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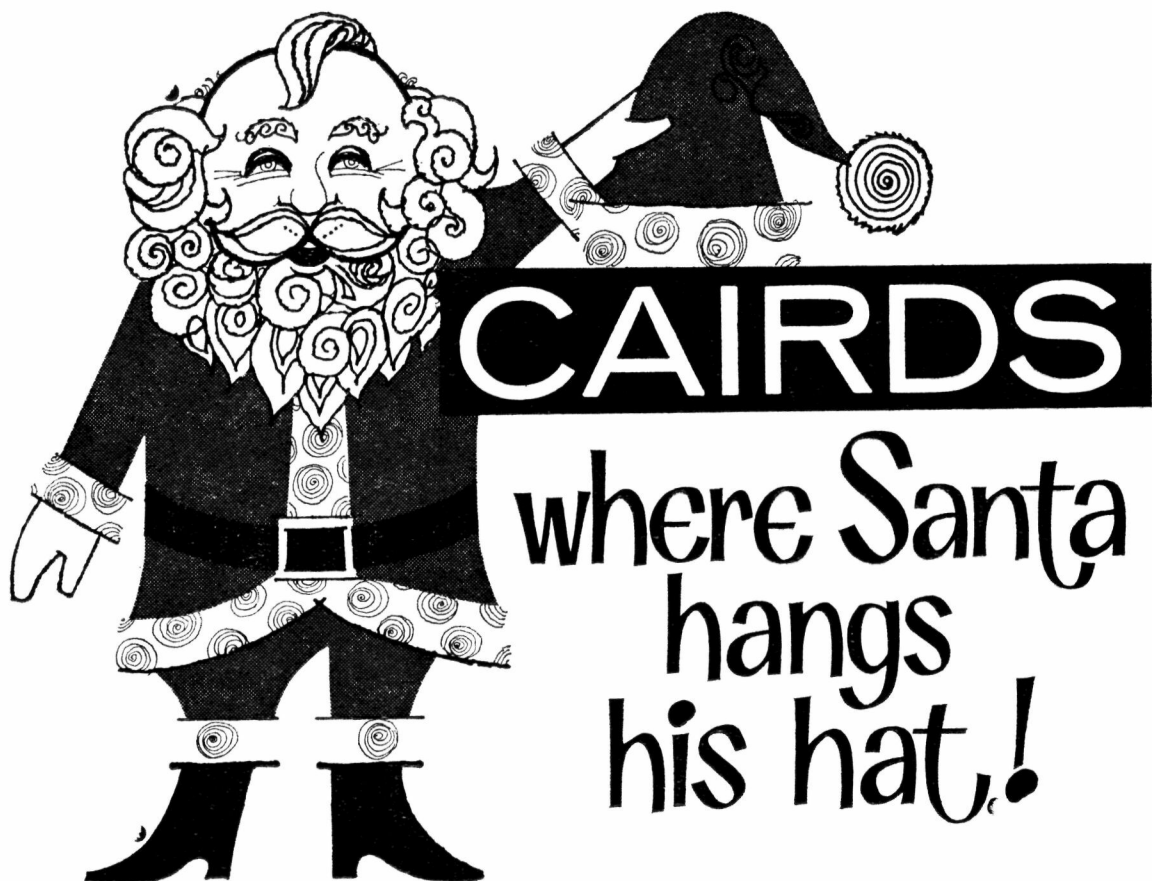
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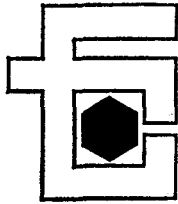
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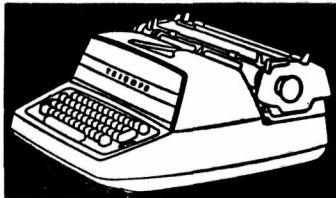
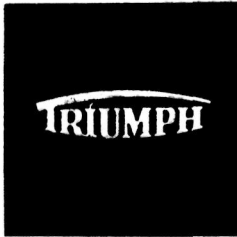
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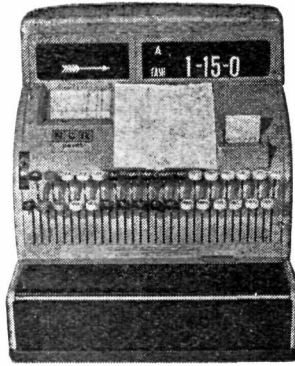
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Pola-Cola

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News and Notes

STAFF CHANGES

MR J. HUNTER, B.Sc.Edin., Second Mathematics Master since 1964, took up his appointment in September as Head of the Mathematics Department in succession to MR WILLIAM MORE.

In September we welcomed the following as new members of staff: MR R. BRICKLEY, D.P.E., Jordanhill (Physical Education); MRS M. CARNEGIE (Needlework and Dress-making); MRS J. M. FLOOK, L.R.A.M. (Music); MR W. M. GARLAND, B.Sc.St.And. (Mathematics); MRS A. E. GOUICK, D.A.Dund. (Art); MR R. C. MCKENZIE, A.S.C.C. Strathclyde (Economics and Accountancy); MRS N. YARDLEY, M.A.St.And. [formerly MISS N. O'BRIEN, D.H.S. Staff 1966-67] (English).

In December we shall be parting with: MR K. ROBERTS, D.A.Dund., on his appointment as Head of the Art Department at Waid Academy, Anstruther, MRS J. STEELE, M.A.St.And., of the Junior Department and MRS LOW of the English Department.

In January we shall be joined by: MR R. R. CHROCIKI (Mathematics), MRS MARION MCKENZIE [wife of MR R. C. MCKENZIE of the Economics Department] (Preparatory School), MR D. P. MACDONALD (Art) and MR FYALL (English).

DEATHS

We very much regret the deaths of the following:

MR C. C. SPANKIE, a Director of the School since 1951 and the Convener of the Rector's Committee since 1963 (See Obituary, page 11 and photograph, opposite page 12).

DR HERBERT EVELYN WALKER, M.D., D.O.M.S. Educated at the High School, Strathallan and St. Andrews University, DR WALKER was a Consultant Ophthalmologist in Dundee and a Lecturer in Clinical Ophthalmology at Dundee University.

MRS HELEN MCHARDY (remembered by many former pupils as MISS HELEN GARVIE), who contributed chiefly to the Guide Movement in the High School, died in November.

CASUALTIES

MR D. R. PATON has been alarmingly ill, and although now returned on a part-time basis, has been absent for a substantial part of this term. We naturally offer him our sincerest sympathies, in the hope that he will make a complete and quick recovery. In his absence, MRS STEWART has given the Modern Languages Department the benefit of her assistance, for which we are extremely grateful.

BRYAN J. W. AITKEN (Form One), who was seriously injured in a road accident earlier in the term, is now making sound progress, as is DAVID ROLLO (Form Six), who made a fortunate escape in a more recent car accident.

LIBRARY

Since the beginning of term, the Library has acquired about ninety books, including a generous gift from MRS FLEMING of a twenty-five volume set of Scott's Waverley Novels, a group of books from DR T. LINDSAY on Fishing, Shooting and Hunting, and, to coincide with the October meeting in Dundee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a Comprehensive Survey of Dundee and District, edited by PROFESSOR S. J. JONES of the Chair of Geography at Dundee. This now brings the number of books officially in the library to 5,740.

OPERA

A Senior School production of "The Pirates of Penzance" will be held in the Dundee College of Education on the evenings of the 25th, 26th and 27th June. Further details will be published in the "Courier" early in June.

ART STAFF SUCCESSES

In the "Art across the Tay" Exhibition held in the Dundee Art Galleries in the summer, MISS EDGAR, MR ROBERTS and MR VANNET had pictures on view, and in the Biennial Exhibition of the Dundee Art Society, held in the same galleries in the autumn, these members of the Art Staff were also well represented by their works.

MR ROBERTS and MR VANNET had paintings on display in the new Arbroath Art Competition, and in the annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, MR VANNET had a watercolour hung. The exhibition of the Royal Society of Marine Artists is held annually in the Guildhall, London, and in this show MR VANNET was represented by two watercolours.

BELMONT ART CAMP 1968

The Annual Dundee Schools Art Camp was held once more at Belmont, Meigle, from a.m. Friday, 21st June, to Sunday, 23rd June. Fourteen D.H.S. art pupils, accompanied by MR VANNET and MR ROBERTS, spent a very profitable week-end. The Camp is intended for artistically-gifted children who will be given the opportunity to work out of doors.

MR G. B. JOHNSTON, Art Adviser to the Dundee Education Committee, was in charge and this year his assistant, MR REA came along to help with the good work as did some twenty art teachers from the twelve Dundee Secondary Schools. We also had assisting us, an art teacher from Canada and one from New Zealand. A total of nearly two hundred pupils attended the Camp and as the weather was kind to us, some fine outdoor sketches made. A small exhibition of these paintings is at present touring the Dundee Schools.

For instructional purposes each art teacher was allocated to a group of pupils from different schools and this again proved to be interesting and refreshing for both pupils and staff. During the weekend we were honoured by a visit from MR A. GALLON, M.H.I. in Art and also from the REV. UIST MACDONALD. After Class Groups finished work at 8 p.m. there was time for the usual social activities, and short Religious Services were conducted on Saturday and Sunday mornings. The Staff enjoyed an excellent fifteen-minute cine-film in colour of the Dundee School Leavers' Camp, 1966 (Belmont) made by MR DAVID P. MACDONALD who is succeeding MR ROBERTS as Second Master in the Art Department. MR MACDONALD has won awards for his film-making.

We must again thank the Art Adviser, MR JOHNSTON, for the opportunity to send art pupils to this most enjoyable and instructive Art Camp at Belmont.

W. P. V.

MR T. S. HALLIDAY

A new stained-glass window has been gifted to Dundee Parish Church (St. Mary's) by the Larg family — MRS LARG, ERIC and MARGARET. The window has been designed by MR T. S. HALLIDAY, formerly Headmaster of the Art Department, and portrays St. Columba and St. Cecilia, the Patron Saint of Music. In the left window, St. Columba is shown as a man in his early forties standing under a Norman Archway in the style found in the present Abbey of Iona. Behind St. Columba is a coracle with sail set while two doves fly round the head of the Saint. Columba holds a cross in his right hand, and in his left he holds the plain staff of a monk. He is clad in red and purple robes, and on his feet he wears boots made from the skin of the grey seal.

In the right window, St. Cecilia, clad in purple robes with satin slippers on her feet, is portrayed playing an Egyptian harp in use 2,000 years ago. She was a wealthy Roman maiden who became a Christian, and she played and sang with such beauty that the angels descended from Heaven to listen, declaring that this was Heaven on earth. Eventually, she suffered the fate of a martyr in Sicily.

It is of interest that there are over 250 pieces of glass in each window, and that most of the glass is English, while some of the lower-toned pieces and the ruby-glass come from St. Just in central France.

NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

[The Editor is always glad to receive news of former pupils or any contributions by them for insertion in the next issue of the School Magazine. Where possible, news should be addressed to the Editor at the High School on the slips enclosed in this issue, at least three weeks before the end of the Autumn or Summer term. We stress, however, that news of births, marriages, deaths, changes of address and enquiries about delivery or non-delivery of magazines should be addressed to the Old Boys' or Old Girls' Club Secretaries, who deal with such matters.]

DR. JEAN THOMSON, who was admitted as a Member of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh in June, 1967, has been a Senior Registrar in Paediatrics at Queen Mary's Hospital for Children at Carshalton since May, 1968.

MAJOR RONALD W. D. LOW, M.B., Ch.B., has recently been awarded his "wings" for flying jet aircraft: Major Low has been an Officer in the Royal Canadian Air Force since 1962, concerned principally with aviation medicine, and is shortly going to Toronto University for further study.

MR CHRISTOPHER W. REA, a former Dundee High School rugby captain, and at present studying hospital management at Murthly Hospital, was a member of the Scottish team in the International against Australia at Murrayfield on 2nd November. He is the first D.H.S. "Cap" since GEORGE RITCHIE and J. S. WILSON, both pre-war.

MISS EILEEN M. C. DUKE, a Medical Student at Dundee University, has been

awarded a University Bursary for Session 1968-69: as Scottish Universities 100 metres hurdles champion for 1968, she won a Bronze Medal in the British Universities 80 metres hurdles, was awarded a Dundee University "Blue" for Athletics and was selected to represent the Scottish Universities against the English Universities in 1968.

MR GORDON DRUMMOND, B.Sc., an F.P. of the school, has been appointed manager-designate of the British Aluminium Smelter at Invergordon.

ADVANCE NOTICE

The Annual Ball of the Former Pupils' Athletic Union will be held in Invercarse Hotel, on Thursday, 13th March, 1969.

CHRISTIAN C. SPANKIE

The death of Mr C. C. Spankie, Director since 1951 and Convener of the Rector's Committee for 5 years, struck a deep and solemn note in all High School lives. The respect in which he was held by his co-directors, the regard which he received from staff and pupils alike, were reminiscent of the sincere affection he inspired in his friends and contemporaries.

Christian Spankie was completely original, there was nobody quite like him. The more we realised all he was and did, the more we wished in our hearts to resemble him. Never was the child being the father of the man more confirmed for the boy we knew in class became the man one would expect. Not entirely either, for he had an elusive quality and often his apparent dissent in argument and attitude was deceiving, and one found he was actually in agreement after all. A true portrait is always important to convey qualities. To produce an entirely accurate likeness of Christian Spankie is difficult, for depth, breadth and height are in the subject and we owe him more than one appreciation: indeed a series of articles could fail to convey all that truth requires.

It has been said that the Big Things in Life cannot succeed, because the Little Things won't let them. Christian Spankie found time for both, and succeeded. In his variety of interests, his integrity in business, his instinct for the right thing in the right way at the right time, his unremitting fidelity, his sense of humour (where he was master of

the unexpected quip), in his standards of sympathy — whatever he did, was well done. His regard and affection for home and family, the quiet constancy and sacred sincerity with which he mourned his brothers killed in action in the First War, his personal devotion to public worship, his care for the handicapped — were unforgettable. He made himself available, anyone regarding him as fixed in outlook and set in his views, was completely mistaken. His mind was flexible and his sympathies ranged. He harboured no doubts. His the gift to live level with us all and yet retain the essence of leadership within himself. He never rejoiced in having, but found happiness in giving — generously, with never a whisper of publicity.

Those who knew him at school cannot but find one incident or some recollection in which he figured. Never quite uncomplicated, he showed that true simplicity which is greatness. A pioneer in motoring, he came through the hard fundamental frustration of early motor cycles, he served with the forces in World War One in the ranks and held high and special responsibility in World War Two. His faiths were ever on solid and substantial foundations. At the Old Boys' Dinner you could be given a cigar, you could rely upon it being a really good one — but even in the hour of Fellowship, he was remembering to organise a donation to the School Library. To sentiment and sincerity he gave life and lustre — to superficiality and sentimentality, deletion and destruction.

When he came to bestow the sum of these qualities upon his duties as Director, the High School was fortunate in the genuine love and interest he brought to its rights and responsibilities. Where others might have considered and contemplated, Christian Spankie went ahead and did. He was available and was at once a presence and a personality.

If some were not sure if they could come or attend, Christian Spankie was there. If he asked a duty to be shared, one found he had

played his part. "This, above all, to thine own self be true!" Christian Spankie could never be false to whatsoever was honest, just, true and of good report — he answered the call, did more than duty and met each and every demand in unforgettable manner.

Our most abiding memorial and thanks can best be sustained by giving to and believing in the High School of Dundee — as he did and would wish us to do. We will remember him!

A. S. D.

The Lower School

WHEN I DIE

When I die
When I die
Come and whisper
Come and whisper
Come and whisper
in my ear.

CAROLINE PHILLIPS, L.Ia.

MY BROTHERS

I have three brothers, two big ones and one little one. They are all pestes, speshelly the little one. Mummy says I will be glad of my big brothers some day. I wonder if little brothers are ever useful.

ANNE DUNCAN, L.IIb.

MUMMY

One day my Mother went to hospital and I was in bed. Ante came up and said that Mummy had a little sister.

INTA OZOLS, L.II.b.

DADDY'S KNWS

Daddy's knws is one foot long and his ears are very Big.

ROBERT WILSON, L.IIb.

LAST NITE

Last nite my Mother and Father went to a danice and last nite my Momy and Daddy cood not get to sleep.

S. L., L.IIb.

FIRE DRILL

We were having a story wene the fire alarm ran ol of a sudn and we made a line at the door. Mis bane picd up the redestere and of went the line in to the Play ground. We stodinaline.

ROBERT WILSON, L.IIb.

When the fire drill went we wer at jim and all of the girls were giggling.

KATHLEEN SADDLER, L.IIb.

PETS!

I have a dog
Its name is Rex
It bites Mummy in play.

ROSE BLOCK, L.IIb

My dogs' names are Judy and Jock. My Daddy feeds them each night at nine o'clock. Jock is a shooting dog, but Judy is a puppy and is just being trained. Each Sunday we take them out for a walk on the beach. Daddy throws a stick or a ball into the water and tells Judy or Jock to get it. As well as taking them for walks, we have to brush their coats to make them nice and shiny. I am glad that we have dogs because they are such good friends.

I. DOUGLAS, L.VIb, 1960



MR CHRISTIAN C. SPANKIE



THE RECTOR AND PREFECTS 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.)—R. J. Young, Susan Mee, M. C. Proudfoot, Gillian Birrell, M. L. Andrew, Margaret Duncan, A. M. D. Perry, Deborah Menelaws.

Front Row (l. to r.)—A. C. Cruickshank, Mairi Hutton (Deputy Head Girl), R. M. Milne (Head Boy), The Rector, Lorna Thom (Head Girl), W. A. Meiklejohn (Deputy Head Boy), Coral Wilson.



RUGBY 1st XV. 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr W. D. Allardice, G. R. B. Hawkes, M. C. Proudfoot, J. J. Walker, A. O. Mitchell, A. S. Lockhart, D. A. Smith, I. G. G. Gossip, Mr G. C. Stewart.

Front Row (l. to r.)—A. J. Gossip, R. J. Young (Treasurer), A. M. D. Perry (Vice-Captain), A. C. Cruickshank (Captain), R. M. Milne (Secretary), M. L. Andrew, A. S. Lockhart.

Inset — D. Rollo and A. W. Marshall.

I have three pets, two dogs and one hamster.

The two dogs are very good friends. One dog is Scottish and one is Chineez. The hamster does not like the dogs. The two dogs would like to eat the hamster. The hamster is hibernating.

SUSAN PETRIE, L.IIb.

Our hens are called Penny and Silky. They are white, with bright pink combs and yellow feet.

We feed them at eight o'clock each morning on a mash consisting of chicken meal mixed with water, and I always make sure they have fresh water. In the evening we give them grain and shut them up. As a treat, we give them worms and green vegetables.

ROSEMARY SEMPLE, L.IV, 1961

My pet is a budgie. His favourite food is millet. He likes seed, too. He has a mirror and a teddy. If you try to take them from him, he pecks you. He has a swing that he swings on.

ELAINE MCGILL, L.II, 1960

AMBITION

When I grow up I want to be like Mr Stewart. And I'll look after every single boy in the school and some of the men teachers too. But by the time I grow up there might be 100 boys in the school.

SCOTT CARNEGIE, L.IIIa.

THE PIRATE

Captain Red-Hook is me name
And I plunder the Spanish Main,
No wonder that the ship's hold
Is full to the top with Spanish gold.

Against the Spanish are my deeds
I scour the seas from Lima to Leeds.
With my crew, sea-dogs of old,
I'll capture all that Spanish gold.

I've captured my enemy from the Far East,
And tonight, for that, we'll have a feast.
I'll scourge the seas as I please,
Until I've enough gold to live with ease.

G. PAUL PARKER-SMITH, L.VII.

MY HOBBIES

One of my hobbies is stamp collecting. I have just started but have got about fifty stamps already. But sometimes I get bored of sticking them in. My other hobby is golf. I have got one club and can hit a good shot. Mummy tells me to keep my head down. I have walked round Barry, but have not played a lot. Some time in the Christmas holidays I hope to play with James.

GERALD BURNETT, L.IVb.

NIGHT PROWL

Padding softly all the time,
On his nightly prowls.
Creeping through the smog and grime,
Giving eerie howls.

A nearby clock chimes the hour,
As the cat goes by.
A bat inside the high bell tower,
Hears him give a cry.

As the stars on high get faint,
Heralding the dawn,
Tom cat gives a mournful miaow,
Because the night is done.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, L.VII.

LEAVES

Leaves leaves that blow around
Up and down upon the ground
They whirl they whirl and twist about
A tree, they go a round-about
Through the barren branches
They brush the twiglets small
Then the wind does take them
And blows them o'er the wall.

N. BARCLAY, L.V.

THE ROOM OF THE DOMINATORS

Here is the door that within lies mystery.
No child ever lurks within the door. Desperate plans! Chuckles of laughter! Does this mean successful missions! Beware! Another clansman enters, slamming the door. The polished wooden door springs back into place. Notice on this barrier between worlds:
"THE STAFFROOM".

J. HANSLIP, L.VII.

THE FUTURE

When I'm
A man
I bet
I can
Climb every
Mountain
Fly to
Japan
Drive every
Racing car
Ride into
Space

And finish
My tea
Without jam
On my face.

GRANT MITCHELL, L.IVb.

MY HAMSTER

Losing a hamster is a serious thing,
I searched the chairs right down to the
springs.
All round the carpet and under the rug,
I'm sure he sits and looks at me smug.
Up through the curtains and all round the
sill,
He is not anywhere! I wish he would sit still.
Where would he be at this time of day?
This is no time for fun and play.
The dog sniffs around the long settee,
The cushion is felt and there is he
Stuffed so full and out of shape,
Just like a big fat ape.

Get into the cage you naughty chap!
The cushion is ruined and there is a hole in
the back,
Never, I hope, will I spend such a day
Looking for my pet Hammie.

WILLIAM TANNER, L.VI.

LEARNING TO FLY

One day I hope to be able to fly an
aeroplane, but not in the way my Uncle
Freddy began. Uncle Freddy was a pilot of
the Second World War. When he was young
he was very small and also very worried
about it. One day Grandpa gave him some
boxing gloves. After this he took up all kinds
of sport, and he grew four inches in four
years. He then turned his attention to flying.

He joined the R.A.F. as a territorial. When
the war began, although he knew how to fly,
he had to pass some tests. The Air Ministry
put up some barrage balloons over Glasgow.
Once on a test flight he drove his plane
through one of these balloons and out again,
and did not pass that test! Once he was
flying a training plane and he flew it right
through the fence bordering the airfield, over
a road, and straight into a field! On this
adventure he wrecked the plane and also the
two fences he passed through. He wrecked
several other planes, but eventually became
a very fine pilot. The memory of these
excursions has given me hope of one day
being a very fine pilot, even if at first I, too,
make mistakes.

A. MARR, L.V.

ANYTHING TO ANYWHERE

A schooner bound for China,
A jet plane to Bombay,
A caravan to take me
A million miles away.
A scooter up to Scotland,
A tusker to Siam,
A ferry-boat to Calais,
A barge to Birmingham.
A whaler to the North Pole,
A bicycle to borrow,
Anything to anywhere —
School starts again tomorrow.

MAUREEN CHRISTIE, L.VI.

LOOKING INTO A RIVER

There below me shimmering and rippling
lies upside down land.
The straggling weeping willow has a fish
amongst its branches,
a little flash of silver
and it is gone.
The rushes and reeds that rattle and shake
and hide little moor hens,
they are there too.
Down on the river bed some birds fly by,
swooping and diving as they go.
The gentle water lilies gaze wonderingly
downwards
as everything turns silver
in this shimmering magical world.

RUTH MACPHERSON, L.VII.

HAIRCUTS

Haircuts should be banned by law.
There is no need for them at all.
They maybe make you look dead posh,
But leave more of your neck to wash.
And deary me it is an awful price
To pay to make your hair smell nice.

So let it grow is what I say,
Down your neck and on its way.
Then after quite a lot of weeks
You soon can tuck it in your breeks
And though your mum is sure to rave
Just think of all the shirts you'll save.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE, L.VI.

OLD MR WINTER

Old Mr Winter is very tall
With fingers of frost and feet that are small;
His face is grey and wrinkled, o,
Wherever he goes he trails some snow.
His breath can cloud the window pane,
His laughs bring snow, but his tears bring
rain.

And of this little trick he is very fond—
Dipping his fingers and freezing the pond.
While old Mr Winter is dying out,
In comes Spring — sturdy and stout!

NEIL WILSON, L.VII.

"POP GROUP"



Rubbercut by RODERICK PATERSON, F.III.

The Senior School

THE DEATH

The stable door creaked back and forth,
As in the dark they lay,
And yet the morning for them both,
Brought end to night and day.

Tom lay solemn, his large eyes bathed
With tears that he had saved for this
And now, again he craved for youth,
O what free eternal bliss!

There's Jock standing waiting for death,
As if longing for the pain,
That before the last strong breath
Oozes out — long past refrain.

And then in the morning just after dawn,
We are led by our master's hand,
To be killed — by the sharp iron bolt,
Then possibly to be dumped on some rank
waste land.

C. HIGH, F.III.

THE WOUNDED DOG

The wounded dog lay panting,
As day passed into night.
Nothing other than a bullet
Had stopped him in his flight.

When prowling round the farm
He spied the chicken run,
He trotted over to take a look
The farmer with his gun

Was waiting in the shadows
Of the fast-falling night.
He fired the deadly bullet
That stopped him in his flight.

And now, the dog lies dying
With blood stains all around
The farmer curses the miserable beast
That lies upon the ground.

And now as his dead body
Is seen in the ghostly light,
I think of the deadly bullet
That stopped him in his flight.

CALUM PATON, F.Ia3.

"A ROMAN"



Linocut by WM. DAVID, F.II.

THE BATTLE

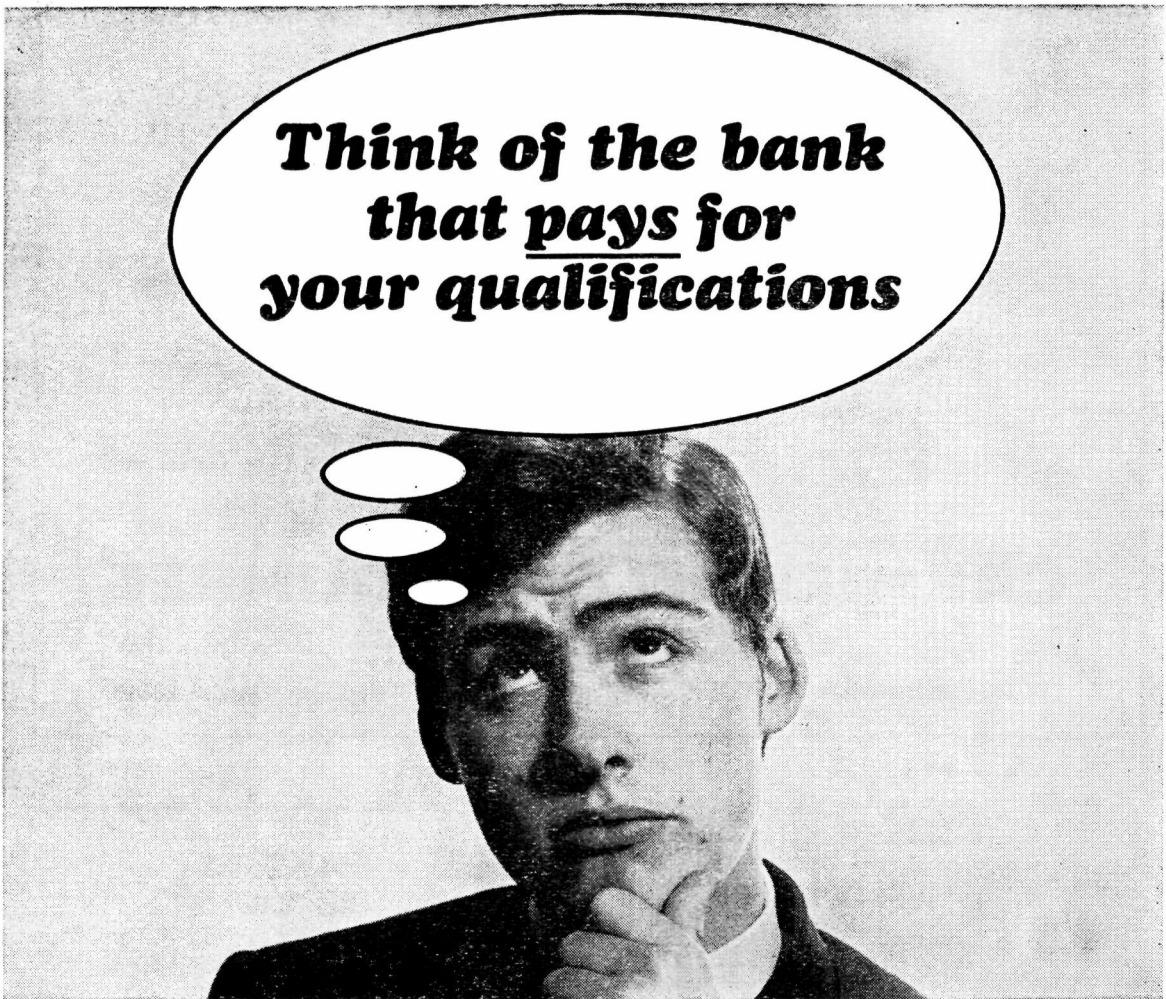
The wind whistled through the willows
Bending and twisting them.
A fiddle sounded loud and clear,
Through the willows.

The sun shone upon the sparkling stream
Reflecting the willows.
A flute rang out its song,
By the sparkling stream.

The rain rapped on the raked rose-bed
Kissing the big red roses.
A drum boomed out hard and harshly,
On the rose-bed.

Man stepped in:
He committed a sin.
He chopped down the willows;
He poisoned the stream;
He cut the roses from the rose-bed,
But the wind kept blowing;
The sun kept shining;
The rain kept falling.
Man was defeated.

CAROLLYN SILLARS, F.III.



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POVERTY

Sleep is pensive without the knowledge
Whence tomorrow's food will come;
Thought is mis-shapen
When ragged with care and distress;
Little children cry loud on empty stomachs,
Louder and emptier, louder and emptier,
But who cares?
Within the padded cell of plenty
Deafness is too easy,
Blindness cures the sight that eyes can see,
And words are monuments to men.
What is poverty? What is death?
Nobody asks, for nobody knows;
The poor, the starving,
Why, they have human rights,
And dare to ask for more!
Did Christ not say,
"To him that hath shall be given,
But from him that hath not
Shall be taken away even that which he hath".
And anyway, who cares?

PROGRESS

Let's build a motorway
And make the world a little smaller;
Let's make it wide and straight
And so what if a few farmers
Lose a bit of land —
We'll give them money to keep them quiet
And then we'll all be happy
Let's build a block of flats
And make the world a little taller;
Let's make it even higher
And so what if the people
Don't like the rarified atmosphere —
They'll soon realise that it's for their own
good
And then we'll all be happy.
Let's build a brave new world,
We can make it better;
Let's destroy the old one
And so what if everyone
Prefers it the way it is —
We'll have to show them what they want
And then we'll all be happy.

ELEMENTAL INSPIRATION

Oh Muse of Scotland's bard inspire,
This budding poet to write of fire,
Electric, gas or shiny coal,
Or paraffin or smokeless fuel,
The source of flame it matters not,
As long as by Thursday I have got,
A poem written out which turns,
Around the subject Fire and Burns.

McGONNIGALL'S HIGH SCHOOL

At the top of Reform Street it is to be found,
A school of very great fame and renown,
Whose pupils are respected in every part of
the town,
Whose fortune is always going up and never
down,
The High School of Dundee.

As far as education is concerned, there is no
school better

At the teaching of the number and the letter;
Of the appetite for learning, it is a whetter,
But you needn't try to go there if your father
or your mother is a debtor,
To the High School of Dundee.

The members of staff in wisdom are all
steeped,
For by them the seeds of knowledge have
been successfully reaped,
And now this wisdom is upon the pupils
heaped,

And to every corner of the school has seeped,
At the High School of Dundee.

One of the teachers is so incredibly wise
That his wisdom has induced colour-blindness
in both of his eyes
Which probably explains why, hard though
he tries,

His experiments always seem to contain an
element of surprise,
At the High School of Dundee.

The school's magnificent building is solemn
and gray,
And lies not far distant from the silvery Tay,
And sometimes, from the South, on a
blustery day,

The wind blows the scent of the watery spray
Up to the High School of Dundee.

In sporting activities, there's no end to its
fame,

For it masters all the other schools in every
type of game;

Its wonderful first fifteen, even when it loses,
is never put to shame,

Since it is always the condition of the pitch
that is to blame,

At the High School of Dundee.

In conclusion, there is someone of whom you
ought to be aware

And that is the man who runs the whole affair.
He is known as the rector, and he is there

To save all the children from ignorance and
despair

At the High School of Dundee.

SNOW

Snow. I remember snow. Tons of it, blocking the valley. All sounds muffled, all life dead.

An hour before, the village was bustling and normal. Full of life and gay. Children shouting, women chattering, men bargaining. Then it came.

High above them, they heard a faint rumbling, growing louder every second. The terror of the Alps.

Avalanche!

People screamed, running for cover. Dogs barked, horses neighed, terrified. Children crying, seeking fleeing parents. Then crack! Crash!

Now silence. For ever silence. Under the snow; buildings, trees, people, animals, everything lies. Not a sound penetrates this cold, heartless mass.

Nature can be friend. Nature can be foe.

CHARLOTTE GREEN, F.1a.2

SCHOLA CLARA

There it crouches, with its back hard against Bell Street, crammed into the top part of the playground. Across Euclid Crescent its mate stands forever cut off from it by a stream of traffic. I mean of course Dundee High School.

"What a waste," I say to myself, "why can't we join the schools, as we obviously can't close the road". In my mind's eye I can see a brightly lit tunnel burrowing under the crescent, to link the schools. Over head a glass-panelled bridge houses a corridor and extra classrooms — no dark gloomy corners here.

Now how can we use these odd pockets of space in the main school and that marvelously spacious playground? The back playground could house a sizeable swimming pool, with a pull-over cover which could convert it into a netball pitch. The huts at the west side of the main playground could be demolished and a two-storey building housing class-rooms with plenty windows put in their place.

I feel that the main playground could be made more attractive. In front of the main building I would have lawns laid down. This could be the leisure area for the upper forms, who are less likely to vandalise the gardens.

The middle part of the play-ground could be divided as a playing area for the lower school. The whole of this area would be concreted. In one part the boys could play football, etc., leaving the girls a quiet corner for more ladylike pursuits.

How about a car park in the southern part of the playground, to be used by teachers and wealthy fifth formers.

I could go on to outline my plan for elevators and escalators inside school and a self-service cafeteria where the weight-conscious could have orange juice, salads and yoghurt, if they prefer that to soup, pies and steamed pud. However, I know I would be breaking umpteen town and country planning acts, and presenting fire hazards and ruining the historical aspect of the school. Nevertheless, I can dream, can't I?

EDNA MCLENNAN, F.II.

HISTORY IN A KNUTSHELL

In 55 B.C. the Romans landed in Britain. On their arrival they were greeted by the monarch of that time Queen Elizabeth I., who promptly knighted them. After they had received their knighthood they threw their cloaks in a puddle and ran to greet the first men back from the moon who were arriving at Plymouth, in the craft the "Golden Hind". Things were more peaceful after this until 1066, when the total German army boarded the "Santa Maria" and discovered America. Here they fought the battle of Trafalgar with the Indians which caused the Opium War, the decline of the Conservatives and the rise of the Labour Party.

The next memorable action took place when the Beatles in their "Yellow Submarine" attacked the "Titanic" with jelly babies. Just as the announcement came over the radio that David Hemmery had broken the world record for the long jump, the outbreak of the Napoleonic War occurred. This war was caused by the Yeti who attacked the ancient Greeks with their atomic bombs, incurring Napoleon's wrath. This war was terminated by the intervention of the Americans with their bows and arrows and thus the League of Nations was born.

We hope, now, history will become clearer to you and through this article you will have a fuller understanding of the subject.

THREE ANONIMISSES, F.IV.



OWL ON A BRANCH

Rubbercut by IAN MORRISON, F.II.

THE DAY I COULD DO NOTHING WRONG

My name is Graeme Jacklin and I am a professional golfer. The final day of the British Open is drawing close. I have just managed to qualify for the last day with the worst possible score. The leader, Henry Player, is twelve strokes ahead of me.

The day dawns and it looks very dismal. The Carnoustie Championship Course is heavy with dew and the sky looks as if it will open up and rain very soon. In accordance with the rules of the Royal and Ancient Golf Course Committee, play has to proceed since the course is quite playable. The players and the television companies, however, will not be very pleased. However, I am not particularly worried since I am so far behind the leaders.

Since I am lying last, the second last player and I have to start off first. I drive off with quite a reasonable shot which will allow me to use a five-iron or so, on to the green. When I reach my ball, I see that it is in a very bad lie in a divot mark, so I decide to use my six iron. I play the shot and it lands just on the green and no more. I am quite pleased with the shot since I will probably be able to get my par four. I take the putt, and, to my astonishment, it goes in the hole. To start the Carnoustie Course with a birdie is very good.

I do not let it go to my head, though, and I start the second hole rather dubiously. You can imagine my delight and amazement when I again take a birdie three.

The third hole, I think, will be my downfall. It is tricky in three ways. First it has a wood right down one side. There is very thick rough on the other side and also there is a burn right round the green. But yet again I play excellent shots and only take three strokes.

This kind of play continues and I am just about to play the long sixth, standing five under par for the round, catching up on the leaders all the time.

I just can not believe my luck when, even after having to play out of a fairway bunker on the sixth, I still only take five strokes, the par for that hole.

By the time I have reached the ninth hole I am beginning to expect great shots. My drives, my fairway shots, my approach shots

and my putts all seem to go where I want them to.

There is now a very large crowd following me and I am sure I am going to fail to keep up the standard of play I am giving. I reach the short thirteenth hole ten under par, sure my luck will run out. I play my shot using an eight iron. I am even slightly relieved to see it veer well off course! But no, it hits a tree and bounces to within two feet of the pin and I can do nothing else but sink the putt.

The fourteenth is next and it is regarded as the most difficult par five hole in Britain. My second shot just manages to clear the two big bunkers in the middle of the fairway and rolls down the hill. Yet again I take a birdie score for that hole. The fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth all prove easy enough for me and I am about to play the last hole twelve under par.

I have an excellent tee shot which is well down the very centre of the fairway. Then I play a six iron and it clears the bunkers easily and also the burn, and lands six or seven feet from the hole. All the television cameras are focused on me as I take the putt which will almost certainly win me the four thousand pounds first prize. I hit the ball. I am sure it is too soft. It is dead straight. It is very near the hole. It has dropped in!

I have never heard such a roar from the crowd as when that putt went into the hole.

I have gone round the course in the phenomenal score of fifty-eight — fourteen under par. There is a tremendous flurry of autograph hunters and reporters as I make my way towards the club-house to hand in my score-card. Four hours later, I know I have won the competition for certain. Henry Player finishes four strokes behind me.

As I climb the steps to the rostrum, I suddenly feel myself fall . . .

“Brrrrrrr.”

Suddenly I hear someone call.

“Time to get ready for that golf match with Peter Smith.”

I realize now that I have been thinking about my game with Peter Smith and that I have dreamt about winning the British Open. However, it has been a pleasant dream and I am sure will spur me on to great things when I play Peter.

It certainly has been the day I could do nothing wrong.

THE GHOST OF THE FORT

The night was dark and blistery
As I rode through Fort Lichtery,
A hunted castle was I in,
A cold fear struck my heart within,
A shadow blurled the moonlight out,
A figure stood behind my back,
I turned, but nothing, all was gone
And all was still after it had flown.
But I was sure a man I'd seen,
Yet nothing remained but the moonlight
gleam.

I went on through the rain,
I had seen nothing but a stane
Lit up by the moon on its way.
But yet again I felt a feeling
So unreal that I thought I must be dreaming,
I looked round and there a figure stared at me
The man was dressed as if been to sea.
I remembered the fate of Captain Blake,
Who was burned, in the fort, at the stake,
Was this his ghost, that I was seeing?
Before me standing, and the gleaming
Light shone behind him.

He made a move towards my body,
I rode on in a hurry,
He started to run and chase me away
For I had no notion to stay.
My horse began to gallop
As the man's shadow disappeared into the
night.
And all was still, as still as death.
I saw no more of the Captain's face.

ROBERT LESTER, F.Ia2.

"UP WITH WALLACE!"

I had just seen the "Friday Play" on television, which this week was a thriller. I crept warily upstairs to bed but soon, however, I was fast asleep. I shall never forget that night.

Somehow, I know not how I got there, I found myself in one of the many corridors in the Boys' School at night. I heard a muffled tread of footsteps in one of the nearby classrooms. Immediately I thought it was Mr Stark, but surely he would not be patrolling the school at that time of night. I tip-toed carefully into the classroom from where I thought the noise had come. To my amazement I saw an eerie wraith of a man moving around the room. He was a ghost for I could see through him to the wall beyond. I prepared for flight but a friendly voice said to

me in a broad Scottish tongue, "Flee not my lad. What's thy name?"

"William," I managed to stutter out.

"So is mine," the ghost said. "And what's that ornament thou weareth on thy coat?"

"It's a Wallace badge," I said proudly and with a little more courage.

"Ah! Bide with me whilst I go round the school for I am William Wallace." Amazed and quite dumbfounded I followed that ghost as he glided like a will o' the wisp from room to room. He talked of olden times when he was educated at Dundee High School and the battles he had fought with the English. It was good that the Scots and English should live in peace. We went round the school and Wallace wondered at the great changes since he had been there. We were getting on famously when I heard my father calling to me.

"William — time to get up for school."
Was it all a dream? I wonder!

WILLIAM DAVID, F.II.

A DAYDREAM

"Puella aquam columbis dat." That's my lot, done — good — he's passed on to someone else. Oh how I wish I was a pilot doing nothing else except flying all day . . .

"Squadron scramble, squadron scramble — huns at 9 o'clock, bearing 150° red" . . . Here we go, throttle open, up with the nose — good — off the ground, now in with the landing gear. "Attention, Squadron-leader Griffiths speaking, V formation, altitude 5,000 feet, should be sighting them soon . . . Tally ho! 'A' section take the J.88s, 'B' section the Dorniers . . . Hit 'em hard. Start weaving."

"88" on my tail — spin — loop — I'm behind him now — fire! Great — one more for my score. Agh! I'm hit — going down. Who's that laughing?

"Griffiths, for the third time, give me the Latin for queen!"

"Em . . . Er . . . regina, sir."

"Right. Next time, pay attention." . . .

"Griffiths to base, Griffiths to base — I'm hit — going into the drink — over and . . ."

"G-r-i-f-f-i-t-h-s . . . come here!" . . .

DAVID GRIFFITHS, F.Ia2.

MOTOR CARS

Rice is nice,
And flowers grow in bowers,
Unlike lice, not like rice,
Nice is rice,
And flowers grow in bowers.

Lice isn't nice,
But flowers grow in bowers,
Unlike rice
Rice is nice,
I like rice,
But flowers grow in bowers.

Isn't rice nice?
But flowers grow in bowers
Flowers isn't rice,
Nice is rice,
Unlike lice
Or mice
Flowers grow in bowers.

Mice isn't rice,
And rice isn't nice,
Flowers didn't grow in bowers,
I like mice.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, F.V.

FIREWORKS

If one in fifty people in Britain this year bought an average £1 worth of fireworks and there are fifty million in Britain then £1 million went up in smoke.

They are exciting, intriguing and pretty, but they are also dangerous, alarming and frightening. One of the more dangerous types of fireworks are bangers. When one has gone off, after sending out flame as a warning of the impending Bang, often no trace can be found of them, having either been blown to pieces or propelled by the gunpowder. These bangers, now costing 2d, 2½d or 3d, go under a number of proprietary names, some of which are rather misleading:

London Rouser
Krakerjack
3, 2, 1, Zero
Big Walloop
Hurricane
Tornado

In some shops they are careful and ask you how old you are and then say that you have to be 13. So then a small boy goes away with just sparklers and a box of matches which could potentially cause just as much damage. In other shops they unquestioningly sell children who are less than 13, fireworks.

As the rivalry between the firework companies (there are at least six of them) goes on, big, and of course more expensive, fireworks will be produced which will mean that people will be spending more on fireworks.

A lot could be done with a million pounds (and it is probably a lot more than that) spent on fireworks; the money for bandages and medicine, the hospital charges, the money paid out by the government for people who are unable to work. Did Guy Fawkes think how much money would have been wasted over his gunpowder plot and how many people would have been injured?

M. FOSTER, F.IIa.



J. OGILVIE, F.IV.

FIRE

The days o' haggis, tatties and neeps,
Have given way to fish and chips,
To satisfy the needs o' man,
A woman simply fills a pan
With oil or dripping, lard or fat,
Waits until it's smoking hot,
Then pops the chipped potatoes in
Until they are a golden brown.
But should the chip pan be forgot,
And oil or dripping get too hot,
The end result my inspiration,
— A smoky, oily conflagration.
Thanks to Burns, the Muse and Mother,
Here is one poem if never another.

ELAINE SWANSON, F.III.

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Passing to the left of the grand Doric parties and carefully picking my way between the nose-to-tail parked vehicles, I approach my first real obstacle: — a pair of savage snapping mandibles forever trying to crunch poor mortals that come within its grasp. However, employing devilish ingenuity I negotiate the swing doors only to come face to face with the infamous stairway whose very banisters boast the spilt blood of countless martyrs. Recoiling in horror against the beautiful marble pillars — a superb example of the Ionic order of Greek Architecture — I boldly advance towards the seemingly harmless nucleus of the building. The expanse of varnished panelling is crudely defaced with an embossed script which on close scrutiny spells PERFECTS (an innovation dating back to the advent of the present regime and serving only to boost the wilting ego of the occupants).

Entering unseen I easily conceal myself in the cornice of this delicately furnished and subtly toned salon. On a clear day one immediately notes the hive of activity and bustle — on peering through the sub-tropic gloom, across the road to the other school! Periodically the coiled cast iron dragon in the corner issues forth with clouds of steam and jets of boiling venom in response to which the mesmerised company gratefully collect the precious fluid in cylinders of varying description. (This room is invariably cluttered with coffee stained mugs — the gold trimmed ones getting the lions share of most things.) The second phase of the ritual comprised the bold addition of a white fluid secreted in metal capped phials. This proved to be none other than the banned hallucinatory drug KLIM — the dread of all mortals.

A lunatic fringe sat in the corner spasmodically digesting yogurt after the fashion of the bovine species — she cuddles most things. On looking up she successfully identifies the headman of the tribe — Uncle Trebor, born under the Ram in the signs of the Corsair. There he sits gloomily contemplating the influx of more killer calories

into his metabolism as lunch time approaches, thereby increasing his already gargantuan bulk. The monologue continues as “fingers” Anrol, Trebor’s henchman alias Mrs Castle, excitedly predicts more illicit profit for the “Bores of Britain” Society while Panda-headed Ydnas nods sagaciously in his sleep. Whereupon Ydna, a smaller edition of the sleeping An-An — enters chilled, and looks from the dragon to the wall heater and back, then, exhausted by the mental effort and unable to decide, warms himself in a neutral corner — one of the many fringe benefits of this society.

Trebor stares balefully down Euclid Crescent, his nose pressed against the bullet-proof glass (a habit retained from childhood?), and yawns gleefully, exposing the protruding fangs, so characteristic of his charm, as he perceives loyal Pekim returning with goodies. Taking off his cloak of office (easily distinguished because the frayed edges have been ostentatiously repaired in yellow), to nullify the implied parking regulations. Trebor sits down with a much-thumbed mag. on his knee, looking forward to the lunch time roll he enjoys with his colleagues. His meditation is suddenly interrupted by the arrival of Pekim’s spectacular frame in the doorway, who, after distributing his survival packs of rolls, shatters the clammy silence — “Charity Walk? Now be reasonable lads. You can’t have it then, I’m organising one then on behalf of the SSC . . . H . . . you know who.”

Uncle Trebor, peering through the haze of blonde dye and old spice vapour, confidently expects the imminent eruption of the radiator mentioned previously to quell this impromptu disturbance, however, his hopes are dashed by a sudden rush of part-time associates completing this happy screaming throng.

Being an advocate of fresh air and unable to stand any more of this madness, I made my escape amid the confusion, defected to the library, there confessing my sins and craving absolution from Father Luap.

A. I., F.VI.

THE REUNION

Outside, brittle night obliterated the iron-frosted countryside, and the fauna and flora of the land shivered in a restless, uneasy sleep; inside, the licking, playful ramifications of the blazing fire enveloped the hearthside in a drowsy brown glow, and the intricate old clock on the mantelpiece creaked out the rusty chimes of ten. Two men were reclined in the dusty arm-chairs that huddled protectively around the fire, but neither spoke; the voluminous sides of their chairs formed alcoves for their faces, and their odd, feeble eyes gazed out into mid-air, sharpened by the reflection of the bustling fire and an inward fire that emanated from a wealth of First World War reminiscences that they had rapturously shared.

They sat back, clad in the glorified splendour of trenches, mud, morass and writhing corpses, enveloped in the languorous stupor of a fine dinner and a still finer wine. The prismatic crystal decanter still smouldered pink on the side-board, in its opulent opacity: presently, two disembodied hands clasped it by the neck, and an old, hunched servant merged forward into the homely arena of light.

“More wine, sir?”

The man in the right-hand chair stirred faintly, and a croaked intonation, the crabbed remnant of his former valorous roar, murmured consent; the rosy-pink liquid gugged drowsily into the outstretched glass; and the servant turned in front of the smoky fire, and asked:

“More wine, sir?”

The actions were repeated; the elegant liquid settled sluggishly into the other glass; and the two old men began to talk.

“Not like it used to be, is it?” This was the tenth time that the observation had been made that night, but each time it had been uttered in the same assertive tones, leadened by a futile dissatisfaction with the clamorous, clanging discordancy of the present, and the uncomprehending bewilderment of a second childhood. “In my day, men were men and women were women, and we all knew where we stood — nowadays all you hear about are contraceptives, divorces and sex and the like. I just don’t understand.” The old man’s mind sifted out of its time-shredded store, a few disjointed pictures of life as a youngster and pieced them together as he would like

them to fit. “In those days, we clamoured to get into the Army — fought for places, almost — and, by God, we fought like men. Nowadays, the young folk sit back and take their unemployment money — if there were a war tomorrow, they wouldn’t have the gumption to do a thing about it. Not a thing.”

“Do you remember Charlie Smerdon? He’s the only one of our regiment still alive that I know — lives up in Hertfordshire somewhere. I saw him two weeks ago — did I tell you?”

The piled-up fire swept up again in a new fervent crescendo of warmth, and the two old men subsided into the cavernous depths of their vast arm-chairs, brooding on Charlie Smerdon, and what good times they had had, and the eyes of one closed into a dim, fading sleep, as the russet, crackling vista of fire, mantelpiece, dusky chairs, rolling carpet, and vine pink folded into a passage of night. But the face of the other seemed to expand into a frozen, rigid-boned mask; his eyes opened wide, as though an arm of savage shrapnel were flying towards his face; his pinched and crannied mouth set into a rigid grimace, half open, half closed; a white, drained pallor inched over his face; his finger shuddered in a violent spasm, then relaxed, allowing the red wine in the glass to fall to the floor, and rush assiduously through the threadbare channels of the carpet.

C. JONES, F.V.

GLAS TULAICHEAN

On 15th September of this year, 1968, a party of boys from the Climbing Club ascended Glas Tulaichean. This magnificent top, rearing its graceful summit to 3,445 feet, is south of the main Grampian chain, but undoubtedly dominates the landscape between Beinn a’ Ghlo and Glas Maol. Due to its amazing situation and unusual character it is a very sought after top and even our party of hardened munro baggers were impressed. So moved were they, an enlightening service was held on the mountain’s wind scoured crown.

The party left the truck at lower Glenlochsie Lodge and moved swiftly up the sides of the river Lochsie to the upper Lodge. A former proprietor had a light railway built along the north bank of the stream to convey sportsmen up Glen Lochy, a unique equipment in a deer forest. The line was two miles long at the upper lodge (now a ruin), situated

at the junction of the Clais Mhor and the Lochsie. Unfortunately the line is no longer operational, but a carriage, in excellent condition, is situated at the lower end and was much admired by our walkers.

On attaining the upper lodge, the party started the strenuous pull up Creag Bhreac, a long, winding shoulder of Tulaichean, only to be almost plucked off the upper reaches of the ridge by the icy fingers of a strong South West wind. The mountain commands two incredible corries, masterpieces of slope sculpture and at the apex of the eastern corrie is perched the summit. Here a rest was called, luncheon taken and the engaging Grampian and Cairngorm panorama absorbed by all.

After suppressing a threat by a few of the senior members to climb neighbouring Carn an Righ (3,377 feet), our breathless leaders, Messrs Adams and Proudfoot, consented to venture along the Clais Mhor ridge. (If any readers know of this route having been attempted previously, please contact the climbing club.) However, due to the customary meticulous navigation, the upper lodge was once again reached, and only one of the novices, the sixth year representative, had sustained any injuries.

Rather in contrast with the usual climbing club spirit, the rest of the descent was rather dull and the party reached the lower lodge tired, but with strong hearts and proud feet.

K. D. McCONNELL, F.VI.

1st XI. AS THEY REALLY ARE —

MARGARET DUNCAN

Ipse Dixit—"I had to stand with my feet apart — my knees were literally knocking."

Quote—"The more alternatives, the more difficult the choice!"

MARGARET GIBB

Ipse Dixit—"Keep the ball away — they'll think I laid it!"

Quote—"She smiles of course, but oh! the rude remarks that cross her mind."

DEBBIE MENELAWS

Ipse Dixit—"I can't see!"

Quote—"And not a single one can see my tiny watching eye."

ELIZABETH MEIKLEJOHN (Buffy-Bruff)

Ipse Dixit—"Oh that's just *too* bad, isn't it — I must buckle down tonight."

Quote—"There's no getting blood out of a turnip!!"

JOAN ROSS

Ipse Dixit—"Tssch! This is the problem."

Quote—"Quite the dodgerest of the dodgers."

ANNETTE ARBUCKLE

Ipse Dixit—"You'll never guess — I must tell you!"

Quote—"I come from haunts of coot and tern

I make a sudden sandy,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley."

ANN MCPHERSON

Ipse Dixit—"Here comes my Granny *again!*"

Quote—"Haste the Nymph, and bring with thee —

Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cracks, and wanton wiles,

Nods, and backs, and wreathed smiles —

Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic be."

PAMELA DUNCAN

Ipse Dixit—"Oh — Nettie-phoo!"

Quote—"A woman's tongue, I see, is like a bell that once set going, goes itself."

JENNIFER PROUDFOOT

Ipse Dixit—"Mm! He's gorgeous!"

Quote—"Her hair was long, her foot was light, her eyes were wild, and by love's sweeter part — variety she swore!"

ROSEMARY SEMPLE

Ipse Dixit—"Oh Bother! But what a lovely team we are!"

Quote—"Still waters run deep."

IRENE STEWART

Ipse Dixit—"Get stuffed!"

Quote—"Never complain and never explain."

"SPARKLERS"



FIONA BUCHANAN, F.V.

THE FIRE

I sit by the fire far into the night
While the embers emit their glowing light
Pictures form, castles in the air
And the fiery dragon leaves his lair.

I sit by the fire, a princess appears
Her lover is lost and she shed fiery tears
Her picture dies she is dead I fear
No longer she mourns her lover dear.

I sit by the fire, 'til dawn is nigh
The embers have faded no more do I spy
Castles in the air or dragons of flame
They lie asleep 'til the fire burns again.

SUSAN LAW, F.III.

SHOULD THE HIGH SCHOOL BE DONE AWAY WITH?

The short answer to this question is "Yes". My reasons for this answer are both moral and practical, and although some people may not agree with the moral reasons, no-one can deny that there are good practical reasons why fee-paying schools like the High School should be done away with.

Fee-paying schools are no longer desirable as they constitute one of the last bastions of oligarchy in a supposedly democratic society by ensuring that most top posts in almost any area of life are held by former pupils of a public school. This is because it is a generally recognised fact — by fee-paying school pupils — that fee-paying schools offer an education which is superior to that offered by council schools. However, council schools tend to practise a sort of inverted snobbery by maintaining that theirs is the best method of education. This means that, for as long as fee-paying schools remain in operation, the council schools will never improve — or indeed recognise the desirability of improving — their educational methods. If, on the other hand, fee-paying schools were to vanish from the scene, the bright young thinkers(?) employed by those establishments would then be able to dedicate themselves to the improvement of council schools, to the benefit of all concerned. This brings us on to the moral questions involved. If fee-paying schools were abolished and general educational methods improved in the schools remaining, we would all at last be given equal opportunities and would have only ourselves to blame if we still failed to make the grade. Everyone would be given the same fair

chance to reach university entrance standard and to find a good job for themselves; this is not the case at the moment. I am not for one moment suggesting that all men are equal, at least in terms of intelligence, ability and potential — they are not. However, they must all be given equal opportunities, otherwise we will not have the right to call ourselves a democracy or, indeed, a free country. Equal opportunities will mean the abolition of fee-paying schools and this is therefore a possibility which we must all be prepared to face, even if we cannot support the idea.

E. T., FVI.

DIRECT GRANT SCHOOLS

Today there is a considerable movement against direct grant schools such as Dundee High School. Let us therefore take a look at the direct grant school, and try to discover whether it has a rightful and necessary place in society.

Should there be any schools to which some people cannot afford to send their children, or does anyone have the right to pay for education if he chooses to do so? What are the merits and demerits of the comprehensive system of education? To what extent should education be financed by the state? These are only some other questions which could well be considered. We shall make it our basic contention that schools which are totally government-financed and schools which are financially independent both have their advantages, but that these advantages are combined in the direct grant school which also largely avoids the shortcomings of both.

It is vitally important that the direct grant school overcomes the faults of the state school and the boarding school. The grounds for criticism of the boarding school are not particularly strong: it creates an educational unit removed from society as a whole, and gives rise to a degree of snobbery with its unfortunate trappings of the "old school tie" idea, with all its connotations, but, on the other hand, if people pay for something, they tend to appreciate it, and if there does exist an earnest desire to pay for education, then this desire ought to be satisfied. The direct grant school, however, gains over the boarding school by being a thriving, more integral part of contemporary society.

The benefits of the direct grant school in comparison to the state school are princi-

pally those reflected upon it by the demerits of having the state control education. The most general consideration here is the cost to the taxpayer: the direct grant school receives a stipulated sum of money annually from the government, and works to a strictly limited budget — it cannot expect the government to help it out of all its financial difficulties. The state school, on the other hand, is financed entirely by the government, and therefore the burden of paying for “free” education falls squarely on the shoulders of the taxpayer, who bears the cost of the bureaucratic inefficiency of the entire system.

Is it not strange that those advocates of social unity in education at the expense of the fee-paying institutions seem quite happy to accept a rift in State education far deeper than any financial divisions in education as a whole, namely the provision of separate schools for Protestant and Roman Catholic children? If so fundamental a division exists within state education, why should barriers — and flimsy barriers at that — not exist in education on a national level? Is any effort made to heal this breach, which, in a violence-ridden city like Glasgow, sows the very seeds of gang-warfare and crime? Is there even any attempt to justify the existence of such an anomaly? At the risk of sounding too proverbial, let the state set its own house in order before taking over new premises.

This is the basic argument against all state schools, but other questions are raised when the system is taken one step further — namely the arguments for and against comprehensive schools. Since a large number of state schools operate on comprehensive lines in the strictest sense, it is necessary to compare this system with the direct grant one.

The comprehensive system of education deprives the tax-paying parent of any choice over his child's education. It mechanically divides large sections of the country into separate entities, autocratically decreeing that state education will be provided at one centre in each area. The result is the comprehensive school, containing a large cross-section of the community, both socially and intellectually, admitted without test of either means or ability. With the shortage of school buildings and teachers, such a unit tends to be large in size (yet almost certainly too small to satisfy the demand placed upon it). Being large, it creates administrative problems, placing huge

burdens or responsibility on those at the top, thus making effective communication and control very difficult.

The direct grant school, on the other hand, is a compact unit, which never becomes over-large owing to the financial restrictions surrounding it. It must maintain a certain degree of efficiency, whereas the comprehensive establishment in particular can, and does, lean all too heavily on the government for support. Lost, also, in the physical enormity of the comprehensive school is the communal spirit which attaches itself to the smaller unit — how can any such spirit exist when the staff are so numerous that many are as complete strangers to one another? Here again, the direct grant school scores in efficiency.

The fifty-two members of our own Sixth Year are numerically typical of the direct grant school: in a comprehensive school the Sixth Year may number a mere handful, owing to the influence exerted by the large numbers who leave before this stage, many indeed at the tender age of fifteen. The presence of such a learned body at the top of the school is undoubtedly beneficial, but it is only the selective direct grant school which reaps the benefits.

Let us indeed not be unmindful of the unfortunate pupils over whose heads this educational tug-o'-war is taking place. In the lower forms of the comprehensive school, the child prodigy may find himself working alongside the near-moron — don't laugh, because this is not funny: it is the truth, the tragic and culpably stupid truth of the comprehensive system. The effective result of the absence of streaming during the first two years of secondary education in comprehensive schools is that the three natural classifications of pupils (those of high intelligence, average intelligence and low intelligence) are reformed: there is a backlash movement whereby the intellectual élite shuts itself off from the rest, and those of average intelligence tend to sink to the standard of those of low intelligence, thus causing an overall reduction in intellectual standards. This is not airy-fairy theory, but cold fact, and surely sufficient evidence of the advantage to be gained from the streaming by intelligence, then by ability in individual subjects, as is performed in direct grant schools. In the direct grant school, the best compete with the best, and nothing but benefit may be reaped from this optimum standard of competition.

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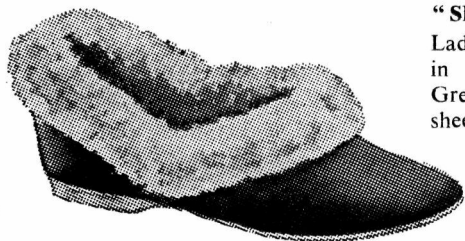
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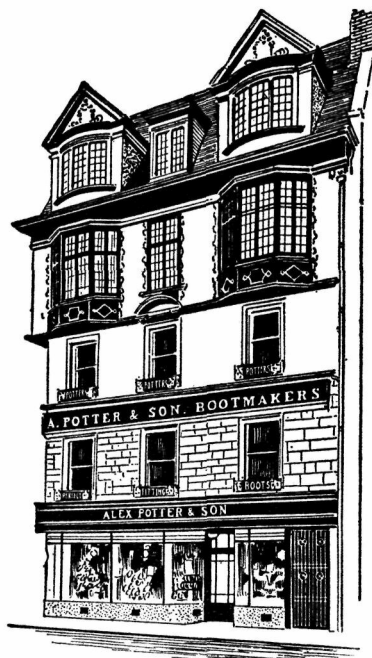
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Therefore, both staff and pupils are better off in the direct grant school — it is invaluable to society today. It provides efficient, relatively inexpensive and responsible education, better than any other institution. It fosters the idea of freedom and independence, rather than reliance upon the state. It plays an active role in society, and, in the case of Dundee High School at any rate, provides what may well be the best dumpling-and-custard in the world. What better recommendation could there be?

W. A. M., F.VI.

THEY SAY:

- 6 I had to see Mr Stewart/Miss Gray.
A grubby little child in form two.
I might manage it for the week after that.
- 5C Who, me, sir?
That's what it says on the booklist.
You read far too much into it.
- 4B But what's the use of doing this?
That's not what Miss Davidson/Mrs Low said.
I've done it, sir, but I've forgotten my jotter.
You see, I've lost my home register.
- 4H1 Will you close the windows, please.
That's not what it says in the book.
Fraser's lost another £40.
- 3B Dick!
- CC. Are you sure that's north, sir?
I'd have preferred my route (round the extra five miles, down the cliff and across the river).
It's his other ankle this time.

NOVEMBER SUNSET

Fiery orb smouldering,
a burgundy blaze embraces
indifferent trees crouching
wearily, resigned, mere ghosts
of those indignant bodies
writhing self-consciously naked,
deprived of their flamboyant splendour
momentarily replaced
by the comforting saffron glow,
now slowly withdrawing
as a black-velvet infinity
relentlessly devours
the reluctant furnace.

L. C., FV.

STUDENT UNREST

After the student unrest in France during the spring, the French Ministry of Education has been forced to give its younger generation a completely new deal. Despite the much-argued University Reform Bill, however, the university term started only recently, and on top of this, the youngsters in the Lycées have recently been growing more and more militant in their outlook. Although M. Faure, the Minister of Education, has made new and very liberal provisions for school government, abolishing the old, repressive and Napoleonic Lycées, he now finds himself at the mercy of extremist groups like the *Comités d'Action Lycées* (CALs). This highly-organised and extremely effective association is the fighting instrument of a New Left political front. The CALs are not prepared to accept any liberal reforms springing from a Gaullist Government which they despise absolutely. Being mainly composed of Communists and Communist-Anarchists, they want more than just the schools reformed and governed along the lines of the French Parliamentary system: they are thirsty for revolution, and they want to establish a new Socialist society. The power of the CALs should not be underestimated; there have been strikes and sit-ins in Lycées all over France, and as long as the sympathies of the French schoolchildren lie with the left, no school reforms will ever be made to work. The CALs gained power in the heatwave of that revolutionary spirit which so often captures the imagination of the very young, and only when the schools begin to function properly once more will they lose their many millions of young sympathisers.

But could this kind of French chaos ever happen in British schools? I believe that it could; although at first sight the British schools system would obviously appear to be vastly superior to the old French Lycée set-up. But before society can begin to answer problems like the question of public and comprehensive schooling, it must first ask itself what kind of an education it wants to give its younger generation. Surely its main aim should be to teach its children in art, peace and virtue, in self-discipline, social responsibility and democracy? Education has been defined as "the generation of happiness", and a child must learn how to behave, and how to fit into society, without compulsion, but with an enthusiasm of his own.

This, however, is not what is happening. In general, the process which takes place within a child's mind when he is at school is that of the deadening of imagination, curiosity and individuality. The purpose of too many schools seems to lie simply in the preparation of the children for the rat-race, in making them fear and obey authority, and in impressing upon them that they are mere nameless numbers, to be used by the System as machine-operators, manual labourers, bus-drivers, and so on. No-one seems to care about their emotions, their attitudes, or their personal welfare as human beings. How much psychological damage, how many permanent complexes, have been caused by misguided, sometimes sadistic "teachers", using and abusing their various weapons of "corporal punishment"? For there is no defence against either the emotional or the physical brutality of the teachers.

Who is going to provide, as an alternative to the present set-up, a humanitarian system which produces people, not tinned scholars, and which develops a child's own inborn curiosity and enthusiasm for learning, instead of killing once and for all any desire he ever had to read books at all?

The very few libertarian schools in Britain have, so far, not been particularly successful, the most well-known mix-up having been at Summerhill Boarding School in Suffolk, where the self-governing children democratically decided to get rid of their Rector, who had originally founded the school. Even these experimental schools, however, are fee-paying and very expensive, and some have even been closed down. If the Government does not at least do something to encourage new ideas and new approaches within its schools system, it may quite soon find itself at the mercy of the children themselves, as we have seen happen in France.

D. W., F.VI.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE

Although the High School does not have many behaviour problems, some do exist. These are cheek, disobedience and the continuous stream of words which flow round the classroom. Cheek and disobedience stem from the fact that most boys want to appear badly behaved to keep up prestige in the eyes of their friends who, although striving towards the same goal, are inclined to look down upon boys who are "little angels". The

phrase "most boys" is used because some do not mind if they are thought well behaved and some do not try to appear so because they are. These boys usually come to the fore and lead the others on to more mischief. The other problem, mentioned, is talking. This arises because boys and girls (you!) are naturally lazy and you will not work unless you have to. To prevent the boredom which sets in when you do not have to work, from driving you back to the grindstone, you pass the time as best you can: by talking.

The last behaviour problem which exists in our school is that of not wearing the correct uniform. Most boys wear at least some "doubtful" article of attire; whether it is non lacing shoes, bright socks, a bright shirt, or worst of all "long" hair. The "long" hair seems to worry the teachers most because boys are often told to get their locks trimmed, whereas not many teachers tell boys to get new trousers, shoes or shirts.

The way to deal with these problems seems fairly obvious. Different teachers have as different views on their pupils as a worm and an eagle have of the top of a house. Some teachers regard their pupils as nails who must be hammered into place without objecting. Some feel that pupils must be given some freedom but not too much, and for some subjects this is right.

The teachers in our school who have the best behaved classes are those who belt hard and often, and those who give the pupils respect. The atmosphere of the two are entirely different. In the former the pupils do not talk because they are afraid, in the second they give forth no utterance because they respect the teacher and are fired by the willingness to work which their teacher has.

If this does not work, although in most cases it does, then teachers should not hesitate to use the belt. The teachers in this way build up a forced respect. They must belt at the just signs of unrest, not wait until long after the beginning of term to try to establish their authority. If they do wait, then their respect in the eyes of their pupils will be so low that it could never be retrieved. These are the ways to deal with cheek, disobedience and talking.

Although teachers may not think it, boys have a good deal of self-respect and self-consciousness. Teachers usually think that they do not have these qualities because they have long hair and what they think are

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scruffy clothes. This proves the other case because, as long hair is in the fashion, boys do not want to look old fashioned and different, they want to be modern, up-to-date and similar to their friends. This also applies to the school uniform. The boys at this school do not want to be mocked as old fashioned "snobs". Because of their self-consciousness they run the gauntlet of their teachers' anger and wear non regulation school clothes and hair longer than the proper school length.

There are two ways this problem can be solved. Either change the fashion to baggy trousers, black lacing shoes and short hair or change the school uniform. In the case of long hair, hair has always been long except for the period which just preceded the present one, so long hair is only returning to fashion.

I have tried to show what the problems which exist in this school are, and from where they stem: and how all could be at least partly solved.

IAN FERGUSON, F.I.V.

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J. A. INGLIS, VI.

D.H.S. SERBS.

Lorna Marshall is to be congratulated on her enterprise in researching on the D.H.S. Serbs, and as her article has probably aroused interest in present pupils and has certainly revived pleasant memories for former, I venture to supplement it.

The late Mr George Bonar's connection with the hostel at "Fernbrae" itself arose from an exciting episode in local history of which the present generation may be unaware. When the Germans invaded Belgium in August 1914, Mrs Bonar, with her two small sons, the younger of whom is now Sir Herbert Bonar, found herself, along with an elderly Scottish minister, Mr MacKenzie, in an hotel in an occupied town. The invaders in spite of Mrs Bonar's protest that he was a clergyman, shot Mr MacKenzie dead, and Mrs Bonar exhibited the greatest possible courage in facing the Germans and securing the dead man's watch and papers. Out of sympathy for the sufferings of the Belgians, Mr George Bonar offered "Fernbrae", which he had purchased for his own use, as an hostel for Belgian refugees, but as the Government decided such refugees should not reside on the east coast of Scotland, the offer was transferred to the Serbian Relief Committee and the boys were brought here from a reception centre in Oxford.

It is not quite accurate to say that "only one of them spoke English", but Dimitrijevic's English was, from the start, conspicuously fluent. It was he who graduated in Engineering from Trinity College, Cambridge. The Edinburgh University graduates, also in Engineering, were Milenko Matic, author of the article describing their sufferings on the Retreat through Albania, and Vlada Orovic. Matic died in middle life, an engineer, as is related, at the Trepca Mines. Vlada Orovic is still alive and hale.

In 1934, Miss A. L. Begg, originally one of Dr. Elsie Inglis's band of nurses, but who

did not reach Serbia before the Retreat began but received the boys, in a very poor state of repair, in Corsica, and was later matron at "Fernbrae", made a journey through parts of Serbia during which she met 23 out of the 27 boys who had been at Dundee, and in some instances their wives and families. A large company of the boys met her when she arrived in Belgrad and entertained her to a meal, and so great was the interest taken in her visit that the Belgrad evening newspaper came out with large bills bearing the caption: "The Scotswoman Arrives".

From that date until the inevitable interruption during the war of 1939-45, I heard frequently from my particular friends, Filipovic and Dimitrijevic. During the expulsion of the Germans, who had enjoyed the support of the Regent, there was street fighting in Belgrad, and those who remember Dimitrijevic as a class-mate or "rigger" stalwart will recognise the man in the manner of his death: he was shot down when he went from his house in an endeavour to attend to a wounded man lying in the street. Filipovic had many hair-breadth adventures, being carried off first by the Germans to be executed and later was saved from execution only by the patriots on the testimony of one witness. He has for many years been a Professor of English in the Faculty of Agronomy in the University of Belgrad, and visited London in 1959 to attend an educational course, when he recalled with almost unbelievable vividness all sorts of episodes in his time at D.H.S.

All the boys who lived in Dundee retain this same lively and nostalgic memory of their time here. To them, perhaps not unnaturally when we consider the changing fortunes of their own country, their life in Scotland and amid Scots people appears a sort of Golden Age. (If any of their contemporaries wish the address of Filipovic, Bojakevic or Vlada Orovic and will contact me, I shall be pleased to supply it.)

W. FRASER MITCHELL.



School Activities and Clubs

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed — Captain, A. C. Cruickshank; Vice-Captain, A. M. D. Perry; Secretary, R. M. Milne; Treasurer, R. J. Young. The members of the Committee are M. L. Andrew and A. S. Lockhart.

Results of the 1st XV. matches to date:—

		F.	A.
Sept. 14—Harris Academy	(H)	10	3
21—Dollar Academy	(H)	0	11
28—Aberdeen Grammar School	(A)	11	16
Oct. 12—Robert Gordon's College	(H)	3	6
19—Waid Academy	(H)	19	0
23—Kirkton High School	(H)	17	8
26—Melville College	(A)	3	8
Nov. 9—Kelvinside Academy	(H)	3	3
16—Gordonstoun School	(A)	0	24
23—Dunfermline High School	(A)	6	0

From the above results, it can be seen that the team has been very unfortunate in some of its matches. Those matches which have been wins have been convincing wins while the defeats are by no means disgraces. The Dollar side was an exceptionally good team, and, with luck, the two Aberdeen matches could easily have had a very different result.

We made the long trip to Gordonstoun and spent a pleasant evening in the school. It is a pity, however, that the match, before a full turn-out of the school, had not a different result although the game was much closer than the score suggests.

The team has played well, showing spirit and will to do well. The three-quarters are particularly strong and, skilfully controlled by Cruickshank at Stand-off half, have great attacking potential, particularly down the wings. The forwards are hampered by the fact that they are smaller and lighter than most opposing packs. However, they have made up for this with a high degree of mobility and a great deal of enthusiasm and determination. At all times, we have endeavoured to play fast, open rugby which is pleasant to watch. We hope we are rather more fortunate in 1969.

The second XV., owing to an injury stricken 1st XV., have seldom had the opportunity of playing the same team for any length of time. However, they have overcome the difficulty and played with great spirit, many of the younger players showing great potential.

The 3rd XV. has also had a degree of success, the players again showing great keenness and enthusiasm.

The Colts XV. have shown great promise, and have some very good results to their credit. L.7, Forms I. and II. are, as always, producing rugby which gives us great hope for the future of the school rugby.

In the Midlands' Trials, three players from the school took part — namely, A. C. Cruickshank, A. M. D. Perry, A. S. Lockhart — although none were fortunate to get picked for the first XV.

We send our congratulations to Chris Rea for his outstanding success in Scottish Rugby, gaining his first International Cap against the Australian tourers on 2nd November. We wish him a long career and every success in future years.

I should like to thank all the supporters who have come to encourage the teams and the girls who, very efficiently and charmingly, serve refreshments to visiting teams. We also thank all members of staff who give up their very valuable time to travel with teams, referee matches and give their support.

In conclusion, I should like to pay tribute to Mr Allardice, Mr Brickley, Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr Hunter, Mr N. G. Stewart, Mr Gray, Mr Roberts and Mr Adams for their invaluable coaching and encouragement. I wish them to know that we, the players, greatly appreciate the time and no small effort they make to provide so many boys with the experience of enjoying a game of rugby on a Saturday morning. Gentlemen, we thank you.

ROBERT M. MILNE, Secretary.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the session. Captain, Margaret Duncan; Vice-Captain, Margaret Gibb; Secretary, Deborah Menelaws; Treasurer, Elizabeth Meiklejohn.

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

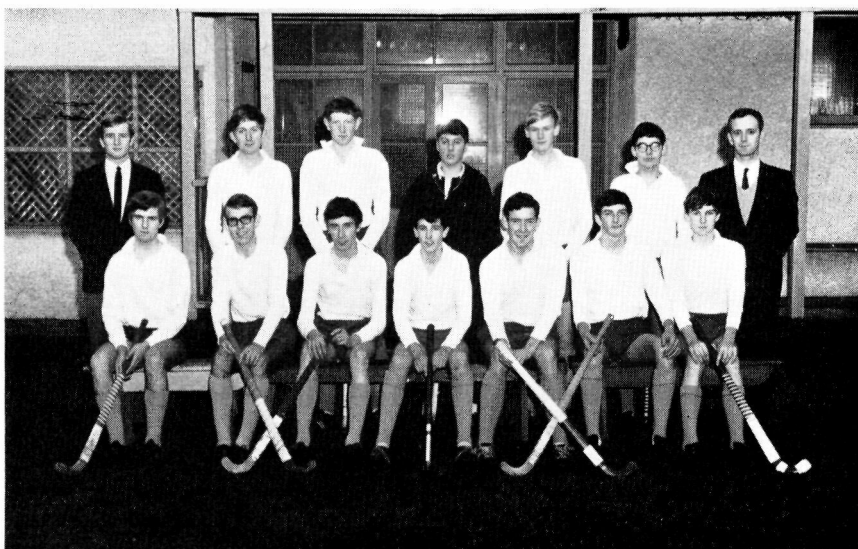
		F.	A.
Sept. 7—Blairgowrie	A	3	5
11—Morgan	H	3	2
14—Grove	A	4	2
19—D.H.S. F.P.s	H	2	2
21—Perth Academy	H	1	2
28—Kirkcaldy	A	1	11



GIRLS' HOCKEY 1st XI. 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.)—Miss D. A. Dobson, Irene Stewart, Rosemary Semple, Anne McPherson, Annette Arbuckle, Jennifer Proudfoot, Elizabeth Meiklejohn (Treasurer).

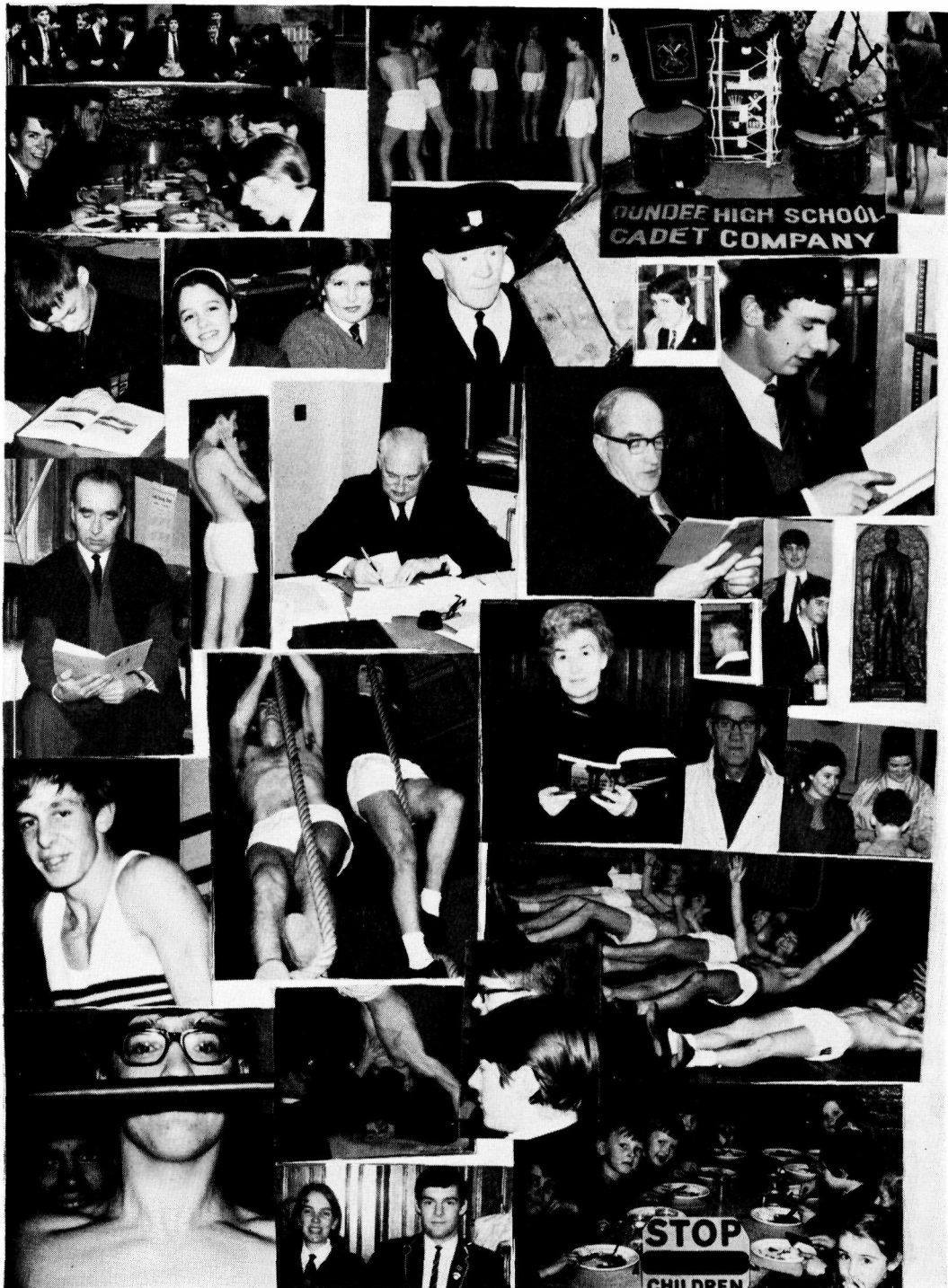
Front Row (l. to r.)—Joan Ross, Margaret Gibb (Vice-Captain), Margaret Duncan (Captain), Deborah Menelaws (Secretary), Pamela Duncan.



BOYS' HOCKEY 1st XI. 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr R. C. Brickley, P. W. Walsh, M. M. Adams, K. W. Boyd, D. R. H. Tullis, N. R. Hutton, Mr R. C. McKenzie.

Front Row (l. to r.)—W. A. Meiklejohn, J. A. Inglis (Treasurer), R. R. Brough (Vice-Captain), R. J. Catlow (Captain), I. R. Dye (Secretary), D. J. Christie, A. M. Patterson.



D. LOGUE, F.VI.

Oct. 2—Harris	H	1	2
10—Morgan	A	3	1
12—Bell-Baxter	H	1	2
19—Albyn	H	4	0
26—Grove	H	6	1
Nov. 9—Morrison's	H	4	0
16—Kilgraston	A	2	1
24—Waid	A	Can.	

With many new members in the 1st XI., the above results are very encouraging. As the winter progresses the team is beginning to settle down and play as a unit.

So far, the team has been up against hard opposition and every win has been well deserved. Perhaps one of the best matches was against Albyn, who proved formidable opponents. Dundee High School marked the opposition and intercepted the ball to such an extent that four goals were scored, one in the first half and three in the second. Apart from being a very rewarding match, it was also an enjoyable one.

Without doubt, the highest goal average of the season, so far, is that of Margaret Duncan, the captain.

On 26th October, the first round of the Junior Midlands Trials was held. The following girls were put forward: Margaret Duncan, C.F.; Pamela Duncan, C.H.; Joan Ross, L.I.; and Deborah Menelaws, G.K. Margaret Gibb, R.I., was unable to attend due to illness. Of these, Margaret Duncan, Joan Ross and Deborah Menelaws were chosen to go forward to the Final Midlands Trials on 9th November, and Margaret Duncan and Joan Ross were selected to play for the 1st Midlands XI.

The 2nd XI. has also been playing well and has lost few matches. Many of the members have replaced those in the 1st XI. who have been ill, and we congratulate them on their good performances.

Although the 3rd XI. has had few fixtures they, too, have won most of their matches.

All in all, the Dundee High School hockey players have had a rewarding three months' play and we are to be encouraged by the junior teams' performances.

On behalf of the teams I should like to thank Miss Dobson and Miss Filshie for their encouragement and hard work. We also thank the umpires who have so kindly given up their time on Saturday mornings.

DEBORAH MENELAWS, Secretary.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed: — R. J. Catlow, Captain; R. R. Brough, Vice-Captain; I. R. Dye, Secretary; J. A. Inglis, Treasurer; D. C. Christie, Member of Committee.

Unfortunately, this year's 1st XI. has not reached the very high standard of last year's team, mainly due to the inexperience of the new players. The team has also been constantly changed because of injuries and necessary positional changes. Most of the results have been quite close, however, the team being rather unlucky.

Due to the 1st XI. constantly drawing on members of the 2nd XI. and Under-16 XI., the latter two teams' results have been somewhat erratic. Handsome victories and heavy defeats have been reported, but there are some promising players in these teams who will form quite a strong nucleus for future 1st XIs.

Up to the time of writing this report, there has been one Midlands District Trial to which we put forward three players: R. J. Catlow, I. R. Dye and J. A. Inglis. We have pleasure in announcing that R. J. Catlow and I. R. Dye were selected for a Midlands 'Pool' of fourteen players from which the Midlands Team will be chosen.

This season has seen the introduction of House Matches to the Hockey programme. The matches were played on a league basis and the results were: 1st Airlie, 2nd Aystree and 3rd Wallace.

In conclusion, I should like to thank Mr Stark, Mr Brickley, Mr Garland, Mr McKenzie and Mr Fraser, for, without their help and enthusiasm, we would not be able to play Hockey for the School.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
1st XI. Record	5	1	4	0	11	18
					I. R. D.	

BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the term the following officials were elected: Captain, Anne Cowie; Treasurer, David Logue; Match Secretary, Sandy Meiklejohn; Secretary, Helen Johnston.

The Badminton Club has a large attendance. As yet we have had no fixtures, but Sandy Meiklejohn has written to various schools and hopes to arrange fixtures before the season ends. We are looking forward to our match against the staff and hope that with a little coaching we will give them a run for their money!

We are grateful to Mr Stark for his interest, and for opening up the gymnasium each week.

H. J., Secretary.

NETBALL REPORT

So far this season our netball teams have been most successful, due partly to the enthusiasm of the girls concerned and partly to the efforts of the gym staff. This term we have played quite a few fixtures and hope for more next term.

Throughout the school netball is becoming more popular, and Forms I., II. and III. show great promise.

We should like to thank Mrs Wm. Adams for giving up her free time to coach us on Wednesday afternoons, Miss Dobson and Miss Filshie for giving encouragement during the term.

PAMELA ROBERTSON.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

At the end of last Spring term, the following officials were elected: Captain, R. D. Muckart; Vice-Captain, R. M. Foote; Secretary and Treasurer, R. J. Catlow; Form III. Representative, A. Fox.

A fairly regular team was established, and last year's improved record was maintained, including a notable victory over the staff. The Boase Medal was won by R. J. Catlow, and the runner-up was R. J. Walker, who also succeeded in winning the Pirie Cup by defeating R. D. Muckart in the final.

Our thanks are once again due to Mr Paton for his help in arranging our fixtures and competitions, and for the advice and assistance he has given us on Wednesday afternoons at Monifieth.

S. M.

GUIDE REPORT

During the past year the Guide Company has been active, and meetings have been held on most Wednesday evenings. There have been three new recruits, who were enrolled at the end of October, and more would be very welcome.

We unfortunately lost the services of our captain. Miss Loarridge left Dundee to organise games and recreation on board a ship taking school children on cruises. We wish her all success in the future.

An interesting and successful camp was held at Lundie County Campsite, where we were fortunate to have good weather. It is hoped that the camp will be repeated this year.

We are very grateful to Mrs D. A. Adams and Miss Pat Gass for all their help and encouragement, and for giving up so much of their spare time on our behalf.

CAROLINE MILLS, F.II.

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

At the opening of this session the following officials were elected:

Michael C. Proudfoot, Secretary and Treasurer; Kenneth McConnell, Form VI. Representative; Maurice Evans, Form V. Representative; Rory D. Allardice, Form IV. Representative; Graham G. A. Allardice, Form III. Representative.

Our first meet was an outing to Glen Shee. Conditions were very good as a party of 16 boys left the army truck at Dalmunzie Hotel to climb Glas Tulichaen (3,445 ft.). The weather remained very clear all day and from the summit there were magnificent views in every direction, from the Cairngorm plateau to nearby Ben-y-Ghlo and the Ben Lawers group round to the Lomonds in Fife. We were pleased to welcome Dr. F. B. Proudfoot into our party.

Unfortunately the good weather on our first outing was not repeated on our second. It was very cold and windy as we and the Girls' Rambling Club struggled up Glas Moal. Our joint party was as large as usual, in excess of 40, and everyone, including the gym staff, made it to the top. Our thanks go to Miss Laing and Mr Brickley for their help in the organisation and their participation in the climb.

We have several meets proposed for the New Year including a snow walk in January and our usual joint summer climb with the Girls' Rambling Club.

M. C. P.

GIRLS' HILL WALKING CLUB REPORT

Officials: Lesley Brown, Secretary; Jennifer Proudfoot, Treasurer; Elizabeth Meiklejohn, Member of Committee.

Owing to a late start this year, we have only managed to fit in one climb — a joint assault of Glas Moal with the Boys' Club. Although we are looking forward to climbs in the summer term, we have had to content ourselves meanwhile with a social evening. We hope to have more.

Our thanks to Miss Laing, and we were delighted to see members of the Gym Department taking an interest . . .

L. M. B.

VOLUNTARY COMMUNITY SERVICE GROUP

This year it was decided to form a society with a type of membership rôle, consisting of people who were willing to take part in the group's projects from time to time. This system has proved highly successful, and no longer do the Committee have to make hurried last-moment arrangements.

To gauge support in the group, a meeting was held in October, to explain the purposes of the Group. We invited the Rev. Rogers of Ryehill Church, Miss Hughes of Community Service Volunteers, as their Dundee area 'catalyst', and Mr Ian Smith, our former Head Boy, to address the meeting. They, Shona McFadzen and Alison Brown, F.V., told us of the projects in which they are, or have been, involved. Over refreshments, we

enjoyed lively discussions with our guests. We thank those people for taking an interest in our Group in this way.

Unfortunately, the boys have been slow to respond, but the Committee are in the process of organising projects for boys, and this, we hope, will act as a starter for Social Service's becoming an integral part of School life.

Space prevents us from quoting all the various organisations which we have helped. Helpers have been sent to coffee mornings, fashion shows and sheltered shopping evenings. We have supplied people to collect money on various flag-days and Poppy Day. Some people visit the D.R.I. Eye Ward, as a Friday 9 Project.

With the coming of Christmas, our Christmas Parcels Organisation is in full swing, with F.II. making the special parcels, sent to very deserving families. A very successful Dance was arranged for after the terminal examinations, and the profit made given to the Christmas Parcel Fund. F.V. and F.VI. girls have been selling home-made tablet to pupils and teachers to raise more money. We have continued our practice of selling Save the Children Fund Christmas Cards.

We have now established a close link with Community Service Volunteers, due to the arrival in Dundee of Miss Hughes, who acts as co-ordinator to the various groups similar to ours in Dundee, thus introducing us to new forms of service. Alison Brown, F.V., helped C.S.V. by working during the summer in Glasgow in a Children's Home.

We have now got a very enthusiastic Group, mainly due to the efforts of Miss Gray and Mr E. M. Stewart, whom we would like to take this opportunity to thank. We also wish to thank all of you who have helped in any way, with any of our projects.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CLUB REPORT

The following people were elected this year:— Michael Proudfoot, Chairman of the Committee; Douglas Wilkinson, Secretary of the Committee; Barry Elder, Games Organiser; Michael Andrew, Publication Organiser; Andrew Perry, School Representative.

Since the formation of the School Committee, last year, the Scottish Schoolboys' Club in Dundee has done far more to cover the ideas of its members.

There have been a number of activities this year, with two Junior Games Nights in the Dundee High School Gym, and an eventful Junior Weekend at Angus House, Edzell. This is taking over the place of Strathkinness as a weekend house.

Many ideas have come forward for the future,

and two mixed discussion weekends, for senior pupils, are the most pressing.

However, as always, our popular dances will take place and all are cordially invited at the modest price of 5/-.

The Scottish Schoolboys' Club could never function without the organising, supporting body of officers, and I wish to thank them for putting up with some of our outrageous ideas this year.

A. M. D. P.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Although the Scripture Union got off to a rather slow start this term, we have had several interesting meetings including a most enjoyable talk from the Rev. Watson-Moise and, more recently, a lively visit from members of the Dundee University Christian Union who sang and spoke for us in the Singing Room which the music staff were kind enough to let us use for the occasion.

A few younger members have joined our numbers and attendances have been reasonable.

We have followed the example of last session's leaders in offering a selection of Christian books and booklets for sale and hope to see sales increasing in the weeks to come. Next term we hope to have more visits from the students and other guest speakers.

Finally, I would like to thank all Members of Staff who have helped us in any way, and to express the hope that the remainder of the 1968-69 session will be a fruitful one for the Scripture Union.

ELIZABETH TURNER, Deputy Leader.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

The first meeting of the Debating Society this session took the form of a Prefects' Debate and proved a high-spirited and amusing opening to what we hope will be a very active and interesting year. The House Debates came next on the syllabus, and Wallace was the winner of two very good debates on the subject "that clothes make the man".

Since then, a meeting for the E.S.U. and the C.E.W.C. conference have been held. Both have been of considerable interest.

As for competitions, our team of Sandy Meiklejohn and Sandy Inglis failed to get through the first round of the E.S.U. debates, but all who were present will know how very close a contest it was. However, in the Daily Express competition Douglas Wilkinson and Alison Brown succeeded in getting into the second round which will be held next term.

We have already held a Junior Topics Evening and are looking forward to more Junior Debates.

Here I must mention the enthusiasm of our younger members who bring fresh thought and ideas to the Society and I hope their interest will not flag.

Even at this early stage thanks must be given to all members of staff who assist and attend our meetings, especially Miss Gray, Mr E. Stewart, Mr Alexander, and Mr Erskine who kindly gave up his time to judge the House Debates. To Mr Stark, the Society must offer particular thanks for the demands it has made on his time and all the help he has given through the years.

Despite one or two postponements the Society has been busy this term and looks forward to even greater activity in the remainder of this session.

ALISON BROWN, Secretary.

D.H.S. CUDDLING CLUB REPORT

Through the years the club has been on the decline and has only survived due to the staunch support of Lil. However, with her retirement from active membership, the difficult task of keeping members happy has been handed over to our notorious captain of vice, Miss Mairi Aitch. However, she is ably assisted, and helped, by two of the Perfect People, who fill the posts of Vice-President and Treasurer respectively. They are, of course, the honourable Andy P. and the noted Mike C. P. The posts of Secretary and Public Relations Officer have been filled, for the very first time. These two officials are imperfect people, and accordingly I am forbidden to divulge their identity as being me and, by request, D. John C.

Our President has had a good start to the season and has already recruited some 20 new members, including, of course, her cuddleable officials. Needless to say, the Perfect People are all members, mainly because it is impossible to live in their Haven of Piece without joining.

Join now! All you have to do is become Perfect or obtain entry to their haven, where all transactions are laid out. There, your ability is judged by the President, who has the final cuddle in the matter. The V.-P. also deals with members, especially those who have cuddled the P. Final tests which are still secret have no bearing on your membership.

Remember our motto: Bonus Amicus est Perfectus. N.B. A.G.M. soon! watch the Notice Boards.

A. M. (Cuddulus Secretus) F.VI.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The membership is still high, and seven teams have been entered for the Dundee and District League, including the first team in Division 2 of the Adult League. The internal competitions were

hard-fought, with Peter Walsh winning the Beckingham Trophy, and his young brother, Timothy, the Russell. The Intermediate Prize was won by Sandy McDonald, Christine Elder won the senior Girls' Prize, and Judith Hanslip the junior Girls' Prize.

After reaching the semi-final of our zone last year, we are doing quite well in the "Sunday Times" Tournament again this year so far, with a 6-0 win over Invergordon and a 5-1 win over Aberdeen Grammar. Peter Walsh and Christopher Jones scored $5\frac{1}{2}$ to share first place in last year's Dundee Schools Individual Tournament, and then, off form, scored respectively $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $3\frac{1}{2}$ in the Scottish Boys'. At Bristol, in the British Championships, C. Jones scored $4\frac{1}{2}$ in the Under-18 Section, and A. Banech and P. Walsh 5 and $4\frac{1}{2}$ respectively in the Under-16. In the Glasgow September Congress, C. Jones shared first place in the Reserve Championship with $4\frac{1}{2}$, and A. Baruch scored 3. Recently, some of our players have been playing for Dundee and District in the Scottish Regional Championships, and we hope to get more experience this way.

Our thanks go to Mrs Elder, Mr Deas and Mr McKay for all their help and to all those who have helped at home matches.

C. JONES, Secretary.

STAMP CLUB

So far this term, the club has managed to maintain last year's reasonably good attendances, and interest has been shown in the first four displays.

Various thematic collections were shown by Mr Stevenson. J. Vannet, F.III., displayed stamps of newly independent countries within the Commonwealth, Mr Stevenson gave a talk and display on interesting sidelines of philately, and A. D. McLaren, F.V., showed early G.B. issues.

The First Day Cover service is continuing to thrive, and covers will be available for the new Christmas stamps, and the new 4d definitive. Unfortunately there has been little support for the swap exchange system and we urge all collectors, whether in the club or not, to contribute to this in the near future.

Displays are planned up to Christmas, and we hope to include a quiz, and perhaps a guest speaker if attendances remain substantial.

A. D. McLAREN, Secretary.

RIFLE CLUB

After a year or two of waning enthusiasm, the club has been given some new life by younger members, from Form III, upwards.

Already, after a few meetings, we have the basis for a fairly good team, and it is hoped that we will enter some competitions later in the year.

We would like to thank Mr Halliday for his advice and patience with those whose well-aimed shots have gone astray.

A. D. McLAREN.

COMBINED CADET FORCE REPORT

Our annual camp was once again held at Aultbea, Wester Ross. It was a great success. As usual, the weather was not kind to us and the programme had often to be altered. The night exercise was abandoned owing to very heavy rain and was held back two days, but in the end was very successful. The platoon cup was very keenly contested and, at the end of camp, was awarded to No. 1 Platoon, Senior Company, under Sergeant Cargill. The camp was extended to a period of ten days and I think the general opinion is that this is a more suitable length of time than the usual period of a week.

At the beginning of the new session, Sgt. Cruickshank was promoted to C.S.M., Senior Company; Sgt. Cargill to C.S.M., Junior Company; and Pipe Sgt. Wilson to Pipe Major. Cpl. Adams is in charge of the radio section.

The new session brings a change in the officers, also, of the contingent. We say a sad farewell to Mr Coletta whose enthusiasm, often directed away from the traditional activities of the cadet force, aroused fresh interest among the boys, but at the same time we extend a warm welcome to Mr McKenzie and we look forward to his help and encouragement which I am sure will be very beneficial to the boys.

During the summer R.S.M. Grewar, C.S.M. Cameron, C.Q.M.S. Mackintosh and Sgt. Rollo travelled to the Royal Military Training College at Sandhurst to attend the Passing Out Parade; Sergeants Cargill, Wilson and Cruickshank attended a course in electronics at the School of Electrical Engineering, R.E.M.E., at Arborfield; and Sgts. Cargill and Cruickshank attended a leadership course at Frimley.

The necessary programme for the year, of instruction for the Army Proficiency Tests, is being carried out. We are fortunate in having the services of W.O.I. Wombell, Royal Signals, who gives professional instruction in fieldcraft and radio work.

Once again the band played excellently at the Armistice Parade and the N.C.O.s, who formed the guard, are to be congratulated on their smartness, and Sgt. Green on his excellent bugle playing.

On behalf of the contingent, I should like to thank all the officers who put a great deal of work into the cadet force and are ready to give helpful advice at all times: Mr Macleod, whose undying interest in the band ensures its success; Mr Vannet, who helps run the rifle range and conducts the Empire Tests; and Miss Chalmers and her cooking staff for providing excellent meals at camp.

C.S.M. CRUICKSHANK.

JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

Summer camp was held, as usual, at Aultbea and although the weather was not at its best the company managed to complete most of its programme during our first ten-day camp for many years.

This year's Coronation Trophy winners were G. Grant and K. Jones and the new Junior Company Shield was won by No. 2 Platoon under Sgt. Rollo. They were also very close runners-up in the Platoon Cup competition.

The strength of the Company now stands at fifty-five with platoon commanders Sgt. Rollo, Cpl. Pate and Cpl. Gow. Unfortunately Sgt. Rollo was recently involved in a car accident and may not be with us for some weeks. We all wish him a speedy recovery. Meanwhile his place is being taken by L/Cpl. Fleming.

Our aim is to enable each cadet, on entry to the Senior Company, to have attained a reasonable standard of proficiency in the skills of camping and map-reading so that he may be self-reliant out of doors. It is with this aim in mind that we organise short trips to Douglas Wood Training Centre which we use by kind permission of Col. Larg.

Other fields of training include self-defence, weapon training, fieldcraft and also elementary first-aid.

Finally, I must thank our officers and, in particular, Lt. Fraser, who is in charge of the Junior Company. I also offer my thanks to the N.C.O.s for their unflinching support.



Old Boys' Dinner

The Annual Dinner was held in the Royal Hotel on 6th December, when a company of 103 attended with Mr Edward M. Stewart, President, in the Chair.

Before the Dinner proceeded Mr Stewart paid tribute to the memory of Mr Christian C. Spankie, one of the Founder Members of the Club, who had died in the course of the year. Mr Spankie was a Past President of the Club and Director of the School, who had the interests of both firmly at heart. He was a regular attender at the Dinner and we would miss his presence and his charm.

The principal speaker was Mr James Spankie, younger son of Mr Christian Spankie, and Senior Announcer with Grampian Television. Mr Spankie spoke on the part that television could play in the field of education, not only so far as schools were concerned but also for adults, and in 1971 it was anticipated that there would be the University of the Air, the Vice-Chancellor of which University was to be Professor Walter Perry, an Old Boy and who had been principal speaker at the Dinner some three years ago. Mr Spankie told us that television had a great potential in education but it could not possibly supersede a teacher who was able to maintain the interests of the individual and help him to

become a well integrated member of society.

On behalf of the School Mr Erskine replied to the toast and in the course of it congratulated Mr Stewart, Deputy Rector, on his election as President of the Club. He stated in these difficult days the School was likely to be looked at with a discerning eye by the Public Schools Commission and he exhorted all members of the Old Boys' Club to proclaim that the School was in good heart and was doing its job efficiently for those who wanted it.

Mr Innes A. Duffus replied on behalf of the Club in a most witty and able fashion in a short, but most delightful speech.

The toast of the President was made by Mr Alex. Gibson, which was met with considerable acclaim.

The formal part of the evening closed in the usual fashion with the singing of Auld Lang Syne. It is perhaps interesting to note that though the numbers were slightly down this year, there were a considerable number of younger and new faces to the Dinner, all of whom appeared to be enjoying themselves and we hope that many other younger and recent leavers will join us at next year's Dinner.

K. W. P.

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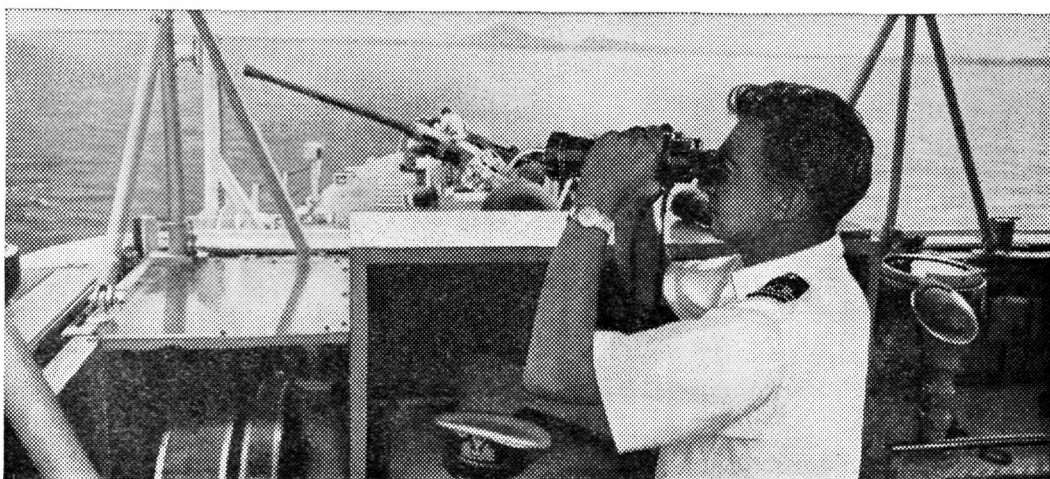
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you go up to University.

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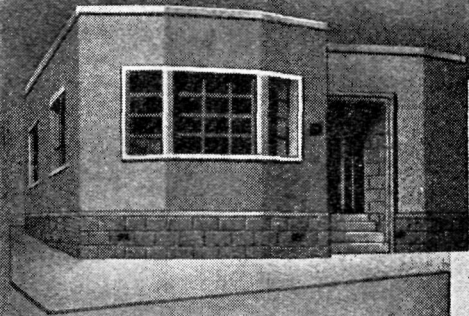


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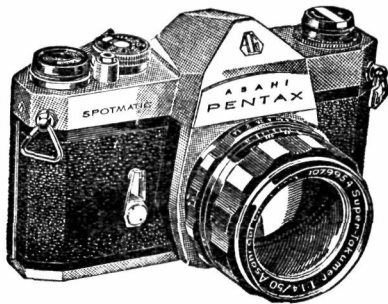
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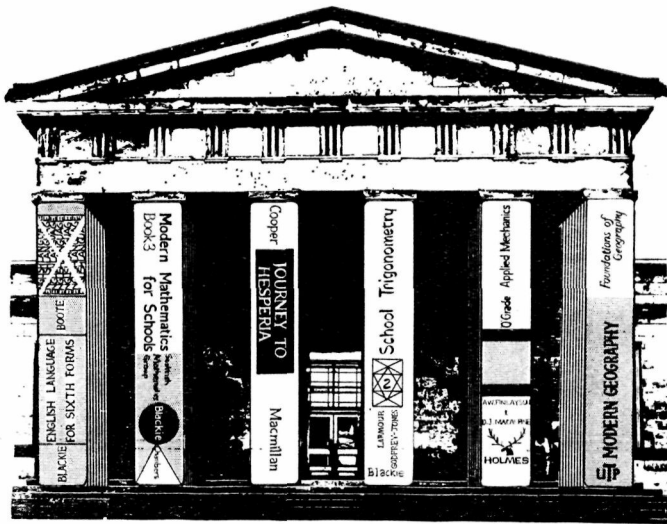
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