

# HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE



No. 151

DECEMBER 1971



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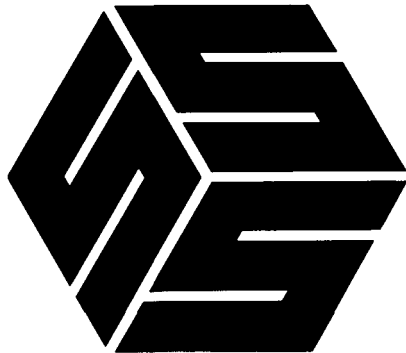
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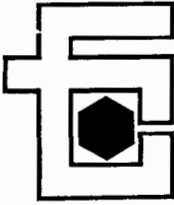
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# High School of Dundee

MAGAZINE

No. 151

December 1971

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## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

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In his editorial last year, Nigel Wightman wrote of 6th year boredom after the summer exams. This boredom seems to be developing already this year—work is little help in itself, it has to be interesting and in 6th year, pupils are almost forced to specialise in their best subjects—not necessarily their most interesting—before University or College. If they have got the necessary qualifications, there is no incentive to work and thus, those who have to pass exams are distracted. A solution is very difficult. A greater supply of Liberal studies periods could be useful, social work outside the school, during school hours, some artistically creative work in either two or three dimensions, or a free press to run alongside the school magazine where people could air their views without fear of retribution. For these suggestions to be effective, the school would have to develop a freer atmosphere in the sixth year. I think that the school is strong enough internally to stand up to constructive criticism and more freedom. The pupil-teacher relationship is generally good and if one can forget about the nature of the school and treat it as a microcosm of society especially in 6th year, this might help to relieve the boredom.

Despite 6th year lethargy this term's magazine is here. The poetry and prose competitions introduced this year in an attempt to raise the standard and volume of articles have been quite successful but, as usual, the main problem with the magazine is the lack of good material from the senior forms of the school. The magazine committee is larger than ever this year and has occasionally given the hard-working Mr Fyall a helping hand in producing this, the 1st term magazine.

Neil Hutton.



# Senior School—Part I.

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## HOW TO PUT SALT ON A BIRD'S TAIL

Putting salt on a bird's tail is an old Leicestershire custom which requires much preparation, careful thought and concentration.

First let us consider what preparation is necessary. The container for the salt must be one which it is possible to use at the same time as holding the bird's tail. Of course, if you hold the bird's tail in your teeth this problem is solved as you have both hands free. In this case however, be careful not to bite off the bird's tail, as it isn't easily digested. Moreover, watch that he doesn't fly off with your dentures gripping his tail. (The tail is what you want for salting anyway).

Now to obtain the salt. You can of course take your container to the salt mines and dig a little up (Cheshire I think is the place for this), but better still, and more exciting is to dig hopefully for your own salt in your back garden. If this proves fruitless (or saltless) the only other way is to take a bucket of sea-water and let it evaporate. A trip over the border may be helpful in your search for sunshine.

Now you are ready to set about snaring your bird. This is where the thought and concentration come in.

If you want to catch a thrush, paint your house with Evo-stick, add a pattern of snails and hope for the best. For the robin, try a coat of cotton wool and cherries. Many other combinations for different species of birds are possible, and must be left to your ingenuity. Whilst the bird is eating these delicacies get hold of a strawberry net. The smell of strawberries acts like a drug on the bird and causes its struggles for freedom to cease.

Now is the time to attempt to salt the bird's tail. The holes in the strawberry net act like a sieve, but unfortunately they are rather large for the particles of salt, so much, or indeed all, may be lost, including the bird.

But who wants to salt a bird's tail anyway?

Rachel Walton, F.III.

## SOME PRESS OPINIONS OF THE D.H.S. MAGAZINE:—

- "Must be some hidden meanings somewhere!"—Lord Longford.
- "Insidious propaganda!"—European Movement.
- "Admirable! . . ."—Amalgamated Fishmongers' Bi-annual.
- "Depraved, capitalist war-mongering"—Pravda.
- "Interesting thoughts . . ."—Chairman Mao.
- "Who's the Editor . . .?"—Richard Neville.
- "Its future will be reviewed."—Conservative Manifesto.
- "The best advert we've ever had."—Labour Party.
- "Best taken with brandy."—Lord George-Brown.

## ENQUIRY

Two; wondering  
Groping  
for the Truth.  
The Future,  
An alluring lantern in the dark  
Draws them on in curiosity.  
"We may . . . Who knows?"  
If!  
Hopelessness envelopes them.  
Even five years is an eternity  
Of waiting,  
watching, hoping.  
But still they clutch  
for the lantern  
And wonder . . .

Patricia Knox, F.V.



## SUNSET SONG

The sun was setting in the west—a beautiful sunset. The old castle on the hill was enveloped in the dying light. The stones reflected the wonderful light—changing colour very second as if a spell were being cast. The battlements stood out like ghostly statues in the darkening twilight, and the turrets like very ghosts themselves. The moat—like a river of blood—scarcely stirred. Everything was settling down to rest . . .

The cold wintry blasts were quietly dying as the evening approached. Much snow had fallen, and now the sleepy sun was slowly sinking into another world. The sunset was glistening on the white mountain peaks, and now, that magic ray was turning the snow pink—a pink of a rose of summer. Although not strong enough to melt this glistening fairyland, the sun made the mountain smile instead of frown. Tranquility had overcome this frowning monster, for now the sunset could share its burdens.

"A mystic lake—where no-one goes;  
A forgotten lake—of which no-one knows."

It lay in the crevice between high, lofty peaks, hardly catching any sunlight. Perhaps the sun frowned upon the lake because it was so beautiful. Jealously it guarded its lovely light—but not today. As the sun threw its golden light upon the lake, the water in itself shook with gentle happiness and the light flickered and trembled because of the beautiful reflection. The lake turned crimson; red; then pink, then orange, and as night fell, purple, blue and black.

A waterfall of golden splendour sent crashing torrents to their death—and then to surface and float noiselessly away. A prism of light always moving—never stopping—always moving . . . moving . . . moving. Leaping and dancing for the sun's pleasure and delight. A cleft in the hillside, narrow and steep. Then a gush; a rush of water in a wide, open space. Even the sunset cannot stop or postpone this. Nevertheless, every particle of water has captured the sunset and takes it down to the dark dungeons below, where "the sun doth not its light shed . . ."

Fiona C. Macpherson, F.II.

IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN SEE  
IN A PLUM TREE IF YOU LOOK HARD  
ENOUGH

The plums in the garden  
Are small hard and green.  
As the small boy plays in the shade  
Of the embracing branches,  
The tree of life sheds raindrops  
In anticipation.  
His face is lit with the simplicity of innocence  
Little he cares for the complexities  
And fiery poignant emotions of youth;  
The plums show green still, but  
They sense the buffets of the approaching storm.  
He remembers with affection that time  
When all around was loud, and blaring  
At his feeble sensibilities,  
Confusing the answers once so simple,  
Asking the unasked questions.  
And in the light of this molten spirit,  
Unconsciously struggling for freedom  
From the mould,  
Truths came all more beautifully,  
Like shafts of sunlight in a steep  
Pine-forest. Against  
The rash, unreasoning hotness,  
Cohesiveness of thought was the goal,  
The square of light at the end  
Of the tunnel—  
He remembered blind frustration when  
The barrier went up, that scythed  
Support from his stiff-legged inspirations,  
Caught like mysterious, awkward, new-born foals,  
To stumble at the gate, and be  
Lost again in the black tide.  
He shared his passions with no one,  
But secretive movements betrayed his dreams  
To the wardrobe,  
And sudden outbursts breached  
The defence he had raised—  
Till he sensed the cramp inside it—  
Felt the controlled power inside his head,  
No more the stammering child now,  
Or an adult screen to hide it.  
The mist had grown less wild now,  
The plums were showing red.





# Preparatory Department

## MY STORY



I am an osprey. I am a rare British bird of prey and I build my eyrie at the top of a dead tree. My favourite food is fish, so I always live near large stretches of water. While my mate looks after the brood, I go hunting. I hover above the water on my powerful wings, then I swoop down for the kill. When my chicks see me returning with the shining fish they call loudly, disturbing the sparrows, blackbirds and wrens which nest on the side of my eyrie. My mate often repairs our eyrie so much that it crashes to earth.

Neale Elder, L.IIIa.

## THE INJURED LAMB

One day it was snowing hard. As it was snowing we were all inside the house. I was curled up on a chair reading a comic. Suddenly I heard a piteous bleat, it came from the hills outside. I listened, but as I did not hear it again I returned to my comic. Suddenly I heard the bleat again. So this time I went to the front door and looked out. At first I could see nothing but snow, but suddenly I saw something, it was a lamb, it was limping over the snow covered ground. Then I noticed for the first time that it had a sore paw. So I went over to it and I picked it up, it was very cold. I took it inside where I laid it in front of the fire. Then I went to heat a bottle of milk for the lamb. I kept the lamb for about a week. Then as it was better I let it go.

Hilary Mottashaw, L.IIIa.

I have a gerbol he has a brown coat. We let him out at night. Gerbols do not drink much water. But they eat a lot of food. My gerbol once bit me on the finger it was not sore.

Paula Grieve, L.IIIa.

I met a little pig,  
And I said,  
Little pig will you play with me,  
The piggy said grunt and ran away.

I met a little dog,  
And I said,  
Little dog will you play with me,  
The dog said woof,  
I will play with you.

Susan Galloway, L.IIIa.

## MY CAT

My cat is funny,  
If I give him a ball  
He will play with it.  
He can throw it high.  
And he likes tricks.

Mark Hardie, L.IIIa.

### MY UNCLE DAVID

My uncle David is a British soldier, he works as a Sergeant on Christmas day. We do not see him often.

When he comes home he will want to have a shot on my bike. He has a lot of medals because I have seen them.

And his uniform is red, he sometimes wears a furry hat.

Jane M. Bisset, L.IIIa.

### IN THE SUMMER

In the summer when I come home from school I like to play in the garden and on the climbing frame and slide down the chute and ride on my bicycle.

In the winter when I come home from school I like to play on my sledge and make a big snowman.

Gillian Clark, L.IIIa.

### MY THREE DOGS

One day when I was taking my three dogs out, they saw a hedgehog. They barked and barked at it, but it did not move.

Tracey Parker-Smith, L.IIIa.

### THE PET

One day we got new central heating. After the men that had put in the heating went we could not find the cat. Then I heard a miaow, the cat's miaow, I said then, "She's behind the boiler" and she was. She was on a bit of cloth.

John Stewart, L.IIIa.

### THE WALK

I met a cat all brown and white.  
When I was out a walk last night.  
I wanted it to stay and play,  
But my dog chased him right away.  
And off he went into the night.  
This little cat who'd taken flight.

Gail Ferrier, L.IIIa.

### OUR HAMSTER

Our pet is a hamster. One day when he ran away he had got out from the lid of the cage. One day later we found him behind an old gas fire. So from then on we put books on the lid of the cage so he would not run away again.

Douglas Robb, L.IIIa.

### SAMBO

Sambo our dog is big and black,  
When I call him he comes back,  
He's still a puppy so he loves to play,  
I think I'll take him for a walk today.

Fiona Macleod, L.IIIa.

### AT THE ZOO

One day when I was at the Flamingo Park zoo in England. It was very good. I saw leopards, vultures, elephants, penguins. And best of all I liked the dolphins, it was five pence to see them. When I got in I saw the two dolphins. The lady told us that one was blind and she told us that they had 80 teeth. After the show we saw a lion and after that some zebras. We had some lunch there too and when I looked out of the window I saw lots of flamingos.

Stuart Strachan, L.IIIa.

### THE TAXI

On my Easter holiday I went to Yugoslavia. We were going to a little village in a bus. The bus didn't come. There was a taxi waiting for someone. We hopped in. The driver started the engine with a bump. I thought the driver was mad because he was going so fast. He was going so fast that mummy had her eyes closed, and was wishing that he wouldn't go so fast.

Walter was looking excited. Walter's my brother, I was giggling. And Sheila, my sister, had her eyes closed. And my daddy was looking worried.

Susan Jamieson, L.IIIa.

### MY CAT GILLY

One summer holiday when we went to Ellon, Mr Gill, the vet, gave us a kitten for some golf-balls.

On our way home our cat lay lovely on mummy's coat. When we got home we named him Gilly. Once Mr Boke poured water all over him. Gilly lies on unusual things especially on pusels. When he is tired he sits beside the fire. He likes to sit in a bag as well. He has caught three birds but he did not harm them. He can run at 12 m.p.h. I think he is the best cat in the world.

Ross Main, L.IIIa.

## **SPOOKS IN THE NIGHT**

Once upon a time, three boys named Jim, John and Jack lived in a house. One night they decided to tell ghost stories. John told quite a spookie story. Then it was Jim's turn. "Once upon a time, a ghost walked in this house, and tonight is the night". Jack jumped into John's chair. "And all the doors slammed with the wind", and all the doors slammed in the house. "G-g-g-g-ghosts", they all said. Then they heard footsteps. Jack fainted. The door creaked open. Jack woke up again. Then they all saw it was Jock the dog.

Graham Summers, L.IIIa.

## **NO MOON**

One day it was the first of October. I was going to the moon. 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, Boom!!!! I was off to the moon. It was great. But the Apollo 10 had broken down, eak!!!! smash!!!! We had smashed the Apollo 10 was smashed. I had to go to hospital. I recovered, I never ever went to the moon again.

Gavin Pritchard, L.IIIb.

I went on holiday and it was called Mornace. It was hot. And the sand was hot. I can swim now. And we stayed up until nine o'clock and it was dark. And I swam in the pool and sea. There was a band and I went for dinner. And I went home in a plane.

Ingrid Brown, L.IIIb.

## **MY BIRD**

My bird is so funny, I can hardly wait to tell you about him. He stands on your shoulder and tries to pull your hair. When he is out of his cage he tries to peck his cover. He's a very silly bird but I like him very much.

Ailsa Tasker, L.IIIb.

## **FIREWORK AND BONFIRES**

Fireworks bright and gay,  
Rockets go so fast,  
As we play on that day,  
It seems to go so fast.  
Bonfires they burn brightly,  
They're as bright as the fireworks,  
But you know they go so quickly.  
Like the jolly fireworks.

Ross N. F. Collins, L.IIIb.

On my holiday I stayed with my cousins. One day I got a toy called a flying thing twice it got stuck in a tree. And on a Monday we went to Appletreewick with grown-up cousin Carol and she has two little boys.

Elizabeth Blackburn, L.IIIb.

## **THE KNIGHT**

I am a knight,  
And my armour shines bright,  
Oh in the night when I fight!  
Oh in the night,  
When I fight  
I like to win the fight.

James Clark, L.IIIb.

When I grow up, I would like to be a teacher. And teach L.II. and I think it will be great fun. I don't know what it will be like, but I think I will let them play for five minutes then it will be playtime.

And while they are outside I will have my tea. Then they will come in and work.

Susan Brush, L.IIIb.

## **A BLACK CAT**

A black cat went out in the dark,  
In the spooky dark.  
Saw a thing quite black.  
Thought it a ghost.  
It was a car running down hill.  
The cat was scared and ran home.

Duncan Sillars, L.IIIb.

It is a very funny thing because every thing I think, it happens!

Like I thought it would be nice to move house and we moved house!

Philip Daft, L.IIIb.

One day we went to the Falls of Aberfeldy. There were a lot of flies around us. We were going to look at all the falls. There were about four falls and a seat where Robert Burns wrote his stories. He was quite a famous man. I sat down on his seat. It is made of old stone and it is all wet and green and it was slippery.

We went further on and we came to another fall, it was a fast fall. If you want to walk under it, but it was fenced off. We found a toad and croaked.

Simon Pritchard, L.IIIb.

### AT THE ZOO

On the holiday Monday off school I am going to go to Edinburgh zoo and my little sister will be coming as well with the rest of my family. And we are going to have a lovely time there. We will see all the different animals at Edinburgh zoo. My sister likes to see the monkeys at the zoo. My sister's name is Katharine and my own name is Fiona.

Fiona Forrest, L.IIIa.

### THE HAUNTED MANSION

One day three men were walking home from work. They saw an old house, they opened the door and went in, there were cobwebs everywhere, they cleaned it up and made it into a house. They slept there, they had night-mares and one night they met a ghost and it haunted them and frightened them and they ran all the way back home.

Sandy Reid, L.IIIb.

### ON HOLIDAY

One day then I was on holiday I went to the beach and I saw very pretty shells. I saw a very pretty pink shell and a pretty stone and at home I put them in a box. And the next time I went to that beach I got one stone and one shell again and I put in the box with the others.

Marion Ritchie, L.IIIa.

### MY HOLIDAY

I went to Yugoslavia for my holiday. In Trieste the Policemen wear white uniforms and white shoes. And in Italy there are boats called gondolas. In Brussels the old ladies make lace.

Lindsey Cumming, L.IIIa.

One day daddy and me went shooting and that day when we went we shot 40 hares and rabbits and then when we came home I had my best lunch and that is chicken.

Michael Forbes, L.IIIa.

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# Sports Activities

## RUGBY CLUB REPORT

		Venue	F	A
Sept. 11	Harris Academy	A	15	0
18	Dollar Academy	A	6	17
25	Aberdeen G. S.	H	32	0
Oct. 9	Robert Gordon's	A	10	22
16	Waid Academy	A	34	9
23	Mellville College	H	7	0
30	Boroughmuir School	A	9	3
Nov. 3	Buckhaven H.S.	H	25	7
6	Kelvinside Academy	A	3	10
13	Gordonstoun	H	24	4

This year the 1st XV. has had a highly successful start to the season. They have maintained an unbeaten home record and have lost only 3 games to date. F. Hadden is top scorer so far with 87 points out of a total of 165 points for, and 72 points against. The team hopes to carry on in this winning vein and beat last year's record of 14 wins. This year the team was well represented in the Midlands by seven trialists, Graham Allardice, Stewart Cram, Athol Garden, Frank Hadden, Alan Milne, Sandy Thomson and Douglas Watt, of whom S. Cram and D. Watt were elected for the Midlands team. F. Hadden and G. Allardice were travelling reserves. Rugby caps were awarded to A. Garden, F. Hadden and D. Watt for their performances last season.

The 2nd XV. has had an unusually good start to the season so far, only losing 1 game and scoring no less than 377 points in 9 games. This team shows great promise as next year's 1st XV.

The 3rd XV. has won all of its matches so far and look like having a good season. The 3rd year team has also been doing well and they have only lost 2 games out of 8. 2nd year have not been doing so well but they will no doubt pick up as the season progresses. 1st year have also had a good start to the season.

On behalf of all the players of D.H.S.R.F.C., I would like to thank all members of staff who give up their spare time to travel and coach the teams. Also, I would like to thank the Hostesses who turn up on Saturday mornings and graciously serve tea to members of staff and visiting teams.

This year we have been unfortunate to lose Mr R. C. Brickley who has done a lot for the junior teams as well as the Basketball Club. His place has been admirably filled by Mr A. H. Hutchison, himself a Former Pupil of the School.

I would like to acknowledge with gratitude the help of Former Pupils in helping out with refereeing of junior matches, especially Messrs A. Masson and D. Coutts.

Finally I would like to thank Mr D. W. Allardice and Mr G. C. Stewart for their coaching of the 1st and 2nd XV.'s along with Mr N. G. S. Stewart, Mr J. Hunter, Mr N. P. Gray, Mr D. C. Holmes and Mr A. Chynoweth for their help with all the class teams.

Stewart C. Cram (Secretary).

## RIFLE CLUB REPORT

The following officials were elected: Captain—Andrew Harvey. Vice-Captain—Robin Illsley. Secretary—Rae Crawford. Treasurer—John Van-net.

This season we welcome back Mr Stark, who has been a great asset to the club in previous years, and is still showing his former enthusiasm.

The club is still in the process of expanding to accommodate more members, and this venture appears to be paying off handsomely, as we have discovered some promising young shots.

In an effort to attain more match practice, we have entered a team in the Dundee and Angus Association of Small-Bore Rifle Clubs League. The league started at the beginning of November and will run for about 20 weeks.

As yet, no competitions have been shot although we have entered two which will be shot soon.

Secretary.

## BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT 1971/72

The following officials were elected at the beginning of the season: N. Hutton, Captain; W. Bryden, Vice-Captain; M. Kerr, Secretary; B. McFadzen, Treasurer.

1st XI. results to date are—

			F	A
Sept. 4	Madras College	A	4	1
11	Harris Academy	H	2	0
18	Grove Academy	A	3	3
25	Morgan Academy	A	1	1
Oct. 9	Robert Gordon's	A	4	1
16	Alloa Academy	H	1	2
20	Kirkton High School	A	2	2
30	Morgan Academy	H	3	1
Nov. 13	Lawsid Academy	A	3	1
27	George Watson's	A	3	3

Although, due to loss of several key defenders, the team has not been able to keep up the extremely high standard of last season, it has suffered only one defeat (the first since February, 1969) and has had several outstanding results, notably the second match against Morgan Academy.

The second XI., under the captaincy of D. Harwood, has had success, too, winning most of their games and scoring 37 goals in 9 matches.

The under-16 XI. reached the semi-final of the Gerry Carr Cup, where they were knocked out by St. John's.

The club now has a badge, incorporating the St. Andrew's Cross from the School Badge. This may be worn by anyone who has played in six consecutive matches for the 1st XI.

We were represented in a Midlands trial by N. Hutton, W. Bryden, I. Baird and B. McFadzen, who played for the Dundee Schoolboys' side against Perth. The first three were selected to play for the Midlands team which played for the Hancock Trophy. Hutton captained the side.

A notable loss to the club was the departure to Langside of Mr Brickley. He has trained and encouraged the team as well as promoting hockey as a sport in the school. However, we are glad to have Mr Hutchison take over where Mr Brickley left off. His tough training sessions are beginning to show in the team's play.

All this success could not have been achieved without the willing and able assistance of Mr Garland, Mr Hutchison, Mr Brickley, Mr Macdonald, Mr Doig and Mr Fraser and we thank these gentlemen. Thanks also go to Mr Alastair Nicholson who has helped out on many oc-

casions with training and refereeing, and to Raymond Kelly, Form V. who has refereed matches on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

M.G.K.

### GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed: Captain—Judy Collin; Vice-Captain—Jane McNeill; Secretary—Nicky Miller; Treasurer—Fiona Williamson.

So far, the 1st XI. have 42 goals for, and 19 goals against. From these results it can be seen that the 1st XI. have had a good season, with many exciting matches, which we hope will continue.

All seven girls put forward for the Midlands trials were chosen to play for the Dundee team. Three girls were chosen for the Midlands 1st S. Jane McNeill, Mary Grewar and Audrey Melvin. Judy Collin and Ruth Taylor were chosen for the 2nd XI. Janice Proudfoot was reserve.

The 2nd XI. have, as usual, played well, winning most of their games; two of these being exceptional wins—

		F	A
Harris Academy	H	7	0
Grove Academy	H	7	0

Many of the players show great potential for future 1st XI. players.



### RUGBY 2nd XV.

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—N. F. Robertson; G. D. Bell; K. D. Jones; J. D. Rose; N. G. Cunningham; S. D. Pringle; T. C. Logan; I. A. R. Garden; G. F. W. Allison; Mr N. D. Allardice.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—J. S. Wallace; J. K. Macdonald; D. J. Hadden; J. M. G. Blair; I. U. Melrose; R. N. Hain; J. D. Hutchison.

Out of six junior teams, all but 2 matches have been won this year so far.

On behalf of all the teams, I would like to thank Miss Dobson, Mrs Southwell, Mrs Rorie (who has now left us) and the members of staff who help, for their encouragement and coaching. I wish them to know that the players greatly appreciate the time and effort they take to provide us with our hockey.

Nicky Miller, Secretary.

#### BASKETBALL REPORT

This year the following officials were appointed:—

Captain—A. C. R. Garden. Vice-Captain—G. J. Thomson. Secy./Treasurer—B. Miller.

The team has played well together and the results show this.

The results are:—

D.H.S.	42	Morgan	33
D.H.S.	32	Harris	34
Lawsid	42	D.H.S.	49

Four players went to the Dundee trials, A. Morrison, B. Miller, J. Lester and G. Thomson. J. Lester got through to the Midland trials following this trial.

I must thank Mr Brickley and Mr Hutchison for all the time and work they have put into the team.

Barry Miller.

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# Junior School

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## THE CIRCUS

If I had a circus,  
I'd invite everyone,  
To see all the animals  
And have lots of fun.

If I had a circus,  
I'd like to be a clown,  
And everyone will laugh at me,  
When I fall down.

Lesley Hunter, L.IVa.

## AT GRANNY'S HOUSE

One day while our family was at Granny's, we went down to the farm which was down the road. In a field at the farm there is a stream, and sometimes there are fishes. Derek, my big brother, had his fishing line with him but he dropped it in the stream, unfortunately, Derek had a cold and so I HAD to go into the water for it and the water was freezing.

Kim Jacobson, L.IVa.

## MY PET DOG

I have a pet dog and his name is Tam. When we go to the sea, he dashes straight to it and splashes about. When he comes out dripping wet he sneaks up at me and shakes himself on me. Tam is a sheepdog. When we go to play tennis, instead of Tam going in to the court and disturbing everyone, he races round and round the court.

My dad needs a leash when we are in the highlands because Tam chases the sheep. When we go for a walk, Tam races ahead and when we come close he runs off again.

When I was small and went to bed, Tam came into my bedroom. I was waiting with my hand out and Tam went and kissed my hand goodnight. Before, when I had very little homework, I took Tam a walk through the woods.

Angus Perry, L.IVb.

## FIONA, THE SHETLAND PONY

Fiona lives in a big field in Glen Doll. She has a husband and a foal. Their names are Sammy the stallion and Freeda the foal. Freeda is a girl foal and is still sucking from Fiona. When you try to ride Fiona it is difficult to catch her so I use a piece of bread when I am going to ride her. One time I was going to ride Fiona (I had caught her) Sammy said to himself, "Now if I try to get on her back he might let go of my lady love". I thought I would be wise to let go before the battle started because Fiona bucking and my hands getting stood on by Sammy's paws. It was only that time that I did not get my ride on Fiona and all the other times I have. When we were out doing a walk with Fiona (the walk was up the Kilbo) she did good little jumps over little streams. When she is going away from Sammy she goes very slowly, because both Sammy, Freeda and Fiona like to be together. When she is on the way back, she went like the wind and I had to stay on.

P. Dick, L.IVa.

## OUR TRIP TO EIFFEL TOWER

When we went to France we headed straight for the capital city, Paris. When we reached Paris, Daddy and I went to see the Eiffel Tower. Instead of taking the lift up, we decided to walk up. I was extremely surprised to find out that one actually rode a horse up. After what seemed to me hours and hours, we reached the top. There was a magnificent view. It is said that you can feel the Tower swaying when there is a strong wind.

Later on we went to visit some friends. Still later on we bought some souvenirs. After that we went home tired but happy.

Alison Newton, L.IVb.

## THE RABBIT

The rabbit was running  
Far up the hill,  
He heard a farmer coming  
Everywhere was still,  
He rushed to his burrow.  
The farmer was coming  
He caught the rabbit,  
Where was he going?  
He had no idea,  
He liked the habit  
Of being a wild rabbit.

Kate Marr, L.IVb.

Once, when I was three years old, I  
was staying for a holiday in London.

I was with Nanna, and we were walk-  
ing under some horse-chestnut trees that  
were on the edge of the street.

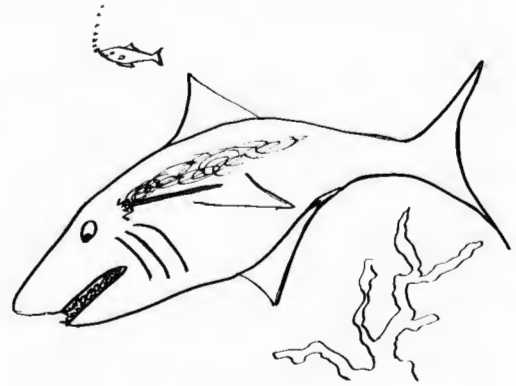
Suddenly, I saw a conker that was still  
in its prickly case, and I said to Nanna,  
"Look, Nanna I've found a hedgehog's  
egg!"

Jane Ralls, L.IVb.



Julia Crawford, L.VII.

## TIGER SHARK



John Barr, L.VII.

## SEA

Sea—so refreshing and clear,  
Waves lapping on the sand and rocks,  
Seagulls hovering and soaring,  
They screech—high-toned pitch,  
Cave echo—mystifying, queer—  
Children laugh happily,  
Seaweeds sway peacefully,  
Jellyfish flop on the sand,  
Wind drops—Peace.

L.V. Girls.

On the 8th November, which was a  
holiday, we went swimming. We took  
with us a friend called Richard Burdge.  
When we reached Edinburgh, we had  
lunch and went to the swimming pool.  
Then I was very scared of jumping in, but  
when I came out, Daddy grabbed my hand  
and sent me hurling in! After that I was  
not at all afraid and now I am quite good  
at jumping in.

Christopher Daft, L.IVa.

## SENSES

The fresh smell of corn  
And rustling of leaves  
The feeling of a woolly sheep  
The flowers all beautiful colours  
The lovely taste of fresh fallen apples  
These are your senses.

In every house a strange smell  
Along all the lanes, a different sound  
In all gardens beautiful colours  
And in each town unknown food  
On other beds a peculiar feeling  
These are your senses.

Sarah Cusens, L.Va.

### UNDER THE SEA . . .

Deep down in the dark depths  
Of unexplored sea,  
I know there's a kingdom.  
In the night all the creatures of the sea  
Come out to play,  
The mermaids and the pretty nymphs,  
All in glistening scales.  
Next to the gloomy walls of Babayaga's  
hall,  
Which rests upon a one clawed foot,  
and nestles in a wood.  
Around it lies a fence of human bones,  
The lamps are skeleton heads all alight  
with

human grease,  
And the door latch is but a human jaw.  
She wears a purple feather and toeless  
boots,  
And rides in a big white bath tub rowed  
with oars.  
The palace of the Sun god  
All alight with crystal,  
The gloomy woods of seaweed  
Where dwell the goblin imps  
These little hairy fiends alas hate Daybog.  
King Turpin is their ruler,  
All clad in spiders' webs,  
He very seldom leaves his home  
Of seaweed and shells.  
Now last but not least  
King Minad the Great  
The ruler of these bads and goods  
In one of his grumpy moods.  
I think 'tis best to leave now,  
You know what's under the ocean bed.

Anne Henderson, L.Va.

### STORM AT SEA

In a small motor boat in the merciless seas  
Being tossed and being flung about by  
the wave,  
As the find dances wildly in fury.  
The spray is flying with its salty taste.  
As it leaps in fury at your uncovered face.

Robert Wilson, L.Vb.

### BUBBLES IN THE BATH

Bubbles floating everywhere  
bubbles here, there and everywhere.  
Bubbles going pop,  
they shine of colours yellow, red, blue,  
green  
like a silver palace,  
more bubbles, pop, pop.

Splash, Splash, Splash,  
Pop, Pop, Pop.  
I try and burst them,  
They explode like a nut hit with a hammer,  
They up to the ceiling,  
And when they do they burst,  
I can't see for bubbles.

Bubbles floating everywhere,  
Bubbles filled the bathroom,  
Bubbles float down the stair,  
Bubbles filled our home,  
Bubbles go Pop, Pop, Pop,  
The house is clear.

Christopher Smith, L.Vb.

### TWO GUN McTAVISH



Stephen Aungle, L.VII.

### AN ICICLE

A little, shining stick of ice,  
Could any water  
Look so nice.  
Hanging there, in all the cold.  
Could any soldier  
Be so bold.

J. Ralls, L.Vb.

### SOUNDS

Ssh! goes the train,  
Splish! goes the rain,  
Zzzz! goes a sleeping man.  
Whirl! goes an electric fan.  
Baa! goes a sheep,  
As you count them when they leap.  
Wah! goes our crying baby  
Mum will stop it maybe.

Ian Tait, L.Vb.

### SEA BIRDS

Some sea birds remind me of a harrow  
being pulled across very rough ground  
and hitting some bolders on the way, a  
motor car that would not start, or even  
some hens disturbed at roost.

Other sea birds remind me of elephants  
disturbed by a noise in their stalls, a  
motor bike starting, or even a printing-  
press, or a little trickle of water dripping  
through peat in a hillside.

Others remind me of hens in the farm-  
yard scratching for food, a squeaky and  
rusty farmyard gate opening, or even a  
cow coming through the farmyard gate  
to be milked.

Neil Merrylees, L.Vb.

### AN OLD MANSION

Creak, slam!  
The door shuts.  
Big shiny knobs,  
And a brass door handle.  
A shaft of light comes through the  
windows,  
Dusty though they are.  
The floorboards creak,  
And to make it worse, my shoes squeak!  
A mouse, it scuttles across the floor,  
And I, I give a scream.  
Upon a pretty wooden table  
Sits a little copper clock.  
In the corner of the room,  
A coal fire sits, asleep.  
Around the fire there is reddish stone  
work,

Upon which hangs shiny brass pots.  
Through the door, and up the staircase,  
Through another door and there!  
Sits a big four poster bed.  
The posts are made of carved mahogany,  
The sheets and pillows silk, and gauze.  
A vase of clay with dead flowers in it,  
Brown and withered crinkling up.  
I go outside and walk away,  
And yet I hate to leave.  
So I decided then and there that I'll come  
back another day.

Dallas Mechan, L.Vb.

### GOLDEN-TOES

Golden-Toes was a baby goblin. He had  
to stay in his house for two weeks. At  
last the two weeks were up. His mother  
was nervous when she let him out of the  
house. He ran to the nearest field and was  
very scared when he saw the black and  
white cows. They stared at Golden-Toes  
and he ran away to his mother. When he  
got home he told his mother that he had  
just seen lots of black and white giants.  
His mother told him those black and white  
giants were just friendly cows. He went  
out again and went further this time. He  
went round a corner and saw some men  
walking towards him. He was so  
frightened that he skidded round the cor-  
ner and zoomed back to his house. He  
told his mother that he had just seen some  
Martians from Mars. His mother said that  
it was just some men, and Golden-Toes  
said, "Oh well, I think it is better to stay  
in my own little house and watch tele-  
vision". His mother just laughed and  
laughed.

Christopher Shepherd, L.Vb.

### TREES IN AUTUMN

In Autumn,  
The poplar shows bare poles,  
The limes are stripped,  
The sycamore clings sturdily to its re-  
maining leaves,  
The chestnuts are leafless,  
The birch reveals her satin-like stem,  
The ash is thinning fast,  
The oak follows suit,  
The elm clings to her golden finery,  
The beech retains orange and bronze tints  
which make the woods so beautiful  
In Autumn.

Felicity Magowan, L.VI.

## AUTUMN LEAVES

The Autumn leaves come swirling down,  
Twirling, whirling they descend from the sky.

Gold and yellow,  
Red and green.

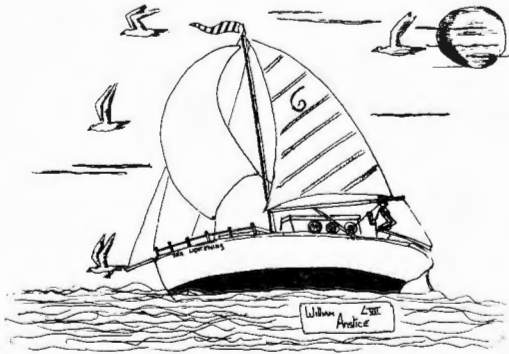
As you walk through the blaze of colour.  
You hear the rustle of fallen leaves.

Gold and yellow,  
Red and green.

But soon the leaves all crumple up,  
And are dirty with mud and rain.  
No longer do you see the wonderful colours.

Gold and yellow.  
Red and green.

Jennifer Pringle, L.VI.



## WHAT HALLOWE'EN MEANS TO ME

Eeeeeeh! Aaaaaah!  
A pointed hat, curly boots on,  
A small black cat with large green eyes.  
Weeeee! Whoooosh!  
A big black broom with jaggy twigs,  
A warty nose, and tangled hair.  
A pitch black night, a pale green moon,  
That's what Hallowe'en means to me.

Margaret F. Smith, L.VI.

### THINK!

THINK is a poster which hangs on our wall.

THINK is a word we all know.

We look at it in class

And remember it in our sleep.

You can't get it out of your head even if you tried.

THINK!

Dorothy Sieber, L.VI.

## THE PIRATE

The Pirate had sailed around the world  
He'd rocks where waves had hurled  
Gold and jewels from other lands  
Had sifted through his rough hands.

He had a face all worn with weather  
His hat was black with a long wet feather  
Was that really a pirate,  
No! It was only mist.

Felicity Magowan, L.VI.

## SQUIRRELS

Squirrels in the trees gathering in nuts,  
Squirrels on the ground hiding the nuts,  
Squirrels looking for a hole to make a nice warm bed,  
Some are fast asleep, for winter is coming now.

In the Spring they wake,  
Away they go jumping in the branches,  
There they are leaping to and fro,  
Now they are awake, after a long cold Winter.

Now the lucky squirrels have the shade of the sun,  
They are hardly seen, for everyone is away,  
They get the woods to themselves,  
Except for picknickers.

Squirrels gather nuts again,  
Lightly and sprightly they spring from tree to tree,  
Expecting the cold, cold Winter again.  
Expecting the dark, dark nights  
Peanuts are what they hate, acorns are what they love.

Carolyn Hogg, L.VI.

## AUTUMN

The wind whistled through the trees,  
On a cheery Autumn morning,  
The leaves were blowing all around,  
And were dancing and twirling with slightest sound.

On a cheery Autumn morning.

And the colours of the leaves were red and brown,

Dancing and twirling with slightest sound,  
The trees were bare, without a leaf,

And the berries were ripe on the leaves beneath,

On a cheery Autumn morning.

Rosemary Craig, L.VI.



### THE TERRORS OF A DREAM

Down into the depths I venture,  
 It's pitch black down there.  
 Shivers run down my spine,  
 Who is there, down there?  
 As I go further in, I hear a voice,  
 "Wake up, you'll be late for school."

Jennifer Hanslip, L.VII.

### COMING HOME

Muffled footsteps, on the cold soft snow;  
 Quickening, quickening . . .  
 The cosy cottage engulfs one's brain and  
 body with light and warmth.  
 Spreads out its arms to welcome in  
 Lost sheep strayed from the fold.  
 A pause . . .  
 To stare in awe at friendly lights.  
 Then waded through thick, thick snow.  
 The ups, the downs, the laughter and the  
 tears . . .  
 All coming home.

Natalie Gray, L.VII.

Three wise men followed a star,  
 Small Bethlehem babe,  
 Now his love travels far.

Martin McKay.

### SWALLOWS

Like black dots on a white cloud sky,  
 the swallows dart from cottage eaves,  
 into the gathering dusk.

### THE FIGHT

A hustle,  
 a bustle,  
 a rustle,  
 a tussle,  
 there's a fight in the town.

Stuart McMMain, L.VII.

### THE POOR MONKEY

Creeping through the jungle,  
 The black-eyed panther goes,  
 One step, two steps and leaps from its  
 toes.  
 And a playful little monkey,  
 A harmless donkey knows.

Roderick Murray, L.VII.

### THE FORTH BRIDGE

The Forth Bridge stands.  
 All metallic glistening.  
 How far it stretches!

### THE APPROACHING TRAIN

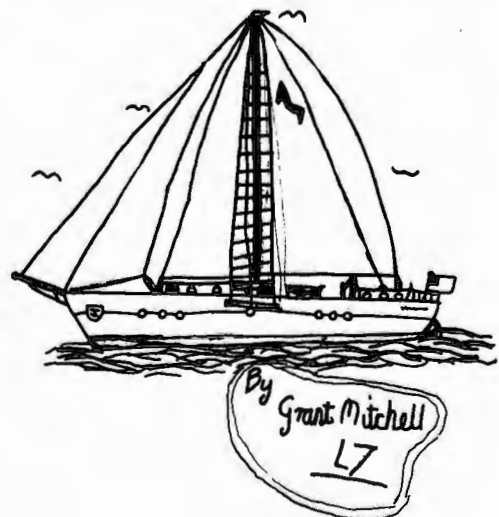
A thundering roar,  
 a train approaches.  
 How fast it goes!

Iain Inglis.

### SCHOOLWORK

Spelling is bad for schoolboys' nerves,  
 Sheer anyans is oll it servz,  
 Arithmetic's an awful bore,  
 All know that two and one make four.

Alistair Reid, L.VII.



### A TRAPPED BIRD

It flies in through an open window,  
Suddenly, it realises it is trapped,  
Then a fluttering, a twittering,  
All in vain.

Paul Brewer, L.VII.

### THE SUNSET

The sun's last effort fades away.  
The ending of the heat of day.  
The night's cold fingers grasp the sky,  
And clouds shut out the moon, up high.

The birds stop singing, all is resting,  
Down from darkness, all is nestling,  
Blackly creeps the night's cloaked hand,  
Sweeping lowly o'er the land.

The terror clings to lonely trees,  
A rabbit from his burrow flees,  
So till the reign of terror is ended.  
The countryside in fear is bended.

Virginia McDonald, L.VII.

### MY FAMILY'S FAVOURITE PASTIME

A week before the summer holidays,  
my family and I went for a walk up the  
Carse to Evelick.

Our idea was to set free our tadpoles,  
then go for a tramp over the hills. Unfortunately,  
my father frightened a sitting  
partridge mother-bird, and we saw three  
eggs left in the still warm nest.

We rambled away for an hour or so,  
then returned to where (we hoped!) the  
mother would be sitting. Alas! wishful  
thinking. The nest was cold and empty,  
and, even as we watched, hey presto! A  
baby chick cracked the egg and poked  
his little downy head out. Well, that  
settled it. We could not leave the poor  
wee thing all cold and alone, and so when  
we went home, it was with a partridge  
tucked in mum's hand. We made the  
chick as warm and comfortable as we  
knew how. but Mum, knowing something  
of the habits of partridges, was having  
some uneasy second thoughts about it  
all. So, half-nast-ten found her off in the  
car to Evelick, and arriving there, found  
no mother partridae! Knowing that she  
had left for good, Mum took the chilled  
eggs home and started the weary work  
of heating them, and trying to see if there  
was any chance of their survival. The third

chick she hadn't much hope of, but she  
heated some water in a saucepan, and  
put it in. The other egg she put up Dad's  
pullover and told him to keep it warm.  
Lo and behold, when we came down-  
stairs next day, three chicks were chirping  
in a box by the fire. But Mum was still  
worried. She was advised to get a hen  
"on the clock" and when at last she  
found one, one of the chicks (the third  
one) was dead, and the others not far  
from it. Auntie, as we promptly named the  
good-hearted, scraggy hen, was a motherly  
creature, and soon the two partridges  
were as perky as ever. We even went to  
the extreme of taking them on holiday  
with us!

Then came the problem of what to do  
with them, for they were not tame, and  
would obviously dislike a domestic life.

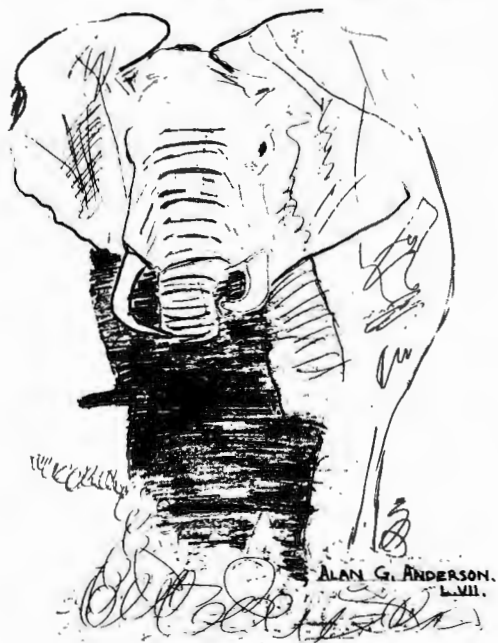
The nearby farmer, and our landlord,  
came to the rescue. "Why not let me  
keep them on my farm? I'll feed them for  
the first week, and as I don't shoot, it  
should be perfect". We accepted with  
alacrity, and when Dad met the farmer  
recently, he told him that the partridges  
were still around. I don't know when I  
felt more pleased. The neighbours' pessimistic  
threats of the chicks being no good,  
had come to nothing, and our perse-  
verance had triumphed!

Angela Sheldon, L.VII.



Sheena McCraw, Sally Rodger, L.VIII.

## TARKWADA — The Big One



### MY EXPEDITION

The date was the 21st October, 1921, and the day was Monday. Miss Jane Laramie, with whom I had a date on the said evening, was walking briskly beside me. We made our way to The Queen's Hotel, and arrived there at 7 p.m. prompt. The head waiter made a gesture to a room on the opposite side of the reception desk, and showed us in.

"Lord Tracy will see you now," he droned. The room was brightly lit, and contained two chairs and a table. A long, slim gentleman with a sly face and thin wiry fingers greeted us warmly.

"Well comrades, sit down," he offered in a rather strange idiom. He was, in fact Polish, and an hour later we had discussed our plans for the exploration of darkest Africa.

It was a week later, and we had landed on a plain in Karacaru, where the Mohomogiyans lived. We heard the drums of the tribe beating out a welcome. Several brown, almost naked women came to greet us, and soon we were lying in shady, leafy huts. When we woke up, we were offered long, warm, soothing drinks. Then we started research. The Chief's eldest daughter asked to learn to

write, so I taught her. We went on a jungle trip, and a wild lion came at us. Despite all the efforts the natives made, the beast in its dying throes wounded Jane badly. We collected our research pamphlets and went back to England in our private plane.

Catriona Southgate.

### IMAGE IN A MIRROR



### A TYPICAL MORNING AT SCHOOL

Schola Clara Hodie,  
What are we doing at school today?  
First English with those terrible verbs,  
Then French and learning foreign words.  
After that a little rest,  
Oh no! and then a Spelling Test.  
Straight after that it's Geometry,  
Studying shapes in synnetry.  
After sewing such delicate stiches,  
It's science with electric switches.  
Then lunch with a break that ends to  
soon,  
And back to work for the afternoon.

Fiona McEwen, L.VII.



# News and Notes

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## NEWS OF STAFF

This session has already seen a number of changes in the School Staff, affecting many departments in the Senior School.

We congratulate **Mr L. R. Forrest** on his appointment as Head Master of the Technical Department.

A number of teachers have left to take up further appointments and we congratulate them and wish them happiness and success:

**Mr R. C. Brickley** left us in October to take up a post in Langside College of Further Education.

His services to the Physical Education Department and to the school in general were extensive and varied; perhaps in particular, mention should be made of the excellent results achieved in Athletics and Hockey under his tuition.

**Mr N. I. G. Rorie** left us in November to become Head History Master in Wombwell.

Mr Rorie gave valuable and enthusiastic service to both the History and English Departments. In addition he gave vigorous support to the Physical Education Department particularly in Rugby Coaching. The Literary and Debating Society owes a great deal to Mr Rorie, and this is especially true of the Junior Society. We would also like to thank Mrs Rorie for all her help in the Junior Department and in the School as a whole.

**Mrs N. M. Dalrymple** left us in October to take up her appointment as Deputy Head of Middle School in Carnoustie High School. We thank her for her enthusiastic service in the English Department. She has given valuable service to the School in other spheres: her Horse-Riding group, her help with the Hill-Walking Club and in the Physical Education Department—all these are greatly appreciated.

We have been joined at various times in the term by the following members of

Staff who are already well established in the school: **Mrs H. Lambert** (English); **Mr J. Baxter** (History); **Mrs M. M. Robertson** (Modern Languages); **Mrs J. M. Crerar** (Art); **Mr Hutchison** (Physical Education); **Mr S. Blyth** (Technical Subjects).

## NEWS OF PUPILS

Again we have a number of fine successes by our pupils in various fields:

In the **Duke of Edinburgh Award Competition** the overall winners were **Sheila Jamieson (F.II.)** and **Fiona Morrison (F.IV.)**. The Section Winners were:

**Section A—Sheila Jamieson.**

**Section B—Catriona McGregor (F.II.)** and **Linda Barrie (F.IV.)**.

**Section C—Fiona Morrison.**

In **Table-Tennis** the following awards have been made:

### Handicap Trophy

**Gold Medal—Keith Milne (F.IV.)**.

**Silver Medal—Gavin Sinclair (F.III.)**.

**Bronze Medal—Alan Ritchie, Ian Ross (F.IV.)**.

### Elimination Shield:—

**Gold—Keith Milne.**

**Silver—Alastair David (F.III.)**.

**Bronze—Ian Ross, Christopher Wightman.**

We congratulate these pupils, and all those who helped in these activities.

## RIFLE CLUB

The Rifle Club have entered a team in the "Dundee and Angus Association of Small-bore Rifle Clubs" winter league and the results are very promising with three wins out of four matches and the team is at present lying in second place.

Three members of the team, **Andrew Harvey, Rae Crawford**, Form 6 and **Robin Illsley**, Form 5, have been selected to shoot for Scotland in a Schools' Postal International against the Home Countries.

### GIRL'S HOCKEY

On Saturday, the Midlands Hockey Tournament was held in St. Andrews. For the first time, Dundee High School reached the final, but were beaten, in the second lot of extra time, by a corner—by St. Leonard's.

#### 1st XI. Hockey Sashes

Judy Collin, Jane McNeill, Fiona Williamson, Nicola Miller, Audrey Melvin, Mary Grewar, Ruth Taylor, Janice Proudfoot, Janet Cruikshank, Janet Hughes, Carolyn Smart.

### HOCKEY CLUB QUOTES

Carolyn Smart—"Family at War, to-night!"

Janet Hughes—"Well, there was this wifie . . ."

Fiona Williamson—"Certainly do!"

Ruth Taylor—"I've done it again!"

Audrey Melvin—"You're not the only one!"

Judy Collin—"On a bike!"

Mary Grewar—"Miaow!"

Jane McNeil—"That man is a fool!"

Janice Proudfoot—"Why don't we play in the nude?"

Janet Cruikshank—"Woosh!"

Nicky Miller—"Yes, well, um . . ."

Miss Dobson—"Just carry on, girls!"

### ART STAFF

**Mr Macdonald's** film of the D.H.S. Swiss Holiday 1970, was placed third in the Welsh Film Festival.

In the recent annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Marine Artists held in the Guildhall, London, **Mr Vannet** had two pictures hung—an oil painting of Amsterdam and a watercolour of the "Unicorn", Dundee. The former has been selected for a year's tour of the English cities by the Arts Bureau, London.

### OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we learned of the death of Miss Elma I. M. Cairncross, D.A., who was a former Assistant Mistress in the Art Department of our School for a few years. She was held in high esteem by pupils, staff and parents and her warm personality attracted a wide circle of friends.

Until recently, she was serving on the Art Staff of the new Carnoustie High School and had embroidered a beautiful replica of the school badge which was on view at the official opening of the school by the Princess Alexandra. We extend our sincere sympathy to her mother and sister Doris.

### ART DEPARTMENT

We congratulate **Maxine A. Clark**, Form 4 whose design for the official D.H.S. Christmas Card was placed first out of 40 entries in a Competition sponsored by the Art Department. Maxine was presented with a Book Token by the Rector. The Card has proved very popular and has sold 1,600 copies.

Miss Edgar's Puppeteers have been invited to perform a Puppet Play, "Puce Pumpnickel" at the Children's Party in West Park Hall and her Puppeteers have also been asked to perform at Airlie Castle.

### NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

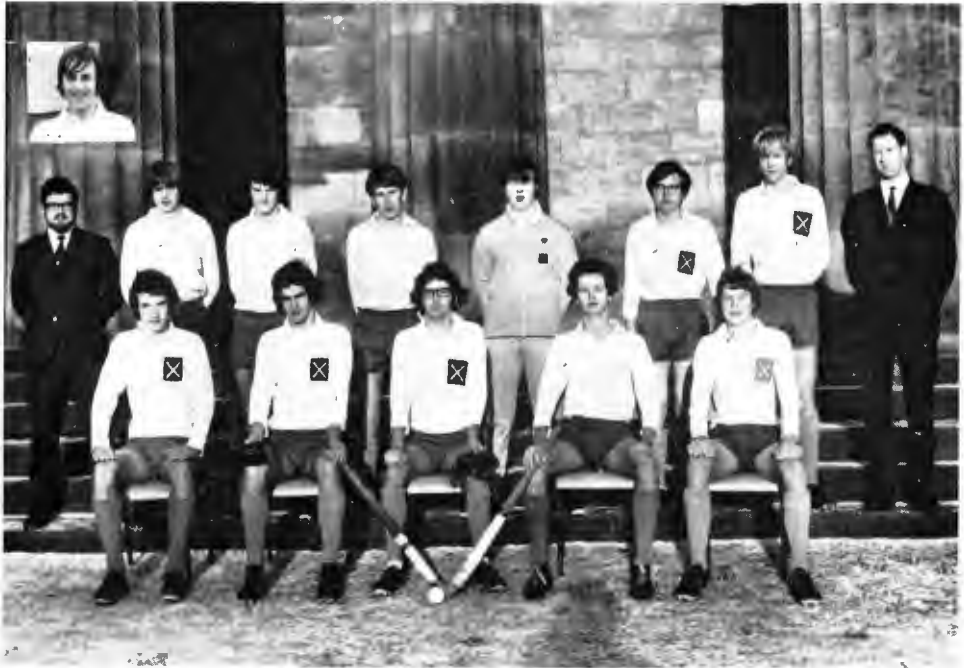
I would like to encourage friends of the School to send in items of information on Former Pupils; please send these at least four weeks before the end of Term 1 or Term 3.—Editor.

We congratulate the following:—

**David Hamilton Troup** gained Second Class Honours in Chemical Engineering in the University of Strathclyde.

**Barbara A. Buchanan** gained a 'N' Sons Travelling Bursary Scheme to study the facilities for training unqualified nursing staff in Uganda.

**Lorna D. Glass** has gained her Gold Award in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme.



**BOYS' HOCKEY 1st XI.**

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Mr A. D. Hutchison; J. B. A. Miller; G. G. Anderson; S. L. Stuart; D. W. N. Fridge; D. S. Tudhope; A. D. Ritchie; Mr W. M. Garland.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—J. C. Baird; W. F. Bryden; N. R. Hutton; G. B. McFadzen. Inset—M. G. Kerr.



**BOYS' HOCKEY 2nd XI.**

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Mr N. Doig; P. D. Ritchie; A. G. C. Vivers; A. D. Smith; G. B. Stuart; I. R. Morrison; Mr D. P. Macdonald.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)— S. J. Cumming; W. I. F. David; R. E. F. Illsley; L. D. R. Foulis.



**HOCKEY 1st XI.**

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Ruth C. H. Taylor; Janet A. D. Cruickshank; Audrey C. Melvin; Carolyn S. Smart; Janet M. Hughes; Janice A. Proudfoot; Miss Dobson.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Mary E. Grewar; Jane M. McNeill; Judy A. Collin; Nicola J. E. Miller; Fiona M. Williamson.

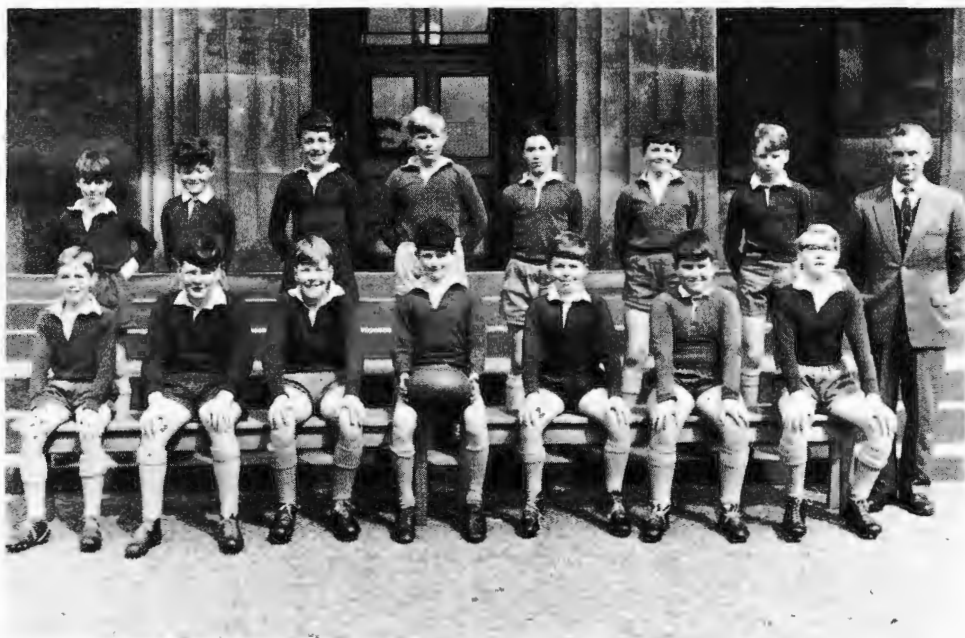


**HOCKEY 2nd XI.**

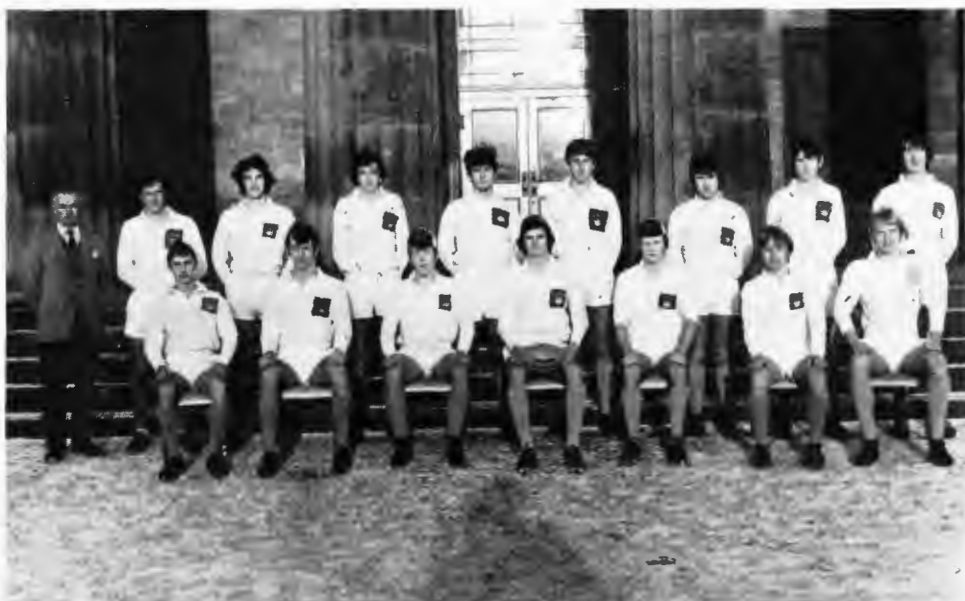
**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Alison J. Sim; Jill A. Beamer; Anne E. J. Patterson; Anne R. Taylor; Susan C. Cramond; Caroline M. R. Mills; Miss Dobson.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Sandra H. Grant; Linda M. Robertson; Anne M. Dargie; Sandra C. M. Gordon; Pamela J. Swanney.

*then . . .*



*. . . now*



**RUGBY 1st XV.**

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Mr W. D. Allardice; A. J. Milne; R. S. Paterson; D. J. Hain; P. R. Rubens; G. J. Thomson; P. C. Mitchell; R. M. Smith; J. L. Lester.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—G. G. A. Allardice; S. C. Cram; A. G. R. Garden; F. M. Hadden; J. D. Watt; A. D. Thomson; M. J. Wilson.



## Senior School—Part II.

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### AND

And Shakespeare said  
"To be or not to be."  
And we were,  
And we still are.  
And Goldsmith said  
"And men decay."  
Will we?

Mandy Uytman.

Relations with his mother had never been very good. Ever since his father had died, John had disliked the stern enforcement of discipline upon which she laid such great stress. Mother and son frequently quarrelled; no day passed without some kind of argument. Week by week the fountain of bitterness which had welled up had slowly eaten into their characters with an ebb and flow of hate and remorse, merciless in its intensity, incalculable in its ferocity.

And so, looking down on his withered mother, he felt nothing. She was old now, growing yearly more senile and helpless. With each breath she was approaching that final infinite death which had so long eluded her. It would be a mercy when it came. For, to look at her now was not to feel pity but horror: a horror that humanity should eventually come to this stage of poverty and degradation. A wrinkled face peeped, pockmarked with age, from beneath the bedclothes. She had no hair, no teeth, no strength to fight a growing infirmity, and yet there was a brain, but one capable only of giving weak pulses, wavering beats, which maintained her on the edge of this world and the next.

Yes, he mused, his recent course of action had been for the best. She had to go. He had kept her long enough and it was time someone else took over. She was old now, he was still young, well, forty. Besides, she'd lost any sense of reason long since: really no-one could be expected to look after her now. Yet the

hospital would. Of course he'd go and see her, perhaps the odd Sunday, or Public Holiday, at least now and then. It wasn't that he was being selfish about it. He had Jennie and the kids to think about, and Jennifer, his wife, just couldn't be expected to put up with her much longer.

John's eye roamed the room, falling now on the wrinkled figure lying asleep between the warm woollen coverlets; now on her plastic dentures, ghastly pink in the evening light; now on the steaming glass of milk by the solid bedside table. He felt the heat and mopped his brow; the smell of milk was everywhere throughout the moist dank atmosphere, it made him sick. He saw the ancient figure dribbling on the pillow, squirmed visibly, and ran from the room.

Old age had caught up with his mother quicker than most. Her phlebitis had left her bedridden except on the occasions he carried her downstairs to see the children at Christmas or New Year. An annual treat. But now he usually tried to keep the children away. Ever since they had brought the goldfish up to "let Granny see" she'd never quite recovered. God knows! he'd told Jenny often enough to keep them at bay. However, into the room they had bounced, and before she could stop them, they had poured bowl, goldfish, water and all, over Granny's bed. The electric blanket had been on. Luckily, Jennifer was on hand.

From that time on, whenever he came into the room, the old woman would raise

herself painfully onto one arm and whisper, "The children: they aren't here are they?"

"No," he would reassure her, glancing over his shoulder, and the old woman would slip back onto the pillow as if a great weight had been taken from her shoulders.

So now she was going to the hospital. It was the only place equipped to take her. The facilities were better there, and the nurses would look after her. Yet Jennifer, his wife, had cried when he had first suggested it. An inexplicable bond had grown up between Jen and his mother. The kind of affinity which is nurtured by love and sympathy. Jennie had tended her for so long now, loved her like a baby, washed, changed, even spoonfed her; and after all that she was to go.

Interminably, it seemed, she had rowed with John about it. Half the street had heard.

"Look Jen," he would say, "we can't go on like this, she's too old."

"She's your mother."

"Yes I know but for one thing we can't afford it and . . ."

Jennie's eyes would narrow here and one could almost see the hate in them.

"You heartless sod."

"Bitch." he would mutter, and retreat.

Upstairs, his mother had no doubt heard and wished for the end to it all.

Eventually, though, Jen had come round to his view. Months of toil and sickness had seen to that. Even she, a trained nurse, could no longer stand the tragedy of age, the pathetic old woman, the months of on and off the lavatory, of bathing her, feeding her, dressing her and all the rest of it. At length it had been she who had asked John if they couldn't send her to a home. So the ambulance would be around in the morning.

Then there would be the room to clean for the new baby in the Spring. Funny to think Granny would never see it—the baby or the Spring. They had tried to explain it all: no-one could want her to wake up unexpectedly in a whole new world, a whole new room. But Granny wasn't very intelligent; not now. She didn't seem to understand. She kept staring up and saying, "It's not too much trouble is it?" "Of course not, dear," they replied.

For a whole evening they had sat there and tried to make her understand, but the words kept choking Jen, and Granny was old, and deaf, and tired. She didn't seem to want to listen. John had got angry and stalked from the room in one of his tempers. But Jennie had stayed and tried to reason it out, though in her heart she knew it was no use. Eventually she too had given it up. Granny would just have to accept the situation, and there it was: there was nothing more to be said.

#### UNTIL

No-one remembers what it's like when someone dies

Until

Someone dies,

Then they cry

Until

There are no tears left.

But

They weep on,

The tears in their minds.

The hurt in their hearts.

#### THE APPLE

The apple hangs on a tree,  
like the earth.

Someday the apple will drop.

Mandy Uytman.



Illustration for essay by B. Dye, F.V.

J. D. Hutchison, F.V.

## WHEN

When I'm lying in my bed at night  
I sometimes wonder  
Will this rain ever stop  
Will the wind ever stop  
Will the world ever stop,  
and if it does  
I hope it does it while I'm still asleep.

### "CONFLICTING VIEWS"

"When's he arriving then?"

"To whom are you referring?"

"The new guest of course! Remember, Wilson, there is no need to be distant with me."

"Yes, Miss Dewkesbury. Actually Mr Johnson expects to be here for dinner."

Johnson got out of the taxi slowly. Never before had he seen such a gaunt, forbidding edifice, fashioned out of cold steely granite from the local quarry. He entered the place, looking at the board above the door; "Azalea Lodge Temperance Hotel". The paint was already peeling off the sign, rendering it almost invisible, and in the hall ahead, Johnson stopped at the desk. He paused to glance round his home for the weeks to come. The hall was full of brown woodwork, with aspidistra plants looming out of the gloomy corners. Most of the furniture was made of bulky leather, and looked none too comfortable.

Soon a man came bouncing breezily through a door marked "Staff Only". He was dressed in a dark blue suit, a black velvet waistcoat, and there was a carnation sprouting from his buttonhole. This was Mr Wilson, the owner.

Johnson introduced himself, and after explaining that he had already eaten in town, was led into the lounge to await the guests.

The lounge was tastefully decorated with a rose-patterned wallpaper. The roses were huge monstrosities, with a reddish hue. The room seemed to revolve around them. The furniture consisted of chintz-covered armchairs and settees, with one exception. This was an enormous armchair covered in red velvet, positioned to the left of the fireplace and

directly in front of the television screen. Quite naturally, Johnson sat in this seat.

Soon the other guests surged into the room. After the flow had ebbed, Johnson stood up and was introduced to all the guests except one. This was a grey-haired old lady who was quivering with rage. "How dare you!" she finally burst out, "how dare you sit in my chair. As longest residing guest I demand that you move from my chair at once". Johnson turned round to face the speaker. She was dressed in a sombre shade of dark blue, and carried a matching pair of gloves in her hand, which she now waved at Johnson. He guessed her to be in her late fifties.

"No," he said, "I absolutely refuse. As a weary traveller I have a right to rest."

The lady, Miss Dewkesbury, stood in front of Johnson, with her eyes blazing like a witch's cauldron. The atmosphere was electric. Every guest waited to see who would give way.

Johnson, himself, sat down. The others followed his lead. Miss Dewkesbury remained standing, and then said, "Look here, young man. Surely you see that I have always sat in that seat, and I always will".

Johnson did not reply.

"Well, young man?"

"I suggest that you sit somewhere else."

"Do you indeed!"

"Yes, I do," replied Johnson in a sarcastic tone of voice. This old battle-axe needed to be shown how rusty she was.

At length, Miss Dewkesbury spoke.

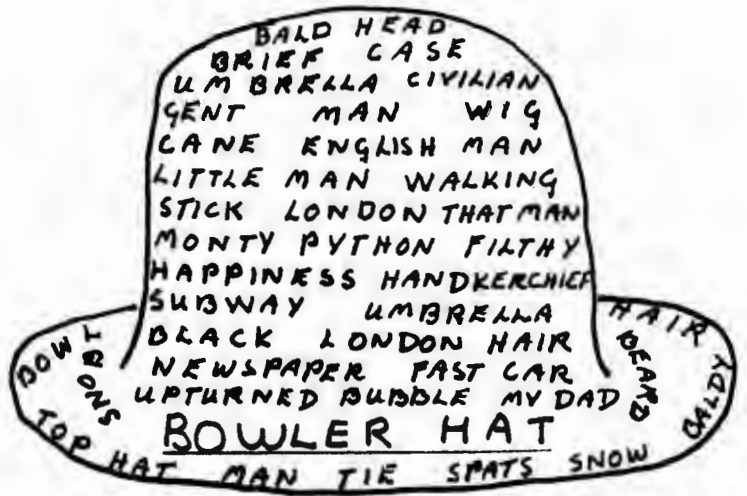
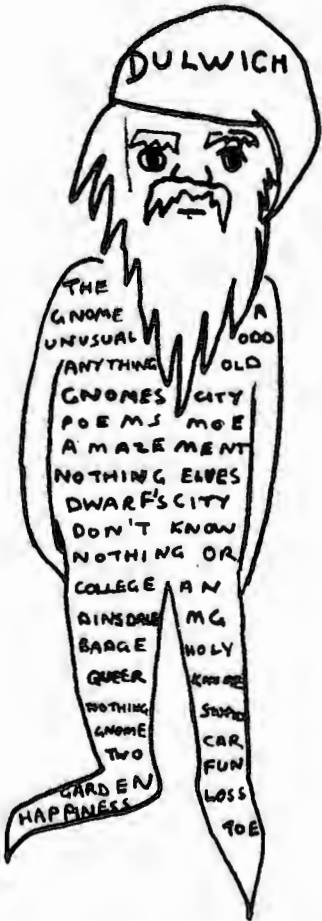
"Well," she said, with a disparaging sniff, "I think that I shall go to bed early this evening, as I am feeling rather dizzy."

As she left the room, Wilson appeared through another door.

Niall Evans, F.III.

WORD CONNECTION

What is the first word that comes into your head when you think of . . .





## WHEN I AM GONE . . .

You,  
spattered with my blood,  
stand here,  
in tears.  
My life is over,  
but yours,  
yours must just begin.  
The pain you feel now  
will die,  
for,  
although I am not here to comfort  
this self-pity,  
I know you have strength.  
The tears have gone now  
and  
though you are alone,  
through this open door  
walks a stranger,  
arms outstretched.  
Take his hands  
and,  
never stay alone.

Jay.

## GO QUIETLY MY LOVE

That night  
we quarrelled.  
Do you remember?  
You came to me later  
and we lay together,  
conspirators,  
ridding each other of those harsh words,  
whispering only words of love.  
How happy we once were.  
It died  
You know, don't you?  
You feel it too  
and so we'll part  
to start again.  
So much for till death us do part.

Jay.

## THE INCIDENT

The young boy lay sprawled in the street  
A woman shed tears,  
a man's eyes closed.  
The typical priest emerged,  
uttering the usual meaningless phrases  
No-one stops to ask the question—WHY  
or stops to consider—WHY.  
"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh  
away,  
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Jay.

## ARMISTICE

So,  
this is today  
the day when for two short minutes  
our minds return to them.  
They  
who died for lives like mine  
They never made a bigger mistake  
Their life is so much more valid than mine.  
But,  
that man who sits there,  
minus one eye  
and nearly deaf  
would perhaps not agree  
He went to fight  
but not for ME  
as everyone would have us think  
but for himself  
and for that girl who stayed at home  
and cried  
He did not think  
In forty years, life will be better if I fight.  
If he did  
he made a mistake  
again.  
Sometimes,  
I think  
life could have been saved  
and things would be so different.

Jay.

## THE TELEPHONE CALL

This,  
This is what I shout about so loudly,  
the lack of communication  
which we,  
even you and I  
can almost miss,  
unless together.  
The sun stared me in the face,  
making me squint.  
As I walked towards the bank,  
it followed.  
Is this MY star  
like the one those three men saw?  
Perhaps.  
But,  
as I climbed onto the bank,  
it lost itself like a face in a crowd  
behind a cloud.  
I walked home,  
alone,  
having achieved,  
Nothing.

Jay.

## CHILDHOOD DAYS

I long to return  
to those blanket days  
when life was just some cotton wool  
and sunny days filled with chocolate sweets and grown ups' clothes.  
My memories are mainly fond  
as I remember  
one small child  
with a mind like one unwritten book  
just waiting to be filled.  
My book is full  
now  
and I would not pass my knowledge to another  
for she must live her life of illusion  
and only—  
remember—  
when pain sets in.

Jay.

### WARMTH

My eyes are heavy and sore.  
How I would like to sink into  
this lulling feeling which is  
like a warm blanket.  
The dark closes in and I  
am alone.  
That's as it should be,  
for I need to be alone to  
need the warmth of others.  
I must ignore this blanket within me  
and stick to the comfort of others,  
but this is sometimes lacking—  
because of me.

Jay.

### SHOWDOWN

You stand there  
eyes wide.  
How can I make you see  
this is only for now  
and tomorrow always comes.  
I may not be here.  
Don't cling to me  
just—  
let me be,  
to drift.  
But—  
please—  
be there when I need you.

Jay.

### IN A CERTAIN BLUE LIGHT

Their silhouettes,  
which were two,  
mingled,  
and became one.  
How I envied them—  
having found what I needed so badly to attain,  
yet felt I never could.  
They moved and he reached out—  
unaware of me—  
an onlooker,  
as it should be,  
for them,  
for me.  
Help me find then,  
I who am in so great a turmoil  
and can't quite see where I'm going,  
what I'm looking for,  
what I hope to find.  
Reach out,  
take my hand,  
and, together, we too may find  
what they have,  
what I may never get.

Jane Hinrichs, F.IV.

## THAT LITTLE PIECE OF PAPER

How important is that little piece of paper called a marriage certificate nowadays? In the past, all but a very few couples were married in church, even those people whose belief in God was not very great. The position today has altered: there are still many people marrying in church, but a large number now go to a registrar's office. Those people who decide on a church wedding generally do so for two reasons—one, that they believe in God and are regular church-goers who wish God's blessing on this, one of the major steps in their lives, or two, that they wish a white wedding with all the ceremony and preparation that goes into it, while not thinking about the seriousness of making vows in the presence of God.

For these people, and those who marry in a registrar's office, is a marriage certificate really necessary? Does it mean anything other than the fact that they can now live with each other without society condemning them and their offspring, although the stigma of illegitimacy has now almost completely disappeared? They have taken vows declaring their love and swearing to look after each other for the rest of their lives. But do they need to do this in front of other people? Is the fact that they love each other not enough? Why should they have to declare this love to other people in order to obtain a small piece of paper which supposedly "legalises" their marriage. Since they do not believe in God, it cannot be to receive spiritual blessing, the only reason, apart from that of society declaring them outcasts, can be for financial stability, and even this argument can be broken down. If they have gone through a ceremony to declare them man and wife, they will need another ceremony, namely divorce to "free" them from each other, yet still leaving the ex-husband the burden of providing for his wife and children, as well as the costly court fees for divorce. If the couple were not "legally" married, it would be much simpler for them to break apart, and although the thought of divorce and the lengthy process it involves to prove an "irretrievable breakdown of marriage" may deter the break-up of some marriages, if the people truly loved each other, would they not come together in the end?

The thought that a husband or wife could quite easily walk out of their life, should make the other partner more thoughtful in marriage. How many unnecessary hurtful words would be bitten back, and how many husbands and wives would try to keep themselves attractive instead of "letting themselves go" after several years of marriage? In other words, how many people would keep a marriage as a marriage instead of merely a way of life?

Why should society condemn those people for living together? Because the seventh commandment, one of God's laws proclaims it wrong? These people do not believe in God, and so can only accept the law as man-made, and has any man the right to pass judgement on the way another lives, providing that person is doing nobody else any harm? One argument will be that by defying and destroying society, one is hurting other people, but it is only by rebelling against society that we have reached the level we are at today—small children are no longer forced to work long, killing hours in damp factories while receiving inadequate food and no pay of any sort. These people who love each other and who live together are doing nobody any harm, and those who still wish to go through a marriage ceremony can do so. People who live with each other, without love, and who do not intend to live with one special person for the rest of their lives, but to live with anyone who asks them, do themselves harm, both mentally and physically, and are those most severely abused by society. They may only ruin themselves, but any children born from such a union have an insecure, and often loveless childhood. Either the parents wish nothing to do with the baby, whom they put into a home, where it may be lucky enough to find foster parents to give it a relatively stable family background, or

else both, or perhaps only the mother, decide to keep the child who can have a most unhappy upbringing. In a few rare cases, the child can bring the couple together, creating love instead of only physical attraction.

However, society being the constantly changing media that it is—however slowly it may happen, looks as if this is the attitude it is moving towards—that of a marriage ceremony being unnecessary for two people who truly love each other, unless they wish God's blessing, as there are now some people who have adopted and who live this attitude, while in the past, even the idea was shocking.

F.VI.

### DEPTH

How can I tell you what I feel,  
would you really understand?  
How can I tell you what I feel,  
can words describe this depth?  
The answer is no my friend,  
no one can understand.  
It's something deep inside that,  
only I can cure.  
The longing, the emptiness, the  
desire to have you near,  
It grows and blossoms like a flower,  
but it will never die.  
How can I tell you what I feel,  
would you really understand?

Nicky, F.V.

All the birds and the bees  
Were fluttering in the trees.  
While the children of the ground  
Just could not be found.  
There was a hare and a rabbit,  
A mother and baby tit.  
They all had gone away.  
Their fear too great to stay,  
It was rat.

Lynne Baxter.

### MY U.S.A. TRIP

On Saturday, 5th June 1971, I waved goodbye to my parents and brother at Prestwick Airport and excitedly boarded a Boeing 707 jet, accompanied by an air hostess. As I was under 12 years of age, flying alone, I sported a large label and felt rather like a piece of hand luggage! How I looked forward to meeting my chum and old D.H.S. classmate, Moira McHugh, again. The McHugh family had recently moved to Rochester, New York State from Dundee and I was going to spend six weeks holiday with them.

Near Newfoundland I saw icebergs far below us and had a very bumpy flight before landing at Montreal. A short flight to Toronto and at long last my reunion with Moira. A further three hours car trip during which we crossed the Canadian-American border, and we were home. Exhausted, I went straight to bed.

For the first two weeks of my stay I was to attend Twelve Corners Middle School with Moira, travelling most days by the yellow school bus. Sometimes we walked home and had a coke and ice-cream from a selection of twenty-eight flavours. I did not particularly like what I saw of American schooling, mainly due to the latitude allowed pupils. The girls were very nice and I think I was a bit of a novelty to them. They even asked me what language we spoke in Scotland! At

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gym we played softball which is really baseball using a soft ball. School lunches were super but afterwards it was too hot to make use of the selection of games apparatus at our disposal in the playground. One day we saw the whole of Walt Disney's "Treasure Island" in the school's auditorium or theatre. Another day the class went on a picnic to Ellison Park where shelters and stone grills had been hired for us cooking our own food.

Rochester is a large city with many interesting buildings. I saw round the home of George Eastman, founder of the Eastman Kodak Company, visited the planetarium and the museum, which dealt mainly with Indians. However, in the latter, there was a plastic, transparent lady and one could see the various parts inside her while she spoke about them. In Midtown Plaza there was a large clock with small compartments and a foreign doll in each which came out at its appropriate hour. At noon and midnight all the dolls came out.

Around Rochester are lovely parks and one, Letchworth Park, is 60 miles long, containing breathtaking waterfalls. Temperatures during my stay were around 90° F. and it was very humid. Each park had a swimming pool—a haven for cooling off.

The real climax of my stay was a visit to New York City where we stayed with Mrs McHugh's sister. On the way there I had a waffle which was about 7" by 6". I tried lots of syrups and jellies on it. I saw Washington Bridge, then the Empire State Building. We went right up to the 102nd floor! I visited Macy's—the largest store in the world, and the Rockefeller Plaza. But the greatest thrill was my first view of the Statue of Liberty—it was magnificent. As it is on an island we took a boat over. Inside the stone base of the statue everything was very modern. There were information desks, escalators and it was all carpeted. We did not go very far up the statue as the temperature was about 100° F.

Back in Rochester again, I realized my six weeks were almost over, but there was still one more thing to see—the Niagara Falls. I was stunned by the beauty and power of the thundering waters. We donned long raincoats and sou'westers

to walk behind the falls. By night they were illuminated but I felt this took away some of the natural beauty.

Now the time had come for final good-byes and I was very sad to leave, but at the same time looking forward to seeing my family again. What a lot I had to tell them.

Lynn Mitchell, F.la3.



### THE BRIDGE

The old, worn parapet  
Where boys of countless generations  
Have sat, with lines dangling  
Into the water; hoping to catch  
A fish however small.

The old, stone bridge  
Which was there  
Even when the oldest man  
Born in the village  
Took his first steps.

The bridge  
Over which the old man's father  
The cowherd had driven his cows  
Home to the byre  
To be milked, at sunset  
Every long past day.

The poor, old bridge  
With all the local character  
Embedded in the rough-hewn stone,  
No longer to exist  
For already a newer, bigger, better one  
Is being built two hundred yards upstream.

And every day  
The old man sits and weeps  
To see the old bridge  
Happy in its last days  
Knowing not present nor future  
But all its past  
Carved and notched on the parapet.

Patricia Knox, F.V.

**THE VIKING'S PRAYER**  
(with apologies to Lewis Carrol)

"Will you blow a little harder?"  
Said the Viking to the Gale.  
"There's a longship close behind us  
And she carries far more sail.  
See how rapidly the Danemen, with their raven locks progress,  
They are eager for a battle  
Can you save us from this mess".

Patricia Knox, F.V.

**LOST VISION**

My childhood gone, my innocent dreams have left me.  
No more my lonely-night weird fantasies fill  
A touch of magic springs no longer into every sight  
I do not see. I walk alone without my inside-eye  
To call upon impossible hope of imagery.

Each fact is not so real as life has told me.  
The fiery dragons breathe their shimmering past.  
My valley of myself thought—lonely I shall have to leave  
To float song-free. I now am bound in thrall to only die  
To think of ever coming back to my valley.

Those flaming pastures of the dreams that haunt me  
Or lonely moor or silver sea at will  
Have gone or given place to daylight—thinking, though I still  
Remember three eternal hopes: the ever new-born sky  
Is life, and hope, and shelter—haven finally.

Patricia Knox, F.V.

**THE DESERTER**

He left at night when the sky was dark  
He left when the lights were low  
He left a note on his sergeant's coat  
So that his comrades might know.

He left alone with a torch for light  
He left by a hole in the fence.  
He left the damp of an army camp  
And he left his common sense.

He ran to the shore and he hailed a boat  
His civilian clothes he wore.  
The fishermen let him pull in their net  
And they noticed his hands got sore.

He told them that he was a fisherman's son  
And his name was Peter O'Neil  
But they knew he told lies by the look in his eyes  
So they dragged him under the keel.

That is the fate of the man who deserts  
So if you would run away  
Remember the feel of the edge of the keel  
And wherever you are you'll stay.

Patricia Knox, F.V.

## SWAN SONG

Solitary spinner  
Singing a sad, sweet song  
Mourning the loss of a loved one  
The only one, the dearest one  
By the fairies stolen away.

Nine hundred years in seclusion  
Weeping and weaving she sings  
Not once must her spun thread be broken  
Or the spell too, will be broken  
And the dear one shall never return.

The swans are her only companions  
They join in her song without words  
The swans live forever, the wild winds  
But she is not free in the wild winds  
Until the fairies relent.

Patricia Knox, F.V.

## ON SEEING A MOUSE IN ROOM XI.G

23:XII.:52

Wee, hungry, naughty, cheeky, beastie,  
What foolish hope is in thy breastie,  
Thou needna look for morsel hastie  
In this bare room.  
Since here there's nothing nice and tastie  
For stomach toom.

Mind you, my freend, I'd spare a book  
If on its contents you would look  
But in its pages you'd just hook  
Your wee sharp tooth  
And try to eat in your sma' nook  
Shakespeare forsooth!

But you should rin up Bell Street Lane  
For there you wouldna seek in vain,  
For scraps that careless boys disdain,  
And never lack.  
You needna squeak at me in pain.  
Try Mrs Jack!

And now I fear that wee man Stark  
Will on your wee house make his mark  
Stop up the hole, leave you to dark  
Lone grave forgotten.  
Unless you gnaw the floor and park,  
Wi' Miss McNaughten.

Well, mouse, it's gaen me happiness  
And sorrow too, no whit the less,  
To meet one like you in the stress,  
Of these hard times.  
But I must stop, I must confess,  
I'm short o' rhymes.

## SEA SICKNESS

When shall I feel the sea again  
Which salts my very tears  
Whose angry billows feed my mind  
And roll through endless years?  
The roaring breakers burst their chains  
And crash on to the sand.  
The singing span of boundless deeps  
Has never known the land.  
The waves are free to roam the world  
Their creatures too, are free.  
But I am bound and chained by cares  
And cannot feel the sea.

Patricia Knox, F.V.

## ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

It is not often that you get the chance to save someone's life, but I got just that chance this summer holidays, and I would like to tell you about it because I can, in the same breath, tell you about a worthy cause.

Needless to say, I took the chance, and saved the man's life. This is what happened;

This summer I went to a camp held for Epileptic people in Scotland. These people who need help and a holiday are a minority in the cases of Epileptics. By far the majority you would never recognise, there could be one at school leading a completely normal life. I was a helper for a fortnight, and it was hard work, since many of these people did have severe emotional problems which were far more predominant than the epileptic fits which they took!

One day we went from the Aberdeen Primary school, which was our base camp, for a trip to Stonehaven beach. Some people went in for a paddle, although the water was freezing. While a couple of other helpers were changing to go in with the Epileptics, one man paddled in about two feet deep. I was watching him, and just as well, for the shock of the cold and the excitement was too much for him and he collapsed into the water like a cut tree, face down, splash! I thought he was having fun, but, when after a few seconds I realized he had not moved I waded in up to my knees (fully clothed and shod) and hauled the very heavily built man onto the beach. I have no idea where I got the strength from, and I did not feel weak until about two

hours later when I shivered with cold, wet feet.

When the man had been successfully saved and put in the coma position he opened his eyes, his face became a more natural colour, and he got up and went to the inside, heated pool to swim, with hardly a thank you. I'm glad.

I think so many lessons can be learned from this event, I hope I can share some with you, by telling you this story, and adding that I hope you never have to run full tilt into the North Sea to save a solid

body, twice as heavy as yourself.

This camp taught me many other much less demanding lessons, both about individual people and group "control", and I have made some friends too, both Epileptic people, and the other wonderful helpers, two of whom gave up their only annual holiday to help at this camp.

If you are in forms five or six, and think you would like to help at a camp like this, please contact me and I can tell you more about it. Next year we're going to Oban!

Carolyn Sillars.

## **PUNISHMENT EXERCISES TO PUNISH YOU**

### **FRIENDS**

Some people do not have any friends, but when you become popular you have many, many friends. Sometimes friends can be nuisances. Some children, when they go to a new school, have no friends at all and are normally very lonely, until some good and nice girl, to come and comfort her and make friends with her and it gradually grows and grows. Friends I think are just a load of nuisances although it is just that bit nicer to know you have a friend wandering about otherwise they want to borrow this and they want to borrow that and so it goes on until you get sick of it and break up the friendship.

I think enemies are much better than friends because you have more and more fun every minute of the day, and what's more you might break a leg or an arm and get off school. But I seem to have a friend who does not seem queer to me at the moment. I sometimes think I should never have made friends with her but life goes its own way and nature takes its course. The people in the countryside seem to have many friends about, nicer friends than we do here in town and I myself think I would make many more friends and much quicker if I lived in the countryside than if I was in a town. A town is the most noisiest and dirtiest and the most terrible, unlikely place to have many good friends than if you were living in the countryside: also the countryside has the most beautiful views, cleanest places and very many good decent and

kind friends and no enemies and lots of room to play fun and games.

The countryside is healthier and I think that is why their brains are free to move, whereas in the town, your brain can hardly move in the tight squeeze and all the dirt and rust gets all clogged up and leaves the poor child helpless and dumb. I say that if you do not fall out with a best friend, to me you are queer, you have to have a time where you are at least angry with your best friend. Of course there are people who have no best friends but at least have a few friends around. I think they are the people who are very wise because to have a best friend you need patience and courage which most people don't normally have. Friendship is a good thing in a way and in another way it is, I think, a very stupid thing.

### **FRIENDSHIP**

Friendship is very important. If there was no friendship, there would be war everywhere. Country against country, county against county, city against city, and one person against another.

If somebody comes up to you who does not often play with you and says, "Oh hello, I like you, could I have a sweet please?" The person who came up to the boy with the sweets, is not a real friend then, if you like the person, and he asks you, you will probably give them one. Friendship is when you want to play, you go to one of your friends. If he wants to do something and you want to do some-

thing different, you would do what he wanted to do, but if you weren't you would not.

I have a good friend who lives across the road from me. We have a lot in common, for a start he is a boy. He likes playing and watching football and so do I. I support Dundee United F.C. and so does he. He likes darts, watching T.V., going to bed late, rock music, and money and so do I. He has somethings that are not in common. He is at a school called Lawside, he is not the same age as me, he is 14. I have friends who have hardly anything in common with me.

### MICE

I dislike pet mice intensely, I prefer wild ones, although I did once find a sweet little baby one, which, the moment I picked it up, bit me hard and hung to my hand by its teeth. Another one I found had fleas.

I used to keep mice myself. Never again! We bought two albinos, which I find disgustingly hideous. As I said, one day we bought two. Well, I know mice breed quickly but that was just going too far. Don't ask me how many there were, I lost count after 10. I tried to name them: there was Timmy and Tommy and Tessa and Tina . . . no that's Tommy or is it Timmy.

And they smell. There is no word in our language to explain a mouse's aroma. We started to keep them in cages in my bedroom, but they kept me awake at night, then we kept them in the living room, one night they got out and ate the curtains. We moved them to one of the garages. We stopped using that car because the smell in the garage was just too much. So we waited till the rest of the mice emigrated to behind the skirting board and then we didn't buy any more. That was seven years ago, and now when the question of pets arises and we go to the pet shop, the mice are ignored as much as is possible.

### BAD MANNERS

Manners are often used to judge a person's character. If you have good manners you are considered to be well brought up and well educated and if you are bad-

mannered—well, there is not much hope.

Manners are considered in different ways. Some people say if you talk in class, don't hold doors open, and have bad table manners, and many other bad habits you are bad-mannered. Other people have a narrower view. I think I would possibly agree with the first attitude because even although you can't be perfect, it is better to be near to than far from perfection.

As many people judge character and up-bringing from manners, people with bad-manners may bring the blame to their parents. Although many parents are not at fault concerning their child's manners, many (although they do not realise this) do too much for their children and therefore make them selfish and self-centred.

Another point of view of this is that neglected children in poorish families are thought by quite a few to be bad-mannered. Many of these people are not bad-mannered and this is often because of their school and friends.

Bad-manners are very discouraging and hold a lot against a person when they meet others. These are noticed by people and often count later in life.

### WHITE MICE

I do not like white mice or any mice for that matter, because they smell if they are not cleaned out often enough. You can't tame mice and they bite if picked up. It is possible to get a few kinds of mice like field mice, household pet mice, etc. other members of the mice family are rats, rodents, moles, shrews. White mice cost 7½p and the cage would cost about £1, and seeing they live for about 1½ years it would cost about 6 or 7 pounds to keep one mouse through its lifetime.

One good pet to keep is a dog, because they do not smell but they cost quite a bit more.

I once had a hamster, which is another member of the mice family, it was quite a good pet but they do not live for very long.

I don't know why it is that mice come in different colours but I suppose it is for just the same reason that people have different colours of hair, except there is a greater variety of colours for humans.

The most common colour for mice is white, which, I suppose, is the same as the most common colour of hair for humans is fair.

Another quite good pet is a cat which

is not as expensive as a dog but is more expensive than a mouse. One bad thing about mice is that they are too small, because one girl stood on one when she was looking for it.

## THE "NONSENSE" SECTION

### THE PURPLE BIRD OF PARADISE

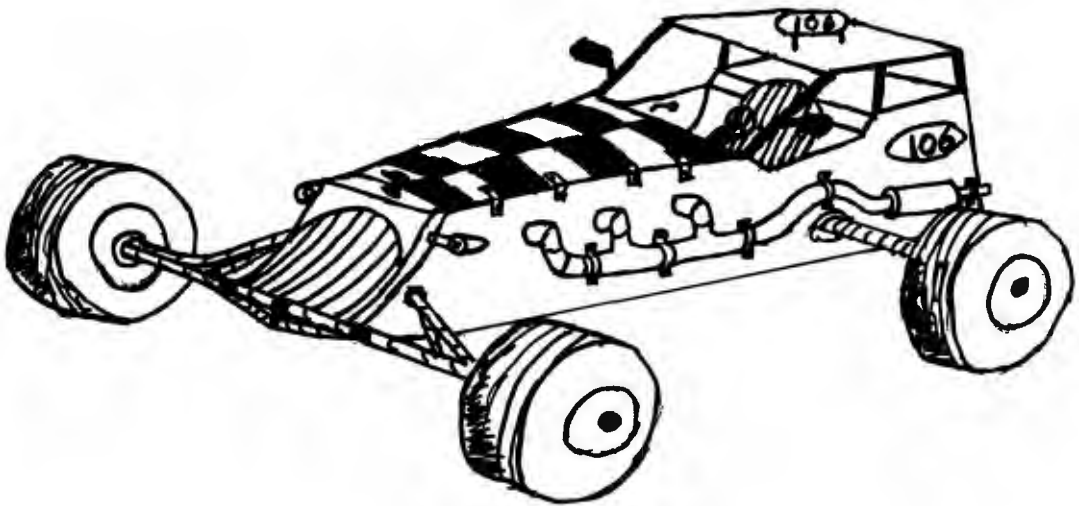
The Purple Bird of Paradise  
Went to watch at Tannadice.  
The match that she saw  
Filled her with awe.  
So she cried "Dearie me!"  
(To a wee, blue flea)  
In Brazilian tones . . .  
"They are shaking my bones!"  
Then speedileeee  
She flew back for her tea.

Hazel Eadie, F.II.

There was an old man in a pew,  
Who said, "Oh, what shall I do?"  
For quite overnight,  
When there was no light,  
He'd turned into a sh! you-know-who?

There was a young girl from a dale,  
Who constantly sat on a nail,  
'Till the ground gave in,  
And so did the pin  
That unfortunate girl from a dale!

Penelope-Anne.



### THE OAK

O, large brown oak, with branches crooked swaying  
While through the leaves the wind is baying  
The handsome trunk, so large and strong  
Which has stood for centuries long.  
In thy branches, birds are nesting,  
In the winter, squirrels resting  
The morning sun glints on dewy leaves  
While in the wind, thy strong boughs heave.  
Thy roots so deep and winding go,  
Under sun and under snow  
Oh, roots so strong and firm and winding  
Striving to be water finding.

### PRISON

I've been here now for nigh five years,  
And have yet five years more,  
I sleep in a hole in the side of a wall  
'Cos rats run across the floor.  
At six o'clock on every morn',  
The jailer does his rounds,  
He takes his stick and prods us all,  
'Til all our sides are sore.  
Our clothes are none but guttersnipes' rags,  
Our shoes are bits of sack,  
At the sound of food our bellies doth ache,  
And our hearts cry out like a child.  
The walls are dark and damp and green,  
The floor is like a pool,  
And ev'ry night at half past twelve,  
My mate's ghost doth croon.  
He sighs and weeps like a sorrowful babe,  
For he was caught on the run,  
It was nigh eight years his wife did he see,  
And nigh three more for his child.

### THE STORM

T'was on the night, the 12th of June,  
The road was golden in the moon,  
The sun had crept behind a hill,  
The wind was gone, the world stood still.  
The pirates cried from the bow to the stern,  
The sea stood still like the milk in a quern,  
And yet the clouds had time to appear,  
And then at last, no time to steer clear.  
They burst! In one courageous downpour,  
The mind it grew till it grew no more,  
The waves stood high, they engulfed the ship,  
It was found later wrecked and limp.  
And still on a summer night,  
When the sun has finished its daily flight,  
The pirates return and remember in the fear,  
That night which has passed for many a year.

### SOAP

If you leave it in water it goes all soggy  
But if left out long it goes hard as a rock.  
A wonderful mixture goes into the making  
So kiddies and grown-ups can have a good wash.  
Pink ones, green ones, blue ones, yellow ones,  
Orange ones, purple and many a hue  
Are the colours in which a soap can be found.  
To think that piece of matter when rubbed with water  
Will turn into white, bubbly, frothy foam  
Is a wonder of wonders itself.  
All shapes and sizes can be found  
A TEDDY or a clock that may be wound  
Soap is so unusual, improbable, but definitely fun.

### THE BALLAD OF THE MARTIAN TREE SEEKER

As I stepped up towards the gantry,  
My heart began to pound,  
And I looked up to see the rocket  
Big and fat and round.  
I was going away to Mars  
To see what I could see,  
I was going away for days  
To find a Martian Tree.  
I was away a month or more,  
I did not find a tree,  
Instead of that I found up there,  
A giant purple sea.  
The time had come for me to land,  
I landed with a crash,  
And for my work up in the sky,  
I was paid a lot of cash.

Innes Gray, F.II.

Gordon Brough.

Hazel Eadie, F.II.

## THE ALBATROSS

While I was lying among the moss,  
I chanced to see an albatross,  
I could hardly believe my eyes,  
Because of its gigantic size.

It flies with all the sailors' bold,  
Through winds and storms and fears foretold,  
And if an albatross is killed,  
A storm already begins to build.

All sailors on board try to flee,  
Before the wrath of the raging sea,  
But then there's a whoosh and a roar of thunder,  
Next the ship is pulled asunder.

And now that the storm and sea die down,  
The ship and her sailors will never be found,  
But now I wake among the moss,  
No longer to see an albatross.

Graeme McNab, F.I.

## SURVEYS

This survey what is done by us pupils is to show whom is the brainiest, us pupils or them teachers. We is sure you are interested to see what it be as we was when we started. We had decided to ask of everybody 3 questions as are following:—

1. When did the Russians land their moon-rover on the moon?—Nov. 1971.

2. What is the name of the ancient city in which celebrations were recently held to mark the 2,500th anniversary of the founding of an empire?—Persepolis.

3. How long did Queen Victoria reign for?—64 years.

As is regarding the first question it had been mentioned in the national press recently. Now for the bit that you has been waiting for.

Pupils	Teachers
12% write	10% write

The result show clear enough what is best. Naturally we is the best (we pupils) what did you expect.

Now we is coming to the next poser, which is about Persepolis. This poser is also been in the Press previous to this bleb. This was meant to have been the most easiest question.

Pupils	Teachers
40% write	40% write

But it have not been the easiest (the final question have that eminence distinction). After we had asked to people the first two questions, we begun to think allbody ave not so brainy as we has hoped. So that be why we poses the final question which we had hopes of being easy to answers. We had think that allbody would be knowing how long it was that Queen Victoria was reigning for.

But—

Pupils	Teachers
44%	50%

As what can been seen from the above, them teachers has won (cheating) but if all results are grouped it is obvious that we has equal brains with them as we has both one. 1 and won is drawing. But is showing that we is may'be not as brains as we is all thinking.

L. Knight and N. Evans, F.III.

## A SCHOOL MEALS SURVEY

To begin with, 21% of pupils believe that the food is very good; 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ % think that it is good; and only 12 $\frac{1}{3}$ % believe that it is bad.

Next the favourite food is, not surprisingly, fish and chips. This fact can be proved by the absence of scraps on the plates after this dish is doled out.

Thirty three and one third per cent. believe that the dining hall should be on the school premises while the rest (66 $\frac{2}{3}$ % if you can't subtract) prefer to lunch out of the sombre grey school walls.

As far as seating goes very few believe that it is good and the rest, who have probably had to serve at some time, think that it is bad.

Finally, most people (53 $\frac{1}{3}$ %) believe that they would rather have a server getting the food than getting their own, such as in a self-service cafe which I think is the best method.

Yours (and mine) truly,  
John H. Gailey.

### A SPORTS SURVEY (Boys)

In this survey we were very interested to find that, given a choice of Rugby, Football, Hockey or Swimming as a winter sport, nobody voted for Hockey. There was a slight majority in favour of Football. It is interesting to note that an equal amount of people were in favour of Rugby and Swimming.

Given a choice of Cricket, Swimming or Athletics as a summer sport, there was an overwhelming majority in favour of Athletics. Swimming received one more vote than Cricket. Here it is interesting to note that Swimming, regarded as a winter sport, received more votes than Cricket, an established summer sport.

Eighty per cent. of those questioned were certain that sport should be compulsory. Perhaps a slightly bigger majority would have been expected.

A very slight majority felt that the grounds are not adequate but this really depends on the standards one sets.

Finally, it is extremely interesting to note that there was a majority in favour of travelling to grounds by Corporation bus, preferring to sacrifice a few minutes for 1p less.  
D.A. and D.T.

### WHY

Humans are senseless,  
Fathers kill sons  
and then  
they weep.  
why?

Because their sons are dead!

Mandy Uytman.

### YOU CAN'T

You can't judge people outwardly  
by looks,  
by speech.  
Everybody  
not just some

Dies everyday with something,  
some marvellous talent  
which dies with them  
unnoticed,  
unexploited.  
Mandy Uytman.

### THE RESPECTED

Some people say  
The famous are marvellous,  
different,  
respected:

This is untrue.  
'tis the ordinary,  
the unnoticed  
the common

Who made the respected.

Mandy Uytman.

### TOO YOUNG FOR LOVE

"Love! Nonsense, the child is mad,  
And besides she is too young."

I turned from the window  
where my hopes had been flung.  
Would she never understand  
from her world of starch and lace  
that I am growing up  
with the human race!

"And to go to a dance  
with a boy you've never met  
that, my dear, is a thing  
I would certainly not let."

I had met him before  
though I did not know him well,  
but that just did not matter,  
and why I cannot tell.

"A party now is it?  
That's the worst thing I've heard  
and the dance as well  
it's utterly absurd!"

Oh Mother, Mother,  
if only you'd understand,  
it would be a proper dance  
with a really classy band.  
She shouted at me more,  
satisfying my fears  
And then she walked away  
and left me with my tears.

Mandy Uytman.



J. D. Hutchison, F.V.



## SWEET SUMMER WINE

Have you ever woken up with a bump, from a nice sleep in a nice cosy bed with a great thud on the head (because you forgot you were in the lower bunk), while travelling at 80 m.p.h. somewhere between Dundee and London? You haven't? Well, if you're really all that anxious, read on.

Believe me, it is an unforgettable experience, particularly when, by the middle of the day, sleep is beginning to catch up on you and you're already pre-occupied doing a channel crossing in four hours (this must be a world record!).

To those who wish such a "holiday" I suggest, that the next time you are asked if you would like to go on a school trip to Germany, or some such other place, you go. That is, of course, if any member of staff has the adventurous spirit needed to take sixty-odd High School girls (and their luggage), half way across Europe, as five very brave and optimistic teachers did last summer.

Besides providing a most enjoyable holiday, a school trip will enable you to see teachers in an extremely new light—and now that I come to think of it, the light we saw Miss Gray under, during the Dover to Ostend crossing, must have been slightly green tinted. However, she was far from being alone: one would find it difficult to believe that it was due to the British people that "Britannia ruled the waves".

When we finally arrived at our destination at approximately ten o'clock, somewhat tired and not at all ourselves (in fact "on the crabby side" is an appropriate phrase), we were greeted with coffee and sandwiches, for which we were truly grateful. After this, we managed to make it to our rooms, and no more, where we immediately flopped on top of our beds.

There were several outings, the favourites, by general opinion, seem to have been, our trip to Köln; the one to Bonn; and the boat trip up (or was it down?) the Rhine.

In Cologne, the main places of interest were: the Cathedral, the esplanade, the new shopping arcade and the Sex Market—but here the few involved plead

innocence (or was it temporary insanity?) either way however, they admitted not to being forward, but dumb and naive. Their excuse being, wait for it—"But we thought it was a record shop. Honest we did". Besides these outings (which were hot work, to say the least) everybody thoroughly enjoyed the frequent visits to the swimming pool, a short distance away from the hotel. Even the narrow winding path down to the pool was pleasant, and, more important, shaded and cooler.

Each day was different from the previous one, with a single exception—the terrific heat, which often soared high into the 80's and twice into the 90's. The weather was so warm that the end product was often 60 bright red radishes sitting down to dinner in the evening along with swollen blistered feet and a few lucky ones who were tanned and not burnt (but these people did less for my ego than my blistered feet). On one occasion, I recall limping round a corner to see a host of familiar girls (from D.H.S.) in a cool fountain in the middle of Linz up to their knees in clear iced water. It was such a refreshing sight, that I leapt in too, forgetting I was wearing trousers. But it was so much of a relief that I just couldn't bring myself to step out of the large concrete bowl until I was dragged out by the hair, kicking, screaming and generally making a fool of myself in front of the already surprised Germans passing by on the opposite side of the road.

In Scotland we just don't realize how lucky we are, being able to buy our national costume, the kilt, for only a few pounds. In Germany, the national costume, for women, is approximately £20—the better quality ones of course. This I discovered when inquiring about buying the peasant-blouse separately, a thing unheard of. I also discovered just how difficult it is, sliding past a buxom Fraülein (the shop assistant) who is losing a £20 cash sale, or so she thinks, out the door. She also assured me that the massive chunk of material which could be held out was not due to it being a mere 3 sizes too big, but was allowing for shrinkage. Few things in Germany are cheaper than in Great Britain, the main exceptions being cuckoo clocks and Apfelsaft (cool apple juice we all recommend).



We do guarantee that our photographs are genuine and taken "from the life", the most outstanding, we feel, is the one with thirty of us piled onto two beds which, after a grim struggle, finally surrendered and buckled up. And bang went 10p each for repairs, or more likely, a new bed!

However, to sum up, all the things we wrote home about, like the fine weather,

the super meals, the beautiful place and the wonderful things to do; all these are true, and despite the gruesome sight on our return to Dundee, hauling expanded cases tied together with whatever we could lay our hands on, we were all completely happy after our wonderful holiday and thoroughly looking forward to the delivery of our G.C.E. results.



### AN ILLUSION

Sitting in a dream-like world  
Haze floating around  
The sweet, smooth smell  
Fills my nostrils  
I rock—body lost in the  
waves of music.  
Soul floating free  
Far over the dew-covered world  
Glistening in the star-light  
Warm music surges through me  
Pulses in my blood  
I sit  
Softly calling  
Happiness floats around me  
I reach out  
And it is gone.

Broken fallen songs  
Happiness shattered  
Sing, children sing  
But there are no songs  
No songs left to be sung  
It has all been said  
Somewhere.

My soul floats out over the hills and towns  
So far; so far away  
To you

Who lie in darkness  
And I who lie  
In this twilight world  
Hear me  
Listen to words  
Words—that cannot say  
What fills my soul—  
flying out lost and afraid  
Searching for yours  
In this cold, dark night  
I am reaching out to you  
Touch me  
For I am seeking  
To find what I know I have  
Yet cannot name  
Only do you know  
Deep within your being  
The feelings I do not utter  
I no longer need to say—It is there  
Take my soul  
From its searching and cold  
Take me  
From my hazy illusion  
And loud, dark music  
To a quiet, warm place  
And tell with our eyes and hands  
The deepness within our souls.

Pam Swanney, F.IV.

## TWO POEMS

by Alison Gauldie

The smell of dead leaves, of earth  
sodden, after heavy rain  
is the cleanest smell of all.  
It's a brown smell,  
a fresh smell,  
a smell just for autumn:  
and spring.

In spring the smell has a tang of green,  
But in Autumn the tang is of frost,  
sharp,  
like the touch of a hibernating hedgehog.  
The water.  
The bank.  
A symmetrical picture of trees.  
What's that?  
Myself.  
I'm laughing.  
With the leaves,  
and their sisters,  
Who're in swimming  
down there.

## MORNING

Peace,  
Be quiet,  
Still and happy,  
Relax my friend,  
Let the world go by.

You are alone now.  
Nothing can touch you.  
Day is past.  
Your struggles are finished  
The rest of sleep is upon you.

Be happy,  
Stop crying.  
The pain will soon be over.  
Your life is worth too much  
To let it slip through  
Your fingers like sand.

See,  
Dawn is breaking,  
Silent and strong.  
Do not rise,  
Lie still

Do not fear.  
Watch a new life beginning,  
The sun spreading happiness  
Rise,  
Be happy,  
Take strength from the sun.

Elizabeth Gilmour.

## MEMORIES

Music—  
Haunting, childhood memories,  
Stirring, nostalgic, heartbreaking.  
Young children  
Playing in a sunlit street,  
The air ringing with their laughter,  
Their coloured clothes speckling the drab  
Grey of the buildings—  
Happy memories.  
Then—  
Terror struck—  
Soldiers came  
Marching on . . . and on.  
Bringing terror with every  
Step . . . steps . . . steps  
Away from home  
The storm passes  
And the street is now  
Deserted.  
In the distance the soldiers  
March on . . . and on  
Between their ranks  
Young children in bright clothes.  
Their screaming rends the air.  
Gradually it diminishes and finally is  
Muffled by the weeping of  
Their mothers.  
I never saw that street again,  
The soldiers marched on  
And on and on and on.  
They never stopped.

Elizabeth Gilmour.

## THE OUTSIDERS

Watch the people hurrying by.  
They have an aim,  
An ambition in life.  
They feel they want  
To achieve their ambition.

Yet you are left standing alone  
With no aims.  
Your life for you is empty.  
You are the outsiders  
Watching life go by.

You feel you need no aim  
You have each other,  
Perfect Happiness.  
But you will grow old,  
You will be ill, cold  
Alone.  
You, too, need to  
Live.

Elizabeth Gilmour.

## REJECTED

The boy turned round and tottered into the dark,  
His back, an insignificant shape, his head low.  
Sobs could be heard beneath the old grey coat.  
Where would he go to? He had no parents,  
Not a friend. Rejected he walked away,  
Till he gained a little pride and confidence  
And swivelled round. "Why?"

The hunt was on. The gang charged after him.  
"Get him!" "Nail him!" "Screw the squirt!"  
Startled, he limped up the road under the weight of the coat  
The orange lights reflected his terror, their delight,  
The enshrouding dark, his doom.

He tripped and fell, sprawled in the dirt.  
They reached at him with fists of dynamite,  
And boots of steel. Pitiless thudding thuds.  
All over. Boy lay there—motionless.  
Breathing . . . NO.  
The men turned round and walked away.

F.V.

## REVENGE

The red bad-lands lay  
Like a fallen god of war,  
Majestic in its silence.  
Not a stir on the sun-burned sands.

But a blotch of dust was stumbling  
Over the lifeless plain.  
One of those meagre murderous people,  
Writhing in murderous pain.

The sun glared on. Mars slowly rose,  
While it tottered down, down.  
Dead. The majestic plateau sighed,  
Wreaking its pitiless vengeance.

F.V.

## THE SHELL

Beautiful and pink,  
It lies at my feet.  
A seaside gem,  
Or a precious jewel.  
Patterned delicately with stars of white,  
And lined with a colour so gay,  
So bright.

I lift my treasure,  
To my ear,  
And listen to the lulling of distant seas.  
The sound I hear is low and clear,  
Never to be gone,  
Trapped in this shell forever.

Now the sea is lapping round my feet,  
I put down my seaside wonder,  
It is swept away.

Joanna Lawson, F.II.

## GOD, HAVE MERCY UPON ME

As the grey light of dawn penetrated  
his dark, dank cell, the prisoner awoke.  
He had slept as well as could be expected  
on straw, which was laid sparsely  
over the stone floor. He was numb with  
cold, for a cell in the White Tower is not  
the warmest lodging one could wish for,  
especially when December is approaching.  
Now he did not mind the cold, for today  
he was going to die.

He arose and walked stiffly over to the  
arrow slit which allowed the small amount  
of light in. The arrow slit overlooked the  
courtyard, where now, he could see his  
scaffold was erected, and there at the  
stroke of nine, he was going to be executed.  
He had about an hour to live. He  
stared out of the slit; there was not much  
movement yet, but then again there was  
no need, for everything was ready for his  
execution. As he stared, he started to  
think about his life, his friends and his  
family.

He thought of the days, when he was  
a little boy, playing in the orchards of  
Bexley Hall with his two sisters. These  
had been happy days. Days when nothing  
troubled him. He thought of the days he  
had gone riding and hunting with his  
father. He remembered the day the King  
visited them, and hunted with them, the  
sam King that, ten years later, had signed  
his death warrant. He remembered the

day of his marriage, and the day his son was born. He would be five now. These were all times filled with happiness.

Then he remembered the day the King's messengers came to arrest him, the days Cromwell tortured him for a confession, the day of his trial, which was not fit to be called a trial, and now the day he was going to die. At the age of thirty, he was going to die. Would his son remember him? Would the King take revenge on his family? Even in the hour when no troubles should concern him, he was troubled.

Then he thought of his friends, who like him, were also going to die, for they had also taken part in that act of high treason, according to Cromwell. But unlike him, they were going to die a long, suffering, painful death, whereas he was going to die by the swift stroke of the axe. Therefore he should be grateful for his noble birth. But he was not, for he was only thirty, and all that would have lain in the years ahead would be taken away today by an axe stroke.

He was awakened from his dreaming by the rattling of keys outside his cell door. The door opened and in walked a priest. The door was locked behind him. The prisoner turned round.

"Be still, my son," the priest said gently, "I have a few moments to speak to you before you die. Remember, God is waiting to welcome you into a better world. Do not fear death. Death will release you from this world of sin. God has forgiven all your sins".

"Father."

"Yes, my son," the priest replied.

"Will you take this letter to my family?"

"But, of course, I shall," the priest answered, "Now let us pray".

Their prayers were interrupted by the rattle of keys. The door opened.

"The prisoner is ready?" a gruff voice said.

"Yes," the priest replied, "he has finished praying". "Come then", the captain of the guard said.

The prisoner and the priest filed out of the cell. With the captain were four guards. The captain marched in front, with

prisoner and priest in the middle of the guards. They marched along a narrow passage, until they reached the daylight of the courtyard then they walked to the scaffold. The only spectators there were Norfolk and Cromwell, who had come to see their work carried out. The prisoner walked up the staircase alone. The axeman, masked and dressed black with a great axe by his side was the only other person on the scaffold. Once at the top of the scaffold, the prisoner addressed the people around him.

"My Lords, I am here to die, not to make a speech. All I will say is that my act of treason was my own doing and my family had no part in it. So forgive them. God, have mercy upon my soul."

After he said this, he knelt down and laid his head on the block, waiting for the fatal stroke. The headsman walked towards the block, raised his axe, and let it fall. Across the river the clock struck nine.

Lindsay Foulis, F.IV.

## GAIETY

Gaiety,  
Joy,  
and Happiness  
are all red,  
    rolling sounds,  
    bouncing in gaiety,  
    bubbling with joy  
    overflowing with happiness.

Red,  
rolling sounds,  
a beachball,  
    sun,  
a ripe, rosy apple,  
    blushing cheeks.

red,  
rolling sounds,  
new shoes,  
new clothes,  
birthdays,  
Christmas  
days when everyone  
talks in red rolling sounds  
and,

    bounces in gaiety,  
    bubbles with joy  
    overflows with happiness.

Alison Gauldie, F.II.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS

Thunder. Enter a lion roaring fiercely.  
He paces up and down, panting.  
The heavy mane on his back is coarse and black.  
The forest is engulfed with gloom.

A rush of wind, shrubs shiver.  
The tramp, tramp, tramp of footsteps.  
Eyes full of terror. Brow creased,  
The lion looks to hide. The footsteps,

Come nearer, like an onrushing tide.  
From the depths of the forest,  
A roar, the lion's mate, waits.  
The game is up. The lion waits.

A silver streak in the bushes.  
He can run no more. Smoke.  
The lion sinks. Exit lion.

Sheila Jamieson, F.II.



## THE DEATH

It was not  
Sudden death,  
But slow death.  
Not glorious,  
But shameful.  
The kind no  
Man would  
Ever wish to  
Have.  
No honour  
Or glory,  
No chance to  
Prove that one  
Is brave  
And can  
Suffer pain.  
But it was  
Unhonourable and low,  
Mocked at by people.  
No funeral  
Or burial,  
But a last  
Resting place  
In the elements.  
Yet all  
Death is the  
Same.  
It has the  
Same  
End.

Elizabeth Gilmour.

## WAKING UP FROM LIFE

The shadow fell  
over the mountain of death  
as I woke up from life  
from the blue stone  
that surrounded me  
and killed all.  
The balloons floated  
and burst  
into the things I believed in  
until life was full  
and not empty and grey  
and monotonous  
like the songs  
the hypocrites  
sang, with such determination  
to please  
Him,  
as if he didn't know  
it was all a show.  
That is why  
waking up from life  
is so free.

G.W.

## LIFE AND DEATH AND LOVE

I stumbled down the  
lines of perspective  
which vanished at a point of  
darkness.  
I read  
and read  
and emotion gripped me  
There were lights and blackness  
and the reflection of the sea  
on life.  
The darkness was far away  
and didn't seem to get any nearer  
as I stared and  
blundered into walking stones.  
Life was so complicated  
and painful.  
I wanted death,  
I wanted to be part of that  
darkness  
but as I walked  
through the pathways  
of my mind,  
darkness seemed farther away.

G.W.

## THE SUN

In the distance,  
In the evening,  
The Sun,  
Like an everlasting  
Ball of flame  
Is now obscured.  
  
The rays no longer  
Shine in the dim  
Of the evening,  
But are obscured  
Like the chimneys  
In a London smog.  
Our friend and comforter,  
Life-giver and saviour  
Is gone.  
When we need help,  
The sun is always there  
To help us.  
  
But, in the evening,  
When darkness falls  
And the sun disappears,  
We are alone.  
The sun, our only  
External friend,  
Is gone.

Elizabeth Gilmour.

## EMPTINESS

I sat and stared  
at the frozen windows  
An orange sun flashed on and off  
to lessen the deaths  
of man by man  
The conversation buzzed around me  
and I absently filled a cup of tea  
for someone.  
I don't know why  
but tears came to my eyes  
as I stared.  
My mind was blank  
yet emotion gripped me  
and made me shake and shiver  
as the sun flashed on and off  
in the darkness.

G.W.

To be delivered to the Editor of the New  
York "Herald Tribune"

## DEATH OF A KILLER

Vittorio Cappucci lived, when he was  
at home, in a large (even by American  
standards) villa, in the suburbs of New  
York. The large, sleek limousine, in which  
he was normally chauffeured around was  
a Cadillac, but for other purposes he used  
a rather less conspicuous Lagonda. Bul-  
lets bounced off it as they seemed to off  
Cappucci. His black, foul-smelling cigars  
were rather longer than everybody else's,  
as were his two centrally-heated, heart-  
shaped swimming pools. The cigars were  
specially manufactured for him and the  
president, in Cairo, from where they were  
flown by chartered plane.

Capucci's floozie was Gina Pericoli, a  
girl with long black hair, sparkling pearly  
teeth and a charming Italian accent, which  
became noticeably more pronounced  
when in conversation with Capucci or his  
fellows-in-crime.

There were many whispers about  
Cappucci's wealth. Everybody knew that  
his father had been a nobody, but no-one,  
not even Gorgio, who knew everything,  
knew exactly where Capucci had ap-  
peared from. He had arrived one day, and  
settled in New York and became a legend.

"Have you ever seen Vittorio Capucci,  
momma?"

"No, but he'll eat you with his spaghetti  
for supper, if you're naughty, bambino."

In some places however, his wealth was whispered about darkly. Nothing was ever actually said, but . . .

And then, one day, it happened. Vittorio made the headlines. "Vittorio Capucci Trial. Drug Peddling".

But Capucci was not pronounced guilty. Whoever thought he would be? He had money and influence. People suspected that he had friends in very high places, perhaps in the highest place. Interpol had not. The powers that be, for all their pious talk, did not seem to be concerned about the deaths and ruined lives of the youth of America.

There were people though, who did care and through Capucci had been either hurt or ruined themselves. They did not forget.

There were three who more than remembered—they acted. One had lost his family, one his friends and the other his fortune. One was Capucci's valet, another the gardener and the third the chauffeur. Capucci's valet was Joe Corbaccio, his gardener Angelo Carissini. Capucci cared so little for men, he did not know his chauffeur's name. Indeed, so insignificant a man was this chauffeur, that his name was not known to most men. I know his name.

Previously these men had held high social positions, but through Capucci's criminal activities were now reduced to hard labour. They had put their heads together and finally got jobs in Capucci's household, waiting for a chance for revenge. This hatred of Vittorio came to a head after his drug-peddling trial, when he was acquitted for something which each of them knew that he had done.

And then Vittorio began to boast about it among his friends. This sparked off the dynamite. During one of Capucci's many cruises, the three got together and finally evolved a plan which would pay Vittorio back in his own coin.

Carissini was the master-mind behind the scheme, Corbaccio was the one who got the stuff, and the chauffeur the one who did the job.

At the post-mortem it was decided that Vittorio Capucci had smoked one of his cigars in which he had first placed cyanide. The verdict was suicide.

But the three knew.

I am now an old man. The two who also knew the truth are dead and I shall soon be joining them. The world shall know the truth.

Cesare Corette—

Chauffeur to Vittorio Capucci.  
19.9.71

## PHANTOM MOUSE

I heard a scratch behind a chair,  
I saw a mouse that wasn't there,  
Small and fat, there it sat,

On the mat!

Its tail was long  
Like a leather thong,  
It swished and swayed,

But the mouse—

He stayed.

I heard a scratch behind a board,  
And there I found the mouse's hoard.

Its eyes, they stared at me,  
Those eyes I couldn't see,  
I felt sort of queer inside—

I didn't feel like me . . .

I looked again, and then again,  
I looked at the mouse's hoard

The mouse's hoard I didn't see—

I saw an old scratched board?

Those eyes are staring, staring,  
Those eyes I cannot see,

And now I can't see me ! ! !

Lynne Baxter, F.I.I.

## THE SINGING

The moon made the lake shine white  
and so with all around.

Then from far, far, a far way off,  
there came a beautiful sound.

The sound was a blissful hushing,  
the sound as from a ghost  
and yet there was a quieting singing  
as such from an angel host.

The sound was simple beauty  
and yet it was complete,  
it covered the world all over  
with a slight but satisfying heat.  
Then gradually it diminished  
Down to a mere sigh.

It only happened for a moment,  
a moment when the moon passed by.

Mandy Uytman.

## REVELATION

Today I saw you.  
From today I am alive.  
Today I spoke to you,  
And you replied.  
Today I knew for certain,  
You really love me,  
And I feel close to you.  
You gave me everything  
And I am happy.  
You alone understand me.  
For that I am glad.  
I can talk to you now.  
I can communicate  
And I feel close to you.

Your closeness frightened me  
But now I see.  
Today I understand you  
And your mysterious ways.  
Come, live in my heart.  
I hear your voice and open the door.  
Come in and sup with me, and I with you.  
I have overcome, so let me share your throne.  
Sandra Jack, F.IV.

## MISALLENIOUS EFFORTS

### Brainy

2 Ys U R  
2 Ys U B  
I C U R 2 Ys for me.

Je ne **sais** pas.

Pourquoi est-ce que j'écris en français?  
Je ne sais pas. Peut-être parce que  
j'aime le français ou peut-être parce que  
le français est plus agréable que l'anglais.  
Toujours je ne sais pas.

Qu'est-ce que je vais écrire?

Encore je ne sais pas. Eh bien je vais  
finir parce que je ne peux pas écrire au  
sujet de rien.

It's hopeless, it'll never get in.

---

That's what nearly everyone says when  
they sit down to write for the magazine.  
I thought that if I wrote about something  
so many people were thinking about  
someone might agree with me. There's  
only one problem—I can't think what to  
write about, so I'll have to stop.

---

P.S. I don't feel like poetry today (I  
don't look like it either).

## EVERYDAY

Everyday something happens to this world,  
Something.  
Some die,  
Some are born,  
and some stay.  
It is the ones who stay who suffer,  
they have to stay and cry over death,  
death of others, who no longer have to stay.  
Someday,  
Someday they'll be relieved of having to stay.  
Mandy Uytman.

## SNAKES

I "can't stick" snakes.  
From grass snakes  
to Boa Constrictors,  
I "can't stick" snakes.  
When up in the hills,  
A lovely day for walking,  
One marches briskly,  
Cheerily,  
Carelessly,  
Up to a snake . . .  
Then SCREAMS ! ! !  
and runs.  
Bravely,  
Heroicly,  
I,  
armed with a stick,  
Walk cautiously,  
Gingerly,  
Stealthily,  
up to a snake  
Then kills . . .  
a dry twig.

Alison Gaudie, F.II.

## A CIRCLE

Spring passes to Summer,  
Summer passes to Autumn,  
Autumn passes to Winter,  
Winter passes to Spring again.  
This is a circle  
a circle of life.  
And what's inside the circle?  
You'll never guess.  
Us.  
And what's outside the circle?  
Death,  
the ever unreachable.

Mandy Uytman.

## IF

If I look to the left I see flowers,  
Flowers possessing many and magic powers  
Colours, some in grand arrays,  
Colours, some in pots on trays.

If I look to the right I see lake  
and horses gallop like a mighty wake,  
Reflections wrinkle on life's very essence,  
and everyone is aware of the sunset's glowing presence.

If I look upwards, I see night sky  
and full moon stands and stars wander by.  
It hangs there in the sky like a golden penny  
and to an urchin it must be one better than not any.

If I look behind, I see freedom  
and it beckons "I beg of you come",  
I see children play fit in health and years  
they'll play for ever without any sight of tears.

If I look straight ahead  
I see something not unfamiliar, I said  
its large and white, and pretty not at all  
'tis something to see everyday, 'tis my bedroom wall.

Mandy Uytman.

## LOUNGING WINDOW

Pictures of lost leaves dance as shadows  
on the curtains.  
The clouds, white as snow,  
race down from the north,  
cold wind is blowing but the sky is blue.

Kingly records are playing round  
on the sound.  
The sun is sweeping all over  
the garden and the world.  
cold wind is blowing but warmth inside.

No matter how far those clouds go  
or come from,  
The warmth will stay,  
the winter fire never dies,  
cold wind is blowing but wood is dry.

The feather reaching trees sway  
to the sky rhythm.  
The raindrops streak the window,  
the sunny wind dries them,  
cold wind is blowing and calling winter.

The dozy fly bounces on the image of summer  
by the click he knows is end.  
The cold outside  
penetrates only the cold-hearted,  
cold wind is blowing but I am warm.

Carolyn Sillars.



## MESSAGE

Something. There's something  
Blowing in the wind  
Whispering through the grass  
Run . . . run  
Hear it calling  
Something missing in this earthly life  
Something wild  
Blowing and racing above the clouds  
Something beyond reach; beyond understanding  
A light shining through the dark  
Glisten  
Then gone.

Sometimes blowing in the wind  
There is a message  
Sometimes there is a devil  
Fear races in my heart  
The wind howls, a door bangs  
Footsteps  
Sometimes in the wind  
There is peace and calm  
I walk on  
But in the wind  
Blows death.

I shiver, walk on  
My fear laces out  
grasping, coiling,  
twisting grotesquely  
An ambulance flashes.  
A child screams  
Turn.  
Fear in those eyes.  
Hair tangled.  
Fear  
Twisting your heart.  
But stay; walk slowly  
Reach out, yes, touch  
It lies not far  
On, on. Touch  
It is there  
Clutch it to your heart.

Pam Swanney, F.IV.

## MR THOMAS

Mr Thomas owned the shop at the corner,  
one day he closed up  
He was ill  
he was alone,  
he died.  
No-one noticed.  
There was a new Supermarket in town.

Mandy Uytman.



## SUMMERTIME

Through my open blue window  
come the sounds of summer,  
warm and sweet  
light and deep  
the beautiful sounds of summer.

Through the soft green tree leaves  
blow the winds of summer,  
warm and sweet  
light and deep  
the beautiful winds of summer.

Through the grey close pebbles  
flows the river of summer,  
warm and sweet  
light and deep  
the beautiful waters of summer.

Through the rain-filled white clouds  
pushes the sun of summer,  
warm and sweet  
light and deep  
the beautiful summer sun.

Summer sun,  
Summer sun  
warm and sweet  
light and deep  
the beautiful summer sun.

The mists of summer morning  
are cleared by summer sun,  
the summer air refreshing  
gives life to leaves and me.

Life to me  
life to me  
warm and sweet  
light and deep/beautiful summer life.

Carolyn Sillars, F.VI.

## THE VIRTUES OF PRAYING IN PRAYERS

Miss Reid,

The virtues of praying in prayers are that I would look a bit out of place kneeling half-way down Reform Street reciting The Lord's Prayer. That is why it is better to pray in the hall, because in the hall everyone is praying and so no one person is out of place.

Another of the virtues is that we do not just say one prayer over and over again but our headmaster, Mr E. M. Stewart, M.A. (St. Andrews), gives us a different one every day that we go to prayers. This brings me on to my next point.

I shall have to learn to be quieter than I am between the times of eight forty-five and between nine ten and nine twenty every Monday and Wednesday (these are the days which I go to prayers) morning or I shall find myself going to the Prefect's room on a regular basis. This would be a bad thing because I would either find myself in front of our Rector Mr E. M. Stewart, M.A. (St. Andrews) or receiving ever enlarging pieces of work to do for the next day.

Another of the virtues is that just before our prayers, we (Forms 1, 2 and 3, boys and girls) get a passage from the Bible read out to us by one of the following, Valerie A. Reid, Stewart C. Cram, Judith A. Collin, Lester C. Barr, Athol G. R. Garden, John C. Vannet, Alexander D. Thomson, Michael Blair and others. These are often very good passages and well picked for the theme of the day. Although today's reading was a long one I feel Stewart C. Cram did an excellent job of the reading from Daniel. I would like to thank you, Miss Reid, for not making us go down to the prefect's room as we had a lot of work to get through at Geography with Mrs R. M. Kinloch, M.A. (Dundee).

I cannot complain about the length of this punishment essay to my form master, Mr A. D. Alexander, M.A., B.D. (Edinburgh), Second Master, as I do not have all that much homework for the rest of the week.

One of the drawbacks of prayers is the congregational singing of the hymns. I feel that if you sit down somewhere in the house and sing a hymn you will get

a lot more meaning from that hymn than you would have got from singing it as a part of a large body.

Another of the virtues is that you can hear how or what other people think of God. If you hear someone droning away the Lord's Prayer without any expression that you can guess that they are either are or are not a keen follower of the faith but somebody who thinks about the words puts a great deal of expression into them.  
Niall Campbell, F.II.

## THE DAY THE DISHWASHER WENT WRONG

The brand new dishwashing machine had broken down; therefore we had to go back to the old fashioned one in other words, father.

I remember that day extremely well. The dinner dishes were left to Dad to be washed up. He laid the dishes on the draining board to be washed. He also had a drink before he started and afterwards he remarked that one plate was not bad "considering I had a drink".

After washing the plates, he dried and stacked them on the ironing board except for one. This was when trouble started.

The cat went into the kitchen and started to play with his shoe laces. He dropped the plate on the cat's head when she gave an extra hard tug on his shoe laces. He bent down to pick up the broken bits and stood up, and in the process of doing so he hit his head on the underside of the ironing board. He slithered to the ground knocked out cold. Then the plates that were stacked on top hit him on the head and, to make matters worse, they broke up and piled around him.

The noise startled my mother who was in the dining room clearing the table of salt and pepper cellars and other utensils.

She came rushing through to find a dreadful scene. The cat out cold and dad lying in a heap of broken crockery.

She vowed that whenever the dishwasher broke down, she would do the washing and get her husband to mend the machine, if he could, rather than the electrician.

Dad was carted off to bed in a daze and still says that he only broke one plate.

I think we all learned a lesson from that mishap.  
Fred Sieber.



# School Activities

## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

This year's Literary and Debating Society is now, we are happy to say, in full swing, and promises much variety and interest in its programme for the rest of the session. Its new officials, appointed for 1971-72 are as follows—Chairman: Valerie Reid; Vice-Chairman: Brian Dye; Secretary: Catherine McLeod; Treasurer: Rona Horne; Committee Members: Lester Barr, Innes Garden, Elizabeth Gilmour and Calum Paton.

In September, the Society was launched by a noisy but very enjoyable Beetle Drive for Forms I. and VI., speedily followed by the annual Prefects' Debate, and the Inter-House Debates, won this year by Aystree.

October saw the opening round of the E.S.U. Competition at Morgan Academy, in which our team of Valerie Reid and Catherine McLeod was first and Grove Academy second. The following month, we also won the second round at St. Andrews, with Perth High School as runners-up, and now look forward to the area finals in January. In the "Scottish Daily Express" Contest, our team of Brian Dye and Sheena McMain have received a bye into the second round.

In other meetings of the Society, we have entertained Morgan and Grove in friendly debates, and also Mr Edwin Morgan, the eminent Scots poet—or should I say he entertained us!

We were all sorry at Mr Rorie's departure earlier this term, as he always took a lively interest in all our activities, and now wish Mr Fyall luck in his solo venture to keep the Junior Society in its present flourishing state! As always, too, we must thank Miss Gray, Mr A. Smith, Mr Alexander, Mr Paton and all members of staff who help and encourage us in the Society.  
C.M.M.

Mr Baxter has already established himself as an enthusiastic and active supporter of the Junior Society.—Ed.

## LITERARY AND DEBATING JUNIOR SOCIETY

This session the Junior Debating Society is flourishing due to the encouraging support of members in Forms 1, 2 and 3, although more support from Form 3 would be greatly appreciated if only for next year's committee! We have had many enjoyable and amusing meetings such as a "Fairy Godmother Night", "Knock-a-Debator Night", "Parliamentary Debate" and various topical debates. There are many new promising and enthusiastic debaters in our midst. The society is organised by a committee of six dedicated members of fourth year under

the supervision of Mr Fyall whom we would like to thank for his invaluable support. Mr Baxter, on the retiral of Mr Rorie, has also recently joined our number and our base has moved from Mr Fyall's room to the more spacious regions of Mr Baxter's room to accommodate all our new members.

The Senior Debating Society is donating a cup for Junior Public Speaking which is very welcome and the competition for this will be held next term. It only remains to tell you that everyone from Forms 1 to 3 and the occasional sixth year to offer constructive criticism, is welcome!

E.G. and G.T.

## BAND REPORT

The Band has had a successful session commencing with our success in the Scottish Schools Pipe Band Competition in June. The Band came a very close third and we are hoping to repeat our success next year. We also hope to enter the individual piping and drumming competitions.

Annual Camp at Aultbea was as usual enjoyed by all, with the band playing in Aultbea and in Poolewe. The end of camp was marred by the loss of Pipe Major McNicoll, Pipe Sgt. Arbuckle who have now gone on to University and Drum Sgt. Webster who is now studying Chartered Accountancy.

The Junior Band has continued in taking an active and enthusiastic part in the Junior Company exercises in addition to receiving their normal instruction from Mr McLeod and Mr Mills, our piping and drumming instructors.

We must remain deeply indebted to both Mr McLeod and Mr Mills for all their invaluable help and for the time they devote to the band.

D/Major Walker, P/Major Barr.

## JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

The annual camp last year was held at the R.N. Boom Defence Depot, Aultbea. Activities were numerous and varied from map making, .22 shooting, night exercises, orienteering, initiative tests, to swimming, football, canoeing and potted sports. The junior shield was won by Sgt. G. L. Wilson's Platoon, and the Coronation Trophy by Cdt. A. Taylor. I regret to say this was Lt. Donald Fraser's last camp. Here, the cadets have lost an excellent officer and firm friend.

This term the junior company carried out a rigorous exercise in the Barry Buddon training

area, which included a number of exhausting assault course races, practical fieldcraft, and a tactical night exercise. The boys new to the corps gained valuable experience and great enjoyment out of this venture. Mention must be made of W.O T. Henehan, who was in charge of the catering and his assistants, Cpl. Baxter and L/Cpl. Smith. The other activity the junior company are participating in, this term is, elementary ski-ing instruction on the Ancrum Road day slope.

The weather for the Armistice Parade was perfect and the new recruits in the company carried out this solemn ceremony extremely well.

This year we welcome Mr Holmes to the corps and hope his time in the cadets will be both enjoyable and interesting.

I thank all the officers who have given up their valuable time to help the cadets during the year.

C.S.M. (W. D. L.) Boath.

### SENIOR COMPANY REPORT

This year's camp which was held as usual at Aultbea was a great success. The programme included a night orienteering course set by our new officer Mr Holmes whom we sincerely welcome. We also had the pleasure of the company of Mr Brickley who helped the physical training.

This summer a record number of Cadets and N.C.O.'s attended Army Courses. Eight went to Artillery Courses held at Larkhall and three attended a signals course. The senior sergeants attended the Frimley Leadership Course for future Warrant Officers.

On the 23rd—24th October, the company was on exercise at Barry-Buddon Training Area. This entailed a platoon attack between two camps commanded by Cpl.'s Logan and Buist. The younger cadets found it exhausting, but all finished the exercise.

The Armistice service was praised by all and the guard of Senior N.C.O.'s led by C.S.M. Boath displayed perfect arms drill.

Platoon No. 1 under Sgt. Cram have just completed their Part Two Certificate with motor maintenance taught by L/Sgt. Manekshaw.

Future plans include a visit to the Royal Marines at H.M.S. Condor and a ski-ing trip for senior cadets.

I would like to thank all the Officers and N.C.O.'s who have helped throughout the year, without their help the company could not function.

C.S.M. Harwood.

### DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD REPORT

This session has been most successful for the Award Scheme. In September, twenty girls started at Bronze level and are all making good progress.

Several classes have been held and several more will be starting after Christmas. These classes will include "Fun with Flowers" and "Care of Animals" and "Mothercraft and Child Care".

Two Sixth Year girls, Jennifer Wilson and Susan Law are to be congratulated on gaining the highest level of the Award, the Gold. Rona Winter, F.V. is also to be congratulated on gaining her Silver Award. Rory Allardice, who left school last year, has almost completed his Gold.

A piece of news for boys who are nearly ready for their Gold or Silver Expeditions. Cultybraggen Camp will again be held this year and will take place during March. Further details can be supplied by Mr MacKenzie.

Again this session the Award scheme in school held a Social Evening at which Dr. S. Allardyce kindly talked to parents and pupils about the scheme.

Also at the Evening was a "Floral Art" display by Miss Dobson, and a First Aid display by some of the boys and girls. Sixth Year girls demonstrated a very exciting dance for us, which was, I'm sure very energetic.

During the session the Variety Club of Great Britain asked for our help in a collection for Under Privileged Children. This, I am pleased to say, was a great success and we raised approximately £200.

I must thank Miss Grey for all her help to the girls. Mr McKenzie, as ever, is enthusiastic with his help to the boys but we would like to see more boys taking part in the scheme. I would like to thank, once more, any member of staff who has helped us in however small a way.

Susan Law, Jennifer Wilson.

### SAILING CLUB REPORT

Since the last report was written, the Sailing Club has tried to continue its policy of entering in some of the many regattas organised by clubs in the district. However, owing to the difficulty of organising crews over the summer holidays, it has only been possible to enter boats in the Royal Tay Yacht Club's Tay Week and Rothmans Regatta and the Forfar Sailing Club's Nutcracker Series.

During Tay Week, Sandra Gordon and Miriam Little sailed into fourth place in the class racing and a good place in the all classes handicap, sailed against another sixty odd boats. This was all in spite of the tricky conditions caused by the light winds.

In contrast the Rothmans Regatta was sailed in strong winds, so strong that second day's racing was cancelled. However, the previous day, Sandra Gordon and Donald Allan had won the only class race sailed and had been placed thirteenth in the all classes handicap out of a fleet of more than fifty boats.

Although five boats were entered for the Nutcracker Series, all crewed by members of the newly formed sailing team, the best place achieved on handicap was eleventh. Accordingly the decision was taken to abandon the attempt owing to dwindling funds for entry fees, crews complaining of frostbitten feet, competition which proved too hot for some, and a mast which developed a permanent bend, much to the disgust of its owner, John Richmond.

It is hoped that next season will prove to be somewhat better.

In addition to racing, the club has been teaching more and more people to sail and canoe, in particular those of Form Five who have recently joined us. A great boost in this direction was given by the Army Youth Team camp on Loch Long, which proved extremely successful.

The Sailing Club has also been collecting newspapers to raise money for a minibus. The fund for this currently stands at about £77. Unfortunately this collection has had to cease for the time being to provide space for the very necessary task of preparing the boats for next season.

Special thanks are due to Mr McKenzie and Mrs Kinloch for the time, support and enthusiasm they so willingly give the club, and also to the small group of pupils who so consistently put in all the hard work required to keep the club running smoothly.

Donald Allan (Secretary).

### GUIDE REPORT

During the summer holidays our camp was held at Tarfside, Glen Esk. We went on a hike to the Meeting of the Waters while we were there, and cooked our lunch on open fires beside the two rivers. We also visited the local folk-museum, the Retreat, where we had tea.

This term, we visited the Old Dundee Museum where we were shown round by Mr Boyd. On 31st October, we had a fancy dress Hallowe'en party with ducking for apples, treacle scones and clapsnot. There was also a turnip lantern competition.

At the Armistice Service this year, Judy Allardyce took the wreath with one of the Cadets.

By Christmas we will have eight Queen's Guides in the company, and Caroline Mills will have sat warrant enabling her to qualify as a Guider. Also at Christmas, we are giving a party for sixteen five year olds. The Guides will also have a work-stall at the school Christmas Fayre, the proceeds going towards Guide funds.

We would like to thank Miss Gass for making this term of Guides so successful. We would also like to thank the various people who have helped us during the past few months.

Maxine Clark.

### BROWNIE GUIDE REPORT

This term a Brownie Guide Pack was started in school on the 15th October. Its leaders are Mrs P. Reid and Mrs P. Turner. Mrs Turner is the "Tawny Owl". The classes involved are L.4 and L.5.

The meetings are held on Fridays from 2.30—3.45 p.m. in the small gym and already all the Brownie Guides have been enrolled.

There is hope of a growth in their number soon.

J.M.H.

### THE MUSICAL SCENE

This year the school is being well represented in various orchestras and we must congratulate all the pupils who have been accepted by the following orchestras:—

- The Dundee Schools' Symphony Orchestra—4.
- The Dundee Schools' Concert Band—6.
- The Orpheus Junior Orchestra—2.
- The Dens Road Ensemble—3.
- The St. Cecelia Junior Orchestra—10.
- The Training Orchestra—3.

### Senior Choir

At the moment the choir is rehearsing for the Carol Service but, behind the scenes, work has already started for the opera "Ruddigore" which is to be put on next June in the Whitehall Theatre. As in previous years some of the choir will be broadcasting in a Toc H Christmas programme and also singing under the leadership of our former rector, Mr D. W. Erskine, at Pinegrove Old Peoples' Home and Fernbrae Nursing Home. At the social evening for the "Save the Children Fund" workers, there was some musical entertainment given by the Junior Choir under Mrs N. C. Elder, two duets from the opera, a cello solo and an oboe solo.

This year we are very pleased to have Mrs Flook as our pianist and I am sure both Mr Porteous and the choir are very grateful to her for her interest and help.

### JUNIOR CHOIR REPORT

The Junior Choir is in the midst of its usual busy term. We have already sung at a meeting of the collectors for The Save the Children on the 24th November and are now rehearsing for the school Carol Service which will be held in St. Mary's on the 19th December. We hope also to sing at Caird Avenue Church on the same date. As usual we will be taking part in a Toc H radio broadcast for Christmas.

We would like to thank Mrs Elder for her expert tuition in preparing us for our performances and also Mrs Hajbowicz for accompanying us at the piano.

## SIXTH YEAR COMMITTEE REPORTS

The committee, appointed by members of 6th year, were Joint-Presidents—Sandra Gordon and Lester Barr, Treasurer—Neil Hutton, Secretary—Miriam Little, Members—Fiona Williamson and Frank Hadden.

In October we organised a theatre trip to the Edinburgh Royal Lyceum to see "The Misanthrope" by Moliere. This was well supported by both 6th year and members of staff and was a successful outing which we plan to repeat in '72.

A raffle was held to raise funds. The 1st prize, which went to Hilary Kerr of F.3, was an evening out with Frank Hadden ! ? Consolation prizes went to Norman Lennox and John Vannet. Unfortunately we only managed to meet the cost of the prizes and the funds did not rise!

Our most recent venture has been an après-exam record hop. The new Prefects helped in the organizing of this. The profit, approximately £20, will aid the "Christmas Parcels", the making and distributing of which relies on 6th year support.

The girls of 6th, have exciting ideas for the Christmas Fair. They plan to transform the Dungeon Common room into a Grotto, featuring Santa Claus!

Our thanks go to Miss Gray for all her advice and encouragement and also to the janitors for their co-operation.

M.C.L.

## CHESS CLUB REPORT

This year our "Sunday Times" team has reached the third round very easily, getting a bye in Round 1 and winning Round 2 6-0. We are due to play Robert Gordon's in Round 3. In the Jamboree held at Madras, in spite of three of our best players being missing, we scored a creditable 7/10.

In the Dundee Adult League last season, our teams were very successful. The A and B teams coming third in Divisions I. and II. respectively and the C team winning Div. III. and the new trophy for it. We now have six teams in the Adult and Schools' Leagues and one primary team being run by Mr A. Ritchie.

The Beckingham Trophy, last year, was won by Fred Ferguson, the Intermediate by Gordon Robertson and the Russell Trophy by James Dick. Miriam Little won the Girls' Trophy and also went on to be first equal in the Scottish Girls and second in the Scottish Ladies. John Ferguson won the Dundee Schools' Individual Trophy and Timothy Walsh and Fred Ferguson came 2 equal in Junior Schools' Championship. At the British Chess Congress in August, Judith Hanslip came second in the Girls' Under-14 Championship and Douglas Tudhope finished third equal in the Boys' Under-18 Tournament.

Our thanks go to Mrs Elder and Mr Ritchie for their help in running the Chess Club and to Miss Gray and the people who help with the catering.

D. Tudhope, Secy.

## STAMP CLUB REPORT, CHRISTMAS 1971

This term there has, unfortunately, been a drop in the Club's attendance figures. This is, perhaps, partly due to the smaller number of fortnightly meetings we have been able to arrange. However, last year's high standard has been maintained, and no great change in the scope and format of the meetings has been made. The club still offers its usual regular features—Talks, Quizzes, Films and now the Philatelic Dictionary—all of which have proved popular in the past.

The Stamp Club continues its Philatelic Services which are open to members of the public as well as to club-members. These are the Stamp Exchange System, the First Day Cover Service and the Philatelic Literature Service. Each year, the Club purchases the latest Gibbons Catalogue, and is supplied monthly with the G.P.O.'s "Philatelic Bulletin".

We would like to express our sincere thanks to Mr W. R. Harvey, for his generous gift to the Stamp Club of several Gibbons Colonial, Commonwealth and Elizabethan Catalogues, as well as other items of Philatelic Literature. On behalf of all other members, I would also like to thank Mr Stevenson for his competent management of our Club affairs, and for the many ways in which he puts his knowledge of stamps at our disposal.

Lastly, I would like to take this opportunity of extending a cordial invitation to any Philatelist or prospective Philatelist, who might be interested in attending next term's meetings.

N. D. Grant, Secretary.

## B.A.Y.S. REPORT

This year B.A.Y.S. has started very successfully with an increase in membership possibly due to membership fees being only 25p. The members have elected L. Hynd as school representative and E. Ross and R. Buist as Joint Secretary.

The Autumn term was opened by a very interesting illustrated lecture by Dr. D. Downie which dealt with drugs, their uses and abuses. The next lecture was on how figures can lie, and was given by Dr. Spent, we all found this most amusing and thought provoking. The following evening there was a visit to Mills Observatory. The last lecture of the term was given by A. Edwards of the Marine Laboratory St. Andrews on the role of the electron microscope.

These lectures were open to all members of B.A.Y.S. in the Tayside area, but the school has been running its own series of lectures. These have been most interesting and informative. Another project was undertaken by A. Thomson who instructed F.I.—III. on how to build a transistor radio.

We hope that the support given to B.A.Y.S. this year will continue.

E. Ross, R. Buist.

## REPORT OF THE SKI CLUB

At the beginning of this session the school decided to start a ski-ing club. The following officials were appointed:—

Miriam Little, Secretary. Peter Mitchell, Treasurer. Carolyn Sillars, Committee Member. Derek Harwood, Committee Member.

With the help of Mr McKenzie and Mrs Kinloch, and the co-operation of the Gym Staff, visits are made to Ancrum Activity Centre during grounds time on Wednesdays, where expert instruction is given by the 83rd Army Youth Team to a dozen beginners at a time. The other members go to Dundee Ice Rink for skating.

At weekends, all members of the Club, including those who cannot be with us on Wednesdays, have the chance to go to Glenshee to ski.

A visit to the artificial ski slope at Hillend in Edinburgh was planned for all members, primarily to allow our team for the British Schools' Championship to practice. This race was held in mid-December, the team being—

Peter Mitchell (Captain), Derek Harwood, Carolyn Sillars, Alison Milne.

The Committee would like to thank Staff and

pupils for supporting a club for the increasingly popular sport of ski-ing.

## SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT, 1971

This term, the Scripture Union has had a very encouraging beginning. We have had much more support throughout the school with a record-breaking number of 80, at Pastor Pohomy's meeting which took place in the school hall. We have also had visits from students.

This year we brought in the innovation of "At Homes", which are monthly meetings held in the home of a S.U. member. The first meeting was held in the house of Mrs Kinloch, a member of the staff, and there was a panel answering questions on "What is a Christian?" At another "at home" we had a visit from "The Soul Folk" from Broughty Baptist Church.

At the beginning of November, there was a barbecue for Forms 1 and 2, and in December, a folk night for Forms 4—6.

We hope to have as good a session next term.

We must thank Mr Holmes for the use of his room, Dr. Robertson for showing a film, Mr Fyall for speaking and Mrs Kinloch for her regular support.

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## OLD BOYS' CLUB

There were 109 members and guests at the 41st Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club held at the Royal Clydesdale Hotel, Dundee on 3rd December, 1971. Mr Duncan Miller, the President, was in the Chair.

The toast of "The School and the Club" was proposed by Dr. William Illsley, assistant principal of Dundee College of Education and a Director of the School. He said that inspiration and anonymity were the two qualities which had been peculiarly involved during the period of his association with teaching. Future educational policy would, to a large extent, depend upon which predominated. The concept of inspiration was nowadays often regarded with the suspicion accorded to other abstract qualities such as loyalty, rank, team spirit, self-sacrifice, fair play. Yet he found it impossible to conceive of a great school which did not create an inspirational atmosphere. This might derive from tradition, from excellence in learning or in games, from the personality and example of rector and staff, or from a mixture of all these ingredients. Together these things gave a school character, so that it commanded a lasting place in loyalties and affections and set its seal upon its pupils for the rest of their lives. When one ginned at the cost of educating children in independent schools, one should not fail to heed the awful warnings which we saw around us as the products of a compulsory and free system. He said he was not despising a just and humane social dream. But he doubted whether imperfect mankind truly values what it does not pay for. If the Government cut off the funds on which the School depended, all those connected with the School must provide the money or the School would surely die. Trends in education today seemed to be creating large anonymous shifting units, and with a rising school population and shrinking purse this might be inevitable. To remove from the scene a type of school like the High which gave its members a source to turn to for advice and example, and which provided them with a moral as well as an academic standard to attain, would be as much against the interests of society as to remove the time-proved benefits of the patterns of family life from our scheme of living. But if we wanted this type of school—the magnacorm of the family—to continue we had to pay for it.

The Rector, Mr E. M. Stewart, replied on behalf of the School. He said that in comprehensive education, Scotland is being dragged along at the coat tails of England, as it so often is in matters of education. The High could be described as truly comprehensive as it had been long before the word was ever heard of, and this was true also of dozens of schools throughout Scotland. He said that extremists in our midst aimed at nothing less than establishing a classless society by manipulation of the edu-

cational system. How did the name Bell Street Academy sound? This could happen to the High School as it had happened in Aberdeen. The United Nations charter laid down that children have a right to the education their parents wish them to have. He had no quarrel with the comprehensive advocates. "They have a right to have their children educated in these schools if they want to. By the same token, I have the right to my opinion and you have the right to yours". In referring to the acquisition of the former Savings Bank premises, Mr Stewart described the plans to reduce classes in the junior school and to develop the junior school as the next priority. He paid tribute to the work of the Club—and particularly Messrs Ian Robertson, Ron Grieve and Ken Pritchard—for their work in connection with the Appeal.

Mr Pritchard reported that the Appeal fund had reached £42,000, received from 213 donors. There were still 2,000 other people interested in his estimation, and as a personal approach was necessary everyone must assist.

Mr Miller presided in his cheerful fashion and replied on behalf of the Club to Dr. Illsley's toast. He presented the Golf Trophy to Mr J. H. McConnachie and the Fishing Trophy to Mr George Linton (*in absentia*). The Vice-President, Mr R. Barclay gave a vote of thanks.

The following persons have joined the Club during the past year:—Messrs F. G. F. Allison, P. A. Arbuckle, McD. Black, D. Cavers, G. W. Crooks, S. E. Dryden, G. J. Kelly, A. F. Hall, D. M. McKenzie, D. J. J. Muckart, G. L. Potter, A. B. Sims, G. C. Stewart, E. S. Webster, A. M. Paterson, G. W. Smart, D. K. Smith, G. K. Linton and D. W. Duff.

It was with regret that we noted the deaths of the following members during the past year—Messrs L. I. Collins, A. D. Imper, A. N. Wighton, F. Slimman and Dr. J. G. Sprunt.

The Secretary would welcome information on the present addresses of the following members (last known addresses given):—

W. G. Campbell, Ballindean House, Inchtute.  
J. S. Laird, Inverlaw, Albany Terrace, Dundee.  
J. M. Stalker, 3 Somerville Place, Dundee.  
A. G. Stewart, 7 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry.  
R. O. C. Webster, Craigview, 48 Gray Street, Broughty Ferry.  
E. G. Anderson, 3 Ancrum Gardens, Dundee.  
J. R. S. Burns, Howdenhaugh, Carlogie Road, Carnoustie.  
W. F. Morrison, 20 Duntrune Terrace, Dundee.  
W. D. McHugh, 7 Victoria Road, West Ferry.  
R. C. McLaren, 17 South Road, Lochee.  
W. F. S. Neillie, 127 Pitkerro Road, Dundee.  
A. L. Thomson, 331 Kingsway, Dundee.  
A. B. Walker, 15 Seymour Street, Dundee.

G. Fraser Ritchie,  
4 High Street,  
Dundee.  
Secretary.

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- 3** The closing dates for the receipt of applications is 10th January and 1st June for the September and January intakes respectively.

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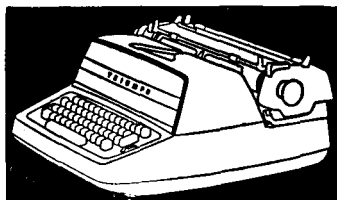
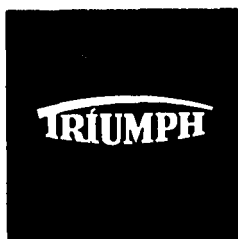
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