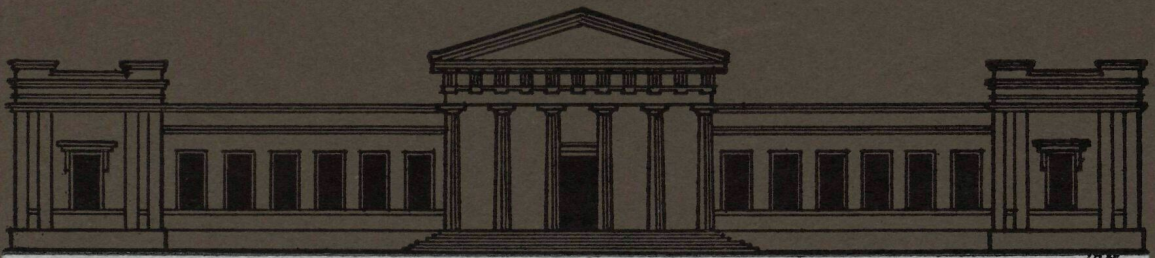


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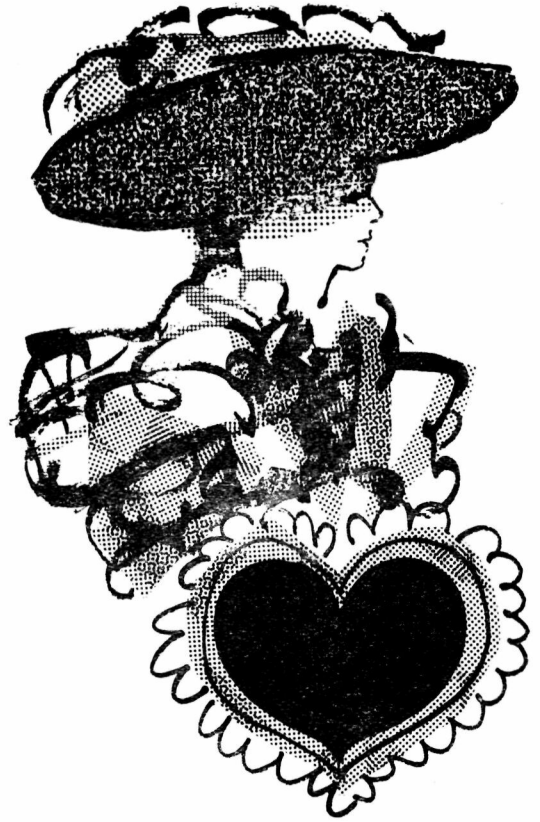
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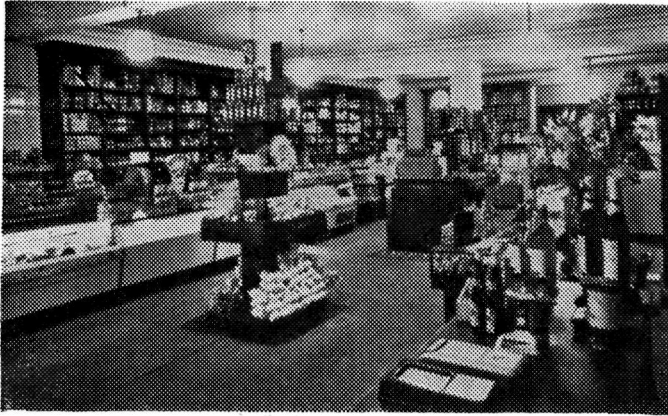


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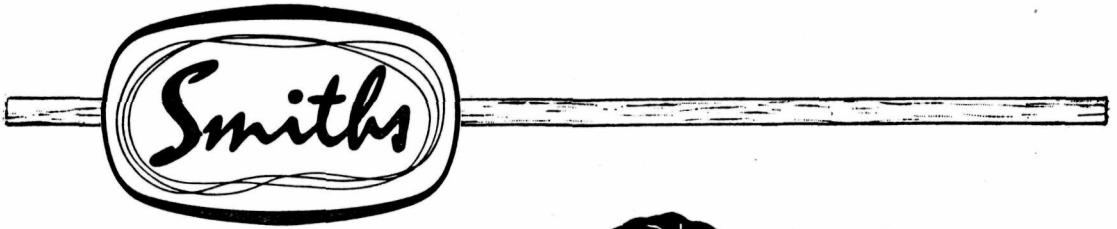
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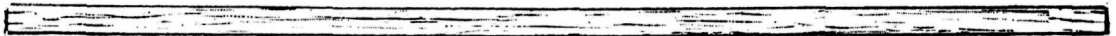
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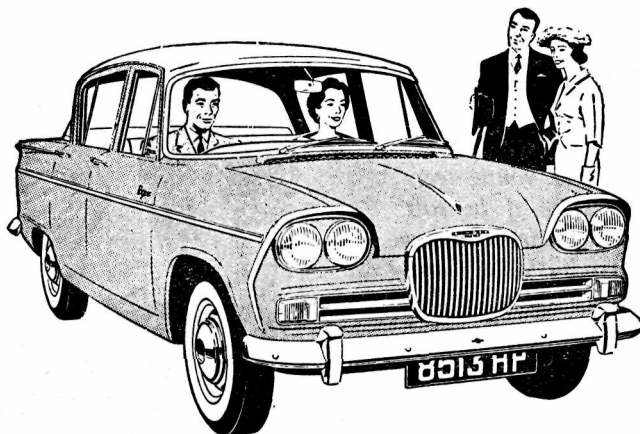


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EDITORIAL

No. 133]

DECEMBER, 1962

[1/3

While browsing through the piles of dust-covered magazines in an effort to capture the elusive spark of Editorial genius, we are struck rather forcibly by one fact—in the not too distant past it had become the fashion, whether feigned or genuine I know not, to appear to have nothing to say about the School and its activities. Therefore, as “all good things which exist are the fruits of originality”, we press on regardless.

The School and the prefects have been re-decorated—the former with a lick of paint and the latter with gold braid on their blazers. The painting of the railings at “the steps” left an impression on more than the mind of a certain Form VI. worthy. This brightening up of the School has been reflected elsewhere. The XV. have been humbled but once in ten games, and the fair sex continue to wield the hockey-stick triumphantly.

Scholastically all is well. At the time of writing, the School is in the throes of examinations, an excellent excuse to put off writing magazine articles and reports. However, as the Prelims are going to be earlier this year, Forms V. and VI. will obviously be busy over the holidays; we wish them a happy, if industrious, Yuletide.

The melodious! tones which waft from the singing room windows remind us that the rehearsals for “Merrie England” are taking shape. Fortunately, not many of the tunes are “hummable”, and we are spared the impromptu efforts of Forms V. and VI. in the

corridors. The choir continues its practices of carols, and these promise to be of the usual high standard.

An innovation is always worthy of note. Form VI. have started a Senior Union and, fortnightly, there is a café and dancing down in the Girls’ School. This is basically in aid of charity and is quite successful. This is only one example of the feeling of team spirit which is very much abroad in the Senior School this year.

Pupils may come and pupils may go, but the High School carries on as always. There was the usual laying of the wreath at the War Memorial, and as smart a turnout of Cadets and Guides on the pillars as has ever been seen. The old tree at the foot of the playground continues to change her fashions with the seasons; the front stairs in the Girls’ School wear thinner and still remain one-way only, thanks mainly to the vigilance of Miss Gray and the prefects. The old hut still stands, resplendent in its new coat of green paint. What memories that hut conjures up! Those halcyon days in L.II. when we still held much of the School in awe! Alas! they will soon be over. The great day is fast approaching when we must turn our backs on the Pillars and leave the fold, with all its many facets, to those coming after us.

Having, we hope, rekindled some dying memories, it only remains for us to extend to the staff, the pupils and to you, kind Readers, a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

News and Notes

SENIOR PUPILS' UNION

Following a talk by the Rector about the Freedom from Hunger Campaign, Sixth Form Pupils decided to hold a Senior Pupils' Union in School on Saturday evenings to raise money for this charity.

The meetings, held fortnightly in the lunch-room of the Girls' School, are spent listening to records, dancing and consuming refreshments, namely coffee and biscuits. So far, we have not made much impression on our economy-size drum of coffee!

Our visitors have included Mr Erskine and Miss Gray, and the evenings have been most successful. We should like to thank Cathie and Ann for their help, and also Mr Stark especially, for keeping the School open for us so that we can hold such enjoyable get-togethers.

LIFE-SAVING — BOYS

This year, with 43 in the class, boys are being prepared for the Distinction Award, Award of Merit, Instructor's Certificate, Bronze Cross, Bronze Medallion and Intermediate Certificate.

ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate MR HALLIDAY on having four works on view in the annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts. These are a sculpture in bronze, "Spaniel Watching Bee", a woodcarving, "Flower Form", a water-colour, "Le Lapin Agile, Montmartre", and a drawing, "A Liner Raising Steam". In the Industrial Artists' Group, London, he is represented by a water-colour, "Sea Hawks preparing to take off" and, in the Society of Marine Artists, London, he has two water-colours hung, "*The Transvaal Castle* preparing for Dock Trials" and "On the Clyde — the Great Crane". Mr Halliday has been invited to exhibit in the Kronfeld Club, London, and shows the water-colour, "B.E.A. Vanguard at Le Bourget". The above works, "Sea Hawks" and "*The Transvaal Castle*", have been invited by the Art Exhibitions Bureau to tour British Art Galleries for one year. In the recent exhibition of the Dundee Art Society, he was represented by 10 works.

MR VANNET is also to be congratulated for having two etchings hung in the Royal Glasgow Institute and for his four oils, three water-colours, two etchings and a pencil drawing which were on view in the Dundee Art Society Exhibition. To mark the Semi-Jubilee of Dr. Hugh O. Douglas, our School Chaplain, Mr Vannet has designed a special cover for St. Mary's Chronicle which depicts Govan (Old) Parish Church, St. John's, Leven, North Leith Parish Church and, finally, Dundee Parish Church (St. Mary's). In the centre of this layout of four churches is the Reformation motif also designed by Mr Vannet to recall the work done by Dr. Douglas as Convener of the Church of Scotland Committee to celebrate the quater-centenary of the event. Dundee Savings Bank have again used one of Mr Vannet's pictures for their 1963 calendar, and this time the subject is "The Tower, Queen's College, Dundee".

MISS EDGAR is to be congratulated on her contributions to the Dundee Art Society Exhibition, where she was represented by two oil paintings of Cape flowers, a water-colour, "Nocturne", and four pieces of pottery, including a vase and bowl in blue sgraffito.

THE ARMISTICE SERVICE

The School Armistice Service was this year held on Thursday, the eighth of November. Fortunately, it was a clear sunny morning and the Guides and Cadets looked extremely smart as they paraded into position on either side of the pillars. By ten minutes to eleven, the rest of the School and staff were in position and the guard of Cadets and Queen's Guides marched on to the pillars. This year the formation on the pillars was different from that of previous years. Instead of the double row formation we have been accustomed to, the Guides and Cadets formed up alternatively along the pillars, R.S.M. Schnee and R.Q.M.S. Key standing at a lower level, with three Guides on either side.

The Guides were represented in the guard by Jennifer Smith, Jean Fraser, Maris Buchanan, Elizabeth Kinnear, Hazel Ptolmey, Frances Rollo, Gwen Mitchell, Helen Lyle, Penelope Hutton and Ann Whalley, and the Cadets by R.S.M. Schnee, R.Q.M.S. Key,

C.S.M. Andrews, Sgt. Rorie, Sgt. Mackay, Sgt. Walton, Sgt. Burns, Sgt. Duckworth, Cpl. Junor and Cpl. Dalgetty. The band, led by D./Maj. Fairley, marched round the playground and into the pillars to the tune of "Tunes of Glory".

The Service took its traditional form, the two minutes' silence being observed at 11 o'clock. The wreath was carried by youngest Guide, Gillian Birrell, and Cadet Alan Mason and was received and laid by the Head Girl and Boy, Joan Sutherland and Christopher Rea.

The Rector's party at the Service included a representation of the School Directors and their wives, and friends of the School.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte held in June, 1962 —

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN

L.VII.

Gillian Birrell — Grade I., Merit.

F.II.

Graeme Webster — Grade III., Pass.

F.III.

Patricia Smith — Grade V., Pass.

F.IV.

James Coull — Grade VI., Pass.

PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE

L.V.

Gail Duncan — Grade I., Pass.

ELOCUTION EXAMINATIONS

Results of Elocution Examinations held by the Trinity College of Music, London, June, 1962 —

Grade II.

Alison Brown (Merit), Gwynne Butchart (Merit), Pamela Brodie (Merit), Christine Guthrie (Merit), Marilyn Hutchison (Pass), Margaret Leys (Merit), Gillian Willsher (Pass).

Grade IV.

Gillian Birrell (Pass), Arlene Butchart (Pass), Maureen Dunn (Merit), Victoria Dryden (Merit), Alison Frew (Pass), Katherine Gilruth (Pass), Anne Munro (Pass), Deborah Menelaws (Merit), Fiona Ross (Merit).

Grade V.

Jane Burns (Merit), Thelma Robertson (Hons.) (Gaining Special Prize for highest mark in area).

Grade VI.

Robert Burrows (Merit).

Grade VII.

Ruth Walton (Pass).

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

MISS DORIS P.-G. YOUNG, B.Sc., on gaining a Research Fellowship in Medicine at Aberdeen University for three years commencing 1st October, 1962. Her subject is "The Study of Fibrinolytic Activity in Renal Disease".

JAMES R. G. WRIGHT on winning the Ferguson Scholarship in Classics, which is open to graduates of the four Scottish Universities.

JANETTE WEATHERHEAD, M.A.(Edin.), on receiving the M.A. degree from Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts, U.S.A. (The Master's degree in the States is a graduate degree awarded after the B.A.)

GEORGE C. DUKE on winning a Harry Dalgety Scholarship, open to students who have completed one year in the Faculty of Law at Edinburgh University.

MRS ELDER, Scottish Ladies' Chess Champion, who tied with two other competitors for second place in the British Ladies' Chess Championship.

SANDY DAVIE on winning the Boys' Under-18 "B" Tournament at the British Chess Federation Congress at Whitby.

HELEN I. LYLE on being accepted to play in Junior Wimbledon, September, 1962.

FERGUS MURRAY, of Edinburgh University, on gaining a Double Blue for track and cross-country running.

JILL McMILLAN on winning a gold medal for the long jump at the Scottish School Sports, June, 1962.

MARIS BUCHANAN, JEAN FRASER, PENELOPE HUTTON, ELIZABETH KINNEAR, HELEN LYLE, GWEN MITCHELL, HAZEL PTOLMEY, FRANCES ROLLO, JENNIFER SMITH AND ANN WHALLEY (Company 2, High School), and SHEILA NEWLANDS (21st Company, West Church), who have gained their Queen's Guide Badges.

FRANCES BOWMAN, HELEN LYLE, SHEILA MACKIE, MARGARET WALKER on being chosen to represent Midlands in the Junior Hockey Team.

Pupils of the Art Department on the successes they have had in National and International Art Exhibitions and Competitions.

MAUREEN MCKELL AND JOHN BRYCE on having their work reproduced in "Adventures in Paintings", published by the B.B.C. This book shows the best of prize-winners' work from B.B.C. Sketch Club. Maureen

McKell has also had her "Young Owl", a piece of Pottery sculpture, accepted by the Children's Art Exhibition in London. She was one of the prize-winners with PETER WEST and ALAN B. WALKER in the El Dorado National Art Competition.

PETER WEST, for the third year, was a prize-winner in the Indian International Art Exhibition held in New Delhi.

RICHARD RUSSELL was awarded First County Prize in the Brooke Bond's National Art Competition.

The Central African Federation

BY IAN REID

(A Former Pupil of the High School)

If you can imagine the last few hundred years of development of Great Britain crammed into the short space of 70 years, you can get a good picture of the modern, bustling Central African Federation.

The cities have a touch of Manhattan in their skyscrapers. The streets and wide arterial roads are busy. For most of the year the inhabitants live an active, semi-outdoor life, basking in tropical suns and cooling tropical nights under a sky laden with glittering stars. But under the surface of this seeming paradise there is, today, doubt and tension about the future.

Eight short years ago the Federation was launched on a courageous experiment — the idea of a multi-racial State living in partnership. The very word partnership is enshrined in the Federal constitution. It is the true aim of every sincere person living in the Federation.

In the referendum held in July, 1961, the argument before the voters was basically whether or not they accepted the principle of African advancement. Of 60,000 voters, 40,000 voted in favour. This was surely proof of the earnest desire of the majority of Europeans to see the African advance. But it was not proof enough, it seems, for the world appears in many quarters to have lost patience with our experiment.

There appears to be more heed paid to the voice of extremism than the voice of moderation. Leaders are springing up who,

in their lust for power, are seemingly prepared to put the clock back for their countries and plunge them once more into barbarism and poverty. The majority of Africans appreciate what is being done for them by the European. It is this moderate opinion which is the greatest stumbling block to the extremists. They try to combat it by intimidation and violence. Though the security forces do their best, the fear campaign has prevented many hundreds of Africans who qualify for votes under the new franchise from applying to be registered as voters.

The Federal Government, in an endeavour to counteract this, has recently conducted a "Build a Nation" campaign to encourage those who qualify, to apply for registration as voters. This campaign met with a great deal of success, but there is still a long way to go before all Africans who qualify are on the voters' roll. This is worth remembering when comparisons are drawn between the size of the European and the African electorate.

I have, in my travels throughout the length and breadth of the Federation, spoken to many shades of African opinion. I find that, while they are intensely interested in politics, most of them are more concerned with material benefits. The demand for the material culture of the West has moved from the early desire for clothes, through bicycles to wireless sets, motor cycles, cars and on to the full electric three-bedroomed home with every modern gadget.

Perhaps most impressive of all is the rate of absorption. Today's sophisticated university graduate was born of illiterate parents in a grass hut. He herded cattle as a nearly naked child, as did a hundred generations before him. Now, in a few swift strides, he absorbs not only the education but also the customs of an almost completely alien culture. Men and women such as these are few at present, but their numbers will multiply faster in the coming years. There are, for example, over 200 Africans in the highest-paid branch of the Federal Civil Service. So far we have ten African doctors in the Federation and more at university.

There is an urgent demand for the services of professional men in the Federation, particularly the medical profession. In Easter of this year, I visited the Government-run leper colony at Ngomahuru and was privileged to see a devoted lady from Banchory at her work amongst the sick. The intake at the 600-patient hospital was approximately 30 patients a month, with a discharge of a similar number of cured patients. Sufferers come from all over Africa to this picturesquely-situated hospital at the foot of a range of green hills near Fort Victoria. She told me that the first African State registered nurses

would be completing their training in Salisbury shortly. She hoped to be able to have two or three of them sent to the hospital at Ngomahuru to help her.

Expenditure on health services in the Federation has doubled from four million pounds to eight million pounds since Federation. Africans get a free health service which Europeans do not have.

Whatever else the Europeans of the Federation may be, they are not people who take all and give nothing. They have not destroyed the primitive people they came to live amongst, but have looked after them, with the result they have multiplied themselves several times over. I have many friends and colleagues whose families have lived in South Africa for many generations, some indeed who are third and fourth generation Rhodesians. Their forefathers brought their skill to a savage wilderness and created wealth and jobs where previously none existed.

We in the Federation are an oasis in present-day Africa, surrounded by a desert of extreme ideologies. With the support of all who believe in freedom and democracy, we shall succeed in due time in proving that men of all races can live, work and play together, regardless of colour or creed.

African Sketch Book

KHARTOUM

"As you have no doubt noticed, I have throttled back, and we are now starting our descent to Khartoum, where the time is 5.15 a.m. and the temperature 81°."

Even with the pilot's warning, we were shocked by the sudden heat as we descended from the plane and walked towards the drab, flat-roofed buildings of the airport. We sat on canvas chairs beside the wire fence guarding the runways and watched the red ball of the sun shoot up from the grey mist. The damp heat seemed to increase as we sat and flicked away the irritating flies. A group of bare-footed, thin-legged natives, clad in khaki shirts and shorts, were preparing a plane for departure; everybody rushed out to watch the take-off — sleepy-eyed passengers in transit, waiters from the restaurant, with sandalled feet and turbaned heads, clad in long white gowns with coloured waist

bands, and native women swathed in yards of muslin which flapped wildly in the gale of the plane's take-off.

LAND OF CONTRAST

So many trees have been planted, so many parks laid out, that it is hard to believe that the site of Johannesburg was once a treeless plateau. Little remains even of the city of 60 years ago. The single-storeyed, tin-roofed buildings have been replaced by enormous blocks of skyscrapers which, like the blue gum trees that encircle the city, are lost in the immensity of the blue sky; there is always so much sky in a flat country.

Nearer Cape Town, the Hex River Valley is almost completely encircled by mountains, the highest of which, Matroosberg, rises to over 7,000 feet and is often snow-capped; but when we arrived in the valley, the declining sun coloured the bare rock faces a glow-



NATIVE WOMEN

ing lilac and, when the darkness of night descended, only a late bird called as it flapped overhead, and the frogs croaked monotonously on and on.

Cape Town itself is all that a tourist looks for, and its beaches offer every attraction, but at Jeffrey's Bay, on the Indian Ocean, the green breakers crash, not on white sand, but on countless shells, of which we scooped up handfuls — all shapes and colours and sizes.

Although the native women in the illustration are wearing their own colourful style of dress, just as many have adopted the duller European modes, and their menfolk may have smart business suits and crisp white shirts, while the children, coming from Church in their white dresses, socks and shoes, and their beflowered Sunday hats, would not look out of place in any European town.

PRIMÆVAL FOREST

The "Garden of Eden" borders the National Road to Grahamstown. We stepped from the screaming noise of the road into the dim light under the two-thousand-year-

old trees. Fern trees grew four feet high, creepers roamed everywhere, tree roots grew high above the ground, and tree trunks disappeared into a mass of lichen, creepers and leaves. It seemed right that it should rain: the large drops cascaded from the leaves and soon the noise of the rain drowned any other sound.

FLOWERS

South Africans are anxious to conserve their natural heritage of plants and animals, and vast tracts of land are dedicated to this purpose. But the wild flowers enjoy the protection of the law wherever they grow.

Illustrated are some of the wild flowers of Cape Province. Most of these are bushes about five feet high, which grow on the mountains. The lilies and daisies grow in profusion on the plains and road verges.

The drawing shows, top left, *Strelitzia Reginae* or Crane flower; top right, *Amaryllis Belladonna*. In the centre is *Leucospermum* or Pincushion, and to its left the *Protea*, or Sugar Bush.

TIME

Time is a very difficult thing to define, probably because we know so very little about it. We do not know when it began and we have not the slightest notion as to when, if ever, it will end. It is, to us, merely infinity. This is particularly difficult for us, as rational human beings, to comprehend since everything in our daily lives is so neatly set out and tabulated. It is, therefore, impossible for us to grasp something which goes on "ad infinitum".

We each tend to think of our own individual life as a great space of time and, indeed, in many ways this is the only space of time which matters to us. This is a much easier thing to comprehend, although even this is far from clear to us but, at least, we know where it began and we know that at some date in the future it will come to a definite end. It is only when we compare the average life-span of a human being to the

length of time for which the world has existed, or at least as far as we know of its existence, that we begin to comprehend the vastness of time.

When men first began to become civilised, they started to think of ways by which time could be divided up. The basic division, of course, that between day and night, they had, presumably, always recognised but, as civilisation developed, men worked out weeks, months and eventually years. It was not until the time of the Romans, however, that the year, as we know it today, was calculated, involving what we call the Leap Year.

In spite of having time worked out so well for us, however, we still find it impossible to understand the meaning and the purpose of it. What is the purpose, the aim of life? People through the ages have been trying to find an answer to this question. Various



WILD FLOWERS OF THE CAPE

theories have been put forward, but none of them seems to satisfy us. If we think deeply about life, however, we will surely realise that life is not a long series of days and nights, weeks and months, years and scores of years. Life consists of what we do with it; how we use the time which has been given us, we know not whence or for what purpose:

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,
not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs.”

So says the poet, Bailey, and in those few lines I think he expresses to perfection what so many people miss as being the true purpose of life. If only it were possible to count time, as he suggests, in terms of deeds, thoughts and feelings, instead of developing as we are, into a race of clock-watchers! With each generation the pace of life has become faster and faster until, at the present time, life is, to a large extent, one long race against the clock. We are continually wishing for more time to do this, that and the next thing but, at the same time we do not realise how quickly the days, weeks and months are slipping by.

Only to a child does time seem endless. A month to him seems a year, a year a lifetime and a lifetime all eternity. As he grows older, however, he is caught up in the affairs of the world and whisked off, it seems, at an ever-increasing pace through the years and, before he has had time to stop and consider life, he is an old man.

In the big city the pace of life is particularly hot. One has to get away to the more lonely regions, the Scottish Highlands and islands, for example, to find the real meaning of time. There, people do not live by the clock, and life is not one long rat-race. They take things at their own easy pace and derive a far deeper contentment from life.

Every day, something new is being invented to occupy our time and amuse us. In many ways we no longer have the same freedom to spend our time in the way we choose. Everything has become highly commercialised, and by a form of high-pressure salesmanship we are persuaded to support all the new entertainments and time-passers which are invented.

Although we are being hurtled through life at such break-neck speed, most of us sit

back occasionally and wonder what it is all about. Why are we here at all? What is the purpose of this space of time which has been allotted to us and with which, seemingly, we can do what we wish? Is this short space of time the only one we have ever experienced and will ever experience? Have we merely been sent to this world as a short stage of a much longer existence, as Wordsworth claims in his “Immortality” Ode:

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life’s star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting.”

We Christians believe that time, for us, does not end when we pass out of this world. We believe in a life after death, but about this life we know very little. Our hopes for this life rest almost entirely on faith and, if we have enough faith, we can begin to see a purpose in life.

As Christians, however, we do not believe in reincarnation. Scientists nowadays are claiming that there is a great deal of proof for the theory of reincarnation. It may, in fact, be true that the time which we think of as our life may only be a fraction of a great, perhaps infinite time during which we live various “lives” here on earth. This may seem fantastic, but how else can we explain that extraordinary feeling which everyone has experienced, that one has visited a certain place before when one knows, in point of fact, that this is impossible?

There have been even stranger cases, too, of people apparently assuming a completely different life, speaking a language they have never studied nor even heard, as if it were their own and finding themselves unable to remember any of their previous life, but believing themselves to be completely different people.

It is strange to think that, although man now has so much knowledge and power, he cannot do anything to stop the march of time. One has only to listen to a clock ticking to realise just how quickly and relentlessly it does move, and somehow the sound conveys to us this feeling of helplessness, and we realise how much we are in the hands of fate, and how insignificant one small human being is, compared with the vastness of time.

V. C. H., F.VI.



Photograph by D. & W. Prophet

SPORTS AND GYMNASTICS PRIZE - WINNERS, 1962

Back Row (l. to r.)—Bernard N. Bowman (Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket), David C. Mathewson (Harold Young Martin Rose Bowl for Winner of the Intermediate Championship—Equal), John M. Fairley (Loveridge Cup for Winner of the Mile Race), Fergus Macfarlane (Urquhart Cup for Champion Shot of Rifle Club), Lindsay F. Tosh (Championship Trophy for Swimming—Equal), Raymond F. Wilkie (Championship Trophy for Swimming—Equal), Angus Q. Agnew (Harold Young Martin Rose Bowl for Winner of Intermediate Championship—Equal), George B. R. Cram (Polack Prize for Dux in Gymnastics—F.II. Boys), David A. Rorie (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Boys).

Middle Row (l. to r.)—Margaret J. Duncan (Junior Girls' Sports Championship Cup), Ewan S. D. McKay (Oakley Cup for Shooting—Boys under 14), Gillian J. MacMillan (Intermediate Girls' Sports Championship Cup), Alastair R. Lyle (Pirie Handicap Cup for Golf), Hazel A. Masson (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Equal), Kenneth J. Ross (Aystree Cup for Winner of Junior Championship), Susan M. Reid (Girls' Junior Tennis Cup), James D. M. Anderson (Ballingall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics), Elizabeth J. A. Mills (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Equal).

Front Row (l. to r.)—Rosemary A. Birrell (Championship Cup for Swimming—Girls), Christopher W. W. Rea (Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket), Sheila A. Mackie (Championship Cup for Dux in Gymnastics, Polack Prize for Gymnastics), Roger T. Leslie (Arthur Ritchie Cup for Winner of High Jump, Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete—Equal), Agnes M. Paton (Girls' Sports Championship Cup), John H. McConnachie (Tom McLaren Cup for Javelin Throwing, Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete—Equal), Helen R. Batchelor (Polack Prize for Gymnastics—Girls), Peter Kilgour (Boase Medal for Golf), Helen I. Lyle (Girls' Tennis Championship Cup).



RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.) — Mr G. C. Stewart, G. G. Robertson, M. Petrie, R. P. Bruce, S. McRitchie, J. R. Burns, J. D. Orr, R. M. Duckworth, P. W. Smith, Mr Allardice.

Middle Row (l. to r.) — M. J. S. Walton, N. I. G. Rorie, C. W. W. Rea, M. M. Gault, J. W. Andrews.

Front Row (l. to r.) — H. L. Findlay, M. J. S. Schnee.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.) — Susan H. Gibson, Pauline Ross, Ann Birrell, Helen Jamieson, Helen I. Lyle, Sheila Mackie, Miss Paton.

Middle Row (l. to r.) — Margaret J. J. Walker, Joan Sutherland, Sheila Buchan (Capt.), Frances Bowman, Wendy Ross.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Elaine Evans, Norah Grewar.

A Summer Interlude

Tring! Tring! The insistent ringing of an alarm clock, announcing that half past six has arrived, wakes us. Someone (not I) struggles out of bed and stumbles over to the window. It is raining. Everyone goes to sleep again. An hour later we are wakened again with the news that the rain has settled to a fine drizzle. Once more we struggle out of bed and go down to breakfast. We accept a lift from a kind father and at a quarter past eight we roll off to the "berries".

On the way we go past a group of workmen on a building site. Several minutes later we cause a small sensation by returning in a farm cart pulled by a tractor. This attracts a few rude remarks. At last we reach the field and attract a few more remarks for, although we are wearing our oldest clothes, we still look far too *respectable*. We get down to work and, after an hour's work, collect three and ninepence between us.

Off we go to another field, again in the farm cart. "Wullie", the foreman, directs us to our "pitch" and soon we are feeling like intrepid explorers in darkest Africa as we force our way through a veritable jungle. After two hours we manage to earn another three shillings each and decide to have our lunch. Sitting down on a clump of grass we begin to eat, but are soon interrupted by one of the "regulars" who obviously is determined to find out everything about the "oddities" (us).

Lunch finished, we go back to work. Towards the end, most of the young children grow tired and begin to cry. One is enough to start the whole lot off and soon every child is having a good cry. Then the mothers begin to get irritable and they admonish their offspring (usually this takes the form of something like "Stop your greetin', or I'll gie y'a skelpin' o'er the lug!"). After listening to this tirade, the child stops involuntarily. Soon, however, it is time to depart, and we collect our earnings—eight shillings for eight hours' work.

The following day, there are some small boys present with a phenomenal power for earning money, if one can really judge from their conversations:

"Much d'ye get?"

"Eleven 'n' four."

"Aye, so did I."

How can we compete with such experts? These same small boys, when they are not discussing their earnings, are always quarrelling violently about each other's rights to pick certain berries. The quarrels always follow the same pattern (to quote a particular instance):

"Victor!"

"Aye?"

"Git off ma side!"

"Ah'm no on it!"

"Y'are so!"

"D' ye no believe me?"

"If ye dinna git off I'll tell Wullie aboot ye!" (This is the ultimate threat, to be used only if all else fails.)

Silence from Victor.

"Victor!"

"Aye?"

"See ye dinna git up to yer tricks again!"

"No." (That last in a tone which implies the very opposite.)

The people who earn most money are the mothers who bring their whole families. One, with only one daughter, manages to do very well, for the infant goes along picking the berries on the lower branches while her mother picks those at the top. It hardly seems fair to us poor souls struggling along on our own.

Some children are unwilling to help their mothers for a variety of reasons. One such is terrified of bees (or what she thinks are bees!):

"Mum! There's a bee!"

"Whar's the bee?"

"There!"

"That's no a bee. Noo git doon 'n' pick the berries."

"I canna. I'll fa' doon."

"Ye'll no fa' doon! Ye're no a drunk, are ye, ye sully puddin'?"

The child subsides, squashed.

Occasionally, two mothers get together. After the inevitable discussion on their fami-

lies, they turn to more personal topics. First, each enumerates her internal ailments and, when one has proved she has more than her friend, they begin to sympathise. After this they exchange views on the "Welfare State" and all the gossip. Finally, they discuss the internal ailments of all their mutual acquaintances and their views on the "Welfare State".

By the time berry picking ends, we have become very fit, have picked up a new nick-

name ("The Three Musketeers"), a lot of new friends (Wullie, Annie, Helen, Alf, Victor, Ronnie, to name only a few) and a few words not found in the dictionary. Despite the fact that we have not earned much money, our attempts have caused a lot of amusement to our parents. There is, in fact, only one regrettable result for me — I shall never be able to face raspberry jam again!

S. M. G., V.

The Fire - Eater

McTavish and I had just reached the summit of Kinnoull Hill, after traversing the ridge from Collace, and were reclining in the drowsy heat of the August sun, when the talk turned to the younger generation.

"I've no time for them, the lazy creatures," he exclaimed. "They are pampered, soft and too full of their own importance."

At this point his discourse was broken off as he caught sight of a rabbit, fully two hundred yards away, on the plateau, and gave chase. When he returned, fully ten minutes later, breathless, but with a triumphant gleam in his eye, I asked him to explain his earlier outburst.

"Tak' thae poodles, for example," he continued. "They used to be game-dogs when I was young, but now they havena the strength or stamina of a peekernee!" (McTavish's pronunciation always was a bit slack.) "Just the other day I saw an Alsatian with a knitted coat on its back! Man, it fair made my Scottish blood boil."

Perhaps before I go any further I ought to explain about McTavish, in case anyone thinks I keep eccentric company. McTavish is a real Highland Scottie — please don't call him a Cairn or he'll put a Gaelic curse on you. "Nivvir could stand thae yappin' beasties." He is getting rather grey about the muzzle and is given to blunt criticism and philosophy, directed mostly towards the English and the younger generation; even to mention the words "English Sheepdog" is enough to make his aged whiskers bristle.

It was with a touch of sadness that I had climbed Kinnoull Hill that day, as I saw that, despite his gallant efforts to hide the fact from me, McTavish's strength was not what it once was. Evidently, my old friend was at last beginning to feel his years, but this worry

sank into the background as we sat there in the shimmering heat discussing current affairs, while the sun shone on the windows of distant Dundee and upon the burnished Tay.

McTavish twitched his ears, snapped at an adventurous fly and continued: "The trouble with them is that they're too impulsive; they think that they can solve all the problems in the United Dogdom overnight; they don't seem to realise their limitations."

"Steady on, Mac," I interrupted. "Aren't you being a bit hasty? Youngsters tend to be rather idealistic, but you were young yourself once."

"If these young whippersnappers were put in charge for even one day, we wouldn't stand a human's chance o' survival!" he snorted. "Do you ken whit was suggested at the last meeting of the Great Doggeral? They wanted peaceful co-existence with cats! Surely that's no way to run a country." At that point he commenced to scratch his back vigorously with a hind leg, a habit of his which has embarrassed me in refined company many times. "Even the G.P.O. wanted to arrange a peace settlement with us dogs, but thank goodness we rejected that motion. Mind you, quite a number of the youngsters wanted to consider it further. That's the trouble with the younger generation; they're either spineless and servile, or stubborn and stupid!"

He continued on in this vein for quite a time, and I did not interrupt him as I admired his forthrightness, although I disagreed with his views. By the time he had finished, I saw quite plainly that his generation, both in canine and human form, had much in common.

I. G. R.

A Happy Occasion

What is the point in playing in tennis tournaments all summer? This is one of many questions asked about the people who go on a "circuit" tour of many tournaments.

During the summer holidays I played in roughly six tournaments all over Scotland, not only for the fun, practice or even for the social aspect of a tournament, but for a record to enable me to apply for Junior Wimbledon. This makes a tournament very keen as many of the Juniors also enter for the Senior events to "beat" their friends' records.

After one of the tournaments I was sent an application form for Junior Wimbledon. I say application form because you do not automatically go if you send in a form. This is where your record is needed. A few days after sending it away, I received word I had been accepted! My long ambition was fulfilled.

The great day arrived when a friend and I left Dundee for London. Needless to say, it was pouring rain, but this did not upset us in the least. We left on the Sunday morning at half-past eight from Tay Bridge Station, and arrived in London King's Cross at half-past seven—a very enjoyable journey. From King's Cross, we went to the Underground to catch the tube to Gloucester Road where, nearby, was Bolton House, the hostel for the players invited to Junior Wimbledon.

Soon we had settled in at our lodging and retired for the night, ready for our big day ahead.

Next morning saw rain—but, fortunately, for only a short period. After breakfast we made our way to Wimbledon, which took us about fifteen minutes by train. At last we arrived at the station, and from here a short walk took us to the All England Club.

What a thrill! A sensational twitch ran down my spine. I had arrived at Wimbledon! All my hard practising had not been wasted.

The All England Club, or Wimbledon, as it is called, is set in the most beautiful grounds. As you enter past the great wrought iron gates and the porter in his magnificent uniform of bottle-green and purple coat with black hat, you feel as if it is a dream—only this time, come true. The grass courts are separated by well-trimmed hedges and are

kept in beautiful condition. Behind them are the blaes court, which are also separated by hedges. The Centre Court and the Number One Court are situated in a huge stand which is covered with ivy, and in it are the dressing rooms, all the necessary telephone kiosks, television boxes and telegram offices.

Having reported to the referee, we then went to the dressing room which was used by stars such as Margaret Smith, Christine Trueman and Karen Susman. The dressing rooms had every luxury—baths and showers, a cubicle for each competitor, fitted carpets on the floor—and were beautifully decorated round about the ceiling and walls.

In case of a "rained-off programme", there are two covered courts which, I may say, were used quite a lot during the week. The roof was shaped like a dome with port-hole windows. There was a balcony at either end of the courts which gave the spectator a bird's eye view of both courts at the same time.

The moment arrived when I heard my name called over the loudspeaker to report for play! I was exceedingly nervous as I had not only drawn the English Schoolgirl Champion, but had never played in such a keenly-contested tournament, where the atmosphere is deadly tense.

Unfortunately, I was beaten, but played my usual game. I was not too disappointed as I had reached a level high enough to qualify for Junior Wimbledon. The English players are extremely steady in their play and will wait long enough for us Scots to make the careless mistake. They are very content to stay back at the base line and wait patiently for their opponents to attack.

During my week at Junior Wimbledon, I watched Stanley Matthews, Junior, who does nothing else but play tennis. Anyone can be good who does this, but it takes a lot of patience and hard work to reach as high a standard as he.

Although I did not do very well this year, it was certainly an eye-opener for me. I gained experience of big tournament play and many ideas on how to improve my game. This I can recall later on as the happiest occasion of my life.

HELEN LYLE, F.IV.B

A CHURCH PARADE

It was a quarter past ten on a peaceful Sunday morning. I lay back in bed, thinking of what I should do when I got up. Suddenly, my reverie was broken by the harsh insistent ringing of the doorbell. Who was that at twenty minutes past ten on Sunday?

The disturbers of the peace were two friends of ours who had come to see if we were coming. Coming! Where? . . . The Church parade! We were due at church for the Guide Church Parade at half-past ten and we could not miss it as we were both PL.'s (Patrol Leaders). Quickly, we jumped out of bed and threw our clothes on. As we are not allowed to wear a jersey on top of our uniform, it had to go underneath. This was unfortunate, as my uniform was about four years old and I always wore a jersey on top to cover the defects of a small uniform. It hardly met over my jersey and the sleeves were nearly at my elbows. As I expected, a button gave way under the strain! Luckily my tie covered up the space. Almost ready now! But my shoes were filthy, having been muddied from hockey and riding. My obliging friends cleaned them while I splashed some cold water over my face. Ready! No, I had forgotten to do my hair. Meanwhile, Daddy had got the car out. We dashed to it munching some breakfast.

We arrived, four PL.'s, slightly late, badges not polished, blouses not ironed, berets on squint, my sister's hair not done, lanyards brown, not white, and ties too short. (When you wear a jersey none of this shows.) No wonder we got some peculiar looks from the other organisations. However, as our company is rather notorious for late arriving, we were comparatively early — and neat. Soon we formed up and marched to the church where the service was to be held. When it was over, we formed up outside to march to the war memorial. It was freezing. Each of the six youth organisations gave its commands. The A.T.C. provided amusement to the bored Guides with their numerous complicated orders, given by an officer who shouted, and carried out with a great deal of foot stamping. This was a great contrast to the few quietly given commands of the other organisations. However, the A.T.C. carried their commands out smartly and they could march, a thing which no one else could do.

Raggedly, the Guides "marched" to the war memorial, out of time. "Company, halt." Some stopped dead, others continued and a few collisions resulted, accompanied by the usual giggles. Once in position, we stood, gradually getting colder and colder, until we could not stop ourselves shaking, waiting for the town council to arrive. After a quarter of an hour it turned up, the wreaths were laid and a short service was held. When it was over, the organisations marched off (in my case, hobbled, as I was very stiff, from the combined effects of riding and standing in the cold). We dismissed and then it started to rain. Of course, we had no raincoats. Quickly we ran the half mile home. At one o'clock we arrived home again — starved, frozen stiff and soaked.

R. S., F.III.

THE MOORHEN

I see her
 There
 Where the trees cast their shadow
 Long, and probing
 The dark mysterious water.
 Has she seen me? Does she know I'm
 Here?
 Even the wind has stopped
 Its sad and restless sighing:
 Stopped
 Fluffing her feathers, rustling the rushes
 Caught in the liquid cobweb of the lake.
 She turns, as if to follow
 The breath of the forgotten breeze.
 She hesitates a moment, as if
 Held by my will
 Willing her to stay:
 She hesitates, then is gone.

F.IV.

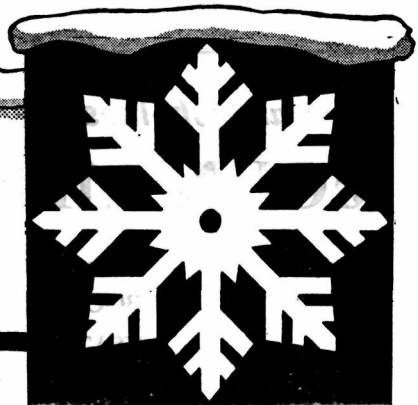
O ME MISERAM !

E is for English — it takes so long;
 X is for things I'm sure to get wrong;
 A is for Anxious — in case I fail;
 M is for Maths — they make me turn pale.
 I is for Interest that isn't there;
 N is for Needlework — must take care;
 A is for Art — I wish I could draw;
 T is for Teachers — they lay down the law.
 I is for Ille, illa, illud;
 Oh! I'll never learn all that I should;
 N is for Nervous — that's me all right;
 S is for Swotting we must do each night.

K. F., F.III.

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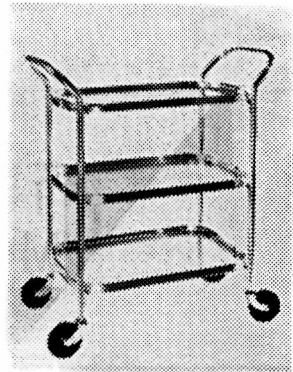
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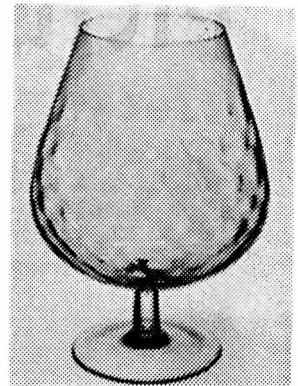


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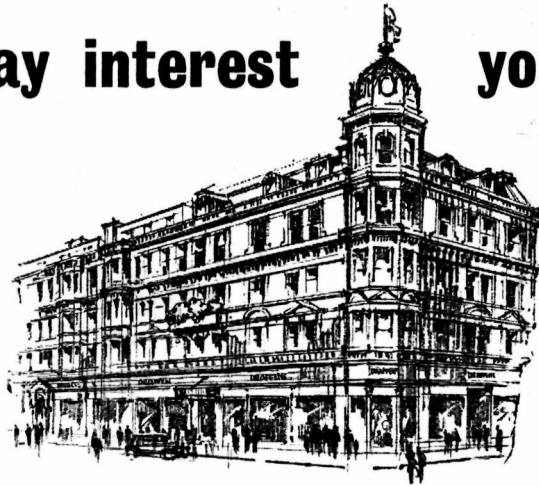
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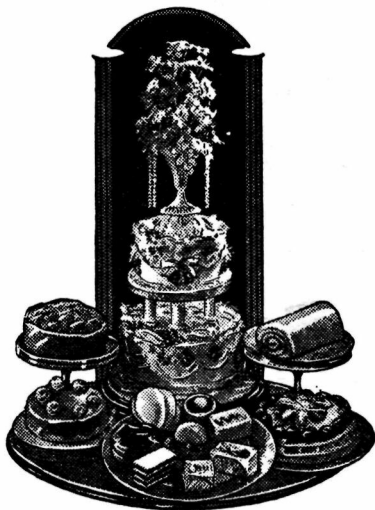
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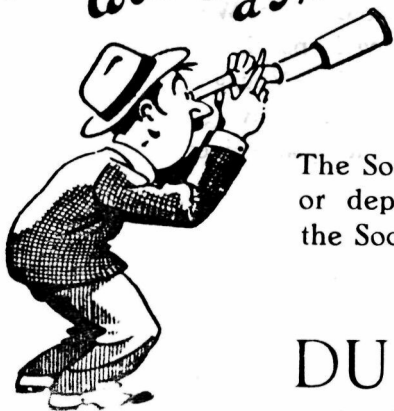
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A Holiday in Denmark

Hurrah! School was finished at last! Now Dad and I would start packing for the Logie School trip to Denmark. It was going to be an experience for me, as I had never before been abroad. We were to leave Tay Bridge Station at nine o'clock, and would be arriving in Elsinore at noon on the Sunday, covering over one thousand three hundred miles in the process.

We packed and had a good meal, after which we went down to join Mr Sadler and the rest of the party at the station. We left five minutes late, but were soon speeding across the Tay Bridge and through Fife. It was a glorious evening, with the train having a long shadow cast on the fields.

The first interesting part of the journey was a glimpse of the new Forth Road Bridge, illuminated by lights and silhouetted against the red sky. After we had crossed the Forth, we decided to try and get some sleep for the long journey ahead of us. As there were no sleeping berths available, we just had to curl up next to a neighbour and fall asleep.

At one o'clock in the morning, the train came to a standstill outside Newcastle. A convict had jumped from the train and we had to wait for an hour until he was recaptured. I do not remember any more until I woke up to find us on the outskirts of London. We stepped into the street at a quarter to eight. We got a bus to Liverpool Street Station, where we had a meal. We left for Harwich at nine o'clock and an hour later we embarked on the S.S. "Koningin Emma", of the S.S. Zealand line.

After looking out as long as I could be bothered, I began to get bored with the six-hour crossing and went to sleep.

When I woke up, we were going into the harbour at the Hook of Holland. On the distant horizon, we could see the oil refineries of Rotterdam, with spouts of flame gushing into the sky. In the harbour were many tankers for Dutch Shell. We passed through a customs check and got on a train that was to take us through Holland and Germany.

We passed through Rotterdam, Utrecht, and other famous places before the "Sandman" caught up with me, and the next thing I knew the train was ready to go on to the

Danish boat, "Kong Frederik IX", at Grosbrode Pier.

We had a pleasant voyage in this ship and arrived at Gedser one hour earlier than scheduled. From there, we got on another train which took us to Copenhagen. On the way, we crossed the longest motor-rail bridge in Europe.

When we arrived in Copenhagen, we changed trains for Elsinore, at which we arrived just ten minutes late. We were greeted by a bus which took us to our hostel at Vapnagård. There we met Mr Lemmings, our host, and after we had been shown our rooms had a marvellous dinner.

That Sunday afternoon, Mr Sadler showed us the road to Elsinore town centre, which was about two miles away. We received our information concerning meals, pocket-money, etc. After tea, I went for a stroll in Elsinore, which is a beautiful town about the size of Arbroath. What impressed me most was that nearly every garden had in it a pond. That night, I went to bed thrilled with this strange adventure.

On the Monday morning, we went down to breakfast, after which we had a game of table-tennis and played the juke box. When the time was ten o'clock, we hurried to get the bus into town. That morning was chiefly spent sight-seeing. The interests were the station, the war memorial and a statue of Hercules slaying the nine-headed monster. During Monday afternoon and evening it rained and we did not go out.

On the Tuesday morning, I went into the town and bought some souvenirs. How time seemed to fly! However, that afternoon was one of the highlights of the holiday, a visit to Copenhagen, fifty miles away.

We went there by a special bus. Unfortunately, it rained before we arrived. At the zoo, the oldest in Europe, we saw all kinds of animals. We went up the two-hundred-foot Zoo Tower and had a magnificent view of Copenhagen. After, we had tea at the KFUK, the equivalent of our Y.W.C.A.

We then were taken to the Tivoli, a large pleasure garden in Copenhagen. It lies on the site of an old battlefield and was opened on 15th August, 1843. In it is a Pantomime

Theatre, a Chinese Tower, a Children's Playground, a Music Hall, a Fun Corner and a boating lake. We visited all in turn, being given the freedom of the fair until 10.15, when we were to meet and return to Elsinore. The star attraction was the big dipper, which is set in natural surroundings of tunnels. Also, there was a Hall of Mirrors and a Haunted House. After spending a glorious evening (and nearly one pound!) we returned to Elsinore, arriving there at midnight.

On the Wednesday I visited the Palace at Fredensborg and saw the largest lake in Denmark. Also, I bought souvenirs and pennants. Unfortunately, again it rained in the afternoon and I could not go out.

On the Thursday, we went across to Sweden for the afternoon. It was a short crossing of 20 minutes. When we reached Hälsinborg, we noticed that cars had a left-hand drive and drove on the left hand side of the road. Sweden is the only country in the world to have this queer system. It took us a little while to get used to the left hand traffic again. We visited the Kärnan Castle and went shopping, before we returned to Elsinore. That evening it rained again.

On the Friday, I took a party to Fredensborg again and we went to Asminerod, trying to get a picture of the storks who rest on the village church roof every year. However, we were unlucky, although I managed to get a photograph of the nest.

That afternoon we were given free, and a friend and I visited the Kronborg Castle, the star feature of Elsinore's monuments. It was built in the 15th century and gave rise to an interesting legend. It is said that Shakespeare visited the castle on a tour of Europe and it gave him the idea of writing "Hamlet". The castle in "Hamlet" is thought to be the Kronborg. In the castle is the Maritime Museum of Denmark, with many thousands of exhibits. Also, there is a gigantic banquetting hall, with the casements. In these, one can see a statue of the founder, Holger Danske. He is sleeping on his sword, and it is a legend that, when Denmark is invaded, he will come and fight for the Danes. However, when I got home, I bought more souvenirs, as the holiday was coming to a close.

On Saturday morning, we got a pleasant surprise when we were told we could go to Copenhagen if we had more than £2 left. We

left Elsinore for Copenhagen. This time, we went on a barge round the canals. We were shown the many landmarks of Copenhagen and, in the docks, we saw the "Kista Dan", used in the last Antarctic Expedition. We also got close-ups of the Little Mermaid. Her sculptor receives 25% profit off every postcard, statuette, etc., made of her, thus living on nearly thirty thousand pounds a year. After another meal at the KFUK, we went to Tivoli again. This time, as there were only nine of us, we got permission to see the fireworks display at 11 o'clock. It was the finest of its kind since the Coronation, 2nd June, 1953.

When we got home we were tired and penniless. We slept well and got up on the Saturday morning disappointed that we had only another twelve hours left of our holiday. We packed our luggage and went down town to buy some Danish pastry to help feed us on the way home. Mr Lemmings had sandwiches prepared for us and we had a large tea before leaving for the six o'clock train to Copenhagen.

Again we changed trains at Copenhagen and darkness had fallen before we reached Gedser, where we got on the German boat. In this boat there was no second-class indoors and we had to sleep in deckchairs on the deck. When we reached Grossenbrode Pier again, we had to walk nearly a mile to our train. After an hour's wait, we left and were soon in Holland again.

When we had passed Rotterdam on our way to the boat, we were lucky to escape serious injury. Some railwaymen had been using a concrete jack to hold the line up while they worked beside it. The jack was placed carelessly and the driver, noticing it ahead managed to slow down to about twenty miles per hour. The train smashed the jack to pieces and we were thrown along the corridor. If the driver had not noticed the jack, we would have been derailed, because we were going at at least sixty miles per hour.

The train limped on towards the ship, which was again the "Koningin Emma". On the homeward journey of six hours, I spent most of the time studying the wide expanse of water and thinking back on a glorious holiday. We passed an air defence from the second world war and, soon after this, arrived in England again.

Having gone safely through the customs, we went back to London and spent three hours in the capital, two of them in King's Cross. Even when we reached Edinburgh, the incident-packed journey was not finished. We missed the train reserved to take us to Dundee by half an hour and came home in bunches on the normal train, which overtook the reserved train in Leuchars.

When we arrived in Dundee, starved,

tired and dirty, we went home by car and had dinner, with many stories to tell and gifts to give out. I did not realise how much I had brought home until I emptied my case. I now have enough pennants, reserved tickets, railway tickets, theatre tickets, coins, match-box labels, etc., to relive my memorable moments as I make a scrap-book of the holiday.

G. M. S., F.III.

A Holiday in the South

On Monday, 16th July, at ten o'clock in the morning, I was waiting in the Central Lobby of the Houses of Parliament for the Member of Parliament for Dundee East, Mr George Thomson. It was a magnificent hall, decorated with statues of kings and famous statesmen. With Mr Thomson and Lord Provost McManus, I walked along a thickly-carpeted passage towards the House of Lords. Glancing through a door, I saw Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller practising a speech he was going to deliver that afternoon. This part of the House is full of many rooms which are only used on very great occasions.

We then entered the House of Commons, where we were shown the room where the members vote, and the room set aside for the Queen. In the great hall where the members sit, the green leather seats were now empty, but I could imagine them occupied by the ghosts of members of bygone days—Pym and Hampden, sought by Charles the First; William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, delivering one of his famous speeches. Those dreams were soon banished, however, when Mr Thomson informed me that the House of Commons had been bombed during the war and that this room had been completely rebuilt. To my delight, I was also shown the despatch boxes upon which members lean while making a speech. One of the boxes was slightly dented, by Mr Gladstone's fists we were told.

An hour later, we left the Houses of Parliament, with an invitation to come back at the beginning of the afternoon session, first to watch proceedings in the House of Lords and then in the House of Commons.

That afternoon we returned, eager to see the people who governed our nation at work. Our expectations were fulfilled. On entering

the House of Lords, we were surprised at the somnolent atmosphere which pervaded the room. Most of the Lords were reclining on the red benches with their feet up, casually conversing or gazing dreamily at the ceiling. Then question time began.

Questions were asked about such things as calling woollen garments "pure wool" when they were not, and whether smoking caused lung cancer. Occasionally a Lord stood up and made a joke about the matter being discussed. The Bill of Independence for Jamaica was next after question time, and during the ensuing discussion we left for the House of Commons.

There also the atmosphere was delightfully casual. Under discussion was Independence for Uganda, about which Mr Thomson made a fine speech. The new member for Orpington, Mr Eric Lubbock, also made a short speech. We sat engrossed for two hours during exciting debates on various matters. In the gallery opposite us, I saw journalists and Hansard reporters writing down some of the things which members said.

At five o'clock we left Parliament and set out on the Brighton Road. It was many hours before we found a hotel that night, but, when at last I was in bed, I lay and thought about what will surely be the most exciting day of my life—the day I visited the Houses of Parliament.

The next morning was spent at Brighton, a city first made famous by the frequent visits of George the Third and the Prince Regent. There we saw the Royal Pavilion, built by George the Third, and mostly used by his son, the Prince Regent, later George the Fourth. It was a large, white, Eastern-type

building, rather out of place in modern Brighton. Inside was a special exhibition of all the furniture which was there at the time of the Prince Regent.

We had lunch in Brighton and left by Hove and Worthing for Arundel, a small town boasting a castle with a Norman keep. There for centuries the Dukes of Norfolk and Earls of Arundel have lived, and it was still inhabited until a few months ago. It is a fine old building, with many large rooms and portraits of famous ancestors. I saw the room where Matilda slept when she stayed there. In the centre of the eleventh century keep are some steps which lead down to a dark, damp and gloomy dungeon. I also walked for a while along the narrow streets of this old and pretty town, where many of the houses had been built in Tudor times.

Reluctantly, we left Arundel and proceeded to Chichester. The old Market Cross stands in the middle of the narrow main street; it is of great historical interest, but a problem for traffic. Chichester Cathedral was a beautiful thirteenth century building, which we visited after the Bishop of Chichester had held a service there.

We spent the night in a charming old-world little village — Wickham, on the road to Bournemouth. We reached Bournemouth next day. It is a beautiful seaside resort, with spacious well-laid out gardens and luxurious hotels. I climbed the cliffs at Bournemouth and saw the coast extending for many miles in either direction.

The road to Salisbury went through the New Forest, where I saw many ponies lying

in the shade. At Salisbury, we visited Salisbury Cathedral, a magnificent building, with a tall spire soaring into the sky. The Cathedral is a splendid example of Gothic architecture, perfect in its simplicity. I walked through the cloisters, a beautiful and quiet place where one could imagine the monks going about their daily work.

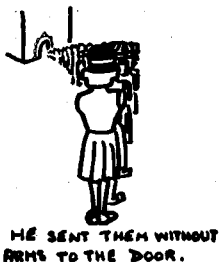
At Stonehenge, I saw the remains of another religion. There, inside the rings of massive monoliths standing stark against the summer sky, I could imagine the Druids worshipping their strange gods with mysterious incantations.

That night we reached Winchester, that old city, where Alfred ruled over England. Next day we saw King Arthur's Round Table (at least what is reputed to be it). Winchester Cathedral, perhaps not quite as magnificent as Salisbury, yet impressed me with its fine stained-glass and its great length. We also visited Winchester School, founded by William of Wykeham. There we saw the scholars in their cloaks and the others in their striped blazers. In the Hall, we saw tables from which Wykehamists had eaten for centuries. The two chapels were very impressive also. We were told of many of the customs of the School, some of which were very unusual. I was loth to leave Winchester, but we had to get back to Chelmsford that night.

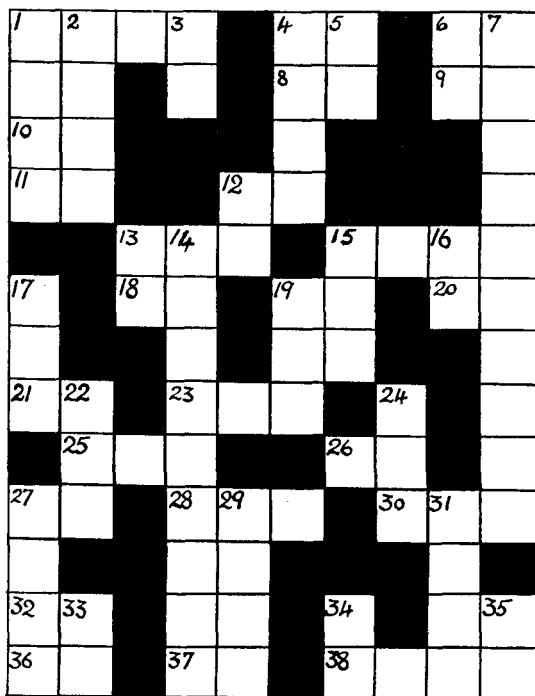
Those were the most exciting days of my summer holidays, 1962, and I shall remember the places I visited all my life.

E. M. C. D., F.III.

TRIENNium ILLUSTRATED.



Alison McLeay, F.I.I.



MATHEMATICS CROSSWORD

Across

1. Number of inches in $2\frac{1}{2}$ chains (4).
4. Solve $\frac{13}{25}(2x - \frac{1}{2}) - \frac{7}{10}(x + \frac{1}{3}) = \frac{5}{12}(x - 5)$ (2).
6. If $\frac{1}{9}(x - y) = 1$, and $x^2 - 3xy + y^2 = 29$, solve for the + value of x (2).
8. Find to the nearest degree the angle the tangent at the point (1, 5) on the curve $y = 8x - 3x^2$ makes with the x-axis (2).
9. Evaluate $2(x - y)^2 + (3x)^2 - 3y^2$ when $x = 2$ and $y = -3$ (2).
10. $(3\sqrt{7} - 2\sqrt{3})(3\sqrt{7} + 2\sqrt{3})$ (2).
11. What sum of money will gain £40 simple interest in 25 years at 2% (2).
12. $\frac{3}{11}$ of a furlong — 2 poles. Answer in yards (2).
13. Reciprocal of 0.73 (3).
14. General Strike (4).
18. Find the length of the side of a cube which contains 9261 cubic yards (2).
19. Find the amount at simple interest of £10 in 20 years at $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ p.a. (2).
20. At what rate simple interest would a sum of money double itself in 10 years? (2).
21. Express 5/- as a decimal of £5 (2).

23. Taking out $\frac{3}{5}$ of my money, $\frac{1}{3}$ of the rest is £13 $\frac{1}{4}$. How much did I have at first? (3).
25. The average of 788, 455, 677 and 900 (3).
26. Solve $4x^2 - 136x + 1156 = 0$ (2).
27. The L.C.M. of 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 (2).
28. Find sq. root of 95.8441 (3).
30. $2b^3$ if $b = 5$ (3).
32. Of what sum of money is £9 $\frac{1}{2}$ equal to $12\frac{1}{2}\%$ (2).
36. $(10\% \text{ of } 750) - (2\frac{1}{2}\% \text{ of } 1000)$ (2).
37. After doing 0.24 of my journey I have still 38 miles to go. What is the whole length? (2).
38. Sir Winston Churchill made Knight of the Garter (4).

Down

1. 1.145×3.897 divided by 4.216 (cor. to 3 dec. places) (4).
2. Sq. root of 83 (4).
3. Simplify $3\frac{1}{2} - 1\frac{2}{3}$ divided by $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{2} \times 10$ to a decimal (2).
4. In this year Viscount Dundee was killed at Killiecrankie (4).
5. 6 across plus 36 across (2).
6. Find the gradient of the curve of $y = \frac{1}{4}x^2$ at the pt. on it where $x = 3$ (2).
7. $(69843)^2 - (30157)^2$ (10).
12. A, B and C are 3 points on a horizontal plane and bearings of B and C from A are 38° and 122° respect. If $AB = 3$ miles and $AC = 4$ miles, find BC (2).
13. Find the area of the triangle whose vertices are the origin and the pts. $(-1, 7)$, $(-3, -3)$ (2).
14. Value of Pi. to 8 decimal places (9).
15. Calculate the interior angle in degrees of a regular dodecagon (3).
16. G.C.M. of 63, 147, 168, 189 and 252 (2).
17. How many hours are in April? (3).
19. In how many different positions may 5 persons be placed? (3).
22. Number of minutes in $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours (3).
24. Find the value of 0.1875 of a ship worth £1450 $\frac{2}{3}$ (3).
27. 13s 9d as a decimal of £1 (4).
29. Either (a) $41^\circ 22'$ in radians or (b) $\sin 46^\circ 13'$ (4).
31. $\tan 207^\circ$ (4).
33. Half an acre — 20 poles (ans. in poles) (2).
34. Find the square of the distance between the centres of the circles $x^2 + y^2 + 4x + 6y + 4 = 0$ and $x^2 + y^2 - 6x - 2y - 22 = 0$ (2).
35. Lt. as x tends to infinity of $(23x + 2)$ divided by x (2).

JOHN BRYCE, F.V.

Solution on page 29.

Aquæ Sulis

As we were staying near Bath during our holidays, we spent a day exploring the ancient city and Roman remains. The original Roman baths may still be seen, although much has been destroyed through the centuries. Arches and columns have fallen and lie in fragments, but the great bathing basins are still there.

Bath originated as a small walled settlement in 54 A.D. During the 3½ centuries which formed the Roman period of British history, Bath, or as it was then called, Aquæ Sulis, was quite a famous place. The reason for its fame was its medicinal springs. The town was of no military significance, but was merely a spa, set in a deep valley near the River Avon—the small town being built around the Roman baths.

By 410 A.D., the last of the Roman legions had left Britain to defend Rome against the invading barbarians. What happened to Aquæ Sulis after this lapse of Roman authority is not known. Lack of security and widespread plundering probably led to the gradual ruin of the spa. It may be presumed that the town was still inhabited as late as 577 A.D., for in that year Bath is recorded to have been stormed by the Saxons. All the city's inhabitants were killed and a smoking ruin was left. Perhaps for 100 years after, the site of the city lay desolate. During this time, the periodic flooding of the River Avon covered the baths with layers of silt, which helped a great deal in their preservation. Settled habitation, if at first on a small scale, began again in 676, when a Saxon monastery was founded there. From that time onwards, Bath gradually grew and expanded.

It was not until 1755, however, that the Roman baths were rediscovered. At this time some abbey buildings were being demolished and, during the removal of the foundations, hot mineral water gushed upwards, interrupting the work. After draining, Roman masonry was disclosed. Unfortunately, no more excavations were pursued and buildings were quickly erected over the site.

The first discoveries of importance were made in and after 1878. Certain engineering works indicated that the foundations of

some houses rested on ground little better than a morass. Further explorations revealed Roman remains some 15 to 20 feet below the surface. The Great Bath and adjacent rooms were the first to be discovered, and in the course of time, other baths and hypocausts were excavated.

If one looks at a plan of all that has been discovered, one sees a range of buildings 100 yards in length, and nearly 50 yards in width. The main feature is a sequence of 5 or 6 large basins, 2 of which contain hot spring water. These are deep and long enough for swimmers. Besides these basins there are rooms fitted with hypocausts which, in Roman times, provided for vapour or perspiration baths similar to modern Turkish baths. These hypocausts are hollow spaces under the floors through which hot air, from a furnace, passed. Although they may have been built about 50 A.D., they could still be regarded as an up-to-date system of central heating. Part of the mosaic floor, under which they were constructed, still remains. The Great Bath is one of the most remarkable Roman structures in Britain. It is 80 feet long by 40 feet wide and almost 6 feet deep. The floor is of stone, covered by lead sheets 10 ft. by 5 ft. and weighing 40 lbs. per sq. ft. Hot water is supplied from a spring or reservoir through a lead channel which was laid down by a Roman plumber nearly 2000 years ago. The outlet is through a bronze sluice at the north-east corner. A duct carrying waste hot water from this bath has remained intact since Roman times. It was made of oak, 4 ins. thick, cased in lead. The diving stone near the entry of the hot water into the bath still shows the impression worn by the feet of the Roman bathers.

At some period, the whole structure was roofed with a masonry vault which was lightened by the use of box tiles in its construction. Similar hollow tiles are used today in blocks of modern flats, but the secret of the amazing durability of the Roman cement has been lost. Fallen fragments of the vaulting can be seen on the floor at the west end of the bath.

The principal or King's spring is to the north-west of the great bath. The spring rises at 120°F. and along with two other

springs gives a supply of half a million gallons each day. The supply never varies in temperature or quantity. Behind bronze doors may be seen the water rising from the rocks. Inside these doors the heat is unbearable and one is enveloped in clouds of steam. None of this radioactive water is wasted. It is all pumped away to various hospitals and sanatoria in the city and used for the treatment of rheumatism and similar complaints.

There are several modern swimming baths in the city, all fed from the springs. My cousins and I went for a swim in one of them, but found the water uncomfortably warm. On the whole I prefer the Arctic rigours of bathing at Carnoustie.

PETER WEST, F.II.

CRIEFF HYDRO

For the past four years, at Easter, we have gone to Crieff Hydro, which is situated on the side of a small hill, known to everybody as "The Knock".

In previous years we have met people, and now we all try to inter-book.

Breakfast is from seven to nine, and on a Sunday from eight to ten. After breakfast the men go golfing and most of the children go riding at the stables, which are only a few hundred yards from the hotel.

We usually arrive back in time for "elevenses". After this we decide to go for a swim. The hotel has its own swimming pool, and last year they managed to heat it to 87°. It was hotter in the water than out.

Lunch is from twelve to two and, after lunch, the children usually play a game of table tennis, whilst our parents sit in the "hot-house" and talk. The "hot-house" is a large conservatory with palm trees in it, and a balcony, and it has large, hot pipes round the walls. In the afternoon we play tennis, badminton or putting on the putting green in front of the hotel. The boys sometimes play billiards, and there is a croquet course, but not many people use it.

About five o'clock we go down to the television room. We watch T.V. for about an hour and a half and then we change for dinner.

While we are at Crieff, we try to climb to the top of "The Knock" at least twice. There is an indicator at the top of the hill and one

can see and distinguish places for miles around.

Dinner is from seven to eight. In the evenings, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, they have a band for people to dance to. The interval is at 9.30 p.m. and all children under the age of ten must leave the dance floor. The dancing goes on till midnight.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays we dance to gramophone records, and on Sunday there is a church service in the evening.

I always enjoy my holiday at Crieff.

VIRGINIA WAIN, F.I.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CAMP

The annual camp was held at Bruar once more and there was a fair attendance from the school. During the camp, B.B.C. recorded a "Songs of Praise" programme and this was broadcast on Sunday, 30th September. This was very successful and the programme was broadcast again on Sunday, 28th October.

After Bruar a special invitation camp was held at Dalguise Youth House to mark 50 years of S.S.C. After the St. Giles' Cathedral service, this was the most important function in the Jubilee year. The school was very fortunate in having four boys invited. These were, Bruce Wallace, Graeme Bruce, Robin Galloway and Archibald Gray. Unfortunately, Robin Galloway was unable to attend owing to illness. I wish to commend the school branch on having these four boys chosen, as there were only eighty places, and boys came from all over Scotland and from Newcastle.

I wish to report that, this session, the S.S.C. has now the highest membership that it has ever had in the school. Members have been recruited from Form I. right up to Form V.

It is intended to hold a weekend camp from 7th to 9th of December at Strathkinnes Youth House in Fife. A large number of those attending are recruits.

At the beginning of the session the school representative and committee were elected. The school representative is Bruce Wallace, and the committee consists of Graeme Bruce, James Swanson, Robin Flockhart and Michael Haeburn-Little.

B. WALLACE.

Artillery Course

28th July - 3rd August, School of Artillery, Larkhill, England

Sgt. Mackay and I were accepted for this course and were told to be in Salisbury at 1300 hours on the afternoon of 27th July.

After a most comfortable journey down, we had three hours to wait in London, but this was spent sight-seeing and walking through some of the large department stores. At last it was eleven o'clock, and we took the train for Salisbury, due to arrive there at 12.45 hours.

Once at the School of Artillery, we were sorted out and given our respective huts in which we were to spend the next seven nights.

Instruction began at 08.45 each morning, and the first day, Sunday, 29th, was spent on the principles of gunnery and communication set-ups amongst the field batteries.

Lunch was served each day at 13.00 hours and instruction began at 14.00 hours in the afternoon. Every evening was free, except the 30th and the 31st, on which were shown an army documentary and two thrillers. We made many friends with the battalion, who were staying at the same barracks, namely, the Second Battalion, Royal Artillery.

Each day, the instruction intensified, and especially on the last two days, we had the most exciting part of the course. There was a large exercise, which lasted for almost seven hours, and during which we had the chance to show off our marksmanship with a "25-pounder". We learnt many interesting things on the course and we hope never to forget them. The main emphasis of instruction was on the following subjects: Gun drill and battery deployment, Communications, Artillery boards and Observation Post procedures, ammunition and field battery discipline.

At the end of the course, we were given a test and the results proved that the course was of a very high standard, and our two results pleased everyone at the course, and at school on our return — both were over eighty per cent, and soon the school hopes to receive a report which will confirm that the

two Dundee High School cadets have duly passed the course.

On leaving Larkhill, one of our good friends, Regimental Gunnery Sergeant Major Darnell, gave us a tip on how to become big, strong and fat like himself. The tip was a pint of best bitter and a pork pie. He added that the bitter should come later as we were still at school!

Summing up the course, it was wholly worthwhile and we hope to go back one day for an advanced course in Artillery.

SGT. C. M. AND L/CPL. P. F.
15th November, 1962.

MEDIAEVAL BINGO

At home we play from time to time a game called "Nine Men's Morris". It is played on a board with counters like "Ludo". It must be very old in origin.

This summer we happened to visit Dryburgh Abbey. From that visit we learned a story.

Some six hundred years ago, four masons were engaged in building the Abbey. They had stopped for lunch. To pass the time they scratched out on one of the foundation stones the pattern of the board for "Nine Men's Morris". Time passed and the whole structure of the Abbey was built.

Now all that remains of the Abbey are scattered ruins. During restoration, a foundation stone was uncovered. On it was the outline of the board for "Nine Men's Morris". The stone is only a few yards away from the tombs of Sir Walter Scott and Earl Haig, the leader of the British Army in the First World War.

The Curator of the Abbey was pleased to learn that, as a family, we had played at "Nine Men's Morris". It was, as he said with a smile, a kind of "Mediæval Bingo".

LORNA CLAIRE MARSHALL, F.I.

TIME

I always seem to be in a hurry. Why? Because I don't have enough time to do everything I want to do. In the morning I am just in the middle of breakfast when I have to run out to the car, and I manage to reach school as the bell rings.

At four o'clock I rush out of the school gates to get home. Then I start to do my homework but, as I am about to start my Algebra, or my English, I remember one of my favourite television programmes is on. I have to miss it. Bedtime, too, always comes too soon and, just as I am undressing, I remember that I have music to practise for the next day.

But I suppose that if I stopped wandering about doing unimportant things, I would find more time for everything.

PATRICIA BUCHAN, F.I.

MY SHETLAND HOLIDAY

Last summer, my parents, my brother and I went to Shetland for two weeks. One beautiful Monday evening in August, we set sail from Aberdeen on the "St. Clair" and next morning, after breakfast, we disembarked at Lerwick.

Having been told of all the wonderful places to be seen on the mainland, we thought the best plan was first to buy a guide-book. As we left the pier and made for the shopping centre, we were amazed to find that the main streets were entirely paved. It really was strange to see cars driving along what, at home, we would have called pavement.

After reading the guide-book that evening, we found it very difficult to decide where to go next day. There seemed to be so much to see, from the remains of Stone Age dwellings to Shetland ponies, and all the sea birds on the rocky coasts. Eventually, we decided to visit Lunna.

This is now a very deserted little pier, but, during the Second World War, it was a most important point for a great many Norwegians. It was from here that so many Norwegian fishermen, who had escaped from their own country, sailed to and from Norway bringing out refugees under the very eyes of the Germans! The wonderful work of these brave men is told in David Howarth's book, "The Shetland Bus".

COLIN MALCOLM, L.VII.

OUR CHEERY FRIEND

'Tis winter, and our feathered friends
Get ready for the day
When some will fly to warmer climes,
While others choose to stay.

Above us, circling in the sky,
Migrating birds foregather,
But the robin on our doorstep hops.
He does not heed the weather.

He bustles round when days are cold
And nights are long and dark.
A kettle is his humble home;
Our garden is his park.

He runs along our window-sill
And chirrups on the wall;
We throw him crumbs and tasty bits
In answer to his call.

All thoughts of gloom and weariness
Are banished at his sight,
For how could we remain so dull,
When he appears so bright.

ANDREW MARSHALL, L.VII.

THUMPER

As the name suggests, Thumper is a rabbit, and some rabbit! I don't think anything would terrify that little creature. She's not even frightened of the dog next door. No, the dog next door is afraid of her.

At the weekend, and for an hour or so every day, she is allowed out to play in the back garden, where there is wire netting up to stop her escaping round the front. If the foot of this was not pinned down with a piece of wood, she would lift up the wire and crawl underneath. As it is, when she is freed, she goes straight to the wood and starts chewing it. Once before, she chewed through a piece of wood, lifted up the wire and escaped.

She loves to eat plants, especially wall-flowers, and she burrows in Dad's flower beds. Whenever Dad goes out to the garden, she chases after him and runs round his feet. This devotion is because he usually plays with her.

Mum says that her winter coat is so thick and pretty she would make a lovely pair of fur gloves. But no one's making a pair of gloves out of my rabbit!

CATHERINE COULL, L.VII.

THE CARELESS WIZARD

Once upon a time there lived a careless wizard. One day he thought of a new invention. In these days the world was twice as big as it is today. The country which he lived in was as big as half the world. When he had made the invention, he thought it was wonderful. He called every one in that country and said it would rain and rain until there was enough water to keep us living. By that time everyone was there. "Well," he said, "I am about to show you my latest invention." He pressed a button and it began to rain.

"Wait a minute," said the mayor. "How will you stop it raining?"

"I had not thought of that," said the wizard. In anger the mayor pushed the wizard over and he broke the machine. Suddenly the rain poured down very heavily and the sea was invented.

THE DOCTOR'S HOARD

If you looked into our cupboard,
You'd scarce believe your eyes;
There are bottles, bottles, bottles,
Of every shape and size,

Red bottles, blue bottles, bottles for all ills,
Bottles full of liquid, bottles full of pills,
Plain bottles, coloured bottles, prisms in the
light,

Making rainbow patterns, paint-box bright,
Sealed bottles, corked bottles, bottles round
and square,

Labelled with a death's head,

HANDLE WITH CARE.

With all these rows of bottles,
What a problem it must be,
To find the very bottle
That is suitable for me.

IMOGEN MORGAN, L.VI.

I ONCE WENT FISHING

I have always disliked touching worms or any cold, slimy creatures, especially the ones that wriggle.

When my father went fishing, I could not bear to look at him putting the bait on the hook, so I wandered off in search of something more interesting to do.

I returned later to see what was happening, or if any fish had been caught. He was still standing in almost the same place throwing the line into the Ledbester Burn and watching the hook float downstream. He seemed happy, but I was bored. It looked so easy and so safe, and the worm seemed so far away, that I thought I might hold the rod to see what it felt like.

Immediately I took hold of it, the line seemed to catch on something, so I gave it a little tug. All at once a fishy head shot out of the water and seemed to come straight at me.

It may have been only six inches long, but I never got a bigger fright in all my life. I screamed, threw the rod into the water and ran as far and as fast as I was able. I believe the little fish was recovered later, still attached to the hook.

I now dislike cold, slimy things more than ever and I shall never hold anyone's fishing rod again.

KATHERINE GILRUTH, L.VII.

A WINTER NIGHT

On a winter night
In the starry light,
When the firs are bathed in shimmering white.
An owl hoots near a silent stream
Where fishes in the depths do gleam,
How beautiful the world does seem.
A bat flits through the moonlit sky,
And a mouse goes scampering by,
With a starry twinkle in its eye.

LINDA CAIRD, L.VI.

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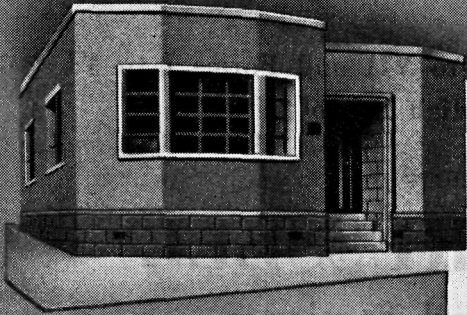
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AUTUMN

The trees are like a sea of green;
 Leaves tumble as the spray.
 Squirrels, on their piers of branches,
 View the fine array.

The woodland creatures scamper round
 Like fishes in the sea.
 The birds, like boats, sail in the air,
 And sing their songs with glee.

SANDY MEIKLEJOHN, L.VII.

THE FAIRY FOREST

In a beautiful valley in the Yorkshire Hills, beside a lake, there was a forest, a fairy forest. In the lake there was a fountain on top of a pure, white stone. People say it was magic, because they saw a big, red, round stone with a silver sword in the middle. They said that that happened every day at noon, when the sun could be right above it.

There were fairies in the wood, but nobody knew *that*. They came out at night and, as they were good fairies, they did good turns, such as guard good children, fix leaves on to some trees, and see that the fish in the lake were well. Sometimes they would play in and out among the trees.

But one day all this was to come to an end, for on the other side of the forest there lived an old wizard who was cruel and wicked to all those who did good things. So, when he heard of the fairies and their good deeds, he decided to get rid of them. So, one day, when the fairies were asleep, he came and took the Queen fairy, who was named Marigold. All the fairies mourned for her and searched everywhere, but none of them could find her. But, one day, as the fairies were sleeping, a handsome prince rode into the forest. He knew nothing about the wizard and, when he saw the wizard, he killed him and got the Queen and brought her back to the fairies, who were very grateful.

VALERIE WALSH, L.V.

RIDING

I would love to go a-hunting,
 Be the weather dull or fair;
 I would love to go a-hunting,
 And hunting gear I'd wear.

I would love to go a-show-jumping,
 With a horse beneath my weight;
 I would love to go a-show-jumping,
 Over wall and over gate.

I would love to go a-horse-racing,
 With wind blowing in my face;
 I would love to go a-horse-racing,
 At a marvellous fast pace.

I would love to go a-pony-trekking,
 Through dripping woods of green;
 I would love to go a-pony-trekking,
 On a pony that was keen.

GILLIAN GREEN, L.V.

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MY VISIT TO THE CAVES OF DRACH

When I was on holiday in the island of Mallorca, I visited the Caves of Drach. A coach came to collect us and other people. We had a Spanish guide, but he talked excellent English. On the way to the caves we saw apricots, figs, melons and almonds growing. The guide said there were seven million almond trees growing on the island.

When we arrived at the caves, we gathered our things together and stepped out of the coach. We had to go down about a hundred steps before we came to the entrance. When we were inside the caves, we saw stalagmites and stalactites. They were shaped into different pictures. One was of the Madonna and child.

Then we came to a subterranean lake. We all took our seats and, suddenly, all the lights went out. Then four gondolas came sailing along the lake playing beautiful serenades. They disappeared, and came back again to take us all to the exit. That was the most exciting day in my holiday.

ELAINE MCGILL, L.V.

LIFE IN WORLD WAR TWO

Once, when I went on a secret mission in World War Two, I was captured by some German spies. They put me in a cell for two weeks under guard. Then, next time the German jailkeeper came in with a day's supply of food and water and a drawn pistol, I kicked the pistol out of his hand and gave him the full force of an uppercut. As he fell to the floor I picked up the pistol and took off his greatcoat. I put on the greatcoat and went out of the door. When the officer came round I said in my best German, "All present and correct". Then I went out of the gates of the camp with the other Germans and escaped.

DAVID McDONALD, L.V.

MY FAVOURITE STORY

My favourite story is called "The Gnome Who Came to Stay". In the story there is a gnome, called Curly, who was an apprentice to a witch. He had to stay with the witch six years. He did not like this at all. He had to do spelling — not the C A T cat spelling, but magic spelling. One day the witch had to take medicine round to old ladies. The witch told Curly to tidy the top shelf of the witch's magic books. Then he found a book with a spell to tidy the top shelf of the witch's magic books. Then he found a spell to take him away from the witch. So, late at night, Curly tried the spell and it worked. He landed in a garden where some children lived. The children gave him an old guinea-pig's hutch to live in.

NEIL ROBERTSON, L.III.

AN AUTUMN WALK

One day, last month, I went for a walk in the country, with my Pekinese, Squiffy. It was one of the few good days in October, and I was going to take advantage of it. As I walked along, Squiffy suddenly seemed very anxious to run after something, so I dropped the leash and let him scamper off by himself. He ran up to something soft and fluffy, and then began to bark, but the squirrel did not wait for Squiffy and was up the tree like a shot, jumping from branch to branch through the trees.

We walked along by the river side, watching the water tumbling down its rocky bed, and wagtails hopping from stone to stone catching flies. I was surprised to see a heron rise from the bank and glide away into the distance, I had not noticed it until it had risen.

Since it was getting rather late, we made our way home again enjoying the golden light of the setting sun.

MAUREEN DUNN, L.VII.

MY PET HAMSTER

My golden hamster is called Pixie. We keep her in a metal cage. In it she has a ladder leading up to a small platform, a wheel, a sleeping box, and a large place to play in. She is a nocturnal animal and at night she becomes most lively. The funny thing about her is that, although intelligent, she always climbs up to the platform not using the ladder and, when she comes down, she uses the ladder. She has not yet learned that ladders are for going up as well as down!

ANN JOHNSTON, L.VI.

WINTER EVENINGS

Winter evenings
Are long and dark and cold.
The sun sets early in the west
And the moon,
Its silver light travelling near and far,
Shines in the east
On grass and earth and sea.

Fires are lit
And curtains drawn.
Street lights shine
And clouds go racing by.
The wind, whistling through the trees,
Waves their branches
And watches their brown leaves fall.

ANDREW MITCHELL, L.VI.

THE MOON

The moon rises in the east and sinks in the west,
And hides itself by day.
It shines very brightly in the night,
And, if it could, it would by day.
It is a nuisance to me,
Because it keeps on changing its way.
I never know where it will be,
That's why it's such a nuisance to me.

JOAN RITCHIE, L.V.

MY PETS

I have a little white West Highland Terrier dog. Her name is Tessa. Every day I take her out for walks. Tessa is six years old. She is a very fast runner, for she can beat me. Tessa has had one puppy. Its name is Peppy. Peppy is one year old. She can almost run as fast as I. Peppy and Tessa like playing with our old tortoise, Tom. Tom is sixteen years old. Tom walks very slowly. Tessa and Peppy bite Tom when he is a pest, so Tom bites them back. Tom has very sharp teeth.

Once, when Tessa was running down a hill and there was a pond at the bottom, Tessa ran into it. Of course, Peppy had to go, too. Tessa swam to the other side, but Peppy could not swim, so she waded back to the side she went in.

Tessa and Peppy sleep in a basket by the fire. Tom, at the moment, is sleeping in our rabbit hutch. I feed Peppy at 12 o'clock and 7 o'clock, and I feed Tessa at 7 o'clock. Whenever I say, "Pussy, Pussy", Tessa and Peppy run out of the house, barking.

MARGARET SOUTAR, L.V.

THE SQUIRREL

I saw a baby squirrel,
So sweet, so bright, so gay,
Scampering in the wood,
All through the day.

Its bushy tail was waving;
Its eyes were keen and bright;
Its ears were pricked and pointed,
He'd hear you in the night.

So sweet a baby squirrel,
On a summer's day,
But, alas! he saw me—
And then he ran away.

MORAG J. P. STALKER, L.VI.

FRENCH CAVES

Les Eyzies is a tourist centre, because of Stone Age remains. There is a reconstructed statue of a Stone Age man, and one of the hotels, the "Cro-Magnon", is built, partly under an early rock shelter. In fact, in the valley in which this lovely town is set, overhanging rocks are not abnormal. The well-known rock shelter in Les Eyzies is called Laugerie Basse. Also here is a lovely cave, Le Grand Roc. This is of the same type as the Cheddar caves in Somerset, only it beats them hands down on quality. One of the highlights is a unique rock cross.

An excursion from Les Eyzies takes you to Le Moustier. This is a rock shelter, where Stone Age implements, skeletons and skulls have been found. Part of it has been left untouched, so that scientists may examine it again in the future. In the Les Eyzies area, people still live in houses built on to the rock.

Also, not far from Les Eyzies is the famous cave, Lascaux. This was discovered in 1940 by four boys and a dog. The dog ran down a hole and the boys followed. This hole has now sent tourists streaming into this region. To preserve these, the finest cave paintings in Europe, the cavern is kept at the same temperature all the time. This prevents tourists flowing in any faster than in small groups at intervals. Surely, though, there can be no doubt that the wait is worth it, for these cave paintings are marvellous.

Lacave Cave is quite out of the ordinary. The trip begins with a half-mile train journey through a nondescript passage. Getting out at the terminus, one walks along the passage. Soon, one has a choice of which way to go. To take the left fork means a two-minute lift ride, and the right fork means a long, upward walk. On going either way, one arrives in a chamber the size of St. Paul's Cathedral. There, one waits for a guide, who shows one the two lovely caverns. These, surely, must be in the top ratings of Europe's caves. They are glorious. The only thing is

the length of time spent in visiting these fascinating caverns — two hours!

Britain can hardly match France in caves — for Gough's, Cox's and Wookey Hole Caves (plus a few more), France has all these — and more.

CHRISTOPHER JONES, L.VI.

BROWNIES

In September I joined the Brownies. I am a Kelpie, and wear a brown uniform. I have interesting things to do, and grand games to play. I like it very much. I have to wash and dry the dishes, fold and tie my own tie, and sew on a button. I try to do a good turn every day. I would like to signal in semaphore, but I am only a recruit and I cannot do that yet.

LESLEY INNES, L.III.

FISHING FOR MINNOWS

I went to the pond one day,
To fish for minnows, by the way,
But minnows being shy, you see,
Swam into the weeds and hid from me.

LINDSAY FOULIS, L.II.

REMEMBRANCE SERVICE

A Remembrance Service took place at the Black Watch Memorial at the top of Powrie Brae on Sunday, 11th November. It lasted half an hour and the padre came from Dumfries. We sang two hymns to which an army brass band played. After the two-minute silence a civilian and a soldier laid wreaths beside the memorial. The soldiers marched up to the buses and the pipe band played a marching tune. I was numb because of the cold and was very glad of a cup of coffee afterwards.

JOHN PATE, L.VI.

OUR VISIT TO HANDA ISLAND

Last summer we spent part of our holidays on the west coast of Sutherland, and enjoyed a visit to the bird sanctuary on Handa Island. As the island is some distance from the mainland, it is necessary to hire a boat, and preferably choose a fine day for the sail. The boatman told us that, at some times of the year, it is quite impossible to reach the island because of the very heavy rollers and high seas.

The weather on the day we chose was glorious, and there were wonderful views of the fishing village of Tarbet nestling on the rocky mainland coast. Our boatman told us the exact time he would return for us, and where we should meet him.

From the white sandy beach of Handa we watched the boat sail away, after which we began our explorations. We walked for a long way across the island to watch the hundreds of guillemots with their young, through Daddy's binoculars. They looked most amusing and rather like small penguins sitting on the rocks. The noise of guillemots, seagulls and other birds was deafening, but they had a lovely place in which to live.

When it was time to return to meet the boat, we discovered that the sea on the other side of the island had become very rough. Because of this, Mummy and Daddy had doubts as to whether the boatman would be able to take us back to Tarbet, particularly as he seemed to be having difficulty with the engine of the boat. It was a very rough and exciting crossing back to the mainland, but we arrived safely after an unforgettable day.

SUSAN MEE, L.VII.

LITTLE WIND

Little Wind, blow on the hill top;
 Little Wind, blow down the plain;
 Little Wind, blow up the sunshine;
 Little Wind, blow off the rain.

NICHOLAS CUNNINGHAM, L.III.

AN EXCITING CLIMB

While I was on holiday up at Lochcarron, in Wester Ross, we had one beautiful day. There was not a cloud to be seen in the clear, blue sky. We got up quite early and decided to take the car up over the road to Applecross. The road, which you take to get to Applecross, climbs very high up over the water-shed, and has many hair-pin bends, far worse than the Devil's Elbow.

When we got up to the top of the Bealach Nam Bo (The Pass of the Cattle), we stopped and had our picnic where we could see the Island of Skye. When we had finished, we packed the picnic basket and set off to climb part of Beinn Bhan. The ground was covered with big slabs of rock, which my father said was Torridonian Red Sandstone, one of the oldest stones in the world.

On the top of Beinn Bhan was a cairn, on to which I added a stone. From the top, we could see all the Island of Skye, Scalpay, part of Lewis and Harris, and right to Ben Nevis in Inverness-shire. We could also look straight into Corrie Na Poite and three other large corries. One of the corries had a lochan in it far below. It really was magnificent.

ALISON BOWMAN, L.VI.

A LIGHTHOUSE

One day, when we were on holiday at Portpatrick, we visited the famous Killintringen Lighthouse. First, we were shown three diesel engines from which the foghorn is operated. We then climbed the tower and viewed the immense reflectors and turntable. The signal given by this lighthouse is two in quick succession in half a minute. The lightkeepers have a three-hour watch and six hours off. Lightkeepers on remote islands have a month's tour of duty. Lighthouses are very interesting and important.

ROBIN SMITH, L.III.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PENNY

I am an old bun penny; my date is 1863. The owner of me buried me under the tiles that formed a fireplace. When he moved, he forgot about me. Then, when the Browns came to live there, Mr Brown started to put new tiles down. It was then that he found me under one of the tiles. So he gave me to his little son, whose name was, and still is, Tom. Immediately, he put me into his money box. Then all the other coins began to boast that they were worth more than I was. The shilling said that twelve of me equalled one of his kind.

One day, they went out to the country. Tom's father said, "Tom, you might need your money box". So we set out up hill and down dale. Then, suddenly, the car stopped. Mr Brown got out to see what was wrong. He came back and asked for a penny. Tom gave me to him and he went back and put me in a hole. Then he drove on and stopped at a garage and bought a plug and put it in my place. Then he went home and put me in a glass case.

DAVID MEE, L.V.

CHRISTMAS FEVER

Christmas fever's in the air.
Shops display attractive ware.
Everyone must join the hustle,
In the age-old Christmas bustle.

Children's eyes light up with glee
When they see a Christmas tree,
And their eyes stare even harder,
As they peep into the larder.

Christmas puddings, pies and cakes,
And all the goodies Mother bakes,
Chicken, turkey, pheasant, duck,
All become our Christmas "tuck".

ARCHIE McLAREN, L.VI.

MINIATURE GARDENS

When I was eight years old, I started collecting articles for a miniature garden. Some things are more essential than others. I started with a bed of daffodils, a greenhouse, brown trellis fences and a packet of small bricks. You can also buy lupins, hyacinths, rose bushes, standard roses, snowdrops and crocuses. The water pond is one of the most effective articles. It is a grey framework, which is meant to be rocks, and imitation water covered with hard plastic. You are also given pink or blue flowers and water reeds with the pond. To complete this garden, you can obtain green grass and crazy paving, pergolas, garden seats, gates and posts, plants in pots, a cold frame with seed boxes, and stone walls with plants on the top.

For anyone who likes designing things, this is an excellent hobby. Also, for those who intend to "lay out" new gardens, this is an ideal means of deciding where everything will go. I recommend a shoe box for keeping this miniature garden in. When set up, this garden is compact and looks very modern and up-to-date. All the articles are plastic and not lead, as old-fashioned miniature gardens were.

PATRICIA H. RITCHIE, L.VI.

MY PET FOALS

I have two colt foals who are ten months old. They are sturdy little animals. I am now at the stage of breaking them in. The day I named them they could not stand. I call them Tonto and Bronco. What I did the day I started breaking them in was to lead them round the yard on a rope, and my friend took the bridle while I led them round. They were not very good to start with. They are very much better now. I finished breaking them in in three months. They will soon be doing the high wall jump which is four feet high.

LINDA GREIG, L.IV.

AT THE ZOO

When we go to the zoo, we usually first go in the bus to the top and walk down again past the lions and tigers in their cages. The black bears would not take bread or biscuits, nor would the hippo. It took peanuts, and the monkeys took neither bread, biscuits nor peanuts. They took Smarties. The things I liked best were the elephants, especially one called Helene, which was only born a few weeks before our visit. The other one, called Sally, put her feet on the edge of the ditch trying to reach her keeper. The thing I liked least was the black, slimy eel. It was so terribly black. The sea-lions looked so funny when they caught the fish the keeper was throwing to them. One of them stayed on land and took fish from the buckets, but the keeper did not notice it.

RONA WINTER, L.III.

A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On Saturday I had a Hallowe'en party. All the boys in my class came. We went to the park to play football. After football we had games. After the games we had tea. For tea we had lots of cakes, lemonade, sausages and sandwiches. Then we had ducking for apples and nuts. Next we had fireworks. We had rockets and sparklers and fireworks that we held in our hands.

RODERICK MCKEAN, L.II.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up, I want to be
A doctor, like my dad.
I'd give my patients plenty pills,
And that would make them glad.

Children would have red or blue,
Grown-ups would have brown.
I'd be the best-loved doctor
They'd ever had in town.

GORDON GRANT, L.III.

MY PETS

In my garden there lives a Greek tortoise, who is now very old. Mummy bought him when she was a little girl for just sixpence. He is very tame and every day, in summer, it is my job to give him something tasty to eat — lettuce leaves, a piece of apple and sometimes strawberries. His house is in a corner of the vegetable garden. When winter arrives, Algy, as he is called, goes to sleep in his little house and Grandpa covers the whole house with earth and some waterproof material so that Algy will be safe from frost and dampness.

I have two other pets which live in our house. One is a miniature poodle called Pipi. She is a lovely little dog and every night she likes to watch television. People think it is very amusing when she sits with her nose only three inches from the screen. When an animal appears she nearly jumps through the set!

Last summer, when we came home from our holiday in Spain, Mummy bought our other pet, a budgie. His feathers are blue and white. Indeed, he is a beautiful little bird. We are teaching him to speak and already he can say one or two things.

Pets are good companions and I love mine very much. If you do not have one of your own, I think it would be a good idea if you bought one.

DAWN ANDERSON, L.III.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

Across — 1. 1980, 4. 16, 6. 13, 8. 63°, 9. 59, 10. 51, 11. £80, 12. 49, 13. 1.37, 14. 1926, 18. 21 yards, 19. £15, 20. 10%, 21. .05, 23. £100, 25. 705, 26. 17, 27. 60, 28. 9.79 inches, 30. 250, 32. £76, 36. 50, 37. 50 miles, 38. 1953.

Down — 1. 1.058, 2. 9.110, 3. .02, 4. 1689, 5. 63, 6. 1.5, 7. 3968600000, 12. 4.7 miles, 13. 12, 14. 3.14159265, 15. 150°, 16. 21, 17. 720, 19. 120, 22. 570, 24. £272, 27. .6875, 29. (a) 7220, (b) .7220, 31. .5095, 33. 60, 34. 41, 35. 23.

THE PARTY

On Saturday my little sister Fiona had a party. We played lots of games with Fiona's friends.

Arlene, my biggest sister, and her friend, Judith, helped Mummy by serving the tea. We had a cake in the shape of a house, with chocolate buttons for slates.

After tea Mummy showed films. They were very funny and we all enjoyed them. We did our party piece on the tape-recorder. It was fun to hear ourselves singing and playing the piano.

KAY BUTCHART, L.II.

MY PETS

Flash is my big sister's pony. He is very good but sometimes he is very naughty. He has a lovely mane which is black. He wears a bridle and a saddle. We have hired a pony that happens to be Flash's girl-friend. She is called Tosca. She has a very horrible back-bone that sticks up. If she is in a field she charges anyone who goes in and, when I do the girths, she nips me.

Tosca belongs to my cousin who is at boarding school in Edinburgh.

JILL BOOTH, L.III.

MY FAVOURITE STORY

My favourite story is called "Robin". In the story Mrs and Mr Robin wanted to build a nest in a barn. This was near Christmas-time. One day, Mr Robin went to a nearby house. In the house there was a Christmas tree and all the children were out of the room. Robin went and sat on the tree. Just then the children came back with their father. Father lit the candles and then he asked the children what toy they would like, and a little girl asked for the little robin.

BARBARA J. GILROY, L.III.

MY PET

I have a horse called Star. He has a lovely tail and mane. He is called Star because he has a black star on his forehead. Star has two foals called Thunder and Lightning. Thunder is called that name because he is black, and Lightning has that name because he is very fast. I sometimes try to take Star for a trek, but he will not go without his foals and so they have to come, too. He is intelligent and very fast, like Lightning.

LINAIRE McRAE, L.IV.

THE DENTAL HOSPITAL

One day Mummy took me to the Dental Hospital. It was a large building with a red roof. When we went inside, we showed a lady a letter. Mummy wrote her name on a small card. Then we went up some stairs and came to the children's waiting room. Inside there was a lovely cage with beautifully coloured birds in it. Then I went into a small room and had my teeth seen to. Afterwards a man was very kind and asked us if we would like to descend in his lift. We did so. It was a lovely day.

SANDRA GRANT, L.IV.

QUEENIE

We went to Glen Isla for our summer holidays. There, there was a pony trek. We stayed in a cottage on a rough road. Not far down the road there was an hotel. The ponies belonged to the hotel. We were on the ponies every day for a fortnight. One day, when I was taking one of the ponies, named Queenie, to be shod, she ran away while I was still on her back. She went down the main road and into another field. The head man of the ponies came to help me get off Queenie and then he mounted Queenie and took her to be shod.

VALERIE ANNE REID, L.IV.



SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM

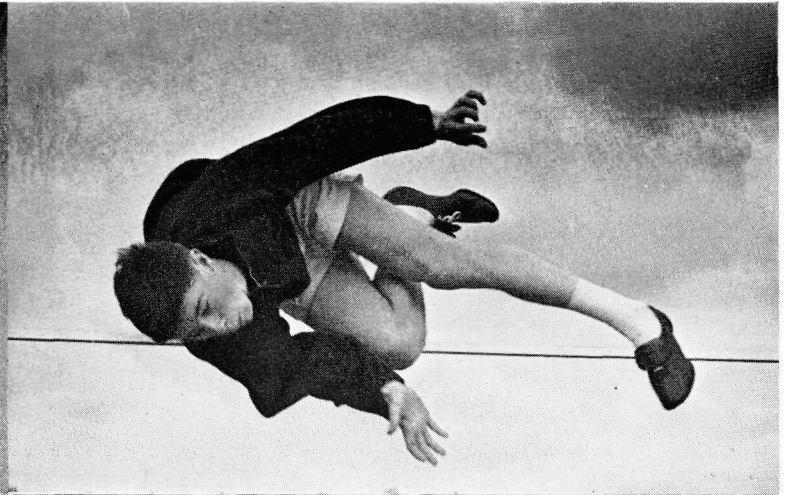
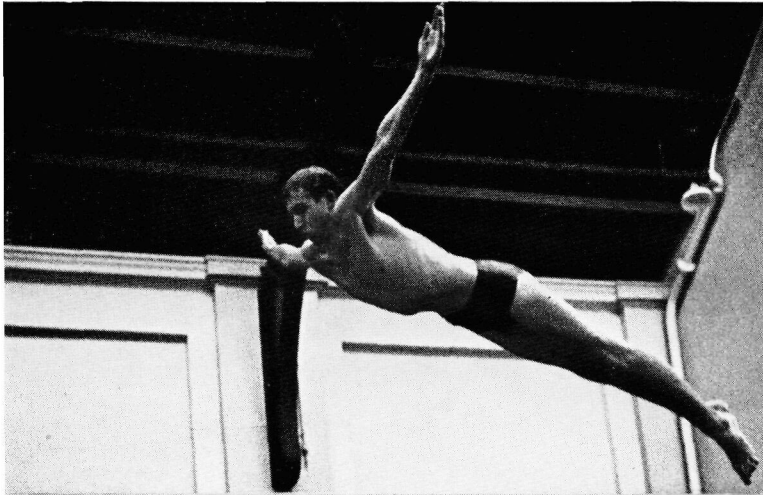
- Back Row (l. to r.)**— G. P. McNeill, D. Hardie, R. T. Leslie, S. D. Paterson, J. R. S. Burns, F. A. J. McDonald, C. W. W. Rea.
- Second Row (l. to r.)**— H. L. Findlay, A. Q. Agnew, C. A. Lowson, N. I. G. Rorie, J. W. Andrews, P. Aiken, K. H. Wood, J. M. McKean, I. E. Smith.
- Third Row (l. to r.)**— D. G. Fairley, Sheila A. Mackie, Susan H. Gibson, Rosemary A. Birrell, Sandra J. Duncan, R. Arthur, Margaret J. J. Walker, Wendy K. Ross, Helen M. Jamieson, Pamela A. Petrie, A. G. Grewar.
- Front Row (l. to r.)**— Dorothy L. G. Fraser, M. J. S. Walton, Nancy M. Paton, M. J. L. Mort, Margaret A. Reed, Mr Coletta, Miss Paton, C. Balharry, Christina I. Simpson, J. H. McConnachie, Sheila M. Buchan, J. M. Fairley.



Photographs by Norman Brown & Co.

JUNIOR ATHLETICS TEAM

- Back Row (l. to r.)**— D. G. Scott, J. P. Gray, C. T. P. Rubens, G. G. Robertson, N. H. Fowler, L. S. Cook, D. K. Walmsley.
- Middle Row (l. to r.)**— B. D. Smith, M. J. Duncan, Ruth I. Sturrock, Margaret J. Bryce, H. Zoe Mair, R. H. Lawson, Elizabeth M. Middleton, Diana M. Sutherland, Dianne M. Duncan, Norah M. Grewar, Anne C. Cook, W. J. Clark.
- Front Row (l. to r.)**— Virginia M. Wain, A. J. Johnstone, Janet A. Sutherland, G. D. Duncan (Vice-Capt., Boys), Gillian J. McMillan (Capt., Girls), Mr Coletta, Miss Paton, D. C. Mathewson (Capt., Boys), Eileen M. C. Duke (Vice-Capt., Girls), N. Y. Cram, Linda J. Mickerson, W. A. Masson.



Photographs by Alistair N. Black, F.V.

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS IN ACTION—SPORTS AND GALA, 1962

H.M.S. " UNICORN "

I saw the old wooden ship, H.M.S. "Unicorn", being moved. I stood up on a fence and saw her being towed to her new dock by two tugs.

GRAHAM D. BUTCHART, L.II.

FROGGIES

Six little Froggies sat upon a log,
Six little Froggies frightened of a dog.
Along came Rover,
What did they do?
Croaked very loudly, "Go away, you!"

WILLIAM DAVID, L.III.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAY

In the summer of 1961, David and I went to Arisaig. There was sand, and we dug huge holes. We saw a beautiful sand-castle, with

razor-shells for a draw-bridge. Round it was a moat, which had no water in it. In the sea I sailed my yacht, with a string tied to her. Lynne, our dog, dug holes under Daddy's feet. A grass-covered rock could be sat on. Only the top was covered with grass, and from it we could see bits of rock and rock pools. Mummy, Daddy, David and I sat on the top sometimes when it was sunny. We all paddled and swam in the water, even Mummy and Daddy.

VALERIE SOUTAR, L.III.

MY PET

I have a pet dog. He is a beautiful golden spaniel. He is nine months old. When he eats his food his big ears go in the bowl. When we take him out for a walk, he jumps up trying to catch the lead. One day Kim took Mummy's slipper and tore it all up.

JANICE PROUDFOOT, L.III.



Reports

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

The Rifle Club has continued to flourish this season, and it has been gratifying to see so much enthusiasm. Many senior members of last year's team have left, a loss we regret, but a challenge to potential crackshots.

This summer, the Cadet Company were good enough to send C. McKay and R. Burns to the Scottish National meeting in Aberdeen. Although no prizes were won, much experience was gained. For arranging this, we owe our sincere thanks to Major Halliday and Mr Stark. McKay and Burns are at present shooting in the Scottish Junior Championship.

It was reported last season that the team had gained second place in the Country Life Competition, but I am pleased to report that the result has since been amended and the team was placed first.

On behalf of all the members of the Rifle Club, I sincerely thank the officers of the Cadets and Mr Stark for their help and advice. If it were not for Mr Stark giving up his time to coach us on Friday evenings, the Rifle Club could not function.

R. B.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st XI.	14	5	7	2
2nd XI.	10	5	3	2

After a bright start to the season, the 1st XI. did not maintain the high standard of play which they had shown in the opening games of the season. The result of this lapse in form was a series of drawn games, which the School might conceivably have won if they had made those few extra runs, which seemed to elude them. However, the only defeat by another School was against Harris Academy and then only by the narrow margin of two runs. The other defeat was at the hands of a strong Forthill XI., which included five County players.

The 2nd XI. also had a good season, the highlight of which was an excellent win over Morrison's Academy at Crieff. The younger boys, showing much enthusiasm, had mixed results against other schools.

The batting averages were headed by C. W. W. Rea and the bowling average by W. J. Christie. The best all-round performance was that of A. G.

Napier who was second in both the batting and bowling averages.

The following awards were made at the end of the season — Don F. McEwan Prize — B. N. Bowman and C. W. W. Rea. Games Merit Scarves — B. N. Bowman, C. W. W. Rea and A. G. Napier. Cricket Caps — B. N. Bowman, C. W. W. Rea, A. G. Napier, M. J. S. Walton, R. T. Leslie, A. S. Gray.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Allardice, Mr Stark and all the other members of the staff who have helped to make the cricket season a success. We are very grateful to them for giving up their precious time to umpire games and to travel to away matches.

M. M. G., Secretary.

ATHLETICS REPORT

The Scottish Schools' Athletics Championships were held on 16th June. A team of seven boys travelled to Glasgow on the day before the meeting and were accommodated in a school near the ground for the night. All competitors did well, especially R. T. Leslie and D. Mathewson. In the Shot Putt, Leslie was placed sixth with a putt of 40 feet 8 ins., a personal best and a new school record. Mathewson reached the final of the 80 yards hurdles. In the final his time was 11.6 seconds which was .1 second outside the badge standard.

In the Schoolgirls' Championships, held in Dunfermline, our team of ten girls (a record number of entries from the School) did exceptionally well. Many reached the latter stages of their respective events and G. J. Macmillan is to be congratulated on winning the Broad Jump in her age group.

The enthusiasm of the teams and the advice given to them by Mr Coletta were largely responsible for this success.

The Dundee Schools' Sports were to have been held at the end of June but, owing to a poliomyelitis outbreak, they were cancelled on the advice of the medical authorities.

The Annual Sports were held at Dalnacraig on Saturday, 23rd June. The weather, although not very warm, was otherwise perfect. The Senior Championship was shared by R. T. Leslie and J. H. McConnachie, the Intermediate by A. Q. Agnew and D. Mathewson, and the Junior Championship was won by K. J. Ross. The girl champions were,

respectively. A. M. Paton, G. J. Macmillan and N. J. Duncan. Tea was served during the afternoon by the senior girls. D. E. Stimpson, Esq., presided, and Mrs Stimpson presented the prizes.

The public address system, relaying to all parts of the ground, was kindly supplied by Mr Eric Larg. The 100 yards hurdles was a new event introduced into the Boys' Senior Championship. Mr McLaren presented a new trophy—the Tom McLaren Cup for the winner of the Javelin. In the Girls' Intermediate Championship, G. J. Macmillan set up new Sports Records for the 220 yards (27.4 seconds) and for the Broad Jump (16 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ in.).

R. B.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

This session there have been a few changes made in the 1st XI., but the team is now more stable and several of the younger players are showing great promise, under the captaincy of Sheila Buchan. There have been many enjoyable matches and we have had a full fixture list, including some schools which we have not previously played.

This year a record has been made, as there are often as many as six teams playing on Saturdays. This is mainly due to the inclusion of a few 2nd Year "B" XI. and 1st Year "A" XI. matches. The standard of hockey is high, and in the younger teams there are many enthusiastic players for the future.

The results of the 1st XI matches are as follows:

		F.	A.
Sept. 1—D.H.S. F.P.	(H)	1	2
8—Grove Academy	(H)	1	4
15—Blairgowrie High School	(H)	3	1
22—Morgan Academy	(H)	2	0
Oct. 6—Kilgraston	(A)	3	3
20—Bell Baxter High School	(H)	3	2
Nov. 3—Harris Academy	(H)	7	0

The other teams have progressed as follows :

	W.	D.	L.	Can.
2nd XI	3	2	2	0
3rd XI.	3	1	1	0
Form III. XI.	2	0	1	0
Form II. XI.	2	3	1	1
Form I. XI	2	0	0	1

The Senior House matches were held on 13th October. Aystree won, with Lindores second and Airlie third.

In the Dundee Hockey Trials on 27th October, Sheila Buchan, Joan Sutherland, Frances Bowman, Susan Gibson, Sheila Mackie, Wendy Ross, Margaret Walker and Helen Lyle were entered from D.H.S., and we congratulate Frances Bowman, Helen Lyle, Sheila Mackie and Margaret Walker on being chosen to represent Dundee at the final Trial.

On 10th November, the Final Trial for the Junior Midlands Team was held, and Frances Bowman, Helen Lyle, Sheila Mackie and Margaret Walker did extremely well as they were all chosen for the team. This is a great feat and the first time since 1936 that D.H.S. has had so many players in the Midlands Team.

As last year, we have training sessions once a week. These make a great difference to our fitness and provide a welcome escape from homework.

We should like to thank Miss Paton for her intensive coaching. Our thanks also go to the other ladies of the staff who help us on grounds days and accompany us on our matches on Saturdays.

P. J. R.

BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

After a promising start to the season, both the standard of play and attendances have dropped noticeably. There is also a lack of keenness amongst some of the girls to play for the School in matches. On the brighter side, some new blood, in the form of new boys, augurs well for the future; their out-court play is steadily, if slowly, improving. We hope that attendances will pick up next term and that last year's form, especially from the girls' point of view, can be recaptured.

I. G. R.

CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

The Club is in a very healthy state. This was evident in the fact that we had enough members to warrant a climb during the first term, a rare occurrence. On Sunday, 23rd September, twenty stalwarts set off in a bus for Tarfside. A fifteen mile climb was achieved, which took in Mount Keen, Birrell's Peak, Hill of Gairney and Braid Cairn. It was especially heartening to see some younger boys with us, as this augurs well for the future. Taking into account the glorious weather we had, this must rank as one of the most pleasant, though perhaps not the most rigorous, climbs the Club has had.

I. G. R.

CADET REPORT

Despite the expected drop in morale, due to the cancellation of Annual Camp, the Company is at present enjoying quiet seas and blue skies. There is much activity within our ship; she is sailing a straight and true course. At the commencement of the academic calendar, the following promotions and appointments were made—R.S.M. Schnee; R.Q.M.S. Key; Senior Coy., C.S.M. Andrews; Junior Coy., C.S.M. McRitchie; D./Maj. Fairley; P./Maj. MacIntyre; Drill Sgt. Rorie; Sgt. Walton; Sgt. Duckworth; Sgt. McKay; Sgt. Burns; P.Sgt. Anderson; D./Sgt. Coutts.

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme programme is now fully under way, supervised by Lt. Stewart. Large numbers of Cadets are working for both the Bronze and Silver Awards. A Navigation Course, run by Captain Creelman, and a Civil Defence Course have both attracted "volunteers". The R.A.M.C. is running a course to qualify boys in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. The "King George V. Trophy" (a national competition), is at present being shot off and we have a not-too-slender chance of gaining medals for possible "100s".

Today, in H.M. Services, ten former "Dundee High School" Cadets hold commissioned rank. Many boys in the Company at present are displaying this ability to command and to command well. Enthusiasm, initiative and leadership are everywhere prominent. Two Cadets who here deserve special mention are D./Maj. Fairley and Sgt. Colin McKay. The former spent six weeks on courses this summer. He attended the Moray Sea School for four weeks, a marine commando course at "Lympstone" for one week, and at Frimley Park he was awarded the "Joint Services Cadet Badge (J.S.C.B.)". Two other Cadets, A.Q.M.S. Key and Cpl. Brian Junor, attended this course at the same time and both were awarded commendations. D./Maj. Fairley also achieved an "A" grading whilst on a physical training course at Aldershot, a distinction seldom gained. He was also one of the three Cadets who, last year, undertook an adventure course to France and Monaco, returning through Germany and Belgium. The diary which he has kept of his various courses and exploits is now in the possession of the Commanding Officer, Highland Brigade, who asked that it be forwarded to him.

Sgt. Colin McKay has also in no small way brought credit to the Company. Not only did he pass into Wellbeck College, but he was also awarded a Sandhurst scholarship. We regret that he is to leave us at Christmas, but wish him all the success possible in his Army life.

Owing to the postponement of Camp this year, neither the Platoon Cup nor Coronation Trophy competitions were held. However, on returning to School in September, the latter contest took place, with the winner emerging as Cadet K. Ross. But he was closely pursued by several others. At Camp this year, the Platoon Cup should arouse keen rivalry. Incidentally, it has not yet been sanctioned by the War Office and is, therefore, as yet unofficial, but it is hoped that this year's Camp will be at the Naval boom defence station, Aultbea. It has excellent amenities and ideal training grounds.

The Army Proficiency Test and the Army Basic Test were conducted at Buddon, only last month, a 100% pass being achieved in the Proficiency Test and there being only one failure in the Basic Test. The Cadets and their instructors should be congratulated on achieving such a high standard of success.

The Senior Company is under the command of C.S.M. Andrews, while the Junior Company continues to thrive under the leadership of C.S.M. McRitchie, who has introduced competitive examinations to assess (to some extent) the potential of the younger boys in the Corps.

In conclusion, I should like to take this opportunity to express the Company's gratitude to its officers, Major Halliday, Major Larg, Captain Jacuk, Lt. Howat and 2nd Lt. Stewart, who gave of their time and services so willingly, for without them we would have no Cadet Corps. We also extend our sincere thanks to Mr Vannet, who organises shooting in the Company, to Mr Stevenson, who instructs in fieldcraft, and to Mr Blackley, who does so much work behind the scenes. Their untiring and unselfish efforts are an example to us all—Thank you, gentlemen.

As we go to press, we learn with pleasure of the promotion of Major Halliday to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

R.S.M. SCHNEE.

THIRD YEAR BASKETBALL REPORT

At the beginning of this Basketball season it was a comparatively new game to us, having been introduced to us for only a short spell during Form II. Consequently, we were rather inexperienced and lacked confidence throughout our first few games. Patiently, Mr Coletta nursed us over this period, and now he has moulded us into a relatively smooth-running team.

After several weeks' practice and one or two games against teams drawn from Form IV., we played our first inter-school game. This was against

Logie School and we were defeated, although not by a large margin, by an experienced side.

Our next game was against Morgan Academy, who last year were finalists in the Scottish Schools' Competition and won the Dundee Schools' Competition. From them we received our heaviest defeat so far this season when we were beaten by twenty-one points to two.

At this point in the season we were feeling rather depressed and anxious to win. In our next game, against St. John's, we at last did win, although it was a close game.

This game was followed by a return match with Logie, and for the second time we were defeated. This time the margin was even larger than before, although we can blame that on the fact that Logie fielded a stronger team. Throughout these games our confidence and all-round skill were improving.

For the next game, we went to Rockwell School and won, to make it our second victory. At last our team was showing the fluency, confidence and feel of the game which had been lacking previously.

Our last game, up to the present moment, was against Kirkton High School who, like ourselves, are comparative beginners to the game. We won this game convincingly and our record began to look a little better.

So far this season we have played six games, having won three and lost three. We have scored 79 points and have had 87 points scored against us. The leading individual scorer is G. B. R. Cram with 42 points.

We owe our thanks to Mr Coletta for all the time he has spent coaching us and refereeing our games.

D. G. SCOTT, Captain.

SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB REPORT

The Dramatic Club began with a disappointingly small membership, but, even so, we have been able to read a few plays and debate on them and on drama in general. The membership, however, has increased of late, and the Club is now becoming able to widen the scope of its activities.

The Dramatic Club meets on Tuesday afternoon in Mr A. Smith's room at 4 p.m. Membership is open to pupils in Forms IV. to VI.

We in the Club would like to thank Mr Smith and Miss Gray for the time they spend in organising and taking the Dramatic Club.

G. L., Secretary.

GUIDE REPORT

The highlight of the term has undoubtedly been the visit of the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, to the Caird Hall, on 16th October. About two-thirds of the Company were present and everybody in the Hall was impressed by the charm and sincerity of this grand old lady.

Ten High School Guides were fortunate enough to receive their Queen's Guide Certificates from Lady Baden-Powell. They are Patrol Leaders Maris Buchanan, Penelope Hutton, Ann Whalley, Elizabeth Kinnear, Frances Rollo, Helen Lyle, Jennifer Smith, Jean Fraser, Gwen Mitchell and Hazel Ptolmey. Later, a function was held in School, on 9th November, when certificates were re-presented and recruits were enrolled in front of parents and friends of the Company. We were very pleased to welcome back Miss Larg as our guest speaker.

At present there is a shortage of officers in the Company, but the cadet officers, Valerie Hendry, Pamela Rollo and Margaret Smith, have helped a great deal, and it is hoped to have two more officers soon.

The Company bought a lot of new camp equipment last year and, as a result, funds were rather low at the beginning of the session. Each member of Company 2 was given the sum of 2/- and they have made this into about £50 altogether. At present, Company 2a are busy raising money.

Unfortunately, Camp had to be cancelled last year owing to the polio epidemic but, to make up for this, it is hoped to take an even larger number of girls next year.

S.G.M., H.B.P.

GIRLS' EXCURSION CLUB REPORT

We are pleased that Miss Whytock has again consented to be our Honorary President, Miss Gray the President and Miss Henderson the Vice-President. The following girls form the committee—Sheila McKenzie, Secretary; Kathleen Duncan, Treasurer; Joan Sutherland, Jean Philip and Sandra Spence.

The Club has visited Ballingall's Brewery this term and there are many more excursions pending, including a visit to a textile factory.

May I, on behalf of the Club, take this opportunity of thanking Miss Henderson and other members of the staff for their help and encouragement.

S. M.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

Results of School 1st XV. matches —

		F.	A.
Sept. 8—Harris Academy	(H)	6	0
15—Dollar Academy	(H)	14	8
22—Aberdeen Grammar School	(A)	3	8
Oct. 6—Robert Gordon's College	(H)	5	0
13—Waid Academy	(H)	22	0
20—Melville College	(A)	8	8
27—Boroughmuir School	(H)	10	5
Nov. 3—Kelvinside Academy	(A)	8	3
10—Morgan Academy	(A)	15	5

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed—Captain, C. W. W. Rea; Vice-Captain, N. I. G. Rorie; Secretary, J. D. Orr; Treasurer, M. M. Gault; Committee, M. J. S. Walton, J. W. Andrews, M. J. Schnee, J. R. S. Burns.

From the previous season's 1st XV., eight boys have returned to School, and it is around them that this year's team has been built. After the usual experimenting at the start of the season, a strong and extremely mobile pack has emerged but, unfortunately, changes are still being made amongst the backs, and this has undoubtedly reduced their scoring potential. Our experienced half-backs, however, have laid the foundations for many of our victories, especially our Captain, C. W. W. Rea, who has not only scored through many individual efforts, but has played a Captain's role by making scoring chances for other members of the team.

Our only defeat to date has been at the hands of Aberdeen Grammar School, who beat us by eight points to three, in a close, hard-fought struggle at Rubislaw. In the last few games there has been a trend to play open, attractive rugby in the first half, while also building up a points lead, and then to close up the game in the second period with various defensive tactics. Although this style of play may be criticised, it has certainly enabled us to win our matches against Boroughmuir School and Kelvinside Academy, where a score by our opponents would have put them back in the game with a chance of victory.

The 2nd XV., captained by H. Anderson, have won their last four games and had an especially fine win over Strathallan, whom they beat by six points to three. In a close game the result was decided only in the last few minutes after almost continuous High School pressure in the second half.

The 3rd XV., led by B. Cathcart, have had a mixed season to date, but, in their last game they had an encouraging twenty points to nil victory over Perth Academy.

The Colts this year have been disappointing, but in the last few games there has been a revival in spirit and it is hoped that this may be carried on into the new year.

We must congratulate C. W. W. Rea, who this year captains the Midlands Schoolboys' XV, and M. J. S. Walton on being chosen travelling reserve.

We should like to thank Mr Allardice, Mr Colletta, Mr Biggar, Messrs G. C. and N. G. Stewart and Mr Thompson for their coaching and encouragement, and also those members of staff who travel with our teams on Saturdays.

J. D. O., Secretary.

THE ORCHESTRA REPORT

The Orchestra was rather late in starting this session because of the opera which the School intends to produce this year. The size of the Orchestra is always increasing, for now we have a string section of fifteen, a brass one of five and four who play woodwind instruments.

Besides the hymns which we practise for prayers on Tuesday mornings, we are learning several short pieces by Handel and others.

We now have an official pianist, Christine Sutherland, and we congratulate her on her fine performances at Tuesday's prayers. Once again, we must thank Mr Porteous for all the effort he puts into the Orchestra and also Mrs Elder, who is always there when needed.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION REPORT

Friday, 26th October, saw the first round of the English-Speaking Union, which was held in Kirkton High School. Four teams took part in the debate — Dundee High School v. Grove Academy, and Morgan Academy v. Lawside Academy.

The subject for debate was "This House Prefers the Commonwealth to the Common Market". Dundee High School, represented by Ian Smith and Mark Schnee, spoke for the motion and won their debate by a large majority of votes.

In the second debate, Morgan Academy also spoke for the motion and they likewise won their debate by a large majority.

Although the judges awarded first place to Morgan Academy, an excellent standard of public-speaking was maintained by all the speakers.

J. S. B.

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

CHOIR REPORT

The School Choir continues to meet on Friday afternoons, although it is being split into two sections — sopranos and altos in one, with tenors and basses in the other. In this way it has been possible to make quicker progress. Additional practices are also being held on Thursdays after 4 o'clock to enable the Choir to become more proficient in view of the functions in which it is taking part during the Christmas season.

Besides the service in St. Mary's, where our soloists are Graeme Bruce and Sheila MacKenzie, we are broadcasting on the Toc-H hospital circuit and on the B.B.C. The Choir is taking part in the Lord Provost's Festival of Carols at the Caird Hall. Rehearsals have been started for the opera "Merrie England", which will be performed at the end of the session. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Porteous, Mrs Elder and Mr Hooks for all their hard work in training us.

D. M. B., M. L. S.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

During the term three meetings have been held so far. The first was concerned with the election of officials; the second consisted of a talk by Mr Stevenson on Perforations; and the third took the form of a display by G. Webster.

The Club wishes to express its thanks to James Laird and Mr Alan Duthie for gifts of stamps, and to Miss Charlotte Lythe for numerous issues of "The Stamp Magazine". Mr Duthie and Miss Lythe are former pupils of the School.

The stamp exchange system is functioning well.

R. S. L. WEIR, Secretary.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The Chess Club officials for this session have been appointed as follows:— Hon. President, The Rector; Secretary, Robert Weir; Treasurer, Ronald Davie.

In the Dundee Chess League, our team in the Adult League, Division 1, was well placed. Our "A" Team won Division 1 of the Schools' League,

and our "B" Team finished in a similar position in Division 2. Four teams have been entered for the Dundee League — one in the Adult League and three in the Schools' League.

The School team, which defeated Kirkcaldy High School 4-2 in the first round of the "Sunday Times" Schools' Tournament, has been drawn against Alan Glen's School, Glasgow, in the second round.

Once again the Chess Club is most grateful to Mr A. D. D. McKay for his assistance.

R. S. L. WEIR.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

Last session Mr Lamb spent two terms with Form III. Group in getting up an excerpt from "Twelfth Night", called "The Fooling of Malvolio". Form II. Group have spent the same length of time in preparing a dramatised episode from "Pride and Prejudice". Miss Laing is continuing with this group and hopes to produce a play some time in March. Miss Cairncross has taken over Form I. Group and hopes to have her play ready for production about the same time.

F.P. Report**F.P. BADMINTON CLUB**

The 1962 season got off to a somewhat slow start, with sparse attendances but, lately, the numbers have increased to a reasonable level. However, more players of any standard would be made very welcome.

The 1st team, in Division I. of the Dundee Churches and Welfare League, are breaking even with two matches won, and two lost. The 2nd team have yet to win, but have nevertheless enjoyed their games. The Junior Club, consisting of School pupils, is still thriving, but it is hoped that more will join the Senior ranks when they have left School. This is an enjoyable and reasonably cheap form of sporting activity. Interested F.P.'s should contact the Honorary Secretary —

N. G. S. STEWART, Dundee High School.

Old Boys' Club Dinner

Although it was not possible this year to hold the Dinner on the usual date of the first Friday of December, there was no appreciable difference in the attendance, there being 129 present as against 130 last year. The function was again held in the Royal Hotel and the Principal Speaker was Mr Norman M. Ireland, O.B.E., C.A., who proposed the Toast of the Club and the School. Mr Ireland returned to this country last year after practising Accountancy in South America for most of his professional life, and he said that he was much impressed with the improvements which had taken place at the School, not only from the point of view of accommodation, but the wider field of the courses now offered to pupils. He went on to relate some of the experiences which he had at School and which had influenced his later life before dealing with part of the Toast relating to the Club. He felt that there were ways in which Former Pupils might be of help to the School and referred to the activities of the Club since its inception, which had helped to sustain the interest of Former Pupils in School matters.

Mr Alexander Robertson, a Director of the School, replied to the Toast with his usual wit and

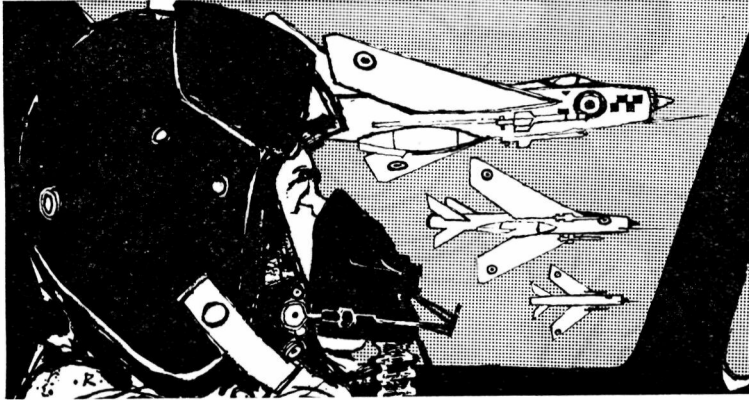
easy manner and both speeches were much enjoyed. The President, Mr Donald B. Grant, C.A., who was in the Chair, presented the Nicoll/Richmond Trophy for Angling to Mr Thomas Agnew, and the Stuart Trophy for Golf to Mr W. Gordon Clark. Mr Grant made an excellent Chairman throughout the evening and gave the impression that he will be an able President during his year of office which now follows. Dr. John Lawson proposed the Toast of the President in light-hearted vein, to which Mr Grant replied adroitly.

The Guests included Rev. H. O. Douglas, C.B.E., School Chaplain, and Mr W. A. M. Graham, F.R.I.C.S., A.A.I., representing the Dundee and District Watsonian Club. We were also happy to have with us the Rector and a number of members of the School Staff.

It was explained by the President that it might not be possible to revert to the usual date of first Friday in December next year, but every effort will be made to that end and in any case the date will be made known well in advance so that Members may make their arrangements accordingly.



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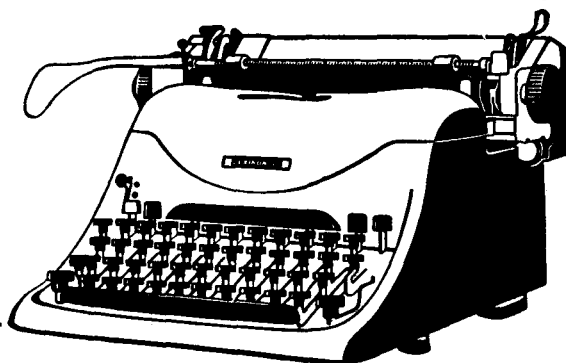
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