousers. Keen members of the Hostels Association, Chaucer might have noted,

"Well knewe they, alweye,
Each hostellerie on side of Speye".

Another group of acquaintances, who defy description, had once chased a herd of deer thirty miles over the Grampians, causing severe psychopathy among the deer who, poor beasts, had never before seen anything like their pursuers. Glen Coe also experienced them, this time eating very considerable quantities of a certain sugar-toasted breakfast cereal which, they alleged, gave them the advertised "super energy" to run over the hills. It is to be regretted that they were never actually seen running.

While thinking of strange people, they chanced to remember their own group of friends. It included a hollow-kneed, blond product of the north-east, who, despite his apparent weakness, was a referee, golfer and athlete, and well able to keep pace with his dark-haired, smiling companion of the same name. (No discredit to him!) In his possession was an extraordinarily-bashed, green, Tyrolean hat, worn always at the same jaunty angle. There were two tall strong soldiers. One, fair, was caused some little embarrassment when taken to be of matrimonial age by a casual female acquaintance. His companion, who has since left us, was known by his Army equipment, in particular a waterproof cape, which, in conjunction with rather short shorts, looked a shade incongruous. A touch of an indefinable something was lent the group by a bronzed athlete with a taste for cold baths before breakfast. He was known (well-known) to the warden of a certain Angus hostel. His sometime companion was of smaller build, a dark-haired, kilted, bearded individual of whom the less said the better. There were others as well, but the above were the most active.

That word "active" must not be taken literally. "Fortune favours the unfit" is a true saying in the world of wanderers. On one journey, our two strong soldiers and the last-mentioned pair read opposite sides of a signpost and took two different routes to the same destination. The soldiers took the shorter route and arrived an hour and a half before their companions. Next morning they arose early and took the road to their next destination. Their companions, a full three hours later, dragged themselves from their beds and hobbled painfully along the road.

Barely had ten minutes elapsed before the most wonderful lorry driver in Scotland offered them a lift, thereby starting a chain of amazing luck by which they reached their destination a full nine hours before their friends who, in the course of that day, had walked over thirty-five miles. Ever since that day, they have endeavoured to remain as unfit as possible.

And now, my reader, do I hear you murmuring that occurrences such as these are

fictional, that you long for a holiday that is different — a holiday you would spend in the fresh air, surrounded by beautiful scenery? Know then, firstly, that the elements of this essay are all based on facts. Secondly, if you leave behind the more sensible side of your nature, you, too, may eat raw Chinese food by flickering fire-light in long disused Highland stables through the holes of which the rain beats steadily and the wind howls mournfully.

Who Said Girls Were Helpless?

I WILL never forget that momentous holiday almost two years ago. We decided to go cycling and had such a wonderful route marked out which we believed only we could do. Such places as Garth, Balquhiddar and Strathearnhead were booked in advance. The first day we agreed to meet at the Kingsway Garage on Forfar Road.

I duly arrived at ten o' clock with a heavily-laden bike. At a quarter past ten one very apologetic father, Dr. F., arrived to say that my two companions were on their way, S. having had a major disagreement with mother who had insisted on the bedroom being tidied before her departure. At half-past ten they arrived, quite exhausted, and already insisting on a ten-minute break. V.'s father took one look at her, precariously balanced, with numerous small packages tied on with string, which he promptly tied more securely.

Finally, we set off for Glendoll, with cheerful, but dubious, goodbyes from Dr. F.

We had gone only five miles when my front wheel began to wobble and, naturally, being a girl, I had not a clue how to fix it. Half an hour (and half a mile) later, nearly minus a wheel, we stopped to attack the traitorous spoked disc with spanners. Ten minutes later we had despaired of success when suddenly we heard a car stopping. Dr. F! What a blessing! Anxious for his daughter's safety, he had gone home, picked up a few leather straps and returned to replace the string which held V.'s belongings together. He quickly secured everything, fixed my wheel and waved us goodbye, looking slightly happier than the previous time.

All went well after that until we arrived within six miles of our destination. I was

riding alongside V. when she caught sight of a plover and suddenly braked. I also stopped, though not so quickly, and turned round to see S. hit V.'s bike full on the back wheel, and then the two of them crashed on to each other. In a fit of hilarious laughter I staggered back to help, only to discover them in the same state as myself.

The outcome of this was one buckled wheel on V.'s bike and a puncture on S.'s new, three-week old, one. The next six miles we walked to Glendoll Hostel and arrived there at half-past six. Has anyone ever taken eight hours to cycle thirty-six miles?

When we arrived, we appealed to the warden to mend the puncture, but, as he hedged a bit, we concluded that he wasn't very keen to do it. Fortunately, there were two Dundee boys there whom we knew, and very soon, after beguiling smiles and words of persuasion, they were at work fixing S.'s puncture.

On Tuesday morning, having done our chores, we gaily set off. After three miles the tyre was flat! Instead of doing the sensible thing and stopping at the Clova Hotel to get it fixed, we carried right on — walking, for ten miles, in pouring rain, until, in desperation and soaked to the skin, we went to the policeman's house. He kindly repaired the puncture, and we continued, stopping only in Kirriemuir to buy a bridie each for lunch.

We arrived at Glenisla really drenched after a whole day's heavy rain. That night, as we lay in bed, the shadows of the trees made eerie shapes on the wall, and, in order not to be frightened, we heaved all three beds together.

On Wednesday morning we joyfully left the dark and dismal "Knockshannoch", as it is locally called, and set out for Strathtummel. This time it was wind as well as rain which beset us. In the evening we reached the hostel and, after three days' hard cycling, we were really tired. The warden soon persuaded us to cancel all our bookings and stay there, so he phoned the other hostels and made excuses for us.

On Thursday we lay in bed until nine o'clock, knowing that we did not have another day of exertion ahead of us. We went into Pitlochry and, being away from home for the first time, we bought melon and corn-on-the-cob. That night S. and V. decided that they did not like the corn. I ate their shares, and then we all had some melon. Later, in bed, I was very sick and I lay there all next day unable to get up.

On Saturday I rose for some breakfast, but soon had to return to bed. Meanwhile S. and V. had been scouting around and found a lovely place to have tea. They went alone on Friday while I was in bed. On Saturday I got up in the afternoon, and we all went down to watch some of the other hostellers swimming, the water being too cold for us.

By Sunday I was completely recovered and we had a lovely picnic at Queen's View with our parents, who had motored up for the day. Unfortunately, when the time came for them to leave, S. felt rather homesick and, after a little persuasion on her part, she was allowed to go home with her parents who popped her bike into the boot of the car. That night it seemed very quiet without her, and on Monday we could think of nothing to do. By night, we had decided that, come rain or shine, we would return home the following day. I did not want to go, but V. did, and, as I did not fancy staying alone, we decided to leave together.

On Tuesday morning we left, stopping in Dunkeld for lunch and then continuing right to Dundee.

Whenever I mention to any of the male species that we cycled sixty miles in one day (I will not mention how many hours), there are such remarks as, "I should think so!" or "Is that all?"

This was the first, but not, I hope, the last, of our cycling trips, and whoever said girls are helpless was right!

VIVIEN G. SPENDLOVE, F.IV.

Cornwall

*"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there!"*

HOW right Robert Browning is! Do you remember all those pleasant places where you have spent former holidays, which, on reflection, have been just a little marred by the awkward way in which — shall I say — the Golf Course lay away behind the hill in one direction, while in others the various rendezvous of sport were scattered here and there around the town? The positions of these places resulted in there being no time, between the "nineteenth hole" and lunch, to penetrate the traffic-ridden streets and snatch a morning bathe.

In Cornwall, however, everything is at hand, beaches, golf courses, tennis courts and bowling greens, all surrounding the hotels.

The people of Cornwall, too, are so friendly that anyone would want to return to this country even if only to see old friends. They say it is the genial air (or generations

of changeless isolation) which has enabled the people of these parts to retain an old-time suavity of manner toward the guest or stranger, but, whatever it is, they are all amiable characters. Guide-books for well over a hundred years have tended to linger perhaps too much in the past, and paint a rosy picture of fishermen and tin-miners sitting outside some picturesque cottages, smiling at one another, their clay pipes sticking out like chicken bones! It is true that the pilchard provided many Cornish people with their living for years, and not only fishermen, for the wives and young girls all worked in the fish cellars. Today, fishermen are few in number, but those who are left are just as primitive as those of a century ago.

In spite of living a long way away from what is seriously described by most "up-country people" as "the centre of things", the people down there in Cornwall are very civilised. Although they had their own language (very close to Breton) it was long ago

(1700) that Cornishmen realised that it would hinder rather than help to cling to it, and it gradually died out. There are, however, many students of the language today, and quite a number of people can speak it. This accounts for Cornwall's claim of "individuality" and, as can be seen by a visit to the country, it is well justified.

The best way to explore or "discover" Cornwall is to walk. There is no substitute for good, healthy foot-slogging. But one cannot trek out of the hotel like some Himalayan expedition making for Camp One. Besides, in Cornwall there are no mules or willing Sherpas for hire! But if you wish to find out about Cornwall — to discover suddenly a little cove that you may very well be able to call your own for a day at least — then you *must* leave the scooter or "limousine".

For the country lover the wild flowers and bird-life are beautiful. Though the chance of seeing a Cornish Chough is now very slight, owing to wicked plundering of nests years

ago, there are great numbers of interesting birds.

Swimming and surfing, two of my favourite hobbies, can be enjoyed to the full on the Atlantic Coast of Cornwall. The miles of sunny, golden sands, gradually sloping to the sea, form a bather's paradise, for here sun and sea-bathing can be enjoyed to the utmost.

As for surfing, Cornwall is the ideal spot. One needs no swimming ability at all for surfing and that is one reason why it is so popular. The feeling one derives from being brought in by these curling Atlantic breakers is exhilarating although sometimes it can be quite frightening if one does not "catch" the waves at the right time.

One knows, of course, that every seaside resort is unique, is quaint, has a climate that is salubrious, has cliffs that beetle and are storm-bound, and possesses all kinds of modern and up-to-date amenities. Whatever town, village or camp one chooses to visit in Cornwall, one will find all these things.

A. B.



"DANCERS," by Helen R. Batchelor, F.IV.

An Expedition

AFTER a thirty-minute drive, we arrived at Prosen Bridge, where we were to start the Bronze Standard Expedition for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award. The day was fine and the spirits of the five members of our party were high. We left the transport at 9.30 and, shouldering our packs, we began the two-day trudge.

For about ten minutes we travelled up the road until Cormuir was reached. Here, we left the easy conditions of the road and began to climb into the hills. Gradually we ascended the steep slopes, ever looking back to see how far we had gone until we found the conditions underfoot beginning to give trouble. We had reached the snow line! Now we were walking across a ridge, and the going was easier, despite the six-inch layer of snow which slowed us down and threatened to up-end us every second.

By now we were feeling what might be lightly termed "out of breath" — I prefer to call it "exhausted" — and we decided to copy all good British workmen and take a ten-minute break. We reached Drumshade Burn and there settled down for a quick snack. The ten minutes passed all too quickly and, with the reassuring "It will be easier going tomorrow", ringing in our ears, we set off again on the long trudge.

At 1.30, in less pleasant conditions (alternate showers of sleet and rain), we pitched a tent and prepared lunch. Everybody found a job — to keep warm if nothing else — and soon the stoves were roaring and a respectable meal was prepared.

By 3 o'clock we were on our way again, still bravely smiling, and by now the weather conditions had improved. For another two hours we travelled through thickly-forested Glenmarkie, by now feeling somewhat "browned off" and trying to push on even faster.

When I cast my mind back on it, I am sometimes tempted to think that these hills were purposely constructed to try the patience of even the most ardent hill-walker. Who would have thought that our route would cross paths with a deer fence? Twice the height of an ordinary fence and three times more ominous, it imposingly barred the way

as if challenging us to try to cross. Undaunted and with typical British optimism, we followed the fence up the hill looking for a gate until, inevitably, of course, another deer fence barred the way just as insolently. By this time we were resolved to cross and with the smallest measure of difficulty we effected this operation.

We were again above the snow-line and had to contend with yet another danger of the "Great Outdoor" — drifts. Even our intrepid spirits were not undaunted by the sight of the deep snow, but again it looked worse than it actually was. We had by this time reached as high as we intended to go, and now we had to go down a long, snowy slope which led to lower ground and into the head of Glen Isla.

As we approached the slope, a strong wind suddenly blew up. I have heard of skiers who are blown up slopes with the aid of a parachute, and, after this experience, I will never again treat the matter with a knowing smile and dismiss it as preposterous. This *was* a wind! It whipped at our clothes; it blew hard snow in our faces. Having crossed a low dyke — not without difficulty, for the wind kept blowing us off as soon as we stepped on — we started to descend the slope.

It was on this part of the journey that perhaps the greatest calamity of the whole expedition occurred. A particularly sadistic gust of wind suddenly whipped Colin Mackay's privileged hat off his temples and projected it over the brow of the hill never to be seen again. When we reached the shelter of the bottom of the hill and heard the dreadful news, we naturally all clustered round to add our sincere condolences, comfortingly adding that we were glad it wasn't the map. Colin took it very well, give him his due, but I often recall him — in an unguarded moment — looking extremely down-in-the-mouth, obviously remembering the good times he and his hat had seen together.

After another hour's walk we reached the camp site and by now we were feeling the cold, but we set to work with a will and soon the tents were up, and all was ready for the meal. Roger Burns and I went off to collect heather, leaving John McKean and Peter

Aiken looking after the food. Within half an hour everyone was eating the evening meal, full of good cheer and goodwill towards men. By 9.30 silence settled on this outpost of civilisation except the occasional snore from person or persons unknown.

The next morning we awoke to find a covering of snow beautifying the surrounding countryside. All were happy and contented except, perhaps, Colin. I could see the loss of his hat still troubled him although he wouldn't admit it — he faced it with a stiff upper lip, perhaps somewhat consoled by the fact that he could get another for 3/11 in Millets' any time he liked.

At breakfast we ate as much as possible — thus leaving less to carry. When everything was packed we were all photographed by John McKean and set off down the rough farm road which joined the county road. The next fourteen miles were the most boring of the journey. We followed the infinite road into Alyth with numerous stops on the way to rest our weary limbs and partake of a little refreshment. Because of the varying lengths of stride and attitudes to walking, we split up, then met at about 1.30 to prepare lunch in the moderate rain at Kirkton of Glenisla.

Lunch over, we again set off, watching the heavens for signs of clearing, thanking our lucky stars that we were out of the hills. The rest of the journey was the same story until at last we reached Alyth, climbed painfully aboard a bus and sank gratefully down in the soft seats, a pleasure we had not experienced for two days. On reaching Dundee, the party broke up and each member made his own way home, satisfied with an enjoyable two days in which the party had covered roughly 30 miles.

M. FLETCHER, F.IV.

ODE TO THE FIRST HOCKEY XI.

This is the team which had quite a laugh
Playing against the boys and the staff.
We've only lost one single game;
And thus we think we should tell of our fame.

The election for captain of this wonderful
team,
Was like a horror-film or very bad dream.
The one eventually chosen to lead us
Was as big and good-looking as a Continental
bus.

Her friends and colleague who has the S.A.
Is renowned in this field for her wonderful
play.

Here and there she darts about;
No one can say she's a lazy lout!

The right-inner looks fabulous away over
there,

As fast as any rabbit or hare,
But, when she comes nearer, you can see
She's only the sister of B. N. B.

Our centre-forward has wings on her feet,
She once knew a boy whom she called "Pete".
He worked all day for the D. C. T.
Unfortunately, he demanded his fee.

The right-half in this First XI.
Uses her stick like an iron seven;
She raises her stick right over her head
"Oh, No!" shouts the umpire and falls down
dead.

The left-wing of our team, commonly known
as Floss,
Plays alongside a girl called Ross.
Along the dotted line she is tearing fast,
She, of the team, stays fittest last.

The girl who is our other inner
Is the type who always demands more dinner.
She's a holy terror with the ball;
I wonder why she's there at all.

Our 'keeper is always trying to do justice,
Though some of her antics really disgust us.
Many a time she has saved the day,
Showing us professional methods of play.

Our tiny left-half has left our ranks
To be a C.A., counting money for banks,
As a half she always held the lead.
In her new profession we hope she'll succeed.

Although the right-back is as slow as a snail,
In a one-handed tackle she never does fail.
Going in to attack, her head bent low,
She strikes the ball and it sure does go.

The right-wing is the youngest of our men,
The number of 'keepers she's winded is ten.
She shoots for goal as hard as she can;
It's plain to see, she eats All-Bran.

Such is the team representing the High
And now our thanks and respects are nigh.
All these are due to Miss W. P.
Who trained the best team there ever will be.

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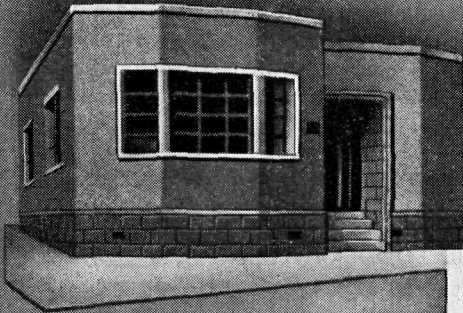
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AN UNUSUAL HOLIDAY

FOR some people, a holiday means a visit to a little village by the sea where the main event of the day is the call of the steamer and where everything is peaceful and quiet. For others it means a visit to a busy seaside resort with crowded beaches, Punch and Judy shows, candy floss and entertainment of all sorts. Last year, I experienced a rather unusual holiday which took me to neither sea nor beach, but to the busy streets and traffic lights of the Metropolis. In other words, I went to London.

Travelling by car, we did the journey in stages, taking two days and arriving in London just at the evening rush hour. For an hour we battled against the tide of cars flowing out of London and eventually, after having been landed in a few one-way streets, we reached what was to be our home for the next fourteen days.

It was the top flat of a brick-built house in the West End within a stone's throw of Regent's Park. My uncle, who lived in the basement, had been able to secure the flat for us, and, looking back on the experience now, I can remember only two things about it: we had to climb fifty-seven stairs to reach it, and, once inside, our movements tended to be rather cramped. However, it proved a satisfactory base of operations during our visit.

During tours of the city, which we did by car, my uncle proved to be a most efficient guide. We saw London in the evening when it was looking its best, Piccadilly Circus with advertisements flashing out and in, and all the different buildings which were pointed out to us. We took a quick look at Keats's House and Hampstead Heath and then went to Cheyne Walk to see where Carlyle had stayed. One wet afternoon we visited the Planetarium and Madame Tussaud's which I found most interesting, especially the Chamber of Horrors. We visited the British Museum, the South Kensington Science Museum and the Tate Gallery where we saw Sir John Millais' famous painting "The Release Warrant". I found this very enjoyable except that it was rather sore on my feet. We waited two hours at the Houses of Parliament before getting in, but, once inside, we listened to debates in the House of Commons and heard the Earl of Dundee speaking in the House of Lords.

From Westminster we sailed down the Thames to Greenwich where we visited the National Maritime Museum and the Greenwich Observatory. I found St. Paul's Cathedral to be a truly magnificent building. We climbed about five hundred stairs to reach the Stone Gallery where we had a wonderful view of London.

At other times, to rest our tired feet, we took day tickets out of London. One of these took us to Virginia Water which looked as lovely as it sounds. The sun shone brightly that day and, among other places, we visited Windsor Castle and Ascot where the races are held. Lunchtime found us at Stoke-Poges where I saw the churchyard about which Gray speaks in his famous poem. As a souvenir, my brother bought a piece of the famous yew tree the poet mentions.

Cambridge University was our objective on another occasion, and I found a tour of the colleges most interesting. I enjoyed getting away from London on these excursions which provided variety in this unusual holiday of mine.

The time passed quickly and, before I realised it, we were speeding north again by way of Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon, taking time off to visit Shakespeare's birthplace and Ann Hathaway's Cottage. Now, as I look back on it all, I find that my most vivid memories are of deer quietly grazing by the side of the road in Richmond Great Park and the Giant Panda in his pit in Regent's Park Zoo trying to catch a ball which a small boy had lowered on a piece of elastic. Although it was all very enjoyable, I should like this year to get back to some quiet village on the West Coast where the arrival of the steamer is the main event of the day!

M. I. N.

THE HANDKERCHIEF

AS I had been stored in the shop in a cardboard box for many weeks, I was very relieved to be bought by a certain Mrs Brown. The following day I was handed over to her son, Jimmy, for my first day of active service with the family.

In the afternoon Jimmy was doing an algebra examination. He sat gazing up at the ceiling, seeking inspiration, when a large blob

of ink, which had been slowly forming at the end of his pen, detached itself and meandered idly down the page. Jimmy, looking down to transmit a brilliant piece of algebraical reasoning to paper, gave a gasp and whisked me from his pocket to mop up the mess. Covered from hem to hem with ink, I was bundled back into another pocket — containing several sheets of unused blotting paper!

I soon became acquainted with the many occupants of Jim's pockets. There were a couple of conkers, chipped and scarred, who had survived the season. One of these veterans claimed to be a "ninety-nine-ser". Although I did not understand this technical term, I realised that he must have a very sound constitution. There was a dilapidated penknife with a bewildering number of gadgets, but no blades, one chewed pencil, a silver threepenny, three screws and a length of string. My closest friend was Jim's pen, the oldest and most experienced member of the group. He boasted that he had written more "lines" for teachers than any other pen.

On Tuesday morning I was subjected to the discomfort of being washed. Along with a miscellaneous collection of clothes. I was tipped into a tub of hot soapy water. The machine was started and I was whirled round and round at break-neck speed. Before I had time to gather my scattered wits, all the water was drained out of the tub and I was spindried. I emerged, white as a sheet, from this unpleasant experience.

Jim had left me and some marbles scattered over the kitchen floor. Hoppy, Jim's cat, sat in a corner of the room. A breath of wind came in through the open window and caused me to flutter. Hoppy must have thought I was some tasty species of bird, for he stalked up to me and crouched down as if preparing to spring. I thought my last moment had come when, miraculously, the door opened; Jim entered and snatched me up.

Before you could say "Omo", I was reunited with my friends in the temporary safety of his trouser pocket. As I recited my adventures, courage returned, and I even found myself boasting that the washing machine held no terrors for an old campaigner like myself.

PETER WEST, F.I.

A DAY ON BRUACH NA FRITHE

DURING Easter I spent a week with my parents in Skye, in the hope of climbing in the famous Cuillins, but snow and high winds kept us to lower ground until the last day of our holiday.

Early that morning we left Portree and drove to Sligachan where we left the car and set out to climb Bruach na Frithe, a 3,143 feet high peak in the Black Cuillin. Even as we left Sligachan the snow swept over the peaks of Sgurr nan Gilleann and Blaven, shrouding them in a grey, wet mantle of drifting cloud. We walked up a track beside a small rocky river which has many waterfalls tumbling into deep clear pools where the waters of centuries have smoothed the rock into fantastic shapes like the work of some giant modern sculptor. When we had walked this path before in sunshine, the water had been a beautiful clear green, but now the grey rock and the leaden sky combined to make the water roaring through the gorge cold and hostile.

At a height of about 1,500 feet we left the path and the sound of rushing water behind us and crossed a stretch of grim, silent moorland where deep, sullen peat hags split the lush green of the bog grass. Soon, however, a new sound reached us — the moan of the wind sweeping up Glen Brittle, bringing snow from the far north-west. Before long the blizzard raging around us cut visibility down to about ten yards and we realised that higher up it would be worse with fresh snow lying uncomfortably deep in the corries and the icy wind taking all pleasure out of climbing on the ridges. We pressed on for a while, but the weather became worse and at about 2,500 feet we turned back.

Suddenly the storm ceased for a moment and, through the whirling snowflakes, I caught a glimpse of the deep blue of Loch Harport far below, bathed in warm sunlight, with the white crofts of Portnalong lying like sheep along the lochside. To the east the River Sligachan raced eagerly below the cloud-shrouded mass of Blaven and Clach Glas to the sea. Suddenly everything was blotted out and our hopes of clear weather faded as a curtain of snow swept like a shroud over the ridge, the sunlit slopes below disappearing like a dream. Almost sadly we

left our viewpoint. We turned again and tried to go on further, but there was no pleasure in climbing now, and the snow-covered Gabbro was dangerous for novices like ourselves.

Thus we retraced our steps into the valley where, under the shelter of a groundsheet, we drank a very welcome cup of coffee, gazing up at the mysterious, snow-veiled mass of Bruach na Frithe and the jagged, rocky pinnacles of Sgurr nan Gillean.

As we walked back to Sligachan, the snow swept even further down over the weird rock formations of the Quirang and the Old Man of Storr, and we knew that we would have to leave our climbing on the majestic Cuillin for another visit.

ROBERT DAW, F.IV.

A STRANGE FISHERMAN

THE evening sun was glinting across the calm, still water of Loch Leven, in Argyllshire, one beautiful evening last summer. Only the screech of a high-flying gull, winging its way homeward, broke the stillness.

We were leaving the shingly beach, laughing at the antics of our dog playing over the rocks when, suddenly, he pricked up his ears and stared out into the peaceful bay. As we followed his gaze, a silvery body broke the surface of the loch, then another, and yet another. A shoal of salmon were moving up the loch, swimming just below the water at the entrance to the bay. We stood watching these graceful fish, jumping to catch the flies just above the surface, and at the same time drawing nearer to the shore, though still in deep water. As they came nearer, it became clear to us that they were being led by the fish which our dog had first noticed, a huge salmon, well worthy of his post as leader.

After watching them with interest for a while, we were about to move home, when I spotted a black, shiny head in the middle of the loch, moving towards the salmon. It was

a seal, and we watched with renewed interest as he approached the salmon. Then he vanished from our sight, diving so as to surface again as near the salmon as possible, without being seen by them. A cold chill crept over us as we realised that one of these salmon jumping in the clear water had been chosen by the seal, who was diving to attack and kill it in cold blood. For a moment only the splashing of the fish could be heard, then the water boiled, and every now and again the seal could be seen twisting and writhing, threshing the water into foam.

The silver flashes of the shoal ceased; only the seal was left, wallowing in the water with his prize in his mouth. And what a prize! The great salmon, which had been leaping in the water such a short time ago, was gripped lifeless in the seal's mouth. The seal, to our amazement, did not go back to some lonely, isolated rock to enjoy the salmon, but lay back in the water, and began to rip the skin from the salmon with his teeth, as he held the fish between his flippers. Then he proceeded to play with the fish. He would let it drop down into the water, dive after it, bring it to the surface and take another bite.

He continued this for fully an hour, by which time the water round about him was doubly red, dyed with the blood of the once magnificent salmon and illuminated by the setting sun. Soon after, the seal vanished out of sight round the headland, satisfied with his meal and tired with his sport. The waters became calm and still once more, serenely innocent of the bloody struggle to the death they had so recently witnessed.

G. LEES, F.IV.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Across — 1. Stigma, 4. Ham, 6. St., 8. Cob, 11. Staffs, 13. Idol, 15. Edna, 16. Mal, 18. Audacity, 20. If, 22. Ditto, 23. Eel, 25. M.I., 26. Ib, 28. Stab, 30. Copra, 33. Ebbs, 34. Boat.

Down — 1. Societies, 2. Go, 3. Asthmatic, 5. Misery, 7. T.A., 9. Odd, 10. Bona, 12. Folio, 14. Laud, 17. Act, 19. Dim, 21. Fete, 24. Lab., 26. I.R.A., 27. Bat, 29. B.B., 31. Ob, 32. P.O.

THE DOGGY TRAVELLER'S FATE

Quarantine is an evil thing
 (The animals are not to blame).
 From Labradors to Pekinese
 They treat them all the same.

They're kept in a sort of prison cell,
 With nothing to do but pine.
 I cannot think of a more pitiful fate
 To befall a pet of mine.

In Holland they give the dogs a "jag".
 The animal's free to roam,
 Whether going out abroad
 Or simply coming home.

In Britain this "jag" is illegal.
 Are we to be ruled by this outmoded fad?
 The question springs to a dog-lover's mind:
 Are we Britishers MAD?

CLIVE GRIFFITH, L.VII.

SEALYHAMS

Sealyhams are small dogs, standing ten to twelve inches high. They have short legs and tails.

In colour they are white entirely, or white with either brown, black, tan or lemon markings. These markings usually appear on the ears, face or flanks. The coat is wiry and short to medium in length.

Sealyhams, I think, originally came from Wales. There a man, who lived in the small village of Sealyham, designed a breed especially for badger-baiting. He named the breed after their home-town.

This terrier makes a very good pet and watch-dog.

SALLY ROSS, L.VII.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAY

I am going to Somerset. I will swim. It will be very warm. I will live in a chalet. I will play in the sand and build sand castles. We might see sea birds. We will go in July.

SUSAN JOHNSTON, L.II.

NIGHT

The velvet darkness of the night
 Slips slowly down the sky,
 Till we are shadows in the dark,
 The hill, the trees, and I.

In silence now the stars are lit;
 The moon sails up on high;
 And we are bathed in silver light,
 The hill, the trees, and I.

HELEN JOHNSTON, L.VI.

BELLS

Softly they come, pealing their tunes,
 Over the plains and over the dunes.
 Bells! Bells!
 Ring along! ring along, far into the night!

As soft as they came, the bells now cease,
 Deep bells and sweet bell wishing good peace.
 Bells! — bells!
 Ring no more! ring no more, far into the night!

PENNY AGNEW, L.VII.

HERBERT THE TURBOT

Herbert the Turbot, a fish with two tails,
 Swam right up the river to call on the snails.
 "Dear me," said Herbert, "I fear it will rain.
 I mustn't get wet, so I'll swim back again!"

GORDON STOUT, L.VI.

LITTLE BROTHERS

I'm sure you'll all agree with me
 That little brothers are bad as can be.
 They pull your hair, and stand on your feet,
 And, if you play games, they usually cheat.
 When you are tired and in want of a rest,
 Each little brother's an awful pest.
 They moan, and groan, and talk very loud,
 And can be very embarrassing in a crowd.
 But, 'though they sometimes act quite mad,
 I really suppose they're not so bad.

CATHERINE RICHMOND, L.VII.

SISTERS

They always contradict you,
 And boss and shout and yell,
 They just try to annoy you
 And make the house pell-mell.
 The mirror is their best friend;
 They eye it day by day.
 They go out in the evenings
 In clothes of bright array.
 But, when it comes to housework,
 They do not help a bit,
 And, when you're doing it for them,
 They criticise — and knit!
 But, when you really think of it,
 I'm sure you'll really see,
 That, though they're horrid sometimes,
 We'd miss them, you'll agree.

ROBIN FOOTE, L.VII.

PONY TREKKING

Early last Autumn a friend and I had a pony-trekking holiday in the lovely Trosachs country. It was beautiful weather, with glorious sunshine every day.

We awoke early each day, quickly ate our breakfast and dashed out to feed the ponies and clean the tackle. It is amazing how eager I was to jump out of bed early when there was no school to face!

After an hour or so we were ready to take the ponies out. My pony's name was Flicker, and he was a small piebald with a gentle nature, although it amused him occasionally to try to throw me when jumping a stream!

As we all disappeared in a winding pattern over the hillside, we saw our parents' cameras clicking.

We had wonderful days in the saddle, returning each evening to clean the stables and feed the ponies. When they were settled, we went into the hotel for long conversations on the day's outing and later a scrumptious dinner. After more talk we climbed sleepily into bed to awaken refreshed for another enjoyable trek.

SUSAN MEE, L.VI.

GREYFRIARS BOBBY

In the Easter holidays I went to Edinburgh.

When I was there I saw Greyfriars Churchyard in which the National Covenant was signed. Inside was the grave on which the dog, Greyfriars Bobby, lay for many years after his master's death. Engraved on it were the words, "From the American friends of Bobby". Beside it was the place in which Bobby himself was buried.

Outside was the Tavern to which Bobby went to have his meals.

Near the Inn was a statue of Bobby which was made when Bobby was still alive.

LORNA MACDOUGALL, L.V.

THE RACE

Run like the hare in the dark green forest;
 Run like the wind that cuts the flowers;
 Run like the man that was chased by a bear;
 Run or you won't win the race, my dear.

DEBORAH MENELAWS, L.VI.

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NIGHT

Brightly now the round moon shines
 Over the dark green forest pines.
 The sky is dark, the moon is bright,
 The water glistens with the moon's silvery
 light.

Shapeless figures roam the woods,
 Whispering under their shadowy hoods:
 The moon moves under a silvery cloud;
 The wind in the wood whispers aloud.

The stars sparkle like tigers' eyes;
 Under the willow the white lamb lies.
 The silver flowers glisten with light
 As the moon shines throughout the night.

LOUISE DAVIDSON, L.VI.

HAMSTERS

To keep a happy hamster you must give it a varied diet, and a large, clean cage. Attempt to brush the animal every week. Feed fresh greens every day. You must, of course, train it in such a way that it will not be frightened by the sight or touch of humans. Hamsters are Nature's clowns, so put branches in their cage on which they can climb. Give your hamster a warm bed of cotton wool or other warm materials. As a hamster is rather short-sighted, do not make sudden movements in front of it or you will frighten your pet.

KEITH MILLAR, L.VII.

TWO PUNCTURES

On Tuesday, 1st May, my Dad took the family out to Kilmarnock to see my Auntie. She helps to look after children whose mother and father can't look after them. On the way we got two punctures. We were going through Perth when we heard a bang. We all got out to see what it was. Dad took off the wheel and put on the spare one. The second was a few miles away. Luckily, we got another spare wheel.

We arrived about half past one — an hour and a half late.

NINIAN MACDONALD, L.V.

DISCOVERY !

One day, while I was at school, my mother made an amazing discovery. There, in the garden path, was a fairly large tortoise. She then took it inside and put it beside Tiny, my own tortoise. They sniffed each other and, when he got bored, he went into his shell. Tiny, who wanted to get better acquainted, for I am sure she did not know another of her kind existed, pushed her head in after Jumbo. Jumbo, as I have called him, had obviously been hibernating outside because his shell was covered with soil and mud. But, after being washed and oiled, he became a perfect beauty. Tiny is a female and, as Jumbo is a male, I am hoping for an egg, although that rarely happens. But Jumbo is a wanderer, and I fear we may lose him sooner or later.

VICTORIA DRYDEN, L.VI.

BATH NIGHTS

I hate bath nights!
 The soap gets in your eyes,
 And up your nose,
 And in your mouth.

I hate bath nights,
 When mother comes and
 Washes behind your ears,
 And half strangles you round the neck!

I hate bath nights!
 I'd rather be sick or
 Die than have a bath.
 I hate bath nights!

STEPHEN BARNET, L.VI.

MY KITTEN

I have a kitten and his name is Snowball. I call him Snowball because he is as white as snow. When I start knitting, he always starts playing with the wool. When I buy fish, he always tries to get at it and eat it. When Snowball is good, he gets two bits of fish, but, when he is bad, he only gets one bit of fish. I give him a bowl of milk every day.

SHEILA E. CHAMBERS, L.III.

LOST LAMB

While our family was in Connel, a tiny village on the west coast of Scotland, we had a queer episode with a young lamb. It happened like this:

We arrived in Connel at half past six on Friday evening and, after supper and a short walk, our family sat in the lounge of the Falls of Lora Hotel. It was then agreed that we should climb Ben Lora, a hill about twelve hundred feet above sea level.

The next afternoon we started. It took about an hour to get to the summit where we each added another stone to the cairn. On the way down, my brother suddenly spied a little white shape struggling weakly in the heather. We ran up to discover it was a young lamb. It must have been born that morning. The nearest sheep was about one hundred and fifty yards away, and she already had a lamb.

However, we took a chance and my father lifted up the lamb and put it down near the sheep. As soon as the lamb bleated, the ewe with lamb came rushing up and we saw the family being reunited.

ROSEMARY E. SEMPLE, L.V.

MY TOY MONKEY

My monkey, called Joey, is my favourite toy. Mummy bought him when I was ill in hospital.

I take him to bed with me at night. When I play with him, Mummy lets me put him in my little brother's old cot. Mummy says he is like a real one. He *is* nice.

JANE M. McNEILL, L.III.

MY RABBITS

I once had two rabbits. Their names were Smokey and Snowball. They liked lettuce, carrots and tea-leaves. I built a pen and a hutch for them. Unfortunately, Snowball died of the frost. However, I still had Smokey left. He was a very nice rabbit, but, whenever we put him in his pen, he just jumped out.

CAREEN MACK, L.III.

THE PIXIE AND THE WIZARD

Once upon a time, there lived a little pixie. His name was Toodle-Pom, and he lived in a toad-stool in Tootle Town.

One day he decided to go to the market, and so he fetched his little green basket and set off.

It was not a very long way to the market, so Toodle-Pom soon reached it. When he approached the door, he saw nobody rushing and scurrying about as usual. Instead, he saw very few people, and they were hiding behind stalls and in dark corners. He walked up to the other side of the market, and then suddenly, when he turned a corner, he saw the Wizard of Pixie Land!

Whenever Toodle-Pom saw him, he turned and ran. The wizard chased him all over the market and out of the door. Soon the wizard got tired of running, so he stopped chasing Toodle-Pom and went back to his cave.

Then the people of Tootle Town gave Toodle-Pom a medal because he had saved them from the Wizard.

GILLIAN PHILIP, L.IV.

MY COMIC

I hate to get out of my cosy bed,
So I pull the covers right over my head.
But Tuesday morning is different, you see;
That's when I jump up in great glee,
For I know that, downstairs, on the doormat,
My comic is waiting for me.

SANDRA GRANT, L.III.

MY PET HEN

I have a pet hen, called Jenny. She is brown and white and very tame. One day, when Daddy went down the front field, Jenny started following him about. Daddy could not get her to go away. Jenny has a husband now. He is a big white cockerel, called Jock. He is my sister's pet, and my brother has a black and white hen, called Hennie.

MARGARET GIBSON, L.III.

WILDERSWIL

After touring France, we went to the lovely Swiss village of Wilderswil for four, lovely days. Wilderswil is set in a lovely valley where summer always seems to rule and is within striking distance of the famous mountain, the Jungfrau. In fact, on the second day, we went up the Jungfrau, at the top of which (11,332 feet up), it was over 90°F. Sun-glasses were needed to protect one's eyes from the dazzling reflection of sun on snow. The greatest difficulty, I thought, was the very slippery snow. If one were to step out of it into a certain tunnel one would start shivering in the cold atmosphere.

The day before, we had been up Schynige Platte in a mountain railway, which ended at a small station near the peak. Adjoining the station were the beautiful Alpine Gardens, where one could see various kinds of mountain flowers in the broiling sun. There were entertainments, too, such as a small, souvenir-selling shop, a cafe, and a telescope through which one could see the beautiful mountains and glaciers across the valley. Luckily, there were also patches of shade where one could get out of the burning sun.

After those two enjoyable days, we decided to go to the Lauterbrunnen Waterfall. Lauterbrunnen Waterfall is a waterfall with a difference—it is centred in a cave. It is terrific in volume and sends a loud, thundering noise throughout the entire cavern. It is made by a melting glacier above the cave, melting through a fissure in the roof of the cave. It was by no means an anti-climax to the Jungfrau.

Our holiday in Wilderswil was nearing an end now, but there was yet one more day—and it wasn't the least enjoyable—to spend. Afternoon found us at the lovely Blue Lake—unmatched for peacefulness, excellent for games—in fact, full of attractions. There was a boat service taking people from one side of the lake to another, too, which we made use of. From the boat we looked down upon the fascinating blue water; I have yet

to see water as clear as that, and I somehow don't think I shall. One could even see the fishes through the water.

Our holiday had now drawn to an end. I hope to go there again, as it is a lovely, secluded spot for all sight-seers to visit.

C. JONES, L.V.

NATURE'S ANIMALS

In the heart of a wood,
So deep, so deep,
A little, red squirrel lies fast asleep.
His nuts are stored in the mossy ground;
He knows where they are to be found.

In the heart of the wood,
So deep, so deep,
A nimble roe deer lies fast asleep.
She mostly fears the hunters and men;
She does not live in the Silent Glen.

GAIL DUNCAN, L.IV.

THE MAGIC BOAT

Once upon a time there lived an old man who lived beside a river which was very deep. Now this man wanted to cross this river to the other side, but there was no boat.

One morning he woke up to find a little boat tied to the bank. At once he jumped into it, but, to his surprise, it untied itself and floated gently across to the other side.

On the other side lovely flowers grew, and he did not want to go back to his side, so he lived there happily ever after.

LINDSEY WILSON, L.IV.

MY BIKE

I'm going to get a new bike today. I'll play with it a lot. I'll let my friend Sheila have a shot of it. And I will let all my other friends have a shot, too. My bike will be 18 or 19 inches.

ELSPETH C. STRATTON, L.II.



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1962

Back Row (l. to r.) — Richard C. Balharry, Douglas Hardie.

Centre Row (l. to r.) — Sheila S. Anderson, Peter Kilgour, Moira A. Robertson, John H. McCConnachie, Roger T. Leslie, Margaret E. Kay, Michael J. L. Mort, Marjory M. Foote.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Ann P. Cumming, Kenneth H. Wood, Elspeth Jean Gray (Head Girl), Mr Erskine, Miss Gray, Andrew John More (Head Boy), Agnes M. Paton, Bernard Neil Bowman.



Photograph by J. D. Brown

CADET RIFLE CLUB

Back Row (l. to r.) — Mr J. E. Stark (Coach), L/Cpl. B. J. R. Junor, Cdt. P. D. Aiken, L/Cpl. C. A. McKay.

Front Row (l. to r.) — L/Cpl. J. R. S. Burns, C.Q.M.S. A. J. More (Secretary), R/Cpl. F. Macfarlane (Captain), P/Sgt. J. H. McCConnachie (Treasurer), R/O S. D. Paterson.



TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) — Susan M. M. Reid, Joan H. Sutherland, Helen I. Lyle, Miss Paton.
Front Row (l. to r.) — Judith M. Reid, Sheila S. Anderson (Capt.), Frances D. Bowman.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

CRICKET 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.) — Mr Stark, A. John More (Scorer), William J. Christie, Michael R. Duckworth, Alistair G. Napier, Archibald S. Gray, Harvie L. Findlay, Mr Stevenson, Mr Allardice.
Front Row (l. to r.) — Douglas Hardie, John H. McConnachie, Christopher W. W. Rea, B. Neil Bowman (Capt.), Michael J. S. Walton, Michael M. Gault, Roger T. Leslie.

OUR PETS

I have two pets, a rabbit and a dog. My rabbit eats oats, turnips and greenery. His eyes are red, and his ears are pink. The rest of him is white. His name is Snowball. Our dog is a spaniel. Her name is Lynne. She is light brown and her eyes are dark brown. She eats dog biscuits. She also chews bones.

VALERIE SOUTAR, L.II.

KINNOULL HILL

I went to Kinnoull Hill on my Easter holidays, and when we were climbing up, we saw a stag, just a little one though. It still had its white spots and was very timid and young. When it saw us, it ran away. It did not like us. It was Daddy who saw it first, not us.

RONA WINTER, L.II.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Last year, when I went to London, we went by car. It was a long way, and it took us two days to reach it. It was a change for Mummy because she hardly needed to do any work. In London we saw Tower Bridge and the Tower of London.

JANET A. D. CRUICKSHANK, L.II.

MY DOG

I have a dog called Glen. He can chase a ball, and can catch a stick. He sometimes gives me a paw.

ANNE DARGIE, L.II.

THE HEDGEHOG

The hedgehog is a small animal, about the length of a man's hand. Many people think he has no tail, but he has! It is one-quarter of an inch long. He has a short, snub nose, called a snout, short legs, and very sharp teeth.

His coat is made up of hundreds of dark-brown spines and, if he thinks he is in danger, he will roll himself into a ball. If an animal tries to bite him, the animal is pricked hard!

GILLIAN GREEN, L.IV.

MY PET

I had a tortoise. Its name was Slowcoach. But, two weeks ago, it went away. Mummy said a dog had taken it away. So we'll be getting another one. It was a lovely little thing and always poked its head out when it saw me. I am so sorry it has gone away.

LESLEY INNES, L.II.

THE DISCOVERY OF A HIDDEN NEST

One day, when I was sitting in the garden, a blackbird came hopping past me. It hopped down the path, squeezed through the gate, hopped across the road and disappeared into a bush by the gate of the park. I was very curious to see what it was doing in the bush, so I crept very quietly down the path, out and across the road to the bush. When I reached the bush, I heard strange cheeping sounds. I peered in and saw a little nest with four eggs and a baby bird in it.

ANNE MUDIE, L.IV.

Reports

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

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

The 1st XI., with ten of last year's team returning, have made one of the brightest starts to the season for many a long year. Although the number of games has been curtailed because of examinations, the 1st XI. have played three games to date.

They started the season in a near blaze of glory when they came within an ace of defeating Aberdeen Grammar School, at Aberdeen, for the first time since this fixture has been renewed. The home team were bowled out for a meagre 74 and the school were 56 for 3 and going strong when that old enemy time came to Grammar's assistance.

The School did not disappoint after this bright start, for they followed up with a nine-wicket win over Perth Academy and an eight-wicket win over Madras College.

The encouraging all-round performances by A. G. Napier and M. J. S. Walton have been a feature of the opening games of the season. However, it would be unfair not to mention the other members of the team who have all shown great enthusiasm for the game, even although six of them have not had a spell at the crease as yet. Perhaps this is a good sign!

The 2nd XI., ably captained by Brian Junior, and the 3rd XI., by James Swanson, have made good starts to the season. In fact, all the school teams, following the example of the 1st XI., have shown great enthusiasm.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr Allardice for his seemingly unending task of arranging games and net practices. Mr Stark once again has been at nets to give us considerable advice for which we are deeply indebted. We must also thank Mr Stevenson, and the other members of the staff, for giving up much of their valuable time to umpire and travel with teams on Saturdays.

	F.	A.	
Apr. 28—Aberdeen G. S.	A 56 for 3	74	Draw
May 5—Perth Academy	A 71 for 1	67	Win
12—Madras College	H 38 for 2	33	Win

M. M. G., Secretary.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

Once again we thank Mr Paton for the time he has spent and the keen interest he has shown in the running of the Golf Club and the selection and transport of teams. Many of us have found our game much improved by his help on Wednesday afternoons.

This season, the "A" team have a total of twelve fixtures, which have proved rather difficult to work into a comparatively short term, which included the Examinations in May. The "B" team and Junior team have also quite a number of matches, and it seems likely that the usual busy season will ensue.

So far, the "A" team have played only two matches (won one, lost one) but we hope to be playing well enough to scatter out future opponents—including the Staff and the Old Boys! The former we defeated for the first time last season.

W. F. DEWAR.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

For the past term, members of the Society have continued to enjoy rehearsals which are both instructive and amusing. The proximity of the actual performances was brought home to us recently by the measuring and fitting of our various costumes which proved to be great fun for all concerned.

The plays, "Ion" by Euripides, and "Playgoers" by Arthur Pinero, are to be presented in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, on Tuesday, 26th and Wednesday, 27th of June. These, we feel, will be a great success and we are hoping for the full support of the school.

Once again we should like to thank Miss Gray and Mr Smith who continue to inspire us with enthusiasm. I hope that the Society continues to be supported keenly in the future.

M. A. R.

TENNIS CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected—Captain, Sheila S. Anderson; Vice-Captain, Judith M. Reid; Secretary, Frances D. Bowman; Treasurer, Joan H. Sutherland; 2nd VI. Captain, Pamela Bruce.

Despite lack of practice, through the pressure of the unfortunately-timed Scottish Certificate Examinations, the Tennis teams have started the season very well.

The First VI. won their first two matches against Madras and Bell-Baxter easily, as did the Second VI. against Morgan and Madras. In the third match, against Morrison's, both teams again won, though by narrower margins. In the most recent match, against Kilgraston, however, the teams were weakened for various reasons and the first defeats of the season were registered.

Despite that set-back, the visit to Kilgraston was most encouraging, since a 3rd VI. and a 2nd Year VI. also made the trip and did very well.

We are pleased to report that the standard of tennis at school is very high as is shown by the fact that most of the 1st and 2nd VI. also play regu-

larly for senior teams. In this respect, therefore, we congratulate our Captain, Sheila Anderson, on her inclusion in the Midlands Ladies' Team.

In closing, we should like to thank Miss Paton for giving up some of her invaluable time to help us and all the other members of staff who give up their Saturdays to travel with us.

F. D. B.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

Chess Club officials for 1961-62 were as follows: Honorary President, The Rector; Secretary, Sandy Davie; Treasurer, David Hunter.

Taking part in the "Sunday Times" National Schools Tournament for the second time, the school team defeated Kirkcaldy High $5\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{2}$, Edinburgh Royal High 3-3 (on age handicap), but lost 6-0 to Allan Glen's, Glasgow, in the semi-final of the Scottish section.

The school first team, having been promoted to Division I. of the Dundee League this year, scored 3 wins and 3 losses. The school also entered 4 teams in the Schools League. D.H.S. "A" team led Division I. of the Schools Chess League. D.H.S. "B" team were first in Division II.

The Beckingham Trophy has been won by Sandy Davie with $5\frac{1}{2}$ points from 6 games, Robert Weir coming second with 5 points. The Russell Trophy for Juniors was won by Peter Jalland.

Sandy Davie also won the Major Competition of the Dundee Chess Club and is well-placed to win the Handicap Competition.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr A. D. D. McKay for all the help he has given again this session to the Chess Club.

SANDY DAVIE.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Since the report in the December magazine, five meetings of the Stamp Club have been held, at which interesting talks and attractive displays have been given.

By courtesy of the Dundee Philatelic Society, some of our members attended the "Junior Night" in December.

The Stamp Exchange has been operating successfully and a large number of stamps have changed hands.

The session concluded with "Competition Night", when some good scores were recorded, the winners being Robert Weir and Graeme Webster. The Club members are very grateful to Mrs Duncan, Mr Alan Duthie, Mr Alan Bell and Robert Weir for the catalogues and stamps presented as prizes in this competition.

Secretary.

BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

Although attendance figures dropped towards the end of the season, I think it is fair to say that the Club has had a successful year.

Not only did we gain revenge by beating Blairgowrie 9-7, but one of our number reached the semi-final of the Junior Midlands. Well done!

Unfortunately, we received one defeat. The Staff thrashed us 8-1 with a startling display of speed and skill. We have no excuses and are now much humbler.

Membership is open to Forms III.-VI. and I ask all this year's members and any new people intending to come next season to give their names to either Frances Bowman or Neil Rorie before this term ends.

I. G. R., Secretary.

THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra was preparing throughout last term for the Concert which was held in the School Hall, on the 18th of April. The concert was a great success and the members of the Orchestra gained valuable experience.

The roll now numbers 25. Two young trumpeters joined us during the year and, although they were given a mixed reception by the Upper School at prayers, they are to be complimented on achieving a fine standard after such a short period of learning.

We welcome back Mr Porteous and hope that very soon he will be back to his former state of fitness. I should also like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the Rector, Mrs Elder and Mr Hooks, without whom the Orchestra could not have continued during Mr Porteous' absence, and to all the music teachers who have produced such promising orchestral players. The Orchestra is still not complete in numbers, and any player of an orchestral instrument will be welcomed in the Hall on Mondays at 4 p.m.

THE GUIDE REPORT

We are nearing the end of yet another successful Guide year, but it is with regret that we say goodbye to Mrs Brown, who is moving to Jersey. Although she has been with us for only a year, she has had a great influence on the Company, helping with all aspects of testwork and games. On behalf of the Companies we send her our thanks and good wishes.

Throughout the year, many Guides have gained First Class, Second Class, Tenderfoot and Proficiency Badges, while ten are prospective Queen's Guides.

Two patrols were chosen to represent the Company in Mrs Hay's Challenge Shield (Dundee)—Blackbird Patrol (2a), Wren Patrol (2). In the Com-

pany Patrol Shields, the Shields were won by Black-bird Patrol, P.L. Wendy Ross in Company 2a, and by Bluetit Patrol, P.L. Anne Birrell in Company 2.

At F.VI. Girls' Sale of Work, the Guides organised and contributed to the Cake and Candy stall which gained the magnificent sum of £65.

Everyone is looking forward to another invigorating summer camp at Tarfside, but we regret that we are unable to take everyone who wishes to go.

We should like, on behalf of the Companies, to take this opportunity of thanking Captains Paton and Gray and all the other Guides for their help and encouragement in all our Guide activities.

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

GIRLS' EXCURSION CLUB REPORT

In the course of the past few months, the Club has been on several outings. In February we paid two most enjoyable and interesting visits, one to Morphy-Richards (Astral) Company and the other to Beattie's Bakeries. On Good Friday some of our members went over to the Meteorological Station in Tayport. This visit proved extremely beneficial, although some of the information was rather technical.

On 9th June we joined the Boys' Hill-Climbing Club and went to Blair Atholl to climb Ben Vrackie.

Once again we thank Miss Henderson and other members of staff for all they have done to help us make these visits possible.

N. P.

BASKETBALL CLUB REPORT

The Basketball Club was formed just at the beginning of last year. We started off in the School Gym. and continued until the Easter Holidays. During this short spell the team played two games against Morgan and St. Michael's which were lost by a considerable margin. There was also a game for a makeshift second team which lost to Morgan.

After the summer holidays, we were fortunate enough to get the use of Ward Road Gym. After a few defeats at the beginning of the term we had a morale-boosting win over Rockwell. The team seemed to play with a better spirit, although not winning another game until after Christmas.

Our first game after Christmas was a disaster, when we were severely defeated by Morgan. A few weeks later we started a fine run, beating St. Michael's twice, Kirkton High and Stobswell, and losing narrowly to Logie and St. John's.

In the Dundee Competition, after being very narrowly beaten by Linlathen and Morgan, we qualified for the final by beating Logie Annexe and St. Michael's. In the final, after drawing with Stobswell and losing very narrowly to St. John's, we were outplayed and well beaten by Morgan.

The second year team, although rather rough, have a good future and in their only two games lost narrowly to Logie and were well beaten by the third year team.

We should all like to thank Mr Coletta for his coaching and help.

IAIN BETT, Captain.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The teams had another very successful term. The 1st XI. won six matches and drew three. The scores were as follows—

		F.	A.
Nov. 18—Morrison's Academy	(H)	3	3
Dec. 2—St. Leonard's	(A)	Cancelled	
9—Perth Academy	(H)	Cancelled	
16—Madras College	(H)	0	0
Jan. 6—Aberdeen H. S.	(A)	Cancelled	
13—Perth Academy	(A)	Cancelled	
20—Blairgowrie H. S.	(H)	Cancelled	
27—Morrison's Academy	(A)	3	2
Feb. 3—Harris Academy	(H)	3	2
10—Kirkcaldy H. S.	(H)	4	2
17—Kilgraston	(A)	4	2
Mar. 10—Buckhaven H. S.	(A)	3	3
24—Aberdeen Academy	(H)	5	3
27—Kilgraston	(A)	3	1

The 2nd XI. won seven matches out of eight, the 3rd XI. won two, lost four and drew one, and the 2nd Year XI. won six, drew one and lost one match.

In the Junior Midlands' Tournament we reached the semi-final, in which Perth Academy defeated us by a corner and went on to win the final.

We are very grateful to Miss Paton and other members of staff who sacrifice much of their spare time to help at grounds during the week and on Saturday mornings.

N. P.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

The fact that the Shooting Team has won, both as a team and individually, a total of five trophies, twenty-five medals, and three silver spoons, is ample proof that this season has been one of the most successful for many years.

After winning the Col. Mitchell Trophy, the team gained second place in the Country Life Competition and third place in the British Junior Spring Championship. In the Dundee and Angus Junior Championship, F. Macfarlane was first, R. Burns third, and P. Aiken, M. Stewart and D. Gow won their respective age groups. F. Macfarlane and A. J. More represented the school at the West of Scotland Outdoor Meeting and won first and second places respectively in the Junior Championship.

In the annual match against the Former Pupils, the School Team won by eleven points, a victory which was followed by another, this time over the Staff. E. McKay, L.VII., won the Oakley Cup for Juniors, and F. Macfarlane, after tying twice with J. H. McConnachie, won the Urquhart Cup.

On behalf of the members of the Rifle Club, I should like to thank Mr Stark and the Officers of the Cadets for all their help and support, and also the Head Girl, who saved us from defeat from two fronts, firstly by making tea which could be drunk, a pleasant change at a shooting match, and secondly by shooting for the team in the match against the Staff.

F. MACFARLANE.

Scores of Match against Former Pupils

School Team		Former Pupils' Team	
F. Macfarlane	97	I Stewart	99
A. J. More	95	H. Lawrie	91
R. Burns	98	K. More	95
C. McKay	95	D. Henderson	99
B. Junor	94	P. Millar	91
P. Aiken	95	W. Morrison	91
S. Patterson	99	D. Mathers	96
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	673	Total	662
<hr/>		<hr/>	

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

This session the senior school choir, comprising pupils from Forms IV.-VI., had a more adventurous programme than usual. Owing to the unfortunate illness of Mr Porteous, early in the season, Mr Erskine and Mrs Elder found themselves with a choir to train for the annual Christmas Service in St. Mary's. Preparations for this went so well that we agreed to combine with the school orchestra to give an hour's entertainment with the Toc H Hospital Broadcast Service.

The Choir also helped in the Easter concert which was in aid of Famine Relief. Now, at the end of term, there is a possibility of another Toc H Broadcast, at which we hope to sing some extracts from "Merrie England", the opera which the school hope to produce next year.

We are all very glad that Mr Porteous is well enough to be helping us once more.

M. R., A. C.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts. F.	Pts. A.
1st XV.	20	13	6	1	213	136

As the record shows, the 1st XV. have had a fairly successful season. However, had it not been for a few unnecessary defeats near the end of the season, the record would have been much more impressive.

The most satisfying result of the season was our victory over Robert Gordon's College at Dalnacraig by 13 pts.-0 pts. This victory gave us the "double" over Robert Gordon's, as we had narrowly defeated them in Aberdeen earlier in the season. It is the first time for many years that the High School 1st XV. has achieved this feat. The most disappointing result of the season was our defeat by Perth Academy at Monymusk. However, ample revenge was gained for this defeat when, in the last match of the season, we easily defeated Perth on their own ground.

The school "sevens" team had extremely hard luck this year at the Perth "sevens" tournament, when it was narrowly beaten by Dollar Academy in an exciting second round tie. Dollar Academy eventually went on to win the tournament.

The school was well represented this year in the Midlands Schoolboys' Team. C. Rea, R. Leslie and D. Hardie played in all the representative matches and also toured Northern Ireland with the Midlands Team.

Caps this year have been awarded to B. N. Bowman, C. W. W. Rea, R. T. Leslie, J. H. McConnachie and D. Hardie.

The 2nd XV. did not have such a successful season as the 1st XV., but they were never heavily defeated, and there is much hope for next season.

The 3rd and 4th XV.'s have both won as many games as they have lost and it is hoped that they will improve next season.

The Colts XV. have had an excellent season, losing only two of their games and showing much promise for the future.

The junior teams have had mixed fortunes this year. The 2nd Year XV. have lost rather more games than they have won and the 1st Year XV. have won rather more games than they have lost.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank Messrs G. C. and N. G. S. Stewart, Mr Allardice, Mr Coletta and Mr Biggar for coaching the teams during the week and refereeing their matches on Saturdays.

CADET REPORT

At the time of writing, the Unit is preparing for the Annual Inspection at Dalnacraig, on 8th June. As there was a War Office inspection last year, the Unit has invited Col. C. N. Thomson, President of the T.A. Association, to be the officer inspecting.

Various activities, other than the normal Friday parades and instruction periods, have been going on this term. Outstanding, perhaps, has been the innovation in this school of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. The value of this award cannot be underestimated and it is gratifying to see that boys eligible for the Award are not letting the opportunity pass by. Under the supervision of 2nd/Lt. Stewart, there are a number of boys working for bronze and silver awards.

On 6th March a party of 16 cadets, under Mr Vannet, were shown over H.M.S. "Caunton", a coastal minesweeper on a visit to Dundee. The visit, interesting and instructive, was enjoyed by all.

Another day spent away from the precincts of the school was a field day at Buddon on the first day of the Easter holidays. Most of the day was spent firing .303's and Bren L.M.G.'s and, despite a rather cold wind, it was time well spent.

L/Cpl. H. Anderson and Cpl. D. Fairley are to be congratulated on gaining "crossed-swords" for their success on a course of P.T. instruction at Aldershot during the Easter holidays.

The Pipe Band has been honoured this term by an invitation to take part in the Scottish Schools Pipe Band Competition, to be held during the first week of July in Edinburgh. P.Maj. Balharry, P/Sgt. McConnachie and D/Cpl. Coutts have also been invited to take part in Beating the Retreat by C.C.F. Cadets at Edinburgh Castle Esplanade during June. For this we congratulate them.

The Annual Camp will as usual take place during the first week of the Summer holidays, but this year the Unit is going to Fort George, near Inverness, as Cultybraggan Camp will not be available. We are going along with two Aberdeen units from Robert Gordon's College and Aberdeen Grammar School. Major Larg will again be the Officer Commanding this year, as Major Halliday is to be Camp Commandant. Because of the distance involved, there will be no official visiting day, but parents and friends will be most welcome at all times. With us at camp will be Lt. Mowat of the 4/5th Battalion The Black Watch, who taught art in the school last year as a student, and O/Cdt. Alan Bell who will be remembered by many senior boys as the C.S.M. of session 1955-56. He is at present at St. Andrews University and we are looking forward to renewing his acquaintance.

There are many people whom I should like to thank on behalf of the Cadets for contributing so much to the success of the year's work, namely, Mr Stevenson, for his invaluable instruction in Fieldcraft; Mr McLeod, for his work in the Band; Mr Stark, who coaches the Shooting Team; Capt. Creelman, who has again instructed in Navigation; and Mr Vannet.

We are especially indebted to Major Halliday and his Officers for their unbounded enthusiasm and effort.

ATHLETICS REPORT

This year saw the start of a recognised athletics team in the school. This was shown by the first athletics team photograph being taken and by a vest

and shorts with the school colours for the team. The athletics take place at Monymusk which is now a well-equipped athletics ground.

Monymusk was the scene of the first inter-school meeting this year on 31st May, which was a junior triangular meeting between Harris (132 points), Lawside (57 points) and High (128 points), and our junior team did very well to gain so many points.

The whole team had a meeting with Morgan Academy at Forfar Road on 4th June. Our girls beat the Morgan girls, but our boys were defeated. However, this is just the start of the team and Mr Coletta has been working very hard, especially with the boys who will represent the School in the future. We are all very grateful to him for his interest and we look forward to a prosperous future.

The school will be represented at the Scottish Schools Athletics Meeting at Glasgow by 8 boys, and 9 girls are going to Dunfermline to compete in the Schoolgirls' Championship.

There has been difficulty in arranging the senior athletics team this year owing to the lateness of the Leaving Certificate Examinations, but this cannot be avoided.

Many seniors have given valuable support to the teams, but we hope for more support from the senior classes in the future.

At the beginning of the season, R. C. Balharry was appointed Captain and M. J. L. Mort Vice-Captain for the athletics team.

R. C. B.

F.P. Reports

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The Club again has had a reasonably good season. The results have been favourable, mainly due to the enthusiasm and skill of our younger members.

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

F.P. BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

The Club had a very successful season with attendances maintaining a good level until the last night. Several competitions and social nights were held at intervals during the season, attracting a large turnout and proving most popular.

The first team finished in third place in the first Division of the Churches and Welfare Leagues and

AN APPEAL

FROM THE RECTOR TO ALL FORMER PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

In view of the almost total lack of organised information regarding the movements, careers, etc., of Former Pupils of the School, every Former Pupil is urgently requested to fill in the following details and return this page to :—

**The Rector,
The High School of Dundee,
Dundee, Angus.**

Please also fill in, at the bottom of the page, details of any other Former Pupil known to you who may not have received a Magazine.

Name

Maiden Name if Married and Husband's Name.....

Address

Years at School (e.g. 1920-30).....

Professional Qualifications, Business Training, etc.....

Sports, Hobbies, etc.....

Clubs

Decorations and Honours

Present Occupation

Any Other Information.....

D.H.S. FORMER PUPILS

Name

Address

Years at School.....

Information

the second team held a middle position in the third Division of the Dundee and District Leagues.

Although it is the "off-season" for Badminton at present, any Former Pupil interested in joining the Club next season should contact the Secretary now, and pupils leaving school this term are warmly invited to join. We have two Club nights each week during the season and you get "more for your money" than in most clubs!

Hon Secretary : N. G. S. Stewart, 21 Thomson Street, Dundee.

F.P. ATHLETIC UNION REPORT

At the various meetings of the A.U. throughout the year, the old plea for pupils leaving school to join the Hockey Club, Cricket Club, Tennis Club, Rugby Club and Badminton Club is always made and once again it is hoped that all those leaving school who have any sporting interests at all will follow these up in the F.P. Clubs. A list of the Secretaries of the Clubs is appended to this report and anyone who wishes to contact them will be very warmly welcomed.

Our major social function of the year was held in the Invercarse Hotel on Friday, 2nd March, at which there was a total company of 188. We had an unusual novelty in the form of a jazz band run by one of our own F.P.'s, David Fimister.

Our thanks must go to Mr Alex. Millar for all the hard work which he has put in throughout the year.

F.P. CLUB SECRETARIES

Rugby Club — W. A. S. Dryden, 17/20 West Dock Street, Dundee.

Tennis Club — Angus Brown, c/o N. G. Brown & Co., Barrack Street, Dundee.

Hockey Club — Miss M. McConnachie, 186 Arbroath Road.

Cricket Club — Earle Reoch, 14 Kelso Street, Dundee.

Badminton Club — N. G. S. Stewart, 21 Thomson Street, Dundee.

OLD BOYS' CLUB — GOLF

For many years now the Annual Golf Outing of the Club has been held at Kirriemuir on a Saturday afternoon. In recent years the attendance has been falling off to such an extent that it was felt that a change of venue and time was required to revive interest. On the evening of Friday, 1st June, the Annual Outing was held at Barry and a record number of 26 members turned out. There were on this occasion quite a number of new faces who had never appeared at Kirriemuir.

The best net scores of the evening were 70's by W. Gordon Clark (12) and Douglas Tasker (7). The former, having the better inward half, was declared winner of the trophy which he will receive at the Annual Dinner. Judging from the standard of his golf, there is no doubt that Douglas Tasker's name will appear on the trophy, too, before very long.

Any member who did not receive a notice regarding this outing and who would like to take part in the future should send his name and address to Gordon J. Robbie, 4 High Street, Dundee.

Old Girls' Club

We have pleasure in sending greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The Thirtieth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Hall on 19th March, 1962, when the following office-bearers and executive committee were appointed — **President**, Mrs J. Watson; **Vice-Presidents**, Mrs D. Thomson and Mrs E. Johnston; **Hon. Treasurer**, Miss C. K. Scrimgeour, 54 Seagate, Dundee; **Hon. Secretaries**, Mrs G. Stobie, 20 Glamis Road, Dundee, and Miss M. Mee, 12 Cedar Road, Broughty Ferry; **Executive Committee**, Miss Gray and Mrs W. J. Walker (ex-officio), Miss Bowden, Mrs M. Johnston, Miss Whitton, Miss Hutcheson, Mrs Marshall, Mrs Hay, Miss Reid, Miss McNaughton, Miss Soutar, Miss Milne, Mrs Myles, Mrs Baird, Miss Anderson and Miss Paton.

Mrs E. Johnston and Miss Milne are representatives to the Athletic Union.

The Club's membership is now 552.

Through the courtesy of Messrs A. Caird & Sons Ltd., Mr Robertson in his talk, apart from increasing our knowledge of the history of fur-trading, gave much valuable advice on the care and storage of furs. At the conclusion of his talk, Mr Robertson's invitation to try on his selection of coats and wraps was met with enthusiastic response and for a little while our members enjoyed the luxuriousness of Ermine, Russian Sable, Ocelot and Mink.

The committee noted with pleasure the increased attendance and hopes very much that this will continue at future Annual General Meetings.

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

The Reunion Dinner, held on 3rd November, 1961, in the Royal Hotel, was again voted a great success. After an excellent meal, the 105 members present were given ample opportunity to mingle and chat with their friends. A programme of entertainment arranged by Mrs Brush was delightfully executed by three of our newest Old Girls — the Misses Ann Colligan, Norma Duncan and Elaine Webster.

The next Reunion will again take the form of a Dinner, to be held in the Royal Hotel on Friday, 2nd November, 1962.

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

In her reply to a greetings telegram from the Club, for her 102nd birthday, Mrs Johanna Short (née Duffus), 61a Grange Court, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, wonders if she is the oldest living F.P. of the school. Can you help?

The committee implore all members to give full support to the Rector's appeal. Have you filled up your form?

We are happy to report that Miss Whytock is now making good progress towards recovery after her illness.

Please remember to notify the secretary of any change of name or address.

The following have joined the Club since February, 1961 —

Miss Elizabeth Abbot, 2 Lawside Avenue, Dundee.
Mrs Dorothy Allardyce, 3 Camperdown Street, Broughty Ferry.

Miss Fiona Anderson, 6 Duff Street, Dundee.
Miss K. M. Joy Andrew, 15 Rockfield Cres., Dundee.
Mrs M. C. Baird, 120 Glamis Road, Dundee.
Miss Elizabeth Barnet, 131 Strathmartine Road, Dundee.

Miss Kathleen Boyle, 3 Buller Terrace, Carnoustie.
Miss Alison Buchanan, "Homestead", Carlogie Road, Carnoustie.

Miss Elma Cairncross, 6 Symers Street, Downfield, Dundee.

Miss Shona Colquhoun, Mains of Panmure, by Carnoustie.

Miss Norma Duncan, 6 Barnes Avenue, Dundee.
Miss Jenifer Dunlop, 5 Hill Street, Broughty Ferry.
Miss Patricia Edgar, 15 Charleston Drive, Dundee.
Miss Valerie Fowler, 7 Wellpark Terrace, West Newport-on-Tay.

Miss Vivienne Fraser, 296 Blackness Road, Dundee.
Mrs Sheila Grieve, 2 Kelso Street, Dundee.

Miss Rosemary Gibson, 305 Strathmartine Road, Dundee.

Miss Elizabeth Grant, 2 Burn Street, Dundee.
Dr. Jean S. Jamieson, 9 Lyndhurst Terrace, Dundee.
Miss Janet Kerr, 55 Dalhousie Road, Barnhill.
Miss Moira Laing, "Hillock", Kingennie, by Dundee.

Miss Ann McDonald, "Lowood", Wormit.
Miss Moyra McGregor, 174 Ferry Road, Monifieth.
Miss Jacqueline Millar, "Huntly", 8 Glamis Drive, Dundee.

Miss Linda Mollison, 77 Harrison Road, Dundee.
Miss Barbara Patrick, "Stanmore", Invergowrie.
Miss Marjory Patrick, "Stanmore", Invergowrie.
Miss Mary Petrie, 289 Perth Road, Dundee.
Miss Valerie Robertson, 249 Strathmartine Road, Dundee.

Miss Katherine Smith, 2 Arnhall Gardens, Dundee.
Mrs Swanson, 5 Loraine Road, Dundee.

Miss Ishbel Thomson, 8 Bridge Lane, Broughty Ferry.

Miss Ruth Walker, 102 Forthill Road, Broughty Ferry.

Miss Heather Wilkie, 93 Strathern Road, Broughty Ferry.

Miss Christine Worsley, 14 Balmossie St., Barnhill.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages —

Muriel Franchi to Barry Crawshaw.
Frances Mathers to Murray Anderson.
Wendy Scott to Ronald Davidson.
Elizabeth Munro to Peter Cameron.
Marion Ogilvy to Fred Buik.
Helen Cruden to Sandy Newton.

Obituary

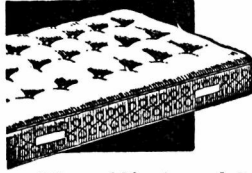
Mrs Blaikley, 48 Greenway, Totteridge, London, N.20.

Mrs T. R. Lawson, "The Ridges", Perth Road, Dundee.

We deeply regret the deaths of the above members.

M. STOBIE, Hon. Secy.

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Other widths from, 3 ft. £6 7/9; 3 ft. 6 in., £6 19/3; 4 ft., £8 2/-; 4 ft. 6 in., £9 2/3. Base to match, £5 3/9, £5 17/-, £6 12/-, £7 6/6.

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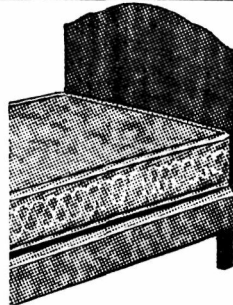
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