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MAGAZINE



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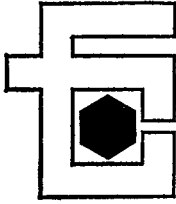
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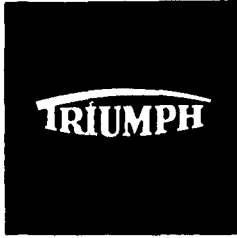
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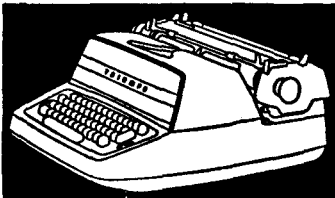
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EDITORIAL

No. 144

ONE SHILLING AND
SIXPENCE

JUNE, 1968

It is generally assumed that the motive behind reading the editorial is of a more profound character than that which prompts one to flick through the magazine merely to discover one's eulogy, under the title "My Daddy", or to scan the pages to find a son's or daughter's blurred image in the Athletics Team photograph. Therefore what does the reader of the editorial look for?

Perhaps it is entertainment, perhaps enlightenment. Being totally devoid of gems of wit, however, this page is unlikely to appeal to your sense of humour. As for enlightenment—well, read on and hope for the best.

The School Magazine is a part of the school. It is "in with the bricks", so to speak. Like Tennyson's "Brook", it "goes on for ever". This does not mean, however, that change is absent from its pages.

We are indeed pleased to be able to introduce into this edition more illustrations than usual, including some from Lower School and the Preparatory Department. Not only does this reveal the considerable artistic talent in the school, but it also makes for a more attractive and better balanced magazine.

Once again contributions from the senior school are fewer than we would like, but with the increasing importance of the S.C.E. exam-

inations in May, writing for the magazine is very much an afterthought. I feel that we shall have to become reconciled to this difficulty.

Those of you who are connoisseurs of the magazine will perhaps be wondering what has happened to the blue coloured section, which has been a regular feature in past editions, containing articles rather more unusual than those found elsewhere. Lack of suitable material has unfortunately made this ploy impracticable for this edition, but we are convinced that this is merely a temporary lapse.

It has been brought to my notice that the magazine contains very few contributions from former pupils. This is certainly not because we are opposed to them, rather it is due to the fact that we receive none. Nevertheless, the fine co-operation between P.P.'s and F.P.'s, as exhibited in the Charities Evening held in February of this year, makes me feel that with a little persuasion the Old High Schoolians could make a very beneficial impact on the magazine.

Not surprisingly the mention of former pupils reminds me that I too shall be in this category in but a few weeks. So, as I am about to say "Ave atque Vale" to a fine school, I pass on the same greeting to all readers in the sincere hope that you enjoy the contents of his magazine.

The Editor.

TRIBUTE TO SIR ALEX. GRAY, 1882—1968

(One of the High School's most distinguished scholars)

One of the most satisfying things about being a journalist is that it gives one an uncommonly useful base from which to search for men and women of outstanding moral and intellectual excellence. There aren't many of them around at one time. You can count worldly successes, people with so many letters after their names that they look like chain reactions, by the hundred, by the thousand. But a sceptical journalist isn't much impressed by this herbage of letters, by this efflorescence of degrees.

Alec Gray, who lived up the hill from me in Edinburgh, was reasonably cluttered with academic and civic honours but they didn't interest me much and I haven't bothered to look them up since I have not been asked to get his name and distinctions right on a toast list. I liked to go and see him because he was a man of moral and intellectual energy, one of those men who truly did enrich and enlarge one's experience, which can be another word for education. Even when Alec Gray nodded at a peony in his garden and spoke to you about it you felt that you were considerably more knowledgeable.

When Dundee nurtures a man of true distinction he tends to be very distinguished indeed. As a Dundonian myself it has always pleased me that two of the most impressive men I have got to know have been Dundonians. One was Professor Norman Kemp Smith, the Kantian scholar with an international reputation, and also our honorary baby sitter. The other was Alec Gray who was a professor of political economy. Professor Kemp Smith was very good with dogs and babies. I never saw Alec Gray associating with dogs but he got on tremendously well with babies.

I remember taking my daughter Carola when she was about two years old to see him one Sunday morning. Alec Gray had just completed his book on Socialism from Moses to Lenin. A huge stack of typescript lay on his desk. He picked Carola up and sat her on the product of years of hard work. "There, Carola," he said, "you're sitting on an old man's magnum opus. You don't know what a magnum opus is, which is just as well, because it's a silly business."

There's something about Dundee or Angus men of intellectual standing that much appeals

to me. They don't put on airs and, like David Hume, they radiate common sense. The true and unacknowledged genius of Dundee lies in this talent for putting things in correct focus or perspective. In Dundonians of lesser stature this tendency to cut things down to size or less than size can sound contemptuous but in philosophic Dundonians like Alec Gray and Norman Kemp Smith deflation, administered with modesty and humour, can be refreshing.

The real secret of a successful life is to live in a state of grace. Grace is a hard state to define but you know it through other people and the relationships they create. Alec Gray was a man of abounding grace. He was so civilised. He's the only eminent man I've ever met who has not only paid affectionate tribute to Lochee but has also analysed and clarified the essence of the almost ineffable Lochee ethos.

Common sense, sharpened by an invigorating mind, can, if you have been brought up in Angus, happily consort with poetry. Alec Gray, economist and man of affairs, teacher and administrator, was in the line of singing Angus poets. He treated words with delicacy and respect and he loved all the old vernacular words spoken in the glens and in the streets of Lochee.

He loved the glens, the hills, the burns, the lochs of Angus and, by extension, the whole Scottish countryside. When the Scottish Youth Hostel movement started he was one of its warmest supporters.

When, in his early fifties, Alec Gray left the University of Aberdeen to come to the chair in Edinburgh a dinner was given in his honour to which leading citizens swarmed and at which many eulogies were delivered. I wish I had heard his reply. He didn't give a fig for pomposity and he could be devastatingly witty.

It is important to remember that he was a very funny man. He was always making people laugh. He couldn't write a letter without the words exploding into jokes. He used to review books for "The Scotsman" and we always looked forward to his visits to the book room. In he would come, his hair tousled and his pipe going well, and in no time the air was crackling with sallies, some of them delivered so sotto voce that you had to listen hard to catch them. He was superb at the throwaway line. It has

always surprised me how easily the amateur humorists surpass the professionals.

Alec Gray was one of the last inspirational professors. He wasn't scared of value judgments and he thought that a lecture should be artistically shaped, articulately delivered, and presented with style. Unlike many latter day professors he felt an obligation to lecture himself to his first year students and to the end of his teaching life he did so, at an unconscionably early hour in the morning, and in the grim surroundings of a converted church hall.

One of the hallmarks of an inspiring professor is when people who aren't reading his subject attend his lectures. This happened to Alec Gray. I once went to hear him lecture myself although I had passed in economics at another university.

He liked to give value for money and undoubtedly he gave his young students more than they or their grants paid for. They, in turn, warmly esteemed him. When the time came for him to give his last lecture the theatre was packed and his audience was far more disposed to cheer than to listen to a discourse on economic theory. While bag-pipers blew their tributes Lady Gray was ushered in and presented with a bouquet. The proceedings ended, as far as I remember, with the professor being hauled around the town in an open carriage.

From Far and Near

NEWS OF STAFF

While other schools announce changes in their ranks as frequently as governments reshuffle their cabinets, we at High School remain fortunate in seeing remarkably few changes in our team. Nevertheless, we must part with some of our friends both of long and short standing.

Calls on his time were endless and met with a good-humoured response. He delivered one of the most stimulating graduation addresses I can recall and it is my regret that the students of Edinburgh never elected one of the wittiest after-dinner speakers in Scotland their Rector. He would certainly have given them a memorable Rectorial address.

There was a most endearing streak of mischief in Alec Gray's personality. It could have been this irrepressible tendency to see the comedy inherent in any human situation that kept him from getting one of the top jobs. My own view is that he never did have the kind of ambition which ruthlessly propels a man to the summit. He wanted to expend his energies at the levels where they gave him most satisfaction and that, I am sure, is what he succeeded in doing during a long and busy life.

At this time when nationalism is so prevalent we ought to try and assess what are the best qualities in the Scottish character, the qualities which give this character its distinction. I wouldn't like to guess who has them but I am fairly certain that Alec Gray possessed them in full measure. He was a Scot with a European outlook, schooled in Dundee, Edinburgh, France, and Germany. He was a man whom any school would have been proud to claim. I am glad that the school which does so claim him happens to be my own.

Wilfred Taylor.

We are very sorry indeed that shortly we shall be losing a friend without whom High School will not seem complete—**Mr More**, Head Master of the Mathematics Department, whose association with High School goes back some thirty years. In this column it is impossible to say how much Mr More has meant to the school—to staff and pupils. Instead, you will find later in the magazine a fitting tribute to him. Here, we simply confine ourselves to wishing him the best of health and all happiness in his forthcoming retirement. Our best wishes go, too, to Mrs More who has always taken a lively interest in school affairs.

Also leaving us in June are **Mr Coletta** of the Gymnastics Department, **Mrs Khan** of the Art Department, **Miss MacCallum** of the Preparatory Department and **Mrs Swanson** of the English Department. The school will greatly miss these members of staff who have contributed so much to pupils and colleagues in edu-

cation and friendship. They leave us with every good wish for their success and happiness in the future. Mr Coletta goes to a new sphere of influence in Cumbernauld, Miss MacCallum, who is to be married in August, will settle in Keighley, Yorkshire, for at least six months, while Mrs Khan will remain in Dundee.

We congratulate **Mr Hunter** on his appointment to the headship of the Mathematics Department where he will still have the help and encouragement of Mr More for a little longer.

Congratulations to **Mr Vannet** who was recently appointed a trustee of the Orchar Art Gallery, Broughty Ferry. Mr Vannet exhibited a watercolour, "Boats, Kippford" in the R.S.W., and in the Royal Scottish Academy he was represented by a watercolour, "Drydock, Peterhead" and an etching, "Harbour, Aberdeen".

Our sympathy goes to **Mrs Richterich** of the Modern Languages Department who is not yet fully restored to health and to **Miss Dobson** who has also had a long spell of bad health since March. **Miss Lawson** of Lower School has been missed very much, too, in the weeks she has been off duty.

Next term we hope to welcome to the staff the following new members:— Mrs Tweedie to the Preparatory Department; Mrs Yardley (better known to us perhaps as Miss O'Brien) to the English Department; Mr McKenzie to a new Economics post; Mr Garland to the Mathematics Department; Miss A. Smith to the Art Department; Mrs Carnegie to give much-needed extra help to the Homecraft Department; Mrs Flook to the Music Department and Mr Brickley to the Gymnastics Department.

Miss Ena Reekie, L.R.A.M.

It was with a deep sense of sorrow that the school learned of the death of Miss Reekie in January of this year. A talented and conscientious teacher, Miss Reekie served the school faithfully for ten years and did much to encourage the appreciation of good music amongst her pupils.

During the past year she was in poor health and suffered much pain, but in spite of this she had a cheery word for everyone with whom she came in contact. We remember her for her sense of duty, her modest demeanour and friendly nature.

The school has been most fortunate in obtaining the services of Dr. Antony Baldwin

to assist in the Music Department on a part-time basis. Unfortunately he will be unable to continue in this capacity next session but we thank him for helping us out at a difficult period and for the excellent work he has done with the pupils.

Next session we welcome Mrs J. M. Flook to the Music Department as a specialist pianoforte teacher. Mrs Flook has two children at High School and we trust her work with us will be fruitful and happy.

In conclusion I should like to take this opportunity of paying special tribute to Mrs Elder and Mr Hooks for their commendable work with class singing, recorder groups and orchestral instruments, and Mrs Hajbowicz for her faithful and excellent work as a specialist pianoforte teacher.

T. E. P.

A late piece of news comes to be announced with mixed feelings. While we offer our heartiest congratulations to **Mr A. Wilson** of the Mathematics Department on his appointment as lecturer in Mathematics at Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology, Aberdeen, we are very sorry to lose him. We wish him all the best, however, in his new post.

NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

Tributes came from a very wide area on the death of one of the school's most distinguished Former Pupils—**Sir Alexander Gray**—at the age of 86, after a career that few could surely equal as scholar, government official, poet and professor. It is impossible to do justice to such a great man in this column and you will read elsewhere in the magazine a more fitting tribute by another well-known former pupil who had the good fortune to know him as a friend.

Lord Fulton of Falmer, another outstanding scholar who was educated at D.H.S., vice-chairman of the B.B.C., chairman of the British Council and, until last year when he retired, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sussex, is soon to have the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him by the University of Dundee.

Graham McIntosh Patrick, former pupil and science dux, was awarded the C.M.G. (Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George) in the New Year's Honours List, 1968.

More recent former pupils, **Eileen and George Duke**, have been adding to their many achievements. Eileen is first in the Biochemistry and Physiology classes, 1966-68, 2nd M.B.,

Ch.B. course, University of Dundee and is also the holder of a University Bursary for the current session. George, since receiving his LL.B. (Hons) degree, has been admitted to membership of the Society of Writers to the Signet. We congratulate them both on continuing their fine record.

We congratulate **Mr Malcolm A. Dougall** on being awarded a travel grant by the E.S.U. to enable him to visit Philadelphia. Mr Dougall has been associated with the Scottish School-boys' Club for a number of years and will be studying youth work in the city.

Miss Helen Jamieson returned from her successful participation in Olympic Ski-ing to win the Grampian Giant Slalom Ski Race in the Cairngorms, "leaving", according to the report, "nearly sixty men trailing behind". Congratulations to Helen, who also won the Coronation Trophy Giant Slalom in April, and thanks for her colourful Olympic post-card which we wish we could reproduce here.

Mr Ian Taylor, now lecturing in St. John's College, York, was lately elected the first Honorary Secretary of the recently constituted History of Education Society. We extend our congratulations and best wishes to Mr Taylor who is not only a former pupil but also a former member of the Mathematics Department in school.

We look forward to hearing more of a venture in which former pupil, **Ian Smith**, is to take part. He and three other Edinburgh University students are raising funds to provide a Land Rover, adapted as an ambulance, and medical supplies for a Church of Scotland mission hospital in India. The four plan to drive the vehicle themselves across Europe, the Middle East and India. Ian was a Head Boy of D.H.S. and is now in his fourth year at Edinburgh reading for a B.Sc. Honours degree.

We are delighted to report that our pupils excel in charm and beauty, too, and congratulate **Miss Patricia Howie** on being chosen to be Miss Angus and Maid of the Loch. A student at Dundee Commercial College, Pat will be hostess on the B.R. steamer, Maid of the Loch, on Loch Lomond for two weeks this summer.

Former pupil, **Gordon W. Hay**, 49 Grove Road, Broughty Ferry has received his Master Mariner Ticket and is now sailing as such with the Port Line.

Hector B. Chawla, M.B., Ch.B., St. Andrews University 1961, has been admitted to the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.

NEWS OF PRESENT PUPILS

Our present pupils continue to win recognition in various quarters, too. **Lorna Marshall** and **Robin Foote** won for the School the Scottish finals of the inter-schools debating competition held by the Scottish National Committee of the English Speaking Union of the Commonwealth. Their achievement was specially recognised by the City of Dundee when they were presented with statuettes in April.

Robin Foote has also distinguished himself by winning a Clyde Henderson Bursary of £100 to be held for four years at the University of Dundee. We congratulate him on such an outstanding achievement to crown a very fine school career during which he has always been in the fore-front of School activities.

Our heartiest congratulations go, too, to **Roger Illsley** who has gained a Low and Bonar Bursary worth £350 for four years, and to **Sally Ross** on winning a Simpson Bursary worth £60 for four years, both to be held at St. Andrews University. It is indeed heartening to hear of such diligent pupils receiving award and distinction for their hard work.

We hear that three intrepid members of Form 5—**Barbara Buchanan**, **Isobel Scrymgeour** and **Gillian Birrell**—aim to go West (!) after their "Highers" on a cycling trip on which their mileage will be sponsored for charity. We wish them well on what should be both a happy and a useful venture.

EASTER IN AUSTRIA

Ian Robertson, Form 2, has submitted a very interesting account of the Easter holiday which some of our boys spent in Austria. He reports a fairly rough Channel crossing, a comfortable cross-Europe train journey and many exciting tips from their holiday centre at Wörgl.

With "a beautiful blonde guide" in attendance, the boys visited Berchtesgaden, St. Gilgen, Salzburg, Mayrhofen, the Krimmel Falls and Kitzbühel. Lake-trips on their own in rowing-boats, trips by funicular railway and cable car seem particularly to have impressed.

In their second week they crossed into Italy "under the wonderful new Europa Bridge" leading to the Brenner Pass. Their main destination was Sterzing where they decided that a notice should be posted "Beware Italian drivers!" After a stop at Innsbruck to spend what remained of their money, it was back to pack-

ing and preparing for the home journey. The whole report glows with enthusiasm. These boys obviously enjoyed the holiday from the time when "parents and friends waved us off" to the time when they crossed "the Tay Bridge in the moonlight."

Their final comment we print in full—"We are deeply grateful to Mr Stevenson and Mr Forrest for making all the arrangements for our trip and for giving up their holiday to accompany us. We must also thank Mrs Stevenson for looking after us so well."

MR MORE

Mr More was appointed to the Headmastership of the Mathematical Department of the High School in 1937.

Born in Burghhead on the Moray Firth, Mr More spent his boyhood in a district, long recognised by the scholarly as a mother-land of University Professors, to-day more widely known to the public through its association with the Moray Outward Bound School. Schooled at Burghhead and at Elgin Academy, which he left as Dux in 1921, Mr More matriculated at Aberdeen University, where under Professors Macdonald and Sir G. P. Thomson he studied mathematics and Natural Philosophy, graduated in 1925 with First-class Honours in these subjects and was awarded The Simpson Prize in Mathematics, the Neil Arnott Prize in Experimental Physics and the Greig Prize in Natural Philosophy. To-day so outstanding a student would be drawn, if not pushed, into research, and perhaps lost to teaching, but in the twenties grants were less easy to come by, and so after a year at Aberdeen Training College, Mr More began his teaching career as an Assistant Master of Mathematics in Alloa Academy. Four years later Mr More was promoted Principal Teacher of Mathematics in Preston Lodge School, East Lothian, whose then Rector, the late Mr A. H. Millar, was a well-known mathematician. After seven years at Preston Lodge, Mr More came to the High School with an established record as an experienced, enthusiastic and successful teacher. The years since have seen the experience grow, the enthusiasm continue unabated, the success widen.

But the school is indebted to Mr More not only for his work in his classroom and department but also for his other activities—his help with cricket, his leadership of the Boys' Debating Society in pre-war years, his Presidency of the School Lit., but, in more recent times, his founding of the School Stamp Club, and what perhaps involved greater effort than any of these, his being Treasurer for the School Operas, etc.

In the community in which he came to live Mr More has played his part. During the dark, anxious days of the Hitler war, he was Deputychief Air-raid Warden for the city, and in his Church, the McCheyne Memorial, he has long been an elder and for the last nine years Clerk to the Session.

But it was not only to local affairs that Mr More devoted his energies. When in 1944 the Scottish Secondary Teachers' Association was formed, Mr More was not only one of its founders but its first Treasurer and Convener of its Salaries' Committee.

But perhaps Mr More is better known throughout the country and across the Border by his work in introducing to Scottish Schools "The New Mathematics". As long ago as 1948 he was involved in the drafting of a significant change in the mathematics syllabus, when proofs of a large number of theorems of Euclid were abandoned in the Leaving Certificate examination. But these changes only exposed fundamental weaknesses and a growing separation of school from university mathematics. In the late fifties, Mr More read whatever he could find relating to experimental work on the mathematical curricula in America and on the Continent. In February, 1961, he organised a conference of teachers of Mathematics from all parts of Scotland, a conference which met in the Hall of the Girls' school and at which the discussion was led by the late A. G. Silletto of Jordanhill College of Education, in favour of radical changes in syllabus and methods of teaching and by Mr J. Hislop, then rector of the Grove Academy who defended the traditional, well-tried methods. Subsequently at a representative conference in Glasgow, Mr More, one of the principal speakers, made the case for the introduction of co-ordinate geometry methods and for treating inequations alongside equations from Form I. upwards, the earliest introduction of either of these subjects then being made in Form IV.

Scotland was now ready for change, and in 1962, the Scottish Education Department em-



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co., Dundee

Mr. More



PRINCIPAL PRIZE-WINNERS



Photographs by J. D. Brown, Castle Street, Dundee

JUNIOR ATHLETIC TEAM

Back Row—C. Gibb, F. Hadden, A. Morrison, D. Muckart, P. Arbuckle, A. Johnston, A. Young, M. Wilson, J. Suttie, A. Ross.

2nd Row—E. McLennan, J. Proudfoot, J. Cruickshank, J. Ross, L. Henderson, S. McKinnon, L. Greig, V. Reid, J. Melrose, H. Stout, M. Armitage.

3rd Row—Mr J. Coletta; E. McNeil, N. Miller, D. Hadden, D. Aitkenhead, R. Hain, G. Grant, W. David, J. Williams, C. McDonald, Miss D. Dobson.

Front Row—N. Robertson, A. Melvin, D. Cavers, F. Williamson, B. Robson, J. McNeill, K. Jones, P. Swanney.

PRINCIPAL PRIZE-WINNERS

Front Row (l. to r.)—**David C. Ray** (Dux of the Preparatory Department); **Virginia M. McDonald** (Dux of the Preparatory Department); **Beverley Arthur** (Dux in Chemistry and Physics); **Robin M. Foote** (Dux of the School, Dux in English, History and Latin); **Margaret Manson** (Dux in Biology); **Sarah L. Boase** (Dux of the Primary Department); **Ian G. C. Weir** (Dux of the Primary Department).
Back Row (l. to r.)—**Helen M. Johnston** (Dux in Dress and Design); **Andrew A. C. Brown** (Dux in Music); **Sally D. Ross** (Dux in French and German); **Richard D. Muckart** (Dux in Mathematics); **Marian Eadie** (Dux in Art); **John R. Mickerson** (Dux in Gymnastics); **Lesley Adam** (Dux in Gymnastics).

barked on its costliest experiment in education, by setting up a Mathematics Syllabus Committee to reconstruct and rewrite the whole Syllabus in mathematics for Secondary Schools. Every part of the new syllabus was to be tried out by a number of schools before general publication, while the whole cost of the experiment, including the provision of text-books for the pupils concerned, was to be borne by the Department. Soon the High School of Dundee and Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen were pioneering the new course, and in no time at all, parents began to realise that they could no longer help their off-spring with their mathematics homework, unless they learned from scratch the new vocabulary of sets, relations and transformations. This present year Mr More has had the satisfaction of seeing the classes, which have been his care and his reward for five years, through the first Higher Certificate examination based on the new syllabus. It says much for the members of the mathematics department that they had trust in their Headmaster and confidence in their own ability to "blaze the trail" for the rest of Scotland. Equally it says much for Mr More that he could inspire such trust in his colleagues.

In the thirty-one years in which he has been in the High School, Mr More has witnessed the reconstruction of the school and its steady growth, a growth which may come as a surprise to former members of the school. If one examines the number of passes in Higher Mathematics in the High School in the years 1939 and 1967, one finds that the number has increased from thirty to forty. From the Mathematics Department there has issued forth year by year, a steady stream of boys and girls soundly instructed, and among them not a few

of greater mathematical ability, who have found posts in the Universities, in Colleges, in Schools, in Accountancy, and, upholding an old High School tradition, in Actuarial Science. These know how much they owe to the ability and devotion of their former teacher.

Mr More possesses a deep and penetrating intelligence. His premisses granted, he is masterful, nay invincible in argument, and anyone who has been driven by the compulsion of his reasoning to accept defeat, may better understand why it was that the Athenians put Socrates to death.

Mr More is as gifted with his hands. Many will recall the exactness of the diagrams he drew, the beauty of the models he constructed; some may even have seen and admired his work in wood; philatelists know the neatness and artistry of his stamp-collections. This may not be so widely known, that Mr More was associated with Mr Halliday in the design for the reading-desk in the Hall, while his skill in line-drawing is to be seen in the illustrations, reproduced on another page, for the Lewis Carroll programme which he produced at the "Lit." shortly after its reconstitution.

"More", we are told, means big: surely the name is fitting. Were some interested foreigner or southerner to come across the phrase "praefervidum ingenium Scotorum" and ask its meaning, how better could one inform them than by pointing to Mr More, a living exemplar!

To Mr More the School offers its thanks and to him and to Mrs More expresses the wish that in retirement they may find much happiness.

A. P. H.

CHARITIES' EVENING

The Charities' Evening held in school on 23rd February of this year was the culmination of many weeks of hard work and preparation by pupils, staff, members of the Old Girls' and Old Boys' Clubs, and friends of the school. We hoped to provide an entertaining evening for

all those who came, and certainly the school was a hive of activity.

Mr Allardice and his staff provided a very varied programme in their gym display, where self-defence, Scottish country dancing, where keep-fit were but some of the items. Also

running was a concert, organised by Mr Hooks and Mrs Elder and including recorder playing, and singing by junior and senior pupils.

Meanwhile the corridors of the school were thronged with those making their way from classroom to classroom, visiting the stalls. Whilst some were shooting, others were trying to pitch golf balls into buckets (with varying success, I might add). Roll-a-penny, lucky dip, darts, and a varied assortment of other stalls, organised and run by senior pupils and Guides, added further to the general entertainment. The lure of the bottle stall was too much for many people, and was a great success. Although I detected a look of dejection on the face of the gentleman who had come away with a jar of pickled onions, there was no hiding the elation of the little boy who emerged clutching a bottle of whisky!

Some of the largest stalls were the Tombola, run by the Old Boys' Club, and the Serendipity and Cake and Candy stalls, run by the Old Girls' Club. All three were a great success, and we would like to thank the two former pupils' clubs for their valuable co-operation.

To fill in any odd moments (which, I am glad to say, were few and far between) magazines, produced by Raymond Kelly of Form 1, were on sale.

A shrewd, High School brain had come up with the brilliant scheme of opening the front playground as a car park. Of course for this great privilege(?) motorists were charged 6d each.

For those worn out running from Gym to Hall, and then fighting their way through solid masses in the corridors, tea was provided in the Lunch Hall. The success of this part of the evening was due to Miss Gray, other lady members of staff, Miss Chalmers and the lunch hall staff, and the senior girls, who put in a vast amount of work both beforehand and on the evening itself. Also provided were refreshments for the pupils, the number of "cokes" drunk reaching an astronomical figure.

The evening was an undoubted success: it certainly provided entertainment to suit all tastes, and the total amount raised—£675—far exceeded our wildest hopes. You will no doubt be interested to know exactly what is happening to this money marked out for "Charity". The distribution of the money was decided by the Senior Prefects in consultation with Mr Erskine, Mr Edward Stewart, and Miss Gray.

Of those sources which benefited from the proceeds of the evening four are of particular interest. In response to an appeal from Ian Smith, Head Boy of High School four years ago, and now a student at Edinburgh University, a donation was sent to a project being undertaken by himself and three fellow students. They are raising money to buy and equip a Landrover for hospital work in India. The four students are taking the Landrover out to India in the summer, working in the hospital, and returning at their own expense. This is an arduous and exacting project which they have set themselves, and we wish them every success.

The school fully appreciates the good work being done in Dundee by the Toc H hospital broadcasts. It was only natural that we should wish to contribute to the success of this organisation, and the money which we sent is to be divided between the purchase of long-playing records, and the installation of closed circuit TV to the hospitals.

It was decided to support the Mary Slessor Hospital in Nigeria, because of Mary Slessor's link with Dundee. Unfortunately this hospital has been destroyed in the conflict now raging in Nigeria, but in reply to our donation to the Overseas Council of the Church of Scotland, the Area Secretary, Rev. N. C. Bernard, told us, ". . . there is ghastly malnutrition in parts of Biafra and even should peace be declared tomorrow the next eighteen months will necessitate the sending of many tons of protein food and medical supplies if many thousands are not to die of starvation. With resistance reduced through lack of food, many people will fall easy victims to tropical diseases, and so whatever the political outcome of these disturbances the human problem is going to be massive. I shall be in consultation with my colleagues about the use to which this donation is placed, but I assure you it is most welcome and will certainly be used to meet some essential need in Biafra."

Part of our donation to War on Want is being used to support a very interesting project. This is Swaneng Hill School in Bechuanaland. The country vitally needs education, agricultural development, and subsidiary light industries. It was to meet these needs that the school was started in 1963. The school provides secondary education in Mathematics, Biology, Health Science, Commercial Studies, and other subjects of use. Twenty-nine pupils attended the school when it was first opened: now it caters for three hundred and fifty-five pupils. The school is obviously providing a basic and essen-

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Proceeds devoted to the advancement of medical research into muscular and neuro-muscular diseases.

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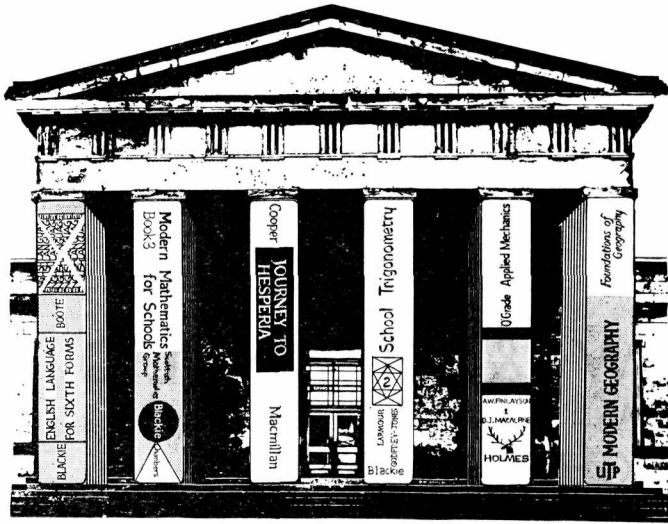
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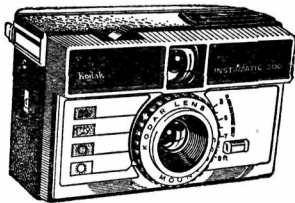


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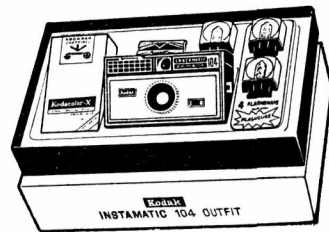
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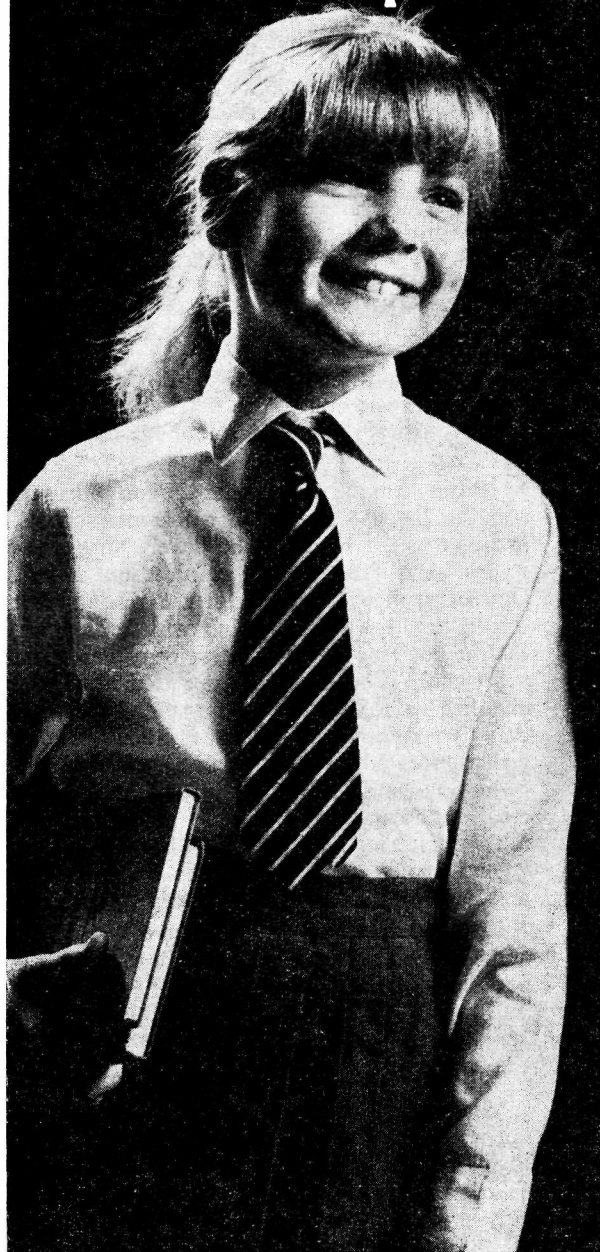
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CAIRDS

REFORM STREET DUNDEE

tial need, and it is to be hoped that it may continue to flourish.

Other organisations to receive donations from us include:— Quarrier's Homes, the R.S.S.P.C.C., The Richard Dimbleby Cancer Research Fund, The British Polio Fellowship, The Dundee Red Cross, Lifeline, Dundee & District Spastic Association, Muscular Dystrophy Research, and a fund for enabling handicapped children to play golf.

Donations were also given to the Dundee High School Old Girls' Club and Old Boys' Club as a token of our appreciation of their help in organising and running the evening.

We feel that the £675 raised was a very creditable amount and would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who contributed in any way to this memorable evening.

R. F., F.VI.

COMPETITION

"Nicholas Nickleby" having recovered, thanks to television, much of its old popularity, the famous advertisement of Mr Squeers for his equally famous school came recently to mind—

"Education—At Mr Wackford Squeers's Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, Youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr Squeers is in town, and attends daily, from one to four, at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. N.B. An able assistant wanted. Annual salary £5. A Master of Arts would be preferred."

This made us ponder on what type of advertisement our own school would produce if we were not in the fortunate position, today, of having more pupils and would-be pupils than we can always comfortably accommodate. The result was the announcement of a competition to advertise D.H.S.!

Some pupils, we feel, were stunned at the very idea of enticing unsuspecting youth to join them in their "prison" but not a few bright young people realised that here was their chance

MESSAGE FROM THE RECTOR

I wish to record my public and private gratitude to everyone who made the Coffee Evening of 23rd February a landmark in the story of the School's social service work. My colleagues on the Staff, the pupils, the ladies and gentlemen of the Old Girls' and Old Boys' Clubs, parents and friends—everyone who attended and paid—to all sincere thanks. If I may be allowed to single out two matters—I rejoiced in the enthusiasm of the boys and girls and in the revival of the older tradition of Former Pupils working for the School. Many F.P.'s will remember famous Sales of Work of the past, and will have been happy to see their "revival" in a modern form.

The Prefects and myself were most happy to administer the profits in the name of the School.

to give vent, if they liked, to all their spleen (sometimes and sometimes not under cover of brilliant satire!) against curriculum, staff, prefects, etc.

Bitter comments were made on our one hour for lunch—"compared with other schools' one and a half hours", our "lovely airy classrooms" and "modern, unscribbled-on desks". One pupil very frankly informed readers that the rector "is easy to get on with sometimes, that is, not very often"—the voice of hard-won experience? The same one declared that "the english at thies schol is fantatick"; another that "your english wil improv imensly"! One girl put forward as an attraction "an extremely up-to-date uniform consisting of a maxi-skirt, etc." Another girl wistfully advertised for but we felt that Iola Wilson of Form 1 should "goodlooking boys, 5' 10" to 6' 3"" with ability to "dance at school dances".

A few had attractive drawings of the school and Gordon Williams of Form 1 must be especially commended for his.

Gordon Steele, Form 2, captured the spirit of the modern "anti-advertisement" with his—

We all know that schools are horrible.

Let's stop kidding ourselves! Schools are not very enjoyable but the Dundee High School is one of the better ones. This is why you pay a little more for a lot more. The Dundee High School is High on education; it is trying out all the new up-to-date equipment.

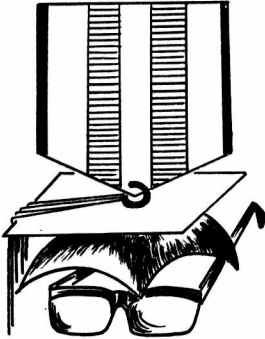
"I can't afford to send my child there".

"Rubbish! The Dundee High School has many bursaries to give out."

Remember, you pay a little more for a lot more!—and he has been awarded a special consolation prize.

And now, what you have all been waiting for—the winners—For amusement, yet dignity, Sandy Inglis of Form 5 attracted our attention—

Do Your Family Proud—



AWARD Your CHILD, the

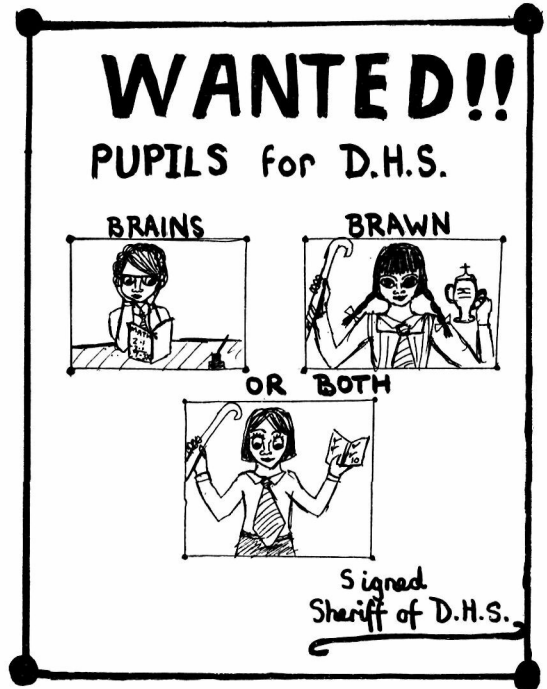


THE HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT IN

SCHOLASTIC ENDEAVOUR



share the first prize with her neat, clever and succinct advertisement—



Congratulations, then to Sandy, Iola and Gordon.

FROM OUR LITERARY CRITIC

"A very interesting experiment" is how I would sum up the recent appearance of "High Hopes" from the D.H.S. Press Ltd. (very limited). Copies of the March and April editions are in reasonably plentiful supply (although the first edition seems to be out of print—collectors please note) and I would advise any lovers of good literature to lay their hands on a copy of at least one edition at all costs.

These magnificent magazines, I hear, were pounded out on two equally magnificent relics of the now disbanded commercial department, by enthusiastic writers and reporters such as Cameron Powrie, Griselda Gilroy, Lorna

McDougall, Pamela Fleming and Lester Barr, who renounced their morning interval and lunch-time breaks to bring you:—

News—of the December School Dance, Form parties, Christmas, Easter and "Songs of Praise" Choir work, Charity drives, Swimming Gala, E.S.U. victory;

Serial Stories and Cartoons—by Christopher Jones, Keith Millar and Alastair Munro;

Features—on fashion, records, finance;

Exclusive Interviews—with Mrs Thoms and Mr N. Stewart.

Surveys—of school eating habits, popularity of names in school in the 20th century, knowledge of school, e.g. how many rooms it has.

Cover Designs—by Frances Doughty, Catherine Richmond and Pamela Fleming (which should fetch their price at Sotheby's).

Those who have not had the opportunity to see any of this must agree that they have missed probably the greatest chance of a lifetime. I hear that they may be compensated by being able to read a few gems from this scintillating production in that vastly inferior volume known as the official magazine of the High School of Dundee. I both envy and pity them!

Who am I to set myself up as critic?? Well . . . I **am** a member of the Magazine Committee who were . . . er . . . responsible for "High Hopes". We think it was worthwhile, even though our exertions (or our wrathful readers) may lead us all to seek rest-cures shortly. One thing we would certainly agree upon—this experiment brought out many hidden talents and especially drew our attention to the pro-

missing source of enthusiasm waiting to be tapped amongst our youngest members.

May we set on record, too, how particularly grateful we are to Mr Stark for taking on the Herculean task of duplicating these magazines? No efforts of ours could have succeeded without him.

"HIGH HOPES" No. 3 SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

Across

1. Hectic
4. Scheme.
7. Arsenious.
9. Test.
10. Lear.
13. Rhinos.
14. Delete.
15. Fluent.
16. Trials.
18. Maud.
22. Mesa.
23. Semitones.
24. Yields.
25. Sallow.

Down

1. Hooter.
2. Tort.
3. Chew.
4. Shin.
5. Haul.
6. Emerge.
7. Assiduous.
8. Serenades.
11. Sound.
12. Learn.
15. Family.
17. Sea-cow.
19. Deal.
20. Digs.
21. Bows.
22. Meal.

Primary

THE WORLD OF L.1

The sky is bright
 The moon is bright
 The world is full of dazzling light
 When Mum and Dad kiss me goodnight.
 Sally Lowden L.Ia.

We have a dog his name is Marcus Marcus is clever We had a Budgee only he died We Beried him at the other side of the stream I helped Mummy dig the hole David carried the Budgee the little pet died of cold becaus the coker went out. Kathleen Saddler, L.Ib.

I have a baby Sister and six fish and I have new shoes and my Father tacs me to the toy shops on Saturday and my Mother lets me dress up.
 Inta Ozols, L.Ib.

School is very good.

If we did not have school we woud not lern how to wright and read and do sums. I like sums best.
 Ian Lawson, L.IIa.

MY DOG AND BIKE

My dog is called Sgoran it is a Galak name. He has a sore paw just now. When I ride my bike Sgoran comes behind me. I got my bike on the Sixth of May. I like it very much. It has a silver pump, and it's colour is red and blue. We got our dog when he was a puppy, but his mummy alway's came to our house. We got him in Cambeslang. Ann Freel, L.IIa.

I don't like rainy days at all. Me and my brothers have to be kept in the house, and I've always got to, somehow or other, got to step into a fight, which they're holding. Another thing, I never seem to have any peace and quiet to do any reading or writing.

Sarah McMillan, L.IIa.

We found tadpoles in a pudel

Ewan Bruce, L.IIb.

I like droing at school. it is gorait I like it. I like it verai much. John Coletta, L.II.

I am in school writing about school. I like school because we do hand-wirk and I like the play-ground as well as hand-wirk. The best thing I rely like was dooing wirds and I like school Lonchs and I like the school I like the teacher too. I like dooing I like Helen and Bevrly.
 Anna Lisa, L.II.

MY PET DOG

I have a pet dog. She is a silly dog. She eats gloves and shoes. Every time she goes up the stair she falls down.

Helen Rees Wilson, L.IIb.

It was my wee sisters birthday on the 25th April and she got a toy monkey and it could do sommersalts.

Jane Picton, L.IIb.

My daddy works in an office and My Mummy goes shopping. I would like to be a ballat dacer. I like Mrs Curzon I think she is a very good teacher.

Jane Picton, L.IIb.

I am going to be a policeman when I grow up, and direct traffic on the roads and I see that no robbers robb banks or shops or Jewalery shops. and if here was a fire I would call the fire brigade and police cars and direct traffic on another Road.

Cameron John Paterson, L.IIb.

MY BROTHER

My brother is a bother.
All the day long,
Because he muddles my things.
My bother is a brother so.
And that is the end of that.

“ I AM A BAD COWBOY ”



Graeme Yuill, L.IIb.

MY TEACHER

My teacher is called Miss MacCallam.
She is not fat nor thin she is just in the middle.

But she is very nice to me.

Gillian Donaldson, L.IIIb.

I like going to piclocray in summer and going to a dam in pictlocray and I saw a giant fish and the dam is electrcct. The dam is very big and meny people have drowed in it.

Martin Baird, L.IIIb.

I am a girl, I am a boy such a thing is a boy, I am a girl and a boy and a cat with a big, big, mouth.

Deborah Jacob, L.IIIb.

KNIGHTS OF OLD

Knights ride by in gleaming armour,
Knights ride by on beautiful horses,
Knights ride by to rescue Maidens,
Then I wake-up and here I am,
I'm glad I'm not a Knight. I'd rather be me.

Richard Phillips, L.IIIa.

MY DADDY

My daddy is tall, I like him.
He has hazel eyes.
He wears his pyjamas when going golfing.
He has little tufty bits of hair on either side
of his head.
He has specks.
He makes the supper (some-times).
He has a hairy tummy.
He is a docter, he chops people up.

Moyra F. Guthrie, L.IIIa.

AT THE FAIR

Mummy said we were going to the fair! I got some money and jumped into the car.

In quarter-of-an-hour we were there.

I said let's go on the dodgems so we did, and we had great fun bumping! Then we had candy-floss which stuck in my hair, it stuck in my mouth, it stuck in my nose, it stuck everywhere! We ate that with difficulty, then we went into the hall-of mirrors. I looked like nothing on earth! I had a big head, bigger than my body which was tiny and my legs were nowhere to be seen, my feet were huge!

I went on the helter-skelter I climbed up and when I was at the top I thought my head must be tuching the sky! I sat on a mat and whizzed downwards, my hair flew out at the back. Mummy said it's time we were home. Our wounderful day at the fair was done.

Angela Sheldon, L.III.

INVISIBLE

One day I was walking home from school when suddenly a funny little man appeared just beside me. He said you can have one wish. So I wished I was invisible, no sooner had I said these words I was invisible. I said thank you very much to the little man. I walked home looking very pleased with myself. I very soon reached home, I entered the house but Mummy or Daddy never knew. Soon they got tired of waiting for me. Stephen is late said Mummy. Mean-while there were cars moving about by themselves but not really I was really moving the cars. When Daddy saw all the cars moving by themselves he was startled. Then suddenly he tripped over something but it was really me! He ran away shouting: I've tripped over a Yeti, I've tripped over a Yeti. In the end the wish wore off and I was visible again. Daddy said: thank goodness it was'nt a Yeti.

Stephen Aungle, L.III.

MY PUSSY

I have a little Pussy,
And he licks my ears a lot,
He thinks he is a baby,
And he sleeps in my cot.
His name is Tiddleowski,
The piano he can play
He thinks he is a pianist,
And plays it every day.
He has a long and bushy tail,
But when he meets a dog,
He fluffes it out to such a size
It looks just like a log.
He likes to stroll and roam about in gardens
quite unfenced
But best of all he likes
His milk especially condensed.

Alison Sheldon, L.IV. and
Angela Sheldon, L.III.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ROCKET BASE

There is a Rocket Base in Washington and this is where the mystery began. There were volunteers to take off in this rocket to land on Mars. There were only five volunteers to take the rocket through the void of space between Earth and Mars. On the ninth of June, the five astronauts took off in this rocket for Mars. No one knew that a gang of crooks had broken in at night and planted a time-bomb in the rocket. The five astronauts did not know their fate. The time-bomb was timed to blow up just as the space rocket hit the thin belt of

atmosphere of Mars which was impossible to breathe in.

The Rocket Base soon found out about the sabotage because they had captured the gang of crooks and forced them to tell or they would be killed.

Space-craft blasted into space and caught up and radioed the space rocket just as it was two miles from danger. The space rocket returned to the Rocket Base in Washington with an escort of space craft.

Later they took the time-bomb out of the space rocket. The saboteours had failed.

Gordon Bloomer, L.IV.

THE SPIDER

There is a spider on the wall.

Its back is very hairy

It has got very spindly legs and looks like
Auntie Mary.

Its web is very shiny.

The web is very different from its back.

And now it's gone away I am glad of that.

Kim Richardson, L.IV.

THE LITTLE ELF

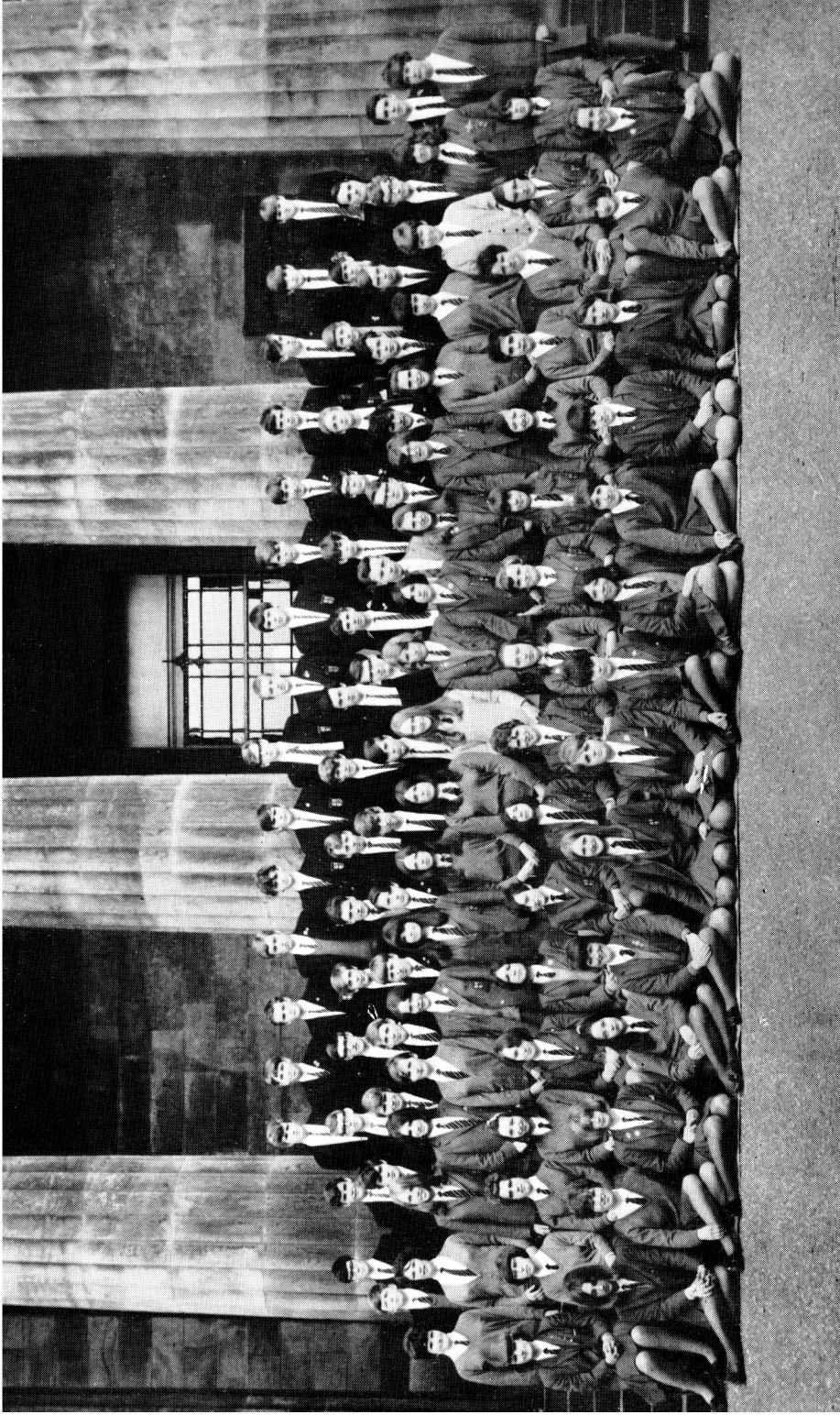
There was once a little elf whose name was Speckles. He had a green shirt on and blue trousers and long curly toes. One day when he was walking along the road, he suddenly saw another elf's home. It said on the door "Gobles". Speckles went up to the door and knocked but nobody answered. So he knocked again and somebody answered. It was Gobles. Gobles asked him in for tea. Speckles said, "I just live along the field". So they became great pals.

Carol E. Porteous, L.IV.

A BUS DRIVER TALKS TO HIS WIFE AFTER A JOURNEY HOME

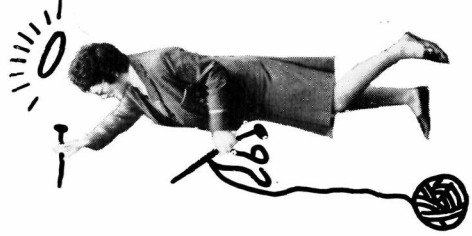
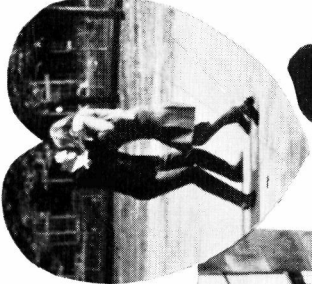
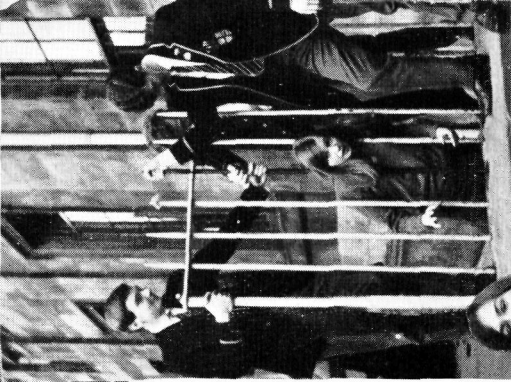
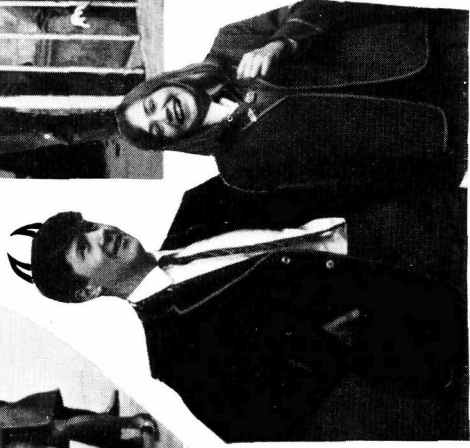
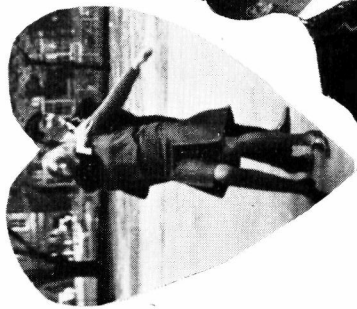
Oh! what a relief to be home, June! It was a terrible journey. First of all we had so many passengers that I was terrified. The conductress was the one you met in Dundee. From Dundee to Montrose was all right. Mind you, we had a good few stops though I had a chat with some of them. Do you now old Mrs Wilfred? Well she was on. When I came to Montrose, I was terrified because instead of a lovely night it was a foggy one. I was nearly involved in an accident at Stonehaven but just swerved away. It was mostly the car's fault. If I hadn't swerved, there would have been a collision. It was nerve racking. All of us were thankful for the stop just before you come out of Stonehaven. It was still foggy but I could

Form 5 1967-68



Photograph by "Rann, St. Andrews"

They Run The School?



see still. I am glad I am here, not in hospital. So here I am but one thing I think you should do is to warm my bed because I am jolly tired and want to get to bed early.

Carolyn Butchart, L.IV.

CORAL BAY IN SKYE

It was a lovely day and we were on our way to Coral Bay. Coral Bay is a bay in Skye. When we arrived we saw some beautiful shells of all colours. There is a special, pink shell which is very difficult to find and if you find one it is meant to bring you a month's luck. There is an old lady in Skye who believes that if you have twelve it will bring you a year's luck.

Pamela Brown, L.V.

COLLECTING STONES

I like to collect stones, I have several agates. My mummy has a tumbler. It is a machine that tumbles stones, to get them polished. We are on the last stage. In the tumbler there is leather, Tide, and grit. The leather and Tide help to polish the stones. The grit is very fine so it helps as well. My uncle has a cupboard in which he has stones and a big piece of purple amethyst. We hope to find some more amethyst.

Sheila Jamieson, L.V.



Roderick McKean, L.VII.

THE MOUSE AND THE CHEESE

What do I smell?
I smell some cheese.
Yum! Yum I love cheese.
Shall I go out and get it?
No, it might be a trap.
I'll just stay in my cosy house.

Susan Esplin, L.VI.

MORNING

The wind is howling in the trees,
It is the middle of the night,
Changes to a gentle breeze
now it is light.
The grass is wet with morning dew,
The flowers are swaying,
The trees are too,
Mother, inside, the table is laying.
It is morning now,
The farmer is up
milking the cow,
and I am drinking the milk from my cup.
Alison Hutton, L.VI.

BEEES AND WASPS

Humming bee, buzzing bee,
Make some honey for my tea,
Queen bee, Majestic bee,
Are those young ones yours I see?
Stinging wasp, bad-tempered wasp,
Whose nest I found in the copse,
Which one of you stung me badly.
And made me cry so very sadly?
Maureen Bryden, L.VI.

WONDERFUL WINGS

High above where the seagulls fly,
So am I.
Up where the clouds are floating by,
So am I.
Wings out-spread for the wind to catch,
So am I.
Floating above the football match,
So am I.
Speeding the sky at the rate of knots,
So am I.
Maybe when you get wings like
I do
We'll fly across the sea.
Oh for these wonderful wings.
Elizabeth McNeill, L.VI.

ONCE UPON A TIME . . .

If ever you come to our house at about half past eight on a Saturday morning, and see us sitting on the stairs vainly trying to tie up the laces of thick leather boots, or thudding about the kitchen with about ten sweaters on, you can be sure that we are going ski-ing.

There is always a last-minute panic to see that none of the sticks have been lost, that the skis have been waxed, that there is enough lunch (very important), and that the cats are outside. They always seem to be able to hide in my 'cello case, or in someone's bed, which is

disastrous for the cats if they are found by Mummy! Before we leave the house, we always try on our skis to make sure that they have not shrunk over night. Piteous miaowing from Hamlet shows that one of William's ski sticks was slightly misguided. A grumble from Elizabeth signifies that one of her laces has snapped. A ghastly smell from the kitchen is a sign that the tomato soup has boiled over.

At last we are ready (half an hour late as the Boase tradition demands) and pile ourselves into the car, quite prepared for a wonderful day of waiting in long queues at the Devil's Elbow, and falling off ski tows.

Sarah Boase, L.VII.

BOOKS

Submerged and immersed,
I, beneath the pile,
Call, splutter, and screech,
Help! The only word
I want to say.
Treasure Island,
Floats before my eye.
Black Beauty,
Gallops past.
Little Women,
Chatter in the alcove.
Alice in Wonderland
Skips by.
At last light appears;
I can breathe once more,
Happiness fills my heart.
A prisoner no more,
Freedom from literature.

Elizabeth Gilmour, L.VII.

HOLIDAYS. ARE THEY FUN?

Some people enjoy holidays. I don't. After school finishes, home is in chaos. Suitcases, bathing suits, towels, socks and other articles of clothing are lying all over the place. And tempers shorten rapidly.

Yells of "Where's the toothpaste?" and "Who's got my dressing-gown?" echo through the "halls of humanity", our house.

At last we manage to force the car into some kind of life. And we are off.

But not for long.

Mummy has forgotten the "Sea Legs". What a fine beginning for the tedious summer holidays!

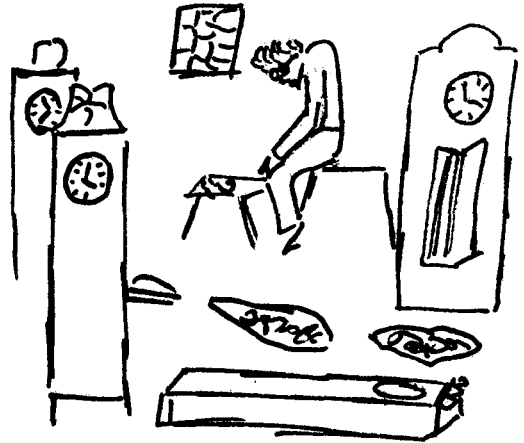
Charlotte Green, L.VII.

THE KING

King of all,
In radiance crowned,
Sheds his power
In world around.
Grand he is,
Gold is his orb.
Gold is his
Life—his power.
Who is he?
Don't you know?
Can't you see?
Doesn't he show?
One thing can
Defy his power.
The clouds ran—
cover him—rage.
Clues—a ball,
Big and radiant.
King of all.
Of course! The sun!

Gillian Troup, L.VII.

THE CLOCK MENDER



Watches, clocks,
With tick, tick, tocks
Clangings, whirring.
Ringings, stirrings,
All in the mender's shop.
There behind that grandfather clock,
Sits a man with a wizened look,
He sits on a stool under a latticed window.
With cog-wheels and hands and clock's insides.
His stool is high, his table low,
His back humped, trying to make clocks go.

Helen Foster, L.VI.

UNDER THE SEA

SPLASH!

Into the water,
And it closes over my head.

I'm in!

Swimming down, down . . .
Into the salty deep.

Small coloured fish swim along by my side—

Red, and orange, and yellow.

Dark, dark rocks loom up ahead,

Little fish swimming round them,

And, in a wreck, they swim

In and out,

Out and in,

The old, rusted portholes.

Just a fishing boat,

Nothing special . . .

Alas! the peace is disturbed,

By a shoal of fish,

Swimming along at a furious rate.

What is it?

They cannot tell me.

I know . . . a shark!!

Cold with fear, I swim

To a sheltered place,

Between two rocks.

It swims past,

I breathe a sigh of relief

As it swims

Away.

And now I continue

My "Under the Sea" tour.

But not for long.

The water gets cold, and . . .

Frozen, I swim to the surface,

To the boat.

A coloured fish is my last sight of the deep,

As I swim back to the boat.

Jennifer Laurie, L.VII.

AFTER THE FEAST

"Has everyone gone? What a lot they have left on the table! Cold chicken, salads, cakes, soufflés, and cheese. Now for my feast. People are very considerate nowadays, fancy leaving all this food just for a little mouse like me. Oh, lovely, my favourite cheese . . . Now that's finished, I think I'll have some of that chicken. Cooked to perfection, fine, just as I like it. I think I'll have some salad with it. Lettuce, egg, tomato, and salad cream. Here's a problem, how do I get the salad cream out of that large bowl? I might as well climb up and see if there's any left. Oh, dear, oh dear, it's beginning to wobble. It's going to fall, help! . . . Oh, bother,

I'm all covered in salad cream, still, that's my problem solved. I've got my salad cream, plenty of it. Marvellous! Sweet, now I think. Here's some trifle. Ugh, it tastes of salad cream. There's someone coming, I had better go now. If only I could write, I would leave a little thank-you note—

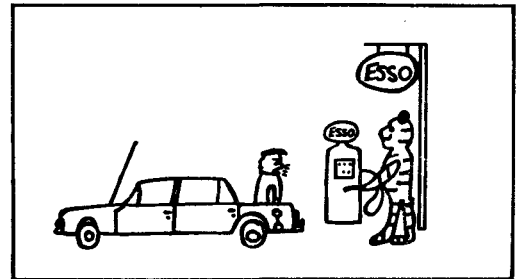
"Dear Sir (Madam),

I wish to thank you for a wonderful meal. I am sorry about upsetting your salad cream. Thank you again.

Yours sincerely,

Mouse."

Pamela Swanney, L.VII.



Grant Dudgeon, L.VII.

BACK TO MY HOME TOWN

Preserved until the year 2068, this is what Sandy Melvin, L.V. has to tell us about Dundee—

Everything was different. There was a dome over Dundee, and just below it was an overhead roadway. The buildings were huge. I went to where the High School had been but met with disappointment. It was not there. Instead, there was another building. I soon discovered that it was the heli-port.

Suddenly, there was a roar of motors. A section of the dome opened and ten super-jets flew out. A man, who introduced himself as Oaneeka, said that there was a war on with beings from another planet.

We went down what used to be Reform Street. Instead of a road there was a moving platform which went down. We went on it. Down, down we went.

At the bottom was another hole. It was just wide enough for one man. I jumped through, and landed on foam, Oaneeka followed. There was a small, well-lit tunnel going down the way. We followed it to another hole. Down we went. Ahead of us was a small door. We opened it. Inside was a huge drill. Oaneeka put it on, and at once it started to drill.

He explained that they were making a city underground to hide from the other beings. Up we went again.

We went to where the River Tay had been. It was now a giant observatory. It had a six hundred feet radius telescope.

When we had finished the tour, we had a meal. All it was was a small capsule.

After I said goodbye to everyone I came back to 1968.

Sandy Melvin, L.V.

THE DEATH OF A SAILOR

Emmanuel is down one fathom deep,
Round the grave friends do weep,
Above his head is a dirty stone,
Underneath is blood and bone.

Up in the tower the bats do fly,
Down in the yard his mother does cry,
Over in the Church his friends do sing,
Up in the tower the death bells ring.

Emmanuel had sailed the seas,
And had swept the deck on his hands and knees
His age was thirty and one
But alas now his day is done.

THE END

John Robertson, L.VII.

IF

If I had a Rolls Royce I would be proud; but
alas I am only a poor boy saying my prayers.
If I had all the money in the world I would
be happy; but alas I am only a poor boy saying
my prayers.

If I ruled the world I would feel great; but alas
I am only a poor boy saying my prayers.

If I had a great mansion I would feel like a
king;

But alas I am only a poor boy who has said
his prayers and has gone to bed.

Peter Agnew, L.VII.

Golfer (vainly trying to hit ball): The worms
must think there's an earthquake, because of me
hacking up the ground.

Caddie: I don't know about that. We've got
smart worms round here. By now they'll have
scurried for safety underneath the ball.

Ian Weir, L.VII.

UNDER THE SMITH REGIME

(Not Rhodesia—L.VII.)

1. Thou shalt not talk in class.
2. Thou shalt not borrow thy neighbour's
rubber, nor his pencil, nor his ruler.
3. Thou shalt not forget thy homework.
4. Thou shalt at all times be punctual (no
excuses accepted).
5. Thou must never day dream.
6. Thou shalt not forget thy (regular)
punishment exercise.
7. Thou shalt not kick thy ball through the
class-room window.
8. Thou shalt not leave litter in school pre-
mises.
9. Thou shalt not incur the wrath of the
demi-gods (teachers) by running in corri-
dors.
10. Honour thy rector and thy teachers that
thy schooldays may pass swiftly and
peacefully.

An anonymous sinner.

SHAUN

He cantered over the red brick wall,
He galloped over the fallen tree.
His mane was flying his tail was streaming;
He was a wondrous sight to see.

His ears were pricked, his mind alert
as he cantered over the fence.
He seemed to fly as he galloped along,
and into the wood so dense.

A little field mouse scampered away,
as Shaun came trotting past.
Because of the thickness of the trees,
he could not go so fast.

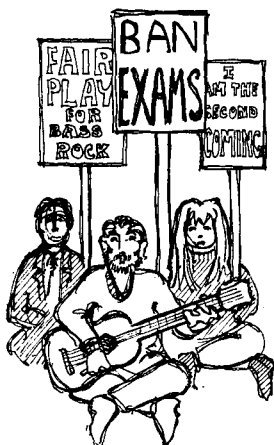
He left the wood and came into a field,
Into sun in the hot noon day.
His ears were forward, his tail came up,
and once more Shaun was away.

Calum Paton, L.VII.

STUDENT LIFE



THE BRAINS OF TOMORROW — WELL,
THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW?



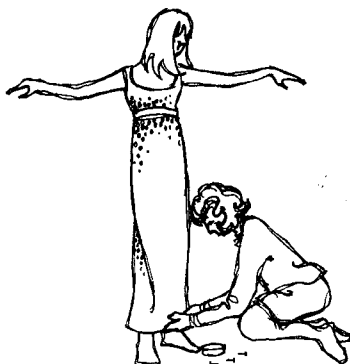
DON'T THINK WE DON'T
DO ANY WORK.....



BECAUSE WE DO, FREQUENTLY.....



... WHEN WE'RE ...



.... NOT AT,....



.... LECTURES .

A. McL.

LETTER FROM AMERICA

(Received from Morag Stalker in December, 1967)

For my mother and me, emigrating to the United States to join my father, who had been there since April, there was no tearful farewell and handkerchief waving to swarms of friends and relations as the ship pulled away from the quay. Now don't misunderstand me—we were very sad indeed to leave Scotland and all our friends and relatives, and there had been several tearful farewells before we eventually arrived in Glasgow, from where we sailed. No, the reason for this seeming lack of sentiment was the simple, appalling fact that the "American Forwarder", the cargo ship of the United States lines on which we were travelling, left at one o'clock in the morning. Thus, when we went to bed on the night of 8th October, the ship was safely tied up at the Merkland Quay, and when we went on deck the next morning, we were passing the Mull of Kintyre!

After seeing Scotland fade into the misty distance and passing along the north coast of Ireland, we came on to the Atlantic Ocean and into the full force of an Atlantic gale. Now the "American Forwarder", although we were assured, perfectly seaworthy, wasn't exactly the "Queen Elizabeth" (I. or II.), and there was a distinct lack of stabilizers, so when the ship pitched or rolled—it pitched or rolled! In a week of storms (the sea did not become calm until we were off Newfoundland) we became used to keeping upright on a constantly moving deck and even began to think it fun to see the stem of the ship sink to the level of the waves. Owing to the storms, the voyage took longer than usual, and at times the ship's speed was down to six knots (less than ten miles per hour) because, as one of the officers cheerfully told us, if we went much faster in the swell, the ship might break in two! It didn't, however, and we reached Boston safely.

There were two other passengers travelling with us—an American couple who were returning to California after a thirteen months' tour of Europe. They were charming people, and we spent many a pleasant hour talking with them. Our other activities consisted of reading, sewing, playing cards—entertainment facilities aboard the ship were limited and we didn't feel like swimming—walking round the sheltered side of the deck (of which there wasn't a large area) sleeping and eating. This last we

did very well—the food on board was delicious and included home—(or rather ship)—made bread and cakes and a large variety of main dishes, vegetables, etc. Our meals were served and our cabin cleaned by Mike, the Puerto Rican steward. Mike was very friendly and helpful as was the other steward who, we discovered had emigrated to America as a child from—Dundee!

A week after we left Glasgow we sighted the coast of Newfoundland and also the first ship we had seen since leaving the Clyde. We had felt that somewhere there must be other ships crossing the Atlantic, but none had passed our way. The sea now became much calmer and this, coupled with the sight of an exceptionally beautiful sunset that night, gave our spirits a considerable boost. It was nice to know there was after all, more in the world than a very stormy ocean. How pleasant, too, to have a meal while sitting at a steady table and not always having to be ready to catch a plate or a salt cellar! Almost as soon as we had seen Canada, however, it dipped below the horizon, and for the next two days the only indication that we were not out in mid-Atlantic once more was the sight of several fishing boats and a United States coastguard's patrol boat. Ironically, as there had been no dramatic sailing out of a Scottish harbour, so there was no dramatic sighting of an American one. About eight o'clock on the night we were due to reach Boston—a solid blanket of fog came down! Having been kept awake for about two hours around 1 a.m. by the ship's particularly enthusiastic fog-horn, we staggered sleepily out on to the deck to catch our first glimpse of the United States (the ship was lying at the mouth of Boston harbour at this time, about half a mile from the shore) and saw—fog. True, peeping out of the distance were one or two pinpricks of light, but within fifteen minutes there was absolutely nothing to be seen of Boston docks.

Eventually, about 8.30 a.m. on Wednesday, 18th October, the fog partly lifted and the "American Forwarder" docked at Boston. It was rather an anti-climax to find that, after six months of waiting, my father was not on the quay to meet us. Someone did meet us as soon as we arrived, however, and that was Skip

Peterson, the son of Mummy's pen-friend and a student of Harvard. We waited for almost an hour and when Daddy still had not appeared, we decided he must be arriving that morning and, since the first plane he could be on arrived at 10 o'clock, we decided to turn the tables and go and meet him at the airport. Thus, Skip and I (after having a minor disagreement with a rather aggressive customs officer who seemed to think that by leaving the ship before he had put a chalk mark on my forehead or something I was obviously smuggling in enough L.S.D. to keep Flower Power in the States supplied until next spring) took a bus to the airport to await the first flight. It was not as simple as that, however. To begin with, after we got off the bus, we walked about a mile before we found the reception building among the maze of concrete and glass that was Boston Airport. Then, Daddy was not on the flight! We waited forty-five minutes until the next flight came in and when he was not on that either, we gave up and returned to the ship.

The first person we saw as we approached the quay was—my father—coming to look for US! He had arrived in Boston the previous evening, but had been misinformed about the time of the ship's expected arrival, because of the fog. By now it was about mid-day, so Daddy and Skip had lunch with us on the boat before Skip went off to a class. We said good-bye to our friends of a week and drove (plus our seventeen pieces of luggage—moving to America is no lightweight week-end outing) out to the motel where we were going to spend the night. Now, driving in Boston is rather out of the ordinary—it is terrifying—especially when the vehicle you are driving in is a hired station-wagon resembling a bus rather than a Mini. In the maze of four-lane freeways and tunnels where the average speed of traffic is approximately forty-five miles per hour (in a 30 m.p.h. speed limit) the experience is positively hair raising—oh for a nice, safe Atlantic gale!

We eventually reached our motel, which was in the particularly lovely Boston suburb of Cambridge, where Harvard is situated. Cambridge was indeed very attractive. Its narrow, cobbled streets and pavements, most of which were lined with trees then radiant in their autumn colours, and old colonial buildings contrasted sharply with the modern skyscrapers and broad roads in the heart of Boston. In the evening we set out to walk to Lowell House,

the Harvard students' residence—or "Dorm", as the students call it—where we were to have dinner with Skip. It could not have been more than a fifteen minutes' walk, but the rain came on, and we were literally soaked to the skin. So, whenever Americans say to us, "of course, it always rains in Scotland, doesn't it?" we are quite prepared to reply, "We got wetter in a rainstorm in Boston, U.S.A., than we had ever been in Scotland!"

Lowell House is a beautiful building which, although built only in the 1930's is modelled on the old buildings of the English Cambridge. It has ivy-covered walls and a lovely, tree-lined quadrangle. The dining-hall, run on a cafeteria basis, is lit by magnificent crystal chandeliers and has the "High Table" where staff and students in rotation dine. The walls are hung with portraits of the Lowell family and distinguished graduates. The atmosphere of the old world was indeed captured—and yet subtly changed—in this University of the New World.

The next day, Mummy, Daddy and I left Boston to begin the fifteen hundred miles' drive west to Minnesota, where we were going to live. Driving along the Massachusetts Turnpike, and later on the main New York State highway, we were enchanted by the sight of the "fall" colours. The road ran between two ridges of hills covered with trees, their leaves all shades of gold, red and brown, and fir or larch adding patches of green to the myriad of colours. In the next two days we drove across Massachusetts, New York State, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana and through many types of scenery—the hills flattened out gradually and in Ohio and Indiana became farmland with a variety of crops, and sometimes the highway even passed through towns, for example, in Ohio we drove right through the heart of Cleveland, on the shore of Lake Erie. On the Saturday afternoon we reached La Porte, Indiana, where Mummy's pen-friend and the family, the Petersons, stay and spent a very pleasant week-end with them on their farm. On the Monday we enjoyed a delightful Indian summer's day—the temperature was in the 70's—and we were able to picnic on the shore of a nearby lake.

On the following day we said good-bye to our friends and once more drove westwards. After visiting Mrs Peterson's parents in a Chicago suburb for a short time, we travelled through Illinois and up into Wisconsin. We

had hoped to reach Minnesota that night, but in Wisconsin we encountered high winds and very heavy rain (later we discovered it was probably the tail end of a tornado!) and we had to stop for the night. It was amazing to see now how the countryside had changed. Here the land was extremely flat, and as we got further west, the fewer leaves there were on the trees. By the time we reached Minnesota, the trees were bare—it was almost as if we had gone from autumn to winter.

Thus, one week after we had arrived in Boston, we reached Albert Lea, which was to be our home. That night we had a “welcome to America” dinner with some friends and then went with them to a concert given by, of all people, Mantovani. It seems strange to spend our first night in our American home going to see a British conductor, but it was a very enjoyable evening.

It is six weeks now since we arrived in Albert Lea, and we settled down quite well. Our house, although looking rather bare at the moment because our furniture has not yet arrived from Dundee, is pleasant and conveniently situated in relation to the main shopping centre, my school, church and the hospital and clinic where Daddy will be working in the near future. The house itself is a typical American “frame” house—built on the open plan. This is very convenient unless some-

one wants to study when somebody else is listening to music or watching television.

Albert Lea is a very pretty town built round two lakes. This is quite typical of Minnesota, which is known as the land of 10,000 lakes (this does not include, say the guide-books, the “ponds”—of under ten acres—of course). So far we have had no snow, but the temperatures, unless for an hour or two about mid-day, are usually well below freezing point—the lakes are frozen and the more courageous are already skating on them. Mostly we have enjoyed clear blue, sunny skies, with the temperature sometimes as low as 10°F., which we are told is fairly typical of this time of the year. “But just wait,” say the residents, ever cheerful, “until January, when there are sixty degrees of frost and several feet of snow can fall overnight!” Just as in Scotland, the children hope for snow early in the season but needless to say the adults do not! We shall wait until it comes before we make our decision!

I have been attending Albert Lea Senior High School for five weeks and am getting into the swing of things fairly well, though it is different in so many ways from Dundee High. Everyone at school and in Albert Lea has been very kind and helpful, we are beginning to make friends, and we think we shall be happy here.

Morag Stalker, D.H.S.F.P.,
now 10th Grade A.L.H.S.

“HIGH HOPES” GEMS

Star Turn of Form 2 Christmas Party—

a duet by Mr N. Stewart and Miss Susan Law!

Revealed by long-serving School cleaner—

The Rector doesn't throw papers on the floor or stick chewing-gum on his desk.

Most Popular Names in School—

1918—John; Margaret; 1938—Ian; Margaret; 1968—John; Ann. Conclusion? Parents don't have very much imagination do they?

Breakfast Habits—

“There is one in our midst who consumes fried bananas and kidneys, black coffee and dry toast for the first meal of the day”.

E.S.U.

“Lorna (Marshall) has no hesitation in saying that her ambition to speak in the

E.S.U. debates arose out of hearing the final when Ian Smith and Jimmy Coull were successful” . . . “What of the future? Will Gordon Steele lead a winning team for us some day?”

Before the Gala—

“Swimmers tore up the baths (Vandals!)”

Staff comment—

“If I were Rector for one day? I would give a holiday to everyone except those who have forgotten what a barber looks like. Armed with a pair of scissors and aided by a number of willing colleagues, I would set about reminding them.”

The Invigilators—

“are really very nice people” . . . “one mustn't be surprised by small impromptu fireworks displays” . . . “they absent-mindedly press drawing-pins into students' scalps.”

SENIOR POETS

REFLECTIONS

Only the splashing waves disturbed my slumber
It seemed that long hence my mind was brought
from the reality of my room
To a land where flowers governed.
All was still and the sweet smell of green grass
made me think of my childhood days.
A loud chirp disturbed the faint air.
I became angered and cursed the interrupting
bird.
Its one sentence seemed to bring about a whole
lecture of chirping and singing voices.
Insects circled my head and the bright flowers
mingled together to form a misshapen rainbow
on the yellow background of the sky.
I walked through the stubbled fields and the
unsuspecting field-mice and other small inhabi-
tants scurried anxiously before me—squeaking
as they ran.
The splendour that this country brought
gave me a feeling of contentment.
And waking to the reality of my room seemed
to make my dream further away than before.
I lay peering at the ceiling hoping that the
yellow sky and rainbow flowers would again
appear.
But all was so real as the rafters above laughed
with the blowing wind.

A. B., F.IV.

I
was
feeling
very thirsty
one day so I
thought that
I might eat a
pear. The
pear looked
juicy and sweet
so I took a big bite
but it was bitter so
I took some water
instead.

Marguerite Simpson, F.Ia3.

FORM 2 ON WAR

The Man

The man was a soldier
he had a nightmare it seems
of hundreds of millions
shouting and screams
with the great orange mushroom
cloud above.

The man was a soldier
he had a nightmare it seems
of people killing
and burning to death
with the great orange mushroom
cloud above.

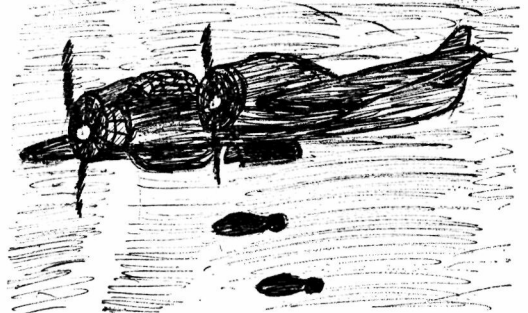
The man was a soldier
he had a nightmare it seems
with people catching germs
that kill in his dream
with the great orange mushroom
cloud above.

This man was killed with
millions of others
There is no enemy now
there like you and me
but the great orange mushroom
cloud is still far above.

G. Steele, F.II.

War

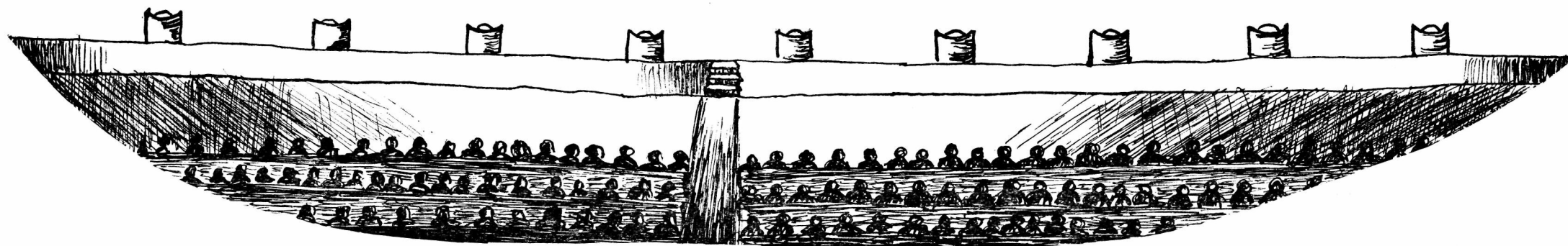
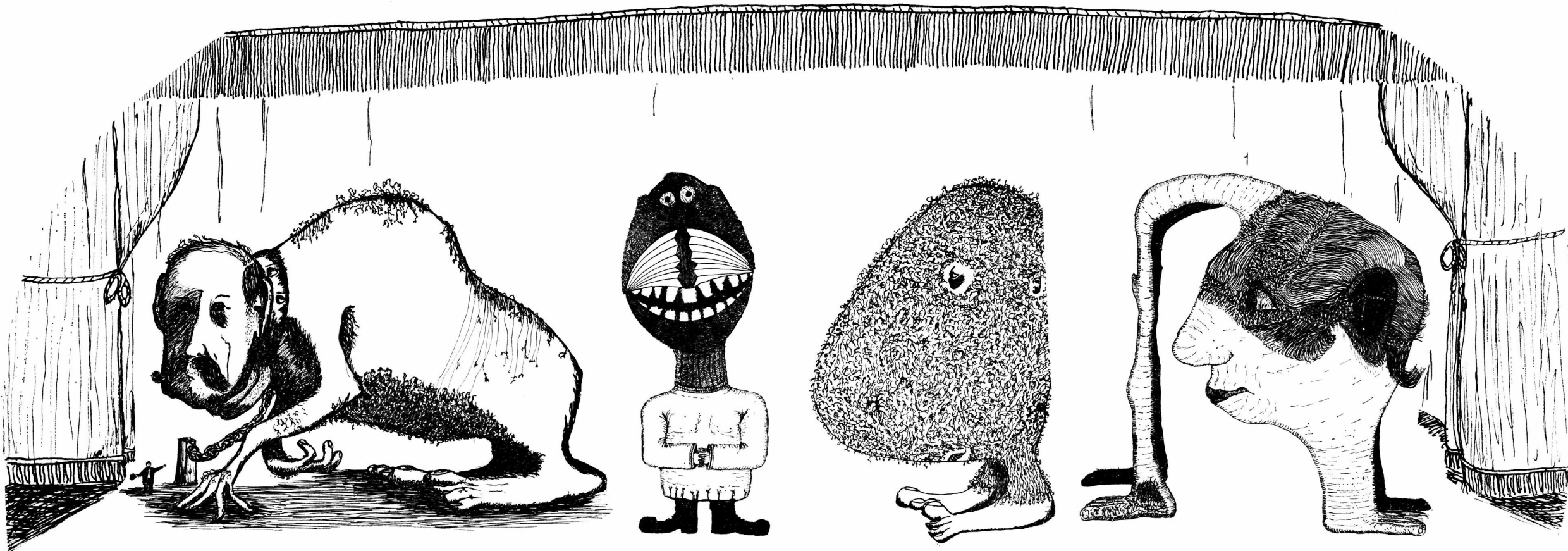
I hate the sound of battle's drum,
Beating loudly for each one,
Calling all from field and home
To meet the foe on land their own.



To me it talks of bloody plains,
Broken limbs and dying groans
And widows' tears and orphans' moans
And all the misery that war bestows
To fill the books of human woes.

G. Walker, F.II.

“All The World’s A Stage . . .”



The Horrors of War

Across the blood-strewn battlefield,
lie the corpses; cut down by some fanatical
sniper, hidden in yonder tree.

It's our turn now.
Running the gauntlet of mines and shells,
We approach our destined fate.

We conquer lands.
What do we gain?
A medal in some dead man's hand.

There's nowhere left that's completely safe,
At the press of a button,
We are gone . . .
Gone, but not forgotten.

G. F. Pearce, F.II.

"TO THE FIRES OF DOOM"

(Inspired by a scene from the third, and last, volume of the book, "The Lord of the Rings", by J. R. R. Tolkien, in which the hero is on the verge of achieving his quest).

Silence. Enter a hobbit in the dusky eve.

He crouches on a boulder and fingers a soft
gold ring.

The elven cloak on his back merges his form
with the shadows black.

The slope is steep with gloom. Ahead he
sees a fire, a yellow glow,
Half-hidden in the gorge—The Cracks of
Doom!

Slowly, he gains his feet. He stumbles
forward

Towards the light. He fights the urge to don the
Ring.

His fluttering hands rise to the Ring, and
his burden grows heavy

As his will fights back. A battle of wills!

In his hands is the One Ring, the Ring of
Power.

Only put it on—and gain the world.

The Ring is Evil. It must be destroyed.

The Fires of Doom flicker and grow bright.
The hobbit has gone.

Deborah Munro, F.Ia2.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

Enter a lion roaring fiercely,
He paces up and down the clearing.
The heavy mane on his back is coarse and
black.

The dense dark thicket of thorn surrounds
The sun-dried grass, touched silver by the
moonlight,
And casts low shadows in the pool of light.

The sky is bright with moon and stars, and
clear,
Unbroken save for one great leafy tree,
That stands out boldly, black in that bright
sky.

No sound breaks the silence save the lion's
padded tread.
Arrogant and bold in his own territory,
He surveys his kingdom with unfrightened eye.

The tree moves, branches and leaves mur-
mur,

A metal eye looks out, a roar breaks
the silence of the clearing,
Stillness reigns.

Robin Illsley, F.Ia2

"THE RAID"

Last night I feared no border raid—
Then but a child, I feared not death—
But now, the devil's toll's been paid,
For the Scots have fired our farm this night.

A kilted troop rode up the glen—
The sound of their coming chilled my blood
For loudly laughing came those men—
'Twas the Scots who fired our farm this
night.

They slaughtered all my family dear—
Mother, Father, all to the sword,
Sister Jane and the baby, Keir.
Oh, the Scots have fired our farm this night!

What could I do against twelve men,
Twelve strong cut-throats bringing death?
They brought plain slaughter to the glen;
And those Scots have fired our farm this
night.

And as I sit alone, alone—
I think, "Why did my family die?"
The farm-house ashes smoulder on—
For the Scots have fired our farm this night.

Deborah Munro, F.Ia2.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

(Told by a soldier)

We roused at dawn and trampled all day
Along the King's highway;
We knew Black Dan,
The highwayman,
Would come along that way.

As the sun went down, we went to ground,
Along the King's highway,
In Preston woods,
Where stolen goods
And hideout had been found.

We hid in silence, and waited hours,
Upon the King's highway,
Till close on twelve,
I heard, myself,
Hoof beats that weren't ours.

I stood up straight, eyes filled with hate,
Upon the King's highway,
And shot Dan dead,
Right through the head,
To avenge my brother's fate.

Sheila Marnie, F.Ia2.

THE STRANGER

It was lying there at the foot of the bed,
All coiled up and horrible,
I felt sick.
It raised its head and Hissssed,
My brain began to click,
I felt a sudden urge to leap out of bed and
Kill it.

Suddenly the sun came out
From behind its dark hiding place
And was struck by the creature's beauty,
Its golden glistening skin,
With its head like an umbrella.
How I wanted to hold it and
To call it my own.

It must have read my mind because
It slithered,
Down off the bed and darted out of the door,
And, was gone.
How I stared longingly at that door,
Hoping that snake, my snake, would come back.
It never came back.

In all my days, I have never seen anything,
As beautiful,
As my snake.

M. Manekshaw, F.II.

A VICIOUS CIRCLE

The frost-numb soil, its tyrant thawed,
absorbs the pale sun's warmth,
In barren fields so long dark grey
to start their new year's growth.

The web of waving fronds now gasps
as dark earth's power it kills;
Spring, so long tight-coiled, at last
on bursting buds it spills.

As warming winds caress the shoots
of life, another form is born—
The maggot climbs the pallid roots,
devouring beauty's recent form.

The stem to skeleton reduced
in sultry heat and air,
its life short lived at length it dies—
as humus it is ample fare.

Anew the Earth its surface shakes
to mock Sicilia's Hellish land
amid the roar, dread mountains rise
from whence appear two groping hands.

Its jaws unlock and seize their prey.
See mole the insect's juices squeeze—
The maggot oozing and replete
intestines reached with practised ease.

The dusky rodent halts to find
of vexing itch the cause;
too late, Death's shadow dimly sees,
is pierced by eagle's claws.

At dizzy height the rushing air
was heedless of his scream;
The hawk to gory lump converts
what black and sleek did seem.

Some distance on, digestion halted,
Magnesia powder sought in vain,
by velvet coat his stomach thwarted,
feather'd hunter dies in pain.

Thus advances rigor mortis;
from his body odours rose,
to further Nature's complex purpose
—to fertile nitrates decomposed.

Through turfed soil they percolate
until the dormant seeds they find;
Their secrets known, the Kernels wait
then upward shoot by God's design.

The frost-numb soil, its tyrant thawed,
absorbs the pale sun's warmth.
In barren fields so long dark grey
seeds start their new year's growth.

Anon., F.V.

CROWNING GLORY



If only boys knew what agonies girls are prepared to endure in order to make their hair glossier, curlier or straighter than everyone else's or to "bring out the hidden highlights" in their hair (i.e., tint it). What placid, uneventful lives they must lead! Imagine only having to brush your hair twice a day and slap some "Brylcream" on!

Whatever style of hair girls choose, they usually put their hair in rollers of some description once it is washed and, horrors, sleep with them in! This, as you may have guessed, is sheer torture. However, to start at the beginning . . . When you buy shampoo you are faced by a staggering array of bottles, tubes and sachets all in several sizes with different colours or smells. First you decide whether your hair is greasy, dry, dandruffy or normal and then find one to fit your category (you have had it if your hair is a mixture or you do not know what type it is!). Then you have to assess the merits of beer, rum or egg shampoos, some with added lanolin, lemon, orange, or herb solutions and others with added conditioners. The easiest way is to try a different one every time.

This should be lovingly applied to your wet hair three times and then rinsed off until your hair squeaks when you pull it. You then partially dry it and tentatively begin to drag a comb through the inevitable massive tangles. Of course, you have to use a natural bristle hairbrush to give your hair "that silky look" before trying to squeeze as many rollers as possible on to your head. These are kept in place by barbaric pins which inevitably pierce your scalp. Odd wisps of hair are held by pieces of sellotape which make a terrific ripping noise when you take them off. After an hour of uncomfortable wriggling, you eventually drop off to a fitful sleep.

In the morning you leap out of bed to begin to extricate the ironmongery now tangled in your hair. After spending a lot of money, infinite care, experiencing discomfort and lack of sleep you leave for school with a stunning head of well-groomed, glossy hair which will probably be flattened by wind, or rain or both and even if you reach school successfully—no-one notices anyway.

? F.IV.

YOUR IDEAL HOLIDAY

(And no £50 Limit!)

Bring your family to Broughty Ferry.
Rendering excellent services are the local hotels and boarding houses.
Only three miles from Bonnie Dundee.
Use frequent bus service to nearby towns.
Good camping sites available.
Highest quality golf courses within easy reach.
Try water-ski-ing from Broughty Ferry Harbour,
Yachting at the local club.
Fly straight to Dundee airport.
Excellent beach and safe bathing.
Rather attractive shopping centre,
Ready to meet the needs of everyone.
You really will enjoy it—so do come!

Ann Patterson, F.Ia2.

NARROW ESCAPE

On my way home from a friend's house. I found myself face to face with a drunk supporter of Rangers Football Club. He said to me in a low hoarse voice, "What wis tha score at the match?" I immediately answered him and said that Hearts were winning. This made him furious and even more ruthless. He said that he would bring out a knife if I didn't say that Rangers were winning. Of course I said straight away that they were winning and that the score was 5-0.

I thought that was the last I would see of him, but I came up against him again the next day. This time he brought out a knife and threatened me with it and said that I was a liar and that I would get knifed. I ran like mad down the road and over a wall where one of my friends was waiting for me. He came running as fast as he could down the road and over the wall. We both jumped on him and held him to the ground until we got someone to get the police. I thought that this was a narrow escape—for, you see, I **am** a liar!

John Kirkman, F.II.

THE T.V. MOTHER

According to T.V. advertisements, a mother should have absolutely no initiative. She should always use a product which does not give such good results as the one the neighbour uses, until the neighbour shows her how comparatively inefficient it is. This does not of course mean that the neighbour uses the best product (i.e., soap powder) available on the market.

Of course a mother never complains about hordes of filthy kids charging across her newly-

scrubbed kitchen floor. All she can do is give a little sigh and do the floor all over again. She will, of course, then go out into the garden and give a famous chocolate biscuit to each of the young children who so recently delayed her.

Next, she retires to the kitchen to labour for hours on the daily chore of concocting the lunch, consisting of:—packet soup, followed by an enticing plateful of tinned mince, instant mashed potato, and tinned or frozen peas. This might be followed by something quick as a sweet or, showing **some** initiative, biscuits and cheese spread. Washing-up is done with several squirts of a disgusting green stuff and boiling water which, being hot, is left to cool while the cat's food is hacked out of its tin. When all this is over, she retires to the living-room to read through the pile of boys' comics which has accumulated over the past few weeks. Once she has done this, she polishes all the furniture with one of those spray-on polishes. It is then time to do some "spring cleaning" using some "fantastic new discovery" which removes dirt in one go.

By seven o'clock, the husband has come in, and it is time to serve dinner, enriched with a mixture of stock cubes and gravy concoctions. After watching the T.V. for two hours, she retires to the kitchen again, this time to mix one of the many hot "nightcaps".

This would appear to give one a very inaccurate picture of a typical "mum". Of course it does **not** do this!

(Name not mentioned for fear of repercussions within the family.)

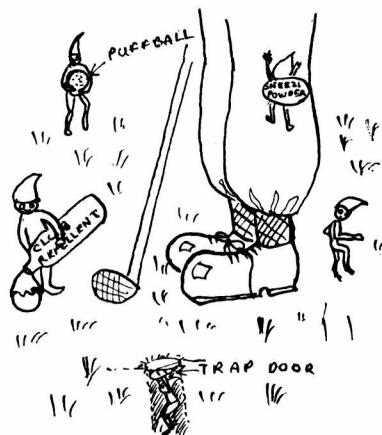
F.III.

THE GOLF COURSE PIXIES

I am a keen golfer but I would like to let those people, who are contemplating starting this game, know that they must remember to make sure that they please the little pixies which inhabit the golf-course. Do not laugh! This is a serious business and I would like you to profit from my discomfiture. Take my last round for example.

I stood on the first tee waiting for my opponents to drive off. I noticed that they gave their clubs a little waggle before they drove off to please the pixies. They both had glorious drives "up the middle". In my rashness I did not waggle my club and I gave the ball one mighty swipe. It went soaring in the wrong direction and landed on the railway-line. I thought I heard a chuckle—perhaps it was my opponents but I am more inclined to believe it was a

pixie chuckling. I retrieved my ball from the railway-lines and dropped it on the fairway. I then addressed the ball and had a marvellous



shot towards the green. I said to myself, "the pixies can't do much about this one", but they could. To my great amazement the ball struck some foreign object (probably a pixie's elbow) and went into the bunker to the right of the green. I was furious. What right had they to treat me like this? I stepped into the bunker and, need I tell you, I took six strokes to come out. My opponents and the pixies were chuckling to themselves.

Nearly all that round was punctuated with instances such as I have mentioned. The pixies were working overtime. If my drive was good they got their own back by making it end up in a bunker, in the rough or in an awkward lie. Everything that could possibly occur on the golf-course happened to me.

At the sixteenth hole which was played from the back tee, I am convinced I saw a wee green man, in a broom bush, who winked at me and said, "You must always give your club a waggle before you hit the ball otherwise you are heading for trouble."

I teed up and waggled my club and said to myself, "I hope this is enough for them."

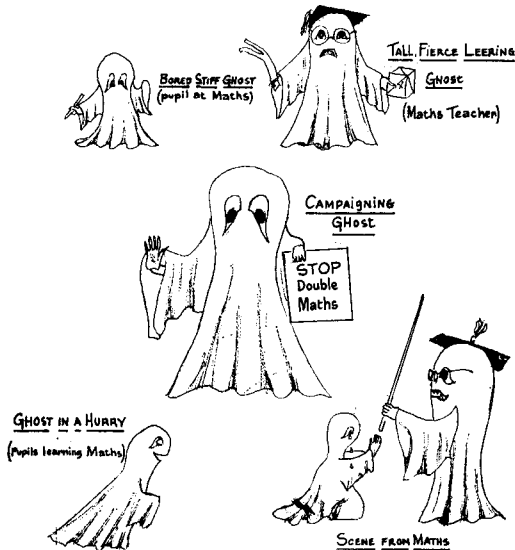
I can never forget the lovely finish to that round of golf. I finished with a three-four-three and even Jack Nicklaus could not better that. As I left the eighteenth green, I heard a tiny voice say to me, "Well done, lad! You'll come back again."

So, if you see anyone about to start on the first tee, tell them that they must waggle their club otherwise the pixies will make them pay for their presumption.

William David, F.Ia1.

LIFE AT MATHS

Found sketched in an Old Maths Book by some former maths pupil:—



MYSELF WHEN YOUNG

Fourteen years ago in the town of Newport was born a baby and her name was Elizabeth Jane Boase. This baby when she returned to her home, Japonica Cottage, was looked after by an old woman by the name of Nannie Figgins. This woman was large, fat and grumpy and considered it vastly generous to allow the poor child's mother even to touch the baby.

Needless to say, Nannie Figgins did not remain long in the house and soon the parents had the child all to themselves. If you happened to be passing along Newburgh Road in 1953 at 2 a.m., quite a common sight was a young man, with pyjama trousers showing under his trousers and rather tousled hair, pushing a pram, from which screams emitted, interjected with occasional gurgles when this young man pushed a chocolate biscuit into the sticky fingers, hidden deep in the depths of the pram.

However, after one year of this treatment, the parents felt in need of a break and decided to go for a ski-ing holiday in Austria.

This they fulfilled, having taken the child to her beloved grand-parents in the south of England. This child proceeded, once there, to catch measles, thus greatly adding to her enjoyment, since all her aunts and relatives

showered get-well presents on her. One in particular became very attached to her, a large furry teddy-bear approximately the same size as herself and named John. This bear can still be found not far out of reach of the child, now thirteen years older.

Unhappily, she soon had to return home with her parents. A year later a sister was born to this child. Great jealousy was roused in her heart when she saw how her little sister was treated and she thought up many ingenious ways to get attention and revenge. One of these was to bite her sister's fingers very hard and then hide. But soon the novelty of a sister wore off. She got tired of the thrill of holding her by herself and touching her tiny toes. But now she was really growing up. She learnt about Father Christmas, she could make snowballs, she could go on swings and in the holidays she went fishing alone with Daddy and Granddaddy.

In 1957, she had a little brother, and what bigger thrill can there be than to help a baby boy get dressed. She was not really jealous of him because she could tell him that she was soon going to school.

But sad to tell, this happy tale is no more. In September, 1958, Elizabeth Jane Boase started school and the rest of her life was such misery that I should hate to spoil the happy picture now presented.

Although the writer shall remain anonymous, these facts can be certified by E. J. B.
F.III.

A GODFORSAKEN PLACE

How had he got to this Godforsaken place? He didn't know, he didn't care. All he wanted was revenge. He hated those people with the yellow skin, he wanted to kill them. He felt no remorse that he had shot two of them to pieces yesterday. He felt no remorse that he had watched their blood spill over the sand, drop by drop leaking out of their bodies.

He felt no remorse that he had watched the vultures come down and peck the lifeless flesh.—He felt no remorse.

He knew what he'd do with the next man he saw. He'd take the gun and fill his body with so many holes that it would look like a cheese. Then he'd hang it in the trees as a warning! He knew what he'd do in the next charge. He'd rush up the hill and kill everyone on it—slowly.

He'd watch them die with each breath; he'd watch them die; each second he would take them nearer death. Until eventually he extinguished the living flame and murdered them—no all is fair in love and war. He heard a voice—"Corporal scrub that floor!"

Brian Dye, F.Ia1.

FUN WITH QUOTATIONS

Shakespeare on Harold Wilson

"Faith I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together." (Othello).

. . . and so say all of us . . .

"And, sure, he is an honourable man." (Julius Caesar).

Well, . . .

Shakespeare puts words in his mouth?

"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad." (Merchant of Venice).

After the local election results?

"Or I am mad, or else this is a dream." (Twelfth Night).

It's no dream, so . . .

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?" (Macbeth).

We can only hope.

"I shall break

The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her leave to part." (Anthony and Cleopatra).

God Save the Queen!

R. F., F.VI.

The above article made us think of how Shakespeare had many a word to say on the modern political scene. A selection follows. It could be fun to look for more!

From the pro-comprehensive—

"Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school." (Henry VI., Part 2).

Re George Brown—

"A man I am cross'd with adversity." (Romeo and Juliet).

and "Eating the bitter bread of banishment." (Richard II.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer—

"There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest, for I did dream of money-bags to-night." (Merchant of Venice.)

and "I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable." (Henry IV., Part 2).

Barbara Castle—

"O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!" (Henry VI., Part 3.)

Her Victims?—

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" (Richard III.)

and "Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings." (Love's Labour's Lost.)

Mrs Ewing—

"Stands Scotland where it did?" (Macbeth.)

Of the musical Edward Heath—

"Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head." (The Merry Wives of Windsor.)

Of an Income Tax Demand—

"Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words That ever blotted paper." (The Merchant of Venice.)

And a consolation to us all—

"Past and to come seem best; things present worst." (Henry IV., Part 2.)

Editor

DISPUTE IN A RARIFIED ATMOSPHERE

(or "All opposition must be stifled")

When Gordon Hartley-Carmichael entered, the compartment was deserted except for an imposing woman seated in the corner and laden with a miscellany of bags and cases, bespattered profusely with glossy blue and white labels designated "Lucerne" or "Majorca" or "Canes" or "Enoch Powell for Prime Minister". Pretty much of a bag herself, thought Gordon generously, before depositing himself in another corner as far away from her as possible.

Gordon looked around him with baronial arrogance—a dingy compartment—no denying it—an A1 example of what he called a dingy compartment—dusty, tattered arm-rests, and cigarette ash scattered generously across the brown-carpeted floor—worn, over-burdened luggage-racks—springless seats that made you feel you were in dodgem cars in mountainous terrain. It was also decidedly stuffy. A whiff of the universal deodorant was called for and, with a dramatic gesture, followed by a curse as he was overwhelmed in a dust fall-out, he opened the window and paced happily back to his seat.

For a few, blessed inebrious seconds he inhaled the sweet-smelling air and allowed the playful wind to fondle his face and ripple through his hair. Then there was an eruption from the other side of the compartment—"Lucerne"-pasted cases were discarded in

gay profusion, and his travelling companion leapt to her feet with amazing agility. In an instant there was a dull, ominous thud and the window was shut.

Gordon felt a wave of despair overwhelm him as he sweated in the sweltering, oppressive hot-house and resorted to a liberal application of the handkerchief. Once the first wave of perspiration had been efficiently snuffed, he said, "Excuse me—do you think we could have the window open a little, please?"

His voice sounded drowsy in the heavy atmosphere. The only response, however, from the other side of the compartment was a censorial shake of the head and a dictatorial knitting of the eye-brows until they made quite a pretty pattern.

Well of course I can always go to another compartment, thought Gordon, but I'm blowed if I will. This is the sort of thing that gets the old Union Jack flying, that old British bulldog attitude coming to the fore. When there's a dispute, the Britisher comes down on the side of good and right. This is a matter of principal, and low cunning is required. The first plan of action must be to soften up the old battle-axe.

"Nice day isn't it?"

"Not really."

"No, well I grant you that it could be nicer—I suppose that in places like Lucerne and Majorca and Cannes and Eno—I mean, I expect you get the best of the weather really."

Gordon looked across for support of this sporty conversation-piece but obviously this flowing dialogue was degenerating into an unpleasant soliloquy.

"But you've got to admit, as British days go, this isn't half bad for June. Not by Continental standards I mean. By British standards."

Well obviously meteorology isn't her strong point, thought Gordon. I wonder if she's of cricketer ancestry?

"What do you think of the Australians then, eh? Not the coppers and their billabongs, you know—the touring Australian cricket team. Going to any of the Tests? One of my friends is going to two of them. Mind you, of course, he's a cricket fanatic. Used to play for . . ."

He stopped. Battleaxe was regarding him with irritated contempt—the sort of look that expresses the feeling—"I read in 'The Times'

that there were a lot of queer young folk around nowadays but I didn't realise they were this bad." Obviously, Gordon felt, the time had come for the old man-to-man talk—except in this case it would be a man-to-woman talk, but he didn't think that should have a noticeable effect on the drift of the conversation.

"I should be very pleased, Miss—"

"Mrs," barked battleaxe.

Gordon was staggered.

"I should be most gratified—er—Mrs if you would kindly permit me to open the window."

Gordon rose to complete the transaction by effecting his announced intention, but was apprehended by an outstretched arm.

"I am afraid, young man, that I have no wish, nay, no intention of permitting the opening of that window. In my opinion the atmosphere is quite admirable as it is."

"Well I don't!" Gordon retorted heatedly. "I should have realised you were one of those thermomaniacs or whatever you call them. I, however, am perfectly normal and, as the compartment is far too hot, I shall open the window if you will kindly move your arm."

She didn't.

Gordon spluttered, "If you will persist in keeping up this infantile attitude, I shall be forced to call the guard."

"My dear young man," replied his travelling companion, with an acid smirk twisting her lips, "I should in that eventuality be forced to tell him that I had been accosted by an unpleasant young gentleman. I have no doubt that he would believe me." And her accompanying frown was, Gordon noted, like that of the doctor who has finished doling out the day's placebo and is looking forward to a peaceful nap.

Of course her attitude underestimated the fighting qualities of the Hartley-Carmichael clan. Whenever there's a fight to be fought, fight it—no holds barred—one for all and all for one and all that sort of rot. The tenacious, honourable, noble H.-Carmichaels—once we H.-C.'s get our teeth into a thing there's no relenting until our gastric juices are replenished. Obviously a Hartley-Carmichael line of action, trade mark patented is called for—

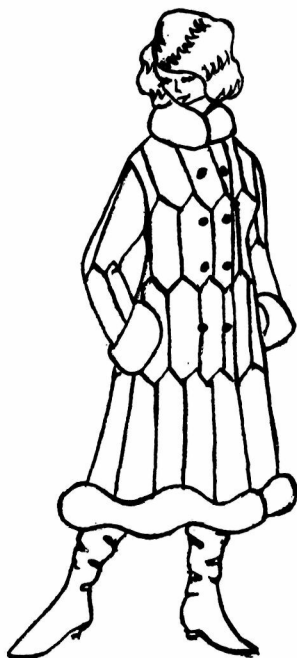
Gordon left and found another compartment.

C. Jones F.IV.

TOGSHOP

Instead of showing you the clothes that are in the shops just now as I did in "High Hopes", I decided to illustrate a couple of the coming

autumn fashions. Do you think the maxi-skirt will oust the mini? The fashion world certainly seems to think so.



This lambskin and musquash coat would certainly warm you up although it would not exactly do the same for your bank balance!



This waist-coat and semi-flared maxi seems to be a favourite with the designers and will probably become quite popular.

C. RICHMOND, F.VI.

SCHOOL - INSPIRED

A TYPICAL EPISODE IN SCHOOL LIFE

HE sits on a desk beside the radiator, glaring at us, ready to pounce the minute someone touches a pencil or coughs. We open our books at the translation passage. A deathly hush ensues while his eyes travel over the class, who are waiting anxiously for him to select his unfortunate victim. When he eventually nods (this nod is specially practised so that it is impossible to know for whom it is intended), nobody knows for whom it is meant. He then fixes the pupil he has selected with an unnerving stare. When the class eventually finds out whom he has chosen, a sigh of relief goes up (inwardly, of course). The hapless wretch starts to translate. "Pick your book up," says the voice. Sure

that there is some horrible ulterior motive behind this, the poor creature does so and then utters one word—but goes no further. "You are muttering," he is informed. And we all know what that means—write out papers of translation for the umpteenth time. The next victim is chosen, and does a little better—he stammers along for five words, and then is pulled sharply up, because he has translated "A book" as "THE book"—a terrible crime. He struggles on for a few words, only to be met by a muttered, "for HEAVEN'S SAKE". That is a sign for another exercise to be given (this is the only time HE smiles). This time it is "in future I must have more regard for tense translation", written fifty times. And so

it goes on. One after another, the pupils stand up. By the time the bell goes, we have enough punishment exercises between us to last for a year, we have translated about one paragraph, and have been reduced to a state of nervous prostration. No it isn't a concentration camp or anything—it's just a typical modern languages period.

A nervously prostrated pupil, F.III.

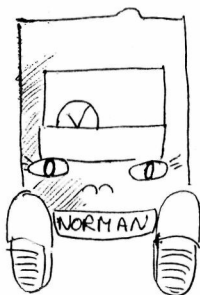
THE WASTE LAND

This poem is one of complaint and suggestion,
Given serious thought,
causing much indigestion.
The fees have been raised,
I suppose you know,
But using my plan, school funds can grow
Without the help of our parents.



At a recent school function,
Without grief or compunction,
The playground was lined with cars.

If you take my advice,
Everyday for a price,
Dundee can make use of our playground.



Think of the money which could be collected
(Profits, of course are to be expected).
And then the authorities,
quite at their ease
Would be delighted to lower our fees!?

Anon., F.V.

“TO A FAITHFUL COMPANION”



Oh, noble Bag!
Though old and worn
And scuffed and kicked
and stained and torn
You've served me well
throughout the year
(Though much the worse
for it, I fear!)

Oh, worthy Bag!
Each supple side
Bent to my will as oft I tried
To force in many books and reams
Of paper (but it burst your seams!)

Oh, wondrous Bag!
They've mended you
And now you look, well, almost new
Your tears they've sewn or stuck with glue
(I think you'll see the next year through!)

Deborah Munro, F.Ia2.

EXPLAINING THE SCHOOL BADGE

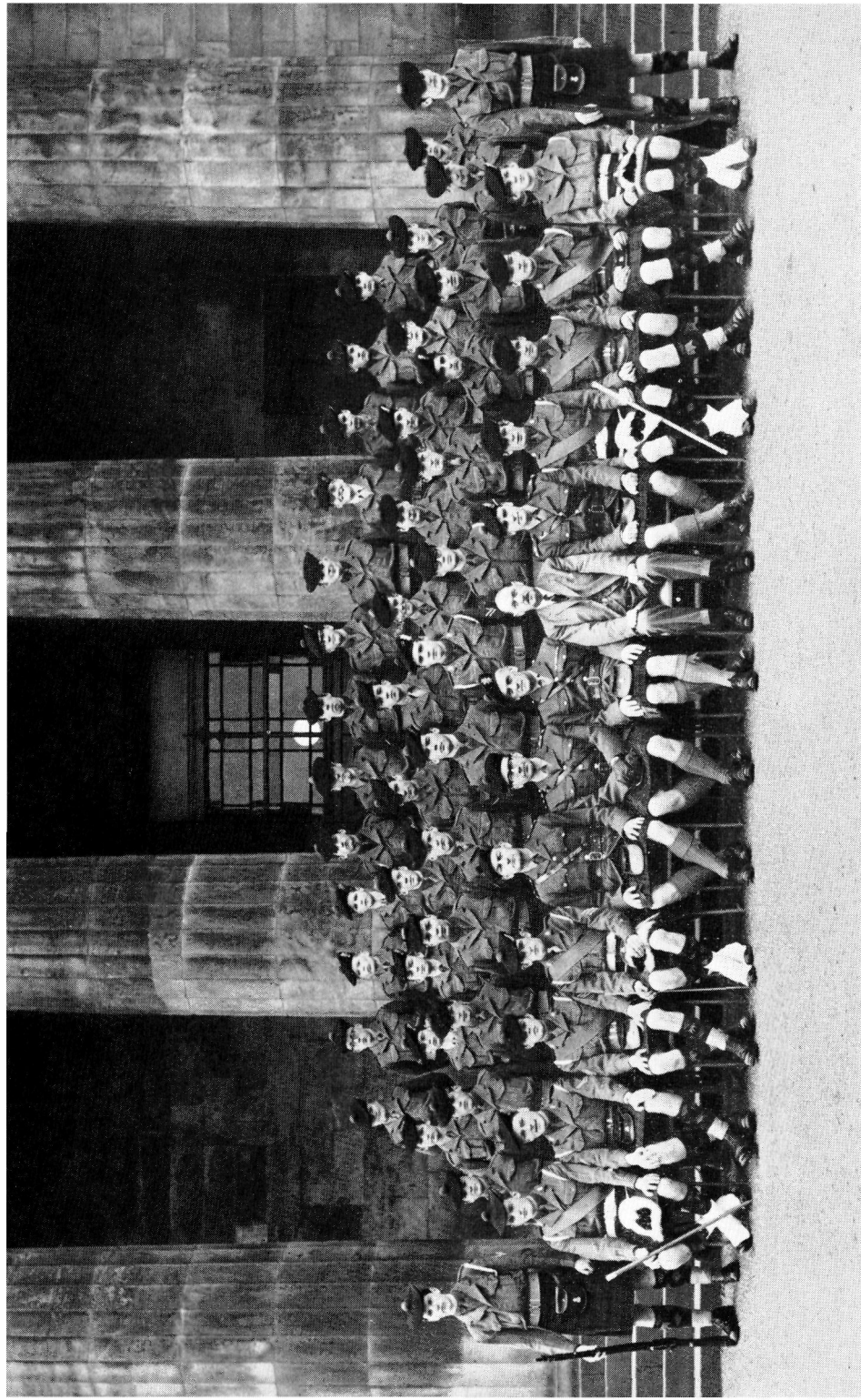


In the first quarter (top-left hand corner) you will see a crown. This means that D.H.S. is the King of Schools and that kings come to D.H.S., i.e., a family of Kings, e.g., David King, Joan King, etc.

The cross and crozier indicate that the Rector watches over us like a shepherd and he is a member of the Red Cross. The vase of flowers suggests that the school is very keen on nature but surely someone forgot to water the flowers? Lastly, we come to the illustration which can be none other than a grim grating, explaining that D.H.S. has always been a prison for naughty pupils.

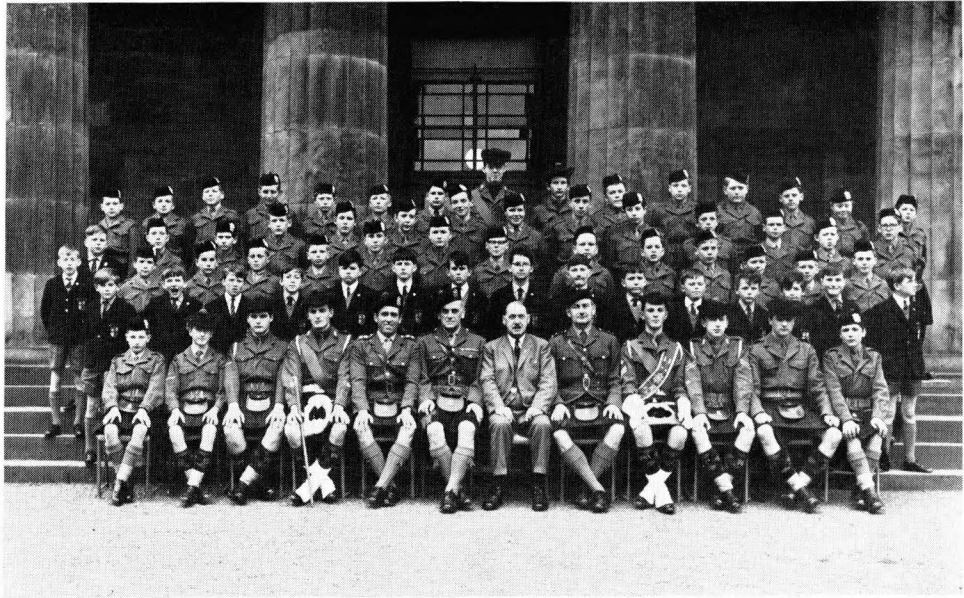
From the pen of G. Walker, 2CB. (Adapted).

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL CONTINGENT
COMBINED CADET FORCE



SENIOR COMPANY

Photograph by Norman Brown & Co., Dundee



JUNIOR COMPANY



Photographs by Norman Brown & Co., Dundee

BAND

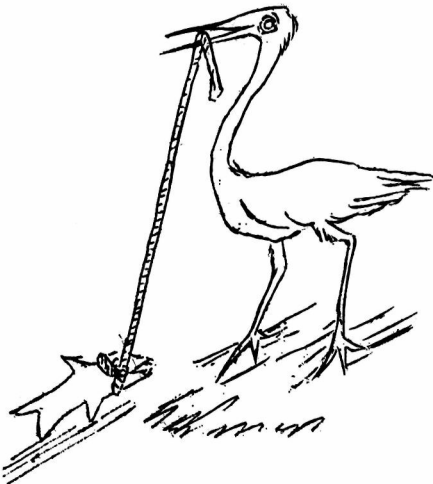
WINGED HORROR OVER ROOM 17a

Some idle pigeons in the City Square
Took northward wing to further education
And landed near a pillared building, where
They found some busy, worthwhile occupation.
Attracted by their medium, the air,
They clustered near the Visual Aids department;
T.V. and wireless merits to compare,

Within the wall they found a snug compartment.
Too snug—they found that, once within descended,
There was no exit for them anywhere.
Immured, they decomposed and all offended—
“High Hopes” reporters’ nose for news was
‘ware!
“Oh give us air”, they’d pleaded in their fear;
“Now give us air”, call all who enter here!
R.S.P.C.A.

FOR A LEWIS CARROLL EVENING

by Mr More



Research, Review and Report

VINTAGE 1917

Who was Dusan Bozjackovic? Or Boshko Deretitch? Or Mihailo and Milenko, the two Orovitch boys?

The short answer is that they were Serbian boys, pupils of High School during the First World War, and that they and some of their friends may still be living in Yugoslavia.

The starting point of this enquiry, which turned out as a piece of detection, occurred when I was flicking over the pages of a 50-year-old school register (Class VII., Boys). The surnames were all familiarly Scottish but there was a separate list of names which clearly owed nothing to a Celtic origin. What could one make of Bozhidar Brkikh?

The picture became clearer when the school magazines for 1917-19 were examined. The files of the "Courier" and the "Evening Telegraph" also helped to clear up the mystery. Contemporary pupils living in the Dundee area were asked to dig into their memories—the Rev. Mr Kinnear of Abernethy; Mr J. W. Laverock, a Dundee solicitor; and Mr W. B. Moncur, a former chairman of the Indian Jute Mills Association, now living in St. Andrews. From these sources the picture built up.

The facts were that at the beginning of the First World War the small country of Serbia was invaded by the Austrian Army. All young men under military age were ordered by the Serbian Government to flee the country. It was a long journey for these boys. After great privations many found refuge in France, some in Britain.

One of the Serbian boys who came to Dundee described the ordeal in the school magazine. It is a moving and vividly written article, full of patriotic feeling. Winter had come when the boys left Serbia, most of them on foot. They marched out of their country, leaving behind them their families and their childhood. In the rigours of the long march, many died from cold, hunger and privation.

In 1917, 27 Serbian refugees arrived in Dundee. The city which gave them sanctuary

was warm in its welcome. "Fernbrae" on the Perth road and now a private nursing home, was used as a hostel. It was bought for their use by the late Mr George Bonar, the textile manufacturer. Many rallied to give furniture, clothes and stores. The boys stayed there until they left for home in June, 1919.

Fourteen of the boys attended High School. According to Mr Kinnear "only one of them spoke English, but within a few weeks all of them could make themselves understood by their Dundonian class-mates".

The boys were quickly accepted and played an active part in the activities of the debating society, the rifle club, the cadet force and the 1st XV. rugby team.

One of the boys graduated at Cambridge University and two at Edinburgh University. Eventually all of them returned home.

What happened to them? Our investigation takes us up to the period just before the Second World War. On the death of Mr George Bonar, Mrs Bonar continued her husband's custom of sending Christmas cards until the war made this impossible.

By 1938, the Cambridge graduate, M. I. Dimitrijevitich, was the engineer in charge of the Belgrade branch of the Skoda Works. V. Orovitch, a graduate of Edinburgh University, was an engineer at the Trepca mines. R. Dyorgjevic was a school teacher, married with a young family. M. Yovanovitch was an artillery officer. The youngest boy, B. Stevovic, was finishing law studies in Belgrade.

War followed by revolution swept over their country. Did any of them survive? Perhaps some other High School pupil will take over this investigation and disclose more about these boys who are a part of the history of our school.

L. M., F.VI.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BADGE?

As anyone who entered the school in Form I knows one of the first of many bewildering things which happens to you is that you are told which "house" you are in. What are these houses and why were they begun? Are they just an ingenious little plot devised by certain members of staff to trap the poor pupil into running for miles in the pouring rain while training for the school sports? No indeed, as our intrepid reporters set out to prove. In case any member of the school is in doubt the honourable houses, Airlie, Aystree, Lindores

and Wallace (in alphabetical order) have a long and glorious history.

The house system in school was, in fact, started in 1927 when, after the First World War, the directors of the school decided that Rugby Football was to be encouraged. Until then most boys in school played football but 15 stalwarts in the Senior School taught themselves the game of Rugby with the help of their Classics master and, because of their enthusiasm, Rugby in school gained popularity. At first nothing much could be done about the situation because there were no facilities for the boys to learn the game. After land to the East of Dundee had been purchased and a Pavilion built, more boys were introduced to the game. Now the problem was that because of a lack of matches to play it was difficult to keep up enthusiasm. The High School was the only school in Dundee at this time playing rugby, Harris and Morgan starting later on. Thus, to keep up general enthusiasm in the game, some form of competition had to be introduced.

There was no lack of keen young masters and they got together and decided to divide the boys into four houses according to Rugby ability. The names chosen for these houses were Airlie, after the father of the present Earl of Airlie, Aystree, after Colonel Smith of Aystree who was Chairman of the Board of Directors at the time, School, until a more suitable name could be found, and Wallace, after Sir William Wallace who was educated at the Grammar School in Dundee which later became the High School. The original House-masters of the respective houses were Mr A. Inglis, Mr J. R. Legge, Mr T. McLaren and Mr J. Hunter. The colours which they chose were as they are today.

Perhaps like some of the members of a certain form in school you are under the impression that House-masters do nothing at all. Or perhaps you know they do something. But what? To clarify matters we set out to find out what the duties of House-masters in 1927 consisted of. Here we found that the key word was enthusiasm. Every effort was made by these first House-masters to promote enthusiasm in the game of Rugby and to find enough competition for the boys.

Thus from 1927 enthusiasm in the game of Rugby grew in school. Wallace was the first

house to win the inter-house matches and from then on seemed to win a very large share of the matches. In the 1930's School House was renamed Lindores. At this time the school badge was changed and, as the coat of arms of the Bishop of Lindores was incorporated in the new badge, it was felt that this was an ideal opportunity to rename the house.

After the Second World War, enthusiasm seemed to lag somewhat, and in 1951 big changes were made in the house system. It was decided to let girls take part in house activities and all school activities were brought into the system. Now you played, swam, or ran in the team for the good of your house. At this time, too, the Inter-house trophy was presented to the school and was won for the first time by Airlie. It must be mentioned here, too, that cricket had been flourishing in the school for quite a number of years and a cricket trophy was later presented to the school.

Thus the houses flourish in school today and will, we are sure, continue to flourish for many years to come, thanks to the efforts of those keen masters so many years ago. And just remember this if you don't appreciate their efforts as much as you might. Before the beginning of the house system, boys and girls had recreation once every four weeks and on the other three weeks were engaged in such delightful pursuits as sewing (for girls) or prep. Be thankful for Airlie, Aystree, Lindores and Wallace.

Financial News

"Economy is going without something you do want in case you should some day want something you probably won't want," said Anthony Hope. This was scarcely the sentiment that "High Hopes" financial experts found prevalent among some of our pupils but we here repeat their suggestions for economy cuts for those who didn't even have the 4d to purchase "High Hopes" (lucky people!)

OUR HEADS

As They See Themselves

At last the time has come to discover something about that dynamic duo the Head Girl and Head Boy. To enable you to understand the complexities of their personalities and as a guide to all ambitious girls and boys in the

school, we asked Thelma Charlotte Robertson and Norman Douglas Paton Cathcart a few pertinent questions.

Why were you chosen for your exalted position?

Thelma—"Because my hair matched the gold braid."

Norman—"Complete mystery to me as it was to everybody else."

Asked what they enjoyed about their year of authority, Thelma said, "I really like the way everyone respects and looks up to me—sometimes."

Norman most enjoyed (a) the Head Girl, (b) the Lollipop Man and (c) the fact that any time he dodged a class the staff assumed (wrongly) that he was on official business.

As her greatest achievement this year, Thelma boasted of "the cultivation of a delightful ear-piercing scream which charms the male prefects." Norman, sadistically, thought his was "getting the girls thrown out of the Prefects' room to their proper place in the dungeons." (This was merely a temporary measure—Ed.)

Asked how they saw each other, Thelma said, "Norman has pretty, wavy hair. He's tall, friendly and handsome, or so everybody else thinks. Quick-tempered though. He likes pies and H.P. sauce, plays darts well, wears a blue cardigan and mock croc. shoes."

Norman saw Thelma as "Tall, slim, has long blonde hair, very attractive, great figure, vivacious, tremendous personality"—he muttered under his breath—"and ten bob poorer after paying me to say this rubbish."

As Others See Them

Preparatory department pupils seldom have the chance of expressing opinions in this magazine, so we asked them about the Head Girl and Boy ("looking upwards every day").

Asked why the exalted ones were chosen, the youngsters consulted replied—

"Because they are very good-mannered."

"Because they never got the strap or were put outside the door."

"Because they worked hard and don't need to work anymore."

"Because they know what they are doing."



Descriptions of Thelma offered by preparatory pupils were—She's 20 feet tall—long white hair—wears a mini-skirt—thick lips—a few spots—has a gold ring round her (halo?).

The same commentators gave Norman's height in range from 5 ft. to 6 ft. 9 in. He was variously described as "thin", "fat", "freckly", "spotty", "big and strong", "wears glasses", "wears a kilt". One girl thought he had a smiling face "because he's happy being head boy and does no homework." Another seven-year-old fan said, "he's very good looking—everything about him is good looking."

As for the duties of the head girl and boy, replies included—

"They sit and rest in their little office" (Prefects' Room).

"Drink coffee."

"Answer the telephone" (Debating Society Bell?)

"Read books on flowers and the Sunday Post."

"See if everyone else is working."

"See if the teachers are doing their job properly."

"Decide when to have holidays."

"Come to school at quarter to eight to stop people pushing in and fighting."

"They write notes to Mr Erskine."

"Sell sweets and cigarettes at Lil's" (Really?).

"The head boy sits on the roof to get peace."

"The head girl is his girl friend and he takes her to the D.P.M."

When the time comes, there's going to be keen competition among these preparatory pupils. All said they would like to be the head girl or head boy some day because they would "like to be important", "not have any work" and "tell others what to do". One wee boy wanted to be head boy and head girl. Fame appears to be the spur.

ST. ANDREWS PRE-UNIVERSITY SCHOOL

During the Easter holidays, 350 6th year pupils from all over the country attended this experimental conference. The aim was to give intending students an insight into university life, both academic and social.

Members of the University staff, M.P.'s and students were among those taking part in the conference. There were a number of lectures and discussions on topics of general interest such as student and university life, where to stay—residence, digs or home—the Students' Union and the S.R.C. as well as one (which everyone insisted was for his or her personal benefit) entitled "First Year Dropouts".

There were also illustrated talks on the History of St. Andrews, the university's recent expedition to Peru and a film on Psychology, all of which were extremely interesting. For the remainder of the time we were divided into groups of about 15 according to our subject interests, with a member of staff and a student attached to each group. In these groups we visited various university departments, those which our group visited including the new physics and chemistry buildings, the marine laboratory (where there were numerous smelly tanks of animals and fish with such information as "Pete's crabs", "Dave's—do not touch"), the biochemistry department (where research students demonstrated the techniques of chro-

matography) and the astronomy buildings. We also attended several short talks on subjects which interested us.

We all stayed in residence during the four days of the conference, and had to obey the usual rules such as signing in by 11.30 or 12.00 p.m. or being locked out for the night. On the Wednesday afternoon we were televised by both Grampian and B.B.C. during a discussion on the problems of student life.

In the evenings the students organised folk singing, a "gaudie" and, for the last night, a dance. On Wednesday night, after the Gaudie, we went on a pier walk (one of the traditional events at St. Andrews).

I think on the whole the conference was a success, although most people agreed it might be more useful for 5th year pupils. And it did succeed in putting several people right off the idea of going to university!! However, I would recommend that anyone who is given the chance to attend one of these conferences should take it.

M. M., F.VI.

HEARD IN THE DRESSING ROOM AT DALNACRAIG

(These are the unrehearsed comments made by members of the first XI. returning to the dressing room during the game with D.H.S. F.P. XI.)

- C. C. —"Ah well!"—holds up hand indicating nothing.
- E. Mc—"A good ball" (under his breath).
"Good batsmen can only be beaten by good balls."
- N. C. —"Bowled! That's all I've got to say about it. I could say it was a good ball, etc., etc., but I was shoved — by Coletta."
- S. H. —(Throws bat on floor) "Dash!" (He knew we were quoting him.)
- G. Mc—(When asked 'were you out?') "I don't know."
- D. T. —(Out first ball) "Pretty poor, but at least I hit it" (near to tears). "I'm sick of batting number six or seven. I want to go number one again." (In tears) "I'm going to give up cricket if nothing happens in the future. I don't even get to bowl now."

P. G. —(Busy waiting to go in) “It’s my big chance. My latent talent is about to explode. What should I do—skip?”

N. C. —“You won’t need to go in, son!”

P. G. —(Five minutes later—caught and bowled for three, clapped when he was out) “The bowling’s nothing, but it was a good catch. I thought it went right through him. Hope it hurt.”

A. P. —(Chuffed face—he scored 23) “I could have stayed in for hours.”

D. R. —(Clean bowled for nothing) “Sorry, Norrie.”

R. I. —(Looking very pleased—he wasn’t out) “Yes, I enjoyed that.”

P. W. —no comment—he was the last man, and so we lost the game.

Groundsman—“Wha’s is the five bob on the table?”

Umpire—(Smiling) “Hard luck, boys.”

Spectator—“Boring, wasn’t it?”

“A Team Effort”

“HIGH HOPES — FINANCIAL SECTION (or Ell Ess Dee)

Money has always been, we believe, a favourite concern of “civilised” human beings; now it has become an obsession. What better investigation to make in school in these days of **FINANCIAL CRISES, PUNITIVE BUDGETS, SOARING PRICES, HIGHER SCHOOL FEES**, than how our pupils would solve at least the school’s financial difficulties?

The results show that even the nation need have no fears—there is a plentiful supply, in D.H.S., of embryo-Chancellors of the Exchequer (and, what’s more, all are **female** aspirants to residence at No. 11!).

Their ideas range from the stiff-but-expected economies to the purely sadistic that makes even a recent National Budget pale in comparison. Without further comment here are the choicest suggestions from Form 3 and Form 5. We hope that Mr Erskine and the Directors will give them their most considered attention.

1. Dismiss all unnecessary staff—i.e. all—T.V. sets are cheaper. Employ only staff willing to work on a voluntary basis. Sell certain members of staff to a laboratory for vivisection. If any still remain, do not pay them during holidays—they just loll on beaches trying to get a better tan than the pupils.
2. Sell valuable leather belts and luxury staff-room furniture. Plough up the front playground and plant with radishes or sow it with grass where sheep and cows could graze. (This could lead to another economy—in teachers’ salaries after a few had been mangled by the herds.) Turn the dungeons into a home for destitute dogs and charge the Corporation 2/- per dog.
3. Close School whenever heat and light are required and cut out gas and electricity bills. Dispense with the school heating(?) system and let pupils wear coats, furry hoods and kinky boots in classes. Do without heating and all freeze to death thus ending all problems!
4. Stop all examinations. The amount of paper, blotting-paper, ink, etc., consumed in this totally useless effort must be phenomenal. For similar reasons issue **No Report Cards**. Abolish homework which also uses up valuable paper and substitute meditation.
5. No need for cleaners—attach brushes to trailing hems of teachers’ gowns. Have self-service in lunch-hall or a no-lunch slimming programme. Appoint Lorna Marshall and Robin Foote to broadcast charity appeals and carry collecting cans round crowds who watch football, cadets, etc., in playground.
6. Save material in uniforms by adopting mini-skirts for the girls and Bermuda shorts for the boys. Strip prefects of gold braid and sell to President de Gaulle.

Apart from demolishing the school and selling valuable site to Corporation, have the boys any suggestions to make? Send them to “High Hopes” H.Q. now. The need is **URGENT**.”

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If your heart's set on being a Lighthouse Keeper or a Ballet Dancer we're sorry but we can't help. But for practically anything else it could be worthwhile having a word with our Employment Manager, Mr. A. R. Millar. Just 'phone Dundee 23161 or write in for an informal chat. It's worth finding out.



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School Activities

A multitude of clubs and societies still continue to flourish. One thing D.H.S. pupils should not be able to complain of is boredom! Judge for yourselves, from the reports which follow, how many and varied are our interests . . .

GUIDE REPORT

The company has had a very interesting session with our small number of very enthusiastic guides. We often go outside for part of our meeting and in March we went for a hike to Auchterhouse. On Thinking Day we cooked food from various countries such as apfelstrudel from Austria which, surprisingly enough, turned out very well. Although we are not going camping this summer, we went to Lundie County Campsite for the Victoria weekend.

During the session we started working from the new Guide Handbook which is the basis of the new guide system.

Our two senior guides gained their Queen's Guide and these will be the last old Queen's Guides in the company.

Miss MacCallum will be leaving us to get married; Miss Thomson is also getting married this summer. Our best wishes to them both. We thank our Guiders for making "Guides" so enjoyable.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

The Debating Society has had a very busy and successful year. Our syllabus has been a full one, with a meeting almost every fortnight. Many pupils have had an opportunity of debating, and it has been very gratifying to have such good turn-outs at our meetings.

Since our last report we have had debates against Morgan Academy and Strathallan. In the annual contest between staff and pupils the staff gained the upper hand.

We were privileged to have as a guest speaker at one of our meetings Professor James Whyte of the University of St. Andrews, who addressed us on the topic: "A scale of priorities for youth in an age tending towards permissiveness". In addition, a small section of the society attended an evening in the Queen's Hotel, at the invitation of the Dundee Toastmistress Club, and a very enjoyable evening was had by all.

In the national debating competitions for which we were entered, our teams were extremely successful. In the competition sponsored by the "Scottish Daily Express", Beverley Arthur and Richard Gillis reached the semi-final. In the English-Speaking Union Debating Competition our team of Lorna Marshall and Robin Foote succeeded in carrying off the trophy, after an exciting final, held in Royal High School Edinburgh.

Two debates have been held for Forms 2 and 3 in order to encourage debating amongst the younger

pupils. We should like to thank Mr Howat for chairing the latter of these meetings.

Owing to our full syllabus, the D.H.S. Reading and Public Speaking Competition has still to be completed. As yet only one round has been held.

We have been able to provide refreshments at the end of our meetings and for this we should like to thank especially Miss Gray and the Hostess Prefects, who have served us so well.

Again we are much indebted to the staff for their support of the society. We appreciate their attendance at meetings, and the committee would like to thank in particular Miss Gray, Mr E. M. Stewart, and Mr Alexander for the invaluable help and encouragement given to the society, especially to the speakers in the national competitions.

To all pupils, staff, and friends who have contributed to this successful year we extend our sincere thanks.

ROBIN FOOTE, Chairman.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

During this term, examinations have made it impossible to hold as many meetings as we would have liked. But the meetings held have been most worth-while, and we have had excellent speakers, and good attendances. We look forward to the series of At-Homes to be held in June. At these gatherings for Vth and VIth years, discussions on topical issues will be led by Mr P. Lee, of Edinburgh.

Over the year we have had many excellent speakers, and average attendances, higher than last year's, have remained high. Undoubtedly one of the best meetings was a visit from a group of students from Dundee University.

Thanks are due to all the speakers, to all who have come regularly, and to all who help to run the activities, making S.U. such a blessing to all who come.

B. B.

JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Although numbers have remained comparatively small, we have enjoyed a busy and interesting year. The visit of Mr David Allan from Dundee University was a great success. Other activities included a visit to the museum to see the Mary Slessor corner and a tape recording of the boys singing modern gospel songs. Our thanks to Miss Davidson for kindly lending us the English Department tape recorder. We are hoping that this year's L.7 will continue with S.U. in the senior school next year.

Morag McGregor, Fiona Munro.

D.H.S. RIFLE CLUB REPORT

Owing to the low attendance during the past year, we have been unable to continue the highly successful team formed last year. However, using the nucleus of that team, R. I. and B. C. A. P. as a basis for one competition we have had, with the addition of N. D. P. C. and R. K. we succeeded in defeating a staff team consisting of Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr W. P. Vannet, Mr J. Coletta and Mr D. Fraser most convincingly.

The Oakley cup was won this year by G. B. McFadzean and the Larg-Vannet trophy by G. R. Dudgeon. The Urquhart cup was won by B. C. Armstrong-Payne.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Halliday for his support and Mr J. Stark for his continual encouragement and practical help and advice through the years without which the club could not continue. Until now the rifle club has been held on a Friday evening, but it has now been proposed that it should shoot on a Friday afternoon in conjunction with the cadets.

B. C. A. P. and R. I.

SKI CLUB REPORT

An otherwise excellent season by the club was marred by the disappointment of being unable to take part in the Winter Olympics at Grenoble. A team had been entered, but due to the pressure of training required for the forthcoming Scottish Schools Championship and also due, indirectly, to the Foot and Mouth Epidemic, this team had to be withdrawn! However, fielding an unusually excellent team, the Club came a very close ninth in the major event of the season—the School's Championship.

Unfortunately, membership of this elite club is strictly limited to those who can ski, so all applications should be in by early 1969.

J. C. K., F.V.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

During this session displays were given by M. Foster, J. Vannet, D. Nicoll and D. Campbell. At "everybody's night" most members of the club gave short displays which included stamps from Egypt, Gt. Britain, France, U.S.A. and Australasia.

We were privileged to have one guest speaker, a Former Pupil, Graeme Webster, who gave a comprehensive account of the stamps and postal history of the Falkland Islands.

We are pleased to report that the average attendance has been well up on last year's.

Purchases of First Day Covers have almost doubled and considerable interest has been shown in this field by new members and those outside the club. We cordially invite all those interested, especially the present L.7 to attend our meetings. Our thanks to all our members and to Mr Stevenson who have helped to make this a very successful session.

D. NICOLL, Secretary.
A. D. McLAREN, Treasurer.

COMBINED CADET FORCE REPORT

This year, our Annual General Inspection will be held on the 19th June at Dalnacraig. The Inspecting Officer will be Brigadier J. C. Monteith, M.C. After the inspection and the march past, we will give demonstrations of our training methods and activities; stripping and assembling the L.M.G., Self Defence, Drill, Motor Maintenance, Initiative Tests and Rocket Launching Drill, etc.

On the 23rd March, the Certificate "A" Proficiency Test was held at Buddon for No. 1 Platoon.

The results compared very favourably with those of other units and the cadets' uniforms and appearance were very impressive.

Platoons two and three are about to sit the Part One (Basic Training) Examination. I expect a 100% pass.

A very successful trip to Buddon ranges was held on the 31st March. 303 Rifle and L.M.G. Shooting was of a high standard and the Company went over the newly constructed assault course. The weather was very kind to us and we had only one ship in 4 hours to delay our shooting.

During the Easter Holidays, four cadets, led by Cpl. Ralston, travelled to Norfolk to attend a leadership course. In recognition of their achievements there, Cpl. Ralston was promoted to Sgt. and L/Cps Tullis, Pate, and Jones were promoted to Cpl.

Early in April, a Helicopter Trip by the Parachute Regt. was called off because heavy rain grounded the helicopters. On the 13th May a party of Cadets visited a Royal Artillery Display Team at Camperdown Park. On display were the 105 m.m. pack howitzer, the Drone pilotless recce. plane, a Bofors anti-aircraft gun and a variety of other equipment.

The band have had a very busy year with three out-of-school engagements since Christmas, including playing at an international Hockey Match at Gayfield, Arbroath. News has just been received that next year's Schools Pipe Band Competition will be held at Mayfield. The Pipe Band is deeply indebted to Mr McLeod for his devoted efforts. We regret that Mr Millar has been forced to retire from his post as drum instructor owing to ill health.

We shall shortly be preparing for our Annual Camp. It will again be held at R.N. Boom Defence Depot, Aultbea. Its rugged surroundings are ideal for cadet training. The camp will be extended two days. This will allow a fuller programme to be completed.

It is regretted that Lt. Coletta will be leaving the High School for a post at Cumbernauld. We are sorry to see him go as he has been a very enthusiastic and popular Officer. We wish him the best of luck in his new post.

On behalf of the Senior Company, I should like to thank our Officers for their valuable assistance throughout the year.

C.S.M. GREWAR.

JUNIOR COMPANY CADET REPORT

So far this year we have been somewhat restricted in our proposed outdoor activities by weather and exams. However we managed to take No. 1 platoon out to Douglas Wood for instruction on field-craft and camping. At Easter, the junior company spent a day at Buddon where they were involved in an exercise and on the assault course.

L/Cpl. Pate and L/Cpl. Jones have recently been promoted to corporal. Cpl. Pate has also been put in charge of No. 3 platoon. The winner of the Larg/Vannet trophy for shooting was G. Dudgeon. B. McFadzean was second in this competition but won the Oakley cup.

At present we are preparing for the general inspection. This is to be held at Dalnacraig on 19th



TENNIS 1st VI.

Back Row—Deborah A. Menelaws, Margaret J. Duncan, Coral Wilson.

Front Row—Pamela A. Robertson, Miss E. J. Filshie, Maureen E. Dunn.

Inset—Anne L. Cowie (Captain).

CRICKET 1st XI.

Back Row—Mr W. D. Allardice, D. Rollo, R. R. Brough, A. C. Cruickshank, L. R. Ancell, D. R. H. Tullis.

Front Row—P. W. Walsh, R. W. Illsley, A. H. Hutchison (Vice-Captain), N. D. P. Cathcart (Captain), A. G. McLaren, P. C. Grewar (Sec. and Treas.), A. M. Patterson.



GOLF TEAM

Back Row—A. J. A. Fox, W. A. Meiklejohn, R. J. Walker.

Front Row—R. M. Foote, R. D. Muckart (Captain), R. J. Catlow.

Photographs by J. D. Brown, Castle Street, Dundee



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co., Dundee

OLD GIRLS' CLUB — PRESIDENT'S CHAIN OF OFFICE

June. The inspecting officer is to be Brigadier J. C. Monteith, M.C. The junior company hope to give demonstrations in drill, engineering and fieldcraft. The next important event is the annual craft which will be held as usual at R.N. Boom Defence Depot at Aultbea. We have already worked out an extensive programme of activities that include shooting, camping and varied training. We hope that the weather will be an improvement on last year's and that we will be able to complete this programme.

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

FREE REBEL ARMY REPORT

We the genitors in command have great pleasure in bringing this hitherto underground organisation into the open in this the first report. The members of this group are a selected body of dedicated resistance fighters under the honorary leadership of W. Ewing, S.N.P. Up to now this organisation has had a very hectic life. We have been subjected to floods, fire and invasion in our headquarters under the heart of the school.

Despite these initial set-backs the organisation is still flourishing and we have accomplished three tarring and featherings, eight punch ups, three mock take-overs and postponed one board meeting. We are now undergoing an extensive training campaign to prepare our members for the ensuing conflict. Our motto for this battle will be *Mortis Bellum*. Join us now and escape the holocaust of our fury.

Committee of Genitors in command.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

This year, we are unable to announce the winners of the school tournaments; as yet, both the Beekingham Trophy and the Intermediate Trophy, are undecided, and, in the Russell Trophy, a play-off is in progress. The winner of this will be Judith Hanslip, Timothy Walsh or Kenneth Thomson.

In the Dundee and District League (Schools' Divisions) six D.H.S. teams are playing, and have all performed with a fair degree of success. In the third division of the Adult League, the D.H.S. first team came second, scoring $24\frac{1}{2}$ points out of 32, and this was enough to earn them promotion to the second division. In addition, High School won through to the semi-finals of our zone of the "Sunday Times" Tournament, helped by a narrow win against one of the best teams, Ayr Academy Second Team.

High School players have been playing for Dundee in various matches at adult level. Playing against Borders in the Scottish Regional Championships, Andrew Baruch and Peter Walsh both won, and, in a recent friendly match against Aberdeen, Christine Elder and Peter Walsh won and Andrew Baruch and Christopher Jones drew. In addition, High School players have taken part in a number of congresses. At Christmas, Susan Law and Miriam Little won through from their qualifying section of the Scottish Girls' Championships, and will now play in the finals. Then, at Easter, three D.H.S. pupils played in the Dundee Easter Congress, Senior Division. C. Jones scored 4/6, and P. Walsh and A. Baruch both scored 3/6. A number of other D.H.S. pupils played in the junior tournaments, doing reasonably well. In the Bothwell Easter Congress, C. Jones scored 3/5 in the Premier "B" event. In the immediate future lies the Dundee

Schools' Individual Championships. This has been divided into a Senior Division and a Junior Division, and two places have been allocated to the High School in each. We hope to do well.

Our thanks are, as usual, extended to Mrs Elder, Mr Deas and Mr McKay for organizing the club, and to all those who have helped in catering.

C. JONES, Secretary.

THE SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CLUB REPORT

Aim

The Aim of the Club is to help its members to discover the full meaning of the Christian Faith for themselves and for the world.

During the past year the membership of the club has swelled to almost 150, making us no longer the smallest branch, all within two years of our formation. It is hoped that this indicates that S.S.C. has something to offer the schoolboy of today.

Our "Home and Away" weekend which included our annual Christmas-New Year Dance was a great success with many old friendships being renewed. The dance itself was a great success and attracted a large number of people.

Angus House, Edzell, has entertained us twice this year, with a mixed Pre-Bonskeid weekend for Seniors and a Junior Weekend late in March. We are extremely fortunate in being able to use Angus House, and look forward to many enjoyable weekends there. An Inter-Schools Games Night was also held at the Harris Academy Gymnasium.

Our Annual Service was conducted on the 21st April by the Rev. R. R. Hogg—Dundee's Citizen of the Year. The service was well attended by many parents and friends as well as club members.

On the 5th May, a contingent of Club members travelled to the Canongate Kirk, Edinburgh for a service of thanksgiving for the life and work of Stanley Nairne—the founder of the S.S.C. He died quite suddenly on 14th March, 1968, but he will ever be remembered with gratitude by the vast number who were privileged to have been with him in club, camp or as one of his large circle of friends.

The dust from the Post-Highers Dance in the Balgay Church Hall is just beginning to settle as this report is written. The Reflections Beat Group provided the music and more than a hundred groovers grooved their way through a most energetic and enjoyable evening.

Our next major event, the Conference for Senior Boys and Girls at Bonskeid House, Pitlochry, is scheduled for the 24th—26th May. Over 90 delegates are expected to attend and many interesting topics, among them, pre-marital sexual intercourse and race relations, will be discussed. It is hoped that the weekend will provide some guiding principles and provoke sufficient interest, that discussion will not end when the conference breaks up.

A Hill Climb is planned for June and Bonar Camp in August will be a popular rendezvous.

Thus we try to fulfil the aim of the Club, and in doing so constantly remind ourselves that we cannot stand still, that alongside the traditional, new ideas and plays must take their place.

The School Committee is deeply indebted to the Club Officers and we would like to thank them for the great effort which they give to the S.S.C.

P. G.

WEEKEND AT BONSKIED

Norman Cathcart has contributed an interesting account of the recent weekend conference, entitled "Living and Partly Living", held at Bonskeid under the auspices of the S.S.C.

With Friday, 24th May as a holiday for those taking part, a full and varied programme was possible. Apart from mention of the journey to Pitlochry and the excellent food and facilities at Bonskeid, appreciation is mainly given to the serious talk, thinking and discussion involved.

Robin Foote, Lorna Marshall and Norman Cathcart gave short talks on various aspects of the book "Sex as Gift" by the Rev. I. M. Fraser. Thelma Robertson spoke on "Women's place in the world today". These talks were followed by informal group discussion after which questions were fired at carefully selected panels.

The two guest speakers proved very popular. The Rev. I. Fraser was very frank in his talk and attracted a number of questioners during and after the main discussion. Dr. Verma, an Indian from New Delhi working in D.R.I., gave an interesting and highly amusing talk about his way of life in India and how he had to adapt himself to life in Scotland.

Free time seems to have been enjoyed, too, for example in an energetic hockey match in which we are told Mr Adams distinguished himself "well prepared with his green jersey neatly pressed, white shorts and gold socks."

Midnight movies on the subjects under discussion, after outings to Pitlochry, on Friday and Saturday, were a popular feature also.

Thanks are given to the Rector and school staff who made the weekend possible, to the adults "who sacrificed their sanity and various other minor things by accompanying us" and especially to Dr. Proudfoot and Mr Adams who bore the burden of the weekend's organisation.

Sports

Though there are no world-shattering records to report here, there is a steady, enthusiastic progress and much quiet achievement. Gratitude to staff (both named and anonymous) is as usual prominent but, for the girls, we should like especially to mention the gallant work of Miss Filshie and the ladies of the staff during the absence of Miss Dobson to whom we extend the best of good wishes for continued improvement in health.

GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB REPORT

In spite of the exams, a team—Valerie Walsh, Jean Smith, Pamela Brodie and Lesley Miller—was sent to the Harris Gala. The team was fourth.

At our own Gala, Alison McNicoll, Pamela Brodie, Lesley Miller and Valerie Walsh were in the teams which finished fourth.

We should like to thank Miss Filshie and all members of the staff who helped at the baths.

S. TODD.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

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

The results of the matches played by the 1st XI. from 28th October, 1967 are as follows:—

		F.	A.
Nov. 11—Forfar	H	Can.	
18—Kilgraston	A	1	0
Dec. 2—Dunfermline	A	1	8
9—Madras	H	Can.	
16—Kirkcaldy	H	1	5
Jan. 6—Perth Academy	H	Can.	
13—Arbroath	H	Can.	
20—Morrison's Academy	A	4	1
27—Harris	A	3	0
Feb. 3—Carnoustie	H	2	1
17—Aberdeen High	A	Can.	
24—Dunfermline College	H	Can.	
Mar. 2—Buckhaven	H	2	2
6—Waid Academy	A	2	1
9—St. Leonard's	A	Can.	

On the 16th March, the 1st XI. took part in the Midlands Tournament and although the team was not beaten in the first round when it played Brechin, Buckhaven, Forfar and Breadalbane, it did not gain a sufficient number of goals to prevent Buckhaven from entering the second round.

On 23rd March, there was a VII's Tournament at Perth where D.H.S. VII's played Dollar, Bell-Baxter, Kilgraston and Perth High in the first round. Unfortunately, the results for D.H.S. were disappointing.

On 27th March, there was another VII's Tournament in Dunfermline where D.H.S. played Kirkcaldy who were to be the winners of the tournament. D.H.S. lost 4-0.

On 10th April the 1st XI. played Wallace High School from Ireland at Dawson Park. Although the team lost 4-1, it was a very enjoyable match.

On 11th November, the final Midlands Trial was held at Dalnacraig. Margaret Gibb was selected for the 1st XI. and Margaret Duncan and Deborah Menelaws for the 2nd XI. Patricia Hutton was chosen as reserve.

As the season progressed, the teamwork of 1st XI. improved. Some members will be leaving the team this summer and as we say "good-bye" to them we say "hello" to the new members who will be joining.

The 2nd and 3rd XIs have played extremely well this season, winning most of their matches and are to be congratulated on this performance.

On behalf of the teams I should like to thank Miss Dobson and Miss Filshie for their patience, work and encouragement.

DEBORAH MENELAWS, Secretary.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB REPORT

Captain, Rosemary Semple; Vice-Captain, Ann McPherson; Secretary and Treasurer, Penny Agnew.

We should like to offer sincere thanks to Miss Filshie, who, already overworked with the organisation of tennis, has given up valuable time to coach athletics, while Miss Dobson has been absent. Our wishes for a speedy recovery go out to Miss Dobson.

Last year, in the Scottish Schoolgirls' Championships, Jane Standley won the "C" group hurdles, and Janice Munro came third. Other members of the school team also did quite well. This year we hope to have a few more successes, although the team has not been chosen yet. At the Dundee Schools Championships, we came away with our usual high number of medals, and hope to do so again this year. Owing to the large number of end of term activities, we have only three fixtures to look forward to: a triangular match between Dunfermline High and Buckhaven High, and matches with Morgan Academy (seniors) and Waid Academy. The junior girls won their match against Morgan Juniors.

Unfortunately, especially among the senior girls, enthusiasm to go in for the Sports has been low, but this can only be put down to laziness in most cases as we have excellent facilities at Monymusk available to us for use almost every day of the week.

Finally I should like to thank all the members of staff and older pupils who are going to come up and help at the Sports and other matches.

PENNY AGNEW, Secretary and Treasurer.

GIRLS' TENNIS REPORT

The following officials were elected at the beginning of the season:—

Captain, Anne Cowie; Vice-Captain, Pamela Robertson; Treasurer, Carol Wilson; Secretary, Maureen Dunn.

So far this season the 1st VI. and 2nd VI. are unbeaten. The 3rd VI. has done extremely well although players have been substituted owing to work for exams.

In Forms 1, 2 and 3 there are some promising juniors who should do very well in the future.

I should like to thank Miss Filshie for her help and encouragement.

M. G., Secretary.

GIRLS' GOLF

The Girls' Golf Club has not really got into full swing yet due to the S.C.E. exams, but after these are finished, the knock-out competition for the Recordon Salver will give ample opportunity to make up for lost time.

BOYS' GOLF CLUB REPORT

The A.G.M. of the Golf Club was held on Thursday, 28th March when officials were elected for the coming season. Already a large number of fixtures have been arranged with other schools as well as with the F.P.'s. It is hoped that the staff will accept our challenge.

Both school competitions are well under way despite examination commitments. So far only one inter-school match has been played which unfortun-

ately ended in defeat. However we still hope to have as successful a season as last year.

Our thanks go especially to Mr Paton for his devotion to this club.

R. D. MUCKART and R. J. CATLOW.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XI.	18	9	4	5	58	41

Following a promising start, results deteriorated in the later stages of the season, possibly owing to the boys' lack of fitness. Despite this, a large number of goals were scored by the 1st XI. offset slightly by a considerable number conceded.

Although six of last season's 1st XI. are leaving school, a strong, albeit young side can be expected next season there being an abundance of promising youngsters coming up school.

Three very notable achievements have been:

1. The senior six defeating Morgan VI. in the final of the Midlands Knockout sixes tournament to take the trophy for the first time.
2. The Under 16 six going one step further than in last year's Dundee Schools sixes by winning the final against St. John's.
3. Following a 9-0 victory over Aberdeen G.S. 2nd XI. and continual victories in other years over them the 1st XI. as from next year will be matched against their 1st XI.

Several players were nominated for the Midlands trials and two were finally sifted through to the final twenty-two, A. G. Nicholson eventually being selected to play for Midlands Schoolboys. A. G. McLaren and A. G. Nicholson were, in addition, selected to play for a Dundee Schools Select on two occasions against an Irish Schools touring team.

The 2nd XI. suffered only two defeats throughout the season suggesting that it has players ready to step up to the 1st XI. The 2nd XI. forwards also found goals easy to come by, scoring 30 goals in 12 games.

Had the Under-16 XI. been able to field its strongest XI. every week, it would have been a side to reckon with. As it happens, three boys in this age group played regularly for the 1st XI.

Once again we have had very able support from the members of staff. Mr Coletta coached the 1st XI. along with Mr Stark who also umpired most of the 1st XI. games. Mr Fraser and Mr Wilson guided the other sides admirably. To them all we must extend our sincere thanks.

A. B. B.

BOYS' SWIMMING CLUB REPORT

The school swimming team did not have a very full programme of competitions, only taking part in the Harris and our own galas. In both galas we finished third.

The school gala was a success with a very high number of competitors. Out of this big entry, C. Powrie won the Boys' Senior Championship and J. Thomson won the Boys' Junior Championship.

The season is not yet finished as the school is sending a number of boys to compete in the Dundee Secondary Schools' Gala, to be held at the Central Baths on the 25th June, and we are confident that they will do well.

A. G. N.

BOYS' TENNIS CLUB

At the beginning of the season, A. G. McLaren was appointed captain and A. C. Cruickshank vice-captain of the senior team. P. C. Mitchell and D. A. Taylor now hold corresponding positions in the junior team.

Both sides have a considerable number of games this season and for this we must thank Mr Nigel Stewart for arranging these fixtures and encouraging boys' tennis in the school as a whole, ably supported by Mr Wilson and Mr G. C. Stewart who take the boys at grounds.

So far one match has been played away to Madras College where the senior team was defeated. The junior side has not yet played.

It was proposed at the pre-season meeting that a senior boys' tournament be held this term and owing to a very large entry, the tournament is going ahead and looks like proving a success.

A. G. M.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the season—Captain, N. D. P. Cathcart; Vice-Captain, A. H. Hutchison; Secretary and Treasurer, P. C. Grewar; Members of Committee, E. S. D. McKay, A. G. McLaren, R. W. Illsley.

The 1st XI. have made a reasonable start to the season beating Madras by five wkts. and narrowly failing to draw against Aberdeen G.S. The matches against Grove and Perth were cancelled owing to heavy rain. Inclement weather conditions also forced the game against Morgan Academy to be abandoned with our 1st XI. in a strong position. With six players from last year's team the 1st XI. are all set for a successful season.

The 2nd XI. (Captain, C. Cruickshank) likewise have only completed two fixtures so far this season, the first against Perth Academy when they were beaten, the second against Madras College where they won by a handsome margin in an exciting game. Although a young team, the 2nd XI. shows great promise for the future.

The Third Year XI. have showed great enthusiasm in their cricket. The First Year XI. have also made a promising start to the season as have the Lower School XI.

The Second Year XI. are an outstanding team and it contains many talented players who will in a few years form the nucleus of the School XI. They have won all their matches to date and may well finish the season with an unbeaten record.

Once again we wish to thank the members of staff who give their time to umpire home and away matches. We would also like to thank the Hostesses for providing refreshments. We are deeply indebted to Mr Stark and Mr Allardice, whose unflinching coaching and encouragement are an inspiration to all.

P. G.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

The results of the 1st XV. matches from 18th November are:—

1967		F.	A.
Nov. 18—Dunfermline High	H	3	5
25—Morrison's Academy	H	3	6
Dec. 13—Dundee Technical College	H	11	3
16—Morgan Academy	H	9	9

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Jan. 20—Madras College	A	8	6
24—Dundee University XV.	A	16	0
27—Gordon's College	H	0	9
Feb. 10—Perth Academy	H	6	3
Mar. 2—Keil School	A	9	0
9—Morgan Academy	A	15	0
13—Harris Academy	H	16	3
16—Hawick High School	A	10	0

From the above results it can be seen that the 1st XV. have had an extremely successful end to the season. In fact, they were defeated only once in eight games after the New Year. The record for the season has proved to be the best for many years, 21 matches having been played, twelve won, six lost and three drawn, with points for—165 and against—107.

This success was attained only by a high degree of fitness and by team spirit. Although rather small in stature, the team was carefully coached by both Mr Allardice and Mr G. C. Stewart and turned into a side which at the end of the season was capable of beating most school teams.

The 2nd XV. have also had a very successful season, winning the majority of their games. This is mainly a young side and will supply a very sound basis for next year's 1st XV.

The 3rd XV. have had only a few games, but those which they have played were played with enthusiasm and determination. The junior teams, especially the 2nd year team, had good results because of skill more than size.

Despite good results, the 1st XV. failed to be represented in Midlands Rugby but they were well represented in a North of the Tay XV. by R. J. Young, P. C. Grewar, A. H. Hutchison and E. S. D. McKay, with A. M. D. Perry as reserve. At the end of the season, E. S. D. McKay and A. H. Hutchison were chosen as travelling reserves for a Midlands XV. v. Ayrshire.

I should like to thank all the members of staff who have helped to make this season successful. The hostesses also deserve praise for their efforts on Saturday mornings in supplying refreshments for visiting teams.

A. H. HUTCHISON, Secretary.

THE BOYS' ATHLETIC CLUB REPORT

The season began with the election of Alistair Nicholson as Captain, Barry W. Elder as Vice-Captain and Michael C. Proudfoot as Secretary and Treasurer.

The Junior Team set the pace for the rest of the season by winning their match against Morgan. They literally won the match in the last few minutes by two very good relays.

Both teams, Senior and Junior, were able to show their ability in our following match, a three-cornered fight against Dunfermline High School and Buckhaven High School at Buckhaven. We put up a great show and, all in all, ended in second place.

Our final match so far was the Senior Team versus Morgan; it was a very close match with the result in doubt to the very end—and beyond—we still don't know the final score.

With five weeks of term left we still have two contests to go—versus Waid Academy and Gordon's

College. The School Sports, Scottish Schools Championships and Dundee Schools Championships make it add up to a very hectic end of term.

All our thanks go to Mr Coletta who unfortunately will not be with us next season so we wish him all the best; to Mr Allardice and all other members of staff involved.

It is interesting to note that a great number of our Athletics team are entering the Scottish Schools Sports.

M. C. PROUDFOOT

Old Girls' Club

Greetings to Old Girls everywhere!

The 36th Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on Monday, 18th March, 1968, when the following office-bearers and executives were appointed:—**President**, Mrs A. Watt; **Vice-Presidents**, Mrs K. Lowden and Mrs G. Raitt; **Hon. Treasurer**, Miss M. Stewart, 12 Arnhall Drive, Dundee; **Hon. Secretaries**, Mrs I. Lindsay, "Woodcroft", Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry, Dundee and Mrs M. Pritchard, 1 Bingham Terrace, Dundee; **Executive Committee** — Miss Gray and Mrs Marshall (ex officio), Mrs Bruce, Mrs Ritchie, Miss Stevenson, Mrs Thomson, Miss Thomson, Miss Anderson, Mrs Stobie, Mrs Inverarity, Mrs Sim, Mrs Brown, Mrs Clark, Mrs Knight and Miss McKenrick. Mrs Raitt and Mrs Inverarity are representatives for the Athletic Union.

The Club's membership is now 647.

The Club gave its annual donations of books to the Junior School Library and to Miss Gray's Library for Senior Girls.

A Special General Meeting was held in the Girls' School on Tuesday, 6th June, 1967, for the purpose of amending Clause 6 of the Constitution and deleting and replacing Clause 27.

Clause 6 should now read as follows:—"The Annual Subscription for Ordinary Members shall be 10/-. A payment of £6.6.0 in one sum shall constitute Life Membership." Clause 27 should now read as follows:—"Access to lists of the names and addresses of members of the club may be obtained at any time from the Honorary Secretaries."

86 members attended the Reunion Dinner held in the Royal Hotel on Friday, 3rd November, 1967. This proved, once again, a happy and successful occasion. After an excellent dinner, Miss Margaret Larg, as guest of honour, proposed the toast "The School and Club". She then presented to Mrs Marshall (President), a gift, from herself to the Club, of an official badge of office for the President, asking that the President wear it at any official gathering of the Club and at the Junior Prizegiving. Mrs Marshall thanked Miss Larg, on behalf of the Club and Mrs Spreull presented Miss Larg with a

bouquet of flowers. It had been decided no "after dinner" entertainment would take place at the Dinner thus allowing more time to mix and chat. This was a huge success and everyone had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

A photograph of our President's Official Badge of Office has been included within the magazine for your interest and we are sure you will all agree it really was an extremely kind and generous gesture by Miss Larg.

The next Reunion will again take the form of a Dinner to be held in the Royal Hotel, on Friday, 1st November, 1968.

The main object of the Club this year has been to strengthen the ties between Club and School and in this connection a very successful debate between the Old Boys' Club and Old Girls' Club for the School Debating Society was held in the Girls' School on 10th November, 1967. The Old Girls were represented by Miss Anne Colligan and Mrs Margaret Pritchard, who proposed the motion "That Woman is the Superior Being". The Old Boys were represented by Mr Colin McNab and Mr Kenneth Pritchard.

Members of the Club were joined by senior girls of the school on the evening of 29th November, 1967, when a Cookery Demonstration took place at the Gas Showrooms. This was a very pleasant and interesting evening.

A Coffee Evening was held in School on Friday, 23rd February, 1968, in aid of the School's Charity Fund. The Club ran two stalls—a "Cake and Candy" and a "Serendipity". The response received by conveners and members of committee and volunteers, so far as donations and contributions were concerned, was overwhelming and we hereby extend very grateful thanks, on behalf of all those organizing, to everyone who helped to make this evening a success.

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

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

The following have joined the Club since February, 1967:—

Mrs Margaret Aitken, "Edgehill", 5 Scotswood Terrace, Dundee.
Miss Candy Duguid, 69 Dalkeith Road, Dundee.
Mrs Nancy Elder, 1 Hermonhill Terrace, Dundee.
Mrs Mary Foote, 87 Dalhousie Road, Barnhill, Dundee.
Miss Moira Fraser, 19 Arnhall Drive, Dundee.
Miss Sheila Fraser, 19 Arnhall Drive, Dundee.
Miss Gillian Garden, 17 Osborne Place, Dundee.
Miss Hilary Grant, 5 Argyle Street, Dundee.
Mrs Sheila Knight, 335 Blackness Road, Dundee.
Mrs Sheila Landsburgh, 40 Charleston Drive, Dundee.
Mrs Edith Linton, 101 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.
Miss Rosemary Main, "Sillerton", Braehead Road, Invergowrie.

Miss Joan Matthewson, "WesterCraig", 8 Dundee Road, West Ferry, Dundee.
 Mrs Sheila McLennan, 35 Middlebank Crescent, Dundee.
 Miss Janet Meldrum, Nurses' Home, Forresterhill, Aberdeen.
 Miss Moira Neilson, "Newlands", 12 Abertay Street, Barnhill, Dundee.
 Miss Alison Semple, 6 St. Johnswood Terrace, Dundee.
 Miss Roslyn Slidders, 29 Strathern Road, West Ferry, Dundee.
 Miss Morag Stalker, 3 Somerville Place, Dundee.
 Miss Lesley Simpson, "St. Margaret", 66 Brook Street, Monifieth.
 Miss Patricia Stobie, 42 Menzieshill Road, Dundee.
 Miss Joan Walker, "Strips of Craigie House", 34 Strips of Craigie Road, Dundee.
 Miss Virginia Wain, 18 Duntrune Terrace, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.
 Miss Elizabeth Young, 66 Sherbrook Street, Dundee.

We have pleasure in announcing the following marriages:—

Miss Kay Anderson to Mr T. Malcolm.
 Miss Pamela Bell to Mr D. Richterich.
 Miss Alexandra Duncan to Mr D. Krapf.
 Miss Norma Duncan to Dr. R. Sturrock.
 Miss Sheila MacKenzie to Mr I. Mann.
 Miss Marjory Ower to Mr A. MacDermid.
 Miss Barbara Patrick to Mr A. Robertson.
 Miss Kathleen Scott to Mr H. Clegg.
 Miss Christine Sutherland to Mr G. Cartwright.
 Miss Kathleen Thomson to Mr G. Ford.
 Miss Patricia Wallace to Mr B. Davidson.
 Miss Elaine Webster to Mr M. Clark.

Obituary

We deeply regret the deaths of the following members.

Miss Evelyn Barrie, 42 Farington Street, Dundee.
 Mrs Alice Peat, 3 Arnhall Drive, Dundee.

I. LINDSAY and M. PRITCHARD,
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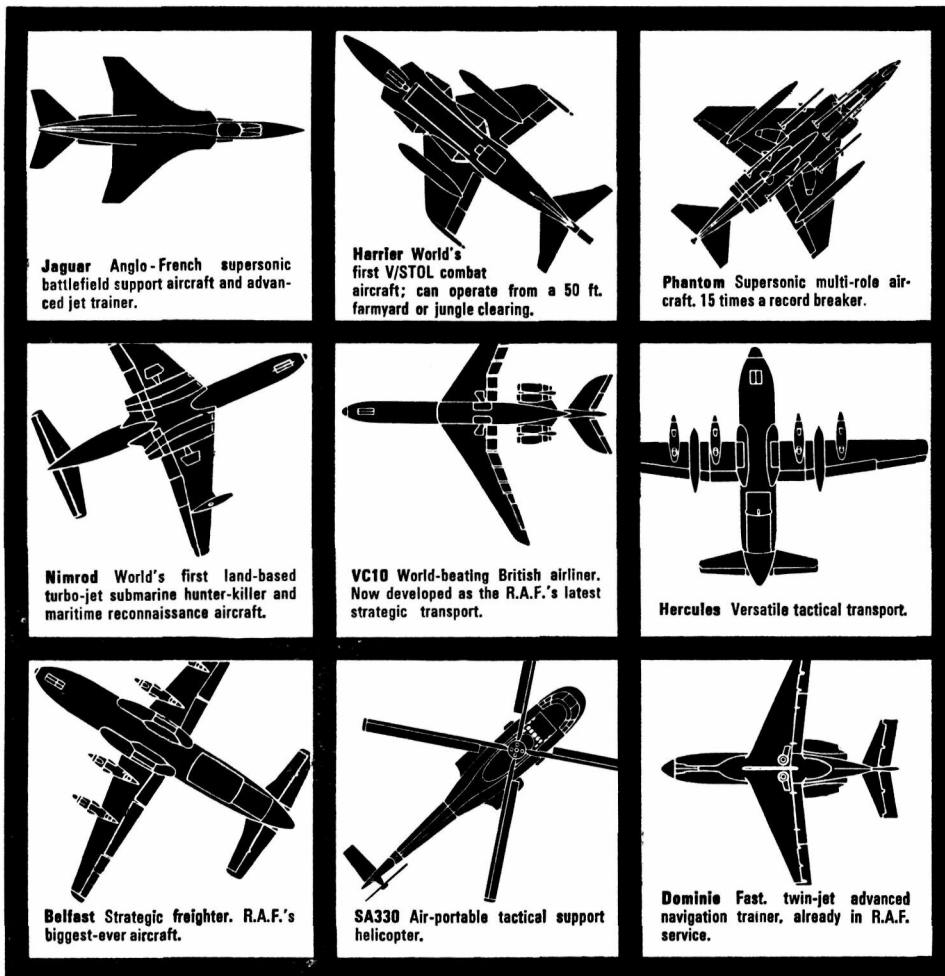


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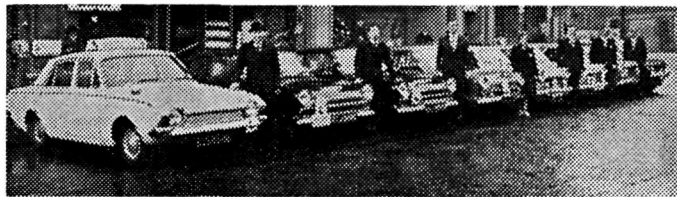
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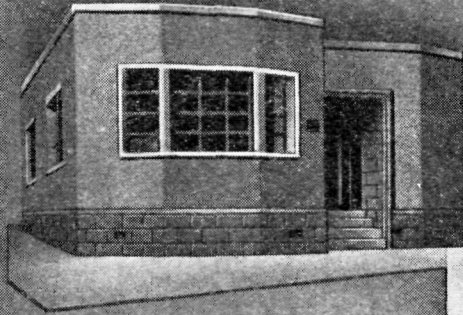
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