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No. 148

June 1970

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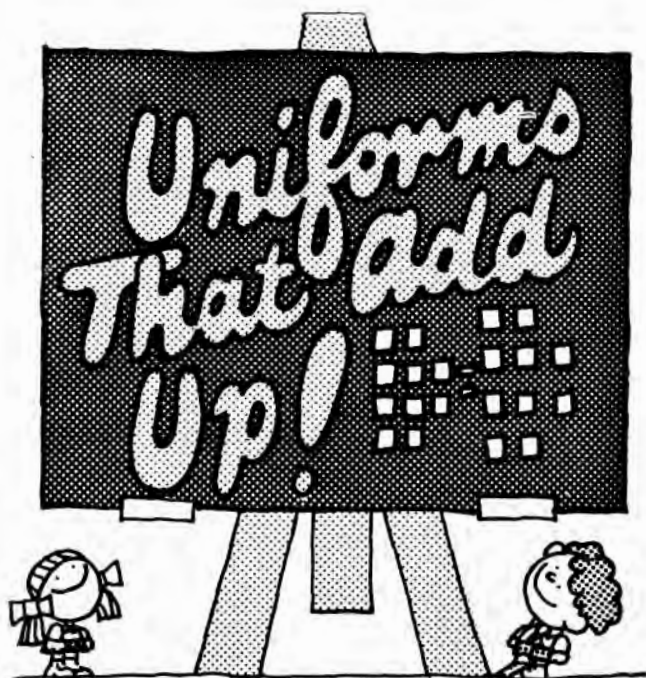
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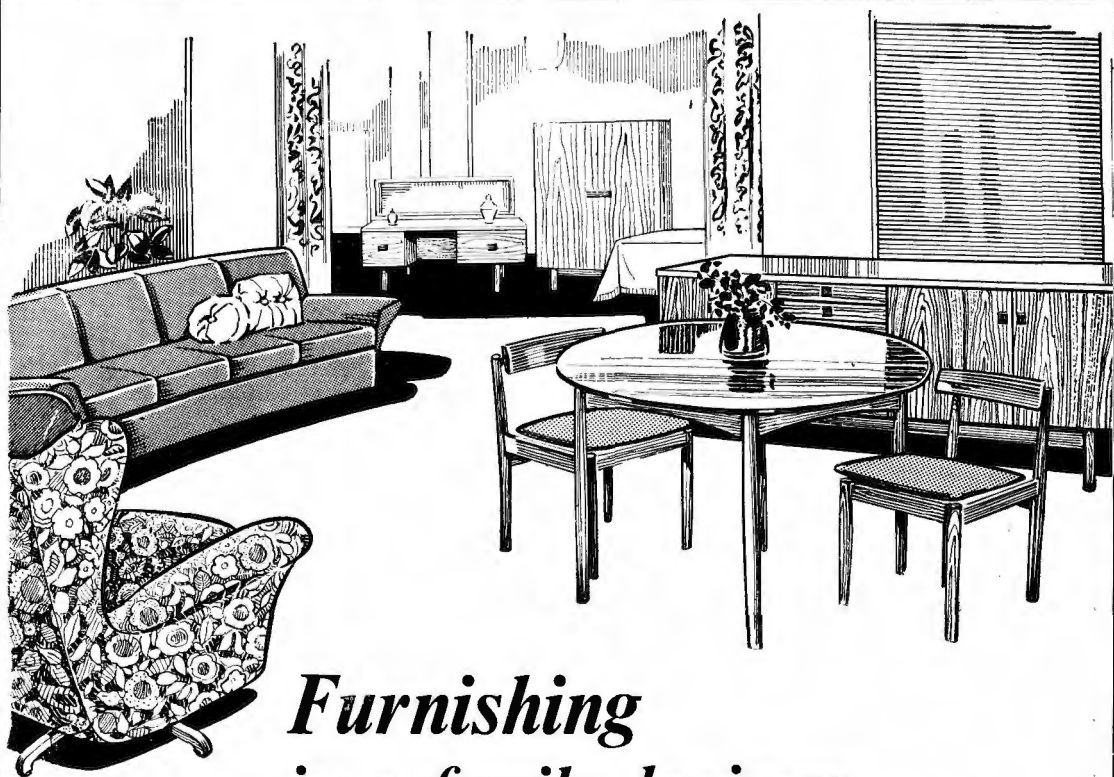
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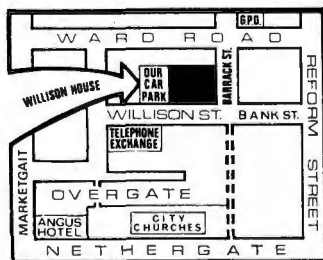


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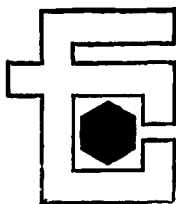
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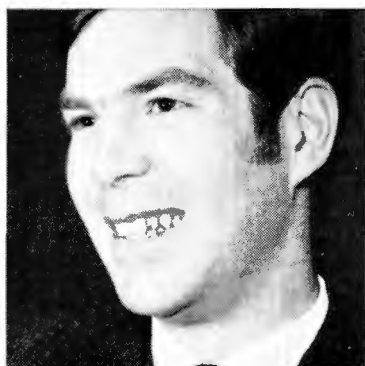
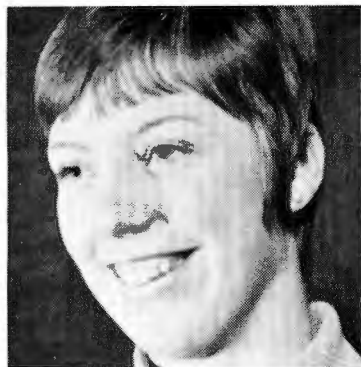
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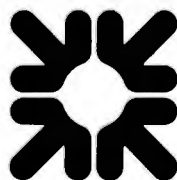
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MAGAZINE

No. 148

June 1970

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Contents

Editorial	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13
News and Notes	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	14
The Rector	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	17
The Woman behind the Man	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	21
Junior School	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	22
Senior School	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	32
Janitorial Editorial	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	65
Mr Robert Biggar	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	66
Mr David Foggie	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	69
Mr J. Torrington Bell	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	70
Mr Ernest S. Treasure	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	70
Mr Duke	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	71
A Tribute to Mr Crichton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	72
School Activities	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	74
Sports Activities	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	81
Former Pupils' Section	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	84



Editorial

Recently, I have read no less than thirty-seven previous Editorials. With five august exceptions, they embody one of three things. They bewail the insurmountable difficulties of evolving an editorial (although they have all apparently prevailed). They appeal with piteous desperation for more contributions. As a last resort, they inquire loquaciously, of themselves and their patient readers, the purpose of an Editorial, without ever approaching a satisfactory conclusion. While I appreciate fervently all three problems, they do seem to overbound as Editorial content. Therefore to add a spice of originality to the Editorial, we shall discuss the magazine.

This is the first magazine of the seventies and we hope we have done justice to a new, dynamic decade with our innovatory magazine. You may already have dropped it in consternation as an ostensibly alien journal. We beg you to retrieve it, if only to extol the novel and less forbidding cover, the unprecedented layout and the captivating symbols. For this we must accord thanks to Mr Macdonald of the Art Department who has tirelessly assailed us with suggestions and samples. Another innovation is worthy of note. Wearying of the perennial excuse of S.C.E. Examinations for lack of contributions, the Editorial Committee has decreed that all articles must be submitted before Easter. The new medley of excuses at least has the merit of originality.

It only remains for me to hope that you enjoy this magazine.

The Editor.



News and Notes

NEWS OF STAFF

For many years staff changes have been relatively few, and High School has been fortunate in its tradition of long and faithful service. This year, however, marks in many senses the end of an era. We are losing, or will be losing shortly, many good friends who have been familiar figures to generations of grateful pupils. We have, therefore, a large list of arrivals and departures to announce.

As is fitting, we begin by mentioning the retiral of the Rector, **Mr D. W. Erskine**. This is not the place to enlarge on what the School owes to Mr Erskine; full tribute is paid to him elsewhere in the magazine. We will confine ourselves to thanking him heartily for all he has done for the School, and wish himself and Mrs Erskine the best of health and happiness in their retirement. We would take the opportunity, too, of giving our best wishes to **Mr E. M. Stewart**, as he takes over the Rectorship.

We congratulate **Mr D. R. Paton** on his appointment as Second Master. Mr Paton will continue as Head Master of the French Department. In this connection, **Mr J. Stevenson**, Second Master in that Department, has been appointed as Head Master of German and Spanish. We congratulate him on his promotion.

We are shortly to be losing two members of staff, good friends, who have served the School faithfully for many years. **Mr Howat**, Head Master of Classics will be leaving us in September. We are happy to congratulate **Mr A. Smith**, Second Master in the Department on his appointment to the Headmastership. **Mr Wardlaw**, Headmaster of Chemistry, will be leaving us at Christmas. Once again, we are pleased to congratulate **Mr Smart**, Second Master, on his appointment as successor. Fitting tribute will be paid to both these gentlemen in later issues of the magazine.

The School was saddened in March by the sudden death of **Mr Biggar**, Headmaster of Geography. We remember him with gratitude for all his service to the School, and our sympathies are with Mrs Biggar in her great loss. Tribute is paid to him elsewhere in the magazine. We look forward to welcoming next session **Mr Holmes** of Harris Academy, as Headmaster of Geography.

We also look forward to welcoming **Mr Chynoweth** of Marr College, Troon as Headmaster of English. In this connection, also, we are sorry to mention the retiral of another good friend: **Mr A. R. Duke**, Second Master of the English Department, will be leaving us at the end of the session. Tribute is paid to him elsewhere, and here we thank him sincerely for his work for the School, and wish him the best of health and happiness in his retirement.

We congratulate **Mr R. C. MacKenzie**, of our own staff, on his appointment as Headmaster of Economics.

Also leaving us in July, are **Mrs Adams** (Homecraft); **Mrs Cocker** (Physical Education) and **Miss Montgomery** (Modern Languages) and **Mrs Richterich** has already left. All these teachers have rendered good service to the School and will be missed both by staff and pupils. With them go our best wishes for their future happiness and success.

In August, we will welcome the following new members of staff, and we look forward to having them in our midst: **Mrs Walton** (English); **Mr Wilson** (Classics); **Miss Anderson** (Physical Education); **Mrs Craig** (Homecraft); **Mrs Rorie** (Junior School) and **Miss M. Smith** (Preparatory Department).

We have just learned that **Mr R. R. Chroscicki** of the Mathematics Department is leaving us to take up a post in Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology,

Aberdeen. We wish him well, and thank him for his good service to the School.

ART DEPARTMENT

Mr Macdonald is to be congratulated for winning the Shield of the Institute of Amateur Cinematographers 1970 (Scottish North East Region) with his comedy film entitled "Dual Device"

Mr Macdonald has been elected President of the Dundee Ciné Society for 1970-71.

In the Art Exhibition at the Boat Show, Earl's Court, London in January, Mr Vannet had an oil painting, a watercolour and a pencil drawing hung, and in the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Watercolours in Edinburgh, he was represented by two watercolours of landscape subjects.

Mr Vannet has an oil painting and two etchings on view in the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, Edinburgh.

NEWS OF PRESENT PUPILS

As always, our pupils continue to excel in many fields.

In the 1970 Bible Essay Competition for Form II., the prize-winners were **Sarah Boase**, **Margaret Smart** and **Elizabeth Gil-mour**. Other good entries were submitted by **Ross Macdonald**, **Charlotte Green** and **Jennifer Williams**. We congratulate these pupils on their success.

In another sphere, we congratulate those who performed well in the Arbroath and District Music Festival.

ARBROATH AND DISTRICT MUSICAL FESTIVAL

- Class 83 **Solo Recorder** (Open).
1st Stephen Davis, L.VI.
2nd Gavin Gibson, L.VI.
Class 84 **Recorder Bands** (Primary).
2nd D.H.S.
Class 85 **Recorder Bands** (Secondary).
2nd D.H.S.
Class 86 **Recorder Duets** (Primary).
1st Stephen Davis—Gavin Gibson, L.VI.
2nd Diana Batchelor—Rosemary Williams, L.VI.

- Class 87 **Recorder Duets** (Secondary).
2nd Miriam Little—He'en Stout, F.IV.
Class III. **Speech Recital** (Shakespeare).
2nd Eileen Gibson, F.III.
Class 92 **Solo Verse Speaking**.
2nd Eileen Gibson, F.III.
Class 97 **Solo Verse Speaking** (Scottish).
1st Eileen Gibson, F.III.
Class 19 **Vocal Solo** (Girls 10—12 years).
1st Janette Main, L.VI.
Class 35 **Vocal Solo** (Scottish under 12 years).
2nd Jannette Main, L.VI.
Class 67 **Violin Solo** (15-17 years).
1st Elizabeth Boase, F.V. (Eddie Challenge Cup).
Class 55 **Piano Solo** (17 years and over).
2nd Jane Scrimgeour, F.VI.

In the Midland Schools' Tennis (Junior) Tournament **Graham Butchart** (F.3) and **Philip Ritchie** (F.2) gained first places. In the Girls' Section of the same tournament, **Rona Winter** (F.3) and **Hilary Simpson** (F.3) were runners-up. We congratulate all these pupils on their fine performances.

We have just learned that three of our Form VI. pupils—**Maureen Hannah**, **Margaret Neilson** and **John Brown** have been successful in the Aberdeen Bursary Competition. We congratulate them heartily on their well-deserved success, and wish them all the best in the future.

NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

We congratulate a number of our former pupils:—

Mr and Mrs Neil Rorie (née **Susan Gibson**) on their marriage in April.

Dr. Alisdair G. Stewart, M.B. (St. And.), M.R.C.P. (Edin. and London), presently Lecturer in Therapeutics, Dundee University has been appointed consultant Physician to Harrogate and District General Hospitals.

Mr John Gilchrist, D.A., who has had a wide and interesting career in the field of visual arts, will lead the new Applied Arts Department at the Cornwall Campus of St. Lawrence College beginning in September.

Mr James McKellichan has been appointed Assistant Medical Officer in Dundee College of Education.

Mr Donald Hutcheson has been appointed President of Rotoract.



Mr D. W. ERSKINE, RECTOR 1955—1970

THE RECTOR

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

I suppose that the official record of my "career" in the High School, if indeed my time as Rector merits such a fine title, will be made elsewhere. In this article I would like to be much more myself, and to recall some of the things I especially enjoy remembering. But memory, as is well known, is indeed a fickle jade and not only will surely forget the things that are really important—at least until this article is printed and published, and it is too late: it will also forget—I hope forever—the failures, the disappointments, the grey periods of the routine grind. So I have changed my title, and added the word "some" to it: you can imagine what the second chapter might have been like if it had ever been written.

I remember vividly the first two days I spent in Dundee in connection with the High School. My previous knowledge of the city had been entirely a theatrical dream world—I had laughed immoderately at the Huntsman's Chorus in a performance of *Sonny at the King's*; I had enjoyed the cosy feeling of domestic happiness in *"The Happy Prisoner"* at the Rep. How different the reality of my interviews! How frightened I was! To be even thinking of leaving the safety of a job I knew, of an educational system I understood, even of a country I had grown accustomed to, I must be mad! Between interviews I sat for hours with my sister (who—real friend when my wife had to stay in Malvern and look after School House in my absence—had come from Edinburgh to hold my hand) in the gardens at Sea Braes, hoping a little, and fearing a lot. During my second stay of a day, I succeeded in spending considerably more money than I possessed in buying what seemed to me a most expensive house, had an interview with Mr Bain—it seemed about a minute in length—to learn all about the affairs of D.H.S. and S.E.D. in one gulp, and had tea in

the Dining Hall with the Staff I was due to lead. How frightened I was again!

I have a recipe for all young people who aspire to positions of authority and leadership. Choose a job which is worth doing, as I did, and be prepared to work hard for a lifetime so that you expect to be a bit tired when you retire. But from the moment you put in your application to the day you are handed your rod of authority, see a good doctor and get him to put you under the deepest hypnosis! Perhaps I might recall three more days. On the first, surrounded by a small posse of Directors, I was made to address the School, on my first day as Rector, pompously I fear, on the subject of "Setting our sights high". How was I going to cope with the Junior School, where I had no experience at all, or with girls, when I had only once in my life for one afternoon a week for one term taught Latin to a small group of very select young ladies in a very select Boarding School? On the second day, I announced to the Directors that the first phase of my proposed reconstruction of the School would cost up to £50,000 and that they had better start a Public Appeal to raise the money. On the last, I stood alone in what had once been the Rector's study. Its roof was gone, its wallpaper hung in crazy strips, and the rain poured in. "What have I done?" I said to myself, and Echo answered, "What indeed?"

So far we seem to have invaded the realm of Science Fiction, in a crescendo of terror. Would the "hero" escape? As we all know, he always does, and so did I. I discovered that Dundee was a pleasant place to live in, and my expensive house so precious to both my wife and myself that, pensioners as we now are, we are reluctant to leave it. I discovered that my ignorance of Scottish education was forgiven: in particular, I found that it did not interfere with the warm relations I have always enjoyed with Her Majesty's Inspectors, even when it became clear to both sides that there were advantages to be gained by the School

from a Rector who asked the impossible, and when he got it, innocently claimed that he had not realized just how impossible the impossible was. I discovered that the Staff consisted of a body of ladies and gentlemen whose capacity for service to the School and the needs of individual boys and girls is boundless: for me personally, they have made my job agreeable by their courtesy and good-will, they have advanced with me with enthusiasm, and where lack of funds or other reason caused me to stand still for a time, they have marked time with at least outward patience. As for the Directors, and the two Secretaries, and one Treasurer with whom I have worked—why should men and women devote their spare time, and in many cases much of their working time, to the selfless service of the School? Every day, almost, the problems become more complicated and often more difficult to solve, yet there is a steady succession of workers. I digress for a moment from the main current of my theme. There must be an atmosphere about the School so that those who serve it suffer a process of "D.H.S. possession". Is there any other explanation for our friends of the Dining Hall, the girls' Elevenses room, the Janitor's Box, Dalnacraig and Monymusk, and the office of the Rector's secretaries? How much I have enjoyed their service—and their friendship no less? I hope so. What of the boys and girls? There is a theory of education that the second greatest obstacle to successful schoolmastering is the existence of children. To this theory I do not subscribe. I would not dare to say I understand them fully or that I know what they think of me. But I have learned to admire the sound commonsense and efficiency of the girls. I have found in myself, unexpectedly perhaps, an affection for small children and a delight in their happy faces. I have shared with pleasure in many activities with the boys. I have never felt myself outside the world in which young people move: what more can a Rector ask? Finally, as I look around and see the final plans for the reconstruction of the School translating themselves into reality, I think I could tell Madam Echo a thing or two.

Perhaps you are wondering what the greatest obstacle to successful schoolmastering is supposed to be. Almost universally this is reckoned to be—"parents": I must be odd—I like parents! I even believe that I understand (usually) why they are sometimes peevish. If this is not so, and the cause of their peevishness lies in me, I hope they will refrain from telling me, so that I can carry one illusion into retirement. I think we have achieved a near perfection in our public relations with parents. Our meetings together have been useful, as has happened in our regular evenings for Form I. parents. They have provided an audience for boys and girls, not so much in the obvious, like the Opera, but in less popular pursuits like Friday 9 or the Music prizes: and because of the peculiar habit that parents have of apparently liking to pay for giving us their company at Coffee evenings and the like, they have provided the thrill which makes social service worth while. For many happy evenings, and much private friendship, I am indeed grateful.

I have a little space left. So I have sat quietly in my Drawing Room and let this undisciplined memory of mine roam where it pleases. These have I loved.

A girl sitting "weeping" on the stage in one of our Greek play productions.

The invention of the boy John and his little sister Elizabeth, and their adventures at Christmas on the Magic Carpet.

The first boy who invaded feminine territory and won a School Music Prize—he started a revolution.

The Scottish Schoolboys' Club Annual Service last year, when a group of senior boys and girls took possession of the Service and showed what modern music and modern words could do for the Church.

The High School boy at Dunfermline who playing for the Midland Schools against Glasgow, ran through the whole Glasgow side and "died" of sheer exhaustion just short of the posts. He recovered to run himself into the Scottish Rugby side.

The "Tribute to Shakespeare" festival.

A girl singing "The Moon and I" in a Gilbert & Sullivan production.

Pictures of crowding, milling horses in the Art Room.

A cup of tea in a Glasgow School when the Judge whispered, "We are only exercised about who is to be second": and I knew we had won the English Speaking Union Public Speaking Competition for the first time.

My Study and the Board Room during a Sunday Times Competition Chess match played by telephone.

Very small children bursting with enthusiasm, concentration and effort at the Sports.

The Band on a brilliantly sunny Sunday at Drumkilbo, and by contrast the calm of the C.C.F. Sunday Service at Aultbea.

The young Recorder players at the Carol Service.

4 letters—three from Oxford and one from Cambridge—very decorous letters, very restrained as befitted the dignified Heads of Colleges who wrote them; providing nevertheless the garlands of victory over the years to our scholarship.

And a host of others which I am tempted to proceed with. But School Editors are caught between two fires. They must be obedient to established authority, and they must watch their space. So I will stop before I offer them an embarrassing choice. But reluctantly!

THE RECTOR

Education in two of Scotland's illustrious educational institutions—a famous old school and a famous old university, further study in the oldest English university, followed by the enriching experience of 27 years successful teaching in an illustrious English boarding school would seem to be a background well suited to a future head of an ancient establishment like D.H.S. Add to these virtues brilliant academic ability—Dux of his school (The Royal High), a First-Class Honours degree in Classics followed by Honours in Classics at Oxford. Add further qualities—proven skill and leadership

in games, and more importantly, a sound moral upbringing by precept and example in a typically Scottish manse. All these qualities and many more, mellowed by a happy marriage and family life went into the making of David W. Erskine our rector, under whose wise guidance the school has prospered in the last 15 years.

In these years, Mr Erskine has worked with unflagging zeal and energy for the school. He has seen it expand both in numbers and in physical size. With shrewd insight he saw that growth and modernisation were inextricably linked with expansion in numbers. The new Junior School block, the new Science and Art blocks and now the new Preparatory and Music rooms together with the 5-storey extension on the Bell Street side and the new Dining Hall of the school are a tribute to the vision of Rector, Board and Architect. Indeed Mr Erskine must ruefully ponder on the irony of things that, contrary to all normal practice, his final year has been the most hectic of all: the problems and decisions have been more onerous, more far-reaching, more relevant to the future than ever before. "Unflagging" is most certainly a true estimate of his zeal for the school.

Along with these physical developments have gone steady academic and social progress. The traditional classical basis has become the foundation for an ever-elaborating superstructure: Spanish, Russian, Italian are now firmly established alongside Latin and Greek while Anatomy and Liberal Studies have honoured places in the timetable. Mathematics has been revolutionised in one short school generation, as have the Science subjects. In all the other senior school subjects the wind of change has been felt, reviving in its blast, but also uncomfortable at times. The advent of technology has brought its own challenge—all kinds of mechanical aids have become the accepted tools of the teacher. In the preparatory and junior schools new methods, new angles of approach, new subjects have appeared—some have been approved, others rejected. In all this maelstrom of change a cool head was needed, a wise judgment: gimmickery had to be assessed at its true worth, the grain sifted from the worthless chaff. Always the man at the head had to

keep a clear vision of what education at D.H.S. was all about. Happily our rector has led the school skilfully through the many pitfalls of this period in a wise policy of moderation.

In these 15 years traditional academic successes continued at the top of the school—for example at Edinburgh, St. Andrews and Dundee Universities; but with Mr Erskine's experience both as Scholar at Oxford and Housemaster at Malvern we were able to break out into the even more fiercely competitive world of Oxford and Cambridge. Our successes here, so much the product of the Rector's own energy and influence, have done much to prove to the outside world the quality of High School education.

A rector's concern however, is for all his pupils: not merely the highly gifted whose successes have thrilled us all, but the humblest plodders who could never hope for such dazzling heights of success. For the latter he planned and worked: his heart was with them—the Head Boy in all his glory or the shyest little girl newly arrived in Primary I. were equally his concern. For him there were no second-class citizens in the High School. And for the few "difficult" children he always had a wise tolerance: he sought for causes, and always his verdicts were mixed with mercy. He was friend as well as headmaster to all.

"*Studia abeunt in mores.*" Mr Erskine was never content merely with producing scholars. It was his constant concern to produce people—people of quality who would have learned to appreciate the essentials of the good life, but would also proudly reflect the training and traditions of their old school. It was always his aim that the school should be united in spirit as well as deed. His success in welding not only disparate age groups but also widely varying abilities has created an atmosphere of real unity in the school.

The multifarious activities that are so prominent a feature of school life today reflect Mr Erskine's own wide knowledge and enjoyment of the Arts of life. His presence at Dalnacraig and Monymusk, at debates and Public Speaking Contests, at Concerts of all kinds and drama productions was not a duty: it was a sincere

delight not only in the activity itself but also in the young participants themselves.

And here it is fitting that we should pay tribute to Mrs Erskine whose help and support to Mr Erskine have been a notable feature of his rectorship. Her presence has graced innumerable functions and her informed interest in staff and pupils alike has made her an integral part of school life.

Indeed, Mr Erskine has always regarded the school as in its own peculiar way his family. Situated as it is in the heart of the city, the school must always react sensitively to the life around it. Not only has the school deepened its sense of responsibility: the rector by his personal leadership in such good causes as the Church, the English Speaking Union, C.E.W.C., and Save the Children Fund has canalised the school's ever-present wide social sympathies into live channels of positive action in which parents, teachers, old boys and old girls have joined with the pupils.

As all these widely varied interests grow and develop we shall still remember the man, David Erskine, who inspired them. We shall remember the charm with which he could handle the very young as well as the old; the perspicacity that cut through the mass of inessentials to the root of a problem; the sensitivity that caused him to suffer with the distressed; the eloquence that could lighten the dullest subject; the sense of humour that enabled him above all to laugh at himself. He never despaired of humanity: not a few High School boys and girls are prospering today because of his incurable optimism about the young. As we bid him farewell, we wish him many more years in the happy pursuit of the things he enjoys most in life. We thank him warmly and sincerely for all the wisdom and humanity with which he has guided our destinies. Schola Clara he found this school: always he was determined that Schola Clara he would leave it. He goes into a well-earned retirement with the abiding satisfaction of a job supremely well done at D.H.S. E. M. S.

And what about the woman behind the man . . . ?

"You can't take an interest in a bank can you?" Mrs Erskine thinks it is more important for a rector to be married than a banker. We were talking to her about the part she has played during the past fifteen years when her husband has been rector of the High School.

"The idea of 'the woman behind the man' would probably have been easier to answer if my husband had still been Housemaster at Malvern. The School House was next to the main school building and my husband was at home for every 'elevenes' and every lunch. In fact, every period he was not actually teaching, he was in the house. It makes a difference now, when I know that when he leaves home after 8 o'clock in the morning, he will not be back till 5 or 6 in the evening."

We then asked her whether she enjoyed taking part in school functions and whether she thought traditions were important.

"Oh, I am a traditionalist," she smiled, "I love the old traditions. I wouldn't change anything."

Mrs Erskine particularly enjoys the Music and Public Speaking Competitions and the Prize Giving. She thinks that traditions such as the Armistice Service are valuable and at the other end of the scale, she thinks that the School Dance should remain formal. She is quite sure that none of these traditions will be changed while Mr Stewart is Rector.

Has she seen the School changing much over the last fifteen years?

The range of academic subjects and recreation has widened: boys can now play hockey and there is a flourishing Sailing Club. It was also while Mr Erskine was rector that the girls' uniform was changed.

"The navy uniform used to get so shiny." Mrs Erskine is an admirer of the "new" uniform and especially of the summer dresses.

Perhaps the biggest problem facing D.H.S. is the future. Mrs Erskine has strong views on the subject.

"It is a happy School, and I think the loss of the High School would be terrific."

In the face of such problems, how do Mr and Mrs Erskine relax and spend their leisure time?

"Our private life has been built on many things, but perhaps the most interesting are golf and flowers. My husband has found that the golf course is about the only place where he can forget School and boys and girls for a time. Luckily I share his keen interest in the game and we play mainly at Rosemount or Barry. We are both very keen on the growing of indoor plants and as I love to dabble in flower arranging, we live among flowers."

Mrs Erskine showed us her sun room which was a blaze of colour with fuschias, geraniums and a multitude of small pot plants. She obviously has a great deal of knowledge and interest in them.

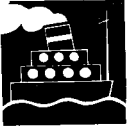
Every summer, the Erskines visit Cadet camp and this is one of the highlights of the summer. Mrs Erskine loves the North of Scotland and in the summer enjoys the opportunity of seeing the scenery.

Public service takes up a lot of Mrs Erskine's time. She does not take an active part in Mr Erskine's major charity "Save the Children Fund", but is involved in the R.S.P.C.C. and is a member of the Female Society which does very valuable work visiting old people in some of the poorer areas of the city.

Now, at last, Mrs Erskine is looking forward to her husband's retirement. They will be able to visit their scattered family and go for a long holiday. Mrs Erskine also looks forward to going more regularly to the theatre and to concerts. They are going to stay in Dundee to be with their friends but may move to a smaller house.

Mrs Erskine is not too certain about coming back to school to visit us, but we feel sure that she will be a very welcome visitor at all school functions in the future.

E.J.B. and J.F.McL., F.V.



Junior School

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES"

—Psalm 8, Verse 2.

I want to be a sailer like my DaDy on
a big ship all round the wrld.

Simon Pritchard, L.Ib.

When I grow up, I'm going to leav
school.

Gregor Stirling, L.Ib.

I have a now Baby Brothir his name is
Rody he has red hare. He cride for his
bottle this mornig. He wock me up this
mornig.

Jane Bisset, L.Ia.

My little bird is so funny. I can hardly
wate to tell you about him. He stands
upside down in his seed dish and hangs
up side down on his swing. When he gets
out, he flutters abuot and lands on yuor
heds. When you trie to go uot he flies
after you, I cant leev him.

Hilary Mottashaw, L.Ia.

Here is a dog. Her name is cherry. She
dusint eat her food. She is a pretty dog.
I like her. She was a playfl dog. One day
I dropt her on the path. She fell and hurt
her leg. She hud to go to get it betr. A
nuthr day I dropt her agen.

Gail Ferrier, L.Ia.

when I gro ap I want to be a police
man be cos I want to drive the car fast.

Ross Collins, L.Ib.

When I grow up I want to be a surgeon
because I want to walk about the hospital.

Philip Daft, L.Ib.

THE RECTOR

Mr Erskine is a very important person.
Mr Erskine bangs a spoon on the table.

Anne Tedder, L.IIb.

THE RECTOR

Mr Erskine is the head of the school. I
have only seen him a few times, and I like
him.

Jane, L.IIb.

A Indian elephant has the little ears
and the African elephants has the big
ears. When a elephant chargese it can be
very dangeris. A elephant could crush a
man. elephants love water and throw it
over there bacs.

David Boggon, L.IIa.

Snowdrop is a fairy with a white dress
and long golden hair. Snowdrop has many
friends like Daffodil, Tulip, Rose and many
others. There are pixies as well as fairys.
Nosy is a pixie who is always peeping in
other peoples key holes and lisening to
what they say.

Frances Turner, L.IIa.

Once upon a time there lived a Fairy
who lived all by her self.

For her breakfast She had cornflakes
and coffee and for Lunch She had sasage
and for dinner She had Steak.

She slept in a bunk bed. She had an
alarmclock that went drrrr.

Immanuel Harari, L.IIa.

SHEBA

Sheba is my dog she is a big black
Labrador. She is nice I like her because
she warms my cold little feet.

Katherine McLellan, L.IIb.

I was born in New Zealand, and I like
it there, because you can stroke the
bumble-bees, and it very warm there.

Jane Ralls, L.IIb.

MY PETS

My pets are guinea pigs and dogs and
fish. I like the dogs and guinea pigs best.
I give the dogs biscuits and play with
them. I feed the guinea pigs food. I some-
times lifed them up and strok them and I
somtims pick them into something.

Lucinda Gray, L.IIb.

DUNDEE HIGH

Dundee high school is a good place for
children.

I Lernt very quickly to right properly.
And on the first page I got a star.

Fiona Swanson, L.IIb.

THE RECTOR

He rules all of the school.

very naughty boys and Girls go to his room. and they get put down in his book and when the report card is ritin it is put in and some times ther mumys get a shock.

Campbell W. Baxter, L.IIb.

THE RECTOR

Mr Erskine rules over all the people who work for him.

Stephen Henderson, L.IIb.

THE RECTOR

He takes you across the road. He takes away the milk bottles. He stops the cars. He writes the certificates.

Lindsay Reid, L.IIb.

Mr Rabbit and Mrs Rabbit had an edventure it all happend like this Mr Fox and Mr Wolf were always tring to catch Mr and Mrs Rabbit. One day Mr Rabbit was thinking how to get ridd off Mr Wolf and Mr Fox. Then he had an idea he would tell them where there were alot of rabbits and that was on the common.

Aileen Reid, L.IIa.

A tiger can be dangerus when it is let out of a cage or a net. When a man wants to catch a tiger he has to make sure the net is strong because tigers are very strong animals and the people have to be strong. A tiger can run about 30 miles an hour runing thier fastest. When a old tiger is to old to hunt and his teeth can not bite the animal he has caught he catches people and then he is called a man eater.

Ian Lennox, L.IIa.

Once there lived a fairy-queen. She was queen Mary she had one daughter called Rosemary she was a very pretty princess in fact she was so pretty that nearly ol the girls in the village were ashamed to show there sevlse because if the princess saw them before you knew what you are doing they'l be quorling.

Iona Russell, L.IIa.

THE PREFECTS

The Prefects should be in charge of the children and they should still warking when is playtime in the morning.

Kenneth Robert Pritchard, L.IIb.

DRAGON FROM THE UNDER WORLD



Jacqueline Clark, L.VI.

THE PREFECTS

I think the prefects should help small children across the road and should Help old peopole and should help at home doing Knitting and mending and Washing.

The prefects work in the prefects room.

They do things like picking up litter and help pepole.

Nicola Picton, L.IIb.

THE PREFECTS

The Prefects work and they help and they work very hard and sometimes they eaven play foot dall they work so hard that I hardly know how good they are. They work in the Prefects room thats Why it is called the Prefects room.

Hamish Hossick, L.IIb.

I went to see oliver and it was great becaus There Were about 80 boys taking soup.

Lindsay Reid, L.IIb.

THE PREFECTS

The Prefects take children across the road, and They help at the dinner-hall, and They help the teachers and They help the manager.

Lindsay Reid, L.IIb.

Once upon a time there lived a goblin called Twinkle and he lived in the far woods of GobleLand in a tall oak-tree with branches that swayed in the breeze.

One day when he was walking along he felt a bump on his head he Looked round just intime to see the two chipmonks running away in the distants. He shook his fist in a rage and back into his house. Feeling very Very angry and he never walked where chipmonks went again.

Catrina Allardice, L.IIa.

Yesterday almost all my top teeth started to woble.

Jane Ralls, L.IIb.

PUSS



Ruth Dorward, L.VI.

BREEDING CATS

I like cats. When I grow up I am going to breed them. I don't have a cat yet. I would like a brown, white and black one. I would call it colourpoint. My Daddy has a farm. There is a cat called Darkie, on the farm. She is nice. The first cat I have will be a female. I will call her Elizabeth I. Then I will buy a male. I will call him Shakespeare. I will keep on buying cats, and I will call them after each other. Like this. Elizabeth II., Richard I., Mary I., and so on. I go to Gordon for my Easter Holiday, the people I stay with have a black and white cat.

Anne Henderson, L.IIIa.

I AM AT THE BROWNIES

I were a brown dress and a yellow tie and a belt and a brown pom-pom hat. We sit in a circle with the todstool in the middle.

Then you are in your six.

Heather Stewart, L.IIIb.

MY PETS

I have a little puppy dog,
And his name is Titus;
When you say bite us Titus
He goes ahead and bites us.
I also have a pony,
And she is dark, dark grey,
She likes to eat so many things,
But specially bread and hay.

Kathleen Saddler, L.IIIb.

I got a new bicycle for my Christmas it is royal blue and white. It has got a pump, and one Wednesday night when my granny and grandpa were here. I was pumping up my tyres when grandpa said my tyres were going to burst but they were not.

Niall Fraser, L.IIIb.

A LITTLE MOUSE

I went to bed one night
I got a terrible fright
There was a little mouse
In my bed
His name was Fred
His nose was red
And his tail was white.

Sally Lowden, L.IIIa.

A PONY

There was a pony
Who was very lonely,
He alway's feel's like a clown
Because he keep's falling down,
Because he's just newly born.

Alison Sprunt, L.IIIa.

I had a little bubble,
And I named it shovel,
It always took it easy,
Because I fed it on squeezey.
And when it was ill,
I gave it a pill,
And when it recovered.
It got all smothered.

Harold Curzon, L.IIIa.

We have a cat called olly.

One day mummy and me were in the kitchen when olly came in.

He was wearing one of my dolls hats, a scarf, a hair ribbon and a pair of gloves.

My little brother had dressed him up. He was funny to see.

Anna McInnes, L.IIIa.

GHOSTS

Ghosts are flying high,
Up in the pitch black sky,
The bright moon is shining,
On their luminous bodies,
I hate that noise that goes OO, OO, OO,
By these ugly ghosts.

Angus McCoss, L.IV.

IN THE DARK

I'm all alone,
In the dark,
No one near to me is known,
But the whistle of the lark,
Is growing bigger, like a bark,
I hear footsteps,
I shout,
No one answers,
I start to run for the door,
But then I trip down on the floor,
The door creaks,
Quickly I pick myself up and run,
But, alas! it is too late I fear,
That someone is getting near,
But all is well in the end,
I do not really have to defend,
It was only Daddy—my friend.

Robin Clarkson, L.IV.

THE FICKLE FACE 'n FOOT



Wendy Arnot, L.VI.

THE SCARECROW THAT DOESN'T SCARE BIRDS



Mhair Henderson, L.VI.

THE STRANGE OLD MAN

Book after Book,
Page after Page.
Thats the old man's way.
One day it's fashion
But now it's Pashion.
How strange is the old man no one can
tell.
But it's
Book after Book.
Page after Page.
Thats the old man's way.
Can he aford it he mutters to himself.
But some people think he has a great deal
of wealth.
But it's
Book after Book
Page after Page
Thats the old man's way.
But the old is poor,
He poores of book
With acounts of his money which walk
staight out.
But he boasts of his libary of fine old
books
But this maybe strange but it's not to me
because it's his hobbie (hobby).

Mark Boggis, L.IV.

THE CIRCLE

The circle has no sides at all,
But the ones that are hanging on the wall—
Have pretty colours painted all over them.
We have done the circle in geometry,
And found it fairly hard,
But it would be easy drawing on coloured card.
The circle has a diameter right through it,
It also has a radius from the middle to the end
And last of all of course it has a circumference
Taking it round the bend.

Julia Crawford, L.V.

THE DARK NIGHT

Alone in the dark
I shiver with fear,
And wish and wish
That morning was near,
The wind is whistling
Through the air,
Crack! go the floor-boards
Someone's coming up stair,
A storm breaks out,
Lightning and thunder
And then comes a shout
To me under the cover
"Wake up, lazy-bones,
Now the night's out."

John Anderson, L.IV.

"THE LITTLE EASTER CHICK"

One bright day a mother was sitting on her eggs waiting for her little chicks to break their way out of their crystal prison. Suddenly there was a scraping noise, then a fluttering of little golden feathers. "Plonk;" out staggered a little yellowy chick. He blinked at the hen as if to say: Hey, what are you doing here, eh? Mother said, "tut, tut, what a way to look upon your mother, young Hector Chick!" There was a second crack, and out came Mother Hen's second chicken. "Oh! my poor Little Emm, all your little sweetie feathers are all out of place!"

Little Emm seemed to object! "Oh, ma!"

Mother said "No, No Little Emm. Into the tub you go".

Hector saw something rolling down the hill! Easter! Jennifer Mottashaw, L.V.

ALONE IN THE DARK

The wind whistles,
Owls hoot,
Nothing stirs,
But wait!
Cr-e-a-k! Cr-e-a-k!
Someone is coming up the stairs,
The door begins to open,
Wider, wider, wider,
I sit up to look,
But it is my brother,
With a book!

Nicolas Matheson-Dear, L.IV.

THE CLASSROOM

Inside the school there is a class,
And it is called L.5.
Inside the room there is a teacher,
And her name is Miss Coull.
On the walls there are many shapes,
Squares, rectangles, triangles,
Big ones, large ones, small ones, tiny ones,
And inside each has a pattern and poem.
We have a corner which is for poetry,
And have a corner also for maths,
We have a science cupboard with interesting things,
And a corner with things on geography.
We are all in teams right up to six,
And can receive some stars if we wish,
We put the stars on to a card,
And that makes one more everytime.

Jenny Hanslip, L.V.

FOG!

Comes the fog
To capture us
To make us feel alone
To make us feel that we are lost
When we're really going home!

Elizabeth Cramond, L.VI.

MURDER IN THE DARK!

Blood in a stagnant pool,
Bone strewn around.
Who was the fool?
That murder found?

Stainless knife,
The blood washed off.
To take a life
At it scoffed.

Detectives on the scene
5 minutes late.
The murderer has been.
And left by the gate.

But now they're on the trail,
The murderer found
Locked up in jail
Of curses there is a sound.

Aileen Dean, L.V.

S.O.S.

S.O.S.
Ship in distress,
Courage growing less and less
Out go the men.

In and out rushing,
The water is gushing.
Never ceasing or hushing,
Strong blows the wind.

The lifeboats go out,
Splashing waves all about.
For help there is a shout,
And after that then . . .

There comes a wail,
Above sleet and hail,
Then they see a sail,
Of the H.M.S. Hind.

L.V.

SNOWING

I love to see it snowing upon a winter's
day.
The ground all white and glistening—it's
lovely to play.

Last Christmas Santa had a problem for
an elephant he brought,
But when he saw our chimney he had
another thought.

Gordon Menzies, L.V.



Gavin Gibson, L.VI.

GRACE

A little girl called Grace
Who was very fair in face
Was playing in a park
With a dog called Spark
By some odd chance
She happened to glance
Up at the sky—
Way up high
To see a black thing
Coming down
It landed on the grass
Where Grace was about to pass
A little green man stepped out
And said "Take me to your leader"
"I can't" said Grace
"I have no leader"
So poor Grace—
Was whisked into outer space.

Julia Crawford L.V.

A VISIT TO GLASGOW

If you passed the High School at a quarter past eleven on the twenty-first of March, you would have seen five groups of girls. They were girls of Lower Seven to Form Four, and they were going to see the Hockey International between Scotland and Ireland in Glasgow. I was one of them. At half-past eleven two coaches arrived and we clambered in, laughing gaily.

We (L7's) had to sit three in a seat, as there wasn't enough room. We didn't mind however. At about twelve-thirty we had our picnic-lunch on the bus. We stopped at Auchterarder, about half-way, for obvious reasons. Then we were on our way again.

At two-thirty, we arrived at Anniesland, the hockey ground, and the match started at two forty-five. However we were all right, even though the match started at two forty-five. There was great excitement.

Ireland were first to score, much to our dismay, but there was no more scoring until the second half, when Ireland scored again. Just as I was going to buy a drink, we scored! I would miss seeing it. There was no more scoring, and Ireland won two—one.

After collecting some autographs from the players, we hurried back to the coaches. The journey home was restless, because we were all cramped and tired. Some of us slept, but we still kept the singing going. Again we stopped at Auchterarder, and some of us bought sweets or fish and chips. As well as these we had a picnic tea. We arrived back at the school about seven-thirty, a bit put out by losing, but we still had a very enjoyable day.

Hilary Ritchie, L.VII.

THE LONE BEACH

The last picnic party clambered over the dunes out of sight. The great nimbus clouds rolled up and advanced like a "solid grey army on the march". A playful wind whipped up the now grey sea into a cauldron of choppy waves and white

horses. Far out on a sandbank, several seals gambolled, and a pair of eider ducks rose and fell with the swell. Reflected on the water in all its splendour was the red and gold sunset. A lonely seagull wheeled above me and then flew across the ocean until it looked as if it was flying right into the sun. The seals swam away and the eiders flew inland. The sun sank. Dusk fell and the first stars twinkled in the heavens. The first drops of rain began to fall and I turned up my collar and trudged back home. The panorama of dusk was over.

Diana Batchelor, L.VI.

NONSENSE

"Nonsense" is a word I get very tired of. The teacher uses it when I give her my arithmetic, my mummy uses it when I say just **anything**. If I say I feel unwell—
NONSENSE!

If I say I do not understand—
NONSENSE!

If I say I hate this or that—
NONSENSE!

If this . . . If that . . . If the otherthing—
NONSENSE!

The point is, that what ever children say is right, the GROWNUPS say—
NONSENSE!

I don't agree!

Diana Batchelor, L.VI.

RAINY EVENING

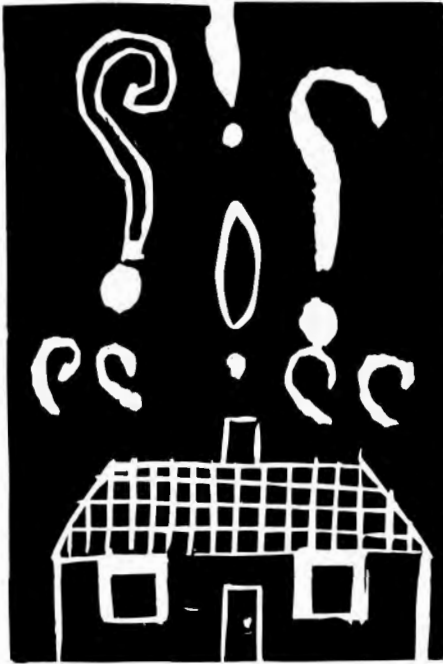
As driving rain whirled to the ground,
Everyone round the fire was found,
Trying hard to keep themselves warm.
Inside, and away from the storm.

All the doors are locked; shut tight,
As people shelter from the bitter night.
No birds are found
Hopping around,
Searching for food on the wet, muddy
ground.

All life disappears,
As if lost
For years and years,
And no one hears a sound,
Except the rain beating on the ground.

Elizabeth McCulloch, L.VII.

"SMOKE"



Elizabeth Cramond, L.6.

BUBBLES

Round and colourful and different sizes;
Bubbles.
Pink and red and blue;
Bubbles.
Rose-pink, velvet-red, kingfisher-blue,
All mingling and forming sights
Wonderful to see.
Bursting now and then;
Pop! Pop! Pop!
Bubbles.

Marion McCraw, L.VII.

ELEVEN-PLUS

The day of dread approached, dawning
with a sun much too bright for our mood.
Breakfast was eaten in silence. Goodbyes
were said with reminders to read the
question and to do your best.

As we walked in to the classroom, it
was like marching "The Funeral March".

We sat down to brave the storms of the
exam-papers. Through the morning we
toiled, wading through sheafs of paper.
Play-time brought a welcome break of two
minutes, then to the classroom. The next
hour brought on new problems, Arith-
metic! Never the less we trudged through
the paper filling in answers with a shaking
hand. Then, relief! Lunch-time. As we ate
our lunch, we discussed the terrible exams.
Then, back to the classroom. The after-
noon passed in much the same way as
the morning.

As we got home, Mothers flew to the
door to welcome the weary traveller
home, with questions, such as "how did
you get on", the answer to which, "I
don't know".

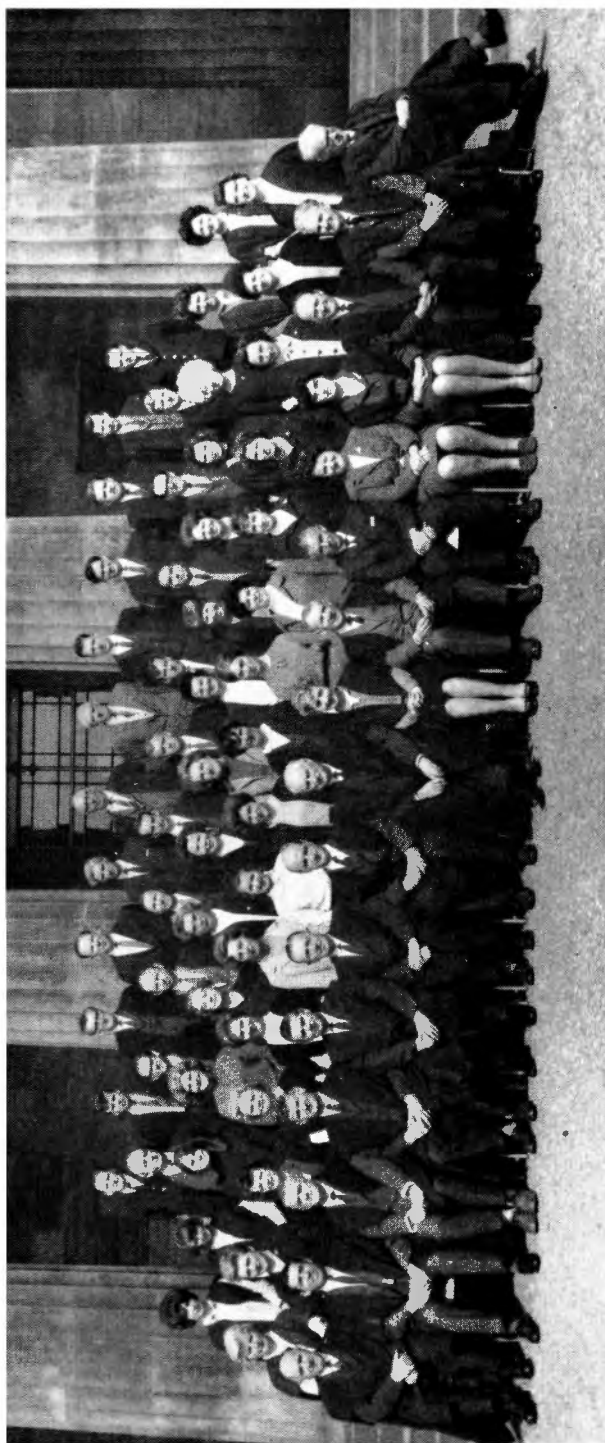
The next day passed, in the same way
as the day before, except we had a de-
lightful afternoon. We had a holiday in
the afternoon, and I came home to a
plateful of spaghetti.

Sheila Jamieson, L.VII.

TWO PEARLIES



Katy Langlands, L.VI.



D.H.S. STAFF (1969—70)

Front Row (l. to r.)—Headmistresses and Headmistresses: W. P. Vannet (Art), D. C. Fraser (Technical Subjects), J. Jacuk (Physics), G. C. Stewart (History), J. Hunter (Mathematics), D. R. Paton (Modern Languages), E. M. Stewart (Second Master, Headmaster English), D. W. Erskine (Rector), Miss A. W. Gray (Lady Superintendent, Classics), T. E. Porteous (Music), W. D. Allardice (Physical Education), Miss E. R. Dickey (Domestic Science), Miss M. R. Knight (Preparatory Department), W. Smith (Junior Department), A. Wardlaw (Chemistry), A. P. Howat (Classics).

Second Row (l. to r.)—Miss F. M. Dryburgh (Modern Languages), Mrs M. Hajbowicz (Pianoforte), Mrs W. C. Elder (Music), Mrs M. C. Thomson (Preparatory), Mrs D. J. Curzon (Junior), Miss Dunbar (Dining Hall Supdt.), Miss E. M. Thomson (Secretary), Mrs W. Carmichael (Janitor's Wife), Mrs A. Tweedie (Preparatory), Mrs A. E. Gouick (Art), Miss P. S. Edgar (Art), Mrs M. Adams (Domestic Science), Mrs M. Carnegie (Domestic Science), Mrs B. Williamson (Modern Languages), Miss M. E. Laing (Geography), Miss E. M. Davidson (English).

Third Row (l. to r.)—Mrs V. M. Dalrymple (English), Miss E. B. Montgomery (Modern Languages), Mrs E. Cocker (Physical Education), Miss D. A. Dobson (Physical Education), Mrs M. E. Foote (Preparatory), Miss M. L. Smith (Junior), Miss M. E. Lawson (Junior), Mrs J. M. Flook (Pianoforte), Miss E. L. Nicoll (Junior), Miss M. M. Gray (Junior), Mrs K. D. Clarkson (Junior), Mrs D. E. Foster (Junior), Miss M. Coull (Junior), Miss N. E. Lorimer (Mathematics), Miss I. F. Anderson (Mathematics).

Fourth Row (l. to r.)—G. A. D. Ritchie (Junior), J. Smart (Chemistry), D. P. MacDonald (Art), A. Smith (Classics), R. R. Chrosicki (Mathematics), R. C. Mackenzie (Economics), N. Doig (Mathematics/Technical Subjects), J. Stevenson (Modern Languages), G. W. C. McIntosh (Physics), R. C. Brickley (Physical Education).

Back Row (l. to r.)—W. Carmichael (Janitor), N. P. Gray (Geography), L. Stuart (Chemistry), N. G. S. Stewart (Physics), L. A. Forrest (Technical Subjects), A. D. Alexander (Classics), Mr Connor (Head Groundsman), W. M. Garland (Mathematics), R. S. Fyall (English), N. I. G. Rorie (English/History), D. Robertson (Biology), H. D. Henehan (Assistant Janitor).

DREAMS



Jane Maxwell, F.III.



Senior School

"ON SAFARI"

Today, the fourth day of our Safari trip, we are going through the bush in the hope that we will see some wild dogs which are rarely seen. We started off in our Volkswagen at about 8.30 a.m. The air was cool and the noises of the animals were still hushed. Near the camp site we continuously saw small monkeys darting around and, as we moved on, the open expanse before us began to fill with many different types of creature. A herd of gnu were to the right. These creatures resemble gazelles. They have beautiful antlers, each pair quite different. Occasionally one goes wild, careering around and disturbing all the herd. Soon they would all be leaping and curving around, then gradually quieten down again. To the left is a river in which the hippopotomi quietly bask. A mother and a baby posed beautifully for us. A little further down the river are the delightful pelicans with their enormous bills. Among them a spoon-bill was wandering. All of us were loath to move on but there are always more spectacular things to see further on.

A lioness in a tree attracted our attention and, on coming closer, we realised she had three cubs with her in the tree. What surprised us even more, was the larder which she had strung up in the tree. We watched her for a considerable time. Every so often she would move to the larder. Our cameras clicked continuously. We were absorbed with this scene.

All of a sudden she appeared restless. Her tail swung from side to side. She raised her head, sniffed and moved uneasily on the branch. We looked around. Coming towards us was a cloud of dense smoke, swirling and twisting. Tongues of flame were eating up the brownish grass in seconds. Immediately the lioness was forgotten. We had to act quickly. It was coming towards us from two sides. We realised our best chance was to make for the nearby slopes where the brushwood

was thinner. We struggled towards them, pushing our way through bushes regardless of thorns, scratches and tears. Panting we reached the side of the valley but there were no slopes. Only a precipice, a sheer thirty foot drop. Twenty minutes had been wasted. The fire was closing in. We were deafened by the roar from the flames. After a quick conference, we decided to use an old hunting trick. We took bundles of dry grass and lit them at intervals. To begin with these flickered and went out but soon a wall of flame appeared before us. These flames leapt up, sizzled and crackled, devastating all that was before it. Opening our scorched eyes we saw the charred ground before us. The other fire was much closer now, driving before it many terrified animals. The ground we were standing on burnt the soles of our shoes. Brands were thrown up by the fire and hit us causing burns and blisters. The heat was terrifying. The monster was nearly upon us. It spluttered as it reached the already charred ground and divided. We were inside an immense furnace. The flames leapt sky high. The noise and the heat became unbearable.

Suddenly it was all over, the wall of fire was ahead of us. We had been saved. Never had we imagined that we would encounter real danger in the bush. We were thankful that in our escape we had only burns and blisters.

Jennifer Williams, F.II.

PERCY'S BIKE

Percy was a very clever little pig—but sometimes his imagination would run just a little too far—especially when he was out for a spin on his new bike. There was nothing extraordinary about this bike. It was green, with two orange mudguards, a bell which tinkled very shrilly and a little saddlebag attached to the back of the saddle. It was just that whenever Percy saw his bike, he felt that he must have a ride on it.

It landed him in an awful lot of scrapes because the bike also had a peculiar way of going somewhere where Percy didn't want to go. Like the time Percy's mother, Mrs Pork, invited the vicar's wife to tea. She was coming up the road and Percy on his bike suddenly ran into her. From then on, the vicar and his wife have always given Mr and Mrs Pork disapproving looks. And then there was another time when the bike ran into the village policeman which was a very serious offence in their village. So for a punishment, Percy had to go without pocket money for six months, which he did not really think was fair. After all it wasn't his fault. But when he told them about his bike they just told him to stop making up stories. But all of this was soon to come to an end.

One day, he left his bike outside a shop, but as soon as he was inside, a boy stole it and cycled away to a little countryside road, where he dumped the bike into a puddle when he heard someone calling him. It was a long time before Percy found his bike and in that time the bike thought of all the things he had done to Percy and agreed that it wasn't very nice. So when Percy did find him, the bike never did one thing wrong, and it continued like that as long as Percy had it.

Helen MacMillan, F.1a2.

"THE BOYS IN BLUE"

I am a junior seaman in Duncan S.C.C. 113 unit. Our unit is stationed on board H.M.S. Unicorn, reputed to be the oldest ship afloat in the Royal Navy.

Perhaps the history of the naval uniform might be of more interest to the younger pupils in the school.

It has quite an exciting background and meaning.

The seven folds in the trousers signify the Seven Seas. The three white lines round the outside edge of the collar—the three battles in which Admiral Nelson won great victories, the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar. The silk ribbon—known as "the silk" which a sailor wears round his neck—is to commemorate Nelson's tragic death at Trafalgar in 1805.

A sailor wears wide bottomed trousers—known as "bells"—because in days gone by seamen had the task of scrubbing the decks, and in order to keep his trousers dry they were made wide to enable them to be turned up with ease.

You can see, therefore, the style of uniform of Her Majesty's Royal Navy has a serious background and traditional meaning.

Douglas Miller, 1b2.

THREATENING



James Hutcheson, F.III.

OUR CAR

Our mini car is very sweet
 Inside it's very clean and neat.
 The rugs that lie upon the floor
 Stop the draughts coming under the door.
 In the back seat is a rug
 That keeps us very warm and snug.
 The boot at the back is very small
 But we really don't mind that at all.

Barbara Duncan, F.Ib1.

MY BATH

When I went up for my bath one night,
I saw a most extraordinary sight,
The bath slid right across the floor,
Past the sink and out the door.

I couldn't understand its flight,
'Cos I cleaned it carefully every night.
I washed its pipes with soap and water,
And it washed me in turn like every bath
oughter.

Gosh, it was a bad-tempered thing,
It pulled out its chain (I was late in wash-
ing),

So I yanked its chain and pinged its tap,
And that put it into a terrible flap.

Perhaps I can understand its flight,
I forgot to clean its taps one night
I've cleaned its pipes with dirty water,
Boiled in pots to make it hotter.

When I went up for my bath one night,
I saw a most extraordinary sight.
The bath slid back across the floor,
Into its place for ever more.

Sandy Porter.

THE EVERGREEN GLADE

There, down an evergreen glade,
Where the trees bend to touch each other
And the sun, which shines through gaps
in the leaves,

Pools of light on the ground has made.

There, where rabbits run

At the sight of a hungry fox,

And the birdies sing in the tree tops,

And squirrels marvel at the sun.

There, where there's nearly a hush,

And the only sound is the song of a bird,

And perhaps a scurry as animals

Squabble and fight in a bush.

There, my black pony and I

Know a beautiful paradise waiting for us;

Every day of summer we go there,

And watch the animals stalk and small
birds fly.

No one else knows this little hidey hole
of mine,

Because it is reached by a hidden path

Which no-one but I knows,

And on which no sun will shine.

In this lonely place one can realize

That the world is an unhappy place really.

And when I ride through this wood

I think that this is my paradise.

There, where I ride down the glade,
And the pony cocks his ears at his name;
We find a clear grassy spot where he
grazes,

And I lie in the cool, dark shade.

Some folk think of paradise as a place
In the clouds. Others believe it's a colour-
ful jungle.

But to me it's this avenue of evergreen
trees;

Dark, cool, shady, beautiful, still and full
of grace.

Jennifer Lawrie, F.II.

YOUTH'S HEAD



James Hutcheson, F.III.

LIFE AS SUCH . . .

And on may life go,

Though love shall die

And hearts may break

Care neither you nor I.

We only want a peaceful world,

We only want a decent life,

And now it's just not up to God,

It rests, alone, on us.

People may say—with any luck

If life goes on perhaps we may not.

Life's just not worth it.

But on it goes, despite our many cares
and hopes.

So let it go, why bother,

We'll all end quite soon.

But at the moment, life goes on.

And we're alone . . . alone.

Jane Hinrichs, F.III.

TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF, MY FRIEND

Take a look at yourself, my friend,
What's all around you?
Take a look at yourself, my friend—
Is it really worth it?
The world is yours, my friend.
What are you going to do with it?
The world is yours, my friend,
And all its problems with it.
You can have your air pollution,
You can have your Vietnam.
Take a look at yourself, my friend—
Is it REALLY worth it?
You can have a population explosion
You can have your atom bombs.
Take a look at yourself, my friend—
Do you REALLY want it?

J. M. Hinrichs, F.II.

THE DISCOVERY (or the Snail Trail)

The only snail that I could see
for miles and miles around
was the littlest one
inside my boat.
Just yesterday I think it was
I got millions of snails
And I put them all
on top of the wall.
In the middle of the night
A nasty cat came
(the one who messes up the sand pit)
and frightened them away.
So they all rushed away
'Cept the tiniest one
inside my boat
that they left behind.
He couldn't hope to catch them up,
being so tiny,
You should just see him!
So he crawled into my boat.
He was so scared
he went in my boat
(It's just an old black boat,
long, and old, and black).
This morning I went out at 6
to check that they were well.
But four of them just must have gone,
'cos only one was left.

Carolyn Sillars, F.IV.

IMPRESSIONS

Noise,
People,
Pushing and Shoving—
The Great City.
London—throne of Kings,
Den of Iniquity.
Contrast of two races—
GOOD and BAD.
Cars, Taxis, Buses,
Trains, 'Planes,
The Underground.
This ants' nest is
never still: always
On the move—
Running in circles.
The People bustle
To and Fro:
Disappear into
Giant Monstrosities called Buildings.
Hippies and the staid
London policeman
In conflict.
Is this the age gap?
Or is this a different
Fight? A fight for
Humanity—
The remains of civilisation.

Anon., F.II.

THE SPARROW

Crunch! Dead!
The sparrow lay
With twisted head
Upon the black, tarred road
Already stained with blood.
It was a pitiful sight,
But, who cares?
Life drained from this poor creature,
No-one cares—too busy
With their stocks and shares
Life will go on. Why should we
Worry? It's only little and
No concern of ours.
So, who cares?
It will lie there
Until some kindly soul,
If any, will take it
And bury it for less than
A penny.
Who cares?

J. M. Hinrichs, F.II.

THE DE'IL'S TRYSTE

Freezing, biting mystic sounds,
Ne'r caused by any wind,
Like eerie, yelping, moaning, hounds,
Gave fear to those who sinned.
Those who lay a'bed that night,
Huddled close in terror,
Lying stiff with cold and fright,
Glassy-eyed with horror.
Lightning streaking from the sky,
Exposes all around,
An instant day, then pitch black night,
While thunderbolts resound.

Betrayed by evil deathly howls,
The de'il and bogles on the prowl.

While unperturbed by wind or weather,
Rode John McDonald hell for leather,
Making for his true love's gate,
For no longer could he wait.
The night was come, he would elope,
So on through darkness he did grope,
He pressed through wors'ning hail and
sleet,
By twelve his true love he must greet.
So on he sped through woods forlorn,
Bedraggled by the lashing storm,
Until at last he reached her home,
Chilled to the marrow of every bone.

"My love" he cried "I've kept my oath,"
"Wilt thy father bless our troth?"
But the only voice that answered him,
Was the whistling, blustery, north-east
wind,
"If you hear my love please show a light,"
But no faint ray broke the jet-black night.
Now John if you'd been so wise,
You'd have pressed your spurs in your
horse's side,
And been away with no ado,
But true to form that's ne'r you.
Swinging your legs ne'r taking heed,
You dismounted from your scabby steed,
And opening the rust-ridden gate,
Put life and limb in the hands of fate.
As you crept wi' stealth up the garden
path.

All around the bogles laughed.
The de'il himsel' near split his side,
His mirth was such that he nearly cried.
His face constricted, pallid white,
He looked a sickening horror sight,
His eyes stuck out from sunken cheeks,
And blood-gorged fangs wi' yellow
streaks,

And round him hung a sickly smell,
Of rotting flesh from the fires of hell,
Admiring bogles round him stood,
And every one of them understood,
How won'drous kind the de'il could be,
To let them out on an evil spree.
And in their warped and twisted minds,
They formed a plot for a bloody crime,
They'd drag poor John down below,
And in the pot they'd make him go.

John was knocking at his true love's door,
Confidence dwindling more and more,
Turned round to see "Oh Lord look
down!"

"The de'il and bogles are all around!"
But the wind caught his every word,
And poor John's plea was never heard.
The de'il was on him quick as light,
Pinning him down without a fight,
Then on him fell the murderous bands,
Of frenzied bogles binding his hands.
Clawing away at his pallid flesh,
With flashing eyes and red hot breath,
John screamed and yelled and fought in
vain,

Perchance a bogle he might maim,
Outnumbered sorely ten to one,
Who else but bogles could have won?
Lifting him high the moor they crossed.
With John's resolution all but lost,
They carried him screaming through the
wood,

If John didn't know it, he soon under-
stood.

Their fiendish laughter loudly ringing,
Amid rebounding satyric singing.
Through caverns dripping blood they
rushed,

With utter silence and deathly hush,
Past rows of cells with rotting corpses,
Lit by flickering, dancing torches.
Till from far came screams and rumblings,
Hell's roaring way was fiercely bubbling,
And in the pot the poor damned souls,
Some new arrived, some there from old,
Begging mercy, they never cease,
But once they're there, there's no release.
As John nears the fiery cauldron,
He prays, repents and begs God's pardon,
His spirit broken with shock and fright,
A whimpering broken sorry sight.
Then all at once the pot is reached,
"Oh no! God save me!" poor John shrieks,
But deil and bogles take no heed,
Not bound by any creed,
"No mercy John" the de'il shouts,

"So in you go, you won't get out."
 Thus condemned to the edge he's ta'en,
 And made to face the glowing flame,
 Down, down he falls to the broiling pot,
 For the rest of time there he'll rot,
 But to him one privilege still remains,
 Whilst burning in the reddened flames,
 The privilege of all poor damned souls,
 Never again will he face the cold.

Brian Dye, F.III.

THE LIFT



James Hutcheson, F.III.

THE OWL

The long-legged, tiny-eyed owl
 Is a most unusual fowl.
 It eats plastic bags
 And Union Jack flags
 And makes the most terrible howl.
 It has extremely large feet
 And a purple and green speckled beak
 Its feathers are brown
 But this rather dull down,
 Is washed at least ten times a week.
 Its dwelling's a little round hole
 Which it fills up with sawdust and coal.
 When it goes off to sleep
 It lies on a heap
 Of jam-jars and giggles and snores.

Marguerite Simpson, F.III.

FROST

The chill air made me shiver
 When I rose.
 The window-panes were opaque
 With frost pictures,
 The birds stood huddled
 On frozen earth
 Pathetically viewing their water—
 Frozen!
 Long icicles hung in rows
 From the roof.
 Everything looked tired, frozen,
 Dead!

Then the sun appeared
 Welcoming; warming
 The ground. The frost
 Melted slowly,
 Slowly, till
 Soon it all
 Disappeared.
 Gone!

Lesley Innes, F.III.

A TRADITIONAL SPORT

In January, while out for my evening stroll along by the yacht club in Broughty Ferry, I perceived a queer little man wearing a long coat and a hat. Strange wavering notes came wafting across the sands, "Honk, Honk, Honk", and yet again, "Honk, Honk". Mystified, I returned home.

On investigation in the city records next day, I discovered the ancient tradition of goose hunting in Dundee. One member of the team, the most skilled, imitates the sonorous notes produced by geese, commonly known as "Honks". When the geese have been successfully lured, the lesser members of the team pounce. Traditionally the lurer gets the beak of any goose caught as a trophy.

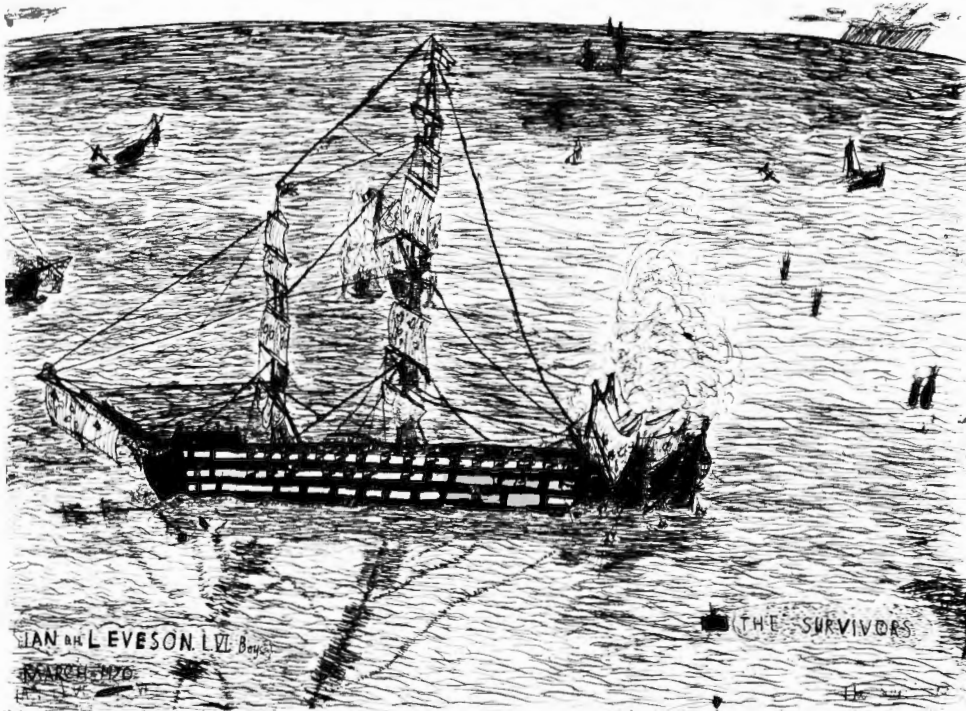
I should like to pay a tribute to these fine fellows for braving the cold at night to revive this fine and ancient tradition and I hope that it can stay in the area of its origin, namely those famous sands at the Yacht Club.

"Camperdowner."

N.B.—Of special significance to many people in the school.

"RAIN"





It
 never
 ceases to
 amaze me that
 so many people can
 be made to believe that
 even the most innocent of
 intentions contains a deeper,
 if not darker, meaning. In the case
 of this article, for instance, even after
 being told that it has no purpose at all,
 apart from to prove a point, the unsus-
 pecting reader
 will continue to read to the bitter, mean-
 ingless end . . .

Brothers L.

PEACE IN THE MIDI

The deep blue sea was frosted
 with gold and silver and green,
 and the trees bent and rustled
 in the deep warm wind.
 The sun was burning,
 the sky was blue,
 deep blue, dark blue,
 infinitely extending.

And the silver wind
 blew the golden leaves
 on the rustling trees,
 and all was still.
 The cicadas chirruped,
 and the sand swirled up,
 and the deep blue sea
 was silver and green and gold.

Carollyn Sillars, F.IV.

OH BROTHERS!

Not one, not two, not three but four,
 Afflict my daily life,
 The older three suppress my fun,
 The younger causes strife.
 I'm tired, so tired of keeping goal,
 I've wrestled till I'm sore,
 I've tried to tame the savage souls,
 They think I'm just a bore.
 Some day a knight in shining arms,
 Will snatch me from their keep,
 And I will have my paradise,
 Their wives can make **them** weep.

M. Wallace

HIGH SCHOOL VERSUS THE HAMBURGER

Car horns fret and fume. People shout and whistle. Bundles of newspapers are loaded noisily into eager lorries. Then I hear a snatch of melody—someone outside is playing a transistor. Amidst a history discussion on Mr Gladstone it is pleasant to be reminded that Cliff Richard is still in the top twenty! The haunting bray of sirens heralds the thunder of fire engines along Bell Street. For, although in this academic island we try to learn knowledge that is timeless, the sea of everyday activity dashes on our shores.

The High School of Dundee stands erect, weather-worn and proud in the centre of Euclid Crescent. Sometimes I feel it peers through its Grecian columns at the world outside and does not like all it sees. No more do I. Over the years the modest but stately splendour of Reform Street has been violated by the garish facades of 1970 salesmanship.

Half way down the street the smell of onions announces, that in the country of the blind, the hamburger is king.

And yet there is something desirable about having a school in the heart of a city. It seems to become part of the civic body, breathing in the same petrol-fumed air, wilting from the traffic noise but, supremely anxious of being vigorously alive.

The present is with us in the chalky classrooms. The future is all around us.
Sylvia Lindsay, F.III.

IHUVNASEENYEFARALANGTIME

(With apologies to two old ladies
sitting on the No. 17 bus).

- OhelloBerthalhavnnaseenyeferalangtime!
- Naahuvnabeenweelanthebairnsanma-
dacterhudthefluasweel.
- OakenitsafybadanthesaythatMissus-
Broonsbairnsgotitreabad.
- Awaanshesnosaeeweelhersel.
- Ayhercornsbatherher.
- Oakensomthinafymehmansgaintaethe-
Fitbathenichtwihermantheysayhesan-
afydrinka.
- Oadidnakenatbetawoodnabesmookfur-
hesanafyladwithelassesathedoagsand-
horses!
- ooooowhasedat?

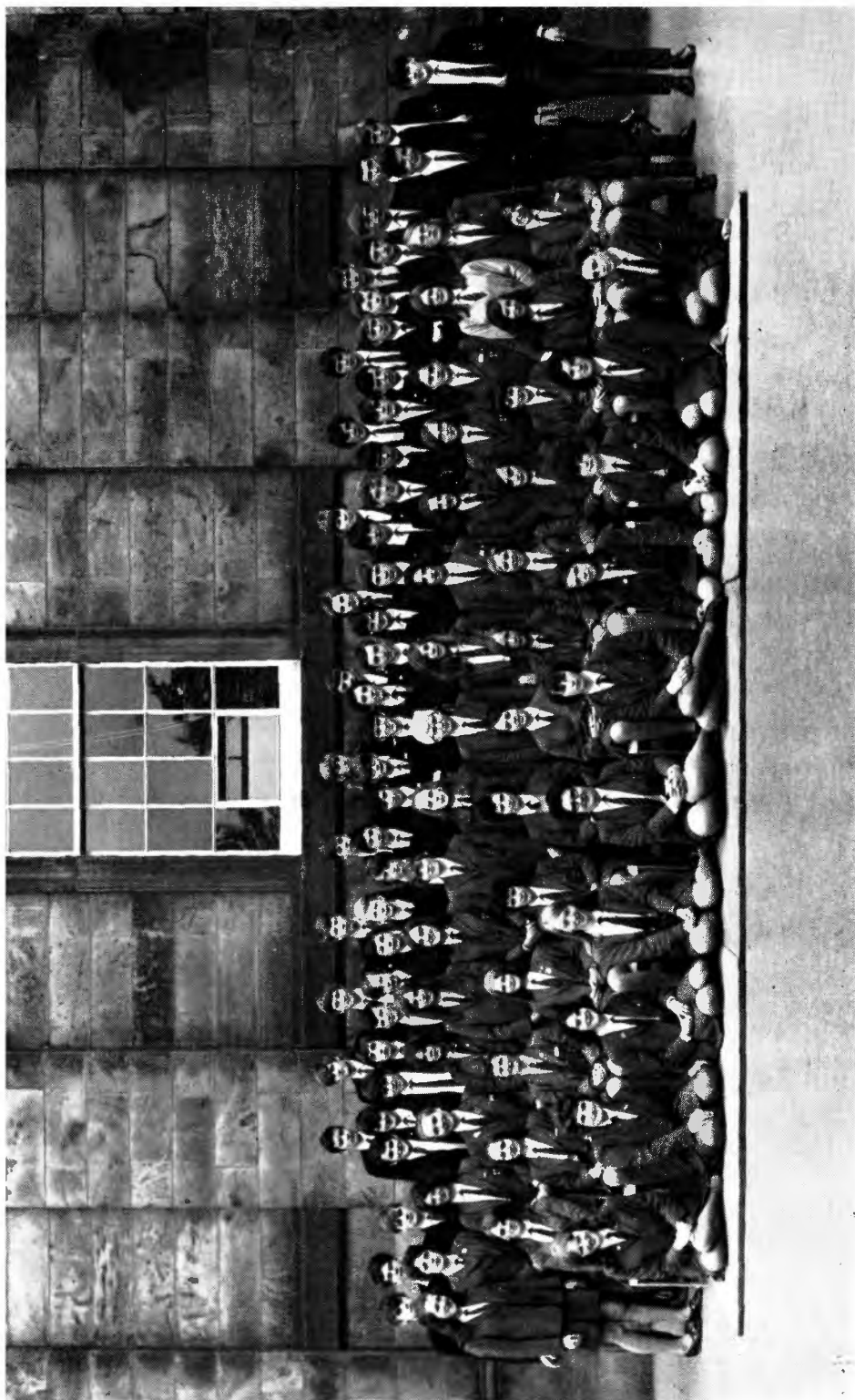
- Endinnakenbutmehmanseshesnvvver-
seenhimtouchadrapytadinnakenfatelt-
mebutathinkitwisyonmissusWhitewhit-
awifieawaysgangingoanaterfowks-
somethinafy.
- OenshishuvvinerthirdinMay.
- Oyodonansae!
- Ayeshureaslmerelopettsagilboysresuch-
fitbadaftuhvyeherdaboutallmaSmiths-
catakenitsafybititsherownfaultanyon-
yungienitshernaimstayinaslderyell-
nivverguesswhithappentaehuromen-
goadsmehstoapsepmuggie.
- Oeh!

"Student" F.V.

THE PEREGRINE FALCON



Ian Morrison, F.III.



FORM V. (1969—70)



· MEDALLISTS AND PRINCIPAL PRIZE-WINNERS

Back Row (l. to r.)—David J. J. Muckart (Dux in Art), Elizabeth J. Boase (MacEwan-Foote Award for Dux of F.V.), Louise J. Paterson (Dux in Music), Margaret H. Neilson (Dux in History), Patricia J. Bain (Dux in Geography), Linda D. Caird (Dux in Spanish), Graham G. A. Allardice (Dux in Gymnastics, Boys), William I. F. David (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of F.III. Boys).

Front Row (l. to r.)—Hilary Ritchie (John MacLennan Prize for Dux of L.7 Girls), Jonathan J. F. Ralls (Robbie Prize for Dux of L.3 Boys), Sheena S. McMain (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of F.III. Girls), Jane A. Standley (Dux in Gymnastics, Girls), Duncan W. A. Campbell (Dux of School), Christopher J. A. Jones (Dux of School), Catherine M. McLeod (R. S. L. MacPherson Prize for Dux of F.IV.), Lorna D. Gass (Dux in Homecraft), Anne F. Henderson (Hutton Prize for Dux of L.3 Girls), William M. Boase (Walter Polack Prize for Dux of L.7 Boys).

Insert—Calum R. Paton (R. L. MacPherson Prize for Dux of F.II. Boys), Sarah L. Boase (R. L. MacPherson Prize for Dux of F.II. Girls).

Absent—Rosemary E. Semple (Dux in French and German), Janet E. Reekie (Dux in Biology), Antony M. Patterson (Dux in Engineering).



SCHOOL PREFECTS (1969—70)

Back Row (l. to r.)—A. J. Gossip, N. M. Melvin, Lesley Miller, D. Campbell, Anne M. McPherson, M. Adams, Lesley Brown, D. Rubens, Patricia J. Bain, R. L. D. Jones, J. G. Pate.

Front Row (l. to r.)—J. J. Walker, Lorna MacDougall (Deputy Head Girl), A. S. Bremner (Head Boy), Miss A. W. Gray, The Rector, Mr E. M. Stewart, Ruth A. McDougall (Head Girl), A. D. McLaren (Deputy Head Boy), Lesley Adam.

NATIONAL BOLL-WEEVIL FLAG DAY

Perhaps some of you have never heard of a BOLL-WEEVIL, and so, before I go on, I will tell you what it is. It is a type of worm which, in America, bores into the cotton seed vessel and works its way backwards and forwards shredding and eating the raw cotton. The BOLL part of the word is taken from the meaning of the round seed vessel of cotton, and the WEEVIL part of the word means a destructive worm or bug.

The Americans were so plagued by this creature that they erected a statue to it, made in pink sandstone. I think, as the Americans have "admired" this creature enough to erect a statue to it, that they should hold a flag-day for it. By erecting the statue, the Americans, even though they do not know it, are trying some weird magic to try to rid themselves of the plague of the BOLL-WEEVIL, because they probably think that if a BOLL-WEEVIL sees this statue he will skip back to all his little friends saying—

"They've erected a statue to us, how kind. We had better leave their crops of cotton alone now to return their kindness!"

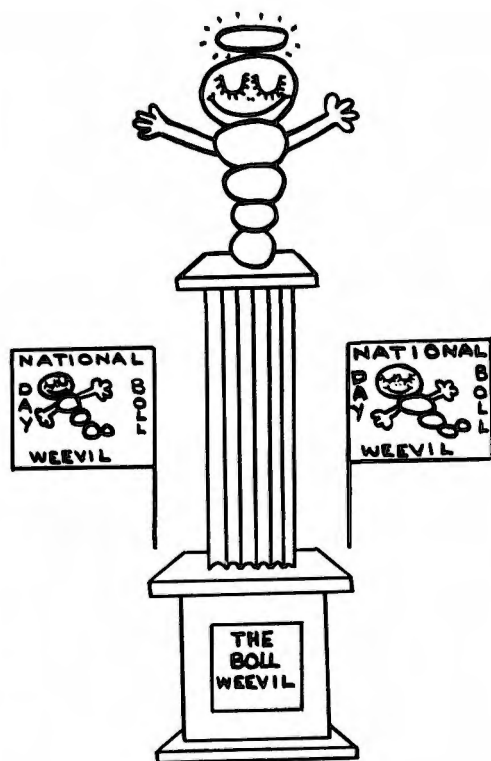
If there were a flag-day for BOLL-WEEVILS the Americans might even be able to be rid of the BOLL-WEEVIL for ever, but it would be the worse for us, and all the countries around America. So I propose to have a NATIONAL BOLL-WEEVIL FLAG DAY to rid the whole world of the BOLL-WEEVIL for ever by driving them into the sea ! ! !

Maxine Clark.

A GOLDEN FIELD

The mist arose like a curtain,
Uncovering a carpet of gold,
The sun came up,
The earth awoke.
The combine roared as it started work,
Clearing the field with mighty power,
The work was done,
The field was bare.
The moon arose as the combine left,
The mist came down on the empty field.
Peace at last.
The whole earth sleeps.

Carol Young, F.III.



SEPTEMBER 16TH

Maxine Clark, F.II.

FOND MEMORIES

I want to go back to where I was born,
It's a land that is far, far away.
It's a land full of forests, a land full of
corn,
It's the land that I long for, where I was
born.
I want to see the old land of my birth,
It's a house that is far, far away.
It's a house full of love, a house of mirth,
It's the house that I long for, the house
of my birth.
I want to see the green sea of my birth,
It's a sea that is far, far away.
It's a sea free from trouble, a sea free
from earth,
It's the sea that I long for, the sea of my
birth.
I want to go back to the land of my birth,
It's a land that is far, far away,
It's a land I will travel to, Oh, land, I'll
make it,
For you are the land of my birth!

Carolyn Sillars, F.IV.

EDGAR BILLINGATE

In a northern Scottish village,
Lived a man with swollen pate
The dominie of the local school
His name was Billigate.
None of the clansmen round about
Had ever been to college
So Edgar puffed his wee chest out
And gloried in his knowledge.
He told them tales of astronauts
And how that very soon
America would try to put
The first man on the moon.
At this the clansmen raised their swords
And shouted in his ears
"That's just a lot o' silly words
He's been up there for years."



Iola Wilson, F.III.

COUPLES

Napoleon and Josephine
Romeo and Juliette
Maybe you and I can manage too
Antony and Cleopatra
History shows that people go in two's
Neil and Susan—
Me and you? Anon.

I AND MYSELF

I is an angelic little child
Who will never do anything wrong
Myself will giggle and chatter
and might even burst out into song.
I is always prim and proper
never a hair out of place
but myself will go around dressed like a
tramp
and mud all over its face.
I has beautiful manners at table
really terribly polite
But myself just sits and chatters
and has even been known to start a
fight.
I is the best one to get to know
and also the prettiest to see
but it doesn't matter which one you want
because both of them are really ME.

A.W.

Magazine! Articles! The cry is heard
around
A few react with eagerness—from most
there's ne'er a sound
So a humble parent thinks "I'll show them
how it's done!"
Will I write in serious vein or will it be
just fun?
Sentiment—they'll like it not;
Fiction—that's out too;
A drawing—quite impossible
I would please not even a few—
But I should speak of "Blues" and "Soul"
Of "Stones" and "Jethro Tull"
That's what they'd like to read about
To them 't would seem less dull.
But when your music taste is Bach
And Mozart rends your heart
It seems there is no common ground
To even make a start.
A parent, was I full of zest
To write an article—at best
To pen a poem, apt and trite
Alas I find I cannot write
More than just this . . .
A shame, a pity
The might have-beens
Instead
A ditty.

ON BALLROOM DANCING

I wonder what gives rise to that anomalous breed,
The professional ballroom dancers. Night after night,
In formalized ballroom dress and formalized ballroom jacket,
The two take the floor, and whirl around it,
Elegant, legs, bodies and arms ordered, to create a flowing
Effect. Yes, it has its grace, a formalized, not
Unpleasing grace; even some scope for a Neat variation, a sly improvisation.
Yet no-one calls it an art-form. Aesthetically,
It is trivial. Socially, it has its value. Showing off
New steps to an accomplished audience, au fait
With all the latest in ball-room dancing, comparing the arch of their backs,
The flow of their foxtrot, generating Ripples of knowledgeable applause. Giving lessons
To inexperienced couples, showing them how to make the music seem
Synchronized to their movements, until they too
Break into the big-time, professional ballroom dancing.
The dancing has nothing erotic. The music Does not dictate a throbbing, elemental beat, but rather
Makes the effort of application more difficult, and so much
More rewarding. It's so much safer, so much better
Than the young people's gyrations; more complex,
More cultured, not like primitive fertility rites,
Not admittedly virile, but so much better. It's such a social accomplishment that we should so like to be able to do it.
And show off our dignified waltzes to our dignified friends,
And join that anomalous breed,
The professional ballroom dancers.

WHITE POWER?

They looked like twins,
One black, one white,
Against that clear blue sky;
But as they moved
There was a change,
As one could soon espy.
The black one was quite fluffy
With an obvious dense black tail,
While she, the white,
Had long straight hair,
And tail hid out of sight.
She was a goat, a sprightly kid,
Full of the Joys of Life,
With ears erect and word perfect
She'd bleat out her tale of strife.
And strife it was—
For a goat that is—
Her problem was quite clear:
The lack of other goatly kids
To offer her their ears.
Then night and day, day and night,
Complaining by the hour,
Her horns shot out and grew and grew
And she—she felt her power.
She, the goat, had now outgrown
The stiff-tailed curly dog.
She, the goat, was now well known
Throughout the Black empire.
Of course, why not?—
This is a free world! a democracy!
Anyone capable of reaching the top
Should do so without hypocrisy.
And who but the white
The clear-eyed, hornèd few,
Could clear this world
Of the unwanted, black-haired multitude?
And so the goat strives on
While seated in her crate,
In attempt to reach her goal
And kill our happy state.

Anonymous.

Even Shakespeare seems to have had his fears about his Highers.

"Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursèd in the calendar."

You must have suffered to know how to forgive and bless.

P. D. H., F.V.

THE STORM

Anna could not sleep. She felt uneasy and afraid because she did not like the wind blowing so loud and hard outside, but she could not explain her uneasiness. She just knew it was there, deep inside her, and it alarmed her a little. She clung tightly to the bedclothes and lay listening, watching in the chill darkness of her bedroom, her eyes wide and alert. Outside, the wind moaned like a grieving widow. Now and then, a sudden blast would slam against the window with such ferocity that it made her gasp, and she was overcome with a great longing to jump out of bed and run down to her mother. But then she remembered that only babies did that sort of thing, and she was certainly not a baby anymore. No, it was silly. She would be calm. She would not be afraid. She must go to sleep at once. It was only the wind, after all.

She lay there, still and alone, listening to the gale outside, and wondered why she could find no way of getting to sleep. She had tried so hard, but it was impossible to shut out the noise of the wind. Its cold, eerie howling made her shiver. It seemed that it deliberately tormented her, teased her, and enjoyed making her frightened. It seemed to laugh at her, and she hated it. Across the road, she could just make out the sound of people's voices coming from the tavern. They were singing and laughing, and that comforted her a little, but still the wind whistled on, rattling the window panes and making the curtains flutter and sway.

Then, suddenly, she heard the rain spattering against her window in heavy drops. Louder and faster it fell, drowning out the friendly laughter in the tavern, and leaving Anna more desolate than ever. Thunder rumbled far away like a distant cannon. An angry flash sizzled across the sky.

Fear gripped her, and then, in a swift, sudden movement, she leapt from her bed, and ran to the window. Through the smear of the rain, she could see the village lights twinkling hazily beyond. The great mountain, on whose slopes the village stood, loomed black and silent above. Anna trembled fearfully, as the storm raged overhead. She could bear it no

longer. She rushed downstairs, her hair dishevelled, her eyes wild.

"Mamma, I am afraid! Something is going to happen. I feel it. I know it!"

Her mother laughed soothingly. "Nonsense, nonsense. It is only a storm. Go back to bed, Anna. We have had storms before, have we not? Run along."

Anna obeyed, yet still she was trembling. But why? There had been storms before, as her mother had said. Why was she so afraid? Another crash of thunder startled her as she stood by the window once more, and she gripped the flimsy curtains in panic. A flash of lightning dazzled her. Then, all was calm and still.

Suddenly, from the mountain above, there came a deep, muffled rumble which rose and died away, then rose louder than before. Anna jerked her head up, and gazed in bewilderment and horror. The mountainside seemed to crumble like a cake. Huge rocks and boulders tumbled and bounced down towards the village. The rumble grew to a roar as they gathered speed and surged forward. Within seconds, in a great cloud of dust, the avalanche descended on the village like a hungry eagle. It spared no one and nothing.

With tears streaming down her face, Anna clung fiercely to the curtains. She was aware of thundering and crashing all around her, of screams and frantic yells. She could see people in the streets, running wildly, seeking escape, searching for their families, clambering over rubble, splashing through mud. It seemed to her that the whole house was shaking and would fall at any moment. Numb with horror and fear, she could not move or speak. Then suddenly, she was aware of arms seizing her and holding her fast. She looked up into her mother's face, and in that moment, all fear drained out of her. She closed her eyes and waited. She did not have to wait long.

It was over within minutes. The rocks settled and the rumbling died away. A cloud of dust hung in the empty air. All was still. Then, from out of nowhere, the soft, sad moan of the wind returned to echo through the lonely valley and send the dust swirling up into the dark sky.

Catherine M. McLeod, F.IV.

A SOLITUDE

Sometimes we meet. Our eyes are joined for a moment through the empty air. We are swept back thousands of miles, to the derelict shack by the swift river and the stunted pines. We know shame, disgust, and perhaps disbelief too, that this could happen to us, who knew everything and cared for nothing. Only for a moment. Then we turn aside and once again we are respectable men of business instead of down-and-out speculators, for money can buy anything, even respectability.

At first we three, Cowan, Davidson and I, mocked the other two. They were honest, and honesty was unheard of in Yukon miners. We stole each others gold dust. We played with marked cards. For a bottle of whisky we would have handed each other over to the mounties who wanted Davidson and I for murder, and Cowan for his part in a bank-raid. They were different. Wilcott's story we knew and thought soft and sentimental. His wife was slowly dying, but expert and expensive attention might save her. It was maudlinly stupid to care that much about one woman. There were plenty of women in the world. We did not know why Morris was there. Possibly he was searching for a better life. Were not we all? To us, a better life meant more gold, more whisky, more women. For Morris it meant something I would now call fine. Then I called it stupid.

Gradually we changed. It was relaxing to be able to turn your back on a man without wondering if he would shoot you down. We could talk of a woman to Wilcott without him taking her from us. We could play poker with Morris and know he was not dealing from the bottom. It was oddly comfortable.

It was one of those nights that the North, despite the men who grope in the rivers and think that the land is theirs, rears to show that she still has the power to destroy. Wilcott had moved upstream that day to pan the gravel there. It grew darker, stormier. He did not return. We sat in the hut, listening. Nothing. Morris stood up, lifted his coat and strode to the door. We told him he was a fool, that he would never find Wilcott. He shrugged and left.

It was two days before the storm abated. We found their bodies under the crag where they had crawled for shelter. Morris's coat was around Wilcott.

Next day, Davidson left. He had taken Wilcott's money-belt off his body and said he was going to take it to his widow. In the town where she lived, the mounties knew him and to go there was the same as putting his head in the noose. It seemed to Cowan and me much better to share the gold among us. But Davidson, one of us, as corrupt as us, would not do this. He reached Wilcott's wife but was taken on the way back. They hanged him.

As for us, we are the same, although Morris's, Davidson's and our own gold have made us outwardly respectable. But peace of mind is not for us. We cannot forget, yet we must not remember, what men can be and what we are.

F.VI.

HELL BROKE LOOSE

Summer was a pleasant month that year, Jane and Jack walked hand in hand through verdant glades and fields of flowers.

But then one day the sun shone bright,
The sky was cloudless blue.

It was the lull before the storm
That was to be their doom.

One hour peace reigned

And then all Hell let loose.

Screams echoed round the square,

Men and women frantic cried,

Blood was frozen; Stomachs curdled:

Cars were swallowed; houses fell;

How long it lasted no-one knows

Great gaping cracks opened wide,

People fall . . .

One long scream of agony echoed for
miles around,

The earth rebounded from the shock,

Fires started, gas mains burst.

Then, then, fate lent a helping hand

A storm broke, rain fell down like stones,
hitting solid ground only to rebound,

Soaking every "living" thing.

Too bad: help came just too late.

The devil had taken all.

The earth had swallowed them.

Fate had loosed the devil's hand

None were left to tell of the day

Hell broke loose.

Susan Law, F.IV.

GOD v. SCIENCE

Since Science (the knowledge of things observed, weighed and measured) cannot dispute the existence of an invisible, incarnate God, we shall meantime oppose it to the Bible ("God's Word").

Now let us see where Science (now defined as the study of Facts) contradicts the Bible. In fact it does not. Scientific experts agree that Archaeological, Astronomical, Geological, Biological, indeed any Scientific Facts have yet to contradict the Bible.

At this stage one might remember being told that Evolution disproves the Bible. But since Evolution cannot be proved, it cannot be a Fact but only a Theory, and therefore cannot disprove the Bible. Nevertheless let us look at Darwin and his Theory. What is Evolution?—"Evolution is atheism" said an eminent atheist. Do we then believe Darwin, or the Bible?

Having laboriously studied Darwin's life, R. E. D. Clark, M.A., Ph.D. said, "Darwin suffered from a feeling of guilt. His life was one long attempt to escape from God. He said himself that he was intellectually in 'thick mud'. He very much regretted his title, 'The Origin of Species'. More than once in revising the Origin he added the telling words, 'by the Creator'."

Sir C. G. Wakeley, a famous surgeon, said, "It is a pity in a scientific age where precision and detail are so important, that most scientists believe Evolution, yet all the basic Facts are against such a theory".

One of these numerous Facts is, as Darwin admitted "the imperfection of the Geological Record". He wondered why "as by this theory an inconceivably great number of intermediate links must have been imbedded in the earth's crust, why do we not find them?" and Lt. Col. L. M. Davies observed that "in the fossils, intermediate forms never are really intermediate, but invariably have features peculiar to themselves, and all the real 'Links' are missing". The Bible's statement that the creatures "multiplied after their kind" is indisputable.

Why then do Scientists accept such a theory? Well, Napoleon Bonaparte said that "it is strange what men can believe, so long as it is not in the Bible". Louis

Pasteur saw that "the greatest derangement of the human mind is to believe because one wishes it to be so". Why believe Evolution to be so?—Evolution is atheism. Man does not want God. Even Adam has stayed unevolved.

"Avoid the Godless mixture of contradictory notions which is falsely known as 'Science'," said the Apostle Paul. Yes, Evolution is not True Science—it does not agree with the Facts.

Now that we have realized that True Science and the Bible are in agreement, it might help to remember that numerous Theories are being dug up in an attempt to dispense with God. But let us remember that Theories are ideas and not Facts and indeed, Science cannot dispense with its Source.

Some such Theories are those concerning the origin of the Universe and of Life, but when and if you chance to come across any such theories, almost invariably you may see that they explain how God might have done something, they rarely attempt the impossible task of disproving God's existence.

Finally we shall deal with the most important question of all, "Is there any way of proving that there is a God?" Indeed there is. The Bible stands up to experiments and tests which atheistic theories cannot. However there is only one way of proving God to oneself—by the Scientific Method (Practical Experiment and Resultant Deductions). The details of how to do this are scattered throughout the New Testament, but John's Gospel makes a good start.

Veri Deique Discipulus.

SCIENCE v. GOD

This article, as opposed to the article "God v. Science", will attempt to argue, from a scientific standpoint, that there is no God. The science from which I shall draw most of my material is astronomy.

But before proceeding any further, I would like to make it perfectly clear that I have no intention of refuting the Bible or Christianity. Science has in most part supported the Bible, and Christianity falls beyond the scope of this article.

There are three main theories concerning the evolution of the universe. The first theory states that the universe has always been as it is now, the "steady state" theory. The second theory states that about 10,000 million years ago the universe started as a single atom that exploded, the "big bang" theory. The third theory seeks to combine the two and states that at regular intervals in time all matter in the universe falls back on itself, forming a "primeval atom" which explodes, sending all the matter into space until all the matter again falls back on itself, the "oscillation" theory.

In the case of the steady state and oscillation theories it is inherent in these theories that the universe began at a point at an infinite time in the past and that it will end at a point at an infinite time in the future. The universe, according to modern theology, began at Genesis and will end on the Day of Judgement. So Genesis occurred an infinite time past and the Day of Judgement will occur an infinite time future. Now, there is a very short mathematical proof that if a thing or situation occurs only at infinity, then in fact it does not exist at all. So Genesis did not exist and the Day of Judgement will not exist. This, to scientific minds, suggests that God does not exist, that is, if you accept the steady state or oscillation theories.

If, however, you accept the big bang theory, things then become much easier. This is because the answer to the question "What made the primeval atom explode in the first place?"* is God.

These, then, are the relevant implications of the above theories. In my view, how sound are these theories?

The steady state theory demands that since the universe is expanding at the rate that it is, matter must be produced at a rate of one hydrogen atom in the volume of St. Paul's Cathedral (London) every year in order to keep the universe homogeneous. This rate of production, if it exists, is by any scientific standard extraordinarily high.

Measurements of the chemical contents of some of the oldest stars in the universe disagree markedly (by a factor of some four times) with the predictions made by

the "big bang" theory. This, and other discrepancies between such things as measurement of the age of the universe, suggest that this theory will not hold.

This leaves only the third theory, the oscillation theory. This theory does account for a lot more of the observed, and it has been subject to vigorous scientific attack without ever being really endangered.

In concluding, I would like to say that all scientific "laws" are **merely** respectable theories, or suggestions. All I have done here is to suggest by argument.

Philip Hart.

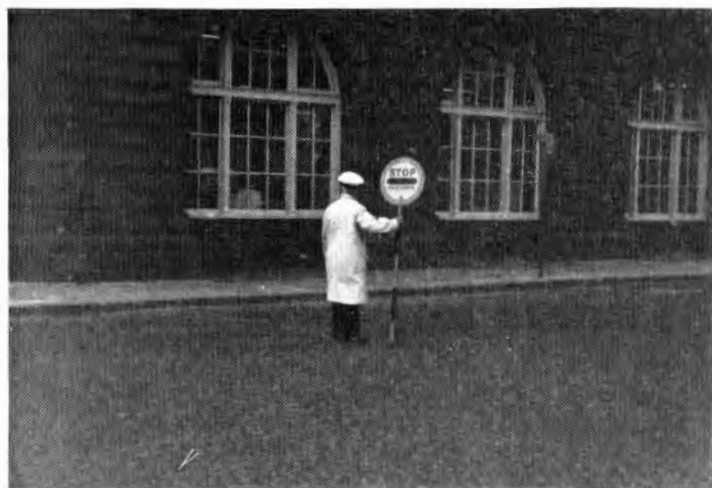
*This is one of the main objections to the "big bang" theory.

"We do not have a television." There are various reactions when I say this. Generally the hearer stands amazed for a few moments while this Unbelievable Fact penetrates, and then looks at me a little closer to see if I perhaps have escaped from the nearest museum.

"You don't have a television? Goodness! What do you do all day?" Before I have time to answer that, my companion continues, "I don't know how you manage to survive. I wouldn't know what to do without the television."

Or perhaps I am sitting in a group when somebody asks me "Did you see the horror film last night?" Again, I am prevented from replying by someone else who says in the reverent tones of someone speaking about a recent death, "She doesn't have a television". A few pitying looks are cast in my direction and then the conversation drifts on to another topic.

In fact, I neither sit around all day wailing and gnashing my teeth because we do not have one of these magic boxes, nor do I jump for joy because I am uninfluenced by that evil monstrosity which threatens me with bad eyesight and illiteracy (presumably because if I watched television all day, I would forget how to read). It is true that someone who calls on a friend in the hope of a gossip will be told to, "Come in. Sit down. Shut up. It's





on". But then also many old people living alone find television helps to make them feel less lonely and the characters on their favourite programmes almost become their friends.

But I do sometimes wonder what will come next. First it was one black-and-white television. Then two. And now colour television. Will people react in the same way in a few years' time when I say that we do not have our own private cinema?

Jane McLean, F.V.

THE GREAT POEMS OF MUND-CLEP

A masterly exposition by
Alan B. C. Mundclep

The best way to review the Grait Poems is to start with a really great one—like this poem by Mundclep.

VEHICULAR TRIMOTOR TRAFFIC

Johann Sebastian Bacharnalian loved the pure clear air of his three bathroomed kitchenette in lower Daffodil. So, each morning he cleaned his lawn mower with a reverence that betrayed only his very tender stamp collection of West Sussex which grew naturally. These were the few chimneys of what might have been a rooftop paradise.

Indeed, few would deny that her wall to wall sheet metal made a very great light bulb into a giant soaring albatross. It was due to the incidence of turkey and tomato soup in the hereditary makeup of genetic indolence.

They all died happily late in the fall of a large chimney.—1945.

Indeed a stirring commentary on the use of nuclear fuels as biological weapons in the fight for disarmament. And now you will definitely enjoy this masterpiece.

CLIPPERPOT

The main pain of Iain Lane in the rain Lane having Iain it is plain gain to cane the lane mane of the main lane.

A short piece which I wrote two years before my birth. My vet calls it a pre-natal obeisance.

N.B.—Alan next year goes up to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he will NOT be studying Poetry. (He doesn't need to).

CUPMEND REINCARNATE

"What's in a name?" That seems to be the message posed by Alan B. C. Mundclep, the big, burly sixth-former who has made such an impression on the literary scene, as he has transposed his name to "Allan C. B. Cupmend".

But those who fear that the meteoric rise of Cupmend is to be short-lived may be reassured by surveying Cupmend's latest piece of literary audacity. Still the same wistful romanticism, the same endearingly humorous humility, but now is added a fine instinct for structural finesse, juxtaposition, collocation (note verse 6, lines 3-4, with the brilliant syntactical suggestion of "many ice-creams ago", and the inter-relation of "peach-cream", "banana ice-cream" and "creampuff"—the "cream theme" becoming one of the most provocative elements in Cupmend's sensitivity. But, as F. R. Leavis says, "this kind of elucidation is perhaps insulting").

I was again privileged to be present at the composition of the poem. I still remember the authoritative way in which he showed me how to spell "cears"—"just to fool the semanticists", and his tolerant, light-hearted attitude to verse 4, lines 4-9, "a little bit of conventional poetique", along with the dedicated effort in his foreword to cater for all levels—"Po!" for the mystics and the students of de Bono and "yer gowon" for the 99% who find difficulty in reading.

In conclusion, I asked Cupmend whether he considered himself a scientist and a poet or a poet and a scientist. He replied instantly, "A poet and a scientist and an artist and a sculptor and a mathematician, etc. . . ."

What more can I say?

"Stewed King, Stewed Queen
Stewed Queen, Frozen Seaweed."

"Once again you plebeians will enjoy more mine of wonderful poetry of me by I—fellow. Po! Completely devoid of intelligence and lacking in poetical comprehension thees may yet manage to read Yergowon."

jitter jatter in maximus
orgy porgy plebeians

Peach-cream, my dear enemy, is, is, is,
is, is, is, as
unto us is born a Mouse

Many blessed in its tales,
With forty three hairy scales,
It climbed upon the rails
Looking for snails
(Males)
Appendectomy!

gloria in tibia
multus banana ice-cream
Two† or not too† many ice-creams
ago we were modest

Charming were the many CHAIRS,
Aged by their many tears,
Ploughmen sold their wares,
To Bairns,
In lares.
Promiscuous ear-pokes!

excelsus us
in vacuo enemdidit
Dust yourself with creampuff
Growing in the small-pox
Dirty socks, chicken-pox
Measles!

manna wanna momma datta
We have failed as their pupils
Our tears well from love
We have never outgrown
Our cities predict more than we hope
Even our armies have to express wha
Stasis in schola
all neatly filed
Malaria!

†bee.

A TIME TO BE SORRY

There was a mist hanging over the dockland and the moon was dimly lighting the scene. The gaslamps were just being lit by an old man with rounded shoulders and a very hunched appearance. The street was empty save for the old man and a tall sailor who was standing outside the brightly lit, noisy pub, curiously incongruous with the scene. He was dressed in typical sailor's clothing; a navy blue jacket which was made in a coarse heavy cloth and was well worn, black trousers, torn and patched in a similar cloth and rubber boots, turned down at the top so that the canvas lining showed. He was from the "Mary Lou",

a fishing boat which had docked early that morning from a long fishing trip. He seemed unusually hesitant, for it was well known that "Happy" Harry Boyd liked his beer and was usually to be found in the "Boar"—and he looked completely different: no longer was his face smiling, his cheeks rosy and his eyes twinkling, he was pale, deathly pale, his eyes stared but stared at nothing, and his hands were nervously fingering at his dirty tweed cap which he was holding. He suddenly seemed to make a decision, he forced himself to smile, set his cap squarely on his head and swaggered in to the pub, but it was not his usual swagger.

"Well, look at this, it's Happy!" shouted the barman and as heads turned to the door, cries of greeting echoed round Harry and all his old cronies gathered round him at the bar.

"Wherar as tha bin, 'appy?"

"Bin away a long time 'appy."

"'aven't seen 'ee around."

"Bin fishin', 'appy?"

"Hold lads, 'appy's standin' t'next round seein' as how he's bin away. Eight pints then, Charlie!"

Harry tried to smile but there was only a fleeting change of expression. He took his beer and sipped at it without obvious enjoyment listening vaguely to the questions with which he was being bombarded.

"'Appy, since tha's bin away ol' Red-ruth's passed away very sudden, like, aye, very sudden."

"All that beerar as did it like as not, but I'm glad he's gone, I never did care much for 'im."

"They've got a new hearse, 'appy, since you bin away. Who's gannin to be the first to use it, I wonder?"

Happy's face changed momentarily at this remark and he took a gulp of his beer but he could barely swallow it. Some of it began slowly running down his chin and his cheeks were swollen. After what seemed an eternity for him he managed to swallow it. The anxious faces of his friends showed as they glanced at each other: they sensed something was wrong.

One of them, in an effort to change the subject said—

"But 'appy's got a wife to gan 'ome to now, ain't you 'appy. Married two days before you went away. Time for fun and games, eh, 'happy."

"Aye, 'appy, 'ow's the wife?"

"Ow's the wife, 'appy?"

"Ow's the old woman, 'appy?"

"Ow's the wife, 'appy?"

Happy ran out of the pub feeling sick, nauseous, as if the bottom had been knocked out of his stomach. He stumbled against the railways, gasping for breath, his stomach retching, tears visibly running down his pock-marked face.

The hearse rumbled slowly down the misty, gas-lit, street.

THE BURNS SUPPER

On 30th January, 1970, at 7.15 p.m., the dining-hall resounded to the skirl o' the pipes, as Piper McNicoll piped in the haggis. Miss Dunbar, her ears tingling, followed him, holding aloft the "great chieftain o' the puddin'-race". 150 pupils from forms 3-6, and about 40 members of staff attended this great occasion, but the Rector was unfortunately indisposed, and Mr E. M. Stewart took on the duties of Chairman in his place.

The haggis was duly "cut up wi' ready sleight" with mouth watering delicacy, by John Pate, whose voice had to contend bravely with the rumble of trolleys from the kitchen, at the beginning of the "Address". We then turned to the serious—and not too easy—task of stowing away platefuls of soup, haggis, neeps 'n' tatties, and plum duff.

Mr James Wright proposed the Immortal Memory. He gave us an excellent commemoration to Rabbie, although modestly protesting his inadequacy, since Burns disapproved of Latin scholars. (For the information of those persons foolish enough not to attend the Supper, and who consequently did not hear the Chairman's rendering of Mr Wright's pedigree—Mr Wright is a Latin lecturer at Edinburgh University).

The next toast, also downed with orange squash, was to The Lassies, which was as entertaining as one would expect a speech of Mr Fyall's to be. He too, wondered if he were adequate, being, as yet, a mere single man—do married men **really** know more about the lassies than bachelors? However, as Mr Campbell later remarked, Mr Fyall's unmarried state is a strictly temporary situation, and we shall soon see little "Fyallings" running about! Thelma Robertson had the difficult task of replying to Mr Fyall's hilarious toast—she was charming. Boys! PLEASE take note of her excellent advice to you—never forget to compliment the girl you are taking out, for she can't enjoy an evening properly without a little appreciation!

More good counsel for any wayward male members of the audience came from the tale of "Tam o' Shanter", recited by Ruth McDougall. Beware of drink, and "cutty sarks", or you too, may fall into the clutches of Auld Nick!*

A kilted Duncan Campbell, with a few modest remarks (so like our quiet, unassuming scientist) led us in the toast to The City and Commerce of Dundee. He however, rejected Burns in favour of Dundee's ain poet and tragedian, McGonagall! Quoting such gems as:

"Behold the Albert Institute,
Where the doos go in and oot,"

he treated us to a very funny, yet informative speech. The Lord Provost did us the honour of replying to this toast, and he left us with the feeling that Dundee, with its new developments, is indeed a city to be proud of.

I must congratulate all the musicians, whose melodious tones were interspersed throughout the programme, especially Anthony Patterson, who very successfully sang a trio on his own, and Elizabeth Boase, who entertained us with merry Scottish tunes on her fiddle.

The last item on the programme, apart from Auld Lang Syne, was the Vote of Thanks. A true son of Dundee, Sandy Bremner followed in the footsteps of William McGonagall with a remarkable piece of Scots verse, composed by himself. It was hilarious.

With that lively piece of poetic spirit, the Burns Supper came to an end. I think (I hope!) everyone enjoyed the programme, and would agree it was well worth the 7/6 they had to fork out for it!

R. M.

*Ruth, of course, has been over-modest about her vivid and dramatic rendering of "Tam o' Shanter"—this was one of the highlights of the evening.—Editor.

TRANSITIONAL CONFERENCE IN DUNDEE UNIVERSITY

This conference, the third of its nature to be held in the University of Dundee, took place on Wednesday and Thursday, 18th and 19th March. The purpose of the conference was to tackle the potential problems of transition, both academic and social, from school to university. I should perhaps add that the conference was organised by the Students' Association, not by the University Authorities, although their permission had to be sought.

The conference was well attended by 90 fifth and sixth formers from schools in the Angus area. (Schools had been invited by the S.A. to send pupils who were interested in going to university to this conference). A party of 9, 5 boys and 4 girls, represented High School.

We were welcomed by the students at Belmont Hall on the Wednesday morning, and given our room keys, and our badges, for group discussions. Belmont Hall is usually a male hall of residence, but for this conference, both male and female were housed there. The single rooms have a pleasant outlook—either onto a landscaped quadrangle, or onto the tennis courts. These rooms are very compact, containing a bed, bookshelves, fitted wardrobe, desk, hard chair, and easy chair, but yet seem very spacious.

Around 11 o'clock, we went down to the Students Union for coffee, and there, we were sorted out into our discussion groups, according to the colour and marking on our badges. A group leader, a student, was allocated to us, and then we all removed to the Tower Building for our first group discussion.

The group discussions of the nine groups were held in individual Seminar

Rooms. These rooms resemble a classroom in that they contain a blackboard, chalk, long tables and chairs. As we were all rather bashful, we sat down very properly at these desks, eyes front. However, we were later to discover that this was a most unorthodox occurrence. After discussing various topics which we were worried about, and had any queries sufficiently answered, some hours later, we went for lunch at the New Dines.

Lunch was very tasty, and I might add, much more appetising than any school lunch I have ever had. This was true of all meals, which were a credit to any catering staff faced with the problem of 90 ravenous teenagers!

In the afternoon, we went to various parts of the University Campus. We were shown the buildings in which different faculties were housed, the Students' Union, Common Rooms, Libraries and Peterson House. Peterson House is an experiment which is being put into operation. It contains several modern flats, designed to accommodate either 4 or 6 people. These flats are cleaned, etc. by cleaners, and the students have only to cook for themselves. If this experiment proves successful, it is hoped to build more flats of this type.

We had three talks from the Health Officer, the University Chaplain, and the Physical Education Advisor, when we returned to our Discussion Groups. Out of these talks came the significance of a good balance between mental and physical activity, the need for a religious and spirited consciousness, and the need for a healthy outlook on life. The three speakers gave us ample opportunity to ask questions, which were most interestingly, and indeed humorously, answered.

After Dinner at Belmont, at night, we once again returned to the Students' Union to enjoy ourselves at a Discotheque. As the students said—"To tackle the social problem of transition from school to university!" Thoroughly exhausted, but still game, we returned to Belmont to watch colour television, play billiards, table tennis, or for the even more energetic, to dance to records in the hi-fi room . . . Gradually everyone got too tired

"THE PLEA"



Iola Wilson, F.III.

(not surprising—we walked miles round the Campus) and presently fell into bed.

Breakfast was at eight o'clock next morning, and it was surprising to note that of the 40 or so who arrived on time, there were only 2 boys! I think everyone who attended this conference will appreciate their mother's gentle(?) voice yelling at them to get up, rather than the shrill ringing of an alarm clock, which can all too easily leave peace and quiet, when shut off.

After meeting at the Union, we were shown round the faculty of our choice, each individual choosing his own. This was very helpful, as we had a chance to see what was actually going on, and the chance to ask students and lecturers of this faculty any questions which might have been puzzling us. After coffee in the Union, we had some free time before lunch, and many people went down town, while others played cards, listened to records, or the radio, in Belmont.

More discussions ensued after an excellent lunch. By now more people in the group had confidence to voice their opinion, rather than sit and look blank. This time, nobody sat on the chairs, but on the desks, on the floor, and even on the window-sill! As this seemed much more informal, people seemed more ready to participate.

All too soon came the time to move to the Tower Lecture Theatre, where the Principal of the University, James Drever, known in student terms as the "princ", addressed us. His address was long, but somewhat humorous, and he gave us several views on the concept of a "University". He likened it amongst other things, to a "shop", and also to a "factory".

This over, we returned to the Union for the last time, and over yet another cup of coffee, we filled in questionnaires about the two-day conference. We were asked how we would like to see it changed, what would we include; and did we learn anything from such a course? Most people were of the opinion that the conference should have lasted for at least a week, in school time, of course!

However, more seriously, I am sure all those who attended this conference came away with the feeling of having gained something. I, personally, find it very difficult to put into words. In these two days, I learned that University life is far from what I expected: it is much freer, easier, and a happier atmosphere than at school. Everyone is so friendly and helpful, and seem to have no inhibitions about talking to more junior years. There is a very great feeling of relaxation—no uniform, no exercises for being late, no absentee slips—if you want to attend the lectures—do so; if not—don't. Physical Education is not compulsory, but as there are 37 different sports clubs to choose from, everyone's taste is catered for.

Most people agreed that the Faculty Tours gave them a greater idea of what they will be doing in future years. I think this is very good, because if you do not like what you see, then there is still time to change your mind.

This type of conference is really worthwhile to attend, as it will no doubt clear up all the niggling questions and problems which run through the mind of a prospective student. If given the chance, I would say to go to such a conference, as you will learn more this way than anyone can ever tell you, and in a much pleasanter way.

—So we all said goodbye, and hoped to see each other next year, not at the conference, but in the Students' Union, drinking coffee, after our morning lectures.

"Student," F.V.

ALWAYS VOLUNTEER

It was already dark, that evening in February, when Jim called at my house in West London. I coiled myself into the Mini beside him, with our luggage filling all the remaining space, and we were off through the lighted streets and out onto the Motorway heading North. It grew darker and we gobbled up the miles, seeming to swallow in quick succession the red lights of overtaken cars, while the headlights of oncoming vehicles flashed fleetingly across our faces.

The end of the Motorway came, and we swept into a café-garage where both car

and occupants were refuelled for the miles ahead. On again northwards, through the Border country, until in the grey light of early dawn we came to Edinburgh, where we were to meet the rest of our party. These five had travelled North by coach and were awaiting us in the Station buffet—the one place one can be sure of an early breakfast.

Later we collected two Landrovers, and the whole party rolled northwards via Perth and Pitlochry, to our ultimate destination of Aviemore. Once there we soon located the two caravans that were to be our homes for the next seven days. We unloaded our kit and supplies, and collected our skis, sticks and boots from the nearby ski school. An exploratory walk through Aviemore was all we had time for, before settling down to plan our activities for the week ahead.

Jim and I were in charge, but the others were nominated to plan and organise one day each and to include in their responsibilities the cooking of all meals on their day. In order to set a standard, Jim and I agreed to share Sunday between us; and as it happened, most days followed a similar pattern, with only minor variations. One caravan was used as a dormitory for five while the other was used as cookhouse and dining room, with two bunks at one end for Jim and me. Our conference over, we were all more than ready to catch up on our lost sleep from the previous night.

Sunday dawned clear and bright, and by seven o'clock we were up and about, each to his appointed task. The breakfast had to be made and served, the hot soup and sandwiches prepared for lunch, the beds made, the Landrovers loaded with our skis, etc., and—of course—a wash and shave for everybody.

These chores done, we were soon speeding along the new road that winds through forest and alongside loch, until it hairpins up towards the mountains. In four-wheel drive, our Landrovers cut confidently through a fresh fall of snow and brought us safely up to the main car park at the ski slopes. We were the first to arrive, and with no chair lifts yet working, we shouldered our skis and climbed to the top of the nursery slopes to begin.

Our skill was varied, but by the time the crowds began to arrive, we had found our feet, and so with new confidence, we had climbed to the higher slopes and were ski-ing there with what, to us at least, was great daring and competence!

If you have never been almost alone, high on a snow covered mountain on a crisp wintry morning, with the sun glinting on a loch far below, and if you have never known the exhilaration of flying down that mountainside with the rush of icy air against your face, the hissing of your skis skimming the snow, the breathless excitement that will cuminate in a controlled spectacular stop in a flurry of snow, or as all too often, the less controlled stop in a bigger flurry of not only snow but skis, arms, sticks, legs and yells; well, if you have known nothing of these, then I cannot put into words what our whole party enjoyed that day. Time passed unnoticed till we were gathered around the back of our Landrover having hot soup from the thermos and hungrily attacking the thick amateur sandwiches one of us had made a mere five hours beforehand. The afternoon sped swiftly by, and when we left there must have been over two hundred cars in the car park along with some fifty coaches—resulting in possibly three thousand people on the ski slopes!

We relaxed for half-an-hour in a little tea-room on the shore of Loch Morlich and then returned to our caravans to change. I, as duty cook, remained there to prepare and cook the evening meal—that well known Scottish delicacy, haggis—while all the remainder walked up to the Aviemore Centre to enjoy an hour in the swimming pool. This exercise soon brought them hastening back for their meal, which was greatly enjoyed.

Leaving the others talking of an early night, Jim and I drove again to Loch Morlich to attend the evening Service held there for skiers in the small chapel. It was a unique experience because we were the only two, besides the Minister and organist, who came to worship there that night. After the Service, the Minister told us he sometimes had a congregation of two hundred crowded into that tiny church.

The week that followed went all too quickly, with a similar routine for each day. Our evenings were spent watching ice skating or curling at the Centre, taking part in tenpin bowling, going to the cinema or just relaxing in our caravan while the day's wet clothes toasted round the little wood-burning stove.

Apart from the ski-ing, we did have a brief visit to Culloden and Inverness one afternoon. We climbed Cairngorm one icy morning when we were advised the ice encrusted snow was too dangerous for ski-ing, and on our final Friday afternoon when we had handed back our hired skis, we had a good tramp up into the Lairig Ghru to visit the Sinclair Memorial Hut, built by students from Edinburgh University.

Saturday found us making tracks for Edinburgh again, with the main party returning the Landrovers, while Jim and I went in his Mini via Dundee so that we could pay a brief visit to my parents there. The afternoon was spent at Murrayfield watching the Calcutta Cup match, and then after a leisurely meal, we were once again on the move heading South; we two in the Mini, and the remainder by coach. We arrived at our homes in London about four in the morning on Sunday, having completed a most enjoyable and rewarding week.

"All very well," I hear you say, "but what about your title—'Always Volunteer'?" Well you see, Jim and I were, at that time, officers in the Territorial Army and the other five were young first year recruits from the area around Kings Cross in London, and the week was classed as "Adventure Training". The Territorial Army, now renamed the Territorial and Army Volunteer Reserve, has an infinite number of opportunities to offer, of which the above is but one illustration. I used to be in the Cadet Force at school, and when I was leaving to undertake my National Service, my father advised me that although it would mean many unrewarding and unpleasant tasks, it would also mean a fuller and richer experience, if I remember to volunteer for everything. In a world where apathy appears to have ousted enthusiasm, it seemed worthwhile to me to try and show those of you who are interested, that there is an opportunity

still in our reserve forces to find adventure—especially if you "always volunteer".

Author's Note

I read in your December issue of the CCF Contingent Visit to Germany, and of their stay with the 2nd Bn. Scots Guards—with whom my father served in the First World War—and of their day visit to 19th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery—with whom I served for sixteen months of my National Service in Hong Kong.

These coincidences led to the writing of this article; because the Cadet Force had trained me for National Service, and I was ready to enjoy all that Regular Army life had to offer, and to continue into many good years of service in the Territorials. Today, however, with no such compulsory service waiting, perhaps our trained cadets might consider the challenge of our "spare-time Army" when they march out from School to face the world.

J. A. S. W.

WAIT THOU FOR ME

Love, thou art but the figure of my dreams,
Beautiful and perfect it all seems,
Love, thou were a guiding star to me,
Understanding, forgiving and loving thou be.

Oh, why has death parted us?

What has fate done?

What has God done . . .

Oh! But I musn't blame fate

I musn't blame God . . .

Katherine, I shalt try my best without thee,

I shall still admire God's beauty,

I shall do my duty in this world,

Without forgetting thy wise words manifold.

But how can I forget thee?

Thy gentle words, loving voice still
linger in my ears.

How can I stop remembering thee?

Without first billing my soul to forget those years.

Katherine dear, wait thou for me,

Thou shall not lie unaccompanied,

Wait till I've completed my duty,

Then I'll join thee wherever thou be.

Oh Katherine, till then, wait thou for me.

B.M., F.VI.

PERTH FRENCH DAY

Eleven 5th and 6th year pupils accompanied Mr Paton to Perth Academy's Sixth Form French Day on Wednesday, 11th March. We were given coffee and biscuits on arrival, followed by two one-hour lectures. Despite their unpromising titles, "Molière and the Twentieth-Century Reader" and "Flaubert and the Trois Coures", they were most informative, and some (but not all) of the party felt moved to write seven pages of notes on each!

The discussion groups on a passage from a French novel had varied success, as some of the French leaders spoke for the whole hour in rapid, unintelligible French. This was the only time pupils were called upon to exercise their French, and we were glad to see that the sixth-form French pupils at other schools made as bad language mistakes as ourselves.

After a school lunch which surpassed even Perth Academy's usual standard, we returned to the well-equipped hall for two lectures on the French political parties and a poem by Baudelaire. All the lecturers, despite their unlikely subjects, were very interesting, and we had a pleasant foretaste of lecturers from Edinburgh, Strathclyde, Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities.

We were served tea before reassembling to watch the Richard Burton, Peter O'Toole film of "Beckett". Despite four changes of reel, two break-downs and an un-cinema-like atmosphere, some of us were emotionally involved enough to be sniffing at the end!

The D.H.S. party arrived back in Dundee about 8 p.m., after an event enjoyed by pupils from schools as far apart as Aberfeldy, Stirling and Glenalmond.

G.G., F.V.

There are two new departments in the school. Shakespeare noticed one,

"Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops."

Bernard Shaw approves of the other,

"The love of economy is the root of all virtue."

"WE'RE ALL GOOD FRIENDS REALLY . . ."

"What gives the school its drive?" "What makes it tick?" These are questions that many of us ask, and as usual the High School Magazine adds to the mystery by interviewing the Head Boy and Head Girl. To try to elucidate more than usual (and to give you a bumper 2/6d. worth), we also interviewed their humble Deputies.

After breathlessly admiring the way in which this crafty lot could set tea-cups whizzing through the Prefects' Room in opposite directions on rubber bands (and smash them), I plunged in (literally), asking Ruth Anne McDougall why she thought she had been made Head Girl. Alexander Stewart Bremner (Head Boy) passed the opinion that it was her feminine appeal, but Ruth supposed it was because there wasn't anyone else. However, there was no doubt that Sandy had clinched his position by having "the prettiest face in the business".

Archibald David McLaren, Sandy's Deputy, remarked obscurely that what he had most enjoyed was the "great fun". Lorna Craig MacDougall had most enjoyed "working under me" (Ruth) and "arranging flowers and licking envelopes". Lorna and Ruth were both annoyed (and insulted?) by being mistaken for twinsisters. Lorna disliked being given Ruth's work to do because she was thought to be Ruth, and Archie disliked being given Sandy's work to do because Sandy wouldn't do it. He consoled himself with the joys of "never-ending teas and jam butties".

Ruth said that if she had not been Head Girl, she would not have got to know such fascinating characters, or met so many people. Sandy, staring morosely out of the window, murmured that he would not have been so quiet, and then, asked for grouses, showed a flash of rare perception and imagination by pointing out that the "Room was too large for only 17 people". Ruth disliked being so small that Form Two looked down on her, and Lorna explained that they both had to stand up on chairs to get over their inferiority complexes about being so small. Archie liked

"goldfishes and any tomatoes, preferably yellow", while Ruth, also culture-minded, mentioned a liking for Beethoven.

What would they most miss on leaving School? Lorna would miss "the folk and the sob-stories they're always pouring out", Ruth, "the old place, the pillars, some of the teachers—and the insults, I suppose", and Archie summed it all up—"The happy school atmosphere, the great fun, companionship and jam butties". Sandy (staring out of window) did not answer this question. Our leaders out-of-school activities include philately, shooting(?), Cadets, taking the dog out for walks, sailing, and no doubt, jam butties.

I left the Room with the conviction that behind the never-ending cups of tea, the frequently-ending tea-cups, the clutter and the claustrophobia, there was order and administrative ability. Well-concealed, though.

The following poems are a few unconnected thoughts on the spiritual narrowness of life. The first is tentatively exploring this theme, which is further developed in the next three, reaching culmination in the continued sea-symbolism of the final poem. This, with its movement across the sea instead of to and fro on it, represents a conviction where the first implies a doubt.

She did not want to fly,
She flew,
She knew not why.
The blue, blue wind
filled her sails.
She flew

on into the sunset,
sheets of nylon
turned gold to brass.
Out into the welcome shade,
she flew.
Home, Home into
her corner.
She ran,
then beat back—

like beaten lead.
Right tack.
By lead
weighed down
yet no heavier.
She knew not why.

This little creature
all alone
In an empty home.
Hiding within herself
the sounds
Of a life that is gone.

In the Welfare State
We learn to hate
The goings-on
In Vietnam.
Why?

O! to be out in the world tonight.
Oh to be born to be free.
O! that the light would penetrate,
Oh that we could see.

Swan, sailing phoenix-like
from the ashes of her return
Over the water.
White on darting silver
like a bridge from Alpha to Omega
Over the water.
The rapturous flapping
of giant wings
Across the sea.
You go, I go—
we meet again somewhere:
Over the water.

"Dita the dog" is on a rather different note and is to be appreciated (for what it is worth) by a quick flick through the dictionary.

Dita, a dog—
no ordinary canine this.
How many of your friends
are apocynaceous?

HOLIDAY TO SWITZERLAND

During the Easter holidays a party of boys from Forms 2 and 3 went on holiday to Switzerland. We left Dundee by coach on the Sunday after the start of the holidays and spent the first night in the coach going down to Dover. We arrived in Dover early on Monday morning and had breakfast in a Dover hotel before embarking on our boat for Calais. The crossing took about an hour and a half and when we arrived in France we had our lunch. We then drove on to Rheims where we spent the night.

The next day we visited champagne cellars in Rheims during the morning and before lunch we also managed to visit the Cathedral. During the afternoon we travelled on to Nancy where we spent the night. The next day took us to our centre in Switzerland. We arrived in the centre, Sundlauenen, a village near Interlaken, during the afternoon (owing to the large number of people going, there was another party at the nearby village of Ringgenberg).

The following morning we visited the nearby Caves of St. Beatus and in the afternoon we went into Interlaken to look round the town and buy postcards, etc. The next morning we went for a short walk on one of the mountains and in the afternoon we visited the Lauterbrunnen Falls where Sherlock Holmes had his last meeting with Professor Moriarty. From Lauterbrunnen we went on to the ski resort of Grindelwald where we spent the rest of the afternoon.

The next day we went up the Jungfrau Mountain which is 13,642 feet high. We went up by train from Interlaken changing trains twice. At the top of the mountain we visited the Ice Palace and various other places. We returned to Interlaken in the early evening. The next day we had a free morning, and during the afternoon we visited the Blue Lake.

The following day we went on a visit to Lucerne where we visited the Transport Museum and the Lion Monument before looking round the city. It was in Lucerne that we bought most of our souvenirs. We had another chance to do our shopping the next day in Interlaken on our last day in Switzerland.

The next morning we left Sundlauenen, and that day we went to the town of Epinal. The following day we had a long trip from Epinal to Brussels passing through Luxemburg (where we had lunch). The next day was our last on the Continent and we crossed from Calais to Dover that afternoon. During the night we travelled from Dover up to Dundee where we arrived about 9 a.m. on Saturday, 18th April having been away for a fortnight.

Finally, thanks are due to Mr and Mrs Stevenson, Mr Forrest, Mr N. Stewart, Mr Macdonald, Mr Allardice, Miss Anderson, and the drivers who increased everybody's enjoyment of the holiday in Switzerland.

"WHAT WILL THIS BABBLER SAY?"

—Acts 17, xviii.

"Cela doit être beau, car je n'y comprends rien."

[That must be fine, for I can understand nothing of it.]—Proverb.

Pardon?

Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue.

We are NOT speaking out.

Where shall we go for honey today?

If he had meant to say THE book, he would have said THE book.

In future perhaps we will remember . . .

Here we are! Here we are ! ! Here we are again ! ! !

"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English."

—Shakespeare, "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Isn't that just a little bit too far-fetched?

You are a nice bunch, really.

Take fifty lines.

Teaching this class is like crossing the desert on a tricycle.

Write a summary.

The trouble with you people . . .

The boy who's talking . . .

All the best people go to St. Andrews and then Oxford.

Repetition.

Well, thank you very much, ladies and gentleman.

"—and geography made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter."

—Baron Macaulay.

Now, for the LAST time.

"You know your own degrees."

—Shakespeare, "Macbeth".

As I say . . .

I'm just waffling on.

Now, I say . . .

Ssht!

This is trivial, simple . . .

All those messes . . .

. . . I mean . . .

This thing . . .

"That great dust-heap called History."

—Birrell.

Isn't that so?

You are the cream of the cream.

Today, we will ssstudy the hisstory of the Ssstuartsss.

I am a benevolent despot.

"Respectable Professors of the Dismal Science."

—T. Carlyle.

Then we can say . . .

Now, God or nature . . .

Fetch the belt!

Then, lo and behold!

As you know . . .

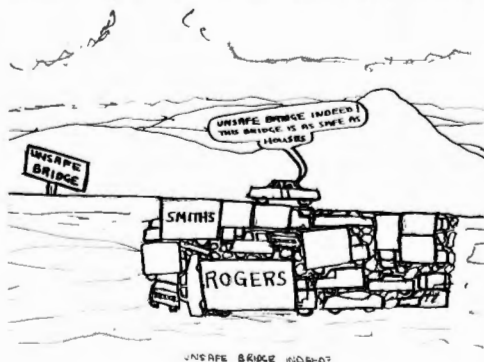
"Away with him! Away with him! He speaks Latin."

—Shakespeare, "King Henry VI., pt. II."

In actual fact . . .

Oremus!

There is a useful list of 4th Declension Verbs in your Practical Latin Grammar.



BELMONT ART CAMP—1970

This year a party of fourteen pupils from D.H.S. (Forms 3 to 5) attended the annual Art Camp at Belmont, near Meigle where they spent a profitable week-end sketching out-of-doors.

The Art Adviser for the Dundee Education Authority was in charge and the whole organisation ran smoothly. He was assisted by fourteen art teachers and ten Commonwealth students who were on the permanent staff. On Friday evening there was a film show ("Rob Roy") in the Hall followed by a Discotheque.

Buses took groups of pupils on Saturday to sketch at Alyth Junction, a disused railway station, which offered many interesting subjects, and to Kirkinch. In the evening, a well-known Dundee Group played at the Dance and later a three-mile walk was organised through the adjacent countryside by Mr Rothwell, the Camp Adjutant.

Each member of the D.H.S. party was placed in a different Sketching Group so that they had a chance to mix with pupils from the other Dundee schools of which nine were represented. The surrounding countryside was inspiring and many interesting paintings were produced by the Groups. At the end of the Camp, a selection of the work was made. This will form an Exhibition which will travel round the Dundee Schools next session.

The Camp drew to a close on Sunday afternoon when a fleet of buses arrived to transport us home to Dundee after a very enjoyable week-end. Our thanks go to Mr Johnston, the Art Adviser, Mr Rae, his assistant and to all the Art Teachers including Mr Macdonald and Mr Vannet, not forgetting Mr Rothwell and the Permanent Camp Staff, for providing such a useful experience.

Jane Maxwell, F.III.

Iola Wilson, F.III.



Jane Maxwell, F.III.

JANITORIAL EDITORIAL

Walking past Mr Bob Fyall's door, I suddenly caught the word WANTED out of the corner of my eye. "Hallo," I said, "some character up to his tricks again." However as you all know by now, it was a scrawl in the school magazine that was the temptation, so here goes.

I have been asked repeatedly, "What made you become a Janitor?" It is sufficient to say that being a serviceman all my life it is a good feeling to think you are doing something beneficial, after spending a lifetime being trained to destroy. Please don't misconstrue my meaning, a serviceman's life is a great and worthwhile occupation, but one gets the opinion that one is not constructive in life. You may say a Janitor's life is not constructive, maybe not in the practical sense, but it gives a person a lot of satisfaction.

On first meeting the Rector, the conversation went something like this, "Hallo Carmichael, if you think you are in for a cushy time here you had better think again". Without being boastful I can say to the Rector, "You can say that again". But what is work if you enjoy it? After Jack Stark's lifetime run of 30 years, I often say to myself Jack must have been made of iron. However, with tongue in my cheek, they tell me Jack was over 6 ft. when he commenced his stint. Well, to date I've lost an inch, so in the mathematical sense I'll be a candidate for the circus at 65, as the only midget Janitor in the world, of course, with my old friend Mr Henehan, we might be a double act. And here is the reason why—

The day commences at 05.30 hrs. School is opened, boilers are lit, in dining

hall and school. Cleaners work until 8 o'clock, a quick breakfast and then the usual routine 9—4, when, of course, a thousand things happen in a day.

4—6 p.m. Cleaners return, and finish at 6 p.m. Lock up at 6 p.m. re-open at 7 most nights of the week for F.P.'s Badminton, Rugby, etc. and, in between, sandwich the usual functions the school is famed for. That is a normal day.

Of course during the daytime school, our day is not without its humour.

I had occasion to ask Miss Knight one day in L.I. "Everything O.K." "Yes, no complaints" replied Miss Knight, whereupon a little voice from the background piped up and said "My desk is broken". Checking the desk, I said it was all right. But the little voice maintained it wasn't, as it shook as he shoogled. I replied you shouldn't shoogle and the classical reply at 5 yrs. of age was hasn't one got to shoogle as one gets in and out of one's desk. Needless to say, that little boy got his desk fixed.

Then there was the case of the little L.II. girl who said she lost her school bag. On asking her when she seen it last, the reply was so neat. "I saw it last when my mummy put it on my bed". "I suppose then, it will still be there", I replied. "Oh yes", she said, "but it is still lost, as I haven't got it here".

Of course the seniors have their star turns as well. Quote from a F.II. boy at the height of the snow blizzard in January, "Mr Carmichael, my ball's on the roof, can you get it?" My reply, of course, must remain unprintable.

W. Carmichael, Janitor.

Robert Biggar

Mr Robert Biggar was called from our midst, abruptly and prematurely, on 22nd March 1970, at the age of 45.

He leaves with us a life of dedication and example.

After his early education at Dunfermline High School he continued his studies at the University of Edinburgh where, in 1946, he graduated M.A. (Hons.) in Geography.

His first teaching appointment was to Grove Academy, Dundee, from where he returned to his old School for a seven year stint before being appointed to the High School of Dundee in August 1956, with the special mission of founding a separate Department of Geography, of which he became Head in 1958.

His knowledge of Geography gave him a deep interest in everything related to our physical world, while the soul within him completed the unity by endowing him with an abiding love for mankind.

Because he was interested in everything and everyone, the classroom and staffroom became alive when he was there. Few subjects were beyond his ken, and he always had up-to-date, yet well considered opinions to express that would stimulate thinking in others and evoke a standpoint from them.

He loved not talking, but conversing, and he could converse with the small as easily as he could with the great. It is one of the littler memories, how he would so often be seen, be it in School corridor or playground, or at his table in the lunch-hall, engaged in earnest discussion with a pupil, who was obviously hanging on his every word—and the smaller the pupil the more earnest the discussion.

Outside the classroom and the walls, there was scarcely a facet of School activity in which he had not at some time played his part, but he will be particularly remembered for, until his illness in 1965, his work with the rugby XV's, and, till the last, in athletics.

These were perhaps his greatest loves, yet he was probably never happier than when working behind the scenes, especially, quite literally, as stage-manager



Photograph by courtesy of the "Courier and Advertiser".

of so many School productions. It is a measure of his modesty and self-effacement that he would invariably ask, on such occasions, that his name be omitted from the programme credits.

Himself a keen photographer, he founded in School a society of those similarly interested, not the least and probably not the greatest achievement of which was the making, some years ago, of a film survey of Dundee, which is still being used in a school in the south of France.

In recent years he filled the void created by the enforced surrender of his work in School rugby by becoming a highly esteemed member of the Public Speaking Panel, to which, as in all he did, he brought an enthusiasm and a drive, born of his simple belief that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well.

There are those who, their day's darg done, still find time and strength to serve the wider community of their parish. Of such as these was Councillor Robert Biggar.

Guileless in the machinations of politics, local or national, but believing that democracy does mean rule by the will and the vote of the people, and deploring that the people have so often to be coerced into exercising their rights and duties, he stood as candidate in 1969 in Newport-on-Tay to rouse the electorate from the stagnant complacency of un-

opposed elections. His embarrassment at topping the poll at this, his first attempt, was as great as his majority.

It was perhaps only natural that he should be appointed Convener of the Parks and Recreation Committee for, in addition to his interest in recreation, he loved all things beautiful, but especially gardens and flowers, and as with all his interests, in these too he was an expert.

It was certainly even more natural that when the nascent Newport and Wormit Youth Club sought a Council representative on their committee, the duty, which for him was a pleasure, should fall on Mr Biggar—for youth and children, these too were his love.

Behind the honours, behind the offices stood Robert Biggar the man—a man of high principles which he set himself and which he lived up to; a man of unsullied rectitude, who could yet smilingly tolerate and forgive the weaknesses and foibles of ethically lesser mortals; a man of character who stamped some part of his personality on all who had the honour of calling themselves his friends; an earnest man, blessed with a gentle humour which never hurt because it was never satire; a man who loved living, less for the pleasure to be taken from life than for the profit to be put into it; a man who, by his death, has left the world the poorer—and yet too the richer for his having passed through it.

In revering his memory we are not unmindful of the living, and our thoughts very much go out to Mrs Biggar, together with our prayers and hope that her own memories will be as a light to lighten these the darkest of her days, and as a source of fortitude and determination.

To adapt Horace slightly: *non omnis morietur*—he shall not wholly die. A large part of him lives on in all of us who were influenced by him, friends, colleagues and most of all the pupils to whom he gave of his all.

We mourn deeply a life so short—but we rejoice and give thanks too that that life has so enriched our own.

J.S.

A FORMER PUPIL REMEMBERS

We sat round-eyed in the huge room next to the Hall, our newly-acquired long trousers, "longers", emphasising rather than belying the fact that we were a very young and apprehensive Form I. The year was 1956, the subject was English literature. A new teacher had joined the staff, a geography teacher; no one had actually met him, but we were already suitably impressed that this new man was clever enough to teach English and Geography. Opinions buzzed excitedly round the room concerning the appearance of the new master—someone claimed to have seen him entering the staff room and said that he was very stern—we mulled over our probable fate, trying to conjure up images of this tight-lipped tyro who was to be master of our fates in **two** subjects—would he like us? The round, wooden door handle turned, the old oak door opened slowly and Robert Biggar came in.

It does not seem fourteen years since Bob Biggar (he was always "Bob" to us, except in his presence) came into that classroom. During that time his contribution to the school and to the education of the pupils has been inestimable; not in an overt, ostentatious manner, but in the quiet, subtle way which was characteristic of the man. He achieved a remarkable double as a teacher: instant rapport and respect, an elusive and comparatively rare combination in teaching. Those of us lucky enough to have been taught by him in and out of the classroom know that his teaching owed everything to his personality, his approach to the educational situation was uniquely his own. That many of his techniques used fourteen years ago are in vogue now pleased him, as he was never comfortable being a mere implementer of others' policies, he enjoyed being a pioneer.

I clearly remember the indignation we felt when we found that our geography text-book was to be rarely used in class; we were mortified when told it was to be read at home as a supplement to the course. Looking back now, we can appreciate the value of this philosophy which rejects spoon-feeding in class, and which calls for individual effort, self-discipline and a realisation that education is not

bounded by school hours. Many of us survived the rigours of further education largely because Bob had taught us that education is never-ending and that the effort must be personal.

Perhaps it was his knack of always treating us as responsible adults, whether we were in Form I. or Form VI., which made us want to please him in work and recreation. The very subject itself, Geography, a study of man in his environment, lent itself to the questioning of every orthodoxy and Bob often found himself defending the status quo, albeit uncomfortably, against the intolerant idealism of youth. He taught us the meaning of tolerance and how, under certain circumstances, compromise was probably the best solution when dealing with fickle creatures such as Man. In an age of conflict between the generations, Bob bridged the gap effortlessly, as witnessed by the many former pupils who would come and visit him in his room, usually at inconvenient times. He taught us informally, yet never lost the respect we had for him as teacher and as a person.

If the respect and regard for him was impressive in the classroom, it was redoubled in extra-curricular activities. Whether it was watching him balancing precariously on a rickety ladder in the Y.M.C.A. Hall as stage manager for the school's dramatic productions, or as rugby or athletics coach, we were enthralled. Watching the High School Athletics Team defeat Buckhaven and Dunfermline in May this year, I could not help wondering if the dozens of competitors would have believed that a mere ten years ago the whole High School team (plus Bob's dogs) used to travel to matches in one of his cars. He used to spend at least three evenings a week with us up at Dalnacraig, coaching and training us. We were a select group in those days, picked for athletics partly owing to our aversion to cricket and partly because it was something new to us—here too, he was a pioneer. The mention of Bob's cars tempts one to wax lyrical on the fiery, ancient monster which could transport one from Dalnacraig to the station in a hair-raising and deliciously short space of time—a journey occasionally shared with two affectionate dachshunds.

Bob's weaning and encouragement of the Colts' rugby XV. was often startling in its success; as I recall, we lost one game in two seasons. His coaching and advice aided our team and taught us that rugby is a more sophisticated and tactical form of brutality than it appears at first sight—his advice has certainly done no harm to a couple of his pupils, Chris Rae and Roger Leslie. His love of rugby and his participation in forward play on a Wednesday afternoon will be a memory few will forget.

One could recall the ambitious and successful displays put on for school exhibitions by the Geography Department, Bob's great efforts as House Master for Lindores, his interest in the Debating Society, his facility with film camera and his pioneering of visual aids, but we who knew him and had a deep regard for him tended to accept all these facets of his personality, perhaps too readily.

In an educational world where specialisation is in vogue to such an extent that teaching is giving way to programming for examinations, and where some parents and employees see "O" grades and "Highers" as a criterion for an education, many of us will look back with gratitude to a man whose fund of wisdom and knowledge was as broad as it was deep, who realized that learning never comes to an end and who was, by philosophy and example, an inspiration and guide to many.

The High School is perhaps unique in the way it weaves the memories of personalities into its folklore—each generation has its heroes, the Bob Mackenzies, the Borlands and the Bill Lairds. To many of us they are names, but obviously names which still inspire affection and regard in those who were taught by them. To many of us, the name Bob Biggar will signify a vital period in our lives when we were taught by a man who caught our imaginations, opened new doors in our minds and kindled such fires in them as, God willing, will stay with us always. What better memory can any man leave for his fellows? N. R.

David Foggie

R.S.A., R.S.W.

This is a very short article about another former pupil of the High School of Dundee and one who is worthy of great consideration.

The late David Foggie, R.S.A., R.S.W. was an artist and a dedicated teacher and in later years was a very important influence in training the art students in the Edinburgh College of Art and in Scottish art.

Bernard Shaw is said to have written that "those who can, do and those who cannot, teach". All that can be said of that Irish aphorism is that David Foggie could both "do" and could "teach".

His influence was profound. Those who came under his aegis were indeed fortunate when being taught in the College in Edinburgh or before that in the Dundee College in the Technical building. I myself had the happy privilege of being taught by him at the Edinburgh College of Art and gratitude is deeply felt for all his guidance and inspiration.

His enthusiasm was infectious. The slightest spark of natural ability was soon awakened by the manner of David Foggie's approach and it was a great privilege to be allowed to put up one's easel beside his and be under his immediate tuition as he himself made his drawings in red chalk in beautiful and expressive line. Around the walls of the Life Room in the days of the 1920's, there hung reproductions of drawings of the Masters and taking a pupil to these, he would expound upon their qualities and show how they would convey all the feelings of a human figure in movement and expression of pure line.

Then to those that had the natural ability to benefit from the terrific enthusiasm absorbed from their teacher, it was his habit to ask one to draw as much as possible of the figure in line as could be done in ten minutes, then in five minutes and eventually reducing the time taken to as little as a few simple lines. It was magnificent teaching as to how selection was best achieved as the eye ranged over the figure on the rostrum.

David Foggie never for a moment failed to realise that a pupil should, at all times, in addition to learning the rudimentary elements of drawing, work hard at developing his mind. There was no time for the attitude that one merely studied the straight-forward principles only; there had to be a widening of the whole being.

He would point out that the student had to study the best in everything in life itself, before there was something in the mind itself by which to glean something to express.

To see the best art, wherever it could be found was, of course, fundamental, but there had to be a deep appreciation of all the arts such as music, poetry, literature, architecture and sculpture. Always he would stress "to see the best in everything and from that basis there would be something in you to express". It is regrettable that in this age of movements based upon specialisation, so narrow a basis, that much of this is ignored.

There is a great need in this world today for the dilettante, who can range over in his experiences a field which finds joy in so many fields. Alas, it is difficult for this to be grasped until the years lay their treasures before one.

David Foggie, as has been said, was an artist and one of considerable distinction.

Going round the Dundee City Art Gallery one day with another unique and outstanding artist, and standing before a picture of a weary old man entitled "Fairfochan", this artist said after a long pause, "I never knew before what a splendid artist David Foggie was". It is true and to those interested, the picture is well worthy of deep study as is also that of Mrs Foggie, his wife, in its lovely design, while another self-portrait of the artist at his easel is in the possession of the Dundee Art Society.

It is given to the many masters of painting to be ignored during their lifetime. They give of their best; they work continuously and one is concerned to ask what drives them on? It seems to be their fate to be forgotten until some day another generation awakes to the fact that this work was really good.

Yet, the work of David Foggie lives on in his pupils and in the pupils of these ori-

ginal pupils. In assessment of the works of a student, at odd times there will appear a quality of line which was just what David Foggie would enlarge upon and so it passes on, and for that we are grateful indeed.

All treasures of the masters in many fields of expression in the arts are due to the work of outstanding men or women and should be recorded for all time in the archives of their school, as in this case that of the High School of Dundee. It is by example of men who have gone before that the present generation of students at the school learn to set their sights high and with great purpose. That is what a Roll of Honour is meant to achieve in the life of a school.

There are few sources from which to glean more than a few facts about this brilliant man which is unfortunate, but that happens to most men in various walks of life. Their influence is penetrating, but it goes on always in one way or another with whom it is brought into contact and by genuine admirers.

J. Torrington Bell.

Note:—It is of interest that the striking portrait of the late Alexander Sturrock, Esq., F.E.I.S. which hangs in the passage near the Staff Rooms, Boys' School was painted by David Foggie, R.S.A., R.S.W. in 1915. The portrait was presented to the High School of Dundee Gymnasium by Mrs Arthur P. Mathewson, Vernohole, Dundee in March, 1917.

W. P. V.

J. Torrington Bell

J.P.

It is deeply regretted that Mr J. Torrington Bell who had been ill for some time died in May.

He was a very good friend to the High School of Dundee and only recently presented to the Art Department some ninety Art Books from his own library, a magnificent gift which will be of immense value to pupils specialising in Art. He described these books as, "the collection of a lifetime which has guided me through my studies of Art" and he was pleased to know that it would be known as, "The Torrington Bell Collection".

Mr Bell had a consuming interest in Art and became a landscape artist of considerable repute, having his works hung in the Royal Academy, the Royal Scottish Academy, the Paris Salon and in numerous art galleries and private collections. An authority on tempera painting, Mr Bell was taught the secrets of this medium by the late John Duncan, R.S.A., a former pupil of our School.

As a governor of the Dundee Institute of Art and Technology, Mr Bell was closely associated with the College of Art where he gave lectures to students on the different media in painting. Both students and staff commented on his infectious enthusiasm, interest and knowledge of his subject.

The influence of his personality will be missed in the world of art but he has created for himself a lasting memorial in his fine landscapes which have brought pleasure to many people.

W. P. V.

Ernest S. Treasure

It was with a deep sense of sorrow that the school learned of the death of Mr Ernest S. Treasure in July of last year. He had been in good health prior to his death, and, despite his advancing years, he still enjoyed his daily round of golf.

Ernest Treasure was an excellent musician, and during his twenty-four years as Principal Music Master of the school, two important innovations were introduced to the school curricula which now form a traditional part of the musical life of the school. These were the Annual Christmas Carol Service in St. Mary's Church and the now triennial production of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. In the latter sphere he was particularly successful; I am sure many F.P.'s now scattered far and wide will remember with joy and pleasure the many memorable performances he directed.

We shall always remember him for his dedicated service to the school, his great sense of humour, and his genial and kindly manner.

T.E.P.

Alexander F. Duke M.A., B.A., F.S.A. (Scot.)

Among the group of Staff members who will be leaving us at the close of the session is Mr Duke, who is retiring after 22 years' service to Dundee High School and who has been Second Master to the English Department since 1957.

Though a native of Kirriemuir, Mr Duke received his early education at the village school in Barry, moving on from there to Grove Academy and eventually to the former University College, Dundee, where he graduated in English and French. His professional career began in Fife, first in Kirkcaldy High School, then in Aberhill School, Methil where he met the lady we now know as Mrs Duke. A short spell followed in Dingwall Academy before he finally moved south again to Harris Academy in 1946 and then in 1948 to D.H.S.

Briefly outlined in this way, it may sound quite a varied, even hectic career, yet Mr Duke still found time to study for two further degrees in the course of it—first in 1942 an Honours B.A. of London University in English and History and again in 1953 an Honours B.A. in History.

Such a career betokens a zeal and a quest for scholarship; scholarship itself presupposes among other things an endless patience, perseverance and meticulous thoroughness. These qualities were ever present and apparent in Mr Duke's work, whether in the day-to-day labours of the class-room or in his other activities such as the supervision of the School Magazine, which was in his capable hands for a number of years, or in his conduct

of the Junior Dramatic Club (or even in his researches for the daily "Times" cross-word in the staff-room). It is indeed on such qualities on the part of teaching staff, allied to a genuine concern for the welfare of the young, that the achievements and the reputation of a school ultimately depend. A whole generation of High School pupils can be grateful that they were present in such rich measure in Mr Duke.

He will be remembered by his colleagues and pupils alike for his gentle, sympathetic nature, for a certain endearing canniness which may stem from his early upbringing in a little Angus village, for his keen sense of humour and for his unfailing helpfulness. He is essentially a family man, dedicated to the interests of his wife and children, finding contentment and satisfaction in their progress and achievements which have been distinguished.

Sandy, as his senior colleagues are used to calling him, confesses he has no fixed plans for his retirement. There was a time when his skill on the golf-course used to help the Staff to victory in the annual matches against the pupils but he has allowed that interest to lapse. But I am sure he will find much pleasure in his own unobtrusive way in his garden, his car and his books and an occasional game of bridge. Our good wishes go with him for many years of happiness and health in his retirement and, though she is not yet giving up her career, we extend our good wishes also to Mrs Duke.

Hamlet also had problems with his maths as you know.

"2b or not 2b, that is the question."

Shakespeare knew Dalnacraig well.

"The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses."

"It's clever, but is it Art?"

—Charles Kingsley.

Now, you people . . .

Shakespeare says of Euclid Crescent.

"I'll cross it, though it blast me."

A Tribute to Mr Crichton

On 31st March last, Mr William E. Crichton, C.A. retired from the office of Treasurer to the High School of Dundee. Even this simple fact may have escaped many of the pupils of whom only a few would have had personal knowledge of him. Some may have noticed this dignified, tall man with a white moustache and neatly folded umbrella walking through the playground to attend meetings in the school. It is doubtful, however, if any boy or girl realised the remarkable length of valuable service Mr Crichton gave to the school and it would be unthinkable that we should let his passing go without a sincere message of thanks. It is true that the treasurer was a "paid" official but in fact the job was largely honorary. It is worthy of note that in spite of the enormous amount of time he willingly gave to the school's affairs, Mr Crichton was not himself a former pupil.

Some people do not have much idea of what a treasurer of the school would be required to do. It is a daily and never ending job. The more obvious duties are the collection of fees, payment of all the multifarious school accounts and attending to the assessment and payment of teachers' salaries: but there is also the keeping of the books of account, preparing estimates and completion of forms for the Scottish Education Dept., compiling the annual accounts, coping with the finances of the dinner department, attend-

ing all the Directors' Board and Committee meetings (which go on all the year round) and needless to say, sorting out complaints and misunderstandings. The forty odd years Mr Crichton was himself treasurer might be thought to be more than enough for most people, but he had done the job on behalf of a Partner in his firm for ten years prior to that, and had in fact been engaged on High School affairs through his firm Mackay Irons & Co., C.A. since 1904—which is neither today nor yesterday. He has known all four Rectors the school in its present form has ever had and seen the whole of the service of three of them virtually, as Mr Erskine retires this session.

Mr Crichton is an upright gentleman who did a great deal to guide his colleagues in the right path as well as attending meticulously to his own duties. He will be greatly missed by the Directors and many of the staff who had known him over the years but it is proper that the pupils and parents should give a thought to this man to whom they too owe a great deal in the monetary sense, not only from his gratuitous work but his ability in the financial field.

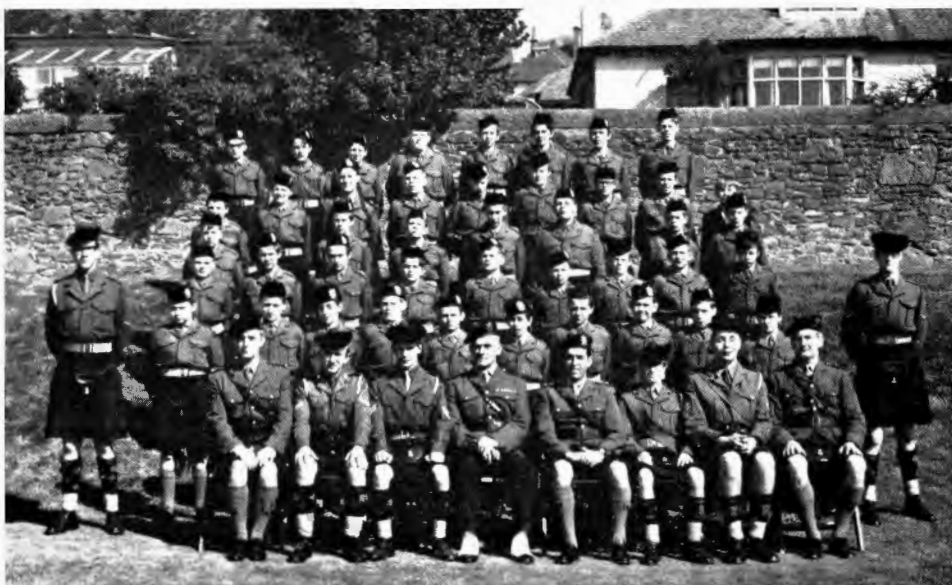
As can be guessed from his length of service, Mr Crichton is an octogenarian but we wish him peace and good health to enjoy some years of retirement which he well deserves.

"When in disgrace with fortune and
men's eyes"
always remember this

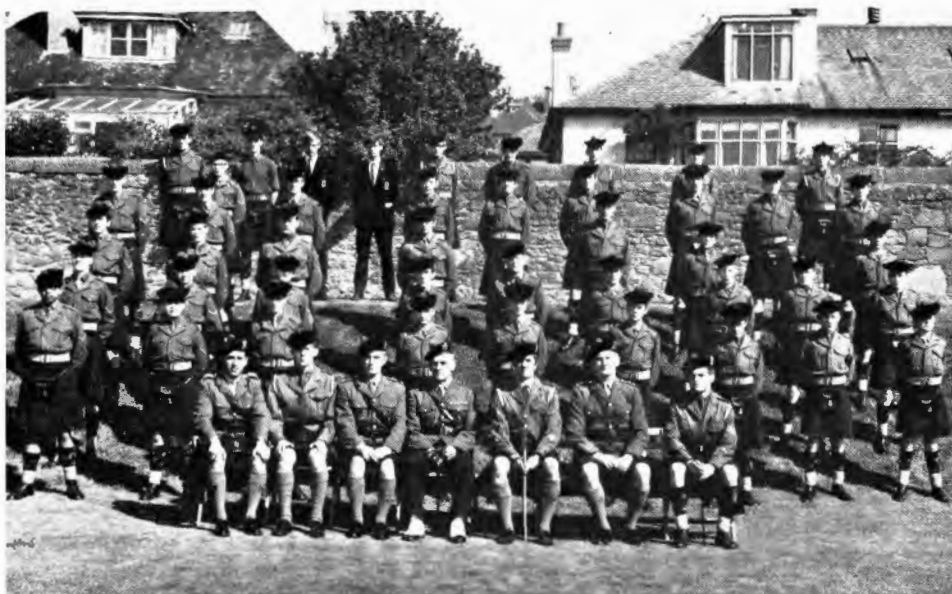
"He who can does, he who cannot,
teaches."

This year we lose a master who had
the honour of Shakespeare's acquaint-
ance.

"Whence cam'st thou worthy thane?"
"From Fife."



CADETS—JUNIOR COMPANY



CADETS—SENIOR COMPANY



School Activities

As yet another magazine puts in its bi-annual appearance we have as usual a wide range of societies and activities to report. Enthusiasm, especially amongst the younger forms is wonderful, and there is certainly no doubt that their spare time is being put to the best possible use.

Unfortunately, during the winter, bad weather hindered some activities. However, now that summer is well on its way, we can hope that the weather will brighten up and support the enthusiasm in the clubs. Our thanks are again due to all members of staff who have given up their valuable spare time to help in the smooth running of these clubs.

FRIDAY NINE ACTIVITIES

On Thursday, 2nd April, there were two plays, a puppet show and verse speaking presented. These works had been prepared in Friday 9. The plays were "Pygmalion" and "Oedipus Tyrannus". The puppet show was a presentation of "Robin Hood". Twelve puppets were used for this production which was in three scenes. The verse being spoken was "The Lady of Shalott".

Another Friday 9 activity is Scottish Country Dancing. The school entered dancing teams for the Perth Festival. All the teams received first class certificates although no victories were achieved.

The technical department is building a hovercraft with Forms 4 (Latin) and 5. The building started at the beginning of the season and it is hoped that it will be finished by the Summer holidays. It is designed to carry two boys.

Other activities:—

Mr Brickley—His class is conducting an investigation into holidays and the cost. Among these holidays are ones to Italy, Austria and Canada.

Mr Duke—This class indulges in various activities, e.g. games, quizzes, debates, cross-words, drama and spelling games.

Mr Rorie—His class is presenting a play called "The Spirit of St. Giggleswick" which is described as a "dramatic comedy". It is not known who wrote this play.

Miss Lorimer—Another class which indulges in various activities, e.g. soap sculpture, wood carving, project on horses, and boat building.

FRIDAY NINE HANDICRAFT

Friday Nine! The last period of the week! Perhaps that is why we enjoy it so much. Or perhaps it is because in this class we get a chance to use our hands. In this period you can make anything of your choice and, needless to say, the boys concentrate on models of planes, ships, tanks, the space age, and even a football stadium and electronic organ, while the girls are busy knitting and sewing.

Mr Hooks, the master, has to supervise some weird and wonderful creations and it is very strange how he always manages to spot that little bit of extra glue or paint you have tried so hard to camouflage.

In a class such as Period Nine you get the opportunity to see the type of things that other people like to make and do, and sometimes you discover an entirely new hobby for yourself.

Friday Nine would not be the success it is without the help and encouragement of Mr Hooks, and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking him on behalf of the class.

TRIP TO OBERAMMERGAU 1970

"Friday Nine"

This year, eighteen pupils (ten from F.6, eight from F.5) and three teachers (Miss Anderson, Miss Laing and Miss Lawson) are going on a trip to the German Rhineland and Oberammergau. We are travelling to London by sleeper on 10th July and thereafter to Koblentz. We shall spend five days in Stolzenfels, which is only fifteen minutes journey from Koblenz. During our stay there, we have planned to do some sightseeing as well as sunbathing. We go to Oberammergau on the 16th, and leave on the 18th. Oberammergau is a small Bavarian mountain-surrounded village, whose inhabitants perform the famous Passion Play every ten years. After departing from Oberammergau, we shall travel to Munich and then back to London.

However, before we undertake this trip, during Friday Nine, we have tried to learn a little about the countries we are going to visit. Maps have been drawn up, histories of the Rhineland and Oberammergau have labouriously been transferred from various books onto stencil sheets!

Unfortunately, though, we have as yet been unable to obtain copies (in English!) of the Passion Play. We had hoped to read through the play before setting off on our journey, as the play is performed in German—few of us know German. Perhaps, however, we shall be fortunate enough to obtain copies to read before the end of term.

I think this is an appropriate place to stop and give thanks to Miss Anderson, who has

done so much to give pupils and parents information on Oberammergau. Last term, Mr Erskine talked to us on what he could remember about his visit to Oberammergau. The pictures he showed us were magnificent and we would like to thank him for giving up some of his valuable time in telling us about his memories of this famous Bavarian village.

Pamela Innes, F.VI

SCIENCE CLUB

The first year of the Science Club has been successful with quite a reasonable attendance. The programme has been one of films, lectures and visits. There have been films like "Journey Around the Moon" and "Nuclear Power". "Today and Tomorrow", visits to the Mills Observatory and the Computer of the College of Technology for which we must thank Mr Ford and Dr. Webster respectively, and lectures on Computers by Dr. Webster, Drugs—Useful and Otherwise by Dr. Stevenson of the University, and Local Natural History by Dr. Robertson of the Biology Department. Mr Hunter of the Royal Bank of Scotland came to show one of the bank's films and talk on banking. We thank them for coming to speak to us.

We must also thank Mr McIntosh for organizing the club and coming every Tuesday to supervise. M. Foster.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

I have become a little anxious about the future of the Debating Society, for support from forms 4, 5 and 6 has been rather poor this year. However, I was delighted when Mr Fyall and Mr Rorie established a Junior Debating Society, and I hope the members retain their present enthusiasm for public-speaking right till the end of their schooldays.

John Pate and Valerie Reid were unfortunately defeated in the 2nd round of the Scottish Daily Express competition held in January at Lawside Academy. In February, we held a debate on pollution against Kirkton, and in the following month we had our annual Staff v. Pupils debate. No cause for complaint about lack of support that night! The hall was packed, as Mr Rorie and Mr Brickley debated with the Head girl and Head boy on the motion that "the best things in life are free". Youth had to give way to age, when the staff won with a considerable majority. On 20th March, half a dozen F.P.'s came and gave very interesting talks on their careers.

All that remains of the season is the final of the Public-speaking competition, to be held sometime in June. The Junior debating society are also having a competition for forms 1—3.

I would like to thank all the members of staff who continue to take an interest in us, especially Mr Fyall and Mr Rorie for their efforts with the younger forms. Finally, I would like to thank the other members of the Debating Society Committee for their enthusiastic support during the session. Ruth McDougall, Chairman.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The Junior Debating Society got off to a flying start at the beginning of the year. We

have had many light-hearted debates, the highlight of which was an inter-house debate, won by Wallace with Lindores and Aystree as close runners-up. In a more serious vein we debated the subject of comprehensive education. A public speaking competition will be held shortly, and is to be judged by Mr Erskine.

On behalf of all the members of the Junior Debating Society, I would like to thank Mr Fyall, Mr Rorie, Mr Brickley, Ruth McDougall and Desmond Rubens for their interest and support. Sandra Jack.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

The Stamp Club has continued to do well and the attendances have remained high during the term.

A variety of displays have been shown which included "Great Britain" by A. D. McLaren (F.VI.), "Olympic Games" by J. Vannet (F.IV.), Gambian and European displays by Form I., German issues by M. Foster (F.III.) and recent Commonwealth sets from C. Brown (F.III.).

Our thanks must go to Mrs Halliday for a donation of stamps and to D. Campbell (F.VI.) for stamps and magazines donated to the Club.

We would also like to thank Mr Stevenson for his encouragement in running it.

D. Nicoll, F.VI. (Secretary).

CHESS CLUB REPORT

On 11th April this year, Mr McKay died. He was for years a keen, good-humoured organizer in the Chess Club and a constant source of encouragement and help, and his memory will remain dear to all members who knew him.

Following our success last year, we have (naturally) had mixed fortunes this year. We won our first four matches in our defence of the "Sunday Times" Championship, but were then edged out 3½-2½ in the Zone Final by a strong team from Ayr Academy. We scored 6½/10 to finish fourth of 23 in the Scottish Junior Chess Association's Spring Jamboree in Paisley.

In the first division of the Adult League, the "A" team provided an unsatisfactorily uneven performance, with 14/16 of the 20½/32 which took us to third place being scored by the top two boards, Jones and Baruch. The "B" team finished second in the third division, gaining promotion, with D.H.S. Ladies in the middle of the table. "Middle of the table" was the story with most of the School's league teams, and also with our teams in the first year of the Primary League, a venture which we hope will strengthen our team in years to come.

At Christmas, in a Qualifying Competition for the Scottish Girls' Championships, Miriam Little, Susan Law and Judith Hanslip continued to do well coming 1st, 2nd and 4th respectively. Douglas Tudhope (with a 100% score) and Norman Melvin are well-placed in the Dundee Schools' Individual Championships. I should say that Tudhope's score at last year's Glasgow Congress was a creditable 3½/6, not the disreputable 3½/16 that was published as "the best High School score!" Tudhope then came second in his section at the Edinburgh Christmas Con-

gress with 4½/6, and followed up with his victory (shared with G. Malpas) in the Dundee Easter Congress, Open Section. In the Under-15 Section, Judith Hanslip shared first place with 4½/6, and Fred Ferguson shared third with 4/6. Jones and Tudhope played Boards 2 and 6 respectively for Scotland in a Junior Team Tournament in Manchester over the Easter weekend. John Ferguson has played well against stiff opposition to score 3½/6 in the Dundee Zone of the East of Scotland Senior Championships.

On the "home front", the Inter-House matches have again been closely contested. The only result so far to hand in the Club Championships is Miriam Little's success in the Girls' Tournament. This year has been an "up-and-down" year, but we have good reason to believe that the next year, under Douglas Tudhope's captaincy, we shall achieve more consistency.

Our thanks go to Mrs Elder and Mr Deas for their help in running the club, and to the caterers for all their help. C. Jones, Secretary.

SAILING CLUB REPORT

The club started its season's activities on Wednesday, 22nd April and it was a spectacular start! The wind was too strong for general sailing, but Sandy Bremner and Martin Adams (complete with John Pate as supercargo) took a dinghy out to see what conditions were like on the loch. Result—one centreboard broken and John Pate drenched in a gallant effort to save the boat from being smashed on the rocks (at least, that's what Sandy said when he ordered John to jump overboard).

The club is having a number of problems (teething-type, we hope.) First—membership. Some 53 pupils (30 from F.V., 23 from F.VI.) have applied for membership. Obviously, all these people cannot go sailing on Wednesday afternoon and selection is inevitable. Also, in an attempt to allow more pupils to sail, the club functions every Saturday morning. Saturday, 25th April was the first such outing—and a very different type of weather was experienced from that of the previous Wednesday—the wind died away completely! At one point, both dinghies were to be seen being paddled ashore, to the eternal shame of the helmsmen concerned—Lois Marshall and Ruth McDougall.

Another problem is that of transport to Forfar Loch, but this is being overcome at present by pupils providing their own transport on Wednesday afternoon and Saturday morning.

The other difficulty is one of accommodation—two boats are still being built and boat-building is a job which needs a lot of space. The club's thanks go to those pupils who built the two dinghies now at Forfar Loch, and to those who are building the other two.

The Sailing Club will really get under way when all four dinghies (plus the canoes) are on the water together, and we look forward to an enjoyable season's sport.

R. C. McKENZIE.

RADIO CLUB REPORT

Although, due to examination commitments over this term and the last, activities have not

been as great as might have been desired, many of the plans laid earlier have nevertheless come to fulfilment. We have now been provided with almost everything we wanted: a room with specially designed equipment bays, and every sort of test equipment, the gift of Ferranti Ltd. Many people outside the school have offered their services to help us in teaching: from the University, the Technical College and the apprentice training school at Ferranti.

With all this, in store for next year, the club should do very well.

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

After the successful dispatch of over 200 Christmas parcels during very bad weather conditions, we settled down to more routine tasks.

Several pupils visited social evenings at Strathmartine hospital and are now regular visitors.

On Sunday, 5th April there was a sponsored walk at which our pupils made over £50 for Christian Aid.

The recently completed Adventure Playground built by students in charities week is being partially manned by our volunteers and it is hoped that this will be a permanent project in the summer months. Also planned for the rest of the summer term is an Old People's outing one afternoon, a house redecoration scheme and a hospital project with the Dermatology unit. During the summer holidays we hope to have a number of pupils acting as "messengers" at Liff Hospital and helpers at King's Cross.

We must thank our many volunteers who have helped at such events as the Commonwealth Games Appeal Fund Bazaar and the University Women's Association Jumble Sale.

At the time of the Turkish Earthquake Disaster, we sent a £40 donation for the Relief Fund from our accumulated Funds.

We must thank all the staff for their co-operation especially Miss Gray, also Mr Carmichael who is always so willing to assist us.

Pat Bain and Archie McLaren.

GUIDE REPORT

This year the company has been involved in many activities for the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Guiding. In March, Princess Margaret visited Dundee and planted a tree in honour of the Jubilee, at the new shopping centre. Several guides represented our company at this ceremony.

In July, four national Guide Jubilee camps are to be held in Scotland. Four guides from our company have been chosen to go, two to Haddo in Aberdeen, and two to Argyll.

Vicki Duncan, one of twelve chosen to represent Dundee, went for a weekend to London where she attended a Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey. After the service they went on a sight-seeing tour of the city.

Combining Diamond Jubilee activities with National Conservation Year, we went up to the Law through a howling gale and collected some of the litter.



CRICKET 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr W. D. Allardice, A. G. R. Garden, D. Thain, K. W. Boyd, D. A. Taylor, N. R. Hutton, A. G. Ross, Mr J. Stevenson.

Front Row (l. to r.)—N. Lennox, C. S. McNeill (Secretary), J. G. Lowe (Vice-Captain), P. F. M. Sturrock (Treasurer), N. E. Philip.

Left Inset—R. J. W. Stiven. **Right Inset**—A. M. Patterson (Captain).



SENIOR ATHLETIC TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—M. W. Swanney, M. J. S. Phillips, A. A. R. Johnston, F. M. Hadden, I. W. McNicoll, J. G. Stewart, D. J. J. Muckart, J. L. Lester, R. Harrison, P. R. Rubens.

Third Row (l. to r.)—Valerie A. Reid, Nicola J. E. Millar, Pamela M. Brodie, Jennifer A. High, Helen Stout, Irene E. Stewart, Lesley Adam.

Second Row (l. to r.)—Mr R. C. Brickley, Janet A. D. Cruickshank, A. C. Morrison, Marian E. Armitage, R. D. Allardice, Linda M. Robertson, I. U. Melrose, Pamela A. Duncan, D. E. Cavers, Jane A. Standley, A. D. Thomson, Miss Dobson.

Front Row (l. to r.)—P. A. Arbuckle, Janice A. Proudfoot, J. J. Walker, Anne M. McPherson, D. Rubens, Annette Arbuckle, A. J. Gossip, Mary E. Grewar, A. J. Milne.

Absent—Fiona M. Williamson, Jane M. McNeill, Joan Ross.

On Sunday, 24th May, a service was held in the Caird Hall to commemorate the sixty years of guiding, at which all companies in Dundee attended.

At Christmas time, our company held a party for some children from Menzieshill. We all helped to make decorations which the children could take home, and we prepared all our own food. The star attraction was the visit of Santa in the form of Mr Erskine beautifully decked in red and white. The party was a great success, and was enjoyed by everyone.

Throughout the Easter term the company has been very busy working for interest badges and we would like to thank all testers and teachers who helped us with these. We had a series of lectures from Firemen which helped us with our Firefighter badges. We have also made articles to sell in aid of the Commonwealth Games Fund. Earlier in the term we visited Broughty Museum and had an interesting time. We are all looking forward to our company camp which is to be held in Glen Esk again this summer.

At the end of term Mrs Adams, our captain, will be leaving us, and we would like to thank her for so patiently organising us in all our activities. We will miss her very much. Miss Pat Gass who has assisted Mrs Adams all this year, will be taking over the Company next session.

Sarah Boase, Maxine Clark.

CADET REPORT SENIOR COMPANY, 1970

The second term of session 1969/70 was devoted almost entirely to preparation for the Army Proficiency Test Part II. Eleven candidates were presented, and eleven passed, the first time this has happened for some years. There were no "credit" passes, but this was offset by the 100% pass rate.

The part II, behind us, preparation was begun for the Eastern Exercise to be held at Tan-nadice. This was a night/day exercise, and it provided excellent experience for the younger cadets, who were not sure what to expect from a Senior Company Cadet camp.

The second term also saw the inception of the "Cadet News", a news-sheet, intended to chronicle the activities of the cadets, past, present and future. A full programme for the third term was also published in an attempt to remove any uncertainty there might have been about cadet activities. Many thanks are due to Lt. McKenzie and Sgt. Rubens, the editorial committee, and all those who contributed to the venture. It is hoped to bring out a second edition in the third term.

During the Easter holidays, L/Cpls. Blair and Vannet attended the Southern Cmd. Cadet Leadership Course at Standford P.T.A. in Norfolk. I can vouch for the high standard of this course, and it will equip these boys to lead the cadets in the future. L/Cpl. Blair was graded "above average", and L/Cpl. Vannet was graded "average".

At the time of writing, the cadets are preparing for the General Inspection to be held at Dalnacraig on Wednesday, 3rd June. We are preparing a "silent" drill squad, a Bren-gun display, and a section heading display. We are to be inspected by the Earl of Dalhousie.

Later in the term, we hope to hold a cadet hike over Jock's Road from Braedownie to Braemar. This will be for older cadets only.

On Saturday, 20th June, a party of cadets will visit the Royal Artillery establishment at Arbroath.

Camp this year is being held at R.N. Boom Defence Depot in Wester Ross, from 2nd to 10th July. The Senior N.C.O.'s are, at present, preparing the camp programme.

Before closing the cadet reports for session 69/70, I would like to thank Mr. Jacuk for being constantly available to advise the N.C.O.'s, Lt. McKenzie for devoting so much of his spare time accompanying the cadets on outings and Staff Sgt. Henehan for taking charge of the weapons store, and for providing a useful link between N.C.O.'s and officers. Thanks are also due to the store staff under Lt. Stewart for never failing to equip the company.

C. S. M. JONES.

LIFE SAVING CLUB REPORT

This year has been a very good one for the club which, although small in number, has been exceptionally keen. The Award of Merit has been obtained by Alasdair Chalmers, Peter Mitchell, Rory Allardice, Graham Allardice, Robin Barr and Alan McConnell, and some of these are hoping to go on to sit the Distinction Award—the highest practical award of the Royal Life Saving Society—by the end of term. Paul Rubens and Gordon Steele each gained the Bronze Cross, and the Bronze Medallion was gained by G. Stuart, G. Grant, R. Buist and T. MacMillan. The future of the club seems assured by the success of these younger members.

Thanks must be given to Mr Allardice for the time he has given up after school in preparing us for these examinations.

P. C. M., F.I.V., Secretary.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

Throughout the last two terms only a few awards have been gained, but classes for many different activities have been going on. In March, the girls involved in "Making the Most of Yourself" gave a short fashion show attended by several members of staff who acted as assessors. Girls who were doing cookery for an interest, prepared an excellent buffet and served tea during the show, which the staff enjoyed immensely.

During this last term we (mainly Mr McKenzie) are making a short film of the award scheme activities in school, the result of which can be seen at the display at the end of term.

Those who gained awards so far this term are Margaret Wood (Bronze and Silver), Jennifer Wilson (Silver) and Carol Young (Bronze). Before the end of term, Lesley Brown will have gained her Gold Award as will F.P. Patricia Ritchie.

My thanks to all those who help with the Award Scheme, particularly Miss Gray and Mr McKenzie.

L. M. B.

GIRLS' HILL WALKING CLUB

After hibernating for most of the winter, a few interested adventurers braved the weather and set out to make an assault on the Lomonds,

at the end of March. Although only the East Lomond was conquered before a blizzard set in, everyone enjoyed the walk.

Although it is hoped to have a girls' walk before the end of term, this is somewhat unlikely, due to lack of support and time. There are however the S.S.C. walks to which we look forward.

The club members would like to thank Miss Laing for her interest in it and her readiness to come on any walks which we try to arrange.
L. M. B.

CLIMBING CLUB REPORT

The club has had a somewhat dormant year: apathy in the two senior forms plus the fact that our activities take place on Sundays have rather curtailed our programme.

Those walks and climbs that have gone on, however, have been most enjoyable, great enthusiasm being displayed by several members. The only walk to be reported on since the last issue of this magazine was a combined Cadet/Climbing Club expedition over Jock's Road from Glen Doll to Auchallater. This walk was very pleasant, its beauty being enhanced by the near perfect weather. As usual, this year we hope to join with the S.S.C. on two future occasions in the term, and anticipate a couple of very enjoyable outings.

Our grateful thanks go to Mr Brickley for doing so much for us in the way of leadership, and I would like to add my personal wishes for a successful season next session for the club.
John H. Brown, Secretary.

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MAGAZINE PRODUCTION

In this, Mr Erskine's last year at Dundee High School, the Magazine has undergone its first drastic change in format. We hope that the content-matter has, in keeping with the occasion, retained a high standard, and that the extra call upon the pocket is seen to have been fully justified!

The year began with a disruption in the form of the departure (to the literary circles of Arbroath) of Mr Adams, who had been the guiding spirit behind the previous year's editions of the Magazine. Since then Mr Fyall has marshalled his (by and large) enthusiastic committee-members on Friday afternoons. The year seems mainly to have been spent in the running of "... Or Something", the successor to "High Hopes" which has as yet appeared only once, owing to exams; coaxing and chivvying various club officials and circumscribing submitted articles with a welter of editorial comment by all and sundry on the Committee. This last job has been facilitated by the earlier "submission date" this year, which has allowed us more leisurely organization and proof reading this term. (For those of you who were confused, the opera last year was "The Pirates of Penzance", and not "H.M.S. Pinafore"). We have also extended the "Report" system to Friday Nine activities.

Our thanks go to Mr Macdonald for his generous help and enterprise in revising the format; to all those (particularly members of the Lower Preparatory Sections) who have flooded us with articles; and to Mrs Dalrymple and Mr Fyall for all their help.



BOYS' TENNIS (1st VI.)

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr N. G. S. Stewart, F. M. Hadden, D. J. Hain, P. D. Ritchie.

Front Row (l. to r.)—D. Campbell, I. Brown, P. C. Mitchell.

GOLF TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—G. W. Crooks, A. G. R. Garden, G. L. Wilson, D. J. Thain, N. D. Wightman.

Front Row (l. to r.)—D. M. Mee, Mr D. R. Paton, A. J. A. Fox.



GIRLS' TENNIS (1st VI.)

Back Row (l. to r.)—Lorna D. Gass, Mary B. Young, Alison Frew, Gillian Brown, Mrs Cocker.

Front Row (l. to r.)—Pamela M. Brodie, Lesley M. Brown, Lesley Miller.

Sports Activities



GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB REPORT

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the season—Captain, Lesely Brown; Vice-Captain, Pamela Brodie; Secretary, Alison Frew; Treasurer, Lesely Adam.

Owing to bad weather, the 1st VI. has only played one match this season, with one abandoned, while the 2nd VI. has had no matches as yet, but with one victory already secured, both teams are hoping for a successful season.

The 3rd year VI. shows great promise this year and will surely do the school credit in their future matches.

We would all like to thank Mrs Cocker for coaching and encouraging us, and also for attending our matches and practices in all weathers.

The results to date are as follows:—

1st VI. versus

Blairgowrie, 50 games to 49 games.

3rd year VI. 36 games to 27 games (abandoned).

3rd year VI versus

Blairgowrie, 64 games to 35 games.

A.F.

GIRLS' SWIMMING REPORT

The gala was held on Thursday, 26th March, at 2.30 p.m. This year a new record was made. More pupils entered for the gala than ever before, this being due to the tremendous encouragement of the gym staff. 34 girls competed for 5 places in the final of the Senior Breast stroke!

The Senior Championship was won by Edna McLennan (Lindores) with a total of 13 out of a possible 17 points, the highest score for several years! The Junior Championship was won by Patricia Cramond (Aystree). Lindores won the Girls' relay.

The gala was won by Lindores with 79½ points, 2nd was Aystree with 67½ points, 3rd Airlie with 55, and 4th Wallace with 36. However, this year for the first time the winning house receives 60 points the 2nd—45, 3rd—30 and 4th—15.

Unfortunately due to a strange lack of swimming teams in Dundee, both inter-school relays had to be cancelled. However, a girls' team was invited to the Harris Gala and the Stobswell Gala. The team on both occasions was—Lesely Miller, Wilda Brown, Susan Cramond and Edna McLennan. The team had surprising success and were just pipped at the post in both races, coming a second behind the winners.

We would like to thank the staff for their help at the gala and with swimming in general.

Lesley Miller (Captain).

BOYS' ATHLETICS CLUB

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the season—Captain: D. Rubens; Vice-Captain: J. Walker; Sec. and Treas.: A. Gossip; Committee: F. Hadden, G. Hawkes, P. Arbuckle.

The school is enjoying its best athletics' season ever. A win over Buckhaven and Dunfermline in the annual triangular match has been the highlight of the year. Recently the boys defeated Waid Academy at Monymusk, recording only the second win over this Fife school in eight years of competition.

Only one inter-school match remains, and that will take place at Forfar Road where our Juniors will take on the might of Morgan only a few days before the Annual School Sports.

We hope to improve on our seventeen "first" places of last year's Dundee Schools' Championships and are sending five competitors to the Inter-Scholastics to be held at Pitreavie, Dunfermline, towards the end of the month.

All our thanks go to Mr Brickley for his coaching; and to the many members of staff who have willingly given up their spare time to officiate at inter-school contests; we thank you, gentlemen!

A. J. Gossip.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT, 1970

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed—Captain: A. M. Patterson; Vice-Captain: J. G. Lowe; Secretary: C. S. McNeill; Treasurer: P. F. M. Sturrock; Members of the Committee: A. G. R. Garden, A. G. Ross, N. R. Philip.

The 1st XI. have had a very successful season, and, to date, are undefeated after six games.

Despite the absence of the captain, A. Patterson, who is in America with the English Speaking Union, the team achieved an excellent nine wicket victory over Kelvinside, and came close to beating Strathallan.

An all round competence and general enthusiasm seem to have been the reasons for success.

Younger players have played a prominent part this season, not only in the 1st XI. but also in the 2nd XI. who, under the captaincy of K.

Boyd, have achieved notable victories over Dollar and Madras in a successful season.

Our thanks must be extended to Mr Allardice and Mr Stark for coaching, and to Mr Stevenson, Mr N. Stewart and other members of staff, who have helped to make this season both enjoyable and successful.

C. McNeill, Secretary.

BASKETBALL CLUB REPORT

During the season the Juniors played well as usual. They qualified for the final of the Dundee "American" Tournament, as winners of the most difficult qualifying group.

The Seniors have also played well, although they did not have many games. Unfortunately they were unable to take part in the Schools' Tournament in which they probably would have been very successful.

Both J. Walker and J. Lester were chosen to represent the Senior and Junior Midlands Basketball teams, respectively.

Both teams have played well and this would not have been possible had it not been for the excellent coaching received from Mr R. Brickley.
David E. Cavers.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT 1969-70

The first XI. have had a very successful season with notable victories over all Dundee teams. The wins were due more to teamwork rather than individualism. The following players went forward to the Midlands trials: M. M. Adams, D. Taylor, M. Gillis and N. Hutton. Only M. Gillis was successful in reaching the second trial. In the Midlands six-a-side tournament, the first VI. were beaten in the semi-finals by the eventual winners, Lawside.

The second XI., captained by G. Lowe, have had an excellent season, only having one defeat—at the hands of Aberdeen Grammar School—in eleven games.

Under the captaincy of A. D. Ritchie, the Under-16 XI. had a successful season, and it is worth mentioning that all the teams they played were in a much older age group. In the Dundee six-a-side tournament, our under-16 VI. went down in the semi-finals to the eventual winners.

The second year hockey team, under their captain T. MacMillan showed great promise and enthusiasm in the few games they played; a good sign for the future.

We must thank Mr Brickley and Mr Garland for giving up so much of their time to coach, train and umpire the Senior "Elevens". Our thanks also go to Mr MacDonald, Mr Doig, Mr McKenzie and Mr Fraser for giving up so many

Saturday mornings to umpire and advise all school hockey teams.

P	W	L	D	F	A
14	8	5	1	41	17

Kenneth W. Boyd, Acting Secretary.

BOYS' TENNIS REPORT

There have been few results this season on which to judge the two teams' prowess. The senior VI. won the first round of the Midland Schools against Blairgowrie, but lost in the second to Perth Academy, the expected champions. Their only other fixture has been against Madras, which was won by a narrow margin of 5 matches to 4.

The junior VI. has had a slightly better record, having won against Blairgowrie and Lawside and lost by a very small margin to Perth, with an under-strength team. We congratulate Graham Butchart and Philip Ritchie on winning the Midlands under-15 schools' tournament for the school.

Bearing these results in mind, the future may be brighter than the present.

Duncan Campbell, Secretary.

NETBALL

This year, the 1st VII. have had the best season for a number of years. In the many friendly games we played, those which we did not win were lost by a very narrow margin—1 or 2 goals. In the league we finished a very close third after being the only team not to be beaten by the winners, Harris—we held them to a 9—9 draw.

In the Senior Secondary Tournament, we went out to the eventual winners (Harris), in the semi-final, after defeating Harris B and Grove. In the Secondary Schools Tournament we again just lost to Harris in the semi-final after narrowly defeating a strong Logie side in extra time and Lawside B.

Four of the team—Lesley Adam, Annette Arbuckle, Irene Stewart and Helen Stout were picked to train with a Dundee pool of players and Lesley Adam was chosen for the Dundee team in a recent inter-district tournament.

With only one member of the 1st VII. staying on, there are plenty of positions to be filled by 2nd VII. and 3rd year players. The Form One players did extremely well in their matches and will doubtless improve further.

On behalf of the netball players, I would like to thank Mrs Cocker and Miss Dobson for all their help and encouragement throughout the season.

L. M. B.



NETBALL TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—Miss Dobson, Helen Stout, Irene E. Stewart, Annette Arbuckle, Jane A. Standley, Mrs Cocker.

Front Row (l. to r.)—Lesley M. Brown, Lesley Adam, Lesley Miller.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr R. C. Brickley, R. B. Hain, G. D. Bell, G. J. Thomson, A. D. G. Morrison.

Front Row (l. to r.)—R. Sherrit, J. L. Lester, J. B. A. Miller.



Former Pupils' Section

OLD BOYS' CLUB

MR D. W. ERSKINE, M.A. (OXON.)

An Appreciation

The High School of Dundee has for many generations been fortunate in its Rectors. Men of great scholastic ability and character have guided the School. Such men were Dr. George R. Merry, Mr John McLennan and Mr Ian M. Bain. In 1955 the tradition was maintained when Mr D. W. Erskine was appointed and during his term of fifteen years, which comes to an end in June of this year, many outstanding achievements have been witnessed.

A son of the Manse—Mr Erskine was born in Broxburn, West Lothian, where his father was a United Free Church Minister. He was educated at Broxburn and Borroughmuir School, Edinburgh, before winning a Bursary to the Royal High School. Later from Edinburgh University he won an Open Scholarship to Corpus Christi, Oxford. The year 1928 saw him appointed an Assistant Master at Malvern College where after being in turn Head of the Classical Department and the English Department, he became a Housemaster in 1942.

Almost from the moment he entered the Pillars of the High School of Dundee, Mr Erskine revealed the dynamic personality and drive which has characterised his Rectorship over the past fifteen years. A Geography Department was established early in 1956 and almost immediately thereafter came the ambitious Reconstruction Scheme and Public Appeal. Largely through his efforts a substantial grant was received towards the reconstruction from the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education in Schools.

The years from 1956 onwards have seen great changes in the School. Apart from the reconstruction there has been a considerable widening in the academic field and the School has undertaken, under Mr Erskine's guidance, pilot schemes in various spheres of education. A first class team of Masters and Mistresses has been built up and now there can be few Schools which could surpass the High School in the quality and standard of the staff due in large measure to the enthusiasm and inspiration of the Rector.

Not satisfied, however, to bring the High School to such a standard, Mr Erskine has also had time to make his impressions on the City of Dundee outside School circles. He has established himself as a well-known and respected figure in Presbytery circles, he is President of the Local Save the Children Fund Committee and Chairman of the Dundee Branch of the English Speaking Union. In addition and among

many other activities he was responsible for the foundation in Dundee of the Council for World Citizenship and the Careers Convention.

His sporting activity is principally displayed on the Golf Course, and Barry sees him striking a good ball down the fairway and following it at incredible speed. His own love of music has inspired the School to a very high standard in music generally and to the great variety of instruments in which so many pupils participate.

In all these activities which add up to a very full and busy fifteen years. Mr Erskine has been very ably supported in every possible way by Mrs Erskine and all their many friends within the School, in Dundee generally and further afield wish them both a very long and happy retirement.

F.P. LAWN TENNIS CLUB

Senior Tennis throughout the Midlands has been going through a difficult time. Golf, television and other Saturday afternoon and weekday evening pursuits have assisted its decline. This has now cast its shadow on the D.H.S. Former Pupils Tennis Club.

We have, after I don't know how many years, had to discontinue this F.P. sport as a Club. In saying "discontinue", I hope I mean temporarily suspend. Having been connected with this Club for about fourteen years, I am personally very sorry to see this happen. The problem however is the lack of new blood—us "oldies" have hung on a long time—possibly too long, but always in the hope we would receive the transfusion of enthusiastic youth that was badly needed.

At a meeting of the Athletic Union Management Committee in May it was reluctantly decided to put the F.P. Tennis Club into "cold storage".

To any and all who are interested in the reviving of the club, there is a very healthy bank balance in abeyance; there are also one or two of the "oldies", including myself, who would only be too willing to help in the re-birth of the Club.

HAMISH L. G. LAURIE,
Immediate Past President.

OLD GIRLS' CLUB

Marriages

Frances Rollo to Mr R. Sturrock.
Avon Willis Brown to Mr P. Bartlett.
Ann Whalley to Mr G. Soutar.
Helen Jamieson to Mr P. Somerville.
Elizabeth Darroch to Mr A. Fair.
Elizabeth Stuart to Mr McDonald.

Marjorie Patrick to Mr B. Stewart.
Pamela Petrie to Mr D. Barry Scott.
Margaret Black to Mr C. D. Smith.
Susan Phillips to Mr Lawson.
Susan Gibson to Mr N. Rorie.

Greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The 38th Annual General Meeting of the club was held on Monday, 16th March 1970, when the following office-bearers were appointed: President—Mrs G. Raitt. Vice-Presidents—Mrs R. Grieve and Miss I. McNaughton. Hon. Treasurer—Mrs D. Thornton, 2 Claypotts Terrace, Broughty Ferry. Hon. Secretaries—Mrs A. D. Clark, Smithy Croft, Auchterhouse and Mrs R. Leslie, 2 Arnhall Gardens, Dundee. Other members of committee appointed were: Miss Gray and Mrs Lowden ex officio, Mrs H. Brown, Mrs H. Knight, Miss J. McKendrick, Mrs N. Sturrock, Miss D. Jackson, Mrs G. Burnett, Mrs D. Nicol, Mrs I. Dryden, Mrs J. Pate, Mrs D. Tweedie, Mrs J. Peggie and Mrs W. Clark. Miss McNaughton and Mrs Knight are representatives to the A.U. The total membership of the club is now 682.

The Reunion Dinner held in the Queen's Hotel on the last day of October was attended by over 90 members. Mrs Agnes Allan, citizen of the year, gave a most interesting and amusing talk on her fifty years of voluntary work. This year we are to return to the Royal Hotel on Friday, 6th November and we hope to have the usual support of old and new members.

Once again in June 1969 the School and the club joined forces and ran the Tea Tent and Cake and Candy Stall at the School sports, when a clear profit of £80 was made. We are running this again this year and would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Gray and all members of staff and pupils for the help given.

On 27th June 1969, a clock was presented to Mr and Mrs Stark to mark Mr Stark's retiral. This was a gift from the club to show our gratitude for all the work and help given by them both to both present and past pupils.

During the year, the Old Girls' Club was approached by the Old Boys' Club and it was agreed to spend part of our capital in financing a preliminary survey and setting up of a Capital Appeal Fund for the School. A committee has been formed consisting of six Old Girls and six Old Boys and a professional firm consulted and a number of meetings held.

On Friday, 20th March 1970 a careers meeting was held in the school and two Old Boys and three Old Girls gave talks on the careers they have followed.

As we all know, Mr Erskine retires this year and we would like to take this opportunity of wishing both Mr and Mrs Erskine a very happy retirement. Along with the Old Boys, parents and friends of the School, we are to make a presentation to Mr Erskine in the Marryat Hall on the 17th June.

We extend a warm welcome to all girls leaving School in July and we trust that those who attended the Leavers' Tea Party on 20th

May enjoyed their afternoon with the Old Girls there.

We have added a list of members who have disappeared from our mailing lists owing to a change of address or name. If you can help, please send name and address to the secretary: Mrs A. D. Clark, Smithy Croft, Auchterhouse, DD3 0QS.

Members Missing and Last Known Address

Miss Kathleen K. Allan, Inverpark, 2 Chalmers Street, Dundee.

Miss H. Baxter, 3 Inverleith Avenue, Edinburgh.

Mrs Beath, 5 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry.

Mrs C. Billett (C. Bradburn), 123 Wards Road, Brechin.

Mrs Lydia Breger, c/o Shepherd, 127 Kinghorn Road, Dundee.

Mrs P. Briggs (Jewel Kidd), 5 Union Street, Seintett, Nr. Huddersfield.

Mrs A. Brown (Eliz. Johnston).

Mrs D. Ness (Maisie Kay), 127 Ferry Road, Dundee.

Miss Morag A. Campbell, 62 Pettycur Road, Kinghorn, Fife.

Mrs James Cole, Craig Dirvan, Burntisland, Fife.

Miss Muriel Crawford, Braes, Birkhill, by Dundee.

Miss Norma Currie, now married.

Miss G. Dingwall, 27 Johnston Avenue, Dundee.

Mrs J. Dunlop (Esme Bowman), Stables, Glassnock, Cumnock, Ayrshire.

Mrs C. Helen Fleming, 19 Westfield Road, West Ferry, Dundee.

Mrs W. Galloway, 6 Laird Street, Dundee.

Miss J. Grady.

Miss F. Gibb (Linda Mollison), c/o 77 Harrison Road, Dundee.

Mrs A. G. Hamilton (J. Burnett), 10 Clarence Street, Paisley, Renfrewshire.

Mrs John Hunter (Winnie Carrie), Dinard, 19 Wilson Street, Perth.

Mrs A. Inglis, Morig, Newport-on-Tay, Fife.

Mrs Doreen C. F. Lowden, 3 Abercrombie Street, Barnhill, Dundee.

Mrs Louisa McGregor, Carmichael's Farm, Invergowrie.

Mrs Nancy M. McKenzie, 25 Ashley Gardens, Edinburgh, 11.

Mrs Donald McNab (Fiona Milne).

Miss Agnes M. Melville, c/o Bank of Scotland, Victoria Street, Dundee.

Mrs Douglas Miller, Craignordie, Caenlochan Road, West Ferry.

Miss Alice Moodie, Dramalis, Wormit, Fife.

Mrs A. B. Moore.

Miss Sheila Joan Plant.

Miss Florence L. Phillip, 16 Greenhill Terrace, Edinburgh, 10.

Mrs L. T. Rees, Flat 4, Fernwood Court, Fernwood Road, Jecwood, Newcastle-upon-Lyme.

Miss P. S. Richardson, 14 Constitution Terrace, Dundee.

Miss M. B. Richardson, 14 Constitution Terrace, Dundee.
 Mrs M. E. Robertson, Spylawbank Road, Colinton, Edinburgh, 13.
 Miss Caroline N. Rudd, 19 Ayr Road, Prestwick, Ayrshire.
 Dr. W. J. Mackie, 21 Fairfield Road, West Ferry, Dundee.
 Mrs J. A. Todd, c/o Irvine, "Coylum", Wellpark Terrace, West Newport-on-Tay.
 Mrs Lydia Daltam, c/o Bowman, 12 Grove Road, Broughty Ferry.
 Mrs Denyon, Ledaig, Wormit, Fife.
 Mrs Isobel L. Duke, Kinwara, Tayport, Fife.
 Mrs Ian K. Young, 125 Market Street, St. Andrews, Fife.
 Mrs Doris P. G. Young, 144 Kingsway East, Maryfield, Dundee.

The following have joined the club since March 1969.

Miss Lesley Allison, Schoolhouse, Auchterhouse, by Dundee.
 Miss Anne Batchelor, 88 Dickson Avenue, Dundee, DD2 4EH.
 Miss Gillian Birrell, 340 Blackness Road, Dundee.
 Mrs Margo Brush, Taymount, 37 Albert Road, West Ferry.
 Miss Barbara Buchanan, 69 Clepington Road, Dundee.
 Miss Fiona Buchanan, 10 Ralston Mount, West Ferry, Dundee, DD5 1NN.
 Mrs E. M. Clark, Lisheen, Auchterhouse, by Dundee.
 Miss Anne Cowie, 57 Mains Loan, Dundee.
 Mrs Pamela Crichton, 9 Bradbury Street, Downfield, Dundee.
 Mrs Inez Dryden, Inverray, 5 Victoria Road, Broughty Ferry.
 Miss Patricia M. Duff, 84 Dalkeith Road, Dundee.
 Miss Margaret Duncan, 2 Menzieshill Road, Dundee.
 Miss Isabel G. Ferrier, Alltiroch, Bridge of Cally, Blairgowrie.
 Mrs Rita Forrest, Westmount, 20 Menzieshill Road, Dundee.
 Miss Mairi Hutton, 375 Arbroath Road, Dundee.
 Miss Helen M. Johnston, 17 Davidson Street, Broughty Ferry.
 Miss Norma Lawson, 33 Fairfield Road, West Ferry.
 Mrs Eileen Lee, Latehet, Auchterhouse, by Dundee.
 Miss Susan C. Mee, Coulrabank, Gauldry, Newport-on-Tay.
 Miss Deborah Menelaws, Arnot House, 31 Wellpark Terrace, Wormit.
 Miss Anne Munro, 5 Panmure Terrace, Dundee.
 Miss Sandra Nicoll, 6 Old Muirton Road, Lochee, Dundee, DD2 3TX.
 Mrs Jenny Pate, South Powrie, by Dundee.
 Miss Dorothy Richardson, 113 Pitkerro Road, Dundee.

Miss Patricia Ritchie, Momney Lodge, 5 Panmure Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
 Miss Glenys A. Roberts, 60 Strathern Road, West Ferry, Dundee.
 Mrs Jennifer Scott, 5 Hill Road, Broughty Ferry.
 Miss Isobel H. Scrymgeour, Glornoch, Longforgan.
 Miss Janet Lewis, 20 Adderley Crescent, Monifieth.
 Miss Hilary Smith, Drumgeith House, Dundee.
 Miss Joan Taylor, 1 Albert Street, Monifieth.
 Miss Lorna Thom, 26 Duntrune Terrace, West Ferry.
 Miss June Watson, 242 Arbroath Road, Dundee.

We deeply regret the deaths of the following members—

Mrs C. Farquharson.
 Miss Dora Milne.
 Miss Rosemary Main.
 Mrs D. E. Mathers.
 Miss C. R. Rattray.

Sally Clark and Katharine Leslie
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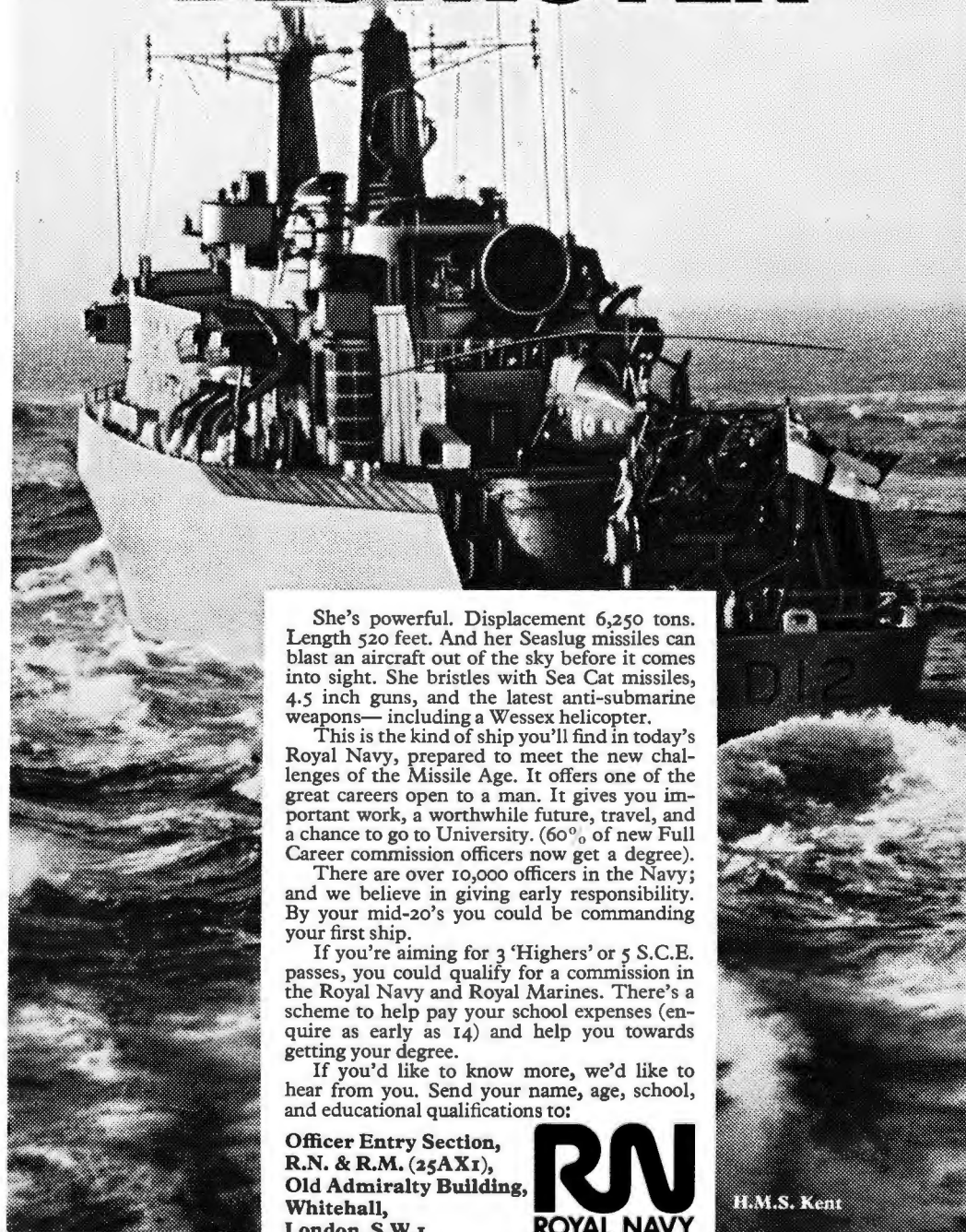
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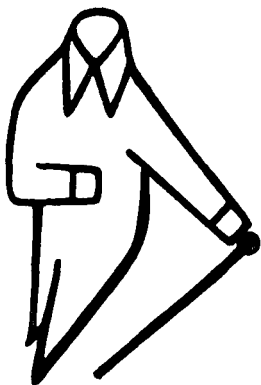
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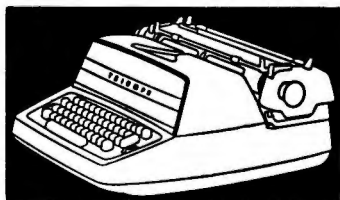
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