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MAGAZINE



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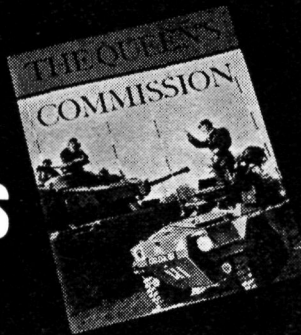


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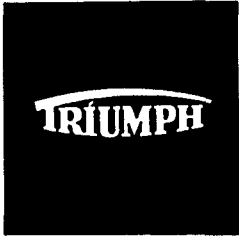
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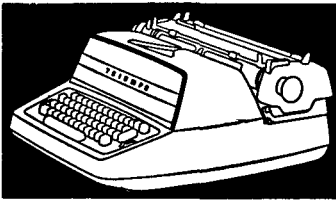
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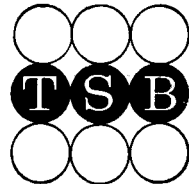


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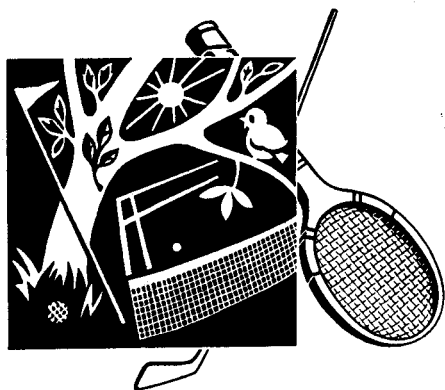


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EDITORIAL

No. 141

ONE SHILLING AND
SIXPENCE

JANUARY, 1967

For the first time, within living memory or otherwise, the School Magazine emerges, hot from the presses, in January!—No Christmas edition! What sacrilege! Think of the disappointed people, searching feverishly and unavailingly through their Christmas mail for their copies of the Dundee High School Magazine. While apologising to those donors who, in former years, fell back upon the Magazine as a gift, I hope we have improved the quality of the Magazine, by making use of this extra month's grace to include sports results and features, more up-to-date than it has been possible in the past. (Although the 1st XV., from their last few scores, may wish for an earlier publication date.)

The reason for this delay can be summed up in one expressive, yet repellent, five-letter word—Exams. The decision that the Preliminary Examinations should take place in early December, rather than after the Christmas Holidays, disrupted the School at a vital time. This is usually when people are slaving to get the Magazine to press, but as is usual when exams come along, they take priority over everything else. When the exams were over, there were two bare weeks before the end of the term in which to produce a Magazine, and around Christmas time there are so many important things to do. It was clear,

that in face of strong competition from Choir Practices, distribution of gifts to the poor and the girls' Redevelopment of the Dungeons Scheme, the Magazine would have to languish, to arise anew, a phoenix from the ashes, in the new year.

Putting this question aside, certain new features have been incorporated into this year's Magazine and I hope they prove successful. Among these is the "Draw the Rector" Competition. This attracted many entries from the preparatory classes. Members of F.VI picked the winners and gained great amusement in the process. I am sure that the Rector must have been very surprised to discover how he appears to some of his younger pupils. Today's young people have been accused of lack of imagination but I do not remember having seen either a negroid headmaster, or one with horns!

One slight disappointment has been the "Letters to the Editor" feature. There was a poor response to our appeal for criticism. I think this can be put down to apathy rather than fear of reprisals.

Here, then, is another edition of the Magazine and I hope it will be as well received, and as widely enjoyed, as the many that have gone before.

THE EDITOR.

From Far and Near

STAFF NEWS

For once we have no departures of teaching staff to announce, which seems to be a matter for congratulation (although the pupils may not agree with that!). All new members of staff are reported to have settled in happily and to be feeling quite at home with our ways.

Some of the staff have, however, decided that they need a helpmate to support them, and it is with pleasure that we announce the engagements of Miss Patrick of the Gymnastics Department to Mr D. Andrew Robertson; Miss Frida Maxwell of the English Department to Doctor Alistair Swanson of Falkirk; and of Miss Bell to Mr Richterich, both of the Modern Languages Department. The last-named pair wish it to be known that theirs is no lightning High School romance, as they met some years before joining the staff. To all we extend our best wishes for their future happiness.

We congratulate Mrs Elder of the Music Department on becoming Scottish Ladies' Chess Champion for the eighth time—a record. She was also third in the British Ladies' Championship and first in the Ladies' Section of the Lightning Tournament in the British Congress.

We are sorry to part with our very pleasant and efficient secretary, Miss K. Smith, but glad that the reason for her departure,

her impending marriage to Mr R. Leslie, is a happy one. Our very best wishes go with her, and we thank her for the more than helpful way she carried out her duties and for her cheerful and tactful handling of the demands of a not-always-patient staff! Most of us have already met her successor, Miss Anne Goff, and, while we feel sure we shall be happy with her, we hope that she will be equally happy with us.

Art Staff: In the recent exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, Mr Vannet was represented by a watercolour.

Mr T. S. Halliday and Mr Vannet have been invited to hold a "two-man" exhibition in the Douglas and Foulis Gallery, Castle Street, Edinburgh, in the early part of 1967.

FORMER PUPILS' NEWS

The Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art Awards for Session 1965-1966 again include the names of a number of Former Pupils:—

Ron Bonar Award (£250)—for study in architecture abroad was won by DOUGLAS C. SMALL.

Patrick H. Thoms Memorial Prize—for study of Scottish architecture was also won by DOUGLAS C. SMALL.

Endorsement upon Diploma in Design was gained by JENNIFER A. DUNLOP (Highly commended).

Diploma in Design was gained by PAMELA I. BRUCE.

A Dundee Institute of Architects' Measured Drawings Prize was gained by SAMUEL D. PATERSON.

Certificate in Illustration was gained by PETER A. N. MOONIE.

In July, 1966, former pupil, RONALD G. C. PRINGLE, graduated B.Sc. from Queen's College, St. Andrews University, with First-Class Honours in Mechanical Engineering. Ronald also won the Fidler and Steggall Prize in Mechanical Engineering and the Class Medal for Mathematics. He is now an aero-dynamicist with the British Aircraft Corporation at Wharton, Lancashire.

We congratulate SANDY DAVIE on achieving, at Cambridge University, First-Class Honours in Mathematics in two instead of the usual three years. Sandy is now what is termed a wrangler and is doing research work while waiting to be old enough to be granted the degree he has won. His honours in the chess world continue — he is Scottish Champion for the second time and represented Scotland in the Students' World Team Olympiad in Sweden.

MR RAMSAY DALGETY, a law student at Queen's College, is to be the Progressive candidate in the coming local election for Douglas Ward.

We offer our congratulations to DR. MORAG MCKEAN who graduated with Honours in Medicine in July, 1966. In the final examinations she gained merit in Medicine and Surgery and was awarded six prizes: The Captain W. A. Low Prize and Medal for the most distinguished graduate of the year; The McEwan Prize for Surgery; The Sir James McKenzie Prize for Medicine; The Dr. R. D. Campbell Memorial Prize for Clinical Pathology; The American Medical Graduates' Prize, in memory of Sir James Irvine, for Medicine and The American Medical Graduates' Prize, in memory of Sir James Irvine, for Surgery. This is indeed a very creditable performance.

LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS FOX, of 19 Yewbank Avenue, Broughty Ferry, who was educated at High School and Sandhurst, has been awarded the Military Cross for bravery in Sarawak. We are proud to quote from the citation in the "London Gazette". It tells how "In the Bau district of Sarawak, Lieutenant Fox (Royal Regiment of Artillery) was acting as forward observation officer to C Company 2nd/10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles when the Company located and attacked a large enemy force near the border. Before the Company moved forward to their assault position, Lieutenant Fox, accompanied only by his signaller and two Gurkha soldiers, moved independently to a location well forward of the Company and very close to the enemy position."

This "bold and hazardous move proved to be a vital factor in the subsequent battle" and Lieutenant Fox is praised for his "courage, leadership and determination", "his outstanding conduct throughout the operation,

his courageous contempt for enemy fire and the example he set to those with him in their isolated and vulnerable position."

Lieutenant Fox was C.Q.M.S. in the High School Combined Cadet Force.

NEWS OF PRESENT PUPILS

CHRISTOPHER JONES, Form 3, is to be congratulated on his continued success in the Chess field. Dundee High School Champion, 1966, he was also Dundee Individual Schools' Champion, third equal in the Scottish Boys' Championship and gave a creditable performance in the British Boys' Championship.

We are delighted to report another unique achievement in school, this time by LORNA THOM of Form 4. She has been accepted for the initial part of the course with the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain and has a provisional place in the orchestra until Summer, 1968. For this, Lorna will have to rehearse during the Christmas, Easter and Summer vacations, starting at Croydon in December, 1966. Heartiest congratulations, Lorna, for storming what we believe is mainly an English stronghold!

In the "Anti-Smoking" Poster Competition, 1966, organised by the Dundee Health and Welfare Department in the interests of Health Education, the poster submitted by ENID M. ANDERSON, F.V., was placed first for her school and the judges also commended the entries submitted by IAIN W. RODGER, F.V., and SUSAN E. MARTIN, F.IV.

These posters and the other D.H.S. entries will be included in the School Art Exhibition at the end of the session.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations held in June and December, 1966 :—

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)

- L.V.—Judith Hanslip—Grade I., Distinction.
- L.VI.—Susan Campbell—Grade II., Distinction.
Patricia Langlands—Grade I., Merit.
- L.VII.—Brian Hardy—Grade II., Merit.
- F.II.—Morag McFadzean—Grade III., Pass.
Graeme Smart—Grade II., Pass.

PUPIL OF MRS ELDER (Oboe)

- L.VII.—Lesley Flook—Grade IV., Distinction.

PUPILS OF MR REID (Violin)

- L.IV.—Peter Campbell—Grade I., Distinction.
 F.III.—Sheila Houston—Grade IV., Pass.
 F.IV.—Lorna Thom—Grade VII., Distinction.

PUPIL OF MISS CLARK (Cello)

- F.IV.—Andrew Brown—Grade IV., Distinction.

The following pupils passed the Trinity College of Music Examinations held in June and December, 1966 :—

PUPILS OF MRS DUNCAN (Pianoforte)

- L.III.—Shelagh Tasker—Initial, Merit.
 L.IV.—William Boase—Initial, Merit.
 Avril Hardy—Initial, Merit.
 Hilary Ritchie—Initial, Honours.
 L.V.—Ruth Macpherson—Initial, Merit.
 L.VII.—William Beaton (left)—Initial, Pass.

PUPILS OF MISS REEKIE (Pianoforte)

- L.V.—Margaret Forwell—Initial, Merit.
 Florence Orr—Grade I., Merit.
 Alan Ritchie—Grade I., Pass.
 L.VI.—Susan Innes—Grade I., Merit.
 L.VII.—Anne Dargie—Grade II., Merit.
 Audrey Melvin—Grade II., Pass.
 Hilary Simpson—Initial, Honours.
 F.II.—Derek Burns—Grade II., Pass.
 James Houston—Grade II., Merit.
 Janice Munro—Grade III., Honours.
 Gilbert Nimmo—Grade III., Merit.
 Joan Ritchie—Grade III., Merit.
 F.III.—Margaret Neilson—Grade III., Merit.
 Patricia Ritchie—Grade III., Merit.

PUPILS OF MRS ELDER (Recorder)

- L.IV.—David Aungle—Grade I., Merit.
 William Boase—Grade I., Merit.
 Catherine Smart—Grade I., Merit.

- L.V.—Morag Houston—Grade II., Pass.
 Alison Hutton—Grade II., Pass.
 Elizabeth McNeill—Grade II., Pass.
 Florence Orr—Grade II., Honours.
 L.VI.—Maxine Clark—Grade I., Merit.
 Charlotte Green—Grade I., Pass.
 Gillian Troup—Grade I., Honours.
 Barbara Wilson—Grade I., Merit.
 L.VII.—Jane Maxwell—Grade I., Pass.

PUPILS OF MR HOOKS (Recorder)

- L.IV.—William Boase—Grade II., Merit.
 Catherine Smart—Grade II., Merit.
 L.V.—Alison Hutton—Grade I., Pass.
 Donald Langlands—Grade I., Pass.
 L.VI.—Jane Anderson—Grade IV., Merit.
 Sarah Boase—Grade IV., Merit.
 Donald Brown (Piano)—Initial, Honours.
 Barbara Crawford—Grade IV., Pass.
 Catherine Douglas—Grade IV., Merit.
 Jennifer Melrose—Grade IV., Merit.
 F.I.—Linda Glass—Grade V., Pass.
 Miriam Little—Grade V., Merit.
 Helen Stout—Grade V., Pass.
 F.II.—Jane Aungle—Grade VI., Merit.
 Alison Brown (Piano)—Grade III., Merit.
 Catherine Green—Grade VI., Merit.
 Margaret Leys (Piano)—Grade III., Hons.
 F.V.—Marion Clow (Piano)—Grade I., Honours.

PUPILS OF MISS LOW (Elocution)

- L.V.—Claire McDonald—Grade III., Honours.
 Dorothy MacKenzie—Grade III., Honours.
 L.VI.—Victoria Arnot—Grade III., Merit.
 Allan Boath—Grade III., Pass.
 Graham Butchart—Grade III., Merit.
 Catherine Douglas—Grade III., Merit.
 Grant Dudgeon—Grade III., Merit.
 Caroline Millar—Grade III., Pass.
 Susan Stevenson—Grade III., Pass.
 L.VII.—Marguerite Simpson—Grade IV., Honours.
 F.I.—William Boath—Grade V., Merit.



We are extremely fortunate in having appreciations of the work of two famous Former Pupils to publish in this issue of the magazine. The first is the address of the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Dr. Leonard Small, on the occasion of the retiral of The Very Revd. Dr. James Stewart; the second, an appreciation by J. Torrington Bell of the artist John Duncan, R.S.A. Each in its different way proclaims the calibre of the F.P.'s of Dundee High School.

THE MODERATOR'S ADDRESS

THE MODERATOR: Professor Stewart, what I say to you today I say deliberately in my temporary and elevated capacity, speaking insofar as a Moderator may do on behalf of the whole Church, because the debt that is owed to you is the debt of the whole Church. What I say to you will be mainly personal, and that too is relevant and apposite, because the debt is felt by multitudes of people outside the Church of Scotland as a personal debt.

I first began to owe my personal debt to you when, as a post-graduate student on the Continent, I was trying to discover something about the background of St. Paul and I was helped much more by your wonderful book, "A Man in Christ", than by all the pronouncements of the Continental teachers. I taught my first Bible Class from your book, "The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ", and even the most avant-garde young minister might still do well to study that splendid book.

I have read — who has not? — every book of sermons you have produced, and your many lectures — we have all read them, some of us have even preached them, all of us unconsciously, some of us I am sure consciously and deliberately — but, Sir, to read your words, though inspired by your scholarship and by your command of the English language, is not at all the same as listening to you preach. It is like the distinction between television and the actual occasion; it is like the difference between you, Professor Stewart, sitting at home and watching a match in which your famous team, the Heart of Midlothian, are playing, and sitting in your honoured and favoured seat in the Directors' box at Tynecastle — and not always, Sir, sitting! It is not widely known that you are capable of rising to your feet in a degree of zeal which is apparently quite unworthy of a Professor, but I know you did it, because I was beside you, doing it too!

No one can hear you preach without catching fire from your passion for the Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ. You have a phrase,

all of us have pet phrases, about the splendour of the Gospel — you have seen it, Sir, you have made it shine for all of us.

Many of us, I am afraid, were wicked enough to believe it was a mistake when you deserted the preaching of the pulpit for the teaching of students, but you have inspired not only our college students but many widely throughout the world. I seriously think that the Government should in some form or another have honoured you as one of our principal dollar earners. That, Sir, is not in any sense playing to the Gallery! * You have produced a kind of Pilgrim Fathers Movement in reverse, dare I say even a Pilgrim potential father's movement?

Sir, you are now to rest from your labours. What can any one man say to sum up this wonderful achievement? Your innate modesty to which reference has rightly been made makes it quite impossible for you to understand how we hold you in affection and esteem and deepest reverence, but there is a far wider circle of influence; it is unfair to cast a man's own words back in his face — I dare to do it now. Something like 40 years ago, I believe in this same hall, you told a story at an S.C.M. Conference about the famous Bishop Whittle returning from a conference in Europe and asked in New York to stop and speak words of encouragement to a depressed man dealing with the whole of a ministry in one of the slum areas of downtown New York. Bishop Whittle was famous for his brilliant work among the North American Indians; he went to meet this depressed minister, heard him and his story of total failure, nothing to show for the years of work, no response whatever, and heard him out with sympathy and then he said, "Do you remember so-and-so?", mentioning a girl's name, and the depressed minister said, "Oh yes, she was a member of my confirma-

*The Moderator had spied Mr James Callaghan (Chancellor of the Exchequer) sitting in the Royal Gallery beside the Lord High Commissioner.

tion class many years ago. She went out west and I suppose she just went bad, too, like the rest of them", and the Bishop said, "No, she didn't. She went to be housekeeper in a ranch house where there were sons and a father, the mother having died. They were leading a kind of rough and wild life, and she went there, and gradually she impressed them so much that one of the sons came to her and said, 'I don't know what it is but there is something about you that's different', and she replied, 'Well, perhaps it's my Christian faith'. He said, 'I would like to know more about it'. She said, 'I can't express it but I have the notes I took when I was in the Confirmation Class. There you are.' He took

them, he read them, he made contact with a minister miles away to whom he rode regularly for instruction; he went on, he finished that instruction, he became a minister of the Church, and he is in fact the unworthy Bishop Whittle who is speaking to you now." Nothing to show in the immediate area and yet what a wonderful result that could never be measured! Professor Stewart, I cannot express, no one can express, this wide area of influence you will never know anything about. We want you to know that we believe it is real, and, if I dare to sum up your wonderful service to the Church in a single phrase, it would be to say that you have been to all of us, and to multitudes, a man in Christ.

JOHN DUNCAN, R.S.A. (1866-1945)

From almost every school of learning there have walked out, into the world, pupils who have attained distinction in their chosen fields.

The purpose of a biographical sketch, therefore, is to stimulate students who are themselves preparing to take up their duties in the fields of industry, sciences and arts to go and succeed likewise.

The High School of Dundee has a long record of distinguished sons and daughters, and I have been asked to write this article for the School Magazine about one of these sons, the late John Duncan, R.S.A. — artist, illustrator, stained glass designer and a very notable and lovable man.

John Duncan was born in the city of Dundee, in the year 1866, one hundred years ago; and, at eleven years of age, was studying art under Wm. Grubb in the High School.

Without enumerating all phases of his development, it is sufficient to say that he worked for a time on the staff of the Dundee "Advertiser".

Much travelling followed — first to London, then a period of study in the academies of Antwerp and Dusseldorf, and I was told by the late Fred Elwell, R.A., that he visited Duncan in Antwerp and that Stewart Carmichael, another Dundee artist of distinction, was also there at the time.

Being a lover of Italian Art, Duncan could not fail to travel in that country, and

went there in 1890, visiting Venice, Florence and other centres, which left a profound impression upon him that lasted all his life.

I recall him saying, "How their works glow! Look at Baldovinetti!", with a wave of his hand to intensify his expression of delight.

In 1895, at the age of twenty-nine, after painting many portraits in Dundee, John Duncan settled in Edinburgh, and for a period of four years he went to Chicago, U.S.A., and held a position as Associate Professor of Art Teaching at the University.

Eventually, many pictures were forthcoming as the result of his intense love of the Outer Hebrides, consisting of landscapes and figure subjects portraying Celtic legend.

In due course, Duncan's abilities received recognition from his fellow artists, when, along with the late Fiddes Watt, the Scottish portrait painter, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy and, in February, 1923, was elevated to full membership.

As regards his works which can be seen locally, there are two large canvases in the Dundee Art Gallery, painted in tempera. They are very personal expressions of a very interesting man. These are "The Riders of the Sidhe" and "The Play Garden".

Here I should explain that painting in tempera is an art requiring a completely different attitude and technique from that adopted when painting in oil or watercolours.

Oil colours are powder colours ground in oil, while tempera uses the same powder colours but mixed with the yolk of hens' eggs and water. Pictures painted in tempera have a surface quality which Duncan described as having "egg shell finish".

A tempera painter is ever on the look-out for colours with which to achieve effects because the result relies upon purity, not mixtures as in oil, and requires more overlaying of one colour over another.

When painting "The Riders of the Sidhe" Duncan told me he had used pounds in cash on the blue, which was genuine ultramarine ground from Lapis Lazuli.

To illustrate John Duncan's love of colours and materials and his love of exactitude in such matters, he had been unable to describe to me the exact shade of a colour called Pozzuoli Red, a natural cement used with lime in Pompeii and in fresco work in Italy. The discussion had passed from our minds when, a few weeks later, as we were walking down the lane from the Murraygate beside the British Linen Bank, we passed a woman wearing a warm-coloured jumper.

Suddenly John Duncan called out to me in a loud voice from his side of the lane, "That jumper is the exact colour of Pozzuoli Red". I do not know what the wearer thought of us, but Duncan had fixed the colour in our minds. It was a typical example of his boyish and spontaneous way of expressing himself.

The other picture, "The Play Garden", of children playing in all the ways children love to, is an example of how John Duncan, young in spirit himself, never lost touch with the young.

It was exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy and he told me in a letter that it was painted in a method he had taught me. This was a fortunate remark as, for some reason, the delicacy of the picture was impaired in parts, and I undertook to restore it exactly as he had painted, working from his notes in my possession.

John Duncan was a very honest man. Once I pointed out to him, in a volume upon tempera painting, the list of artists who revived tempera painting in Britain, headed by his own name and followed by that of J. W. Batten. Characteristically, he said, "That is wrong. Batten was before me."

It is regrettable that, in these days of fast communication afforded by the telephone, the motor car and the aeroplane, the day of the "belles lettres" has gone. In a more leisurely age, pen and paper were used to convey information and thoughts, and in the process there was cultivated a style of expression which makes the reading of these letters of the past something very precious and beautiful.

Artists of that generation were men who, if they were inclined to communicate at all outside their art, read a great deal, talked well and wrote beautifully.

John Duncan was such a man, and in his many letters to me he expressed his views upon things great and small. In an appreciation which appeared in the "Scotsman" when he died in 1945, this attitude to life is mentioned.

"Art was Mr Duncan's dominant interest in life; but he had a wide culture and was interested in many things; and he could express himself on subtleties of thought and feeling with precision and accuracy that gave his conversation an infinite variety and unusual interest. He had a wide and deep interest in humanity."

I was conscious of all those qualities in my association with him.

The above quoted appreciation also remarked that "Mr Duncan was always experimenting in media that would give transparency and clarity to his pictures". Our correspondence was carried on very intimately. It covered many technical matters in painting, particularly tempera painting.

Two friends, both medical doctors, joined us a few times while on holiday, and great was John Duncan's joy at having such a company around him, while using pestel and mortar to make emulsions and varnishes.

His letter to me from Edinburgh on his return home from that occasion said, "I enjoyed my ten days at Carnoustie immensely. It was great fun. We must not lose touch altogether with our cheerful doctors, and my converse with you was a great happiness. I've got a lovely mortar and pestel made by Wedgwood, a nice big one, a work of art in itself. It will make delightful emulsions when I can get fresh eggs."

The last three words may appear strange to the students of today; but it should be

explained that eggs in war time were rationed to a very few per person per week and were not always fresh.

In his enthusiasm and in his great desire to have our experiments in tempera continued he remarked in another letter, "Do let me know how you are getting on with your tempera. I expected a long detailed letter and it has not come. Do cheer me up by telling me you have decided to get half a dozen laying hens."

It was not long after that when half a dozen hens were procured and kept in my garden until the war ended; and, later, when he came again, on being given an egg-dish at a meal, he humorously remarked to my wife that he could have painted a picture with it instead of eating it.

Nothing seemed to stifle his enthusiasm and when I remarked in a letter about the difficulties of painting in time of war, he replied, "Baldovinetti used eggs and Botticelli, and I am pretty sure Michael Angelo, Corregio and Piero della Francesca did. We have evidence that Tintoretto did — used them in great quantities we are told — and there was always a war on in Italy."

So on went his encouragement with remarks like these,

"Now do confess to your father Confessor."

"Courage! I didn't say this complicated process was easy. Nothing worth while is easy."

"Cher ami. This is a postscript to my letter posted this forenoon", and after a long explanation of a point, he ended in his characteristic way, "Think it out."

Again, as an indication of his sincerity and desire to be understood completely, he remarked, "My conscience was not easy after recommending Raw Umber".

In the appreciation quoted earlier, it is mentioned that John Duncan had a wide culture and interest in many things and could express himself on subtleties of thought and feeling with precision and accuracy.

Enlarging upon that, I was one of a luncheon party which included two ecclesiastical dignitaries and it was interesting to note that in a discussion bearing upon theology and philosophy, it was obvious that John Duncan more than held his own.

In 1941, John Duncan was honoured by the holding of an exhibition of his works in the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh and he wrote me about it,

"It gives me an opportunity of studying my own work and comparing the various mediums I have experimented with.

"So far, I like the quality of the pure tempera best. It has a solidity and soft pulpy glow that the more varnish-like surface lacks. With your fuller tones you may find pure tempera, too, too baffling for your purposes. But there are so many paradoxical things in this world that we can never foretell what may happen.

"You might transform your whole tone effect into colour and so get a fullness and richness that I have never dreamed of or attempted. I have perhaps been too easily satisfied with a kind of poster-like simplification."

The subtlety of his mind was accompanied in his character by a wonderful simplicity which is exhibited by many clever men when in a relaxed mood. It made John Duncan the lovable man he was.

One afternoon he pointed out a tree near my home and said that he had run into it on his first bicycle and hurt his leg and that he could still feel its pain.

John Duncan was a wonderful friend, sincere, conscientious and truthful to the highest degree. He went to any trouble to assist in discovering something new in his beloved painting. He answered all letters and in return expected a reply at once. One could not fail him.

The sight of his handwriting was a promise of something deeply absorbing, interesting and joyful to come.

He was an inspiration to all who worked with him. No one could be a pupil or friend of his and be indifferent.

His passing left a very great blank in my world of art and his treasured letters have in them his own spirit, his enthusiasm, his happiness and his youthful intensity; in fact all the qualities which younger men and women, still students, should emulate if they wish to have the best that life offers in whatever activity they decide to follow.

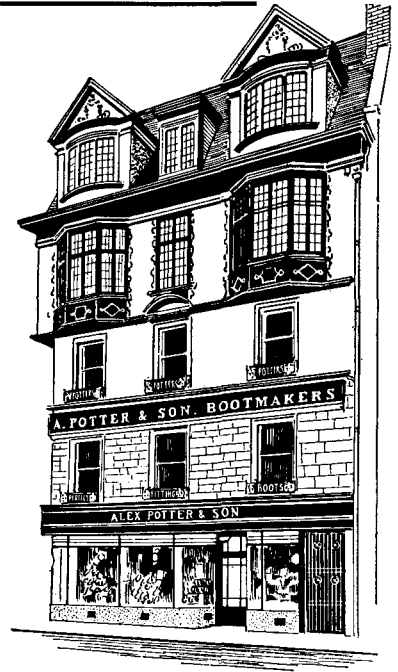
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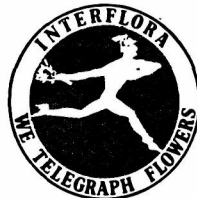
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Primary

MY PUSSY CAT

My pussy is grey and white and last year I had a pussy and it was run-overed and it died and this cat I have got now is cheeky to me. One day I said to mummy let pussy out. One day my pussy chasted and chasted around the garden, my pussy is always funny. He is a bit silly and he is bad sometimes and last years cat was nice and fluffy.

ANNA JACUK, L.IIIa.

TOM TIT

Once upon a time there were three little tits one day one of the tits thought that it would be fun to find a worm for him and his brothers. So he clung to the branch and flapped his tiny wings and took off down down down he tured up-side down and landed with a bump. My goodness said a grasshopped who was passing by I've never seen a bird flying up side down befor.

Well said Tom I have never flyed before.

And at that moment he caught his first worm But wene he tried to fly up again he could not budge but soon a play-ful gust of wind took him up to the nest and all were all happy at the end.

JUDITH DYE, L.IIIa.

ABOUT MY TOY SOLDIERS

I like my toy soldiers. I always play with my soldiers after my homework. Sometimes my smallest brother knocks them down. I get a bit angry with him. But I forgive him.

NEIL D. C. DUNCAN, L.IIIa.

THE FARMYARD

The farm yard has an afowl lot of animals. The animals are the horse and the cow and hens. The farmer grows corn, wheat, barely. From wheat we get flour and from flour we get bread.

JOHN BAIRD, L.IIIa.

RED INDIANS

Oo-oooo-oo-oo. The red Indians were dancing a war dance. War was near.

Little Indian girls and boys fled to the shelter of the wig-wams.

Galloping horses and trupets met the cheif's ears. The war cry was sounded. It was a fierce battle. Horses neighed and men shouted.

Arrows zooo-med, bullets whizzzz-ed.

ANNE CHAMBERS, L.IIIa.

LEAVES

I like leaves in autumn because they change their colour—red, brown, and yellow.

The leaves rustle and they flutter and dance all around. The trees are bare because the leaves have fallen off the trees.

Leaves are lovely when they have fallen off the trees.

PAULINE M. RAMSAY, L.IIIa.

QUEENIE

There was once a little dog who had stood in a pet shop window for weeks. One day she overheard a customer asking about a dog, and hoped she would be chosen. The shopkeeper knew that most people wanted pedegree dogs, but Queenie was not one, Queenie was very sad, and she buried her head between her front paws. One day Mr Jack let her run about the shop floor, while he was cleaning the cages. She darted out the door, and was taken home by a man. The man gave her some dog biscuits and a bowl of milk. Afterwards she curled up in a basket and fell asleep, dreaming about becoming a racing dog.

KENNETH GLASS, L.IV.

PICTURES IN FIRE

Oh, looking at the dreary eyes, I seem to see a shape of blue; it is the eyes of the owl that lives in the wood.

I see a dragon and a knight, the dragon breathing flame and fire, the knight fights, the dragon is dead.

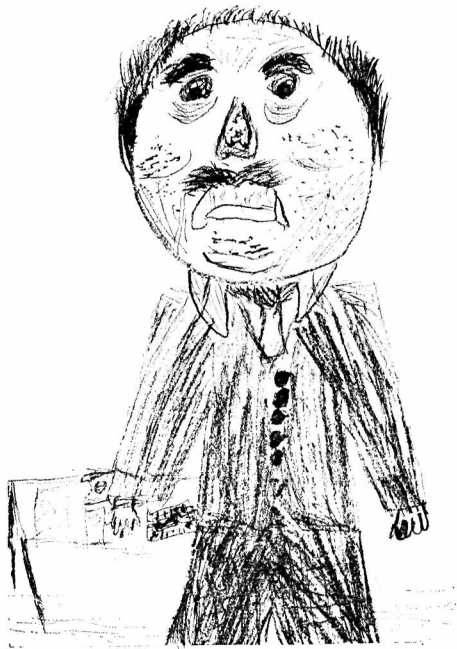
But all too soon mummy wakes me up, and I say, "Where are all the strange things?"

SHEILA JAMIESON, L.IV.

The “Draw The Rector” Competition

This term, in an effort to produce something rather different in the way of Preparatory Department material for the School Magazine, a “Draw the Rector” competition was organised with great success. It was extremely difficult to choose the best out of the many and varied entries but we limited ourselves to one drawing from each class and the final selection was made by the Rector himself.

The most lifelike drawing was the one by Heather Ripley, who wins the L.III. prize, while the L.II. prize is being awarded to



HEATHER RIPLEY, L.III.



BRIAN SMITH, L.II.

Brian Smith, who portrayed the Rector as a young, navy-blue man of about twenty-five. Anna-Lisa Morocco wins the L.I. prize with her charming drawing and an extra prize for originality is being awarded to John Coletta of L.I., whose drawing could not possibly be left out.

Selecting the winning entries afforded great entertainment to certain members of Form 6. Among the vast assortment of Rectors, Batmen predominated and there were even a few drawings in which the Rector was completely engulfed by the background and could not be seen at all. Some of the children obviously remembered their interviews with the Rector and drew a desk with one head on one side and two (artist plus mother?) on the other. Others merely drew a desk with an ominously pale blue and rectangular shape

on it. All the pupils of L.I., L.II. and L.III. must be congratulated on their truly magnificent drawings and we must also thank their teachers for their much-needed and much-appreciated co-operation.

F. BELL, F.VI.



ANNA-LISA MOROCCO, L.I.



JOHN COLETTA, L.I.

THE LITTLE CAT

There was once a little cat. He was quite nice though he always spat. Now this cat would love a pat and always sat by the fire and had to be called "Sire". He always thought he owned the empire. Now this little cat's meal was only a plate of orange peel or maybe a dish of fat fish. That is the story of the little cat who spat.

PETER HUTTON, L.IV.

SCHOOL

School, school, school,
I wish it were a bathing pool,
Books, books, books,
I wish they hung on hooks.

Desks, desks, desks,
They're such little pests,
Art, art, art,
I do not like this part.

Grammar, grammar, grammar,
I could hammer grammar,
Hymns, hymns, hymns,
I hate them as much as gym.

GRAHAM MACNAUGHTON, L.IV.

HOMEWORK

It's half past seven,
The clock's just struck,
I've forgotten my homework
Of all the luck.

What's seven times seven?
That's forty-nine,
I'll never get this finished
By half past nine.

Now it's spelling,
That's the page,
That's the wrong one,
Mum's in a rage.

Where's my mental?
What's the set?
All this work
I'll certainly forget.

That's it finished,
Off to bed,
Gosh my arms
Feel like lead!

JAMES REPPER, L.VI.

BUILDING A REPTILYARY

My brother has many reptiles, toads for instance. He used to have a Golden-backed Skink but it drowned in its bath. One day Daddy said that he would make him a Reptilyary some day. Most Daddy's would not say this but my Daddy is an architect. At last we had the opportunity to start. Our neighbours were having something done to their house. So Dad got some cement and bricks. He put the new bricks on top of the old ones off the compost heap. After, he had to make an over-hang. He tried cementing it on but it not work. So he weighted it down with bricks. Next he took the bird bath, then he poured water in to it. Then they made a hibernating chamber and put granulated cork in it. After this they put moss in. That was the finishing touch.

ALISON GAULDIE, L.IV.

COLOURS

Yellow and Blue are my favourite colours.
As well as these there are some others,
An emerald green and a reddish brown,
A lovely yellow mixed with fawn.
Which colour do you adore?
Because I know a whole lot more.

ALISON HUTTON, L.V.

A VISIT TO THE ZOO

One day I went to the zoo
I went to look at the kangaroo
The tall giraffe
Made me laugh,
And the elephant laughed too.

CLAIRE McDONALD, L.V.

SPIES !

One very stormy night as I was walking home I heard a twig snap behind me. I swiftly turned round in time to see a burly figure fade into the darkness. I was terrified! I ran and ran till I came to an old mansion. It hadn't been lived in for years and years. I crept in to shelter from the pouring rain. Suddenly a plank of heavy timber fell to the floor two inches away from me. Then I felt a shiver go up my spine as a hand covered my mouth. My captor knocked me out and I knew no more.

When I opened my eyes I was tied to a chair with two ugly men sitting at a table beside me. They were so engrossed in their

game of poker that they did not notice me trying to untie my bonds. A minute later one of them stood up and reached for a gun leaning against the wall.

"Let's go get us a rabbit and cook a meal. I'm getting hungry," he mumbled.

They approached the door and went out. After they left I took the opportunity to look around me. I seemed to be in some sort of hut. It had a very low roof, a table and three chairs, one of which I was tied to. It also had several beer bottles, etc., scattered over the floor. I edged towards one of the bottles and broke it with my foot. Having done this, I toppled over the chair and sawed at my bonds with the broken glass. As soon as I had broken the rope, I escaped.

I went straight to the nearest police-station (which was not very near) and reported this. They caught both the men and the two men told us that their leader was the international spy, Fredrike Von Galt. I was then given a reward of £100 (out of the £1,000 as I did not really capture him) for his capture.

PAMELA SWANNEY, L.VI.

MADURODAM : HOLLAND IN MINIATURE

Where can you see all the land-marks of Holland, but only walk a mile? Where can you hear the organs playing in an Amsterdam church only a few miles from the Hague? The answer is — Madurodam!

As you buy your tickets the lady says, after your efforts to look Dutch, "A guide in English?", recognising your nationality as soon as she sees you (a thing at which the Dutch are adept). You pass through the gates, and a man, armed with a camera, snaps you and presses a sticky label with a number on it on to your lapel (at the end of the tour you can buy the photograph). Then the sight-seeing begins!

You descend the steps and view Madurodam, which is, if you hadn't already guessed, a miniature village. Your first impression is — CROWDS!

In Madurodam there are canals, fairs, windmills, landmarks from all parts of Holland, and lots of working models. While passing the miniature bulb-fields you smell hyacinths, you see the Rotterdam harbour, and all its traffic, and, while passing the radio transmitting tower, you are asked not to stand

in front of it, as it sends out real signals! Everything is reproduced exactly, even the tiny bricks are marked in! There is a model of every important landmark in Holland there, and many models of typical houses, etc.

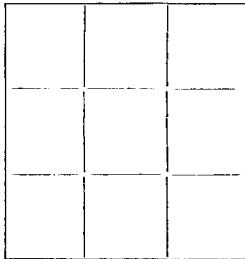
For boys there is the railway system, the harbour, the air-port and the motorway, for girls lovely buildings, and beautiful glades of real miniature trees.

The whole feeling of Holland is reproduced in Madurodam, and it is well worth visiting it, the only place where Holland is in a nut-shell!

DEBORAH MUNRO, L.VII.

NUMBER PUZZLE

Here is a puzzle I thought readers might like to try. The numbers have to add up to twenty across and down, not using the same number twice.



(Solution on page 58)

INNES GARDEN, L.VII.

HAUNTED CASTLE

Fall asleep in deadly chamber,
Then go straight on
or take short-cut fraught with danger.
Held captive after wakening dragon
Fall into dungeon.
Drink magic potion.
Find secret passage beside magic flagstone.
See Castle Ghost
who seems to be host.
Lower drawbridge and escape.

ANN PATTERSON, L.VII.

" MISSION ACCOMPLISHED "

It all happened one Friday afternoon.
As Mrs James left the house, William came on to the shelf. He looked this way and that. Satisfied nobody was in sight, he ventured a little further.

His eyes suddenly fell upon a large slice of cheese, not very far away. As you have

probably gathered, William was a mouse, and a very greedy one at that.

This actual piece of cheese looked extremely inviting. Stealthily he crept closer, until at last, he was in reach of it.

Nibble, nibble, nibble, he went until he had devoured the whole slice. He then returned quietly to his den.

Another successful raid had been accomplished.

FIONA SCHOFIELD, L.VII.

THE TIMID WEE MOUSE

Many people have pets,
And keep them in the house,
Dogs, cats, and even parrots too,
But why never a mouse?

It has a right just like us
To live in comfort too.
But when tis seen, oh what a fuss
And tis chased through and through.

The cat on watch shall prowl and wait,
And eye to eye shall stare,
And when the mouse comes out at last
Tis met by a glassy stare.

The cat doth leap,
The mouse goes back,
But not in time it seems.
For the mouse is now trapped, and the
cat begins to eat.

Oh why is a mouse not like a cat,
And be welcome in a house?
I think we should put up a mouse policy,
With food and meat to eat.
And send the bill with regards
To number 10, Downing Street.

RODERICK MUNRO, L.VII.

HALLOWE'EN

It was a cold October night,
The coldest we had seen,
But, oh, we had a jolly, happy
Hallowe'en.

The witches were flying on broomsticks.
The ghosts were also out.
The children were ducking for apples
With forks stuck in their mouths.
The ghosts will walk through walls,
The witches will ride in the sky.
But the bonfire will keep on burning,
With flames leaping high.

WENDY BARRIE, L.VII.

Seniors

MOONLIGHT INTERLUDE

From the tiny hole 'neath the old oak tree,
A small furry body creeps stealthily
Towards the field and the grains of corn,
Food for his babies just newly born.

High above in the old oak tree,
The old owl sits waiting patiently.
Then suddenly he spies a movement below
Spreads his wings and swoops down low.

His big black shadow crosses the moon,
The tiny mouse leaps not a moment too soon
Then scurries away, with fear in his breast,
Back to his family and cosy nest.

CAREEN PETRIE, F.Ia.

HARBOURS

Blue sails; some still, some moving in the
broken breeze;
Afternoon in the port; the cries of snow-
white seagulls overhead
stir me and wipe away what I was dreaming
of.

Far off, by the battered lighthouse, the
breakers crash against
the harbour wall with fearless force; they
pummel stone into dust, in time.

The mudflats, squalid and damp in the dawn
of day no longer seem
an object of ridicule. Archaic ribs of a ship
lie on the Suffolk sand.

A howling tempest from the sky clears the
quays of people;
the snowflakes swirl around and lie like
confetti on the coffin.

A wriggling mass of twisted fish are landed
by the cran.
I close my eyes; the day is dark and no lights
are on at home.

The stars leap out behind the clouds, the arc-
lights now are dim.
It's time to sleep the long night out, still
time to forget him.

J. S. W. BARNES, F.VI.

WIGGINS TEAPE PAPER MILL

My brother works in one of the biggest
Paper Mills in Britain. Paper comes to the
mill in the form of bales of dry pulpy wood,
compressed so that it is no bigger than a bale
of straw.

These bales are then taken by conveyor
belt to the pulp machines where they are
diluted until they become a wet mass. This
is done in a tub-like machine which turns the
pulp round. The dye is then added. The pulp
is left to turn round and round in the machine
for a certain number of days depending upon
what type of paper is wanted.

This sludge is kept turning until it
becomes difficult to separate. It is then trans-
ferred to another part of the mill where it
is put through many rollers being turned by
machinery at an average speed of 30 miles to
50 miles per hour. By means of these rollers
the water is drained from the pulp and, as it
goes through as many as thirty or forty rol-
lers of different sizes, it becomes paper as we
know it.

When the last of the paper comes off the
last roller it is completely dried and is taken
to the storage part of the mill where it is
tested. If the paper is satisfactory it is cut
to the appropriate size and sold, but if it is
not satisfactory it has to go through the pro-
cess again.

ANDREW HARVEY, F.Ia.

AN AUTUMN EVENING

I love to walk without a sound
While leaves fall gently round my head
And make a russet carpet on the ground.

I love to watch the mountain haze,
A blue and lovely mist which veils
The hillsides from my melancholy gaze.

I love to breathe the evening air,
To feel it cool upon my lips
And let its perfume mingle with my hair.

I love to see the dying rays
Of sun caress the sleepy vales
Where placid herds are often wont to graze.

CHRISTINE MCKEAN, F.IV.



GIRLS' HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Pat Hutton, Deborah Menelaws, Alison Semple.

Middle Row (l. to r.)— Moira Fraser, Alison Wardlaw, Virginia Wain, Margaret Duncan.

Front Row (l. to r.)— Fiona Clark, Lennox Ayer, Joan Walker, Shonie Petrie, Miss Patrick.



Photographs by J. D. Brown

SPORTS CUP WINNERS

Front Row (l. to r.)— P. M. Hutton, E. J. A. Mills, E. L. Gordon, J. D. J. Walker, E. H. S. Money, F. M. Clark, J. A. Standley, L. A. Wilson.

Middle Row (l. to r.)— H. S. Eadie, K. J. Ross, G. B. R. Cram, A. G. Nicholson, J. H. Pearce, R. S. Milne.

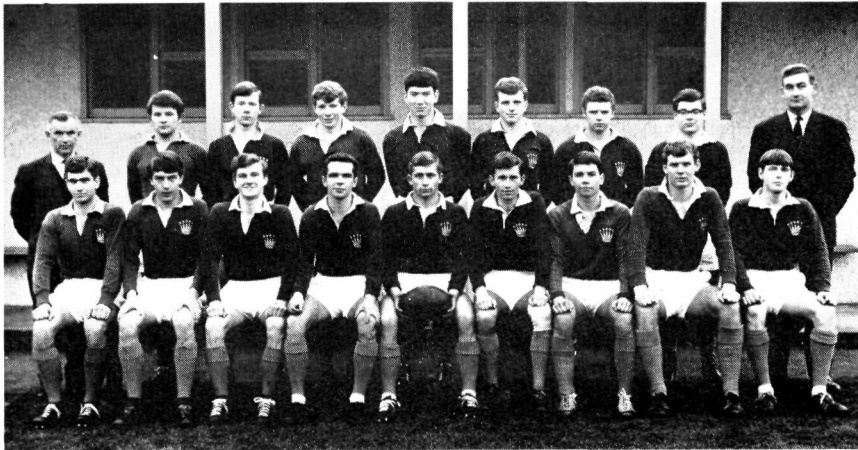
Back Row (l. to r.)— W. H. Baxter, M. J. Rogers, W. A. Masson, D. A. Smith, A. C. Cruickshank, H. L. Ramsay, I. F. Gow.



BOYS' HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)— J. A. Lester, E. A. McLeod, J. C. Mitchell, W. J. R. Smith, R. H. Berry, I. R. Dye.

Front Row (l. to r.)— I. C. Haeburn-Little, A. G. McLaren (Vice-Captain), A. G. Nicholson (Captain), A. B. Buchan, R. J. Catlow.



Photographs by J. D. Brown

RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.)— D. W. D. Allardice, B. C. Armstrong-Payne, M. J. Cowie, P. C. Grewar, D. H. Troup, E. S. D. McKay, M. G. Watson, A. H. Hutchison, Mr G. C. Stewart.

Front Row (l. to r.)— K. Allen, D. A. Comb, D. A. Rorie, M. J. Rogers (Vice-Captain), G. W. Stiven (Captain), K. J. Ross, W. A. Masson, N. Y. Cram, A. I. Johnstone.

KNOW YOUR OWN COUNTRY AND BEAT THE TRAVEL FREEZE

A RETURN TO CHILDHOOD

While on holiday in the Lake District, our family decided to visit Hill Top, the home of Beatrix Potter, now a small museum in her honour at Sawrey. By doing so, we stirred up many sleeping memories, for, in this wonderful old house, still live on many of Beatrix Potter's animal characters. The dolls' house where "The Two Bad Mice" lived is still as it was when the book was written. The garden where "Jemima Puddle-Duck" stayed is still the same as the illustrations in the book. The old dresser described in "The Tale of Samuel Whiskers" still stands where it did, and the staircase and landing where "Tabitha Twitchit" mewed for "Tom Kitten" have remained unaltered.

In fact these are clearly depicted in the original illustrations from the books of Beatrix Potter which are on view to the public. These vivid works show that she was indeed a person who could understand the world of a child and translate this into words. Along with these illustrations are many interesting things to see such as Beatrix Potter's family Bible, her wax dolls with their frozen faces, and her spinning wheel. These things, and many others, have been preserved by the National Trust, and for the price of one shilling, you can buy a ticket that will take you back to a world of childhood.

MARJORY BOOTH.

THE MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

One of the most interesting places to visit in Edinburgh is the Museum of Childhood in the High Street. There are four floors of toys, books and hobbies that have given generations of children many happy hours.

On the first floor the display cases are full of dolls of every description. These range from the early rag doll to the present modern counterpart with her extensive wardrobe of clothes for every occasion. There is also a wonderful collection of foreign dolls. This part of the Museum is enjoyed by girls, young and old.

One of the most outstanding features is the enormous Dolls' House, which is a replica of an Elizabethan Manor, designed by the daughter of a previous owner, during the reign of Queen Victoria. The furniture and furnishings are exquisite in every detail. The music room is particularly enchanting with its tiny grand piano, various stringed instruments, music stands and manuscripts. Visitors linger long, delightedly catching sight of yet another aspect of the Victorian era.

Clockwork toys which are amusing and novel, the ever favourite rocking horse, bicycles, dolls' cradles, model soldiers, toy teasetts, and sewing sets are all displayed. It is interesting to know that many of these toys, dating back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, are still in prime condition.

The top floor is devoted to books and hobbies. Grandparents gaze with nostalgia at the first editions of the now well-known magazines for young people. School books are also on view, together with jotters showing wonderful copper-plate handwriting. Toy theatres and Punch and Judy shows modelled in cardboard depict the theatre throughout the ages.

The Museum is a fascinating place and a few hours spent there will give a great deal of pleasure.

PAMELA M. NIVEN, F.Ib.

HIS LAST TATTOO

After we had visited Colonel Glenn's Space Capsule in the Chamber Street Museum we decided to find a restaurant. As everyone in the centre of Edinburgh seemed to be eating at that time, this was no mean task and we ended up at the North British Hotel!

Having finished a very satisfying meal we went back to the car and donned extra jerseys, sheepskin jackets and scarves. We climbed up the winding steps to the Esplanade and the scene that met us was terrific. Clutching our programmes (price one shilling), we were directed to our seats — the second back row on the scaffolding. The hustle and bustle and brightness died away as, far below, the lights

of Edinburgh picked out famous landmarks and in the distance, the top of Arthur's Seat was wreathed in mist.

Suddenly the voice of Brigadier Alastair Maclean came over the loudspeakers. He asked the people to "make as much noise as they liked" when he called the name of their country, city or football team. Needless to say, we cheered for Dundee and Dundee F.C. (or was it United?). Beside us sat a couple of Americans, no doubt awed by the splendour and chilled to the marrow.

Then it started. First, the Fanfare — then the Pipes and Drums. The Pakistan Constabulary ceremoniously performed two tribal dances, the "Khattak" and "Balbala"/"Gadwana". Both dances are meant to stir emotion and excitement on the eve of war. The dancers wore baggy trousers, skirts and kerchiefs tied round their waists — and had long hair! In both dances there was a drum, but in one, swords are used, and in the other rifles are fired.

A Gymnastic Display followed. The highlight of this was the trampolining and the climax was a performance by a clown. The R.A.F. then gave a demonstration of precision drill accompanied by a Mounted Band of the Royal Artillery.

Then came the major event of the 1966 Tattoo — a breathtaking Motor Cycle Display given by a team of twenty-four volunteer regular soldiers from Gunner Regiments throughout the British Army. As they — the cyclists — tore up and down the Esplanade, the spectators were held spellbound. These highly-trained cyclists drove up ramps and through hoops, criss-crossed and made a skilful pyramid. As the spotlights followed the cyclists, wearing silvery helmets and white overalls, one could not help thinking that this new idea for the Tattoo was worthy of great praise.

This was followed by a Drill Display, accompanied by their own Pipes and Drums, from the Pakistan Constabulary, who all wore uniforms of green and yellow. Then the Massed Bands took the stage and this was succeeded once more by Pipes and Drums — this time of Scottish pipers.

The Grand Finale was the last item on the agenda and this roused the crowd immensely. Brigadier Maclean asked them to sing

or hum or "anything" to those well-known tunes like "Will ye no' come back again?", "Scotland the Brave", "The Green Hills of Tyrol", "Crimond" and "Auld Lang Syne". Two Sassenachs (both ladies!) were sitting in front of us and, along with many others, clamoured for "The Saints come marching in". This had four encores amidst a lot of swaying, foot-tapping and hearty singing. The flag was then lowered to "The Last Post", played by a solitary piper on the castle ramparts.

Brigadier Maclean then made a closing speech — his last as producer and commentator at the Edinburgh Military Tattoo — and the satisfied audience, after a gusty "three cheers", rose solemnly to their feet for the Pakistan National Anthem and "God Save the Queen".

P. R., F.III.

HIGHLAND DEVELOPMENT

In the past few years since the Cairngorms have been taken over by the Highland Development, the peaceful countryside has been changed into somewhere resembling Blackpool. The beauty spots may still appear beautiful from a distance but once they are seen close up they are transformed into a rubbish dump. The ground is littered with tin cans, cigarette packets, broken bottles, etc., which have been left by people who just could not care. Now, anyone who wants to go and spend a peaceful day at one of the lochs round Cairngorm finds it impossible, either because there are caravans everywhere or because there are hundreds of people sitting on the same beach.

The country roads which were sometimes rather narrow and inconvenient have now been widened to allow easy access to the ski slopes in winter. The result is that cars travel faster than they ought to and more of the wild life is killed. The view of the mountains near Aviemore is no longer beautiful because someone has decided to build a ten-storey concrete hotel in the valley so that any photograph taken of the mountains has this monstrosity in it. Altogether the Highland Development is, I suppose, a good thing, but sometimes people don't take time to think of the consequences.

PATRICIA DUFF, F.IV.

TAM O' SHANTER'S NIGHTMARE

or "This Could Happen to You"

Now Tam had worked hard all his life,
To keep his family and his wife,
And oft' at night he toiled on late,
Not leaving work till after eight,
The night of which I tell this tale,
The rain swept down upon the gale,
That night a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel seated in his wee, grey van,
(A better never carried man),
Tam hurried on through wind and rain,
To reach his snug and cosy hame.
As rain began to turn to sleet,
Tam found himself in Downing Street,
And, vow! he saw an unco sight,
For number ten was all alight.
There was our Harold, grim and black,
His Gannex raincoat on his back,
With all his mighty right-hand men,
Gunther, Brown and Callaghan.
Now Tam, who was a simple chap,
Ne'er dreamt that this could be a trap.
Believing Harold was no crook,
He stopped his van to take a look.
'Twas then he saw a shapely dame,
Barbara Castle was her name,
Her skirt, one inch above the knee,
Sent Tam into a rhapsody.
He left his van without a thought,
O my! he was a stupid clot.
Had he but known what was in store,
He'd ne'er have even ope'd his door.
Before he knew just what was what,
He had been very roughly caught.
Then cunning, shrewd Jim Callaghan,
Took all his money and his van.
But Harold, so compassionate,
Thought this a rather cruel fate,
"We've ta'en your goods," he kindly said,
"So here is something else instead.
I'm sure you'll find much consolation
In this great burden of taxation."
Of course at this Tam did complain,
But all his pleas were quite in vain.
So poor Tam LABOURED on his road,
And staggered 'neath his massive load.
His future now seemed very grim,
The tax was just too much for him.
But then, when hope was fading fast,
And Tam was at his very last,
Along came noble Edward Heath
Who put an end to Tammie's grief.

He first took off Tam's heavy load
And sent him on his homeward road.
Then made him wealthier by far.
Now he can buy a brand new car,
And for his children and his wife,
He can provide a better life.

So if to LABOUR your thoughts go,
Think you upon poor Tammie's woe.
If prosperously you wish to live,
Be wise and vote CONSERVATIVE.

R. FOOTE, F.V.

THE HEFFALUMPS

(with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

They gorge on the gridges,
And they bathe in gummy gools,
They rattle through the rolders,
With their alabaster stools.

They inhibit Carawogidies,
In groups of severn and eight,
And in the sugar seasons,
They attempt to hibernate.

They walk by alliwaddling,
And go for runny trots,
They cultivate Nasturtiums,
In their nautihydrous pots.

They rallow in the Rurigines,
And mallow in the muff,
And dullihydrenate themselves,
With slurpy galumptious stuff.

They eat the bilbous bumberworm,
With honey hearted bees,
And drink the wilmy waters
Under harawurly trees.

They greet their friends by harrowling,
And make a grooly din,
They scratch their shilly feet
Against their rinkle-rilby skin.

And in their cilbous cave
They hide from torilling rain,
And when it is uphottening
They waddle out again.

Their bodies are of greyish blue
With undulating bumps,
They're really quite boristical
The rhiny heffalumps!

JANE STANDLEY, F.II.

. . . . ?

Mrs Majority stood by the kitchen door biting her nails and swearing at her husband for being late on this day of all days. She was beginning to tremble and go weak all over. How long could she stand this? How long could she last out against this invisible power that was building up inside her?

She recalled the night before when she had made the decision which she now very much regretted. She had come through the morning without any trouble. It was just after lunch that it hit her and since then it had grown! and grown! and grown! and grown! until now it was unbearable.

But wait. She heard something—her husband's footsteps. She rushed to the gate. There he was walking down the road. She rushed towards him, falling on her knees when she met him and literally begged, begged, for a . . .

You may ask why the woman in the story is called Mrs Majority. The reason is that this type of incident does happen every day. Now you say this is nonsense. I can only say that the story is slightly exaggerated to make its point quite clear.

Now a slightly different aspect to the same story:—

"And where do you come from, Fred?" asked Bill in a most polite manner.

"Oh, Virginia," replied Fred in a rather conceited tone.

"I like your pick, Fred," said Bill.

"So do I," said Fred. "I must say that is a fine axe you have there, Bill," said Fred.

"Do you really think so?" replied Bill. "Made it myself while I was still on the bush."

"It's becoming hot at last. It won't be long before we're hard at work," said Fred.

Indeed, Fred was right. Within a couple of seconds they were caught up by a whirlwind and they shot off down the damp mine shaft to their work in the large cavern awaiting them.

This mine had been going for some time so that it would not be long before it was closed.

Bill and Fred soon started working, cutting through long strands of seaweed type material until there was none of it left.

Bill and Fred's work completed, they just lay down and passed away.

Most of you, I hope, have some idea of the meaning of this article. For those who have not, a brief explanation is called for. Mrs Majority had decided to give up smoking and Bill and Fred were working in the caverns of Human Lungs.

A NON SMOKER, IV.

ARTHUR MORGAN

Pale-faced, he lay on the moorland, gulping great gasps of mountain air into his ruined lungs.

His pursuers scrambling over the rock-screes had almost caught him.

But for the moment he was free.

Overhead the great buzzards wheeled, screaming their secrets to the wide-open world.

But only the rolling grasses heard, and did not understand.

He twitched perceptively, in an electra of sound, and heard his own heart beating inside his head. He looked up and saw the first bluecoats climbing over the mountainside, bayoneted rifles in their hands and an ugly glint from their knives.

A shot rang out. An Englishman had stumbled on a rock, bones cracked in the fernland.

The rebel, springing upwards through the ferns, saw, too late, that he had not been seen.

The roaring blue pursuit caught up, and rushed him to the bare ground.

A ball passed through his brain, and the sharp knives flashed in the sun above his body. A sharp and mangled cry and the birds in the sky were silent.

J. S. W. BARNES, F.VI.

School Revealed

We spend half our waking hours in it; we rush in just in time for its bell in the morning (or not in time), and we count the seconds until it is time to leave again; for thirteen years it becomes the centre of life; it is school. Naturally, everyone sees this establishment in a different way. The little boy laboriously dotting the 'i's on five hundred lines has a vastly different idea of education from the budding artist flinging clay about in the art-room, and different again from the trembling 'Highers' candidates attempting to cram five years' work into one night. But the life of a school should be reflected in its magazine, so we have devoted this section to comments about school from scholars past and present, to wishful thinking and grim reality.

We commence with what Robert Burns called "sage advices" from former editors of this magazine who have only recently abandoned the life scholastic for one big wide world and university.

" SAGE ADVICES " — (Burns) — From Former Editors

SANDRA (Spence)

There is no comparison between school and university. We are always being told that we are at university not to be taught, but to learn. This is quite true—it's more or less up to you whether you work or not. Of course, there are essays, proses, etc., to be handed in, and if you don't do them you're liable not to be given the certificate you need to be allowed to sit the degree examinations. The course is very concentrated, and it is a little difficult to adjust to the number of books we are expected to read. After taking 3 terms to study a German play in 6th year, it was rather disconcerting to find we had to learn the whole of a more complicated play, in greater detail, after about 5 days.

Living away from home is a great advantage. Student life in general is much less restricted than at school—you can work when, where and as much as you like. This greater freedom away from home makes you much more independent and self-reliant. I took some time to settle down, but after I had, I began to be much more philosophical about work and exams until I find I have hardly given a thought to the degree exams. So I think university life is doing me a lot of good!

I must admit that I wasn't looking forward to going to St. Andrews (perhaps merely because I'm not good at studying), but I enjoyed my first year very much. It is definitely better to live away from home as it broadens your outlook.

ROBIN (Stimpson)

There is a big difference between the attitude to the student and that to the pupil. University is much more informal—it's up to you whether you do the work or not. In school you are fairly well-known by staff and other pupils—at university there are so many students that you can't be known to the same extent and, therefore, you are forced to come out of your shell. You are made to develop your character. The 6th form is good preparation for university as it is less restricted and formal than other years. I don't think you miss a lot of the life by living at home. Being at home has the advantage that you can "escape" from the university and university life when you want to.

ALASTAIR (Dorward)—a man of few words.

Sixth form—do the work, but don't put too much emphasis on it. University is a big change—you're just a number. Sixth form and magazine are good for bringing out people, but magazine should be left even more to pupils than in my day.

RHONA (McKenzie)

Big change—good for developing character—have to have thought about things—can't go there knowing nothing about important current affairs. Definitely better to go from 6th, not from 5th, as much more discussion in 6th, and "Listener" period good. Do miss a lot of social life—don't get to know new people—if in residence get to know how to make friends.

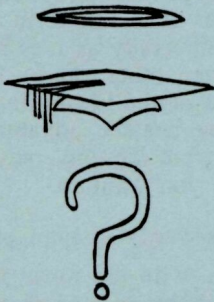
A SCHOOL YEAR

Summertime,
All is fine,
Girls in blue,
Cares are few.
Exams are finished
Worries diminished.

Winter comes,
Swotting, sums,
Berets of grey,
On a windy day,
Grounds are freezing —
Set you sneezing.
Classrooms so cold,
These heaters, so old!

THE PERFECT TEACHER

I would like to introduce you to Mr Inoon, my teacher of Double Dutch. I doubt if you will ever meet anyone quite like him. When we enter his classroom which is, of course, on the twelfth floor (but there's a lift), the temperature is pleasant and the room is airy — not like that one of Miss You-Know-Who, where tropical plants can be grown, or Mr Thingummie's, where interesting ice-crystals grow even in summer.



Mr Inoon has a pleasant voice, unlike the "Ancient Mariner" in the room eight floors below and he can be heard and understood in the sleepest corner of the class, though we have no difficulty in remaining awake in this teacher's classroom because he makes his lessons interesting and very often amusing. Nobody misbehaves because they like the teacher and have no cause to be distracted from the pleasant occupation of working.

Unlike Miss What's-her-name, who likes us to take a wheelbarrow full of books each day, Mr Inoon would not dream of making us bring more than a thin book and a light jotter. When he asks us to hand in our ink

exercises once every three months, he always listens to our excuses and believes us when we tell him that the burglar who broke into our house the night before also took our homework, and he tells us not to worry about these things. He is also an expert at helping those who don't understand and he will give just as many marks for a pupil who has tried a question as for one who is right.

Mr Inoon is never like Mr So-and-So, the teacher three floors farther up, who is in league with the games staff and mutters on so long after the bell has gone that we have to break the four minute mile to get to the next class. Mr Inoon realises that we need our morning break and reminds us at a quarter to eleven that if we don't leave we shall be late.

He always says goodbye and thanks us for coming and tells us that there will be no homework because he does not believe in it. Perhaps you don't believe in Mr Inoon, but I do. He must exist somewhere.

F.IV. PUPIL.

"SCHOLA CLARA . . ."

No prizes offered for discovering the secret code here.

Grey, pillared edifice,
Thou seat of learning, and of knowledge?
Thou who never errs —
Kin of the great strive within thy portals.
Thy rod and staff me comfort still
And me to work doth make.

What is't? You art in Physics lab.,
Trying to make the pong go.
No more in Maths. shall toll the bell;
The sexton's at the bingo.

A damsel dark rebels against
Such popular frivolities.
And her son wills on the bell —
A real smart fellow he!

Thou see'st not forest for the trees!
Thou would'st not aid a friend?
If thou should'st warble or call out
Thine vanity might bend.

To pass exams thou mak'st us try,
Though in a stew art we
A dicky-bird (no hunter's prey)
Layest evens on — not me!

By SANDY MEIKLEJOHN,
who wishes to remain anonymous.

PLAY-TIME

You may think that the tuckshop is just a place where we replenish our supplies of sweets. Indeed it is not. Many a debatable subject has been discussed there. Let me relate to you the kind of topic that might be talked about.

"I still think that Da Gama was the first to sail round the world."

"Nonsense, he was first to round the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus sailed round the world first."

A third voice would speak. "No, no," he would say, in learned tones, "Da Gama sailed round the Cape of Good Hope and then to Calcutta. Diaz sailed round the Cape in 1486; he was first round the Cape. Columbus only found the West Indies. Magellan sailed round the world first."

"Columbus found America, not the West Indies," said the first.

"Not at all," said the third, "Cabot has been given the credit of being the first to find America."

"No," said the second, "the Vikings were the first to discover America."

Well, there we leave them, but you can see that a good time, and good sweets, can be had by all.

PEN NIB, F.I.

WHAT DO THEY THINK OF US ?

Taking courage in both hands we decided to penetrate the depths of the Junior School and attempt to find out just how much the pupils knew about the formidable life to come, that of the Senior School pupil.

The first section of questions concerned school uniform: Did they like wearing it and how would they change the Senior School uniform? Most readily agreed that they did not like it, but one distinguished young gentleman said, "Very much indeed but I have always preferred the navy trousers". Was this because ink-stained fingers could be discreetly wiped?

The changes suggested were varied. Many of the younger girls wished to wear trousers and old jumpers because, suggested one young lady, she always plays in old jumpers.

Does she come to school to play? It was unanimously decided that no berets should be worn and many felt that the "mod" look would be lovely with navy and orange stripes across their mini-skirts. The boys were more satisfied with the senior uniform except for two boys. One felt that it was too hot and the "big boys" should wear short trousers in the summer, while the other thought that the boys should wear caps but only when it was raining.

"PLEASE SIR,
FORM 2B WOULD
LIKE TO DECLARE U.D.I."



Moving on to question number two, we asked about the school leaving age: What was it, what did they think it should be and what were they going to do after they had left? Most did not realise that they could leave this "haven of learning" before they were eighteen. As for the age they thought they should leave, the answers varied from five years old to nineteen years old, with one girl thinking sixteen would be a "nice, comfortable age" to leave. What they are all going to do after school is a great credit to the establishment, as many felt that they would not require any further education after school but would become scientists, veterinary surgeons and doctors as soon as they left. We were surprised to see that all the girls were career girls and the thought of marriage had never crossed their minds!

The School Prefects was the next subject. Nobody seemed to know just how many there

actually were (the answers varied from three to twenty). Nor were they very clear how to recognise one of this hated body except for "yellow stuff all over their blazers". One girl felt that she had the answer to this problem by assuming that the prefects were all the tall people. The answers to what a prefect has to do were many and varied. Among them were: "They go into a room and drink coffee", "They are like a government" and "They play records". Needless to say, with this vast selection of duties they were all willing candidates for future school prefects.

Most of the answers we received when we asked for their opinions on Senior School pupils were either subdued or unprintable. The description given was that we are "lazy, busybodies and nosey, especially when we asked awkward questions". The opinion of one boy about the boys was, "All right in general, but they become rather hilarious at times!"

As our final question we asked a very difficult one which, if tackled, many of the august seniors would be ignorant of: What is the school motto and what does it mean? After fruitless glances at blazer pockets only to discover that they could not read it we received one correct answer. One boy said that the motto was "Pennibado, pennibadato; at least I think that is what the Rector says in the lunch hall!" On this point we leave you and hope that the Latin Staff realises, from this last section, just what pupils will be descending on them in the years to come.

MOIRA NELSON AND
JOAN MATTHEWSON, F.VI.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY or THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

There has been a cleaning out of the basement rooms below my Study and some interesting documents about the School have come to light. Contained in one of them is information that in the period 1919-23, 10 girls did Technical! Such apparently unlady-like conduct for that time had to be investigated — and who better to do it than Miss Whytock?

From what she tells me, it seems that at that time the School suffered the same shortage of teachers that prevailed all over the

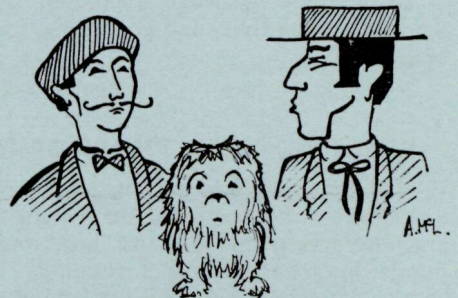
country as a result of the savage casualties of World War I. The young ladies could not be timetabled into their normal studies; so if they had ability in Handwork or Art they were turned on to Technical. Truly a simple and nostalgic view of the meaning of education!

Miss Agnew, aunt of Peter Agnew in L.VI. and Penny, F.V., and Mrs Horsburgh, mother of David in F.V., have told us something of the results. A music-cabinet with a glass front, a carved teapot stand, a plant pedestal — and Mrs Horsburgh at least still possesses her plant pedestal to prove it. Was it a good idea? Well, Miss Agnew says it was a most useful training for the repairs and breakdowns of an ordinary house, and Mrs Horsburgh has recently gone to Evening Classes in the subject.

The first teacher was a working carpenter, so it is thought. An unqualified teacher, no doubt! He was succeeded by Mr Simpson, a man of individuality of outlook, by all accounts. He ran the Technical Department until Mr Murray took over in 1942.

D. W. ERSKINE.

29th November, 1966.



"FRANCE AND SPAIN ARE SEPARATED BY
THE PEKINGESE"

A BURNING DECISION

"We have scorched the snake, not bitten it." — ("Macbeth" by a D.H.S. pupil).

SO THAT'S WHERE WE GOT IT !

"The Romans departed from Britain leaving their language behind them." — (Our Language by a D.H.S. pupil).

Letters To The Editor

We have received only ONE contribution to the competition which asked for critical letters on the School Magazine! Must we conclude that (a) ours is perfect, or (b) pupils recognise their ignorance on the subject, or (c) pupils don't care?

Dear Sir,

I am in complete agreement with the recent newspaper article about School Magazines. They are out-moded because they are no longer produced by pupils but seem to be more like reports arranged and approved by a senior member of staff.

If a committee of senior pupils was chosen to work alongside a member of staff, a magazine showing the pupils' point of view could be produced.

If pupils were encouraged to make surveys, the magazine would be more interesting and the pupils' education would benefit as well.

Surely descriptions of holidays abroad could be given less space and cartoons, photographs of school events and polls be included. Wouldn't the Preparatory Department's articles be more amusing if spelling and grammatical errors were not corrected? Could more humorous articles concerning members of staff not be included?

The magazine could be more economical if it was produced annually and it could contain better material at the same time. There would surely be a greater demand for the magazine if it was only produced once a year yet still cost the same amount.

I must admit I do not enjoy the Dundee High School Magazine as much as another which is edited more by pupils than by members of staff.

Yours truly,

SHONIE PETRIE, F.V.

Editor's comment — Miss Petrie must read her magazine with her eyes shut (a remarkable feat)! Surveys *have* been reported, Prep. Department's articles left "un-

blemished", cartoons and photos published when available, and humorous articles re staff published when contributed (but they rarely are forthcoming — what about trying your hand at it?).

There are also some points of which our correspondent may be unaware — the last three editions of the magazine have been produced largely by a team of pupils; one magazine per year would cut our vital advertisement revenue in half and we could hardly hope to sell more copies than now unless each pupil were to buy two or even three copies!

* * * * *

Dear Editor,

Although this is a free country I am at the moment writing an article for the School Magazine, when I can think, off-hand, of one hundred and one other things I could be doing and enjoying. The reason is — THE TEACHER MADE ME! I wonder just how many contributions for the magazine are voluntary?

What was my contribution to be? Well, after writing one and a half pages on rugby, I decided I wasn't a very good rugby correspondent. Then I tried to write a poem. I completed two verses and decided that even my young sister is a better poet than I am.

Once again, why am I going to all this trouble? BECAUSE THE TEACHER MADE ME! I have now written one hundred and forty words and by the time I have finished I will have done one hundred and seventy-six words. I hope this satisfies the teacher and perhaps even gets printed in the magazine.

Yours etc.,

PETER MONAGHAN, F.II.

Editor (somewhat puzzled at the number of similar letters received) — No comment.

* * * * *

Dear Editor,

I think that dying hair is ridiculous. If people were meant to have green or purple hair they would have been given it. Of course, if they had, they would probably have dyed it black or brown or something else. Why can't people be content with what they were given?

Also, mini-skirts are all right on some people, but people with fat, bulky legs

shouldn't be allowed to wear them. My grandmother sat opposite a woman in a 'bus once. She wore a mini-skirt (the woman, not my grandmother!) and her legs wobbled about like jellies, my grandmother said. It was so disgusting that she got up and went to the other end of the 'bus.

Yours faithfully,

YRALIH REKLAW, F.II.

Editor — We think dying hair is ridiculous, too.

* * * * *

Dear Editor,

We wish to express our opinion about girls taking cookery instead of science. We don't think that many girls are going to be scientists when they leave school. But when girls are grown up, living on their own or married, they will need to know how to cook. What good is it to them if they know all about Archimedes and they don't know how to poach or boil an egg?

THE GIRLS FROM L.G.T.C.

Editor — I'm afraid I'm not qualified to give an opinion. I know nothing about eggs or Archimedes.

* * * * *

Dear Editor,

When, oh when, will we, the pupils, have some say in the choice of "games" which we are forced to "play"? Every day, in the busloads which arrive at Dalnacraig and Monymusk, there must be dozens of boys and girls who simply loathe the coming hour or so.

Even those who enjoy the games would agree that there should be a wider choice. For instance, if a pupil is not good at rugby and has little enthusiasm for the game, the chances are that the prospects of hockey hardly appeal to him either.

Swimming, at least, is something which is of more use to everyone; after all, if you suddenly find yourself in deep water, drowning, what use is rugby?

In the summer term a wider range of more interesting sports is provided. In fact, most pupils have little to complain about in the summer term. But it is short — it only lasts about ten weeks and at least two grounds days are lost because of exams and weather.

Please, please can something be done — either not making sport compulsory or giving a wider range in the winter term?

For obvious reasons I remain,

YOURS ANONYMOUSLY, F.III.

Editor — I agree in general but it's my job to say otherwise.

* * * * *

D.H.S.,

Wensday.

Dear Mr Editor,

I would like to complain about them Prefects. You really can't imagine what it's like to have a figger lurking round every second corner just when you're going to say something about how rotten the prefects are or something and I don't like the way they took away my water-pistol and then appeared all soaking wet and squirting folk and things and this is gospel true because you can ask them honest. Surely there must be something you can do about them and another thing is did you know they've started a casino in that little room they have and that should be stopped shouldn't it I mean to say? By the way did you know that a good way to avoid a grotty prefect on late-book is to climb up the drain-pipe outside el wun's window and in by the top bit but don't let on I said or I will be staked out on the roof for the vultures.

Anyhow they all make me sick and I think they should all be shot except for Alison McLeay and if you want to know why not her it's because her wrote this.

(P.S. Seriously, though, we're doing a grand job.)

* * * * *

Dear Editor,

I think some people have awful names — like Higginbottom, Honeybun and Gufree — and there are others like JACK JACKSON, DAVID DAVIDSON and ROBERT ROBERTSON. I think that people who have names like Agnes Shuttlebottom or Jack Honeybun should have a chance to change their names when they are 18. All Christian names and surnames should be temporary.

Yours truly,

AILEEN GORDON, F.II.

Editor — Obviously Miss Gordon feels strongly about this. We hope Agnes Shuttlebottom can become, say, Annie Shuttlebottom when she's 18!

* * * * *

Dear Sir,

Surely it is not the mark of a just community that only those who have crossed the academic portals of Form Six are accorded privileges denied to their less fortunate fellows, Form Five Repeats? Could it possibly be that these "worthless" individuals are looked down upon by those in authority as

being undeserving of any alleviation of their lowly lot?

It is my contention that survival for five years in the Senior School ought to be the sole qualification necessary for gaining entry to Form Six. Such endurance can only be justly rewarded by those privileges I am so strenuously claiming on behalf of the Form Five Repeaters.

Yours faithfully,

L. A. S., F.V.

Editor — What privileges?

THE FIRING SQUAD

She sat in her damp, miserable cell, remembering all the events of her life. All was still on the dawn morning which found her there. Somewhere, somehow, a bird began singing. She went to the one tiny hole her prison thought fit to call a window and contemplated the scene. She was in one of the few remaining castles in Germany which raise their sombre, hand-hewn walls above pine forests, as if longing for their past glories, when knights in armour rescued fair damsels from fire-breathing dragons. It was hard to believe that there was a war on, that each night bombers killed thousands of people, innocent people, who merely lived in a country which had a cruel, merciless ruler.

Somewhere a bugle broke the brooding silence, to be followed by rustling sounds from the ramparts of the castle. A little while later there was a tramp of feet, short, sharp orders, more tramping. It became incessant, boring right through her. When will they come, she thought desperately? Then a door opened, accompanied by screams, and a shot. Suddenly her door opened with a harsh command to follow. She obeyed, to be led through endless corridors, which only made the waiting more endless. She thought of her family, and how worried they would be if they knew. Finally, she was escorted to a large courtyard and told to stand with her back to a blood-bespattered wall. Slowly the count-down began. Ten — nine — eight — seven — six — five — four — three — two — the squad took aim! — one —

"Cut," said the director.

CATHRYN GLAZENER.

QUIZ

THE TAY ROAD BRIDGE

The Tay Road Bridge was opened several months ago. How much do you know about the bridge?

1. When did the Queen Mother open the bridge? — 28th July, 18th August, 28th August or 14th September, 1966.
2. How many arches are there in the bridge — 36, 42, 52 or 56.
3. How long is the bridge itself, excluding approach roads? — 1 mile, 1.3 miles, 1.4 miles or 1.6 miles.
4. How much did the bridge cost? — 6, 6½, 7½ or 8 million pounds.
5. How wide are the roadways on the bridge? — 18ft., 22ft., 26ft. or 28ft.
6. The bridge slopes. Is the gradient 1 in 40, 1 in 56, 1 in 81 or 1 in 94?
7. What is the maximum depth to which the piles of the bridge were driven? — 24ft., 68ft., 96ft. or 126ft.
8. When did construction work on the bridge begin? — January, February, March or April, 1963.
9. What is the weight of the steelwork of the box girders on the bridge? — 6,550 tons, 7,450 tons, 8,150 tons.
10. How wide is the widest span of the bridge? — 180ft., 220ft., 240ft. or 250ft.

(Answers on page 58)

AULTBEA DIARY, 1966

FRIDAY, 1ST JULY — About 100 D.H.S. Cadets left Tay Bridge Station at 9.30 a.m. Hot and uncomfortable journey broken by stops for refreshments at Aberdeen and Inverness. Aultbea at 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, 2ND — Morning — everyone got a ride in a helicopter — great fun. Afternoon — seniors and juniors had their own exercises on the hills surrounding camp. Learned a lot and with the blank rounds, everyone thought the afternoon most enjoyable. After tea juniors had drill competition, winners getting some chocolate and sweets from the canteen, then everyone free for sports, etc.

SUNDAY, 3RD — Church parade and a service conducted by the Rector. After lunch, the juniors went .22 shooting and seniors had drill instruction. More training and sports in evening.

MONDAY, 4TH — Seniors left camp after breakfast on an exercise. Area surrounding camp imagined to be infested with communist guerillas — not the hairy type — and half the company were set task of locating and destroying guerillas, who were the other half. Several Cadets got chance to lead sections. All most enjoyable.

Juniors meantime received basic training followed by lecture on first-aid from the M.O., and after free afternoon left to camp the night on the hills near Aultbea.

Evening — certain sergeants took a walk down to the seashore and approached some fishermen, fishing with a net from a boat, and after a conversation the Cadets were given half a dozen large flounders. They took them back to the camp site and claimed they had caught them themselves, with the result that certain lieutenants, J. C. and D. F., spent several hours unprofitably fishing for flounders, trying to emulate the success of the sergeants. Did not have the heart to tell them they were wasting their time.

TUESDAY, 5TH — Juniors up at 5.30 a.m. and marched back to camp for breakfast. Everyone went for trip in a large fishing boat to look at submarine nets and buoys anchored in the loch. Juniors had free afternoon. Spent their time swimming, sunbathing or writing letters. Seniors had an exercise on road near camp.

Evening — juniors left for a camp site at Gruinard Bay. Put up the tents, had practical map-reading test, cooked their own supper and then turned in late.

WEDNESDAY, 6TH — While juniors marched back in hot sun, seniors, back in Aultbea, had drill practice and were then set some delightful initiative tests by their sweet sergeants.

Afternoon was taken up by several periods of training for Thursday's Platoon Cup competition. Evening — half seniors left camp and then, according to plan, proceeded to attack it. Inmates had to do defending. Very enjoyable, noisy, night's training.

THURSDAY, 7TH — Platoon Cup competition took place in the morning — officers tested every platoon in drill, map-reading, weapon training, fieldcraft and smartness of uniforms. For a change, a platoon from the junior company won the trophy.

Afternoon — our final exercise took the form of a search operation, and after that free to pack, watch game of rugby between the Mission and the Anti-Mission (two religious factions in camp), and participate in other not too serious pastimes.

FRIDAY 8TH — We tidied up camp under watchful eyes of two new sergeant-majors, and by 10 a.m. we had said goodbye to Aultbea for another year.

In the Cadets boys get knowledge of military tactics and activities, but the biggest part of Cadet life is a three-lettered word — *F U N*.

FRIDAY, PERIOD 9

Well, it had come to this! Here was I, a dignified 6th former, wishing I was back in Form 1 again! A few Fridays ago, I found myself out and about in the School, during period 9, finding out what went on.

My first visit was to a small group of 1st year pupils who were doing Drama with Miss O'Brien. She told me that after a few weeks of doing improvisations, they were now writing and acting a play. To disclose the theme of the play here would be like giving away state secrets, but it should suffice for me to say that from what I heard, they were enjoy-

CADET CAMP

**“No, the officers
can’t have them
for firewood.”**

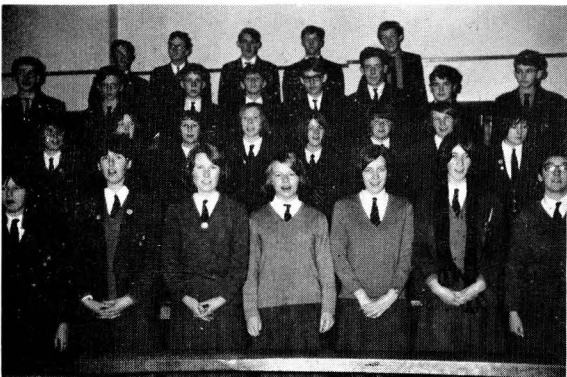
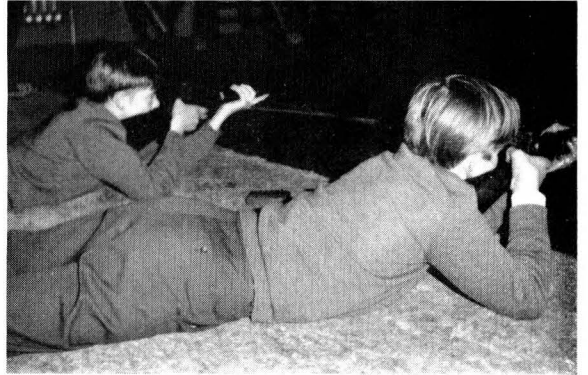


**“Go west,
young man!”**

**“See our luxury
accommodation.”**



"FRIDAY 9"



ing themselves thoroughly and were producing a very interesting and imaginative play.

Next I visited the Modern Languages Department, where I found Mr Paton, Miss Bell and Mr Richterich all working with small groups of 3rd year pupils doing French Drama. They were all busy rehearsing various little scenes in French and, judging by the amount of noise and gesticulation, they were really entering into the spirit of things. In Mrs Williamson's class there was a group engaged on Projects about various aspects of European life. The subjects were as varied as Religion, Sport, Architecture, Costume and even Chess!

After that I trekked up to the Art Studio in the Girls' School, to find F.4 girls making marionettes. They were divided into groups. Some were making paper mâché heads, others were making bodies and limbs. A couple of girls were making the most beautiful wire hands. It was quite fascinating to watch them. Another group, with Miss Dickey, were

making costumes for the puppets. The choice of puppets was very varied, for example, Batman and a Beefeater!

Form 5 boys are doing an analysis of the central part of Dundee. They are studying the remaining old buildings in the town trying to decide what is worth keeping. They have also seen round some of the newest buildings in Dundee.

There are many other interesting things being done on Fridays, period 9. Form 2 are studying Public Speaking and Form 6, although not very clear in their own minds about what they are doing, are trying to produce some amusing sketches. The choir are, as usual, very busy rehearsing for the Christmas Carol Service, under Mr Porteous's guidance. Mrs Elder's Junior Choir are rehearsing an arrangement of Carols and looking forward to several public performances, and Mr Hooks is very busy with his Wood Wind Orchestra.

H. J. B., F.VI.

HOMES AND PARENTS REVEALED

WOMEN LEARNER DRIVERS

Oh, these women drivers, the scourge of humanity! They cause crashes and nervous breakdowns. The woman driver either drives in the middle of the road at twenty miles an hour oblivious of all around her or races above the speed limit from one kerb to the other, heedless of road signs and chattering gaily to her terrified associates. Of course, it is an established fact that all men are saintly road-users.

Having agreed that women drivers are dangerous, anyone must admit that learner drivers, female learner drivers, are a nightmare too horrible to mention, yet there are thousands and thousands on the roads, and up until a month ago my mother was one of their number. It was only until my mother started to "drive" a car that I realised that all these mythical tales were true. Of course, my mother can drive — it is just that everybody else seems to lose their road sense when she pulls the starter.

Mother's instructor? A once calm, keen and helpful man until, with nervous exhaustion, he would quarrel with my normally quiet, peaceable Mother on every occasion

until at last, in floods of tears, she swore to give up driving. The armistice lasted three months; then war was again declared. Months of torturous driving lessons followed and there was little improvement.

A driving test date was fixed. Could it be possible that Mother and her driving examiner would survive the jaunt? Could she ever pass? By some stroke of genius she did pass, first time. It was an unbelievable miracle.

The whole family were driven everywhere by our new-found chauffeur. Now her driving has improved, although she has become a little over-confident and become, as my grandmother would put it, "skeerie".* Since my mother passed her test she has had two accidents and we are daily awaiting the third.

HILARY DUNCAN, F.IV.

*"Slap dash" and rather eccentric.

PAINTING THE GATE

First get up. Next put on old clothes. Take out paint, brushes, sandpaper. Start. Sandpaper whole gate. Arm getting sore.

Keep going. Stop for refreshments. Back to work. Hands sore, arm aches, getting bad tempered with dog. Time for lunch.

Have eaten. Start preparing to paint. Only have to stir paint for a few minutes. Keep stirring. Old paint. Five minutes. Ten minutes. Fifteen minutes. Paint stirred. More outside pot than inside. Hands covered. Clothes covered. Arm stiff, Arm sore. Start to paint. More cross-pieces than I thought. Would like refreshment. Too much bother cleaning hands with turps. Not worth it. Keep on painting. Fed up. Tea time Just finished. Dog howls. Go out. Dog stuck to gate. Covered in green paint. I am very angry. Clean dog. Gate nearly finished. Put on top coat next day. Gate finished. More paint on me than on gate. Have bath. Go to bed.

ELAINE SWANSON, F.I.a.

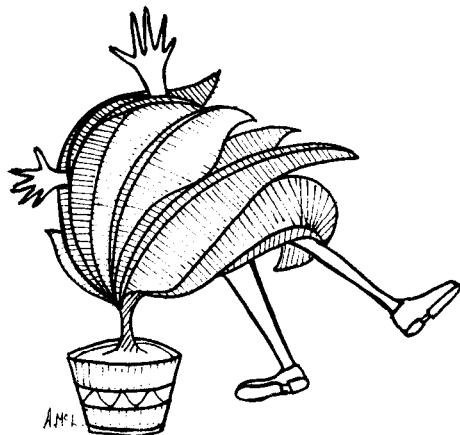
LIVING WITH A GARDEN

My parents are passionate gardeners.

You really have to live with such people to fully grasp what this means. Throughout the winter there was a relative peace. Only tender plants had to be protected from frosts while, indoors, bowls of spring bulbs had been carefully stowed away under the beds. As spring approached, protective coverings were tentatively removed off the plants and the shoots began to appear in the bulb bowls under the beds. All through spring and into the summer, seed boxes covered all available floor space and had to be carefully negotiated. The wearying task of planting out seeds and transplanting seedlings into carefully prepared nursery beds seemed never-ending. Batches of catalogues were consulted and orders placed for winter-flowering broccoli, cos lettuce seeds, brussels sprouts, carrots, potatoes and so on, and so on. That covered the vegetables.

Plants were more difficult to choose. This year we went to a sale at a nursery near Balmuir. We arrived at about 10 a.m. with a packed lunch. The auction of the plants did not start until 1 p.m.! By 4 p.m. there was only a few people left and it was quite chilly. At last we left about 5 p.m. utterly frozen, bored and hungry with a young tree in the back of the car and the boot crammed full with plants. Never again!

During the summer, every dry day Mummy would be out in the garden and would be joined by Daddy at week-ends. The herbaceous border was under construction and phlox, astilbes, Michaelmas daisies, delphiniums, red-hot pokers, azaleas, echinops, aquilegia, helianthus and cherianthus were crammed into every possible corner of the garden. Daddy started to make a rockery which involved moving sub-soil and top-soil around, searching for suitable lumps of stone, careful calculations of the positions of plants and stones. It was eventually finished.



Daddy having recovered from straining his back and having to hobble around, and the hunt for plants was on! Generous neighbours gave cuttings and soon the rockery was stocked with gentians, anemones, heaths, dwarf azaleas and other alpine plants. Once finished, the drive was gravelled over and was rolled and raked alternately, even watered, until it settled, which only left the hedge to be trimmed and the grass to have its fortnightly hair-cut. The lawn was also "fed" with bonemeal and chemicals to improve growth.

The bookshelves are crammed with horticultural literature on "How to Grow Asparagus", "The Cultivation of Alstroemerias" and "How to Cope with Red Thread in Your Lawn". Gradually autumn drew on and activity in the garden has died down again, no doubt to increase with surprising vigour next spring! I think I will emigrate.

GRISELDA GILROY, F.III.

“A SECRET BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR”

(Runner-up in last term's competition)

The sun glinted through the small window as I lay on my bed. I was drowsy and my mind began to drift back to the happy childhood I had once enjoyed. I remembered the stately, old Victorian mansion where I had once played as a small child. I loved that house with its many curious rooms and winding stairways. It had been the home of my Great Aunt Grace. Aunt Grace was a mysterious figure. She was tall and elegant with the longest fingernails I had ever seen. She had beautiful eyes but a cruel mouth which hardly ever smiled. My sister Sarah, who was considerably older than I was, often spent long holidays there.



Sarah was the only person Aunt Grace had any feeling for. I was sure Aunt Grace hated me with my straight, dark hair which hung in a thick fringe across my forehead. When I was in her presence, which was not often, I always felt like running away through fear and inferiority. Instead I would stand and stare at my feet which made me even more depressed as they were far too large to be at all ladylike.

Sarah was so different from myself. She was tall and slim with hair which cascaded over her shoulders in golden curls. Her blue

eyes always shone with happiness and laughter. I could never understand why she and Aunt Grace got on so well.

Sarah used to tell me of the hours spent with Aunt Grace in the drawing room. This room was the largest room in the house and was kept locked at all times. It was full of large china dolls dressed in silk and satin with bonnets of lace. I could see nothing interesting or enjoyable in that and on my rare visits I usually looked at a book or explored behind the many closed doors of the mansion.

One day, however, I was not content with these activities. I wanted to see inside that room for myself. Quietly I crept up to the door, knelt down and peered through the keyhole. I received such a shock from what I saw that I must have cried out, for, no sooner had I got to my feet, than the stately figure of Aunt Grace loomed above me. She said nothing but led me by the arm to a small bedroom which smelt of stale paper and mothballs. I was told to remain there until my mother called to take me home.

All the way home in the carriage I tried to tell my mother what I had seen. I could tell by her expression that she did not believe me but as she was a kind, patient person she let me carry on.

When we arrived home I went straight to bed. I lay thinking about Aunt Grace, the house, Sarah and that room. I had a burning desire to find out more about the china dolls. When I had looked through the keyhole I had seen these same dolls which Sarah had told me of, only they were no longer still and lifeless with staring eyes. They could move, they could talk and blink their eyes. I soon fell asleep but I did not sleep for long. I awoke at midnight, trembling. I was hot and my head hurt. I screamed for my mother. She tried to comfort me while my father called for the doctor.

The doctor came and examined me. After a few minutes he announced that I was suffering from severe shock. He could not understand why, but I should be completely recovered in a few days. He did not leave immediately but chatted with my parents outside my bedroom door. I was still wide awake

and I could hear every word he said. I heard him say that on his way he had heard the fire engine clattering along the rough road, its bell ringing loudly and, in the distance, the sky was glowing from the light of the fire. When I heard the word fire I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. Something told me that I must find that fire and go to it. I persuaded my father to have the horse and carriage brought at once. My father and mother were always prepared to help in any danger and I knew they would go along with the doctor to the fire which meant so much to me. I went also, wrapped in warm blankets.

We had been making good progress for approximately ten minutes when I realised I



was on a familiar route — the road leading to Aunt Grace's beautiful house. My parents knew this too but said nothing. The house was completely alight. Flames roared from every dignified window. My mother wept and screamed in terror for Sarah.

I was terrified but I did not weep. I did what I always did. I ran away from the horrible sight, I could not bear to look at things which frightened or shocked me. In my haste I fell over something in the grass. I looked at the object I had tripped over and saw a limb with a large knee joint just like these awful dolls had. When I examined it more closely I found there were two legs. In fact there lay before me a china doll like those in the drawing room. I picked it up and touched the golden curls glittering from the light of the fire. I touched the rosy cheeks and the long eyelashes which shaded the staring eyes. It was then that the awful truth hit me. I could not understand how or why but I knew this doll was Sarah and I would never part with her. Slowly I walked back to the carriage clutching the rigid body close to me.

I woke the next morning not to the singing of the birds but to the sound of women's voices. The room was bare and stark and round my wrist was a number. Immediately I looked for Sarah. She was not there. I called out for her and a woman dressed in white brought her in. I asked where I was. The woman shook her head sadly but only said I was quite safe and would be looked after.

I am still living in that small white room with Sarah sitting beside me. I talk to her when I am sure no one will hear and sometimes, only sometimes she will blink her eyes and smile at me.

SUSAN MARTIN, F.IV.

“THE RETURN”

(Runner-up in last term's competition)

“Do not panic, there is no immediate danger.” Even with the aid of a loud-hailer, the captain's voice was whipped away by the strong breeze before the anxious passengers had tuned their ears. Lord Hainault glanced into the eyes of his friend, Brinksman, who stood beside him on the foredeck, which even now was beginning to list. He was not sure

what it was he could read in Brinksman's eyes — alarm, impatience, annoyance, fear? — he spoke to lift the tension all around them.

“It would take more than a torpedo to sink this line.” Brinksman nodded but his eyes were dull and he felt vaguely sick. Fear was gnawing at his entrails and he could not

succeed in his efforts to keep it inside him. His face showed it and his feet seemed glued to the planking of the deck. The dead-pan expressions of the crew gave nothing away as they prepared to launch the lifeboats and marshal the passengers. In his cabin the radio operator sent out a continuous S.O.S. to all ships and, above the bare heads, a siren attached to the imposing funnel screamed into the mist, like a banshee at the crossroads.

Priority in the evacuation went to the women and children lined up along the rails. Those among the children old enough to understand cried, others acted as normally, clowning and giggling, but some stared on the scene with eyes which did not comprehend the drama going on round about them. There was a high swell running and the boats disappeared quickly into the thick mist as soon as they were lowered into the dirty, grey water. One boat capsized just out of sight and, although the shrill screams were loud in the ears of the assembled company, there was nothing that could be done. The work went on among sharp squalls of rain which wet the men through. As time began to run out, a seagull which had perched on the foremast flew off into the murk with a ghost cry of farewell.

The deck had a pronounced list to port. Hainault watched a brightly-coloured sunshade slide across the deck in the gathering dusk like a slow-motion firefly, and land in the scuppers. Crockery shattered somewhere below them and steam hissed from a junction pipe uncomfortably close to his ear. Brinksman stared out over the flopping Red Ensign astern into the grim Atlantic. Hainault moved closer when he saw his friend's lips moving but he was rather shocked to find him laughing hysterically and pointing at a straw hat balancing crazily on the top of a cream-flecked roller. The animation disappeared from his face as the hat was engulfed by a wall of thundering water. He turned to Hainault, eyes blazing, "I'm not going to die," he said, but there was a tremor in his voice.

It soon became clear that there was no hope for those remaining on the ship. There were no lifeboats or floats left, their message had not been answered by Queenstown and the nearest ship was over one hundred miles off. A sense of bitter frustration and regret filled Hainault, that he should come so far for this. He sat on a seat, putting his thoughts

in order, as bewildered men moved here and there about him, peering into the mist, seeking the Irish coastline, which inwardly they knew they would never see. And then, suddenly, their ordeal was over. The tired ship heeled over, and Brinksman caught sight of his friend for the last time for, as the ceaseless sea swept over the afterdecks, Hainault, at peace, knelt in prayer. When Brinksman next looked up, the shattered deck was bare. Broken fragments of equipment littered the deck in the wake of the waves. Brinksman laughed radiantly and half stood up, "I'm not going to die, I'm not going to . . ." The maelstrom descended on his frail form and hurtled him into never-ending oblivion.

Alone now in the dusk, the great liner prepared itself for death; its engines still turning, the propellers threshed hungrily at thin air, high above the waves, before the final plunge.

J. S. W. BARNES, F.VI.

THE PRISONER

Smith woke up and looked around him, at the dank, clammy walls of the dungeon in which he had been entombed now for three years. The walls were somehow harsh and threatening, and seemed to bear down upon him, seeking to enclose him, forever shutting out the daylight, until, in his solitary world of shadow and half-light, he began to forget what the outside world had been like and yearned for sunshine and brightness once more.

Of course, he had assaulted the old lady — the stupid old half-wit hadn't had long to live in any case — but it had been a perpetual source of bewilderment to him how he could be convicted on such meagre evidence. It had all been the artfulness of the prosecuting counsel, leading him astray during cross-examination.

And now he was condemned by society to eke out this miserable existence in this horrible cell. He sometimes fancied that the walls were closing in on him. At other times, he would ashamedly cry out to make sure that he was not completely alone.

There was nothing to do.

Nothing at all.

Then, that morning — or was it afternoon? — a guard had appeared in the doorway. Smith was surprised. The guard was

carrying his meal, but his meal usually just appeared during his sleep. But it was different today. And then his brain, dulled by captivity, was lit up by a spark of hope. The door was open, and freedom lay beyond it, with only a prison guard denying access to it. With the ferocity and savagery of a cornered beast, Smith flung himself upon this symbol of his oppression, snarling and biting, venting all his vengeful hatred upon this man. The man tried to call out, but Smith enveloped his mouth in his arm, and then, with the strength of a madman, flung him to the ground. As the guard lay, motionless, there, he kicked him, giving vent to all the energies of destruction that had been dormant within him for those aeons of time. Then he flung down upon the guard his meal, and removing from his belt a truncheon, smashed it over his head. Now the torrent of passionate hatred appeased, he lunged through the door and broke into a headlong run along the grim labyrinth of corridors outside, administering brutal revenge to any of his guards he met until, in a moment of glorious revelation, he saw a window and, beyond it, sunlight and hoisted himself up and through it into the outside world once more.

From then on, he ran and ran and ran, through briar and thick undergrowth, scarcely knowing where he was going, but forcing his aching body on, on, on, with an instinctive impulse to get as far away as possible from the dreaded place. Finally, he sank down, gasping and panting, in a small clearing in the forest.

He was awakened by voices, near at hand, speaking casually, and out of an instinct of self-preservation, he scurried into the undergrowth, lurking venomously, poised to pounce.

But he need not have worried; the two figures strolled idly past, blissfully oblivious of the wild creature in the undergrowth, imbibing the peace and tranquillity of this silvan retreat; and, as they passed, one happened to drop a newspaper.

Smith waited until they were past and then scurried forth from his lair and snatched the newspaper eagerly, as the paper symbolised to him the outside world, the new paradise he had just achieved.

He deftly flicked through the paper until he reached the middle page. He gasped, stopped, aghast. He felt his heart thunder-

ing, pounding. Across the middle page was splashed the following headline:—

“Smith Granted Free Pardon”.

C. J.

RUIN

The morning dawns, the cold mist rises,
The crimson sun sheds its light across the
hill

But penetrates not that deep, dark valley,
Which never again will know happiness or
joy.

Happy voices will echo no more,
Nor will the ancient bells of the village ring
out,

For that village is a smouldering ruin,
Shattered by some unknown monster in the
sky.

PAULINE HENDRY, F.V.

A DREAM

All was quiet and peaceful until I heard the vibrant notes of my mother's voice telling me to “Get up”. It was a beautiful morning. The sun was pouring through my windows as I suddenly sat upright in bed, remembering just what day it was. This morning I was to be picked up in a snazzy sports car, owned by one Paul McCartney, and driven to a recording session of the group. After this I was to be taken to lunch at an expensive restaurant by fabulous Paul Jones in his break from filming with Jean Shrimpton. While dining, the Walker Brothers would quietly stroll in and start talking to me as if we were old friends.

After lunch, Gene Pitney would take me out for a drive in the country, after which I would have afternoon tea with Dave Dee and Co. In the early evening I would change for an evening out. An immense Cadillac would draw up at my gate and a tall, dark, handsome man would get out. He would come to the door, escort me to the car, where he would hold the door open while I got in. He would talk in a low American drawl and would be quite charming to me. A perfect end to perfect day, a night out with Elvis.

Instead, what do I have? The rain pouring down outside and that real Monday morning feeling as I get ready for school. Ah well, there is really nothing quite like a nice dream first thing in the morning.

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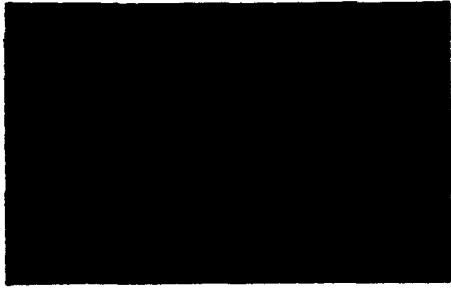
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School Activities

Once again the various school club activities after 4 p.m. have been warmly supported and are proving very ambitious in their projects, despite the introduction of "Friday, period 9", where a wide variety of interests are catered for. (A full report of this innovation can be found in the coloured section.) The following reports give a detailed account of the out-of-school interests of the pupils this term.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Since the last report appeared the Stamp Club has met several times. The first meeting of this term was held on 5th September and there have been regular meetings since, with the exception of the Exam week.

The subjects of the meetings have been varied. In September, Mr Stevenson gave a display which explained some of the terms used in philately. Displays since then have included 1937 Coronation Stamps, by John Sinclair; Great Britain, by Archie McLaren; Commonwealth, by Derek Nicoll; and Falkland Islands, by Graeme Webster.

The meetings before Christmas included a film show by Mr S. Stewart of the Dundee Philatelic Society, and Competition Night, an annual event.

The First Day Cover Service is continuing to operate very well. The prices for covers bearing Phosphor stamps, posted in Glasgow, have been reduced due to their increased popularity. The magazines purchased with the profit from the service have again, this term, been circulated to members and users of the service.

Our thanks must go to Mr Stevenson who has again organised the Stamp Exchange. More stamps for exchange are, however, required if the system is going to operate up to last year's standard.

We would also like to thank Mr Jacuk for the use of the Advanced Lab. and all other members of staff who have assisted us during the term.

A. G. WEBSTER, Secretary.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

The Society has been very active this term, and with 150 paid-up members it is in as healthy a state as it has ever been.

Officials this year are as follows — Chairman, Kenneth Allen; Vice-Chairman, Alison McLeay; Secretary, David Rorie; Treasurer, Rosemary Main.

This term the School entered two debating contests. The first and second rounds of the English-Speaking Union Debating Competition were held in the School, and our team in the first round was David Rorie and Alison McLeay. Our speakers just failed to win out of 4 teams competing, losing to Madras College, who had 82 points to our 80.

The School fared better in the "Daily Express" Debating Contest, and in Perth our team of Kenneth Allen and Lorna Marshall qualified for the second round.

The motion for this year's inter-house debating contest was "That Planning Marks the End of Civilised Life". The debates were keenly fought and by a narrow margin Aystree won the trophy for this session.

Inside our own Society we have had several debates among ourselves, and also debates against the Old Boys' Club and the girls of St. Leonard's in St. Andrews. In the coming months we have arranged debates against Lawside, Grove, Kirkton High School, Morgan Academy, Dundee Toast-mistress Club and our own staff. Along with a conference organised by the Council for Education in World Citizenship, a Burns Supper, our own Public Speaking Contest and several debates among ourselves, the Society is obviously going to be very busy this year.

We must thank all the staff who help the Society and attend our meetings, especially Miss Gray, Mr E. M. Stewart and Mr Alexander, for the time and valuable help they give to the Society. Finally, we must thank the Hostess Prefects for all the hard work they do for the Society.

D. A. R., Secretary.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT — SENIOR

During this term we have enjoyed an interesting and varied programme. The speakers invited included the Rev. W. Strang Money, B.D., Steeple Church; Rev. A. D. MacRae, M.A., B.D., Ward Road Baptist Church; Rev. T. Jarvie, Wishart Memorial Church; and Mr Alan Webster, London Bible College. We were also very pleased to have our honorary president, Mr E. M. Stewart, to speak to us one week. Other meetings were spent listening to modern gospel records, making a tape of our meeting to send to another school group, and discussing subjects relevant to the Christian of today.

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

F. MUNRO.

JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Again this year the boys and girls have had separate classes. Attendance has been regular and the meetings are interesting. We were fortunate enough to have Miss Kilpatrick, from Scripture Union Headquarters, to speak to both boys and girls. We trust that the boys and girls have enjoyed and benefited from the meetings.

C. G. and F. M.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Already this year there has been a great improvement in the quality and tone of the playing in the Orchestra. However, although the wind sections are all very strong, there is an acute dearth of string players, which we hope can be overcome. Any string players in the school are most welcome to attend orchestral practices, which take place on Mondays at 4 p.m. In fact, anyone in the school who does play any orchestral instrument is most welcome.

The music which the Orchestra is studying this year is "Divertimento" by Haydn, March from "Carmen" by Bizet, March from "Scipio" by Handel, a selection from "The Yeomen of the Guard" by Sullivan, Minuet and Trio from the "Surprise" Symphony by Haydn and, most ambitious of all, "Joyeuse Marche" by Chabrier. Already, we have played the "Scipio" march at prayers on a Tuesday morning, and also on a Wednesday, a welcome departure from the usual, and praise was high for both performances.

All members of the Orchestra must be praised for their excellent attendance at practices, and for their diligence during them. Miss Anne Floyd must be thanked for her competent accompaniment, and Miss Lorna Thom for her work amongst the music. Miss Thom must also be congratulated on being accepted for the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain. Most of all, Mr Porteous must be thanked and praised for his hard work in bringing the Orchestra to such a high standard. Because of his work, there is a great future for the School Orchestra.

KENNETH ALLEN, Leader.

THE GIRLS' HILL WALKING CLUB

The Girls' Hill Walking Club held its first outing of the year on 9th October over Jocks Road. There was only one mishap, and we hope that the girl who injured her head when she fell off a bridge looking to see if there were any fish in the Esk has not been discouraged. Our thanks to the driver who courageously carried her back to the 'bus and then endured her singing.

We were pleased to find Form III., who accompanied us for their Duke of Edinburgh's award, were enthusiastic and we hope that they will take an active interest in the Club in the future.

In the summer term, weather and Miss Laing permitting, we hope to climb, among others, Schiehallion, and it is hoped there will be support from Forms IV., V. and VI.

Our thanks to Miss Laing and other teachers who make it possible for us to hold these outings.

M. S. F.

GUIDE REPORT

The new session commenced with the enrolment of eighteen new Guides. The total number of Guides is now ninety-one.

Our Captains this year are Miss Patrick and Miss McCallum, ably helped by our Lieutenant, Miss Thompson, our Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs Richardson and Miss Dobson. Janet Sutherland and Margaret Duncan are this year's cadets. We should like to thank them for the generous help which they have given us.

We should also like to take this opportunity to thank all the parents and members of staff who have willingly given up their spare time to test the many and varied badges.

This year our company has been moved to the Maxwelltown district. Our District Commissioner is Mrs Robertson and our Divisional Commissioner is Mrs Thomas.

This year we had our annual Guide Camp at Dalvanie Farm, Glenisla. We all enjoyed ourselves

greatly under the command of Miss McCallum and Miss Thompson.

At the moment each patrol is engaged in a project for a shield which is being competed for by all the patrols in Dundee. The theme of this project is writing a history of an industrial site or historical building inside the Dundee boundary.

At the beginning of this session Pat Duff, Victoria Dryden, Gillian Birrell and Fiona Ross were awarded their Queen's Guide badge and certificate. Many more Guides are working for this.

The following girls were appointed patrol leaders:—

Company 2—Bluetit, Barbara Buchanan; Canary, Sheila Houston; Kingfisher, Fiona Ross; Nightingale, Morag Stalker; Skylark, Janet Sims; Thrush, Louise Davidson; Wren, Pamela Duncan and Annette Arbuckle.

Company 2A—Bantam, Griselda Gilroy; Blackbird, Lesley Miller; Bullfinch, Victoria Dryden; Chaffinch, Gillian Birrell; Robin, Lorna McDougall; Sparrow, Pat Duff; Swallow, Dorothy Richardson.

The senior patrol leader of Company 2 is Fiona Ross and of Company 2A, Pat Duff.

P. DUFF and F. ROSS.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The numbers at the Chess Club are still at a large figure and this year it has been decided to enter six teams, as opposed to last year's two, for the Dundee and District Chess League, Schools Division. Among the new teams are a girls' team and a team from L.VII. Of these teams, two will play in each of the three divisions of the League, and already a large number of matches have been played.

This year we again entered for the "Sunday Times" National Competition. After gaining a walk-over against George Heriot's 2nd team in the first round, we were drawn against the Scottish champions, Ayr Academy 1st team, and took them close at a number of boards before finally losing $5\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{2}$. The draw was obtained by Peter Walsh at Board 3.

Recently, Dundee Chess Club played their annual friendly match against Aberdeen Chess Club, and although Dundee lost, the High School contingent did well.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Gray, who has arranged meals, etc., at our home matches, and Mrs Elder, Mr Mackay and Mr Deas, who have come every Monday to help the players.

C. JONES, Secretary.

S.S.C. REPORT

A year has now passed since we were granted Branch Status and it was said at that time that this presented a challenge to us. During the past year the activities of the Club have been many and varied; they have ranged from a ballad and beat evening to an assault on Lochnagar in company with senior D.H.S. girls; from the dance floor to Bearfauld; activities which in their diversities have helped to promote the aim of the Club.

Strathkinness again figures largely in our programme, two week-ends being planned there, one as a recruiting week-end. In addition to games nights, a branch week-end is arranged for May at Dalguise, and an excursion to Edinburgh to include the zoo, the Wallabies Rugby match and an evening with the Edinburgh Branch. This is mainly for junior members in F.I. to F.III. Our most revolutionary ploy will be a discussion week-end at Carberry Towers for senior boys and girls. We hope to have an outside speaker for this. D.H.S. staff are supporting us in this venture and we hope it proves to be successful.

We hope the branch can be said to have responded to the challenge. Let us go into the new year with renewed vigour.

J. E. LITTLE, D.H.S. Representative.

THE RIFLE CLUB

The prospects of the Rifle Club are very good this year as there is a number of good shots among our members. Due to the enthusiastic interest of a large number of cadets we have most unfortunately had to limit the numbers fortnightly to those likely to form a shooting team in the near future. Mr Stark is hopeful that we will be able to enter some competitions in the New Year. Once again we are deeply indebted to his continued advice and enthusiasm. We also extend our thanks to Mr Halliday, whose regular attendance and interest this term has been of great benefit to us.

J. C. H. and B. D. A.

JUNIOR COMPANY CADET REPORT

As usual a large number of Junior Cadets attended camp at Aultbea and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, as well as gaining useful experience in map-reading and fieldcraft during the camping exercises we held.

The climax of camp came on the last day, when No. 1 Platoon, Junior Company, under Sgt. Rorie, won the Platoon Cup, the first time the Juniors have taken this trophy from the Seniors since 1954. The Coronation Trophy for the best Cadet in the Junior Company was won by Cdt. Alastair Ross.

This term there are over sixty Cadets in the Junior Company. The training is basically military — drill, map-reading, weapon training, fieldcraft and .22 shooting, with army films every so often. We leave the more difficult aspects of training until the boys are in the Senior Company and while they are Juniors we concentrate on developing initiative and teamwork and on letting the boys enjoy themselves.

This term one platoon has been to Dalnacraig in our truck for a lecture and demonstration on camping. They made their own tents and erected them and were then shown the best ways to cook over an open fire. The other platoons will be receiving similar lectures soon and it is hoped to take the whole Company to the Sidlaws in coming months for some practical map-reading and an exercise. The boys are very keen to do this.

Finally I must thank all the officers, especially Lt. Coletta, who looks after the Junior Company.

Without the organisation of the officers the standard of training and the amount of enjoyment the boys get from the unit would be greatly reduced.

D. A. RORIE, C.S.M.

COMBINED CADET FORCE REPORT

We are happy to say that the Company as usual had a very successful General Inspection. The turnout and efficiency of the whole Company was of a very high standard, and because of his part in this C.S.M. Abbot was later promoted to R.S.M.

Our Annual Camp was held, as the practice in the past few years has been, at R.N. Boom Defence Depot, Aultbea. The mountainous and rugged terrain makes it excellent for military purposes. The weather was as usual fairly mixed but never too severe. Many exercises of varied kinds were held. Owing to weather conditions the overnight exercise was cancelled, although one sabotage exercise went on almost all night after a rifle was lost. Any recreation time we did have was spent swimming, canoeing or in some organised sport. One blow which the Senior Company suffered was the winning of the Platoon Cup by Platoon No. 1, Junior Company, under Sgt. Rorie. The Coronation Trophy was won by Cadet Ross. We are once again indebted to Miss Chalmers and her staff for providing such good meals.

During the summer holidays, two boys, C.S.M. Stiven and C.S.M. Rorie, attended the N.C.O.'s Leadership Course at Frimlay Park, the C.C.F. Training Depot. We are glad to say both boys passed with credit. A new rank, that of Colour Sergeant, has been introduced; this promotion has been given to Sergeant Ross.

The Armistice Service this year was again a successful and impressive ceremony and I would like to thank the band for the part they played in it. I would like also to thank, on behalf of the boys, the officers and instructors for all their assistance through the year.

C. S. M. STIVEN.

THE FLYING CLUB REPORT

The initial meeting of the Flying Club met with great success. Several Sixth Year members were initiated and, of these, a few have passed Grade One. The rest are in training and hope to pass it early in the new year (weather permitting).

Due to the shortage of instructors, the training has not been as vigorous as was hoped. We intend to hold a Marathon Air Race from the top of the Law to Invergowrie to raise funds for beginners' parachutes. For our newest members we have arranged a lecture by the Wright Brothers and a visit to Hamburg Zoo to observe the flying habits of the lesser-spotted flying Ostrich. Members are expected to fly there by themselves. Those travelling "à la Mary Poppins" must provide their own umbrellas.

AERY and FAERY.
(A. M. and F. B., F.VI. Girls.)

Sports

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the start of the season the officials for the Girls' Hockey Club were elected. Joan Walker was unanimously elected Captain, Shonie Petrie was elected Vice-Captain, Lennox Ayer, Secretary, and Fiona Clark, Treasurer.

The 1st XI. has not been doing particularly well, but the 2nd XI. has won all its matches. The younger teams have also been doing well and the Form 2 'A' XI. has been extremely good, having won 8 of its 9 matches. The top goal scorer so far is Alison Brown, F.2, with 21 goals. So far the weather this season has been reasonably kind and few cancellations have resulted.

The 1st XI. results to date are as follows :—

		F.	A.
Sept. 10—Blairgowrie	A	0	1
14—Morgan	H		Can.
17—Seymour Lodge	H		Can.
21—Lawside	H	1	1
24—Perth Academy	H	1	4
Oct. 8—Morrison's	A	2	2
13—Morgan	A	1	1
15—Bell-Baxter	H	2	4
22—Grove	H	0	6
Nov. 12—Forfar	A		Can.
19—Kilgraston	H	0	0

The results of the other teams are :—

	P.	W.	D.	L.
2nd XI.	8	8	0	0
3rd XI.	7	2	2	3
3rd Year 'A' XI.	6	5	0	1
3rd Year 'B' XI.	4	4	0	0
2nd Year 'A' XI.	9	8	0	1
2nd Year 'B' XI.	6	3	1	2
1st Year 'A' XI.	5	4	1	0

The Senior House Matches were held on Saturday, 26th November, at Dalnacraig in good conditions, and Wallace were 1st, Lindores and Aystree 2nd equal and Airlie 4th.

The Junior Midlands' Trials (Dundee Section) were held on 29th October at Elliot Road and Joan Walker, Alison Semple and Margaret Duncan were chosen to go forward to the final trials held at Dalnacraig on Saturday, 19th November. Fiona Clark was chosen as the reserve for the defence in the Dundee team. At the final trials our three players did well and were all chosen for the Junior Midlands 2nd XI.

On behalf of all the teams I should like to thank Miss Patrick and Miss Dobson for their endless encouragement and coaching, and also our thanks go to the other members of staff who kindly give up their Saturday mornings to umpire and travel with the teams.

LENNOX AYER, Secretary.

THE RIDING CLUB REPORT

Riding this term has proved a most enjoyable and necessary alternative to other sports. We have been extremely fortunate to have had such good

Once again this year sport has played a very full part in school activities. Although the winter is upon us, the extensive choice of sport is unaltered, with both outdoor and indoor facilities catering for all tastes. The smaller clubs have expanded, for example the sailing club, which has recently purchased another boat.

We owe our thanks to all members of staff without whose supervision and advice school sport could not possibly exist.

GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB REPORT

This year, two teams were entered for the Midlands School Gala, which took place at Dunfermline Baths. Owing to illness, the teams were under strength and neither qualified for the Scottish finals. The intermediate team was M. McGlone, A. Brown, A. Frew, P. Duff. The senior team was J. Sturrock (Captain), C. O'Neil, P. Duff, G. Birrell. Junior teams have also competed in a gala at Forfar Baths and in the Midlands District Gala at Dundee.

We would like to thank Miss Patrick and the other staff who have helped and encouraged us with all our swimming.

J. A. S.

SENIOR AND JUNIOR NETBALL REPORT

So far this season the Senior Netball Team has had an unfortunate, but not unsuccessful, season. Because of exams many of the matches had to be cancelled or played with few of the actual members of the team being able to participate. However, the experience gained in the matches played will help us to be more successful in the fixtures for next term.

The results are as follows :—

		F.	A.
Sept. 28—Harris	H	26	13
Oct. 12—Grove	A	14	35
19—Harris	A	7	28
Nov. 9—Morgan	H	18	18

Thus the potential of this team can be seen in the first and last results as our full team played then.

This term Forms 1, 2 and 3 have also had Netball Teams, some more successful than others, and once again, this year, Form 3 Netball Team will be competing in the Netball League.

We owe our thanks to Miss Patrick and Miss Dobson for all their help and encouragement and also to Miss O'Brien for supervising netball on our grounds days.

MOIRA NEILSON, Captain.

weather on Wednesdays that riding has never had to be cancelled except towards the second half of the term. We are very grateful to those parents who have provided the necessary transport to Camperdown Park, enabling us, on a Wednesday afternoon, to be instructed in the art of equitation, to get fresh air and exercise, and to thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

F. BELL, F.VI.

BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

Once again the Club has a large weekly attendance, and the standard of play is fairly high. Unfortunately, because of the large number of Vth and VIth pupils who wished to join, membership of IVth year could not be permitted, but perhaps some will be able to join. The Captain, Alan Masson, and the Vice-Captain, Kenneth Ross, have both helped in coaching the less experienced, and a fairly strong team is developing.

Our two matches so far, although both resulting in defeat, were extremely enjoyable, and we are arranging return matches.

Thanks to Mr Stark for his continued interest and help and also for the time given in opening the gymnasium for us on Saturday evenings, and to the Treasurer, Garry Steven, for persisting in collecting the weekly sixpences, without which there would be no shuttles.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were elected—Captain, G. W. Stiven; Vice-Captain, M. J. Rogers; Secretary, K. J. Ross; Treasurer, D. A. Rorie. The members of the committee are K. Allen, D. A. Comb, N. Y. Cram and W. A. Masson.

The first XV. Fixture List reads as follows:—

	F.	A.
Sept. 10—Harris Academy	H	—
17—Dollar Academy	H	17 0
24—Aberdeen Grammar School	A	8 5
Oct. 8—Gordon's College	H	0 6
15—Waid Academy	H	8 0
22—Melville College	A	14 0
29—Boroughmuir	H	3 17
Nov. 5—Kelvinside Academy	H	3 6
12—Gordonstoun	A	0 3
19—Dunfermline High School	A	0 27
23—Morrison's Academy	A	0 8

Because we had nine members back from last year's team, we felt we had the experience to have a successful season. Indeed, as may be seen from the record, we began the season strongly, the most notable victory being against Aberdeen Grammar School. We are only the second post-war High School team to beat them at Aberdeen. However, since then, there has been a slump, partly due to injuries and partly to the fact that each member of the team feels his place is safe and does not play as hard as he is capable. Three of last year's Colts

XV. have played, filling the positions vacated by injury and have done reasonably well. We have a full fixture list this year, necessitating overnight stays at Hawick and Gordonstoun.

This year the team sent five players to the Midlands' trials in Cupar. They were G. Stiven, M. Rogers, N. Cram, A. Masson and K. Ross, the latter being selected to play against both Glasgow and Edinburgh, with M. Rogers as travelling reserve.

The 2nd XV., as usual, lack physique and until recently have had poor results, although they are now a much improved team. The 3rd XV. are handicapped because they tend to lose their promising players to the senior teams; indeed both their Captain and Vice-Captain have played for the 1st XV. this season. Accordingly they have not had good results. The Colts XV. and junior teams have all had some degree of success thanks to their enthusiasm rather than size.

On behalf of the players, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the members of staff who, by their supervision and coaching, make it possible for us to field so many XV.'s each week—namely Mr Allardice, Mr Coletta, Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr N. G. S. Stewart, Mr Roberts, Mr Adams and Mr Hunter.

K. J. R., Secretary.

BASKETBALL REPORT

At the beginning of term the following officials were elected—Captain, Kenneth Ross; Vice-Captain, Alan Masson; Secretary and Treasurer, Nigel Y. Cram.

The Fourth Year team has done well under the captaincy of Bruce Tosh, only losing to Morgan. We have great hopes for this team in the future. We also have a Third Year team with A. Gossip as Captain. They have played 4 matches, winning 3 of them, again losing to Morgan, and in these matches they have shown potential. This team contributed 4 of their players, Gossip, Walker, Adams and Smith, to the Dundee Schools Under-15 Team.

Unfortunately, the seniors have not had any games but 3 of them, Ross, Masson and Cram, were selected for the Dundee Schools Under-18 Team. Both these teams played Perth Schools. The juniors lost. The seniors also lost but by a narrower margin. Our thanks to Mr Coletta for giving up his valuable time to train us.

N. Y. C.

SAILING CLUB REPORT

This year the Sailing Club has held after-School meetings at which J. Little, G. Webster and S. McKean have given talks on the basic principles of sailing. This, we feel, will promote an interest at a time when very little sailing is possible. The school boat was entered for three regattas this term and we feel we will be able to enter a full racing team next season. This year we have purchased another Enterprise, thanks to the generosity of the school and with the help of Mr A. D. Bell and Mr Allardice. The school has this year again rejected the suggestion that we join the R.T.Y.C.

We would like to thank the members of staff who have come up to Forfar to help out when Mr Bell was not available.

J. E. Little.
A. G. WEBSTER, Secretary.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The Club officials, elected at the beginning of the season, are as follows — A. G. Nicholson, Captain; A. G. McLaren, Vice-Captain; A. B. Buchan, Secretary; R. Gillis, Treasurer; and J. C. Mitchell, Committee Member.

As expected, there has been a marked improvement in the standard of hockey in the School. Also, for the first time, it has been possible to field three teams, namely, the 1st XI, the 2nd XI, and the Under-16's XI.

A fine record has been achieved through teamwork, rather than individualism, despite the fact that the team is young, only three regular members of last year's team remaining.

Congratulations must be given to the Under-16's XI for their third place in the Midlands Under-16 six-a-side competition, the highest position ever attained by a High School team. Also fine wins over Grove Academy and St. John's were achieved.

The 2nd XI has had a rather unfortunate season to date, losing heavily to both Robert Gordon's College and Perth Academy, although the team was

narrowly defeated by Madras College and Lendrickmuir, in which game the team suffered a cruel blow through the loss of A. Yule with a serious leg injury.

Congratulations to A. G. Nicholson and J. C. Mitchell on their selection for the last trial for the Midlands team. We hope they will be chosen and bring honour to the Club for the second successive year.

I would like, in conclusion, to pay tribute to the members of staff who have devoted a considerable amount of their time to coaching the teams. They are Mr Stark, Mr Fraser and Mr Clunie, whose enthusiasm in giving long overdue training sessions have played a large part in our success.

The 1st XI. results were as follows :—

	F.	A.
Sept. 3—Blairgowrie	A	—
10—Madras College	A	2 2
17—Lawside	A	2 5
24—Madras College	H	3 2
Oct. 8—Aberdeen Grammar	A	6 0
15—Alloa Academy	H	2 1
29—Kirkton High	A	8 0
Nov. 5—Perth Academy	A	1 3
12—Lendrickmuir	A	2 1
19—Gordon's College	A	6 2

A. B. B., Secretary.

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F.P. Badminton Club

Officials — President, D. B. Reid; Vice-President, J. K. O. Martin; Secretary, N. G. Stewart; Treasurer, A. W. Wilson; Committee, D. A. Adams, Miss E. Darroch, Mrs P. Hutcheon.

The Club, with a membership list of over 30, is statistically and financially sound.

The 1st team, in Division I. of the Dundee Churches League, is currently third, while the 2nd team is holding its own in Division VI., having gained promotion last season.

Despite this apparently satisfactory position, it is discouraging to note that the influx of new members from school over the past few years has been very small indeed. We appeal to senior pupils, and especially to those in the School Club, to join us when they leave. The present high standing of the Club in Midland badminton circles can only be maintained if new blood is continually being introduced.

The Club meets on Mondays and Thursdays from 7 to 10 p.m. in the School Gym. Further details can be obtained from any member of the committee.

Old Boys' Club Dinner

The Twenty-Eighth Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club was held in the Royal Hotel, Dundee, on 2nd December, 1966, when a company of 119 people attended.

The Dinner was enjoyable in two respects. This year was the first at which guests could be invited by members of the Club, and although there were only five attending the Dinner, their company added warmth to the evening and we look forward to seeing them in the future.

Secondly, the principal speaker was Mr Hugh J. Carlton, the well-known Dundee Solicitor who, among other distinctions, is a Past President of the Club. As was expected, Mr Carlton's speech was one which thrilled us with its excitement, interested us with its erudition and amused us with its wit. Mr Carlton related that he felt one of the greatest assets that an Old Boy could have was the instilling of practical common sense, psychology, leadership and courage into him. In these present days where "mods" had gone off their rockers and were daily excused and encouraged by psychiatrists, also off their rockers, it was hoped sense, leadership and morality would prevail and bring us back to a world of sanity. Such good sense, leadership and morality had its beginnings in a school such as ours. Mr Carlton's speech was enthusiastically welcomed and rightly so.

This Toast was replied to by the Rector, Mr D. W. Erskine, in his usual able fashion, who told us how the School was in the forefront of advancing new pioneering trends and methods, not only in the field of technical subjects but also in the field of classics and mathematics.

On behalf of the Club, Mr Colin McNab replied, thanking Mr Carlton for his speech and exhorting the Old Boys' Club to join in a closer liaison with the School which could only lead to their mutual benefit.

Mr A. Drummond, also a Past President, proposed the health of the President in his usual mellifluous language. The President replied and the Dinner concluded in the traditional fashion. Yet another happy evening had been enjoyed by the members of the Old Boys' Club and their guests.

The following have joined the Club :—

Roger Stanley Milne, 19 Guthrie Terrace, Barnhill, Dundee.

David Cameron Crichton, 18 Americanmuir Road, Dundee.

Ian Yule, 30 West Keptie Street, Arbroath.

Hamish Stuart Eadie, 6 Panmure Terrace, Barnhill, Dundee.

Peter Mathers, 6 Whitehall Crescent, Dundee.

George McDougall Smith, 29 Blackness Avenue, Dundee.

Douglas Martin Cruickshank, 103 Pitkerro Road, Dundee.

Ronald Lindsay Osler Nicoll, The Manse, Liff, by Dundee.

Andrew Harvey Smith, 10 Baldovan Road, Dundee.

Brian David Smith, Drumgeith House, Dundee.

Donald James Webster, 319 Queen Street, Broughty Ferry.

Douglas Nicholson Gow, 11 Harley Street, Broughty Ferry.

William Angus Wallace, Lossiehall, Liff, Dundee.

Douglas Alexander Harvey Smith, 10 Baldovan Road, Dundee.

William David Nicoll, 15 The Spinney, Gatton, Heswall, Wirral, Cheshire.

James Henry Pearce, 25 Ferry Road, Monifieth.

Geoffrey William John Daniel, 12 Grove Road, West Ferry.

Donald Henry Cameron Hutcheson, 25 Hyndford Street, Dundee.

James Whiteford Arbuckle, Lundie Castle, by Dundee.

Richard Herring Lawson, Har-Law, Kinnordy Road, Kirriemuir.

Douglas Fraser Abbot, 21 Hillcrest Road, Dundee.

George Brian Robertson Cram, 12 Hill Street, Broughty Ferry.

Alastair Gilmour Dorward, Woodbank, Taymouth Place, Broughty Ferry.

Fergus William George, 15 Montague Street, Barnhill.

Derek Lawson, 33 Fairfield Road, Dundee.

David Gordon Scott, 1 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry.

George Stobie, "Craighall", 20 Glamis Road, Dundee.

Ronald James Duncan, 2 Menzieshill Road, Nine-wells, Dundee.

Ewen John Mackay, 353 Queen Street, Broughty Ferry.

Graeme Crockatt King, Briarbank, 97 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry.

Hamish Edward Robbie, 60 Seafield Road, Broughty Ferry.

Alan Stewart McIntosh, 63 Craigie Avenue, Dundee.

H. I. Carlton, 205 Colinton Road, Edinburgh.

W. D. McHugh, 5 Durham Street, Monifieth.

The following members have died :—

Hugh R. Mill.

Charles E. Stuart.

Sir James G. Shearer — Dux of the High School in 1912, he then studied at Edinburgh University and obtained M.A. honours and was also a Vans Dunlop scholar in classics. He took the first place in Britain in the Indian Civil Service examination and subsequently joined the judicial side of the Indian Civil Service. He studied at the Middle Temple and was called to the Bar in 1936 and subsequently became a judge of the High Court at Patna.

In 1953 he was appointed President of the Supreme Court at Asmara, Eritrea. A Knighthood was conferred upon him in 1955.

The sympathy of the Old Boys' Club goes out to his widow and sisters and brother. The School and the Club have lost an eminent member.

Congratulations to :—

Lieutenant Douglas Fox on being awarded the Military Cross in Sarawak. The citation among other things states "His outstanding conduct throughout the operation, his courageous contempt for the enemy fire and the example he set to those with him in their isolated and vulnerable position are deserving of high praise".

Mr Colin A. McNab on his appointment as Secretary to Scott & Robertson Ltd.

Colin A. Den-McKay for passing out of Sandhurst and being commissioned as Second Lieutenant.

D. G. Fairley for passing out of Sandhurst and being commissioned as Second Lieutenant.

Jimmy Spankie on being elected Grampian T.V. Personality of 1966.

Solution to Number Puzzle

15	4	1
2	6	12
3	10	7

Answers to "Tay Bridge" Quiz

1. August 18th, 1966;
2. 42;
3. 1.4 miles;
4. 6½ million pounds;
5. 22 ft.;
6. 1 in 81;
7. 68 ft.;
8. March, 1963;
9. 8,150 tons;
10. 250 ft.

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Faithful Readers**

Our thanks to the many people who have helped to make this issue possible in spite of numerous, unexpected setbacks. This especially applies to our printers and our advertisers. Please give the former your kind thoughts and the latter your support! For the summer issue we should be grateful for copy by the 9th of June at the latest.

(Editorial Committee.)

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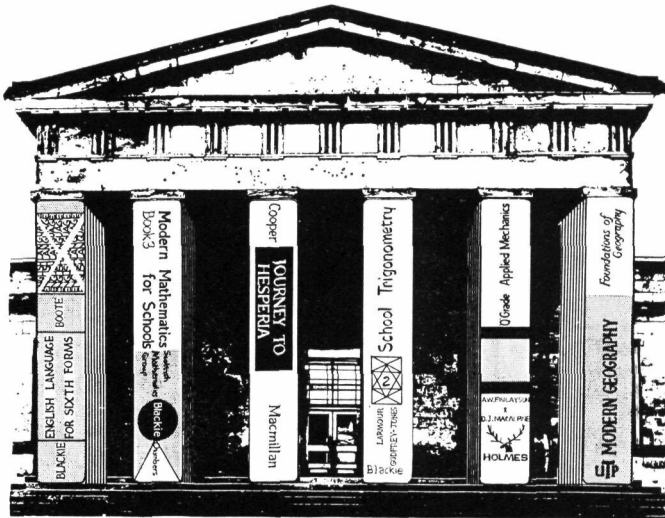
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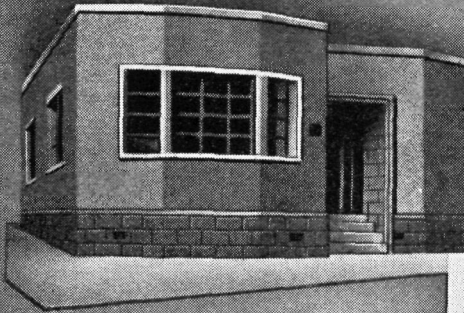
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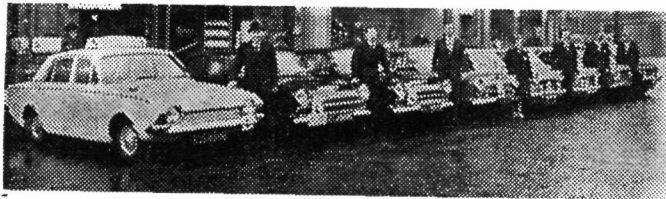


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