

# THE HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

## MAGAZINE



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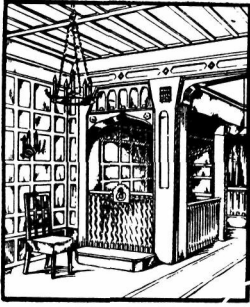
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THE DUNDEE GLOVER

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# EDITORIAL

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No. 136]

JUNE, 1964

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Celebrations are in the air: rejoicing among the younger pupils at the end of their examinations; a taste of intoxicating freedom from "swotting" for Forms IV., V. and VI. In fact this tremor of excitement seems to be running right through the school — perhaps aroused by the dream of long idyllic summer days ahead.

However, celebrating cannot be dismissed as a form of mass excitement. There appears to be a definite urge in the heart of every human being to celebrate. A superficial examination of this phenomenon of human behaviour would reveal certain motives such as pride of achievement, or gratitude to some eminent person, who has profoundly influenced the human race. I imagine the basic reason is that such celebrations meet a human need. They lift our spirits out of the monotony of regular living.

From our nursery days, when we sang "Happy birthday to you . . .", we learned to appreciate the fact that the recurrence of a birthday called for celebration. Even in our mature years, we continue to celebrate birthdays, up-to-date evidence of this being forthcoming in our newspapers recently with

the report of Mr K.'s birthday party, at which he advised his juniors not to be afraid of age — "there is nothing terrifying about it".

Whatever the reason, sentimental or fundamental, 1964, so far, has been a year of celebration. Early on in the year the world commemorated the life and works of Rabbin Burns, in that now eagerly anticipated feature of modern social life, the Burns Supper.

A word has been coined for this now prevalent idea of commemorating the lives of famous poets — "bardolatry". This year's "bardolatry" has reached its zenith with the celebrations of William Shakespeare's quatercentenary. Already thousands of ardent "pilgrims" have come from all over the world to their "Mecca", Stratford-upon-Avon. They have wandered along the leafy lanes of England, visited Anne Hathaway's cottage, and sipped the honey of Shakespearean dramatic genius. New books on Shakespeare's life and works have been written by eminent men of letters; tributes to him have been performed; soirées of Elizabethan music have been held; there have been special productions of his plays on television and in theatres; new facts

have been unearthed from old records about his life; and stamps have been issued.

The school has played its part in this "bardolatry" with a Tribute to Shakespeare, shortly before Easter, when the school hall was transformed into a Queenly Court, and the small stage into a world of shifting scene and vibrant action.

I wonder if Shakespeare would confirm Krushchev's dictum about age, that "there's nothing terrifying about it", or would he let fall a last pearl of "divine" inspiration in a sentiment like "Out, out, brief candle", and

beg to be allowed to sink into the gloom and obscurity of his grave?

As we sixth-formers celebrate our departure from our "schola clara", and entrance to University or gainful employment, shall we take heart and say "there is nothing terrifying about it" and hope that some of us may give the school occasion for celebration in future years?

Continuing the trend of 1964, let us turn to ourselves, pupils and staff of D.H.S., and celebrate another energetic and successful year with an equally enjoyable holiday.

## News and Notes

### LIEUT. HOWAT RETIRES FROM CADETS

Time moves on. Lieut. Howat has left us. I look back to a camp at Pettycur just after D-Day in 1944. That was Mr Howat's first camp with the cadets and since then he has not missed an annual camp and, indeed, he has missed few parades. How can we pay tribute to a man of Mr Howat's character? He has been a staunch friend to us all, but he has been far more than that. Those of us who know him will know a man of great kindness and integrity with, above all, an incredible sense of humour. This latter quality which dominated camp often astonished those who had known him only as a master who demanded from his pupils the highest standard of work and application.

I speak for all the officers and for hundreds of cadets when I say, "Thank You, Lieut. Howat".

### SCHOOL RECORDS

The attempt is being made to compile as complete an account of the successes, etc., of Former Pupils as is possible. All Old Boys and Old Girls are invited to help in this by sending to the Rector any material belonging to the past, photographs or information, which they would like to donate to the School.

### ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate MR HALLIDAY on being one of the British Artists invited to exhibit sculpture at Ledlaunet. Mr Halliday also had two marine paintings shown at the International Boat Show at Earls Court, London.

A carving of the Madonna by Mr Halliday was recently presented as a tribute to Sir John Gilmour, M.P.

MR VANNET is also to be congratulated on exhibiting in the R.S.W., the R.S.A. and in the Royal Academy, London. Three of his etchings of boats are exhibited in the R.A. and two fishing boat etchings are on view in the R.S.A. Mr Vannet has been commissioned to produce the Dundee Savings Bank Calendar for 1965.

### GIFTS OF BOOKS

Gifts of books for the Library have been received during this session from — Miss M. B. Petrie, the Old Girls' Club, a group of Old Boys in memory of Jim Don, and the estate of the late Mr D. Blackadder.

### STAFF CHANGES

This term the school is losing five ladies of the staff: Miss Henderson, Miss Cairncross, Miss Paton, Miss Ritchie and Miss Derrick. We wish Miss Henderson every success in her new post at Aberdeen High School for Girls; Miss Cairncross at St. Margaret's, Edinburgh; and Miss Paton at the Aberdeen College of Education.

Our best wishes go to Miss Ritchie and Miss Derrick on their forthcoming marriages.

### SWIMMING

The Swimming Gala was held on 24th March and was well supported by parents, former pupils and friends. Mr R. W. Recordon, President of the Old Boys, presided, and Mrs Recordon presented the prizes.

The most successful Swimming House was Lindores and the following pupils were presented with the Swimming Trophies:—

Boys' Championship Trophy—D. A. Rorie. Girls' Championship Cup—R. A. Birrell. Boys' Junior Championship Cup—A. G. Nicholson. Girls' Junior Championship Cup—M. A. Soutar (L.VI.).

### MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte and Violin held in December, 1963 and March, 1964:—

#### PUPIL OF MR PORTEOUS (Pianoforte)

L.V.

Scott Sherrard — Grade I., Pass.

#### PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)

L.V.

Careen Mack — Grade I., Merit.

L.VI.

Jane Aungle — Grade II., Merit.

Elizabeth Boase — Grade II., Distinction.

Morag McFadzen — Grade I., Pass.

Anee Mudie — Grade II., Pass.

Malcolm Bruce — Grade I., Pass.

L.VII.

Ann Johnston — Grade III., Pass.

Duncan Campbell — Grade II., Pass.

F.I.

Catherine Coull — Grade IV., Pass.

Patricia Duff — Grade III., Pass.

Susan Mee — Grade III., Pass.

Elizabeth Roberts — Grade III., Merit.

Isobel Scrymgeour — Grade III., Merit.

F.II.

Shona McFadzen — Grade II., Pass.

F.III.

Dorothy Mackay — Grade III., Pass.

F.V.

D. Lindsay Easson — Grade V., Pass.

#### PUPIL OF MRS ELDER (Pianoforte)

L.IV.

Elsbeth Stratton — Grade I., Pass.

#### PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE (Pianoforte)

L.VI.

Gillian Brown — Grade I., Merit.

F.II.

Hazel Mitchell — Grade IV., Pass.

#### PUPIL OF MR REID (Violin)

F.I.

Lorna Thom — Grade V., Distinction.

### WE CONGRATULATE . . .

SIR DONALD GIBSON and W. S. GAULDIE, ESQ., F.R.I.B.A., F.R.I.A.S., on their being elected President of the R.I.B.A. and President of the R.I.A.S. respectively.

MR D. M. ROSS, M.A., LL.B., on his appointment as Queen's Counsel on the recommendation of the Secretary of State for Scotland. Mr Ross was called to the Bar in 1952 after graduating at Edinburgh University.

MOIRA ROBERTSON on gaining her music degree of A.R.C.M.

GEORGE C. DUKE on being awarded the Keasbey Memorial Foundation Bursary for meritorious academic performance in the Faculty of Law at Edinburgh University.

PETER KILGOUR on gaining two medals at St. Andrews University, one in the Junior Honours Mathematics Class, the other in the Second Science Statistics Class.

GAVIN A. F. LICKLEY on winning the Medal for Civil Law in his first year at Edinburgh University.

SANDY DAVIE on being awarded an open scholarship to read Mathematics at Pembroke College, Cambridge; on gaining the highest marks in Britain in the Mathematical Association of America's annual contest for High Schools, 1964, for the second time; and on winning the McIsaac Trophy for Chess Champions in Scotland in 1964.

IAN SMITH on winning a Bursary for the study of Medicine at Edinburgh University.

GRAHAME LEES on winning an Armitstead Bursary for study at Queen's College.

PENNY ROGERS on gaining the George Bonar Memorial Fund Residential Scholarship for St. Andrews University.

CPL. PETER STEPHENSON on winning a Royal Naval Flying Scholarship. These Scholarships, valued at some £200, are awarded to C.C.F. Cadets who show outstanding ability in tests and interviews set by the Admiralty. The boys then undergo a concentrated course which gives them a civil pilot's licence.

IAN SMITH and JAMES COULL on their success in the Inter-Schools Debating Competition, winning the final against George Watson's College, Jordanhill College School and Hutcheson's Girls' Grammar School.

## MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE - WINNERS, 1964

**Front Row (l. to r.)**—N. Fraser Robertson (Johnston Prize for L.IV. Boys), Jennifer M. Proudfoot (Junior Leng Medal for Singing), Charlotte A. Green (Hutton Prize for Dux of L.III. Girls), David A. Soutar (Robbie Prize for Dux of L.III. Boys), Janice A. Proudfoot (Spreull Prize for L.IV. Girls), Margaret E. I. Morgan (John MacLennan Prize for Dux of L.VII. Girls, Winner of Solo Speaking Competition for Junior School), Christopher J. A. Jones (Walter Polack Prize for Dux of L.VII. Boys, Winner of Solo Speaking Competition for Junior School).

**Second Row (l. to r.)**—Norah M. Grewar (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Homecraft), Harold E. Taylor (London Angus Club Prize for Dux in History, Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work), Frances D. Bowman (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Music), Brian J. R. Junor (Brian McNeill Prize in Biology), Jean S. Baird (Armitstead Medal for Dux in German), Ian E. Smith (Harris Gold Medal for Dux of School, Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English, Sir John Leng's (Jubilee) Trustees' Prize in English, Cunningham Medal for Dux in Science, Low Memorial Prize, G. H. Philip Prize for Reading and Public Speaking), Joan A. Robertson (Armitstead Medal for Dux in French, G. H. Philip Prize for Reading and Public Speaking), Alexander M. Davie (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Mathematics, Sir John Leng's (Jubilee) Trustees' Prize in Science), Eleanor A. Mitchell (Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work), Alastair J. J. Wood (J. M. Morgan Memorial Prize).

**Third Row (l. to r.)**—Arthur E. Cruickshank (Alexander Mill White Prize for Form I.), Lorna B. Thom (Senior Leng Medal for Singing—Girls), Eileen M. C. Duke (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form IV.), Jennifer M. Lawford (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III.—Girls), Hazel B. Ptolmey (J. B. Meiklejohn Prize for Mathematics in Form V.), William R. Meikle (D. S. Bryson Prize for Dux in Technical Subjects), David G. Fairley (Edinburgh Angus Club Prize for Dux in Geography), Laura F. S. Bowman (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art—Equal), Moira D. Spence (Trophy for Chess—Girls), Beverley Arthur (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form II. Girls), Elizabeth M. Brown (Alexander Mill White Prize for Form I.), Robin M. Foote (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form II. Boys).

**Back Row (l. to r.)**—Barry W. Elder (Russell Trophy for Junior Chess), Kenneth N. Ritchie (Beckingham Chess Trophy), Kenneth Allen (Senior Leng Medal for Singing—Boys), Robert S. Weir (J. B. Meiklejohn Prize for Mathematics in Form V.), Michael D. Cowan (R. S. L. Macpherson Prize for Dux of Form IV.—Boys), J. G. Grahame Lees (Low Memorial Prize, J. M. Morgan Memorial Prize), Norval M. Bryson (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III. Boys), Richard W. Russell (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art—Equal).

EILEEN M. C. DUKE on gaining second place in the Junior Latin Section of the Dundee Schools' Verse-Speaking Contest.

GAIL A. ANDERSON, L.V., on gaining first place in the Scottish Solo Verse-Speaking Contest (8-10 years); and

LINAIRE McRAE, L.V., on gaining first place in the Solo Verse-Speaking Contest (8-10 years) at the Arbroath and District Festival, 1964.

HELEN JAMIESON on gaining second place in the British Junior Ski-ing Championship at Wangs Pizal in Switzerland, and on her further successes at Hardanger in Norway and at Davos in Switzerland.

ALISTAIR LOW on winning the Scottish Universities' Golf Championship for the second time in three years.

FERGUS MURRAY on breaking a succession of Scottish records when he ran in the

A.A.A. Ten Miles' Track Championship at Hurlingham Park, London.

THE D.H.S.F.P. RUGBY TEAM on their success in the Midlands Rugby "Sevens" at Perth, winning this event for the first time since 1930.

PETER WEST on being awarded a prize for the fourth time in the Indian International Children's Art Competition. This competition is held under the auspices of the Indian Government and in 1961 Peter had the honour, with Scott Lowson and Alan Masson, of being presented with the prizes they had won by the late President Nehru.

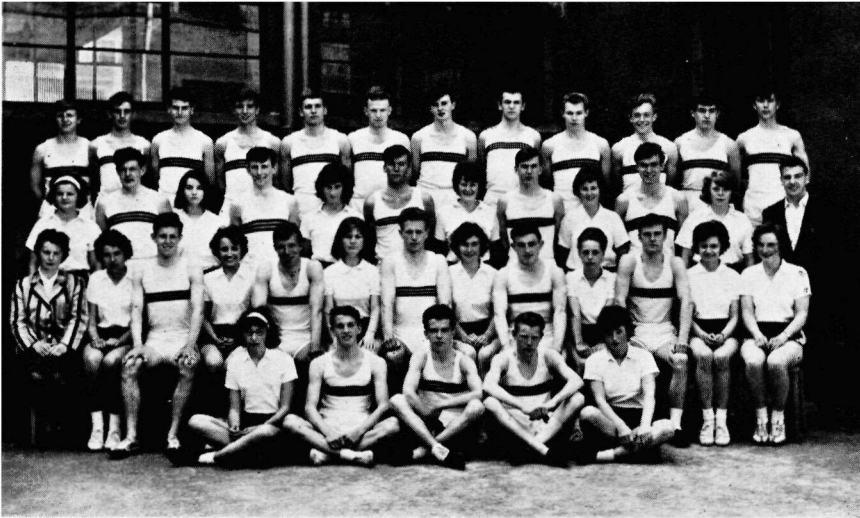
JOHN MORE on being chosen to shoot for the Scottish Universities at Bisley and on gaining a Blue for small-bore rifle shooting.

DAVID FAIRLEY and HUGH RAMSAY on winning the Gold Award in the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme. David Fairley has also passed the Regular Commissions Board for entry to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

**MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE - WINNERS, 1964**



Photograph by A. W. Rann

**SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM, 1964**

**Back Row (l. to r.)**— David G. Scott, W. Peter Boyd, Kenneth D. Collins, Alan A. Grewar, Brent C. H. Smith, Angus O. Agnew, Alan B. Walker, Norman H. Fowler, Graeme D. Duncan, Harvie L. Findlay, Clive T. P. Rubens, Lindsay S. Cook.

**Second Row (l. to r.)**— Eileen M. C. Duke, Angus F. Macintyre, Gillian J. Macmillan, R. Peter Bruce, Alison H. Semple, Richard H. Lawson, Margaret W. Walker, G. Brian R. Cram, Wendy K. Ross, Murray Petrie, Shonie E. Petrie, Mr Coletta.

**Third Row (l. to r.)**— Miss Paton, Rosemary A. Birrell, Ian E. Smith, Margaret A. L. Lawrence, George G. Robertson, Elizabeth M. Middleton, J. Roger S. Burns, Susan H. Gibson, David G. Fairley, Elaine M. Evans, David A. Rorie, Hilary W. Stiven, Dorothy L. G. Fraser.

**Front Row (l. to r.)**— Ruth I. Sturrock, Peter D. Aiken, Michael J. Rogers, James W. Coull, Joan D. J. Walker.

## A Tribute to Shakespeare



THE CAST IN "ROMEO AND JULIET"



Photographs by Norman Brown & Co.

THE DANCERS

## A High School Magazine — 1895

When the High School Magazine was printed in September, 1895, purchasers of the sixpenny publication would have been wearing ankle-length skirts or stiff, high collars. How the school has changed since then! The scrubby little trees peeping coyly over the high protective paling which surrounds the school as portrayed on the magazine cover have grown considerably in the intervening sixty-nine years. The lighting in Euclid Crescent has been changed from ornate gas-lamps to the tall, angular lights of a more streamlined age, and metal barriers have been placed at the gates to prevent the no longer dignified pupils from rushing into the vastly increased traffic.

Although the outside of the school has changed little, inside there have been radical changes. Typical of the days when Girls' School and Boys' School meant exactly what their names imply was a daring article, unsigned, advocating the introduction of "athletic sports" for girls. With extreme propriety, it emphasises that this would be unsuitable for "older girls", but suggests that perhaps some races could be arranged for the lower school.

For the Annual Sports were, in those days, a much more picturesque event than today. Prizes were given for "kicking the football" and a stilt race, not to mention the first walking race attempted by the school, although the magazine wails that this last was "rather a farce", with only two competitors, who strolled along, chatting to each other. To add to the fun, there was a tug-of-war, "Classical v. Moderns", and a race for former pupils.

In 1895, the publication was a fairly recent addition to the school routine, and the editorial contains some gentle reminders that all subscriptions to funds would be welcomed. It also contains, after exclaiming that the magazine was "quite in place in such a great institution as the High School", the opinion that examinations were not. This, at least, has not been changed in sixty-nine years.

But one of the main differences between the magazine of today and its ancestor is the language used in the articles. In the elder edition are excellent examples of the sort of

literary work which was aimed at then. The ultimate in scholarly vocabulary must have been the report on some "friend of the school" making a speech—"evinced an unmistakable knowledge of what real education means, and affording in brief compass a touchstone by which to try the work of such schools as our own".

Another example of the literature of the times was a touching tale entitled "A Romance", which dealt at great length with the heart-rending story of a young man who studied hard "to gain approval", but was nevertheless jilted by the object of his affections for a handsome new boy who excelled in athletics. The whole romance was supposed to have originated at the High School, and the narrator ends by sternly admonishing his successors "never to let youthful affections run too deep and, above all, to avoid dark blue eyes and light brown hair". This cautionary tale, which would arouse much hilarity among modern pupils at the school, was typical of the sentimental story rife in Victorian days. Somehow the spectacle of the rejected scholar, "plunging himself deeper into his studies, vainly trying to forget his love", does not ring true in this transistorised age, and raises no lump to the modern throat.

It is no less easy to draw a parallel between the advertisements of the two eras. The most striking difference is between the advertisements for school outfitters. That of 1895 did not cater for an eye-catching appearance. The centre is taken up with a picture of a demure young lady, clad in what purported to be a "new fashion" in dresses. The "new fashion" gives the impression that the young lady is hanging on an extremely large coat-hanger. No wonder the girls were so demure! It must have been difficult to be anything else with a stiffly-boned bodice and an ankle-length hem. The same shop offers "High-Class Tailoring at Almost Ready-Made Prices" for boys from two to eighteen.

The immense difference in prices is emphasised by an advertisement for writing paper and envelopes at sixpence per box, and Bibles at ninepence. Among the books available were "Chapters in the life of a Dundee Factory Boy", at two shillings, and a fascinating volume entitled "A Feast of Literary

Crumbs", by "Foo Fozle and Friends". Apparently this last was not judged of any great literary merit, being priced only sixpence. But then, so was this magazine.

Indeed, the main difference between life in 1895 and 1964 seems to have been one of

speed. Traffic, education and mechanical processes have become faster by far. Change does not seem to have affected the life of the school to any great extent. But who can answer for the next sixty-nine years?

ALISON MCLEAY, F.III.

## Further Travels in the South of France

This was my second visit to Marseilles. This time, as I stepped from the coach at the Air Terminal, it was almost midnight, and the fifty-five minute flight from Paris had been in darkness. I managed to share a taxi with two Frenchmen and reached my hotel on the Vieux Port, where I immediately turned in as I anticipated a heavy day ahead.

In the morning, on pulling back the curtains, I stood entranced. The old town, dominated by Notre-Dame de La Garde, shimmered in the morning sun while the pale blue waters of the harbour glittered through the masts of the brightly-painted yachts. By ten o'clock I had collected my hired Dauphine and was on my way eastwards. Once clear of the congested streets of the city, I climbed rapidly into the white mountains and, by mid-day, drew up on the sea front at Cassis. Here I had lunch on the balcony of an hotel which overlooked one of the beaches where people lay sun-bathing in late March. The white rocks of Cassis, set off by dark pines and surrounded by great craggy mountains, glowed in the brilliant sunshine. One of the features of Cassis is Les Calanques, deep inlets into the cliffs which form natural harbours for hundreds of small boats. As there is practically no tide on the Mediterranean, there is no danger from submerged rocks which are visible in the clear water.

In the afternoon I pushed on along the winding coast road to Les Lecques, where I stayed for several days. Les Lecques is a good centre from which to visit the surrounding country, but, with the sun shining from a cloudless sky, I was unwilling to leave the coast and spent much of my time sunbathing. However, I visited St. Mandrier and La Seyne, both of which are harbours on the basin which forms the great naval base of Toulon.

Leaving Les Lecques, I drove on eastwards through Toulon, Hyères, Le Lavandou,

then up into the hills to one of the most beautiful and unspoilt villages I had ever seen, with a name as lovely as the crumbling arches and narrow streets, lined with huge pots and garlanded with flowers, through which I wandered. Bormes Les Mimosas, I shall remember you for ever and the people who belong there and who look after you so that your spirit and theirs may remain untouched by the forward rush of time.

As the sun set, I went on to Cavalaire and stopped in an hotel called La Calanque. Here I had a room with a private balcony, lined with flowering cacti overlooking a deep rocky bay.

From Cavalaire, where I stayed for several days, I visited many of the mountain villages, set in impenetrable forests through which the Maquis had operated during the war. In one of these villages, Ramatuelle, there is a magnificent abstract memorial in stone to those who died serving in the Maquis and who did so much to help our prisoners to escape. By far the most wonderful run I did was by St. Tropez, St. Raphaël and the incredibly beautiful Estérel, with its red rocks, to Cannes, then back through the mountains of the Estérel by narrow cliff roads lined in places with cork oaks, marron trees and Parasol Pines. Here in the forests I skirted one of the largest bird sanctuaries I have seen and I became familiar with the sign "Virages". The roads climbed with bends and descended along cliff edges, but, fortunately, there was little traffic and it was possible now and then to take a quick glance at the breath-taking vistas of forest and mountain.

Returning to Marseilles by the main road, which has many signs of Virages, I boarded a Caravelle at 8.15 a.m. and reached Dundee at 4.10 p.m., the longest leg of the journey in time being from Edinburgh to Dundee.

T. S. H.

## The Gonk Elephant

For the benefit of those uninitiated who, in the past months, have been constantly mystified and bewildered by the frequently changing characteristics of that familiar creature, the elephant, we hereby endeavour to clarify the position.

The elephant is a four-legged pachyderm. It belongs to the Probiscea family (to which the Mammoth also belonged) and is the sole surviving member. Its proboscis is used for many purposes, such as giving itself a shower-bath to remove the thick coating of mud which usually obscures its singularly unblemished skin.

Concerning the skin itself, the colour of the original elephant's skin was grey, but, for purposes of camouflage in a modern civilised world, it has adopted other colours. Jungle elephants are mainly green or pink, while those reserved as prey for the hunters are either red or blue. It has two other distinguishing colour peculiarities, that of having yellow-soled feet and red toenails. These are not so superfluous as one might imagine, however, for they have a purpose. They provide excellent camouflage for the elephant in two of its favourite hiding places.

The elephant's habitat is varied and includes such odd places as cherry-orchards and bowls of custard. Thus, as cherries are red and custard is yellow, our elephant's feet and toenails render him quite invisible while residing in one of the said abodes. While in an orchard, it is usually observed sitting on a cherry-leaf waiting to descend from the tree. Although it may have to wait thus for several months until the next autumn, an elephant will never jump down from a tree. This is because it has very intelligently discovered that jumping down is the cause of its flat feet.

Its feet themselves are rarely seen. This is not because they are well camouflaged, but because elephants, contrary to popular opinion, actually wear clothes. How else could they play tennis, when one must wear tennis-shoes before one is even allowed on a tennis-court. But if you bump into an elephant which has lost its tennis-shoes, you will observe that it is wearing polka-dot socks. Why? Well, elephants can catch colds just

as easily as human beings can, and they wouldn't want that to happen, would they?

This cold theory has also been forwarded as a possible explanation of the wearing of angora sweaters by the female of the species, but it has been reluctantly turned down. A far more plausible reason, much favoured by the more outstanding probisceologists, is that the sweaters are identity symbols to differentiate the sexes.

This appears to be the only custom peculiar to female elephants, as all their other strange habits are common to the whole elephant race. For instance, there is not one elephant in existence that will drink a martini. This is just another sign of their abnormal intelligence. They have realised that with an olive up one's nose (or proboscis) one may be sadly hindered in the course of one's everyday life.

The elephant is really a remarkably clever creature and shows unusual perspicacity in its ability to understand the hazards of everyday living. It has even discovered a new use for a bath-tub. Have you ever thought of turning one into a sun-hat?

Despite all its intelligence, however, the elephant has one sad fault. It approves of racial discrimination and the colour bar. It does not believe in being mixed with other animals or birds. You may have noticed the strange lack of yellow elephants. This is due to its unfortunate misunderstanding of the inter-animal situation and the imposition of apartheid on its race. The elephant does not wish to be mistaken for a canary! Could anything be more ludicrous? Besides, in addition to the colour difference, there is one feature that destroys any similarity between elephants and canaries; the canary has longer toes!

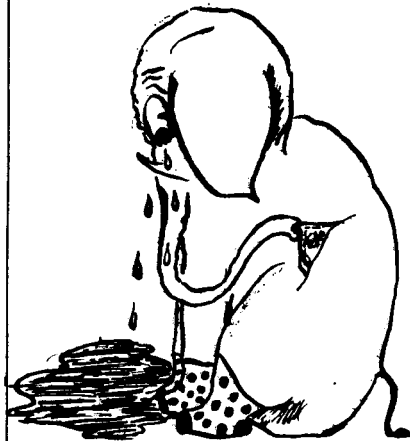
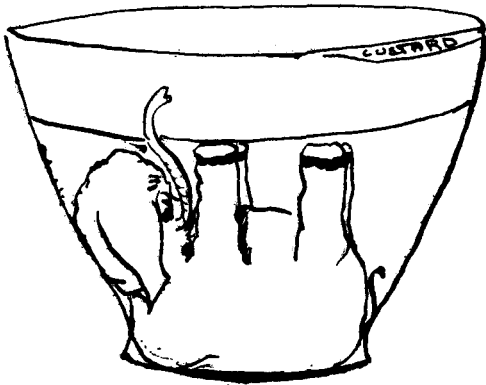
Sadly, neither its intelligence nor its intuitive sense of self-preservation will save it from the melancholy end of many species — extinction. The members of the Honourable Royal Association of Probisceologists are united in attributing this to the cruel and barbaric practices of wholesale strangling, shooting and trapping of elephants by many sadistic hunters. Perhaps, fortunately, these customs are confined to coloured elephants

and there is as yet no danger of extinction for the grey species.

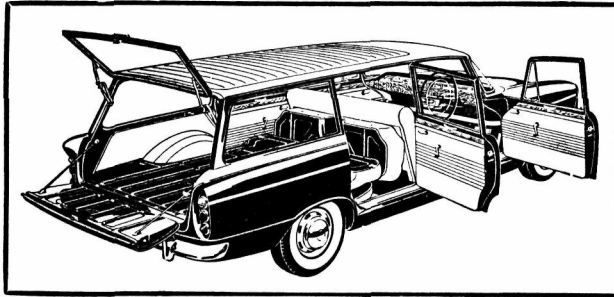
However, by the time this article is published, the red, blue, green and pink elephants may have faded into oblivion. If it is not so, may we plead with you to preserve the Pro-

biscea family and never to allow it to suffer the unhappy fate of the Great Auk and the Dodo. If we are too late, may you cherish for ever the memory of a truly great animal — the coloured elephant.

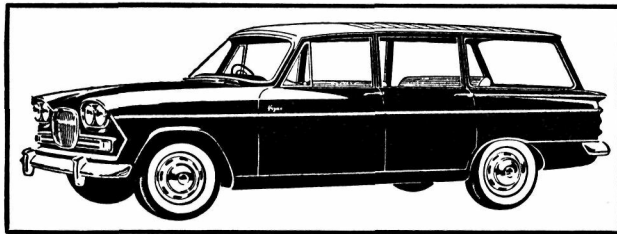
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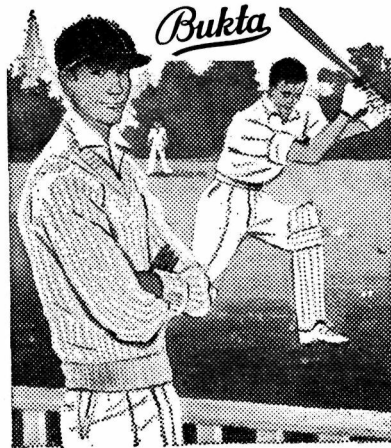
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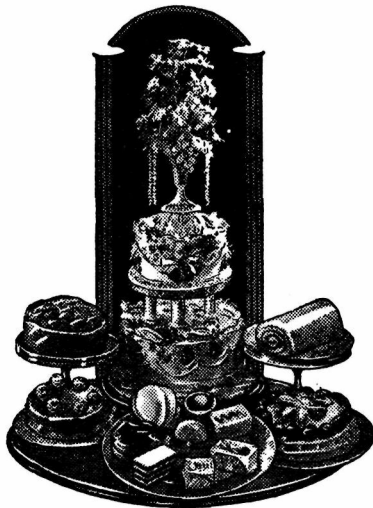
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## Taking the Test

"Well, Bob, today's the big day." "Don't hit any buses or Coppers." "Watch high tide, Bob."

Those were the clever remarks that greeted me when I arrived at school on the day of my driving test.

I had been driving for three whole months, but everyone who sat in our car still treated me like a mentally-retarded duckling or an irresponsible ton-up boy. My mother kept on about speed limits; my father yelled about paying my own fines; and my grandmother just sat looking resigned and prepared for a speedy demise on my part.

Five mornings a week I had driven the seven miles into town and every morning father at my side had told me not to drive so fast — forty-five miles per hour — not to go so near the white line; not to go so near the kerb — until I felt that it was I that was being driven round the bend!

As the appointed day came nearer, I began to feel slightly less joking and more worried about my test. Friends failed all around me, and bloodcurdling tales of driving examiners came to my gullible ears. I began to think more and more often of the remarks that would greet me if, or when, I failed. My classmates would be just plain rude, teachers would be jocular and parents would try to be nice about it.

The morning of the test dawned bright and sunny, and I was a nervous wreck. I was not helped by my father's sudden change to encouragement as we drove into town, nor by the advice I received at the hands of my schoolmates.

Thus I drove to Broughty in such a way that my instructor had clearly become resigned to continuing with my lessons. As we reached the centre, I struggled to remember my cockpit drill; "Keep calm; concentrate all the time. Don't act like a new Fangio. You must —."

"It is 12.15." My instructor broke my reverie. "Don't do anything silly."

I crossed the narrow street, swallowed and entered the waiting room, where I had time once more to think about what would be said when I failed.

A door opened, my name was called and I got up and went out with a kindly little man who did not look as if he would hurt a fly let alone eat me as I almost feared.

Read a car number — well, I could manage that anyway, but what a fool I would have felt if I couldn't read it.

I got into the car, checked everything, trying to look calm and deliberate — we were off!

There followed the most nerve-wracking hours of my life. It really seemed like hours as I inwardly lectured myself. "Watch that mirror, Bob, lad, and now down a gear going up the hill; careful at the crossing; well done." "STOP," and my brakes screeched. "Thank you, Mr D.," the examiner said, "Drive on now, please."

The worst of examiners, I thought, was their absolute silence. That was a good stop but not by a flicker had he shown it.

"Oh Heck! the hill start; now rev up, let up the clutch, look round, calm down, hand-brake off, more revs, easy now — that's it — thank goodness!"

And so it went on, the talking to myself, the worrying, the calming down. The three-point turn and the reversing were easy. That was the lot except for the Highway Code. I had forgotten the lot, I was positive.

"What does a green arrow on traffic lights mean? What do double white lines mean? Where would you not park your car?" Would he never stop?

He stopped. I looked at him and he was sitting looking at his forms with that expressionless face, and it seemed hours before he said, "Right, Mr D., I think we'll let you pass. There are a few rough edges though."

What a nice man! I would have driven into the Tay just then if it would have pleased him.

"Goodbye, thank you," and there I was alone in my glory a fully-qualified driver. My wide grin matched the one on my instructor's face. It was almost an insult to see how pleased he was that he didn't have to teach me any more!

"How did you get on, Bob?" When I got back to school my face was so long it

would have tripped me, but I was most annoyed when they all believed me when I said I had failed.

They should have known I would pass. I was most chagrined when my parents also believed that I could have failed and when my grandmother almost went into immediate mourning when I told her the true glad tidings of great joy!

My one consolation was that the stream of rebuke and advice would now cease.

I should have known. As I drove into Dundee next morning, free of L plates, I heard a voice cheerfully screaming, "Look at that blooming speedometer". I hardly needed to look. The road stretched ahead straight and empty, but it said 45 miles per hour.

R. E. DAW, F.V.

## Penmanship

Have you ever tried, at any time in your life, to write a book or an essay? If so, you will have shared with me the worry, the blankness of imagination, and the frustrations connected with such a masterpiece. Who has not, at one time in his life, attempted some great work, whether in the fields of literature, of art, or of music? Of all these fields, I think that that of literature is the hardest to attempt to enter. It can be summed up in one simple sentence: "There is too much choice".

Before one even starts writing one must decide whether to write a serious essay, a comical essay, a satirical essay, a romantically descriptive essay, or just an essay. When that has been decided, one must yet decide for which age-group the article is to be written. A child under eight will probably not thank you for many words of more than one or two syllables, whereas an adult would despise you for your simple words as you thereby seem to underrate his intelligence.

That point settled, the most vexing question of all now arises: "What is the subject to be?" An animal tale will suit the younger age-groups, so how will you begin?

"'Woof!' said Peter the dog, as he crossed the cobbled farmyard, 'Woof, woof! Who's that climbing in the window? Woof, woof, woof!'"

No, perhaps that is not quite suitable. I might forget that Peter is a dog and start him miaowing. That would be a terrible mistake. Anyway, I think that animal stories are not quite my medium. Maybe I had better try another style. How about a description of

a summer's day to appeal to the older age-groups?

"Soft blew the wind among the leafy branches of the spreading oak tree. A gentle rustle, as of fairies whispering, could be heard."

But who has ever heard fairies whispering? The mere idea is absolutely ludicrous. Another subject must be found immediately. Let us next turn to a comical essay.

"Did you know that a ball will bounce to half the height from which it has been dropped, but a baby will only bounce one-hundredth of the height? Why not try it? From a twenty-storey building, my late baby brother bounced one-fifth of a storey, whereas . . ."

No, I have a strange suspicion that that is too corny. In addition to that, I would probably run out of material at the end of one paragraph. I must have a new idea. What can I write about?

"Oh, Fancy, Father Fancy,  
To whom the writers pray,  
A writer's pen, a writer's mind,  
Take thou in charge this day."

I have it! An idea has come! I shall write an essay on the comparative intellectual capacities of domestic animals.

"It has been conclusively proved by tests that the dog is the most intelligent domestic animal. Although the cat is also intelligent, it is difficult to measure . . ."

No, that does not suit my style either. I am just not destined to become an author. Perhaps I had better give up.

J. A. S.

## Education

The word "education" is derived from the Latin verb "educare", meaning "to lead or draw out". From this definition it seems that education is the process of developing the innate abilities of each pupil. This definition is obviously incomplete, for a basic groundwork of factual knowledge is required for every subject. The scientist's reasoning ability or the artist's creative ability are of no use to him unless he has acquired the basic knowledge of his profession. For example, the author, before he is able to embody his ideas in writing, must have a precise knowledge of his language and of the subtle shades of meanings of words. The surgeon must have a vast store of anatomical knowledge and practical experience before he can perform a delicate operation successfully. From such examples it would appear that the development of a person's particular gifts must go hand in hand with the acquisition of a factual knowledge of the subject. One of the main functions of education, therefore, is to impart this knowledge.

Much consideration has been given to the relative merits of a liberal or a specialised education. Some maintain that a liberal education is of most benefit to the pupil. They are very much against complete specialisation and ask, for example, whether a specialist Science student absorbed in the complexities of advanced physics and chemistry would not be refreshed by the leavening effect of studies in, say, art, music or an extra language. This additional interest, they argue, would provide the pupil's mind with entirely different aspects of study that would be a relief from his arduous scientific work and help towards the development of the fuller man.

An extreme example of a specialised education may be observed in Conan Doyle's fictional character, Sherlock Holmes. Holmes' colleague, Dr. Watson, was quite amazed to find that he was completely ignorant of the fact that earth and planets revolve around the sun. Further enquiry revealed that Holmes was abysmally ignorant on many everyday topics such as politics and natural history. He found, however, that on subjects related to his profession of private detective, Holmes was a veritable mine of information.

When Watson questioned him about this, Holmes likened the mind to a little room into which the workman should only take the necessary tools for his job. "The fool," said Holmes, "takes in all sorts of lumber whereas the wise man only takes in tools of proved usefulness neatly arranged and immediately accessible."

During recent years various experiments in education have been introduced. The media of television and wireless have proved of great assistance to pupil and teacher. It must be admitted that these programmes owe much of their popularity to the personality of the speakers who usually avoid a didactic approach to their subject.

Although television instruction is becoming increasingly popular in schools, it is regarded only as an aid to education and is unlikely to supplant the good old-fashioned method of sound text books and inspiring teachers!

PETER WEST, F.III.

## ANAGRAMS

The following are well-known groups whose names have got muddled up.

1. VALDA EVER FICK.
2. LEE STAB.
3. FORT SOUM.
4. SCARES HER.
5. WAS SHOD.
6. RINGO LOST LENS.
7. CLEO BARSH.
8. ACKER SPEAM.
9. BE MY SEATERS.
10. RONNIE FUPES.
11. GINNIE SUNG JABLEWS.
12. P. J. SPACLAKE.

M. B., F.IV.

**Solution on page 17**

## The Lure of the Islands

The dictionary definition of an island as a "piece of land surrounded by water" is in a sense inadequate. Not only surrounded by water, most islands are also surrounded by an air of mystery and discovery. This air of expectancy is never the same, however, in any two islands. One can in no way compare the bright, gay, noisy, and nowadays very commercialised Hawaiian islands with the tranquil, grey, sleeping shapes off the West coast of Scotland.

Islands also have their own distinct type of inhabitant, often an intensified form of the nearest mainland dwellers. Thus the islanders of the Hebrides have gained a reputation for canniness and dourness, present to some degree, however small, in all Scots.

There are also island immigrants, people compelled by over-work or a desire to "get away from it all", who hasten to seek solitude in some far-flung outpost where there is only rudimentary contact with the outside world, and nature seems suddenly close. Islands are also an outlet for those of an autocratic turn of mind, for where can man be so completely his own master as on his own island?

Islands have proved fascinating for many a great writer; the castaway has always been a favourite hero. Jules Verne, the fireside adventurer, brings his heroes in "Mysterious Island" to an island in a balloon, and among other notable castaways were the Swiss Family Robinson, the boys in "Coral Island", and Marryat's "Little Savage". The classical example of islandic resourcefulness is, of course, Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe", who was considerably launched on his house-keeping with the things washed up from his wreck. Anything, however, could happen on an island in literature. In Stevenson's "Treasure Island", there are enough pirates to delight any boy's heart, skeletons arranged like compasses, pirate ships, a peg-legged and be-parroted pirate chief, and above all, pieces of eight.

All this is not so far removed from the truth. Cocos Island still guards its secret treasure despite countless expeditions to

search for it. In a more modern vein, there have been the international disagreements over the trouble-spots at Cyprus, Cuba, and the islands on which the powerful nations explode their all-too-efficient war-machines. Also in war, islands such as Elba have sprung into prominence as places of exile for defeated leaders, like St. Helena, the island on which Napoleon was at last imprisoned and removed from political activity.

It is surely a reflection on the relentless competition of present-day life that the islanders of Tristan da Cunha, after living for a while in Britain when their island suddenly erupted, almost to a man decided to return upon the island's being reported safe. They preferred their comparatively primitive life to the hectic turmoil of the world around them, and retired to their island in peace.

When man sought a Utopia, what would he choose but an island? From the ancient Egyptians and their mythical island of Ameret in the "Western Sea", a pleasant place peopled by the dead, to the Babylonians and their island of the blessed surrounded by four rivers; from Plato's "Fortunate Islands", survivors of the lost continent of Atlantis, to the Celtic "St. Brendan's Isles"; these represented the utmost paradise to weary people, the final reward which made a hard life worth living.

Who would wonder at such beautiful places being adopted as an idea of Heaven? To take as an example the lovely islands which lie within easy reach up the West coast of our native country, there can be few more rewarding and visually satisfying sights than a pale grey morning mist lifting slowly from the Cuillins of Skye, and a glorious sun raising its golden eye above the tall blue peaks. There can be few more enchanting sights than fishing boats dipping daintily into a clear green harbour, their brilliant colours contrasting vividly with the sparkling water. There can be very few more awesome sights than the mighty mouth of Fingal's Cave, black and foreboding, and yet imbued with a solemn grandeur which no human architect could ever hope to reproduce.

Mendelssohn must have been affected by the same stunning magnificence when he wrote his unforgettable "Hebridean Overture", and in it captured some of the splendour and beauty combined with charm and rusticity that are the islands.

How strange that in the midst of this paradise there is a dreadful threat to all nature — progress! It is progress that has robbed the islands of most of their population; that has turned a once prosperous and closely-knit community into a collection of old men and women while the young blood works on the mainland. But what progress takes away with one hand it restores with the other, at least partly. For now in the summer come the trippers, laden with cameras, picnic lunches, motor cars and, above all, money. It is this money which is rapidly commercialising the few remaining outposts of solitude, turning them into tourist villages, where every shop sells picture postcards, and there is a "Bed and Breakfast" sign in every second window. I have nothing against progress. It is inevitable, although it is not without a certain amount of native heartbreak that the blast of a car horn drives the gannet from its perch and the blare of a transistor echoes round the granite peaks.

The lure of the islands will eventually prove their downfall.

ALISON MCLEAY, F.III.

### STALLIONS OF THE SEA

I wonder how many people have had the chance to examine a sea-horse before. I assure you that it is an unforgettable creature with its naturally puffed-out chest, arching neck and curling tail.

The first time I came upon a sea-horse was when our family visited the tiny village situated beside Robin Hood's Bay, on the east coast of England. In one of the cobbled streets, I was attracted to a shop which sold ornamental sea-urchins and various types of shells. To my surprise, I discovered that one could also buy there sea-horses which had been washed up on the beach. I purchased one immediately, eager to study this curious creature. (If you are wondering . . . the sea-horses were not alive.)

My sea-horse measures about three inches from snout to tip of tail. It is greenish-grey in colour and has plates of "armour" protecting its head, body and tail. The throat and crown have a swollen appearance, which narrows down to a long protruding snout. The corners of each plate of "armour" have sharp points that make the sea-horse a grotesque, but fascinating figure.

### A "CHEERY" CONVERSATION

"Ouch!"

"Whatever is the matter, Pencilcase?" yawned the ruler, sleepily.

"Can't you see? There are some beastly pencil-shavings inside me and they are pricking my chest."

"Well! we all have to put up with discomfort sometimes," said the ruler, on the verge of dropping off to sleep again.

"Call yourself a friend!" exploded the pencilcase, furiously. "You might at least get rid of them."

"Very well," grumbled the ruler, getting up stiffly from its resting-place on the desk. "I might as well oblige."

"I should hope so," retorted the pencilcase haughtily, not noticing the grin on the ruler's face.

Before the pencilcase could say "Pencils and rubbers!", the ruler had emptied the contents of a nearby inkwell into it. Amid angry splutters, the ruler retired to have another forty winks.

LINDA CAIRD, L.VII.

### MY HOLIDAY

When I go on my summer holidays, I will be going on a boat called "Sunlight". It is very fast, indeed, and I am going to stay on it for two weeks. I am going to the south-west of Scotland. I am going to sail the boat I got for my birthday. I am a bit frightened about the rocking on the boat but I am going to like it because I am going to drive the boat. It has 15 bunk beds and a lovely dining room and a huge engine room. It is my Uncle Nairn's and it is in the Dundee harbour and it is painted lovely colours.

MARCUS STOUT, L.III.

## The Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze Award

In the girls' section of this award, there are four parts: Design for Living, Interest, Service, a Day's Journey. There is also a basic requirement of poise and good manners.

The design for living section can include many varied topics, such as furnishing and decorating, flower arrangement or the art of make-up and hairstyles. One aspect only is to be taken and studied. I chose the art of make-up and hairstyles. We attended twelve lectures every Wednesday night. From a beautician we gained a detailed knowledge of different types of skin, skin diseases and the application of make-up. We learned all the theory first, for example, the necessity to use green or grey eyeshadow with green eyes, and we were given a written test on this subject which we all duly passed.

Our work then became more practical. We made each other up, applying foundation cream, powder and all the other aids to beauty. Some of us obtained excellent or presentable results in doing this, but for a few the finished product was disastrous. Eventually, however, we all became fairly proficient at make-up, and were declared to have passed this half of the section.

A hair stylist delivered the next six lectures, in which we learned care of the brush and comb, care of the hair and the application of rollers to give simple hairstyles. The method of testing was the same as for the make-up lectures. Again we all passed the written paper, which was, however, more difficult, and a few of us set each other's hair with, again, very mixed results. Having become experts at this also, we had passed the Design for Living section of our Bronze Award.

Some of my friends did other parts of this section, which, I believe, are also very interesting and helpful. This section is designed to help girls to grow up knowing about care of themselves and their homes.

There is also a large choice of interests, one of which must be pursued for a minimum period of six months. Interests vary from philately to judo. Some of us decided to take up fencing, which we learned at the Y.M.C.A.

Others chose riding, and I myself chose reading. Assessors are appointed who see if six months has brought any more skill at one's particular interest. For reading, a log-book must be compiled, consisting of books read in the six months. If fencing is the interest, the candidate learns all the various tricks and general positions, at the end of six months demonstrating her skill by fencing with the assessor.

This section is designed to increase our interest, so that our lives become more enjoyable.

The third section, Service, is in some ways the most interesting and useful. The candidate attends lectures on one particular service, such as civil service, Church service, fire service, or service to animals. My friends and I chose fire service, expecting it to be exciting and extremely useful. We were not disappointed. The local firemaster gave us six lectures, dealing with why fires start, types of fires, fire extinguishers, methods of rescue from fire, and generally what to do in such an emergency. We learned that it is best to keep near the floor in a burning room (since it is coolest there), that children usually hide from fire under beds, that the rescuer should keep nearest the walls of a burning room (as the floor is strongest there), and many other important facts.

We were also shown how to tie the chair knot, and eventually passed this practical part of our test. The written test again we all passed with flying colours, and we were ready for the climax to Fire Service--a visit to the Fire Station.

Here we learned about the various duties of each fireman, the types of fire engines and the uses of different pieces of apparatus. While we were there, a call came in and we had the exciting pleasure of watching the firemen pouring in, donning their boots and helmets and piling into the fire-engines, all being done in less than two minutes.

The last section is a day's journey. First of all, we received the basic training needed for this, that is what to put in our rucksacks, etc.

The day's journey can be on foot or by bicycle, car or horse. We chose to go on foot, and we walked from Newtyle to the factories of the N.C.R., where we had lunch and were shown round the building. Afterwards we cooked tea on Primus stoves. The journey was very enjoyable. We were then required to write a log of our trip, to give to our assessor. This we did, and we all passed this section also.

Such are the knowledge and many skills required to attain the Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze Award, which, I assure you, is well worth doing.

EILEEN M. C. DUKE, F.IV.

### " FLODDEN," by Sir Walter Scott A Criticism

High on the brow of a Northumberland hill on a bleak September morning the Scots army awaited the coming of their English enemy. Sir Walter Scott, writing three hundred years after the event, brings into his poem some of the tenseness and excitement of the scene. We see James IV., courtier and diplomat, watchful on his horse, as the enemy trudge up a narrow gorge, and take up a position between the Scots and their country; we share the suspense as the precious moments pass and England gathers her strength to attack; we, too, feel the need for those past heroes of Scotland:

*O for one hour of Wallace wight  
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight!*

This poem, written in iambic tetrameter, with its brief, racy style, brings this famous battle vividly to life. The rhyme-scheme, A A B B, in its simple uncomplicated form, succeeds where a more elaborate one might fail, in creating an atmosphere of immediacy and excitement. Who can but feel relieved when at last the Scots sweep down the hill under a camouflage of smoke?

Soon the two armies are locked in fierce hand-to-hand combat.

*And such a yell was there  
Of sudden and portentous birth  
As if men fought upon the earth  
And fiends in upper air.*

Before our eyes the battle rages, swaying, surging, rising and falling, like the waves of a turbulent sea, as first one side and then the other gains an advantage. Here and there the standards and plumes of the various leaders are visible for an instant before subsiding again into the general fray. Tension mounts as Scott builds his poem up to a climax. Then Stanley breaks the ranks on the Scottish flank under Lennox and Argyle, and attacks the King's corps from the rear.

*The English shafts in volleys hail'd,  
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;  
Front, flank, and rear the squadrons sweep  
To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around their king.*

The Scots fought bravely, the humble beside the noble, and Scott's words bring out the desperate cut and thrust of the battle. His lines echo to the clashing, shouting, and scrape of metal upon metal, as the valiant men fought a losing battle round their wounded king.

Then, the poem takes on a tragic note, and describes the pathetic retreat of the mutilated Scottish soldiers desperately floundering back across the Tweed to their country.

*While many a broken band  
Disorder'd through her currents dash,  
To gain the Scottish land.*

In this same mournful vein Scott bewails the fate of the noble army, the flower of Scottish manhood, the brilliance of its court, and their king, reduced to the wounded few who survived to tell the bitter tale.

*Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife and carnage drear  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield!*

And with this sad prophecy, the stirring account of one of the most tragic battles in history ends. The direct and effective style draws the reader personally into the fight, painting a vivid picture of the scene of conflict, and leaving him with a feeling that he himself has participated in that day of national doom.

ALISON McLEAY, F.III.

## Caravan or Tent ?

"Let's go on a touring holiday this year!" More and more people are going on touring holidays, perhaps because they are tired of the old style of a "fortnight in Invercockie-leekie" holidays. When you first decide to go on a touring holiday, wild, impracticable dreams float vaguely through your mind, "Maybe we could go abroad and tour France and Spain . . ." When you have hit the earth, you will realise that it all depends on one thing, tent . . . or caravan.

If you go touring, a tent is the ideal thing — or is it? If you go to a fine, sunny climate like the South of France, then a tent is perhaps the ideal thing, but if you are touring in good, old, rainy Britain, it is not so idyllic. Picture the rain pouring down and six of you struggling to set up a tent in the bottom of what you think is a dry depression in the ground. In the middle of the night you wake up and discover that it was not a "dry depression" at all, but the dried-up bed of a stream which now appears to be flowing through the middle of the tent.

Another slight inconvenience with a tent is that, if you forget to slacken the guy ropes at night, it is liable to collapse on top of you. However, if one is camping abroad where the climate is drier, a tent can be both a comfortable and convenient residence. If one is in the South of France, for instance, where it grows almost unbearably hot in July and August, what could be more pleasant than to pitch a tent near some deserted beach and bathe whenever one feels too hot? Tenting, then, can be pleasant — but not in our climate! Perhaps a caravan appeals to you?

At first sight, a caravan is much more convenient for touring, although parking can be a problem. For a start, wherever you put it, it is not likely to become flooded. Then, it is not so easily blown down as a tent is (particularly if you are not very expert at putting up tents!) and, if it is raining you do not need to fiddle with putting a tent up. You just get out of the car and into the caravan, provided, of course, that you remembered to bring the key! One might also argue that a caravan is a little more civilised than a tent.

There are, of course, snags. As well as the problem of parking, which I mentioned before, if you are parked on a slope and the caravan is not hitched to the car, your caravan is rather prone to roll backwards unless you can find something to put under the wheels to stop it. Although it can be argued that a caravan is drier than a tent, it is very much noisier because, having a metal roof, when it rains it sounds as if someone is throwing golf balls on the roof. Also, caravans are often forced to park on sites, whereas a tent can be pitched almost anywhere.

For myself, loving civilisation rather than "the great outdoors" and "ye greenwood tree", I prefer a caravan, although, as I have stated, there are snags. However, whether they tour in a tent or a caravan, at home or abroad, many people enjoy touring as a different way of spending their precious and all too few holidays.

DIANE FOX, F.IV.

### DESPONDENCY

A piece of wood, just roughly hewn,  
Some twisted metal,  
Taken from a scrap heap —  
Stick it together haphazardly.  
People rave, not understanding.  
They don't know what it is,  
They do not care.  
It must be good;  
It's new.

A lump of clay in an obscene shape —  
This represents temptation,  
Or, so they say,  
An outlet for passion.  
Take a quantity of nothing;  
Transform it to another.  
This shows his love, his hate,  
His fear, his dread.

A tortured soul produces  
Tortured shapes;  
A tortured world produces  
Tortured souls.

Are we animals on this earth?  
Have we lost what sanity we had?

## Maps

Most people use maps solely for place-finding and route-marking, without thinking of what other uses and pleasures can be derived from them. Not many people would consider a map to be a work of art, yet some maps are very beautiful to look at, and accurate maps are difficult to create. There is art in the placing of names on a map in the most suitable position. The colouring of a map is also an art.

A map should not be looked at as a picture, but in stages. The relief of the land, and its shape, depicted by the contours, should be absorbed first; and then the other natural features, such as the various waterways. Once these are familiar, the map will take on a shape, and then the artificial features may be contemplated. The reading of maps to find out how man has adapted the land for his own uses is in itself a fascinating study. The sites of towns, roads, railways, lighthouses, and even windmills all help to fill in the picture, and the map will become three-dimensional, much the same effect as looking at a miniature sculpture of the land being obtained.

As well as being interesting geographically, maps are full of historical interest. Old battlefields, Roman roads and walls, pre-Roman earthworks, Mediaeval castles and city walls are marked on maps; and the names of settlements are very often indications of their histories.

Although modern maps are more accurate, the older maps have much more character. We can imagine the mapmakers of old spending hours laboriously etching with their scratchy pens ornate, multi-coloured borders and ostentatious direction-pointers, not to mention puffy-cheeked cherubs inserted partly to show prevailing winds and partly to fill in stretches of unbroken sea. The little clusters of houses showing the comparative sizes of the settlements are more romantic than black squares on modern, more practical maps. In old maps, there is a retreat from such abominable appellations as Bolton and Ashton, and from motorways and airports. Red-Head Point and St. Michael's Port are far more attractive to the eye and ear.

As we go farther back in history, maps become more picturesque and less practical. A typical Roman road-map showed such details as prominent trees or burial mounds.

By comparing maps of the same part of the country, but of different periods, a very good idea of the evolution of the land may be gathered.

Thus there are many reasons for studying maps, and many different types of pleasure may be had from them.

GORDON LOWE, F.III.

## DESPAIR

What use for man to strive  
 If fate be stronger?  
 What use to toil our whole lives out  
 And live no longer?  
 Blind fate omnipotent will steer us;  
 She knows not you nor cares;  
 She knows not me nor hears  
 My vain protestation for choice,  
 My waking and my sleeping  
 Ruled by an unseen unseeing force.  
 Why am I tortured thus,  
 Endowed with reason, powerless in the end?  
 If we are to think, should not our thoughts  
 And schemes take flight  
 And fly from the mind  
 To be transfigured into action and reality?  
 Instead they fall by the way,  
 A prey to destiny.  
 What use our minds, when all is thought  
 By that which cares not if we care?  
 Better to become mechanical;  
 To lose our minds;  
 To eat; to sleep;  
 To live?

ANDROMEDA.

---

## SOLUTION TO ANAGRAMS

1. Dave Clark Five; 2. Beatles; 3. Fourmost;
4. Searchers; 5. Shadows; 6. Rolling Stones;
7. Bachelors; 8. Pacemakers; 9. Merseybeats;
10. Four Pennies; 11. Swinging Blue Jeans;
12. Applejacks.

## A Visit to a Television Studio

My father had decided to take me for a week during the summer holidays to London. About three weeks before we were due to go, he wrote to the British Broadcasting Corporation asking if it would be possible to be shown round a television studio. Within three days, a reply came, informing us that we could be shown round one of the studios in the new Television Centre at Shepherd's Bush. Although this would only take up a short part of the holiday, it was this visit to which I looked forward most during the fortnight which remained before we left.

On the third day after our arrival in London, we went to see the Tower Bridge, and then the Tower of London itself. After lunch, we took the Underground Railway to Shepherd's Bush. As soon as we came up to the surface we saw the massive structure of the Television Centre on our right. We had soon walked to it, and were shown by the doorkeeper to a room where several other people, who, we presumed, were also waiting to be shown around the building, were sitting.

Within five minutes, a gentleman came in, and asked us to follow him to the studio. We were shown into the viewing gallery, beside the producer's box, from where we were able to see both the action on the studio floor and the producer and his assistants at work. At the time, a rehearsal was in progress for an episode of "Maigret", which is not recorded in France, but in a studio in the Television Centre.

As we watched, we saw all that was happening on the floor in the television monitors in our viewing box. We could see, for instance, Maigret and his assistant Lucas in their supposed office on the studio floor, and at the same time, by means of one of the cameras, on the monitor. We could also see how much work goes into a television programme, and we were each given a script for this one. On it were every camera shot, the different lenses to be used, and the words of the actor while that picture was being taken. Each kind of change of shot, whether the shot was to be "faded out" or "cut", was shown on this script, which was fifty-three

pages long — this was the script for only one programme.

We watched "Maigret" until it was finished, and we were then taken down on to the studio floor itself. There we were allowed to use some of the equipment, such as the cameras, meet the actors in the programme, and we saw for ourselves the "actor's view" of a television programme.

After several minutes, we were taken to another studio, but one in which a live broadcast was taking place. It was one of the afternoon programmes for schools. Wondering why there were school programmes during the holidays, I remembered that the English schools were not yet on holiday. This visit was even better than the previous one, because we could imagine children throughout the country watching television sets and seeing the picture which we could see "live" in front of us.

All too soon, we were taken away from the studio and, each having been given a pamphlet on the Television Centre, we left.

We stayed in London for almost a week after our visit to the studio, but no other visit was better than it. A fortnight after we returned home, we saw the episode of "Maigret" which we had seen rehearsed, and we relived the view which we had had from our box on our visit to the television studio.

ALAN R. AITKENHEAD, F.IV.

### OUR NATURE TABLE

Our Nature Table has flowers on it. There are only five kinds of flowers on it. Those are Pussy Willow, Hyacinth, Bluebells, Wall-flower and Apple Blossom. There are also birds' eggs, an Ugli fruit, a Crab Shell, two Cockle Shells, an African Shiny Shell, Pine Needles, Partridge Feathers, Fir Cones, Leaves, Pictures of Owls, Pictures of Birds and Stones. The Nature Table has a cover over the top of it. I suppose it is to keep the table dry. We have lots of jars to put flowers in. That is all I can tell you about our Nature Table.

DAVID SOUTAR, L.III.

## Violence at Fairleighs

A sleek police-car rumbled along the rutted, dusty track, groaning and jerking at its unpleasant task. A young detective-constable ably manned the wheel, keen and alert, slender and rather pallid, with slit hazel eyes. In the rear, two detectives, famous—to some, notorious—coolly puffed at Havana cigars which, no doubt, they regarded as excellent status symbols. They were Detective-Inspectors Corrie and Newton, the former, well-built, with hollow cheeks, the latter a stocky, cold figure, whose complete lack of consideration for others' feelings served him admirably.

It was a case of murder with which they were to deal. A shrill, feminine voice, announcing her name as Eliza Gaunt, by telephone, demanded police investigation of the murder of an "acquaintance", as she called him, a Mr Holmes, whose body she had blundered upon in a forest a mile west of a village named Oatsham. Stressing—quite unnecessarily—the urgency of the matter, she abruptly hung up. Immediately Oatsham had been pinpointed. A car had been selected for the case and rushed over to the scene of the crime.

The cottage, set back from the track, appeared at first sight, sleepy and secluded. Its white-washed walls sparkled merrily in the broiling sun; its thatched roof was a mass of colour. Beyond the creepers strangling the walls, stretched an expanse of grass, moss and turf, giving way to a low ridge of mountains which surrounded the cottage on three sides. On the eastern hillside, a fringe of emerald marked the wood where the detectives had discovered Holmes' body, a mass of flesh and blood, mutilated savagely, apparently strangled. They had also found Eliza Gaunt, weeping bitterly, and had transported her to the cottage, "Fairleighs".

A short, well-built man met them. His jet-black moustache was turned out immaculately, short and neat; his hair was trimmed back and stood, stiff and erect, like stubble; a small bow-tie adorned his stiff collar. He spoke in a low voice.

"Good morning. I see you have brought along Eliza. Let me introduce myself; my

name is Hughes, James Hughes. I suppose you have heard about poor Holmes's end?"

"We have," returned Newton, curtly. "Now, can you tell us, sir, anything you know which might be of . . ."

"Oh, yes, yes. It's terrible, of course. First of all, though, there is something you must know. I am, in fact, a widely-known scientist, that is, I am widely-known by other people in my field. I, and a Mr Samuel Bougoure—old and eccentric, you know—have been working on a formula. Owing to its importance, I am afraid I cannot tell you its nature. Two weeks ago, we found that we were on the threshold of startling revelations. Holmes, I should mention, was our assistant."

"Just a moment, though," interposed Corrie, brandishing his cigar wildly. "Where's this Bougoure fellow now, if he's not here?"

"I am just coming to that. You see, a week ago Samuel developed one of his wild whims to get a bit of sea air and went to, of all places, Italy. He wouldn't be more specific than that. Well, you see, this morning, at about seven o'clock, Holmes went out for one of his frequent morning strolls. Well, later, at about eight o'clock, two men, armed with automatics, burst into my room, Eliza was away in Oatsham buying supplies and so I was all alone. Anyway, these two men, both tall and lean, with guttural foreign accents, grabbed the final formula, which I had completed only last night, and escaped into a waiting car which, for some reason, I hadn't heard drawing up. I may have dozed off. Be that as it may, Holmes and I had arranged some form of security and, by way of signalling, I flashed a torch—you'll see it in my room—in such a way as to order him to intercept the car. What must have happened is that Holmes picked up the message, contrived to intercept the car, grappled with them and was killed."

Newton glanced at him shrewdly. "Why wouldn't they run Holmes down?" he snapped, almost fiercely.

"Er—well—I don't know—I mean, how . . ."

"Quite," opined Newton, seemingly satisfied. "Would you mind if we searched your house. We do not possess a warrant, but . . ."

"Oh, certainly!" Hughes seemed to be overflowing with acquiescence and enthusiasm.

The thorough search of "Fairleighs" revealed evidence which brought to light a new factor. In Holmes' private room, lined with book-cases and ageing portraits, furnished with fading upholstery, was found an envelope, ripped open, bearing, ominously, an Italian postmark. It was an Air Mail envelope. Inside was found a tissue-thin slip of paper. It read:—

*Dear Holmes,*

*Enemy powers are growing suspicious of this continual correspondence. Must withdraw it. Speed up plot. Take slight risks. Even if Hughes has not finished, I can. Be quick.*

*Fate favour you,*

*Bougoure.*

"The swine!" breathed Hughes, vehemently. "I'm glad that — Do you think that — that Holmes was out to kill me for that skunk Bougoure?"

"Yes, I should think so," Corrie reflected; and then, completely out of the blue, he barked, "If you had read this while Holmes was still alive, would you have killed him?"

Its purpose was clearly that of a venomous threat, implying Hughes' guilt and dishonesty. The colour drained from Hughes' face, which reflected several emotions, intermingled; disbelief, amazement, fear, savagery and, most significant, guilt. Corrie followed up.

"Isn't it true, Hughes, that you concocted this story of two foreigners bursting in?"

Hughes, face buried, sobbing, in his hands, mumbled, quiveringly, "Yes".

"Isn't it true, too, that you went up to the woods with the pre-meditated intention of murdering Holmes?"

The faintly-audible answer was affirmative.

"And isn't it true that YOU murdered Holmes, Hughes? Isn't it?"

There was a dramatic shriek of "No, no!" and Eliza Gaunt flung herself convulsively at Corrie's feet.

The truth prevailed. Hughes had, after reading Bougoure's message, stormed up to the wood, where he had seen Holmes with a pair of binoculars. Finding him, they had locked in struggle, but Holmes had escaped into the dense foliage. Meanwhile, Eliza Gaunt, returning from Oatsham, had found the house deserted, discovered the letter and, stunned by Holmes' ruthlessness, had met him fleeing and had clawed at and grasped his neck, killing him. Hearing of Holmes' death, Bougoure, in Italy, who had been trying to claim the formula for himself, while having a cast-iron alibi, handed himself over to the Italian authorities.

The police-car jerked warily back to headquarters.

CHRISTOPHER JONES, L.VII.

### THE VILLAGE CHURCH

The tiny building nestled close  
Against the little hill, o'ertopped by a monument

For those who fell.

All round was evidence of death:

The mangled corpse of young rabbit

On the rushing highway,

And black crow hung on the fence

To warn off other hungry scavengers;

The leaves, dusty brown, lying in the gutter—

Skeletons of former Spring-like glory;

The graveyard, too,

Now too full for further habitation,

Each ghostly finger of stone pointing up

And up into the vast grey heaven —

The unknown,

Inside the Church the congregation sleepy sat,

Old men and older grandfathers and grandmothers,

Assuming the righteous "Sunday" face,

And wrestling with the rope of sleep

Which threatened to pull them into that oblivion

After the pub-crawl of the night before.

The window eyes of the church glinted and blinked

In the evening glow of sleepy sun and tired reflection.

And the river, ceaseless, onward flowed.

E. A. M., F.VI.



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## A Visit to a Motor Show

This year I had the good fortune to be in London at the time of the British Motor Show at Earl's Court. This was too good an opportunity to miss and so I resolved to visit it on its fourth day—once the admission prices had dropped a little!

After queuing for more than an hour, for the admission this year was a new record, I was admitted and was immediately astonished by the size of the crowds milling round the vast arena. Huge signs, bearing the names of motor car manufacturers, hung from the roof and beneath each sign was the stand on which the cars of that particular firm were displayed. Many of the firms had gone to much trouble to decorate their stands attractively, and the French firm, Citroen, had constructed a "jungle", with trees, undergrowth and lianas, as a setting for their largest model, the "Safari".

The largest stands were those belonging to the British Motor Corporation and to Ford, although the latter included cars built by the German and American companies of the same name. The Ford "Thunderbird", which is American, surprised me with its unwieldy appearance, because I knew it for a car which had had considerable success in rallies; indeed one was second in the gruelling Monte Carlo Rally. The "Mini's", "Mini Cooper's" and "Mini Cooper S's" of the British Motor Corporation were a great contrast, and it was no surprise to me to learn later that one of the last-mentioned had won the "Monte".

The cars which most took my eye were, of course, the sports cars with their low, sleek lines and thrilling performance. I liked particularly the Austin-Healey "1600", and the Jaguar "E" type, but my real favourite and the car it is my ambition one day to own, was the Morgan. Old-fashioned in appearance but thoroughbreds in performance, and reasonably priced, these cars are produced in Worcester by a small firm, which seems, however, to make quite good profits. A Morgan was driven to Le Mans, raced there, and driven back to England in 1962. It completed the twenty-four hour race, generally recognised as the greatest test in the world for sports cars.

The fastest car on show was the immense-sounding and immense-looking Ferrari "Berlinetta 330 GT". This huge masterpiece has a six litre, twelve cylinder engine with three Weber twin-choke carburettors and it can achieve the amazing speed of a hundred and seventy-eight miles per hour. My favourite amongst the Italian cars was, however, the Abasth-Fiat "1000". This sports coupé is only twelve feet nine inches long and has, as its name implies, an engine of only one litre, but can reach the speed of one hundred and thirty-two miles per hour. Of course, it costs three thousand pounds.

The most expensive cars, as always, were the Rolls-Royces, although this year they were closely challenged by the new Mercedes-Benz. This German car is more than twenty feet long, longer than any American competitor, but with a six-litre engine it can reach one hundred and thirty miles per hour, faster than any Rolls-Royce or Bentley currently on the market.

After four hours sport in the arena, it was time for me to leave, and, though foot-sore, I was thoroughly pleased after spending a most enjoyable afternoon at the British Motor Show.

MICHAEL D. COWAN, F.I.V.

### THE ROYAL ARCH

Every Dundonian knew the Royal Arch, and few visitors passing along Dock Street could have failed to notice this lofty, richly carved arch of stone, rising proudly above the dockside traffic. It commemorated the visit of Queen Victoria on 11th September, 1884. It was built four years after the royal visit on the site of a temporary wooden arch through which the Queen had passed. The architect was J. T. Rochhead, of Glasgow, who also designed the Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig at Stirling. The Royal Arch has recently been demolished to make way for the Tay road bridge.

JOHN CRAWFORD.

## The Glenshee Chairlift

During the Easter holidays, my family and I were in Glen Shee and we decided to go up the chair-lift which takes skiers and tourists up the last thousand feet of the Cairnwell, which is 3,059 feet above sea level. When we arrived, we found a large Alpine hut in which was housed a café where we bought tickets. Throngs of skiers were on the slopes, but, unfortunately, there was not much snow. We made our way to the back of the hut where there was a man in charge of the machinery. The chairs never stopped, but went on their way in a continuous cycle. The chairs were tilted well back and there were no straps to hold you in, but it was impossible to fall off owing to the tilt on the chairs.

Only my father, sister and I went up, as my youngest sister was too small and Mummy had to look after her. To carry anybody on your lap was forbidden. I went up first. To get on to one of the chairs you have to wait until a chair has passed and stand directly in the path of the next one and let it scoop you up. On the ascent you face the mountain, but on the descent you face outwards and so are able to enjoy a panoramic view of the surrounding countryside. The ground below was, for the main part, clear

of snow and I could see tiny little streams of melted snow coursing and bubbling down the hillside. Higher up a skier passed under me on a narrow strip of snow. Higher still, I saw a few grouse and a couple of ptarmigan still in winter plumage.

As we neared the top, the gradient grew steeper and the wheels attached to the top of my chair went more and more slowly while every twenty or thirty yards we passed a pylon which supported the cables. Then the chairs entered a type of corrugated iron "garage" and went round a large wheel, back on the downward journey. As passengers have to dismount at the top before the cable passes round the big wheel, we broke our journey and went over to a cairn erected around an indicator indicating all the visible mountains and hills. There, I duly added a stone to the cairn and went back to the "garage" and began the downward journey on another chair. Now we could see the narrow road twisting and turning on its way to Braemar and we could have seen the Devil's Elbow had not a hill obscured it.

We were soon on the ground again and I dearly hope I can return soon.

GRISELDA GILROY, L.VII.

## "J. V. Muir Trophy"

The J. V. Muir Trophy was to be held at Douglas Wood on the 2nd May about 1.45 p.m. About 69 cubs from 23 packs were taking part.

When we reached Douglas Wood, we went into an old building near the entrance. When we were inside we were given teams. The teams were blue and red. Each had to do a certain course. The blue team took one route, the red another. (The trophy was based on the "Jungle Story".) First of all we had to go to station 1, where we were told to look out for a bird. We then had to take a N.W. direction to station 2, looking out for odd things.

At station 2 we were asked if we had seen the bird. If we hadn't we were told what and where it was. It was a kite in some bushes.

At one station we had to make an elephant from clay; at another we had to build a fire in fine rain; at another we had to send and receive a semaphore message; and at the last we had to run with a message.

Back at the H.Q. we had lemonade and crisps, and played games. To end with we had a sing-song. We reached Dundee at about 6.25 p.m. (A Logie pack was first, and the 26th second.)

DOUGLAS SIBBALD, L.VI.

**CROSSROADS**

One bright September morning  
 (Was it only yesterday?)  
 My mother combed and dressed me  
 And set me on my way  
 In uniform of navy-blue,  
 A bag of books,  
 — and a pencil, too.

I think the sums were easy, now,  
 And the English simple, too,  
 But then, I puzzled them—every one—  
 And tried to discover why one times one  
 Couldn't possibly equal two.

And are these days all left behind,  
 When teeth fall out, and pleats unwind,  
 When laces twist in snakelike bows  
 Charmed by concertina hose,  
 Or will tomorrow's schooldays be  
 As happy as those of yesterday?

IMOGEN MORGAN, L.VII.

**THE SILICA GARDEN**

For this experiment you require a 1 lb. tin of "water-glass", a jar of clear glass, pieces of certain salts, such as copper sulphate, iron sulphate, cobalt nitrate and calcium nitrate.

Pour enough water-glass into the jar to fill to about a twelfth of its depth, and add enough hot distilled or rain water to fill it nearly to the brim. Stir with a clean spoon until the water-glass and the water have formed a thin, even solution. Cover the jar and let the solution cool. If it is cloudy, let it stand till it is clear. Then drop in pieces of various salts, which should not be smaller than a pea or larger than a bean. The best salts to use are chloride, sulphate, or nitrate of copper, cobalt, nickel or iron: manganese chloride and calcium nitrate.

Some of the best results were with nickel, zinc, iron and copper sulphate, barium chloride, and ferrous and cobalt nitrate. Zinc sulphate was distinct turquoise while cobalt nitrate, normally brown, became a rich shade of purple.

In the course of a few minutes or days, long thread-like growths of different colours will grow up into the solution often reaching the top. A well-made silica garden is really quite beautiful, and looks like a pool filled with some fantastic seaweed.

(To keep your garden for as long as possible, try to avoid moving the jar in any way.)

PATRICIA RITCHIE, L.VII.

**OUR CHURCH**

Abernyte Church was built in the 13th century. I do not know the exact date. There are two churches in Abernyte. The one which was built in the 13th century was the first church, but another church was built in 1843 at the time of the Disruption of the Churches.

The church which is used now is a delight to enter. It is a small but pretty church, able to seat about 200 people. Its stained-glass windows brighten up the church with colour—glowing reds, deep blues and greens. The centre window shows a picture of Christ walking on the water. The windows were gifted by a benefactor of the church many years ago. Abernyte Church also possesses some valuable and very beautiful Communion cups.

Another interesting thing about the church is its grave-yard. Many of the grave-stones are bent over and covered with moss. Indeed, if you look at some stones, you can hardly read the writing on them, so I do not know how far back they go in history.

Beside the church, on the left, stands the Manse. This building is very well made with strong, thick walls. On the other side of the church stands a cottage which has been derelict for many years.

I think one of the loveliest times is when the church is having its Harvest Festival. As you enter the church you see the Communion Table covered with pots of freshly-made jam, combs of golden honey, fresh brown eggs, sheaves of corn and baskets of flowers. The Minister will gather these presents and send them to infirmaries and to the needy and the poor of the Parish.

ALISON BOWMAN, L.VII.

**THE GYPSY CAMP**

There were brightly painted caravans,  
 Each with a yellow door.  
 There were curtains on the windows  
 And a brightly polished floor.

There were many dogs about the place,  
 All looking rather thin.  
 The people wore bright, coloured clothes,  
 And had brown-coloured skin.

The children scampered all around,  
 And played beside the stream.  
 They climbed the trees, and drew on stones.  
 And stole their mothers' cream.

The grown-ups were all hard at work,  
 To make the place look clean.  
 And clothes were hanging on a line,  
 Which the women had washed in the  
 stream.

It really was a lovely sight,  
 Up there upon the hill.  
 And now I'm going to ask them  
 To come back if they will.

GILLIAN PHILIP, L.VI.

**THE SURPRISE**

One night in November, 1960, my Mum said that if we were good we would get a present when Dad came home. We tried to coax her into telling us, but all in vain. Then, later, when we were watching television, I heard Dad's car come in the gate. I ran to the door shouting, but Mum stopped me and told me to go back to the lounge.

Dad came into the house with a lovely little golden puppy behind him. It was a long haired Golden Retriever. That night everyone fussed about him and it was very difficult to find a name for him, but eventually we named him "Rufus". He is quite old now, over four years old.

P. G. HUTCHISON, L.VI.

**IT'S A SMALL WORLD**

If you do not have a microscope you can make one from a drop of water held in a hole in a piece of tinfoil, such as a milk bottle top. A more permanent simple microscope can be made from a blob of glass. It is, of course, better if a compound microscope can be obtained.

When I was given a book called "The Microscope, a Hidden World to Explore", I was fortunate as I was able to use my father's microscope. I placed the microscope near a window so that the light would catch the mirror. I found a piece of tissue paper, placed it on the microscope slide and put the cover glass on. I was ready to look through the eyepiece. After some difficulty the individual fibres came into focus.

Then I prepared a piece of onion skin, sugar crystals, salt crystals and a leaf.

Next I did some staining by placing a piece of onion skin in ink. This shows the veins more clearly.

To make slides of plants I used a home-made microtome consisting of a large nut and bolt and a safety razor blade, but many objects such as cotton and wool fibres, butterfly wings and finger prints can be examined directly.

There seems to be no end to the wonders which the microscope can reveal, from snowflakes in the winter to pollen in the summer.

LORNA MACDOUGALL, L.VII.

**THE RABBIT**

The rabbit has a shiny nose  
 As nature did intend,  
 Because his little powder puff  
 Is at the other end.

He thumps his feet to warn his friends  
 To run into their holes.

He stops and sniffs his tiny nose  
 Then in a cloud of dust he goes.

DAVID MUCKART, L.VI.

**THE ZOO**

I saw many animals  
 When I went to the zoo,  
 An elephant,  
 And a kangaroo.

There were lions and tigers,  
 Monkeys and bears,  
 And a beautiful peacock  
 Who gave himself airs.

A giraffe with spots  
 and a neck so long,  
 And a huge gorilla  
 Who looked very strong.

We thought they looked hungry,  
 So we bought them some food;  
 Rolls, bread, and biscuits,  
 Which they thought were so good.

At last we went home,  
 As it was time for tea.  
 The whole day at the zoo  
 Was exciting for me.

JACQUELINE SIMPSON, L.VI.

**THE THRUSHES**

The thrushes that are nesting in our garden are almost our pets. We have watched them since they were babies. But one day the female flew away and left the male on his own. However, the male married and now has four rather ugly children of his own.

On Friday I was digging in the garden. When I saw Father thrush tapping his feet repeatedly on the earth, I thought he had gone quite mad, when suddenly up from the ground popped three juicy worms. Looking very pleased with himself, he flew off to his nest to give all three worms to his children.

Next day Alan, my brother, told me that worms usually come up from under the ground when it rains, so the thrush obviously was trying to pretend it was raining by patting his feet on the ground like raindrops!

LINDSEY LOCKHART, L.VI.

**THE TRAVELLING BLACKSMITH**

"Steady, boy!" I said. My pony, Dickie, was being shod and it was the last day of the Easter holidays. The blacksmith was taking off his old shoes and trimming his hoofs. When the blacksmith started to trim his hind hoofs, he tried to pull his feet away, but the blacksmith would not let him. Then the moment came when the blacksmith used an oxy-acetylene burner to burn the shoes to fit his feet, but it would not hurt Dickie as his hoofs have no feeling in them. Dickie had not been used to this, and it let out a loud hiss. Dickie reared and brought his front feet down on my toes. Then the blacksmith suggested that I should lead him into his field so that he could see the burner.

He was still a bit jumpy in his field, and, when the blacksmith put the shoes on, he did not like the smoke. Then my father came and held him till the blacksmith had finished shoeing him as I had to go to a choir practice. Next time I think he will not be so nervous.

ANNE MUDIE, L.VI.

**DOGS**

Big dogs, small dogs, medium ones, and long, Yappy, happy, and ones which sing a song. Fat dogs, thin ones, and dogs which go astray, And dogs which sit on knees, day after day.

But of each dog in Scotland,  
 I'm sure that you'll agree,  
 That your family's dog is best,  
 In shape, size and pedigree.

Black dogs, white ones, spotted dogs and all,  
 And very disobedient dogs, that won't come  
 if you call;  
 Smooth coats, long coats, clean coats and  
 shabby,  
 And very, very naughty dogs, which chase our  
 little tabby.

But of all and every kind of dog,  
 I'm sure that you'll agree,  
 That your family's dog is best,  
 In shape, colour and pedigree.

ANNE B. R. CHALMERS, L.VII.

**D.H.S. BOYS ACCORDING TO THE POETS**

“So hote he lovede; that by nightertale  
He sleep namore than doth a nightingale.”

*Chaucer.*

- - R - - - - - T - - - E

“Hail, divinest Melancholy!” — *Milton.*

- A - - D - - - P

“With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in  
presse.” — *Chaucer.*

- O - - L - - - - C - - - -

“A baggepype wel coude he blowe and  
sowne.” — *Chaucer.*

- A - - - S - - - N - - - - S - - -

“Gat-tothed was he, soothly for to seye.”

*Chaucer.*

- O - - - A -

“He was as fresh as is the month of May.”

*Chaucer.*

- A - - - - M - - - -

“And plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel.” — *Keats.*

- E - - - - - R - - - -

“He was a jangler and a goliardeys,”

*Chaucer.*

- A - - - - Y - - - - I - - - -

MARY-ANN ISABEL BRUCE, F.V.

**A SMILE**

A quirk of lips and creasing folds on skin . . .

. . . A smile . . .

A happy blending of kind thought and personal emotion . . .

. . . A smile . . .

A slowly spreading beam of light . . .

. . . A smile . . .

Brought from the dark recesses of relationships . . .

. . . A smile . . .

What causes that flash of humour there?

A multitude of things from rainbows to  
The antics of an ape, but unchanging is . . .

. . . A smile . . .

E. A. M., F.VI.

**THE MAHOUT**

Last year we adopted a ship. It was named “Mahout”. It left Southampton and since then it has been sending us letters about the places where they have travelled and something about them. The ship’s captain tells us about the cargoes they take and what the weather is like. We also write and tell them about the school and Dundee. In the recent letter they had visited the port of Houston. The captain of the ship is Captain Jackson.

MALCOLM BRUCE, L.VI.

**THE MEADOWS**

The lake is lying calm and still,  
Without a ripple to be seen;  
The swans are swimming gracefully by.  
Oh, what a peaceful scene!

The fisherman is angling,  
Up and down the stream,  
But the clever fish are staying away.  
Oh, what a peaceful scene!

The black and white cows are lowing,  
In their fields so fresh and green,  
And the frisky lambs are playing,  
Oh, what a peaceful scene!

LINDSEY WILSON, L.VI.

**MY EASTER HOLIDAY**

One day on my Easter holiday I went for a walk with my brother, my sister, my cousins and my Father. My Mother stayed at home. We walked along the beach, then we climbed up the cliff. At the top of the cliff we saw a fence and a stile. We climbed over the stile into the field. Then we went along a lane looking at the flowers. We opened a gate and walked through a field and across the road home.

On Easter Monday there was a show. There were hens, pigs, sheep, and lambs. There were budgies, rabbits, and a raffle for a pony. I liked the horse-jumping best. It was a nice Easter holiday.

IOLA WILSON, L.IV.

**MY SWISS HOLIDAY**

Last summer we went to Switzerland for our holiday. We passed through many exciting places before arriving there. We came through Baden-Baden, which is in Germany, Cologne, Bonn, Coblenz, and many others. It was all very exciting. Our hotel was called "Hotel Du Lac", meaning "Hotel on the Lake". We had many adventures, such as going up the "Jungfrau", a Swiss Alp. We were 12,000 feet above sea level and it was very cold. I even felt cold with a thick jumper and a jacket on! So you must have an idea how cold it was.

We visited the "Ice Palace" and had our photo taken in full colour. Then we went to a restaurant in the "Ice Palace". We had sandwiches of salad, salmon and egg, and had a glass of Ginger Ale. There was lots of sun, so we took some pictures with our cameras. We bought some postcards that were on sale and sent them to our relations.

When we were back at our hotel, we decided to go out again to do some shopping at Berne and Interlaken. I got a Swiss Horn and a red plastic football. We were very happy in Switzerland, but I always say, "You can never beat a Scottish breakfast!"

GEORGE SPENCE, L.VI.

**THE TAJ MAHAL**

The Taj Mahal is a great tomb just outside Agra, in India. It was built by Shah Jehan in memory of his favourite wife, Mer Jehan. Mer Jehan followed her husband everywhere, even in battle. In one battle Shah Jehan went into the thick of the fight, and, of course, she followed him. The enemy were skilled fighters and Mer Jehan fell from her horse, wounded by an arrow.

The Shah mourned for months and then he built this wonderful tomb. He employed skilled sculptors from all over the world and it took many years to build. It is mainly ivory, but there are also gold and silver workings. Tourists from all over the world come and see this magnificent tomb.

GAIL DUNCAN, L.VI.

**MY BEDROOM**

My little bedroom is a treat,  
And it's always clean and neat,  
Carpet grey, covers bright,  
Patterned paper, woodwork white.  
Light oak bed, just six by three,  
Is the perfect berth for me.

Books and boots, bats and balls,  
Pictures, pop stars on the walls,  
Puzzles, paints and bagatelle,  
Railway, garage, fort as well,  
Soldiers, Lego, cars and planes,  
All at hand for fun and games.

Cupboards two, clothes laid away,  
Some for school, some for play;  
Music, records, desk and chair  
Complete the setting of my lair.  
You'll agree, my tale has told  
I'm a happy nine-year-old.

ROBIN M. SMITH, L.IV.

**OUR FISHING TRIP**

One day my pal, Malcolm Swanney, and I went fishing to a farm called Berryhill. There is a dam there which has hundreds of Sticklebacks in it. We had with us a big net, a rod, and two or three jars. Although we didn't use the rod, we used the net a lot. We went the whole way round the dam fishing as we went and we caught about twenty Sticklebacks, which we put in the jar.

It was then that Malcolm found, up at the other end of the dam, Sticklebacks lying on the mud alive. There were also some pools on the mud which were full of Sticklebacks. We caught about thirty Sticklebacks there. By the end of the day we had caught seventy to eighty Sticklebacks. Now Malcolm keeps the Sticklebacks in a tub in his play house. The biggest fish we caught was two and a half inches long.

P. ARBUCKLE, L.VI.

**MY VISIT TO THE ZOO**

How I enjoy my annual visit to Edinburgh Zoo! This year the birds interested me greatly. The tiny tropical humming bird flitted about like a "fragment of a rainbow". It drank nectar from a tube hung at the side of its cage. Its bill is thin, and pointed, and quite long for so small a bird. It must feed every 15 minutes, otherwise it dies.

The weaver bird amused me. A few were in one large cage all busily weaving nests from long grasses. They make more nests than they require—3 or 4 each, simply because they enjoy making them. The tree was full of woven nests!

LESLEY M. INNES, L.IV.

**CAMPING**

I dreamt I went out camping with my pals, Ronald Stein and Donald Duff. We went to Loch Lomond. When we got there, Daddy gave us our rucksacks, then he left us. We walked to the side of a hill and pitched our tents. We unloaded our things and put them into our tents. Then we went to explore.

We didn't know that two convicts had escaped from prison. One night, when we were having supper, two men came in with sticks. If we did not give them different clothes and food, they said, they would keep us prisoners. When they were round the corner, we hurried over the hill and trapped them by putting sacks of potatoes across the road. We caught them and took them to the police.

FRASER ROBERTSON, L.IV.

**THE TEA PARTY**

One day we all went out to tea,  
There was Susan, Mary, Margaret and me.  
We played a game,  
That we were of great fame!  
It was a time of glee  
When we went out to tea.  
We played races  
At very fast paces.  
We got very hot  
For running such a lot.

SARAH BOASE, L.III.

**THE HORSE SHOW**

Horses, Ponies, Horses,  
Ponies, short and tall;  
Horses black and horses white,  
Frisking, dancing, all.

Walking, trotting, bucking, shying,  
Standing still or neighing,  
Stamping feet or shaking heads;  
With flustered riders playing.

Well-collected, walking, trotting,  
Plaited manes and tails,  
Bandaged legs and shining coats,  
Halters tied on rails.

Horseboxes old, horseboxes new,  
Bringing the hunter, and moor ponies,  
too,  
Garrons and Shetlands, the carthorses slow;  
These are the sights of the busy horse  
show.

GILLIAN GREEN, L.VI.

**THE NURSE**

A nurse is a very busy person. She looks after patients in a ward in an hospital. There are day and night nurses. There is a sister who is in charge of the ward. A doctor comes every day to inspect the patients. There is an Operating Theatre in each hospital where people have operations. Nurses wear black stockings and black lacing shoes.

PAMELA SWANNEY, L.III.

**A HOLIDAY AT ST. NINIAN'S BAY**

Last October I and the rest of the family went down to St. Ninian's Bay for a holiday. It was very nice, I thought, and I liked it very much. We caught lots of fish (which I didn't like at all!). We also shot a lot of rabbits and hares, and in addition there were two pheasants and a golden plover. My brother and I went out crabbing. I kept well away from the crabs in case I got nipped. My brother lifted up the seaweed with a golf club, and, if there were any crabs under the seaweed, he took the toasting fork and speared them.

IAN WEIR, L.III.

### BOBO THE CLOWN

There was once a clown called Bobo. Bobo worked at the Merry Circus. He was very funny. He had a pointed hat with furry bobbles on it. He had straw for hair. Bobo had a round nose and a wide mouth. He walked on stilts. One day the circus moved to another town. There were not nearly as many people living there and only thirteen people came to the circus. Then Bobo had an idea. He dressed in his funny clothes and put his make-up on. Then he put on his stilts. He paraded up and down the streets. Parents looked out of their windows and children ran along beside Bobo trying to keep up with him. When Bobo went back to the circus they rehearsed their acts. That night the seats were full. Bobo had saved the circus.

KAY BUTCHART, L.III.

### DUNDEE F.C.

Dundee are a very good team. They got through to the Scottish Cup Final, but lost to Rangers 3-1. Dundee's team is Slater, Hamilton, Cox, Seith, Ryden, Stuart, Penman, Cousin, Cameron, Gilzean and Robertson. Dundee's ground is Dens Park. Gilzean and Hamilton play for Scotland. Gilzean is Scotland's top scorer this season. He has scored 51 goals this season.

My favourite players are Gilzean, Slater, Stuart and Cameron. Slater's nickname is Punchy. Slater was the best player on the pitch at the Cup Final. Hamilton plays in defence for Dundee and plays for Scotland. Cox is the captain of Dundee. He was booked three times, and was suspended. Seith is quite good and never makes any mistakes. He plays for Scotland as reserve.

Ryden is also in defence. He is good and a good tackler. Stuart is one of my favourites. He is determined and tackles very well. Penman is a strong player. He scores quite a lot of goals. Cousin is a teacher. He can run fast and is big. Cameron is the youngest member of the team. He scored Dundee's goal at the Cup Final. Gilzean is Dundee's top scorer. He can run fast and can kick with both feet. Robertson is quite good and is only just in the first team.

In 1910 Dundee won the cup. Dundee's manager is Bob Shankly. Dundee's trainer is Sammy Kean. In every team there are 11 players. Dundee's colours are blue and white. Dundee's reserves are quite good, too. Hamilton has a singing group called "Hammy and the Hamsters". The Hamsters are Alex. Stuart, Craig Brown, Hammy, Kenny Cameron and Hugh Robertson.

A football strip consists of a shirt, pants, socks and boots. Ian Ure played for Dundee before he was transferred to Arsenal. Jimmy Gabriel played for Dundee before he was transferred to Everton.

BRYAN AITKEN, L.III.

### MY CAREER

When I grow up, I should like to be a nurse. I think I should like to be a midwife or theatre nurse. Later on I shall emigrate to Australia to be a district nurse in the lonesome outback. I have always wanted to travel to Australia.

When I train to be a nurse, I should like to train in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. I like reading books and medical books. Just now I am reading a book called "Under the Green Lamp", a farce on the life of an American nurse.

SHEILA ROBERTSON, L.VI.

### SWIMMING

Every Tuesday the girls in the class go to the baths. Most of the girls can swim, but some can't. We are very excited. Today we are going to the baths. We have our swimming things. I like going. Some girls can dive. Some have rubber rings. I can't wait till the afternoon.

NANCY WOOLER, L.III.

### MY AMBITION

My ambition is to be a teacher. I shall teach my children to read and write and do sums. I would like to teach Class I. I hope I have a good class. I shall also teach my children to knit. I shall be cross if they are naughty. I hope I am a good teacher.

HEATHER E. GIBSON, L.III.

**TIBBY THE CAT**

Tibby is our neighbour's cat. She likes to chase birds and mice. One day she chased a bird up a tree. The bird flew away but Tibby could not come down, so her master fetched a ladder and went up the tree and brought the cat down. That taught Tibby never to go after birds again.

CHARLOTTE GREEN, L.III.

**THE FAIRIES**

Look at the fairies,  
 Playing in their ring,  
 Look at them playing,  
 It's good luck they bring.

It's witches they fear,  
 People they love,  
 They're as good as the angels,  
 Away up above.

GILLIAN TROUP, L.III.

**ABOUT HOSPITAL**

I have never been in hospital, but my biggest sister has been in hospital. Catriona had to get her appendix out. I do not know what a hospital is like. I do not think Sheila knows what a hospital is like. I am not sure if I was born in hospital.

MORAG HOUSTON, L.II.

**THE TRANSPORTER**

A transporter is a busy vehicle. It carries cars to ports where they are shipped to other countries. A transporter carries four cars at one time. The transporter can also take cars from the factory to the garage where they are on show.

LINDSAY FOULIS, L.III.

**MYSELF**

I am 8 years old. I live at 57 Carlogie Road, Carnoustie. I like hand-work and painting. My hair is light brown. My eyes are brown. I am 4 ft. 1 in. tall. I like to play cricket, rugby and football.

GRAHAM BUTCHART, L.III.

**THE BUNNY**

A little bunny skipped across the meadow. When he was in the house he saw a bag of money on the table. An idea came into his head. "I shall go to the market and spend it." This he did. He bought carrots and toys and lots of other things. When he reached home he saw his mother crying. She said, "Someone has taken my money". The bunny said he had taken it. He was sent to bed with no tea. The bunny had learned his lesson.

JENNIFER MELROSE, L.III.

**MY HOLIDAY**

This year we spent most of our Easter holiday at Lochcarron. We had some nice adventures. One day we went to open up Heathercliff, where we spend our Summer holidays. We left Lochcarron about eleven o'clock. It was not very long before we reached Loch Coultrie, and then we got a glimpse of Loch Damph. In about a quarter of an hour we reached Shildaig. Here, we did not drive into Shildaig, but we took the road leading East to Torridon. This road was first opened late last year.

In a little while we reached a big bay with a narrow opening, which had a lot of rocks in it. It is sometimes called "The Bay of Deception", because when the tide ebbs, boats can be stranded. Soon we reached the "Big Blue Bay" and the "Little Blue Bay", where the old track is lower than the new road. We were soon at Annat. We saw the hotel, but we did not have lunch there. We had a picnic lunch near Heathercliff, our house. We arrived back at Lochcarron in the evening. We had a lovely holiday and good weather.

ROSS MACDONALD, L.III.

**THE PERSON I SHOULD LIKE TO BE**

I should like to be the Queen. I would have robes of diamonds and rubies, emeralds, gold, silver and silk. I would have a real gold crown with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. I would sit on a golden throne and eat delicious grapes. I would open all the bridges and buildings. When launching ships I would smash a bottle of champagne.

MAXINE CLARK, L.III.

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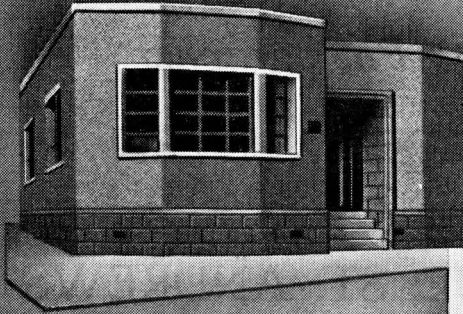
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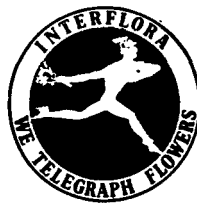
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**THE LITTLE RED MAN**

A little red man sang as he pushed through the grasses to the spring, where he had a bath and a drink and then he went for a walk. He pushed through the hedge and came out on the other side. It was a lovely day and he sat down in the grass and fell fast asleep.

DAVID DORWARD, L.III.

**THE SCHOOL ON RUMBLING MOUNTAIN**

Once upon a time there was a school on a moving mountain, owned by a lady with a daughter and her brother Bernard Leech was trying to get them out of the school. Some time later they went blackberry-picking and one girl fell down a hole. There was a tunnel leading off and the girls decided to see where it went. When they came to the end there were Bernard Leech and a policeman having a look at the school. The girls heard that they would visit the school at midnight.

When midnight came, all the girls were waiting and the mountain groaned and the school trembled and Leech and the policeman were frightened. One of the girls went back to the dorm. for a white sheet and made a ghostly entrance and said, "Go before your doom". Leech and the policeman raced out of school and the girls had a feast of blackberry jam.

NIALL EVANS, L.II.

**MY PET RABBIT**

I have a pet rabbit. I call him Tibs. He is six and a half years and he is a foot tall. I like him very much. He has a nice little hutch in the garden and he likes it very much.

PAUL PARKER-SMITH, L.II.

**MY HAMSTER**

My hamster is called Bubble. He likes his cage very much in the living room. Every Saturday we clean his cage. I give him food every evening. Sometimes we let him out on the carpet and sometimes we let him outside. Daddy said he did not like him because he bites.

ELIZABETH McNEILL, L.II.

**FOOTBALL**

I like Alan Gilzean of Dundee. He plays inside left and scores most of the goals with headers and I like Davie Wilson of Rangers. He plays outside left and scores quite a lot of goals.

DAVID ARNOT, L.II.

**PLAYING**

The thing I can do best is play. I like playing because it is fun to build bricks. I think playing hide-and-seek is fun because there are lots of hiding places in my garden. I like playing at nurses too.

BARBARA LOWSON, L.II.

**MY PET**

My pet is a Siamese cat. His name is Simon. He does not scratch you. He likes watching "Z Cars" with me on television. I like him very much.

NEIL T. R. WILSON, L.II.

**MY CAT**

My Cat is a Siamese cat, called Simpson. He is brown, creamy-white and black. He also has dark blue eyes. He eats fish, Kit-e-Kat and drinks milk and water. He plays with string and wool. He likes hunting for rats, mice, rabbits and birds. He sleeps on the fireplace and on Daddy's bed.

ALAN BAILLIE, L.II.

**MY MONKEY**

My monkey has a long tail and one long arm and one short arm. She has a long leg and a short leg. She has a zip that I put my pyjamas in. She is grey and she has soft fur and her inside is quilt. She droops because she is not stuffed. She has a black and pink face.

HELEN FOSTER, L.II.

**GARDENING**

When Daddy digs the garden I like to help him. I like to get the tools for him. Mummy has planted a cherry tree and we all hope that it will come out nicely.

RICHARD GRANT, L.II.

**MY PETS**

My pets are two baby rabbits, and they are a white as snow. I clean them out on Saturday and Tuesday. I let them out into the barrel, then I clean them out. I feed them on oatmeal and tea-leaves. They were born on Christmas Eve.

WILLIAM G. ROBERTSON, L.II.

**MY DADDY'S CAT**

My Daddy has a cat. His name is Winston. I like him. He is a marmalade cat because he is the colour of marmalade. Winston loves me. He plays with me.

JOHN SHEPHERD, L.II.

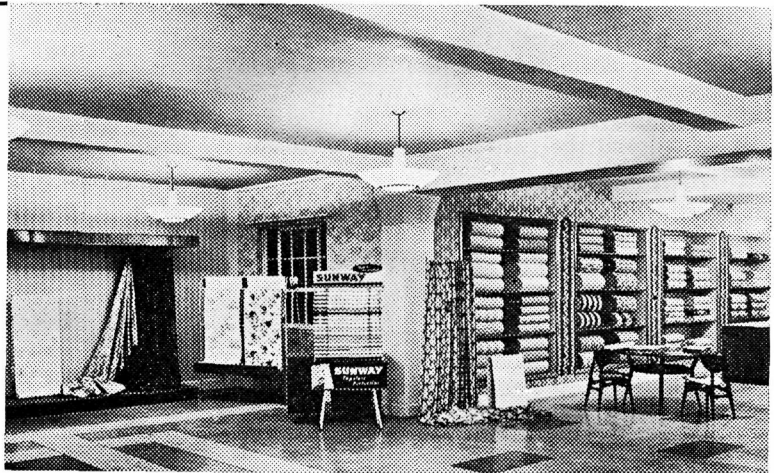
**GOING ON HOLIDAY**

Last year, when we went on holiday, we went to a place called Grange-Over-Sands. We stayed in the Crown Hotel. We had a lovely room. One window looked right over the sea. There was a swing in the garden and there was a sandpit. As well as a swing and a sandpit there was a little girl called Jenny. We played with Jenny a lot. She had a pram. It was a twin pram. She had a Teddy as well as a doll. She had a little dog as well. It was a West Highland terrier. I just thought, if my little dog called Kandy was there, they could have a lovely time together. We had a lovely holiday last year. Then it was time to go back to Scotland.

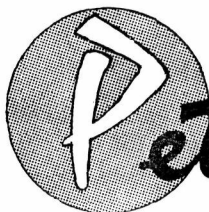
SUSAN ESPLIN, L.II.



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# Reports

## SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

The Society resumed after the Christmas break with a debate against Morgan Academy on the motion "That the Internal Combustion Engine is Man's Greatest Folly". Speaking for the school, John Gray and Alistair Dorward played their part ably in producing a lively and interesting debate and showed that with their ability the Society can look forward with confidence to next session.

Throughout the rest of the term, the emphasis was placed on variety of subject matter and as many different people as possible were given the opportunity to take up a leading part in at least one of the meetings. A Discussion Evening in late February met with great success. The general heading being "Relationships", each different aspect of the topic was introduced from the platform and then thrown open to discussion from the floor. The fact that almost all present took the opportunity to voice their views was of great encouragement, particularly since there has normally tended to be some reluctance in audience participation of this nature in the last few years.

The Senior Dramatic Club, under the able hands of Mr A. Smith, provided entertainment for the Society on another occasion, and the two fine comedies, "The Widow of Ephesus" and "The Birth of the Bloomer", made for one of the most amusing and enjoyable meetings of the session.

There were also two meetings of a more serious nature, the first being the final of the Public Speaking Competition in which Joan Robertson won the Girls' Section and Ian Smith the Boys', after a close-fought competition which began with preliminary rounds in December.

The second was the final of the English Speaking Union Debating Competition held in Notre Dame High School, Glasgow. Representing the school, Ian Smith and James Coull spoke against the motion that "The American Way of Life is a Valuable Export". The other schools competing were George Watson's, Edinburgh; Jordanhill College, Glasgow; and Hutcheson's Girls' Grammar, Glasgow. After a tense evening, the High School recorded their first ever victory in this competition by the narrowest of margins, a feat which can be largely attributed to the fifty pupils and teachers who travelled to Glasgow to provide a most welcome and encouraging support.

We wish to thank all those pupils who have supported the Society this year and made its existence worthwhile. Our thanks must also go to those teachers who have given us their support and encouragement, and in particular to Miss Gray and Mr E. Stewart for their help in making the first year of this newly-formed organisation a successful one.

I. E. S.

## SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

This year has not been one of any special note, but the branch has continued with a steady attendance. We have tried to make the meetings as varied and interesting as possible, during the course of the year having had three filmstrips making up a series on the life of Christ, four speakers from outside the school one of whom brought a colour film showing the work of his organisation for the underprivileged children abroad, and the usual talks, quizzes and discussions.

At the Rallies held for all the Dundee schools during the winter months, the High School attendance was very good and at other activities outside the school, such as the Christmas Conference, held this year in Keil School, Dumbarton, and at the various Easter camps organised for both boys and girls we have had our representatives.

It is hoped that through these meetings and activities the members have benefited spiritually and have come to a better knowledge of Christ, their Saviour, through the Bible.

LINDSAY EASSON,  
DAVID HITCHIN, Leaders.

## GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB REPORT

At the time of going to press the Tennis Team has played only three matches, of which we have won all three decisively.

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the season—Captain, Frances D. Bowman; Vice-Captain, Helen I. Lyle; Secretary, R. Anne Birrell; Treasurer, Wendy K. Ross.

So far this year the weather has favoured us greatly, and we have been able to have more practice than usual. We wish to convey our thanks to Miss Paton and the other members of staff who give up their time to travel with us on Saturdays.

The results obtained so far are :—

### First Team versus

Madras College	....	....	82 games to 35 games
Bell - Baxter High School	....	....	
Kilgraston	....	....	65 games to 52 games

### Second Team versus

Madras College	....	....	60 games to 39 games
Morgan Academy	....	....	54 games to 63 games
Kilgraston	....	....	70 games to 47 games

### 3rd Year VI. versus

Morgan	....	....	....	40 games to 59 games
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### 2nd Year VI. versus

Morgan	....	....	....	71 games to 46 games
--------	------	------	------	----------------------

R. ANNE BIRRELL, Secretary.

### THE CHOIR REPORT

This year the Choir has kept up to, and perhaps surpassed, its previous excellent record.

A large part of the first term was spent in practising for the annual Carol Service. This was held on 15th December in St. Mary's and proved as successful as ever, with some lovely singing from the Senior Choir and a charming carol from the Lower School.

As usual at Christmastime, a group of singers broadcast carols on Toc H to the hospitals.

After Christmas we practised hard for a half-hour programme of "Music in St. Mary's" before the evening service on 15th March. Frances Bowman sang a solo and Mr Hooks was the accompanist.

With this successfully behind us, most of the Choir were able to relax whilst the chosen few, Frances Bowman, Sandra Spence, Hazel Ptolemy, Eleanor Mitchell, Ruth Bremner, Rosemary Wood, Dougall Smith, Graeme King, Bruce Drummond, Ian Webster, Ian Smith and Peter Boyd, turned their attention to Elizabethan music, practising Madrigals under the direction of Mr Porteous. The Madrigals were performed as part of the Tribute to Shakespeare and were very highly praised.

We continue to enjoy our practices on Friday afternoons. After a successful year we should like to thank the music department and especially Mr Porteous for his unflinching patience and enthusiasm.

J. R.

### JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Junior Dramatic Society's contribution to the school's Shakespeare Tribute comprised two scenes from "Twelfth Night", produced by Dr. Lamb. In the comic scene Norval Bryson, Gordon Lowe, Julia Garden, Alison McLeay and Ronald Davie took the roles of Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Feste, Maria and Malvolio, respectively. In the second scene Harry Smith, Jennifer Lawford, Hugh McDougall and Judith Sturrock played Duke Orsino, Cesario, Curio and Feste.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Cairncross for all the good work she has done for the Society and of wishing her happiness and success in her new appointment.

### RUGBY CLUB REPORT

The final record of Dundee High School 1st XV. now reads as follows:—

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
18	10	1	7	142	79

The last notable feature of the season was perhaps the "double" over Aberdeen Grammar School. This is the first time this has been achieved in the history of the school. This "double" was made even more notable by the fact that in the two games not a point was scored against High School.

Apart from these wins the season has not been particularly outstanding. However, four of the seven defeats inflicted were by three points or less. The same team was only played twice running and many changes had to be made owing to injuries. In fact, twenty-eight players played for the 1st XV. in the whole season. On the whole the first fifteen were a good team, more of a team perhaps than recent sides, the forwards playing well and the backs on their day very penetrating.

The 2nd XV. had a successful season, winning more than they lost. The same team rarely played twice owing to players being taken by the 1st XV. There are many good players in the seconds and a strong 1st XV. is expected to emerge next year.

The 3rd and 4th XV.'s have shown great enthusiasm, especially the 4th XV., who, under the captaincy of Dane Sherrard, had a remarkable team spirit. The 3rd XV. had one very notable win, namely, that over Gordonstoun. This exciting match drew quite a crowd, larger in fact than the crowds which watch the 1st XV.

The results of the Colts and other teams have not been outstanding, but many players have shown a willingness to play more open rugby, a trend which is hoped will continue.

The "Sevens" team put up a very creditable display in the tournament at Perth, being defeated in extra time in the semi-final by Strathallan.

The School has had a fair number of representative honours this year, J. R. S. Burns, R. P. A. Bruce, H. L. Findlay and M. Petrie all taking part in the Northumberland tour by Midlands schools, the former three also playing in all Midlands games this season. In the Junior Midlands XV. the school had two representatives, W. Wallace and K. Ross.

I should like to thank all members of staff for their help on Saturdays and at other times. Our thanks are extended to Mr Allardice for his invaluable coaching, without which all teams would have been defeated more often, and to Mr Coletta, Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr N. G. Stewart, Mr Thomson and Mr Biggar.

M. PETRIE, Secretary.

### CADET REPORT

At the time of writing, preparations are going ahead for the General Inspection at Buddon, on 19th June. The Inspecting Officer is to be Brigadier E. J. D. Snowball, O.B.E., C. of S., Scotoco.

An Artillery course has been held every fortnight throughout the session and it is hoped that the theory learned in the class will be put into practice at the Inspection.

In the second term, seven cadets attended a weekend Cadet Training Course held by Scottish Command at Fort George.

This session saw the beginning of a Vehicle Maintenance Course. An internal combustion engine has been acquired and this has enabled us to combine practice with theory. R.E.M.E. has supplied

## A Tribute to Shakespeare



**THE MADRIGAL SINGERS**



Photographs by Norman Brown & Co.

**THE CAST IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"**



**FIRST TENNIS TEAM, 1964**

**Back Row (l. to r.)** — S. Reid, M. J. J. Walker, J. S. Baird, Miss Paton.  
**Front Row (l. to r.)** — H. I. Lyle, F. D. Bowman (Captain), A. Birrell.



Photographs by A. W. Rann

**CRICKET 1st XI, 1964**

**Back Row (l. to r.)** — Mr Stark, Mr Stevenson, Gavin B. R. Garden, James C. S. Swanson, H. Dane Sherrard, Robin F. Paton, Philip C. Fraser (Scorer), Mr Allardice.  
**Front Row (l. to r.)** — John P. Gray, William J. Christie, Harvie L. Findlay (Captain), Brian Junor, Paul W. Smith.  
**Inset (l.)** — Graeme D. Duncan.      **Inset (r.)** — Douglas B. Scott.

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#

us with an extensive range of tools and equipment. Later this term the section is to spend a day at the R.E.M.E. workshops in Stirling.

We congratulate D/Maj. Fairley and Cpl. Ramsay on gaining the Gold Award in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. Cadets Lawson and Gow have gained the Bronze Award.

A party of 18 cadets, under Mr Vannet, were shown over H.M.S. "Caunton", an inshore mine-sweeper. Another party were later shown over the hunter-killer submarine H.M.S. "Osiris" when it visited Dundee. Both these trips, which were interesting and constructive, were enjoyed by all.

The Unit has been successful in gaining 5th place in the King George "V." Trophy (1962) for shooting. In addition, 6 silver and 2 bronze medals of honour were won by cadets and there was a total of 11 marksmen and 6 first-class shots. The first winner of the recently presented Larg-Vannet Trophy for .22 shooting for cadets under 13 years is Cadet N. Stewart. The afternoon and evening of 22nd May were spent at Buddon on the ranges firing .303's and Bren L.M.G.'s.

The Pipe Band was invited to play at a Youth Gala at Newtyle on 9th May. Later this year, the Band will be playing in the Cadet Pipe Band Competition and will, as usual, be playing at the School Sports.

The Annual Camp will be held during the first week of the Summer holidays. Such was the success of last year's camp, the Unit is returning to Aultbea, an R.H. Boom Defence Depot, in Wester Ross. Because of the distance involved, there will be no official visiting day, but parents and friends will be most welcome at all times. The amenities are excellent, and it is hoped that all cadets will have a very enjoyable and pleasant week. The School Kitchen Staff, under Miss Chalmers, is again coming to cater for us. Last year the Staff did an excellent job and we are very pleased to have them back.

We congratulate Cpl. Stephenson on winning a Royal Naval Flying Scholarship. This entitles him to a month's training at a Civil Aerodrome for a private pilot's licence.

On behalf of the Cadets, I should like to thank Mr Stevenson for his instruction in Fieldcraft, Mr McLeod for his work in the Band, Mr Fraser for his instruction in Vehicle Maintenance, and Mr Vannet. Also we are indebted to Lt.-Colonel Halliday and his officers for their unbounded enthusiasm and help.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the resignation of Lt. Howat. Lt. Howat has been with us as an officer for 20 years and holds the Cadet Medal. He will be greatly missed by all the Cadets and we wish him well for the future. Mr Bell, who was the C.S.M. of session 1955-56, is to be commissioned shortly, and a warm welcome is extended to him.

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

### GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

We have had a most enjoyable hockey season and have had only three cancellations.

Our most important feat this season has undoubtedly been the retaining of the Junior Midlands Tournament Cup. This tournament was held at Morgan Academy Grounds and D.H.S. defeated Breadalbane Academy 1-0 in the final after a hard fight.

The general standard of hockey was again high and the 1st XI. have won 15 games and drawn 5 out of the 22 games which they have played. Margaret Walker, Frances Bowman and Helen Lyle again brought credit to the school by their high standard of play in the Midlands Junior Representative matches.

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

	F.	A.
Nov. 30—Lawside Academy	(h) 0	0
Dec. 7—Dunfermline High School	(a) 3	0
14—Madras College	(a) 2	2
Jan. 11—Perth Academy	(h) 6	1
25—Morrison's Academy	(a) 1	3
Feb. 1—Harris Academy	(a) 2	0
8—Kirkcaldy High School	(h) 5	1
15—Kilgraston	(h) 7	1
22—Albyn	(a) 0	0
29—Aberdeen High School	(a) 6	1
Mar. 4—Blairgowrie High School	(h) 3	1
7—Midlands Tournament — D.H.S. Winners.		
11—Grove Academy	(h) 2	2

The other teams' results this season are:—

	W.	D.	L.	C.
2nd XI.	— 17	2	3	2
3rd XI.	— 10	1	3	2
4th XI.	— 1	0	0	0
Form III. 'A' XI.	— 8	1	0	2
Form II. 'A' XI.	— 13	4	0	2
Form I. 'A' XI.	— 7	0	0	1
Form III. 'B' XI.	— 5	0	1	1
Form II. 'B' XI.	— 6	0	1	3
Form I. 'B' XI.	— 6	0	0	0

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. ANNE BIRRELL, Secretary.

### BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

The Badminton Club has had a very successful season, with the standard of play improved on last season's. We have played 5 matches, winning 3 of them. Unfortunately, we were unable to fix a match against the staff, as we had high hopes of beating them this year. Our thanks are due to Mr Stark for his invaluable help, and the time he has given up for us.

J. B. S.

### GOLF CLUB REPORT

At the first meeting of the Club, the following officials were elected—President, Mr Paton; Captain, Hamish Anderson; Vice-Captain, Michael Natrass; Secretary and Treasurer, Kenneth Ritchie.

Once again we are greatly indebted to Mr Paton for his help and advice, especially in coaching the girls' section. We are now in the happy position of having more girls than boys coming to golf on Wednesday afternoons.

The Pirie Handicap Cup is at present in progress and the Boase Medal will be competed for in the near future. To date, the 'A' Team has played three matches, winning one, and the 'B' Team was beaten in its only game as yet.

With a fixture with the staff, who were rather reluctant to play us last year, and with the annual match against the Old Boys both still to come, the club will be busy until the last week of term.

### RIFLE CLUB REPORT

A shoot against St. Andrews University O.T.C. was a new fixture this year. In a return match, the school avenged a narrow defeat at the O.T.C. range. We are grateful to Hilary Stiven on this occasion for helping us out with the tea.

The team has met with little success this year, but younger members are being encouraged as a basis for future teams.

In a tight finish, the Urquhart Cup for Champion Shot was won by R. Burns after a tie with P. Aiken. The Oakley Cup for boys under 14 years was won by K. McConnell.

D. Gow won the Little Trophy, a competition open to juniors in Dundee and Angus.

I take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation to Mr Stark for the time he gives to coaching us.

J. R. S. BURNS.

### GUIDE REPORT

During the first fortnight of July a large number of Guides camped in Glen Prosen. More Guides were able to go than in previous years and the camp was extremely well organised by Captain Paton and Lieutenant Young.

During the past session three new officers have assisted at Guide meetings. We thank Mrs Grieve, Mrs Nicol and Miss Ritchie for their assistance. Several cadet officers in Form V. have also been present.

The Company has worked hard. Seven Patrol Leaders (Queen's Guides) have received their awards—Sandra Spence, Diana Sutherland, Eileen Duke, Frances Fleming, Kathleen McLaren, Fiona Stewart and Hazel Masson, and many more are working for this award. Many Guides have passed

their First-Class, and many of this year's recruits have worked hard to obtain their Tenderfoot and Second-Class Badges. In October, a Car Treasure Hunt was held for Guide funds. The Company attended several church parades and services. All the patrols have gone on hikes, and are now preparing for camp, which will be in July at Glenisla.

Three of our officers, Miss Gray, Miss Paton and Miss Ritchie, are leaving the Guides at the end of this session. Miss Gray has been a Guider for twenty-two years, and during this time has given unstintingly of her time and her talents. Very many girls have benefited from her guidance. Miss Paton and Miss Ritchie have been a shorter time with the Guides, but all three ladies have been very helpful and kind. We should like to take this opportunity to thank them for all they have done.

D. M. S., E. M. C. D.

### ATHLETIC CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed:—

A Group (Boys)—J. R. S. Burns, Captain; I. E. Smith, Vice-Captain; M. Petrie, Secretary and Treasurer.

B Group (Boys)—G. G. Robertson, Captain; N. H. Fowler, Vice-Captain.

C Group (Boys)—N. Y. Cram, Captain.

D Group (Boys)—R. M. Milne, Captain.

A Group (Girls)—S. Gibson, Captain.

B Group (Girls)—E. M. Middleton, Captain.

Athletics are continuing to flourish even though many athletes take part in cricket when athletic contests are on, and, as a result, a full strength team is only fielded on week-days. In the two matches so far, High School have been defeated. However, great promise has been shown by young athletes. In the under-15 match against Kirkton, D.H.S. put up a good show eventually going down by a very narrow margin. In the first full-scale match of the season against Waid Academy, D.H.S., although beaten by 354 points to 280, were nevertheless quite a good team and some very notable performances were turned in.

Several athletes are travelling to the Scottish Schools' Championships and there is great hope of at least one medal. It is hoped that the improvement in standards will continue and success will be achieved in future contests.

M. PETRIE.

### CRICKET CLUB REPORT

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the season—Captain, H. L. Findlay; Vice-Captain, W. J. Christie; Secretary, B. J. R. Junor; Treasurer, P. W. Smith; Members of Committee, J. P. Gray, R. F. Paton, D. B. Scott.

The 1st XI. have had a successful start to the season, for they are as yet unbeaten. Unfortunately, the first game of the season against Grove Academy was cancelled. The following week a lapse

early in the innings was only made up for by steady batting from lower in the order. However, time ran against us and a draw resulted, as was the case the next two weeks against Perth Academy and Madras College. The first win, against Morgan Academy, was followed by a good victory over a strong F.P. 2nd XI. team in a quickly-arranged match after the F.P.'s opposition had called off. The winning run continued against Grove Academy in the last game to date. It is not common practice in the cricket report to mention individual performances, but the three unbeaten half-centuries by W. J. Christie in the last three games merit mention.

The 2nd XI., captained by P. Shepherd, have had mixed results so far. The batting, which showed promise against Perth, collapsed against a strong Strathallan attack, but they have recorded two easy wins over Madras. The 3rd XI. have lost only one game so far, against Aberdeen Grammar School, and have won both their matches against Morgan. The 3rd Year team have been disappointing so far, having lost both their games against Stobswell.

The teams lower down the school have had excellent results. 2nd Year have won four out of their six games and lost by only three runs to Aberdeen Grammar School. The batting has not yet lived up to its potential, but the bowling has been first-class. 1st Year, too, have been playing well their victories including one over Morrison's Academy. Great enthusiasm is shown by these sides and also by the Lower School XI., who have won two of their four games to date. The high standard of these teams shows promise for the future of cricket in the school.

Once again we must thank the members of staff who give of their time to umpire home and away matches and especially Mr Stark and Mr Allardice,

whose unfailing coaching and encouragement are an inspiration to all.

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st XI.	6	3	3	0
2nd XI.	4	2	0	2

B. J.

**SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB REPORT**

Since the last report, the attention of the Dramatic Club has been mainly directed to its production of "Romeo and Juliet" for the "Tribute to Shakespeare". There is, however, a postscript to this performance: Dundee High School was represented by the Dramatic Club's presentation of "Romeo and Juliet" in a "Shakespeare Festival" held in St. John's School, where scenes from various other plays, "Macbeth", "Julius Caesar", "A Midsummer Night's Dream", "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Taming of the Shrew" were acted by Dundee Schools.

Our thanks, once more, are due to Mr A. Smith and Miss A. W. Gray who give so much of their time and effort to the producing of plays for the Dramatic Club.

G. LEES, Secretary.

**STAMP CLUB REPORT**

During the session the Club has met nine times, meetings consisting mainly of displays of members' collections. Once again, members of the Society were guests at the Dundee Philatelic Society's Junior Night and were very successful in the Society's competition. The stamp exchange system has again functioned well and the Club is grateful to G. Webster for his gift of stamps.

R. WEIR, Secretary.



## Old Girls' Club

### OLD GIRLS' CLUB

We have pleasure in sending greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The Thirty-Second Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on 16th March, 1964, when the following office-bearers and executive committee were appointed:— **President**, Mrs E. Johnston; **Vice-Presidents**, Miss A. Mudie and Mrs G. Myles; **Hon. Treasurer**, Miss C. K. Scrimgeour, 46 Bell Street, Dundee; **Hon. Secretaries**, Mrs G. Stobie, 20 Glamis Road, Dundee, and Mrs M. Smith, 16 Stewart Terrace, Monifieth; **Executive Committee**, Miss Gray and Mrs Thomson (ex-officio), Miss Milne, Mrs Baird, Miss Anderson, Miss Paton, Mrs Nicol, Mrs Watt, Mrs Halley Brown, Miss Smith, Miss Webster, Mrs Rait, Miss Appleby, Mrs Malcolm, Miss Duguid, Mrs Pritchard. Mrs Myles and Mrs Nicol are representatives to the Athletic Union.

The Club's membership is now 561. Miss Turnbull gave us a most interesting illustrated talk on her trip to St. Helena.

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

The Reunion Dinner, held on 1st November, 1963, in the Royal Hotel, was a most enjoyable occasion. After an excellent dinner, the 100 members present had much pleasure in asking their President, Mrs Thomson, to make a presentation of a gold necklace and a spray of orchids to Miss McNaughton.

The next Reunion will again take the form of a Dinner, to be held in the Royal Hotel, on Friday, 6th November, 1964.

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

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

**The following have joined the Club since February, 1963:—**

Miss Alison Banks, 38 Albany Terrace, Dundee.  
Miss Ann Buchan, Commercial Hotel, 28-30 South Street, Newtyle.  
Miss Sheila Buchan, 2 Arnhall Drive, Dundee.  
Miss Ailsa Chalmers, 63 Fort St., Broughty Ferry.  
Miss Margaret Dunnachie, 5 Abercrombie Street, Dundee.  
Miss Kathleen Duncan, "Mossgiel", Viewmount Road, Wormit.  
Miss Sandra Edgar, 10 Laurel Bank, Dundee.  
Miss Alison Haggart, 76 Blackness Ave., Dundee.  
Miss Mary Hogg, 60 Charleston Drive, Dundee.  
Miss Helen Jamieson, Dalnaglack, Newtyle.  
Miss Linda Justice, 139 Strathern Rd., West Ferry.  
Miss Sheila Mackie, 1 Norwood Terrace, Dundee.

Miss Marion MacLeod, "Mullach-Ard", 22 Eton Street, Dundee.

Mrs Margaret Pritchard, 39 Nesbitt Street, Dundee.  
Miss Alison Reid, "Cintra", Birkhill, nr. Dundee.  
Miss Pamela Rollo, 7 West Park Gardens, West Park Road, Dundee.

Miss Frances Ross, Inglewood, 90 High Street, Carnoustie.

Miss Marjory Smith, 10 Baldovan Road, Dundee.  
Miss Margaret Smith, 29 Blackness Ave., Dundee.  
Miss Joan Sutherland, "Birkstane", 5 Marchfield Road, Dundee.

Miss Christine Sutherland, "Shielhill, 5 Rockfield Crescent, Dundee.

Miss Christine Thomson, 28 Glenprosen Drive, Dundee.

Mrs Frances Van Wely, 42 Avenue Concordia, Rotterdam.

Miss Anne Young, 30 Albany Road, West Ferry.  
Miss Sheila McKenzie, 10 Bridge Street, Barnhill.  
Miss Willis Avon Brown, "Avonmore", 6 Sherbrook Street, Dundee.

Mrs Edith Cram, Colville, 12 Hill Street, Broughty Ferry.

Miss Myra Duguid, 2 Grove Road, West Ferry.

Miss Catherine Sutherland, 5 Rockfield Crescent, Dundee.

Mrs Scott Adie, 29 Dalhousie Road, Barnhill.

**We announce with pleasure the following marriages:—**

Miss Gelda Leslie to Mr A. Bell.

Miss Sybil Wallace, to Mr D. Bruce.

Miss Doreen Braithwaite to Mr Dingwall.

Miss Patricia Robertson, to Mr Walker.

Miss Elizabeth Thomson to Mr M. Hardie.

Miss Margaret Main to Mr C. B. Elias-Jones.

Miss Margaret Kidd to Mr Barr.

Miss Molly Douglas to Mr Harvey.

Miss Mary Petrie to Mr Halley Brown.

Miss Margaret McConnachie to Mr M. Thomson.

Miss Jeanette Weatherhead to Mr William Heatherington.

Miss Esma Bowman to Mr Dunlop.

Miss Jennifer Russell to Mr H. Barclay.

Miss Margaret Mee to Mr M. Smith.

### Obituary

Miss Phyllis Mess, 7 Union Street, St. Andrews.

Mrs Nicoll, Riverlea, 15 Glamis Drive, Dundee.

Mrs Whytock, 11 Thomson Street, Dundee.

Miss Falconer, 92 Tullideph Road, Dundee.

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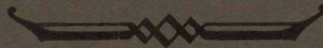
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