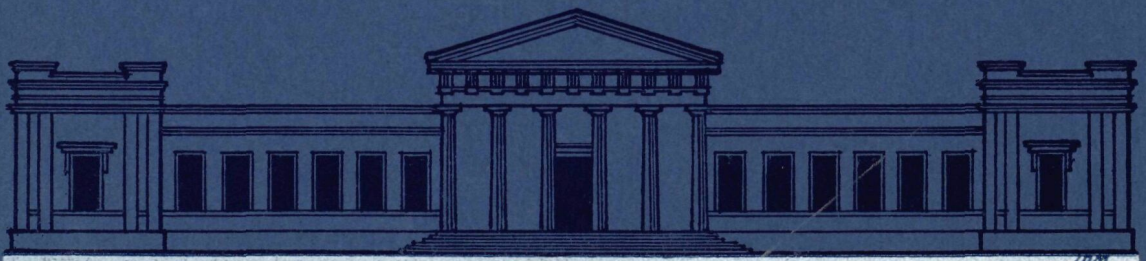


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## MAGAZINE



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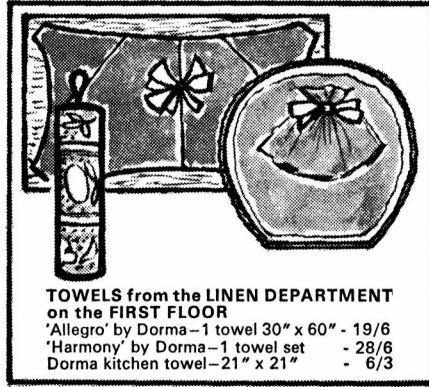
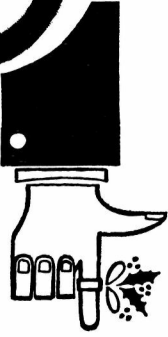


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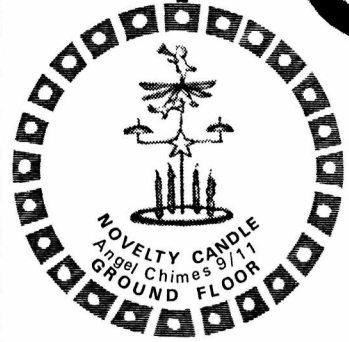
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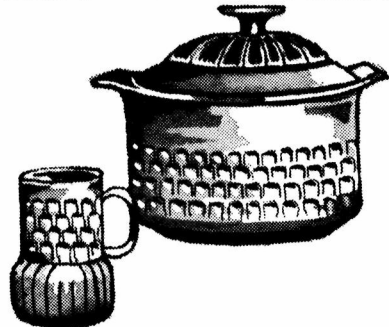
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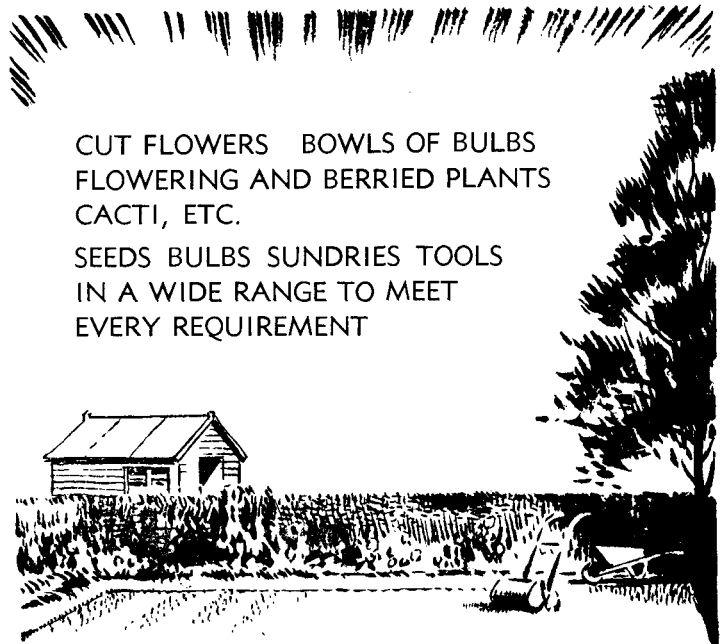
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## Contents

- 7 Editorial
- 8 Tributes to William G. Laird, M.A.
- 10 From Far and Near
- 11 "Dunera"
- 13 Reporters' Rostrum —  
"Golden Reports"
- 14 Gleanings from the "Evening Telegraph"
- 14 Are Comparisons Odious?
- 15 Limerick Competition
- 16 Scoop!!!
- 17 "H.M.S. Pinafore"
- 18 Work
- 19 From New College, Edinburgh, Autumn 1965
- 20 James Watterson Herald (1859-1914)
- 22 The Frugal Sistrern (and the Normal Conquest)
- 23 "A Naval Aviation Course"
- 29 A New Angle on an Old Story
- 30 Stranger than Fiction
- 31 Modernisation and Change
- 31 my my how youve grown how are you  
getting on
- 32 The Jumble Sale
- 33 The Man from A.U.N.T.I.E.
- 34 The Eternal Emnity
- 35 Shopping — 1965
- 35 Perth, Western Australia
- 36 Hobby No. 10
- 41 Christmas in Sweden
- 42 The Leaning Tower of Pisa
- 42 If it had not been for Caesar . . .
- 43 A Funny Incident
- 44 Primary
- 49 First Report of Social Service in Dundee  
High School
- 50 School Activities
- 52 Elocution Examination Results
- 53 Puzzle Page
- 54 Sport
- 58 Old Boys' Club Dinner
- 58 In Conclusion . . .

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# EDITORIAL

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No. 139

ONE SHILLING AND  
THREEPENCE

**DECEMBER, 1965**

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Tradition . . . No, don't stop reading yet! I realise that that word has a nasty, musty, mothbally sort of "smell" about it, but why has it? Why do people nowadays instinctively turn up their "modern" noses at the vaguest hint that something is not split-new, but rather that it has been proved good by many people before them? Are we becoming too proud, too sure that we, with our superior knowledge in scientific subjects, know what is best for us, without any reference to things past? Certainly many spheres of daily life seem to show this.

When talking of the quality of some popular newspapers, Lord Northcliffe once said: "When you go fishing, you bait the hook with what the fish want, not with what you think they ought to want". This would be an excellent policy *if* the "fish" wanted what was good, pure, honest, and generally what has been looked up to in the past, but unfortunately this is not so. There is nowadays a cult of mediocrity, which aims at lowering the standards of everything and everyone until they conform with those of the lowest

section of society. This is obvious from books and newspapers right through to television and the theatre.

As this questioning of tradition has pierced every sphere of life, it was impossible for the Dundee High School magazine to escape! We, too, are trying to see where we can break with tradition but at the same time being careful to retain what was popular and good about the "old" magazine.

Our last magazine was entered for the "Scotsman" competition, but even after our "new" features, it was still deemed "too traditional". However, when we do wave goodbye to certain traditional features, we find ourselves being pursued by irate regular contributors hollering "What about my nice, traditional . . .?"

In this magazine, therefore, we of the editorial staff have attempted to achieve a balance between the traditional and the new, at the same time, we hope, keeping up the high standard which has characterised this magazine in the past.

## Obituary

# TRIBUTES TO WILLIAM G. LAIRD, M.A.

“*THERE WERE GIANTS . . .*” (Genesis Chap. 6, verse 4)

### A MAN OF CATHOLIC INTERESTS

It is very fitting that we should pay our final tribute to William G. (Bill) Laird in the columns of the School Magazine which he edited so long and faithfully. Indeed the 1934 (Centenary) edition of the magazine — and he was justifiably proud of that attractive and erudite production — is still one of the main sources of information about the history and personalities of the school through the ages.

A native of Dundee, he served in World War I, and, after a brilliant academic career at St. Andrews University, he joined the staff of the English Department in Dundee High School in 1921. When the late William P. Borland retired during the Second World War, Mr Laird became Head of the English department while undertaking, until the end of the war, responsibility for the French department. This cheerful willingness to shoulder added burdens was typical of the man: he was unstinting in his efforts to promote the interests of the pupils and of the school he was proud to serve.

He was a man of catholic interests—water colour painting filled much of his leisure as did golf. From both of these pursuits he derived great pleasure. The display of some of his water colour works at the School Exhibition this year gave him real delight. Many old boys also will remember with gratitude his careful watch over the School Golf Club for more than twenty-five years.

But Literature — and its concomitant life, were his true loves. A former pupil has paid tribute, below, to Bill Laird as a teacher — to his inspiration, his understanding, his humanity and his humour — all qualities appreciated in varying degrees by pupils while at school and, in retrospect, by all without reservations. A former teacher, too, has noted these qualities from the different angle of a member of his department. Perhaps one of the most fitting memorials to his love of literature is his endowment of a generous prize for Scottish Studies in the senior school.

His love of life with all its variety, light and shade was known to us all. We grieved that so much of his retirement was clouded by worry, sorrow and weakness. We knew that as the trumpets sounded for him on the other side we had lost one who had brought colour and gaiety, tolerance and good humour into our lives. We were better people for knowing him: with that epitaph he would have been very content.

### AN ENDEARING HEAD MASTER

Eleven years ago I bade farewell to my colleagues on the staff of Dundee High School, among whom was W. G. Laird, Head Master of the English department, of which I was a member. The passing of time has not dimmed for me the vital character of the man.

He was compelling yet endearing. His kindly nature revealed itself to me immediately I met him. I realised how concerned he was for the welfare both of staff and pupils. He was constantly showing regard for his fellow men. His sense of humour helped him to smooth out many difficult situations, and no one enjoyed the fun more than he if one retaliated with suitable repartee. He was scholarly without being pedantic. His love and appreciation of English literature were inspiring to his staff and pupils.

I know my teaching experience was much the richer for the few years I spent at Dundee High School, and I am quite sure that this was due to a very great extent to the advice and help I had from Mr Laird. I shall always treasure the memory of him.

### AN INSPIRING TEACHER

In the darkest days of 1940, forced by a dinner break of only forty minutes to take school lunches, the awe-struck boys of Jeannie Brown's Class 1a were occasionally confronted in the Dining-hall by a khaki-clad, white-haired gentleman, rubicund of countenance, choleric of disposition — a veritable personification of the “fiery colonel” type — who would demand in ringing tones of the greatest authority that the meal be conducted

with no further talking. In the softest of whispers the word was passed that this was Mr Laird of the English department.

Before the end of the war Mr Laird assumed the mantle of Head of the department, and the above-mentioned class entered the Upper School to be taught English in the room next to that of this fearsome disciplinarian. Our mental picture of him remained unchanged. On occasion, the door between the two rooms would burst open and, with rolling eyes addressing a point somewhere above the picture rail, a truly terrifying figure would threaten the direst punishment to any "great lout" (twelve-year-old boys) who dared take advantage of a helpless woman (Miss Mains).

Thus, when we sat under Mr Laird in Form II., we knew what he demanded in the way of physical discipline. To our cost, we were to discover that his attitude to mental discipline was just as exacting. From the first he called for the most gruelling preparation of our Shakespeare homework. By Form IV. — "You are students now" — we were set to tackling the text of "Macbeth" in a manner worthy of a second-year university Arts man. In history we found that three or four periods of apparently placid discussion had actually been high-powered teaching, to be consolidated by a revision lesson of the most rigorous nature. So the sonnets, the Essays of Elia, the whole syllabus of Higher L.C. English unrolled before us, presented with the vigour and thoroughness essential to examinable material, but with the aim of implanting an appreciation of English literature far beyond the confines of any examination scheme.

Our appreciation of Mr Laird as a man was developing. When roused to disciplinary action by lack of effort or bad behaviour, he was still regarded with awe — his "Six of the Best" was sufficient to make any rugby stalwart blanch — but we had learnt that for the most part, his bark was worse than his bite. We received the appellation of "great gomerils" for insignificant misdemeanours; we were chidden gently and with humour on our friendships with the opposite sex.

The character of the man emerged slowly as we observed his endearing foibles — the inevitable blackboard sketch of

*"Four grey walls, and four grey towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers"*

in studying "The Lady of Shalott"; his pre-occupation with so many tasks and "had we got our copies of 'The Spectator'?" ; the hopelessly untidy desk, crammed full of unreturned exercises and purple-printed interpretation questions smelling strongly of cough mixture; the ritual of wrapping an old scarf round his throat and clapping his hat on his head before sallying forth with gown streaming behind him to seek Mr Stewart in the Girls' School; his constant forgetfulness of filling in registration slips and his apologetic "I'll send it round later, Jack"; and, above all, his continual sucking of "pan-drops".

But we saw much more. His concern for his pupils manifested itself in his agitation as he awaited the arrival of the H.M.I. for the English orals; in his willingness to work himself far beyond his physical strength in marking and discussing interpretations and essays. His feeling for poetry was apparent in the rapt attention in which he could hold an entire class by a reading of John Masefield in a relaxation period. His sensitivity (often hidden by shyness) could be seen in his poem in memory of Mr Cadzow, with the touching simplicity and sincerity of the final lines —

*"These were happy days, James,  
In the France we loved".*

With Sixth Form work and the release from examination strain, there came the scholar's approach. We were given a real insight into the works of Browning, Shelley, Keats, by one who loved them. And in his studies of "Lear" and "Othello" we had full confirmation of what we had already begun to realise — that here was a teacher of Shakespearean tragedy without peer. Gone by this stage was the need to impose a rigorous discipline. His innate courtesy and kindness was recognised by all his Sixth Formers. We came to his class as friends, seeking knowledge. We could smile with him as he indulged his fancy of taking Anglo-Saxon, or as he tried to rouse the enthusiasm of a non-cadet class, on Friday, Period 8, with readings of "grand old Psalms".

As a teacher, Bill Laird was of a type found but rarely today — one whose academic ability and teaching prowess, whose disciplinary powers tempered by kindness, whose dedication to his pupils' needs, were beyond question. These qualities of the teacher we could assess even as we left school. But

more, we could appreciate his even greater stature as a man, in whom courtesy and gentlemanliness were ever apparent.

And now "the rest is silence". With his humanitarian outlook and sense of humility, Bill would probably direct us to Tennyson—  
*"I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure"*.

But we, admitting more readily than he, his worth, with our hearts full at our loss, may well be inclined to let W. S. Gilbert voice our thoughts—

*"Is life a boon?  
If so, it must befall  
That Death, whene'er he call,  
Must call too soon"*.

IAN TAYLOR.

## *From Far and Near*

Once more we congratulate a number of our Former Pupils on a wide variety of achievements.

FERGUS MURRAY was chosen to be a member of the men's athletics team to compete in the World University Games in Budapest in August, 1965.

MISS C. M. LYTHER, M.A., has been appointed to a Lectureship in Economics in Queen's College, Dundee. She graduated from St. Andrews University with first-class honours in Political Economy in 1963 and has been an assistant lecturer in Political Economy at Aberdeen University.

MISS MORAG MCKEAN, a medical student at Queen's College, Dundee, was chosen by the Carnegie Trust from a list of applicants to attend Yale University for two months and set off in July for what we hope has been an exciting and rewarding experience.

MR WILLIAM F. MORRISON, an M.A. graduate of St. Andrews University in 1958, is to be a lecturer in Political Economy in St. Salvator's College, St. Andrews, from January, 1966.

LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS JOHN BRAND, Royal Marines, has been awarded the Military Cross for bravery during operations in the Radfan, in South Arabia. According to the citation, Lieut. Brand was officer commanding 7 troop, "Z" Company, 45 Commando, when, despite heavy fire from a party of dissidents, and with complete disregard for his own safety, and in full view of the enemy, he moved up and down the firing line encouraging his men, and checking their positions, etc. He was an inspiration to the whole of his troop and it was entirely due to his good tactical foresight, determined control and personal example, that the casualties were kept down to one man. Lieut. Brand, who was a sergeant in the School's Combined Cadet Corps., joined the Royal Marines in March, 1959, and was commissioned from corporal to Second Lieutenant in May, 1961.

In the St. Andrews University Prize Lists in July, 1965, STEWART G. MATTHEW, M.A., was awarded the Rev. John M. Anderson Prize (Church History); PETER KILGOUR received the Carstairs Prize — Mathematics — Senior Honours, a Miller Prize in Science and the A. H. Reid Memorial Prize in Mathematics. Peter had also the distinction of gaining his degree with First-Class Honours in Mathematics after only three years' study.

DR. W. D. MCHUGH, L.D.S., B.D.S., a senior lecturer since 1963, has become the Professor of Dental Health at Queen's College, Dundee. He is a former captain of D.H.S. F.P. Rugby team and did his National Service in the R.A.F.

MISS HAZEL PTOLMEY won the First B.Sc. Class medal in Chemistry at Queen's College, Dundee, and has been awarded an Armitstead Bursary (£50) for the coming session.

LIEUTENANT ANDREW D. M. YOUNG, Royal Navy, has gained his "Wings" as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm, 18th November,

1965, at Royal Air Force Base, Linton-on-Ouse, Yorkshire.

MR DUNCAN CROAL is now water ski instructor in Barbados. Aged 20, he has held this post for some six months.

DR. JOYCE HUNTER (NEE PRINGLE) has been captaining the Great Britain and Ireland Touring Team in U.S.A. in October and November.

Among M.B., Ch.B. graduates of July, 1965, were DONALD G. JUNOR (with Commendation and George Ranken Tudhope Prize in Pathology) and SHEILA V. STEWART.

Congratulations go to the following pupils who all had exceptionally fine passes in the Cambridge 'A' Level Examinations on Engineering Drawing — L. S. COOK (now at Dundee College of Technology), H. S. EADIE (F.VI.), J. P. FAIRLIE (now at Queen's College, Dundee), WM. M. WALLACE (F.VI.).

We offer heartiest congratulations and best wishes to former pupil, MR COLIN MCNAB, on his adoption as prospective Conservative and Unionist candidate for Dundee West.

We congratulate JENNIFER DUNLOP on gaining a Post-Diploma Scholarship in Graphic Design at the Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art, Dundee. Jennifer gained a Travelling Scholarship at the end of her third year.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM took part in the semi-final of the Scottish Inter-Schools Debating Competition along with Morgan Academy, Grove Academy,

Montrose Academy, Aberdeen Grammar School and Strathallan School, the last-named school going forward to the final. Mr A. G. Robertson, Director of Extra-Mural Studies at Queen's College, commented that judging had proved very difficult as the margins between the teams were so narrow.

Two former pupils, MR COLIN MCNAB and MR RAMSAY DALGETY, were members of the Dundee Young Unionists' team which followed up its success in March by winning, recently, the Scottish Young Conservatives' St. Andrew's Cup.

#### ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate MR VANNET on having a water colour, "Loch Laggan", and an etching of Arbroath fishing boats accepted for the annual Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, also for the Brochure which he designed to mark the Centenary of the Royal Dundee Institution for the Blind. The Calendar of The Dundee Savings Bank for 1966, which portrays Glamis Castle, is also the work of Mr Vannet.

#### STAFF ENGAGEMENTS

Congratulations and best wishes to . . .

MISS ELIZABETH STURROCK, who has announced her engagement to MR DAVID J. HITCHCOCK, B.Sc., and will be married on 16th April, 1966.

MISS KATHERINE J. SMITH, who has recently become engaged to MR ROGER T. LESLIE.

MISS C. MCARTHUR, who is to marry MR DOUGLAS DREVER in December.

## "DUNERA"

*"The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"*

It was a very happy and excited trainload of pupils that left Dundee and their fretting parents behind on the first stage of their journey, to as far afield as North Africa. This was the first of two trains which would take Dundee pupils to join the M.S. "Dunera" at Greenock. The "Dunera", in the ensuing fortnight, would travel over three thousand miles, giving practically every pupil aboard his first impressions of four foreign ports — three European and one African.

As our train neared its destination, we had our first sight of the "Dunera" as she

lay at the wharf, her white hull and superstructure reflecting the sunlight in dazzling contrast to her solitary black funnel. At this distance she seemed rather small to accommodate 800 pupils, but later, viewed from the wharf, her mass towering above us, we realised her true size. This former troopship was to be our home for the next fortnight.

We sailed at 4 o'clock on 5th July, 1965, to a lament played by a kilted piper, and soon left Greenock and the Clyde behind us, or astern, should I say? Two hours later, we sampled our first meal aboard the ship. The food was served on stainless steel trays which had a recessed compartment for each course

— a method surviving from the days of trooping. The meals, on the whole, were good, sometimes very good, and catered for nearly everyone's taste.

Evening entertainment was provided by a film in the assembly hall for one watch, and a dance on the deck for the other two watches. (For ease of accommodation at meals and in classrooms and for regulation of numbers at each function, the 800 pupils were divided up into three "watches" and referred to as watches one, two and three.)

At 9.30 p.m., after a light supper, we were ordered to our dormitories where, in the limited space available, we had to struggle to prepare for bed, clambering over cases, bunks, various items of clothing and one's friends. We very rarely came in contact with the floor. However, once in bed, all was quiet and peace would reign once the lights were out at 10 p.m.! On this last speculation, perhaps some of the crew and staff would beg to differ? The occupants of dormitory Dampier, and their neighbours, found out, to their cost, the officers' reactions to their experiments with hydrostatics after lights out.

Reveille was at 7 a.m. when at sea, and 6.30 when in port. We were rudely wakened by a distorted voice from the loudspeaker system informing us that it was now 7 o'clock and all watches must get up. This message was backed up by various over-loud "pop" groups for the next ten minutes. This aspect of the cruise was the only one not treated with great enthusiasm.

When breakfast was over we returned to our dormitories to begin the task of cleaning and tidying them. Each made his own bed in the way specified, and those whose turn it was, according to the duty roster, undertook to sweep out, dust and tidy the dormitory. Each day the captain inspected the dormitories and allotted them a mark. At the end of the cruise, the best dormitory from the boys' and from the girls' won a prize. The girls of High School in "Franklin" won this prize this year.

When at sea, there was a daily timetable for the various activities. The morning from 9 until 12 was divided into three periods, and the afternoon into four periods, from 2 until 6. In the morning, there were classes, a lecture in the assembly hall and deck games. The afternoon was similar, except for recreation instead of deck games, and voluntary

activities in the last period. There were many other day-time activities which included inter-dormitory water-polo, deck hockey, tug o' war and table tennis and deck tennis tournaments. Evening entertainment was also varied, with a treasure hunt, a fun fair and a fancy dress parade, besides the dance and the film show.

Corunna, in the North-West corner of Spain, was our first port of call. It was a most attractive place, with many narrow streets full of small shops, although the main streets were wide with fast-moving traffic. One could not help noticing the brightness and variety of colour in Corunna which was shown to advantage in the bright sunshine. In fact, throughout the whole cruise, we enjoyed very warm weather and glorious sunshine.

Our next encounter with dry land was Tangiers. To me and to many others, this did not have the mystery and sense of intrigue usually associated with such a city. It was, however, most interesting. The American sector, or California as it is called locally, consists of large, luxurious villas, in striking contrast to the poverty, the filth and the smells encountered in the dark, narrow streets of the Kasbah.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, our next port of call, was a magnificent example of modern architecture and planning. It was a city of prosperity and culture. Since the earthquake in 1755, which destroyed a good part of the city, it has gradually been rebuilt and now boasts one of the finest universities in the world. On the banks of the River Tagus there are excellent examples of modern sculpture in the monument to Henry the Navigator and the statue of Christ.

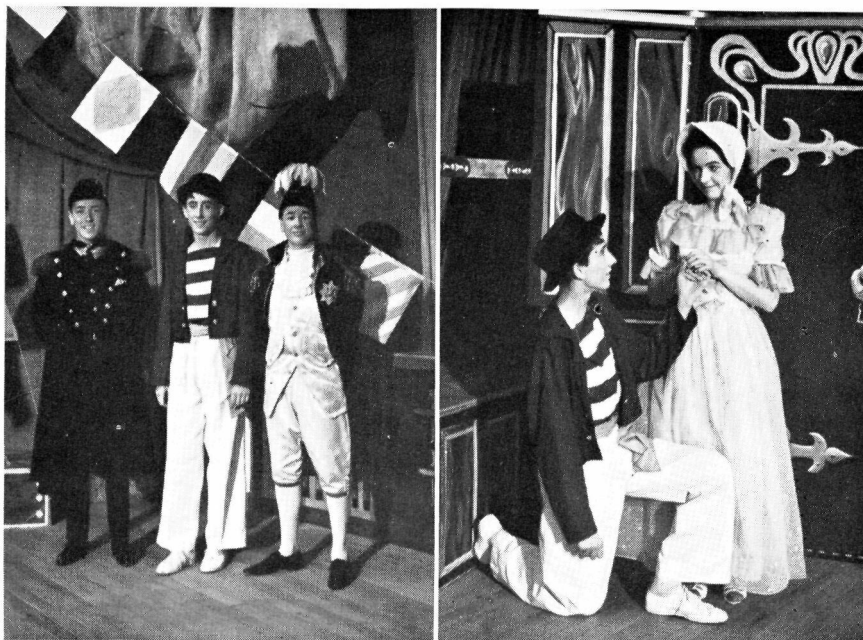
The last visit ashore was to Brest, in Brittany. Brest was pleasant and a good place for shopping, but that, I regret to say, about sums it up.

No article is deemed complete by any girl pupil that was on the cruise without the mention of cadets Tony Hywood and Tony Lucus, and Dave. Here I mention them.

After all these novel experiences, I am sure everyone was sorry when the cruise came to an end, but even in this rapidly changing world, the memories of the cruise will never be forgotten by those who shared them.

M. C., F.V.

# "H.M.S. PINAFORE"



Photographs by J. D. Brown

*"I DO BUT SING BECAUSE I MUST  
AND PIPE BUT AS THE LINNETS SING."*



Photograph by courtesy of D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd.



**GUIDE CAMP,  
1965**

*" A COUNTRY LIFE  
IS SWEET !"*



# Reporters' Rostrum

## " GOLDEN REPORTS "

*"I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people."*

The "new" magazine flashed on the unsuspecting school population just as school closed on Friday, 25th June, to dash off to celebrate Magna Carta, Simon de Montfort, etc., on the following Monday.

Perhaps it was the warm glow caused by an unexpected day off or the even warmer thought of holidays soon to come, perhaps it was the contrast between the new cover and the unseasonably drab June weather, but the reaction of those who had trustingly doled out 1/3 many weeks earlier (and kept asking suspiciously, "When is the magazine coming out?") was gratifying indeed to the editorial staff. Not one brickbat was thrown at us or reported to be thrown. The colour of the cover appealed to almost everybody, though, it seemed, more to the male than the female eye. The coloured section was deemed novel and the articles and features generally described as lively and stimulating. Of the congratulatory comments of the staff those that stand out are — "The magazine has been re-born" (we have great hopes for this "baby"!)" — "I enjoyed reading the magazine" — "I've read right through it already" (praise indeed at such a busy time in the session).

The pupils left us in no doubt as to their feelings — F. 2A were already finding much to chuckle over as they received their copies among the first, being almost at the gates of the Press so to speak. The 5th and 6th Form "leavers" were enthusiastic and also reported F.P. enthusiasm, while the 6th Form members of the editorial staff modestly agreed with all the compliments.

Probably the highest compliment of all was paid by some 40 laggards who clamoured for copies when they realised what they were missing by not having placed a firm order at the appropriate time. We were glad to be able, with the sympathetic co-operation of our more-than-helpful printers, to supply the demand, though we hope nobody has left their order so late this time!

Many thanks from the editorial staff, past and present, for the encouraging support you, the readers, have given us. Please do not hesitate to give us your candid opinions on every issue. In return, we shall endeavour to make each issue what an English "furriner" with no school connections called the June edition — "an excellent production".

## POSTSCRIPT

Just in case we should be too swelled-headed because of all the foregoing, we have to announce that our entry in the "Scotsman" magazine competition was not successful, but the general criticisms of the entries are interesting and may yield fruitful discussion. The older-established town and city school magazines like our own are condemned for sticking too much to tradition, for example in formal team-group photographs, in giving too much school news that is often trivial, or in containing too many contributions by members of staff. We should certainly like the views of our readers on such questions.

## THANKS

We acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the following magazines — Grove Academy, Arbroath High School, Lawside Academy, Morgan Academy, Harris Academy, Melville College, Edinburgh, The Royal High School, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen Grammar School. We read through all with great enjoyment (and some envy!).

## APOLOGIES

We apologise for an error that appeared in the June Edition of the Magazine in the list of Music Results — Pupils of Miss Duncan — L.3 Initial Pianoforte Merit — Elizabeth McNeill's name was unfortunately misprinted as Elizabeth Jones.

We also apologise for the fact that in the haste to go to Press the three reports from the Junior Dramatic (from Forms 1, 2 and 3) became somewhat confused!

## **GLEANINGS FROM THE "EVENING TELEGRAPH" (or "Where are the Amazons now?")**

"Some folk say the new 'phone booths outside Dundee's G.P.O. are too small.

"Nonsense!

"One stuck at lunch-time today.

"Outsiders puffed and blew till they got the door to yield.

And out trooped four, repeat four, High School girls!"

### **ARE COMPARISONS ODIUS ?**

This year the Magazine Committee has sent out short questionnaires to a selection of F.P. parents, asking them to tell us how D.H.S. has changed since they were here. The response, we regret to say, was not exactly overwhelming, but in those letters we did receive many interesting points were raised, and we gratefully acknowledge this help and support from no doubt already busy parents.

### **PUPIL-TEACHER RELATIONSHIP**

One of the main differences noted was the improvement of teacher-pupil relationship. Nowadays teachers are more approachable and willing to assist with problems. In the past, they were held in awe, not always in respect, and sometimes even in fear. Extensive careers advice is available from the Rector and the staff and, in general, the running of the school is made more pleasant by a closer mutual understanding between pupils and their teachers.

### **SPORT**

The vastly increased sports facilities are mentioned in several letters, together with comments on how lax the school was in this field even a few years ago. There was very little organised sport at all until recently and F.P.'s seem to envy us this privilege.

### **EXTRA-MURAL ACTIVITIES**

Activities outside the classrooms, such as school trips abroad and the many clubs and societies, are also fairly modern innovations and are greatly appreciated by all. Previously school was school and ended at 4 o'clock, but now a great deal is done to provide extra interest.

### **HOMEWORK**

A diversity of opinion was expressed on homework and whether the present pupils work any harder than their fathers and mothers did. The general view is that the

work covered is very much the same but the ever-present obsession with examination results makes the child of today more aware of the pressures of competition, both within D.H.S. itself and, later, in the Universities. The advances in mathematics and the scientific subjects are marked. As one parent put it — "They hadn't split the atom when I was at school". Specialisation at too early a stage was criticised for, because of this, the liberal education enjoyed by our predecessors has been lost.

### **THE GOOD OLD DAYS**

The one and only letter we received from a grandparent gave an interesting account of the school at the turn of the century. Classes were much smaller and the rooms much bigger. Latin, French and German were taught and a commercial course was also on the curriculum. Greek classes were taken only occasionally by the Rector himself. No proper school meals could be had, and some of us say that this is one definite advantage which the present pupils have over F.P.'s!

### **DISCIPLINE**

The question of discipline was to the fore in many letters. Previously there seems to have been an iron discipline laid upon the pupils but less worry about actual school work. Their carefree lives were not bothered by regulations about uniform such as we have, because there was hardly any regimentation. A definite line was drawn between the sexes and a boy would never have been seen talking to a girl. (The bad old days.) Mixed classes were only allowed in the most senior years. In these enlightened times, however, there is a much easier atmosphere and boys and girls pull together to make the school a happier place.

Last year saw the introduction of the new grey uniform which is a great improvement on the navy flared skirts and has generally been received with acclaim (even by parents who had to pay for it). Our hockey players now "roll in the mud in the best of grey worsted". Unfortunately, a uniform inevitably means loss of individuality and a feeling of anonymity, especially when taking part in outside activities. Pupils are not really any happier than before but, as our parents say, "We'll be sorry to leave".

### **WORDS OF ADVICE**

Most correspondents were reluctant to give advice to the present pupils as to how to enjoy "the happiest days of our lives", as it

is so difficult for one generation to talk to another about experience. We are told to take advantage of as many activities as possible which will help us in later life and to keep up some kind of contact with D.H.S. We should appreciate the privilege of education which we receive in such a venerable fee-paying establishment, and we should, as one parent said, "go about as if we were proud of our school" and not as if we were "looking for lost shillings, which we would find more quickly if we would take our hands out of our pockets".

One theme was "Sell yourself if you want to get on". The opposite view was taken in another letter, which, incidentally, bewailed the passing of the time-honoured boys' custom of "standing on the High School steps in the full splendour of plus fours in defiance of the Rector". (Sic transit gloria mundi.) The writer states that he was neither Head Boy nor Deputy Head Boy. He was not Dux, nor a Prefect, nor a member of the Rugby team, but he maintains that a pupil who does not shine in academic or sporting activities can still make the grade. Later on, it does not matter whether you belonged to one or all of these categories, because all your contemporaries will have forgotten long ago anyway.

That's what our parents think of the school's advances up till now. I wonder what changes we ourselves will see and what our own children will say when we tell them — "It wasn't like that in my day".

L. M., F.VI.

### LIMERICK COMPETITION

*"I was not born under a rhyming planet."*

A limerick competition was held in the school in October and November. Pupils were given the first two lines of four limericks and asked to complete any or all of them. The lines given were:—

- (a) *O great High School of Dundee  
To you we pay a great fee*

which produced much bemoaning of wasted time and money. Politicians who advocate the abolition of fee-paying schools may use these entries on payment of a small fee to the editors.

- (b) *O lovely Lunch-hall meals  
'Tis then that the custard congeals.*

Of the many entries whose last line rhymed (some did not), fifty per cent. revealed that unfortunate pupils are forced to eat "eels" whether live, uncooked, or jellied. We feel this is an unwarranted libel on the lunch-hall staff. As for the other complaints, we wouldn't know — we take sandwiches.

- (c) *A teacher of highest repute  
Was by many considered a brute.*

We are shocked to hear of the alleged cruelty of our staff. What do they do with the bodies?

- (d) *There once was a prefect so meek  
He accepted a great deal of cheek,*

which in turn showed our comrades' sadistic imaginations. Beware, meek prefects! However, from bitter personal experience we doubt if such a creature exists.

One hundred and fifty forms were distributed among Forms one to six. The majority, sad to say, fell on barren ground, but almost a hundred limericks had to be judged — an extremely difficult undertaking. Many very good limericks had to be left out.

After much thought, the great decision was taken and the winning entries are:—

1st Equal —

G. PATERSON, F.V.

*There once was a prefect so meek  
He accepted a great deal of cheek  
While chewing a crisp  
He thpoke with a lithp  
"Who'th for thothial thervith thith week?"*

and

L. THOM, F.III.

*O Great High School of Dundee  
To you we pay a great fee,  
Why we pay through the nose  
To construe Latin Prose  
Is a source of amazement to me!*

We should like to add a selection from the other excellent contributions, although funds don't allow further prizes! The two winners produced two further limericks of very high standard:—

*O lovely lunch-hall meals  
'Tis then that the custard congeals  
The grub's so inferior  
It induces hysteria  
And outdoes the Beatles for squeals!*

L. Thom, F.III.

*O lovely lunch-hall meals  
'Tis then that the custard congeals  
It sets hard as a brick  
So the cooks have to kick  
The left-overs loose with their heels.*

G. Paterson, F.V.

There was a number of ideas on how to deal with "a teacher of highest repute":—

*A teacher of highest repute  
Was by many considered a brute  
But having no scruples  
He battered the pupils  
And ended by getting the "boot".*

M. Hutton, F.III.

or

*A teacher of highest repute  
Was by many considered a brute  
But one wicked old grafter  
Was hung from a rafter  
Which put a quick end to dispute.*

A. Macleay, F.V.

and

*A teacher of highest repute  
Was by many considered a brute  
For his use of the cane  
Caused to many great pain  
And he tore their hair out by the root.*

F. Doughty, F.III.

Perhaps after reading these you will not agree with the title quotation, but remember our winners are modest! Congratulations and thanks to all who tried.

G. L. AND S. F., F.V.

### SCOOP !!!

Members of Staff, boys of D.H.S. and you girls who are not of the Secret Sisterhood known as Guides, have you ever wondered what goes on at Guide Camp? I mean what *really* goes on, not what you can read in the so-called Guide Report! *Now* is your opportunity! One of our news-sleuths, intrepid soul, has been researching in the wilds of Glenisla, and thus we have exclusive rights (subject of course to the Laws of Censorship) to publish sensational extracts from the hitherto unpublished TRUTH—A GUIDER'S DIARY! Read and be horrified! I'm sure, like us, dear readers, you had no idea of what goes on in Glenisla in July.

"Glenisla, Thursday, 1st July, 1965 — Advance party arrives. Hats no problem thanks to W.M.P. and Senior Boys. Q.M.

arrives to find advance party has eaten cheese ration for rest of camp!

"Friday, 2nd July — Advance party sleep in — work behind schedule. Remainder of company arrive in high spirits.

"Saturday, 3rd July — 6.30 a.m. — Company all awake. (How long will this early morning enthusiasm last?) 9 a.m. — Guides enlightened about daily tasks — enthusiasm wanes fast. 10 a.m. — Guides erect Guiders' wash-tent. 11 a.m. — Wash-tent blown down.

Stores arrive from grocer — Tragedy! Six doz. fruit pies delivered instead of meat pies! Q.M. wonders if fruit pies and beans will be accepted.

Sunday, 4th July — Parents and visitors over-run camp-site. Some inquisitive guests inspect Guiders' tent by mistake — Unfortunate . . . !

Lights out 10 p.m. Overheard by Guiders on inspection rounds — 'Well if she's anything like your Aunt Ella . . . ' 'Get your knees out of my bottom!' 'Does your boyfriend shave?' 'No, does yours?'

"Tuesday, 6th July — Guides become frantic at arrival of female in dark trench-coat and beret. Think it is most surely our Commissioner. Panic stations all round. Turns out to be village post-mistress. p.m. — Hike up Mount Blair. 6 p.m. — Company return. 80 blisters.

"Wednesday, 7th July — Guides' patrol task for afternoon is to walk 1 mile in any direction, draw map of route and cook afternoon tea provisions. Guiders check progress — through binoculars.

"Thursday, 8th July — Visitors include Angus, the dog. 9 p.m. — Striking of camp finished. Late night hike arranged by energetic Guiders. Overheard by Guiders — 'They want to exhaust us so we won't have our usual last night revels.' Guiders' comment — 'Whatever made them think that?'

"Friday, 9th July — Company arrives back in civilisation a somewhat darker shade of skin — Is it wind, sun or DIRT?"

(Exclusive pictures elsewhere in magazine. Worth hunting for, but they, too, alas, had to be censored. Another time, dear readers, we hope to reveal *The Awful Truth of Cadet Camp!*)

## “H.M.S. PINAFORE”

It was all over; 10 p.m. on Thursday, 17th June, 1965, and the strains of “He is an Englishman” (although “he” was Scottish, and proud of it) had rung out in the College of Education hall for the last time. All the members of the cast had retired to their respective dressing rooms, the costumes were being packed back into the crates in which they had arrived, and the scenery was being dismantled. Not until then did we realise just how much “Pinafore” had become part of our lives.

It was in May, 1964, that Mr Porteous handed out the scores for the first time, and it was then that we first sang the choruses which were to become so familiar to us, although, at the time, the thought of memorising them all was formidable. At the beginning of the new session, auditions were held for the principal parts, and by the end of September, rehearsals were under way for those who were chosen, and for their understudies. In January, 1965, the chorus joined the rehearsals, although certain members could hardly be said to have been overflowing with enthusiasm. Nevertheless, rehearsals were continued, eventually being promoted to the School Hall, which had the great advantage of having heaters, unlike the Small Gym., where our rehearsals had been held until then.

Since at least the end of the Second World War until 1960, there had been an opera every two years, the last one being the “Gondoliers”. “Merrie England” was next in line to be massacred, but due to the fact that the “Highers” were put forward (or is it “back”?) to May, rehearsals could not be fitted in, and so only a concert with a selection of songs from the opera was held. The school, however, was determined to have another full-scale opera, and so it was resolved that rehearsals would be started at the end (that’s Irish) of the session before the opera was due to take place. The whole opera would be finished by the beginning of the Easter holidays, temporarily abandoned, and polished up after the “Highers”. Part one of the plan was all right, in that rehearsals of the singing started in May, 1964, but Part two — there were no commercials — failed miserably. At the beginning of April, 1965, it was noticeable that there was a slight short-

tage of time — noticeable because the Second Act had not been started! The result was that, far from rehearsals being “temporarily abandoned”, they became more frequent. Any passer-by during certain days of the Easter holidays would have heard loud renderings of “He is an E-E-Englishman” or “. . . his sisters and his cousins . . .” from the school, mingled with the roar and clatter of cement mixers and the like from the new G.P.O. building. “Highers” became obstacles in the way of “Pinafore” rehearsals, but to everyone’s surprise, especially Mr Smith’s, we had gone over the whole opera several times by the time of the first dress rehearsal.

The day of the first dress rehearsal arrived; at last we would be able to act(?) with the proper scenery and on a proper stage. On the Friday before the opera was due to take place, the cast assembled at the College of Education and was shown to its respective dressing-rooms. Once the amusement of seeing one another in blue-and-white hooped shirts, wide trousers and squashed top hats, had worn off, we started the opera with, for the first time, an orchestral accompaniment. On the whole, the rehearsal was remarkably good, apart from the fact that at one of the sailors’ entries, only five tars appeared — the rest of the crew were discovered downstairs playing basketball. It was also discovered that a certain member of the cast did not have time to change his clothes in the time allocated, and appeared wearing the wrong socks, unlaced shoes, and still buttoning up his jacket. The singing, however, reached a standard never before attained (well, hardly ever).

On the Monday night, we had our final dress rehearsal. Experiments took place with the lighting equipment under the able direction of Mr Biggar, and certain members of the cast were “made-up”, just to see how they would look. The singing was, if anything, better than it had been on the Friday, and the whole performance was much more polished, taking place practically without a hitch. And so it seemed that we were all set for the first night.

The dreaded 15th of June came. Around six o’clock, the cast began to arrive. We once more changed into our costumes and made our way to the converted ladies’ cloakroom,

where the Art Department staff were administering make-up. Then it was back to the dressing-rooms to while away the hour or so before we were due to start. Then, as the hall filled up, and the dreaded hour approached, we assembled in the gymnasium below the stage, and were inspected by our "commanding officer", Mr Smith. A *Courier* photographer wasted a few flashbulbs on us and then up we went to the stage, just as the orchestra began to play the Overture. The curtain rose and "We sail the ocean blue . . ." echoed round the hall—we had started. And in what seemed no time at all, the first night was over. The performance had gone perfectly; the audience was exceptionally responsive, we had become used to singing with an orchestra and, with the help of an ex-captain and two marines, the above-mentioned member of the cast appeared with the right socks, his shoe-laces fastened and his coat buttoned. Our fears had been unfounded.

The next morning, there was a rush to the front doors of the houses involved so that the cast could read what the *Courier* had to say about us. We were pleasantly surprised; underneath a picture of the sisters, cousins and aunts, was a report which seemed to commend the performance from all angles. Mr Smith's production was rightly praised, as was Mr Porteous's musical direction. The *Evening Telegraph* said, "Costumes and school-made scenery set a bright standard . . .", and a photograph of the whole cast appeared in the *People's Journal*.

The Wednesday night's performance was, we thought, better than that of the previous night, although the audience was a little less responsive. Then came the last night; we soon found that we had an excellent audience, but our performance was not as polished as it might have been. A plan for Captain Corcoran to stamp on Sir Joseph Porter's foot, and for the First Lord subsequently to chase the Captain off-stage, was rehearsed in every detail in the dressing-room. On stage, it failed miserably. The audience was treated(?) to a prearranged and non-optional encore of the *Finale*, and here again, things went wrong. It had been intended that Little Buttercup should, after being insulted by the ex-Captain, bump into him and knock him backwards a couple of steps; in fact, he was caught off-balance and found himself rebounding across to the wrong side of the

stage. Then some fool yelled "Hooray!" a bar too early, and to end it all, on the third curtain call (yes, we did get three curtain calls!), Cousin Hebe's dress split up the back.

It was all over. Within thirty minutes, the scenery had been taken apart, and was lying in a pile below the hall. The next morning, it was transported back to the school, the costumes were returned to Glasgow, and the lighting apparatus went back to its various owners. By 11 o'clock on the Friday morning, the stage was in the midst of being set for the next production due to take place in the hall. Nothing remained of "H.M.S. Pinafore"—nothing but our memories.

A. R. A., F.VI.

## WORK

A common cause for complaint is the amount of work you do at school. Here are some facts:—

If you write an average of five sides of loose leaf per day, in a school year you write six miles of writing. If you have been at school for ten years, the writing you have done would stretch from Dundee to Aberdeen.

If you walk an average of one mile during a school day, in one year you walk 200 miles (school days), while during the ten years at school you have walked the equivalent of walking round the entire British coastline.

If you read an average of 2,000 words per day, in ten years at school, you have done the equivalent of reading the Bible eight times.

If you get up and sit down for an average of four times per period, in ten years at school this is done 64,000 times. If you did this at a rate of 40 times per minute, non-stop, it would take a whole day, 24 hours, to equal this number.

If you walk one mile every day, carrying a school satchel weighing 10 lbs., in one week you do enough work to lift a car weighing two tons 60 feet into the air.

TIRED-OUT, F.IV.  
(A New Mathematician?)

# FROM NEW COLLEGE, EDINBURGH

## AUTUMN, 1965

It was not as difficult as I had expected: I wrote my letter of application: an appointment was made for me to see the Secretary; I was told that there was a place for me and given a list of recommended reading-material. So it came about that on a cold but bright morning in October, 1964, I stood shivering in front of the two mighty towers which present a soot-blackened façade to the Mound. As I stood there, defiantly sporting the scarf striped black, white and regal purple—something which marked me out immediately as a “Fresher”—I surveyed the crowds making their way through the entrance. At last I ventured into the quadrangle where there appeared to be hundreds of students, and ninety-four per cent. of them male. I gazed timidly at the statue of Knox. What would he think of this intrusion? He gazed benignly down. Behind his head the stained-glass windows of the Library glowed invitingly. In front towered the impressive flight of steps into the Assembly Hall.

At last we moved on. The Faculty of Divinity had commenced its Michaelmas term. A few curious glances were directed at the six per cent., who were at that time considered oddities. Indeed for the first few weeks our “fellow” students regarded us with attitudes verging on hostility at what was felt to be an encroachment on their preserve, alarm that we might upset the even tenour of life in College, and a few tentative offers of friendship, mostly from foreign students. But by mid-term we were accepted as (almost!) equals by one and all.

There is a distinct atmosphere in a Divinity College: not, let me hasten to add, one compounded of sulphur and brimstone or of a grim-faced solemnity; but rather a feeling of wonder and awe at the great privilege bestowed upon us, of exhilaration at the thought of the immense task for which we are being prepared. This gives us a fellowship one with another which must be unique. We are from widely-different backgrounds: some come straight from school, while others are retired bankers, head-masters and lawyers; some have given up careers where a bright future beckoned. Our homes, too, are far apart: a very large number come from

Canada and the United States; there are representatives from Iceland and Italy, Germany and Greece; not a few come from kindred Wales and Ireland, while some journey from Nigeria and the Cameroon. This list is not exhaustive. Similarly there are represented many different branches of the Church—Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Anglicans, Lutherans and Waldensians. But all are united in the common bond that they are preparing for the work of Christ’s kingdom. We hear and debate on one another’s views, not only in the class or seminar, but as we play table-tennis, have morning coffee, read the newspapers, move from one class to another, wait for the library to open, or sit down together for our common meal.

The male members are not all destined for the pulpit: some will go to the mission-fields; some will teach or lecture; some will go to industrial or student chaplaincies. The ladies, they assume, are hoping one day to be ordained or are going to serve with the Deaconess Board; some, perhaps, will also go into teaching. Among both groups there are several who have not as yet a clear end in view, but have felt the call and are preparing themselves for the field—and they know that some specific job will be waiting for them—where the harvest is great and the labourers all too few.

In addition to lectures the opportunity is given for some practical training. This is usually done in the second or third year of the B.D. course, when the student is assigned to act as assistant minister at a particular Church. There, he (or she) is given experience in the various branches of pastoral work: parish, congregational or sick-visiting; running Youth Clubs and Fellowships; supervising Sunday Schools; taking Vestry Hour; and last, but by no means least, conducting a service and preaching the Word.

All is not work, however. There are various societies within the College, among them the Theological Society, who invite speakers at various times to speak on matters of general interest; the Missionary Society, concerned with both Home and Foreign Mission; the Musical Society—now for perhaps the first time thinking of allowing the ladies

to join because it needs contraltos for a certain madrigal; a very active Sports Section, who have twice won the University League Hockey Shield and have had notable successes in Squash matches; and the Divinity Dames, run mostly for the wives of married students but open also to female "divines".

Dundee High School has a strong association with New College, one of the most famous of her alumni being the present Professor of New Testament, the Very Reverend

James S. Stewart, a man beloved and revered by all who have had the privilege of knowing him and attending his classes. At the moment there are only three Former Pupils in the ranks of the students, but we are informed that we shall still be represented for the next few years. We who are now here send our greetings to our future successors, glad that they, too, may one day share in the wonderful fellowship we have known.

HELEN THOMSON.

## JAMES WATTERSON HERALD (1859 - 1914)

*(An Exhibition of the works of James W. Herald, held in the Meffan Institute, Forfar, during October, 1965, was opened by Mr W. P. Vannet.)*

Fifty-five years ago, an exhibition of sixty water-colours and pastels was opened in the Baillie Galleries, London, where it attracted many visitors. The show was well received both by the public and the London critics. Two of the exhibits were bought for presentation to the British Museum and a third for the Victoria and Albert Museum. To quote the critics, the painter of these pictures was "an example of the independent artist working with an individual aim in a Scottish town, and from there stamping British Art with a character that was entirely lacking in the work of men who received honours and titles and drew crowds at the Royal Academy".

The artist was James Watterson Herald—a Forfar lad born in the year 1859 in West High Street, in a house which stood on the site of the West U.F. Church. It is therefore appropriate and most commendable that Forfar should have remembered one of her distinguished sons during her Tercentenary Celebrations by holding an exhibition of his works in the Meffan Institute during October.

Son of a bootmaker whose shop was at the entrance to Little Causeway, wee Jamie drew with chalk on the floor of his father's garret and later progressed to the walls of the rooms, much to the horror and dismay of his house-proud mother. Eventually, however, he expressed himself with pencil and finally painted with water-colours and a brush on paper, no doubt to everyone's relief!

He received his early education at West Burgh School and Forfar Academy, where he displayed a certain dreaminess, and where his attendance was never distinguished by regularity. As drawing found no place in the curriculum, the budding artist was severely repressed. However, he was sent to the High School of Dundee to study drawing and painting for a period of one year under Mr Kennedy, the Art Master, who regarded him as his most distinguished pupil and awarded him a prize for excellence in drawing. In Mr Kennedy's register, James Herald's name is shown as a day pupil, session 1873-74, and his father, William Herald, Bootmaker, Forfar, also had his name recorded as having paid fees for his son. In those days the High School of Dundee was also the School of Art.

After this he made quite a name for himself by sketching many local worthies and celebrities, for example, Dr. Gilruth selling pills at the Cross, Davie Troup, Jamie Allan and "Caps", the Forfar fiddler. His early studies from nature were very accurate, with insistent outlines and details slightly over-emphasised—yet, these were full of latent genius and brilliant promise. His first public commission was the painting of the Forfar Coat of Arms on the drum of the Baxter Band. The finished work aroused favourable comment. Scorning the factory office-stool and other openings offered to him, Jamie was determined to be an artist—a painter of pictures.

This was not to be just yet and he was sent to Dundee as an apprentice to a Decorator where he met another budding Forfar artist, Allan Ramsay, a landscape painter

renowned for his beautiful renderings of the Esk Valley scenery. Herald was employed in renewing and supplementing the decorations of the R.C. Cathedral in Dundee and restoring the images of the Saints and the Martyrs. On one occasion he stayed away from his work for a fortnight and was eventually tracked down by his father and Allan Ramsay. He was discovered in the Reference Library in the Albert Institute studying books of Early Italian Masters. Jamie was promptly sent back to work. One day he was sent with paint-pot and brushes to a house in Broughty Ferry where Allan Ramsay and other apprentices were employed on a scheme of decoration. When Jamie reached Broughty Ferry he could not remember the address of the house so, rather than go back to Dundee and admit his forgetfulness, he walked down to the River Tay, threw his paint-pot and brushes into the water and walked home to Forfar!

After quitting Dundee, he was prevailed on to take a job in a factory office in Forfar. This lasted only for a short time and, abandoning the office stool, he was allowed to devote himself entirely to the practice of his art. He was given every encouragement and devoured many books on Art, e.g. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" and Cassell's "History of Art". At this period he painted portraits of his father's friends and associates, and these commissions were greatly admired and appreciated.

Soon he left to reside with a friend in Arbroath, where he did a lot of very fine work which aroused favourable comment. The First Arbroath Period was prolific, and he had several keen admirers not only locally but as far afield as London. About 1889, when he was 30 years of age, he lived in Edinburgh for a year at 9 Gardner's Crescent and he exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy a fine drawing, "Queen Street by Night", which was purchased by the Scottish Society for the promotion of the Fine Arts. He returned to Forfar in 1890 but, shortly afterwards, he went to the Bushey School of Art in London, run by Sir Hubert von Herkomer. Among his fellow students were two other Scotsmen, James Pryde and William Nicholson. Later, he lived and worked in Croydon, 1896 to 1899, where he produced some of his best work. While at the Herkomer School, he drew from the living

model and also painted from the model in oils. Pryde and Nicholson shared the same cottage with him and, for him, their work had a strong appeal.

Pryde's sketches of children on brown paper influenced Herald greatly and he started working in pastel, the medium in which he was to attain such distinction later on.

The famous exhibition of the Glasgow School of Painters in 1886, which included outstanding works by Henry, Guthrie, Lavery and Arthur Melville, had a marked effect on Herald and made a tremendous impression on him — especially the work of Melville in which he recognised a spirit and understanding closely akin to his own. (Melville was born near Guthrie in 1858. He died in 1904.) Herald's impressionistic style, his romantic way of looking at things and his wonderful faculty for seizing on the salient features of a landscape or a figure, allow the non-essentials to take care of themselves. His style was well-formed before he encountered the spell of Melville's genius which spurred him on to fresh efforts . . .

After leaving the Herkomer School he resided with his brother in London, where he developed his studies in pastel, treating the medium with a boldness and exuberance peculiarly his own. While in London, he lived an exciting, Bohemian life, filling sketch-book after sketch-book with wonderful impressions until his money was exhausted. He executed a very fine series of elaborate drawings of important London buildings. These drawings he translated into water-colours which were very well received by the critics.

Herald went off to Croydon to live after this and there he had a studio. His art developed steadily all the while. He passed his time dreaming, painting and playing on his violin, which he loved almost as much as his beloved brushes.

After 10 years in London, he returned to Arbroath and stayed there c/o Mrs Sheriff, 27 Bank Street, from 1901. Arbroath had a great attraction for him and there was an atmosphere about the old place which appealed to him strongly. This was the beginning of his Second Arbroath Period. He

loved to wander around the quaint spots near the harbour and converse with the local fishermen.

Jamie Herald translated his splendid visions into glowing mosaics of colour, awakening emotions in the hearts of those who understand. His frank, approachable nature and kindness of disposition sometimes led him into doubtful friendships and, because of his simple, almost childlike manner, he was often imposed upon. But he had many true friends to whom his works were ever an inspiration and a joy. Herald was well-read and could converse intelligently on almost any subject, and his unassuming disposition and innate modesty prevented him from putting himself forward in any capacity. He coveted no distinction and was content to earn no more than a living. Before his death he was in failing health for a considerable time, and this was apparent to many of his friends who noticed him on the street. He continued to go about almost to the last. During this period it is said that he produced some inferior works for trifling sums of money or goods.

Herald figures rather poorly in public collections. Arbroath, however, owns a representative collection, and the late John T. Ewen of Pitscandle, H.M. Inspector of Schools, collected many of his works and was his friend and benefactor. When I was a pupil at Arbroath High School, I was greatly attracted to a picture in the Art Gallery entitled, "Winter Sunset". It was a small water-colour by Herald. The name of the artist did not mean very much to me then, yet I used to go back again and again to enjoy the colour, the atmosphere and the technique. Eventually, I tried to copy it—with indifferent success. This was the first water-colour painted in a free and fluid manner that awakened my interest in the medium.

In the autumn of 1914, on the 17th of October, Herald died and was buried in the Western Cemetery, Arbroath. He was only 55 years of age. During his last days, his brother from London was with him and was a great comfort to him. When the history of Scottish Art comes to be written, the name of James Watterson Herald will find an important place therein.

W. P. V.

## ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

High above unseen valleys  
Another realm was there  
At my feet, I stood alone,  
And the golden sun lit my soul.

Below, a sea of billowing cloud  
Washed the fire-tips of lesser peaks  
Strange islands where no men lived,  
Only I in my dream of fantasy.

I am meaningless and small  
(Like an insect in the eyes of men);  
Yet I was in the hall of gods,  
Zeus and Apollo were my lords.

LORNA C. MARSHALL, F.IV.

## THE FRUGAL SISTERN (AND THE NORMAL CONQUEST)

(With apologies to John Lennon, M.B.E.)

One fine maudling in the year one thousand, no hunders, and clickity click, Willyham the Conker waged the famel battle of Hasty which is in the South-astings of Anglyterra. We all know King Harrassed did look up to Himmel whereonceupon he received an arrow in his eyetooth. Willyham bracht with him his famel sistern, the Frugal Sistern. The folgening inflammation will descript this hysterical era.

In the Centre Times, the most importing peebles were the Kirchemen, the Barrens and the Nights. They were allmity landrovers when landy was a cheef sauce of wealth. The Barrens were the Vessels of the Slovereign, from whom they were gifted Terrortory in overturn for their serVices, Millyjuty, and paement of varicous rents. Under the great Barrens, came the Nights and wee tenants (lager) and still dropping lowdown the bulky of the peeblation—the Surfs, who were very crudelly treated. As slovereignly powder increased, the Barrens were brought under their controls. But Howardever this sistern did proof to be an ablesuit form of governmental or Elsie at least it was a reasonably gut governmental, specially in the juration of those eearly centurians of trouble, Grieve and V Kayos.

V. WAIN AND G. ROSS, F.IV.

## “A NAVAL AVIATION COURSE”

This summer, two other cadets and I interrupted our holidays to go to the Royal Naval Air Station at Lossiemouth, in Morayshire, for a week's course in what was officially termed "Naval Aviation". When we put our names down for the course about Christmas, we did not know what we were letting ourselves in for. The day we arrived we still did not know!

As usual, when I am going any place, it rained. It rained in Dundee, when we struggled through the seething mass of holiday-makers (it was the beginning of the Dundee Holiday Week) to exchange our warrant for tickets; it was raining all the way North, and it absolutely poured when we arrived in Elgin from where we had been assured we would be transported to Lossiemouth.

We were met, as soon as we stepped off the train, not by the promised transport, but by posters advertising Lossiemouth "Air Day". This possibly explains why we had to hitch a lift to Lossiemouth in a passing Navy van! As the Air Day, for which the whole station had spent weeks preparing, had been a complete failure owing to the torrential rain, no one in the guard-room was particularly interested in three rather wet Army cadets for some obscure course. The extra tot of rum issued because of their additional labours was a more important topic of conversation! The only spark of interest was when the English inhabitants of the station saw our kilts, which we had patriotically worn for the journey. I never thought a kilt would be a source of amazement and mirth in the North-East of Scotland!

We were, however, shown to our billet or Messdeck, as it was called and, having first made sure we had seven shillings to pay for our week's food, they fed us.

We were later issued with "Number 8's" — a blue shirt and trousers, which seemed to be the normal working "rig" of the Navy. This was all right for the Sea Cadets, but have you ever seen someone wearing naval No. 8's and a Black Watch beret? The bedding issued surprised us: we were given three blankets, sheets, pillowcase, mattress cover and a bedcover — so different from Cadet Camp.

Nothing else happened that day except for a short appearance of a Lieutenant-Commander, who pinned up a timetable for the week and told us to turn in by ten as we would have a busy week. After studying the four foolscap sheets we decided to turn in long before ten!

Sunday began rather abruptly when some loud-mouthed C.P.O. started calling us rude names at seven-thirty — this was a long lie by Naval standards, reveille was normally at six-fifteen! It was a very quiet day, really — everyone was recovering from Air Day and not until ten o'clock did an officer come to tell us where to "get fell in" for "Divisions". This was similar to our parade on a Friday, except that none of the Sea Cadet Petty Officers seemed to know the procedure, while any boy who has been in the School Cadet Company even for only a short time would be able to take the parade (or at least know the orders that were given). We also discovered, to our embarrassment, that the Navy drill is different from Army drill! We then attended church, not to salve our souls, but only to avoid an hour's drill that the Gunnery Officer promised to all who did not feel religious! We were more or less free for the rest of the day and spent the time trying to find all the places at which we were supposed to attend lectures during the week, but, after getting lost twice, we gave up.

The following morning, having been awakened at the crack of dawn, we had breakfast, and reported to the Motor Transport Compound for a 'bus to take us to P.T. in a huge hangar, specially kept for games and P.T. Now P.T. from a Naval P.T.I. has to be experienced to be believed. Before we were in the door, he had us "doubling" up and down in the rain. Once inside, he started bellowing forth orders for exercises in a broad English accent which few could understand. Those who knew what he was saying did not know what he was talking about anyway, and so the result was chaotic! However, he had quaint ways of making himself understood — if you did not do an exercise correctly you were told to double round the hangar (about a mile) or do thirty press-ups in as many seconds. You got it right the next time!

After an hour of this we were ready to curl up and die, but before we had time, we were passed on to the Safety Equipment hangar, where an undersized officer had us convinced that before the week was out, we would crash and drown, burn to death, die from exposure, malnutrition, sunstroke, loss of blood, scurvy or at least have to parachute from a burning plane! He then showed us how our Mae-Wests worked, also our dinghy, parachute and survival pack; he even showed us the correct procedure when being lifted by helicopter, "just in case we find you"! The only reassuring part of the lecture was when he broke out a packet of sweets from the survival pack and they proved to be quite good, although I do not think anyone would survive very long on them alone.

The rest of the day was spent eating and watching very complex films about the principles of flight at sub-, trans-, super- and hyper-sonic speeds! Then we ate again; I must say the Navy feeds itself abundantly, if not over-tastefully!

Tuesday was the day we were taken up in a "Sea Prince"—a light transport plane with seating for four passengers. The flight lasted only forty-five minutes, but this was quite enough for one passenger who brought his lunch back in a paper bag! It was not surprising really, because the pilot seemed to delight in almost vertical dives at about a hundred and forty knots, and then a steep climb back to two thousand feet, where it was so cold we thought we were at twenty thousand. The rest of the time we were extremely hot, because we had been issued with a flying suit of a thick material, a tight inner helmet with earphones in it, an outer metal helmet, a Mae-West, and we had to wear oxygen masks for the intercom system. We felt about ten feet tall, as we swaggered across the runways to the disposal hut with our helmets tucked under our arms, just like the recruiting posters for the R.A.F.!

This was really the climax of the course for me, as I had never flown before, although later in the week I was up in a "Sea Prince" again for about two hours on a Navigation exercise. We flew as far as Orkney that time and I nearly froze to the seat. As we flew over the Moray Firth, I heard the pilot say he had seen the "St. Louis", which is the schooner belonging to the Outward Bound School, in the distance. Later we flew right

over it; and when I arrived home, I discovered that a member of my class was aboard her that day on his way back class to their base at Nairn. As I said, this was a Navigation exercise, and for some time we flew over land at about two hundred feet, and I was able, with the aid of a map which the navigator gave me, to follow our course, from prominent objects such as hills which we just missed flying into, etcetera, etcetera! But it baffles me how they know where they are over the sea.

On the Thursday we went up in a helicopter—something I had always wanted to do. It rather surprised us to see a pilot who had come for the trip produce a catapult and start to fire stones at the myriads of seagulls which settle on the ends of the runway. Apparently these birds have a most annoying habit of flying into the air intakes on the jets, thus wrecking the engine, at the best, costing one hundred thousand pounds to replace and, at the worst, causing a crash and injury to the pilot, and so the pilots vent their spite at the birds by firing stones and Verey Pistols at them. At the moment, they have two hawks working quite efficiently at clearing the runways. While we were there, a Buccaneer, while trying to land, took twenty-odd gulls in each jet and, obviously, crashed; the pilot escaped but the plane was badly damaged. Later they showed us one of the engines, but it was just a tangled mass of metal!

These were the highlights of the course, for me, at least, although we were always doing something even if it was just P.T.! They must have gone to a great deal of trouble to organise our programme so that we had a balanced view of the Navy in general and the Fleet Air Arm in particular. We saw round the control tower, the "met." office, the Buccaneer and Scimitar squadrons, the workshops and the fire-fighting branch to mention a few. And we saw films—we saw films on every conceivable subject connected with the Navy, from becoming a Navy Patrolman (equivalent of M.P. in Army) to how ejector seats work underwater! I feel I would go back to Lossiemouth readily, because I thoroughly enjoyed myself, provided I have a written statement ensuring that all P.T.I.'s have been posted to Vietnam.

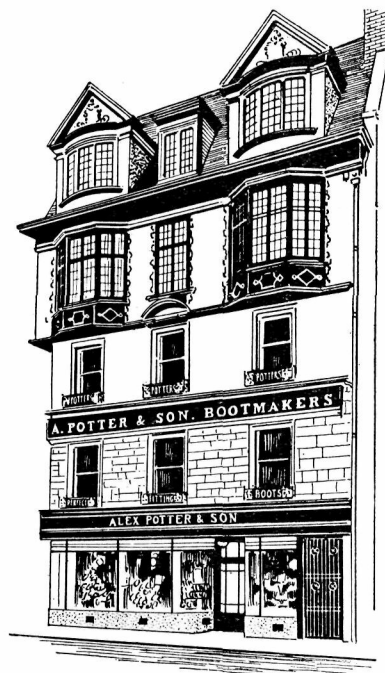
D. N. Gow, F.V.

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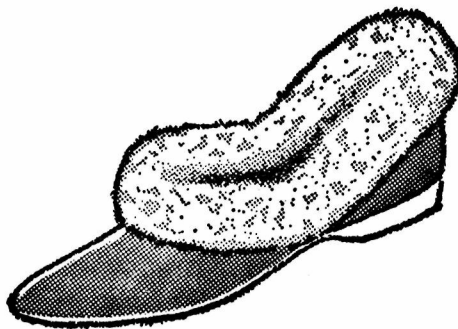


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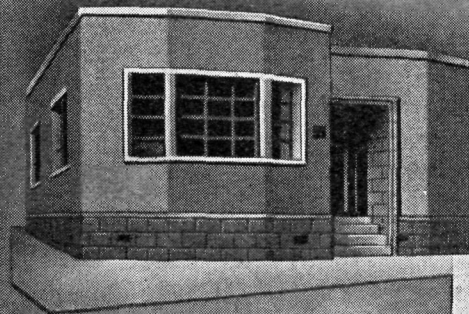
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## A NEW ANGLE ON AN OLD STORY

The door slammed shut in my face. From the butler's curtness, I gathered that Sir Graeme did not wish to see me. Not that he could have any particular aversion to me, for I had never encountered him before; I had only seen his name in the papers. But then, who hadn't? The bold banner headlines rushed to memory — "Sir Graeme Hits Out at Policy in Vietnam" — "Sir Graeme Appraises the Position in Rhodesia". For anyone whose curiosity was thus aroused about Sir Graeme's history, "The Daily Tattle" was currently publishing, exclusively, "My Upbringing and Education", by Sir Graeme Haviland, amid a positive crescendo of publicity. Certainly it would appear that the public must have had their fill of Sir Graeme Haviland. Then, for some inexplicable reason, my "boss", Smiley Payne, had sent me out to get a new angle. "I'm not specifying any particular angle, boy," he had drawled. "Just make it good, and we'll print it."

And I badly needed some article in the paper. To be honest, I was a bit low for money, and there was a handsome bonus for a front page article. So far, my best effort had been "Lady Hilda Ponsonby Sells Valuable Antiques" on page 7, cosily tucked away among advertisements for "Healey — for Carpets of Quality", "Selby Baby Foods Make a Mother's Life Livable" and "Blurred Vision? — Try Ophthalmex". It made me sick. Then there was that chap, Burt Gray, writing under the name of Hennessy O'Hara, getting articles on the front page every other day.

I was certainly feeling disconsolate. Felt like a spree. Do something dramatic for a change — get in the limelight. What did the others have that I didn't? I'd show them. Let's see — what about some good old libel? — I fancied myself as a scandal-monger. However, it would have to be in reasonably good taste — no secret romances or anything. But striking . . .

It was then that I had a really wild impulse. With a verve I had never known in my journalistic career before, I positively sprinted to the nearest telephone-box. I had never realised how exhilarating deceit was before. Trembling with excitement, I picked up the receiver, dialled the number and waited impatiently for those maddening pips to stop. Finally, I was put through.

"Hello — who's that speaking?"

"Me, Pritchard," I gasped out breathlessly. "Listen, I've got a scoop — a real scoop — I *know* you're just going to Press, but you've just got to print this — spread it over the front page — no, I won't calm down. What would you say if I told you that Sir Graeme Haviland were dead? Had been dead for — oh, I don't know how long? Well, it's true! He's been bumped off — murdered — by his butler fellow — I don't know his name — call him, oh anything — Jackson, maybe — and this butler fellow is carrying on life normally, making out that Haviland's becoming 'stand-offish' or something, and that he won't see anyone — while, all the time he's actually got him trussed up in a cupboard somewhere with a knife in his ribs. Motive? How would you like living with that old man? Don't ask me how I know — just print it!" And, without waiting for any more objections, I slammed down the receiver.

I felt truly exultant now. That had been a tonic! Why, if they printed it, I would go down in history as one of the greatest hoaxers of all time — and if they didn't, no harm done. I might lose my job, but I honestly didn't care at that moment.

The feverish excitement with which I bought a "Daily Gossip" later that day may be imagined. I took one glance at the front page — and stopped, flabbergasted.

For there before my eyes was the following headline — "Butler Gives Himself up to Police — Tip-Off Came From 'Daily Gossip' Reporter, Tom Pritchard".

C. J., F.II.

### JUST A MINUTE !

You will probably live in this peaceful world for 36,792,000 minutes. Of these, 13,000,000 will be spent in working, 12,300,000 in sleeping, and 3,000,000 in eating. During the 936,000 minutes you will spend in these pleasant surroundings you will endure 20,800 periods, be saved by the bell 36,400 times, and receive in the region of 2,600 home exercises, 75 punishment exercises and 3,000 lines.

N.B.—The author submits his apologies, but he is afraid he cannot be held responsible for any miscalculations.

N. C., F.IV.  
(Another New Mathematician?)

# STRANGER THAN FICTION

Some time ago, when my father was standing in a side street off Oxford Street, he heard someone behind him clearing his throat, obviously trying to attract his attention. My father turned round and was confronted by a young man who was standing rather self-consciously on the edge of the road. "Cuse me, zurr, but I be from Lesser Wolloping in the Wold, you will know it likely," he said in an accent redolent of hay-seeds and mangelwurzels, and making a motion of touching his forelock.

"Likely," father replied, as non-committally as possible.

"Well, marster sent me with a message to No. 23 Cavalier Street but this London be a sight bigger than I reckoned on. Can't seem to find it nohow."

From very bitter experience, my father always carries a street map when in London, so he referred quickly to the index, noted the grid reference and, turning up the appropriate map, he found the street, in Stepney of all places. Showing the map to the young man, he indicated his destination and their position on the map, to which the young man said, "Thankee kindly, zurr", and then turned to go.

But my father could not let him go like that, for he pictured him wandering endlessly in the infinity of concrete jungles between Oxford Street and Stepney, so asked him if he knew the way.

"Don't ee worry none, zurr, I'll find it zumhow."

My father proceeded to look up the underground map and rapidly traced out a route with the appropriate connections and also pointed out that the nearest station was in a side street on the opposite side of the road about a hundred yards away from them. By this time the young man had taken out a tattered notebook and a pencil stub and was laboriously copying out the route, which done, he turned round smartly, said, "Thankee kindly, zurr", and departed.

My father was somewhat surprised to see him open the door of an enormous furniture van (which can best be described as a pan-technicon), start up the engine and then make a very neat U-turn, after which he went tearing down the street in the direction of

the station. The only snag about this was that he was in a one-way street and he had gone against the stream.

In the complete traffic-jam which now ensued, my father was able to cross the street at only moderate risk and he walked fairly rapidly towards the station. He reached the corner and looked; he did not quite know what he expected to find but he was not prepared for what he did see—the lorry had disappeared!

He hurried past the station and down the stairs rather self-consciously. When he reached the platform all he saw was the few usual loungers holding up the pillars, but he did not quite like to say, "Did you see a pan-technicon come down these stairs and board a train?"

Now he bitterly regrets his omission, because thinking about it still keeps him awake at night.

So, if you or any of your friends just happened to travel on the same train as a big furniture van, he would be grateful if you would let him know. You couldn't miss it—it was yellow and, on the side, was printed in large letters, "E. Dumbtwit & Sons, Lesser Wolloping in the Wold, Furniture Removers—You name it, we move it".

S. P. B. A., F.V.

## A WITCH'S DOINGS

As I swoop down at night,  
On my broom, with delight,  
Casting spells and bad omens,  
All peoples I fright.

As I wave my hands  
Over a stone that expands,  
It turns into a black cat  
Which is evil and fat.

From my cauldron I pour  
The brew I adore,  
Each sip from the cup  
Brings them plenty bad luck.  
And never no more  
Will they knock on my door.

PAMELA BRODIE, F.I.B

# MODERNISATION AND CHANGE

The first hint we had of what was to come was on a bright day in the middle of August. Some people were tramping through the field of ripe corn behind the house. They had measuring instruments with them and appeared to be calculating something very accurately. Our hearts sank. Some months before, they had pulled down the trees on the hill and we had known there would only be a few more months' grace.

Work progressed rapidly. The fences at each end of the field were taken down. Lines of bulldozers lined up in ranks ready for the attack. Machinery was assembled and the blue lorries began to collect in preparation for the loads which were to follow.

Soon the bulldozers had pulled up half the field, leaving a broad red ribbon of soil behind them. The company of lorries were kept busy taking the loads of earth away. Now a new machine had arrived. It was long and yellow, and resembled some huge prehistoric monster with glaring headlamps for eyes and cruel metallic pincers instead of a mouth. This terrifying machine used to roar up and down the field and up onto the hill several times a day, terrifying animals and human beings alike.

As the months passed and summer drifted imperceptibly into autumn, we gradually became used to the stark ugliness of the huge mounds of earth and the boulders which were strewn over the fields. We even began to accept the blasting which went on as they tore away into the hill beside us.

By Christmas, order seemed to be growing. The mound of earth began to look like a road and, where they had blasted away at the hill, we could see where our stretch of road would join the stretch on the other side of the rise.

Next, a layer of smaller stones was laid along the road. The part down the middle was not marked and this would no doubt be grass. Pipes had been laid underneath and it now seemed to be an actual road, if you ignored the boulders strewn on the far side where work was not yet as far advanced.

As the muds of winter gradually dried and spring began to make her presence known, work continued at as fast a rate. The land on the other side of the road was levelled so that it blended with the surrounding countryside. The top layers were added to the road surface, the last of the blasting was finished and the two broken segments of the road were at last united. The yellow bulldozers moved off, as did the rest of the blasting equipment. Grass was planted on the bare earth by the sides of the road, and the unsightly mounds of earth were levelled off.

By the end of that summer, they had finished. The tarmacadam surface lay gleaming under the sun and seemed like a silver ribbon dancing into the unknown. Perhaps it was worth all the trouble to have this brilliant symbol of the modern Britain on our doorstep.

J. G., F.V.

## my my how youve grown how are you getting on

the screaming hysterical news of the world alarm clock leaps six hundred feet into the air drilling into my dreams jean shrimpton dissolves into my plebeian brother entwined in opuscle of officialdom cadet uniform banter breakfast lugging sheets onto icicle floor and performing perforating percussion on my pectoral person hallelujah brother precursor of another pilgrimage envoy of another epoch in reply i agitate for an aspirated apposite aphorism but yawn humbled downstairs glance at papers america russia beatles china pope forgives hens for laying eggs fiona in

courier says sir lancelet bessington ssmyme celebrating coming out pet pekinese lady twittleduff of longforgan repapering servants linen cupboard prostrate with shock i invert cereal packet am deluged with plastic viet cong and gi s packet of venezualan stamps yogi bear badge noddys book of traffic light signals and two cornflakes off to school snappish disgruntled having swallowed armed paratrooper by mistake wait for train at woe-ful west ferry station train full stand snuffly adenoidal woman stands on my toes chewing chuckleheaded cheeks limp up ragged reform

street prayers stand between effervescent giggling goblin and dead orang utan lessons write write sleep write write ah mr stark jolly janitor delivering angel fracturer of tedium door slams write sleep sleep sleep WRITE gym up down up down nazi torturer up down bonk gasp singing sword of sound scythes fuddled mind vision goblin and orang utan heavenly discord break ahh peace bell maths add subtract divide multiply false fractions fused figures fireworks fiddlesticks nine hundred and one over sixty seven that cant be right bell science gaze absorbed at bubblegum floating in acid bottle fill tube heat blistering bunsen green precipitate eh red that cant be right bell languages cicero livy caesar dictators of dire dungeon i dream of nero and zero in sunday post blessed barbarians mon dieu la plume de ma tante paul eats m merciars car that cant be right bell english shakespeare archaic antediluvian abracadabra archetypes amaze amoral amigos as across anaesthetic albums ambulates authors ancient amorous amoeba perpetual preposterous pallid pathetic pantomime bell lunch hour of harum scarum hardihood heterodox humanity bell watch hand unwillingly scrapes hours into refuse bin of dying life villainous vacuum makes agoraphobics of us all bell home daze chill dark cold bus numb northern natives needle nightly numerous nonentities what could be more depressing than television demon moron screeches

either lurid lousy lecherous lethal lethargic life back at me or moves narcotic fairytale fantasy to edge of hopeless horror hallucinations help bang bang bang bang top of the pops and a welcome to this weeks d j mortimer quasisepulchre shiny nose whiny voice pink tresses gorgonlike group she was late for our date now im alone all on my own twang twang owwwwyeahhh now folksinging protestsong grizzled gnome begins twenty minute mimed mechanical monologue vietnam civil rights end war and segregation thy doom is at hand eve of destruction think brothers sob sob starving refugees sob end jeremiad and goes back to twenty room suite at london hilton now religious popsong i believe in the great disc jockey playing our plastic disc lives in immortal juke box jury click over to stv bang bang peeeeeinggg aaaahh lone ranger ya got me click homework opiate of the masses prelude to satin sequestrator sleep ZZZZZZ saturday rugby i lie face down in mud under entire scrum and dream of dozing in sun on idyllic illusive hebridean isle last summer drone of bees enormous wedgwood blue heavens murmur of stealthy sea on soft sable shore paradise is laziness get up captains catalyst curses crucify coma sunday afternoon get off bus and squunch squunch over wet granite grit to nowhere sunday exotic plastic orchid one great yawn might as well write something for school magazine. G. LOWE, F.V.

## THE JUMBLE SALE

It was with serious misgivings that I offered my assistance at the Church Jumble Sale. A Jumble Sale was to me a novel experience and I had heard many blood-curdling, and disquieting, tales. Even with my friend to support me, I still felt like a condemned man on his way to be hanged, when, after a hurriedly bolted lunch, I entered the hall where the sale was to be held. Tables, with benches strapped ominously to their sides, lined the walls, and my heart sank even deeper when my friend and I were relegated to the Clothing Stall. This, I thought darkly, was the worst possible stall to be on. Fortunately, a kind, friendly lady took us under her wing and gave us some advice. "Always," she informed us, "charge higher than you actually want. Then they'll argue and bring it down to a more reasonable price." We nodded and stared glumly down

at the mass of clothes heaped on the tables. Would we ever sell all this?

At 2.15 p.m. the floodgates opened and the crowd were suddenly upon us. In a moment we were arguing (or trying to), questioning, hunting through the piles of clothes and generally falling over each other in our endeavours to reach the till. Soon a dust rose from the clothes and we began to choke and splutter. With the windows firmly shut, conditions began to resemble those of a tropical jungle; but in the midst of it all, we carried on bargaining, trying to remain resolute at a fixed price, but usually ending up by selling the article for a miserly sum. When we did remain adamant, our buyers would snort derisively and say, "Five bob! Ach lassie, it's a Jumble Sale!" Well, it was very good jumble.

One customer was a small, timid lady wearing a lemon tea-cosy hat and round, pink spectacles. She tried on four coats in succession, but the first, a bright red, was too long, the second was too short, a third was too broad, and she did not like the style of the fourth. I believe she eventually went away with a flowered dress. Some people, however, were less particular about the clothes they bought. One old man with glazed blue eyes seized, at regular intervals, piles of clothes from the table and stuffed them at random into a huge cardboard box which was on the floor beside him. Other people, who had not taken the precaution of bringing a carrier with them, soon became cluttered with an ill-assorted heap of old clothes, old shoes, and other old articles which they had picked up.

The most successful bargainer was a quiet charming lady, who had an angelic, yellow-haired child called Caroline by her side. She came to our stall several times and whenever we announced our prices to her, she would look crestfallen and begin pathetically to count her money. Then in an apologetic, refined voice, she would announce she simply could not afford it, and in a quiet, wheedling tone she would point out to us that the article she wanted was only for the children to play with (or some such excuse) and that it was really rather harsh of us to put such a

high price on it. Inevitably she had her own way and would happily go off with a very much reduced article.

It was much easier to buy than to sell; indeed, I believe there must be some very catching disease at Jumble Sales which makes you buy what you do not really want, for when, during a slack business spell, my friend and I tried out our new-found knowledge by bargaining at the book-stall, we found ourselves landed with books which were impossible for us to read; I myself accumulated, amongst other things, a German Bible in very small print and my friend purchased a massive tome of Greek poetry and plays.

At last the Jumble Sale was over. The crowd had left behind it a scene reminiscent of a battlefield. The tables were battered and crushed, a thick, choking dust polluted the air and the floor was littered with boxes, paper bags, old shoes, almost everything. The only sounds now heard were the solemn chink of money and the quiet sweeping of brushes. Tranquillity pervaded the hall.

That evening, as my friend and I wearily wended our way homewards, feeling distinctly itchy, we began to have serious doubts about the 100% hygiene of the clothes we had been selling.

H. J. N. P., F.V.

## THE MAN FROM A.U.N.T.I.E.

I am a secret agent working for an organisation known as A.U.N.T.I.E. This organisation is so secret that I am not allowed to divulge what the letters stand for, even if I myself knew. My name is Polo, Nelson Polo, and my colleague, Mohammed Ali, and I are always in danger of being spirited off the face of this earth.

The last case I was working on was a most dangerous and highly secret one. There were spies from outer space in Britain, who had stolen the blueprints of our newly-invented, super-equipped ultra-modern bus. My job was to hunt out the spies and prevent them from leaving earth with the highly-valuable secret.

Suddenly, at ten o'clock in the evening, the telephone rang. "Hello" a voice at the other end said secretively.

"Hello, this is Harold Wilson speaking."

"All right Nelson, you can drop the disguise. This is the chief here. Listen carefully, Nelson. At last we've got a lead on these outer-space creatures. They're in hiding in a flying saucer parked in the car-park in Trafalgar Square in London. Go there immediately and challenge them, to a duel if necessary. Meet Mohammed in the car-park. He will have his car ready for a quick get-away."

"But how, where, I daren't leave the house alone?"

"Why not, the saucer isn't flying around outside."

"I know that, but I'm afraid of the dark."

"Well, 'phone Mohammed and ask him to pick you up at your house."

"All right, and I'd prefer roses on my grave by the way."

Half-an-hour later Mohammed and I were speeding along the road in our latest Aston Martin DB6. At last we arrived at the car-park where the enemy spies were in hiding.

“Good luck, Polo,” said Ali in his Scottish accent. “Oh, don’t forget your L.R.P.”

“My what?”

“Your Last Resort Pill, it’s quicker than cyanide and not quite as painful.”

Cautiously I crept round the car-park looking for the flying saucer. Eventually I found it, cleverly disguised as a corporation ’bus. Noticing a small door, I hesitantly ventured inside, my supersonic ray-gun in my hand. Facing me were a dozen queer robot-like beings. I asked them to surrender the blueprints but suddenly one of the creatures began to move forward and a toneless voice, which seemed to come from nowhere, said, “You shall be exter-min-ated”.

At that, I dived under the saucer’s controls and aimed my ray-gun at one of them.

I was in a desperate position, for the gun had no effect on these machines. Nevertheless, I had one chance left—my banana skins, which were hidden in my shoulder holster.

I threw at least ten of them in the path of the enemy. One by one they tottered and fell with a thundering crash to the floor. I was victorious. Nelson had won the Battle of Trafalgar. I searched round carefully and soon found the blueprints, cleverly concealed in the antennae of the leader of these weird beings from outer space.

I returned to the waiting car and instructed Mohammed to send for a breakdown lorry to tow the flying saucer away. The chief, needless to say, was extremely pleased with my day’s work and, in commemoration of my great daring and bravery in the face of the enemy, a new type of sweet was named after me.

(Any resemblance to any television or radio programmes is purely incidental.)

NELSON POLO, F.V.

## THE ETERNAL EMNITY

We never seem to be able to win. **THEY** always, somehow, have the upper hand. Granted, in some skirmishes, we do emerge as victors—but even those are only temporary. Our numbers are greater. Though we are younger, we should be also stronger. And occasionally we have more experience than **THEY**—well, we’ve been at this game for a good 8 years, discounting training. Some of **THEM** have only just started. Yet, still **THEY** have something that beats us.

But then **THEY**’re different from us. Well, we’re sort of normal—all shapes and sizes, lots of varying talents, good sense of humour, friendly, with a couple of parents and a brother or sister or two. But **THEM**—well I’m sure **THEY** don’t have parents, and really you could never see **THEM** with brothers and sisters, or even a family of their own. And **THEY** can never have been at school—well, not one like ours—**THEY** don’t seem to know anything about it. And **THEY** know nothing about the World—not like we know it. It’s funny, all **THEY** seem to have seen are the Beatles and long-haired boys. Peculiar that, I always think.

Then have you ever noticed? **THEY** never really put much effort into it like us.

We have to bash hard all during the day, then at night, too, to even be able to compete with **THEM**. Then, about a couple of times every year, **THEY** really stir themselves into action. Boy, we’re really crushed then. What an assault! **THEY** advance! Perhaps it is just as well **THEY**’re not always like that!

And what’s worse, **THEY** have the most terrible insidious attraction about **THEM**. I’ve seen dozens, literally dozens, of our best, strongest, most experienced leaders of really fine calibre magnetised away by something **THEY** say or do. **THEY**’ve not approached me yet, but usually **THEY** go for us just when we’re at full bloom—about 17 or 18—and spirit us into defectors. It’s quite amazing.

Oh, yes! **THEY** certainly have something we don’t have. **THEY**’re different, all right. Not like us at all. Not even like our parents and older friends. It makes you wonder.

But **THEY**’re sure to lose in the end. None of this *present* generation of us will turn traitor and join **THEIR** band. None of *us* will take the Mortar Board and Gown.

B. A.

## SHOPPING — 1965

It was pouring with rain and the streets of Glasgow were like rivers. The Thompson family, consisting of Mum, Dad, sixteen-year-old Pat and nine-year-old terror, Bob, were soaked to the skin and not in very good tempers. They got through the door of a shop and took off their "macs" and shook them out, nearly flooding the store. Then a voice was heard — "Mum, I want to see the toys," said Bob. "Mum, I want to see the teenagers' things." This was "Mod-mad" Pat. Poor old Dad just said, "Let's get out of here".

"We are going to see the jewellery," Mum said and, as she was Mum, no-one dared to argue. After Mrs Thompson had nearly bought up the store a voice was heard again — "Dad, let's go up the moving staircase" — that was Bob. He had already seen a lady with two-inch stiletto heels getting them caught at the top, so he hoped this would happen to his "dear" sister — but it didn't!

On the first floor was the ladies' department and, before they had got off the escalator, Mrs Thompson was at the racks — "Oh, Jim, I must have a new winter coat".

"But what about your green one?" her husband asked.

"But Mrs Dawson next door has a new one," she replied.

By now she had found a lovely coat which was her size and she gave it to the assistant before her husband could say anything. Her husband hurried her to the escalator

before she had a chance to buy any more. By this time Bob had wandered off, and Mrs Thompson was worried, but Pat said, "Let's leave him here; it'll be nice and quiet without him".

They reached the second floor and the first thing that Pat saw was racks of shoes.

"Oh, Dad, don't you adore that pair? I must have a new pair for the dance. Oh, Dad, I like this pair better — they may be more expensive, but Cathy McGowan has a pair the same, so they must be 'it'." So the shoes were bought, and Dad had begun talking to a man who, like himself, was there only for handing out money.

They now set off for the restaurant to be revived by cups of tea, and they met Bob there, led by the smell of cooking to the restaurant. After the parents had had cups of tea and the children had had "cokes", Bob began again, "Dad, I want to see the toys".

"Where were you all afternoon, then?"

"Well . . . I was going up and down on the escalator," and, before his father could say anything, he was off, to return ten minutes later saying he saw a gun that he wanted, so for peace his father gave him the money and he came back with a gorgeous gun.

As it was nearly closing time the family left the store — Mum with her coat, Pat with her shoes, Bob with his gun, poor old Dad with nothing, but when they arrived at the car, they found that Dad had got something — A PARKING TICKET.

SHEILA BOWES, F.II.

## PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Perth is pleasantly situated on the banks and around the bays of the wide, meandering expanse of the Swan river and must be one of the prettiest cities in the world.

Standing high above the Swan river, near the centre of the city, on the slopes of Mt. Eliza, is King's Park, acres of natural bushland, a monument to John Forrest, Western Australia's first statesman. All visitors and migrants to Australia get their first impressions of Australia from here, and a beautiful picture it presents, as, except for three

months in the year, the sun always shines in Perth. The migrant casts envious eyes on the River Swan which is the playground for rich and not-so-rich alike — with yachts, catamarans, dinghies, luxurious power launches, pleasure craft, speed boats and water skiers and, in the shallow waters of the many bays, children swimming and paddling canoes.

Whilst the visitor is enjoying refreshments under gay-coloured umbrellas in King's Park he is also impressed with the vista of lovely homes with brightly-tiled roofs, the gorgeous

flowering shrubs and the lovely gardens and cool green lawns, stretching for miles to the Darling Ranges twenty miles from Perth.

Any sport that one wants to play can be played in Perth except "snow" sports, and nearly every school is surrounded by large, grassy playing fields and tennis courts, not to mention their having open-air swimming pools.

Perth is rich in beaches; its whole western side is one big continuous beach pounded by the breakers of the Indian Ocean. All its beaches are "surf" beaches and it is terrific fun trying to surf in on a wave. Surfing can be done either on a surf ski, a rubber float, or just your own body. Any way it is hard work but a terrific thrill if you "catch the wave". A word of praise is due here to the life-savers. These bronzed young men do a marvellous job voluntarily, whether it's keeping a look-out for sharks, saving fools who have gone out too far or manning the life-boat if swimmers get caught up in a "rip". Perth is fairly shark-free and has not had a fatality for over forty years, but the "look out" sounds an alarm if he spots a shark and everyone rushes madly out of the water. It's nearly always a false alarm and the shark turns out to be a dolphin.

In winter time in Perth the hours of daylight are from 7.45 a.m. to 5.15 p.m. and in summer 5 a.m. to 7.45 p.m. Christmas, of course, is in the middle of summer and most people do their entertaining in their garden after dark under arc and fairy lights.

The evening temperature can range from 42°F. in the winter to the 110°F. day temperature in the summer. I cannot decide whether it's worse freezing in Dundee in the winter or boiling in Perth in the summer, but I do know that whatever arrangements you make for outdoor activities in Perth, they never have to be cancelled because, as I said before, for nine months in the year the sun shines in Perth, Western Australia.

ISOBEL TODD, F.IV.

### HOBBY No. 10

Daddy has found a new hobby. This time it is not one of the common hobbies like photography, fishing or scraping the dining-room floor! Oh, no! It is the Brewing of Beer!

When you walk into the hall of our house an unusual smell greets you. As you then approach the kitchen, the smell becomes more and more potent. Buckets are everywhere — on the sideboard, on the floor, in the fireplace and in the sink, full of a weird, brown, fizzy liquid which goes by the name of "wort".

If you come out of the kitchen and go into the dining-room, you are greeted with: "Shut the kitchen door! Mustn't let my 'wort' get cold or it won't start fermenting again!"

You take off your coat and then sit down. But no sooner have you sat down than Father says, "Watch my beer! You'll knock it over." There, at your feet, is yet another bucket, covered over like an Egyptian Mummy with my Mother's best bathroom towel.

Ten minutes later, Daddy gets up and goes out of the room carrying carefully a bottle of either his own special brew or "Bass Barley Wine No. 1". If you should hear a loud "Bang" before long, you needn't worry. It is only the top blowing off the bottle!

He comes back with two glasses of beer and hands one to Mummy. There are nods and murmurs of approval from both sides, for even though Daddy has had many hobbies, some of which did not last long, his beer has been, and still is, the most successful.

ALISON BOWMAN, F.II.

### WHAT FOR ?

They gave their lives —  
What for?

So that their fellow Youth might race across  
the greedy waters

In their "Minis" and their Jaguars?

So that the tempting, rich and grasping South  
Should thus become an hour or two more  
near to our approach?

For Dundee's glory? Scotland's gain?  
What for?

Oh think again you men of iron and steel!  
When will you stop and count the cost of  
"progress" stride?

When will lamenting families no longer cry,  
"Why? Oh why?"

"What for?"

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## CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN

Unlike the occasional "white" Christmas we have here, Sweden always adds to the Christmas spirit with a thick blanket of snow. Everyone wears fur hats, fur coats and fur boots and branches of pine and fir stretch to and fro across the roads at regular intervals with "God Jul" hanging in large red letters beneath them, wishing everyone a Merry Christmas.

The main celebration takes place on Christmas Eve. On that morning, people are still dashing round buying their gifts which are beautifully wrapped for you by the shops. These shops certainly have attractive window displays, and crowds of children, and indeed grown-ups, gather round the windows which are filled with animated little figures of gnomes and goblins dancing at the Christmas Ball, or Santa Clauses climbing up the chimneys and riding over the roofs of tiny houses, perfect in every miniature detail.

But it is not Santa Claus who is the traditional bearer of the gifts. It is a goat! Everywhere you go you can buy a little goat of straw and these are hung on the Christmas Tree. One shop we saw had an enormous straw goat which must have been fifteen feet high.

At noon we gather in the square and surround the giant fir tree decked with white lights and listen to the traditional Christmas melodies played by the band. We, too, can join in the singing of "Silent Night".

There are many traditional Christmas dishes, some of which have taken a few months to prepare. One of the main dishes is the "lutfisk", a fish which has been dried and salted. This is followed by the home-cured ham and then the Christmas porridge made of rice and strawberry sauce. We have little gingerbread men with our coffee. There is also the Christmas punch — a steaming-hot, potent mixture of red wine, vodka, raisins and spices. It certainly warms you up when you come in from the freezing temperature outside!

Following the meals comes the opening of our parcels accompanied with "oohs" and "ahs" of delight.

The 25th begins at 6.30 a.m., for we are going to a little Lutheran church at 8. It is a

short, charming service, although we understand little, and the only light is from candles. All the decorations are like those of the Roman Catholic Church but, of course, the faith is Protestant.

We walk back in the crisp snow and the rest of the day is spent in talking with the family and delighting in our reminiscences of the past year.

Yes, I shall always remember my first Christmas in Sweden with its customs and traditions; and in my room sits the souvenir of a little straw goat.

R. M. M., F.V.

## WE GO "DUNERA" '65

"Dunera" was berthed at Greenock dock,  
It was 1.30 by the station clock,  
Up the gang-way we all trampled,  
And on the deck we soon assembled.

After three days we again saw land,  
And entered a port of a foreign land,  
Off the boat we all trooped quickly,  
Some of us looking rather sickly.

In Vego Bay we stopped the ship,  
Many of us were wanting a dip,  
But instead we had a race,  
In the lifeboats — oh what a pace!

Tangier was our next port of call,  
A sunny place for one and all;  
A visit to the Kasbah was paid,  
To see just how the town was laid.

Next on to Lisbon we did sail,  
From where the Portuguese do hail;  
On a train we had some capers,  
To Estoril where there were some bathers.

At last to Brest we drew near,  
And through the mist we had to peer,  
Then in the town we went to the shops,  
To buy souvenirs for Mums and Pops.

While we passed the white cliffs of Dover,  
In our bunks we all turned over;  
Then to Dundee we drew close,  
The town we all love the most.

ROSS PATON AND JAMES PEARCE, F.V.

## THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

"The dear old lady of Pisa", as the citizens call her, is liable to totter and fall any day, or so the scientists say. She has leaned for 800 years without misfortune, but, each year, she leans a little more.

She has seven bells in her tower, one of them weighing three and a half tons. They used to be rung for the victorious and the dead, but the scientists forbade their tolling because of the vibration. They also stopped vehicles passing through the area for the same reason.

Each 19th June, since 1911, a professor from Pisa University has taken the exact measurement of the slant of the tower. This is done at 5 o'clock in the morning! The tower is now leaning fourteen feet ten inches out of the perpendicular on its south, or leaning side.

The tower's foundations were laid in 1173 by Bonanno Pisano, who worked on it until 1185, when he had only completed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  floors. Ninety years later, another architect tried his hand and he added another  $3\frac{1}{2}$  tiers. Eighty years later another architect built the tower to house the bells.

So many people have come forward with plans to restore the tower to a vertical position that these fill a whole wall of shelves in the Ministry of Public Works in Rome.

One R.A.F. pilot suggested that it could be held in position by barrage balloons! It seems that the only way to strengthen the tower is to remake the foundation and rebuild it.

Any of the proposed plans would cost a great deal of money, but none of the plans want to *straighten* the tower, only to reinforce it so that it may continue to lean with safety.

The citizens of Pisa believe that the tower will never fall down, and they sing — "The tower leans, the tower leans, and leans, and leans, but it will never fall down".

So far the tower has withstood 100 or so seismic shocks and two serious attempts to strengthen it, while the town quaked with 1,000 bombs dropped by Allied planes.

Each year three million people visit Pisa and the tourists' takings are not less than £350,000 annually. This may be why the tourist officials in Pisa do not relish the thought of changing the tower.

Scientists say that something has to be done about it or else the tower will fall and a strange and beautiful thing will have disappeared from the world.

MARGARET S. LEYS, F.I.

## IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR CAESAR . . .

Caesar, as most people know, landed in Britain in 55 B.C. and took control of the country for a little. What very few people know, however, is that Caesar had been to Britain prior to his first recorded visit. What happened during that brief visit I shall now describe.

Caesar's ships grounded on the British shore and Caesar and his men rushed up the beach wringing out their dripping togas as they went, expecting at any moment to meet hostile Ancient Britons. It was only after they had rushed about, shouting and beating their swords on their shields, for three hours, that they realised there was nobody to fight.

Caesar, noticing a little hut on a nearby hillside, approached it, and was about to enter, when an old man came out and greeted him with, "Ah! You've arrived, and just in time for a cup of tea."

Caesar did not accept the invitation, but explained to the old man what his business was. "When we invade a foreign country, we expect the inhabitants to attack us, or put up some kind of defence. For instance, we had a wonderful time beating up the Gauls: wasn't much fun for them, of course."

The old man replied that there had not been much call for fighting lately; everyone had been too busy trying to invent television, and besides, there were not any weapons to fight with.

Caesar said, "Well, what I'll do is teach you all how to fight, then my men and myself will sail away for a week, beat up the Gauls perhaps, while you practice your fighting. Then we'll come back and have a little fight just for the record."

The old man agreed, and when he had gathered some of his friends together, they were issued with Roman army surplus swords and spears, then taught the basic principles of fighting war.

Caesar sailed away and then returned a week later to beat the Britons soundly, and he would have conquered them completely if it had not been for a woman chariot driver, who exercised all women drivers'

rights of dangerous and reckless driving to oppose the Romans. (One of her favourite tricks was to run over a Roman with her chariot then, throwing the horses into reverse, go back over him just to make sure.)

I wrote this tale, believe it if you like, to show that if Caesar had left us alone, we might not have become a warlike nation, and also we might even by now have got colour television.

KEITH MILLAR, F.IV.

### A FUNNY INCIDENT

One day while at school, we were attending a physics lesson. The subject was air pressure. Our master was demonstrating what air pressure could do, so he filled a gas jar with water and placed a card over it. He then inverted it so that the air would hold up the card which would keep the water in.

“Now then,” he said, “to prove my complete faith in this . . .” Whoosh! The card fell off and all the water poured out onto the bench and floor. When he had cleaned up a bit he filled up another jar, put some card over the top and inverted it. Then he called a girl and said, “To prove my complete faith in this, I am going to place it over this girl’s head”. Everybody thought it would fail and drench the girl’s head. But no, it worked, though, just for safety, he quickly emptied the contents into the sink. I am sure many more incidents like this will happen.

MICHAEL SIMS, F.II.

### ROUND THE BEND

I am not like John, George or Paul,  
In fact, I am not much use at all.  
I can only hope that one fine day,  
On my guitar a tune I shall play.  
It will not be very merry,  
It will not be very sad,  
It will not be a swinging beat-ballad.  
The tune will never make me a star;  
Nor will it send me very far.  
The only remarks which it will gain,  
Will be the neighbours’ who come to complain.  
The only people whom it will “send”,  
Will be my Mum and Dad who will go  
“round the bend”.

MAURICE EVANS, F.II.

### TO A MINI

Saucy compact little car,  
Oh! What an impertinent vehicle you are.  
You nip out and in amidst the traffic,  
Causing chaos, jams and havoc.

You run about the town so fast,  
Your horn has a pathetic blast.  
And over your body is always draped,  
That hideous silver and checkered tape.

Down to Vi’s, round the Square,  
By the Cellar you’re always there.  
Outside Jolly’s patiently at rest  
Without your grill and bumperless.

On your windows you sport those stickers,  
“Tiger in my Tank” and various others.  
The most noted accessory as you go past  
Is your terrific, roaring, straight-through  
exhaust.

In late evening you still will race  
Through the ‘Ferry with great haste.  
In a variety of colours you come,  
Red for a few, blue for some.

D. B. S., F.V.

A certain giraffe from Quebec,  
Wanted to shorten its neck,  
It said that its head  
Used to stick out of bed  
And make it a nervous wreck!

SANDY MEIKLEJOHN, F.III.

### CAMP

When we go off to camp we all must start,  
And make our way to the cattle cart.  
When we arrive it’s usually raining,  
But we are wise (and that’s not feigning).  
We put up a tent and then we keep dry,  
Then no one wants to give a sigh.  
It’s always great fun when the rain dies away,  
For then we start gathering wood for the day.  
The fire goes out when we try to light it,  
And firefighters won’t do a thing to ignite it.  
But after the fire shelter has been erected,  
Our clever captain, no longer dejected,  
Soon manages to set it alight.  
Then Izzy, our cook, who’s really quite dizzy  
(But you won’t often find her in a great tizzy),  
Starts cooking our tea which consists of  
toad’s-heads,  
And after it all we retire to our beds,  
The first day is done, but the next has begun.

A CAMP-LOVING GUIDE, F.II.

# Primary

## ON MY HOLIDAY

I went to Bexhill for my holiday. It was just me and my Daddy who went. We set off at about twenty-past ten in the night to go to the station. The train set off at eleven o'clock and we arrived at King's Cross at seven o'clock. We had breakfast at King's Cross hotel. There were eight little pots of jam and great big glasses full of milk. After that we caught a bus to the zoo. We went into the monkey house first. We saw some little chimps playing. When we were outside there were some chimps having their eleven-ses. A keeper was trying to put the table cloth on the table but the chimps ran away with the cloth.

Then we got another bus back to the station. We got a train to Cooden and we had lunch on the train. We got a taxi to my Granddy's house. When we had been there for one or two days we went to a cricket match. The M.C.C. were playing Bexhill and Bexhill won.

WILLIAM BOASE, L.III.A

## HALLOWE'EN

One dark, mysterious Hallowe'en I heard weird noises out in the garden. Suddenly a tree creaked overhead. Startled, I looked up to see, shining in the moonlight, a witch on her broomstick, with her she had her cat on the end of the broomstick.

At first she did not see me, but later she saw me. She said she would cast a spell on me she made me a pig, I walked away to a sty.

SALLY BRUCE, L.III.B

## HOW I PASSED MY DRIVING TEST IN FRANCE

One day, I went to the Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. When inside, I saw a queue of boys and girls. As I wondered what they were queuing for, I went closer and saw that they were standing beside about fifteen pedal cars on a motor track. There was a big notice reading, "*La Prévention Routière*".

At the other side of the track there was a building. Just then, people came out and went into the cars. All at once, a voice shouted "Commencez!" The voice came from a real French gendarme who was standing in the middle of the track on a small raised platform. At once, all the people in the motor cars drove off.

When it was my turn, I went across the track by means of pedestrian crossings towards the building.

Inside, there was a gendarme. I did not know one word that he said but he was calling people out beside him and asking questions. I stood shivering with fear in my seat but he did not ask me to come out because my mother had told a gendarme I was Scottish.

I then went into a car, and, as the gendarme shouted "Commencez" I drove off. It was not long before I saw that there were lots of traffic signs. There were traffic lights, no entry, and other signs. I had to remember to keep to the right. As I was drawing up a one way street (the right side, of course), the gendarme led me off and gave me my driving certificate. That is how I got a "Certificat de Capacité".

DAVID SOUTAR, L.V.

## A TRIP TO CARRADALE

When we were going on our holiday to Carradale we got stuck behind a big lorry. The big lorry turned down a side-road and we went on a bit faster. Then we met a road that went off the road and what was coming up the road but the lorry!

HAMISH MILLAR, L.III.A

## THE NEW HOUSE

My Gran has a new house in Broughty Ferry and she lived in Glasgow but the house was too big. My mother looked up the paper for a suitable house for gran. I have seen it before and it is an upstairs and it has lots of plugs.

I helped to lift the old lino.

STEPHEN JACK, L.III.A

## WHAT MY JOB WILL BE

When I grow up I will be a deep sea diver and I will go and explore all the seas. There's quite a few things I know about deep sea diving, one of the things is that you have to jump into the water backwards incase you break your mask. Secondly you have to watch when you are under water incase of any unfriendly sea animals.

NIALL GIBB, L.III.B.

When I am a man I want to be an Ornithologist. I would go to all difrint cuntrys and see all difrint birds. I'd look for a hody kroa. I'd look for an albitross. I'd look for all difrint kinds of birds and send them after Andrew Klark.

MICHAEL THOMSON, L.III.B

## GUY FAWKES PARTY

I had a Guy fawkes party. I like the sparklers you can make shapes in the air. At the park and over the hill the rockets shot up high and burst into stars break in the sky. I can chose any fireworks I like exept rockets showering fountains sparklers traffic lights, and all the others, and aroplanes.

JONATHON LEE, L.III.B

## JOURNEY TO YUGOSLAVIA

Ostend, in Belgium, isn't very exciting on normal days, but when you are waiting for a touring bus to arrive, and when it's going to take you to Jugoslavia, you can have a very exciting time. Only two days before, we had sat shivering in Dundee Station. My memory then went back to the Grosvenor Hotel in London . . . and flapjacks and cream . . . and then to the present. I came to my senses

sharply as I realized that our bus was just pulling up beside me.

Six o'clock, and we were passing Brussels. I could endure thirst no longer, I felt. Still, I held out until seven o'clock, when we pulled in at a cafe.

Nine-thirty, and we were at Aachen, in Germany. A lovely meal brought my spirits soaring up. We were off into the night an hour later.

Midnight, and we were thundering down the autobahn at sixty miles per hour. I felt tempted to go to sleep, but was too excited to do so. Anyhow the courier's microphone kept me awake until, about one o'clock, we arrived at a cafe. One-thirty, and off into the night.

I slept from four o'clock until eight, so I can't say much about that, but I awoke when we were coming into Munich. Nine o'clock, and we were off.

We passed through Austria, and I felt I would scream on some of the mountain roads! I will not mention much about Austria, except that it was mainly mountains, trees, and rocks.

I slept through the afternoon, and woke up when we were getting near Lake Santa Croce. We slept in Treviso, and crossed the border the next morning into Jugoslavia.

Our return journey took us through the same countries as the outward journey, with Holland added, and we passed through them in this order: Jugoslavia, Italy, Austria, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and through England, back to Scotland again. That was one holiday I shall never forget.

IAN WEIR, L.V.

## SNAKES ALIVE

When my little brother was newly three he used to go down the pavement. He always took his toy dog with him. One day he went down as usual and Mummy was busy in the kitchen. Then Peter rushed in shouting: Mummy, Mummy, there's a snake on my dog. So Mummy rushed out to see what it was. When she saw his dog she burst out laughing because all she saw was a small, green caterpillar.

ALAN J. BAILLIE, L.IV.

## OUR ANIMALS

Once upon a time we got a dog. We named her Susan. She was a very nice dog. At that time we were living in Barnhill. After we moved to the country and when we were living there we found a stray kitten that had been left by its mother and its brothers and sisters had left him as well. There he was sitting there. He was not well at all. He had got a very bad cold and a blind eye. We took him home and made him a bit better. After that we moved again to Broughty Ferry. There the cat which we called Sooty went away and never came back. Susan became ill and died so we have no animals left now.

PETER HUTTON, L.III.A

## OUR NAUGHTY LITTLE PONY

Winkie is the name of our pony and Winkie is a very naughty little pony.

One day I think she must have been in one of her worst moods because I was gaily trotting round a field and Mummy was in the middle watching me. I pulled her head the way you would normally do to get a pony to turn a corner and I suddenly felt her head tugging. She just would not go round the corner and was heading straight for an electric fence. The fence was just some posts with with electric wire through it but I thought it was switched on. The thought of that made me very frightened. I tried to get her to stop but I just couldn't. She went right through the fence (which I later discovered was not switched on). At the time I was very frightened but now I think of it as a big joke.

VICKI ARNOT, L.V.

## MY LITTLE HOUSE

If I had a little house,  
I know what I would do,  
I'd squeeze up in a corner  
To make room for all of you.

But if I didn't have a house  
I suppose I'd have to build one  
I don't have any wood or stones,  
So I don't think I should make one.

DAWN ANDERSON, L.VI.17

## CHRISTMAS

Jack Frost is here again,  
He makes ice pattern our window pane,  
He freezes fingers one to ten,  
As we tramp over the cold white plain.

Christmas comes,  
With toys and joys,  
And squeals of delight from girls and boys.  
Round and round in rings we sing,  
Rejoicing at the joy that Christmas brings.

SUSAN CRAMOND, L.VI.A

## THE ZOO

Whenever I go to visit the zoo.  
I like to meet Katy the kangaroo.  
She has a baby who's twelve inches tall.  
He always goes hopping beside the wall.

I went to have a look at the parrots.  
All of them seemed to be eating carrots  
One of them said "How-do-you-do."  
The other one said the opposite "Pooh!"

I walked a bit till I met the seals  
The keeper was about to give them their  
meals.  
In his hand he carried a great big dish,  
Full to the brim with delicious fish.

The penguins were walking like fat little men.  
I counted them up and it came to ten.  
I could not go further because it was time.  
I said "good-bye" and went home to dine.

ELIZABETH McNEILL, L.IV.

## WHEN I LEARN TO DRIVE

Nine long years must pass  
Before I learn to drive,  
And so I dream of "racing green",  
Awards presented by the Queen,  
Jim Clark will never more be seen,  
When I learn to drive.

The fumes, the oil, the pits, the track,  
Crash helmet and overalls, gleaming black,  
Can this be me? this demon speed!  
Oh, nine long years are all I need.

NEIL DRYDEN, L.V.

## MODERN McGONNIGLE

“There’s the Law, and here’s us twa  
And there’s the train awa’ tae Fife”,  
So said a poet of former days.  
But, now, there is a choice of ways —  
Or will be soon if all goes well  
And estimates the truth foretell.  
The poem amended thus would read  
So of this version now take heed.  
“There’s the Law, and bridges twa  
By road or rail we maun tae Fife”.  
We’ll have the choice as ne’er before  
Our Sundays spent on Newport’s shore.  
We’ll travel far, on foot, by car,  
And nothing will our journey mar  
Except the toll, not fixed so far.

RONA WINTER, L.VI.A

## THOUGHTS ON BRITISH ROAD SIGNS

If someone thought of it, and if he had a pot of black and a pot of white paint, he could play havoc with our dear Road Signs. He could for instance change “Dangerous Curves” into “Anger us, Curves” or “Through Road” into “Rough Road”. A touch of sarcasm, perhaps, is needed to change “24 Hour Service” into “24 Hour vice”. He would happily turn “Men Working in Entrance” to “Men Working in trance”. So much for subtraction. Addition goes like this. “No Waiting” becomes “I’m Not Waiting”, and “Right East Bound Tunnel” becomes “FRightened BEasts ABound in Tunnel”. Also by using both addition and subtraction “Low Down Bridge One Way” becomes “Slow, own Bridge On Way”. Maybe the Continental Road Signs are better!

DEBORAH MUNRO, L.VI.A

## THE ROBIN

He hops about the garden path,  
And whistles up the tree,  
He has a bird-bath in the pond,  
And cares not if we see.

He doesn’t like intruders  
To come into his garden,  
He chases them about the trees  
As if he was a warden.

GILLIAN TROUP, L.V.

## FRIDAY JAMES

Our Sunday School has adopted a little black boy who lives in Nigeria. We save up money to help him because he has leprosy. At the hospital they didn’t know his name so they called him Friday James because he was brought in on a Friday. I am very sorry because, one day he ran away and refused to come back and he was getting on so well. Now we have adopted another little boy called Adesa Salau. He is a sad little boy, seven years old and he has leprosy too. I am sorry it isn’t Friday James because it is much easier to remember his name.

EILEEN CHAMBERS, L.IV.

## CORACLES

When we were on holiday in Wales this year we saw a coracle race. A coracle is a one man boat used for salmon fishing. They put a net between two coracles and pull it along. It is made of a frame of hazel wood covered with canvas coated with pitch. The blunt end is the front and is paddled along by one oar.

There was one man who did many tricks. He could put his legs in one or two coracles and hold one coracle in his hands. When he put his legs in two coracles and held up two he fell into the water. As you can imagine you would need a lot of practise and good balance to master this.

FIONA BUTCHART, L.IV.A

## AUTUMN

In Autumn trees are bare,  
and the short nights are creeping in,  
and wind blows round the corners,  
Through the dark lanes and in and out win-  
dow panes.

Leaves are blown all over the place,  
through the park and  
swirling round the chimney-tops  
on a cold Autumn night.  
Birds fly away to far-off lands  
for winter is coming,  
and the flowers shall die,  
and snow, sleet, and ice will cover the ground.

FRASER ROBERTSON, L.VI.

## MY TORTOISE

My tortoise eats lettuce all day long, and sleeps in the sun. He has a big brown shell and likes being stroked on his head. One day I went up to feed him and found he was not there so I searched the place but could not find him. Then I saw my dog barking and then sniffing the coal cellar door. I opened it and looked inside there I saw a tortoise well I thought it was, it was covered in soot, and dust. I washed him and cleaned him and gave him some lettuce. The dog got a meaty bone for his discovery of my tortoise.

JANICE PROUDFOOT, L.VI.

## WHEN I GO FISHING

When I go fishing I try to catch some fish. I like fish but fish don't like me that is the only pity about it. I catch some small fish but there to wee to eat.

IAN ROSS, L.V.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CAT

Tim, the tom-cat from next door, was waiting for me. I am a Siamese cat called Tandy. Tim and I were intending to leave for a hunting expedition on the neighbouring farm.

Soon, we found ourselves leaping, jumping, and rolling in a large field with lengthy stalks of barley growing abundantly around us.

Suddenly, I saw it. It was over there, scampering about in the shade of a large mushroom. As quietly as I could, I crept towards my seemingly unsuspecting prey. I pounced. One minute it seemed I had it, next minute it was nowhere to be seen.

"The mouse, which was my prey, must have gone somewhere," I thought to myself.

Wait! What was that deafening roar? It was a huge machine with four huge wheels. I think my master called it a combine harvester. I began to run. The machine was coming closer, closer, closer.

I woke with a startling jolt. It was a dream! No, on second thoughts, a nightmare.

SCOTT SHERRARD, L.VII.

## "HOPPY"

To our garden every day  
A friendly sparrow comes.  
We throw out titbits on the grass,  
Fat, for a treat, and crumbs.

He bumps along the fresh, green grass  
And sometimes topples over.  
He hops along the edging-stones  
And falls into the clover!

You may not think he's very smart,  
But listen, please, I beg,  
For Hoppy, our little feathered friend,  
Has only got one leg!

SHEILA CHAMBERS, L.VII.

## MONDAY

Monday was never a pleasant day,  
The weekend over, no more play,  
Five days of work and lessons ahead,  
Monday was always the day to dread.

We read our time-table — first day of term,  
And with much joy we all did learn,  
That games — the time we all like best,  
Was scheduled for — well you can guess.

Monday is now a super day,  
And hockey the very best game to play,  
It's funny how our day for games,  
Has but one fear — it just might rain.

SANDRA GRANT, L.VII.

## THE BUCKIE SHARK

I saw a shark at Buckie,  
Fifteen feet at least.  
I knew that I had been lucky  
To see this terrible beast.

I thought of special dishes,  
Shark's fin soup or luscious steak,  
But my thoughts were only wishes,  
For the shark the net did break.

It darted quickly through the gap  
And sped straight out to sea,  
Where it could have a well earned nap  
While I wandered home for tea.

ROBIN WINTER, L.IV.A

## FIRST REPORT OF SOCIAL SERVICE IN DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL

*In accordance with the wishes of the Rector, we publish the full text of the report on Social Service in Dundee High School, 1964-65, a brief version of which appeared in the June Edition.*

During the summer of 1964, the pupils of the School carried on social activities, similar to those carried out during the preceding term. Social Service, then, during this period was based on the groups which were carrying out visitations of the elderly and/or housebound.

Formerly, these pupils of the Senior School who had expressed a wish to take part in D.H.S.'s Social Service had been divided into groups, each group consisting of four or five members. Each group was then given the name of an elderly or housebound person whom they were to visit, all together or in rotation. The groups visited their allotted person once a week, or more frequently if they wished, and usually stayed about an hour. In this way they brought interest, friendliness and company into the lives of the old people they visited, and many strong friendships developed.

Group visiting also led on to a number of other Social Services. While visiting, members of the groups could hang or take down curtains, fix electric bulbs, move furniture or take clothing to the laundry. Other ways of helping their old person included exchanging library books and bringing in newspapers, and taking them runs in cars. Thus, it can be seen that visiting groups could often form a basis for many other Social Service activities.

"Digging gardens" was also seen to by various pupils, who undertook to dig and otherwise keep in order the gardens of people unable to do so themselves.

The Dramatic Club as a whole took part in the Social Service. In June, the club presented the two comedies, "The Faithful Widow of Ephesus" and "The Birth of the Bloomer" in the King George VI. Memorial Club. The entertainment was most appreciated.

A notable effort obtained success when the school, by request, provided about 20 bicycles for Balgowan Approved School, in order that a voluntary worker there might be able to form a bicycle club, and after

renovating the bikes, be able to exert the boys on bicycle runs in the nearby country districts.

At the beginning of this session new groups were formed, and after a meeting with the President and Vice-President of the Students' Voluntary Service, Queen's College, to collect names of elderly people, visitations by some of the groups commenced.

I then went to see the Matrons of D.R.I., Maryfield Hospital, Strathmartine Hospital, St. Mary's Mothercraft Training Centre, and the Superintendent of the Orphanage. Openings were made at all of them for any who were interested in doing Social Service there. Unfortunately, there were no volunteers for Maryfield (or Bughties) or St. Mary's. There were volunteers for the Orphanage, but by the time we had a rota arranged, I received word that girls from the College of Education were visiting and our services would not be required. Although all the openings were not filled this year, the Matrons will be pleased to have visitors in their hospitals in future years if people are interested.

However, we did manage to form a group to visit the D.R.I. As there is no geriatrics unit there, at Matron's suggestion the group visited the eye ward. There the girls read to and write letters for the patients.

At Strathmartine Hospital a group of girls visit the baby ward. There they play with and generally help with the younger mentally handicapped children.

When I was at this hospital Matron showed me over the school. She expressed her regret that we could not assist there, but this, of course, is impossible until such time as Social Service might become an optional curriculum subject, as it already is in some English schools.

This is all the regular work which has been carried on during the session. It is, I feel, a promising start to what will, I hope, become a flourishing organisation in the school, but from my point of view it has been disappointing that more people have not been willing to take part in regular voluntary work.

Some boys were willing to do regular work at Balgowan, with students from Queen's College S.V.S. But after initial inquiries it was not pursued from the Queen's College end.

There are, however, other activities which have taken place at intervals throughout the session. High School pupils put on a musical concert for the old people of King George VI. Memorial Club in February. This was a great success.

The success of our Coffee Evening in school must be attributed, partially at least, to the effort put into it by the pupil helpers. It was a long and tiring time for the girls serving coffees and helping on the stalls, and for the boys arranging and running the amusements, and "stewarding", but the total realised for the Save the Children Fund made it very worthwhile.

The amusements mentioned above were lent to the Dundee Council of Social Services, and run by High School pupils at the Fun Fayre in Fairmuir School in May. This was

the High School's small contribution to yet another worthwhile cause.

At Christmas a choir was organised and led by Mr Erskine. It entertained old people by singing carols in Pine Grove, Bughties and Duneaves.

Response to appeals for helpers for Flag Days and Coffee Mornings which have been held throughout the session has, as always, been encouraging.

It is a great encouragement to the Social Service in the school that two of our senior boys are going to Birmingham for 2½ weeks in the summer to do voluntary work there. I am sure the High School tradition of earnest and willing work will be carried south of the border by them.

S. GWEN MITCHELL.  
8th June, 1965.

## School Activities

Since the session started, the various school activities seem to be blossoming. Many of the Clubs have increased membership with a great spirit of interest. The Debating Society has provided some very interesting evenings, while the Stamp Club, Chess Club and Scripture Union meet regularly. The musical side of the school is flourishing. The Orchestra performs every Tuesday at Prayers. The senior Choir is doing good work under the leadership of Mr Porteous. Already practices are well under way for the Annual Carol Service. A small group of the Choir will be visiting Old People's Homes in Dundee to entertain at Christmas. Also about twenty pupils will be doing a Toc H broadcast for hospitals.

The following reports give a more detailed account of the good work being done by the pupils in the after 4 p.m. school activities.

### SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

The officials of the Society for 1965-66 are as follows — Honorary President, Mr D. W. Erskine; Honorary Vice-President, Mr W. More; President, Miss A. W. Gray; Vice-President, Mr A. D. Alexander; Chairman, Alastair Dorward, Vice-Chairman, Alison E. McLeay; Secretary, Susan J. Phillips; Treasurer, Bruce D. Drummond; Members of the Committee, Jennifer Lawford, Alan Aitkenhead, David Rorie, Pat Ramsay, Graeme King, David Scott, William Wallace, Gordon Lowe.

The first meeting of the Society was held on the 10th September and took the form of a "Hat Night".

On 17th September, we had a series of three debates, one of the subjects being "Advertising is overdone". The debate was attended by a large and appreciative audience.

Mr Blain visited us on the 15th October to give us a talk on "The Growth of Dundee". Everyone who attended agreed that the talk was extremely interesting and enjoyable.

The first round of the English-Speaking Union was held in the School Hall on Friday, 29th October. We would like to congratulate Alison McLeay and Alastair Dorward on their success in getting through to the next round and wish them the very best for the 26th November.

The first-ever staff v. pupils debate took place on 22nd October. Representing the staff were Mr Adams and Mr Roberts, the two pupils being Judith Sturrock and Gordon Lowe. The staff, who were for the motion, won the debate — "That Patriotism should be outlawed" — but only by a small majority. This meeting was extremely popular and had a record attendance.

Arranged for the coming weeks are Topics Evenings, Inter-School Debates, Hat Nights and the C.E.W.C. Conference on the 10th December.

We should like to thank all those who help and encourage the Society, particularly Miss Gray, Mr Alexander, Mr Stewart and the Hostess Prefects.

S. J. P.

### STAMP CLUB REPORT

As the report which was published in the last magazine was not the official report, but was intended as a magazine article, I shall give here a brief summary of the 1964/65 session of the Club.

There were 10 meetings of the Club during the session, including Competition Night—joint winners A. G. Webster and A. McLaren—and a special meeting, held near the end of the session to elect officials and make plans for the 1965/66 session. Owing to the introduction of a First Day Cover service, it was found necessary to appoint a Treasurer.

The Club would like to thank the following for their kind donations of stamps: Miss C. M. Lythe, Miss Worsley, Cathy, Dr. W. H. Gossip, Mr Gilchrist and Mr Alan Duthie, who also donated several books. We are also indebted to Mr Biggar for the use of his typewriter and for his invaluable help in producing circulars and order forms.

So far this session, 1965/66, we have had five meetings, including a very interesting display of stamps of Monaco by Mr Gilchrist, a well-known member of the Dundee & District Philatelic Society. The other meeting consisted of displays by Mr Stevenson, A. G. Webster and A. McLaren, and a business meeting. Attendances this year have been very good—about 15 persons per meeting—and the swap book system is working extremely well, as is the First Day Cover service.

We would like to thank Mr Stevenson for 10 years' service as President and hope that he may continue in that office for many more years.

D. G. LAWSON, Secretary.

### THE SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

The Scripture Union seems to be an activity of the school which few people know very much about and yet it is an increasingly active branch. The average attendance now stands at 24 and our meetings on Monday afternoons have been greatly enjoyed by us all.

We are grateful to David Harvey, a recent graduate of St. Andrew's University, the Rev. Brunton Scott, a missionary from Brazil, and the Harris Academy Scripture Union Branch for addressing three of our meetings, and we look forward to hearing the Rev. A. MacRae, Ward Road Baptist Church, and Mr Peter Lee, a member of Headquarters' Staff, in the near future.

G. R. M., R. M. M.

### JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

There have been meetings of the Junior Scripture Union every Friday. This year we combined the two sections and thus we have one meeting for L.III-L.V. We have been fortunate to have Mrs Barker to speak to us, and also two students from Operation Mobilisation. At each meeting a portion of God's Word has been read and we hope that it has been made alive for each member. We should very much appreciate the help of any member of staff who is interested in this work.

G. R. M., R. M. M.

### ORCHESTRA REPORT

The school orchestra continues in good heart and we are greatly encouraged by the enthusiasm and interest shown by the pupils. Their presence at morning prayers every Tuesday is a feature of their work and an inspiration to all those assembled.

The main work under study is a Gilbert and Sullivan suite which makes full use of the woodwind and brass sections of the orchestra. But, School, we are in need of viola and trombone players, so anyone interested please contact Mr Porteous!

B. D. B.

### CHESS CLUB REPORT

This year, the Chess Club seems to be thriving, having a membership of over 40. The main office-bearers have been elected:—Norman Melvin as Treasurer and Norval Bryson as our Secretary for the "Sunday Times" Competition, a nation-wide chess tournament, for which we entered this year. Unfortunately, we were beaten in the second round.

Our other match this year was a friendly against Arbroath High School, the result being a narrow win for us. However, from now on we have quite a full programme, as we have entered two teams in the Dundee and District Chess League.

Our thanks go to Mrs Elder and Mr McKay for giving up so much of their time in running the Club, and to Miss Gray for arranging our teas at home matches, and the girls who help.

C. JONES, Secretary.

### SAILING CLUB REPORT

Last term, after the S.C.E. exams, the Sailing Club got successfully under way, going up to Forfar each Wednesday during grounds period. Our thanks go to the parents who kindly gave us the use of their cars each week to go to Forfar, and to those parents and friends who helped by transporting the boat when required. A team represented the school in an Inter-Schools Race at Loch Earn in June. Although we were not very successful, a most pleasant day's sailing was enjoyed.

This session there have been no outings for the Club. A team took part in a regatta at Forfar early in September. Now the boat is laid up for the winter and our members must become landlubbers until the season begins once again next year. To Mr Bell we extend our gratitude for helping us throughout the year.

E. J. M.

### GIRLS' HILL WALKING REPORT

The Club started off well this year with a climb up Ben Lawers. Those who reached the top were captivated by the view, while those who did not were not quite so captivated by the bogs, wet and mist below. Since that occasion, however, the cold, exams, laziness and early dark have set in and no more climbs have been arranged. We hope to climb some more peaks in the summer term. During the winter we have some excursions, such as a visit to the Timex Factory, planned.

Our thanks go to Miss Laing and all others who make it possible for us to have our outings.

M. S. F.

### GUIDE REPORT

The new session of Guides began in September with an enrolment of seventy-five Guides from

Form I. to Form IV. Twenty-three new recruits were admitted on 29th October, swelling the number to ninety-eight.

This year, Miss Patrick is the Guide Captain, Miss Worsley the Lieutenant, and we are very grateful to Miss MacCallum, Mrs Hutton and Mrs Richardson, who have come to help the Guides. Miss MacCallum is a Lieutenant and her wide knowledge of guiding will be most useful. Mrs Hutton is training as a Lieutenant and Mrs Richardson has kindly offered to take over all the clerical work of the companies.

We would like to thank all the Guiders for doing so much to make "Guides" interesting and purposeful, as at the end of last year the company was in danger of being disbanded due to lack of numbers of Guiders.

We would also like to take this opportunity of thanking all the members of staff and parents of Guides for helping to test the many and varied Guide Badges. Without their continued help and support we would not be able to have so many First-Class Guides and Queen's Guides. We now have ten Queen's Guides in school.

We have had many interesting activities this term, including a hike, a Hallowe'en Party and a Guy Fawkes' bonfire party. For the latter we thank Miss Patrick for the trouble she took to make this a success.

In the summer the Guides spent a very enjoyable week at camp at Salvanie Farm, Glen Isla, under the leadership of Mrs Barnett, Miss Worsley, Miss Patrick, Miss Paton and Miss Ower. This was Mrs Barnett's last guiding activity as Captain and we would like to thank her for all the work and time she has spent on the Guide Company.

The following girls were elected patrol leaders: **Company 2**—Bluetit, Moira Spence; Canary, Shona McFadzen; Kingfisher, Fiona Ross; Nightingale, Margaret Manson; Skylark, Janet Sims; Thrush, Margaret Duncan; Wren, Penny Agnew.

**Company 2a**—Bantam, Marion Clow; Blackbird, Catherine Richmond; Bullfinch, Victoria Dryden; Chaffinch, Gillian Birrell and Pat Duff; Robin, Rosalind Brown; Sparrow, Seonaid McKean; Swallow, Thelma Robertson.

Penny Agnew is Senior Patrol Leader for Company 2 and Catherine Richmond is Senior Petrol Leader for Company 2a.

P. AGNEW and C. RICHMOND.

### COMBINED CADET FORCE REPORT

In the last edition of the magazine, "June, 1965", references were made to the imminent General Inspection. We are happy to say the Company rose to the occasion, achieving and maintaining the high standard of morale, turn-out and efficiency attained in the past.

Annual camp was again held at R.N. Boom Defence Depot, Aultbea, its solitude and ruggedness adding realism to the military atmosphere of the camp. The weather was mixed, as were our activities: canoeing, swimming, patrolling, night exercises, and a two-day "seek-and-destroy" exercise, based on the methods used by the British army in Malaysia, for the senior Cadets. During our leisure, games were organised and we performed an impressive concert in the dining hall. We are again indebted to Miss Chalmers and her staff, and we

would like to take this opportunity of thanking her most sincerely for providing such excellent meals.

The camp ended with the completion of the Platoon Cup, won by Sgt. Gray's Platoon, and the presentation of the Coronation Trophy to Cadet Adams.

Unfortunately, our C.O., Major Jacuk, has been in hospital, but we are pleased to report he is now enjoying better health. We sincerely hope that this improvement will continue and we look forward to his return to the Company.

On behalf of the boys, I should like to thank our officers and civilian instructors for their help and devotion throughout the year.

C.S.M. ABBOTT.

### CADETS—JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

This year's Company is considerably larger than last year's and, with the greater numbers, a larger and more varied curriculum has been planned. The training programme now includes signalling and, with the arrival of a truck, we hope some week-ends spent in the hills will be possible.

At the General Inspection last June, the Junior Company showed some practical skills learnt in training. They included an enterprising idea for making a bridge. This tested the Cadets' initiative and showed a useful aspect of a Cadet's training.

The Larg-Vannet Cup for shooting .22 calibre rifles has not been competed for yet, but this year's competition should be very open owing to the large number of new Cadets from the Junior School.

On behalf of all the Cadets in the Junior Company I should like to thank Lieut. Bell for his invaluable assistance in running the Company and Mr Vannet for his help in giving the new Cadets a chance to show what they can do on the rifle range.

The future of the Cadet Force is assured for many years to come if the present enthusiasm and interest continues in the Junior Company.

C.S.M. CRAM.

### ELOCUTION EXAMINATION RESULTS

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

Grade III.

Raymond Kelly (Merit).  
Jane Maxwell (Pass).

Grade IV.

William Boath (Merit).

Grade V.

Miriam Little (Merit).  
Margaret Gibson (Merit).

Grade VIII.

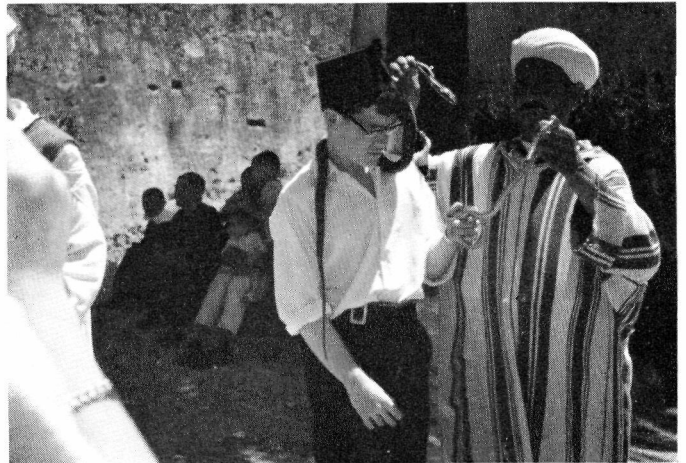
Thelma Robertson (Pass)—Practical.

At the London College of Music, Speech and Drama Examinations, Victoria Dryden and Deborah Menelaws both passed Grade VII. with Honours.



**"DUNERA"  
CRUISE, 1965**

*"HE THAT TRAVELS FAR  
KNOWS MUCH."*



### BOYS' HOCKEY 1st XI.

**Front Row (l. to r.)**— G. Stobie, J. C. Mitchell, D. A. H. Smith (Vice-Captain), R. J. Inglis (Captain), E. J. Mackay, H. S. Eadie.

**Back Row (l. to r.)**— A. G. Nicholson, R. J. Duncan, W. J. R. Smith, R. H. Berry, B. D. Buchan.



### RUGBY 1st XV.

**Front Row (l. to r.)**— G. W. Stiven, D. F. Abbott.

**Middle Row (l. to r.)**— D. G. Scott, W. A. Wallace, R. L. McHoul (Vice-Captain), G. B. R. Cram (Captain), R. H. Lawson, H. E. Robbie, D. A. Rorie.

**Back Row (l. to r.)**— Mr Allardice, W. A. Masson, M. J. Rogers, R. C. V. D. Perry, N. Y. Cram, K. J. Ross, D. F. Ritchie, D. A. Comb, K. Allen.

### GIRLS' HOCKEY 1st XI.

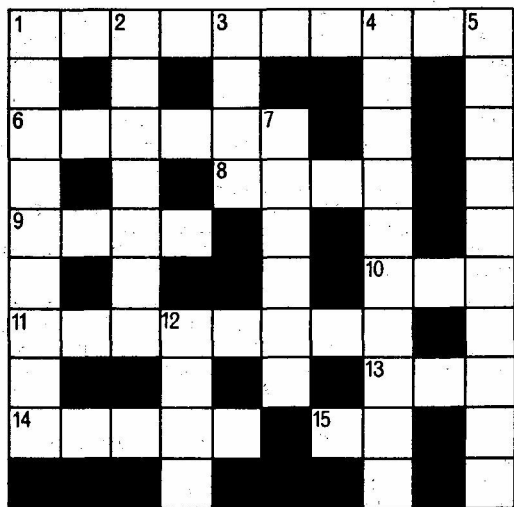
**Front Row (l. to r.)**— S. M. M. Reid, M. J. Morrison, F. Hardie (Captain), F. M. Bell (Vice-Captain), M. Duncan.

**Back Row (l. to r.)**— K. A. Gray, F. S. Stewart, J. A. Sutherland, Miss Worsley, E. H. S. Money, A. H. Semple, J. D. F. Walker.



# PUZZLE PAGE

## CROSSWORD



### Across

1. This uprising is a turning over (10).
6. Helen's child (6).
8. Things are cheaper at this (4).
9. You play this (4).
10. Golfers' drink (3).
11. Victorian Prime Minister (8).
13. To have (3).
14. Small St. Christopher (5).
15. Opposite of out (2).

### Down

1. Deserters (9).
2. Long stories are in these (7).
3. Untie this battle (4).
4. Discoveries (10).
5. Pertaining to "the Corsican" (10).
7. Master of "The Fram" (6).
12. Fence (4).

CAMERON POWRIE, F.II.

(Solution on page 58)

## SPORTS QUIZ

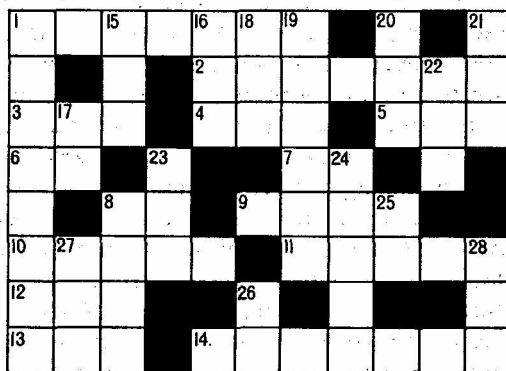
1. What is another name for Moto-Cross?
2. If someone was using an Eastern Grip, what sport would they be taking part in?
3. How many players are there in an ice-hockey team?
4. What sport did Sir Gordon Richards participate in?
5. In what sport is the Ryder Cup played for?
6. And between which two countries?
7. In what sport was Reg Harris famous?
8. What sport is nicknamed "the Roaring Game"?
9. What do the initials M.C.C. stand for?
10. How many players are there in a basketball team?
11. Who holds the world high-jump record?
12. Which goalkeeper broke his neck in an English Football Cup Final and played on?
13. Which British two-man Bobsleigh team has won a Winter Olympics Gold Medal?

14. Who is the only heavy-weight boxer to regain the heavy-weight title?
15. From what country did Hurling originate?
16. For what sport was Ian Black famous?
17. What is the name for the Scottish variation of Hockey?
18. How high is the cross-bar in Rugby?
19. When was Rugby League formed— (a) 1895, (b) 1909, (c) 1881?
20. From what country does Judo originate?

ANON.

(Answers on page 58)

## FIVE - MINUTE CROSSWORD



### Across

1. Completely amaze.
2. Ancient Spanish television station.
3. A marsupial necessary for a game of cricket.
4. Attila was this.
5. To have taken part is fun, But it's nicer to have - - -
6. Edward!
7. Thanks a lot!
8. Did James Bond outwit this physician?
9. The Duke's been stolen! Who done it?
10. Cogitate.
11. Who's that swimming in the Caledonian Canal?
12. Always an elderly person.
13. Shillings and pence.
14. Jamaica. Near Hull?

### Down

1. Watch it burn! You'll be lucky!
8. Let's drink it. Ouch!
15. So much a child.
16. Disgusted exclamation.
17. In the year of our Lord.
18. Let's scramble the Nat. Union of Railwaymen.
19. It's Daniel, doing 100 m.p.h.
20. Father, look at Fido's foot.
21. Sunburnt leather.
22. Put it on, Boy!
23. Nor this boy.
24. Have I got the years wrong?
25. Adverb and conjunction.
26. Not out!
27. I've been cheated!
28. I've a yearning for money.

(Solution on page 58)

# Sport

As usual sport has taken an important part in the activities of the school this term. The emphasis is on the variety of sports in which we have participated. Although the long tradition of Rugby Union Football in the school is being upheld, Boys' Hockey has been gathering momentum and prestige since its introduction three years ago. The same applies to Girls' Netball which provides a much-needed alternative to Hockey and Swimming. The Badminton and Climbing Clubs have never been so well supported, providing opportunities for athletic exercise outside school hours, while Riding and Sailing cater for smaller minorities. Never before has the school provided so many different sporting activities for the participation and enjoyment of so many of its pupils. The consequent feeling of team spirit and fellowship is evident in many other spheres of the life and work of the school.

## RUGBY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed— Captain, G. B. R. Cram; Vice-Captain, R. H. McHoul; Secretary, R. H. Lawson; Treasurer, W. Wallace. Members of Committee, H. Robbie, D. G. Scott, D. A. Rorie.

Results of school 1st XV. matches from 11th September:—

|          |                             | F. | A. |
|----------|-----------------------------|----|----|
| Sept. 11 | Harris Academy .....(A)     | 0  | 12 |
| 18       | Dollar Academy .....(A)     | 8  | 6  |
| 25       | Aberdeen Gram. School (H)   | 0  | 6  |
| Oct. 9   | Gordon's College .....(A)   | 0  | 6  |
| 16       | Waid Academy .....(A)       | 3  | 0  |
| 23       | Melville College .....(H)   | 11 | 3  |
| 30       | Boroughmuir School .....(A) | 3  | 6  |
| Nov. 6   | Kelvinside Academy .....(A) | 3  | 6  |
| 13       | Gordonstoun School .....(H) | 3  | 9  |

From the above results it can easily be seen that the team has been very unfortunate in its results. This is due to eleven of last year's team leaving,

this being an unusually high number. Consequently lack of experience and weight have handicapped the enthusiastic efforts of the team. Unfortunately the opposing teams have not suffered the same disadvantages, being more experienced. At all times we have endeavoured to play fast open rugby. The forwards have played a large part in this, being a light and mobile pack. They combined well with the half backs to take the brunt of our attacking play. On the other hand, the defensive play has been centred mainly on the three-quarter's and full back. Nowadays the defensive set-up is much more complicated, with play from the back row an integral part. At all times, however, from all members there was keenness, determination, team spirit and enjoyment throughout each game we have played. We hope for a rather more fortunate season in 1966.

The second XV. have had a very good season so far, only losing one match. The 1st XV., I think, will be first to commend the 2nd XV. for their consistently good, purposeful play against them. This team will form a very strong basis for the 1st XV. next season.

The 3rd and 4th XV. have had varied results but at no time was there any doubt of their great enthusiasm. Most of 3rd and 4th XV. players are very young and many are showing great potential as future 1st XV. members.

The Colts and Junior XV's have shown good spirit and tremendous enthusiasm. The results have been mixed but they have all been able to hold their own against bigger and superior sides.

The school was represented in the Midlands District Trials by the following players— G. B. R. Cram, R. McHoul and M. Rogers.

On behalf of all the players I should like to thank the members of staff who travel with the teams on Saturday mornings, for their very valuable assistance in refereeing matches and for their support. We are also very much indebted to the very efficient and charming hostesses from the Girls' School who serve refreshments to visiting teams.

In conclusion I should like to pay tribute to Mr Allardice and Mr Coletta in particular and to Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr N. G. S. Stewart, Mr K. Roberts, Mr D. A. Adams and Mr J. Hunter for the very great contribution they make to the School's rugby. I wish them to know that we, the players, most sincerely appreciate the time they give and the cheerful and wholehearted efforts they make on our behalf. Gentlemen, we thank you.

R. H. LAWSON, Secretary.

## BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed— R. J. Inglis, Captain; D. A. H. Smith, Vice-Captain; H. S. Eadie, Treasurer; E. J. Mackay, Secretary.

The team has not been quite able to attain the extremely high standard set by last year's team, which established a fine reputation for the school in Midlands' Hockey. Only three players of that team remain at school, however, and, as a result, this year's team is rather young and inexperienced.

However, what the younger members lack in skill is certainly made up for in enthusiasm and effort and this is illustrated in our results to date, with special mention of fine wins over Aberdeen Grammar School and Blairgowrie High. The standard in Midlands' Hockey is high and our young side has done as well as can be expected against first-class opposition and, with a little more confidence, show promise for forthcoming fixtures, although a break in the current bad weather is hopefully anticipated, our last four fixtures having been cancelled.

The "Under 16" side, after a shaky start, has been taken in hand by Mr Fraser and is now doing extremely well and there is a wealth of young talent in the lower forms.

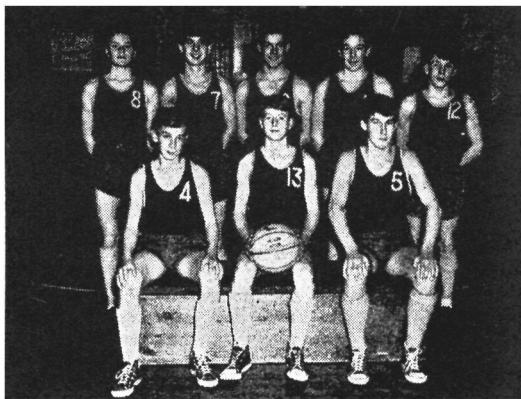
In the annual Midlands' Trials, D. Smith, R. Inglis and E. Mackay were forwarded, and Captain R. Inglis did great honour both to the school and to himself by being selected — the first player from the school to gain the honour.

I would like to convey my thanks to Mr Stark and also Mr Fraser for the enormous amount of work put in by them both on Saturdays and Wednesdays.

I would also like to thank Miss Worsley and Miss Patrick, who have made the extremely enjoyable fixtures against the Girls' XI. and also the Ladies' F.P.s XI. possible.

E. J. M.

#### COLTS' BASKETBALL REPORT



**Front Row (l. to r.)**—A. M. D. Perry, W. R. S. Young (Captain), M. L. Andrew.

**Back Row (l. to r.)**—A. C. Cruickshank (Vice-Captain), B. W. Elder, R. M. Milne, B. K. Tosh, J. R. Mickerson.

Unfortunately we have only played four inter-school games so far this year, but we have done well and hope to continue our successes throughout the rest of the season. We have beaten Stobs-well, St. Michael's and Linlathen and lost narrowly to Kirkton High School.

We must, of course, express our gratitude to Mr Coletta for his help and encouragement and for giving up so much of his time for coaching and refereeing our games.

A. C. C., Vice-Captain.

#### BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

The Club is flourishing with a much higher than previous average weekly attendance, which is due to a large section of fifth year joining the Club. Unfortunately, the standard of play is not very high but with every week the players learn a few more "tricks of the trade" and generally the standard is improving. The Club has not played any matches yet but there are some arranged for 1966.

We would like to thank Mr Stark for his help and also for the time he gives up to open the gymnasium for us on Saturday evenings.

G. B. R. CRAM.

#### BOYS' SWIMMING CLUB REPORT

This term the school sent several swimmers to the Area Championships in Dunfermline in October. The team did reasonably well and several members won their events and reached the Scottish finals at Kirkintilloch in November. Although we cannot boast of any Scottish Schoolboy Champion, we showed swimming is still going strong in the High.

Owing to the strengthening of the boys' team by a new member to the school, Bill Baxter, from Dunfermline, we look forward with confidence to the forthcoming Dundee Inter-School Galas.

D. R.

#### CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

The outing to Glen Esk in June of last term was favoured with a good day. After a long plod the Munro top of Mount Keen was added to the members' list.

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In September of this session an outing to Glen Clova was arranged. This time, however, the weather was very poor with the mist down to road level. The previous night's rain had been so heavy that the River Esk was in flood. The weather, however, did not stop the party from reaching the top of Mayar and Dreish. Unfortunately, Mr Bell could not accompany the party and Mr Adams kindly took his place.

A winter outing is being considered and if there are enough enthusiastic members a meet will be arranged.

D. A. H. S.

### GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season office-bearers for the Girls' Hockey Club were elected as follows—Frances Hardie, Captain; Fiona Bell, Vice-Captain; Maureen Morrison, Secretary; Joan Walker, Treasurer.

So far, this season has been fairly successful, and again this year we are managing to field twelve hockey eevens on a Saturday morning. Unfortunately, bad weather has affected the hockey, particularly throughout November, when only the Saturday for the House Matches remained dry. The results of the Senior House Matches were 1st—Airlie and Aystree; 3rd—Wallace; and 4th—Lindores.

The first Junior Midlands Trials were held on 30th October, and we congratulate Joan Walker on being selected to go forward to the final Midlands Trial, which will be held at Dalnacraig on 27th November.

Once more the 1st XI. started the season with a completely new side, and are now beginning to settle down and play as a team. The results to date have not been very favourable, but as most of the recent fixtures have been cancelled, we have great hopes that the rest of the season will be more successful.

The 2nd XI. was hit by illness at the start of the season but now the team is complete and going from strength to strength.

The 3rd XI. are combining well and so far have not lost a game, which is an excellent record, and one to be sought after by every team.

The Junior teams are also showing promise, the top junior goal scorer being Maureen Dunn with five goals to her credit.

Once again we are grateful to the members of staff who give up their Saturday mornings to umpire the games, and to them we convey our thanks.

The results to date are:—

|                  | W. | D. | L. | C. | F. | A. |
|------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1st XI. ....     | -  | 2  | 4  | 3  | 6  | 14 |
| 2nd XI. ....     | 3  | -  | 2  | 3  | 11 | 9  |
| 3rd XI. ....     | 2  | 3  | -  | 3  | 10 | 5  |
| 3rd year 'A' XI. | -  | 2  | -  | 1  | 2  | 2  |
| 3rd year 'B' XI. | 2  | -  | -  | 3  | 5  | 1  |
| 2nd year 'A' XI. | 3  | -  | 2  | 3  | 8  | 7  |
| 2nd year 'B' XI. | -  | -  | 3  | 3  | 1  | 10 |
| 1st year 'A' XI. | 1  | -  | -  | 1  | 2  | 1  |
| 1st year 'B' XI. | -  | -  | -  | 3  | -  | -  |

1st XI. results:—

|          |                       | V. | F. | A.   |
|----------|-----------------------|----|----|------|
| Sept. 11 | Blairgowrie (Lost)    | H  | 1  | 3    |
| 14       | D.H.S. F.P.'s (Draw)  | H  | 1  | 1    |
| 21       | Morgan Academy (Draw) | H  | 3  | 3    |
| 25       | Perth Academy         |    |    | Can. |
| Oct. 9   | St. Leonard's (Lost)  | A  | 0  | 1    |
| 16       | Bell-Baxter (Lost)    | A  | 1  | 2    |
| 23       | Grove (Lost)          | H  | 0  | 4    |
| 28       | Harris                |    |    | Can. |
| Nov. 13  | Morrison's            |    |    | Can. |
| 20       | Kilgraston            |    |    | Can. |
| 27       | Lawside (Draw)        | H  | 1  | 1    |

M. J. MORRISON, Secretary.

### SENIOR NETBALL REPORT



**Front Row (l. to r.)**— C. J. O'Neil, M. J. Duncan.

**Middle Row (l. to r.)**— S. S. Nicoll, S. Cameron, N. J. L. Lawson, M. G. M. Hutton, S. M. Houston.

**Back Row (l. to r.)**— S. J. Phillips (Captain), E. J. McNab (Vice-Captain), M. A. Neilson, H. Z. Mair, E. M. Mitchell, E. M. Wiltshire, P. A. Ramsay.

So far this season, in our second year of competitive netball, we have had four Inter-School matches and we have a very full fixture card for the future, engaging us in a match almost every week.

The results of the matches to date are as follows:—

|         |                     | F. | A.    |
|---------|---------------------|----|-------|
| Oct. 19 | Perth Academy       | A  | 12 17 |
| Nov. 2  | Morgan Academy      | H  | 24 16 |
| 9       | Harris Academy      | H  | 22 17 |
| 11      | Kirkton High School | A  | 8 9   |

Thus we have won two matches and lost, narrowly, two.

These results have been very encouraging and we have enjoyed all our matches tremendously.

We owe our thanks to Miss C. Worsley for the time she has devoted to coaching us and refereeing our matches, and also to Miss Nicoll who helps us in the gym. on Wednesday afternoons.

Z. MAIR, Secretary.

### JUNIOR NETBALL REPORT

This is the second year of Junior Netball. In addition to the 15-year-old team (F.III.), 2nd and 1st year teams have been formed. Third year teams' matches and results have been as follows:

|         |                      | F.   | A. |
|---------|----------------------|------|----|
| Oct. 14 | Kirkton .....        | H 14 | 25 |
| 27      | Harris Academy ..... | H 22 | 13 |
| Nov. 2  | Morgan Academy ..... | H 17 | 25 |
| 3       | Perth Academy .....  | H 17 | 15 |
| 11      | Kirkton .....        | A 14 | 16 |
| 18      | Harris Academy ..... | A —  | —  |

The 2nd and 1st year teams have played several matches but, as they are very inexperienced, they have not been very successful. Better results are expected for the future.

We would all like to thank Miss Patrick for all the help and encouragement she has given us.

MARGARET DUNCAN, Secretary.

### GIRLS' SWIMMING REPORT

Once again this year we entered three teams for the Dunfermline Gala and, although neither the junior nor the intermediate teams qualified, the senior team came first in their heat and therefore on 13th November, represented the Midlands at the Scottish Schools' Gala in Kirkintilloch. In the gala the team swam well and were placed fourth.

**Junior Team** — J. Hood, A. Frew, A. Brown, V. Walsh.

**Intermediate Team** — C. O'Neill, S. Todd, S. Buchan (Captain), P. Duff. Reserve—G. Birrell.

**Senior Team** — 1. G. Shearer, 2. J. Sturrock, 3. E. Mills, 4. S. Phillips (Captain). Reserve—J. Walker.

The Junior team was also entered for a gala at Forfar, but failed to qualify. They were — J. Hood, A. Brown, C. O'Neill, S. Todd. Reserve—A. Frew.

A gala has been arranged for girls of Kirkton, Stobswell and D.H.S. on the 13th December at Kirkton. This is the first time a gala of this type has been arranged and we hope it will be a success.

There have been eleven passes for the bronze medallion and one for the silver this session—**Bronze**: P. Brodit, V. Walsh, M. Leys, J. Campbell, C. Elder, L. Brown, G. Landsburgh, P. Ballantine, M. Baird, I. Mowat, P. Stewart; **Silver**: M. McGlowt.

We have got off to a good start this year and hope to do well in the inter-school galas next term.

S. J. P.

### GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB REPORT

The Tennis Club continued to be very successful until the end of last season.

The first VI. lost their first match in the Scottish Inter-Schools Championships to Morgan in the 2nd round. Morgan eventually won the Shield in Edinburgh.

The Junior VI. showed great promise and remained undefeated.

We again wish to thank the members of staff who accompanied teams, and also Miss Patrick for her coaching.

M. J. MORRISON.

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DUNDEE

# OLD BOYS' CLUB DINNER

The Dinner this year was attended by a company of 125 in the Royal Hotel, Dundee, on 3rd December. This Dinner will be notable not only for the erudition of the speeches but also for the explosion of wit from each and every speaker.

The principal guest was Walter L. M. Perry, O.B.E., M.D., D.Sc., M.R.C.P., Professor of Materia Medica at Edinburgh University, who proposed the Toast of the Club and the School. He related that he, more as a medical educationalist than a doctor, was concerned at the decreasing percentage of the population that were getting higher education, principally due to the population explosion and the lack of foresight of politicians in dealing with this problem and it is one that requires constant attention and thought. On a happier note he interviewed all prospective entrants to the Medical Faculty in Edinburgh and it was particularly gratifying to see the high standard of pupils from the School who presented themselves for University Education, which reflected most highly on the educational and background standard of the School.

This Toast was ably replied to by Mr E. M. Stewart, M.A., Deputy Rector, whose quiet charm as a person was transformed into extremely witty and moving eloquence. In reviewing the progress of the School over the years, one thing that particularly struck him was the frank and open nature of pupils of the present day. In a classic peroration he told us that the School was meeting the challenge of this new and changing age, yet keeping the best of the traditions of the past, so that now and in the future we could proudly say "Schola clara".

Mr A. D. Clark, C.A., replied on behalf of the Club and amused us with his anecdotes and thanked Professor Perry for the Toast so ably proposed.

Dr. Derek Dewar then proposed the Toast of the President, giving us an insight into his past in a manner which caused much amusement and great delight to the company, not least to the President himself. Dr. Lawson, the President, replied, and another happy reunion finished in the traditional manner.

K. W. P.

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

**Across** — 1. Revolution; 6. Nelson; 8. Sale; 9. Game; 10. Tee; 11. Disraeli; 12. Own; 14. St. Kit; 15. In.

**Down** — 1. Renegades; 2. Volumes; 3. Loos; 4. Inventions; 5. Napoleonic; 7. Nansen; 12. Rail.

## ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. Motor Cycle "Scrambling"; 2. Tennis; 3. 6; 4. Horse Racing; 5. Golf; 6. Great Britain and America; 7. Cycling; 8. Curling; 9. Marylebone Cricket Club; 10. 5; 11. Brumel (U.S.S.R.); 12. Trautmann (Manchester City); 13. Dixon and Nash; 14. Floyd Patterson; 15. Ireland; 16. Swimming; 17. Shinty; 18. 10 feet; 19. (a) 1895; 20. Japan.

## SOLUTION TO FIVE-MINUTE CROSSWORD

**Across** — 1. Astound; 2. Granada; 3. Bat; 4. Hun; 5. Won; 6. Ed; 7. Ta; 8. No; 9. Goya; 10. Think; 11. Nussy; 12. O.A.P.; 13. S.D.; 14. Kingston.

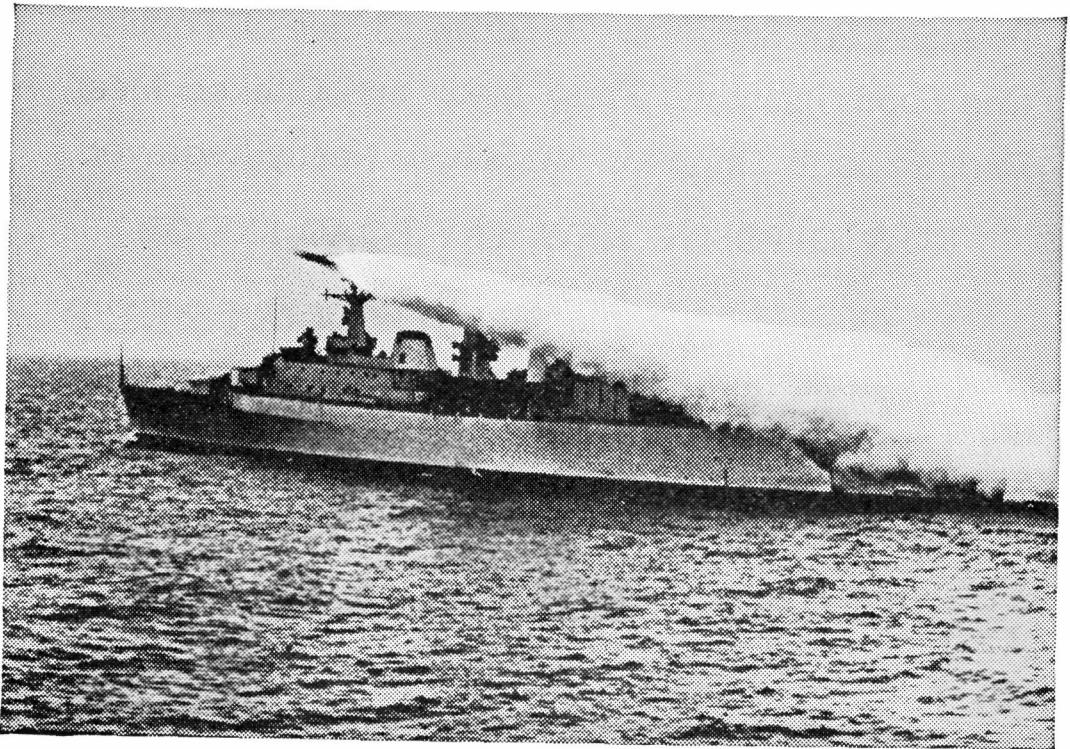
**Down** — 1. Asbestos; 15. Tot; 8. Nip; 16. Ugh!; 17. A.D.; 18. N.R.U.; 19. Danton; 20. Paw. 21. Tan; 22. Don; 23. Ron; 24. Ayers; 25. As; 26. In; 27. Had; 28. Yen.

## AND IN CONCLUSION . . .

We cannot bring this edition of the Magazine to a conclusion without thanking very much all those who have helped the Editor. May we especially mention our Art Editors and our Form Representatives, who have worked almost ceaselessly to wheedle, badger and force copy out of unwilling contributors. To help these hard-working toilers next time, contributors, please send copy of all kinds (including photographs) to the Editorial Staff by the end of May, 1966, at the latest. Will F.P.'s especially take note of this? It is sad to see little or nothing from them in our Magazine.

Editor.

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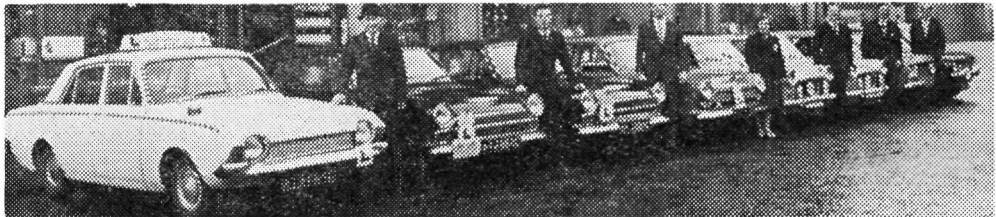
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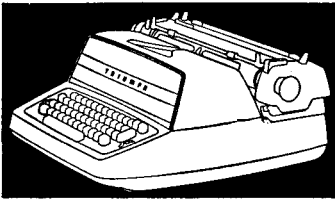
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