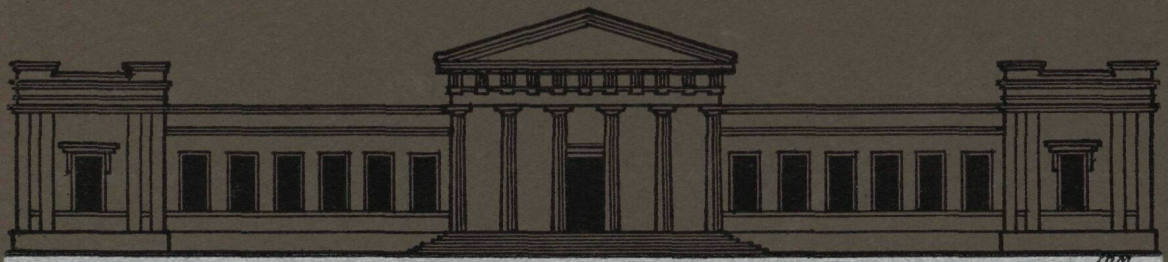


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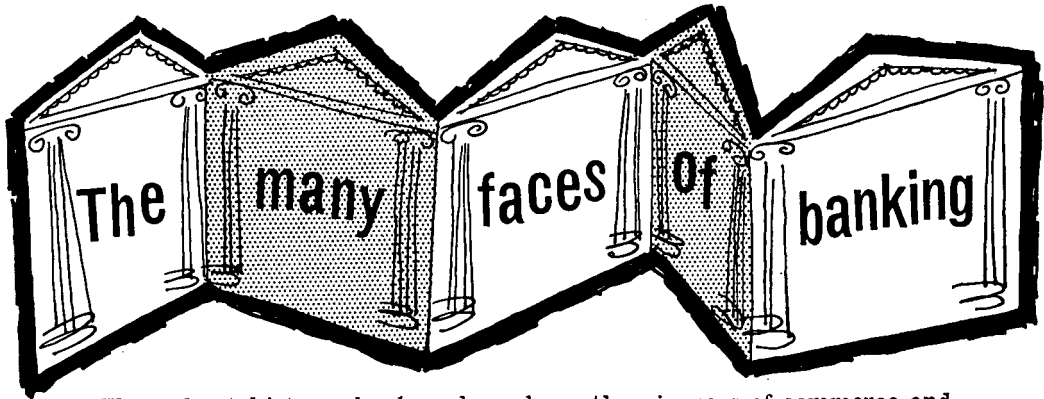
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EDITORIAL

No. 134]

JUNE 1963

[1/3

As yet another year draws to its close, we realise with feelings of horror and panic that the Editorial is now several days overdue. Thus, in haste, we seat ourselves, surrounded as, it seems, is the tradition, by numerous back-dated copies of the magazine. These, however, fail to inspire us with any lofty thoughts, and we are left to contemplate these empty sheets of paper, "waiting for the spark from heav'n to fall". Surely there must be some original subject for an Editorial — something bright and interesting which has never occurred to any previous editor, at least since 1950, but alas! we sigh, chew through innumerable pencils, are reduced almost to tearing our hair and at length decide to follow tradition and fill the first page of the magazine with the usual jumble of words and phrases which convey absolutely nothing to the reader — if indeed anyone does read this page.

At the time of writing we are enjoying some long-awaited and well deserved sunshine. The girls have ceased to shiver in their summer uniforms, and both Dalnacraig and Monymusk attract an ever-increasing number of sport enthusiasts every afternoon and evening. The general atmosphere among the pupils is one of relief since, not only the term examinations, but also that dreaded event, the Highers, are over. It seems almost as if the old buildings themselves heave a sigh of relief — the pillars attract the warm rays of the sun and the trees round the playground are bursting into bud and leaf.

Within the School itself, however, there is little time for relaxation, for the summer

term is always busy and this one promises to be no exception. It has proved impossible, on account of the late date of the Highers, to produce an opera this year, but a concert comprising some of the music from "Merrie England" has been arranged and the corridors ring with strains about Robin Hood and Good Queen Bess. The Senior Pupils look forward to the Prefects' Dance to take place in the near future and irate house-captains scribble notices and hound reluctant Juniors to tennis and running practices. A Sale of Work has been planned in aid of the Scottish Schoolboys' Association and promises of support have been given in all quarters of the school.

As we survey this bustle, we must experience some feelings of regret, even of sadness; it is for the last time that we do so, for, having attained the dizzy heights(?) of Form VI., we must depart for "fresh fields and pastures new". We feel quite ready to step out into the world, but the break with that which has been our life for thirteen years cannot be an altogether happy one.

We do not take our leave alone, however, for with us comes Mr Marshall who has become, it seems to us, an essential part of D.H.S. Last term we said farewell to another long-established member of staff, Mr Murray, who was perhaps better-known to the boys than to the girls but who is nevertheless missed by the whole school.

A fever of spiritualism is at present rampant amongst the girls of Form VI. Long tense moments have passed as we sat in near-darkness in the board-room each with a finger

on an upturned glass in the centre of the table, waiting, trembling with anticipation for the spirit to reveal its presence. Thus far, however, we must report that these "séances" have been, for the greater part, unsuccessful.

Nowadays we are constantly being told that children should find greater pleasure in their education. In the Junior School, it seems that steps are being taken to bring this about. One sunny morning recently, Lower V. set out with their teachers and some senior pupils on an expedition to Auchmithie and Arbroath. They spent the morning collecting interesting specimens of sea life from the beach and from rock-pools, and in the afternoon went on to visit a fish-curing

factory and a fish auction. We are all in favour of this new method of education, our only complaint being that no one thought of it when we were in Lower V. and that Form VI. seems to be considered as being above spending a day studying sea-life. We, however, cannot complain since, in the interests of education, we were given leave of absence from school to attend a Robbery Trial.

So, with only a few more weeks of term to go, our thoughts turn, as in previous years, to summer holidays, but this year they run in a somewhat different vein, for at the start of the summer holidays we say goodbye to our schooldays for ever. It therefore only remains for us to say with affection, gratitude and regret, thank you and goodbye.

News and Notes

STAFF CHANGES

It is with regret that we announce the retirement of Mr Marshall after many years of invaluable service to the School. His position as Second Master has been filled by Mr E. M. Stewart, and the Headship of the Chemistry Department has been accepted by Mr A. Wardlaw; we congratulate both on their promotion.

Mr Murray left at Easter and we hope that his retirement will be a long and happy one. His post in the Technical Department has been filled by Mr D. Fraser, to whom we extend a warm welcome.

A welcome is also extended to Miss V. Ross and Miss M. Lauder, who are replacing Mrs Stevens and Mrs Foote respectively. We bid farewell to these two ladies and wish them luck for the future.

To those who have recently joined the Staff we offer a hearty welcome, and to those leaving we say "Adieu" and "Thank you".

We congratulate Mr Jacuk on his recent appointment as Headmaster of the Physics Department.

TWO NEW VELLUMS

To display and perpetuate the academic records of the School, a vellum, inscribed with the names of the Dux Medallists from 1929 to 1949, is at present being designed by Mr Vannet. A unique feature is the incor-

poration in the design both of the present School badge and of the former one, which it superseded during Session 1937-38. It is hoped to complete this interesting and valuable record from 1885, when the Harris Gold Medal was first awarded, to the present day in another three vellums, all of which will probably be displayed in the School Hall.

Another vellum, bearing the names of Head Boy and Head Girl, with their Deputies, has been generously gifted by Miss A. W. Gray, Lady Warden. It commences with those holding office this session.

ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate MR HALLIDAY on having his bronze head of a lifeboatman and a drawing of the Motor Vessel, "City of Dundee", exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy. He has also a bronze head, "The Red Hackle", shown in the Chamber of Commerce. Mr Halliday had two watercolours, "Rooks", and "Near Letham", exhibited in the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Watercolours.

MR VANNET is also to be congratulated on having an etching accepted by the Royal Academy, and two watercolours, a drawing and two etchings hung in the Royal Scottish Academy. Two watercolours by Mr Vannet were on show in the R.S.W. in the early Spring.

PUPILS v. STAFF HOCKEY MATCH

This match was, without doubt, one of the highlights of the year, and took place on the last day of the Easter term. However, the match was somewhat spoiled by the cold weather when a biting wind swept over Dalnacraig. As a result, very few stayed to watch the whole match and, indeed, most had left by half-time.

At the start, the 1st XI. had the upper hand, but their confidence grew progressively less as the match continued. The only goal in the first half was scored by the 1st XI. Soon after the start of the second half, a second goal was scored by the 1st's, but, unfortunately, at this point, the tide turned and the staff came into their own. For the remainder of the game the staff forwards were hardly out of our circle, but bad luck and brilliance from the School defence prevented them from scoring more goals. The final score was a draw, 2-2, with the two staff goals being scored by Miss Paton and Mr Allardice.

This match was greatly enjoyed all round and it would appear that, although our teachers have supremacy in the classroom, they have met their match on the hockey pitch.

A VISIT TO THE LAW COURT

On Monday, the 27th of May, we were fortunate enough to be given permission to attend a trial in the Sheriff Court in Dundee. By 10.20 we were in our places in the public gallery, somewhat overawed by the red and gold splendour of the court-room. Before the jury took their places a few minor offenders were tried, but we did not find this particularly interesting.

At last, however, with the preliminaries over, the names of the fifteen "good men and true" (who were, incidentally, mostly women) were drawn out of a jar and the jury was sworn in. The Procurator Fiscal and the Counsel for the Defence took their places and the prisoner was brought in. He was charged with breaking and entering and stealing just over £320 from an office safe. I shall not go into all the details of the case since much of the questioning was merely routine.

One part of the evidence, however, which rather amused us concerned an apple. Ap-

parently the thief had started to eat an apple which had been left on the scene of the crime. The Counsel for the Defence requested that he might use in evidence some apples which he produced from a brown paper bag, bearing the name of a city fruiterer, since, he said, the original apple, although still in existence, was now rotten. Consequently the detective who had been in charge of the case was obliged to eat part of the apple in the witness box in order to show how much of the apple had been eaten. Just what this contributed to the evidence we could not imagine, but it was the means of showing the police force up in rather a bad light since several different and widely varied testimonies on the subject were given by police constables and other people concerned in the case.

Another incident which we also found rather amusing concerned the same detective sergeant. He had, apparently, left on the scene of the crime a match-box containing a rolled-up bus ticket which had later been handed to the police who had treated it as an important piece of evidence since it was presumed to have belonged to the thief.

In all seriousness, however, we were forced to admire the skill of the Defence. Evidence, which at first glance seemed conclusive, was broken down and rendered valueless by skilful questioning and delicate suggestion.

The only time we were inclined to boredom was during the judge's summing up. We realised, however, the necessity of a full and detailed summing-up and had to admire his clearness of mind and precision of statement. We were not really surprised that the verdict of the jury was "Not Proven", but the intricacies of the trial provided us with a source of argument and discussion throughout the following week.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

W. SINCLAIR GAULDIE, F.R.I.B.A., F.R.I.A.S., who is to be President of the Royal Incorporation of Architects of Scotland for two years, from June, 1963.

MISS M. F. RITCHIE, B.Sc., on her engagement to Mr G. Graham Pearson, B.Sc., of Alloa.

JAMES T. LYON, M.A., LL.B., on his being awarded the degree of Master of Laws from McGill University, Montreal. His subject is International Air and Space Law.

SANDY DAVIE on winning the Dundee Chess Championship, and on being first in Britain in the American Mathematics Association's High School Competition.

GRAHAME LEES and GAVIN LICKLEY on being 1st and 2nd respectively in the Greek Section in the Queen's College Annual Greek and Latin Recitation Competition; and KENNETH RITCHIE on being first in the Senior Latin Section.

DAVID K. W. PATERSON on winning a David Myles Bursary of £50 for four years for study at Queen's College, Dundee.

HELEN M. JAMIESON on being the first Scot to win a British Cup in ski-ing (British Junior Championship); also on being the first woman to win the Scottish Senior Championship; and also, on winning the Dundee Senior and Junior Championships.

FERGUS MURRAY, of Edinburgh University, on being first in the Scottish Junior Cross-Country Race; on being selected for the International Championships at San Sebastian and for Brussels; on gaining second place in the Three Miles Race in the British Universities' Track Championships (13 min. 52.6 secs.); and on winning the Three Miles Race in the East of Scotland Championship (14 min. 7.6 secs.).

ALISTAIR LOW on being the leading amateur in the Northern Open Golf Championship.

ALASTAIR WOOD, CHARLES LOWSON, SCOTT LOWSON and PETER BOYD on receiving the Queen's Certificate for Boy Scouts.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte, Clarinet and Theory held in December, 1962, and March, 1963:—

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)

F. V.

Fiona Bell — Grade V. (Theory), Pass.

F. IV.

Lindsay Easson — Grade V.
(Theory), Pass.

F. II.

Dorothy Mackay — Grade II., Pass.

L. VII.

Patricia Duff — Grade II., Pass.
Elizabeth Roberts — Grade II., Pass.

L. VI.

Ann Johnston — Grade I., Merit.

L. V.

Elizabeth Boase — Grade I., Pass.
Ann Mudie — Grade I., Merit.
Gillian Philip — Grade II., Pass.

PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE (Pianoforte)

F. I.

Beverley Arthur — Grade IV., Pass.
Thelma Robertson — Grade IV., Pass.

L. VII.

Elizabeth Brown — Grade III., Pass.
Kathryn Gilruth — Grade III., Pass.

L. VI.

Andrew Mitchell — Grade III., Pass.
Sheila Bowes — Grade I., Pass.
Ian Douglas — Grade I., Pass.

L. V.

Ninian Macdonald — Grade II., Pass.
Lindsay Wilson — Grade II., Pass.
Brian Eadie — Grade I., Pass.
Janice Munro — Grade I., Pass.
Margaret Neilson — Grade I., Pass.

L. IV.

Lindsay Mitchell — Grade I., Pass.

PUPILS OF MR HOOKS

F. V.

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

PUPILS OF MR ELDER (Clarinet)

F. II.

Walter Smith — Grade III., Pass.

Walter Leonard Marshall, M.Sc.

I wonder if the young man who came North in January, 1925, had any thought that he was destined to give a lifetime of service to the High School of Dundee. Probably he could not now himself remember. But he will remember a day much later in May, 1955, when, from a sick bed he greeted a new Rector who also was coming North. I wonder if he thought then that he had a new career still before him — to guide and counsel a man who knew nothing of Scottish conditions and who has never ceased to be thankful that he found as Second Master one so loyal and kindly and wise. Any success I may have had in guiding the High School during the last eight years has depended greatly on Mr Marshall's help and advice; I have always felt that the new Science Block I was able to provide for him was no more than just reward.

Mr Marshall was educated in Liverpool, at the Collegiate School and the University, where he gained the degree of M.Sc. for research in X-Ray Crystallography. He was appointed Assistant Science Master in the High School in 1925, became Head Master of Science in 1932, and Second Master in 1945. It only makes a line or two in the Magazine, but generations of High School pupils have had reason to be grateful to him for sound teaching, friendly interest, and even for the caustic truth about themselves that I am sure they were told when it was needed. Not only so, but generations of Science teachers have been grateful for his sound tuition and his friendship. I am happy that a team of them now exists in the School, ready poised for the new courses in Science which are to be the Science in Schools in the New Age.

In the middle period of his teaching life much of Mr Marshall's interest lay in the Cadets. He was Officer Commanding the School Company from 1933 till 1944, he commanded the Dundee Cadet Battalion for much of the Second World War, and he was Chairman of the Scottish Cadet Committee from 1939 till 1945. These events belong to a past generation which the old perhaps have

forgotten and the young never knew; but the Cadet Contingent of which all friends of the School are proud was built up by a few dedicated men, of whom Mr Marshall was one. Many will be interested to know that he commanded the Scottish contingent of Cadets on parade at the coronation of George VI. in 1937.

Three times during the last generation reconstruction plans were made for the School, in 1937 or thereabouts, in 1949 and in 1956, and it turned out to be a matter of "third time lucky". I am not sure what happened in 1937, but Mr Marshall was intimately connected with the other two. He was convener of the Reconstruction Appeal Sale of Work in 1949, when £2,600 was raised. He himself has called it "a drop in the bucket", and so it may have been in relation to the £70,000 which eventually was spent. But it was a mighty effort, and when 1956 came and big money was needed, the possession of a goodly sum in the Bank already more than anything else encouraged me to believe that the Reconstruction might be done and paid for. I am sure it was a great satisfaction to Mr Marshall that he was given the task of laying out and equipping the new Science rooms.

Such men are precious, and we can only hope that when we come to retire others will feel impelled to write of us appreciation so well earned.

The story would not be complete without a tribute to Mrs Marshall. Trained herself in the High School tradition, she has always been about when she was wanted, to teach a class or grace an occasion. I know well how much the School owes her, both for her work and for herself.

I know that everyone, pupils, parents, former pupils, his colleagues on the Staff, Directors, a legion of friends, and not least myself, will wish Mr Marshall, and Mrs Marshall too, long life and happiness; and for the immediate future much joy in their visit to New Zealand.

Alan D. Murray, D.T.S.

There is always a feeling of sadness when we say goodbye to an old friend, especially one who has also been for so many years a colleague of such kindly personality as Mr Murray. We recall Mr Murray's arrival in the High School in 1942 when he took over the Technical Department. Throughout his twenty-one years in the School, the high standard of his work as a craftsman gained the regard of both pupils and staff. I recall his predecessor's remark, "My most difficult pupils are the staff", and though I never heard Mr Murray complain, I'm sure some of us must have exasperated him. If any of us moved into a new house, if we put up a shed or erected a clothes pole, Mr Murray was consulted.

While serving as an officer in the A.T.C., Mr Murray came in to help with the cadets and, in 1943, came to camp at Fotheringham where his enthusiasm and humour did much to maintain morale. The weather was bad; water was scarce; and when we arrived the camp was dirty. But Flying Officer Murray smiled through it all. He even retained his

good humour while the then commanding officer kept us out of bed on several occasions until 4 a.m.

Before coming to the High School, Mr Murray was technical teacher in Forfar. During his time here he did much to modernise the equipment and the work of his department. He maintained a high standard in the senior classes and obtained great keenness among the younger pupils. He believed in getting young boys interested; then, after developing interest, he stressed the importance of a pride in fine craftsmanship. His own craftsmanship is of a high standard and an excellent example of his work can be seen in the desk of the War Memorial. He gave great assistance in constructing props and scenery for School plays and this help was always unselfishly given.

Mr Murray, your memory remains green in the minds of your former colleagues and in those of the many pupils who have known you.

T. S. H.

Fifty Years On

To present-day Pupils to whom the Summer Camps of the Guide Company and Cadet Corps are annual events, the news that the first School Camp was held before either of these organisations existed may come as a surprise.

In the Spring of 1913 the boys in Class 4 had a brilliant idea — why not hold a Class Camp? In those days Camping did not enjoy its present popularity; in fact, those who went in for this type of a holiday were considered, if not exactly mental, certainly a little "peculiar". But the idea was taken up with all the enthusiasm of twelve year-old boys, and we were aided and abetted by Mr W. D. McBeth, the Second English Master, who agreed to organise and take charge of the Camp. Helping him in this work was our Second Art Master, Mr Cadzow, and between them they had everything "cut and dried" before the Summer Holidays came round.

At last the great day arrived, and some 18 boys set out on the great adventure. Our site was on a hillside near Kirkmichael, and we journeyed there first by the Blairgowrie "Express" and then by the Mail Coach/Bus — a roomy vehicle, but sadly different from the motor coach of today — the rear twin wheels had solid tyres and were driven by chains!

On reaching the site, we had all to set-to on the unfamiliar task of pitching tents and setting up camp. The bell tents had been lent to us by the Falkland Boy Scouts, of which Troop the leader was Mr James Donaldson, the uncle of one of my classmates, Leslie G. Kinnear (now a well-known artist), who had secured his uncle's co-operation. At last the camp was set up to the satisfaction of the masters and, tired but happy, we settled down for our first night under canvas. But not, I assure you, in the luxury of



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

WALTER LEONARD MARSHALL, M.Sc.



Photograph by J. D. Forbes, Monifieth

ALAN D. MURRAY, D.T.S.

down-filled sleeping bags — no, we had to content ourselves with two blankets pinned to form a bag. Despite this, and the strangeness of our sleeping quarters, we were soon “dead to the world”.

Next morning I was rudely awakened by the others in my tent, all of whom were up and dressed, and so I had reluctantly to follow suit. When I was dressed I looked at my watch — the only one in our tent, for few young boys had watches in those days — and was horrified to find that the time was 2.30 a.m.! However, we did not think of returning to our blankets, for it was a glorious Summer morning, and soon we were all racing around enjoying the first day of freedom. But alas! this energy quickly had an unfortunate result — running about in the strong air produced ravenous appetites. The masters had been awakened by our boisterous play, and we asked them if breakfast could be laid-on early — but no, they would not alter the schedule — breakfast would be at 8 o'clock as arranged. After this experience we never again made the same mistake, but stayed in our blankets until the correct reveille hour.

My most vivid recollection of our experiences in camp is, strangely enough, of a Cuckoo. On the first morning we were all delighted to hear the soft “cuck-coos” coming from a nearby wood — but, ere the day was over, the constant calls made us wish

the Cuckoo were anywhere but in the wood near our camp!

Despite a real soaking on the Thursday, when we had a severe thunderstorm, we all voted the camp an outstanding success, so much so that the next year we, then Class 5, held another Summer Camp. Mr McBeth was again in charge, but his second in command was then Mr David Mann, Second Classics Master, and the site was on the banks of the Tay, on ground belonging to Logierait Hotel.

The success of these Camps was undoubtedly due to Mr McBeth, who was the best-loved master in the School at that time. More Camps would have been held, I am sure, but for the outbreak of the First World War about a month after our return from the second Camp. Our great friend “wee Willie” — for he was small in stature even as he was great in personality — was one of the first to go on active service and, alas! was an early casualty. I wrote to him regularly after he joined up, and for many years prized the last letter I received from him. Mr Leslie G. Kinnear, mentioned earlier, wrote me recently about Mr McBeth, of whom he said: “He was by far the best teacher we ever had; I do not know what his Degrees were but I shall never forget his enthusiasm — constant and inspiring — and his methods of teaching made the English class exciting”.

NORMAN H. FLEMING.

An Adventure in Provence

“We are passing over Lyons at a height of 29,500 feet. Our air speed is 612 miles per hour.” The voice of the pilot came over the loud speaker first in French then, for my benefit as I was the only British passenger, in English. The Air-France Caravelle whispered south over an unbroken floor of cloud while overhead the sun shone from a steel blue sky. Suddenly the clouds began to break up and glimpses of the earth showed then vanished again, until unexpectedly the clouds cleared completely. Provence spread out miles below, while away to the east the Alps sparkled white with deep cerulean shadows. The thrilling beauty of the scene enabled me to forget the Corsican sailor sitting next to me who, on coming aboard at Orly, had prepared so elaborately to be sick, but so far

had found no practical use for the horribly suggestive receptacles around him.

The voice of the stewardess came over the speakers: “In ten minutes we will land at Marseilles. You will feel vibration when the air brakes are applied. Fasten seat belts and extinguish all cigarettes — Merci.” We were descending steeply and, as we circled out over the blue Mediterranean, I saw ahead, glittering in the sun, Marignane airport. As we taxied to a stop I glanced at my watch — forty-five minutes from Paris, while three and a half hours ago I had left London on a bitter December day. I stepped from the plane into warm sunshine.

The bus run into Marseilles takes about an hour through vineyards, by cypresses and

low hills dotted with outcrops of yellow rock. In Marseilles I booked a room with private bath in a first-class hotel, then set out to explore the city. Although it was only two days to Christmas, there were no signs of decorations and the streets were similar to the drab thoroughfares of any large city.

Next morning I walked along the Canabierre down to the old harbour. There, for a few francs, I was able to sail out to the Château d'If, in a small motor launch. After sailing along lines of moored yachts, some of them flying the Union Jack, the launch took the Mediterranean swell. As we cleared the shelter of the breakwater we met, coming in from Algiers, the liner "Ville d'Oran". She was a magnificent sight on the blue Mediterranean, steaming in at full speed. It was so warm that a hat or coat was unnecessary, but the heavy swell made a landing on the rocky island of the Château d'If impossible. Sailing round the great bleak rock, without a sign of vegetation, I thought of Edmond Dantès imprisoned in that grim fortress.

On the return trip we sailed round the grand harbour with its great liners and cargo vessels, then came ashore at the old harbour where I sat for a long time in the sun, hardly able to believe that here in mid-December the air was warmer than many midsummer days in Scotland. I wished to visit Provence and the best way to do so was by road, so the following morning I set off to see if I could hire a car. On arriving at one of the larger car hire establishments, I asked if anyone spoke English. "Mais Oui, Asseyez-vous, Monsieur." I was not prepared to risk all the technicalities in French and I had no idea how one enquired about comprehensive insurance, etc. However, in English, I explained in detail what I wanted, also that I had never driven a French car and never any kind of car in France. I produced my British driving licence and it was then suggested that I might care to do a short test on the streets of Marseilles. I was shown the controls of a Dauphine and, accompanied by a mechanic, I took the car out.

The streets of Marseilles are quite as busy as those of Paris and it was with no little trepidation that I found myself mingling in a maelstrom which until now I had seen from the Oh-so-safe pavements. After about half an hour, I returned to the garage and was asked to sign a form. I had passed!

I paid the required deposit and almost in a panic found myself alone behind the wheel with, in my pocket, a French driving licence. I set out along the Corniche westwards. Once clear of the city, I realised by the swaying of the little Dauphine that the Mistral was blowing a gale and, in spite of the sun, it was so cold that I had to switch on the heater. The Mistral blew straight off the Alps. The car soon warmed up and the sun shone from a cloudless sky. Along the coast road westwards, then north by the shore of the Etang de Berre, the great inland lake, must be one of the most beautiful runs in the world. I turned east along the northern shore of the lake and, late in the afternoon, arrived in Aix-en-Provence. There had been little traffic on the road, but here, in Aix, the streets were busy. By now I had the feel of the car and understood the road signs and realised the importance of "Priorité à Droite" which French drivers observe with respect.

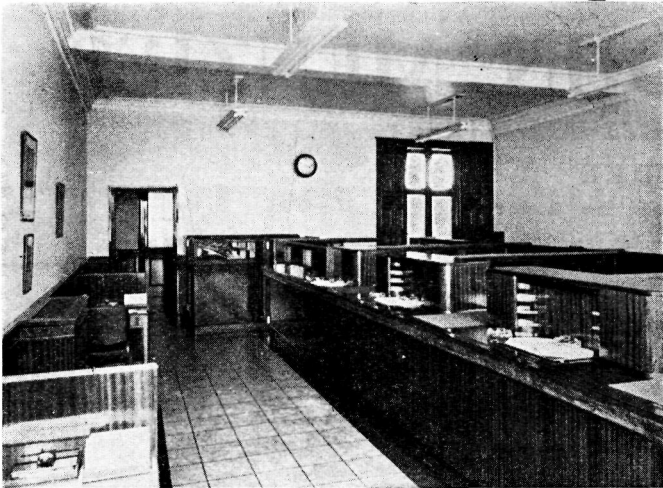
I managed to find a good hotel and booked a room on the fourth floor. From my bedroom window I looked across the roofs to Sainte Victoire, the mountain which Cézanne made famous throughout the world. Everything was golden in the setting sun. Next morning I pulled the curtains and was astonished to see the golden landscape of the evening sparkling white under a heavy fall of snow. The first snow at Christmas for over twenty years I was told. Outside it was bitterly cold.

In spite of the snow, I set out by car to visit Vauvenargue, where Picasso has a château in the mountains. As I got into the hills, the roads became narrow, but there was little traffic. On stopping in a village to consult the map, a villager tapped on the window to enquire if he could help me. When he learned where I wanted to go, he gave me directions, finishing—"Prenez garde, Monsieur, c'est dangereux par là, il y a beaucoup de neige". However, I decided to press on. Clear of the village the road narrowed; there was now no turning back and the snow was deeper. Soon there were no wheel tracks on the surface; no car had passed this way since the snow fell. I drove into the picturesque little village of Vauvenargue and got out to look around. The streets were deserted, and small wonder, for the air was bitterly cold as an icy breeze blew up the valley. Across the snow-covered valley

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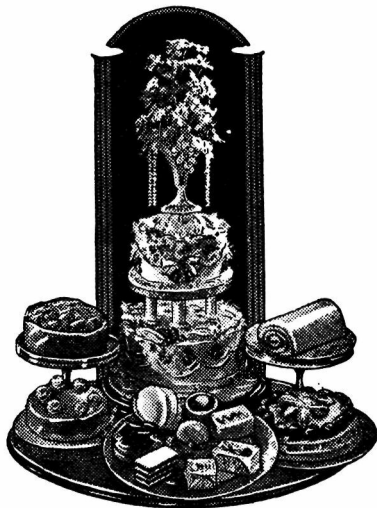
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stood the great square Château de Picasso, shuttered and deserted as the master was spending Christmas at one of his other residences. Rumour has it that the hall and rooms are filled with cases of unexhibited masterpieces while Picasso occupies a small studio on the roof.

I drove on into the mountainous country where no sign of life appeared. I was climbing most of the way when, on rounding a bend, I was confronted by a steep snow-covered hill which seemed to wind up and up. It was impossible to stop on the slope. Change down to one — the Dauphine slewed slightly, then steadied. Too fast — too slow — steady — nurse her up. This was driving! Would she hold? Round a hairpin with the wheels spinning, gripping, slipping. A sheer drop on one side with the car swaying, but she kept the road. I swung her sharp left and over the top. We had made it! We stopped on a level stretch. How I loved that little Dauphine!

I walked back to look down that hill and, as I stood there, a figure, camouflaged, carrying an automatic rifle, came towards me from the woods. He looked at the car, at the wheel tracks in the snow, at me. "Vous avez bien fait, Monsieur." He was a soldier of the Foreign Legion from Africa, now based in the mountains and out on manoeuvres. "Ici, c'est différent d'Afrique," he concluded. We shook hands as I got into the car. The run back along the foot of Sainte Victoire to Aix was easy and, Oh, so beautiful!

When I got back to my hotel and related my adventures, Madame insisted on serving "un dîner spécial". It was: I ate frogs for the first time.

Next morning the car, in a stone garage, was frozen to the floor and took some time to clear. I drove back to Marseilles over a motorway covered with an inch of ice. All along the route, cars lay abandoned or crashed, but, with only a slight skid, I arrived safely at my destination and returned the Dauphine to her garage.

My plane was due to take off at 6.30 p.m. and I'd be in London to catch the night sleeper north. At the air terminal notices were up saying that, due to icing, Marseilles airport was closed. It was hoped to get a plane off for Paris later. At 7.30 a bus left the terminal and at 10 p.m. we took off. No Caravelle this, but a very old double decker with every one of its 130 or so seats taken. After an unexciting flight, and a magnificent meal, we touched down at Orly at 1.30 a.m. The last plane for London had departed. The weather in London broke and I was stranded in a bitterly cold Paris for three days.

On my return flight to London, we flew by Caravelle with a special crew. She was the first plane to touch down in London that day and shortly after we disembarked London Airport closed down once more. One of the main runways had been cleared, but was drifting up again in the strong wind. All around, planes sat in snow drifts, and on the way into London, people were busy digging themselves or their cars out.

I caught the 2 p.m. train to the north and, in spite of the weather, got into Dundee almost on time, a Dundee considerably warmer than the London I had left.

T. S. H.

Lubricating Britain's New Steelworks

By J. A. ROBERTSON, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E., Chief Engineer, Industrial Lubricants, Shell - Mex and B.P. Ltd. (F.P. 1944 - 51)

The first two continuous wide strip mills in this country, at Ebbw Vale and at Shotton, built in the 1930's, enabled sheet steel and tin-plate to be used in enormous quantities. Previously these materials had come from old hand mills in South Wales which could not produce large quantities at the low cost now required. Instead of rolling sheets sin-

gly, the new strip mills produced car body sheet and tin-plate in continuous coils containing thousands of feet of material. After the war there was an enormous demand for steel that could not be satisfied by the existing strip mills, and this led to the construction of the Abbey Works of The Steel Company of Wales Ltd., Britain's largest iron

and steel works. It also became the Company's largest user of Shell Industrial Lubricants and the first works where the Company stationed a resident Lubricants Engineer to give continual service. Although this works started producing steel in great quantities in 1951, towards the end of the 1950's, demands for steel for car bodies, refrigerators and washing machines, as well as the great demands of the food canning industry, made the need for more strip mills imperative.

The construction of new wide strip mills in Scotland and in South Wales were agreed to by the Government, and both Colvilles Ltd. and Richard Thomas and Baldwins Ltd. started to plan them. Each will use large quantities of Shell Industrial Lubricants. R.T.B.'s Spencer Works, near Newport (described in *Shell-B.P. News* for October), will be Europe's most modern fully integrated steelworks and strip mill, while Colvilles' new mills at Ravenscraig and Gartcosh will be Scotland's first strip mills.

These projects can be visualised as vast exercises in mechanical handling in which materials are passed from one place to the other, and from one form to another. Consequently, throughout these works, there are many thousands of bearings and gears carrying great loads and transmitting great power. Unless these are efficiently lubricated there could be failures which could lead to the loss of hundreds of pounds for every minute the plant remained idle. Lubrication is thus one of the most important of the services provided in a steelworks. The rolling mill bearings and gears are fed continuously with oils and greases from large systems in the mill cellars. Rolling mills can be compared with icebergs because they themselves are quite small compared with the underground cellars which are needed to house the tanks, pumps, filters and complicated pipework. Many of the tanks hold over 5,000 gallons of oil. Cellar attendants constantly check the rate of flow of the oils, and ensure that temperatures and pressures are kept at the correct levels.

RAVENSCRAIG AND GARTCOSH

During the early days at Ravenscraig, when the blast furnaces and steel-making plant were being erected, a Scottish Oils and Shell-Mex Ltd. Lubricants Engineer was on

the site during the entire period. Subsequently, when Colvilles were deciding on their lubricants suppliers for the new strip mill, they appointed Scottish Oils and Shell-Mex to be their lubrication consultants and awarded them the contract to supply all the lubricants for their new project. In return the Company agreed to investigate the lubrication requirements of the new plant and to provide once again the full-time services of Mr G. Smith, their Lubricants Engineer. The Company also agreed to give advice regarding the storage and handling of lubricants, planned lubrication maintenance, and to make up special lubrication drawings.

Over two hundred plant manufacturers had now to be contacted in order that the lubrication of their plant could be discussed in detail. Enquiries were sent out to Industrial Lubricants Superintendents up and down the country, and the help of Shell International Petroleum Company was enlisted so that overseas manufacturers could be approached. The range of applications was surprisingly large, including diesel shunters, steam turbines, air compressors, even refrigerators for cooling crane drivers' cabs, as well as the rolling mills themselves. Every effort was made to obtain approval from manufacturers for lubricants included in a short list of "preferred grades" which had been drawn up to cover all the major uses. The number of lubricants to be stocked at the new works could otherwise have easily run into three or four dozen.

BULK DELIVERY OF LUBRICANTS

The cold rolling mill at Gartcosh started up towards the end of 1961, but the hot strip mill at Ravenscraig is only now nearing completion. Novel arrangements have been made at Gartcosh so that both oils and greases can be delivered in bulk into storage tanks and then piped around the mill to the using points. Each of the rolling mill bearings, gear, and hydraulic oil systems contains many thousands of gallons of lubricating oil, and topping up these systems can be something of a problem. The Company therefore devised a scheme for linking the main storage tanks in the oil store through pumps with preset meters, by pipeline for each grade, to the system tanks in the cellars. Oil can now be fed to the systems as required, without the need for internal works transport, and there

is no danger of contamination. The Company's tankers can deliver oils either into storage or direct into the system tanks from fill pipes outside the oil store. Colvilles believe that this arrangement will pay for itself in a short time from the operating savings.

Gartcosh adopted not only full bulk handling for oils but bulk handling for the heavy duty grease which is fed to the mills from centralised grease systems. This is a practice which has been pioneered by the Company at Steel Company of Wales, where already over 300 tons of Shell Alvania Grease E.P.2 have been delivered by this means. Lagged hoppers are used holding $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons of grease, which can be pumped into customer's storage. An old rail car tank shell has been erected on end and adapted for this purpose. From this point pipelines are used to carry the grease to many of the centralised grease system pumps. Plug-in points are fitted to the main grease line so that small quantities of grease can be taken off for hand application or for filling the large roll-neck bearings. Previously, wooden paddles and other crude implements had been used to transfer grease from barrels to grease systems, and contamination had not been easy to avoid.

At Ravenscraig the big oil systems have only just been cleaned out with flushing oil and are now nearly all filled with their service change of Shell Vitrea, Macoma, and Tellus Oils ready for the first steel to be rolled early in December.

SPENCER WORKS

Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd. have supplied lubricants to the Ebbw Vale strip mill of Richard Thomas and Baldwins ever since it was commissioned and are now supplying a major part of the lubricants requirements for the new Spencer Works.

Shell Vitrea Oils have been selected to lubricate all the massive Morgoil bearings fitted to each stand of the rolling mills. Sixty-five thousand gallons of Shell Vitrea Oil have been delivered to charge the systems feeding the bearings. The massive back-up rolls which give rigid support to the smaller work rolls in these mills are mounted on Morgoil bearings where the journal floats on a film of oil. Seventy thousand gallons of Shell Macoma Oils have been used to charge

the systems feeding gear oils to the pinions and gears driving the mills.

Shell Alvania Grease E.P.2 was chosen to lubricate the vital Timken bearings on the rolling mills and all the bearings on the table rollers which carry the steel from one end of the mill to the other as it changes from ingot to slab and finally to strip form. The thousands of grease distribution lines feeding these bearings will complete a flow line started at Barton Installation. Once again bulk grease handling using the Company's $3\frac{1}{2}$ ton hoppers means that the grease will never be touched by hand or contaminated from the time it was made in the grease kettle until it reaches the bearings on the Spencer Works strip mill.

By kind permission of "Shell-B.P. News"

THE BALL - BEARING

When you have tidied all things for the night,
And while your thoughts are fading to
repose,
Just pause a minute, cast a waning thought
To the nucleus from which our world now
grows.

The hand of Man which, striving thro' the
years,
Has harnessed power to do his menial
toil,
Has fashioned out of steel and sweat and
tears
This tiny monarch, bathed in bath of oil.

This minute bearing, bathed in glistening
black,
The arbiter of motion and machines,
Without which locomotion soon would crack,
How puny, small and servile now it
seems!

This metal muscle which controls our fate,
As surely as it activates the power
Of factories in every town and state,
Is Man's most certain source of wealth
this hour.

When all on Earth is crumbled and decayed,
A smile may well appear upon the face
Of this immortal ball which helped destroy
Its maker and its friend — the Human
Race.

Courtesy

*"Of Courtesy, it is much less
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,
Yet in my Walks it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy."*
—Hilaire Belloc.

Courtesy is not one of the sterner virtues, but how great is the power concealed in its gentleness! Courage and Holiness are all very well, but, lacking Courtesy, the hero is a brute and the Holy man a boor. Courtesy oils the wheels of social intercourse and smooths the road of life. It adorns our dealings with one another and adds grace to every relationship. It stems from consideration for others and embodies humility, dignity and reticence. True Courtesy is something innate, something germane to one's character, not the mere donning of a cloak of politeness for some ulterior motive. It is natural, sincere, practised almost unconsciously, and has little to do with wealth and social position. Indeed, Milton says, "Courtesy, which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds, with smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls, and courts of princes".

There are many people whose manners do not match their accents and appearance. Duchesses can be rude, and dustmen can be chivalrous. Wealth and position are no criteria of innate and natural Courtesy.

But there are less idealistic, more self-conscious varieties of Courtesy which are very agreeable and are more often found in people who have time for social training. Ease of address and a polished manner can be acquired. Graciousness can be cultivated. Jefferson says, "Politeness is artificial good humour; it covers the natural want of it and ends by rendering habitual a substitute nearly equivalent to the real virtue". If we do not possess natural courtesy it is important to acquire a politeness which will mask the lack of it.

As Chesterfield says, "Politeness and good breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any, or all other good qualities or talents".

But there is need for care here. There must be a degree of natural Courtesy in us before our acquired kindness appears genuine. If we attempt to attain good manners, forbearance and the gentler qualities in an

honest endeavour to make ourselves nice to others, our acquired graces appear natural. But, if there is no goodwill to others, only a desire to impress, or to wheedle people into doing what we want, our kindness rings false, our good manners become suavity. We put on "a show of smooth civility" which fools nobody.

So there are two types of Courtesy, natural and acquired, and mainly arising out of acquired Courtesy, a third type, Courtesy between the sexes, which we call gallantry. The importance of this varies considerably as we go through life. Little boys seem to develop a sense of Courtesy before little girls do. A boy of six may undertake to "bash" a little girl's enemies, a promise which usually leaves the said little girl unimpressed, and the boy is often disconcerted to discover that his little friend is not only capable of dealing with her enemies herself, but is liable to include him in the "bashing". This seems to have a souring effect on the boy, for he retires into a state of boorishness for the next ten years or so. To the little girl, too, for a period, toughness and gamesmanship in the opposite sex are everything but, at about fifteen or so, she begins to acquire the art of accepting a compliment gracefully.

Then her rugby-playing hero becomes a muddled oaf, and no amount of prowess on the field will make up for lack of grace in conversation. Then address, politeness and good manners become all-important, and it matters little if these are not genuine so long as they are impressive. The girl of seventeen prefers suavity and smoothness to honest worth, which so often appears a little uncouth. This romantic phase passes. As the girl begins to think of marriage the more solid virtues become important. As Spurgeon says, "Politeness is excellent, but it does not pay the bill". Courtesy, even if genuine, is no longer enough. Dependability and all the duller virtues come into their own.

Later in life, in the "glamorous grandmother" stage, a woman's outlook becomes again rather as it was at seventeen. Small courtesies seem all-important and the sterner virtues less attractive. Politeness in the opposite sex is again of utmost consequence and

nice old ladies lap up compliments without concerning themselves in the least about the sincerity of the bestower. If one lives long enough the wheel turns full circle, and one has no more interest in the opposite sex than one had as a very young child. Comfort is again all-important. Courtesy and gallantry cease to matter.

Since man stopped acquiring a wife by clubbing her on the head and dragging her off to his cave, gallantry has been important. It reached its peak in the Middle Ages and was at its height at the court of Eleanor of Aquitaine, where elaborate lists of rules and virtues, required of the Knight who aspired to be a lover, were drawn up. An odd feature of this courtly love was the incompatibility of love with marriage. Indeed, the lady was usually married to someone else, and the knight regarded her with such deep veneration that he suffered all sorts of unpleasant physical effects, swooning, fainting, losing sleep and appetite. Love became so refined as to appear ridiculous. The principles of this convention are embodied in a number of mediaeval romances, particularly the cycles dealing with King Arthur, Tristan and Isolt, and Troilus and Cressida. To us most of these tales appear insufferably tedious, glorifying, as they do, virtues that were especially dear to "a robust age as yet untroubled by the pale cast of thought".

Right up to and beyond Victorian times, gallantry was important in literature although a distinction crept in between men's treatment of women of high and low degree. In "She Stoops to Conquer", the hero regards the heroine with something of the reverence of the Arthurian knights, until she assumes the rôle of servant, when his awe of her vanishes. It is only in comparatively recent times, with such authors as Tennessee Williams and Eugene O'Neil, that gallantry ceased to be a heroic virtue. This may be because literature now seems to deal almost exclusively with common people, and gallantry and good manners are out of place in their way of life. Or it may be that in the rush of modern life there is no longer time for gallantry or indeed for Courtesy of any kind.

For Courtesy is an old-fashioned virtue. A "Scotsman" article tells how a number of

American college girls and English university students were asked to list the virtues they thought most important. The Americans went all out for strength of character, frankness and the ability to get ahead. The English still included kindness in their list, but not one person mentioned Courtesy. If we cease to value Courtesy we become uncivilised boors. Some modern novels and many of today's plays on television make it seem as if we have already become that, but at least they serve to show how tedious and ungracious life will be when we finally cast Courtesy out. For it is a fact that Courtesy is a virtue we admire in others, but find it a bore to cultivate in ourselves. There is sheer delight in occasionally casting Courtesy to the winds and being as rude and objectionable as we dare. There is a kind of cleansing in this but, if it were our normal behaviour, we should soon cease to derive any satisfaction from it.

To preserve the amenity, the graciousness of life we must hold on to Courtesy. If we do not possess natural Courtesy, then let us try to acquire politeness and good manners. Even gallantry at its most ridiculous is preferable to boorishness. Courtesy is our "herb o' grace" that sweetens the sour waters of living in this modern age.

ROSEMARY CAMPBELL, F.VI.

AN APPEAL FOR THE PRESERVATION OF WILD LIFE

24th MAY, 1963 — At the present time, when cities and built-up areas are becoming larger and larger and the "green belts" are becoming narrower, more and more of Britain's wild animals and birds are being jeopardised. There are even some animals, such as wild cats, which are in danger of becoming extinct within the next few generations. Our wild-life must certainly be preserved, and it would be a terrible thing if future generations had no other means of seeing a pair of fine stags fighting with interlocked horns or a badger scurrying away through the bracken except on film, and that would certainly be so if these animals no longer existed.

Most people have a love of animals to some extent, and a few have a truly deep love. Such a person is Heinz Seilmann, who has often waited silently for many hours in

order to film a badger sallying forth from its sett, or a vixen playing with her cubs in the sunset. There are so many beautiful things in nature that it would be impossible to describe or even to have seen all of them.

It is a wonderful feeling to come upon a nest in a bush or a tree or even, in some cases, on the ground. There is great diversity in nests alone. A pheasant's nest, so carefully hidden on the ground that it is not noticeable until one has almost stepped on it; a sparrow's nest, carefully lined with moss and feathers, tucked away in a thick hedge; a pigeon's nest, composed of a few sticks scraped together high in a fir tree and containing a single pure white egg; or a heronry in the topmost branches of a tall tree, are only a few of the nests which can be found in Britain.

But it is not only nests that are beautiful and interesting. Surely there are few sights more uplifting than that of a powerful golden eagle circling high in the sky on his majestic wings!

Not only in Britain is there concern about the danger to wild-life, but also in Africa and other places. But, although African animals are very impressive and exciting, and we feel that they should be preserved, it must be more important to us to protect the animals and birds of our own country, and especially of Scotland. I certainly should not like to think that our grandchildren or great-grandchildren would not have the pleasure of seeing roe-deer on the skyline at sunset in a Scottish glen.

A. H. G., F.III.

The Burns Supper

There are many of us for whom the Burns Supper held last February was a new and gratifying experience. Despite the English Department's intensive efforts, there were still some pupils who had previously resisted all attempts to infuse into them an appreciation of the works of Robert Burns, Scotland's national poet. The lively and interesting way in which the evening's entertainment was presented caused many sceptics to have second thoughts about Burns's worth as a poet.

In true tradition, the Haggis, held high for everyone to see, was piped in, followed by Pousie Nancy, an unkempt "lady", with a suspicion of "five o'clock shadow", whose strange attire and even stranger behaviour caused much amusement. Neil Rorie addressed the Haggis — "Great chieftain of the puddin'-race" — and vigorously slit it open to reveal its "gushing entrails bright". For some this was an introduction to one of Scotland's most famous dishes, and it seemed to go down quite well, so to speak. After the toast to the Haggis had been proposed, it was found that the glasses had not been filled — not owing to any shortage of lemonade — and the Haggis was given three cheers, in which Mr Erskine took the lead, an innovation which greatly amused some of the older members of the company. Most people found the Haggis quite "filling" and the

lunch-room staff did not have to cope with as many demands for "seconds" as usual. Our Haggis consumed, we sat back to see what the evening had in store for us.

It was now the duty of our principal speaker, Mr Ross, a well-known advocate and former pupil of the High School, to propose "The Immortal Memory", the toast to Robert Burns.

The standard of speaking was very high and information about Burns's life and background proved interesting, especially to Leaving Certificate candidates. Burns was, as his poetry suggests, a farmer, although not a very successful one. Robert Burns was born in 1759 at Alloway in the cottage built by his father, a farmer. He was set to work early in life and at 15 years of age he was a skilled ploughman. He made several attempts to earn a living farming, but eventually decided to become an exciseman. The advantages of a steady income were partly offset by the opportunities to indulge in his greatest vice — drinking. Burns's description of a night's carousing in "Tam o' Shanter" is so vivid that there can be no doubt that he was a regular customer at his local inn. As Burns's character was unfolded some pupils found they had many points in common with the poet, and even those sceptical about his poetical talent resolved to study his poetry



Photograph by A. W. Rann, St. Andrews

MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE - WINNERS, 1963

Front Row (l. to r.)—Norman M. Melvin (Winner of Solo Speaking Competition for the Junior School—Equal); Alexander U. Yule (Senior Leng Medal for Singing—Boys); Janet A. D. Cruikshank (Hutton Prize for Dux of L.III. Girls); Deborah A. Menelaws (Winner of Solo Speaking Competition for the Junior School—Equal); Elizabeth M. Brown (John Maclellan Prize for Dux of L.VII. Girls, Junior Leng Medal for Singing); William A. Meiklejohn (Walter Polack Prize for Dux of L.VII. Boys); Christopher J. A. Jones (Russell Trophy for Junior Chess); William I. F. David (Robbie Prize for Dux of L.III. Boys).

Second Row (l. to r.)—Elizabeth A. T. Nicholson (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art, Rector's Prize for Art Appreciation—Equal); Alexander M. Davie (J. B. Meiklejohn Prize for Mathematics—F.V.); Margaret L. Smith (Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize in Science, G. H. Philip Prize for Reading and Public Speaking, Low Memorial Prize, 1962); Roderick S. Chisholm (D. S. Bryson Prize for Technical Subjects—Equal), Marion A. Macleod (Harris Gold Medal as Joint Dux of School, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize in English, Armitstead Medal for Dux in French, Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in German); David K. W. Paterson (Harris Gold Medal as Joint Dux of School, Armitstead Medal for Dux in Mathematics, Cunningham Medal for Dux in Science); Valerie C. Hendry (Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English, Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Ian E. Smith (G. H. Philip Prize for Reading and Public Speaking); Maureen E. McKell (Special Prize for Art, Rector's Prize for Art Appreciation—Equal); Finlay A. J. Macdonald (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Music).

Third Row (l. to r.)—Christine D. Sutherland (Special Prize for Music); Frances J. Ross (McNeill Prize for Biology); Joan H. Sutherland (Low Memorial Prize, 1962); Graeme M. Bruce (Special Prize for Music, Rector's Prize for Art Appreciation—Equal); David J. Hitchin (D. S. Bryson Prize for Technical Subjects—Equal); Neil I. G. Rorie (Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Pamela J. Rollo (Low Memorial Prize, 1962), Margaret E. A. Shearer (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Homecraft); Kenneth M. Ritchie (Beckingham Chess Trophy).

Back Row (l. to r.)—Moira D. Spence (Special Prize for Chess—Girls); Kenneth Allen (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of F.II. Boys—Equal); Eileen M. C. Duke (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of F.III. Girls); Michael D. Cowan (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of F.III. Boys); Hazel B. Ptolmey (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of F.IV.); Robert S. L. Weir (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of F.IV.); Jennifer M. Lawford (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of F.II. Girls); Norval M. Bryson (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of F.II. Boys—Equal); Sandra M. Spence (Senior Leng Medal for Singing—Girls).

Absent—Jean B. Philip (J. B. Meiklejohn Prize for Mathematics—F.V.).



SOUVENIRS OF SWITZERLAND

By Graeme King

more closely. One very important point made was that, although Burns's rather dubious morals are to be deplored, they should in no way affect our estimation of his genius.

As Burns wrote what are perhaps the best love songs ever written, it was appropriate that there should be a musical flavour to the programme. The violin, played by Michael Fletcher, and the piano, played by Graeme Bruce, combined to give us some well-known tunes connected with the poet and some of Burns's songs were sung, notably "My Luve's like a red, red rose", a perfect example of a love song, arresting in its beauty and sincerity. All Burns's songs were not in a serious vein and we heard a rendering of "Duncan Gray", an amusing song, still on the subject of love.

A toast to the City of Dundee was then proposed by Ian Smith. As everyone who has walked along the Nethergate recently knows, the redevelopment of the Overgate is proceeding by leaps and bounds, and the citizens of Dundee can look forward to having the most modern city centre in Scotland. The old tenements have their uses, too. The rubble from these is being used to reclaim land, and the Town Council, always very air-minded, has laid out a small airstrip at Riverside Park, in addition to the excellent playing fields which have been in use for some years.

The plans for the redevelopment of the city centre also include an approach road for the Tay Road Bridge which will be a boon both to industry and to those of us who live

in Fife and work in Dundee. Mr Carlton, a well-known Dundee solicitor and an "old boy" of the School, replied to this toast and displayed his skill in relating humorous anecdotes. He, too, had nothing but praise for the city.

To round off the evening's entertainment, some members of the choir sang "Scots Wha' Hae", of which song Carlyle said, "So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman, or man, it will move in fierce thrills under the war-ode", and we cannot but concur in this sentiment. This song may be described as the Scottish National Anthem and is probably one of the best patriotic songs ever written, even surpassing the National Anthem in that respect. It is a striking tribute to Burns's poetic genius that it should be considered natural, almost the world over, that a social occasion should end with the singing of Auld Lang Syne, and for us the song had special significance.

Owing to the excellence of the speeches, the enthusiasm of the entertainers and the co-operation of the kitchen staff, and of the Art Department, whose vivid murals hid the accustomed drabness of the walls and windows, we all thoroughly enjoyed the Burns Supper and we are resolved that for us this shall be an annual occasion. A function such as this is one example of the extra-curricular activities which the School sponsors and encourages, wisely taking the view that there is more to education than is provided for in the School timetables.

The High School Television Service

It was with great excitement that most of the members of the High School of Dundee turned on their television sets on the morning of Sunday, 3rd March.

Three weeks previously we had taken part in a Church Television Service which was tele-recorded in St. Mary's Parish Church. Inside the Church, the bright lights necessary for the broadcast almost dazzled us and we were fascinated by the cameras and microphones. The Church looked truly magnificent under the close

scrutiny of the lights and the cameras highlighted the quiet beauty of St. Mary's.

The practice for the broadcast was held in the morning of Monday, 11th February, and the actual recording was made in the afternoon. By this time we were more accustomed to having the cameras in Church, but it was still a great temptation to glance up to see if the camera with the red light was just perhaps looking in our direction!

It was not until we watched the service on television, however, that we realised just

how much the experience meant to us. The programme began by showing pictures of Dundee, St. Mary's and the High School. It was with not a little pride that we watched the photographs of our great school.

Then we were on! High School pupils, neat in their uniforms, filled the pews, and then rose as the collectors, followed by the Head Boy, the Rector and Doctor Douglas, the School Chaplain, took their places.

The first psalm was "I to the hills will lift mine eyes", to the moving tune "French". The cameras roved over many faces and there were some especially good shots of the young boys in L.VII., the youngest class present. It was amazing to see how distinguished our uniform can look. Obviously every pupil had made a supreme effort.

The sopranos sang a descant to this psalm and it came over very effectively. Dr. Douglas then called us to prayer, and we prayed for forgiveness. There followed the first reading which was from "Deuteronomy" chapter 6. This was read by the Rector, who looked most distinguished on television.

The next hymn was "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation". Judging by the volume of sound that came over, the school meant what it sang. There were shots of the staff during this hymn, as well as many close-ups of pupils.

Christopher Rea, Head Boy, read the next lesson, which was the lovely passage of the Beatitudes from "St. Matthew", chapter 5. The passage was read clearly and beautifully, and I am sure that many viewers were moved by it.

The anthem, which the choir had been practising for a number of weeks, under the leadership of Mr T. E. Porteous, was "All people sing Thy praises, O Lord". There were many good shots of the members of the choir, who were sitting in front of the organ.

There was then a prayer of thanksgiving, after which we sang "City of God". A descant was sung to this hymn also.

Dr. Douglas's sermon was on the text "Ye are the salt of the earth", and he reminded us that salt purifies, preserves, gives savour, melts ice and makes fellowship. I think that the sermon's simple message was clear even to the youngest pupil.

The offerings, which went to the "Freedom from Hunger Campaign" and "War on Want", were collected by Mark Schnee, Neil Key, Brian Junor, Michael Gault, Michael Walton, Brent Smith, Peter Bruce, Michael Duckworth, Alistair Wood and Roger Burns. There were some wonderful close-ups of those handsome senior High School boys!

The offering prayer was followed by the closing hymn "O Jesus, strong and pure and true", and then the Benediction. The programme closed with a picture of the choir and in the background the beautiful organ of St. Mary's being played by Mr Alastair Arthur.

Although we had all enjoyed taking part in the service and spotting people we knew as we watched the programme, I think that, by the end, we realised the deeper significance of what we had taken part in. It is with great pride that we remember that Dundee High School was privileged to take part in a Church Service on television, to the praise and glory of God.

"SONGS OF PRAISE"

The School Choir took part in the television recording of "Songs of Praise", which also came from St. Mary's. The Choir sang "Looking Upward Every Day" by itself, and the girls sang the second verse on their own while the boys sang the fourth. The simple hymn came over very well, but the most moving item was the singing of Psalm 24, "Ye gates lift up your heads on high". It was truly wonderful to be singing it along with the members of the Dundee Choral Union, St. Mary's Choir and the rest of the congregation.

The programme seems to have been extremely successful and was watched by almost eight million people.

PAMELA ROLLO.

CHARTRES

Chartres is interesting historically because it was one of the first places in France to become Christian. When the early Christians came, they found that the people worshipped a pagan goddess, who was a virgin mother. It was therefore quite easy to incorporate their religion into Christianity. This veneration of the Virgin is very marked in Chartres Cathedral, which contains a curious effigy, said to be a copy of the original pagan goddess. In a museum nearby, there is a

piece of cloth reputed to be part of the vesture of the Virgin Mary, and recent tests have shown that this could be true.

Architecturally, the Cathedral is a mixture of, mainly, Romanesque and Renaissance styles—witness the two different spires. The present Cathedral is the ninth to stand on the site, many of the others having been destroyed by fire.

Everything about the Cathedral is significant in some way. For example, the beautiful triple flying buttresses, which support the building, are embellished with statues of bishops, who support the church.

Just below the buttresses, many hideous gargoyles, including the largest one in the world, allow rainwater to drip off the roof, which it would otherwise corrode. The reason for their ugliness is that the pure rain from heaven, dropping on the filthy, leaf-strewn roof, becomes dirty, and is fit only for the devil. They point outwards so that the dirty rainwater will flow away from the holy place.

Beneath the gargoyles is a frieze of statues, which reaches right round the building. On the north side, where there is not much light, are statues of the prophets and Old Testament figures, but to the south—the sunny side—are those of saints and bishops, symbolising the coming of light and hope with Jesus.

In the middle ages, the pilgrims who flocked to Chartres camped actually inside the nave, and a thick stone wall round the choir-stalls separated the noise and dirt created by them from the sanctuary. Round this wall is another frieze, this time depicting scenes from the life of Christ. This was for the education of the pilgrims.

The stone floor slopes down towards the west door, in order that filth and refuse left by the pilgrims could be more easily swept away. This great west door, or Royal Portal, is the traditional entrance of kings. Entering here, one cannot but be overwhelmed by the grandeur of this vast Cathedral. There are no statues adorning the high walls, as it was feared that this might tempt the people to idolatry, and therefore the only decoration is afforded by the marvellous stained-glass windows.

These dominate the entire building and are noticeably of two distinct kinds. The earlier one of these was a beautiful, brilliant blue, which glows almost like a jewel. These windows are fascinating because in the early Middle Ages, when the church was rich, the windows were made out of tiny pieces of glass, which had previously had the colour baked into them by a process, the art of which has been lost over the centuries. These were then leaded together.

The later kind, made when the church was poorer, were made of plain glass with the pictures painted on, as this was not so expensive. The colours in these have faded rather and efforts have been made to rediscover the way of baking in the colour. One of the windows was a gift from America after the war, and it was designed in America, but made in France in—people think—the original way. Only time will tell if the secret has really been rediscovered.

Although during the Second World War there was much bombing of Chartres, few of the windows were destroyed, because they were all removed and carefully hidden in villages nearby to preserve them.

Evidence of the war is marked both at Chartres, in the main square of which holes from machine-gun fire can be seen in the walls, and also on the road from this memorable place to Paris.

On the outskirts of Chartres is a moving memorial to a Resistance leader who was a Mayor of Chartres. It is a huge marble hand coming out of the ground—to symbolise that it was an underground movement—holding a broken sword—broken to symbolise that he had been captured and killed by the Nazis before he had finished his task.

Leaving Chartres by this route, one travels along the “Route de la Libération”—the road along which General Patton advanced in August, 1944, to liberate Paris. All along this highway are special milestones to commemorate this.

But Chartres is not only a memorial to past glories; it is also the scene of an annual pilgrimage made by students of all nationalities, who travel from Paris together in a sincere attempt to foster international understanding in the nuclear age.

RHONA MACKENZIE, F.III.

REMINDER TO ALL FORMER PUPILS

If you have not already returned to the School a copy of the enclosed notice, please do so without delay.

Cycling

Ahead of me were five miserable-looking figures, muffled up in three yellow cycle capes, one black cycle cape and one white plastic raincoat. It was raining. We were pushing our bikes up a hill, not a very steep hill (and to the uninitiated there would not even appear to be any hill at all). In other words, we were on a cycling trip . . .

Early that morning, at 10 o'clock, four of us left our homes, after J. S.'s and my father had repaired the first puncture of the expedition. The ferry was made with our usual good timing—a quarter of a minute to spare. Of course, it was raining when we reached Dundee, and we were glad of the chance to put on our new cycle capes. These articles of clothing turned out to be the bane of our lives. Once we had them on, they kept sliding round, and ending up back to front, or we could never find the hooks for our thumbs, as they kept hooking themselves around the bell or brakes or handle-bars, and these objects would not go over the handle-bars at the front or our saddle-bags at the back. But that we found out gradually.

In Dundee we had to do some shopping. This was fatal. I doubt if the traffic will ever recover from the blow. As none of us had ever cycled in a big town before, we found it rather difficult. We all knew our way about on foot, but on a bike things were different. M. M. and I ended up by pushing our bikes up a one-way street, "That's all right!" you may think. However, we were going the wrong way. On foot it is moderately easy to cross the High Street to get from Halford's to D. M. Browns. Try it on a bike, loaded with luggage—and wearing a cycle cape—with the traffic in a ceaseless stream in both

directions. After the screech of brakes, curses and shaking fists had faded into the distance, we were joined by F. F. and J. S., who had separated from us to do their shopping, and so we left the centre of Dundee.

Going up to the Kingsway, we kept bumping into each other since, whenever we wanted to stop to rest, as we were very unfit, we just jammed on our brakes as we could not give any hand-signals because of the cycle capes. M. M. even cycled through a set of red traffic lights. Fortunately, there was nothing coming the other way. However, we reached the Kingsway without any accidents. There, we met the remainder of our party—F. C. and M. L., who were also tastefully arrayed in yellow cycle capes. And so the expedition had begun.

The first day our destination was Glenisla. It was a miserable journey. We were accompanied by the usual "Cool Temperate West Marginal Oceanic Climate", during which rain is liable to fall at any time (especially when you want it to stay away). As described at the beginning, we practically pushed our bikes all the way. The most unusual factor of the whole trip became noticeable on that first day, namely, all the hills went up and none of them went down. The hostel came as rather a shock to most of us. I do not really know what we expected.

On the second day we left at 11 o'clock. We were going to Straththummel. The journey was uneventful. Naturally it rained and even snowed part of the time. And, of course, all the hills went up. The scenery around the Tummel was magnificent. The deep ravines of the river with the white foam rushing through the steep sides, clothed with

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

larches and evergreens, combined to make a lovely symphony of colours, shading from fawn to dark brown, and from silvery-green to an almost black shade. Above towered the hills with their rugged fringe of trees on the sky-line. At Strathtummel Hostel we had our most remarkable meal. F. F. had the bright idea of mixing the peas with the potatoes. As a result, we had green potatoes, which tasted as vilely as they looked.

That evening we were frozen. And so, much to the amazement of our fellow-hostellers, we had a game of "tig" around the walls of the hostel. That was rather difficult as it was late at night and everything was pitch black outside. This game made us very tired, but did not succeed in making us any warmer. When we were inside again, we proceeded to dance the "hora" around the games room. This made us slightly warmer.

The next morning we were given our chores as usual. F. C. and I were told to polish the washroom floor and a hundred-foot corridor. The warden then handed us a tin of polish and two dusters. I will not go into details. Be it sufficient to say that, when we were finished, we were told that we were meant to have used a dumper. How were we to know? That day we went to Garth. On the way there was a five-mile hill up which we wearily plodded, stopping half-way for lunch. The other days were very similar.

Punctures? Repairs? These are two vital questions. To tackle the first one. We had three punctures and one leaky valve. The first puncture was rather difficult to mend as we could not get the tyre off the wheel. F. F., never daunted, saw three young men going into a nearby house, and so she went for help, trying to look helpless. She arrived back with an old farm labourer who knew less than we did. The next puncture we mended ourselves. The third was very kindly mended for us by three boys at the hostel who took the wheel off to do so. The leaky valve sprang to our notice on the last day. The same boys offered to mend it for us. However, we had every type of valve, but the kind needed. The solution was simple. F. F. phoned for her father to take her home.

As for repairs — J. S. sliced through her own brake cable, and F. C.'s and M. M.'s gears stuck, the former in low gear and the

latter in high, all on the same day. We got them repaired though — for nothing. F. F. was more unfortunate, for her gears kept sticking and then unsticking. Her mudguards, or something, kept scraping — Ugh! This went on for several days. Our method of repair was, "Anything mechanical, give it a kick!" And so every three minutes F. F. would dismount and give her bike a hard kick. It mended itself finally.

However, none of us died from food-poisoning or from an accident, though we were rather a menace to the traffic as we kept meandering over the roads. We got many angry toots and curses. We did not even lose our way as we were all very expert at map-reading! We even enjoyed ourselves despite cold water, hills, rain, lack of food (an oversight of F. F. who thought we could exist on very little), bikes, green potatoes, bad weather, cold beds, etc.

Anyone going Youth Hostelling?

R. I. S., F.III.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

One bright, sunny morning, we drove into the world-famous town of Pisa. In the hot, Italian sunshine the buildings looked dazzlingly white. The tower could be seen quite easily from the road, as it was so high.

We drove into the park and left our car on the gravel, beside very many others. Since we wanted to climb the Tower, we walked past the Basilica to it. Daddy took some pictures of the Leaning Tower, and we tried to make friends with the pigeons.

In the walled park stand the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Basilica, and another building, all made of lovely, white stone. Against the straight wall of the Basilica, the Tower seemed to slant away even more.

We climbed to the top of the Tower, going on to each balcony to see the view. At the top, we saw the whole countryside spread out in a beautiful panorama.

As we climbed down, the sky was darkened by a huge black cloud. At the bottom we rushed through the rain to shelter in a souvenir shop. At last the storm ceased and we ran back to the car, soaked to the skin.

What a wet ending it was to our visit to Pisa!

FRANCES DOUGHTY, L.VII.

My Visit to Paris

My mother and I arrived in Paris at 12.15 a.m. on 1st April. We were to spend five days in Paris "doing the sights", but at that time we were quite glad to drop, exhausted, into bed at our hotel.

In the morning we woke to find it cloudy and very cold, but dry, and we decided over breakfast to go to the Louvre. This is a vast and magnificent place, both in its contents and its actual rooms, the ceilings of which were all beautiful. We felt that the settings for every masterpiece were just right, showing each off to best advantage. First of all, we went to the classical sculptures, and saw the Winged Victory and the Venus de Milo, which were outstanding among the many beauties.

Thence we went to the "Grande Galerie" and the "Mona Lisa", which is quite uncanny, her compelling gaze following one everywhere. We saw many other masterpieces, including some by Fra Angelico; the one we liked best was "The Crowning of the Virgin". We saw many gory canvases by Delacroix and Gros, and many equally horrible Mantegna's, some almost surrealist.

After lunch at a buffet in the Louvre we continued, admiring many other great treasures until, at about 3.30 p.m., the sun came out and we decided to leave, for we felt that any more pictures would give us "mental indigestion!"

We sat for a while in the Tuileries Gardens before going to Notre Dame, which, from the outside, we thought most beautiful, although, inside, it is rather dark, lit only by the lovely stained glass windows.

After this we walked along beside the Seine looking at the curious little bookstalls, etc., on the low wall above the river and, as it was getting late, we then returned to the hotel to rest before going to "dîner" at a restaurant close by.

The next day was fine and sunny, but still cold, and we took a bus to the Place de l'Etoile, to visit the Arc de Triomphe. We had no idea how huge it was and found it quite awe-inspiring, with gigantic sculptures depicting battles on every side. We saw the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, with the

ever-lit flame kindled beside it and, on looking up, we could see glorious vistas stretching into the distance in each direction, although it was not possible to see right down the Champs-Élysées, as it was misty.

We took a bus to the Place de la Concorde, and looked back up the beautiful wide avenue to the Arc de Triomphe which seemed almost ethereal at the top of the hill. From the Obelisk the views are wonderful, not only up the Champs-Élysées, which is offset by two marvellous equestrian statues, but also to the left, to the Palais Bourbon, and to the right, to the Madeleine, both of which have imposing façades of tall white pillars.

As it was lunch-time, we took the bus back to the Rue de Sèvres and, as we walked along, we were enchanted with the stalls, selling almost everything. We bought some hot chestnuts, newly-cooked on a big drum outside a shop. They were delicious! We also bought a kilo of Mandarin oranges, which worked out at less than 1d each! But fruit is the only thing in France that is cheaper than in Britain.

After a sandwich lunch we returned to the hotel, expecting a message from Mme. Heyvang, who was to meet us. In she walked and suggested that we go to the "Grands Boulevards" in the afternoon—to see the shops. We noticed especially that the shop windows were all beautifully decorated. One had enormous goldfish made entirely out of large pink and orange sequins, while in another there was a complete model coach and horses, and many of the shops used flowers, both real and artificial, in the design.

We had arranged to meet Mme. Heyvang the next morning at about 11 a.m. and so we decided to see the church of St. Louis des Invalides before we met her, as it was quite near the hotel. We found it most impressive and very beautiful, with massive tombs of various generals in smaller rooms leading from the main part.

Each part of the ceiling is painted, depicting scenes from the life of St. Louis. The altar bears a lovely crucifix, on which the light from the windows seems to glow, reflected by massive gold and black pillars of

— we thought — alabaster, though it may be marble.

The largest tomb of all — that of Napoleon — is in a vault in the centre under the dome, and can be visited with a guide by going down steps behind the altar. How they venerate Napoleon! But it is not surprising as it was really he who “planned” Paris.

We then left, met Mme. Heyvang, and went with her to Montmartre and the Sacré-Coeur. We had lunch in a restaurant looking out on to a square around which artists of all descriptions were daubing on paint, or drawing portraits of tourists — for a fee!

After lunch we went to the Basilica of the Sacré-Coeur, which is beautiful, with lovely, modern stained-glass windows, as all the originals had been broken during the war. We were interested to see a plaque to British soldiers who fell in France during the war, and Mme. Heyvang, who comes from Orléans, was fascinated with an alcove devoted to Joan of Arc.

By this time it was growing late, and we had to take our leave of Mme. Heyvang, who had to return to Orléans that evening.

The next morning dawned cold and grey, so we decided to spend the morning in the Jeu de Paume gallery, the gallery in which the French impressionistic paintings are shown. We saw many famous paintings, admiring especially those by Renoir, Dégas, Sisley, Pissarro and Seurat. Each radiated more light than the one before, and we found them gayer and brighter than those in the Louvre proper, to which, however, we returned after lunch, in order to see some of the many things which we had not had time for before.

Right at the top of the building were the 19th century paintings, and the Pre-Impressionist paintings, leading on to those we had seen that morning.

After this we went back to l’Île de la Cité to visit the Sainte-Chapelle. In this church there are two chapels, the lower one and a higher one — up narrow, winding stairs — in which there are the most beautiful stained-glass windows, which are almost blinding in brilliance. They were made by

the same craftsmen as did the ones for Chartres Cathedral, which we were to visit the next day.

RHONA MACKENZIE, F.III.

STRESA, 1963

Some forty-odd scholars from Dundee High School

Are touring in Italy under the rule
Of ladies who teach, but who also can play,
Henderson, Anderson, Lorimer, Gray.

They set off from Scotland, arriving at Basle
In time for their breakfast on first of Aprase.
Many the tricks were thought up on the way
For Henderson, Anderson, Lorimer, Gray.

Proceeding to Stresa according to plan,
They settled in Domus Hotel, near Milan.
They toured the three lakes on their very first
day
With Henderson, Anderson, Lorimer, Gray.

Valley Anzusca was next on the list,
A sight very beautiful, not to be missed.
This took all of Thursday—a very good day
With Henderson, Anderson, Lorimer, Gray.

Then came Isola Bella, of which you have
heard,
As previous poems to this have referred,
In terms not over-polite you may say
For Henderson, Anderson, Lorimer, Gray.

Next on to La Scala, in city Milan,
To listen to Opera as well as they can,
To make the performance a red-letter day
For Henderson, Anderson, Lorimer, Gray.

On Sunday, Baveno’s the place they’re to
view.
Pallanza on Monday is fabulous, too.
Tuesday, alas! is the homecoming day,
For Henderson, Anderson, Lorimer, Gray.

And so on through Basle, Calais, Folkestone
again,
To London’s Kings’ Cross, where they catch
the night train,
With three hearty cheers and a hip-hip-
hooray,
For Henderson, Anderson, Lorimer, Gray!

BY OLD LOCHINVAR.

Camping with the Guides

What memories the words "Guide Camp" hold! Memories of last year's summer holiday. One hour after our arrival, while we were viewing our slightly lop-sided erection (commonly known as a tent), our reverie was suddenly shattered as our commandant saw us.

"Hey! You four over there! Wood Patrol, aren't you? Go and get some!"

That was only the beginning. Thinking it over, one or two points are still a trifle hazy in my mind. Why did our patrol have to gather so much more wood than any other? Our one day's collection nearly lasted the whole week and, when the pile eventually diminished slightly, being free, we were roped in to help the patrol then on wood duty.

Why was it that on the one rainy day, we were the Cook Patrol and subsequently had to light the morning fire in pouring rain? After it was lit, we erected the shelter and lit the Water Patrol's fire. Everyone but us was allowed an extra half-hour before rising owing to the rain.

Another question still vexes me. As Water Patrol, we had to put up the sides of the marquee in case it rained and water came in. As Health and Orderly Patrol, we took them down again to let in the healthy fresh air the next day. Of course, as Mess Patrol, we had to re-erect them later to make everything look neat for our visitors. Why did the marquee seem to haunt our patrol?

Finally, why did our patrol have all the accidents? For example, Frances (one of us) tripped up one day. Nothing, you say? Unfortunately, she was carrying the pig-pail at the time and it was full. I still giggle at the memory of the banana-skin in her hair. That was only one of many, most of which concerned my knife (I think there is a curse on it).

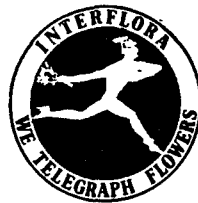
However, despite hard work, accidents, creepy-crawlies and various other unwelcome animal visitors, I thoroughly enjoyed the camp and look forward to the next one.

J. A. S., F.II.

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CRICKET 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.) — Mr Allardice, Harvie L. Findlay, Douglas B. Scott, Graham Robertson
Brian Junor, John P. Gray, Paul Smith, Alistair Black (Scorer).

Front Row (l. to r.) — William J. Christie, Michael J. S. Walton, Christopher W. W. Rea (Capt.),
Michael R. Duckworth, Michael M. Gault.

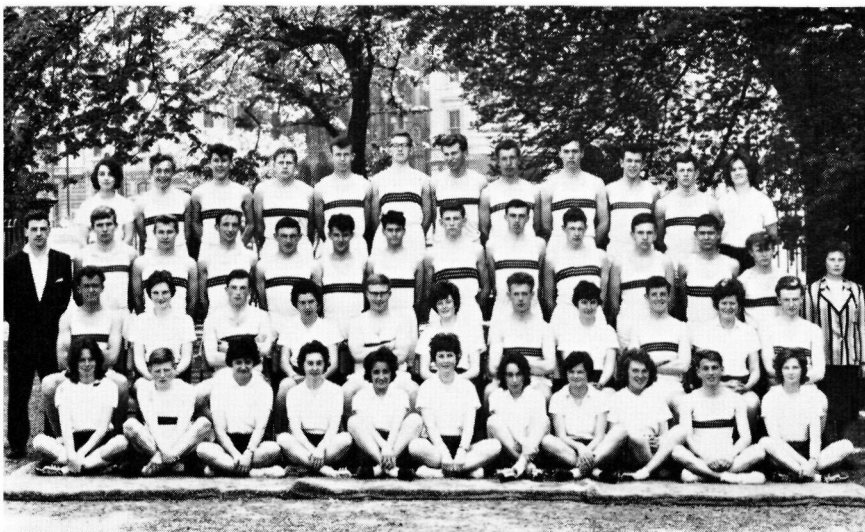


Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

TENNIS 1st VI.

Back Row (l. to r.) — Miss W. M. Paton, R. Anne Birrell, Margaret J. J. Walker, Christine D.
Sutherland.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Frances D. Bowman, Joan H. Sutherland (Capt.), Helen I. Lyle.



SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM, 1963

Back Row (l. to r.)— Gillian J. Macmillan, Harvie L. Findlay, Lindsay S. Cook, John P. Gray, Alan J. Wilson, John D. Orr, Patrick S. Barclay, George G. Robertson, Murray Petrie, Norman H. Fowler, Mark J. Schnee, Elizabeth M. Middleton.

Second Row (l. to r.)— Mr Coletta, Brent C. H. Smith, Graeme D. Duncan, Alan A. Grewar, David G. Fairley, Finlay J. MacDonald, Kenneth D. Collins, R. Peter Bruce, Alistair N. Black, Angus F. Macintyre, Roderick C. Stenson, H. Dane Sherrard, David G. Scott, Miss Paton.

Third Row (l. to r.)— George A. J. Macintosh, Dorothy L. G. Fraser, Christopher W. W. Rea, Rosemary A. Birrell, James W. Andrews, Sheila M. Buchan, J. Roger S. Burns, Susan H. Gibson, Ian E. Smith, Margaret W. Walker, Angus O. Agnew.

Front Row (l. to r.)— Helen McF. Jamieson, David R. McLean, Hilary W. Stiven, Dorothy M. Borrie, Margaret A. L. Lawrence, Wendy K. Ross, Ruth M. Sturrock, Eileen M. C. Duke, Sheila A. Mackie, Peter D. Aiken, Pauline H. Ross.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

3rd YEAR BASKETBALL TEAM — Dundee Secondary Schools' Champions

Back Row (l. to r.)— Mr Coletta, R. L. McHoul, W. A. Wallace, D. A. H. Smith, R. W. Jupp.

Front Row (l. to r.)— G. M. Stobie, J. S. Dargie, D. G. Scott (Capt.), G. B. R. Cram (Vice-Capt.), M. L. Haeburn-Little.

Up in a Chair

"She's off!" Miss Anderson was the first to take a trip on the ski-lift at Macugnaga, in Italy.

We, forty-nine of us, had come to this snowy little village at the foot of Monte Rosa from Stresa, one day towards the end of our Italian trip, during the Easter holidays. Leaving the bus, we walked along a rather icy path, through a recent fall of about three feet of snow, to the start of the chair lift.

The lift consisted of small, single, coloured metal seats suspended from a long, thick, rotating wire which stretched halfway up the mountain and back. Each seat was about ten yards from its neighbours.

In order to board one's seat, one had to stand and wait for it to come up behind and then jump into it while it was still in motion. On settling into one's chair, one had to fasten down a metal bar which prevented one from falling out.

We were then whisked away and there was no escape until the end was reached. The whole system moved fairly slowly, at about five miles per hour and, as we were carried upwards, we had a wonderful sensation. The seats themselves were quite a distance from the snow-blanketed ground and, as we climbed, they stayed at about the same height off the snow. From our transport we had a beautiful panorama of snow-clad hills, trees and huge blue icicles and, as we rose higher and higher, the mountain air not only reddened our cheeks but gave us a splendid feeling.

At one point, after about five minutes' travelling, the whole system stopped. What had happened? Had it broken down? But after a few moments it started off again and we later discovered that it had just been a slight hitch.

After about ten minutes on our journey, we had to "all change" halfway up the mountain. Dismounting from the lift was done in much the same way as mounting, and we had to jump clear quickly before the next chair came along. Much to our advantage, an Italian at this stage helped us on and off.

We then jumped into our seats for the second part of our journey, which again

lasted about ten minutes. This time, the seats gradually became farther from the ground as we ascended. The first part of our climb had not been very steep, but the latter part certainly was. As we rose, it grew colder and mistier, but still a thrilling feeling was present although there was no longer such a splendid view.

When we reached the top, seven thousand feet above sea level, the highest most of us had ever been before, we had a short wait during which we exchanged excited remarks about our method of transport. It was now very cold and the mist prevented our seeing very much.

We then began our descent, after again boarding our transport. The wind and cold whistled past us but, despite this, we still had the wonderful feeling of height. Before leaving the top, we were advised not to look down because of the steepness, but, as we descended, we were again able to admire the view below.

We changed seats halfway and, when we arrived back at the bottom, we joined the few who had preferred not to go up, and had a cup of delicious Italian coffee before returning to Stresa.

We had, indeed, had a wonderful day.

F. B., F.III.

BRITAIN AWAKE !

Britannia of history, once great and glorious.

Leader of Europe and Empire supreme;

Now weak and wanton, whose voice, so laborious,

Prattles incessantly, useless, unseen.

Land of hire purchase, free orange juice for babies,

Industrial unrest and moral decay;

Political complacency, middle-class mediocrity,

Guilelessly gifting the Empire away.

Priding herself that "Britain can beat 'em".

Remembering the Kaiser and Hitler of old;

Hoping that next time will be like the others,

Starting late — winning late, with lives dearly sold.

Poor, foolish Islanders, remnants of chivalry,
Dregs of a vintage long since consumed!
Alone with her memories, powerless and
spiritless,

Britannia of Bingo-halls, by sloth en-
tombled.

Afternoon tea on the lawns of the Empire,
Polo in Poona and cricket at Lord's;
Visions of Wellington, Churchill, Mont-
gomery,

"At 'em again lads, with sabres and
swords!"

Poor, perplexed people who peer o'er the
Channel,

Noting that nothing is staying quite the
same;

Everyone's moving except poor Britannia,
"I say, steady on, chaps, fair's fair, play the
game".

Land of the neutralist, pacifist, anarchist,
Beatniks with placards and marchers to
bases;

Girls in long jumpers, stilettos and duffel
coats,

With black, matted hair and unwashed,
earnest faces.

Was it for this that the few died so bravely?
Was it for this that they gave their today?
The thousands who perished at Ypres and in
Flanders

Must cynically smile thro' the worms and
the clay.

Greece, Rome and France had Empires
which perished,

All in dishonour and shrouded in shame;
Baleful Britannia, unthinking, uncaring,
Blindly determined to end up the same.

Britain, awake! this lethargy vanquish,
Rise to the call of the modern age;
Give old Britannia a new dress and trident.
Let new generations their fervour assuage.

Britain, awake! lest disaster attend thee,
Rouse from thy slumber, escape from the
brink;

Let a new dawning now follow the sunset
That the sun from this dawning shall
never more sink.

I. G., F.VI.

CARAVAN HOLIDAY

Last Summer I went with my family on
a caravan holiday. Our first stop was Edin-
burgh. While we were there, we visited
Edinburgh Castle, where we saw the Scottish
Crown Jewels, and a huge old cannon called
Mons Meg. The next place we stopped at
was across the border, in England. This was
a place called Haggerston Castle, which was
so nice that we stayed there for ten days.
We had lots of fun there because there was a
lake and a stream and hundreds of baby
frogs.

We took some frogs back to the caravan
and gave Mummy a fright with them.

On our way home we stayed at Melrose
for two days, and it rained so much that
Mummy and Daddy had to hitch up the
caravan in their bare feet because of the
flood water all round the caravan.

I think one of the best things about the
holiday was sleeping in a sleeping bag.

We are all looking forward to having
another caravan holiday, when the weather
will be better.

SALLY J. REID, L.II.

BLINDIE

Blindie is our new cottage in Alyth. It
sits on top of Alyth Hill, and we have a
wonderful view. The cottage belongs to a
farm and we have a barn where we are al-
lowed to play. There is a wood nearby where
there are lots of rabbits, and we have a mole
in our garden.

KAY BUTCHART, L.II.

AT THE FARM

In the Spring I go up to our cottage with
Mummy, Daddy and my brother Iain. The
cottage is near a farm in Glen Clova. We
sometimes go up to the farm.

Last Spring there were two pet lambs. I
looked after one, and Iain looked after the
other. The one that I looked after was called
Susie and Iain's was called Limpy. We fed
them with feeding bottles. Sometimes they
ran away and would not take their milk.

When they were quite young they had a
sort of pen outside. It really was fun to see
them play. I like going up to the farm.

GILLIAN E. TROUP, L.II.

TOMMY TORTOISE

Tommy is my pet tortoise. He walks as slowly as a snail. When the sun is shining, he pops his head out. He likes eating strawberry leaves. He likes nibbling the dahlia leaves as well. He has been asleep all winter but is now up in my back garden.

PATRICIA LANGLANDS, L.II.

AT THE FAIR

On Saturday Daddy took me to the Fair. I went on the roundabouts and dodgem cars, then we went to one of the game-stalls where Daddy won a goldfish. We brought it home and put it in my goldfish bowl. It is a pretty fish with black markings and I call it Stripey. It was fun at the Fair.

LINDSAY D. R. FOULIS, L.II.

THE GLOBE

A Globe is a stand with a round part fixed on top. The round bit is the world. If you look at a globe, you will see a lot of shapes. These shapes are the countries. The countries have all sorts of different names, like Africa, India, Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, China, Scotland and England.

At the very top of the world is a part called the North Pole. The bottom bit is the South Pole. The top and bottom bits are the coldest parts of the world.

IAN WEIR, L.II.

THUNDER

I heard a thunder-storm loud and clear; I heard it so well because it was near. It was like a piano tumbling downstairs; A great many people had lots of big scares.

JENNIFER LAURIE, L.II.

MOTHER'S WASHING DAY

I like to watch Mother washing. I help to wash the dirty clothes. Monday is Mother's washing day. Mother has a very big box to put the dirty clothes in.

ALISON W. MITCHELL, L.II.

MY PUSSY CAT

I have a cat called Sooty. She is a nice cat. Sometimes she gets shut in the coal shed. She is sometimes very naughty.

HEATHER E. GIBSON, L.II.

MY PET

Our pet is called Henry. Henry is a tortoise. We take great care of him. He is naughty, and he is always walking all over the garden. If we put him in the front garden he will always go to the people next door.

BARBARA A. CRAWFORD, L.II.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAY

Last year I went to Orange and Nimes. In Nimes there was a Roman Arena. A long time ago the bull fighters fought lions. Gordon and I had a bull fight. Gordon was a bull fighter and I was the bull.

IAN THOMSON, L.II.

MY PET

I have a little rabbit called Bobtail. He has a hutch in the shed. Each day I give him some straw to eat and sleep in, and his food. I play with him, and on sunny days I put him at the back of the house in the sun.

CALUM PATON, L.II.

GRANNY'S COTTAGE

My granny has a cottage,
So neat and clean and white;
It has lots of little windows
And the rooms are very bright.
Daffodils blow in the garden
And birds nest in the trees.
Oh, I do think it's the prettiest place
That ever I did see!

CELIA URQUHART, L.III.

ANIMALS

During the Easter Holidays we went to quite a few places and found some interesting animals. At one place our dog, Tally, found a baby mole. Then Candy, one of my friends, and I ran after her and we found her biting the mole's neck. We knew then it was dead. Then Candy ran back to tell my family that Tally had killed a mole.

At another place by a lake we saw two swans, a cob and a pen. We had a picnic there and the swans came up to us, but not out of the water. Tally swam out to the cob, and then we called and called to her, and at last she came. The swan nearly attacked Tally. The pen was not as hungry as the cob. On the way back Daddy found a dead wood-pigeon.

When we went away on our Summer holidays, Jenny and I found a lot of shrews. We had not bought Tally then, but there was a dog, called Nova, there who might have killed them.

LESLEY FLOOK, L.III.

MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL

My favourite animal is a Fenec. But what is a Fenec? It's like a chihuahua (she-wa-wa) which is the world's smallest dog . . . But, the Fenec is not a dog — it's a desert fox!

I think Fenecs are flesh-eaters. They live in the Sahara Desert in holes in the ground. They come out at night. I think they would be very popular with children if some were brought from Africa.

MICHAEL G. FOSTER, L.III.

HOLIDAYS

Heyho, for holidays!

Aren't they just grand?

Bathing, swimming, paddling,
Even lazing on the sand.

Heyho, for holidays!

Toss lesson books away.

For eight long weeks without a care
We'll play the livelong day.

LESLEY INNES, L.III.

A VISIT TO THE FIRE - STATION

One day I was going round an Exhibition in the Caird Hall. I was looking at carpets, but I said to Daddy, "Could I please go to the Angus Fire-Brigade Section?" There a Mr Carrie said, "Next Sunday, why don't you come up to the Fire-Station in Bell Street?" So the next Sunday Granny took us to the Fire-Station.

There we squirted hoses, climbed into the fire-engines, rang the bells and climbed on the ladders. Then we looked at all the different telephones, and Mr Carrie said, "This is the phone where you answer emergencies". Just then! Trrrrring! the phone rang and the lady in the office wrote down "48 Princes Street". Then we saw the fire-engines rushing out. Clang! Clang! Clang! until it died away. We had had a very exciting day out.

NEIL ROBERTSON, L.III.

SPACE

Space contains nine planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Venus, Mars, Earth, Mercury and Pluto. Jupiter is the largest planet and covers a hundredth part of space. Before you are in space you have to travel one hundred miles into the sky because the Earth pulls things in from space.

The Earth is 8,000 miles in diameter and 25,000 miles round at the Equator. It takes the Earth one year to go round the sun, but it takes Pluto 270 years to go round the sun because it is so far away from the sun. Jupiter takes 27 years to go round the sun.

WILLIAM I. F. DAVID, L.III.

MR PEPE, MY POODLE PUPPY

Six weeks ago I got a present of a beautiful black poodle puppy — he was only seven weeks old and just like a little ball of fluff. I have had lots of fun with him and just now we are trying to teach him to walk on the lead. He is very stubborn, but we will persist and soon, perhaps, we will be having long walks together. When he is older we will enter him for the Shows and, even if he does not win a prize, he will still be the nicest doggie in the world.

HAZEL WILKINSON, L.IV.

GUINEA - PIGS

Guinea-pigs, or, as they are sometimes called, Cavies, are small creatures about one foot long and can be found in many different colours. They are black, brown, white and tortoiseshell. They faintly resemble rats in the face, but the most peculiar thing about a guinea-pig is that it has no tail. As pets they are very easy to keep. A hutch is made out of a large wooden box plus wire-netting on the front and this is good enough for housing-quarters. The floor of the hutch would be covered with sawdust or wood shavings, which would be renewed with a clean covering once a week.

Food can be got at a pet shop and consists of bran, oats and egg flakes. This is fed to them once a day. A small bowl of clean water should be given also. Guinea-pigs like lettuce leaves, chickweed and carrots and this should be given each day as well. In the Summer a run is needed for the guinea-pigs to exercise themselves in. This can also

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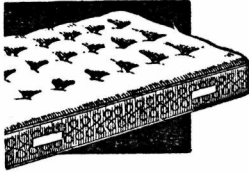
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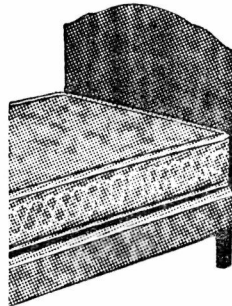
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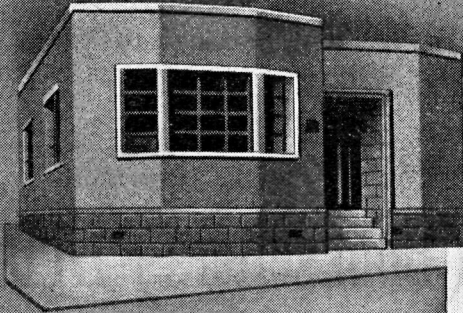
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JANE C. BUCHAN, L.IV.

THE BROWNIES' REVELS

On Saturday, 11th May, all the Dundee packs met at Camperdown Park at 2 o'clock to have some revels. We all had to dress up as a character in "Peter Pan". There were fairies, mermaids, pirates and the lost boys. When we went to our own tree, we played games. Then we went to other trees and played different games.

At three o'clock we had tea and ate our own food. Then we had some songs to finish off the day.

J. PATE, L.IV.

A VISIT TO THE MOON

It was evening. I was nearly asleep. Through a chink in the curtain I could see the moon. "How lovely it would be to visit the moon!" I whispered to my Teddy, as I cuddled closer to him.

Just as I said that a very vivid moonbeam struck my pillow and dozens of moonbeam fairies slid down it. "Hurry up and come with us, for our King and Queen await you," they said. In a daze I wrapped my dressing gown round me and the fairies whisked me up to the moon. We passed through a forest of silver trees with silver leaves. Next came golden trees, with leaves of pure gold and, in the middle of them arose a dazzling white castle. That was where all the Moonbeam fairies lived with their King and Queen. We passed through rooms with dainty furniture, until we came to the royal rooms. "How very nice to meet you!" said the handsome Fairy King. His Queen was the sweetest thing you have ever seen. The thrones were made of dewdrops and cobwebs. I felt like a giant as they shook hands with me.

After I had watched the fairies flitting on their glittering wings and dancing, too, I began to get tired, so the kind fairies let me go sliding down the moonbeams. I landed with a bump. When I woke up I heard lots of birds singing. It was only a dream after all.

LESLEY INNES, L.III.

MY DOG

I have a lovely pet. She is a dog, and her name is Yana. She seems to know everything I say to her. Every time the music starts, she dances. When I ask her to bring my slippers, she does so. Every time Daddy wants his slippers, Yana brings them. When I go upstairs to bed, I say "Goodnight Yana". She licks my face as if to say, "Goodnight, Gail". I think she is a wonderful dog.

GAIL ANDERSON, L.IV.

MY DANISH GIRL

Last Summer we had a Danish girl staying for a holiday. She had long fair hair which she could sit on. The Danish girl's name was Elein. Elein liked the animals on our farm very much, but, best of all, she liked a little pet lamb. Every day she fed it with a bottle of milk. Elein stayed for three weeks. My big sister Ruth went back with Elein. Ruth had a very nice time in Denmark.

ANNE DARGIE, L.III.

MY DOG ROBIN

One evening, when I was watching T.V., I saw a dog, called Petra, being trained. I wanted to train a dog, too, but, as I have no dog, my brother said he would be my dog. So I taught him to "sit" and to "stay", but, when I threw the slipper and said "stand" and "stay", he crawled after the slipper. When he came back he laughed. Then I told him dogs barked not laughed. He just laughed even more. So I gave up the idea of training Robin in disgust. I thought it would be easier to train a real dog.

RONA WINTER, L.III.

CLAY PIPES

In Huntly House Museum in Edinburgh, there is a very old clay pipe factory.

In the factory there is a place where the clay was mixed. It came out in soft strips which were cut into pipe lengths. The clay was then put into moulds which were put under presses to shape the pipes.

When the clay was still soft, the holes were made for the mouth-pieces and the finished pipes were then fired in a kiln.

R. BARR, L.IV.

MOTHER BLACKBIRD

Mrs Blackbird is a-building;
 She's as busy as can be;
 And, when she has her nest made,
 She will raise a family.

She gathers all the grasses,
 And weaves them in and out,
 Then quietly lays her eggs there,
 When no one is about.

She guards them very carefully;
 She keeps them safe and dry;
 And, when the babies all hatch out,
 She teaches them to fly.

She feeds them up on worms and slugs,
 And lots of tasty things;
 Then off they fly at last,
 Upon their fluffy, feathered wings.

CAREEN MACK, L.IV.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Tuesday is the *best* day of the week for me. Do you know why? It's "C.N." day! and that is the best newspaper that comes into our house, so my father says, and he should know, for he reads "The Times".

In my "C.N." there are articles on nearly everything you can imagine, from elephants to space travel. Nature, television, sport, readers' letters, books of the month, and lots of other interesting things can be read about *every* Tuesday! Sometimes there are funny stories. But the great thing is that it's a paper for boys and girls, full of true stories, from all over the world. One of my friends says that she likes papers which tell of exciting murders. She likes that better than the "C.N."! I don't!

KEITH NEWMAN BAIKIE, L.IV.

THE SWALLOW'S NEST

In our garage there is a swallow's nest. In the Summer you can watch the baby swallows being fed. You can see the baby birds change from grey to red, blue, cream and black. The mother and father birds go out for food and, when they come back, they fly around the garage door and then come in. The swallows may rear one or two broods, sometimes three. Soon the time of migration comes and they all fly away.

MARGARET GIBSON, L.IV.

MY BUDGIE

I have a little budgie,
 Peter is his name,
 And every night, when I come home,
 We have a little game.

He jumps upon my finger,
 And says sweet words of love;
 I think he is far better
 Than any turtle dove.

Sometimes, when I feel lonely,
 My spirits really down,
 He swings from spar and ladder
 And pretends to be a clown.

Now listen, all you children,
 For, if ever you feel bad,
 Just buy a little budgie
 And never again feel sad.

LYNNE ANDERSON, L.IV.

THE HUNT

The hounds go racing on ahead,
 The huntsmen close behind.
 The thrill and music of the chase
 Fills every heart and mind.

The fox, though very clever,
 Cannot go on for ever,
 And, as he is tiring very fast,
 He soon will be hounds' meat, at last!

And suddenly there is a shout,
 And a lady is given the brush.
 Everyone goes home for supper
 In a steady-flowing rush.

GILLIAN GREEN, L.V.

DREAM LAND

I dreamt of a place in a faraway land,
 With a warm, sunny sea and golden sand,
 Where little birds, so bright and gay,
 Chirp and frolic the time away,

Where tropical palm trees gently sway
 In the pleasant breezes all the day.
 And exotic flowers, under skies of blue,
 Peep from grass of a brilliant hue.

All this I love though it is a dream;
 Great joy I get from this lovely scene.
 But then I wake and open my eyes
 Only to see our cold, grey skies.

JOYCE FLEMING, L.VI.

THE RIVER

It bubbles, gushes, on its way;
 It laughs and gurgles all the day;
 It twirls, it rushes, and jumps o'er stones
 Right past the tramp who ever roams.
 It makes its way past trees and flowers,
 And past high banks like great green bowers.

It goes past villages and towns,
 And down a waterfall it pounds.
 It passes a fisherman who stands so still,
 And past the ruins of a mill.
 At last the breadth of it grows bigger,
 And it comes to the sea, a full-fed river.

GILLIAN PHILIP, L.V.

MOUNTAINS

Easter week-end, which was coming at the end of our Easter holidays, was drawing near. Daddy, Mummy and I decided to go North, as far as John o' Groats if possible.

We left on Good Friday, just after lunch. Though a snow storm had just started in Newport, we never thought it would last.

We drove on to Perth and then west to Crianlarich. By now, it was really snowing hard, and the hills were covered with a heavy mist. After trying several hotels, we finally managed to get the last room in the Royal Hotel, Tyndrum, a small village, before starting the drive through the mountains to Glen Coe.

The hotel was crowded with skiers, as a big competition was due to take place over the week-end. Some people who arrived after we did were allowed to sleep in the hotel lounge, after other visitors had gone to bed.

In the morning, the snow had stopped, but it was still very wet and dull, so Daddy decided we would go on as planned. Off we started over Rannoch Moor which was feet deep with snow. There were deep ruts in it made by car tracks. We crossed Rannoch Moor into Glen Coe. By now the snow was so heavy and thick that the car's windscreen wipers could hardly clear it away. The snow was freezing as it fell on the windscreen and slowed down the working of the wipers. Daddy had to drive very carefully and, at Bridge of Orchy, another car dashed past us and covered all the car and windows with snow so that we were completely blinded, and Daddy had to put on the brakes.

Then we started to descend from the mountains, and gradually the snow changed

to sleet and, when we got down to sea level, it was heavy rain. We got an old-fashioned ferry at Ballachulish which took us across the water. It is a journey I shall never forget, with the snow-covered mountains and driving through the blizzard. It was most exciting.

JUDITH FAIRFOUL, L.VI.

THE SCOTTISH KING

When I was in Italy I went to a place up on the mountains called St. Pellegrino. We were walking along the mountain cliff between some rocks when we saw a shrine. And on the rock was carved "The Scottish King".

We went to the little church and inside was a big glass case. We found out the Scottish King was one of Columba's men. The King, with his servant, was going on a pilgrimage to Rome and then to Jerusalem. They called him Pellegrino, and then called the town St. Pellegrino. Many years ago he was passing St. Pellegrino and had a rest between the rocks. It was so hot that he died with the heat and so he was there with his servant all the summer and all the winter, and they froze.

Hundreds of years later they were found and they had with them the Scottish crown and so they were put in a glass case for people to see them. The crown still lies at their feet.

ELAINE BOYD, L.V.

RAVENS

Caw! Caw! These are the ravens at the Tower of London. Those ugly, fierce-looking birds waddle about the grounds, walking on the grass (where notices forbid it) with a look like, "Well, this is our home, and we can do what we like here". One raven, James Crow, has lived at the Tower for 44 years. Each raven has a ring round its leg and on the ring is engraved its name. Some of the ravens long ago used to fly away to Kensington Gardens each winter, but they came back in the summer. Now they have their wings clipped and can never leave the Tower.

ANNE MUDIE, L.V.

MY PETS

We have eleven pets in our family. There are six guinea-pigs, a dog, and four cats. The pigs belong to me. I was given two about a year and a half ago. Their names were Goldie and Sooty. When I was given them,

Sooty was five or six and Goldie four. Two or three months later, Sooty died. A week later I was given another male called Silver. He was white with silver ears.

Now, a year later, I have six. There are Goldie and Silver and four babies. They are very easy to feed. They eat oatmeal, tea leaves, milk and bread, greens, clover and dandelion leaves.

Our cat's name is Fluff. She is grey and white. We have had her for nearly a year. I expect you wonder how the dog and the cat get along. Well, they get along very well. There are a few fights, but only in fun. On 22nd May, 1963, the cat had three kittens. They are grey and one has a white tip on its tail. They are still blind.

SCOTT SHERRARD, L.IV.

MY HOME - MADE AIRCRAFT

One day my father and I started to make a model aircraft of balsa wood, glue and pins. We carefully designed it so that it would fly a long way. Bit by bit we went on, until we only had to fit the rubber band on to the hooks which were at each end of the aircraft. Once the aircraft was ready for take-off, we went outside and set it so that it would fly into the wind. Buzz! Buzz! The little aircraft became airborne, but not for long. Down it came with a sudden thud. That was the end of number one.

So we tried again. This time we realised that torque was pulling the plane down to one side, so we made a smaller version. Buzz! Off for the second time. Our little aircraft zoomed up. Mark 2 was a success.

EUAN SLIDDERS, L.VI.

THE NINTH SOUTH AFRICAN GRAND PRIX

It was a sunny day, Race Day, for the ninth South African Grand Prix. There was a slight cross-wind on the main straight which would keep times down. In the front row and on the inside of the grid was Jim Clark, lowering himself gingerly into the cockpit of his fuel-injected Lotus "25". On his left was Graham Hill revving up his B.R.M. At 3 o'clock precisely the race got under way.

Jim Clark sped into the lead with a powerful start. Graham Hill followed in a cloud of blue rubber smoke. Tony Maggs

in a Cooper, John Surtees in a Lola, and Bruce McLaren in a Cooper, who were to joust for third place, were at this point pressing their cars very hard. There was only one non-starter, who was Bruce Johnston, his B.R.M. having a flat battery.

When half of the 72 laps were completed, Jim Clark was in the lead by ten seconds from Graham Hill. John Surtees was trying very hard to obtain third place from Tony Maggs and Bruce McLaren, who was leading the three. Sixth was Ritchie Ginther, whose B.R.M. was later to retire. Innes Ireland was in seventh position in the Lotus-B.R.M. Already, out of the eighteen starters, only fifteen remained.

The Grand Prix was now in the later stages and the cars were objecting with squealing of brakes and roaring engines. Jim Clark led with seventy laps completed. Graham Hill came second ten seconds later. Bruce McLaren held third place. John Surtees was losing to Tony Maggs. Innes Ireland had snatched sixth place from Ritchie Ginther, who had retired. Next was Trevor Taylor in the other fuel-injected Lotus "25". After him came Jack Brabham. By now Jim Clark was crossing the line into first place. Next to take the chequered flag was Graham Hill in second place. The joust for third place was won by Bruce McLaren with Tony Maggs close on his tail. Surtees came next, and a long time later, came Innes Ireland's Lotus-B.R.M.

ANDREW LEES, L.VI.

E P H E M E R A

She floats amidst the purple flowers, a butterfly,

With glistening wings a-shimmer 'neath the summer sky,

A stately dance,

A glowing light,

A fleeting glance,

A jewel bright — to a passer-by.

But see, above, where sky and cloud obscure the sun,

A shadow hovers, wings outstretched, a watching one.

A rush of air,

A beat of wings,

To one so fair,

Too swift it brings — her day is done.

IMOGEN MORGAN, L.VI.



JUNIOR ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) — R. M. Foote, Alison McNicoll, Penelope C. S. Agnew, Moira A. Neilson, Alison H. Semple, Margaret J. Bryce, Heather E. A. Alexander, Shona E. McFadzen, Linda J. Mickerson, N. W. Steele.

Middle Row (l. to r.) — Mr J. Coletta, W. A. Masson, M. J. Rogers, A. I. Johnstone, H. S. Eadie, K. J. Ross, D. A. Rorie, W. A. Wallace, I. Hunter, Miss W. M. Paton.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Moira D. Spence, W. Clark, Gillian D. McLean, Margaret J. Duncan, R. H. Lawson, Joan D. J. Walker, A. Nicholson, Patricia Hutton, N. Y. Cram.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

HOCKEY 1st XI. — Winners of the Midlands Hockey Tournament

Back Row (l. to r.) — Miss W. M. Paton, Norah M. Grewar, Susan H. Gibson, Helen McF. Jamieson, Wendy K. Ross, R. Anne Birrell, Eleanor E. Evans, Sheila M. Buchan (Capt.).

Front Row (l. to r.) — Helen I. Lyle, Margaret J. J. Walker, Joan H. Sutherland (Vice-Capt.), Frances D. Bowman, Sheila A. Mackie

EDUCATION



"Everything that helps to shape a human being." (J.S. Mill)



beginnings of--



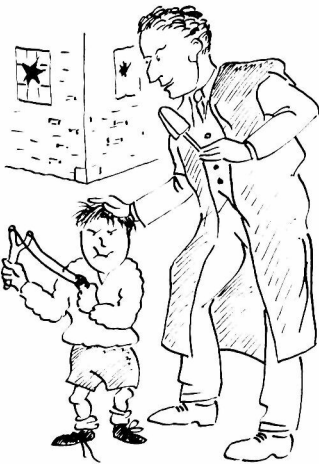
modern advanced studies in--
hydrodynamics



central heating for



military aspects



psychological --



and other approaches



cost of---

P. West
F 2

A UNIQUE RAILWAY

Linking Lynton with Lynmouth is a cliff railway. It is believed to be the longest and steepest of its kind in the world. The car at the top has a tank which is filled with about ten tons of water. The bottom car releases water from its tank and the top car slides to the foot while the bottom car is pulled by cable to the top. Sir George Newnes built the Cliff Railway on the beautiful North Devon coast in 1890. The cars have a wonderful record of being accident-free and their brakes can grip the rails and stop the cars dead in their tracks. Even so, on my first trip down, I had the horrible thought, "If the cable snaps and the brakes fail . . .!"

JOHN PATE, L.VI.

MY HERO

Ever since I began playing rugger at school I have been an ardent fan of Dave Rollo, my namesake. Dave Rollo, who is a farmer, was educated at Bell-Baxter High School, Cupar, and in his schoolboy days he played soccer. An interesting feature of his career is how he changed from soccer to rugger at the age of 19.

Ideally built for the front-row, he stands six feet and weighs 14 stone 10 lbs. Rollo makes the most of his powerful physique. His great day came when he played in the Calcutta Cup, in March, 1959. When he joined Hugh McLeod and Norman Bruce in the front-row of the scrum in that game, it became an association which established a record of its kind in any international team, for the two played thirteen successive games for Scotland and fourteen in all.

His most disappointing moment was in the Calcutta Cup match at Murrayfield last March, when Scotland so narrowly failed to win the Triple Crown for the first time since 1938. Strangely enough, the incident occurred some ten minutes from the start. Rollo was in the act of scoring, with the ball only inches from the ground, when he was held.

Although McLeod has retired from international rugger, I think that Rollo, the big, good-looking Fifeshire farmer, will continue as a regular member of the Scottish pack.

It is my greatest ambition to play for Scotland myself and be David Rollo II. in another generation of rugger football.

DAVID ROLLO, L.VII.

WHO AM I?

I am very useful in your home,
And about it I often roam.
Although I am very small,
On you I can easily crawl.
My name it begins with S.
Can you my title guess?

VEDDIS V

ELIZABETH MEIKLEJOHN, L.VI.

PONIES

Ponies are a-trotting
Round the dusty track.
If you wish to ride them,
You must learn the knack.

Grey ones, Black ones, Brown ones,
Trotting on their way;
They are almost home now,
At the close of day.

Stallions, mares and foals, alike,
All asleep they lie.
Till early in the morning,
When the cock doth cry.

MARGARET NEILSON, L.VI.

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DUNDEE

BAMBURGH

Bamburgh, in Northumberland, though a small village, has something very spectacular about it. Bamburgh Castle may sound like an ordinary castle to you. If so, hear this well, for it covers 8 acres (the whole on which it is standing). At the lowest, its height is approximately 40 feet and at the highest, approximately 65 feet. Down in the village it guards, there exists a certain Grace Darling Museum, and an abbey of interest historically. Quite a lot of sightseeing for a village of less than 1,000 people and two shops!

D. CAMPBELL, L.VI.

THE KYLES OF BUTE

Last summer we went on an outing to Tighnabruaich by the Turbine Steamer, "Duchess of Montrose". Starting at Dunoon, we soon rounded Toward Point Lighthouse and, in the fine view, we saw Rothesay, our first and only stopping place, on the trip. At Rothesay the boat filled up with people and we left Rothesay five minutes late.

When we were passing through "The Narrows", which are five small islands, my father took some photographs of sea-birds nesting on the islands. As I was down at the engine room I saw the order from the captain's bridge on the dial go down from "Full Speed" to "Dead Slow".

Arriving at Tighnabruaich, several small craft were in the steamer's way but, after one blast from the horn, they soon got out of it.

Tighnabruaich is one of many remote and picturesque places in Argyllshire where the call of the steamer is the main event of the day before the village falls asleep again.

ROGER DYE, L.VII.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S CAVE

Three years ago, in July, 1960, we went to Prince Charlie's Cave. The Cave is situated at Drumdarroch, which is two and a half miles south of the village of Arisaig.

Inside the Cave it was pitch black, with dirty, slimy mud on the ground. The walls were clammy, and the cold air made me shiver. Down, down. Ah! We were there at last. It was comforting to find myself on a flat surface again. With two torches on, we could dimly see the articles in the cave. On the floor there was a log, rotten with old age. About four feet off the ground there was a

roughly-hewn rock shelf. The carvings were illegible with old age.

The wind was blowing into the cave, making it extremely chilly. We decided that we had seen all that there was to remind us of the famous Scottish Prince. Slowly, but carefully, we climbed the rough steps cut in the rock which were covered with mud. At last we reached the entrance which was concealed by the overhanging ivy.

It certainly was an interesting experience visiting one of the many hiding places of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

PATRICIA RITCHIE, L.VI.

REAL OR ROYAL TENNIS

Recently I visited Falkland Palace, where I saw Real Tennis being played. This type of tennis originated in mediaeval France, and the rather elaborate playing area, usually with penthouses on three sides, was developed from the typical monastery layout of the Crusaders.

The Falkland Palace Court, completed in 1539 for James V., is one of the two surviving courts in Scotland, the other being in Troon. I thought, while watching it, that it seemed a more complicated and exciting game than lawn tennis.

This ancient game was played in Falkland during the Queen's visit to the Palace in 1958. The Queen had never seen this game before as few people can play it now.

LORNA MACDOUGALL, L.VI.

THE DETERMINED BLACKBIRD

One day, in early March, a blackbird flew down to a disused workmen's hut. He arrived looking for a nest, but was disappointed, for the previous year it had been classed as old and discarded. But he was patient, and soon his mate arrived, and they both began building a new nest.

This time they had four blue eggs spotted with brown. This time, while the mother was away, a small pair of podgy hands reached up to the nest and lifted it down to display the eggs to willing admirers. But the nest was not put back properly and crashed to the ground, smashing three eggs and killing a nestling. The bird, determined to rear babies, laid another batch of eggs, this time three. Disaster struck again in the form of a Caterpillar tractor. The tractor had come

to excavate the front drive of our new house, and the shed was in the way. The shed was pushed over on its side, but not before many pairs of hasty hands had removed the nest and placed it in a hedge not far away. But I am afraid the eggs were lost for ever and went cold. When cold, they were taken to school and displayed on a nature table for a whole class of wondering pupils to gaze at.

GRISELDA GILROY, L.VI.

LITTLE BLACK - FACE

Little Black-Face peeping in at the window,
Little Black-Paws tapping at the window,
Little Black-Face meowing at the window,
But no one will let him in.

The rain is lashing against the pane,
The thunder is fiercely growling,
The lightning is streaking across the sky,
But no one will let him in.

The windows are shut, the curtains are drawn,
And someone has put the TV on;
Everyone's sitting beside the fire,
But no one will let him in.

Little Black-Face peeping in at the window,
Little Black-Paws tapping at the window,
Little Black-Face meowing at the window,
But no one will let him in.

ALISON SMITH, L.VII.

SIMILAR FASHIONS

In the eighteenth century, women wore powdered wigs on top of their hair. After the French Revolution, wigs went out of fashion, but some months ago they suddenly became popular again — especially in the form of wig hats.

In many Eastern countries women wear a thick veil over their faces when out of the home. Veils on Western hats are purely for decoration and certainly do not conceal the women's faces.

During the eighteenth century, when men wore their hair down to their shoulders, it was fashionable for sailors to wear their hair tied at the back of the neck in a plaited form known as a "queue". Nowadays many girls wear their hair in an attractive single pig-tail style.

Quilted petticoats, introduced to Britain in the eighteenth century, were not like the petticoats we have today. Nowadays quilting is used for a great many articles of clothing, like the dressing gown.

Tunics worn many years ago have also come back in the fashions today. Miss 1932 wore a fringed dress, and that fashion has repeated itself for Miss 1962.

CORAL WILSON, L.VII.

VISIT TO A LIGHTHOUSE

I have visited three lighthouses. The third of them, I think, was the most interesting. It is the Ardnamurchan Point Light, on the most westerly point of the mainland. To get to the point, one has to drive over about forty miles of tortuous, single-track road from Ardgour after crossing the Corran Ferry. Our excursion to the lighthouse was made from Strontian, about twenty-five miles drive each way.

At last we reached the point and were glad to stretch our legs in the open air. We walked up the drive to the lighthouse and met the keeper. He had served on the Flannan Isles Light where, many years ago, the keepers mysteriously vanished, never to be seen again. This remains an unsolved mystery. We were taken up the long, spiral stairway of Ardnamurchan Light, which is 227 feet high, to the lamp-room.

It was typical of all lighthouses. There was a smell of oil, fresh paint and brass polish. Everything was fresh and clean. All round the walls were barometers, thermometers, log charts, a radio and a chart with all the details of the lighthouse and its sequence of flashes. Down the centre of the tower ran the weights which operated the clockwork which was in a glass case in the centre of the room. We were then taken out on to the balcony.

From there we could see for miles around. We had a wonderful view of the islands of the Inner Hebrides group. We also noticed that the whole lighthouse was built of granite.

We came down just in time to see a steamer passing through the channel. With that, we left the lighthouse after a very interesting visit.

DONALD MURDIE, L.VII.

Reports

LIFE - SAVING (Girls)

This year has been a very worthwhile year for life-saving, with what must be, I think, a record number of passes in the life-saving awards. This is to be greatly encouraged, when all those of 13 and over are able to take part. Passes in the following awards were gained by girls of Dundee High School in the Easter term.

Intermediate Certificate—14. Bronze Medalion—9. Bronze Cross—3. Award of Merit—3. Scholar-Instructress Certificate—3.

TENNIS CLUB REPORT

On the whole the tennis has been very successful this year. The 1st VI. are unbeaten and the 2nd VI. have lost only two matches. The 1st VI. scored victories against Madras, Morgan, Morrison's, Waid and Bell-Baxter. Last year the 1st VI. won the Midlands Schools Tournament. Mr A. S. Kyle presented them with the Trophy.

We wish the 1st VI. every success in this year's tournament. We wish to thank all members of staff who have given their help, especially Miss Paton.

SHEILA MACKIE.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The Chess Club has again flourished during the term, and there has been an encouraging large number of young members.

The Russell Trophy has been won by Christopher Jones in L.VI., and Moira Spence of Form I. has been awarded the prize for girls.

In "The Sunday Times" Trophy the School Team, which defeated Kirkcaldy High School in the first round, lost to Alan Glen's School, Glasgow, in the second round.

In the Dundee Adult League, the School Team played well to finish half way up the first division. Our three teams in the Schools' League also played well.

Once again we thank Mr A. D. D. McKay for all his help.

R. WEIR.

HOCKEY REPORT

We have had a most enjoyable hockey season, although there were many cancellations because of the long winter.

The most important item is that the Junior Midlands Tournament was held on 23rd March and D.H.S. 1st XI. succeeded in winning the cup by beating Morrison's Academy in the final.

The standard of hockey is improving every year and the 1st XI. have won six games and drawn two out of the ten games which they have played.

The results of all the teams' matches are :—

	W.	D.	L.	Can.
1st XI.	6	2	2	13
2nd XI.	5	1	3	10
3rd XI.	2	3	1	9
F.III. XI.	2	0	0	1
F.II. XI.	2	4	2	10
F.I. XI.	3	0	0	4

We should like to thank Miss Paton for keeping up our enthusiasm and for coaching us so well. We also thank the ladies of the staff who accompany us to our matches on Saturdays, help on grounds days and altogether make our hockey all the more enjoyable.

P. J. R.

GIRLS' EXCURSION CLUB

Since the last report, the Club has visited Dundee Royal Infirmary. This was of great interest to the would-be doctors and nurses among us and we hope to make this an annual outing. Our excursion with the Boys' Climbing Club is to take place near the Devil's Elbow in June.

Our thanks are due to Miss Henderson and Miss Gray for their co-operation.

S. M.

ATHLETICS REPORT

Despite a slow start to the season, attributed perhaps to the Leaving Certificate Examinations, the Athletics team is now training hard. This is evident from the large numbers present at training sessions.

On 25th May, the entire team met Waid Academy at Anstruther. Although a slightly weakened team, lacking match practice, was sent, the team did well, especially the girls, who lost by only 111 points to 97 points. The boys lost by 173 points to 107 points.

More inter-School matches have been arranged, and the team is being coached by Mr Coletta and other members of the staff. We appreciate the hard work put in by them and are most grateful.

The Junior Forms are being encouraged in Athletics and the enthusiasm shown augurs well for the future.

The School will be represented at the Scottish Schools' Athletic Meeting and at the Dundee Schools' Sports by a boys' and a girls' team.

At the beginning of the season, J. R. S. Burns and J. W. Andrews were appointed Captain and Vice-Captain respectively of the Athletics team.

J. R. S. B.

CADET REPORT

As this report is being written, there are but a few days left before the General Inspection. The Inspecting Officer is to be Colonel Noble, and the Staff Officer, Major Villiers-Stewart.

Both artillery and navigation courses are at present being held in School, and it is hoped that the Cadets involved in artillery will be firing their "25-pounders" with blank ammunition at the inspection.

Navigation has achieved an outstanding success in that one candidate has been presented for the Scottish Certificate of Education Ordinary Level Navigation. It is hoped he meets with good fortune.

The Band has had three invitations to play in public during the past term. These have been at the Scotland-Ireland Hockey International held at Forthill, the Sidlaw Youth Fellowship's Gala Day at Muirhead, and at the Civil Defence parade in the city centre. However, owing to the Scottish Certificate of Education Examinations, the last invitation had to be refused. The band will be playing in the Cadet Pipe Band Competition in Edinburgh later this year and will, as usual be appearing at the General Inspection and at the School Sports.

As the end of term approaches, preparations for Annual Camp reach their final stages. This year Camp is being held at Aultbea, in Wester Ross. The journey, scheduled to take nine hours approximately, will be in three stages. The first part will be from Dundee to Aberdeen by express train, the second from Aberdeen to Inverness, again by train, and the third from Inverness to Aultbea by bus. The camp is hatted and has excellent amenities. There are good bathing and fishing, and the village is within easy distance. The training grounds are quite extensive and should meet our purposes admirably. The food is to be provided by our own School Kitchen Staff, under Miss Chalmers, who are coming with us this year.

It is hoped that all Cadets will have an enjoyable and pleasant week.

MARK J. SCHNEE, R.S.M.

SENIOR PUPILS' UNION

This informal gathering continued from January to April as it did before Christmas. Through it, the sum of £17 was raised for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign. Thanks must be given to the Rector for allowing us to hold it and to Mr Stark, and to all those who attended it. May we recommend it to future classes as a way of increasing fellowship and of raising funds for charity.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra, unfortunately, has had a rather rough time. Owing to many other activities, the meetings of the Orchestra have been few and far between and these were poorly attended. May I take this opportunity of thanking Mr Porteous for the work he has done and of wishing the Orchestra every success in the future.

G. M. BRUCE, Leader.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

In the latter part of the season the Club has not been quite so well supported as it might have been. It is hoped that, next season, more boys will take advantage of Friday nights when there is coaching.

It has been a disappointing year as regards competitions, and there has been a struggle to build a team. The Urquhart Cup for the Champion Shot was won by R. Burns and the Oakley Cup for the Junior Championship by R. Jackson.

In the Dundee and Angus Junior Championship, R. Burns was narrowly defeated into second place and D. Gow was third. Gow won the Angus and Mearns Junior Knock-out Competition. In the annual match against the Former Pupils, the School Team was well beaten. D. Paterson won the prize for top scorer in the School Team.

On behalf of the members of the Rifle Club, I should like to thank Mr Stark and the Officers of the Cadets for all their unfailing help and support.

J. R. S. B.

Result of Old Boys v. Pupils' Match

Old Boys		Present Pupils	
J. More	98	D. Paterson	97
G. Linton	97	P. Aiken	96
D. Mathers	97	B. Junor	96
D. Cowling	96	M. Stewart	96
F. MacFarlane	96	H. Ramsay	95
K. Smith	96	D. Gow	94
I. Stewart	94	R. Russell	87
W. Morrison	92	N. Key	81
<hr/> Total 766 <hr/>		<hr/> Total 742 <hr/>	

GOLF CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season, the following office-bearers were appointed—President, Mr Paton; Captain, J. D. M. Anderson; Vice-Captain, M. J. Nattrass; Secretary and Treasurer, K. N. Ritchie.

Again we thank Mr Paton for his keen interest in the Club and for his help, especially in coaching the girls' section, the membership of which has greatly increased this year.

With the Scottish Certificate Examinations, the season is again a short one, but the "A" Team has already played seven matches, winning three and drawing one. The "B" Team has played only one match to date, and the result was a draw.

There are still seven "A" Team and three "B" Team matches to be played, and it seems that the Golf Club will remain busy for the remainder of the term.

K. N. R.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

Season 1962-63 will probably be remembered for the long period of severe weather, when the 1st XV. played no rugby, apart from one game against Morgan Academy, from 11th of November until 16th of March.

This season has, however, produced the best record of any 1st XV. in the School's history. The 1st XV.'s record stands as follows:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
11	9	1	1	108	40

Out of the eleven games played, only one was lost, and that by five points to Aberdeen Grammar School. A hard game at Ferryfield ended in a draw, with each side scoring eight points. This was perhaps a game we should have won if all the scoring chances had been taken and if the backing-up had been better. Only one game was played in the new year, against Hawick, where we avenged last year's defeat by a victory of six points to nil.

The 2nd XV. have had an encouraging season, their record being :—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
11	5	5	1	56	56

However, four of these defeats were at the beginning of the season when the team had not yet settled down. Their most impressive game this year was an eighteen-points to three-points victory over Buckhaven High School.

C. W. W. Rea won a "cap" in the Scottish Schoolboys' XV. to play the English Schoolboys on 2nd January. Unfortunately, bad weather caused the cancellation of this game. This is the first time this honour has come to a High School rugby player.

For a highly-successful season we must thank Mr Allardice, whose strenuous training sessions throughout the year prepared the team well for all their games, and also Mr Coletta, Mr G. C. Stewart and all the other masters who gave up their time to coach or travel with the teams.

LIFE - SAVING (Boys)

Life-Saving is a relatively new pastime which has been very popular this session. Forms I.-VI. compete for various medals and certificates.

The examination consists of the various forms of rescue and takes place in the water. This is followed by a number of lengths, graded according to the examination. The life-saving leg-kick, the breast stroke and the crawl are the main strokes used for this purpose. Life-saving drill follows, which comprises various forms of release and rescue, followed by artificial respiration.

Twelve Intermediate Certificates, five Bronze Medallions and seven Bronze Crosses were awarded this session. D. Holt, Form IV., won the Award of Merit, which is the highest award for a school-boy to win at his age. An Instructor's Certificate has been gained by F. Jude-Jackson, the first to be awarded to a Dundee High School boy.

Our thanks are due to Mr Allardice, Mr Coletta and L. L. Tosh for the great sacrifice of time and effort which they make in our interests.

T. F. J.-J.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed— Captain, C. W. W. Rea; Vice-Captain, M. J. S. Walton; Treasurer, M. M. Gault; Secretary, R. M. Duckworth; Committee— B. J. R. Junor, W. J. Christie, H. L. Findlay.

As expected, the 1st XI., moulded round seven of last year's 1st, has made a successful start to the season. With the games against Grove Academy and Aberdeen Grammar School cancelled owing to bad weather, our opening game was against Perth Academy, at Dalnacraig. After a sporting declaration by Perth at 77/5, our batsmen passed this total with plenty of time in hand. Our next victims were Madras College, who fell to fast bowlers M. J. S. Walton and B. J. R. Junor for 13 runs. Our following game was played against Morgan Academy, when we gained a 6 wicket victory.

The most notable batting performance to date has been a 58 not out by C. W. W. Rea against Perth Academy, while M. J. S. Walton holds the best bowling performance with 6 for 6 against Madras College.

The 2nd XI., a young team, with a very promising look, have been defeated in only one of their four games and, with a little luck, this game against Strathallan might have been saved.

Our thanks go to Mr Stark and Mr Allardice for their coaching sessions on Mondays and Wednesdays, and we should also like to thank Mr Coletta and Mr Stevenson for their interest and help, and all the masters who so willingly umpire on Saturdays.

Our results to date are :—

Opponents	For	Against	Result
Perth Ac. (h)	81/4	77/5 (dec.)	Win by 6 wick.
Madras Col. (a)	14/2	13 all out	Win by 8 wick.
Morgan Ac. (a)	47/4	45 all out	Win by 6 wick.
Grove Ac. (a)	46/5	64 all out	Draw

R. M. D.

SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

Although it has been possible to hold only a few meetings this session on account of S.C.E. examinations, the Dramatic Club has nevertheless been able to continue reading various plays, and has been meeting regularly for this purpose.

As regards next term, I should like to remind members of the present F.III. that they will then be eligible to attend the Club, which meets every Tuesday afternoon, immediately after school.

I should like to thank, once again, Mr Smith for the use of his room, and for the time and energy he spends in running the Dramatic Club.

G. LEES, Secretary.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Still a small part of the School, the Scripture Union has continued its activity this year, being held in both the Singing Room and Mr Paton's room. Following the modern trend, meetings have been kept short and, we hope, interesting. It is good to see a few new faces among our numbers, which are still smaller than desired.

We should like to thank Mr E. Stewart for giving up his time to speak to us. It is important that the S.U. should be kept alive and growing.

B. C.

CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

We fear that the severity of the winter and the severity of examinations have curtailed the exploits of our members this year. At the time of going to press, a climb with the Girls' Expedition Club is being arranged for the 16th June. We hope for a large attendance and any youngsters who want to join this thriving Club should do so next term. It is an excellent opportunity to see Scotland and its unique wild-life.

N. I. G. R.

BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

The hope for better play and improved attendances expressed in the last report was realised towards the end of the season. The months of February and March produced some enjoyable evenings when the attendance figures reached the twenty mark. Again the Staff humbled us in our annual match, winning 5 games and forcing 4 draws. This is a distinct improvement from last season's débâcle when the Staff beat us 8-1.

As there is only one court in school, next year's officials will have the difficult choice forced upon them by the lack of facilities: if they choose to have a small membership, the players will have more time on the court and the standard of play will rise accordingly, but, if they decide to give a large number of people the opportunity of learning the game, the standard will be mediocre. Whatever decision is taken, we hope that the Club will continue to thrive under the guiding hand of Mr Stark, whom we take this opportunity of thanking.

N. I. G. R., President.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Since the last report, the Club has held seven meetings, which consisted of three talks by Mr Stevenson and one each by J. Barnes and R. Weir, a display by L. Burrows, and "Everybody's Night".

The Club was well represented at the Junior Night held by the Dundee Philatelic Society. The stamp exchange system continues to function well.

R. Weir.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT**Form II.**

This March, Form II. gave a performance of "Elizabeth Refuses", from Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice". It was capably produced by Miss Laing, and the cast was Gordon Lowe, Jennifer Lawford, Alison McLeay, Sheila Fraser and Fiona Mackay, with the able assistance of other members of the Society. The play was well supported and seemed to be well received.

We are also indebted to members of the staff who did the make-up—which was not really totally removed until several days afterwards!

J. L. and A. McL.

Form I.

On 20th March, Form I. produced a one-act play, "The Happy Journey", by Thornton Wilder, the main parts in which were played by Beverley Arthur, Robin Foote, Jennifer Gillis, Margaret Duncan, Thelma Robertson and Alistair Munro. The play, under the capable direction of Miss Cairncross, was well-received by the audience and thoroughly appreciated by the participants!



Old Girls' Club

We have pleasure in sending greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The Thirty-First Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on 18th March, 1963, when the following office-bearers and executive committee were appointed — **President**, Mrs D. Thomson; **Vice-Presidents**, Mrs E. Johnston and Miss A. Mudie; **Hon. Treasurer**, Miss C. K. Scrimgeour, 54 Seagate, Dundee; **Hon. Secretaries**, Mrs G. Stobie, 20 Glamis Road, Dundee, and Miss M. Mee, 12 Cedar Road, Broughty Ferry; **Executive Committee**, Miss Gray and Mrs Watson (ex-officio), Miss McNaughton, Miss Souter, Mrs Marshall, Mrs Keay, Miss Milne, Mrs Myles, Mrs Baird, Miss Anderson, Miss Paton, Mrs Nicol, Mrs Watt, Miss Petrie, Miss Smith and Miss Webster.

Miss Mudie and Mrs Nicol are representatives to the Athletic Union.

The Club's membership is now 545. Mr Sal-toun, manager of Dundee Repertory Theatre, gave a most delightful talk about his varied experiences in the theatre.

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

The Reunion Dinner, held on 2nd November, 1962, in the Royal Hotel, proved another happy and successful occasion. After an excellent dinner, the 100 members present were entertained by the President, Mrs Watson, with a show of her beautifully coloured slides.

The next Reunion will again take the form of a Dinner, to be held in the Royal Hotel, on Friday, 1st November, 1963.

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

The Committee again ask members to support the Rector's Appeal and fill up the enclosed forms.

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

The following have joined the Club since February, 1962 :—

Mrs M. Hogg, 131 Ancrum Drive.
Mrs A. Tusting, Braehead, Coultoun, Bedford.
Mrs K. Pritchard, 39 Nesbitt Street, Dundee.
Mrs E. Robertson, 4 Methven Drive, Dunfermline.
Miss M. Reid, 17 Norwood, Newport-on-Tay.
Miss A. Paton, 15 Reform Street, Tayport.
Miss M. Thomson, 41 Fairfield Road, West Ferry.
Miss J. Rosen, 2 Springfield, Dundee.
Mrs M. Kay, 4 Baldovan Road, Dundee.
Miss E. Kobine, 11 Dundee Road West, Dundee.
Miss M. Foote, 87 Dalhousie Road, Barnhill.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages :—

Kathleen Ritchie to David Nicol.
Sally Haslock to Alan Clark.
Ann McGregor to Alex. Forbes.
Hazel Anderson to John Kenworthy.
Evelyn Anderson to W. Henderson.
Audrey Buttars to David Goodfellow.
Marjory Harris to Kenneth Malcolm.
Margaret Douglas to J. Roxburgh Brown.
Elizabeth Sutherland to Dr. Alisdair Stewart.

Obituary

Miss Whyte, 19 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
Mrs Recordon, 6 Linden Avenue, Newport.
Mrs Lily Smith, 3 Glamis Road, Dundee.

We deeply regret the deaths of the above members.

M. STOBIE, Hon. Secy.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

This season's hockey results are reasonably good for the months before Christmas, but the fixtures after Christmas were limited to three, owing to the very bad weather. Of these, one was a new fixture, against a team from Dunfermline College of Physical Education, a game which was played in snow, but enjoyed by all taking part. It resulted in a draw while, of the other two, one was lost and the other won.

One or two of our regular players may be leaving us and, as usual, the team is hoping for many new members from those who will be leaving school and any others who are interested in playing again. They will be made very welcome. It is only by having a large membership that we can hope to be successful in future seasons.

In November we had a Jumble Sale which raised £26 for our funds, and plans are afoot for a dance to be held in September, which, it is hoped, will be well supported by F.P.'s.

The officials for next season 1963-64 are — Captain, Miss Winifred Paton; Vice-Captain and Secretary, Miss Linda Mollison; Treasurer, Miss Margaret Stewart; Match Secretary, Mrs Nicol; A. U. Reps., Miss Paton and Mrs Spence.

LINDA E. MOLLISON, Secy.

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If you are Technically Minded

If you have Higher Grade in pure and applied mathematics and physics you may be eligible for a cadetship at Henlow, the R.A.F. Technical College. Here you train for a permanent commission in the Technical Branch and read for the Dip. Tech. which is equivalent to an honours degree.

R.A.F. Scholarships

Boys over 15 years 8 months may apply for an R.A.F. Scholarship worth up to £260 a year, to enable them to stay at their own school to take



the necessary Higher Grade for Cranwell or Henlow. If you would like further information, write, giving your date of birth and details of education to Group Captain J. A. Crockett, R.A.F., Air Ministry (SCH) Adastral House, London, W.C.1. Mention the subject that most interests you: Cranwell, Direct Entry, Henlow, or R.A.F. Scholarships. Alternatively, ask your Careers Master to arrange an informal meeting with your Schools Liaison Officer.



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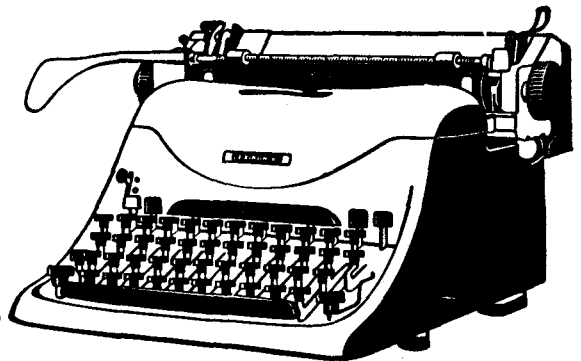
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