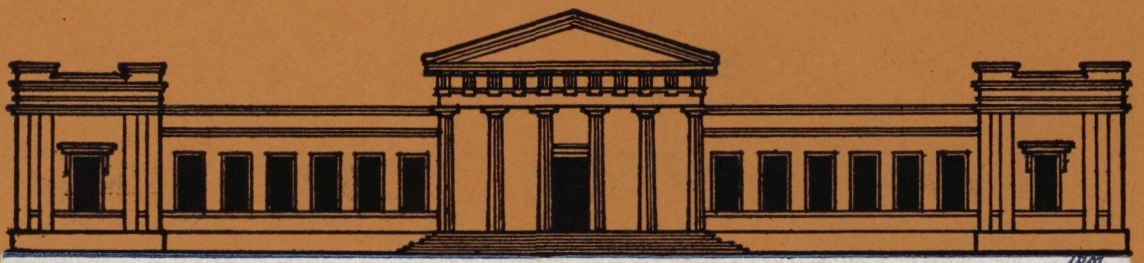


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MAGAZINE



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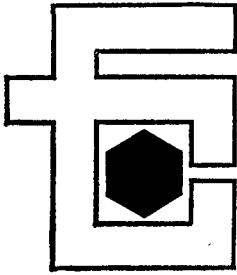
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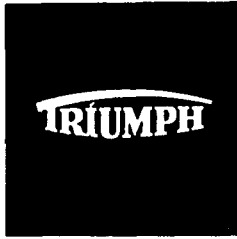
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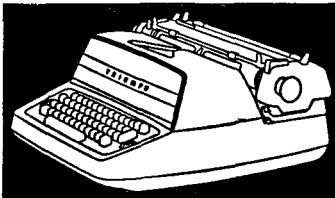
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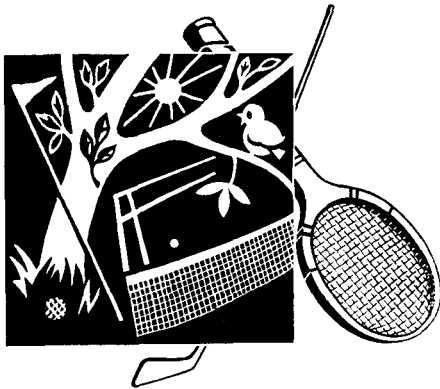
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EDITORIAL

No. 142

ONE SHILLING AND
SIXPENCE

JUNE, 1967

As the end of another session draws relentlessly near, publication date finds us again panic-stricken and frantic, with a magazine to fill and a dearth of copy. The magazine committee are to be seen darting hither and thither with ball-point pens and worried expressions, trying vainly to squeeze articles for this periodical out of any literate sources, and chasing up reports from athletic but apparently shy clubs. But the real blame for this lack, or so we are informed, can be laid at the door of the Scottish Certificate of Education, whose examinations so exhaust members of Forms IV and V that for three months beforehand and two afterwards, they are totally incapable of pushing a pen across paper. We offer our commiserations and hope that they will be sufficiently recovered to contribute some sparkling articles to the Christmas edition.

Another little matter which has been causing some concern to the compilers of the magazine is the manner in which legibility seems to be on the decline. Indeed, some people seem so ashamed of their finished product that they refrain from signing it, and we are left to make intelligent (?) guesses at the original meaning. Perhaps this sudden desire for anonymity is a sign of the times, when pupils feel that their biting and satirical wit will be so painfully felt by those in authority that recriminations will follow. Alas, little

biting and satirical wit finds its way into our hands, whether passed surreptitiously to the committee from an unidentified source, or presented complete with fanfare, heading and signature. Perhaps if more people bought the magazine we could offer financial inducements which might mean a better magazine which more people would buy and then we could . . . They tell us that is economics.

However, acting on Samuel Johnson's sound advice that "a man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it", we have attempted to set doggedly about some of our friends — now, alas, ex-friends — and the combined efforts are presented here. For those of us nearing the end of our school career, the magazine takes on a nostalgic aura, and one wonders what the present pupils — the illustrious F.P.'s of the future — will think of their efforts in ten years' time. Perhaps this final issue of 1966-67 session will prove a monument to the literary efforts of some who emulate the "moving finger", which, "having writ, moves on".

As a fitting memorial to my own devasting poetic talent, may I offer this little rhyme —

"Get with-it on the High School scene —
Why not read the magazine?"

EDITOR.

Mr LESLIE B. WEATHERHEAD, M.M., M.B.E., J.P.

Hon. Sheriff-Substitute for the Counties of Perth and Angus

The Corporation of the High School of Dundee, like other public bodies, has to have a secretary, and upon the calibre of the man appointed depends much of the success of the body and the smoothness of its deliberations.

This century was still in its first decade when Leslie B. Weatherhead appeared as a pupil in Dundee High School. He was a good pupil, or should we say a good average pupil. Research has found not much of note on the scholastic side but he was outstanding on the cricket field, being "concussed" on one occasion by a cricket ball.

School days over saw Mr Weatherhead involved in the First World War. He joined the Scots Guards and with his regiment served in France — winning the M.M.

The Second World War found him engaged in the Home Guard and for these services he was awarded the M.B.E.

Our City also saw his merit and his name is on the list of J.P.'s for Dundee.

His legal acumen and experience made him a most suitable person to appoint to the Bench and it was no surprise to his friends

when it was announced that he had been appointed a Sheriff-Substitute for the Counties of Perth and Angus.

From 1939 till 1947 he was a Director of the School and from the latter year onward till last January he was secretary to the Board of Directors. To the pupils of today that may not mean very much, but to their parents and grandparents it means a lot.

When his resignation was received by the Board, mention was made of the many services he had given to the School and the speaker said "he has been a Guardsman in time of war and there come under stern discipline, but all his life he has been under self-discipline and has grown into the kind of citizen we all admire".

Beneath the bowler hat of the rather correct lawyer there twinkles a pair of eyes full of humour and so aware of the enjoyment of life. The Old Boys' Club are proud of him. He is a Founder member and was their President in 1936/7.

His friends, and they are many and of all ages, wish him happy years. He and his wife are both valued friends of the school and the school is proud of their friendship.

From Far and Near

NEWS OF STAFF

Everyone in school was sorry to hear of the illness of two of its principal "guides, philosophers and friends". First came the resignation of MR WEATHERHEAD from the position of Secretary to the Board of Direc-

tors and then our Rector, MR D. W. ERSKINE, had to enter hospital and will be absent from us for the rest of the session. To both we extend our very best wishes for a speedy recovery and complete restoration to health.

Once more we have to report forthcoming changes in staff. We shall be losing the services of MISS R. FALCONER and MISS E. DARROCH from the Preparatory Department, of MRS STEWART and MR CLUNIE from Lower School, and of MR CATTO, MISS O'BRIEN and MISS PATRICK from Upper School. Mr Catto, Mrs Stewart and Miss Falconer are retiring from the rigours of school life, Miss Darroch and Mr Clunie are taking up new posts, while Miss Patrick and Miss O'Brien leave to be married. We are very sorry indeed to part with all these friends of both long and short standing but offer them our sincere good wishes for the future.

We shall be welcoming to school next session — MRS CURZON and MISS BAIN to

the Preparatory Department, MISS C. SMITH to the Junior Department (which will also be joined full-time by MRS CLARKSON and part-time by MRS FOSTER), MISS FILSHIE to the Gymnastics Department, and MRS LOW to the English Department. We hope they will find happiness in their stay with us.

Members of staff still continue to supply us with romantic news and we offer our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to three couples—to MISS THOMSON of the Homecraft Department on her engagement to MR ADAMS of the English Department, to our Secretary, MISS GOFF, on her engagement to MR IAN CROFT, a former pupil, and to MISS CATRIONA MACCALLUM who recently became engaged to DR. CEDRIC DE VOIL.

In the Biennial Exhibition of the Dundee Art Society MISS EDGAR was represented by three fine watercolours in her characteristic style while MR VANNET showed a small oil, four watercolours and two pencil drawings. One of these, "Arbroath Harbour", was purchased by Arbroath Public Library and Art Gallery for their collection. MR ROBERTS was represented in the Royal Scottish Academy by an effective oil painting and, in this exhibition, Mr Vannet also had on view a pencil drawing and an etching.

In the Royal Academy, London, Mr Vannet has an etching and a pencil drawing hung and earlier in the year he was represented in the R.S.W. Exhibition by a watercolour. MR HALLIDAY and Mr Vannet held their two-man show in the Douglas and Foulis Gallery, Edinburgh, in February-March, exhibiting some sixty works in oils, watercolours, drawings, etchings, sculpture and ceramics, and both artists were invited to show pictures in the Glenrothes Art Club Exhibition.

NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

We are delighted to give news of the continued success of former pupils in a wide variety of walks of life. Much of our information comes from newspapers, magazines and interested friends of the former pupils and, grateful as we are for this, we should very much like to hear more from the former pupils themselves as the School likes to keep in touch even in this small way.

Our congratulations go to MR DEREK JAMIESON, former pupil and St. Andrews graduate, on his appointment in Canada to a five-man team which will set up a computer-based system of budgeting, a very important post in the Canadian Government. He was

recently made a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of London.

Former pupil, the REV. J. A. KEITH ANGUS, T.D., has recently been elected to Old Gourrock Parish Church, Gourrock.

Another distinguished former pupil and graduate of Edinburgh University and St. John's College, Cambridge, PROFESSOR J. BROUGH, is to be congratulated on his appointment to the Chair in Oriental Languages, Cambridge.

DR. JOYCE HUNTER, Captain of the Scottish Ladies' Hockey team since 1960, has retired from international hockey owing to a back injury. The School was happy to have her visit morning assembly one day in April when, in a farewell address, she spoke of her outstanding hockey career which had started in D.H.S.

A very distinguished former pupil, SIR DONALD GIBSON, C.B.E., D.C.L., M.A., M.T.P.I., Dist.T.B., F.R.I.B.A., a Past-President of R.I.B.A., has been appointed Controller General of Research and Development at the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works, being responsible for the research, development, maintenance and building programmes of the armed forces and the Government. We wish Sir Donald every success in what "The Architects' Journal" of 22nd March, 1967, so rightly calls "a formidable task".

We congratulate ALASTAIR D. WOOD, B.Sc. (son of former Science master, Mr Douglas Wood), on his appointment as Assistant Lecturer in Pure Mathematics at the University of Manchester, where he will take up his duties on 1st October, 1967.

Former pupil, MISS SUSAN GIBSON, is maintaining her success as a hockey player. Goal-keeper and honorary secretary of Dundee University Club, she has played in several important matches at the British tournament.

MISS MARGARET WALKER, at present in her third year medical course at Glasgow University, is to be congratulated on winning a place in the British Universities Hockey team.

We congratulate MISS SANDRA DUNCAN, of Barnhill, on her recent very successful completion of a course as a Pan American Airways stewardess and wish her well in her new, exciting career.

Former pupil, FLIGHT-LIEUT. PAMELA WHYTE, we learn, is a doctor with the R.A.F. in Aden.

MR ALEX ANDERSON, deputy librarian of Exeter University, has been appointed librarian at Heriot-Watt University, Edinburgh. An Ayrshire man, Mr Anderson was educated at Dundee High School and studied Classics and Philosophy at Edinburgh University. He held appointments with Fife County Library (from 1949), and Southampton University (from 1953) before going to Exeter in 1966.

It is with regret that we announce the death of a well-known former pupil — PROFESSOR EMERITUS WILLIAM LAUGHTON LORIMER, M.A., LL.D., F.B.A., former Professor of Greek at St. Andrews University. He was one of the best-known students of Greek grammar in Britain and gave his whole working life to the service of the university from his appointment to an assistantship in 1910 until he retired in 1955, when the Principal of the time paid tribute to his “meticulous Greek scholarship which had brought distinction to the University and gained general recognition through his election to a Fellowship of the British Academy”.

Congratulations to former pupil, EWAN PATE, who was a member of the winning team in the Public-Speaking Contest on International Affairs organised by the Scottish Committee of the British Youth Council. He is a member of the South Angus branch of the Scottish Association of Young Farmers' Clubs.

We congratulate DOUGLAS M. CRUICKSHANK on being first equal in the 1st B.Sc. Mathematics class, second in the 1st B.Sc. Applied Mathematics class and on winning a medal in each class.

Congratulations to ALISTAIR J. LOW on his becoming, recently, a Fellow of the Faculty of Actuaries, completing two parts of the examinations in one! Mr Low left school in 1960 and graduated B.Sc.(Hons.) from St. Andrews University in 1964. From there he went to the Head Office, in Edinburgh, of the Scottish Life Assurance Company Ltd. In his short, busy and successful career, Mr Low has also found time to excel at golf, being a former Scottish Universities Champion, a former British Universities Champion and British Youth Champion.

Congratulations to GORDON LOWE on winning medals in Physics, Chemistry and Zoology at St. Andrews University and to ROBERT WEIR who has won a medal in Pure Mathematics, Statistics at Queen's College.

NEWS OF PRESENT PUPILS

The winners of the School S.S.P.C.A. Essay Prizes were — 1st LESTER BARR (F.1a), 2nd LINDA GLASS (F.1a), 3rd JANE STANDLEY (F.IIbG).

HEATHER RIPLEY, L.IIIb — Miss MacCallum gives us the following news :—

Heather's mother is Wardrobe Mistress at Dundee Rep. and when they presented “Roar Like a Dove” last autumn, Heather played the child part. To be a mischievous, lovable, wee rogue came easily to her!

Reviews of this play led to an invitation to audition in London for the child-lead in a new musical film, “Chitti-Bang-Bang!”, starring Dick van Dyke and Sally-Ann Howes. Filming started on 1st June and she attends an Arts and Drama school with the van Dyke children, while in London. Shooting on location will be in Bavaria. “Chitti-Bang-Bang!” is the name of a car belonging to a Professor (Dick van Dyke) and with his children (Heather and a younger boy) it performs magical feats, such as flying into the air to escape from pursuers.



In the “Hockey Field” Competition to draw the portrait of a captain, JANE MAXWELL (L.VII.) was prizewinner in the Junior Section. The drawing of the captain being car-

ried shoulder high (reproduced on page 10) is commended for the way in which it "suggests excitement, success and appreciation".

We congratulate two members of Form 6 on their outstanding success in the recent St. Andrews University Bursary Competition. NORVAL M. BRYSON gained a Harkness residential scholarship of £100 per annum for four years and intends to go to St. Salvator's College, St. Andrews, in October. JUDITH A. STURROCK has been awarded a Blyth bursary (£45 supplemented to £80) also tenable at St. Salvator's. We wish them well in their future studies and careers.

We congratulate the following pupils on having gained School Prizes in the Brooke Bond National School Awards Competition, 1967—Senior Art Section, CLIVE D. M. GRIFFITH; Intermediate Art Section, LESLEY M. DUGUID; Junior Art Section, DOUGLAS C. PUCKNELL. In the Essay Competition a Senior Prize was awarded to DOUGLAS RALSTON, Form 4.

In Junior School in the Brooke Bond Competition, RUTH A. H. BLACK won the school prize for Junior Handwriting and HILARY H. RITCHIE received a Certificate of Merit also for Junior Handwriting.

Participation in the Dundee and Angus School Library Association Library Projects Competition, 1967, resulted in Merit Certificates being awarded to DUNCAN CAMPBELL and CHRISTOPHER JONES, Form 3, for a tape-recording on "Professor D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson", to SARAH GILROY and HILARY RITCHIE, L.IV., for a book on "Coffee", to RONA WINTER, L.VII., for a book on "Tapestry", and to EDNA MCLENNAN, L.VII., for a book on "The Bridge is Down".

It is with pleasure we hear of the success of HILARY BROWN and ROSEMARY MAIN in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. They will be presented with their brooches for the Gold Award at the School Prizegiving and will receive their Certificates at Holyrood in October.

Three of our pupils have also been taking part with great success in the S.T.V. competition, "The Young Scot". They are HILARY BROWN, SHONIE PETRIE and ALASTAIR JOHNSTONE. We have high hopes for their position in the finals!

APOLOGIES

In the Trinity College of Music Examination results published in the January magazine, Patricia Ritchie, Form 3, a pupil of Miss Reekie's, passed Grade 4, not Grade 3 as published.

RUBY FALCONER, L.R.A.M.

When school resumes after the summer holiday, the Preparatory Department will seem strangely different, as in June we shall be saying goodbye to Miss Ruby Falconer.

Miss Falconer was appointed to the staff of Dundee High School in 1944, and since then has served both conscientiously and with enthusiasm.

During those difficult war years, Miss Falconer was to be found teaching in a rather isolated position, in the Church hall, far separated from the rest of her department, but despite the many difficulties and hazards, she cheerfully guided her young charges through this trying time.

The staff were obliged to undertake many extra duties at this time, such as fire-watching, and no matter what the situation, Miss Falconer had the happy knack of enhancing the circumstances in which she found herself.

When the school returned to more normal times after the war, Miss Falconer was active in a variety of ways—helping to organise the musical side of Preparatory Department Concerts and Exhibitions, taking part in the "Staff Night" of the Literary Society, and no matter what the occasion, always willing to give her assistance. During more recent years, Miss Falconer has given a great deal of time and energy to such worthy causes as the "Save the Children Fund" of whose committee she is an active member.

One cannot speak too highly of Miss Falconer's service to the school. Her excellent teaching and her gentle demeanour, made a happy contribution, which endeared her to pupils and colleagues alike, and her capable handling of the Preparatory Department last year was much appreciated by the school.

We are indeed sorry to lose Miss Falconer, but we wish her much happiness in whatever she undertakes in the future.

PRINCIPAL PRIZE-WINNERS — JUNE, 1967

Front Row (l. to r.) — **Raymond A. Kelly** (Walter Polack Prize for the Dux of L.7 Boys); **Catherine M. Langlands** (Hutton Prize for the Dux of L.3 Girls); **Neil D. C. Duncan** (Robbie Prize for the Dux of L.3 Boys); **William I. F. David** (Walter Polack Prize for the Dux of L.7 Boys), High School Prize for Industry L.7 Boys, Proxime Accessit Prize for Solo-Speaking in the Junior School).

Second Row (l. to r.) — **Deborah J. Munro** (John MacLennan Prize for the Dux of L.7 Girls, Solo-Speaking Prize in Junior School); **Alison M. Gossip** (Armitstead Medal for the Dux in French, Armitstead Medal for the Dux in German); **Alison E. McLeay** (Armitstead Medal for the Dux in English, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize in English, G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public-Speaking, Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work, William Laird Prize in Scottish Studies, Rector's Prize for Art Appreciation); **Rona T. Winter** (John MacLennan Prize for the Dux of L.7 Girls).

Third Row (l. to r.) — **Moira D. Spence** (Dott Memorial Medal for the Dux in Art); **Sheila S. Fraser** (Edinburgh Angus Club Medal for the Dux in Latin). **E. Marion Wiltshire** (Dott Memorial Medal for the Dux in Homecraft).

Back Row (l. to r.) — **Rosemary M. Main** (London Angus Club Prize for the Dux in History, Low Memorial Prize for English, Latin and Greek, William Laird Prize in Scottish Studies); **Kenneth Allen** (Dott Memorial Medal for the Dux in Greek, Dott Memorial Medal for the Dux in Music, Ballingall Gold Medal for the Dux in Gymnastics); **Norval M. Bryson** (Harris Gold Medal and David Gray Prize for the Dux of the School, Dott Memorial Medal for the Dux in Mathematics, Cunningham Prize for the Dux in Physics, Sir John Leng's Jubilee Trustees' Prize for the Dux in Chemistry); **David A. Rorie** (Ballingall Gold Medal for the Dux in Gymnastics); **Alison J. Murdoch** (Brian McNeill Prize for the Dux in Biology).

Absent — **Joan D. J. Walker** (Championship Cup for the Dux in Gymnastics, Polack Prize for Gymnastics); **J. Andrew Lester** (Rector's Prize for the Dux in Engineering Subjects).

MR J. A. CATTO, B.Comm.

Thirty years ago, Mr James A. Catto took over the teaching of Commercial subjects from Mr "Big Bob" McKenzie, and since that time has given the school uninterrupted and loyal service.

Educated at Aberdeen Grammar School, where he carried off the medals in English and Science, he graduated Bachelor of Commerce at Aberdeen University in 1923.

After a spell with a commercial firm in Glasgow, he went to London to join the foreign department of a London Merchant Bank.

During the lean years of the great industrial depression, he trained as a teacher and taught in Fort William Secondary School, and MacLaren High School, Callander, before joining our school in 1937 as Head of the Commercial Department.

In every school, there are certain tasks to be performed that gain the performer no limelight and very little public recognition. Some such jobs, essential to the efficiency and welfare of the school, fell to Mr Catto, and he performed them with patience and thoroughness. Notable among these was the

management of the School Savings Group which we may be sure, introduced the sound Scottish habit of thrift to hundreds of pupils.

Many of our less academically gifted pupils have found during those thirty years not only a pleasant haven from the sterner academic winds but have developed lasting and valuable skills in Mr Catto's classes.

We shall miss the quiet, unobtrusive loyalty, the pawky humour and the honesty of mind and purpose that we have valued in James Catto over the years.

We wish him a long and happy retirement.

SPECIAL APPEAL

(As a rule we do not carry appeals in our School Magazine, but, knowing that many people connected with the school will have no other means of hearing of this very worthwhile scheme, we very willingly make exception to our rule. — Editor.)

I have a very special appeal to make to you and to your parents. Five mothers of High School pupils have taken to heart a very special cause — the cause of Medical Research into Muscular Dystrophy. Now it

Triumphant Smiles



Photograph by J. D. Brown

PRINCIPAL PRIZE-WINNERS — JUNE, 1967

Joyous Smiles



Photograph by A. C. Cowper, Perth

JUNIOR DANCING TEAM — MARCH, 1967



WINNING PHOTOGRAPHS

FAMOUS PLACES

"St. Mark's Bell Tower, Venice"

Alan Ramsay, F.3



SPECIAL PRIZE
"Sheep on a hill"
Robin Rhaney, L.3



ANIMAL STUDY

"West Highland Terrier"

Nicola Miller, L.7

so happens that you can in a very simple way help them in their service and at the same time yourself receive a service.

When any part of your uniform or sports-attire or equipment has ceased to be of use to you but is still able to be used by someone. I should like you to donate it to one of these five mothers whose names and telephone numbers are appended. You, in your turn, may be able to buy, at this same source, clothing or equipment which you may now need. So we hope to set up a regular service — a kind of bring-and-buy — and, of course, all the money which changes hands will go to Muscular Dystrophy Funds.

An emergency service will also be run and, should you suddenly need another skirt or other rugby boots, the "Shop" will try to oblige.

Just one more thing — please see that the pieces of uniform, sports-gear and equipment are all in good condition when you donate them. Thank you. You will not regret your good deed.

The names of the five mothers are:—

Mrs Dorward, 6 Richmond Terrace, Dundee (67229).

Mrs McNeill, 103 Strathern Road, Broughty Ferry, Dundee (77099).

Mrs McNicoll, 7 Richmond Terrace, Dundee (65961).

Mrs Smith, 7 Windsor Terrace, Dundee (66593).

Mrs Ross, 13 Rockfield Crescent, Dundee (67887).

AILEEN W. GRAY.

ULTRA-MODERN STUDIES ? (from Form 3)

"The Queen is very important in the Church. She appoints the Pope. The Pope must not be a Roman Catholic."

"Newspapers are also sold in the streets by street vandals."

SPECIAL PLEA FROM DEPUTY HEAD GIRL

Please put frosted glass in Prefects' Room windows so that we don't feel we're spying on certain teachers . . .

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Primary

Life with Mummy and Daddy

My Daddy goes to work in a office he goes in his car and he gets paid evry week and he gives some of the money to Mummy.

LESLIE TAIT, L.Ib.

At Mummys' clinic a litil giril went in to the toylit she put the snib on and diddin have enny sens to pull the snib back. we had to get the fire enjin.

KATHERINE OGILVIE, L.Ia.

One day my mummy took the twins out to the park. The twins liked the park very much and where not very plesed to go away. When mummy got home she thoght that she whould put up onr own swings. When she did the twins where dlited and they had a swing on the roky-bot.

JANE MACNAUGHTON, L.IIa.

We Advise . . .

HOW TO JOIN THE AA

If you get stuck on the dual carriageway an AA man might come along if you are lucky. Then pay 10/- and then you are a member of the AA.

PAUL K. BREWER, L.IIb.

THE RECORDER CLASS

I go to Recorder on Saturdays. We have great fun. We play Jingle Bells and Pees pooding hot pees pooding cold peeas pooding in the pot nine days old and Good-bye to summer I like it best. Would you like to go I think you would like it. I like it eniway.

GILLIAN DONALDSON, L.IIb.

Our Fantastic World

LOVING

I'd love to have a dressing gown,
all padded out with fur.
I love to hear the pussy say purr, purr, purr.
I love my little slippers which are so warm
and soft.
I love to go to Uncles farm and sleep up in
the loft.

KAREN J. M. CAMPBELL, L.IIIb.

There was once three girls named, Shelagh, Shiona and Ailsa. One day Shione and I were planning something mysterious. Ailsa came and said, "I need the toilet." I took her and locked the door axedently. When I tried to open it I couldn't. Ailsa's dummy fell down the toilet, so I dived down to get it. Ailsa folowed and last of all came Shiona. It was cool in the water and then all of a sudden I saw sand, sand, sand. The tide had washed us ashore. I had read in storys that you came to Narvia this way. I guessed this was Narvia.

SHELAGH TASKER, L.IIIb.

Tiger Tiger in the night,
Tiger Tiger burning bright,
Eyes of red with gleam of fire,
Vicious roar grows higher higher.
Can these eyes who see the death,
See the heart of human flesh?

Tiger Tiger in the night,
Tiger Tiger burning bright.

HEATHER RIPLEY, L.IIIb.

(after reading Blake's 'Tiger')

THE LOST DOG

Once upon a time there was a dog named Simon, who was walking slowly and lazily in a railway station.

Suddenly he smelt something. It seemed to be coming from a nearby train. Nose to the ground, off he went. It was a goods train with a carriage door open. With one single leap, he shot through the door and in to an open crate.

Crash! Someone slammed down the lid knocking him senseless. When he gained his senses again he was in Dartford.

The poor dog broke out of the crate, off the train and into the arms of his master, who had been looking for him.

GAVIN J. GIBSON, L.IIIb.

PROG'S ADVENTURE

Prog was a troll. He had long orange hair and every morning it was a bother tying it up. One day he decided just to leave his hair hanging down. Then he had his breakfast and went out.

He was walking past a tree with long branches and accidentally caught his hair and he pulled and pulled and at last got away. Then Prog thought he had better do something about it. So he went to the Hairdresser and got his hair cut and washed. "That will stop the trouble." And it did.

SALLY DRYDEN, L.IIIa.



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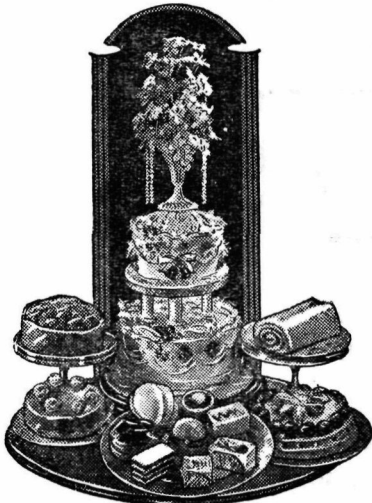
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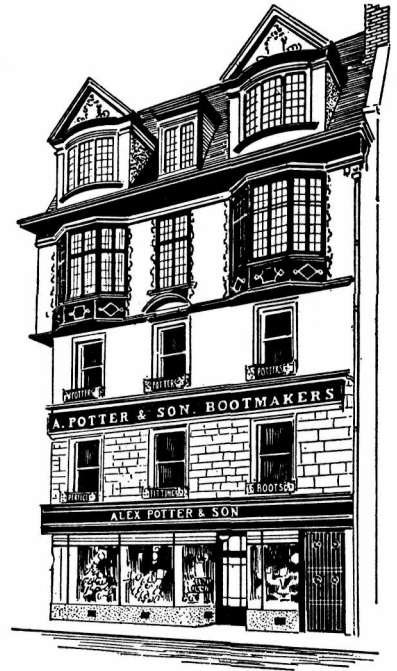
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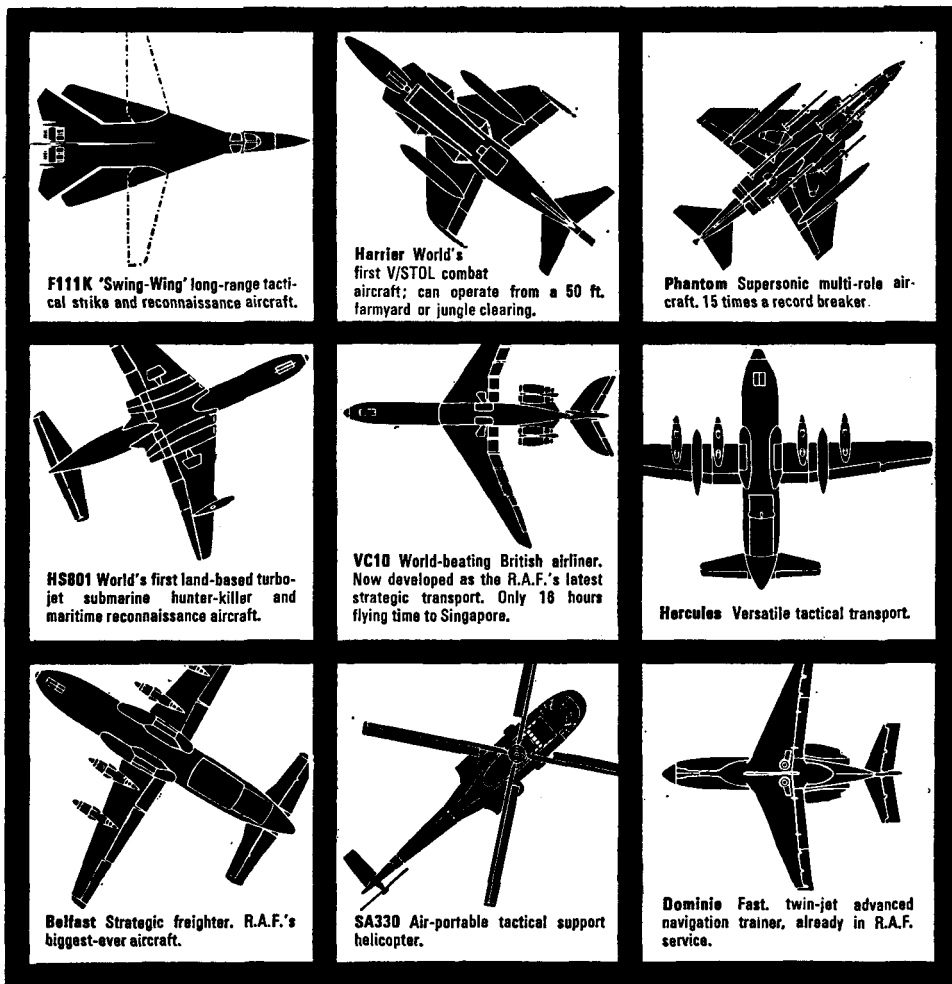
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Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain M. A. D'Arcy, R.A.F., Adastral House (25HD1), London, WC1. Please give your date of birth and say what qualifications you have or are studying for (minimum 6 S.C.E. 'O' grades including English, arithmetic and mathematics), and whether more interested in a flying or ground branch career.

M A Y

May, May, come again.
Daffodils wither,
Trees are merrier,
Leaves are green,
Winds blow!
May, May, lovely May,
Please come back.

JANE MOODIE, L.IIIa.

M A R C H

In March winds whistle round houses and
rain comes pouring down.

The hailstones clatter on windows and the
sun gives a frown.

All the people shiver with cold but the
wind looks very bold.

JACQUELINE M. CLARK, L.IIIa.

I N B R I E F

L.3's description of Lower School! —

THE GOONEAR SCHOOL.

I K N O W A H O R S E

I know a horse,
He's really quite good.
He's bad at one thing,
That's taking his food.
He makes noises while eating,
And loudly he chews,
He bucks and he gallops
He loves having food.
I know that he likes me,
And I love him well,
We ride on together,
Downs valleys, down dells.

JILL SIMPSON, L.IV.

A B R E E Z E

There was a breeze,
A little gentle breeze,
That floated by my window,
One fine summer's day.

There was a breeze,
A little gentle breeze,
That played round our garden,
In and out the trees.

There was a breeze,
A little gentle breeze,
That pushed our swing,
And bent the flowers.

SARAH GILROY, L.IV.

L I K E S A N D D I S L I K E S

I hate writing poems,
And stories too.
I'd rather play football,
Or go to the zoo.

I hate doing Grammar,
And writing too.
I'd rather watch football
And cheer and boo.

I hate eating turnips,
And cabbage and cream.
I'd rather play cricket,
Or fish in a stream.

D. AUNGLE, L.IV.

T R A F F I C N O I S E S

Hurry
scurry
people run
up and down
and down
and up
horns toot
bells ring
the traffic
lights change
to green
and away
they go
horns tooting
and bells
ringing such
a din to hear.

MARTIN JOHNSTON, L.IV.

W H Y !

Why am I so small
When others are so tall?

Why do I have to go to bed
When others play and talk instead?

Why do the holidays not last
When term goes slow and miserably past?

Why does my cello squeak so much
When the piano notes respond to my touch?

Why must I write such a rhyme
When I have not got the spare time?

MORAG HOUSTON, L.V.

K A R T I N G

One Sunday a few weeks ago I had my
first experience of driving a go-kart. We
drove to Kinnell aerodrome with the kart in

the boot, and when it was unloaded and the engine had been adjusted, my brother drove it round the runway a few times to see that it was running properly. Afterwards he suggested I should try. I put on a crash helmet, goggles and gloves and was push-started. I made a few small circles, quite slowly, and when I stalled, the engine was flooded with petrol. Dad had to tow the kart with Colin in it, to start it. Once it had been cleared of the petrol, I was given another run. However, I drove the kart a bit too slowly, and it bumped about on the uneven tarmac. When I stopped, we found that the engine had shaken loose, so that we had to take it back home, and my sister, who had been waiting for a run, did not have one.

NIALL GIBB, L.IV.

PLAYING A PART

During the Easter holidays I had a part in a play. Each evening for a whole week I arrived at the theatre an hour before the curtain went up. Although I played the part of a queen's son, I had to wear old clothes because I was disguised as a peasant. When I went on the stage I had to pretend I had never been there before and look all around. There was a lot of fun with the other actors while we waited to go on the stage. One day I should like to play another part and have words to say.

DAVID SMITH, L.IV.

COLLECTING

Just about every person in our family collects something. Mummy collects old china. Daddy collects books, my sister collects pop records, and I collect dolls. I have so many that Grandpa had to make a small bookcase for them. Even now I have some on my mantelpiece. Most of them are foreign. I am making a special collection of French dolls.

DEBBY SIMPSON, L.Va.

MY BROTHER

My Brother's name is Kenneth. Nearly every morning when I get up we always start a fight. When I am in bed he puts his radio on when I am just about asleep. Somedays when I come home from school he meets me when I am home and starts hitting me.

JANICE MARTIN, L.Va.

MONSTERS GALORE

Suddenly I felt a hand creeping up and down my spine, then I saw a huge, monstrous head with no body. It was covered with

green scales and had gigantic, gleaming white fangs, and long tousled hair. It was followed by ghostly figures, and then, a most terrifying monster, breathing fire. I was petrified. I was so scared I couldn't move or even scream. Every time I looked there was an uglier monster than before. Then I saw light — the Ghost Train had almost stopped.

MAXINE CLARK, L.VI.

KINNAIRD CASTLE

My Uncle Stuart lives in a Castle in the village of Kinnaird. It is a small village and the school there is only about an eighth of the size of our school. The Castle is sixty feet high and the walls are six feet thick. At the large front door there is a huge metal gate and when William Wallace visited the castle, long ago, he lifted the big gate with one hand to prove his strength which nowadays takes three men to lift. In the lounge of the castle there is William Wallace's sword which is six feet long. There is also his shield on the wall. Beside the castle there is a cottage where my Grandmother lives.

MARCUS STOUT, L.VI.

SCOTLAND

Scotland is a great country
With its cities large and small
Mountains loch and torrents
Pleasure there for all.

Scotland with its rivers
The Forth The Clyde The Tay
Clear sunshine and a little breeze
Boating all the day.

LINDSAY FOULIS, L.VI.

THE CRASH

(Not for the young or the nervous !)

The blue Mini sped along the open road, leaving a trail of dust in its wake. He cornered a hairpin bend at eighty miles an hour. Unsuspecting, he streaked along past a junction without looking and moved out to pass a Humber. The Humber was a lengthy car, and the Mini was just drawing in when ahead loomed a corner. The Mini wrenched round and smashed into a rock, bounced off, and flew into the Humber.

On the deserted stretch, blood seeped out. The Mini blazed up, accompanied by shrieks of agony, cries of utter fear and desperation from the driver. His hair was on fire now, tearing at his nerves. His collar blazed and his throat began to smoulder. He blazed freely, dead, all pain past.

The driver of the Humber moaned. His arm was wildly askew, blood seeping from it. His foot was severed, and lay on the brake. Seven teeth lay on the floor, and the pain and agony of the tooth roots, the blood, flowing down his throat, drowning him was the end. His eyes closed.

And so on the deserted road lay two corpses. They would be found and publicised. But what is fame for agony and death?

S. McDONALD, L.VII.

THE RIVIERA IS CHEAPER IN THE END . . .

Sometimes I wonder if it's all worthwhile. I mean, really, does all the fuss pay off?

The mad rush starts at the New Year with a deluge of glossy brochures, lauding the charms and qualities of "Sunny Grimbleworpe-on-Sea" or advising you to "enjoy an easy-going rural holiday at Murklesby for only fifty guineas a night". The many happy hours spent reading these brochures, and caricaturing on the glossy pictures of suntanned girls in bikinis, are followed by many less pleasant hours of family discussions, about our respective ideal holidays. By March, my parents have decided to rent a cottage in some obscure place on the north coast, or some equally obscure island, four miles by eight, halfway across the Atlantic. At last we get all fixed up, thoroughly organised to the last detail, until . . .

It is a Friday morning, about five o'clock. Outside, the rain is pelting down, and the dog has just come in, soaking wet, and has shaken himself over Mum's case, thoroughly drenching a pair of pink pyjamas, six white handkerchiefs and three pairs of stockings. I suddenly discover that I haven't got any pyjamas and find my two spare pairs, looking rather bedraggled, on the washing-line. And *then* Mum discovers she hasn't cancelled the milk. Glenn, our dog, decides it's high time he "unpacks" my case, destroying half its contents. After having meticulously repacked my case, I am seized by a terrible premonition of arriving at our forlorn little cottage, miles from anywhere, without any socks, so I feverishly throw out my clothes, and find, to my relief, plenty of socks. Having repacked my case, I look round and see my wellingtons, draped with my shorts, leering hideously up at me. By this time, I'm so out of sorts,

that I just bundle my clothes into my case, slam down the lid, and break the locks.

But don't think that I'm in the worst pickle of the family! My father, for instance, has just lost his best pair of gold cuff-links. My mother has got into a high frenzy about missing the boat, and my brother, Alastair, has let Glenn "worry" his (Alastair's) white shirt. *Needless to say*, his case reposes joyfully-empty except for a pair of socks, a shoelace, and an orange.

At last, however, all our catastrophes overcome, at least partially overcome, we set off, an hour late, with everyone in a bad temper. But soon the rain clears, the sun shines, and the purple hills smile in the sunlight. The dog hasn't been sick, we won't miss the boat and the holiday will be a success, we realise, as all creation smiles around us.

DEBORAH MUNRO, L.VII.

A COLD

When my nose is all blocked and I have a cold,

I'm fed up of always being told,
"You must cover your mouth when you're going to sneeze"

And "Don't sniff like that, if you please".

A cold in the winter is all in the game,
There are plenty of people feeling the same,
But a cold in the summer is not much fun,
When you could be outside enjoying the sun.

SUSAN CRAMOND, L.VII.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Duke William was a Frenchman —
He came from Normandy.
He met and fought the English
At Hastings by the sea.

King Harold led the Englishmen
Massed at the top of the hill
But the Frenchmen drew them downwards
And much of their blood did spill.

The English fought most bravely
Till King Harold was shot through the eye
And their remaining ranks were broken
And the Frenchmen forced them to fly.

Duke William marched to London
On his nobles rewards did pour
And he was crowned in Westminster
King William the Conqueror.

ROBIN ILLSLEY, L.VII.

A MOST UNUSUAL VISIT TO LONDON

As I was coming out of Selfridge's, where I had just eaten a "Knickerbocker Glory", I was arrested by two Bow Street Runners. They flatly refused to give me a reason for my arrest. They then attempted to haul me down the road to the Old Bailey.

I was granted a last request. I decided that I should like to go to Greenwich by boat. We caught a 'bus which went to Tower Pier, from where the boat sailed on the half-hour.

We sailed past a great many wharves and the building and launching site of the "Great Eastern". Then, as we rounded the bend of the Thames, the tall masts of the "Cutty Sark" came into view. At last, we docked. I was escorted out of the boat by one of the runners.

He asked me in a gruff voice, "Where do you want to go?"

I replied, "Well, first of all, I should like to go round the 'Cutty Sark', and see the Painted Hall at the Royal Naval College."

We went round the "Cutty Sark" and saw a fine collection of figureheads below deck. After that, I was escorted up the hill to the Royal Naval College, where we went to the Painted Hall. Delighted by Sir James Thornhill's works of art on the ceiling, I was very down-hearted when it was time to leave. I was hauled reluctantly down the hill to the waiting boat.

As we drew near Tower Pier, I was informed that there would be no trial because the magistrate was having his lunch! Astounded, I was jerked out of the boat by two Yeomen of the Guard. They told me that I was to be executed on a charge of having paid a shopkeeper with a Scottish Banknote.

I was to be executed on the same spot as Anne Boleyn.

An executioner's block and axe had been removed from the Armoury. An executioner, with a grim black mask hiding his features, strode up to me, and told me to lay my head on the block. I shut my eyes tightly and hoped for the best. The axe swiftly descended . . . and I awoke from an imaginative day-dream about my holiday in London.

BARBARA GILROY, L.VII.

MY FAVOURITE ?

He is tall and handsome and his hair droops over his eyes. I go out with him once

a week and we are beginning to grow quite attached. At first we would go out in a group, but as we got to know each other we began to go by ourselves. We went through the quiet woodlands where only the twittering of the birds broke the silence. I found that he had a sweet tooth and so I made tablet for us both.

One morning, when I arrived, I found to my great astonishment that he was not waiting for me. I went and asked Mr MacLeod what had happened.

The reply was, "Conker has cast a shoe and so you won't be able to go riding on him today".

EDNA McLENNAN, L.VII.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

This year we launched a photographic competition for three sections of the school. For the Juniors the theme was "Animal Study", for Forms 1, 2 and 3 "Famous Places" and Forms 4, 5 and 6 were given the wide choice of "A Most Unusual Photograph".

The response from the seniors was worse than disappointing — *not one* "unusual sight" was contributed — but the response from the other two groups more than made up for the seniors' apathy (?), lack of skill (?) or pre-occupation with the cares of certificate-hunting.

It has been decided, therefore, to award three prizes as follows:—

- (a) "Animal Study" — Nicola Miller, L.VII. — "West Highland Terrier".
- (b) "Famous Places" — Alan Ramsay, F.III. — "St. Mary's Bell Tower, Venice".
- (c) an extra prize for the best photograph from the youngest competitors — Robin Rhaney, L.IIIa — "Sheep on a Hill".

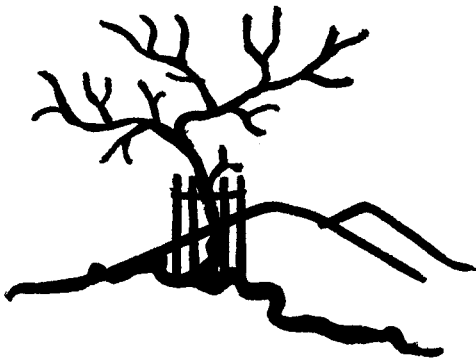
We print, also, photographs from three "very-near" winners — Morag Stalker, F.III. — "The Tower of London"; Patricia Ritchie, F.III. — "Dryburgh Abbey"; and Hilary Simpson, L.VII. — "A Canine Group".

We thank all who contributed and, most of all, Mr A. B. Stewart of the Science Department for undertaking so willingly the extremely difficult task of choosing the winners.

Seniors

Form 3a, as part of an educational experiment, had recently to attempt to write down, in poetry, thoughts on the City of Dundee and we should like our readers to sample a few of the end products. A few of Form 5, in an idle moment, dashed off some lines, too. We hope you recognise your city!

DUNDEE FROM THE LAW



As far as the eye can see
The city spreads —
An unending panorama
Of brick and mortar and smoke.

Through the smog and dirt
The river runs —
A grey monotony
Of sandbanks and waves of polluted water.

A forest of aerials and chimney-pots
Adorn the city
With ugliness
Of irregular frameworks and ill-placed monstrosities.

A few patches of green
Give some colour
To the greyness
Of dull houses, dirty factories and uninteresting streets.

This is the city, this is Dundee
Of some fame —
Jute and marmalade —
Dirty, crowded, noisy, but this is home.

ALISON BROWN, F.IIIa.

DUNDEE

Dirt, grime, tenements, rain,
Closed shops, derelict buildings, unfriendly
faces —

Dundee.

Lovely parks, countryside, Bridge,
Yachting on the river, sunny beaches —
Dundee.

M. W., F.V.

LIFE IN THE DEAD CITY



Drip, drip — the slow, slippery drizzle,
Slides down from above;
A faint mist swirls around chimney-pots,
While on the roads — black rivulets
Stream between dirty, uneven cobbles.

The fine drizzle dulls the spirit,
A grey gloom drapes over the city,
The black buildings seem dull, dismal,
And piteous people shuffle along the streets.
Apathy is apparent, enthusiasm extinct.

Slowly a dirty-white fog descends,
Enveloping traffic and buildings.
The river is masked, all sound deadened
But for the deep, haunting note of a ship
Ploughing its way upstream to the dingy
haven.

Haven? When left behind with relief?
City life? all is dead and lifeless.
Only when the sun shines brightly
Do the human machines show life;
Then — so rarely — spirits of the dead

Reawaken with the shining sun.
But today, and yesterday, and tomorrow —
Drip, drip, the fine drizzle slips down.

And the dead walk daily 'till they die,
And are buried, ceasing the endless
Shuffle in the slipping, dismal drizzle.

C. G., F.V.

DUNDEE ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON

The rain-jetted pillars rise up from the mist,
And the damp eddies round in porous
wreaths;
The Corporation-green 'buses clank round the
streets,
And banner-waving fans lurch up to Dens
Park.
Rain-seething Arcade, dark obelisk bazaar,
Shivers in the rain-fanned haze of grey,
And puny huddles of clamorous shoppers
Hurry down the subway catacombs.
Uneasy sulphur-blue fumes arise from the
station,
Diffuse amid the mirk-grey walls of haar,
While, up Victoria Road, sharp pin-points of
light
Mean the players have come, the floodlights
are on;
And the rain howls with destructive pound-
ing force
Through the wide avenues of the crumbling
ruins of slums,
Flinging dark obliteration through the glossy
new Bridge,
Thund'ring forth in rain-drenched mighty
surf;
And the Tay slips and slaps in oil-crested
swishes
Against the slime-mudded banks of wharf:
The disused pier flings out a streaming black
arm
Into the watery mass of tingling opaque grey,
While University buildings blot the smudged
grey sky
And cinemas and hotels trace faint inky-black
outlines
Out of the brooding dark canopy above;
Then the spectral-quiet town erupts
In a mighty, pulsating roar;
Play has started; Dundee are one up.

CHRISTOPHER JONES, F.IIIa.

THE CITY — DUNDEE

Grey mists of morning bring in the dawn,
The rattle of milk bottles awakens the city,
Cats slink home to the dirt of the alleyways,
Bird song is drowned by the roar of the buses
And scurrying feet on the city pavements.
Office blocks open their doors for the day.
Bright-faced secretaries, school pupils,
typists —
All swarm like insects the streets of the town.
With growing volumes of traffic and noise —
The city's awake for the day.

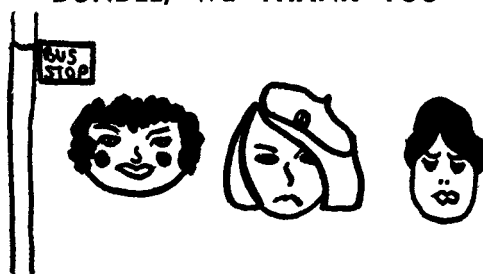
C. D., F.V.

THE HOUSING SCHEME

Jumbled maze of houses,
Lying like some child's toy bricks,
Forgotten and left in disorder.
They stand in their rows,
Sullen under the grey sky,
The smoke rising to meet the mist.
The cars like minions stand beside,
While children scurry round.
The brazen music of the ice-cream van
Makes its presence known to everyone,
And the housewives chatter about nothing.
Twilight steals over the rooftops.
The dirty roofs and walls gradually
Merge into one dark mass;
The lights appear, and the scheme
Is transformed into a fairyland.
The parallel lines of lights along the roads
Divide the twinkling dots into sections,
And silence reigns supreme.

JOHN PATE, F.IIIa.

DUNDEE, WE THANK YOU



Groaning buses; roaring, rattling,
Citizens crossing; jostling, battling,
Over your roads, crowded and teeming.
To where are they going? Nobody knows;
But that is the way the city goes.
Famous old railway bridge; River Tay strad-
dling;
Once, by your piers, the steamers crossed
padding.
Now o'er the road bridge, straight and bright,
Your jute-lorries go travelling into the night.
But that is the way the city goes.
Up in the morning, out to work,
From dustmen to the city clerk.
Jute, jam, journalism; your three "J's"
In your industry they work for days.
But that is the way the city goes.
Dundee, we thank you for these things
And many more that memory brings;
All these aspects of your life
Running together without strife.
But that is the way the city goes.

JOHN BROWN, L.IIIa.

SATURDAY EVENING

The picture ends; the lights go up;
Unhurriedly the crowd comes out
And disperses
In different directions —
Some by car, some by 'bus,
And some walk
Along the darkening streets.
We walk too; our paces quickening;
We must reach home before
The pubs close

And drunken fights
Start in the city streets,
Leaving a wake of broken bottles
To be cleaned out of the gutters
By "scaffies"
Tomorrow.
At last we reach the safety
Of our door; we crunch the gravel
On the path,
The door is opened
And we go in with happy voices.
NORMAN MELVIN, F.III.

SCHOOL AND PREFECTS

RAIN WALK IN MAY

Grey suburban rain drips off rattling leaves.

Lumpy varicose trunks confined in iron palings, the trees scratch at the grey sky with damp hopefulness, ague-shaking in the cold wind. Somebody's cinders scrunch underfoot on the half-made pavement; relics of cheerful fireside wetly lining the suburban avenue, clogging the gutter and making pedestrians stop to empty shoes every five paces; concrete bench installed by considerate council, with rusty wet plaque to benefactor verdigris-green looks over river where ships move on a verdigris water.

The rain runs down grey lamp-posts to collect in helpless pools among the broken glass in the weeds. Lamp-posts, street-signs, this-way, that-way, park, don't park, keep off our lovely official grass and anyone looking at the daffodils will be prosecuted. Cost money, flowers.

Tulips in the gardens full of water, bending almost to the sodden earth, parrots drab in the greyness. Tarnished and desolate plaster gnome drips sullen in the rockery, hand raised in grimy protest where his fishing-rod should be. Gnome in the rain. Where's your cheery grin now, friend.

Cold feet in saturated shoes, wet streaks of hair slatting face, futile rain-coat flaps round frozen knees. Deserts of rubbly tarmac covered with shiny pools which mirror the cardboard sky, and nothing to be seen but blind houses thickly squat there beside the road, their concrete jaws set in defiance of the rain. Feel like the only one alive in the whole, soggy world, and begin to wonder why. Footsteps ring loudly on stone slab

pavement like approaching doom, and bring morbid thoughts of eternal rain; wet Hell, not hot. Fire we can suffer, but rain . . .

Home. Blind as the rest, windows streaming, dark stone where the roof-gutter gives up unequal battle and flings its burden down the peeling wall to the steps below. Catarrhal house, slaty shoulders hunched, soggy gravel round rheumatic feet, huddling in the thread-bare pine-trees for shelter. Rhododendrons slap weakly at the plastic raincoat, and the gravel squelches from underfoot, spitting down the steps. Pick it up tomorrow. Letter-box grins and snaps shut as I push open door.
Home.

A. McL., F.VI.

MY SCHOOL

My school is a very learned place.
To walk through its hallowed corridors is an experience to cherish for ever.
Out of its hallowed precincts have come many distinguished former (prisoners) pupils.
With a grim determination instilled into them to make their mark.
Countless have done (and not without reward) for their (prison) school of years gone by.

Peep in one of the spotless (cells) classrooms.
The (warder) teacher, with ceaseless understanding and patience,
Supervises the sewing (of mailbags) of useful garments
With an (eagle) motherly eye,
And on the playing field, keen (prisoners) pupils
Are playing ("scrag the warder") "rugby"
With alacrity.

My school is a *very* learned place.

DAVID HAIN, F.Ia.

“THE BELL”

From his seat at the window, Bobby Craig could see the rows of shiny bikes in the playground. He was ten that day and his father had promised to buy him a new bike of his very own. He was going to meet his father after school and then they would go to the big bicycle store in High Street. Every day, when Bobby passed that shop, he would stop and admire one bike in the window. It was a beauty: dark, silvery-blue with low handlebars and straps on the pedals to keep your feet from slipping off. It had a big saddle-bag that he would be able to get all his books for school into and you could buy polythene bottles to fill with water and strap onto the front for when you were thirsty. Bobby had earned money by chopping sticks and mowing the lawn for his father, and he had saved up enough to buy the water-bottles. His mother had said that they would be a waste of money as he would never have the opportunity to use them. He knew he would use them. He would go for long trips into the country, and he would probably be very thirsty then.

He looked at the clock on the church across the road. Twenty to four. He wished the bell would go. This history class seemed to have gone on for ages.

“Robert Craig, will you please answer my question!” Miss Brown shouted. He hadn’t even heard what the question was. “When was the Battle of Hastings?”

He didn’t know. He turned round to his friend Jimmy who was sitting behind him. “Ten-sixty-six!” whispered Jimmy.

“Ten-sixty-six, Miss,” said Bobby, his face red with the sudden fear he had had that he would be kept in if he did not answer correctly.

“And who won that battle, Robert?”

“The Normans, Miss.” He hoped that was the right answer.

“Pamela, will you carry on reading where we left off, please?”

Pamela started to read and Bobby’s thoughts began to drift again. He looked at the clock. It was quarter to four. He wished the bell would go. Beyond the clock tower he could see the blue sky. If it was a fine day on Saturday he would go with Jimmy for a bike-run into the country. There would be plenty

of room in his new saddle-bag for a picnic lunch and afterwards they could go to Jimmy’s uncle’s farm and help feed the animals there. He loved to feed the pigs and collect the warm eggs from the nesting-boxes. They could always play with the sheep-dogs and have fun in the barn. He wondered if their “swing-bag” would still be there. Jimmy and he had clambered along the rafters in the barn to tie a long, thick rope from one. They had tied a large sack, stuffed with straw on the end of this and it made a marvellous swing if you held onto the rope and put your legs round the sack. There were always so many things to do at the farm. He couldn’t wait to get his new bike. He wished the bell would go. It was almost five to four.

“All of you put your books away and sit up straight ’till the bell goes.” Miss Brown would also be glad when the bell went.

Bobby looked around him. All the class was sitting very still, their bags by their sides, their arms folded. He wished the bell would go. He couldn’t wait to get his new . . .

Suddenly the bell went. The whole class jumped up and poured out the door. Bobby ran to the cloakroom, snatched his cap and ran across the playground. He ignored the sign on the barrier to stop and ran across the road. Just at that moment, a red sports car sped round the corner and could not avoid running into Bobby.

Outside the bicycle shop, his father watched an ambulance rush past, its bell ringing furiously.

MARJORY BOATH, F.V.

BEAUTIFUL WEATHER ?

Oh, to be in Scotland
On a day like this,
Rain pouring down the windows,
Isn’t life such bliss?

I could be in Australia,
On the sandy beach,
But the beams of that hot sun,
Never to Scotland reach.

Oh no! Look out the window,
In this, the month of May,
Supposedly bathed in sunshine
Doesn’t the snow look gay?

ROSALYN MARSHALL, F.Ia.

HERALDRY

Heraldry, according to the dictionary, is "the science of recording genealogies and blazoning coats of arms". This definition, however, gives no idea of the interest and enjoyment which can be derived from even the most elementary study of heraldry. Although I have long been fascinated by this subject, I only began to take a serious interest in it when I chose heraldry as a pursuit to be followed for a minimum of six months as part of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award.

One of the greatest misconceptions held by people who know little or nothing about heraldry concerns its age and origins. Coats of arms have been attributed to such unlikely personages as Adam and Eve, Pontius Pilate and, although more probably, nevertheless equally falsely, William the Conqueror and his Norman knights who came to England in 1066. In fact, heraldry did not begin until the thirteenth or fourteenth century, when heraldic devices were first used as identification for members of one family in battle. Since, in those days, helmets which completely covered the wearers' faces were used for protection in battle and there was no means of identification for the knights on the field, symbols were painted on shields or embroidered on surcoats (worn to protect the armour from the heat of the sun) to distinguish the knights while they were fighting. A man would become well-known by the symbols which he bore in battle and, therefore, he would not wish to change them, and his son would also be proud to wear them after his father's death. It was when these symbols began to be passed on from father to son, and used as a means of family identification that heraldry came into being.

Another use for heraldic symbols stemmed from the fact that, before and during the Middle Ages, very few people — even among the nobility — could read or write. Those who were literate were therefore employed as scribes to write their master's letters and to read those which were received. As marks of authenticity, the lord therefore put a seal on any letter which he sent. These seals were thick pieces of wax which bore the Lord's arms and were suspended from letters and other documents.

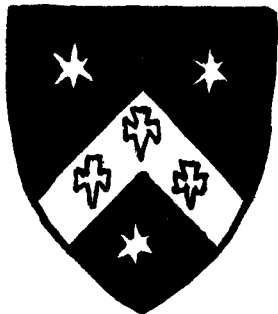
At the end of the Middle Ages, heraldry fell into disuse and lay dormant for many

years until a revival made itself evident in the early and middle nineteenth century. Then it became the fashion for important people to obtain a grant of arms. This led to a great use of canting arms — these are arms which, by the display of an appropriate symbol, attempt to express an allusion to the individual's name or title, e.g. the arms of the poet Shelley show three shells. In the twentieth century, the use of arms is becoming quite widespread, having been assumed by or granted to such corporate bodies as the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, British Rail and the London Metropolitan Water Board. Arms are also prominently used and displayed by most large towns and cities.

An "Achievement" — the proper heraldic name for a complete display of arms, crests and other accessories — may contain either a few or many ingredients. Of these, the most important is the shield, which bears the special devices or "charges" which distinguish the particular coat of arms from others. Some other parts of the achievement show the owner's rank and, all together, some achievements can be very complicated. A shield or achievement is "blazoned" — or described — in slightly technical heraldic language, most of which is derived from the Norman French. For example, heraldic colouring is described by such words as "vert" meaning green, "sable", black, and "ermine", which is black spots on a white background. Different divisions, or ordinaries, of the shield also have special names, e.g. a division down the centre of the shield is called a division "per pale", and a division across the middle of the shield is a division "per fess". The symbols or devices on the shield are known as "charges". Charges can be any object, be it animal, vegetable or mineral, or, in fact, in many cases, imaginary heraldic beasts. Below are the arms of William Laud, and the blazoning of the shield, showing the use of some heraldic terms.

Blazoning: Sable, a chevron between three estoiles or, and on the chevron three crosses paty fitchy gules. This means that the main colour of the shield is black, and on the shield are a chevron (the division of the shield shown) and three estoiles — a special heraldic star with six wavy rays — all coloured gold (or). On the chevron are three red (gules) crosses of the particular shape known as

“paty”, and since the lower limb of each cross is pointed, they are described as “fitchy”.



Special marks, called cadency marks, can also be used on a shield to show the position of a son in a family — for example, the third son in a family has a special charge on his shield to denote his position in the family. In Scotland, cadency marks are not normally used, but borders or certain differences in charges or tinctures (colours) are used on the shields to show position in a family. Women can also have arms of their own, which are shown on a lozenge. If she marries, the wife's arms can be parted down the middle or quartered on a shield with her husband's. If a wife has no brothers, she is what is known as a heraldic heiress. This means that, instead of a parted shield being used, a small shield bearing her father's arms is placed in the centre of her husband's shield. Women do not use marks of cadency at all.

The control of heraldry and the granting of armorial bearings is in the hands of, in England, the College of Arms and, in Scotland, the Court of the Lord Lyon. The head of the College of Arms is the Earl Marshal of England, a position which has been held for some considerable time by the Duke of Norfolk and is hereditary in their family. The responsibilities of the Earl Marshal are shared by Garter Principal King of Arms, who is the executive head of the College and acts for the most part as an assistant to the Earl Marshal. Under Garter King of Arms, or some say equal in rank to him, are two other Kings of Arms — Clarenceux and Norroy. Under these three Kings are six heralds — Somerset, Chester, Windsor, Lancaster, Richmond and York. Finally there are the pursuivants, the junior heralds, of whom there are four in England — Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon, Portcullis and Bluemantle. The heralds' main duty is the control of heraldry and the bearing of arms.

The head of Scotland's heraldic executive is the Lord Lyon King of Arms who, unlike the English Kings of Arms, is not an official under the Earl Marshal but an independent officer responsible for many important duties in Scotland which, in England, are shared among the Earl Marshal and other departments. These duties include the organisation of Royal, Public and State ceremonial. Also, the Lord Lyon not only has the power to enforce the Laws of Arms, but he may also make new heraldic rules, which have the force of heraldic Law. In Scotland, there are three heralds — Albany, Marchmont and Rothesay — and three pursuivants — Carrick, Kintyre and Unicorn. Nearly all heraldic business in Scotland is conducted on judicial lines, through the Court of the Lord Lyon. This court has a Public Prosecutor and has full power of imprisonment and fine for the misappropriation of arms.

I have now given an outline of some of the things I have learnt in my study of heraldry. It is possible to go much more deeply into this fascinating subject. However deep the study is, I consider the enjoyment which can be drawn is almost unparalleled.

MORAG STALKER, F.III.

SONG OF WOE



Mass of feathers;
Pool of blood;
Cold eye staring;
Dead.

Grounded wings;
Fettered feet;
Soundless beak;
Dead.

Never more to fly above,
Never more to sing of Love,
Oh, poor soulless body here;
Dead.

CAROLLYN SILLARS, F.Ia2.

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES

It seems that everybody on Television nowadays has an image. Even those dispassionate automata, the newsreaders, try to add some sparkling witticism at the end of the Common Market talks, or the Fairfield's strike, or whatever strike is on at the time. And, when it comes to an image, one has to be original. Nobody nowadays tries to emulate Robin Day's spotted bow-tie, and nobody probably wants to emulate Jimmy Savile's taste in fashion.

But when, in 1970, the golden era of colour television rears its ugly head, who is to say what exciting developments may arise? Have you ever wondered what colour that bow-tie of Robin Day's is? Or are you not interested? Certainly, our television personalities are going to have to move with the times. Somehow, I cannot imagine the News being broadcast in gaudy colours, nor can I imagine Michael Aspel arriving on the scene in a startling green-and-black jacket. Nevertheless there is a great deal of scope here.

And, even if we can only see them in black and white, our politicians seem to have become the leading television personalities. Everyone seems to relish the prospect of seeing Harold on the "box", whatever he may be talking about. Similarly the rantings of Quintin Hogg have a widespread appeal. And I doubt whether any television director could hope to match George Brown with any amount of "Daktari" or "Burke's Law".

Then, again, if there are no political programmes on, you always have ready-made substitutes in Malcolm Muggeridge and Bernard Levin. As with soccer, the main advantage of these two stars seems to be that they give you a chance to "let off steam". Of course, we nearly always disagree with them, but that is all part of the enjoyment to be derived from them. And we should far rather have somebody to abuse than acclaim.

Yes, we feel little sympathy with the nonentities of television. How often do we wish that David Jacobs would tell Pete Murray to "shut up"? And does it not give rise to a wistful smirk to envisage some similar altercation between Ian Trethowan and Jim Callaghan?

Of course, each age group has its own kind of television personality. We cannot conceive of Sarah Ward introducing the

senior edition of "Points of View" with the same ingenuity and finesse as Robert Robinson, nor can we imagine Robert Robinson kindly but firmly telling Class L.2a of Puddlehampton Preparatory School that they can't have the old Dr. Who back.

Everyone has his own taste when it comes to television personalities. Some people might say that Lord Horrocks had "a certain old-world charm", others might be "deeply interested" in his talks, there would be those who were bored to tears by his manipulation of diagrams and maps and toy-soldiers, and some, of course, would never have heard of him. Similarly with quiz programme competitors. You may think that Paddy Feeny does not have the faintest notion of the meanings of the answers that he reads out with such scathing superiority; you may think that Bamber Gascoigne is conceited (in fact you probably do); you may find Geoffrey Wheeler's smile ingratiating; and you quite possibly wonder what Franklin Engelmann has that you don't. But, whatever their merits and faults, all these people have somehow made their way right up to the tops of their respective trees, and have established themselves as leading experts in their fields. Their fields may be hard to define (how would you describe Eamonn Andrews?) but, all the same, they all, if you delve deeply enough, have something to recommend them.

And, if you wish to become a television personality yourself, it all comes back to having an image of your own, and this requires originality. For instance, if you wish to stutter, you will find that this has become a highly specialised field, and all those wishing to stake a claim to fame must take care to avoid the Nootte stutter and the Patrick Campbell stutter. There doesn't seem to be a place for a really good stuttester any more.

The only thing that we gauge from this is — "It's tough at the top!"

Wilfred Taylor of "The Scotsman", a famous F.P. of our school, has a word to say of D.H.S.: —

"To this day we couldn't even, in thinly disguised fiction, present our old school as a chamber of horrors. It just wasn't."

(A Scotsman's Log, May, 1967.)

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Hear the tale I have to tell;
Faldal-derry-down, tears and fear,
Of love and war in the old High School,
Faldal-derry-down, rissoles and beer.

How a lover and his girl,
Faldal-derry-down, lads and lasses,
Came to grief at the end of the year,
Faldal-derry-down, dates and passes.

He had maths and Latin Highers,
Faldal-derry-down, no romancing,
She had nothing but 'O' level art,
Faldal-derry-down, let's go dancing.

He knew he would have to work,
Faldal-derry-down, how exciting,
She got bored and told him so,
Faldal-derry-down, started fighting.

So he left his books and jotters,
Faldal-derry-down, Latin text,
And went along with his girl to the pictures,
Faldal-derry-down, and a foreign "X".

Sad the day of examination,
Faldal-derry-down, a certain "fail",
Off went his girl with a first-year medic.,
Faldal-derry-down, end of tale.

There is a moral to this story,
Faldal-derry-down, listen well;
Instead of going to the pictures, tell her,
Faldal-derry-down, go on your own.

POP STAR FOR CHRIST

The rumour has from time to time swept through the uncertain world of show business that Cliff Richard is giving up the entertainment profession to become a minister of religion. This has no firm foundation, as you find with so many rumours. In a radio broadcast not long ago, Cliff came out categorically with the statement, "I am not going to be a vicar".

What he would like to do is to teach religion in schools. He is working in his spare time towards this end.

In fact, Cliff has been taking part recently in a little-publicised tour of Britain, singing and speaking at religious meetings. One of these meetings was held in the vast Empire Theatre in Liverpool. Cliff accompanied himself on his guitar as he sang to a packed audience of young people. There was a hush as Cliff moved forward when the singing had temporarily halted: "I have accepted the fact

that Christ died for us. Some people think He died for no apparent reason. My belief is that He died for us."

That audience in the Liverpool theatre hung on his every word, especially when, on closing, he told them, "I hope that, whether you are Christians or not, your ears have been opened about Christianity".

For some years now Cliff has enjoyed his singing career and his entry into the glamorous world of films and television.

But, he says, he has been searching all the time for something deeper. Now he has discovered Christ, and he honestly and sincerely wants to help the cause of Christianity.

Pop stars come and go, often by the hundred, but surely Cliff Richard can be singled out for his bold stand for Christ.

LESTER BARR, F.Ia1.

THE RIME OF THE HIGH SCHOOL PREFECT

Fred Bloggs was a prefect,
Of credit and renown,
A sergeant-major eke was he
In famous Dundee town.

It is this famous prefect,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy prefect's badge and golden braid,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

He holds them with his hands of steel,
The child he stood stock still,
And listenèd with bated breath,
To the dreaded penalty of death.

All night he toilèd by the light,
With three pens in each hand,
And swore an oath with all his might,
He'd show that morbid band.

But that next day, at break of dawn,
The poor child, he slept in,
At nine o'clock he was not there
To hear the merry din.

So once again this prefect,
Towering 'gainst the sky,
Proclaimed his sentence o'er the boy
Of "Fifty lines or die!"

If I should 'scape his piercing eye,
And with the rules comply,
He'll thrash me till I yell, again,
For writing this great lie.

A. D. McLAREN.

Form 6, 1966-67

In the January magazine we revealed, as openly as we dared, the secrets of THE SCHOOL. Now, lucky readers, you have a whole coloured section (which you may tear out as a souvenir) revealing the mysteries of FORM 6.

Read on and be enthralled by pages from their diary, the inside story of their leaders, of their "hide-outs", of their pursuits. It may interest you, too, to note that they actually have ideas and opinions!

SIXTH FORM DIARY — 1966-1967

Every sixth-former must lead a pretty hectic academic (?) and social life, and this year's senior class proved no exception. Apart from term exams, we sat numerous S.C.E. Highers and 'O' grades, and a few brave souls still have their 'A' levels before them. In our ranks we have two St. Andrews' bursars — Judith Sturrock and Norval Bryson (whom we must congratulate on earning us a half holiday).

As usual, much of our energy was consumed by sport — as the numerous reports at the back will tell you. But our vitality has been distributed in many directions—the girls created an extremely habitable common room out of the "dungeons".

We are a much-travelled class — we visited the Edinburgh Festival for ballet; Pitlochry Theatre; the Byre Theatre and the Buchanan Theatre, both in St. Andrews; and, of course, the Rep.; debates took us to Dollar, Perth and St. Leonards. Further afield, Jimmy Little is at this moment basking in the sunshine in Kentucky, just one place he will visit on the E.S.U. exchange trip. Pipe-Major Allen and Staff-Sergeant Vannet visited Sandhurst, and three girls — Hilary Brown, Joan Walker and Rosemary Main — attended a week's residential training course at Carberry Tower. Intrepid as ever, we intend to venture to the High Court soon (we hope for some juicy case!) and even intend to sample the mysteries of Dundee Town Council.

Two of our number have attained their Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award — Hilary

Brown and Rosemary Main; they are the first girls in school to do this. Staying in Balgay Approved School for a week and supervising the girls there was just one of their ploys. (We are glad to say that they survived!) Hilary (as well as Shonie Petrie and Alastair Johnstone) also appeared on the television programme "Young Scot", and we wish them luck for the future rounds. Alison Wardlaw has been awarded a place on the "Outward Bound" course in Wales.

Despite our numerous social activities such as Badminton on a Saturday night and the folk singing sessions which followed, some found time to visit old people in their homes, help in the geriatric wards in Maryfield and just chat to the old folk in Liff Hospital. During the course of the session, most of us passed our driving tests (some more easily than others). We also sent a Scottish country dancing team to the festivals at Perth and Dundee where they did extremely well.

A few of us stayed at Strathkinnes Youth Centre for a week-end under the auspices of the S.S.C., preparing for the recent week-end spent at Carberry Tower, when the class proved their ability to enjoy themselves as well as to hold serious discussion.

Indeed we are a class who have ample opportunities for discussion — English, R.I., Modern Studies and Debates — and we take full advantage of them. We should like to thank all the members of staff who made this year so enjoyable — especially our warmest thanks must go to Miss Gray and to Mr E. M. Stewart who have both shown remarkable understanding of our needs and surprising tolerance of our whimsicalities.

We leave you, the rest of the school, our inheritance — Sixth Form. We hope that you will find it as interesting, enjoyable, sometimes frustrating, but definitely as unforgettable, as we did.

R. M. M.

THE POWER GAME

Pursuing our relentless quest for news and sensation, we made an appointment to interview those dynamic, vital people on whom so much in this school depends, THE HEAD BOY AND GIRL. Having run them to earth in the Prefects' Room, we proceeded to ask those searching, revealing questions for which this periodical is famed; just for the record, we should say first of all that the

Head Boy is DAVID RORIE, who intends to study medicine, and the Head Girl is ROSEMARY MAIN, who would like a career in the Diplomatic Service (or, we suspect, crime). "I see myself," said David, "as tolerant, able to cope, and fairly good at delegating responsibility" (Editor's note: passing the buck).



Pressed for his best points, he first threw a book at the rest of the prefects, who were giving their opinions, and said, "I'm not really worried about making myself unpopular". Rosemary described herself as "temperamental, aloof and impulsive" and thought her best points were "loyalty, generosity and conscientiousness".

Main Objections

In an attempt to find out more about these complicated personalities, we asked if there was anything they particularly liked or objected to. "I hate motorists who flash headlights at you when yours are dipped," said Rosemary, "and boiled eggs. I particularly like yoghurt, courtesy and the smell of skin



in the sun." We passed quickly on to David. "My pet hates are curry, and people who think prefects do nothing but drink coffee in

the Prefects' Room. Pet likes? Sitting drinking coffee in the Prefects' Room, Jaguar Mk. 10s and Triumph Heralds. Oh, and fishing."

Views on School

We asked them both to sum up in one word their scholastic career so far. Rosemary thought hers had been unforgettable, and David said "Eventful". "I think I like the discussions we have in school best," said Rosemary, "and outside school, well, driving, getting letters, and something unexpected." She said that if she could reorganise part of school she would like to speed up spontaneous contributions to appeals outside school hours, and she would like someone to invent more original nicknames for the new staff. "I enjoy vivisection in the zoology department," said the Head Boy darkly. "I can't think of anything I specially enjoy outside school hours. Driving, perhaps." He added that, given the chance to reorganise part of school, he would like a new pavilion at Dalnacraig, and a new gym with showers.

The Head Boy's Fatal Charm

Rosemary thought that being Head Girl had given her a better sense of responsibility, and said she had enjoyed meeting interesting people through her work. David announced that he had learnt a lot about human nature since the beginning of the year. "The most difficult thing about my job is getting in at 8.30 every morning," he said.

"The most difficult thing about my job," said Rosemary, "is resisting the Head Boy's fatal charm."

A. McL., F.VI.

THE DUNGEONS

For several years Form 6 girls had spent their free time in a small room (rather like a lift-shaft) measuring 8' x 8' x 64'. As suggestions for dividing this space into three storeys were impractical, and this year's Form 6 was a bumper one, Miss Gray's suggestion for developing the dungeons was enthusiastically received. At first sight the dungeons did not seem very inviting—piles of dusty desks moved once a year, cobwebs, coatracks and bursting bags of sand—nevertheless we endeavoured to rally our classmates and elected a Dungeon Development Committee.

To transform this breeding-ground for beetles into a comfortable retreat needed money. We opened an account at the Savings



Bank, the Dungeon Development Fund, and annoyed all members of the school by holding two raffles for which everybody was "invited" to buy tickets. Miss Gray very kindly donated a Max Factor Gift Box which was won by Sydney Scroggie. Mrs Scroggie must be smelling lovely. Our second raffle was for a night out with the gallant Alastair Johnstone.

For a month the school was confronted by members of Form 6 bearing down on them with trays of home-made confectionery. This confectionery campaign soon gave way, in Form 6 at least, to other campaigns of slimming and keeping fit.

While everyone else was recovering from Christmas in a leisurely way, Form 6, now with sufficient funds, was working hard, scrubbing, whitewashing, distempering, plastering and hanging up jute. However, we mere females were ably assisted by a group of enthusiastic senior boys who very professionally put up a partition before being blinded by our red wall.

The search for furniture to fill our newly-decorated "powder room" now began. Tables

and chairs of various descriptions began to appear and were carefully placed upon the ex-party carpet of a certain Form 6 boy. Mr Main and his trailer were invaluable in rounding up furniture and a hilarious lunchtime was spent preceding a bouncing sofa down Constitution Road. As well as the furniture, we managed to collect some very unusual decor—a snakeskin, an ex-cadet leopard skin, a Venezuelan flag and a magnificent poster of the Tay Bridge.

The official opening of the Dungeons took place on 26th January, at 4 p.m. When the Rector had cut the red tape, everyone connected with the development of the Dungeons daintily partook of afternoon tea.

This presence of food gave us the idea of maintaining a small permanent supply and thus began the trafficking between Martec and the Dungeons. This, however, had some disastrous results. Form 6's obsession for hot orange led to an electric kettle being left on and the smell of burnt rubber lingered in the school for two days. After a Friday evening debate the craving of one of our members for

a Cadbury's Easter Egg resulted in three girls being trapped in the Dungeons with the electricity switched off. Having struggled up to the first floor they were rescued by the ever-helpful Mr Stark, provider of so many light bulbs.

The Dungeons provide a comfortable dining area but co-operation is needed to keep this area clean, and the consumption of yoghurt is such that the waste-paper basket is rapidly filled.

Our latest venture was a visit to an auction where we obtained for £3 12s 6d five armchairs, one oak hallstand and two cupboards. Mr Bell and the cadet truck saved us the embarrassment of wheeling these articles down Victoria Road. These acquisitions, however, needed some attention before being allowed to enter our spotless apartments and two of the armchairs which had been unloaded in the playground were appropriated by some small boys who tested the running of their castors by racing round the playground on them.

The Dungeons are greatly appreciated by Form 6 girls who are very grateful to all who have given them so much help in their project. Perhaps the success of this venture will lead to a similar scheme for the boys.

THE DUNGEON DEVELOPMENT COMMITTEE.

THE LIBRARY — AN APPRECIATION

Now that another year of toil is over, I should like to pay tribute to that particular school amenity peculiar to sixth-formers — except for a certain male member of the Maths department whose name rhymes with bell, and Norman Steele. I refer, of course, to that most heavensent of holy rooms — the school library. Every morning from Monday to Thursday non-Christian pupils have their service there instead of attending prayers, and sixth form singing classes under Mr D. Meredith (our Welsh soprano) on Monday afternoons are always well attended. Work is, of course, banned in the library. Occasionally, pupils are seen preparing a lesson for their next class but, more often, for the class they have just come from.

The library, if nothing else, is a stronghold of the arts. Thousands of books fill the shelves and many are scattered around the tables, ready to be picked up at a moment's notice, whenever a teacher enters and stifles discussion. But if literature is dead, home-

craft in the form of knitting, and pop-art (on the blotters) flourish. The blotters are extremely useful and have been pressed into service in many ways. I have seen them used to make blotter houses (Friday period nine) and also as siege catapults (when Bill Stewart got the Second World War in the face).

The sport of deflowering the blotters has become very popular of late. I am quite sure that Mr Vannet is unaware of the upsurge of artistic talent latent in the school. They always say that creative talent will emerge, however extreme the circumstances. The only thing is that I have never seen the blotters used as blotters.

Of course, there have been many amusing incidents through the year. I recall the time when Mr Stewart entered and found R. J. lying on the window ledge, reading a book. Mr Stewart was very alarmed at this and implored him to come down. He seemed to think that R. was in danger of falling and advised him it was much safer in the corridor outside. That particular window ledge was also occupied for a while by a fine wooden model of the American submarine "Thresher". However, like the real craft, the model has mysteriously disappeared.

Our year of occupation is now at an end, and we now pass on everything, including the green blotters and wire waste-paper basket (specially designed to let everything drop through the holes) to another class. But I am sure that we shall all remember the library as, next to the prefects' room, the most talked in, if not talked about, room in the school.

J. S. W. B.

SIXTH FORM INTERVIEWS . . .

In April, thanks to the kindness and hospitality of Dr. Illsley of Dundee College of Education, four members of Form 6 had the privilege and pleasure of interviewing some of the Overseas Students at present studying at the College. Everyone concerned derived much delight from this experiment and this was in no small way due to the willing co-operation of the students undergoing the third-degree grilling. It may be due, too, it seems, to the fact that our girl interviewers interviewed the men, while our male reporters interviewed the ladies!

First—our male interviewers talk —

This is A.D.V. and Nellak reporting from the talented portals of Coll. of Ed. (T.C.).

Our assignment — to assess the talented portals (unofficially) and the opinions of Commonwealth Students (in fact, the same thing). The six gorgeous students whom we interviewed were Mrs Alma Lucas from sunny Barbados, Miss Amura Aman from the barren rocks of Aden, Miss Anne Thiagarajah from Sabak, which for the information of those ignorant of geography (including our reporter), is North Borneo, Mrs Helen Osugo from Nigeria, Miss Emily Djoletto from Ghana, and Mrs Rosalie Harvey from Bermuda. These were the ladies whose comments we invited and the results are below.

Our first (or should we say second) interest was education, and what these ladies thought about Scottish Education in general, and D.H.S. in particular (some had been in a party visiting the school). In general, all systems of education in students' homelands were similar to the Scottish system, but different in details. Mrs Osugo thought that the standard of education in Scotland was better than in England. Miss Aman told us that school in Aden was from 7.30 a.m. to about 1 p.m. (latecomers please note). There are no mixed schools at all in Aden, and staff are similarly not mixed either. The students were also very impressed by the High School, even before they had visited it, for they noted the bearing of pupils in the street.

We next asked for impressions of Scotland and Dundee. They all liked Scotland, apart from the inevitable complaints about the weather. Miss Aman enjoyed new-found freedom in mixing with men, for in Aden Moslem women must wear veils and are completely segregated from them. All the students loved Scottish people and their hospitality, and a comment was made that Scottish people were proud of their traditions and showed pride in the work they did, even if it was the lowliest of work. They thought that Dundee was a beautiful city with a beautiful situation, but the complaints were all about the social life, which was incomparable to that of their own countries, where there were social clubs and many more organised sports and other activities.

They thought that Scottish children started smoking and drinking far too early (pupils please note), and there were complaints about the boldness of couples on the street. Mrs Harvey, who lives at the foot of Constitution Road, commented on the number of young people who frequented a certain drinking house half-way up Constitution Road! The

reason was, she thought, that there was not enough to do in Dundee apart from drinking.

These are the thoughts and opinions of these students, showing acute perception considering the fact that they have not been in Scotland very long. The reporters were completely lost to their charms and hope to meet them again to see if their opinions have changed in any way. We thank them for their co-operation.

A. D. V., NELLAK, F.VI.

How They See Us — by the Girls

An interview with six overseas students, at present studying at Dundee College of Education.

The subject: What they, as comparative newcomers to this country, think of modern British youth.

In carrying out this project we found that the most difficult thing is not compiling the questions or conducting the interviews, but writing it all up afterwards. One is faced with the problem of presenting a coherent and accurate account without seeming unnatural or stilted. So we are going to take the easy way out and use a very obvious and purely functional layout. And so on with the questions!

Us: From what you have seen, do you think the Scottish System of Education is good, bad or indifferent?

Them: On the whole, the system is very good. It is better than most of the systems in operation in our own countries, especially in the realms of special schools, good facilities and advanced research. Scottish schools are well-equipped and new methods are constantly being explored. A number of teachers, however, are rather old-fashioned in their attitudes. The pupils, on the other hand, are able to work well on their own and are willing to enter into discussions and take an active rather than a passive part in their own education.

Us: There has been much talk in the papers and on radio and television about the degenerate youth of Britain; what do you think?

Them: We have a rather ambivalent attitude to British youth. We admire their frankness, relative lack of hypocrisy, liveliness and sometimes even their moral courage. We have nothing but praise for the young people who take part in schemes such as V.S.O., etc., but there is also a very large minority of adoles-

cents who are apathetic and amoral, which is a far greater sadness than immorality. Customs amongst young people differ greatly from those in our own countries, e.g. kissing and embracing in the streets.

Us: It has been said that the British people are very reserved; from what you know of the young people of this country, do you think so?

Them (Dissent here!): Some of us have found the young people very reserved but this could possibly be shyness. We have found young people not so rude, in many cases, as adults about colour and nationality, but this in several instances seems to have been due to complete indifference rather than liberality. The rest of us have found British young people very friendly and outgoing, and extremely open-hearted when you get to know them.

Us: British teenagers think they are very sophisticated and mature. What do you think?

Them: We think that British teenagers are far too age-conscious. They pretend to be older, but they are not very responsible. They have too much money and need a lot of guidance, especially as they don't seem to be bound to the family unit or society as a whole. However, they do seem to mature more quickly than the young people in our own countries.

Us: Do you think Dundee offers much in the way of entertainment for teenagers?

Them (Complete agreement): No. There are not nearly enough youth organisations, run the way young people want them. As well as facilities for young people, we would like to see a zoo and easier transport into the country in Dundee.

Our thanks to Walden Ryan (West Indies), Gideon Mwendu (Tanzania), George Triphyllis (Cyprus), Fatuna Hamad (Sudan), James Ntsaba (Lesotho), Patrick Turay (Sierra Leone).

R. M. M. and H. V. B.

TIME

This article is written with great emotion, and I am not at all ashamed to admit this. It is the type of article you would expect some ancient F.P. to write, but it is coming from a sixth former on the eve of his departure from school for ever, and echoes the opinions of many others in the same position.

This is a piece of advice to everyone who is staying on at school, whether for one year only or for another six years, and it is to put every minute, every moment to its best use. Only then will you leave school knowing you have fulfilled all you can. In your last year, you will realise this as each event of the school calendar, which you used to take for granted, passes for the last time. Why did I never join the cadets? Why did I not join the debating society? Why did I not take part in the school sports? Why did I not work hard and gain some prize? This is not so much advice as a warning, that it is only you yourself who loses if you waste time. You can never recapture your school years once they have fled; therefore, use them well.

K. ALLEN (a Sixth Former).

ARE YOU A TYPICAL SIXTH FORMER ?

How would *you* react in these situations?

1. *You are bitten by a royal corgi.* Do you
(a) Bite it back? (b) Bite the Queen?
(c) Have the dog put down? (d) Have the Queen put down? (e) Buy an alsatian?

If you answered (a) Score 1 point — It's what everyone would do in the situation. (b) Hungry? Score 4 points. (c) Score 2 points. You're too practical. (d) Score 5 points—This shows great initiative and a cool head in dangerous situation. (e) Score 3 points—You're a typical sixth form spendthrift.

2. *You are sitting an S.C.E. Higher exam when the invigilator foams at the mouth and throws a fit.* Do you
(a) Laugh? (b) Sneak a look at the next person's paper? (c) Throw ink over him to revive him? (d) Suspect his morning coffee? (e) Throw it back?

If you answered (a) Score 1 point, a sixth former never laughs. (b) Score 4 points, you're all set for a career in the civil service. (e) Score 3 points, you're too slow, the ink is on the piano. (d) Score 2 points—This one's for pre-fects only. (e) Score 5 points—Full marks for your pawky Scottish sense of humour.

3. *A man- (and woman-) eating lion has cornered one of the staff.* Do you
(a) Offer it salt and pepper? (b) Take a photo for the "Courier"? (c) Run for a vacuum cleaner? (d) Try and bargain with it? (e) Ask if racial prejudice interferes with its eating habits?

If you answered (a) Score 2 points—How do you know it likes flavouring? (b) Score 5

points, move on two blue squares, slide down a snake and join the Fiona column. (c) Score 3 points, but only if it's switched to blow. (d) Score 1 point. Do you think you are U-Thant? (e) Score 4 points. You have been attending too many modern studies classes with Norrie Gray.

4. *In the street, in High School uniform, you are surrounded by hostile Harrisites. Do you*

- (a) Subtly modify your accent? (b) Whip out your sub-machine gun? (c) Shriek "Get aff ma swades"? (d) Say "How"? (e) Close your eyes and pray?

If you answered (a) Score 4 points, you're obviously travelled. (b) Score 1 point—Sixth formers do not lower themselves. (c) Score 5 points—You'll play for Dundee F.C. one day. (d) Your capacity for friendliness will stand you in good stead, even if you don't live long. (e) Score 2 points—Are you a Cliff Richard fan?

5. *You are playing cards with the Lord Provost when you see him produce a seven of Hearts from up his sleeve. Do you*

- (a) Ring up Maurice McManus? (b) Arrange terms for your silence. (c) Let yourself be beaten? (d) Write to the "Courier" under a well-known pseudonym? (e) Trump it with a five of Spades?

If you answered (a) Score 1 point, he's not on the phone. (b) Score 2 points, they say silence is golden. (c) Score 4 points, you are a Lord Provost in the making. (d) Score 3 points—It's well-known that all letters to the "Courier" are written by sixth formers. (e) Score 5 points, for being so progressive.

If you scored 23-25 your talents are wasted in Form 6, you should be a book-maker; 18-22 you're not in Form 6 at the High School, some other school perhaps; 12-17 you are a typical boring High School 6th former; 5-11 you are in Form 5 repeat.

J. BARNES, R. MAIN, M. COWIE
AND A. MCLEAY.

SIXTH FORM COLLEGES

Many sixth formers feel that at the age of eighteen they are too old for school and the restrictions it places upon them. However, they feel that they are not old enough for University. They do not feel ready for or able to cope with a more or less adult society without the comfortable background of the school. Therefore, they stay on at school for a sixth year which, I think, should be a

"maturing" year. Instead they find themselves held back by school rules and regulations which were made for pupils with an average age of fifteen. In all fairness to the school they must accept and abide by these regulations and disciplines of uniforms, times and extra-school activities.

The solution, I think, would be a sixth year college. This college would be occupied by all the sixth year students of all the Senior Secondary Schools of a specific area. It would be run on the more democratic and adult lines of a University but would provide the secure background of a school. Classes in the more academic subjects to be taken in the Bursary Examinations should be provided, but more time should be set aside for Art, Art Appreciation, Music, Music Appreciation, Sports, Gymnastics, Literature, Drama, Current Affairs, Comparative Religion and Debating. And for students who, in the near future, will be living on a Students' Grant, classes in Budgeting would be a practical idea. The College would have no uniform and no school-rules as such. Classes would last one hour each and would go on until five or six in the evening, but no subjects would be compulsory. Students, however, would be compelled to enrol for a minimum of two subjects.

As well as a Principal, the College would have a full-time non-teaching Student Advisor who would guide students in their choice of careers as well as more personal matters.

The identity of the students' individual schools need not be lost. These could take the place of houses as we have them in the schools, though I do not think this is a good idea, as I think the competitive and team spirit is much overrated.

Thus students would be able to mature in a secure unrestricted atmosphere without the feeling that they were being treated like overgrown schoolchildren.

H. J. B.

CHANGES AT THE "OLD HIGH"

I have been a pupil at Dundee High School for thirteen years, throughout which I have had both sad and happy times. I have seen several changes in the school since I came.

In the Girls' School, there has been a complete change in the area now occupied by the preparatory cloakrooms, the senior girls' cloakrooms and "Lil's". Now, this area is very modern and brightly coloured. The old

equivalent to "Lil's", namely "Cathy's", was very old-fashioned. As you entered, facing you and to your right were two lines of wash-hand basins. To your left there were racks, which are now used for depositing cases. When I was young, we used to climb onto them and eat our packed lunches there. At the top of the room, there was a dark varnished wood counter, behind which Cathy and Anne would stand.

I can vaguely remember when the re-construction in the Boys' School was finished. The area by the Rector's study was extremely modern at that time. I remember I was very excited when the "new parts of the school" were opened. Unfortunately, my memory does not take me back much further and so I cannot remember what it was like before.

I have been asked what changes I think should take place in the future. This is a very dangerous question to answer, but I, as a mere pupil, shall try to put down some ideas and suggestions without, I hope, causing offence to anyone. I realise that shortage of staff and of accommodation may make much that I say impracticable.

As a modern languages student, I should like to see more emphasis placed on the country whose language we are studying. I know that time is invaluable when we must prepare ourselves for important exams, but could the language students of the more senior forms not have one period per week for an elementary study of the economics, politics, psychology, etc., of the country and people whose language they are studying?

From first year upwards, we should be given more time for free discussion. This is perhaps more idealistic than practical, but eventually it may prove very practical. At any rate we should be encouraged to think for ourselves, instead of learning what other people think. This would help us to appreciate the true values of life.

Music appreciation and art appreciation should be compulsory. Surely by the time one has reached the senior school the appreciation of both subjects is more important than the actual painting and singing. As these are only sidelines of art and music, they should be optional, so that people, who are naturally gifted, may develop their talents.

The art department has already been modernised and extended. This has proved to be successful and advantageous. The next

departments which should be extended are the gym department and the technical department. This is an expensive proposition, but sometime in the future could we not build a new, larger gymnasium, complete with showers, and a new technical department where there is a different room for each subject?

In the near future, a new lunch-hall will be built. We are therefore looking forward to "bigger and better" sausage rolls.

When a concert, opera, gym display or some other performance, in which the school is presented, is to be produced, could the participants be allowed more time to practise, so that more polished productions may be turned out? If the participants are prepared to devote their time and energy to such performances, surely it is only fair to give them a chance to perfect their performances, thus showing the audience their true talents and capabilities.

The forementioned are the changes I should most like to see. However, I do appreciate that we are very fortunate in many things and if these suggested changes come to pass, I hope that they may never change the character of the "Old High".

J. C. M.

WE READ THE "SCOTSMAN"



QUOTE FROM "SCOTSMAN" REPORT
ON DENTAL DISPUTE—

"adjusting ill-fighting false teeth".

" THE LAST YEAR "

Last year was an exciting year — too exciting by many people's standards. Men lived dangerously, increasing their knowledge and proving their limitations. Nature was challenged; new victories were won in space, yet ancient enemies such as floods, fogs, their brothers, smogs, and the common cold were left unconquered.

Scientific wonders continued to sprout forth. Men began to "walk" in space and links between two separate space-craft were established. The world powers are still anxiously awaiting the outcome of the "space race" — a race, the world's longest, marred by the triple death of three astronauts and the tragedy of the death of a Russian cosmonaut.

Another great race watched by the world and Lady Luck was that of Sir Francis Chichester who was racing the clock, or rather, calendar, and the ghosts of the clip-pers.

The most feared enemy was man. The Vietnam War was studied most carefully lest it should explode, engulfing the whole world. Aden was another trouble spot inducing worry in the minds of Middle Eastern statesmen with a possibility in many minds of a third world war. U Thant, re-elected to his position of U.N. secretary general, continues to strive for peace — not in our time I fear, although he does his best — in all corners of the earth.

The newspapers were filled with real life drama on the high seas what with Sir Francis's epic voyage "Round the Cape" and the "Torrey Canyon" incident. The English called in the Scots to help out and in return the Scots trounced the English football team. The affair of oil is now drawing to a close but the football battle will still continue.

Not all the year's events were gloomy. Master-spy George Blake escaped from his 42-year sentence and has disappeared into the Blue — perhaps the Red. The mini-skirt came into fashion, no doubt broadening the outlook of young ladies and gentlemen.

Two topics were under discussion. The first was whether or not Britain should join the Common Market, towards which the Government has made its first moves after 8 years — probably now that this Economic Community is falling apart and in need of American cash.

It was a busy year for the British Royal Family. Prince Charles returned from his

school in Australia to go back to Gordons-toun, Princess Anne recovered from a broken nose and the Queen and Prince Philip have been visiting all round the globe.

So ends a year with never a dull moment. Israel is being argued — nay fought — over. The Queen has been in France and all is happy — for two or three days.

R. MILNE, F.IV.

SOME BOYS HAVE IT

Some boys have it and some have not. Go to any seaside resort even in the merry month of May and you will see the boys that have it.

In ten seconds flat these instant Tarzans will have divested themselves of their nether garments. Another five seconds and they are dressed in their racy swimming-togs, displaying their do-it-in-your-home-infra-red bodies. With a dash which would qualify them for an Olympic hundred yards final they reach the water's edge. Instantly they are swimming complicated breast and back strokes. As for me it is quite a different procedure. I am one who has not got it.

I always think that old people have more experience. "Never cast a clout till May is out!" they say. So on a warm day in June or July I find myself on a beach with a towel wrapped round my middle. My bathing-togs are placed on the ground. I squirm in my right foot and follow up with my left. Still holding the towel I reach down with my free hand and pull my "togs" as far up as my knees. Then, with a quick frantic pull, I have them on. I complete the act by peeling off my shirt exposing my white delft-like body. Trying to appear more manly I take a deep breath, hoping the three hairs on my chest will stand out. However, the strain is too much and I explode into a fit of coughing. I walk slowly down to the water and, using my toe as a thermometer, I test the water. With a body like mine this performance is expected of me so I duly conform to the pattern. The water is cold. It always is but I keep going slowly in until the water reaches my knees. I hate those little waves that splash against my thighs making me shiver.

I have now reached my limit. The water is circling round my waist. I plunge in uttering a cry (of fear?).

I don't go swimming any more. I sun-bathe.

JAMES LESTER, F.Ia2.

MY EXPERIENCES WITH THE NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA

On the 20th September, 1966, I attended an audition in Aberdeen for the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain. There I met and talked with the two directors of music of the Orchestra, Miss Ivey Dickson and Mr Maurice Jacobson, and I now realise that the friendly atmosphere that was created at the audition prevails throughout the orchestra. I was told that in a few weeks I would be informed whether I had been accepted or not. During these weeks, I lived in continuous trepidation and anxiety awaiting the decision. A letter finally came informing me that I had been accepted for the Christmas Course of the National Youth Orchestra which was to be held in Croydon. I was overjoyed at the prospect of what lay ahead and realised how fortunate I had been.

Despite the rush of Christmas, I left Dundee on the morning of the 27th December and arrived at Croydon in the evening. Our accommodation was in Fairchildes Secondary Schools in Croydon. In the evening we were introduced to the Directors and House Staff, after which it was time for bed.

Every morning at breakfast we were told the day's arrangements, which usually complied with the following pattern. During the morning there were two sectional rehearsals with a break in between. For these rehearsals the orchestra broke up into separate groups: the percussion, brass, woodwind, double-basses, violincellos, violas and violins, and each group was under its own professor. After lunch, which was at about 1 p.m., there was a break for fresh air before the next sectional rehearsal. Our tea was at 4 p.m., after which the full orchestra rehearsal took place. Dinner was followed by some form of relaxation, a recital or a film.

The works we studied at the Christmas Course were Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra and Symphony No. 41 (The "Jupiter"), by Mozart, and at the Easter Course at Ramsgate we added to these, Symphony No. 8 by Dvorak and Symphony No. 10 by Shostakovich. The works of the modern composers, Bartok and Shostakovich, are extremely challenging and interesting and immense joy is derived from playing them. The sectional rehearsals are spent in sorting out technicalities such as bowing. For me the full

rehearsals are thrilling. It is a wonderful experience playing with the other people under a professional conductor, Mr Rudolph Schwartz. The joy, satisfaction and excitement I derive when playing in this orchestra is infinite. To me there is very great vitality in the orchestra. I appreciate also the necessity for, and value of orchestral discipline, which helps me to concentrate and put all my thought to the job in hand.

After the first day I was astonished to think that forty-eight hours earlier this group of people had been scattered over the length and breadth of Great Britain. On leaving Croydon, I was equally astonished to think that on arrival I had met only six people out of about one hundred and fifty players but that during the week I had made many new friendships through our common interest. I very much appreciate the friendliness, kindness and interest shown by everybody associated with the orchestra, including the House-staff.

Having thoroughly enjoyed the Christmas and Easter courses I am now looking forward to the Summer Course which is to be held in my former home town of Aberdeen. At the end of the course there are to be concerts in Aberdeen, Newcastle and Croydon. This will be another thrilling and uplifting experience.

LORNA THOM, F.IV.

ODE TO A SCOTTISH ELECTION (Adapted from an original text with due apologies)

Scots on propaganda fed,
Scots wha Wilson long has led,
Welcome to your Tory bed
Or to Labourie?

Wha would be a Tory knave,
Wha would fill a Labour grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave
To an English T.U.C.?

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the end of their rule sour,
Let's put someone else in power,
Let's try S.N.P.!

PHILIP SIMPSON, F.IVa.

THE TERM'S WORK IN POETRY

There was a man, a highway-man. He held up the rider at the gate, and shot him when he got back to Egypt. Calpurnia couldn't sleep so she got up and made Caesar a cup of tea.

Meanwhile, George the Guard was plaiting a black love-knot in his long red hair and waiting at the window for Devonshire Dolly (plump and red) to ride up 'n get him. However, before Dolly got there, Tam o' Shanter rode past pursued by witches 'n all that. He couldn't get across the bridge, because Horatius wouldn't let him. Happily, Michael locked all the witches up in his half-built sheep-fold, and Tam got away by the light of the Evening Star.

To return to the highway-man. He rode to the desert, shot the ghost, and got involved with Sohrab and Rustum. After ending the war by shooting everyone, he got a lift home in the Ancient Mariner's ship. When he got back to his house he found that his sister had eloped with Wrestler Joe and gone to Ticonderoga for the honeymoon. Along with his good friend, Beau Brocade, he went and got her back, and drowned Wrestler Joe in the Tiber.

It all ended happily. Caesar and Calpurnia got a divorce because she made rotten tea, and Calpurnia married Horatius, Dolly married Tam o' Shanter, Bess married George the Guard, and Michael discovered that Caesar was his long-lost son in disguise.

You may think this nonsense,
But you just don't see,
That during out term exam,
It appears this way to me.

ANNE-MARIE MORGAN, F.III.

THOSE GLOSSY MAGAZINES

Wherever we go, whether it be to the dentist, the hairdresser or the doctor, we meet the same dismal array of glossy magazines. Whatever their name, whether it be large and American, with a name like Lime, or small and British and titled Women's followed by the first name that came into the editor's head, usually something like coffin or gravy, they are all the same. If you are in one of the above establishments, you will find that they are all at least three years old.

Now we shall discuss the universal classic features. Quite common now are these American trick questions — You are given a num-

ber of nationalities, makes of car and colour of wife and after three hours of wrestling with clues like "the Irishman drinks cocoa in an abandoned Ford and doesn't like little girls" or "the German built plastic gnome replicas at three a.m." — you reach your answer — The Japanese drives a Triumph 1300 and has a green wife. But when you take a look at the question, you find you are asked for the Jap's middle name. Then there is the success story interview with a brilliant new pop-group with one hit single, whose song concerns Vietnam/drugs/incest/death and whose lead singer has just been drafted/is on a drugs charge/committed incest/recently died. Conversely there is the "I was a fool and squandered thousands" routine with an old has-been who needs another pay day to keep him off the streets.

Readers' letters are always good for a laugh. It is true that the answers are witty — but pithy and wise? (Sounds like a new comedy duo) — No. They only serve to set the teeth on edge at the joker who took twenty-five minutes to think them up. Perhaps this example is not very appropriate — "All my friends tell me I have B.O. What should I do?" *Answer*: Get new friends. On the more serious query "I am in love with both Ron and his best friend Mike. What should I do?" *Answer*: Get married.

The next feature is usually a strip cartoon of a stupid-looking man in a check suit. There are three frames: In the first he is seen crossing a hallway, in the second he looks into a cupboard full of food and shrugs his shoulders. In the third picture, he is seen to address the reader and ask, "I wonder what's happened to Lotte?" So much for pointless cartoons. Along with verbose editorials which nobody ever reads, they are among the most annoying features of the usual glossy magazine. I think I could go on for ever about whole page adverts for the '68 car with built-in opulence, the Insights on L.S.D., the insincere drivel on Civil Rights, and the Stately Homes of the poverty-stricken aristocracy.

There is no more I can say on this subject. I have one consolation, however. During my researches I discovered that the only people who actually *bought* these magazines were doctors, dentists and hairdressers. And, as their copies are all three years old, we may expect these obnoxious publications to fail any day now.

THE WILD STALLION



He stands, silhouetted, on the hill,
His wild, wind-tossed mane blowing free,
He arches his neck and proudly waits,
Always ready to flee.

He has never known the feel of a bit,
Nor the weight of shoes on his feet,
He has always roamed the hills and plains,
Very sure-footed and fleet.

Amber in colour with dark flowing mane,
Four white socks and a blaze on his nose,
He jealously guards his band of young mares,
And their tiny, young frolicsome foals.

FIONA WILLIAMSON, F.I.

GIRLS IN 1895

During the Easter holidays, I was exploring our attic when I found two old school magazines dated February and March, 1895. They were in an old trunk with some old school text-books which, when I touched them, fell to pieces. The two magazines are very different from our present-day magazines. In one of them I found an article on girls by a schoolboy:—

“Girls are very stuk up and dignifide in their behaveyour. They thinks more of dress than anything else and like to play with dows and rags. They cry if they sees a cow in the fur distance and are afraid of guns. They stays at home all the time and goes to church on Sunday. They are always sick. They are always funny and making fun of boys hands and saying ‘how dirty’. They can’t play mar-

bles. I pity them poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I don’t believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They looks out every night and says ‘oh ain’t the moon lovely’. This is won thing I have not told you and that is, they always now their lessons better’n boys.”

GILLIAN WILLISHER, F.II.

(ART — 1895)

Fragment found at Rome.



As Gillian says, these two magazines are very different from the present-day periodicals. We cannot decide whether they are official or unofficial publications, but we suspect that the content would have been frowned upon by the literary circles which produced the official magazine, as there are pictures of a cat wearing pince-nez, and other little drawings which — dare we suggest it? — were of members of staff!

There are, however, great similarities. The eternal schoolboy complaints about conditions and amount of work, lunch, lack of lunch, shortness of lunch-hour and, as ever, staff are there.

But take heart, contributors to *this* D.H.S. Magazine — the humour was just as feeble seventy-three years ago, the spelling (as you will see) just as erratic and the art, though brilliant as ever, inclined, even in those peaceful years, to sadism! — Editor.

WEEKEND AT CARBERRY TOWER

On Friday, the 26th of May, about seventy fifth and sixth formers, staff of D.H.S., and officers and wives of the Scottish Schoolboys' Club set off for Carberry Tower near Edinburgh. On our arrival at Carberry, which proved to be a magnificent residence, we found an ample supper awaiting us. Indeed, throughout the whole weekend, the food was excellent and plentiful.

After supper we started the more serious side of the weekend. This took the form of discussions based on the book, "This Island Now", by the psychologist, Professor G. M. Carstairs. In this book the professor sets out to examine "some of the social malaise in our society, in order to see whether the social sciences can suggest a diagnosis or can indicate what future developments these symptoms may presage", in the course of which he elaborates on many serious problems relevant to all teenagers. Robin Foote began the series of discussions by expounding the introduction to the book. The remainder of the evening was free, and was spent in a variety of ways.

On Saturday, after breakfast, we spent an hour playing football, exploring the grounds, or relaxing indoors. Discussions proper began at 10 a.m., when Alison McLeay and Kenneth Allen gave their talks introducing the first two chapters of the book, "The First Years", expounding the importance of the early years of one's life, and "The Vicissitudes of Adolescence", which stimulated much controversial discussion, lasting until lunch.

One of the highlights of the weekend came in mid-afternoon when we had a visit from Professor Carstairs himself, who gave us a very interesting talk on his views. Our only regret was that we had so little time to question him.

Our third session of discussions came after tea, Thelma Robertson setting the ball rolling with the chapter, "The Changing Role of Women", about which we had some very fruitful discussions.

In the evening most people went into Edinburgh on a number of different ploys. Unfortunately for Mr Adams, he was delayed slightly, his car having been mysteriously moved into the woods! Later, we had folk singing, led by George Duffus, an S.S.C.

officer. This ended the organised activities of the day, but perfect peace did not settle on Carberry until the wee sma' hours.

On Sunday morning for those who so wished there was a short service in the beautiful chapel. Then followed the final round of discussions. Joan Walker and Alan Masson introduced the chapters, "Living and Partly Living", dealing with mental disorders, and also "The Changing British Character".

In the early afternoon we were fortunate enough to have as a guest speaker the Rev. Professor J. A. Whyte, who insisted on being introduced as Jim Whyte. He gave us an enlightening and amusing talk on morals, after which he answered our queries.

To complete our weekend we had an open discussion, in which a panel comprising Norman Cathcart, Shonie Petrie, Michael Cowie, Fiona Clark, David Meredith and Marjory Booth answered our many questions. This discussion was lively to say the least of it and a great success.

At our last meal, Kenneth Allen proposed a vote of thanks. The Warden of Carberry replied that he would be pleased to have us back again which just goes to show that we are not as bad as some think. So after a hectic but thoroughly enjoyable weekend we reluctantly set off back to Dundee, unanimous that the weekend had been a great success.

On behalf of all the pupils who were at Carberry, I should like to thank again all the adults who imperilled their lives by accompanying us, especially Mr Adams and Dr. Proudfoot, who bore the brunt of the organisation. I should also like to thank the Rector for allowing the weekend. We all hope that the adults who were at Carberry will have survived the ordeal and will be willing to take us back for another stimulating weekend.

R. F.

" BULLNOSE "

I should like to tell you about an old car of which we were once the unhappy owners. She was a 1912 "Bullnose" Morris Oxford and we came by her in the following way.

Dad received a letter saying that he was the sole heir to his great-grandfather's fortune and asking him if he would go at his earliest convenience, to the solicitor's office for the reading of the will.

The will went as follows, "I, William Boaze, being of sound mind, do happily give all my money and valuables to my great-grandson, Henry Boaze, on condition that for a year from my death he looks after, maintains and uses my car, or the money will be forfeited to go to a museum for vintage cars".

My father readily agreed to keep the car, thinking that it might be a Rolls, as my great-great-grandfather was quite a wealthy man.

When Dad came home that night we asked what had happened. In reply he pointed to the window. We all rushed to look out. There, in the drive, stood an old bone-shaker which looked as if it were held together by string. He explained briefly what had happened at the solicitor's office.

The next day, as it was Sunday, we took our first ride in "Bullnose". We found on starting her up that she shook violently as if she were going to fall to pieces.

"Bullnose" was no ordinary car. She cost more to run than a Rolls Royce as, every time one sharply applied the brakes, the glass out of the headlamp fell off and broke into smithereens. The last of her peculiar ways occurred on going down hills when she automatically kept putting up and down her hood.

At the end of the year we thankfully said goodbye to "Bullnose". "Bullnose" was sold to a museum for vintage cars. The money we received did not entirely cover what we had spent on her after all her thirty-two breakdowns. In fact it only covered the cost of her first two breakdowns.

SANDRA GORDON, F.Ia1.

CAR JOURNEYS

Car journeys, how I hate them. While others rave enthusiastically about long drives to the Highlands, trips to the seaside, and expeditions to Goodness-Knows Where, I feel quite bored. Sitting on the back seat of a four-wheeled vehicle, whizzing along the Queen's Highway, with father singing the praises of his beloved car, leaves me cold.

"Isn't it a beauty?" he says. We immediately gaze around to locate the delectable object — but of course he is referring to the car.

On and on we go, over hill and down dale, through valleys and glens. Fleetinglly we catch a glimpse of a beauty spot, where

mother and I would like to stretch our legs, but no — the demon. Speed, has father firmly in his grip. He cannot see the landscape for his speedometer. He lectures us on the shortcomings of other motorists, their lack of courtesy, etc.

Three hours later, when I am at screaming point, the chimney pots and multi-storeys loom ahead and they seem to be beckoning me. "Are we home?" I whisper weakly. "Yes," booms father exultantly. "We have done one hundred and fifty miles in three hours." I am speechless.

Do you wonder at my lack of enthusiasm for long car journeys?

CHRISTIAN STEWART, F.Ib.

THE SEAL

Suddenly a whiskered nose appeared out of the murky waters,

A shiny black head, then a body followed it. The seal sat, perched resplendently on a rock, The glistening drops of water falling from the black, shiny overcoat.

A cheeky, playful creature was this.

Below him, on a rock, a portly gentleman sat, as if meditating,

Two tusks pointed downwards out of his mouth,

But oh! What whiskers! What whiskers on the walrus!

A human came with a bucket of fish in his hand;

He threw the fish to the portly gentleman; The fish was deftly plucked from the air.

A second later it was gone.

The human threw more fish and more fish into the depths.

In a trice from out of caves, from off rocks, came seals.

A melée followed, a free-for-all in the brine, Chasing, catching, even playfully fighting for fish.

The portly gentleman took no part in this.

They watched.

Human and bucket went.

Dripping seals emerged from the water,

And with a few playful barks merged in with the surroundings.

Everything was quiet.

Portly gentleman out of sight.

Everything still.

Until feeding time.

NEIL R. HUTTON, F.Ia.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Why do we at D.H.S. get much more homework than any other school? I don't mean F.IV, V and VI, but F.I, II and III. When I get home at night I seem to have no time to do anything else except homework I had to discontinue my Girl Guides because of my homework. Also I couldn't join our Youth Club because of the same reason.

Am I right in saying that there is other things in life besides school.

F.II.

P.S.—I have been forced to write this as homework.

Editor's Note: With grammar like this, friend, you NEED the homework!

* * * * *

Dere Editor,

I am a prise skolar in English. I doo wel in al the exzams I tacke part on. Az ewe alredy no I am a felo member off the dundea hi skool and are helping it two become (procper) (prosprus) (porsperous.) rich. I haf enjoid ewer previus magazeens with there piktures and nise storys. I hope that ewe wil print mi leter too sho ewer reeders the work off a geneus.

Ewers fathefully,

DAVID MARSHALL, Form To.

P.S.—Wood you mynd printing this in al ewer magazeens pleaz.,! ? : ; —.

(Only such a talented scholar would appreciate our magazines — Editor.)

* * * * *

Dear Editor,

I think it is time somebody complained about *Teachers*. For instance, we pupils are warned not to smoke. In fact there is a school rule about it. But teachers smoke. Shouldn't they show an example to us? When we are not allowed to it only makes us want to break the rule, especially when it's something teachers do.

Then we get rows in English for bad spelling and grammar yet teachers get away

with it in exam, papers for instance we are told to put two l's in quarrelled but I saw it with only one in an exam. paper. How can we learn? Teachers, too, wear make-up and the kind of clothes we are told not to wear. Don't you think there should be rules for *Teachers*?

Yours truly, Two.

(How can we comment with a wicked teacher looking over our shoulder?—Editor.)

(Do the male teachers really wear make-up? — "Wicked Teacher".)

* * * * *

So many were the complaints that the Editor became rather confused in preparing some letters for the printer and this was the result:—

Dear Editor,

Why, oh, why do we have to suffer the pebbles in the school playground, Friday period 10, after being needlessly kept in Friday period 9, doing Public Speaking and debating. Nobody is ever pleased with the voices and facts brought up by the females. The pebbles in the front playground may be good for football but they fall down miserably when the little boys have to roll their magazines in the mud, thus causing a three-month delay in their (the magazines') arrival on F.P. Daddy's table. Besides when they get there, the covers are always dark grey so they need a new one — Why couldn't all this bother be saved, by designing a new cover for the magazine completely so we don't need to jump the puddles at the bottom gate, dip our old magazine covers in the mud, and get new ones, three months later at home. Contrary to belief none of this is Miss Bell's fault nor can it be laid at the door of Mr Richterich. It all happened because there were too many sports results which English teachers compelled us to write in our holidays which are far too short in the narrow corridors to let us pass before teachers. And besides why are there no complaints printed on the Editor? I forgot to mention stockings and shoes.

Signed — Dissatisfied, An Ever-Hopeful Form 1 pupil, (Sincerely) Anon, Tenaj, Hazel Wilkinson, Anonymous, The Phantom Writer

of the Perfect Five, Anon., Anon (of course) and My-name-is-Jean-Smith-as-I-have-been-told-I-have-to-write-it.
Dear Editor,

There are many questions I should like to ask about the school lunches. Here are a few of them.

Why are there no peas in the pea soup? At least, I say there are none, but my brother says there are. When I reply that there are not, he accuses me of looking for them. If I did look for them, I would have to search the length and breadth of the lunch-hall!

Why are the other soups so watery? When I asked my brother *his* opinion, he said he thought they were all right.

On several days during the winter, my friends and I noticed that the sausages had red spots on them. Why? Did the pigs have measles, or something? My brother, just to be obstinate, said that he had not noticed them.

On the other hand, I like the apple crumble, while my brother says it is one of the worst things. I also like peaches, dumpling, pineapple, fruit salad, and tomato soup.

One thing my brother and I both agree about is that the waitresses are always pleasant, happy and willing to oblige.

This is a Junior School point of view. What do the Seniors think?

Yours sincerely,

VALERIE SOUTAR, L.VII.

(We think you are certainly learning young! — Editor.)

THE L-DRIVER



“Open the door, madam.
There is a handle on the right of it.
All right madam?
Got your wits about you?”

She got in;
The engine started up
And the gear was changed with a screech.
“Sorry about that,” she smiled.

Placing her foot on the accelerator,
They lunged forward.
“Stalled it madam, better luck next time” —
“Madam’s stalled it again, hasn’t madam?”

She at last started off —
“Wrong side of the road, madam” —
“Watch the lorry, madam” —
“The brake, madam, the BRAKE” —

Crash!
The car crashed into the lorry.
Madam lost her nerve?
Never, she’ll try again soon.

A. B., F.III.

“----WELL, WAS IT H₂O?”



From Former Pupils

“Impressions of a First-Year Medic”

“What are you doing these days?” — an oft-asked question as soon as you mention that you have left school. “Oh, a student, are you — not working then?” As I scrape the remnants of a dogfish into a bucket after spending three hours making what amounts to elaborately-minced fish, I think of these idiots who believe that students spend half their life demonstrating against Vietnam and the other half in the Union Beer Bar, and I test the edge of a scalpel thoughtfully. One has to live through a Zoology practical where sixty people are hacking their way optimistically through sixty dogfish, to realise just how fresh and pure the air is in our fair city. The first gasp of air from outside is sucked in and savoured as by a drowning man who has been rescued when all hope was gone!

There are lighter moments to make up for the half hour you spent trying to dodge the bits of rat intestine that the joker behind you was periodically projecting at you with great velocity and deadly accuracy. For example, at one practical, as the Lab. technicians were collecting our efforts at unearthing the Cranial Nerves of the dogfish, Sam, the official class fool, asked if it was going to Belmont (the Men’s Residence); Stan, the Lab. technician, said no — it was going to West Park (the Women’s Hall). Sam turned to his neighbour and, with a look of injustice, muttered, “There, I told you they got better grub than us!”

Biology is by far the most interesting subject in the first year medical course as it does have something to do with medicine — however vaguely; but the Senate, in their wisdom, rule that we must also suffer Physics and Chemistry.

Lectures in these subjects are occasionally brightened by experiments done by the lecturers. Those of the Physics Department are patently “rigged” so that a perfect value is found from the experimental data! Those of the Chemistry Department are only interesting in the excuses the demonstrator will give for their not working — just like school! One even blamed the atmosphere in the lecture theatre — “All you people breathing that does it!”

Chemistry practical can be compared to Russian Roulette — it’s fun watching other people blowing themselves up — but it could be you next! When someone forgets to put out a bunsen (or his pipe!) when his neighbour is heating ether, and a spout of flame lights up corners of the Lab. known only to the workmen who built them, the victim is soon surrounded by a crowd of students all speculating as to whether he will reach the fire-extinguisher before the bench catches fire, too. After two weeks and an infinite number of fire-extinguishers, they showed us how to put out all but major conflagrations by simply putting a lab. book across the crucible. That worked fine until one fellow set his lab. book up, too.

Everybody has his own set of apparatus and glassware issued at the beginning of the year for which one is relieved of a deposit of £3. Breakages are unavoidable, of course, but it is a bit difficult when everybody at one bench is sharing the only pipette still unbroken! You can get new equipment from the technicians but they take it off your deposit, unless, by an unwritten agreement of centuries standing, you can give him an excuse for losing or breaking the equipment that he has not heard before. The tales are many and varied but few are successful. Some people have calculated they still owe money over and above their deposit.

Queen’s College — where every Friday is Black Friday — Physics Practical! Each experiment is marked, and unless a certain standard is maintained you have to sit the Practical exam. in June. It’s been known for people to fail their Physics degree exam. in 1st M.B. Ch.B. because they could not get the hang of a micrometer gauge or find the period of a Rigid Pendulum or other things of paramount importance to Medicine!

But it is generally agreed (by us, at least) that Physics and Chemistry are only there to cut our numbers down a bit in first year. The real subject is Biology — so they only give us two terms of it. And half of that is devoted to Botany! I was speaking to a doctor recently and I asked her if she ever used her

Botany, and was told, after a minute's reflection, that bits of it came back to her when she was cleaning vegetables!

Do not think that all our time in Biology is spent mincing dogfish; sometimes it's rats or cockroaches (a favourite — they get them cheap in Airlie Hall!) or earthworms, and once we crossed black beetles with brown beetles to see the colour distribution of the progeny — but we never found out, because the Lab. technician forgot where he put them and by the time they were found they were in the nth generation!

Most of the practicals consist of "demies" — jargon for "Demonstrations". The lecturers pick sixty-plus microscope slides (entirely by random it would seem) from an inexhaustible stock and arrange them round the lab. in microscopes. Then you have a maximum of three minutes to examine each, decipher it, draw it and write coherent notes on it; then a bell goes and you move on to the next one. Sometimes it takes you three minutes to decide which bit of slide you are supposed to be examining! To demonstrate how little we understand of what goes on, one stalwart member of the class spent his three minutes drawing a lump of plasticine someone had left on the bench — he "thought it was Brain Coral!"

In one memorable practical we "did" the skeleton: apart from skeletons of about every animal known to man, they also had "Our Albert" — a human skeleton (a female one, we later discovered, after calling her "Albert" all morning!) — on show. Now Albert has a spring-loaded dome — presumably to let curious people look inside if they so desire! The class jester thought it would be amusing to leave a cigarette end in there (he could not find an ashtray) but just then the demonstrator decided to give a talk on dentition and we returned to our seats. As he talked to the class, smoke began to drift slowly from the eyes, ears and mouth of Our Albert. The atmosphere was completed by a spirited rendering of "Smoke gets in your eyes" from the back row!

Yes, it's a great life if you don't weaken!
Who threw that dogfish . . . ?

ANON.

DESCENT

(Former Pupil, David Fairley, has sent us an account, entitled "Descent", of his adventures in Army training and we are pleased to publish the following extracts about parachuting and caving which, he assures us, are "two of the most exhilarating sports in the world today".)

In parachuting the most important work is done on the ground — learning how to get out of the 'plane quickly and safely and how to land on the ground. The exit can make or break a jump; any faults in a descent can be traced to the exit. A hard straight drive from the doorway ensures 'plane clearance and a clean drop away from the fuselage. If you do not drive out you "count the rivets", that is to say you roll down the fuselage until you drop clear. This twists the rigging lines and complicates matters terribly.

The first jump is from a cage suspended from a balloon. From 800 feet everything looks extremely small. We go through our drills — helmet, harness, quick-release catch, reserve parachute — it's all there — we look around and all think we must be slightly mad to be here at all.

The cage has stopped! We look down, it's a long way, the field looks too small, the dispatcher calls us forward one at a time. It's my turn, I step into the doorway and watch the horizon, he has his hand raised, he drops it — GO!

I jump as hard as I can — the horizon is rushing upwards — no, it's me going down. I look up quickly, in time to see my parachute leaving the pack on my back — a quick look down and then back to my 'chute — yes it's there — a slight jerk and it is all over. A second and a half later and nearly 150 feet lower, I now have time to look around, but not for long!

I must prepare to make my landing. The ground is rushing towards me like an express train — thump! — I see sky, white silk, rigging lines and grass — everything goes quiet. I tentatively roll over. I'm all here, I made it!

I get up and find my companions calling me. Suddenly all the tensions have gone. Everyone is laughing and shouting. We can hardly remember the silent 'bus-trip to the dropping zone. We all want to go up again and do our second jump.

We now graduate to bigger things — our first aeroplane jump. We have practised our stick-drill, the method of getting a number of men out of an aeroplane in the shortest possible time. We are ready to go, standing around in groups, cracking rather pointless jokes and laughing, perhaps a little too loudly. No-one wants to admit he is nervous but it shows just the same.

“Come along, it’s time to go.” We troop outside to the Hastings standing on the tarmac. It looks old and tired and does nothing to give us any confidence. We clamber slowly up a ladder to the door. “Don’t fall out while it’s on the ground,” we are warned — funny? Not any more, for the time has come to fall out at 1200 feet and hope the pilot has got the right place.

The engines turn over slowly and splutter into life; one last joke and we fall silent. The old Hastings trundles down the runway and heaves itself into the sky, clawing upwards, fighting for height. We sit there, facing one another, moody and silent.

“Prepare for Action!” We stand up, face the rear and check our equipment, check one another’s equipment and then wait, worry some more, and check our equipment for about the fifth time since getting into this bucketing tin-can the R.A.F. call an aeroplane.

“Action stations!” We shuffle down till the first man is one pace from the door.

“Red Light! Stand in the door!” One pace forward, only seconds to go.

“Green Light! GO! GO! GO!” We start shuffling quickly to the door. There goes John — Dick is next — Jim is away — now George — ME next! There is the horizon — I’m whipped round — see the tailplane disappear over my head — where is my main chute? Ah! there it is. I did not feel it open during the buffeting in the slipstream. I was the last out and am coming down onto George’s parachute. I steer away and see two people locked together — they are trying to clear their rigging lines but they have not got time and land together.

Time to start worrying about landing again. The ground rushes up but this time I am ready for it and land safely. Everyone is talking excitedly and all the nervous tension

has been relieved. We run to the ’bus and head off for our next jump.

... Some people describe caving as rock-climbing underground. I do not altogether agree. A different attitude is required along with different techniques and equipment.

... We are fully equipped, wearing wet suits, similar to skin-diving suits, helmets, lamps, overalls and boots. The party of four is standing at the mouth of the cave (Swildon’s Hole near Cheddar Gorge) and there is a reasonable flow of water entering with us.

The entrance is not like what most people imagine. It is only two feet across and we go vertically into it. We crawl for about a minute along the stream-bed to the first chamber and check our lights. They are all working and so we follow the stream to the 12-foot deep Chamber Pot; we crawl over the top of this and descend to the main passage. Here we can walk to our first obstacle, the 40-foot pot. The passage we walk down to reach the pot is 20 feet high and the walls are marked by rushing water, a reminder of the force of water in this cave.

We reach the 40-foot and look over. The waterfall is quite large today but not impassable. We fix our wire ladder. During the descent we pass through the waterfall. Good technique prevents us from being washed off the ladder to plunge to the pool at the bottom. We proceed to the 20-foot pot and Upper Chamber. This pot is quite easy and dry. We rest here and look at the marvellous stalactites and their accompanying stalagmites. Someone taps a stalactite and it rings like a bell. It is answered by another from the other side. Further on we will play a tune on these, Nature’s musical instruments.

An inclined rift opens into the Organ Chamber. Here we stop to marvel at the great natural formation which so closely resembles a huge wind organ. We play tunes on the pipes and their mournful ring echoes round the chamber.

We proceed to the Lower Grotto and on through the pools to Sump one. By this time we have covered a good distance and have been underground for about two hours.

We must press on though, the best parts are still to come. From here we are on the return route. We must travel fast here to make up for the time we will lose getting through the Double Troubles.

We climb up the mud slide using a wedging technique and creep under the Portcullis, a fringe of stalactites which marks the entry to the Troubles. The first of the Troubles is a long, inclined squeeze which is very tight indeed. We must take off our helmets and lie completely flat to get through these. It is at this point that someone usually comments on the great weight of rock above us. Everyone is suitably awed and impressed.

. . . We press on to the surface, retracing our steps and collecting our equipment en route. When we get to within 40 feet of the entrance we can smell fresh air. We head towards it and, on clambering out into the sunshine, are immediately dazzled. This is due to our seven hours underground.

As I have described it, it all sounds very simple, but be warned. I spent six hours in this cave within 200 feet of the entrance. This was due to a sudden heavy fall of rain causing the water to rise and block the passage. Caves are dangerous so, if you want to go down, get someone who knows the cave to take you first until you get to know what it is all about.

D. G. FAIRLEY.

"THE UMBRELLA MAN"

(A Short Story by an F.P.)

The 'phone awakened them from their reverie with a start. The nearest man lifted the handset and listened. He said nothing except "Right", when the voice at the other end stopped speaking. The eyes of the eleven other men met his when he put down the 'phone — he nodded, and as one, they picked up their helmets and parachutes and ran out to their Hurricanes parked a hundred yards away — their lines silhouetted against the evening sky — the sky that had now turned from the intense blue of a summer afternoon to the brilliant hues that promise another fine day to follow. But then there had been several weeks of fine days recently — for the date was September, 1940 — the tail end of the "Amazing Summer". The Battle of Britain

was at its peak. "The Battle of Britain" — how melodramatic, thought MacAllister, yet how true!

Flying Officer Graham MacAllister, D.F.C. and Bar, with eight enemy planes to his credit, climbed into his cramped cockpit. This was what the war meant to him — this, and a riotous life when he was not flying, for he could not be sure how long life would be his to use as he pleased. For certain it would not be long. Twice, sometimes three times a day, he ran to his machine to take off within a few seconds of the order to scramble; then a short flight to find the enemy or just as often, for the enemy to find them, followed by a raging hell of flames and flying metal where friends of long standing, people he had known since his schooldays, met their death and where he, too, would meet his, he felt sure. He had already had two 'planes shot from beneath him only to parachute back to earth more or less unscratched — that had earned him the title of "The Umbrella Man". But even the Umbrella Man's luck could not last indefinitely.

"Snap out of it," MacAllister told himself, as he waved for the chocks to be pulled clear, "or you may not get the chance to use that canvas pack you're sitting on."

They took off and flew on the course that Ground Control had told them, climbing all the time. The sun and the height — the man who had these was the man who had the element of surprise in his favour.

After five minutes' flying, Roscoe reported what they had all seen at the same moment — a large flight of enemy bombers escorted by dozens of Me. 109s all heading for London, obviously hoping to make their escape under cover of darkness. The leader reported his contact to the controller, and then gave the order to dive into the mass of black dots flying west in orderly fashion. MacAllister felt his hands go damp upon the controls and a sour taste welled up in his mouth.

As one, they pushed the sticks forward and slid the throttles through the emergency gates to give them the last ounce of power the engines could muster. MacAllister picked his target — a Junkers 88 — and, as the distance closed to optimum range, he pushed the button — the Hurricane juddered as the cannon shells left the gunports on the wing. Bits were

flying off the Junkers but only as he pulled out of the dive at the last minute did he see it catch fire — he glanced over his shoulder in time to see four white silk flowers blossom one after the other. One definite kill. He saw another bomber — a Dornier this time — in the distance, and set out towards it, but was cut off by one of the Me. 109s before it was within range. He jabbed the button again — missed—he kicked the rudder hard and came round in a tight circle — he was now on the tail of the 109. With cool deliberation he lined it up — the silly fool was not even using his mirror. He pressed the firing button. There was the usual shuddering, but then it stopped. Cannot be empty already! He glanced at the instruments—no, still registering half full — guns jammed. But before he could do anything more the 'plane was vibrating again — it took MacAllister surprisingly long to realise that cannon were hitting the Hurricane instead of leaving it. A glance in the mirror showed the yellow spinner of a "crack" 109 squadron. How careless could he get — he had been cursing the pilot of the other 109 for not using his mirror and now he had made the same mistake. More shuddering, although he had broken left so steeply that he felt the blood leaving his head and he almost blacked out. With this burst he felt a searing pain in his left arm and the cockpit filled with flying metal and glass and an oil spray covered the instruments. No chance of getting it down in one piece so it looked to MacAllister as if he would have to take to the "brolly" again. As he jettisoned the hood he glanced at the altimeter — 19,000 feet — a long drop. He ripped at his R/T and oxygen leads and tried to stand up in the cockpit. The slipstream of the diving 'plane tore at his face and at the raw flesh on his arm. He blacked out. The 'plane rolled over as if in a dying effort to save its pilot. MacAllister fell clear.

When he came to, he was falling fast, and through the waves of pain that swept his body he realised he was upside down. He reached for the D-ring that broke out the parachute — it was not there. He realised it must have been torn off in the struggle to clear the

'plane. Suddenly the pain disappeared, he was aware of a peace that was only interrupted by the wounded roar of a 'plane as it fell towards the earth. So this was what it was like to die — a long, long fall followed by a very hard thud. The pain in his arm would not start up again and no-one would be able to attack him from behind again. The pain, the sacrifice, the despair would really be his parents' — not his.

It was this last thought that made him try once again to see if his parachute was there — he snatched, and his hand closed round the metal handle and pulled fiercely. There was a jerk and the harness tightened with great power. The pain came back to his arm and he felt as if he was being suffocated. He could see a village beneath him and he wondered where he was. The fields round about were yellow — only the stubble remained. The spires of the village suddenly seemed to come up to meet him with terrifying speed. For a moment he thought he was going to land on the church tower, but a sudden gust of wind carried the parachute and its helpless burden over a field.

He hit the ground with great violence and lay still. In the distance he could hear voices but they were growing fainter even though he knew they would be coming nearer. He realised for the second time in his short life he was dying. Suddenly it did not seem so serious — he still felt a pang of remorse when he thought of his parents, but then he remembered how good a time he had had while it lasted. And so, as the first of the villagers reached him, he died.

"The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;

Their flowers, the tenderness of patient minds,

And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds."

Anthem for Doomed Youth
— Wilfred Owen.
D. N. Gow.



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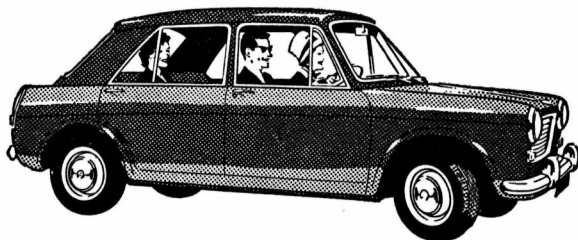
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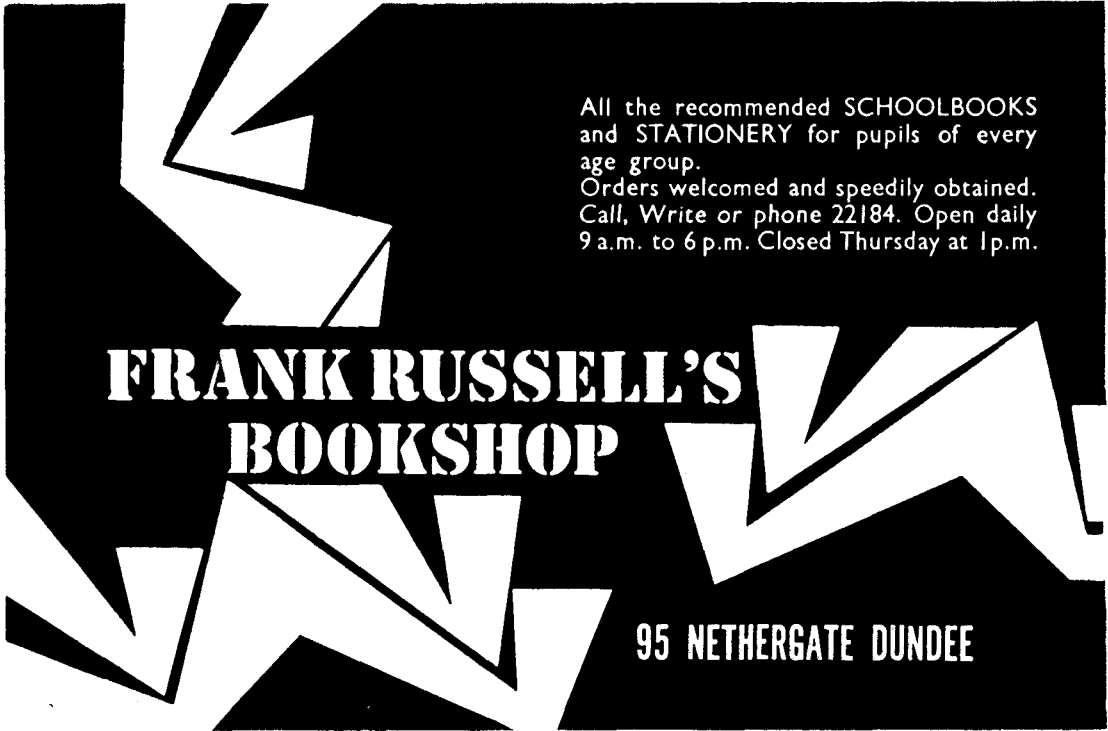


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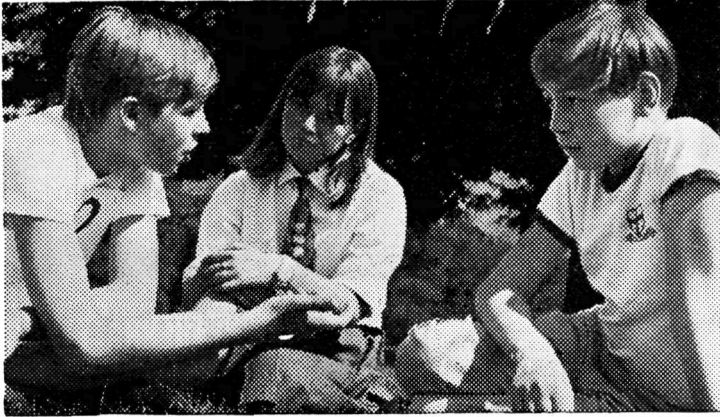
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School Activities

Once again an abundance of clubs and societies have flourished throughout the session and yet again we are pleased to report that many are showing an increased membership. There are so many providing interest and education for the pupils of the school in their free time that it would be unfair to single out any one particularly. Detailed accounts of the good work being done after 4 p.m. follow below.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

This session has been a very busy one and a very successful one for the Debating Society. As stated last term, the membership exceeded 150, and since the session began we have had debates against Morgan, Kirkton High School, Grove, Dundee Toastmistress' Club, the Old Boys' Club and the staff.

Throughout the year many members have been given the opportunity to speak in public, and a great deal of fun has been had in all the debates—especially in that against the staff, which resulted in a win for the pupils.

As well as our debates against outside teams, and many debates between teams made up of pupils of our Society, we have had, since Christmas, a mock election and a Burns Supper. Both were very well attended and enjoyed by all present.

It was stated in the last magazine that we had entered teams in the English-Speaking Union Debating Competition, and the "Scottish Daily Express" Debating Competition. The team in the former competition was defeated some months ago, but our team in the "Express" Competition went on to the semi-final and only narrowly failed to reach the final. Debating competitions like these are keenly contested and have helped the standard of debating in the Society considerably.

Since Christmas we have also managed to find time for the D.H.S. Reading and Public-Speaking Contest which, as usual, was a hard-fought struggle with a high standard among the competitors. The boys' prize went to Sandy Meiklejohn with David Rorie runner-up, the girls' prize was won by Alison McLeay with Catherine Coull runner-up.

This season has been a very good one for the Society and a great deal of the success is due to the help and hard work of Miss Gray, Mr Alexander and Mr E. M. Stewart. The committee would like to thank them most sincerely and everyone else who has helped make this year such a fine one for the Debating Society.

The statement that the Inter-House Debating Cup had been won by Aystree, which appeared in the last magazine, was a mistake. Wallace won this cup.

D. A. R., Secretary.

C.C.F. SENIOR COMPANY REPORT

This report follows immediately after the General Inspection on 31st May. Once again we were lucky in having good weather for this occasion. The inspecting officer this year was Colonel Napier, D.S.O., M.C. The inspection began in the usual way with the Colonel's inspection and the march past, but then changed slightly from the old pattern. This year the Junior and Senior companies performed in a miniature tattoo, in which they both showed their respective skills such as drill, unarmed combat, motor maintenance and, for a finale, an Internal Security exercise was arranged thanks to Lt. Fairley. The inspection seemed to please Colonel Napier who commended us in a speech at the end.

The next big event on the Cadet calendar is camp. This is, as has been the practice recently, at R.N. Boom Defence Depot, Aultbea. A Norway trip was arranged but owing to unfortunate circumstances it had to be cancelled.

In the past year seventeen boys have sat the Part II. and we are happy to see that all passed and seven, a very high number, had credit passes. The credit passes have all been promoted to L/Cpl. We should also like to congratulate Sgt. Barbieri on being promoted to Drum Major and Sgt. Vannet on being promoted to S/Sgt. Cpl. Grewar, Cpl. Cameron, Cpl. Smith and Cpl. Illsley have all been promoted to Sgt.

At the moment the Pipe Band are practising hard for the competition coming soon. As usual the band put up a very fine display at the General Inspection and have also done so at some external parades in the city. On behalf of the boys and myself I should like to thank all the officers who have helped the Company in the past year, and also Mr McLeod and Mr Miller for their help with the Pipe Band and Mr Vannet for his great help and enthusiasm on the .22 range.

G. STIVEN, C.S.M.

JUNIOR COMPANY CADET REPORT

The Junior Company has as usual been very active in the last two terms. The boys have continued to improve their basic training in map-reading, fieldcraft, weapon-training and drill. They also get army films every so often and they regularly get a chance of shooting.

To strengthen the feeling of competition among the Cadets, we have re-introduced a system of "efficiency-tapes". When a Cadet attains a standard of basic training, smartness and discipline well above normal he is awarded a tape—blue for 2nd class, red for 1st class. The tape is worn on the epaulette. The standard of work and keenness in the Company has improved considerably, though it was by no means sub-standard previously.

The Juniors accompanied the Seniors to Buddon in the Easter holidays and, although they were too young to shoot, they had an interesting exercise on the training ground there; they were shown over the assault-course, and had a spell of working in the butts.

The day at Buddon was one of the warmest of the holidays and all the boys thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The Juniors' contribution to the general inspection was first-class. Their drill and smartness was good, and they all tried their hardest in the small "tattoo", showing the inspecting officer drill, initiative tests, a mock battle and some basic skills of fieldcraft.

The next main item on the year's programme is the annual camp at Aultbea. I hope a large number of Juniors attend camp as training is easier to organise with large numbers, and the boys have more fun if there is a large company. Also we want to beat the Seniors and win the Platoon Cup for the second year running—we need all the best Cadets for this.

The past session has been a busy one and an enjoyable one for the Juniors, and much of this success is due to the officers for their help—especially to Lt. Coletta who runs the Junior Company.

The Junior Company N.C.O.'s have also done a great deal of work, and I should like to thank them, the officers and all who have helped make the past session such a successful one for the Junior Company.

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

GUIDE REPORT

During the session the Guides have been working hard at badges and Janet Sims, Morag Stalker and Griselda Gilroy have been presented with their Queen's Guide awards.

Owing to the new Guide arrangement Guides as such are coming to an end after this year's camp. The Company remains open for girls in Primary 7 and Form 1 and the Ranger section includes girls over fourteen years. This conforms with the new Guide system.

For the first time Miss Dobson entered a Guide dancing team in the Perth Festival. Although they were not very successful they all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

This year we have a new camp-site in Glen Esk where camp is to be held during the first week in July. We owe our thanks to Miss MacCallum and Miss Thomson for making this possible. We are not having a visiting day but parents and friends are welcome at all times.

We all wish to thank the parents and teachers who tested badges for us throughout the sessions, as well as our Captains, Miss Patrick and Miss MacCallum, our Lieutenants, Miss Thomson and Miss Dobson, our Treasurer and Secretary, Mrs Richardson, and Cadets Margaret Duncan and Janet Sutherland for their valuable assistance.

We should like to offer our congratulations to Miss Patrick, Miss MacCallum and Miss Thomson on their engagements and wish them every happiness for the future.

PAT DUFF and FIONA ROSS.

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

The Social Service in the school has expanded tremendously throughout the past year thanks to the effort of the pupils.

There have been numerous flag-days, especially during the first term, which were all supported well by both boys and girls.

Groups of girls started visiting Anton House for disabled girls and the geriatric unit at Maryfield Hospital every week. This has been highly successful and we hope it will continue to be so in the future.

At Christmas Mr Erskine organised a successful choir which entertained the old folk in Pinegrove and St. Margaret's old Folks' Home. As usual, the school willingly donated gifts for Christmas parcels which were delivered by the senior pupils to old people and needy families in the city.

The school was asked to provide entertainment on 25th March at King George V. Memorial Club for the old people. There was a varied programme of singing, dancing and instrumental music which was greatly appreciated by all.

I should like to thank everyone who has been concerned in making the Social Service of the High School such a success, and I hope this will be continued in the future.

S. PETRIE and A. JOHNSTONE.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The Chess Club has met with success this year. In the First Division of the Dundee and District Schools' League, the 'A' team, despite a disastrous loss to one of the weaker teams early in the season, is well placed with 28½ points out of a possible 36 and, with one key result yet to come, stand a reasonable chance of winning the League. In the second and third divisions, the 'C' and 'D' teams respectively have performed well. In addition, Junior school and Form I. friendlies have been played with Ancrum Road and Grove.

The main school tournament, the Beckingham Trophy, is as yet undecided, but it looks as though Peter Walsh will win it. The Girls' Trophy has been won by Christine Elder. A play-off is in progress for the Intermediate Tournament and Margaret Forwell of L.5 is well placed in the Russell Trophy.

With the Scottish Chess Championship being held in Dundee this year quite a few of our players are taking part and some of our players have been competing in Chess Congresses already this year. Peter Walsh shared second place in a large field for a junior event at Edinburgh just after Christmas. Quite a few High School players played in the Dundee Easter Congress. Andrew Baruch and Christopher Jones entered for the Adult Tournament and both did well, Christopher Jones coming joint third. Miriam Little has recently been playing in the Scottish Girls' Championships and has given a good account of herself.

Our thanks go to Mrs Elder, Mr Deas and Mr Mackay for running the club and arranging the tournaments, and to Miss Gray and the catering staff for their help at our teams' home matches.

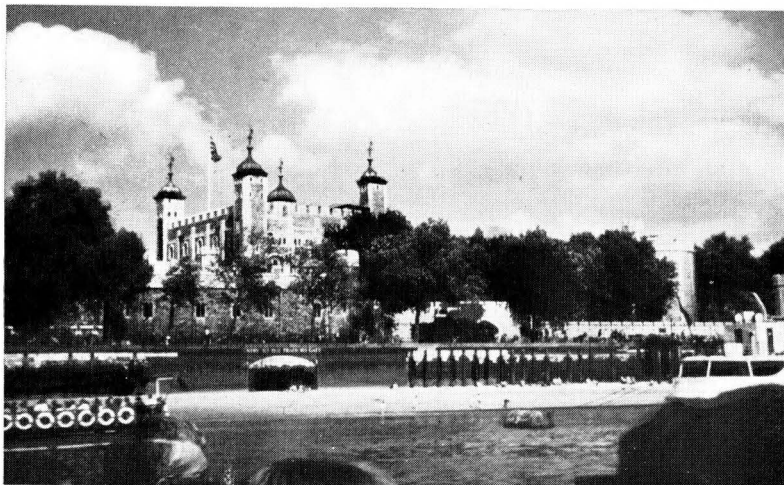
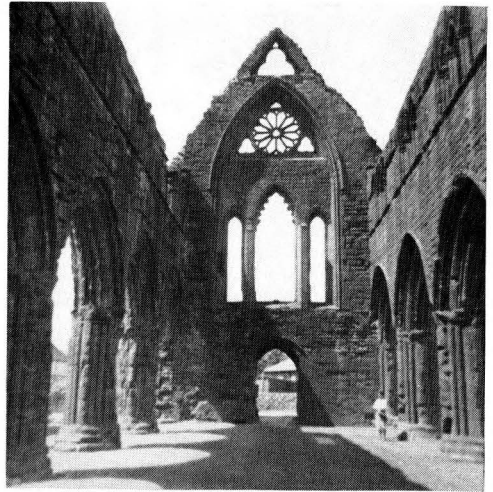
C. JONES, Secretary.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA REPORT

Up to the Easter holiday the Orchestra has practised regularly on Mondays at 4 p.m. and has played at prayers on Tuesdays. However, practices had to be suspended during S.C.E. examinations and only recently have a small group started practising with the intention of playing every morning at prayers

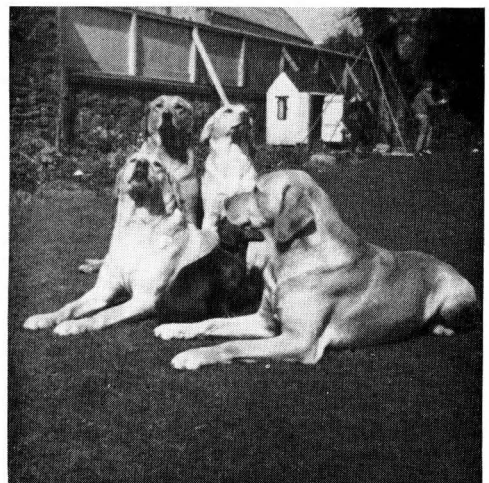
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WINNERS**

FAMOUS PLACES
"Dryburgh Abbey"
P. Ritchie, F.3



FAMOUS PLACES
"Tower of London"
M. Stalker, F.3

ANIMAL STUDY
"Dogs"
H. Simpson, L.7



CRICKET 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)—D. A. Rorie, P. W. Walsh, D. R. H. Tullis, R. W. Illsley, A. G. McLaren, A. C. S. Swanson.

Front Row (l. to r.)—D. A. K. Meredith, K. J. Ross, B. K. Philip, E. S. D. McKay (Captain), A. M. Hutchison, N. D. P. Cathcart, R. J. Catlow.



TEAM SPIRIT SMILES

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

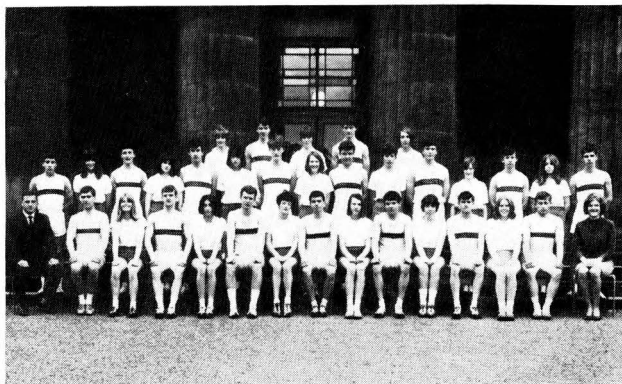
Front Row (l. to r.)—Janet A. Sutherland, Miss B. Patrick, Lennox D. Ayer (Captain), Margaret J. Duncan.

Back Row (l. to r.)—Pamela A. Robertson, Ruth J. P. Garden, Maureen E. Dunn, Anne L. Cowie.

SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM

See opposite page for names.

Photographs by J. D. Brown



for the concluding weeks of term. It is also the intention that instrumental solos and ensembles will perform.

Thanks are again given to all members of the Orchestra for regular attendance and for their enthusiasm. We must all thank especially Mr Porteous for the work he has done in bringing the Orchestra up to the standard which it has attained. There is at the heart of the Orchestra a small core which I hope will improve next year to reach a higher standard than has been possible in previous years.

KENNETH ALLEN, Leader.

GIRLS' HILL WALKING CLUB REPORT

Owing to exams, Highers, laziness and disease, we regretfully report that the Girls' Hill-Walking Club has done nothing since the last report apart from speculating. However, two climbs have been arranged mainly because in one case it was arranged for us by the S.S.C. and in the other because we thought we had better show an example to the younger members of the club, in whose incompetent hands the running of the club will remain after we leave.

The Hill-Walking Club also arranged an outing in Glen Isla but because the ponies were otherwise occupied it was cancelled.

We wish to thank all the teachers and people who would make it possible for us to hold our climbs had we had the inclination to climb.

M. S. FRASER.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

The club has now completed the season but interest is still lively owing to the magazine rota and the First Day Cover Service. Another source of interest is the Club's participation in the School Exhibition on 23rd June. Preparations are well under way and we are grateful to the Dundee and District Philatelic Society for the loan of frames for our exhibition.

Since the last magazine appeared the First Day Cover Service has expanded remarkably. This popularity of British stamps is reflected in the Club. There have been several occasions when British stamps have been shown at our meetings.

Among other meetings was a most interesting and detailed film shown by Mr S. A. Stewart of the Dundee and District Philatelic Society on the preparation and production of one of the Swiss "Pro Juventute" stamps of 1964, printed by the famous Swiss printers, Courvoisier Ltd. There was an interesting talk on "Forgers and their Work", given by A. G. Webster. The forgeries of Sperati

and Raul de Thuin were mentioned in detail. Coloured photographs of some of the forgeries of Sperati were shown and his methods of reproduction were discussed.

We should like to thank Mr Stevenson for his continuing work for and interest on behalf of the Club.

A. GRAEME WEBSTER, Secretary.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the members of staff who have helped us during the term. Owing to exams, the meetings have been few but those which we have had have proved profitable and enjoyable. During the year we have been privileged to listen to many outstanding ministers and at our last meeting a film of the work of the Gideons' International, which presented copies of the New Testament to each pupil, was shown.

F. MUNRO.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

This year the Rifle Club entered a team for the Col. Mitchell Trophy in which we were quite successful. During the last meeting of the year the Urquhart Cup Competition was shot off. It was won by John Harvey with Bruce Armstrong-Payne and Brian Aird second and third. Once again we are indebted to Mr Stark and Mr Halliday for their continued help and work in producing a successful Rifle Club this year.

J. C. M.

THE FLYING CLUB REPORT

The activities of our last term in the Flying Club should be very exciting with improved weather conditions and increased membership.

The outing to Hamburg Zoo was an outstanding success with many new members exhibiting their prowess in new methods of flying. Grade 6 members have developed a new method incorporating shooting sticks instead of umbrellas. This method is particularly successful with those members who have just completed a six weeks' weight-reducing course.

A visit by Batman has been suggested but members are divided about this as some would prefer Mr George Brown.

Our recent examinations have shown without any shadow of doubt that everyone is improving. Our prize member this year is Moira Fraser whose efforts at flying round the gym have broken all world records. At our annual prize-giving on top of Fugiyama Miss Fraser will be presented with a pink propeller.

SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—Margaret J. Duncan, D. A. Smith, Fiona Ross, A. J. Gossip, Sheena J. T. Crowe.

Middle Row (l. to r.)—J. R. Mickerson, Rosemary E. Semple, W. J. Clark, Annette Arbuckle, M. L. Andrew, Marian R. Eadie, J. J. Walker, Moira A. Neilson, R. M. Milne, Alison M. McNicoll, A. S. Lockhart, Susan C. Mee, N. W. Steele, Moira D. Spence, B. W. Elder.

Front Row (l. to r.)—Mr Coletta, K. Allen, Alison J. Murdoch, D. A. Rorie, Alison H. Semple, N. Y. Cram (Captain), Joan D. J. Walker (Captain), W. A. Masson, Patricia M. Hutton, A. G. Nicholson, Penelope C. S. Agnew, A. D. Vannet, Shonie E. Petrie, G. W. Stiven, Miss Dobson.

Absent—K. J. Ross, A. I. Johnstone, M. J. Rogers, J. M. Cowie, Hilary J. Brown.

Sports

Despite our inability to report anything so spectacular as Celtic's win against Inter Milan we can report that a good season's sport was enjoyed by all, as the following reports will show.

NETBALL REPORT

This season, once again, has had mixed results for all teams as the Senior team lost many of its members to a 4th year team formed to play in the Netball League. However, as is seen from the results, we have not been entirely unsuccessful.

The Senior team played three matches, winning against Kirkton and Perth Academy and losing to Grove Academy.

The 4th Year team, playing in the Netball League at Stobswell, won against Grove and Lawside and lost to Harris and Kirkton.

The 3rd Year team, however, were not so successful, losing all three of their matches.

The 2nd Year team won against Kirkton but lost to Grove and Lawside.

The matches played were less numerous owing to the Netball House Matches which occupied many not normally participating in the Netball matches.

The results were as follows: Senior House Matches — 1st Wallace, 2nd Aystree, 3rd Lindores, 4th Airlie. Junior House Matches — 1st equal Airlie and Lindores, 3rd Wallace, 4th Aystree. Primary House Matches — 1st Airlie, 2nd Lindores, 3rd equal Aystree and Wallace.

Thus, Netball is expanding yearly, which would not have been possible without the help of Miss Patrick, Miss Dobson and Miss O'Brien, whom we wish to thank for helping and coaching us throughout the season.

MOIRA NEILSON, Captain.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The 1st XI. never found its best possible form and subsequently the results reached were disappointing. Results were:—

		F.	A.
Dec.	3—Dunfermline	A	4 6
	10—Madras	A	4 1
	17—Kirkcaldy	A	1 3
Jan.	7—Perth Academy	A	Can.
	14—Albyn	H	1 1
	21—Morrison's	H	Can.
	28—Harris	H	Can.
Feb.	4—St. Leonard's	A	Can.
	11—Kilgraston	A	3 1
	18—Aberdeen High	H	0 2
	25—Beacon	A	Can.
Mar.	4—Tournament J.M.W.H.A.		
		A (Madras)	
	11—Dunfermline College	A	1 4
	18—Aberdeen Academy	A	0 2

In the Junior Midlands Women's Hockey Association Tournament at Madras on 4th March, the 1st

XI. had to play Breadalbane, Morgan, Arbroath and Carnoustie. The D.H.S. team defeated Arbroath, drew with Morgan, lost to Carnoustie and gained a penalty corner against Breadalbane. Carnoustie, however, had two wins and reached the semi-finals which they won, but Grove defeated Carnoustie 1-0 in the final.

The 2nd XI. have had a successful season and most of the younger teams have done well, showing great promise for the future. The top goal scorer for the year was Alison Brown in 2nd Year.

Every player has enjoyed the season and I take this opportunity of thanking all members of staff who assisted at matches, practices and on grounds days, especially Miss Patrick and Miss Dobson, for their never-ending encouragement.

LENNOX AYER, Secretary.

GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB REPORT

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the season — Captain, Lennox Ayer; Vice-Captain, Joan Walker; Secretary, Zoe Mair; Treasurer, Maureen Dunn.

The 1st VI. have had very successful results to date, having won four matches comfortably and dropped one by only a small margin. They have also won through to the quarter finals in the Midlands Tournament.

The 2nd VI. have only played two matches so far but have been victorious in both.

The 3rd VI. have also played two matches but, unfortunately, have been defeated in both of them.

The one result of the 3rd Year Tennis team shows that we have very promising young players. These young players also competed in the under-15 Midlands Tournament and the second couple, Elizabeth Meiklejohn and Lindsay Simpson, succeeded in entering the quarter finals where they were defeated by Kilgraston who were in fact the eventual winners of the tournament.

In the Junior House Matches, Lindores came out on top with Airlie second, Wallace third and Aystree fourth.

Results of matches played:—

		F.	A.	Games
Apr.	22—1st VI. versus Harris			74 43
	29—1st VI. versus Bell Baxter			66 33
May	10—1st VI. versus Grove			52 47
	18—1st VI. versus Morgan			34 41
	20—1st VI. versus Madras			66 33
	20—2nd VI. versus Madras			60 21
	17—2nd VI. versus Morgan			60 21
Apr.	29—3rd VI. versus Blairgowrie			47 70
May	20—3rd VI. versus Arbroath			36 65
	10—3rd Year versus Grove			67 14

Everybody has enjoyed all the above matches and we must thank Miss Patrick and other members of the staff for their interest shown in the Tennis teams; for their coaching and for their support at tennis matches.

ZOE MAIR, Secretary.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB REPORT

After a shaky start owing to bad weather and exams, the Athletic Club is now thriving, although enthusiasm among the older girls could be greater. Training sessions have been arranged and run by

Miss Dobson. Although we lost our only match so far, against Dunfermline High and Buckhaven High, there are some very promising young athletes, and it is hopeful that Jane Standley will do very well in the Scottish Schoolgirls' Championships. There are also high hopes for our relay teams.

In the future we have some more matches and, with more training it is hoped the teams will do quite well. The Captain is Joan Walker, the Vice-Captain, Alison Semple.

The Sports were held on 10th June, which turned out to be a lovely, sunny day. Pat Hutton won the Senior Girls' Championship, Rosemary Semple the Intermediate, and Margaret Leys the Junior. Jane Standley smashed the 70 yards hurdles record. Wallace won both the Inter-House relays and Lindores were second. A good performance was put up by all.

The teams would like to thank Miss Dobson and all other teachers who have helped with the training and organising of matches.

PENNY AGNEW, Secretary.

RUGBY REPORT

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

	F.	A.
Dec. 17—Morgan Academy	11	0
Jan. 14—Harris Academy	3	6
21—Madras College	3	14
Feb. 4—Aberdeen Grammar School	8	8
11—Perth Academy	8	0
18—Trinity Academy	3	19
25—Aberdeen Academy	18	3
Mar. 4—Keil School	31	3
11—Morgan Academy	5	0
18—Hawick High School	8	8
21—Former Pupils 1st XV.	6	19

It can be seen from these results that the team improved in the latter part of the season and had favourable scores against some of the better-known rugby schools, though the overall record of the team this season is rather mediocre—played 20, won 9, lost 9. Points for 151, points against 133.

As usual the school was well represented in Midland District teams. In the Christmas holidays, N. Cram, A. Masson and M. Rogers won places in the Midland 'B' XV, and in the Easter holidays the 1st XV. Captain, G. Stiven, played three times in the Midland 'A' XV.

The 2nd XV. have been unlucky in that most of their matches were cancelled, but in the few that were played some of the younger players showed promise.

The junior teams, as in previous years, had a mixed season.

Once again, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the members of staff who have assisted in refereeing or coaching any of the teams and to wish the best of luck to next year's 1st XV.

Secretary.

GIRLS' SWIMMING REPORT

This year there has been a total of twenty-two Royal Life-Saving Society Preliminary Safety awards—M. Armitage, P. Niven, C. Jack, J. High, C. Mack, L. Glass, H. Hogg, D. Cusens, I. Kneir,

M. Little, L. Henderson, F. McNeill, A. Gordon, L. Greig, J. Collins, I. Reid, J. Melrose, G. Troup, R. Taylor, P. Brodie, J. Hinrichs and B. Crawford. There were also two Bronze Personal Survival awards—M. Armitage and P. Niven.

In the Stobswell Gala on the 20th March, D.H.S. came 1st and in the Morgan Gala on the 22nd March, D.H.S. came 3rd in the Senior Inter-School Relays. The team was J. Sturrock, L. Millar, V. Walsh and S. Pringle.

In the Harris Gala on the 29th March and the D.H.S. Gala on the 30th March, the relay team came 4th. The team was the same except for J. Sturrock who was sitting bursary exams. Her place was taken by S. Todd.

At the D.H.S. Gala, E. McLennan won the Girls' Junior Championship and P. Brodie won the Senior Championship.

On 27th May, an under-16 team competed against Kirkton and came 2nd. The team was V. Walsh, P. Brodie, M. McGlone and E. McLennan.

Our thanks go to Miss Patrick and all members of staff who help at the Baths.

S. B. PRINGLE.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season R. D. Muckart was elected Captain; R. M. Foote, Vice-Captain; and J. C. Mitchell, Secretary and Treasurer.

We must take this opportunity of thanking Mr Paton for his time-consuming activities in the Club. An extensive fixture list was drawn up: in addition to the Boase Medal and the Pirie Cup, we are playing seven schools both at home and away. Following up our policy of playing the Old Boys, we are trying to arrange a game against the staff.

Our first game was against Arbroath High School, where we lost narrowly to the Scottish Champion. We have also played Harris Academy but were beaten two matches to one. The first rounds of the Pirie Cup have been completed and the Boase Medal was won by R. Catlow from R. D. Muckart and J. C. Mitchell.

This year's team has been picked from the pool consisting of R. D. Muckart, R. M. Foote, J. C. Mitchell, R. Catlow, N. M. Bryson, R. Berry, W. A. Masson and A. Meiklejohn. With these players we have enjoyed a successful season.

J. C. MITCHELL.

SAILING CLUB REPORT

Now that the sailing season is well under weigh, groups are heading for Forfar almost every Wednesday and Saturday. The boats were re-painted and re-varnished for the end of the Easter holiday and we were able to start sailing the first week back.

There is no longer a lack of helmsmen and more are being trained. I am happy to report that a fair amount of sailing is being done outside the Club, mainly on the Tay. This is giving valuable experience to those concerned.

Now that the School has a larger truck, we are able to take a larger number of members to Forfar each week.

Our thanks go to Mr Lawson of the Tay Rope Works for allowing us storage for the boats during the winter, to Mr Bell and all members of staff who have helped us, and finally to all those who helped in the painting and varnishing of the boats.

A. GRAEME WEBSTER, Secretary.

BOYS' ATHLETIC REPORT

At the beginning of the Athletic season, the following boys were elected to office—Captain, N. Y. Cram; Vice-Captain, M. J. Rogers; Secretary and Treasurer, W. A. Masson.

Because of cancellations, only one Athletics Match has, to date, been contested, in which Buckhaven High School and Dunfermline High School were our guests.

Although we did not win, great promise was shown all round, especially in the Junior sections, and we hope to do well in our future fixtures, against Morgan Academy (H), Waid Academy (A) and Gordon's College (A).

As usual, we cannot give enough thanks to Mr Coletta, Mr Allardice and all other members of staff involved. Special thanks must be conveyed to the hard-working ground staff, whose invaluable work makes such Athletics Matches possible.

W. A. MASSON.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
1st XI.	20	10	7	3	54	33

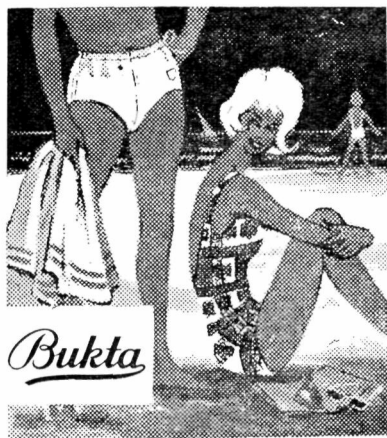
Over the entire playing season, the Hockey Club has been run smoothly and successfully, which is borne out by the above statistics of the 1st team's games.

After a rather promising start to the season by all teams, the 1st team went on to record good victories over such rivals of the past as Aberdeen Grammar, Robert Gordon's College, Lenrickmuir and Madras College. Unfortunately, towards the middle of the season, owing to many absences of 1st team members, the team became unsettled and went through a bad spell. Not least of the absentees was our Vice-Captain, A. G. McLaren, absent because of a broken Scaphoid.

Despite these set-backs, the team attained notable successes over Perth Academy and Alloa Academy.

The second team, owing to the constant draining of key players into the first team ranks, was forced to improvise and play suffered accordingly, although towards the end of the season there was a vast improvement which we hope will continue next season.

The absences from the first team did give a chance to the younger members to show their skills and their play gives grounds for much confidence that they will successfully take over next season from the leavers.



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This year, for the first time, it has been possible to field a second year team which has produced many promising players who will undoubtedly find themselves in the senior teams next season.

Congratulations to our Captain, A. G. Nicholson, for being selected to play for the Midlands and scoring an all-important goal in the competition against the West.

Our sincerest thanks to Mr Stark for all the work and patience he has put into the Hockey Club and also to Mr Clunie, Mr Fraser and all the members of staff who have given up their valuable time to refereeing and the improvement of the standard of play this past season.

A. B. BUCHAN, Secretary.

BOYS' TENNIS CLUB REPORT

So far this season the weather has had an unfortunate effect on the Club's fixtures, resulting in the cancellation of the first two senior fixtures and of a junior match. Equally unfortunately, there was an important athletics match on the same evening as our match against Arbroath High School in the first round of the Midland Knock-Out Tournament and, consequently, we were eliminated from the tournament.

But enthusiasm, especially among the Juniors, has not waned. This is borne out by the large entry in the Junior Tournament, the Christie Cup, which has reached its final stages, and two of the best Juniors, Gavin Wilson and Alisdair Sutter, reached the finals of the Midlands Schools Junior Tournament.

Finally our thanks must go to Mr Nigel Stewart for organising the fixtures and Mr Alec Wilson for amusing us on Wednesday afternoons and for looking after the Junior Tennis.

JAMES A. MARSHALL.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

This year's 1st XI. has played only a few matches and has done quite well so far. Bad weather and examinations have not allowed the players much practice but the team is hopeful and expects success in the remaining matches.

It was unfortunate that the annual match against Forthill XI. had to be postponed but perhaps our team will be better prepared when it comes to play them on 28th June.

Once again we must extend our thanks to Mr Allardice, Mr Stark, Mr Stevenson and the other members of staff who help coach us or umpire for us.

D. M.

CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

Unfortunately, owing to examinations and bad weather, the Climbing Club has only had one climb. This climb was a snow-climb from Glen Doll across to Loch Muick. The group split up into two sub-groups both going by different routes and returning by different routes. There was not a great deal of snow all over but in some places the depth of the snow made walking very difficult. It was, however, a most enjoyable day.

On behalf of the Club members I should like to thank Mr Adams for his help with the running of the Club.

G. STIVEN, Secretary.

BOYS' SWIMMING REPORT

There has been the usual amount of activity among the boys this term and the senior team has maintained a reasonable standard, although all the inter-school galas occurred immediately before the Highers and training was limited.

The senior team consisted this term of Alan Masson, Alastair Nicholson, John Peden and David Rorie, and at Morgan, Harris and our own galas, we were 1st, 3rd and 4th respectively

An under-16 team was sent to a Learn-to-Swim-Week Gala in May and won 2nd place in the relay, just failing to gain first place by a touch.

Since most of the senior team are leaving shortly, it is gratifying to see our younger swimmers doing well to ensure a reasonable standard of swimming in the High in years to come.

D. A. R.

Old Girls' Club

We have pleasure in sending greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The 35th Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on Monday, 13th March, 1967, when the following office-bearers and executives were appointed:— **President**, Mrs W. L. Marshall; **Vice-Presidents**, Mrs A. Watt and Mrs K. Lowden; **Hon. Treasurer**, Miss M. Stewart, 12 Arnhall Drive, Dundee; **Hon. Secretaries**, Mrs I. Lindsay 60 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry, Dundee, and Mrs M. Pritchard, 1 Bingham Terrace, Dundee; **Executive Committee**— Miss Gray and Miss Mudie (ex officio), Mrs Drummond, Mrs Grieve, Miss Robertson, Mrs Bruce, Mrs Ritchie, Miss Stevenson, Mrs Thomson, Miss Thomson, Miss Anderson, Mrs Stobie, Mrs Inverarity, Mrs Sim. Mrs Watt and Mrs Inverarity are representatives for the Athletic Union.

The Club's membership is now 626.

Two senior pupils, Alison McLeay and Bruce Armstrong-Payne, gave excellent demonstrations of paper sculpture and pottery making.

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

Almost 80 members attended the Reunion Dinner held in the Royal Hotel on Friday, 4th November, 1966. This proved, once again, a happy and successful occasion. After an excellent dinner, Miss Mudie (President) presented Mrs Stobie with a moss agate brooch in appreciation of her devoted

services as Secretary of the Club for six years. The entertainment which followed was in the very able hands of the President, who related her experiences on her journey to Australia and New Zealand. Her beautifully-coloured slides delighted all.

The next Reunion will again take the form of a Dinner, to be held in the Royal Hotel, on Friday, 3rd November, 1967.

Owing to the success of last year's liaison Party, between members of the Old Girls' Club and Senior Girls, another Beetle Drive was held this year in the School Hall on Friday, 10th March, 1967. There was an overwhelming response once again. Members of the Club acted as hostesses to the pupils. Pupils of the school greatly added to the enjoyment by entertaining the company to a very talented musical evening.

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

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

ADVANCE NOTICE

D.H.S. Former Pupils' Athletic Union

The 1968 Annual Ball is to be held at
INVERCARSE HOTEL
on THURSDAY, 7th MARCH

The following have joined the Club since February, 1966 :—

- Miss Pamela Anderson, 4 Terrace Road, Carnoustie.
Miss Pat Ballantine, 29 Clepington Road, Dundee.
Miss Fiona Bell, "Whitecroft", Kingennie.
Mrs G. Burnett, 5 Duntrune Terrace, West Ferry, Dundee.
Mrs A. Hajbowicz, 4 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.
Miss Frances Fleming, 37 Kilmany Road, Wormit.
Miss Frances Hardie, "Randerson", Errol.
Miss Joan Harvie, 39 Duncan Avenue, Arbroath.
Miss Hilary Hutton, "Hollylodge", Cedar Road, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.
Mrs Pam Hutcheon, "The Garage", Muirhead.
Mrs Helen Kinnes, "Rednock", Fintry Place, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.
Miss Joy Murray, 6 Ferndale Drive, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.
Miss Lesley McLeish, 98 Craigie Avenue, Dundee.
Mrs C. Nicoll, 289 Strathmartine Road, Dundee.
Miss Susan Phillips, 81 Dalrymple Terrace, Dundee.
Miss Patricia Ramsay, 64 Muirfield Cres., Dundee.
Miss Jennifer Reid, 22 Burn Street, Downfield, Dundee.

- Miss Jane Rorie, 21 Adelaide Place, Dundee.
Miss Fiona Stewart, 12 Arnhall Drive, Dundee.
Mrs D. Tweedie, 16 Arnhall Drive, Dundee.

We have pleasure in announcing the following marriages :—

- Miss Margaret Anderson to Mr I. Ross.
Mrs Mary Duncan to Mr A. Hajbowicz.
Miss Rosemary Gibson to Mr S. Dunlop.
Miss Mona Lindsay to Mr D. Adair.
Miss Sheena Milne to Mr D. Campsie.
Miss Isme Oglvie to Mr H. Scrimgeour.
Miss Winifred Paton to Mr N. Gibson.
Miss Katherine Smith to Mr R. Leslie.
Miss Eileen Sturrock to Mr R. Fraser.
Miss Catherine Sutherland to Mr G. Cartwright.

Obituary

We deeply regret the deaths of the following members :—

- Mrs B. Anderson, 20 Glamis Terrace, Dundee.
Mrs Fairweather, "St. Helens", Perth Road, Dundee.
Mrs D. Nairn, "Elmslea", 325 Perth Road, Dundee.

I. LINDSAY and M. PRITCHARD,
Hon. Secretaries.

Footnote

Once more you have found your way to the end of this edition and we hope you are not so exhausted by reading it as we have been by producing it! As plans for future examinations may again interfere with the timing of the next edition we can only give a tentative final date for contributions — Friday, 3rd November. May we as respectfully as possible remind contributors that the publishing of a magazine in December or January or at all depends very much on EARLY receipt of copy by the Editor? May we say, perhaps less respectfully, that we may refuse to prepare for publication reports and articles written, almost illegibly, on crumpled, dirty paper such as we receive too often from our pupils! And now it just remains to say : "Happy Holidays!"

(Editor.)

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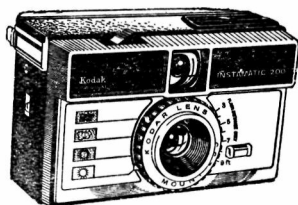
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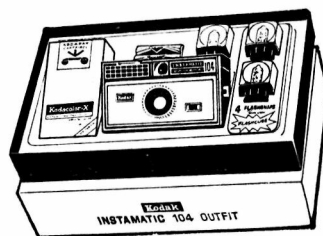
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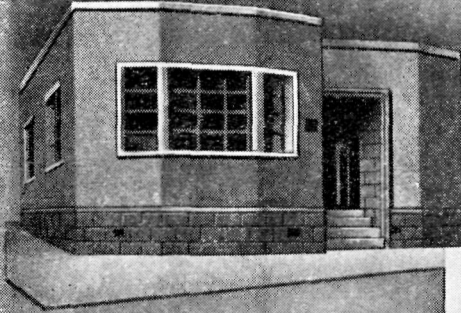
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