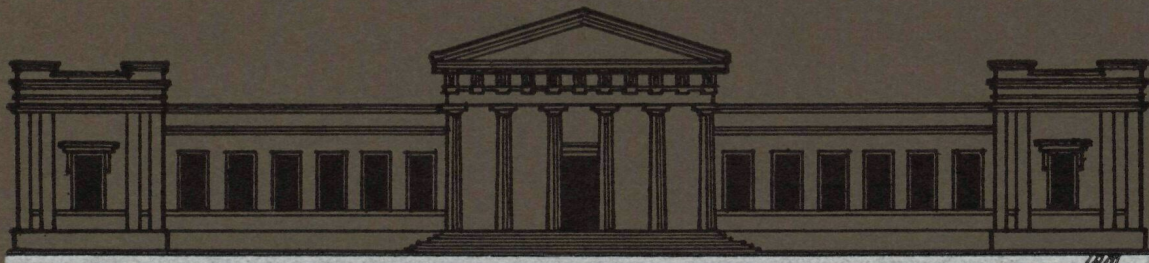


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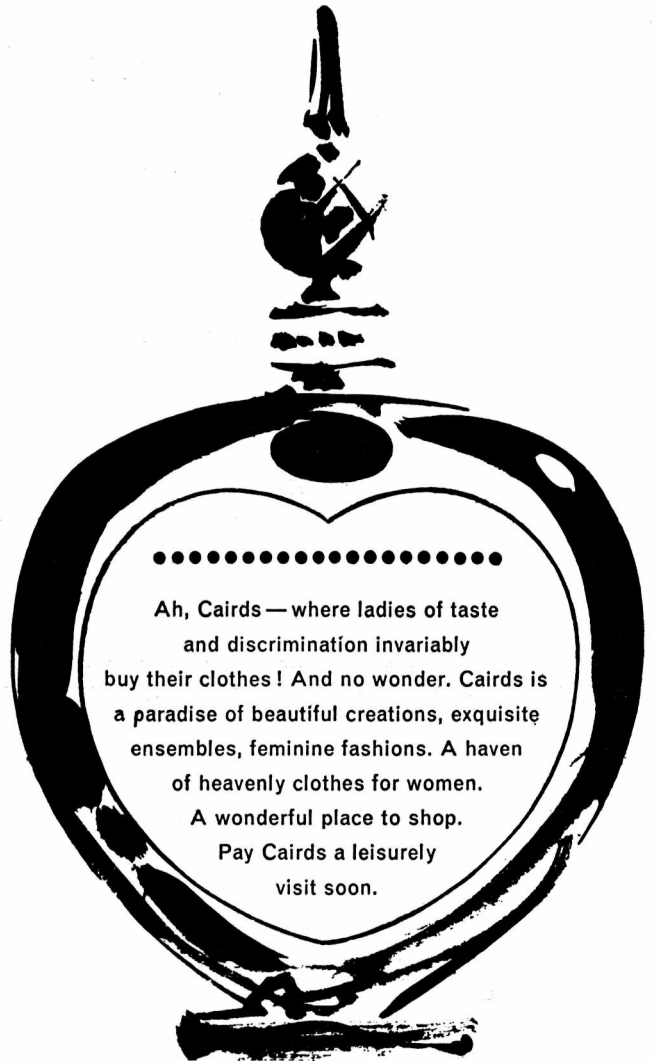
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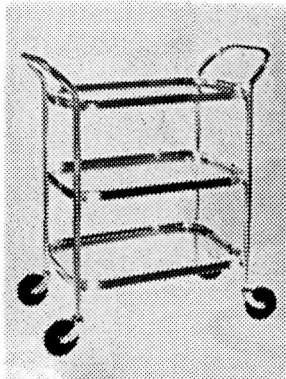
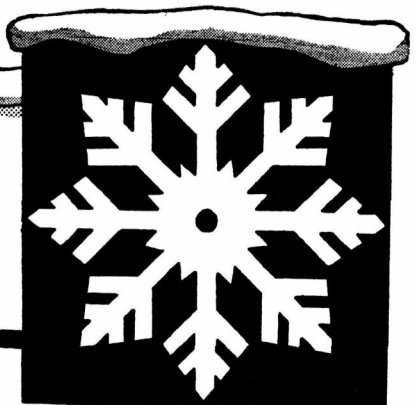
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SUEDE gloves, lamb lined, in grey, brown and mushroom, 58/9. Attractive candy-striped blouses by Van Heusen, 35/-. Silk squares in floral and Paisley patterns, 29/6. Embroidered linen handkerchiefs, box of 6, 17/11. Real Hogskin gloves with pure silk lining, beige and cork, 71/6. Fashionable tie-neckline jumper, $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves, by Hawico, 77/6. Floral design cardigan with styled collar in fine lambswool by Pringle, £5.16.9. Cape mitts lined with nylon fur, 35/-. Rhodia silk squares in beautiful fashionable colours, 10/6. Londonpride blouses with long sleeves and stitched collar and cuffs, Viyella, 59/6. Lambswool and Angora cardigan by Morayling, £6. Swiss embroidered lace handkerchiefs, box of 4, 19/6. Cape silk-lined gloves, bracelet length, in navy, black, brown and Luxan, 65/11. Suede gloves lined with fur, 74/-. Shirt-styled drip-dry blouses with long sleeves, 63/-. Twinset with attractive collared cardigan in Lambswool by Braemar, £7.6.6. Crochet-back wool-lined gloves with cape palm, tan, 42/-. Fur-lined gloves in cape, black and brown, 58/11. Viyella blouse by Londonpride with long sleeves, in attractive checks, 75/9. Stockings by Aristoc, Berkshire, Pretty Polly, Morley and Wolsey. Gadabout tights: Ladies', 21/-; Children's, 18/11. "Slipperettes", 8/6. Slipaway slippers by Bondor, 16/11. Real Shetland wool scarves in pastel colours, 15/6. Mohair stoles in checks and tartans, 38/9. Mohair scarves in checks and stripes, 18/6.

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EDITORIAL

No. 135]

DECEMBER, 1963

[1/3

"Yes, but why is it there at all?"

(*"The Hunting of the Snark."*)

In view of current tendencies towards re-examining existing institutions, it might not be out of place to take a fresh look at that somewhat hoary and venerable fixture on the School scene — this magazine. What is its function, and is it fulfilling it adequately?

I do not believe that the magazine should set out primarily to entertain the pupils of the School, otherwise there would be a strong case for devoting its pages to jokes and cartoons in the manner of a students' "rag" sheet, with perhaps a pull-out picture of the "Beatles" to provide a note of topicality! Although, of course, the articles should be lively and interesting (and this depends on contributions from as many pupils as possible), the principal aim of the magazine should be to foster the community spirit of

the School, and promote an awareness of the various facets of School activities.

If this seems to be too pompous and abstract, consider the format of the magazine. On the group level there are the photographs of sports teams, where the knobbly knees of John in the 2nd XV. are preserved for posterity, and also the reports of the many societies, not forgetting the F.P. clubs. Individually, there are the articles, and the "Congratulations" page.

Even in a comparatively well-knit School like ours, it would be impossible for anyone to keep his finger on all the many pulses which throb to give the High School its vitality without the aid of a convenient means of grouping them together, and this means is the magazine.

Finally, if my remarks are too complacent, or if I make the magazine seem too serious, I hope you will forgive me, and enjoy the rest of your magazine!

News and Notes

LARG-VANNET TROPHY

On Friday, 6th December, Air Vice-Marshall Wilson, C.B.E., handed over to the Cadet Company the Larg-Vannet Trophy for .22 shooting.

This beautiful silver cup has been presented by Major Larg and Mr Vannet to be competed for annually by Cadets under 13 years of age.

WILLIAM LAIRD PRIZE

Mr W. G. Laird, M.A., formerly Headmaster of the English Department, has presented the sum of £300 to the School to provide an English Prize for an essay competition which will be open to pupils in Forms V. and VI. The essay will deal with some aspect of Scottish Literature (Mediæval or Modern), or with some subject of general Scottish interest in the fields of History, or Music, or Art.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL CONTINGENT C.C.F. — ANNUAL GENERAL INSPECTION WAR OFFICE REPORT, 1963

I was most impressed by the morale of this unit, who displayed a very live approach to their problems and a cheering fund of enthusiasm amongst their Cadets. The unit are well equipped, well turned-out and have a decided esprit of their own — their present shooting record is one they may well be proud of.

The unit is served by a team of high quality officers and N.C.O.s, the latter running most of the affairs of the unit under the supervision of and advice from their officers. The N.C.O.s struck me as being both enthusiastic and efficient and showed self-confidence and personality in their bearing and instructional work. The Pipe Band was both smartly turned-out and musical.

To my mind, the unit has reached a peak of efficiency, which the Commanding Officer will find great difficulty in maintaining. He is fully aware of this and, I believe, with the support of the Headmaster and his Cadet officers will be able to sustain this high level of morale within the unit in the future. There are a few potential officers amongst the Cadets, who looked most promising material.

(Sgd.) Colonel Noble, *Inspecting Officer*.

STAFF CHANGES

A bereavement in the family has robbed us of Miss McNaughton. We hope that she will enjoy many happy years free from the cares of the Infant Department which will hardly seem the same without her happy personality.

We congratulate Miss Knight on her promotion to the post of Head of the Preparatory School. Miss Derrick, whom we welcome as a new member of Staff, is certainly not a stranger to the school, and we should like to wish her every success in her career.

In the Modern Languages Department, we lose Miss Foggie and gain Mrs Williamson. We trust that the former will have a very happy retirement, and that the latter will find happiness with us. Mrs Williamson teaches Spanish which seems to be a very popular subject in School.

In the Catering Department we have, for a few weeks, been deprived of the company of Cathie and Anne, and we take this opportunity of thanking Mrs Vandore and Mrs Glenday for helping out so capably in this emergency.

HELEN FAIRLEY FALCONER, M.A.

It was with the deepest regret we learned of the death of Miss Falconer in Birmingham, on 10th October, 1963. Miss Falconer retired in June, 1962, after completing thirty-nine years of teaching in the Dundee High School. Her many friends among parents, colleagues and pupils, both present and past, had hoped for her many years of happy retirement.

As a teacher, there could be few to equal her in her untiring efforts on behalf of the pupils and the School, and the large congregation which attended the Memorial Service in Balgay Church on 20th October paid tribute to the affection and the very high regard in which she was held by all.

REMEMBRANCE DAY, 1963

“ . . . In the morning we will remember them.”

On the dull, grey, but rainless morning of Friday, 8th November, the entire School assembled before the School building in order to remember those who gave their lives

for their country in two World Wars and, in particular, to remember those associated with Dundee High School who so gave their lives.

The Girl Guide Company and the Cadet Corps were drawn up opposite each other on the West and East portions, respectively, of the front playground, while, on the steps of the "Pillars", the guard of honour, composed of Guides and Cadets, were taking up their positions. The remaining pupils of the School, from L.I. to Form VI. took up their places in the lower part of the playground, while guests filed out of the main door to participate in the short service.

When the Cadet Pipe Band had marched, playing, up past the pupils and past the companies of Guides and Cadets, and immediately after it had taken up its position under the "Pillars", the Rector, Mr D. W. Erskine, conducted the service, culminating in the observance of the "two minutes silence" at eleven o'clock, a time which was bound to mean much more to the staff, with their own, many memories, than to the pupils of the School who, though as yet unable to realise the full significance of the occasion, nevertheless observed it with reverence and solemnity.

The youngest Cadet and the youngest Guide in the School then carried a wreath of poppies up towards the main entrance of the School, where the Head Boy and the Head Girl received it from them. The wreath was then borne inside the School and placed at the base of the War Memorial.

The service was now over and, when Mr Erskine and his guests had left the "Pillars", the Pipe Band marched off back down the playground, and the Guides and Cadets were marched off to dismiss. The pupils dispersed to their various classes, past the wreath of flowers which have now become the symbol of Remembrance the world over.

G. L.

ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate MR HALLIDAY for having four works on view in the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts Exhibition. These are:— a portrait head in bronze, "Assistant Cox'n, R.N.L.I."; a wood-carving, "Cormorant"; a water-colour, "Near Letham, Fife"; and a drawing, "Building Ships". In the Industrial Painters' Group Exhibition, Guild-

hall, London, Mr Halliday shows a water-colour, "Demolition, St. James' Square, London", and, in the exhibition of the Marine Artists, also in the Guildhall Art Gallery, London, he shows a water-colour, "Clyde Shipyard". Both these works have been selected by the Art Exhibitions Bureau to tour English Art Galleries.

MR VANNET is also to be congratulated for having four works hung in the Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts—an oil painting of a harbour scene, two etchings and a pencil drawing. With regard to the recording of the names of all the Harris Gold Medallists from 1884 to the present day, Mr Vannet has completed this project most successfully. The names have been inscribed on four Vellums which are now on permanent display in the newly-decorated Hall of the Girls' School.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examination for Pianoforte, Violin and Theory held in June, 1963:—

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)

F.IV.

Rosemary Paton — Grade IV., Pass.

F.II.

John Mee — Grade IV., Pass.

F.I.

Catherine Coull — Grade V. (Theory),
Pass.

Victoria Dryden — Grade III., Pass.

Susan Mee — Grade II., Merit.

Gillian Birrell — Grade II., Pass.

Isobel Scrymgeour — Grade I., Merit.

Patricia Adamson — Grade I., Pass.

L.VII.

Ann Johnston — Grade II., Pass.

Morag Stalker — Grade II., Pass.

Linda Caird — Grade I., Merit.

Duncan Campbell — Grade I., Merit.

L.VI.

Jane Aungle — Grade I., Distinction.

Pamela Brodie — Grade I., Merit.

Graeme Smart — Grade I., Pass.

PUPIL OF MR REID (Violin)

F.II.

Gordon Stuart — Grade III., Pass.

PUPIL OF MR HOOKS (Pianoforte)

F.IV.

Patricia Smith — Grade V. (Theory),
Pass.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC COMPETITIONS

The following pupils were winners in the Instrumental Competitions held in March and June, 1963:—

PIANOFORTE

Primary Class — Anne Mudie, L.VI.
Junior Class — Andrew Mitchell, F.I.
Senior Class — Patricia Smith, F.IV.
Open Class — Christine Sutherland (left).

VIOLIN

Primary Class — Catherine Coull, F.I.
Junior Class — Ian Yule (Viola), F.IV.
Senior Class — Kenneth Allan, F.III.
Brass — Michael Green, F.I.
Woodwind — Walter Smith, F.II.
Recorder — Jillian Hood, L.VII.

ELOCUTION EXAMINATIONS

Elocution Passes in the Trinity College of Music Examinations:—
Grade VII.— Robert Lindsay Burrows, Pass.
Grade VI.— Barbara Margaret Young, Pass.
Grade V.— Norman Steele, Merit.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

DR. J. G. LAMB on gaining the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The subject of his thesis was — "David Stewart Erskine, 11th Earl of Buchan: A Study of his Life and Correspondence".

JAMES R. G. WRIGHT, M.A. (Edin.), on being placed in the First Class in Part II. of the Classical Tripos at Cambridge University; on being elected to the Henry Arthur Thomas Studentship by the University; on being elected to the Denny Studentship in Classics by St. John's College; on being awarded the Graves Prize in Classics by St. John's College; on being awarded a Book Prize by St. John's College; and on having his Major Scholarship continued for a further year.

MISS ELIZABETH HILL on being appointed to a lectureship in the Newcastle College of Art. After leaving the High School, Miss Hill took a Post-Diploma in Drawing and Painting at the Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art and then won a Scholarship to the Royal Academy Schools in London.

CATHERINE SUTHERLAND, B.D.S., on gaining the Dall Medal in Dentistry at St. Andrews University.

ELIZABETH M. THOMSON, B.D.S., on gaining the James Kydd Prize in Dentistry at St. Andrews University.

PETER KILGOUR on winning a Harkness Scholarship in his first year of study at St. Andrews University.

MRS ELDER on being chosen to play for the Scottish Team in the Olympiad Chess Championship in Jugoslavia.

ALISTAIR J. LOW of St. Andrews University on winning the British Universities Golf Championship.

FRANCES FLEMING, SANDRA SPENCE, DIANA SUTHERLAND and EILEEN DUKE on becoming Queen's Guides.

Our Athletics teams on their success at the Dundee Secondary Schools Sports.

EILEEN DUKE (80 yards Hurdles, 15-17, 12.5 secs. — a new record; and 100 yards, 15-17). DOROTHY FRASER (150 yards, 15-17, 18.5 secs. — a new record). WENDY ROSS (Javelin, 15-17). GILLIAN MACMILLAN (Long Jump, 15-17). ANN BIRRELL (Discus, 15-17). PETER BRUCE (Javelin, 15-17). JOAN WALKER (Long Jump, 13-15). DAVID RORIE (100 yards, 13-15, and 80 yards Hurdles). GRAHAM ROBERTSON (High Jump, 15-17).

DICK LAWSON on winning the Senior Championship at the Angus Pony Club Gymkhana in the Summer and on the success of the Angus Pony Club team, which he captained, in bringing the Prince Philip Cup to Scotland from the Horse of the Year Show at Wembley.

PETER WEST on winning for the fourth year the International Art Competition held in Delhi, India. It will be recalled that President Nehru personally presented this prize to Peter in Edinburgh three years ago.

HELEN LYLE on being chosen to play in Junior Wimbledon.

FRANCES BOWMAN, HELEN LYLE and MARGARET WALKER on being chosen to play in the Junior Midlands District Hockey Team.

KATHLEEN FERGUSON, OLIVE SHERRARD and MARJORIE PRAIN on gaining the Bronze Medal in the Duke of Edinburgh Award.

IAN and BILLY STARK on their promotion in Her Majesty's Armed Forces.

Lieutenant-Colonel T. S. Halliday, M.B.E.

In 1917, Tom Halliday, then a pupil of Ayr Academy, joined the Army Cadet Corps. He was encouraged to take this step by his Rector who remarked that he was the type of boy who should be a member of the Cadet Corps. From the moment of joining this youth organisation, Cadet Halliday became absorbed in its activities, and since then he has maintained an ever-increasing interest in the Cadet Force as a whole.

During these early days he and his fellow-cadets trained with the Royal Scots Fusiliers every Friday, when drill on the parade-square played a very important rôle. Training programmes then were much on the same lines as today and they were carried out as rigidly and as enthusiastically. Rifle-shooting was included in the scheme of training, and Cadet Halliday found his previous experience with an air-rifle a useful introduction to .22 shooting. His marksmanship was frequently rewarded with prizes. Nowadays, cadet contingents have an Annual General Inspection and a Summer Camp, but, at that time there were no such highlights in the cadet calendar as this was the era of the First World War, when such events were simply out of the question.

Throughout his entire career in the Cadet Force he has found that this youth organisation undoubtedly gives a boy a code of honour, discipline and behaviour not only while serving as a cadet, but throughout the whole of his life. The Cadet Corps inspires confidence, breeds self-reliance and fosters comradeship amongst its members. Many Cadets have reason to be grateful to Colonel Halliday for the sympathetic way in which he encouraged them to develop their own latent abilities. His tireless patience in dealing with their problems and difficulties time after time was amply rewarded by their satisfactory development later on.

It may not be generally known that a cadet's record of service is taken into consideration for certain University awards, and many professional bodies have consulted Colonel Halliday in recent years when considering an applicant for an initial appointment, or for later promotion. A good report

of service in the Cadet Force is, therefore, invaluable.

In 1941, Mr Halliday joined the Dundee High School Cadet Corps as a Second-Lieutenant and five years later took command on the retirement of the Commanding Officer, Major Tom McLaren. After many years of loyal and devoted service to the unit he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel last year, and with this honour there came yet another. In the 1963 New Year's Honours List he was awarded a well-merited decoration — the M.B.E. (Members of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, Military Division). With his promotion and this recognition of his services to the Combined Cadet Force came increased responsibilities. As well as being appointed Highland District representative at War Office conferences, Colonel Halliday was also elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Combined Cadet Force Association which meets in London. He has not, therefore, confined his interest and energy entirely to our own cadet contingent, but he has been associated with War Office policy affecting the cadet movement at national level.

Colonel Halliday has derived much satisfaction from the fact that some thirteen of our former cadets are at present holding regular Commissions in the three Services and, in addition, many have held short-service Commissions while others are at present serving as officers in the Territorial Army. This is, indeed, a proud record and it is very gratifying that all these young officers call in at D.H.S. periodically to renew old friendships. Our Cadet Corps, therefore, is not only providing a valuable extra-mural activity for our pupils, but it is preparing some of them for a professional career in the Services with entry through Dartmouth, Sandhurst and Cranwell. It is also a feature of our cadet contingent that service in its ranks has always been voluntary and it is not compulsory as in some schools. A warm welcome awaits all new recruits.

In his official report on the Annual Cadet Inspection at Buddon this year, the Inspecting Officer, Colonel Noble from War Office, praised the efficiency of our cadets and said

that Colonel Halliday had raised the standard so high that he would find it very difficult to maintain in the future—what a worthy tribute to pay the Officer Commanding, his officers, N.C.O.s, cadets and all who help in various ways!

It is appropriate to mention at this point that Colonel Halliday was recently awarded a Clasp to his Cadet Medal in recognition of his twenty-four years' service in the Cadet Force. We offer our congratulations to Colonel Halliday on behalf of the School for his decoration and praiseworthy record.

During World War II. the captain of an allied French submarine was awarded the Croix-de-Guerre in recognition of his vessel's success on active service. His crew were also privileged to wear the medal ribbon as they had contributed to the submarine's success and were therefore sharing its honours. In a like manner, with regard to his award, Colonel Halliday has frequently said, "This is not an honour to me as an individual but to all past and present members of Dundee High School Cadet Company".

W. P. V.

Inez A. McNaughton, M.A.

When the last issue of the School Magazine was published in June, little did we think that within a few months we should be saying goodbye to yet another of our heads of department—Miss Inez McNaughton.

Miss McNaughton was educated at Morgan Academy and, after graduating M.A. at St. Andrews University in 1928, she was appointed to Dundee High School, which she has served loyally throughout her career.

The Infants' class of girls was always Miss McNaughton's favourite stage, though older pupils also benefited from her sound teaching. During this time, she gained good experience under two very competent heads of department, Miss Duthie and Miss Jeannie Brown, through whom she absorbed the best traditions of Scottish education. Then, in 1949, Miss McNaughton herself became head of the Preparatory Department. She represented the perfect link between the formal school of thought on the teaching of young people, and a more informal but, nevertheless, rewarding way; and this at a time when numbers were increasing rapidly and waiting lists becoming alarmingly long. It was a challenge, readily accepted.

Efficiency and a progressive educational programme have been the keynote of all Miss McNaughton's work, whether it happened to be group methods, writing on blank paper, the Cuisenaire method of Arithmetic, or, most recently, arranging with the Modern

Languages Department for a group of five-year-olds to have French conversation. She has many talents, too, which were put to good use in the production of plays presented by the pupils, or in the writing of scripts for various light-hearted "Staff Nights". Her assistance was gladly given as a member of the public-speaking panel of the Senior School, where her services were much appreciated, for she brought a critical, fresh, but generous judgment on the performances of the pupils.

Ever since the inception of the Old Girls' Club, Miss McNaughton has been a faithful member, serving on the Committee quite a few times. She enjoyed the contact with former pupils, many of whom have children at school now.

Above all, Miss McNaughton's deep understanding of the young children in her care, her vitality, sense of humour, and her charming personality, are the qualities we shall remember most vividly. We know she will miss the inspiring contact with her young pupils. However, our very best wishes go with her for a happy, and perhaps more leisurely life now that she has made her home in the south with her brother. We are grateful for all Miss McNaughton has done for the school through the years, and we hope that on her return visits to Scotland she will always feel that "Welcome" is on the mat at D.H.S.



DOROTHY FOGGIE, M.A.



INEZ A. McNAUGHTON, M.A.

Photographs by Norman Brown & Co.



SPORTS AND GYMNASTICS PRIZE - WINNERS, 1963



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

BOYS' GOLF TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) — W. J. S. Smith, Ian Tasker, Ian Coutts.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Michael Nattrass, J. D. R. Anderson (Capt.), Kenneth Ritchie.

SPORTS AND GYMNASTICS PRIZE-WINNERS, 1963

Back Row (l. to r.)—Moira D. Spence (Junior Girls' Sports Championship Cup), R. Anne Birrell (Championship Cup for Swimming, Girls), Nigel Y Cram (Aystree Cup for Winner of the Junior Championship), Alan C. Wilson (Tom McLaren Cup for Throwing the Javelin), Michael J. Walton (Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket; Games Merit Scarf—Cricket), George G. Robertson (Harold Young Martin Rosebowl for the Winner of the Intermediate Championship—Equal), Christopher W. W. Rea (Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket; Games Merit Scarves—Rugby and Cricket), Robin F. Paton (Pirie Handicap Cup for Golf), Eileen M. C. Duke (Intermediate Girls' Sports Championship Cup—Equal), Maureen Dunn (Girls' Junior Tennis Cup).

Middle Row (l. to r.)—William A. Masson (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Boys), Helen I. Lyle (Girls' Tennis Championship Cup; Games Merit Scarves—Hockey and Tennis), David G. Scott (Harold Young Martin Rosebowl for the Winner of the Intermediate Championship—Equal), Gillian J. Macmillan (Intermediate Girls' Sports Championship Cup—Equal), Ian E. Smith (Loveridge Cup for the Winner of the Mile Race), Margaret J. J. Walker (Games Merit Scarf—Hockey), Michael J. Natrass (Boase Medal for Golf), Frances D. Bowman (Games Merit Scarves—Hockey and Tennis), Ronald W. Jackson (Oakley Cup for Shooting—Boys under 14), Elizabeth T. A. Mills (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Girls).

Front Row (l. to r.)—Lindsay F. Tosh (Championship Trophy for Swimming—Boys), Dorothy Fraser (Girls' Sports Championship Cup—Equal), J. Roger S. Burns (Airlie Challenge Cup for the Champion Athlete, Urquhart Cup for the Champion Shot of the Rifle Club), Sheila A. Mackie (Championship Cup for Dux in Gymnastics—Girls), James D. M. Anderson (Ballingall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics—Boys—Equal), David G. Fairley (Ballingall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics—Boys—Equal), Sheila M. Buchan (Polack Prize for Gymnastics—Girls), David A. Rorie (Polack Prize for the Dux in Gymnastics—F.II. Boys), Helen Jamieson (Girls' Sports Championship Cup—Equal).

Absent—Harvie L. Findlay (Arthur Ritchie Cup for the Winner of the High Jump), Michael M. Gault (Games Merit Scarf—Cricket).

Dorothy Foggie, M.A.

The end of this present term will see the first change to take place for some years in the Modern Languages Department. We shall be saying good-bye to Miss Dorothy Foggie, who is retiring after twenty years of outstanding service to the School.

It was in the Autumn of 1943 that Miss Foggie was appointed to D.H.S. and found herself a member of a department which, since the outbreak of war, had been beset with more than its share of troubles and was by then under the general supervision of Mr Laird of the English Department. Such, however, was the energy and enthusiasm with which Miss Foggie tackled an extremely difficult situation that she was shortly afterwards appointed acting head of the department. When normal conditions returned after the war, it was a healthy and successful department which she was able to hand over to her successor and which she has continued to serve most ably and loyally.

Outside the classroom and more especially in the earlier part of her time in High School, Miss Foggie was active in a variety

of ways—in coaching and umpiring in hockey and tennis (of which later sport she was no mean exponent, being one-time holder of three Midlands titles), in dramatic production and in the running of the Girls' Literary Society. In addition, she was for some years housemistress of Aystree and accompanied one of the first parties of Dundee children to visit Orleans under the Dundee-Orleans Fellowship Exchange.

One could not speak too highly of Miss Foggie's service to the School, of the excellence of her teaching and the notable results it achieved, of her patient, conscientious application to the job in hand, of her enthusiasm for her subject, of her help and sound advice in matters relating to the running of the department, of her unfailing sense of humour, of the warm-hearted friendliness of her relations with her staff colleagues, and, above all, of her understanding and affection for her pupils. It is with a sincere appreciation of all that she has done and been that we will wish her health and happiness in the years of her retirement.

How to be Beautiful

It has always been my ambition to be beautiful. My one problem, however, is how to achieve this happy state. I decided to begin by having a glowing, translucent complexion.

The solution was easy—three times daily a two-minute massage with a certain brand of soap. But, as I avidly soaked in the adverts poured out to my willing ears every night, I discovered that there was a new soap on the market which has a moisturising cream incorporated. As the first brand did not have any effect (I still looked older than my younger sister), I changed over. Then I heard of a third brand of soap. It gets purer and purer. How can soap get purer if it is made of chemicals, colouring, scent and cream all mixed together? This claim shattered my beliefs in soap. I decided to follow the beauty magazines' advice—to stop washing and use creams instead.

Having made up my mind to use creams, the next question was what kind. By reading carefully all reports, I thought I had dry skin. Everything pointed to buying the best brand on the market as one should not be miserly when buying basic beauty essentials. I squandered (as my parents said) my month's allowance on an expensive, nourishing, oily cleansing cream. The result was a very shiny nose and a forest of blackheads.

To remove blackheads, I read in a book I had taken out of the library, is very easy. All I had to do was to buy a soap containing hexachlorophene, a complexion brush, an oatmeal face-pack and a pore-refining cream. The word soap immediately jarred. After looking around, I discovered an expensive cream which was just as good. Now I sat for hours with my face held over a basin of boiling water. Soon, though, I grew tired of boiling face cloths. I re-identified my skin type. It was combination, oily down the middle panel and dry at the sides. Immediately, as this was urgent, I spent my sister's allowance on an astringent and cleansing cream for an oily cream, persuading her that it was exactly what she needed. Now I had to plaster around with several creams at once. This did not have the desired effect either.

Finally, I resorted to nature. By this time I really needed a cure. I dutifully swallowed down all the fruit and vegetables I could lay my hands on. Sun was good for your face, too, I read. As this commodity was not readily available, I used a sun-ray lamp. At last beauty was almost in sight. I was losing the visible covering of my face. As I sat at home, immersed in creams and oils, I reflected that beauty is said to be only skin deep. Well, who knows what was underneath my rapidly-peeling skin. While this problem was resolving itself I turned my attention to my hair. The real question was what . . . ?

R. I. S.

SILVER IN THE WEST

Silver in the west;
And a long drift of smoky cloud
Stretches its fingers for the lingering day.
The hill is black velvet;
Above, the molten sky
Gleams like undiluted moonlight,
Defining the inevitable night.

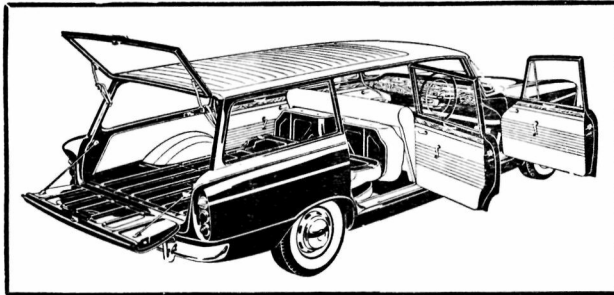
In the valley, there is peace;
And the blue reek hangs in the evening air.
The sweet black water swirls its shadowed
way;
The weary wind rests in a dreaming pine.
A smile, a sigh, a tear
And peace.

SANDRA M. SPENCE, F.V.

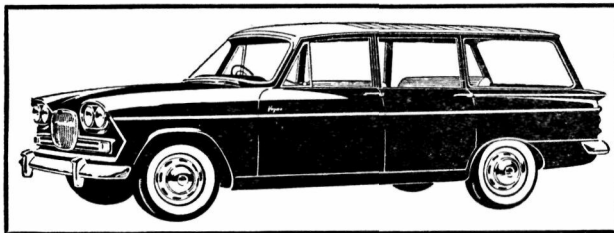
THE SLUG

It was black,
Black, black and shiny black,
Crawling,
Sliding,
Oozing along a slimy trail of
Black slime
Dirty, filthy
Black, black, deep black slime.
Slithering
Darkly,
Blackly
In the
Black, black night
Looking for a
Black, black, shiny black slug.

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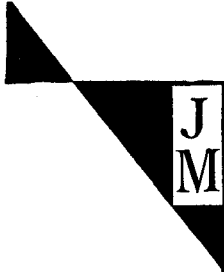
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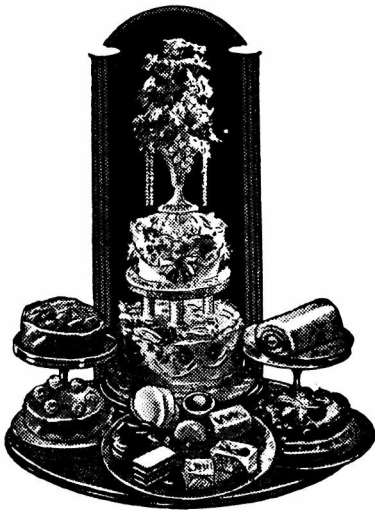
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Draffens

Hebridean Journey

At 11.30 a.m. on the 21st of July we left St. Fillans on the first stage of our Hebridean journey. That day we cycled 70 miles and in the evening pitched camp 3 miles from Oban. Next morning was very hot, and we went into Oban for supplies, and to find out when the boat left for Mull. Back at the site, we struck camp and set off for the boat, which left at 2 p.m. About 2 miles from Oban one of the bikes got a puncture and we had to push them into Oban, nearly missing the boat.

The trip to Grasspoint on Mull took about an hour, and we had good views of the mountains on Mull. As soon as we landed, we set about mending the puncture as we wanted to reach Iona that night. By 9 o'clock, however, we had still not been successful and had to give up all idea of going to Iona. On Tuesday morning it was raining heavily and so, reluctantly, one of us went to look for someone who would mend the puncture. He returned four hours later soaked to the skin but with the puncture repaired, and as it was rather late, and such a miserable day, we decided to get the next boat to Tobermory.

When we got on board, it was still pouring and we felt very cold, wet and tired. At 5.30 we reached Tobermory, a small town with a rather Italian look, situated round a bay in which there were several expensive-looking yachts. We made our way up the hill which rises steeply behind the town and pitched the tent in a field about half a mile away. Late that evening the rain stopped, and we took a walk into Tobermory. As we walked down the hill we thought what a marvellous place it was and regretted that we had to leave for Tiree next morning. The parts of Mull which we had seen had been unexpectedly fertile and woody and were a great contrast to the Ardnamurchan coast across the Sound of Mull.

Tiree and Coll are very flat islands lying close together. They are very windswept, but often hold the sunshine record for the United Kingdom and, when we arrived, there was indeed a blazing sun. There are no trees or bushes on Tiree, and the whole island is

covered with short grass which gives it the appearance of a vast lawn.

We camped near Scarinish where the boats come in. That evening we fell in with a lone camper, called Ian, the three of us being the only campers on Tiree. On Thursday it was again extremely hot and we spent the day exploring the island, which struck us as being uninteresting and monotonous. The people seemed rather withdrawn and non-committal compared with those of Mull who were far more sociable. On Friday, at mid-day, we left Tiree for Barra, accompanied by Ian, who had decided to come with us.

Barra soon appeared as a small dot on the horizon and could soon be seen distinctly, rising steeply out of the sea and resembling a South Seas coral island. There was a long chain of islands to the south, some of them inhabited. We arrived at Castlebay in Barra at 5 p.m. The first thing we noticed was the large number of people and cars. For a small island with only 13 miles of metalled road, the number of cars and even buses was amazing. We put up the tents just outside the town, overlooking the bay. Castlebay itself is about the size of Tobermory, but much more lively, with several modern shops. We also noticed how barren the island was, little more than a large rock jutting out of the sea and a few houses placed at the bottom. Everywhere, outcrops of rock met the eye, giving the island a very desolate look.

Next day we climbed the highest peak in Barra and from the summit we had a wonderful view of the islands to the north and south. After that we spent the rest of the day climbing the other two peaks of Barra and walking right across the island. The next day being Sunday, we just lazed in the sun which was almost unbearably hot.

On Monday we cycled round the island and saw, on the other side, the wide cockle-shell beaches where the daily plane from Glasgow lands. The sand here was strikingly clean and white. As we cycled back to Castlebay, a wind sprang up, making us feel a little apprehensive about our all-night journey to Tarbet in Harris. When we arrived

back at camp we had a quick tea, packed everything up and made our way to the pier to board the boat which left at 6.30. We said goodbye to Ian who was returning to Oban, and went on board the "Claymore", a large, sturdy-looking boat.

We left Barra with rather mixed feelings. We were sorry to go as we had had a wonderful time there. The small, rather isolated island has given the people a noticeable character of their own. They are extremely kind towards visitors and do their best to help them to enjoy their stay, though they themselves are so fond of their island that they seem to have no wish to spend a holiday elsewhere. In the main, they live in fairly modern houses, and on the whole island there was only one house which could have been described as a real Hebridean croft. We had to leave, however, as the boat to Tarbet only sails once a week, and anyway we were greatly looking forward to exploring Harris and Lewis.

As we had no berths, we had to "sleep" in the saloon. All night the wind rose steadily to near-gale force, and the ship pitched and tossed in the waves, making almost everyone sea-sick and, of course, all this made sleep nearly impossible. The "Claymore" arrived at Tarbet at breakfast-time next morning and, as we were rather short of time, we decided to cycle straight to Stornoway, the chief town of the Hebrides. Our road lay across the Harris mountains, the highest in the Outer Isles, and their aspect, and utter desolation, were most impressive and unlike anything we had ever seen before. They are pitted with hundreds of small lochans and the whole area is one huge peat-bog.

We saw no sign of habitation for several miles, from Tarbet right to the other side of the mountains. After we left Harris, the land became flat and monotonous, and all the way to Stornoway a vast peat-bog stretched away for miles on either side of the road. The first sight of Stornoway was like an oasis in a desert. It looked like a large wooded park surrounded by desolate moors. We went first to the Town Clerk who directed us to a farm on the outskirts of the town where we could camp. We spent the next two days

swimming, fishing and recuperating from our exertions.

On Friday we packed up and left for the Butt of Lewis which is the northern-most tip of the Hebrides. As we cycled along, we saw many shielings, or small huts, on the moors where people go in summer to pasture their sheep and cows, and to cut peats for winter fuel. At the Butt there are several villages stretching for 4 or 5 miles along the road, and we camped at the very end of them, on a small cliff overlooking a picturesque harbour, called Port of Ness. It was always a wonder to us what the people of Ness did for a living. One or two were occupied with the Harris tweed looms and summer fishing, but the rest did nothing, and seemed to hang around our camp most of the time. Everyone seemed fairly well off, however, and almost one house in two had a car.

We made many friends at Ness which was due to the fact that campers are very uncommon there. Although we had noticed that the Hebrideans are very kind and sociable, the people of Ness were the nicest of all and we were continually being offered fish, or asked whether we needed help in any way.

Next day we explored the high cliffs round the Butt where the sea has carved huge chasms and caves. On Tuesday morning we left the Butt and returned to Stornoway for the evening boat. We spent the day looking round the town. Stornoway is about the size of Carnoustie but, since it is the "capital" of the Hebrides, it is much more interesting. It has a large, very sheltered harbour which is one of the finest in the west. On one side of it is the town itself and on the other are the extensive grounds of Stornoway Castle which is now used as a technical college. The town's main occupations are fishing and weaving.

We left Stornoway at 11.45 on the biggest ship of the fleet, the "Loch Seaforth", which runs between the mainland and the Hebrides. Again the night was very rough. Next morning, when we arrived at our destination, the fishing town of Mallaig, it was raining, only the third time it had done so since we had left home. We stayed at Mallaig for another fortnight before returning home.

CLIVE RUBENS, DOUGLAS BROWN, F.IV.

"Devonia" Cruise, 1963

*"Come my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."*

— Lord Tennyson.

Early one bright July afternoon, to the cheers of the crowds and to the tune of a solitary piper, M.S. "Devonia" slipped her moorings from Dundee harbour and, with the aid of two fussing tugs, turned her bows towards the open sea. Even the cheers of excitement and joy did not completely hide traces of that latent fear in everybody's mind on undertaking an adventure of this nature.

Whenever the ship parted company with the tugs, we were told to muster at our life-boat stations, and put on our life-jackets. Once our mission had been accomplished, we were free to find our sea legs and explore the ship. We soon accustomed ourselves to life aboard "Devonia", the former trooper "Devonshire", and the two fifty-minute study periods each day provided us with information on the countries we were to visit. As well as these periods, we had two at games and one in the ship's assembly hall, usually a film connected with a port to be visited by "Devonia". In the evening, depending on our age group, we would attend a film, a sing-song or some activity in one of the study cabins. Every taste was catered for—even a juke box was installed in the cafeteria.

After three days crossing the North Sea, we steamed into Oslo on 8th July. Oslo was a delightful city of four million inhabitants, and its gay chalets, dotted amongst the lush green pines of South Norway, gave it a charming atmosphere. The places of interest I especially remember are the Ski Jump, situated a little way behind the city, and the Fram Museum, built specially to house the ship Amundsen took to the South Pole at the turn of the century.

From Oslo we travelled swiftly up the Baltic and into the Gulf of Finland, to arrive in Leningrad on the 12th July. Leningrad, the Venice of the North, situated on the swirling river Neva, is Russia's "Window to the West". This great city gave us a tumultuous welcome, and had a fleet of buses ready

to take us round the famous sights. My own personal opinion is that, if one took away all the buildings connected with the Czars and the Great October Socialist Revolution of 1917, the city would have little else to offer. However, the former Winter Palace of the Czars, now the Hermitage Museum, was really magnificent, with its collection of paintings, tapestries and sculptures, overhung by vast, glittering chandeliers.

From the Hermitage we continued to St. Isaac's Cathedral, from the top of which we could clearly distinguish the golden spire of the church on the island fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, rising towards the clear blue sky like some slender, glistening arrow.

The day's tour was terminated by a drive down Nevsky Prospect to the Palace of Young Pioneers, where we spent an interesting few hours.

Next morning, those in the Moscow party dressed at 4 a.m. and, after an early breakfast, left for Leningrad Airport. Soon we had "slipped the surly bonds of earth", and were flying towards Moscow at 500 m.p.h. in one of Aeroflot's Ilyushin jets.

An hour later, we had begun the thirty-mile journey from Moscow Airport to the city itself. From Founders' Square, with its statue of Ivan the Terrible, we made our way through the bustling streets to Red Square where we visited Lenin's Tomb and St. Basil's Cathedral. Then a short walk took us to the Kremlin Museum, which we were conducted round. Here, to protect the floors of the museum, we were asked to don special overshoes of felt which I thought was a rare novelty. This excursion lasted until lunch-time when we were taken to the Pekin Hotel for a memorable lunch.

In the afternoon we continued our tour by visiting the University, situated on the Heights of Lenin, and reputed to have over 30,000 rooms. A tour round Moscow underground stations, each decorated with a different style of architecture, brought our visit to the Russian capital to a superb ending and, rather exhausted, we climbed once again into the Ilyushin jet for the return trip to Leningrad, where we arrived at 9 p.m.

Next morning we went ashore for the last time in Russia and, early in the same afternoon, left Leningrad for Helsinki, the Finnish capital, where we docked next morning.

Even during our short stay in Helsinki, we saw the best of the city, the President's Palace and the Olympic Stadium being most impressive. Late the same evening, "Devonia" cast her moorings and began to steam down the Baltic to Copenhagen which we reached on the 17th July.

Since this was our last port of call, we made the most of our stay in this beautiful city. Our first visit was to the Christianborg Palace, former seat of the Royal Family. After a comprehensive tour of the city which

included the Stock Exchange, the Town Hall Square and the now famous Little Mermaid, we returned to the ship for tea, after which we boarded river boats for our trip along the canals to the Tivoli Gardens. This was the highlight of the day, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly in this vast playground of stalls, restaurants and fun fairs.

All good things must come to an end, and next day we turned our backs regretfully on "wonderful" Copenhagen to sail back to Dundee.

As we docked at Dundee, I can truly say that the best holiday of my life had slowly but surely drawn to a close.

R. L. B., F.V.

Coventry Cathedral

"To the glory of God †
This cathedral burnt
November 14 AD 1940
is now rebuilt † 1962."

These words are inscribed in the marble floor of the entrance "so that all who come, in the years and generations ahead may know the story of Coventry Cathedral".

Much has been said about this new cathedral in books, on television, in films. Many people hold strong views on its construction and style, and I own that I, too, passed many criticisms about the cathedral without having seen it. But, having had the good fortune to visit this cathedral twice, on two quite separate occasions, I now am only filled with admiration for its awe-inspiring beauty and symbolism.

A tour of the building really should be started in the ruins of the old cathedral where still stand the lofty spire and at the other end of the ruined nave the altar on which are the famous charred wooden cross and the cross of nails made from the nails which held together the ceiling of the old cathedral.

You then move from the old cathedral under the vast porch and in through the doors in the huge glass screen. You are confronted with the whole area of the cathedral, all overshadowed by the controversial tape-

stry of Christ in Glory. No photographs do this piece of art justice and its true beauty can only be realised by seeing it in its surroundings. Looking from the door to the altar, one can see none of the tall stained-glass windows, and the walls are only decorated by large stone tablets inscribed with scripture texts.

On the left, as you go in, is the Chapel of Unity, built in the shape of a Crusader's tent and the floor inlaid with marble. The design on the floor includes segments for each of the five continents and also for the four evangelists.

Farther down the aisle you come to the choir stalls and, above them, sparkling in the light, the wooden crown of thorns which rises to a peak above the bishop's throne.

At this point you now leave the main cathedral for a moment, going past the five Swedish windows, and re-enter through the Lady Chapel. From there, looking back, you can see the full magnificence of the rich stained-glass windows, each one symbolising a stage in man's life from, at the door, birth and, as you progress up the aisle, as in life more and more of the truths of life are revealed until, at the altar, when you reach God, you see the meaning and glory of our life on earth.

As you pass the altar, you are aware of the starkness of its concrete construction, but any other type would have been out of place at the foot of the richness and the detail of the tapestry.

Crossing the Lady Chapel, you come to the Chapel of Christ in Gethsemane, to me, the most beautiful part of the cathedral. It is a small chapel only divided from the main body of the cathedral by a large crown of thorns. The chapel is decorated with a glittering mosaic of an angel holding a chalice which depicts the angel who strengthened Christ in the garden of Gethsemane and took away His "cup of bitterness". This chapel is set aside for private prayer.

Leading off from there, there is the Chapel of Christ the Servant. The chapel has clear glass walls revealing the industries of the city of Coventry. Over a small circular altar there is a large suspended cross and round it another crown of thorns.

From there you go back down the aisle to the main door, but, before you leave, you pass the Baptistry Window and the font.

The font is a crude rock from the hills outside Bethlehem, a sharp contrast to the richness of the rest of the cathedral.

The Baptistry Window, depicting the Light of the Holy Spirit, is a mass of glorious colour, dark blues at the top through white and pale yellow down to browns and greens at the bottom — a magnificent piece of work which I am totally incapable of describing in its true beauty.

Leaving the cathedral once more by the vast porch, you pass the great statue by Epstein of St. Michael and the Devil.

Much has been said in criticism of this building, but, having visited many cathedrals, both in England and Scotland, I have never experienced the same feeling of praise and glory to God as I have there.

These feelings and the true beauty of the cathedral can only be experienced by a personal visit, and I can only advise that anyone who is near should make an effort to visit this "act of praise".

ROBIN M. STIMPSON, F.V.

The Glory that was Greece

To the average person, Greece is a country which lives in the past, clinging to former glories and propounding the theories and doctrines of its early scholars. Perhaps one might think that they still live in beautifully-ornate marble buildings, which reflect every aspect of "the glory that was Greece". These impressions were soon forgotten, however, as the giant Comet 4 in which we were travelling approached Athens Airport. Round about us sprawled the great city, its sky-scrapers and ultra-modern buildings gleaming in the Mediterranean sun. Wide dual-carriageways cut through the city and traffic maintained a steady speed throughout. How different this was from the congested and dirty appearance of Glasgow which we had left 3½ hours before!

We were important to the Greeks, for the gathering of 15,000 boy scouts on the plain of Marathon would do a lot for the tourist trade, as well as providing great material

benefit. The Government had provided for us a site about thirty miles outside Athens, which the Greek army had been preparing for a year, and even the American scouts could not boast that they had seen a bigger and better camp!

We entered the camp through the vast portals of the main gateway (gifted by Pepsi-Cola) which symbolised the motto of the 11th World Jamboree: "Scout higher and wider", and were taken by one of the camp buses to our sub-camp "Leontes", named, as were the other nine sub-camps, after the heroes who had fought on this very plain, in the famous battle of Marathon. The design of the camp emblem was also influenced by the affection of the Greeks for their past, being in the form of a Bœotian shield.

Eighty-three different countries were represented at the Jamboree, of which the U.K. had the largest contingent (1,500), followed

by the French (1,200) and the Italians (800). In our particular sub-camp, our troop, consisting of forty scouts from North-East Scotland, camped alongside Japanese, Irish, Canadians and Swedes, to name only a few, and we made many friends amongst the foreign scouts while participating in the numerous recreative and social activities.

To appreciate the programme fully, it must be remembered that temperatures were often in the hundreds and between 1 and 3 p.m. physical exercise was almost impossible. The camp was wakened at 6.30 a.m. to the strains of the "Jamboree Song", from the loudspeakers, positioned throughout the sub-camps, and breakfast, often consisting of some peculiar Greek dish, with an equally peculiar Greek name, which some Lithuanian had tried to translate into English, was served at 7 a.m. Inspection followed at 8 a.m. and an hour later the main activities of the camp commenced. We could take part in field events, rifle-shooting, swimming and such activities as the "labours of Hercules" (a form of obstacle course) and organised games. Swimming was the most popular pastime, and every day there were hundreds of scouts on the golden sands, lapped by the warm Aegean Sea, which bordered the camp.

Later in the day there were displays in the "talent-o-rama", of the various skills of the different countries, and exhibitions, watched by thousands of visitors, were given by dancers from Rhodes and Scotland, wrestlers from Japan, scouts, who called themselves Red Indians, and many others. At night, displays were put on in the arena, many attended by the King and Queen of Greece, which reflected the world-wide appeal of scouting. I think we did extremely well as ambassadors of Scotland; every day the pipe band, of which I was a member, was asked to play at displays, and the climax came when we played before the King and Queen of Greece at the Pan-Athenian games in Athens, in a stadium which held a capacity crowd of 60,000. The crowd gave us an even better reception than the Americans, who, they think, are marvellous, and at that particular moment even the discomfort of a thick kilt in a Mediterranean climate was forgotten.

Our stay in Greece lasted approximately three weeks, the Jamboree occupying the first

two weeks, and the last week being taken up by a tour round the south of Greece. We visited the main archæological sites at Delphi, Olympia, Sparta, Epidaurus and Corinth, and we were able to see for ourselves the real Greece. The countryside was covered with olive-groves and grape-vines. The people themselves are desperately poor, living in tiny shacks and squeezing a meagre living out of growing tobacco or grapes. Mules still pull the ploughs, and tractors are almost unheard of. In the towns, however, tourism is big business and every little house sells souvenirs. The shop-keepers were, like all Greeks, extremely dishonest, even with scouts from the Jamboree, and I was told that the Greeks do not mix religion with business.

Our last few days were spent in Athens, where we did as much sight-seeing as possible. The Acropolis and other archæological sites could be visited free of charge by scouts from the Jamboree, and most of our party took the chance of actually seeing what they had been told about at school.

It was, therefore, with regret that we left Greece after three weeks of glorious sunshine. The Jamboree itself had been a great experience and the Greeks had gone to great lengths to welcome us to their country, a country which has everything for the tourist, from Hilton hotels to the romance of the Golden Age.

PETER BOYD, F.VI.

THE WORM (A Sequel to the Slug)

It was pinkish-brown and long,
Long,
Thin,
Slimy.
Slithering along, slipping,
Wriggling round and round.
It moved.
It stopped.
It slid
Across the path when I came along
And
Tramped on it,
Squashed it
To a pinkish-brown, oozing mass of
Worm.



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DUNDEE

A Day In The Life Of A Bus Conductress

At six o'clock on a cold, wet morning, I was rudely awakened by the alarm clock sitting on my bedside table with a look of disgust, as if saying, "Get up, you old lazy-bones!"

"Oh dear," I thought out loud, "another hard day on the buses for me!"

I struggled violently against the irresistible urge to roll over and slumber on. But every time I tried to do so I felt that darned clock smiling at me. Eventually, I crawled out of bed, washed my face in cold water and started dressing.

"This navy-blue uniform is getting dirty again," I thought, thinking of some excuse which might hold me back from working.

When I had dressed, having only a short time left in which to reach the bus-depot, I snatched up a sandwich, ready made, and dashed out. It was only as I was running along the road that I wondered how it was made already. I came to the conclusion that my pal, Betty, who shares the same flat, had been up earlier than I.

"That was kind of her," I thought, as I reached the depot. "Hi, George!" I said to the driver of my bus.

"Hurry up and sign on duty then," he shouted.

Hastily I entered the building in which some of my friends were sitting and signed in. My first run was out to Ninewells, then up to Monymusk, the High School's playing fields. I collected my ticket machine, made sure I had plenty of tickets and, after clocking my card in the machine, rang the bell twice. The green double-decker giant, with some snorts and groans, crawled out of its bed.

"Just as I do," I thought as we were speeding along the paved road towards Perth.

The first passengers were two little girls with their mother who were out terribly early, I thought, since it was only ten minutes to eight. There was a mist overhanging the dreary buildings of Dundee. At the next stop I helped on an old man who, it would seem, was deaf and almost blind. I asked kindly where he was going and selected the

required coin from the handful of coins he held out.

"Thanks," he said, and settled down for a short nap.

A group of workers were the next people who used this means of transport. They tried to joke with me, but, as I was still annoyed at having to get up so early, I stalked off indignantly. Suddenly the bell rang out once.

"Ah! ah!" I said, "These men must be trying to be funny." Quickly I ran upstairs and saw, not the men at the bell, but the two children.

"Stop that at once!" I said, but not too severely. "Why are you not off this bus now anyway, Madam? You only paid a three-penny fare."

George appeared just then at the top of the stairs and demanded to know what was going on.

"Are they," pointing to the workmen, molesting you, dearie?" he enquired calmly, as if he were my protector.

Hastily, I said that the family would have to get off now and explained the situation. George got back into the driver's seat, and soon we were on our way again.

"All in a day's work," I remarked to the workers. I had now recovered from the unearthly time of starting and was taking everything in my stride.

All too soon, we reached the terminus where we alighted and had a smoke. We had to wait for quite a while before setting off again, as there had not been many passengers to stop for. By this time, however, the streets would be busier and there would be more work for me to do. After I had clocked my card, the noisy dragon moved on again.

The passengers were not very interesting, but I tried my best to make them interesting in my mind.

"That one," I would say to myself, "is a detective. He looks just like Inspector Maigret!" or, "I wonder what he has done now, looking so worried and carrying a suitcase. I bet he is fleeing from his ferocious better half!"

On this journey, there was one very peculiar person, wearing a dark blue overcoat. He had a hooked nose which at once made me suspect him of being a crook. But, as it turned out, he was not, because, when I studied his face again, the nose was just like anyone else's. He must be a magician, I thought out loud.

"Why, how did you guess?" asked this suspicious character. "Oh, of course, I was trying on my latest trick nose for my newest act!"

I was right then. My hunch had been right, but I wondered. He might still be a crook with a disguise. Never mind, it had nothing to do with me and at the next stop he descended.

At the centre, more than half the passengers alighted and some people even tried to get on, although it was an "unloading only" stop.

"Sorry, the next stop is in Reform Street. No, I said no! Now get off at once and go to the stop in Reform Street!" I was most indignant that the woman should have tried to take a loan of me. "Still," I said again, "it's all in a day's work."

The rest of the route was pretty dull and I filled in the card, necessary for inspection. All of a sudden, I saw an inspector waiting at the next bus stop.

"Talk of the devil," I spoke angrily. "Oh well, here goes!"

This tall, overpowering man scrutinised carefully the passengers as he checked their tickets. Holding my breath, I tried to act casually and normally, but I heaved a huge sigh of relief when he alighted. "All in a day's work" seemed to be my favourite expression, but it was a very true one.

By one o'clock I was feeling a bit peckish as I had not eaten since six and then hardly even a snack. Three stops before the terminus of the bus route and of my day's work, there were very few people on board, when a whole group of youngsters got on and started making a racket. Nevertheless we reached the terminus without mishap, and as we, that is George and I, went to the transport café for lunch, he said, "Well, how was today's work? Did you enjoy it?" Did I enjoy it? Of course I did. I would not miss being a bus conductor for anything.

DIANA M. SUTHERLAND, F.IV.

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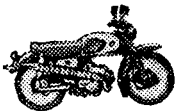
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A Day In The Life Of A Waitress

Brrr . . . ing. Sleepily I reached out and pressed the alarm to stop it ringing. After yawning and stretching, I jumped out of bed and then stumbled across to draw the curtains to see what kind of day it was. The sun was shining out of a cloudlessly blue sky.

That spelt disaster because I worked as a waitress, during the holidays, in an hotel beside the beach. As it was a glorious day, all the children would go down to the beach and bring sand back with them, clinging to their clothes and feet, and tramp it into the carpets in the hotel. I quickly dressed, washed, did my hair and went downstairs to the enormous kitchen where the cooks were already cooking the breakfast. The tables were already set from the previous night.

I looked out into the dining-room to see if anyone were sitting at any of my tables. Yes, there were three men. They were at different tables, for they had families with them, as this was really a family hotel. The fathers usually had breakfast first, however, because they went golfing in the morning and had to have an early start. I served the men and, just as I was bringing them their fried eggs, sausages, etc., more people came in. They were mainly children whose ages ranged from six to seventeen. From this point I was kept busy serving everyone until at last the big room was almost empty except for a few of the mothers who were sitting and talking idly over their last cup of tea. I began piling up all the dirty plates and cutlery, and discovered, to my annoyance, that the little girl at the bottom table had spilt her tea all over the cloth. This meant completely clearing the table, taking away the dirty cloth and replacing it with a clean one.

After brushing the crumbs off the tables, I set them for lunch. The dining-room always looked nice at this time of day. The tables with their clean white cloths in rows, the pink and white sweet peas in lovely vases on one or two tables and even the half-finished bottles of orangeade or limeade helped to make the picture more colourful. After I had finished setting the tables, I went through to the kitchen to see if my help were needed there. It was not, and so I had my breakfast. I then washed my dishes and talked to the

other waitresses. Delicious smells were wafting in the air as the lunch was being cooked.

People could come in for lunch between 12.30 and 1.30, but today, one of the families in my row was having an early lunch because they were going away for the afternoon. I went through to the dining-room and waited. Soon the family came in. After they had had their soup or juice, I asked them what they wanted next. It was a very complicated order, but I dashed through to the kitchen and gave the cook my order. When I took the food through, I discovered, to my embarrassment, that I had got the order mixed up. Apologising profusely, I took the wrong dishes back and came back with, what I thought, the right ones. Once again, I had managed to get mixed up and, to make matters worse, it was the father who had to wait again. As they were in a hurry, he was very annoyed and I hoped that he would not report the matter to the manager.

After I had cleared their sweets away, the rest of the row all seemed to come in at once which meant that some of them would have to wait for quite a long time. I tried to hurry, but I only made matters worse because, as I was going into the kitchen, my hands full and the plates piled up, I tripped. Fortunately, I, with the help of another waitress, managed to catch all the plates except one which fell with a crash. The noise must have frightened a baby because it started crying. This started several other babies howling which made a terrible din. At last I managed to get everyone served and, after what to me seemed like hours, they went. I cleared the tables and set them for dinner, which was the next main meal.

After this I was free for an hour because I was not on afternoon teas. As it was still a lovely day, my friend and I decided to go down to the beach to sunbathe. This hour seemed to pass far too quickly, and we had to get changed back into our hot, black skirts, jerseys, white caps and aprons.

I was not looking forward to the next half-hour because I was on "baby-teas". This was for children not old enough to stay up to have dinner. They were, of course, very young and usually got into a sticky mess.

Fortunately, their mothers came with them, but even that did not stop two imps of boys throwing bits of scrambled egg at each other. Apart from that incident, nothing much else happened. The children had a lovely choice of fish, or eggs done in any way with chips. As there was no one in my row having high tea, I could have another rest before dinner. High teas were served if anyone was going to a show or to the theatre at night and dinner was too late.

Dinner was served between seven o'clock and eight. I liked watching everyone coming in. The ladies and girls wore lovely summer dresses, and the men and boys wore suits. Everyone looked so grown-up and a thirteen-year-old tom-boy at one of my tables looked quite sophisticated for a change. I was wakened with a start from my daydream when my friend, Pauline, nudged me and told me that I was supposed to serve the people, not just stand and gaze around dreamily. Chicken was on the menu, and nearly everyone took this until it was finished, and then I had the sad job of telling a family that there was none left. There was a different noise at dinner time. At breakfast and lunch there was a rowdy noise, but at dinner the noise was more of a low murmur.

Soon everyone had finished, and I cleared the tables and set the breakfast. I was not serving late teas that night and so I was now free. I was so tired by now that, after talking to Pauline for a little while, I went to bed and fell asleep immediately.

VALDA A. TAYLOR, F.IV.

A DAY DURING MY RIDING HOLIDAY

I am very keen on riding and would like a pony of my own, but, as my mother is not very keen on the thought of a pony in the garden, I go to a riding school for lessons! Last summer holidays I went to stay on a course for a week.

The first day we were down at the stables by half-past seven, and had them all cleaned out in three-quarters of an hour, when we had our breakfast. After deciding which pony each should ride, we set off for the field where the ponies are kept. We did not use saddles, as they are rather heavy to carry, but, on arriving at the field, we bridled the ponies and set off for the stables.

When we reached them, the ponies were fed, tack was cleaned, and each prepared a pony for the lesson, which was fun, but hard work, and we were glad of lunch afterwards.

In the afternoon we set off for a ride on Taffy, Ladybird and Paddy. Everyone was hungry when we arrived back and had fed the horses. They then were taken back to their field for the night.

Supper was after this, and we could do whatever we liked until we were tired and went to bed.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed herself, and we all are hoping to go again next year.

SUSAN MEE, F.I.

CASA RUSTICA

In my little but 'n ben on the hillside,
With my Rolls-Royce in a garage at the back,
With my great big picture windows
And my heavy pine-wood doors;
All modern central heating
And my spike-resistant floors,
It's the absolute epitome of rustic Highland
life —
The colour and the atmosphere — without
the rustic strife!

In my little but 'n ben on the hillside,
With pine-trees grouped so sweetly round the
door,
I've a big log-burning fireplace
Just to lend the room some tone,
Scots pebbles in the ceiling
And a *tartan-coloured* phone!
It looks so sweetly countrified, and yet not
out of place,
On its artificial precipice, with all its space-
age grace.

In my little but 'n ben on the hillside,
All my patriotic instincts take the fore,
My dog — a Highland terrier —
Lies sprawled across the floor,
A plaster-cast of Robert Burns
Is hung above the door:
It captivates my visitors, so *Scottish* is the
air;
History just breathes all round — a thing
that's all too rare!

ALISON MCLEAY.

A Day In The Life Of A Nurse

A nurse's work is hard, but interesting. I work in a large city hospital and live in the same building. Yesterday was a typical day in my life.

I had fallen into a deep sleep after working long and hard the previous day. At half-past five the alarm clock in my small bedroom rang shrilly. As usual, I leapt up almost immediately, donned my nurse's uniform and adjusted my small cap. I hurriedly ate my breakfast and went on to my ward — the casualty ward.

I approached the desk to report to the Sister and to relieve the night nurse. It had been a quiet night, I was told. Two people had been run over. They were seriously hurt, and the operations would be carried out this morning. Now the patients were eating their breakfast, with the exception of one. He was an old man and he lay still in his bed, his blankets awry.

I hastened to his bed.

"Now, Mr Robbins," I said in a jocular fashion. "Wake up and eat your breakfast." There was no reply. With a fleeting sense of panic I drew back the bedclothes. One glance was enough. Mr Robbins was dead. For an instant I thought I would faint, for my head swam and the noisy background of the ward died away. This was the first time I had seen a dead patient whom I had known quite well. Only the previous day he had called me to his bed and, in his teasing way, had told me that I was his favourite nurse. The faintness passed in a moment as I struggled to regain my self-control and efficiency. Tears blurred my eyes as I slowly returned to inform the Sister. She saw my distress, but curtly bade me continue with my work. Inwardly, I knew she was right.

With outward calmness I went round the other patients in the ward, taking temperatures, asking questions and making them comfortable. The dead man was taken away for a post-mortem in ten minutes.

The other patients suffered from various injuries. These were the cases which had come in the previous day to the casualty ward, before their operations. One man, Mr

Wood, was very seriously ill. He was a workman who had been trapped under a huge pile of rubble. His pelvis was fractured and one of his legs was mangled to such an extent that it would probably have to be amputated. He was not told of this until the doctor came to make his final examination later in the morning. Mr Wood was now in great pain although morphine had partly alleviated it. I went to comfort him and administer more morphine.

The other patients were mainly accident cases of that type, although none were in such a serious condition.

At ten o'clock the doctor came to examine his patients. He was a houseman training to be an orthopædic surgeon. If he were in doubt about any cases, he would refer them to his consultant. Dr. Brown appeared yesterday at his usual time, and it was my duty to escort him round the ward.

He knew about the death of old Mr Robbins, and told me he had died peacefully. As he examined each patient, I showed him each chart of temperature, blood pressure, etc. When we reached Mr Wood's bed, Dr. Brown made a thorough examination. After pausing in thought for a moment, he quietly told the patient that his leg would be amputated that afternoon. Mr Wood received the news without exclamation, and I guessed he had been expecting it. He told us he was worried about what he could do after he left hospital for, naturally, he could not continue his present employment. I told him that the Almoner would visit him later in the morning and discuss his prospects, his family and his financial situation. Mr Wood smiled weakly in relief.

The remainder of the morning passed quickly. I ate a light snack at one o'clock and reported on duty half an hour later. In the afternoon I was to be the theatre nurse. This is the nurse who helps the surgeon in his operations. I had long been looking forward to this experience, as that afternoon I would be helping a very famous and brilliant surgeon, Mr Gordon.

I arrived at the operating theatre in good time, for Mr Gordon demanded absolute

punctuality, willingness and co-operation. I sterilised all the surgical instruments which might possibly be required for the afternoon's work. The first two patients were fairly simple cases, I discovered from the anæsthetist who was preparing the blood transfusion apparatus. The third case was Mr Wood.

Just then the great surgeon came in. He was a huge man, but his huge hands were the swift and gentle hands of a born surgeon. I helped him to put on his white coat and mask. He washed his big, brown hands, and then the first patient was wheeled in. She was a young girl who had acute appendicitis. Mr Gordon's quick hands made no mistake, however, and the simple operation passed without complications. The patient was out again in twenty minutes, and the next one was wheeled in. This was another case of acute appendicitis, but this time the patient was a man of about fifty-five. This case was slightly more difficult. As the operation proceeded, the patient moaned under the heavy anæsthetic. He was pale, and his breath came with difficulty. The operation was successful, however, but Mr Gordon asked that the man be kept under close observation.

Then Mr Wood was wheeled in. His small, childish face looked frail and helpless as he was gently placed on the operating table. Before the anæsthetic had taken effect, I saw great fear glaze over his wide, blue eyes. I smiled and tried to comfort him as he went under.

Mr Gordon was worried about this case, I could see. An X-Ray had revealed grave internal injuries which had not been suspected. First the eminent surgeon tackled the broken pelvis. This was easily seen to. Now for the more difficult job of exploring for internal injuries. Mr Gordon's sensitive hands soon detected the source of the injuries. Blood poured forth from the slit in the patient's side. In desperate haste, Mr Gordon sutured the torn fragments together. The patient's breathing was stertorous, and his face was a ghastly ash-grey colour.

"Blood transfusion," barked the surgeon. The apparatus was hastily set up and life flowed back into the patient's numbed body. Sweat flowed freely from Mr Gordon's face

as he cautiously explored for hidden injuries. The operation had already taken an hour. The amputation of the leg would have to be done in ten minutes before the patient came round.

Now Mr Gordon turned to me.

"That leg need not be amputated," he said. Without waiting for a reply, he speedily returned to his task. Calmly, although it was a race against time, he sutured each small muscle and ligament. The bone was found to be in better condition than we had thought. The patient was stirring as Mr Gordon finished his work. In such a short time the result was not quite perfect, but one thing was certain. The leg was saved, and Mr Wood would be able to walk on two legs for the rest of his life.

After one more simple case, I went off duty. The day had been varied. Sorrow and happiness had come to me many times within a few short hours. A nurse's day is hard but gives great and lasting satisfaction.

EILEEN M. C. DUKE, F.IV.

YOU CANNOT DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE

Mary, who had heard something going through the letter-box, ran to see what was there. On reaching the letter-box, Mary found her weekly comic "Jack and Jill". Just as she stooped to pick it up, she was asked by her mother to run along and make six pieces of toast for the breakfast.

Mary was an obedient child and so she picked up her comic and ran into the kitchen to make the toast. After putting four pieces of toast under the grill, she pulled up a chair and began to read her comic. After five minutes she thought it was about time she pulled the toast from under the grill. It was burnt. The next two were worse. Mary thought she had made a wonderful job of the toast.

She carried the toast through to the dining room. Mary's mother and father, so that they would not hurt Mary's feelings, ate the burnt toast. Nowadays Mary makes toast as well as anyone else.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON, L.VII.

On The Formation Of A School Sailing Club

A sailing section, team, or club is to be found in most public schools and, in the east of Scotland. I can think of several schools which have a sailing club — there must be many more besides — and while they gaily sail it out among themselves, we play some of the more conventional school games and, we hope, make a name for ourselves there. Ski-ing was ventured into last winter with some success, and it seems to me that, with a little perseverance, there is no reason why our High School of Dundee should not sail with the other schools, to give added prestige, apart from the success of the club itself.

A few problems arise; they can also be overcome. The first is the question of boats. There are two racing dinghies, ready to race, and the minimum number of four pupils to sail them. Three boats might possibly be the ideal number for team racing, but two are adequate, though I observe that Dr. Robin Stevenson, a distinguished trophy winner in the leading dinghy classes, who has written two most delightful books, from which much is to be learnt (“When Dinghies Delight” and “Marks to Starboard”)—when not in my possession they may be found in Dundee Public Libraries) advocates the use of at least four dinghies and likes even eight, but few of the largest clubs must be able to use this system, as it is quite impracticable, and as it is often usual for the home club to provide boats for the visitors; of course, Dr. Stevenson belongs to the top class of helmsmen!

The next problem rears its ugly head when it is found that there is a lack of a responsible adult. This article was originally aimed at attracting some enthusiastic F.P. to the cause, but two have already offered their help. To them, my thanks.

This paragraph is to be directed at parents who might find objections to their child's participation. As far as the team is concerned, I am sure that parents of the experienced pupils who sailed with me last year, will no more object next season than they did last season. It may be of comfort to anxious parents that both boats have ample buoyancy (in the region of 500 lbs.) to make the boats easily rightable in the event of capsizing and to support the boat's crew, while the boat is

bailed with plenty of reserve besides. Furthermore, it is a personal rule of mine that nobody sails with me without personal buoyancy, regardless of weather conditions. This would apply to both boats in the club.

It has been suggested that I tell of some sailing in this article. Though possibly racing in Dragons, or sailing in Sixties in the Mediterranean, or racing in a regatta at Oban, organised by the Royal Highland Y.C., Oban S.C. and the Western Isles Y.C. together have been as much fun or better experience, I can think of no better sails to tell of than those with fellow pupils. (This might be regarded as having been our unofficial start to the club.)

I can remember the night the “O” Level examinations finished, when Ian Miller, Hugh Ramsay and I had our first sail of the season and revelled in the wind and waves of the Tay. Shortly afterwards, on the 31st May, Hugh and I took my boat up-river to Perth, in the evening. This included some night sailing and we were on the river when the sun set. At this point, Hugh was sailing the boat and I was lying partly under the foredeck doing the chartwork and in comparative shelter, and I could hear the amplified slapping of the waves flung aside by the bows and see the mast gyrating in the pink sky. The setting sun lent a marvellous combination of crimson and gold to the Tay, and a pinkish tint to the foam round the bows; in the twilight the billowing sails stood out white against the deep blue of the darkening sky, which was faintly reddened towards where the sun had finally disappeared.

On the Sunday we raced down against strong winds which nevertheless made it great fun. We took over six hours.

Later in the year, three of us, Duncan Barnet, Ken Collins and I, sailed up-river to Perth for a regatta the next weekend. This was a marvellous sail, though it was an extremely wet one. The sail back some weeks later was, I think, the best sail on the river I have had. A warm day, in late September, the trees changing colour along the banks, a cloudless blue sky and a good breeze, gave ideal conditions. At Newburgh we took the

North Deep in preference to the channel adjacent to Newburgh itself and found ourselves in a maze of small islands with an infinite number of reeds pushing up through the water beside the boat. The thick bank of reeds on the Perthshire side parted at one place to reveal the inlet of Port Allen which was harbouring a small keelboat. Unfortunately, conditions were not suitable to sail in ourselves at that state of the tide. The river then widened out into the estuary proper and, as the wind had increased, we swiftly brought the boat to the Yacht Club. It had taken four hours this time with the wind behind us.

There are numerous small inlets and creeks to be explored, such as Port Allen and Inchyra (these are the larger ones), and there are excellent camping sites along the banks. There is also the River Earn which branches off west of Newburgh. These places could be visited in a school expedition. The

only drawback (but one that can be overcome) is the new road bridge.

There is at present, I think, no other reason why the club should not be formed. Mr Erskine has said that he would not necessarily mind if we did not race, so long as the club is a success. I think it could be counted a success, in that case, if one more person were enabled to experience and enjoy this sport, which is becoming so very popular. Girls are finding the sport very popular and, nowadays, many lady helmsmen carry off trophies, given the right conditions. Marjory Prain, who is very keen to see a sailing club in school, will help the girls who are interested.

All the club now needs is a little support from the school, hardened mariners and some interest from those who would aspire to be such.

DAVID C. B. HOLT, F.V.

Money Plays Too Large a Part In Sport

Sport, providing as it does, recreation and enjoyment for millions of people the world over, is undoubtedly a very necessary part of a country's life. Nevertheless, it is my opinion that sport's benefits are detracted from by the fact that money plays too large a part in sport.

The most obvious example of money's unwelcome influence can be read of in newspapers almost daily. I refer to the transferring of footballers from club to club in exchange for astronomical sums of money. Recently, I was shocked to see that a European club had offered four hundred thousand pounds for the South American star, Pele. There is no doubt that such amounts of money could be more usefully employed in research, in industry, or in ensuring that people throughout the world have sufficient food to eat.

Sport "addicts" claim that the resources at the disposal of the wealthier clubs are supplied by those who pay to attend football matches, but this is not so. A great many football clubs, including the "mighty" Ran-

gers, function on an overdraft at their banks. Such emphasis on monetary matters is particularly great on the Continent of Europe, where many players are reckoned to receive several hundreds of pounds per week, whilst the standard of football, as anyone who saw the game at Dens Park between Dundee and Milan will witness, is not proportionally high (although tempers are). Meanwhile, scientists find it necessary to emigrate to America if they wish to make a living, so low are the funds out of which they are paid in Europe, Britain especially.

"Special Sure-Fire Pools Win Plan — inside." I will wager that newspapers achieve record sales on days when they sport such headlines. Every week, in the majority of British households, a member of the family pores over the "coupons", jotting down "X's" and taxing his, or her, brain with complicated permutations. The odds against winning a first dividend are several billions to one. Thoughts of the millions of starving people in three continents never enter their heads and the profits of their folly are used to make several wealthy men yet

wealthier, instead of to allow millions to exist.

In times past, in the days of the Ancient Greeks, sport was purely a recreation. Prizes of money or of goods were unheard of and yet competitions were as keenly contested as they are nowadays, whilst the delight of the winner at gaining a laurel wreath was far greater than that of Floyd Patterson at winning scores of thousands of dollars for being knocked down by an ex-

convict, before a live audience of thousands and a television audience of many more, and after a fight lasting only seconds.

At the present time, in Communist Russia, all sportsmen are strict amateurs and yet no one can deny Russia's prowess in many sporting events. Although I do not desire a lapse to Communism, I do advocate that money should not play such a large part in sport.

MICHAEL D. COWAN, F.I.V.

An Unusual Church Service

It was a blustery day, but the church was filled, for it was the new minister's first Sunday. And if the good Scots folk had turned up, many of them, more out of curiosity than out of devotion, it was, nevertheless, a fine way of filling the collection plate . . .

Of course, there had to be a christening, too — no, four christenings — to add to the minister's worries. There had always been a christening on the first Sunday in the month; and the tradition would not be broken just for "the new man" — even if he did come from Glasgow. Besides, Iain Soutar's youngest was to be brought to the font, and everyone knew that Iain was a great one for the traditions.

The scene was set; the latecomers, trying to look unobtrusive, were just creeping in, when the organ pealed out to announce the entrance of the star performer. Looking determined to make a good impression, and failing miserably, the reverend gentleman strode purposefully towards the pulpit, to the critical whispers of his assembled flock.

"He's no' as big as auld Maclean was," Mrs Lamont hissed accusingly at her long-suffering husband. The rest of the critics made assorted comments on items ranging from the baldness of the poor man's head to the cleanliness of his shoes; while the elders tried unsuccessfully to fix their most fearsome glares on the miscreants.

After stumbling on the first of the pulpit steps, the minister announced the first psalm,

which was not a success, as the members of the audience, seemingly transformed into music critics, were trying to hear what kind of voice the man in the pulpit had. Just when he was getting into his stride, in the middle of the prayer, wee Jeannie Knight dropped that essential part of churchgoers' equipment — her bag of "granny's sookers".

To the fascinated delight of some of the younger supplicants, the sweets poured out in a beautiful, white, appetising shower, and proudly came to rest at the foot of the centre aisle, where we shall leave them, in all their glory, for a moment.

And so to the christenings. One by one, the self-conscious fathers arose from their vantage points and proceeded to the chancel steps. Iain Soutar, an old hand at this game, marched confidently down the main aisle. But the peppermints, being eyed hungrily by the other three fathers, who had negotiated them safely, were still waiting to trap the unwary foot . . .

That foot was Mr Soutar's. Anxiously eyeing Thomas, junior, already bawling in his mother's arms, he stepped on a gleeful sweet and sprawled on the floor, which gave the congregation enough to talk about for a month of christening Sundays, and at the same time diverted their attention from the Reverend Mr Maxwell, now raising his eyes thankfully to the roof of the church.

And Iain? He never had a child of his christened on a first Sunday again.

SANDRA SPENCE, F.V.

How To "Get Round" One's Parents

It is not difficult to "get round" one's parents, as, no doubt, many of my contemporaries will agree. All that is needed is tact, careful choosing of words for one's argument, and an ability not to lose one's temper altogether.

The easier parent to manage is usually the mother. She always understands more, perhaps because she remembers her own youth so very well. Once she has been won over to one's cause, she seems to be able to persuade one's father to give in and let one have one's wishes. Let us take, for example, my course of action if I were invited to a late dance of which I thought my parents would disapprove.

First of all, I would look for my mother. Once I had found her, probably in the kitchen, I would offer to help with the dishes, or the ironing, or some other chore. My next step would then be to mention casually that I had been invited to a dance.

Next I would mention that all my friends were going, that it was the greatest dance of the year, and that I was so pleased I was invited, as I had not really thought I would be.

The standard reply is, "Really, dear? How nice! Till when does it last?"

Tact is needed here. Some people try vague replies, but I prefer a direct approach. She will probably at first be shocked, but, if one gently reminds her of her own gay youth, she will begin to yield a little, and one knows then one has almost won.

After this, you can usually completely win her over. One thing one should never say is that she is mean, does not love you, or does not understand. Tears are not needed here; save them for your father.

Mothers can usually be won over by this method, and then comes the major job of tackling one's father. Most fathers tend to be old-fashioned, slightly bad-tempered, more interested in football, and very susceptible to flattery.

When tackling my father, I would mention how well his new suit looks and then casually say that I had been asked to a dance.

With my mother on my side, I would then let her speak for me. She likes to think she can manage my father, which is perfectly correct.

Most fathers usually then say that one is far too young for dances, mixing with a bad set of people, far too old for one's years, but end by saying that one may go to the dance, as long as one is back by half-past ten.

When he says this, one knows that one has won. Do not quarrel about the time to come home unless it is very unreasonable; just accept it. If one "gets round" one's parents in this way, there are no fights or heartbreaks. You have managed to win, leaving your mother remembering when she went to dances, your father thinking how just he is and how much of the match he has just missed on television, and yourself feeling the satisfaction of victory.

JULIA M. F. GARDEN, F.III.

In The Black Douglas' Black Dungeon

During our summer holidays this year, we visited Threave Castle in Galloway. We walked along a narrow, winding path which led to a small, wooden landing stage. On the landing stage was a small bell with which to summon the caretaker. My brother did not hesitate to ring it! The caretaker took us over the wide moat in a small rowing boat. On the way over he told us that it had formerly been the Black Douglas' Castle.

We clambered out to another landing stage. We entered the castle by some modern

steps and went through the door into the courtyard. In the far left corner was a large well which had only about three feet of water in it. On the right side were some steps leading up to the next floor and beneath the stairs a dark hole with an iron ladder leading down. We asked the caretaker what this hole was. He replied that it was the dungeon. We all climbed down the ladder and looked round at the small, square, dark and dirty dungeon of the Black Douglas.

ANN JOHNSTON, L.VII.

P

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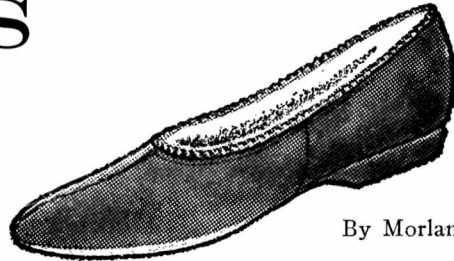
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A Visit to the Racecourse

A buzz of refined, tense conversation fades out; the dazzling sun plays with the horses' sturdy flanks — brown, black, chestnut, bay — as some debutant colts frisk around excitedly; the bookmakers, assembled in long, wealthy lines along the railings, accept some final, ambitious bets. A tick-tack man, who, until now, has been wildly gesticulating in a prearranged code, on the stand opposite, pockets his gloves, and takes out his old, fading field glasses. The frisky two-year-olds consent to line up, after already refusing twice; there is a wondrous gasp, and a choking cry in unison, and they are off on a six furlong sprint down a slight decline.

You notice some twisted, lowly, battered expressions. Some shady characters have faces battered beyond much recognition, snarling and telling unshaven teenage comrades of Althrey Don's appeal. In contrast you see an over-optimistic seven-strong family, thinking of this as a day's outing, and knowing nothing whatsoever of form, but placing a hearty bet on the Tote, which consists of a long line of sheds, all attached, with metal signs proclaiming whether this shed deals solely with 4/-, 6/-, 10/-, £1 or £5 gambles. The "bookies" gaze enviously into leather bags attached to steel rods, where the money lodged is placed, and finally glance down the official card. The loud-speaker announces that, after a furlong, one of the outsiders has run into a handsome lead, while one debutant has not condescended to take part, a bitter disappointment for his optimistic owner.

A furlong out, the second favourite is gallantly plodding through the thick mud. The odds-on-favourite is sweeping up in a graceful, nicely-timed run, and all the backers in the rotting, neglected, black-painted stand, are standing up, roaring, stamping and cheering their selection. The favourite sweeps through to win by a thrilling, but decisive half length. There is a mighty upheaval from the seats, and a general movement towards the "bookies" and the Tote, milling masses eagerly discussing the result. You ease up out of your position and sadly, sentimentally watch your each-way choice trail in second last.

"Well," you mutter, "better luck next time!" and review the form for the final race. Your gamble has not succeeded, but you have had the thrill of watching a mad, competitive dash of eager horses to a mud-en-shrouded post, oh! so far away.

CHRISTOPHER JONES, L.VII.

CROCODILE TEARS

When Mrs Young died, the lawyers were frankly puzzled. Where was the amassed wealth that she was supposed to have? As she was deeply in debt, however, the trustees decided to auction her possessions. Posters went up on every fence, but few people were interested. The lawyers wrote to her nephew in Afghanistan. Housewives looked around the house with low murmurs of admiration.

Every kind of customer appeared at the auction — Aunt Isabelle and her niece from France, dealers with felt hats pulled over their eyes, a housewife with her five-year-old son, the agitated Afghan nephew. Ten minutes after time, the auctioneer, not deigning to apologise for his lateness, appeared.

The articles for sale shocked everyone. A respectable old lady, they felt, should not have possessed Zulu spears or Australian boomerangs. Neither broken jug nor moth-eaten mattress could find a buyer, and no one was much surprised when a stuffed crocodile appeared for sale.

Mrs Blake's son suddenly shoved his hand in a coffee pot. When she had extricated it, she wagged her finger at him.

"Going, going, gone to Mrs Blake by the door!"

A frustrated Mrs Blake and a delighted George carried a twenty-pound crocodile to their back yard. She stood back and surveyed it.

"I suppose I could ask the dustmen to take it away, but . . . What's that?"

The crocodile was stuffed with five-pound notes!

IMOGEN MORGAN, L.VII.

A DISAGREEABLE CUSTOMER

"Oh, no!"

Mary Jones was a shop assistant in Selby's Shoe Shop. She sighed heavily for, portrayed in the doorway, was a tall woman, wearing a Persian lamb coat. You could hardly see her face, for she was almost smothered in the luxurious mink collar of her coat. She was wearing the very latest Paris pill-box hat in a vivid, bitter lime colour.

She looked very rich, and so she ought to be, for she was Mrs Selby in person! Although she had the best in everything, she looked rather like "a dog's dinner". Behind trotted a nanny, who led a string of "dear, sweet children".

Mrs Selby sat down on the most comfortable chair and soon all the assistants were scurrying about, trying to look busy. Mary started to pack away all the shoes rejected by another customer.

"Ah! Come, girl! Attention, please!"

Mary dropped a slight curtsey and walked sheepishly over to Mrs Selby.

"Can I do anything for you madam?" she inquired.

"I should like a pair of walking shoes to go with this dress," Mrs Selby chirped in an angelic voice.

"Yes, madam," replied Mary. "What colour, please? Bitter lime?"

This went on, and on, and on.

Walking shoes for Mrs Selby, dancing shoes, court shoes, beach shoes, slippers, boots. Buckle shoes for angelic Cecil, dancing pumps for Cynthia, bootees for babies, wellington boots for all, and court shoes for Nanny.

During this time, Mrs Selby was making stinging remarks about the shop.

"Well, I really will have to consult Henry (Mr Selby) about this. Fancy letting his assistants wear these ghastly black clothes! What a plain, ugly shop!"

"Honestly," thought Mary, "we would need to wear crinolines and pantaloons, and parasols as a finishing touch to satisfy her! Next she would want to be punted along some romantic river with Henry dressed as a gondolier and serenading her. She would

require a liqueur while she was being served!"

This made a stifled giggle rise in her throat, and she had a fight to suppress it.

Then Mrs Selby said, "Come along, dears. I should not really shop in my husband's shop! It is really a bad policy!" and with that she flounced out the door, without having bought a single pair of shoes!

GRISELDA GILROY, L.VII.

MADURODAM

During my Summer holiday I went to see Madurodam, in The Hague, Holland. Madurodam is a miniature village, one twenty-fifth actual size. It was built in memory of George Maduro who was killed in a Nazi concentration camp. On the model airway there are planes running up and down the runway. On the road the cars go up and down, and so do the trains on the railway. The light-house beam whisks round and round. The ships move round the docks.

The buildings, themselves, were so life-like that we recognised our hotel. If you put 10 cents (worth twopence) into the band or the barrel organ, they would start playing. It was altogether most enjoyable.

MARGARET NEILSON, L.VII.

HAGGIS LAND

In the Englishman's opinion
We're a very primitive race,
Eating only Haggis,
And falling far from grace.

It's not like sunny Spain,
Or even South of France,
But even on Loch Lomond
There are things to enhance.

There's the hole in the roof
Of our wee but 'n ben;
If there is bad weather,
The rain comes through it then.

Perhaps we are a primitive race,
Who cannot make decisions;
But whatever we have not got,
We've got our televisions!

JILLIAN HOOD, L.VII.

R.A.F. LEUCHARS AIR DISPLAY

The Battle of Britain "At Home" Day was held, this year, on Saturday, 14th September. The proceeds from this day were equally divided between the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and the Royal Air Force Association.

One of the oldest aerodromes in Britain, Leuchars was opened in 1911 — the year in which a newly-formed air battalion of the Royal Engineers was given the unique task of building up a force which could use the air for military purposes. This battalion was the forerunner of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force.

The first event was a Flying Display by Spitfires. The five Varsities came overhead in a wonderful formation, wheeling all the time. A Lightning zoomed above us and was gone within a minute. Then a Buccaneer took part in a flight refuelling demonstration by a K.B.50 (Tanker), F.100, F.101 and B.66 of the U.S.A.F. Two minutes later there was a formation of aerobatics by Jet Provosts. After that followed a brilliant Gannet display.

Unfortunately, the helicopter demonstration by a Whirlwind was interrupted because of a distress signal. The next item was a splendid feat of aerobatics by a solo Chipmunk. Then followed a Scimitar display. Five minutes later there was a flight by F.100/F.101's of the U.S.A.F., followed by a Comet flight. Gleaming in the sunshine, a Britannia flew overhead, to be followed by a formation of Canberras. Owing to the blustery wind, the para-kiting was postponed. Then there was another flight, made this time by a Valiant, followed by one made by an Argosy.

There was also, in Hangar "A", a static display with equipment and sideshows.

All around the hangars and tents there were stationary aeroplanes — Viscounts, Javelins and Chipmunks.

Then men and women of the R.A.F. were extremely helpful and co-operative. I hope to go again next year to watch the thrilling stunts performed by these men.

PATRICIA RITCHIE, L.VII.

SALMON

I was on a picnic beside the River Esk. We saw a most amazing sight for us because we had never seen a salmon. That afternoon we saw about forty salmon leaping up the river. My brother was fishing for salmon, but he did not get one bite.

I was standing on a rock when a huge salmon leapt out of the water about six feet away. We were sorry to leave, but, just before we left, a man and two ponies arrived on the scene and so we got a free ride.

PETER WALKER, L.VII.

A DUTCH MARKET

One day, during our summer holidays in Belgium, we visited the Dutch town of Middelburg. Our original purpose was to see the well-known miniature gardens, but it happened that it was market day, too.

As we drove through the square, we saw many people in their colourful costumes. The stalls were shaded with bright canopies and the shopkeeper was always busy with a crowd of surging people.

As we were leaving the gardens, which lived up to their reputation, we were attracted by the sound of music coming from the direction of a large crowd of people. My sister, who was longing to see what it was all about, ran over to see why everyone was cheering. We discovered that there was a competition being held, for the best-dressed couple and cart. Couples were driving round in carts, decorated with ribbons and flowers. The people in them were dressed in different costume, according to which district they came from. When there were only about six couples left, we went back to the car because it was getting late.

On our way, as we were going down a side street, we saw several men with bright shirts and black trousers and caps, riding horses with decorated bridles and saddles. They were trying to throw a pole through a hoop of gay flowers, while their horses were in motion.

At last we had to leave, but I shall always remember my exciting visit to Middelburg.

LINDA CAIRD, L.VII.

VENICE

The city of Venice is situated on the North-East coast of Italy on a large lagoon. It is one of the principal cities of Italy. In the lagoon are about a hundred islands of which one, the Lido island, has vehicles on it.

The only sounds heard on the main island of Venice are the lapping of water on the old buildings and the occasional sound of motor boats.

The Bridge of Sighs, completed in 1605, connects the old criminal courts, in the Doge's Palace, with the state prison, the cells of which can still be seen today.

There are nearly two hundred canals, which are crossed by almost twice as many bridges. The most famous bridge on the main waterway, the Grand Canal, is the Rialto Bridge, which is mentioned in one of Shakespeare's plays.

All along the canals, and on parts of the lagoon, are the gondolas, quaint, black boats which are associated with Venice. They are paddled by a gondolier at the stern. These boats sometimes have gay decoration inside, although long ago they were painted brightly on the outside with gold and silver on the inside. When a dreadful plague struck Venice, and many people died, the Emperor ordered all the gondolas to be painted black in remembrance of the people who died. They have remained like that ever since.

ARCHIE McLAREN, L.VII.

AN EXCITING NIGHT

It was the second night of our holiday in London. My aunt had booked tickets for the farce, "One For The Pot", which starred Brian Rix.

We duly arrived at the theatre where the play was being shown. Suddenly I heard a commotion coming from the seats behind me. I turned round to see what was causing the disturbance. Imagine my surprise when I saw Prince Charles, Princess Anne, a governess and a detective coming down the passage. My surprise heightened when they sat in the seats adjacent. The Royal children seemed to enjoy the play, although they left just before the end. I will never forget that experience.

NORMAN MELVIN, L.VII.

" LOCH SEAFORTH "

Through the waters of the Minch,
Sails "Loch Seaforth", inch by inch;
Inch by inch, and mile by mile,
She's heading for the heathery isle.

Then to Mallaig and back to Kyle,
On she sails for many a mile,
With foam before and gulls behind,
Screeching above the howling wind.

NINIAN MACDONALD, L.VII.

AN UNUSUAL VISIT

During my visit to the Channel Islands this Summer, I visited a most unusual church on the island of Jersey.

The proper name of the church is St. Matthew's Church, but it is known all over the world as the "Glass Church". The church was built by Lady Trent of Nottingham in memory of her husband, Jesse Boot, the founder of Boot's, the chemist's.

The glasswork of this lovely church is by a Frenchman, René Lalique of Paris. Our guide told us that if the glass is broken it can never be replaced again. The altar table, the altar, the cross (fifteen feet in height), two pillars, and four angels are all made of glass. The glasswork of the church is all lit at the evening service.

The guide also told us the church is entirely self-supporting and depends on contributions to keep it in order.

SHEILA BOWES, L.VII.

ADVENTURE

One day, while on holiday, I met a friend who had a boat. He asked me if I wanted to go and the answer was "Yes". Soon we left on his boat which had an out-board motor.

Suddenly, we ran out of petrol, and we were only yards from the shore. The current swept us out and out. We soon got tangled in the fishing nets.

Then I jumped out and the sand went up to my knees. I was hauled out and then we waited for the tide to come in. We had to wait for two hours until we were swept in. Then we paddled towards the shore. I hope that it never happens again.

TOMMY REID, L.VII.

LONDON PUPPY

We were down at the station waiting for the London train to arrive, but not to greet a friend or relative. We were there to meet our new puppy. It was very exciting because we had not seen it yet and we didn't know whether it would be wild or timid.

As the train rolled into the station, I imagined all sorts of things, such as, that the puppy wasn't well or that it would arrive dead. When the unloading started, we walked up to the guard's van and asked if there was a dog for Mrs Buchanan. There was, and the man handed out a kennel-shaped wicker basket with wire-netting at one end and a squealing, little, black bundle of fun inside.

FIONA BUCHANAN, L.VII.

PERKY

Perky is our hamster. She is a golden one who is very interesting. She lives in a blue, metal cage, in the classroom. It (the cage) has a little ladder going to the shelf above. She comes out every morning. Her cage is cleaned out once a week and fresh water and food are put in her cage every day.

We got her at the beginning of the term. She is now three months old. Her cage has a wheel in it, and we sometimes see her playing with it. Besides her, there are two mice called Freddy and Wilma. She is quite friendly with them. Ever since we started keeping her, we have kept a little diary about her. Every day someone puts the date and how she is getting on. We take turns at feeding her, two girls one week, and two boys the next.

ROSEMARY DANIEL, L.VI.

PETS

At home I have some pets of my own, but my sister has most of them. I have a budgie, called Archie. He can practically say anything you want him to. Outside we have a greenhouse. In it is a big tank with fish swimming about in it. There are about ten of them in the tank and they swim about quite happily. In a shed outside we have some rabbits and a guinea-pig. One rabbit is called Mr Smith, and the other is called Pookie. We used to have two guinea-pigs, but one has just recently died. Inside we have a little room where a hamster is kept.

JOAN ROSS, L.VI.

MY MOUSE

I had a mouse, called Twister,
Who was really very sweet,
He used to run about and play
Among the golden wheat.

He had a lovely, smooth, white coat,
As white as fairy snow,
But how he got it dirty,
I really do not know.

He always was so happy,
And pleased as pleased can be,
When I came quickly home from school,
And gave him milk for tea.

He had a beautiful blue cage,
With a nest as cosy as can be.
Sometimes he was so snug and warm,
He would not come out for tea.

MARJORIE THOMS, L.VI.

THE KITTEN

There was a little kitten,
Whose mother was a cat,
Who had a little father
That was bitten by a rat.

The family then got angry
And traced that bad rat down,
And then at last they caught it
In the middle of the town.

They ate half of it for supper
And half of it for tea
Then, when they went to bed at night,
There was no rat to see.

RORY ALLARDICE, L.VI.

CRO - BAR - CRU

There was an old man called Cro-Bar-Cru. He wasn't very thin and he wasn't very tall. But nobody liked him at all. When he went a-begging from door to door, he always received a prompt "Shoo!"

One day he was out a-walking by the stream. A magic fish jumped up and said, "You old beggar so kind, so gentle, fit to be a king are you!" So the very next day the beggar woke up to find splendour and glory around him. He ruled well and he was happy. And that is the story of Cro-Bar-Cru.

DAVID MEE, L.VI.

A SEA FISHING TRIP

One day last summer I went on a sea fishing trip with Daddy and Grandad in a boat from Westhaven, near Carnoustie.

First of all we had to dig for bait in the sand when the tide was out. We dug up large, black lug worms which we put in a plastic bucket. We also gathered mussels from the rocks.

Then we had to wait until the tide reached the boat before we could set off. The harbour there is tidal and the boats are moored with ropes fixed between the rocks. Slowly the tide came in round the rocks and surrounded the boats. Daddy and I carried our bait, lines and other gear into the boat. Grandad carried the outboard motor because it is very heavy. When the boat was afloat, we cast off and Daddy rowed the boat to the mouth of the harbour while Grandad tried to start the motor with a rope. Whenever it started Daddy stopped rowing and we headed out to sea.

Out on the sea it was very rough and the boat pitched and tossed and threw spray over the boat. Daddy was sitting at the front of the boat and was soaked. How I laughed!

When we reached the fishing grounds, about a mile from the harbour, we stopped, and Daddy threw out the anchor. We baited our hooks with worms and mussels and threw them overboard. A sinker took them to the bottom. Then we waited. Daddy was the first to pull up a big cod, a grey fish with a white tummy. Soon Grandad had a bite and I wondered when it would be my turn. It came quickly, but my cod was very small. So Grandad said I should throw it back. When I threw it back, it floated and a big gull swooped down and took it. However, it was not long before I caught a bigger one worth keeping.

We fished for about two hours and caught quite a lot of cod. I caught the biggest one, about eighteen inches long, and could hardly pull it up.

Soon after, we headed for shore and Grandad let me steer the boat. When we were near shore, we stopped again to fish for mackerel with hooks with feathers for bait. We fished for about five minutes and each

caught one. A mackerel is a slimy fish, shaped like a torpedo, blue in colour and zigzagged.

On reaching the shore we tied up the boat and took our fish ashore.

GRAEME SMART, L.VI.

THE SINKING OF THE "BISMARCK"

In May, 1941, the German battleship "Bismarck" sailed from Bergen to sink Allied convoys. She had a cruiser, the "Prinz Eugen". Going round Iceland with the British cruisers "Norfolk" and "Suffolk" on her tail, she met the battle-cruiser "Hood" and the battleship "Prince of Wales". Eight minutes of the fight had gone when the "Hood", hit in the magazine, blew up. The "Prince of Wales" hit the "Bismarck" but was heavily punished.

As "Bismarck" sailed down the Atlantic, the British Fleet torpedo-bombers scored one hit, then she evaded her pursuers, heading for France. Then torpedo-bombers from the aircraft-carrier "Ark Royal" attacked her and hit her in the rudders. The German ship was unmanoeuvrable.

The British Fleet first attacked with five destroyers under Captain Vian and then with the battleships, "King George V." and "Rodney". These pounded her till "Bismarck" was a wreck, the superstructure shapeless, the guns silent. Finally, torpedoes from the cruiser "Dorsetshire" sent her to the bottom of the Atlantic.

CHRISTOPHER SOUTHGATE, L.VI.

THE FAIRIES

Every night when dusk arrives,
The fairies come to play.
They dance about in happiness
Till dawn grows into day.

Dressed in yellow, dressed in green,
Every colour can be seen;
Violet and purple, too,
Red, and white, and glossy blue.

In the morning, the sun shines down
On the still, quiet, fairy town;
Not a thing is heard or seen.
Nothing shows where the fairies have been.

ALISON BROWN, L.VI.

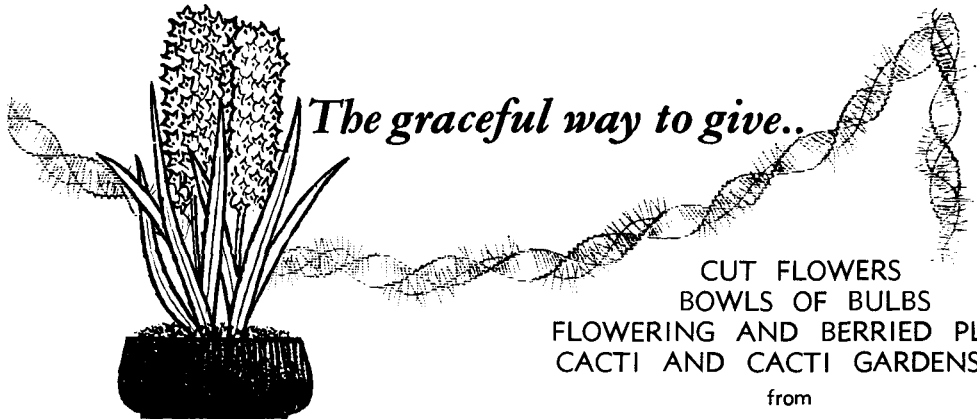
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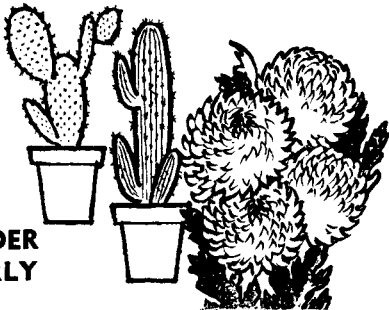


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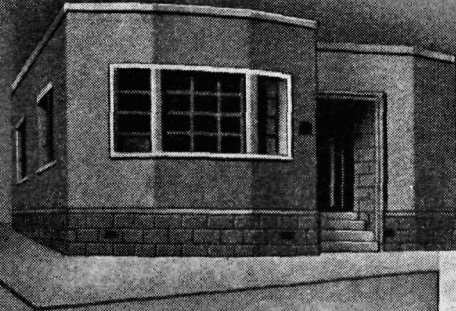
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THE CIRCUS

When I went to the circus
That came to our town,
I saw many queer people
And a funny old clown.

There were dashing white horses,
Performing their tricks,
And a man who was spinning
Some plates on long sticks.

There were lions and tigers
Doing such clever things,
And fluffy French poodles
Were jumping through rings.

I laughed when the clowns
Came on with their act,
I'd seen them before,
As a matter of fact.

At last, the end came;
I'd had lots of fun,
I enjoyed the whole circus
Until it was done.

JACQUELINE SIMPSON, L.VI.

BIRD - RINGERS

We had some visitors at home and I was rather bored. Before I knew what was happening, everybody was dashing about. Then my sister asked me, "Are you not coming?" and dashed off.

I was completely mystified until my mother told me that my sister, father and his friend were going out bird-ringing. I, of course immediately asked if I could go with them. "So long as you're not too late," mother said.

I dashed upstairs and pulled on my thick, red jersey. We went in the car to St. Fort sand quarry, about four miles away. We were going to ring sand-martins. This bird nests in small burrows in the sand-cliffs of the quarry.

We had one sixty by nine foot "Mist" net and two twenty-five foot nets. We erected the biggest net (the sixty foot one) against the face of the sand cliff, covering the holes. After that we retired to the bushes and waited. We returned to the net and disentangled the birds and put them into sacks. Before returning to the car to ring them, we

reset the smaller nets, two to three feet away from the holes. As we were doing so, the other birds were circling round above.

We returned to the car and began to ring the birds and take a note of the number of the ring and the age of the bird concerned. Ringing the bird is done by taking either leg and using the notched pliers to clip the ring on. After that we returned to the nets and took the entangled birds, put them in the sacks and reset the nets.

The first haul we had ringed twenty-five birds, thinking ourselves lucky. We were delighted at the second haul of thirty-two, which we carefully "logged" and ringed. We revisited the nets and found, to our greatest delight, sixty-five birds! By this time it was about ten o'clock, so we dismantled the nets, tucked away the bamboo poles, ringed the last birds and returned home. Altogether we had ringed 122 birds over a period of two hours.

MALCOLM FLEMING, L.VI.

MY CAT

I have a cat called Winkie. She is black and white with a tiny white tip on her tail. She is a very good hunter and brings home all sorts of mice and voles. Her birthday is on April the 3rd and she is 2½ years old. Winkie had three kittens two years ago. Their names were Cool Cat, Smokey and Tiger. One of my friends got Smokey. This year Smokey had two kittens, Sugar and Spice. She is a very playful little cat and loves to chase the leaves round the garden. Her favourite sleeping place is the airing cupboard.

RONA HORNE, L.V.

WHEN I GO TO SLEEP

The owls hoot;
The trees rustle and whistle;
The fog-horns mourn;
And the waves dash against the dyke.
The ships are rocking to and fro,
And soon a highwayman will speed by.
Before long the rain starts to batter against
the window;
The moon, the big white moon, just stares
and stares and stares till I fall asleep.

DICK STIVEN, L.VI.

MY LAST ATTEMPT

I've thought of many a poem,
I've thought of lots of jokes;
But when I read them out at home,
They just don't please my folks.

This is my very last attempt
To get a poem through,
And if it does not pass the test
I don't know what I'll do!

MARGUERITE J. SIMPSON, L.V.

MY MOST EXCITING BIRTHDAY

On my eighth birthday, in August, my sister, Pam, drove Mummy and me to Lower Largo, in Fife. My friend, Lesley, came, too. We saw the statue of Alexander Selkirk who was born there in 1676. He was the real Robinson Crusoe written about by Daniel Defoe.

We walked along the beach and played with a ball. Although the water was very cold we went for a swim in the sea.

After lunch in the Crusoe Hotel we went to see the Shell House, in Leven. This house is studded with all the different kinds of shells. In the garden little green plants spell out the name of William Bissett, who designed the house. There is a small zoo in the garden and some brightly coloured birds from other lands.

On the way home we passed Loch Leven and saw the castle on an island where Mary Queen of Scots was kept a prisoner.

We arrived home in time for tea, when we had a trout that a friend had caught in Loch Leven the day before. We finished up with a big slice of birthday cake.

That was my most exciting birthday.

MARY GREWAR, L.IV.

MY CAT

I have a cat. He is a very funny cat. Whenever he wants his food, he meows. He always gets it. He scratches his claws against chairs. He climbs up trees and fights cats. He kills mice and birds. He always peers into things. He gets annoyed when bits of coal jump out from the fire. He chases string balls, and wool. He is always scratching himself. Mother never likes him near the food.

ALISTAIR SMITH, L.IV.

MY FIRST FLIGHT

When I went down to London for my summer holidays I went in an aeroplane by myself. It was the first time I had ever flown. The air hostess was nice and talked to me. She gave me a cup of tea and a biscuit.

It was very exciting when I was flying in the air. When I was 18,000 feet high, I could only see plain clouds. I like flying better than going either by train or bus.

It took me one hour and twenty minutes to reach London. When the plane took off it made a lot of noise.

BARBARA CRAWFORD, L.III.

THE GLOBE

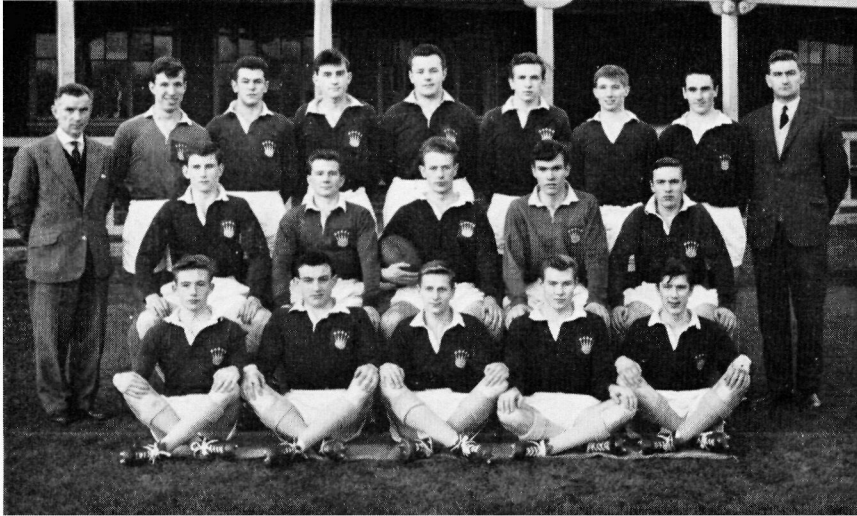
The globe has lots of countries on it. There are five continents in the world. They are Asia, America, Australia, Africa and Europe. The British Isles are Scotland, England, Ireland and Wales. The bit at the top of the globe is the North Pole, the bit at the bottom, the South Pole, and the bit right through the middle is the Equator.

DAVID SOUTAR, L.III.

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RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Mr W. D. Allardice, G. G. Robertson, N. H. Fowler, R. W. Flockhart, P. C. Fraser, R. C. Stenson, A. G. Grewar, I. B. Moncur, Mr G. C. Stewart.

Middle Row (l. to r.)— R. P. A. Bruce, J. D. M. Anderson (Vice-Capt.), J. R. S. Burns (Capt.), M. Petrie, P. W. Smith.

Front Row (l. to r.)— H. L. Findlay, D. G. Fairley, J. P. Gray, G. D. Duncan, L. S. Cook.

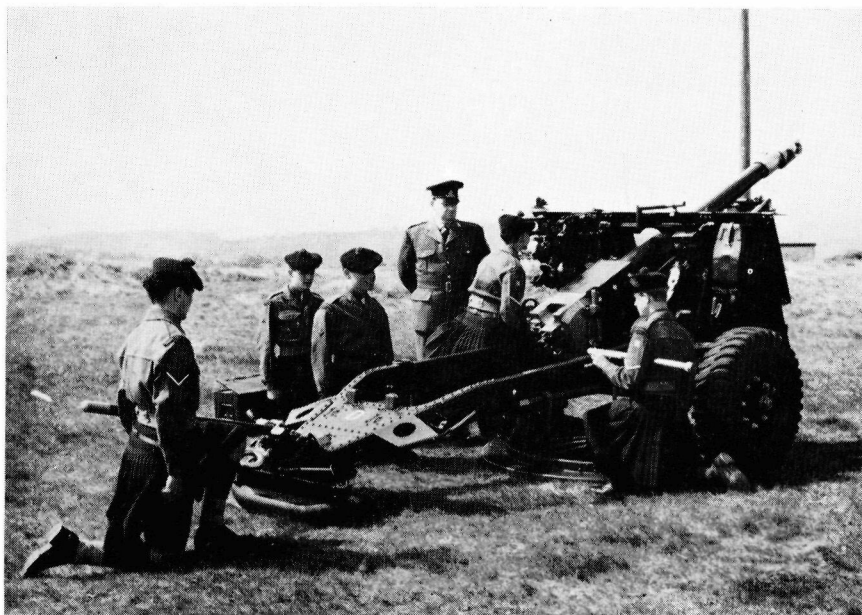


Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)— A. Whalley, H. Stiven, R. Paton, G. Macmillan, S. Gibson, N. Grewar, E. Evans, Miss W. Paton.

Front Row (l. to r.)— H. Lyle, A. Birrell, M. Walker (Capt.), F. Bowman, W. Ross.



COVERING FIRE, GENERAL INSPECTION, 1963



Photographs by J. D. Brown

CADETS AT BUDDON — SUMMER, 1963

MY PET

I have a pet guinea-pig called Frisky. He is brown and white. He has black eyes and he is very frisky. We put him in a cage in the shed when it is Winter, but in the Spring and Summer we let him run about in his pen on the grass. I think my brother's dog, Bobbie, would like to eat him. He eats raw carrots, apple peelings and potatoes.

FIONA JACKSON, L.III.

THE SEASONS

I like Spring because in April it is my birthday and at Easter time I enjoy rolling my egg.

I like Summer because I have a long holiday off school and Mummy, Daddy and I go caravanning.

I like Autumn because the leaves on the trees turn yellow and red and there are bonfires and fireworks.

I like Winter because the snow falls and I go sledding and on Christmas morning we open our presents.

LINDSAY D. R. FOULIS, L.III.

THE COUNTRY WHERE I WAS BORN

The country I was born in is Canada. It is a vast country of plains, towns and mountains. On the plains they grow corn, wheat and other grains. Lately they have sold a great lot to Russia. It is because their crop failed. Once a few tribes of Red Indians roamed the plains.

In the Rockies of Canada the famous Edward Whymper climbed. He was the first to climb the Matterhorn in the Alps. After he had climbed it, he hardly ever climbed in the Alps again.

GORDON BELL, L.IV.

MY TORTOISE

My tortoise's name is Toby. Sometimes in the winter, when he is in his box, he is naughty and tries to get out of his box. In the winter it is important that he is cosy under straw. If he stays out, he will freeze to death.

My tortoise has been very naughty, because one day, when Mummy and I were going out for a walk in the winter, we saw Toby on the wall beside the drive. How he got there Mummy and I do not know. In the summer he will be in the garden again.

EDNA McLENNAN, L.IV.

MY AMBITION

My ambition is to be an artist and travel round the country painting pictures. When I have finished a painting, I will try to sell it for a reasonable price. Of course, for Christmas I want a box of oil paints. At home I often paint and draw, and people who come to tea like to see my pictures. My Mother and Father say that I have to pass all my exams if I want to be an artist.

IOLA WILSON, L.IV.

BINKY

My aunt has a dog called Binky. He is a Dachshund. His coat is red. A Dachshund uses his paws for scraping holes to get the badgers out of their set. He has broad, flat paws. When he is frightened, his hair stands up on his spine. He loves to sit in front of a good fire. He has sharp teeth, sharp ears, big eyes and a long sharp nose. He is a good watch-dog and barks when anyone comes to the door. He loves sweets. When he sees me eating them he begs for them. He loves to go for walks.

RUTH BUCHANAN, L.III.

TANGIER

When we reached Tangier and came off the gang-way, we got into taxis with our Moroccan guide, called Abdul. He took us to see the new parts of Tangier, which has lovely big hotels. Then he took us to the Casbah, the old, walled city. There the streets are very narrow and steep and rather smelly.

In a very dark room we saw little girls of nine years old making beautiful carpets. Then we went to the Sultan's Palace, which was very cool after the heat outside.

Next, we held the tails of snakes while our Daddy took pictures of us. Lots of people tried to sell us leather bags and camel stools, but we hurried back to the ship.

SALLY J. REID, L.III.

CHRISTMAS EVE

On Christmas Eve we get the tree ready. We put little present on it. We put a lovely fairy on the top of the tree. Then we put the lights on. I go and get into my pyjamas. I find an old stocking and hang it by the fire-place. I go to bed and wake up in the morning and open my presents.

JENNIFER MELROSE, L.III.

MY PET DOG

My pet dog is called Rusty. Rusty is black and white, just like a sheepdog. Every day when I get home, I take Rusty for a walk in the fields. Rusty sometimes gets up to mischief like chewing slippers, but really he is not too bad! Sometimes I show Rusty tricks and then he barks and jumps up and down.

Rusty likes to run after wool and string. Rusty has blue eyes and a pink nose.

SANDY RITCHIE, L.IV.

MY FIREWORKS

I did not have a lot of fireworks this year, but I did have a lot of fun! As soon as the day before Guy Fawkes' Day came along, I went across the road with Mum to buy fireworks. As soon as I got home, I started begging Robin (that's my brother) to come out and set them off.

At last he came out. We had all sorts of places to set them off in. I took a turnip lantern and set a firework off there, and it blew the lid off. Another went in the dustbin.

Bang! All you needed to do was to lift the lid to get a lot of smoke in the face!

IAN WEIR, L.III.

LITTLE WIND

Little wind, blow o'er the treetops,
Little wind, oh, rustle leaves!
Blow away all little raindrops,
Drying all the Autumn sheaves.

NICHOLAS SHEPHERD, L.III.

PRAISING GOD AND JESUS

Praise the Lord, the Lord Jesus,
He is good and true.
Praise the Lord God, Who made us,
Animals and all.

Praise Jesus Who made us good,
Good, and also true.
He will give us food,
With rain from clouds God made.

Chorus

Praise the Lord God Who made us,
Praise Him! Praise Him! and Jesus!

ROSS MACDONALD, L.III.



Reports

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

After a lapse of a year it was decided to reinstate the Debating Society. Officials were elected as follows—Honorary President, Mr D. W. Erskine; Honorary Vice-President, Mr W. More; President, Miss A. W. Gray; Vice-President, Mr E. M. Stewart; Chairman, Harold E. Taylor; Vice-Chairman, James W. Coull; Secretary, Margaret L. L. Walker; Treasurer Joan A. Robertson; Members of the Committee—Ian E. Smith, James D. M. Anderson, Penelope M. Hutton.

The Society meets once a month and is open to members of sixth, fifth and fourth years. Already two meetings have been held, the first one on Friday, 11th October, the subject of which was "Topics", the second on Friday, 15th November, entitled "Careers", for which we welcomed back several Former Pupils to speak to us.

Under its auspices the Debating Society sponsors both the English-Speaking Union and the Public-Speaking Competition. The first round of the former was held on Friday, 25th October, and the High School did very well, coping with a difficult subject "Does Genius Excuse Anti-social Behaviour?" to win a clear victory. May we take this opportunity to congratulate the two speakers, Ian Smith and James Coull, who, along with Margaret Smith, won the debating competition sponsored by the United Nations.

The first round of the Public-Speaking Competition was held on Tuesday, 19th November, and, as usual, a large number of contestants took part. The final will be held in February.

So far the meetings of the Society have proved a great success, and we hope that more people will be interested in the chance to show their debating powers by coming to the next meeting.

We should like to thank both Miss Gray and Mr Stewart for the help and advice they gave us in starting and running the Society.

M. L. L. W.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st XI.	12	5	6	1
2nd XI.	8	7	—	1
3rd XI.	4	1	1	2

The 1st XI. had a successful season, losing only one game, an exciting match against Gordon's College. Unfortunately, the two most important games, against Aberdeen Grammar School and Forthill XI., were cancelled because of rain, but excellent wins were recorded over Aberdeen Academy and Meigle XI. Again last season, many of the games suffered from restriction in time caused by late arrivals, resulting in drawn games, many of which were almost within our grasp. Throughout the season great enthusiasm was shown

and, considering the number of younger players in the team, the outcome was most creditable.

The 2nd XI. had a very successful season, winning seven games to only one defeat. They played enterprising cricket under Jackson and were justly rewarded. The 3rd XI. also held their own, and, with great promise being shown in the junior teams, we can look forward to an enjoyable and successful season.

The batting averages were headed by C. W. W. Rea, who was consistently in excellent form, and the bowling average by Walton. The 2nd XI. batting was headed by Jackson, and the bowling by Swanson. Paton and Jackson also merit mention for their bowling performances. The 3rd XI. were well served by Milne and King.

The following awards were made at the end of the season—Don F. McEwan Prize—C. W. W. Rea, M. J. S. Walton. Games Merit Scarves—C. W. W. Rea (Re-award), M. J. S. Walton, M. M. Gault. Cricket Caps—C. W. W. Rea (Re-award), M. J. S. Walton (Re-award), M. M. Gault, W. J. Christie, M. R. Duckworth.

Once again we must express our thanks to Mr Allardice, Mr Stark, Mr Coletta and Mr Stevenson for their constant encouragement and attention, and all the members of staff who gave up some of their spare time to umpire games, both home and away.

W. J. C.

TENNIS CLUB REPORT

The Tennis VI. once again emerged undefeated throughout the summer term with wins against Madras, Morrison's, Harris, Buchhaven High, Kilgraston, Waid and Bell Baxter. Unfortunately, the match against our closest opponents, St. Leonard's, was cancelled after the first round owing to a cloud-burst; all the more unfortunate because we were leading! The 2nd VI., however, had a poor season defeating only Madras. This can be attributed to the fact that the team was a young one.

To add to the merits of the 1st VI., they again won the Midlands Schools Tennis Shield, a competition started two years ago and won on both occasions by D.H.S., who this time defeated Morgan in a closely contested final. The team, unfortunately, were defeated in the Scottish final by the West's winners, the much superior Park team.

The high standard of tennis at school is shown by the above-mentioned achievements and also by the fact that once again the School's 1st couple played in the Junior Midlands team and that Helen Lyle, accepted for the second time to play at Junior Wimbledon, excelled in reaching the third round.

In closing, I should like to take the opportunity of thanking Miss Paton, who gave up much of her invaluable time to help us, and all other members of staff who travelled with us on Saturday mornings.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed—Captain, J. R. S. Burns; Vice-Captain, J. D. Anderson; Secretary, M. Petrie; Treasurer, P. W. Smith. Committee—R. P. A. Bruce, H. L. Findlay, G. G. Robertson. Captains—2nd XV., A. Q. Agnew; 3rd XV., G. Garden; Colts XV., D. Rorie; 4th XV., H. D. Sherrard.

1st XV.—The start of the season has been remarkable in two ways—a bad spate of injuries, from a broken leg to a broken nose, and the high competition for places. The results this year have been mixed; there have been good wins, but some bad losses. Two of our defeats, however, have been by a single penalty goal. The most notable win to date was the defeat of Aberdeen Grammar School, the first win over this school for five years. More games could have been won, however, lack of fight on the one hand and over-confidence on the other being two outstanding factors in the four defeats suffered so far. It is hoped there will be an improvement in the weeks that follow.

2nd XV.—A young team this year, they have shown great promise. They have won as many games as they have lost. Many of their players will form a strong basis for the 1st XV. next season.

The 3rd and 4th XV.'s have not had many fixtures, but in those that have been played they have played well.

The Colts have shown good spirit and, though small in stature, they have played open rugby. Their most notable result so far was the defeat of Kelvinside Colts, never an easy game.

The other teams have shown enthusiasm and, though the results are not all they could have been, many players are showing great potential. Perhaps among them there is even another C. W. W. Rea.

In the Midlands Trial five players took part—P. W. Smith, M. Petrie, R. P. A. Bruce, H. Findlay, J. R. S. Burns, and we should like to congratulate the latter three on being chosen to play against Glasgow.

We should like to thank Mr Allardice, Mr Colletta Mr Biggar, Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr N. G. Stewart and Mr Thomson for their valuable coaching and time. We should like to pay tribute to the members of the staff (who I am sure have better things to do with their Saturday mornings) who travel with the teams. We thank you.

Results — 1st XV.

	V.	Points	
		F.	A.
Sept. 14—Harris Academy	(a)	0	12
21—Dollar Academy	(a)	0	0
28—Aberdeen Gram. School	(h)	9	0
Oct. 12—Robert Gordon's Coll.	(a)	0	3
19—Waid Academy	(a)	24	3
26—Melville College	(h)	13	6
Nov. 2—Boroughmuir School	(a)	5	14
9—Kelvinside Academy	(h)	0	3
16—Morgan Academy	(h)	14	3

Top points scorer—J. D. Anderson.

M. PETRIE, Secretary.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed—Captain, Margaret J. J. Walker; Vice-Captain, Frances D. Bowman; Secretary, R. Anne Birrell; Treasurer, Wendy K. Ross.

This year we have created a record by arranging matches for ten teams. The standard of hockey is high and there is great enthusiasm among the members of the various teams.

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

		F.	A.
Sept. 14—Blairgowrie High School	(h)	3	4
17—D.H.S. F.P.	(h)	1	0
18—Grove Academy	(a)	2	1
21—Morgan Academy	(a)	6	3
Oct. 12—Perth Academy	(a)	6	2
19—Bell-Baxter High School	(a)	2	2
Nov. 2—Harris Academy	(h)	7	0
9—Arbroath High School	(a)	6	3
16—Morrison's Academy	(h)	4	1

The other teams have progressed as follows:—

	W.	D.	L.	C.
2nd XI. - - -	6	1	2	0
3rd XI. - - -	3	1	1	0
4th XI. - - -	1	0	0	0
Form III. XI. - - -	4	0	0	1
Form III. 'B' XI. - - -	2	0	0	0
Form II. XI. - - -	5	0	0	1
Form II. 'B' XI. - - -	2	0	0	0
Form I. XI. - - -	2	0	0	0
Form I. 'B' XI. - - -	2	0	0	0

The Senior House Matches were held on 28th September. Lindores and Airlie were joint first, with Aystree third.

The Junior Midlands Trials (Dundee Section) were held on 26th October and M. Walker, F. Bowman, A. Birrell, W. Ross, S. Gibson, H. Lyle, E. Evans and N. Grewar were entered from D.H.S. M. Walker, F. Bowman, W. Ross, S. Gibson and H. Lyle were chosen to go forward to the final trial.

On 9th November, the Final Trial for the Junior Midlands Team was held and M. Walker, F. Bowman and H. Lyle did extremely well, as they were chosen for this team for the second consecutive year.

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

R. A. B.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st XI.	4	3	0	1
2nd XI.	1	0	0	1

In the first year of boys' hockey in the School great enthusiasm has been evident among all players, perhaps making up for our lack of experience. Ably coached by Mr Stark, the 1st XI. has won three out of its four games so far played.

We approached our first game apprehensively, but were pleasantly surprised when we beat a Morgan Academy XI. by six goals to one.

In our second away game we defeated Kirkton High School by five goals to three in an exciting match, and since then we have beaten them by four goals to one at our own ground.

We were, however, beaten rather heavily by an experienced Perth Academy 1st XI.

The 2nd XI's only game to date resulted in a defeat at the hands of Perth Academy.

At the beginning of the season, the following office-bearers were appointed—1st XI.—Captain, A. K. Mair; Vice-Captain, D. F. McLaren. 2nd XI.—Captain, R. Russell; Vice-Captain, G. Stobie; Secretary, D. E. Kemp; Treasurer, L. Burrows.

All players would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Stark for his painstaking efforts in coaching us.

D. K.

LIFE-SAVING REPORT

With the commencement of the new school year, the Life-Saving Class started once more to turn out young men capable of saving life, mainly in water. This involves being able to approach some victim, coping with any panic, landing him, and applying, if necessary, artificial respiration. Furthermore, a good knowledge of how the heart and lungs function, etc., is required.

The class meets each Friday, eighth period, in Mr E. Stewart's room, where land drill and discussion take place. Others, who have passed this stage, go straight to the swimming pool, followed later by those who practise on land before operating in the water.

This year the class has a total of 32 boys who will all presently sit examinations:—3 will sit for the Distinction Award; 1 for the Award of Merit; 9 for the Bronze Cross; 9 for the Bronze Medallion; 10 for the Intermediate Certificate.

1963 marks the first edition of the United Kingdom Handbook of Instruction (4/6 from Mr Allardice), which introduces many changes, particularly in the examinations, and deals with the Expired Air (mouth to mouth/nose) Method of resuscitation, in some detail. The changes in examination are introduced with the choice of taking either the new or the old examination. This should give many more life-savers the chance to sit the test of their own choice this year.

The great force behind the Life-Saving Class is Mr Allardice, who has for years encouraged and taught life-saving, in spite of all his other activities, and it is no easy job for him. With that thought in mind we should all like to thank Mr Allardice for the work he puts into the Life-Saving Class.

D. C. B. H.

W. E. DRYDEN

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ORCHESTRA REPORT

This session we have about twenty members in the Orchestra many of whom are in the younger classes of the senior school. However, despite the fact that this is a relatively young Orchestra, they are all very keen and the standard is now higher than it has ever been. Perhaps added encouragement is given by the fact that we play at prayers every Tuesday, and we are therefore practising for something definite on Mondays. In addition to the hymn tunes, we are also practising a Purcell Suite. We therefore hope for continued good attendance and look forward to an interesting session.

PETER BOYD, Leader.

SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB REPORT

When the Dramatic Club commenced at the beginning of this term, after most encouraging attendances, it was decided that the Club should undertake to produce three plays, including, for the first time, a Shakespearean play.

Some scenes have been selected from "Romeo and Juliet" for the Dramatic Club in order to portray briefly the basic plot of the whole play. There are also being produced at the moment, "The Faithful Widow of Ephesus", a farce, and "The Birth of a Bloomer", an American comedy.

It is intended to stage these productions some time in February, on a night which the Literary and Debating Society of the School have decided to devote entirely to Dramatics.

I should also like to take this chance, on behalf of the Dramatic Club as a whole, to express our gratitude to Mr A. Smith and Miss A. W. Gray, who spend both energy and time in attending to the needs of the Dramatic Club.

G. LEES, Secretary.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Society is in a very healthy state with a good turn-out of capable and enthusiastic members. Dr. Lamb's group (Form III.) is at present engaged with "The Conspirators" (taken from Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar"). Form II., under Miss Cairncross, are practising mime and may soon be going on to films. Miss Laing's group (Form I.) are busy reading plays. Our wardrobe has been increased by two evening dresses, presented by Miss McNaughton, and a pair of gauntlets from Miss Edgar.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking these two ladies and all enthusiastic supporters of our Society.

CADET REPORT

The intake this year has been reduced owing to a new regulation which raises the recruiting age. There are, however, many pupils in the lower forms of the upper school who would be welcomed in the ranks.

We were fortunate in having a dry, if cold, day for the General Inspection held at Buddon on 5th June, when we were honoured by the presence of Colonel Noble of the War Office. Following the inspection, the artillery section of the Cadets fired blank ammunition during a mock battle. The hostess prefects then entertained parents and friends to tea. The afternoon was a complete success, as endorsed by Colonel Noble's report which appears in "News and Notes".

Cadet Camp was held in the first week of July at Aultbea, a Royal Navy Boom Defence Depot, in Wester Ross, and it was the first time that camp had been held here. The amenities were excellent and the camp well huddled. The warm Atlantic rolled on to the beach, not fifty yards from the nearest hut. The weather was glorious—very sunny and virtually no rain—and this laid the foundation for one of the most-enjoyable-ever camps. The food was excellent and was provided by our own School Kitchen Staff, under Miss Chalmers, and we appreciate the hard work, much of it behind the scenes, put in by them. The training ground was not so extensive as had been hoped, but nevertheless it suited our purposes well and many exercises were carried out. Sgt. Junior won the Platoon Cup after a very exciting competition and Cdt. Masson won the Coronation Trophy for the best Junior Cadet. R.Q.M.S. Key won the Plaque for the outstanding Cadet in the contingent.

The Band continues to flourish and there is a large group of newcomers to the Band, all of whom are considered good prospects for the future. In the Schools' Band Competition held at Loretto in June, we were well placed. At Camp, the Band gave an excellent display in beating the retreat in Poolewe. The success of the Band would not be possible were it not for the supervision and painstaking efforts of Mr McLeod, and I do not think it is fully appreciated by the rest of the company, the hard work involved.

On 25th June a party of Cadets with Mr Vannet in charge visited H.M. Dockyard, Rosyth, where they were shown round the School for Apprentices and the Dockyard Departments of Engineering and Electrical Repairs. After a very good lunch the party visited H.M.S. "Saintes".

The Army Proficiency Test was held this term at Glenalmond and all those put forward but one passed this examination.

The Navigation Course has been so successful that Cpl. Davie has passed the Scottish Certificate of Education Ordinary Level Navigation. We congratulate him and the course instructor, Captain Creelman.

During the summer, the contingent was well represented at the R.A. course at Sennybridge and at the J.S.C.B. Test at Frimley Park.

In the past year, the Duke of Edinburgh Award, run by the company, has been gained by the following Cadets—Bronze, Cpl. Easson and L/Cpl. Cram; Silver, C.S.M. Burns, D/Maj. Fairley, Cpls. Davie and Ramsay. Many others have nearly qualified for the Award.

The Pipe Band and the Cadet Guard were complimented on their display in the Annual Service of Remembrance of Former Pupils of the High School who fell in action in the two World Wars. The Service was taken in the front playground on 8th November.

We congratulate Lieutenant-Colonel Halliday on being awarded the Clasp to the Cadet Medal for twenty-four years' commissioned service.

It can be seen that the Cadets are in a very healthy state, indeed, and for this, on behalf of the Cadets, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Officers for their faithful support and their enthusiasm which they instil in the Cadets.

J. R. S. BURNS, C.S.M.

ATHLETICS REPORT

The school was represented by 9 boys at the Scottish Schools Athletics Meeting in Edinburgh and by 5 girls at the Girls' Meeting in Glasgow. Everyone equalled his or her personal best performance and E. Duke reached the final of the girls' hurdles.

A full Athletics team was entered for the Dundee Schools' Sports. Generally everyone did well, especially the Intermediate girls—each girl of that particular group winning a medal.

We are all very grateful to Mr Coletta for his interest in Athletics which have advanced greatly under his supervision.

The Annual Sports, for which approximately 700 pupils entered, were held at Dalnacraig on Saturday, 22nd June, in a perfect setting despite a day of showers. Fortunately, the showers were infrequent and the events, as usual, ran to time. The Discus was a new event introduced to the Boys' Championship and lanes with staggered starts were used in track events. Records were broken by A. Birrell in the Girls' Championship Discus and by J. D. Orr in the Championship Hurdles.

The climax of an exciting day was provided in the final race of the day, the Senior Boys' Inter-house Relay. Victory in the overall House Championship depended on this race, with Aystree (226 pts.) and Lindores (225 pts.) battling it out. Lindores had to finish before Aystree to win, but Aystree just pipped Lindores for first place, giving Aystree the House Championship, the first time since 1954. Wallace, however, won the Sports overall and were placed third in the House Championship.

The Senior Championship was won by J. R. S. Burns, the Intermediate Championship by D. G. Scott and G. G. Robertson, and the Junior Championship by N. Y. Cram. The Girls' Senior Championship was shared by H. Jamieson and D. Fraser, the Intermediate by G. Macmillan and E. Duke, and the Junior was won by M. Spence.

Mr D. K. R. Lawson presided and Mrs Lawson presented the prizes.

The tea tent was well patronised and the work entailed was much appreciated.

J. R. S. BURNS.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

This term there has been a stronger support which is very much needed for the building of a solid team.

The Club this season have added two rifles to their armoury: one was bought and the other was won by the team last season in the "Country Life" competition. It is hoped that these additions will bring many more bulls and, consequently, further success to the team.

This term there has been no competitive shooting, only practice which is, indeed, in any sport, a fundamental requirement for success. National competitions, however, are shortly to be resumed.

On behalf of the members of the Club, I wish to express my sincere thanks to Mr Stark who gives up his Friday evenings to coach us.

J. R. S. BURNS.

GIRLS' EXCURSION CLUB REPORT

We are very pleased that Miss Whytock has again consented to be our Honorary President, Miss Gray the President and Miss Henderson the Vice-President. At the opening meeting of this session the following officials were appointed—Secretary, R. Anne Birrell; Treasurer, Wendy K. Ross; Committee—Margaret J. J. Walker, Helen I. Lyle, Frances Hardie and Fiona Bell.

An excursion to Robertson's Lemonade Factory has been arranged for 6th December, and there are several excursions pending for next term.

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

R. A. B.

CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

There have been no excursions this term, but it is hoped to have several in the new year. An outing to Ben Vorlich has already been planned. Membership of the Club is in a very healthy state with many new members.

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the session—Secretary and Treasurer, D. Sherrard; Committee, M. Petrie, D. Fairley, L. Burrows.

M. P.

BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed—Match Secretary, James Swanson; Secretary, Jennifer Smith; Treasurers, Graeme Duncan, Graham Robertson.

The Club is flourishing this year with a full membership. In fact, some names had to be turned down. The standard of badminton has improved on last year's although we lost narrowly in the match against Grove Academy. One or two more fixtures have been arranged for next term, and it is hoped that there will be favourable results.

J. B. S., Secretary.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The officials for this session are Mr Erskine, President; Harold Taylor, Secretary; and Kenneth Ritchie, Treasurer. Invaluable help in the running of the Club is provided by Mr Elder and Mr A. D. D. McKay who encourage especially our considerable membership farther down the school.

We are now able to be represented by three teams in the Dundee Schools League, and one in the Dundee Adult League. In the second round of the "Sunday Times" National Schools Contest we defeated Daniel Stewart's College, Edinburgh, 4-2, and are now drawn to play Aberdeen Grammar School. Kenneth Ritchie won the Beekingham Trophy in the school competition. Sandy Davie acquitted himself well in both the British Boys' Tournament and the Scottish Open. Mrs Elder again succeeded in winning the Scottish Ladies' Title and represented Scotland in the Ladies' International Chess Olympiad.

We are indebted to the co-operation of Miss Gray in arranging catering for all matches, and also to Mr Stark for opening up the school for our Saturday fixtures.

THIRD YEAR BASKETBALL REPORT

So far this season we have not been very successful. At the beginning of the season we were very inexperienced compared with our opponents, but as each match passed we began to improve. We still have not found the best combination of players and the team is careless with passes and shots for the basket.

Our first two games, against Logie and St. John's, we lost badly, but our next game against Kirkton High School was closer.

Our last game was against a Morgan Academy team which was far more experienced than we, but with three of our regular team absent, we only lost by five points.

We should like to thank Mr Coletta for all the tips he has given us and all the time he has spent coaching and refereeing.

K. J. ROSS, Captain.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Owing to the inspection of the school and to the term examinations, the Stamp Club has been able to hold only two meetings. The first was concerned with the election of office-bearers, and the second consisted of a display of British Stamps by G. Webster. Once again the Club is grateful to James Laird for a donation of stamps.

R. S. L. W.

Old Boys' Dinner

Air Vice-Marshal James S. Wilson, the first Dundee High School pupil ever to play for Scotland at rugby, was guest of honour at the Old Boys' Club Annual Dinner in the Royal Hotel on 6th December.

A.V.M. Wilson, who is an honorary physician to the Queen, has just returned to this country after almost three years in Australia as Director-General of Medical Services to the Royal Australian Air Force.

During his years in the R.A.F., A.V.M. Wilson has served in Aden, United States, Alaska, Germany, North Africa and Egypt.

Giving the reply to the Air Vice-Marshal's toast to "The School", Mr D. W. Erskine, Rector, spoke of the achievements of the present pupils. He was able to announce a right-up-to-the-minute achievement. Their team of public speakers had won their way into the final of the English-Speaking Union's competition for the third time.

The Club President, Mr R. W. Recordon, presented two trophies — fishing, to the school's sports master, Mr W. D. Allardice, and golf, to Mr Barry Kinnes. He also handed over, on behalf of the Club, a desk set to his immediate predecessor, Mr James Anderson.



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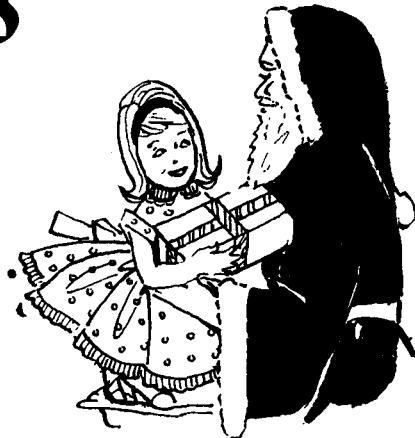
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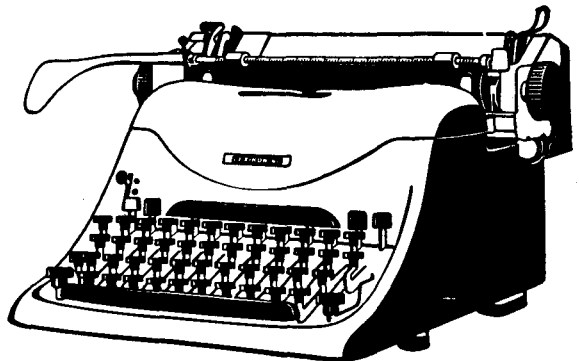
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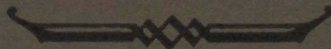
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