

HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

No. 150

JUNE 1971





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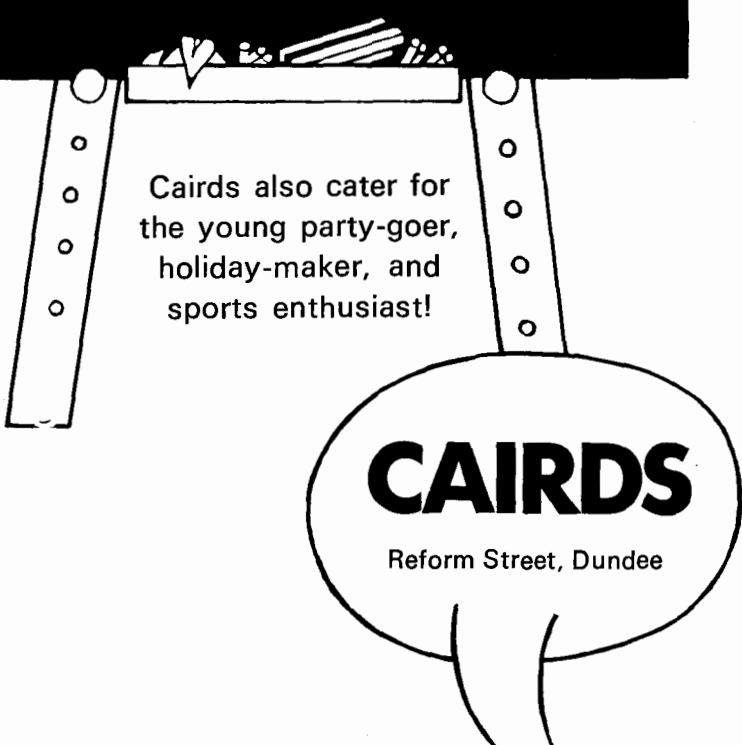
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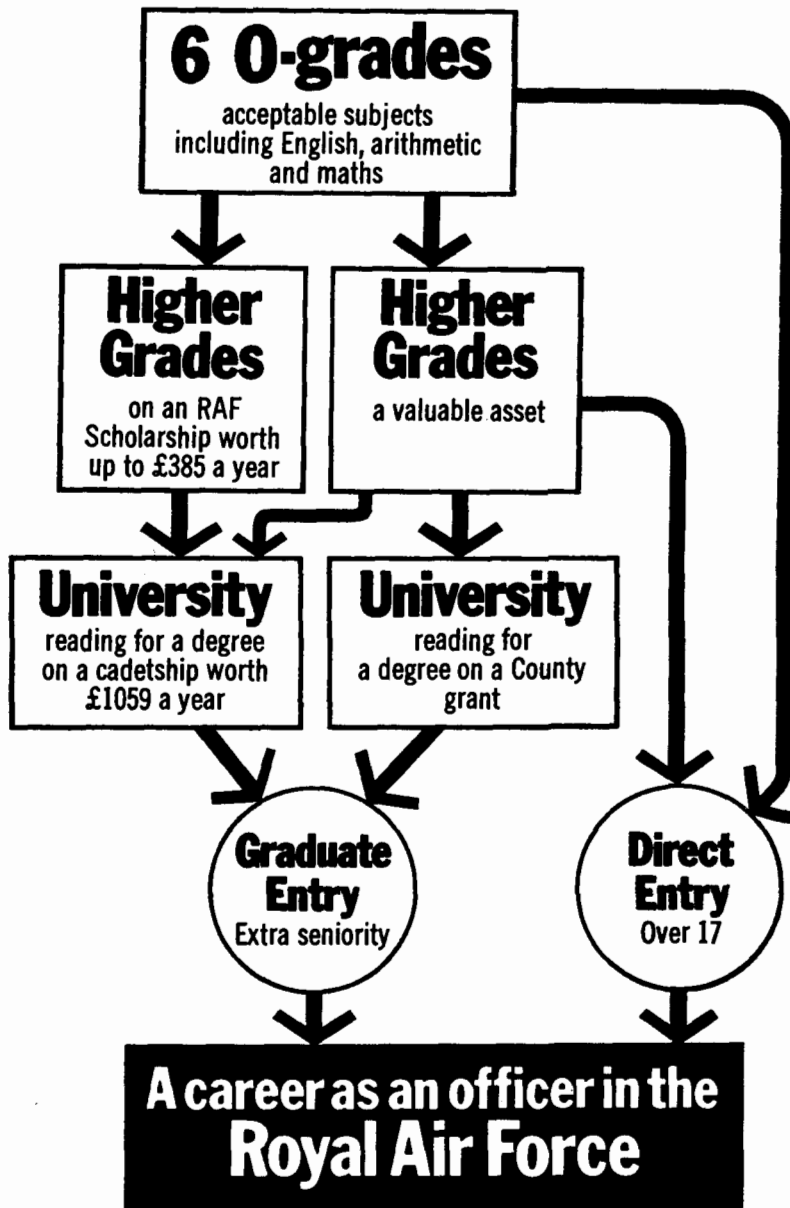
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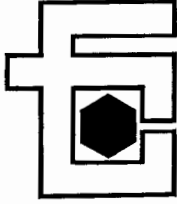


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High School of Dundee

MAGAZINE

No. 150

June 1971

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As another school year draws to its inevitable conclusion, the annual problem of the rapid disintegration of sixth year appears. This problem is not confined to the High School (indeed, it is so universal as to have caused the contemplation of the complete re-structuring of the school year in Scotland), and in terms of sheer numbers, it may appear to be (relatively) insignificant. However, in my opinion, it is, on the contrary, one of major importance (and not only for the sixth year—the exam timetable also leaves the fifth year with a great deal of almost “dead” time between the exam and the holidays). The departure of a large proportion of sixth year, who seem to feel that almost any job is better than enduring the last six weeks of term, appears to be a sad waste, for these are (one would hope) the most adult and competent members of the school.

Next year’s Opera will help to provide an inducement for many sixth year to stay on, but while the present school timetable exists, there is need for a much more comprehensive policy of involving the sixth year directly in the running of the school. For example, the present embryo scheme of allowing sixth year to work with the teaching staff in certain departments, could and should be widely extended. Whatever the schemes finally adopted, it is clear that next year’s Sixth Year Committee should be closely involved at all stages.

Although you must have been persuaded to pay the increased price for this redoubtable Journal (we presume that you haven’t stooped so low as to borrow it), we still feel that you should be congratulated on your perceptive purchase. For your money you get extra articles and more poems, an extravagant number of illustrations, enough photographs to sink a battleship AND COLOURED PAGES, WHOOPEE (No, it’s not a telephone directory, though I suppose that it could be mistaken for one). Not only is it bulging with these extra contributions, its presentation and arrangement have, we hope, been improved considerably as a result of a great deal of proof-setting and reading. For this we must thank, especially, Mr (“Can you go down to the printers this afternoon”) Fyall, who as usual, has provided the controlling genius and who has spent much time and considerable effort on the magazine. Our thanks must, of course, also be extended to all those who have contributed articles and illustrations, and so made the magazine possible; and lastly to you, dear readers—for if you’ve enjoyed it, then it’s all been worthwhile.

Nigel Wightman, Editor.



News and Notes

NEWS OF STAFF

It is a common remark in this part of the magazine, that the School Staff experiences remarkably few changes. Last year saw the departure, however, of a good many long-serving members of staff, and although, this year, the turnover is considerably less, we have quite a few changes to report.

Mr Donald C. Fraser, Head Master of the Technical Department, will be leaving us in September, to take up his new appointment as Lecturer in Technical Subjects at Dundee College of Education. We congratulate him on his appointment, and wish him and his family all the best of happiness and success; although we are very sorry that he is leaving the school and will miss him. An appreciation of Mr Fraser and his work appears later.

Also leaving us are **Miss M. M. Gray**, **Mrs K. D. Clarkson** and **Mrs D. E. Foster** of the Junior Department; and **Mrs K. Fletcher** of the Preparatory Department has already left. Also, **Mrs A. E. Gouick** is leaving the Art Department. All these teachers have given good service to the school, and will be missed both by pupils and staff. We wish all of them every happiness and success in the future.

Next session, we will welcome a number of new teachers to the school, and we hope that they will enjoy their stay here. **Mr R. W. Hendry**, **Miss M. A. Neilson** and **Miss S. M. Bartlett** will join the Junior Department, and **Miss P. Gass** will join the Preparatory Department. In the Senior School **Mrs Kinloch** will join the Geography Department and **Miss Langlands** will join the History Department.

ART STAFF

In the Summer Exhibition of the Dundee Art Society, **Miss Edgar** had two Watercolours hung and **Mr Vannet** had an oil painting and a Watercolour on view. Mr Vannet also exhibited an oil and a

watercolour at the Boat Show, 1971 at Earl's Court, London in January and an etching at the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, 1971.

Mr Macdonald's film of D.H.S. Swiss Holiday, 1970 entitled, "Two Weeks Different" gained the Elena Mae Trophy in the annual Dundee Ciné Society Competition.

NEWS OF PUPILS

The School was saddened by the death of **Gordon Grant** on the 24th March. Gordon was well liked by everyone, and it was fitting that a large party of pupils and staff attended his funeral service at Dundee Crematorium. A tribute to Gordon, written by some of his closest friends, appears later.

Once again, we are happy to report a number of outstanding academic successes.

Nigel D. Wightman gained an Open Exhibition to Brasenose College, Oxford in Politics, Philosophy and Economics.

William S. Walker was awarded a place to read Physics at Churchill College, Cambridge.

We have also a number of successes in University Bursary Competitions. **Alan Hall** won the Blyth Martin Bursary to the value of £80, for four years at Dundee University. In the Edinburgh Competition, **Jane McLean** and **Miriam McKenzie** won places, and in the Aberdeen Competition, **Catherine Green**, **Anne Mudie** and **Winifred Repper** were successful.

We congratulate these pupils warmly and wish them every success in their future careers.

In Sports, too, we continue to excel. Most of this appears in the Reports Section, but one or two things can be mentioned here. In **Rugby**, the 1st XV., as far as records go, have recorded more wins

than any previous XV. They were decisively defeated in one match. In other matches lost, the issue was in doubt to the end. Credit must also be given to the 2nd XV. and the 3rd XV., for winning most of their matches.

Boy's Hockey have completed their most successful session, winning all their matches.

The **Senior Country Dancing Team** were first in their section at the Scottish Championships in Perth.

Once again, we offer hearty congratulations to everyone who took part in these activities.

In another field, we congratulate the following pupils who did well in the 1971 Bible Essay Competition of the National Bible Society of Scotland: **Jane Bewick (Form 2)** received an Honourable Mention, and local prizes were won by **Jane Bewick, Jane Bruce (Form 2)** and **Caroline Shepherd (Form 2)**.

Turning to Sailing, we congratulate **Euan Webster** and **Caroline Thomson** who sailed to victory in the Scottish School's Sailing Championships at Lochearn on 8th June. All three races, sailed in near perfect conditions, were won by Euan. They were sailing in an Enterprise provided by Stuart Wood, a former pupil of the school.

SUCSESSES AT ARBROATH MUSIC FESTIVAL

Recorder Solo (Open).

- 1st Stephen Davis, L.VII.
- 2nd Diana Batchelor, L.VII.
- 3rd Pauline Ramsay, L.VII.

Vocal Solo (Girls 10—12 years).

- 2nd Janette Main, L.VII.

Scottish Folk Songs (under 12 years).

- 3rd Ruth Dorward, L.VII.

Recorder Bands (Primary).

- 1st D.H.S., L.VII.
- 3rd D.H.S., L.VI.

Duets for Descant Recorders (under 12 years).

- 1st S. Davis, G. Gibson, L.VII.
- 2nd G. Bloomer, J. Mottashaw, L.VI.
- 3rd F. McEwen, S. Ramsay, L.VI.

Recorder Duets (over 12 years).

- 1st B. Crawford, P. Anderson, F.III.
- 3rd D. Batchelor, P. Ramsay, L.VII.

Scottish Folk Songs (15—18 years open).

- 3rd F. Robertson, F.IV.

Vocal Solo (Girls 12—14 years).

- 2nd P. Douglas, F.II.

Treble Recorder (advanced).

- 2nd S. Davis, L.VII.
- 3rd B. Crawford, F.III.

Recorder Group (advanced).

- 1st D.H.S., L.VII.

Descant Recorder (advanced).

- 2nd S. Davis, L.VII.

Piano Duet (under 14 years).

- 1st Helen Taylor, F.I (at Arbroath).

Piano Solo (under 14 years).

- 3rd Helen Taylor, F.I.

Piano Solo (at Perth Festival) (under 10 years).

- 3rd Walter Jamieson, L.V.

NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

We congratulate a number of Former Pupils who have achieved distinction in various fields:—

Chris Rea has been chosen to tour Australia and New Zealand with the British Lions this summer. He has played for Dundee H.S.F.P.; St. Andrews University, North and Midlands, Glasgow, and is a Barbarian. He has been capped thirteen times for Scotland.

Mr R. L. Lickley has been appointed President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. Mr Lickley has had a distinguished career and has served on various committees of the Institution.

We are extremely sorry to report the death of **Dr. Francis Alexander**, who was a senior B.B.C. science research engineer and an acoustics expert.

We congratulate **Robin Barr** and **Alan McConnell** on gaining the Distinction Award for Life Saving. This is the highest practical award.

We are very happy to report that the "**Bobby McGregor Sponsored Swimming**" in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes raised a sum total of £160.59p. For this, much of the credit goes to the Junior School, aided by the senior pupils.

OBITUARY

GORDON GRANT

A True Friend

Last term, on the twenty-fourth of March, we learned with deep sorrow of the tragic death of Gordon Grant after a long trying illness.

Gordon was indeed a true friend of all who knew him, especially of his class. He was very popular with both staff and pupils, and everyone who knew him could not fail to like him and admire his attractive personality. He had a very quick wit and a keen brain and could see the lighter side of life; always ready with a joke when the occasion merited it, while at the same time, conscientious and sincere.

Gordon spent all of his academic career at Dundee High School, and was always prominent in the class placings. He took an active part in school life, especially excelling in the sports of golf, cricket, tennis and rugby; and in the finer art of dancing, both highland and country.

A fund was started in his memory and the response proved to be so great that a donation was sent to the Leukaemia Research Fund, books were presented to

the school library in his name, and a trophy is being instituted for the best all-round sportsman in the school as befits his own athletic accomplishments.

During his long stay in hospital, Gordon never became bitter or despairing, facing his long illness with admirable courage and always ready with a smile and a joke for everyone. Gordon was completely original, and there will never be anyone quite like him. We shall always remember him.

We extend our sympathy to his family and close friends.

Form Four.

This tribute to Gordon only deals with one side of a friendship, and mention must be made of the part played by Gordon's friends in F.IV. Although the form as a whole reacted to Gordon's illness in a way which admirably demonstrated their spirit of friendship, several boys require special mention for their work.

They devoted much of their time to visiting Gordon; keeping him informed of events, both social and academic and by their example, greatly helped Gordon and the Grant family during Gordon's illness.

Mr Donald C. Fraser M.C.C., Ed. Dip. Tech. Subjects

In September 1971, Mr Donald Fraser leaves the school to take up an appointment as Lecturer in Technical Subjects at Dundee College of Education and, although we are happy for the realisation of his ambition to work in this field of higher education, we are saddened by the prospect of his departure.

Mr Fraser was appointed Head Master of Technical Subjects in April, 1963 and, despite the arduous business of commuting weekly between Dundee and Inverness, he immediately committed himself to the whole life of the school upon which he was soon to make his mark. Undoubtedly, his greatest work has been in the thorough reorganisation of the Technical Department which has been developed to play an important role in the general as well as specialist education of High School pupils. At some stage in their school careers, all boys now receive instruction in this department and, at a higher level, over 100 pupils are presented annually for the S.C.E. Examinations in which the Technical Department has a fine record of academic success. In an atmosphere "technological" rather than "technical", boys — and girls! — undertake advanced work on engineering projects and many former "tech." boys are now following courses of study in a variety of university faculties. It is through the range and the quality of his pupils' work, consistently maintained, but most evident upon the occasion of department exhibitions, that Mr Fraser has so promoted his depart-

ment and advanced the name of the school in the technical world.

However, there is more to Mr Fraser than the efficient teacher and administrator, for this man of liberal interests has contributed much to the extra-curricular life of the school. As a C.C.F. officer, Lt. Fraser has always been an enthusiastic supporter of the aims of the C.C.F. within the school and has given six years of good service to the contingent. Here his essential role has been that of "father-figure" to the boys of the Junior Company, for which responsible and friendly service many fond parents must surely have been grateful—especially during that all-important "first camp". It was Lt. Fraser also, who established the popular and successful REME course on motor maintenance. His willing assistance upon the sports field will be missed, most especially by the boys of the hockey XI's, for Mr Fraser was one of the members of staff who helped to establish boys' hockey as a major sport in the school. In all that he did, he looked for the best in others and invariably got it.

We—pupils, friends and colleagues, will miss his friendly and cheerful manner, but trust that he leaves us the richer for his experience of the High School. We wish Mr Fraser and his family every happiness and success for the future, saying not "goodbye" but "au revoir", for we shall surely meet again when he revisits the school in his new capacity. G.C.S.



Anne George, F.Ibl.

Junior School



on my Estair holiday I went to the zoo
and to the fare I was given a brars fox
that was a door nochr.

Alison Kennedy, L.Ib.

I have A rabt its fr is white as snwoe
We have got a nik name for him it is
frgs tratr hee runs very fast.

Murray Tait, L.Ib.

I have been into a fire station. I went
into one of the fire eigin.

Alexander Watt, L.Ib.

I was on the Trampleens in holland I
did a sumersolt I went on my nees I went
on my botem and I bounst so high I was
toler than Daddy.

Isobel Marshall, L.Ib.

I have a sumer dress it is blue and whit.
I have lotes of flowers in My garden. We
have a dog called Kandy.

Melissa Low, L.Ib.

We went to Arren for our holiday. We
went on a ship. There wer partys. We
went horse rideing. The horse reerd up
with me on his back. My bed-room was
up stares. We climde a clift up to the
top. How hiy we wer. There was a beach
in frunt of the Hotel. On the boat Mummy
notste that I had jermen meezls. We
went across to brodek. I got a red hare-
band. How nice it was.

Gillian E. Meekison, L.Ia.

I have a pet dog and a rabbit. One day
the rabbit was let out and the dog was
out as well. the rabbit ran the dog chast
the rabbit the rabbit saw a hole in the
grass the rabbit went down the hole. the
rabbit was safe from the dog. Daddy cal-
led the dog in Daddy smaced the dog. the
dog went to his bed in hiss grass.

Melanie Falconer, L.Ia.

I have a fish at home called Magret.
And mummy has a puppy called Polly.
And Daddy has a labror called Dina. And
my big sister has a cat called Candi. And
they are all very inqisitif. They look at
Magrat all day long. They look as if They
want to eat her. Mummy's puppy is the
most inqisitif of them all. She is very
inqisitif.

Sally Marr, L.Ia.

When I was on my holidays I went to
a farm it was at my cousins house I
stade thare for lunch and tea.

Carole Grieve, L.Ia.

My gineepig is a girl and drinks water
and pelits and bran and grass and it needs
to Bee Kleend out just evry sunday.

Jill Bradwood, L.Ia.

OUR STORIES

One day Molly Mouse found a felt pen.
She played with it until She was tired out.
Then she went to bed and when she woke
up in the morning it was very dark and
she did not know that the felt pen ran
it's ink out and it was coming up the
stairs very quickly and she did not know
that it was only half past two in the morn-
ing. until she looked at it and noticed the
ink coming up the stairs and this is what
she said HELP HELP SAVE ME QUICK
and Tilly saved her and they lived happily
ever after.

Ross Collins, L.IIb.

My space-ship is just comming down
to land on the moon. I can see lots of
dark sand and lots of lite rocks. We are
hopping to walk on the moon tomorow
morning. And we will bring some with us.
It is verry hot up here. In the space. We
need to eat out of bags last night We
had curry and potatois and we had a
drink of milk. Witch was verry hot and
tasty.

Robert McMillan, L.IIb.

My space-ship is just coming down to land on the moon. I can see the moon and it feels iksiting But it is not three things went rong But the went Back into place agen I am geting on my things. now we are landing it is iksiting. I am geting out ther is sircils. I am floting in the clouds yiks! the space-ship is on it way for splash down yiks! I had beter tack some iar and throw my self away.

Gavin Pritchard, L.IIb.

My space-ship is just coming down to land on the moon. I can see the moon I am redy to land on the moon. when you go up to the moon you see stars. I flot about. when I was up ther I so green men and thay talked to me. I so coloured stars too.

Elsbeth Menzies, L.IIb.

My space-ship is just coming down to land on the moon. I can see the moon it's aflay bumpy thare were lots of little peple they came out of little holse in the moon and I am just getting out of my space-ship thare comming to wellcome me thare scarde of the space-ship thare askking us for tea will we go no it mite be a trik let's go and explore more thirs a jungle over thare. thare are real annaml. thars little boys comming towards me they thin I am thare daddy. lets get out of this place wate for me but whare is my space-ship. but how can we get out of this place.

Grace Scott, L.IIb.

This morning my big Brother was cuting a bit with his penknife and he cut his thumb by mistake.

Sandy Reid, L.IIb.

MY SCHOOL

I want to teach in the big School. I want to Do gym with Mr Aladise in the big gym.

Roderick McGill, L.IIb.

MY SCHOOL

This is the school.
my Mummy is a teacher.
I like the recder.
I like the school.
the pavement was dug-up.

Hilary Foster, L.IIb.

MY SCHOOL

Our first day of school is Monday to-day is Monday. And we have English. last Monday I had a star. I like it to.

George Cowie, L.IIb.

THE NEW PENNY

Once there was a shiny new decimal penny. At firt it was in little child's pocket but then it got stuck in the child's cheing-gun. The decimal coin did not feel a bit comfortable.

Andrew Boggon, L.IIb.

THE NEW PENNY

Once there was a shiny, new decimal penny. At first it was in a little child's pocket, but then it fell out of the pocket and sumwun found it and took it home.

Malcolm McInnes, L.IIb.

THE NEW PENNY

Once there was a shiny new decimal penny. At first it was in a little boys pocket, but then it fell out! It landed with a thud! Then some-body found it And he put it in his pocket and the same thing happend again. But this this time it fell into a pram. WA! WA! WA! the baby shouted "IKCS" he thot. What a noise. Bot something and started to eat it! But when he ment to pay he could not find his penny. The man was angry!

Struan Clark, L.IIb.

I am a little black pony. My name is Charge. I like best when I can have a nice rest. But I am going to be very careful because when I get old, my master will sell me! So I have made a plan; and this is it. I am going to run away when I get old. I will run and run and when I come to a field with ponys in it and I will live with them.

Philip Daft, L.IIb.

I am a little black pony. My name is Black Night I like hay and shuger I like to galip and I like applse to eat as well. I have a white back and I have black legse. My hoofs ar silfr the botm of my hoofs ar gold. I galip about forty miles anowr.

Dougal Adamson, L.IIb.

I am a litte black pony. My name is Black Beauty I like best when I go in to town with a cart on me I see the busy street and cars go past me and people one day I did not go to the busy street I wonderderd why and then I knew it was a holday.

Hilary McFarland, L.IIb.

I am a little black pony. My name is Susie. I like best when my mother takes me for a walk down by the sea-side and I can see all the people. A one day I went of for a walk in woods and suddenly I saw a curly thing and I ran to my mother and I told her what I had seen and she said it was a snake and I was horrified.

Hilary Brewster, L.IIb.

You will never guess what I am a crab I live under the sea and one day a ciller whale threatened me that he would eat me and he did but I came out his spout and when I got out I niped him and he chased me and another day a diver caut me and I didnt now what to do and the diver pulled me up and I struggled and struggled but I couldnt get out and the diver gave me to the butcher and he tried to cut me but I pinshet him.

Sandy Reid, L.IIb.

You will never guess what I am I am a crab. I live under the sea and I nip. I can be killed by a dart and I can be killed by hand as well as by a dart. I can kill people as well as them killing me the crab. A crab can hurt you very badly you can eat me. Im very tastey my name is simon-crab.

Simon Pritchard, L.IIb.

You will never guess what I am I am a mullet I live under the sea and I jump I am blue I swim and I live in a hole I find food I ate little fish I ate four little baby ones one day three little girls and Nothing.

Alison Turner, L.IIb.

You will never guess what I am. I am a dolphin. I live under the sea and swim in the sea and I like it in the sea.

Heather Sharp, L.IIb.

yesterday Ann came to my house and gordon made my toe go under the door.

Elspeith Menzies, L.IIb.

You will never guess what I am. I am a hairy monster. I live under the sea and I am not just a hairy monster but I am a magician that was turned into a hairy monster by the sea god. He took all my magic away. many fishs laughed at me. Soon I got bored off them laughing. So I ran away from them. I went to lannd and another magician freed me.

Jane Miller, L.IIb.

You, will never, guess, what I am. I am a crocodile and I live under the sea and you better watch or I will gobble you up.

Iain Currie, L.IIb.

FROM OUR NEWSPAPER

I fell of my rope-ladre on to a woodn stiar case and I nianly fantd.

Dougal Adamson, L.IIb.

When we put the bread on the cooker mummy did not look at it, so it burnt!

Philip Daft, L.IIb.

When we were coming to school today, a great big lorry went into mummy's path, I was wiping the back window, and mummy did an emergency stop and I went flying into mummy's seat and when I got there oof! I landed on the floor.

Philip Daft, L.IIb.

One day I went to the Safari Park when I went in a monkey jumped on the car it jumped from a tree I looked out and the monkey jumped strate infront of my face I put my head back into the car.

David Scott, L.IIa.

MY SCHOOL

I like playing in the play ground best of all and I play at the trees.

I like my lunch and whene I go home I do my home wark and after I go up and changed.

Graeme A. Inverarity, L.IIb.

We went to the sea and got some shells and painted them and put them on the table and let them dry.

Roderick McGill, L.IIb.

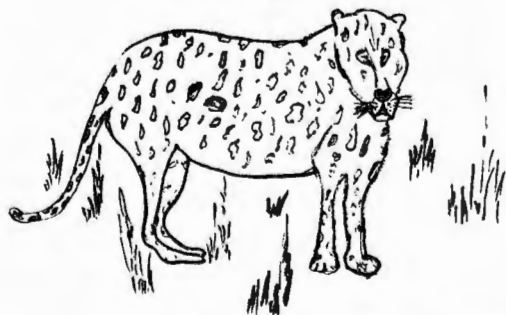
I went to the dentist yestrday. I got a big filling the dentist said I was a good girl.
Elsbeth Menzies, L.IIb.

One day in the Yorkshire Moors, West and East Riding. A little forest streches north. Two children lived there called David and Anne. One day they went into a house made of sweets, a swiss roll, a doughnut, liqurice allsorts, biscuits, cream buns, jam tarts, cakes, buns, cookies, cream, sugar, crisps, chocolate, sauce, caramel, ice cream, toffee apples, cheesets and applecrumble, rock, tomatos.

Neale Elder, L.IIa.

Ann and John went for a walk in the woods but they got lost in the darkness Ann who was the youngest was scared and she started to cry I'm scared she said they walked and walked till they came to a clearen were a house made of sweets stood of course the children were hungry so they started to eat it but they did not now that the house belonged to a witch who turned children into gingerbread and then would eat them.
Gail Ferrier, L.IIa.

LEOPARD



Alan G. Anderson, L.VI.

AT THE AFRICAN SAFARI PARK

One day my uncle took me to the African Safari Park. I saw the antelopes and lions, zebras and vervet-monkeys, and seals and giraffes. We had a picnic by the river and I saw a chaf-finch a mallard with its babies.

Neale Elder, L.IIa.

One day in winter two children called Louise and Neale were walking through a wood when they saw a house. But to thier enormous surprise it was made of sweets. The children were very hungrey. So they started to eat the cakes and sweets. But they didn't see a witch but suddenly they saw her and escaped just in time. The witches name was Scruella.

Hilary L. Mottashaw, L.IIa.

THE PLOUGHMAN

The ploughman is a very busy man. He ploughs the fields twice a year.

In the olden days the ploughman dug up the fields with spades.

Susan Galloway, L.IIa.

A cow eats grass to make milk he makes it With the help of a machine in his tummy the machine mikses the grass and when she is being milked the milk comes out in to the bucket and after the cow is milked it gets put in to a bag or a bottle and then it gose away in a van with the bottles or bags to be selled to people.

Stuart Strachan, L.IIa.

The Dairyman alway has to get up early every day. The shed must be spotless before the cows are milked. They have to eat nice long juicy grass. There is a little machine inside the cows tummy.

Graham Summers, L.IIa.

PITTAR, PATTER

Pittar, patter, pittar, patter.
Listen to the rain,
Pitter, patter, pittar, patter,
On my window pane,
Pittar, patter, pittar, patter
Listen to the rain.
Pittar, patter, pittar, patter
There it goes again,
Pittar, patter, pittar, patter
Listen down the spring,
Pitter patter, pittar, patter
I like to hear it sing.

Kate Marr, L.IIIa.



FORM V. 1970-71



PREFECTS 1970-71

Back Row (l. to r.)—Peter Hutcheson, Elizabeth Nicoll, Graeme Clarkson, Peter Arbuckle, Jane Aungle, Ronald Walker, Alison Brown, Rorie Allardice.

Front Row (l. to r.)—Dick Stiven (Deputy Head Boy), Mr D. R. Paton, Elizabeth Boase (Head Girl), Mr E. M. Stewart, David Muckart (Head Boy), Miss A. W. Gray, Lesley Duguid (Deputy Head Girl).



MEDALLISTS 1970-71

(For names, see next page)

MY EASTER HOLIDAY

We went to Skye for our Easter Holiday. It was a cold day when we started out. I spent a long time in the car before we reached the Kyle of Lochalsh where the ferry took us to the island. There were still 50 miles to go before we reached the place where we slept. The first night I hardly got any sleep, it was so cold! We stayed another night there, and then we travelled a bit and slept in a hotel. Philip and I spent a day on the beach there, and the day after that we got home.

Christopher Daft, L.IIIa.

MY EASTER HOLIDAY

In my Easter Holiday went to a place near Aberdeen called Aboyne. We went to a hotel called "Burse Lodge Hotel". It had a very big garden and a nice television room. We stayed there for four days. It had a river just over the road and we often went there. The hotel Manager was called Mr Boyle.

Andrew Ritchie, L.IIa.

A DREAM

You can never,
Get the better,
Of a dream with a thrill,
Wait until,
You are older,
And much bolder.

Alison Newton, L.IIIa.

There once was a bear. There once was a little bear with hair upon his tummy. He fell into a honey pot and got his tummy gummy. He washed and washed and scrubbed all day. But it would not go away. So he cried and cried and I do not forget his crying to this very day.

Gillian McFarland, L.IIIa.

RAIN

Splish-splash Splish-splash
Goes the rain,
Plop plop on my window pain
See the rain!
See the rain! on the window pain.
Plop plop plop,
Goes the rain
See it drip of the roof
See it go plop on the grass.
See it go plop on the grass

Elaine Cox, L.IIIa.

WATER

Plip, Plop,
Drip, Drop
That's the way the raindrops go.
Where they come from I do not know.
Splish Splash
Oh! What a noise
It is like those fighting boys.

Alison Newton, L.IIIa.

MEDALLISTS 1970-71

Back Row (l. to r.)—Jane F. McLean (Dux in German), Jane E. Aungle (Dux in Spanish), Andrew C. Morrison and David J. J. Muckart (Joint Dux in Biology), William S. Walker (Dux in Physics), Graeme W. Smart (Dux in Chemistry), Brian E. Eadie (Dux in Maths), Janet A. Campbell (Economics), Helen M. Millar (Dux in Homecraft).

Middle Row (l. to r.)—Calum R. Paton (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form 3 Boys), Sarah L. Boase (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form 3 Girls), Sheena S. McMain (R. S. L. MacPherson Prize for Dux of Form 4), Robin T. Winter (R. S. L. MacPherson Prize for Dux of Form 2 Boys), David A. Taylor (Dux in History), Dorothy A. McKenzie (R. S. L. MacPherson Prize for Joint Dux of Form 2 Girls), Carol A. Knox (Dux in Gymnastics, Girls), Graham G. A. Allardice (Dux in Gymnastics, Boys).

Front Row (l. to r.)—Richard P. H. Clark (Dux of Junior School, Boys), Dianna S. Wilson (Dux of Preparatory School, Girls), Christopher M. W. Daft (Dux of Preparatory School, Boys), Gillian M. Green (Dux of School, Dux in English, Dux in French), Catherine M. McLeod (MacEwan/Foote Prize for Dux of Form 5), Diana L. Batchelor, Catherine M. Langlands (Joint Duxes of Junior School, Girls).

Insets—Judith I. Hanslip (R. S. L. MacPherson Prize for Joint Dux of Form 2, Girls).
David G. G. Aungle (Robertson Prize for Dux of Form 1, Boys).

INDIAN CARPET

I have some indian carpet It's very pretty I told my aunt a story about indian carpet.

One day I was out gardning and my sister and I dug a big flower out. My sister asked, "what shall we put there", "what about indian carpet because it would be a real carpet then". She said nothing.

Susan Smith, L.IIIa.

MY EASTER HOLIDAY

On my Easter Holiday,
I went somewhere quite far away.
We stayed at Arden House
And under the dresstable I saw a mouse.
When I was fast asleep,
Through the keyhole my mother did peep
Just as I had a great big snore,
My mother suddenly opened the door.
Now for a surprise she said,
And laid on my bed an Easter Egg.

Leslie Hood, L.IIIa.

THE RAIN

Rain is water,
Falling down,
Right in the town.
Sometimes it falls not in the town,
But falls down in the country-side,
It falls right down, piter, pater,
On the roof tops piter, pater,
Down on a little girl,
Piter, pater, down at her.
Down goes the rain,
Down, Down, Down.

Jane Ralls, L.IIIb.

DOWN THE WINDOW PANE

Down the air everywhere God is sending rain,
Pittar, patter, pittar, patter, down the window pane,
Pittar, patter, pittar, patter, down the window,
God is sending rain everywhere,
And everything is wet.

Lesley Hunter, L.IIIb.

THE RAIN

Rain Rain pitter patter on my window pain,
I like the rain because it goes pitter patter on my window pain,
Rain Rain like little fairies danceing on my window pain
They went like lovely little danceing stars,
Stars stars shine very bright like danceing fairies in the night.

Kirsty Norrie, L.IIIb.

THE RAIN

Slish, splosh goes the rain,
On my window pain.
The water splishs all round about,
And floods the whole wide town,
The clouds are grey,
And not a bit of blue is seen.
The rain is splashing down the street.
Makes paddles swirl round my feet.
People are soaked,
Umbrellas high
And all the folk are home to have a big long lie.

Angus Perry, L.IIIb.

THE RAIN

The rain is falling
It goes tap, tap, tap,
As I run home I splish in the water,
It is fun.
When I get home Mummy will dry me up
My coat is very wet
Mummy hang's it up to dry.

Fiona Shepherd, L.IIIb.

WATER

Water Splishes water splashes
all around in my bath.
I always hear it as I wash
all day in my bath.
At the seaside the water
goes Splish Splosh the
same as in the bath
It goes Splish Splosh as
paddle in the water.

Sally Lawson, L.IIIb.

THE RAINDROP

Once there was a raindrop came down
pitter, the drop became rain the rain be-
came a storm the storm became a thun-
der-storm the thunder-storm went, boom,
bang, boom, bang all day and night. It hit
a church steeple and knocked it down.

Kenneth Pritchard, L.IIIb.

ALPINE CLIMBER



G. Gibson, L.VII.

WATER

Water is cold water is hot,
I jump in water, splish, splash it goes,
Water drips from the taps, splish, slash,
I swim in water, I sail boats in water,
I wash in water, scrub, scrub
I drink water gulp, gulp

Roger Gibson, L.IIIb.

THE RAIN

Down comes the rain
Which wets me to my skin
I splash in the puddles
Which wet my socks so wet
And wet my shoes as well
When cars come along they splash me
so much I am glad to get home again.

David Smith, L.IIIb.

THE RAINDROPS

Pitter, Patter goes the raindrops.

I like to see them running down my
window pane

Splash, Splash in and out the puddles I
splash.

The sky is black, this sky is grey.

I love to see the colours on the rainbow
red, yellow, orange, green, purple, blue
and pink.

Pitter Patter in the puddles,

Pitter Patter on the ground.

Then I get warmed by the fire.

Rhona Graham, L.IIIb.

THE LOST DOG

Fifi, the dancing poodle, walked down
caravan steps. It was sunny, and the sun
beat down on her thick fur. Her pink
dancing skirt was tight round her waist.
"How I wish I could run away", she
sighed. Her mistress, Jepitino, came down
the steps. She was cruel, and she some-
times starved Fifi. Fifi hated her. She was
ugly and fat.

Fifi had been posthumously born. She
had been a silky white then, but now she
was a horrible green in the ring, and a
filthy white when she wasn't. She was
hated by Jepitino who was tired of look-
ing after her. Coco was a little brown
whippet, he belonged to Mickey the
clown. Mickey loved Coco and adored
Fifi. That night Fifi lay restlessly in her
basket. She was tired and yet could not
get to sleep. Stealthily she walked on her
hind legs to the door. Quietly she reached
up to the key. Suddenly a door squeaked.
It was only Fifi's bedroom door closing.
She pushed the keys into the lock. The
door opened, and she slipped out into the
dark. The next morning she scrounged
meat from a butcher.

It was hard getting food so she turned
home. The thought of Jepetino made her
blood go cold.

When she arrived home, she found no
Jepitino and no caravan. Coco told her
that Jepitino had left and she was
Mickey's dog. Fifi was overjoyed at this
and had a happy ending to her life.

Anne Henderson, L.IV.

JERRY'S LUCK

One day when I was on holiday I saw Jerry, who was a friend of mine. His father was a fisherman and owned a boat. He said, "One day you will fish near Thamis". Thamis was a small island not many people had explored it. One day I saw a strange woman looking at his father's boat. I asked what she was doing. She hurriedly looked up to the sky and said, "I'm a bird watcher looking for the rare black backed gull". I tried not to laugh. Then I walked away and watched her from a safe distance. Then two weeks later I saw the same lady jump into a luxurious motor boat and steer to Thamis. I went to Jerry's father and asked if I could go in his boat. He said, "Yes, as long as you take Jerry". So I went to Jerry and said, "Come on, we're going to Thamis". "But I don't want to go". Well, that was the end. I went to Jerry's father and asked if I could go in his boat tomorrow. He said, "Yes, if you want to". The next day I brought food, blankets, bags, bathing suit, cutlery, crockery, and spare clothes. I went to Jerry who was ready. We went to Thamis. We found out this lady was looking for treasure. She found it but left some behind. Jerry found the most expensive thing, the chief's dagger. I only found some rubies and rings. That didn't matter because I went home to have tea which was fish and chips.

Alison Sprunt, L.IV.

JOEY!

It was May 1970 when he arrived. I was at a friend's house. When I got home he was there. He is a Bay gelding 12.2 hands high, he is also naughty. We finally got hold of him by means of a rope. When I got on him he was quite quiet. But we soon thought different. He was nervous and scared of crops, hat, anoraks and buckets. He once got free because we left the gate open but he just went up into the garden and ate and ate I soon was jumping him and he galloped up stopped hopped over this was rather annoying. In the winter he goes to a friends and so I went with him to Catriona's and rode for the rest of the day.

Philippa Hardie, L.V.

EASTER

I saw my Easter egg
Rolling down a hill,
But as far as I know
It rolled into a mill.
The mill was deep and dark
The egg was lost I think,
I heard the cry of a lark
And other noises too.
I kept on hunting and hunting
Until my torch grew dim,
I kept on looking and feeling
For my long, lost Easter egg.

Catriona Collins, L.IV.

THE LOST PUSSY CAT

One day a little marmalade and white pussy cat jumped up onto our back fence in the garden, and meiwed and meiwed to get in so I let it in. Once the little pussy cat was in, it purred and it purred to get some milk, so I gave it some milk in a saucer and it lapped it up. Once it had finished the milk, little pussy lay down at the fire and fell sound a sleep. When it woke, I put it out and it jumped onto the fence again and meiwed and meiwed to get in but I didn't let the pussy in I told him to go home.

Karen Wanless, L.IV.

MY CAT

My cat is 3 years old. It likes to play with things. When it is hungry it bites people's legs. It likes to eat mince, custard, chicken, roast pork, and baked beans. It is a "he". It is grey and white. It has got yellow eyes. When we were on holiday, our Granny was looking after it. It went into somebody's garden and that somebody phoned some people who catch cats. They caught the cat and put it in a cage and went to Edinburgh. When we came back our Granny told us and said that Uncle Jim was bringing it back. The next day Uncle Jim came and brought the cat back.

Jacqueline Fergusson, L.IV.

SKOOL

Mi english is not too badd,
Mi spelling is quitte goood.
Butt the only thing i really hate,
IS aruthhmettic itt's gust a borre.

Lindsey Dunbar, L.V.

JAMIE

We have a parrot called Jamie. He is green with yellow feathers on his head. He has some blue, red and yellow under his green feathers. He says, "Rub-a-dub, hallo, goodmorning, and morning birdie".

Ailsa McEwen, L.IV.

THE PONY CALLED STAR

Last Sunday I went up to look at two ponies. Before I went I asked Mum would I be able to buy one. But the answer was no.

When I got there I had to wait for about a half hour, then I was allowed to mount a pony whose name is Star. We went round, and round a big circle. There was a lot of people there.

When I had finished the girl who owned him showed me him jump. After she had jumped him Daddy said he would have had him for 6 days by now. I got him on the 22 of March. On Monday I am getting riding Boots.

Claire Shepherd, L.V.

A SUMMER SILHOUTTE

It was a hot sticky day and a winding river trickled gently down a baby water fall. A weeping willow's branches touched the still water as if it was thirsty. Lilies floated across the river doing a sort of spinning dance. A windfall lay melting in the sun. All this was broken by a call from mother. I slipped on my shoes and skipped home.

Sandra Ferrier, L.V.

THE PIRATE

His face was ruddy from the weather,
And his boots and his belt were of
toughest leather,
Slashed were his breeches in gorgeous
shades,
Ragged in places through previous raids.
Upon his head a Greek skull-cap,
Was cocked above one ear.
The blue-black curls hung round his face.
His sight alone caused men great fear.
But soon, when dusk swept o'er the land,
He sailed towards the sun,
For lands like these are dangerous,
For pirates on the run.

Sarah McMillan, L.V.

THE WINDS AND THE WEATHER COCK

One day the four winds decided to blow very hard and knock the bronze weather cock off the top of the tall church spire. So they blew and blew all day, but the weather cock hung on with all its might. The winds were very angry. So the next day they tried again and this time the weather cock fell off. However, he was put back on again. The winds decided to try again. However, they could not get the weather cock off this time. So they just gave up.

Rose Block, L.IV.

I like to go up to Glenshee when there is snow and ice.

I love sledging and ski-ing.

Once on the way up a car had skidded and blocked the road and lots of cars were held up for an hour.

The air was clear and the sun was beating down it began to get warm and we got out of the car and had coffee and sandwiches for our elevenses then we played in the snow.

Mummy and Daddy said it was just like Switzerland.

Margaret Lindsay, L.V.

THE SEASONS

Spring has come.

The yellow primroses are out.

And the daffodils are swaying in the breeze.

And the tulips are almost out.

Summer has come

The roses are out,

Pink, orange and scarlet,

The bees and the wasps are buzzing around.

O, Summer is my favourite season.

Autumn has come

The leaves are swirling around

The gardener sweeps them up but they just come again.

And the sun goes to bed and sleeps in.

Winter has come,

The Mill Pond is frozen with ice.

And Icicles are hanging from the pipes.
It is terribly cold in winter.

Jennifer Pringle, L.V.

OUR ANIMALS

There are twelve members in our family. There are six people and we each have an animal. Daddy has a Labrador called Dinah. Mummy has a Miniature Sealyham puppy called Polly. Andrew has a fish called Elsie. I have a cat called Candy. Kate has a budgie called Joey, and Sally has a fish called Margaret.

Dinah has had 11 puppy's and she thinks that Polly is a puppy that did not turn out quite right. Polly also thinks that Dinah is her Mummy. Polly allways chases Candy because she has not learnt otherwise. Candy has had 11 kittens, 6 in one kindle and 5 in the other. Our two fish are both new.

Lucy Marr, L.V.

Snowball was a pony
And fat was he,
A funny little thing
But he suited me.
He was full glee,
But he always use to whinny
To me oh to me
He use to whinnie to me.
I walked along the road one day,
I was going to see my pony,
And with my Snowball I wanted to stay.
But of course it started to rain.
I rode my Snowball
Up and down the street
I put him in the field
Went home and ate my meat.

Linda McLean, L.V.

NOISES

Noises noises everywhere,
Often we hear them at school,
Ice-blocks crashing on the floor,
Slates tumbling down the road,
Eyes spot them and the people jump out
of the way,
So many people jump in a ditch.
Crashes crashes in the house,
Rockery plants fall on the floor,
All the time crash crash somewhere,
Small things, large things fall,
How the china goes.
Everything soon will be vanished,
Sometime soon we will have none at all.

Caroline Wallace, L.V.

MY SNAKE

I have a snake called Sandy. He is a sand-boa, which comes from India. About once a year Sandy sheds his skin. He eats a mouse every week. In his cage there is a heater and a thick layer of silver-sand. Around three sides of the cage are sheets of silver paper to reflect the light because his cage has to be kept very warm. He is an unusual pet to have but a very nice one.

Felicity Magowan, L.V.

SEASONS

Spring has come
Summer is coming once more
With lovely thoughts.
We wait for Autumn
To come again
With horrid thoughts of Winter.
Spring is nice
Summer is very nice
Autumn is all right
And Winter too.

Rosemary Craig, L.V.

IF I WAS A TAME FOX

If I was a tame fox,
I would live in a cardboard box.
With straw and shavings,
And plenty of food,
I would be in a good-tempered mood.
With a bushy tail to wrap round my nose,
And a rosebush on which would flower a
rose.

Helen Wilson, L.V.

SHAPES

Geometry is the study of shapes,
Everything has a shape from cars to
grapes.
The square has a shape when it's pushed
to the side.
A bird has as a shape when it's in a glide.
Everything has a shape,
Even an ape.
A pencil has a shape. It is long and thin.
A needle has a shape. It is like a pin.
Flag poles are thin and tall,
And tennis balls are round and small.
Shoe-boxes are rectangular,
And the core of an apple is shaped like
a star.

Donald Rae, L.V.



Gavin Gibson

THE FASHION

I think the fashion is super
Especially the midis and hot pants.
The maxis are not a very nice length
Their colours are gay and bright
The boleros match the midis and hot pants
With plenty colours to chose from
Purples, pinks, greens, blues.

Kathryn Marshall, L.V.

LIFE ON MARS

Life on Mars may not be as pleasant
as it sounds. The polar ice-caps may not
be made of the same kind of water as
we have on earth. It may also be hotter
in daytime and colder at night. There may
not be plant life, or if there is, it may be
poisonous. The year is 687 days long.
The Martian air is also very thin, so we
might have breathing problems.

Nicolas Matheson-Dear, L.V.

L.V. BOYS

If you enter L.V. boy's classroom you
will see 41 desks and 41 boys. You will
see a decimal shop and decimal poems.
There is a map of the world on the wall
and a map of Historic Scotland on the
door. There are poems about the moon
and poems about the shapes around us.
There is a library full of books and a
poetry table. When you leave, you do not
hear a sound—Industry is all around.

Nicolas Matheson-Dear, L.V.

A MAN FROM DUNOON

There was an old man from Dunoon,
Who decided to go to the moon,
He thought he would follow
The men from Apollo,
But somebody burst his balloon.

Alan Robb, L.V.

A MOON MAN'S LIFE

Rockets zoom low and high,
As they swish in the sky,
Earthmen land on the moon,
My home,
Travellers in space they roam.
They make a din a noisy row,
And here they bring new customs now,
They cause me great strife,
That's a moonman's life.

Angus McCoss, L.V.

BROKEN WING

Last year, when I was at Pitlochry
caravan site with my friend, we saw a
baby blue-tit fall from its nest. It broke
its leg and its mother was not there so
my friend ran to her father, who owns the
site, to ask him what to do. He told her
not to touch it and go away from it. The
next time I went to our caravan it wasn't
there so I asked my friend what had hap-
pened she said she didn't know so we
knew its mother had helped it.

Jennifer Reid, L.V.

BEN MORE

Ben More is situated on the Isle of
Mull, a small island off the west coast.
There is an another mountain of the same
name, you can see on the way to Oban.
The landscape you can see from the top is
unsurpassed anywhere else in the bonny
highlands and islands of Scotland. The
landscape around Ben More is marshy
and full of streams. The river's white
water that comes crashing from this
bonny mountain fills you with a wonder-
ful awe, the full height of this majestic
mountain is 3,169 ft. The summit of the
mountain is covered with scree and
stones and is bitterly cold.

David J. Proudfoot, L.V.

SHAPES

Everything has a shape—
Rectangles, circles, squares.
From Lorries and cars,
to apples and pears.
Everything has a shape,
Including you and me.
If nothing had a shape,
What a funny world it would be!

A. Johnson, L.V.

JOKES

Teacher: "I told you to do 20 lines for a bad grammar, but there are only 10 here".

Boy: "Yes, my arithmetic is bad too".

Policeman: "Don't dive there. It has no water".

Idiot: "Good, because I can't swim".

Why do humming birds hum?
They don't know the words.

"Knock! knock! Who's there?"

"Irish stew".

"Irish stew who".

"Irish stew in the name of the law".

THE RAILWAY ENGINE

The railway engine goes along the track
Picking up the passengers
And dropping them off
It used to have a tender
But it doesn't need it now
Because its got an engine
And it doesn't need fire.

Stuart McMain, L.VI.

WINTER

The cold bleak days of Winter return,
Freezing the warm milk in the churn,
Scattering snow o'er frost-bitten flowers,
Floating down for hours and hours.

Scott Carnegie, L.V.

A MOONLIT NIGHT

A ray of moonlight shines through the trees,
A rabbit darts down its hole,
A bird from a tree flees,
But still the night was black as coal.
The ground is like silver,
The night is dark,
Says my friend Wilbour,
"It's too quiet not even a dog does bark."
Kindly the moon looks on the children asleep,
Down on the animals wandering about,
Down on the crook who stealthily does creep,
Down on the fish, herring and trout.

Brian Smith, L.VI.

MY MOST EMBARRASSING EXPERIENCE

One day in L.V., we were invited to my cousin's caravan. We had the Friday and Monday off school, so we could stay longer. If you walked for a while then you came to a big tree which had a rope hanging from it. One day when I was swinging on it, I fell into a waistdeep river. I hadn't many clothes with me, so I couldn't put anything else on. My clothes were drying and I went outside to feel how dry they were. Just then a car drove past and everyone in it stared at me!

Scott Brown, L.VI.

"RESCUE"

One Saturday my father, my Uncle Nigel and I were on my father's boat, the "Debonair". We were just coming up to Broughty Ferry Castle when my Uncle Nigel tripped over the jib sheet and fell in the water. He is a good swimmer but not expert and with hard efforts reached the boat. When he was pulled on the deck he was soaked. He took the worst of his clothing off and hung it round the boat. The Mini Life Boat crew saw all the clothes and thought they were in danger. They sped out and then they were told the story. The red faced crew motored back into the shore.

Grant Mitchell, L.VI.

THE MOON

The moon is shining in the night,
Revealing the sleeping towns in its light.
A distant owl hoots, a mouse scurries
away;
Fearful that he might be its prey.
Grey clouds cross the beams of light . . .
And the world is dark once again.
It is dark until the morning when rays of
light illuminate the sky,
And to the night's darkness
we say goodbye.

Donald Rae, L.V.

EXPERIENCE

One afternoon at half-past two,
When the train to Glasgow was almost
due,
I looked at the notice-board just to make
sure,
That the train approaching, passed Brac-
ken moor.
I looked at my watch to see the time,
The station itself was really sublime.
The train advanced at a very slow speed,
And the smoke came pouring from the
top of its head.
Suddenly, the train came to a halt,
Then all the landscape was unfairly spoilt.
"She's late!" I yelled, "Oh no she is not",
"For if she was she wouldn't have stop-
ped."
I walked on home without saying a word,
The only thing I noticed was hungry bird.
I went on my way looking very forlorn,
And sometimes I wish I'd never been
born!

David Ray, L.VI.

"THE SLOTTER!"

The pirates have slotted another ship,
The skull is high in the mast,
The number dead or dying so vast.
The skeletons hanging from the boom,
The survivors are going to be roasted at
full moon.
Abandoned lies the wreck,
Water running down the blood stained
deck.
Another victory for Long John Silver!

Grant Mitchell, L.VI.

ANIMALS OF THE JUNGLE

Hear him growl,
Hear him howl,
I bet he's on the prowl.
The Tiger.

Hear him growl,
Hear him roar,
I bet he's on the prowl.
The Lion.

Hear the bush rustle,
Hear the birds' cry,
I bet he's on the prowl.
The Cheetah.

Richard Loveless, L.VI.

MORNING PARADISE

Slowly the grey sky breaks away, the
first tinges of orange, pink, and red make
the black sky look almost purple. The
lights from houses and streets shine on
the river, as if angels had dropped their
wings. The sky is now brilliant with
colour. More pinks are showing through,
as the orange makes the sky look like
gold. The sky, a paradise of colours, looks
like large jewels.

No longer are there angels' wings in the
water, but diamonds, rubies and opals.
The sky slowly turns blue, the purple
fades away and the lights slowly faint
away. The paradise of colours is now
only grey water, waiting for someone to
stir.

Deborah Jacob, L.VI.

THE WIND

The wind is a thing which can be very
cold,
The wind's been alive so long, it must be
very old.
It rushes about so very fast,
that,
If it's in a race, it could never be lost.
The wind blows about day,
Though if you are lucky it might have a
rest,
A rest in the middle of May.
The wind is so fierce it could blow you to
bits,
And all its life it never has a thing to say.

Dorothy Stirrat, L.VI.

MY MOST EMBARRASSING EXPERIENCE

One day I was walking along the corridor with my friend Iain. Suddenly Iain dropped one of his sweets. I put my hand on what I thought was Iain's shoulder and I started to chat to him. When he didn't answer I gave him a shake and looked at him and to my horror it was a Form III. girl !!!

Graeme Adamson, L.VI.

MY MOST EMBARRASSING EXPERIENCE

(With a highly dangerous fish and chip eating P.C.)

One fine summer day,
To the Yacht Club I did go,
I had an embarrassing experience,
(And the next verse tells you so).
I played on the club's building site,
I played, I played, I played,
And then came 'long a copper
with fish 'n chips displayed.
"Young lad," he said,
"What're you doing here".
"Just playing about", said me.
The P.C. evidently thought I was a trespasser.
"My mum and dad I'm waiting for,"
"They are members, you see."
"Alright, young lad, I'll let you off,"
the bobby said to me.
As he walked round the gatepost,
I just thought to me,
This incident all sums up
to be an embarrassing experience.

P. Brewer, L.VI.

SNOWBALL IN THE FACE

On Friday the sixth January, 1967 I was playing snowballs with a friend. When he hit me in the face, I threw an extra large one, but he ducked and it hit my stern next door neighbour. When she recovered she said, "Come here". By now there was a small crowd and the next thing I knew she was whacking with her umbrella. When she had finished she said, "That'll teach you a lesson!"

Henry Robb, L.VI.

DAWN

At four o'clock in the morning,
When all the world is asleep,
As I creep over to my window
And out of it I peep.
I don't see cars and lorries
Or bicycles at all
I only saw the dawn sky
Beautiful as all.

Alison Strachan, L.VI.

A SUNLIT MORNING

In the morning the sunrise can be seen in the distance, making the nearby river a orangy, pink paradise. It twinkles and sparkles on the water. The street lights look like tiny glowing flames of fairy lanterns. It lights up the sky in a beautiful way.

When the clouds come down, the sunrise changes into different shapes in an almost magical way. Looking a bit like pink smoke because of the clouds circling round it.

Pamela Rhaney, L.VI.

A JUNGLE ADVENTURE

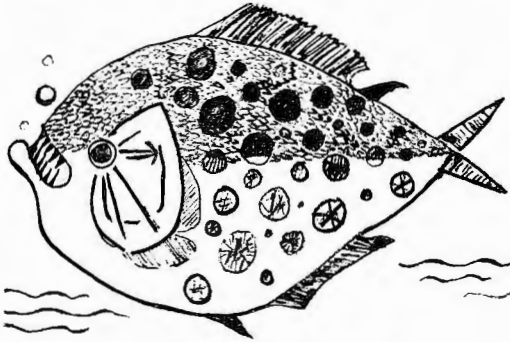
Trudging through the seemingly everlasting mass of bushes and shrubs, creepers and small, stout trees, we were making a trip along the Amazon River, Ilya and myself, with a few Indians who possessed some knowledge of the routes. They could speak little English, but we got on reasonably well together, by making gestures and signs.

We came to a great waterfall, several long and tedious hours later, and stood awed for more than seven minutes, and then our attraction was fascinated by a small woodchuck, who sat busily chuckling to his mate.

Farther on, we came to an immense lake, which we wanted to cross, but the Indians refused to go any farther, for their enemies, the Choctaws and the Dakotas lived here. We slept under the stars that night, and next morning, set off home, carrying our research projects with us, accompanied by several pictures, rolled up in my camera.

Catriona Southgate, L.VI.

PIRANHA FISH



Alan G. Anderson, L.VI.

THE GALLOPING BEAUTY

Out of the woods he comes
Out of the woods he gallops
With his long black mane swirling beside
him.
He gallops away.
Then comes the clattering
Of his hoofs on the dusty wide track
And then he gallops away.

Jennifer Davie, L.VI.

NOISE

I like noise
The clatter of clogs on the old cobbled
streets,
The plop of water landing in a puddle,
Brakes of a car when needing some oil,
Horses' hoofs, trains and sirens
When at sewing the noise of the
machines,
People laughing, cries from a baby
I like noise.

Gillian Grieve, L.VI.

NOISE

I like Noise!

The rattle of rain on the window panes,
The whistle of a train leaving the station,
The screeching of chalk,
The noise of a brake,
The slash of a car in a puddle,
The clatter of hooves on pebbled stones
The hush of people in a five o'clock rush.
I like Noise!

Patricia Stevenson, L.VI.

THE BLOSSOMS

The blossoms are falling
Shining, swaying
Gently drifting
Through the tree
They are merry
Gay and jolly
They are happy
Frolicking free
But these petals
Harmless and meek
Are squashed and trampled
By man's cruel feet.

Moyra Guthrie, L.VI.

A FRESH START

At night, when my house is asleep, and
dead,
And when sleep does not come to my
head,
I creep down stairs, a huge one flight
That creak so loudly in the night,
And then I creep across the floor,
And open up the pantry door.
Then I close the door and eat,
'Till I've devoured every sweet;
I switch off the light, and go upstairs
To start again, and say my prayers,
For that was my supper good,
And I wish that was ordinary food.
Goodnight.

Virginia McDonald, L.VI.

WHALEING

With a splash and a splutter
The row boat onward raves
Down in sea green valleys
On top of sky blue waves
"The whale is in sight!"
Hear some-one cry
"Get the harpoon ready.
Whale, get ready to die."
Closer, Closer . . .
To the whale we came
The harpoon was swift
And the whale in pain.
It gathered its strength
It tossed and turned
It swished about,
The waves it spurned.
Then of all, a tragedy!
For the harpoon snapped,
And the whale was free.

Aileen Dean, L.VI.

THE FOG

The fog comes like a sweeping mystery
It makes you think it does some trickery
it sweeps and creeps and whirls around
for every nook and cranny it's bound.

"AN EVENTFUL MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT"

Ophelia, Shyboan and Shcywzt were triplets all born on a magic, "Midsummer's Night". They had a big sister, Titania, and a brother, Helia. They all lived together in a dear little cottage near the sea. "Rose" was the name chosen and selected carefully from Shyboan, the youngest. Shyboan, Ophelia and Shcywzt were all nine, and Titania and Helia were seventeen and a half. Their nick-names are Sibs (Shyboan), O (Ophelia), Titty (Titania), Shona (Shcywzt).

One day, the five of them were lying, dozing slightly in the garden (this was about five or six o'clock), when Sibs announced, "I'm tired, I shall go and ask Mumsy for a biscuit".

"I'll go with you", said Shona. "We'll leave O where she is, lying with a grass in her mouth!"

So the pair of them trooped into the house.

Suddenly, a black-patched outlaw prowled into the garden. He was Jeb, the much dreaded swarthy gipsy. He was bathed in dirt, bristles protruding from his horny chin. He threw a black cloth over the screaming O's head. "Mumsy! Ma! Where are you? Help! Ow! My corns! Let go, you-you horny, black-bearded, scowling mongrel! Ma!"

"Shut up, ducks," the gipsy growled. "D'you want me to 'ave to skin ye 'alf alive! Eh?"

He carted her off to what she **thought** was a boat. Suddenly, she heard the pad-pad of sandalled feet. Sibs! Mums! Titty and Father too! Mumsy ran up to her, screeching, "Let her go! You horrible, scanty old ruffian!"

"Thump! Thud! Biff! Boff! Bump! Bam!" sounded though the air. At last the swarthy gipsy was lying dead on the ground. O was untied and taken back to "Rose" again. What an exciting finish to a lazy day!

Jennifer Lyn Mottashaw, L.VI.

THE NOISES I HATE

I hate the creak of doors when alone in a house
The shriek of pain when a cat finds a mouse
The noise of a dentist drilling my tooth
The noise when a child drops a book
The sharpening of a knife
The noise of an owl as it hoots through the night.

These the noises that I hate.

Pauline Cramond, L.VI.

NOISE

I dread noise

Some noises are appalling
especially a pail falling.
The creaking at night
Which fills you with fright
The screeching of a pencil sharpener
Also the whirl of a tin opener
I don't like shouting
Nor anything falling loudly
I dread noise.

Carol Paton, L.VI.

KING OF THE GRISLEY

Tall is his figure
In the dark of the night
Claws are thick and sharp,
Eyes are glittering and bright
Suddenly there's a noise—the rustling of leaves
He starts,
He growls,
He attacks,
The intruder is soon dead.

Isobel Lindsay, L.VI.

I LIKE NOISE

The noise of a pony's four hooved feet,
Material ripping, chalk breaking at school,
Humming of bees, a cool wind or breeze,
Knives rustling, kettles whistling, glass shattering,
Dried leaves being rustled,
Silver paper being shuffled,
Small birds singing, large birds calling,
Clinking of money, drops of rain falling,
I like noise.

Shirley Taylor, L.VI.

WIND

The wind comes
Whistling and whining,
Making queer noises,
The wind comes.
The wind come
Making you think of hats
Blowing about in the street
The wind comes.
The wind comes
Whistling through trees,
Blowing up leaves,
The wind comes.
The wind goes
Leaving paper in the air,
But the wind doesn't care,
The wind goes.

Sheena McGraw, L.VI.

THE GHOST TRAIN

As the train sped through the dreary night,
The porter saw a ghostly sight,
But, the passengers all laughed with glee.
'Cause it was only the shadow of a flea.
As the train sped through the dreary night,
The porter saw a ghostly sight,
But the passengers all laughed, "Ha, Ha!"
'Tis only your old Ma!
As the train sped through the dreary night,
The porter saw a ghostly sight,
But the passengers all laughed, "Ho, Ho!"
'Tis only Mrs So and So!

Ann Shearer, L.VI.

THE WIND

The wind comes,
Breaking windows, breaking branches of
trees,
Making doors slam with a bang,
like tornadoes and cyclones it comes.
The wind comes,
The wind goes,
But when it comes it does great damage,
Blowing people coats half off them,
Blowing their umbrella's outside in,
What damage the wind causes.
The wind comes,
The wind goes,
But when it goes we are very glad,
But for we, people, a great lot of work,
has to be done.

Linda Forrest, L.VI.

THE WEATHER

In Autumn the wind blows through the
air,
Knocking down trees and blowing cars
over.
In Winter the whole grass is covered in
snow
Branches of trees are as white as can
be
In Spring the snowdrops come out
All white and green
In Summer the sun shines brightly
Children play on the sands and have ice
cream.

Jane McHoul, L.VI.

DAWN AND DEW

In the morn,
The dawn,
Rises in the sky,
And it shines where the people lie.
The dew
Shines brightly on the grass,
I think so, do you?
Many people think so to.
The dew; the dawn;
In the morn.
Are beautiful; so beautiful.
I think you do to.

Emma Parry, L.VI.

THE CAT

A playful creature,
Emerald eyes and fur like silk,
She swishes her tail while she runs at a
fly.
She purrs like an engine
When Mum passes the stair
And jumps out like a whirlwind
To catch hold of her hair.
A motherly creature
She curls up by her kittens,
And gives them her milk,
She washes them tenderly
Asks for no thanks,
But when **naughty** they are
She gives them all spansks.
A contented creature,
She sleeps by the fire
With her back to her kittens
(She's tired of them all)
Her tummy is full
Of cream and of fish
She's eaten it all off
Her little white dish.

Angela Sheldon, L.VI.

NOISE

I like noise.
The hoot of a car, the splashing of water
in a crystal puddle,
The noises of metal rubbing together,
And the whistling of a kettle boiling away.
Tearing of paper is a lovely noise too,
While it rips its way down, my teeth go
all funny.
All the noises you can think of, are the
ones I like.
I like noise.

Gail Stout, L.VI.

FAIRY PLAY

At dead of night the eye may see,
Fairies and pixies and elves and sprites,
Sitting, crouching in a tree,
Making ready for their flights.
Their little wings go flip flap flip,
As through the night they speed,
While others through a glade might skip,
And then the fairy band will lead.
Elfin dancers break the silence,
By prancing in as pleased as punch,
The queen steps in with her trident,
Her servant carrying the lunch.
Alas, away goes tiny boat.
Fairies and pixies and elves and sprites
Queen and King in stately coat.
And also me away will go.
At dead of night the eye may spy
Fairies and sprites all dashing by.
With wings a shimmering in the breeze,
As they fall asleep among the trees.

Alison Stratton, L.VI.

THE PANTHER

I could see its sleek figure on the horizon,
Walking stealthily.
Its coat glimmering in the evening sun.
He waves his long tail.
His eyes gleam like balls of fire,
His teeth like pearls,
His claws are sharp and ready to use.
He hears a crack!
A clatter of hooves!
He's all alert when he sees the man ride
by.
He leaps from the highest rock
The horse bucks
The man is thrown to the ground
To be killed by the panther.

J. Crawford, L.VI.

THE FOG PERILS

The fog comes down
On a silvery mist
An eerie sound all quiet and stiff.
Not a glimpses of land not a glimpses of
sea
No one here but you and me.
Frightened and cold on an open boat,
Nothing to do but to keep afloat
The fog horn sounding here and there,
Waiting for the fog to rise.
Tears all trickling down my face
Fighting against the raging sea
Not knowing what death lies waiting for
me.

Cheyne Barr, L.VI.

WATER SAFETY AWARD

The first thing you have to know is
where to swim. Before you plunge in, you
must know where and when it is safe to
swim. Do not swim without somebody
near you, preferably a grown-up. Do not
bathe when a red flag is flying. Bathe in
the centre of a beach only, for it is pos-
sible to be cut off, or even lost in remote
places, however engaging they look. If
you are not bathing in the centre of the
beach, choose a place where yellow and
red life-guard flags are flying. If the water
is cold, do not stay in long. It is a good
thing to pass this award, because you can
advise your friends to bathe in safe places.
If and when you are bathing on surf
coasts, never go further than waist depth.
The surging mass of water can sweep
you out of your depth. There are quite a
lot of ways that a non-swimmer can help
someone who is drowning. The six ways
of helping are: reach, throw, wade, row,
swim taking a support, swim and tow.

1. When the victim is near the bank, try
to reach him with a stick, etc.
2. When further out throw a rope or
support.
3. When some way out in shallow water
wade to reach or throw.
4. When a long way out, row if possible
(or use a powered boat).
5. Otherwise, provided you can swim
well, swim taking a support.
6. If you are a trained life-saver, as a
last resort, swim and tow.

Catriona Southgate, L.VI.

A PENGUIN

Waddle, Waddle, Waddle.
And a quack, quack, quack.
Now a penguin turns around
And starts on his way back.
He's really such a character
And dignified as well;
And all the clothes he's wearing
Make him higher-classed and swell.
Only when he's sleeping
He doesn't look the same
And if any-one disturbs him,
He'll hide himself in shame.

Elizabeth Cramond, L.VII.

"A GOOD EX-SOLDIER NEVER LOOKS BEHIND"



G. Gibson, L.VII.

ENEMY

It was a cold, blustery day and the snow was lying thick on the ground. I had spent the short Alaskan day setting traps. Darkness was falling, so I decided to give up for that night. I pitched my tent in a hollow, sheltered from the wind.

A few hours later, as I shivered in my sleeping bag, I heard the distant cry of timber wolves. As I sat up and listened, the sound came nearer. A cold shiver ran down my spine, as I remembered I had only my hunting knife with me, I cursed myself for a fool; imagine being caught out so far from base camp without a rifle.

The pack was approaching me from down-wind and they were now hot on the scent. I looked through the flap of my tent and could see their lean figures slinking through the trees.

A small cooking-fire still burned outside my tent and, as I kicked it into life and piled more bush-wood on, the dancing flames caught the wolves' eyes in a green gleam. They were beginning to encircle me now and I took a burning faggot from the fire and flung it in the face of the leader. Despite the cold, I was bathed in sweat and my tongue felt dry in my mouth. I tried to shout, but my voice was hoarse and still the wolves came on. With my knife in my hand, I was prepared to fight to the end, when the miracle happened.

The burning stick that I had thrown had lodged in a small, dry bush, which caught fire quickly. All at once, the tinder-dry undergrowth of bare shrubs took the flame and the wind blowing from me towards the wolves, fanned it into a wall of fire.

The leader of the pack cringed, uttered a loud howl and turned tail, followed by the rest of the pack. The enemy had gone.

June McLennan, L.VII.

THE OLD MAN

His sad, forlorn eyes,
Gazing towards some far image;
His brow furrowed, his expression wise;
Re-calling memories of a bygone age.

Anne Chalmers, L.VII.

A WINTER FAIRY LAND

The snow fell,
Gently,
Silently,
It was as if millions of white petals,
Were coming from a cherry tree covered
in blossom.

Trees were like frozen men,
Still,
Dead.

Boughs were covered with the white
petals,
Bending with the weight. Their gowns lay
below and were soon also, covered
with the blanket.

The countryside lay in a frozen stillness.
All you could see was white,
White.

All sounds were muffled, everything was
sleeping, the world was a crystal fairy
land.

It was locked in a frozen stillness.

Lindsay A. Taylor, L.VII.

SNOW

Winter has spread her soft, white shawl
Over the silent forest tall,
To cover the world with a fluffy fall
Of gentle snow.
Her downy flakes of pure, white bloom
Take away the forest's gloom,
And are swept in drifts with the windy
broom
Of a playful breeze.
Her feathery fingers of delicate down
Take from the earth its dreary brown,
And put in its place a brilliant crown
Of glittering flakes. Ruth Dorward, L.VII.

ATTACK!

It was a Sunday night. Mist blanketed the marsh. I was trudging round my rather sinister beat before turning in when I heard a squelch behind me. I whirled round but could see nothing through the turmoiling mist. Then I heard a stifled scream. I slowly began to retrace my steps. The unknown party seemed to have turned round and was heading for "The Dell of A Hundred Cries", the part of the marsh nearest the sea which has no firm ground at all!

Carefully, I edged on past the few remaining trees and down the gentle slope to the sea. Ahead of me, I could see two shapes, a girl and a man. The girl was frantically struggling and the man was holding on firmly. Then I saw something else which made my heart miss a beat. There was a small cruiser moored a hundred yards away from the coup'e! This was no game. Silently, I crept on, my ears straining for any noise. The engine of the small boat began to purr. I quickened my pace and slid silently into the water, having thrown off my coat and boots. As the little craft had not got started properly, I was in time to catch it and I hauled myself up gingerly to see what was going on.

The girl was now lying still and the man was driving from inside.

I struggled onto the craft, untied the exhausted girl, and stealthily crept into the cabin. Then, picking up my wooden cudgel, I knocked the man out. Slowly, I turned the boat for the small harbour and a warm, comfortable bed.

Ruth Dorward, L.VII.

SUMMER EVENING

I shielded my eyes from the glowing sky, and gazed into the distance. It was a wonderful sight to see the sun sink behind a lonely hill. The scattered clouds gradually disappeared as the sky grew dark.

The birds stopped singing, a slight breeze started to blow, and the grass which had been a bright green was dull and dark. The stones were cold and dead. It was still, silent, motionless.

As I turned to go, I watched a flower close its tiny purple petals and go to sleep. The countryside which had been lit by golden rays was now in slumber.

Lindsay A. Taylor, L.VII.

SWANS

Graceful, stately, long-necked creatures,
Like galleons gliding along.

All day long they look at themselves;

And though birds, they sing no song.

Swans are so beautiful in the water,

Which seems to be their element.

When in it they are so dignified

But when out, they are very inelegant.

Alison Sheldon, L.VII.

THE DESERTED MANOR

The bones of the long dead lords,

Gleam white on the earthen floor,

Only the owls see they are there

As they fly through the shattered door.

The steeple has fallen from the air,

To rest in an old tree's root,

The drive overgrown with bushes and
briars

Untouched by any foot.

The fox slinks by, a dusky shadow,

To the glade where the fir trees stand,
His life without fear from the world of
men

He dominates the land.

Diana Batchelor, L.VII.

PENGUINS

Round and round the pond they go,
Endless follow-my-leader.
Hump-backed, squat, and tails held low,
Penguins!
Swift as a fish through water they skim,
Diving at a sudden whim—
Penguins!
Just Penguins!

Diana Batchelor, L.VII.

TWO SWANS

I saw two swans, erect and white,
Float slowly by to my delight.
A white head dipped, a yellow beak
flashed,
Against its soft breast the wavelets
dashed.
But still the cob sailed gently by,
Without a sound, its head held high.

June McLennan, L.VII.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

The church hall, usually so dull and dismal, was a mass of colours. Blue, yellow, green and red paper chains criss-crossed the ceiling and long trails of tinsel hung from the lights. Large, cheerful, plastic Santa Claus faces, with bulging, pink cheeks and flowing, white beards, beamed down from the walls.

The hall was filled with the whisper of paper streamers and the metallic rustle of tin-foil spirals, as the door opened, letting in a blast of cold air and a crowd of noisy children. In a far corner, the Christmas tree stood, tall, dark-green and sprinkled with stars and spangles, which sparkled like jewels. The sweet smell of pine permeated the room.

Tucked away on a window-sill, a cardboard angel stood on a green, plastic-foam base, her gold-tipped wings folded back, her tiny hand clasped and her eyes downcast as he gazed at her world of washing-powder snow.

Suddenly, the lights were dimmed and a hush fell over the room, as a single ray of light picked out the large, silver star on the top of the tree. The star shimmered, sending forth a pure, clear light. It was the spirit of Christmas.

June McLennan, L.VII.

THE ENEMY

On the meadow, hinds and fawns were grazing peacefully, nibbling daintily at the sweet grass. The only sounds to be heard were the soft drone of bees and the occasional call of a bird.

Suddenly, the peace was shattered by a crack of a rifle, which sent birds fluttering in panic swiftly into the air. The hind, startled by the movement of the birds, threw her head up sharply, eyes widened, nostrils dilated and quivering. Motionless she stood, ears pricked, listening. Turning swiftly, she darted to the woods, urging her fawn before her. Over rock and hill she bounded, her rippling muscles stretched to the limit. Splashing through streams, her fawn struggled by her side. Slowing down, she nosed her exhausted fawn deep into a thicket to wait until the danger had passed.

Waking her fawn, she cautiously walked into the meadow again. Her fawn followed behind her timidly. On the meadow, they nibbled grass once more. The enemy, man, had gone.

Shelagh Tasker, L.VII.

WHITE GLADIOLA

Elegant, straight flower,
Standing tall and erect in the dark,
Not moving one petal or limb.
Reaching out hands, white,
The colour of Death shines over it.
Curving petals frame this picture.
Long, thick legs and feet
Hold the petals, body and frame,
Into the solemn darkness.

Shelagh Tasker, L.VII.

THE SWAN

The graceful swan swims o'er the lake,
Not a ripple does she make,
Nor does she leave her babes behind,
But keeps them all in a long straight line.
She proudly glides 'midst rush and reed,
Pausing now and then to feed;
As we approach, her feathers rise
Her hissing warns us to be wise,
At the pretty cygnets we would stare,
But mother's anger says, Beware.

Pauline Ramsay, L.VII.

SWANS

These graceful creatures
With elegant features,
Rule over the river with power.
With powerful feet
They soon defeat,
The enemy threatening their bower.
Their snowy white feathers
Show up in all weathers,
Where do you hide from the shower?

Jane Moodie, L.VII.

TRANSFORMATION

Until the end of February the countryside was locked in a frozen stillness. The trees were rigid and sad, frost was tickling their bare branches and occasionally a frozen leaf would fall stiffly to the hard ground. A white layer of frost covered the doorway of a nearby burrow where a family of rabbits would be sleeping away the long, cold winter. Frothy ice mantled the pond like a lacy tablecloth. Under the shimmering coating rainbow trout swam drowsily around waiting for the warm spring to come.

Gradually at first and then with a sudden rush, the world came to life again. The sun shone brightly down, melting the frost on the trees and making the branches quiver with a sigh of relief. A blackbird, newly returned from a far-off country, twittered happily on the melting ground. Suddenly, a large crack was heard as the coating of frosty ice splintered into sharp, small pieces which surfaced on the top of the roused pond. From a bundle of sodden leaves, a small round black nose sniffed the warm spring air, and, having approved of it, a spiky hedgehog emerged carefully to greet the new season.

Katy Langlands, L.VII.

SWANS

The swans proudly sail,
Smoothly, gently, quietly.
They hear no laughter,
They see no laughter.
They are dignified.
The swans look of Royalty,
Smoothly, gently, quietly.
They proudly glide.
They are dignified.

Jennifer Hogg, L.VII.

MY FRIEND



P. Clark, L.VII.

A NEW SPRING

Until the end of February the countryside was locked in a frozen stillness. The trees stood bare and their boughs were laden with snow. The timid deer came down from the moor. The old crofter sat inside his stone hut with his sheep huddled around him, his rough hands, blue with the cold. Outside, the world was bleak. A squirrel darted here and there, leaving his pawmarks in the snow. Rivers that had tumbled down the hillside now stood still. It was like a dead world, caught in the grip of eternal winter.

Gradually at first, and then with a sudden rush, the world came to life again. The delicate snowdrop found its way out into the sunshine. The trees opened anew with the leaves of spring. The crofter let his sheep out and counted them one by one. Squirrels gaily played in the old oaks, rejoicing at the coming of spring. The deer were away at a glance, back to their moors. The lochs, once more, were well full of young salmon and the rivers were cascading down the hills. High in the sky, the sun shone down with a newborn light on the countryside.

Susan Proudfoot, L.VII.

THE ENEMY

The man halted in the underbrush. Something had alerted him—he did not know what. There! . . . There it was again . . . It was a curious sound: a pad . . . pad . . . followed by a heavy breathing. It, whatever it was, had been going along with him for some considerable time. Suddenly, the noise stopped, the birds stopped singing and everything was still.

In the silence, the man sensed that all was not as it should be. He merged into the shadows behind an old gnarled tree-trunk. Peering round the tree trunk, he saw a sight that horrified him. An enormous animal was tracing his footsteps. It had a plated back and its mouth was dripping saliva. Its bloodshot eyes wickedly darted to and fro.

The man reacted instantly. Keeping the tree between him and his follower, he penetrated deep into a thorny thicket. Bursting through the far end, he dashed through a glade. He crouched behind a big boulder.

His hands trembling with urgency, he fought with his rifle. Having loaded it, he levelled at the point in the thicket where the animal should emerge. He saw it coming—it was hot on the scent now. He pulled the trigger. It did not budge.

The animal was much nearer now—it had seen him. Claws unsheathed, it raced towards him. The man, with a final desperate wrench, freed the trigger. He fired. The bullet pierced the animal right in the breast bone, ricocheted off it and into the stomach. The animal's momentum carried it on enough to fall on the man. There was a cry—nothing else.

The birds started to sing, the brook to bubble merrily: the man did not move.

Diana Batchelor, L.VII.

MY BEST FRIEND

It's black and white,
And likes to fight.
It chases cats,
And kills rats,
And even in fog,
It looks like a dog.

James Wallace, L.VII.

VESUVIUS

We left the Hotel Miramalfi for Naples early in the morning as it is 128 kls. to Naples from Amalfi. The sun was shining as we left the hotel, but as we climbed into the coach, the heat was much greater owing to the fact that the sun's heat was being magnified by the coach windows. As we drove along the coast road, we came to the Salerno stretch, which has 5,000 bends on its 20 miles, before it joins the main motorway to Naples. As we passed through the outskirts of Naples the famous volcano Vesuvius towered overhead. We started up the long winding snake-like road leading to the chair-lift station. There we had to wait some time because some of the chairs had not returned, but soon some of the chairs returned. As we were able to start the final ascent, I climbed into a waiting chair with my brother, and we were off. As I looked down, I saw huge boulders of lava, some were a blueish grey colour others were a brownish-red shade. Eventually, we reached the top, and we stepped off the chair. I looked down from the rim into the crater and saw more rocks and dunes of yellow, sulphur tinted sand, and little holes from which steam was coming from. A guide took us farther down the crater to see these holes. The guide blew cigarette smoke down a hole, and a few seconds later, great clouds of steam billowed out. We walked to the rim and took a chair down, as we were descending, I thought to myself, "I've just seen Europe's most famous volcano".

Christopher Walker, L.VII.

PLAYTIME

The bell rings, feet rush, shouts echo and screams are heard. Balls bounce and soar into the air. A background roar of traffic is ignored. Suddenly it starts to rain and all but a few go inside. Minutes later, the bell once again rings and teachers return to the classrooms and dominate over all (well nearly all!).

N. Barclay, L.VII.

THE WITCHES' CHANT

"Are you ready?" said the witches.
But one of them was still in stitches
"Why you laughing?" said a third
"I've just killed that ancient bird
Let us boil its legs in oil
Add some baking powder royal
Ground volcano, just a pinch
That should shake that antique finch.
Toad-spawn makes our stew so tasty
Put some petrol in the pastry
Add a tail and eye of haddock,
This would gladden Fanny Cradock."

Kenneth Murray, L.VII.

A HOLIDAY IN NORWAY

We sailed in the M/S Braemar, and first of all stopped at Kristansand. We were in Port for an hour and we disembarked and had a wander round, we then found a beach and stopped for a few minutes before returning to the ship. When we got to Oslo, our destination, we disembarked and travelled to the house of some friends in which we were staying. We stopped there for a few days and then travelled further down the coast. We stopped (and camped) in Bo for a few days. We then travelled further and passed through Drammen which has the very famous spiral which consists of a spiral road which goes up the MIDDLE of the moun-

tain. We stopped again in ARENDAL and stayed there for a few days. We then travelled to Kristansand and caught the same ship back. We saw the Heddal stave-church, the SONJA HEINIE-NIELS ONSTAD Art foundations, the Setesdal valley. The roof of Norway alias Try Vantorn holding 1,500 tons of concrete, it is also 2,121 ft. above sea level with 197 ft. of its own height. You can see 4,633 sq. miles including Sweden, we went to Tromoybrva Island going by bridge but back by tunnel and we went up Mount Ciausto and altogether it was a marvellous holiday.

Michael Miller, L.VII.

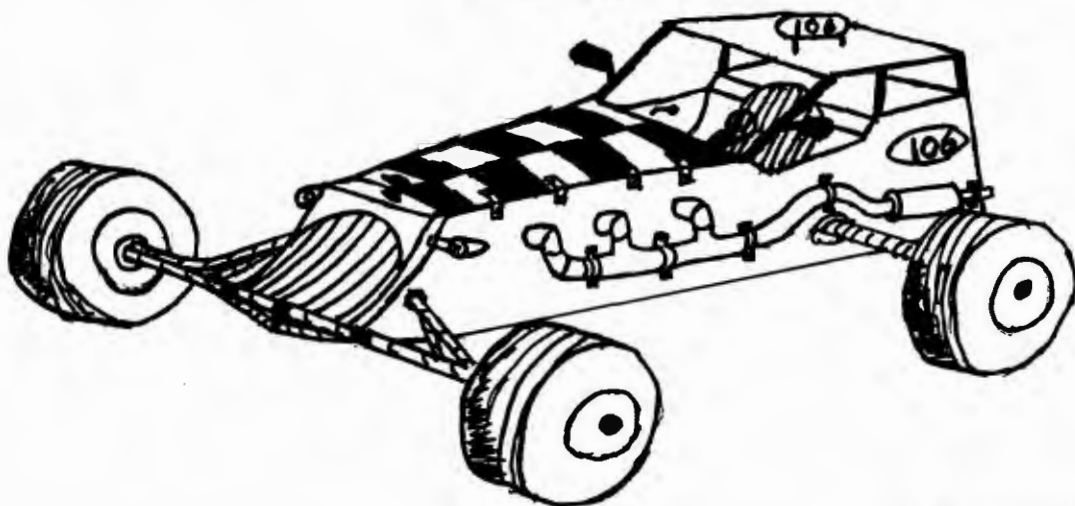
MAJORCAN HOLIDAY, EASTER 1971

A visit to the Caves of Drach in Majorca which stretch out for over two kilometers was breathtaking. Stalactites and stalagmites, many of which were white and transparent, joined the floor to the vault in many places.

The Lake of Delight is one of the most beautiful spots inside the grottoes. Visitors sail across the transparent still waters under a fantastic vault of stalactites, electrically lit like the rest of the grottoes. The lighting was planned by engineer Bohigas, and it is beyond criticism.

David Robertson, L.VII.

STOCK CAR



G. Milne, L.VII.



I MET A LADY IN THE MEADS
FULL BEAUTIFUL, A FAERY'S CHILD;
HER HAIR WAS LONG, HER FOOT WAS LIGHT
AND HER EYES WERE WILD. (KEATS)

"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI."

Iola R. Wilson, F.IV.



Senior School (Part I)

SUM TO INFINITY

The hardest problem was not the one in front of me.

The cool, curving fingers of slimy sea, sliding
elusively, groping mean-lipped
black crags tight with deep, dark fissures.
Gnarled moulds for the furtive wind lurking in salt-sea ecstasy,
they brooded like soured spinsters despising
the freedom of my youth.
And I wondered if this was
The sum to infinity . . .

The clammy softness of a summer-drowsy beach,
A sun-drugged, yellow beach with sand-soft drifting dreams,
Maturity a green coastline on the far horizon, and
Time sunkissed and intangible.
I wondered if this was
The sum to infinity . . .

Could it be that mossy greenness of a lime-green glade,
heady with soft sweet honeysuckle,
Incense in a dark, mysterious cathedral,
long slim fingers of light on my throbbing brow,
this yearning for a new eternity?

The eternity of golden woods, blue drifting woodsmoke memories,
Intangible, bitter,
Deep with flaming fiery Autumn oaks.
A dim coolness, the weak dappling of the frosty sun,
Its slim rays like a quicksharp knife
Penetrating the iron soul,
Crushing the flower of freedom, while as
Stray stars in distant galaxies . . .
Till darkness with all-soothing arms
Calms and smothers the soul's dusky yellow flame
In soft, sweet velvet night.
But was this the sum to infinity?
A day, a year, a life, a love, a death, a youth?

And the grotesque pupils, growing
Stuntedly, awkward, incorrigibly
Wood on rotting wood yawned uncompromisingly.

"Yes," said Mr Garland (though my naked soul
was bleeding thoughts like warm, red blood)
"The sum to infinity can be quite easily expressed,
trivial for a class like you; don't look for difficulties,
It's a "
$$\frac{1}{(1-r)}$$

And I could solve my maths book problem, now.
But the hardest one was not on the page in front of me.

S. M., F.IV.

TOMORROW, WHAT NEXT

With life's unknown beyond us all
We cannot help but fear
Fear that which meets us round the bend
Or along an unknown wind.
Strive on, we say, for who knows next
You may be the one to win
Win all the things that you desire
While others hunger on.
We cannot help but be amazed at
Wars
And life
And death
But then again it's all our fault
So we must take the blame.
Oh, God, in heaven
If there is one
Help us to make good
For we don't want this tarnished world
This barren, dying tomb.

Jay.

ONE NIGHT

Your lips, your arms, your eyes
reach out to me,
Our bodies combine making one in a
world of magical fantasy
Together we ride the white peaked waves
and plunge into the depths of enchantment
Slowly we part, our eyes still full of love
for I am you
and you are me
Forever.

J.R.M.



J. D. Hutchison, F.IV.



HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

I long for the heather
The wild hills a-rolling,
The cool of the Autumn
The spruce trees a-blowing.

I dream of the river
The fresh, cool, clean air,
The deer and the pheasant
A-waiting me there.

I wish I were there
Away from this heat,
No more this dry earth
But the green grass and peat.

I wish I were there,
By the loch and the stream,
But since I am here
I can only but dream.

Anomulously wrote
by a F.III. pupil.

"WAITING FOR THE END"

It was now almost six o'clock and most people were indoors having their evening meal. Their last one. They knew that it would be only a matter of time before the German bombers would fly over London and drop the devastating H. Bomb.

The Palmers lived at Number 61 Wood Lane, a small suburban area five miles outside London. Mr Palmer was a journalist who worked in the busy Fleet Street offices in the heart of the city. His wife was a busy housewife who enjoyed life to the full, always ready to help those whose needs were far greater than her own.

The Palmers had a sixteen year old daughter called Kerry who was still at school, and a ten year old son, Neil. Both children were very popular amongst their friends and, as Mrs Palmer would say to her neighbour, "Our Kerry just uses this house as though it were 'Bed and Breakfast' only".

The family sat solemnly round the table. Strange, how even in the eye of disaster they carried on with the ordinary everyday things.

"Pass the butter please, Mum," said Kerry.

"Thanks," came her short reply.

Slowly she buttered her slice of bread.

"It's been a good life, hasn't it, I wish it didn't have to end. I . . ." and with that Kerry broke into tears.

"Oh Kerry," said her father, his voice thick with emotion. "We've all got to die sometime".

"Yes I know," sobbed Kerry, "but why, why did the Germans have to drop their bomb when I'm only sixteen, why couldn't they have waited until we were a bit older, when we'd have seen more of life?"

Her father sighed, tears glistened brightly in all their eyes, but still they carried on eating.

They must be brave until the end.

"Oh well, who's going to help me do the dishes?" asked Mrs Palmer, forcing a smile on her face.

"Now don't all rush at once." But because they knew it was to be the last

time they would be able to dry the dishes they all wanted to do it.

In the middle of it all, a voice on the wireless broke into their conversation.

"The German plane has been sighted some twenty miles away, you now have five minutes in which to prepare all the family for the coming event. I repeat . . ."

Calmly, Mr Palmer reached up to the shelf for the container containing the capsules. He gave two to each of the family and together they swallowed the tablets.

The End had come.

Sylvia Lindsay, F.IV.

THE STRANGE WORLD

I have arrived at a place called ? It is a place which is not known to the rest of the world. As I climb to the ground, I get a strange feeling of anxiety. As I walk around this strange place the first thing I see is a huge green animal-insect standing about four feet high. I run away, petrified, from this creature and am glad to see when I turn round, it has not moved. It seems to be stuck in the same place. I decide to explore this strange place. I walk on a bit further, climbing over small red hillocks all the time and I was shocked when I saw a yellow cluster of flowers in the distance, and a small girl dressed in blue in the process of picking them—but neither she nor the flowers were moving. What had happened? I was scared at seeing living things not moving.

I discovered the girl's face, hands and feet were covered in blue skin. Small insects were around the flowers. When I looked up I saw a giant of a man, dressed in a dark brown cloak, standing over the girl.

I screamed!

His eyes were filled with bright lights—greens, purples, reds, oranges and yellows—but he was standing perfectly still.

I tried to run away, but I was glued to the ground. The giant's eyes stared into my face, and gradually I sank into the ground, away from this strange place, to begin exploring a new world once more.

Avril Novak, F.IIa.

YOU SAY YOU REMEMBER

You say you do — but I wonder
If you spare one meagre thought
For the "Christ" bit about Merry "X"mas.
Blood red wine may flow freely,
Warming body, not mind and heart,
And the food — lots of food in fact,
Trees and angels and lights,
Smoke and carols and fervent excitement,
Yet, tired at the end, drugged by the feverish air,
Drifting aimlessly into fitful sleep, you chant your usual
"Amen".
Shamelessly wondering whether Auntie spent as much on you
As usual.
Shameless to mutter "through Jesus Christ"
As you chanted mechanically in church last week
While proudly displaying your new hat to Mrs Murphy
(She had her old one on)
Although you've thought not once
On the Truth —
Peace on Earth
Goodwill toward Men
Yet you argued
You shouted, even swore
At that fourth box of lace trimmed hankies
Sent with "love and best wishes from your favourite Uncle".
"Bloody hypocrite" you said,
"Never see Him these days."

Valerie Reid.

EPITAPH

A grey and dismal trail lay through the jungle
Where the great beast had passed
Wreaking destruction as it went,
Killing all that met it
In ignorance.
Oh, Great Lord, how could
An animal such as this
Be created to kill
Unknowingly
The innocence of his victims
In his wildness.
And, blundering on,
Not know that he too,
One day,
In innocence
Shall die.

Pam, Form III.

ON REFLECTION

It's funny how when all alone
One thinks of things like death
And doom.
It's in this atmosphere of mist
When I can't see and words aren't clear
That thoughts like these come easier.
Perhaps it's just the way I think
And not all people feel like this
But all I know is I must think
For I can't forget what might have been.

Jay.

REQUIEM

My friend is alive and well
And living in purgatory.

Silence. Chill, dank.
Warty rosebuds in mid-December,
Fingers of love, bloodless,
Touch and, lingering, pass on
To higher things.
The garden is shy,
Effervescently fluid;
Not jarring, but still
Putrid.
Subterranean frenia coming to life.
It stirs
And the melting pot
Is ever present.
One caerulean sea
Of entity.
Dark,
A silhouette in palest black
Protests, cui bono.
Someone screams. Silence.

R. W., Form IV.

MY PET

My pink python is swollen with joy.
No, I lie — 'tis human fallacy
To guise what's fetid; promote the good,
It's not surprising really.
Consider your ways; repent !

Swelling, bloated, wriggling menace,
Pinkly puce with avid lust,
For him it's easy to fulfil.
I love to watch — it sickens me.
He takes a twilight train beneath his grasp
And crushes flesh to — dare I say it ? —
Dust and ashes. He's happy. Doing his thing.

We, deluded by swift show, sigh long;
Not tremble, trembling as we ought to tremble,
Alone I tremble. I am sore afraid.
Rosy-bespectacled, balding gents,
The Silent Majority of helpless morons,
Youth in arms with 'Up The People',
Is no one normal, or is it me ?
Am I so mad, so mad at people,
People who are mad, or am I wrong ?
Do I wrong their natural instincts ?
Crushed to perdition by . . .

My pink python's been busy.
He's eaten too much. He regurgitates.

R. W., Form IV.

THE CANNON

Men have made you,
Shaped you, soldered you,
But destruction lies in
Your path.

The terror, the friend
Of men which stands
Strait and masterful in the
Cruel field of death.

Your job is to kill,
To strike down men
With one fatal blow.
To gain a victory.

Maybe someday you
Will be in a musty museum.
"An example of fine art by
Well-known murderers."

IN THE DARKNESS

In the darkness
I silently sit,
Thinking —
Who am I ?
What is my soul ?
Why am I sad ?
The tears fall slower now,
The real pain is over.
Only my sorrow is left.
Only my heartbreak.
Life must go on,
But I need not.
No-one would miss me —
Not even the sparrow
Scratching on the roof
For crumbs to feed
His starving body and mind.
I am alone,
Without friends,
Without hope,
And my heart is broken.
Why do I feel this way ?
It is my soul.
I cannot control it,
I cannot control fate.
The tears have stopped now
And in the darkness
I silently sit,
Thinking.

THE FRIGHTENING MATERIALISM OF MAN

With extreme trepidation, I prised open the heavy oak door, which creaked ominously as it swung back, admitting not only me, but also a fierce gust of chill wind carrying with it a burst of driving rain, typical of the October climate. All day, the rain had been beating remorselessly on the roof like a devillish tormentor, as I had sat closeted in my study, puzzling over the foreboding problem. For days I had been truly mystified by the horrific happening of the previous week, and then suddenly, the problem which had up till then been a conglomeration of non-fitting facts was solved, and the answer was before me utterly luculent. However, that terrible answer, the only possible, filled me with a disbelieving horror, which made me shrink away from it—but I could not escape the realisation's evil clutches, the facts were before me, the truth becoming clearer every second. In that discovery, every atom of admiration I ever had for my friend James Wilson irretrievably and finally drained away.

They say that pathetic fallacy is nonsensical, but that nightmare of a day almost convinced me that it is not; for a grey, glum sky pouring forth deluges of stringing raindrops is enough to depress one—without the additional discovery that a close friend is a cold-blooded and callous murderer.

And now, I entered the house of that murderer at 11 p.m. on Thursday night knowing full well that nobody was in, yet seeing concealed in every shadow a James Wilson, laughing eerily and mocking all integrity there ever was in mankind. I will unwillingly tell the full story of him after finishing with the wretched matter of the Highton Stadium International Athletic Games. My wife and I had gone to see these games, the main attractions being Rod K'mons, and Dick Hurst competing in the gruelling marathon. The Kenyan and Scot had been close rivals for years, and when they were both approaching the tape (in the last 800 yards) the crowd seemed to explode. The majority expected the Kenyan to win, as he was one of the few athletes with the superb combination of speed, strength,

and stamina. But on this occasion he was straining immensely, his face a study of torture, until he lunged forward in a last desperate burst, collapsed and lay gasping on the turf. A shocked gasp rose from the crowd; he attempted to rise, but fell again, and officials carrying a stretcher ran onto the field. He was removed. (By now Hurst had won).

The next day, the papers stated for the first time, that he had been feeling unwell for months, headaches, sickness, etc., but had refused to yield to his pains.

Two days later the papers were headlined:—

"KENYAN ATHLETE K'MONO DIES IN BED"

The doctor's report, to my mind, was unexpected, and its response from the population of Highton and all England for that matter was huge. It claimed that K'mono had had a mild heart condition and that the doctor had advised him to retire from athletics. However, he had continued and paid the grave penalty.

Those who claimed to have known K'mono, and other doctors, forcefully and belligerently pointed out that the man (who had lived in Britain for the past two years) had never in his life proved to have anything slightly the matter with his heart and that he would have collapsed prior to when he did, had he had a condition, on account of his profession. There was such public disturbance and outrage that a post-mortem was carried out two days later, by the indirect order of the Home Secretary himself.

The next day the newspapers were headlined:—

"TRACES OF CYANIDE FOUND IN K'MONO".

When this was made public, there was an outcry, and numerous detectives like myself put forth suspects:

(1) His housekeeper (a white woman unknown to the public).

(2) The leader of an anti-black association in the town, Anthony Stewart, and (3) The doctor himself!

It would have proved easy for the housekeeper to poison K'mono, having

access to the kitchen where she made his meals, but no motive was evident.

Number Two's motive was strong enough, but his poisoning the Kenyan seemed impossible.

Number Three wasn't really considered; however the heart condition statement seemed peculiar. There was not evidence to disprove it, on the other hand.

The housekeeper was soon ruled out for she had been away for three months prior to the death.

For two days, there was no extra news, until Tuesday evening, 14th October, when it was revealed that the doctor was James Wilson. I could hardly believe it; the man was an old school-friend of mine; it seemed sinisterly ludicrous that he should be entangled with such a sordid affair. My first impulse was to go round to his house immediately; second thoughts prompted me not to be hasty. The next day, it was alleged that Stewart, the other suspect, had been cleared. He had been in California on holiday, for, ironically, the three months prior to K'mono's death.

By now, a horrible suspicion was forming in my mind; I tried to dispel it; searching desperately for new suspects, I'm sorry to say, but it remained in the back of my mind, looming nearer the foreground every torturous second.

Feeling ill, I endeavoured the next day to clear Wilson from my suspicions. By nightfall, I felt I was in the clutches of an evil, vivid nightmare as I telephoned the house of Wilson ("Jim" couldn't pass my lips any longer) to receive no reply. I 'phoned the police and gave unwillingly to them my suspicions, before motoring round to his house two hours later, after prolonged procrastinations in a last frantic attempt to clear James Wilson.

And now, here I was inside the murderer's house, searching in his surgery for evidence of the Cyanide. It was a useless search, thought I, but necessary, for the sake of precautions. I eventually was giving up, when I saw lying in a cupboard an old rusty nail (for no purpose as far as I could see) on which something had been split, creating a deep, rich, Prussian blue. I only know of one substance which

will make that colour when in contact with iron — POTASSIUM FERRA-CYANIDE.

I never spoke to James Wilson personally at all; on the discovery, he was tried and found guilty by a unanimous decision. There remained but one important detail—the motive. In the court-room, Wilson, when I gave the condemning piece of evidence, appeared to be staring dazedly straight at me without seeing me. It was in a trance that he told the court of how he had been offered £250,000 by a woman he had at first considered crazy. However, he soon realised that she was as wealthy as she made out, and the suddenness of it plus a stupor which seemed to envelop him from the first awful day twenty weeks ago, convinced him that he would actually be willing to go through with the nightmare job for the sake of money. He had injected a minute quantity of poison every week for four months along with an injection for a permanent muscle strain. From that moment, I realised that my friend was not wicked at heart. I realised that he had been captured by the rat-race and greed for money which has been coming to the fore greatly, recently, and devastating much happiness.

By the way, this "madwoman's" name? Mrs Richard Hurst, wife of K'mono's greatest rival, Dick Hurst of Scotland.

The week later, she met the same fate as Wilson: a life sentence; only she was forced to spend hers in a prison home for the mentally unbalanced.

The incident was the cause of many demonstrations in London and Birmingham demanding "A fair deal for blacks all over the world". I feel that this gruesome murder, however, was not a case of racial strife.

C.R.P., F.III.

LOOKING BACK . . .

Memories of love
And laughter
Pain
And sorrow.
An aching gap has emptied me
One which can never be filled
For this longing within me
Can never be satisfied.

Jay.

1st VI. GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Hilary Simpson, Rona Winter, Lindsey Wilson, Mrs Southwell.
Anne Patterson, Mary Young, Helen Stout.



BOYS' 1st VI. TENNIS

G. L. Wilson, P. D. Ritchie, D. J. Hain,
Mr N. G. Stewart.
G. D. Butchart, F. M. Hadden, P. C.
Mitchell, I. M. Ross.

2nd VI. GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Pat Taylor, A. M. Lewis, Sandra Grant,
Mrs Southwell.
Janet Campbell, Wendy Barrie, Caroline
Mills.





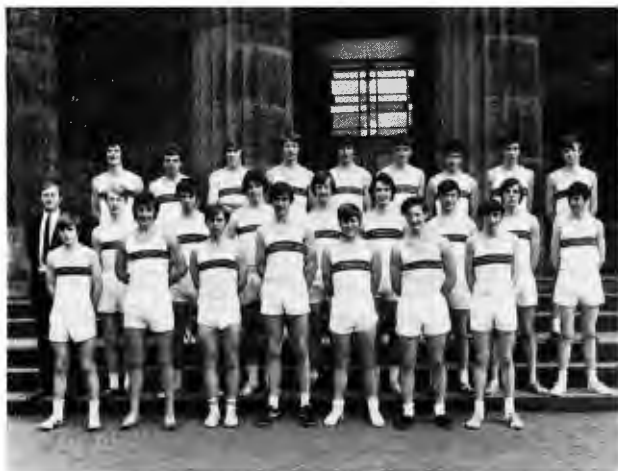
SENIOR GIRLS' ATHLETIC TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—Catherine Douglas, Audrey Melvin, Jane McNeill, Maureen Devlin, Alison Sim, Janice Proudfoot, Miss Dobson.

Middle Row (l. to r.)—Pamela Swanney, Marian Armitage, Anthea Richards, Janet Cruikshank, Helen Stout, Nicky Miller, Judy Collin.

Front Row (l. to r.)—Janet Hughes, Mary Grewar, Valerie Reid (Vice-Captain), Joan Ross (Captain), Fiona Williamson, Jennifer Williams.

JUNIOR ATHLETICS TEAM



SENIOR BOYS' ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—F. M. Hadden, G. D. Bell, I. R. Morrison, I. W. McNicoll, G. R. Dudgeon, G. J. Thompson, N. F. Robertson, B. A. Gadie, S. W. Martin.

Middle Row (l. to r.)—Mr R. C. Brickley, A. C. Morrison, M. J. S. Philips, I. U. Melrose, J. L. Lester, R. S. Paterson, E. S. Webster, G. A. T. Clarkson, G. F. W. Allison.

Front Row (l. to r.)—N. A. Dryden, D. J. J. Muckart, A. D. Thompson, P. A. Arbuckle, D. E. Cavers, A. J. Milne, D. A. Aitkenhead.



School Activities (Part 1)

The School Activities this year are as wide-ranging as ever, and need very little introduction. Thanks have, we hope, already been expressed to all those who have organised and helped in these activities, and it merely remains for us to thank most sincerely all those noble souls who have so dutifully submitted these reports.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

Session 1970-71

Since the last report of the Debating Society, we have been kept busy with a steady flow of events. In the "Daily Express" Debating Contest, Brian Dye and Nigel Wightman did well to reach the second round. In the national semi-final of the E.S.U. Debate in Aberdeen, Elizabeth Boase and Valerie Reid were unfortunately knocked out of the competition by Lawside Academy. In February and March, the first and second rounds of the Reading and Public Speaking contest were held. The final will take place on the 17th June. Since Christmas, we have also had a few "friendly" debates with Harris and Grove. In March, the annual staff/pupils debate took place in the new dining hall, when the staff, once again, had an overwhelming win. It is perhaps interesting to note that this was one of our best attended debates! Also on this evening we held the A.G.M. of the Society. The following are the officials appointed for next session. Chairman—Valerie Reid, Vice-Chairman—Brian Dye, Secretary—Catherine McLeod, Treasurer—Rona Horne, Representatives were also elected from Forms IV.-VI.—Lester Barr (VI.), Innes Garden (V.), and Elizabeth Gilmour and Calumn Paton (IV.).

As a result of the sparse audiences we have had at debates this session, this is to be the last report of the Debating Society as such. Next year we propose to rename the society "The Literary and Debating Society" including in our syllabus drama, poetry and blues, etc. as well as our usual debates. It is to be hoped that this will arouse more enthusiasm than we have at present.

The committee would like to take this opportunity of thanking all members of staff who take an interest in us, especially Miss Gray and Mr Smith who help our teams to prepare for contests and Mr Fyall and Mr Rorie who have so enthusiastically organised the junior section. Finally, we would like to thank all members of the Society who have attended our meetings and we hope that they will continue to give us their support throughout the coming season.

Valerie Reid, Secretary.

As you may or may not yet know, the end of this session marks the end of an era for the Debating Society. It has become increasingly more noticeable over the past few years that support for debates is gradually diminishing. Whether this is due to the fact that serious discussion has ceased to be in any way important or whether our sparse audiences are caused by pure and simple apathy we do not know. What we do know, however, is that a weekly debate is not what you want. For the past two weeks the committee for next session, therefore, have been busy looking into the matter and trying to come up with a solution to the problem. Looking back ten years, we found to our surprise that instead of a Debating Society, the school had a thriving and prosperous Literary Society. As interest in debating was aroused, it was changed to the Debating Society it is today. Unfortunately, although the new Society was wealthy and flourishing up till about five years ago, since then we have been including mainly debates in our syllabus and interest has gradually waned.

As a result of this investigation, it has been decided to rename the Society "The Literary and Debating Society". Membership will cost approximately 12½p for the year in return for which you will be issued with a syllabus card. You may well remember, that previously, membership cost you nothing and that you could buy a syllabus for 5p but before you start grudging us the extra 7½p (a mere 1/6) may I ask you to consider carefully what you will get in return.

Throughout the course of next session, we aim to hold about four money raising ventures—a beetle drive shortly after we return to school after the summer, a coffee evening in December, a Burns Night in January and a Barn Dance in March. The money raised from these will, we hope, enable us to sponsor our other activities. Actors from Dundee Rep. have promised to come one evening and talk to us about the theatre. We are at present trying to find two Scots poets to give us a talk about their work. In this field we hope also to hold a "poetry and blues" evening.

You understand that we need the money to support such a huge change in the Society's form. We feel sure that if we can make the effort to provide an interesting syllabus for you, that you will in turn, join the Society and give us your support to help begin and develop the venture we propose for the coming session. We can assure you now—it will be well worth it.

Valerie Reid.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

Last term, the Junior Debating Society enjoyed many successful meetings which included an Inter-House Debate and a "Daily Express" Debate. Other popular meetings were an "Any Questions", a "Hat Night", and two new experiments, a "Just a Minute" and a "Free-for-all" debate. The latter two proved to be great successes and it is hoped that they will be included on the agenda next year. Unfortunately, our team was defeated in an inter-school debate against Grove Academy on 23rd March. On this occasion, High School opposed the motion "Good manners are a waste of time".

There are very few F.1 and F.2 members and, if the Society is to continue, their support is vital. F.1 and F.2 members are, therefore, asked to take a more active interest in the Society. A committee of 3rd year members has been elected to help with the organising of the Society next year.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Fyall and Mr Rorie for all the help and time they have given. Without their invaluable support, the Society would not have been possible.

Elizabeth Gilmour, F.3.

SENIOR COMPANY REPORT

As usual, we have a very varied timetable for the cadets. In addition to the normal training, we have introduced new subjects. Sgt. Blair is teaching radiowork, and Cpl. Manekshaw, motor maintenance, the last subject for the new "part 2" examination.

The No. 2 platoon have had marked success in this examination. They have all passed the Shooting and Safety, and the drill, and this can be entered in the newly received record of service books.

There have been three main exercises this term. The main exercise took place on the weekend of 13th March at Invermark. The radios were used and this improved the exercise appreciably. Thanks must be given to Mr Henehan for his cooking in the field and to Mr O'Connor who drove the truck. The two other exercises, both at Buddon, both incorporated shooting and an orienteering course.

At Easter, L/Cpls. Jones, Hain and Buist went on the Southern Command course at Norfolk. In addition, most of the senior boys are attending courses this summer, including 6 to Frinley Park for the Leadership course.

On 2nd June, 1971, our annual inspection was held at Dalnacraig, Brigadier Coutts being the inspecting officer. As usual, there was a high standard of turn out, and a very interesting arena display watched by parents.

During the previous weekend, Sgt. Blair led the team in the Highland Area Competition, and came a very creditable 5th. They might well have won, had it not been for poor shooting.

From the inspection onwards, the cadets are preparing for the annual camp, held at Aultbea.

I wish to extend thanks to all the officers, who devote their precious time to ensure the high standard of the cadets, and without whom, there would be no cadets.

C. S. M. Stiven.

JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

Near Easter, the C.C.F. went up to Invermark for an exercise, and a surprisingly large number of junior cadets attended. There was practice in setting up camp and living in the open. All the cadets managed very well, considering that for many, this was their first experience of camping. The food was admirably good, under the supervision of Mr Henehan, and provided a good basis for the various exercises that were undertaken. Since then, there have been visits to Barry Buddon camp, for fieldcraft exercises and assault course races. Fortunately, there were no accidents, and many cadets found they could tackle even the most difficult of obstacles.

The past few weeks have been occupied in rehearsals for the General Inspection parade and the various activities connected with it. Everyone worked very hard, and Brigadier Coutts was very impressed, particularly with the turnout and drill.

The annual C.C.F. camp at Aultbea is now being planned, and it is hoped that as many cadets as possible will attend. There will certainly be no lack of things to do, since Mr Brickley, of the P.T. department, and Mr Holmes, Head of the Geography Department, also a keen hill climber, are both attending camp.

I should like to express sincere thanks to all the officers of the C.C.F., without whom the cadets could not possibly continue. I also thank Lt. Fraser for all the work he has done for the cadets during his time in the school, and wish him the very best in his new position.

C. S. M. Fleming.

THE BAND

This year, the band is very fortunate as it has lost only two of last year's members.

A lot of practice is at the moment being put in by the band in preparation for the C.C.F. Band Competition to be held at Fettes College on 18th June.

The Annual General Inspection was held at Dalnacraig on 2nd June and the band was praised for its playing by the inspecting officer.

This year, the junior band is full of enthusiasm and they paraded excellently at the General Inspection. The Junior Drummers also stole the limelight by giving a perfect display of drumming.

Finally, we must thank Mr McLeod and Mr Mills for all the time they spend teaching us how to play the pipes and drums. I am sure that the band would not be at its present standard if it were not for them.

D/Sgt. Webster.

REPORT ON THE HIGHLAND CADET COMPETITION

On 29th—30th May, a team of eight N.C.O.'s took part in this competition, held at Culty-braggan camp, near Comrie. Despite the tough conditions, the team did very well, and were placed 5th out of 13. They had the highest mark for the speed march part of the competition, scoring 108 compared with an average of 75.

Sgt. Blair.



Sports Activities

The Sporting Activities of the School continue to provide outlets for the enthusiasm and ability of our pupils. In the following reports, we are happy to congratulate some outstanding successes and at the same time, thank all who, by their solid and continual work have contributed so much to this part of the life of the school.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

Results of school 1st XV. from 28th November:

			F	A
Nov. 28	Morrisons Academy	A	Cancelled	
Dec. 5	Perth Academy	H	5	3
12	Madras College	A	9	0
19	Morgan Academy	A	14	3
1971				
Jan. 16	Harris Academy	A	8	6
23	Madras College	H	16	3
30	Robert Gordon's Coll.	A	Cancelled	
Feb. 6	Aberdeen Grammar	H	0	0
20	Trinity Academy	H	Cancelled	
27	Aberdeen Academy	H	44	3
Mar. 6	Kiel School	H	5	3
13	Morgan Academy	H	5	0
20	Perth Academy	H	8	3

The 1st XV. has had a tremendous finish to this season. They have not lost a match since November. This team settled down quickly and were soon on their winning streak with the able kicking of Frank Hadden, who was the top scorer with 102 points.

The team, in winning 14 games this season, set up a new record for the number of games won in a season.

The 2nd XV. have, as usual had a very successful season, and have shown a great enthusiasm for the game. The 3rd XV. also had a very successful season. They show great promise for the future.

The Colts XV. have also had a very good season, winning most of their matches. I hope the experience gained in the junior rugby, will help them when they move into the Senior XV.'s next season.

The 1st year, 2nd year and Lower school XV.'s have had varied success, but they show great determination and promise for the future of rugby in the school.

Congratulations go to Euan S. Webster, David E. Cavers and David J. J. Muckart, who all played for the Midlands 1st XV. team, also D. Hadden and G. Ogilvie who obtained a place in the Junior Midlands XV. D. Hadden was captain of the team.

On behalf of all the members of staff and the players, I would like to congratulate Chris Rea for his success in the Scottish side and, also on his selection for the British Lions touring team. This is the greatest honour for any Rugby player.

I would also like to thank the members of staff who travel each Saturday morning with the various teams and also the hostesses who have contributed so much to make our games a success.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr W. D. Allardice and Mr G. C. Stewart, along with Mr R. C. Brickley, Mr N. G. S. Stewart, Mr J. Hunter, Mr N. P. Gray and Mr N. I. G. Rorie, for their help and time taken to train the school teams. I am sure everybody concerned appreciates their help.

David E. Cavers.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

The officials appointed for the 1971 season were:—Captain—A. G. R. Garden. Vice-Captain—N. E. Philip. Secretary—D. A. Taylor. Treasurer—R. J. W. Stiven.

This season has been marked by a series of mixed results which have appeared somewhat disappointing in the light of last year's successes. Seven members of that undefeated side were automatic choices this season, but unfortunately, we lost two of our best bowlers. Examinations and House matches have taken a heavy toll of practices on Mondays and Wednesdays, and this lack of net practice has been evident on numerous occasions. The middle-order batsmen have not made the runs expected of them, while our pace attack has recently been weakened by the premature departure of Peter Jones. Notable individual performances have been turned in by opening batsmen Athol Garden and David Taylor with well over one hundred runs each to their names, and Neil Philip who has taken 32 wickets. The results are as follows:—

Venue	Opposition	Runs F	Runs A
H	Aberdeen Grammar	66	69/9
H	Perth Academy	104/1(d)	106/2
A	Madras College	54/1	51
H	Morgan Academy	49/2	48
A	Strathallan	44	45/6
H	Kelvinside (aband'ed)	—	112/5
A	Robert Gordon's Coll.	80/6(d)	34/5
H	Harris Academy	55/7	80

The performances of the Second Eleven, under the direction of Graeme Findlay and Malcolm Bruce, have more or less mirrored those of the 1st XI.

The House cricket was won comfortably by Aystree, with Airlie coming next, followed by Lindores and Wallace. Our thanks must go out

to the members of Staff whose umpiring made such matches possible, and to Mr Connor and his Ground Staff for their work in maintaining the excellent playing surface to be found at Dalnacraig. D.A.T.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT 1970-71

The 1st XI. results this season were:—

	Played	W	D	L	F	A	
	16	15	1	0	57	6	
					F	A	
Sept. 5	Madras College				A	8	0
12	Harris Academy				H	2	0
19	Grove Academy				A	4	0
26	Morgan Academy				A	3	0
Oct. 17	Alloa Academy				A	1	1
31	Morgan Academy				H	1	0
Nov. 7	Aberdeen G. S.				A	6	0
14	Kirkton H. S.				H	3	0
Dec. 12	Robert Gordon's				H	5	0
19	Harris Academy				A	4	0
Jan. 9	Perth High School				H	4	0
16	Lawside Academy				H	2	0
Feb. 13	Alloa Academy				H	4	1
27	Robert Gordon's				A	2	0
Mar. 13	Grove Academy				H	6	3
27	Lawside Academy				A	2	1

From the above results, it can be seen that the first eleven have had an outstanding season, setting four new school records—the most wins in a season, the fewest defeats in a season, the fewest goals conceded in a season and the highest average of goals per game in a season. The success of the team can therefore be attributed to the very strong defence which conceded only one goal in the first twelve matches. The forwards too, have played very well, especially against Grove Academy, when they scored six goals in the second half. The most important factor, however, has been the understanding between the attack and the defence which has led to such fine results.

The second eleven have also had a successful season, winning seven and drawing three of their fourteen games. They have scored thirty-two goals and conceded twenty. The Under-16 team has also done well, winning four and drawing three of their twelve games. We have also been able to field an Under 16 "B" team and a second year team. Next season, we hope to field six "elevens".

The performances of these younger teams show great promise for the future.

In the Midlands six-a-side tournament, the first team were knocked out in their section, despite conceding no goals. The Under 16 team were defeated in the semi-final of their competition. A seven-a-side tournament was to have been held at Alloa in March, but due to bad weather, it has had to be postponed.

The Inter-House Hockey Tournament was held in March, and for the first time it was possible to play eleven-a-side games. Aystree were first, Wallace second, and Lindores third.

On behalf of all the teams therefore, I should like to thank Mr R. C. Brickley, Mr W. M. Garland and Mr D. P. MacDonald for their invaluable

assistance during the week, and also Mr D. Fraser, Mr N. Doig, Mr K. Garland, Mr A. Nicholson and Mr G. McLaren for their help on Saturday mornings. Without them, we would have been unable to set such a record. B.A.E.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the season:—Captain—P. Arbuckle. Vice-Captain—D. Cavers. Secretary—A. Thomson. Treasurer—A. Morrison.

For the second year in succession both boys and girls recorded convincing wins over Buckhaven H.S. and Dunfermline H.S. in the Annual Triangular Contest. Earlier in the season, the two younger groups recorded five wins over Harris Academy and Morgan Academy at Monymusk. K. Glass recorded five individual wins in the "D" group while G. Ogilvie managed four in the "C" group.

Anstruther was the venue for our annual contest against Waid Academy, and all four groups recorded convincing wins—of the forty-one events on the programme, D.H.S. boys took thirty-two first places.

Saturday, 19th June is the date set for the National Championships at Scotstoun Showground, Glasgow, and once again, our hopes are high that the record entry of thirteen boys, contesting fifteen events will bring us the same success we have experienced in the Midlands area this term. Also the Dundee Schools Championships at the end of the month and the growing interest in the Thistle Award Scheme have made our athletes realise that regular training is not so unrewarding after all.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Mr R. C. Brickley for his enthusiastic coaching, and Mr J. Hunter, Mr W. M. Garland, Mr D. P. MacDonald, Mr N. Gray and all those members of staff for their invaluable help. A.D.T.

BOYS' TENNIS REPORT

The highlight of the Boys' Tennis Season was the winning of the Midland's Schools Shield for the first time since 1962. The school represented the Midlands area in the Scottish finals but were defeated narrowly in the quarter finals. However, the team is young, and all will be available next year, when it is hoped to do even better.

The school championships attracted large entries at both Junior and Senior levels. The Junior Championship for the Christie Cup was won by Peter Hadden (F.2) who beat Douglas Nicoll (F.3) in the final, on going to press, the Senior Championship has not been completed.

GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed:—Captain—Mary Young. Secretary—Lindsey Wilson. Treasurer—Janet Campbell.

So far, the 1st and 2nd VI.'s have won three out of the five matches that have been played, while the 3rd year VI. has been doing equally well by winning all their matches.

We would like to thank both Mrs Southwell and Mrs Craig for giving us every encouragement, and also our thanks to the groundsmen for their help.

After this good start, we look forward to similar results throughout the rest of the season.

L.A.W.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB REPORT

There has been no lack of enthusiasm from our younger members, but possibly due to exams, the response from Senior Girls has not been very good. Nevertheless, the season so far, has been entirely successful. The "C" and "D" groups won the first fixture of the season against Harris and Morgan and Seniors and Juniors together, beat Dunfermline and Buckhaven in the traditional three sided competition. This is the second year running that we have won.

As usual, we are well represented in the Scottish Schools and wish the Senior Girls' Relay Team every success in defending their two cups. On 3rd June, in an exciting contest, the team defeated Waid Academy for the first time.

On behalf of the team, I would like to thank the gym staff, especially Miss Dobson who has spent so much time in coaching us, all other members of staff who come to help and support at the matches and also the groundsmen who keep the grounds in such good condition.

Fiona Williamson.

BASKETBALL CLUB REPORT

During the season, the Juniors have played extremely well and have not suffered a defeat. On the other hand, the Seniors have not had enough games because of lack of interest in other schools in the area.

Junior Results:—

D.H.S.	41	Harris Academy	21
D.H.S.	29	Logie Secondary	28
D.H.S.	38	Morgan Academy	12
Rockwell	18	D.H.S.	35
D.H.S.	56	St. Michaels	18

The Senior team lost to Harris Academy, the Dundee Champions, but managed to defeat Morgan Academy by five points.

Lastly, I would like to thank Mr R. C. Brickley for his excellent coaching and also for the time taken to encourage Basketball in the Senior Schools.

David E. Cavers.

MAYAR-DRIESH CLIMBING CLUB

This year, a group of mainly 4th and 5th year pupils have climbed several mountains. The first climb was up Winter Corrie to Mayar and Driesh after which the club was named. We then had a very enjoyable snow walk up Glas Maol and Meall Odhar.

Just before Easter, we had a very exciting climb up Ben Lawers and Meall Garish. The snow here presented a challenge and a small group climbed right round the corrie while the younger boys took a less arduous route. The final climb of the year will be Schiehallion and possibly Carn Mairg.

We thank Mr Brickley and Mr Holmes for their enthusiastic leadership and without whom these meets would not be possible.

A.D.T., Secretary.

LIFE-SAVING CLUB REPORT

Although the club this year was again marred by lack of new members, the year may be regarded as a very successful one. In the first term, 3 senior members, Peter Mitchell, Alasdair Chalmers and Graham Allardice gained the Distinction Award which is the highest practical certificate of the society. The following term, the award was also gained by R. Barr and A. McConnell.

Later this term, R. Buist, G. Steele and P. Rubens will sit the Award of Merit, G. Stuart, A. Grant and T. McMillan will sit the Bronze Cross and K. Thomson will sit the Bronze Medalion.

In October, Alasdair Chalmers and Peter Mitchell will sit the Diploma of the Society which is its highest award.

Thanks must once again be given to Mr Allardice for his continued tuition, out of school hours, to the club, ensuring success for its members.

P.C.M. F.V.

SPORTS DAY REPORT

On Saturday, 12th June the annual school sports were held at Dalnacraig. Despite the wind and cold, unusual weather conditions for June, there were some exceptional performances from the competitors with several records being equalled and broken. Even parents and friends were present in their usual multitudes complete with rugs and warm coats! As usual, everything went like clockwork, starting and finishing punctually which does so much to make the occasion more successful for everyone concerned. Here special credit must of course be given to Mr Allardice and his staff, who each year put such a great deal of effort into making the sports a success.

Notable performances from the athletes included Peter Arbuckle's 14.4 secs. for the 100m. hurdles which equals the school record, Joan Ross's 12.9 sec. for the 100m. which again equalled the record, and Pamela Gillis's time of 13.1 sec. for the 80m. hurdles which broke Jane Standley's intermediate record for this event.

Senior champions for 1971 are Peter Arbuckle and Joan Ross, Intermediate—Graham Ogilvie and Mary Grewar, and Junior—Kenneth Glass and Pamela Reid.

Wallace was winning house with 118½ points, then came Airlie (82), Lindores (72½) and Ays-tree (57). The inter-house relays were won as follows: boys, lower school—Airlie. Under 14—Wallace. Over 14—Airlie. Girls, lower school—Lindores. Under 14—Lindores. Over 14—Wallace.

Finally, we should like to thank the grounds staff, the gym staff, the school staff, the F.P.'s organising the tea tent and all the other people involved even in a small way without whose help the sports could never be the resounding success it always is.

V.A.R.

MODERN SCULPTURE IMPROVED BY A CAT



Grant Stenhouse, F.1a3

School Activities Part II

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

This season has seen some dramatic changes in both equipment and scoring.

Colonel Larg very kindly donated fifty pounds for the purpose of buying spotting telescopes. We also bought four pairs of elbow pads and the difference that the new equipment has made can be clearly seen by the better scores.

I am afraid to say that although we tried hard to let the staff win in our friendly competition, they were once more soundly beaten and appear to be losing hope of ever being successful.

The Larg-Vannet Cup was won this year by Alastair Taylor, and William Robertson, once again, won the Oakley Trophy. The Urquhart Cup was won by Andrew Harvey with Graeme Findlay second for the third year running.

The W. A. Findlay Trophy was again won by Graeme Findlay with a score of 1,746 out of 1,800, with Robin Barr second with 1,708 points.

In March, Robin Barr scored 100, and Robin Illsley and Graeme Findlay each shot three 99's.

On 29th March, we held a hop in the school in aid of Club funds and managed to raise over £14. A raffle has been organised in conjunction with the Sailing Club to raise funds for both organisations and we hope that this effort will be successful.

Andrew Harvey and Graeme Findlay were chosen to shoot for the Scottish Schools in a recent International event in which Scotland was placed third, with Graeme Findlay scoring the highest marks for his country.

The Strathcona Cup was shot a month ago but the results have still not been received. There was an average of 96, so we should have a reasonably high placing.

On behalf of the Rifle Club, I would like to thank Major Jacuk and Mr Halliday sincerely for their unflinching support, Colonel Larg for his invaluable help and Mr Carmichael for patiently putting up with us every Friday night.

Graeme A. Findlay.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

This year has seen another enjoyable series of films, discussions and talks every Monday night, and a few joint meetings with other branches in Dundee schools. We would like to thank all pupils and members of staff who contributed to its smooth-running in any way, and we are particularly indebted to students from the University Christian Union who took a few of the meetings. We look forward to next term, and hope to continue with added success.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

This, year we won our first three matches in the "Sunday Times" Championship but were just beaten by Harris Academy in the semi-finals of our zone. At the end of the match

against Harris, the scores were level at 3/3 and our average ages were also equal as were the sum of the winning boards in each team. So according to the rules of the competition, the result of the bottom board was discounted and since that result was a win for us, we were defeated by the narrowest of margins. In this and all the other competitions we entered the absences of Christopher Jones and Norman Melvin, who left school last year, were a great loss.

In the Scottish Autumn Chess Jamboree, we scored 6½/10 but improved this to 8½/10 and third place in the Spring Jamboree. In Division 1 of the Adult League, we are not doing as well as last year but, on the other hand, we have reached the final of the new Knockout Competition organised by the Adult League. The D.H.S. "C" team could well gain promotion from Division III. of the Adult League.

In the only school competition to be decided, G. Robertson has won the Intermediate Trophy. M. Little and J. Hanslip came first equal in the Dundee Section of the Scottish Girls' Championship qualifying for the Championship which will be held in Dundee this summer. F. Ferguson and T. Walsh were joint runners-up in the Dundee Junior Intermediate Championship and T. Walsh was also second equal in under-15 section of the Dundee Easter Congress. D. Tudhope was runner-up in the Dundee and District Section of the East of Scotland Championship.

Our thanks go to Mrs Elder and Mr Holmes for their help in running the Club and to the caterers for their help in the home matches.

D. Tudhope, Secretary.

(Congratulations to A. M. Davie who has been appointed a Scottish Master for winning the Scottish Chess Championship three times).

U.F.L.B.F. REPORT 1970-71

This winter's unexpectedly good weather allowed the members of the Unpopular Front for the Liberation of Broughty Ferry to make several valuable training raids. The Broughty Ferry skin-heads are still alive and kicking, but have been hard hit by the Front's guerilla fighters and some well-known royalists from Ninewells have been wiped out.

The Front has stated its constitution and aim as the seizing of the capitalists' property for the citizens of Broughty Ferry, viz. us.

All is serene at the Chinese People's Liberation Army's Intercontinental Ballistic Missile Testing Ground on the Broughty Ferry marshes. The evil Yasser, our Director, hatches more fiendish plots and the resurrected Dr. Hieronymus, our head chemist prepares yet another full frontal assault on Broughty Castle. Power continues to exert his authority forcefully over the citizens of Broughty Ferry. Abdul Dutschke has learned to write and we are happy to report that Bent-Legs woke up for an hour in mid-January.

It is projected that the U.F.L.B.F. should make a raid into East Fife this season in order to destroy a certain monarchist teacher who keeps insisting that Fife is a kingdom. The matter is now under consideration.

All considered, it has been an extremely successful season and the Liberation commandos will be in excellent form for the new season, beginning in October.

Yasser, The Director.
Dr. G. C. Hieronymus.
Fred Hussein.
Power.
Abdul Dutschke.
Noddy.
Bent-Legs.
Mussolini.

SAILING CLUB REPORT

"Pupils at the Helm"

There has been no sailing this term, but the boats have been repaired and patched up throughout the winter—at least $\frac{3}{4}$ have, the Lindores boat being still in need of attention. The canoes have been painted a conspicuous colour—and they too have had any repairs needed.

The sailing club now has 53 members with many new members coming in from Form V. The new committee has been decided for the summer term—Sandra Gordon as vice-commandore, Donald Allan as Secretary, John Vannet as Treasurer and Miriam Little as committee member. Mr McKenzie remains, of course, as commodore and thanks must go to him, Euan Webster and Caroline Thomson for their work on the committee this year and last. Again we are grateful to Neil Philip, Graeme Burns and Ronald Winton for their work on the boats during the winter term.

M.McK., Secretary.

POSTSCRIPT TO SAILING CLUB REPORT

Since the original report was written, the sailing Club has entered boats in external regattas with a notable success in the slow handicap class at the Opening Regatta of the Royal Tay Yacht Club.

Two boats were entered, one sailed by Mr McKenzie and Miriam Little, the other by Donald Allan and Sandra Gordon. In spite of the prevailing weather conditions and a chapter of disasters including a ramming and two rudder failures for Mr McKenzie's boat and a broken main halyard for the other, Donald Allan and Sandra Gordon, eventually emerged as the winners of the series of four races. It is hoped that this performance can be repeated in the future.

Donald Allan.

STAMP CLUB REPORT—1971

This session has been marked by a distinct improvement in attendances at our club meetings. The syllabus this year has been varied, as

we are now exploring wider fields in Philately—especially through the two films lent to us by the G.P.O.

Both the form displays and those by individual members have been of a high standard and varied in content. Mr Stevenson gave two informative lecturettes, on Perforations and on British Watermarks, as well as enlivening club displays with selections of American and Thematic issues, and a novel "Philatelic Dictionary". Other regular features of the Stamp Club are its term quiz and competition nights, which allow the participation of all members.

Certain beneficial services, provided by the club, are open to non-members. The "Stamp Exchange System" is worked on the basis of the free circulation of swap albums. The "First Day Cover Service" enables collectors to maintain an uninterrupted supply of each and every issue as it comes out. Through this service, collectors have had the opportunity of obtaining such unusual postmarks as that of the "Welsh Bethlehem" on the Christmas issue. Even throughout the postal strike it remained active, through the diligence of our Treasurer, who made the journey to Montrose, on behalf of the club, to obtain the rare First Day of Issue franking for the Decimal Definitives. Each year, the club purchases the latest "Gibbons Catalogue" and is supplied monthly with the G.P.O. "Philatelic Bulletin".

On behalf of us all, I would like to express our appreciation to Duncan Campbell for his generous gift of stamps to the club. Thanks are also due to David Logan, F.2, for his colourful Philatelic Poster of New Zealand, presented to the club. A heartfelt vote of thanks must go from us all to our chairman, Mr Stevenson, for the splendid way in which he has conducted our club affairs, throughout this and every session.

Lastly, I would like this opportunity of extending a cordial invitation to all pupils to attend next session's fortnightly meetings.

N. D. Grant, Secretary.

GUIDE REPORT

This year, in Guides, we have been to some interesting places and have done many interesting things. In October, we had our Hallowe'en Party which was a great success. Then at Christmas we gave a party to 30 five year old children, this, too went very well.

After Christmas, we visited the police station which everyone found most interesting. Also we went to see round the Museum.

We enjoyed a talk about theatrical make-up from Miss Edgar and Mrs Gouick.

Mr Robertson, from Camperdown, very kindly came to show us how to make nesting boxes which we hung up at the park.

At the moment we are making arrangements for our camp which will be held at the usual site at Glenesk.

This year, we welcomed Miss Smith, of the preparatory department, as a unit helper. We all hope that she will enjoy being with us and I am sure we will enjoy having her.

JUNIOR CHOIR REPORT

This year has been a very enjoyable one for all members of the choir. Meeting every Friday afternoon, we have rehearsed many two-part songs during the session. Last term, we sang a modern hymn at the school's Easter Service; and later this term, we shall be performing several items at the school concert.

The Leng Medal this year, was won by one of the members of the choir, Jane Bewick. Other members of the choir were successful in the Arbroath Festival singing competitions.

We should like to thank Mrs Elder for all her hard work in organising the choir, and for so ably conducting us every week.

"RENDEZ-VOUS"

Report on Friday 9 Activity

"Rendez-vous" is a magazine, with articles in French, German and Spanish, but predominantly in French, since French is the first language in the High School.

Under the guidance of Mr D. O. C. Richterich, the pupils are responsible for the production of "Rendez-vous" now in its 3rd year. The processes involved are the selection and editing of suitable material, the overall plan and layout of the magazine, the typing, cutting of stencils and their duplication.

"Rendez-vous" retails at 2p per copy and the proceeds go to the Charity Funds.

D. O. C. Richterich.

FRIDAY NINE

(Model Making)

In the Model-Making class, there are people making all kinds of different things, such as boats, planes, spacecrafts, rug making, embroidery, painting and stuffed animals. There are about thirty to forty people in the above class and we all enjoy it very much. We find it most relaxing after a hard week's work !!!

These activities would not be possible without the help of our teachers. We, in the Model Making class would like to convey our thanks to Mr Hooks, Miss Flett and Miss Dryburgh for their help and advice they give us on a Friday afternoon.

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN NONE . . . ?

Yes, folk, it's that fun-filled, column-padding hardy annual once again, the interview with the Head Boy and Head Girl; this year starring that knock-about twosome, Liz Boase and Dave Muckart. Here, in glorious black-and-blue, is the approximate text of the fireside chat that I had with them in the groovy, down-school Prefects' (very) Common Room:—

Q. Do you think that the prefectorial system is anachronistic or do you consider it an equitable source of authority?

Dave didn't understand the question.

Liz: Definitely.

Q. What is it about the wonderful vista that attracts you to the window?

Dave: College of Commerce Girls.

Liz: College of Commerce Boys.

Q. What are your pet likes?

Dave: Raquel Welch, yoghurt, driving, yoghurt, Natalie Wood, yoghurt, rugby . . . etc. (ad infinitum).

Liz: Window-gazing in the prefect's room, gin and tonic, and bossing about my minions.

Q. What are your pet hates?

Dave: Efficient prefects.

Liz: People at the biology lab. window, the stairs in the tower block, and having to come in at 8.30 p.m.

Q. What are your pet foods?

Dave, Liz: French salads, raspberries, chicken rolls and yoghurt from the snack bar, bananas, coffee, fresh fruit salads . . . (the list became nauseating).

Q. Who in history would you most like to be?

Dave doesn't know any history.

Liz: Mrs Pankhurst.

Q. How have you been helped in your onerous duties by your fellow prefects?

Amidst a torrent of abuse, I deducted that the choice of all the boy prefects was something of a mystery.

Q. Who/what would you most like to be marooned with on a desert island?

Dave: Raquel Welch and/or a crate of mixed yoghurt.

Liz: A shipwrecked mariner (Ed.—Guess who?) the violin works of J. S. Bach, and of course, a fiddle.

Q. What comment do you have for next year's Head Boy and Head Girl?

Dave:

"To leave or not to leave,
That is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind
To bear the slings and arrows of
The Dundee High School
Or . . ."

BRIDGE CLUB REPORT

The recently formed Bridge Club has proved to be an outstanding success. Twice the pupils have challenged the staff to a match and two very different results emerged. On the first occasion, the pupils suffered a heavy defeat but took their revenge in no uncertain terms in the return match. The deciding match, to take place this term, should prove interesting.

We should like to thank Mr McKenzie for his help in running the club and for the use of his room, and to Betty and Lil for their help in making the bridge matches so successful.

W. R., F.VI., Secretary.

SIXTH YEAR COMMITTEE REPORT

The hop held in November was a great success, and since then the only source of income has been a weekly levy of 2½p from all members of sixth year using the common room. We are planning to hold a barbecue, open to all members of sixth year, with the remaining funds.

The question on making the sixth year committee a truly relevant body in formulating rules and helping in the running of sixth year, has not been completely solved. The committee has, we feel, been ignored to a certain extent, as has the problem of what the pupils can do in the last two months of term. This is a problem which is largely ignored, and we feel that some clear policy is needed. The solution which the

committee feels to be the most suitable is to begin sixth year immediately after the S.C.E. exams. All positions of authority could then be transferred during the summer term and all those already in Form 6 could be free (and indeed could be encouraged) to leave school. This would ensure continuity while eliminating the problem of many people having "nothing to do" and drifting away to find jobs.

I would like on behalf of sixth year, to thank all members of staff who have helped us throughout the session, particularly Miss Gray and Mr Paton for all the attention and time that they have given us, and Mr Gray for the patient and understanding way in which he has suffered the presence of the boys' common-room behind his classroom.



Back Row (l. to r.)—N. Philip (Inter House Cricket), Andrew Harvey (Urquhart Cup for Shooting), Ronald Walker (Boase Medal, Golf), David Aitkenhead (Loveridge Cup for winner of mile race), Peter Arbuckle (Airlie Cup for Champion Athlete), David Muckart (Inter House Rugby).

Middle Row (l. to r.)—Ian Henderson (Boys' Junior Champion Swimming), Morag Houston (Junior Girls' Tennis Champion), Peter Hadden (Junior Boys' Tennis Champion), Mary Grewar (Girls' Intermediate Athletics Champion), Alan Milne (McLaren Cup for Winner of Javelin), Graham Ogilvie (Intermediate Boys' Athletics Champion), Rona Winter (Senior Girls' Tennis Champion), Stephen Jack (Winner of Boys' Junior Relay, Wallace).

Front Row (l. to r.)—Kenneth Glass (Junior Champion Athletics, Boys), Alison Sheritt (Girls' Junior Champion, Swimming), Joan Ross (Girls' Senior Athletics Champion), Wendy Miller (Winner of Girls' Junior Relay, Lindores), Pamela Reid (Girls' Junior Athletics Champion), Edna McLennan (Girls' Senior Champion, Swimming), Fiona Williamson (Adams Cup for Winner of Javelin), William Robertson (Oakley Cup for shooting). Inset—Euan Webster (Inter House Sailing Trophy).

RIFLE TEAM

A. J. Harvey, R. Barr, J. C. Vannet,
R. E. F. Ilsley.
R. L. Crawford, Mr J. Jacuk, W. D.
L. Boath.
Absent—Graeme Findlay (Captain).



BOYS' 1st XI. CRICKET TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr J. Stevenson,
N. R. Hutton, R. L. Crawford, R. B.
Hain, I. C. Baird, G. A. Walker,
D. J. Hain, G. G. A. Allardice,
Mr W. D. Allardice.

Front Row (l. to r.)—N. Lennox, D. A.
Taylor, A. G. R. Garden, N. E. Philip,
R. J. W. Stiven.
Absent—Peter Jones.

BOYS' GOLF TEAM

R. L. Crawford, S. C. Cram, R. M. Smith.
R. J. Walker, A. J. A. Fox, Mr D. R.
Paton, G. W. Crooks, G. W. Smart.





1st VII. NETBALL TEAM

Lynn Suttie, Helen Stout, Joan Ross.
Pat Moffat, Fiona Williamson, Jane McNeill, Nicky Miller.



2nd VII. NETBALL TEAM

Alison Sim, Carol Sim, Pamela Gillis, Fiona Napier.
Carol Young, Janet Campbell, Janet Cruikshank.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Mr Brickley, A. G. R. Garden, P. A. Arbuckle, J. L. Lester.
G. A. T. Clarkson, R. S. Patterson, D. W. R. Marshall,
M. J. Wilson, D. E. Cavers.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Mr Brickley, G. D. Bell, A. D. G. Morrison, S. D. Pringle,
G. B. McFadzen.
I. M. Ross, R. Sherrit, G. Thompson, J. B. A. Miller,
R. Hadden.

Senior School Part II

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM?"

The small figure of a man moved slowly along the dark horizon of the seemingly endless moor. He halted there, stark against the brilliant skyline, watching, and thinking. And, as he watched, the last golden glow in the dying sun's wake faded gradually, changing from brilliant golds to reds and hence the browner more gaseous colours radiating to the light yellows and greens. Stretching out in a wide circumference around him, the moor, blazing in luscious reds and purples, as if the whole expanse was on fire. The birds had ceased their song. Now only the plaintive, almost human cries of the sheep could be heard, as night from her phantom palace, slowly, insidiously drew her dark cloak relentlessly across the sky, and night's ghostly army of shadows, breathing sin and death advanced, swallowing everything in its path.

The man turned his back on this and looked back on the path he had taken. Somewhere down there in a dip were his friends gathered round the last embers of the fire. Yes! He could just perceive the thin spiral of greyish white smoke weaving its way ceaselessly upwards, to mingle and be swallowed by the greyness of the immediate sky.

His gaze then swept the moor, where the fiery flames were beginning to die, to his left. It came to rest on the stones. They rose austere, like ancient giant kings and queens, proud and regal, shrouded in the mystery of centuries.

Only three days previously, Tom Jackson had been wading through the monotonous London weather of smog and rain. This June had hit the south of England hard. The bright spring days had been followed by dull depressing ones, the sky, a grey rag, above wet streets and drab buildings. His daily routine had become tedious and meaningless. But now life had taken on a different meaning. All his cares and worries had vanished like a

puff of smoke. Some friends had asked him to join them on an archaeological expedition to investigate a stone circle. He had jumped at the chance, and now here he was. Free!

His head was feeling unusually light on that midsummer night as if the whole atmosphere of his surroundings had cast a spell on him, as though they were luring him. He knew he must return to camp, but somehow, some inexplicably gigantic force was pulling him, drawing him further and further on, away from the camp, his friends, and the fire. Something distant, remote and cold was calling him. He knew he must answer this summons. He must go.

Suddenly, on that intoxicating air, his ears picked up a faint musical sound. But only for a few seconds, for it disappeared as suddenly as it had come. He strained his ears to try to pick up some trace of that tune, but all he could hear was the gurgling of a burn hidden in the heather, and the distant ba-aing of a sheep. He went on a few steps in what he judged was the direction from which the sound had come. Then as suddenly as before, the noise returned, less distant, but still equally mysterious. Its magnitude grew, infiltrating the air until it beat in his head. There was a magical quality in this music, foreign to anything Tom had ever heard before. It rushed through the passages of his brain with a tingling sensation. His thoughts were only intent on it. His feet moved automatically beneath him, propelling him along, the rough branches of heather scratching and tearing at his ankles. All sense of direction had vanished. He blundered on into the darkness, every step shortening the distance between himself and the sound's source. Suddenly, as he topped a small rise, he caught sight of small pin-points of light waving about in the darkness. He put on a burst of speed and, as he drew nearer, the majestic forms of the ancient stones loomed threateningly up before him out of the blackness. He drew up sharply. The music and lights

were both radiating from this place. The music had grown to a terrific pitch and yellowish coloured lights lit up the scene within the forbidding circle of stones. He could see contorted, grotesque shadows moving about through the gaps.

Struck with an aching curiosity, Tom dropped to his knees and advanced cautiously on his front towards the circle. He made for a particularly large stone and there, minute in its immenseness, hugging the shadow, he peered round into the circle . . .

He was bitten by the shock. His heart took a sudden plunge downwards and then leapt upwards into his throat. Here, in the midst of a wide expanse of twentieth century moorland was this! Dark looking, painted men and women with wild eyes, long shaggy hair, dressed in hides, danced and leapt about, barefoot, in seeming delirium. There was an acrid smell in the air, probably rising with the thick smoke from torches which lit the scene. In the centre was the raised stone which he had seen earlier that day. In front of this, an old man, whose hair and long beard had long since greyed, stood. From his shoulders hung a large plaid which swept the dust. He seemed to be offering some kind of prayer. His eyes seemed empty and sightless, as though some kind of trance had taken possession of his senses. He swayed in time with the music, his arms and hands making gesticulations in the air. Encircling him were a number of warriors, red paint smeared on their bodies, swaying also. In their hands, they tightly held fierce looking, flint-tipped spears. Eyes and teeth flashed from between greasy-looking strands of long dark hair which hung to their shoulders. Beyond them the other people, a miscellaneous crowd of old and young, moved in time with the music, their eyes gazing abstractly, intent on something beyond the circle, beyond the earth even. There arose a monotonous, wailing moan in unison which haunted Tom.

He noticed one woman in particular standing beside the great stone in whose shade he took refuge, holding her young child. The child quite unattached from this scene was sitting in his mother's arms gazing over her shoulder into the darkness beyond. It was staring right at him, smiling.

In its hands it fingered a small jade ornamented brooch. It slipped from his chubby hands and fell to the ground. The baby's face puckered up. But at that very moment, the group of musicians, sitting cross-legged opposite, their backs against a stone, struck up a very different tune which turned Tom's gaze from the child to the scene within the circle. The rhythm of the music changed, becoming more intense.

The plaid slipped from the old man's shoulders revealing his long sinewy body from which his bones protruded. He was whipped into a frenzy. His limbs thrashed about in convulsions and his mouth frothed. Around him the dancers whirled into action. As the music grew louder and faster, they began to leap about in all directions, spears and torches flashing about madly. The woeful moan had turned to fierce shouting. Everything surged before Tom's eyes and into his brain, taking possession of his limbs. Soon everything became a mass of seething colours. Suddenly all his senses swept in a flood tide beyond control. He dashed into the circle.

As though this was a signal, the ritual suddenly halted. Everyone froze in their places. The music stopped. There was ominous silence. These people, who only a few seconds before had been in a state of uncontrollable frenzy, had changed to one of cold awareness and hostility. Their glaring eyes all turned on Tom, as he stood there terrified, glued to the spot.

The warrior who seemed to be the leader, suddenly made a move towards him, spear poised, ready. At that same moment, the whole crowd of them began to run towards him. Deadly fear clutched his throat, he turned and fled, the whole tribe on his heels like a pack of wolves. He did not know where to go. He wheeled round. There, before him, stood the leader of the pack, with spear clutched, ready to strike. He drew it backwards and then let it go . . .

Tom staggered back, grabbing at air, and struck his head on one of the huge standing stones. He felt himself whirl round, over and over. Colours and hostile faces flashed before his eyes. The speed increased. He was going down, down, down . . . bump!

He blinked, pushing aside the dark veil which shrouded his eyes. Opening them, he saw the face of his friend Dick Crawford grinning down at him. Suddenly, his expression changed from jocular to amazement. He bent down and grabbed something lying by Tom's side. "Gosh! This is terrific! Look at this spear, Tom. It was just sticking out of the ground. This wasn't here yesterday", he added in puzzlement.

Tom sat up. His head was aching. He felt it tenderly. He looked round in amaze-

ment, for he was sitting in the stone circle, just beside one of the stones. Day had dawned. He gingerly got to his feet and examined the spear. Had it been a dream or was it merely coincidence? The happenings of the previous night flashed through his mind. The golden sunset, the wine red moor and the strange and terrifying ritual among the stones. Suddenly a green object caught his eye. He stepped forward and picked it up. It was a small jade brooch. Was it a coincidence? He was not quite so sure now. F.III.

BIRDS

Swallow and swift
Flying high above.
They look so pretty
Swooping and gliding,
Then suddenly they are gone.

Winter has come again !

The snow falls then melts, the returning geese appear.
For spring is here and the migrants are flying home.
Friendly faces of familiar old friends can now be seen
Around the garden, the blackbird, sparrow and starling
Chirping and whistling and flying from branch to branch.

Making the nests.

Where their young
Will flourish and grow.
Learning to fly

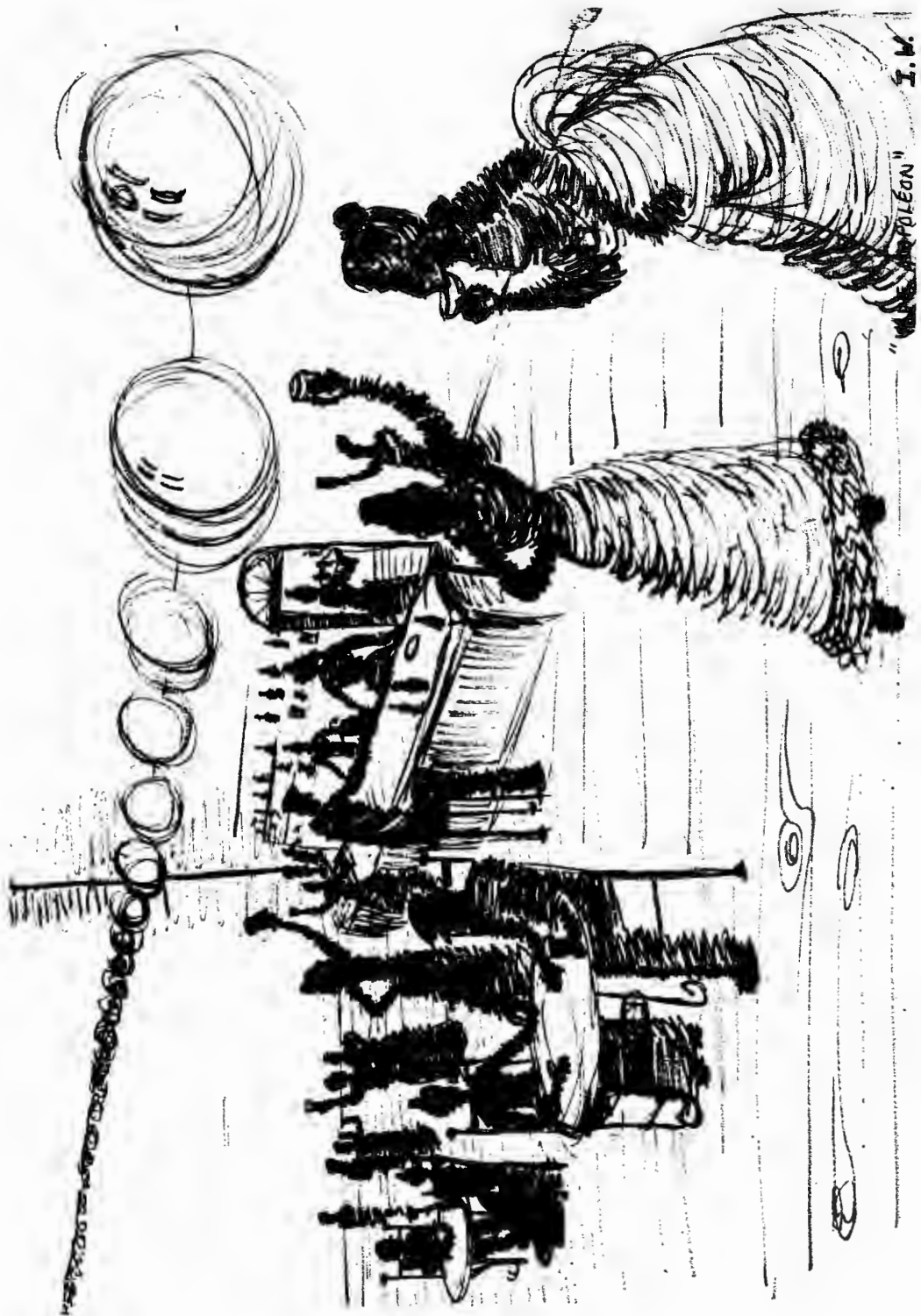
They too will go.
For winter will come again!



Up Pompeii!
"Fair Greece, sad relic of departed worth".
—Byron.



"Silence that dreadful bell!"
—Shakespeare.



LIFE . . . SUBCONSCIOUS . . . DEATH

The wind whipped the leaves up and on to the long uncared for grass. She stood alone. Everyone was gone, and she was left by the grave, the salt of her tears mixing with the rain which was now grimly descending.

The headstone at the end of the grave proudly bore the name of a young man. Underneath were those incredible dates, one which had ended only a few days previously. She stood, remembering, oblivious to the increasing cold, the day—fast turning into night—was bringing. She repeated his name over and over again inside her head as if willing him to appear from the freshly dug grave.

Below, under that earth where he lay, dead, came two voices each beckoning him. His eyes slowly opened but life was not surging through his body. It was his subconscious who helped this act of mystery. One voice beckoned to him from afar—calling him weakly while the other voice uttered his name again and again. The desire to ignore his name was not strong enough. He pushed at the brown lid which enclosed him in such a narrow box. He longed to be with that voice.

Still she stood, her eyes intent on the grave. Watching. Hoping. Waiting. She knew his soul had not yet left him. All she needed was for him to hear her and he would come to her, giving her the pleasure she had desired for so long. A moan escaped her. Her strength was weakening. She could not call for much longer.

Still he pushed. The grass and stones had to be moved. He had to reach the voice. He knew he could do it. He had to . . . had to. He reached the turf . . . pushing . . . pushing.

Above, she saw the turf moving. Her mouth opened. It was true. He was coming. Coming to her. Elation welled up inside her. She would never be alone again. One piece of turf was pushed aside. Another . . . another. Two hands appeared and slowly the body started to rise from the grave. The head slowly appeared. Now the whole body stood before her. She stared in disbelief. The cold winter's day no longer existed. She was warm. He raised an arm towards her. They looked at

each other and slowly she moved towards him. Her coat dropped from her shoulders and the grave remained dug. They walked away together, silently through the long grass. Already her life had left her and she, too, was living on her subconscious. After that . . . who knows? But they would always be together—through life and DEATH.

Jay.

TOMORROW

And when the light comes,
Only you and I
Are left.
To lament on the sorrow
Of our race.
We will think of
Love, peace, hate, war.
Yet we will be alone,
Only to muse on our fate,
Life must go on,
But what must we do ?
Must we sit and cry :
Dream of better days.
No-one is left
Why did they die ?

AFTER THE BATTLE

After the battle,
After the glory, the honour
The suffering begins.
Pain, death, disease
Are omnipotent.
Men lie unattended,
Groaning, writhing.
They lie in a sea
Of blood and
Suffering.
Slowly a priest and
His followers pick
Their way among
The wounded.
They try to help,
Murmuring prayers,
"O God, our father, help us this day . . ."
How can he help them ?
They need help,
Bandages, warmth,
Attention.
How can he help them ?
They that are dying,
Dying, dying,
DEAD.

ARE YOU COLD?

Today I scuffed through the Autumn leaves
in my new shoes.
They weren't there on Friday.
An old woman shuffled through another year,
another summer gone,
another moth-eaten coat to keep out the wind.
A coal lorry drove past me
and I wondered in my coldness
if she would have warmth in cold winter.
I'm the thoughtful one,
who always wonders, plans and thinks,
but never does.
I'm the small one,
who's insignificant in the whirling world.
What does it matter what I think?
No-one minds,
why should they?
I wonder if that old lady
will have a shawl
to keep her warmth in?
Will the wind whip her life away
this winter, or next?
A little boy stopped me
and he wasn't cold.
"What's your name," he said,
"What's your name?"
Oh, I don't have a name,
but you know me.

Carollyn Sillars, F.V.



John A. Sturrock, F.II.



NIGHT

Night is a wonderful thing
Dark and cold it may be
And yet . . .
I love the night.
As I lie alone at night
Warm and cosy in my bed at night
I hear strange secretive noises, only heard at night
Cats fighting, shrieking, wailing
A car far off on a dark long road.
I sometimes wonder who's in that car
A weary girl, like me, homecoming, her head on her mother's lap?
Or a merry couple off to the dancing, merriment and singing?
Then there are the inside sounds . . .
My little sister cries, my mother sings
Dad fills the stove to keep me warm tomorrow
All are everyday sounds
but warming and comforting to hear
when all alone at night.
Yes . . .
I believe that night's a wonderful thing.

Alison Gauldie.

THE SAVING OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB

The silence was uncanny; the darkness stifling and almost tangible. I waited. After an hour's cramped vigil, I was alerted by the almost inaudible creak of a door and a strange sound at once menacing and hypnotic in its regularity. It was the reverberation of weapons thudding on the stone door of the antechamber to Tutankhamen's Tomb.

I drew my robes around me and pressed myself more closely against the floor of the richly embellished chest in which I was concealed. Resolutely, I clutched my dagger. The critical moment had come. The trap had been sprung.

For several moons I had been conniving to reveal the true character of our chief priest, Abdulla Remea whom I believed to be in league with the dastardly tomb-robbers. He, who was ostensibly in charge of the "Royal Valley" wherein lay the bodies of the Pharaohs, was himself robbing the venerable tombs of their golden accoutrements.

At last I had thrown caution to the winds and told the Pharaoh of my suspicions. I dared not tell any of my friends for, like me, they are priests. Initially, the Pharaoh refused to believe my tale, but he eventually agreed, albeit reluctantly, to my plan. The plan entailed smearing the objects in the sacred tomb of Tutankhamen with a fine red powdered dye which would adhere to the hands of anyone who touched it.

A final crash indicated that the plunderers had now broken through the massive stone doorway and entered the tomb. I could only hazard a guess at what they were doing. I could not see. Indeed I could scarcely breathe, huddled under layers of discarded linen wrappings from the mummification.

When I heard a thud, I conjectured, from my knowledge of the furnishings of the chamber, that they must have knocked over a large sentinel which was standing near the door. A moment later I heard them exclaim delightedly and guessed instantly that they had spied the golden throne. In a few seconds, they were bound to spy this chest and investigate its contents. I was aware of the chest being flung open and sensed that they were

making a perfunctory examination of the wrappings. Fortunately, to my extreme relief, the robbers passed on to a more promising chest.

I winced inwardly as I envisaged the jewels, caskets, robes and other delicate objects being tossed carelessly to the floor. The greed in the robbers' eyes flashed across my mind. It was time to set in motion the final phase of my plan. I took a deep breath, and in a sepulchral voice uttered the ancient curse of the Pharaohs. Simultaneously, I lifted the lid of the chest and climbed swiftly out, waving my arms wildly. This had a dual purpose. It shook the wrappings from me and also gave the impression that I was much taller. With terrified shrieks the robbers fled, abandoning the treasure but carrying their marks of guilt.

Judith Hanslip, F.II.

THE ELEMENTS IN FURY

It was a misty night as I rode the causeway upon my destrier of sparkling blue and white enamel, the tic-tac of the gear spinning as I rode in first, breaking the silence. I sped on, skimming over the paving stones as the fierce beast with outstretched fingers, its millions of wrinkles turning into deep furrows, attacked the restraining knight in armour with full fury. Its razor edged swords combined with the elements to destroy and ransack everything in this dull dreary land. Suddenly, fear struck me with a sudden blow, stunning me for an instant. As I regained my senses, I inspected the pedals and wheels, mounted like a cowboy and rode for my life. The sky full of misty clouds, like helicopters machine-gunned me with seemingly everlasting ammunition. The beast, breaking its cage, gushed after me, extending its arms in search of a grip, but still I rode on, urging the creature under me into a frantic gallop. I suddenly reached paradise, shelter, a haven at last. A small shed, feeble and meagre-looking, but in reality the Achilles of the coast, standing on its ground till suddenly a lash from that enraged beast caught it at the base. Again I fled for my life, panting in despair. Then by an apparent miracle, I reached my abode, my faithful little house. I was safe, safe in my house.

Iain Hutton, F.IIa.

The scene is set.
 A graveyard. Almost anywhere.
 The bent, timeless old man, holding
 A lawnmower in one hand, a stop-watch in the other
 Harvests the lush green grass.
 The gravestones serve to interrupt his path.
 Why are all grave-tenders old,
 Old as the grass they cut ?
 Is it an investment ? A part of the cycle ?
 Death — Depth — Dung.
 As the morbid labourer fades in the mists
 Of stones, my thoughts are
 Suddenly held by an air of lunacy,
 Like some miniature Stonehenge. But,
 The ancient had some excuse;
 The necessity to invent an explanation,
 And as the evidence was immeasurable,
 So the explanation. But — Today ?
 Row upon row of cumbersome blocks of bone,
 Each with but transient meaning to
 But a family of at most a generation,
 With whose passing the skull-stones
 Are camouflaged by Time,
 Or God,
 And chilled in the soil to brittle calcium fossils.
 Yet there is a kind of self-assurance here,
 A confidence which allows grinning heads
 to appear from behind the slabs, heavy with grey,
 Upon which a certain security seems to lean,
 As if they know something I do not;
 For, after all, in some strange self-sacrificial way,
 Did they not prompt this protest.

JOURNEY

The car goes slowly
 SO slowly,
 Feelings — mixed.
 A certain excitement involved —
 Don't blame me for that.
 I still feel the pain inside,
 the torture of these last few days.
 But you — you have had arms
 around you — loving you. I
 have felt — alone.
 I need to have the love given to you, too,
 for I feel cold without it
 and these past few days have been like winter.

EMPTINESS

I reach out — but am shunned.
 I call to your heart—but it does not hear
 Hammering, I try to penetrate into you
 In Vain.
 Tears fall.
 I turn away —
 Defeated.
 It's just like life.

Jay.

J.M.R.

FIGHT TO THE FINISH

"If you do that again, you're for it!" The words were hissed menacingly from behind the pink gum-shield. Just to make sure he was understood, the owner of the gum-shield jerked a couple of left jabs to the face. With a hiss, red leather met black skin and nicked it painfully.

The negro boy was stung into action. With a flurry of punches he advanced towards the taller man, muttering to himself.

"Just 'cos ah put in one low punch," he growled, "That doesn't mean ah should be sorry or nuthin'. Just cos' you're the champ and ah'm the challenger". Over his shiny red gloves, Billy Schwartz laughed at the fuzzy-haired boy charging at him. This fight was going to be so easy for him.

He took the boy's wild punches on his steel rods of arms, then calmly stood back and placed a right hook on the boy's nose. The pain screamed out of the boy's eyes at him. Laughing to himself, Schwartz watched the boy's guard rise to cover his already battered face, then promptly punched him twice in the stomach.

The boy faltered, but did not fall. He just glared at Schwartz out of his steel grey eyes. The boy did not understand. In all his previous fights, he was hardly ever hit and it was he who did the punching. But now it was different. How could he get out of the way of arms four inches longer than his own?

The bell rang for the end of the round. He walked dazedly back to his corner where he received an onslaught of oaths from his manager. "Boy, what's wrong with you? You're not even trying!" he screamed. The boy stayed quiet. He just stared across the ring at Schwartz with uncontrollable hate building up in his eyes. He was letting his violent emotions carry him out of sanity, and Schwartz knew it. He smiled like a hunter anticipating a kill. This was so easy.

The next round began. The boy tore out of his corner like a maddened rhino, and proceeded to fight like one. He threw wild punch after punch, yet still Schwartz smiled. Those punches didn't hurt him be-

cause they didn't reach him. Then Schwartz started the punishment. A merciless hail of punches rained on the boy's face and body. The boy could not stop them, but he would not fall. The round was ending and the boy's face was like a comic mask. One cheek was massively swollen, his eyes were puffy and bleeding, and his nose resembled a very battered sausage.

His corner tried to ease the pain and the swelling at the end of the round, but the boy did not seem to mind them. He was muttering under his breath and his hate filled eyes were glazed. The next round came. Just as he went out to meet Schwartz, the boy was thinking. He was thinking of his mother and father and all his ten brothers and sisters back home in Georgia. Oh how he wished he was back with them. A left hook brought him back to where he really was—the centre of the Madison Square Gardens Boxing Arena—a long way away from Georgia. He tried a punch but his leaden arms were not operating properly. He missed Schwartz completely. To the boy, Schwartz was just a large, blurred image which stung him frequently with scarlet thunderbolts. He had lost all his feelings of hate for him now. He just did not care any more. All sense of pain was gone, just a dizzy, sleepy sort of feeling.

Then suddenly a great shock jarred through the boy's body. He was conscious of pain for a brief second, then he heard a far-away voice shout numbers far above him. He was down! With a fantastic effort, his numbed limbs moved into a sitting position, then agonisingly slowly pulled his pain-racked body up on the ropes. The boy swayed drunkenly away from the ropes and then fell again. Surely this was the end.

The bell ended the round and the referee in mid-count. The boy was saved. His seconds dragged him to the corner and somehow revived him.

Just as they were to throw in the towel to signify surrender, the boy stood up and staggered to the centre of the ring. This was to be a fight to the finish for him.

Billy Schwartz was puzzled. He had never been in a fight like this before. Yet he would get the five hundred dollar purse

if he beat this punchbag of a boy, and he certainly wasn't going to go easy on him, just for sympathy's sake.

Two rounds came and went. The boy had only fallen once more and even then has still managed to drag himself up to stand again. It was now Schwartz decided to go in for the kill. He rammed a couple of under-cuts to the chin then slammed his fist into the boy's solar plexus. As the boy wavered, he smashed four punches to the head. The boy fell.

When a boxer takes as much punishment as the boy did, the damage can be irreparable or fatal.

. . . The boy would not get up again.

Cassius Clay, F.III.

THE WAITING ROOM

The train was late,
(As usual)
I sat,
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
In the still, cold,
Lifeless Waiting Room.
Outside,
In the black destiny,
Trains came and went,
Came and went.
And I sat there,
Waiting.
Perhaps some day,
It will arrive on time,
And I will not
Wait and wait
In endless hope.

DEFEAT!

The fiery black stallion was ready, waiting in the pen.

The first "customer" was ready, sitting on the fence of the pen.

The gate opener was ready to open the gate between the two pens.

The man jumped from the fence on to the horse's back, and the horse reared high as if he would never come down. The gate opener opened the gate, and the stallion fell back on to his forelegs and charged out of the small pen into the large one, around which men cheered and waved their arms, and shouted, "Go it boy! Go it!"

The stallion reared again, the man clutching at the mane, and as he came down, began to buck, and twist, and turn, and then rear, and start all over again. But the man hung grimly on. After half a minute, he was dripping with sweat as the horse continued his leaps and antics. He was beginning to wonder why he had paid his dollar to ride this wild animal. But if he stopped concentrating he would be flung high into space. He closed his eyes, but that only made things worse. So he stuck on. After two minutes he was still on; the crowd fell almost silent, except for one drunk man who swayed on the fence and toppled into the pen. The horse, surprised and annoyed at this man who had managed to stay on his back for so long, went for the man who lay in the pen beside the fence. He charged, like an enraged bull, towards the figure. Men began to shout. A cry arose from the man on the ground. The man on the mad horse's back wrenched at the loose reins and the horse fell to one side into the dust. The man jumped from his back and pulled the drunkard to safety before the horse had time to recover. Everyone cheered; the stallion bucked on and on. The owner announced the twenty dollar prize, but the man had gone.

It was the first time that anyone had stayed on the stallion for more than two minutes.

Jennifer Laurie, F.III.

BETTER DAYS?

Let's build a city
Where progress is barred,
Factories illegal,
All is made by hand.
Where trees surround our cottages.
It is such a pity
That light of day will never play
On unpolluted sand.

Let's build a haven
Where only simple things are done,
Where the land surrounding
has never known a gun,
Where the birds that glide around
have never met a raven,
And people remember a stormy December
And twentieth century fun.

Sandra Jack, F.III.



"The spacious times of great Elizabeth."
—Tennyson



"Put the tail on the donkey."



"Misled and lonely traveller."
—Milton
"in such an evil case."
—Macaulay.

SILENT SEA

Loneliness . . . I was lonely and afraid even though the crowds milled about me and voices filled my ears. I walked unseemingly wherever my feet carried me and eventually I found myself at the harbour.

She towered above me—her masts soaring high into the blue sky. I walked up the gang plank and as I stepped on to the ship, I felt her gentle movement underneath my feet. Yet, I was still afraid. But someone was walking towards me, welcoming me to the ship, and telling me where I must go. Then he turned away on some other business and I climbed down below deck. It was dark and evil-smelling—I had a sudden desire to run . . . run as fast as I could up to the clean, fresh air and to the sunshine. I fought with myself—telling myself to calm down and to conquer my fear. A few minutes later I had gained self control. I found my bunk, laid down my things, then clambered quickly back on to the deck. I sucked in the fresh air, relished in the sunshine, and feasted my eyes on the blue sky and the rolling sea far out beyond the harbour walls. Suddenly, there were shouts and people running everywhere. I was caught up in the surge as ropes were cast off and sails unfurled. Gently, the "Pioneer" moved away from the quay. The crowd cheered loudly—deafening me. But soon the cheers grew faint and finally died away and the people turned into tiny dolls and then into just a black mass.

I felt the breeze on my face and the cry of the gulls in my ears. Now, I was content.

We sailed on gently in the fresh breeze for several days—it was a new feeling for me and I liked it. But on the fourth day the sky gradually darkened—the ship rolled from side to side. Clouds scurried across the sky; here and there white flecks of foam tinted the dark sea and the gulls disappeared. Every hour it grew worse—the rolling of the ship became heaving and I felt ill. Then a great tearing noise began—it was a harsh, strident noise above the turmoil of the storm—the sails were beginning to rip! We all dashed on deck. Screams and shouts! Creaks and howlings! They all rung in my ears. I staggered along the deck. Suddenly, as though the

world itself was falling apart, the ship groaned, the mast gave a final heave, and with a tremendous cry, it fell—splitting the ship almost in two. But now there were new noises—groans, screams and pleading from dying men caught underneath the fallen giant. I ran below for anything of use I could lay my hands on; bandages, handkerchiefs, anything. But, half way down, I stopped dead in my tracks. I heard a whispering and a gushing of water, dark wetness swirled at my feet and I knew the ship was going to die. I ran on deck and shouted till I was hoarse but the men were like ghosts—they did not hear me and gradually they faded from my eyes as the world spun round and I was falling down, down, down into a whirlpool of green and black. Down until my ears stopped hearing. Down, until the pressure on my head was too much for me and slowly I began to give up. Slowly I let myself sink further into darkness. Slowly and pleasantly I began to die.

Pam Swanney, F.III.

SOME THOUGHTS IN BLACK AND WHITE

Head bowed, chin on hand, pencil poised, I strain to gather my thoughts, and struggle to express them. Nothing flows. I doodle. Ideas chase one another, flitting in and out, back and forth, then settle and become idle nothing. Where is the isle of contentment and ease? The clock ticks away the seconds of another day. What have I accomplished? Some more Latin memorized, French phrases polished up, history read for the next test, and still this task of writing to a command remains unachieved. Projects hang in the air. The piano, unplayed, tempts me to abandon the struggle with pencil and pen and devote my energy to flashing black and white keys. On a chair lies black and white puss, soft, sleek and shining. Loose limbs and curled head express sweet peace. Should I like to have been born a King cat? I'd wander free out of doors in the daytime, prowling, ready to pounce on some innocent, small, helpless creature. I'd sit on the wall in the sun. I'd come home to the warmth of a glowing fire, and I'd sleep, sleep, sleep.

Catherine Smart, F.1a3.

THE NIGHT

I hope he goes
That I may spend
One night,
One night above all others in happiness
Together.
He did not go
I waited — oh so long
I did not spend
One night,
One night above all others in happiness
Together.
Instead —
Alone.

Jay.

DEAD TREES

Watery sun
Shines down.
Leaden limbs
Gleam dully.
Swollen jointed,
Maimed fingers
Grope in vain —
Find nothing.
Night falls
Moon shines.
Leaden limbs
Have lost their gleam.
Mist veiled,
Blind eyes
Search in vain —
Find nothing.

Jane Bewick.

HAUNTED?

The family, as usual, were having Sunday afternoon tea. They really enjoyed each other's company, it being a once-a-week reunion. They were all slouching lazily, when suddenly, a young man they had never seen before, walked nonchalantly in, went toward the large French windows, and disappeared through the open side. A large wall enclosed the garden, so he had no easy way of escape. They searched painstakingly for quite a while, but there was no sign of him. He remained an utter mystery.

The following week, undaunted, they were sitting in the same drawing room. The soft buzz of conversation was abruptly cut off, as the same man appeared. This time, they noticed the man's features — he was tall with fair hair, his nose was

surprisingly long, which was counteracted by his short forehead. His clothes were in no way shabby, but hardly up to date. Altogether, he seemed a normal young man of about twenty-eight. Exactly the same thing happened. They searched the garden after his "disappearance" but, as before, he was nowhere to be found.

They soon became used to his appearance every Sunday, but he seemed blank to any questions addressed to him. He became quite friendly with them, and every Sunday, they expected him. A budding love affair between the family's eldest daughter and this comparatively strange man was soon aroused. They decided to be married.

The service was long and tedious, and the reception was held at the girl's home, where the mystery had begun. (The girl's parents had in vain endeavoured to dissuade their daughter from marriage). The groom was late, typical to his nature. When eventually he arrived, he strode in, entered the garden, and vanished yet again. The daughter was extremely upset, and she retorted angrily to her parents. Eventually the fuss was calmed, and normal life was resumed. The man, however, made no appearance.

A year later, one of the family's sons went out to Canada for a business trip. He was standing on a station platform in Montreal when, on the platform opposite him, he saw the mysterious groom. He hurried to cross the line in an attempt to reach the other platform but, at that moment, as he was making for the bridge, a Trans-Canada express rushed through. When it had passed, the man had disappeared. He was never seen again.

Charles Everitt, F.III.

IT

It It walked,
It talked,
BANG.

Oh now it wished the gates were open.
But it only rolled upon the dust.

It It lay,
It may,
be DEAD.
by
It.

"THE SATURDAY GAME"

Out on the field,
We all line up now
For the bully.
Ground, stick; ground, stick;
and off we go.

We're up in attack,
We're pressing hard,
Surely sometime we'll get our goal.
Another short corner, the winger takes it,
Hitting the ball across to the inside left,
Stopping the ball, then hitting it sure,
It's in the net
And we're one up.

The whistle blows,
And we go off the field for the half-time talk,
"You're doing well, lads," says the master,
"But you should be more than one up,
Now off you go and at least get two."

The second half has now begun,
They attack but we hold out
"Great save, keeper,"
That was close, but we get the break
And we're now attacking.
The right winger's got it, he shoots,
It's there,
We're now two up.

The whistle goes,
We've won the game,
And now we go off the field
Exhausted :
We've won the game.

Lindsay Foulis, Form 3 Boys.

THE CLACHLADECHNAN ROAD MENDERS AND POTHOLE COVER RE- MOVERS UNION REPORT

For the last 6 months, ending 2nd July 1919.5, the Union has used 710,000 tons of Cement and 20,000 tons sand and 2 stones—these were used to put in 2 old fishwives' mouths complaining of the 22 ft. square hole in the middle of the High Street. Most of the rest of the supplies went to fill the sewers from which covers had been removed—(the removing of the covers gives the road-menders work). Unfortunately the head of the Church Committee fell down a sewer and it took 3 hours to chip him out of the cement.

Mayor of Clachladechnan.

CONCEPTION

This life growing love inside me
is growing life.
This sinless life is sin,
Yet there is still love,
love that carried on from there,
carried away.
This perfect life is deformed,
Yet there is still love,
moving love actions there.
This formed miracle is hell damned,
Yet there is still love,
Love of God and Jesus,
Help me carry my sin,
and after life birth
give me a love birth too.

Carollyn Sillars, F.V.

BRONCO LANE

Bronco Lane had a pain,
So they sent for Wagon Train,
Wagon Train was no good,
So they sent for Robin Hood,
Robin Hood broke his bow,
So they sent for Ivanhoe,
Ivanhoe was having tea,
So they sent for Laramie,
Laramie lost some cargo,
So they sent for Wells Fargo,
Wells Fargo lost a hunter,
So they sent for Billy Bunter,
Billy Bunter was too large,
So they sent for I'm In Charge,
I'm In Charge was a fake,
So they sent for Charlie Drake,
Charlie Drake hurt his,
So they sent for Raw Hyde,
Raw Hyde couldn't go,
So they sent for Injun Joe,
Injun Joe hadn't a car,
So they sent for Ringo Star,
Ringo Star forgot his vest,
So they sent for Georgie Best,
Georgie Best was at the zoo,
So they sent for Doctor Who,
Doctor Who got caught in the rain,
So they sent for John Wayne,
John Wayne was eating some Beef,
So they sent for Edward Heath,
Edward Heath was helping a beggar,
So they sent for Bobby Macgregor,
Bobby Macgregor was trying to swim,
So they sent for Tiny Tim,
Tiny Tim was trying to sing,
So they sent for Billie Jean King,
Billy Jean King lost a match,
So they sent for Tony Hatch,
Tony Hatch was in the paddock,
So they sent for Fanny Craddock,
Fanny Craddock was eating some figs
So they sent for Ronald Biggs,
Ronald Biggs was in Prison,
So they sent for Harold Wilson,
Harold Wilson was drinking sherry,
So they sent for Tom and Jerry,
Tom and Jerry, were in a fix,
So they sent for Brian Rix,
Brian Rix, got lost in an alley,
So they sent for Walter Raleigh,
Walter Raleigh was hunting a fox,
So they sent for Mark Cox,
Mark Cox had a thirst,
So they sent for James the first,
James the first found a cure,
So he gave it to Bobby Moore,

Bobby Moore fixed it to his football,
and kicked it back with a flying whack,
A mile or two later it landed,
But Alas, alack got stranded,
And so my dear friends this sorry
tale ends our poor Bronco Lane did die,
For someone had poisoned his apple pie!
Anne George, Form 1B1.

SNOW

Softly, silently the snow flakes sweep down.
The trees are laden heavy and leaning
with great wads of packed snow upon them.
The snow slides down my face. Melts
trickling and seeping like tears.
Ridges of crystalline snow
balancing precariously on every bare branch.
Something extraordinarily wonderful.
Everything white, clean and beautiful.
A young robin perches on a smooth
blanket of thin snow o an old gate.
He is alone and happy.

II.



A HOUSE FOR SALE

This is an old type of cottage which has been modernised. It still has its lovely thatched roof. As it is made of stone and all the rooms are wood-lined, it is very warm. It is situated in Glen Esk about eight miles up the glen road. The nearest town is Edzell which is one and a quarter miles away from the foot of the glen road.

A winding, stony road leads up to the cottage from the main glen road. The top window is the only part of the cottage which can be seen from the road as the cottage is surrounded by trees and hills. As you approach the cottage you can see the beautiful little garden. A stony path leads from the wooden gate to the front door. The door is painted blue. On either side of the door are two large windows. The wooden frames on the outside of the windows are painted white. When you go in the door, there is a room on either side and a rather steep staircase in front of you.

The room on your left is the lounge. It has a lovely brick fireplace which, on a cold winter's day, makes the room very warm. There are two ingle nooks on either side of the fireplace: one for sticks and twigs and the other for logs. Against one wall there is an old Victorian sofa. Easy chairs to match are placed around the room. Also there is an old rocking chair which can rock you to sleep. There is one

cupboard behind one of the chairs. As you come along the passage-way, there is a door between the foot of the stairs and the lounge, it leads to the bathroom. The bathroom is quite small, but most compact. Inside we have a primrose suite and the walls are half tiled in a deep turquoise.

The next room we come to is the dining room. A large table is in the centre of the room. Twelve people can be seated around it quite easily. A small cupboard fits in neatly under the window ledge. From the dining room there is a door leading to a very modern kitchen. It has a stainless steel sink and draining board and underneath the automatic washing machine fits in. There is a breakfast bar against one wall. Beside the breakfast bar is an electric cooker. A small deep freeze and a refrigerator are against another wall. On the other wall, there is a cupboard and a few shelves. Now we will go upstairs.

On the right, the bedroom has a double bed and a single bed. It has a fitted wardrobe and a small cupboard. On the left there is another bedroom where there are two single beds lying beside each other. A small cupboard separates the two beds. In this room there is also a fitted wardrobe, but a dressing table instead of a cupboard. From this room a door leads to the old attic where there is one small cupboard and one small bed.

Anthea Rankine, F.I.C.



THE MILK BOTTLE

The milk bottle stands upon the doorstep,
Standing to attention, waiting,
For the household to awake.

Come seven o'clock,
The door opens and
Out comes the cat
Followed by its mistress,
To fetch the milk.

The mistress is angry,
Those blue-tits have been
Up to their tricks again,
Punching holes in the bottle top.

But then a tragedy,
A plop!
And one fell in,
Via the bottle top.

Graeme D. Hamilton, Form II.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS

On a beautiful day in May,
The tents were all put up,
And boys were trying all day
To run and win the cup.

We started off with the races,
one hundred, then two hundred yards.
They were running with very long paces,
while we were sitting playing cards.

We then proceeded with jumping,
first the high and then the long,
After that the hurdling,
Which was started with a gong.

The javelin was very exciting,
The discus was as well,
Then there was a burst of fighting,
which started with a bell.

Leslie Whiteford.

ANONYMOUS

Q. Why did the dinosaur cross the road?

A. Because there weren't any chickens
in those days.

Q. Who invented the light bulb and
when?

A. Some bright spark in the dark ages.

Q. Why do fish have scales?

A. To weigh up their chances of being
caught.

MY NEW YEARS' RESOLUTIONS

Mustn't argue with my brother,
Brush the dog,
Clean the hamster,
Mustn't speak back to my mother,
Mustn't wish I had another,
Mustn't beg to my father,
To get more money than my brother.
Anne Lamont, F.I.

CATS

They roam around at night
Trying to pick a fight
With some poor helpless dogs:
Then they sleep beside the logs.

They drink and laze all day
some white, some ginger, some grey
Your clothes they'll rip and tear:
To you your cat is "rare".

F.6 ELEGY

Scola clara hodie
Soon we will have gone away.
Glad to see the back of you
Bet you feel the same way too.
Then when we have lived outside
We'll come back to you with pride
Forget our hatred, "You're a —"
Aeternum sit mansura

A BEDTIME STORY FOR O.A.P.'s JUMBO

Jumbo the elephant lives in Britain,
Jumbo the elephant got very bored,
He hit the man who had drilled the holes,
Packed his *trunk* and went abroad.

Jumbo the elephant said goodbye,
Jumbo the elephant went by plane.
The woodwork thing just wouldn't fly,
So he took a *Jumbo Jet* to Spain.

Jumbo the elephant didn't like Spain,
Jumbo the elephant hated the beach,
He actually said he just couldn't *sand* it,
So Jumbo packed away his trunks.

Jumbo the elephant toured the world,
Jumbo the elephant got fed up,
Full to the brim, he went off home,
A difficult *tusk*, but back to Britain.

Jumbo the elephant at Home, Sweet Home
Jumbo the elephant, why Jumbo's back,
It's old and grey and covered in dirt,
Jumbo's quite happy, yes, Jumbo's back.

Michael Tait, F.2.

I slam the heavy door behind me and dash outside into a cold, grey, unsmiling world. The street is deserted, save for a few raincoated figures hurrying home, quite oblivious of their surroundings . . . of me. Why should they care? To them I don't even exist. I do. Exist . . . not live. Exist as a typist, a number on a long list of other members. I continue to work, eat, and act normally. Normally? Outwardly . . . yes. Inside . . . I'm cold and withered. Dead.

The rain stings my cheeks, and already my hair hangs around me in sodden, tangled strings. Somehow I'm on the harbour pier. I start to run. My new tights are bespattered with mud, I don't care any more. Nobody cares. Not since . . .

I reach the end of the pier and sit down on a sodden coil of rope. Sea-gulls wheel above my head. Their pained, starved cry stirs me, and mechanically I search through my pockets for something to throw them. My fingers close on something soft and sticky. An old piece of chocolate. Mouldy. Dead. I toss it high into the air and watch the hungry, ruthless birds race, tumbling over each other, to devour it. A thin, scraggy gull makes a lazy, exhausted attempt to catch the poor form of nourishment, but turns away almost resignedly. Tired . . . dead.

Suddenly, I feel angry. Stupid bird! In this life you must keep going whatever happens, in both body and spirit. You must strive for what you want.

I know where I'm going now. I'll pack-in that job and leave. Quit. Completely. I'll go to a new life in a different city in a strange, but exotic country. I'll make it work and won't be discouraged by every small hitch. I've got the money in the form of the old house. I've everything I need.

Supreme happiness surges through my brain. Standing up quickly, I turn to go and start at once. Wait! I turn again to face the sea and the gulls. Goodbye. Thank you. Abruptly I spin round. My heel catches on something. The cold, grey waves rush up to meet me.

Dead.

If you were to happen to fall asleep under a magic lilac tree, you might reach

the world of little folk. Of course, you can't tell which tree is magic, and which is not, but if you were lucky, well . . . And if you were the seventh child of a seventh child, well, I guess you sure would be lucky. Anyway, if you were to hear Father Time's story of how blue came into the world, it might run something like this . . .

A long time ago, ever so many of thousands of years back, when I was wearing long pants, and high collars for the first time, the world began. It was the God of Colour who created it: first he made the land; brown, yellow and black, and then the sea, which was a clear sparkling colour. The flowers, all shapes and sizes, were coloured yellow, red, green, purple and white. The animals were all shapes and sizes, and all colours. Thus the world was made, and God Colour, plus his friends, lived happily for a long time. But one day, disaster struck. It was the day of my betrothal to Mother Time, so I remember it well. Belle, the only daughter of God Colour, was playing happily in the woods near the palace of her father. Suddenly, she dropped her brooch, given to her by her favourite Aunt Marigold. Belle would have been upset to lose it, so she tried to find it, but all to no avail. The brooch was gone. She was just about to give up, when she caught sight of a ray of silver by her left heel. Sure enough, there was her brooch, resting on a flower of a peculiar colour. Curious, Belle ran back and fetched her somewhat unwilling father to the spot. But on arriving at the spot, his annoyance changed to wonder, and he said amazed, "What colour are you little flower, and what are you?"

The flower said, "I am the colour blue, and I call myself the forget-me-not". Then Jupiter realised that he had no blue in the world. Anxious to make amends, he made all the sky and all the sea blue, and called his little daughter Blue Belle.

I now wake you up under your perfectly normal lilac tree, with mother calling, and little brother running about, pretending to be a Red Indian. You had better go.

Goodbye.

IN THE CITY

The earth-dragged sunlight creeps
Through the soaring mass
Of virgin steel,
Where silence clings,
And shadows permeate each other.

The dawn weeps long-forgotten tears
For a city, sighing
As the wind of noise erupts,
Leaving those deep dark shadows
Behind, cowering from that
Ruthless sun.

Framed steel rings in protest,
To the machinations of life,
Writhing in its hot breath
To the gyrations of another day.
As automatic men fulfil
Their automatic purpose.

Life breeds on,
As day flares up at noon,
And the hot sun bleeds
His heavy tears
As the harsh sounds
Grind the clammy air.

A. J. A. F.

STEPS IN SNOW

The moon shines down on a white expanse
Stained by the ugly mark of
Black footsteps in the snow :
Tracing a path,
Winding down the slope
T'wards the twinkling lights
Under the twinkling stars.

W. K., F.IV.

THE ROSE

A withered rose fell off the rubbish cart
and rolled in the wind to the gutter where
it lay at my feet. So faded, battered and
torn, a pathetic shadow of its former glory.
What garden did you grace, so proud in
your petalled finery, waving gently and
aloof in a summer breeze, attracting to
yourself all the best bees. Then you were
plucked from your fine garden and stuck
in a vase with other corpses, still beautiful
in death, and now you lie in the gutter
and soon you will return to the mother
earth whence you came.

P.W.J. F.6.

"ESCAPE"

Silently the dreaded news had been
passed from one to another, "the enemy
is closing in; scatter and regroup swiftly
as planned under emergency regulations".
One by one they had all left, until only the
leader remained. Swiftly he went about his
duties of removing all traces of inhabitation.
Crash! He was on the ground and
savagely being attacked—the enemy was
in!

Senses reeling; becoming weaker every
moment, his only thought was for his
group and how each second of delay
would assist them. Suddenly he gave up
struggling and his attacker, taken by surprise,
released his hold in amazement.
Like a flash the leader was on his feet and
off! Twisting and turning through dark
and narrow passages, the one thought
that spurred him on was "escape".

After running for what seemed hours,
he fell exhausted. "What was that noise?"
It seemed to be getting nearer and louder!
Feeling he could now struggle no longer,
he resigned himself to the dreaded death.
Slowly and silently he somehow managed
to drag himself to his feet and waited.
Nothing happened. After a while the noise
appeared to be getting fainter. Why? As
his mind cleared, realisation dawned—the
noise was his own heart-beat!

With the experience of one who has
often been hunted, he knew rest was essential
before attempting to find the exit
and freedom.

Creak! Creak! Instantly awake, he decided
now was the moment of departure.
Stealthily, creeping forward—every sense
alerted, he made towards the secret escape
route. Panting and trembling with
excitement his goal was reached. Warm
sunshine almost blinded him, making him
realise just how cold it had been for the
last few hours.

Once convinced the enemy was not in
pursuit, he hurried through the fields,
keeping close to the hedges for cover. At
last he reached his haven—a dense wood.
With the speed of an Olympic runner on
the home stretch, he surged forward to
his group. What a story to tell the others!
He, Great-Grandfather Rabbit, had out-
witted a ferret.

Jane Bruce, F.IIa.

OVER THE TOP

Right lads, over the top.
And because of that command,
twenty men ran into a hail
of bullets.
They didn't stop to think
that they were probably going to die,
die horribly and be left to rot in
the mud.
It's for your country they were told.
But was their country worth six bullets
in the belly?
Anyway, we won the war,
say the survivors.
It was the supreme tactical genius
of General So and So,
that won it.
But what about the lads who
went over the top?

Little Boy Grey, F.3.



J. D Hutchison, F.IV.

THE KANGAROO



Dianne Shepherd, F.I.a3

DESTINY

The End is drawing near.
Soon there will be
no Earth,
no birds,
no animals,
and,
no Man.
All because Man has succeeded
in poisoning his own sweet air,
with chemicals made for the
good of himself.
He has succeeded in blowing up
half his world.
And he has no friends.
He has tampered with everything.
Nature wanted left alone.
And now he is receiving his
reward.
Soon there will be
no Earth,
no birds,
no animals,
no Man.
All because Man has decided
his own Destiny.

Little Boy Greyer, F.3.

THE MYSTERY OF CREEPY MANSION

My name is Cecil Clarence Smith, but to my friends, I'm Swotty. I'm called Swotty because I am near the top of the class and I have specs on when I am working in school.

Well, I had better tell you about the mystery.

I first saw the light last summer near the start of the school holidays. The day was the 7th of July at about 10 p.m. When I saw the light I thought it was quite odd because I've been told no-one has lived there for about 25 years.

The light was at the top of the house but was muffled by a curtain or a sack (most likely the latter).

I saw a light five more times in the next two weeks, each time about 10 p.m. It was then I decided to investigate.

I asked Fred Bloggs and his brother Charlie if they would come with me; they both said yes without any hesitation.

Charlie said, "I have always wanted to explore the old Mansion".

Since Charlie and Fred could see the mansion as well as I could I told them to keep a lookout for a light, and if they saw one, to come to me as quickly as possible, I would also be watching for a light from my bedroom. I told them to bring a good torch with fresh batteries each and some food to eat.

Two nights later, I saw the light again. I nipped out the window then slid down a drainpipe. Three minutes later, Fred and Charlie were with me. I told them we would only use one torch at a time; mine first then Fred's then Charlie's.

Twenty minutes later we were standing at the gates of the mansion. We looked through the gates to see long brambles, briars, thickets, and bushes, in other words, dense undergrowth. There were long spooky shadows from trees that the moon was shining on.

I looked up at the house to see that the light was still on. Charlie opened the gate and together we ran into the undergrowth. Slowly, we crept towards the house. When we reached the house, we started looking for a way to enter the house. Walking round the house, Fred spotted

an open window, actually it was only open about two inches.

I opened the window then climbed in, followed by Charlie then Fred. We saw bang ahead of us, a flight of stairs.

Charlie said, "Let me go ahead Swotty".

I replied, "Okay, if you want, but be careful in case the stairs start creaking or something like that".

"Oh don't worry, I won't make any noise".

Charlie led the way, with me following and Fred behind. When we reached the top of the stairs Fred said that he could see a light coming from under a door.

We all crept up to the door from which voices came from. One sentence I heard clearly was, "Bill and Mike ought to be back with the cash soon".

I realised what he meant immediately; the five other times I had seen the light, there had been a bank robbery and the police had no idea how they had done it, and now there will had most likely been another robbery.

Then another voice said, "Well we had better go and meet Bill and Mike".

We all nipped into, as fast and quietly as possible, the next room.

Ten minutes later, we heard footsteps as the men came up the stairs again. There different voices all speaking.

As soon as they were in the room I told Fred to go and get the coppers. Twenty minutes later, Charlie and I heard the sounds of cars pulling up outside, then loud footsteps coming up the stairs. I looked out the door to see six policemen coming up the stairs. One of the policemen had a dog with him. Close behind came Fred and another policeman.

The man with the dog went in first then all the other policemen.

Fred, Charlie and I just stood watching as the policemen brought out the men all in handcuffs.

Afterwards, we got a lift to the police-station where we dumped the thieves, then we were all taken home.

Simon Shepherd, F.1a3.

OH TO BE A GYPSY GIRL

Oh to be a wild, dark gypsy girl.
Oh to wander through woods.
Oh to lead an old tired donkey with a pack on its back.
Oh to wear bright beautiful clothes,
and oh to speak a bright beautiful language.

To know what the birds, the beasts, the flowers say,
to know the names of trees, flowers and grasses,
To live the life of a wild, dark gypsy girl,
That is my heart's desire.

Oh to climb like a squirrel.
Oh to swim like a fish
To live like a wood nymph
Talk like all the beasts on earth
To rise at dawn
And go to bed when the sun goes down.
To live the life of a wild, dark gypsy girl
That is my heart's desire.

Alison Gauldie.

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love ?
A girl, a boy,
An adolescent dream.
A touch of magic in the air
beside a burbling stream
And hand in hand they walk.
This is love.

What is love ?
A man, a woman
kiss before their friends.
The ring upon her finger
Her life to him she lends
And they will be together.
This is love.

What is love ?
A child, a mother
after all her pain she finds joy,
And the baby, as he grows up
Explores every gifted toy.
Growing up he needs his mother.
This is love.

What is love ?
The boy, a girl,
An adolescent dream.
A touch of magic in the air
beside a gurgling stream
And life has turned a circle.
This is love.

We felt quite contented,
The editor relented.
Heaven knows what he meanted,
His brain must be dented,
For when in we sent it
He published our mag. article.
So we him must thank,
And we'll be quite frank
And stick to our rank.
Our original sank
This isn't a prank
So this is our mag. article.

Thomas the Rhymer, William Low and
Co., and William Briggs and Co. Ltd.



S. J., F.III.

Penelope Wilson, F.I.

PROF. COLLINS

I went to interview Prof. Collins on the 16th. I remember it as if it were yesterday, although it was several weeks before. I was surprised when I first saw him, I thought I was interviewing some old fuddy-duddy, but when he opened the door, I saw he was quite young.

Let me explain, my name is Nancy Grant and I work for the "Newtown Gazette". I am an assistant reporter and I was sent here by the editor, John Charles. John had heard from a reliable source that Prof. Collins was working on a new rocket fuel which burnt at a tenth of the rate during take-off than conventional rocket fuels.

I drove down to his house and got out of my Austin Sprite. Walking down the gravel path, I noticed that everything was a blaze of colour.

Inside his house, I got straight to the point. I asked him about the new fuel. He was shaken by my knowledge of it and told me so in no uncertain terms. Suddenly, I heard a noise like a glass breaking which burst Prof. Collins into action.

He leapt from his seat and ran to the door, he wrenched it open and turned into another room. I heard a sound like two elephants doing a war dance and then silence.

I rushed into the other room, saw him with a deep gash in his forehead, and screamed. This must have brought him round, because he gave a groan and sat up.

"Have you got a car?" he asked weakly.

"Yes" I replied.

"Well, help me into it."

We broke into a shambling run and as we ran up the drive, most of his weight on me, we just saw a black car start up and go. I helped him into my car and he said, "Follow that car that's just gone".

I revved up the engine and we were away. I stuck to that car like a limpet, never letting it out of my sight. Within a few minutes we were on its tail.

"Why are we following it?" I asked.

"Because they've stolen my plans," he replied vehemently.

I gave the car a burst and we drew alongside. Prof. Collins wrenched the steering wheel to the left and we smashed into the other car. It careered on to the pavement and hit a lamp post.

I pulled the car wheel to the right and jammed on the brakes. We came to a halt in the middle of the road. There was a smell of burning rubber. We got out and looked at the wreck. One was dead, his face ground to a pulp. The one alive was in a bad way. He was groaning and coughing weakly.

I vomited.

The police had arrived now as well as an ambulance. Reporters were buzzing around and I thought, what a scoop, Mr Charles will be pleased.

I got into my car and drove to the office, leaving Prof. Collins to gloat over the plans of his life saving fuel.

Anon., F.I.

DUEL

All was silent—nothing stirred. The morning mist lay thick on the bare patch of ground while the trees looked dead, but waiting; everything was waiting.

Suddenly, two coaches came tunnelling through the mist and stopped on the bare patch of ground. Two men stepped out dressed in black, followed by a third. A casket was opened to reveal the death weapons—pistols.

Now bravely they set out, two lonely figures marching away from each other observed by the third. They turned. Death to one! He fell down only to be mercilessly dragged into his carriage.

They disappeared into the distance, leaving everything as it was but no longer the atmosphere was waiting.

All was silent.

Joan Swanney, 1a3.

The train emerges from its hole
Into the bright lit world.
The doors open and a black rush
Of people stream onto the platform.
The train, empty of its load,
Disappears into the blackness
Leaving the station,
Empty.

W. K., F.IV.



ESCAPE TO TRANQUILLITY

I was not sorry to leave the busy main road and to step on to the rough and rutted track. Everything was silent. I felt as though numerous pairs of eyes were staring at me and that the tiny inhabitants of the wood were whispering curiously about me.

It was a magnificent evening. Across a golden-red sky, interjected with purples, blues and yellows, puffy clouds were floating. To my delighted eye, the scene seemed like islands in a calm and beautiful sea.

Suddenly, the birds began to sing joyously as sunset approached. The trees appeared green, yellow, orange and red, as shafts of sunlight flooded the wood. The track dwindled into a silk-soft path of grass and ferns. Tiny wild flowers beckoned at me with outstretched petals, I gladly gathered bluebells, cowslips, daises and honeysuckle.

Little animals scampered away at the sound of my approaching footsteps. Suddenly, the path began to steepen. I looked eagerly at the awaiting view. It was so beautiful, I caught my breath. In front of me lay the greenest meadow. Beyond that frolicked a frenzied, sparkling-blue river; and in the distance, snow-capped mountains glistened under the dying sun.

All was in peace.

A loud wail penetrated my head. Here I was, alone in the mansion house of my ancestors. I knew what the noise was. It was the banshee speaking, summoning someone's death! You are meant to hear it when someone of kin is going to die!

The noise grew louder and higher! My heart thumped and my pulses raced. The room turned round and round. I wrenched the door open and rushed out into the night air. I stared into the blackness and came to an abrupt halt. I heard voices! I crept up the wooded path and felt shock creep over me as I gazed at the scene before me.

A fire was burning in a hollow below me. A group of hooded figures gathered round it and began to chant and cackle hoarsely to each other. My mind was fascinated as I gazed at this spectacle.

The all the noise stopped, and at a slow walk a group of figures entered. Among them were two girls dressed in white. As they approached the fire one, who seemed to be a leader, leaped up and leered at them. Not a word was uttered as the girls were chained to stakes in the centre. The chains ripped their flesh and blood gushed out. Their pale faces were distorted with fear and agony. Two hooded figures menacingly approached, and slowly drove a pointed stick into the heart of each girl. Their eyes were full of frenzy but they did not die yet. The fires were lit and the flames caught at their clothes and licked at their flesh.

Suddenly, I awoke. I heard the banshee wailing! I rushed outside and was seized and chained to a stake in the centre of hooded figures. Their faces were distorted and hideous. I knew I was to die, I knew how I was to die, I had no kin left. They all died when their house was gutted by fire. I heard the banshee calling me and I was coming slowly and in agony!

FOOL?

The fool stands at the corner,
Watching the world go by.
Cars race past.
Within
People stare
And think it odd
For a man to watch them
Pass.

But when they crash
Into a 'bus
Or a lorry
Hidden round the corner
The fool looks on
And thanks the Lord
That he does not join
In the rat-race.

W. K., F.IV.

When snow falls
The world rounds off
Blunting points
Smoothing rough.

But when the sun shines again
The world
Melting back to reality
Becomes its old harsh self.

W. K., F.IV.

ON RECONCILIATION

They often say that the best policy for any man to obey is the "Lex Talonis"—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and thus it is that after a severe quarrel, two friends who were before on good terms, split up, and each to the best of his ability, avoids the other. Ask one of them the reason why and his answer will probably range something like this.

"Recently, so and so has been so disagreeable, so choleric that even when I speak to him as decently and as civilly as I can he still carries on in this same detestable manner. Oh, certainly I know how to behave when I'm spoken to civilly, however, if he thinks he's going to get leave to walk all over me scot-free without me protesting, then he's got another think coming. I agree with you, it would be nice to be on intimate terms with him again but if he thinks that after his behaviour I'm going to swallow my pride and crawl back to him begging for friendship then he's very far mistaken. Furthermore, if he thinks I'm going to suffer the embarrassment of being snubbed at his hands then he needs his head looked at—he can come back on his knees to me . . . then we can be friends."

On first reflection, this attitude seems perfectly fair, we've all felt like this at some time or another, we all know exactly how he feels because there isn't one of us who hasn't faced this situation many times before. This is an accepted state, it often occurs, and when affairs degenerate into it, usually we scrap the friendship and try to forget we ever had it since there's very little hope of its salvation, unless one party gives up his stand. This is an unlikely occurrence, firstly because it is regarded as a sign of weakness and secondly, because the relenting party is generally too scared of a rebuff to press his case. Observe, for example, a boy and girl when they break up a friendship in a row. They shy away from each other, they pass each other without a word when just the day before they would have been going in the same direction, hand in hand, they stay at opposite ends of a dance hall only easing the habit to parade their new found boy friend or girl friend to their former partner's embarrassment. In this case neither the boy nor the

girl would dream of going near each other let alone making it up because as I say each one is too afraid the approach might be taken as a sign of weakness and as such receive a merciless snub.

To answer the two points against making an approach, I would say this. It is certainly not a sign of weakness. After all, do you really think it looks bad if you treat your friend well before he treats you well? And as for the snub, what have you lost in demonstrating that you at least were a good friend, willing to go your half way or more and that he or she was a bad one who didn't really match up to you in the first place. As to the best way of resolving an argument, there are many answers. The first is not to let an argument get so far, but that's not much help if the argument has already been exacerbated. The method of approach need not be subtle. Supposing you wanted to prevail upon an acquaintance to invite you to dinner obviously you would begin by inviting him. Then again, if you wished a foreigner to offer you hospitality in his country you would start by offering him hospitality whenever he visited Britain. By the same token then, if you wish to prevail upon a man to become once more your friend you must first offer him friendship. Once he realises exactly what kind of a contest you are offering him he will only be too keen in his efforts to outdo you.

But as a final point it must be you who takes the initiative to resolve the argument, for if you do not, then neither will your friend, and then it will be as if two hands which the Gods had created to work together in harmony were suddenly placed ten feet apart where they can perform nothing. And if there was a renewal of friendship, then surely as everyone can see, any two friends can operate anywhere, even from the opposite ends of the earth, to each other's mutual advantage.

IN MEMORY OF "GRANDPA"

Never will he see the flowers,
Never will he see the teardrops fall.
Never will he know we suffer,
May he "rest in peace", from us all.

THE SURPRISE

June, 1964

One night in November, 1960, my Mum said that if we were good, we would get a present when Dad came home. We tried to coax her into telling us, but all in vain. Then, later, when we were watching television, I heard Dad's car come in the gate. I ran to the door shouting, but Mum stopped me and told me to go back to the lounge.

Dad came into the house with a lovely little golden puppy behind him. It was a long haired Golden Retriever. That night everyone fussed about him and it was very difficult to find a name for him, but eventually we named him "Rufus". He is quite old now, over four years old.

P. G. Hutchison, L.VI.

A TRIBUTE TO . . .

(By courtesy of Michael Green)

"Every coarse side has at least one inveterate exhibitionist. They can be an embarrassment at times, like the player who insisted on changing in a tube train because his side were late for a game. When the team reached their destination, he was only half-changed and made a great show of going up the escalator almost naked.

This particular player had a beard. I don't trust bearded players (although I wore a beard myself for a few months, and darn fool I must have looked too). If there is any dirty work going on among the other side, look out for old beardy. You know what to do."

ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO . . .

(Again by courtesy of Michael Green)

"... Most coarse rugby teams seem to breed a special type of human being, usually a prop forward. He is distinguished physically by having no neck, the head (which is bearded) being attached direct to the spine. The specimen weighs sixteen stone and when it stands erect (which is not very often) is 5 ft. 9 in. tall. The arms reach to the knees, the locomotion is by means of a typical shambling, ape-like gait.

aN admIRer—Rev. T. W.

OUR FISHING TRIP

June, 1964

One day, my pal, Malcolm Swanney, and I went fishing to a farm called Berry-hill. There is a dam there which has hundreds of Sticklebacks in it. We had with us a big net, a rod, and two or three jars. Although we didn't use the rod, we used the net a lot. We went the whole way round the dam fishing as we went and we caught about twenty Sticklebacks, which we put in the jar.

It was then that Malcolm found, up at the other end of the dam, Sticklebacks lying on the mud alive. There were also some pools on the mud which were full of Sticklebacks. We caught about thirty Sticklebacks there. By the end of the day we had caught seventy to eighty Sticklebacks. Now Malcolm keeps the Sticklebacks in a tub in his play house. The biggest fish we caught was two and a half inches long.

P. Arbuckle, L.VI.

HOW I CROSSED AFRICA

Peter—Knock, Knock.

John—Who's there?

Peter—Banana.

John—Banana who?

Peter—Banana.

John—Banana who?

Peter—Banana.

John—Banana who?

Peter—Knock, Knock.

John—Who's there?

Peter—Orange.

John—Orange who.

Peter—Orange you glad I didn't say
Banana again?

Mairi Skinner, F.1a3.

The house stood for years

At the corner.

Proud it was.

Then,

Crash !

It falls,

Under a cloud of dust,

Leaving a heap of stone and brick

Clearing the track

For some time-saving motorway.

W. K., F.IV.



"Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'."

—Burns.



"Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings."

—Pope.

DIARY OF PROGRESSIVE YOUTH

It came to mind, one peaceful day,
that, to the world, my piece I'd say. Until
the revolution bright, upon their lives, I'd
cast some light. Don't groan, and moan,
complain and grumble, whisper defiance,
mutter, mumble. Bring your complaint into
full view, there are too few of you, who
do. Our lives are routine, clock-work toil.
Those politicians our world spoil. Take
those dictators, now, to task. To them
your piercing questions ask.

Comrade—the question word is “free”.
Today, how many do you see, who strain
at leash, and rope, and chain, only to be-
come “free” men again? Society **does** tie
us in. Establishment's a wicked sin. All
we want is peace and love. Just take a
look at what we have.

Up until the revolution, I'm convinced
there's no solution. Look at war, and air-
pollution, Where's this “civilised” evolu-
tion? Peace is what we want, so fight.
Fight for what you think is right. Take no
heed of blood and tears, or our cry will

THE POOR AT CHRISTMAS

Children huddled round a fire,
While Mother reads about that byre,
And of that famous, wondrous star,
That led the wise men from afar,
Then all the children hurry out,
To jump and play and run about.
But in the corner all alone,
There sits a child without a groan,
When she hears the children cry,
A teardrop falls from her weary eye,
“Oh, Mother, why can't I run,
Like all the others, and have fun?”
“Because, my dear, of the braces on your legs,
They're tied up fast, and fixed with little pegs.”
The child's head bows, the tears spill out,
For she cannot run or jump about.
But Mother's arms are there for love,
And she prays for help from above,
Then Father lends her his arm and a stilt,
And they hobble out together to see the snowman built.
Then all come in, rid of grief,
They sit at the table, and chew at the beef.
The children stumble off to bed.
Say their prayers and lay their heads.
And so we leave the family here,
Until again, another year.

Mandy Uytman, 1A3

fall upon deaf ears. Show independence
by your creed. Skinhead, hippy . . . men
indeed! We all fight for the same cause.
We must break their fascist laws.

Revolt right now. Upturn the state. Do
not wait 'till it's too late. In few year's
time, we'll be too old. and all our youth-
ful ideas sold. Perhaps, in many years to
come, you and I shall have a son whose
ideas **we**, by right, oppose. Come the
revolution, heaven knows!

G. T., F.III.

THE RABBIT

The rabbit has a shiny nose
As nature did intend,
Because his little powder puff
Is at the other end.

He thumps his feet to warn his friends
To run into their holes.
He stops and sniffs his tiny nose
Then in a cloud of dust he goes.

David Muckart, L.VI.

June, 1964.

POLLUTION

Oil covering all
All covered in oil.
Birds and beasts
Black with oil
Dying.
Dying by the hand of man
And Industry.

W. K., F.IV.

UNLUCKY STRIKE!

On Wednesday, the 20th of January, there began the dreaded postal strike, owing to the Union of Post Office Workers refusing to accept the increase of pay offered. Everyone having felt the repercussions, and there being no necessity for me to enlarge on the plain facts, I will proceed to tell of how the strike came into communication with D.H.S. (or vice versa).

On the first day of the strike, a group of pickets assembled outside the G.P.O., opposite the school, and without the aid of banners or any such thing, pleaded their case, shuffling their feet and turning up their collars. The pupils' eagerness to show their opinions in the matter was not exactly met with the pickets' approval. (I will not mention any incidents, to save my own skin). All I will say is that one enterprising pupil offered the pickets a job on his own private postal service, which was sadly turned down!

The next day, God showed his disapproval of the strike by a deluge of rain, and not one picket turned up!

On the Friday, it was suggested that some people of the magazine committee might interview the pickets, who by now had produced banners, bearing inscriptions such as "Our service demands fair pay" and "A man's pay for a man's work". And so it was that two other poor fools



"Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder."

and myself sallied forth to interview the pickets.

However, we were informed by them that "Ye'll get a' ye want to ken in oor offices—they'll tell ye a'," which implied that they knew less about their position than might be expected. So, a few minutes later, we found ourselves outside the Labour offices. (I add that we had many questions prepared concerning work conditions, living conditions, pay, etc.).

On climbing the flights of stairs, we reached the base of the Labour Party in Dundee, and knocked on a door marked "Allan Clark". No reply, and on entering, we perceived through a thick fog, that no one was present. We went out and waited at the top of the stairs; seeing many people enter a door, with a hand-made notice on it. "U.P.W." One of such exclaimed violently "Me God, dinny tell us the He' Skeel's joining us noo", and disappeared. Unfortunately, we did not have a lucky "strike" and received very little material information. Other members stopped, eyes bulging, but said nothing. Another told us that Mr Clark was on a tour, and would not return until 5 p.m. The same declared that he was "giving no statement". However, a huge pile of posters and banners lying in a corner warned us not to ask any pressing questions, and we emerged from the offices, unscathed, heralded out by the cheerful sound of "Hey, Tom, cin a barry yer coke, the machine's broken".

I would end by advising all members of staff not to picket ever—for they would be given a dog's life if they did so.

Heironymus Anonymous.

Seeking a home free
From hunger and overpopulation,
Lemmings drive on
Into the sea
And die.

Men are dying
From hunger.
Our cities are full
And spilling over.

What comes next ?

W. K., F.IV.



"Swim to yonder point!"



"Out went the taper as she hurried in."

—Keats.

THE LAMENT OF FORM FOUR

(With apologies to Wordsworth, Susan and the Thrush)

At the top of Reform Street, at twenty past eight
Appears the first pupil at D.H.S. gate.
Many have passed by the spot, and what's more
Have heard midst the noise the lament of F.IV.
'Tis a note of bewailing, what ails them? They see
The "O" Grade exam list, and though it will be
The holidays soon, no joy they present
For an undisturbed swot is each pupil's intent.
They long for the days when they cared not a jot
For the work that they did or the marks that they got.
When schoolwork was easy, and playtime was fun
Not a time for revision or homework not done.
They look, with feelings of horror they gaze
Then go on to classes with minds in a daze
Though they try to dispel it, a feeling of gloom
Has settled upon them, a vision of Doom.

One such.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Staff

- His very foot has music in't.
- Full well they laughed with counter-
feited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had
he.
- I must to the barbers, monsieur, for
methinks
I am marvellous hairy about the face
- Kleiner Mann, was nun?
- I wish he would explain his explana-
tion.
- Do I contradict myself?
- Very well, I contradict myself.

School Lunches

- Judicious drank and greatly daring
dined
- A very ancient and fish-like smell.
- A thing wherein we feel there is some
hidden want.
- It is reported thou didst eat strange
flesh
which some did die to look upon.

Games

- I will incontinently drown myself.
- The ground flew up and hit me on
the head.
- A proper man, as one shall see on a
summer's day.
- Be thou a spirit of health or a goblin
damn'd?

Prefects

- No scandal about Elizabeth, I hope?
The daughter of debate.

- The royal captain of this ruined band.
- To check the erring and reprove.

Monday morning

- Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep
no more!"

Friday afternoon

- Though we seemed dead, we did
but sleep.

Choir

- Sir, we are a nest of singing birds
- The cries of agony, the endless groan.

The words of a visitor to D.H.S. on first
entering the playground:—

- "What are these, so withered and so
wild

In their attire?"

Shakespeare also had his share of
double Maths:—

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

The soporific effect of the Library:—

- "When the last reader reads no more."
- "Whom snoring we disturbs."

M. F.IV.

BANG!

Bang !

Children scream,
Men fall in battle,
The world is blown up.

Peace can never reign
When children play these games,
When the world fears death.
Bang !

Dear Ed,

I am suffering terrible persecution at the hands of the Teachers. Whenever I meet any in a corridor, they stop their conversation and look shifty and hostile. I know they talk about me in the Staffroom. Every class I am in is the worst the teacher/department has ever known, and I am always later for classes than any pupil in history, hand in fewer and worse exercises, and avoid more classes than anyone else. I am "old enough to be expected to behave like an adult" but also "deserve to be treated like an L.2". My hair and dress are the most outrageous ever seen within this building, and I am the most discourteous pupil they have ever come across.

Is it really Me or Them?

D.C.

Dear D.C.,

We're all in this together.

Ed.

Dear Ed,

I would like to make a plea for escalators to be installed in D.H.S. instead of the present stairs. Lifts could also be put in the space in the middle of the Girls' main stair and Boys' side stair.

At the moment, there is tremendous congestion, and pupils and teachers are in great danger of being trampled to death,



"The chief defect of Henry King was chewing little bits of string."

—Beloc.



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

—Shaw.

or dying of frustration when they are in a hurry. The existing traffic rules are ignored because they are unreasonable, and require a great deal of extra exertion on a journey around the school already complicated and hazardous. If rules are made to save congestion, are teachers exempt because they are all too slim to be noticed ? ? ?

While the escalators are being installed, what about a tunnel/flyover between the schools? The shock of coming out into the freezing open air after a double period of sleep in a stuffy room creates a major danger of pupils being run over or catching a chill.

Hoping to see improvements.

No Way Down.

THE RABBIT

The other day, I was walking along a quiet country road in the calm of a cool spring evening when I found a dead rabbit on the road. A crow flew away as I approached. It lay there, a tiny huddled heap of bloodied fur, destroyed by something too big for it to understand. A sudden roar, a blaze of white light, a petrified fear, a swirling of wind in the wake of destruction, and everything was the same once more except that a life was snuffed out and only I was left to weep.

P.W.J. F.6.

WHO AM I?

I was driving back from my head office in Aberdeen after completing the monthly wage checks for my branch of the business firm that I work for. I was in charge of the Moray and Banffshire area. I had driven up through Huntly and Keith and was now feeling rather tired, having driven down to Aberdeen that morning. The job that I had was not well paid but it was the best that a man of 47 could find in this area of Scotland. I was an orphan—my parents were killed before the last war and I had suffered from amnesia since I was 11. I had always lived in this part of the country and knew no other. I crossed the River Spey which flowed swiftly under the bridge, as there had been much rain in the last week. It was about half past eight. I passed through a small village in which the only life seemed to be at the inn. A few miles further on, I passed a large house, half-hidden by trees and situated up a long drive. I noticed a light in an upstairs window and a boy's face peering through the curtains.

I drove on, but felt an impulse to return to that house. I tried to shrug it off but my whole body was determined to return to the house. I started to struggle against this impulse. Finally, I gave in, I turned the car, reversing into a Forestry Commission track, and headed back through the wooded countryside to the house. The light in the upstairs window was now out. As I turned up the driveway, I began to shudder all over. I parked the car opposite the main door. Quietly, I closed the car door and walked as silently as possible to the door. Somehow, I felt that I should not pull the door-knocker but as I did so, it fell away in my hand. I felt that I should go in and so pushed open the door...

I felt that I knew this house. I walked around the hall, knowing where everything was. I came to a door. I knew that behind it would be a large dining-room with a long table, chairs, an ornate vase sitting on a long sideboard and a magnificent chandelier, of which one of the glass balls would be lying, having fallen, on the table. I pushed open the door and, sure enough, everything was as I had expected. I left the room, and went to an-

other door. I knew this would be the kitchen, with a large gas stove, small porcelain sink and an old wooden table with four chairs, one of which had a broken leg. Lying on a shelf would be some pots and pans. Opening the door I found all was as I had imagined. Every room I went to, it was the same. I knew what would be in every room and where everything was. Suddenly, I remembered the face at the window, I wondered where he was, probably upstairs, I thought. I went up the stairs, stepping over one that I knew would squeak if I touched it. I searched in all the bedrooms and finally came to the last door. I knew that this was the nursery and that this must be where the boy should be. I could hear the noise of a small electric train running round a track. Silently, I pushed open the door and looked towards where the noise came from. The small train ran round an oval circuit of track but there was no small boy to be seen. I looked all round the room but could not see him. In one corner stood another door behind which there was a cupboard in which any small person could hide. Opening the door, I searched, but there was no boy. He seemed to have vanished. I gave up my search and started down the main stairs, again missing the squeaky floorboard. I was just about to go out the main door, when I noticed a photograph of a small boy—it looked very like someone that I knew but I could not tell just who it was.

I went out of the house, started my car and decided to go to the inn in the village I had passed through a few miles before the house.

I ordered a double whisky and sat down at a table. I felt all eyes were upon me. The villagers in that area are very suspicious of strangers. I had another whisky and asked the barman about the house.

"What house?" he asked curiously.

"The one a few miles up the road, on the left, up a driveway and half-hidden by trees," I said.

"There's no house there," said the bartender.

All heads were turned towards me. From one corner of the bar, a farmer said loudly, "A house there was burnt down in 1934. It used to be an orphanage, I think".

"Do you know who lived there?" I asked.

"No, but there is a graveyard near the church and you may find some names there," said the bartender quickly.

"Are you some sort of detective," came a voice from another table.

"No. How many people were there in the house at the time", I asked the bartender.

"Only the one boy," he replied.

"Thank you," I said, and left.

It was half past ten as I reached into the car for a torch. It was only a short walk to the graveyard and there were not many graves. My feet seemed to direct me to one particular, small grave. I shone the torch on the headstone. I wiped it with my hand and there was my name at the top and below was the writing, "Died 1934 in a fire, aged 11. R.I.P."

David Lamont, F.3.

DUNDEE UNITED

Perth, of course, being only 22 miles from Dundee has many advantages—it is on the Tay, has a harbour, and of course it is quite close to Inverness. Nearer, at least, than Peebles is. Now Auchtermuchty, although to Englishmen is unpronounceable, has the added subtraction of multiplying slowly. In fact, it has such slow speed that it is slowing down, fast.

Now, you may ask what all this has to do with going down the M6 at 100+ m.p.h.—and the answer is that it doesn't. But just to prove the point, have you ever ridden on a deflated Squeazy Bottle?

To return to the original subject mentioned above, Dundee United being what it is, has one many rewards. For instance—The Blond's Cup, inter-city express robbery and of course 2/6 (I'm so sorry, 12½p) on the 3-armed bandit at Lausanne in Hong-Kong. But all this aside, Arbroath really does sell excellent smoked tin-boxes

the bumper size has many perks—1 roller-skate, 1 flying haddock and 25 instant curlers (I do apologise, curlers). Also has the dis-or re-advantage of speeding up slowly when slowed down fast by thick mud, bricks or cigarette ash. Which brings us back to Forfar Followers, that super-duper team who smashed Dundee United and 5 windows on 31st February 1972. Dundee United never recovered from the Victoria Arch being blown up (I'm sorry—down) by the AUFLBF which felt great urgency. So never forget the moral of this tail (I'm sorry—tale).

He who shouts never lays 2 nails on a dustbin-lid.

Yoko Hominis,
of Dundee United how People.

WHITE CLOUDS

My mountain minnows come from the White Cloud Mountain in China near Hong Kong—or at least their ancestors did, where they were fished out of some local warm stream or pond by a little Chinese boy who took them to a fish dealer in the area.

Since about 1935, when they were first discovered, they have been bred by aquarists throughout the world and have given them great pleasure. They can be seen in most pet-shops.

They are peaceful, quiet and will eat most kinds of food. In colour, the body is grey-brown, with a stripe, white on top and black on the bottom. Their fin is red with a white spot at the tip, and their bottom fins each have a white spot at the tip. They have a small black spot on the body just before the tail which is partly coloured red.

Ichthyologists say that there are two species of mountain minnow. The commonest one being called "Tanichthys Albonubes" the meaning of which is Tan's fish from White Cloud (Mountain). When I look at my fish, I think of the little Chinese boy who went fishing for minnows.

Marrion Carswell, F.2a.

POLITICALLY SPEAKING . . .

And now, as many people favour a coalition government . . .

"And to follow, there is a Party Political Broadcast on behalf of the Conservative and Unionist Party, the Labour Party, the Liberal Party, the Scottish Nationalist Party, the Communist Party, the Chinese Communist Party, the Protestant Unionist Party, the Fascist Party, the various independent Parties and Fred Blogg's Birthday Party . . .

Good Evening.

We here at London, Whitehall, Edinburgh, Moscow, Pekin, Stormont, 4 Victoria Road, the various bases of the Independent Parties, and 10 Blogg Street, Manglestown are changing our base. From now on we will operate from Cherrapunji, in the wicker hut 3 miles south of the intersection of the tracks of the elephant eating moth and the cow-tossing soalist.

Good night."

That was a Party Political Broadcast on behalf of the Conservative Party, the Labour.

DEATH

Tim came out of the building into the quiet, deserted Sunday lunch-time street and walked nervously up the street. He arrived at the house, looked about, and opened the door.

In the doorway was a man with an untidy beard pointing a gun at him. The man pulled the trigger. Tim staggered back a little down the street and then fell.

As Tim got up clutching his wounded shoulder, a car came flying past knocking him down. From the back of the car came a burst of machine-gun fire.

Tim fell to the ground dead and lay in a pool of blood. Just then a man who had witnessed everything intently got up and said, "Cut! Let's take that scene again". "O.K.," said Tim, "What ever you say, producer."

David Smith, F.1a3.

TO BE HEARD ROUND THE SCHOOL . . .

"Oh, h---, I've got a hole in my tights."
"He's bee-you-tee-full!"
"Now, folks."
"Heavens!"
"What can I get for Marion's birthday?"
"I'll hang you up by the thumbs and light a slow fire under you!"
"My hair is so greasy today!"
"Come out here, boy!"
"I must tell you about that sometime."
"A whole week without seeing him!"
"Strickly speaking . . ."
"Damn!"
"A spot, a spot, I've got a spot!"
"But I think you look very nice in your school uniform!"
"Can I get a copy of your latin homework, please?"
"Concentrated acid, exposed granite."
"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking . . ."
"I am on a diet."
"Eeeeyyggghh!"
"He was on the bus last night."
"Que-eye-ettel!"
"He's chucked me, he's chucked me (WAIL)!"
"The heat, the heat!"
"Your lipstick stands out a mile!"
"It's for your own good I'm telling you this!"

The Listener, F.11.

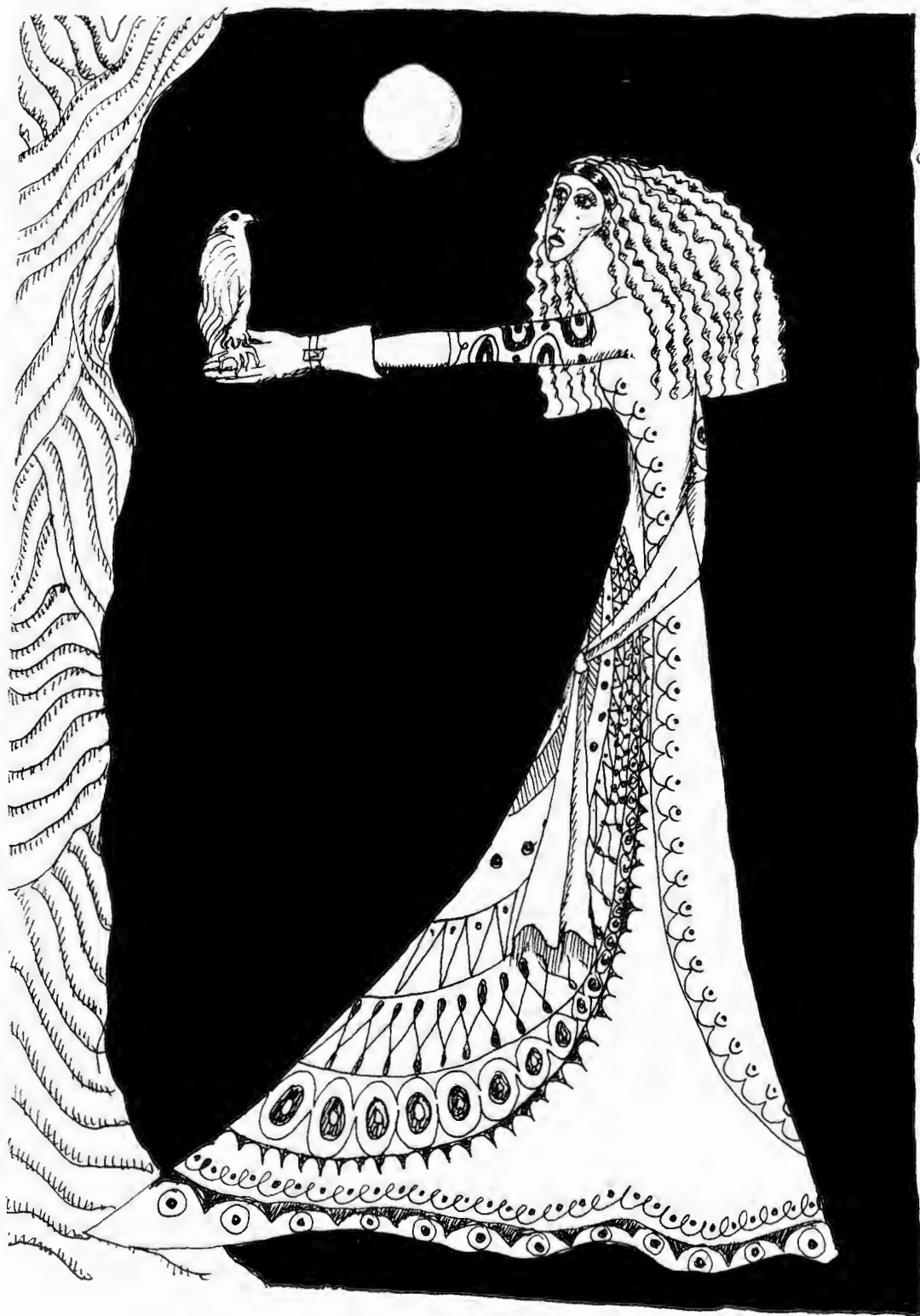
There were some boys playing in the playground, and then the bell went, and they all rushed in except for one. His pal came running running over and said, "The bell has gone", and got his reply, "What! gosh I wonder what they will take next".

David Mitchell.

MUDDLESOME

IamsorryIcouldn'twritemuchfortheschool-magazine.Thelittlekidsareoutsideshoutin playingputtingmeoffthinking.Isupposeyou thinkthisisnonsense,andyou'reprobably right,sol'lljusthavetotryagaineventhough thoselittlekidshavetoplayoutsidethewindow.

Graeme D. Hamilton, F.11





Former Pupils' Section

OLD GIRLS' CLUB

Marriages

Penelope Hutton to Mr David Balfour.
Jennifer Smith to Mr Murray Petrie.
Roslyn Slidders to Mr Paul Bellwood.
Wendy E. McPherson to Mr Hines.
Marian Campbell to Mr J. D. M. Anderson.
Joan A. Robertson to Mr Michael Jack.
Jennifer Kidd to Mr J. Adam.
A. G. Mitchell to Mr Robert Miller.
E. Marion Wiltshire to Mr James Ewart.
Rosemary Anne Birrell to Mr R. J. N. Patrick.

Greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The 39th Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on Monday, 15th March 1971, when the following office-bearers were appointed: President—Mr R. S. B. Grieve. Vice Presidents—Miss I. McNaughton, Mrs Jenny Pate. Hon. Treasurer—Mrs D. Thornton, 2 Claypotts Terrace, Broughty Ferry. Hon. Secretaries—Mrs A. D. Clark, Smithy Croft, Auchterhouse, and Mrs R. Leslie, 96 Grove Road, Broughty Ferry. Other members of committee appointed were Miss Gray and Mrs Raitt Ex Officio, Mrs N. Sturrock, Miss D. Jackson, Mrs G. Burnett, Mrs D. Nicol, Mrs I. Dryden, Mrs J. Pate, Mrs D. Tweedie, Mrs J. Peggie, Mrs N. G. Clark, Mrs M. Hardie, Mrs I. Lindsay, Mrs J. Stack, Mrs E. Milne, Mrs Pate and Mrs Dryden are representatives to the A.U. The total membership of the club is now 700.

The Reunion Dinner held on the 6th November in the Royal Cydesdale Hotel was attended by 100 members. We can only apologise for the most disappointing meal and even worse service. However, our guest speaker, Miss Jessie Main, gave us a very interesting and amusing talk and saved the evening for us. This year we are to go to the Chamber of Commerce on Friday, 29th October and we hope to have the support of old and new members.

In May 1970, we once again ran a tea party in conjunction with the Old Boys for the School Leavers and a happy afternoon was enjoyed by those who attended.

Once again, in June 1970, the School and the Club joined forces and ran the Tea Tent and Cake and Candy stall at the School Sports and a profit of approximately £75 was made. This goes into our general purposes fund which now shows a balance of £215. We are to do the same again this year and would like to thank Miss Gray and all members of staff and pupils for the help given.

In June 1970, the Old Boys, Old Girls, Parents and Friends of the School, joined together and gave Mr and Mrs Erskine a presentation to mark the retiral of Mr Erskine. This took the form of a sherry party and everyone had a very happy evening.

The committee of Old Boys' and Old Girls' appointed to work on the Trust Fund, are glad to report that the appeal is going forward. We hope for full co-operation from all members of the clubs when approached for contributions and help.

We should like to take this opportunity of welcoming Mrs Stewart as an Honorary Life Member of the Club and we hope she has many happy years with us.

We also extend a warm welcome to all girls leaving school in July, and trust that they enjoyed their afternoon with the Old Girls at the leavers' Tea Party in May.

Once again, we have added a list of members who have disappeared from our mailing lists, and trust if you can help, that you will send names and addresses to Mrs A. D. Clark, Smithy Croft, Auchterhouse, by Dundee, DD3 0QS.

Last Known Addresses

Miss Margaret A. Anderson, 10 Strips of Craigie Road, Dundee.
Miss Kathleen K. Allan, Inverpark, 2 Chalmers Street, Dundee.
Miss H. Baxter, 3 Inverleith Avenue, Edinburgh.
Mrs Beath, 5 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry.
Mrs Allan Bell, The Manse, Aberuthven.
Mrs Lydia Breyer, c/o Shepherd, 127 Kinghorn Road, Dundee.
Mrs P. Briggs, 5 Union Street, Seissett, Nr. Huddersfield, Yorks.
Mrs D. Ness Brown (Maisie Kay), 127 Ferry Road, Dundee.
Miss Morag A. Campbell, 62 Pettycur Road, Kinghorn, Fife.
Miss Muriel Crawford, Wraes Birkhill, by Dundee.
Miss G. Dingwall, 27 Johnstone Avenue, Dundee.
Mrs James Dunlop (Esme Bowman), Stables, Glassnock, Cumnock, Ayrshire.
Miss C. Helen Fleming, 19 Westfield Road, West Ferry, Dundee.
Mrs W. Galloway, 116 Law Street, Dundee.
Mrs F. Gibb (Linda Mollison), c/o 77 Harrison Road, Dundee.
Mrs A. G. Hamilton (J. Burnett), 10 Clarence Street, Paisley.
Mrs Nancy M. McKenzie, 25 Ashley Gardens, Edinburgh, 11.

Miss Agnes M. Melville, c/o Bank of Scotland, Victoria Street, Dundee.
 Miss Alice Moodie, Drumalis, Wormit, Fife.
 Mrs A. B. Moore.
 Miss Sheila Joan Plant.
 Miss Florence L. Phillips, 16 Greenhill Terrace, Edinburgh, 10.
 Mrs L. T. Rees, Flat 4, Fernwood Court, Fernwood Road, Jeswood, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
 Miss M. B. Richardson, Miss P. S. Richardson, 14 Constitution Terrace, Dundee.
 Mrs M. E. Robertson, Spylanbank Road, Colinton, Edinburgh, 13.
 Miss Caroline N. Rudd, 19 Ayr Road, Prestwick, Ayrshire.
 Mrs J. A. Todd, c/o Irvine, "Coylum", Wellpark Terrace, West Newport.
 Mrs Lydia Wattam, c/o Bowman, 12 Grove Road, Broughty Ferry.
 Mrs D. Wemyss, Ledaig, Wormit, Fife.
 Mrs Isobel White, Kinvara, Tayport, Fife.
 Mrs Ian K. Young, 125 Market Street, St. Andrews, Fife.

Members who have joined the Club

Miss Rosemary Elizabeth Semple, 6 St. Johnswood Terrace, West Park Road, Dundee.
 Mrs Elizabeth Hodge Eadie, 6 Panmure Terrace, Dundee, DD3 6HP.
 Miss Lorna D. Gass, 60 Johnstone Avenue, Dundee.
 Mrs Janet Shena Anderson, 2 Stott Street, Alnwick, Northumberland.
 Miss Diane Duncan, 13 Eton Street, Dundee.
 Miss Joan M. Ritchie, Ronnrey Lodge, 5 Panmure Terrace, Broughty Ferry, Dundee, DD5 2QL.
 Mrs H. Simmons, 21 Douglaston Avenue, Milngavie, Dumbartonshire.
 Miss Annette Arbuckle, Lundie Castle, by Dundee, Angus.
 Miss Anne M. M. Batchelor, 88 Dickson Avenue, Dundee, DD2 4EH.
 Mrs Margo Brush, Taymount, 37 Albert Road, West Ferry, Dundee.
 Miss Jill E. Ballantine, 33 Hillside Road, Blackness, Dundee, DD2 1QZ.
 Miss Gillian Brown, 14 Duntrune Terrace, West Ferry, Dundee.
 Miss Moira Elizabeth Baird, Templeton Farm, Dronley, by Dundee, DD3 OQH.
 Miss Pamela Ann Duncan, 2 Menzieshill Road, Dundee.
 Miss Christine M. Guthrie, 14 Strips of Craigie Road, Dundee, DD4 7PZ.
 Miss Pamela Margaret Innes, 5 Milner Street, Dundee, DD4 7EW.
 Miss Ann Lawson, 33 Fairfield Road, West Ferry, Dundee.
 Miss Deborah Menelaws, Arnot House, 3 Hillpark Terrace, Wormit.
 Miss Anne Munro, 5 Panmure Terrace, Dundee.
 Miss Lesley Robertson Miller, 25 Shamrock Street, Dundee.
 Miss Sandra R. Petrie, The Anchorage, 8 Bingham Terrace, Dundee.

We deeply regret the deaths of the following members:

Miss C. C. Gall.
 Mrs A. L. Swinton.
 Miss Mary Brown.

Sally Clark and Katharine Leslie,
 (Hon. Secretaries).

FROM SCHOOL TO UNIVERSITY:—

Approaching the end of a four-year course in B.Sc. geography at Aberdeen University, I thought that these thoughts on student life in general might be of interest to budding students among your readers.

I would advise a student to try to get into a Hall of Residence or Student House for at least the first year—it is a big advantage in settling down and getting to know people. In third or fourth year, some people find it a disadvantage to be in Hall because the social activities may cause interruption in studies.

While at school, you should try to get used to working on your own during free periods. If in doubt what to do—and think seriously about this—ask for advice. Having done a science course, I've had more practical work and field courses than many students and so have had much less time when I've had to work on my own. But there have usually been at least two or three hours between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. which I can call my own and sometimes it was difficult to know what I was supposed to be doing. There are lecture notes to go over—not re-write—perhaps to take a particular point further because it is interesting, or to go and rake out a book to clear up some incomprehensible point. The latter can be common in first year, especially when you may be studying some subject new to yourself but studied by many others at school. There are also other topics to cover, essays to write, reports . . .

It is essential to take proper time off for meals, but watch coffee-breaks—these can easily lengthen into an hour or two or more!

It's not easy, as I've found by experience, but it can be a good idea to use your grant as a preparation for budgeting and getting used to balancing your cash; it can be quite an eye-opener in what you estimate you spend on various things—food, clothes—and may mean a re-organisation of your "purchasing power".

Do take advantage of some of the financial reductions offered to students—cheap trains at the beginning and end of term, trips round Britain and abroad at specially reduced prices.

It's important to keep really fit—a tired body means a tired mind and a listless spirit. This is especially easy to happen if you are doing an Arts course involving long hours in the library. You'll have a chance to learn and take part in many "new" sports, and at little or no cost to yourself.

You'll be under great pressure at times to seriously think out your principles and belief

about the meaning of life—don't immediately fall in with the crowd—some of the people who, I know, have found most success and enjoyment are the individuals. Not those who are "loners" but those who are prepared to be completely themselves.

Try and get to know one or two people from abroad—a different culture often brings a different way of thinking about and approaching life and can give a new insight into many things.

Two notes to end on: take your sense of humour with you; and if you want a deeper understanding of relationships between people, peoples and places, and to see great chunks of Britain and places abroad—do geography! Being a student can be a great life—it's up to you!

(From Heather Sims—a former pupil, now at Aberdeen University).

OLD BOYS' CLUB

The Fund Raising Committee have continued their unflagging efforts to promote the Appeal to raise funds on behalf of the School. This is, of course, a joint Committee of both the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs. The initial survey has now been completed by the professional Fund Raisers

and the joint Committee has made the momentous decision to proceed with the Appeal. Members will, of course, be approached in this connection and it is hoped they will give their whole hearted support which is essential to the success of the Appeal.

One of our Members, Chris Rea, has attained the distinction of being selected for the British Lions rugby tour of Australia and New Zealand, and he takes with him our best wishes for his continued success. Each new achievement sets new standards for others who follow and we trust this will serve, as was said in a different context, "pour encourage les autres".

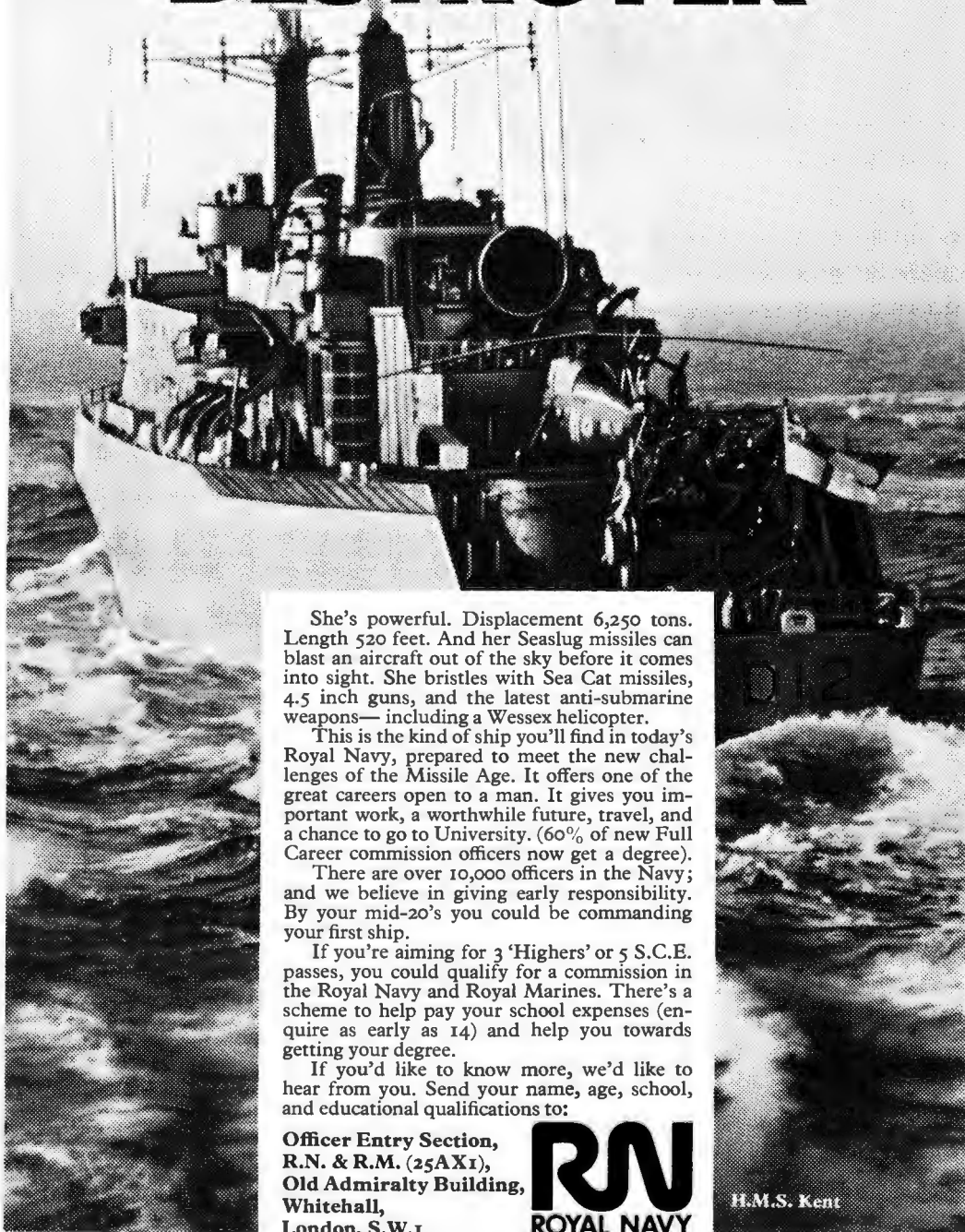
The annual fishing and golf outings will be held as usual this summer, and Members will receive notification from the respective organiser.

The President will address the School Leavers' Tea Party and it is hoped in due course we will be joined in our Membership by those boys about to leave school.

The Annual Dinner will be held once more at the Royal Clydesdale Hotel on 3rd December. The Committee are sensible to opinions expressed by some Members about alternative venues and the matter is receiving their consideration for future years.



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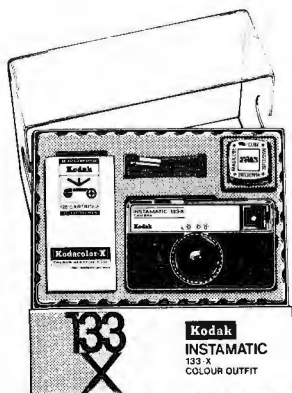
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