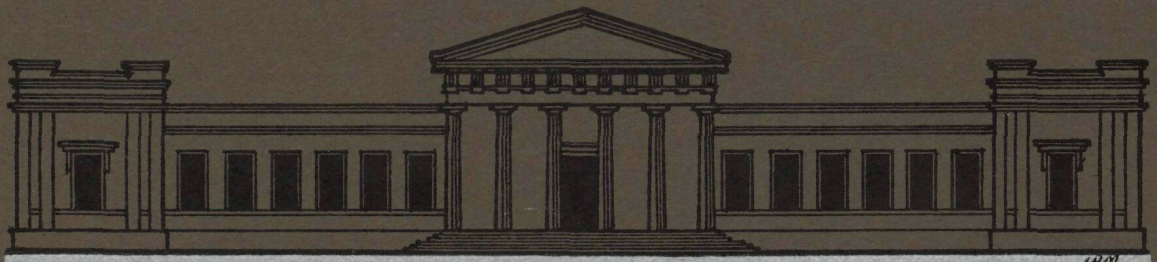


# THE HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

## MAGAZINE



**EAT  
MORE  
MEAT**

*for*  
**ENERGY**  
*and HEALTH*

**W**E buy only Prime Young Cattle and Sheep thus ensuring delicious tender meat for our customers.

Deliveries to all parts of the city.

**Aberdeenshire Meat Co.**  
**Limited**

**28-30 WELLGATE, DUNDEE**

ESTABLISHED 1868

PHONE 23737

## GIFTS FOR MEN

West of England Waistcoats in 8 shades ....	£4 10 0
Suede Waistcoats in 5 shades .....	£7 15 0
Babylamb and Sheepskin Jackets ..... from	£27 0 0
Golf Jerkins in Gaberdine .....	from £7 15 0
Bri-Nylon Raincoats .....	£3 7 6
Bri-Nylon Jackets .....	£3 9 6
Bri-Nylon Over Trousers .....	£2 5 6
Pringle "Ryder Cup" Knitted Wool Shirts ....	69/6
"Clydella" 52/6. "Viyella" 69/6. "Lanella" 69/6	
Collar attached Poplin Shirts .....	from 45/-
Collar attached Shirts by "Rochester" 49/6. "Leda-Col" 84/-.	"Chard"—bluff edged collar, white only 65/-.

## GIFTS IN FURS

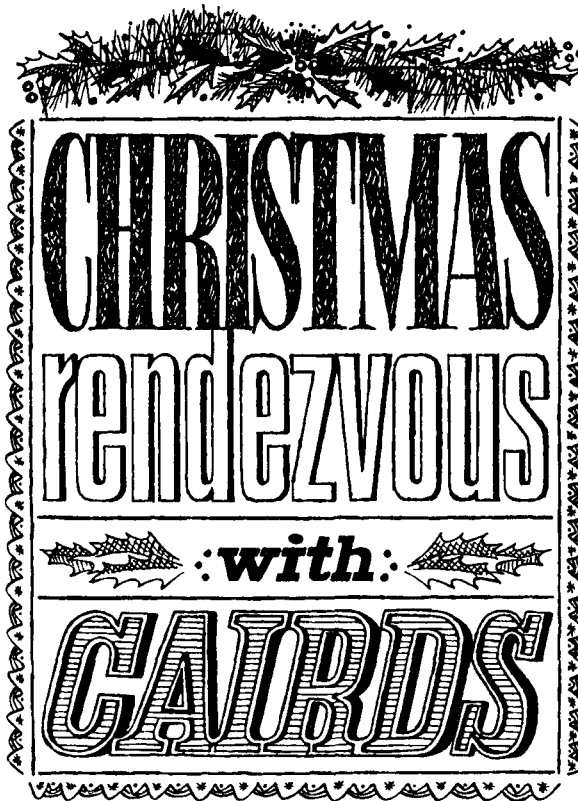
Musquash Stoles .....	£29 10 0
Squirrel Stoles .....	£45 0 0
Ermine Stoles .....	£160 0 0
Mink Stoles and Boleros .....	£95 0 0
Baum Martin Ties .....	£27 10 0
Mink Ties .....	£32 10 0
Mink Cravats .....	£12 12 0
Dyed Ranch Mink Musquash Coats ....	£135 0 0
Flank Musquash Coats .....	£98 10 0
Natural Black Musquash Coats .....	£165 0 0
Dyed Canadian Squirrel Coats .....	£255 0 0
Dyed Chinese Mink Coats .....	£250 0 0

## SHEEPSKINS FOR LADIES

Dark Oak Chocolate Sheepskin Jackets.	From £34 10 0
Dark Oak Chocolate Sheepskin $\frac{3}{4}$ length Jackets.	From £39 10 0

## GIFTS FOR LADIES

Boucle Jumpers, sizes W. to X.O.S., white, black and colours—short sleeves .....	35/- to 85/-
French Silk Jumpers, $\frac{3}{4}$ and long sleeves. In black, petrel, gold, bronze and brown. Polo and low necks; 36 in., 38 in. and 40 in. ....	99/6
Quilted Nylon Housecoats, full length, self colours and prints, buttoning and wrap-over styles.	From £6 17 6
Quilted Nylon Bed Jackets, self shades and floral prints .....	From 56/6 to 92/6
Slips, beautifully lace trimmed, adjustable shoulder straps .....	29/11 to 59/11
Handkerchiefs, 3 in box, Swiss embroidery and Irish linen .....	6/11 to 19/11
Handkerchiefs, 6 in box, Swiss embroidery and Irish linen .....	10/11 to 32/6
Evening Stoles in gold and silver Lurex.	32/6 to 69/6
Handbags, a lovely selection of leathers.	From £5 5 0 to £17 19 6
Evening Bags, in gold, silver and brocade.	21/6 to 89/6
Jewel Cases .....	39/6 to 95/6
Umbrellas, promenade length, self colours, stripes and abstract prints .....	29/6 to 59/6
Chubbies .....	From 32/6 to 49/6
Pencils .....	From 32/6 to 69/6
Gloves, in fine leathers, long and short, with or without linings, black and colours. 32/11 to 89/11	
Hogskin Gloves—silk lined .....	87/6
String Leather—tan shades .....	25/6 to 39/6
Lambskin Mitts .....	44/6
Sheepskin Mitts .....	25/6
Fleece lined Suede Mitts .....	21/-
Pearl Necklets .....	35/6 to 98/6
Gilt Necklets .....	10/6 to 42/6
Bead Necklets .....	10/6 to £5 19 6



Collar attached Evening Dress Shirts from	£2 9 6
Tan Cape Gloves—Sac Wrist, Handsewn. Linings—Knitted Wool 39/6. Lambswool 84/-.	Pure Silk 67/6. Fur 69/6. Chamois 84/-.
Golf Table Lighter .....	52/6
"Kobler" Triplex Electric Razor .....	£16 16 0
Pringle Lambswool Pullovers .....	67/6
Tootal Dressing Gowns, in self, Paisley and fancy designs .....	99/6

TELEPHONE 26555

**A. CAIRD & SONS · REFORM STREET · DUNDEE**

# DUNDEE TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK

FOUNDED 1815

FUNDS £39,000,000

A FREE SAVINGS SERVICE

COMPOUND INTEREST

ORDINARY DEPARTMENT  $2\frac{1}{2}\%$   
(Tax Free up to £15 annually)

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT 5%

Hours of Business at Dundee Offices:

Daily, 9.30 a.m.—4 p.m.; Saturday, 9 a.m.—11.30 a.m.; Friday Evening, 5—6.30 p.m.

Head Office: 2 EUCLID STREET, DUNDEE

TELEPHONE No. 22741 (3 lines)

Branches throughout Dundee and at Forfar, Kirriemuir, Brechin, Edzell, Friockheim, Carnoustie, Monifieth, St. Andrews, Guardbridge, Tayport, Newport-on-Tay, Wormit

# Croll

OF DUNDEE

CUT FLOWERS BOWLS OF BULBS  
FLOWERING AND BERRIED PLANTS  
CACTI, CACTI GARDENS, ETC.

SEEDS BULBS SUNDRIES TOOLS  
IN A WIDE RANGE TO MEET  
EVERY REQUIREMENT

#### PETS CORNER

Leading brands of pet  
foods of all kinds and all  
pet accessories.



100 NETHERGATE • DISPLAY ROOM 34 COMMERCIAL STREET • Telephone: 26394



## FOR SCHOOL WEAR

### FOR BOYS

Blazers in All Wool. Sizes 0 to 17.  
**69/6 to £6 6 6**  
 Shorts in Terylene Worsted. Sizes 0 to 9.  
**33/6 to 45/-**  
 Trousers in Terylene Worsted. Sizes 6 to 16.  
**75/6 to £5 5/-**  
 Hose. Sizes 7 to 9½. **9/9 to 11/3**  
 Pullovers. Sizes 24 to 38. **34/- to 52/6**  
 Ties and Scarves.  
 Junior Ties, **5/-**. Senior Ties, **6/-**  
 Reefer Scarf, **15/6**  
 Caps, **12/6**  
 Trenchcoats. Sizes 24 to 44.  
**94/6 to £8 10/-**  
 Shoes by Startrite. 9 to 5½. **36/11 to 47/11**  
 By Supadukes. Sizes 9 to 7. **29/9 to 46/6**

### FOR GIRLS

Pinafore Skirts in Grey. Sizes 22 to 34 ins.  
**65/6 to 82/6**  
 Waist Skirts with 4 pleats. Sizes 20 to 28  
 ins. length. **75/6 to 95/6**  
 Blazers. **89/6 to £8 2 6**  
 Pullovers. V neck. **34/6 to 59/6**  
 Cardigans in Grey. **34/6 to 55/6**.  
 Berets in Grey. **7/11 and 8/11**  
 School Hats. **17/11**  
 Badges. **5/-**  
 Ribbon Band for Hats. **5/6**  
 Hose in Grey.  $\frac{3}{4}$  length. From **4/11**

**SMITH BROTHERS    MURRAYGATE    DUNDEE    Telephone 25441**

**The Best Instruction at Moderate Cost**

**Telephone 26240**

## **LEARN TO DRIVE**

**Qualified Instruction by R.A.C. and M.S.A.  
Certificated Instructors**

Principal: J. G. SMITH, R.A.C. and M.S.A. Registered Instructor  
Ministry of Transport Approved Driving Instructor  
Member of Motor Schools Association of Great Britain

**DUNDEE & ANGUS SCHOOL OF MOTORING**  
**6 WHITEHALL CRESCENT                    ::                    DUNDEE**

## *When Christmas Shopping . . .*

. . . a visit to Henry Adams is a pleasant and worthwhile experience, the natural choice for those in search of a wide range of

### **DRESS ACCESSORIES**

as gifts for men and women of discrimination and taste

## *Henry Adams & Son*

THE DUNDEE GLOVERS

TELEPHONE: 23775

**6 HIGH STREET                    -                    -                    DUNDEE**



## THE MOST WORTHWHILE LIFE OF ALL

As an Army officer you have a job of global importance, the challenge of commanding men, and a varied, outdoor life

Today's Army officer is a highly trained professional—and so are the men he leads. The training that fits you to lead them begins at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Two years there not only teaches you your profession—but develops qualities in you which will enable you to take more responsibility, at an early age, than you ever could as a civilian. And as well as those who go straight to University at the Army's expense, one in four Sandhurst trained officers goes on to read for a degree.

The job you are trained to do is of global importance—helping to keep *peace all round the world*. The places you see, the men you serve with, the sport and adventure and a clearly mapped career ahead of you, all make the life of the Army Officer one of the best in the world—and one of the most interesting.

If you don't relish the prospect of working indoors all your life; if you want a worthwhile, responsible job that *leads* somewhere; if you are interested in people—you should find out more about the Army.

Fill in the coupon and send it to Brigadier J. L. Proudlock, D.S.O., Scottish Command, Dept 515, The Castle, Edinburgh 1.

Please send me details of the types of Commission offered in the Army.

NAME .....

SCHOOL .....

AGE .....

# Pola-Cola

REGD.

Pure Delight!



Oh so  
C-O-O-L and  
Refreshing

**ROBERTSON FRUIT PRODUCTS LTD.  
DUNDEE — ABERDEEN — GLASGOW**



# EDITORIAL

---

No. 137]

DECEMBER, 1964

[1/3

---

We were, as usual, entirely devoid of literary originality. On resourcefully consulting one abounding in wisdom of such matters for the merest scrap of an Editorial Idea, we received the enlightening response, "Keep off politics and the weather". Thinking this a somewhat negative approach, we took a deep breath and decided quickly, in the blissful ignorance of youth, to disregard the voice of experience, at least partially (and impartially, too, we hasten to add). For, in the political world, this has been a year of elections with a vengeance — which is, perhaps, if ambiguous, a happy turn of phrase. At least, elections have taken place at home (the day we had a holiday, remember?) and in the United States; in Russia the new leaders have "emerged" in the customary mysterious manner.

To descend to a less exalted, but no less active, plane, we report with satisfaction that yet another school year has started off promisingly. Signs of drastic reconstruction, now no novelty, are once more in evidence, and we look forward to having the use of the new classrooms and art room after the Christmas holidays. With the joys of extra space will come the joys (or otherwise) of a reorganised timetable, which will no doubt be sorted out eventually and result (alas!) in no great loss of time. One worthy Sixth Former was dismayed to learn that there will be nine periods a day instead of the present eight, but all was well when the assurance was forthcoming that Escape Hour will remain four o'clock.

The school is again in the throes of opera production, the choice of "H.M.S. Pinafore" being, we feel sure, a happy choice for all concerned except, perhaps, those in dread of high notes. The orchestra is in the happy position of having more than enough volunteers to fill its ranks: we conclude that, musically, the High is flourishing.

Certain innovations are to be recorded. A fine stand has been erected at Monymusk to shelter spectators from the forementioned weather; the formation of an impecunious Sailing Club prompted a very successful Coffee Evening to raise funds for a piece of equipment essential to all aspiring Sailing Clubs—a boat; riding has become yet another winter alternative to hockey for Sixth Year girls; and in the Modern Languages Department, a tape recorder for presenting radio broadcasts has become a novel means of sugaring the often bitter pill of language tuition. At the other end of the scale, however, we note with sadness that the (only) radiator in a certain senior cloakroom still refuses to work on certain occasions, which are usually the coldest days of the year.

Having thus contrived to bring your thoughts round to frost and, consequently, Christmas, we end on the hope that this magazine will form part of your Yuletide cheer, and leave you with our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

## News and Notes

### THE ARMISTICE SERVICE

The Armistice Service this year was held on Friday, 6th November, and the whole school assembled as usual at 10.50 in the Front Playground. The Guides and Cadets were very smartly turned out and the pipe band provided music befitting the solemn occasion. The wreath was laid by the Head Girl and the Head Boy, Dorothy Fraser and John Gray who received it from Sheena Mill and Iain Gow, and carried it to its resting place at the Memorial in the Main Entrance Hall.

### ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate MR HALLIDAY for having two paintings, "Beginning the Tay Road Bridge" and "Construction", on exhibition in the Industrial Painters' Group in London. Both paintings have been selected to tour British Art Galleries by the Art Exhibitions Bureau. In the Society of Marine Artists' Exhibition in London, Mr Halliday has another painting, "Awaiting the Tide", on view, and this work has also been selected for tour by the Arts Bureau.

A bronze, "The Bosun"; an oil painting, "Olive Farm, Sorrento"; and two drawings, "The Great Crane" and "In Epping Forest", were hung in the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts Annual Exhibition, and seven of Mr Halliday's works were on view in the Dundee Art Society Biennial Exhibition.

In the Douglas and Foulis Gallery, Edinburgh, he exhibited fourteen wood sculptures. Mr Halliday has been commissioned to design the Kimball Memorial Window in Altnaharra Church — the donor is Manus Kimball, M.P. Mr Halliday's name has now been included in the Belgian publication, "Who's Who in Europe".

MR VANNET is also to be congratulated for having one of his three etchings selected from the Royal Academy 1964 Exhibition, London, by the Art Exhibitions Bureau for a tour of England for one year, and another of these etchings has been chosen by the Brighton Art Galleries and Royal Pavilion for inclusion in their Autumn Exhibition.

In the Royal Glasgow Institute, Mr Vannet is represented by an oil painting, "Boat

Repairs, Gourdon", and two etchings, and in the Dundee Art Society Exhibition he had on view four watercolours, two etchings and a pencil drawing. Mr Vannet's original wash drawing for the Dundee Savings Bank Calendar has been presented by the Bank to Dundee Parish Church (St. Mary's) as it includes part of the City Churches and St. Mary's Tower. At present Mr Vannet is working on a vellum for the Old Boys' Club listing all the Former Presidents since the inception of the Club in 1930.

MISS EDGAR is to be congratulated for having two oils, a watercolour and three pottery figures on view in the Dundee Art Society Exhibition, the theme of the paintings being "birds".

MISS TATTON is also to be congratulated for having a portrait in oils hung in the Exhibition of the Scottish Society of Women Artists in the R.S.A. Galleries, Edinburgh.

### STAFF CHANGES

This term the School welcomed the arrival of Mr Hunter to the Mathematics Department, Miss Tatton to the Art Department, Miss Worsley and Miss Patrick to the Gym Department, Mr Forrest to the Technical Department and Miss McArthur to the Preparatory Department.

We wish them success and happiness in their new appointments.

### MR ALEC ROBERTSON

We note, with regret, the death of Mr Alec Robertson, the well-known Dundee ophthalmic optician, playwright, broadcaster and author.

A former pupil of the High School, he had been a director for many years. The School extends its sympathy to his wife and family.

### HIGH SCHOOL BROCHURE

During the past few months, five members of Staff — Mr Edward Stewart, Mr Vannet, Mr Biggar, Mr Alexander and the Rector — have been preparing an Illustrated Brochure about the School, its history, its present, and its future development. Two thousand two hundred copies of this Brochure have now been sent out, to friends

of the School in Dundee and throughout Scotland, to parents, and to some fifteen hundred Former Pupils with whom the School is in touch. The Rector records with pleasure that, as a result of the Brochure and of his earlier appeal through the Magazine for information about F.P.'s, he has received a great many interesting letters, in particular some from F.P.'s of great age and some whose work has taken them into parts of the world far removed from Dundee.

Copies of the Brochure are still available. Any reader who knows of a Former Pupil who might like a copy and who is unlikely to have received one, should send name and address to the Rector. There are also many F.P.'s of whose career and present whereabouts the School is ignorant; the Rector again appeals for information about them.

\* \* \* \* \*

As part of the School Social Service work, the Senior Pupils propose to run a Coffee Evening on Friday, 26th March, 1965, from 7 to 9.30 p.m., for the "Save the Children Fund". There will be an exhibition of Art in the new Art Room, and a gymnastics display. There will also be mounted a display of items of special historical interest to F.P.'s. All friends of the School are invited to attend.

**MUSIC SUCCESSES**

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations in Pianoforte, Clarinet and Theory held in June, 1964:—

**PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)**

L.VI.

- Sheila Chambers — Grade I., Merit.
- John Vannet — Grade I., Pass.

L.VII.

- Pamela Brodie — Grade II., Pass.
- Janet Campbell — Grade I., Pass.
- Janet Jackson — Grade I., Pass.
- Gillian Philip — Grade III., Distinction.

F.I.

- Ann Burgess — Grade II., Pass.
- Linda Caird — Grade II., Merit.
- Morag Stalker — Grade III., Pass.

F.II.

- Patricia Adamson — Grade II., Pass.
- Catherine Coull — Grade V., Pass.
- Glenys Roberts — Grade III., Merit.

F.V.

- Barry Buchan—Grade V. (Theory), Pass.
- George McD. Smith—Grade V. (Theory) Pass.

**PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE (Pianoforte)**

L.V.

- William David — Grade I., Merit.

L.VII.

- Gail Duncan — Grade II., Pass.
- James Houston — Grade I., Merit.
- Janice Munro — Grade II., Pass.
- Joan Ritchie — Grade II., Merit.
- Lindsay Wilson — Grade III., Pass.

F.I.

- Sheila Bowes — Grade II., Pass.
- Judith Fairfoul — Grade II., Pass.

**PUPIL OF MRS ELDER**

F.IV.

- Graeme Webster — Grade VI. (Theory), Pass.

**PUPIL OF MR ELDER (Clarinet)**

F.III.

- Walter Smith — Grade IV., Merit.

The following pupils passed the Trinity College Initial Examination in Pianoforte held in June, 1964:—

**PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN**

L.III.

- Judith Hanslip — Merit.

L.IV.

- Sarah Boase — Merit.
- Susan Campbell — Honours.
- Elizabeth Gilmour — Pass.
- Keith Milne — Pass.

L.V.

- Ruth Black — Honours.
- Susan Johnston — Pass.
- Robin Smith — Merit.

At the Trinity College of Music, Speech and Drama Examinations held last June, the following pupils of Miss Law were successful:—

**GRADE II.**

- Allan Boath (Pass), Catherine M. Douglas (Merit), Grant R. Dudgeon (Merit), Heather E. Gibson (Merit), Jane M. Hinrichs (Hons.), Jennifer M. Melrose (Merit), Sally J. Reid (Hons.), Marina B. Ritchie (Merit), Susan L. Stevenson (Pass), Shan G. Thomas (Pass), Lorraine M. Wilson (Merit), Nancy M. Wooler (Merit).

**GRADE III.**

William D. L. Boath (Merit), Nicola J. E. Miller (Pass), Ian G. S. Robertson (Merit), Alison L. Stewart (Hons.).

**GRADE IV.**

Gwynne M. Butchart (Merit), Margaret M. Gibson (Merit), Miriam C. Little (Merit), Judith E. C. Watson (Pass), Andrew M. Young (Merit).

**GRADE V.**

Arlene J. Butchart (Merit), Wm. R. S. Young (Hons.).

At the London College of Music, Speech and Drama Examinations held in June, the following were successful:—

**GRADE VI.**

Victoria Dryden (Merit), Deborah Menelaws (Pass).

**GRADE V.I.**

Thelma Robertson (Pass).

**WE CONGRATULATE . . .**

MRS ELDER on again winning the Scottish Ladies' Chess Championship.

SANDY DAVIE as joint holder of the East of Scotland Chess Championship, 1963-64, and as winner of the Scottish Chess Championship, 1964.

DOUGLAS BRAND on being awarded the Sword of Honour at the Passing-Out Parade of the Royal Marines. Douglas joined the ranks of the Royal Marines and on finishing his preliminary training won the Queen's Badge as the best recruit of his year. He was a Sgt. in the School Cadet Corps.

ALISTAIR LOW, the British Youth Champion, on winning the Boyd Quaich in the students' international golf tournament at St. Andrews.

DAVID HORSBURGH on gaining the diploma for the best chairman in a competition sponsored by the Angus Association of Junior Agricultural Clubs.

MR JOHN FULTON, first Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sussex, who received a Knighthood in the Honours List.

## Douglas Brown

Scotland is noted for the aesthetic quality of her Churches, but a few exceptions are to be found up and down the country. One of the finest is the Church of the Holy Trinity, St. Andrews, and among its most noteworthy features is the modern Stained Glass. Here are windows by Lewis Davis, Strachan and Hendry, these great pioneers of the revival of Stained Glass in Scotland and in Britain. From them was reborn the Gothic tradition in glass which had been lost and turned into a base commercial product during the 19th century.

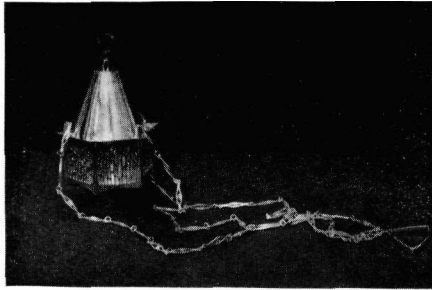
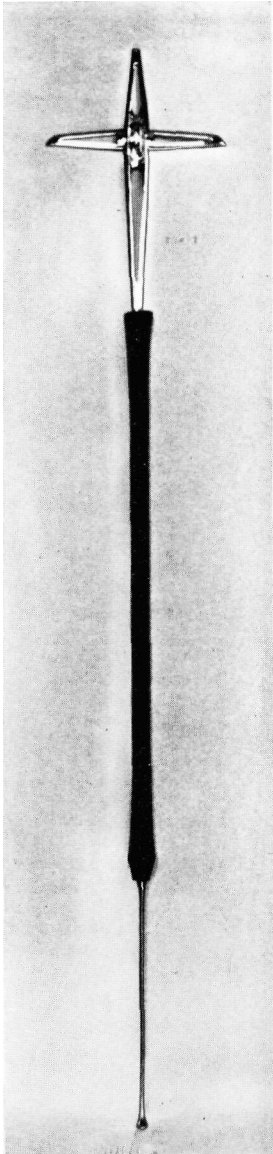
In the course of one of my frequent visits to the Church of the Holy Trinity I had the experience of seeing an exhibition of modern ecclesiastical silver which expressed creatively the finest craftsmanship in the traditions of the Christian Church. A magnificent candelabra, a silver and gold cross, an incense Burner, a Crosier, all held me by

their simple beauty of design and craftsmanship.

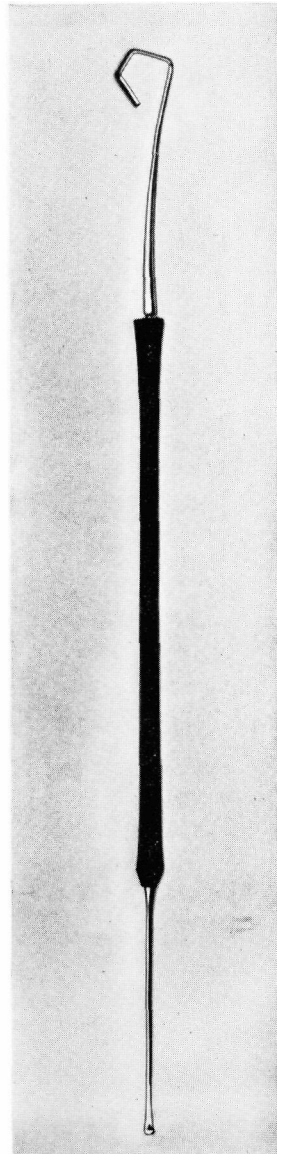
I picked up a pamphlet lying on a table alongside and read on it the name Douglas Brown, studied art at Edinburgh College of Art and Dundee High School. Only a few years ago Douglas was Dux of the Art Department. Then from the High School he entered the College of Art, where he has just completed a Post Diploma course in Design and Silversmithing. During each year of his course he has been awarded a scholarship, while in his final year his award took him to Sweden and Finland.

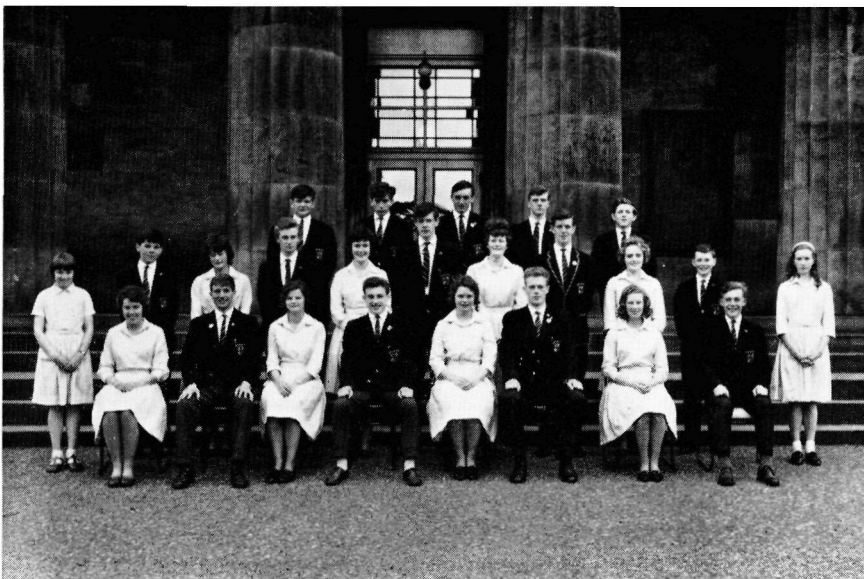
Douglas has now been appointed to the permanent staff of Edinburgh Art College. We congratulate him on his success and on the honour he has brought to the School.

T. S. H.



*Examples of  
Douglas Brown's  
Craftsmanship*





Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

**SPORTS AND GYMNASTICS PRIZE - WINNERS, 1964**



Photograph by A. W. Rann

**BOYS' GOLF TEAM**

**Back Row (l to r.)—** I. B. Moncur, I. S. Tasker, G. G. Robertson, I. F. Coutts.

**Front Row (l. to r.)—** M. J. Natrass, J. D. M. Anderson, K. N. Ritchie.

## SPORTS AND GYMNASTICS PRIZE - WINNERS, 1964

**Front Row (l. to r.)**—R. Anne Birrell (Championship Cup for Swimming, Girls), Alan G. Grewar (Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete, Equal), Eileen M. C. Duke (Polack Prize for Gymnastics, Girls' Sports Championship Cup), David G. Fairley (Ballingall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics, Equal), Helen I. Lyle (Championship Cup for Dux in Gymnastics, Girls; Polack Prize for Gymnastics; Girls' Tennis Championship Cup; Merit Scarf for Hockey, Re-Award; Merit Scarf for Tennis, Re-Award), J. Roger S. Burns (Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete, Equal; Urquhart Cup for Champion Shot, Rifle Club; Merit Scarf for Rugby), Frances D. Bowman (Merit Scarf for Hockey, Re-Award; Merit Scarf for Tennis, Re-Award), Harvie L. Findlay (Arthur Ritchie Cup for Winner of the High Jump).

**Middle Row (l. to r.)**—Margaret A. Soutar (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming, Girls), Alistair G. Nicholson (Aystree Cup for Winner of Junior Championship; Junior Championship Cup for Swimming, Boys), Joan D. J. Walker (Intermediate Girls' Sports Championship Cup), William J. Christie (Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket; Merit Scarf for Cricket), Susan H. Gibson (Merit Scarf for Hockey), Angus F. Macintyre (Tom McLaren Cup for Throwing the Javelin), Margaret J. J. Walker (Merit Scarf for Hockey, Re-Award), Ian E. Smith (Loveridge Cup for Winner of the Mile Race), Maureen E. Dunn (Girls' Junior Tennis Cup), William J. Clark (Polack Prize for Dux in Gymnastics, Form II. Boys), Eleanor R. Boyack (Junior Girls' Sports Championship Cup).

**Back Row (l. to r.)**—Ian F. Coutts (Boase Medal for Golf), Robin F. Paton (Merit Scarf for Cricket), Brian J. R. Junor (Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket; Merit Scarf for Cricket), David A. Rorie (Harold Young Martin Rosebowl for Winner of Intermediate Championship; Championship Cup for Swimming, Boys), Kenneth N. Ritchie (Pirie Handicap Cup for Golf).

**Absent**—James D. M. Anderson (Ballingall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics, Equal), Kenneth D. McConnell (Oakley Cup for Shooting, Boys under 14).

## Combined Cadet Force Report

It is unfortunate to have to strike a note of deep regret at the outset of a report, but the order of things is that first things must come first, and what I have to report is of first magnitude.

Colonel T. S. Halliday, M.B.E., has resigned from the Cadet Force, pending his retirement from the School at Easter.

He has served the School extremely well for a long period. To say that the Company will miss him greatly, that we thank him for all his endeavours on our behalf, that we appreciate the sacrifice he has made of his own leisure in our interests, seems merely platitudinous and inadequate in view of his record. It is, therefore, fit and proper that much of this report should be given over to him and to what he has achieved for us.

Colonel Halliday joined the Dundee High School Cadets as a Lieutenant in 1942. He was promoted Captain in 1944, and acted as Quartermaster and Adjutant for three years. In 1947 he was appointed Commanding Officer, with the rank of Major. Seven years later he was appointed Scottish Representative to the C.C.F. Association, and he still

serves. He has also served as Scottish Representative at the War Office for the past 10 years. In 1962, he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List. In 1954 he was awarded the Cadet Medal, and in 1963 he received the clasp for 24 years' service.

During his command, our Shooting Teams have gained national recognition by winning the Strathcona Shield four times, the Mitchell Trophy (N.S.R.A.) twice, the County Life Trophy and the Lee Trophy.

He organised official trips to Germany for Cadets. He was also instrumental in introducing Initiative Tests for Cadets on the Continent and, from these, interesting contacts were made—with the Palace Guards at Monaco, L'Ecole Militaire, Paris, and L'Ecole des Cadets, Bruxelles. It was he, too, who introduced the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme for Cadets to help boys develop as individuals. Two gold awards have been gained so far.

Colonel Halliday was the first Scottish Officer to attend the War Office Selection Board, and he took a party of Cadets on an

official visit to the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst.

During his period of command, 12 Cadets have been commissioned in the Services, and he has introduced many specialist courses for post-certificate "A" Cadets, including Navigation and Motor Maintenance. He also increased the Cadet establishment from 125 to 235.

Colonel Halliday is responsible for the details of the complete ceremony on Remembrance Day.

He modelled and presented The Coronation Trophy (1953) for the best Junior Cadet, to be competed for annually. He has always taken a very close interest in the Pipes and Drums of the Company, and the Drum Major's Silver Ceremonial Mace and a Pipe banner, both presented by Colonel Larg, were designed by him. It is extremely gratifying to know that, in the year of his retirement, the Band took third place in the Scottish Schools' Championships at Glenalmond.

The Company has been given frequent outstanding reports from military authorities, including the War Office, and has often been complimented from official sources on its high standard. After the General Inspection at Buddon in June, 1963, Colonel Noble of the War Office said, among other complimentary things, "This Unit has reached a standard which it will be difficult to maintain". Brigadier E. J. D. Snowball endorsed that this year when he said, "This Unit is as good as it ever can have been".

This is high praise. It is also a richly-deserved tribute to the command of Lieutenant Colonel Halliday. We sincerely thank him and we wish him well for the future as he has always wished well for us.

To his successor, our new Commanding Officer, Major Jacuk, the Company wishes every success.

\* \* \* \* \*

The General Inspection was held at Buddon on 19th June, when the Inspecting Officer was Brigadier E. J. D. Snowball, O.B.E., C. of S. Scotoco. Following the Inspection, a mock battle was fought, during which the

Artillery Section of the Cadets fired 25-pounder guns loaded with blank ammunition. The hostess prefects then entertained parents and friends to tea. That the afternoon was a success is borne out by Brigadier Snowball's comment which appears under the tribute to Colonel Halliday.

Cadet Camp was held in the first week of July at the Royal Naval Defence Depot, Aultbea, Wester Ross. Although the weather was not so good as the previous year, it was a most enjoyable camp. The food provided by our own School Kitchen Staff, under Miss Chalmers, was first-rate. A Cadet Force, as well as an army, marches on its stomach, and we sincerely appreciate the hard work of all of them.

We put the training ground to good use and many, varied exercises were carried out. Sgt. Aiken narrowly won the Platoon Cup and Cdt. Munro the Coronation Trophy for the best Junior Cadet. Armoury-Sgt. McHoul won the Plaque for the outstanding Cadet.

It was known at this time that Colonel Halliday was to retire and, before Camp broke up, those Cadets who were leaving School took the opportunity to pay tribute to him by making him the presentation of a Quaich.

Despite losing many of its senior members, the Band continues to do well. As is reported elsewhere, the Band took third place in the Championships held at Glenalmond in the summer. At Camp they beat the retreat in Poolewe and gave an excellent display. But success does not come easily. There is hard work involved. Whatever success we have is due to the untiring efforts and unflagging enthusiasm of our man behind the scenes, Mr McLeod.

The Army Proficiency Certificate Examination was held at Buddon this term under the President of the Board, Major J. M. Villiers-Stuart, and Warrant Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s of the Highland Brigade. Our results were reasonably satisfactory.

The Annual Service of Remembrance of Former Pupils of the High School who fell in action in the two World Wars was held in the front playground on 6th November. The Pipe Band and Cadet Guard earned compliments for their display. We wish to thank

ex-Sgt. J. Arbuckle for his return on the occasion to lead the Pipers.

Mr Bell is now commissioned in the Cadets and Mr Coletta is in the process of being so. The work of all the Officers of the Company has the enthusiastic backing of others members of the Staff and friends of the School, and of the Regular and Territorial Units in the Dundee Area.

It is clear then that the Cadets are being most satisfactorily and adequately led and trained. Our reputation is high and I should like to thank everyone concerned for the work they put in to make this so.

It happens that we are now able to increase our numbers, both in the pre-Cadet Unit and the C.C.F. proper. Because I believe that nothing but good can come out of the kind of training provided by the C.C.F., and our Unit in particular, I invite boys to join us. It is a fine opportunity. You will be most welcome.

N. H. FOWLER, C.S.M.

#### RETIRAL PRESENTATION

To mark the retiral of Lieutenant Colonel Halliday from our Cadet Corps, all former Cadets who served with him are invited to send their subscriptions to Major Jacuk.

## A Day at Sea Aboard the M.S. "Devonia"

Our day aboard ship always began rather abruptly at seven o'clock or 0700 as it was called at sea, when a rather sleepy voice would announce over the tannoy what time it was and add that "all dormitory passengers should now be getting up". This was greeted by a few choice remarks and we would all turn over and go back to sleep. However, this was not to last — no sooner had the microphone been put down than a "jazzed up" version of "Reveille" would disturb us again. Eventually, we had to give up the idea of sleeping and some brave individual would stagger to the end of the passage to put out the lights in the dormitory. Nearly every morning, the Master at Arms would come in and pull those who were fortunate enough, or deaf enough, still to be sleeping, out of bed with shouts of "Feet on the deck, you lot!"

After we had made our beds, which had to be done in a special way, we used to wander about on deck until breakfast. The only people who had to stay below were the three unfortunates whose turn it was to clean the dormitory.

As our dormitory was in the last sitting for meals, we had to wait until eight thirty before we went below to the cafeteria. After

queuing for a short while, we took a tin tray which was divided into five compartments. We then moved up the queue and a Lascar would slop something of dubious origin into the first compartment. This was usually bacon and egg (I think!) or a bit of toast with scrambled eggs on it. Further up the line we could take a bowl of cereal and milk and a cup of tea or coffee. Then another Lascar would hand you cutlery and a slice of bread and butter. We moved on down the hall until we found a seat, where we duly consumed our hard-earned meal — if we were still hungry! It must be pointed out that the cafeteria was well below decks on a ship which perpetually rolled, and the sight and smell of greasy foods caused many a meal to be returned to the galley untouched.

By the time breakfast was over, it was nearly nine and we had to go to our respective activities. For this purpose we were divided into three main groups. As we were group 1, we usually went to Assembly Hall first, where we would have a short Church service, followed by a lecture on the country of our next port-of-call. These lectures were extremely interesting, but the lecturer must have been a devoted man, as he gave five lectures in all and he had to deliver each one to all three groups!

The first period ended about a quarter to eleven and then there was a break when the canteen, which sold everything we ever needed, would open for half an hour.

By this time we were allowed below to our dormitories, which had been out of bounds since nine o'clock for the Commodore's inspection (hence the cleaning of the dormitory). We usually collected our swimming or games kit for the next period which was deck-games. These proved to be great fun except when the quoit was hit too hard and went overboard and the perpetrator of this heinous deed had to go and beg a new one from the Games Officer!

The swimming pool was tiny by any standards as it was only about ten yards square and a bare five feet deep! But it was the warmest pool in which any of us had ever swum. It was during the Games period that sections of the Group were taken to see the engine room or bridge. Our party was shown round the bridge by a very small cadet who explained things to us in a way which was not too technical.

Although this was interesting, I am certain that the boys found the engine room, with its extreme heat and noise and the smell of hot oil, far more fascinating. We seemed to descend dozens of flights of stairs in the engine room until we were right down to the propeller shafts. One thing that amused us all was the way the engineers descended the steps — they simply put their hands on the oily rail and kicked their feet out from under themselves. This allowed them to get below in a quarter of the time it took us to climb gingerly down the oily, metal stairs. We had the general principle of the engines explained to us by the first engineer, but even shouting at the top of his voice only the nearest person could hear him. We managed, however, to piece the parts of the explanation together afterwards and obtained quite a coherent account.

This brought us to about twelve thirty when we had our lunch and were free to relax until after two. This free time was spent either on deck or in the "Reading and Recreation Room", in which there were a piano, a library and desks where you could write letters and postcards.

There was only one period in the afternoon and this was usually spent in the Lecture Rooms. This was the only time our party leaders saw us together and we spent most of these periods in arranging our currency for our next port-of-call. From about four in the afternoon our time was our own and we generally retreated to the Reading Room or went for another swim.

From five until six voluntary classes were held. Most of these were run by the party leaders, but the knot-tying and the navigation classes were organised and taught by the ship's officers. I went to the knots and splices class and a number of the other boys went to navigation. I am now versed in all types of knots and splices, but the only trouble is that I never find anything needing knotted or spliced!

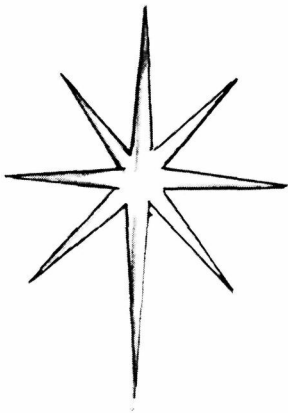
Tea was at six and once again we joined the queue for the long wait.

In the evening there was either a dance or a film-show, depending on which group you belonged to. One night there was a carnival and once a Regatta. At about nine o'clock, we could go to supper if we wished. Half an hour later the same voice — still sleepy — would tell us the time once again and say that "all dormitory passengers should now turn in". This was met with the usual caustic remarks and we would eventually wander down to our dormitories and begin the slow process of going to bed. (It sometimes took two hours!) The Master at Arms would keep coming in and threatening to have us all doing P.T. at six o'clock the next morning if we did not get into bed. There was great rivalry between neighbouring dormitories and there were a few raids, with pillows as weapons, on each other. At a conservative estimate, I would say that about ninety-five per cent. of these were broken up by prowling party-leaders or Masters at Arms!

Eventually we would drop off to sleep and that was the end of another wonderful day aboard "Devonia", and the next thing we knew was that voice telling us what time it was!

DOUGLAS GOW, F.IV.

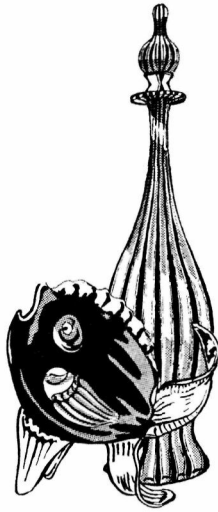
# Draffens



## Not Yet, Santa!

I'm not ready . . . I'm still looking for a present . . . so I'm going to rush to Draffens. But there's no need to worry and really no need to rush, because even now with Christmas so close, Draffens has a complete selection of gifts for every man and woman. Whatever I get they are sure to like, because it's from Draffens . . . where there's . . .

**EVERYTHING ★ FOR ★ EVERYBODY ★ FOR ★ CHRISTMAS.**



### CHINA

- Swedish Crystal Vase. **£7 10 0**  
 Italian Blue Glass Fish. **£3 13 6**  
 Carlton Ware. Hand-painted Coffee Set. **£5 15 0** complete  
 Italian Hors D'Oeuvres Dish ..... **£2 2 9**  
 7-Pce. Water Set. **£1 15 0** per set.  
 Hanging Wall Mirror .... **£3 17 6**

### CARPETS

- Tai Ping Rug, 4 ft. 6 in. x 2 ft. 3 in. .... **£7 7 0**  
 Dyed Sheepskin Rug ..... **£6 3 0**  
 Peerless Rug, 6 ft. x 3 ft. .... **£6 8 0**  
 Hazel Mohair Rug, 5 ft. x 2 ft. 6 in. .... **£12 7 6**  
 Wilton Rug, 4 ft. 6 in. x 2 ft. 3 in. .... **£7 0 0**  
 Hassocks or Footstools ..... **15/-** each

### SILVERWARE

- Chrome Sparklets Soda Syphon ..... **£6 5 0**  
 Prescott Automatic Clock... **£8 18 6**  
 Gulf Stream Bath Shower .... **£4 15 6**  
 Picnic Case (for two persons). **£3 5 0**  
 Pewter Beer Tankard ..... **£2 7 6**  
 Cona 1½ pt. Coffee Machine. **£5 4 4**

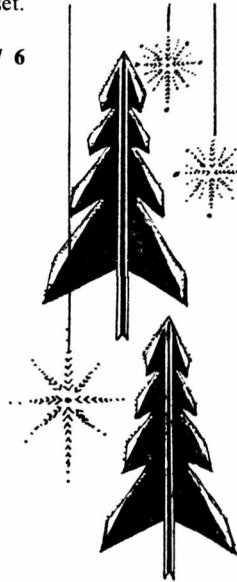
# PRESENTS

### FURNITURE

- Traditional Nest of Coffee Tables. **£16 17 6**  
 Traditional Prints ..... **£9 10 0**  
 Contemporary Plant Trough. **£6 12 6**  
 Contemporary Table Mirror. **£11 12 6**  
 Contemporary Rocking Chair ..... **£19 15 0**  
 Contemporary Long John Table ..... **£10 2 6**

### SOFT FURNISHINGS

- Table Cloth and Napkin Set ..... **£3 9 6**  
 Earlywarm Merino Blanket, 70 in. x 100 in. .... **£5 10 0**  
 Finlays Tartan Bath Towel ..... **23/6**  
 Towel Set ..... **£2 2 6**  
 Pillow Cases, Boxed ..... **12/9** per pair  
 Dorma Sheet and Pillow Case Set ..... **£5 7 6**



# PERFECT

### ELECTRICAL

- Russell Hobbs Tea-maker ..... **£5 6 4**  
 Salton Hot-Tray. **£5 19 6**  
 Morphy-Richards Hairdrier .... **£3 12 6**  
 Contemporary Table Lamp ..... **£3 19 0**  
 Traditional Table Lamp. **£3 16 0**  
 Monogram Electric Blanket. **£13 13 0**

### HOUSEHOLD

- Salter Personal Scales **£3 2 10**  
 Peter Piper Pepper Mills and Salt Set ..... **£1 12 0**  
 Ekco Hotplate ..... **£1 2 6**  
 Skyline Kitchen Tool Set. **£1 10 0**  
 Waste Paper Basket ..... **14/6**



**Whitehall  
Street**



**Dundee**

Bring the Children to the **Toy Department** on the Ground Floor

---

---

# THE DOG FOOD SHOP

(W. W. CROAL)



**15 SOUTH UNION  
STREET, DUNDEE**

PHONE No. 23920

---

---

DOG AND BIRD DEALERS. GRAIN  
AND SEED MERCHANTS.

---

Bird Cages, Dog Collars, Leads, Brushes,  
Combs, Etc. Goldfish Bowls, Aquariums,  
Plants and Accessories.

---

Horseflesh for sale each Tuesday and Friday.

---

Agents for :

Sherleys, Martins and Karswood Dog  
Remedies, Vetzyme.

School  
Underwear and  
Sportswear

---

---

## G. L. WILSON

Good  
Shopping

"THE CORNER"  
DUNDEE  
TELEPHONE 26361

Good  
Service

*Make this a Happy Christmas in the truly  
traditional manner*

## Christmas Gifts

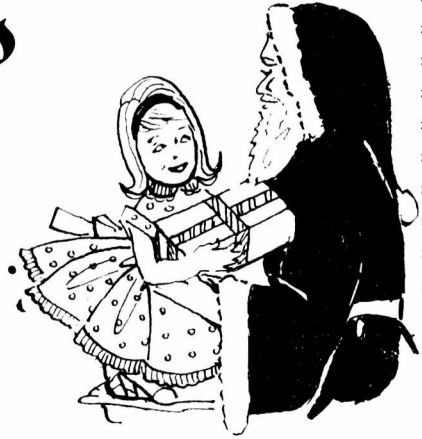
There is a wonderful Display of Gifts suitable for Mum, Dad and all the Children—Gifts that bring the joy and happiness of Christmas with simple brightness or clear expression of good taste.

You'll like the selection at—

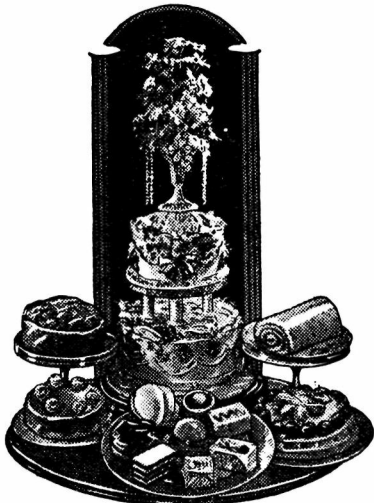
**MELDRUM'S**

REFORM STREET - - DUNDEE

'Phone 24751



*For all good things  
a baker makes—*



Telephone 82224

**WALLACE**

*"Land O'Bakes"*

**8 CRICHTON STREET**

AND BRANCHES

Head Office : STOBWELL BAKERY

## Kerkyra

Corfu, or Kerkyra, to give the island its Greek name, is the capital of the Seven Ionian Isles which are situated in the Northern Ionian Sea at the entrance to the Adriatic. The Greek mainland can be seen from the Southern half of the island, but it is Communist Albania that is seen from the North. In fact, if one goes, and this is not easy, to the most easterly point of the northern half, the strait of water, Vorionstenon Kerkiras, separating Kerkyra from Albania, is only two and a half kilometres wide.

It is difficult to speak of Kerkyra without mentioning her past history and her geographical position. Most people who write about Kerkyra seem to do so, and I have already proved no exception. But, while it is true to say that the island, especially the capital town of Corfu, has fallen heir to many building styles and customs from the many nations which at some time or other have occupied the island, those peoples and customs are, as a plough on hard ground, barely scratching the surface and leaving the earth below as it has been since the beginning of time.

One can look at many Venetian buildings, or the Liston, which is a long row of arcades reminiscent of the Rue de Rivoli built by the Napoleonic French, The Royal Palace, a handsome Georgian building built as the official residence of the British Lord High Commissioners, and yet know that, despite the years that those respective countries influenced the peoples of Kerkyra, one can walk three hundred yards outside the main shopping streets and find it easy to believe that, should Odysseus choose to return, he would still find his way about with little difficulty — such is Kerkyra. It is one of the few places that really brings home to me the inadequacies of our own highly-civilised, mechanised way of life.

If one drives right along the promenade until one reaches a roundel where a policeman stands directing traffic, then turns right at Alexander Avenue past the Mobil Station of Manessi brothers, avoiding the donkeys, trucks and pedestrians, it is possible to get on to the road that leads to Paleocastritsa.

The journey that follows is delectable. At first, perhaps, you venture too close to the right-hand side of the road before realising that the asphalt stops suddenly, and the off-side tyres have dropped a couple of inches, and the car waltzes about a bit before regaining the asphalt. You are now alert. You notice that the verge is not straight, but undulates like the ripples left on the sand at low tide. So all goes well, you watch the verge and you sound your horn at the corners and you successfully overtake a small donkey whose body is dominated by a wooden saddle, topped by a large black-clad woman whose head is swathed in white drappings. This makes your confidence rise so much that you do not notice the large potholes until the last moment, and it is too late to avoid them. The jars are transmitted via the steering column to your spine and finally resound against the top of your head.

The sun that you have been waiting all year to see (and believe me, at this moment I could do with some more) makes its presence felt in concentrated form. You have long ago been forced to open all the windows and draw the roof back. The sun roof that seemed so vital for protection accentuates the heat. The sun rises higher in the sky, its rays reflecting unmercifully off the roadway. The thirst that has been bothering you for the last half hour suddenly is unbearable. The oranges and peaches lying at the back of the car seem, in your imagination, to be growing larger and juicier. The olive trees at the side of the road cast their shadows in small, concentrated areas around the bases of their trunks. It is essential that you stop in a shadowed spot, so you go on in hope. Despite the open roof and windows, there is no breeze, so great is the heat. Occasionally you encounter another pothole or a large hump in the road. It becomes difficult to know if you are on the main road or a subsidiary road. By now it is after noon, and the few people that you have until now seen, dwindle away. It is difficult to recall the enormous relief that is felt when, eventually, a village is reached with the name Paleocastritsa on a board at the beginning.

Paleocastritsa hugs a crescent-shaped bay. It has long been a beauty spot and, thanks to

the efforts of Queen Frederika, remains unspoilt by tourism. The water is the clear, cool colour of aquamarine. High above is the village of Bella Vista. Far below the surface of the water can be seen green plants and shiny stones, all peopled by myriads of fish that dart and glisten their way through this water, whose clarity defies description. The rocks above glisten with heat, and the water, full of pity, dashes herself against them in an effort to bring comfort to the aching stones. Still hot, they have only twisted, broken caverns to show for the sea's pity. The tops of the rocks are shrouded by olive trees whose silvery blue leaves scarcely move in the still, silent heat. Here and there a dark cypress stands aloof amongst the olives, and everywhere is the persistent song of the cicadas accentuating the concentrated, relentless heat.

Many, many years ago, the great Odysseus fought long and hard for his life in this sea that stills about Paleocastritsa. Between one of these olive trees and a black-thorn he made shelter for the night. It was there that he appeared before the Princess Nausicäa and her maids, so dirty and salt-caked that all the maidens fled, leaving Nausicäa alone with the awesome stranger.

The road starts to climb and swing to the left. With an effort the distance between the car park and the top of the hill is covered, with many stops and seats, and eatings of peaches, pears and plums. At the top of the hill is a monastery, inhabited by a jovial, black-bearded, black-habited priest. To our right, on a high hill, is the castle of Angelo Castro. There is a courtyard in the monastery, open to the sky. Six doors at the right-hand side lead into bedrooms where people may go and spend some time away from earthly deeds and, I might add, earn some money on the side by showing visitors round the monastery! The rooms are plainly furnished with a wooden bed, a chair and a table. A jug and ewer stand on the table beside a towel, and a small window overlooks the water. To the left we see Odysseus' boat of petrified rock. There is another claimant for the title of Odysseus' boat in Corfu. It is a small island, south of the town, called Pontikononsi, or Mouse Island, but, to my mind, its claim is weak.

The walls of the room are thick and painted white, and the coolness washes over one like a tidal wave. The minute that one steps outside, the heat strikes with renewed vigour, but, luckily, now the path leads down towards the sea. Afar, young turkeys gobble their way up towards a dwelling house, followed by an old man with a wrinkled face who leans heavily upon a stick and who would, without stretching the imagination too far, be mistaken for Laertes, father of Odysseus.

One must take the same road back to the town of Corfu, remembering that Paleocastritsa is just one of the many beautiful things that go to give Kerkyra its unique charm. On reflection, hazed by the passage of time and encountering memories on a cold, October day, Kerkyra conjures up pictures of the sea, always clear, and resembling molten, precious stones, the noises of men and women bargaining in the busyness of the fruit market, and the unaccustomed sound of hooves mixed with rolling wheels as old London hansom cabs ply to and fro along the main thoroughfares as taxis. The funerals, too, are magnificent, the hearse being a horse-drawn carriage with two liveried postillions aboard. Two horses draw the carriage, both wearing blinkers and bearing feathered plumes like crests on their heads and magnificently gold-embroidered saddle cloths on their backs.

There is a certain well in Kerkyra, and if one drinks the water of this well one's return to Kerkyra is guaranteed. Unfortunately, due to its position in the garden of the Royal Summer Residence, it is impossible now to acquire any of this water. It is an island that has long held people under its magic spell. Its spell is no less potent today.

### RIDDLE - ME - REE

My first is in bonnet but not in hat,  
 My second is in carpet but not in mat,  
 My third is in apricot but not in pear,  
 My fourth is in crown but not in heir,  
 My fifth is in down but not in up,  
 My sixth is in kitten but not in pup,  
 My last is in Helen but not in Daisy.  
 If you haven't solved this riddle the answer is

BROWNE

VALERIE REID, L.VI.

## Climbing Braeriach

The sun beat ferociously down upon us as we toiled our way up. As we stopped to rest I looked ahead. To the left loomed the eerie Lurcher's Crag, to the right, the objective of our climb, Braeriach.

We reached the Sinclair hut half an hour later and then we started up the mountain itself. It was very steep and rather slippery and we took rests very frequently. Down in the bog below a herd of deer grazed unconcernedly, no doubt wondering what these strange beings were doing.

At length we reached the top of Sron na Lairig, a shoulder of Braeriach, and ate lunch. Never have cheese sandwiches and coffee tasted so good or a boulder felt so comfortable, for the hard climb had made us all very tired.

When lunch was over we continued along the plateau, climbed a little and then dropped. We could see right down into the Larig Ghru and over to Ben Macdui on the other side. Half-way up the next slope we came upon the wreck of a German bomber

that had crashed there during the war. Then we noticed that, beside the boulders there was snow, in August! It increased as we climbed until the ground was covered with it. When we were beginning to think that we must turn, we saw, ahead, the cairn.

The view down into the Garbh Corrie was tremendous. On the other side was Cairn Toul, The Angel's Peak, and further down, The Devil's Point. On one side we could see the Moray Firth, on the other, the hills of Skye.

We stood in awe for a few minutes and then started down again. We had left too little time to go down and so we had nearly to run along. It is a wonder that none of us fell and hurt ourselves. On the way down we saw two reindeer on the side of a hill, but dinner was considered more important than reindeer, and so we carried on.

Eventually we reached the car. We arrived at the hotel tired, late for dinner, but happy. We had climbed Braeriach.

MARGARET NEILSON, F.I.

## The Arts and the People

This summer I realised an ambition. The combination of people and the arts, which every year makes the Edinburgh Festival, is fascinating, and this year I stayed in Edinburgh with some relations, for the sole purpose of seeing some of the Festival.

Quite apart from acting as a magnet for the arts, this festival draws all types of people from many countries and many cultures. And, therefore, it also draws those who study humanity. I could have walked up and down Princes Street all day, and never been bored. It seemed impossible that there could be so many different types of person, different faces and different clothes as I saw during my stay in the city; some ludicrous, some dignified, some bizarre, and some just pathetic, but all intensely absorbing.

There were the lean, aesthetic beatniks, both sexes with long hair, the males of the species distinguishable only by their beards;

these congregated in groups round the entrances to galleries, draped around each other's shoulders in attitudes of philosophic detachment from the world around them. In complete contrast to them were the elderly matrons, clad in anything from an elegant tweed suit and grouse-feather hat to a beret and tartan shirt. In fact, I have never seen so many odd shades of grey hair before. Despising the subdued nuances of blue and pearl grey rinses, these senior citizens blazed forth in brilliant emerald greens, flamboyant purples, dazzling pinks, and here and there the odd one who had tried to recapture former glory by investing in a blinding lemon-yellow rinse.

Several of these together, marching down Princes Street like a squad of militia, faces all the same colour of insipid pink, caked with make-up, their hair-colours clashing horribly, made a formidable obstacle on the

pavement. I have seen even hardened leather-boys, in their uniform of jeans and winkle-pickers, capable of driving any helpless pedestrian off the safety of the pavement, quail before this combined onslaught and retreat hastily to the gutter until the tornado had passed.

In the same category of Festival lookers-on are the ever-present Americans, rounding off their holiday in the mother country by absorbing some culture in Edinburgh. The Shakespeare exhibition was a great draw for them, and as I walked through the pseudo-Elizabethan long gallery, my reverie of "what it must have been like to live in a house like this" was rather suddenly interrupted several times by broad American accents inquiring whether it were true that the Elizabethans hardly ever had a bath, and no wonder they had that pot-pourri stuff. They stood on street corners clicking their cameras, winding on the film and clicking again. The thousands of feet of celluloid which must have been used up when the pipers marched through the streets every morning sets the mind boggling. So eager were the crowds for a sight of tartan and bagpipes, that one side of Princes Street was almost impassable as a huge cake clock in the window of one of the shops struck the hour, and a regiment of miniature pipers slid solemnly round the circumference to the tune of "Scotland the Brave". Scotland must be singularly brave to endure this travesty.

But by far the most absorbing of the groups of people at the Festival were those who came to the city like pilgrims to Mecca, seeking the pursuance of the arts, the culmination of their dramatic or musical year, the ultimate in all that is good and beautiful in the world. These are the people who doggedly shuffle round the exhibitions — all of them; who, hunched and weary, a programme or catalogue clutched in their hands, walk from one exhibit to another, stare at it, and move on to the next. They sit in symphony concerts with their eyes shut, heads tilted slightly to one side, and expressions of pious rapture and self-fulfilment on their faces. These are the people who write in the margins of their programmes; who sit on the hard modern benches in the galleries, lost in admiration, in front of some particularly arresting flight of artistic gusto and imagination. These are the people who breathe in

sharply as each new wonder is brought to their notice.

Make no mistake, however; I have a sincere and lasting admiration for these faithful few, these determined disciples of art, beauty and imagination, who turn up every year for stimulation and culture in Edinburgh. These are the people for whom the Festival is really produced.

ALISON MCLEAY, F.IV.

### WHAT SHALL I CALL IT ?

Writing something for the magazine is very difficult. This is how it usually happens.

You are told by your class teacher, or English master, that he or she has not received any contributions for the magazine.

"In this period," they say, "you will do something for the magazine. You may finish it at home."

The paper is given out and then there are the usual requests about whether to do it in pencil or ink, etc. Then you start.

First, the date: it is simple enough. You just decide whether it is 1963, 1964 or 1965. Have a guess! You can only be a year or two out! Then the rest: peer over the shoulders of the person in front of you and copy. If you are wrong, so is he. Who cares? Your teacher probably does. It can be important.

Now the title: unless you are a genius, you leave it to the end, after you have decided the plot. But now the real work begins; you sit back in your seat, and think. And as you think, you fiddle. So, gradually, the pencil shavings overflow the inkwell, and your rubber becomes very thin. The paint also wears off your pencil with non-stop biting. Then the bell rings. The teacher tells you to finish it at home and bring it to him or her tomorrow.

At home, toil recommences. You thought of the plot on the bus home, so, for the first time since the date, pencil (or pen) touches paper. And, slowly, pencil, pen, ruler and rubber all work away. But, finally, you sit up and look at your story triumphantly; a grubby bit of rubbed through paper, misspelt, mispunctuated, scribbled and anything else that teachers love to call it. Well, no one can say you didn't try. But wait! It still has to be titled. What *shall* I call it?

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, F.I.

## Ballet Legat

The company was composed of all those at the school over the age of twelve or thirteen who could really dance. The "Maîtresse de Ballet" and choreographer was Madame Nadine Nicolaeva-Legat, the principal of the Legat School, at which I was a pupil.

On Saturdays and Sundays, when the company was rehearsing, the Juniors and the Fourth Form—my form—would wait around outside the studio, getting in everybody's way until we were allowed to go in and watch. Then we would be content to sit in a corner for hours, watching Anne Aragno, our "Prima Ballerina", whose dancing we thought was absolutely perfect, and longing for the time when we would also be members of Ballet Legat.

Soon, one by one, my friends began to go into the company. I was the youngest in my class, and, as I was not yet twelve, was not allowed to dance in a professional performance. I would hardly see my friends at all after lessons were finished or at the weekends, and it was worse still when they went off to dance at Hastings, Bexhill or London and I would be left at school.

In fact, I was luckier than my friends. One day Madame Legat was really furious with a girl who was always out of time with the others.

"Ach! Dat is hopeless!" she screamed. "Vere is Jenny Blain? She can do! Vetch her immediately!"

"But she is only eleven," the poor girl replied shakily to a still more infuriated Madame who exclaimed:

"Ach! But it does not matter!"

So I danced my first part with Ballet Legat at Bexhill, a couple of weeks before my twelfth birthday. It was the part of an Arab in the ballet "Raymonda", and although it was a very easy dance, I was very proud of it, and very nervous before I went on stage for the first time as a professional dancer. I never did that dance again, for the next time we danced "Raymonda" I had graduated to being a Hungarian girl.

The next summer, shortly after I was thirteen, Anna Aragno, our "Prima Ballerina", left to go to the Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow. She was to have danced "Giselle" at Hastings and there was no one to take her

place! The whole school was horrified when they found out that the bookings had been made, and wondered what Madame could possibly be thinking of. But Madame was right, as always! That summer "Giselle" was danced by a young Eurasian girl, Onuradha Arnold, known to us as Tamara.

The next winter brought promotions all round as a lot of the company had left in the summer. I became a Reaper in "Coppelia", a Village Girl in "Giselle" and a Troubadour in "Romeo and Juliet", in which I was also a tarantella girl. I was also in a Russian Dance which we danced at several garden fêtes before the weather became too cold for them. I was very pleased because two of my new dances—those from "Giselle" and "Coppelia"—were "on toe".

The next year Madame announced that we would dance the second and third acts of "Swan Lake". This would give parts to all the company. There was much speculation as to who would dance which parts, although the leading rôles had been "cast". Tamara would dance Odette; Paul Taylor, Siegfried; and Marylène Paire, a sixteen-year-old, Parisienne, Odile. It was also fairly certain who would be in the "corps de ballet" of swans, and which classes would do the group dances in the third act, but no one knew who would be the "fiances", and nobody knew—although they thought they did—who would be the "little swans", which were counted as solo parts. The people who we thought would be chosen were all in the sixth form, and already soloists in the company. My form—by this time the upper fifth—thought we didn't stand a chance.

Then one Saturday afternoon Madame read out the names of the people she had chosen. The list, at first, went much as we had thought it would—until Madame came to the "little swans", for she read out the names of five of my friends and—my own name!

The six of us now had to work as we had never worked before, as this was by far the most difficult dance we had ever tackled. Madame had to remember the dance from the days when she herself had danced in it, and from a recent production of "Swan Lake" by the Bolshoi Company. As a

result, rehearsals were very exhausting and rather chaotic. Madame was forever telling us things which she had done, and which the Bolshoi had done — all of which would have been impossible to us, as for example, the time when she said:

“Ach, but now in the Bolshoi they hop in arabesque around themselves on toe. You must that do also!”

We looked at her. Surely she could not be in earnest?

“Ach, no, but you are not the Bolshoi!” she said.

Perhaps it was all the work that I put into “Petites Cygnes” — to give the dance Madame’s name for it — that caused my foot injury, but I shall always be glad that I have fulfilled one of my ambitions by being one of the little swans, and most of all I shall always be glad that I have been a member of Ballet Legat.

JENNY BLAIN, F.IV.

## Old Blair

The signpost said “Old Blair”. In the car we turned off the main road and followed the tortuous route leading into unknown countryside — unknown to us, yet beautiful and unspoiled. With the deterioration of the road surface, and the apparent lack of any group of habitations of proportions worthy of the name of village, doubts arose in our minds as to whether the ancient and little known object of our explorations had finally succumbed to weather and age, and had subsided quietly into the fine parkland of Atholl. This, however, was not so, as we soon discovered at the cost of a considerable amount of tyre surface; it was worth it as we discovered with delight the main street — for want of a better word — of Old Blair. The tiny, mellowed cottages, apparently uninhabited, slept in the autumn sunlight, dreaming of another sunlit day long ago.

We turned our backs on the village and read on the tired wooden “finger”: “St. Bride’s Kirk”.

The summer sun is sinking; the Whigs, those whose bodies are not rotting in the Pass, have crept away south from Killiecrankie; but there is little rejoicing among the Highlanders, drawn unwillingly, yet irresistibly towards the castle. Among them is a man called Johnstone, who stands looking hard at the ground. “He died in my arms,” he is saying, not without a touch of pride. “He said if it was well for the king, it mattered the less for him.” An approving mur-

mur stirs the group of kilted listeners, one of whom points silently to a little procession coming from the castle, moving towards the path which will lead them to the village of Old Blair. Softly, groups of barefoot Highlanders join the cortège as it dips below the stone arch which frames the entrance to the village. Somewhere near, a woman is weeping; there are people here, people who loved the man whose body, wrapped in two plaids, is being carried up to the Church. The service is short; the tiny, stone Church is not big enough for the congregation.

It is night now: the blue and gold of a July sunset gathers in the west, the purple shadows lengthen. The pipes sob out their wild lament, crying to far hills. In the Kirk of St. Bride someone has lit a candle for Bonnie Dundee.

There is no altar now; the kirk is roofless, but the walls still stand bravely. Dundee is “interred in the vault beneath”; so says a plaque to his memory, given by a former Duke of Atholl. The old place breathed history; I wondered how many people had come to disturb its peace. We made our way out of the churchyard, my father and I, carefully avoiding the nettles. As quietly as the car would allow, we left Old Blair to its seventeenth century dreams, its slumber unbroken by our intrusion. I, at least, felt that our exit should have been made on a galloping horse.

## America, the Beautiful

"We are about to land at Kennedy Airport, New York. Will you please fasten your safety belts and put out all cigarettes. The temperature in New York is ninety-nine degrees Fahrenheit. Thank you."

The stewardess's voice came over the aircraft's address system after our six-and-a-half hour flight from Prestwick. The reference to the weather in New York particularly interested me. When we had left Prestwick it had been sixty-five degrees in that great city (New York, not Prestwick), just comfortable. Now look at it, almost a hundred!

This was just the start of the wonderful two months which we spent in America. My father was working in one of the hospitals in Beckley, West Virginia. We had a small house in the grounds. So small was it, in fact, that the car we bought in Beckley was almost as long as one side of the house! Of course, it was a big car.

Beckley was a great deal farther south than Scotland, and, as well as being much hotter, it was dark at nine o'clock — even in July and August. One of the loveliest sights we saw was, I think, when we were out driving one night — in the bushes by the side of the road were hundreds of fireflies, tiny pinpoints of light flashing everywhere.

The first month was spent mainly in seeing some of the countryside around Beckley. One Sunday we drove east into Virginia to see the Natural Bridge — one of the Seven Wonders of the Modern World — it was truly magnificent.

We also spent a lot of time water-ski-ing on Bluestone, a lake about forty miles from Beckley. It was situated in Bluestone State Park and was formed by damming two rivers — the Bluestone River and the New River. It was a really lovely lake, surrounded by the thickly-wooded hillsides that were typical of West Virginia. It was also ideal for swimming and water-ski-ing, for, not only was the surface very smooth, but the water was always warm — quite a change from our Scottish lochs!

About a fortnight after we arrived, we drove to Charleston — the capital of West Virginia — which was about fifty-five miles along the West Virginian Turnpike from Beckley. Almost all the Capital Buildings of the different states are built on more or less the same lines, but the West Virginian Capitol is said to be one of the most beautiful. The dome was a deep colour of blue, with gold decorations. Inside the dome hung a magnificent crystal chandelier.

At the beginning of August, Mummy and I flew up to Indiana to visit friends who lived on a farm there. While we were staying with them, we visited Chicago twice. The first time we were there we discovered it to be a beautiful city overlooking Lake Michigan, quite different to what we had expected. There were many lovely and interesting buildings, among them the Natural History Museum, the Adler Planetarium and the Art Institute — all of which I visited. After staying the night in a suburb of Chicago, we went to a new shopping centre. It was a beautiful place, built on two levels, with fountains and gardens on both levels — its many shops ranging from several large department stores to a shop which dealt solely in different kinds of candles.

The Sunday after this we again drove into Chicago, this time with Daddy, who had driven up from Beckley. On this occasion we went to the top of the Prudential Insurance Building, which, at forty-one storeys, is the highest building in Chicago. It was a clear day and we had a magnificent view of the city.

We stayed over two weeks in Indiana, which was completely different from West Virginia. Indiana is essentially a farming state and is well suited to it, being very flat and having black, fertile soil. Fruit grew extremely well — peaches, cherries, blueberries and apples especially. Some of the peaches we had were as big as grapefruits and delicious to eat!

We were all very sorry to leave our friends we had waited so long to see, for they and all their friends had been very kind to us.

Returning to Beckley by a long route, we drove along several Toll Roads, or Turnpikes as they were called. From the Indiana Turnpike we drove almost immediately on to the Ohio Turnpike. Ohio scenery was much the same as Indiana's, but when we drove into Pennsylvania — on yet another Turnpike — we found ourselves driving between, as the name of the state implies, thickly wooded hillsides. On this Turnpike we passed through at least nine tunnels through the mountains.

Leaving the turnpikes, we visited Gettysburg, where one of the most decisive battles of the Civil War was fought, and, a few months after it, Abraham Lincoln delivered his famous Gettysburg Address. You could drive through the battlefield, where the different states had put up monuments to commemorate the men of their state who had been killed in the battle — which had lasted for three days.

After leaving Gettysburg, we drove on to Washington, which was, I think, the highlight of our holiday. It was a really beautiful city, with an amazing number of its buildings built of marble. Unfortunately, the White House was just closing to visitors as we arrived, but it was a lovely building even from the outside — pure white marble. As we did not have much time to spare, we left the car in a car park and took a bus tour which seemed to include most of the really important places in Washington. We went to the Archives, where all the important American documents are kept, and Arlington Cemetery, where we saw the Changing of the Guard at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the grave of President Kennedy.

After we had found somewhere to stay for the night, it was dark, and we decided to drive back into the centre of Washington to see some of the buildings floodlit. The most impressive, in our opinion, was the Lincoln Memorial which we had also seen by day. The building which contains the statue of Lincoln was not lit, only the statue itself.

When we returned to Beckley, time seemed to fly, and in no time at all we were at Charleston Airport waiting for the plane which would take us to New York — our last two days in America were here. The worst bit of all was saying goodbye to our friends,

the Campbells. It was thanks to them that we went to America at all. Dr. Campbell, who had been at university with Daddy, did many things for us, including teaching Daddy and me how to water-ski. Nancy, his American wife, also helped us to adapt to the American way of life for the months. Oh, and the most important member, perhaps, of the Campbell family was also a great help in making us feel at home — Catriona, the new baby who had been born in June and seemed to stretch beyond belief while we were there.

New York — it was not nearly as hot as it had been when we arrived, this time it was just comfortable sight-seeing weather. The afternoon we arrived from Charleston we went to the Empire State Building, which was just round the corner from our hotel. Luckily, it was a clear day and we had a wonderful view, both from the top and the eighty-seventh floor, where there is an observation balcony. When it was dark we walked down Broadway to Times Square and saw all the lights.

The next morning we met the eldest son of the Petersons — our friends from Indiana — and one of his friends. We went to the United Nations Building with them, and after going on a tour of the Conference Building, we all had lunch in the Delegates' Dining Room. After lunch we took a bus to Lower Manhattan and then a ferry over to the Statue of Liberty. By the time we were back on Manhattan it was time to go to the airport. We had certainly enjoyed our last two days in America. In fact, there was no part of our American holiday which we did not enjoy.

MORAG STALKER, F.I.

### THE SPARROW

The little sparrow's been up since dawn,  
Hopping and fluttering on our lawn.  
It is looking for food for its young,  
Lying in a nest in the April sun.

It will soon go back to its nest, and then  
Turn right back for more food again;  
For the young ones, hungry and warm in the  
sun,

Will not let it rest till the day is done.

JANET WOOD, L.VI.

## Would You Become A Teacher ?

"Don't be daft! Me? A Teacher? Not likely!" That, I suppose, would be the general answer to this question if asked of us at our age. Certainly, I know only a few persons who, while still at school, have the ambition to enter the ranks of teachers. These few, of course, could never constitute all the teachers of Dundee, let alone the whole of Britain. How then does this army find the soldiers to equip itself for battle?

Have you ever wondered? What are the reasons that convert these persons, who emerge from school, perhaps mainly anti-teachers or anti-education, and pro-anything not to do with teaching, into teachers?

Well, that's a good question. The best persons to answer are, of course, the teachers themselves. *And the only way to find out is to ask them, for it is extremely unlikely that they will tell us otherwise.*

I found out that about 35 per cent. of the teachers I interviewed considered it a vocation. I really mean three out of seven. Of these, one admitted that had circumstances permitted, a medical profession was also attractive. This was out of the question, so teaching prevailed.

Another answered that teaching was really a realisation of a lifelong ambition; that due to circumstances it had been impossible to become a teacher earlier and only after many years in a job in industry did the opportunity of taking up teaching present itself.

A third interviewed had definitely always wanted to become a teacher, and had never had any other desire at all. It had always been, still was, and always will be a vocation for this person. Two others, on emerging from university, found that teaching was the only work open to them. One found that circumstances were completely against pursuing any other occupation. The other had three courses open, but was uninterested in two of them, having tried one as a vocational job. Teaching appealed as the more varied and offering more scope. Others had no thought of teaching whatsoever until the very end of their university education or schooling. One decided to become a teacher with the ultimate aim of going abroad and helping

under-developed countries, but this was a complete change from original ambitions.

Yet another had no intention of teaching and thought school was finished for good at the end of 6th year (what bliss!) . . . and so this pupil went off to university to study a subject that is quite impossible to teach at school. After a while, however, there was a switch to a course that appealed more with a view to entering the Civil Service. While waiting a year to pass the Civil Service Entrance Exam., there was a "filling in of time" period at Training College with still no serious thoughts about teaching. The training course completed, the Civil Service was forsaken and teaching adopted.

Strange though it may seem from the above information, none of the teachers regrets his or her decision and none finds teaching boring. (This is of particular note to all pupils, past, present and future.)

They would make the same decision again. When asked about dislikes, they could think of none immediately, and some could not think of any! As for best "likes", if you forgive the expression", the answers even included "awkward questions!"

Which just goes to show that perhaps the teaching profession will not die out with this generation, and probably even some of us will take up teaching (though not, of course, the persons reading this article — we cannot expect too many miracles!). And I have no doubt the said readers of this article would be horrified if they could see themselves ten years hence as that most unfortunate individual that tries to push sense into unreceptive heads! (Small capitals, not large capitals.) For your peace of mind let us say it will not be you, especially you who got 100 per cent. for Latin.

After all, if there were so many complicated reasons behind the actions of present-day teachers in the process of becoming teachers, it might transpire that some of us will take up the profession for the same obscure reasons. It is certainly a thought to ponder! Is teaching quite as bad as I think it is? Would I ever take it up?

*Well, you just never know!*

B. A., F.III.

## Verbal Combat

Hyde Park on a Sunday morning.

As usual, a variety of lunatics, fanatics, grumblers and intellectuals clamour to captivate the imagination of the tourists, students, etc., who, for various reasons, want to feast over controversy, find a figure on whom to concentrate disapproval or, supposedly, to gain knowledge.

Then there are the hecklers.

Let us take a more intensive look at one of these congregations, one of the larger ones. Here, tottering dangerously on a slightly delicate stool, is Patrick MacDhui, Esq., who as his name suggests, is descended from both the Irish and the Scottish, and has inherited the pugnacity of a Scot and the vehemence of an Irishman. From a wealthily-dressed, rotund body, outstretches a brawny paw, which continuously raps a steel placard, which proclaims, in dripping red paint, "Independence for Scotland — Vital".

He has a worthy opponent though in Maggie Reilly, a boisterous, effervescent Londoner of no fixed abode. Nobody knows much about her, only that this scruffy, unkempt woman is a superb heckler; and, in



fact, it is rumoured that more than half the audience have arrived to listen to her fiery retorts, as opposed to Mr MacDhui's fiery proclamations.

As we join them, Mr MacDhui is in full cry.

"And should Scotland allow itself — its wonderful, great . . ."

"Whisky? Go on!" This from Maggie Reilly, with a buzzard-like screech.

"And should Scotland allow itself to be ruled by some remote, obscure, uncaring . . ."

"They care for Scotch!" Hoots of laughter, and cynical applause, while Mr MacDhui turns to look down upon his guffawing spectators with a glare suggesting disillusionment.

"Would anybody here," his voice, bold and challenging, "who would care to laugh at this most disreputable, disgraceful exhibition of . . ."

"Common sense, I say!" This from a newly-fledged heckler, possibly a protégé of Maggie, who raises satirical cheers and leers from the more rowdy of the audience, and a titter from the more intellectual, despite their consciences.

"Silence, silence, everyone!", booms out MacDhui, his voice becoming less dignified, less controlled, with every word. Perhaps disconcerted by a hint of violence in the enraged MacDhui's voice, there ensues a momentary silence, followed by a rowdily-blended crescendo of titters, through which Mr MacDhui's voice manages to pierce, by now hoarse and rough, as a result of which he is continually forced to clear his throat.

"As I was saying before this . . . h'mm, h'mm, yes, well, Scotland . . ." now punctuated by a resumption of placard-banging, ". . . needs unity . . ."

"I could tell you a lot of other things it needs!", screeches Maggie. This is applauded as before, and when an irate Mr MacDhui bellows again, his voice has taken a decidedly hysterical tone.

"At the moment, Scotland is divided up . . ."

"By the Caledonian Canal!" By now, the mob have been sufficiently "warmed up"

to persecute the outspoken Mr MacDhui, who now resorts to blasphemy.

“Now look here you d—d fools, if you’re not going to listen, why don’t you let those who want to listen?” This hoarse reprimand draws unsatisfactory reactions; the burly mob, ably led by Maggie Reilly, jeer, hoot and hiss at MacDhui’s savage words. MacDhui, visage crimson, fists tightly clenched, roars as he has never roared before and stamps fiercely on his precarious stool, which, inevitably tremors and, as MacDhui wildly claws at air, topples, leaving MacDhui to collapse ignominiously, felling his placard with a resounding clatter in doing so.

Complete humiliation, and a resounding success for Maggie, it is agreed, as sightseers flock in to gloat over the unconscious figure.

FOOTNOTE:— Article from the “Evening Messenger” under the heading “Chaos at Speakers’ Corner”.

A Mr Patrick MacDhui (57), residing presently at Mount Pleasant Hotel, was found unconscious at Marble Arch today. It is believed that he fell from a stool on which he had been speaking. Commented his wife, Mrs Margaret MacDhui (maiden name Reilly), “He had it coming to him”.

CHRISTOPHER JONES, F.I.

### A HARD TASK

I cannot write a story,  
My poems are useless, too,  
My speling is atoshus,  
Whatever can I do?

I’ve done no great or wondrous feat,  
Nor gone to far off lands;  
The furthest I have even been,  
Is to Carnoustie sands.

I’ve never met a famous man,  
Or gone to see a show,  
I cannot make up jokes and such,  
I am so awfully slow.

Oh, how I hate this task of mine,  
To write out something clever;  
It is so hard to make this rhyme,  
I’ll never do it, never!

RUTH McDOUGALL, F.I.



### MY PETS

I am very interested in reptiles and amphibians, and I collect them. In my collection I have two tree frogs, one British common toad, an alpine newt and a terrapin. The tree frogs will only eat winged food, such as moths and bluebottles. The toad will eat worms, but prefers moths and flies. Both the alpine newt and the terrapin are partial to worms, which they grab by the middle and shake from side to side, like a dog worrying a rat.

I have seen “Nellie”, the newt, attempting to swallow a worm twice its own length. I also had, before these, a viviparous lizard and a sand lizard, one after another. They both finally escaped because the sides of their vivariums were too low.

ROBIN GAULDIE, L.VI.

### MY PETS

My hamsters are Bubble and Squeak,  
They are usually docile and meek.  
When I give them their food,  
They are not quite so good,  
My hamsters, Bubble and Squeak.

JANE McNEILL, L.VI.

## Treetops Hotel

When we went to Kenya, East Africa, during the summer holidays we were lucky enough to get to Treetops Hotel.

It was originally a small wooden "hotel", capable of holding about two guests, built on a Mugumu tree. It was there that Princess Elizabeth became Queen Elizabeth II. when her father died. This hotel was later burnt down by the Mau Mau.

In 1955, when most of the Mau Mau trouble was over, Treetops was rebuilt on the other side of the clearing and from it one has a wonderful view. The new Treetops now accommodates about thirty-five people.

In the morning we travelled to Nyeri, about 100 miles north of Nairobi. It was in Nyeri that Lord Baden-Powell died and his grave is to be seen. We had lunch at the Outspan Hotel and then set out for Treetops Hotel in a safari car. It is in the Aberdare National Park. Soon we arrived at the point where the safari cars were left. From there we walked behind the hunter and his gun for about two hundred and fifty yards. There were hides every so often for you to hide in if any animal happened to come that way. Treetops is still a wooden structure, but built on several trees. There are even branches cutting across some of the passages! The hotel itself is three storeys high—the roof, the middle balcony—dining room, bar, some sleeping quarters—the bottom balcony—sleeping quarters. During afternoon tea, which was on the roof, a baboon came and stole my scone! Other baboons also came on the roof—one of which the hunter fed by hand.

There are many animals to be seen, including baboon, warthog, water-buck, bush-buck, rhino, buffalo, elephant, giant forest hog and birds.

After dinner, while the others were watching the arrival of the first elephant, the hunter led my brother and me secretly down the fire escape to get a closer view of the animals. We were about twenty feet from the ground and could almost have touched the elephant's back! It was a tremendous thrill.

We could have stayed up all night, but we went to bed and asked to be wakened if any new animals arrived.

After a cup of tea at about seven-thirty in the morning, we followed the hunter back to the safari cars. From there we returned to the Outspan and breakfast.

SANDY MITCHELL, F.II.

### MY FIRST DAY FISHING

Grandad had given me a fishing-rod for my birthday. The rod was four feet high and was made of fibre-glass. It had a bright, orange line and a shiny, new reel. Daddy had promised to take me fishing in the holidays and now the day had come. We had spent all morning preparing the rods. It was early evening when we set out. There was a slight wind blowing as we crossed some hills to a loch. We saw lots of fish rising that night. Daddy told me to stand with my back to the wind so that the wind could blow the line farther into the middle of the loch. We stood casting for two hours. Once I thought I had a bite but it was just my line caught in some weed. That night we went home empty-handed, but we both knew that we could go fishing another day.

P. GORDON GRANT, L.V.

### H.M.S. "VICTORY"

On our way to Brighton in the summer holidays we visited Portsmouth. After looking round the shops, we went down to the docks to see H.M.S. "Victory". We saw all the different kinds of cannons and a sailor told us there were eight anchors. Below the decks we saw the cat-o'-nine-tails, which is a whip with nine strands of leather with beads fixed on to them. We saw where Lord Nelson was killed in the Battle of Trafalgar at the beginning of the 19th century. We were told that it was the flagship and it was still flying the same flags.

ALAN MILNE, L.V.

# RENOVATIONS IN HOME OR OFFICE

## **FLOOR COVERINGS**

Large stocks of linoleum and vinyl floor coverings in attractive designs and colours to suit all surroundings.

## **CARPETING**

Wide range of modern and traditional designs from which to choose your carpet for any room in the home.

## **SPECIALITIES**

Re-covering of Moquette Suites, Loose Covers, Curtaining, Holland and Venetian Blinds all carried out by expert craftsmen.

*Estimates with pleasure  
in All Departments*

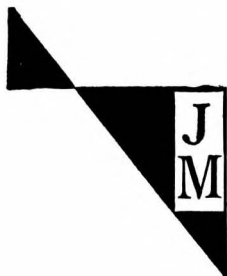
**J. & J. GRAY, LTD.**  
18 - 30 PERTH ROAD, DUNDEE

ESTABLISHED OVER A CENTURY

TELEPHONE 25991 (2 Lines)

for all

## **Scholars' requisites**



BOOKS  
STATIONERY  
FOUNTAIN PENS and MATHS SETS  
GREETING CARDS  
GIFTS

Book & Gift Tokens sold & exchanged

# **JOHN MENZIES**

**BOOKSHOP**

**8 WHITEHALL STREET  
DUNDEE**

tel. 25439



GROCERIES  
PROVISIONS  
WINES AND SPIRITS

•  
COMPLETE SERVICE  
FOR COCKTAIL PARTIES

•  
LARGE SELECTION OF  
CONTINENTAL AND  
ORIENTAL FOODS

*Have you seen the interior of this Store before?*

IF NOT, WE WILL BE VERY PLEASED TO SEE YOU

## **DUNDEE SUPPLY COMPANY LTD.**

Established  
1873

80 - 82 COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE  
BRANCH AT 193 BROOK STREET, BROUGHTY FERRY

Telephone  
25006

Goods and Car Parking Entrance—16-18-20 Rankine's Court (Off High Street)

## My Irish Holidays

For my holiday my family and I went to Ireland. We went right round Ireland stopping at Belfast, Dublin, Cork, Castlegregory, Galway and Larne.

My family and I started by going by car to Stranraer overnight. I enjoyed going through the night, even when we got mixed up on the newly-completed Cumbernauld by-pass. (When we were on the way back we saw what a maze it was!) We reached Stranraer in plenty of time to catch the ferry.

You wait for an A.A. man to tell you to go on the boat. The sailors in the hold told us to stop so close to the car in front, that there was an inch between one car and another. It was beautifully calm going over.

Two hours later we arrived in Larne. Then we drove to Belfast. The day afterwards we visited Belfast Zoo where we discovered that the monkeys listened to the radio. Then we crossed the border to get to Dublin, with its famous Phoenix Park. It was very warm in the park but we did not go to the zoo in it because we had been to a zoo the day before.

Cork was our next stop. We went to a beach twenty miles away. Daddy did not come because he went to a meeting every day there. On the way through pleasant countryside, we saw a few wayside shrines. Cork, second biggest city in Eire, stands on the River Lee. Near Cork is Blarney Castle. Inside the castle is a stone; the Blarney Stone. This stone is supposed to bring good luck if you kiss it. We did not visit it.

Next, we visited Castlegregory, on the Dingle Peninsula. Here we went to the beach every day, too. We often explored rock pools. I once thought I saw a mouse looking at me. He then darted away. Mummy and I took all the stones out of the pool and then we tried to catch it. When the fish was finally caught he proved to be a fat, long fish, green in colour. We also caught small, blue, shrimp-like fish and hermit crabs. We went to the beautiful Ring of Kerry. It was raining but we still had a view.

Helen and I, as children would, said, "I can't see any sand".

Then we went to Galway. We stayed in the car most of the time because the weather was bad.

After crossing the border, declaring two beach rings and one towel, we went on to Belfast. On our last day we went round the Antrim Coast. Before setting out we went to Larne to find a place to sleep on the last night.

The Antrim coast was really beautiful. We went to a beach there. A number of people were on the sands, but in Ireland there are never as many people as at an English holiday resort. Next day we sailed. Farewell Ireland, farewell.

MICHAEL G. FOSTER, L.V.

### ME (I)

What have I done in my 18 years?

I have grown from 7 lbs. to approximately 12 stone. Which if you take it out of context is quite a feat.

Two in fact.

Which have spread from the span of size 1 infant boots to size 7 high-heeled Chelsea ditto.

My colour scheme has changed from pale blue to black and my thin curl of thinner hair has grown long and wavy — though Nature never made it so.

The only music I knew was nursery rhymes, now the sound of drums and the bass guitar dominate my life.

My spare time is taken up with grease and de-carbonising carburettors — a far cry from my Dinky toy days.

I still want to be an engine driver, unlike most boys who abandon the cause at the age of five.

But although my heart tells me to be an engine driver, my 500 cm<sup>3</sup> brain capacity and my mother are convincing me that I must be a nuclear physicist.

So now I leave you in peace for a few years, until . . .

BY US, F.I. R<sup>4</sup>.

## Lament to the Workmen

By a Spectator

For a long time now (considerably less than we think), the daily routine of pupils and teachers alike has been interrupted by the presence of workmen on the roof of the West Wing.

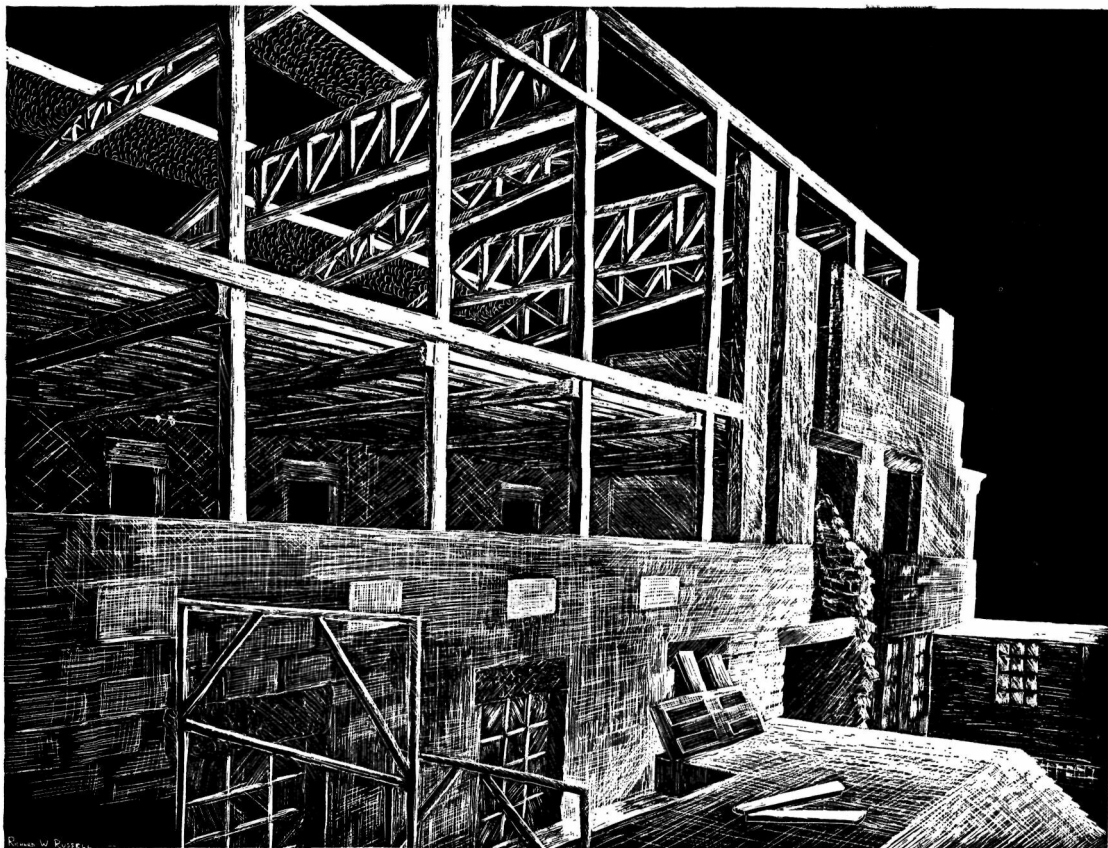
The workmen first arrived in June and soon a small wooden hut was erected at the West Gate of the Boys' School. This spectacular erection was to be their home for months to come. Here, they were going to drink their tea, have their lunch and shelter in bad weather.

The first to arrive were the demolition crew who proceeded to knock down the art room, allowing the stones, which were (inci-

dentally) quite large, to drop to the playground some feet below and there to lie until another crew took them away.

The second crew of builders, carpenters and joiners arrived during the holidays. The demolition crew had vanished by this time and soon the school became accustomed to seeing certain workmen's faces around the school. These workmen are the ones for whom the lament is written. It is they whom we shall miss the most.

How quiet the school will seem without them! How we shall miss the cheerful, tuneful whistling, the not so tuneful rendering of top pop tunes and the shouts and yells of



various foremen trying to encourage their colleagues to work harder. The rate at which they appear to work makes me wonder if we shall ever miss them or if they are to become a permanent fixture of the school.

I have yet to see a genuine British workman that does not bear the standard British trade mark in one of his hands — the cup of tea or the perpetual cigarette. The workmen on our roof are no exception. However, it is not true to say that they do no work at all. When they work, they work very hard and it is amazing to see the speed with which the roof has been laid and completed.

How quiet the school will seem without the ever-present banging of hammers and thumping of drills! How quiet without the cheerful wolf whistles and the joy of listening to a transistor radio being played within earshot of a senior mathematics class. How quiet without the joyful shout of "Tea up" repeated regularly by enthusiastic workmen who repeat the cryptic message at two-minute intervals approximately every two hours.

How drab the school will be without the toothy (and toothless) grins flashed from one to another and the notices such as "Condemned School" which appeared from time to time!

How we shall miss the fun of seeing irate male members of staff questioning even more irate members of the crew on the roof; of seeing the football team having the daily practice, much to the chagrin of little boys who have finished lunch and who want to play football, too; of seeing workmen sliding straight down ladders, their arms and legs splayed out at all angles.

It is interesting to observe that, with lunch-time, tea-breaks, chatting, football-practice and other entertaining activities, the roof is in fact finished and the class-rooms are fast becoming recognisable as such.

What a sobering thought that, although this is meant to be a lament, perhaps the workmen will still be here when the Easter term begins in 1965.

## Inverewe

During the summer holidays, our family visited the renowned Inverewe Gardens; situated on Loch Ewe at Poolewe, six miles from Gairloch, where we stayed. A most important fact is that they are in the same latitude as is Labrador, a barren Canadian region.

The Gardens were originally bought and cultivated in 1822 by Osgood Mackenzie and then handed to his daughter, Mrs Mairi T. Sawyer, late of 1953, who in her turn gifted it to the National Trust a few months before she died.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our first sight as the gates are entered is the Gate Lodge, a picturesque Georgian cottage bordered with Livingstone daisies. From there we proceeded to the Summer House, where admission money is taken. Members of the National Trust do not pay the two shillings and sixpence. On one of the walls is a large scale map of the world where visitors to the Gardens place a pin on their home town.

The visitor is then advised to go via the avened Drive to Inverewe House and its garden, which is laid out with flowers to give a "3D" effect. The flowers were a contrast to tropical growths: they were common British ones!

Our catalogue instructed us to pass through the Rock Garden, as the Torridonian Sandstone catches the eye and the rocks and alpine plants provide a good material for the photographer.

This path led us to the enclosure named "Japan". Here the growth was distinctly Oriental, with Japanese Double Pink Cherry. There is also an Australian fern, eleven feet high, with a head of fronds fifteen feet across, and several Eucalyptus trees.

Immediately to the west of the house is the Grove of Big Trees, where Giant Californian Redwoods and Firs grow beside a princely Eucalyptus Coccifera, ninety-eight feet high.

The route leads past a small pond, flanked on either side with terraces, to Creag



a Lois, a natural rock garden framed with pink, white, blue and purple Triflorum Rhododendrons. The path to the right leads off to a high knoll and a Shelter Hut, built of logs in Norwegian style, which looks down upon the Large Pond and commands a glorious view across Loch Ewe. On descending the knoll we pass the Azaleas, a magnificent and lovely sight when in full bloom in summer, and when the foliage is russet bronze in autumn.

Taking the main walk and continuing on to the View Point, we happen on a cliff edge of the peninsula. We again look out to Loch Ewe. Not far from the View Point is a second Shelter Hut, like the other, built of logs. It marks a pleasant spot at which to linger. We look down on the Large Pond from this vantage point. In summer the pond surface is covered with water lilies — white, pink, yellow and red; reeds and bulrushes; iris; bamboo sways in the gentle breezes. This is a favourite haunt of herons.

To reach the Cuddy Rock at the extreme tip of Ploc Ard, the Gaelic for the Inverewe Peninsula, you have to follow a zig-zag path. By the rocks there are seats on commanding

viewpoints overlooking Loch Ewe. Retracing our steps, we pass a huge rock buttress made out of Torridonian Sandstone. A narrow path at the bend gives access to woodland in the precincts of Camas Glas.

From this area narrower, ascending paths lead to a clearing on higher ground known as the "Coronation Knoll", which was planted with Inverewe's own rhododendron seedlings to commemorate the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. As we leave Camas Glas, the main path to which we have returned becomes a Rhododendron Walk. Near the end of the Walk is the "Peace Plot", planted after the First World War. There is a grave commemorating those men killed in action.

"Bambooselem", noted for its plantations of bamboo, is near the "Peace Plot". No other enclosure has a greater variety of species. It is the most sheltered part of the garden. The neighbouring plot, known as "America", is small but extremely colourful.

The last part of the garden to visit is known as "The Walled Garden". It is really an orchard, vegetable and flower garden. The large greenhouses are topped up with warm water to give an average of 90°F. in summer. They house the seedlings and young trees.

Finally, the garden is completed with a first-class, modern and hygienic restaurant. Inside it is decked with plants, and a partition of bamboo and grape vines divides the dining room from the lounge.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was announced on the News several days ago that, second to Culzean Castle in Ayr, Inverewe Gardens had the highest attendance for this year amongst the National Trust properties.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you are near Gairloch or Aultbea, in Wester Ross, I would recommend a visit to the exotic and interesting Inverewe Gardens of the remote Scottish Highlands. You will help to increase their attendance record!

PATRICIA RITCHIE, F.I.

## Wild Life in Danger

There is a state of emergency in the animal world. During the last fifty years no less than *seventy-six* species of animals have been wiped out, owing to man's destructive abilities and lack of vision. During the next fifty years, this appalling figure may be trebled! Once these animals are gone, we cannot get them back. It may seem curious, but after the next fifty years or so, a child may quite well be asking: "What was a wild animal?"

Wild life is one of the most delightful things you could find in the world to look at, but it is gradually being wiped out by people who wish to cover the world with concrete and tarmac, and by people, mostly native, who value the hide or horn of animals. The Government is doing all it can to try to prevent poaching, but there are still people who can manage to poach and avoid being caught.

One of the favourite sports is to chase a cheetah (which can manage a speed of seventy-six to eighty miles per hour at a burst) until it is exhausted (they chase it in a jeep) and then shoot it down with power rifles. One man placed a stuffed cheetah in the bush where the sport was popular and, at the end of the day, counted the number of bullet holes in the animal's fur and the empty cartridges around. The total was around two hundred. There were probably one hundred or so more empty cartridges a little further afield. This method of hunting is also used on kangaroos.

One of the rarest animals in the world is the Oryx, of which there are roughly *two hundred* left, and is steadily decreasing. If this animal is to be saved, effective protection must be introduced.

Other rare animals include the Panda, the Chinchilla, the Blue Whale (not a fish), the Cheetah, Pere David's Deer, the Arabian Oryx, the White Rhino, the Sumatran Rhino and the Spanish Lynx.

Rare birds include the Hawaiian Goose or Ne-Ne, the Ekimo Curlew, the Whooping Crane, the Kakapo and Swinhoe's Pheasant.

If these creatures are to be saved, immediate action must be taken. Only a few are in

zoos, and even fewer have bred. One of the most valuable animals in captivity is Chi-chi, London Zoo's Giant Panda. London Zoo has bred Giant Pandas once, but this is a very difficult thing to do. Wild life is in danger.

DAVID McDONALD, L.VII.

### MY BED

When, at night, I lay my head  
On the pillows on my bed,  
As I lie, I seem to see  
My bedstead, winking up at me.

We are great friends, my bed and I,  
And, when at night awake I lie,  
I seem to hear my good bed say,  
"Just go to sleep: see you next day!"

I don't know what I'd do without  
My faithful bedstead, good and stout!  
I'll never leave it, anyway,  
So my bed and I with each other will stay.

CATHERINE GREEN, L.VII.



## Roman Holiday, Summer, 1964

The capital cities of the world have a magic all their own and none more so than Rome. For well over 2,000 years there have been habitations in or around Rome's seven hills. These habitations were at first mere huts, but they did not long remain so. Out of the ashes of these arose, brick by brick, the Rome we now know, its buildings typical of many periods blending beautifully to make modern Rome.

Rome has so much to offer to so many people — to the painter and sculptor masterpieces beyond price, to the archaeologist miles of interesting "digs", to the dress designer magnificent materials and models, to the opera lover splendid opera houses and performers, to the ardent Roman Catholic, the cradle of his religion and the abode of his intercessor with God, to the sun lover stretches of golden beach, and to the traveller with an interested mind something of all those things.

I was one of those interested travellers and looked in wonder at some of Rome's treasures.

The weather was brilliant with a cloudless sky — a high shining sun which enveloped everything, giving it a special radiance. It was very, very hot too, sometimes too hot, but you can well imagine what a treat this was after the very grim weather we have here in Scotland. We were told, however, that it could in winter be extremely cold, but that this was confined to two or, at the most, three months. As for the extremely high summer temperatures, even the Italians found these trying. We thought that perhaps their fondness for driving fast cars with no roofs sprang from a desire to keep cool, as this was indeed a very effective method of doing so. The traffic was almost always heavy and fast, and crossing a road became a matter of courage and skill.

For a stranger to drive in Rome is a nightmare till the lane system is mastered and the whirling maze of traffic can be accepted as normal. It seemed on the whole that the driving, though crazy to us, was good. The trolley-bus and bus systems seemed to us very efficient. The buses were rather fun, though, if one had to use them all the time, they might have proved exhausting. In Rome's buses the traveller enters at one door, pays his fare to the conductor who remains seated at a small desk by the entry door, passes up the bus (there are only a few seats in most of them, and most of these single, so that there is a lot of standing space), and out at the other door. We did not see anyone refused admittance to a bus. They were always packed and the price was very moderate. There were two "circular" buses: one on an inner ring route and one on an outer. By using these buses, which were cheaper than an official bus tour of the city, it was possible to pick out places of interest and get one's bearings. It was easy then to return to the selected places and to stay for a longer time.

The Roman remains are full of interest. We saw the Roman Forum, first in a "Sound and Light" performance. This was beautifully done and the floodlights on a particular building or area accompanied by the story serve to fix the scene and events in one's mind. We then spent a long, hot afternoon reliving the incidents of the Rome Republic and of later dates. The house of Augustus and Livia on the Palatine, with all the accessory buildings and their magnificent view of the Campus Martius, kept us entranced for a long time. In the Basilica di Massenzio we attended a very fine concert of music by an Italian orchestra. It was delightful to sit there in the warm evening and listen to the music spinning up into a velvety sky. Perhaps even more exciting was our visit to the Baths of Caracalla, now used as a huge im-

pressive Opera House. We saw both "The Masked Ball" and "Aida". "Aida" was a magnificent spectacle with horses and chariots on the stage. As in the Basilica di Messenzio, these were open air performances. The late-night planes from and to Rome's airports traced their paths across the night skies. We were actually on the stage in daylight. It was enormous, with great ramps as wide as Reform Street, and about half its length. The stage was at least as broad as the breadth of the Boys' School from the West to the East Gate. The Colosseum was another breathtaking spectacle, especially at night time when it was subtly lit from within with what looked like the red glow of sunset.

Rome is full of the most attractive and architecturally-perfect fountains. The Trevi Fountain, into which visitors throw their lire so that they may return to Rome, is always surrounded by eager tourists with cameras and lire. It is a handsome Fountain, designed originally by Bernini, the designer of many of Rome's fine fountains. We liked the huge fountain in the centre of Piazza dell' Osedra, the Naiads fountain. Three-quarters of the piazza is an arcade with cafes and shops. At the cafes it is possible to sit watching the passing scene or, in the evening, to listen to singers and bands. Just as Rome is full of fountains, so it is full of piazzas and hills—Rome's famous seven hills—and churches and museums filled with the treasures of centuries. The view of Rome from the Pincio and the Gianicolo is all-encompassing. The sunsets from these are reputed to be wonderful, but I must confess I have seen better at home! Of the Piazzas, one of the most beautiful is the Piazza Navona, on the site of the Circus of Domitian. It is elliptical in shape, maintaining this shape from its race-course days. It contains three fountains, and at Christmas time is the scene of a huge toy-fair.

The Vatican almost exhausts one's capacity to describe. The Vatican library and the museum would need days of a tourist's

time to do them justice. The Sistine Chapel is for the artist and sculptor. The day we were there it was packed tightly with chattering tourists, from every land, excited and thrilled at the sight of so much beauty. We saw the Pope, in St. Peter's itself, being carried from the High Altar in all his glory, surrounded by loyal Catholics, their cries of "Il Papa" following him to the sunshine of the square outside. And some hours later there he was again at the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, a small frail man, ascetic-looking, a real religious, arriving to take a special service at this old church in Trastevere. We made friends with the minister of the Church of Scotland and his wife, a very kindly couple. The Scottish Church in Rome is simple and dignified, and a tremendous relief to the eye from the Baroque style of the continental Catholic churches.

All visitors to Rome go to see the Spanish Steps at the foot of the Pincian Hill. There are 137 of these steps leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the Church of Trinita del Monti. It was in this area that the old Spanish Embassy to the Holy See had its quarters, and leading off in the opposite direction is one of Rome's most famous and expensive streets (there are many of these!), the Via Condetti.

I could go on and on to describe the great Borghese Gardens, the Pantheon, the Olympic Stadium, the Catacombs, the Vittorio Emanuel monument, the Villa d' Este . . .

I can but urge you, yourself, to visit Rome to enjoy Italy's gorgeous weather, to feast on her lovely fruit and well-cooked meals, and come back refreshed and inspired.

### THE BEATLES

I was at the Beatles and everybody screamed when they came on and some boys threw blooms off the balcony.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE, L.II.

## The Warship "Vasa" Is Reclaimed

During my visit to Stockholm last summer, I was lucky enough to see the warship "Vasa".

It was 333 years ago when this large, wooden ship set sail from Stockholm on its ill-fated maiden voyage. Being a warship, it was well armed. On board, there were 60 cannons. They were large and cumbersome and they had not been securely fixed to the deck at the time of launching. As the ship reached the mouth of the harbour, a storm arose. She floundered helplessly, as great waves pounded her sides. Simultaneously, the cannons broke loose from the ropes which held them. They rolled over to the other side as she heeled over, making her so lop-sided that merciless waves poured over her side, making her sink.

Several attempts have been made to re-float "Vasa", but it was not until two years ago, when the necessary equipment was available, that the mission was successful. When she had been raised, she was towed to the quayside where operations started immediately. The first task was to clear the mud from her decks. This task took a long time, as all the mud had to be gone through carefully. When anything was found, it was washed clean by a strong jet of water. The large cannons were soon all discovered, but in addition to this so were many old coins, idols, old ropes, parts of the old food and water barrels, and many other interesting items. There were no remnants of cloth, however, as they had disintegrated. When all the mud, which weighed over 130 tons, had been taken away, work for her preservation started. Twelve large, arch-shaped girders were put up and a building was erected around her. Then chemicals were tested to see which ones preserved the best. These were then sprayed on to "Vasa".

She was now ready for public viewing and since then hundreds of people pass

through this building and look in awe at this reclaimed wonder.

JOYCE FLEMING, F.I.

### THE TEACHER'S CLASSROOM

Some days I go to school I don't like to do sums. We have to do hard sums. I like the playground and when we come in we have to do workbook which I like. When we go home I like it then. The next day I have to go to school and in the afternoon I'm not very sure about Geography. When it is our next playtime I go out to play and I like hand work very much.

DAVID RITCHIE, L.III.

### THE PINK ROSE

There was a rose,  
With pretty pink petals,  
And down there beside her,  
Were big stinging nettles.

One day in May,  
The birds came out to play singing  
"We are happy and gay. We are happy and  
gay.  
Are you, Miss Rosemary?"

"Oh no! Oh no!  
I am so very sad."  
"Ha ha!" laughed the nettles,  
"We are glad."

EILEEN GIBSON, L.VI.

### MY BROTHER

My Brother is in L.4a. He got a sirtifiket last year. He was fourth. My Brother has brown hair. I think he is very clever.

PAULINE BUTCHART, L.II.

## “Willyum Tell”

(A Four-Act Play)

Most children live in a fictitious world of their own making, a world where they often eagerly participate in purely imaginary games of their own. They play without any inhibition whatsoever, completely absorbed in their part; when this enthusiasm and imagination are directed into a more material form, for example the acting of a play, the results are often very interesting.

I was fortunate enough to be invited to one such play which was acted by children between five and nine years old. The “theatre” was a neighbour’s shed, one end of which was screened off by a large grey sheet. The audience, consisting of a girl of about my own age wearing a patient expression on her face, a dog, yawning discreetly behind a carefully-groomed, black paw, two very small girls, wearing their mothers’ beads and chewing vigorously at gum, and myself, was accommodated on rough matting strewn across the floor. As soon as I had sat down, the actors, satisfied by peeping through a large rent in the curtain that everyone who had been persuaded to come had arrived, decided that it was time to begin, and the curtain was pulled up by a boy standing on a ladder “back-stage”.

The set was simple — the whole cast, little boys with scarves tied across their fronts to show that they were soldiers, was assembled around a wooden box at which the chief character in the play, “Gessler”, was sitting. It was a short act, beginning with Gessler forgetting his words and bursting into embarrassed laughter, but he soon recovered sufficiently to be able to order his soldiers to capture “Willyum Tell dead or alive”. The soldiers mumbled an assent, whereupon the curtain fell on the first act.

The second act, which followed almost immediately, took place between Gessler and

his Second-in-Command and went as follows:—

Gessler: “Would you like something to eat?”

Second-in-Command: “Yes please.”

Gessler: “Waiter! Bring something to eat!”

Clumping noise as waiter descends ladder with a tray of food and drink.

Gessler: “Thank you.”

Clumping noise as waiter, empty-handed, ascends ladder.

Second-in-Command: “This looks very nice, sir.”

They pretend to eat while Gessler unscrews the top of a lemonade bottle and pours some liquid into two coloured plastic mugs. A ripple of excitement runs through the audience as the news is learnt that it is *real water*!

Gessler (having supposedly stopped eating and drinking): “Would you like some more?”

Second-in-Command: “Yes please, sir.”

Gessler once more pours water into mugs but this time only pretends to do so and does not unscrew the top. They drink.

Gessler: “Well, are you quite finished now?”

Second-in-Command: “I don’t know sir.”

Gessler: “What would you like then?”

Second-in-Command (shyly): "Perhaps a pear, please sir."

Gessler: "Waiter! Bring some beer!"

Second-in-Command (in an anxious stage whisper): "I said 'pear', not beer!"

Clumping noise as waiter descends ladder with another tray which he deposits on table. Clumping noise as he once more ascends ladder.

Gessler (a minute later): "Are you quite finished now?"

Second-in-Command (with relief): "Yes, thank you very much sir."

Gessler: "Waiter! Take away the trays!"

Clumping noise as waiter descends the ladder for the last time, fetches the trays and hurries back up the ladder to drop the curtain at the end of the second act.

The third act was very short. Gessler merely strode up and down the stage six times, seemingly on night watch, and then rejoined his Second-in-Command to fall into a heavy sleep on the floor. All the time the boy on the ladder made strange whining noises which interested the dog in the audience, who created a minor disturbance by trotting on to the stage and joining in with howls of his own; but apart from that the act was uneventful.

The fourth, and final act (as we were informed by an anxious head stuck through the hole in the curtain), promised to be more lively, as it was the climax of the whole play. It opened with Gessler and his faithful Second-in-Command still lying snoring on the floor; but a whistle from the region of the ladder caused the Second-in-Command to start up, dragging Gessler with him. The whistle was repeated, and the Second-in-Command, struck by an imaginary arrow, fell

to the ground clutching his heart, and rolled over most effectively, dead. Then, at last, "Willyum Tell" appeared, springing down from the ladder, with a wooden sword in his hand. A grim fight then ensued between Gessler and Tell; the audience, quiet and tense, watched as with every stroke Gessler seemed to be bearing Tell down, but the latter, with a sudden thrust, when Gessler was completely off guard, showed who was the better man, as Gessler, with a groan, dropped dead to the ground. At last Tell stood victorious over the body and triumphantly announced — "Well, that is the end of Gessler . . . I hope!" before scurrying up his ladder to drop the curtain.

The play was over at last; the audience clapped and was asked by the actors if they wanted to see the play again. I hastily excused myself and, having complimented them on the ingenuity of their efforts, left the shed. The dog slunk out behind me, tail between his legs, and hurried off home, to revel in the joy of rolling in newly-turned flower-beds and fighting with "real" dogs, such as the Pekinese next door.

H. J. N. P., F.IV.

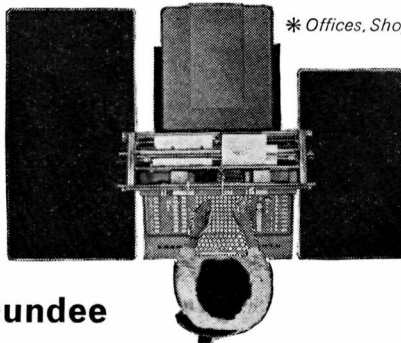
## MY PETS

I have four pets called Lager, Sheilin, Goldie and Bobby. Lager is a guinea pig, Sheilin is a dog, Goldie is a goldfish and Bobby is a bird. Lager squeaks when he is hungry and does not stop till he gets some food. He eats cabbage, lettuce, carrot and tomato. Sometimes he goes out on the lawn. When you set him free he scampers about the lawn as fast as he could. Sheilin has a bascet that is made of straw. She eats Pal and has a food bowl and water bowl. Goldie eats Gussie and other fish food. She needs her bowl cleaned every week. Bobby eats Trill and mummy buys strings of Trill for him. She is blue and green and needs her cage cleaned every fortnight.

FIONA BUTCHART, L.III.



One girl. One machine. Just 40 square-feet of office space. What gives them such a high productivity rating is the unique performance of the National Compu-Tronic. This all-purpose electronic accounting machine integrates jobs which usually have to be done piecemeal. Invoice calculations, invoice completion, sales ledger posting, statement writing, sales summaries . . . all in one run. Switch at will to payroll, stores records and evaluation, currency conversion or other procedures. So fast, so easy to use, that it eliminates the problems of recruiting, training and housing extra staff. Electronic wizardry at a price that brings it within reach of every business!



*\* Offices, Shops and Railway Premises Act, 1963*

**Made in Dundee**

**NCR COMPU-TRONIC**

The National Cash Register Company Ltd., Glasgow, Edinburgh  
Aberdeen, Ayr, Dundee, Hamilton, Inverness, Kirkcaldy, Stirling



If you are contemplating a career in Jute and would like details of the opportunities and training facilities available in the largest Company in the Industry, write for an interview to our staff manager.

**JUTE INDUSTRIES LIMITED, MEADOW PLACE BUILDINGS, DUNDEE**

*Be sure in Dundee.*

*... use Dundee's Best ...*

*Margaret Ritchie Ltd.*

*Artistry in Flowers and Fruit*

*At 84-86 Commercial Street we have a whole floor devoted to flower arrangement accessories, pottery, china and glass.*

*We are always at your service to help place out-of-town orders for flowers through Interflora, Worldwide Flower Service.*

*Telegrams & Cables: "Interflora"*

*Telephones 22695-6*



**POTTER'S**

**SKI DEPARTMENT**



"RACER" by Strolz

When it comes to the choice of equipment we feel that we can help you. With 33 years of ski-selling experience (the first in Scotland) and almost a century of boot fitting, our knowledge may be of some use. Our fully-trained sales staff have ski-ing experience and are anxious to be of service to you. Phone or write for our illustrated catalogue, choose your equipment and we will gladly send it for your approval.

**SKI DEPARTMENT— FIRST FLOOR**

Ski Hire	Skis	Sticks	Boots	Insurance
1 DAY	7/6	2/6	7/6	1/-
2 DAYS	12/6	3/-	12/6	2/-
7 DAYS	33/-	5/-	30/-	5/-

**ALEX. POTTER & SONS, LTD.**

12/16 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE

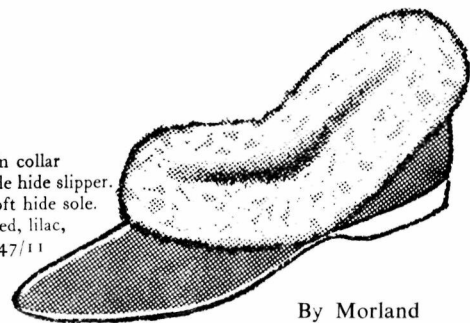
Telephone 25383

**SLIPPERS FOR CHRISTMAS**

*A varied selection  
for Ladies,  
Children and Men*

**SEAFORTH**

Luxurious *real* sheepskin collar decorates this lady's suede hide slipper. *Real* sheepskin lining, soft hide sole. In blue, brown, green, red, lilac, pastel-green, pink, sky. 47/11



By Morland

**POTTER'S**

MURRAYGATE :: DUNDEE

**GIFT VOUCHERS available at Ground Floor Counter**

"TOP of the CLASS"  
SCHOOL CLOTHES

Visit us for Schoolwear

**MENZIES**

PRINCES STREET : WELLGATE : KIRK STYLE

Also THE BOYS' SHOP, 33 - 35 WELLGATE

Telephone 40444



**W. E. DRYDEN**

ESTABLISHED 1880

*for Fruit and Flowers*



23 VICTORIA ROAD

25 VICTORIA ROAD

14 CASTLE STREET

17 UNION STREET

Phone 24687

Phone 22369

Phone 24848

Phone 26926

255 BROOK STREET,

BROUGHTY FERRY

280 HILLTOWN

92 HIGH STREET, LOCHEE

Phone 76819

Phone 23645

Phone 68371

### THE SPANISH SCHOOL OF RIDING IN VIENNA

The Spanish School of Riding is probably the most well-known riding school in the world. Although it is Spanish, it has been situated in Vienna for many years. It is not an ordinary riding school. There, men are taught to be dressage riders. All the horses used are Lippizans. This breed is very beautiful. Often Lippizans are born black, but, as they grow older, they become white.

The riders and horses are taught to do marvellous dressage movements such as the passage (in which the horse stands on its hind legs with its hocks nearly touching the ground, and the levade (a jump over nothing). The riders are all men, and each has a knowledge of horses.

The great hall which is used for riding is part of a palace. It has mirrors all round and is decorated with white and gilt and paintings. The riders have a special uniform which, together with the white horses, looks magnificent during a parade. The parades are all done in formation and contain many intricate dressage movements, although it is almost impossible for the audience to see any movement of the rider to guide his horse.

GILLIAN GREEN, L.VII.

### MY FRIEND JIPPY

Jippy is an old-English sheep dog. He is a shaggy thing, with hair flopping all over his eyes. I do not know how he can see. One day he fell down the harbour wall in Broughty Ferry and his Master had to call the Fire Brigade. Jippy got an awful shock but soon they pulled him up. Jippy broke a leg, and I felt very sorry for him. He had to hop all over the place. He usually has "Pal" to eat. You never know what he does. He picks out all the meat and leaves the biscuits. Isn't he awful? He really is a very funny dog. Every day I usually take him out for walks. He puffs and pants, for, you know, he is an old dog.

KIRSTY MACK, L.IV.

### MY DADDY

My Daddy's a dentist. He does my teeth. I like him very much. He has blue eyes and black hair. He is gentle with my teeth.

HILARY RITCHIE, L.II.

### THE ROBIN

The robin has no handsome crest,  
But we recognise him by his red, red breast;  
He comes to our door for food with hope,  
And to show off proudly his red waistcoat.

We throw bread there, we throw bread here,  
To this gay little fellow who has no fear,  
Next day we'll see his cheery head,  
Peep round the door for hopes of bread.

He eats his bread then flies away,  
But he'll be back for more next day,  
We'll see him come, we'll see him go,  
Amidst the whiteness of fallen snow.

He'll come until the winds cease to blow  
The crystal flakes that are known as snow,  
And then he'll go with a flutter of wings,  
Until the still morning air, the cold frost brings.

And he'll come back to find his fate,  
And maybe bring a little mate,  
Then I'll have one more mouth to feed,  
Some nice fresh bread that robins need.

DAVID MUCKART, L.VII.

### MY UNCLE

My uncle is in hospital, he is in because he had to get stitches in his tummy. Mummy and Daddy have turns going. When Mummy goes she goes with Auntie Biddy in her car. When Daddy goes he takes Auntie Biddy in his car. He sometimes moves beds. My Auntie has two children, one is called Judy and the other called Jennifer. They live at Barnhill.

ANTHEA RANKINE, L.III.

### MY DOG

My dog is very long. It has great big paws. It is a basset hound. It has a very big nose and its ears touch the ground. It has a very good scent. If we have been in the garden and we have come in for tea, and she is still in the garden, she will put her nose to the ground and sniff around the garden where we have been. She has a very silky coat. She has a white nose, brown ears and a black coat. She is a lady dog and often moults.

FIONA LAWSON, L.III.

## Reports

### SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

Officials have been appointed for the session as follows — Honorary President, Mr D. W. Erskine; Honorary Vice-President, Mr W. More; President, Miss A. W. Gray; Vice-President, Mr E. M. Stewart; Chairman, John P. Gray; Vice-Chairman, Robin M. Stimpson; Secretary, Penelope M. Hut-ton; Treasurer, Linda Keith; Members of the Committee, Jean A. Fraser, Eileen M. C. Duke, Alison E. McLeay, Alistair G. Dorward.

Four meetings have been held so far this term. The first took the form of a debate, "That the American War of Independence was a Blessing in Disguise".

A mock Parliament has been held and several interesting questions, including whether or not public schools should be abolished, were debated.

On 23rd October, the first round of the English-Speaking Union Debating Competition was held in the School Hall. We would like to congratulate our two teams on their very able performance. Unfortunately they were beaten by Grove Academy, but only by a very narrow margin.

A friendly debate with Lawside Academy was also held in D.H.S., the subject being: "Are the remaining Commonwealth members more trouble than they are worth?" Speaking for the school, David Rorie and Joan Walker helped to make this a very lively and interesting evening.

We also plan to hold a "Hat Night" on 13th November.

We should like to thank Miss Gray and Mr E. Stewart in particular for all the help and encouragement they give us in running the Society.

P. M. H.

### CRICKET CLUB REPORT

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st XI.	12	5	6	1
2nd XI.	10	5	3	2

The 1st XI. had a most successful season in 1964, suffering only one defeat, to a very strong and experienced Forthill XI. A memorable win was recorded over a D.H.S. F.P. XI. at Dalnacraig, a game which produced a most exciting finish. Unfortunately, the large number of draws resulted again from late arrival of certain teams and from the fact that one morning is often not long enough for cricket of 1st XI. standard. Had even half an hour longer been available the school would have undoubtedly gained another three victories, as in most of these games we held the initiative.

The 2nd XI. acquitted itself very well, showing fine attacking spirit when it was most needed, except for a disappointing show at Strathallan. As the greater part of last year's 1st XI. has left, this is an encouraging sign for the coming season. The 3rd XI. also held its own after an indifferent start to the season.

The younger teams all showed great promise, especially the 1st Year XI., and should form a sound foundation for future 1st XI.'s. Indeed, the overall outlook of the club is extremely healthy.

The 1st XI. batting averages were headed by W. J. Christie, and the bowling by R. F. Paton. B. J. R. Junor merits mention on account of his sound all-round performance. For the 2nd XI., G. B. R. Cram was the outstanding batsman and R. S. L. Weir the most successful bowler.

At the end of the season, the following awards were presented: — Don F. McEwan Prize—B. J. R. Junor, W. J. Christie. Games Merit Scarves — W. J. Christie, B. J. R. Junor, R. F. Paton. Caps — W. J. Christie (re-Award), H. L. Findlay, B. J. R. Junor, R. F. Paton, P. W. Smith, J. P. Gray, D. B. Scott.

Finally, we would like to express our gratitude to Mr Allardice, Mr Stark, Mr Coletta and Mr Stevenson for their patience, coaching and organisation, and to all masters who gave up part of their valuable spare time to umpire and travel away with the various teams.

W. J. C.

### RUGBY CLUB REPORT

Results of School 1st XV. matches to date:—

	F.	A.
Sept. 12—Harris Academy	H 3	9
19—Dollar Academy	H 3	11
26—Aberdeen Grammar School	A 0	21
Oct. 10—Robert Gordon's College	H 13	3
17—Waid Academy	H 15	3
24—Melville College	A 14	6
31—Boroughmuir School	H 9	0
Nov. 3—Dame Allan's School, Newcastle	H 14	0
14—Gordonstoun School	A 3	0
21—Dunfermline High School	A 11	5

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed — Captain, G. D. Duncan; Vice-Captain, G. G. Robertson; Secretary, N. H. Fowler; Treasurer, R. W. Flockhart. Members of Committee — A. Q. Agnew, D. G. Coutts, J. P. Gray. Captains — 2nd XV., P. B. Shepherd; 3rd XV., R. S. Milne; 4th XV., G. C. King; Colts XV., E. S. D. McKay.

Eleven members of last season's 1st XV. were among last year's school leavers. This meant a rebuilding of the side, for which, naturally, a certain amount of trial and error was necessary, and we would have been fortunate indeed to have achieved a winning blend straight off. As it was, the first three results were defeats; the first two fairly narrowly, due to a certain amount of flagging in the final stages. The third was a heavy defeat, for which no excuses are offered. It then seemed we reached the turning point, however, for our following seven results have all been wins.

Two new fixtures have been added to our list this year. Dame Allan's School, Newcastle, and

Gordonstoun School. The game against our first-ever English opponents was arranged by Mr Allardice when he was in charge of the Midlands Schools side that made a short tour of the North of England last year.

Dame Allan's came to Scotland during their mid-term, and drew 8-8 with a combined Alloa Academy/Stirling High School team, but lost to us 14-0.

We made the long trip to Gordonstoun and enjoyed both their hospitality and a fast, hard-fought game before a full turn-out of the school. It is pleasant to report that we also won this match. We hope to continue in this winning vein.

While on the subject of support, it is realised and appreciated that a large percentage of High School pupils are themselves taking part in games on Saturday mornings, and that this participation and enjoyment is as it should be, and of first importance. To any who, for one reason or another, are unable to participate, however, it would be gratifying to see you on the touchline, or in the excellent new stand at our home games. This invitation is, of course, extended to parents, brothers, sisters and others.

Several Former Pupils are regular attenders at our matches, and their encouragement is, naturally, most welcome. Another regular attender is Mr H. M. S. Edgar, father of Miss P. S. Edgar of our Art and Crafts Department. Mr Edgar is on holiday from South Africa. He played rugby for Transvaal and was a well-known referee in his younger days. He is very knowledgeable about the game and his tips are always well worth listening to.

We hope that he derives as much pleasure from watching our efforts as we do from having his very keen interest in our progress.

The 2nd XV., although a young side, show promise that, it is hoped, augurs well for next season. They have won three, lost three and drawn two.

The 3rd and 4th XV.'s have played only a few games to date, with enthusiasm and varying results.

The Colts have been disappointing but there is no doubting their spirit and keenness and it is hoped that results will improve to encourage them.

Six players were selected for the Midlands Trial—G. D. Duncan, G. G. Robertson, J. P. Gray, A. Q. Agnew, R. W. Flockhart and D. G. Coutts, but Graham Robertson had to withdraw through injury.

Congratulations to Graeme Duncan and Robin Flockhart on being chosen to play against Glasgow. Unfortunately, injury caused Graeme's withdrawal from the match.

We should like to pay tribute to Mr Allardice, Mr Coletta, Messrs G. C. and N. G. Stewart and Mr Thomson for the time they give to the School's rugby. Their valuable coaching and encouragement is greatly appreciated.

We should also like to thank these members of the staff who travel with the teams on Saturday mornings and Former Pupils who referee. We appreciate that they give up their leisure for us. Thanks, also, to the hostesses from the Girls' School, who serve refreshments to visiting teams.

We hope we can make all of these people feel that their efforts are worthwhile.

N. H. FOWLER, Secretary.

**GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT**

So far this season the weather has been very favourable and we have had only one cancellation which was not due to bad weather. The 1st XI. has been unfortunate in its results this term, but the 2nd XI., 3rd XI., and Form II. XI. results are encouraging.

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

		F.	A.
Sept. 5—Grove Academy	(H)	0	4
10—D.H.S. F.P.'s	(H)	1	5
12—Blairgowrie H.S.	(A)	1	3
19—Morgan Academy	(A)	4	2
22—D.H.S. F.P.'s	(H)	1	3
23—Boys' Hockey XI.	(H)	0	8
24—Harris Academy	(H)	0	1
26—Perth Academy	(H)	2	1
Oct. 17—Bell Baxter H.S.	(H)	1	2
Nov. 7—Arbroath H.S.	(A)	4	4
14—Morrison's Academy	(H)	Can.	

The other teams' results this season are:—

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

The Senior House Matches were held on 10th October, surprisingly in good weather, and were won by Lindores, with Airlie second and Aystree third.

The Junior Midlands' Trials (Dundee Section) were held on 31st October and three of our candidates, Eileen Duke, Joan Walker and Margaret Moncur, were chosen to go forward to the final trial held at Morgan on 14th November. Rosemary Paton and Gail Agnew were chosen as reserves for the Dundee team. Margaret Moncur was chosen as right wing for the Junior Midlands' 2nd XI. and Joan Walker as reserve.

On behalf of the teams I should like to welcome Miss Worsley and Miss Patrick, and convey our appreciation of their coaching and encouragement. I should also like to thank the ladies of the staff who help on grounds' day and umpire for us on Saturday mornings.

MARGARET B. MONCUR, Secretary.

**BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT**

Having played eleven games, the 1st XI.'s record so far is seven wins and four defeats, which include fine displays against Grove and Morgan, losing by one goal both times. Excellent wins have been recorded over Madras, Aberdeen Grammar, Alloa Academy, and our best display to date, defeating Lawside by three goals to nil. A fine series of wins was somewhat marred when we went to Lendrickmuir and suffered rather a heavy defeat.

The 2nd XI. continues to flourish, reinforced this year by a group of Form III. boys who are taking up hockey for the first time this year. It is hoped eventually to begin a Form III. team, whose energy and enthusiasm will ensure the continuance of a high standard in future years.

The Club continues to surprise the school by its popularity and success. Although this is only our second season playing inter-schools matches, we have already established a formidable reputation, playing as a team to compensate for a lack, as yet, of many individually brilliant players.

The office-bearers appointed at the beginning of the season are as follows—Captain, A. K. Mair; Vice-Captain, D. F. McLaren; Secretary, D. E. Kemp; Treasurer, R. M. C. Burrows.

With the outlook for the Club seeming so bright, we would like, once again, to express our gratitude to Mr Stark and Mr Fraser for their invaluable guidance and support.

D. E. K., Secretary.

### SWIMMING CLUB REPORT

The Christmas term could well be called the "close-season" for competitive school swimming, and so material for this report is somewhat limited.

However, the school did send representatives to the Midlands Gala in Dunfermline in October, and although the four teams entered did not collect any cups, they showed that swimming is still an active sport in the school.

With our own and local schools' galas still to come, it is hoped there will be more to report in the next edition of the magazine.

D. R.

### JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

The annual Cadet Camp was held last year at Aultbea. During the Camp's duration, many Junior Company exercises were planned and then successfully carried out by the young Cadets. In addition to participating in exercises designed exclusively for them, Junior Company personnel also took part in the main, two-day Senior exercise. Whilst taking part in this exercise, they camped out all night and formed the defence of a specific area. They performed this task excellently by repulsing the combined and determined efforts of three Senior Company sections to penetrate their defence.

Competitions were held at Camp, and this resulted in Cadet A. J. Munro winning the Coronation Trophy, and the Junior Company platoon being runners-up in the Platoon Cup.

The General Inspection was again held at Bud-don this year and the Junior Cadets maintained their high standard of conduct and efficiency. Unfortunately, the Inspection was partially spoilt by a very heavy hail storm which interrupted the proceedings. However, this did not deter the Junior Cadets from carrying out successfully their part in the demonstration exercise. After the exercise, Cadet K. D. McConnell was presented with the Oakley Cup for shooting and Cadet N. R. J. Stewart was presented with the Larg-Vannet Trophy.

This year the Junior Company is approximately 50 strong, including the Junior Band. Cadet training is under way and whilst the Band receives instruction in piping and drumming, two other platoons are receiving basic training and also instruction in the rudiments of camping. Camping instruction is a new addition to normal training and is proving very interesting to the Cadets. Another new development which has taken place is the entering of two platoons of Junior Cadets for the Platoon Cup instead of the normal one platoon.

Due to the reconstruction of the School, the Junior Company now parades alongside the Seniors in front of the School pillars.

The pillars were again the scene of the School Armistice Service, and Cadet Ian Gow, along with Girl Guide Sheena Mill, presented the head boy and head girl with the wreath.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank Lieutenant Bell, Mr Vannet and the N.C.O.'s of the Junior Company on their unflinching support in Company matters.

DAVID C. SIMPSON, C.S.M.

### ATHLETICS REPORT

On 4th June, there was a full-scale athletics match against Morgan Academy at Forfar Road. During the pleasant summer evening many fine performances were turned out which enabled the D.H.S. team to win by 389 points to 366.

For the first time since 1938, the Annual Sports were postponed due to extensive flooding caused by an early morning thunderstorm. The Sports were put forward to 17th June. Despite being held on a Wednesday, many parents and school children watched an exciting afternoon's entertainment, in brilliant sunshine.

There was a sensational ending to the sports. The house championship depended on the final race, the Senior Boys' inter-house relay. Only two points separated the top three houses, Airlie, Lindores and Wallace.

From the start, Lindores, odds-on favourites, opened up a forty yard lead, which was only slightly shortened when the last runner, A. Grewar, raced through the tape. The victory cheers of the Lindores supporters had not died away when it was announced that their relay team had been disqualified because of a faulty change-over, and that the championship had gone to Airlie, with Wallace second and the unfortunate Lindores third.

The meeting also produced four new senior records. Eileen Duke broke the 100 yds. sprint, the 80 yds. hurdles (2 ft. 6 in.) and equalled the 220 yds. sprint records. Wendy Ross broke the Girls' Senior discus record. In the Boys' Senior Championship, Alan Grewar broke the 100 yds. hurdles record, set up by John Orr the previous year.

The Senior Championship was shared by A. Grewar and R. Burns, the Intermediate Championship was won by D. Rorie, and the Junior Championship was won by A. Nicholson. The Girls' Champions were, respectively, E. Duke, J. Walker and R. Boyack. Mr J. H. R. Wright, a notable



**RUGBY 1st XV.**

**Back Row (l. to r.)**— Mr G. C. Stewart, R. C. Stenson, R. H. Lawson, G. B. R. Cram, H. E. Robbie, D. L. Easson, Mr Allardice.

**Middle Row (l. to r.)**— D. G. Coutts, N. H. Fowler, G. G. Robertson, G. D. Duncan, R. W. Flockhart, J. P. Gray, A. Q. Agnew.

**Front Row (l. to r.)**— R. L. McHoul, W. A. Wallace, P. B. Shepherd, L. S. Cook.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

**HOCKEY 1st XI.**

**Back Row (l. to r.)**— Joan D. J. Walker, Janet A. Sutherland, Dianne M. Duncan, Jean A. Fraser, Eileen M. C. Duke, Gail E. Agnew.

**Front Row (l. to r.)**— Frances Hardie, Eileen M. Yeaman, Norah M. Grewar, Margaret B. Moncur, Rosemary A. M. Paton.



**JUNIOR ATHLETICS TEAM, 1964**

**Back Row (l. to r.)**— R. Semple, D. Ireland, R. Boyack, D. Smith, A. Cook, B. Tosh, E. Gordon, R. Dye, A. Arbuckle, A. Perry, A. McPherson.

**Second Row (l. to r.)**— Miss Paton, B. Smith, M. Spence, D. Barbieri, P. Hutton, E. McKay, Z. Mair, B. Armstrong-Payne, V. Wain, A. Masson, Mr Coletta.

**Third Row (l. to r.)**— M. Duncan, G. Stiven, S. Buchan, R. Milne, F. Ross, N. Cram, L. Mickerson, A. Middleton, A. Hughes, I. Gossip.

**Front Row (l. to r.)**— M. Gibb, D. Rollo, S. Mee, J. Mickerson, S. Martin.



Photographs by A. W. Rann

**HOCKEY 1st XI.**

**Back Row (l. to r.)**— R. W. Russell, J. D. Doig, J. P. Fairlie, A. B. Walker, R. M. L. Burrows, A. S. Roberts.

**Front Row (l. to r.)**— M. L. Haeburn-Little, D. E. Kemp, A. K. Mair, R. Paton, D. Smith.

D.H.S. F.P. and North Midlands rugby player, presented, and his charming wife presented the prizes.

The public address system, relaying to all parts of the ground, was kindly provided by Mr Eric Larg. The high standard of efficiency of the running of the sports, set by Mr McLaren, was ably continued by Mr Allardice and his staff.

The Scottish Schools Athletics Championships were held on 20th June. A team of thirteen boys, a record number of entries from the School, travelled through to Glasgow on the day before the meeting and was accommodated overnight in a school near the ground. All competitors did well, especially L. S. Cook and N. Y. Cram. In the Group B triple jump, Lindsay Cook, out of an entry of twenty-five boys, qualified for the final and came fourth with a jump of nearly forty feet. Nigel Cram, in the Group C triple jump, came second with a jump of nearly thirty-six feet. For his efforts he won a silver medal.

In the Schoolgirls' Championships, held on the same day, a team of eight girls travelled through to Musselburgh, where they all improved their best performances. Even though up against very stiff competition, the Group B relay team succeeded in qualifying for the final.

On Wednesday, 24th June, the finals of the Dundee Schools Sports were held at King George V. Stadium, Caird Park. The School did exceptionally well by winning thirteen medals. N. H. Fowler, R. Milne and Eileen Duke were outstanding for the High School. Howard Fowler, in winning the Group B discus, broke the record by over four feet with a magnificent throw of over 135 feet. R. Milne, running in adverse conditions, broke the Group D boys' 100 yards and 176 yards sprint records. Eileen Duke, although she broke no records, won the Group B girls' long jump, 150 yards sprint and 80 yards hurdles (2 ft. 6 ins.).

On Saturday, 27th June, the boys were due to have a meeting with Robert Gordon's College at Aberdeen but, unfortunately, it was cancelled due to the typhoid outbreak. Instead, a relay meeting with Morgan Academy was held at Monymusk. This meeting, which the athletes taking part helped to organise, turned out to be a great success.

We congratulate Fergus Murray on his selection to represent Britain in the 10,000 metres for the XVIII. Olympiad in Tokyo, held last October. In his last year at school, Fergus shattered his own 880 yds. and mile records. He then went on to break the Scottish Schoolboys' mile record, which earned him a place in that event for the Scottish Schoolboys' team to meet the schoolboys of England and Wales. After leaving school he went to Edinburgh University, where his athletics greatly improved. This year he successfully defended his Scottish three mile title and also won the six mile championship for the first time. Probably his greatest race this year was the 5,000 metres when, after being brought in as a last-minute reserve, he beat Bruce Tulloh in a thrilling race against Finland in a very fast time. We wish him every success on his road to fame.

The high standard of athletics in the school last summer would not have been possible if it had not been for the hard work put in by Mr Coletta, Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr Thomson, Miss Paton and other members of staff who gave up much of their free time to coach us on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday mornings. We thank them for their never-ending help and support.

A. Q. AGNEW.

### GIRLS' HILL-WALKING CLUB REPORT

Miss Whytock and Miss Gray have again consented to be Honorary President and President respectively, and Miss Laing has very kindly agreed to take the post of Vice-President. Our thanks go to all three of these ladies.

At a meeting at the beginning of term the following officials were elected—Secretary, Jean Fraser; Treasurer, Rosemary Wood; Committee, Moira Smith. Committee members from each of Forms IV. and V. have still to be elected.

Owing to pressure of work and exams., the Club has not been very active as yet, but we have a number of interesting projects in mind for next term. A visit to a bakery is also proposed.

We are grateful to the gym. staff and to Miss Laing for their enthusiasm and encouragement.

J. F.

### CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

Although the Climbing Club has been in existence for some years now, we cannot remember any year in which more than two hikes were held. It pleases us, therefore, to be able to record that this year two Meets have been held since the Summer Holidays and that another is planned for the New Year. On each occasion so far, more than 40 boys from Forms III. to VI. attended, thus making it possible to reduce the cost/member/outing from 10/- (as in previous years) to 6/6d.

The first outing, in September, was to the Glen Doll - Glen Callater area, where members climbed four Munros (mountains over 3,000 feet high). Although the sun was shining on low ground, members were able to throw snowballs on the summits.

The second outing was on Election Day, and despite a thick mist five Munros were successfully conquered. Fortunately, the mist cleared from time to time, disclosing fine views. In past years there has been considerable difficulty with regard to finding a teacher willing to accompany the Club in its wanderings; teachers in general would appear to be gifted with a physique which is remarkably unadaptable to the stresses of hill-walking. However, Mr Alan Bell of the Maths. Department has willingly accepted this arduous task, and to him the Club members are very grateful.

H. RAMSAY.

**BADMINTON CLUB REPORT**

This year, the Club's flourishing membership has increased even more, and all members are very keen. Although we have lost several first team members, the team is nevertheless shaping up very well. So far, we have only played Grove, who narrowly beat us, but we have several more fixtures in which to rectify this.

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed—Captain, G. Robertson; Match Secretary, J. Smith; Treasurer, B. Cram; Secretary and Tea Convener, E. Yeaman; Committee, G. Robertson, J. Smith, G. Duncan, E. Money.

Finally, we should like to express our sincere thanks to Mr Stark for his invaluable help and encouragement.

E. H. Y., Secretary.

**COLTS' BASKETBALL REPORT**

So far this season we have had only five Inter-School engagements, but already one may deduce from our results that we are gradually moulding into a fairly compact side, although we have had our bad moments.

The results are as follows:—

		F.	A.
Oct. 6—Morgan Academy	A	40	29
22—Logie	H	22	10
29—St. John's	A	28	32
Nov. 3—St. Michael's (Ward Road)		21	15
17—Kirkton H.S. (Ward Road)		8	14

Therefore, we have won 3 and lost, rather narrowly, 2. In doing so, we have scored 119 pts. and conceded 100 pts.

These results have been encouraging and so we hope that, in our forthcoming matches, we shall prove to be on even more compact side than before.

I must take this opportunity of thanking Mr Coletta on behalf of the team for so enthusiastically coaching and encouraging us, and for giving up so much of his time in refereeing our games.

A. MASSON, Captain.

**STAMP CLUB REPORT**

So far this term there have been only two meetings of the Club. One was an excellent display by G. Webster, the other a talk. The Club wishes to thank Mr Alan Duthie, an F.P. and former member of the Stamp Club, for the kind donation of

several philatelic books, some of which are to be kept as competition prizes and the others to be made available to the members of the Club.

D. LAWSON, Secretary.

**THE SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT**

This year at our regular Monday meetings we have had a varied and interesting programme. Speakers we invited included the Deputation Secretary of the Christian Literature Crusade, who brought a filmstrip of the Crusade's work in France, and the Rev. A. B. Reid, B.Sc., B.D., Assistant Minister at Wallacetown. Other meetings were spent discussing problems relevant to the Christian today, watching filmstrips produced by the S.U., or listening to modern gospel records. Late in the term we had a visit from the East of Scotland S.U. Staff Workers.

The meetings may have been varied, but at each one God's Word was read, and it is our hope and aim that it has been brought alive to each of our members.

D. LINDSAY EASSON, Secretary.

**SAILING CLUB REPORT**

A Coffee Evening was held on Friday, 9th October, to raise funds for this Club for the purpose of purchasing a boat. Thanks to the generous support of parents, staff and pupils, more than £200 was raised.

At present, enquiries are being made about membership with some local sailing club in order that the Club may have somewhere to sail. The Club hopes to start its activities in the spring.

DUNCAN BARNET, Secretary.

---

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

The Club has had a successful start to the season with several new members. We are particularly pleased to welcome some of the younger F.P.'s as this helps to ensure continuity in the Club. Although few league matches have been played as yet, we have opened our account with a drawn match against Balgay St. Thomas. A Christmas Club night has been arranged for mid-December and any F.P. interested in joining the Club should contact the Secretary, N. C. Stewart, at the School or 21 Thomson Street, Dundee.

## Old Boys' Club Dinner

The Dinner this year was held on Friday, the 4th December, in the Royal Hotel, with an attendance of 136. The principal speaker this year was Mr Donald M. Ross, Q.C., M.A., LL.B., and other guests included the Rev. Dr. Ronald Falconer and Mr A. Edgar, President of the Dundee and District Watsonians Club. Mr Ross, who proposed the Toast of the School and the Club, was called to the Bar in 1952 and in 1964 took silk. In proposing the Toast, Mr Ross remembered the School as it was when he was a pupil and recalled the fire-watching duties which fell to the senior pupils to carry out during the war years. After praising the School as it now stood, he stressed the importance of retaining the School's independence under its present constitution as long as possible. Mr Ross continued with some most amusing remarks concerning the Old Boys' Club and made particular mention of the years of service given to the Club by our President, Mr James Anderson, C.A.

Mr D. W. Erskine, M.A., B.A., the Rector, replied to the Toast on behalf of the School and assured the company that the School was in the forefront of educational development. Mr Erskine referred to the success of the Brochure and ex-

pressed thanks to the members of his teaching staff for its preparation and to Miss Smith and Mrs Stark for their invaluable assistance in compiling the lists for distribution.

Mr David Tweedie, B.L., replied on behalf of the Club with an extremely witty speech and emphasised the spirit of friendship which existed in schooldays and formed the very basis of our Club.

The President, Mr James S. Anderson, C.A., who was in the chair, then presented the Nicoll/Richmond Trophy for Angling to Mr W. D. Allardice and the Stuart Trophy for Golf to Mr Robert Hood.

Mr D. W. A. Donald, O.B.E., then proposed the Toast of the President with a most amusing speech, but expressed the very high regard with which all members of the Old Boys' Club held the President and how fitting it was that after serving as Secretary and Treasurer, and being the corner stone of the Club, Mr Anderson should be our President this year. Mr Anderson expressed his appreciation of the kind remarks and the Dinner closed in the normal manner.

### *Christmas Gifting*

Hummel Figures, Leather Goods, Stationery in Gift Boxes, Pens and Pen and Pencil Sets by all the leading makers.

Wedding Stationery — We supply Invitations, Hymn Sheets, Favours, Cake Boxes and Bags, Printed Wedding Serviettes.

Sample Books home on request.

**PAUL & MATTHEW** *The Pen People*

*Tel. No. 22247*

**29 Murraygate, Dundee**

TELEPHONE 25856/7

**GEO. E. FINDLAY & CO., LTD.**

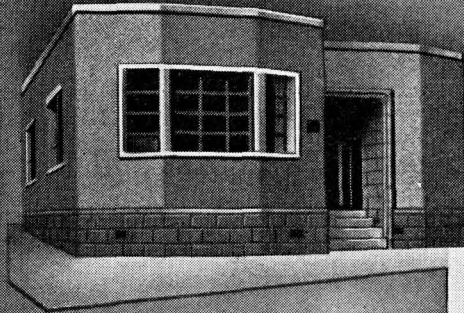
Printers & Publishers

6-8 VICTORIA ROAD  
DUNDEE

# ***Gibson & Dargie***

LIMITED

**BUILDERS & CONTRACTORS**



REG. OFFICE  
**2 CARDEAN ST. DUNDEE**  
PHONE B2130

- **JOBING  
PROMPTLY  
ATTENDED TO**
- **ENQUIRIES  
INVITED**

**ESTIMATES GIVEN WITHOUT OBLIGATION**

The go-ahead  
**LIFE**  
of a **NAVAL OFFICER**



**begins at DARTMOUTH**

You can enter for a permanent commission in any one of the many branches of the Royal Navy. These include: Seaman, Fleet Air Arm,



Engineering, Supply and Secretariat, and Royal Marines. Short service commissions are also available. For full particulars, write to:

**Officer Entry Section, FSM/21,  
Royal Naval Careers Service, State House,  
High Holborn, London, W.C.1.**

---

Closed Wednesday 12.30

Open All Day Saturday

# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Work Baskets, Message Baskets and Bags, Cane and Woven Fibre Chairs, Tables, Bedside Cabinets, Dressing Table Stools, Ottomans, Soiled Linen Baskets, Trays, Seagrass Stools, &c., Kiddies' Chairs and Tables, Dolls' Cradles, Cycle and Pram Baskets.

UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE, EASY AND FIRESIDE CHAIRS, DIVANS, &c. MATTRESSES AND BEDDING OF ALL KINDS. BRUSHWARE OF ALL KINDS. MATS AND MATTING SOCKS AND STOCKINGS. CALL AND SEE OUR DISPLAY.

Retail Branch Shop—  
51 NETHERGATE  
Tel. No 24761

*Blind/Craft*  
DUNDEE

Workshops and Offices—  
59 MAGDALEN  
YARD ROAD  
Tel. Nos. 67292/3

F. W. HOBBY, General Manager

# Pictures

Our Selection of Oils and Prints  
is worth viewing.

Expert Workmanship in Frame-making,  
Firescreens and Coffee Tables, etc.

**FRASER & SON**

38 COMMERCIAL STREET - - DUNDEE

Phone 25284

**NELSON  
CREAM ICE  
COMPANY LIMITED**

45 NELSON STREET  
TELEPHONE : 27217

10 WELLGATE  
TELEPHONE : 25222  
**DUNDEE**

**BE IN TIME  
FOR THE PARTY!**

Look out your party-season clothes NOW and send them along to us for expert cleaning and renovation. Besides being ready to go when the invitations come rolling in, you'll be able to enjoy our **SPECIAL OFFERS** for a Limited Period

<b>SUITS</b> .....	7/6	each
<b>COSTUMES</b> .....	7/-	each
<b>LADIES' COATS</b> .....	6/6	each
(Except raincoats)		
<b>GENT.'S COATS</b> .....	8/-	each
(Except raincoats)		



Branch addresses — 186 Perth Road, Dundee;  
35 Princes St., Dundee; 79 High St., Lochee, Dundee

STONEWORK IN ALL ITS  
BRANCHES



CARRIED OUT BY OUR  
EXPERT CRAFTSMEN

**JOHN  
McCONNACHIE**

BUILDERS AND CIVIL ENGINEERS

31 - 35 GUTHRIE STREET

**DUNDEE**

TEL. 22877

*For the Festive Season,  
why not try*

# SUNSPAN

Orange, Lemon and Cola

*A Product of*

## G. & P. BARRIE LTD.

*Established 1830*

# BOOKS AND STATIONERY

**FRANK  
RUSSELL'S**  
BOOKSHOP

ALL SCHOOLBOOKS  
and STATIONERY for  
pupils of every age group.  
Orders welcomed and  
speedily dealt with. Please  
call, write or telephone.

**95**

NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.  
TELEPHONE 22184.



## PRODUCTS OF QUALITY

The standard of our goods is consistently high and is an appreciated feature of our Bakery and Restaurant Service. Why not test both to-day?

You'll enjoy a meal here, tastefully served in congenial surroundings at a moderate cost.

# THE AULD DUNDEE PIE SHOP LTD.

(DAVID WALLACE)

*Pie Bakers and Restaurateurs*

**22 CASTLE STREET, DUNDEE**

PHONE 23682

TELEPHONE 24380

Sole Distributor for

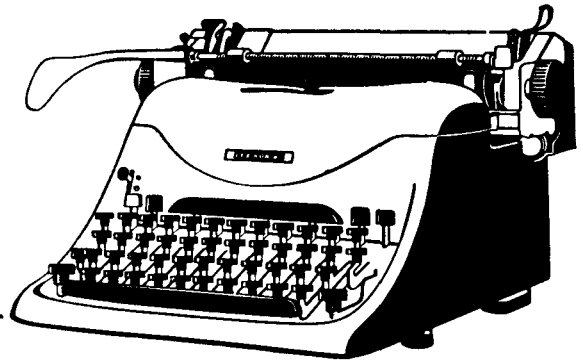
# HEADRICK LIVINGSTONE

**olivetti**

STANDARD & PORT-  
ABLE TYPEWRITERS

79 MEADOWSIDE  
DUNDEE

HAND AND ELECTRIC  
ADDING MACHINES



## ALL THE BEST . . .



Black Bun, Currant Loaf, Plum Pudding, Christmas Cake, Shortbread, Mince Pies.  
Black Bun, Currant Loaf, Plum Pudding, Christmas Cake, Shortbread.  
Mince Pies, Black Bun, Currant Loaf, Plum Pudding, Christmas  
Cake, Shortbread, Mince Pies, Black Bun, Currant Loaf,  
Plum Pudding, Christmas Cake, Shortbread,  
Mince Pies, Black Bun, Currant Loaf,  
Plum Pudding, Christmas  
Cake, Shortbread,  
Mince Pies,

*for Christmas and the New Year from*

## GOODFELLOW & STEVEN LTD.

**BROUGHTY FERRY**

**ARBROATH — CARNOUSTIE — MONIFIETH**

# THOMSON'S EMPORIUM

# THOMSON'S TRAVEL SERVICE

## *See Our Display*

OF THE LATEST DESIGNS IN  
**FIREPLACES**

Large Selection to choose from. Expertly  
Fitted and Moderately Priced.

FOR A GOOD SELECTION IN  
**FURNITURE**

Bedroom Suites, Dining Room Suites, Bed  
Settee Suites, Display Cabinets, Kitchen  
Cabinets — also separate pieces.

Linoleums and Congoleums and Patterned  
Inlaid. All at reasonable prices.

SHOWROOMS AT 164 HIGH ST., LOCHEE

## *Your Summer Outing*

DAY, AFTERNOON, OR EVENING TOURS  
You should Travel in one of our NEW

### COMFORT COACHES

22, 38 and 41 Seaters available. Catering  
arrangements part of our Service. Enquiries  
invited from all classes of Social and Sporting  
Clubs. Also Agents for Butlin's Hotels and  
Holiday Camps.

**111 South Road, Lochee**  
**Phone 67201-2**

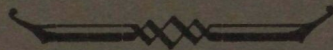
**FOR ALL CLASSES OF  
BUILDING WORK**

**Charles Gray**

**(Builders) Limited**

**4 FRANCIS STREET  
COLDSIDE**

**DUNDEE**



**Telephones : DUNDEE 88312 (Six Lines)**