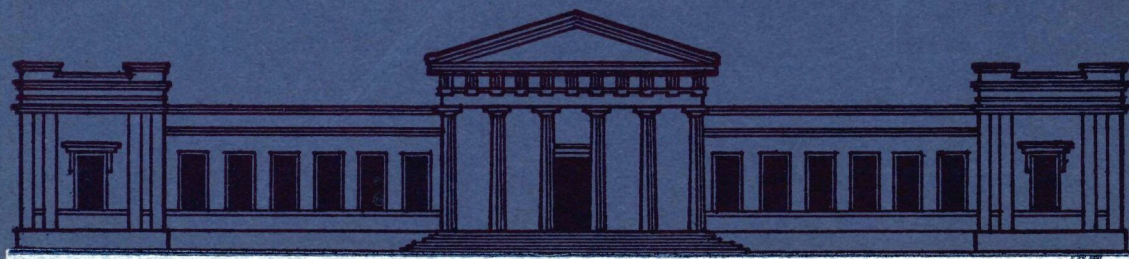


THE HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

MAGAZINE



RENOVATIONS IN HOME OR OFFICE

FLOOR COVERINGS

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

CARPETING

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

SPECIALITIES

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

*Estimates with pleasure
in All Departments*

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

ESTABLISHED OVER A CENTURY

TELEPHONE 25991 (2 Lines)



**Think of the bank
that pays for
your qualifications**

Think hard. Because National Commercial Bank pay a salary of £100 above the basic scale during initial years of service, to young men with 'Highers' qualifications:

The Scottish Certificate of Education with four passes at Higher level, including English – or three passes at Higher level, including English, and two at Ordinary level.

If you have either of these qualifications – or are likely to have after the exams – and are ambitious enough to be one of our future managers or top executives, then write to us.

But this isn't the only way to the top. The minimum standard for entry into the Bank's service is the Scottish Certificate of Education with passes in four subjects, including English, at Ordinary level.

You can get full details from the Staff Manager, National Commercial Bank of Scotland Limited, 42 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh 2.



National Commercial Bank
OF SCOTLAND LIMITED

MARATHON CARPETS

... ENJOY IN YOUR OWN HOME
THE RICH FEEL OF
AXMINSTERS, WILTONS and TUFTED

- ★ **Wonderful Choice of Colours and Patterns**
- ★ **Direct from Mill to your own Home**
- ★ **Amazing Value**
- ★ **Confidential Terms Arranged**

SEE THE SAMPLES FOR YOURSELF! IT'S THE EASIEST
WAY EVER OF CHOOSING YOUR NEW CARPET

FREE UNDERFELT
SUPPLIED WITH EVERY CARPET

THE MARATHON CARPET COMPANY

Regional Office :
**111 ALBERT STREET
DUNDEE
Tel. Dundee 84394**

Branches :
**GLENROTHES
ABERDEEN
INVERNESS**

IS YOUR EDUCATION TOO GOOD TO WASTE ON THE ARMY?

WHAT'S the use of knowing T. S. Eliot backwards in primary jungle? Who cares about the Second Law of Thermodynamics in an Infantry Mess? Does the Army prefer its Officers to be like its steaks—good and thick?

The profession of Arms is practised, to a great extent, out of doors. And there is not much culture in, say, laying an ambush in primary jungle at four o'clock in the morning. Do we, then, waste our time in speaking to Sixth Formers—and would you, when you leave school, be wasting your expensive education if you became an Army Officer?

The answer is no; and for a good many reasons. One is that few jobs require so much of a man's mind as that of an Army Officer. You will have to think fast, to think under stress; and you will have to think correctly, because men's lives will depend on your thoughts. Nor will your innate originality and inventiveness be put to sleep in the Army. Wellington did not win his victories in the Peninsular War by being dull and unoriginal. To do the unexpected, to do it well, efficiently, and at the right time—these are the hallmarks of a good Army Officer.

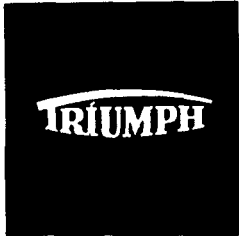
Global Security During your career as an Officer, it is possible that you will take part in—and help to form—the workings of a new system of global security. Some

British troops today wear the pale blue beret of the United Nations. Their Officers' tasks are highly complex, often calling more on their talents as diplomats and peace-makers than their prowess in battle. No less demanding are the jobs of Officers with troops in Commonwealth or NATO roles. The challenge is at all levels: it may fall to a General's lot to decide the overall strategy, but it is on the junior Officer's skill that depends, say, the successful solution of a potential international incident in Hong Kong or at the Berlin Wall.

Many changes are due—and many overdue—in Europe and the world. You may prefer to take your part in bringing them about as an industrialist, or a market researcher, or a technician, or in any number of jobs which deal, as most jobs do, with commodities. An Army Officer deals, more simply, with people. Many find that the most exciting subject of all. If you do too, and would like to know more about a career as an Army Officer, write to:



**Brigadier J. L. Proudlock, D.S.O.,
Scottish Command, The Castle,
Edinburgh 1.**



Even though you have been trained at the High School — you may not write in a legible manner !

WHY NOT INVEST IN A TYPEWRITER ?

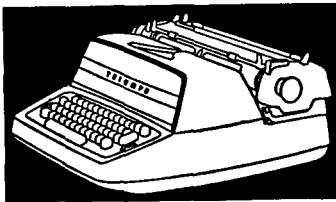
All makes and models supplied, standard or portable, new or reconditioned, with guarantee. Also all Office Equipment.

FROM

Headrick Livingstone & Co.

79 MEADOWSIDE, DUNDEE

TEL : 24380



Area agents for Triumph Typewriters and Kodak Copiers.

When Christmas Shopping . . .

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

DRESS ACCESSORIES

as gifts for men and women of discrimination and taste

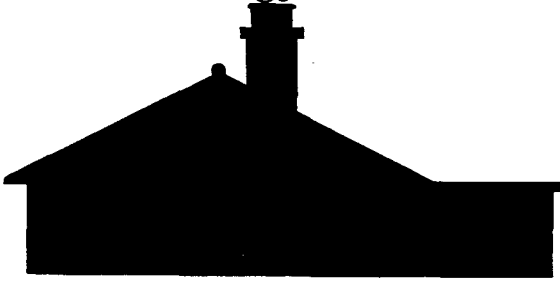
Henry Adams & Son

THE DUNDEE GLOVERS

TELEPHONE : 23775

6 HIGH STREET - - - DUNDEE

STONEWORK IN ALL ITS
BRANCHES



CARRIED OUT BY OUR
EXPERT CRAFTSMEN

**JOHN
McCONNACHIE**

BUILDERS AND CIVIL ENGINEERS

31 - 35 GUTHRIE STREET

DUNDEE

TEL. 22877

Editorial Committee

MISS E. M. DAVIDSON, M.A.
L. MARSHALL, R. FOOTE — Editors.
P. AGNEW, B. CHRISTIE, C. GRIFFITHS,
C. RICHMOND, J. MEE, A. MUNRO — Form 6.
F. DOUGHTY, P. FLEMING, C. POWRIE,
D. WILKINSON — Form 5.
G. GILROY, L. MACDOUGALL,
C. JONES — Form 4.
A. GORDON, G. NIMMO — Form 3.
S. DUFF, L. C. BARR — Form 2.

Contents

- 7 Editorial
- 8 From Far and Near
- 10 Primary
- 13 Letters to the Editor
- 14 Senior Poets
- 21 Seniors
- 21 What do YOU think of your Brothers and Sisters?
- 23 Shakespeare Confused
- 24 Inspired by Rupert Brooke
- 25 The Border
- 27 Opinion
- 32 Travellers Talk
- 35 Anyone for Cycling?
- 36 The Story of a Battleship
- 43 School Activities
- 46 Sport
- 49 Old Boys' Club
- 49 Phew!

Pola-Cola

REGD.



Oh so
C-O-O-L
and
Refreshing

ROBERTSON FRUIT PRODUCTS LTD.
DUNDEE — ABERDEEN — GLASGOW



EDITORIAL

No. 143

ONE SHILLING AND
SIXPENCE

DECEMBER, 1967

A school magazine is really a brave thing. It tries to do what no other journal does. It seeks to give a literary opportunity to a span of age groups ranging from tots to hulking sixth-formers, and even invites former pupils, now maturing in the outside world, to have their say. It is never an easy rôle to be all things to all men.

For an editorial committee the problems are acute. All contributions, it is true, are gratefully received by them. But what to put in and what to leave out? It is within their power to give pleasure and to give pain. The easy course would be to put everything in, and never mind the expense of printing a swollen giant of a publication. But the editorial function, we have found, is a ruthless one. Our first aim must be to please the reader and spare him the burden of well-intentioned but less-gifted contributions. In giving effect to this aim we trust that we have not stifled some literary ambitions at birth. After all, there were many border-line efforts.

The question of selection this time was admittedly easier; it was a new idea to draw members of committee from the younger as well as senior forms, so that older minds would not monopolise the selection method. This was made possible thanks to "Friday 9" — magazine work now takes place at a regular session last period on Fridays.

From this meeting of minds greater things could emerge. It is currently an open secret that the planning of a regular school newspaper is afoot. Once this is accomplished a full measure of printer's ink will be in the High School blood. Come to think of it, why

in a city with a tradition of journalism should D.H.S. not before now have drawn a bow at this kind of venture?

But to return to this Christmas issue of our magazine, the third in a calendar year! In congratulating all those who sent in contributions, we mention in the passing that class exams were in season when they wrote; and Ordinary grade and Higher prelims were causing mass hysteria in the senior forms. For all that, a rich fund of writing is in these pages, grave and gay, quiet and rumbustious, all in its own way creative. And we seem to have struck a rich vein of poetry. We hope all this gives pleasure.

Our editorial committee had their usual panics and alarms. The printers had been given the promise of a delivery date for "copy". What was the penalty for breach of promise? Some of us even had an idea of dropping the magazine in favour of the new theory of communication evolved by a Canadian professor and known as "The Medium is the Message". According to him, audio-visual communication is the future way of mankind. Writing is out, reading is out and print is out. This could mean that instead of the fatigue of writing and reading a magazine we could all assemble in the Caird Hall before an enormous T.V. screen and gaze.

Whatever may be, High School pupils for a long time yet will nibble pen-holders and chew fingernails in the labours of literary endeavour.

It only remains for us to wish all our readers a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

From Far and Near

NEWS OF STAFF

The School was pleased to see MR ERSKINE once more at the helm when the session started and hope that he continues to enjoy improvement in health.

A number of new members of staff were welcomed — MISS BAIN, MRS CURZON, MRS FOSTER, MISS C. SMITH and MRS LOW. They have all settled in and have become used to our eccentricities in a remarkably short time.

There was a less pleasant side to the opening of the 1967-68 session, however, which we all very much regret. MR ALEXANDER, MR HOWAT and MISS NICOLL had all been involved in accidents, Mr Alexander's being so serious that it is only recently that he has been able to resume his duties. MRS RICHTERICH, too, met with misfortune in succumbing to a rather protracted and painful illness which deprived us of her gay presence for a number of weeks at the beginning of term. We hope now that all these ladies and gentlemen are either restored to their old fitness or continue to make progress.

Just when the staff seemed once more to be complete, one of the more recent additions, MR A. B. STEWART of the Science Department, decided to leave us for the post of Principal Teacher of Physics at Perth High School. While wishing him every success and happiness we should also wish to record how sorry we are to lose his good-humoured presence and cheerful personality. Our "news-sleuths" report that he had found

it "a joy to teach the pupils of D.H.S."; both pupils and staff would agree that we in turn found his two years' stay with us an equal joy.

Two members of staff have recently announced their engagements — MR J. STEVENSON of the Modern Languages Department to MISS JEAN A. BRYSON; and MISS JOYCE COULL of the Preparatory Department to MR BILL STEELE. We offer them our sincere congratulations and very best wishes for the future.

In the annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, MR VANNET was represented by an etching of fishermen mending nets and a pencil drawing; and in the St. Andrews Art Club Exhibition held during the summer, MRS KHAN had three paintings in gouache on view.

NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

MISS HILARY BROWN tied for second place in the final of the S.T.V. "Young Scot" contest in June, being awarded 51 marks out of a possible 60. We congratulate her on this outstanding achievement and send our good wishes for her future career at Edinburgh University where she is studying politics and sociology.

Congratulations to former pupil LINDA GIBB (NEE MOLLISON) who received from St. Andrews University in June the degree of M.Sc. for her thesis — "Some Studies on the Alkali-Labile Component of Acid Soluble Calf Skin Collagen".

MICHAEL B. SMITH is to be congratulated on his appointment as Administrative Assistant to the Dumfries Area Manager, Scottish Region, on completion of the Management Trainee Course with British Railways.

We note, too, that one of those who had a proud moment on the launching of the "Queen Elizabeth II." was an F.P. of D.H.S. — MR GEORGE H. PARKER. His post, that of shipyard director with John Brown & Company Ltd., is one of the most responsible in shipbuilding.

We congratulate MR DONALD ROSS, Q.C., on his election as Vice-Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. A former dux of D.H.S., he is an Arts and Law graduate of Edinburgh University and was appointed Q.C. in 1964.

We send our congratulations and best wishes to MR ROBIN STIMPSON (a former editor of the School Magazine) on his being awarded the McIntosh Bursary (value £65) by the University of Dundee.

Best wishes to MR ALASTAIR LYLE who, we learn, is emigrating to Australia. Mr Lyle recently qualified as a C.A. and is well-known in rugby circles.

NEWS OF PRESENT PUPILS

As far as we know only three present pupils have hit the headlines this session. Under the heading, "Royal 'catch' by Dundee boys", we read how SYDNEY SCROGGIE, NEIL PHILIP and GRAEME BURNS, on a Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Award trip through the hills of North Angus and Aberdeenshire, met the Duke himself and now have the signature "Philip" on their cards!

TO OUR FORMER PUPILS

The Editor is always pleased to receive, at school, any news of our former pupils or

any contributions by them. All other inquiries, for example concerning change of address, delivery or non-delivery of magazines, should be sent to the Old Boys' or Old Girls' Club Secretaries, who deal with such matters.

In school we work to a very tight schedule with regard to both money and time and any extra calls on either can be somewhat irksome. The addresses of the present secretaries are:—

Old Boys' Club —

K. W. PRITCHARD
46 BELL STREET, DUNDEE

Old Girls' Club —

MRS I. LINDSAY
60 CAMPHILL ROAD
BROUGHTY FERRY, DUNDEE
and

MRS M. PRITCHARD
1 BINGHAM TERRACE, DUNDEE

Thank you! (Editor).

COMPETITION RESULTS

Although we were not exactly buried under an avalanche of suggestions for a title for our proposed regular paper, almost all the suggestions were of a very high order, the most commendable being — "Clara" or "Clarion" suggested by Celia Urquhart, Form Ib2, "High Hopes" suggested by John Richmond, Form II., "Sky High" suggested by an important member of the Magazine Committee and "Apex" (being the highest of the high) by Susan Law, Form II.

We press-ganged a very busy Miss Gray to adjudicate and now we have much pleasure in awarding the prize to:—

John Richmond, Form II.

and in

INTRODUCING

"HIGH HOPES"

Soon (we hope by the end of January at the latest) you will have in your hands the first copy of "HIGH HOPES", full of sparkling wit, devastating humour, amazing erudition, etc., etc., and a platform for *YOUR* opinion. Keep your eyes open for posters concerning "HIGH HOPES".

YOUR OWN HIGH SCHOOL PAPER

Primary

NEWS AND VIEWS BY L.II.

I have a muose and it has a long tail and
it can smell very well and it eats at nighte.

DONALD MILLER, L.IIa.

My daddy works at the Ninewells hospital
he is an architect He just sits in his offise and
writes and he went up a chimney.

PETER CLARK, L.IIa.

I am going to be a headmaster when I
am grownup.

I am going to make report cards.

And I am going to give the boys and girls
a wave if I see them.

SCOTT CARNEGIE, L.IIa.

On Sunday we went to scone whith our
auntie who is a pilot and we got up in a
aeroplan.

DAVID SADDLER, L.IIa.

MATTERS OF MOMENT BY L.III.

THE COUNTRYSIDE

If the wind be still the trees are still. If
the wind does blow the daisies seem to be
talking. The silence breaks through the
country side.

RICHARD PHILLIPS, L.IIIa.

I like to write aboute my self and I like
to write aboute my toys they are so gay and
plesant and colifel I have a bick and a sea-
sow.

DEBORAH JACOB, L.III.

My Daddy was doing a lot of sailing at
Fortrose. Daddy won to trofays and a real
big silver cup. We had nine guests drinking
out of the cup. My Daddy gets the cup for
a year. It is on our table at home. Grame
my big brother was out sailing in the solo,
he was first and he won eight shilings. Daddy
however had a bigger boat than Grame had.
Grame is a very clever boy. And can do
every thing right.

IAIN WEBSTER, L.IIIb.

MY SISTER

One-day my wee sister got a tooth out.
She got a sixpence. She said to mummy that
one sixpence wasent much mony. Then
mummy said it was a lot of mony for a girl
of five years old. Then my wee sister said
that two shillings would be better. Then
mummy said she would take it from her.

JOHN F. BARR, L.IIIa.

A LITTLE BUOY

A little orange bobbing up and down,
Floating on the sea.

What could it be bobbing on the sea?
So big and orange today!

What could it *be* bobbing on the sea?
Ho! I know! it's a buoy of course.

Now I know — know — know.

FIONA WALKER, L.IIIa.

PETER

Peter is my rabbit. He is a Dutch rabbit.
He is three years old. Peter has a twin brother
and he is bigger than him. We think he is a
girl. Dutch rabbits have pink eyes and black
ears and a black nose and a grey tail. He
likes oat-meal and tealeves. And somtimes
I give him bread and milk. He is white.

GERALD BURNETT, L.IIIa.

A DIRECTOR

I am going to do a lot of work. I am
going to save a lot of money. I am going to
buy boats with that money. And a caravan.
I am going to hull in England, and Glasgow
and Holland and thats what I am going to
do when I grow up.

IAIN WEBSTER, L.IIIb.

THE ZOO

One day I went to the zoo,
And there I saw a kangaroo.

I saw a hairy chimpanzee,
With a baby on her knee.

The slippery reptiles made me shiver,
And the alligator was called Liver.

JUNE MARSHALL, L.VI.

THE MARE

Old Nancy the mare,
With shiny black hair,

Is prancing across the meadow.

The cows in the byre,

Never shall tire,

Of watching her dance to her shadow.

RUTH MACPHERSON, L.VI.

At Home and Abroad



Canal Transport, Bruges



Lace-making School, Bruges



Miniature Walcheren



The Girls! Middleburg



Guides in Action



Route March Rest

(Photographs by—Rosemary Boyack, Form 5; Pat Ritchie, Form 4;
Lesley Miller, Form 4 and Griselda Gilroy, Form 4).



GIRLS' HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Penny Agnew, Deborah Menelaws, Pat Hutton, Miss Dobson, Anne McPherson, Irene Stewart, Rosemary Boyack.

Front Row (l. to r.)— Elizabeth Meiklejohn, Shona McFadzen (Vice-Captain), Margaret Duncan (Captain), Fiona Ross, Margaret Gibb.



(Photographs by—J. D. Brown, Castle Street).

BOYS' HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Mr J. Coletta, I. R. Dye, J. A. Inglis, K. W. Greig, W. J. R. Smith, J. F. Mee, R. H. Berry, D. R. H. Tullis, Mr D. C. Fraser.

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

Members of the **Senior Sixes** (who are included in the photograph above) represented the School at the Midland Schools Six-a-Side Tournament which they won. They are :— R. H. Berry, A. B. Buchan, R. J. Catlow, A. G. Nicholson (Captain), A. G. McLaren and I. C. Haeburn-Little.

AROUND THE WORLD

One day I thought I would go around the world in an aeroplane. I bought one for £5,000 and it was split new so I had to get it serviced.

When the great day came, I took off from Turnhouse (Edinburgh Airport) and went to France and then to Portugal and Spain down to Morocco through Algeria, Niger, Nigeria, Cameroon, Congo, Angola, South West Africa and down to Cape Town in South Africa to get refueled. I took off again and headed for India, through China, Mongolia, U.S.S.R., Poland, Germany and back to Turnhouse.

RICHARD CLARK, L.IV.

FOG

In the dirty streets Fog went, first one foot then another leaving a trail of steamy whiteness into which soot and smoke twisted and turned. Up and down alleyways, leaving people to find their way about, leaving drivers hopelessly driving down the wrong side of the road, and poor babies screaming in prams, waiting for mother to save them from the dense smoky atmosphere.

HELEN FOSTER, L.VI.

THE LAST JOURNEY

It was 2 o'clock, and a great excitement because the railway that runs through our property was going to be closed. It was to start at Dundee on the Dundee to Forfar line. We live in Monikie. The train which was to pass would hold 125 passengers, and it would have 2 coaches. At 2 o'clock, we started to make some posters. My wee brother's poster said "HELLO", Kathlyn Fairlie's said "ENJOY YOURSELF", little Susan Brand's said "HAPPY JOURNEY" and mine said "GOODBYE FOR EVER". At the end of the line the Dundee to Forfar line passed slowly into history.

LYNNE BAXTER, L.V.

AUTUMN TUNE

All the leaves burst out in flaming colours
Red, gold, brown and yellow.
Chestnuts, acorns, and beechnuts
Are what we find in Autumn Time
The leaves dance about like Spanish dancers.
The leaves they lie in clusters like fire.
The squirrel, hedgehog, and all other animals
All fall into a magic sleep.

SHEILA JAMIESON, L.V.

HALLOWE'EN

The night is dark,
Without a spark,
And see the witches fly,
Witches on their broomsticks;
Witches going by.

To me the witches were not known.
Until I saw one on my own.
I saw a cat, and it was black,
I saw a cat with an arched back.

JOHN I. SHEPHERD, L.VI.

THE GRAND NATIONAL

And it's Arkle flying over the jumps
And racing round the track
And Millhouse coming round behind
While Arkle beats him back.

And sweating Arkle gallops in,
With Jay Trump close behind
Through the crowds of cheering men
And Arkle's won again.

CAMPBELL A. LEMON, L.VI.

THE CRICKET MATCH

"Howzat! Howzat!" bawled Wes Hall
As he got out the England player,
"Heck! that guy was tall,"
"As tall as Gary Player."

Ted Dexter then strode in to bat
"I'll show that bowler he's a rat,"
He hit the first ball high for six,
The fielders then were in a fix.
Four runs were needed now to win,
He tried to hit a shot to win,
But mighty Sobers made a catch,
It looked as though they'd won the match.
John Snow came in at number ten,
"I'll deal with these West Indian men,"
He hit his first ball far and wide,
"We've won, we've won," the English
cried.

WILLIAM BOASE, L.V.

THE PURPLE-SPOTTED MONSTER

There it was, breathing fire right in my face. I couldn't stand the heat so I tried to run away, but it stuck its tail in my path. I hadn't a hope of climbing over it because it was ten feet high. The actual body was eighty feet high. I climbed up its back and saw its spines for the first time. They had poisonous tips. I touched one and fell down. Then I awoke and found myself lying on the floor. What a dream!

NIALL CAMPBELL, L.V.

SCOTTISH TENEMENT, 1967

The winter evening settles down
With misty drabness;
In dark, damp streets sheets and towels hang
Dripping onto smooth, wet cobbles.
The raindrops sparkle on window-boxes,
And, poised, fall to the street.
The world darkens, but brightens again
As, one by one, the lights of greasy candles
Glow, and then slowly brighten.

ROSS MACDONALD, L.VII.

DUNDEE, 1967

The winter evening settles down
Across the bridge and spreading town.
Multi-storeys jab the sky
Towering up menacing and high
A grimy chimney belches smoke
As people chat with other folk.
Youths stand beneath the dim street lights
And laugh and sing and quarrel and fight
While sleepy children nod their heads
And snuggle down in warm beds.
Slowly lights go out one by one
The day is done.
A single car rumbles by
And a gull glides across the lonely sky.

DAVID NICOLL, L.VII.

FIGHT IN THE JUNGLE

The tall ferns swayed gently in the wind.
The tropical plants lay in a tangled mass as far as the human eye could see. The swamps and mud pools bubbled and seethed in the hot sun. Suddenly, there was a movement in the swamp. A large greenish-grey shape rose out of the pool and clambered up the bank.

It was an animal but unlike any living thing we know today. It was one of the largest races of animals ever known in the history of the world; it was a dinosaur!

The brontosaurus, as it was known, succeeded in ascending the bank and made for a clump of vegetation and began munching at its emerald green leaves. Then, from a thicket of tangled bushes and creepers, a flesh-eating dinosaur emerged. A furious fight followed. The newcomer sprang at the brontosaurus and dug his sharp teeth and claws into his prey. Blood lay in pools on the ground. Dust swirled. Loud snarls and

growls rang through the jungle. Suddenly it was all over. The growling stopped. The dust ceased to be kicked up in a foggy mass. Then, the last of the dust settled, showing the result of the fight.

The brontosaurus lay in a lake of crimson blood, its murderer standing triumphantly over the torn, scarred body lying on the dusty ground.

Soon after the fight the victor, having eaten his prey, returned into the jungle leaving everything as it was. The sun still beat mercilessly down, the swamps and mud pools still seethed and boiled, the breeze still rocked the ferns from side to side, and all was quiet.

PAMELA SWANNEY, L.VII.

THE VISITOR

A few weeks ago, an old friend turned up in our garden. Although he is very welcome, the robin is believed to be a sign of winter. This robin has been coming to our garden for two years now, and he is still the smallest robin I have ever seen. As you know, robins are very tame birds, and I have even heard stories of robins eating out of a human being's hands. But Robin and I are not on quite such good terms. Quite often he puts his head in the kitchen, cocks his head to one side then the other, and grins cheekily. When we are in the garden, he comes and watches what we are doing, but if we take one step in his direction, he is away.

You must admit it has become colder in the last few weeks.

ELIZABETH GILMOUR, L.VII.

A MOON DREAM

As I lie in bed at night
And gaze at the moon so round and bright,
Beyond the clouds and far away,
Through Orion and the Milky Way.

I wonder whether in years ahead
The moon will mean to me,
A landing place for missiles all
With mountains, rocks and sea.

A stepping stone to other worlds,
And men of strange ideas,
Where wars and famines have no place
And people live with charm and grace.

PATRICIA LANGLANDS, L.VII.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

To put it bluntly, I am DISGUSTED. You put all my genius and works of art into your soppy magazine; then you have the insolence to say that it was written by a non-existent imposter in L.IIIa. Someone in a very high position said it was either a printer's error or her bad writing but it was neither — it was a piece of calculated libel and I demand an immediate apology and a place on the Editorial Board (if you have one that is) oh, and a free copy of your absolutely adorable magazine.

I am,

Yours (disgustingly) disgustedly,

JOHN H. BROWN, F.IVa.

(Humblest apologies—especially from “someone in a very high position”! We deny the accusation of “calculated libel”, however, admitting only to our usual gross incompetence. As to a place on the Board — every member shouted, “Let him be Caesar!” We shall be delighted to crown Mr Brown any Friday between 3.15 and 4 p.m.! — Editor.)

Dear Editor,

Regarding the Friday 9 period — at the moment I am carrying out a project in which I am not really interested because I am not allowed to do anything else. This extra period is a good idea but it has not been used as it should. The teachers could find out very easily what our hobbies are and could group us accordingly. Personally I would like to see a special section for the purpose of investigating borderline sciences and discussing such topics as, “What is the truth behind the flying saucers?” and “Psychic Phenomena: Is there another world?” The reason I use these as examples is that I am a member of CONTACT and the local Psychic Research organisation and I think these topics of the utmost importance.

If any reader is interested in my plans or has had any experience of either U.F.O.'s or the Supernatural would they be kind enough to contact me?

I am,

GORDON KELLY, F.III.

(We agree that pupils should have freedom to speak. — Editor.)

Dear Editor,

In Form 1 some people have gone potty. What I mean is, people are actually asking for homework! To think we don't have enough homework. On one occasion (16/10/67) we had two essays; French, Arith; and Geography. One person who is really potty has asked for homework twice, in two weeks, which we could have done without. We (in Form 1) are utterly flooded out with homework everynight.

Let's hope teachers go on strike so that we can have a rest from homework.

Yours sleepily,

DOZY, F.I.

(Correcting the English of this letter might be a useful occupation when the teachers go on strike! — Editor.)

As usual the Editor has been inundated with complaints — about school lunches, uniform, the front playground, traffic regulations, the magazine and, of course, teachers. To keep our readers well-informed on such matters we offer a few quotations —

The Magazine — “Just think, a beautiful, dazzling, green waterproof cover with purple pages enscribed in mauve blending with yellow.” (Yes, just think! — Editor.)

Uniform (by a boy) — “The beret should be scrubbed off the regulation list. The skirts are a bit long. They should be raised an inch or two but not till they are pelmets.” (Another Dior? — Editor.)

— “There are one or two stupid little rules our school seems to have, such as having to wear turn-ups on your trousers and lacing shoes.” (Turn-ups on shoes? — Editor.)

Staff — “Staff ought to have a uniform. They looked much smarter 50 years ago. At 9 o'clock precisely they all marched up the front playground with top-hats and carrying umbrellas. I don't know why this has been stopped.” (We are mystified, too.—Editor.)

School — “So why doesn't the school give the pupils something to do over lunch-time?” (Some pupils just ask for it, don't they? — Editor.)

A final ominous quote, “How long do we have to wait before we start a revolution?” (Help! Where are our fall-out shelters? — Editor.)

Senior Poets

DISTURBED BIRDS OF THE WILD

The Pheasant rose
Up from the heather
Disturbed from her restful repose.
Away she ran,
Frightened, protective,
Away from the nest.

The Wild Duck rose
Up from the water
Disturbed from her wild-life pose.
Away she flew,
With posture, elegance,
Away from the lake.

The Robin rose
Up from her boot,
Disturbed from her forty-wink dose.
Away she fluttered,
Cheeping danger,
Away from the boot.

The Osprey rose
Up from her perch,
Disturbed from her watch.
Away she swooped,
Diving, attacking,
Away from her perch.

CAROLLYN SILLARS, F.IIa.

WAR

War is such a bloodthirsty thing,
Death has such a mercilous ring,
The waste of lives not in their prime
And blood that runs away into slime.

Young soldiers eager to do their bit,
Find themselves burying friends in a pit,
Death from bullets and red hot grenades,
Make them scared to use their spades.

At night when watching moon-less skies
You can see the fear of death in all eyes,
War is such a bloodthirsty thing,
Death has such a mercilous ring.

SUSAN LAW F.II.

THEMES FROM CHILDHOOD

Has life passed by so fast,
That I am left alone on a fast-flowing tide,
My refuge upon a pinnacle of frustration?
It seems only yesterday that by the Christmas
tree I stood,
Fretting my eager passion upon a sum undone
and even yet undone.

When washing hangs stiff upon the line,
And Winter smells crowd the air,
As does a dying flower before vanishing
At dusk in a last flourish of sweet
Odour,
I think,

I think — it seems only last week I made
A boat, of cardboard and tin, but
Time has gone on.
My sea was the grass stiff with frost,
My horizon a chimney with smoke filling the
air,

To drift heavy-laden to my nostrils.

As I stand here memories are
Transferred from odours sweet,
And I feel melancholy for the past.
Shall I in future years stand here,
And recall memories of today?
Oh feeling of gloom what hast thou in store
for me?

Shall I live to stand and conjure
Memories from scents of winter here?
Shall time beautify the years to come,
When they are gone
And lost in the mists of antiquity?

NEIL PRATT, F.V.

THE WHEEL

The first pink flush, fragile, shy
Spreads like a blush on virginal cheek
And the dawn of day, of life, of birth
Warms the heart of men and earth.

Like gentle nymph in flowing gowns
Night softly dims the glare of life
Embalming all in blue and peaceful still,
Ends toil and pain in dreamless death.

LOIS MARSHALL, F.IV.



MAKE THE SCENE AT
CAIRDS
REFORM STREET, DUNDEE

Young fashions, smack-bang up-to-date with the times, for teenagers who like to look a "smash".

"05" Shop for young men. "Gear Box" and the new "Honey Boutique" (next to Cairdsport in Whitehall Street) for girls. Take a trip to Cairds soon. It's the most — to say the least!

Order Your Flowers & Fruit by Phone!

Margaret Ritchie Ltd.

always at your Service

We have 3 lines 226.95-6 also 25.999

Deliveries in Dundee and all districts by our own transport, and throughout the free World by Interflora.

84-86 Commercial Street

Telegrams & Cables "Interflora"

**Of course it's
my kind of Bank!**

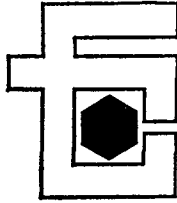


How do you think I saved up for my transistor — the one you two are always borrowing? My Dad started me off with a Trustee Savings Bank Account when I was ten. I've been putting a bit by ever since. Just a few shillings or even a pound or so whenever I could spare it — and the Bank puts on interest, as well! Adds up quickly, too. Bet I'm the first one of us to have a scooter — unless you lot start saving too, at . . .

DUNDEE SAVINGS BANK

HEAD OFFICE: 2 EUCLID STREET, DUNDEE

Branches throughout the City and in Angus and Fife



**FRASER
CONSTRUCTION
LIMITED**

**BUILDING AND PUBLIC
WORKS CONTRACTORS
18 WHITEHALL CRESCENT
DUNDEE**

Jute Industries International

During the past year we visited from Bangkok to Miami and from Helsinki to Cape Town. We sold furnishing fabrics to the States and carpet backing throughout Europe. In 1966 our overseas sales totalled over £3½ millions.

At the same time we provided the backing for more than half the carpets made in Britain.

It's little things like these which make us the biggest jute combine in Europe.



GEORGE MARTIN (BUILDERS) LTD.

●
Builders and Public Works Contractors

●
**110-112 GRAY STREET
BROUGHTY FERRY, DUNDEE**

Telephone : Dundee 77274/5

THE DOG FOOD SHOP

(W. W. CROAL)

(Late of 15 South Union Street)

Pets and Pet Supplies. A Large Choice of Popular Dog Foods including Fresh Meat and Cooked Meat Dogs Expertly Clipped. Medallions Neatly Engraved

NOW OPPOSITE NEW TAY ROAD BRIDGE

**38 DOCK STREET
DUNDEE**

Phone 23920

for all scholars' requisites

BOOKS

STATIONERY

FOUNTAIN PENS and MATHS. SETS

GREETING CARDS

GIFTS

Book and Gift Tokens sold and exchanged

JOHN MENZIES

BOOKSHOP

8 WHITEHALL STREET

DUNDEE

Tel. 25439

ARE WE NOT FOOLS ?

The day is past when man could say,
"I do not know why I should care
That others suffer
Somewhere, so far away?
They are not my friends, my brothers.
Why should I care?"

Why is it that the poor are still
Despised and we, uncaring,
Look away
From their unpleasantness?
Are they not men?
Is he not one of us?

Who is he that sees the suffering
Of others, grieved, with compassion
And will also act?
Who has the time?
Who cares enough? Who is willing
To make one small sacrifice?

We are shown, but will not,
In our indifference, see
That they all, too, are men
And feel as we,
We think ourselves safe, secure in plenty and
in faith.
Are we not fools?

ALISON BROWN, F.IV.

THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION

Who is the man that walks the road
Knowing where he is going
And why?
Cold winds of fear blow around him,
Mysterious shapes move about him and he is
Afraid.

Alone he journeys on, in blind ignorance.
He stumbles, falls and rises
Again.

When will he realise others walk beside him,
Sharing with him the same life, fate and fear
Of death?

When will he see the darkness is only dusk,
The dusk of approaching night or perhaps
the glimmer
Of dawn?

ALISON BROWN, F.IV.

A SEA OF TROUBLES

(Dedicated to the member of staff claiming to be a confirmed optimist and another who would, doubtless, treat this piece as "a sign of the decadence in modern poetry".)

Storm winds ride high, and thickly round us
The dark fog swirls; shapes loom up —
Vague and meaningless;
The boat rocks violently, and the spray lashes
in
'Till we are wet and cold —
Shivering under cruel reality.

Lost on eruptive seas, far from land —
Shapes loom up, enlarged by the fog
Which seems to engulf us —
Uncertainty — rudely waking us,
From a brighter land,
To the turmoil of this life.

Voyaging lost on turbulent billows —
Life to this world's pessimists who,
Seeming to belong to another sphere
Where we are not always defeated —
Find the world a chaotic prison, and our
minds
A paradise of freedom and tranquillity.

LONELINESS

The lonely wind howled mournfully,
echoing over the vast emptiness of the bleak
moor,
the biting snow whirled relentlessly,
clinging fiercely to each gaunt shrub and tree.
The sky above was thick and huddled
with menacing mid-winter snowclouds,
blotting out the feeble beams of the brave
moon
and the cheerful twinkling of the far-distant
stars.
No friendly light penetrated the gloomy dark-
ness.
No bold footprint marred the new-born snow.
No helpless creatures snuggled close together
for warmth;
everything was quite, quite empty.

LINDA CAIRD, F.IV.

AFTER THE NUCLEAR WAR

Oh! The sickly mediocrity of the human race,
Which now in dust and vaporous filth is
fallen,
The ravished hope of generations
Facing such degrading retribution.
Where once stood pinnacles of towering and
ecstatic beauty,
There lies the corpse of all humanity;
And where the morning sun rose softly in the
east,
There is but blank inanity.

ANON, F.V.

THE SEA

She hissed, and spat, and laughed,
Watched by the terror-stricken sailors
They who prayed to her to let her be calm
But, uninterested, her sickly curdling laugh
wailed aloud,
And, with one mighty gulp she swallowed her
prey —
To the fun of the bloodthirsty seagulls that
reeled above,
And then, she lay still to await her next
victim.

LESLEY DUGUID, F.III.

THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE

(Inspired by pictures in a "Sunday
Times" magazine)

The green grass is finished now.
We're on our way to the slaughter house.

Along the dim-lit street,
We lift our weary feet nearer our fate.

Now in the pen there's no way out;
The blood-stained slaughterer will
Use his gun; no mercy to be shown.

I do a curtsy and fall on my face,
Then I'm cut and sold to the human race.

G. PEARCE, F.II.

Seniors

What do YOU think of your Brothers & Sisters?

ON BEING THE ELDEST

In my family there are three children of
whom I am the eldest, and I am trying to
decide if this is a good thing or not.

It has some disadvantages. For example,
my parents expect me to do various jobs in
the house without being told to or shown
how, but it annoys me to see my younger
brother or sister sitting reading a comic or
playing a game while I am scolded by my
mother for just lazing about when I should
have been setting the table or washing the
dishes.

I am also expected to set a good example
to my younger brother and sister and not go
"tearing around like a madman".

Being eldest also has its advantages, the
best being that I get more pocket-money. It
always amuses me to see the disgusted look
on my sister's face when we are being handed
out pocket-money. I am also sometimes sent
to bed later and taken out more alone by
my parents.

Summing it all up I think it is rather fun
being the eldest even although it has its dis-
advantages.

SHEILA MARNIE, F.I.

SATURDAY NIGHT

"I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! Go
away and never come back into my room
again!" Thus another fight with my sister
ended. I would like to tell you how I spend
my Saturday nights.

The pantomime usually starts just after
tea-time. I will go up to my bedroom to do
my homework for the coming week. In she
will barge, "Hullo Butch-face, what are you
doing tonight? I finished my homework this
morning." I become thoroughly indignant at
this and tell her so in no uncertain terms.

"Big deal! Well I haven't finished mine so go and take a walk till your hat floats," I bellow across the room, my temper slowly rising.

My darling sister replies smugly, "Jealousy will get you nowhere". At this point I take her by the hair and throw her from my room. Back she comes again *with a hockey stick* and ransacks my room. I can't stop her as she's taken my hockey stick by now.

This is the final straw!

I race at her, grab one of the hockey sticks and hit her with it. She drops the other and yells with pain. Grabbing her hair (this is her weak spot) I pull her to her own room and wreck it. Next step is to give her a good whack. Then it comes . . . "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! Go away and never come back into my room again!"

Peace reigns now! But for all that, I really enjoy our Saturday night fight.

GREEN

Me, brown short hair — common colour. Stubby fingers — abnormal. Big feet — look out of place. Queer legs — don't work properly. Long arms — a problem.

Her, long fair hair — always tidy. Narrow fingers — better than mine. Medium-sized feet — in proportion. Nice legs — everyone gapes. Thin arms — always useful.

Me, green.

A. P. C. PATERSON, F.II.

LAST TRAIN TO KINGSMUIR

Unfortunately we were too late in thinking about making the journey on the last train which would ever run to Kingsmuir station. The tickets were all sold. However, we decided to see as much as we could of the journey.

Accordingly we made our way by car on Saturday afternoon, 7th October, to Gagie Halt, a tiny station near Wellbank. There on a deserted overgrown platform we awaited the last train. Before long we could hear the rumble of the approaching train and a gallant hoot from its engine. To our great disappointment it was a diesel train that came slowly

I won't give my name on the grounds of being belted by my sister.

THE NITWIT, F.II.

THAT'S THEM!

Blackmail, annoy and bully,
Everybody knows it's true,
Brothers were made for that sort of thing

And that's just what they do.

"Your dress doesn't suit you,

Your hair is too long.

Your shoes are like boats —

Bar that there's nothing wrong."

When it comes to maths,

Brothers are fine —

But then you say he's wrong,

Now you're in for a bad time.

Brothers are sweet hypocrites,

They think themselves nice,

But in my opinion —

They'll have to think twice!

A LOVING SISTER, F.II.

towards us. We had hoped for a "real" engine! At every window were posted enthusiasts with cameras at the ready, determined not to miss anything of interest on this historic journey.

We moved a few miles on along the road to where a bridge crossed the railway. There we found several other families in cars awaiting the train. This part of the track ran straight for a considerable distance and gave us an excellent view of the train.

Next we went on to Kingsmuir station to await the train. There we met many people from the village. We chatted to one elderly man who told us how busy the station used to be. Seed potatoes by the ton, bulbs, plants, etc., used to be despatched to England. To us it seemed somehow very sad to look around at the disused station. We could imagine it in bygone days humming with activity. At last the train appeared. A piper struck up a tune and as the train drew to a halt, all the passengers descended, the last ever to do so on to that platform. After a short wait the passengers were whistled aboard again and with many cameras clicking, the last train ever to do so slowly drew away from Kingsmuir.

IAN ROBERTSON, F.II.

Shakespeare Confused

Last session, members of Form 3a composed some "jumbled Shakespeare" verses and now, from their exalted positions in Form 4, they present some of the best to our readers, as a playful test of their knowledge of Shakespeare. Each line contains a quotation — you are to guess from which plays the quotations come. Answers on page 25.

THE THREAT

Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
These are the forgeries of jealousy.
We both have fed as well
And we can both endure the winter cold as
well.
Beware the Ides of March!
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no
farther.
The quality of mercy is not strained.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway.

MARGARET NEILSON, F.III., 1966-67.
(now F.IV.)

ASTRONAUT AND CLEOPATRA

How now, you secret, black and midnight
hags!
I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty
minutes;

THE 'BUS

I reached for the pole and stepped on the
'bus and climbed the stairs with difficulty.
Emerging from the smoke and language I sat
heavily down. The sun was reflecting off the
windows and it was concentrating on my
back. It was hot.

A sharp curse from a man as he dropped
his matches, and I turned round to face him.
A small child, his face covered in chocolate
and eating his "everlasting strip", called
noisily to his pals from a neighbouring school.
A wolf-whistle sounded as a mini-skirted
female ascended the stairs. "Sit down here,
m'darling," was the cry, but everything went
moderately quiet as she was ushered into her
seat by a man I presumed to be her husband.
I coughed.

There was talk of the university, and a

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless
moon,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough
briar,
Over park, over pale, thorough flood,
thorough fire.

All is not well; I doubt some foul play!
The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold!
Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

The rest is silence —
They say he made a good end.

The above was composed by that *brilliant*
pupil, JOHN H. BROWN, now Form 4, and not
to be confused with John Brown of L.III!

RETRIBUTION

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
That sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
Bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
I pray thee, if it stand with honesty
His sceptre shows the force of temporal
power —
Is it not he that lies upon the ground?

MORAG STALKER, F.IIIa., 1966-67,
(now an F.P.)

flower-hatted woman showed a picture of a
graduated student which I was surprised to
find her carrying about with her. Then the
conductor came and asked of a certain girl,
"Fares, please!" "Mummy's got my fare,"
and I laughed as she could not have been less
than seventeen, and I laughed even more as
the conductor answered, "And how shall I
know Mummy?" The 'bus erupted into
laughter and the girl picked up her bag to
hide her blushing face.

There were others, of course, who had
lost a ha'penny and searched the bubbly-gum-
papered floor. I heard myself saying, "Excuse
me" and I lurched from one side to the other
as I descended the stairs. The door hissed
open and I jumped off the 'bus. I crossed the
road and went on my way.

LINAIRE MCRÆ (a 'bus-admirer, F.II.).

Inspired by Rupert Brooke

Autumn —

Leaves lining the path for my feet,
Brisk walks before the dark of night,
The comforting warmth of my track suit.

Winter —

The mouth-watering smell of hot, newly-baked scones.

The feel of the ice slipping past my skates.
Crouching beside a fire safe from the raging wind.

Spring —

The warm, damp smell of horses in the stable,
Signs of the tortoise stirring from his Winter sleep,

Wakening to find sunshine streaming in through my window.

Summer —

The tingling sensation when I swim deep into the cool, crystal water,

The welcome shade my sunhat gives me,
An iced lolly sliding slowly down my throat.
These are the things I like.

EDNA MCLENNAN, F.Ia2.

I love the taste of new pancakes,
And to watch them sizzle as they bake,
A cloudless sky which is a dark, dark blue,
Sports cars that are fast, sleek and new,
And to see a jet plane flashing by at a tremendous pace,
Then at night to see bright stars gleaming in the darkness of space.

GRANT MAXWELL, F.Ia2.

MY FAVOURITE THINGS

The smell of hot buttered toast and sugary tea,

The purr of the cat, and the click of the key.
The soft, gentle cooing of a sweet turtle dove,
These are a few of the things that I love.

The strong, stately oak, the weeping willow,
The moss on the tree stump, the flowers' green pillow.

The hum of a bee, the sweet butterfly who flutters, and reaches, its wing scrapes the sky.

The ferns and the reeds which we pick for bouquets,

The touch of the sun's bright caressing rays,
The feel of a muffin, a warm, furry glove,
These are some more of the things that I love.

JANE MAXWELL, F.Ia2.

THE THING

He had the longest ears you've ever seen,
His eyes were purple and his toes were green,
He shovels his food in with amazing speed,
And all because of his terrible greed.

He shuffles along on his flat kipper feet,
And pretends he has hundreds of friends to meet,

But really, no one cares for him
With his horrible eyes and wobbly chin.

If you chance one day to meet
The horrible thing with the kipper feet,
I'd advise you to run and not to stop,
For the horrible thing is old Mugawap.

FIONA WILLIAMSON, F.II.

THINGS TO COME ?

Can you imagine the age we live in as past history. In the year 3000, perhaps people will be studying our way of life. Who knows — maybe our writing will mean as much to our descendants as Egyptian hieroglyphs mean to us. How long will it take hand-writing experts to discover the number of ways of writing one simple letter, for instance, a? Will children learn "Modern" English as we learn Latin or Greek?

Take the body of man. In 3000 A.D. will men still have legs or will they gradually fall into disuse? Will they need so many fingers or perhaps they will only have two or three with round tips for pressing buttons. Will they have an enormous population? Will a normal life-span be increased by the use of drugs and "spare-parts" to keep people alive indefinitely? Perhaps their brains will be larger than ours.

They will probably inhabit dozens of planets and have underwater colonies. How odd they will think us! Fancy living in little boxes and only on one planet! Transport will consist of little hoverbuses and interplanetary rockets. There will probably be museums with London 'buses, bicycles, cars and prams and these will seem as odd as chariots and dug-out canoes.

Or will something happen to stabilise the balance of nature? Will the ice-cap come down again over Europe? Will the earth be burnt up by the sun? Will the sun burn itself out? It is useless wondering. Either you become panic-stricken over the impending doom of your descendants or wish you could be born again in 3000.

DOCTOR WHO FAN, F.IV.

THE BORDER

The spring green of the grass was still clouded by the same dew that swished from the lower branches, the road was dappled after the night's rain but the warmth of the young sun had already melted the mist that had lain in the valley behind. Up ahead, Father Muldoon was climbing and, in the rear, Mulligan was climbing, his newspapered feet scruffing away slowly on the hard asphalt. As the priest crossed the crestline, his eyes screwed up, the sun caught him and turned his surplice from amorphous grey to clearcut white.

The long black box tilted up through the horizontal and then right down, foot towards the valley, as the six sober suits followed their leader over the crown of the hill. As the road jerked beneath my feet I was thinking of inside the box. She had been twenty years of my life. Meals were always there whenever I was hungry, she never said much — it was annoying for a while but then we got the wireless. I had loved her at the beginning, sagged in the middle, but loved her again towards the end. Three days before I had wept. I thought of what Muldoon — I could see his bald patch bobbing down ahead — had said about Hell: the fires, twisted bodies, bubbling sulphur, the acid scorpions and the phosphorus — and then I thought of the eighth commandment.

I suppose I had never given her enough money; nevertheless we were both comfortable, but she had always wanted something more, and when it had not been given, she had taken. I didn't think that the stealing would annoy God, but that she had never mentioned it in the confessional. The feet shuffled on down the hill towards the border post. The sober suits perspired as the sun kissed the air into warmth, their shoulders aching as the hard wood bit in.

Father Muldoon stopped at the barberpole boom that blocked the road and the English stepped from the small wooden hut, his face like three fused, grey bowls in the early morning light. I came forward, signed some papers, blew my nose, and signed some more papers before thanking the English for his co-operation. The churchyard was a hundred yards up the other side of the shallow valley.

We walked on; I could feel the eyes of the English drilling into the back of my neck

as he stood in the roadway behind, binoculars focused. The road bent; Muldoon and six well-brushed top hats, disappeared behind the churchyard wall. The sun stood, for the last time, warmly on Fionnuhla as she was borne into the churchyard. Slowly they laid her onto the still damp grass, the green contrasting with the brand new blackness of the heavy coffin. My white handkerchief was at my eyes as her last moments above ground faded away. There was an emptiness in my stomach as I turned from the freshly-replaced earth towards the mourners.

We made our way further up the hill to the small pub, faces solemn, steps slow.

We entered laughing and shouting; Small Mac, ten years running the place without a profit to show for it, showed us into the back room. Laid between two high-backed chairs was a coffin; its lid had been hurriedly prised off to reveal the tax-free whisky and butter that had been carried over the border.

"There's yer money boys!" says Mac as he hands Muldoon the long envelope. "You fooled the English alright, he couldn't see a ting behind dat wall. Sure he believes yer wife dead, Sheamus." They all laughed. "I almost believed it myself," I replied rather sheepishly.

A. M., F.VI.

Answers to Shakespeare Confused

Astronaut and Cleopatra

Macbeth; A Midsummer Night's Dream; A Midsummer Night's Dream; A Midsummer Night's Dream; A Midsummer Night's Dream; A Midsummer Night's Dream; Hamlet; Hamlet; Hamlet; Julius Caesar, Julius Caesar; Hamlet; Hamlet.

The Threat

Henry IV. Part I.—Lines 1, 2, 9.
A Midsummer Night's Dream — Line 3.
Julius Caesar — Lines 4, 5, 6, 7.
Merchant of Venice — Line 8.

Retribution

Merchant of Venice; Henry IV.; Julius Caesar; Henry IV.; A Midsummer Night's Dream; As You Like It; Merchant of Venice; Julius Caesar.

AN ODE TO BILL'S

Want a sweet to suck through Latin?
Well then, take a walk to Bill's.
He will sell you what you long for,
be they peppermints, or things like pills.

Bill's is the place where pupils dash to,
when the lunch-break has begun.
If you're lucky, you might get there.
You'll find the rush is rather fun.

Thirty-five scholars in a back-street sweet
shop,
it must be a record, without a doubt!
I'll bet the students haven't tried that yet.
The trouble is, though, getting out!

Standing outside busily chomping,
chatting between mouthfuls of macaroon bar.
Discussing the way United are playing,
the European Cup cannot be far.

This is the shop where pupils squander
all their money throughout the year.
Please don't think that I never go there,
I'm one of Bill's patrons, never fear!

I hope the Government won't nationalise
tuck-shops,
I don't think it would be the same.
I can't imagine the pupils' meeting-place,
owned by someone I'll not name.

F.IV. Boys.

WHERE TO SIT IN THE CLASSROOM

The Ideal Seat is situated in the back row, not in either of the corners, as they are too conspicuous and merely draw attention to their occupants. If, by some oversight, a seat in the back row is not possible, a useful compromise is in the second back row, beside the radiator. The gap between the radiator and the wall forms a suitable hiding-place for certain books which can be read while studying irregular Latin verbs, etc.

Wherever the seat may be, it is always a good idea to sit behind a large person, so that one's misdemeanours with the ruler and the paper pellets can go unnoticed.

For those who like eating in class it is a definite mistake to sit within the teacher's smelling-range as some of them are very good at tracing where the smell of "Polos" is coming from. It is also a mistake to fill one's pockets with sweets, as certain teachers are

inclined to confiscate the lot (probably because they feel that they spoil one's appetite for school dinners).

Another Scourge of Humanity are those teachers who place their class by alphabetical order. The only thing to do here is to calculate which place one wants and change one's name accordingly.

M. LAKIE, F.III.

BINARY CROSS - FIGURE

Entries for this Cross-Figure should be sent to Miss Anderson, Mathematics Department. The Competition is open to Forms 1-3 only.

	I	10		11		
100		101	110			
111			1000			1001
		1010				
1011			1100		1101	
		1110		1111		
10000				10001		

Across

1. — $[(1001 \times 11) + 11] \div 1010$.
11. — $1010 \div 10$.
101. — If $x + 111 = 1101$, find x .
111. — $1 + 1$.
1000. — Half of 10110.
1011. — Sixth prime number.
1110. — 100×101 .
10000. — $10 + 10$.
10001. — $10100 - 1101$.

Down

11. — 100×10 .
100. — $(1000 \times 1000) - 11$.
1001. — $(1000)^{10} \div 10 - 11$.
1010. — $(101000 - 10100) \div 10$.
1101. — $10^{10} + 1$.

F.Ia1 (now F.II.) 1966-67.

Opinion

INTERVIEWS

How would we fill the Christmas edition of the Magazine this year? In order to find something different we decided, after much deliberation—and consideration for the intellectual stimulation of our readers—to interview four of Dundee's leading citizens, to discover their views on various subjects.



Friday, 20th October, saw us ensconced in the comfortable study of the Principal of Dundee University, Professor James Drever. Wondering what he would think of the High School pupils we asked him what he considered was the perfect student. Obviously enough, he favoured intellectuals, but qualified this by telling us of three of his best students in the past, in whom he admired strength of character, originality, independence of ideas and a zest for life.

Feeling rather deflated, we hastened to ask him if our Scottish education gave us any advantage over our English counterparts. Here we must admit to our Mathematical, Scientific and Classical friends (i.e. to those who pursue their school subjects at University) that they are at a disadvantage because of the greater specialisation in England. Arts Students in other fields, however, have a slight edge over our friends south of the border owing to our broader background. So now you know how you stand. Of course, the Principal strongly advocated a sixth year at school as a transition period in which to learn to work on one's own.

We wondered if, in the academic field as in industry, the top posts were finding their way into the hands of younger men. For young men with their eye on a professorship, it seems, the outlook is not too bright. You may have to wait till the lofty age of forty(!) before reaching such heights.



For our next interview, the subject, Dr. Hugh O. Douglas, kindly visited the school, and we reclined in the comfort of the school boardroom. Noticing that, as usual, Dr. Douglas was wearing his "dog collar", we asked him if he felt that this created a gulf between himself and other people. He replied that he had no such feeling and was proud to wear it as a badge of office—but he prefers not to wear it on the golf-course!

It is the man behind the "dog collar" that really matters of course. A sympathetic approach, in Dr. Douglas's opinion, is the most important quality a minister should possess. A great love for his fellow man is also necessary.

Thinking of the way in which R.I. is taught in schools, we asked Dr. Douglas how he felt about this controversial topic. He admitted there is room for improvement, but said that a great deal of good work is being done in schools by those members of staff, themselves believing Christians, already engaged in this work.

In an age when the mass media play a large part in life we asked if he approved of them as an instrument of religion. He considers that they are an excellent means of spreading religious enthusiasm, especially with the influence of such personalities as Professor William Barclay. However, he denounced religious gimmicks on the grounds that only sincerity is of any real or lasting value. This did not mean that he denounced progress, but he was adamant that change can only be stimulated beneficially by deep religious conviction.



Friday, 3rd November, saw us probing into the local government of Dundee. We were privileged to speak with the Lord Provost himself.

Lord Provost Mackenzie sees the housing problem as one of the most trying questions facing local government but, apart from this, there are several spheres in which he is interested. Naturally he is keen to encourage the establishment of new industry in Dundee, to maintain prosperity and keep unemployment to a minimum. He is also an ardent supporter of the controversial civil air service from Leuchars, and we can only wish him every success in this venture. The landfall area of the Tay Road Bridge is yet another sphere of interest, where he hopes to see considerable development.

With such a volume of work to be done we suggested to him that the office of councillor should perhaps be a full-time post. He is very much opposed to this idea, however, placing a high value on the element of voluntary service for the community.

“Why is there such apathy in local elections?” we wondered. The Lord Provost attributed this to the fact that there is a lack of personal touch in the campaigning, and whereas in the past a night out at an election meeting was considered good entertainment, there are now too many counter attractions to divert people’s attention.

On the question of culture we could only express the view that we felt Dundee fell sadly behind other major Scottish cities in this field. The Lord Provost agreed with us, but said that when it comes to a choice between the rates and the Rep., the ratepayer usually sides with the rates.

We could not resist asking him if he would like to become an M.P. With a broad smile on his face, he ran his hand through his thinning hair and replied that he considered the strain of national government should be

left to younger men, and anyway he felt that his place was with his party at the local level. May we take this opportunity of wishing him the best of success in this role.



On Friday, the 10th of November, our flagging but seasoned reporters were summoned to the police headquarters in Bell Street. No, it’s not the latest piece of scandal — we were merely interviewing the Chief Constable, John H. Orr.

We were interested to know if the “Stop Crime in Dundee” campaign had had any significant effects. We were told it was really too early to say anything definite since there are many fluctuations in crime figures, but it had prompted the people of Dundee to become more crime-conscious, which was successful in itself.

On the controversial subject of police-public relations he was of the opinion that this difficulty is perhaps exaggerated by the Press and T.V. He finds it very gratifying, in the face of much public apathy, to receive numerous letters of thanks from grateful citizens.

“With the increase in crime, does a Chief Constable not feel that sometimes it just isn’t worth it?” we asked. Of course, he replied that, as he is only human, he sometimes feels this way and that the public just don’t care. “The thin blue line between the public and the criminal is often dented.” However, the variety and interest of the work does make it all worth while. Note from the Chief Constable to Forms 5 and 6 and all prospective drivers—though you have passed your test, you have a lot to learn still. It’s experience that counts and please . . . remember your manners on the road.

There were two questions which we asked all four gentlemen: “What do you consider the best and worst points of today’s youth?” and “Who made the greatest impression on your life?”

We (the younger generation) are admired for our adventurous outlook, our participation in valuable public service, but are condemned for our resentment of authority, selfishness, (N.B.) "long hair", and destructive rather than constructive thinking.

Three out of four were obviously most influenced in their youth by parents, headmasters and university professors. In their later life, however, they came under the influence of such varying people as Sir Winston Churchill, and their wives.

We should like to express our thanks to the four gentlemen who kindly allowed themselves to be interviewed and have thus helped us to present such stimulating material to our readers.

L. M. AND R. F.

PUPILS HAVE THEIR SAY

For three days in the middle of October the school was plagued with me running around trying to persuade senior members of the school to fill in a survey form. The response was very good and 250 pupils took a form. The questions asked were not designed to be serious and so everyone could take part. The answers were very, very varied as you will see and most of them were not meant to be taken seriously (I think).

1. *If you could make or change one school rule what would it be?*

25% would like to change the school uniform; 15% would like the prefects (esp. P.G.) and teachers to obey the traffic regulations; 10% would like to ban teachers and prefects; 8% expressed a loathing of berets; 7% wish to abolish hockey (as one girl put it: "it's perishing freezing in mid-winter"); 6% would like no segregation at prayers, etc.; 3% want to extend the holidays (to about 51 weeks 6 days); a further 3% would like to eat in class (most people do anyway) because their stomachs rumble; 2% want no homework or exams; 2% want more boys; 2% want free doughnuts; 1% would allow drinking; and 1% would love to see all the boys up to 5th year in shorts! (One boy would love to see a certain member of the modern languages staff in a mini-skirt! — the mind boggles.)

2. *What is your attitude to the staff?*

20% hate them; 16% were rather dubious as to their attitude; 10% rather grudgingly said some of them are O.K.; 13% wouldn't

answer on the grounds that they would incriminate themselves; 8% think that they are lovely (ugh); 4% feel sorry for them and 29% of the answers are unprintable! One person said that the staff were a "bumbling lot of twits" (true). Somebody likes the young female ones; someone else laments that there aren't enough good-looking ones (sob-sob); but one girl summed it up beautifully, "it depends on their sex and age".

3. *Why would you like to be the Rector?*

45% decided that they wouldn't like to be the Rector for anything (Mr Erskine can breathe again). The power (especially over prefects and teachers) was the main attraction for 12%; 10% want a nice warm study instead of a freezing class-room with hard wooden seats; 11% would love to fire certain teachers (no names mentioned). 6% decided against it because it was a physical impossibility; 4% fancy the secretary and 3% would like to ban all rules; 2% would like to help the pupils. One boy would love to be Rector so he could "sit in a warm office and expel folk"; someone with a queer sense of humour says "because the pupils are so well-behaved". One boy envies "his private secretary. Yuk, Yuk!" One sensible person would like to be the Rector so that he could send all the teachers on a permanent holiday to Alaska!

4. *What is the worst factor of the older generation?*

One of the worst factors is the inability to understand. 20% think that they are too self-confident. 15% think that they are absolutely square. 8% think that they always find something wrong with us, and a further 8% say that the older generation think we are incapable of anything. 7% just can't stand them. They are too sentimental according to 3%. Only 1% sympathise with them. 10% of the answers were unprintable! According to one person Norman Cathcart is the worst factor of the older generation! Someone else doesn't like their morals or false teeth.

5. *What is the best factor of school life?*

35% think that the opposite sex is by far the best factor of school life. 25% enjoy the holidays best. 13% asked, "Is there one?" Doughnuts are popular with 12%. 8% like the 3.55 bell (esp. on Fridays) and 2% are glad of the privilege to learn. One person is

besotted with Robin Foote. Grounds, the Debating Society, Cadet Corps, prayers and Mr Gray were all featured in the answers. One girl (blind, I think) said that the best factor of school life is our "dishy head-boy and prefects". One PREFECT put "???" in the library" and 8 girls are madly in love with a 6th year boy.

If this survey gives a true picture of the typical High School pupil then heaven help us! I should like to thank all those who took part in this survey. You can read elsewhere what the staff think of us!

PAMELA FLEMING, F.V.

SURVEY OF STAFF OPINION

The survey carried on among the staff was very successful although the results as shown here are incomplete, owing to the fact that some of the staff were approached too late for them to find the time in the pre-exam rush. My sincere thanks go to all those who participated and who so bravely put their reputation in my hands. As will be seen from the results of the survey it was treated with more respect by the staff than was the similar survey carried on among the pupils.

1. *What improvements would you like to see in school?*

There was an almost unanimous cry for "more room". About 40% wanted to modernise the school's facilities and curriculum; 10% pleaded for more co-operation on all sides; another 10% wanted to further reduce us to physical wrecks with more physical "training" and recreation(?); and a further 10% sighed for better social conditions — surely this could have nothing to do with the staff-rooms?

2. *What is your attitude to the pupils?*

20% looked on us as adults on nearing ordinary grade; 10% were sympathetic; 10% expressed paternal feelings and expected respect for their age (understandable!); 10% wanted enthusiasm (I suppose the staff find this encouraging); and another 20% ranged from regarding themselves as benevolent despots to proclaiming what can only be described as predatory instincts.

3. *Would you like to be a present-day pupil and why?*

20% said yes; 40% said no — for various reasons; 10% were uncertain but thought

they might; and a further 10% were inclined to be secretive.

On the whole the first group were agreed that pupils were treated with more respect than they used to be and worked in a better atmosphere.

Of the second group about 50% felt we have to work too hard (motion carried!); 40% felt we have too many outside distractions; and 10% thought we had it too easy and would remain unsatisfied whatever our results.

The third group saw advantages in wider opportunities and a more active school life. The last group seemed a little unhappy at the lack of awe for staff which was seen in their day (5000 B.C.? or was it 1066?).

4. *What is the best factor of school life?*

10% felt that words failed them. 20% felt it was the opportunity to try almost anything and the willingness of pupils to participate in school activities; 20% felt it was the staff's benevolent attitude towards the pupils and their welfare; a further 20% thought it might be holidays or the 4 o'clock bell; 10% saw it as the opportunity for worthwhile discussions with the intelligentsia (senior pupils); and 10% as successful achievements (I wish we could all say the same).

Opinions were varied and interesting. Now we have some insight into the way the staff tick! Above all else, however, I feel the results of this survey have shown that the staff are, after all, human.

C. G., F.VI.

SCHOOL LIFE

One of the Magazine's most intrepid, daring and brilliant contributors has once more, at tremendous personal cost, and through devious dilemmas, procured for the hungry masses an exclusive, up-to-the-minute, factual report (otherwise known as a non-government White Paper) on Life in the School.

Since it's as good a place as any other to start (although "good" is an inappropriate adjective here) we start with Life in the Staff-room. It has been happily reported that the male staff have unanimously voted to embark on A Health Campaign, and have confiscated all cigarettes, pipes (and cigars), beer, wine

and spirits (non-rectified) found on the school premises. This is, of course, for the pupils' health, not their own.

A suggestion has been repeatedly made at the past 561 staff meetings that Miss Gray should hold a coffee evening to raise funds for the de-dismalising of the Ladies' staff-room and the procuring of arm-chairs. This however, has always been defeated by the Rector, who says they are unnecessary (?!!). Another suggestion was to confiscate the VIth Form Common Room, but this proved impracticable owing to the incorruptibility of the assistant janitor.

Which brings us to Life in the VIth Form Common Room or The Dungeons. Besides the many essential requisites to school life, such as kettle, radio, electric fire, etc., there prevails in this haven of peace and happiness an atmosphere of blissful domesticity. From the unwashed coffee-cups to the jute curtains, from the milk-pan to the carpet, not to mention (for Mr N. D. P. Cathcart's benefit) the *knitting* furiously engaged in for Social Service, it is just like home. What a home!

The obvious contrast to this is Life in the Prefects' Room. The lily-white plastic table-cloth, and the washing-up-day red hands of the maltreated girl prefects are the only traces of domestic bliss so totally unrealised. To enter this dread abode is to be greeted by the sight of the male prefects sprawled in all the available chairs after their hard day's work doing . . . doing . . . doing . . . doing . . . er . . . anyway *they* think they're too tired to wash any cups! The dingy smell of stale Nescafé and/or oranges and yoghurt mingles with inaccessible pictures of Paris, females and legends requiring "No Knitting!" The rest of the school are still wondering where the Debating Society's money went . . .

If one ascends vertically, 20 feet from the Prefects' Room, one would startle the occupant of next consideration: Life in the Lady Warden's Room. This is a curious mixture of telephone calls, teachers, colds, dentists and Latin coaching (Latin may be a dead language but Latin in the Lady Warden's room is never dull!).

Miss Davidson would not print my report on Life in the Vth Year Cloakroom (reasons not given). Copies, however, are on sale now in the Prefects' Room, price 4/6.

An immense difficulty now cropped up in this survey: that was to find any Life in a

Classroom. I failed miserably. But my final recommendation is that D.H.S. is thriving prolifically and inauspiciously in the most unexpected places.

A NEW LIBRARY

D.H.S. has again ventured into new fields of education and the provision of facilities for the pupils.

Its latest enterprise is a Girls' Library, situated opposite Miss Gray's room. It consists of a section on careers, amply stocked with up-to-date information on (we hope!) every career which might interest girls, including many prospectuses for all types of college and university.

The other section comprises books specifically to interest girls. These range over hobbies, travel, beauty-culture and fiction. We are very grateful to the one or two old girls who have so kindly contributed books or money to purchase books. We do hope that even more will be sufficiently interested and inspired to give a small contribution!

I should like to thank Miss Gray for her concern and inspiration regarding this library, and Miss Laing for undertaking the responsibility of organising and running it, and (we hope!) increasing the reading pleasure of many future generations of school girls.

BEVERLEY ARTHUR.



Travellers Talk

ROBIN GAULDIE ON THE "DUNERA" CRUISE, 1967

The "Dunera" left Dundee on the 30th of June, 1967, bound for Kristiansand in Norway, Leningrad and Hamburg. There was a party of 20 from D.H.S., with Miss Darroch in charge. We were in two different dormitories, Fisher and Fraser, on C Deck. We sailed at 10 p.m., and after we were out of the Tay into the open sea we were all packed off to bed by the Master-at-Arms, and after some struggling with blankets and sheets, some of us managed to get some sleep. At 7.30 the next morning, however, we were rudely awakened by the loudspeaker over our heads blaring music at us. We staggered sleepily out of bed and somehow managed to make our beds and tidy the dorm up generally, and then we went up for breakfast, which consisted mainly of cornflakes and tea.

Nothing much happened after this until we arrived in Kristiansand. We were allowed to walk around the town on our own in the morning, but unfortunately it was a Sunday and most of the shops were shut. We left Kristiansand again that evening after a regrettably short stay, now heading through the Baltic for Leningrad, where we arrived at five in the morning after three days at sea. We spent the morning in the Hermitage Museum which, we were told, has twenty miles of corridors. Here we were shown the magnificent art collection amassed by the Tsars of Russia before the Revolution.

In the afternoon we were allowed to do some shopping in Leningrad, and in the evening we caught a sleeper to Moscow. Two of our party had sold a pen which they had bought for 3/6 on board for two roubles (about sixteen shillings).

We left the train in Moscow early the next morning and were taken by bus to an hotel where we had breakfast and then spent the morning hurtling around in buses seeing almost everything there was to see, returning to the hotel for lunch. In the afternoon we went to the Exhibition of Economic Achievement and then to the Kremlin. After this we went to the Bolshoi Ballet, but had to leave halfway through to catch our train back to

Leningrad and the "Dunera", which sailed at mid-day the next day, with a great send-off from the Russians.

After two and a half days at sea and in the Kiel Canal, we arrived in Hamburg. Most of the day was spent shopping and sight-seeing, but in the afternoon we went to the Hamburg Zoo, which is one of the best in the world. Here one of us, who shall remain nameless, bought a plastic tiger as a souvenir, only to find that it had "Made in Hong Kong" stamped on its underside.

The "Dunera" sailed next day for Dundee, where she arrived two days later, to discharge eight hundred school children loaded with balalaikas, picture postcards, Russian dolls, Spanish guitars and dozens of other souvenirs. It was, altogether, a very enjoyable trip.

CHRISTINE ELDER ON THE "DUNERA" TRIP

What countries did you visit?

South Norway, Russia, Germany and Denmark.

Which did you like best?

I liked Russia best, especially Moscow. We went to see the Bolshoi Ballet at the Bolshoi Theatre, performing the "Nutcracker Suite". It was perfect—the best I've ever seen. We visited the Kremlin, which was very interesting, and saw the "Exhibition of Achievement" where we saw lots of rockets and spacecraft. There was a marvellous cinema with screens all round and standing in the middle with things going on all round was quite frightening.

What did you dislike?

The food in Russia was awful! We thought we had horse-meat and eels and coffee with no milk in Moscow. It was difficult to get to sleep at nights on the ship as the portholes were blocked and bright light shone in the doorway and maids kept coming in on their rounds. We had to go to bed too early—at 9.30 p.m. They were very fussy about clean dormitories at inspection, but on the whole we had a marvellous time.

Did you get a warm reception in the countries you visited?

Yes. In Norway, before we left, there was a display of national folk dancing. When we left Leningrad a band played and all the students came to see us off and threw streamers. The head teacher danced with them. While we were in Leningrad the students showed us round and helped us buy things. The Russians were very friendly.

How did prices compare?

The ice-cream was very cheap in Norway. Things like soap and chocolate were very expensive in Russia. Records and musical instruments were very cheap. A record which would cost 30 shillings in Britain could be bought for 1 rouble (about 8 shillings). In Hamburg ice-cream was very cheap. Everything else was much the same.

Did you enjoy life on the ship?

Yes, I liked it. It was good fun.

Was the routine like school?

It was meant to be and the day was divided up into periods such as assembly and classes when Miss Darroch talked about the countries we were to visit and gave us our pocket-money, etc.

Would you like to go back?

I would like to go back very much.

VISIT TO BRUGES

(Fifty-one girls from Forms 3 and 4, and four teachers — Miss Anderson, in charge, Miss Lorimer, Miss Laing and Miss Lawson, in place of Miss Gray who was unfortunately unable to go — spent ten days of July in Bruges and the surrounding area. Catherine Coull willingly submitted to a grilling on her holiday.)

Where did you stay?

Ten girls and Miss Laing stayed at the Hotel Rubens, Philipstockstraat, near the town square. The rest of the party stayed at the Hotel Mayfair in Prodikherenstraat, beside one of Bruges's main canals as we could not all get in one hotel!

Did you like Bruges?

Yes! It was a very old town with narrow, cobbled streets and many beautiful canals. It was not so big that we could not walk to the places of interest but many people went

for a drive round the town in horse-drawn carriages.

Was the food very different?

It was marvellous! The hotel chefs compromised between traditional Belgian cooking and British and it was always most enjoyable. We had a continental breakfast every day and when we went on day-trips we took a packed lunch (sometimes the cheese rolls began to melt!). For dinner in the evening we usually had meat with mouth-watering sauces.

What was the most attractive feature of Bruges?

The network of old canals which were illuminated at night and lined by old houses.

Where did you visit?

We went on day trips to Holland, Brussels, Ghent and Antwerp, Ostend and the coast. One afternoon we went by canal to Damme, and the rest of the time we spent exploring Bruges.

What was the highlight of your stay?

We had many enjoyable trips but the one I liked best was our trip to Holland. We crossed the River Scheldt by ferry to the island of Walcheren. We landed at Flushing and then drove to Middleburg and Goes. We had lunch in Middleburg and looked round the shops. At Goes it was market-day and we saw many old men and women in national costume. Outside Goes we visited a miniature of the island of Walcheren. We also saw round a wind-mill — we had to climb narrow ladders and crawl under beams but it was very interesting.

What did you dislike?

There was not really anything I disliked. The heat was a bit oppressive at times (temperatures were usually in the eighties or nineties). Some days, the days we went to Brussels and Holland, it was so hot that all we wanted was to sit in the shade and drink cold lemonade to cool off. The mosquitoes in our rooms at night were rather annoying.

Did you see and hear much of Belgian art and music?

One morning we were dragged round the three main art galleries in Bruges. When we went to Antwerp we went round Rubens's house and saw many of his works. In one of the churches in Bruges there was the

famous statue "The Madonna and Child" by Michaelangelo. One evening we sat in a cafe in the town square and listened to the carillon concert which, rather appropriately, ended with "Auld Lang Syne"! The forty bells at the top of the Belfry in Bruges are sounded automatically and gave an hour-long concert every evening which could be heard for some distance around. Another evening we saw a production of "Son et Lumière" in the grounds of the Gruuthuse Museum (an old ivy-covered house which belonged to the mediaeval lords who ruled Bruges) with the illuminated canals and the Cathedral de Notre Dame as a background. The production had no theme but was a delightful combination of music and light which ran over the whole building. Two girls went to hear a performance of the "Messiah" by King's College Choir, Cambridge, which was also attended by Queen Fabiola.

Did you have any language difficulties or problems with Belgian currency?

I was rather worried about language troubles as Bruges is the centre of the Dutch-speaking area. However, most people could speak a little English and we could fill in with French. The currency was quite easy as there are approximately 7 Belgian francs to 1 shilling. In Holland, shopkeepers were willing to convert Dutch currency into Belgian.

Would you like to go back?

Yes, very much. In some of the places that we visited, for example, Brussels, we did not really have a chance to see most of the famous buildings and I should like to spend longer in Belgium and see more.

KEITH MILLAR ON KENYA

What is the most vivid impression you have of life in Kenya?

It's rather difficult to think of one specific aspect of Kenyan life, but I would say that there was a greater freedom to do what one wanted, and everyone seemed to live a much fuller life there than in Britain. Of course, the climate allowed a greater outdoor activity and made long-distance travelling more pleasant, though the roads didn't make it any more comfortable as, generally, they were pot-holed dust-tracks, which were, however, quite broad and carried a surprising volume of traffic. Few evenings were wasted watching television, although quite a good service

was provided (Dr. Finlay, Bonanza, Bill and Ben, etc.) and weekends were popularly spent travelling through game-reserves where one either pursued or was pursued by the animals.

What is the attitude of the Kenyans to Europeans?

The Kenyans held various attitudes to the Europeans, which ranged from contempt to servility, although the general impression one got was of being treated with a painful tolerance. Perhaps the country's relatively new-found freedom is responsible for this, one can't be sure, but even shoe-shine boys on the street gave the impression that they were doing one a favour by cleaning one's boots, and shop assistants verged on the insolent. Occasionally one met a Kenyan who was pleasant in manner, but he generally turned out to have been educated in Britain or was a European's servant.

What about the creepie-crawlies people associate with Africa?

The creepie-crawlies were not in great evidence in Nairobi itself, but at night in all the out-lying areas they appeared in some numbers. As a rule they were large spiders or beetles and, of course, the ever-present mosquitoes and crickets which, though alarming in size, were apparently harmless. At first I took lunatic precautions against a night attack by insects such as spraying my room with insecticide and spraying my person (I even sprayed the legs of the bed in case anything crawled up them) but when I realised the insecticide was affecting myself more than the spiders, I gave up and accepted the fact that I was out-numbered and would have to live with them.

Would you go back again?

Yes, I should like to go back. There's still a lot I'd like to see because you can really only skim the surface on a first visit. I should particularly like to visit Mombasa, which is on the coast, about three hundred miles from Nairobi, where I spent my last stay and which surprised me by its modern way of life. Nairobi was a great deal better developed and more up-to-date than a great many British cities, and certainly had more amenities and a surprisingly efficient traffic control (in spite of the standard of driving). The climate was very pleasant and even when it rained, it didn't seem to be as depressing as rain in Britain.

ANYONE FOR CYCLING?

During my holiday in Lido di Jesolo in Italy this year, two of my friends and I came upon a bicycle hirer's stall. I should perhaps say a cycle hirer's stall as he had also tandems and cycles for three or even four persons. In a moment of madness we hired one for the three of us.

Steering this contraption was easier said than done and we had several attempts at getting started before we were finally successful. I can tell you that when the hirer saw our pathetic efforts he became somewhat anxious about his cycle!

As none of us were at all suitably clad for cycling, it was unanimously decided that our first stop should be the hotel to dress ourselves more suitably. However, before we reached the hotel we had several narrow escapes from what might have been disasters.

Our first mishap occurred when we found out that we had to keep pedalling all the time. If one of us stopped, the whole thing toppled over on top of us. Needless to say this happened about four times until we became accustomed to keeping to the rule.

Slowly but surely we improved, until we became quite proficient (or so we thought), apart from the fact that Christine kept losing her shoes. As I was at the rear, I was sent back for the dropped shoes. It always took us time to pluck up courage and prepare ourselves to stop as it was not an easy business, so that each time we were about a hundred yards past the shoe. One time, before I reached it, a man parked his Fiat right over it and I was most embarrassed at having to ask him to move his car. He was Italian and I could do nothing but make signs and gestures to him to make myself understood.

Another difficulty was passing stationary vehicles without going too far out into the middle of the road. We wobbled from side to side and often just missed scraping the paint off a car or 'bus. The nearest to disaster was when we were overtaking a large 'bus in a very narrow street, when horror of horrors, another came round the corner and sandwiched us in between. We wobbled from one to the other; then, once safely past, we lost our balance, swerved into the side of the road and landed in a heap, laughing but still shaken by our narrow escape. Nevertheless

we jumped on again and daringly turned a corner into the main street. This was accomplished successfully, but we were so pleased with ourselves that we forgot to keep to the right-hand side of the road until we saw a car coming straight for us! Luckily the driver saw us in plenty of time and managed to avoid us without much difficulty. Having barely recovered I was horrified to hear a shout, and see some Italian boys on the roof of a nearby building with a lasso! One of them flung it with all his strength, but fortunately we were able to accelerate enough to avoid being caught.

On reaching the hotel, hot, tired and somewhat shaken but still laughing, we waved and shouted to some friends as we approached the drive. As we were doing this, however, and not looking where we were going, a passing car almost knocked us down! Talk about living dangerously! I shall think twice before I go "tri-cycling" again!

ANNE COWIE, F.V.

DOG IN DISGRACE

He slinks in, tail down. His coat is in a sorry state, encrusted with mud. Realising that he is in disgrace, he lifts his paw in shamed pain.

His eyes avoiding our reproachful looks, he tries to leave again, but is dragged back by the collar. His fate is decided.

Two long arms pick him up and carry him to a tub of warm, soapy water. He struggles weakly, but he knows what will happen.

All his worst anticipations are realised. Floundering in the water like a fish on a sand-bank, he accumulates all his sorrows in one dismal howl. Now he looks like a fluffy lamb, in a cloud of soap-suds. A final rinse and he is free, free to career around the garden like a greyhound on a race-track and sprinkle myriad drops of water over the lawn and the flowers.

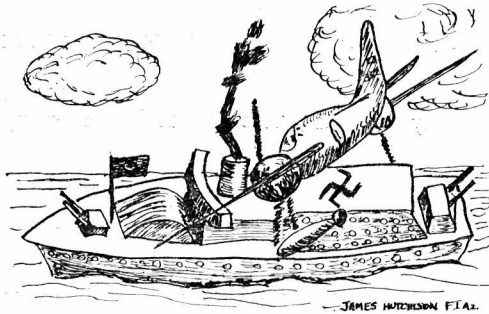
Giving one final shake to his soft, clean coat, our dog dashes off again, no doubt to enjoy a refreshing mud-bath with his West Highland friend, and to return in the evening as dirty as before.

DEBORAH MUNRO, F.I.

THE STORY OF A BATTLESHIP

(By our Horror Correspondent)

It was 1943, a great year for us. The war was at its peak and we, the Germans, were supreme. We would crush the English, Americans, Russians and company. We must win.



I was a sailor on the good ship "Frankfurter", which was a troop-carrier. We were transporting the 3rd division to Malta. We were a bunch of noble men on a noble ship. Her grey prows sliced through the choppy seas, like a knife through butter.

The 'plane was on us like a flash, a silver streak shrieking down on us, spitting loads of death. A man beside me was white. His face was haggard, his eyes bleary. He was drunk I remember thinking, when his head went spinning away, and he fell limply. It was so comical I laughed, and then a searing flash, like lightning in front of my eyes, and a muffled thud gripped my attention. I looked around me.

The scene was just like jam with pips in it. Men just lay there. It was all so sudden and sad. A man, a sergeant, moved. I rushed to him, heedless of rivers of blood. He had no jaw left, and his leg was mangled, like ribbons. I could not help him, and I was sick. Was nobody left? Did anybody live? I had to see. I went in and out, through bodies, under doors, over planks, when I saw someone—the captain's wife. She was pouring tears as I raced over to her. I soon saw the reason why. Her leg was burning. It had oil on it. I tried to smother it but I had nothing. One final heart-rending scream did it. I would put her out of her pain. I grabbed a plank, turned her over and smashed her face in. I shall never forget the moment

before it hit her. Her face was terrified, her eyes wide and staring, and helpless, and pitiful. Then she died.

Three days later, a ship picked me up. It was a marvellous moment, but my joy was marred by these scenes.

S. McDONALD, F.I.

BELMONT ART CAMP

On Friday, 23rd May, 1967, Mr Vannet and sixteen High School pupils from Forms 3-5 joined with ten other Dundee schools to spend the weekend at Belmont studying art. We were introduced to Mr Paton, the camp manager, Mr Rothwell, the camp commandant, and Mr Johnston, the art adviser (Dundee Education Authority) and told all about the weekend's activities. There were 19 staff to about 160 pupils and we were divided up into class groups—one teacher to each group—which almost immediately spread out over the camp to sketch.

After supper, all those who felt like it went for a "midnight hike to tire us out". By the time we got back, we were ready to sleep for a week but at 7.30 the next morning we were all dragged out of bed. After breakfast and a short religious service, the tuck-shop was opened and proved extremely popular. Most of Saturday was spent in class groups, sketching and painting. In the morning, my group went right outside the camp to find new views and subjects. We ended the day with a rowdy concert led by Mr Paton and were pleasantly surprised when one of the teachers played several Spanish tunes on a guitar. After that the chairs were pushed back and we danced until late.

The next morning we had a service in the hall, when Pat Ritchie read the lesson. The last sketching classes were held before lunch after which we had to clear up the camp until it was time for tea and our return to Dundee.

This camp, which was the first of its kind, was certainly a great success, for everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. It was a bit short, though, and we are hoping that next year Dundee Education Authorities will allow us a whole week.

C. R., F.VI.



Help your business into the future

At the Dundee Data Processing Centre, NCR provides Scottish industry and commerce with the latest computer facilities to handle present-day problems and plan ahead for the future. Important work has already been carried out for local authorities, engineering companies and a variety of other businesses and industries. Among these—a critical path analysis has been carried out for a multi-million hospital project in Dundee; over 1,400,000 lists of purchases are processed weekly for Co-operative Societies. The Centre is staffed by fully trained programmers and systems analysts.

NCR can put electronics to work in every field where high-speed data handling is needed.



plan ahead with

NCR

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY (MANUFACTURING) LTD,
Kingsway West, Dundee.

Christmas Cakes

Black Bun

Christmas Pies

Plum Puddings

Shortbread

All the Best for Christmas and the New Year

GOODFELLOW & STEVEN LTD.

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS

BROUGHTY FERRY

ALSO AT ARBROATH, MONIFIETH AND CARNOUSTIE

TEAROOM AT BROUGHTY FERRY.

RESTAURANT AT ARBROATH

Laundry

Dry

Cleaning

Carpet

Shampooing

PEARL SERVICES

(DUNDEE) LTD.

40 Constitution Street

DUNDEE Telephone 23588

School
Underwear and
Sportswear

G. L. WILSON

Good
Shopping

"THE CORNER"
DUNDEE
TELEPHONE 26361

Good
Service

All the recommended SCHOOLBOOKS
and STATIONERY for pupils of every
age group.

Orders welcomed and speedily obtained.
Call, Write or phone 22184. Open daily
9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Closed Thursday at 1p.m.

**FRANK RUSSELL'S
BOOKSHOP**

95 NETHERGATE DUNDEE

Skis and Ski Hire

SKIS, from	£8.9.6
SKI BOOTS, from	£7.19.6
KOFLACK CLIP BOOTS, from	£14.14.0
ANORAKS, from	£5.12.6
SKI TROUSERS —	
GENT.'S, from	£6.9.6
LADIES', from	£5.12.6
SKI STICKS, from	39/6
SAFETY BINDINGS, from	80/- set

SKI HIRE — SKIS, STICKS and BOOTS 24/- per day

DAVID LOW

THE DAVID LOW SPORTS CO. LTD.

63 SEAGATE

Phone 24501/2

DUNDEE

WALLACE

"Land O'Bakes"

for PIES

and

BRIDIES

8 CRICHTON STREET

AND BRANCHES

Head Office : STOBWELL BAKERY

Telephone 82224

D. H. MORRIS & Co. Ltd.

REGISTERED ELECTRICAL
ENGINEERS



Specialists in Electrical Installations for
SCHOOLS FACTORIES OFFICE BLOCKS

AND

INDUSTRIALISED HOUSING SCHEMES

MILL MAINTENANCE AND ESTATE WORK

9-10 Dock St., Dundee

Telephone 23388 Dundee (2 lines)



W. E. DRYDEN

ESTABLISHED 1880

for Fruit and Flowers



23/25 VICTORIA ROAD

Phone 22369

255 BROOK STREET,

BROUGHTY FERRY

Phone 76819

14 CASTLE STREET

Phone 24848

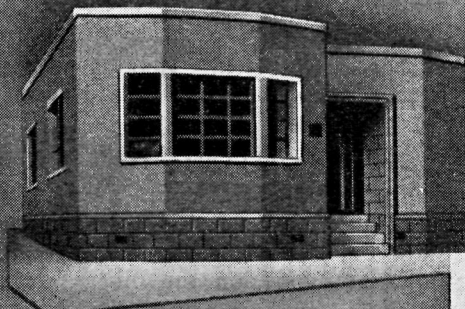
31 UNION STREET

Phone 22489

280 HILLTOWN

Phone 23645

Gibson & Dargie
 LIMITED
BUILDERS & CONTRACTORS



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

REG. OFFICE
 2 CARDEAN ST. DUNDEE
 PHONE 82130

ESTIMATES GIVEN WITHOUT OBLIGATION

THE CHUTE

My first vivid memory of going to a swimming-pool took place at the open-air swimming-pool half a mile from our house.

I walked to the shallow end of the pool, my hand firmly held in Daddy's. He slipped in. I slithered down the steps and doggy-paddled towards him. I felt quite safe; I was wearing my brother's rubber ring. My confidence was unfounded.

The ring sprang a leak. I was sinking.

I swallowed a great deal of water, my eyes were stinging, and I had grazed my knee on the side of the pool. I struggled towards the steps and clambered out.

Daddy flopped after me.

"I'm not going back in there ever again!" I spluttered.

"You would miss a lot of fun."

"I don't care!"

"Not even to go on the lovely chute?" he wheedled. There was a chute at the deep end. I loved chutes.

"N-No!"

"I'll catch you at the bottom, you'll be quite safe."

I hesitated. The chute gleamed invitingly. The sun played on the white foam and the turquoise water. I wavered and was lost.

A few minutes later, two chubby legs plunged into the water. It was fun to sink, only to rise up again, held in my father's strong arms. It was even fun to see everything "all wrong" through stinging, bleary eyes.

I probably learned the hard way, but I am glad that I did take the plunge.

DEBORAH MUNRO, F.I.

THE HAPPENING

It all began when I was dancing the last waltz with Annabella in Itchycoo Park, and there was Grocer Jack sitting under a tree with a hole in his shoe which was letting in water and he said, "I'm just sitting watching flowers in the rain". The heroes and villains asked him if he had met Marie that day in San Francisco but he replied that he had been up up and away in the house that he built when the lights went out in Massachusetts. However he had seen Billy Joe wearing his blue suede shoes in the playground shouting:

"All you need is love, girl, but I'm not your stepping-stone so I don't know when the good apples will fall."



She cried "Help! Here come the bees from Clarkesville but I'm a believer from the underworld."

Billy Joe said to her, "You've not changed a bit lightning's girl".

"Zabadac," she replied. "Reflections show I'm just loving you." So even the bad times are good on the other side of the Atlantic.

IRENE STEWART AND CAROL CLARK.

School Activities

As usual, there seems to be a considerable spate of Club Reports. Apprehensions were entertained as to whether Club Secretaries would have enough to talk about, but these have proved to be unfounded! Activities are of a diverse nature, with the Girls' Hill Climbing Club apparently dabbling in the dimensions of time to arrange their outings! For further details, read on . . .

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Since the last report the main event of the Club has been the school exhibition in which the Stamp Club took part. Everyone concerned was pleased to note the large attendance. We should like to thank all those members of staff and pupils who helped to make it a success, and especially the Dundee Philatelic Society for the loan of their frames.

During this session many members from Form I. have joined the Club and we hope they will keep up their enthusiasm in the future. Displays so far have been given by Mr Stevenson, A. D. McLaren and D. Campbell.

We should like to bring to notice the existence of a stamp exchange service which anyone outside the Club can take part in. We also have a First Day Cover service which supplies covers from Dundee and other places relevant to philately — for instance, Bethlehem in Wales for the Christmas stamps and Windsor for the new definitives.

Any new members are always welcome and details of exchange system can be obtained from any Club member.

DEREK NICOLL, Secretary.

SENIOR SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Scripture Union this term has proved both interesting and helpful. We have been following a series on the subject of "Christian Discipleship" with talks on the various aspects of this led by ministers and Bible students: Richard Young, Bruce Milne; Dr. Henderson; Rev. W. Freely; Stuart Sinclair; and A. Ramsay Small.

In addition to these talks we have had informal discussion and a most interesting talk on church music with tape recordings of singers from opera to folk music.

With a keen influx of both Form I. boys and girls, the attendance at these meetings has been good. A prayer meeting has now been started on a Wednesday which has proved a great encouragement to us all.

B. BUCHANAN and F. MUNRO.

JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

During period nine each Friday afternoon several girls organise a Junior Scripture Union. The junior boys and girls are split into two groups and range from classes four to seven. They take part in activities, quizzes and singing, and have shown great interest during the talks. It is a great privilege to lead this Scripture Union and we should like to thank those concerned for allowing us this opportunity.

F. MUNRO and M. MCGREGOR.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

Attendances at the Club are still very high, and a total of 6 teams have been entered for the divisions of Dundee and District Schools' League. In addition, our first team has been entered for the third division of the adult league, and we won our first match 4-0. We have also entered a team for the "Sunday Times" National Schools' competition, winning against George Heriot's by default in our first match.

The Scottish Championships were held this summer in Dundee, and of the 14 players in the Boys' Championships, Christopher Jones, with 4½/7, came joint third, and Andrew Baruch and Peter Walsh both scored 2½. In a Schools' Tournament which was also run, Norman Melvin shared first place with 6/7, and Douglas Tudhope, with 5/7, was joint third. A number of other High School players competed in this tournament. Then, at the British Championships in Oxford later in the summer, Peter Walsh scored 5/11 and Christopher Jones 4½/11 in the Under-16 Section, and Andrew Baruch scored 5½/11 in the Under-14 Section. Following this, Christopher Jones scored 3½/6 and Peter Walsh 1½/6 at a congress held in Glasgow during September.

Although Christopher Jones won the Dundee Schools' Individual Tournament, the 'A' team was just ousted by Lawside Academy 'A' team last year in the first division of the Schools' League. We hope for better luck this year.

As usual, our thanks are due to Mrs Elder, Mr Deas and Mr Mackay for running the Club and giving tutoring, and to Miss Gray and the catering staff for their help at home matches.

CHRISTOPHER JONES, Secretary.

COMBINED CADET FORCE REPORT

This year we held our annual camp at the Royal Naval Boom Defence Depot at Aultbea, Wester Ross. The weather was mixed and the night exercise had unfortunately to be called off for the second year running. This did not prevent the camp from being a great success. The platoon cup competition was hotly contested and resulted in a narrow win by No. 1 Platoon, Senior Company, under the command of Colour Sergeant Ross and Sergeant Grewar.

During the summer holidays several cadets attended courses in Leadership and Naval Aviation.

At the beginning of this session Sergeant Cameron and Sergeant Grewar were promoted C.S.M. Junior Company and C.S.M. Senior Company. The numbers at present in the Senior Company are the highest for some years. A radio section (Sergeant Smith and Corporal Griffith) has been set up and its success seems inevitable. A party of 15 cadets has been to H.M.S. "Condor" to enjoy an afternoon's gliding. Canoeing in the Tay has been hampered by bad weather.

The Company is at present working hard for Army Proficiency Tests. The Armistice Parade went off very smoothly; the Guard are to be congratulated on their excellent turn-out, and Corporal Green on his excellent bugle-playing.

Our thanks must go to Miss Chalmers and her band of cooks for looking after the Company at Aultbea. We are also grateful to our Officers for their help and advice.

C.S.M. GREWAR.

JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

The annual cadet camp was as usual held at Aultbea. We encountered the usual bad weather but managed to complete the majority of the programme that had been planned beforehand. One of the more important events was the Coronation Trophy for the best junior company cadet. When the time came to add up the final marks they were found to be of a very high standard. The winner by a very small margin was Cadet Boath.

At the start of this new session we were set the task of replacing those cadets who were transferred to the Senior Company. However, due to a

vigorous recruiting campaign conducted by Lt. Fraser we now find ourselves with the largest company for some years. In fact, we now have the problem of finding new uniforms for these new recruits.

In the limited time allotted to us we have been given instruction in drill, fieldcraft, map-reading and weapon training, with a film show once a month. In addition, several out-of-school activities have been arranged and recent visits have been made to the training ship "Sir Winston Churchill" and the open day at R.A.F. Leuchars. At present our activities tend to be limited by cold weather and fewer hours of daylight, but a rough programme has been made for the spring term, when it is hoped to have more extensive out-of-school training.

E. CAMERON, Junior Company C.S.M.

ORCHESTRA REPORT

The Orchestra continues to meet on Mondays at 4 p.m. This year we have a number of new younger members, giving added strength to both the woodwind and string sections of the Orchestra. They are extremely enthusiastic, gaining confidence every week, and the Orchestra is now beginning to weld together and to strive towards musical unity. Some woodwind and brass ensembles have been formed and these groups are intending to give a performance at King George VI. Memorial Club in December. These ensembles are giving the players involved more experience in the field of music.

All members of the Orchestra thank Mr Porteous for his help and for giving us this opportunity to further our musical interest.

LORNA THOM, Leader.

GIRLS' HILL-CIMBING REPORT

At the beginning of the session a meeting was held to appoint the officials. (This result was not fixed, despite the evil threats by the successful candidates.)

On Sunday, 28th September, a very successful climb was held, up the Tilt Glen. This was originally up Ben Y Vrackie, but owing to inclement weather this was postponed. Religious services that evening were well-attended!

We were honoured by the presence of three "old girls" (not Miss Lawson and Miss Laing, whom we must thank for coming with us).

Weather permitting, we hope to have at least three more climbs in the future, as we will find great difficulty in having them in the past.

SHONA C. AGNEW, Secretary.

THELMA C. S. McFADZEN, Treasurer.

PENELOPE E. ROBERTSON, Rep.

GUIDE REPORT

The company has now been reduced to twenty Guides, from L.VII. and F.I., to conform with the new Guide regulations. We have four patrols, Robin, Swallow, Wren and Nightingale. Our new Captain is Miss Loarridge and she is assisted by Miss McCallum and Miss Thomson.

During the first week in July a camp was held under the leadership of Miss Thomson and Miss McCallum at our old camp-site in Glen Esk. We all had a marvellous time and the weather was tolerably kind to us.

This term our meetings, which now take place on Wednesday at six, have been of a varied sort, including a Hallowe'en Party, a surprise from the Guiders, and a short hike. We are now very busy preparing Christmas gifts for a Dundee family. At the Armistice Service, Elspeth Stratton carried the wreath.

We should like to thank our Guiders for so willingly leading us throughout the term.

AGRICULTURAL YOKELS' CLUB REPORT

Grate intrest 'as bean showd by sum lesser Yokels in this ear schule about startin' this her' club. Membreship fee is an harf bag o' roten swedes, butt three ded 'ens hav' bean excepted. A fool list o' aktivitys' ar' be'en planned.

Unfortunately this yeer's plowin' match in the frunt playground was canncelld du to brokn bar-points and naggered moulboards.

We organised a stok-judgin' show in the back playground and a faint aroma lingers on. The prise was a tun and a harf o' swedes.

If yoo ar interested come along to our club meating's (you just hav to sniff) and remmember our slogan — **Grow Swedes for Britain.**

YOKEL-IN-CHIEF.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CLUB REPORT

This year a committee of senior boys was formed to help run, and further the interests of the Club. The Club has already run two successful "Games Nights" at the D.H.S. Gym and a third is planned for mid-November in Morgan Gym.

Senior boys had an eventful weekend at Angus House, Edzell. The accommodation was excellent and the beautiful countryside makes a return visit desirable for some age-group of the Club. A 'bus trip to Murrayfield to the New Zealand rugby match was also arranged.

The major event of the year will be the "Home and Away" weekend to be held from the 29th-31st December. A full list of activities has been planned and this includes our annual Christmas-New Year Dance.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the Club Officers who have given up their time to help in the organising of events. Let us hope that the enthusiasm and spirit of the boys does not dwindle during the cold winter months ahead.

P. C. G.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

The Debating Society has had a successful term. Two teams were entered for the E.S.U. competition, one of which has succeeded in reaching the 2nd round. At the time of publication a team will have been entered for the "Daily Express" competition. We wish them every success.

Earlier this term the first round of the School Reading and Public-Speaking competition was held. We were glad to see such a large entry.

The Inter-House Debating competition was won by Wallace, with Airlie second and Lindores and Aystree third equal. The Chairman for the Airlie v. Aystree Debate was Mr Dryden and the Chairman for the Lindores v. Wallace Debate was Mr Rorie.

It was a great pleasure to welcome back members of the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs one evening to take part in a friendly debate.

We would like to thank members of staff, particularly Miss Gray and Mr E. M. Stewart, for helping with the debates and also the hostesses for supplying refreshments afterwards.

We have a very full syllabus for the session and we welcome everyone in F.III.-VI. and members of staff to attend our meetings.

LORNA MARSHALL.
THELMA ROBERTSON.

Sport

Despite the boost given to soccer by the success of England in the World Cup, there is still no football played in the High School, but rugby is as popular as ever and all our sports clubs are thriving, as you will gather from the following reports.

Once again we should like to extend our thanks to all members of the school staff without whose help school sport would be impossible. The club secretaries especially mention Miss Dobson, Miss Filshie, Mr Allardice, Mr Coletta, Mr Stark, Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr N. G. Stewart, Mr Gray, Mr Hunter, Mr Roberts and Mr Adams.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

Captain, Margaret Duncan; Vice-Captain, Shona McFadzen; Secretary, Deborah Menelaws; Treasurer, Fiona Ross.

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

		F.	A.
Sept. 9—Blairgowrie	H	5	3
13—Morgan	H	1	1
16—Kirkcaldy	A	0	5
20—Waid Academy	H	3	2
23—Perth Academy	A	4	1
27—Grove	A	0	2
Oct. 7—Morrison's	H	2	3
14—Bell-Baxter	A	2	0
21—Albyn	A	0	2
25—St. Leonard's	A	0	5
28—Harris	H	Can.	

The first Junior Midlands Trials were held on 28th October and the following players represented the school—Margaret Duncan, Margaret Gibb, Patricia Hutton, Penny Agnew, Lorna Thom and Deborah Menelaws. Of these, M. Duncan, M. Gibb, P. Hutton and D. Menelaws were selected to go forward to the final Midlands Trial to be held on 11th November at Dalnacraig.

With 8 new members, the first XI. is beginning to settle down and play as a team. To date there is

little cause for complacency but with practice we have great hopes that the rest of the season will be more successful.

The 2nd XI. has shown great promise and is to be congratulated on a very good performance.

The 3rd XI. has played only six matches this season but has been successful in most, which is a good result.

The junior teams have promising members who will, undoubtedly, enter the senior teams next season.

D. MENELAWS.

NETBALL REPORT

So far this year we have only played one match as a team. We lost this narrowly but were against an excellent team, Morgan. We now have matches arranged for every week until Easter, including Aberdeen High in Aberdeen in February.

Mrs Adams has come back to school to coach us on Wednesday afternoons and we are finding this a great help and I am sure we shall have success in the future.

The junior team has also played without much success but has many future fixtures and with more practice they are sure to be successful.

MARION WILTSHIRE.

RIDING CLUB REPORT

Although enthusiasm has dwindled there have still been good attendances for riding every Wednesday at Camperdown. So far we have had no casualties, although a few beginners have complained of being sore. Unfortunately the weather has not been very good and we have only been out six times. Riding will probably cease soon because of the weather but we hope to carry on for as long as possible and then recommence in the summer term.

PAMELA FLEMING, F.V.

GIRLS' SWIMMING REPORT

This year a Swimming Club has been formed in the school. The official is Sheelagh Todd. Practices have been arranged by both Miss Dobson and Miss Filshie which were well-attended by younger members, although older girls could show greater enthusiasm. In the only match so far the under-fifteen team—E. McLennan, C. Mills, S. Cramond and A. Paterson—reached the finals of the Midlands Gala, eventually coming fourth—a promising start to the season. We hope to have a successful year.

S. TODD.



UNDER-16 HOCKEY SIX (Winners of Dundee Six-a-Side Tournament)

Back Row (l. to r.)— Mr J. Coletta, J. M. Wardlaw, M. M. Adams, R. J. Catlow, Mr D. C. Fraser.

Front Row (l. to r.)— A. S. Sutter, D. R. H. Tullis (Captain), M. J. D. Johnston.



(Photographs by—J. D. Brown, Castle Street).

RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.)— Mr W. D. Allardice, R. J. Young, R. D. Muckart, R. M. Milne, L. R. Ancell, R. R. Kinnear, A. S. Lockhart, A. C. Cruickshank, A. J. Gossip, A. M. D. Perry, Mr G. C. Stewart.

Front Row (l. to r.)— M. M. Andrew, N. D. P. Cathcart, P. C. Grewar (Vice-Captain), E. S. D. McKay (Captain), A. H. Hutchison, N. R. J. Stewart, B. C. Armstrong-Payne.

Out and About



The Happy Wanderers



A Rare Species ?



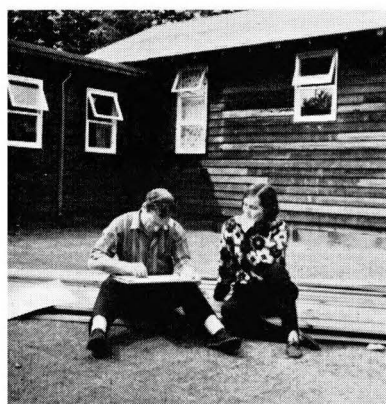
Last Aid



Wait for me ?



Art Al Fresco, Belmont Camp



Teacher does the work? Belmont Camp : 2

BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

Captain, A. Hutchison; Secretary, S. McKean; Treasurer, S. McFadzen.

This year the Club's flourishing membership has increased even more, and all members are very keen. Unfortunately the standard of play is not very high but every week it improves.

S. McKEAN.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

Following on a rather poor start to the season, the 'A' team went from strength to strength and finished the season with a 50 per cent. record from 11 games.

Matches						
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	
11	4	4	3	16½	16½	

Unfortunately both 'B' team games against Grove Academy were cancelled.

In the school golf competitions, R. S. Catlow had a clean sweep, winning the Boase Medal with a total of 178 (86, 92). Fiona M. Clark won the Recordon Salver for girls, beating Louise E. Wood in a keenly fought final.

Next season we hope to have a successful season since only two of last year's team have left and their places should be filled easily.

R. D. MUCKART, Captain.

LIFE-SAVING CLUB REPORT

Despite the shortage of meetings due to holidays and exams the Club is flourishing under the expert tuition of Mr Allardice.

Although most of the members are from the lower Forms, several Seniors are sitting the Bronze Cross award for their Duke of Edinburgh badge. It is to be hoped that a large number of awards will be gained in the near future.

Kenneth McConnel is sitting the Distinction Award this year and if he is successful, he will be one of the few people in Dundee to hold this award. The High School had four successful attempts at this award two years ago.

There are entrants for the Intermediate and Bronze Medallion awards and an attempt is also to be made for the Diploma.

A. MITCHELL.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected—Captain, E. S. D. McKay; Vice-Captain, P. C. Grewar; Secretary, A. H. Hut-

chison; Treasurer, N. D. P. Cathcart; Committee, M. L. Andrew, B. C. Armstrong-Payne, N. R. J. Stewart.

The results of the first XV. until the 11th November are as follows:—

		F.	A.
Sept.	9—Harris Academy	A 6	3
	16—Dollar Academy	A 11	11
	23—Aberdeen Grammar	H 0	14
Oct.	7—Gordon's College	A 0	14
	14—Waid Academy	A 14	0
	21—Melville College	H 11	3
	28—Boroughmuir School	A 0	9
Nov.	4—Kelvinside Academy	A 8	3
	11—Gordonstoun	H 9	9

The first XV. were considerably weakened at the beginning of the season owing to the loss of twelve of last year's team. This was an exceptionally high number. Despite this, the team has more than proved that they can hold their own against other schools, who are generally bigger and stronger. The climax so far this season has been the match against Gordonstoun, where in a hard-fought game, High School were unlucky not to win against a very much bigger team.

The fair degree of success in the games played so far has been entirely due to teamwork, and the pack especially has developed great understanding amongst themselves. A driving force behind the pack has been Grewar, who with fine individual performances has led and encouraged the scrum well.

Enthusiasm has been high, with good attendances at training each week, and with this spirit it is hoped that the team will settle down as the season progresses and develop into the best first XV. for several years.

The second XV. has also had a good season so far, having won five games and lost three. Here again their play is based on teamwork rather than individualism. This side contains several young players who are of first XV. standard and who will provide a very sound basis for next year's team.

The third XV. have had varied results but have on all occasions given a good account of themselves.

The Colts have had good results against bigger opponents and both the second and first year teams have had a successful season to date, ensuring the high standard of rugby in the school for future years.

On behalf of the players, I should like to thank the hostesses and Miss Gray for providing refreshments to visiting teams.

In conclusion I should like to thank the staff and the ground staff for their invaluable work.

A. H. HUTCHISON, Secretary.

CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

The Club has had two very successful "meets" this term already, the first to "Glas Moal" and the second to "Meyar and Driesh". "Glas Moal" was climbed in mist and heavy showers and everyone was glad to get back to the relative warmth of the army truck. The weather on "Meyar and Driesh" was excellent for the time of year, cold but bright with clear visibility. The part of 21 climbed the mountains in record time and it proved a most enjoyable day.

MICHAEL PROUDFOOT, Secretary.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
5	4	1	0	26	10

As can be seen from the above table of league results, the 1st XI. has been fairly successful so far this season, having been beaten only once away from home.

The high aggregate of goals scored is due mainly to games against Aberdeen Grammar 2nd XI. and Alloa Academy 1st XI., who were soundly beaten

9-0 and 8-1 respectively. Our most notable victory, however, was perhaps the defeat of Perth Academy 1st XI. at Perth by 4 goals to 3, over whom we have not recorded a win for three seasons.

The 2nd XI. drew 3-3 with Perth Academy 2nd XI., being rather unlucky not to avenge a 9-0 defeat of last season.

The Under-Sixteens' XI., although it has not had many fixtures so far, has shown great promise for the future.

In the Midlands Six-a-Sides Competition, the 1st VI succeeded in winning the shield for the first time in the history of the Dundee High School Hockey Club, defeating Morgan Academy 1st VI. in the final by one goal to nil. This success followed the equally important achievement of the Under-Sixteens' VI. in defeating Linlathen 1-0.

Our sincerest thanks must go to the members of staff who have given up their free time to guide us in our success so far this year. Thank you also to the pupils of the school who have turned up on a Saturday morning to support us.

A. B. BUCHAN, Secretary.



OLD BOYS' CLUB

IN MEMORIAM

The news of Tommy Reid's death in September, after a short illness, brought a real sense of loss to those who knew him well.

Keenly interested in sport, he was a member of the F.P.'s Cricket team. Except for the war years, when as a Captain in the Royal Engineers he served in France and Italy, he maintained a close association with the Old Boys' Club, being for a number of years a member of the Executive Committee. When golf became his main form of relaxation he played frequently for the Old Boys' golf team in their annual matches against the school.

The keen interest and enthusiasm which he showed in all his activities, whether in his profession as an architect or on the sports field, set a fine example.

The sturdy and popular figure of Tommy Reid will be missed by his many friends and associates.

OLD BOYS' DINNER

The Old Boys' Dinner was held in the Royal Hotel, Dundee, on 1st December, 1967, at which the principal guest of honour was David R. Elder, Esq., M.C., C.A.

Mr Elder, who was Vice-President of Shell Europe Limited, proposed the Toast of the Club and the School in a most interesting and lively way. As one of Britain's leaders of industry he found one of the major difficulties in today's world was the "marrying up" of the highly trained youth with the equally highly experienced managers and administrators of industry. This required a language of communication and required confidence in each other so that the young man with the academic technical knowledge could learn its practical application and "know how", while the senior administrator could draw on the new technical knowledge. It was interesting to hear that with the possibility of the United Kingdom entering the Common Market, Mr Elder felt that another aspect of communication would be one that would come upon us very quickly, in that Executives in Europe could almost without exception speak two and probably three languages, while we in this country were prepared to rest on our own English language,

which was almost an international form of communication. It would, however, be essential should we enter the Common Market that we should be able to converse not only with the people with whom we were negotiating, but with the man in the street, getting the feeling of the average person of that country.

Mr Elder stated that he, having toured the School that day, his first in 20 years, felt sure the School was qualified and trained to put out into this world men who could communicate in all senses of the word. It was perhaps also interesting to note that within the Royal Dutch Shell Group there were five Old Boys who held General Manager status or above.

On behalf of the School Mr Erskine replied stating he felt the School motto might well be changed to "Never Standing Still" and also pointing out that the School was well aware of the problems that faced the young man of today.

Mr Burnett replied on behalf of the Club.

Mr Gordon Robbie proposed the Toast of the President and a most enjoyable evening was concluded in the usual way and friends of yesteryear were able to meet one another and exchange reminiscences.

A saddening note to the Dinner perhaps was the fact that there was a very distinct absence of "new" Old Boys. Apart from two notable exceptions there were no boys who had left School less than 5 years ago. While the Club is receiving new members annually from the School it does require rather more than just a name on a list. To be an active and virile Club we require the attendance at functions such as this of all local Old Boys.

K. W. P.

Phew!

The title expresses how we, the editorial committee, feel after producing, against all odds, yet another magazine in 1967. We hope that reading it has not similarly exhausted you, our readers. It is to you that we send our main thanks this time for, without you, a magazine would have no point! Now we expect brains and pens to get busy for the first 1968 edition — closing date for receipt of copy — 7th June, 1968.

— Editor.

Manufacturers of

BASKETWARE, CANE FURNITURE.
BRUSHES. MATS and MATTING.
BEDDING and UPHOLSTERY.

Blind Craft
DUNDEE.

Repairs a Specialty
Estimates without obligation

THE ROYAL DUNDEE INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND

Workshops and Bedding Factory :

59 MAGDALEN YARD ROAD, DUNDEE

Phone 67292/3

Retail Shop :

51 NETHERGATE, DUNDEE

Phone 24761

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

Christmas Gifts

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

You'll like the selection at —

MELDRUM'S
REFORM STREET - - DUNDEE

'Phone 24751



*For Thirst Quenchers
why not try*

SUNSPAN

Orange, Lemon and Cola

A Product of

G. & P. BARRIE LTD.

Established 1830

Also Manufacturers of GLUCOVEX
the Sparkling Glucose Beverage

Fraser & Son

for

Pictures

*ART DEALERS and
PICTURE FRAME MAKERS*

**38 COMMERCIAL STREET
DUNDEE
Phone 25284**

JOINERS, SHOPFITTERS
AND BARFITTERS

Bowling Rink Floor Specialists

OASTLER

**ALEXANDER OASTLER LTD.
17 MILN STREET, DUNDEE
Tel. 25934/5**

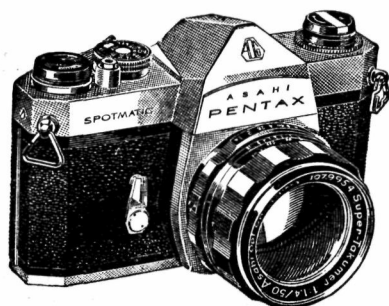
DUNDEE & ANGUS School of Motoring



Dundee's leading and most successful School. Thousands of first-time passes to their credit. Choice of geared or automatic cars with Ministry of Transport Approved Instructors.

All at Moderate Cost

6 WHITEHALL CRESCENT, DUNDEE - Phone 26240



We provide a complete retail service for the photographer, including the sale of cameras and accessories, projectors, cine equipment, enlargers, tape recorders, binoculars and photographic materials. Colour and Black and White processing in our own laboratories. Commercial and portrait photography in our own studios are available.

We are therefore able to offer the photographer a comprehensive service of a very high standard. We sell with confidence and back our sales with our full guarantee and after-sales service.

Call at our showrooms or contact us by post, for a photographic service of the highest standard and integrity.

Cameras
Photographic
Accessories
Visual Aid
Equipment
Cine Supplies
Sound Equipment



J. D. Brown

28-34 Castle Street Dundee

Telephone 26591



PRODUCTS OF QUALITY

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

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

THE AULD DUNDEE PIE SHOP LTD.

(DAVID WALLACE)

Pie Bakers and Restaurateurs

22 CASTLE STREET, DUNDEE

PHONE 23682

BOYSWEAR CENTRE

MENZIES Boyswear Centre in the Overgate shopping scheme is Dundee's only specialist Boys Shop.

For the best selection of clothes for young men, shop at

MENZIES

BOYSWEAR CENTRE, 12 KIRK STYLE, DUNDEE

NELSON CREAM ICE COMPANY LIMITED

45 NELSON STREET
TELEPHONE : 27217

10 WELLGATE
TELEPHONE : 25222
DUNDEE

John Mitchell

REGISTERED PLUMBER



AT YOUR SERVICE FOR
PLUMBING HOT WATER AND
HEATING SYSTEMS

Fire Appliances Fitted and Repaired

70 BELL STREET
DUNDEE

Telephone 22750

Emergencies 69803

● **We have moved to**
New Premises

Geo. E. Findlay & Co. Ltd.

PRINTERS BOOKBINDERS & STATIONERS

LARCH STREET, DUNDEE

Telephone 25856-7

AFTER SCHOOL OR ON HOLIDAY!

Come Tenpin Bowling
or Model Car Racing

UNDER 15's JUNIOR TENPIN SATURDAY CLUB
EVERY WEEK AT 10 A.M. — 4/- FOR TWO HOURS

Full Lunch and Snack Service Daily

HAVE FUN AND MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT . . .

Skyline Bowl

30 NORTH TAY STREET . . . DUNDEE

LANE RESERVATIONS — PHONE 21896

Contractors to H.M. Government

On Ministry of Works List

MATTHEW TIMMONS & CO. **LIMITED**

HEATING AND VENTILATING ENGINEERS

PLUMBERS

DOMESTIC HOT WATER SUPPLY — STEAM HEATING SYSTEMS
WARM AIR SYSTEMS — CENTRAL HEATING

29^A HAWKHILL, DUNDEE

Telephone 23632

Emergency 66043 and 85937

Workshops and Stores : 29 Kincardine Street, Dundee

Our address in the near future will be :—

MARITIME BUILDINGS, DOCK STREET, DUNDEE. Tels. 24365-6

DECORATION BY

Joseph Thomson

(DUNDEE) LTD., F.I.B.D.

★ ★

**PAINTERS
AND DECORATORS**

★ ★

Registered Office :

47 SOUTH TAY STREET, DUNDEE

Telephone 23750

“ Decoration with Distinction ”

5 words which mean

**FINE ART PUBLISHERS
GUIDE BOOKS
BROCHURES
TECHNICAL LEAFLETS
DESIGN & LAYOUT**

VICTORIA PUBLISHING COMPANY (DUNDEE) LTD.

**LARCH STREET, DUNDEE
Tel. 25856/7**

**FOR ALL CLASSES OF
BUILDING WORK**

Charles Gray

(Builders) Limited

**4 FRANCIS STREET
COLDSIDE**

DUNDEE



Telephones : DUNDEE 88312 (Six Lines)

THOMSON'S EMPORIUM

THOMSON'S TRAVEL SERVICE

See Our Display

OF THE LATEST DESIGNS IN

FIREPLACES

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

FOR A GOOD SELECTION IN

FURNITURE

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

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

SHOWROOMS AT 164 HIGH STREET, LOCHEE

Your Summer Outing

DAY, AFTERNOON, OR EVENING TOURS.

You should Travel in one of our NEW

COMFORT COACHES

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

111 South Road, Lochee

Phone 67201-2