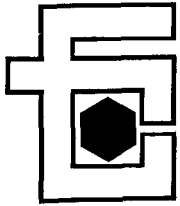


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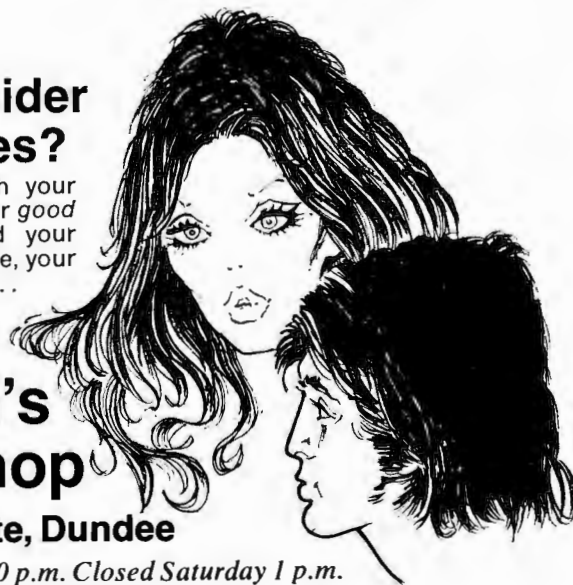
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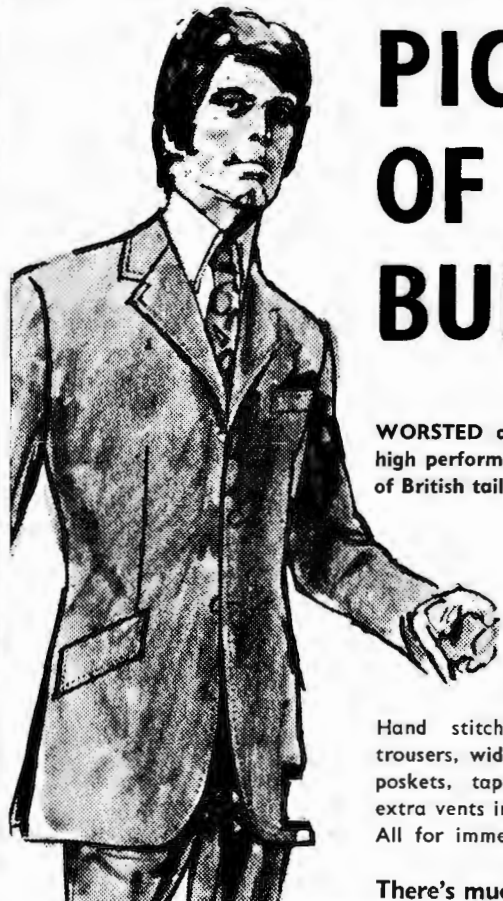
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# High School of Dundee

MAGAZINE

No. 152

June 1972

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And now for something completely different! While browsing through piles of dust covered ante-diluvian editions of D.H.S. Magazines in a vain (I fear) effort to be inspired by some spark of 1920 Editorial genius, I have come to the conclusion that the way to deliver an editorial is either to write a dull, dreary, disillusioned discourse on the diverse activities of a dwindling 6th form or to adhere to the fashion of expounding a documentary account of six months within our “Schola Clara” and then to proceed to administer a sarcastic chastisement on the lack both in quantity and quality of articles aspiring to these hallowed pages.

Until this very moment I firmly believed that my mind could never be more blank and devoid of constructive ideas than at examination times—but now I realise, my exam worn pen courageously scribbling yet another few lines, that I’d never tried writing an editorial before. As one illustrious predecessor to my position once said “Any fool can write about *something* but it takes a genius to write about *nothing*—and with no intention of laying any false claims to genius, I hasten to find something to write about.

Not for one minute do I suppose that anyone ever reads the Editorial—but duty calls, “tempus fugit” and my deadline is long since past. But you must admit—there isn’t really very much to say. The past six months have passed much like any other six months and save for the brand new look mag. cover the contents have much the same mediocre standard ranging from articles on “I wish I were a roast potato” to the inevitable “smart” report.

Since brevity, I am told, is the soul of wit and since the usual conventional Editorial remarks can be found in any back issue of the Mag (obtainable price 50p post free from Mr Fyall), then to save ink I refer you back to these voices of the past—they apply equally well to any term.

I will leave you, however, with the voice of another to introduce the feast of entertainment to be found in the following pages —

“This is not the end, it is not even the beginning of the end, but it is perhaps the end of the beginning.”

The Editor, Valerie A. Reid.



# News and Notes

## NEWS OF STAFF

Every year this section becomes longer; and we are sorry to lose so many valued and respected members of staff, but we are glad to see them gain promotion. A few lines cannot begin to do justice to the teachers mentioned here but space forbids any more.

We are very pleased to report the appointment of **Miss A. W. Gray** and **Mr G. C. Stewart** as Assistant Rectors of the School. Staff, pupils and parents are well aware of their enthusiastic and dedicated service to D.H.S. We congratulate them heartily and wish them well in their work in the School.

Other members of staff have gained promotion and we congratulate them and wish them success and happiness.

**Mr N. P. Gray** left us in May to take up his appointment as Principal Teacher of Geography in Forfar Academy. Mr Gray's services to the School can only be mentioned briefly here: dedicated and enthusiastic service to the Geography Department, kindness and understanding as a Form Master, continual help in the Physical Education Department—all these made him a valued and respected member of staff.

**Mr W. M. Garland** also left in April to become Principal Teacher of Mathematics in Arbroath High School. Mr Garland helped widely and enthusiastically in many aspects of the life of the School; and as an enthusiastic and diligent teacher, formidable hockey player and coach and as a friendly and helpful colleague he has made his mark on the life of the School.

From the Chemistry Department **Mr I. W. Lornie** left at Easter, and **Mr L. Stuart** leaves at the end of the session. Mr Lornie was appointed Principal Teacher of Chemistry in

Cults Academy, Aberdeenshire—we congratulate him on his promotion and thank him for his work in the School.

**Mr L. Stuart** leaves to take up his appointment as Head of the Chemistry Department in Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen. Staff and pupils have greatly appreciated Mr Stuart's dedicated and consistent work as a teacher and as a Form Master.

During the session we have welcomed the following members of staff (other than those mentioned in the December issue)—**Dr Bell (Chemistry)**.

Once again we thank **Mrs Walsh** for her help in the Geography Department.

We look forward to welcoming the following as members of staff in August: **Miss F. Birrell** (English); **Mr Steele** (Geography); **Mr Gill** (Mathematics); **Mrs Millar** (Chemistry).

During the year we have been joined by **Mrs Joyce Coull**, an F.P. of the School, who succeeded **Miss Elizabeth Thomson** as Assistant Secretary. We wish Miss Thomson happiness and success, and welcome Mrs Coull to her many tasks in the office.

Also **Mrs Mackenzie** and **Mrs Clunie** have left and we thank them for their service to the School; in their place we welcome **Mrs Close** and **Mrs Allardice** respectively. **Mr Morrison Reid** has also left and we thank him too for his work in the School, and we welcome **Mr Lethian** in his place.

## Note

**Mr David MacDonald** has designed the new cover. This is the second one he has produced, and the many comments on the attractive appearance of the recent magazines are largely due to his work.

**Valerie Reid (F.VI)** has designed most of the layout of this issue and the final result is a tribute to her work.

I would like to thank them, along with the rest of the Magazine Committee and everyone else who has helped to bring this "enfant terrible" to print.

R.S.F.

## ART STAFF

We congratulate Miss Edgar on her engagement to Mr Robert Leishman, D.A., R.S.W. and wish them every happiness and good fortune in future years.

In an Exhibition of Art and Crafts at Pitlochry Festival Theatre this season, Miss Edgar has several attractive ceramic figures and pieces of pottery on view and her work was also shown in the Members' Exhibition of the Dundee Art Society.

Mr Macdonald is holding a one-man Exhibition of his work in the Edinburgh Book Shop in early October. The Exhibition will consist of a series of decorative, abstract reliefs in foil set against coloured fabric background—a most effective technique which he has developed recently.

Mr Vannet had an oil painting of Fraserburgh Harbour hung in the Boat Show, Earl's Court, London in January and this work was selected for a year's tour of English cities by the Arts Bureau. He was represented in the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy by an etching and his work was also shown in the Members' Exhibition of the Dundee Art Society.

## FORMER STAFF

We are sorry to have to report the death of former members of Staff well known to a wide circle of Former Pupils and Parents.

**Mr W. More**, a former Headmaster of the Mathematics Department died in January. A tribute to Mr More appears later in the Magazine, and we extend sympathy to his wife and family.

**Mrs Ian Bain**, wife of one of our former Rectors died on the 11th May, and we extend sympathy to Mr Bain.

The following is a tribute to her:—

“It is with deep regret that we record the death in hospital, on 11th May, 1972, of Mrs Ian Bain, the wife of our former Rector.

Mrs Bain was a kind, sincere, and generous person, who carried out her role as Headmaster's wife with the utmost tact and charm. She always made a point of getting to know and welcoming each new member of staff, and former staff will remember with much gratitude the hospitality which she extended to one and all.

Her interest in the well-being and progress of the School and its pupils was very real, and I can remember few, if any, events which were not graced by her presence.

In extending to Mr Bain our whole-hearted sympathy in his irreparable loss, we all, former pupils, staff and friends of the Dundee High School, mourn the passing of a very gracious lady.”

I.A.McN.

**Mr C. R. Anderson**, a former Classics Master here, and latterly Depute Rector of Madras College, St Andrews died in March. I received a letter from a former pupil of the School, part of which reads as follows: “Charles Anderson I remember as one of the best teachers I have known whether at school or university. He

was a fine member of a fine department, honest in his scholarship and in his personal relationships. With his firm standards there went a delicately flexible mind, mischievous humour and a willingness to understand how other people thought and felt. He knew how to be incisive in judgement and enthusiastic in sympathy without infringing a pupil's right to make up his own mind. . . I am sure that there are many people who were taught by Charlie Anderson who would be very glad to think they had been significantly influenced by him.”

## NEWS OF PUPILS

Once again, versatility and excellence are the keynotes of the achievements of our pupils.

Academic success continues to reflect itself in the results achieved in University Bursary Competitions. We congratulate the winners of these and wish them the success they deserve in their future careers—**Rona Horne** was successful in the St Andrews Competition; **Catherine McLeod** was successful in the Edinburgh Competition; **Michael Blair** was successful in both the Edinburgh and Aberdeen competitions! (no mean achievement).

In Athletics and Sports we continue to have excellent results. **Frank Hadden (F.6)** gained the Gold Award (Thistle Awards) of the Scottish Arms Athletic Association.

**William Bryden** and **Neil Hutton** were chosen for the Scottish Schoolboys Hockey Team.

**Audrey Melvin** and **Mary Grewar** were in the “pool” from which the Scottish Schools Hockey team will be chosen to play Wales and Ireland.

**Miriam Little** won the Scottish Girls' Chess Championship. This was the first time in its six-year existence that the Dundee-made trophy was recaptured by the city.

In **Public Speaking** we continue to have good results: a wide variety of local and national contests are attempted. We congratulate **Dorothy MacKenzie (F.3)** and **Sandy Melvin (F.2)** on winning the Secondary Schools Speech Contest sponsored by the Dundee Speakers' Club; this was the first contest of its kind.

## NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

Once again I would ask friends of the School to send in items for this section.

**Ian McNicoll**, who is in his First Year at Edinburgh University, has been flying with the University Air Squadron and has won the Duke of Sutherland's Cup for Spot Landing.

## GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Once again we thank friends of the School for their generosity.

**Mr Ian Bain** has gifted to the School, the set of Golf Clubs given to him on his retirement.

The Old Girls' Club have presented a Dux Prize for Form 1 Girls to be called the “Miss Florence Whytock Memorial Prize.”

**Mr A. S. Drummond** has presented a prize for Public Speaking in the Junior Section of the Literary and Debating Society.

# OBITUARY

## THE LATE WILLIAM MORE

It was with deep regret that the School learned of the passing of Mr More on 17th January, 1972 at the age of 68. One finds it difficult to comprehend why a man with his zest for living, who was still remarkably active in body and mind, should be taken from us when he had still so much to offer. He had endured a long illness, suffered great pain, yet had borne it bravely and with much spirit and courage. A man of extraordinary vigorous intellect and character he retained to the end his keen interest in the whole human scene but particularly in the High School of Dundee and the many pupils he had known. The vast crowds at the Memorial Service in McCheyne Church and at the Crematorium indicated how wide and diverse was the range of his friendships.

Needless to say, he was far from idle during his retirement. He continued to have a marked influence on the teaching of mathematics as a prominent member of the Mathematics Syllabus Committee. This was a body set up by the Scottish Education Department with the colossal task of producing a new mathematics syllabus for Secondary Schools in Scotland and writing a series of text books to cover the course. The initial groundwork was almost completed before Mr More left School but it was just last year that revised editions of the original texts were brought into circulation. It was sheer joy to see the delight in his face as he flourished with justifiable pride the first of these from his hospital bed. He will long be remembered for his work in this field and he has gained for himself and the School a national, indeed international reputation. He completed a spell as the S.C.E. Examination Board's principal examiner in mathematics and as always church matters were well to the fore in his role of Session Clerk of McCheyne Church. These are but a few examples of his activities for he directed his abundant energy into many other channels.

For 31 years Headmaster of the Mathematics department, Mr More was one of the School's outstanding personalities. That he was a highly skilled teacher there is no doubt. In the classroom, he may have been a strict disciplinarian with little mercy for the slacker but his humour and passionate enthusiasm for his subject combined to hold interest and stimulate desire for further knowledge. Former pupils have reason to be grateful for his sound instruction and guidance and those at the top of the School learned to appreciate his deep humanity and wide range of scholarship and interests. On all occasions his forthrightness, practical ability and calm common-sense were always available to those who asked for help and they never asked in vain. All who worked under him owed him a great debt for his mere example.

As a man, he was no respecter of persons. He possessed in rich measure a wide range of qualities—a clear and logical mind, an eye for detail, conscientiousness, and a shrewd knowledge of his fellow man. There were no half-measures with him—any undertaking was tackled with enthusiasm and undeviating thoroughness which both merited and commanded success. His tremendous drive and efficiency everyone took for granted and these were joined with a fairness, a candour and complete integrity which was rare indeed. It was said of Mr More in a speech at his retiral dinner, "No one can deny that he was heart and soul devoted to D.H.S. but it is the sheer exuberance of the man, his overwhelming vitality that I feel is most typical of him." Let these words be his epitaph.

To Mrs More, and their daughter and two sons, we express our very warm sympathy in their bereavement.



J.H.



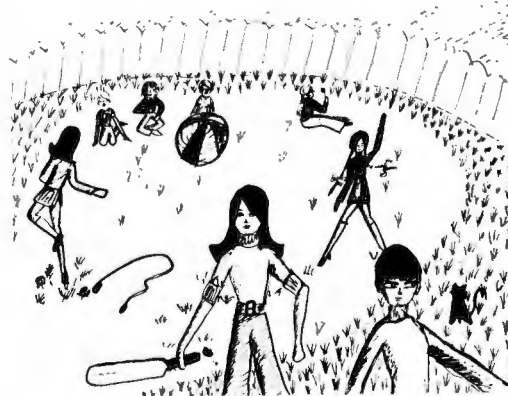
# Preparatory Department

I have a fish. it's name is called flipr.  
he swims in a tanc. I feed him with  
fish-food. he swims on his bac.

Elaine Anderson, L.Ia.

Mousie Mousie where is your Housie.  
There is the door on the floor.  
Mousie Mousie may I come in?  
Sorry but you've got to be thin.

Gordon Wong, L.IIb.



G.M.

Once there was an engine he was an  
A4. He was an express engine. He  
pulled trains from town to town. His  
main route was from Edinburgh to Dun-  
dee. He was a blue engine. He was  
called Mallard. He hated it for all he  
did was go from Edinburgh to Dundee  
and back. But he was happy for the  
run.

Nigel Bartlett, L.IIb.

## THE ROSTEPITATOE

I wish I was a rostpitatoe to see what  
it like in the oven and to go round and  
round in the fat and swime in the fat  
and when I came out I was sun birnt.  
O how nise it sounds. I wish I was a  
rostepitaoe and I would be nise and  
brown when I came out. I wish I was a  
rostpitatoe.

Hilary Jacobson, L.IIa.

Butter-fly butter-fly,  
What do you do?  
I just sit on petals thats  
What I do.

Kirsty Grant, L.IIb.

In Springtime the butterflys fly.  
In our gardens flying by.  
Some have spots.  
Some have none.  
Flying by is lots of fun.

Deborah Rushforth, L.IIb.

My dog is light brown and white. she is having poppys. she never bites she just kiss. she gose up to Forfar for her poppys. she is very cudly. she sometimes comes in to my bedroom in the morning before breckfast.

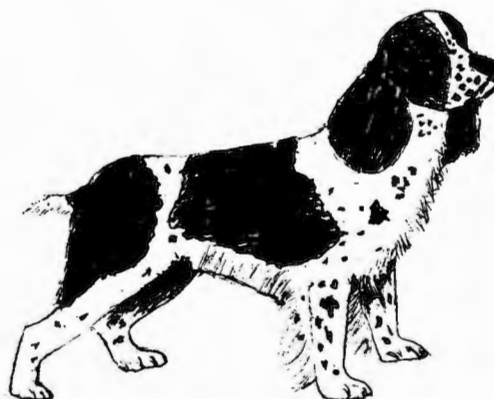
Susan Cox.

Yestry Heather found a catprl in the garden and she give it grass and one leav to eat and it was green and black and I am going to look for one when I go home I am going to look for one in nannys garden.

Lorna Stewart, L.Ia.

I have a pet dog. the pet dog of ours is called mandy. we take mandy for walks up the hill. she likes to play football with us.

Simon G. H. Clark, L.Ib.



David Saddler, L.VI.

Once there were some mice. And one night they crept out to find some cheese. On the way to the larder they met a hamster. He had run out of a cage which he did not like. Hullo said mother mouse, would you like to stay with us. Yes said the hamster I would. So at last he was happy.

Alison Kennedy, L.IIb.

My dog Snuffy is brown and white he goes around the farm with my Daddy Snuffy has brown eyes hes got a patch on his chest and when Mummy colles her to goe to her bed she goes.

Wendy Hardie, L.IIb.

I saw a caw tooday and wen I went to the Zoo I saw a little hut and their was a alligator. and we saw dog-s at the Zoo at the Zoo we saw boons.

James Weakley, L.Ia.

#### A POEM

There was a young fellow called Jim  
Who thought he would go for a swim  
He jumped in the pool  
And felt such a fool  
Because there was no water in.

Kerry Haslam, L.IIIa.

### THE LITTLE STAR

There is a little star  
Up, up very far  
It once fell down  
It was very muddy where it doth land  
Next it was in a hand  
Then on some sand  
Days went by  
The star could die  
Soon it went back  
To where it doth live

Gail Ferrier, L.IIIa.

Choo Choo goes a Train. Clatter goes  
its wheels. Screech it goes when it stops.  
Hoo Hoo goes its Horn when it goes  
again. And it goes splish splash in the  
rain.

Murray Tait, L.IIb.

Once there lived a cruel ghost and  
his name was a very horrid name.

His name was Eviliss.

Eviliss was a very evil ghost and he  
scared everybody and sometimes he  
captured them. Eviliss lived in a castle  
and he captured the Prime Minister and  
then everybody didn't know what to do.

After a long long long time they were  
able to free the Prime Minister and  
they beat the ghost to death.

Kirsty Grant, L.IIb.



Graham Reid, L.Vb.

### THE GHOST DEVIL

Once upon a time there was a ghost  
who lived in a graveyard. This grave-  
yard was in Stonehaven on a hill. One  
night the ghost got beaten by another  
ghost and the ghost was so angry that  
he threw a huge stone onto the hill and  
the stone is still there today.

Alex. G. Watt, L.IIb.

### TOYS

I have eleven cuddly toys. Here are  
their names. Clarence, Cuddly, Hippy,  
Truffle, Prickles, Sweep, UX, Panda,  
Freddie, Rebecca and Monty. Some go  
on my bed and some go in my bed.

Susan Jamieson, L.IIIa.

Once a pone a time spacemen went  
to space. First thae get in to the Rockets  
and then get in thar satse and then thae  
are off in to space. When thae are in  
space the spacemen get out off the  
rocket and look all around to see what  
is hapning soo thae no all about it.

Rhogan Aitken, L.IIb.

Apollo 16 went off last sunday the  
men are on the moon now they need  
plentai oxygent to breath or they would  
daiy the rocket needs plenty fyool. it is  
very difilkt to get back out of gravety.  
it was on Tv.

Andrew Cumming, L.IIb.

### LITTLE STAR

Oh, little star, how bright you are,  
a twinkling in the sky.  
I love you little star,  
because at night you shine so bright,  
so bright.  
Oh, ever so bright, bright, bright.

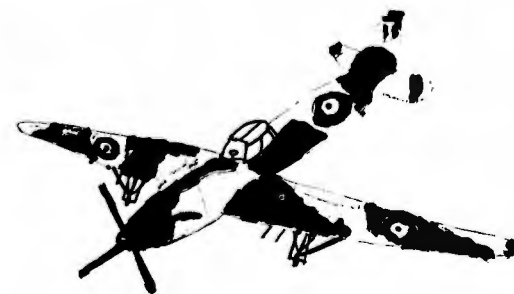
Lindsey Ann Cumming, L.IIIa.

### SPACE

In space it is dark. There is moon dust  
and the moon is round. There is no  
gravity and there is no air. So the space-  
men have to wear special clothing with  
a mask and they have oxygen.

They have heavy boots on to keep  
them from floating up and when they  
come down they land in the sea.

Simon Pritchard, L.IIIb.

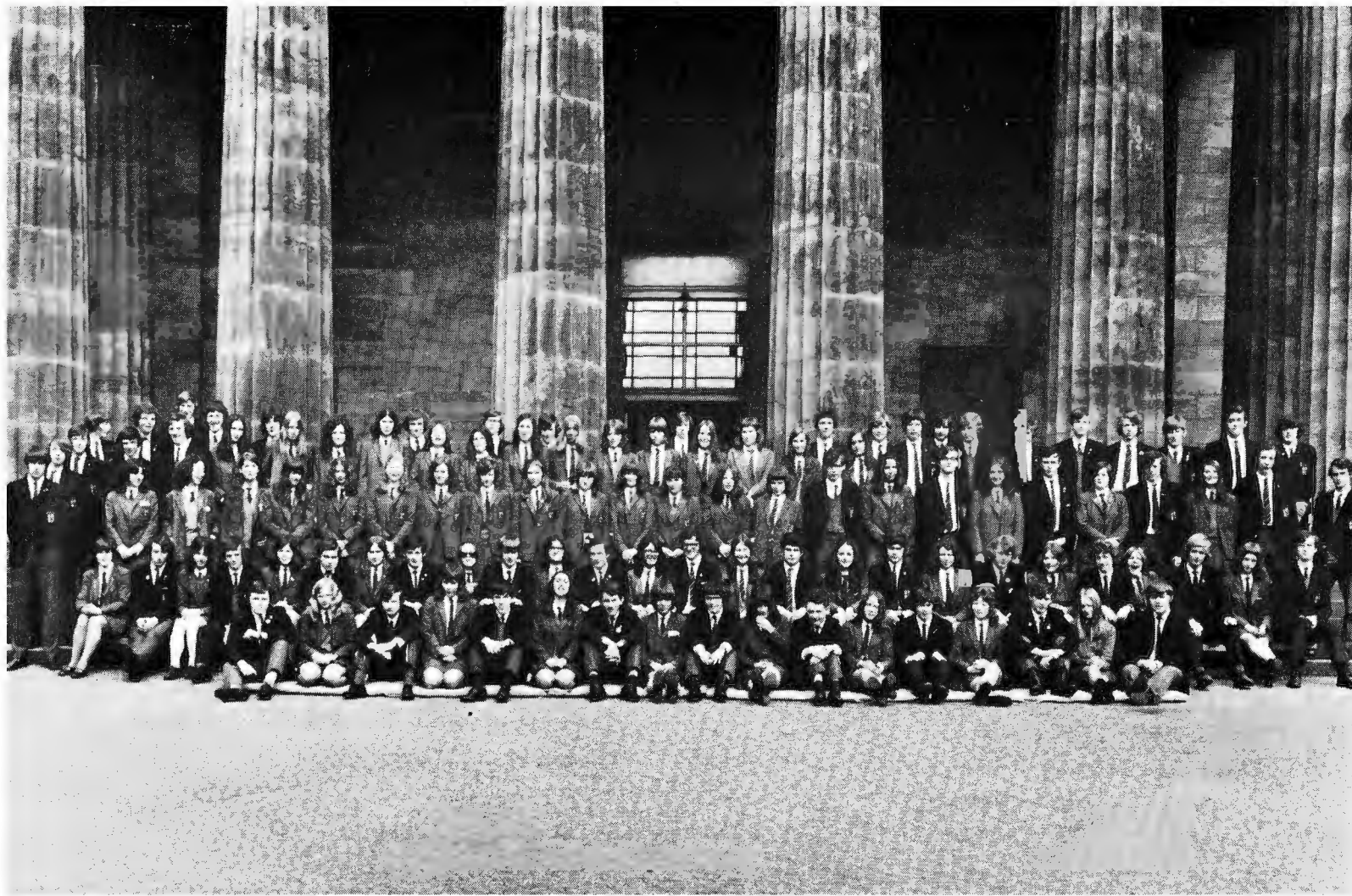


C. Paterson, L.VI (boys)

The earth is bigger than the moon.  
They look for samples on the moon.  
The first two rockets went up with no  
men in them.

The first Russian rockets went up  
with some dogs in it.

Kirsty Grant, L.IIb.



**FORM V 1971-72**



## Junior Department

### MY WORST DAY

It was my birthday in July and it was the summer holidays. I woke up one morning and it was extremely sunny. I leapt out of bed and jumped up and down all round the room because it was so sunny. I ran down the stairs as fast as I could, tripping over my feet most of the way. I went to the playroom and looked out of the picture window, and to my dismay the rain was pouring down in torrents. I went to the telephone to ring up my friend to ask if she could come and play, but to my disappointment she could not come. In the afternoon I went to watch my favourite T.V. programme, but the T.V. would not work. My birthday cake was the sort of cake I did not like. I was not allowed to stay up late and that was my very worst day.

Tiffany Veitch, L.IVb.

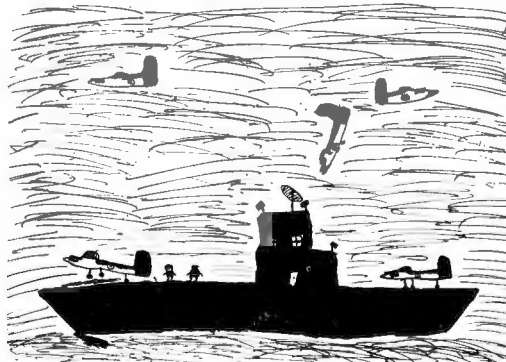
### MY WORST DAY

One morning when I woke up, I went through for my morning tea. When I had finished it, I went to get my clothes on, because we were going for a sail that day. In the afternoon we set out for the sail.

We went to put out the dinghy to go

to the boat. We went under the Tay Bridge and coming back, I fell overboard and Daddy had to turn the boat quickly.

Kenneth Pritchard, L.IVb.



Peter Miller, L.Vb.

### MY BEST DAY

One sunny morning I woke up to find Mummy and Daddy in our bedroom.

Mummy was getting my clothes out of the cupboard, and Daddy was telling us that we were going to the Safari Park. "Oh no!" said Alison. "Will we see the lions?" Daddy did not answer because he was too busy winding up my watch.

At last we were off. Everything was packed. I took my recorder and Alison's "Singing Together." Soon we were singing merrily. The journey took 2 hours, 13 mins.

At last we reached Blair Drummond. First of all we went to the Lion Reserve. The lions were just strolling about or sleeping. In one reserve there was a lioness with her cubs.

In the monkey reserve three monkeys were on our car roof, and, when they slid off, there was a muddy patch on the car. After that we went to see the giraffes. The baby one was six feet high. We could not go to Chimp Island because it was freezing! We had lunch at the car park.

After lunch we went to see Flipper and Scottie, the dolphins. Angela, the instructress, got a kiss from the dolphins. I liked watching them jumping about in the water.

We came home by St. Fillans. We went far up a hill where we saw about half a dozen white hares. I got about three yards away from one.

Frances Turner, L.IVb.

### MY WORST DAY

One day when I woke up from my bed, I was wondering about our holiday. It was one day before we were to set off and I was excited. I was about to jump out of bed when CRASH! I hadn't jumped out of bed, I had fallen out of bed! When I was dressing I put my trousers on the wrong way round, my jersey on inside out, and my shoes on the wrong feet. I went downstairs falling on the way. I had my breakfast, fortunately with no misfortunes.

The day soon came and we set off. On the way we had a burst tyre, an overheated engine, and we ran out of petrol. The most dreadful things that happened were that the car broke down, but luckily there was a garage nearby. When we were off again, the stretchy bands, that kept the cases on the roof rack, burst, but we had an emergency pair. We finally reached there and things had been going like: "Out of the frying pan into the fire."

Christopher Matheson-Dear, L.IVb.

### MY WORST DAY

When I was going to rise out of my bed, I remembered that I had left Weezy, my tortoise, out in the garden. I looked out of the window and saw that it was raining. I hurried downstairs. When I had dressed, and I went into the garden and discovered that Weezy had disappeared.

I searched for her all morning. I

searched under both holly bushes and in my garden but Weezy was nowhere to be seen. I was very sad when Mummy called me in for lunch because Weezy was completely mine and if I never found her I would have no pet at all.

Jane Ralls, L.IVb.



Stephen Aungle, L.VII.

### MY WORST DAY

We were starting on a dismal journey. We did not think it would be dismal, though it was. It started when we were taking our last puppy to Lunan Bay

where we hoped she would spend the rest of her life. We put her in the boot of the car accompanied by a box of straw, and a half eaten worm which she had started. We later had to throw it out.

Half way along the road to Lunan Bay the puppy climbed over the car seat, and was sick. Mummy stopped the car beside a ditch and we wiped the mess up. Later on we arrived at the house she was to stay at. Unfortunately as we entered the house, she found a slipper and chewed it until no one could wear it. The puppy was named Corry and has now grown up into a smart, obedient, Labrador dog.

Kate Marr, L.IVb.

### MY WORST DAY

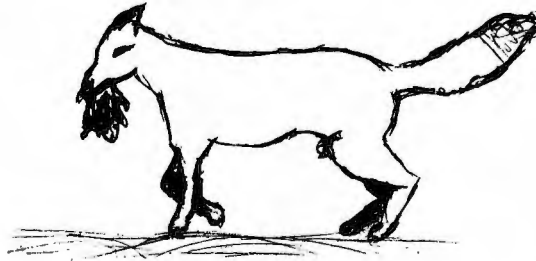
One day a little time ago when I was still in bed I was woken up by my Mum because I had slept in and it was half past 8. I had to hurry and dress. I fell down the stairs and hurt my leg. When I arrived at school, every thing seemed to go wrong. I dropped my bag and smashed my flask and pushed over a desk by mistake. When I was in goal at football, I let in 20 goals and the other team won. When I arrived in the class room, I lost five marks for playing with my rubber. At lunch I did not have a drink, because I had broken my flask.

Alasdair Ritchie, L.IVb.

### MY PET

My dog's name is Jewel. She is a lab. and she breeds for the blind. She has had two litters of puppies. Her first litter are all guide dogs now. Her second litter are being brought in for training. Jewel is in Forfar Guide Dogs because she is having puppies again for the last time. The person who owns Forfar Guide Dogs said that her puppies make very good guide dogs. Jewel is three years old and she is a very good mum. We took her to Forfar yesterday (15.5.72).

Elaine Cox, L.IVa.



### THE BUTTERFLY

I saw a little butterfly,  
Sitting on a flower,  
It was red, orange, yellow, and blue,  
It glittered in the sunshine  
As far as I know.

Then suddenly it flew away,  
My butterfly was lost,  
I went in the house,  
And ran upstairs,  
And started to cry.

Lesley Hunter, L.IV.

### THE FAMILY OF TOMATOES

There was once a family of tomatoes. Daddy tomato, Mummy tomato, and Baby tomato. One day they went for a walk. Mummy tomato looked back and saw baby tomato was far behind. She told Daddy tomato to make him hurry up so he went back and jumped splodge! on Baby tomato. Mummy came running up and said, "What did you do that for?" and Daddy said "It's the only way to make him ketchup!"

Kim Jacobson, L.VIa.

### OSPREY HUNTING

It was a Monday morning and we were off to see the ospreys at the Loch of Lowes. There were a few people at the hide but we still got a go at the binoculars and we saw both birds quite clearly. After a while we went along the road and had a picnic. After we had our picnic, we went home.

Gordon Guthrie, L.IV.

### MY ZOO

I would like to have a zoo  
With animals big and small  
I would like to invite you as well  
You could see the giraffes which  
are very tall.

The monkeys would be cheeky  
The elephants would be fat  
Please will you come to my zoo  
I'd love if you would do that.

Susan Hain, L.VIa.

## THE ERUPTION

An Explosion!  
The earth cracks up,  
Then suddenly there is a burst  
of flame,  
And out shoots a molten  
river of lava,  
Like a rocket it blasts into the  
sky, there to crash down on to  
the sea of works below.  
Down, down, down!  
Crashing through buildings  
and trees alike.  
Then it stops.  
Everything is quiet,  
The lava hardens into a  
stone-hard substance,  
And all is silent once more.

Paul Clark, L.VI (boys).

## A PORTUGUESE MARKET

A Portuguese market is a strange sight. There are colourful stalls selling fruit, vegetables, poultry and many other things. There are men and women making strange gesticulations to their customers who barter for a better price.

Flies crawl over the food to be fanned away by a hand. In the fruit stall you can buy anything from a bunch of grapes to a big, green water-melon. While live chickens are being sold the fish stall holder at the fish counter yells "Pescaros tregente escudos." It is exciting and colourful to watch.

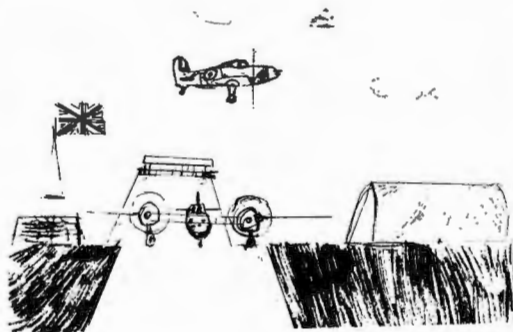
James Robertson.

## A HAIKU POEM

A sudden flash,  
Now comes a roar,  
It has gone now.

Scott Brown.

**Note:** Haiku, a Japanese poetic form consisting of three lines and only sixteen syllables.



John Sage, L.VI.

## OUR VICTORIA WEEKEND

On Friday, 12th May Peter Tweedie and I got off school early to go to a caravan site at Aviemore. It was cloudy when we arrived. Until about 7.30 we unpacked the car and settled into the caravan. After doing so Peter and I went to explore the site.

The River Spey was about two hundred yards away and after crossing two bridges over narrow parts of the river we came to the river itself.

On the Saturday, after breakfast, Peter's Mum and Dad came to visit us and to stay the night. During the Saturday, we visited the centre, spent some time in the amusements room, went swimming, and I had a go on the 'Karts.'

The Tweedies left again on Sunday morning taking Peter with them. In the afternoon, we visited the famous Osprey's nest at Loch Garten and were lucky enough to see one of the birds in the nest.

After breakfast on Monday we packed the car and made our way slowly down to Dundee visiting Blair Castle and the Queen's View at Loch Tummel on the way.

On the way to Kingussie, we met a man who had had a puncture and asked us to phone the A.A. The first A.A. box we came to was out of order and, as usual, we saw no patrols just when they were needed.

After an interesting weekend of very mixed weather, we arrived home ready to return to normal again.

B. Smith.



#### MEDALLISTS 1971-72

**Back Row (1. to r.)**—Lester C. Barr (Dux in Biology), Fiona Williamson (Dux in Spanish), John Fergusson (Dux in Physics and Natural Science), William Bryden (Dux in Chemistry), Peter Mitchell (Dux in History), Alasdair Chalmers (Dux in Geography), Sarah Catlow (Dux in Homecraft).

**Centre Row (1. to r.)**—Nicola Miller (Dux in Gym, girls), Sandy Thomson (Dux in Engineering), Allison Wilson (Dux in Latin and Greek), Douglas Tudhope (Dux in Mathematics), Judith Hanslip (Dux, Form 3 girls), Robin Winter (Dux, Form 3 boys), Hilary Ritchie (Dux, Form 2 girls), David Aingle (Dux, Form 2 boys), Valerie Reid (Dux in English), Graham Allardyce (Dux in Gym, boys).

**Front Row (1. to r.)**—David Ray (Dux, L.7 boys), Catherine Langlands (Dux, Form 1 girls), Ross Collins (Dux, Preparatory Boys), Sheena McMain (Dux, Form 5), Rona Horne (Dux of School, Dux in Music, French and German), Sarah Boase (Dux, Form 4), Hillary Mottashaw (Dux, Preparatory Girls), Stephen Rogers (Dux, Form 1 boys), Jennifer Hanslip (Dux, L.7 girls).

## TRAIN FIRE!

(ACTUAL INCIDENT)

On Monday 6th March, 1972, I boarded the train at Carnoustie as usual, on my way to school with my friends. Suddenly, I noticed clouds of white smoke coming out from the brakes beneath our carriage. Soon the smoke was so thick that it was unbreathable. The guards then came and told us to move through to another carriage. Cal-lum, Angus and I were all choking by this time.

At Monifieth everyone was told to get off the train then a fire engine arrived at the station. We were then told there was a bus coming to take us to Dundee. When it arrived we got on. As it was full we gave our seats to some elderly passengers.

The driver then came round and told us standing was prohibited so we had to get off again! Later an express train bound for Glasgow was signalled to stop at Monifieth. We finally arrived at school about 10 a.m., but at least we had a good excuse for being late!

Ian Wright, L.VI.

## MAGGIE THE HAGGIE

There was an old woman called Maggie,  
Who stooped around with a handbaggie.  
But in spite of her smile  
Which you could see for a mile,  
She was Maggie the Baggie old Haggie.

Alistair Reid, L.VII.

## MY CAT

My cat is fluffy,  
Her fur is puffy.  
She is black  
And when she was naughty  
She gets a smack.  
That's what my cat is like.

Susan McCoss.

## THE CAT

I saw a pure black cat,  
It had round beady eyes,  
It stood at a gate  
Waiting to get in.  
She was on a dusty road rolling about  
A car came along, so  
She ran through the gate.  
She saw a window open,  
So she ran to it.  
She climbed through the window  
And ran to the larder.  
She saw some fish on the larder  
So she fed herself.

Hilary Fair, L.IVa.

## MY CAT

My cat's name is Tabitha. She is nearly full grown but she still acts like a kitten. She goes into our greenhouse and basks in the heat. She must have had an ancestor who was a wild cat because she has got a ringed tail.

Gillian McFarland, L.IVa.

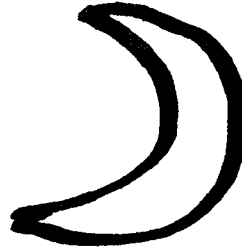
### WHAT A DAY!

I watched the rain come down  
Splish, splosh, splash.  
That is what I heard,  
Splish, splosh, splash  
Over and over again.  
Then I heard pitter patter  
It was beginning to spit.

So I asked Mummy if  
I could go out

It was a pity that I  
Was not down to my  
Bedroom window again.  
I heard it go pitter patter  
Over and over again,  
Then I gave a sigh of relief  
It had stopped.

Amanda Falconer.



A Mother can be a ball of fun.  
Look after her well, you've only got one.  
Martin McKay.

### THE SANDPIPER

Far in the distance,  
Beyond the golden sun,  
Sat a little sandpiper whistling  
A sweet, heartfelt song.  
It sat for—I don't know how long  
As still as can be,  
It never moved an inch  
Not even for me.

Karen Barr, L.VI (girls).

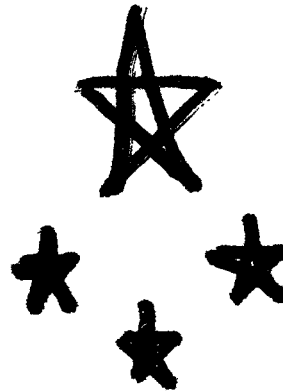


### THE APOLLO

There it stands,  
Dwarfing all that lies around it.  
A great, white metal rod.

It represents man's courage and valour,  
It represents his curiosity, and  
impatience to see what lies up there.  
Yet, what *true* purpose does it serve?

Paul Brewer.



### THE STARS

They sit up there in space,  
Looking like well-polished silver but-  
tons.

Yet, they seem to be just waiting there,  
To do what many other stars have done.  
Disintegrate.

Paul Brewer.

### AT A LOOSE-END

I'm at a loose end.  
What can I do?  
I've played all my games,  
Done all my jigsaws,  
And read all my books.  
Oh, I'm so bored.

Ring-ing-ing-ing.  
There's Karen.  
Oh, hurray,  
I'm not at a loose end any more.

Rose Block, L.Va.

### THE CAMEL

The camel has too many  
lumps, bumps, humps,  
Its legs have knobbly knees!  
His eyes are big and brown  
No eyebrows with which to frown.

Its tongue is long . . . . .  
and pink,  
He has two toes on each foot!  
He has pads, worn pads on  
his feet  
Tramping on and on . . . . .

A. Henderson, L.Va.

### THE FOX

The fox with russet red fur,  
Its pointed muzzle and bushy tail,  
It runs,  
Chased by men and dogs,  
It plays all its tricks  
Then,  
Exhausted, dives in its den,  
and waits.

Margaret-Anne Hutton, L.Va.

### A DRAGON

Christophalax Was a Dragon of imperial  
line,  
His armour was diamond and very fine  
This dragon Was not as Big as falle  
Nor as small as Smalle.

He Lived In a hole in the mountain,  
Not very far from a cold fountain.  
He would not pay the king  
Or for that matter any such thing.

Brian Christie, L.VI (boys).

### THE THUNDERSTORM

Across the dark sky Thor did roar,  
Making the countryside tremble  
As if a giant was having his stroll.  
At the farm the hens all squawked  
And the cows all bellowed.  
While the rain was pouring down  
Upon the farmyard house.  
Then suddenly,  
The lightning struck  
On an old desolate tree.  
It fell with CRASH!  
When morning came,  
The rainclouds had passed by  
And the sun was shining once more.

Caroline Urquhart, L.VI (girls).

### FOUR BY DAWN

They trudged on,  
Feeling the cold of the grey mist  
Just submitting to the morning sun,  
Under their feet grass squelched,  
With morning dew.  
They heard the chorus of birds waking  
up,  
And stretching for their wings,  
As if yawning.  
A rabbit scurried and darted by  
Away to get his breakfast.  
All too soon they were home.

Jennifer Reid, L.VI (girls).

### THE SEA

Most of the world is sea,  
A thought that startled me,  
Tangy, salty, deep sea,  
How did it come to be?

On the waters shone the sun,  
So clouds of rainbows were begun,  
The rain clouds then moved from the  
sun,  
Dropping rain to fill rivers that run—to  
the sea,  
Why! That's how the sea was begun.

Felicity M. Magowan, L.VI.

### A SUMMER DAY

I woke one sunny summer day to a  
world full of life. The birds were whistling  
and chirping to each other, and  
were flitting from tree to tree.

In the garden bloomed the bluebells,  
their little blue bells swinging in the  
breeze. Above them the trees had just  
pushed out their new leaves in a mantle  
of soft green.

Nearby, a stream babbled and bubbled  
its way over its stony bed. It made its  
never ending way towards the fast-flowing  
river.

Reflected in the water were the white  
fluffy clouds which were scudding across  
the beautiful white sky.

The whole scene was bathed in golden  
sunlight.

Kathryn Marshall, L.VI.

### SCRUFF

I'm Scruff, the wild cat,  
A scratching cat,  
And my shining eyes gleam,  
In the moonlight's beam.

I join in the cat warfare,  
And if a rival cat may dare,  
To challenge me to a fight with tooth  
and nail,  
I'll spit and bite till he turns tail.

Stephen Walton, L.VI (boys).

### AN AUTUMN EVENING

The sun was setting in the West and  
the golden tint of the leaves could be  
seen for miles around the countryside.  
They were floating down gently in the  
cool, soft breeze. The orchard, with  
the cherry-trees standing in it and a  
few birches growing not far away from  
them, was looking like a gleaming, new  
carpet.

As I gazed over to the opposite side  
of where I had been looking, my eyes  
met a beautiful sight in this unknown  
garden. The ash trees down by the burn,  
drooped into the silent waters which  
resembled a silver lining.

The sun was now hidden behind a  
cloud so the colours of the leaves, and  
the orchard, and also the burn, were  
gently fading.

Rosemary Craig, L.VI (girls).



Lucy Marr, L.VI.



#### PREFECTS 1971-72

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Andrew J. Harvey, Rosalyn A. Marshall, Sandy D. Thomson, Allison M. Wilson, Lester C. Barr, Judy M. Collin, Athol G. R. Garden, Fiona M. Williamson, Frank Hadden, Jane M. McNeill, Stewart C. Cram.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Mr G. C. Stewart, J. Michael G. Blair (Deputy Head Boy), Miss A. W. Gray, John C. Vannet (Head Boy), Mr E. M. Stewart, Valerie A. Reid (Head Girl), Mr D. R. Paton, Carolyn E. Sillars (Deputy Head Girl), William D. Boath (Deputy Head Boy).  
Absent—Catherine McLeod (Deputy Head Girl).



# Senior School

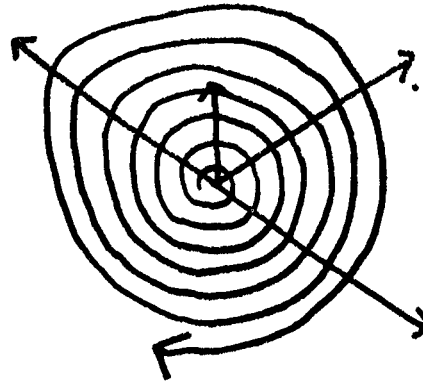
## THE DEAD BIRD

Blood-bundle  
 Above it the birds arrow upwards  
 Splitting the sun  
 Which then beats bundle in vengeance  
 Like hands on a drum.  
 The dead bird jerks rhythmically, then  
 is still.  
 No doubt placed there by some friendly  
 foot,  
 Hard pressed against a strong, stone  
 God,  
 The National Commercial Bank of Scot-  
 land  
 Affiliated to the Linen Bank,  
 Branches in Dundee, Falkirk and Fife  
 Head office, Glasgow.  
 It was a very small bird.  
 People pass with faces tensed at the  
 lack of money  
 Not the lack of life  
 Man looks after the pennies  
 And leaves God to look after the birds.

Brian Taylor, F.VI.

## LIVE—REGARDLESS

Come live with me  
 alone.  
 Let's you and I remove ourselves  
 from this vast ditch  
 which will surely turn to quicksand  
 pulling me down  
 to the rut they call society—  
 or is it security?



The words are quite alike  
 in my vocabulary.  
 They both involve a certain sense of  
 claustrophobia  
 felt by few,  
 but then again,  
 enough.  
 So let's go—NOW,  
 don't wait for winter to catch and  
 overtake us  
 for it will only reveal my outstanding  
 commitments  
 or the ones I would rather ignore.

Jay.

## TURNING

In my mind,  
 my thoughts drift only to you.  
 My life is full

now,  
 for how long?  
 The pages of my book of life  
 are turning—  
 too quickly  
 I sometimes think.  
 Perhaps  
 I'm missing so many things  
 which should be savoured  
 and loved  
 and nourished  
 to grow  
 into another tree of life  
 more profitable than my own  
 with branches extending  
 outwards  
 downwards  
 heavenwards  
 to reach an unyielding population  
 underneath that stone cold floor of rubble  
 waiting  
 for love  
 for compassion  
 hatred,  
 for anything  
 rather than this  
 blank indifference  
 they meet so often  
 and therefore  
 retreat  
 so often  
 behind the wall of disillusionment.

Jay.

## GRAND CENTRAL STATION

Misted kitchen windows  
Newly cleaned from grease  
Form shadows of the trees  
And light has no release.

Rhyme has no more rulings  
Rhythm free and easy went  
No one understands the message  
That through the words was sent.

Water runs in races  
Down the window glass  
Eyes stare out in blankness  
As the seasons slowly pass.

What else is there doing  
Now the world's begun to die?  
Any other form of living  
Would be a silent lie.

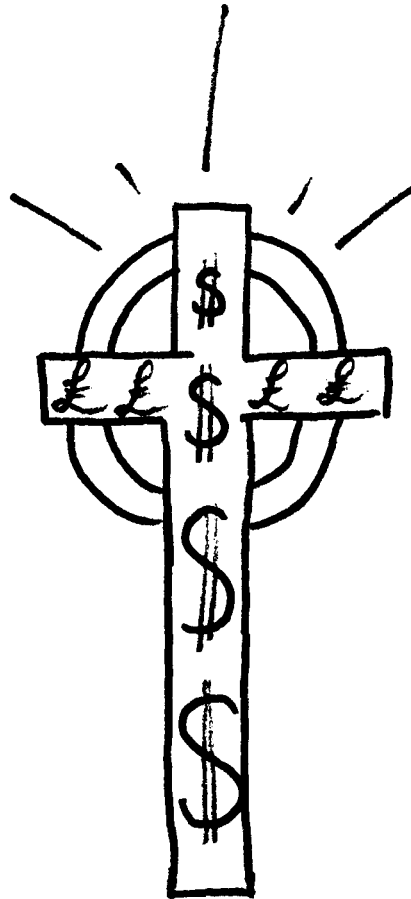
Prayers and Sunday Best  
Are wearing out and old  
Lonelies sitting, starving  
Hearts of stony cold.

Warmth has no more meanings  
Giving has deceased  
For all the human race has done  
The windows smeared with grease.

When men to wash the panes away  
To leave the clear pain sharp  
Sun and rain just penetrate  
The bare and lonely heart.

It is far better not to see  
To live in ignorance  
To always be in blissful life  
Hidden warmly in a trance.

Why dig out the old complaints  
Because it's getting worse?  
Messages explain it all  
As a self constructed curse.



Why blame everybody else?  
Because you are afraid  
That on the final Judgement Day  
It's you that will be paid.

Why not stand up for your rights  
And see what we have done  
And try to make a better world  
For the Returning Son?

Who has said these mystic words,  
Made prophesies come true?  
For all I care it might have been  
The Holy Ghost or you.

Example is much better  
Than your messages obscure  
They neither set the mind at rest  
Nor make the conscience pure.

For all the troubles in the world  
You have an explanation  
Well now! Have one for you;  
The world is like a station.

When every train rumbles on by  
People get off and on  
And when they buy their ticket  
They're in for a great big con.

You are there with the ticket machine  
Making 200% profits  
And dishing out the overalls  
Hoping that they fit.

When the mist again forms  
Over the greasy window pane  
Everything is obscured  
In the even motion of the train.

Carollyn Sillars, F.VI.



J. J. Maxwell

## Guess who?

---



Curiosity killed the cat — Proverb



"Laughter should dimple the cheek  
not furrow the brow"  
or "I the elder and more terrible."



"Veni, vidi, vici."  
"I came, I saw, I conquered."



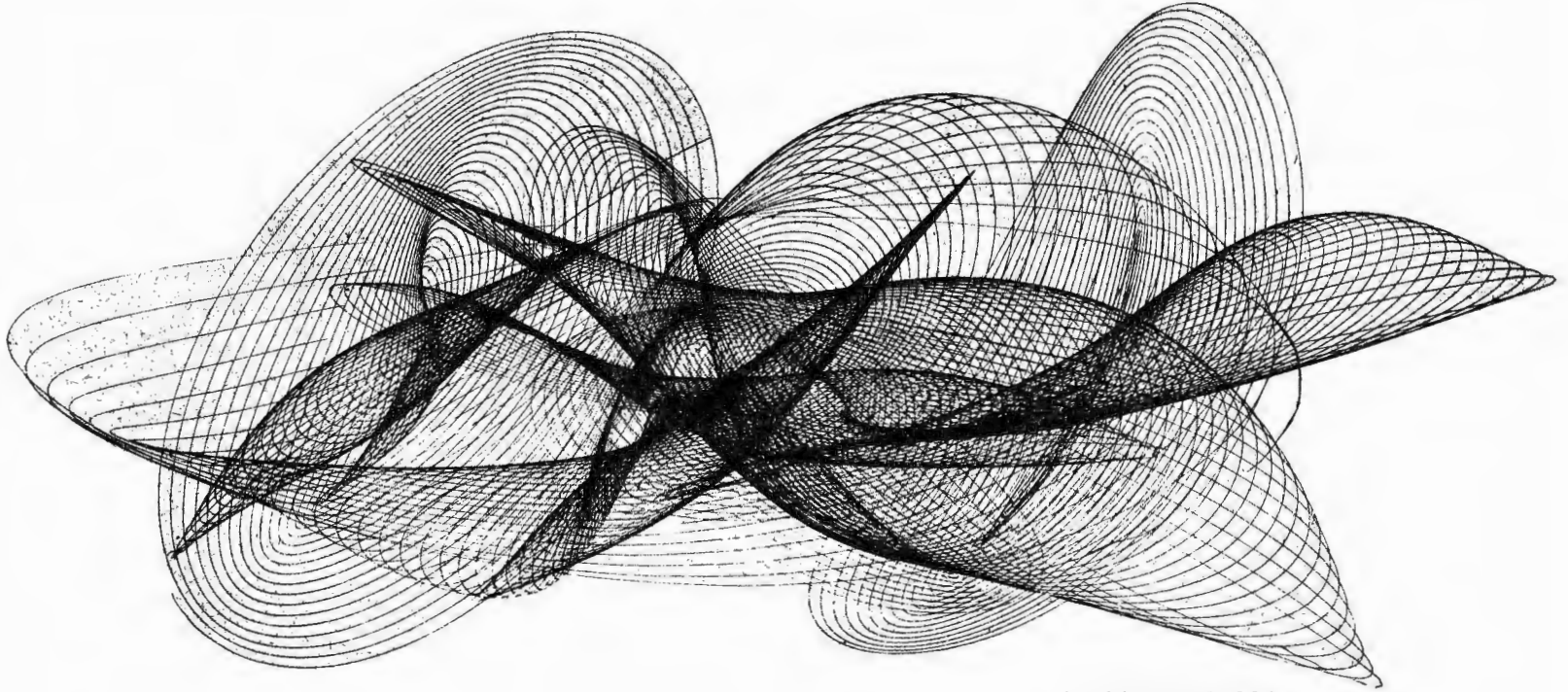
"History is like the sacred writing."—Cervantes



"There is nothing more characteristic than  
the shakes of the hand."—Sydney Smith

ANON for obvious reasons.

## THE WHIRLPOOL



A frothing of bubbles.  
Each silvery bubble,  
A mirror of death.  
A swirling of foam  
Each piece a delicate lace,  
Millions of tiny, haunting spirits,  
Which dance round and round  
Twisting, turning,  
Howling, shrieking, screaming to lose  
                  themselves  
At the bottom of a bottomless pit.

Sheila Jamieson, F.II.



### THE VICTIM

See it hanging  
By one silvery thread,  
And eight black hairy legs  
Cling to the sticky net,  
As it watches its victim  
Slowly —  
Oh so slowly —  
Asphyxiate itself to death,  
In the ever tightening cocoon  
Of a death-trap.

Penelope-Anne.

### THE SPARROW HAWK

Above the garden  
Slowly gliding.  
Suddenly diving,  
to the kill.  
The others flee,  
One cannot  
Death . . . .  
Another kill.  
Soaring upwards  
With its prey  
Away to his high up nest  
To its little ones  
That small sparrow  
May mean life or death.

John Grieve.



Alan G. Anderson, L.VII.



Andrew McMillan, L.V.

### EPITAPH TO ONE WHO WAS THIN

Here lies the maid who milked my cows,  
Fed my hens, cleaned out my sows,  
She worked like a slave from the crack  
of dawn,  
Up at first light at the hint of morn.  
She toiled so hard that she grew thin,  
And while milking the cows she fell in,  
The bucket cracked, but oh, too late,  
For now there was no time for fate.  
The moral lies here at your feet,  
Do not milk cows if your figure is  
neat.

Penelope-Anne.

### DEATH TO A TROUT

There it stands —  
Perched high on one bony leg —  
Its beady eyes intent  
Darting over the water,  
Watching the peaceful world,  
In the still lagoon.

A small trout  
Swims lazily from under a stone,  
And gracefully makes its way  
Towards the watchful bird.  
The eyes never leave  
Those gaily coloured sides.

Suddenly —  
A ripple, a splash,  
A stab, an enlarged gullet . . . .  
The fish is now gracefully —  
Very gracefully —  
Swimming towards the bird's stomach.

Penelope-Anne.

## THE SPIRIT OF PHYSICS

Industrious boys  
Gossipy girls  
Jolly men  
Sticky toffee  
Who sits here?

Battery  
Rheostat  
Resistance  
Ammeter  
I love J.B.

Grubby lab coats  
Dripping wax tapers  
Hissing gas taps  
Acid puddles  
Kilroy was here!

If  $W \times P = Q$   
Then show how  
 $V = iR$   
Hence show  
How many minutes it takes  
To run a mile  
I love Steve McQueen.

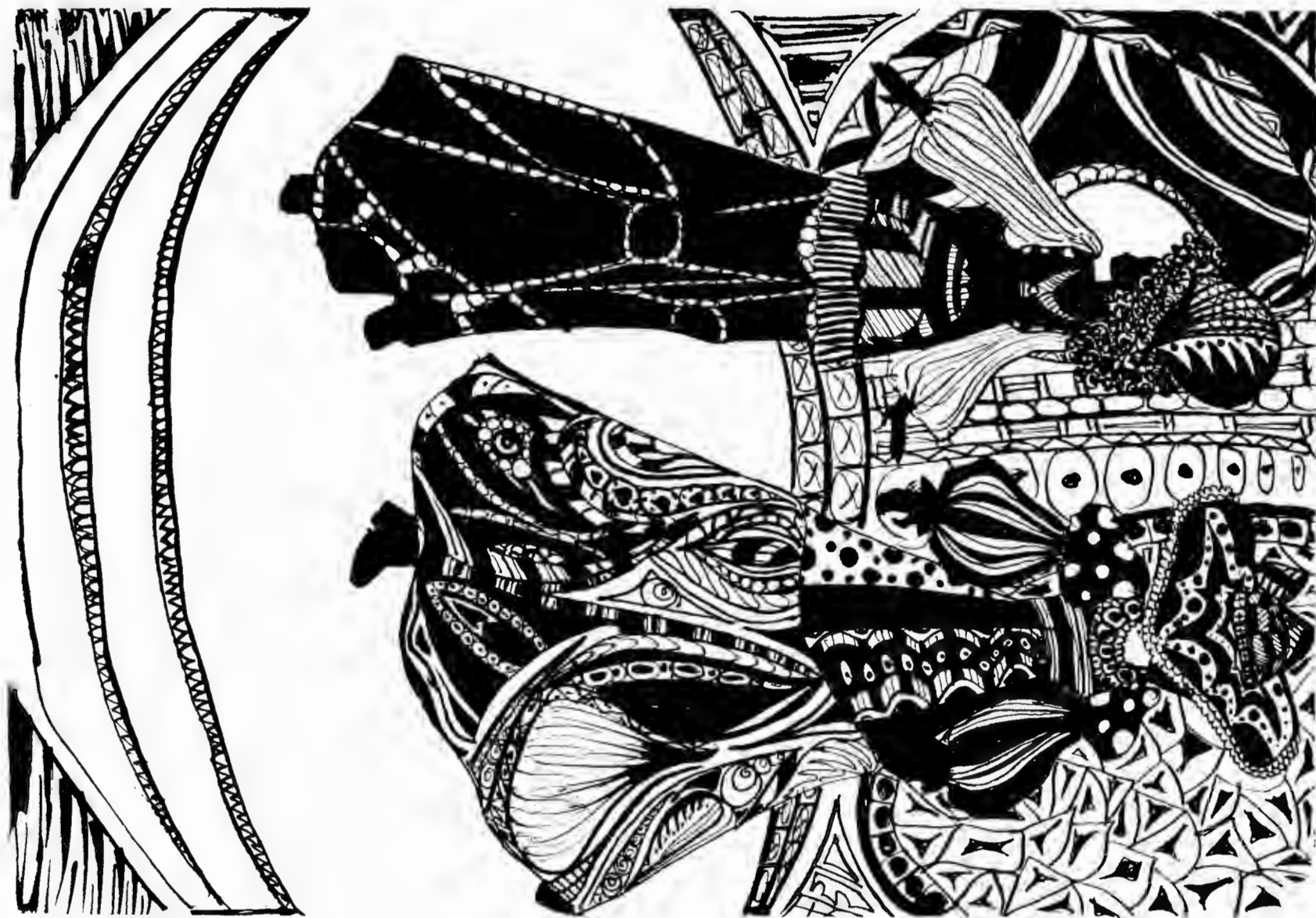
Van de Graff  
Newton  
Archimedes  
Faraday  
I hate physics!!??\*

Fiddled results  
Crocodile clips  
Ink stained lab book  
Bunsen burners  
Celtic for the cup!

Wobbly stools  
Fire extinguishers  
Metre sticks  
Clamp stands  
"Was that the bell?"

C.S., R.M. and C.J.





## TRAGEDY OF A HIPPO

-- TRANSLATED FROM HIPPO

Long ago in Roman times  
Were many wondrous things:  
There were temples and legionaires  
And emperors and kings.  
There were many kinds of animals  
And several types of goose,  
But the greatest beast of all belonged  
To Consul Grapefruitjus.

The Consul had a hippo  
As pink as pink can be,  
And that means very pink indeed  
I'm sure you'll all agree.  
He called his famous hippo  
By a very Roman word—  
He used to call him Pairofshus  
And this was quite absurd.

The people flocked from miles around  
To marvel at the sight  
Of a hippo that was really pink,  
Not purple, green or white.  
But the hippo wasn't happy  
Being locked up all day long,  
And the camel living next to him  
Made a *really* awful pong.

Then one night when the Consul  
Was watching Match of the Day  
(Live from the Colosseum)  
The hippo ran away.  
He slipped underneath a two inch gap  
And gave a joyful shout,  
He frolicked around in his new-found joy  
Then fell and knocked himself out.

The animal was found next day  
By a famous diplomat,  
Who was known by the name of Calla-  
trus,  
But no one could help that.

He was dragged before a jury  
And then to his dismay  
He was sentenced to be lion food  
A week on Wednesday.

On Wednesday the folks packed in  
To watch and shout hooray,  
But found they were a week too soon  
And quietly went away.  
A week went by—the time was up,  
The hippo was led out,  
The huge, excited crowd broke out  
In one gigantic shout.

Suddenly there was a cry  
From someone in the crowd,  
And a little man called Poorexcus  
Shouted out aloud:  
“Stop the Show, it can't go on,  
It's not allowed I say,  
For I am from the local branch  
Of the R.S.P.C.A.”

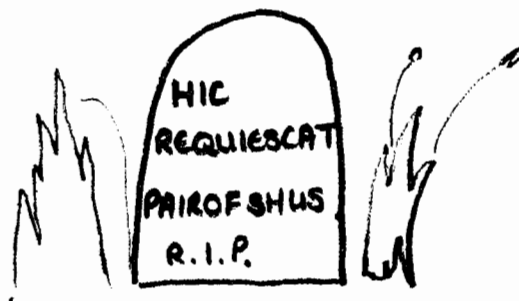
And thus it was in the nick of time,  
Poorexcus did save  
Pairofshus the hippo  
From a very early grave.  
This story has a moral—  
It is very plain to see.  
But if you cannot see one here,  
Then make one up like me.

### KEY OF NAMES FOR IDIOTS

If you are an idiot, which you must be to be  
reading this, then you will need this key on how  
to pronounce the Latin names :

|               |                    |
|---------------|--------------------|
| Grapefruitjus | — Grapefruit Juice |
| Pairofshus    | — Pair of Shoes    |
| Callatrus     | — Call a Truce     |
| Poorexcus     | — Poor Excuse      |

Gavin Sinclair, FIII.



# ADVANCEMENT

by CALUM R. PATON, F.I.V.

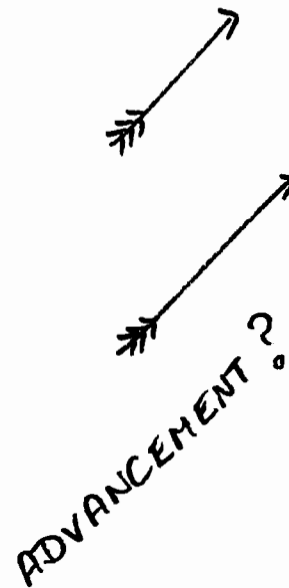
"If you do that again, you're for it!" came the belligerent voice of Professor Edwin Johnson, who was thoroughly exasperated. "Two laborous, tedious years we've been working on this project, and still you persist in confusing these files. Once more, and you're out on your neck! Now for God's sake leave me in peace."

The time was 6.30 p.m. and the place was the "Institute of Medical Research," Boston. For two years Professor Johnson had been working on a break-through cure for leukemia; and now his gargantuan and demanding task was almost complete. Under the impression that all his fellow men were either incompetent or apathetic, he took nobody into his full confidence, and hence had undergone the strain of the project literally unaided (as far as mental work is concerned). He was a young man; brilliant yet lacking patience with his apparently bungling staff. Although a whole team was officially engaged in this worthwhile project, it was this scientific genius who underwent all the difficulties and vigorously tackled all the inevitable stumbling-blocks that fell in his way.

This great advancement was, understandably, the envy of many "rival" research clinics, and although the benefit of two years continuous labour had almost materialised, it was still imperative that nothing should interfere with the project. Should anything happen to Professor Johnson, then the total research

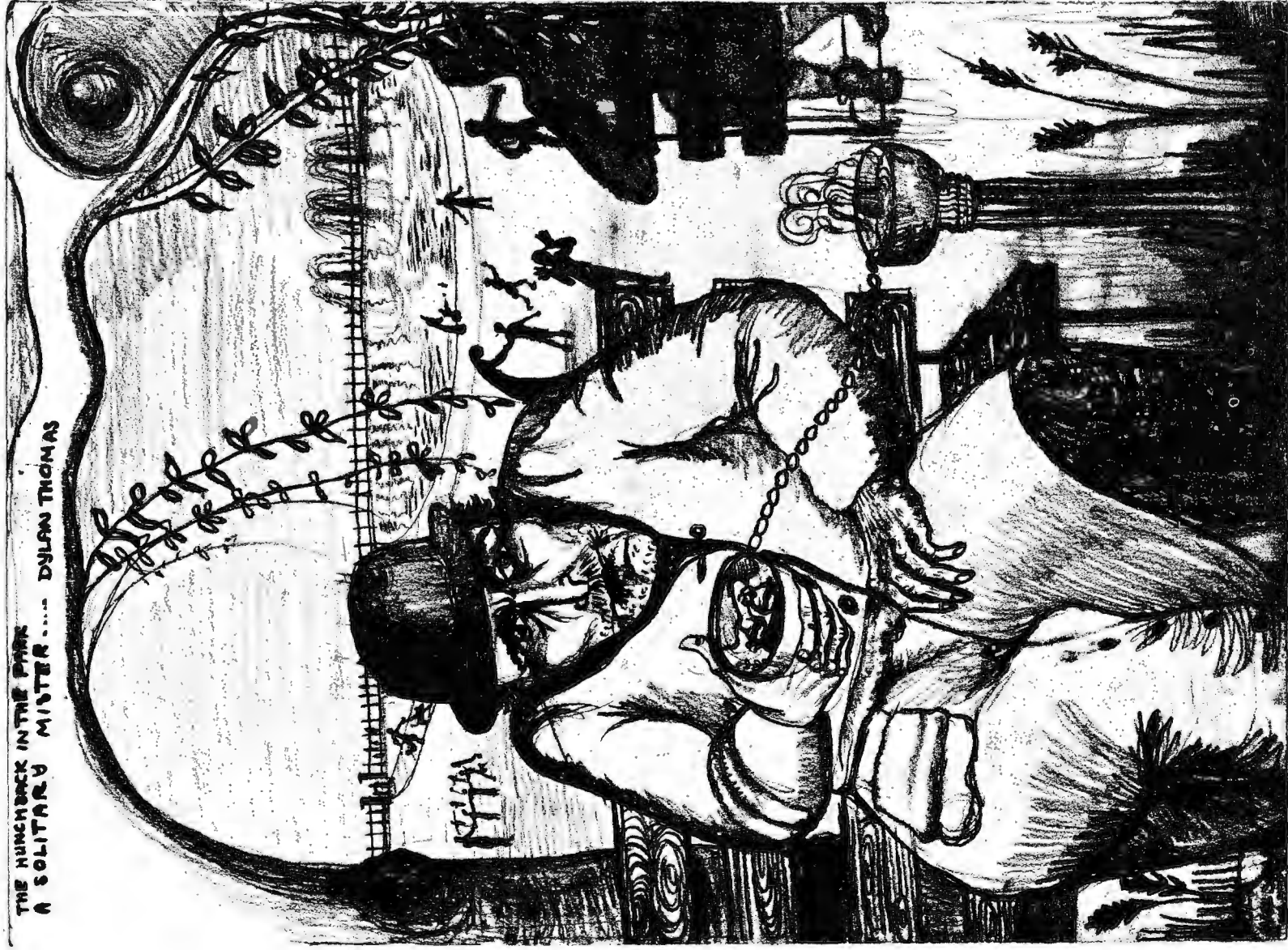
would be at a standstill, for he was the only person capable of completing the work. The reason, of course, was that he underwent all this experimenting and research himself—it would be impossible for any other individual merely to carry on where he left off.

The other vital aspect of the project was that the results and conclusion of the Professor be kept utterly secret—any divulged information or lack of security could lead to the crucial information coming into the hands of rival and even devious "opponents." Hence all the data and information was kept at all times in an almost impenetrable safe, to which the Professor alone had access.



With a monotonous clanking and scraping, the decrepit band of night cleaners set about their dull business. Every night at 8 p.m. they would enter through the heavy back door of the Research Institute, and, with their various utensils, set about their evening's work. Each cleaner served two nights a week, operating on different shifts each week. The weather this night was particularly depressing—a forceful wind driving with it squalls of late October rain. By ten o'clock the last bucket had been placed in the cleaning cupboard, and the bedraggled cleaners were gradually leaving the building until only one remained—an oldish, rather bent man clad in a dirty, frayed overcoat. By now, nothing could be heard but the howl of

THE HUNCHBACK IN THE PARK  
A SOLITARY MISTER.... DYLAN THOMAS



the wind, and the battering rain outside. Slowly, instead of leaving the building, the cleaner shuffled gradually up three flights of stairs to the laboratory of Professor Johnson. Producing a bunch of keys, he unlocked the door marked NO ADMITTANCE WHATSOEVER and admitted himself. There he crossed the shadowed floor to the safe containing all the Professor's work and, unlocking the primary door, began fingering the six number combination. Eventually he had positioned all the numbers to his satisfaction. He unleashed the latch and the door swung open creakily, revealing sheaves of notes and observations. Slowly he reached out his hand . . . .

"There's no doubt at all," coolly remarked James Addison of the Boston Medical Clinic. "One million dollars worth of medical observations and one Professor Johnson alive to tell the tale and lead us to thirty years or more just don't go together. And what's more," he added with heavy irony in his metallic voice, "I know which I'm gonna choose."

"But Doc," protested a nervous young man, "supposin' we leave the slightest trace behind us? Illegal acquisition of the greatest medical break-through of the decade is bad enough, but the murder of the leading figure associated with that break-through is just too much. I want power at my finger tips, but not sitting in a chair loaded with several thousand volts."

"Now, look here, we've been through all this before. Nobody can possibly suspect even murder, let alone us. A man walking his dog alongside a deep river. All you need is an ill-placed foot near

the water, and that's you done for. Besides," he added smoothly, "a man who's killed and then thrown into a river won't have water in his lungs, 'cause he'll have stopped breathing beforehand. If we pump water into Johnson's lungs and then throw him in, if his body's found, they'll assume he's fallen, and struggled violently."

The nervous young individual's silence betrayed all the mistrust and trepidation possible, yet he said nothing more.

"And mind," added James Addison, "not a word of any of this to that cleaner supplying us with all the inform-

ation of the leukemia cure, or rather Mit X. If he so much as suspects we've anything to do with Johnson's death, he may take fright and flee. And that's us high and dry—no information to sell to the California Institute, plus one dead man."

"You're positive that Johnson's out with his dog past that river every night, Doc."

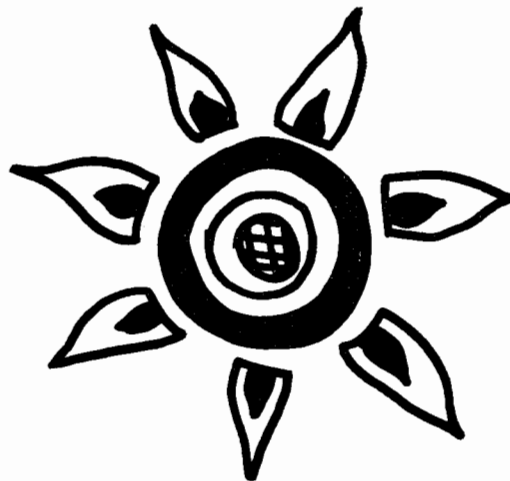
"Sure thing. You three won't miss him; you'll better not, or that's you done for. Any qualms, and just you remember that. If he lives, then he'll know the California Institute of Medical Research got a hold of his work. And as long as he knows that, we're in danger."

Two days later the three that Addison had referred to were speeding through a deserted region outside of Boston in a medium-sized van. Two of them were heavyweights, one was the nervous type. There was complete silence in the van; each knew his job; each knew that his life depended on carrying that out. They were to park the van up an alleyway leading to the river, and remain in waiting for Professor Johnson.

Let me think, thought the driver (one of the heavyweights, actually from Chicago). Brad shouts out to Johnson, he whips round and Dick and I strike. The silk stocking 'll leave no traces, then we'll pump the salt water down his throat and then we'll . . . .

"Look out, for God's sake!" roared Bradley, "Swerve!"

The driver was shocked out of his trance, but not before he had knocked down a dark-clothed man, who yelled, and then lay motionless on the dark road.



"Lord, ye ——— idiot," yelled Bradley. "You may have killed him, and we don't have the time to do anything."

Panic rushed to the face of the driver, but already Brad was shouting to go on and leave the body. It seemed the only thing to do. After all, who was to know they had knocked him down. He continued driving, his mind in a turmoil, until they arrived at the place where the van was to be left. The nervous man had said nothing, but his white, terrified face gave all away.

"Now, in the name of God, you do your part," threatened Bradley. "You chicken out and we're all sunk. D'you hear."

A nod, a sharp quivering motion of the nervous man's head, came in return.

Stealthily, they positioned themselves—the two heavyweights behind the thick foliage at the near bank, the nervous type behind them.

"You sure he keeps this dog on the lead," said the driver, in a desperate voice.

"Dead sure."

The minutes ticked slowly past. He became colder and colder, with a half-moon rising in the clear sky. Nine p.m., nine fifteen, nine thirty. The men shifted uneasily. Worried glances exchanged identical thoughts. Still no appearance of Johnson. Ten o'clock; a few stinging raindrops began to fall. Ten thirty; the rain was pouring down.

Eventually the men rose and, beckoning to the nervous type further down the bank, they returned to the van, without having seen or heard a soul, let alone their intended victim.

. . . . .

The next day, the newspapers were headlined, "PROFESSOR EDWIN JOHNSON FOUND DEAD AT SIDE OF ROAD IN OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY."

The men employed by Addison hence had their explanation—Johnson had not arrived because he had already been killed unintentionally—by them.

The same night, a certain cleaner failed to report for duty at the Boston Institute of Medical Research.

Addison was furious at the news.



Joanna, F.2.

However, his situation was not desperate. He still could expect the information of the late professor from the cleaner. And so, late on the Wednesday night, James Addison awaited the information in a poky, scruffy little Boston café. He waited until midnight.

It never came.

. . . . .

The cleaner never again turned up at the Institute; Addison discovered that it was the same cleaner from whom he was getting his valuable information. For a long time, the men assumed he had fled from the city, leaving them with nothing. However, Johnson having had no close relations, it came about that the police made a systematic search of his house. And by mere chance they came across an old frayed coat and a grey haired wig, stuffed at the back of a wardrobe. The cleaner was never traced. Since Johnson was supposed to be the only man with access to the safe of information, there were certain people, almost the whole public in fact, who were understandably perplexed. There were also certain people who were understandably flabbergasted, such as Mr James Addison, of the Boston Medical Clinic.

After all, if a man could bring about the greatest medical breakthrough, perhaps of the century, then he would not, if he was even slightly materialistic, turn down two separate sources of income, from two separate Institutes. Especially if the only thing he had to give in return was two evenings a week of cleaning at the "Institute of Medical Research," Boston.

C. R. Paton



Anna-Maria

## A CHILD SCREAMED

There was complete silence. Nothing moved. Even the rain had stopped falling. The trees stood frozen. There were no cars. No cat or dog ran out. The street lamps made the snake-like pavements glisten like shiny scales. No smoke rose from the chimneys. No familiar sounds came from the houses. No-one walked the streets. There were no buses, trains or aeroplanes to disturb the quiet. The world was at peace with itself. Life seemed to have stopped. The air hung still in the stifling silence.

A child screamed. The screams rent the peace. Whether they were screams of anguish, hate, pain or fear no-one knew. And no-one bothered to find out. No curtains were drawn back. No nosy neighbours went out to pry into the child's despair. The world still stayed the same. The screams stopped and the oppressing quiet dominated again.

That child could have been killed. These could have been his last screams on this earth. But no-one bothered to find out. No-one cared. That child could have been in pain or frightened and you could have helped. But no. Everyone stayed in their own world. They didn't want to seem nosy! They did not care. They were too selfish? or too lazy? Why didn't the man who was ardently watching the television go and find out instead of simply saying "I wonder what's wrong there?" It is not the child who is 'wrong.' It's you.

A.G.

## A PROBLEM OF NOMENCLATURE

Elizabeth? Catherine? What shall we choose?

Whom should we favour? We've nothing to lose.

If Grandma's insulted, Aunt Kate will be glad;

So let's be unclannish, and make them all mad.

Let's call her Dolores, or Marie, or Joy, Or even Roberta—in case "she's" a boy. Just think of their faces! How shocked they'll all be!

They'll say that it's ruined the Family Tree.

P. Knox, F.V.

## IRRESISTIBLE URGE

I woke up with a start. The grandfather clock outside my room chimes midnight. I feel an irresistible sense of adventure. Still in my nightdress, I slip down the long staircase, through the door and out into the grounds of the old mansion-house. There is a thick wood a few hundred yards from the front door, and I am irresistibly drawn towards this. It is dark, like black velvet, embossed with a pattern of trees. Clouds blot out the stars, although the outline of the full moon can only be seen occasionally through a blueish haze . . .

I walk slowly. Deep in the heart of the wood it is darker than ever . . . even the blue moon is blotted out by the branches of the trees . . . I am far away from the world . . . I cannot find my way back through the trees . . . I cannot find my way in the black velvet darkness.

The undergrowth in the heart of the wood grows thick and high as the jungle . . . the trees close in around me, restricting movement . . . I am afraid . . . I am lost here in the wood, lost and afraid. The trees fall back. . . . A shadow passes in front of the now visible blood-red moon. . . . A shadow that is not a cloud. . . . I scream. . . .

It is here in the wood that I am found by sun-light — DEAD.

Sandra.

## THE SMALL BOY

Like a drowned, blackflint pinnacle far  
out at sea  
He hovers an inch from the road of mud.  
Lost.  
Small, cold, wet, deflated and lost  
Through endless gaping yards of fear  
The sight attacks me violently.  
Everyone everywhere ever in suffering  
Bundled up like a skyful of rags  
Into the one, single, solitary figure,  
His hair shrill as a soldier's scream  
His lips weakly parted like a beggar's  
hands  
His rose face fierce as the cross-scarlet  
scars  
And his eyes.  
Slowly, through centuries a tear forms  
(Pathetic symbol of moist misery)  
Enclosing all misery in a pale liquid  
globe  
Completely.

Brian Taylor, F.VI.

## LOVE

I had it:  
It's hand reached out and took me by  
surprise:  
For one night it was there and I was  
happy.  
It was no dream

I found it—or did it find me?  
I don't know:  
But it was there.  
I know not how it came  
But *he* was there.  
He was real.  
He touched me  
And I touched him.  
Music blared,  
We couldn't hear,  
But what did I care?  
On that night  
I was infinitely happy.  
Then,  
When it was over,  
It faded  
Just a little.  
Then —  
I was dropped from its highest cliff!  
Down, down!  
Desperately clutching at saplings,  
Fragments of hope.  
But it was too late.  
I landed,  
Hard, rocky, prickly was the landing,  
And I was broken.  
I rolled onto soft moss and grass.  
For a moment I was sore all over.  
Then I fell asleep.  
Rain.  
Rain washed everything away but the  
memory.  
Now I am awake.  
The memory lingers—  
That was all—  
Until today.

J. L., F.IV.

## DISASTER!

The world was a time-bomb! It had only just been discovered. In only half an hour it would explode. Mount Everest would land (it was calculated) on Mars, Ben Nevis would be warmly received on Venus, and Tokyo would be rebuilt on Saturn. No one could say where the D.H.S. would go: probably no where in particular.

A quarter of an hour to go. People everywhere were panicking. At least, everywhere but the D.H.S. There, life carried on normally. Perhaps that was because no one there had been informed—except me, but I wasn't letting on.

Five minutes to go. Someone else had found out about the disaster that was to befall us, and now almost everyone knew. Now the D.H.S. was in a panic. People were kneeling in classrooms, or making out wills, or running around tearing their hair out and screaming. No peace. Me? Oh, I just sat at my desk watching the world go 'bye.

It was going. Ten . . . I could hardly hear my self count . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . this was ridiculous . . . six . . . five . . . "Shush," I said. . . . four . . . three . . . there was silence . . . two . . . one . . . zero . . . go . . . ?

The world was shattered. An endless screaming, mingled with the blast which was deafening. The D.H.S., Tokyo, Ben Nevis and Mount Everest were hurtling through space to their respective destinations. There was nothing left except a small red-hot ball. The world no longer existed. Everyone was dead.

Now you may ask, why am I still in existence? Well, that would be telling!



## TRAVELLING

Probably the most exciting mode of travel I have been on is a hovercraft.

It is hard to say what a hovercraft does. It actually flies, but if you said 'Hovercraft' to the general public, they would think of a machine that goes on water. It really rides on an air-cushion about a foot above the water. The big one we were on was driven by four propellers on the end of tall struts on top of the craft. There are four fans at the back and four on the top which draw in the air for the cushion. A rubber 'skirt' holds in the air.

The ride itself was very exciting. From the shore at Calais the hovercraft seems to lurch upwards, glide across the concrete pad, across the sand and straight over the water. When it goes over the sand it kicks up a cloud of sand, but this is nothing compared with the spray as it hits the water. It picks up speed quickly and fairly races away.

On board the hovercraft, there is a lurch and you are up. The craft turns slowly and glides away. There is a slight bump and sand sprays the window. As you cross the water-line, there is a big bump, then another, and another, and as you pick up speed it becomes a continuous shuddering, with an occasional big one as the craft strikes a big wave.

Looking out the window, I see a big splash, and spray clouds the window. When the hovercraft reaches full speed, if you look out the front windows you can feel a striking impression of the speed of the hovercraft as it skims over the waves.

As you speed along, a stewardess comes offering you duty-free drinks, which you normally get on a plane. In fact the company who run the hovercraft try to make it seem just like a plane. It is laid out like a plane, the control place is called a cockpit, and they even have the brown bags you get on a plane in case you are sick!

One of the most fascinating things on the trip is the crossing of the Goodwin Sands. At low tide the hovercraft actually travels on the treacherous sands which have claimed many ships and which are now almost laughed at by the new scientific marvel.

At Ramsgate, you go directly out of the water on to the concrete. At once the shuddering stops. After reaching the unloading point, there is a sudden drop and the hovercraft sags to the ground. The journey is over. (Broadcast on "Listening and Writing," B.B.C. Schools programme, on 3/12/71).

Stephen Rogers, F.1a3



Anna-Maria.

## TO A WINTRY POLITICIAN

With the first snow, tones turn into black and white,  
Good and bad, a children's playground—woolly gloves  
And steaming breath and wild sledges in full flight,  
Wellingtons and dry socks,  
Chafed knees, mothers huffy,  
Shining eyes and burning cheeks; the skate blade locks  
And down again in the glorious fluffy  
Wetness, as snowmen trace their  
Drunken paths round the place where  
Back gardens were. Of all winter's hates and loves,  
Snow comes demurely, like a humble Israelite.

The snow comes furtively, like a bashful dictator,  
To occupy the land and curfew the city—it comes  
To infiltrate every corner, to sift and consider,  
To spread its cloak of secrecy, and with political blandness to deny the dagger, to grace the branch, connive  
At the root, but crediting the whole to his initial—  
History must go on, and Nature, and labels outlive  
Their owners; but even so,  
I give credit to the snow,  
The annual Machiavelli.

## DICTIONARY EXTRACT?

Postman—Bringer of bills, wears a uniform unique for its patch (or hole) behind, very popular with dogs.

Pollution—Men's Staffroom.

Postphone—To phone after.

Pond—see 'puddle.'

Plant—Thing in the Biology Lab, tall thin, sometimes called a Weed or even a Doc. Leaf.

Pitt—The man who discovered coal (Mr Baxter doesn't agree).

Pig—Mr ———.

Puddle—see 'pond'.

Puss-in-Boots—Relation of member of staff.

## GENESIS

"Who are you?" said the Prime Minister.

"I am God," replied the stranger.

"I don't believe you," sneered the P.M.  
 "Show me a miracle." And God showed the P.M. the miracle of birth.

"Pah!" said the P.M. "My scientists are creating life in test tubes and have solved the secret of heredity. Artificial insemination is more certain than your lackadaisical method, and by cross-breeding we are producing fish and mammals to our design. Show me a proper miracle."

And God caused the sky to darken and hailstones came pouring down. "That's nothing!" said the P.M. picking up the telephone to the Air Ministry. "Send up a met. plane would you, old chap, and sprinkle the clouds with some silver chloride crystals."

And the met. plane went up and sprinkled the clouds which had darkened the earth, and the hailstones stopped pouring down and the sun shone brightly.

"Show me another," said the P.M.

"I will cause a plague of frogs to descend upon the land," said God.

The P.M. picked up the telephone. "Get the Ministry for Agriculture and Fisheries," he said to the Operator "and instruct them to procure a frog killer, as myxomatosis killed rabbits." And soon the land was free of frogs, and the people gave thanks and erected laboratories in his name.

"Show me another," sneered the P.M.

And God caused the sea to divide. The P.M. picked up his direct-link telephone to the Polaris submarine. "Lob a few I.C.B.Ms. into Antarctica and melt the ice cap please, old man."

And the ice cap melted, and the water came rushing back to the sea again. "I will kill all the first-born," said God.

"Paltry tricks," said the P.M. "Watch this!"

He pressed a button on his desk and missiles flew to their pre-ordained destinations. H-bombs split the world asunder and radio-activity killed every mortal thing.

"I can raise the dead," said God.

"Please," said the P.M. in his cardboard coffin, "Let me live again."

"Why, who are you?" said God, closing the lid.

Lester Barr.

## FLAME

Flickering tiny yellow flame of candle  
 then deeper redder flame of paper  
 now harder, hungrier devastating  
 flame

as it eats carpets and curtains  
 then finally the wood catches  
 and all is gone.

Fire is powerful, all possessing,  
 good as slave, but bad as master,  
 ready to serve, but readier to rule.  
 Watch out! That little docile flame  
 in a grate or on a candle is  
 waiting for the one careless mistake.

Nicholas Dryden, F.II.

## A PETITION

We are a band of town mice,  
 Liking to live in schools or hicc.  
 We might live in a field with flowers and  
 nettles

But still we prefer to live with Mr  
 Kettles—

That is, not with him but under the floor  
 Reaching Mrs Lambert's by a door.  
 Really we live all over the school  
 But these are headquarters as a rule.  
 We don't mind sharing our home with  
 you,

We don't expect it to stay like new,  
 We don't mind your rubbish  
 (Sometimes it's tasty-ish)  
 But really the noise  
 (It's all those boys),

We really feel we must object,  
 Hoping this fault you will correct.  
 I mean, you really must admit  
 We do put up with quite a bit!

Could we have it quieter still?  
 You'll say 'Yes,' I know you will.  
 Please do something about the din  
 If only to the rooms we're in.  
 Our headquarters, as I said before,  
 Are under Mr Kettles' floor;  
 Mr Fyall's is another place,  
 Mr Paton's contains a whole race,  
 One or two mice scurry below  
 Then to Mrs Walton's they go.  
 But please, of those most of all  
 Is under Mr Kettles' wall.

Anonimouse

(with sympathizers of H.F., F.III.)

if you use any of this stuff,  
 you must be really hard up  
 for articles.

## LOWER YARDALE'S WITCH-HUNT

The school teacher was worried. His plans for the village had gone awry. Acting on information received, he had called a meeting in the schoolhouse to discuss the problem.

Two days ago he had received an anonymous letter, accusing old Miss Haversham of being a witch. The whole village knew, of course, that Miss Haversham was slightly odd, living alone as she did in a small clearing in the midst of the estate forest. It was almost a tradition for the Havershams to be hermits, and for the past fifty years Miss Haversham's herbal remedies had been warmly welcomed.

The anonymous writer went further though, and stated that Miss Haversham had been seen several times "sailing above the clouds on a silver broomstick." Normally Drifford, the schoolteacher, did not believe such claims, but he had proof with his own eyes, because his neighbour, Mrs Fanwick, had consulted Miss Haversham last week, to obtain a cure for her rheumatism. She had been given some liniment to apply, and a bottle of medicine. The day after she had returned, Drifford had happened to be passing her door in the village street, when he heard a faint cry.

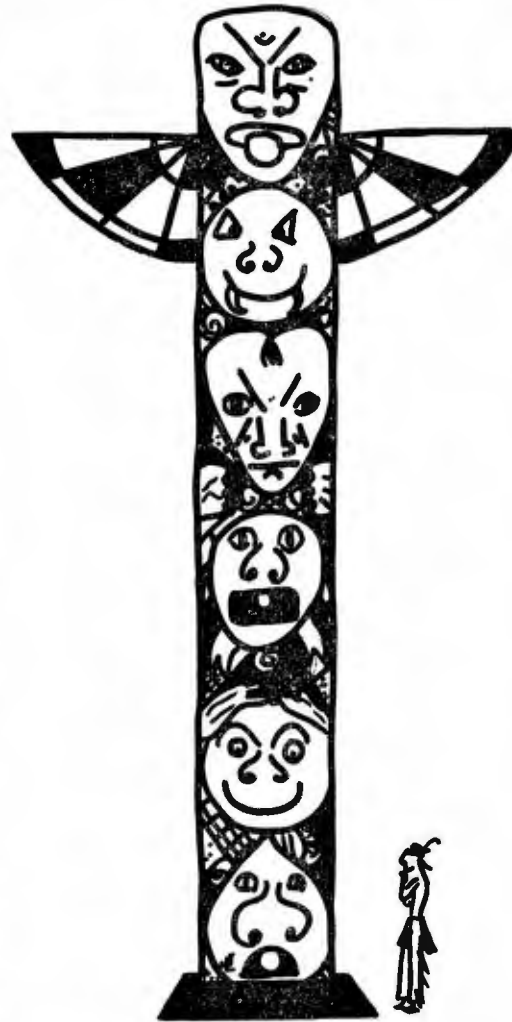
He hurried in and found Mrs Fanwick sprawled on the floor. Going over to her, he gently picked her up, and placed her on the sofa. Then he telephoned Doctor Blake, who came immediately.

"Yes," he said, "a slight case of food poisoning. Have you been eating unusual foods recently?"

Drifford was roused from his reverie by the vicar and his wife. They listened with interest while he recounted his tale. Suddenly the vicar jumped up, exclaiming, "This is a judgement of God's! We must act with haste." With these words, he left to prepare his sermon for the following day.

The Church of Saint Augustus was full that Sunday, because all the village had heard that the vicar's sermon would be something special.

During his sermon the vicar urged his comrades to seek out this Devil's Advocate, this canker amongst them, and wrench it from their midst. It was decided there and then that Miss Haversham would have to be visited. Colonel Arnold led the way, chanting, "Blood, blood, blood!"



CONTEMPLATION

Joanna, F.2.

Soon the party reached the clearing, and saw that the front door was open. Colonel Arnold did not need any encouragement to join the vicar in entering the house.

They came out ten minutes later, dragging Miss Haversham between them. A crowd had already gathered around the well, and willing hands tied a boulder to Miss Haversham's legs, then helped her on to the edge of the well. The vicar was about to offer up a prayer, but someone had already pushed Miss Haversham over.

"Sink or swim," the crowd yelled.

Miss Haversham sank from view. The vicar said, "The woman is undoubtedly innocent." Arnold reached over to pull Miss Haversham up.

There was no need. She was already dead.

"I must have erred in my judgement. Only the guilty die," said the vicar.

## MOMENT OF PEACE

When I met you,  
You were like a golden dream—  
A part of paradise on earth:  
But now,  
I see you as you really are,  
I know you.  
All your charms,  
Embraces  
Are gone—  
But, I hope,  
Not too far away.  
The penalty I paid  
Is forgotten—  
That is,  
The penalty of love.  
It's aches and pains unending  
Taught me that I must grow up—  
Life isn't just a game.  
You put a flame in my heart.  
It will never leave me.  
Indeed,  
It grows stronger  
Every time I see you.  
If that should ever die . . .  
I should die, too.

Jennee

## SCRAPYARD—R.I.P.

Everybody, it seemed,  
Walked straight past the scrapyard,  
every day.

Except me

Except today.

There was the notice on the wall  
Just as it had always been—

R. I. Prentice, Scrapdealer.

But somehow today the owner's initials  
had a special significance.

R. I. P.—Rest In Peace.

As if the board were the tombstone  
Of the contents of that rotting perimeter.  
All the rotting cars of road-hogs long  
off the road,

The rotting prams of children long  
grown up.

The scrapyard—just a metal grave-  
yard,

Its coffins cushioned by bald tyres and  
rotting bedsprings.

I saw the initials once more,

R. I. P.

They seemed appropriate.

Liz.

## FAMOUS SAYINGS FROM F.I.

"Thank god I've done my homework."

"My uncle has a painting in the Louvre."

"Don't talk to him, he's got a cheap car."

"Give us a fruit-gum."

"Tight rat."

"There was this wee many."

"Look at me."

"What a masterpiece."

"I wonder what would happen if I . . ."

"Did you know in the year 1566 28% of the  
males baptised in Britain were named Ian?"

"Bet you're chuffed!"

"Do you mind?"

"Listen to this one!"

These sayings were heard, and still can be,  
in various classes in F.I.

Chosen by Fred Wellie, F.I.

## LUNCH

### IN THE FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE OF THE 5th YEAR CLOAKROOM

"Get your mug out of there! I was here first  
—get to the end of the queue. That is it I am  
afraid—you'll have to go and refill the kettle."

"Why am I always the one to miss the first  
lot?"

"Can anyone lend us some sugar."

"Have you forgotten to bring it again? I told  
you last week that it was just finished. You  
always leave me to provide both the sugar and  
the coffee."

"I bring the milk."

"Any left. Oh! Who's going down to Lil's,  
then?"

"Haven't you kept a place for me? I always  
keep one for you. Move up—it's my turn on  
the radiator."

"Turn the radio up a bit, would you?"

"You don't like that one? All their records  
are exactly the same!"

"Your turn on the dishes."

"What a nerve! I did them yesterday."

"Oh, shut up and go and do them!"

"Who wants to peel my orange for me?"

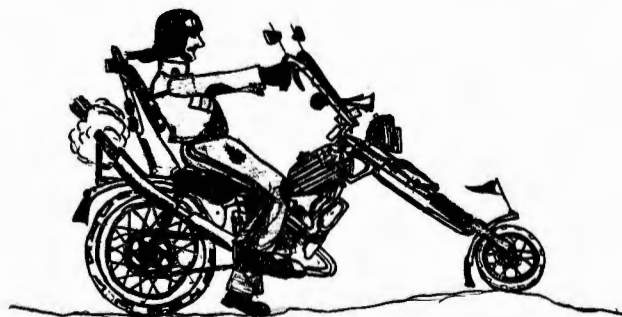
"What are you going to do when you leave  
school and forced to do it yourself?"

"Is it 'oggle time,' yet?"

"Just about. Take up window positions—  
commence oggling!"

And that is lunch over for another day.

by "one of the happy family."



William Anstice, L.VII.

## EARLY ONE MORNING

The short story told below is based on quotations which are indicated by brackets. Try to guess who said each particular quote.

Therefore (abide with me). (This is not the end, it is not even the beginning of the end but it is perhaps the end of the beginning).

(Early one morning, just as the sun was rising) Mary woke up, went downstairs and had breakfast with her family (some sipping punch, some sipping tea). After deciding to (walk upon England's mountains green) she set off (steady of heart and stout of hand) to her friend's house and together they began their (journey into the unknown). Mary was very embarrassed when her young impudent brother called out (who's your fat friend?) While walking down a dusty country lane they decided that (there'll always be an England while there's a country lane). They (wandered lonely as a cloud) (past the near meadows, over the still stream, up the hillside). Having (nothing to eat but food) they ate lunch in a wood wondering why (there was no leaf upon the forest bare, no flower upon the ground). Then they ran and (stood tiptoe upon a little hill). Suddenly from the wood flew a robin (like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire), thought Mary, "(a wonderful bird is a pelican)". In order to be home before ('tis the very witching time of night) Mary and her friend wearily (drudge through the miry lane by the skulking pond where the pollards frown). At last Mary lay down in bed (to sleep perchance to dream).

(This is the beginning of the end). There is nothing more for me to write except that (I have nothing to declare except my genius).

## QUOTATIONS

- "Abide with me"—Henry Francis Lyte.  
"This is not the end, it is not even the beginning of the end, but it is perhaps the end of the beginning"—Sir Winston Churchill.  
"Early one morning, just as the sun was rising"—Anonymous.  
"Some sipping punch, some sipping tea"—William Wordsworth.  
"Walk upon England's mountains green"—William Blake.  
"Steady of heart and stout of hand"—Sir Walter Scott.  
"Journey into the unknown"—Jules Verne.  
"Who's your fat friend?"—George Bryan Brummell.  
"There'll always be an England while there's a country lane"—Hughie Charles.  
"Wandered lonely as a cloud"—William Wordsworth.  
"Past the near meadows, over the still streams, up the hillside"—John Keats.  
"Nothing to eat but food"—Benjamin Franklin King.  
"There was no leaf upon the forest bare, no flower upon the ground"—Percy Bysshe Shelley.  
"Stood tiptoe upon a little hill"—John Keats.  
"Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire"—Alexander Smith.  
"A wonderful bird is a pelican"—George Lanier Neinnt.  
"'Tis the very witching time of night"—William Shakespeare.  
"Drudge through the miry lane by the skulking pond where the pollards frown"—Edmund Blunden.  
"To sleep perchance to dream"—William Shakespeare.  
"This is the beginning of the end"—Charles-Maurice de Talleygrand.  
"I have nothing to declare except my genius"—Oscar Wilde.

eg.

## CHILDHOOD

Life mixed up with wild imaginings,  
Sand castles and Christmas trees,  
School and weddings and hospitals,  
Summer following Summer,  
Spring following Spring.  
Toffee apples and candy floss,  
Over the years they will jumble  
And the clarity of this child's mind  
Will fade, as adulthood and life's rat  
race takes over,  
Twisting her thoughts with hurry and  
propriety,  
Till daisy chains are forgotten  
In the madness.

Sandra Jack



# INNOCENCE.

Alison Mitchell, F.I.

## THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLED

The Pakistani bus conductor looked at  
my twelve journey.  
“If you wanna me to stampan dis you  
better gonna hurry,  
Cos today it no be Sataday, today be  
Sunday night  
And if you buy dis ticket here, you gotta  
use it right.”

Then he peered at me through half-  
closed eyes,  
Feet square upon the floor.  
“Me canno stamp da Sunday space cos  
da space be no more!”

“Look here,” said I, “there’s Saturday,  
So stamp my ticket there,  
I know today is Sunday,  
But I’ve paid my money — fair and  
square.”

“Ali Ba, you angry now,  
But plis do not excite,  
Cos unless you pay da difference  
You walka home tonight.”

“All right,” I said. “You win this time,  
I’ll walk without a grumble,  
Because the next stop is my stop  
But that’s the way the cookie crumbles!”

## THE CURSE OF DEATH

The strong Egyptian sun dazzled my eyes as I gazed across the deserted plateau. After hours of walking, the remaining few men, who had survived from the sun, the exposure and the sheer exhaustion, were now becoming weaker and weaker. They were hot and thirsty, but still willing to trudge on.

Suddenly a short gust of wind blew some sand into our eyes and, before we knew it, a blanket of blinding sand was upon us. I covered my eyes when the stinging particles hit my face and made it glow red with the heat. I staggered and fell to the ground struggling desperately for safety and lay there waiting for the storm to pass.

Gradually the sand was blown over the distant hills and we heaved ourselves to our feet. In the distance a protruding pyramid now towered up to the deep-blue sky. After six months of hard digging and walking, with little success, this was a spectacular sight.

Stumbling down the last few stone steps to the entrance of the pyramid, I felt my legs struggling to reach it. Above the entrance there was a slab bearing the inscription, "Death to him who desecrates this tomb. He shall be blasted and burned to pieces!"

I stood, astounded, staring at the lettering. Should we go in? What would happen to us? But finally we ventured into the dark tomb.

The door creaked as I opened it. I hesitated before stepping over the threshold into the undiscovered world. Seeing nothing we walked along the lime tunnel. Suddenly I felt something on my shoulder and I turned to see a



David Ogilvie.

mummy leaning against me. I stared at it, puzzled by the hieroglyphics and paintings on the case. This mummy was one of many tall ancient figures which lined both sides of the passage, as if showing us the route to death. I imagined that they all began to smile and then I blinked and it was all gone.

Hesitating no longer, we walked on and soon there in front of us was the whole tomb of some unknown Pharaoh. He lay amongst jewellery, furniture, and all his worthy possessions. That was what we had been longing to find!

From a dark corner a strange shape wavered mysteriously. I rushed over to the shape and discovered a hissing, Egyptian, papyrus snake twisting its crinkling body up and down. I quickly backed away from the poisonous snake.

A sweet, scented perfume rose in the form of incense from the coffin and my nostrils dilated the strong colour. Linen bandages were flaking off the body and the head was decomposing. Then I heard a buzzing noise coming from the coffin and I saw a mosquito flying in the cavities of the body. My hair stood on end. The rest of my companions crowded round, horrified at the insect. The remains of a peace offering of fruit and wine still lay in the dust after five thousand years of civilization on the Nile.

As we stood staring at the Pharaoh entrance, we hoped that time had destroyed and mellowed the curse of death!

Katy Langlands, F.1a,2.

## THE GERMAN TRIP

We left Dundee at 5 o'clock on Monday, the 3rd of April, in high spirits but these were damped somewhat by the breakdown of one of the buses in Fife. The overnight journey was not a very comfortable one and few people got much sleep, so it was a tired busload which reached Dover next morning.

The Channel crossing, despite all forecasts, was quite calm, but we were glad to get to Zeebrugge, then Blankenburghe for a good night's sleep.

We left early next morning and a 12-hour journey took us all the way to Stolzenfels, a suburb of Koblenz. On the way we had a short, but interesting, tour of Bruges, a stop at Ghent cathedral and a stop at Antwerp for lunch where the coke cost 15fr (13p) per small bottle. During our stay in Stolzenfels we crossed the Rhine and went up the Rhine Gorge to Rüdesheim where we visited a brandy (hic!) distillery. We came back by Rhine steamer — a most picturesque voyage.

On another day we went up the Moselle valley to Cochem, and therefore we had an opportunity to compare these two famous wine valleys. On other days we had trips up the Lahr valley, to a disappointing Frankfurt and to seemingly hundreds of cathedrals.

The hotel was filled with other parties of girls, to the delight of all concerned.

We left Stolzenfels on the Wednesday after a very interesting and enjoyable stay. However, this holiday was very slightly marred by the number of stomach upsets and bouts of sickness. The journey back was easier than the journey going as everyone was tired and slept at least a little on the way up.

Among items brought back to parents — ashtrays, cigarette lighters, beer mugs, wine glasses, liqueur chocolates, etc.

Robin Winter.  
J. Leslie Whiteford.



## MAGAZINE FOR THE WASTEPAPER BIN

Well, here I am again writing for the school magazine. I have written an article of some sort for most magazines and as I have only had one article published, I very much doubt if this will help fill its many pages. To begin with I wrote poems, but as they had little affect on the editorial committee, I abandoned them, choosing short compositions to replace them. The result was exactly the same.

What then, would I write for this term? Day after day I chose a new title. Day after day I scrapped it after writing a dozen lines, but today I have restrained myself long enough to say I will be very surprised if this will go further than the wastepaper bin, but at least this has kept me occupied.

Stephen Davis, F.I.

On Monday 24th January 1972, during the morning break, a certain female member of Form V sprang up on to the table and proceeded to air her views on a certain subject. (It appeared that she was in strong agreement with the opinion of a certain male English teacher). She was uttering grievances against her fellow-pupils for their apathy towards their scholastic activities, with special reference to the school magazine. We were informed that any one of us was capable of putting our thoughts down on paper.

Hence we put pen to paper and eagerly await a stimulating article from Miss M.

Mac and Rat



Penelope-Anne.

## WHY BOTHER WITH A MAGAZINE?

What is the point of trying to publish a school magazine when it is quite obvious to all that only a handful of people throughout the whole school take any interest in contributing? Nobody can argue that this is not true because it becomes more and more evident each year from the finished product. What our magazine needs is new, fresh ideas but this can only be achieved with the co-operation of the pupils. It is up to us to write articles for the magazine so that the editor at least has the opportunity to choose what he is going to publish instead of being forced into using the old material or the work of one person who has taken the trouble to put pen to paper.

There is no point complaining about the standard of the magazine until you yourself have contributed something to help improve the situation, which in recent years has become increasingly poor—not through only one person's fault but through the pupils lack of enthusiasm.

We would all be sorry if there were never again a magazine to read but unless we begin to take a little more interest it is not going to be worth the bother trying to publish a school magazine at all!

C. Mills, F.V.

## THE GREAT BANANA FARCE

Snodgrass Winterbottom looked over his glasses disapprovingly. "There is no need to make so much noise with the tea-tray Humphries." William George Humphries was very hurt by this remark because, for generations before in his family, handling tea-trays had been a speciality. In fact his grandfather had won the Little-Buxshire tea-tray balancing competition three times in a row! (He died after winning the third time, the excitement killed him).

William we shall call him Bill (all his friends call him Bill, he swears his budgie even calls him Bill). Anyway, Bill left the room in a huff. What did Winterbottom know about tea-trays? After all he was the official tea-boy. He sat in the corner staring out the big office window. He passed the time putting his new hobby to the test (spotting people with wooden legs). As he was gazing out the window he saw a man eating a banana in a suspicious manner. Bill was then called back to Mr Winterbottom's office to collect the tea-tray. When he returned to the window the man was still there suspiciously eating another banana!

Seconds later the church clock struck one. Lunch hour! An opportunity had arisen for Bill to investigate. He went down to the street and crossed the road. He stood under the shade of the fruiterer's store (this was where the man was situated), and watched him from behind a large coconut. He saw him speak into a box. "It must be some kind of radio," thought Bill. He couldn't hear what was being said but he didn't like the sound of the man's voice. Suddenly he felt a sneeze coming on. "Better not bring attention to myself," he thought and pulled out his handkerchief. At that moment a 'plane flew low overhead spraying some kind of gas. Everybody except Bill and the man fell down unconscious. Now Bill is not very bright but he had the sense to keep his handkerchief over his nose. Obviously, the man had been inoculated against the gas. "So he must have something to do with it." Soon the gas cleared but everyone was still unconscious. It was then that the man saw Bill. He pulled a small instrument out of his pocket.

Where had he seen this before? Bill racked his brains, then he remembered. It was a paralphonic-telescopic-neutral-banded ray-pistol! And

there was only one way of preventing this pistol affecting you. Bill quickly grabbed two bananas, stuffed one up his right nostril and the other into his left ear. The pistol gave out a purple beam but this just bounced off Bill.

Suddenly he noticed his bananas were melting in the heat of the sun! He grabbed a coconut and threw it at the man, it stunned him and he dropped the pistol. Bill jumped up and down on it and just to make sure it was useless he chewed it up and spat it out. He then finished off the man with three more coconuts.

He searched him and found some papers which appeared to be plans of some sort. After about five minutes Bill found out that a gang of crooks were trying to steal all the bananas in the world. After another five minutes (Bill is not very good at reading) he found out that the next target would be Jamaica.

After some thought Bill decided it would be best to fly if he was to catch the crooks quickly. He had been taking pilots' courses at the local air field so knew what to do.

After running the quarter of a mile to the airport, Bill jogged over to the maps office and dug out two maps, one of the Atlantic and another of Jamaica. As I have said before Bill is not very bright and he did not think of going to France for assistance.

It was only when he was half way across the Atlantic when he remembered he hadn't finished the pilots' courses and didn't know how to land the 'plane.

"Oh, I'll manage somehow!" he thought to himself. Soon he was flying over Jamaica. "I wonder what kind of cargo this plane has?" he thought. He rummaged about and soon found some papers. He read over them and discovered the plane was carrying one ton of plastic budgies!

As he gazed down at the island he saw the small 'plane spraying the gas again and, as he flew lower he saw a fleet of trucks waiting for the gas to clear so as they could go and collect the bananas. He racked his brain for an idea to spoil their plan. Then suddenly it hit him though (luckily for him) not in a painful place. This was in fact a plastic budgie which hit him for one of the crates had burst open. Then, an idea hit him. The idea was to dive bomb the airfield with plastic budgies.

So, he flew low and emptied about half a crate. The budgies smashed a few windows but

that was all. By this time he was running short of fuel and would have to land soon. So he flew down to the runway and slowly brought the 'plane down. Suddenly the 'plane skidded on an oily patch and crashed into the small 'plane and the trucks. The crooks scattered all over the island.

Bill ran for one of the airfield buildings and 'phoned the nearest island for assistance. Within two hours the entire police force from the nearest island had arrived and rounded up most of the gang.

The gas wore off in about a day, but had no after effects.

Bill got an award from the Royal Society For The Protection Of Bananas. He also got a medal from the Chinese Communist Party (this must have been misposted but Bill kept it) and there was even a collection of milk bottle tops set up for him.

And Bill lived happily ever after. Funnily enough Bill never really liked bananas after that.

Written by Gorfman Niezolkonirierlipend and his pen (Percy).

Form I.

And when it comes—a rotten Christmas to everyone who didn't buy my new book.



M. McC.

## THE TRAIN JOURNEY

Hearing the midnight siren, as I lay in my bed, from the clocks, I turned my thoughts back to that memorable night of 30 years ago. The night when my life might well have been ended. I can remember it well . . .

. . . . The busy station was in darkness, the only light coming from lanterns carried by the porters and station master. The monstrous black train steamed in and hissed to a halt. Doors were slamming and banging as people got on and off the train. Finally the train streamed out into the blackness of the night, with reluctance. Through the barren countryside which once was green and pleasant, we steadily moved onwards.

The dimmed light of the compartment was barely adequate to see from one side to the other and I could hardly make out my travelling companions, but from what I could see they seemed as unenchanted with our present situation as I did.

The old man in the corner was huddled up, trying perhaps to sleep. The woman sitting opposite him with her two children cuddling into her, was very poorly dressed. She wore laddered stockings, shoes with holes and an obviously ancient suit. The only respectable things she was wearing were her hat and blouse. It was obvious that her clothing rations were spent on her children as they, in comparison were beautifully dressed. The old lady, who was sitting next to me, clicked continuously and annoyingly away at her knitting. She too was shabbily dressed, from her hat down to her shoes. The only relief from the faded clothes was a double string of pearls which positively glowed round her neck.

"Click! Click! Click!"

On and on she went till I found myself wanting to scream from sheer exasperation.

The train rushed on. Once or twice the little light began to flicker as if pretending to die; another train passed us, breaking the monotonous noise of our train, its wheels making sparks as they turned on the track. It was a fast moving express.

We sped on, passing through station after station and village after village. We came to a town, a large badly kept town. We could see

homeless urchins and orphans sleeping by the railway embankment. The noise of the train overcame the sobs but one could imagine the noise and it rang round one's head. Their families and friends, their homes and all they had ever known had all been obliterated as had those of many others in many other towns. We passed through the town stopping briefly at its only station. This too was badly damaged. As we moved off again, we made for the edge of the town again. It was while we were passing through this stage of our journey that we first heard the siren. The aeroplane flew over, droning above us. Their bombs were landing on the already badly hit town. The train, by this time, was completely blacked out to avoid being an obvious target. The little girls were sobbing and their mother was trying to comfort them; however, with the bombs exploding all around us it is little wonder that they continued despite their mother's endeavours. The little old lady next to me went on knitting automatically, stopping now and then only to finger her pearls or to utter a short prayer under her breath, while the old man sat in his corner and muttered and scratched continuously. I was amazed that the old woman could still keep on knitting in the darkness but instead of stopping on and on she went, on and on . . . The train puffed on continuously and the planes went away, their job was done. The lights in the train came on and a sense of relief was felt. The train rattled on, on and on . . .

Suddenly it made a great lunge forward. The lights went out and we were all flung forward on to the floor in a great surge. Great wailings arose from up and down the train and the train crumpled up and cracked and broke. There was a sound of splintering glass and wood. Flames struck up at the front of the train. Sound of people screaming in agony and terror wafted up on the cool night breeze to our ears. I couldn't take in the horror of the tragedy which had just taken place.

After a few minutes my head cleared. I tried to pick myself up, managed and scrambled out of the crumbled carriage. Just as I did so, there was an enormous explosion as the engine blew up. Others had extracted themselves by now and the horror began to sink in. We all got together and tried to rescue as many people as possible from the fiery grave.

Much later help came. Ambulances and fire-tenders came to rescue the injured. I remember little more after this till I awoke up in a sterile smelling hospital ward. Many hours after this I learned of the full extent of the tragedy.

How many innocent lives are needlessly wasted in war.

Anthea Henderson, F.V.

## SURRENDER

Slowly he got up. With a seemingly nonchalant air, he made his way outside to the village street, gleaming gold in the early morning sunlight. He walked through the village towards the market-place. It was deserted. No-one else was awake so early, especially on a feast-day.

But he was sad. He could not take his mind off the day's festivities—could not forget that he would not partake of the Buffalo which had been specially slaughtered for the occasion.

He made his way up into the hills, on to the edge of the world. There was no escape. The death that way was worse even than death if he remained, and held no glory. He would be punished for running away from the knife of the high priest of the Inca gods, which would give him so much pain at sunset. He had, as an infant been compelled to watch this gory ceremony and almost felt the victim's pain himself. But this time, he was the chosen one.

With a sigh he resigned himself to his fate, and returned to the village by a different route, drawn almost irresistibly to the temple. It was never impossible to enter, but no one was there this morning the preparations had been made the night before.

Now he approached the altar-stone. Then, suddenly, he snatched up the knife which had been laid there for the purpose of his sacrifice. Quickly he plunged it into his heart, swiftly, painlessly, for his self-imposed sacrifice was instantaneous, not the long death he should have had. And yet, the place, his instrument of death made it a true sacrifice to the Inca gods.

Sandra Jack



David Ogilvie, L.VI.

## HISTORY OF GOLF

No one knows when or where golf started, although it may have begun in the Netherlands. It became popular in Scotland and many Scots looked on it as their national game.

In 1457 the Scottish parliament forbade it, because they said that it was interfering with practising with bows and arrows. It was taken to America at the end of the 19th century and is now played there even more than in Great Britain.

Most American courses, however, are inland ones, and the seaside courses of Britain are famous for their links, short springy turf, natural bunkers.

Gordon Adam.

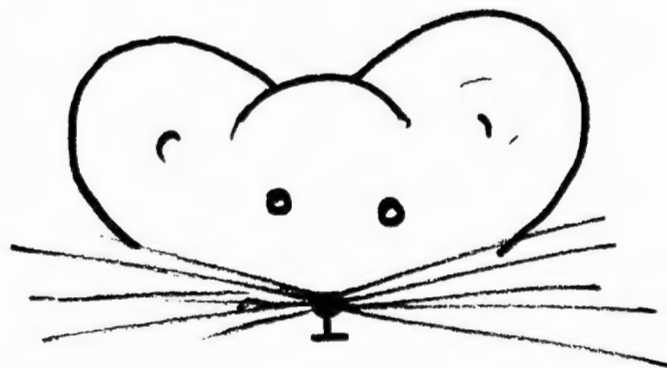
## THE MOUSE

I heard a scratching behind the chair  
And there with whiskers twitching  
And trembling so  
I saw a mouse

Its coat was sleek with silvered streaks  
And eyes as shiny as black  
As jet  
It cowered with fear

And women hysteric would scream and shout  
With fear at its being there  
Not thinking of  
Its fear of man

Catriona McGregor.



## INTERVIEW

Valerie A. Reid and John C. Vannet, aided and abetted by Catherine M. McLeod and J. Michael G. Blair might seem a group of celebrities worthy of the interviewing acumen of Robin Day or the suavity of David Frost; but in the unaccountable absence of these gentlemen I asked them to reveal what power had done to them: In the somewhat inelegant surroundings of archaic desks, squeaking radiators, battleship paint and broken window-panes this is what I discovered!

**1 Question: Why (honestly) do you think you were chosen?**

Valerie: I live nearest Miss Gray.

John: The Headmasters thought I was Michael Blair.

**2 And now, a question for their deputies. What do you like most and least about the Head Girl?**

Catherine 1: I like her because she's Head Girl instead of me.

2: I dislike the fact that she can eat doughnuts without getting fat.

Michael 1: Can't think of anything likeable.

2: Or, unlikeable (come to think of it).  
(Does this suggest a lack of vocabulary?)

**3 Question: What do you like most in school?**

Valerie: Free periods.

John: Cups of tea from Lilly and Betty.

Catherine: Canteen apples.

Michael: Cadets!

**4 Question: What do you dislike most in school?**

Valerie: Staff who walk into the Prefect's room without knocking.

John: Brilliant new telephone system summoning prefects to go errands.

Catherine: There are not enough hiding places.

Michael: Vast numbers of members of staff who come in late (they are the only individuals in the "late" book).

## HOOTLEHOO

You  
don't need  
to believe me  
but I'm a thing,  
a Hootlehoo! I move  
one thing — square  
wheels and I make painful  
groaning noises because the  
noise of the wheels gives me a  
headache. I wear  
a hat and it's pink  
for camouflage  
I eat food, things  
like glue

**5 Question: What would you do if you were Rector for a day?**

Valerie: Have a fit.

John: Persuade the Board to supply a business (?) car for the Head Boy.

Catherine: Expel all the "skivers," and then go to the beach for a picnic.

Michael: Make the Staff obey the traffic regulations.

**6 Traditional Question: What is your favourite food?**

Valerie: Doughnuts and Potato Crisps (Salt and Vinegar).

John: Anything edible.

Catherine: Cheese/spinach.

Michael: Rest of prefects exclaim "We never see Michael eating!"

**7 Question: Why do you continually gaze out of the window of the prefect's room?**

Valerie: I can't stand watching Michael playing patience (?).

John: To cover up others pursuing ulterior motives on the bench beneath.

Catherine: It stops my getting bored.

Michael: There's no point in gazing at the wall behind.

**8 Question: What advice do you have for your successors?**

Valerie: Take a panadol.

John: Commit suicide.

Catherine: Leave now.

Michael: Whatever you do, don't worry: and that's an order.

**9 What question would you most like to ask the questioner?**

Valerie: Who wrote "Ivanhoe?"

John: Why do you call your belt "Clarissa?"

Catherine: Where do you get your ties?

Michael: Why don't you ever write the true story of the staffroom to be put in the School Library?

And that's as good a place as any to end.

R.S.F.

P.S.—Carolyn E. Sillars and William D. L. Boath sent their apologies.

## CHRIST IS THE ANSWER

At this time when everyone is looking for something—something more than what they have—no-one really thinks of Jesus as the answer. After all who was he? A man who lived and died 2000 years ago. A man who has no relevance to this time.

No people are more interested in thrills, money and position. Finding things tough one may turn to sex or dope and take a trip to find satisfaction. But Jesus is the world's greatest "trip." We all want to get "high"—money-wise, positionwise or otherwise, but when we get high on the love of Jesus we do not come down. This is a trip without an end—an eternal high.

We don't promise an immediate solution to all your problems but Jesus can help us, even materially.

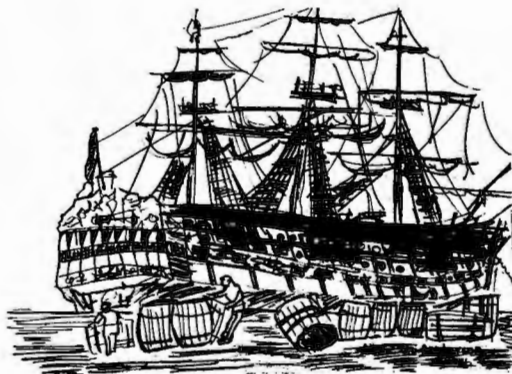
Three girls working with the Hilltown Nuns survive only on money which comes from God—indirectly perhaps, but still from Him. Ask any Christian who has had a taste of both lives which he'd rather have. Life with Christ is so wonderful it needs to be experienced to be believed.

People think they are doing fine on their own but sometimes they realise that these Christians around them seem so much happier, even though they may have no money, fixed home or anything but Jesus. Yet, he is still all we need.

Jesus is the answer to our every need. He doesn't ask for Puritan, stiff-necked, collar and tied Quakers. He wants you, me, everyone for what we are. Appearance doesn't matter, nor does voice. We are "Justified by Faith."

But how do I find this Jesus? You don't even have to look! He's waiting for you to call. All we have to do is to confess our sins to Him (for we all have done wrong things—large or small. Thus we are sinners), and ask Him into our lives. Just be willing to let Him take us. Let Him do the rest. "He who calls on my name I will in no wise cast out." Another thing Jesus can give us is Eternal Life. Just think of it. Life for ever, in heaven—the most beautiful place ever—with God.

Why and how all this? Because Jesus died. Jesus the man who lived without sin died with



Alan G. Anderson, L.VII.

it. Not his own but ours! Jesus loved us so much that he died but is now alive, walking with every Christian—with you if you ask Him in. Jesus is so wonderful, life with Him is so great, I thank God for Jesus and pray that many more may come to know Him.

If you want to know more speak to one of the Christians you know, who will be more than delighted to tell you much more than I can cram in here.

## SOME PRESS COMMENTS ON THE D.H.S. MAGAZINE

"O tempora, O mores . . ."—Marcus Tullius Cicero.

"Its future will be reviewed . . ."

"Dear Albert swore by it—at least I think it was "by" it . . ."—Queen Victoria.

"This capitalist, Imperialist, racist, pro-American publication . . ."—Tass.

"Its future is still being reviewed . . ."

"Merde! Qui est ce type Fyall? . . ."—Chez Nous.

"Eh . . . Um . . . Jesus loves it! . . ."—Arthur Blessitt.

"Its future will be reviewed at a later date . . ."

**Editorial Interruption:** It makes you wonder if it's all worth it!

## ROSE COTTAGE

Visitors to the village always admired Rose Cottage. Set on the gently sloping hillside, with its trim garden and traditional roses round the door, it looked like everyone's dream home. Local residents would inform any inquisitive visitor that the cottage was owned by two elderly spinster ladies, and hint that there was more to it than met the eye. Miss Gertrude and Miss Mabel had once been "in the News." Joseph Massey, the notorious forger who had recently died in prison, had been their brother.

"The black sheep of the family he was,"—they would say. But this was not the cottage's only claim to fame.

"Surely you remember all the fuss two years ago?" they would ask and, if pressed, they would gladly recount the following story.

No two people in the village were held in greater esteem than Miss Gertrude and Miss Mabel. The two old ladies always had a kind word to say about everyone, and nothing that anyone asked them to do was too much trouble.

As they had very little income, they were very thrifty. They made their own jam, and bottled their own fruit and pickles. Miss Mabel was very artistic, and made their clothes, which though plainly cut, looked as if they might have been made by a Paris couturier. In short, it amazed everyone how well they managed.

Money was something they never discussed. During the winter, when cold covered the village with frozen fingers, everyone concurred in the story that the ladies were going to visit friends for three months, though it was common knowledge that they found employment in a London hotel. The sisters were too proud to admit openly that they worked, but Miss Gertrude had once let slip the dire fact. On the odd occasion one might even see some white overalls on the washing line when they returned.

To supplement further their meagre income, the ladies tried every winter to let their cottage while they were away. They did not succeed every year, as visitors to their remote Scottish village in the depths of winter were few and far between. But two years ago they were lucky. A sculptor in need of peace and quiet had rented the cottage, paying handsomely for

the privilege. That year the ladies wrote to their friends in the village that they felt affluent enough to return to the village for the Annual Christmas Fête. It was, they said, a great sorrow to them to have to miss it so often.

The sun smiled on the ladies as they tripped neatly up the path to the door of Rose Cottage. They had decided to donate some of their preserves to the Fête. Their knock was answered promptly by (to quote Miss Mabel) "a nice sensible-looking man."

After collecting their preserves, the ladies chatted pleasantly to their tenant, and were introduced to his brother. They admired the artist's work, and were shown some of the machines used by him in his art. These he had set up in the garden shed. Having declined the offer of a cup of tea, the ladies set off again towards the village hall. As soon as they were out of sight of the cottage they stopped simultaneously, and said together, "Did you smell . . . ?" They returned towards the police-station, almost running in their haste.

And that is how the last two members of the gang of counterfeiters were caught. Miss Mabel and Miss Gertrude told the police they had recognized the smell of the chemicals in the shed as being the same as they had smelt ten years ago in their brother's house in Glasgow.

"Strangely enough," said the local resident, "the police had been hot on their trail and had suspected for some time that forged notes originated in the area. Miss Gertrude and Miss Mabel did not have to go back to their employment in the South that year. They received a handsome reward, the amount of which was never disclosed, but the sisters' standard of living seemed to increase considerably.

Many tourists leaving the village in the autumn dusk would cast an envious backward look on the cosy cottage, set among the roses, on the gently sloping hillside, picturing therein the two old ladies seated companionably by the fire. Could they have eavesdropped on the scene they would probably have heard:

"Where do you think we should go this winter for our holiday, Mabel? Greece, perhaps?"

"I rather fancy Italy. My plates of Italian lire are quite perfect now. If you look out our travelling clothes, and check the hidden pockets, I'll run off a few thousand notes tonight."

"What a pity Joseph can't see what good use we have made of his secret room!"

On that remark Miss Gertrude would press the knob, and part of the floor would swivel round to reveal the printing den in the basement, and cunningly concealed in the gently sloping hillside.

Judith Hanslip, F.III.



David Saddler, L.VI.

## STEAM ON THE BOURNEMOUTH ROAD

With her triple exhaust sounding like machine gun fire, the great Southern Railway Pacific No. 34005 "Barnstaple" forged her way up the huge Southdown Embankment. The cold morning sun reflected half-heartedly off her shining green paintwork. It was the 24th of January 1966 and she was working the fastest diagram of the day, the 10.25 Waterloo-Bournemouth Central, the down "Bournemouth Belle."

In her spacious cab, Driver Bob Johnston and Fireman Ken Syme were working like slaves. Johnston watching the track and the myriads of gauges, with one hand on the regulator and the other on the brake, while Syme shovelled coal into the gaping mouth of the firebox and worked the water injectors for the boiler.

"Blast," said Johnston as she blew off steam at one of her safety valves, "go easy on the coal Ken, eh." He closed the regulator and applied the brakes slightly as a distant signal at danger flashed past. Seconds later he saw the home signal also at danger, and a harder brake application brought "Barnstaple" to a halt under the signal. She sat there blowing off steam from her valves and they waited for the road to clear. "Never had this one before," muttered Ken., "Must be the 09.50 freight. Why the devil can't they put it through earlier."

"Aw, stop moaning. Just 'cos we're early for once. Probably having trouble putting her into the refuge loop. Might as well have a look at the country." "How interesting, Surrey on a Sunday morning," replied Ken. "You know, I'll be sorry when they put the diesels on. It'll be different not having to get up so early and get your loco ready. Still we won't get so dirty, no coal dust and all that, suppose we'll get used to them eventually, but I sure will miss the steamers."

Bob was silent for a few seconds. "Yeap," he said, "I . . . ." The signal overhead clanged and instinctively his hand reached for the regulator. "Off we go, Bournemouth or bust." The

train made a brave sight as it restarted from its enforced stop. Its twelve Pullman coaches were resplendent in their brown and cream livery for the "Belle" was one of the few trains on British Railways which was composed of coaches owned by the Pullman Company of America. Those were "rented" to British Railways who operated them, giving a share of the profits back to the owning company.

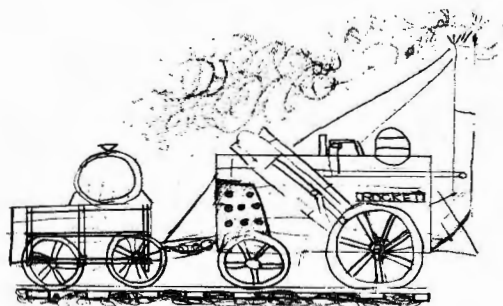
It was now doing about 40 m.p.h. but Bob did not want to go much faster as he knew that in a short time he would have to reduce speed, for there was track maintenance being carried out not far ahead. He expected to hear the warning detonator any moment and see the signs telling him what speed he could safely take the restriction at . . . Bang! He grasped the brake and glanced ahead, his experienced eyes soon picking out the board. It grew rapidly larger and in the next instant had flashed past."

"Not taking any chances," he said as Ken looked inquisitively upwards. "Have to cut speed to 15 today." Sparks flew from the brake as over 500 tons of locomotive and train

slowed down. Ken pulled the whistle chain to let the permanent way gang know of their approach and give its members time to scramble clear.

Bob could see them now for their orange safety jerkins showed up clearly from a great distance. He had time to watch 34042 "Dorchester" trundle past on the up relief line with a Bournemouth-Waterloo stopping train. The passing speed was so slow that he even had time to recognise its driver as one of his friends from his home shed.

He was now over the major part of the maintenance and could see that the cause of the trouble was a broken fishplate (railjoint). He waited till the last coach of his train was clear of the obstruction and opened the regulator a crack. "Barnstaple" responded but too much, for her driving wheels slipped. He slammed shut the regulator and once more opened it, more cautiously this time. Instead of the racing of the exhausts came a deep constant beat and the train accelerated once more. It was now running three minutes late and Bob was determined to bring it into Bournemouth,



David Lee, L.VI.

now only ten miles away, on time.

On the fast stretch into Bournemouth there was a limit of 85 m.p.h. and Bob knew that if he could work the train up to that speed and perhaps exceed the speed limit he might just get the "Belle" into her southern terminus on time. And so it was that Fireman Syme worked the hardest he had ever done. Even so the steam chest fell to only 195 p.s.i. but nevertheless the engine managed to reach 91 m.p.h. before Bob felt it advisable to start braking. For trains are not like cars. They need long distances to stop and in the case of Bob's

train, it would need at least 2 miles to stop it without the passengers suffering any discomfort.

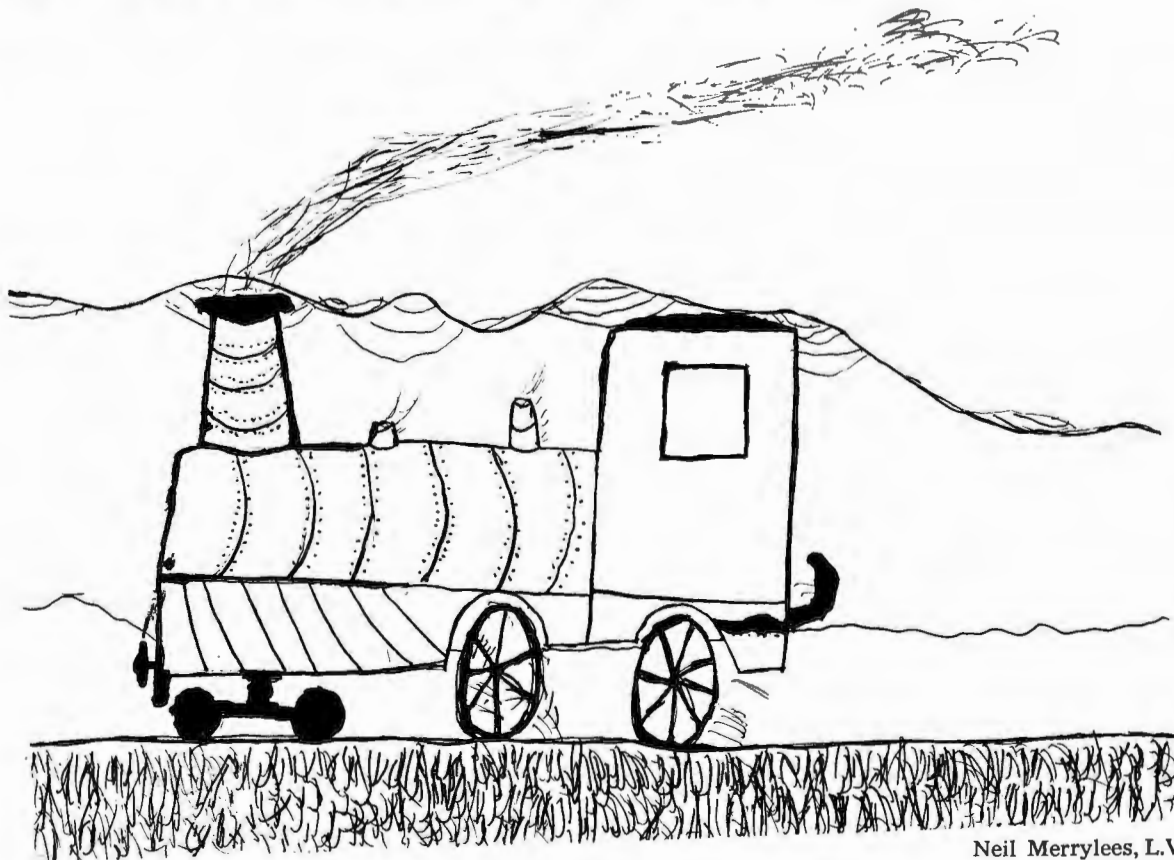
"Ken, quit shovelling that stuff into the fire-box, we should make it on what we've got." The first of the signal gantries controlling the outer approaches to Bournemouth Central had passed when Bob commenced braking. By the time the second gantry had passed, speed had decreased to 45 m.p.h.

If Bob had been on the arrival platform at that time he would have been able to see the train as it snaked over the masses of points

and crossovers at the entrance to Bournemouth.

The locomotive crew could relax slightly now, all that remained to be done was to bring the train gently up to the buffers. The station announcer's voice boomed from the loudspeakers, relatives and friends rushed forward to greet their loved ones, porters descended on the train, little boys (and big boys) gazed at the locomotive and two tired enginemen climbed down from their cab and went for a cup of tea.

L. Knight.



Neil Merrylees, L.V.

## DO YOU LOVE MY JESUS?

How many times today have you remarked to yourself or to another person "Jesus loves me?" How many times have you thought of Jesus? You know the Man who died on the cross to save you from your sins? How often have you prayed to God via Jesus? If you have answered no to any of these questions then you are not a true Christian, but before you reach to rip this page from your magazine, before your conscience receives a nasty jolt, hear this—you will not be the only one.

Myself and those who think along the same lines as me, believe that the basic reason for "forgetting Jesus" is the inadequate teaching given to people, when young, by the orthodox Church of Scotland. This Church is tending to work around spiritual problems, especially of young people, and do more, very good I might add, social work for old and infirm people. This is where the Jesus Movement comes in.

The Jesus Movement is a spontaneous movement which helps people with spiritual problems; to help them find Jesus and thus to save them, for Jesus said that the only way to Heaven was through Him. The leader of the movement is Jesus himself—he controls everything.

You may have seen a man called Arthur Blessitt on television; he is an important figure but he, like everyone else, was caught up in the spontaneous movement of love for Him who died for us. This movement does not contain young people exclusively but it is aimed at young people to try to stop them becoming a part of the convenient, watered down version preached from C. of S. pulpits. Bible studies are held, various people speak about their experiences of finding and knowing Jesus, but perhaps the most important outward image of the Movement is "Rock-God." "Rock God" is the musical accompaniment of the Movement. Not only hard rock but also soft rock and pop come into this category which has one thing in common—they are all about Jesus.

In America the Movement started separately in several places; one of these on Sunset Strip, traditional meeting place of drug addicts, hippies and the like. These people were made Christians, they were saved—saved from all their sins. Jesus solved all moral, drug and

other problems. Hallelujah! They stopped having free sex, they stopped taking drugs—with no ill-effects—by their faith in one man—my Jesus.

But before you say that you would not like your offspring mixing with ex-American drug addicts and you don't think the Movement will catch on in Britain, I have news for you—IT HAS!

May be you think your children are happy with their religious education. Ask them. Chances are that they are not at all happy and therefore Jesus will find them and they will be saved. But it is not only hippies and drop-outs that are in the Movement; in America short hairs and "nice High School Boys" are in the Movement and this so far is the general impression in Britain.

If you have felt shocked by this you will realise that Christianity as a whole needs a fresh breath—yet the C. of S. still ignores it—and this breath is the Jesus Movement.

Remember to smile—GOD LOVES YOU!

Jimmy Suttie, F.V.

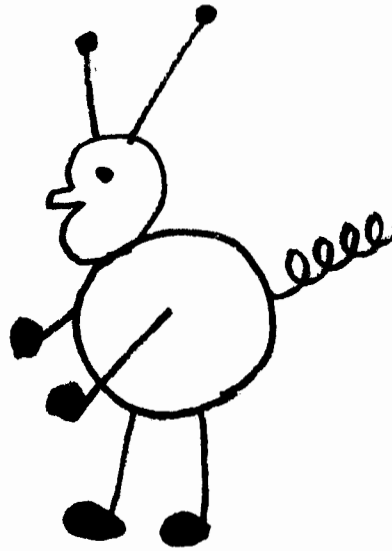
## THE WEE MALKIES

As Dr Malcolm Macleod turned the key to lock his laboratory in the Animal Genetics Department of Oxford University he said good-night to his "Wee Malkies." Now the "Wee Malkies" were on their own, two little mice. They maybe looked ordinary but they were super-intelligent mice, the final end-product of several years' research, in genetic selection. The next morning as he entered the lab the lab technician was cursing Malcolm and his "Wee Malkies" under his breath, but when he went to the cage—HORROR!!—it was open. Adam and Eve were gone!—he had locked the cage before he went and Dr Macleod had checked it—only the Malkies could have picked the lock!

Adam and Eve who had seen all they wanted to see, and thought England was a dump, were now sitting happily in the back of a cheese lorry going North to Scotland. Malcolm was intelligent so surely the country from which he had come must be better than England. Soon the Malkies had crossed the border and rejoiced to find that Scotland was indeed better than England. They decided the best idea would be to find a quiet place for a few months where no one would disturb them. After a few days the Malkies reached Mallaig where they hid in Bruce Watt's boat which was preparing to leave for St Kilda (the paradise for mice).

As the gale in the Minch grew stronger Eve began to have her doubts. The boat tossed and swayed and the Wee Malkies were by now decidedly sick—but a quick nibble on a sea-sickness pill dropped by a member of the National Trust party going to St Kilda soon cured that. On and on, the boat sailed until suddenly it stopped and the little stowaways peeped out from under a tarpaulin. Here was heaven! Scuttling off the boat unnoticed the Wee Malkies landed on St Kilda and settled comfortably in a cleft on Mullach Mhor.

The Wee Malkies multiplied; Adam and Eve had done their work well and the Wee Malkies thrived. It was decided to call a parliament of the Malkies. Soon outside cottage No. 1 Village Street, St Kilda the first Malkie Parliament was under way. The first question was nationality. The Malkies found this no problem as they had almost decided this already. They were going to be Scots. Then there was the problem of language. They communicated with each other



by telepathic process but realised they must start speaking to communicate with the less intelligent humans. All 270 little mice had different ideas. One stood up and said, "Why not speak Latin? It's a highly sophisticated language."

"But nobody likes learning it, and anyway it's a dead language," replied Adam. "How about Gaelic then? It's a highly sophisticated and inflected language and they aspirate which makes it more difficult," suggested another. And so the Malkies were now Scots and spoke Gaelic.

After this the Malkies decided it was time to take over St Kilda from the soldiers who were making a pretty poor job of things. The Malkies being so much more intelligent were accepted at once by the soldiers, who accepted their superiority.

By now there were 5,000 Malkies—a population explosion. So Adam and Eve (now elderly) and 10 other offspring mice stayed on St Kilda while the others migrated to the mainland. They integrated with the community and began to get all the best jobs including Rector of Oban High School and Minister of the Free Church in Stornoway. They took to wearing the most sensible dress—the kilt and sporan, and they decided they were now ready for the Mòd as their singing had improved.

At the Mòd the public had its first full scale meeting with the Malkies and Eve's first son Calum won the gold medal (for traditional singing) while all the other prizes were won by other Malkies. And so the public knew the Malkies, accepted the Malkies and wanted the Malkies.

The Scottish Nationalist Party approached the Malkies to take them over and it now consisted of Malkies alone, and the head of the party was Calum's brother, Iain. When the General Election came round the Opinion Poll Canvassers asked, "Whit'll ye dae Missis now the Wee Malkies have come?" The reply was always "Whit'll I dae? I'll vote for the Wee Malkies! I'm seeck a' death of that stupid twit in the yacht and that fat nyaff wi' the Gannex raincoat and the pipe! I'll vote for the Malkies!" So the Malkies won the election by the greatest majority ever known and took over Britain by election not by force. The British never had it so good!

Soon chairman Mao came with his little red

book saying that he was getting old and there was no one fit to take his place. "Will you take over China?" And the Malkies accepted. And what did you get? Chinese Malkies! Nixon worn out by Vietnam came with the same story, so America was Malkised. Next came Brezhnev and Russia fell peacefully to Malkie Rule.

Gradually Malkie rule spread over the world. No war was known and people lived happily under Malkie Rule. Pink, black, yellow and red Malkies mingled and mixed to make a mouse coloured Malkie like Adam and Eve. Peace ruled. No strife was known. Vietnam was at peace, Ireland was one happy community once more. The Malkies were supreme and Dr Malcolm Macleod was awarded the Nobel prizes for chemistry, physics and **PEACE**.

### THE FIRE

The fire was blazing fiercely before anyone arrived. News of it spread throughout the village almost as quickly as the fire through the house. Soon people began to arrive at the scene to gaze in admiration and discuss what to do. Someone suggested forming a bucket chain and this idea was put into operation. Buckets were fetched, the chain formed and small quantities of water thrown uselessly on the fire.

"Wish the fire engine would hurry," said one enthusiastic spectator.

"Aye, pity the fire station is so far away," returned another.

"What about the lady who was supposed to be living there?"

"Woman? I thought the place was deserted."

"She must still be in there! Oh! dear! We must get her out! Quick!" shrieked a hysterical woman spectator.

They began calling. It was a feeble attempt as their cries could not possibly have been heard above the roar of the inferno. With bells clanging gaily the fire engine arrived. On being told of the situation the head fireman scratched his head thoughtfully and told the frightened spectators, "Nothing can be done about the woman, if there is one, until we get the fire out."

The hoses gradually began to take effect and the charred skeleton of the house was no longer bedecked with flames of orange, yellow and red. However, it was still doubtful if an old lady was living in the house. Everyone began arguing with each other, and everyone maintained he held the correct point of view. Eventually a small boy materialised from nowhere and said in a loud high voice, "There was a lady in the house."

A deathly silence fell.

"How do you know, sonny?" queried the enthusiastic spectator.

"I had to go messages for her yesterday 'cos she can't really get out of bed. She said the house used to be her home but she went away and now she's come back again. She muttered something silly about coming back to die."

The little boy looked round inquiringly at the solemn faces then asked, "Why? has anything happened to her?"

Searching through the wreckage of the house the firemen found some pieces of furniture. Nothing else.

eg.



# School Activities and Club Reports

## SPORTS

### BOYS' ATHLETIC CLUB

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the season:—Captain, M. Philips; Vice-Captain, F. Hadden; Secretary, A. Milne; Treasurer, G. Bell.

This year, unfortunately, Buckhaven High School were unable to compete in the Annual Triangular Match leaving us only Dunfermline High to beat which we did convincingly. Waid Academy also fell to us by a comfortable margin, neither team's spirit being dampened by the rather cold, wet night.

C. & D. groups proved their worth by overwhelming both Grove Academy and Carnoustie and many of their performances bode well for the future.

All these hopes prophesy, we hope, many medals in both the Scottish Schools and Dundee Schools Championships for which all athletes are busily preparing—good luck!

We must thank Mr Hutchison for his valuable training together with all the other members of staff without whose help, contests would not have been run so smoothly.

A.J.M., F.V.

### CRICKET CLUB

The officials elected this season were:—Captain, A. G. R. Garden; Vice-Captain, D. J. Hain; Secretary, R. L. Crawford; Treasurer, G. G. A. Allardice. Committee: A. G. Walker, A. E. MacDonald, R. N. Hain.

This season has been a very successful one for the 1st XI team, the only loss being a minor game. Exceptional bowling performances from D. Hain and G. Walker (average 3.4 and



SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—James Rose, Gordon Thomson, Grant Dudgeon, Stewart Cram, Neil Dryden.

**Second Row** (l. to r.)—James Lester, Alison Sim, David Hadden, Pamela Gillis, Fraser Robertson, Valerie Reid, John Walton, Janet Hughes, Roderick McKean, Anthea Henderson.

**Third Row** (l. to r.)—Patricia Cramond, Sandy Thomson, Fiona Napier, Graham Ogilvie, Gillian Hogg, William Boath, Janice Proudfoot, Neil Watt, Alison Sherrit, Alan Boath, Jennifer Williams.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Mr A. H. Hutchison, Mary Grewar, Gordon Bell, Jane McNeill, Frank Hadden, Judy Collin, Murray Philips, Fiona Williamson, Alan Milne, Nicola Miller.

4.4 resp.), solid batting all round, and accurate fielding have won the team high respect in school cricket circles.

This excellent record is completed by the success of teams lower down the school, who have only lost 5 out of 18 games.

We are very grateful to all members of staff who unselfishly give up spare time to assist in the running of the Club. We are also indebted to Mr Connor and his ground-staff for keeping the grounds in excellent condition.

(Secretary).

### RUGBY CLUB

| 1971 | Date    | Opponents             | Ven. | F.        | A. |
|------|---------|-----------------------|------|-----------|----|
|      | Nov. 20 | Dunfermline H.S.      | H    | Cancelled |    |
|      | 27      | Morrison's Academy    | H    | 11        | 3  |
|      | Dec. 4  | Perth Academy         | A    | 23        | 4  |
|      | 11      | Madras College        | H    | 19        | 7  |
|      | 18      | Morgan Academy        | H    | 23        | 4  |
| 1972 | Jan. 15 | Harris Academy        | H    | 17        | 4  |
|      | 22      | Madras College        | A    | 19        | 0  |
|      | 29      | Robert Gordon's Coll. | H    | 13        | 16 |
|      | Feb. 5  | Aberdeen G.S.         | A    | Cancelled |    |
|      | 12      | Perth Academy         | H    | Cancelled |    |
|      | 19      | Trinity Academy       | H    | 15        | 10 |
|      | 26      | Aberdeen Academy      | A    | Cancelled |    |
|      | 30      | Dundee Training Coll  | H    | 16        | 0  |
|      | Mar. 4  | Keil School           | A    | 26        | 7  |
|      | 11      | Morgan Academy        | H    | 10        | 20 |

Played 21, Won 16, Lost 5, Points For 357, Against 140.

The climax of this year's season has been the 1st XV's defeat by 2 wins of last year's record 14. The team's performance has over all been outstanding proved by the selection of no less than six of our players for Midlands teams. 'A' team, D. Watt, F. Hadden, S. Cram,

and G. Allardice. 'B' team, A. Milne and S. Thomson. A. Garden was a travelling reserve for these matches. The players have blended well together as a team, and the most notable wins were against Morris Academy and Trinity Academy. However, the one discordant note came at the end of the season when they were humbled by an astonishing defeat by Morgan Academy. The top scorer has been the Captain, F. Hadden with the total of 169 points. A notable part of the team has been the hard-working scrum which has won a large amount of possession for the three quarters.

On the whole it has been a very successful team.

The 2nd XV have been one of the most successful in the history of the School playing 15 games and losing only 1. Points for 610, against 81. This is a magnificent record and they have averaged over 40 points per game. I am sure they will go on to have a successful season next year as the 1st XV.

The 3rd XV have also had a noteworthy season playing 10 games and winning all of them. Points for 334, against 51. They have been playing against 1st XV's and 2nd XV's and have had creditable victories against them.

3rd year have had a mixed season having some good wins and some bad losses. They have won 9 matches and lost 7. Points for 287, against 280. I wish them better luck next year.

2nd year have had varying fortunes, winning 9 games, losing 7 and drawing 1. Points for 357, against 193. A good average showing high-scoring matches.

1st year have had an excellent season playing 16 games and only losing 1. Points for 463, against 39. This shows that they must have a good defence and strong attack. I am sure that this team will have good prospects for the coming years.

Congratulations go to G. Ogilvie and D. Mason in being selected for the Junior Midlands. It can be seen from the above results that at present the School has extreme depth in rugby ranging from the 1st XV down to the Junior School and I hope this depth will be continued in the future.

On behalf of D.H.S.R.F.C. I would like to thank the members of staff who give up their



JUNIOR ATHLETICS TEAM



spare time on Saturday mornings to travel with teams and referee. I would like to thank the hostesses as well for turning up on cold Saturday mornings to serve tea so charmingly to visiting teams and members of staff.

Finally, I would like to thank sincerely Mr Allardice and Mr G. C. Stewart for their hard work in coaching the 1st and 2nd XV's., to the members of staff who do so much to produce future 1st XV's, Mr A. H. Hutchison, Mr N. G. S. Stewart, Mr J. Hunter, Mr N. P. Gray, Mr I. Lornie, Mr D. C. Holmes and Mr A. T. Chynoweth.

Stewart C. Cram, Secretary

## JUNIOR SCHOOL 2nd XV

At the beginning of the season the following were appointed: Captain, Alisdair McKendrick, Vice-Captain, Iain Webster. Later, Alisdair was promoted to the 1st XV, and Iain Webster became Captain with Brian Gibson as Vice-Captain. We had a mixed season; however the two games against Robert Gordon's College were both lost decisively. These were our only games against other Schools, and we are looking forward hopefully to next season.

Iain Webster (Captain).

Brian R. S. Gibson  
(Vice-Captain).

## SKI-CLUB

Winter '71-'72 has been an ideal season to start a Ski-ing Club. The weather conditions at Glenshee have been the best in the last five years. And our young Club has made full use of the ample snow and sun!

In the December publication it was mentioned that a team had entered as usual the Scottish Schools Championships held at Hillend Dry slope in Edinburgh. The team, Derek Harwood, Peter Mitchell, Carolyn Sillars and Alison Milne were 8th. They had an exciting week-end accompanied by Mr McKenzie who stuck to the Nursery slope!

Ski-ing for beginners has continued at Ancrum Activities Centre on Wednesday afternoons. The numbers are so large that the "left-overs" go skating with Mrs Kinloch at the Ice Rink.

We organized a few day trips to Glenshee. When these are on Sundays, a church service is arranged en route. These have all been highly successful. The cost of bus and ski-hire is approximately £1. As well as these outings, some keen skiers fill their own or parents cars with members to go up the Glen on Saturdays or Sundays.

The most recent event has been a weekend stay at Dalrulzion Coach House arranged through the 83rd Army Youth Team. We all had a tremendous time, staying two nights in the warm and comfortable accommodation which the army had arranged for us. The inclusive cost for this, transport everywhere and ski-ing instruction was £2.50. Skis etc., were hired from McGill's for £1. An exceptionally reasonable weekend!

Without Mrs Kinloch and Mr McKenzie and the co-operation of the gym department there would be no Ski Club and a large number of girls and boys would have missed a great deal of fun and happiness learning this modern and popular sport. So thank you Mrs Kinloch for all your help. And thank you very much Mr McKenzie for your happy and patient organisation!

M.C.L.

### SAILING CLUB REPORT

Naturally, there has been no sailing over the winter months due to the fact that it is difficult to sail on ice. Accordingly, the boats took up residence in the boat-shed in school pending annual maintenance work.

In the course of this operation it is necessary to repaint the boats following the repair of any damage which has occurred. Hence the structure of each boat is preserved and the standard of safety maintained for the benefit of those who use the boats. While only a few pupils can participate in this battle with the barnacles, due to the lack of space, the experience gained is valuable for those who will one day have boats of their own.

In spite of the handicaps of time and general condition of the boats, efforts made in repairing the dinghies were justified when it was observed during the first day's sailing of the new season, that the boats were leaking some-



what less than during the previous season. On a sadder note, some of those involved in the paint work had to have their eyesight tested because of difficulty in distinguishing between boats and boiler suits.

Three dinghies and five canoes were taken to Forfar during the holidays and on two occasions before the start of term pupils went sailing as a respite from their studies for the S.C.E. examinations. During term time it is hoped to continue a policy of sailing on Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings. Saturday sailing will be dependent on there being sufficient pupils prepared to risk damage to the suspensions of paternal cars on the track to Forfar Sailing Club.

As during last season, it is hoped to enter boats and crews for external regattas and there will be a determined attempt to retain the Scottish Schools Championship. Fortunately, members have contacts which should enable a good Enterprise to be found for this event.

This season there is again a great deal of enthusiasm among the budding Jack Tars of Form Five, and with sufficient practice, their talent may well raise the standard of sailing in the Club. A committee of these new members will take over after the Easter holidays.

Some members have advocated buying a Flying Dutchman with a view to sailing in the Olympics at Kiel but it has been pointed out that Rodney Pattisson, who won a gold medal at the Acapulco Olympics, might conceivably be a better sailor than you are.

None of the Sailing Club's saner activities could, of course, continue without the support and zeal of Mr McKenzie and Mrs Kinloch nor without the hard work of those who maintained the boats during the winter. The Sailing Club is also indebted to the Army Youth Team and the Ancrum Road Activities Centre for their help in transporting boats to and from Forfar Loch.

Donald Allan, Secretary.

### GIRLS' 1st VII TENNIS

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Wendy Barrie, Anne Patterson, Rona T. Winter, Caroline Mills.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Mary Young, Mrs E. Southwell, Hilary Simpson.



### GIRLS' TENNIS REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected:—Captain, Mary Young; Secretary, Hilary Simpson; Treasurer, Ann Patterson.

We have enjoyed a successful season with the 1st VI losing only one match to Arbroath High School. The 2nd VI and the very promising 2nd and 3rd year teams have also kept an almost unbeaten record.

Unfortunately, the School's senior team in the Midlands Tournament was very narrowly beaten by Blairgowrie, but hope to do well in the annual Kilgraston Tournament.

We would all agree that we owe much of our success to Mrs Southwell, who has spent a great deal of her time coaching and encouraging us, as well as promoting much enthusiasm among our junior teams.

H.S.

### SENIOR TENNIS TEAM AND TWO JUNIOR CHAMPIONS



**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Alan Baillie, Douglas Nicoll, Graham Butchart, David Hain, Philip Ritchie, Peter Hadden.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Frank Hadden, Mr N. G. S. Stewart, Peter Mitchell.

### BOYS' TENNIS REPORT

This has proved to be another successful season for boys tennis. The 1st VI remain undefeated in the Midlands area, winning the Midland Schools Shield for the second year running.

In the Scottish Schools finals, the team went down to Dunfermline H.S., 6-3.

The Midland Schools Junior title went to Peter Hadden and Alan Baillie, who defeated

another D.H.S. couple in the final. The same boys contested the Christie Cup final, Alan Baillie being successful. Over 40 boys entered for the Christie Cup, an indication of the interest in tennis at School.

To complete the success story, D.H.S. claimed both the Under-18 and Under-16 titles in the Midlands Junior tournament. Philip Ritchie won the Under-18 section, beating Frank Hadden in the final and Ian Ross was victorious in the Under-16 event.

Thanks are due to Mr N. Stewart and Mr Baxter for their interest and encouragement throughout the season.



### GIRLS' 2nd VII TENNIS

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Charlotte Green, Elizabeth Gilmour, Lorraine Wilson, Fiona Jackson.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Pat Taylor, Mrs E. Southwell, Sandra Grant.

## VOLLEYBALL CLUB

At the start of this, our first season of inter-school Volleyball the following officials were appointed:—Frank Hadden, captain; David Hain, vice-captain; Bill Bryden, secy./treas.

Due to the lack of interest in Volleyball in other schools fixtures were difficult to arrange but despite this we played one match against Kirkton High School and two against Morgan Academy. Unfortunately, we were beaten by both teams but in our second game against Morgan we were successful.

David Hain and Frank Hadden were chosen for Dundee Schools' Volleyball team which is a considerable achievement for the Club in its first year.

We thank our coach Mr Hutcheson for his help and encouragement and hope that interest in the Volleyball Club will grow in future years.

W.F.B.



### VOLLEYBALL 1st VII

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Ronald Hain, Alan Morrison, James Lester, Bill Bryden, Athol Garden.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Frank Hadden, Mr A. H. Hutchison, David Hain.

## THE CADET HIGHLAND COMPETITION

The general opinion was that this year's competition was considerably tougher than last year's. It was held on 26th-28th May at Cultybraggan training camp, as before, but the actual area of ground used was the hills south of Balquhiddy, beside Strathgryre.

On the first day, the Saturday, the teams were taken to Balquhiddy village, and had their equipment inspected there. We were then sent off, moving southward, following a chain of checkpoints, until, some 8 hours later, we reached the finish for the first day at a place with the surprisingly apt name of Stank, some 4 miles north of Callander. Here we did the first-aid problem, and then set up camp for the night.

We left the next morning at 5.40 a.m. which meant getting up at 4.00 a.m. to dismantle the camp, and cook breakfast. We then set off, over the hills in the direction of Glen Artney and the finish.

On the way the team were ambushed while crossing a river, but dealt with the ambush most successfully. Having reached the end of the march, we were taken back to camp in a landrover where we had to go over the assault course, before finally finishing.

The total distance covered was about 20 miles, most of it across the moors and bogs, and involving about 5000 feet of climbing. We were quite lucky with the weather, since it only rained over the last 3 or 4 miles of the march, but the countryside was very wet, due to extremely heavy rain on the days before the competition.

At the end of it all, the team was placed 4th with 316 points, an improvement on last year, despite the fact that the competition was considerably more difficult.

Here I must thank all the members of the team for what was an extremely good effort over the entire competition. Everyone remained surprisingly cheerful, even in very trying circumstances, as when we missed a check point and had to come back down a hill that we had laboriously climbed in order to reach it. I must also thank Mr Henehan, who encouraged us, and drove the landrover taking us to the start, and from the finish.

J. Michael Blair, R.S.M.

## CHRIS REA

At our annual Christmas Service in the school hall, F.P. rugby-internationalist Chris Rea honoured us with his presence. On this occasion, Chris most generously handed over to the School his collection of rugby jerseys which he obtained from his various opposite numbers after his International and British Lion appearances. Among these 'infamous' jerseys, the silver fern of "All Blacks" and the Springbok of the South Africans stand out. Chris also presented a rugby ball which has been signed by the whole of the British Lions touring party, a gift which will be treasured in the years to come.

We regret to see that Chris has given up International Rugby to further his career but wish him all the best for the future in his new job.



Photograph by Ed DePenna of the "Cory and W.D. DePenna" team — W

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

### CADETS'

#### SENIOR COMPANY REPORT

The first event in 1972 was a ski weekend at Aviemore. Thirteen boys, N.C.O.'s and cadets from Platoon No. 1 went under the command of 2nd Lt. Holmes and S. I. Henehan. The cadets learnt the basic techniques of ski-ing on the three-day excursion and enjoyed the après-ski activity in the Aviemore Centre at night.

The Army Training Team has been coming on Fridays to teach Platoon No. 2 the Part 2 Certificate subjects and on the 18th February they sat the first two stages in the test—"Shooting and Safety," and "Turnout and Drill." A high standard was achieved and this is expected to continue when they sit the next part later this year. Platoon No. 1 have been taken by the Training Team to help mould them into the future instructors and N.C.O.'s of the cadets.

The Senior Company also turned out in full strength for the Adjutant's Parade on 17th March. The parade contained the usual march-past and the presentation of many awards. Platoon No. 1 were presented with their Part 2 Certificate badges, Platoon No. 2 were presented with the badges for the .303 Empire Shooting Test. There were also a number of promotions of cadets who had shown determination and military capability in the cadet force.

Another successful exercise was completed at Barry-Buddon Training Area. The cadets were under the command of L/Cpl. Dudgeon and against four groups of N.C.O.'s led by Sgts. Cram and Steele, R.Q.M.S. Vannet and L/Sgt. Manekshaw over the 24 hours that they were "in action." This exercise was planned to test the cadets to the limits of their endurance and the result showed what the cadets were capable of doing.

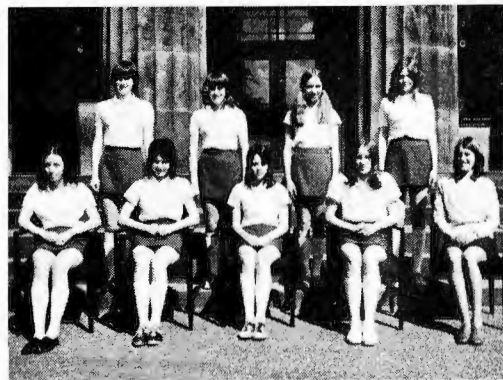
The annual outing to the ranges had a big turnout and some excellent targets were shot. The Highland Competition team practised 30-metre shooting and some battlecraft training was also carried out under the supervision of R.S.M. Blair.



#### GIRLS' SENIOR NETBALL VII

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Carol Young, Linda Robertson, Judy Collin, Alison Sim.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Fiona M. Williamson, Jane McNeill, Nicky Miller, Mrs E. Southwell.



#### GIRLS' JUNIOR 1st VII NETBALL

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Hazel Sim, Claire McDonald, Wendy Miller, Pamela Gillis.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Ruth Buchanan, Fiona Napier, Yvonne Barlow, Claire Dallas-Ross, Mrs E. Southwell.

Once again, I would like to thank all the officers for helping throughout the year in the running of the cadet force. They contributed a lot of time and effort in the organisation which is required to run a good cadet force.

C.S.M. D. Harwood.

#### JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

During the first few weeks of the Easter Term, the cadets were involved in the usual basic training, consisting of practical fieldcraft, weapon training and orienteering. After being taught the basics in orienteering, the cadets were given a course to tackle through the streets of the city, which they carried out with amazing success.

The turnout and marching on the Adjutant's Parade, which was held on March 17th, was moderately good. Several N.C.O.'s were promoted: L/Sgt. Crawford to Sgt., Cpl. Jones to L/Sgt. and a number of cadets were awarded efficiency tapes.

The Easter exercise was held at the Barry-Buddon training area. This was a tough weekend for the cadets consisting of a whole day exercise, a night attack, and an orienteering course. The cadets fared extremely well, the only casualties being a number of boys with blistered feet. My thanks go to S.S.I. Henehan and his assistants for preparing the food for this weekend.

The next week a few cadets travelled down to Buddon again to assist Senior Coy. on the firing range. The weather was excellent and everyone concerned had an enjoyable day.

During the Summer Term the cadets will take part in the Annual General Inspection which will be held on June 7th at Mayfield. However, the big event of the year, as usual, will be the annual camp at Aultbea.

My thanks go to all the officers without whose help and encouragement, the cadets would fail to exist.

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

## JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

This session has been particularly successful for the Junior Debating Society. Apart from a long delay due to the power cuts our meetings have been numerous and popular. We held many "unusual" meetings when we experimented with different forms of address but only managed one inter-school debate. The majority of our meetings were humorous and provided much entertainment for the audience. Support has been growing rapidly but we still welcome more members.

The Junior Committee has run the meetings and this will continue. Next year's committee is Marion Orr, Rachel Walton, Penelope-Anne Wilson, Dianne Shepherd, Katy Langlands and Michael Orr.

At the time of writing the final of the Junior Public Speaking Competition has not yet been held. There was a very large entry and the finalists have already been successful in two rounds. Our team of Dorothy MacKenzie and Sandy Melvin have reached the finals of the Dundee Speakers Union Debating Competition by defeating Grove in the first round.

The retiring committee would sincerely like to thank Mr Fyall and Mr Baxter for the indefatigable work they do for the Society. All that remains is to hope that next year will be just as successful as this year, or, if possible, even more successful.

E.G.

**Note.**—I would like to thank the retiring committee for their energy, enthusiasm and helpful criticism: they have done a very good job.

R.S.F.

## SMART BEARS' CLUB REPORT

The Club has had a short but smart season although it was only formed at Easter. Membership has been limited because there are not many people who are smart enough to fail the qualifying test.

The following officials have been elected:—President, Smart Bear; Secretary, Smart Bear; Treasurer, Smart Bear. Committee members: Smart Dansy, Smart Snaillo and Smart Rollycan.

We have had total success in our short but smart season over our rivals the Giddy Golly Gang which we have repeatedly squashed by our super smart Smart Bear tactics.

Already the highest honour (The Smart Bears' Club Gold Award) has been presented to our smartest member, Smart Alex.

The Smart Bears' Club uniform was modelled at our A.G.M. in the S.B.C.H.Q. All members thought it was dead smart and it is now on the production line. Sleepy bobo hats will not be compulsory. Any members who have not done anything smart within the month will have their S.B.C. badges removed and will forfeit their ration of Smarties.

S.B.

## GUIDE REPORT

This term the Guides have received a visit from Mr Robertson of Camperdown Park. He brought with him various small animals and gave advice as to their care. We were also visited by Sister Lawson who gave a demonstration of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and allowed the Guides to experiment with the apparatus.

Throughout the term we have been knitting squares to be made into blankets for Shelter. Badgework has been very successful and we would like to thank all testers concerned.

The Guides put forward a team for the Perth Festival Country Dancing, which came fourth. We have, at present, four Queen's Guides who have assisted in the running of the Company. Caroline Mills has now gained her warrant as a Guider, and we congratulate her on this.

We wish to thank Miss Gass for all her hard work and organisation throughout the year.

M.C. and S.B.

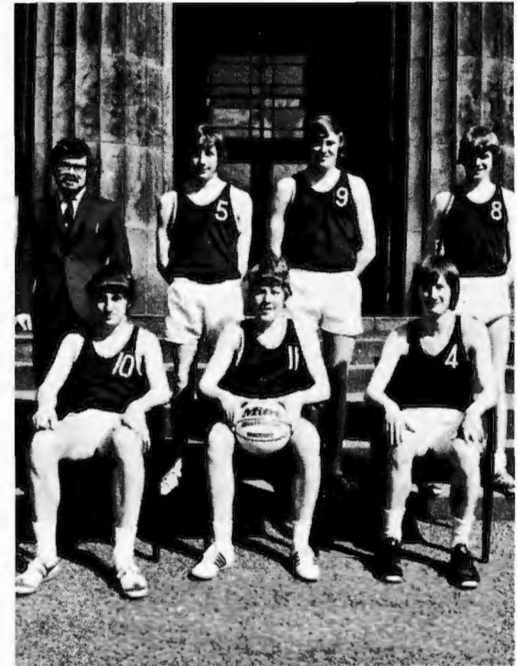
## THE BROWNIE PACK

The Brownie Pack has now been in existence for seven months. There is a full complement and all Brownies have been enrolled.

We completed our first Venture when we visited the Children's Wards at D.R.I. to deliver Easter baskets which we made and filled.

There will be a few vacancies for the 1972/73 session. Any children age seven wishing to become Brownies will be made most welcome.

N. Patricia Reid.



## BASKETBALL 1st VI

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Mr A. H. Hutchison, Ritchie Sherrit, Alan Morrison, Barry Miller.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Gordon J. Thomson, Athol D. Garden, James Lester.

## U.F.L.M. REPORT 1972

This new party was formed after an argument with the evil Tasser and Dr Hieronymous and the blundering, capitalistic, chauvinistic U.F.L.B.F., and has been gaining support rapidly thanks to recruiting campaigns and (temporary) unpopularity of school dinners.

The party has as its main aim the confiscation of capitalistic property and the setting up of a Monifieth People's Republic—ruled by us.

We reject as capitalist lies all accusations of collaboration with so-called U.F.L.B.F. who, as stated before, are decadent, blundering, capitalistic, chauvinistic and a threat to the stability of Monifieth—the traditional home of revolutionary doctrines.

We support the continuing redecoration of the F.V. common-room in its aim to end capitalistic control by bankrupting the school.

Early in 1972 the party held a very successful “coffee morning” and hope to follow this up with a “jumble sale” of all unnecessary equipment such as bazookas, grenades and many other types of bomb—nuclear or otherwise to the grateful freedom-starved public of Monifieth.

In opposition to our attempted alliance with the Popular front for the Liberation of West Ferry (Ferry Fleet) two of our members defected to the Junior Debating Society—which if not stated before is decadent, blundering, capitalistic, chauvinistic . . . (and etc.).

(N.B.—Chauvinistic-bellucose irridentism)

Schwenk, Mosely, Noddy  
Comrade Sgt. Ratzeburger, F.V.  
x Bent-Legs.



**CRICKET 1st XI**

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Mr W. D. Allardice, John Wallace, John Walton, Gordon Thomson, Ian Baird, Sandy Macdonald, Innes Garden, Mr J. Stevenson.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Graham Allardice, David Hain, Atholl Garden, Rae Crawford, Ronald Hain.

## SIXTH YEAR COMMITTEE REPORT

Since the beginning of the year the committee have organized two functions.

The first was a theatre outing on the 24th February to Perth. 40 girls, boys and teachers enjoyed the comedy “All for Mary.”

A loud, raucous hop was held on the 4th March, raising money for both 6th year funds and the prefects' funds. Music and flashing lights came from the discotheque “Neotevric.”

A “Final 6th Fling” is planned for the summer term although the form of it is not yet decided on.

6th year girls thank Mr Lornie very much for the comfortable couch he has given us on leaving the school. It enabled us to donate a few of our oldest chairs to the 6th year boys' common room! Thank you!

M.C.L.

## BELMONT ART CAMP 1972

Cold and windy weather did not deter fifteen of the Schools art specialists from joining with other Dundee schools for our Fourth Annual Week-End Camp. Pupils from each school worked together in groups mainly out-of-doors, supervised by art teachers. A large variety of paintings, sketches and drawings were submitted for selection to make up the usual exhibition compiled by the camp organiser Mr G. B. Johnston, Art Adviser to the Dundee Education Committee.

A varied programme was planned for the hundred pupils, allowing time for games outside, work periods, and evening entertainment. A discotheque played on Friday and Saturday nights, and a film “Five Man Army” was shown despite technical hitches!

On Sunday morning the whole camp joined in worship, and again, the organisers made the best of limited facilities; a guitar gave the music for the modern hymns.

The pleasant setting of the Camp, near Meigle, afforded a scope of opportunities unobtainable in the classroom. The schools mixed well, both staff and pupils. Thanks are extended to Mr Vannet and Mrs Crerar who accompanied us to the Camp.

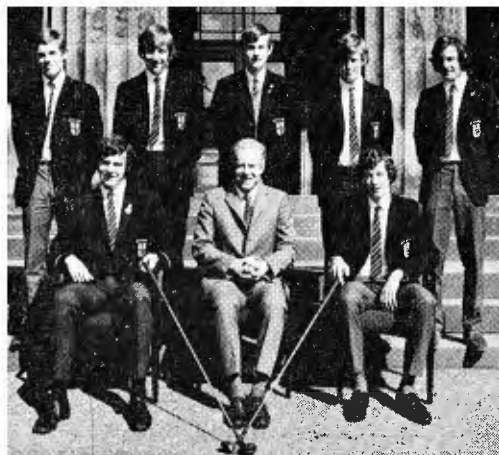
Carollyn Sillars.

## SAFE CYCLING REPORT

On Saturday, 8th May, a team consisting of David Ray (Captain), Gerald Burnett, John Sprunt, Peter Suttie, and Graeme Adamson (Reserve), competed in the Jim Clark Award for Safe Cycling. If Graeme's bicycle had not been stolen the day before the competition he would not have been reserve. Very kindly, Martin Baird lent Graeme his bicycle but as Graeme was unfamiliar with this bicycle, he was made reserve.

We met in the canteen of N.C.R.'s Dryburgh Factory at 12.45 p.m. and looked immaculate and like a team in our school uniform. The course was laid out in the grounds of the Industrial Estate. The course consisted of several tests which required skill in cycling and knowledge of the Highway Code. We walked round the course with Miss Coull and then sat the written test which was based on the Highway Code, and in which we did very well as we scored seventy-nine marks out of a possible eighty.

After the written test had been completed, numbers one to forty had to go outside in numerical order and cycle round the course. As we were numbered thirty-three to thirty-six, we went outside. Numbers forty-one to eighty-four watched Road Safety films. The reserves did not have to sit the written test or cycle round the course. After number forty had cycled round the course, numbers one to forty went inside and numbers forty-one to eighty-four cycled round the course in numerical order. We went inside and saw the films that the others had seen before. After number eighty-four had completed the



**GOLF TEAM**

**Back Row** (l. to r.) — Douglas Smith, Ritchie Sherrit, Robin Smith, Colin Smith, Gordon Anderson.

**Front Row** (l. to r.) — Stewart Cram, Mr S. Blyth, Scott Landsburgh.

course, a policeman showed everybody how to keep a bicycle in good condition and what parts should not be oiled.

We were then told to keep silent as the marks were about to be read out. Hillside came third with 395 marks. High School came second with 395 marks but as we had scored higher marks in the written test, we were placed second. First came Hawkhill with 410 marks. All of these marks were out of a possible 420. On the whole everybody did well.

Graeme Adamson and David Ray, L.VII.

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD REPORT

This session has seen a number of new entrants into the scheme. All participants are working well towards their awards.

Regretfully we have been unable to hold our usual Social Evening, but we hope this will be rectified next session.

Two Golds have been presented and Rory Allardice, who recently left school has just gained his.

We must thank all members of staff who help us especially Mr R. McKenzie and Miss A. W. Gray without whom the scheme could not succeed.

We are both leaving at the end of the term and we would like to introduce our successors, Anne Ingram and Peter Baxter. We wish them both the best of luck.

Although we are both leaving school we hope to keep in contact with the scheme in school and help in any way we can.

We would like to thank again anyone who helped us in any way.

Susan Law, Jennifer Wilson.

## SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

In October senior pupils paid a short visit to the Save the Children Fund school for maladjusted children in Scotland, Harmeny House, in Midlothian, following last year's visit to our school by Mr D. E. Gobell the headmaster of Harmeny House. As a result of this visit the school has been responsible for the construction of some room dividers and wardrobes for Harmeny House. It is hoped to arrange another visit during which pupils will spend a weekend at Harmeny helping to look after the children.

In December the school held a very successful Christmas Fair, a large part of the proceeds of which were distributed to various charities throughout Scotland. A proportion of the money was, however, used to finance the school's own Christmas Parcels, nearly two hundred of which were distributed throughout the city by sixth year pupils.

Since Christmas various other projects, including a recent Christian Aid Sponsored Walk through the Sidlaws, and a visit to Bel-

mont Eventide Home by senior pupils, have been supported. An old peoples' outing is also to be staged before the end of term.

We should like to thank the members of staff for their help and co-operation, especially Miss Gray, without whose aid, no voluntary work could take place.

Allison Wilson, R. D. Barr.

### JUNIOR CHOIR REPORT

The Junior Choir has enjoyed yet another extremely pleasant term. Most of our time has been devoted to practising for the Leng Medal Competition. We had two outstanding successes in this field, namely, Ruth Dorward, who won the Silver Medal, and Jeanette Main, who won the Gold Medal. On Wednesday, 29th March, we sang together with many other choirs from Dundee at the Christian Rally in the Caird Hall.

We wish to thank Mrs Elder for her expert guidance, and also Mrs Hajbowicz for accompanying us at the piano.

### CHESS CLUB REPORT

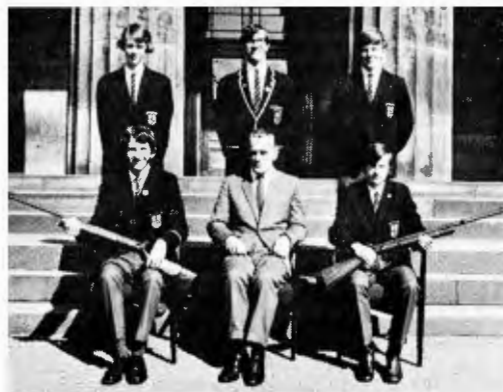
The 'A' team has won through to the finals of the Scotsman Chess Competition to be held in Edinburgh at the beginning of July. Schools throughout Scotland compete in this competition; in the later stages we beat Madras College and Aberdeen Grammar School.

The best individual performance of the year was that of Miriam Little, who won the Scottish Girls' Chess Championship and is going to represent Scotland in the Ladies' Chess Olympiad in Yugoslavia next October. Mrs Elder is going to captain the team and it is an indication of the work she does for ladies chess that both she and Miriam will be playing for Scotland.

In the Dundee Adult League we did well; finishing in the top three in Division I and getting to the final of the Knock-out Competition for the second year running. Leslie Tate won the Russell Trophy, the only school competition to be finished up to now, and Scott Carnegie won the special prize for juniors.

Our thanks go to Mrs Elder and to all those who help with the catering for the home matches.

Douglas Tudhope.



RIFLE TEAM

**Back Row** (l. to r.)—Rae L. Crawford, John C. Vannet, Robin D. Barr.

**Front Row** (l. to r.)—Andrew J. Harvey, Mr J. Jacuk, Robin E. F. Illsley.

### SGT'S MESS REPORT

Well, between numerous bear-gardens, Sparky's personal fire drill, and other light entertainments, this year has seen the breaking of many records.

We were fortunate indeed to receive two courtesy visits from "the rest" of Form 6 within one day, however the guided Tour had regrettably to be cancelled.

The following officials were not democratically elected:—

Rep. for stamping out bad habits—Gordon O. B. Walker.

Rep. for record and lamp breaking—God Steele (misprint).

Substitute for door/road block—Mrs Mills.

And in charge of the notice board and door, that smashing prefect—Stewart "the ace" Cram.

We would like to acknowledge the following persons:—

Mr Fyall (popularity rating—71.3729 (approx) for enduring naughty words. The R.S.P.C.A. for nearly killing a "mouse," the walking stick for being in so many naughty places, and 23 Lumberjacks.

### THE TATTYSNORTER HERALD ANNUAL REPORT 1972

The most popular newspaper in the realm, the Tattysnorter Herald, celebrated its fourth anniversary this year. Its circulation has increased from two in 1968 to well over sixty this year. This is mainly due to the larger Head Staff which now numbers five.

It has also been a great year for Tattysnorter. Since the signing of the Knotty-pickallot peace pact last month relations have improved with the neighbouring fascist state of Spainmister. Juvenile delinquency is still a source of annoyance to many senior citizens, notably Oor Jack, but the monarchy seems in as strong a position as ever.

Keith William Milne, F.IV.



# Former Pupils' Section

## OLD GIRLS' CLUB

### Marriages :

Miss Jean S. Baird to Dr William Stimson.  
Miss Elizabeth Adams to Mr James F. Anderson.  
Miss Vivien Wood to Mr Alastair Scott.  
Miss Pamela Fleming to Mr Bruce G. Johnston.

### Greetings to Old Girls everywhere!

The 40th Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on Monday, 13th March, 1972, when the following office-bearers were appointed:— President, Miss I. A. McNaughton; Vice-Presidents, Mrs Jenny Pate, Mrs Avril Tweedie; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs D. Thornton, 2 Claypotts Terrace, Broughty Ferry; Hon. Secretaries, Mrs R. T. Leslie, 96 Grove Road, Broughty Ferry, Mrs A. Scott, 6 Abertay Street, Barnhill. Other members of Committee appointed were Mrs R. Grieve and Miss A. W. Gray, ex-officio, Mrs I. Dryden, Mrs J. Peggie, Mrs E. Clark, Mrs E. Hardie, Mrs I. Lindsay, Mrs J. Stark, Mrs E. Milne, Mrs A. Barnett, Mrs S. Jamieson, Mrs R. Marshall, Mrs H. Stiven, and Mrs E. Cram. The total membership of the Club is now 705.

The Reunion Dinner was held on the 29th October in the Chamber of Commerce. The attendance was slightly down on the previous year but a most enjoyable reunion took place. Dr Pat Thomas, an ophthalmologist and lay preacher came from Birmingham to be with us. This year we are to return to the Chamber of Commerce on 3rd November and we hope to have the usual support of old and new members.

In May, 1971, we once again ran a tea party in the new Dining Hall in conjunction with the Old Boys for the School Leavers and a happy afternoon was enjoyed by those who attended. We extend a warm welcome to all girls leaving School in July and trust they will join the Club.

As in previous years, in June 1971 the School

and the Club joined forces and ran the Tea Tent and Cake and Candy Stall at the School Sports. We were fortunate to have a sunny afternoon, and the Club profited by approximately £80. We are to do the same again this year and would like to thank all members of staff and pupils for the help given.

The committee of Old Boys' and Old Girls' appointed to work on the Trust Fund are happy to report that £76,000 has so far been raised. The campaign director left at the end of March and the committee are still urgently looking for support from all former pupils to help reach the target of £150,000.

It was brought to the notice of the Committee that in the Senior School prize list there is a Dux prize for the first boy in Form I, but no such prize for the first girl. The Club have, therefore, donated £100 to the School for the purpose of awarding this prize each year. The prize is to be named the Florence Whytock Prize for the Dux in Form I Girls.

The Annual General Meeting in 1973 will be held on Monday, 12th March, and intimation will be given in the Courier and Advertiser.

We have added a list of members who have disappeared from our mailing lists owing to a change of name or address. If you can help please send name and address to the Secretary, Mrs R. T. Leslie, 96 Grove Road, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.

### Missing Members and last known address :

Mrs James Ewart (Marion Wiltshire), 12 Sunnyside, Kirriemuir.  
Mrs Fiona McRitchie (Buchanan), 2 Hyndford Street, Dundee.  
Miss Margaret A. Anderson, 10 Strips of Craigie Road, Dundee.  
Misses Audrey and Muriel Allan, Westbourne, Durham Street, Monifieth.

Miss Kathleen Allan, 2 Chalmers Street, Dundee.

Mrs George Balls, Manse of Kerse, Grange-mouth.

Miss H. Baxter, 3 Inverleith Ave., Edinburgh.  
Mrs Beath, 5 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry.  
Mrs Allan Bell, The Manse, Aberuthven.

Mrs P. Briggs, (Jewell Kidd), 5 Union Street, Seissett, Nr. Huddersfield.

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

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

Miss Muriel Crawford, Wraes, Birkhill, Dundee.  
Miss Norma Currie, married address unknown.  
Mrs James Dunlop, (Esme Bowman), Stables, Glassnock, Cumnock, Ayrshire.

Mrs W. Galloway, 116 Law Street, Dundee.  
Mrs Fergus Gibb (Linda Mollison), c/o Harrison Road, Dundee (In Canada).

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

Mrs Harold Inglis (W. Meston), 10 High Street, Yarm, Yorks.

Miss Audrey Low, 25 Dalhousie Road, Barnhill.  
Miss Agnes Melville, c/o Bank of Scotland, Victoria Street, Dundee.

Mrs A. B. Moore.

Miss Sheila J. Plant.

Miss Florence Phillips, 16 Greenhill Terrace, Edinburgh.

Mrs Kenneth Philip (Kathleen Barrie), 4 Norwood Crescent, Dundee.

Mrs L. T. Rees, Flat 4, Fernwood Court, Fernwood Road, Jeswood, Newcastle.

Misses M. B. and P. S. Richardson, 14 Constitution Terrace, Dundee.

Mrs M. E. Robertson, Spylawbank Road, Colinton, Edinburgh.

Mrs Nora Taylor (Allan), Westbourne, Durham Street, Monifieth.

Miss Jean R. Thain, 322 Strathmartine Road, Dundee.

Mrs J. A. Todd, Coylum, Wellpark Terrace, West Newport.  
 Mrs Wenyon, Ledaig, Wormit, Fife.  
 Mrs Isobel White, Kinvara, Tayport, Fife.  
 Mrs Ian K. Young, 125 Market Street, St Andrews, Fife.

**The following have joined the Club since March, 1971 :**

Miss Gillian Green, 62 Glamis Road, Dundee.  
 Miss Careen Petrie, 9 Robson Street, Dundee.  
 Miss Christine High, 94 Victoria Road, Dundee.  
 Miss Helen Stout, Overdale, Errol Road, Invergowrie.  
 Miss Marion Armitage, 6 Skene St., Broughty Ferry, Dundee.  
 Miss Lynda Henderson, 2 Park Road, Invergowrie.  
 Miss Winifred Repper, Rosebank, Alyth.  
 Miss J. Helen Smith, Balruddery Farm, Invergowrie.  
 Mrs Margot M. Cruden, Bower Bank, 12 Park Road, Dundee.  
 Miss Lorna C. MacDougall, 33 Bingham Terrace, Dundee.  
 Miss Jennifer Grove-White, 71 High Street, Cowbridge, Glamorgan, Wales.  
 Miss Pamela A. Fleming, 2 Norwood Crescent, Dundee.

**We deeply regret the deaths of the following members :**

Mrs J. Laird.  
 Miss Agnes J. Stewart.  
 Mrs Beatrice Watson.  
 Miss Alice Moodie.  
 Mrs Joan Ellis.  
 Miss Elma Cairncross.

Katharine Leslie and Vivien Scott  
 (Hon. Secretaries).

**FORMER PUPILS LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB**

Following a very successful season during 1970/71 the Club Secretary arranged new fixtures for the 1st XI against Western Wanderers, Stirling High Former Pupils, Jordanhill College School Former Pupils and Boroughmuir. Although the first team's results of both the Dundee (Golf).

new and regular fixtures this season have left room for improvement it has been agreed that the new fixtures were worthwhile and will be continued.

| 1st XI  | P  | D | W  | L  | F  | A  |
|---------|----|---|----|----|----|----|
| 1970/71 | 20 | 3 | 14 | 3  | 60 | 36 |
| 1971/72 | 21 | 1 | 5  | 15 | 29 | 60 |

By arranging new fixtures for the 1st XI it has been possible to field a 2nd XI regularly this season. This has stimulated interest in the game and there is now greater competition for first team places. It is to be hoped that next season this will produce the desired results.

Our thanks go to the present pupils who have helped us out during the season, and we look forward to welcoming new members for the 1972/73 season.

**OLD BOYS' CLUB**

The Trust Appeal Fund remains uppermost in our priorities at this time and with the appeal to local industry now getting under way, the Fund stands at about £78,000, just past the halfway mark. The first outburst of enthusiastic activity having passed with beneficial results, it is now up to all members of the club to rise to the challenge of working to achieve the target figure.

The situation at present is that the Appeal Office still have a large list of people who have not been approached and those who have already assisted by visiting are requested to brace themselves for further effort. This is something to which all Club Members are asked by the Appeal Committee to give their support.

In May, as has been our recent custom, a School Leavers Tea Party was held in conjunction with the Old Girls Club, and our thanks go to Miss Gray and Mrs Katherine Leslie for organising the same.

The annual Fishing Outing was held at Loch Leven on 5th June, and the Golf Outing at Barry on 9th June. Any members not on the conveners' lists should contact Bill Clark,

Lisheen, Auchterhouse (Fishing), and Bill Ritchie, c/o Ed. Cowan & Sons, 4 High Street, Dundee.  
 Owing to increased costs in publication and circulation of the School Magazine, the Club is no longer circulating the Magazine to members whose subscriptions fall more than 2 years in arrears.

The Annual Dinner will be held in the Chamber of Commerce Club, Panmure Street, Dundee on Friday 1st December. Please note the change of venue.

The following persons have joined the Club during the past 6 months:—Messrs E. H. Irvine, M. H. Winton, M. Petrie, W. Cuthbert, D. G. Sibbald and J. S. Sibbald.

It was with regret that we noted the death of the following members during the past 6 months: Messrs W. L. Proctor, W. F. Simpson, Fred Scott and T. D. Bruce.

Contributions by members for publication in the December issue will be gratefully received.

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

**ANNEXATION**

The Appeal Committee have pleasure in reporting that as at 23rd May 1972 the total gross sum received by the Trustees amounted to £78,497 from some 433 donors at an average gross gift of £184. The Committee are extremely gratified at the high level of donation and are most grateful to all donors. They are anxious however that any person who is willing and able either to help in the Appeal or is prepared to give a donation, should contact the Appeal Secretary at 32 South Tay Street, Dundee. It is the intention of the Appeal Committee to publish a list of donors in the Christmas edition of this Magazine.

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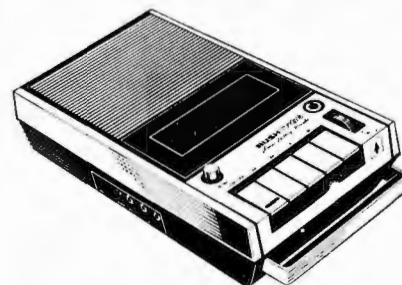
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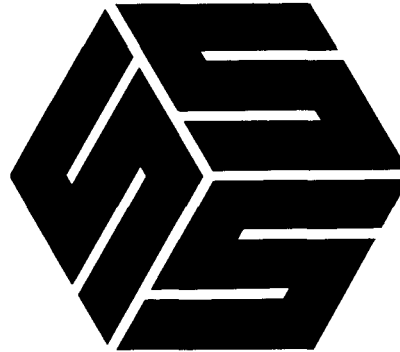
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