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No. 149

DECEMBER 1970

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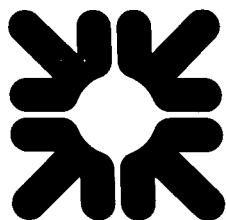
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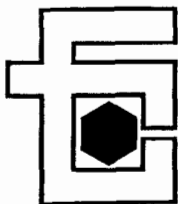
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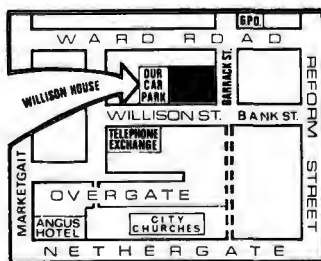
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High School of Dundee

MAGAZINE

No. 149

December 1970

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"To be or not to be", that is not the question, although some in our midst may be shaken from their lethargic negligence to produce the biennial literary masterpiece, to remark at the audacity of the editorial committee in producing another magazine after the bitter criticism of one Thomas Buchan, judge of the "Scotsman" competition for School Magazines. Mr Buchan condemns us for being too traditional and apparently for harbouring no pupil "capable of expressing himself in English". We respectfully beg to differ on this second point and imagine that after reading a publication from every school in the country, he was unable to appreciate the variety in both content and quality of articles published.

However, we believe that, rather than being an edited selection of poems and essays from the more literate pupils, the magazine forms a vital part of school life. Through the magazine, the pulse of the school is beating; it keeps parents and F.P.'s up to date with staff changes and shows them the wide range of sporting and indoor activities in which their children may, if so inclined, participate, it is a mouthpiece for the views and opinions of older pupils, and the chance of fame for the younger, for whom the average essay is rewarded by only a depressing percentage.

We hope that this, the second issue of the seventies and the first of a new era in the flow of school life, serves this purpose. It is the first magazine published under our new Rector, but old friend of the school, Mr E. M. Stewart. "Certain innovations are to be recorded" writes one of my predecessors in 1964, and while not wishing to class our Rector as an "innovation" I will mention the new five-storey block which incorporates a newly enlarged gym, greatly benefiting from showers, a snack bar for senior pupils, a tuckshop to replace the old draughty milkshed, two long-awaited common rooms for fifth and sixth year boys, and a depressing number of steps. At long last, the "hut" has been demolished and been replaced by a building incorporating two new singing rooms, thus transferring L2 to the old building, and housing the preparatory department within a greatly reduced area. Work is proceeding, we hope, amidst the dust and noise proceeding from the Savings Bank and we hope to be making use of their space shortly. The last "innovation" to record, and most pleasing to the eye, is the sparkling new coat of paint in which the old building smiles benignly down Reform Street.

It only remains for me to hope that you enjoy reading the magazine and are inspired by the energy and drive with which we forge ahead into the seventies, and to wish one and all a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

The Editor.



News and Notes

NEWS OF STAFF

This term has been the first of **Mr E. M. Stewart's** Rectorship. Mr Stewart has brought to this the same enthusiasm, dedication and kindly sense of purpose that marked his service as Second Master and Head Master of the English Department. More is said in this connection later in the magazine.

The School is fortunate in that it has enjoyed long service from many distinguished members of staff, and it is with regret that we announce the retirement of two such gentlemen. **Mr Howat**, Headmaster of Classics, left us in September; **Mr Wardlaw**, Headmaster of Chemistry, leaves us at Christmas. Tribute is paid to these gentlemen later in the magazine, and we join with the writers of those in wishing to both and to their wives, the very best of health and happiness in their retirement.

We are also sorry to announce the departure of **Miss Moira Laing** of the Geography and Modern Studies Department. She has taken up a post in the Liberal Studies Department of Hamilton College of Education. Miss Laing joined the staff in 1960, and proved to be a most valuable and dedicated member of the School. Pupils will remember her untiring efforts on their behalf, her knowledge and enthusiasm shown in her teaching, and many have reason to be grateful for the fine results achieved. In addition to work in the classroom, Miss Laing has served the school in innumerable ways: Form Mistress, Hill Walking, Travel, Junior Drama, Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme—these by no means exhaust her activities. We wish Miss Laing all the best of success and happiness in her new post.

In this connection we thank **Mrs Walsh** for all her help in the Geography Department: this is much appreciated.

We are glad to hear that **Miss Nicoll** will be returning after Christmas. We wish her a complete recovery and the best of

health. We would like to express thanks and appreciation to **Mrs Milne** for all her help in the Junior Department.

After Christmas, we will welcome the following as new members of staff:—

Mr I. Lornie (who taught in D.H.S. previously) will join the Chemistry Department.

Mr D. A. P. Wynd has been appointed as Laboratory Steward.

ART STAFF

In the annual Open Competition of the Dundee Ciné Society, **Mr Macdonald** was awarded Second Prize and the Larg Sound Trophy for his film, "Without a Wheel" which illustrates the craft of hand-made pottery.

In the Biennial Exhibition of the Dundee Art Society, Miss Edgar had an oil-painting and two pieces of ceramics on view while Mr Vannet was represented by a Watercolour and two etchings.

Mr Vannet was also represented in the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Marine Artists held in the Guildhall, London by an oil-painting and an etching. His etching of the "Unicorn" in Dundee harbour has been chosen for the Dundee Savings Bank Calendar for 1971.

In the annual Open Competition of Dundee Ciné Society, Mr Macdonald was awarded Second Prize and the Larg Sound Trophy for a film dealing with hand-made Pottery and in the D.H.S. Old Boys' Club Annual Angling Competition, Mr Macdonald won the Silver Trophy.

FORMER STAFF

Mr T. S. Halliday, of Wormit, has been awarded a silver medal by the Academia Tommaso Campanella, Rome for his work as an artist.

He has also been elected a member of the academy.

Mr Halliday was formerly Head of the Art Department.

We Congratulate . . .

Hamish E. Millar, Form I. for winning the Poster Competition organised by the Dundee Association for Mental Health.

The theme given was "Threshold" and the competition was arranged among the Senior Secondary Schools in Dundee. It is part of a project designed to provide a Rehabilitation Unit in Liff Hospital Grounds to be a halfway house between hospital and outside life.

NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

Once again, we are happy to congratulate a number of former pupils:—

Carole Newlands graduated M.A. with 1st Class Honours in English and Latin at St. Andrews University in July, 1970.

William A. A. Robertson graduated B.Sc. with 1st Class Honours in Botany at St. Andrews University in July, 1970. He also gained the Margaret Laing Bell Prize, the Class Medal and the Berry Scholarship.

Douglas A. H. Smith graduated B.Sc. with 1st Class Honours in Civil Engineering at Dundee College of Technology.

Martin C. Stewart graduated B.Sc. with 2nd Class Honours in Civil Engineering at Dundee College of Technology.

Elizabeth A. T. MacRitchie (né **Nicholson**) graduated B.Arch. with 2nd Class Honours at Edinburgh College of Art.

D. Paterson (a former dux of the school) gained a Ph.D. at Dundee University (1970).

Robin M. Foote has gained the Class Medal, and the George R. Donald Prize in Scots Law.

Roger Illsley has won the Gray Prize for Arts with an essay on the Philosophy of Non-Violence.

Michael Rogers was awarded the John T. McLaren Travelling Scholarship (Architecture) and has passed the Intermediate Examination at Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art.

Richard Russell gained a place in the Royal College of Art, London, for the study of Industrial Design (Engineering).

THE CYCLING PROFICIENCY TEST

One day in September, Miss Coull asked us if we would like to sit the Cycling Proficiency Test. Everyone said "Yes!" David Lee said that he had sat the test already and had passed. Later, Miss Coull asked 20 boys if they wanted to be in the first section. They all did.

On Thursday, 8th October, we had a talk from the policeman. On Monday 12th October we had to bring in our bicycles.

The first thing we had to learn was that we had to look behind and signal before we moved off. We also had to make a neat and safe start. We then had to turn right at the stop sign.

When we had cycled halfway along the road, we had to look behind and signal before moving out to the centre of the road. We stopped, looked right, left, and right again. Then we looked behind, gave a right turn signal and cycled straight ahead and then turned right.

Next we went to the bean-bags. At them we had to go in and out, taking care not to touch them.

After that we did the left turn junction at the traffic lights. When we were half along, we had to look behind and signal our intention to turn left. When we got to the line, we had to stop even if the lights were at green. We had to look right, left and right again. If it was clear, we looked behind, signalled and turned left.

Then we did the emergency stop. We had to cycle along quite fast and when the policeman shouted "Stop", we had to stop, applying the back brake and then the front one, but almost both together.

We then had to park our bikes. We looked behind and gave a slowing down signal and stopped. We parked our bicycles and went inside.

Before we did these things, we did the written paper. Much later we were told the results. Everyone had passed! Four people had got 100%. 31 boys and 19 girls had sat the test. Some boys are doing the test in the summer. We do not know yet when we are getting our badges and certificates.

Nicolas Matheson-Dear, LV.



Mr E. M. STEWART, RECTOR

THE RECTOR

As Convener of the Rector's Committee, I value this invitation to express a welcome to and appreciation of Mr Stewart, the Rector. No event in the High School history had more happiness and harmony and enjoyed such enthusiasm and endorsement (within and without our walls) as his appointment as Rector of the School! It fell to me, as Convener, to let Mr Stewart know that he was the Directors' unanimous choice and sole nominee for the post. Mr Stewart is endowed with sincerity, simplicity and sympathy—fired by integrity tempered by humour—a tremendous human being! He was quite overcome by my news, and this endorsed, more than ever, that our choice was the right one! Never during his service as Second Master, when he concentrated upon the worth and welfare of the School, did Mr Stewart convey aspirations or covet ambitions that would ensure his being offered the Rectorship! When he understood how sincerely we wanted him, he rose to the occasion with sentiment and understanding!

In Mr Stewart, we have one not only completely briefed and aware of the past, the present and the future, but also one who, by talent, temperament and taste, was singularly suited for promotion! He earned and enjoyed the regard and the respect of the staff, parents, pupils (past and present) and all with whom he came in contact, for his infectious enthusiasm for his work, and further, for the diligence and the devotion he has given to the High School in all its aspects and in every activity—a former Dux of the School and the immediate Past President of the Old Boys' Club! The power, purpose and progress of a Rector are closely related to the response and regard his instruction and inspiration receive! Let each of us play his part in this next chapter of the High School Story! **Never** less than Duty, **Always** more than is expected! I am confident that Mr Stewart insists that good English is economical, and that words are precious, so I restrict my phrases but not my praises, my personal regards and good wishes to him. To the excellence and example of previous rectors, Mr Stewart will bring an equal interpretation and his own contribution to the heart, health and welfare of the High School! Never was good-will, on every side, more genuine and more generous! I am fully persuaded that the generation ahead will applaud and endorse the wisdom and the worth of his appointment as Rector!

A.S.D.

An Interview with the Rector

Having studied the respective interviewing techniques of Messrs Frost, Day, and to a certain extent Muggeridge, Linda Glass and myself sallied forth to find out more about the man behind the door marked RECTOR.

One Friday afternoon, somewhat apprehensive, but eager to begin our interview, we tapped on that very door and were greeted by a smiling Mr Stewart. With pens poised, we took a deep breath and asked our first question.

Question: "Are you enjoying being rector of Dundee High School?"

Answer: "Yes I am—very much so."

Question: "What made you want to be a teacher?"

Answer: "I really can't tell—it's so long ago! In those days there was less career interest and fewer outlets than we have today. Teaching was just an accepted occupation like a lawyer or a doctor. I really didn't give it too much thought, but to some extent I suppose I was influenced by my teachers and rector, Mr John McLennan."

Question: "What are your happiest memories of your own school days?"

Answer: "The English class, fun in Big Bob McKenzie's class, and playing in the school golf team."

Question: "What is the most unusual matter you have been asked to deal with during your years of teaching?"

Answer: (After a long pause for thought). "One incident I recall is an occasion when I was teaching at night school. The door opened and a young man announced that he was joining my class forthwith. That particular young man was notorious for having knifed his previous teacher!"

Mr Stewart can laugh now, but one gets the feeling that at the time he did not find it quite so amusing. He added:

"The most unusual answer I had from a pupil was during a history lesson. For once the class seemed to be thoroughly wrapped up in the lesson. But to my surprise and disillusionment, having asked a question, a certain Jones (I can still recall his name) answered 'Please sir, are we playing Harris Academy away on Saturday?'"

Question: "Did you have any nickname for your teachers?"

Answer: "Yes—'Big Bob', 'Cushie', 'John Mo or Moses', 'Mike', 'Doc', and 'Auntie' was the Lady Superintendent."

Question: "How do you enjoy spending your leisure hours?"

Answer: "What leisure time I have I spend doing Church and Presbytery work, visiting old people, reading, and I do enjoy a round at golf."

Question: "What kind of holiday do you like?"

Answer: "My family are partial to camping and caravanning holidays. However, having had my share of life 'under canvas', I prefer driving round the countryside—almost letting the car decide which route to take—and visiting interesting places new to me."

Question: "What are your sporting interests?"

Answer: "Playing golf and watching rugby. In my youth, I did play a little cricket and soccer and of course rugby. I even played 'goalie' in the staff hockey team. I only played goalie because I had never bothered to learn the rules and what success I had, I think, was

due to my ability to kick hard. To be honest, I think the girls' team we were playing were scared of my feet!"

Question: "What sort of music do you enjoy?"

Answer: "Light, classical and sacred. Pop music I find too loud. I have never been trained to enjoy heavy classical music. I like my music to be tuneful."

Question: "What are your favourite T.V. programmes?"

Answer: "Mainly drama, current affairs, e.g. 'Panorama', and of course sport."

Question: "Who is your favourite comedian?"

Answer: "Tommy Handley during the war and today Morecambe and Wise are my favourites."

Question: "If you could take one book other than the Bible to a desert island which one would it be?"

Answer: (Without any hesitation), "Shakespeare—'The Complete Works'."

Question: "Do you miss teaching English?"

Answer: "At times—yes. I sometimes miss Shakespeare, Milton, etc. but life is fairly hectic as rector and I have little time to miss being a teacher."

Question: "If you had not been a teacher, what else would you have done?"

Answer: "I had the usual boyhood ambitions—engine driver, etc. Then I remember being fascinated by the idea of being a detective." He paused while visions of Inspector Barlow flashed through our minds. Then the rector dropped this bombshell. "I would really have liked to give pleasure to others by some form of entertainment—particularly singing." Inspector Barlow faded from our minds and Andy Williams took over instead. Finally a true test of our rector.

Question: "What are your views on the midi?"

Answer: "Don't quote me, but even rectors are human! To be honest, I like somewhere between the mini and the midi."

We thoroughly enjoyed our interview. We found Mr Stewart to be friendly and helpful, carefully considering all our questions. We discovered too, that he had a sense of humour which is, no doubt, very necessary for his job. We hope too, that Mr Stewart enjoyed his interview as much as we did. Now we are looking for another victim to interview for the next magazine. Any offers?

Sandra Grant, F.V.



Junior School

SUMMER

In summer we did not go for summer holidays like we used to do. This year we had a stay-at-home holiday. I thought it was the best holiday I'd had. First of all we got two rabbits, and we named them Nibbles and Snowy. Then about three weeks after we went to stay with the Brydon's I went to Kim's house quite a lot. I went swimming quite a lot as well.

Alison Newton, L.IIIa.

CHRISTMAS

At Christmas time we hang our stockings up on the wall and Santa fills them up with toys. We have turkey and oatmeal for meat and christmas pudding. And then we open the presents that are under the tree.

Susan McCoss, L.IIIa.

At Hallowlen it's scary because it is believed that witches come out at night. But we do not care what the old folks say. For we dress up and think it rather fun, you see we go to a friend of ours and sing. When she has said good-bye she gives us a bag of sweets nuts oranges apple and pea-nuts.

Gillian McFarland, L.IIIa.

MY SISTERS

I have a big sister called Jane. And a little sister called Sarah. Sarah is four. Jane is nine. Sarah and I have brown hair but Jane has fair hair.

And I have a baby brother called Simon.

Nicola Picton, L.IIIb.

GUY FAWKES

On the fifth of November we have our bonfire and we have fireworks and roasted potatoes and we warm our hands on the fire. The fourth of November is good as well as the fifth because we go gissing with some of my friends.

Alistair Roy, L.IIIa.

MY BATH

I like to have my bath,
I like to have it hot,
I like a little cold,
I do like a hot bath.
I like all the bubbles,
It is such fun,
I don't like to have to come out,
I do like a hot bath.
I like to go to bed,
It is so snug and warm,
I do like my bed
But it is nice to have a hot bath.

Katherine A. McLellan, L.IIIb.

I wonder I wonder if anyone nose who lives in the heart of this velvety rose now is it a goblin or is it an elf or is it the queen of the fairys her self.

Tiffany Veitch, L.IIIb.

HALLOWE'EN

The witches came creeping,
The ghosts were peeping,
A cat was teeping.
The witches were casting a spell,
The ghosts were ringing a bell,
It was so frightening to tell.

Catrina Collins, L.IV.

WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

I want a soldier suit for my christmas. I will pretend to fight I want it to have a helmet and a pistol with it. And it to be camouflaged green and light brown. And pockets on the jacket.

Christopher Matheson-Dear, L.IIIa.

OUR PETS

We have two dogs and they are both brown. One is called Benny, and the other is Blair. Blair is not a pest, but he is only a puppy. I play with him a lot. Old Benny is lazy, he will not go out to play with Blair. Ben is so fat and Blair is so thin. Benny is fat because he eats Blair's food.

Alison Inverarity, L.IV.

THE THREE DUCKS

Once upon a time there lived three ducks. Their names were Peter, Ann and Mary. They all lived in a wood near a little river. They drink water from the river and swim on it. One morning when they woke up they went down to the river and they saw a swan on the river they said good-morning to each other. Later on they made good freinds and played together.

Elaine Cox, L.IIIa.

HALLO'WEEN

At Hallo'ween the witches meet round there cauldrens. People used to believe in witches so they planted a rowan tree outside their door. It was believed that witches would not go near a rowan-tree. We sometimes dress up like a witch and prtend to stir something like the witches did and maybe go out guising with a turnip-lantern and a mask on our face.

Catrina Allardice, L.IIIa.

TANGLE TALK

T'was in the month of Liverpool,
In the city of July,
The snow was raining heavily,
The streets were very dry.
The flowers were sweetly singing,
The birds were full in bloom,
As I went down the cellar,
To sweep an upstairs room.

Diana Wilson, L.IIIb.

A HAMSTER

I have a little Hamster
And he is such a dear
But how his wiskers tickle
When he wispers in my ear.
He plays inside my dolls house
Isint that a funny place
If you peep through the window
You will see his little face.
My daddy made a slide for him
Look see him sliding down
He loves to have his fun and games
Just like a curcus clown.
When bedtime comes
My Hamster is a little sleepy head
He snuggles up inside his nest
While I go of to bed.

Jane Ralls, L.IIIb.

Yesterday morning my Mum picked up my little sisters schoolbag and a mouse ran into the living-room. Later my Dad saw it. Luckily last night we caught two mice. My Mum would't go into the kitchen until the mice were removed. Next morning we caught no mice but my Dad said he thought there was no more.

Peter McCormack, L.IIIa.

RIDDLES

Question 1: What runs from Glasgow to London without moving?

Answer: A railway line.

Question 2: Why do Elephants swim in pairs?

Answer: They only have one pair of trunks.

David Lee, L.V.

When we were down at a river and we caught a trout and daddy caught six trout and we were swinging and I fell in and buy lunch time it was getting very hot and daddy had to go away to see a man and he had to go away to see won pony and we were home at nine oclock. And the next day daddy slep in to one oclock.

Timothy Hardie, L.IIIa.

BRAMBLING ON A SUNDAY

Last Sunday, my two big sisters, my big brother, my wee brother, my daddy, and I went brambling. We went across the Tay Bridge to Fife in the car. We drove along the road without any luck. All the brambles were picked. We stopped the car for a while to look in a wood to stretch our legs. We found a few wee ones in there. Daddy said it was time to go, so we packed up and went. We carried on until there were two roads branching off. We took a wee one and carried on. On this road there were lots and lots of brambles. We parked our car in an opening and got out. We picked solidly for about an hour and then went home. By accident, Moyra knocked ofer a bag of brambles and we lost half of them. On the way home we passed Leuchars and saw a Hercules taking off. When we arrived home, we weighed the brambles. We had picked 5 lbs. of brambles.

Alison Guthrie, L.IV.

MONKEY WAKES

In the dark and tangled forest,
I saw a monkey,
I caught it when it was asleep and took
it too my mother,
My mother looked at it and said would
you like to keep it and I said yes,
I made a cage for it,
I put some straw in it for its bed,
It liked it's bed and me

Tina Nurbhai, L.IIIb.

DINASORS

There were many kinds of Dinosaurs
milions of years ago there were the Bron-
tasorus and the Alasorusrex and Tirona-
sorusrex and all these big monsters were
about the hight of a house. These mons-
ters were so big that they just pushed
over all the trees and made a terabill
noise. They were very long aswell. They
had alot of fights and the bigger one
usuly won. There colours were usuly light
brown and grey.

Aileen Reid, L.IIIa.

Last week our dog Polly was very noisy.
She jumped up at the dustbin and it fell
right over. Mummy had to pick it up
agian. Then Polly started chasing the cat,
Candy. But Candy just lay there waiting
for Polly. Then Candy started to scratch
the couch. Next day Polly jumped up on
my bed and licked my face.

Kate Marr, L.IIIa.

MY PET

My pet is called Snowball and she is
a rabbit. She runs about the garden and
sometimes she eats the grass when she
is fed up. When she is finished, she runs
away into the plants. She gets all dirty
when she goes into the earth. When it
has been raining, she gets all wet in
among the plants.

Heather Stewart, L.IV.

THE WITCH

Once there was a wicked witch,
That lived by a muddy ditch.
When darkness fell, she would fly pell
mell,
Into the moonlit sky.

Paul Clark, L.V.

CHRISTMAS

At christmas time we hang up our
stockings on the chair and wait for Santa
Claus to fill with toys. He has a funny
hairy beard and he is dressed in red and
white he looks such funny thing. I laughed
and laughed because he looked so funny
in red and there is only one thing to say
but he supported Aberdeen. A red and
white scarf red and white clouthes. And
there is only one thing that he hated
Arbroth.

Gordon Guthrie, L.IIIa.

THE SNAIL-LIKE MOUSE

There was a little mouse
Who had a small house.
He had a grey tail
And looked like a snail.
His nose was Red
And his name was Fred.
His eyes were blue,
Why he never knew.
He liked to pout
But he couldn't shout.
The only thing about him was
He had too big a paw.
He tried to sing
But he went ping! ping!
He banged his head
And had to go to bed.
Poor little Fred!

Ailsa McEwen, L.IV.

MY PETS

We have a puppy dog. His name is
Titus. He is about one year three months
but he still chews his blanket. We are
going to get a Labrador puppy whose
name will be either Brutus or Rufus. We
have seen the Labrador. He is black, with
a tail that wags all the time. Mummy
hopes his tail doesn't wag off.

Kathleen Saddler, L.IV.

RAINDROPS

Splash! Splash! Splash!
The rain is coming down,
Bang! Bang! Bang!
The thunder is roaring over the town.
Flash! Flash! Flash!
The lightning is shining bright,
Ah! here comes the sun
To give us more light.

Sandra Cox, L.IV.

CARS

Cars here, Cars there,
Saloons and sports cars everywhere,
All types of cars up and down the road,
All the drivers obey the Highway Code.
Bubble cars are going up the street,
Taking their driver's for a treat.
They are going to the grocer's to get
some eggs,
They've gone in a car, it's too much for
their legs.

Angus Johnson, L.V.

WITCH UPON THE MOONLIT SKY

There goes a witch upon the sky,
Waving her wand as if at I,
Now I wonder where she's gone,
As if it's with the morning dawn.
No, there she is,
Up there in the sky,
Still waving her wand as if at I,
Swooping! Screaching! in the sky,
Now she's gone,
My, my, my!

Scott Carnegie, L.V.

LONG-RANGE WEATHER FORECAST!



Alan G. Anderson, L.VI.

BUBBLES

Yellow and white,
Clear and so bright,
Many colours of the rainbow,
Just like a little show.

Ever so high,
Up into the sky,
Then with a little pop,
They just blow up.

Dallas Mechan, L.IV.

WITCHES

Up in the air the witches stare,
Up in the sky the witches fly,
They scream they shout and turn about,
And keep looping the loop when they're
there.

Stuart McMain, L.VI.

CATS

There can be all kinds of cats. You can
have white ones or black ones. Black
ones are said to be lucky. Cats cannot
swim and do not like water. Cats are
not meant to wear leads but a lady along
the road from us has a Siamese cat with
a lead on, most of the time. I think cats
are very nice.

Inta Ozols, L.IV.

THE CYCLIST

Cecil was a cyclist,
Speeding down the road.
Every day he would study
The Highway Code, and the
Rule of the road.
Until one day,
He crashed.
If only he had studied the
Highway Code and the
Rule of the road,
Well enough.

Paul Clark, L.V.

CLEVER CHAP

Godfrey was a clever chap,
who liked studying the map.
His favourite subject was sums,
And all the mums,
thought he was a very clever chap.
Compared with other lads,
Godfrey was much better.
Howard, Norman, Oliver,
Maurice, Peter and Donald.
He was much better than all of them.

Paul Clark, L.V.

THE MOON

Oh how I like the moon
I hope it will come out soon.
On Hallowe'en it lights up all the witches
and bats,
On ordinary nights I can see vats.
Oh how I like the Moon.

Paul Clark, L.V.

AT THE KERB

Kerbdrill helps an awful lot.
If not I'd be in the hands of the Red Cross.
After that,
A fortnight in bed
With a very sore head.
So every time you cross the road
Keep to, the Highway Code.

Angus Mackenzie, L.V.

I've got a pony,
I've got a horse,
They love going among the gorse
When I give them hay,
Then they will neigh,
So I turn them loose.

Sarah Ramsay, L.IV.

A SPOOKY TALE

One night "The Ghost Hunters", Mary and Jane woke up hearing peculiar sounds so they went to investigate. They cautiously looked around the house, still hearing those noises but not seeing anyone.

In the morning, Mary and Jane told their mother, who had not heard anything.

The next night was Hallowe'en, and Mary and Jane heard the same noises just as their old grandfather clock struck midnight. As they had done the night before, they got up. They looked round the house and noises were coming out of the wall in the front porch which was circular, so they went outside and saw a man dressed as a wizard speaking into the opposite wall.

Susan Smith, L.V.

CAT AND MOUSE

I have a cat a black one it is,
I found a white mouse timid and shy,
My cat one day found the mouse,
Clatter and clang,
Hop and a jump,
A skip and a run.

Dashing here,
Dashing there,
Dashing everywhere,
Clatter then a sudden crash
Poor littal mouse,
Scared is he!
Nearly dead.

Carolyn Hogg, L.V.

THE DANGER DAY

The danger day as you may know,
Is the fifth of November;
The day when you fire,
You even handle explosives,
Which are a danger to your life,
You may be scarred for the rest of your life.

Why are we so silly to remember something that happened in 1605,
I like fireworks but not the danger.

Jennifer Reid, L.V.

HALLOWE'EN

On Hallowe'en I sit on the ground,
When the witches and demons are flying around,
I feel excited but frightened
When magic spells are all around me.

On Hallowe'en out come witches
It would be funny if they fell in ditches.
To see them covered in mud
It would be so funny.

Kathryn Marshall, L.V.

FOOLISH LAD

Once there was a little lad,
This little lad was Clarence by name, and in vain, was foolish.
His mother told the little lad, "Don't be bad.
When crossing roads wait until clear.
Then your chance will be near,
To cross the road in safety."

Paul Clark, L.V.

WITCHY HILL

The witches all meet on Witchy Hill,
A dark and spooky tavern,
And on the walls are ghosts and skeletons,
Of many different species.
There's Scraggy Scruerella,
A tall and skinny witch,
With eyes of evil, and a mouthful of greediness,
She wears a robe as black as night,
And dwells in a cave on Witchy Hill.
So if you go out on Hallowe'en's Eve,
Then take a warning now,
Don't go near Witchy Hill,
Or death is bound to come.

Gillian Bloomer, L.VI.

L.5 BOYS

At the top of some stairs,
You will find a door,
Open that door,
And you will see a wall.

And on the wall,
You will see a road,
And on the road,
You will see some cars.

And in the cars, and cycles too,
You will find some Poems.
And also on the road,
You can find some bus-stops.

If you look at the windows on your left,
You will find witches and broomsticks,
and lanterns too.
They all have poems inside them.

If you look on the windows on the right,
You will find large sheets of paper,
Covered from bottom to top
With triangles and squares.
All on a straight line.

And behind the teacher's desk,
Are more things that are on the road,
There are many things on the walls,
Of L.5 boys classroom.

Nicolas Matheson-Dear, L.V.

THE TORTOISE

The tortoise is a slow old chap,
He hibernates in winter,
In summer he wakes up,
And then begins again.

He eats lettuce and cabbage and other things,
He likes to eat all day long,
But he is a nice little chap all the same,
And I don't know what I'd do without him.

Lesley Tait, L.V.

GROUND

In L.5 you start going to grounds. You have to pay five pence bus fare. There are four teams, the Tigers who are bottom of the League, the Lions who are second bottom, the Panthers, who are second top and the Cheetahs who are top. We go to grounds every Friday from 2.30 p.m. to 4.00 p.m.

Nicolas Matheson-Dear, L.V.

THE WITCH

The witch comes riding into the room,
Riding quickly on her broom.
With her black cat,
And her coned hat,
She now rides into the gloom.

Later that night
there was a rat-tat-tat,
And at first I thought it was a rat.
Then there was a scratch,
So I opened the catch,
But when I got out,
There was nobody about.

THREE WITCHES

One night in November,
I heard a mighty cry.
Up from bed I jumped,
To see what the matter could be.
I saw three witches,
Flying on broom-sticks,
Over the trees and up to the Moon.
Then the birds began to sing.
The witches disappeared
Not again did I see or hear,
Of those three noisy witches.

Ian McFarland, L.V.

THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS

Red means: stop,
All should stop,
Red means stop.
Red and Amber means: get ready, get set,
but do
Not go off,
Everybody should get ready,
Red and amber means get ready.
Green means: go,
All should go,
Some people want the lights to change,
Green means go.

Philip M. Rogers, L.V.

ANIMALS

The dog chases the cat
The cat spits at the dog
The cat chases the mouse
The mouse tricks the cat.

The dog chases
The cat spits
The mouse tricks
What a happy lot.

Rosemary Craig, L.V.

TREES

Trees, trees, trees,
Their long, skinny arms
Wave in the breeze.
Leaves tremble and quiver—
Shake and shiver.
Fall and wither.
The big Oak tree
Proudly stands,
Its arms
Its hands
They do not move.
Our apple tree,
With apples red
Hangs over our flower bed.
Trees green
Tall or small,
I like them all.

Julia Crawford, L.VI.

SCRUERELLA

Scruerella's figure and looks were not exactly beautiful. Let's work our way down her long, knobbly body. Well, her hair was as bad as anything. It had perhaps turned a little purple! It hung down waist length in long, purple tresses. She had recently cut her fringe down to little stubs protruding from her forehead.

Her face was long, and terrifying. Her red eyes gleamed in the darkness, and showed signs of agonizing ugliness. Her black eye-brows were knitted together, and her eyelashes were dyed the same colour of purple as her hair, and had been noticeably well cut down. Scruerella's lips were blue, and her yellowy-greyish teeth peered through her thin lips. Her chin was very large and horrible. It needed a good shave!

On to her arms. They were also long and bony, not to mention knobbly too. Her hands and wrists together measured at least 1 ft.! Her finger-nails protruded 10" from her hands. They were as sharp as knives.

Her legs were appearing from a knee-length skirt, "a midi" as it is called nowadays. Her knees were very knobbly and she was rather penguin-toed. Scruerella's feet came out approximately 3 ft. long!

Scruerella's clothes were disgusting, fascinating too! She wore a long, pointed, black, witch's hat. It rather flopped a bit

I think. Her top was a shaggy, rather tatty shirt, adorned with circles, crescents, stars and others. The collar was laced with a boot lace which she had pulled from her shoe. Her skirt was tied at the top with a bit of rope. It was very plain and black. Her large orange shoes stretched, as I have probably told you, 3 ft. They were laced with black laces, at least one was. The other acted as a belt.

Her manners were terrible. If you didn't look out, she would be liable to cook you alive in a large, black cauldron. So just look out!

Jennifer Mottashaw, L.VI.

NIGHT

Now the day is over,
It is time for night;
Now the sun has vanished,
Replaced by bright moonlight:
Now it's growing darker,
Its getting hard to see;
But there's the gentle moonshine,
Looking down on me:
Now its getting very dark;
I like it more and more,
And you can see reflections,
Coming up the shore.

Ewan Crawford, L.VI.

THE KINGFISHER



Alan G. Anderson, L.VI.

THE CROCODILE

There was a greedy crocodile,
Who lived on the banks of the River Nile,
He laughed at the fish who worked all day,
All he did was "eat, sleep and play".

Jane Picton, L.V.

HALLOWE'EN

Witches dance on Hallowe'en,
Making potions wild and keen.
Ghosts are dancing round the pot.
While everything is becoming hot.

Here comes a skeleton out of a tree
"I'm not going near. No, not me."
Witches dancing round the tree.
While the potion's becoming keen,
Everything's happening on "Hallowe'en".

Jennifer Davie, L.VI.

AN ADVENTURE

The biggest adventure of my life happened some time ago.

It was a warm bright evening and after supper I begged my mother to let me out for a walk. After some hesitation (she was scared of air raids) she agreed.

I went out, shut the door, and ran down the drive. I made for the shore, and decided to pay a visit to Redcliffe. I strolled along, looking for bats, and thinking how nice it would be to wear nothing but a bathing suit.

I eventually reached Redcliffe after looking in the entrance to the hidden bay.

I lay flat on the cliff watching owls, when five ships, German without a doubt, sailed silently and swiftly past me into the shelter and shadow of the hidden bay. I sat still for a moment, stunned by the sight of the crooked cross. Then I acted.

I jumped up and dashed, stumbling for home. I burst into the living room and shouted my news to my startled mother.

She stared for a moment only half believing me. Then, seeing that I was telling the truth, she picked up the 'phone and talked for a minute to the policeman. She put down the receiver and smiled. "The policeman said he'd be along in a moment with dozens of policemen."

The sergeant kept his word and ten minutes later car after car swept up to the door. Mother and I jumped in and the leading car led the way to the hidden bay. In a few minutes it was all over. "Just a bright lot of Nazis trying to get into Britain," the Inspector said. "You're a sharp young lady," he said gruffly.

A. Sheldon, L.VI.

DEVONISH ISLAND

On the Friday of our holiday,
We set off to Lough Erne,
To find at Enniskillen,
A cruise boat in, that morn.
We scrambled out,
of our pale green car,
Paid five tickets
Then went afar.
The boat chugged off,
At last, I thought,
We might find something interesting,
In this morning hot.
We saw the jetty, about two miles up-
stream,
And a hut, where you could buy ice-
cream,
Up the hill was an old ruined church,
And the grave of an ancient man,
Who if you lay in his grave three times,
Your wish would come true.
Further up, was a tiny cottage,
The home of old St. Mary,
Where all was interesting,
The home of a grown up fairy.
A round tower was what we saw,
A few yards away,
Where monks, and children, people as
well,
Would hide, instead of the place they
dwell.
Daddy went up to the top,
And waved to us, from a window,
Almost a hole in the roof I thought!
Back we went to the hotel,
At Kesh, a beautiful place,
I hope to go back again next year,
For a week, to the heart of Fermanagh!

Alison Stratton, L.VI.

MY HOME AND POLLUTION

The smog,
The smoke,
The grime,
The grit,
The ghastly fumes from our cars,
This is the only home we have,
We can't go and live on the stars.
Our rivers are full of muck,
The litter-louts say your hard luck!
They throw their wrappers and waste
away,
Do we never have our say?
Why don't they keep their country clean?
This planet isn't fit to be seen!

N. Barclay, L.VII.

THE WITCHES LANTERN

The ugly face and long, hairy chin,
Of the witch who is entering a competi-
tion,
And is determined to win.
The competition is for the best turnip
face,
She thinks her turnip will be the best,
So she starts to work before her rest.

She chuckles her horrible spooky laugh,
She gives him a whole tooth,
And a half.
She has no carrots for a nose,
So she uses blood stained, man's toes.
For eyes she uses two, blue eyeballs.
And last of all puts in a candle very care-
fully in case it falls.

Pamela Rhaney, L.VI.

A PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON

One Sunday the sixers and seconders
in my cubs went to the Serpentine be-
tween Tayport and Newport. The Serpen-
tine is a long pathway which has trees
and bushes on both sides. On the way
back we collected leaves, seeds, acorns,
and many other things. We all thoroughly
enjoyed ourselves.

Scott Brown, L.VI.



Gavin Gibson, L.VII.

WINTER

Winter snow falls on the ground
While everyone is warm inside
Warm fires, Christmas trees, and electric
blankets.
Children building snowmen all around
With hats and gloves on them.
Mums are busy with the presents
Dads are busy with the lights for the
Christmas tree.
Cars are all snow, and ice on the road.
The children wait for Christmas to come
with fun and games.

Jane McHoul, L.VI.

A WITCHE'S DANCE

The sky was black,
The moon was high,
And the witches went flying by!
Bubbling cauldrons, prowling cats,
Wizards in their tall black hats.
Witches cursing, casting spells,
Turning the cats and owls green
The Devil playing tunes on his nose
Witches dancing, heels to toes.
The clock strikes three
Gone, gone, gone like the wind
The witches have vanished
The wizards have vanished,
The owls and the cats,
And the Devil have vanished!

Ann C. Shearer, L.VI.

OUR PUSSY CAT

Our pussy was found in the laboratory
and was almost going to be killed. Then
mummy decided to take him for four
days. After that, daddy decided he could
not part with him and Peter wanted him
so we kept him. Ever since we had him,
he caught shrews and voles over the holi-
days.

James Dick, L.VI.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE

I go to the Boys' Brigade,
I help for what is made;
I love to play and work about
And make a model and send it out.

The help of work is not horrid but good,
Models are made by me and wood;
Lovely things, but not bad
The Boys' Brigade has to be glad.

James Dick, L.VI.

A VISITOR'S NIGHTMARE

A guide you need,
To ensure, you don't get lost.
If I were you,
I would heed, the need, to have a lead.
Up these stairs, along the corridor,
Ah! a small descent, another climb;
Continue along the passage
Through the door, to the room you wish
to attend.
Then leave the room where you were,
And wander round the bend, to the left;
A small descent, and to the left again
You will espy light, peeping through the
doors,
Down a staircase and at last, you will find
yourself out of doors.
Through the maze you will come,
If you heed the notice I give,
To all that enter here,
Less than twice a year.
If you wonder
What this mysterious and tortuous maze
is,
Then make a guess,
Our school of course, for visitors.

Ian Leveson, L.VII.

MY LOG BOOK OF MY LIFE

I was born on the 4/4/59 in Hong Kong. My village, the village in which I lived in, was one of four villages around about. The house that I lived in in China is three times as big as the house I am living in just now. At the age of four I went to school. After my next birthday on which I was five, my mother got tickets and passports for us to go to Britain. A few months later, in 1964 on a Thursday night in August, I think, at 8 o'clock, Chinese time, we went to Hong Kong airport. At 10.25 p.m. the plane took off. At 7 o'clock, Greek time we stopped for refueling at Athens. 7.30 a.m. we took off from Athens. At 10.30, London airport. My father was waiting for us. You see he came to Britain when I was only one year old. We went from London up to Grimsby in which I went to two schools. In 1965 we moved to Dundee, where I got my glasses when I was at Glebelands School. In March, 1969, we again moved, after four years in Dundee, to Monifieth, where my present-day house is. Dad had discovered a restaurant in Peterhead so he asked my two uncles to work and

manage it. In the summer I go up there for my holidays. February, 1970 I went in for an entrance exam to get into D.H.S. 17th April 1970 I left Monifieth School. 20th April 1970 I came to D.H.S.

Steven Wong, L.VII.

OUR WALK TO BRAEMAR

At our cottage in the summer of 1970, we decided to go fourteen miles across the hills to Braemar. We made it with hard walking for a full nine hours on 5th August. We tramped through, first Glendoll, over Tolmount, and down Glen Callater to Braemar. I was quite footsore when getting there. I could hardly walk the last half mile but after that, when getting to hostel just past the golf course, we had a little lunch at the beach of Loch Callater.

James Dick, L.VI.

HALLOWE'EN EVE

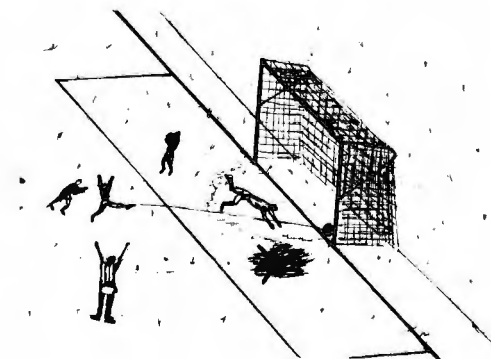
Ghosts and witches flying around,
Ghosts, here and there,
Witches, far and near,
On the eve of Hallowe'en.
Bent-backed crooked old witches,

Wavering ghosts as white as snow,
The witches' cauldrons bubbling,
The ghosts' weird cry fills the air.

All is quiet for a little time,
As every ghost and witch listens to hear
A spell being cast over the cauldron,
To welcome Hallowe'en here.

Jennifer Hanslip, L.VI.

GOAL!



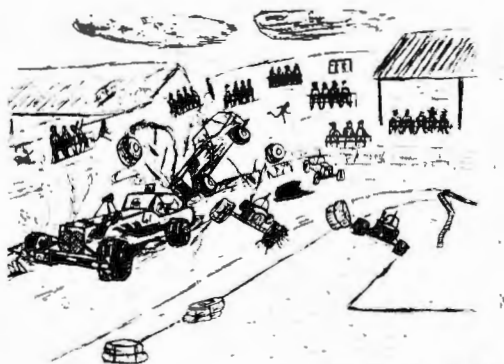
Alastair Taylor, L.VII.

FROM MY WINDOW

As I gaze from my window out over the
Tay,
The green hills of Fife rise beyond New-
port bay.

Colourful yacht sails gleam in the sun,
Last touch of summer e'er winter's begun.
O'er the white horses fly the wild geese—
Seeking each evening a haven of peace.

David W. Robertson, L.VII.



P. Clark, L.VII.

THE ISLAND HALLOWE'EN

The drums beat above the noisy tide,
Natives flock from every side,
Different designs with paints are seen
At this, a party for Hallowe'en.

The captives tremble in their shoes
As they are told the disastrous news,
But wait, an island witch, she comes
Screaming above the beating drums.

Some hope springs in the captives' hearts,
But very soon it just departs,
They will be eaten on a cannibal plate
The witch doctor decided this fate.

When at last the ceremony stops
Out they come with cannibal chops,
A spear stuck in their chest, they die,
In a stomach for evermore they'll lie.

Virginia McDonald, L.VI.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Today's the day I like the most,
Because it's Christmas Day;
We open all our presents,
Then we go out to play.
We get on our sledges,
And go pelting down;
We see the shivering robins,
On our window sill.

Ewan Crawford, L.VI.

MUSIC

This year is the bi-centenary of Beethoven's birth (1770-1827). With the result most concerts have been predominantly devoted to the works of this great master.

At this time in history, there have been three musical periods: Classical, Romantic and Modern (present time).

During the Classical period, composers such as Beethoven, Bach, Mozart and Handel flourished, Sullivan and Gluck in the Romantical Period, and now such composers as Arnold, and Dundee's own Dordward. Music has always given man pleasure from the Stone Age to the present day.

At one time it could only be enjoyed by the "rich", but today, by means of radio or records, we may hear music we choose from any period, in any style, played by the finest musicians in the world.

Stephen Davis, L.VII.

LIGHTNING

Yellow and orange,
Pink and blue,
Dazzling colours that shine in the dark,
Shaped like a fork,
Or maybe fingers,
It leaves disaster all the way.

The thunder is roaring,
The sky is grey,
It sizzles in the rain,
Then falls from the sky,
Like a spark of fire from heaven,
Yellow and orange,
Pink and blue,
The storm has finished,
We are all relieved too.

Deborah Jacob, L.VI.

POLLUTION

People say, "the generations before us got along with their troubles". But surely being civilised people, we should think about the generations ahead. Because, if we don't, they shall think, "they didn't think about us, they only thought about themselves". And they also won't think of coming generations. (That's if there is one). Rivers will be filthy, polluted marshes of indestructable plastic bottles and unwanted chemicals. So when you think about it, aren't we puny and stupid. The future is in our hands, it's the truth.

Ian D. Chalmers, L.VII.



Jane Maxwell, F.IV.



Senior School

"WE PASSED

YOUR PHASE LONG AGO"

Peering through the celluloid porthole,
Shock.
Weird shapes, leaping, soaring,
Out of place in a landscape of natural
beauty.
And yet,
Somehow in harmony.
Mentally shakes himself.
Re-buries himself in his world's
Asphyxiated philosophy.
Stiffly climbs down, to survey
His new Kingdom.
The creature lay on the soil, twitching.
Stark pain hung in his posture.
No sign in our hero's eyes
Of the compassion which, an age ago,
Had been deliberately mislaid by an entire
Civilization.
A second creature
Appears.
Identical in structure, yet outwardly indi-
vidual
Lays a flower on his dying companion,
tenderly,
With a resigned attitude.
"Come with me, friend," he says.
Two beings walked, with one-sided unity,
among the grotesque erections
One awkward, uncompromising.
All around, figures communicating, ex-
periencing each other.
A Lotus Land.
The space-traveller noted the clear trans-
lucent sky.
His friend said:
"We control the weather."
Disbelief.
Half-disbelief.
The dislocated structures began to as-
sume a kind of rhythm
Beyond his comprehension: an exciting
significance
That stirred something all but lost.
He wanted to shout. His visor constricted
him.
He threw it to the ground. His friend said:
"We passed your phase long ago."

SNIGGERPLONK

The lug it is a chunky blob,
With wrinkled, spotty skin.
It often rings in moops of cob
Along the runky pin.

With sees of mine and yerks of hun,
It slugs about its sett,
It never can be found to shun
Or slacken in its het.

At solgub when the lugs are out,
The plane is filled with srikes,
Their yactive lurgi bats the snout
And yiggleticks the blikes.

FINAL DAY

Winner of Forms I.—III.

"Poetry Competition"

They stood together,
Alone
Their feelings—
Mixed.
Those three preparing for—
Death.
Atomic or Nuclear explosion?
Why?
One question they long to ask.
Selfishness?
Foolishness? A need for Power?
Stop!
It may happen to us.
Soon—
Prepare yourself.

Jane Hinrichs, F.III.

THOUGHTS

Death never comes but with its tears
From grieving people with their fears.
It's all very well for THEM to say,
O carry on; you'll struggle through.
But Hell!
It's difficult
To carry on
When life seems so pointless
And death seems so warm.

Anon.

THE STRANGER

There were footsteps in the darkness in
the black and dead of night;
I trembled as I stood there in the dim
candlelight;
And then there was a thunderous knock-
ing upon the door,
And the wind howled once, and then it
howled once more.
I gripped the candle firmly, felt the sweat
upon my face,
And a voice cried out solemnly, "Have ye
mercy, have ye grace!
And let a stranger enter in and warm
him by the fire;
for it is cold and dark out here, and some-
one's in the mire!"
Hurriedly I ran downstairs and opened up
the door,
And surely it was cold out there, and the
wind howled more and more;
And then I said, "Come in, good sir, and
shelter safe inside".
The eyes of the man I saw out there were
opened really wide.
And so that night he entered in and
shivered o'er the fire,
And I said to him, "I say, good sir, who's
the man that's in the mire?
Should not we be helping him and bringing
him to bed?"
But my stranger just shivered by the fire
and quickly shook his head.
For half an hour we sat in silence listen-
ing to the rain,
And still the stranger shivered there and
looked quite full of pain,
I thought it odd that he should sit and
shiver there so long,
Then all'a sudden he let out a wailing,
ghostly song.
I jumped up from my chair and listened to
the awful wail;
My knees began to tremble and I felt so
very frail;
And still the stranger shivered like I'd
never seen before,
And I was very frightened so I scrambled
for the door!
But it was locked, I could not flee, and I
was trapped within.
The ghostly figure shivered there, and
then cried out his sin.
He got up and was after me, I stood pet-
rified,
And as I watched his ghostly form 'came
smoke and slowly sighed.

He disappeared in front of me, I know not
what he was,
But if a stranger knocks your door don't
let him in, because
He might be just a man as he who came
to me that night,
And if he is the same one, you will know
that I am right!

Jennifer Laurie, F.III.

TIMOTHY WINTERS

I go to school each day,
Extremely happy, and just as gay,
I admit my clothes are nothing great,
And my shoes are in an abominable state.

I don't understand a word the teacher
says,
I only understand when a waitress lays,
Down in front of me, a plate of meat,
Which I readily and hungrily begin to eat.

A beer's the thing for my old man,
A gin's the tonic for my ancient gran,
If I feel ill and make a din,
I am dozed with an aspirin.

The welfare worker who will go and moan
To my pa about putting me in a home,
Just can't figure out, what to do.
Because my pa's against the idea too.

My house is in Suez Street,
And there I sleep,
At night, on a sack on the floor.
And I feel the draft from under the door.

Pauline Butchart, F.I.

MORNING GLORY

If I can rise in time from bed,
Before the early hours have gone,
I must admit the effort made,
Is worth it when I see the dawn.

Then when I look towards the east,
I see the first pale rays of light,
Which sometimes as the minutes pass,
Becomes a truly glorious sight.

In reds and yellows, pinks and blues,
The colours of the rainbow show,
Spread wide o'er plains the night has left,
To make a radiant morning glow.

If I can rise in time from bed,
The morning glory starts my day,
And fills my thoughts from early hours
With beauty and with gaiety.

Jacqueline Robb, F.1a2.

QUEUE

Winner of Forms IV.—VI.
"Poetry Competition"

The fog haunts the November street,
Weaving in and out,
A confusion of warp and wet.
A group of huddled sparrows
Clings to the bedraggled pavement,
The soft whimpering of the rain
Has long since become one relentless
shouting
Downpour.

Perched in a damp, cursing row on the
kerb,
A group of assorted humanity waits
With all the impatience of a hungry spider
For the green, exasperating, corporation
fly.
A small boy, dribbling-nosed,
Bounces a reluctant soggy ball;
The sound is echoed
Back
By the hard wet footsteps of a passer-by,
Three old women, wrinkle-folded faces
Dampened by tricklets of water
And sharpened by greedy, grasping, gos-
siping conversation,
Look crow-faced and sour
At a couple of amiable rosy-hazed gentle-
men
Swilling in football and beer,
A harassed mother
Pecks at her children,
Worrying them together.
An emaciated dog,
Thin, cracking bones showing through
transparent hide,
Nuzzles the street for garbage.
Whining, rainy, monotonous, foggy,
The bus-stop life
Goes on.

C. Green, F.VI.

HILL

A mound formed above the River,
Holding your form to wind,
Still soft and rounded
Where you might have cracked and cut
up,
Shouldering the great old trees
Feeding their drinking roots, silently
Supporting the thick mass of tangled
wood.
You remain in your firm shape



DREAM STALLIONS

I dreamed last night of horses wild.
Tamed by only me.
Those mysterious vanishing horses—
The horses of the sea.

And waves came crashing, oh, so loud!
And I was blind with fear
But when the actual moment arrived,
I did not shed a tear.

I caught two horses; them I tamed
And held one out in jest.
Then you came up, smiled at me,
And sat upon its crest.

Oh, I did feel stronger
With you there at my side!
There was no need to run away
To be afraid or hide.

You heeled your arched-necked charger
And rode across the sea.
But I'd be there beside you
Whatever our fate may be.

FOG

Fog on the roads
Police warnings—drive carefully
Visibility-down-to-fifty-yards
Cars loom up as if from nowhere
Out of a thick tunnel of mist
Blinding, dazzling lights, squealing brakes
A loud crash, the sound of splintering
glass, screams
And then silence.

Fog by the river
Familiar outlines blur
Things drift and float along
Like dark shapes from half forgotten
dreams;

Slowly, inevitably, like cancer claiming its
victims,
Darkness descends and the fog engulfs
trees and houses.
All is quiet save the invisible siren, wail-
ing
In a cold eerie world.

J. McLean, VI.

FROST-KISSED

In smouldering deep, dark shadow's arms
I lay
Pressed to the breast of night.
Quite
Quiet. Breathing soft and
Slow and slight.
I felt the beating pulse of surging time
Throb human life away.
The breath of mindlessness upon my face.
Still motionless I lay.
Earth's soft, damp, quivering cheek was
cool.
I touched it,
Then withdrew.
Too late. A crush of Christmas roses
blew.
And, lanced by leaden grasping hands,
I struggled,
But in vain I tried
to challenge.
Paralysed,
I watched the icy dawning split the
razored sky.
My heart honed bitter;
Virgin steel.
My lips were sharply frozen.
I could feel that
I was
Frost-kissed.

Dylan, F.IV.

TOOTHACHE

(With apologies to W. Shakespeare,
Gent.)

To have it out or not, that is the question
—Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suf-
fer

The pangs and torments of an aching
tooth

Or to take steel against a host of troubles.
And, by extracting, end them? To pull—
to tug!—

No more: And by a tug to say we end
The toothache and a thousand natural ills
The jaw is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! to pull—to tug!—
To tug—perchance to break! Ay, there's
the rub,

For in that wrench what agonies may
come

When we have half dislodged the stub-
born foe

Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long
life

For who would bear the whips and stings
of pain—

—The linen-toothed forceps, from whose
pangs

No jaw at ease returns, puzzles the will,
And makes it rather bear the ills it has
Than fly to others it knows not of.

Thus dentists do make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And many a one whose courage seeks
the door,

With this regard his footsteps turns away,
Scared at the name of "Dentist".

M. J. E. Manekshaw.

His hands were green, his face was red,
His hair was dapple gray
His ear lobes hung and swept the floor,
They'd swept his wife away.

They blew her off along the floor,
She licked up all the crumbs,
She felt her bloomers billow out
They blew her through the door.

I wonder why she killed herself
I wonder why he could
For he was only 4 feet two
And she was 9 foot five.

E. Boase, VI.

PLAYGROUND—DEATHTRAP

The swirling golden sand,
Sifted by children's hands.
The over-thrashing waves,
Gushing into the caves.

The sound of happy laughter,
From children playing together,
In and among the heather.

Oil encircling sandbanks softly,
Barbed wire rolling on the shore.
Sewage pouring out of sluices,
Yes, no children anymore.

Black slime coating all the shore,
Plastic products scattered all round.
Dead birds asking, "How much more,
Until corpses abound all o'er?"

N. Evans, F.III.

MARMALADE'S MUSING

Orange peel. Sitting on some sugar.
Crouched in a bowl. Eating people.
Brown ones and yellow ones, raspberry
too,

Little tots and big 'uns; black, white, blue.
Yellow ones are poisonous 'cos they multiply
at speed—

Black beans go snap, crackle, pop; BANG
White are blue and blue is white,
And the youngest are bluest.
The older folk are succulent but they're
sick.

Too many bright lights shine in the day-
light;

None so blind as those who will not
See-sick, that's what we are today.
But soon darkness will come and
Kiss the hi-jacked raisin by my side
Who feeds on sated gluttony.
And a small, still voice will cry,
"Who has heard? Who will buy?"

L' ESPOIR

The storm rages on,
Rages on in this desolate world of ours.
Where is our peace to be found?
The haven we all long for.
Surely somewhere among the trenches of
battle,
Somewhere on a wind-swept hill,
Our heart's desire awaits.
Yet we shall wait for it 'till the end of
time
Till war ceases and the grass grows long
on the graves of the dead.

Pamela Swanney, F.III.

BOOKS

Children's books with bright pictures
A happy story and a happy ending
Banned books discovered in the book-
shelf.

Concealed behind the Encyclopaedia Bri-
tannica

Books bought by the yard
Arranged for show on well-polished
shelves

Handsomely bound in red leather with
gold lettering
But never read.

A school edition with elaborate notes at
the back

And all the best bits cut out from the
text

Bored pupils have drawn hearts in the
margin

While the conscientious have taken notes
At exam times they devour its contents
And get indigestion.

Old, dusty books lying forgotten on library
shelves

Somebody's memoirs or some old Latin
verses

Age and damp have made them illegible
But who cares?

J. McLean, F.VI.

MORNING GLORY

With eyes half closed just out of bed,
My mother totters down the stairs,
And mutters to the guinea-pig,
"Ciamar a tha sibh, O Alasdair?"

The guinea-pig he grunts and squeals,
For cucumber with vitamin C.
But all my mother wants to do,
Is go to sleep till after three.

But will he stop? Oh no, not he
He squeals and yells with all his might.
Until my mother gives to him,
Some cucumber to end his plight.

So in the morning you will hear,
The dreaded clock alarm bell.
The guinea-pig he waits down stairs.
Morning glory? Morning HELL ! ! !

Catriona McGregor.

MIGHT?

The mighty bugle, splendour in brass
The mighty charger, splendour in grey
The mighty general, splendour in blue
The mighty battalion, entering the fray.
The mighty standard, proudly displayed
The mighty armour, the lines arrayed
The mighty javelin, study in gleam
The mighty army magnificent does seem.
The mighty honour, worth millions in gold
The mighty victory, traditionally told
The mighty remembrance, never to grow
old
And gilt carved glory in a mighty array.

Beneath the scorching blazing sun
A-shining from the merciless sky
Six-and-twenty thousand men went forward,
The most of them to die.

Beneath the scorching blazing sun
20,000 bit the bloody dust
Were smashed into the alien ground
By the charging of those not gone to rest.
The mighty soldiers, yet without pomp
Who, forced to leave this mortal life,
Have saved a country from alien rule
And stalwartly prevented wretched strife.
The mighty men with mighty souls
Who with valour fought for us
With their might have saved a free kingdom
—Heroes worth more than a cold piece
of brass.

Calum R. Paton, F.III.

LITTLE GEORGIE

Little Georgie's bought his fireworks—
Little Georgie's spent his money.
Little Georgie thinks of Guy Fawkes—
who died for all his treachery.
Little Georgie's gone to 'i bonfire
Little Georgie's brought his squibs.
Little Georgie knows his fate—
the squibs he holds next to his ribs.
Little Georgie fires his rockets
Little Georgie lights a candle
Little Georgie forgets his fireworks
and stands so near a spark to kindle.
Little Georgie's gone to Glory
We shall see him no more—
for what he thought was safety first
was his skin and bone to scorch.

David Macintosh, F.III.

THE DANCE OF THE SNOW MAIDENS

Standing alone at the window:
Staring out at the snow.
Whirling, dancing, flying, snowflakes;
Carelessly they blow.

Who can tell what she's thinking?
No one: and nobody cares.
Alone in misery, quite alone,
No one her solitude shares.

Staring out of the window,
Mesmerised she stands.
She longs to be free in the snowstorm,
With the snow-maidens joining hands.

Faster; more intricate patterns
Evolve from the wind's harsh breath.
Her soul is out with the snowflakes.
She has joined in the dance of death.

Patricia Knox, F.IV.

TO ? ?

His Spanish Horse
Stands proud
and well above him,
and mounting up
he rides to the mountain.
I see his spurs still
shining in the sun,
burning like a Holy fire
his silver spurs
shining in the sun
shining in my eyes,
and too proud to say goodbye
and too proud to ask him why.
He is gone.
He is gone into the mountain,
but still I see him
shining in my eyes.

Anthea Richards, F.IV.



BELOVED HOMELAND

Oh! to cross the Scottish border,
Now that Autumn's mellow frown
Has rippled the lochs and rivers
Turned forests reddish-brown.
To see the beech tree bending
The rugged mountain bleak
And the mighty Highland thunderstorm
That roars around the creek.

The mists that swirl on the mountain
Waves that crash on the shore from the
sea

Are all part of beloved Scotland
And they're calling, calling to me.

The yellow orchard sweet
The rocky mountain pass
The waving crops of wheat
Cattle, grazing in the grass.

The skirl o' the pipes in a high mountain
glen

The lochs and the valleys so green
Are like magic to me and, wherever I am
The most wonderful sights I have seen.

For Scotland is free with its beauties so
great

And a man will feel free when he's there
'Mongst the whispering brooks and the
torrents so great

And the soft bracing Highland fresh air.

And I wish I were in Scotland
For that beloved country's mine
And I'll never find another better than she;
This torrid dried-up land with its garish
towns and noise.

Makes me long for beloved Scotland
Where my heart will always be.

Calum R. Paton, F.III.

CRIGGLET OG

The crigg it has a rippy nog,
With glubbersnoops all rind,
It jorks and huggles through the slog,
Larking its snorkels behind.

But if it snarks a hooperstop
A-hurking rike a tweak,
It oompahs like a sinklepop
And scoots beneath a leek.

At farkens when the sleem is prood,
The criggs trot of to sned,
And in the creefy, smuggy nood
No waffles can be thred.

Amy of the Lower Third.

AND SOMEWHERE OVER THERE . . .

The blinding barrage of eternal shot
Explodes yet again over my war weary
head

A mud-spattered, shell-eaten pleasureless
existence

Compensated for by nothing.

To see—nothing but a dirty-grey sea of
mud.

Surrounded by a handful of doomed
Comrades fighting desperately to the bit-
ter end.

I reflect on human conflict.

A useless, miserable living succeeding in
But destruction, and encroaching on
Sanity and Humanity.

Without feeling, the self-destroying
Race of Mankind continues, continues
To plot the last points of destruction.

Once more, a vile spattering
Of cold, grey lead wears down the
Resistance of my unfortunate fellows,
Some dead, lying in the voluminous
Sea of mud, whites of eyes blankly
Challenging man's sanity.

And somewhere over there . . . is
A field of waving corn; the remnants
Of a golden happiness once known,
In a day, a barren, earthen field
Of purgatory will have replaced it.
I once saw the sky at night

When the moon was full
When the stars were bright
When the planets were regal monarchs.
And I saw no misery, tears, no
Spilt blood, no flattened souls.
And I ask myself why.
But to no avail.

Man's mind will soon be a desolate black-
ness.

With but fear and horror to rule.
And yet somewhere over there . . .

Calum R. Paton, F.III.

The public are
respectfully requested
To note;
that with effect
from 1st january 1971
Fares will be increased
on
all
routes

This pom was ritten bie somwun colld
R.S.F., Form ?

MY LOVE

I only knew she came and went (Powell)
 Like troutlets in a pool; (Hood).
 She was a phantom of delight,
 (Wordsworth)
 And I was like a fool. (Eastman)
 One kiss, dear maid, I said, and sighed,
 (Coleridge)
 Out of those lips unshorn:
 (Longfellow)
 She shook her ringlets round her head,
 (Stoddard)
 And laughed in merry scorn.
 (Tennyson)
 Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky
 (Tennyson)
 You heard them, O my heart;
 (Alice Cary)
 'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock,
 (Coleridge)
 Beloved, we must part. (Alice Cary)

M. Manekshaw.

Even when the night melts your outline
 Or the blunted sun cannot shine.
 It is strange to think of your depths;
 To think that if I were to burrow
 To your heart
 You would be hard-packed rock.
 Strange to think I fed for you,
 Yet you catch me at my roots
 Even though my leaves lisp
 For a green newness.
 Yes my roots are embedded in your
 moods
 I have known you deserted
 Sweating raindrops in elation
 As you sail in the wind
 I have known you as the earth has spun
 In the emptiness around
 When you were warm and fiery
 In the black wind
 Alive and free from footsteps
 Heaving and dancing in the winter wet.
 I have known you
 Hold your breath on frosty dawns
 Watching the sun painting the clouds
 The sky and the tips of twigs,
 Or as you sit and brood
 Resting on the elbows of the earth
 On breezeless summer nights.
 I have no understanding
 But am held by the massiveness
 Of your presence.

D. C., F.V.



MY FIRST BICYCLE

My first bicycle
 Came when I was nine
 Her handlebars were black and white
 Her mudguards very fine.

I got her on my birthday
 At eight o'clock precisely
 I took her up and down the road
 She went extremely nicely.

The saddle was just right for me
 When it was at its lowest
 I enjoyed it at every speed
 Even at its slowest.

I had that bike for two long years
 Until I was too tall
 And in that time I seldom had
 A really nasty fall.

When I look back on all my bikes
 That one still seems the best
 But think again, and I suppose
 It did deserve a rest.

David Aungle, F.I.a.

SKARA BRAE

Women sat in little huddles
Sheltered from the stormy spray
Men came home with empty hands
Blinded by the wind-blown sands
At Skara Brae.

Children playing by the fireside
Drawing with stones or moulding clay
Choked by sand flying in the door
Settling on the stony floor
At Skara Brae.

Now the few who travelled early
Searching food to last the day
Turned for home which was no longer
Wind or will-power, which was stronger
At Skara Brae?

Women valiant, helpless struggle
Trying hard to win the day
Overcome by wind and sand
Defeated sinks the little band
At Skara Brae.

One was left: the sole survivor
A child with whom no one would play
Buried under sand his mother
Lies with his new-born baby brother
At Skara Brae.

TYPES OF POETRY

Modern poetry's a lot of guff,
I'd much rather read the old fashioned
stuff.
But I'd much rather write the type without
rhyme,
It save a lot of my valuable time.

To find a rhyme for orange.
Will put a great strain on your brain,
And you can't compose a poem using at
the end,
Which won't drive any reader insane.

But to write down your "thoughts" is as
easy as pie,
Although modern poetry can smell rather
high.
An example of which can be found for
any day.

But to spare all the readers a great deal
of pain,
I will end with a sentence which will give
much relief,
Why didn't I leave this rot out in the rain.

Alison Green, F.I.a.l.

TIME WOULD NOT WAIT

It took four years, but now it's done.
It took four years, and it could have been
one.

Perhaps just one hour, or even one day,
But time could not wait, he could not de-
lay.

Time rushed on by, and he left me behind.
I'd always thought that time was kind.
But how many people would wait for a
friend,
But how much time would an hour lend?

Oh, an hour is time to do all things.
An hour's time to build dreams with wings
To fly into clouds and look down on the
earth.
An hour's fine time to pass off a curse.

But when you've begun to plan what to
do,
Your hour is up—so "sucks to you"
"sucks to your auntie" and "sucks to all"
He wouldn't even come back when I gave
a call.

He went dashing over mountains,
hills and streams,
like a romantic will-o'-the-wisp
made up of dreams.

Carollyn Sillars, F.V.



CHRISTMAS, AGAIN

Christmas comes again,
In October.
The toys and decorations fill the shops.
Beside the bangers and doggy-barkers
waiting for Guy Fawkes,
Are boxes of tinsel, glass baubles and
plastic holly leaves.
You're late because you stayed to buy
your brother a box of paints from
Reeves,
Or to watch the men hang up the strings
of fairy lights,
And wonder how they can bear those
awful heights.
All this excitement two months early
What a pity.

A. Gaudie, F.I.a1.

PROTEST!

War Memorial Library . . .
(on entering after the previous break)
Sharp, eager absorbing minds
Contrasted with that dull and apathetic
one
Of mine whose sole occupation is to
think of?
The dull, new notorious, blaring sound.
Emanating from the perpetual radio
ECHOing ceaselessly round the confined
Prison-like grey walls closing in on you.
Wan and pale, sad never bright
THEY'S IT . . .
Like a ghost in a never ending—
Trance-like slumber
Gaudy magazines strewn around
Studied intently till perhaps
Another exchanged—
(Or is there even a nuance
Differentiating one from t'other)
Scattered still further from the
Seeming nucleus of the motionless group
Perhaps FOUR, all stricken with the
SAME gripping hold of BRIDGE
Oblivious to all outside—
One spade, Two diamonds, Three spades
Pass, Pass, Pass and thus proceed.
In an environment of dirty mugs
Depressing by dull furniture and dead rats.
Then imaginative spirit scarce alerted
By THE BELL
Stirs up action to propagate the body
To a different sleep.
But stop—What about this ESSAY?

Jack, VI.

In a darkened doorway
Of a gas-lit alleyway,
Lurks a shaven form—
Deviant from the norm.

Braced and booted is he,
Waiting for an opportunity;
Moment of which to brag,
Have a well-earned fag.

Here comes an old fellow.
Adrenalin starts to flow,
Heart pumps faster,
Breath gets quicker,
Wolf grins,
Anticipation!
Steps out,
Boot flashes,
Not a sound,
He never knew,
(Eighty-nine if a day)
Crumpled body,
Searching hands,
Flee, flee,
Flee . . .

Running footsteps fade into the night,
Pavement glistens red in the gas-light.
Softly the rain begins to fall.
Drawing an ever-healing pall.

P. W. J., F.VI.

We felt quite dejected:
Our poem was rejected.
Our thoughts we projected
With fervour injected
And we you subjected
To another magazine article.

And so we decided
Though you us derided
—We were not divided—
And our thoughts collided.
Inspirations subsided
(As you may have guessed).

Whatever's the matter?
We're not getting fatter,
We're mad as a hatter.
Don't fry us in batter,
Or tear us in tatter—
S. Please don't.

by Thomas the Rhymer and other associa-
ted minstrels.

THE STORM

White waves lash up
and shower the clouds
with their own rain.
Wind whips up the grey
fingers and turns them
into thin spray.

Sea gathers his strength
and hurls itself
from a shallow into a mountain
that falls as surf
and spray
into the shallow below it.

Sand swirled by the sinking sea
into eddies,
then it sinks again,
to rest again,
into the shallows below it.

Muddy grass covers the pebbles
on the beach,
washed away, wickedly,
snatched from defenceless earth,
clean pebbles
grow with grass again.

Carollyn Sillars, F.V.

TRAGEDY AT SEA

The wind howled,
The wind roared
But the boat pressed on,
On across the stormy seas.
Not another ship was on the sea that
night
For the wind howled and roared.

The men were scared
The men were tired
But the men were brave as well
So on they went
And on they went
And the wind still howled and roared.

Six good men
And six brave men
Struck out on those stormy seas
But not one, no solitary one
Arrived home to a wife and a home
To his children, his son and a good hearty
meal
For the wind still howled and roared.

Their wives wept,
Their children wept.
But none knew what to do.
Those twelve men were dead as dead
And the wind howled and roared.

The sun goes down,
The lights go out,
And everyone falls asleep in their beds,
But I can't sleep.

So I lie awake,
And think of the days,
When knights were bold and ladies fair,
But I still can't sleep.

I read a book,
On the years to come,
When the sea is a town and the moon is
a place to live in,
Yet I still can't sleep.

I then finish my Maths,
And read my French,
And start on my essay for English
And I fall asleep.

So when you find,
That to fall asleep is hard,
And you've thought, and read, then start
your homework,
And you'll fall asleep.

M. W., F.IV.

Sea

Dripping from my elbows
Kissing the grooves of skin
Hugging readymade rivulets of muscle
Embracing my ideal.
One day—it seems so long ago,
I dived into the rocky pool
And swam deep down
And touched the echo of my desire.
I almost touched rock bottom,
But I had to stop too soon;
My sun-parched lungs could not bear the
strain.
But how I wish I'd stayed down there.

There

Was a place where love divine
Nestled coyly midst the beckoning Sirens
Which lured me down, and down to death
But only killed themselves
In the peachy glow from the fire
Eternally blasting their hopes of cruelty.
There I saw in the murky depths,
Though covered with sand and hard to
see,
The real meaning of life and love
More beautiful than sun-soaked sand
Yet uglier than human form
That is my dream my heavenly desire.

But
 Too soon my beating heart
 Vanquished the soul before it sparked.
 I saw things I've never seen before
 And never will again.
 Too late to berate my lonely fate
 As up I swoop and droop and scoop
 Little handfuls of sand, aimlessly;
 Searching for my dream, my longing for
 love
 As rain drips through my body's tap
 Quenching the smouldering of my soul
 But still I wonder if I've for ever lost
 My heavenly longings, my vain desire.

A CAT IN THE CHURCH

A cat found a window
 open
 in the church which claims to be
 open
 to all.
 He climbed in,
 prowling between the pillars,
 pawing at the psalm books,
 spitting at the paraphrases,
 chasing the tassles
 dangling from the pulpit,
 scratching the carpet,
 playing with the padding
 on the perfect pews,
 hissing at the organ
 when it said soh?
 echo 'round the empty stone walls.
 The cat jumped and hid
 under
 the holy communion table,
 pulled down the cloth
 embroidered in gold
 and chewed the pom-pom corners.
 A church mouse rustled
 in the aisle.
 With a great noise
 that echoed widely around
 the holy walls
 the feline creature
 made great haste
 towards the small defenceless soul
 who hastened with all speed
 to the wall
 and found a hole
 in the skirting board . . .
 A heathen, pagan, human
 cry
 brought the caretaker
 running.
 The cat lay dead.

"Struck as from Heaven"
 the Curate said.
 The Minister prayed,
 "It's a shameful thing
 what vandals and such like bring
 into the church.
 Oh God, save its soul,
 if it has one,
 I pray,
 Keep other hooligans
 away for today."
 The mouse,
 was it the same?
 peeped out of the skirting board,
 and played
 on the organ,
 several pensive,
 wise,
 notes.

Carollyn Sillars, F.V.

AN IMPRESSION OF WONDER

Far away lost in the mists of time, the
 land of the Gods.
 Lost in the clouds, midst the veils of
 antiquity, the land of the Gods.
 A place where love and happiness reign
 supreme, the land of the Gods.
 Reachable by chariot and galleon, the
 land of the Gods.
 Where money is disused and food wor-
 shipped, the land of the Gods.
 No troubles and worries, the land of
 the Gods.
 Thoughts and philosophies, the land of
 the Gods.
 Utopia, the land of the Gods.
 Dreamer, II.a.

PROTEST

DEEP poetry leaves me cold—
 KEEP the thought-train rolling—
 WRITE anything, it will have more
 MIGHT, the nearer it is to the
 HEIGHT of obscurity.
 SNATCHES of sentences,
 BATCHES of words, short or
 LONG, there's no right or
 WRONG, no rhythm or
 SONG, but "poetry".
 WHO is to judge if a thought is
 TRUE? They say it is all in the
 MIND . . . If you try, you may
 FIND the original theme—of a
 KIND not worth stating.

Fred Bloggs.

"Five sovereign fingers taxed the breath, doubled the globe of dead and halved
a country;
These five kings did a king to death." Dylan Thomas.



Iola Wilson, F.IV.

CONTEMPORARY FOLK MUSIC AND ITS EXPONENTS

In the past ten years, Folk Music has enjoyed a widespread upsurge in popularity both in this country and in the United States. This increase can be attributed to the emergence of new figures who have introduced technical and lyrical sophistication to folk music. They fulfilled a need for a new form of music to take the place of commercialised "Rock 'n' Roll" after many people's disillusionment with it. Of course, folk music has an inherent simplicity of melody, and, by its very nature, a pertinence to the individual which made it a natural reaction against the impersonal mass-produced "Rock 'n' Roll" music.

It is mainly a traditional brand of folk-music which is in favour in this part of Britain, for it appeals to the ordinary "man-in-the-street", who associates a night out with a drink, a song and a laugh. The better known representatives of this form include Hamish Imlach, Watt Nicoll, and the Corries, who provide all-round entertainment through their personalities, sense of humour, and their ability to gain audience participation. They combine with this, a high degree of instrumental skill and in the case of the better groups a virtually flawless harmony, both vocally and instrumentally. This technical skill has resulted in the recording of a large number of L.P.s. This is a medium which depends almost entirely on musical precision rather than personality for its effect, and the fact that the record manufacturers continue to produce this kind of album indicates that the effect is not lost on record-buyers. It is significant that on every L.P. of Imlach's he himself has arranged most of the tracks; this is typical of the leading Scottish folk-singers' musical proficiency and their knowledge and understanding of their craft. So far, I have talked about more traditional folk-music, and its exponents in Scotland. It has merely an immediate appeal—to the senses, not to the intellect. To appreciate the recent intellectual advances made in this field, we must consider the new breed of what can be best described as "song-writer-poets", who have come into their own in the past decade.

These men (and women) started off

on the road to revolutionising the whole concept of folk-music with a mind to voicing their feelings about contemporary social problems and anomalies, such as racial discrimination, the gulf between the classes, war and etcetera. It is no surprise that they should be products mainly of the United States, for it has the most extreme cases of social disorder of any of the free-speaking nations. However, as the decade progressed, a general trend away from wholesale condemnation of huge widespread social problems began to emerge—instead, the poets seemed to concentrate on more personal poetry. To illustrate this change, here are two quotes from Paul Simon: the first written in 1962, the second in 1967.

And Jesus was a sailor
when he walked upon the water.
And he spent a long time watching
From his lonely wooden tower
And when he knew for certain
Only drowning men could see him
He said, "All men will be sailors then
Until the sea shall free them".

"The old men,
Hosts in their overcoats,
Waiting for the sunset.
The sounds of the city,
Sifting through trees,
Settle like dust
On the shoulders
Of the old friends."

It is clear that the first quote is dealing with a larger scale subject than the second, but whether this change took place as a result of Simon's cognizance of the futility of his early efforts or as a natural intellectual progression, is merely speculation. However the same trend is noticeable in other such "songwriter-poets"; Bob Dylan, for example, is now concerning himself with much more specialized and personal subjects than before, as is Leonard Cohen.

Over this "subterranean change of priorities", it cannot be denied that the standard of poetry is exceptionally high. I have already quoted Paul Simon; I have two quotes here from Bob Dylan and Leonard Cohen.

They are examples of the high intrinsic value of this contemporary poetry.

"The motor cycle black madonna two
wheeled gypsy queen
And her silver studded phantom cause the
grey flannel dwarf to scream
As he weeps to wicked birds of prey who
pick up on his breadcrumb sins
And there are no sins inside the Gates of
Eden.

The kingdoms of experience, in precious
winds they rot
While paupers change possessions
Each one wishing for what the other has
got
While the princess and the prince discuss
what's real,
And what is not.

Although the styles contrast radically, the quality of the poetry is high, and this, more than anything else, marks the folk-music revolution as worthy of recognition. However, it must always be taken into account that this poetry has been to some extent restricted by the fact that it is meant to be sung, but when the completed song is recorded, the music contributes to and enhances the effect of the lyrics. This point leads on to the other aspect of this kind of folk-song—the music. Music has become more and more sophisticated under such influences as Paul Simon and the Pentangle (strangely enough, an English group) and even Lennon and McCartney. Changes of key and beat and musical theme are skilfully manipulated in their hands. Two fine examples of this are Simon's "The Architect" and Lennon-McCartney's "Blackbird". They epitomise the fact that music has progressed on a parallel with the poetry.

We are living in a time where there is a surfeit of excellent contemporary poets discussing issues relevant to today's society, a surfeit of good musicians and a surfeit of experienced folk-entertainers all concerned with folk-music of one kind or another. And more than this, folk-music has been diversified to encompass traditional ballads, modern poetry and modern music.

R.P.

A TALE OF WOE

Why did they murder him? They had no reason. The judge sentenced my brother to life imprisonment, his two friends to 15 years. I remember that terrible day:—

It was January and the ground had a light covering of snow. I walked up the garden path after an exhausting game of hockey and turned the door knob. As if that was a signal, two sharp shots rang out from upstairs. My heart raced and I felt the colour draining from my face. A minute later a bedroom door burst open and my brother and two friends ran out. When they saw me, they stopped, then they ran down the stairs and out of the front door. I went upstairs slowly and went into the bedroom.

My father was lying face down on the floor—dead.

What happened next is hazy. The police were called and my father's body was taken away. Two weeks later my brother and his two friends were caught. This was the second tragedy in our family. Five years ago my grandfather had killed my mother then had committed suicide.

I had come home from the trial and was sitting alone in the house when a car drew up in front of the house and my sister got out. The door opened and she stood in the doorway, a revolver in her hand.

Slowly she pulled the trigger . . .

The Spirit.

A Magnificent Magpie Magnified a Maggot. The Magnificent Magpie Magnified the Maggot because a Magnified Maggot looks more to a hungry Magnificent Magpie than a Maggot that is not Magnified. The Magnified Maggot realized the Magnificent Magpie was going to majestically eat it, so the Magnified Maggot ran away. The Magnificent Magpie chased the Magnified Maggot with a Magnifying glass and caught the Magnified Maggot making for its Maggot house (which is not Magnified). The Magnificent Magpie ate the Magnified Maggot whole! The Magnificent Magpie then demolished the once Magnified Maggot's Maggot house but a measly Maggot, Magnified or not, is not much for a hungry Magnificent Magpie so the Magnificent Magpie looked around for more Maggots to Magnify with his Magical Magnifying glass.

M. W., F.IV.

KARATE—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The origin of Karate dates back more than a thousand years. When Dharma was at the Shao Lin monastery in China, he taught his students physical training methods in order to build endurance and physical strength required to carry out the rigid discipline that was part of their religion. This physical training method was further developed and adapted to become what is known today as the Shao Lin art of fighting. This martial art was imported to Okinawa and blended with the indigenous fighting techniques of the islands. The lord of ancient Okinawa and later the feudal Lord of Kagoshima, on the southernmost tip of Kyushu in Japan, banned the use of weapons, thus giving rise to the development of "empty-hand" fighting and self-defence techniques. This martial art due to its Chinese origin, was called karate, written in characters with the literal meaning, "Chinese hand". The modern masters of this art, Funakoshi Gichin who died in 1955, at the age of eighty-eight, changed the characters to mean literally "empty-hand". Funakoshi, however, chose the characters for its meaning in Zen Buddhist philosophy: "rendering oneself empty". To the master, karate was a martial art, but it was also means of building character. He wrote: "As a mirror's polished surface reflects whatever stands before it and a quiet valley carries even small sounds, so must the student of karate render his mind empty of selfishness and wickedness in an effort to react appropriately toward anything he might encounter. This is the meaning of **kara**, or 'empty', of karate".

Karate was first introduced to the Japanese public in 1922 when Funakoshi, who was then professor at the Okinawa Teacher's College, was invited to lecture and demonstrate at an exhibition of traditional martial arts sponsored by the Ministry of Education. His demonstration so impressed the audience that he was flooded with requests to teach in Tokyo. Instead of returning to Okinawa, Funakoshi taught karate at various universities and at the Kodokon, the mecca of Judo, until he was able to establish the Shotokan in 1936, a great landmark in the history of karate in Japan.

The Japan Karate Association was established in 1955 with Funakoshi as chief instructor. At that time, the organisation had only a few members and a handful of instructors who had studied karate under the then aged master. The Association was approved as a corporation by the Ministry of Education in 1957. In that same year, the Association held the first all-Japan karate championship tournament, now an annual event, helping to establish karate as a competitive sport. Having experienced tremendous growth, the Association now boasts a membership of 100,000 active karate students and approximately 300 affiliated karate clubs throughout the world. The role of karate in the modern age is multiple. As a practical means of self-defence, it is widely taught in private clubs, and in Japan it is a part of the training programme for policemen and members of the armed forces. A great number of colleges now include karate in their physical education programmes, and an increasing number of women are learning its techniques. In Japan and elsewhere in the world, moreover, karate is gaining great popularity as a competitive sport, one which stresses mental discipline as well as physical prowess. What was originally developed in the Orient as a martial art, then, has survived and changed through the centuries to become not only a highly effective means of unarmed self-defence, but also an exciting, challenging sport enjoyed by enthusiasts throughout the world.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In a recent music exam, one of the questions asked was "Who wrote the music . . ." to which the answer was Tchaikovsky (I hope). The creative geni in F.III. have since changed the name to:

Tchaicowsky;
Tchaikowski;
Tchycofski;
Tchicowski;
Tchiousky;
Twitchofsky;
Chicoughski;
Chincosky;
Chicofsky;
Mozart;
Taŭkobckuŭ

Why couldn't it have been Beethoven?
Or is it Beethoven? Anon., F.III.

WOMEN OVER THE CENTURIES

For the past few thousand years, and who knows, perhaps longer, the central figure in the family has not been the man but rather the overworked and disillusioned woman. It was she, forced by circumstances to bear children, cook, clean, tailor clothes, and grind out corn (as I do in an English essay), who was considered the general drudge, incapable of anything but rearing and cleaning. It was not her joy to leave the cave each morning, club in hand, swathed in a bearskin, off, out to catch supper on the grassy prairie, but to sweep the littered cave free from bones, last night's supper, dad's attempt at an ice-axe, and other assorted debris.

Thus from the very earliest days a woman was treated as the most miserable trash . . . wretched, dejected and thoroughly abused. Even today in the more remote corners of the Arabian desert an Arab will still put down his cows, goats and pigs on a census form, and then and only then he just might (for there is no obligation) list his wife/harem and daughters.

This indeed was a sorry state of affairs. Something had to be done. Gradually the more militant feminist elements of society began to realise exactly how far affairs had reached. True, in the nineteenth century, women were no longer asked to sweep a littered cave-floor (emancipation might have come sooner had this been so) but they were still ordered to bear and rear, to slave and work, to charm and entertain and in general to devote themselves completely and utterly to their caressing husbands.

But woe for the men! When they looked around to see precisely how affectionately loving their spouses were, they saw a decrepit male-dominated world—The Houses of Parliament; not a woman in the place; the banks, likewise the Stock Exchange both plunged in the gloom of the latest financial disaster and not even a well turned ankle to alleviate the mourning.

And what was a woman supposed to do? Sit back in serfdom to a man all her life with not even equality under the law?

Never! Women demanded equality.

There are far too many feminist heroines and examples of their devotion to the woman's course to enumerate here, so on the subject of equality, it will suffice to say . . . they got it.

Women now had the vote, equality under the law, there were feminist M.P.'s and the professions were opened up to them. No longer could a husband beat his wife (except on the island of Sark, which may explain why the tourist trade there is booming) and in general, things were looking up for them.

But you know, women have a gift which in the past has never been understood by men . . . I shall refer to it as the "X" factor, namely a totally illogical and irrational mind. One might have supposed that the average woman would be content with a state of affairs where she was no longer a slave . . . but no. It was rumoured in strictly male circles that women didn't want this equality . . . they wanted superiority.

It was too late to go back. Already the family unit of husband, wife, and a dozen or so children was breaking up. The invention of "The Pill" erased nine of the children for a start. Career women were seen about the streets while the children—the remaining three that is—were packed off to nursery school.

Women doctors! women barristers! They were invading the clergy even . . . where was it all to end?



Men's most private and discriminative organisations were invaded by the growing menace. Neither men nor women realised it at the time, but because the two sexes were being brought together more and more in everyday life, the family unit was beginning to crumble. Women were no longer the fragile matrons of maidenhood that they once had been. They were out in the world, independent, free, and no-one was going to stop them.

This is the position today.

Will there be a lull in the storm? Can a temporary truce be negotiated? I don't think so. Already, in America, women are taking up arms— bricks, pavingstones, anything they can lay their hands on. Only last week the backwindows of the White House had to be replaced.

The mini-skirt which for a brief moment gave a girl a lost sense of femininity has gone down to midi in the rush to battle. This, the most charming of styles, was lamented in "The Times" last week which said, and I quote, "This delightfully becoming dress which transformed a normal street scene into a voracious men's paradise has surely gone for good".

Women are again on the march. The technological revolution has released them from the kitchen sink. No longer do they wave goodbye to a husband who leaves the house each morning, brief case in hand, decked in his bowler, off to catch his train. Instead at 8.30 prompt, they depart with him to take up office as secretaries, typists, cabinet-ministers . . . prime-minister before long.

But after the next spell of militant activity, probably lasting ten years, the family unit will have been re-arranged, tailored, and fitted to suit the needs of an ever-rising standard of living. However, I can promise you that it will never completely dissolve, and to prove it, I leave you with the famous and much quoted words of Mark Twain when asked by a friend, "Mark, what would men be without women?" "Scarce," he mused, "mighty scarce."

One of the many.



J. D. Hutchison, F.I.V.

"LOST!"

Beads of sweat sat in bands along my hair-line. I felt it forming under my chin and took my hot and sticky hand and wiped it away. The straps of my rucksack were biting deeply into my shoulder blades so it was with great relief that I heard my Uncle Gordon shouting, "Look, isn't that a wonderful panorama!" I studied the view of the loch which was sitting below.

Uncle Gordon and I had set out to climb Ben Nevis that morning. We were sensibly kitted out with rucksacks, which carried food and protective clothing, walking boots and warm but light clothing, for we both knew how treacherous Scottish mists could be if they descended quickly and without warning. At the present moment the sun was shining brightly and there was not a cloud in the sky. I was snapped to life by my Uncle Gordon who laid his hand heavily on my shoulder. "Run Leslie", he shouted, "We might be able to

find some shelter". Within fifteen seconds it was if a white blanket had covered the area. Fog! It had happened so quickly. We stumbled blindly along what we thought was the proper trail but after about forty paces we realised the sad truth. We were lost.

Stumbling over rocks, we fumbled about until we thankfully found a cairn into which we both huddled. Taking off our rucksacks, we took out a piece of chocolate and ate it. To stop my worrying, Uncle Gordon began to tell me about some of his previous climbs and walks in different countries. He told me that in two or three years he would perhaps take me climbing abroad. My immediate thoughts were, "Will I ever get down from here?" I certainly wasn't thinking of any future climbs. While we were talking the mist silently rose, and we found ourselves well off the beaten track and covered in puffs of white fog.

Some months later, when I was back at school, my geography teacher was talking about Ben Nevis and asked if anyone had ever climbed it. I put up my hand to reply and he asked me to come out to the floor and tell the class about the wonders you see from the top. All I could tell them, however, was that while I was up Ben Nevis, all I saw was fog.

Leslie Cruickshank, F.I.a.I.

EXTRACT FROM A DIARY

Having started swotting two days before the exams, after three hours I found myself with nothing to do, since I had finished everything. So I decided to take up butterfly-collecting. After I had filled four cases in half-an-hour, I tired of this hobby and made up my mind to collect something more interesting—boys, for example. Therefore I set out for all my usual haunts when pursuing this pastime. Five boy friends and fifteen minutes later, I was exhausted and decided to take up something less tiring. Two minutes later I had written this magazine article. Since I do not feel tired any longer, I think I shall go out again for some more boy-hunting. Wish me luck!

A WEE FLING

"Can someone do an article for the magazine on the old illustrations from this pile?" they asked.

"I will!" said I, like a fool.

"Good! Here's the heap of old magazines—get the illustrations."

I determined to try something ambitious (for we all die sooner or later, and I wanted to leave some mark on the world besides footprints) and to this end sifted through many old magazines. After which I found an illustration, which seemed to illustrate an invasion of a tree by deformed butterflies, while Parliament, the Army and the curious group at the bottom left looked aghast.

It was, however, an illustration on "Iolanthe", which I found a name for.



"The Truth about the Prefects' Room"

"Well said! Stout fellow!" they cried, and I hit them.

On a further examination, the following was revealed, and it speaks for itself.



"Big Brother is Watching You!"

I can now take a short rest and insert one for which I need not think up a new caption:



Back to Nature.

Will it come to this?

Any person or persons seeking further information on life in the Dark Ages should consult the School Magazine recently discovered in an early British library. They have my full backing for an article on "Staff through the Ages".

Anon., F.III.

The Autumn leaves swirled and danced at my feet as I stood by the edge of the pond I knew so well. There was nothing left now it had gone, gone with the first Autumn leaf.

I walked on, I could feel the wind tugging at my hair as it had done many times before, but this time it was different. I felt an awful lost feeling creeping over me,

I had lost something which I may never regain.

I left the park and made my way along the road I knew so well—people, places, faces I had seen before, but this time there was something missing. Something I shall never find. Why did it happen to me? I have lost something too precious to lose. Where are you life, why did I lose you.

Ann Ingram, F.III.

WOMAN WITH MANDOLIN



Jane Maxwell, F.IV.



THE HAPPENING

"'Boldly I opened the door'—that's as much as she wrote in her last entry, sir," the young man said, cautiously, "It's not very much to go on, really. Why does a young girl of nineteen take her own life. She was pretty and at the time of life when most girls are having a ball!"

"Now, look, Stanton," the older man, a Chief Inspector, said sternly. "Let's summarize the facts. What is known about the girl?"

"Her name was Jean Lawton, nineteen years of age, sir. She was born in Kirkcaldy and seems to have lived a happy, normal life till the age of fifteen when, for some reason, she left home. So far, I haven't been able to find out why.

From that age, fifteen, till the age of eighteen, no-one seems to know what happened to her. Just after her eighteenth birthday she arrived in London—a drug addict unable to go for more than a few hours without Heroin.

She found a job and a room, but about a month later, she was seen having men up to her room for the night, so the landlady threw her out. She eventually went to live with a certain Graeme Blake—so far untraceable—a coloured student. She became pregnant and because of this tried to stop taking Heroin. She went to the drug centre and eventually managed to stop. After that, I believe the baby was still-born and she went back on Heroin, stronger than ever. When we searched her rooms, all we found was this diary with the last entry stating 'boldly I opened the door'. We know nothing else, sir, but I have men looking for Blake."

"She died of a large dose of barbiturate poisoning, self-inflicted then?" The Chief asked quietly.

"Yes, sir," came the reply. Suddenly, the phone rang. Stanton carried out a short conversation and then turned to his Chief, "We've got Blake, sir". "Well, lad, bring him in".

One hour later, the three men sat in the office as Blake told this story.

"Yes, I lived with Jeannie for a few months and it was my child she lost. I warned her if she returned to 'H' I would leave her, so I did. I was gone a week when I was told she tried to take her own life. I went back to her. She was in a terrible state—caring about nothing. She had tried to slash her wrists. I made her sit down and tell me what was wrong. She told me about the death of her parents when she was fifteen and how the strain was unbearable. She ran away and hitchhiked to Bristol. There she changed her name and got a job and lived quite happily until a married man persuaded her to go to London with him. On the way there, they had a crash. He died. From then, after going to a club, she was hooked on drugs. Her emotional problems were beyond repair. She met me, and the rest you know. Eventually, I had to move again for a week. She was all right again and I felt safe leaving her. The day I returned to the flat, I found her gone and this letter there."

Stanton took the letter. It read:

"Graeme, my love,

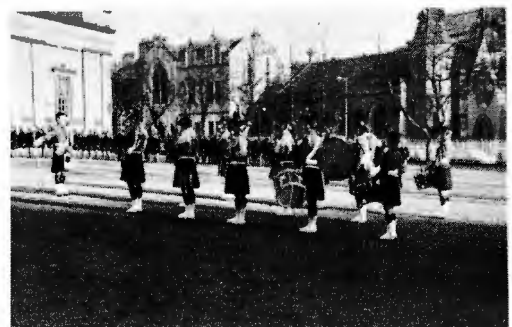
Mum and Dad are calling me. I'm going to open the door.

Think of me,

Jeannie."

Stanton looked at the Chief, "That's what she meant—boldly she opened the door—well I hope she found more happiness behind that door—for her sake."

Jane Hinrichs, F.I.I.



THE SCHOOL HEROES

Now, at long last, a brave soul plucked up courage and has decided to reveal the real heroes of the school. Yes of course, our heroes are the brave, upright respected and admired keepers of the peace, the school sugar supplies, the rejected ex-Staff room tea-cups and the dreaded lines.



Pearls of wisdom often fall like lumps of concrete from the lips of our Prefects, and here, finally revealed, are the most startling and well-known phrases.

"Get your feet off the table and turn down the radio!"

"Anyone want a game of bridge . . .?"

"Oh da--, I've laddered my tights."

"Get out of here, liquorice legs."

"Just mention breakfast once more . . ."

"As one spade to another . . ."

"Now look 'ear . . ."

"Guess who did seat duty again at 8.15 a.m.?"

"Where's my contact lenses?"

"All the best people fail first time round."

"I'm top of the Winter Golf League."

"But I am standing up."

"I tell you it was a car, not a double-decker bus."

"Geroff my sore knee."

"Someone put the kettle on—Ronald?"

"Oh you beast!"

"Any chance of a cup of coffee."

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking . . ."

"Who's doing the cake-shed—Ronald?"

"I was on the short list last year so there!"

"Miss Gray wants to see you."

"Just say 'Nelson the Seagull' once more and I'll . . ."

"Stop calling me tiger."

"Put the radio up high."

Anon.

THE STALLION

He galloped along the straight, before slowing into a canter to turn the rather sharp corner, leading to the woods. The stallion had a small head, rather a glossy coat and stood about 14.2hh. He was wild and free, just as all horses ought to be, to roam the forest, jumping everything in sight and shying at rabbits or an owl hooting. He was a lovely animal, but unfortunately too lovely, because now the hunters were after him, trying to catch him for their daughters' birthday, maybe even to be put in a riding school. He, however, was so fast for all human's to catch him, they tried all methods of catching the stallion, until one day a man called Adams, came up with a great idea. He said, "Now we know, where the stallion roams the forest, we shall set a trap and see if it will work". So the men decided this might be the way. Next morning, just before dawn, the men set out, hoping to catch the stallion, they were going to come at all angles and trap the horse that way. Well by about nine o'clock, the stallion was coming along the straight, but when it reached the forest, the men were ready, but so was the stallion, he reared and galloped on and knocked a man off his horse in the passing. I thought it clever of the stallion, but nobody agreed. However after a few years the same trick was tried, this time it worked, for once the stallion was captured, and unfortunately tamed, and given to the king's daughter to ride.

Patricia Linton, F.III.



J. D. Hutchison, F.IV.

NIGHT SHADE

Edith Eliot and Martha Greenfield were on their way to a dance in the church hall of a small English village in the Mendip Hills. It was a crisp, cool autumn evening and their breath condensed in foggy clouds below twinkling stars. They chattered gaily as they hurried along the short cut through Edwards Copse.

"Going to the dance?" they hailed old George who leaning on a stile.

"I'm too old for these capers. 'Sides wild horses won't drag me out at nights until they catch that puma what escaped."

"Don't be silly George" they scoffed. "That puma's probably miles away by now."

Even so, despite their brave words, they looked more carefully to left and right as they hastened on down the path.

The puma had escaped from Bristol Zoo two days ago and had got clean away after mauling a keeper severely. The last reported sighting of the puma was in Cheddar Gorge where it had killed a small boy who was exploring caves. The subsequent excitement and noise had apparently scared it, and it had disappeared through the gorge, caused a car accident and several near misses. It was last seen heading across open country.

Martha and Edith tried to dispel these disquieting thoughts and broke into song to keep their spirits up.

The light had faded now and the moon was obscured by clouds. Consequently, it

was dark when they reached a point on the path known as The Dell. Here the path took a downward turn to a point where it crossed a small brook. A pleasant enough spot in the daytime, it now seemed to offer limitless black depths. Half a mile beyond, trembled the lights of the friendly village square. Edith hesitated but Martha, always the leader, grabbed her arm and dragged her on.

"Now don't be silly, dear. We've got to cross it anyway so there's no point in hanging about. The sooner we're at the dance the better."

So Edith allowed herself to be herded across the Dell. It was then that Martha screamed.

Later, in the comfort of the village police station, Martha recalled the pale huddled shape floating in the stream, the dark claw marks disfiguring the staring face. She roused herself from the memory and paid attention to the Sergeant who had just finished taking a statement from a more composed Edith than the one who had run screaming into his arms an hour ago.

"Well that's about all, ladies," he was saying. "We will be closing the dance early now that this has happened, and we will be arranging lifts home for those that want them. Not that there is much danger really, for the zoo people have been here and they say that the cat won't be here any more. They say that someone has seen the puma at Nuthampton and that's three miles away. Anyway, I think you two will feel better if you go and have a nice hot cup of tea across the road in the hall and it will do you good to have a gossip with your friends."

Edith and Martha nodded mutely and got up and went outside. Martha suddenly spoke to Edith.

"Edith, I don't think I want to go to the hall tonight."

Edith was shocked. "But you can't go home all by yourself along that path. Look, stay at my house tonight. There is a spare bed and I can make some hot tea or something. Please."

Edith lived by the church at the end of the village street and she had been to Martha's to collect a hat that Martha had borrowed.

But Martha shook her head resolutely. "I want to go home now. I'll be perfectly all right. Look the moon's out now. And you heard what the Sergeant said about the puma being at Nuthampton."

Edith was not convinced. "Don't be silly, dear. I'll never forgive myself if anything was to happen to you. Stay at my house tonight."

Martha was a stubborn woman and she had it in the back of her mind that she had something to prove, by not being scared of bogies in the dark. Besides she couldn't possibly sleep in that terrible old iron bedstead.

"No" she said firmly. "I am going to walk home tonight and I am going now."

Edith saw that there was no point in arguing as Martha was set on going home. "Well", she said, "At least give me a ring when you get home".

Martha smiled. "All right then. I'll be phoning you in about quarter of an hour. Cheerio then."

Edith stood and watched her go, then shrugged her shoulders as Martha disappeared from sight.

Martha, already regretting the folly of her decision, walked briskly down the path leading to the Dell. She looked neither right nor left. The moon was well out now and the hedgerows were illuminated like gray walls. Her steps slowed as she reached the Dell. Perhaps it would be wise to go back. No! And have that idiot Edith laughing at her. She reached the brink of the Dell. Her heart gave a jump. Something black was moving down there. No—surely not . . .

"Why, hello Miss Greenfield" shouted the voice of Constable Birchway. "You shouldn't be out here you know."

"Oh Sergeant Masters said there was no danger now. He said that the puma had been seen at Nuthampton."

"Ah, but I wouldn't take any chances even so. Look, I'll escort you home," offered the constable.

"No, no, it's all right" insisted Martha. "My house is only ten minutes away."

"Well if you don't want my assistance" said the constable doubtfully, "I have to go back to the station now".

"Yes, yes, I'll be fine," Martha said with a confidence she did not feel.

"Well cheerio then."

Martha hurried on. She was fully alert now and was starting to imagine things. She could hear footsteps behind her, stepping when she stepped. She stopped and whirled round, and saw nothing. Only slightly reassured, she carried on. Did something move over there? What was that! Only an owl hooting. Her taut nerves were playing tricks on her. A mouse ran across the path in front of her and her nerve broke. She ran sobbing and crying. "Oh please let me live. I don't want to die. Go away. I want to live. Oh please let me get home". Near hysterical now, she screamed with delight when she saw the lights of the little row of cottages where she lived. She ran faster. She reached the gate and fumbled with the latch, glancing fearfully over her shoulder. She flew up the path and reached the door. She sobbed as she found the right key, jammed it in the lock and burst the door open. Slamming it behind her, she lay against the door and cried with relief. "I'm all right now. I showed them. I'm not afraid of the dark. There was nothing there anyway. It would have caught me if it was, because it was much faster. I showed them."

She opened her eyes and was suddenly very, very still. For at the end of the hallway, a pair of big yellow eyes were staring . . .

P. W. I., F.VI.

CLICHE 1970

The BIOLOGICAL WARFARE researcher, deep in the CONCRETE JUNGLE, considers the DE-ESCALATION of the COLD WAR. How is the INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS going to stop the GUERRILLA OPERATIONS? Will it resort to THE BOMB? That would be the answer to the POPULATION EXPLOSION—but THE PILL would be more MORALLY ACCEPTABLE. At home, ECONOMIC INFLATION is CAUSING CONCERN, along with the ROAD DEATHS' FIGURES and POLLUTION—of AIR, WATER, AND PUBLIC TASTE. HIPPIES keep OPTING-OUT of this APATHETIC SOCIETY.

What would our Victorian predecessors have thought?



THE MAIN EXERCISE

One beautiful summer evening, during our ten-day holiday camp at that glorious seaside resort, Butlins by Aultbea, where the sun shines perpetually over the multi-coloured houses and the athletic figures of our C.C.F. 13 weary souls were wandering around the north-west of Scotland, searching vainly for a lost loch and trying frantically to keep warm and dry in the force 10 gale with driving sleet.

They trudged through muck, mud and mire, regardless of the raging torrents of water which tried to pull their feet from under them. Through these terrible conditions these stalwart lads struggled on, led by the future C.S.M. and R/S. With massive rucksacks and heavy rifles, the 11 hard men of No. 1 Platoon Senior Company, fought through these spine-chilling conditions, wandering around in circles under the leadership of M.M., but with the esprit de corps shining through.

Often, like the modern Western, they sighted the lonely figures of their two shadowers clearly silhouetted against the horizon. These two fighting men, the redoubtable R.J. and J.P., clearly used all their field-craft tactics in best High School fashion, casually strolling on top of a ridge, with J.P.'s tammy sticking out like S.C.'s stomach who was, at this time bounding from tuft to tuft, trying to avoid falling headlong into the numerous bogs.

But while these cadets were exchanging pleasantries about the weather and Scotland's beautiful countryside, their brave leaders R.S. and G.F. had found a loch. Hurrah! At last they could drop anchor and retire for the night. But then their accommodation problems began. Even to A. McC., thirteen bodies into three tents did

not give a whole number, so they shoved five in one tent and four each into the other two. While these sardine packing arrangements were going on, their heroic leaders had decided to have a meeting with R.J. and J.P. as to whether or not the exercise should be cancelled. After G.F. had fired off two rather soggy blanks, they retired to their respective saturated tents.

By this time, they were all sitting in at least four inches of water and the rain was still lashing down. Then, suddenly, as M.M. was quietly puffing away on his pipe, there was a tremendous flash just outside G.F.'s tent. Naturally, R.S. assumed it was H.B. up to his usual tricks, but as he was back at camp, their two leaders leapt, or rather swam, sloshed and waded outside where they eventually found R.J. and J.P. lurking about. After a brief consultation, they were told to ride out the rest of the night on a firm anchor and to weigh anchor at 6.30 a.m., and make their soggy way to the wood where these two characters would be hanging out. Before leaving, these two excellent fellows tossed another thunderflash at one of the other tents which, apart from disturbing D.H. and A.McC., did no serious damage.

After wading back to their tents, they sloshed inside to find the inhabitants shaking with cold and looking like a litter of half-drowned spaniels. By the time it crawled round to 1.10 a.m., G.F. suggested calling off the exercise because of the potential drowning hazard and the general shape of several of the platoon and so ventured out into the monsoon torrents to loose of another two even more soggy blanks. While some tried to sleep, and others tried in vain to understand R.S.'s jokes and songs, G.F. was crawling around outside, trying to get a Primus going. At last, after one refill almost blowing up in his face, he carted one back off to his tent in triumph. And so, while G.F. and his tented comrades roasted their hands above the Primus, the rest sat and shivered and bewailed their fate, as well as making pleasant suggestions as to exactly what R.J. should do with himself and also casting doubts on his heredity.

And then, oh glorious relief! A familiar voice! Yes, R.S., in his usual manner, ask-

ing if anyone had heard a whistle. So, once again, G.F. crawled out and loosed off two more blanks. Rescue suddenly arrived, in the form of that benevolent despot, G.C.S. and his worthy helper, running through the knee-deep quagmire as though it was only another rugby match to referee at Dalnacraig. Only by the light of G.F.'s Primus, like a second Grace Darling, did these rescuers spot the water-bogged tents of the even more water-logged No. 1 Platoon.

But (and this is NOT just to prolong the story), their troubles were not at an end. After losing half the now completely soaked blanks, and having to grovel around in the sludge and slime to find them all, they loaded up their rucksacks and set off under the leadership of G.C.S. to return to the truck and so back to the sun-bleached billets of Aultbea.

For the sake of simplicity, I will just say that they got lost. Completely and utterly. And so there were twenty weary souls now wandering around the north-west of Scotland, searching for a lost 3 ton Army truck. But, with G.F.'s torch flashing out S.O.S., they soon spotted J.O.C. replying with the truck's headlights and by 2.15 a.m. they were all in the truck, roaring back to our holiday camp after a dampish but enjoyable sub-aqua exercise.

Anon.

P.S. We left again at 2.00 p.m. the same day.



"Ah, pray, make no mistake we are not shy . . ."

The motor-racing world was saddened by the sudden and tragic death of Jochen Rindt at Monza during practice for the Italian Grand Prix this September. Rindt was leading the World Drivers' Championship by a wide margin and his death shocked all who followed motor racing. He was only 28 years of age.

Although born in Germany, Rindt was of Austrian nationality and spent most of his life there. He started international motor racing in 1963 at the age of 21 and signed for Team Lotus at the end of the 1968 season. He had a disastrous season in 1969 and was ready to leave Lotus but a win in the United States Grand Prix and promises of a new car made him stay for the 1970 season. He had a bad start but a win at Monaco followed by a spate of firsts gave him a chance of attaining what he always wanted—the world drivers' championship. At Zandvoort he lost one of his greatest friends, Piers Courage who was killed when his De Tomaso caught fire. Courage's death saddened Rindt deeply.

At Monza, Rindt was leading the practice with the fastest time ever recorded round the circuit when his Lotus crashed at the Parabolica curve. According to eyewitnesses the car appeared to lose all control and snaked from left to right before crashing into the barriers at the side of the track. Rindt was killed almost instantly and while one cannot applaud the good taste of the Italian Press in publishing pictures of the crash and the body in the mortuary, at least they served to show that Rindt's injuries were sustained as he was dragged under the steering wheel of the car. There is a suggestion that the safety harness broke, but as Rindt disliked the full harness with crutch straps, it seems that he slipped out and was pulled under the car when it disintegrated against the barrier. In any case, his trachean tube was severed which would have called for instant resuscitation equipment something which was not available either at the circuit or at the hospital.

Rindt will be awarded the Championship posthumously as no other driver can surpass his points total.

By the death of Jochen Rindt, the motor racing world has lost not only a great driver but also a great man.

HOCKEY 1st XI.

"Jovial wind of winter—turn us out to play!"

"Mad, bad and dangerous to know" (Lady Caroline Lamb).

"It's a silly game where nobody wins."

"Genius is one per cent. inspiration and 99 per cent. perspiration."

"This is the sorrowful story,
Told as the twilight fails,
As the monkeys walk together,
Holding their neighbours' tails."

(Kipling)

Lesley Duguid—"Oh! You beast!"

Quote—"When you returned to your trinkets,
Then you contented your souls,
With the flannelled fools at the wicket,
Or the muddled oafs at the goals."

(Kipling)

Helen Stout—"Let go, you are hurting me."

Quote—"Steady of hand and stout of heart."
(Scott)

Judy Collin—"I'm telling you . . . so you can take it from me."

Quote—"God'll send the bill to you."
(James Russell Lowell)

Fiona Williamson—"? Have you done your Spanish?"

Quote—"Oh, for a horse with wings!"
(Shakespeare)

Mary Grewar—"Oink!"

Quote—"O, Mary, go and call the cattle home."
(The Sands of Dee)

Pamela Brodie—"Richard the Lion Heart."

Quote—"And he came and he tied up my garter for me." (The Dark-Eyed Gentleman)

Jane McNeill—"Oh! Rotter!"

Quote—"Travel, in the younger sort is part of education, in the elder a part of experience. She that travelleth into a country before she hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel." (Bacon)

Janice Proudfoot—"Oh! Damn!"

Quote—"Life is just one damned thing after another." (A Thousand and One Epigrams)

Valerie Reid—"I've got an awful lot of work to do."

Quote—"I like work, it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me—the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart."

(Three Men in a Boat)

Nicola Miller—"What utter piffle."

Quote—"There was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the River Tay,
She worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than she."

(Isaac Bickerstaffe)

Alison Brown—"It's in my Russian jotter."

Quote—"I'm a second eleven sort of chap."

Joan Ross—"Playing this is like playing at fairies. I'm going on strike."

Quote—"For all we have and are,
For all the Shimmy's fate,
Stand up and go to war,
The Hun is at the Gate!"

"Foremost Captain of her time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In this simplicity sublime."



"Twenty love-sick maidens we, love-sick all against our will."



A DAY TO CHANGE ALL DAYS

The untimely arrival of the chimney sweep at 10 o'clock that morning had completely disrupted the routine of Mrs Jones' well organised day, and it had left her generally placid temper considerably ruffled. She was behind time with all her chores, and at 2 o'clock her after-lunch-cup-of-tea had not been made and her newspaper was still lying unread in the front porch.

Mrs Jones realized the extreme gravity of the situation. Should she let the discipline of her dog suffer, by not taking him for his afternoon walk at the correct time, so that she could drink her tea and read her paper as she always did after dinner? Eventually, she decided to sacrifice her own pleasure, for the sake of her dog, and as she put on her warm winter coat she glowed with pride for the goodness of her deed.

As she approached the nearby wood, Mrs Jones heard two shots ring out. "It's those boys after the poor crows again", she muttered indignantly to her little dog Ronnie. "Why they can't leave the defenceless creatures alone, I just can't think". More shots broke the silence of the peaceful wood, and these were followed by shouts and the sounds of people running. As Mrs Jones watched, a young man, dirty and unshaven, ran out of the wood. He stared at her as if undecided.

Mrs Jones seized her chance. "You should be ashamed of yourself, so you should", she raged, "trying to kill those harmless crows. How would you like it if a crow tried to shoot you. Just think about that, I've a good mind to report you to the police. That's what you deserve, right enough, you young hooligan".

The youth gazed at her as if she were mad, and then ran, extremely fast, away from her and towards the nearby farm.

"Aye, I'm not surprised to see you running off," Mrs Jones yelled after him. "It's people like you that's making the world like it is today".

Mrs Jones was so upset by this incident, that she decided not to walk in the wood after all, but to go with Ronnie to her other favourite spot down by the river. However, as she walked away from the wood, she could not help noticing the two village policemen, looking very red faced, emerging from the wood. At first, Mrs Jones was puzzled, but she soon decided that there must be some law against shooting crows which had previously escaped their notice, and which they were now determined to enforce. "And about time too!" Mrs Jones retorted angrily to Ronnie, who was trotting calmly along beside her.

When Mrs Jones returned from her walk, slightly soothed, she settled herself in her comfortable armchair with "a nice cuppie tea" and the local newspaper. On the front page of the paper she saw, to her amazement, a picture of the very man she had encountered that afternoon, and under it, was written in bold capitals, "Dangerous criminal escapes. Thought to be in this district".

Mrs Jones shuddered from head to foot. "I might have known something like this would happen", she wailed. "On the one day when my routine is broken I have the chance of catching a real criminal. If only I had read my paper at the right time, I would have known. Single handed I could have caught the villain. I would have been famous, a national hero. I would have been on the tele." Mrs Jones paused to sniff, and wipe her eyes with the tip of her handkerchief.

"Not that fame and glory mean anything to me, of course," she added hurriedly. "But to be on the tele. I would have spoken to Robin Day on 'Panorama'. I might even have been given the M.B.E."

At that moment, Mrs Jones saw a figure standing in the doorway, a figure which she recognised immediately. She gasped in horror. But she recovered quickly and, taking a firm hold on herself, she stood

up, and took one menacing step towards the man. Unfortunately even the courage of Mrs Jones failed when she saw a gun pointed towards her. She submitted meekly as he threw her roughly into her bedroom and locked her in.

Mrs Jones lay trembling on the floor where she had fallen, while the criminal took as much food as he could, and procured some new disguise for himself. When she had recovered herself to some extent and had realized that she need not spend the rest of her days locked in her bedroom, Mrs Jones, feeling extremely self-conscious, opened the window of the room and cautiously lowered herself to the ground. Some half an hour had elapsed since the entrance of the criminal, and Mrs Jones considered it safe to re-enter her house.

Her tidy, organised mind was filled with horror and despair when she saw the chaos in her kitchen and living room. With a shaky hand she dialled 999.

The criminal was not caught for several months, but two significant changes were made in Mrs Jones' life. She **never** read her newspaper until **after** she had taken her dog for his walk and she always locked and bolted her door when she returned.

Sarah Boase, F.III.

TO KILL OR NOT TO KILL . . .

Euthanasia—an aspect of our every day life which is becoming more realistic in our scientific age.

What is it?

It is defined in the dictionary as "gentle and easy death". How easy? Perhaps it would be more appropriate to define it as "gentle and easy death by people acting God". That is my opinion.

Certain members of our society today feel that people who have a mental deficiency can no longer be of any use to the community. One must remember that the definition does not have an age limit or a state which the deceased-to-be must have reached. The easiest solution to these deficient people is to kill them—MURDER them. In simple terms that is all it is—MURDER. But to whom do we



bestow the act? Our doctors? They take a certain oath on qualifying—the oath of Hippocrates—which states "I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous". On finishing, the oath states, "But should I trespass and violate this Oath, may the reverse be my lot!"

Other people who might be given this honour, are perhaps the parents, relatives, or friends of the so-called "vegetable".

Is that fair?

Would they do it?

Do we have the right to take some-one else's life no matter how good our intentions might be?

Other people to whom we give the name "convicts" can be imprisoned or killed for the same deed.

To the people who believe in euthanasia, let me ask this question.

"Who ascertains when life is finished?"

Jane Hinrichs, F.III.



THE FAMILY



Iola Wilson, F.IV.

Mr Alexander Wardlaw

At Christmas, the school loses yet another long-serving member of Staff with the retiral of Mr Alexander Wardlaw—affectionately known as “Sandy” by staff, pupils and former pupils alike—after over 37 year’s service, interrupted only by the war years.

Mr Wardlaw, a native of Saline, near Dunfermline, Fife, received his early education at Dunfermline High School where he gained the Dux Medal. Then he proceeded to Edinburgh University. After graduating with First Class Honours in Chemistry, he received his professional training as a teacher at Moray House Training College—now College of Education.

Mr Wardlaw’s first appointment was as assistant teacher of Science at Dingwall Academy. Apart from gaining valuable experience of teaching, there was another important aspect of his stay up North. One of his colleagues was a lady teacher of Science called Miss Kay Baddon—who in due course became Mrs Wardlaw.

In 1933, Mr Wardlaw joined the High School staff as Second Master of the Science Department on the retiral of the late Dr. T. S. Murray, assuming responsibility for the teaching of Chemistry. At once he entered wholeheartedly into the life of the school, both in and out of his department. He helped actively with games—rugby in winter and cricket in summer—refereeing, umpiring, travelling with teams—helping Mr Tom McLaren in any way he could in the days when the latter was the sole male member of the Physical Education Department. In later years, his experience in games was of great value when he served on the Recreation Committee.

He also helped with the “Lit.”, and the more social aspects of the school such as the School Dance at which he acted as Master of Ceremonies in a most happy way for many years. As Housemaster of Wallace over a long period, his drive and enthusiasm brought out the best in his house members during competitive events.

Inevitably he became involved with the Cadets and served as an officer under Captains McLaren and Marshall, “retiring” just after the war. His main duties were as Lieutenant Quartermaster—no easy rank, pre-war, when the annual camps were held at Cortachy and he had the responsibility of erecting tents, ordering stores and all the other multifarious duties associated with a camp in the strictest sense of the word. These duties were carried out with great efficiency, every detail being attended to with the minimum of fuss, thus helping to make the camps happy occasions for all ranks.

During the war, Mr Wardlaw volunteered for the Royal Air Force and served as a Flight Engineer with 5 Group Bomber Command, flying many missions in Lancasters over Germany and enemy-occupied countries. These must have demanded great courage and involved great personal strain. Happily, he survived all the tremendous hazards to which he was exposed and after the war, returned to resume his teaching duties as cheerful as ever.

On the retiral of Mr W. L. Marshall in 1963, Mr Wardlaw was appointed Head Master of Chemistry, and it is from this post that he now retires.

Mr Wardlaw has always been a most friendly person—having a warm greeting for everyone he meets. Every day without fail, he would stop and chat with someone in the playground—usually one of Miss Knight’s small preparatory pupils. He genuinely loves children and this, no doubt, has played a large part in his successful teaching career. He was probably happiest with the younger children—introducing them to Chemistry in a most cheerful way, making use of his large fund of stories to eliminate any chance of boredom. Perhaps Mr Wardlaw’s most pleasant duty was as starter of the Preparatory races at the Annual Sports. He was in his element with the little ones who eagerly responded to his cheerful encouragement.

Mr Wardlaw is also a most helpful person. Many a pupil, and former pupil,



Mr A. WARDLAW, HEAD MASTER, CHEMISTRY.

has reason to be grateful to him for some helpful act—perhaps something small such as a kindly smile or greeting or word of encouragement, perhaps something larger such as advice about a career or in resolving some crisis or help in achieving a pass in Higher Chemistry. As Form II. Boys' Form Master for many years, he was in a position to help boys at an important stage in their school careers. Mr Wardlaw's advice and support was also freely available to members of staff. For a number of years he has also assisted the Rector by taking general

charge at the Hall during morning prayers and organising the school during Fire Drills, Armistice Services and Prize-giving ceremonies.

Now Mr Wardlaw leaves for a well-earned retirement. Our best wishes to him for the future are extended to Mrs Wardlaw who has always taken a keen interest and part in school activities and has supported her husband loyally throughout the years. May they both have a long and happy retirement. J. S.

Mr Howat

We regret that we cannot obtain a photograph of Mr Howat.

After more than a quarter of a century's service to the school, Mr Howat has retired as Head of the Classics Department.

After graduating with a first-class Honours M.A. degree from St. Andrews and a B.A. degree from Cambridge, Mr Howat took up his first post at Methodist College, Belfast. At that time there were no posts available in Scotland, even for such a distinguished scholar. A few years later, Mr Howat came to Morgan Academy as an assistant, and then to Hawick High School as Head of the Classics Department and so finally to Dundee High School.

The appointment of Adam Prentice Howat as Head of the Classics Department in September, 1943 was an extremely fortunate one for the High School. His high ideals, industry and enthusiasm for his subject will be long remembered by those fortunate enough to have been his pupils. During the past twenty-seven years at school, Mr Howat has been an abiding rock of good sense and moderation while the great changes of the post-war world have taken place. In common with many Scotsmen of his time, Mr

Howat willingly repaid the sacrifice of hard-working and selfless parents—in this case, of his widowed mother—by devoted service to the next generation.

Under his guidance the Classics Department has grown and achieved a high standard of scholarship. If Mr Howat's stentorian voice intimidated outsiders, those who were his pupils quickly recognised his tremendous gifts of exposition and appreciated his flashes of wit. Mr Howat was always interested in the welfare of those whom he taught and to the many to whom he acted as counsellor and friend.

Outside the school, Mr Howat's good sense in matters both educational and classical is admired and respected by many teachers throughout Scotland who have heard him express them succinctly at Classical Association meetings and other similar gatherings. Recently, Mr Howat was chiefly responsible for the formation of the the Tayside Classical Teachers' Association.

Those of us who have worked most closely with him will remember him chiefly for his personal example of industry and devoted service to the school while his shrewd wit and keen sense of debate will be missed in the staff-room.

A. S.

LIEUTENANT HOWAT

I look back over 28 years of a friendship with a man I have come to know both as a great teacher and as an individual of unique personality. As a teacher and a scholar, Mr Howat is known to many, and I shall leave it to someone else to write of him professionally.

I got to know quite another side of Mr Howat when we served together as cadet officers in the High School C.C.F. At camp I have often seen a look of incredulity on the face of a boy, who, for the first time, encountered his inimitable humour.

It is impossible on paper to create a situation in which Mr Howat, with a spontaneous retort, reduced us to helpless laughter—or to silence. Those who know Mr Howat will remember, and will be able to recreate in their minds the manner and the tone of voice in which he made some of his trenchant remarks.

Let me recall that day of the general inspection. An order had been issued by the War Office to the effect that officers and cadets should wear belts. On the morning of the inspection, Lt. Howat appeared as usual without a belt. This worried the senior N.C.O.'s, so some of them got the best belt they could find, blanched and polished it and carried it to Dalnacraig. As the company formed up, the Sgt. Major marched out, came to attention before Lt. Howat, saluted and said, "Sir, we have a belt in the pavilion. If I bring it will you wear it?" Without a moment's hesitation and with no change of expression the reply came, "Sgt. Major, it is my privilege to give the belt, not to receive it".

At camp in Northern Ireland his accent was so admirable, that we christened him Paddy O'Howat. On our return journey through Belfast as we, in uniform, got into a taxi his remark, "Me b'hoys, if there's any shootin, duck", caused the driver to jam on his brakes, which were only released when the rest of us burst out

laughing. There was tension even then in Ireland.

Lt. Howat consistently refused promotion. We used to say he was the senior Lieutenant in the British Army, which is probably true.

He had no thought for himself. He believed in the cadets, and many boys must recall his service with gratitude and with pleasure. He preferred to remain in the background and I wonder if he will ever know what a tower of strength he was to those of us who took the limelight. As he got older, it was often difficult to restrain him when he said "I'll go". This sometimes meant spending two days and nights on the moors and covering up to 50 miles, taking a mountain or two on the way.

To look back on those years, brings both sadness and pleasure, and also a great satisfaction.

Let us remember that great personality, Lt Howat. We salute you, sir.

The picture is painted; it remains but to add "The Fifty Guinea Touches"—Mr Howat at home.

When I first knew him, he lived in the country with Mrs Howat and his four boys. But there was more—far more—ponies, dogs, cats, hens, ducks, a budgie, a lame lark and a pet lamb. The last mentioned, to everyone's sorrow, came to an untimely end because of its endearing habit of butting anyone who approached the house—endearing in a little lamb but more than unnerving when the lamb became a young sheep.

The Howats were and are respected by the whole community. Their home radiated happiness and anyone who visited it left feeling uplifted by the experience. Mr Howat still lives in the country and runs a raspberry farm. He welcomes his old friends. They can be sure that they will once again experience flashes of the old inimitable humour.

T. S. H.



BOYS' HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr R. C. Brickley, A. A. Sutter, L. C. M. Hynd, I. C. Baird, W. F. Bryden, N. R. Hutton (Treasurer), Mr W. M. Garland.

Front Row (l. to r.)—J. G. Jackson, M. G. Kerr, I. C. Ferguson (Vice-Captain), D. A. Taylor (Captain), B. A. Eadie (Secretary), D. S. Tudhope, G. B. McFadzen.



BOYS' HOCKEY 2nd XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr R. C. Brickley, F. G. F. Allison, W. I. F. David, A. D. Ritchie, G. A. Walker, A. D. Smith, Mr D. P. MacDonald.

Front Row (l. to r.)—S. J. Cumming, J. B. A. Miller, B. Taylor, P. W. Jones (Captain), G. W. Smart, S. I. Stuart, R. E. F. Illsley.



School Activities

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

So far this year the Debating Society has had an extremely successful and encouraging session. At the end of last session the following new officials were appointed: Chairman—Alison Brown; Vice-Chairman—Malcolm Fleming; Secretary—Nigel Wightman; Minutes Secretary—Valerie Reid; Treasurer—Winifred Repper. Elizabeth Boase and Ronald Walker were also appointed as members of the committee. The first debate held this term was the annual prefects' debate, which resulted in a win for the girls. Next came the Inter-House Debating Competition, which was won again this year by Lindores.

On Friday, 16th October, the first round of the E.S.U. Debating Competition was held in Kilgraston. The result was—1st D.H.S., 2nd St. Leonard's. Both teams go forward to the next round in December. D.H.S. was represented by Elizabeth Boase and Valerie Reid.*

The next big event of the Society syllabus was the first round of the Daily Express Debate, held on the 3rd November in the School Hall. D.H.S. were represented by Brian Dye and David Cruickshank. They did well to go forward to the next round with Harris and Kirkton High.

Thanks must, of course, be given to those members of staff who have helped and supported the Society so much. Here the committee would like to thank Miss Gray, Mr Alexander, Mr A. Smith and Mr Paton most sincerely for the help they have given. We should also like to thank Mr Fyall and Mr Rorie for so undauntedly organising the Junior Debating Society.

V.R.

* Elizabeth and Valerie spoke outstandingly well, and defeated Lawside in the 2nd Round. In the 3rd Round we were 2nd, being narrowly defeated by Lawside. We look forward to the national Semi-Final in February.—Editor.

JUNIOR CHOIR REPORT

This year the choir meets every week at the Friday 9 period. About 20 girls have joined the choir, mainly from Form 1, to add to our numbers.

The first weeks of the term were spent preparing the songs which we sang at the concert given to collectors for the Save the Children Fund on 23rd October.

We are now learning the songs which we are going to sing at the School Carol Service in St. Mary's. We are also going to sing for a Toc H Christmas broadcast to hospitals.

S.B.

SAILING CLUB REPORT

Sailing continued through the summer holidays into the autumn term—it is now gradually tailing off as the weather is growing very much colder, as is the water in Forfar Loch. However, during the season there have been many different weather conditions, varying from dead calm, with the boats having to be paddled in (a surprisingly humiliating experience), to high winds, with people unwilling to take boats out at all, with the inevitability of complicated rescue operations having to be carried out. The only people who do not find it amusing are those who have been in Forfar Loch (the cold not being the only discomfort). In between these two extremes, we have enjoyed many excellent days which make sailing so enjoyable and tempt us to Forfar Loch in all weathers.

At the moment, the boats are being brought back to school for repair, being badly in need of it. But they have served their purpose for, during a Forfar Sailing Regatta, Mr Mackenzie and Winnie Repper, Euan Webster and Caroline Thomson as crew, managed to win a reasonable place (19th out of 19 was on). We hope to sail in more outside races next year, as well as setting up inter-house racing competitions.

Every member has really enjoyed the sailing this year and we are expecting many more members for the summer term.

We owe our thanks to all for their enthusiasm, on Saturdays as well as on Wednesdays, and especially to the committee—Caroline Thomson as treasurer, Euan Webster as Vice-Commodore, Mr Mackenzie as Commodore, "This is a canoeing club as well as a sailing club". It has never been so good.

M.McK., Hon. Secretary.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME REPORT

This term again sees a marked change in numbers with 87 girls and 15 boys actively participating in the Scheme. It appears that participants enter the scheme at the Bronze stage and then give up the whole idea before completing this stage. Admittedly, it is difficult to maintain interest at the age of 13-14, but I am sure that if participants did so, they would find the scheme both interesting and beneficial.

The number of awards gained last term, once again shows a victory for the girls, with Lesley Brown and Patricia Ritchie both gaining their Gold Awards.

The First Aid classes are already in full swing for the thirty or so girls in the Bronze stage, and we are hoping to have their expedition over

by February. Several more classes will be starting shortly, including "Making the Most of Yourself" and "Care of Animals", both for girls, with the added possibility of Map and Compass work lectures by one of the geography department teachers.

The Residential Qualification Course was held at Cromdale, in October, which G. Findlay attended and passed. There will also be a silver and gold expedition course at Cultybraggan during Easter, which, we hope, a number of boys will attend.

Finally, we would like to thank Miss Gray for her constant interest and help, and also Mr McKenzie for handling the slides and the arrangement of courses.

G.A.F., J.W., and S.L.

THE APATHY SOCIETY

The society did not meet this term.

THE BRIDGE CLUB

This new club has had a well-attended first term, and there is a great interest in bridge in sixth year. We are hoping to engage the services of some illustrious bridge-playing teachers for talks on the finer points of the game. (Any offers welcome!)

SENIOR COMPANY REPORT

The General Inspection, held at Dalnacraig, was a great success, with the cadets exceptionally well turned out. The Earl of Dalhousie was the inspecting officer.

The annual camp was held at Aultbea. Despite mixed weather, the camp was the best in years. The highlight, the main exercise, was well executed, lasting two days, despite earlier having been postponed. Sgt. A. Ross won the Platoon Cup with No. 3 Platoon, senior. Cpl. Vannet won the Rothwell Trophy for the best cadet. As usual, the band played at Poolewe. Mr Bell attended the camp. The camp service was Mr Erskine's last official duty, and was a very moving occasion.

During the summer, Sgts. Stiven and Fleming attended Frinly Park Leadership Course. Cpls. Allen, Wilson, Boath and Manekshaw attended an artillery course at Larkhill. Sgts. Stiven and Fleming and Cpls. McConnell and Wilson were spectators at a marvellous passing-out parade at Sandhurst.

This year there is a wide range of subjects. It is hoped to have exercises during the term, but, due to lack of transport, this is very difficult. The Armistice Parade was certainly the best for many years, the guard being outstanding. Thanks must go to Mr Henahan for his invaluable work in the store and thanks must, of course, go to all the officers, without whom there could not be cadets.

C.S.M. Stiven.

JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

This summer, the annual C.C.F. camp was held at Aultbea R.N. Boom Defence Depot. The food provided by the school catering staff, under the supervision of Miss Dunbar, was of a high standard. This always gives a good base for the exercises, which all went extremely well. Many of the cadets had never travelled over open country before, cooking their own food, and moving under cover of darkness in to the attack. This night exercise, followed by the boys pitching camp in almost total darkness, was a very good effort on their behalf. Coronation Trophy was won by Cadets Clark and Robertson. Although Aultbea is an isolated spot, it provides a much better setting for the camp than Garelochhead, where many facilities were available, basically because our corps is the only one at Aultbea, giving us more freedom.

Later on in the summer, several N.C.O.s attended courses at military establishments, which all helps to keep the cadet corps up to date with modern military tactics and way of life.

There was the usual slow start to recruiting at the beginning of the session, but now the numbers are up again, enough to provide three Junior Platoons. May I take this opportunity to welcome all new recruits, and hope that the drill necessary for the Armistice Service has not put them off. Certainly, judging by the praise of visitors, this was an extremely well turned out parade and the constant drill practice paid off.

Now that the parade is past, a training programme can be put into operation, giving all cadets instruction in map-reading, fieldcraft and weapon training. Later on in the year, when the boys have knowledge of these subjects, exercises at Buddon and Douglas Wood will be arranged. An extra period after school, cadets will be supervised by N.C.O.s, taking the form of inter-platoon games in the gym and also shooting.

All thanks are due to Lt. Fraser for making his advice in dealing with problems so readily available.

I also thank the N.C.O.s for their efficiency in controlling their men.

C.S.M. Fleming.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

Due to some error on the printer's part, last year's report, Archie McLaren's last, did not appear in the magazine. Because of this mistake, this year's report is longer than usual and covers almost the whole year.

We started a monthly competition for small medals early last term and, judging by the high scores, this seems to have greatly encouraged the competitive instinct in the club. Robin Baur, Graeme Findlay and Andrew Harvey won the January, February and March competitions respectively and were shooting cards in the high 90s. The Oakley Trophy and the Larg-Vannet Cup were both won by William Robertson, one of our most promising junior shots; the Urquhart

Cup was won by William Boath and the Findlay Trophy for the Best Individual Shot was won by Graeme Findlay.

Four members also tried for the N.S.R.A. Marksman badges and again the results were very good. Andrew Harvey and Peter Grant gained "A" class Junior badges, Archie McLaren gained a "B" class Senior badge and Graeme Findlay gained an "A" class Senior badge.

Once again the staff were soundly beaten in our annual competition, but hope to win eventually. We ourselves have two competitions looming up imminently, the Stainford Challenge Cup and the Junior Winter Competition. We also have reasonably high hopes in the Strathconnan Cup this year, as well as hoping to have some friendly matches against other schools in the area.

Graeme Findlay has been promoted to Range Sergeant, with Robin Illsley as his second-in-command. Shooting began again on the 18th September and we are practising hard for the competitions.

Once again we most sincerely thank Mr Halliday for his unfailing support, Mr Jacuk for volunteering to attend every second Friday, Mr Vannet for his constant interest in all shooting affairs and last, but by no means least, Mr Carmichael for tolerating the inconvenience which we must cause him every Friday evening. All members of the Club wish to convey their gratitude to Archie McLaren for 2 years work and patient understanding, and wish him every success at Aberdeen University.

G. A. Findlay.

SIXTH YEAR REPORT

The members elected by the form at the start of the session were: co-chairmen — Gilbert Nimmo, Caroline Thomson; secretary/treasurer — Malcolm Fleming; committee—Nigel Wightman, Peter Hutchison, David Marshall, Janice Munro, Alison Brown, Miriam McKenzie, Jacqueline Simpson.

Once the more important issues concerning the school have been dealt with by the recently-formed Staff Committee, we hope to have meetings with them to discuss matters which involve the 6th. Although some of our committee members have had transport problems, numerous meetings at members' houses have been held, which, despite much coffee and talk, have integrated the committee into a good team.

Our aim at the moment is to kindle and further the social and academic interests of 6th. Provided we can continue to jog the staff committee's memory on certain matters, we hope that a more successful year for 6th, and staff who have to deal with them, will result.

Sixth year has been provided with a common room in the new block and, although this room is available to boys and girls at any time, it is used almost exclusively by boys. The girls still retain the "dungeons" as theirs.

With some advice from staff, a weekly levy of 6d was put into operation, and this enables

the funds to accumulate at times when dances are not being held. The money is spent on coffee, sugar and dried milk. When the Christmas parcels have all been paid for, it is hoped that the money which is saved can be spent on improving the rooms.

Due to the success of the Prefects' Dance, the committee have decided to hold another dance, with the same group playing, after the terminal examinations on Thursday, 19th November. Judging by the attendance at the Prefects' Dance, it should be extremely successful both socially and financially.

I should like to thank, on behalf of the committee, Miss Gray and Mr Paton, and all other members of staff, who have never failed to offer advice when needed. Thanks are also extended to the Sixth Year students themselves, who are very willing to try any scheme put forward to them.

M. Fleming, Sec./Treas.

SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING (Friday Nine)

At the Friday 9 Dancing Class (Scottish Country) we have been polishing up our steps mostly. We have learned one complete dance "Bonnie Anne" and are in the middle of learning another. There are a fair amount of pupils go to this and, even although we have some nasty "falls", etc., they all enjoy themselves (I think!). It is difficult to explain Scottish Country Dancing, but we enjoy doing it, especially when somebody makes an amusing mistake, which is very easily done!

FRIDAY NINE (BIOLOGY)

Friday 9 (Biology) is intended to give an added dimension to a new subject on the School curriculum.

A select band of enthusiasts meet at 3.10 p.m. to do some original work of their own choosing.

Our feathered friends are being watched by two of this band, who have set their sights at a Duke of Edinburgh Award for a study of bird life.

No beetle in this town can consider himself safe and it would be foolish for any moth or butterfly to flutter anywhere near the school. Even the lovely growths and primeval slime of the aquarium tanks in the Biology lab. are regularly guddled and examined under microscopes to see what treasures they house.

That valuable asset, the heated conservatory, is already growing Passion fruit, Avocado and Voodoo lily, in addition to more familiar plants used in the regular teaching. Strangest of all is the ginger-beer plant, which lives on its own in a large kilner jar. This repulsive object swallows enormous quantities of sugar and ginger every Friday, giving in return lots of gas and a fruity aroma. Evaporation appears to be considerable.

A small trout hatchery has been set up with high hopes of success. A suggestion has been

made that perhaps the quadrangle playground could be flooded to a depth of only two feet to provide a permanent home for the wee fish. Fishing could be arranged from the surrounding classroom windows. Naturally, permission would need to be sought!

SCRIPTURE UNION

The meetings this year started with a successful sausage sizzle on Broughty Ferry beach, and have continued through the term with filmstrips, talks, discussions, students from the University, and a tape recording. In addition, there were a few inter-school meetings, including a senior discussion and junior games' nights. The committee would like to thank members of staff for their co-operation and pupils for their attendance and support, looking forward to the new term of new ideas.

FRIDAY 9 TRAVEL CLUB

Under the supervision of Miss Anderson, a series of newsletters are being produced about the school trip, which the girls of Form 3 and 4 are making to Königswinter, in the Rhineland, next summer. A number of girls are being taught to type by Mr McKenzie to help with the production of the letters. Stencils are being used for various pictures and cartoons for the letters. We are all looking forward to our trip and enjoy preparing our newsletters. We would like to thank Miss Anderson for all her enthusiastic help.

Sandra Phin (Form 3)
Ruth Black (Form 4)
(Editors)

U.F.L.B.F. REPORT 1970

In the 1970 season, the Unpopular Front for the Liberation of Broughty Ferry attacked many well-known dens of capitalist aggressors.

From the Chinese People's Liberation Army's Intercontinental Ballistic Missile Testing Ground, the merry guerrillas, led by the evil figure known as "Yasser, the Director" made raids upon over 50 staff houses and other symbols of imperialist oppression in Dundee and district. Our cause lies in spreading the Revolution from East Balgillo, yea, even unto Trottick, and in liquidating rival terrorist groups.

We thank our head chemist, Dr. Hieronymous, posthumously, for blowing up Broughty Castle (as well as himself) and for the bombs he has supplied to the Front.

In this report, too, we pay tribute to the heroic members who tried to hi-jack a No. 13 bus to Barnhill, but were brutally cut down in their glorious attempt by five old ladies brandishing handbags. The brave Liberation Commandos are now spending 6 years chained to the wall of the Boiler Room. Throw them a crust as you pass.

Activities have been suspended since 6th November due to a shortage of materials, but an increased attendance is anticipated for next season beginning October 1971.

All members are cordially invited to the Front's billiards and tiddleywinks party on 6th January, 1971.

Yasser (the Director)
Dr. Hieronymous
(has risen from the Grave!)
X—Abdul (his mark)
Fred Hussein
Power
Bent-Legs
Noddy

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

Every Friday, at 3.10 p.m, a small, but enthusiastic, group meet and already have had interesting sessions with a number of speakers.

The most successful speaker was Mr D. E. Gobell, of Harmany House, Midlothian, who gave a very informative talk, illustrated by numerous colourful slides, on his work with maladjusted children. A small group intend to make a visit to Harmany House sometime this term.

We hope the forthcoming coffee evening, on 11th December, for which elaborate preparations of all kinds have been made, will be a great success.

Each Friday evening an ever-increasing number of volunteers spend an enjoyable and rewarding two hours at Strathmartine Hospital, joining with the patients in a type of club or party.

An after-school club, organised by the Education Priority Area, at St. Mary's Forebank, is presently being staffed by High School pupils. This project is the continuation of the Maxwelltown Adventure Playground, which was very popular with D.H.S. pupils in the summer term of last session.

In the forthcoming weeks, we are looking forward to talks by Miss Carol-Anne Wilson, Scottish Organiser of Shelter and Miss K. Wigley, the Youth Activist in Dundee.

However, our main task will be the making-up and dispatching of hundreds of Christmas parcels throughout Dundee. Most of the money made from the coffee evening will be used in this connection.

We would like to thank Mrs McKenzie for the use of her room, Mr Carmichael and Mr Henahan for their co-operation and all other members of staff, above all Miss Gray, without whom any voluntary work could not take place.

Elizabeth Nicoll.
Graeme Clarkson.



HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)—Helen Stout, Valerie A. Reid, Fiona M. Williamson, Miss Dobson, Lesley Duguid, Pamela Brodie, Jane M. McNeill.

Front Row (l. to r.)—Mary E. Grewar, Judith A. Collin, Joan Ross (Captain), Janice A. Proudfoot, Nicola J. E. Miller.



HOCKEY 2nd XI.

Back Row (l. to r.)—Anne R. Taylor, Sandra H. Grant, Susan C. Cramond, Janet A. D. Cruickshank, Carolyn Jack, Linda M. Robertson, Audrey C. Melvin.

Front Row (l. to r.)—Caroline M. R. Mills, Anne M. Dargie, Alison Brown (Captain), Hazel M. C. Wilkinson, C. Anne Ross.



Sports Activities

SPORTS

As always, sport has played a major part in school activities this year. The wide variety of sports now played gives almost everyone a chance to participate and many a chance to excel. This variety has not, however, had adverse effects on the more established sports; indeed, the school's record in all sports has been commendable. This success has been largely due to the gym staff and to the members of staff who referee, umpire, and even coach and we are exceedingly grateful to all of them for their dedication and enthusiasm. We should also like to thank the F.P.'s who continually turn up, no matter what the conditions, to lend us their much needed support.

BASKETBALL CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed.

Senior team Captain: D. J. W. Marshall.
Vice-Captain: P. A. Arbuckle.
Secretary/Treasurer: D. E. Cavers.
Junior team Captain: G. J. Thomson.
Vice-Captain: G. D. Bell.
Secretary: J. B. A. Mille.

Although the Dundee Schools League has been restarted, neither the junior nor senior teams have yet had any games.

P. Arbuckle and R. Sherit were selected for Midlands trials at senior and junior levels respectively.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr R. C. Brickley for giving up his valuable time to coach both teams.

David E. Cavers, Secretary.

GIRL'S HOCKEY REPORT

We started off this season with some apprehension, due to the fact that only three members of last year's 1st XI. were still at school. However, the team has gone from strength to strength under the captaincy of Joan Ross, who has again been chosen to play for the Midlands 1st XI. Jane McNeill has been chosen as reserve.

The other teams are doing very well, few matches having been lost. The 2nd XI. have an

unbeaten record. The younger teams are showing great enthusiasm and promise for the future.

We hope that the rest of the season will continue in the same vein.

We are very grateful to the Groundstaff for all their help and to our President, Mrs Bruce Stewart, for her support. Thanks must go especially to Miss Dobson, Mrs Rorie and Miss Anderson for all their hard work coaching the teams, and to those ladies on the staff who give up their Saturday mornings to referee matches.

Alison Brown (Secretary)

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT 1970-71

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed — D. Taylor, Captain; I. Ferguson, Vice-Captain; B. Eadie, Secretary; N. Hutton, Treasurer.

The 1st XI. record to date is:—

			F	A
Sept.	5	Madras Coll.	A	8 0
	12	Harris Ac.	H	2 0
	19	Grove Ac.	A	4 0
	26	Morgan Ac.	A	3 0
Oct.	17	Alloa	A	1 1
	31	Morgan Ac.	H	1 0
Nov.	7	Aberdeen G. S.	A	6 0
	14	Kirkton H. S.	H	3 0

From the above results, it can be seen that the team has had a very successful start to the season, scoring 28 goals and conceding only 1. This fine record can be attributed to a very strong defence, containing four of last year's 1st XI., and an equally good attack, which has shown great ability in creating and taking opportunities. However, these results are largely due to the team playing as a team, and so it was very unfortunate that for the match against Alloa Academy, we were without five of our regular team, and even more unfortunate that we lost a goal near the end of the game after leading for most of it.

The 2nd XI., under P. Jones and G. Smart, also had a very good start to the season. They have won three and drawn one out of their first five games, scoring fifteen and conceding only six. Their only defeat was against Alloa Ac., when they were forced to field an understrength team.

With the continued growth of the Hockey Club, especially in the lower forms, we are now able to field two under-16 teams. Their results to date show great promise for the future. The Easter term will see the start of at least one hockey team in Form II., and some fixtures have



RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr W. D. Allardice, A. G. R. Garden, F. M. Hadden, M. J. Wilson, S. C. Cram, D. W. R. Marshall, P. A. Arbuckle, N. Lennox, A. J. Milne, Mr G. C. Stewart.

Front Row (l. to r.)—E. S. Webster, C. R. Gibb (Treasurer), R. J. W. Stiven (Vice-Captain), D. J. J. Muckart (Captain), D. E. Cavers (Secretary), L. A. Milne, J. D. Watt.



RUGBY 2nd XV.

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr W. D. Allardice, G. W. Crooks, R. M. Smith, R. S. Paterson, D. J. Hain, J. M. G. Blair, G. J. Thomson, P. Rubens, M. J. S. Philips, N. E. Philip, Mr G. C. Stewart.

Front Row (l. to r.)—P. C. Mitchell, M. N. Swanney, R. D. Allardice, G. A. T. Clarkson (Captain), A. D. Thomson, G. G. A. Allardice, J. L. Lester.

already been arranged for them. Also, this growth in numbers has permitted the initiation of an eleven-a-side Inter-House Boys' Hockey Tournament.

Representative honours have been plentiful this season. D. Taylor, N. Hutton and W. Bryden reached the Dundee Schools side at under-19 level, with all three going forward to the Midlands Schoolboys side against the East of Scotland. Taylor and Hutton also played for Midland Schoolboys against Dundee University, Midlands Under-23s, the North of Scotland and the West of Scotland. At under-16 level B. McFadzen, I. Baird and W. Bryden represented the Midlands Junior side against the North of Scotland, the latter captaining the side.

The highlight of the season must be the inclusion of D. Taylor in the seventeen strong Scottish Schoolboys pool for the international tournament this year—our first ever chance of international honours.

In conclusion I would like to thank Mr R. C. Brickley, Mr W. M. Garland, Mr D. MacDonald, Mr D. Fraser, Mr N. Doig and Mr R. McKenzie for their invaluable help in running the club, and in particular for their watching and umpiring.

B.A.E.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed — Captain, D. J. J. Muckhart; Vice-Captain, R. J. W. Stiven; Secretary, D. E. Cavers; Treasurer, C. R. Gibb. The members of the Committee are—E. S. Webster, L. A. Milne and J. D. Watt.

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

			F	A
Sept.	12	Harris Academy	H 8	3
	19	Dollar Academy	H 3	6
	26	Aberdeen G. S.	A 9	14
Oct.	10	Robert Gordon's Coll.	H 6	8
	17	Waid Academy	H 18	5
	21	Buckhaven High School	A 14	6
	24	Melville College	A 11	15
	28	Kirkton High School	H 31	3
	31	Boroughmuir School	H 3	6
Nov.	7	Kelvinside Academy	H 6	0
	14	Gordonstoun School	A 0	11

As the results show, the team has played very well, although we have been rather unlucky in some of our matches. Most of the games have been very close, even the match against Gordonstoun in which the team deserved at least one score.

The team has played well, with a spirit and determination to do well. The three-quarters have had their problems, but are now beginning to blend together. The forwards, although lighter than most opposing packs, have managed to hold their own.

We hope to continue our good run of play. Top scorer to date is Frank Hadden, with 61 points out of the team's total of 109.

The second XV. have, as usual, played well, winning most of their games. Many of the players show great potential for future 1st XV. players.

The 3rd XV. has also had a good season so far and the players are showing great keenness and enthusiasm.

The Colts XV. are showing great promise and have very good results to their credit. L7 Forms I. and II. are, as always, producing great hope for the future of the school's rugby.

D. Cavers and E. Webster were selected for Midlands trials. E. Webster was picked for the Midlands "A" XV.

I should like to thank all the supporters who have come to encourage the teams, and the girls who have, efficiently and charmingly, been hostesses to the visiting teams.

We also thank the members of staff who give their valuable time to travel with teams, referee and give their support.

I will conclude, on behalf of all the players, in thanking Mr Allardice, Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr Brickley, Mr N. G. Stewart, Mr N. Gray, Mr N. Rorie and Mr Hunter for their invaluable coaching and encouragement. I wish them to know that the players greatly appreciate the time and effort they make to provide an enjoyable experience of playing rugby on a Saturday. Members of the staff, we thank you.

David E. Cavers, Secretary.

OBITUARY

Miss MARY BROWN

Retired June, 1949

Died October, 1970

Though it is not really so, light years seem to have passed so great have been the changes since Miss Mary Brown moved in her firm but gentle way along the corridors of the Girls' School, D.H.S., or corridor to be more correct for she "resided" in what is now Mrs Williamson's room (or one of those perhaps) and her walk between there and the ladies' staff room was short. But I seem to see her there, neat of figure and dress, with her lovely shiny grey hair and her smiling grey-blue eyes, always so alert, so comprehending.

She taught English mainly, and some History and was a lady of learning and wide tastes. She was a good teacher—I do not say this lightly, it is a difficult craft—because she loved her subjects and the pupils to whom she taught them, but also because her sense of duty demanded no less of her. She was that interesting mixture that can so often be found in the Scot, gentleness and an unswerving, almost stubborn devotion to one's committed cause. She set great store by good manners, not fake ones, for to her manners were the outward sign of consideration for others. She expected boys to be gentlemen, and more often than not, because she was a lady, they too were gentlemen. Such an attitude, in which there was a delicate vein of humour, may well seem either amazing or silly to some of our young people of today but maybe this is why I said it was light years away. Yet she must have had the secret of things, for she had a serenity we would do well to emulate, untouched by the mean and demeaning attitudes of others. Time proved a test for this serenity for she was, before her death, tortured by a crippling illness which robbed

her of her physical beauty but not of her beauty of spirit. Naturally, she was unaware of these good things she spread about her, but many of us have not forgotten them and pay her a late but deserved tribute.

LESLIE B. WEATHERHEAD, M.B.E., M.M.

It is with sorrow that we have to record the death of Leslie B. Weatherhead, M.B.E., M.M. on 11th July, 1970.

Mr Weatherhead was the eldest son of the late Very Reverend Dr. James Weatherhead, Minister of St. Paul's Church, Nethergate.

He was educated at Dundee High School and studied law at University College, Dundee and at Edinburgh University where he qualified as a Solicitor in 1921. Whilst at Edinburgh University, he gained his blue for running. He became a partner in the legal firm of Reid, Johnston, Bell and Henderson and was appointed an Honorary Sheriff for the City of Dundee.

He was one of the founder members of the Dundee High School Old Boys' Club, of which he was a Past President. He was appointed a Director of the High School in 1939 and became Secretary and law agent to the Board of Directors in 1947. He gave devoted service to the school in this capacity for 20 years until he retired on account of his illness. He was keenly interested in education and was Governor of the Dundee College of Education.

Shortly after leaving school, Mr Weatherhead enlisted in the Scots Guards and was awarded the Military Medal for distinguished service in France. He was later commissioned in the R.A.F. but it was with the Scots Guards he always identified himself, and was a Vice-President of the Dundee Scots Guards Association, of which he was a founder member. He had

life-long interest in the Boys' Brigade, and was Battalion President for six years. He was a Lieutenant in the Special Constabulary and during the Second world war was a Major in 2nd Dundee Battalion of the Home Guard and was awarded the M.B.E. in 1944.

He was an Elder and Congregational Treasurer of St. Paul's Church, Nethergate. This was the church of which his father, the late Dr. Weatherhead had been a distinguished and honoured Minister for many years, and to which Mr Weatherhead gave a lifetime of devoted service.

For nearly 40 years he was Hon. Secretary of the Dundee Liberal Association and Hon. Secretary of the Dundee Symposium. He had a particular interest in helping handicapped folk and was for many years Secretary of the Royal Dundee Institution for the Blind, and of the Welfare Association for the Deaf.

It was through his personal anxiety to help the late James L. Don, a near neighbour and friend, who returned from the first world war very severely disabled, that he gathered together a group of "old boys" who had been school friends of Jim Don and suggested that they all go to Crieff Hydro for the Dundee Autumn Holiday weekend with him. This became an annual reunion, and I am sure, gave great pleasure and comfort to Jim Don and to all the rest of us. We have held together, going to various Hotels throughout Scotland for a annual reunion weekend. There are not very many of us left now, but this will be the 44th annual reunion.

Mr Weatherhead had a great interest in Sailing and was formerly a member of the Royal Tay Yacht Club and the Oban Sailing Club. He was a capable Seaman and one of the best shipmates one could ever wish to have. I had the privilege and joy of sailing with him for many happy summer holidays, in the Auxiliary Ketch

"Kirsty" of which I was part owner. It was through this that I came to know him really well and to hold him in the love and respect I had for him.

When we were returning from a sailing holiday in the Western Isles in 1938, he had the shattering experience of having the points of three of his fingers of his left hand torn off by the power winch he was working in an emergency off the Island of Tiree.

Providentially, we had with us James C. Anderson, F.R.C.S. another of our group of High School Old Boys, and so he had the best of surgical and medical care, but in spite of his injury he insisted on carrying on with his arm in a sling and would not leave us until we were safely round the Mull of Kintyre and in Cambeltown Loch. (The Crinan Sea lock gates had been smashed by a "Puffer" and so we could not get through the Canal).

His injury to such a sensitive part must have been extremely painful, and a great shock to his system, but he made light of it, and as was always the case with him, his consideration was all for the well-being of his ship mates and the ship herself.

In his last long illness, he showed the same wonderful fortitude and calm courage in face of failing strength and powers.

I believe no other "Old Boy" of my generation has finished his life with a better "Balance of Payments". All through his life, his concern was to give in service or farm his share of this world's goods, more than he took.

Much of his busy life of devoted service was for voluntary good causes, for which he received no payment, and what a record of service it is!

The High School has good reason to be proud of an "Old Boy" who served his day and generation so faithfully and well.

D. J. R. B.



Former Pupils' Section

OLD BOYS' CLUB

The 40th Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club was held in the Royal Clydesdale Hotel, Dundee, on 4th December, 1970, and there was an attendance of 121 members and guests. Dr. Derek Buchanan, the President, was in the Chair. Before proceeding with the dinner, Dr. Buchanan made sympathetic reference to the death of Mr Leslie B. Weatherhead, one of the founder members of the Club, the past President, a former Secretary of the School, a respected Solicitor and a former President of the Rugby Club. Mr Weatherhead had, throughout the existence of the Club, been a most active member and he would be sadly missed by all of those who knew him. Dr. Buchanan also made reference to the unique event that the Rector, Mr Edward M. Stewart, was present, not only in his capacity as Rector, but also in his own right as an old boy, a past President of the Club and now the Hon. Vice-President.

The toast of "The School and the Club" was proposed by Professor Anthony E. Ritchie, formerly Professor of Physiology at the University of St. Andrews and now Secretary of the Carnegie Trust in the Universities of Scotland. In a very witty and erudite speech, Professor Ritchie pointed out that, by and large, University students were receiving bad Press and TV coverage in respect of the misdeeds and ill-behaviour of a very small minority. The majority, who acted in a sane and reasonable fashion, accepting the discipline of the University and, in addition, doing much to assist the Community by voluntary work, received no Press or TV coverage at all, as their reasonable behaviour and other socially conscious activities were not

"news". The public should not brand all students as ill-behaved simply because of the behaviour of the few. The school had a duty to teach children their responsibilities and a school such as Dundee High School, with a proud past, had much to offer in the future.

The Rector replied on behalf of the School in a powerful and eloquent speech. He paid tribute to Mr D. W. Erskine for leaving the School in such excellent spirit and so well-equipped. Mr Stewart then gave a full resumé of the new developments going on in the School and said that great significance in the faith of the future of the School could be found in that the Board were negotiating for the acquisition of property for further development. The School had a great tradition in the past, but it could not exist alone on such tradition. The School required to "produce the goods" to ensure its future. Children were at school to be taught and this is what the School set out to do. The School had great pride in the past; Stability in the present; and Faith in the future and with this philosophy it would go forward from strength to strength.

On behalf of the Club, Dr. Derek Buchanan replied, thanking Professor Ritchie for the excellence of his speech and also the Rector for replying on behalf of the School. Dr. Buchanan presented the Golf Trophy to Mr G. L. Caird, and to Mr D. H. Macdonald, the Fishing Trophy. A presentation was also made to Mr K. W. Pritchard of a Silver Cigarette Box and cheque on his retiral as Secretary of the Club. The formal part of the evening closed with "Auld Lang Syne" and members then had an opportunity of meeting informally friends of many years.



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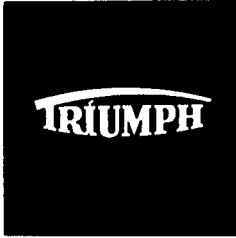
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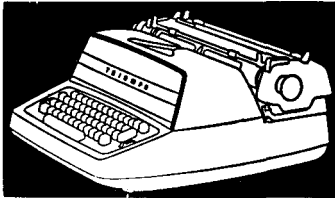
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