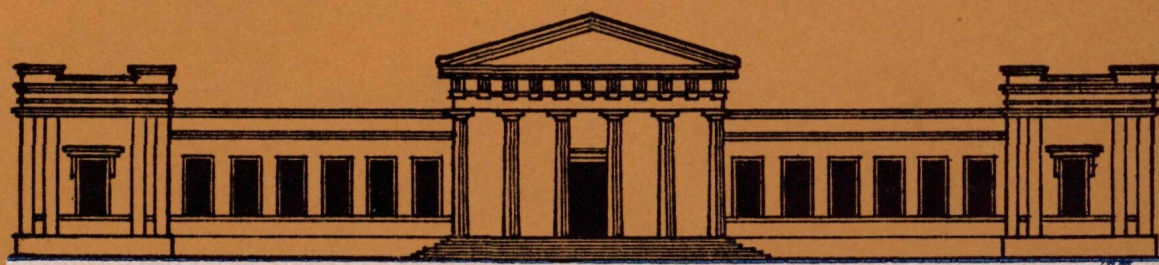


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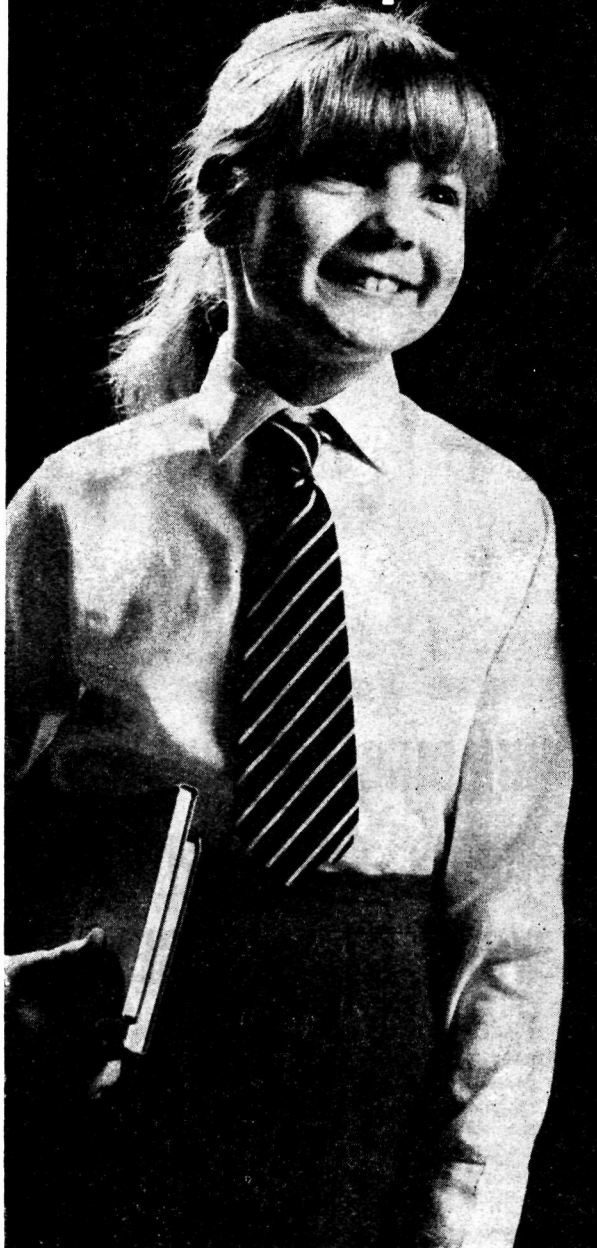
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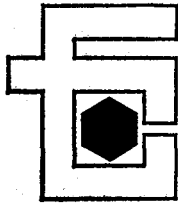


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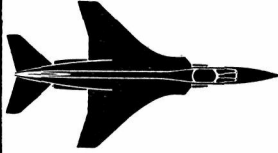
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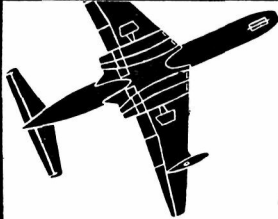
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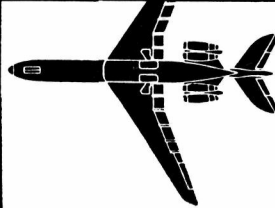
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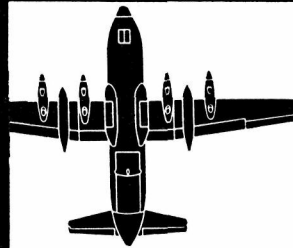
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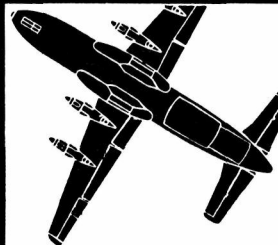
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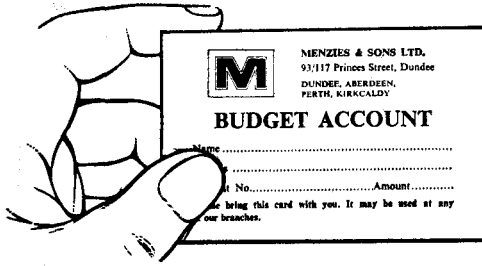
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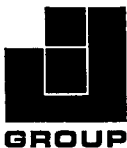
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Editorial

It has become accepted over a number of years that the High School Magazine serves two functions in providing a forum to display the entertaining and creative abilities of our pupils and to reflect the living school, and also to keep F.P.s in touch with one another and with changes and developments in school. When more than half of the magazines sold are bought by F.P.s this is perhaps not unreasonable.

To fulfil these functions, however, the magazine committee needs the help of both F.P.s and pupils: will F.P.s please fill in and return the slips enclosed when they pass exams., marry or are promoted in other ways (do it when you have finished reading this editorial: only two were returned from the December issue); and will pupils spare a little time from their many, and admittedly, more important activities to show their gifts to a wider audience: many people have taken pleasure from their names appearing in a faded, ancient magazine. Coming generations will tread you down yourselves..

No. 146

ONE SHILLING AND
SIXPENCE

JUNE, 1969

News and Notes

STAFF CHANGES

The following resignations have been announced: — Mr ALAN D. BELL (Mathematics), to Kingsway Technical College; Mrs N. YARDLEY (English); Miss C. C. SMITH (Junior School); Miss J. CARMICHAEL (Laboratory Assistant).

The following appointments have been made: — Mr NEIL RORIE (English), a former pupil of the school; Miss ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY (Modern Languages); Mr N. DOIG (Mathematics and Technical Subjects); Miss M. COULL (Junior School).

UNIVERSITY BURSARIES

MICHAEL DAVID GREEN: placed third in Mathematical Section of the Merit List, Edinburgh University Bursary Competition; John Welsh Bursary (£30); McKenzie (Stornoway) Bursary (£42).

A. PAUL K. MEREDITH: placed fourth in English Language and Literature Section of the Merit List, Edinburgh University Bursary Competition. (Bursary award not yet announced at time of publication of magazine.)

ELLEN ELIZABETH TURNER: City of Dundee Educational Trust Bursary (Arts), St. Andrews University (£50).

JOHN B. WILSON: English Electric Company Scholarship, Dundee University (£740).

LOUISE E. WOOD: Caroline Haslett Memorial Trust Bursary (Electrical Engineering), Glasgow University (£100).

ROBERT JAMES YOUNG: Myles Bursary, Dundee University (£75).

ART STAFF NEWS

In the Dundee Art Society Exhibition

held to mark the opening of their new Gallery in Roseangle, Miss Edgar was represented by a watercolour and two ceramic figures and Mr Vannet had a watercolour on view.

Mr Vannet had two watercolours hung, in the Boat Show (Art Exhibition), Earl's Court, London, in January, and in the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Watercolours Exhibition in Edinburgh he was represented by two watercolours. In the annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy he had an etching on view.

Mr Macdonald was represented in the Dundee Art Teachers' Exhibition by two watercolours and a decorative cutpaper Collage. Also, in this show, Mr Vannet had two watercolours and an etching hung. Mr Macdonald has been appointed a District Selector for the Midlands Hockey Association and he has been elected Vice-President of the Dundee Ciné Society, 1969-70.

GENERAL NOTES

(Former pupils, present pupils and staff)

DR. JOHN H. MARTIN, B.Sc., Ph.D., Flust.P., has recently been appointed Director of the Department of Medical Biophysics at the new Radiobiological Research Unit, Dundee University. This Unit is supported by the Atomic Energy Authority and may be combined with the Eastern Regional Hospital Board's Regional Physics Department as a single organisation centred at the new Nine-wells Teaching Hospital.

MISS A. M. SUTHERLAND received from the Duke of Edinburgh in May, 1969, the prize for the best pupil nurse in the Enrolled Nurse Training School, centred at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

MISS THELMA ROBERTSON, a first-year Arts Student at St. Andrews University, and an active member of the University's Mermaid Dramatic Society, was chosen as one of this year's two St. Andrews Charities Princesses, who support the Charities Queen during the climax of the Charities Campaign.

MISS EILEEN M. C. DUKE has been awarded a Class Medal for Pathology in her fourth year of study in the Dundee University Faculty of Medicine, while also being awarded a Carnegie Research Scholarship in Pharmacology.

MR JAMES DUNCAN, C.A., has retired from the office of Quaestor and Factor of St. Andrews University after 24 years' service. He was presented, on his retirement in December 1968, with a silver cigarette case and a bag of golf clubs by his colleagues in St. Andrews and by his former colleagues now in the University of Dundee.

MR W. P. VANNET, M.B.E., D.A., F.I.A.L., Head of the Art Department, D.H.S., has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts.

We congratulate MRS K. FLETCHER (née Bain) of the Preparatory School staff on her recent marriage.

MR IAN S. TASKER was awarded Distinction in the final examinations of the Institute of Bankers of Scotland, being awarded the Peter Moir Prize for Practical Banking and the Institute of Bankers' Prize for Foreign Exchange.

We learned with regret of the death of two of our Former Pupils: MR PATRICK F. DUNCAN, Senior Partner in David Duncan & Son, a notable Dundee Law Firm; and MR DOUGLAS P. HARVEY, a former pupil of six years' standing, who died as the result of a recent car accident.

M. R. G. EDDINGTON (F.III.) has been awarded a Foundation Scholarship to Fettes College, Edinburgh.

ALISON MILNE (F.I.) gained third place in the Scottish Junior Ski Championships (Lassies' Cup), time 89.5 seconds; in the Dundee Ski Club (Shaw Cup) she was placed second, time 72.2 seconds, while her brother, GRAHAM MILNE (L.V.), came third in 73.4 seconds.

ROGER DYE (F.VI.), as a Dundee Branch Representative of the Scottish Schoolboys' Club, was presented, in May 1969, to H.M. the Queen and other members of the Royal Family at Clermiston Youth Centre, Edinburgh, in connection with a special camp for underprivileged children with which the S.S.C. has been concerned.

DONATIONS

Video-tape equipment was gifted to the School in February 1969, by three members

of the Spankie family, James, David and Mrs Doris Ritchie, all former pupils, in memory of their father, the late Christian C. Spankie, who died last year after many years as a Director of D.H.S. and as Convener of the Rector's Committee.

The video-tape is used principally as a means of recording Television programmes, which may then be played back at more convenient times; equally, it is possible through a special Video Camera to take our own films, which may then be shown through a normal Television set. This equipment is clearly of most use in scientific, technical and artistic fields, but may also be a valuable aid to linguistic study, and it is hoped that each department will make full use of it.

It was announced at a February meeting of the Directors that a legacy of £1,000 had been received from the estate of the late William Scott (Ralli Brothers), and that the school would also eventually receive half of £8,000 which Mr Scott had life-rented to a niece.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND WALK

A Charities Walk in May 1969, sponsored by local companies and involving over 750 Dundee secondary school children, under the general supervision of ROGER DYE (F.VI.), succeeded in raising over £1,250 in aid of the Save the Children Fund. Two of our Former Pupils, IAIN S. TAYLOR and J. CAMERON BRADWOOD, both members of the Dundee Branch Committee of the Save the Children Fund, were involved in the management of the walk.

BUILDING DEVELOPMENTS

The back yard of the school has been somewhat disrupted by the recent demolition of the old Cadet Hut and a substantial portion of the large gymnasium and changing rooms, to make way for the building of a new block, an extension of the classroom block (housing the Art Department and part of the English and Science Departments) built three years ago. It is hoped that the new block will contain new Cadet offices and stores, a mixed common-room for sixth formers, and ample changing and showering facilities for the gymnasium, besides offering extended classroom accommodation.

MR. J. STARK

“Well, lad, the school’s all yours: you can make a kirk or a mill of it.” With these words a senior master greeted Jack Stark on his first round of the school in September, 1939. Thousands of pupils, parents and teachers are in no doubt today, these many years later, of their verdict about the service and influence of this cheerful Englishman whose ever smart, active presence has been such a familiar and well-loved feature of this school for over quarter of a century.

Cricket was Jack’s early love, and it was as cricket professional to Arbroath that he first took up residence in Scotland in 1920. Then Montrose claimed him in 1931, until five years later, in January 1936, he was appointed head groundsman and cricket coach at Dalnacraig. In the years that followed he gained fame in playing for both the D.H.S. F.P. team and for Forfarshire.

On the death of Sergeant Smith, Jack was asked to take over the post of head janitor at school, so continuing that happy and useful association begun at Dalnacraig.

A janitor’s life is inevitably and often inextricably bound up with the life of the school, but Jack, with that insatiable energy so characteristic of him, proceeded to entwine himself more thoroughly into the warp and woof of the school’s fabric. He not only coached cricket teams: he joined the Cadets in 1940 and after service in the R.A.F. took over the Rifle Club in 1944. In this realm his skilled coaching led to the school winning the Strathcona Shield and the Mitchell Trophy, making the High School team the champion schoolboy shots in Great Britain — a singular honour. In both summer and winter terms Jack could be seen at Dalnacraig, refereeing, umpiring, coaching, indefatigable as always.

In all those activities he was ably backed by Mrs Stark whose unwaning interest in the school and all its affairs saw its climax in the last few years when she stepped into the office to keep the wheels turning during times of stress, and latterly became a whole-time “fixturer” there. Her unfailing courtesy and ever willing desire to be of service have endeared her to generations of pupils—whether it was sewing on a “vital” button, drying out an unlucky “puddler” from the playground, rendering first-aid, or providing a cheerful

cup of coffee — everything was done with a grace and good humour that made the recipient the richer.

The school also shares with both parents their pride in the successful and honourable Army careers of their sons, both old boys of the school — careers that stemmed so directly from Jack’s splendid service in the School Cadet Force.

When life in the enlarged school became more and more complex Jack felt compelled to give up service in the Cadets, but in 1965, when a call came again, he was not found wanting. This time it was Hockey. At an age when most men would have been content with more slippered ease, Jack helped to introduce hockey to the boys, thus filling a long-recognised gap in the sporting activities of the school. Wednesday afternoons and Saturdays saw him as active as ever at Dalnacraig, travelling widely with the Hockey Club which has blossomed and flourished in the short years of its existence.

A janitor’s life is one of service — and as the years rolled by, that life became more varied, more complicated, more exacting. But always that service has been given cheerfully and conscientiously, from 5.30 a.m. when the bins were put out, till often 10.30 p.m. or later, when the last of the F.P.s left the gym, or some other function of the school ended with Jack’s throwing of the master switch, plunging the school into darkness until the cleaners descended on it at 6 next morning. The burden of responsibility was always there — accepted with all its ramifications even to the weekend war of attrition with the local ‘Huns’!

Moving, as he did so much, about the school, and coming into daily contact with hosts of pupils over the hundred and one problems that arise in an active school of more than 1,100 young people, Jack inevitably got to know many of the pupils very well. His knowledge of past pupils was unrivalled and of immense value. For he is a shrewd judge of human beings; when he said of a boy “a good lad that”, a good lad he invariably was. Whatever Jack did was done with cheerful efficiency — collecting registration slips, supervising cleaners, mending fuses, checking bills, looking for lost property, supervising stationery, moving chairs and



MR J. E. STARK



100th Birthday Celebration for Mrs McLAGGAN, a former pupil of the school.



THE RECTOR AND SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.) — John Mickerson, Roger Dye, Coral Wilson, Sandy Mitchell, Susan Mee, Michael Andrew, Margaret Duncan, John Wilson, Gillian Birrell, Michael Proudfoot, Andrew Perry, Robert Young.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Deborah Menelaws, Sandy Meiklejohn (Deputy Head Boy), Miss A. W. Gray, Robert Milne (Head Boy), Mr D. W. Erskine, Lorna Thom (Head Girl), Mr E. M. Stewart, Mairi Hutton (Deputy Head Girl), Colin Cruickshank.

desks, interviewing workmen, hearing complaints, distributing pay packets and a thousand and one other jobs that came his way, all were dealt with easily and skilfully.

But more than all the service he has given in making our lives in school comfortable and pleasant, for which we shall always be grateful, we shall treasure our memories of Jack Stark the man — his unflinching sense of

humour, his efficiency, his sportsmanship, his unobtrusive integrity, his dedicated loyalty to the school.

Fare you well, Jack. Thank you for a lifetime of faithful service. We know that in return you have gained from the school a host of friendships and a wealth of memories that will enrich what we sincerely trust will be a long and happy retirement.

E. M. S.

Miss FLORENCE E. WHYTOCK

It was with sorrow that we learned on Monday, 27th January, 1969, that Miss Whytock, my predecessor in the position of Lady Warden, had died after only some eight years of retirement. Even in that time, however, she had not enjoyed good health and it was some comfort to know that death came to her peacefully. She would not have liked to be a burden to anyone, for in both good health and poor she had a great sense of dignity and the fitness of things.

She was a delightful mixture of contradictions. She seemed not to see and yet she saw all things; she was a very shy person but enjoyed nothing more than company; she found it hard to express herself as articulately as she would have liked but none could give sympathy or advice more kindly or wisely. She had a great sense of humour and could, in her quiet way, have everybody laughing merrily at some quip or at what might have seemed to a stranger a startlingly frank comment. For though slow to wrath or criticism, once she had reached her limit of endurance then she showed that most endearing of Scottish characteristics, a determination "to put up with no more nonsense".

She was loved and respected by children of all ages and because she taught gym to the little boys and girls as well as to seniors she knew everybody in school in a way that filled me with admiration. She had a marvellous time with the little ones and she kept a large stock of pencils, left overs, of all sizes and kinds which she allowed them to sharpen at odd times in her pencil sharpening machine.

She was in her element at Guides. She was herself an excellent Guide in every sense

of the term — loving the outdoors, knowing the names of all the birds and trees, and physically and mentally attuned to "roughing it" and coping with tents and camp cooking. Her enjoyment was visible and was so innocent that one could not but enjoy it with her.

I never cross the threshold of Dalnacraig without a thought of her. Those of us who came as young ones on to the staff are indebted to her for our love of Dalnacraig and our early training in hockey refereeing. Every Saturday morning she was there complete with flasks of coffee to cheer the hearts of those who braved the chill winds.

She was a great reader and, when Boots at the corner of Reform Street had a Lending Library, Miss Whytock was often to be seen changing her books. Her taste was catholic, and her wide reading added to her innate wisdom and sharpness made her an entertaining and interesting companion.

All the duties she performed were perfectly done — she would be shocked, I feel, at the chaotic condition in which I keep the room I have inherited from her—with everything docketed and neatly arranged, as for example her planning for the Christmas Parcels. It is only fair that Mr Allardice and I should here pay tribute to Miss Whytock and Mr McLaren, without whose careful work and good planning D.H.S. would not perhaps have helped our community by giving of Christmas parcels to those less fortunate than ourselves. They were the pioneers.

All this she did quietly, often courageously in the face of ill-health, and with a devotion to D.H.S. it would be hard to surpass.

A. W. G.

Junior School

HOLIDAYS

When we went down to London we went on the Underground, and to the Post Office Tower. (We did not go up in the lift because we had to wait 90 mins. to get up and 30 mins. to get down.) And before that we went to our relations. Most of the time we were staying at my Grandad's house, and is a very long way away — because it is in England and it is about 160 miles away.

CHRISTOPHER M. W. DAFT, L.Ia.

(All his own work. Written in school.)

ANIMALS

My brother was at a burns super and we saw abot a million starlings.

CHARLES FLEMING, L.IIb.

M hammster was all stif on Sunday night and I had to worm it at the fire.

SUSAN PETRIE, L.IIb.

When we were at the Zoo we saw the elephant. It kept reaching out trying to get a bit of orange from a boy. At last it gave up and backed away. It almost fell into a pit then it walked over and tried to get a sweety from us. In the next cage were the zebras, some were black and white and some were brown and white. The pengwins were quite funny as well.

ANNA MCINNES, L.IIa.

PETS

I have a very lot of pets one of the pets is named after wine, it is an extraordinarily name! She is called sherry, my dogs name is called kim he is a Coker Spaneil which means he comes from Spain. As well as that we have a tortoise he lives at top of the garden where the grass grows long and deep last of all we have a budgie!

DAVID PROUDFOOT, L.IIIa.

I have got some Pet snails. Thaiy ceap on kliming up to the top of the lid and I ceap taiking them off. Wen I go to school.

JANE RALLS, L.Ib.

MY DOG

My dog is called Pimmy. She is 77½ years old in dog life. Pimmy is older than any one in my family. She is even older than my grandfather who was in the first and second war and is only 72. In our kind of life Pimmy is only 11.

SCOTT CARNEGIE, L.IIIa.

BUNNY WABBIT



MARION McCRAW, L.VI.

MYSELF

I got a nut in a cake yesterday.

JOHNSTON CLARK, L.IIb.

My mumay is going to knit patrishia a wolly ball for her birthday.

NIALL FRASER, L.IIb.

I have a Himbook to show you.

HEATHER STEWART, L.IIb.

I lerent how to roller skate yesterday and I can go dead fast.

NIALL FRASER, L.IIb.

I have some fur cones.

EWAN MACLEOD, L.IIb.

I nitit a dishcloth.

SUSAN MARTIN, L.IIb.

When I stick my teeth out the girls say
I am a rabbit.

EWAN MACLEOD, L.IIb.

I tore some nature out yesterday.

CALLUM HENDERSON, L.IIb.

At school I do sums and handwork. I
don't like speling. My best thing is drawing.
I play at witches in the playground. My
teacher's name is Mrs Fletcher. At gym we
got a gym test. At gym we got danceing.

JACQUELINE FERGUSSON, L.IIa.

I posted a letter yesterday. It did not
come today.

RICHARD BURNETT, L.IIb.

This morning at twenty past five I found
my tooth wandering round my mouth and its
out.

ROSE BLOCK, L.IIb.

I hid and tikld my dad with a paint
brush, and I swiched of the lite and piked
him with a pin.

ROBERT WILSON, L.IIb.

I was at a football match on Saturday
and I never said a word in the firt half and
I got a bar-six we had to use my own money
and in the second half I kept on saying Utd.
I was with Ian and Cristefer Jefery and
Arbroth one 3 — 1 and there were two
Arbroath flags. Ian gave me a Utd. shirt.

CALLUM HENDERSON, L.IIb.

I went to the coropadest yesterday and
the chair is like a barbbase atsect is dos't
have a high bit and it has a bit for bose
feet and I got two plasters because it is at
the heel and so that it doesn't hart. It was a
baroucka.

CALLUM HENDERSON, L.IIb.

I am gon to give mummy a step lader for
kris-mas.

ROBERT WILSON, L.IIb.

AMBITION

When I have become a man I shall grow
up to be like Mr Carmichal and collect the
slips for the Preparatory department. I shall
help L.III., L.II., and L.I. across Eucleod
Crescent.

ANGUS JOHNSON, L.IIIb.

MY FAMILY

My brother is geting locket in his bed-
room tonight.

ALISON INVERARITY, L.IIb.

Ann and Lorna were painting yestrday
and Ann hit Lorna on the head.

HEATHER STEWART, L.IIb.

MY PARENTS

My daddy is most bad tempered
What shall I do!

My mummy is so good tempered that I like
her.

My sister laughing at me when I play races.
So I only like my dog, and mummy.

Dear me what, what will I do with Daddy.

Dear me.

H. B., L.IIIb.

My Grandmother used to walk in clogs.

DONALD KING, L.IIb.

UNICORN



ALISON GREEN, L.VI.

PLACES OF INTEREST

Places of interest,

Fascinate me,

Buckingham Palace

Or down by the sea.

The Changing of Guards

I hope to see,

While my Aunt Gladys

Stays with me.

Westminster Abbey,

Cathedral St. Paul's,

British Museum,

The Wet Waterfalls.

DAVID RAY, L.IV.

APOLLO

The Apollo ten went up to the sky on Sunday night. The men who went up to the sky are going to have a very good look. One of the men is cald cmander Starfferd but Im not very shoor abuot the other two.

ALISON STEWART, L.Ib.

THE DEATH OF RIZZIO

The wind blew could across the Forth,
Hard frozen was the ground,
Queen Mary sat in her palace room,
With her maidens all around.

The night was cold, and dark, and bleak,
The snow began to fall,
The fire crackled on the hearth,
And the wind blew through the hall.

The Queen was sewing her mantle fine,
Her Marys whispered low,
Davie was playing his violin,
When they heard a crash below.

They heard the sound of mail-clad men,
Come clanking up the stair,
"They're after Davie, hide him quick,
There is no time to spare".

"Bring out that false Italian rogue,"
The Earl of Ruthven cried,
"Open the door and let us in
We will not be defied."

So Ruthven's men have broken in,
And smashed the stout oak door,
They've stabbed poor Davie to the heart,
And left him on the floor.

SANDY PORTER, L.VII. boys.

CASTLES

I know a lot of castles
Big ones, spooky ones.
Some are big and brown
Some are big with lovely stone to sight.
You creep frightened through the dark
corridors.
Ghostly echoes sound,
To make you shiver and skip around.

GRANT MITCHELL, L.IV.

MY PET DOG

My dog is a brown Cairn Terrier. He is called Clunie. Every day I have a cup of tea

in bed. Clunie knows I do, so he jumps up on my bed and pinches my tea. I give him it on a saucer. After he is finished, he thinks there is some thing under the covers in my bed, so he starts trying to make holes and pull the covers down. When I look at the clock, it is about twenty to eight so I go down stairs. I go for my school things and bring them in to the kitchen. Clunie takes my shoes in to his basket and starts eating my shoes. I have breakfast and take him out. When he comes back, he is all wet, so I have to dry him.

JANE MCHOUL, L.IV. girls.

OUR CATS

We have two cats. One is Stripey and we call him Uncle Tiddles. He is plump and is always sleeping. Our other cat is called Silver Shadow because she is silver-grey. She is only a kitten and is always getting into mischief, her latest is that she thinks she is grown up and is trying to make Black Jake marry her. (Black Jake is the next door cat.) Of course, she is too young to think of marrying so we have had to shut her up in the toolshed and only let her out for food and a walk around the garden.

ANGELA SHELDON, L.IV. girls

ALL ABOUT SPIES

One day Jack had to go to the library after school to get three books for himself. He quickly chose two mystery books which he liked the look of but after that he could not see another one that took his fancy, but suddenly one caught his eye. The title was "The Spies of the World" by Pierre Riesberg. Now Jack was a very imaginative boy and he really liked reading spy stories. That night he read as much of the story as possible. He only had a few more pages to go when he was told to put his lights out. Next day, after coming home from school, he went to the aerodrome to watch the aeroplanes taking off and landing. Just then he saw a man with binoculars looking at the 'planes. There was so much about spies in his mind he immediately thought it was a spy waiting to assassinate any important person coming off the 'plane. He took his description and went to tell the police. The police took him completely by surprise and he was found out to be an international spy waiting to assassinate King Percy of Persia who was coming on the next 'plane. Jack's reading had saved the day.

RICHARD CLARK, L.V. boys



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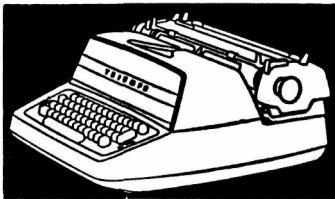
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VIEW FROM A HILL

High above the noisy dirt of the city I stand,
Surrounded by sweeping gulls and dirt
flecked pigeons.

The city below me acclaims its usual bustle.
People, like ants, scurry about their business.
Cars and 'buses far away seem like children's
toys.

Ships upon a mirror of silver glide slowly
into the distance.

Houses far away appear like shoe boxes of
strange shapes.

Chimneys let out swirling clouds of smoke
Drifting around the cloudy sky.

The bridge, like a bright new nail
Sparkles in the faint glimmer of sunlight.
That is My View from a Hill.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, L.VII. girls

MR BROWN HAS A COLD

One day Mr Brown had a very bad cold
so he decided to go to an auction sale and
he might forget about it. So away he went.
When he got there, there was a notice saying
"No Entry". But he thought it could not be,
since this was not halfday. So he went in
and he started to sneeze and sneeze. The
auctioneer shouted, "How about this master-
piece here going for a fiver?" Sneeze! "Going
Going Gone, Gone to the man with the
striped suit". "Hey, wait a minute you aren't
in the play", Cut, Cut, Cut the film. "Hey
you over there, how did you get in? Get
Out!"

"W-What do you mean. I have the right
to come in, what do you mean get out?"

"Because we are making a film you
stupid oaf!" "Didn't you see that notice
outside?"

"Gulp" said Mr Brown. He went home
and next day he saw the film on television
called "The Auction Sale", and on it he saw
himself, and said to himself "Bah! it was
all that cold's fault".

CHRISTOPHER TAIT, L.V. boys

Some men's hairstyles are shocking, like
the long curly ones, or the long bushy ones.
Some men's hairstyles look more like ladies
from the back. Also their clothes are some-
times not very nice. Once I saw a man with
long curly hair and a lady's fur coat. Also
you see them in jeans and leather jackets with
long hair. Most ladies hairstyles are suitable
but some clothes are very short and look

awful with fat legs. If you have thin legs it
is not so bad.

GILLIAN ESPLIN, L.V. girls

THE MOD WORLD

I think women should wear more modern
clothes. For instance they should wear mini
skirts or maxi skirts, trouser suits, or cat
suits. And also young people (teenagers)
should dress in brightly coloured culottes,
pelmets and bell-bottoms.

Women's hairstyles, too, should be im-
proved. Some of them are quite pretty but
others are horrible! You have to have a
hairstyle that suits your face. Ringlets,
straight long hair, fuzzy hair and curly hair
are all super! Short hair is not very pretty.

KATY L.

ARRIVAL OF A BABY

A baby is exciting, especially if you are
the youngest in your family. Almost every
sentence spoken in your household has the
word "baby" in it. Rooms are changed to
suit baby, and baby books you had when
young are shifted in. Visitors arrive and say
nice things to your mother, such as: "You'll
be very pleased" or "And which hospital
will it be in?" or "The children must be
excited as well". As the time draws nearer
baby gowns pile in wardrobes.

Then there is the question of names which
goes along with the question "Will it be a
boy or a girl?" Would Timothy be nice? No,
I don't like that, what about Jane for a girl?
But there are so many Janes. Shall she/he
have a middle name? And what about the
christening? Then your mother goes into
hospital. Then there's a week of impatient
waiting. Then your mother, baby and all,
arrive home.

ALISON GAULDIE, L.VI.

THE STARS

Away among the stars so bright
I'll sing a little song to-night;
And happily I'll dance and play
Until will come the break of day.

When other people go to bed
I stay and polish the stars instead.
They are very grateful to me,
And shine their best for all to see.

MARION McCRAW, L.VI. girls

THE DEATH OF A TOWER

On a bitterly cold grey winter's day,
The workmen arrived at the River Tay.
They laid out their wires and dynamite,
Ready to clear this new building site.

They looked at this massive tower so high,
It seemed to go even beyond the sky.
For hundreds of years it had guarded the
town,
And now, in a moment, it was all to come
down.

In a very short time the wires were in place,
The man pressed the plunger and then hid
his face.

The building came down with a terrible roar,
And that well-known tower was there no
more.

EUAN TAIT, L.VII. boys

ENAMELLING

I have a very unusual hobby. I like to enamel. At Christmas I received an enamelling kit. In the kit there was a kiln to fire the enamels, red, blue, green, yellow, white and black powdered enamels, copper blanks, oil, a spatula and a number of other things, to help me enamel.

First you clean the copper blank with a Brillo pad. Next you dry it, and try not to touch it with your fingers. Then you find a piece of writing paper and lay the copper blank on it. Then you choose a colour, then you sprinkle it with the colour. You can put oil round the edge, so that the enamel does not shrink into the middle. Before you start cleaning the enamel you switch the kiln on. When you have finished dusting the copper blank, you carefully place it on the spatula and lift it into the kiln. There are two holes in the kiln, so that you can watch the enamel. After you have put it in the kiln you wait until the powder melts. When it is wavy you take it out and put it on the asbestos pad. When it is cool you examine it for cracks and, if it is alright, you put it back in the kiln. If it has a crack in it, you re-dust and put it back in. You watch until it is smooth and glassy, you then take it out with the spatula. Next you may make a design in another colour, or make a pattern with cop-

per wire. You can get transparent enamels, and all sorts of shapes of copper blanks. Enamelling is great fun!

SHEILA JAMIESON, L.VI. girls

NOISES AND NIGHT GO TOGETHER

I often hear things, at night, which don't exactly appeal to me. As I was lying in bed one night I heard a noise of leaves of a book turning in my sister's bedroom. What was it? How should I know? Anyway, I crept up and tip-toed through. Then, once I had got through, I saw her lace curtains move. I stood, too petrified to move, shaking like mad. I went onto my hands and knees and, slowly, made my way to the book whose pages were still turning away, to themselves. I noticed then that the silly creaking old window was open and a breeze was pushing the pages over; suddenly my sister grunted, like a pig, and turned over so silently. I went to bed after the events of the night.

HAZEL EADIE, L.VI.

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MY CLASSICAL TASTE

The concert dragged on . . . and on.
Then Beethoven . . . now Rachmaninoff.
I shuffled in my seat, and my glove fell to
the floor.
"Sit still, can't you?" The old man
Next to me was saying, angrily.
Sudden applause, and the curtain closed.
"Wonderful." "This is a splendid perform-
ance."
Were the opinions. Only the first act over.
"When does it end," I asked my mother.
"Sh! The second act's beginning!" came
the reply.
I yawned, and observed the reactions of
people in the auditorium.
My wandering gaze came to rest on a woman
with pince-nez spectacles that kept falling
off her nose.
My glove fell to the floor.
"Chopin's finest piece," remarked the old
man.
I only heard a violin and wondered vaguely
If the dog had chewed his basket at home.
My glove fell to the floor.

CALUM PATON, F.1.



JAMES DUNCAN, F.V.

A WORD TO THE WISE

As a recent project on new teaching methods in English has aroused a great deal of controversy in our form, I thought I should give my own opinion on the subject.

Scottish schools concentrate too much on written work and not enough time on oral work. Research shows that the majority of the pupils can express themselves on paper but when asked to speak they are too shy or else they cannot express themselves articulately.

A lot more drama should be brought into the curriculum, not only in the form of Shakespeare, but in modern plays. The pupils, for instance, could be given a subject, divide into groups and write their own plays. This way they could make sure everyone had a part, and also use their own knowledge of the subject to create their own characters. Discussions should also have a prominent part in the lessons in order to help the pupil to express himself sensibly on a topic, not just to argue for the sake of arguing.

Another idea is for everyone to read a set book for a month and to give their views on it during class, not just whether they liked it or not, but their reasons for these views.

The project that we took part in concentrated on one topic: teenagers' attitudes towards authority; this gave people a chance to write letters, tape-record, discuss, write plays, act plays and to give their personal views on authority.

Of course, written work cannot be completely ignored, nor grammar, punctuation or interpretation. But these could be made far more interesting by making the interpretation an extract which you have to use your imagination to understand fully. I suppose grammar and punctuation can never really be made interesting, but if everything else was, no-one would mind learning them so much.

Compositions should be set on controversial topics so that opinions may be expressed as well as stories written. It has been stated that the essays we write are too much of the story type, but if we have been encouraged to write in this traditional style all the way through school, and the teachers are beginning to complain, surely it is high time that the system of English teaching was revised. But, of course, these are only my views and everyone is entitled to their own opinion.

IOLA WILSON, F.II.



JAMES DUNCAN, F.V.

THE FIRING SQUAD

Slowly they march,
Their faces set;
These ten men each holding their rifle.
They stop,
Turn
And face the man they are about to destroy.
What thoughts are passing through their
minds?
As the man, tied to a pole, looks up
His face, a terrifying sight.
But suddenly a harsh word breaks their
train of thought;
LOAD!
Mechanically they do so;
AIM!
They point their rifles at the doomed man
Then a pause, a terrible pause;
FIRE!
An earsplitting roar,
And a man is destroyed
By ten innocent men,
Who march out,
Leaving a broken shell of a man behind
them.

GRAHAM STUART, F.I.

A BEETLE

A beetle, black and shiny,
Was crawling on my table,
His legs were long and hairy,
And he ran as he was able.
I picked up a spoon
And stopped him going away,
A horrid little blighter,
Who wouldn't see the next day.

JAMES DUNCAN, F.V.

I wielded high my weapon,
And brought it down on him,
I bished him and I boshed him,
He was bashed from limb to limb.
He was a mass of red and black,
And made me feel quite ill,
That this was once a beetle,
Bashed up by my cruel skill.
I did not care if he was there,
I'd bashed him to a jelly,
I scraped him off the table,
And went to watch the telly.

J. M., F.II.

THE TWO SIDES OF WINTER

A miserable season; cold and bleak.
With chilling gales that howl around the
chimney pots; The trees are bare
The deep, white snows adorn the ground
A distinctive nip is in the air;
For the winter herself has crept in.
On a dark December night
When all the world is white;
The long summer days are far away;
For the winter herself has crept in.
Rich plum puddings; Christmas trees;
Snow for sledging all around.
Fat roast turkeys, nativity plays,
Wonderful things are to be found.
Full of fun are all the days;
For the winter herself has crept in.
On Christmas Eve when, full of joy,
We think of the birthday of that Boy.
The whole of the world is all aglow,
For the winter herself has crept in.

CALUM PATON, F.I.



THEODORE

Theodore was my alligator,
He had a certain guile,
In his yellow eyes, his sharp white fangs,
And his evil wicked smile.

I used to take him for a stroll,
But no-one stopped to talk,
In fact, they rushed away quite fast,
The whole street ran amok.

He once went down to the vicar's house,
And marched right up the stairs,
Where he ate the vicar's black dinner suit,
And a dozen green wax pears.

But one sad day, poor Theodore
(My heart aches to recall),
Was swimming in the bright blue sea,
Off the shore by North Porthcawl.

A Royal Navy ship sailed by,
And the captain's eyes were wide,
He called an order through the boat,
And went below to hide.

Alas, alack, that day so black,
The sorrow is sharp and keen,
They sent a shell through Theodore,
They thought he was a submarine.

J. M., F.II.

THE CLERK



JAMES D. HUTCHISON, F.II.

THE SEAFARER



JAMES D. HUTCHISON, F.II.

THE LOSER

To-night is the night
Of my twenty-first fight.
My opponent is a new pro.,
I'll hammer him, I know.

We walk along the corridor
We walk up to the ring,
We're ready for the starting bell,
There it goes "Dring".

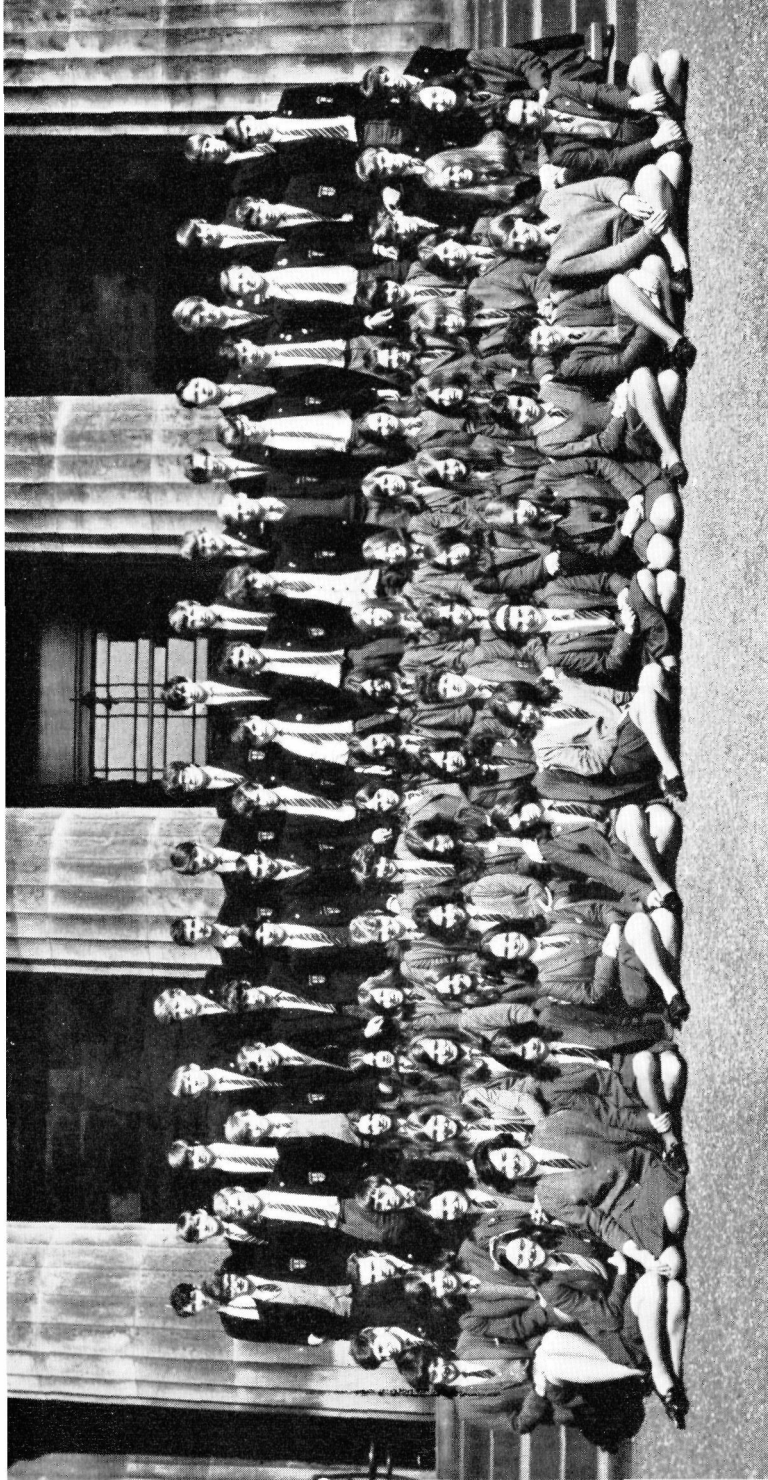
He throws a right
He jabs a left,
He hits me on the jaw;
I'm just getting in my stride now,
I'm feeling rather raw.

I duck and sway
I jump away,
He hits me on the jaw;
He thumps me just above the eye,
That one I never saw.

I jump about
The crowds shout,
Victory for me isn't far;
He jabs a left hook to my jaw,
Now I'm seeing stars.

He won the fight
It was his right,
My record was what it cost;
He won this very strenuous fight,
It's the first one that I've lost.

IAIN HIGHLANDS, F.I.



FORM V. 1968 - 69



MEDALLISTS AND PRINCIPAL PRIZE-WINNERS, 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.) — Sandy Meiklejohn — Edinburgh Angus Club Prize, Dux in History; Sir John Leng's Trust Prize in English; Low Memorial Prize for English and Latin; London Angus Association Trophy for Reading and Public Speaking (Joint). Judith Hanslip — John MacLennan Prize, Dux of L.VII. Girls. Paul Meredith — Armitstead Medal, Dux in English; Rector's Prize, Dux in Economics; Prox. Acc. Dux of School; Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work. Isobel Mudie — Armitstead Medal, Dux in German. David Logue — Sibbald Prize, Dux in Geography. Fiona Buchanan — Dott Memorial Medal, Dux in Art. John Wilson — Cunningham Prize, Dux in Physics; Sibbald Prize, Dux in Engineering; Prox. Acc. Dux of School; Wm. Laird Prize for Scottish Studies. Jennifer Proudfoot — Championship Cup, Girl Dux in Gymnastics. Douglas Wilkinson — Dott Memorial Medal, Dux in Greek; Edinburgh Angus Club Medal, Dux in Latin; Low Memorial Prize for English, Latin and Greek.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Niall Evans — Walter Polack Prize, Dux of L.VII. (Boys). Sarah McMillan — Hutten Prize, Dux of L.III. (equal). Michael Green — Dott Memorial Medal, Dux in Mathematics; Dott Memorial Medal, Dux in Music; Prox. Acc. Dux of School. Alison Smith — Armitstead Medal, Dux in French; Low Memorial Prize for English and Latin. Robert Young — Harris Gold Medal, David Gray Book Prize, Dux of School; Sir John Leng's Trust Prize, Dux in Chemistry; Brian McNeill Prize, Dux in Biology. Jill Ballantyne — Dott Memorial Medal, Dux in Homecraft. John Mickerson — Ballingall Gold Medal, Dux in Gymnastics. Ann Freel — Hutton Prize, Dux of L.III. Girls (equal). Walter Jamieson — Rebbie Prize, Dux of L.III. Boys.

A POCKETFUL OF CHANGE

When Queen Victoria gave her royal permission to the striking of the florin in 1849, Britain took the first halting steps on the way to decimalisation, for the florin was one-tenth of a pound.

Now, 120 years later, we are going to have a complete change of coinage for our pounds, shillings and pence are going to be decimalised. However, this is not a blow to the numismatist even though sterling ceases to be legal tender. The coins still increase in value — some more than others. Generally speaking, the older the coin, the more it increases in value. The coins to look out for are as follows:

Farthings — All Victorian, 1910, '13, '35, '38, '53 and 1956.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Pennies — All Victorian, 1913, '46, '53.

Pennies — The most valuable are 1954 and 1933, most Victorian, 1902, '04, '05, '09, '18, '19, '26, '40, '50, '51, '53.

3 Pennies — (Silver threepenny pieces) All Victorian, 1943 and 1944. (12-sided brass nickel coins) 1937 (Edward VIII.), '46, '49 - '51.

6 Pennies — Most Victorian, 1902-1910, '23, '52.

Shillings — Most Victorian, 1902-1910, '13, '30 and the Scottish shillings of '59, '61. (A Scottish shilling has the lion rampant on the reverse.)

Florins — Most Victorian, 1902-'04, 1906-'10, '25 and '32.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Crowns — All Victorian from 1874, a few 1840's, 1902, '04, '11, '25, '26, '30, '38, '39 and 1952.

Of these coins the most valuable is the 1933 penny with an estimated buying price of £30,000.

A new set of three bronze and two cupro nickel will appear as the first decimal coins. They will comprise of a halfpenny piece, a penny piece, two-penny piece, a five-penny piece, and a ten-penny piece. (The new penny will be equivalent to 2.4 old pennies.) The last two coins were made legal tender in 1968, the others will be put into circulation in 1971.

The obverse of these new coins will show the Queen as depicted on other commonwealth countries' coins and the reverse will show different regal features.

Many people say that decimalising is completely un-necessary, but for political reasons Britain is obliged to take the plunge.

WILLIAM DAVID, F.II.

THE COSSACK



JAMES D. HUTCHISON, F.II.

THE SPACE AGE

If W. Heath Robinson
Had planned this age of space,
There'd still be hope for me and you
And all the Human race.

His rockets made of barrel-stoves
And patched with baked bean tins, —
We'd build them in our own back yards
To launch from garbage tins.

Yes! Give us glue, and string, and knots,
We'd all be in the race . . .

If W. Heath Robinson
Had planned this age of space.

M. M., F.III.

DRIVERS

Red Danielli has seen the lights —
The amber and the green;
And he has sworn to put in Print
The marvels he has seen.

He's seen the lot — the lout, the log,
The drunk, the creep, the square;
And here's a message to a world
Gone mad on getting there.

'We're all born equal,
And we're all born free,
And we're all born motorists,
And . . . R.I.P.'

M. M., F.III.

BY ROYAL PROCLAMATION

At the recent royal visit, when the school lined the streets or watched from the playground, I was asked (politely enough) by a prefect acting as an intermediary to "keep in the background". This was on account of the "style" of my hair. The Queen wouldn't want to see the likes of me. I attempted to visualise what would happen if I was actually seen. I was unable to imagine our sovereign stopping her limousine, getting out and waving a stern finger at me, publicly damning the school. In fact I find it difficult to believe it would make any impression on her whatsoever.

This is one trivial isolated case, but it is typical of the attitude of the staff. What they do not appreciate is that long hair is not just a reaction against authority but a matter of aesthetics to be decided by the individual. I do not think that the disciplinary powers of the school should extend to one's hair. No more than they should extend to what pupils eat and drink, to what colour they paint their bedrooms, or to what type of cars they drive. I think the school is being unreasonable. Even when some pupils are being taxed and chidden they are wearing their hair nearer the length the staff want it than the length they themselves want it. The younger generation is, plainly, prepared to compromise.

This is the crux of the breakdown of communication between the two generations. The older generation is not prepared to accept any standards other than the ones they lay down. They expect the younger generation to follow their advice blindly without considering it. Before they can expect us to conform

in any field, not just appearance, but in morality, religion, sociology, they must convince us that the help and advice they are giving us is worthwhile and is not just an attempt to pass on their individual views and dogmas. In the last three years of school our minds are supposedly being trained to be independent. But what is the point of teaching us to think for ourselves, when every time we do just that we are cast into the outer darkness?

R. S., F.V.



JAMES DUNCAN, F.V.

THE BOY



JAMES D. HUTCHISON, F.II.

OUR OLDEST F.P.

Two senior pupils have had the opportunity and great pleasure of meeting the oldest Former Pupil of Dundee High School, Mrs Agnes Mudie McLaggan. She celebrated her 100th birthday on the 23rd March of this year.

Mrs McLaggan is a most remarkable woman. Even at the age of 100 she is extremely bright and is in full possession of all her faculties, apart from being slightly deaf. She was delighted to talk with present pupils and was astonished at the tremendous comparison between school in the 1870s and school in the 1960s! Mrs McLaggan recounted with great humour and vigour stories about her own schooldays and the staff of her time. One of her many amusing stories concerns the relationship between boys and girls in her day. The schools were entirely separated and, much to the dismay of both sides, one dared not be seen talking to someone of the opposite sex — but they were not defeated. Their only means of communication used to be by writing notes to the person concerned and leaving them attached to the railings! This story serves to impress on a visitor how alive and young at heart Mrs McLaggan is.

Mrs McLaggan, whose maiden name was Noble, had her complete education at Dundee High School. At that time she lived in Airlie Place. After her marriage in 1899 to Mr William McLaggan, who worked with the Dundee, Perth & London Shipping Co., they lived at Strathisla, Meigle. In 1936, three years after her husband died, Mrs McLaggan went to live at 5 Roseangle, Dundee. She has been resident in Duneaves Nursing Home for three and a half years.

Her birthday was celebrated with a luncheon party in the Taypark Hotel, West Ferry, and a car run which took her across the Tay Road Bridge to see her old home in Wormit. Mr Cecil Black organised the luncheon and outing. A photograph of the party appears opposite page 13.

Mrs McLaggan's recipe for living to 100 is "Just being very good and doing what good you can do".

F.VI.

HOME AGAIN

... and then I see it —
A vast city of granite
Spread before me in all her splendour.
Glittering in the morning sun,
Like some northern princess displaying jewels.
I gaze upon this grandeur,
Awed.
Built sure and strong:
Block upon block
of granite.
Granite, grey as the sea on whose shores she
stands.
The people's hearts are granite-hewn.
Aloof. Alone
they go their daily way.
'Mid the city's throngs I stand,
heart uplifted
by St. Machar's spires
and crown of Kings,
the sight of rubber aproned fish-girls boxing
herring,
and efficient trawlers loading ice.
A seagull rises with a raucous scream as I
whisk by
To'ard silver sands,
Where salt sea breezes whip my cheeks.
The sea creams, curdling round my toes.
Here it was that I was born . . .
I have come home.

SHEENA S. MCMAN, F.II.

RECONSTRUCTION

At the present moment parts of the High School are undergoing reconstruction. After much negotiation, some old property in the area between Constitution Road, Mid Street and Ireland's Lane was demolished. Now, on that site a new Lunch Hall is being constructed to replace the old one which is a stone's throw from the new one.

The other piece of building is the construction of a new block, sandwiched between the workshop on one side and Mr Howat's, Miss Laing's and Mr Vannet's rooms on the other. The new block will comprise of five floors. The ground floor will be the new Cadet Headquarters, the first floor the milk shed, the second floor new changing rooms for the larger gymnasium and the third and fourth floors will be new classrooms.

The first indication, when we came back from the Easter holidays, that something had happened was that the two of Mr Howat's windows that faced the site of operations had been boarded up, and that the Milk Shed and Cadet Hut had disappeared. We were then told that this area was out of bounds.

The immediate effect was that the big gym was no longer accessible owing to the fact that the stairs had been removed. We were told that it was out of bounds, but this was unnecessary for the only means of entry was a ladder. At the moment we have, therefore, only one gym and so we have to play games outside when the weather is good and stay in classrooms when the weather is bad.

The staircase for the new block had been constructed during the last reconstruction: a line of wooden match-boarding down one side of the art room stairs showing that this new reconstruction had been anticipated.

The old concrete covering the ground was removed after the hut had been taken away, and now, at the time of writing, the foundations and the concrete uprights have been put in. Also, inside the workshop's store, a staircase has been put in to lead up to the gym. On top of the gym there is a room to house a water tank to provide a head of water for showers.

Owing to the building, a Church hall has been rented until the reconstruction has been concluded.

We are hoping that both these projects will be finished soon and that they will ease the overcrowding in the school.

MICHAEL FOSTER, F.II.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE

The jury filed in, their faces as impassive as stone. Morrison watched them with the fascination of a sparrow before a capering weasel. In their hands was his life. If they said he had killed Mrs Jamieson and her grandson, he would hang, if they said he had not then he would go free. He felt his heart churning madly as the preliminaries were disposed of. For a moment he felt concern for his old heart trouble, but this was quickly washed away by the suspense, as he waited for the verdict.

Of course, he had not really wanted to kill poor, old, foolish Mrs Jamieson but she had known too much. She had come late to clean the office and it was quite possible that she had seen him. When the loss of the money was discovered she would have been suspected, but she would have remembered seeing him there. If his guilt had been discovered then there would have been no quiet disappearance to America to escape his debts and Marion, but instead a state prison.

It had been lucky that he had fallen over Mrs Jamieson's bucket on the way out, otherwise he might not have known of her presence. She had come out soon after him and it had been an easy matter to follow her home. He had known that she lived alone normally, but here the second unexpected thing had happened. Her grandson was staying with her and had seen Morrison leaving the house. He had joined his grandmother.

The police case was, to say the least, thin: his debts; his knowledge, with four others, of the peculiarly large amount of money lodged in the safe; and their one trump card, a man who had apparently seen him leaving the Jamieson's house. They had been sure that he was guilty. They had been unable to prove it. They had hoped that something would turn up. That mythical something had not materialised.

His own case was nothing to boast about. He had met the one important police witness with repeated denials and two alibis. They were his wife, Marion, and her feather-headed sister, Jennifer. Marion might be a bore, and indeed he would be very willing to leave her if the chance came to depart for America, but doubtless she had her uses. By an expert process of bribery mixed with blackmail, with some sisterly persuasion stirred in for flavour, she had dragooned

Jennifer into saying that she had been with the Morrises all that evening. Jennifer had not been the perfect alibi, but surely she had been effective enough to make the jury hesitate from condemning him outright?

“And do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?”

“Not guilty.”

An ironic smile flickered over Morrison's face, closely followed by a look of pain and surprise. He slumped to the floor. By the time they reached him he was dead. The tension and the release had been too much for his heart. It was poetic justice.

M. N., F.V.

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER

Once more that time of year has arrived when we must look to our heads — not in body, but in mind, since we now take a deeper look at those esteemed persons who have been our guides and mentors for the past year. Robert Marr Milne, our Head Boy, has, for the benefit of anyone who likes to know these things, brown eyes and brown hair, and stands 5 ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. in his thickest socks. Lorna Bruce Thom (her parents weren't quite sure at first, so they played safe) has hazel eyes and dark brown hair and stands 5 ft. 2 ins. on the vertical axis. We thought it wise to pry no further into their personal dimensions, and so we proceeded to ask them a series of questions designed to reveal their innermost depths.

(1) What are your pet hates?

LBT—“People who leave sugar in the bottom of their cups”. (Said with a sweet look at SM.)

RMM—“Team captains who don't let their secretaries write their reports.”

(2) And your loves?

LBT—“Co-operation from boy prefects, and knitting jumpers.” (The rest of her answer was omitted on payment of a small sum.)

RMM—“Giving the impression of being busy.” (It worries the Head Girl.)

(3) Who is your favourite teacher?

Both were unable to answer this question (lie).

(4) What is your favourite food?

LBT—“Steaks in a Chinese restaurant.

RMM—“Anything, anytime, anywhere.” (Never was a truer word spoken.)

(5) What have you liked/disliked about being Head Boy/Girl?

LBT— Found herself lost for words at this point.

RMM— Likes: Hero-worship from L.II. girls.” Dislikes: “Having to go to so many classes.”

(6) Why were you chosen?

LBT— “As a sobering influence.”

RMM— “Aberdeen University didn't want me.”

(7) Will you be sorry to leave?

LBT— “Yes” (amid unrestrained weeping).

RMM— Did not understand the question.

(8) Who has influenced you most?

LBT— Could not tell the truth.

RMM— Merely commented that his fellow prefects were a retarding influence. He did not say what they retarded.

(9) How often do you skip classes?

LBT— “Never.”

RMM— “Only when I have a reasonable excuse.”

(10) What would you do if you were Rector for a day?

RMM— (Immediately) — “Play a round of golf.”

LBT— (Turned to MH, who suggested sitting on her backside all day) — “Play a round of golf.”

(11) What are the advantages/disadvantages of the Prefects' Room?

Both (in melodious unison) — Too small!!

LBT— “You can be seen from across the road.”

RMM— “What would she be doing that she wouldn't want to be seen from the other side of the road?”

LBT— “He would know better than I would.”

. . . and upon that philosophic note, our notable leaders rebelled against this interrogation and returned to their slumbers with that usual, devastating efficiency.

"THE NIGHT TERROR"



IAN R. MORRISON, F.II.

TEACHERS — HOW TO BECOME UNPOPULAR WITH PUPILS

This is achieved much more easily than you may think, so beware! Pupils who do not like you will find your classes boring and will not work. If you want your pupils to do well in their exams, you have two alternatives: 1. Set an easy exam! or

2. Do not make yourself unpopular!

If you choose the second method — read on.

Any teacher who makes nasty remarks will find himself unpopular. So do not make a remark like this: On being asked the brightness of 3 bulbs lit by 1 cell, a certain pupil answered, "dim", whereupon the teacher said, "No, very dim — just like you!"

Remarks about length of hair and skirts are also unwelcome.

Picking on the homework hardly makes a teacher appreciated by his pupils.

If a pupil has really made a mess of an essay, whether in French, Spanish, German, Greek, Latin or English, do not read it out to the class emphasizing the mistakes, then compare it with one written by a genius.

Never call a pupil bad-tempered, or you will pay for it when you lose your temper.

Do not find a favourite pupil in class, and one you dislike. When you pick on the one you dislike, pupils will immediately feel sympathetic for the pupil in question.

Never creep up behind a pupil and pull his/her hair or hit him/her over the head with a book. This usually results in a headache which prevents the pupil from working.

When giving back exam papers, don't do it in daily instalments for a week, then get out your class register and compare the average with that of last year and the year before.

On the subject of exams, don't set a hard one, then say the marks are too low.

Teachers—Instant popularity with pupils.
Method:—

1. No homework.
2. Let pupils do whatever they want — whether it's Latin homework or reading a "Jackie".

3. Set simple exams.

4. Never make nasty remarks.

Stick to these 4 rules and you will find yourself the most popular teacher in the school.

Pupils — How to become unpopular with teachers:—

1. Never do homework.

2. Never work in class.

3. Always fail exams miserably.

4. Answer back and be cheeky to teachers.

5. Move desks around when you've been told to leave them alone.

Pupils—Instant popularity with teachers:

1. Always do homework.

2. Always work in class.

3. Always swot for exams for months beforehand.

4. Always pass exams with 100%.

5. Never answer back or be cheeky.

6. Never move desks around.

7. Always write a magazine article.

Try it some day!

BARBARA GILROY, F.II.

ON THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN

One thought —

Sick.

Great nations need great leaders

And none more than America:

Each problem there

Is so entwined with every other

That the sacred field of politics

Has become an awesome jungle;

Little men lose themselves in petty toil,

And there will always be little men.

Yet who will lead?

Four years are past

And now new giants are showing their wares:

They deal in glamour and prestige

And publicity over all,

And no expense is spared —

Must leadership be the prerogative of the rich?

In America, so it seems,

The poor need have no dreams;

One thought —

Sick.

F.VI.

TO THE APOLLO ASTRONAUTS

Thin, husky thousands will now
Drip through black uncompromising void
To black uncompromising fields pricked
On our universal wall of ignorance
Impressed, an attainable speck, upon our fear
That perverse complexity should fold aside
To untangible spirits instead of real corpses.
Million-dollar technology spatters
Another mechanised ray upon the louring,
Smoggy vista of twentieth-century life.
Deathly life is culturised by its minions
Of communication, proclaiming our pedantic
Sensibility. The monstrous rise of dark-cogged
Emptiness impels upon us a united opposition
Which our singular rebellion denies us,
And our spiritless conflicts bely the thorny
Paths of escapism, while, against its gaudy,
Neonized seduction accumulates the leaden
Force of uniform and supremely gullible
Cynicism, rolling forth its oily, insidious
Waves upon the much-flattened dunes
Of conscience. Each grain of sand is
Overwhelmed, wetted and darkened in its
Individual and collective inability. The gritty
Surface grins its stereotyped leer at the aura
Of scientific skyscraping jargonry whose
smoothing
Beneficial caress makes a speck's existence
the less
Soiled for its diminished anaemic significance.
Bubbles
Of prismatic foam are collected, consumed
and roll
Forth; the gurgling vortex clutches us further
from
A sky of hope; the press-button sea ripples
Contentedly, but the sky is rumbling.

SIXTH FORM OPINION

When current sixth-formers were asked for their opinions on the value of staying on for sixth, the general impression was one of boredom. "Pretty useless and pretty boring too!"; "A veritable waste of time"; "A most depressing year all round"; were frequent

comments. Others mentioned that they learned non-academic things and had more time for discussion and reading — "I learned lots of non-academic things (!?) I'd never have had a chance of learning otherwise"; "We have lots of lively discussions in the sixth form girls' common-room about sex and human rights mostly". Someone else complained that "unfortunately teachers take little interest in sixth year pupils"; but surely a sixth year which will be useful for further education ought to give pupils more independence as they will have little contact with university staff and will have to become self-sufficient.

Several pupils felt that sixth year gave them a "chance to grow up and find oneself more before going to university" and it was "a year for maturing" although others argue that they learnt "very little which could not be learnt by taking a job for a year". However, one pupil felt that "it is better to face the free atmosphere in sixth year than at university".

Others complained that "some of us are forced to stay as we are too young to enter university after fifth year"; but surely this is no excuse for a wasted year. The opportunities for a worthwhile sixth year seem to improve every year and the newly introduced sixth year studies could provide closer linkage with future further education studies. One pupil said, "I feel that one facet of sixth year should be the opportunity to broaden our knowledge in various fields, either by attending actual classes or through private reading." However, pupils can take up new subjects such as biology, new languages, economics, anatomy and several other subjects. Guided private reading; learning to work on one's own and less spoon-feeding is a good preparation for further education.

As one pupil frankly stated, "the fault is in us" — the opportunities are certainly there!

F.VI.





SANDY MITCHELL, F.VI.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM, 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.) — Mr R. C. Brickley, James Lester, George Crooks, Andrew Harvey, Douglas Watt.

Front Row (l. to r.) — David Cavers, Michael Wilson, David Marshall (Captain), Athol Garden, Graham Allardice.



GOLF TEAM, 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.) — David Mee, Andrew Fox, Anthony Patterson, Ronald Walker.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Robert Brough, Robert Catlow (Captain), Sandy Meiklejohn.

Notes Written During a Night Shift

It is just after 3 a.m. as I write this. The scene around me is a strange one — four men share the room with me; they are all asleep, or appear to be. The room is stuffy, although there is snow and a hard frost outside making driving conditions difficult; a radio plays Sinatra very softly, the announcer breaks in in French — it's very difficult to find an English-speaking station at this time. The sleeping figures are twisted into unnatural positions: heads are cushioned against the chair-arms by uniform jackets, carefully arranged to stop buttons and First-Aid medallions cutting into faces. One man has a cigarette burning in his fingers, the inch of ash revealing that he has fallen asleep shortly after lighting it. Another's snores are providing a rhythmic accompaniment to Sinatra. I am always amazed at their ability to sleep at will — perhaps when I have had twenty years' practice with the ambulance service, I shall master the art. At present, I have to go and lie down in the back of my vehicle with blankets and pillow to fool myself into thinking I am in bed; otherwise I am condemned to spend sleepless nights scribbling random thoughts such as these.

Through the "hatch" is the control-room where the only light comes from the V.H.F. set and the glow of the inevitable cigarette. The controller has drawn the two desk chairs together to make a couch. The result is comfortable enough to let him doze off if he wants but is not conducive to any other form of sleep. At his side is the light-switch, the telephones and the radio microphone. Now that all the routine tasks allotted to the shift are completed — vans scrubbed out, oil checked, paperwork brought up-to-date — the controller, like the drivers, is waiting for something to happen.

At 03.41 the radio gives a preliminary crackle and a country voice announces that "Perrim Baker" has returned to base — everyone is immediately awake, although the only sign is the absence of snoring; the controller flicks a switch and acknowledges the message. All the Perth vans are back at their depot now — within five minutes their rest-room will look the same as ours, except that there will be no officer in control — they take their instructions from Dundee during the night.

The scene does not alter at all, except for a few futile attempts to relieve cramped sleeping positions, until 03.56 when the 999 line shatters the peace. This time the reaction is more noticeable — eyes are opened, hands reach automatically for cigarette packets. The controller is quietly telling someone to calm down. He fills in the message-pad with the shorthand intelligible only to other telephonists and then crosses to the hatch. It's a maternity case — they nearly always are at this time of night — a "walker" — this brings relieved grunts from two of the men who are on the double-manned van tonight. As it is my turn to go out, I start to pull on all the layers of clothes necessary to brave the early morning March weather. I am told in rather coarse terms to "get a shift on" or my "mattie" case will be a paediatrics one.

Outside, I coax "Dunnim Charlie" into life — it needs full choke at this temperature. Remember to switch on the radio and the cab heaters. The roads are slippery but safe enough if I don't change speed or direction too abruptly. Down into town, creeping carefully over a red light which seems to have stuck. As ever, I am amazed by the activity to be seen even at this ungodly hour — the ubiquitous beat policeman, the Panda cars and their rich relatives in the Wolseleys and 1800s. One feels a strange mixture of suspicion and camaraderie for other people out and about at this "witching hour". One wonders what honest business they can be about, but one warms to them too, because they, like you, are working when most of the city is asleep.

By 04.09 I have collected my patient, who is quite calm, complete with husband, who is on the verge of hysterics. I deposit them in the welcoming arms of a midwife at D.R.I., wondering which of the expectant pair needs the most attention!

I radio in that I am free at D.R.I. and request to stay on there for a while, if there is no more work. That's all right with control so I wander into the main building. It seems strange to walk the passages without having to fight to maintain the desired direction. At first sight it seems deserted, but by the time I reach the Accident Unit several people have passed me on vital errands, if one can read anything into their serious ex-

pressions. I sometimes feel that it is all a facade that was adopted in their early training, on the principle that if you look as if you know what you are doing, and you make it look important enough, then sisters, registrars, etc., won't have the nerve to ask you to do something else. Probably those same vital errands are merely minor sorties to other departments to see whether they can spare any milk for coffee or change for the cigarette machine.

The Accident Unit is the social hub of the hospital after midnight — the kettle is rarely off the boil, and if you remember to pass round your cigarettes, then a cup of coffee is usually forthcoming to all and sundry. The conversation is inevitably "shop" but always animated, even at the slowest, coldest time of the morning, when those who did not have time to go to bed the previous day are beginning to regret it.

There seems to be a constant influx of visitors — ambulance drivers are probably the most numerous — but it's a dull night, socially, if a pair of policemen do not bring in a prisoner who resisted arrest or suddenly took ill when refused bail. Porters looking in to see if anyone wants a still-wet paper or a warm roll; red-eyed housemen who have been called from their beds to see patients and have not the strength to go back; reporters trying to get some last-minute items for the late editions; a technician from the blood-bank who is bored with his detective novel, a telephonist, relieved for ten minutes to snatch a cup of tea — they all congregate at the Nursing station in the Accident Unit.

At five o'clock, just as I am about to leave, a porter announces that the Depot wants to speak to me on the direct-line. It seems that an early riser has slipped on the ice and injured his leg, and as I am nearest would I please cope with the situation "immediately if not sooner".

The cab of the ambulance seems to maintain a temperature even lower than that outside, but the heaters soon bring us into equilibrium again. The roads are remarkably busy now — buses, almost empty, are maintaining their usual early morning speed, despite the weather. (Why are there not more *R.T.A.s involving buses?) Milk and newspaper lorries, vans delivering rolls are all out

(* R.T.A. is wireless jargon for Road Traffic Accident.)

in force, as is the heavy articulated transport wishing to take advantage of the relatively clear roads.

The patient is still on the ground when I arrive — he appears to have been knocked out, and is still very confused. His left ankle is badly swollen and he cannot move it, but I am more concerned about possible head injury — a witness says he hit the kerb very hard and had only just regained consciousness when I arrived.

A policeman helps me to get him aboard the van and volunteers to come with me. (I suppose a double van should have been sent, but I was much nearer.) The patient is suddenly very sick so we turn him on his side to avoid inhalation and I decide a little haste would be in a good cause. Although the roads are not nearly busy enough to warrant the siren, I put the beacon on, just to let people know that I am not merely going for my breakfast. The latter shows up well in the poor light and is quite effective for this time of day. (Strangely enough the siren often causes confusion when used in heavy traffic — more than once I have wasted valuable seconds trying pass the lady in a mini who panics when she eventually realises that the banshee wailing is coming from right behind her; she immediately drops down to ten m.p.h. just on a blind corner or when a heavy lorry is coming in the opposite direction, thus ensuring for me a mouthful of radiator if I try to pass her. I sometimes think it's better just to sneak up on drivers like that and pass when they are not looking!)

I deliver my patient to the Accident Unit with all possible haste and the trolley, for which I radioed ahead, is standing ready to rush him to the resuscitation room. I suspect a fractured skull — the house officer will probably tell me tomorrow night.

After a quick cup of coffee — have to make it myself, everyone else is with the patient — I radio in and set off for the Depot. By now the sky is distinctively lighter in the East — dawn is only an hour away. As I drive, I suddenly realise that I much prefer the quiet of the night — the hours between two and five — for with the light comes the new day, and with that day will come many things — among them will be more pain, more illness, more death, with all the heart-break concomitant to them.

I wonder if the driver whom I relieve tonight will go home to his bed and lie awake, as I have lain awake before now, unable to sleep, for thinking of the old lady he found behind the door, of the little boy who thought that cars could stop dead, or the child whose hand he held as firemen sweated to free her

from the bus wheel that had trapped her leg. I have seen these things — during the day.

Perhaps, like the ability to sleep in arm-chairs, immunity from such thoughts comes with time — I doubt it.

F.P. MEDICAL STUDENT.

Voluntary Service Overseas in Papua/New Guinea

The Government's official "Handbook to Papua" states that the 18,000 square miles of the Gulf District is one of the largest, yet most primitive and undeveloped areas in the territory, and is a difficult region of deep and sluggish rivers and heavy jungle, while, on a more encouraging note, my "Tourist Guide to Papua" declares enthusiastically, that the 8,000 miles of navigable water provide excellent opportunities for crocodile shooting. The same guide, however, advises that "to see much of this area you need a contempt for comfort and sense of adventure." Whether the "powers that be" at V.S.O. Headquarters decided my particular talents (such as they are), could only be utilised most effectively in such a very primitive and undeveloped part of the world, or whether I inadvertently listed crocodile shooting under the "hobbies and interests" section in my application form, is questionable, yet unquestionably, here I am, safely established in a beautiful grass house which is perched on stilts and nestling among palm trees on the side of a very steep hill — one of the range of "Acid Hills" which arise from the hundreds of square miles of flat swamp and jungle which constitute the above mentioned Gulf District.

The journey to this remote mission station, which is run by the United Church in Papua, was as uneventful as a 1,400 mile journey (which included a week in Sydney) in a Boeing 707 can be. Owing to an air-strike and subsequent cancellation and re-arrangement of flights, our arrival in Port Moresby, the capital of the territory, was unheralded, and our first two hours in Papua were spent desperately trying to find somebody who was remotely interested in our presence there.

Contact with the United Church being finally established, the next week was spent in a frantic flurry of briefing courses, parties,

interviews with Bank and Trading Company managers, and final shopping expeditions, as we prepared to sever all contact with civilisation for the next year.

Four o'clock on a Saturday morning, exactly fifteen days after leaving Dundee, saw my fellow volunteer and me boarding a small four-seater cargo plane and heading out over the Gulf of Papua to our project.

The first airstrip we touched down at consisted of a small grass strip cleared in the midst of dense jungle. When we emerged from the plane into the humid heat we saw no sign of habitation — only jungle closing in on either side of us. Five minutes later, however, we glimpsed a few brown heads bobbing over the top of the undergrowth and we were soon the centre of attraction for a small crowd of children who viewed us with great interest but kept their distance.

After two more hours of flying we finally touched down at Kikori airstrip, which is the nearest government patrol post to Acid Hill. Our long journey was finally completed by an hour-long dinghy ride while our luggage followed in a dug-out canoe.

Our arrival at Acid Hill virtually doubled the white adult population, for the mission station is run solely by a young English teacher and his wife. It also caused more excitement than at Port Moresby, for the whole population of the neighbouring village had turned out at the village Church when we attended the service there the next morning.

After sitting cross-legged on the floor (beside a village woman who seemed more intent on feeding her baby and pushing away a mangy mongrel dog, who sniffed round about us, than listening to the 90-minute long service, conducted in two languages, both equally incomprehensible to me) we were

obliged to stand at the door and shake hands with all those present. Whether our countenances were displeasing to their eye or not, for some obscure reason they all seemed more anxious to make a detailed study of our feet, and my beaming smile, which had become somewhat "fixed" ten minutes and four-hundred hands later, was rather wasted over the tops of their heads.

Principally, my assignment here is to teach, but out of 220 pupils, over 80 are boarders, drawn from a hundred-mile radius, and subsequently we find our services called upon as nurses, "mothers", advisers, as well as helping supervise the general running of the school.

School hours are from 7 a.m. to 1 p.m., and in the afternoon the children do "station work" which involves general maintenance of the station buildings, and such tasks as grass-cutting, which is a permanent fixture on the duty rota as vegetation grows so quickly here. I supervise this afternoon work on one afternoon in the week, while on two evenings of the week we run a trading store which sells everything from fish hooks to guitar strings!

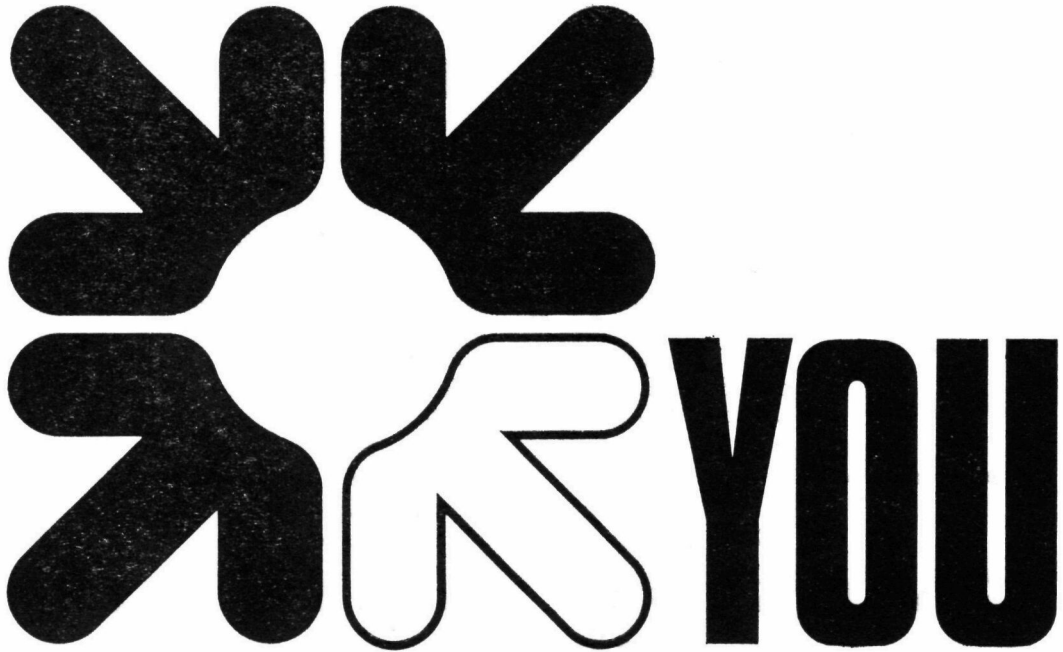
Most of our own supplies are ordered from a trading company in Port Moresby and are delivered every two to three weeks. However, we have always to order at least six to eight weeks ahead, as consignments are frequently being held up on the wharf at Moresby leaving us lacking in basic commodities such as flour and sugar, although it is amazing how quickly one can adapt to living without what, beforehand, was considered an absolutely vital part of one's diet. Fresh milk, butter and meat are non-existent, but we cannot complain, for our fare is substantially more appetising than that of the Papuans, who survive on a basic diet of sago, supplemented by fish and the occasional "bush pig", both of which are killed with either spears or bows and arrows, which even the smallest boys handle with amazing dexterity. Occasionally, a leg of pig or a fish is bartered at our trading store in exchange usually for a stick of tobacco. Crocodile meat (which tastes like a nasty cross between fish and chicken) is scarce, for too many people must have read my "Tourist Guide to Papua" and the number of crocodiles in the water is fast diminishing at the hands of ever-zealous crocodile shooters. There are still enough, however, to necessitate swimming only in large groups, and cause looks of panic-stricken horror on my fellow-volunteer's face

every time the dugout canoe in which we may be travelling rocks too violently. Such canoes are the only means of travel. My futile attempts to paddle standing up and maintaining balance at the same time have met with little success, and I prefer to use our forty-foot long station one which has an outboard motor — rather an incongruous mixture of twentieth century and prehistoric.

The large native village at Acid Hills was originally established by Ben Butcher, an Englishman, who came to this area at the beginning of the century following the brutal murder of the first missionary to the district by headhunters in a village 15 miles away. At that time head-hunting and cannibalism were still very much in practice, and today there are some old men in the village who remember Ben Butcher, and can recount tales of head-hunting expeditions their fathers had participated in. The village itself has advanced little into the twentieth century, at least by western standards. The houses are made of roughly interwoven grass, and stand on strong poles approximately fifteen feet above the ground. There is no running water nor indeed sanitation of any kind in the village, and all cooking is done on open fires beside or underneath the houses.

Apart from the concrete mission-house, built by Ben Butcher, all our mission buildings are built "native style" on stilts, with a wooden framework and interwoven grasses, the only difference being that the classrooms, all self contained, have corrugated iron roofs. This serves as an intensifier of heat, and magnifier of noise, for in the dry season, the hot tropical sun beating mercilessly down on the iron roof makes the classroom a veritable oven; while in the wet season, you can scarcely make yourself heard above the noise of the heavy rain drumming incessantly on the roof.

The administration elected to provide us with ink wells but, alas, could not work up enough enthusiasm or cash for any other piece of classroom furniture. The room is therefore sparsely furnished with a homemade (and consequently collapsing) table, accompanied by a bench, again homemade, sloping downwards at an angle to the ground. The only other piece of furniture is a very small cupboard which seems to sport more cockroaches than books, and so needless to say, the electing of a "cupboard monitor" was one of our first duties.



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The class of 37 which I teach are in their fourth out of 6 years of Primary education, although their ages range from twelve to eighteen. Out of the seven hundred languages in the territory, no less than three are spoken at Acid Hill and among those three there are seven different dialects, although all teaching is done in English. I have to keep reminding myself that they are learning in a foreign language, and although a lot of time is spent on the teaching of actual English, I am the first European teacher they have had. Their previous teachers have all been Papuan, with usually just one year of secondary school and one year of teacher's training, and to whom the intricacies of the English language must still present difficulties.

At the end of their sixth year in Primary school, the pupils sit a testing examination to qualify for entry to High School. Places are strictly limited, and this year the pass mark is unusually high. For the many who fail there are few openings for the "vocational" schools and unfortunately for them, failure can mean only a return to the village and, from then on, they are officially classified as "housewives" or "subsistence farmers",

although in this district most of the villagers spend their time fishing.

I feel there can be no satisfactory "conclusion" to this article as it is farcical so far to condense my experiences and impressions of the past few months. The official guide to volunteers, issued before our departure asked us to be sparing in our criticism of the country and project in which we serve in any article we might publish. For my part, no such injunction is necessary, for, although there are many difficulties encountered in settling in such a remote and entirely different environment along with a few tasks which, to be honest, I would rather not undertake, the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages, and the experience gained for myself of greater value than anything I could conceivably give in return.

I am confident that in the future I will look back with gratitude to the happy and rewarding time which, so far, I have had in Papua/New Guinea, and with lasting memories of my pupils, and the many friends, both Papuan and European, I have encountered.

SHEILA MCGREGOR.



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School Clubs and Activities

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed: Captain, A. M. Patterson; Vice-Captain, P. W. Walsh; Secretary and Treasurer, A. C. Cruikshank; Members of Committee — I. M. Douglas, D. Logan, D. R. H. Tullis.

Despite bad weather a fair number of fixtures have been completed. The 1st XI. has played seven games so far with mixed results. We recorded wins over Grove Academy and Morgan Academy and drew against Madras College and Kelvinside Academy. However, we lost to strong teams from Perth Academy, Strathallan School and Gordon's College. The 1st XI. is essentially a young team, and so in the near future at any rate, it will probably be a strong one.

There has been unusually keen competition for 2nd XI. places this year with 4th year providing the majority of places. The team met with good results considering the youth of the team, with excellent wins over Madras College, Perth High School and Harris Academy. Results — Played 6, Won 3, Lost 3.

The 3rd Year XI. has had mixed results as had the 1st year XI. However, the 2nd year XI., a very enthusiastic side, are so far undefeated.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking on behalf of all the players, all the members of staff who have so kindly given up their time to umpire our matches. I would especially like to offer our appreciation to Mr Allardice for all the solid backing and encouragement he provides.

A. C. CRUIKSHANK,
Secretary and Treasurer.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

Now that the cricket season is well under way, we find ourselves thinking back to winter and the second part of the rugby season.

The weather has been exceptionally unkind to us this year, leaving us with very little extra to report on the previous magazine entry. Only the following eight out of the remaining fifteen were played:—

	F	A
Nov. 30—Morrison's Academy	3	27
Dec. 7—Perth Academy	0	6
14—Madras College	6	13
Jan. 11—Harris Academy	8	13
18—Madras College	8	11
Mar. 1—Keil School	3	13
12—Morgan Academy	18	0
25—Dundee High School F.P.	8	16

giving a final record for the season for the 1st XV. as follows:—

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Canc.	Pts. For	Against
18	5	1	12	8	126	178

As can be seen from the above results, narrow defeats interspersed with the odd disaster were typical of the team's performance. It has been said that this 1st XV. played the most attractive rugby for some years — a point which, though commendable from a spectator's point of view, failed to produce favourable results. This lack of success could possibly be put down to the five consecutive matches postponed early in the new year and to the large pool of players used in the team, twenty-six players having played due to illness, injury, etc. Indeed, only four players played in all the matches. Thus the team never really had the opportunity to build itself into a well-drilled unit. To add to this, outdoor training was also hit by the bad weather, resulting in unfitnes in several players. However, there can be no excuses for such a potentially good side failing to produce victories.

The season closed on a more successful note in the Morgan and F.P. matches when the enthusiasm which was in the side at the beginning of the season returned resulting in an excellent performance against the F.P.s. We feel, however, that had more pupils followed the ever increasing group of vociferous F.P.s, perhaps the team would have made the effort to pull back points lost. We thank the faithful F.P.s for putting up with us this year.

To return to brighter topics, A. C. Cruikshank and A. M. D. Perry both played in the Midlands 'B' XV. against Ayrshire and A. C. Cruikshank played for the Midlands 'A' XV. against Northumberland. Both of these matches were won.

The 2nd XV., as always, had quite a successful season. The Colts and 2nd year had a particularly successful season in the face of older and heftier opposition. Enthusiasm rather than skill is still the chief characteristic of L.VI. and L.VII. and the future of rugby in the school seems assured.

We thank everyone concerned — those who gave up their Saturdays to travel with teams and

those who helped in the more practical aspects such as refereeing and coaching. In particular, we thank Messrs G. C. and N. G. S. Stewart, Mr Hunter, Mr Brickley, Mr Gray, Mr Adams and Mr Allardice. The efforts of these gentlemen and the charming hostesses made the season very pleasant for all concerned.

R. MILNE.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed: — Captain, Margaret Duncan; Vice-Captain, Margaret Gibb; Secretary, Deborah Menelaws; Treasurer, Elizabeth Meiklejohn.

The results of the matches to date are as follows:—

		F	A
Nov. 30—Dunfermline	H	2	4
Dec. 7—Madras	A	1	4
14—Kirkcaldy	H	1	2
Jan. 11—Arbroath High	A	6	4
18—Waid Academy	H	Cancelled	
25—Aberdeen High	H	1	3
Feb. 1—Perth Academy	A	5	0
8—Kilgraston	H	1	1
15—Carnoustie	A	Cancelled	
22—Dunfermline College	A	Cancelled	
Mar. 1—Buckhaven	A	Cancelled	
8—St. Leonard's	A	4	1
15—Aberdeen Academy	H	Cancelled	
22—Junior Midlands Tournament.			

On the whole, this has been a good season with plenty of exciting matches. The 1st XI's performance has improved steadily as confidence and teamwork has strengthened.

Four of our members — Margaret Duncan, Joan Ross, Margaret Gibb, Deborah Menelaws — had the good fortune to be selected to represent Dundee at the Lisburn — Dundee matches played in Northern Ireland in the Spring. Joan and Margaret were also selected to play for the Junior Midlands.

On 22nd March, D.H.S. 1st XI. took part in the Junior Midlands' Tournament without losing a game or a goal. Alas, with too few points, we did not survive the first round!

The highlight of the season for 1st XI. was beating St. Leonard's for the first time in many years.

The 2nd XI. has had a splendid season with all members giving good performances which augurs well for 1969/70.

Our warm appreciation and thanks are extended to Miss Dobson and Miss Filshie who have given

us such great encouragement and to the umpires who have assisted them.

DEBORAH A. MENELAWS,
Secretary.

BOYS' ATHLETICS TEAM REPORT

The Boys' Athletics Team has, this season, competed in three major competitions, including a triangle match with the Buckhaven and Dunfermline High Schools. Although we were the smallest school, we succeeded in winning a fair share of the events, helped by a certain, now famous, rural family. We have been handicapped by a very small contingent of athletes from fifth and sixth year, but with the excellent coaching we have received from Mr Brickley, all the groups have made an impression on their opponents, large or small! Although a glance at the results would suggest we are not all at the same standard as other schools, this is not through lack of keenness or hard work. There are still two competitions in which we can try to better ourselves and we are looking forward to winning at least a few medals in the Dundee Schools' Sports. Once again, many thanks to Mr Brickley and the grounds staff for all their work this season.

M. L. A., F.VI.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB REPORT

The following officials were elected at the beginning of the season. Captain — Annette Arbuckle; Vice-Captain — Irene Stewart; Secretary and Treasurer — Susan Mee.

A good start has been made to the season despite some very wet weather and there is great enthusiasm shown by team members, especially our youngest ones. The first match of the season was at home for the C and D groups against Morgan Academy on 22nd May. The match was won in great style which gives us high hopes for the future with so many good juniors to represent the school.

On 27th May we all left school early to travel to Dunfermline for a triangular match between Dundee, Buckhaven and Dunfermline. Although we came third in this contest, all the team members tried very hard and we were not at all far behind the other schools.

We are now looking forward to a match against Waid Academy for all groups and one for senior members against Morgan Academy. We are hoping to send representatives to the Dundee Schools' and the Scottish Schools' Championships.

On behalf of the whole team I should like to thank all members of staff, especially Miss Dobson, who have put so much time and effort into training us.

SUSAN MEE.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Canc.
9	2	6	1	19	30	8

As can be seen from the above table, this past season has not been one of great success and it has been one of the worst for cancelled fixtures and we would like to suggest this as one of the main reasons for the poor results. It is true to say that the same team has not played two consecutive games.

This season has also seen its injuries. Robert Brough injured his foot near Christmas and Sandy Meiklejohn was also 'in the wars' nearer the beginning of the season.

Since the New Year, we have played two very close matches against Harris Academy. On our first encounter at Dalnacraig in January, we drew 2-2 after losing the lead in the last five minutes of the game. Our return game at Riverside in February resulted in a 4-3 Harris win after another very close game. Both these games were very fast and must have been entertaining to the groups who were spectating.

Two members of the team, Bob Catlow and Roger Dye, were members of the Dundee Schools' Tour to Northern Ireland at Easter. The party were entertained at Wallace High School, Lisburn, and great experience was obtained playing on the blaize pitches that are used over there.

In conclusion, I would like to thank Mr Brickley, Mr MacKenzie, Mr MacDonald and Mr Garland for their constant enthusiasm and thanks are also due to the hospitality prefects for their services at Dalnacraig.

This, unfortunately, sees the end of Mr Stark's official service to the Club. We all owe a great deal to Mr Stark's pioneering work in starting Hockey for boys in this school and we take this opportunity to wish him and his wife a long and happy retirement.

I. R. D.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the session the following officials were elected: — Bob Catlow, Captain; Bob Brough, Vice-Captain; Sandy Meiklejohn, Secretary and Treasurer; Ian Robertson, Form III. Representative.

Only a few matches have been played so far, but already the team shows great promise, and the improved record of the last two seasons is likely to be maintained: our only defeats so far being at the hands of Perth and Arbroath, both very strong sides. Our record reads:

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Pts.
5	3	2	0	8½	6½	6

The Boase Medal and Pirie Cup are both well under way, and should be finished before the Sports on June 14th. Our thanks are once again due to Mr Paton for his encouragement and advice, and for his invaluable aid in the organisation of fixtures and competitions.

S. M., Secretary.

GIRLS' TENNIS REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed:—Captain, Pamela Robertson; Vice-Captain, Anne Cowie; Secretary, Margaret Duncan; Treasurer, Gillian Birrell.

Unfortunately, due to excessive rain this month, all but one of our fixtures were cancelled. Both the 1st VI. and 3rd VI. had clear victories over Kirkcaldy, but the 2nd VI. were narrowly beaten. The 1st VI. repeated their success in the Senior Midlands Tournament, beating Arbroath High School and Morgan but were closely beaten by St. Leonard's in the semi-finals.

With excellent coaching provided by Miss Filshie and senior girls, the junior teams show great promise and it is hoped that the D.H.S. 1st VI. shall, one day, win this tournament.

We cannot thank Miss Filshie enough for all the hard work and time she spends coaching and improving the standard of tennis.

M. D.

BOYS' TENNIS REPORT

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed: — Captain, D. J. Christie; Vice-Captain, A. C. Cruickshank. Frank Hadden and Peter Mitchell were appointed to hold the corresponding offices in the Junior team.

Both teams have had only one match so far this season. The seniors were very narrowly beaten by Madras College and the juniors defeated Lawside Academy. In the Midlands Schools' Knock-out Tournament, the Senior team reached the semi-finals before being narrowly defeated by Trinity College, Glenalmond, who beat Arbroath High School in the finals. This was a great effort by the team, who are confident about the remaining fixtures to come.

This year there are Senior and Junior Championships. There are very large entries for each event, showing that the boys are keen and this augurs well for the future of boys' tennis in the school.



1st XI. CRICKET TEAM, 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.) — Mr W. D. Allardice, Alistair Ross, Athol Garden, Colin McNeill, Graeme Lowe, Neil Philip, Mr J. Stevenson.

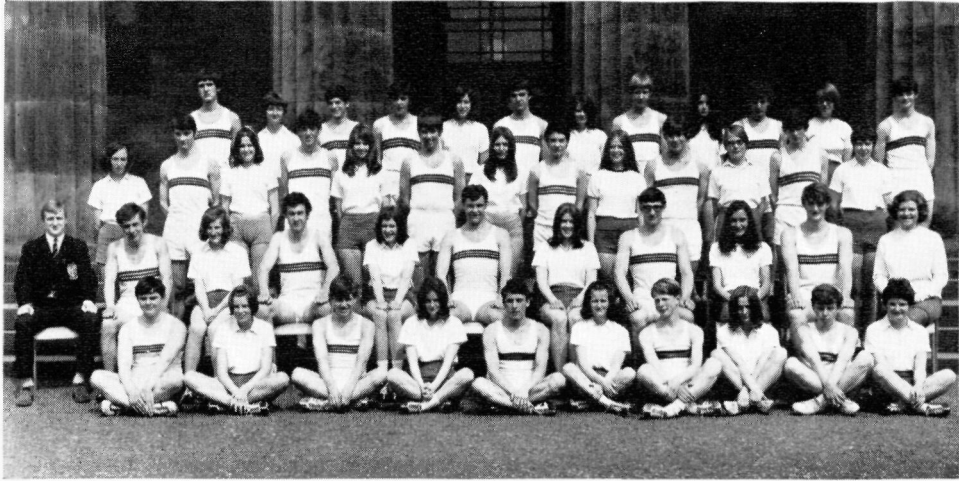
Front Row (l. to r.) — Donald Tullis, Andrew Marshall, Peter Walsh (Vice-Captain), Anthony Patterson (Captain), Colin Cruickshank, Ian Douglas, Peter Sturrock.



1st VII. NETBALL, 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.) — Annette Arbuckle, Lesley Adam, Mary Robertson, Sandra Petrie, Sheila Houston.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Miss D. Dobson, Mairi Hutton, Pamela Robertson (Captain), Sandra Nicoll, Miss E. Filshie.



SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM 1968-69

Back Row (l. to r.) — Brian Robson, Marian Armitage, Desmond Rubens, David Muckart, Mary Robertson, Douglas Smith, Jean Manson, Michael Wilson, Ruth Steele, Ian Douglas, Helen Stout, Andrew Johnston.

3rd Row (l. to r.) — Hilary Smith, Sandy Gossip, Moira Baird, Douglas Christie, Lesley Adam, Sandy Mitchell, Sandra Petrie, Roderick Patterson, Jennifer Proudfoot, Malcolm Swanney, Valerie Walsh, Peter Arbuckle, Linda Greig.

2nd Row (l. to r.) — Mr R. C. Brickley, Andrew Perry, Susan Mee, Michael Andrew, Annette Arbuckle, Robert Milne (Captain), Irene Stewart, Michael Proudfoot, Anne McPherson, James Walker, Miss D. Dobson.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Gordon Hawkes, Valerie Reid, David Cavers, Pamela Duncan, John Mickerson, Joan Ross, Andrew Morrison, Jane Standley, Alexander Thompson, Helen Johnston.



**GIRLS 1st VI. TENNIS TEAM,
1968-69**

Back Row (l. to r.)—Lesley Brown, Elizabeth Meiklejohn, Coral Wilson, Miss E. Filshie.

Front Row (l. to r.) — Margaret Duncan, Pamela Robertson, Deborah Menelaws.

Once again we wish to thank Mr Nigel Stewart for his help in arranging fixtures and also Mr McKenzie, who takes the boys at grounds.

D. J. C.

GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB REPORT

This year a girls' team swam at Harris Gala and at our own Gala. The team on both occasions was: 1. Lesley Miller, 2. Valerie Reid, 3. Susan Cramond, 4. Edna McLennan. Unfortunately the team was not very successful.

At the Gala, which was held on Thursday, 27th March, the Senior Championship was won by Susan Cramond (Aystree) and the Junior Championship was won by Edna McLennan (Lindores). Lindores won the girls' relay, Airlie won the boys' relay.

Airlie won the Gala with 72 points, Aystree were 2nd, Lindores 3rd and Wallace last.

LESLEY MILLER (Captain).

BASKETBALL REPORT

This year, the efforts of the Senior team have not been entirely successful. Although we often played well, we lost many matches by one or two points. After easily winning our way into the final of the Dundee Schools' Basketball Tournament we faltered and eventually finished third.

Three players — D. Logue, A. Perry and J. Walker had a Dundee trial and D. Logue went on to play in the Midlands team.

With several Senior players staying on next year and with many keen young players in the lower forms, the future looks promising.

We would like to thank Adrian Sims for his help with the serving and also Mr R. C. Brickley whose help and coaching has been invaluable.

J. J. W., Secretary.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed:—David Marshall, Captain; Mick Wilson, Vice-Captain.

The Junior Basketball Team has had a reasonably successful season. Although we did not get off to a very good start (that's putting it mildly), we improved towards the end of the season to become runners-up in the Dundee Junior Basketball Championship. In the semi-finals we beat Kirkton, St. Michael's and Morgan. In the final we beat Lawside, drew with Rockwell and lost to Logie who were the eventual winners. However, next year we

will have more experience and I am sure we will make a very strong team next season. A creditable performance by all.

DAVID MARSHALL.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

Since the last report the Club has been very active, and there has been a general improvement in scores, giving more confidence, especially to the promising younger members.

C.C.F. members took part in a friendly match against Morgan Academy Cadets, but regrettably lost by a fairly narrow margin. Another team entered the Strathcona Shield Competition for Scottish Cadet Units, but were placed far down in the results, though in a fairly good position considering the low average age of the team. Two members entered the N.S.R.A.'s Marksman test and it is hoped that more will do so in the next season. The Urquhart Cup was won by Archie McLaren, closely followed by Graeme Findlay and Iain Gow.

Once again we are indebted to Mr Halliday for his unfailing support, so much appreciated by all, and to Mr Larg, whose generous gesture will enable formerly damaged rifles to be in use in the new session when the structural alterations to the gym have been completed.

A. D. McLAREN.

SENIOR C.C.F. REPORT

This year's inspection was held on 4th June, 1969. The inspecting officer was Colonel T. G. Wilson from Headquarters, Scotland (Army). Colonel Wilson said that he was particularly impressed by the march past. The companies then put on a display, each platoon arranging and performing its own item. The items included unarmed combat, an obstacle course, first aid, Junior and Senior drill squads, orienteering, initiative tests, camp cooking and a number of static displays of radios, anti-tank weapons, bren guns and rocket launchers. Finally, the pipes and drums of the band brought the display to an impressive close.

In March, Nos. 1 and 2 platoons sat their Part III. examination and in all there were twelve passes, two of which were credits.

Also in March, eleven boys travelled to the Cairngorms for a ski-ing outing. The weather was very kind to us and everyone had an enjoyable weekend.

During the Easter holidays a shooting practice was held at Buddon and Cadets had opportunities of firing .303 rifles and L.M.G.s.

The Pipe Band has prepared thoroughly for the Scottish Schools' Piping Competition to which Dundee High School played hosts this year. The com-

petition was held at Mayfield on 20th June, 1969. A report on the competition will be given in the C.C.F. report in the next issue of the magazine.

In the summer holidays a party of twenty cadets will visit Germany from 22nd July to 4th August, 1969. They will be staying at Munster with the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards.

At present the main item on the agenda is the annual camp which, this year, will be held at Garelochhead Training Camp, Dunbartonshire. The camp will last from 2nd to 11th July, 1969.

On behalf of all the cadets, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the officers who give us solid help and encouragement.

C.S.M. CRUICKSHANK.

JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

This has been an eventful year for the Junior Company.

At the beginning of term a number of our boys attended a course of ski-ing instruction at the Cairdsport Indoor Dryslope. We hope to repeat this next year with the possibility of an expedition to Glen Shee.

During the Easter holidays the Company spent a day at the Barry-Buddon Training Area and took part in several activities, starting with the assault course which almost everyone managed to complete successfully with only one poor chap getting wet. No. 1 platoon later took part in a "fire and movement" exercise during which some of the boys had an opportunity of leading their own section. The day ended with the entire company going round an orienteering course.

More recently, the Junior Company had a large part to play in the General Inspection. After the ceremonial parade a demonstration of camp cooking was given by a group from No. 3 platoon while the remainder attempted a small obstacle course. No. 2 platoon gave a display of orienteering and Colour Sgt. Rollo put No. 1 platoon through a very impressive drill routine. Several members of No. 1 platoon also took part in a self defence demonstration with some of the Senior Company.

This year we look forward to summer camp at Garelochhead — which should make a pleasant change from Aultbea.

I offer my sincere gratitude to all my N.C.O.s and to Lt. Fraser for their enthusiasm and co-operation. All credit is due to them for the success of the Company which is shown in the increase of recruits.

C.S.M. CARGILL.

GIRLS' HILL-WALKING CLUB

The social evening, held in December, was very much enjoyed by those who attended. Mr J. Catto,

from Dundee Commercial College, gave a very interesting talk and showed some excellent slides, ranging from the Scottish Hills to the Alps and Dolomites.

Due to exams and the weather, the Club was forced into hibernation and even the walk in the Lomonds, before Easter, had to be cancelled. It is hoped to have a walk before the end of term, the arrangements for which have not yet been decided.

LESLEY BROWN, Secretary.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CLUB REPORT

Having just returned from a stimulating weekend at the Church of Scotland Youth Leadership Training Centre at Carberry Tower, it is perhaps excusable that I should commence my report with this event rather than follow them in chronological order.

In some respects Carberry 1969 has been the best S.S.C. Conference to date — with discussions on a variety of subjects from "Integrating immigrants" to the "Prospects of Christianity". One of the main factors in its success has been, in my opinion, the greater involvement of the senior boys and girls in its preparation and detail. The young people provided eight speakers, nine discussion group leaders, twenty-two car drivers, a sports officer, a transport convener, two bankers and a folk group. What were the staff doing while all this was going on? You may well ask!

Seriously, all thirteen of the staff deserve our congratulations, as do the two guest speakers, Sheriff Cox and the Rev. A. R. Rodger. Both speakers met the challenge of our searching questions with courage and the former quite took our breath away by playing football in a mixed challenge match earlier in the afternoon. It says much for our expertise that, at least, we prevented him scoring a goal!

Altogether 39 girls, 32 boys and 13 of a staff took part in the Conference. Miss Gray's presence on Sunday was an additional pleasure.

The other event of which I must speak was the Folk Service in the High Kirk on Sunday, 27th April, 1969, at 6 p.m.

Taking the theme — "Who do you say that I am?" — 16 girls and boys with four of the staff attempted an answer in word and song. Few were there — and the number of parents present was disappointing—will not easily forget the atmosphere created by all who took part, but especially by the the Rev. R. R. Hogg in a fine address, Deborah Menelaws in a challenging rendering of the poem "Still falls the rain", and Lorna and Fraser in a folk duet "All my trials", the beauty of which

brought at least one member of the congregation close to tears.

These two events in particular underline our determination to meet the challenge of the aim of our Club which is to discover the full meaning of the Christian Faith for ourselves and for the world.

M. C. P.

GUIDE REPORT

The Guide activities this term have been varied and very enjoyable. In February, we held a Parents' Coffee Evening which was a great success. After coffee was served items and sketches were performed which included a shadow play, a mock fashion parade, comic sketches and campfire songs. At the end of the evening the Rector presented the Company with a Trophy which will be given to the best Guide at the end of the year (in memory of Miss Whytock). We all thoroughly enjoyed the preparations and one day hope to hold another similar coffee evening.

As during the past few weeks the School Hall, the usual Guide meeting place, has been unobtainable due to the "Highers", outdoor activities have been the order of the day. Various visits were organised to the Museum and Fire Station, where as a grand finale, the fire-bell actually rang and the appliances dashed off. We also visited Camperdown Park, where Mr Robertson, the Parks' Supervisor, had collected different species of wood, leaves and fungi for us to see. We even tried our hand at putting up nesting boxes and water divining and some Guides were successful in finding water. As a souvenir Mr Robertson gave us a rabbit carved from wood, which is now the Company Mascot.

In May, the Company attended the annual Guide/Scout Parade in the Caird Hall, where the Guide Representative carried the Company Flag.

We went on a hike to Balmerino, which everyone enjoyed very much. We got the train to Wormit then walked from there. Four of the five patrols went on their own hikes arranged by the patrol leaders.

We are all very grateful to Mrs D. Adams and Patricia Gass and would like thank them for all their hard work this term.

CAROLINE MILLS.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

The weekly meetings of our Scripture Union Group were disturbed at the start of this term by the presence of "O" Levels and Highers. However, our dozen regular attenders remained faithful and once the bulk of the exams were over we held a

meeting led by a group from the Dundee University Christian Union. This meeting was well attended and greatly appreciated and we hope that the link between the Christian Union and our S.U. Group will be continually strengthened.

There have not been as many guest speakers in the Scripture Union this year as we would wish; however, this has given us an invaluable opportunity for self-examination and planning for the coming year. I feel that we are now more of a unit than was previously the case and in this respect a strong committee has been formed to run the affairs of the Scripture Union during next session, when we hope to see an increase in our numbers. There is a great enthusiasm in the group at the moment which will, we hope, bring results in the near future.

The Junior S.U. has been well supported by many enthusiastic members. There have been a number of speakers including university students whose speeches were warmly appreciated.

We have been ably supported, as ever, by members of staff. We would like to thank in particular Miss Craig and Mr E. M. Stewart for their interest in S.U., Mr G. C. Stewart for giving us the use of his room for our meetings, Mr Porteous for giving permission for the occasional meeting in the Singing Room, Mr Gray for so willingly agreeing to address one of our meetings and, above all, Mr Fyall. Mr Fyall joined the staff of the D.H.S. after the Christmas holidays and at once began to attend our meetings. Since then he has continued faithfully to support and encourage the group and we hope that he will remain among us for some time to come.

Next year will see a change in leadership, the new leaders being Janice Munro and Andrew Morrison who are determined, as indeed the whole group is, to make the Scripture Union more active than ever next session.

E. T. (S.U. Secretary).

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Although attendances have dropped since the beginning of the session, the standard of displays has improved and increasing interest has been shown in the most popular First Day Covers offered by the Club.

Displays were given by James Suttie showing various recent issues; Michael Foster, mainly covers and postmarks and Neil Grant with his display of Indian Stamps. In addition to these there was an inter-town competition, an everybody's night, and the annual club competition.

We welcome new members who are proposing to join the Club in the new session and would like

to stress the advantages of participating in our stamp exchange system.

Thanks are due to Alan Duthie for the donation of a stamp catalogue and to Charlotte Lytle and Duncan Campbell for magazines presented to the Club. Our thanks are also extended to Mr Stevenson who does so much to help the Club.

A. D. McLAREN, Secy.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The highlight of an interesting season has been the performance of the team in reaching the last 8 of the 'Sunday Times' National Schools' Tournament, winning their zone with a 4½-1½ win over Beath High in the final, and going on to knock out Boroughmuir of Edinburgh 3½-2½ in the final stages. In our close-fought quarter-final match with Wyggeston (Leicester), the result depends upon the outcome of an appeal.

The High School team in the Second Division of the Adult League was also successful, gaining promotion by winning the League with 24½/28, winning all seven matches. In the First Division of the Schools' League, the 'A' team came second, and a number of other teams did well in the Schools' League, notably the girls' team in the Second Division.

The Beckingham Trophy has been won this year by Andrew Baruch with 4½/6. The Girls' Trophy is being fought out by Christine Elder and Susan Law, and Timothy Walsh is well placed in the Intermediate. The Russell Trophy has been won by Judith Hanslip, and the Special Prize by David Aungle.

In the Dundee Easter Congress, C. Jones shared first place in the Open with 5/6, with A. Baruch and P. Walsh joint third with 4, and D. Tudhope scoring 2½. Timothy Walsh scored 5½/6 to win the Under-14 section. In the Lanarkshire Easter Congress, C. Jones scored 3½ and A. Baruch 3 out of 5 in the Premier 'A', and in the Edinburgh Christmas Congress A. Baruch scored 3/6. In the Dundee finals of the Scottish Girls' Championships Christine Elder, Miriam Little and Susan Law took the top three places. In the finals, Miriam and Susan shared third place, while Christine shared fifth. C. Jones has reached the final of the East of Scotland Championships; Baruch, Jones and Walsh have represented Dundee and District in the Scottish Regional Championships.

Our thanks go to Mrs Elder, Mr Deas and Mr McKay for running the Club; to Sandy Davie for his help in our "Sunday Times" campaign; and to Miss Gray and the catering staff for their help at home games.

C. JONES, Secretary.

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F.P. Clubs

Tribute by the Old Boys' Club to Jack Stark

We of the Old Boys' Club find it difficult to realise that Jack Stark is about to retire.

He first came to the School in January 1936, as Groundsman and Cricket Professional, having had a successful career in cricket in the North-east of England and also in the Strathmore Union. He served the School in this capacity until 1939 when, during the month following the outbreak of World War II., he was appointed School Janitor. "Janitor" was his official designation but we somehow never thought of him as just that. He was, and is a friend to all who passed through the School in his time.

The Cricket Club, in particular, have much to thank him for. As coach, player, umpire and for some time Captain, he served them well. His ability as a player is well known to all connected with the game and in 1951 he was presented with a Cricket Ball bearing the following inscription: — 74 wickets at 8.29 runs each. This was the leading bowling average in the Strathmore Union that year. His many fine innings with the bat are too numerous to detail. Cricket is Jack's first love and his coaching and example provided the School, the F.P. Cricket Club and Forfarshire Cricket Club with many fine players.

However, Jack is a man of many parts and other School clubs are indebted to him every bit as much as the Cricket Club. He played for the F.P. Badminton Club for many years and was always available to help out in any capacity whenever required. He gave long service to the School Cadet Corps, in which he commanded great respect and coached many fine marksmen. One could go on and on because Jack was interested in all School activities and his house in Euclid Crescent was a home from home to many of us. Education has many facets. Jack taught us to play as a team according to the rules. He showed

us how to be circumspectly happy in victory and gallant in defeat. He inspired courage. What better grounding can a laddie have?

We of the Old Boy's Club always look forward to his company at our Annual Dinner and we hope to meet him there for many years to come.

One cannot talk of Jack without mention of his charming wife, a most delightful person and equally deserving of our highest regard. They have both given wonderful service to the School and all connected with it. Fortunately their retirement is to be spent in our midst. The Old Boys' Club convey to them their most sincere thanks and their very best wishes for the future.

Old Girls' Club

Greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The 37th Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on Monday, 17th March 1969, when the following office-bearers were appointed: — President, Mrs G. S. Lowden; Vice-Presidents, Mrs G. Raitt and Mrs R. S. Grieve; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs D. Thornton, 2 Claypotts Tce., Broughty Ferry, Dundee; Hon. Secretaries, Mrs K. W. Pritchard, 1 Bingham Tce., Dundee and Mrs A. D. Clark, Smithy Croft, Auchterhouse. Other members of Committee appointed were Miss Gray and Mrs Watt *ex officio*, Mrs Adams, Miss Anderson, Mrs Stobie, Mrs Inverarity, Mrs Sim, Mrs Brown, Mrs Knight, Miss McKendrick, Mrs Sturrock, Miss Jackson, Mrs Burnett and Mrs Nicol. The total membership of the Club is now 663.

The Re-Union Dinner in November 1968, was well-attended and those present were entertained after the meal by Miss Inez McNaughton who spoke of her world travels. The next Re-Union Dinner has a change of date and venue. It will be held on 31st October in Queen's Hotel, Dundee, and we hope to have the usual support. We shall particularly welcome new members and members from out of town.

Many of you will have been saddened by the death of Miss Whytock. Due tribute is paid to her elsewhere in this magazine and Mrs Watt also paid tribute at the A.G.M., when she spoke of Miss Whytock's wonderful service to the School and Club.

It is with pleasure that we inform you of the honour paid by the City of Dundee to one of our best known members, Mrs Agnes Allan, in choosing her as the citizen of the year. Mrs Allan has in turn honoured the Club by accepting an invitation to address us at the Re-Union Dinner in October.

In the year since the last report there have been two occasions of School and Club joining forces. In June 1968, the Old Girls ran the Tea Tent at the School Sports when a profit of £35 was realised. We are doing this again this year, and in addition are running a cake and candy stall.

The other event was a Mock Trial organised by the Old Boys and Old Girls and presented to Forms II.-VI. and members of both Clubs in March of this year. This was very well attended and the School Hall was filled to capacity. We were fortunate in having the local Sheriff and Procurator-Fiscal Depute add to the proceedings.

A number of Old Boys acted in various capacities and the Old Girls were represented by Mrs Marjory Thom, Mrs Margaret Bruce and Mrs Greta Pritchard. The jury was comprised of pupils drawn by lot, from those attending. An instructive but amusing evening was enjoyed by all.

We extend a warm welcome to all girls leaving school in June and trust that those who attended the Leavers' Tea Party held on 27th May, enjoyed their afternoon with the Old Girls there.

All Old Girls who have moved may not receive their copy of this magazine. Would friends to whom they complain of this omission please ask them to inform the Secretary of their whereabouts! To those of you who will be changing their names and/or addresses this year an appeal — please notify the Secretary.

The following have joined the Club since March, 1968: —

- Miss Patricia Adamson, 31 Farington St., Dundee.
- Miss Marjory Boath, Ashludie Farm, Monifieth.
- Miss Rosalind Brown, 14 Duntrune Tce., Broughty Ferry.
- Miss Catherine Coull, 22 Dalhousie St., Carnoustie.
- Miss Marion Clow, 60 Princes St., Monifieth.
- Mrs Pamela Crichton, 9 Bradbury St., Dundee.
- Miss Alison R. Daniel, Fairholme, Tough, Aberdeenshire.
- Miss Patricia Gass, 60 Johnston Ave., Dundee.
- Miss Patricia Hutton, Holly Lodge, 26 Cedar Road, Broughty Ferry.
- Miss Margaret Low, 21 Dalhousie St., Monifieth.
- Miss Margaret Manson, 64 Maule St., Carnoustie.
- Miss Lorna Marshall, 355 Arbroath Rd., Dundee.
- Miss Susan Martin, Longcroft, Longforan.
- Miss Fiona Monroe, 50 Windsor St., Dundee.
- Miss Catherine Richmond, 12 Rankine St., Dundee.
- Miss Thelma Robertson, 4 Alton Tce., Grove Rd., West Ferry.
- Miss Sally Ross, 25 Dalhousie St., Carnoustie.
- Miss Elizabeth Stuart, 11 Glenogil Ave., Dundee.
- Miss Isobel M. Todd, Coach House, Ellieslea Rd., West Ferry.
- Miss Sheelagh A. Todd, Coach House, Ellieslea Rd., West Ferry.
- Miss Marion Wiltshire, Burnside, Cortachy.

We have pleasure in announcing the following marriages: —

- Miss Jane Bowden to Mr R. Peggie.
- Miss Patricia Crombie to Mr R. D. Abbot.
- Miss Joan Carr to Mr R. C. Laird.
- Miss Millicent Cunningham to Mr G. Cave.
- Miss Marjory Foote to Mr W. Thom.
- Miss Sheila McKenzie to Mr I. Mann.
- Miss Hazel Ptolmey to Mr D. Merigold.
- Miss Ann Reid to Mr B. Caulfield.
- Miss Margaret Stewart to Mr Denis Thornton.
- Miss Joan Sutherland to Mr N. McAllister.
- Dr. Jean Thomson to Mr. Davis.
- Miss Ishbel Thomson to Mr D. A. Adams.

OBITUARY

We deeply regret the deaths of Miss Florence Whytock and Mrs E. Luke.

GRETA PRITCHARD and SALLY CLARK,
Hon. Secretaries.

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