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MAGAZINE



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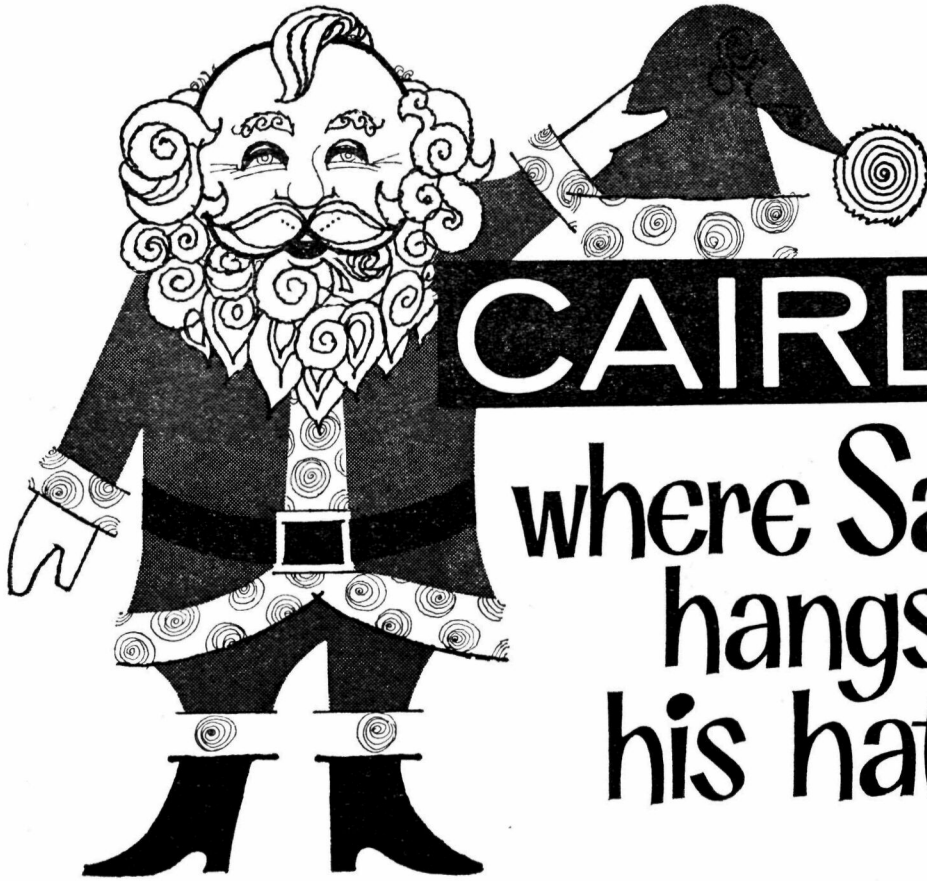
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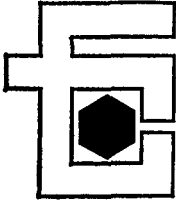


CAIRDS

where Santa
hangs
his hat!

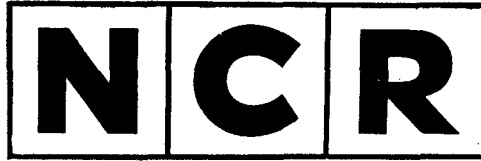
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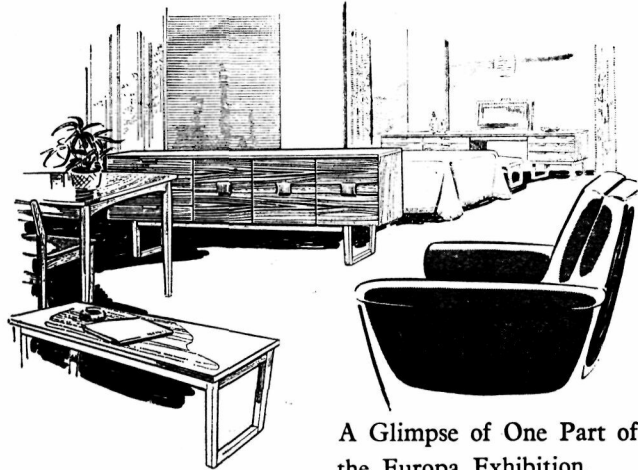
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- (c) The closing dates for receipt of application is 10th January, and 1st June for the September and January intakes respectively.

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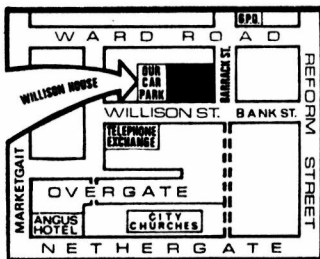
who will be pleased to visit the parents of boys to give any help required.

An Invitation



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Editorial

"In your judgment," writes one of my illustrious predecessors, in 1965, "remember that you are the ones who were required to write the 'something worth publishing!'" This warning rings very true today, as one witnesses the strange reluctance of senior pupils to contribute articles to the school magazine. The initial achievement of seeing one's name in print fades away with maturity, and leaves a sentiment that might variously be described as bashfulness, apathy, cynicism or doubt.

What is the primary function of the magazine? If it is to record accurately and fully the events of the last six months in the school, then the magazine continues successful. If, however, some idea of the school's literary output is desired, there is room for improvement. Of course, "literary output" is a woolly term—we should welcome suggestions as to what form the "literary output" could take. After all, if the magazine is imperfect, it will take more than "a different-coloured cover" (one of the principal suggestions) to invigorate it!

The Editor.

No. 147

ONE SHILLING AND
SIXPENCE

DECEMBER, 1969

News and Notes

STAFF NEWS

We congratulate **Mr E. M. Stewart**, Second Master, on his appointment as Rector. This appointment will take effect from the summer of 1970. We will say more of this in the next issue.

We congratulate **Mr David Adams** on his appointment as Principal English Master in Arbroath Academy.

In June, we parted with **Miss Smith** of the Junior School and **Mr Alan Bell** of the Mathematics Department.

In September we welcomed the following as new members of staff—**Mr N. I. G. Rorie** (English); **Miss E. Montgomery** (Modern Languages); **Miss Coull** (Junior School); **Mr N. Doig** (Mathematics and Technical Subjects).

After Christmas we will be joined by **Mrs Dalrymple** (English), and **Dr. D. Robertson** (Biology).

FORMER PUPILS

Thelma Charlotte Robertson, received Teacher's Diploma in "The Theory and Practice of Speech" from Trinity College of Music London in July 1969. It is called A.T.C.L. (Associate of Trinity College London). The examination was completed in December 1968.

Mrs F. A. J. Macdonald (Elizabeth M. Stuart), married in Dundee on 28th December, 1968. Husband is divinity student at St. Mary's College, St. Andrews.

Ann P. Murray (néé Cumming), married Malcolm S. Murray in September 1968.

Rosemary Anne Birrell graduated with "distinction" from Dunfermline College of Physical Education, June 1968 and is now teaching at St. George's School for girls, Edinburgh.

Patricia H. Abbott (néé Crombie). Since qualifying as psychologist and modern linguist I am finding both degrees the perfect combination for continuing my last year's London career in Market Research and Advertising, in Europe.

Due to Export Drives, etc. many English Companies are showing renewed interest in potential European markets; I, therefore, have been working for large British companies in Germany and France, meeting fascinating people, and occasionally making a flying trip also to England—all of which is a very stimulating and pleasant way of increasing one's own business experience and, of course, of supplementing one's housekeeping allowance !!!

Elizabeth M. Middleton, D.B.O., having gained the Diploma of the British Orthoptic Society in December 1968, after studying at the Central School of Orthoptics in Moorfield's Eye Hospital, London, and the Lipton Orthoptic Institute in the Glasgow Eye Infirmary, I am now employed in the Tennent Institute of Ophthalmology of Glasgow University in the Western Infirmary, and in the Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Yorkhill, Glasgow as research Orthoptist.

James Dow Gray Mill, C.A., appointed Company Secretary of Perolin Co. Ltd. and its subsidiaries, and Ragsone Oil Co. Ltd. and its subsidiaries, June 1969, based at head office in Mount Street, Mayfair.

(Rev. Dr.) **Ronald Falconer**, who has completed 24 years in charge of B.B.C. Religious Broadcasts in Scotland, personally directed the 8 outside broadcast cameras which covered the Royal procession and the Queen's speech at the 1969 General Assembly.

PRESENT PUPILS

D. W. A. Campbell has won a scholarship in Physics at Brasenose College, Oxford.

Elizabeth J. Boase and **Louise J. Paterson** attended the first meeting of the National Youth String Orchestra of Scotland, held this summer in Helensburgh, under the baton of Bryden Thomson.

Yvonne Arnot, F.IV., has had her painting, "Bulb" accepted for the National Exhibition of Children's Art, 1969, which will be visiting Dundee in 1970.

This is possibly the largest Exhibition of its kind in Great Britain, with an entry list of over 50,000 pictures from which only 400 are selected. The Exhibition is sponsored by the "Sunday Mirror" newspaper.

ART STAFF NEWS

In an Exhibition of Paintings held by The Bridge Group in the Roseangle Gallery, Dundee, in July, **Miss Edgar** had paintings and

ceramics on view. This was the first exhibition of the seven artists in this Group of which Miss Edgar is a member. In November, Miss Edgar held an Exhibition of ten oil paintings and watercolours at the Repertory Theatre, Dundee.

Mr Macdonald won Third Prize with his Cine Film, "Relatively Speaking" in the Dundee Cine Society Open Competition held in October. The film shows a visit to a Zoo and the services of **Peter Walsh** were enlisted as narrator.

A watercolour seascape of **Mr Vannet's** was selected by the Arts Bureau, London for an Exhibition held in Los Angeles during British Week in August, and in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Marine Artists held in the Guildhall, London, Mr Vannet was represented by two watercolours and a pencil drawing. From this Exhibition held during October and November, the Arts Bureau selected a watercolour for one year's tour of England.

LOLLY POP MAN

May I thank the teaching staff for their help in my duties. The infants are my biggest concern meantime, and I would like to see the Seniors take the same interest in helping them, as they were only infants themselves when I started at D.H.S.

J.M.S.

BELMONT ART CAMP

This year was the third year of a most successful art camp at Belmont. This camp was superintended by Mr Rothwell and aided by Mr Rae, Assistant Art Adviser for Dundee Education Authority. One day, Her Majesty's Art Inspector paid us a visit at the camp. Teachers from all the schools in Dundee attended, including Mr Vannet and Mr McDonald, who represented the High School. There was a party of thirteen pupils from our school, twelve girls and one boy!

Belmont is situated near Meigle, surrounded by pleasant countryside. The actual grounds were very suitable for sketching.

While we were sketching, music was played over the loudspeaker.

During our three days stay, plenty of entertainment was provided for us. On the Friday evening a film was shown in the hall. On Saturday there was a party at which a well known Dundee Group played. The party lasted

from early in the evening until after midnight and everyone enjoyed themselves and made lots of new friends by mixing with pupils from other schools.

That afternoon, a well known sculptor from Dundee Art College, Mr Ian Ross, modelled a portrait head in clay. Fiona Buchanan from our school posed for him.

On Sunday morning there was a church service and one of our party read the lesson.

That afternoon, we all went into the country, by coach to sketch various views of a little village near Meigle, the best view of which was a ruined abbey covered in ivy.

The weather was overcast until we packed up to go and then it cleared up, which is typical.

Altogether there were about 200 people at Belmont.

A variety of media were used, charcoal, temperapaste, gouache, water colours, oils, coloured inks, pencils and pastels.

We were expected to take advantage of our surroundings, and paint our subjects accordingly.

On Sunday evening we all went home after spending a very pleasant weekend at Belmont.

A selection of forty-eight paintings and drawings made at the Camp by pupils of the schools attending is touring the schools in Dundee.

The High School had this Exhibition for two weeks on display on the landing outside the Art Department, Boys' School. Much interest was created by this exhibition which showed examples of many individualistic styles.

Iola Wilson and Jane Maxwell, Form III.

MUNSTER

For many of us our visit with the Cadets last summer to the lovely old Cathedral town of Munster in Northern Germany was our first visit to that country.

We were immediately impressed by the apparent affluence of the town. Shops were packed with a wide variety of quality goods and these were displayed to great effect with warm and gay colour schemes and subtle lighting. In the streets elderly cars were like the long

haired youths—few and far between. Discerning shoppers, amongst whom whole families out for walks strolled, were always well dressed.

Perhaps this is typical of West Germany today but, irrespective of the national economy, Munster itself could hardly fail to prosper. Its geographical position at the intersection of important trade routes; its special privileges as a seat of Bishop and its influential role as an administrative centre have all contributed to its success throughout the ages.

In the town we were very soon to become aware of the discipline and efficiency of the German people. The streets were obviously not for jaywalkers; everyone had to cross only at the controlled crossings or risk an “on the spot” fine. Even at the crossings no one dared to cross until the lights said “Go” whether there were vehicles in the vicinity or not. Ice cream cartons, cigarette packets and sweet papers have to be placed in the receptacles provided or kept in one’s pocket. No smoking is allowed in Public Transport or in cinemas and no one is allowed to enter a cinema after the performance has started. Perhaps most unusual of all to our minds was the byelaw forbidding the hanging of washing outside on a Sunday. The efficiency of the German people is of course a byword in the history of Europe but we found it tempered with friendliness and kindness. In particular we were more than fortunate to meet Fraulein Angelica Schiemann, a teacher

of English and her friend Herr Klaus Kettler, an engineer.

During our last Saturday in Munster, they devoted their whole day to giving us an informal and very interesting tour of the town. As a centre of communication around which was concentrated large numbers of troops the city was heavily blitzed during the last war. Since then many of the buildings with historical significance, which had been severely damaged, and been rebuilt to the original specifications.

As we visited the magnificent Cathedral, parts of which date back to the 13th Century, and as we stood in the Rathaus (Townhall) where the Treaty of Westphalia was signed the atmosphere was in its own way a tribute to the craftsmen who had rebuilt most of them stone by stone. It was of course fortunate that the interiors with the magnificent oak carvings, wainscots and cabinets had been meticulously dismantled and stored safe from the ravages of war. Like these buildings the main shopping area too has been rebuilt in its previous form.

Let us not however give the impression that Munster is a city living in the past. One has only to visit the main railway station, or drive along one of the ring roads, or visit the bold and imaginative civic theatre or sit contentedly in the colourful and spacious parks to see that Munster today is an attractive blend of the old and the new.

D.C.F.

Junior School

I have whity who is my giny pig. He ets caruts and lettes. I pik him up and like him he is warm and fury.

Stuart Strachan, L.Ia.

We went to Arran for our last holiday and we went to the seaside and we even went to a hotel.

Ann Menzies, L.IIb.

My dog is called bengo. He is a funny dog. He has bacon-fat that is left from breakfast. He licks me alot.

Diana Wilson, L.IIb.

My mother was shinig cons for crismis-presents.

Robert Anderson, L.IIb.

When I was in bed the alarm did not go and ay was leat for school.

Angus Kinnes, L.IIb.

My Mummy knitted a pair of gloves. I like them.

I wear them to school. Coming home too.

They are forn.

They fit me. Once I left them at school.

Fiona Swanson, L.IIb.

We have a te v set would you like to see it it has wood on it even it has nobbes on it?

Murray Cathro, L.IIb.

H.M.S. PINAFORE



RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr D. W. Allardice, K. I. Brown, R. Harrison, A. C. J. Middleton, D. Campbell, J. G. Stewart, D. A. Smith, A. G. Ross, R. I. W. Stiven, Mr G. C. Stewart.

Front Row (l. to r.)—E. S. Webster, D. J. J. Muckart, I. G. C. Gossip, G. R. B. Hawkes, A. J. Gossip, J. G. Pate, D. Watt, L. A. Milne, D. E. Cavers.

GUIDE CAMP



I had tow gold-fish and there names were
biff and ting My fish died.

Alistair Currie, L.IIb.

I made a trackter and this is what I made
it with a creem carten and a sigeretbox and
two biterlemen tops for the frunt wheels.

And a chees box for the back wheels.

And a ticket for seet.

David Smith, L.IIb.

I have some glassis and some times I hafto
some go to the eye-department.

Ann Menzies, L.IIb.

We have got a nyoo carpet.

Murray Cathro, L.IIb.

We had gold fish and we went get food and
whene we came back the fish were ded we
had to birie hime under the cround.

David Scott, L.IIb.

I am gong to have stamps for my Christmas
and a ring-binder.

I have a dog his name is Tam I am gong
to have a book and a car a clock I am going to
have a game I am going to have a Action-Man
that can speak with different clothes.

Angus Perry, L.IIb.

We ara going to the swing-bafs to night I
can jump in from the sid of the swing.

Robert Anderson, L.IIb.

I have a dog she is a labredor Her name is
whisky I have a little brother and a little
sister my mummy was ill on the 12 of noveber.

Alistair Currie, L.IIb.

I have been swimming and I can skate and
I can dive into the water at the sea side.

Hilary H. Fair, L.IIb.

Sometimes I don't like reading storyies be-
cause they are horrid.

Diana Wilson, L.IIb.

Dear Santa Claus,

Please can I have a baking set and a resipay
book and please could I have a cake-tin to. And
a real tipe-writer. I would like to have the
baking set because I would like to bake a cake
for mummy. And I would like to write letters
to people but my hand gets tired with a pencil.

Love from Alison.

Alison Newton, L.IIa.

When I grow up I would like to be a ballet
dancer. Because I would love to be on the
stage. And I know some ballet already.

Alison Newton, L.IIa.

Dear Santa,

Plese may I have a Watch because I wanted
one so much that my Mummy thot it wood be
a good idea to ask you if you cood give me one.

Love from Iona.

Iona Russell, L.IIa.

I would like to be a farmer because I could
drive a tractor. I could milk the cows I have
to harvest I would have pigs sheep and ducks.

Christopher Matheson-Dear, L.IIa.

Dear Santa,

please can I have a football strip because I
can play football. Please can I have a thing
that make creapy because I can scare people.
Please can I have a car that can go bie its self.

Love from Alistair.

Alistair Roy, L.IIa.

I would like to be a Arctect becaus my
daddy is one to and he gets lots of money be-
caus he helps men to biuld houses and disines
them aswell

Michael Clark, L.IIa.

I have a dog at home that runs away nearly
all the time. Her hair comes down to her eyes
and she is nearly blinde. We all like her and
she dus not like her hair beeing brushed.

Mandy Butchart, L.IIa.

MY TEECHUR

My teechur is a skinny bloke and he has a
small head and he often gives us Repetishon
and he has a red trap in his cubbord and he
makes us board. He always goes out and then
he comes back with a funny smell.

J.S., L.III.

My pet dog is called Patsy but three years
ago Patsy had a oparayshon in Patsys stumic
I do not no what was wrong with Patsy a few
moths ago she had a sore ear but now Patsy is
all-write Patsy and I play in the hall I throe
a ball and Patsy runs and caches the ball in
her mouth.

Susan Martin, L.IIIb.

I have a rabbit called Aesop. The rabbit eats
oat meal. When I go down in the morning to
take of Aesops cover his plate is emty.

Heather Stewart, L.IIIb.

MY TORTISE

I have a pet tortoise
He's very slow
He's hibernating just now
In his cosy box sleeping
When it's cold he will be fast asleep
Next summer he will be awake again.

Iain Mackenzie, L.IIIb.

I have two cats named Hamlet and Elsa.
They are both black. You can tell which is
which because Hamlet has a cut in its ear and
Elsa doesn't.

Lucy Boase, L.IIIb.

My dog is called Jock
He can eat rock,
He is a shetland collie:
And I gave him a lollie.

He chews up my jurkin,
So I have to squeeze him.
I can give him a bone
And leave him alone.

Callum Henderson, L.IIIb.

We are going to have a new baby. We think
it will be born approx April, or March. Mummy
and Daddy were suggesting names one night.
Daddy suggested Austin because my little
brother is called Maurice. Maurice and Austin
are both names of cars except Maurice is spelled
a different way. But you could only give the
new baby that name if it was a boy.

Dallas Mechan, L.IIIb.

JO AND JANE

Jo and Jane
They love the rain
And in the puddles go;
They do not fret
If they get wet,
They like it better so.
In and out
They splash about
As happy as can be,
Jo and Jane
They love the rain
Because they're ducks you see.
Quack! Quack! Quack!

Alison Sprint, L.IIIa.

AUTUMN

Autumn is here snow is falling,
The days are very dark,

The leaves are turning golden brown,
They fall right down on the ground,
And all the sky is grey,

Sarah Cusens, L.IIIa.

I wish I had a horse I would call it Tinker-
bell and I would ride her whenever I could. I
would like her to be tall and to have deep
brown eyes. I would want her to be chestnut in
colour. I would love her very much. I have
always loved horses and ponies ever since I
was small, I sometimes go to Mr Conkies and
sometimes to Camperdown and sometimes with
Sally.

Sarah Ramsay, L.IIIa.

CAMPFIRE EMBERS

Once I was sitting round campfire embers,
This is the day which I most remember,
Drinking cocoa, and eating chicken tender,
All sitting round the campfire embers.

Grown ups and infants going to their tents,
Laughing and jumping in their excitement,
Singing and dancing to music loud and clear,
Seeing some wild and roaming deer.

Passing round the sweet tin,
Afterwards someone says they want a safety pin,
Very much later the laughter dies down,
As soon as we wake up we go to the town.

Tanya Veitch, L.IV.

THE FARMYARD

I went through the tumble-down, broken gate,
And took a closer look,
There I saw a very queer sight,
A donkey reading a book!

Further on the cow was skipping,
The goat was dancing a jig,
The duck was playing hop-scotch,
And quacking to the pig!

I took a look on the name on a post,
"Oak Tree Farm" it said,
I went up to the big farm-house,
And looked at the door made of lead.

I knocked at the knocker made of brass,
And met the farmer's wife,
I asked if I could stay the night,
She waved her carving knife.
As I was looking out that night,
I saw, out of all the gloom,
A sight that no-one would ever believe,
A cow jumping over the moon!

I bet no-one in the whole wide world,
Had a stranger tale than me,
When I visited all my farm-yard friends,
At a farm called "Oak Tree".

Sarah McMillan, L.IV.

JOURNEY TO THE MOON

Up, Up the space ship goes on high.
To reach the moon, we must try.
The earth is soon left behind,
As on our journey we do find,
It takes us many days to reach,
The quest that we have chosen each.
That far-off lantern on us smiles,
While we speed on for miles and miles.

John McCulloch, L.IVb.

THE LIZARD

There was a little lizard and he was as cold
as a blizzard he started to blow and the flowers
started to grow.

There was a little lizard and he saw a little
fire on top of the spire he climbed the spire
and sat on the fire, and he said ow that hurt.

He put a plaster on his leg and said I will
never climb a spire with a little fire on the top
because I will get burnt again.

David Ogilvie, L.IV.

MY PETS

I have got two rabbits, a dog, and kitten.
My two rabbits' names are Snow-ball and
Bun-Bun. My dog's name is Shaun. My kitten's
name is Patch. Soon I hope I will get a pony.
I used to have six gold fish but they all died.
I some-times have a baby pigeon to look after.
I once found a big eel in one of our pools. It
must have come down the stream. We use to
have a wild mouse that my kitten caught but
I let it go because I thought it was cruel to
keep it.

Ian Mungo McFarland, L.IV.

THE FIRST "CHRISTMAS"

In Nazareth dwelt a man Joseph and his
his wife Mary. One thing they dearly wanted
was a baby boy. They prayed and prayed, and
one night God spake unto them and told them
to travel to Bethlehem where a boy would be
born unto him; he must call him Jesus. So
next day, Joseph told Mary that they must
travel to Bethlehem where they would receive

a baby boy. Well, Mary was absolutely over-
joyed. So, they packed, and started off on
their long journey. They took with them an
ass to carry Mary. At last they reached Beth-
lehem. Mary was very weary, so they stopped
in at a nearby inn to ask if they could stay the
night there. But the inn was too full. So the
couple tried at another inn which was full,
and they soon found out that there was not
one single vacant space in the whole of Bethle-
hem. Rather sadly, they made their way to
a stable where a couple of asses and oxes slept.
They made their way in, accompanied by a
young shepherd. They slept for a while and in
the middle of the night Mary received her
child, which she called Jesus.

Jennifer Mottashaw and
Gillian Grieve, L.V. Girls

JESUS

Far away in Bethlehem
Virgin Mary bore a son,
The Wise men came, and one said,
"He will be the ruler of every one."

32 years Jesus lived,
Until he was crucified,
When Virgin Mary came to see
Her son who'd sadly died.

His body was put in an empty tomb,
In the bottom of the Mary's land,
In three days time he rose again
And sat by God's right hand.

Virginia McDonald, L.V.

WINTER

When Jack Frost comes the ground will go
white.

The snow starts falling too.
He paints the leaves at dead of night.
It is a lovely sight.

In the morning people look out
To see the glistening white ice and frosted
snow.

An children laugh and shout "Hurrah"
To see that white frosted snow.

Soon there will be slides and snowball fights,
Children tired and wet
Go home all a miss
The slides are deserted now
'Cause the children are all away now.

Shirley Taylor, L.V.

THE MOON

The moon is like a ball
And it's full of gigantic holes.
And some have been turned outside in and are
very tiny spindily things.

The stalactites hang down the way like
mummies washing on a sunny day.

The stalagmites creep up the way like
daddy's brambles on a rainy day.

Natalie Gray, L.V.

President Nixon was at the launching of
satalite 12, which was at Cape Kenaday on
Friday just about 5 o'clock in our country.
When they counted the rocket was of to the
moon. Now they are collecting moon rocks for
the scientists to see if they have rays coming
from them.

Martin J. Baird, L.V.

THE HAIRY SPIDER

There once was a spider with hundreds of hairs,
It made me shiver when it creeps down the
stairs.

Its body so hairy it sticks to the floor,
And it makes creepy cobwebs all over the door.
It gives me such nightmares, I fall out of bed,
I'll have to stop dreaming and sleeping instead.

Ewan Crawford, L.V. boys

SPELING?

I'm farely good at English
Arithmetic's alrite,
Geografy and histry
Don't spoyl my apitight.
Nither Frensh nor Spanish langwidge
Coz me to langwish,
Butt, prehaps it is obviush,
The reeson for my angwish.

Jacqueline Robb, L.VII.

AUTUMN

Whirling leaves,
Golden and brown,
Light ones, dark ones
Thats Autumns glow.

Twisting and Turning
And fluttering down
The trees are bare now,
And you know,
Winters coming.

Jane Moodie, L.VI.

CHRISTMAS EVE THOUGHTS

It's Christmas Eve,
I'm in my bed,
Thinking thoughts in my little head,
If I think Santa Claus won't hurry,
I always seem to get in a flurry,
And if I think he will not come,
To get it out of my mind, I have to hurry,
I just wonder, wonder, wonder.

Will he bring me what I want,
Has he got my letter,
Have the reindeer lost their way,
Has he lost his toys,
Or maybe he's stuck up the chimney
If so I'll pull him down,
I hope he'll come I hope,
I just wonder, wonder, wonder.

Jingle, jingle, go his bells,
Far in to the night,
Weary will be when he gets home next morning,
Glad will be the reindeer when they get their
food.

I hope he comes,
I just wonder, wonder, wonder.

Paul Brewer, L.V.

DEATH

I rode on through the night,
He that dreaded enemy was still behind me,
Gallopung on his horse with might.

My horse stumbled and I fell,
Down to the ground,
Down to Hell,
I turned to face the Devil.

His great slimey hands fell upon my throat,
He stole my watch,
He stole my coat,
Mounting his horse, he lef behind,
A dead man of his own kind.

Susan Proudfoot, L.VI.

MAGIC MOONLIGHT

The silvery dew-drops glisten and the moon
sends her light quivering over the world. An
owl hoots from somewhere in an old oak tree
and a little field-mouse scuttles away in terror.
The gentle breeze sweeps the land, and the
leaves rustle and sway as if dancing along with
it. A nightingale sings her beautiful song to tell
you the dawn is coming. Now all the birds are
singing and the first light is here.

Anne Chalmers, L.VI.

MAN ON THE MOON

Slowly the hatch opens,
Out steps the astronaut,
Slowly he descends,
Till at the last step he pauses,
Cautiously he jumps,
And lands on soft grey dust.
He is now the first man on the moon.

On earth we watch,
With bated breath,
His every move down the ladder,
Millions of people watch,
As he jumps on to the moon.
We then congratulate him, on being,
First man on the moon.

Sheila Jamieson, L.VII.

MY BLACK DWARF

The neighbours don't like my black dwarf.
It takes down there washing when they aren't
looking. He likes marmelade sandwiches because
they stick the pages of the newspaper together.
That makes Daddy sticky and Mummy gummy.

Y. C. L., L.VI.

THE DWARF AND THE STONE

A dwarf, as as time itself hammered at a
shapeless piece of metal. He was wizened, his
face was like an old apple, brown and weather-
beaten. He had a long, grey beard and a pair
of twinkling blue eyes. He lived under a
mountain in a cave. Some hams and onions
hung from hooks in the roof. There was a
wooden, three-legged stool drawn up to a
small table and another by the fire. With
skilful fingers, the dwarf shaped a sword. Then
he opened a bag on the table—and out poured
thousands of millions of sparkling jewels. There
were diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires,
emeralds, topazes, and other things like bronze,
copper, gold, silver, marble, crystal, and much,
much more. He set them in the sword until it
looked like a rainbow.

Then he threw it into the fire! Flame after
flame sprang up, all different colours, and then
it stopped blazing. The dwarf took a pair of

tongs and brought out the sword. It was black
and dull and sooty. He took a cloth and cleaned
it, then he went outside and dipped it in the
well. Then it came out and again it was radiant.
Only more so. Then he journeyed on a donkey
to the palace. He demanded to be allowed to
enter, and he rode through amid jeers and
laughter. He bowed down low in front of the
king and offered his sword to him. The king
thanked him joyfully and the dwarf went back
to his cave on a horse with a bag of gold
jingling at his thigh.

Diana Batchelor, L.VI.

GUIDE CAMP

By 6.30 p.m. everybody was assembled with
their kit outside the church hall. When the
coach arrived we all tumbled in gaily, chatter-
ing and laughing. At 7.30 we reached the
camp site and lugged our kit down the stony
road, through the field of cows and up to the
door of the guide hut. When we had arranged
ourselves in our patrols, we were given out
our tents, and after many struggles, we even-
tually pitched them. By that time it was 9
o'clock and some of us laid out the bedding
while the rest fetched the food stores and
utensils. One of us did the turfing for the fire,
and when all the patrols had made camp, we
trooped to the hut for a mug of tomato soup
and a sausage roll each. At last, after a hard
evening's work, we bedded down. "Light's out"
was supposed to be at 11.30, but as usual we
chattered on till about 2 o'clock in the morning.

At 7.30 in the morning nearly everybody
was still sleeping soundly, but a few early birds
were up and about. After a big wooding trip,
we had our burnt breakfast. We spent some of
the morning in throwing buckets of water over
each other. After dinner we were given a chal-
lenge to do. The next thing we did was to
climb up a hill to a monument. The County
Commissioner invited all of us to her house to
see the programme on the television about the
Queen, and that's where we went in the even-
ing.

Sunday was spent mostly in tidying up the
camp-site (taking down tents, store-tents,
cleaning billy-cans, putting back the turf). At
5 o'clock many parents arrived to take us home
after a very enjoyable weekend.

Hilary Ritchie, L.VII.

CCF Contingent Visit to 2nd Bn. Scots Guards in Germany

On the afternoon of 22nd July as the wind freshened gradually from the West, the sky became perceptibly darker in hue.

By the time that shops had put up their shutters and in offices throughout the City, dust covers were thrown on typewriters, the azure blue sky, so predominant in previous weeks, had given way to a swirling mass of streaky grey.

As nine o'clock approached and our party were checked into Taybridge Station by Lts. Fraser and McKenzie only the citizens with good reasons lingered in the drieh and gloomy streets. The night was chilly, wet and almost autumnal; an impression accentuated by the hiss of speeding cars.

The atmosphere thus portrayed was in an indefinable way in harmony with our own innermost feelings. Of course we were excited and it is true to say that we all looked forward eagerly to the visit, but it was also true that our attachment to a Regiment as renowned as the Scots Guards gave rise to a considerable feeling of apprehension.

Prior to our trip, many of the party had delved into the history of the Regiment and in particular of the 2nd Battalion whose old Colours are laid up in Dundee Parish Church (St. Mary's).

The Scots Guards

In 1642 King Charles I. instructed the 8th Earl of Argyll to form a Regiment of 1,500 men for service in Ireland. This body of men known as Argyll's Regiment was renamed the Regt. of Scottish Foot Guards by Charles II. Under this title the Regt. saw service in Scotland, Ireland, the Low Countries and in Spain. In 1712, when stationed in London, the Regt. again had its name changed. This time Queen Anne bestowed the title The Third Regiment of Foot Guards. As such it took part in the various campaigns of the time always giving distinguished service. Probably the most memorable was its share in the defence of Hougoumont, an epic of the battle of Waterloo.

King William IV. restored to the Regiment the Scottish title when it was renamed the

Scots Fusilier Guards. As such, their high reputation was maintained in the Crimean War and there the first V.C.s were won. In 1877, Queen Victoria gave back to the Regt. its old title of Scots Guards.

Since then the Regiment has served in South Africa and in both World Wars, in North Africa and in Europe. In more recent times, apart from Public Duties in London and Windsor, there has been service in Suez, Germany, Cyprus, Malaya, East Africa and Borneo.

Little wonder we felt a trifle apprehensive!

Our journey to Munster, which was by rail and sea was long, but excellent arrangements by Thos. Cook and Sons, did much to make our travelling pleasant.

With the Guards

We arrived at Waterloo Barracks about 0100 hrs. on the Thursday morning and bright, but not too early, we were officially welcomed by Major B. A. Stewart-Wilson who explained our programme.

It was at this stage we became uncomfortably aware of our first mistake. We had not anticipated a temperature in the high 80's, nor had we taken into consideration the high humidity factor. Fortunately, with an efficiency which was to become the keynote for all future activities during our stay, the CQMS came to our aid. Camouflage nets were utilised as cravats which made us look reasonably respectable in shirt sleeve order which was the only bearable form of dress.

This was just as well, as during the next ten days we all had experience in driving 432s; in hopping about in helicopters; in leaving them by rope when they hovered 30 to 40 feet above the ground and in firing the S.L.R. and GMPG on the ranges. When you add to that a highly successful "Hour with the Padre", a session on the square with the C.S.M., a spell in the Gym, a night patrol, a day visit to a lake resort at Haltern and a very full and exciting day visit to 19 Fd. Regt., R.A. at Dortmund in the Rhur, and two full dress Church Parades, you will see that we were kept busy.

All arrangements were carried out without a hitch and here we must pay tribute to Major James Dunsmure who commanded Left Flank—the Company responsible for our administration.

In the evenings the main centre of attraction was the NAAFI where we played stereo record, billiards, made friends with the Guardsmen and drank Coke by the pint. The accommodation was luxurious and facilities fantastic and naturally a lot less expensive than Munster itself. We did, of course, pay visits to the town and on our last Saturday there, we had a conducted tour. It was very interesting but you can read more of that elsewhere in the magazine.

Throughout our stay, we were very impressed by the mobility of the modern army and with the facilities and opportunities available to our troops.

Reflections on Return

As the train crept slowly across the Tay Bridge on our return the sun was low in the East. We were returning to Dundee at its best; fresh, clean and clear in the early morning sun.

Gone now was the feeling of apprehension—indeed we wondered how it could have ever existed. The Scots Guards, despite their high and justly deserved reputation, despite their renown, despite their efficiency and despite their justifiable pride in the Regiment, had welcomed us with warmth and sincerity which augurs well for the future.

Our trip was a marvellous and memorable one and for this, our thanks go to Lt. Col. J. H. B. Acland, Commanding Officer whose interest help and encouragement did much to make it so, and to Warrant Officers, N.C.O.'s and Guardsmen of the 2nd Battalion.

D.C.F.

Rembrandt — The Etcher

To mark the tercentenary of the death of Rembrandt Hermezoon van Rijn, one of the greatest painters and etchers the world has ever known, an exhibition of some sixty of his etchings was held in the Dundee Art Gallery for three weeks in October.

Included in this collection were four famous etchings—"The Death of the Virgin" (1639), "The Three Trees" (1643), "The Hundred Guilder Print" (1642-5), and "The Three Crosses" (1660-61)—all of which reflect the pure genius of the artist and his mastery of technique.

In the etching "The Death of the Virgin", Rembrandt departed from convention and developed a freedom of line with great effect using drypoint to reinforce his acid-bitten work, a practice by no means common in Rembrandt's time. His vision of the Virgin's death is not a well-worn conception, but is an approach far removed from tradition expressing in a simple way the passing of mortal life. The next important etching chronologically is Rembrandt's most famous and most popular—"Christ with the Sick around Him, receiving little Children" ("The Hundred Guilder Print"). This is a masterpiece of human characterization, chiaroscuro and composition. Here, Christ is portrayed standing among those seeking help and the ethereal light of divine pity emanating from Him floods a wide area of the print

illuminating the central figure-groups and the Pharisees on the extreme left. The latter were drawn in an open line technique which contrasts with the more detailed figures near Jesus who, without doubt, gives the impression that He is a human being amongst humans and that He is both man and God. Only ten prints exist of the first state of the etching and twenty-five of the second state.

The most outstanding of his early landscapes is "The Three Trees" having for its motive a passing storm. In this print the power of Rembrandt's lines is to be felt in the treatment of the sky where the sunlight has pierced the clouds and the trees stand silhouetted in a magnificent pattern against the strong light. The landscape is peopled with small figures which add human interest. In the etching "Christ Crucified between two Thieves" ("The Three Crosses") we can see why the whole print has been described as a "cataclysm of light and darkness" as the blinding light from Heaven above descends to earth in a most striking manner. It is believed that Rembrandt has based nearly every figure on a reminiscence and the whole print reflects tumult and tragedy and one feels that one is viewing a lifetime of Rembrandt's etching in one masterly plate. Impressions from this plate vary, as this was the result of Rembrandt's great interest in the making of individual prints, some of which

give a dazzling light and luminosity in the shadows. He achieved unique results from the same plate instead of the monotony of the usual series of similar impressions, and in his etching technique he used a combination of etching, drypoint and engraving freely.

Other important prints in the exhibition were "The Great Jewish Bride" which is a portrait of his wife, Saskia, seated with her long hair cascading over her shoulders; "Christ at Emmaus" in which the strangers recognise His glory as He sits at meat with them; "The Goldweiger" with its clarity of line in the shadows; "Jan Lutma" the old goldsmith sitting in his armchair with his back to the window; the "Return of the Prodigal Son" and the portrait of "Clemente de Jonghe, Printseller".

In the "Return of the Prodigal Son" (1636) which is stated to be one of Rembrandt's greatest achievements by some connoisseurs, the etching illustrates a kneeling, penitent son clinging to his rejoicing father who bends over to comfort him. The abject figure of the son evokes a feeling of pity and the servants are to be seen bringing robes and shoes to clothe him while another member of the household opens a window to make sure that the son has arrived and that the news is true. It is of interest that the copper plate upon which the "Return of the Prodigal Son" is etched, is the thickest plate found, and it is only slightly thicker than one millimetre—all the other surviving plates of Rembrandt's etchings are thinner. This etching is bitten on the reverse side of a plate previously used for a mathematical illustration. In the etching "Clemente de Jonghe, Printseller" (1651) Rembrandt has created a masterpiece of etched portraiture which Whistler pronounced as being flawless. Again, we can feel the honesty of the master's technique which renders a luminosity in the shadow areas of the portrait.

International authority has given Rembrandt his place as the supreme master of etching in which he became magnificently articulate communicating to mankind his vast experience of life.

Notes on the Process of Etching:—

Etching is a lengthy process by which the lines to be printed are made by the chemical action of acid (nitric or hydrochloric) on a copper plate, upon which an acid-resisting "ground" has been laid and the drawing has been made with an etching needle. The point

of the needle removes the "ground" thus exposing the copper plate. The "ground" which is a fine coating of a special wax offers no resistance to the needle which can produce a free line. When the drawing has been completed on the "grounded" plate, the plate is placed in a bath of acid which bites lines where the surface of the metal is exposed — the thickness of the line can be varied according to the length of time the plate is left in the acid bath. The plate is then thoroughly cleaned, inked and printed (the ink adheres only in the bitten lines). These lines on the plate are printed on paper by means of a printing press for etchings and the lines on the impression are slightly raised in relief which is part of the charm of an etching. Considerable experience is required to judge the depth of line bitten by the acid and although the process sounds simple, it takes long practice, knowledge and skill to make an etching. The printing process is an art in itself not mastered by many. When an impression is taken, the etcher can detect mistakes which need correction and he continues to work on the plate, laying new "grounds", re-etching and taking new impressions until he is satisfied that the final stage has been reached. An edition of final prints can then be made. Each of these improvements from different stages of the etching is called a "State" of the etching and the development from beginning to end, through the different states enables us to follow the progress of the work. These various states are of great interest to both student and connoisseur.

"Drypoint" is the process by which the copper plate is scratched deeply with a drypoint needle which raises a "burr" or ridge on each line and the plate does not require to be bitten by acid. This burr thrown up by the needle, became a valuable, artistic device in the hands of Rembrandt who used it more and more until it became the main method of his etching technique and reached perfection in "The Three Crosses". Unfortunately, the burr of drypoint wears quickly after a succession of prints have been taken through the printing press and its intense, velvet-black effect is lost. Some of Rembrandt's plates have lost this rich effect in later impressions. As Rembrandt grew older, his impatient genius did not allow him leisure for the more laborious and slow process of etching. Nineteenth century purists believe that etching and drypoint should not be mixed, but Rembrandt did not allow the medium to influence him or his inspiration, and he used

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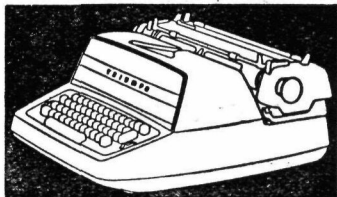
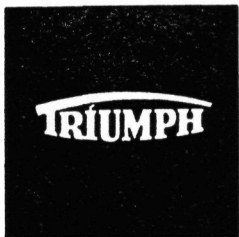
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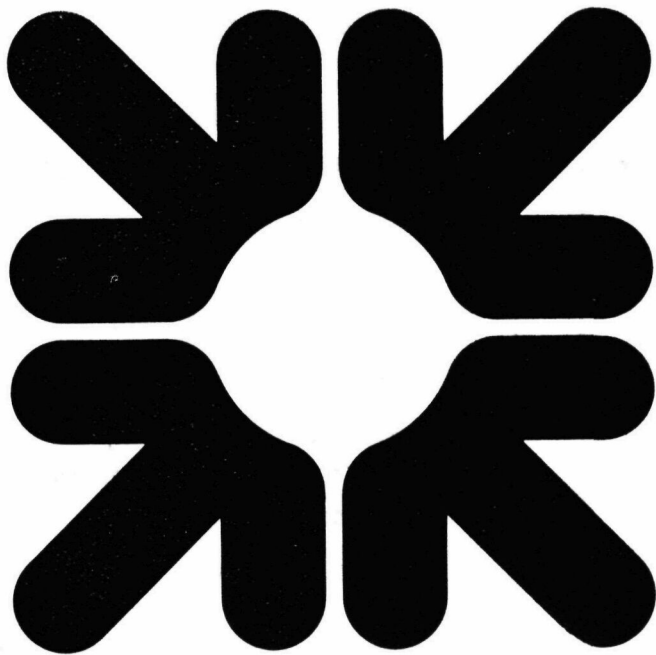
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both etching and drypoint technique on the same plate with amazing effects and sometimes he even added engraved lines (made with a graver tool) to enrich the effect further. He even removed the burr deliberately from drypoint lines and achieved an effect resembling very delicate graver work. It could be said that Rembrandt ended with an almost complete disregard for etching proper, using repeated

biting less often with its slow, disciplined technique, yet, he became a master of it. He probably learned to engrave when working in collaboration with a Reproduction-Etcher such as Joris van Vliet.

The many "states" of Rembrandt's etchings indicate that he had taken immense pains to achieve perfection in his many etchings.

W.P.V.

Putting You in the Picture

The June issue of the School Magazine acknowledged the generous gift to the School, by the family of the late Mr C. C. Spankie, of video-tape-recording equipment. Now, since the start of the session, 1969-70, more and more pupils are realising the educational benefits to be derived from this gift.

During the Summer Term, 1969, a few of the staff (intrepid pioneers!) had been making themselves familiar with the use of this remarkable equipment, most of them amazed to find how relatively simple it is in use though apparently complex in construction. A few experimental films were made in Room 17a. A brief one of the view from the west windows of Room 17a in which staff and pupils starred, quite unaware of their "candid camera" appearance, was—in the opinion of the two members of staff concerned—an outstanding production! Three of Miss Dobson's dancers—Margaret Duncan, Margaret Gibb and Robert Milne—were able, thanks to Miss Laing's camera work, to see their own graceful and delightful performance; and some of Miss Davidson's pupils found themselves used as guinea-pigs, being put on tape—to their delight or embarrassment. The more technically-minded found an interest in such freak performances as watching a B.B.C. Schools broadcast on China while the sound from Jimmy Young's Radio 2 programme apparently provided the commentary!

Meantime, plans for the future were going ahead for the time when the use of the equipment would not be merely experimental. Head Masters now found that watching B.B.C. T.V. or I.T.V. schools broadcasts was much more practicable, as (when programmes can be taped and stored) programme times need no longer disrupt the normal timetable; and they went ahead with orders for brochures and pamphlets.

A time-table was drawn up for the most suitable times for taping, for use of camera and for playback of taped programmes so that equipment might be shared amicably. Work also went ahead to convert a deep, walk-in cupboard in Room 17a as a taping room with extra electric points and extended aerial leads, while extra cupboards were planned and erected as replacements for Room 17a's main cupboard; and a start was made to the conversion of existing television sets for playback of taped programmes on the large screen.

Thus, this term, we have been able to put the V.T.R. equipment to a reasonable amount of use. Perhaps it might be useful here to explain just what the equipment consists of—there is, firstly, a video-tape-recorder which works very similarly to a sound tape-recorder but records, on tape, both sound and picture; then there is a monitor television set from which T.V. programmes can be recorded as transmitted (and played back at the flick of a switch). This set may also be used as a small portable television set on its own; a video-camera and a microphone enable us to record on tape our own films and sound.

All tapes can be played back on the large screens of the normal television sets in school once a slight adjustment has been made.

This term, Mr McIntosh of the Science Department has taped some B.B.C. Physics programmes which, I have no doubt, pupils will find extremely useful, Mr G. C. Stewart has already used history programmes successfully with some of his classes, while two sections of Form 5 have, with Miss Davidson, enjoyed the very high standard of acting provided by B.B.C. Schools Drama programmes in Wesker's "Chips With Everything" and Brighouses's "Hobson's Choice" and have also had much food for thought from following some "New

Horizons" programmes on Heroes and Hero-worship. At the moment, the B.B.C. Schools Drama version of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" is being put on tape week by week and it is hoped that all sections of Forms 4 and 5 will thus be able to see this series by the end of term—an attractive way to study for "O" and "H" grade examinations.

One of the difficulties at present is that we have comparatively few tapes (they are very expensive!) and therefore cannot afford to retain tapes for any length of time as they are often needed almost immediately for re-use. A 30-minute broadcast, too, uses up three-quarters of a 40-minute tape so that it is impossible to use one tape for two such broadcasts. The Directors have, however, been most generous in their allocation of money for further tapes so that some films at least may be retained—possibly to record events of interest in the annals of the School.

Experiments have been carried out, too, with the camera-equipment—debating teams have had the salutary experience of seeing as well as hearing themselves, Lower School have plans for the use of this part of the equipment so that we may expect pupils at a very early age to become quite at home in the television studio atmosphere, and Mr Fraser is contemplating a film on the year's work in the Technical Department which should prove of great interest. Mr MacDonald of the Art Department, who is, as many may know, a ciné-photography expert and enthusiast, recently brought along some ciné-films and equipment for an experiment in which it was found that his ciné-films could be "translated" onto tape (albeit only in black and white!) This opened up possibilities for occasions when video-camera work might be difficult or even impossible, so that initial ciné work could be duplicated in this way for exhibition in school.

All this, I hope, will give you an idea of the tremendous potential for audio-visual aids in education that this gift has given D.H.S. Even the B.B.C. on a recent televising visit to School were impressed with the equipment which must be almost unique in Scottish schools. I am certain we may assure the family of the late Mr Spankie that their gift is being put to successful use already and that this use will expand and flourish in the future.

E.M.D.

Senior School

MUNDCLEP—THE MAN AND HIS ART

pentiously investigated by C. Jones

Dundee High School is privileged and proud to present the first authoritative collection of the works of Alan B. C. Mundclep. To those of you less au fait with modern verse, the name of Mundclep may only recall the haunting repetitions of his early work, "Motor Cars", a strongly symbolic essay on mechanization (I think), which we are pleased to reprint here in full.

Personally, for all that the "lice-symbolism" shows typical Munclep depth, I find that "Motor Cars" is only a youthful experiment, even though it does raise probing questions. I find more spiritual body in Mundclep's later 1969 work (now published for the first time). I am privileged to have here before the original manuscripts, and they give an illuminating insight into the poet's mind: on dog-eared, plain paper, swiftly pulled out of a maths exercise-mind, the poetic scrawl flows (or should I say cascades) with a deeply emotional poetic impetus. Here and there, those subtle mis-spellings, on which, uncomprehending, I had commented, are reinforced with treble underlinings and big red crosses. Already, readers, you must feel you know Mundclep: a massive, yet amiable intellect, yearning to communicate to the world its utmost depths.

One hesitates to define Mundclep's message, as each poem is an intensely personal thing, and anyone who has heard Mundclep's public dissertations (e.g., "On Capital Punishment"), will have some idea of his impassioned fervour. However, even in this short selection, we may isolate some characteristically Muncleplan elements: that deep-seated cry for youth against tradition in the "Third Disease", re-echoing the striking "trouserpress" symbolism, and striking to the very centre, or "lice/louse, ridden stomach" of society, giving the whole poem a fulfilling unity; the prevalent twin symbolism of "sausages" and "lice"; and finally, in "Chaucer and School Lunches"† the first triumphant signs of Mundclep's coming to terms with modern issues. The nuances of this

last poem are best understood after repeated re-reading. But key issues are raised. Why are bareskins quaternal? Or why are chairs Mark-51? What is the cryptic connection between Ulster's municipal administration and intergalactic communications? Profound and deep waters, these; and a deep stylistic analysis, showing how apparent senselessness is used to embody profound unreality, would be necessary for full appreciation.

But now is not the time, readers; Mundclep's intellect is still maturing, his experience increasing, his poetic craftsmanship undergoing radical remodification. We are witnessing a singularly stimulating phenomenon; the creative explosion of a massive and meaningful animus, helping us towards a deeper awareness of the obscurity of our own lives. The prospects are indeed exciting; let us indeed hope that this budding poet in our midst may escape "This concrete prison and its verdant surrounds in blue chincilla".

"THREE DISEASES OF A NEUROTIC MIND"

(late 1968-69)

Disease 1.

Measles meant mummy in the Good Old Days
To lusty and cruel bachelors
What seven yellow lice/louse ridden stomachs
are these?
You lousy lot
"Cut that dirty blue body of hair"
"Yes Sir, Sargeant Major!"
Ding dong, merrily do we chime on the path
to the pearly gates.

Disease 2.

A martial time, epitome of valour.
Little Boy Blue has eaten his mushrooms
After the nuclear holocaust
Oh, please! No, no! Mercy! Not that!
Vent not your trouserpress on me.
Mathematics a little child whose greater feats
are seven fold. A sense of fun is all you need
for reading of weeding . . .
Oh,—go home.

Disease 3.

Twenty seven embryonic kiddies
plan the strategies for us . . .
Twenty seven half-baked yellow sausages,
chocolate coated and with special blue bottle
flavouring
lurching ever onwards.

Sychic Sausage Symbolism never helped anybody.

Thy kingdom come . . . to
fourteen more look down on the abortive earth
hoping for blue ice lollies.

Friends, I've escaped—

This concrete prison, and its verdant surrounds
i.e., blue chincilla,
comes for only \$27.00 and three yellow sausage
coupons.

"MOTOR CARS" (Early 1968-69)

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

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

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

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

"CHAUCER AND SCHOOL LUNCHES"

(early 1969-70)

Heating up a new set
Ifelt that the oranges were not right—or gray
Or gay back home in world's twenty-seventh
Anti-peace War. Books for 27 Arabian Mark-51
electrically-operated
electrically-powered electric chairs are made
available to all our members when they have
pade
their quaternal bareskins
To the great E. britannica where's the top?
One move upwards, one move downwards
And the eternal pedestrian inspires ever
plodding onward past Councillor Murphy
and into Galaxy 3C 271 RG.
This one is called vers three
Half past conclusion—the end.

And, finally, a shorter and more recent piece which is of especial value to serious students of Mundclep by virtue of the illuminatingly frank and modest comments, by Mundclep himself, that immediately follow.

WHY NOT? (early 1969-1970)

Otherwise known as motor aeroplanes
 The GRATE GORELLA stalks a telescope
 economics understood
 notwithstanding twenty-seven pounds
 Mats table jelly do good things
 Sky-extra—departmental badges no longer
 Ovey nice rice
 and having flowers in bowers.

In writing these little pieces, we, the great Mundclep, feel that we have definitely had to lower our standards in order that we might reach you. It is so very difficult for intelligent persons like us to do this. Nevertheless, we have succeeded capitally, and have written some excellent poetry, as you certainly must see. Of course, we know that style is stupid, more-meaningless, rhyme—rubbish. Our Revolution has not yet liberated the english department.

The purpose of this little article is to explain how to understand our little works. "It's very difficult, you know"†. Nevertheless, we will again attempt to simplyfy for an audience moronic by comparison (with us), stupid as you all are, you may perhaps perceive the real meaning of this. By great bonds of transcendental syllogism, you will achieve a generative perception of the infinite and meaningless physical reality and thus develop the preparagraphical revisionism.

We trust you have understood the carefully dropped reference to earlier works. You probably won't understand though. I am now glad to take my leave of you moronic people.

I am,
 very clever,
 and good at poetry,
 and am now going to sign this
 with my name.

Alan B. C. Mundclep, the real and only truth.
 †Originally presented for publication under the modest pseudonym "Duncan Campbell".

‡"The Great Mundclep," 1969.

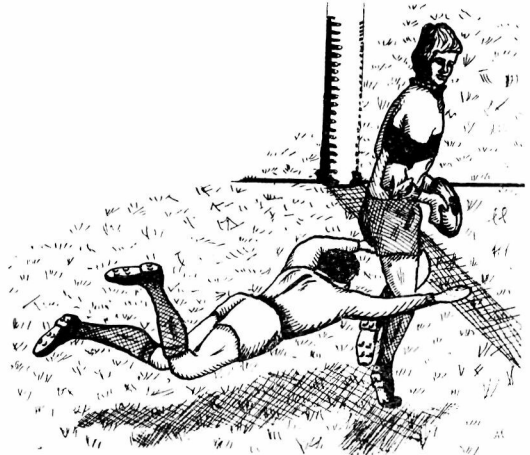
CHEWING GUM

Chewing gum is sticky, tacky, stringy,
 In certain varieties, even stingy.
 Chewing gum is minty, fruity, sugary,
 But most of all, I find it to be

CHEWY!

Carollyn Sillars, F.IV.

"THE TACKLE"



F. D. Hutchinson, F.III.a.

THE EXPERIENCE

We ploughed through the sea,
 And it shone in the sun.
 The white spray dusted our hair.
 There was a silver sheen,
 And sometimes it looked green;
 Like the green of a far distant thought.

We slipped through the sand,
 And it shone in the sun.
 The wind blew the spray from our hair.
 There was a golden glow,
 And sometimes it was slow;
 Like a slow, sleepy dream, in a vision.

We pushed through the poppies,
 And they shone in the sun.
 The pollen from the poppies in our hair.
 There was a heavenly air,
 And it was always there;
 Like Paradise, and Eden, and Peace.

We came upon a Golden Gate,
 And the splendour of it made us wait.
 The pollen from the poppies in our hair.
 Then we were in the sand,
 And then ploughing through the sea.
 The wind blew the pollen from our hair.
 We were sinking down and down,
 And the coolness made us drown;
 Like a fresh green breeze, a hot day.

The church bells rang out glory,
 And they shone out in the sun.
 A deep thought waved in my hair.
 And then I truly knew
 What we two had just been through,
 Like a glorifying dream, from Heaven.

WHAT I LIKE

I like everything
even the bells that ring
I like the flowers in the spring
And the choirs on Sunday that stand up and
sing

I like frost in the wintertime
And stays on the window most of the time
I like the sun which is nice and warm
And brings the insects in a great swarm

I like night and the stars that shine
And also the songs you get that rhyme
I like the moon at night
And also all the sums I get right

I like the poems in the books
And my handsome good looks
I like the trees that grow so high
And at rugby when I score a try

I like the cars on the road
And the trucks that carry a heavy load
I like our new house
And the little white mouse

I like the funny shape of the key in the lock
And the barnacles that stick to the rock
And like my bed I sleep in
And the money in the tin

I like the wall paper in the hall
And my little red and white ball
I like all these things
And especially when the last school bell rings.

Neil Carmichael, F.1B1.

THE MAXI

So, at last, coat lengths are being extended!
But the younger generation cannot win the
ever-ending battle with the older generation on
fashion.

When the mini-length began, the comments
were Disgusting, Shocking or Disgraceful. Now
they have been in the fashion for a few years,
skirt lengths on the older generation are being
raised, and when a maxi passes them in the
street the comments are ridiculous, unpractical
or stupid.

I can see their point about the mini, especi-
ally in winter, they were very cold and often
uncomfortable. Many were neat and tidy, but
of course, there are always the extremes.

Now the Maxi has been produced. Full
length Maxis, I think, can be dangerous (e.g.
tripping on the hem), but they are extremely

warm. As in everything, you can get good ones
and bad ones.

I prefer a Maxi slightly above the ankle or
calf length, these are not quite so dangerous
and can look very neat. The older generation
once again disagree. This I cannot understand,
as they wore them only twenty years ago.

Is it because memories are short?

It seems the only reason is that the Maxi is
the fashion, therefore the automatic reaction is
disapproval. This is not so with the whole of
the older generation, but with the majority.

From a medical point of view, chills and
colds will be less common, and the doctor's
waiting rooms will not be quite so full with
these ailments.

The only thing I think we do agree with
the older generation on is the knee length boots
because they are warm and practical.

A MAXIMUM Supporter.

THE TWELVE PRINCESSES



Jane Maxwell, F.III.

THE WHITE STALLIONS OF VIENNA

No visit to Vienna is ever complete without a visit to the Spanish Riding School of the Hofburg, the ancient palace of the Hapsburg emperors. Each Sunday, the audiences of to-day are fascinated, as were once royalty, by this group of the world's most unusual horses, which produce a classic "ballet". This "ballet" takes place in a large, white-walled riding hall; a masterpiece of baroque architecture.

There are twenty horses in the group, all snow-white Lipizzaner stallions, which are powerful, yet extremely graceful. For an hour and a half they march in formation, dance and prance to the rhythm of stately Viennese melodies. Their magnificent silky necks arched, they pirouette like ballerinas, raise their forelegs in the elegant **levade**, and soar above the tanbark in the flashing **capriole**, while their riders sit ramrod straight in the saddle, never moving a rein perceptibly. Walt Disney is reputed to have once said "This the world has to see. These are not just horses; they are human". This led to the making of a film, "The Flight of the White Stallions".

At the head of the column of twenty stately horses, which pace into the hall for the performance, rides the Commander of the Spanish Riding School—Colonel Alois Podhajsky, who comes from an old Austrian military family, and is now over 65 years of age. He is a tall, imposing figure, and is recognised by leading horsemen the world over as the greatest living master of the **haute école** or **high school** of riding.

The Spanish School of Riding is so called because the Lipizzaners were originally Spanish-bred off-spring off Arab stock. The Colonel is loved by his "children" as he affectionately calls the horses. Whenever they hear his voice, they start neighing or whinnying, or if they are in their stalls, these noises are interrupted by sharp raps of forehooves against the stall doors.

When nuzzled by one of the proud animals, the Colonel will produce a lump of sugar out of a leather bag which he carries. He says that the horses are just like humans, as they need the same kind of affection as humans. If the horse is not happy with him, it will not take the proffered sugar lump.

The riding-hall is very quiet always, except for the thudding of hooves and the tumultuous applause of an audience. It is a tradition that

the commands are always muted. Colonel Podhajsky maintains that scolding, shouts or violence of any kind would damage the art that these creatures inherently have, and the pleasure that they find in their artistry.

The horses are chosen for the riding school with the utmost care. Around twenty-five foals are born each year at the school's stud farm at Piber, high in the hills of Styria, an area in Austria. The stallions with the right aptitude, and the mares with the temperament and stature which suits them as dams for the next generation, are singled out. No Lipizzaner knows any discipline except a halter until they are at least four years of age. This type of horse matures slowly, and often lives to a remarkable old age, often into the 30's. Colonel Podhajsky says that it would be a mistake to hurry them up, as they are individualists. When they are put to "work", he wants them to enjoy it.

Patience is the key to their training. Only forty-five minutes per day is devoted to schooling. The tutors say that that is all these extraordinary horses can take. They feel that no horse must leave a lesson tired or disappointed.

Lipizzaners are born very dark, and gradually turn snow-white as they mature. The young stallions first learn the conventional walk, trot, and gallop, and then they progress to increasingly difficult manoeuvres. Usually they then proceed to the "lateral" movements—the sideways, and trots, which are demonstrated in the final quadrille. The paces are then taught, which are really preparing the horse for the half and full pirouettes, then the changes of leg in the air at the centre, and finally the **piaffe**, a candenced trot on the spot, and the **passade** an elegant high-stepping trot. These are the "ground steps".

The "air steps", or the "airs above the ground" as they are sometimes called, call for even more patience. In the **levade**, the horse bends back on its haunches, raises its forelegs, and stays like a statue, until given the order to revert to four hooves on the ground. In the **cowbette** he makes several jumps on his hind legs, without his forelegs touching the ground. In the **coupade**, he leaves the ground with his legs bent under him. Finally, the **capriole**—mastered by only a few—he soars into the air with his hind legs out-thrust.

Many of these horses' manoeuvres are based on inherited traits. As colts, they are often seen playing games which are similar to the routines

they finally learn to perform on command. The leaps, for example, often come naturally. Many of the steps are taken from the days of knights fighting on horseback.

The riders, too, are as carefully chosen and trained as the horses themselves. To become moderately proficient takes about five years of great patience. A new rider-to-be faces two harsh instructors—an experienced senior rider, and an equally experienced horse. The saying goes “The older men teach the young horses, the older horses teach the young men”. Frequently a new rider lands on the tanbark. Thinking the horse is easy to manage, as he obeys so easily, he often becomes a bit careless. The horse usually waits until his pupil becomes careless, and then suddenly rears up in a **levade** and deposits his protégé on the ground.

Gradually the pupil learns the delicate system of communications between the rider and mount. To the trained Lipizzaner, the slightest movement of the reins or the least shifting of weight by the rider in the saddle is a signal. The clack of a tongue, a quiet “**nein, nein**”, “**gut, gut**” or “**schön**” (nice) is immediately understood. The rider wears spurs, but uses them, as he does the traditional birch twig he carries, only as a last resort.

The ceremony that opens every performance in the School often brings the audience to its feet. The doors at one end of the hall swing open, the stallions pace sedately in, with Colonel Podhajsky at their head. The magnificent stallions move forward until they face the portrait of the Emperor Charles VI., which has hung at the end of the hall ever since it was completed, in 1735. Slowly, in unison, while the horses stand like statues, the Colonel and the riders behind him raise their cocked hats and extend them at arm’s length in solemn salute to the monarch—who is depicted in armour, mounted on a Lipizzaner of 250 years ago.

One of the very few others, to whom the Colonel and his riders have ever raised their hats, was an American. This war-time incident is the story that Walt Disney tells in “The Flight of the White Stallion”.

When, in 1945, Vienna began to be bombed, Colonel Podhajsky wanted to get the priceless horses out of the city, but the Nazi authorities would not give permission. If the school was closed and all the horses removed, not only the Viennese, but the whole of Austria would realise that the Germans had irretrievably lost.

The Colonel tried to smuggle riders and horses to safety. They persuaded a railway official to allow him to hook a wagon loaded with stallions on to the back of a train leaving Vienna. Fortunately, Nazi officers were too busy to investigate. Later, that very train was bombed. The horses, according to reports, appeared to remain calmer than the riders, probably as a result of the discipline of their inflexible dignity.

Four days later, they reached the little village of St. Martin’s in upper Austria, less than 200 miles from Vienna. There the horses were stabled. Fodder was scarce, and some really desperate refugees tried to steal the horses for food. Things were looking really bad.

Help came suddenly. When parts of the U.S. Third Army moved into St. Martin’s, an officer, recognising the horses, and Colonel Podhajsky, sent word to General Patton’s headquarters. Both Patton and Podhajsky had ridden in the Olympic Games, the General knew of the great riding master, and responded at once. As a result of this, the Colonel had to arrange a showing of the horses for the U.S. Undersecretary of War—Robert Paterson—and Patton, the next day.

The next day, hungry and nervous as they were, the horses put on a superb show. Colonel Podhajsky says that they sensed that they were facing a crucial test. After the final quadrille, the Colonel rode forward, and faced Patton. He made a speech, saying that they wished his protection. Patton assented, and there and then they were made wards of the U.S. Army, until such time as they were able to return to the new Austria. The Colonel and his riders slowly their hats in salute.

There is a sequel, in what to the Austrians, has become a patriotic saga. One hundred miles away, in Czechoslovakia, were the Lippizzaner mares and foals. The Russians were rapidly conquering Czechoslovakia, and it was a question of hours as to who should have the priceless horses. Patton received a signal, and detailed a task force to “go and get them”. They crossed the Czech border, avoided the German Secret Service and found the horses. The Russians complained bitterly when they discovered the horses were gone. Patton is reputed to have said when confronted with criticism, that the Lipizzaners were far more valuable, and much nicer, than most Russian Generals.

F.V.

Save the Children Fund
**CHARITY
APPEAL**

We need your help—
URGENTLY!

Please give us it.
Our job is to make a healthier,
happier, more modern world
for children to live in:

YOU CAN HELP US DO IT.

There are many ways in which you can help: Give donations; save stamps and franks from your mail, then give them to your children to give to the Secretary's Office: or there are other, very useful ways also.

START HELPING NOW:

by helping in a small way, for a long time,
You can give a VAST amount of help.

**YOUR WORK WILL BE GRATEFULLY
ACCEPTED.**

AN AGE OF ANXIETY

Everyone worries. Different people worry about different things of course—exams, where next month's rent is coming from, whether Annie put the pie in the oven at half past five as she was told, whether United's right half will be fit for the big match on Saturday, another war, racial riots, the spread of Communism, dying—but they all worry. And I think in this day and age, people have every justification for doing so. Mothers read in the newspapers about young girls being attacked or murdered on their way home at night, so when it's past eleven o'clock and daughter still hasn't come back, it's no wonder they jump to the worst conclusions and become frantic with worry.

This is a very cruel and unsafe world, despite all the technological progress people say we've made. If any of my family are away on a journey, I keep having terrible thoughts that the car or 'plane or train might crash. "Nonsense!" people scoff in my face. But it's not. Disasters like that happen every day. That's why I'm afraid. Why could it not happen to me or my family? Why must it always be somebody else?

Advancement in science and space research gives rise to a lot of concern. Men risk their

lives to go zooming off into the dark, unexplored depths of space, and although America's last four moon missions have gone without a hitch, it is terrifying to imagine what could happen to these astronauts up there, so far away from help if it's needed. How long will these space flights continue to run so smoothly? Someday, a mistake is bound to occur. And that's what people worry about.

War causes universal anxiety. Its ugly shadow is never very far away. Like a disease, it spreads and devours. It causes heart-break and pain and fills the rest of the world—if not already involved—with the fear that it soon could be. I am always afraid that arguments between two countries may result in a war. And nowadays, of course, everyone is involved in war. Gone are the days when Britain sent her soldiers to fight elsewhere, while the remaining inhabitants felt snug and safe from harm. A single bomb could destroy the whole of London now. The Vietnam war has, in particular, caused great anxiety to four American women who have lost their husbands. For two years they have been missing. No one can or will tell these poor women where they are. For two years they have wondered whether they are wives or widows. And I think I've got worries with exams . . .

I have always been more than slightly suspicious of science and I'm not sure I like its dominance in this present world. It frightens me. I am frightened at the thought of test-tube babies, for example—manufacturing people as we manufacture tinned soup. It always seems to me that as science progresses, it destroys a little of something else on its way. In the case of test-tube babies, it is destroying a precious part of nature. That is sad, I think.

I believe this is becoming more and more a science-fiction book world. Twenty years ago, people laughed when they read about test-tube babies in stories. Now they don't find it so funny. They are beginning to doubt whether science fiction is really all fiction, whether all that is foreseen is so ridiculous and unbelievable. I do not think so. And what is worse, this progress cannot be checked. It's like trying to hold back the waves of the sea. We have been heading this way since the beginning of time, and we can never turn back. This is indeed an age of anxiety—*anxiety for our planet's future.* We shall only cease to worry when we cease to breathe.

Catherine U. McLeod, F.IV.a.

TAM o' SHANTER

When my old man goes off to bed,
And Ma puts rollers in her head,
As all the pubs around close down,
My bird and me go round the town
Having a "rave-in", on my scooter.
Waking up good folks with its hooter.
My good mate Len (on the dole like me),
Is throwing a party for just us three.
With bags of drugs to keep us going,
And bottles of strong stuff all thrown in.
A groovy time will be had by all,
If things go right we'll have a ball.
I never think what's going on at home.
Dad preening himself with his comb
Having a night-cap after working all day,
When he's in that mood you'd best keep away.
Fat old Ma's a diff'rent story—
When I get home late, oh glory!
The things she says would fill a book,
If swearing was wrong she'd be a crook
According to her, I'm such a bad 'un,
Some hope I've got of going to heaven.
If I went to church, I'd see the point,
Of preaching the laws of that old joint.
But as it is, I never go,
What's wrong with that, I'd like to know?
Folks say I'm heading for big trouble,
End up in jail and all that dribble.
If people'd mind their own damn business,
And stop yelling at me for all my laziness
The world would be a much better place,
And ME,—the happiest man in the human race.
But to my story;
We get to Len's house just on midnight
And start our revelries by half light.
With cannabis and opium,
After a dose of that I'm never glum.
Washed down with gin and whiskey too,
A few of them and I'm not so blue.
So the night goes on with fun and games,
More drugs and booze and lovely dames.
But even I can understand,
That what I'm doing's underhand.
That all good things must have an end—
Too much of this you'd go round the bend.
If you ate Christmas pudding every day,
It would soon lack its novelty,
Or scampi wrapped in lovely spices,
Would soon not taste even half so nices.
E'en "gentle dames" all slim and pretty,
Would soon lack their top-hole beauty.
As dawn approaches I've got to go
It's dark outside and it's started to snow.
My God! I've stayed out far too late,
Time for me to "tak the gate".

I don't have time to take my bird home
But Len'll do that without a moan.
That's the way to lose a girl friend.
On her your futures all depend.
But I loved my girl with all my might,
How I regret what happened tonight.
But home I must go without question,
Damn those drugs! I've learned my lesson.
A coward am I at heart all right,
I'm frightened of riding out at night.
E'en on my trusty scooter saddle,
My imagination's in a right old muddle.
I drive on past my favourite haunts,
My breath's coming now in queer short pants.
Driving towards the old ruined jail,
Where knights of old were kept in chain mail.
A wave of fear sweeps over the land
I know funny business is near at hand.
A big storm is brewing, the wind is keen,
Through the snow the jail's suddenly seen.
But glory! It's all red and bright
Glowing out in the dead of night.
Wonder what's happening inside there?
I'm going to look if only I dare.
I leave my scooter by the roadside
And now take just a wee peep inside.
Wow! What a sight for tired eyes,
Not simply people in disguise,
I realize as I look further,
I'd be better at home with my old Mother.
For all her faults, she's not a bad soul,
Things must be difficult with me on the dole
And old Dad out at work all day,
When he comes home, she's pushed away.
Inside that jail good men are dying,
All around, the moans of women crying.
Accompanied by the devil's laughter,
Perched up high on an old wooden rafter.
The sight of all this makes me realize,
That drugs and booze are not quite so wise.
I see now I'm a lucky fellow,
Not to be in that hell of yellow.
Fires and tortures all ablaze
Blood and murder in the haze.
My scooter's waiting over yonder,
My love for it was never stronger.
I hop on it and try to start it—
The best motor scooter on the market.
The noise it makes would waken the dead,
Indeed it gets to old Nick's head.
He's seen me and he's coming after
Left his perch up on the rafter.
I run away into the wood,
Until he's worn off this new mood.
But dearie me, he's in such a fury,
He soon puts an end to my scooter's story.

Now to anyone who this tale shall read—
 Read it right through and take careful heed.
 I've warned you well of drugs and drink
 What I've said should make you think
 If after this of drugs you partake
 Your life will be one solid heartache
 Some time you'll go right off your nutter
 'Cos you didn't remember my faithful wee
 scooter.

Valerie Reid, F.IVa.

CHAIRS

A chair is wicker, wooden, brass,
 Leather, rubber, even glass.
 Some peoples, more strange, use no chairs at all,
 but cushions, rugs and carpets in the hall.

A chair is iron, clay or cotton;
 No matter how consistant, or rotten.
 Chairs in cars recline at ease
 Or hard as the earth, God made to please.

A chair is tiles, concrete, plastic,
 What fun it would be if one were elastic!
 Chairs in planes are high backed, strong,
 Backed with material that will last long.

A chair is what you must want it to be
 A place to sit down on, or put a banged knee,
 A place to stand up on, to reach a high thing,
 A place to take photos, a place to sing.

A chair is what you most want it to be,
 A place to sun-bathe in, to lie by the sea,
 A place to put cases to unpack your clothes,
 A place to dream in—"Ready, steady-off he
 goes".

A chair for disabled, infirm or old,
 A chair for a little one, not yet bold,
 A chair for a tired, sleepy mother,
 A double chair, for a lover.

Carollyn Sillars, F.IV.

Ariel is the answer to
 get grey shirts back to white.
 When the're dry bring them in
 and iron them that night.

In the morning you're so proud
 of your white, white shirt
 Ariel really does the trick
 of getting out the dirt.

Barbara Duncan, F.Ib1.

"AUNTIE"



Rosemary Semple, F.VI.

"HE'S A DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF FASHION"

So many people nowadays seem to judge others by their appearances and so many are often far from right in their opinions. Fashion nowadays, changes overnight, and London, or at least Carnaby Street, seems to set the pace for the rest of the world to follow. "Fashion" was a noun describing a collection of things, the "proper way to behave", "the way to speak" and "the way to dress", at a certain period in time. Now people seem to regard fashion as solely "the way teenagers dress". Perhaps this is why it is criticized by the older generation.

I think every young person enjoys keeping up to a certain extent, with fashion. I have found that the type of clothes that are "in" in one town or area may be "out of date" in another. This happens when you go farther south. The farther down you go, the more wild and up to date the fashions become. I don't see anything wrong with this. I must have heard it said a thousand times that "We never wore that sort of thing in our day ! ! !"

Perhaps if the people who are of this view looked through their photograph albums they might see themselves wearing a "shocking bloomer-suit" or a "disgusting mini-skirt" six inches above the knees. Both of these outfits were common and acceptable in our grandparents' time.

Teenagers are really repeating fashions which have gone before them, only perhaps making them more extreme. I agree with comments about very extreme styles, some of which are improper. I don't think this is "fashion" in the true sense of the word. One of the dictionary definitions is "the prevailing style of dress". I agree with this, to me many people must follow the trend and wear a certain type of style for it to be given the name "fashion". A few people may wear "extremist" garments but I think that what the majority wear is the fashion or trend.

Why shouldn't we teenagers wear clothes which we like? After all, I am sure most of us look smart and tidy in our "trendy" clothes and that we will soon be able to wear things like "bloomer-suits" and "pyjama-suits" without receiving stares from people. For instance, trouser suits are acceptable in society now, where a few years ago they were considered extremely "way out".

Fashion of course doesn't only apply to girls, as boys are also becoming more fashion conscious. They set trends and fashions, but still look smart. This is where I think older people make mistakes by judging youths by their looks. Some may have long hair, bell bottom jeans, orange and pink shirts and battle-dress jackets but despite their clothes they are probably nice, well mannered, well educated people.

This leads to the question of "pop" groups which I think is strongly connected with fashion. In fact I think "pop" music and "pop" groups are "fashion". Maybe "pop" music has its own trends but it has a lot to do with fashion as a whole. I'd like to quote another dictionary definition "the make, style, or appearance of anything". Pop music as a branch of fashion, I think, comes into this category. A certain group maybe "in" sometime but as soon as the majority of teenagers, etc. change to follow another group they are "out of date". There are trends in "pop" music the same as in everything else, maybe ballads are in, then protest songs, then beat numbers. All these different types of music are trends which come and go.

"Pop" groups may set fashions in clothes or types of music and again I think the older generation should stop picking on them, again they are getting digs at the teenagers. Nothing we can do seems to be right.

Why shouldn't we show our feelings by the clothes we wear or the protest songs we sing. I think if people would only listen to the words and try to find out what the young folk are trying to say instead of commenting:

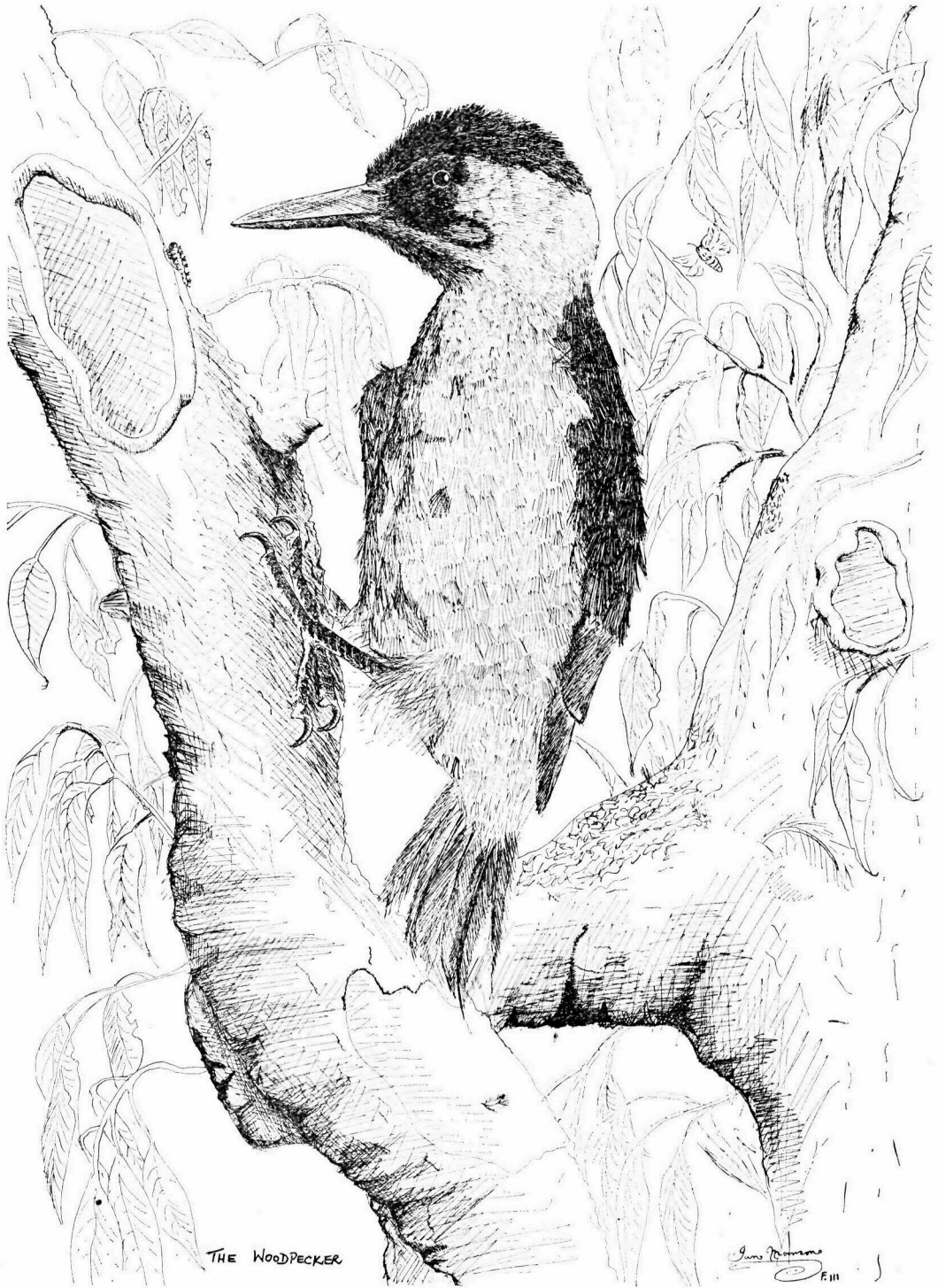
"Haven't they anything better to do with their time ! ! !"

Fashion repeats itself, it is a vicious circle, so why condemn it? We aren't the first people to follow fashions and trends, maybe the teenagers nowadays take fashion to heart but that can't do any harm. I think everyone in one way or another is a dedicated follower of some fashion, whether it's the "way you speak", "where you go" or "what you wear ! ! !"

We're all involved, maybe it's just that we teenagers show it more openly in our appearances.

Jennifer Wilson, F.IVa.

THE WOODPECKER



THE WOODPECKER

Ian Morrison
F.III

Ian Morrison, F.III.

“GEE!”

I was fortunate enough to go on last year's E.-S.U. trip to Kentucky, and later to have my American friend back to stay with me. I thought it might be interesting to record our comments on each other's schools.

We entered Atherton High School at 7.30 a.m., half an hour early, and I watched the rest of the students roar up in their cars, and park in the quadrangle in front of the school. Many boys wore jeans, and several sported moustaches and/or beards. And I thought of the D.H.S.

The first class was English. Can you imagine Henry Higgins and Eliza Doolittle with drawls? Next, we went to “Humanities”, and I was shocked to hear the boys and girls address their teacher as “Wilf”! This class was fascinating—it's a sort of discussion group. One boy was unable to find words to express himself, but announced that Dylan had written a song about it, and promptly began to sing, having first removed the gum he was chewing from his mouth. And I thought of the D.H.S.

For lunch, we had the inevitable peanut butter sandwiches. No such things as pies or rolls there! They were all fascinated to hear about examinations—no such things as those over there, either! I was lucky enough to sit my O-Level Russian there. We were treated to ten minutes of pop music over the intercom, before the exasperated Scots invigilators got the thing turned off. Best exam I've ever sat!

Americans do graduate from school, however, despite their lack of exams, and they do so in style. The girls wore white evening gowns and carried fifteen red roses, and the boys wore white dinner jackets and bow ties. They were all presented with diplomas, and everyone congratulated them (on what, I'm not too sure), then they all trooped off for an all-night dance aboard a paddle-steamer. And I thought of the D.H.S.

Four weeks later, we had five Americans in our midst. Naturally they were impressed by the sheer antiquity of our school, and the tremendous respect we have for (most of) our teachers. Our uniforms too, intrigued them—girls wearing shirts and ties! And no make-up either! (N.B. F.IV.!)

Walking along a corridor, I was surprised to hear my friend exclaim, “Look Delinda! Isn't he **darling**?” I turned round to catch a glimpse of our kilted Head-Boy-to-be disap-

pearing into a classroom. It was of course, a Friday and the day of the Pipe Band competition. You may remember the rain that day. (Our rain, by the way, is “real cool”—“it's so soft, you don't feel it, till you notice you are wet!”)

We took our unsuspecting Americans to meet Mr Howat. They thought he was “cute”, but became quite alarmed when he voiced strong disapproval of the fact that few Americans study Latin, and virtually none study Greek!

Finally, we attended an L.1 class. They were thrilled to bits, when the little boys saluted, and the little girls curtsied, saying “Good afternoon, Ladies!” American teachers would never dream of asking the holy terrors there to do such a thing.

I loved Kentucky, and my friend adored Scotland, but in her words, “I guess we're different, huh?”

Ruth McDougall, F.VI.

THE BEGINNING FOLLOWS THE END

The deep blue sky, above the endless dust filled planets that surround me, is filled with stars and planets of countless different colours fading and twinkling thousands of light years away. When I look up, my attention is drawn to a blue-green planet shrouded in a purple mist. That is the planet Earth.

Fifty years ago the plains of Earth resounded with the agonizing screams of men, women and children dying horrible deaths, from bombs, bullets and radio-active poisoning. The whole land was ravaged and destroyed and all life on Earth disappeared.

We, on Mars, have conquered war and hate and we use all our energy to further our teachings. Both Venus and Jupiter have taken our words to heart for they have destroyed all their weapons and now live in peace with their neighbours. Never again will life be destroyed so completely as it was on Earth.

About ten years ago, one of our fleet of space-ships took a great risk and penetrated the shroud of vapour covering the surface. They broke through the cloud over what once was the British Isles. The land was pitted and scarred by bombs. Ruined buildings and wrecked cars lay side by side in the ruins of what once were over crowded, noisy, bustling cities. Apart from the remnants of that ruined civilization there were no signs of life. The ship landed in Australia and the men, wearing spe-

cial suits, got out only to be met by a deathly hush. The ship landed several times, but wherever it went, it was met by the same lack of greenery, and silence.

Last year the same ship again ventured through that fast disappearing cloud, to be met, not by grey ruins as they were the last time, but by moss covered buildings, and small green plants which were rapidly sprouting from the bleak brown earth that covered the world. The ship again traversed the continents and found the whole world bursting into life.

Earth had at last emerged from its fifty year old winter to a new spring. Plants were breathing life into the newly born era of the planet Earth. Many ancient peoples believed that winter was the end, and prayed that to their gods for a new beginning to follow the end.

We, Martians, like to hope that when Earth again grows fertile and man once again begins the long slow climb to civilization, this new era will not destroy itself as did the previous. If our hopes are fulfilled, as we hope they will be, Earth will, in her old age, be the peace loving planet she never was in her youth.

Susan Law.

"THE GENERAL"



F. D. Hutchinson, F.III.a.

SALES

Going to a sale at any time is an experience, but going to a sale on the opening morning is an enlightening experience, as it is here true sales-goers are seen at their most characteristic. From nine o'clock when fresh pleasant looking assistants unlock the shop doors, until haggard, exhausted shop girls close them in the evening, pandemonium reigns.

Excluding the more normal shoppers who have been caught up in the rat race, the bargain hunters can be divided into three main species.

Firstly, there is the "I'm-going-to-have-that-whoever-it-kills-in-the-process" person. Generally, she is tall, very solid, with long, muscular arms, and large, often flat feet. She is the type of woman with a puny hen-pecked husband. You can be sure that whatever item she wishes to possess, will be gained by fair means or foul. Regardless of whom she flattens on the way, ultimate possession of the sale good will be hers.

Next there is the suspicious shopper. Smaller in stature than the previous woman, she is infinitely more exasperating. Having a suspicious mind, she inspects every reduced good for some sign of a flaw, because she cannot understand why a perfectly good item should be sold cheaply. If she happens to find a flaw, she turns to her inevitable companion with much relish and points it out, grumbling about the the quality of goods today—nothing like the good old days. When they have finished mutilating a good many products by their testing, they go for their indispensable "cuppa". Once comfortably settled, they discuss everything they have touched. After complaining about these, the conversation turns to neighbours, relatives, and "friends", and hence to a lovely gossip session, all about how Mrs X did such-and-such (of course I always knew she was like that). Finally there follows a long descriptive talk about their various ailments, and what the doctor said last Wednesday. Having exhausted their only topics, they drink their now cold tea, and finally set off home to prepare lunch.

Finally, there is the shopper who buys all she needs at the bi-annual sales. It almost seems as if she keeps a list of everything she requires until the sales. This woman is rather dithery and particular: she cannot quite remember just what she was wanting, or else she is unable to decide which of two things to buy. She often has half the shop displayed on

the counter before she finally decides. She is worst at the hat counter. It never enters her tiny mind to bring with her whatever the hat is to go with, and after asking for a particular colour, she cannot quite decide which shade to take. What seems like hours later, she finally chooses one, and buys it to the relief of the assistant.

The last delightful species has another member. A sister-type with similar characteristics, who, after having half the shop shown to her, decides she had better not buy anything, just in case . . .

MY SKI-ING ADVENTURES

Although you may not find this story exciting, I found it terrifying.

I think of all sports, I like ski-ing best, although sometimes I wonder how I can manage to keep it up. I can remember clearly some of my adventures. My experiences are not helped by the fact that I have a father and younger brother as dare devils. One Sunday just after I had begun to feel happier about ski-ing, my father announced that I was going to go up on the chairlift. I told him that once I got up, I would never be able to ski down again, but he said, "It'll be all right" or so he said. I got on the chair alright but while getting myself organized one of my ski-sticks slipped but by a miracle I caught it on the tip of my ski. However, all the way up I was extremely uncomfortable trying to keep my ski up in the air so that my stick wouldn't fall off. When, eventually, we got to the top, I somehow managed to get off and out of the way quickly enough. At last we managed to get ourselves organized and ready to go. The first bit wasn't too bad but then you started to go down what seemed to me to be icy slopes. They would have been alright if they weren't icy. But as it was they were icy and they were petrifying! But little did I know it was going to get worse. Because when you got to the end of these there was just a narrow path to ski on and beneath you was a horrible icy piece of snow, which, if you slipped on that, that would be the end of you! But I managed to get through that and the rest of the run, until we got to the path leading down to the road. The path was just a sheet of ice and was quite steep and high up. And as I can't walk on ice and am not very good about heights I found it difficult to get down. But eventually I got down, rested my weary feet and drank a cup of hot orange. When

I think of it now I feel stupid because the run down is not so steep, but I suppose it was the slippery ice that frightened me.

Another experience was when we were going up the "Toll Bar", the engine stopped and we were left on the steepest part of the run, we did everything we could to stop ourselves from slipping down but the cable gave and we were slipping backwards until we bumped into the people behind us and the four of us fell on the ground with skies flying everywhere, however, we got to the bottom safely.

After all these petrifying adventures I had to sprain my ankle badly by doing one of the most simple parts of ski-ing, the Snowplough, and I am not looking forward to starting again.

Anon. (?)

"THE ADMIRAL"



F. D. Hutchinson, F.III.a.

One day our family was watching "Top of the Pops" and my mother remarked that it was really not worth watching, as the standard of entertainment had dropped almost to zero. We sat there watching a mixture of max- and really micro-mini-skirted girls, and some men looking more or less the same as girls, apart from bell-bottoms instead of skirts, all dancing to the music of Jethro Tull whom my 6 year old sister calls "Hairy Mary". My mother said that the permissive society we live in now would soon gradually crack up, and people's dress and behaviour would be almost like those in the reign of Queen Victoria. I agree with her, as it is fairly obvious that as pop-groups like Jethro Tull have been coming into fashion, the popularity of their music will grow a kind of climax and then people will tire of it and turn towards quieter, probably classical music. As for dress fashions, longer dresses are really "in" at the moment, while minis are so short that they can't get much shorter, so they will have to either stay as they are or come down. I think that these two things form much of the basis for the society of the younger generation.

Anonymous, F.I.

BEARING GIFTS WE TRAVEL AFAR

In fear and trembling I approach my seventeenth Season of Goodwill. Why? Because along with the turkey and mistletoe, candles and holly, comes the yearly onslaught of Christmas presents. I shall shortly have to add this year's selection to my already overwhelming hoard of six bottles of repulsive bath salts, lurid paperbacks, talc that smells as if the flowers had withered, hideous headsquares and enough address books to copy the London Telephone Directory. Being an incurable collector, I can rarely bear to get rid of any of them. Every year we say what is supposed to sound like heartfelt thanks for something we want no more than a cold in the head and which probably the giver wants even less.

It is said to be the thought that counts. Very well. From some people I would be grateful for a pair of bedsocks, because they are people I know and like, and I know that much thought will have gone in to this present, even if that thought tends to be rather mistaken. But so many of the presents I give and receive, go to or come from people I would be hard put to recognise in the street, or about whom I can never find a good word to say at any other time in the year.

Then one thanks the giver in that stilted, lying missive, the thank-you letter, like this:
"Dear Auntie Beryl,

Thank you very much for the lovely head-square you sent me. It will look very nice with my new coat. Hoping to see you soon.

Love,
Fanny."

When, if the truth were told, it might be:
"Horrible Auntie Beryl,

No thanks for the ghastly headsquare which you sent, but forgot to stamp the parcel. It will look revolting with my old coat. Hoping I never see you again.

Ugh!
Fanny."

Every year too, we go through exhausting machinations to discover if Eliza, with whom we were friendly ten years ago, is yet again going to produce a Christmas present. Every year I decide to prune ruthlessly my present list and every year I remember the sickening feeling when someone, for whom I have no present gives me one, and I spinelessly buy the same number of unwanted offerings.

Now, do not misunderstand me. I am not against Christmas. I will willingly digest a healthy helping of turkey and I defy almost anyone to eat as much plum pudding as I can. I will become dewy-eyed with the best of you at a candlelit Watch-Night service. I will tear round the shops like something possessed for presents for people I like. All I ask is that the hypocrisy is removed from Christmas presents so that I can feel sentimental about them too, without wondering just who the Aunt Gladys is who sent me a pair of tights that could not fit an eight-year-old.

"WHIRLPOOL"



Iola Wilson, F.III.

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D.D.S. (Digital Display Scoreboard)

Last year, as a Friday 9 project, a group of boys decided to build an electronic scoreboard. We wrote to several firms and one supplied us with the 6,000 diodes which we needed. Unfortunately we had to buy the 500 bulbs as no firm could give us the kind we wanted.

Our first job was to fix 3,552 small nails to the wooden bases for the number modules. Onto these nails, we soldered 1,716 diodes requiring 3,432 soldered joints. This part was finished about 2 weeks before the sports, when the scoreboard would be needed for the house points. This only left a mere 5,148 soldered joints to be made. The wiring up was fairly easy, but the trouble came in locating the short circuits and "dud" diodes.

During the week preceding the sports, we started work at 8 a.m. and finished at 6 p.m. having been released from classes for the week. On Friday evening we worked until 9 p.m. Also during this week a 15 foot high stand was made for the scoreboard.

Next morning, we came in at 7 a.m. to try and make all the numbers into working order. At about 8 a.m. we received two hundred more bulbs to replace the "dud" ones. During the morning, two of us went up to Dalnacraig to fix up the stand.

The sports were due to start at 1.10 p.m. and at 1.08 p.m., the number modules arrived. Shortly after the start of the sports, the scoreboard was working satisfactorily and the score was visible at the far side of Dalnacraig. This was only due to the hard work of all the helpers and the large amount of time we spent on it.

A. Sims, F.V.

ARCHITECTURE

Architecture is rightly called an art—it is possibly the greatest form of art.

Unlike the artist, an architect does not draw and paint solely to express his ideas, but designs and builds houses, factories, multi-storey flats and many other things.

He has to have a knowledge of building techniques and resistance of fabrics, metals and concrete to heat, cold, pressure and other elements of nature.

The architect must be ready to design anything from a privy for a park to a whole shopping centre.

To become an architect you need certain minimum secondary school qualifications, not-

ably "A" levels in art, mathematics and possibly physics.

After having passed an entrance exam to a school of architecture, of which there are twenty-two in Britain, the future architect will have five years of work, consisting of designing, attending lectures, visiting sites and writing summaries.

He will then pass his exams and become an architect.

Most architects usually start off in an office as assistants or draughtsmen. Some years after they will usually take up a practice of their own or become associates of other architects.

There is one main association for architects in Britain and one can virtually not practice as an architect if one is not a member of it.

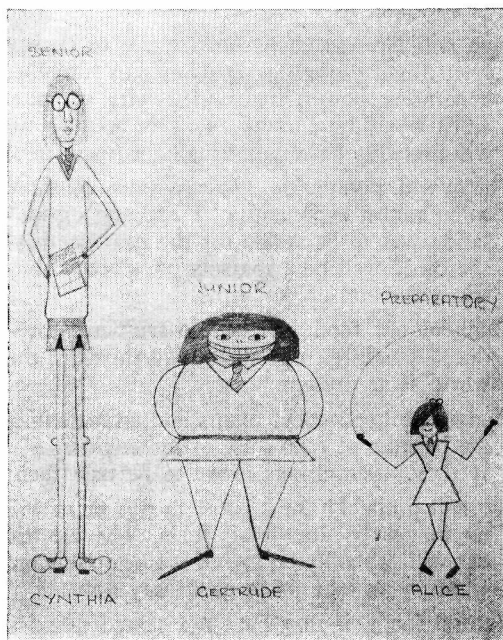
This association is called the Royal Institute of British Architects, R.I.B.A. for short.

As has already been said, it takes a lot of work to remain in business.

One must really love this type of work because unlike the normal office worker the architect has no fixed hours of work. He might have to stay up till the morning to finish a plan.

All things considered, however, architecture is a very worthwhile job.

Iain Hutton, F.1a2.



M.C., F.II.

TECHNOCRACY, INDUSTRY AND US

There seems to be a lot of scaremongering today in the form of "Letters to the Editor", articles in scientific journals and broadcasts on radio and television about the way in which we are plundering nature's stores and poisoning the ecosphere and ourselves. They warn us that we should stop industry devastating all (e.g. by mining coal, iron, copper, sulphur, and producing soot, effluent, cars, etc.). Can industry be suitably restricted?

I believe not, for one thing, western society is mainly capitalist, so people grab what they can when they can without caring for "the other fellow". For another thing, I can see no government imposing the crippling demands required upon its own industries. So when is industry going to stop plundering nature? The answer is bleak: when we can no longer gain anything from nature's stores.

So when nature has given up all she can give up, on what will industry be able to feed? Only one answer: that which society throws away: it is already profitable to re-process discarded car bodies.

That is industry dealt with, now what about us? Before answering that question, however, I would like to make some assumptions about the changes in the next one hundred years that will directly affect us:

Man will have to change his source of energy from fossil fuels (e.g. coal, oil) to sunlight: generating power, hydro-electricity or, possibly, by radio-activity. This is because we will probably have used up all our fossil fuels.

The world population increase may continue to be almost exponential: if England's population was to be stable for the next century, she could well be a sparsely populated country at the end of that time.

Much of our food will be bio-synthetic: produced possibly from algae; two thirds of the world is at present hungry.

Many useful species of plants and animals may die because of man's use of insecticides.

If these assumptions prove to be true then:

We will probably not be able to fly: there will no longer be any fossil fuels. The electric car will probably be in full scale production. Industry will be using electricity only.

Natural foods, if they have not ceased to exist, will probably be only for the super privileged. Bio-synthetic foods will probably be

stable, and food in pill form may well be available.

We may have to modify our ideas about the preservation of other species. We may have to revert back to jungle law, where the best adapted survive, and the weak "go to the wall", in order to save ourselves. So what am I to say in my conclusion?

Perhaps it would be best to sum up what I see as man's situation in one hundred years' time. Man will be alone with his industry, he will be feeding from his own wastes. There will be no comfort in nature's vanishing resources.

Philip Hart.

AN AFTERNOON AT MONYMUSK

Whites 2 (P. Ritchie, Cumming) Blues 1
(Brickley, pen.)

It was a fine afternoon as centre forward Miller of the Whites and centre forward Sangster of the Blues prepared to take the bully-off. Owing to absence of players, Mr Doig (who had the whistle) and Mr Brickley, joined the White and Blue teams respectively.

The whistle blew, Miller won the bully and the whites were off, attacking the goal nearest the dressing-rooms. The first goal was not long in coming. Miller took the ball up the field, slid it forward to Cumming, who passed across to P. Ritchie. P. Ritchie controlled, and then shot. The ball went whistling into the back of the net, with Hardy helpless. A few minutes later the ball emerged from a scrimmage near the Blue goalmouth and Cumming was there to prod it in past Hardy.

From now on, it was all Blue pressure. But with defenders Duncan, S. Ritchie, Law and Maxwell (and Mr Doig of course) all in superb form, the Blues were finding it hard to break through. Eventually, Whites got a break, and Miller went speeding up to the Blue goal. He was pulled up for offside, however, and wasn't particularly pleased. He began to protest, and was ordered off by Brickley. The game started again, with Brickley in total command of mid-field. Three minutes later, P. Ritchie was ordered off, for no discernable reason. With the Whites now reduced to nine players it was all Blue pressure. Brickley hit a long ball from about half-way and 'keeper Smith let it trickle into the goal. The Blues immediately claimed a goal, and Smith ran out of his box, showing dissent. He was promptly ordered off. Right-half Duncan, who

was having an excellent game, was next. Brickley was moving fast down the wing with no-one to hinder him except Duncan. He went into the tackle, and successfully got the ball. He was immediately ordered off. In the latter stages of the game, the pace hotted up. The Whites were glad of any respite, and when the ball went out of play, Doig immediately claimed, but was overruled with "rubbish, Mr Doig!" from Brickley. The hit was taken, but Morrison intercepted. A foul was given against him and he began to protest. He was promptly ordered off. Down to six men, the Whites still fought on. From out of the blue, more or less, a penalty flick was awarded against them. Doig was put in goal, because the goalkeeper had been sent off, but Brickley scored, and the full-time whistle went. As the players trooped off, everyone felt that the six white players left were deservedly winners.

Hockey Reporter, F.III.

TO THE OLDER GENERATION

I am fed up, sick of being called one of a generation of long-haired, immoral, unpatriotic, degenerate layabouts. The popular press cheerfully accuses us of the depths of depravity. It insinuates that, as a student, a girl will be reeling drunk every night, smoke Pot and take the Pill. She will also be a Maoist revolutionary, attending at least one sleazy sit-in and two violent protest marches each term, intent upon destroying the "Establishment" as noisily as possible. You believe this implicitly. It is no use telling you that this is, at the very least, wildly exaggerated?

You villify the young yet you never stop to consider their view-point. Perhaps it is because we ask questions that disturb you, which you had much rather no-one asked. These questions seek to expose the flaws in a code of life which has been accepted for centuries, which you supported blindly.

Take for instance the question of war, which many of us feel to be fundamentally wrong. Here our point of view is greeted with a howl of execration. You have lived through one, possibly two, World Wars, holocausts of civilisation. You fought there. Your friends died there. You say that as so many died, they must have died for something worth while. Obviously that has to be, to make the world a better place. But this did not happen. From the Great War sprouted Nazi Germany and another war. From that war, there the Cold

War and an annihilative weapon, with perhaps worse to come. Much though the dead suffered, and this we do not deny, the world is now no better than it was before the two World Wars. We realise the futility of war and we want to make it obsolete, to stop the destruction of countless millions of innocent people, to no purpose whatsoever. Is that so wrong? Is it such a bad thing that we care about this as about so many other things, like racial discrimination and shop-window morality.

Sometimes we go too far. That we will admit. But were you never young? Did you never do things that now you blush to think of? I will not do you the injustice of saying you were always as staid as you are now. We notice that there is much wrong with the world and we want to put it right. Sometimes we tackle it the wrong way and make mistakes. Let us learn by our own mistakes. We can and we will.

So stop hounding us. We are to live in this world. Surely we deserve some say as to what sort of world it will be. Yes, we are young, we are foolish too, but maybe we are also very wise.

F.VI.

NELSON CREAM ICE COMPANY LIMITED

45 NELSON STREET

TELEPHONE : 27217

10 WELLGATE

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DUNDEE

Activities

As ever we have a wide range of societies in school, proving, if proof were needed, that school is not mostly a matter of dusty textbooks and inky fingers, but can also be education in the widest sense, in the art of living life to the full. Our thanks are again due to all members of staff who gave up their valuable time to run these clubs.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOLS' CHESS CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1969

On the evening of August 1st, the news came through that after exhaustive analysis of the crucial unfinished game in the final of the National Schools' Chess Championships, sponsored by the "Sunday Times", we had been given a win, and Dundee High School were National Schools' Chess Champions. This was a unique achievement, unlikely to be paralleled by our Chess Club for a long time; our success was, I think, due to skill, acquired experience, "Cup-winners' luck" and (strangely enough) a degree of under-confidence!

The Championship is run as a knockout system, which attracts nearly 800 schools annually. These schools are distributed among 30 or so zones, whose winners play a Knock-out Tournament. The "Sunday Times" meets the high inter-zonal travelling expenses, and indeed houses the semi-finalists in St. Ermy'n's Hotel, London, where the final two rounds are played in the space of two days.

Our zone was the northernmost and also probably the weakest. Our closest match was in the zone final, where we defeated Beath High School $4\frac{1}{2}-1\frac{1}{2}$.

Having coasted through our zone, however, the road to the title lay through a bye and then four demanding and needle-close matches. In the first of these, against our Scottish rivals, Boroughmuir, all six matches were unfinished after a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -hour session and, being unable to agree on any results, we took the probably unprecedented step of sending away all six games for adjudication. We were awarded a $3\frac{1}{2}-2\frac{1}{2}$ win. A good win this; the top two Boroughmuir boards were also the top two boards in the Scottish Junior Team. An interesting sidelight on the seriousness of the competition was that, after the result became known, Boroughmuir objected on the grounds that our Board Order was not a correct order of merit. Fortunately, the Controller, Mr G. H. Simmons, Secretary of the British Chess Federation, agreed that we should have a better knowledge of our respective abilities than Boroughmuir!

Rather to our surprise, we were now in the Quarter-finals and were paired against one of the strongest English teams, Wyggeston (Leicester). Here for the first time age was a crucial issue, as age handicap demanded that, to be victorious, the elder Wyggeston team must win 4-2. Playing the match by telephone, we trailed $\frac{1}{2}-2\frac{1}{2}$ with three games for adjudication, but private analysis suggested to us that the remaining three games would

yield the necessary two points. The British Chess Federation Panel of Adjudicators, however, gave Andrew Baruch's game as a draw instead of the hoped-for win, giving Wyggeston their 4-2 margin. After consultation with and help from Sandy Davie (the Scottish Champion and a former pupil of the school) we were able to present a challenge to the verdict and our challenge was upheld, leaving us $2\frac{1}{2}-3\frac{1}{2}$ winners! We all owe Sandy Davie a great vote of thanks.

And so to the Final Stages in London on the 26th and 27th of July. For this our Board 5, Norman Melvin was unavailable, and so our team (in Board Order) became—Christopher Jones, Peter Walsh, Andrew Baruch, Douglas Tudhope, Timothy Walsh and John Ferguson. The other players who had figured in the earlier victories were Miriam Little and Sandy McDonald. The accommodation at St. Ermy'n's was lavish, and we were visited both by the London editor of the "Courier" and Mr Peter Doig who besides his political activities is a keen chess player.

In the semi-final, King Edward the Seventh's, Sheffield, were not our strongest opponents and yet it was here that we were luckiest. Down $2\frac{1}{2}-1\frac{1}{2}$ with two difficult positions left, we managed to scrape together the necessary $1\frac{1}{2}$ points to win on age handicaps. It was made quite clear that ours was held to have been the weaker semi-final, and no doubt King Edward's, Birmingham, who defeated the favourites, Trinity, Croydon, in the semi-final, were somewhat misled by our indecisive semi-final play.

Yet again our start was far from conspicuously successful in the final. With the score standing at 1-2 (John Ferguson having won) Andrew Baruch missed the win that would have given him the amazing record of having won in each round, leaving us again to pick up one and a half points from two games. Again, the penultimate result was a draw, this time at Board 4: this left Chris Shepherd, the Birmingham top board and myself, and after a desperate "time-scramble" (chess clocks allow a time limit to be set for a specified number of moves, and we both completed our moves with seconds to spare) the playing-time was up. Shepherd had played rather inaccurately, but it was nevertheless impossible without the deepest analysis to find out whether his position was lost. And so, for the first time, the prizegiving had to be delayed for adjudication to take place and, by the adjudicators' favourable verdict, we became the first Scottish school to win the event in the twelve years of its running—dare I say it?—3-3 on age handicap!

The performance of a number of the younger players was most heartening: notably eleven-year-old Timothy Walsh, whose win saw us through against Boroughmuir, and John Ferguson, who won in the final. And, although this was a team effort, Andrew Baruch and Douglas Tudhope who, unbeaten between them only conceded 4 draws in their total of 16 games, were without doubt the strongest Boards 3 and 4 in the Competition. But, most of all, this is an ideal chance to thank Mrs Elder, Mr Deas and Mr Mackay for the power of work they have put into the club; in a sense our success was the culmination of their work. Finally, this has been made pleasant writing (and, I hope, reading); may I hope that future Chess Club Secretaries may share the satisfying task!

C. JONES.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

Our main task this year will be to readjust to "moderate success" (or even failure!) after our victory in last year's "Sunday Times" National Schools Championships (reported elsewhere). Since last year, we have lost our Boards 2 and 3, Peter Walsh and Andrew Baruch. Still, our younger players have come on, and helped us to start our defence of the title with wins, 4½-1½ against George Heriot's, and 6-0 against Cults Academy. More encouraging yet, Dundee High School scored 10/10 to win the Scottish Junior Chess Association's Jamboree, on 1st November, three points ahead of our nearest rivals.

This year, we also entered a girls' team for the "Sunday Times" Tournament and Division 3 of the local Senior League. Undismayed by a 6-0 defeat in the former at the hands of Aberdeen Grammer, they scored a 4-0 win over Dundee University "C" team in the League. In the same division our "B" team have recorded wins over Dundee University "C" and St. Andrews University "B", while in the First Division, the "A" team (strengthened by the inclusion of Baruch and Walsh) have achieved results of 1½-1½ (with one for adjudication) against Dundee Chess Club "A" and 3-1 against Telecomms "A".

During the summer holidays, Christine Elder represented the Scottish Girls' Team and Christopher Jones the Scottish Boys', and a large High School contingent entered the British Championships at Rhyl. In the Girls' Championship, Christine Elder and Miriam Little scored 6/11, and Susan Law 5; in the Boys' Under-18 Championship, Baruch scored 6½, Jones 6 and Walsh 5; and in the Under-16 section, Douglas Tudhope scored 6 and John Ferguson 4½. At the Glasgow September Congress, the best High School result was 3½/16 by Tudhope in the Open Tournament.

Internally, the Club runs much as before—with two exceptions. One, the encouragingly high entry for the Beckingham Trophy; two, the absence of Mr McKay. Mr McKay, whose cheerful and diligent work have been invaluable to the Club, has for a time now been suffering from a serious illness. We send him our best wishes for a speedy recovery. Thanks are also due to Mrs Elder, Mr Deas and Sandy Davie for all their help.

C. JONES, Secretary.

GUIDE REPORT

This year the company camp was held at our traditional site in Glen Esk for the first week in July. We went on a 12 mile hike to "Queen's Well" and another shorter walk to the "Meeting of the Waters". As usual everything went very smoothly and all the Guides thoroughly enjoyed themselves thanks to Mrs Adams, Miss Edgar and Miss Gass.

The new term got off to a flying start with about 18 new guides. There are now 38 guides in the company. Our first outing was to Camperdown Park, where Mr Robertson once again very kindly showed us round the Park. He introduced us to his large "family" of animals, including two young deer and the famous "Jeremy the Sugar Puffs Bear".

We also had a fancy dress Hallowe'en Party which was a roaring success. The costumes were very colourful and imaginative and the party provided plenty of laughs with ducking for apples, treacle scones and lots of games.

On 7th November, the Guides took part in the Armistice Service. Patricia Langlands carried the wreath with one of the Cadets.

At the moment every Guide is involved with preparations for a special Christmas party for under-privileged children from Menzieshill. We hope they will enjoy the party as much as we shall enjoy entertaining them and that all the necessary arrangements will be proved worthwhile.

All of our activities, however, would not have been possible without Mrs Adams and Miss Gass, who has just recently been made a fully qualified Guider. We would also like to thank Miss Edgar for giving up her time during the Summer holidays to come and help us at camp.

CAROLINE MILLS.

ORCHESTRA REPORT

Due to a serious shortage of violin players in the senior school, it has been impossible to rehearse a full orchestra. Small groups of wind and brass, and a small group of violin players, have been rehearsing short pieces for ensembles. It is hoped that these will provide some good material for the concert in June, and that this work with individual groups will form a reliable core for an orchestra next year. I would urge any players who are not already participating in these groups to come along on Mondays.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Porteous for all the work he has put in and the time he has sacrificed to keep music in the school going.

E. J. B.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

The S.U. has made its presence felt in school this term, particularly through the Folk Night on the 22nd of October. This was taken by students from Dundee University, and the proceeds, amounting to £8 15/- went to the North African Flood Relief Fund.

The S.U. group has had meetings nearly every Monday, which have included discussions on current issues, a record session under Lester Barr, and profitable talks from Mr Tei Jones and also Mr Peter Lee, who is the S.U. Secretary for the East of Scotland.

The separate Junior S.U., run by Janice Munro (Joint Leader), Gillian Willsher (Secretary) and Anne Ross, has an attendance of about 40 weekly. Just now they are preparing, rather noisily, two modern Christmas plays, and a group of about six are going to sing a few traditional carols with percussion instrument accompaniment.

The committee would again like to thank Mr Fyall for his help and encouragement, Mr G. C. Stewart for the use of his room and the pupils of the school who have supported the group.

ANDREW MORRISON, Joint Leader.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

The Club is flourishing very much this season, with many young new members giving their support.

Interesting displays have been shown by Mr Stevenson, D. Griffiths, I Highlands, G. Anderson (FII.) and N. Grant (FIV.), and a talk was given by A. D. McLaren.

We were also privileged to have Mr G. Webster, a Former Pupil, as a guest speaker. He gave a fascinating display comprised of numerous sets from Tristan da Cunha, Falkland Is. and Ascension Is.

The First Day Cover System must be mentioned to allow anyone interested in philately to obtain these through the Club. Large numbers are continuing to be sold.

Members would like to thank Mr Stevenson for his continued help in running the Club, and to R. McDonald (Fil.) for his donation of "Stamp Monthly" magazines.

D. A. P. NICOLL, Secretary.

CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

To date the club has organised two outings. The first was the ascent of Mount Blair in October, the second, at the end of November was an expedition up Glenshee to plan a snow walk for later in the year. Mr Adams went on our ascent of Mount Blair; we owe him our thanks for driving the truck, for the use of which we are also grateful. I would like to thank Mr Adams especially for all the work he has done for the club in recent years and extend to him on behalf of the club our good wishes in his new post. Thanks are due also to Mr R. C. Brickley for organising the club this year.

J. H. BROWN, Secretary.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

During the last meeting of the society last session, the following pupils were elected to officiate this year: Chairman, Ruth McDougall; Vice-Chairman, Desmond Rubens; Treasurer, Norman Melvin; Secretaries, Lois Marshall and Christopher Jones.

We have been fairly busy this term, with two major competitions. Our team of John Pate and Valerie Reid did well to qualify for the next round in the Daily Express, but there was no joy in the English-Speaking Union Competition, when our team of Duncan Campbell and Ruth McDougall did not. It was, however, a close contest. Sincere thanks must be given to Miss Gray and Mr E. M. Stewart for their invaluable aid and encouragement to the speakers.

Our first meeting took the form of a Prefects' debate, which was as frivolous and high-spirited as usual. The Inter-House debates were held shortly after, of which Lindores was the worthy winner. Since then, we have debated against Grove Academy and Harris Academy, and have held a Junior Topics Evening and a Mock Daily Express debate within the school. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the members of staff who supported us by attending these debates, and also the pupils, without whose enthusiastic support we could not survive.

We look forward to a full syllabus next term, including a Burns Night — this is an early warning!

RUTH McDOUGALL, Chairman.

DUNDEE SCHOOL EXCHANGE

(A Branch of the Muscular Dystrophy Group of Great Britain. Registered under the appropriate Act of Parliament)

We are happy to have this opportunity of thanking our many helpers and friends who have donated clothes to our shop at 18 Commercial Street.

However, we find that many people hesitate to give us clothes because they feel our business is restricted to school uniforms. We should like it to be known that we are glad to accept and have a ready market for all clothes, regardless of size and condition; sports equipment, school bags, used stamps, etc.

For further information telephone 67229 or 67887.

K. E. S., Hon. Secy.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD REPORT

To assist Miss Gray and Mr McKenzie in the enormous task of running the Award Scheme the following were made organisers of the Award in School: Lesley Brown, Janet Reekie, Gwen Landsburgh and Susan Law.

In all, there are approximately 100 girls and 15 boys doing the Award through the school at all three standards, and there are 10 girls working for their Gold Award, which is a great achievement in itself.

At the end of October, we held a Social Evening for parents and pupils, which proved to be a great success and as a result another 15 pupils joined in the Scheme. During the evening, Mr M. Warrack, Field Officer for Scotland, outlined the Award Scheme, showed a film and presented Awards as follows: Bronze—Alison Brown, Rona Horne, Valerie Reid; Bronze and Silver—Janet Reekie, Irene Stewart; Silver—Lorna Gass and Susan Law. Miss M. Dowie, who has already gained her Gold Award, and Patricia Ritchie and John Mickerson (both F.P.s), who have both nearly completed theirs, gave interesting and amusing talks on their various activities.

As the Award Scheme has been altered somewhat, there are many problems to be sorted out when running the old and new schemes side by side and very often they have to be integrated, therefore, I would like to apologise for any delays in the organisation of classes as at present we have to consider the levels and for which Award Standard they are.

L.B.

GIRLS' HILL WALKING CLUB REPORT

Secretary, Lesley Brown, Treasurer, Lesley Miller. F.6 Rep., Janet Reekie. F.5 Rep., Valerie McKay. F.4 Rep., Jennifer Pate.

The club has, unfortunately, got off to a rather slow start this season — the proposed walk to Ben Vrackie had to be cancelled due to lack of numbers. It is generally felt that in order to have some climbs transport will have to be provided by cars. Despite this, we hope to have a walk in the Lomonds in February or March and an evening film show. Our thanks as always to Miss Laing for her interest in the club.

L. M. B.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

The lights in the auditorium dimmed, a spotlight fell(!) on the conductor and, for the fourth time in a week, the College of Education Hall echoed to the strains of pirate drinking-songs. This was no fancy-dress orgy, but the school's third and surely finest production of "The Pirates of Penzance", an operetta in three acts by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.

The principal soloists were Anne Floyd as Mabel "with homely face and bad complexion", Sandy Inglis as Frederic "a thing of beauty" (a very charming couple), Sandy Mieklejohn was a very accurate tongue-twisting Major-General Stanley and Roger Dye, sporting a very elegant moustache, was the Pirate King. Colin Cruickshank was Samuel, Ann Sinclair a powerfully-acted Ruth, Lorna Thom was Edith, Jennifer Proudfoot—Kate, Carol Clark—Isabel, and Sandy Bremner (displaying many of his now all too familiar characteristics) was the Sergeant of Police.

The chorus, to quote "The Courier", "Pirates, Police and Pretty Girls", sang with enthusiasm and feeling, excelling in "Hail Poetry" and, of course, the songs of the policemen. The girls' first chorus captured the essence of the opera; everybody was participating and all sang with enthusiasm. It is no mean task to transform yourself into an innocent, unsuspecting daughter of a major-general and whose greatest pleasure is to paddle at the sea-side. It was not so difficult for the policemen, some of whom found that it came to them very naturally to make people laugh, so naturally, that they were obliged to sing an encore of their already long chorus "A Policeman's Lot" on all three nights.

The singers were not, however, the only pupils taking part in the opera. Pupils were involved in all the different "departments" of opera production. Lighting and stage-managing, designing and making of costumes, construction and painting of scenery, prompting, making up of the "artistes", and playing in the orchestra. All these tasks were undertaken by pupils and accomplished with great success. Managing of the business was for some reason not entrusted to pupils, but was undertaken most efficiently by Mr Hunter, Mr Garland and Mr Raymond C . . . ?, of the Maths department.

The opera would have been impossible without two people. These two were responsible for the very complex and lengthy schedule involved in producing any opera. I mean, of course, Mr Smith, our inspiring producer, who had the job of co-ordinating music and acting and of keeping the opera going when the cast was more interested in their costumes, in avoiding any wobbly tombstones and admiring the work of the art department on the scenery, and Mr Porteous, who trained the chorus and soloists throughout the many months it took to master and memorize all the parts and finally polish them up to public performance standard.

Two more invaluable people were Mr Hooks and Miss Gray. I wonder if anyone could count the number of times Mr Hooks has played through the weighty score, going back over this bit and skipping on to that bit. Miss Gray was the wardrobe mistress and unfailingly turned up at rehearsals, making suggestions, inspiring the chorus and egging on the progress of the opera.

Now there is no trace left of the opera. The costumes have been packed away, the scenery dismantled, and the scores returned to the D Carte Company.

The Major-General, the Pirate King, the five-year-old pirate apprentice and the beautiful Mabel are all studying at university and college, but the memory of the "Pirates" will live on in the minds of everyone who took part, and although the Major-General cannot "whistle all the airs from

that infernal nonsense 'Pinafore'", it will be a long time before anyone forgets the airs from "that infernal nonsense" "The Pirates of Penzance".
E. J. B.

RED GUARD GROUP REPORT

This term a new club in school has arisen, constituting a new and hitherto unforeseen threat to the complacency of the reactionary imperialistic authorities—the Red Guard Group (High School Branch) has made great headway, led by a few devoted 6th formers. Approximately 1,000 red covered books have been distributed and Maoist tunics are now available. Several neo-revisionist teachers have been corrected by the Group's efforts and now embrace the teachings of Mao. A swim down the Tay earlier this term attracted much favourable attention but a rumour that C.E.N. had taken part was found to be a capitalist conspiracy.

M. T. T. and L. P.

THE SCIENCE CLUB REPORT

This is the first report of the Science Club, which was created by Mr McIntosh. The aim of the club is to give its members, of F 2 and 3, a greater knowledge not only of science but also of other interesting topics. This is done mainly by films. We hope also to have some guest speakers, but this has not yet been arranged.

Few films have been shown this term owing to the delay in starting the club, but some very interesting ones have been seen, such as "Mars and Beyond" and "The Energy Picture".

It is hoped to show, in the future, films ranging from "Man in Space" to "The Construction of the Forth Road Bridge". The club, which meets on most Tuesdays after school, extends a warm welcome to all members of F 2 and 3 to come.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr McIntosh and Mr N. G. Stewart for showing the films and maintaining law and order.

M. FOSTER.

RADIO CLUB

This is the first time this report has appeared. The club has, however, been in existence for a year or so as an "underground" organisation. John Wilson, now left school, is to be thanked for much of the early work.

This year, we have started with a number of ambitious ideas. The school has provided a V.H.F. transceiver (transmitter-receiver) for use on the amateur 2 metre band. Difficulties in obtaining permission from the Corporation to erect suitable aerials has so far prevented us from going properly "on the air". We already have two licensed radio "hams" in the school; Duncan Campbell, GM8CML, and Desmond Rubens, GM8DCN. A third is confidently expected next term.

We have also tried to provide an electronics workshop in which we can get on with the above and other projects. We now have a small room and are equipping it through the generosity of various local firms and the University.

In particular, we must thank Mr J. R. Bell, of Ferranti Ltd., who has arranged to provide us with virtually everything we are needing in this line. Ferranti have already given us a fair amount of components, as have N.C.R. and Emihus, of Glenrothes. The Electrical Engineering Dept. of the University have given us an old oscilloscope and parts of an old computer. To all these people and firms we are exceedingly grateful.

The end-products of these endeavours will be the equipment we produce for the school and ourselves and spreading interest and ability in electronics. Among the projects that are being worked on at the moment are a public address system for the school, a lined accelerator, a better version of the electronic scoreboard tried at last year's sports, as well as a large number of more mundane things.

At the time of going to press, a visit to an N.C.R. factory is planned for the end of the autumn term. We hope to start a series of lectures on a regular day during next term.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

JUNIOR COMPANY CADET REPORT

The annual cadet camp was held at Gareloch-head, a change from Aultbea. We encountered the usual bad weather, but managed to complete the majority of the programme that had been planned. One of the most important events was the presentation of Coronation Trophy to the best junior cadet. This year's winner was Cadet Stout.

At the start of the session we were set the task of replacing those cadets who were transferred to the Senior Company. However, due to recruiting by Lt. Fraser, a new platoon was formed.

At present, an inter-platoon competition is being run, comprised of uniform inspection, shooting and ball games in the gym. Later it is hoped to have cadets instructed in the art of skiing at the nearby dry ski slope.

On behalf of the company, I would like to offer our gratitude to Lt. Fraser for his help throughout this term.

M. ADAMS, Junior Company C.S.M.

SENIOR COMPANY REPORT 1969/70

Summer camp, 1969, was held at Garelochhead. The weather was, in general, wet, but this did not hamper our activities. The main exercise was removed from the traditional fire and movement exercise, in that it involved skilful map-reading on the part of the N.C.O.s in charge of sections.

At the end of camp, the Platoon Cup was won by No. 2 Platoon, under Sgt. Jones and Cpl. Stiven. Sgt. McLaren also won the trophy for best cadet.

During the summer holidays, a party of 20 senior cadets and N.C.O.s spent two weeks in Germany with the Scots Guards. We were treated as guests and shown their way of life, from the training field to the N.A.A.F.I. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking, on behalf of the cadets, Lieutenants Fraser and McKenzie for accompanying us and being so understanding.

Later in the summer, Sgts. Adams, Jones and Rubens attended a C.C.F. training course at Frimley Park, in Surrey. This enabled them to meet other cadets and to gain experience that will be of use to our company this year.

At the start of session 1969/70, there were 70 cadets in the senior company; a drop of four on last year.

Sgt. Jones was promoted C.S.M., and Sgt. Pate was assigned to No. 1 Platoon, Sgt. Rulens to No. 2 and Cpl. Ross to No. 3. Sgt. Wilson became drill sergeant in an attempt to make instruction of drill more uniform throughout the company.

A platoon competition was instituted to promote a spirit of competition in the company. This has, so far, involved the company in two exercises out of school. The first was a light camping exercise held at Douglas Wood, the second an

orienteeing exercise held at South Powrie Farm by kind permission of Mr Pate. Both were profitable exercises. It is hoped that this competition will count towards the traditional Platoon Cup held at camp.

The necessary training programme for Parts I. and II. has been begun. No. 1 Platoon, having passed Part II., are being instructed in advanced section leading and map-reading to enable them to lead the company to best advantage next year.

The store staff, under C.Q.M.S. Melvin, has been increased in size by the addition of L/Cpl. Chalmers. I am sure this helped C.Q.M.S. Melvin to pass the routine Army inspection of stores with his usual distinction.

A recruiting campaign was begun by N.C.O.s of both Junior and Senior Companies this term. It met with reasonable success, and a fourth platoon of recruits has been formed in the senior company, under Cpl. Stiven.

For the future, we are planning a Cadet Evening to be held in March. This will give the school and parents a chance to see the cadets at work. Drill is not our only concern, I assure you.

We also hope to hold a spring camp covering a week-end in March. This will be a useful fore-taste of summer camp for many new cadets.

I would like to take the opportunity to thank Major Jacuk and Lt. McKenzie for their never ending co-operation in running the senior company. I assure you, gentlemen, without your help the task of the N.C.O.s would be worthless.

C.S.M. Jones.

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

Already this session much voluntary work has been done by pupils of the school.

Several flag days have been successfully completed although some have been turned down. Younger pupils usually help with these collections, but the older ones have not been idle.

Visits to old people have continued, some house decorating has been embarked upon, and last year's help to small children in the dark mornings is being repeated.

In the last week of term, over 200 Christmas Parcels will be distributed to old people and needy families in the city. In order to cope with the increased number of parcels, a Coffee Morning is being held on 6th December to provide finance.

Some members of the school attended a meeting of Save the Children Fund collectors, where a very interesting talk and film show was given by Mr Dawson, who is a S.C.F. worker in S. Korea.

Many senior pupils also helped at the very successful Christmas Fair of the S.C.F., and all enjoyed themselves in the process. We are also selling special school Christmas cards in aid of this charity.

We are in contact with the wider field of Social Service through regular meetings of "Action"—a committee whose aim is to co-ordinate social work amongst schools in conjunction with C.S.V. and other social workers in Dundee.

Looking forward to the hectic preparation of parcels before Christmas, we must not forget to thank all those who have helped us in various ways, especially Miss Gray and the other members of staff so often pestered by us.

PAT BAIN.
ARCHIE McLAREN.

THE CADETS



W. Boath, M. Sims, G. Walker, L/Sgt. Milloy and M. Keddie.



A "432"



GIRLS' 1st XI. HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—Valerie Walsh, Irene Stewart, Jennifer Proudfoot, Lesley Duguid, Anne McPherson, He'len Stout, Miss Dobson.

Front Row (l. to r.)—Joan Ross, Pamela Duncan, Annette Arbuckle, Jane Standley, Lesley Brown.



HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr R. C. Brickley, D. S. Tudhope, A. A. Sutter, P. F. M. Sturrock, B. A. Eadie, M. B. Gillis, N. R. Hutton, Mr W. M. Garland.

Front Row (l. to r.)—I. C. Ferguson, A. M. Patterson, M. Adams, K. W. Boyd, D. A. Taylor.

Sports

The school sportive is greatly flourishing in a varied and energetic fashion. Success may be spasmodic, but enthusiasm seems to be indestructible. Our thanks are due to all those who devote so much time and energy to this increasingly demanding sphere of school activity.

NETBALL REPORT

Captain : Lesley Adam.

Vice-Captain and Secretary : Lesley Brown.

This term has been mainly taken up with practices, although here are a few fixtures for the 1st and 2nd VII. teams in December and many fixtures for next term. There is much enthusiasm shown (throughout the school) at the practices and Form I are an especially promising side.

The House netball matches were held at Dalnacraig in October and teams' parents and supporters enjoyed the games, despite the muddy conditions. The results were :

Seniors—Lindores, Aystree, Airlie, Wallace, and Juniors—Aystree, Airlie, Wallace, Lindores.

On behalf of all the girls who play netball, I would like to thank Miss Dobson and Miss Filshie who have given up so much of their time to coach us.

L.M.B.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

The start of the new rugby season was very good for an almost new team, even the weather was favourable towards the team, but then the side went through a frustrating time as the results show.

| | F | A |
|---------------------|----|----|
| Sept. 13—Harris | 20 | 3 |
| 20—Dollar | 6 | 15 |
| 27—Aberdeen Grammer | 3 | 0 |
| Oct. 11—Gordon's | 0 | 19 |
| 18—Waid | 13 | 14 |
| 22—Buckhaven | 0 | 6 |
| 25—Melville | 5 | 9 |
| Nov. 1—Boroughmuir | 3 | 6 |
| 8—Kelvinside | 9 | 17 |
| 15—Gordonstoun | 6 | 9 |
| 22—Dunfermline | 6 | 0 |

As you can see from the above results, narrow defeats interspersed with the odd disaster were typical of the team's performance.

This lack of success could be put down to the failure of the forwards to be linked with the backs. This has been quite evident in all of the matches except the last, here the team began to blend together. Unfitness has not been seen this year

because everyone turns out for training no matter what the weather. This shows great promise, and in what is left of this season and, of course, the coming season, the 1st XV. should not suffer too many defeats or any disasters.

This year, three players were sent to midlands trials and all three were picked for the "B" XV., they were A. J. Gossip, J. J. Walker and S. R. B. Hawkes. Although there have been no matches as of yet, they are keeping fit and hoping for some to be arranged.

The 2nd XV., as always, have had quite a good run of results. The Colts and 2nd year have had some marvellous results, in spite of older and larger opposition and, with no doubt in my mind, I can say the future of rugby at High will not suffer, for L.VI. and L.VII. are showing great enthusiasm for the game.

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 and Mr Allardice, and here I think I should mention Mr Adams, who has now left, but helped greatly when he was with us. The efforts of these gentlemen and of the charming hostesses made this season very pleasant for all concerned.

G. R. B. HAWKES, Secretary.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB REPORT

This year, the table tennis club has expanded considerably in numbers, with many new members from Forms 1 and 2. As the club has only recently been made official, a secretary and treasurer have been elected. They are Gordon Williams and David Griffiths, respectively.

We have been challenged by a team from Morgan Academy and Lawside. The first of these matches has been played and Morgan put up a splendid display to beat us. Good table tennis was seen here, but the boys from Morgan were older than any of our team. We hope to plan a return game quite soon.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Mackintosh on behalf of the other members of the club for all his help and willingness to give up his time for our benefit.

GORDON WILLIAMS, Secretary.

BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

This year, the following pupils were selected to form the committee : Lesley Adam, Lesley Miller and Moira Baird, Maurice Evans, Peter Sturrock, Antony Patterson and James Stewart.

There has been a fairly large attendance most Saturdays and the badminton is improving rapidly. Unfortunately, the boys' fixture against Morgan was postponed, but there are several girls' fixtures and one mixed fixture in the offing.

We are extremely grateful for the invaluable help of Mr Nigel Stewart and Mr Garland!

L. M. & A. P.

BASKETBALL CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed:

Senior—J. J. Walker, Captain.
J. G. Stewart, Vice-Captain.
D. E. Cavers, Secretary.
Junior—J. L. Lester, Captain.
J. G. Thomson, Vice-Captain.
G. D. Bell, Secretary.

Both teams have played fairly well, but have been very fortunate, inasmuch as they have not had much success. Under the guidance of Mr R. C. Brickley we are improving tremendously. I would like to thank Mr Brickley for giving up his valuable time to train both senior and junior teams.

D. E. C.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed: Captain, Annette Arbuckle; Vice-Captain, Pamela Duncan; Secretary, Anne McPherson; Treasurer, Lesley Brown.

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

| | | | F | A |
|-------|----------------------|-------|-------------|---|
| Sept. | 6—Blairgowrie | | H 3 | 0 |
| | 13—Montrose | | H 5 | 0 |
| | 18—Morgan | | A 1 | 0 |
| | 20—Perth Academy | | A 0 | 0 |
| | 24—Harris Academy | | A 5 | 1 |
| | 27—Kirkcaldy | | H 1 | 3 |
| Oct. | 1—Grove | | H 4 | 1 |
| | 8—Morgan | | H cancelled | |
| | 11—Bell-Baxter High | | A 2 | 1 |
| | 15—Harris Academy | | H 3 | 2 |
| | 18—Albyn | | A 2 | 1 |
| | 23—St. Leonard's | | A 4 | 3 |
| Nov. | 5—Morrison's Academy | | A 0 | 0 |
| | 15—Kilgraston | | H 7 | 0 |
| | 22—Waid Academy | | A cancelled | |

Quite evidently from the scores this was a most successful winter term for the 1st XI. and we look forward to an even more successful spring term.

Our congratulations go to Joan Ross, Pamela Duncan and Irene Stewart, who were selected to play in the midland's 1st and 2nd teams. The 2nd XI. team have also had a good term and there are some budding players there for next season's 1st XI.

Once again we cannot thank Miss Dobson and Miss Filshie enough for all the time and effort they spend coaching us and feel sure their efforts have been rewarded.

A. McP., Secretary.

GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB REPORT

As yet, we have not had any fixtures. These will come in the Easter term! There was, however, the Dundee Schools' Gala at the beginning of October, in which several girls took part. Unfortunately, competition was too strong for these swimmers and few were placed in their respective races.

This year, some girls have been working on Personal Survival Awards. The following have gained certificates: Margaret Leys, Gold and Silver; Marion Armitage, Silver; Helen Smith, Silver and Bronze; and Joan Ritchie, Bronze.

We are indebted to the staff for their help.

LESLEY MILLER (Captain).

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season, four officials were appointed to the club: Captain, M. M. Adams; Vice-Captain, K. W. Boyd; Secretary, P. F. M. Sturrock; Treasurer, A. M. Patterson.

The opening games of this season have produced mixed fortunes for our 1st XI. Up to the time of writing, the record is

P 10 Won 6 Drawn 0 Lost 4 F 29 A 12

At the beginning of the season 8 untried players had to be put in the 1st XI. to replace those who left school last session. Considering this obvious lack of experience, the above results are very favourable.

The 2nd XI. and Under-16 XI. have also made a solid start to the season, the 2nd XI. having suffered only one defeat in 8 games. These teams have had the advantage this season of being able to pick the same teams each week and this has led to very keen team spirit within the teams.

During October, we sent two teams to compete in the Midlands Six-a-Side Tournament. Both teams did very well to reach the semi-finals, the 1st VI. losing at that stage to the eventual winners of the tournament, Lawside Academy.

Earlier in the season, we sent M. Adams, M. Gillis, N. Hutton and D. Taylor to compete in a trial for places in the Midlands Under-18 XI. Unfortunately, none of them qualified, although M. Gillis did succeed in being chosen for the second trial.

The Inter-House League, introduced to the hockey programme last session, has been completed again this session and the results were: 1st Airlie, 2nd Aystree, 3rd Wallace.

In conclusion, on behalf of every member of the club, I would like to thank Mr Garland, Mr Brickley, Mr MacDonald, Mr McKenzie and Mr Fraser for giving up their time to the club to coach its members and umpire its games. Without their help boys could not enjoy hockey in this school.

P. F. M. S., Secretary.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

A small number of keen members has been formed into the nucleus of a team which has taken part in two competitions so far this session.

The first was the British C.C.F. competition in which a team of eight gained a reasonable place, though far from top, with a score of 707/800. The other, more recent one, was the Junior Winter competition, in which we entered two teams of four, in the Under-15 and Under-18 sections. A better score was returned here and a much higher placing is hoped for.

Near the end of term, we have requested a friendly match against the staff and we await the outcome of that with great interest.

At the beginning of the term, a major setback was the theft from the gym of two spotting telescopes and a pair of rifle sights. This, coupled with the alterations to the gym has somewhat impeded progress, but we are indebted to Mr G. Fraser, of Dundee Rifle Club, for the loan of some of the more important items of equipment.

We must also thank Mr Halliday, for his un-failing support, and both Mr Patterson, of "Gow's", and Mr W. A. Findlay, for services rendered.

A. D. McLAREN.

Old Boys' Club Dinner

The Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club was held in the Royal Hotel on 5th December, 1969 and a company of 134 attended. This in itself was gratifying as numbers were greatly increased on previous years.

The principal toast was proposed by Professor A. D. Campbell of Dundee University who is well known in many fields, not least of which is economic adviser to the Tayside Study Group. Professor Campbell outlined the problems, financial and otherwise, that would face the School in the event of the Direct Grant being withdrawn and the School deciding to go independent. His speech contained much humour, deep thought and left us realising that there were considerable problems facing us in the future if the School was to survive, if the School decided to go independent.

On behalf of the School, Mr D. W. Erskine, the Rector, replied. The Rector who told us that this was his last year with the School and in a sincere and heart warming speech, convinced us that the School was successful, efficient, had a sense of social responsibility and provided for its pupils apart from education, a sense of calm reasonableness and responsibility towards the world at large. There was no doubt in Mr Erskine's mind, and by the conclusion of his speech, no doubt in our minds either, that Dundee High School was an Institution which must at all costs be preserved.

On behalf of the School, Mr Ian Robertson for his part, explained what steps the old Boys' Club had in conjunction with the Old Girls' Club taken to form a Committee to create a Trust Fund to assist the School to expand or, if necessary, to support it should the Direct Grant be frozen or taken away. He made it plain that the Trust Fund Committee had no interest in advising the School how they should run the School, it had no political aspirations nor was it thirled to any entrenched views. If the Trust Fund Committee was successful in what it was seeking to do, it had fulfilled a duty to the School and also the Club itself had thereby benefitted.

Perhaps the speciality of this evening was the Club's presentation to Mr J. E. Stark who had been with the School for 34 years in various capacities and who was known and loved by us all. Mr Stark's health was proposed by Mr D. K. R. Lawson who was one of his personal friends, and was one of the many who had benefitted from him by his cricket coaching. Mr Lawson outlined Mr Stark's many and varied duties and interests in the School and we realised that Jack was not just a caretaker, but an institution. The Club gave Mr Stark a standing ovation concluding with a hearty rendering of "For he's a jolly good fellow". The President then handed over to Mr Stark on behalf of the Club, fishing equipment and a wallet with cheque.

Mr Stark in his reply, thanked the Club for their presentation to him and told of happiness that he had had with the School over the years, and the pleasure it had given him seeing pupils whom he knew or with whom he had had a connection being successful and prospering throughout the world.

Dr. Buchanan proposed the Vote of Thanks and the evening concluded with "Auld Lang Syne".

This Dinner perhaps was a landmark in the history of the School and the Club. It was the end of one era with Mr Erskine in his year before retirement, and it was the start of a new era with Mr E. M. Stewart, a Past President of the Club, about to take over the Rectorship. There can be no doubt in the minds of those who attended the Dinner however, that the School has been and will be in good and safe hands, and it is an Institution worthy of preservation.

K.W.P.

Part of the Speech made by Mr James Spankie, of Grampian Television and an F.P. of School, to the Old Boys' Club:

It is unusual for me to see my audience—I must say you are more interesting than a camera lens. But of course, this is a two-edged sword, because from my point of view, the great thing is that you are unable to switch me off so I am going to take this opportunity to talk about the use and potential use of television in the field of education.

These two worlds may seem at first sight to be poles apart, but that is not true, because in recent years it has been discovered that T.V. can be seriously regarded as a medium for something other than entertainment.

It was in fact in May of 1957 that Associated Rediffusion, as it then was, broadcast the first T.V. Programmes for Schools ever to be seen in this country. Later that year B.B.C.—who had pioneered Radio Broadcasting for Schools—followed I.T.V. and thus was launched one of the most important developments in the field of mass communication—the use of television as a means of mass education. That now covers—Schools, Adult Education—Universities and shortly a University of the Air—and I should like to talk about these.

Schools T.V. started with very mixed feelings in the world of Education. Broadly there were three divisions. Those who saw it as an experiment and a possible aid to teaching; those who thought it would be the "thin end of the wedge" for teachers and finally evict them, and those who doubted the validity of the whole issue. At the very beginning, about 80 schools were registered as viewers, programmes were designed for an age range of 14 and over and the subject areas limited to Science, General Studies and the world of work. This year (11 years later) some 16,000 schools are registered, the age range is 6-18 and practically every subject area is covered.

What then has been discovered in the past decade? Teachers discovered that children retained visual details which may have by-passed the teacher because the pupil was the more experienced viewer at home. Pupils who failed to respond to the traditional teaching methods, become alert and interested. It's easy to imagine that a class of pupils studying Macbeth would probably gain a great deal if any, by turning a switch, they could watch

a professional performance; children can be taken on journeys into time and space with no transport costs or time wastage.

All that has been discovered and is being thought about and discussed along with the disadvantages, problems and difficulties that have to be faced such as—The writer of the programme must remember that T.V. is a visual medium and he/she must be able to think in visual terms.

The programme presenter must not only have a genuine interest in children and his subject (like any teacher) but he also must be aware of studio technicalities. He must remember he has no reactions to help him and the material he is presenting has to suit a group rather than an individual.

A teacher, when using T.V., allows another voice to speak in his own classroom with perhaps greater authority. Should children be taught remotely—with possibly better lesson material, but the class teacher knows each pupil and his/her individual qualities. In addition, a teacher who switches on is accepting something planned and designed to be acceptable to all schools of the same kind in the U.K.

Finally, schools timetables and broadcasting times—how can they meet?

Perhaps the answer to that lies in the local Education Authority T.V. Service—closed area television if you like. At the moment these are in Hull, London, Plymouth and Glasgow. Despite the difficulties of Finance, Technicalities, and the question of its value, it's quite obviously now a viable proposition—and one of the main advantages of this local type of service is that it can break through the barrier of time-table restrictions by frequent repeats. It can also meet the special needs of all schools and colleges by direct teaching programmes geared to the Syllabus; it can provide training for teachers, and because of the geographical proximity to the schools in the area, there is very close liaison. The outstanding problem in this field is that the local service should not overlap the national services or even compete and try to do better. Obviously the roles should be complementary.

What of the future? It is said that the sum total of knowledge in the world doubles every 10 years—yet the time available for teaching what is vital to children stays, at school at least, more or less the same. It is therefore certain that television (provided it is the servant and not the master) will be of great benefit—always I hope complementary to the school teacher—in the future education of our schoolchildren.

Now—Adult Education. We meet here a social problem—as the working day or week becomes shorter, so leisure hours increase, and how we as a nation use or mis-use that leisure time—is going to be of vital importance. Adult Education programmes are specially designed to teach, instruct or educate, and it is possible that people will turn from pure entertainment and want to be educated so that perhaps separate channels can be provided for educational purposes. At the moment, the programmes are arranged in series, planned in consultation with appropriate educational bodies to help viewers towards progressive mastery of some skill or body of knowledge, and they are usually supple-

mented by a booklet. Again, in this field, there is no competition between B.B.C. and I.T.V.

In Universities now—television is beginning to be accepted. There are over two hundred television cameras being used for a variety of purposes in British Universities and Colleges. They are used by some as a means of direct teaching, by others as a visual aid enabling staff to demonstrate material to better advantage. Last year a significant step was taken when an agreement was reached between Edinburgh University and Grampian Television—whereby G.T.V. supply technical assistance and facilities, as well as studio produced programmes for University use. This is the first agreement of its kind in Britain. Professor Michael Swann, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University said that it was only a question of how long it would be before closed circuit University Television would be used as habitually as the telephone. I now quote him—“Before long we may even use a satellite to communicate with other Universities with whom we have agreed that they and we should pick each others' brains”. In 1960 the Edinburgh Varsity Science Faculty numbered 1,500—by 1970 it will have more than doubled. Surely television could help in the shedding of the formal teaching load.

Finally on Education—The University of the Air or as it is now to be called “The Open University”. It is to be set up by Royal Charter and will create, administer, examine and award its own degrees. It will be open to anyone regardless of previous academic qualifications—or lack of them. It will teach through a combination of directed private study, correspondence courses, broadcast courses, local tutorials, seminars, practical work and residential courses.

The Open University programmes will be the responsibility of the University working in partnership with the B.B.C. (A relationship without precedent in British Educational Broadcasting) and the B.B.C. will contribute to the Open University in two ways. (1) By representing the Open University courses on Radio and Television (B.B.C. 2) and (2) By providing preparation courses on Radio and Television. The Open University is expected to start operating in 1971.

The development of Educational Television in the next few years, will be very complex. There is a rising demand for education which can be met partly by educational television. Provided that all the agencies producing programmes work together, the demand for education is such that all our resources will be needed.

The Vice-Chancellor of the Open University is Professor Walter Perry, Deputy Principal of the University of Edinburgh and himself an Old Boy of the High School of Dundee.

The danger of all this mass media, is I think, that the individual (pupil) may tend to become less important; that the emphasis may be put on groups, or levels of society, or any other breakdown you care to think about. That is why I hope television will never supercede the classroom teacher: we must be careful that our traditions are not swept aside as we rush headlong to embrace modern methods. The individual does matter, and a tragic day it will be if this concept is forgotten.

Is your education too good to waste on the Army?

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

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

Global Security. During your career as an Officer, it is possible that you will take part in—and help to form—the workings of a new system of global security. Some British troops today wear the pale blue beret of the United Nations. Their Officers' tasks are highly complex, often calling more on their talents as diplomats and peace-makers than their prowess in battle. No less demanding are the jobs of Officers with troops in Commonwealth or NATO roles. The challenge is at all levels: it may fall to a General's lot to decide the overall strategy, but it is on the junior Officer's skill that depends, say the successful solution of a potential international incident in Hong Kong or at the Berlin Wall.

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

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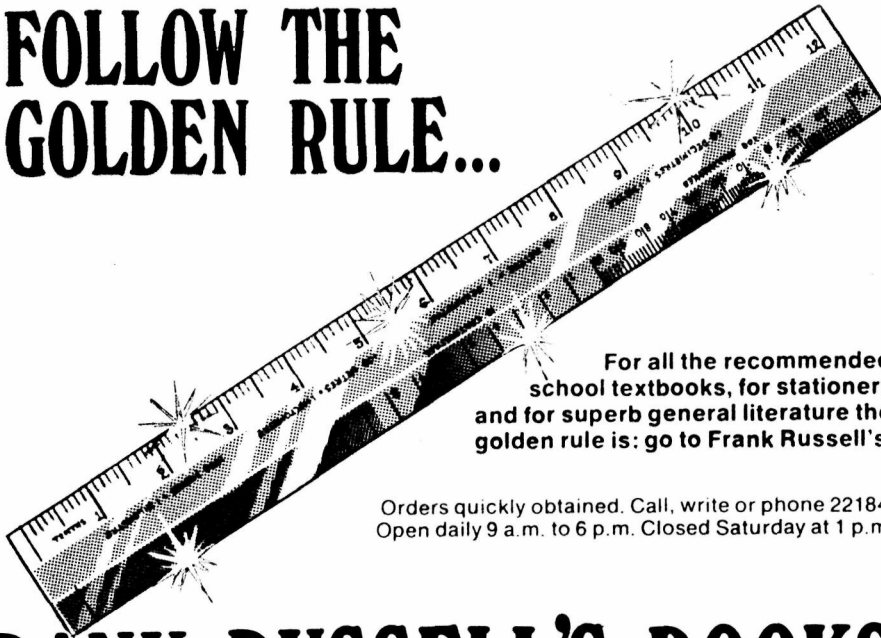
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