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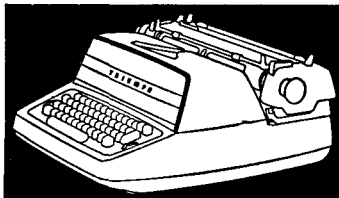
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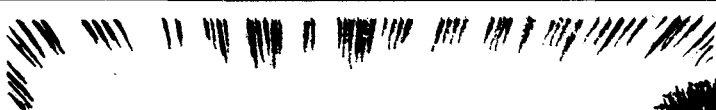
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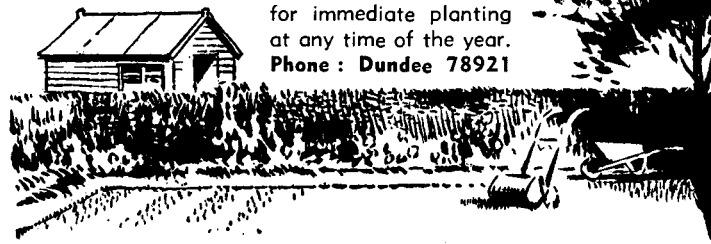


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EDITORIAL

No 140

ONE SHILLING AND
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JUNE, 1966

Various politicians have, of late, had much to say on the subject of ever-increasing prices, much to the chagrin of one Cabinet Minister in particular. It can now be said (with some pride, perhaps) that our School Magazine can be included in the realm of High Finance, for we have taken a tilt at "the balance of payments" in increasing the cost by 20%. Such a rise in price, readers, is certainly justifiable.

Over the last few years it has been increasingly difficult to include all the contributions which it is certainly desirable for this magazine to produce, all the illustrations which add variety to the magazine and, finally, not only to keep but even to raise the high standard of quality of which we, at any rate, are proud.

The quality and standards you must decide for yourselves. The number of contributions has increased both in quality and variety; the illustrations by George Stobie of "Airy" are just one instance of the number of drawings now printed.

If further justification should still be required, a second defence would be that we need more money to provide prizes for the winners of competitions such as this issue's "Short Story Competition". Christopher Jones, Form 2, and Gordon Lowe, Form 5, submitted stories of remarkable quality and, for that reason, share the prize. The two runners-up, Susan Martin, Form 3, and Jimmy Barnes, Form 5, also produced fine work but we regret that their stories cannot be included, at least in this issue.

Mr Harold Macmillan has quoted a professor of his as saying, "If you work hard and pay due attention to your studies, you should—in after life—be able to know when a man is talking rot. And that, in my view, is the main purpose of education." Well, readers, *you* have all been educated! Read on and decide whether our boast of a good magazine, worth *more* than 1/6, is rot or otherwise, and be sure, at any rate, to enjoy the reading of it!

From Far and Near

STAFF NEWS

New members will once more be welcomed to the English Department in August — Miss Maxwell and Miss O'Brien — while our farewells will be said to Miss McGill who returns to Edinburgh. To Miss McGill we say thank you for the obliging and good-humoured way she has coped with both staff and pupils and we wish her every success and happiness in her new post. We should also like to say our special thanks to Mrs Farquharson who has so kindly helped us out in the English Department for the last five months. Her gay approach has been much appreciated, as also has been her obvious concern to help everyone in every way possible.

The Modern Languages Department will be welcoming to their staff Miss Bell and Mr Richterich, and we hope they will be happy with us. We are very sorry to note that Miss Stevenson found it necessary to resign her post in the Department because of ill-health. We send our sincere good wishes to her for a complete and rapid recovery. Our thanks go to Mrs Stewart who has competently filled the vacancy and brought her own particular charm to it. We are glad she will still remain on the staff, though in a different capacity.

The Geography Department will be adding to their number with the advent of Mr Gray as a new assistant, while the Classics Department look forward to seeing Mr A.

Smith back after his sojourn at Strathclyde, ready, we are sure, to introduce his pupils to the complexities of Russian.

Among others who have left us since the last issue of the magazine are Miss MacLean, Mrs Drever and Mrs Hitchcock, to all of whom we extend every good wish for the future. Mrs Thomson is to replace Mrs Drever and Mr Clunie has already replaced Mrs Hitchcock.

The Gym Department will be losing, in June, Mrs Adams, whose happy presence in the gym, at field and in the staff room will be very much missed. We wish her much happiness in her new home. Her place in the department will be taken by Miss Dobson who, we hope, will also find happiness in her new post.

Miss Kinnison, our dancing mistress, will be leaving us, too, after some considerable time spent guiding the steps of a large number of our pupils. Our best wishes go with her.

We offer our best wishes to Miss Virginia Tatton of the Art Department on her engagement to Raga Mohammed Naseem John Khan (son of a retired Public Prosecutor in Pakistan) who is studying architecture in Dundee. They are to be married in St. Andrews on 9th July this year.

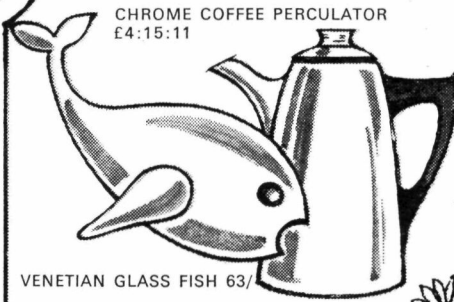
ART STAFF SUCCESSES

We congratulate MR VANNET on having a pencil drawing hung in the Royal Academy, London, and an oil painting, "Boats, Volendam", and a pencil drawing on view in the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh. Earlier in the year, Mr Vannet was represented in the annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Watercolours in Edinburgh by a watercolour, "Glen Feshie Bridge". He was also invited to show paintings in the annual exhibition of the Glenrothes Art Club and in the Montrose Festival Art Exhibition.

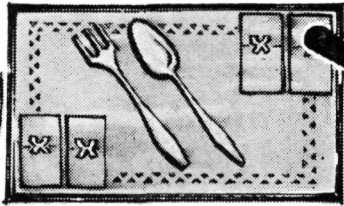
MR ROBERTS is to be congratulated for having an oil painting, "Winter Gardens", hung in the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, and he was also invited to show paintings in the Montrose Arts Festival.

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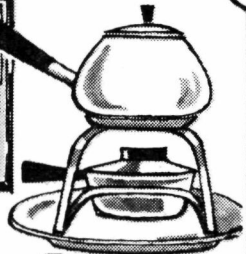
MISSING



CHROME COFFEE PERCOLATOR
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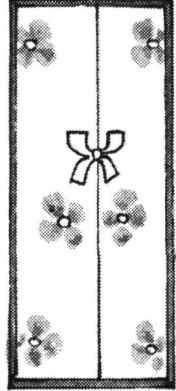
LINEN PLACE MAT SET 37/6



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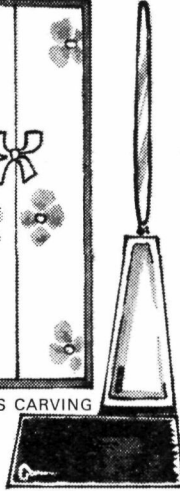
VENETIAN GLASS FISH 63/

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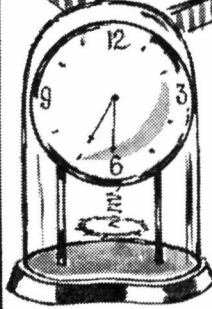
13 GNS.



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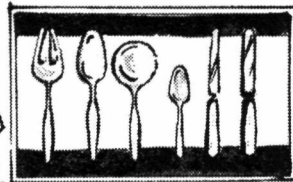


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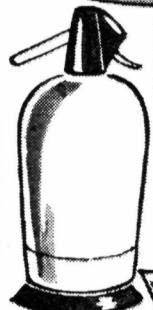
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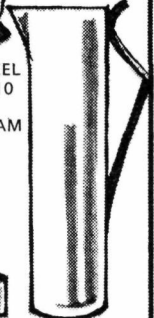
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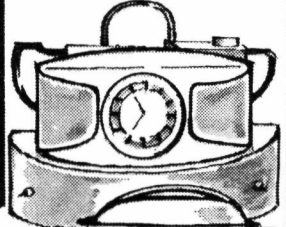
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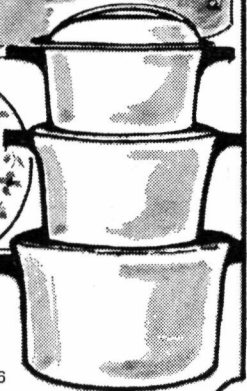


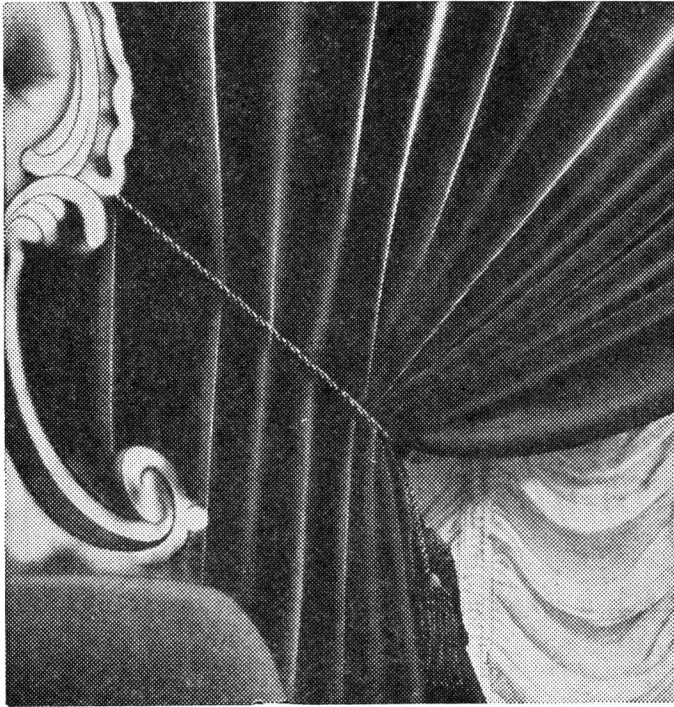
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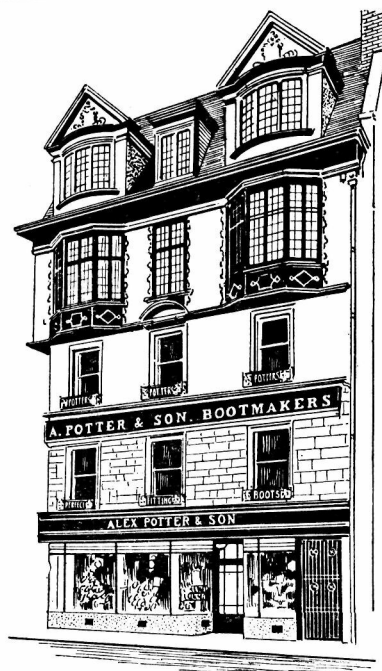
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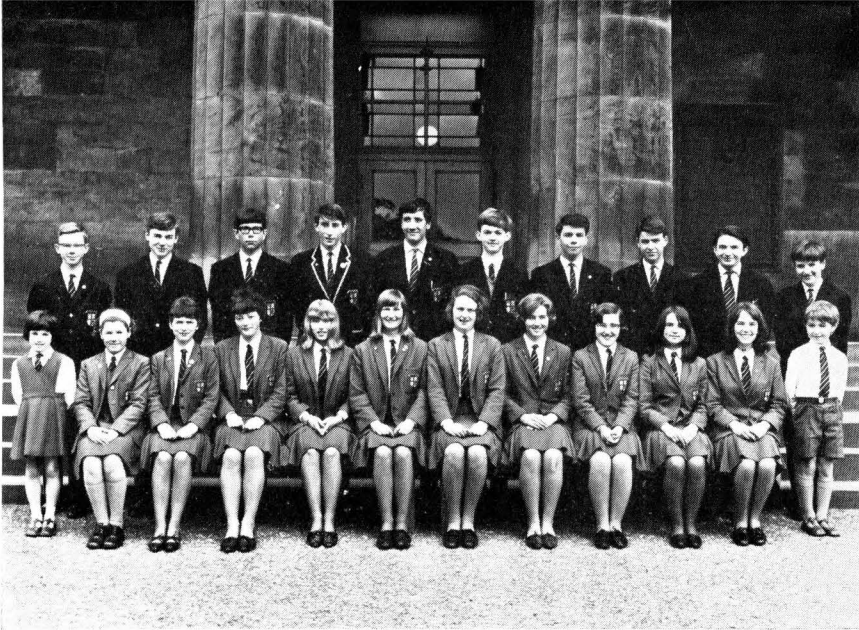
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CRICKET 1st XI.

Front Row (l. to r.)— G. W. J. Daniel, R. S. Milne (Vice-Captain), G. B. R. Cram (Captain), K. J. Ross, A. H. Hutchison.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Mr W. D. Allardice, R. J. Catlow, G. M. Smith, D. A. H. Smith, E. S. D. McKay, B. K. Philip, E. J. Mackay.



The School Athletic

1st VI. TENNIS

Front Row (l. to r.)— Elizabeth H. S. Money, Susan M. M. Reid (Captain), Fiona M. Bell.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Maureen E. Dunn, Anne L. Cowie, Pamela A. Robertson, Miss Patrick.

SENIOR ATHLETIC TEAM

See page 12 for names.

Photographs by J. D. Brown, Castle Street



Reporter's Rostrum

FROM THE POST

We wish to acknowledge receipt since December of the following magazines—Aberdeen Grammar School magazine, Melville College Magazine, Schola Regia (the magazine of the Royal High School, Edinburgh) and two issues of "The Malvernian", the December issue of the last-named, a centenary one, a truly magnificent one. We are sorry that lack of space prevents our sharing with you the feast of knowledge and entertainment contained in all these publications.

IN-SCHOOL OPINION POLL

As last year's in-school opinion poll was received with apparent enthusiasm, we decided to repeat the experiment this term. The opinions of about 80 senior school pupils were collected on the following questions:—

1. *What suggestions do you have for a "face-lift" for the High School buildings?*
2. *Do you think the summer holidays are too long? What holiday arrangements would you prefer? and 3. What, in your opinion, is the most attractive place in Dundee?*

The reactions to the first question were numerous and varied. A few—very few—thought the buildings perfect! A violent 11% suggested "Try an H-Bomb" or "Call in Hercules or a demolition gang", but most pupils had some constructive criticism to offer. 31% urged that the buildings should be cleaned, 23% suggested repainting in various colour schemes—red, white and blue was suggested by the more patriotic in our midst, while a few preferred white, bright green, or even pink! 18% would like to see the school completely modernised, preferably outside Dundee, with lifts, better heating, and windows which actually open and close efficiently. Other suggestions for the windows included stained-glass windows for the Prefects' Room, and window-boxes containing roses or other flowers.

The Pillars figured prominently in the answers of 12% of the pupils. Suggestions were numerous, ranging from "Remove them" to "Decorate them with pink ribbon and tinsel" or paint them bright green or red, white and blue. A certain Prefect suggested "Black and white *stripped* pillars"—whatever they are! The front playground also came under fire. A total of 30% were not satisfied with the playground as it is at present. 12% would like to see it grass-covered, 3% thought tarmac would be more practical. One vicious Form 5 boy suggested "Turn the front playground into a herbaceous border, sprinkled liberally with begonias and terra cotta gnomes (otherwise decapitated English teachers)" but I trust that this remark was merely facetious!

8% would welcome a swimming pool—possibly in the back playground, though one boy would cultivate Morning Glory plants in this area. 6% felt that the hut should be pulled down and 8% felt the need for a Common Room or Sun-Trap for Form 6. Of the 12% of really original suggestions some were "Mark all doors 'Exit Only'", "Move the School 1 mile south", and "Let L.I. paint the railings any colours they like"—a colourful proposition!

In answer to the second question, 63% saw no need for shortening the summer holiday, while 25% admitted that the holidays might perhaps be slightly long. 33% would like to see longer Christmas holidays and 25% would welcome longer Easter holidays. More mid-term holidays were in demand by 25%. A few of the lazier pupils voted for "48 weeks' holiday and 4 weeks' vacation", and a few thought that the holiday dates should not be arranged until the long-term weather forecast is published!

Apparently the most attractive place in Dundee is the new lay-out in front of the City Churches, according to the vote of 13% of the pupils. Broughty Ferry Beach came second at 8%, as picturesquely put by a sixth former, "The beach when the sun is just going down behind the bridges", while Camperdown Park "in spring" came a close third with 7% of the votes. An energetic 6% liked the view from the top of the Law, while the rock gardens at Barnhill, the Overgate Development area and the new Tay Bridge approaches each merited the appreciation of 6%.

The Angus Hotel accounted for 4% of the votes, as did the Esplanade, especially "from a seat on a summer evening", and also Balgay Park. Ninewells beach and the Howff shared 6% and a traitorous 3% felt a strange fascination for Harris Academy. A disgruntled 15% could find *no* attractive place in Dundee, but preferred "Aberdeen", "Carnoustie", "St. Andrews" or "the sewers", but the remainder suggested "the tuck shop", "my own garden", "the Reference Library — for anyone looking for peace and quiet and handsome male students" and someone appears to have carried out a detailed survey of the pond in Laurie's Nursery, for which she now feels a strange attachment, but the whole question was admirably summed up by one pupil — "Depends on the company".

We should like to thank all those who participated and trust that in years to come, as they lie sunbathing on the lawn in front of the brilliantly clean school, dreaming about their ideal holidays or planning the next excursion to one of Dundee's beauty spots, they will not deem this opinion poll a waste of time.

R. M. and G. M., F.VI.

THE HONEST TRUTH

(with apologies to "The Sunday Post")

Following in the infamous footsteps of our eminent predecessors (see D.H.S. magazine, June 1965) a few intrepid members of the tribal council of war (the magazine committee), after much preparation, journeyed into the depths of the jungle (wilderness: Dundee) with many native porters (slaves: Sixth Form girls). There, with incredible bravery and self-sacrifice, we threw ourselves on the mercy of the wild, often violent, inhabitants (the good citizens of Dundee) in the name of knowledge and of the glorious institution that is our pride and heritage (D.H.S.), trusting with due humility that ultimate rejection would be our only fate. With the help of the gods (several large policemen) we returned to tell the tale to our anxious chief (editor) who made it known that he desired us not to be modest and to relate the story of our victorious expedition for the benefit of the other members of the tribe (you lot out there!).

We ambushed our victims while they were straggling innocently through the vast, overgrown expanse of undergrowth known as the Murraygate (i.e. outside "Woolies") and

interrogated them, with the following drastic results:—

Question I. What toll, if any do you think should be levied on the Tay Road Bridge?

Out of 19 varieties of people questioned only three thought that no toll should be levied. One "didna' ken". The remainder were definitely for it. Ten thought that the toll should be 2/6 (i.e. commonly known as "Half a Crown") for all vehicles; five maintained that larger commercial vehicles (lorries, handcarts, etc.) should be charged more.

Question II. Who is your favourite personality?

Most were reluctant or undecided about this question, e.g. "no-one in particular" or "Oh God! (pause) What a question! I don't watch T.V." The present vogue for satire was emphasised as illustrated by votes for Dudley Moore (funny! we thought), David Frost and Peter Cook. A street orderly (dustman) liked Eamonn Andrews. Wider tastes shown by younger people included David Warner (Shakespearean actor), David McCallum and Lulu.

Question III. What do you think of the youth of today?

Policeman (very tall, in fact huge) — "some bad, some good, most good" (most explicit). Our friend the Dustman — "Nae much guid". Schoolboy (eight and seemingly intelligent) — "No". Oddly-dressed youth with shirt of many colours, effeminate hat, suede boots — "Depends what you mean by that — I'll tell you that for nothing". O.A.P. (retired sailor) — "No better, no worse than before".

Question IV. Do you think that the new pedestrian crossings will be helpful in solving Dundee's traffic problem? If not, have you any suggestions?

Indeed we got a variety of answers to this question — raised eyebrows, funny faces, disgusted looks, and people scratching their heads (did this help them to think we wondered?). Four people had no suggestions. Two people did not know, while the other nine questioned had various suggestions (and what suggestions!) A female O.A.P. about sixty decided that they should "educate the public".

An Officer of the Law said—there should be a major reconstruction of the roads.

Continued on page 47

CATHIE and ANNE—A Pupils' Tribute

The first memory I have of Cathie and Anne is their kindly attention paid to me when I was sick in my classroom in L.I. And for hundreds of boys and girls, before and after me, over the many years these two ladies have worked at D.H.S., it has been Cathie and Anne who have bandaged a cut knee or comforted a sore tummy, given out an aspirin or made a welcome cup of tea.

But these motherly duties are only the start of the vast amount of good work which Cathie and Anne have done over the years. The girls especially have much for which to thank Anne and Cathie. Every day at morning break, they have sold us biscuits and cakes and have dutifully cleared up after us. Pupils who bring packed lunches to school have always eaten them at "Cathie's", and again these two ladies have kept order and tidiness.

Several years ago, "Cathie's" was moved to new premises in a different part of the Girls' School, and Cathie and Anne adapted themselves excellently to their new, more modern surroundings, and continued to perform their duties with unending cheerfulness and interest.

Cathie and Anne have made friends with juniors and seniors alike; for every day, either Cathie or Anne has collected the absentee slips from every classroom in the Girls' School. The number of miles these two ladies must have walked while they have been at D.H.S. is unbelievable, and the number of stairs climbed is innumerable.

But despite the hard work, unseen by many, which Cathie and Anne have done, they have both remained as cheerful and friendly as ever. Never do you pass either of them without being greeted by a cheerful "Hello".

As I have said, much of the work done so faithfully by Anne and Cathie has been done unseen; on many, many occasions, when functions have been held in school, Anne and Cathie have been hard at work downstairs preparing food — be it refreshments, snacks or full-scale meals. They have been willing to come into school in the evenings to help with coffee evenings and other special functions.

To Cathie and Anne, then, we, as pupils, owe extremely grateful thanks and appreci-

ation for their hard work, their helpfulness, their cheerfulness at all times, and for the interest they have taken so sincerely both in their work at D.H.S. and in its pupils.

We shall all be sorry to see Cathie and Anne leave us, but we hope they will leave happy in the knowledge that they have performed their work cheerfully and well. The High School, I can truthfully say, will not be the same without these two delightful ladies. We would extend to them both our very warmest congratulations on their excellent work, and give them our very sincere good wishes for many, many happy years to come.

FIONA BELL.

KENYA

When I landed at Nairobi airport on 2nd September, 1965, I was shocked to find that the air temperature was a mere 65° Fahrenheit. I, who had been dreading the fierce heat of the tropics, now found myself forced to trudge across the tarmac in a cardigan! I did, nevertheless, during my first week in Kikuyu, manage to acquire a layer of sun-tan and now can say of any newcomer, "Doesn't she look pale!" The altitude is the most difficult thing for the newly arrived expatriate to become accustomed to. It can be blamed for all manner of things such as absent-mindedness, drowsiness, lack of resistance to infection and inability to concentrate on anything for any length of time. It is, in fact, the favourite scapegoat of every member of A.G.H.S. staff.

I was most impressed with the school when I first arrived, despite the fact that I kept getting lost among the buildings which all looked alike to me — the altitude took away my sense of direction, too! The finest building is the little chapel, built of local stone at a cost of £3,000 seven years ago and now needing to be extended to accommodate our 400 pupils. The girls come from every corner of the country, a tribal mixture which in practice works very well. They live in six houses and lead a very hard life by the standards of European schoolchildren. Up early in the morning, they have to set the tables for breakfast and do all the cleaning of classrooms and dormitories before morning chapel

at 8.15. After school and at weekends they also have to do work in the school grounds, weeding and tidying. The school compound is spacious enough for pupils and staff to be accommodated well away from each other. The staff occupy semi-detached bungalows, containing two bedrooms and all "mod cons", and surrounded by gardens which produce a constant supply of vegetables and flowers.

My first impressions of Kenya outside school were gained in Nairobi which, although impressive, is hardly typical of the country as a whole. It is a fine modern city with most of the amenities one would expect to find in a provincial British city, if not in London. The buildings are of the best modern style, very few, if any, being of the shoe-box type; but the most eye-catching feature of the city is the vegetation. The route from the airport is lined with brightly-coloured bougainvilleas, golden shower and other flowers and shrubs; in the city centre every roundabout is a mass of bloom and the streets are bordered with jacaranda trees which bloom during the November rains. To describe jacaranda trees in bloom is impossible: it will have to suffice to say that they fill the air with a blue haze the colour of a carpet of bluebells in spring, but that cannot convey any impression of their ethereal loveliness.

Between Nairobi and Kikuyu the countryside is completely domesticated. Smallholdings and African villages take up every inch of space and every so often one must stop the car to allow a flock of sheep or goats (they look exactly alike) and their attendant urchin to pass. A little further up the road the scenery changes spectacularly. One reaches the Rift Valley—that great split in the Earth's surface that is one of the major geographical features of Africa. The first time I was driven up to the escarpment overlooking the Valley was the first time I was able to say to myself, "This is Africa". From this vantage point one sees the floor of the Rift laid out in front of one with the craters of long-extinct volcanoes rising out of it. This is the Africa of the wide open spaces, of the huge herds of wildebeeste and buffaloes which still exist, despite the efforts of hunters. It is, too, the Africa of the Masai.

I was to have the opportunity of observing this part of the country more closely in February when I made a safari to the Masai Mara game reserve, a trip which necessitated

crossing the Rift by a road made hazardous by deep pot-holes full of fine, suffocating volcanic dust which makes the presence of any vehicle obvious for about six miles around. In the reserve we saw a vast variety of game, from massive elephants to the tiny dik-dik; many varieties of gazelle, hartebeeste, wildebeeste, buffaloes and beautiful, graceful giraffes. A rhino (fortunately friendly) had run along beside the car before we even reached the reserve. But it was the lions that provided the greatest thrill. I had heard so much about lions that I had expected to be disappointed in them, but no! A lion in the wild is incomparably majestic, even when, gorged with wildebeeste, it lies indolently back and allows five vehicles full of camera-clicking tourists to surround it. However many lions I saw (and there were several big prides) I still felt excited as we approached the tawny patch that gradually resolved itself into the King of the beasts with his wives and family.

At Narok on the way home I was able to observe the Masai holding a market. The Masai are the most picturesque of East Africa's tribes. Their appearance is forbidding—tall straight warriors wear their hair in pigtails, smear themselves all over with red ochre, carry spears, clubs and bows and arrows, and dress in skins. No other tribe has remained so impervious to the influence of Western civilisation as the Masai. I have been told that they have a belief that God means them to become the owners of all the cattle in the world, a belief which explains the huge herds on their plains and the frequent raids on neighbouring tribes. Until recently the Masai were nomadic but progress has reached even them. They are being encouraged to change from a pastoral to an agricultural way of life and to plant the plains with wheat. The response is said to be promising, but one hopes that in the flood-tide of progress the individuality of this fascinating people will not entirely be washed away.

I have given this article the title "Kenya" not because I would presume to write all about it, but because I do not yet know enough about the subject to be able to elaborate on that one word. I have hardly begun to scratch the surface of this, one of the greatest, most fertile and most beautiful countries in Africa.

ANN N. PAE.

GREETINGS FROM E.H.S. TO D.H.S.

Have you ever wondered what American high schools are *really* like? I've been attending one here in Edwardsville, Illinois, for seven months now, and have lived the life of an American "high school kid". It's quite a life, I can tell you!

School starts at 8 a.m. and goes on till 3.10 p.m., with a mere half-hour's break for lunch. That is the *only* break in the day, except for the five minutes allowed between each of the seven periods, and those minutes are always spent going to and from classes. It's a crime to be "tardy" for class — three "tardy's" result in an eighth period one day at the end of school. Every day has the same time-table, which somewhat simplifies matters.

Edwardsville High School consists of three grades — tenth, eleventh and twelfth, or sophomores, juniors and seniors, as the pupils are called. Ages range from fifteen-year-old sophomores to eighteen-year-old seniors. There are about 1100 pupils altogether. I am a senior and have about 350 classmates — I don't even *know* half of them! Since this is the only high school in Edwardsville (a town with a population of 10,000), everyone of high school age attends it.

As there is no special uniform, a great variety of clothing is worn to school. The only real restriction is that girls may not wear shorts or slacks — otherwise, almost anything goes. Many boys wear jeans and brightly-coloured shirts — none of them wear ties or jackets. Girls wear blouses or jerseys and skirts, or dresses. Some get very dressed up and wear lots of make-up, while others don't go to much trouble with their appearance. It is "not done", I soon discovered, to wear the same outfit more than once a week, or even better, more than once a fortnight. You have to let everyone know that you have lots of clothes. (Status is the thing!)

The school year is divided into quarters, and at the end of each quarter report cards with grades are given out. A, B, C and D are the passing grades, while F means a failure. At the end of the three years of high school a pupil must have achieved a certain number of passing grades in order to "graduate".

Parents and teachers are usually very grade-conscious, as are some (though not all, by any means) of the pupils.

The American teenager has much to distract him from school work and grades. In the winter I went first of all to the school football games. (American football is *vaguely* similar to rugby). The whole school (almost) turned out to support the Tigers, as the E.H.S. players are called, and there was always a great deal of cheering. E.H.S. has six girl cheer-leaders, whose main task it is to encourage the crowd at sports events to yell in support of the Tigers. After the football season came basketball, which followed the same pattern — almost every Friday and Saturday night. I enjoyed the basketball better because I could follow it — the football left me baffled. The emphasis on sport here is really tremendous, and if you want to play for a school team, it means training every night after school, and sometimes in the mornings before school also.

One thing the American teenager seems to have is boundless energy. Many high school pupils have jobs after school every night until quite late. They get home, do their homework, go to bed pretty late, and then they're at school in the morning by eight o'clock. They do this day after day, week after week. Me? — I'm so exhausted some days when I get home from school that I fall asleep for a couple of hours! And if I'm not into bed by 10 p.m. (which I rarely am), I yawn all the following day at school! I suppose I'm just not used to the faster pace of life here. I must add, however, that the fun I've had has made up for all the exhaustion.

To anyone who's looking for a life with lots of real, live fun, lots of wonderful, new friends, lots of hard work (if you want to be successful), and very little rest, let me recommend the life of an American teenager. As far as I'm concerned, this is the best experience of life anyone could ever have — really fantastic — but, for more than one year? — I don't think I could take it, after my peaceful upbringing at D.H.S.!

K. M. F. (F.P.)

Primary

"When the voices of children are heard."

— (Blake)

PETS

We have a pet dog. His name is Sally. Her colers are white black and brown. She is a good watch-dog. I like Sally. She is nice.

VIRGINIA McDONALD, L.I.a

My dog is One foot two inches in Lenth. And he is rathr chekye and is white wiht a blach nois and I take him for walks in the Park.

IAN CHALMERS, L.II.a

I have a canary. My canary is called tito. It can sing. It has the molt. My canary baths in his drinking water and drinks his bath water.

DIANA BATCHELOR, L.II.a

TEETH!

My tooth came out when I ate my breakfast and fell in and I did not know that I was jush about to swallow it untill I found out it was a tooth.

ROBIN R. HANEY, L.II.a

I once had a tooth out but I swalled it. I had to rite a letter to the fairys. I put it under my pillow and the fairys came and gave be a sixpens. I have two teeth growing in. I have four teeth out altogether.

MHAIRI HENDERSON, L.II.a

My new teeth are growing in and one tooth is loes. I have three filings. Two of my front teeth are growing in. I am getting new back teeth.

SALLY DRYDEN, L.II.a

MY HOME

At home I sometimes help Mummy to make the breakfast by seting the table. Do you know how to set the table? If you know you are clever. Little people will not be able to, but when they are big they will.

ELIZABETH CRAMOND, L.II.a

I am making a car. It is going to have two brake lights. I am painting the outside blue and in side brown. I am going to put two wingkurs on it and two pedals.

GRAEME ADAMSON, L.I.a

MACKBETH

My mother's career is as a wardrobe Mistress. A Month ago Mackbeth was on. Back stage was very busy costchumes were all over the place. It was very exsiting to watch the dress Rehersils.

HEATHER A. RIPLEY, L.II.b

PADDINGTON

There once was a bear called Paddington who came from darkest Peru. He lives with the Browns in London. He is small and wears a hat and carries a suitcase. He got the name Paddington from Paddington Station in London where they met him. His Aunt Lucy is in a home for retired bears. He loves marmalade and honey. He has lots of adventures and always is in trouble.

SHEELAGH McDONALD, L.III.a

TOBY THE TRAIN

Once upon a time there was a man who owned a station. His age was 32, he was quite a young man, his manager said that he was to buy a new train, so next-day he went to a train shop and there were some lovely trains, he bought one, a nice one, he called it Toby the train.

After he knew the line there was to be a race and toby the train was number one, he was very excited.

Next day the race began. He went as he hurried jog, jog, jog. He went faster and faster over the hills, under bridges, every body were saying come on Toby hurry quick quick you can make it and he did, and do you know he won. He won a silver bracelet with Toby on it.

STEPHEN JACK, L.III.a

FRITZ

Fritz is our dog with long flapy ears, he takes off like an arioplane and lands on his ears, he is black and shiny.

DOUGLAS WILSON, L.III.b

THOMASINA

I have a tortors and I like it very much. She is called Thomasina. Thomasina can push a box down. I made a house with boxes and it pushed it and walked away and was dead when we found her. We are going to buriey her to-day.

WILLIAM TANNER, L.III.a

THE CHICKEN HATCHARY

When we had the Easter holidays I went to the chicken hatchary in Crieff. The man showed me a lamp which could tell him if there was a chicken coming out of the egg or not. He told me he had to turn the eggs six times round a day. He showed me some chickens.

ADAM CARSWELL, L.III.b

MY SISTER'S GOLDFISH

My sister once had a goldfish. She fed it two times a day and it lasted for five years. Its name was Jill.

I had a goldfish too, but it died because I fed it too much. Mine only lasted for one year.

My Mummy does not like cats or dogs so Jill was our only pet. It was my job to clean out the tank and put clean stones in. My sister and I took turns of feeding him. We have no pets just now because we are painting and the smell kills goldfish.

ROBIN WINTER, L.IV.

WHAT I LIKE

I love the yellow daffodils
Swaying in the breeze.
I love the scarlet tulips
But not the buzzing bees.

I love when days grow longer,
And out to play I go,
But not when Mummy calls to me,
"It's time for bed you know!"

EILEEN CHAMBERS, L.IV.

APRIL SHOWERS

April showers are things we don't like to get,
Of course about this we must not fret,
If the weather seems to be hot,
Your chances have really been shot,
Down pours the rain,
It is very vain.

ELIZABETH MCCULLOCH, L.III.b

FLOWER DECORATING

One of my hobbies is flower arranging. I like to use moss, shells, flowers and stones. My friend and I often go gathering pretty shells and stones. When we find a pretty stone we wash it and make it shine. When I go to the country I look for moss in a damp place. I begin my decorating by putting the moss on a big flat plate and pouring a little water on to it. Then I put in the shells, stones, and flowers. In the spring I use prim-roses, grape-hyacinths, heads of broken daffodils and aubretia.

DEBORAH SIMPSON, L.IV.

MY POODLE

My poodle is as white as snow,
She follows me where'er I go,
And when I go to bed at night,
She snuggles down with eyes closed tight.
When Mummy shouts, "Is Dixie there?"
She goes bounding down the stair,
To see if Dad will throw a stone,
Or will she hunt up an old bone.

WENDY MILLER, L.IV.

COLOURS

Colours are wonderful,
Colours are gay,
Colours are beautiful
In every way.

Blue, green, red, yellow,
Indigo, violet, orange, grey.
The colours of a rainbow,
Shine on a rainy day.

Colours are wonderful,
Colours are gay,
Colours are beautiful
Aren't they?

PATRICIA LANGLANDS, L.V. Girls.

THE WINDMILL

I saw the windmill turning fast,
One bright and wintry morn,
And as each blade went flashing past,
It helped to grind the corn.

The miller, white with dusty flour,
Worked hard the sacks to fill;
And on he laboured hour by hour,
Until the blades were still.

The baker used that flour so white,
To make the rolls and bread,
He baked them while we sleep at night;
And so we all are fed.

DAVID AITKENHEAD, L.VI.a

THE CAUGHT FISH

The fish looked cautiously about him. A net! All the fish panicked. In the commotion, 18 fish were caught. Just after, the net was cut and 14 broke loose! The fishermen were very angry as they realised what a catch they'd missed! But actually, there was one fish which told the others to swim right up to a sharp, dirty, grimy rock. This forced the fisherman to go right up and wait to see if they'd caught any. But, as they had to wait, the net settled hard under the rock. True, they caught fish, but they tugged so hard that the net ripped under the stone!

ALISTAIR SMITH, L.VI.b

THE GHOST OF KIRK ALLOWAY

It rose from the ruins, a frightening sight,
With blood on its bones, it swayed through
the night,
Towards the old brig, with the moon shining
clear,
The figure was ghostly, it clutched me with
fear.

In its hand a dagger was brandished,
Sharp and rusted, with blood it was tarnished,
A storm was brewing, the wind was keen,
The lightning flashed and there was seen,
The illuminated figure of a ghost.

As it approached the brig o' Doon,
Where rapids tumble through the gloom,
A wave of fear swept through the land,
I knew that death was near at hand.

VALERIE REID, L.VII.a

FARMYARD FOLK

Farmyards are always busy
Kitchen folk and farmer's men,
Their faces seem like golden shadows
Walking in the fields and hills.

Neighing horses, grunting pigs,
Mooring cows and cackling hens,
All are gathered in the farmyard,
Round the farmer's men.

Planting corn and seed potatoes,
Growing carrots, peas, and beans,
Hay and grass all in two fields,
Tractors working over time.

Wives and mothers in the kitchen
Baking scones and cakes for tea,
Little children laughing, playing
Happy as the day is long.

MORAG HOUSTON, L.IV.a

THE QUARREL

"You're a tiny little sardine, aren't you?"
retorted the pride of the Cunard Lines,
"Queen Elizabeth", to a tug.

"Well, I've got sufficient power to pull
you into dock. You have to use me to pull
you in, big good-for-nothing!"

"You called me a good-for-nothing?"
queried the "Queen Elizabeth".

"Why not?" asked the tug.

"Because you can't ply the Atlantic in
four days!"

"You can't dock yourself without me, so
you ought to be thankful for my assistance."

"Any more of that cheek, and I'll give
you a thick funnel!"

"You're asking for a good boot in the
rudder," jeered the tug.

"All right, pull me into dock!" said the
liner.

"Not unless you take back all you've
said, you tin-plated monstrosity!" the tug
retorted.

"I certainly shall not submit to you, you
puny little steaming bucket that merely chugs
around the docks looking for a job!"

"Then, in that case, I'm finished with you!" snarled the tug, giving two sharp blasts, as if in disgust, before steaming off.

"No! Wait!" yelled the liner. "You can't leave me stranded here to rust!"

"Ho, Ho!" laughed the tug. "It'll do your metallic nerves good."

"I take back all I said," pleaded the big ship.

IAN SMITH, L.VII.a

THE STRAY CAT

One day as I was walking down the path,
I saw a poor cat in our long, green, grass,
It was frightened, shabby, poor, and thin,
So I went to the house and let the cat in.

I gave it some milk on the rug by the fire,
And got some fish and sat down beside her.
When she finished her meal, she lay down her
head,

So I fetched some blankets and made her a
bed.

She slept in the blankets all of the night,
While I was in bed so cosy and tight.
Then in the morning she looked all right,
So we gave her a meal and it looked so bright.

We went to court to claim the cat.
And there on the seats we all sat.
It purred so loud when I patted it,
We were told to keep the furry, young kit.

RUTH BUCHANAN, L.V. Girls.

INVISIBLE FOR A DAY

One morning I woke up feeling very squeamish and dizzy. Thinking I was ill, I approached the mirror to look at my tongue. To my absolute horror I was not there. Thinking something had been wrong with my eyes for a second, I looked again. All I could see was a pair of blue and white spotted pyjamas apparently dancing about in thin air.

I had arrived the night before on a train from Glasgow. I was now in Perthshire, living on a small farm miles from anywhere with my friend, Daisy McGregor. What could have happened? Then I remembered.

As I had been passing a quaint old house situated five miles away from my holiday home, I caught a whiff of a strange odour. Later I had learned that this was the residence of Professor Neverwright who, for some years, had been trying to make a substance which would make humans invisible. Then the awful truth penetrated. I was invisible!

As Daisy wouldn't be there for another week, I decided at once to go and see the eccentric old Professor.

I arrived at his house and, after a brief audience, he explained to me that the effect would wear off soon and he did not have the antidote as he thought my whiff had been but another failure and had put it down the disposal unit which came out by a vent at the side of the house.

I was more relieved when I returned home. And then a wonderful thought struck me. If I wore nothing, no one could see me and, as it was a warm day, I wouldn't be cold. I set out.

A little further on I came to a farm, where to my horror I saw two men clad in overcoats and armed with guns. I edged closer. I could hear them telling the poor farmer's wife that she was to hand over the money she had received at market for milk and eggs. The poor woman was fumbling for a key to open a box which I presumed contained the money. I must do something to help. As I edged nearer, I noticed two big bowls of rich whipped cream sitting on the table. A thought started forming in my mind. I went over to the table, picked up the bowls and, as the men were conveniently standing close together, I tipped the bowls over their heads. In the confusion of the moment I grabbed the guns. No doubt the men and farmer's wife were extremely surprised to see two guns hovering in the air and a voice belonging to no one telling them to stand back and then ordering the farmer's wife to 'phone the police.

The latter arrived within a matter of minutes. Again I took advantage of the confusion and scurried off home. I only hope Daisy will believe my strange story.

SANDRA GRANT, L.VII.a



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S. PEPYS, HIGH SCHOOL SCHOLAR

April 20th. Up and to the warming room. Broke fast hurriedly but heartily. The carriage without horses was awaiting and so to school. Mighty was the traffic in the Sea Gait this morning. Proceeded to radiator and found severall of class warming raw hands. Here staid till bell and hence to hall for prayers. Heard very little of lesson but could see reader's lips moving.

Thence to French, a very weary hour wherein I did yawn a great deal. Room mighty cold, windows were not shut last night. So to Chemistry and the Theory of Phlogiston. Performed experiment, but did make mistake, which pleased not the Instructorr. Room mighty stuffy, windows closed and bunsens on full.

After intervall to Geographie. Spent mine time practising noble art of Cartography. The chairs are none too large and the desk none too small in that new room, but the decor splendyde, orange and pink go mighty well. And so to the Latyn wherein was feeling pangs of hunger and closely watched my time-piece.

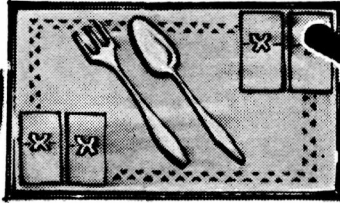
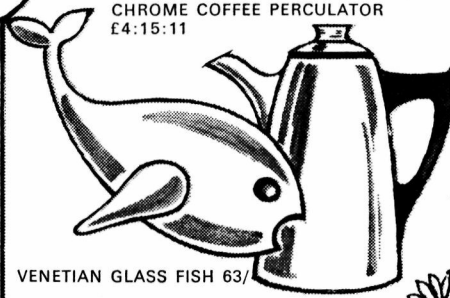
To dinner, I preferring to eat in low hall, had an apple, stale sandwiches and noisy discourse with girls who sate beside me. The lucky lunch-hall attenders returned, reporting an excellent meal of stew of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, a course of fish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, an apple pie, good water of severall sorts and all things mighty noble and to their great content.

After dinner done, to mathematiques, the lesson being enlarging similar of similar figures. Solved number seven but stuck on number eight. So to English. Read play by Master Will Shaksper. Room mighty stuffy, but slept pretty well. Thence to Historie wherein took notes about Russia that interested me most greatly. And so home.

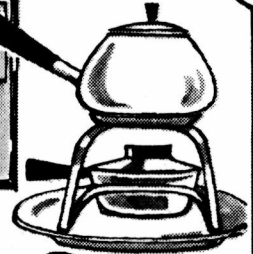
After journie in omnibus with noisy school children, arrived home to tackle ten hours' homework and so, wearily to bed.

L. C. M., F.II.

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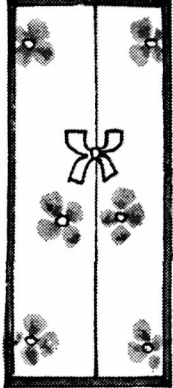


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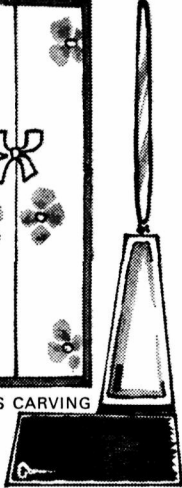


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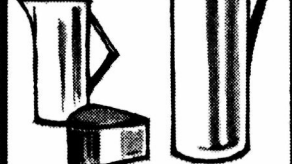
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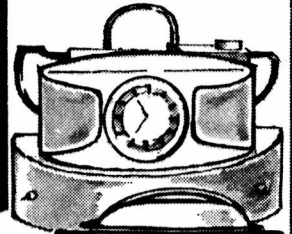
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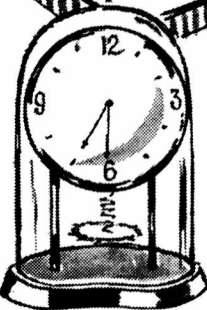


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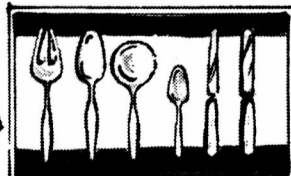


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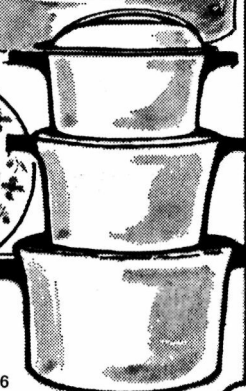


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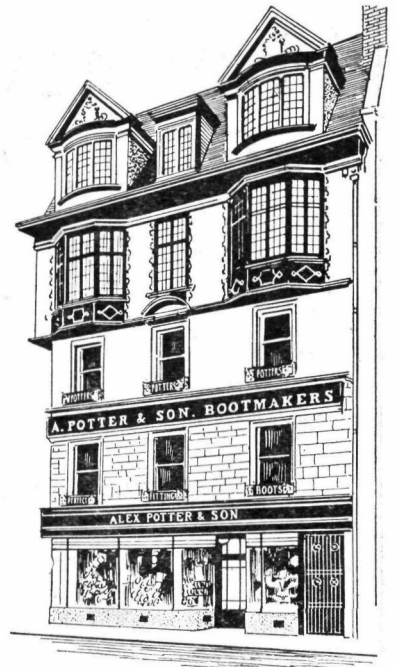
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Seniors

DEATH IN THE DESERT

(Prize Story)

The dust and grime was constricting his chest, asphyxiating him, seeping down his throat, squeezing out of him the last dregs of life that flickered in his aching, tormented body. In the day-time, the sun would beat down mercilessly on him, grinding him cruelly down into a helpless wreck, straining his eyes fruitlessly for some shelter, some refuge from the blistering, intolerable rays, somewhere in the hazy, never-ending wastes of sand upon sand that finally merged into a wicked, burning sky; and at night-time, there was no sleep, there was only the intense, gnawing cold, such as he had never known before, that prolonged the night into one endless paroxysm of agony. In the day, he yearned to fling away the parched rags that were his clothes; at night, he cursed their meagreness.



Crawling through the tawny-red wastes, he would imagine he saw a blessed oasis, stumble forward, and see it recede into intangibility, so near and yet unattainable. His eyes, bloodshot and sand-coated, could now no longer focus properly, and the world around him seemed blurred; he suffered from double vision, and a thin, elusive film clouded half his vision, and was encroaching upon all else he feebly saw. No longer could he stand; his only progress was one of painful crawling, while every limb in his fevered constitution screamed for rest. His throat was parched dry and coarse, having been starved of water for eight days, since he had swallowed the last celestial drops from his bottle, that he now carried on his rotting belt, an ugly reminder of the abundance that had once been.

And yet they had started off in high enough spirits, Constable, Davis and he. Davis had been cracking jokes about desert islands, people wandering around helplessly in deserts—joking about it! Constable would laugh uproariously, and sometimes make a witty contribution—even he himself had at the time been quite amused. But they had been scorning Nature, and now Nature was slowly, tortuously plucking from each the last drop of life.

It had been on the fifth day that they realised that all their petrol had leaked away. And it was this terrible realisation that they were now stranded in the middle of a desert, completely detached from the outside world, that made the sun seem more penetrating, the cold of the nights more inexorably terrible, their craving for food and water more acute; and the fount of hope, with which they had started out, less and less apparent. And as day after day passed, and there was still that oppressive void, despair set in, and the will to live inched further and further away from them. They never spoke, save to curse at each other. High above, vultures gathered.

Davis was the first to go. On the seventh day of their ordeal his mental balance had cracked. His bluff cheeriness was gone and, instead, there was a rifle which he aimed at them, threatening to shoot. And Constable had lurched out of his seat, and there had been a scuffle, and a shot—and Davis was lying, in a grotesque pose on the sand, with an ugly, blood-red wound in his head. The

next day, when the carcass was still there and the vultures were unconcernedly pecking away at the flabby flesh, Constable, in a moment of frantic frenzy, had killed himself with the selfsame rifle.

He himself had been sorely tempted, but he had fired away the remaining bullets at the feathered gourmands outside, and sat for relentless aeons of time in the sweltering hot-house that was the car, until he wished that he, too, had taken the easy way out; but the chance was forever gone; the bullets were now, through his own folly, embedded deep in the bodies of the vultures.

He determined to take his chance in the infinite wastes of Nature. He would in all probability die; but, in his fevered anguish, nothing could seem more desirable. Why prolong the agony?

And now, finally, he sighted a limpid velvet pool of tender blue. But it was too late now; for his eyes were closing, and death could be but minutes away.

C. J., F.II.

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THE LYRE-PLAYER

(Prize Story)

Lyamendamon, king of Pamyria, sat at the head of his banquet-table, along the length of which full fifty of his noblest courtiers reposed in positions which varied according to their degree of intoxication. The table was a ravaged battlefield, laid waste in the recent war of greed: gold-encrusted bowls of delectable fruits had been overturned; dainty confections from the East lay squashed in pools of wine; half-picked bones were scattered amongst the dishes of cold meats. Some men still ate; many were still drinking. Conversation was loud and merry and interrupted by uncouth noises of satisfaction.

The king himself was sober and pensive: he had drunk but little, and eaten nothing, conversing all the time with his neighbour, the guest of honour at the feast. This man was Metineo, ruler of an adjacent kingdom, and a friend and ally to Lyamendamon, to whom he was speaking.

"You will no doubt remember," he said, "that on the last visit with which you honoured me, you were entertained by my court musician, a lyre-player of great merit. I recall that you praised him greatly, but informed me of a musician in your own kingdom who excelled him in skill."

"I trust he is yet in your employ? I would take much pleasure in hearing him, if he merits your high praise."

"Hear him you shall," replied Lyamendamon, "and I vow that you will not be disappointed, for I do not boast in vain. To hear him is indeed pure delight, and — but stay! I will not waste time in useless words. Guards, ho! bring the boy that plays the lyre! Speed, speed! Away, drunkards! Clear the room! We shall have sweet music to soothe our heated brains!"

His instructions were duly carried out: the diners staggered to their rooms; the table was cleared and removed; rich carpets were spread before the royal personages. A stool was speedily procured for the musician and placed upon the carpets.

"This player's genius," continued the king, "is the more remarkable because of his extreme youth. He is a beardless boy — but twelve years old, yet his music is unequalled. Truly the gods have been good to him."

A messenger entered the room, saluted Lyamendamon, and spoke. "So please your Majesty, the boy is ill: he has a fever and swoons. He cannot play before your Majesty."

The king's eyes narrowed as he watched a smile of contempt grow on Metineo's podgy face.

"The boy can and will play for us," he answered in a firm voice. "Bring him and his instrument to this room. Go, and do not return without him."



Ronald Davie, F. 5.

"If your musician is sick," began Metineo, "then perhaps he should not play? I would have liked to know if your praise was justified, but . . ."

"The boy will play," said Lyamendamon.

A few minutes later the boy entered, supported by a soldier, beside whose burly frame he seemed even smaller and weaker than he was. His whole body and garments were damp with sweat. He trembled and his face was pale, with large eyes which resembled those of a wild beast. In his hand he held his instrument—heavy and studded with jewels—obviously a gift from his royal master.

The soldier assisted him to the stool, sat him down, and retired. The boy, alone in the middle of the large hall, shook with fear. He began to stutter an apology to his master, keeping his eyes on the floor and not daring to look at him.

"So please your Majesty, I do not think —"

"You will begin," commanded the king.

After one last, despairing glance round the room, the boy began to play. To Lyamendamon's relief, he played to his usual high standard: soft, clear music filled the room. The king, noticing with satisfaction the astonishment of Metineo's face, sat back and enjoyed the sweet sounds of the lyre, closing his eyes and allowing himself to be carried away by the music. He did not see the tears of anguish stream down the boy's cheeks, nor did he know of the torment in his body. Whenever the music ceased, he would order him to continue. An eternity passed—of heaven for the listeners—of hell for the player.

At last the boy collapsed, moaning. The king stared at him: angry words trembled on his lips. He realised, however, that the boy could play no more.

"Come here, boy," he commanded.

The player did not stir.

"Bring him here!" he shouted.

Two soldiers lifted the boy and carried him to the throne. Lyamendamon leaned forward and raised his head with his hand.

"You have played well," he said. "Here is a gold piece for your pains."

The boy, dazed, clutched the coin in his hand. He was breathing heavily, and blood trickled from his open mouth. His eyes were delirious.

"Take him away," ordered the king. He looked at the subdued Metineo, and smiled with pleasure. "For only a gold piece," he thought, "it is very cheap!"

Lyamendamon was roused the next morning by a flustered messenger.

"Sire," he exclaimed, "the boy who plays the lyre had an attack of the plague. He died a short time ago. Your doctors recommend that you leave for the country at once to escape the disease."

The king did not reply. He lay panting for breath, his brow covered in sweat, his body burning with a high fever.

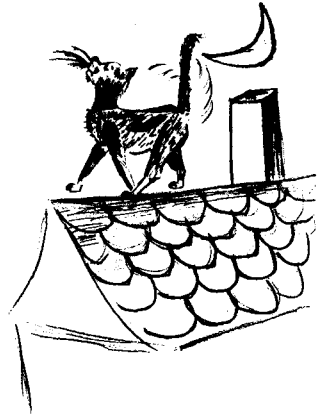
G. LOWE, F.V.



GET YOUR HAIR CUT, GIRL!
PLEASE SIR, I'M A BOY.

THE CAT

What strange dark spirit of the night
Is this that stalks along the roof,
With amber eyes ablaze with light
Alone, and wary and aloof?
A sinuous shadow, slender, sleek,
Slips through the silent, silky dark
Till the cold grey light spreads through the sky
To wake the frosty-feathered lark.



But when the April sun
Falls in golden rays across the floor
And cold winds howl down the street
And murmur melancholy at the door,
A meek and gentle creature then
Stretches upon the window ledge,
Whose green eyes only mildly light
On twittering sparrows in the hedge.

JANE STANDLEY, I.a2

WATER FROM A HOLY STONE AT TRUMPAR

In the remote kirkyard of Trumpar, in the north west of Skye, is a stone basin standing outside the ruined walls of the old kirk, and, according to local belief, it never becomes dry, but contains water in the driest season.

Unkind sceptics suggest that it is never dry for long enough in Skye for the water to evaporate.

There are, however, stones which have the power of drawing water from the air and condensing it, and the Trumpar Basin may have this quality. What is certain is that it has the power of cleaning metals. The basin is regularly used by visitors who leave in it cash donations for the upkeep of the site — and their coins are brightened up by the natural action of the water in the stone until,

after only a few days, they are as bright as newly-minted coins.

There is probably some scientific reason for this, but one hopes that nobody will begin analysing and explaining the phenomenon, for it is always a delight to meet the unexplained and mysterious.

This basin may have been used as a stoup for holy water in pre-Reformation days. It may, possibly, have served as a font.

Conceivably it may even have been a pagan stone, reconsecrated and applied to the uses of Christian worship when the missionaries of the Celtic Church came from Iona.

The fact remains that it always holds water and it cleans and “purifies” money placed in it.

CORAL WILSON, F.III.

SONNET — " CONTRAST "

With bowler hat and pinstripe suit he sits
And reads his morning paper on the train,
From friendly conversation he refrains
But studies in his "Times" 'the social crits'.
With coal-black face, a worker from the pits,
Drinks his tea, and grumbles and complains
To all his mates, about the football games
And races which he thinks are all a fix.
It's strange how men who have achieved
success

No longer want to chat with other folks
But like to sit withdrawn and quite aloof.
The working-man who seems to worry less
Spends his free time with laughter and with
jokes;
And no-one knows which one is better off.

ELEANOR WHITE, F.IV.

A Sonnet

THOUGHTS ON VIETNAM

Far from these peaceful haunts, in other lands
Where lie the teeming millions of the world,
Where tales of former riches are unfurled,
O'er mountains of Cathay and Asian sands;
That place, once rich, has passed to other
hands,

Where now the beast of poverty's uncurled,
And famine dire throughout the land has
swirled,

Causing the death of thousands it commands.
And yet we sit in comfort here at home
While men are dying far beyond the sea.
It seems that we were led a different way,
In peace far more than they have known, we
roam.

Cannot some good be wrought by us, the free,
Who have so much to give and to repay?

FIONA MUNRO, F.IV.

PECULIAR TALE

I saw one walking all in grey,
Wearing an enormous frown.
Then one came strutting down the path,
In ginger, set for town.

Waiting in a churchyard,
To be joined for evermore.
There stood a pretty bride,
In her beautiful snow white robe.



Standing there beside her,
Was another one in black.
I stopped and stared,
And said to myself,
"Well, just fancy that!"

Although this sounds peculiar,
Believe me it is not.
It is just a normal day,
In the lives of common cats.

MELANIE DOW, F.I.a1

THE ALIEN

Webster was essentially an eccentric, and naturally the other inhabitants of the village, snuggling rustically in the deepest wrinkle of the rolling valley, were irritated. "Him and his town ways — and his pet dogs — and his coconut drug, or whatever he calls it," Mrs



Thorpe would pronounce with superior scorn. "He's a looney, if you ask me." And the trouble was that everyone would ask her. Mr Grubbit would report faithfully the alien's movements, and Mrs Thorpe would nod knowingly and inevitably finish with the conclusion that Webster was mad. And three-quarters of the population of the village concurred in this view. Even the postman kept at a wary distance, lest he should be sprung upon by a savage monster, or be transformed into something unthinkable by an evil spell.

Then began his nocturnal peregrinations. At dead of night, he would take a torch and prowl around the nearby countryside, seemingly searching for something, or possibly somebody. The ghoulish Mrs Thorpe subscribed to this theory. According to her, he was a Russian — she had, she claimed, detected a guttural undertone in his voice — and he was being sponsored by the Russian Government to carry out scientific investigations. Then, when he discovered some new and deadly weapon — "like something that makes everything invisible, like in 'Uncle' — or wings that can make you fly, or something" — and at this point, her oratory would be momentarily discontinued as she paused to contemplate the possibilities of anti-gravitational devices as a means of transport — he

would try to conceal it and keep it for himself — another parallel in "Uncle" being cited. At this point, the narrative became very complex, with references to Smersh, the Secret Service, Moscow, the Cold War, the balance of power, Communism, heroic escapes, the Iron Curtain, and a helicopter over the heart of rural England, where it once more became comprehensible. Apparently, Webster became involved with a beautiful, semi-naked girl who slipped in from a passing nuclear war-head to warn him of impending doom. He misunderstood her motives and, in the ensuing struggle, she was electrocuted on a coil of radio-active iron, and plunged down to earth in the neighbourhood of the village. Then, overcome by remorse, he was frantically seeking to retrieve the body, so that he might cast himself upon the funeral pyre, suttee fashion. So, Mrs Thorpe would expound, with a melodramatic gesture of a Fairy Soap-softened hand, would his knowledge die with him. And yet, as Mr Grubbit pointed out, there were a number of discrepancies. Barring the radio-active iron, he felt that the name, Webster, was a significant circumstance. "All these Russian names — they're Dunbroski and — and — Zudderudzski — and — and that sort of name. Now, as I see it, there's only the one answer that can be made to fit the facts — he's a Great



Train Robber!" Whereupon Mrs Thorpe remarked that this was exceedingly far-fetched.

And then came the sore temptation of Mr Dugdale at the Post Office, as various documents, marked "Top Priority" and sinisterly

sealed down with red sealing-wax, were entrusted to him for posting by Webster. When this incriminating evidence had been relayed around the village through the usual channels, the whole population of the village, with the exception of Webster, were tensely clustered around the package. "Go on! Open it!" yelled the more impetuous elements, while the higher-principled advocated trying to read through the brown paper. Mrs Thorpe, as a form of compromise, suggested accidentally knocking it over against the scissors or, she added, observing the sealing wax, against a candle.

Mr Dugdale resisted his temptation — as it happened, he was thinking of promotion, of taking up a post in a nearby town Post Office — and, anyway, he reflected virtuously, it was the right thing to do. How would he like his mail to be examined? And that job was still vacant . . .

But the final climax to all the tension and speculation came during the church service one fateful summer evening. The Rev. Mr Hawkesley, the local vicar, a confused but benign member of the clergy, was in the process of reading various notices, which comprised the forthcoming activities of the Women's Institute and the favourable outcome of Mrs Spencer's bazaar — "the profits — er — I assure you — were donated to a most — er — worthwhile charity — and should" — when, shattering the reverent silence, the doors were flung open and Webster, carrying a red-meshed net, and perspiring freely, made a dramatic entrance.

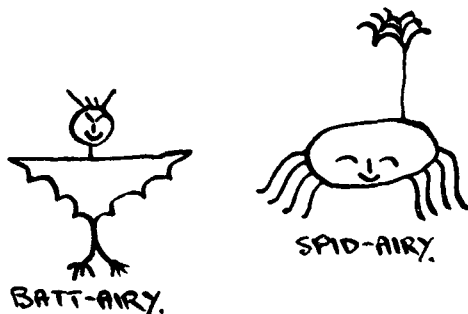
"Has anyone seen it?" he demanded in a shrill, penetrating tone.



The members of the congregation swung round to fasten upon him an unflinching glare of disapproval, and Miss Bellamy tapped her head significantly. "Has anyone seen it?" the intruder demanded impatiently.

The vicar, whose experience of church procedure did not extend to such circumstance, chirped nervously: "Uh-h'mm—seen what?"

"The moth, of course — has anyone seen the moth?"



The vicar, with fine intentions, if rather misguided, suggested that anyone who had seen a moth should contact Mr Webster after the service, and was about to announce the next psalm when a cherubic boy from the choir squeaked out: "Do you collect moths, then, Mr Webster?"

The vicar's glare at him, as he regarded the disruption of his service, indicated anything but forgiveness.

"Oh, yes," Webster muttered abstractedly, accepting with resignation the loss of his moth. "I've been going out at nights to find them — absolutely fascinating. I'm Kingsley Webster, you know" — the vicar shuddered at hearing such a picturesque name — "the famous moth-collector" — he looked around for recognition, possibly esteem and admiration, and was confronted by a blank wall of faces — "and I've been sending best specimens to my publisher, Shedderington Thurley" — the vicar blanched — "and he's going to publish my findings in a book, 'So You've Set Your Sights On Lepidoptera' — er — well — er, one of the 'So You've Set Your Sights On . . .' series." Silence — a long, unblinking stare. "Published by Thurley's," he finished lamely, and made a hasty departure.

"I still say he's a Russian," murmured Mrs Thorpe without conviction.

"Or a Great Train Robber," added Mr Grubbit.

C. J., F.II.



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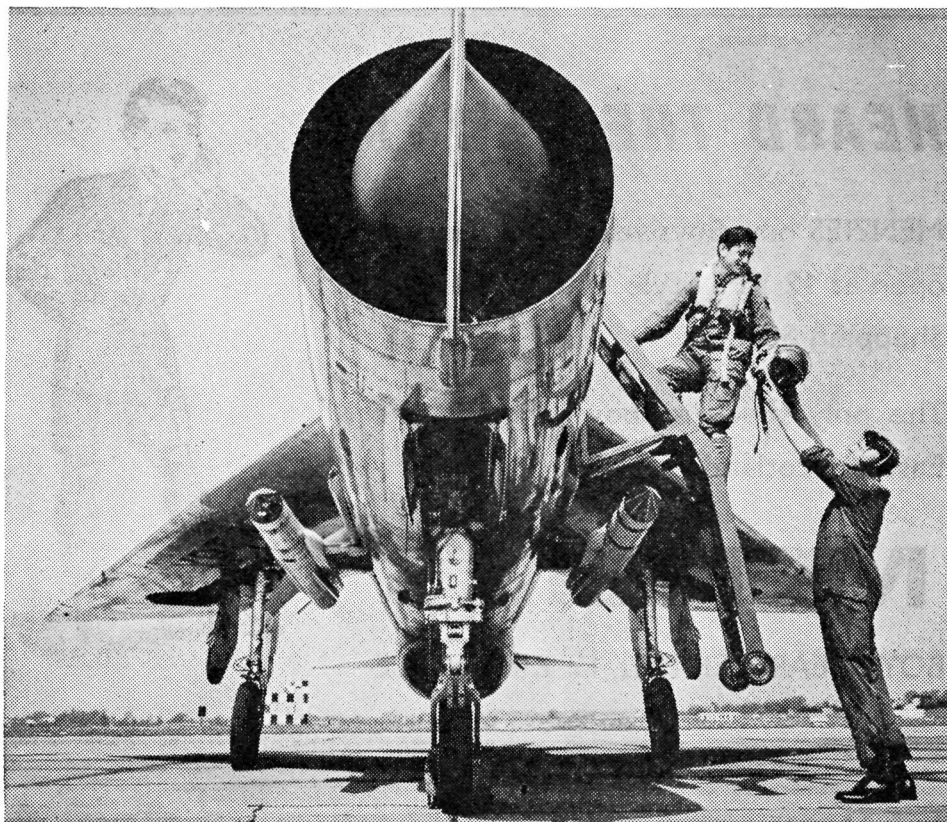
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THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN

To keep up with the current journalistic boom in exposing the true story of "the man behind the star", we present the latest in the series of star-profiles, the genuine and heart-warming story of a star so up-and-coming that the public hasn't even heard of him yet; direct from the throbbing heart of Macclesfield — The Man Behind Clint Crawley.

"I was not always Clint Crawley, the successful pop-singer," he told me over breakfast yesterday afternoon. Savagely scraping a cornflake out of his lilac mohair T-shirt, he continued, "Me agent made me change me name — y'know. I was Ernest Applegate to begin wiv, but I felt basically insecure, see." Then gazing at me with those sincere yellow eyes, while thoughtfully pro-pelling the skin on his coffee round his cup with a British Railways spoon, he added, "I will always thank the reform school for my good education. Y'don't get nowhere without style, man, y'know." This boy is so generous.

"Ave you 'eard 'is latest release?" asked his agent, holding a pistol to my head.

"It's a genu-genu-genuine protest, straight from the 'eart,'" put in Clint thickly. "Pass the marmalade."

As I passed him the tin, the first strains of that beautiful and moving melody which will take him to the top of the charts were already howling over the hi-fi.

"Ma haemoglobin
Keeps on throbbin'
'Cos you won't let me do what ah wanna;
But that's ineffectual;
Ah'm inter-lectual,
An' do what ah wanna ah'm goanna.
Wow-wow-chugga-chugga-ahooooooooo . . ."

"'E feels this very deeply, dontcher boy?" yelled his agent, peeling a banana.

"In this day and age," stated Clint carefully, grabbing the banana with those long, elegant fingers of his, "I find such music er— er . . ."

"Poignant," hissed his agent.

"Poig-nant," finished Clint, dipping the banana in the marmalade as he spoke. "I'm very hot on foreign cooking," he explained. "This tinned minestrone you get nowadays is fab. I knew this Lapp, see, at the Scrubs.

Made the greatest macaroni; played the drums like a second Krupa."

"What's he doing now?" I enquired.

"Eighteen months for robbery with violence," said Clint sadly. "Careless, 'e was. Best man on the skins I knew."

"But to get back to you, Clint," I said.

"Oh yeah, well, I was born in Macclesfield General 'Orspital. I'm twenty-three years old, give or take a year or two. Me eyes is mustard colour wiv red woodwork, and me 'air is platinum blond at the moment. Got it? My left ear is three-eighths of an inch shorter than the—er—right, I like short fat blondes, and I can't stand striped socks, alarm clocks, dandelions, policemen — I'm not going too fast for you? — lawn-mowers, pot-plants, scrambled eggs, and the caps on gin bottles that break yer nails."

The frank honesty of Clint's disclosures left me speechless for a moment. Clint, too, was unable to speak, though for a different reason, having his mouth full of toast. The tension in the air was overpowering. At length, his eyes vague and thoughtful, Clint said, "How do you like me 'air-cut?"

This, I thought, was typical of this wonderful lad. Here he is, almost on the pinnacle of a great and shattering success, and still able to think about the little things of life, like his hair. "It's gear," I said. He tossed his head nonchalantly, yet with great style, and some of his hair fell into his coffee. As he wrung it out, he murmured, "Ta".

As I left the apartment, I fell over Clint's bodyguard, who was sleeping behind the umbrella-stand. As I left the apartment again, and went out into the grey Macclesfield rain, I pondered on this amazing boy who has, in the words of Jimmy Savile, had greatness thrust upon him, but has retained all his honesty, his touching simplicity, his generosity, and above all, his great charm. Though rich and almost successful, he has not abandoned his family, and sends a Christmas card to the prison every year. Looking down at the six-foot signed photograph of himself which he shyly pressed into my hand as I was leaving, I remembered his last words to me as I went out into the hall:

"That'll be eight guineas, mate."

A. McL, F.V.

THE SHAKESPEARE EXHIBITION

While cutting out Shakespeare's head from the back of a Kellogg's cornflake packet I was reminded of my brief visit to Stratford-on-Avon last summer. On the opposite bank of the Avon from the Theatre the Shakespeare Exhibition had been set up. The temporary collection of silver domes were grouped in a horseshoe shape and looked like something out of "Doctor Who"!

Having entered by the glass façade attached to the domes we went into the first of the domes and were transported back to 1564. In the first room was a rotating box of pictures showing the world situation at the time: Akbar's invasion of India, the growing Islam Empire in Eastern Europe, the religious wars in France and Spain's desire to add England to her numerous colonies. It was into this background that Shakespeare was born in 1564 while Elizabeth was on the throne. We followed Shakespeare's life from the house in Henley Street where he was born to the Grammar School where he was educated. In the second room we saw scenes from his home life before moving on to study some of the literature of the period which he probably read. After he left school little is known of what he did for a living until he married Anne Hathaway in 1582. They had three children — Susanna and twins Hamnet and Judith.

In 1585 Shakespeare left Stratford for London to make a name for himself as a playwright. We followed the route he took

?

MYST-ARY.



past Charlecote Park, where it is said he poached a deer in his youth, Compton Wynyates, the Cotswold Games and Chipping Camden Fair. These scenes were depicted

by murals. We then came to Oxford and continued along the Thames Valley to London. We had a guide to take us round "London" and saw an inn-yard where a play had just been performed, the Debtor's Prison, a highwayman skulking behind some scrub, beggars squatting in the filthy streets, St. Paul's in the distance and Queen Elizabeth being carried through the streets in a litter. This part was rather eerie as the lighting was very dim and everything was bathed in pools of red light and was painted red.

We then met the other important writers of the times, Sidney, Spenser and Marlowe. Then we entered a typical Long Gallery with portraits of eminent men of the period lining one wall and, on the other side, a row of lead-paned windows with little window-seats looking out on to a backcloth of the Thames with tiny brown ships and boats on the clear blue waters, the overcrowded buildings projecting out over the water and, in the distance, London Bridge. Set in the wall at the far end were two lighted glass cases displaying gold rings, cameos, leather-bound books and a silver goblet. Still following Shakespeare we found him established in the London theatre. There followed a tableau depicting "A Midsummer Night's Dream" being performed at court.

Then we came into a large circular dome with murals of the chief historical events all round the walls ending with Elizabeth's death. King James the VI. and I. was now on the throne and we followed the court before entering the Globe Theatre on the banks of the Thames. The seats were tiers of steps and we sat for a while listening to the voices reciting extracts from his plays although there were no actors. The backcloth was semi-transparent and the lights played on it from behind giving an impression of movement.

The exhibition was more a theatrical one than anything else with the lighting producing different atmospheres. In many parts there was a background of music or recitals from his plays. Textures were used fully and several of the models were made from paper-mâché and other such materials.

GRISELDA GILROY, F.H.a

WAS IT REALLY LIKE THIS?

Doubtless, gentle reader, in perusing the article on the School in the March "Scottish Field", you were surprised — nay, amazed — by the prodigious flattery showered upon our seat of learning by that munificent, beneficent publication. Indeed, so wholehearted was that eulogy that many of us had the temerity to express doubts as to its veracity: these sentiments were vindicated when the photographer who illustrated the work decided to unburden his guilty conscience and reveal to us the Awful Truth:

"It was like this . . .

. . . The train oozed into Tay Bridge station two hours late. I gathered up my raincoat, sandwiches and photographic gear, slouched along the platform, surrendered my ticket unconditionally, and passed into the station foyer, where a grey-uniformed moppet stood sucking her thumb, banging the platform ticket machine and muttering what I took to be Latin Verbs. When she saw me she giggled in a surly fashion and asked if I was from the Sussex Mail. Not wanting to argue, I said yes I was, and no thank you I didn't like bubblegum, and we set off. I assumed my bright, interested manner and asked the minx some bright, interested questions. Those answers which were audible I wished were not, and I gave up the struggle at Union Street.

Arriving at the school at playtime, I watched with that fascinated horror usually reserved for snakes at the zoo, small children rolling in the progressive, enlightened, mud, dirt and pebble playground. Protective railings added to the zoo effect. However, the children were very charming when they apologised for that unlucky football shot, and, as they pointed out, my suit needed cleaning anyway.

Idle thoughts passed through my head as I entered the school by the pillars. "My first impression on passing through their magnificent Doric portico was one of . . ."

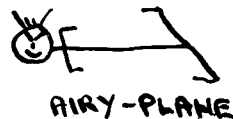
"Sorry," growled the hulking, blazered brute, "let me pick up your camera." Too winded to protest, I remained gasping on the floor.

". . . surging vitality," I thought, as the whirlwind vanished up the corridor.

The tour began. Two strutting fops ornamented with gold braid escorted me to the Art Room, where I took the first photograph — assorted juveniles sitting "working on" pictures and sculpture borrowed probably from the nearby Art Gallery. Nearby, at a potter's wheel, a potential Michaelangelo was being taught to throw the clay. He couldn't throw very well and only hit me once. A couple of urchins who did not bow to my escorts were given the useful task of writing out sixty-four thousand lines.

Passing the Singing Room, where the ingenious pupils had smuggled in a gramophone and were miming lustily, we made for the Technical Department, home of every vice in the school, where pupils cut up bits of wood and odd limbs with gay abandon. The home-made mechanical thumb-screw in the foreground of my picture is most efficient, likewise the oxy-acetylene steel-cutters which had the master out of the oven in a jiffy. No less interesting was the Gym — the dumbbells in my photograph look as if they really were of metal, and I hope they eventually freed that boy's head from the horse.

I asked if I could photograph the Prefects' Room, but my escorts refused, blushing



modestly. They led me instead to the School Library. Here they had some difficulty finding books to place on the tables for the photograph, as the key to the bookshelves had been lost through lack of use some years before. Several volumes of de Sade and Godfrey

Winn were at length procured from the staff-rooms for this purpose, and, picture taken, we left the Library inmates to continue their orgy.

In the Homecraft class teenage female sado-masochists were torturing one another with pins, measuring tapes and sewing machines: "making summer dresses for themselves" says the caption in the magazine. Maybe it is just as well that it will be summer when they wear them. That is if they dare. In contrast was the tranquility of the group of prefects I photographed next — I managed to take the photograph without waking them up. Wading through those carpets was difficult, though.

Next port of call was the Staffroom, where, tripping over numerous beds and ash-trays, I shook hands with various arms appearing from the dense smoke, and politely refused a cup of Ladies' Staff Drink (L.S.D.). Seeing one antediluvian specimen collapsed and choking on the cinder floor I dragged him out, removed the aces from his sleeve, and applied artificial respiration, only to discover that he had choked on his absinth. For obvious reasons a photograph of the Staff-room was impossible.

The bell rang eleven times for the lunch hour and we made our way across the river of automobiles to the lunch hall. The meal was an interesting experience and I suppose one eventually becomes immune to dumpling. There appeared to be a chivalrous tradition of offering one's neighbour one's own delicacies — by force if necessary, such was the self-sacrifice and generosity. Muttering "When in Rome . . .", I followed suit and, as I was stronger than my neighbour, I escaped the inevitable resultant nausea. I was refused permission to photograph the lunch hall.

Back at the menagerie, I visited the Mathematics Department, where I photographed the class operating what I was proudly informed were calculating machines. Their true nature was revealed with a sudden cascade of silver and a triumphant cry of "Jackpot!"

A fascinating place was the Junior School, where, quoth the caption in the magazine, "primary pupils find that science can be an enjoyable subject" — at least, those who escape vivisection and meteorites. The Pre-

paratory Department succeeds in preparing its pupils for life in the Junior and Senior Schools.

The Cadet Pipe Band must be heard to be believed — its music truly stirs the emotions. The Band was trying to learn a second tune on my visit. I inspected the School Guides, thoroughly, but I shall refrain from comment as I feel I am prejudiced — in my youth (a long time ago) I was dismissed from the Wolf Cubs with ignominy after hauling an old lady back and forth across a road three hundred and sixty-five times as my daily good deeds for a year in advance.

My visit concluded, I caught my train, which with unflinching punctuality oozed into Buchanan Street Station two hours late."

GORDON LOWE, F.V.

A MOVING MUSICAL EXPERIENCE

The first performance in Dundee of Bach's St. Matthew Passion took place in St. Mary Magdalene's Episcopal Church on Wednesday, the 30th March, 1966. Two centuries ago, in 1729, the Passion was performed for the first time.

The Dundee Choral Union combined with an orchestra of Dundee players to provide a memorable musical evening in which the singing of John Case, taking the part of Jesus, was outstanding. Throughout the work Jesus is accompanied by the strings of the orchestra, the Evangelist by the harpsichord. For the majority of the choruses, the choir and orchestra are divided into two sections blending together, forming the most captivating sound. The work contains many examples of Bach's form of writing, from the fugal entries of "Have lightnings and thunders their furies forgotten?" to the four-part harmonies of the chorales.

The church provided a suitable atmosphere for such a performance. The mellow golden lighting from the windows blended with the singing of the last chorale, unaccompanied, hushed, and fraught with emotion. This led to the climax of the work in "Truly this was the Son of God". A deep sincerity was portrayed in the rendering of "In tears of grief, dear Lord we leave thee" and this was the key-note to a most moving performance.

L. T., F.III.

ON A DAY AT THE SEASIDE . . .!

It was Bank Holiday Monday and the sun was already shining brightly, although it was only nine o'clock. The promise of fine weather—indeed an unusual occurrence in a British summer—had brought many people on to the roads before seven o'clock, and the first influx of cars was already streaming into the seaside resort of Beachcombe, on the south coast of England. The parking-spaces near the beaches were rapidly being filled and out of the cars the people poured—the grandmothers with their knitting and Edwardian sun-hats; fathers laden with picnic hampers, deck-chairs and all the other necessities for a day at the seaside; mothers carrying babies and, of course, the children. These very important people ranged from toddlers, carrying their precious buckets and spades, to elder daughters with their sun-tan oil, sunglasses, low-backed bathing costumes (which are not supposed ever to be wet, anyway) and their carefully set hair protected by elegant chiffon headscarves.

The deck-chair hirers did a roaring trade, spoilt only by the thought that many of the deck-chairs would either be missing or broken by the end of the day. Ice-cream vendors, too, were rushed off their feet, becoming thoroughly annoyed when, as a child was just about to buy the largest cone on the price list, an irate mother would push through the crowd and start yelling at her offspring thus, "Where did you get that half-crown, you little brat?" Slap! closely followed by a wail from the child.

"C'mon, you took it out of my bag, didn't you? Oh, your Dad'll tan your hide when I tell 'im! You've just finished three bars of chocolate!"

With these words, the howling youngster is dragged away to the threatened punishment, leaving the crowd to gape and the ice-cream man to fume and carry on serving.

As the day progresses, the beach becomes more and more crowded and woe betide anyone who leaves his place unattended and hopes to find it still unoccupied when he returns! The sea becomes blacker as the water fills up with people, from Granny

holding up her ankle-length skirts to just below her knees (the indecency of it!) to the half-naked three-year-old taking the first "dip" of his or her young life. Tempers become more and more frayed, picnic baskets empty, and cries of "I've lost my mummy!" increase. The sun still beats down on all, though, and, in spite of difficulties, the beach remains crowded.

It is half-past nine in the evening now, and the beach is almost deserted, save for a few groups packing up and walking slowly back to their cars. The beach tells the tale of the day's activities—broken bottles (shades of Mods and Rockers?), half-eaten sandwiches, now being devoured by seagulls, broken deck-chairs. Here and there, the cry of a child who cannot find his parents can be heard.

Is it all worth it? All they get out of it is a sore stomach through eating too many sweets and ices, or perhaps a snapshot or two, but they will all be back next year!

MORAG STALKER, F.II.

The Third Year Anthology of Contemporary Verse

" TO A LOLLIPOP - MAN "

White-coated, and yet
No surgeon is he; yet no winter stoat,
Nor beast of Arctic derivation.
Within his clenched fist
He has — for want of better word —
A lollipop.

To wondrous purpose this metal confec-
tion doth he employ —

Which bears but small inscription —
A plea — indeed
A proscription;
Worded thus in bold array:
"Stop Children!"

**WHAT I LEARNT IN SCHOOL TODAY,
MAY 24th, 1966**

A warm and heavy pall
Of sloth surrounds my stifled limbs,
As in my dull confinement
Here I lie.
From time to time, afar off,
Through my hazy dreams,
It seems as if, with wistful moan,
Some calculated bird pervades
The senses of my blissful discontent;
But what care I for fellow suffering,
While in drowsy vagueness
I may wander freely
Through soft, woolly platitudes?
A lonely bell sounds:
I drag my ponderous corpse
For but a moment of frozen sound,
To slump once more in the selfsame place
And dream of that Utopian land
Where mellow stones grow ripe
On icicle trees, and sun-dried parchment
Echoes in the bubbling dust.

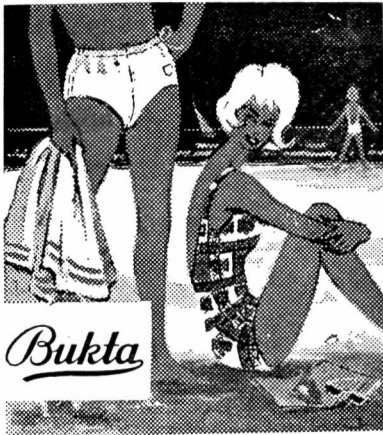
RONALD DAVIE, F.V.

“Tam o’ Shanter”, perhaps Robert Burns’s most famous poem, was written in the days when motor cars had never been thought of. What, I wonder, would he have written if he had composed his poem in 1966? This perhaps? —

TAM O’ SHANTER

The night o’ which I tell this tale,
Tam filled himsel’ wi’ pints o’ ale,
And when at last he left the bar,
He staggered to his wee sports car.
The swats sae ream’d in Tammie’s noddle,
Safety he car’d na deils a boddle.
He shot awa’ along the street,
Regardless o’ what he might meet.
He swerved to left, he swerved to right,
And gave some folk a nasty fright.
Then finally he met his end —
He couldna tak’ a double bend!
Now this just shows to one and all,
The danger of much alcohol.
So if you want to stay alive,
For Heaven’s sake don’t drink and drive.

TEETOTAL, F.IV.



**ATTRACTIVE
SWIM WEAR**

from the BUKTA Range
COLOURFUL SWIM SUITS
FOR GIRLS

NATTY SWIM TRUNKS FOR BOYS
A.S.A. Regulation Black and Navy

MELDRUMS, REFORM STREET, DUNDEE

Your Local Sports Dealer

School Activities

*"Floreat schola nobilis,
Aeternum sis mansura."*

As the school flourishes according to the song so do the societies and activities. Clubs have increased membership, enthusiasm is wonderful for all the societies; indeed there is no dearth of activity in school.

Unfortunately, during the winter, illness hindered some activities. Debates had to be postponed because of the influenza epidemic. However, now that the summer is well on its way we can hope that the weather will be bright and so follow the enthusiasm of the clubs.

It is noteworthy that the Rifle Club has been started up again to a very successful session. Good work is being done by all the members of the Social Service group and we hope that this will continue in the future.

The reports below show exactly the progress of the clubs throughout the winter and summer terms.

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

This year the Social Service which was only started a few years ago has now settled down to be part of school life.

As usual there have been many flag days and we are always grateful to the younger pupils for their loyal support on these occasions.

We have strengthened our ties with the Dundee Old People's Welfare Committee and we now have over twenty senior pupils visiting old-age pensioners regularly.

Recently we started a visiting group in Dundee Royal Infirmary and we are hoping that this will expand now that the Scottish Leaving Certificate exams are over. The girls who visit regularly find this work very interesting and rewarding and we hope this voluntary service will continue next year.

The boys, too, offer their services voluntarily by doing the gardens of both the disabled and old but it is hoped that in the future there will be more scope for their abilities.

At Christmas the Rector organised choirs to entertain the old folk at Pine Grove and St. Margaret's Home, King Street. This year the senior pupils prepared even more Christmas parcels than ever before, sending out some hundred and fifty parcels to people all over Dundee.

In March the school held a mannequin parade to raise money for our own charities' fund and the pupils, especially the models, worked very hard to provide a very entertaining afternoon and evening.

Throughout the year the Prefects have sold "Lifeline" pens in aid of the "Lifeline" organisation which helps the refugees in Germany.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking everyone who has helped to make the Social Service such a success.

FRANCES HARDIE.

SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

Owing to the various difficulties in arranging dates for the inter-school debates and because of the influenza epidemic the Society was not as busy as would have been desired. The former difficulty we hope to overcome by the election of next session's committee members this term.

On the 26th November the semi-final of the E.S.U. debates was held at the High School. Of the six schools that entered, including the High School team, Strathallan who were the winners must receive our congratulations.

Throughout the season the C.E.W.C. have played a large part in our programme. The winter conference in the form of a panel night was held on the 10th December at the High School and the London conference over the New Year was attended by three of our committee members. On 23rd February we received an invitation from Grove Academy to attend a C.E.W.C. meeting there. As the conference in June will bring the total to four, our thanks must go to the C.E.W.C. for organising such interesting gatherings.

In February the high standard of debating in the school was shown in the house debates which Lindores narrowly won. The subject was "That the world would be better off without Britain" and the actual debates took place over a period of a month.

On 25th February the High School contested Morgan Academy at the latter school. The speakers were Alison McLeay and Jennifer Lawford. A fair attendance was recorded from the High School; the whole evening was thoroughly enjoyed.

The next meeting, which was the finals of the E.S.U. held in the High School, was perhaps the most important occasion of the year for the society. The four schools taking part hailed from all over Scotland and an attendance of over 200 easily filled the hall. The winners were the two girl team members of King's Park, Glasgow.

The final for the school public-speaking contest was held on 1st April. The winners were Thelma Robertson and Alastair Dorward. The judge, Mr Christie, who very kindly gave up his time, said that he was extremely impressed with the overall standard.

We must thank the members of staff and all others who have given us their support. In particular our appreciation must be shown to Miss Gray and Mr Alexander without whom the society would not have succeeded.

A. G. DORWARD, Chairman.
S. J. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

During this session there have been 12 meetings of the Club. On two occasions we were hosts to well-known members of the Dundee and District Philatelic Society. In November, Mr S. Gilchrist gave a display of Monacan stamps, and in February Mr D. B. Stewart gave a display which included G.B. varieties, "pre-stamp" covers (mostly from Dundee) and "first-flight" covers. Other displays featured during the session were — Germany (pre-1945) by Mr Stevenson, Great Britain by A. McLaren, Bermuda and Barbados by D. Lawson,

British South Atlantic by A. G. Webster, and a collective display by several members of Form II. There was also a Competition Night, an Everybody's Night and an A.G.M., at which the officials for next session were elected.

The reports given at the A.G.M. show that the Club is in a healthy state. A large increase was reported in the popularity of the "Stamp Exchange", and the Treasurer, A. G. Webster, presented a statement of accounts which showed that the First Day Cover and Stamp Service was very popular. The Secretary reported that there had been an increase in membership for the second year in succession. Any one who is interested in stamps is invited to attend our meetings next term—the date of the first meeting will be put on the school notice boards.

The F.D.C. Service, which only started at the end of last session, is already thriving. "Ordinary" and "Phosphor" covers can be supplied from Dundee (ord. only), Glasgow, London and occasionally elsewhere. At present G.P.O. service charges increase the prices for covers posted outside Dundee, but it is hoped to overcome this in the near future if the demand increases. The most popular issue was the "Burns" issue of 25th January. More than twice the normal amount of business was transacted.

The Club now buys the G.P.O. Philatelic Bulletin, the Crown Agents' Bulletin and Gibbons' Stamp Monthly. The money is provided by the profits made by the F.D.C. Service. The magazines are circulated amongst members as they come in each month.

We should like to thank the parents, pupils, F.P.'s and members of staff who have supported the Club and we hope that they will continue to do so in the future.

D. G. L./A. G. W.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Because of exams this term our meetings have been short but attendance is still regular. A visit from Mr Stewart Sinclair, Edinburgh, was greatly appreciated and we look forward to hearing him again before term ends. We also hope to see several films during the remainder of the term, "Mid-Century Martyrs" and a film of the work of Operation Mobilisation, a student movement.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the members of staff who have helped us in many ways during this session.

G. R. MUNRO.

JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

The Junior Scripture Union has had a good year and attendances have risen slightly on last year's figure. The meetings have been lively and the children have taken a keen interest in the Scriptures which we hope have been made alive for each of them.

G. M. and R. M., Secretaries.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The Chess Club has enjoyed a good year. The number of members has been such that an Intermediate prize—which has been won by Brian Eadie—has been added to the usual two. The Beckingham Trophy has been won by Christopher Jones and the Russell Trophy has been won by Douglas Tudhope. Frank Hadden, who should have stood a fine chance of winning this, had he entered, was persuaded to take on the stiffer opposition of

the Beckingham. Ingabrit Kineir who has won her section of the Girls' Trophy is to have a "play-off" match with the winner of the Senior Section to decide the winner.

Our "A" Team competed in the 1st Division of the Dundee and District Schools' Chess League, gaining 7 points out of a possible 16 to finish 3rd of the 5 teams entered. In the 2nd Division, our "B" team met with still greater success.

In an Easter Congress held in the College of Technology, Bell Street, during the holidays, the High School was represented by three players who gained 4, 3 and 2½ points respectively out of a possible 6. In another tournament, confined to pupils of Dundee Schools this time, High School pupils constituted 15 of the 66 entrants. The first round of this knock-out competition is being held in this school. Ingabrit Kineir, Lorna Marshall, Seonaid McKean and Eleanor Whyte represent the school for the East of Scotland section of the Scottish Girls' Championship. C. Jones is to take part in the Scottish Boys' Championship.

Our thanks go to Mrs Elder, Mr Mackay and Mr Deas, who have run the Chess Club and given valuable tuition; to Miss Gray for organising the catering for the various matches and tournaments played throughout the year; and to Mrs Duncan and the girls who acted as hostesses.

C. J.

JUNIOR COMPANY CADET REPORT

The syllabus for this term was unchanged, but now the Cadets are able to perform their fieldcraft, map-reading, weapon training and signalling exercises much more adeptly.

In addition to these exercises the Junior Company have also visited the ranges at Buddon. Their duties on these visits have been connected primarily with maintenance of the targets for the Senior Cadets. They also practised manoeuvres in the sand dunes and rough terrain so that they might consolidate their "book-learned skill" with practical experience.

At the General Inspection this year the Cadets demonstrated their skill at semaphore, drill, weapon-training and fieldcraft.

The winner of the Larg-Vannet Trophy for .22 shooting was Cadet Robson.

I should like to welcome Lt. Coletta into the Junior Company. Lt. Coletta has replaced Lt. Bell, who has been "promoted" to the Senior Company.

Congratulations to Cpl. Vannet on his promotion to Sergeant.

C.S.M. CRAM.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

The Club has been meeting on Friday evenings throughout the winter terms after a lapse in the 1964-65 session. Although we have not entered any competitions this season, much valuable practice and experience has been gained; and, if there is sufficient support from the junior classes next year, a team may well be formed.

We should like to take this opportunity of appealing to the younger classes (Forms 1, 2 and 3) to join the Rifle Club with a view to forming a team soon, when a high enough standard is gained. We should also like to thank Mr Stark for his time and enthusiasm, and Mr Fraser for making the new snapshooting apparatus which will be in operation next term.

Continued on page 49

Continued from page 14

A male student (rather nice!) thought that traffic should be banned from the centre of the town.

If one person could have his own way, Dundee would be chaotic with overhead roads!

Surprisingly most people were in favour of the crossings although a few of the younger people questioned were critical. (This also emerged from the other questions — that the young folk were more critical.)

After being chased by the lions and tigers, knocked down by tigers in their tanks at pedestrian crossings, we returned to our great earthen mud-home (D.H.S.) at the head of Reform Street.

WHY DON'T THEY ???

. . . allow pupils to talk in class? Every time we speak we are silenced by the angry voice of a teacher!

. . . change the start of school time to at least 9.15? I have to leave my nice warm bed before 8 o'clock!

. . . have robots instead of teachers? They could always say, "You are going to be ex-ter-min-ated"!

. . . have funny races at the Sports. At my mother's school they had a slow bicycle race, flower-pot race, etc., which made the Sports much more amusing and gave non-athletic types, like me, a chance to excel.

. . . give prizes to pupils who sing the flattest notes in singing?

. . . issue umbrellas to pupils on rainy days for crossing from one school to the other?

. . . modernise the pavilion at Dalnacraig? For one thing I suggest underfloor heating.

. . . introduce archery for girls?

. . . give us half-hour breaks after each five-minute period?

. . . **ABOLISH SCHOOL ???**

CONTRIBUTED BY VARIOUS MALCONTENTS.

VISIT TO AUSTRIA

If we can take the number of articles written on one subject as evidence of enthusiasm, the boys of D.H.S. who went on an Easter visit to Austria must have been very enthusiastic indeed. We are sorry we could not print all, but, since no single one did full justice to the entire expedition, we thought

our readers would be interested in some extracts describing the greatest attractions of the trip.

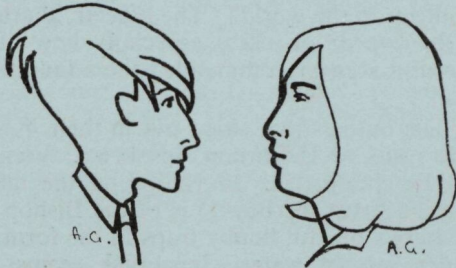
"Easter 1966 and we were off for Austria" and "we would cross half of Europe in two days" is how one enthusiast conveyed the excitement of the departure. Once at their destination, not a few had time, amid tours, boating and football, to be impressed by the scenery, one describing Fuschl as "a tiny Alpine village with its lake and surrounded by rocky, snow-capped peaks"; another "rated Austria as one of the most beautiful countries in the world". The official "diarist" of the expedition notes especially how "the beautiful scenery commanded the admiration of all".

The outings that stood out in their minds were visits to Hellbrunn, Innsbruck, Vienna and Berchtesgaden. In Hellbrunn the main mention (trust the boys!) is of the Bishop of Salzburg's playful booby traps in the form of hidden jets of water. Innsbruck seems, to some, most famous for the cheapness of presents, though we trust we should not take too literally the statement here that, there, "everyone bought *odd* things for their parents and best friends". Of course the famous Brenner Pass, the Bridge Europa and the Olympic Ski-Jump in the area impressed, too, and it was at Innsbruck that our travellers recorded (no doubt to cause envy among their shivering friends left behind in snowy Scotland) a temperature of "96 degrees F. outside the bus and 110 degrees inside!"

Vienna offered much of interest, too, in spite of the disillusionment of finding that "the famous 'Blue' Danube turned out to be grey and oily" and in spite of a very early morning which must have tried at least one member of the party, who states of his *first* morning in Fuschl—"I was awakened at 7.30 a.m. This I did not approve of as I was quite content to lie in bed until 7.30 p.m."

Berchtesgaden seems to have captured the imagination of most, although one young man (perhaps lacking historical enthusiasm) reports of Hitler's bunker—"There was really nothing in it"! The salt-mine expedition is vividly remembered—from the strange protective clothing "consisting of overalls, a pill-box hat and a leather apron" which made them look "rather like Cossacks" to the friction of sliding down wooden chutes which "burned one's rear to the extent that we had to jump about to cool down"!

What will they remember most we wonder — the skill they acquired in using “schillings” and “groschens” — “the first taste of real Austrian frankfurters” — the getting used to “driving on the right side of the road” — new friends — or simply a combination of all these new experiences? At any rate they are all agreed that they “will never forget their visit to Austria” and that they remember with gratitude their teachers, Mr Stevenson and Mr Forrest, who made the venture possible.



“HEARTS MAY AGREE THO’ HEADS DIFFER . . .”

Alan Robert Aitkenhead, born 1948 (October, if it is of any interest), has in his short, but (who can doubt it?) thrill-packed seventeen years of existence, accomplished many things. One of our beloved leader’s latest accomplishments is his entry into the office of Head Boy. What makes him tick with such appeal, what makes him what he is, what makes him a . . . Head Boy? In an effort to solve this perplexing mystery, the editor put some questions to A. R. A. to attempt to reveal the more obscure parts of his moral constitution. The questions along with what are not always his answers are listed below.

Height? — 5 ft. 11½ ins. in my vest.

Pet Hates? — Drivers who accelerate when being overtaken. Fresh cream.

Pet Likes? — Driving, eating.

Why do you think you were chosen as Head Boy? — They stuck a pin in last year’s class list.

What has been your most difficult job? — Getting in at the ridiculous hour of 8.30 two mornings a week for seat duty.

What do you enjoy most about being Head Boy (apart from the Head Girl)? — Second Head Girl.

Do you feel inferior, normal, or superior as Head Boy? — Frequently.

What do you do in your spare time? — Photography (playing with transparent negatives in the dark). Sleep.

If you could change your person for one day, who would you choose to be? — In answer to this question, A. R. A. said he would have liked to be Terence Stamp (Jean Shrimpton’s mate), but this, we feel, reveals nothing unknown about A. R. A. If the reader feels the desire to know more about him, see a psychiatrist.

A. G. D. and F. H., F.VI.

The girls, too, have their figurehead, their beloved leader, their hallowed goddess. For Fiona Margaret Bell, born December, 1947 (for A. R. A.’s information), was destined to become Head Girl. A girl, Fiona assures us she is completely feminine, which perhaps is why she is Head Girl. F. M. B. herself has a character at least as complex as that of A. R. A., at least as obscure. Her answers, again an attempt to reveal what has for so long been hidden from us, are listed below.

Pet Hate? — People shouting at one another, in fact, any unnecessary noise.

Pet Like? — Men rich with the aroma of “Old Spice” (by appointment to His Majesty the King).

Why do you think you were chosen as Head Girl? — I don’t know, possibly because I’m bigger than anyone else. (True.)

What has been your most difficult job? — Answering these questions. Seriously, though, stopping the gossip about Alan and me!

What is your favourite pastime? — Lying on a sun-drenched beach running sand through my fingers.

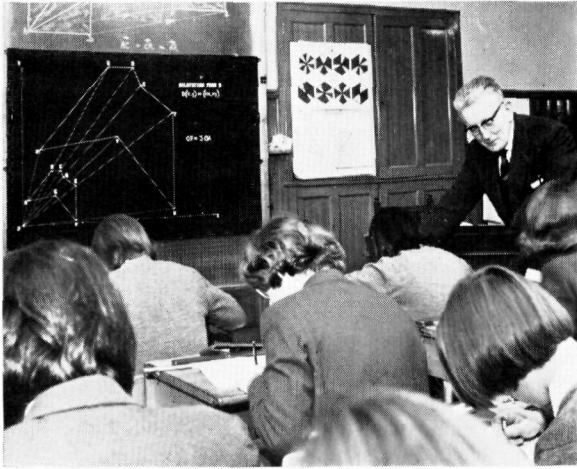
Whom do you most admire? — The late President Kennedy. I think he did a great deal to prevent racial segregation and to promote world peace.

If you were allowed to make one new school rule, what would it be? — That members of staff must obey traffic regulations in school. (Teachers take note!)

Who has had the most influence in your life? — Apart from my parents, no-one in particular.

We hope these questions have given an insight into F. H. B.’s intricate personality. It is doubtful whether we have revealed everything, but the reader must now work on his own by turning to the telephone directory.

A. G. D. and F. H., F.VI.



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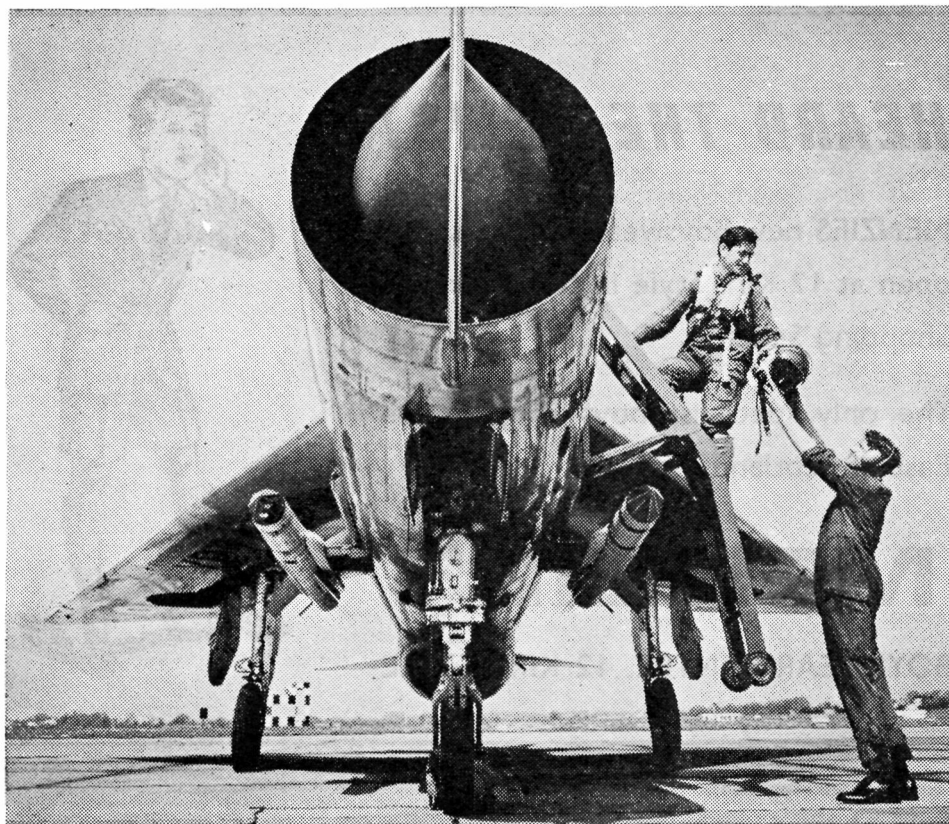
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you to meet your R.A.F. Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat. Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain J. W. Allan, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., Adastral House (SCH 305), London, WC1. (*It will help if you give your age and the educational qualifications you hope to get, and say whether you are more interested in flying, technology, or administration.*)


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Mackay; Secretary and Treasurer, G. King. This year, a Junior Captain, A. Meiklejohn, was elected for the first time.

The Club has only played one match so far and unfortunately this ended in defeat, but we look forward to being more successful in the future.

We should like to thank Mr Paton for all his assistance and we hope to show by our future results that his time has not been wasted.

J. P., Captain.

BOYS' TENNIS REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected—Captain, D. M. Cruickshank; Secretary and Vice-Captain, W. A. Masson.

The senior team has, so far, been quite successful this season. We were beaten by Madras College in our first game but following this we reached the semi-final of the Midlands Schools' Competition.

We have quite a few other fixtures arranged against Morgan Academy, Perth Academy and other schools in which we hope to do well. We must thank Mr Nigel Stewart for obtaining these fixtures and for his keen interest in the team. The junior team has also done quite well this season. For this we should like to thank Mr Wilson for his supervision and support of the team.

Many boys now take tennis as recreation on Wednesday afternoons, which should stimulate great interest in the game and should benefit the teams in the future.

D. M. C., Captain.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Can.
1st XI	16	7	9	0	10

As may be seen from the above results, bad weather seriously curtailed the number of fixtures, and it is felt that, had some of these cancelled games been played, our record would have looked rather more impressive. During the spell between mid-November and the end of February, only two matches were played, and our serious lack of match practice was clearly illustrated, as we met with our two heaviest defeats of the season, losing by 7-1 to both Perth and Grove Academies—two sides with whom we were evenly matched at other points in the season.

Although the team failed to maintain the exceptionally high standard attained by last year's team, it may be said that we held our own in most games, and fine wins were recorded over Alloa Academy, Aberdeen Grammar, and Robert Gordon's. The latter was an extremely good game, and the result marks the peak of the team's play.

A new honour to the club was the selection of our Captain, Ronald Inglis, for the Midlands team, an honour which, we hope, will come to the club with increasing consistency in the years to come.

Although many of our outstanding individual players left at the end of last season, in some cases their places were filled by equally promising players: D. A. H. Smith at right back, had an excellent season, exerting a steadying influence over the young defence, while in the forward line, A. G. Nicholson, R. J. Inglis and E. J. Mackay combined well as a goal-scoring force.

The Under-Sixteen side had a very strong finish to the season and it is hoped that their success will be advanced to the 1st XI. next year.

On behalf of all those who take hockey, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Fraser and Mr Stark for the great enthusiasm and encouragement with which they have coached us.

E. J. M., Secretary.

F.P. Ladies' Hockey Club

The hockey season got off to a fine start but, unfortunately, due to adverse weather conditions, eight of our matches were cancelled. Of the fifteen games played, we won 6, lost 8 and drew 1.

At our A.G.M. it was decided to make Mrs J. Pringle and Dr. Joyce Hunter life members of the Club. Next season will see the Club sporting our new uniforms, which are now grey tunics with red sashes.

Officials for season 1966/67—President, Mrs Netta Spence; Vice-President, Mrs Margaret Thomson; Captain, Miss Barbara Patrick; Vice-Captain, Mrs Jean Inverarity; Secretary, Mrs Pam Hutcheon; Treasurer, Miss Margaret Stewart.

PAM HUTCHEON, Secretary.

OLD GIRLS' CLUB

Greetings to Old Girls everywhere!

The 34th Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on Monday, 14th March, 1966, and the following office-bearers and executive committee were appointed—**President**, Miss A. F. Mudie; **Vice-Presidents**, Mrs M. Marshall and Mrs F. Watt; **Hon. Treasurer**, Miss M. Stewart, 12 Arnhall Drive, Dundee; **Hon Secretaries**, Miss E. Webster, 19 Lamerton Terrace, Dundee, and Mrs I. Lindsay, 60 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry; **Executive Committee**: Miss Gray and Mrs Myles (ex officio), Mrs Raitt, Mrs Durkie, Mrs Malcolm, Miss Duguid, Mrs Pritchard, Mrs Drummond, Mrs Grieve, Miss B. Robertson, Miss B. Patrick, Mrs Bruce, Mrs Ritchie, Miss J. Stevenson, Mrs M. Thomson. Mrs Watt and Miss Patrick are representatives for the Athletic Union.

The membership of the Club now stands at 624. Miss Ella Burns Petric gave an excellent talk on her work with the Old People's Welfare Committee.

It was distressing to note that as few as 25 members were present at this meeting. As over 600 invitations are issued it is rather discouraging to find so little support. In view of this, and the increase in postage, the Committee has decided to issue notices to members living in the Dundee area only. For any other members who are interested in the A.G.M. please note that it will be held next year on Monday, 13th March, at 7.15 p.m.

The Girls' Junior School Library received from the Club the usual annual donation for books.

A most enjoyable evening was had by all at the Annual Reunion Dinner held on Friday, 29th October, 1965, in the Royal Hotel. As Miss Scrimgeour

had retired from the post of Treasurer after many years of service and devotion to the Club, Mrs Myles (President) presented her with a lovely bouquet of flowers and a plaque, in the shape of a shield, bearing the school badge mounted on a wooden base.

It has been thought for some time now that there should be more of a liaison between F.P.'s and Present Pupils. The Old Girls' Club, therefore, arranged for a Beetle Drive to be held in School on Friday, 4th March, 1966. Old Girls acted as hostesses to the girls from Forms II.-VI. The evening proved such a success that it was decided at the A.G.M. to have a similar evening next year.

The Ladies' Former Pupils' Hockey Club at their Annual General Meeting in February agreed to adopt a new uniform as the present pupils now play in grey. The uniform will now be a grey tunic with red belt, white long-sleeved blouse and red $\frac{3}{4}$ -length socks.

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

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

The following have joined the Club since February 1965 :—

Miss Margaret Anderson, 32 Nesbitt Street, Dundee.
 Miss Jill Andrew, 86 Albany Road, West Ferry.
 Miss Ruth Bremner, 72 Blackness Avenue, Dundee.
 Miss Margaret Bryce, 2 Balmyle Road, West Ferry.
 Miss Diana Buchan, "Hamstead", Carlogie Road, Carnoustie.
 Miss Maris Buchanan, 69 Clepington Road, Dundee.
 Miss Marian Campbell, The Schoolhouse, Drum-nadrochit, Inverness-shire.
 Miss Patricia Crombie, 3 Hill St., Broughty Ferry.
 Miss Ann Cumming, 13 Hill St., Broughty Ferry.
 Miss Eileen Duke, 6 West Queen Street, Broughty Ferry.
 Miss Rosemary Edgar, 10 Laurel Bank, Dundee.
 Mrs Katherine Forrest, 4 Green Lane, Carnoustie.
 Miss Dorothy Fraser, 9 Kelso Place, Dundee.
 Miss Norah Grewar, Mill of Camno, Meikle, Perthshire.
 Miss Penelope Hutton, 26 Cedar Road, Broughty Ferry.
 Miss Linda Keith, 37 Albany Terrace, Dundee.
 Miss Elizabeth Kinnear, "Torwood", Clarendon Drive, Dundee.
 Miss Sheila Macadam, The Gean House, Alloa.
 Miss Julia McKendrick, 143 Arbroath Road, Dundee.
 Miss Gwen Mitchell, 369 Arbroath Road, Dundee.
 Miss Hazel Masson, 188 Glamis Road, Dundee.
 Miss Elizabeth Mowatt, 29 Kingsway Place, Dundee.
 Miss Sheila McGregor, 174 Ferry Road, Monifieth.
 Miss Kathleen McLaren, 34 Arbroath Road, Carnoustie.
 Miss Pamela Petrie, "The Anchorage", 8 Bingham Terrace, Dundee.
 Miss Kathleen Scott, 8 Lennox Street, Edinburgh, 4.
 Miss Jennifer Smith, 17 Collingwood Crescent, Barnhill.
 Mrs Heather Stiven, 29 Westfield Place, Dundee.
 Mrs Moira Stewart, 12 Arnhall Drive, Dundee.

Miss Margaret Stewart, 12 Arnhall Drive, Dundee.
 Miss Morna Wilson, The Tower, Wormit.
 Miss Anne Wishart, 11 Muirfield Street, Dundee.
 Miss Jennifer Wright, Hillside of Prieston, Tealing, Angus.
 Miss Eileen Yeamon, 30 Nesbitt Street, Dundee.
 Miss Ann Young, 21 Lammerton Terrace, Dundee.
 Miss Barbara Young, Balgay Farm, Inchtute, Perthshire.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages :—

Miss Maureen Arnott to Mr Parr.
 Miss Joyce Appleby to Mr Durkie.
 Miss Frances Bowman to Mr Stevenson.
 Miss Elizabeth Kobine to Mr Ian Taylor.
 Miss Jane Milne to Mr Stewart.
 Miss Margaret Munro to Mr Morrison.
 Miss Moyra McGregor to Mr Lowe.
 Miss Wilma Paterson to Mr Neish.
 Miss Muriel Smith to Mr Stewart.
 Miss Nichola Smith to Mr Grant.
 Dr. Sheila V. Stewart to Dr. R. A. G. Brown.
 Miss Eilidh Soutar to Dr. McKellican.
 Miss Heather Watson to Mr Dunn.

Obituary

We deeply regret the deaths of the following members :—

Miss Gladys Bruce, 47 Leng Street, Hospital Park, Dundee.
 Mrs Mary Howatson, Duncraig, Glamis Road, Dundee.
 Mrs M. Prophet, Willoughby Cottage, Woodside, Coupar Angus.
 Mrs Jenny Robertson, 122 Kingsway West, Dundee.
 Miss Isobel Stewart, 11 Inverary Terrace, Dundee.

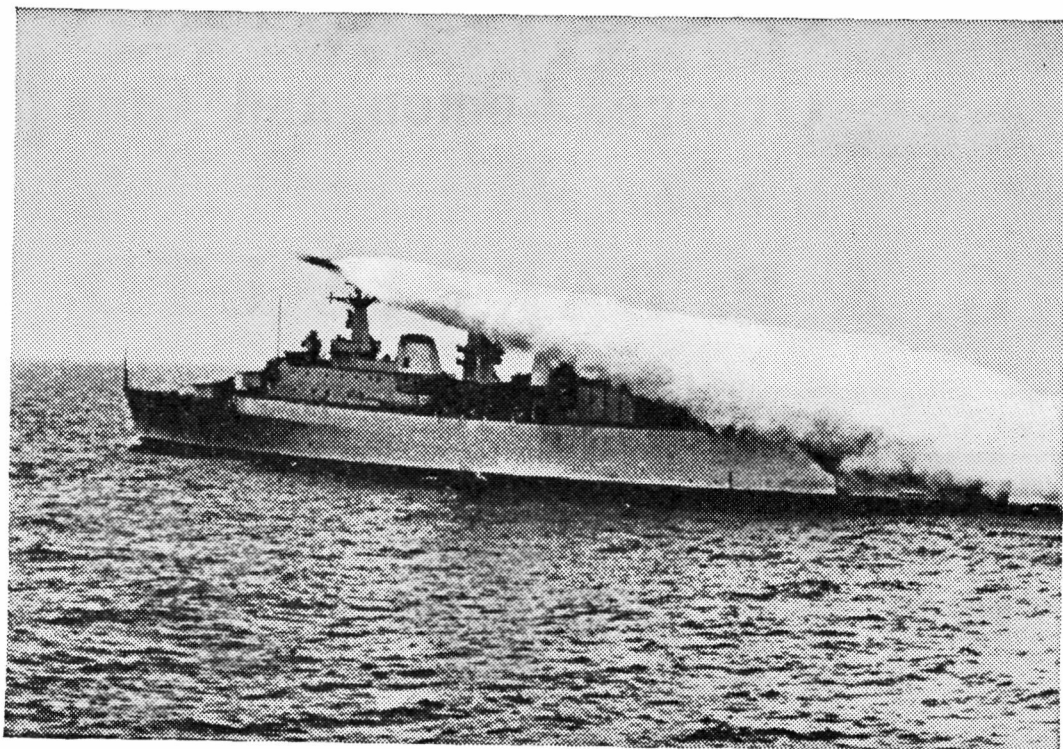
E. WEBSTER and I. LINDSAY,
 Hon. Secretaries.

ATTENTION!

Our grateful thanks to those readers who have read as far as this. You deserve a happy holiday! Thanks, too, to all who have contributed. Already we are thinking of the December issue and would remind all talented pupils and former pupils that their work will be gratefully received by 11th November, 1966.

— Editor.

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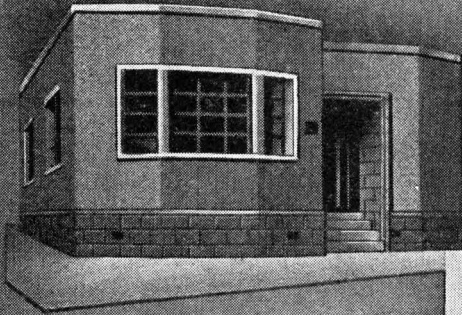
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