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High School of Dundee

MAGAZINE

No. 153

December 1972

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Contents

<i>Editorial</i>								7
<i>News and Notes</i>								8
<i>Preparatory Department</i>								10
<i>Junior School</i>								14
<i>Senior School</i>								20
<i>School Activities, Sports Activities, Club Reports</i>								56
<i>Former Pupils' Section (Old Boys' Club)</i>								69

Published for the Editing Committee and Printed by Central Printers (Arbroath) Ltd.



Last year we made changes to the style of the magazine, changes which would appear to have been generally welcomed and which have served to bring the magazine more up-to-date while, at the same time, still managing to preserve a balance between the modern and the traditional.

The magazine should serve as a microcosm of the school, reporting on the ever-increasing number of diverse activities and containing the cream of the creative work of the pupils. This is indeed what you will find in the ensuing pages, with contributions from pupils of all ages, ranging from the Preparatory Department to the highest forms of the Senior School and fully-detailed reports from the School Clubs and Societies.

The magazine committee has been cut slightly in size this year but has still managed to give considerable assistance in the production of the magazine. However, the importance of the magazine in school life is indicated by the fact that we now have the assistance not only of Mr Fyall but also of Miss Birrell and we wish her a long association with the magazine. Finally, I would like to thank all the people who have contributed articles (although more would be appreciated) and have thus helped to produce this, the 153rd edition of the Dundee High School magazine.

RAYMOND A. KELLY.



News and Notes

NEWS OF STAFF

After the lengthy reports in the last few issues, the comparative brevity of this section will come as somewhat of a relief.

The Physical Education Department has lost the services of **Mrs Elinor Southwell**. Mrs Southwell served the School and the Physical Education Department well and we wish her and her husband success and happiness in the future. In her place we welcome **Miss M. Duncan**, an F.P. of the School.

The Economics Department has been augmented by the arrival of **Mr J. M. McIntosh** and we welcome him to the Staff.

We are glad to see Mrs Coull back at work after her illness; and we are happy to welcome **Mrs Carmichael** as Assistant Secretary. We were sorry to lose **Mrs Croft** and we will remember her cheerful efficiency and friendliness and wish her and her husband success and happiness.

ART STAFF

Next year, the members of the Art Staff are holding an exhibition of their own work in the Dundee Art Society Gallery, Roseangle, opening on June 2nd, for two weeks. Mr J. McIntosh Patrick, the well-known artist, has kindly agreed to open the show. The exhibits will include oil-paintings, watercolours, pottery, ceramic figures, batiks, foil-reliefs, etchings and drawings.

In the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Marine Artists held in the Guildhall, London, Mr Vannet had an oil-painting of Peterhead Harbour and a watercolour of a Fishing Boat hung.

NEWS OF PUPILS

We congratulate:

Mary Grewar (F.6) and **Ruth Taylor (F.5)** on their selection for the 1st XI in the Midlands Hockey Trials; and **Janice Proudfoot (F.6)** on her selection for the 2nd XI.

Mary Scroggie (F.5) for winning the D.H.S. Christmas Card Competition for 1972. The front design is based on the motif of "a partridge in a pear tree," and is reproduced from an original drawing beautifully rendered in pen and ink.

Sheena McMain (F.6) and **Sarah Boase (F.5)** on winning through to the third round of the English Speaking Union Debate, and wish them success in future rounds.

Christine M. Davis and **Sarah L. Ramsay** (both L.VI) for their success in Grade I Theory (Associated Board).

NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

We congratulate:

Hilary A. Smith on graduating B.A. at the University of Strathclyde in July, 1972.

Marion Clow graduated B.Ed. at the University of Aberdeen in July, 1972. She also won the McGregor Memorial Prize for gaining Primary Teaching Qualification with distinction, and has now returned to Aberdeen to take a 'Froebel Course.'

Barbara Buchanan has been in Uganda studying the Health Service in Uganda in connection with the integrated Nursing/Social Science degree course run in association with St Bartholomew's Hospital. We intend to say much more about this in the next issue.

Gordon Murray (son of Mr A. D. Murray, former Headmaster of the Technical Department) gained his M.Sc. in Forestry and in 1972 his Ph.D. at Lafayette, U.S.A. In August of this year he was appointed Assistant Professor in Forest Biology at Lakeview University, Thunder Bay, Canada.

Robin Gauldie won a runner-up prize in a writing competition for an essay called "What Have We To Teach The Third World?"

We extend our best wishes for recovery from his accident to **Brian Taylor**.

OBITUARIES

It is with great sorrow that we record the tragic death of **Ellice Ross** (of last year's Form VI) as the result of an accident. Ellice was a cheerful and likeable boy and a popular member of the School community. We extend our sympathy to his parents and family in their great loss.

Older F.P.'s and former members of Staff will be sorry to hear of the recent death of **Mr John McDonald**, for many years a member of the Mathematics Department. Tribute to him appeared in a former magazine. He was a tireless worker for the School and many people will remember him with gratitude.

GENERAL NOTES

We have been delighted to have **Eiko Tarashi** of Japan with us for some time. Eiko has fitted in perfectly in the life of the School, and has become a firm favourite with everyone. We are very sorry that she will be leaving us soon, and with her go our best wishes for her future.

Once again the annual **Remembrance Day** ceremony was held and was marked by dignity and reverence. In this connection the **War Memorial** has been moved and the final result will certainly meet with general approval.

The School has echoed for several weeks to the noise of hammer and saw as the preparations go ahead to meet the new Fire Regulations.

The unremitting efforts of our pupils in the field of Social Service continue to expand but often go unrecognized. I would particularly like to mention the meal and concert of Tuesday, 10th October, during Old People's Week. This was genuinely appreciated and enjoyed by the old people and demonstrates how kindness and real interest in people can overcome that darling of the mass-media — the 'generation gap.'

Once again I would like to thank my Magazine Committee for their continual help, suggestions and useful criticism. Particular thanks are due to **Raymond Kelly** for his general supervision of the material in this issue; also to **Barbara Crawford**, **Elizabeth Gilmour**, and **Jane Hinrichs** for planning most of the layout for the main articles.

SIXTH YEAR COMMITTEE REPORT

DECEMBER 1972

This year's S.Y.C. has set out to accomplish a closer working relationship between the pupils and staff in the field of organising school functions. This trend was begun in October when on the 25th of that month, a Hallowe'en Dance was held when the attendance of 209 is believed to be an all-time record for a school hop. We are largely indebted to the prefects for the success of this dance, due to their unflagging zeal in the catering and clearing up department. Although this function was run jointly between ourselves and the prefects, the result of the division of the profits was that the balance in our exchequer rose by more than 100%. The mind boggles at what its state must have been before the dance.

At the moment, we find ourselves in the throes of helping out in the distribution of parcels to the old folk, and people who might not otherwise receive much of the Christmas spirit. In this, as in many other spheres, we are working in conjunction with members of staff, and once again with the prefects. Another task confronting us is the organisation of a cabaret for the school dance. Due to the unforeseen cancellation of Frank Sinatra and Shirley Bassey, we find ourselves compelled to seek budding new stars within the school.

The two meetings held this term revealed the necessity to deal with such problems as the sound-proofing of the Sixth Year Boys' Common Room; a task in which we have the full backing of our next door neighbour Mr Steele.

There are, of course, still more problems to tackle, such as the organisation of an outing to the theatre, but we feel ourselves more than equal to these and other tasks.

J.A.G.



Preparatory Department

When I leave school I want to be an airman, but before that when I am thirteen I want to go to the Air Training Station at St Andrews. I hope to fly a Lightning Jet, I always thought it would be fun, and when I can fly well I want to be a lecturer on flying. I have always been mad on planes.

L.IIb.

WHAT I DO AT GYM

I went to Gym and played sharks and ran round the room and jump high up in the air.

Sometimes we hop and skip and jump and then jump high up and go wide in the air and go thin in the air.

And then we play with the skipping-ropes and the bean bags and the balls and then we go back to the class-room and have our break.

Vicky J. Wilson, L.IIa.

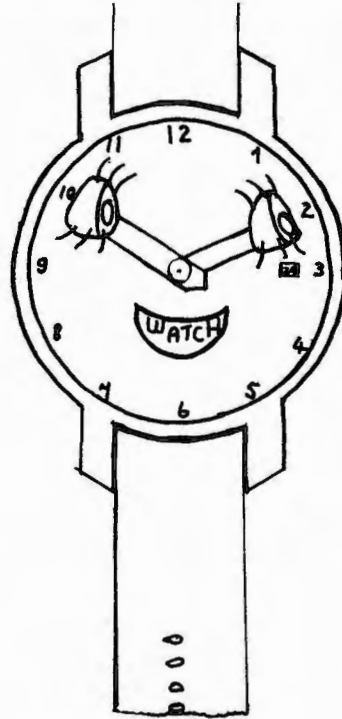
At gym we play games and we hop and we do handstands and we run and Mrs Southwell gets out the skipping ropes on Thursday and we jumped over the rope and we skipped together and we skipped alone and on Wednesday we got a chair and one of us holedid the back of the chair and the other one jumped off the chair for a minute and then the one that was on the chair went to the back of the chair and holedid it and the other one jumped off the chair.

Lorna Stewart, L.IIa.

THOUGHTS ON GYM LESSONS

I like dancing at gym we go in for conserts in halls. Gym is a good sport. I like it very much it is nearly my best sport but not quite my best. When you get further on you do leap-frog on high things for practises. Then I think they go on to jactmasicts they do all sorts of jactmasics they go on but it is geart fun for them they go in for Olympices.

Susie Cox, L.IIb.



The lollipopman stands in the road and helps people like children from a school to cross and ladys. He stops all the cars, all the lorreys and all the vans. He does a lot of work he stops all of the trafic and lets people cross the road. We have a lollipopman to help us cross the road to go up to the lunch hall at dinner time at school when we go to dinner with the techers.

Valerie Boud, L.IIb.

The day my dog Escaped one day I went to help Mummy with the tideing the house my dog was all alone in its basket wen we came back Fenny was gon I looked in the garden and in the bed-room and under the chairs and in the kitchen and in the bushes and all over the place Jane have you looked in the porch. No well look there she is.

Laura, L.IIa.



The lollipopman helps children to cross the road he helps men and women to cross the road as well he stops the cars and lets them cross. If a boy crossed where there wasn't a lollipopman he would get run over by a car. The lollipopman helps us across the road on the way up to the lunchhall and at the lunch-hall we have our lunch.

Gordon Wong, L.IIb.

WHAT I SHALL DO WHEN I LEAVE SCHOOL

I am thinking of being a student. So I can become a reader. I think it is a good job because my father is a reader. And a reader knows a lot about history and I like history. And he reads lots of other interesting things to. And he reads books and sells them and gets money for them.

Nigel Bartlett, L.IIb.

When I leave school I want to be a policeman and be in a police car. If I don't manage that I will be a teacher at the High school. I want to teach L.Vb.

Murray Tait, L.IIb.

When I leave school I want to be a teacher. I will teach lots of children. I will give them sums, writing, English and workbook. I hope I don't have to shout too much or else I might get a frog in my throat.

Fenella Gray, L.IIb.

When I leave school I am going to be an authoress.

I am going to live in a little cottage on a hill. I think I will have a dog called Roy. The books I write will be about ghostly stories, fairy tales and mystery books. I might write history books.

I have a typewriter of my own so I make paper books for my dolls and friends.

Gillian Meekison, L.IIIa.

When I leave school I will go to University and then I will try to be a teacher and to be at the Dundee High School or be a shopkeeper or a dentist then after when I am about forty I will leave my job.

Philippa Cherry, L.IIIa.

I want to be a physiotherapist because my mum was one. She said that it was very, very interesting, and you might make friends all over you can be very happy you get a good pay. Each day you work very hard indeed. There are many doctors and nurses in all the wards.

Anne Mackenzie, L.IIb.

When I leave school I am going to be a sailor in the Royal Navy for half a month and then I shall own a supermarket. I will have a Volvo brake, and I would like to be a good man.

Crawford Swanson, L.IIIa.



If my pet escaped I would telephone the police station right away and describe it. Once I did that I would start looking for it myself. If I found it I would phone the police again and tell them I had found it and tell them where I found it.

Alasdair Macleod, L.IIb.

WHAT I WANT TO BE WHEN I GROW UP

I am going to be a dust-man when I grow up and I will get up very early in the morning and sweep the streets and lift the dustpans and then I will go to another dustpan and lift it.

I will sweep the streets of Dundee and at night I will come home and have my supper.

And then I will go to bed and in the morning and have my breakfast.

Clive Henderson, L.IIa.

When I leave school I am going to be a school teacher and leave at four o'clock. I am going to work as hard as I can. If I can't be that I am going to be a shopkeeper and work in Littlewoods and wear a blue uniform. If I can't be that I am going to be a policelady and wear a black and white uniform and be very smart and come to the Dundee High School to tell about safe places to cross.

Melanie Falconer, L.IIIa.

I think that the lollipop man helps us to cross the road just like a policeman. Lollipop men are very helpful when the road is busy because all he has to do is to stand in the middle of the road and all the traffic stops, and then we can cross. But sometimes he helps us cross to go to the shops, or to cross the road to go to school. But mostly he helps people cross to go to the shops.

Carolyn McCormack, L.IIb.

At lunch the rector says a prayer in Gaelic. That's what the rector says.

Hilary M. Jacobson, L.IIIa.

WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT CHRISTMAS

I like waking up on Christmas morning because I like to open all the presents that I get in my stocking. And after breakfast I go into the sitting-room and under the Christmas tree there is presents all round it. Then I suddenly burst into the room and start to open every parcel of mine. And my wee brother opens his. Then we start playing and after we have played for a long time. Then we go to granny's and had a lovely Christmas feast. We had lovely roast chicken and some roast potatoes and some sprouts. And after that we had Christmas pudding and got a sixpence in it.

Kirsty Grant, L.IIb.

At Christmas you get a lot of toys but you have to spend a lot of money. But it means a lot to children when they hang up their stockings and father christmas comes down the chimney and fills their stockings with little presents and the little presents cost about ten shillings and they are so small and they are quiet hopeless.

Andrew Bartholomew, L.IIb.

Christmas time some people give you presents, that is because it really is Jesus birthday. Christmas comes every year in December. It is on the 25th and a week after it is New Year. At Christmas most people get presents. Santa Claus brings presents too. But only to children, he does not bring any to grown ups. He only brings them to good children he does not bring them to bad children. Santa Claus comes from Norway.

Deborah Rushforth, L.IIb.

Christmas is coming. And christmas is very nice. And there is snow out side on christmas day.

And my mummy and daddy give me and my brother some presnts.

Celina Wong, L.IIb.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

At Christmas Santa comes and we get shops and dolls. we get a lot of toys.

That is the day that Christ was born.

When he was born they had a party.

At the party were dsipls and all kinds of people. Christ was met by the dsipls.

We come to reward you they siad.

Jane Kelly, L.IIa.

Father Christmas brings us prezes. He is coming at Christmas. He comes down the chmnay last Christmas I cat a wenday houes. Christmas will be hear son. He has a randeer. Christmas is fun.

Lawrie McGill, L.IIb.

Well Chrismas is good because you get holidays and on Christmas morning I allways like opening the presents I get. Daddy allways keeps the door locked untill we have finshed our breakfast and when I go in there are allways a lot of presents all round the Christmas tree and on it. We also have a long Christmas holiday and when it a bit warmer we get out to play and sometimes gran comes down. I don't know if she is coming down this year.

Alexander Watt, L.IIb.

I like christmas. I think it is so lovly with white snow.

This christmas I am going to lay a tray of biscauts and milk in my bedroom for Father christmas.

Christmas day is a speshl day becaus that is the day of Jesus birthday. Christmas day is on Monday 25 Dec.

Barbara Sim, L.IIb.

I think Crhitmas is beautiful. When I open my Presents. I had a nirses yoono-form. And fiveBooks and two dolls. From Santa Kloss I got a doll that kood cri. It had a botel and a dumpy. I know when Crhitmas is. It is in Dec. 25th. It is on Monday.

Elaine Anderson, L.IIb.

Christmas means very special to me for at Christmas Santa Claus comes and all sorts of things happen. My birthday is near Christmas for it is the second of January. As well as liking geting presents I like giving presents too. I give presents to my mummy and daddy and friends. This Christmas I am asking Santa Claus for a sledge and some rag dolls clothes. Last time my daddy got his presents and so did my mummy.

Carole Grieve, L.IIIa.

Best of all is when santa brings my presents. I like staying up all night because I like seeing santa. And do you know what I got? Well I got a sindy doll. And I got a dolls house. And I got a lollipop. And I got sweets. And I got a pram. And I got a skirt.

Pamela Gray, L.IIb.

WHAT I WANT TO BE WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I will be a petholojist I will do otopsees and cutups then I will go up to the childrens worde to see how they are getting on then I will go into my room and look throe my mykrascope then I will ge down and get my slides and at five o'clock I go home the next day I will come back and go to the head docter and at five o'clock I will go home.

Hugo Nurbhai, L.IIa.

I am going to be a sailor when I grow up to sail the sea. I want to see a island and if I am very good at sailing the ship I could be a captain of the boat then I would wear smart clothes with a sailor hat. I would see that the boat had a lot of steam. if there is not got a lot of steam we shall put more coal.

John Blackwood, L.IIa.

I want to be a teacher. And some times I like to play shops but I am still going to be a teacher. Ilike my pen and geting the lines in to and I have a blackbord to. I have got a desck to I think thate I have all the things I have my handbag allwas.

Carys L. Murray, L.IIa.

THE LOLLIPOP MAN

The Lollipop man stans in the middle of the rode and stops the cars. I like them I like men best. I wood not be one to go rond in the rain. I do not no if the sticks are red and blak or green and black.

Cary Murray, L.IIa.

I went to Gym and we play runing and I fell on top of Jane and Jane was lafing and then we got up and run then the Gym teacher seid to stop and we stop and then the Gym teacher seod us to go and sit in a sircil.

Wendy Forbes, L.IIa.



THE DAY MY DOG ESCAPED

One day my dog escaped. I looked in the garden but she was not there. I went to see if she was in the street. I went to see if any one had seenher. my dog had gone down the street and down to the clif. she had gone into a tunnel. she was looking at the sea and the seabirds. then she ran after the seabirds. she ran along the beach.

John Blackwood, L.IIa.

When I leave school I would like to be a doctor and look after people, and make them better. I would like to work in a ward at Kings Cross Hospital. I would wear a white cotton coat over my clothes and wear white sand shoes. I would drive a car there and back with a black clip bag in the back. I would work three hours a day and be back home to make tea.

Lyn McGovern, L.IIIa.

WHAT I DO AT GYM

At Gym we play trafiklits.

We stop at red. We get reddy to go at yellow. We go at green.

We play Giants. We all sit round a circle and one sits in the middle. One of us have to go and get the leaves.

THE END.

Jane R. Kelly, L.IIa.



Junior Department



MUMMY'S HELPER

I have a little broomstick
Which leans against the door
And every day I use it
To sweep crumbs off the floor.

I have a little duster
And keep it in a drawer
And every day I use it
To clean and dust some more.

I have a little halo
It follows me around
And every day I see it
When more chores I have found.

Elvi Knox, L.V.

Editor's Note: Another saint for the Senior school?

\$TABLE MANNERS

(Sung to tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers")

Onward High School Diners,
Marching forth to eat,
Don't forget your manners,
When you get your meat.

We are not young puppy dogs
Wolfing down our food,
Stuffing is for piggish hogs,
Snatching's never good.

Onward . . .

Don't make glasses tinkle,
Don't spill H₂O,
Never pepper sprinkle,
On others sweet sago.

Onward . . .

Don't shoot peas at teachers
(Save them for your friends),
Say "please" don't be 'reachers',
Manners gain your ends.

Onward . . .

Don't talk while you're munching,
Don't throw custard pies,
Don't play while you're lunching,
Or get jam on your ties.

Onward . . .

Use forks, not your fingers,
Eat up all your chips,
Fried egg always lingers,
If smarmed around your lips.

Onward . . .

Pass what others ask for,
Notice what they need,
Be neat and quiet and pleasant,
That's the way to feed.

Onward High School Diners,
Marching forth to eat,
Don't forget your manners,
When you get your meat.

Jonathan Ralls, L.VI (boys).



THE STORM

The thunder rolls,
The wind comes,
The lightning cracks,
The big tree falls,
The wind goes on,
The wind dies down,
The storm has ceased.

Philip Rogers, L.VII (boys).

KNEE KNOCKERS

Once upon a time there lived a goblin called Knee Knockers. He was called Knee Knockers because from the time he was born his knees knocked together all the time.

He could not go into the library's reading room because he had to be silent. One day he was walking past the bank when he heard the burglar alarm going off. Knee Knockers ran around the street calling for the police. Suddenly the robber ran out of the bank carrying a bag of money. He lifted Knee Knockers off his feet and carried him to his hideout.

When they arrived at the robber's hideout Knee Knockers' knees were knocking together as usual. Outside he could hear the police shouting to each other. One police officer heard Knee Knockers' knees knocking and called the other policemen over. They crept nearer to the knocking and jumped on to the robber and took him to the police station. Knee Knockers got a handsome reward for his knee knocking adventure.

Christopher Shepherd, L.VI (boys).

THE TRIANGLE

Here
Again is
one of those
triangles. The
idea cannot be
regarded as new
Yet it is amazing
that despite its staleness
and its lack of humour almost
everyone will read this all the
way down to the very, very end

Peter Kane, L.VII.

THE SEA

The sea is green,
The sea is blue,
The sea is calm,
The sea is rough,
The sea is the sea.

Stephen Robinson, L.VII.

BLOODY DEATH

Death . . . as we know it
Red, with blood
Pouring from all sides.

The silent night,
The warm close air,
Then the scream.
Sharp, sudden and shrill.

The dagger,
It glints
In the pale, insipid light.

The jewelled handle.
Grasped with tight, clenched fists,
The sweat and frustration.

The pain and agony.
Why did I do it?
Oh, Why? Oh, Why!

Now the Land of Hell,
Nears . . .
As I travel swiftly up, up, up.
The moon and the stars flash by
As I near my home of Death . . .

Anne Henderson, L.VI.

POOR JOHN

John was a boy who just loved fireworks. John could not wait for tomorrow because it was Guy Fawkes. He went down to the shops and bought some fireworks. John bought one packet of sparklers and one rocket and some helicopters. He put the helicopters in his pocket and the sparklers. Then he slipped and his fireworks went off and killed John. He was rushed to hospital but he was dead so never put fireworks in your pocket.

Fiona Crawford, L.IVa.

A VISIT TO THE ZOO

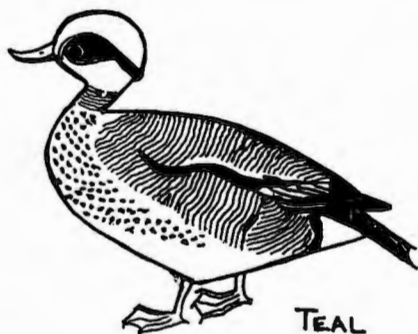
When I was on holiday,
I didn't know what to do,
Until one day,
I went to the zoo.

There were lions and tigers,
And a big kangaroo,
Chimps and monkeys,
And a gorilla too.

There were leopards with spots,
And zebras with stripes,
And we saw antelopes,
Having some fights.

We had some tea,
Before we went away,
And we all agreed,
What a lovely day!

Lesley Hunter, L.V.



DEATH

Slowly . . . the mouse crept along the
floor,
Silently . . . the cat crouched behind
the door,
A pause . . . a spring . . . no escape.

Heather Brewster, L.VI.

THE MONSTER OF THE BLACK FOREST

Michael and I went to Germany for a week.
One day we decided to go to the Black Forest.
So the next day we went right into the middle.
Then night fell. We couldn't find our way back
because it was so dark. So we camped there
for the night. Then we heard a weird noise. We
ran to see what it was. It was a giant Yeti so
we ran for our lives. The Yeti came after us
thumping through the forest with a great roar.
Then a witch swooped down on her broom-
stick. We were trapped. Then suddenly dawn
broke and the two horrors ran off into the
trees. We were so shocked we could hardly
speak.

Alan Carmichael, L.VIa.

SAMUEL'S MANNERS

Samuel is a very bad pony. He has a big
field with a river running through it but still
he bucks, kicks, and bites. He also gets oats,
bread, carrots, and sugar lumps but still he does
the same. He has two lady loves which are in
foal with one mare only four months old but
still he bucks, kicks, and bites. You want to be
careful if you're the littlest when lots of people
are in his field because he runs and jumps at
you and bites just below the shoulder. (This is
at the littlest). He does the least work and is
at the oat bucket first because he pushes and
shoves. So be on the look out: his manners
are not so perfect as they should be.

P. Dick, L.Va.

MY CAR

A funny little engine,
That always needs attention.
The crooked wheels go round and round,
My heart it gives a great big pound.

And with a bump we stop,
And out I flop,
The wheels are stuck
It's just my luck,
When I'm in a hurry.
To get home to some curry,
Just awaiting me, for my tea.

Heather Brewster, L.VI.

A SATURDAY MORNING

The people are many,
In this Saturday frenzy.
They're rushing through streets
It's just like sports' heats.

The traffic jams,
The parking bans.
There's a football match
For football fans.

The policemen and wardens
Are out on the beat,
And if you do wrong,
There is no retreat.

Alan Robb, L.VII.



OLD AGE

Old man why do you sit,
Alone, quiet as if you were dead?
Watching the world go by.
You could be walking,
Talking and glancing.

Old man, you haven't much choice,
But don't sit there sulking,
You're still alive!

You may be poor,
You may be sad,
But you have got some food
So you're not too bad.
But don't sit there sulking,
You're not so sad.

Immanuel Harari, L.Va.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

I found her caravan in a small secluded spot beside the sea. Outside, the caravan looked bright and cheerful, but I had no idea of what terrors it held inside.

The door creaked open, and an old, bent woman came out. Her face was hidden and she wore a long dress. With one bony finger she beckoned me, gesturing roughly that she was a fortune teller.

When we were seated inside she began to rub on a crystal ball. The crystal ball remained blank to me, but the gypsy began to speak. "Yes, you have a short life ahead of you," she said. The crystal ball began to glow.

"There is fear in your life. The spirit of life and death hovers above you, waiting for a chance to strike."

At this she began to rise, stretching out her arms, poised as if to pounce. For one dreadful moment I saw her face. It was an old skull with black hair sticking out at the sides. The jaw moved, and she gave a hoarse laugh. I then understood what the crystal ball meant. She was the spirit of life and death! Then . . . I woke up. It was nothing but a dream; a terrible dream!

Capricorn (Dec. 21-Jan. 19)

Keep in with the social scene—you might be in luck. Don't be down-hearted if you find things going wrong; probably you'll be O.K. and full of beans by the end of the week. Wear a dazzling colour on Friday.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb.18)

You may be occupied with family affairs at the moment, but always try to sympathise even if you feel infuriated with life. Anything green will bring great happiness.

Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)

Don't try and wriggle out of anything important because you're bound to miss out on something. No need to give up a long-standing friendship, but if you need a change by all means make new friends. They'll prove a lot of fun! Lucky day is the 16th.

Aries (Mar. 21-April 20)

If you keep losing your temper, it's because you are over-tired. Get a lot of sleep at the beginning of the week for unexpected invitations are on the way. Don't rush out to buy something unnecessary. Pinks will go down well

Taurus (April 21-May 20)

If you've been putting off something for a while, you'd be advised to get on with it. Don't tease anybody about their special problem, as this could leave you one friend shorter. But don't worry; lucky break on the way.

Gemini (May 21-June 20)

A brother or sister could seem to interfere with your life, but don't get rattled, you'll see the value of it later. You find you've got a lot of spare cash, but watch how you spend it. Don't go out of your way to please someone, play it cool. Wednesday is your lucky day.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

You have been expecting too much of a certain person lately, so give a little. Be wise with your money because you may have to buy extra gifts or necessary items. Wear bright colours, e.g. orange, this week. You will want to be noticed.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 23)

Minor problems soon work themselves out. New hobbies will prove interesting, but you'll need to spend quite a time on them. Someone will go away, but someone new and equally nice will step in. Beware of talkative people.

Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)

A week of concentration ahead, but plenty of interesting possibilities coming up. Someone you will meet in the near future will turn out to be very important to you. Turn a blind eye to his/her faults.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

You feel like being alone for a bit so by all means go ahead. Do your own "thing," don't be influenced by others. Think before you speak, or you will hurt someone you love.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

Always thank people for the smallest gift or else you'll be missed out the next time round. You'll be getting a lot of correspondence this week, answer it promptly; it could mean a lot.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 20)

You're suffering from a sense of aimlessness, a lack of purpose in life. Go and ask someone older for advice, and your troubles will become smaller. Lucky day for wearing blues on Tuesday.



THE LAVA

The volcano erupts, it overflows,
In a black red fury, it explodes,
It crawls down the volcano's side,
Leaving a trail of death and destruction,
Then over the countryside it flows,
Like a merciless giant, on and on it goes.

Philip Rogers, L.VII (boys).



"JACK THE RIPPER"

"Jack the Ripper" was a nineteenth century murderer. He committed seven murders in the most horrible fashion. All his murders were committed in 1888. For six months he had the whole of East London in a panic. For these ruthless six months he was in the headlines then he disappeared. Nothing was ever heard of him after November, 1888. The main suspect was the Queen's great uncle, Prince Edward! He died in 1938. The second suspect was a man named Dr. Armstrong. No one knows if he's alive or dead! The "Jack the Ripper" crime cards say: CASE CLOSED. MURDERER ON THE LOSE!

Robin Clarkson, L.VII (boys).



BATTY BOOK TITLES

"How To Hold A Pen" by I. Wright.
 "Terror At The Zoo" by I. Freda Lyon.
 "Money" by Robin Banks.
 "Little Lambs" by Mary Adwon.
 "Treasure" by I. Robb-Silver.
 "Ancient Castles" by Norman Hall.

THE VOLCANO

On a desolate island far out to sea a Volcano terrifies the lonely islanders. The people scatter in havoc looking for boats to take them off the doomed island. The unlucky ones stay helpless on the island waiting for the orange cover of fiery lava to pour from the crest of the Volcano. Suddenly a great burst of flames spurt from the large volcano then destruction follows. The lava seeps out of the fiery mountain. Everything in its path bursts into flames, the village huts are now nothing but molten lava. The islanders run for the sea to get away from the path of molten fire, but all is lost. To the horror of the people in the boats, who were now far away they watched the island go up in a large genie of smoke.

David Ogilvie, L.VII (boys).

MY LITTLE PUPPY

My little puppy and me
 Went out to fish in the sea,
 He got a big one
 And I got a small one,
 And we took them home for tea.

Lance Barclay, L.IVa.

CHRISTMAS

At Christmas time
 When days are dark
 And Christmas Eve draws near
 And Santa Claus.
 Yes, he works hard all through the year.
 The toys and books he has to make
 Are really quite fantastic,
 The little dolls with bright blue pants,
 And little pink elastic.
 The dresses red and blue and green
 With frills around the necks.
 What fun we have at Christmas
 (And daddy pays the checks).

Jane Ray, L.VI (girls).

REVENGE!

Slowly and carefully, with practised ease, he walked out of the cool shadows into the hot, dusty street, and certain death. Still he kept walking, with slow, deliberate steps, his face a dark space under the glare of the sun.

Suddenly, a thundering of hooves could be heard, and a horse drew up in a cloud of dust. It was now or never! A quick flick of the wrist, and the dark, menacing barrel of a .45 revolver was pointing in the face of the other man. Up till now he had remained unflinching, but now he panicked. The seconds ticked away, one trembling finger resting on the trigger, then with a final effort he pulled it back. A few yards away, a body crumpled to the ground, the once expressionless face white and strained. There was a clink of metal as the revolver dropped to the ground, and its owner looked down at the man he had murdered with an expression of pitying scorn. Then, turning abruptly away, he sauntered back into the shadows, the "law" looking on from the saddle of his horse.

Sarah McMillan, L.VIg.



NONSENSE POEM

One Sunday morning in the afternoon
The sun was shining and so was the moon,
We were all so happy also very glum,
We were doing our writing as well as a sum.

The world was back to front,
And all so very crazy,
I could see clearly,
Although it was hazy.

The lights dazzled me,
But they were not on,
The teacher was sitting at his desk,
Then he was gone!

Ian Tait, L.VI (boys).

FISHWIVES INCORPORATED

We chatter and gabble,
All the daily news.
We're noseys, noseys parkers
Don't you agree?

Our poor old teacher
I pity her!
Her voice . . .
She must nearly need a new one.

Gabble, gabble, noseys, noseys,
Chatter, chatter,
All day long!

Anne Henderson, L.VI.

THE STORM

The thunder rolls
The wind comes
Then it is gone.

J. Sage, L.VII.



THE WILD DREAM

In the house it is silent. "Old Dad Jones," an eighty-five year old miser was sleeping contently. Then a noise! What was it? Another noise. "Old Dad" wakes up and gives a tremendous yawn. Looking at his new alarm clock he said, "Bah! stupid ole 'larm clock, sez on'y one a.m. Stupid fing! Bah!" Then he hears the noise again, getting louder now, twice in quick succession. "Mice!" he said. "Stupid, dratted creatures! Bah!" The noise was now as loud as a locomotive. He jumped up, his stout, short, wooden truncheon in his wrinkle-covered hand, ready to face any oncoming foe.

Then "Old Dad Jones" woke with a cry of "help!" It was 9 a.m. It had just been a wild dream.

Stephen Walton, L.VII (boys).

A TURNIP LANTERN

The lantern flickers with the flame from the candle. A door is shut suddenly, the candle sways and dances, until it regains balance and goes on steadily.

John McCulloch, L.VII.

Autumn brings colour,
Amber, red, orange and gold leaves,
Tenderly falling to the ground.
Underneath a pile of leaves a hedgehog moves.
Many squabbling birds gather noisily on the fences,
Now they set off on their long, tiring journey,
Leaving us far behind in a misty outlook.

Even my tortoise has passed into a heavy sleep.

Apples, and pears are ripe,
Valleys are bathed in misty clouds,
Everything is bare.

Sadly the trees sway in the wind.

Judith Knox, L.VI (girls).



WREN



Senior School

THE LIGHT AREA

In this harsh blinding light,
I see only life,
in its ugliness.
I hear only the strong beat
of the heart —
or is it the rain pounding to enter
on these glass squares?
The light is still with me now,
and,
even by closing my eyes
it penetrates through to me
forbidding me to ignore its presence.
Its power is there
and shall continue
unmercifully.

LISTEN

The heart has stopped —
or is it rain?
Too suddenly
I am afraid.
The lights have gone
Return

I would put up with hell rather than
the darkness known as death.

Jay.

ABYSS

I remember a bay,
Lemon and cool it was, with kaleido-
scope waves
That winked white then plunged to black
Then rose gold to catch the water-sun
that hung,
Sighing in creamy clouds.
I remember how it soaked my eyes and
calmed my mind
Now the soft rhythmic beating of the
sea caressed me
And dried my tears.
Caramel sand, sweet and warm, sprinkled
I lay and watched the water-melon sun
and smelt the lemon air
And became part of it.
And it covered and engulfed me
And I slept.



DESESPAIR

How long must I wait, my love,
Before these thousand grey winters,
Disappear from my mind.
You could make them go, my love,
You alone.
For you brought them,
And left them forever in my mind.
With you, life was always summer.
Lying beside you,
Our two bodies as one,
My life was beautiful.
I need you, need you to make me strong,
For I am drowning in a sea of tears,
Come back, dry my tears,
Let me live again.

Noris, F.V.

THE SCRAPBOOK

The scrapbook. What an effect it has had on my life. And in my mind, I can recall my mother's words at the fair as I prepared to buy the scrapbook from the old woman with the tattered clothes, the harsh, almost cruel, face and the basket filled with scrapbooks of every size, shape, and colour.

Mother warned me not to buy anything from that pedlar or it would have a disastrous effect on me. I didn't believe her—then; even although I had heard of the strange, unnatural occurrences which plagued any person who crossed the gypsy's palm with silver in return for one of those scrapbooks. I remember the bright, shiny sixpence, a special treat from grandpapa to spend at the fair. One sixpence—it doesn't seem right that something like that could ruin a person's life.

The first page. Stuck firmly down on the thick paper is a cutting from our local newspaper. It shows the gypsy escorted by a policeman as she's jailed for stealing. The picture is old and yellow as parchment but nothing can disguise the malicious glint in her eyes, the hate of people, especially me! And the writing beside the photograph tells how the gypsy's last words were, "I'll get her. Yes, nothing will stop me having revenge!"

I shudder and hurriedly pass on to the next page. A picture of a gypsy encampment. I remember father turning them out of our grounds and then there was HER face again, her eyes gleaming with hate as she spat the words at me. "You again! I might have known. But I can wait. My time will come." She had cackled a wicked laugh as our gardener hastened the rest of the tribe out of our grounds.

The next page has a picture of me. But it is a tiny sewn object made to represent me in every way. Even to the pretty blue smock I wore over my dresses to keep them clean. And all over this object, visible only to those who examine the picture carefully are scratches. And now I close the scrapbook looking at the scars covering my body as I recall finding the object after the gypsies had left our grounds.

I stroke my gold wedding ring as I remember Sacha, my husband—son of the gypsy pedlar.

Maybe it is true that gypsies can foretell the future because I had met my husband's mother long before I met Sacha. She never approved of our marriage as she wished Sacha to marry Naraska, daughter of the chief of her tribe. A year after Sacha and I were married, Sacha was run over by a gypsy caravan and his injuries were fatal.

And I remember the nightmares that haunted me after his death. I would wake up screaming with the sound of bells in my ears and the gypsy, smiling, beckoning me to come to her.

I ease my rheumatic bones out of my armchair and pick up my walking stick. Breathlessly, I climb the stairs to the bedroom where Sacha and I slept. I have never been in it since his death and now the happy memories come flooding back, even in this damp-smelling, eerie room. A door in one wall leads into our art gallery. Sacha loved paintings and painting. I pass through the door, my slippers making a curious flip-flap on the tiled floor; a noise which does not seem to suit the atmosphere.

Then I gasp! On one wall all the paintings have their backs to me with one exception. Her eyes glint more maliciously than ever in her brown, grizzly, dirt-engraved face. The painting slides back and a bell starts tolling—louder and louder, it goes on and on, then, with a climaxing bang it stops! A whispering starts as the pedlar descends the stone stairs which the picture has revealed:

"Naraska, Naraska, alas has gone,
To join her Sacha in the world of space,
We need YOU Lucy to be our queen,
So enter and take Naraska's place!"

The bell starts tolling again as I am drawn up the stairs as if by some strange magnetic force. I know what is happening to me. It is as clear as if it were written in black and white. Yes, I know! Then, suddenly, I cease to know.



THE FLOWER-SELLER.

Pollution.

The water, or rather mud, creeps past factories,
Filling up with oil, chemicals and waste.
Once clear now dirty brown,
Will it ever be clean again?

I watch the oil and dirt covering everything,
Killing and uglifying rocks sand and birds.
Once beautiful now disgusting,
Is this the cost of progress?

T-7 mil Balfour.
1961.



MAGIC

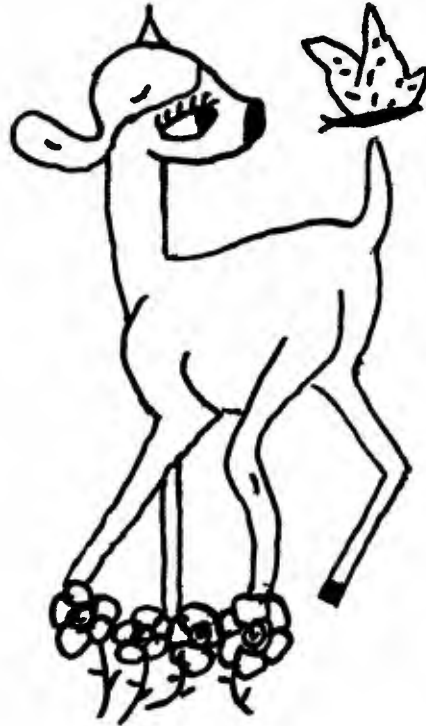
Magic was the password
To a child's world
Once my world
But no more.

This was a world full of joy and
enchantment
This magic land safety and security
Every minute a precious jewel
Forming a priceless necklace.
—A prism
Radiating the sun's rainbow light
But like a prism
Once the sun has vanished,
Dead.

This land was a restless being
Stopping to share its Love and Light
With me.
Part of me
Day and Night.
Then, without a hint
Or a warning
It bounded away.
I had caged it for a while
Captured its joy
And now it was free.

I changed overnight
And was unable to enter
To penetrate the bond of childhood
A barrier wall had grown
And I could not climb it.

Then the horror, the truth;
Wars, fighting, hatred.
All were let loose on me
Enveloping me, choking me with
their evil,
I was unsuspecting—Lost and alone.
The necklace had broken
And could never be restrung.



CHAOS

Champagne, chablis and charmanoke,
You can drink all these but please don't
choke.

Chenille, chiffon and chintonec,
Take your choice and pay by cheque.

Work for your living by chiropody
Then gift the profits to charity.

Cherries, chestnuts and chermaniate
But don't eat chocolate if you want to
lose weight!

Chalcedony, chermini and chrysolite,
These precious stones are all so bright.
Grow chicory, chives and chrysanthemums,
(Make money by selling them to all your
chums!)

A cheetah, a chaffinch, a chicken or
chigger,
Fatten them up and eat them for dinner.
Go to China, Cheshire or Chincerane
But hurry up and come home again.
To chase, to chuckle, to chat or char-
fange—
I know this is childish, but it makes a
change!



1945: AN UNLIKELY TALE

Once I turned the corner of the chateau and saw the long ghostly building, white, in the moonlight, I felt less confident. Suddenly a bat swooped overhead, a dark, eerie shape against the velvet sky. I shivered. Was it my imagination, or did I really see a shadow in the bushes over there?

"Don't be silly," I told myself firmly. I marched up to the great door set in the lovely old walls of the Chateau D'Or, so named because of its golden-coloured roof, and hammered loudly and defiantly on it just to show that I was not afraid. The door opened slowly and a thin, cadaverous butler stood on the step, attired in an immaculate Jeevesan tailcoat and striped trousers.

"Your name?" he asked indifferently. I gave him my card.

"Ah! Miss Sheldon, the English one. You are expected for dinner."

"Scottish," I murmured, and bumped inadvertently into his pocket. Something hard was within; the butt of a pistol.

He was leading me through an armour-lined hall, with the disapproving faces of the Comte's ancestors round the walls, and suddenly, what had first seemed an innocent dinner-party given by the daughter of the Comte, became a mystery, the pleasant old house a nest of spies, and the guileless butler the villain of the piece. At the dining-room door a courteous, portly footman appeared from nowhere and took my wrap. A second footman opened the door, and the spotless butler announced my name to the assembled guests. The dining-room was a triumph of architecture, I noticed when I walked in a moment later. There was a high, arched roof, with scenes of the Crucifixion, obviously, El Greco, painted on the surface. The furniture was English Hepplewhite, and a great crystal chandelier lit up the faces of more than forty people standing talking and smoking.

I am afraid I did not much enjoy that meal. Apart from Josephine, the Comte's daughter, I knew no one, for the guests were mostly of the French aristocracy, and were formal to the last degree. We ate delicious food; pork and caviare, a great roast with apple sauce, hors d'oeuvre of shrimps and salads, and cold puddings of great variety. I have often wondered

if the Comte and Comtesse were able to eat during the next few weeks, for the bill of fare must surely have used all their coupons for months.

Then the Comtesse D'or gave me a large bunch of gladioli that embarrassed me a good deal. What was I to do with these? Seeing my blank expression, the Comtesse silently pointed to one of the blooms. Inside was a tiny screw of paper, yellowed with pollen. I removed the paper and ran to the cloakroom to put the flowers in water. Then I read the note.

"So you have arrived," it read. "We hope to include you in our party of the Resistance. A group of Nazis have come to the Chateau and are forcing us to give them all its heirlooms, which have been given to our government, though they don't know that. Some of them are at dinner, others are acting as servants. They have guns all over them. One of these Nazis is masquerading as the Baron d'Appelle, supposedly a French nobleman; we entrust you with the task of watching him. The Boche have come for good, and they say the guests will never leave the Chateau. Germany, the glorious Fatherland, is winning, so they say, but we will try to save them (the guests) at least. Further instructions later."

The note was signed by the Comtesse. For a moment I stood, trying to take in the amazing content of the few lines. I had lived in France for nearly five years, with my French aunt and uncle, and during the long war I had lived in a remote corner of the Camargue, unnoticed and unsought, for none but the Vichies ventured into the wild marshes where only beasts roam, and where, on a patch of firm ground, Uncle Jacques had built his farmhouse. This was my first real contact with the enemy.

Josephine flitted through, a vision in pale pink, and smiled meaningly.

"You know, my dear?"

I nodded. She took my arm and I could feel her pressing a hard object into my hand. It was a pistol.

"My father, with the Resistance, they have guns," she said softly. "Hide it in your reticule. Come along, now. The dancing is finished and after the speeches and toasts the party is ended. If we want the guests to escape, we must hurry. Remember, those who know will say, 'Vive le République!' in a whisper to you."

In the big hall all the people were toasting

Josephine in champagne. I immediately fastened on to the Baron and his colleagues, the Marquis le Basteheim and the Duc de Bechstein, who were obviously German, but who spoke with would-be French accents and tried to be civil. I knew I must keep these three off the back of the other guests, or the Comte's careful plans would be ruined. Josephine was to keep the other two German "guests" occupied, while the Comtesse employed her temporary staff in clearing the great table in the dining-room. The Comte would then take the thirty-five other guests to the roof, where a helicopter, piloted by one of the Resistance, was waiting.

The next part you won't believe. I don't expect you have credited any of this story anyway. Josephine switched on the radio, and the French announcer said: "... and a public holiday will be declared for V.E. day—"

One of the Germans gave a strange sound. Then he hurried away. The others followed him immediately, and as soon as they had gone out the Comte marshalled the guests together and hurried them out. Josephine and I ran to follow the Nazis. We found them in the hall, preparing to leave, with "staff" around

"Stand back," rasped the false Baron, drawing a gun. Josephine drew hers, and with lightning speed she fired. The Baron was hit in the head. A moment later I was raising a fast failing Baron. With little regret I held him till he passed away.

"He died for his country," remarked the Germans callously.

I took a pot-shot at them, and saw that two of the enemies had gone in the direction of the roof. In their desperate state the Nazis would almost certainly shoot on sight, and dozens of lives would be saved if I hurried. Placing my gladioli on the dead man's breast, I scrambled out of the hall and bounded up the five long flights of spiral steps to the roof, only the thought of the guests trying to escape spurred me onward. I arrived before the Germans, and saw that the helicopter was nowhere nearly ready to depart. Suddenly, below, I saw a squad of British Tommies approaching the Chateau. The Nazis, who had just reached the rampart, saw them too.

"Himmel, Franz!" Two shots rang out. In their desperation, the Germans had shot blindly at the first Frenchmen they had seen.

"Why, Marquis!" said the flabbergasted

guests. The choking voice of one of the dying men muttered a few words. I recognised him immediately. It was the Comte. Shaking with fury and grief, I clasped his hand. Josephine was beside him, weeping.

"Forgive me," he said gaspingly. "I — can't get our guests — away"

I was without words.

"See they are safe, child . . ." he muttered with his last breath.

The Comtesse came running over. "One of the accursed Boche is dead by his own hand, and the other——"

She saw her husband. "Henri!" she cried.

I left her sadly, and saw with a poor satisfaction that the German I had hit was dead.

The Tommies had arrived, and the guests, true servants, the Comtesse and myself assembled outside.

All the Nazis but one, the "Baron" were in British hands, and now, a highly-strung French Countess pointed a trembling finger at the battlements. The face of the baron, lit by a strange, fast brightening light, could be seen there. Then he flung himself over the edge and fell, somersaulting, to the stone paving below.

Death was certain for him, so no one bothered to investigate the macabre remains, for we had a new bother. The German had not left this world entirely without his last little send-off. Before committing suicide, the baron had set fire to the Chateau.

Next morning, amid the ruins, we buried the last of the D'ors. I carved the gravestone, a most harrowing experience, and put: "Died for his country. There has been no better patriot than this man" on it. I was not a Roman Catholic, but attended Mass for him. The Comtesse was to go into a Convent close by, for the loss of the Chateau combined with the death of her family had been too much for her, and she sought the comfort of religion until her death. When all the guests had gone home, I bade a silent farewell to the Father and Patriot, sleeping in the family graveyard, and wandered among the ruins for the last time.

In the one-time kitchens I found a large blood ruby, all remaining of the D'or treasure. Then I turned away and began the journey home. I turned towards Britain, and safety, and happiness, and said good-bye to the Chateau forever, Josephine at my side.

A. Sheldon.



OWL

Marked for their magnificence—
Most splendid of birds,
Renowned for their wisdom—
Professors of all,
Caught for their plumage—
Softer than down,
Envied for their cunning—
Creatures from wild.

The night draws its shadows,
All places are dark;
A dormouse is hungry,
The owl and his hearing,
Working as one,
Dive from the perch
And the dormouse is gone.

The dawning is breaking,
The shadows unveiled,
Bird ceases his war-cry
And flies to the shade;
Sun yawns and stretches
His head o'er the brim;
Owl closes his eyes—
And the danger has gone.

Penelope-Anne.



CONSERVE WILDLIFE



THE REALITY

(with apologies to W. B. Yeats)

I shall arise and go now, and go to Bally-
bog,
And a cramped shack construct there
from mud and branches damp
A cabbage patch will I have there, and
a kennel for the dog:
And live alone in the oozing swamp.

And I shall catch the cold there, for fog
lies round about,
And the drizzle from murky rain clouds
is the worst that you can get—
There midday's black as midnight, and
the rest of time, no doubt
Is just as cold and damp and wet.

I had better go now, for non-stop day
and night.
I think of even worse things to swell
the endless list
As I wait to cross the High Street look-
ing right—then left—then right.
I can hear that people called me "Pessi-
mist."

P.M., F.VI.





With a mask
round their eyes
How does a raccoon
recognise -
His mother,
brother,
or another
?

Joanna.

MEMORIES OF TEACHERS

Use lipstick,
You horrible little creature, you miserable little urchin.
When I was in the forces,
I might have guessed it would be you.
Extra work.
Now, about the central lowlands,
Twice for tomorrow then!
Stop clattering these chairs.
Now sing MAH-IN.
Let's have a little bit of hush now.
FOR ONE!
Vida hollen sie.
Now people, quieten down.
Come on, think, now THINK.
I don't believe it.
Do you do physics in your art class?
Well, don't do art in your physics' class!
That's enough, that's enough
I enjoyed that!

For obvious reasons we remain anonymous.



SMOKING

Smoking is so bad for you,
And all it brings is strife.
And when you die of cancer,
Not one can bring you life.

The smell of smoke does make you
cough,
There only is one answer.
The only thing that you will do,
Is die of smoke—lung cancer.

E.C.

TEACHERS' OUTING

Although the day was so **Gray** and **Coull** when we started that we took our **McIntoshes**, it later cleared up and became a perfect day for a trip to the country. After a few miles we came to a village called **Dryburgh**. Here we met a man who appeared to be a **Hunter**, wearing a **Stewart** tartan kilt. We asked our way to the hills which we planned to climb. He informed us that it was a **Laing** way and that there was a **Forrest** in the way. This put us off, so we decided just to walk to the river.

We crossed the bridge in single **Fyall** and started to fish. By some **Flook** we caught a fish, but then our **Hooks** got caught in the **Reids**, so we decided to give up fishing.

The **Elder** members of the party were hungry so we decided to eat. We had some **Baxter's** soup and brewed some tea in the **Kettles**. After this we proceeded on **Foote** to the bus, drove to the school and returned to our **Holmes**.

Anonymous, F.II.

THE TRAVELLER

The golden road at sunset
A figure trudging down
Across the moor; 'twill soon be night
The figure carries not a light,
He is alone.

He knows not what is lurking
By the wayside scrub.
He has no friend to walk beside;
His last and only friend has died.
He is alone.

The evening stars are peeping.
The sun has gone to rest.
The man must walk; he has no bed
He cannot rest his weary head
He is alone.

The night will soon be over.
The dawn will bring fresh hope
A town perhaps, just o'er the hill
The figure keeps on walking still
He is alone.

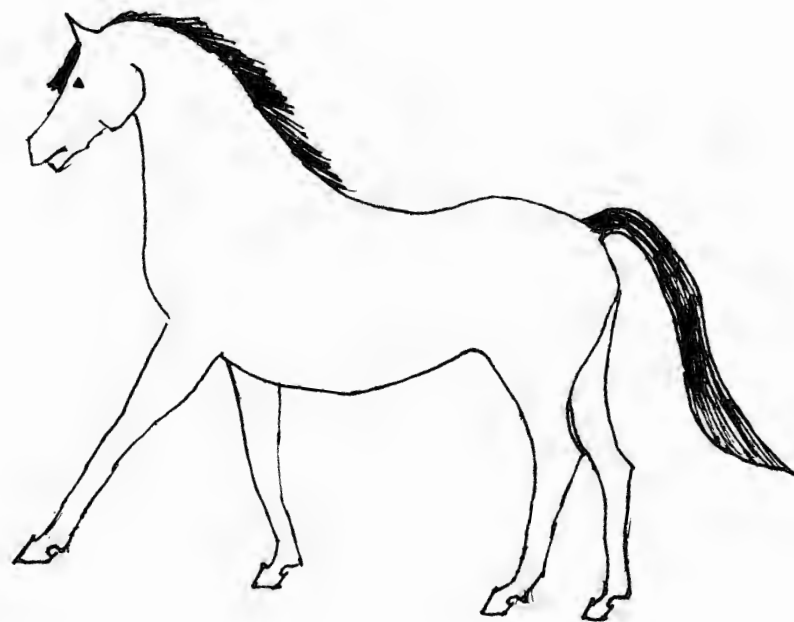
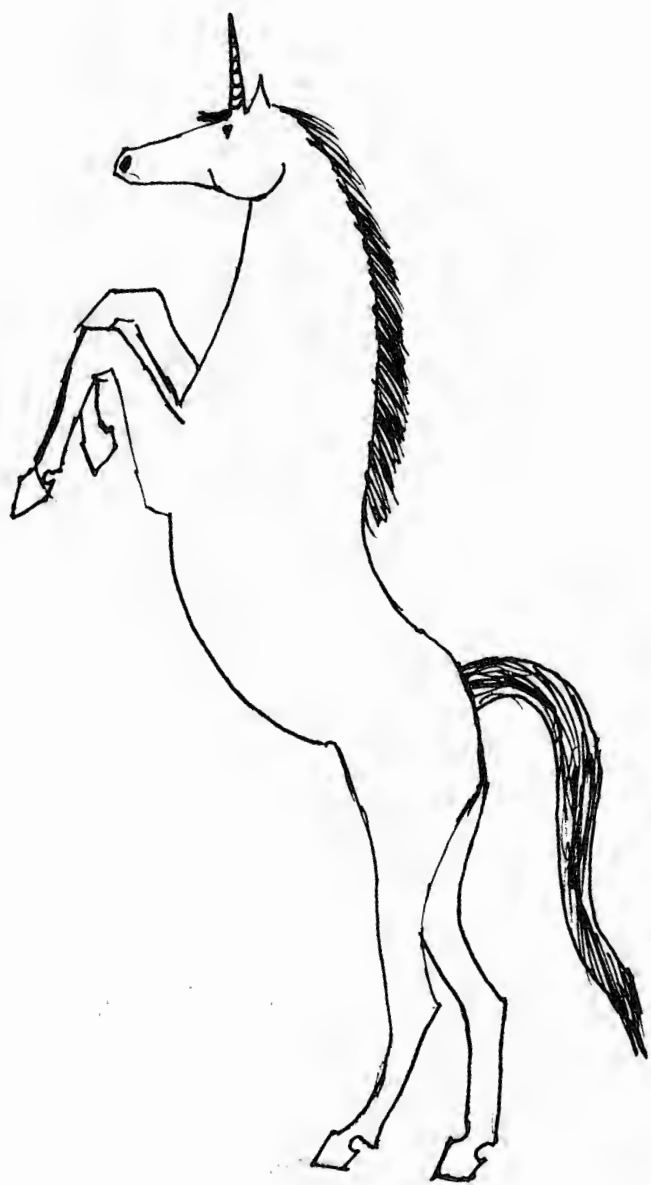
The dawning rays are golden;
The sun's a fiery ball.
The man walks into glorious light,
He leaves behind the silent night.
He is alone.

The Gateman welcomes pilgrims
Into the city of light,
They all have trudged the weary way
Into the everlasting day
All alone.

The figure keeps on walking still.
They join their old companions
Who left them long ago.
Their stained and spotted souls are
clean
They are now what they might have
been
And not alone.

P. Knox, F.VI.







AMAZON EXPEDITION

I left the rest of the party to see what type of conditions I was working under. To the left was a steep gully and hills. Even though the heat was high, snow still lay in scattered blotches on the larger peaks; the only remains of the past, cold, winter.

To my right a large expanse of forest stretched as far as the eye could see. This, I decided, was as good a start as any. So, after helping myself to four of last night's old meat sandwiches, on a full stomach off I set, compass in hand, and the rough map our native pack-carrier had lent me.

Seeing it was not a leisure trip, I thought I would mix work with pleasure and brought my laboratory note-book to jot down facts about the animal and plant life.

Through the thick, lush, green undergrowth, I stealthily crept. The atmosphere was dark but hot and sticky. A canopy of rotten vegetation hung above, entangled with beautiful red and white orchids.

The forest was a mass of colourful creatures, too. On the high branches of a rubber tree a family of green, yellow and blue macaws squawked angrily at me, the invader. Most, though, were more frightened than annoyed; an opossum scurried into its hole; a snake, a harmless variety, slid back into its ferny hide-out. They had experienced humans before. I hoped on another occasion to venture further in; to see animals untouched by hunters.

Some animals took me immediately as a friend. My precious deer-stalker was quickly snatched away by a cheeky-faced baboon. It took me a good ten minutes to persuade the creature to hand it back. That was one of the more pleasant memories of my first mission abroad.

It was nearly midday and the heat was practically unbearable. I found a nice shady basil tree and lay down for a nap. After about five minutes, I jumped up with a start, my back

nipping terribly. Ripping off my shirt to my horror I saw a party of flesh-eating ants, their antennae waving, having a real feast. My back was red with little swollen blotches, bleeding and very painful.

I left my shirt behind but slipped on my jacket and set off again. Within half an hour came to a wet, boggy marsh, overflowing with life. Two large hippopotami wallowed in the mud by the side of the tropical lake. It truly was a beautiful sight. Never before had I seen a flock of flamingos in their natural habitat. A mass of salmon pink plumage. Wings flapping, the one-legged birds scanned the water for fish. One near me had a brood of four, pink blobs of fluff on eight, spindly, red 'stalks' sucking up to mother.

On the other side a pair of pelicans were enjoying a meal, necks bulging as the fish passed down from their immense beaks to their stomachs. Not to be forgotten was the vegetation; a mass of colours, every shade of the rainbow, nothing like Britain.

Much as my enthusiasm urged me to go on, after taking some photos and plant specimens, time was getting on, my bitten back was stinging, and I did not want to be caught in the forest alone after night had fallen.

I took one more glance of admiration and hurried off through the tangled creepers in the direction of camp.

I lost the track often; once I went completely off and landed in a swamp. But after about an hour and a half the trees were becoming slightly thinner. Then disaster struck. Suddenly! Crack! A snake, hissing, wound itself round me. I screamed and reached for my pistol. Alas! I had left it at camp. I struggled to find my knife. No, it was just out of grasp. The snake hissed even louder sensing victory; the forked tongue zipping in and out. Unfortunately I was wearing shorts. I let out a yell, the poison dart pierced in. My chance was to let camp hear me. After yelling three times, to my relief I saw Andres, the pack-carrier, sprinting through the clearing towards me. Speedily his experienced hand sliced the snake's head. Defeated, it fell to the ground.

"My leg," I gasped, "it bit . . ." I just felt a jab of pain as Andres slit the wound and sucked, as I passed out.

Within ten minutes, I was conscious and found my leg neatly wrapped up.

"Come on," said Andres. "You be all right, now," he reassured me in his broken English. Slowly I limped, with Andres supporting me, towards camp, longing for a good rest. It seemed an age till we arrived eventually. I breathed a heavy sigh of relief.

"You no go out in forest again without gun, right?" he said cheekily.

"I'll be off to bed," I said slowly, though I was truly grateful. I was not in a mood for a laugh, my leg was aching and my back—it was agony. Immediately I hobbled to my quarters. I reached to take off my deer-stalker. "Bother! That monkey!" I thought. Then bathed my back.

Lindsey McEwen.



HOCKEY CAMP

When we arrived at Meigle on Saturday, 5th August at 11 a.m. we were shown to our dormitories. There we were told lunch was at 12.20 and there we would be given further instructions.

Our dormitory was crowded. We shared it with older Dundee High girls, and girls from Waid Academy and Perth Academy.

At lunch we were told to meet in the yard at 2 o'clock in hockey kit but without sticks. We were wondering what we were going to do. In the yard we were told we were going to run five miles and then return to our dorms. At the end of the five mile run we could volunteer for a further three mile run. Most of us did.

When we got back we were to have tea. At 7 p.m. there was a football match between the different groups. Eventually, the group I was in came out top. For this we received a pencil at the end of the week.

At 9 p.m. we went to the Assembly Hall to sing songs. This was very good as we were allowed to sing any songs we wished!

On Sunday morning we went to the village church and had to sit through a very long sermon. We had brought money to buy bottles of lemonade. But when we all stood in long queues outside different shops, we were told to go back to hockey camp.

In the afternoon we got our first game of hockey. In this game we were told what to do with the ball when we had it, where to hit it, and different formations. In that first afternoon we had learnt a lot.

That night we watched the teachers play a game of hockey, The Scottish Midlands versus The Scottish, but that wasn't too good as The Scottish Midlands lost.

On Monday my group had a period of stickwork. We were taught different passes and different ways of using the stick when hitting the ball.

In the afternoon we decided not to play hockey as it was pouring with rain and the pitches had flooded. So we went to our dorms and played cards or read.

On Tuesday morning we had a game in which we tried using the passes which we had been taught the previous day. We did not do very well as we did many fouls, but we won.

Rain again on Tuesday afternoon. We were given a book of rules to read and then had a test. The questions on hockey weren't too bad but the questions on Tennis at Wimbledon were terrible. At least for me they were as I had been on holiday then and hadn't seen an English paper.

In the evening we were given a film show on the Scottish Teams international games. We also saw different places where they had visited. But most amusing we saw them water ski-ing.

On Wednesday we had "Positional Play." We were coached by an international player who played our position. We were taught different dodges and how we should use our stick when doing different passes, and where to stand when the ball was in different parts of the pitch.

In the afternoon we came home for a break. In the evening we were to have had a Treasure Hunt but that was cancelled and we played a game of hockey and had another period of stickwork.

Thursday was games all day. We had a tournament in the Scottish Midlands camp.

On Friday morning we finished the Midlands tournament. In the afternoon the first four groups in the Midlands camp played against the first four groups in the Scottish camp. At the end of the tournament my group came fourth overall.

In the evening we went to the Assembly Hall and each dormitory had to sing a song. As we were the youngest in our dorm the older ones threw us out!

On Saturday morning we had breakfast as usual and at 10 o'clock our parents arrived to take us home.

THE HIKER

The moon shines down and picks out a road,
An owl flies over and frightens a toad,
The moon shines down and picks out some trees,
The birds sleep peacefully under their leaves.
Somewhere a small mouse scurries away,
There I can see it, it's made for the hay,
Somewhere a dog bays, somewhere quite near,
I think it's the farmer's dog that I can hear
But the night's so mysterious, so quiet and so clear,
That I'd hate to stay for a year 'O'.

Raindrops I hear, plop! down the gutter,
And in the hens' pen the wings are a'flutter,
And if I had to, I really would stutter,
If I had to stay for a year 'O'.

Somewhere a cow rustles the hay,
And a horse is awake, for I heard it neigh,
And up in the sky the moon shines away.
But I'd hate to stay for a year 'O'.

All the animals on the farm, sleep so peacefully and come to no harm,
But if I were to wander over this place,
I feel a bit frightened and go pale in the face.

It's not so bad when it's in the day,
When I see the hens and the eggs they lay,
And the horses and cows munching the hay,
But I'd never stay for a year 'O'.

Philip A. Jones, Fl.a2.

FRIEND WANTED?

The parrot is a mimic
of many sounds and speech,
Recognized by its plumage
And its ear-piercing screech.

Living to a ripe old age
of a hundred years or so,
In spite of the National Health
You'll be the first to go!

If you want a companion
in a gaily coloured dress,
A handsome, talkative parrot
Will be a guaranteed success!

Lindsey McEwen, F.I.I.

IS THIS YOUR LOST PROPERTY?

Separating sunrise and sunset
Is a Day
Twenty-four hours of unexplored time
With which to experiment.

Don't be afraid
To venture along the path
This day is empty,
But waiting to be filled.

It is like an unsewn tapestry
In need of worthwhile stitches
And as in sewing
This day is what you make it.

Every precious moment
Is worthier than a pearl
You alone have the power
To string them on a necklace.

Don't let a day slip
Through your fingers like a sieve
For sunset ends twenty-four hours of
freedom
Which can never be regained.



A PILGRIMAGE

Wednesday, July 12th, 1972, is a day that I shall long remember. It was the day of an experience which was disturbing and, in some ways, rather frightening.

On holiday, in London, with my family it had been decided that among the other "musts" would be for my father, a pilgrimage he had long promised himself, to the Commonwealth Air Forces Memorial at Runnymede. I was happy to go along with him and I confess at that point it was just another visit for me to a particular place.

We took a Windsor bus from Victoria to a delightful country spot at Ouzley on the banks of the Thames where, in such contrast to the Thames from Westminster pier to Greenwich which we had travelled the day before, all was slow, soft and green, with launches in colours, weeping willows trailing their branches in the water and the most beautiful half-timbered houses whose lawns were the banks of the river.

The weather was frighteningly beautiful, hot, and windless, and the countryside was in high summer. We started back up a long hill to a point where we had seen a signpost, ignored by the bus driver, indicating the path to the memorial. On the other side of the road was another sign, "Cooper's Hill" and it was of Cooper's Hill that Pope wrote "On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow while lasts the mountain or while Thames shall flow."

The area is densely wooded and the whole world seemed strangely silent as we made our way along a curving path until we came to a sign indicating that no cars should be taken past that point. In retrospect, it was at that moment that I realised that this was not just another visit to a particular place. We went on some short distance. I had not bargained for the experience which was to follow.

We passed through two oak gates hung on pillars of soft white stone and there at the end of a gentle slope perhaps seventy-five yards or so away was the memorial. It was quite beautiful. A paved path flanked on either side by silver birch trees and oaks from the royal forests at Windsor led up to the building in that same soft, white stone from Portland with the roof in green tiles of Westmoreland slate and the whole building was against the back-

ground of the brilliant blue summer sky. It would be difficult to do justice to that setting given so generously so that twenty thousand four hundred and fifty-five young airmen's memory may not be forgotten. Having no known graves this is their only memorial.

The Memorial is built around a main tower. Square cloisters enclose an inner quadrangle in the centre of which is the memorial stone. The north side of the square branches out into curved chapels and in the centre of the cloisters on the walls arranged alphabetically, are the long lists of names, so many names, Bowen, Boyd, Brachi, Brady — Richardson, Ridley, Robens, Robinson, and every now and then, in a little cool silent alcove a vase with a little bunch of flowers, and a white card edged in black—a date, "Bobby Watson, his birthday." Bobby Watson would be young airman who one night flew away into the dark and never returned. It made me feel so humble. I was confused. This place was so "correct" in its purpose. There was so much sorrow here and yet it was uncomplaining sorrow. One felt one had to understand.

I was shocked to realise that my father recognised many names whose voices and faces he could still so clearly remember. We climbed the winding staircase which led us out into the heat and brilliant sunshine of that glorious summer's day. Overhead, rose a pole on to which was built a golden Royal Air Force crown and above it a golden star which every night is floodlit and can be seen on Cooper's Hill from the seven counties of England spread before us and receding into the far distance in the summer haze.

What would Alexander Pope, I wonder, have thought of this beautiful place on Cooper's Hill, while down below in full view from the great North windows with the Memorial lay the valley of the Thames and those very meadows of Runnymede where in 1215 Magna Carta was signed?

Now, the Windsor road was busy with cars hurrying past these two symbols of great moments in our country's history. On the far horizon to the north-west we could see the white towers of Windsor Castle and to remind us every now and then that we were living in 1972 a great jet airliner lifted from Heathrow to the east and climbed on its westward journey—Magna Carta, Runnymede, the Memo-

rial and Heathrow. The jet seemed so out of place as they shattered the peace of this beautiful place.

At last we prepared to leave and in some ways this seemed the worst part. We seemed in our leaving to be deserting them, or this is how I felt at the time. Then, something happened which brought it all into focus. A party of very young school children, maybe eight or nine years old, boys and girls arrived with their young teacher, a girl no older than most of the names on the memorial.

When I first saw them I thought they were out of place—that this was no place for them, but as they went through the cloisters whispering to one another and making signs of silence it came to me. They didn't understand. That didn't matter. They were there. They were able to be there. That was what the great sacrifice was about. Little boys and girls in the summer sunshine and twenty thousand, two hundred and fifty-five names in the cloisters on long white tablets of cold white stone.

Philip Ritchie, F.VI.

FOREST LAW

It was already growing dark as I crept through the coolness of the forest. All around was the excited squealing of monkeys and a constant squawk of brightly-coloured birds which perched themselves on the upper branches of a yucuchu tree.

I pushed my way through the entangled branches of a tamarind whose foliage shut out the sunlight. A snake slithered past, the colour of its skin blending with the damp green leaves of the forest. The smell of birds and animals and trees and water surrounded me. I heard a movement of leaves behind me and turned round sharply to see a small tapir scuttle up a punya vine. It stopped, stared at me with its inquisitive little eyes, and carried on as if I was not there.

Twinges of hunger speared at my stomach as I wandered aimlessly through my new surroundings. Suddenly an ear-splitting squawk rent the air. I looked up. Three king-vultures swooped down on a small monkey which lay dead on the ground. Their ripping talons tore at the flesh, and gulped down the delicate chunks of raw meat. Then there was a great flapping of wings, and they vanished into the darkness as quickly as they had appeared.

Struck down by tiredness and hunger, I sank beneath a tree to spend the night. The monkeys still chattered on, maybe slightly dejected by the sight of their friend. The birds were still perched on their tree, otherwise preoccupied.

Drowsiness overcame me; I fell asleep. Above, the sun was a peach of gold disappearing behind the clouds. I slept on.

Sally Dryden.



THE DRUNKEN WOOD

The ripples, overtaking,
Blending, and mingling.
The leaves, rustic, magical,
Crinkled parchment skins.
The sky, heavy, pressing grey,
Lined with fleecy clouds.
The wood, quiet and peaceful,
Sleeping in the hills.
The cobbled lane, rambling on,
To the grimy town.
The animals, so lazy,
In the drunken wood.
Drunken by tranquil silence,
Veiling paradise.
All is still in the haven,
As I pass, unseen.

Virginia McDonald.



A 'POP'ULAR FAIRYTALE

Once upon a time, we set out complete with climbing boots, warm, hard-wearing clothing, pens, pencils and paper all encased in water-proof wrappings to resist the perils we would inevitably encounter during our long and dangerous journey.

With heavy hearts we trekked on for a while. We were both nervous as we had been warned of the perils we would have to face and were quite unprepared for the first one. We were taken unawares; unsuspecting, innocent, we entered the animal's lair. Its eyes narrowed to slits of steel, the breathing became heavy and rhythmical, it tossed its mane around its head while its whole body shook like a volcano on the edge of eruption as it roared in fury.

Terrified we took to our heels. We ran blindly, hoping only for safety and to escape from the clutches of the monster. Eventually we found ourselves hacking a path through a forest willing ourselves to continue, although near exhaustion. Tall, gnarled trees barred our path and overhead grey, ashen branches intertwined, omitting all light. Panic stricken we at last found ourselves at the edge of a rocky mountain-side and slithering and sliding miraculously reached the foot.

Badly shaken we rested hoping for peace and a chance to regain our breath. But to no avail. Without realising it we had come upon our next courage test. As if from nowhere, it appeared. Blue, white, black—the colours swarmed before our eyes!! Without hesitating we retreated only to find ourselves whirling through a mass of air. Down, down down...

We felt the earth's firm hold beneath our feet and unhurt climbed to reach our destination. Before we faced the final test we remembered the perils we had just come through—the Baxter-ised animal roaring 'no' to our plea, the forest of pillars forming the roof over our heads, the danger of the steep precipice of steps, Miss Dickey's blue and white overall and how we practically fell down the spiral staircase.

But now we faced each other in apprehension. After all our trials surely our search could not be in vain?

Trembling, we opened the door. There she lay, lovely as always—the Sleeping Beauty

herself. We stood before her and her eyelashes fluttered. "At last," she cried. "You have come. Now will you ask me?"

"Well . . . er . . . um . . . Mrs McDonald, we are doing an interview for the school magazine and we'd like to know your views on Top of the Pops."

"I'm not giving my views on anything this year, because I gave them last year and they weren't printed!"

"Well, tell us what you think and we'll see if we can have it printed. For instance, would you like to dance with Pan's People?"

"I wouldn't ASSOCIATE myself with Pan's People!"

What better way to end a fairytale? Mrs McDonald has had her views printed and all we can say is:

LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER !!

Laurie Maguire,
Lynn Mitchell.



THOUGHTS

on listening for the 'nth time during Biology
lessons to a hockey discussion!

To listen, or not to listen, that is the
question.

Whether it is better for the mind to
suffer

The post mortems of a hockey match,
Or take refuge in a rat dissection,
And by doing so, feel sick. To go, to
listen

No more and so doing stop dispensing
Sympathy against the thousand hockey
sticks

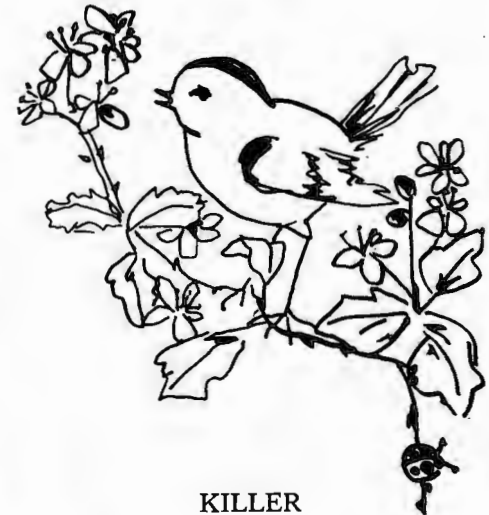
Their flesh was heir to; 'tis a season
(Hockey) to be wished to end, to finish!
To go, but what to see, ay there's the
rub,

For in dissection of that rat what sights
may come

When we have opened up its mortal skin
What shall we see. There's the problem
That causes indecision for so long a time.

By a squeamish non-hockey player.

Auntie
Jayne's
Broth.



KILLER

Flames — stretching up the now char-
coal timbers.

People—huddled together, mesmerised
as the dazzling streaks of light
illuminate their pale faces.

Jets of water sprinkle the blaze; appar-
ently to no avail . . .

The house crumbles —
Bricks and bodies tumble together into
the furnace.

The water is having more effect —
The last flicker of flame disappears into
a mangled mass of smouldering,
steaming rubble.

Hours later: quiet.
The glamour and terror lasted only
several hours,
But the horror and memory of this tragic
incident
Will linger on.

Marion.

RIDDLE

My first is in witch but not in broom,
My second is in lantern but not in gloom;
My third is in treacle but not in drip,
My fourth is in apple but not in pip;
My fifth is in coven but not in dell,
My sixth is in warlock but not in spell;
My seventh is in evening and also in sleep,
My eighth is in water and also in deep;
My last is in turnip and also in neep.

Answer—HALLOWEEN.

T. Stuart, McMain, F.I.

MEDITATION

When hope is dead, then life will cease
to be.
But Autumn is not Winter,
And the Winter but the Spring asleep,
And Spring will put the leaves upon the
tree,

And the earth raise the child from the
bed
Of the golden, fallen leaf
That was new in the springtime,
And has brought hope to life when it
was dead.

And the hills have told the plains and
the sea
Of the hope that lay asleep
Till the Spring, when there hung
One leaf alone upon the tree.

P.M., F.VI.



LOCKED OUT

Once I turned the corner of the chateau and saw the long ghostly building white in the moonlight, I felt less confident.

I was staying with my mother's uncle and aunt in their luxurious French chateau during the summer holidays. Earlier on that day two Spanish girls, Pepita and Susana (also on holiday) had asked me to their cousin's birthday party. As I was feeling rather bored I agreed to go. Excitedly, I had told my aunt and she helped me to get ready.

Now my mother's aunt and uncle are getting old and they are rather forgetful. I told them several times NOT to lock the front door so that I would be able to get in, but, when I arrived home at eleven o'clock that night after having a wonderful time at the party I found I was locked out!

I had to find a way to get in to my room without wakening anybody in the chateau as I didn't want my aunt and uncle to get a chill coming out into the rather cool night to let me in. I sat down on one of the benches in the garden and thought, but my mind would not work.

I started to walk round the chateau and that was when I saw the long ghostly building. Actually it was only the stables belonging to my great-uncle but even although I knew this it did not stop me from jumping when a horse whinnied! The horse really did give me a fright and I lost all the confidence that I had had when I first realised that I was locked out.

My mother's aunt and uncle have a cook called Nicole and she told me once about people in the village saying that the chateau was haunted. At the time I had not believed her but now I was not so sure! A clock somewhere struck midnight and the night was full of strange noises. A bat brushed past my face. I screamed slightly and ran, almost right into the pond in the middle of the large garden! The water was glimmering mysteriously in the moonlight and shapes moved on the surface.

I decided to try and climb up to my window, so I walked over to the wall of the chateau and found a firm piece of creeper, or what I thought was a firm piece of creeper! For when I had climbed only about a foot of the twelve feet or so to my window the creeper snapped and I fell with a bump to the ground.

Suddenly I heard the distant roll of thunder and I desperately tried to think of how to get in, but again my mind would not function properly.

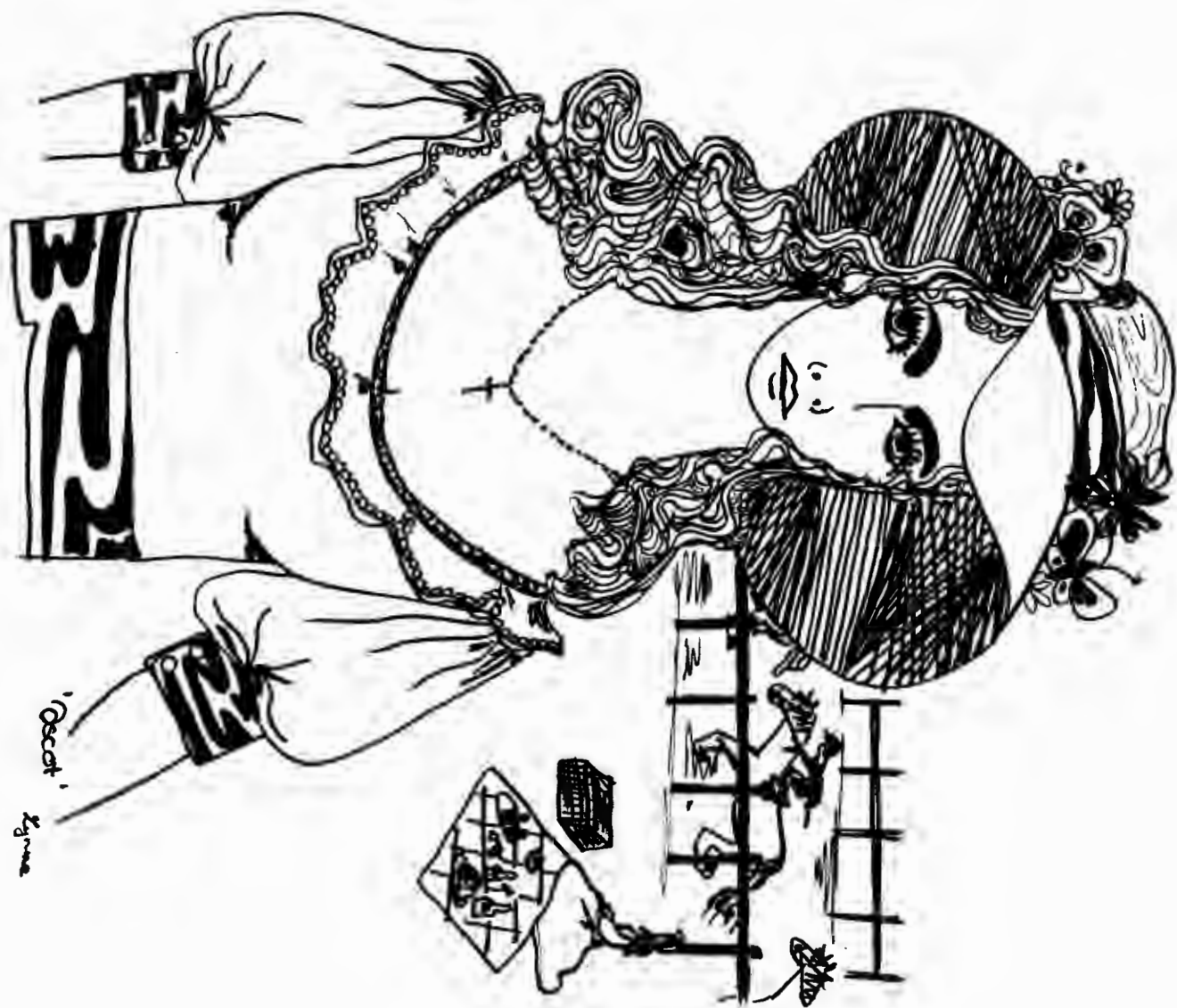
I found myself walking towards the back door of the chateau when I accidentally knocked over a wooden barrel kept near the house. The noise sounded tremendous and I waited for someone to come and see what was going on. My uncle's dog, Caesar, a Great Dane, started barking somewhere in the building and then I saw the friendly, welcoming figure of Nicole at the door.

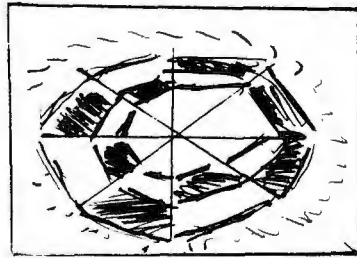
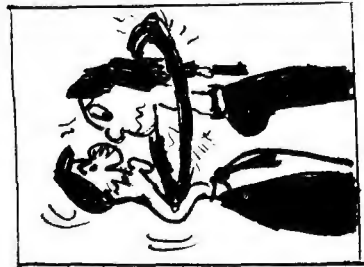
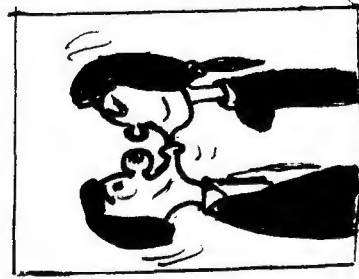
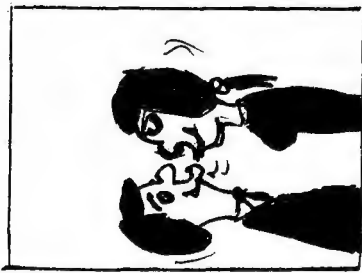
She was astonished to see me there and ushered me quickly into the large kitchen just as the first drops of rain started to fall. Caesar came bounding to meet me and I almost fell over in the rush! Thankfully, I drank the mug of sweet cocoa that Nicole made for me, then I told my story to my aunt and uncle who had joined us.

I then went to bed and slept the clock round (which was until twelve-thirty the next day), despite the angry storm which was raging outside my window.

Mairi Smith, F.1a3.







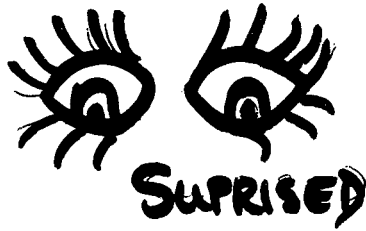
WHY DO
SPANISH
FARMS
PRODUCE
MORE
EGGS???



OLE!
EGGS -
PURE
AND
SIMPLE



HOME WORK FIRST



NEVER PLAY POSSUM

Mrs Lloyd died suddenly while cleaning the windows. She fell off the kitchen stool, smashed the base of her skull against the gas stove and thudded heavily to the tiled floor.

Six-year-old Jimmy, who had just come in from the garden, smiled on seeing his mother flat out on the kitchen floor. Jimmy helped himself to some water and thought to himself, could his mother be "dead," whatever that meant? The faint smile which was displayed on his mother's lips reassured him. No, his mother was playing, and she might even prove more fun than cutting up earthworms in the back garden.

Jimmy picked up one of his mother's arms and giggled as it flapped limply back to the tiled floor when he let go. Mummy didn't move. She was quite good at games and should play more often he thought.

Hurrying into the living room Jimmy grabbed his box of crayons and the pin cushion. He returned to the kitchen and removed the crayons from their box. Mummy was given a pair of black spectacles, a long droopy moustache and a lovely red nose, just like Daddy's. Mummy still didn't move. Jimmy took a pin from the pin cushion and began to prick his mother gently. As this produced no result he

plunged the pin home time and time again.

He was getting hungry and the game had gone on long enough. When he spoke his mother ignored him completely. Even when he screamed and stamped she still only stared at him with the same comical face. This annoyed Jimmy. He opened the drawer in the sink unit and reached for the forbidden vegetable knife. Going back to the body he grabbed hold of his mother's arm and dragged the sharp serrated edge of the knife across her pale skin. Jimmy dropped the arm, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. He was puzzled and afraid.

Suddenly he sniffed, brushed the hair out of his eye with a sweaty hand and went into the living room. He had made a discovery. He understood.

When Mr Lloyd came home from work, Jimmy was waiting for him. He stood up, smiled intelligently, and said to his father, "Mummy's dead!"

Neil Carmichael and
John Langlands, F.IV.



BEACH WALK

Pink wisps of cloud
floated on airless time.
The bird,
ever-seeking,
tried to climb higher
to its pinnacle of success
and reach them.
Below,
was one lone figure.
Imprints were not made on the sand
to show her existence,
yet,
by each footstep
did the sand vibrate
to illuminate her life
as a being.
The cry in the distance
was that of a bird,
calling,
alone
as if for help.
She felt the bird echoed the sounds of
her mind
yet knew not why.
The crying ceased,
like a premonition.
She turned back
on seeing those innocent bystanders
casually speculating
her strange reactions.
The cars passed.
In each one,
she looked,
if only for identity
of herself,
of another.
The man's face peered out
and smiled.
She looked away
avoiding involvement



Lynne

of the obvious.
Thinking back,
she reviewed her actions;
the writing of his name in sand.
A simple action
of trying to communicate with an
invisible force
yet an action
done with the knowledge of disillusion-
ment.
She arrived home,
all previous thoughts—
dispelled.

John left the room. Nobody noticed him go, nobody at all. He felt sick and leant against the wall. The ouija board never lied. Janey was gone. The ouija board never lied. Jane dead. The letters had been spelt out and had fallen on his heart like merciless weights.

Janey was the only one who understood him any more. She had tried to stop him taking a trip. She always wanted to help people. She was in Manchester that night visiting her mother who was in a mental home. The old woman smelled like a pig-sty and rambled on about the Garden of Eden. But Janey still went to visit her.

He walked along the street, telling himself again and again and again that it couldn't be true. Who was it who suggested a seance? Laughing and half asleep he had agreed and the group had gathered round a table and Evelyn had produced the cards and a tumbler. The usual questions had been asked. Can you hear us, spirits? and the rest of that tripe. John had been sure he felt some pressure on the glass from across the board. He looked across at Evelyn. Speak if you dare, said Evelyn's dark eyes. Suddenly she had said, "I'm bored with this, coming John." He had got up and followed her to a bedroom and closed the door.

An hour later she left him and returned to the dim, smoky room. She set the ouija board going and he had joined them, feeling angry and depressed. This time there was no tripe questions. Scrawn said that there was a death, he felt it. Somebody tittered. "No, I know! I feel it. Spirits, is there a death?" The tumbler moved back and fore over the table. It spelt out the dread in John's mind!

He thought this over as he walked aimlessly through the dark streets. The lights weren't ing here. None of your tall orange lamps glowing like fire but just a dark gleam, shadowing against the walls. He was so wrapped up in his drama that he didn't see the car swing into the lane. Its headlights hit him and he was tossed like a rejected toy against the wall. The car was lost among the rubble made by the crash. Its driver died three seconds after John. It was Janey.

Jay.

MRS THOMSON'S FRIEND

Mrs Thomson's whole life changed the day she met a ghost. She really had not meant to tell anyone, but she could not resist telling her best friend about her new acquaintance, who in turn told someone else (in confidence). Soon, much to poor Mrs Thomson's distress, the whole town knew.

On a sunny morning, two smartly-dressed young men arrived and informed Mrs Thomson that they were from the local newspaper and had come to report Mrs Thomson's story. Feeling very discomforted, Mrs Thomson told them how for some time when she woke up in the morning she had found various things rearranged. Then, one night, she had deliberately left something in an obvious place and the next morning it was in a different place. The incident confirmed Mrs Thomson's suspicions that she was being plagued by a night visitor.

Then, one night, Mrs Thomson had lain awake and had seen a ghost appear and walk round the house, examining her possessions and wandering around.

Mrs Thomson was a rather eccentric old lady who lived alone in a rambling house. She had a passionate interest in flowers and divided her day between working in her garden and going for long solitary walks, and drinking tea. Nevertheless the two reporters were astonished at the calm matter-of-fact way in which she talked about the ghost.

Soon Mrs Thomson was being plagued by reporters and photographers who asked prying irrelevant questions and continually flashed lights in front of her face. She even had a visit from some members of the Clairvoyant Society. They wanted to be allowed to see the ghost, but Mrs Thomson would not permit such an invasion of her privacy. After a few months the interest died down and Mrs Thomson and her ghost were left to live in peace. The only further interruption came when a large, fat American with an equally large, fat cigar tried to buy her house which Mrs Thomson refused to sell.

The years passed and Mrs Thomson's family sent a nurse to look after her but she fled when the ghost paid her a visit on her first night. Then one night old Mrs Thomson passed away. Her belongings were quickly removed from the

house in the daytime and the old house barred up.

It has remained like that ever since Mrs Thomson's death—in 1930. No one has dared go near it. The locals still maintain that the ghost lives there and say that on a moonlit night you can see the ghost wandering around the house looking very lonely.



A CRUISE TO REMEMBER

Earlier this year, when I was in Primary 7 of Wellbrae School, Forfar, I went on a school cruise for ten days. We left Greenock on the 27th April. There were twelve other children in my class who came with one teacher. The ship was called the S.S. "Uganda." We visited Portugal, Holland and France.

On the first day on the ship we were just settling in. The second day was my birthday. I was given a birthday cake and we had a small party.

The first place at which we stopped was Oporto in Portugal. This city had many poor people in the streets. We visited many places in Oporto. I liked St. Francisco Church best of all; the walls of this church were covered in gold leaf. It was very beautiful.

We also visited La Rochelle in France. I think that the French houses looked very smart. We spent the morning looking at the historical part of La Rochelle and the afternoon on the beach in the warm sun.

The last place we stopped at was Amsterdam in Holland. This was the most beautiful of all. We spent the day in a very large park-garden called the "Floriada." The tulips were just in bloom and it was very colourful. We went up in a big wheel which gave a wonderful view of the whole garden.

I have made a scrap-book of my cruise. We were each given a badge like this one as a small souvenir of the ship.

Vivien Macmillan.

THE MONEY BOX WHICH BROUGHT BAD LUCK

Maria limped along at her usual slow pace. She was a nice enough girl but quite reserved, always walking about in a dazed, uncertain sort of way. She may walk in the latter way, but she was sharp-eyed and quickly noticed the dark brown shape in the ruins, the results of the last attack the Germans had landed on this small town. Maria picked up the box—a money box playing all to itself. She wound it up a second time when it stopped playing so as to hear the little tune once more. She sat there quite a time just listening to that little, sparkling, airy sort of tune, a dainty melody anyone could listen to for ages.

"Maria, Maria! Come in for dinner now, dear, it will become cold if you stay out any longer. I've been calling for ages." Maria's mother cried impatiently as she spied her daughter sitting in the ruins.

"Yes mother, I'm sorry but I was listening to this tune from this old box. It's lovely!" Maria's mother was so astounded in hearing a gay, happy voice instead of the usual slow, grumpy one and seeing the joyful, contented face instead of the unhappy, stubborn expression that she momentarily forgot that Maria was late for dinner. Maria reluctantly went back to the house with her mother.

Tea was not a very happy affair as Maria broke two dishes whilst washing up and her father was not in a good mood.

"We have had word," he said "that the Germans are coming back. The soldiers have been put on their guard and told to spot anything unusual. We also have to put a sentry on guard at night."

That night Maria took the dirty brown box with the gorgeous tune to bed with her and the following day, to school with her. This was not a good idea as she got into trouble twice for playing the tune in class. That was not all the scolding, she received, one punishment exercise, two pieces of written work and one black mark, the things all pupils, courageous or meek, wished to avoid. This was not like Maria and she was shocked at herself at the end of the day.

On arriving home she was nearly knocked over, just as she was about to open the door her brother, Peter, who looked as if on the

verge of tears, came storming outside, a cloud of smoke and a smell of burnt something or other came cascading after him. He announced in very agitated tones. "The cooker blew up," he breathed. "Mum is all burnt, I'm going for the doctor." And with that he scampered off.

Maria came out of hospital a little more lighthearted than when she went in. She and her dad had gone in to see her mum who was taking strides to recovery. Her father frowned and stated in puzzled tones, "I don't like it, so many things have happened in the last few days. Your bad report, your mum's accident, dishes have been broken, not to mention your accident." The day before Maria had gone outside with her indoors stick and had fallen down some stone steps spraining her ankle. "It's all because of that box you found." Incidentally this family was very superstitious. "You shall put it back tonight, it's brought

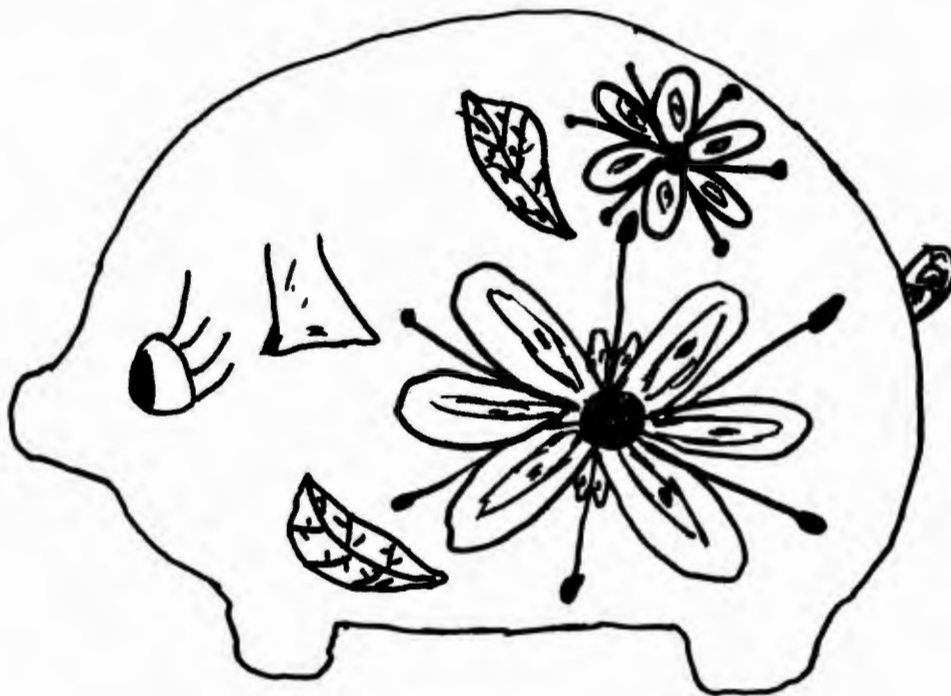
us nothing but bad luck."

Maria was heartbroken, but she was obedient, so at night she set off with the box. Just as she was climbing to the spot where she found it a soldier's voice rang out. "Stop! Who is that? Come here and give your name." Maria stated she was just going for a walk.

"What, did you say something? Stop, I say!" But Maria just climbed up to the place she was looking for. The soldier did not see it was a young girl in the darkness, so priming his gun HE FIRED! The sound of a choke and something falling told him that his shot had been on target.

Maria's father had been right in saying the box brought them nothing but bad luck, but Maria had been too late. Once again the box lay playing on its own in the ruins.

Anon, 1a3.



LOST DREAMS

Where did they go?
Those blackboard days of chalk
And playground games
Where worries passed me by,
Like geese flying south
And life was always summer,
Where did they go?
For now life is endless winter
Of grey, foggy days,
And frozen faces, who neither know nor
care.
When did life change,
Or was it me?

Noris, F.V.

FRIDAY NIGHT

Foggy friday night
bright luminescence
flashing on off on
again
a faceless sea of individuals
infinite in themselves
spew out from the factories
steam mingles with vinegar
a city in garish effervescence
reflections colour the wet road.
Occasionally we pass
the cold hard faces
of the city
the slab grey streets
where they have their homes
Murky quiet pervades:
the town sleeps quietly.

Andrew M. Scott, F.VI.



AUTUMN MORNING

On an empty autumn morning
a white emptiness of sky
startled, a stony track arrows up the hill
crisp but bright: our breath hangs
in polythene bags, from the cold
up the rolling hogsback of the hill
wiry frosted grass clumps are littered
with auburn leaves
the country is tripped bare
bare to the bone
the ribs of trees protrude from
the white emptiness of sky
silent, a few falling leaves turn to snow.

Andrew M. Scott, F.VI.

NIGHT

My love leads me around
through days
and nights
of sleeplessness.
My bed is one vast ocean,
the breakers breaking over me.
The heat is much too great
and your touch is so cool —
like ice.
The dawn is breaking now,
its light pushing through the heavy
curtains
to put me in a spotlight
alone.
You left, like a spirit, with the coming
of the light.

Jay.

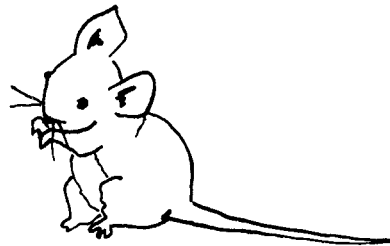
SENSELESS

Mother Nature called,
Beckoning her to view life
Through rose-coloured glasses;
Trying to teach the message,
The simple message
Of existence.
But she was unwilling to listen,
Entombed in loneliness,
A cape of misery
Bilowing around,
Her thin, delicate body.
Isolation.
She gave no resistance,
Made no attempt to escape;
She was oblivious
To the changing world
Confined
To her prison
Of unhappiness.
She journeyed on
But her footsteps became slower
And heavier.
Her courage was waning
She had not the strength
To carry on
Alone.
Now her tears flowed unheeded
And the heavens wept
In harmony.
She lay still
Resting her body
On the sandy shore
At peace.
She had answered the call;
The call of the sea.
Her will was broken.
The tide ebbs,
Then flows again;
But her tide
Has slowly ebbed away
Forever.

TO MAKE YOU THINK

So tired
living endless days and nights
of matchstick eyes
with worlds turning
often
while you sit there
unaware
of turmoil in my mind
Imagine
this world and me—
alone.
Impossible,
wilderness of
trees and plants and grass
with blue, blue sea
stretching out beyond eternity.
Blue sea—

and sun—
Hat yellow—orange ball of fire,
the greatest giver of life,
greater than our two bodies
combining
to make the mewling, pewking babe
who grows
to the conformist man
and dies
the disillusioned stranger.



LIFE

What is life?
Just think.
It doesn't just consist of breathing out
and in and eating and speaking.
There's far more to life than that!
Life is falling up the stairs when you
didn't think there were any there.
Life is putting your big foot in it, or
letting the cat out of the bag and
not looking before you leap.
Life is thinking you're the greatest and
then finding that someone else is
greater than you.
Life is spending money on needless
things.
Jay. Life is "pulling doors marked push and
pushing doors marked pull."
Life is hoping that the boy or girl you
fancy fancies you as well and then
finding out that he or she is going
steady with the person you hate most.
Life is not being satisfied with life.
Life is being disappointed.
Life is finding out things that you would
rather not have found out.
Life is unpredictable and unexpected.

Jennee.

MY OPINION ABOUT "SLEEP"

What is "sleep?" Schopenhauer said, "Our lives are rented from death, and sleeping is an interest toward death." You have dreamt when sleeping, have you not? Sleeping is an interest, we do not need to dream. But I agree with Schopenhauer. When I go to somewhere for the first time, I sometimes feel that I have been there before. During my sleeping, my spirit goes away and "it" sees everywhere. When I go to somewhere, my spirit calls remembrance. But I can escape my remembrance because I have never been before.

I think our lives are temporary, because it is borrowed, and we pay interest to death by sleep. So sleeping belongs to death, it is not ours—our bodies do not belong to death, but our spirits belong to death—. During our sleeping, we are in the same state as if we had departed from life. Some of you do not believe there are spirits among you. If you do not believe there are spirits, my thought is not understood. I believe in spirits, so my thought comes into existence.

Now what is a "dream" when we sleep? As is often the case, when we are tired, we dream. Or if we sleep soundly, we do not dream. I think this is true. Because these thoughts are related to what I said before. A sound sleep is the departure from life, so we do not dream. Our spirits travel and so we die. And when we dream, our minds are tired—mind is a kind of spirit. When we do physical labour, our bodies are tired, so we sleep soundly. When our minds are tired, our spirits do not travel, it is the dream. Because our spirits think, we dream.

Next, what is "death?" I have my own opinion about death. But I don't want to explain about it this time.

I am certain that there is nobody who dislikes to sleep. Most people say, "I like sleeping" or "Sleeping is necessary." I also like to sleep. If we give lots of interest to death by sleep, we are able to have a long life. I would like to think that because I am very sorry that some people think our lives are short.

Eiko Takahashi, F.VI.



BY A STREET DOG

I am a mid-city street dog,
Romping down the street;
Grubbing around in dustbins;
Looking for things to eat.
I'm not very well looked after:
My coat is thick with mud.
I'm always kept outside at night,
Not like a nice dog should.
I hate the well-groomed lapdogs—
Chihuahuas, poodles and pekes.
I'd rather be free and romping,
Nosing in tiny creaks.
I am always involved in fights,
At which I'll bark and bark,
And have a lovely toss and tumble,
And chase cats after dark.
I hate the Tom cat who always "sings"
To his sweet love at night.
One day I'm going to get that cat,
And give it such a fright.
But the worst part of being a dog
Who always walks the street,
Is when the big rush hour is on
And there are lots of feet.
I can't see past the tip of my nose
And I don't know where to go,
I'll try to cross the awful road,
And then it's cars, you know.
But on the whole I enjoy life;
I've learned to live it rough.
Although I'm not too well cared for,
I'm pretty sure I'm tough.
Oh, there's that Tom cat singing;
Excuse me while I go
And stop his awful droning
For evermore, you know!

J.L., F.V.



AUTUMN MORNING

Suddenly a rose-pink streak,
Brightens the bleak, dark morn, sky,
Making wisps of cotton-wool clouds
transparent,
Filling the frosty heavens with a warm
damask glow,
Inspiring the first bird's warble; dawn's
trumpeters announcing the break of
day,
Blurring the delicate ice patterns, which
night's chill so finely made.
The frost-bitten buds reach upwards,
bathing in the shafts of sunlight,
Urging me to rise on this cold Autumn
morning.

Lindsey McEwen, F.II.



TIME—OUR FRIEND AND ENEMY

"Tempus Fugit" said the Romans, and was ever a truer word said? I think not, for, now that you are reading our school magazine, I assume that in a few days it will be Christmas. It seems like only yesterday since one was remarking to one's self about the new shoes and blazers and with them, faces which heralded the start of the past term. The term itself has certainly flown, and, as if by magic, we find ourselves in the Festive Season with the recommencement of '72/73 only two weeks away.

"Hurry up, don't waste time!" must have been the cry in many a household during the past few months. "Must get there early or I will be late." I wonder though, if he or she has ever stopped to consider the time wasted, simply waiting for the bell to ring, the shop to open, or the film to start if the person concerned has not brought with them a book or their knitting!

In present-day society, when time is so scarce, perhaps one should try to fill in odd moments and the minutes would pass more quickly, until it is time to assume the pastime one follows later in the day.

I must stop now (to write my Christmas cards), as there is so much to be done if they are to be ready in TIME for Christmas.

Stephen Davis, F.II.

SNOW

Somewhere in the sky the Snow Maiden sprinkles the world with soft white flakes, covering everything with a thick blanket. Children cry for joy when they see it and leave the trail of their footprints on the ground. Their parents however, groan inwardly as they look on snow as a hazard and not a thing to be enjoyed. As the children play in it, snowballs fly through the air and 'snow-men' sprout from the ground. Night falls and again the Snow Maiden throws flakes on the earth. As the full moon appears in the sky the world below glistens and sparkles because of the blanket of stuff we call . . . SNOW.

Mairi Smith, F.I.

SPANISH TRIP, 1972

Imagine crystal clear sea, pure white sand, cloudless skies, sun drenched beaches, dark skins, lively Flamenco music, mercedes, scooters and intense heat—these all add up to Spain!

We set off at the unearthly hour of six in the morning. All 27 of us plus escorts! Our Watson's coach managed a steady 45 mph down the M1 to London's Heathrow Airport. Our flight to Barcelona left at 10.30. Taking off, we watched the lights of London disappear into the distance. We were on our way.

We landed in a deserted Barcelona airport. The heat was already noticeable. The next hour was hair-raisingly terrifying. The erratic Spanish bus driver had no doubt in his mind that he was a Stirling Moss. With a sheer drop to our left and a ragged cliff face on the other side all we could do was PRAY!

We were amazed to see so many people milling around at so late an hour; to be precise 2 a.m. The town was far from dead. After a few difficulties we all settled down for what was left of the night.

Our hotel, la Cabana, was situated on the beach where we all spent a lazy first day. In the evening we were all amused to find dodgems and a "chipper" just across the road, a home from home.

The trips arranged for Thursday and Saturday were shortened as everyone was enjoying the sun, sea and beach so much.

Our Thursday trip was to Tarragona where we visited the cathedral (1171-1331), and the palace of Caesar Augustus. From the battlements there was a tremendous view out over the bay which included Tarragona's famous amphitheatre. Our guide also took us to the harbour and fishmarket. One of the most enjoyable visits was to the Chartreuse factory where the monks have made this famous liqueur for centuries.

Three of us made the mistake of joining Miss Dobson for refreshments. We chose some poor, unsuspecting café and seated ourselves. Miss Dobson decided it would be a nice idea to have some cakes with our coffee. One of us went with her to the shop part of the café to pick them, and this is when the 'FUN' really started! With much difficulty, due to lack of Spanish, Miss Dobson picked four cakes and took a long

time about it! Her poor companion was meanwhile eyeing up huge sponge cakes filled with what she presumed was cream. When pointed out Miss Dobson became very knowledgeable



and insisted that the cakes were in fact filled with whipped lemon, as, she pointed out, the napkin they were sitting on contained the name 'Léman.' Making a quick getaway after only leaving a 5pts tip (approx 3p) we made our way to the coach. It was then Miss Dobson discovered her mistake—the shop was called "Léman!" We all had a good giggle at Miss Dobson's supposed 'knowledge.'

Friday was spent getting acquainted with our surroundings and lazing on the beach. As a special treat Mrs Williamson, in the evening, took a party to an open air dance, and with her charm managed to get us all in for FREE.

Saturday's trip was a tour of the surrounding district including the monastery at Poblet where the heat was really noticeable. Then our coach took us to Montblanch where we wandered its narrow, ancient streets finding many parts of interest.

By Sunday we were well into the easy, care-free life of the Spanish. The keen ones amongst us often went for swims at about seven in the morning when the beach was deserted, and the water was surprisingly warm for the time of day.

The magnificent city of Barcelona was our last trip. There was so much to see a day was

hardly enough. Our first stop was the Pueblo Espanol, which was an area laid out in all the various styles of Spanish villages. These houses weren't inhabited but there were shops for tourists included in their make-up. The view from the hill looking out over the city of Barcelona was breathtaking. Our packed lunch was eaten in an open-air café. In the afternoon we passed many places of interest including the Bull Ring, the still unfinished Sagrada Familia Cathedral, a replica of the 'Santa Maria,' the Palacia Nacional del Arte, the famous fountains and the Plaza de Cataluna. Barcelona Cathedral has a beautiful exterior and we were all fascinated by the geese kept in the cloisters.

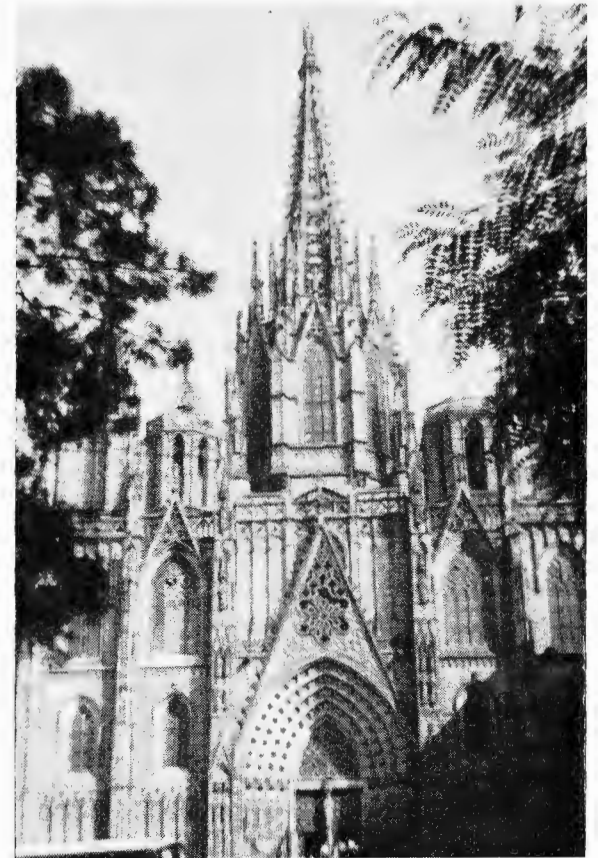
Tuesday was spent packing and saying tearful goodbyes to the many friends we had made.

The flight back was somewhat turbulent turning the McKenzies a beautiful colour of



'green!' Others, who prefer to remain anonymous (for obvious reasons) took advantage of their plight and felt no remorse for the three extra dinners they ate.

Watsons again provided another lavishly luxurious coach to take us back to 'Bonnie' Scotland. It somehow managed to keep up a steady trot through the night on our way home. Our trip had no adverse effects on our appetite as we all consumed a huge breakfast. We returned to Dundee droning happily where our parents were eagerly waiting for our return.



THE WHITE ROSE

The two old men relaxed by the blazing fire, for the time forgetting the driving rain and the flashing storm outside.

"You know, Dougie, the last night I remember like this was a long time ago when I was a boy. . . ."

At that time my father was Minister in the manse down the road. When he had just newly moved in and was making a round of the graveyard, he came across beside an old and moss-covered grave a tall rose bush but though it was summer there were no blooms. He thought it strange but passed by and forgot it.

A few months later, near the beginning of November there was raging one night a storm like this; my father couldn't sleep and went to watch the storm from his window—down in the graveyard beside the old grave on the once-bare bush bloomed one pure white rose which glowed strangely in the darkness. But it was November—no roses bloomed then.

Well, he stood there puzzled for a time and as he watched a figure passed the church gates! A few seconds later something else passed the gates—whether it was a person or not he could not tell but he felt a strange feeling of foreboding and of something not quite natural about the situation—a man out walking in this storm was suspicious but he was being followed too. My father determined to follow them, hastened out of the house and followed the peculiar pair.

They headed out of the village and along towards the wood. My father still could not see what or whom the pursuer was—it seemed just a light blur which flitted from tree to tree as they passed through the wood. He walked on in the darkness, the trees seemed like distorted hags reaching out and grasping to catch hold of his clothes. He began to feel fear surging up in his throat and his blood pounded in his ears. He wanted to run in blind panic but he had to keep relentlessly following the white shadow in front which was lit up in the bright flashes of lightning which burst through the weeping trees.

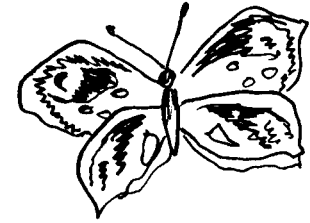
Suddenly, more loud than the thunder a scream rang out—a terrible God-forsaken blood-strangled scream. My father stood horrified, gripped in fear and horror but he knew he must find out what it was. It had come from the

glade ahead from under the large hawthorn bush. He ran up—expecting to see a lying body—but there was nothing there! He looked around and for as far as he could see in the open clearing—there was no one about. Yet it was impossible for a person to run out of sight in that short time far less hindered by an injured person. Yet, as he looked closer, there under the bush lay a glistening knife—red with blood which dripped on to the grass.

My father stood numbed; horrified. Whatever he had expected to see it was not this. He turned away in revulsion—his skin crawling—sickness welling up in his throat but when he turned back it was gone! He searched for an hour but as the rain beat more heavily, search became impossible and he returned home.

In the morning he returned but it was in vain. Weeks passed and as the snows came, his memory faded along with the white rose which had shrivelled and died as suddenly as it had bloomed.

One night, paying a call on a parishioner, an old man who could barely walk, he mentioned the strange incident. The old man's reaction was startling and shaking. My father asked what was wrong. The old man's answer was astonishing: "The white rose in the graveyard was planted by the workmates of John Garvie over his grave. It was strange for it never bloomed. There were rumours that it was because of the violent death of the man over which it grew. John Garvie was walking home from his work in the mines late at night—that night was exactly one hundred years ago on the night you saw these figures. A storm was brewing and he hastened on his way home—but he never reached home. He was found the next day under the large hawthorn bush in the clearing with his throat slit.



DEPARTURE

Even though you go away,
the memory of you,
the scent of you,
on my shirt,
on my body,
lingers.

These are memories time cannot erase
for
always will there be your scent
and your magic
penetrating into my lonely soul
and flooding it with warmth.
There will be other girls
and other scents,
but my black jumper will always be of
you.

Jay.

POOH CORNER

F.V girls have this year acquired a new common room—the guide cupboard in Lil and Betty's was, one Wednesday afternoon, cleared of all its contents and behold! a small and cosy (slight understatement) common room. After a coat of paint, some chairs and benches acquired from the old sixth year dungeons, we were ready to move in. One lunchtime a cupboard warming party was held — and the cupboard was duly christened "Pooh Corner." After acquiring a radio and some wall decorations our happiness was complete! A friendly welcome is extended to all those who want to come and visit us (both sexes, teachers excluded)! The more the merrier—and hotter!

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who made "Pooh Corner" possible—to Miss Gray and Miss Lorimer for supporting us in our effort to find a base camp, to Mr Henahan for providing male strength and for painting our beautiful cupboard, to Mrs Cowieson for letting us have her cupboard, and last, but by no means least, to Lil and Betty for agreeing so readily to put up with us.

F.V.

POOH RULES

1. No Staff.
2. No Feelies.
3. Freedom Always.
4. Air Is Precious.
5. No Sex On Sundays.
6. No Digestives.
7. Alcohol Only.
8. No Homework Between Meals.
9. No Bells.
10. No Sanitary Inspection.



Winnie
the
Pooh



School Activities and Club Reports

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

1st XV Results

Date	Opponents	Venue	F	A
Sept. 9	Harris Academy	H	30	6
16	Dollar Academy	H	15	0
23	Aberdeen G.S.	A	16	6
Oct. 7	Robert Gordon's	H	0	22
21	Melville College	A	15	27
25	Buckhaven H.S.	A	36	3
28	Boroughmuir	H	22	21
Nov. 4	Kelvinside Academy	H	22	20
11	Gordonstoun	A	3	10
15	Dundee T.C.	H	Cancelled	
18	Dunfermline H.S.	A	Cancelled	

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed:—Captain, A. J. Milne; Vice-Captain, G. J. Thomson; Secretary, R. M. Smith; Treasurer, D. J. Hadden. Members of Committee, S. D. Pringle and K. D. Jones.

This year's 1st XV has had a successful start to the season and with a bit of luck could become the third successive record-breaking side. Unlike recent XV's, the strength of this year's team lies in the three-quarter line and a great deal of the success has been due to the power and skill of the backs. The forwards are not, perhaps, as well equipped as past scrums but their determination and enthusiasm has won them a fair share of the possession. However, the success so far has not been achieved without injury problems. Three key players have all suffered knee injuries and one of them, David Hadden, required a cartilage operation. We wish him a speedy recovery.

This year the team was well represented in the Midlands by five trialists, Kenneth Jones, Alan Milne, Stuart Pringle, Robin Smith and Gordon Thomson. All the players performed well and Jones, Milne and Smith were selected for the Midlands Schools side.

The 2nd XV has also had a successful start to the season, winning six games and losing only one. This team's record provides a basis

for next year's 1st XV and many of the players have already shown their paces in the senior side this season.

The 3rd XV has won all of its matches so far and in the process has averaged 35 points per game. Many of the players have shown great potential and I am sure they will be challenging strongly for places in next year's 1st XV as well.

The 3rd year team has had a mixed season so far, while 2nd year and 1st year both have creditable victories against some bigger and heavier teams.

On behalf of D.H.S. R.F.C. I would like to thank all members of staff who give up their spare time to travel and coach the sides and all the parents and former pupils who turn up on Saturday mornings to encourage and support the teams. I would also like to thank the hostesses for serving tea and other refreshments to members of staff and visiting teams.

Finally, I would like to thank sincerely Mr W. D. Allardice, Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr A. H. Hutchison, Mr N. G. S. Stewart, Mr J. Hunter, Mr D. C. Holmes, Mr A. T. Chynoweth, Mr R. Steele and Mr J. McIntosh for their invaluable help to all the teams throughout the school.

Robin M. Smith, Secretary.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

1st XI Results

Date	Opponents	Venue	F	A
Sept. 9	Harris Academy	H	6	2
16	Grove Academy	A	0	4
23	Morgan Academy	A	1	2
Oct. 7	Robert Gordon's	H	1	2
11	Kirkton High	H	5	0
14	Alloa Academy	A	2	2
28	Madras College	A	5	2
Nov. 4	Aberdeen G.S.	A	Cancelled	
18	Perth Academy	A	Cancelled	

Played 7, Won 3, Lost 3, Drawn 1, Goals For 20, Goals Against 14.

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected:—B. McFadzen, Captain; I. Baird, Vice-Captain; S. Ritchie, Treasurer; W. David, Secretary.

The 1st XI have had mixed fortunes so far this season. They have had three convincing wins and a draw in the seven matches which they have played. This is not as bad as it may seem since two of our defeats were closely contested and were only lost by the odd goal. Recent performances have indicated that we can look forward to better results in the second half of the season.

The 2nd XI, under the captaincy of Michael Sangster, have had a very successful season so far, scoring 27 goals and conceding only five. Their only defeat out of six games was in their narrowly lost match against an unusually strong Aberdeen Grammar School team.

Captained by Leslie Whiteford, the Under-16s have played four games, won two and drawn one. They were knocked out of the Gerry Carr Cup by Kirkton High. The Under-16 'B' team have recorded successes in the two matches which they have played. These results show that there is a plentiful supply of talent which augurs well for the future.

Under-strength teams in the School and Under-16 Midlands six-a-side tournaments were the main reasons why the School did not do well in these events. The four players sent forward to the Midlands trials this year were S. Ritchie, I. Baird, B. McFadzen and D. Fridge. We congratulate Sandy Ritchie and Ian Baird on being selected to play for the Midlands Under-19 team. Bruce McFadzen and David Fridge did well to be made Midlands reserves.

We must thank Mr Hutchison for the rigorous training and coaching which has helped to keep team fitness and competitive spirit at a high level. We are indebted to Mr McDonald and Mr Baxter for giving up most of their Saturday mornings to umpiring the first and second teams respectively. Mr Doig, Mr Blyth and

RUGBY 1st XV



Back Row (l. to r.)—J. K. Macdonald, R. B. Hain, N. F. Robertson, J. D. Rose, N. G. Cunningham, G. R. Dudgeon, T. C. Logan, W. A. J. Porter, A. F. McDonald, Mr W. D. Allardice.

Front Row (l. to r.)—I. A. R. Garden, S. D. Pringle, G. J. Thomson, A. J. Milne, R. M. Smith, K. D. Jones, J. D. Hutchison. Absent—D. J. Hadden.

Raymond Kelly, F.VI, must also be thanked for giving up their valuable time to coaching and umpiring the Under-16 teams.

William I. F. David, Secretary.

BASKETBALL CLUB REPORT

Date	Opponents	Venue	F	A
Oct. 16	Perth	H	46	70
Nov. 6	Harris Academy	H	15	15

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected:—Captain, A. Morrison; Vice-Captain, G. Thomson; Secretary, S. Pringle. The Senior team has played only two fixtures against other schools so far this season, losing to Perth and drawing with Harris. The team played well and the younger players showed enough promise to raise hopes for better seasons to come. Our thanks must go to Mr Hutchison and Mr Blyth for their help without which the Club could not exist.

S. D. Pringle.

SAILING CLUB REPORT

Although there has been no official sailing this term, six members have been very busy carrying out repairs to the dinghies and canoes with the intention of putting them in better condition next year than they have ever been. We now have a total of 4 Mirrors, 1 Enterprise and at least 6 canoes.

Funds raised are paying for a new Enterprise mast of the latest design, various fittings and, we hope, new sails.

On the sailing side several members entered the Forfar Sailing Club Frostbite series, our best result being a fifth in the heavy weather race. Enthusiastic members have also been racing regularly in their own boats at the Royal Tay Yacht Club with considerable success, such as last in the Ladies' Race, and 6th out of 30 in the pursuit race.

We hope to begin sailing at Forfar again in the summer term with perhaps some Saturday outings before then, to christen the new Enterprise.

We hope next season to achieve some success with the boats in good condition and the members in top form.

Our main aim will be the Scottish School Sailing Championships and perhaps the Scottish Enterprise Championships if we can find transport.

Our thanks must go to Mr McKenzie and Mrs Kinloch for organising our activities—without their help this Club could not exist.

Wilda Brown, Secretary

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The Chess Club continues to flourish, with a large membership and a great interest in the game. This year, the School team is still in the Sunday Times and the Scotsman Trophies, but has started slowly in the Dundee Adult League.

Last year, although knocked out in the Sunday Times, we reached the finals of the Scotsman Trophy, but unfortunately finished last of four (with Ayr winning). However, Douglas Tudhope, the captain, was unable to play, which was a severe blow to the team's chances. The School team finished third in the Dundee Adult League and won the Dundee Knock-out Adult remitting work in keeping the Chess Club running.

Miriam Little was selected for the Scottish Ladies' Team to play in the Olympiad in Yugoslavia, as was Mrs Elder, giving the High School two out of the three players in the team. Both did very creditably. S. McDonald was third in the Dundee Schools Competition, M. Little being unplaced. The Beckingham Trophy was won by T. Walsh, J. Dick won the Intermediate. The Russell Trophy was won by Lesley Tait, and J. Carnegie won the Special Prize. J. Manslip won the Girls' Prize.

Our thanks must go to the hostesses for their cheery helpfulness, and Mrs Elder for her uniring work in keeping the Chess Club running.

S. McDonald.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

Last season saw perhaps the best team for many years, but unfortunately due to pre-match nerves we never quite made the grade. Nevertheless, we did extremely well as can be seen from the results. In the Dundee and Angus 'D' division we were placed 2nd, two points behind the U.S. Marines; in the nationwide Strathcona Shield we were placed 2nd, one point behind Fettes College, and in the Little Trophy open to boys in Dundee and Angus area under the age of 18 we had four boys in the top six—a remarkable record of "near misses." In addition, three boys were honoured by representing the full Scotland Schoolboys' team in a Postal International versus all the Home Countries. The scores which were released too late for last term's magazine went as follows: Robin Illsley 187 out of 200, Ray Crawford 184, and Andrew Harvey 176.

Internally, the Urquhart Cup was won by Robin Barr and the Findlay Trophy by Andrew Harvey after a "shoot-off" with the runner-up.

With the start of a new season, we have once more joined the League, but having been promoted to the "C" division we are shooting against far superior opposition—a good test of spirit and determination for a now young and inexperienced team.

A mention must also be made of Mr Macfarlane who has kindly offered to come and coach us on some Fridays. This we have already found an extremely interesting and helpful offer, and I would like to take this chance of thanking him for such a pleasant action.

On behalf of the entire Rifle Club I would like to say how sorry we are, Mr Stark, that you have finally left us. Thank you for all the invaluable hours of coaching you have spent for our benefit.

Finally, I would like to officially welcome Mr Steele and warmly thank him, Mr Jacuk, and Colonel Larg for their unfailing support. Our thanks go also to Mr Carmichael without whose help every Friday night, our Club could not exist.

BOYS HOCKEY XI



Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr A. Hutchison, I. R. Morrison, A. N. Watt, M. Sangster, (G.B. Stuart), D. W. N. Fidge, Mr D. P. Macdonald.

Front Row (l. to r.)—T. M. McMillan, I. W. Baird, G. B. McFadden, A. D. Ritchie, S. J. Cunningham.

SKI CLUB REPORT

An official Ski Club has been formed this year due to the enthusiasm shown to various week-end trips last year. Fraser Robertson FVI, Lesley Stewart FVI, Margaret Wallace FVI, Ann Glover FV, and Roderick McKean FV form the committee with the assistance of Mr McKenzie (Economics Dept.).

A trip to the dry ski slope at Hillend in Edinburgh on the 26th November was cancelled, unfortunately, and we hope that more support will be shown in the early months of next year when we go up to the slopes.

Ancrum Road Activities Centre provide equipment, a short slope and a charming instructor to teach the rudiments to two of our classes for beginners, one on a Wednesday afternoon, the other on a Thursday after school.

Margaret Wallace, F.VI

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The following people were appointed at the end of last term to act as officials for session 1972-73:—Joint Chairmen, Sheena McMain and Brian Dye; Secretary, Innes Garden; Minutes Secretary, Elizabeth Gilmour; Treasurer, Sarah Boase.

Meetings for the session began with the customarily entertaining Staff versus Pupils Debate, and since then we have been visited by Harris and St. Leonard's. In the Inter-House Debating Competitions, Wallace was this year's winner. Our team of Alistair Smith and John Gilruth was knocked out in the first round of the Scottish Daily Express Debating Competition for schools, despite a very gallant effort. On a happier note Sheena McMain and Sarah Boase have won their way through the 1st and 2nd rounds of the English Speaking Union Debating Competition. We wish them the best of luck in the area finals in January.

Unfortunately, there have been very small audiences attending this term's debates and we hope that next term will see a sharp increase in numbers. The meetings are well publicised throughout the school, and everyone is welcome to come along to listen and participate. We

would like to remind members of Forms 1-3 that, although they have their own section, attendance at inter-school debates and national competitions would be very much appreciated and welcomed.

We would like to thank those members of the staff whose support and encouragement enables the society to continue to flourish—Miss Gray, Mr Alexander, Mr Fyall, Mr G. C. Stewart and Mr A. Smith. All that remains is to hope that larger audiences will come to enjoy all the interesting meetings arranged for next term.

Elizabeth Gilmour.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

At the beginning of the session six new officials were appointed—Marion Orr, Rachel Walton, Dianne Shepherd, Penelope-Anne Wilson, Katy Langlands and Michael Orr. Under the able guidance of Mr Baxter and Mr Fyall, the society has been thriving, although more members would be welcome. We have had several lively debates, during one of which it was decided that a woman's place is at the kitchen sink—the less said the better. If you want to find out what else goes on, come and join us in Room 16 (Mr Baxter's) on Monday evenings at 4 o'clock.

The Committee.

RUDDIGORE

From Wednesday the 21st of June until Saturday the 24th June, 1972, the pupils and staff presented "Ruddigore," one of Gilbert and Sullivan's lesser known light-hearted operas in the Whitehall Theatre. This was the first time a theatre had been hired for the occasion and it proved a successful venture and made the whole occasion seem more "professional." On all evenings it was well attended with an almost full house on Saturday although, according to the cast, Thursday was the "best" night. Performances improved with each night as confidence was gained and, on the whole,

the audience appreciated the high-spirited enthusiasm of all the singers. Unfortunately, the press attended the first night only and therefore did not receive a true impression of the performance.

Although "Ruddigore" is not one of the most famous of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, it is a very amusing one and the music is pleasant and enjoyable. There are the usual twists of fate and coincidental meetings which make up a confusing and confused situation which eventually sorts itself out so that, in the end, everyone lives happily ever after. There were so many complications in the plot that one had to concentrate very hard on it or the thread of the story would be lost and not regained very easily. It was not until the last scene that everything finally became apparent.

If success and popularity are at all related to encores then Mad Margaret and Sir Despard Murgatroyd were a popular partnership and Mad Margaret was convincingly mad. Their song and dance sequences were encores on three of the four nights. Richard Dauntless provided an excellent hornpipe and various other dances to keep the audience amused. The hero and heroine both played their parts very well and seemed a suited couple, harmoniously speaking. Old Adam Goodheart, a convincing old man, tottered around the stage except when he regained his youth to perform energetic dances! Dame Hannah and the ghost of Sir Roderic Murgatroyd were also in harmony and the ghosts of the previous Baronets, in splendid costumes, played small, but nevertheless very interesting, parts.

Although in the photographs the cast's make-up seems to appear a little overdone, on the stage it looked authentic. The costumes were appropriately gay and the set was well designed and painted. All these factors contributed to making it a polished performance.

Congratulations go to all members of the cast for some very good acting and exhilarating singing, and to the orchestra for an excellent accompaniment. Congratulations must also go to the members of staff and the "behind-the-scenes" pupils who contributed so much to making the whole opera such a success. All that remains is to wish that the next opera will be an even greater success than "Ruddigore."

E.G.

GIRLS' HOCKEY 1st XI



Back Row a c r w ! " # \$ % & r " ' (!) * & * (" & + , " ' r & R R- . & ") ' \$ / * 0

Back Row (l. to r.)—Ruth C. Taylor, Miss D. A. Dobson, Claire F. Macdonald, Fiona Napier, Carolyn S. Smart, Janice A. Proudfoot,

Front Row Alison J. Sim, Anne M. Dargie. ! t B ' 2 . & ' ! w 1 '

Front Row (l. to r.)—Nicola J. E. Millar, Mary E. Grewar, Janet M. Hughes.

Back Row 2nd XV



Back Row (l. to r.)—P. C. Hadden, D. W. T. Dorward, G. P. McDonald, S. W. Martin, I. B. Thomson, B. G. Dudgeon, A. Bath, A. D. C. Duff, A. D. D. Porter, Mr W. D. Allardice.

Front Row (l. to r.)—D. J. Nicoll, G. D. Butchart, F. M. G. Ferguson, J. M. Suttie, J. A. Gilruth, G. S. R. Ogilvie, J. R. Henderson, T. C. Logan, R. H. R. McKean.

SENIOR COMPANY REPORT

The 1972 Annual Cadet Camp, held between the 1st and 12th of July, was once more spent at Aultbea R.N. Boom Defence Depot. The camp programme included activities ranging from canoeing instruction, rugby and football on the beach to overnight exercises in the training area behind the camp offering the cadets experience in camp craft, military manoeuvres and self-reliance. The Platoon Cup was won by No. 1 Platoon under the command of Sgt. Cram and the Bothwell Trophy was awarded to Sgt. Allan.

The cadets were once more pleased to welcome the Rector who took the camp service and presented the trophies.

During the summer several cadets attended Army Cadet courses. These included signals courses at Catterick and Blandford, artillery courses at Larkhill and a leadership course at Frimley Park.

This year the Senior Company is now larger than it has ever been for several years with four platoons of nine cadets in each.

The training programme for this year includes motor maintenance, map reading, orienteering, fieldcraft, weapon training and now, with the assistance of the Tayforth O.T.C., signals section is to be formed.

Part II Trg. is well under way and the Empire Test will be completed this term.

The cadets' activities of mention so far this term include a 30-hr. exercise at Barry Buddon, the armistice parade at which the cadets formed the Guard and a display of artillery equipment from the Arbroath T. & A.V.R.

A ski-ing trip is being arranged by Lt. McKenzie for next term.

Finally, I must thank all the officers for their able assistance towards the administration of the C.C.F.

C.S.M. Jones.

JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

Last year's Annual Camp, again held at Aultbea, was as usual a great success. There was a good turn out of boys from the Junior Com-

pany and Junior Band, and despite the inclemency of the weather on the main exercise I think everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The Junior shield deservingly went to Sgt. Jones and his platoon, while Cadet C. Milne won the Coronation Trophy. A special prize was awarded this year to Cadet S. Carnegie, for being the most promising young cadet in the company. Praise is due to C.S.M. William Boath for his hard work throughout the past year, and especially at Cadet Camp itself. I must also thank all the officers and kitchen staff who make it all possible.

This year we have had a good intake into the Junior Company, although we could do with some more recruits from L.VI. The training programme is well under way, and already we have had a successful week-end exercise at Barry Buddon, which went very well even if the boys did get slightly wet on the assault course.

As an extra activity this year, we have asked the Army Youth Team to come along on a Tuesday evening and give the boys Judo lessons. So far these lessons have been well attended.

Finally, this year's promotions in the Junior Company were as follows—L/Cpl. Thomson to Cpl., L/Cpl. Boath to Cpl., Cpl. Thomson to L/Sgt.

Once again I would like to thank all the officers for their work in the Cadets, and all the N.C.O.'s who work very hard in the training of the boys themselves.

Ronald B. Hain, C.S.M., Jnr. Coy.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

A feature this year is that we have now started weekly lunchtime prayer meetings. These have been well attended and we now have an opportunity to pray and discuss (and argue) together.

Activities have also been started this year aimed mainly at the lower forms and, while the attendance at the Hallowe'en Party was overwhelming, on one occasion it was almost non-existent.

We are grateful to Graham Leitch, S.U.'s east coast worker, for his visits and particularly

for the folk evening he organised which achieved a great deal. Our normal senior meetings have included a tape of an American musical (in stereo!), soundstrips and speakers, and we would like to thank all the people who have helped in these ways. We also thank Mrs Kinloch for all the time she has devoted to helping us and Mr Gill and Mr Baxter for their assistance.

S.M.

GUIDE REPORT

The year started well with the enrolment of a large number of recruits as well as the Brownie Guides who flew up. We are also fortunate in having four girls sitting their Queen's Guide Award. The company in its various patrols have been working on individual projects as well as for the preparation for the Christmas Party which is to be held for 3-5 year olds on 9th December.

The Guides, as usual, were on parade with the Cadets at Armistice and the Guide taking up the wreath was Catriona Collins. We were also very pleased to have Mrs Fallon present.

Unfortunately, we were unable to have a Guide Camp last summer as our Guider, Mrs Cowieson, was married. However, we hope to have a Guide Camp at Glen Esk next summer as usual.

On behalf of the Guides, I would like to thank Mrs Cowieson and Miss Mills for their willing help. Without them, there would be no Guide Company.

J.M.H.

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

This year, a thriving Fri 9 Class has been established, from which the pupils (Forms II-VI) go to visit old people, at home or in hospital.

At the end of last session, an O.A.P.'s outing to Blagowrie was arranged, and our thanks go to all those who drove cars, and helped with the old people. We had a highly successful

evening for pensioners in the dining hall during old people's week when we entertained some thirty elderly ladies and a few gentlemen to a meal.

We are at present busy with Christmas parcels which are, as usual, being distributed to old people and needy families throughout the city and we would like to thank all the staff who help us in so many ways, and especially Miss Gray without whom we would do nothing.

THE SOCIETY

This year we have had to compromise!! The number of members has been trimmed by threats, but after a few close shaves the numbers are again growing.

Both sides had a very good summer but rose sharply in September when they were challenged by the Board.

Room for development was sought by the housing committee but their underground plans were too fiery for the G.P.O.

Although I do not wish to brag this year has also seen the bridging of the gap between F.V and F.VI.

The committee members for this year are:— Chairman, James Montague-Smith; Vice-Chairman, James Montague; Secretary, Jimmy Montague; Treasurer, J. Montague.

Jimmy Montague, Secretary.

SENIOR CHOIR REPORT

This year has perhaps been a slight anticlimax after the opera last June. Nevertheless, under the able direction of Mr W. Hooks, the choir has been preparing for the Carol Service. Mr T. E. Porteous has taken over for the final preparations. Thanks are due to both for their work in organising and running the choir which now sounds in very good form.

C.S.

ORCHESTRA REPORT

The School Orchestra has restarted again this year under the able supervision of Mr Porteous, assisted by Mr Lothian who takes the strings.

The Orchestra is larger than ever before, or certainly in my time at least, and is made up largely from the junior forms and junior school which bodes well for the future of the Orchestra.

We have been working mainly on Haydn's "St Anthony Chorale" and one or two other familiar pieces. The strings are preparing a "Christmas Fantasia for Strings" for the Carol Service which is coming along nicely and should sound very good in the church.

I would like to thank Mr Porteous on behalf of the rest of the Orchestra for giving up his valuable time to aid us.

Alan J. Milne.

JUNIOR CHOIR REPORT

The Junior Choir is in the middle of a very busy Christmas term. We are now rehearsing items for the school Carol Service to be held on the 17th December at St Mary's Church. Later that day we shall be singing at Roseangle Church.

In September we took part in the Festival of Flowers and Music at St Paul's Church. A number of last year's choir members left to join the Orchestra and Instrumental groups. We are missing their voices and so hope to recruit new members after Christmas.

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

PIPE BAND REPORT

The summer term saw the climax to the band's activities when we were presented at the General Inspection, competed at Dollar, although disappointingly unsuccessful, in the Scottish Schools Pipe Band contest and attended annual camp at Aultbea. Everyone appeared to enjoy camp and although the weather was not at its best we entertained at Aultbea and Poolewe where we received warm appreciation. The ranks of the Band were depleted when Pipe Major Barr and Drum Major Walker left us after camp to pursue their careers. Our most recent event was playing at the Armistice Service on the 10th November.

Apart from receiving their normal piping and drumming instruction the Junior Band have participated enthusiastically in Junior Company exercises at Buddon and Tentsmuir.

I would like to thank Mr MacLeod and Mr Mills to whom we are deeply indebted for their instruction and encouragement and without whom the Band could not function.

Pipe Major F. Robertson.

BROWNIE REPORT

The Brownies commenced again in September after the summer break with a full pack. We have enrolled 14 new Brownies. Ten Brownies have gained their Road Badge and all are enjoying obtaining Interest Badges.

Patricia Reid.

GIRLS' HOCKEY REPORT

This season the 1st XI team is led by the following officials:— Captain, Mary Grewar; Vice-Captain, Nicola Miller; Secretary, Pamela Swanney; Treasurer, Janet Hughes.

The season so far has been a highly success-

GIRLS' HOCKEY 2nd XI



Back Row (l. to r.)—Morag J. Houston, Wendy M. Miller, Charlotte A. Green, Patricia M. Cramond, Isabel J. Reid, Carol Sim, Anne M. Dargie.

Front Row (l. to r.)—Caroline M. R. Mills, Susan C. Cramond, Anne E. J. Patterson, Jill A. Beamer.
Seated—Sarah C. Andrews.

BOYS' HOCKEY 2nd XI



Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr J. T. G. Baxter, I. W. Highlands, K. W. Milne, I. J. Stewart, G. M. Maxwell, D. J. Griffiths, H. W. Grant, J. A. Repper, Mr N. Doig.

Front Row (l. to r.)—K. G. Thomson, L. D. R. Foulis, R. F. Simpson, M. Sangster, W. I. F. David, R. E. F. Illsley, A. N. Stirrat.

ful one—the 1st's have only had one defeat and have scored 49 goals as opposed to only 11 scored against the team as is shown in the following results :—

			F	A
Sept. 9	Blairgowrie	H	9	0
13	Morgan	A	2	2
16	Perth Academy	H	1	1
20	Harris Academy	H	6	0
23	Kirkcaldy	H	1	1
27	Grove Academy	H	5	0
Oct. 7	Dollar	H	4	0
14	Albyn	H	4	0
18	Bell-Baxter	H	3	1
21	Madras College	A	5	1
Nov. 4	Morgan	A	5	0
11	St Leonard's	A	2	2
18	Waid	A	1	2
25	Dunfermline College	H	1	1

These compare favourably with last year's results. We sincerely hope that the excitement and satisfaction of this term's matches will continue into next term with the same successes.

The 2nd XI, too, have had a good season—exceptionally so, for they have won all their matches resoundingly except one, with a total of 51 goals for and a mere 4 against—a brilliant new 1st XI next year, no doubt!

The younger teams, too, have been doing well—scoring as many as 12 goals in one match! Form I teams, especially, have been extremely enthusiastic about their hockey—we have great hopes for the future.

This term we had four girls in the Dundee team and three as reserves. Of these in the subsequent Midlands' trials, Ruth Taylor and Mary Grewar were selected for the 1st XI and Janice Proudfoot for the 2nd XI.

We would all like to thank our most able coaches—Miss Dobson, who constantly inspires and encourages us; Mrs Southwell to whom we say a rather sad farewell and thank her for contributing so much of her time to hockey in the years she spent with us; and latterly Miss Duncan whom we welcome most warmly and under whose guidance and fresh approach, I am sure the teams will flourish. Also to all the staff who help us we extend our thanks for their support.

Pamela Swanney, Secretary.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

With the start of the new session Peter Baxter, Ann Ingram and Lois Wilson took over the award scheme. This term has been very successful with bronze awards gained by Helen MacMillan, Jane Bruce and Caroline Shepherd F.4, while a silver award was won by Margaret Clark F.5.

We have had a meeting for bronze, silver and gold candidates discussing what they are going to tackle for the coming year.

At the moment we have a 'Safety In The Home' class for girls at the silver stage, which Mr Forester very kindly agreed to take. Also we have a 'Map Reading' class expertly taught by the 83 Army Youth Team and later in the term we hope to have a practical out on the Sidlaws. In the new year, we hope to start a Police Class for all levels to be taken in the College of Commerce.

We must thank all the members of staff who have helped us this term, especially Mr R. MacKenzie and Miss A. W. Gray without whose invaluable assistance the scheme would not succeed.



"20 more years and we get parole"



"Mr Fyall said he was going to Mars"



"I'll give you 80p the lot, Mr A. . . ."





Former Pupils' Section

"RED ON"

"Up eight hundred, four men jumping," the dispatcher's words were echoed by the winchman and, with a sickening lurch, the balloon car left the ground. I was about to fulfil a life-long ambition but somehow it didn't seem so pressing as it had six months previously, when I applied for an "Elementary Parachute Course." This was the culmination of seven days of doing everything at the double, of paying off mistakes in press-ups often with forty pounds of a "full assembly" on my back.

Looking back now, I remember only snatches of the next ten minutes—almost like looking at the stills outside the cinema after you have seen the film. I remember looking out of the car at about four hundred feet and deciding not to repeat the exercise under any circumstances; I remember taking my own pulse and noting that it was a hundred and twenty. Above all, I remember the silence—the wind blowing in the rigging lines was the only noise that penetrated my conscious mind.

With another stomach-knotting shudder the upward movement stopped. The sergeant who had been responsible for our ground training over the last week immediately dropped the bar from the door of the car. Thank God I'm number four, I thought, quite illogically—gives me another few minutes to review my past. The Flight Sergeant, who stopped counting his jumps at three and a half thousand, went through his checks, flashed us a steely-eyed airborne soldier smile, gave the dispatcher a farewell kiss and ran out the door. His fluorescent instructor's helmet disappeared below our line of vision. No one looked out to see what was happening.

The Flight had gone out as "drifter." He did no steering or drift correction, just hung there. It gave the ground staff an idea of the wind direction and force. No sooner had he landed than the first of the students was called for-

ward. When I opened my eyes he had gone; then the next moved forward and he, too, disappeared.

That only left the dispatcher and myself. He couldn't seriously expect me to jump out that door. "Right sir, you're next, nothing to it really, just remember to keep your feet and knees together." Like a zombie I walked forward to the door and stood in the approved position—left foot on the sill, left arm across the reserve on my chest, right hand grasping the door. Don't look down you tell yourself, look straight ahead, but no, you can't help glancing past your feet at the grass eight hundred feet below.

"Red on!" he bellows, the right hand snaps down across the left—I'm balanced on the edge of eternity. "Green on—go!" I stepped out into nothing. I feel the wind, I feel my stomach coming up my throat, involuntarily I gasp and see my feet, tight together, come up towards my head. It goes on forever, my hand moves to the red handle on my chest, then suddenly there's a flapping noise like washing blowing in the wind and I look up. Thank God—it worked. Automatically I start to do my checks—canopy O.K., all round observation, no one else near me. Suddenly my mind goes blank, what do I do now? Then through the mist comes the metallic voice of the ground staff, "Assess your drift, Number Four." Hastily I look down, which way am I going, keep calm, lots of time yet; slightly backwards, so pull on the front lift webs. After a few seconds it seems to work and I appear to be moving, if anything, forwards. Good, a front landing at least lets you see where you are going. Feet tight together, bend the knees, force the legs back from the hips, toes up, elbows in, head down, a thousand things to remember, it seems.

Suddenly, the grass comes into focus, thirty feet, let up on the webs—brace! It all happens so quickly that I know nothing until I realize it's all over. Hardly a "Falcons" landing, but

at least I did a roll and nothing appears to be hurting me, I'm not even being dragged. Unclick the reserve, bang the box to release the straps, bundle up the canopy into the recovery bag, clip on the reserve and walk off the D.Z.

The next stick of four are hopping from one foot to another, checking equipment they have checked a dozen times already, waiting for the order to climb aboard the now anchored balloon car. "What like?" one says—"Oh, piece of cake," I reply, "just keep your knees and feet together."

* * *

This whole exercise in masochism had begun in an R.A.F. hospital in Cyprus the previous summer. A Flight Lieutenant I knew used to disappear once a week to leap out of a Hercules. He was a "Paramedic" it seemed and would, if pressed, jump out of aircraft in remote parts of the world to set up field hospitals or treat inaccessible casualties. It was he who told me about the "DCI" course which anyone who was physically fit and sufficiently nuts could apply for. As I qualified on one count at least, I filled in the appropriate forms, underwent two medicals, checked on my next-of-kin card and found myself at No. 1 Parachute Training School at R.A.F. Abingdon.

We reported, as instructed, to an enormous hangar on Monday morning at some ungodly hour. Having come in contact with the R.A.F. only in my capacity as a medic (who are well-known for their inability to march, salute or carry out any co-ordinated service-type manoeuvre) I was a bit perturbed to find I was expected to parade, march, etc. However, by dint of following the man in front, I stumbled through the whole rather pointless exercise. R.A.F. Abingdon is responsible for all parachute training within the services so everything has to be brought down to the lowest level which, as every good R.A.F. man knows, is that of the soldier!

There then followed an hour of form-filling (more next-of-kin cards!). They then introduced us to our instructors, all sergeants, all ex-P.T.I.'s, now known as P.J.I.'s (Parachute Jump Instructors) all immensely fit and all looking at us with pitying expressions. I was allocated to a Sgt. Maguire who couldn't have been more than five foot four ("I was six foot two when I started"). We filled in more forms, were weighed and measured ("so that we know which bits have broken off") and the training started in earnest.

Before any form of physical effort greater than sitting down was considered, a "warm-up" was mandatory. The first one reduced me to a quivering jelly. The P.J.I. hadn't even broken sweat. So much for the "circuit" I'd been doing all summer in preparation for what I knew would be a strenuous course! My only consolation was that everyone else looked as bad, or worse.

The training can be divided into three basic parts—the exit, inflight and landing. The first was straightforward enough to begin with—a certain two-step was required to move down an aircraft to the door and then to launch oneself into nothingness. It bore a strong resemblance to the footwork seen at the best school dances so I was in with a start there. However, later on, it became more complicated as we moved to the mock aircraft with full assemblies on.

Inflight training was done with harnesses strung from the roof. There we learned what to do in every situation that had ever occurred and some that hadn't—yet. How to get out of twists due to a bad exit from the aircraft, how to recognise a malfunction, how to pull a reserve, how to control drift, how to land in water, trees, buildings, high tension cables ("face Mecca and pray for a power failure").

The landing training was to cause us most pain. It started with the admonishment that any fool could jump out of a balloon or aircraft from any height he fancied, but it was the last two or three thou of an inch that caused the trouble. Suitably chastened, we started to learn how to roll. From standing on the mats we progressed through graduated ramps five feet high to the "block and tackle." This was a harness that dropped you from about ten feet while oscillating through a sixty degree arc. I have distinct memories of climbing

to my feet after what I thought was a passable imitation of a forward left landing to see Sgt. Maguire on his knees, with his head in his hands, saying in his best P.T.I. voice, "Sir, my four-year-old daughter, my wife and possibly even my mother-in-law can do it better than that—shall we try again, sir?" Biting back comments about his prodigy of a daughter (who, we later decided, must be the star performer in the Falcons Free Fall Team) I pushed my bruised and aching limbs into the forward left landing position yet again.

Don't think it was all hard work, though. We were given lectures, shown films and generally encouraged to enjoy what was, to the instructors, a "fun course." And, as our muscles slackened off, we did enjoy it, even the landings, though I was never to anticipate the warm-ups with any great pleasure.

As we became (slightly) more competent, we progressed to more advanced apparatus. The "fan" was the first step off the ground. Basically a windlass, with fan blades on the axle to reduce the demands of gravity, it caused more terror than it deserved. Thirty feet up seems a long way when you are about to step out. It was there that the brain-washing process started to pay off. Jumping from an aircraft is controlled by two lights. When the red comes on, the first man out brings his supporting hand down from the door across his reserve. When the green comes on, he launches himself through the door. We did this so often that, like Pavlov's dogs, it became a conditioned reflex. When someone yelled, "Green on—go," we automatically did our two-step out the door. This conditioning explains, I think, why there are very few refusals in military parachuting. I lay in bed at night and thought it all out logically—it is a completely senseless act to hurl oneself out of an aircraft at 130 knots and 1000 feet above the ground unless it is necessary; yet I, like thousands before me, did just that. Before I started the course, I worried that I might "refuse," yet when the time came it never seriously occurred to me. How much of this was due to the conditioning and how much to the moral pressure of pride and officer status in front of N.C.O.'s I don't know.

Our first attempt at the "fan" we thought was very successful but the Flight Sergeant who had watched our efforts took us aside and

pointed out that on Battle of Britain Days they charged the kiddies 3p each to have a go! Suitably shamed, we tried again, but somehow we never felt it was worth paying 3p for.

The next step was the tower. This was a seventy-five foot high structure out on the airfield. Twice a day we had passed it on our way to our cup of NAAFI tea, usually with slightly nervous jokes about the dreadful landings the troops who were using it were making. Suddenly their landings looked better—they walked away from them, didn't they?

Seventy-five feet does not sound very high, especially if you say it quickly, but it's just as easy to break an ankle there as it is on the real thing. We were led to the top where we arrived somewhat breathless ("not nervous, just a lot of steps, old chap!"). There a "volunteer" (he scratched his ear at the wrong time) was strapped into a harness and launched into space. When the sergeant persuaded him to open his eyes, he went through his checks and then, while his falsetto No ("Are you ready, sir?") still echoed round the airfield, he started to hurtle (slowly) earthwards. Like all trainee paratroops in times of crisis, he reverted to the habit of a life-time and tried to do a gymnastic landing—feet open, toes first, knees bent. However, it seemed that the hydraulic system controlling the descent needs time to warm up, and he got away unhurt from a rough landing.

One by one we all had a go and slowly began to get the message—do everything we had been taught and it worked. After half a dozen attempts, the instructors no longer closed their eyes and called in the imaginary "medics" that signified you had just broken something. Praise indeed; he even stopped mentioning his four-year-old daughter.

I thought that after the first balloon jump was completed it would be easier to go up again, but if anything the second was more terrifying. I remember trying to take my mind off things, as we swayed our way back to eight hundred feet, by counting the number of effects of adrenaline that I was suffering, but could only think that my bladder couldn't be full again.

It was brought home to us on the second jump just how brain-washed we had become. The sergeant was not impressed by our exits, it seemed, so this time we were told to stand back from the door and take a couple of steps

then "dive out that door as if you meant it."

The first man dutifully stood back two steps and waited expectantly. The next few seconds went something like this—

"O.K., off you go!"

Pause — "Eh, me?"

"Yes you, off you go."

Pause — "Eh, you mean now?"

"Yes, now!"

Pause — "Can't I have a 'go', please sergeant?"

Sigh — "All right — RedongreenGo!"

He disappeared.

Despite the fact that we now felt fully-fledged airborne killers, we still had two aircraft jumps to do. We had spent hours in the mock fuselage in the hangar practising the drills required to get ourselves to the door in the correct position to make a clean exit. This is very important because, as it was explained to us, there's a hundred and forty mile an hour gale blowing out there.

When the day of the first jump arrived we were supposed to be on the first lift at nine o'clock. So by eight-thirty we were all sitting in the standby room in full assemblies ready to go, although it was obvious to all that no pilot would venture further than his bedroom window in that mist. To cut a long and extremely harrowing story short we were stood down, then five minutes later told to standby again. I struggled in and out of that harness about a dozen times that morning, and each time involved a lot of nervous energy.

Eventually, at 2 p.m., it was "on" for certain this time. Somewhat cynically we sarted again. To our horror they suddenly led us out to a Hercules running up its engines on the apron. Up the ramp at the back, everyone glanced apprehensively at the jumping doors on either side of the fuselage ("tail-plane seems very close, doesn't it?"). Up the aisle to the canvas seats, strap in, static line over right shoulder. Some soldiers emplaned after us carrying their weapons' containers—rather than me, this is all going to be frightening enough without doing it with sixty pounds of equipment strapped to your leg.

We start to taxi, wish they would close the doors at the back, all the exhaust fumes are being sucked in. We seem to be taxi-ing to the drop zone. Ah well, it'll make it an easy drop, I think somewhat hysterically. The doors close at last, we stop, the engines roar, the brakes

are released and we start to bump down the runway. It lasts forever—thought the "Herc" had a short take-off?

Gradually the bumping lessens, and we start to climb in a turn; everyone leans on the man next to him, the man at the end curses soundlessly in the noise of the engines.

No sooner are we airborne than we get the "prepare for action." For us it merely means undo our seatbelts, but the troops start feverish strapping-on of weapons' packs. Across the aisle one of the free-fall troops, who are going out at 12,000 feet after we have jumped at 1000 dozes off again. The man next him sucks his pencil and writes in another clue in his crossword. Oh to be so calm. We stare unseeingly around the aircraft, no windows so can't see the ground. I'd never flown in a Hercules before but it didn't hold much interest for me. I suppose I can now say I've flown in one twice but never ended.

Suddeny my ears decompress and there's a howling gale around me. The Air Load Master has opened the port door. The six soldiers with equipment stand up, hook up their static lines and start to check off their equipment and that of the man in front (hence the necessity to have at least one friend when parachuting!).

The A.L.M. puts his thumb in his mouth to signify a dummy run (it took me five minutes to work this out). Meanwhile the dispatchers move up the line, checking, yet again, each man's equipment and his hooking-up.

Then, faintly, above the engines and wind noise, comes "Port stick—action stations" and they all shuffle their way to the door. I can just see the lights above the dispatcher's head. Red on—then an eight second pause before the green—the first man disappears and within six seconds the whole stick has gone. I remember thinking that there's not a lot of point in changing my mind once I'm in the door—the dispatcher's helping push involves both hands with the option of a foot and looks as if it could move a Clydesdale through that door!

Then suddenly it's "Starboard stick, stand up." My rate of chewing doubles in time with my heart rate as I stagger to my feet and hook up my static line. I check it—twice, then my reserve, then my quick release box; I feel the second man check the ties on the back of my main. The dispatcher moves up the stick double checking all we do. I hear the man

behind bellow, "Two O.K." and clap me on the shoulder. Gathering the last of my saliva together, I croak, "One O.K., starboard stick O.K.!"

The dispatcher shouts for "Action Stations" and we shuffle to the door. I grip the door jamb in true drowning man style—the aircraft is rocking and I don't fancy an early exit and a landing on the A34. The edge of the D.Z. flashes underneath and I get the Red on—my arm drops across the reserve. I wait and wait, for the longest eight seconds of my life. Just as I decide it's another dummy run I get the Go and a hefty push in the back. The slipstream whips me away underneath the tailplane, feet first—those boots occupy my full field of vision once again. At least there's no falling sensation this time. I see my canopy developing ahead of me which is a bit disconcerting at first but very logical when you think of it. It starts to blossom and then "breathes" once before taking the strain. Quick check—looks O.K.—no holes, but my rigging lines are twisted just above my head. Surely my exit wasn't as textbook as I thought. Glance around and see the aircraft disappearing and the nearest man must be sixty yards away, so I start kicking out of twists—hardly a position conducive to whole bones!

They come free so I start to steer away from the nearest man. The greatest horror of parachuting is having your air "stolen" by someone directly below you—your own canopy just closes and you fall past the "thief." The process is then repeated with you as a guilty party. Two really switched-off parachutists can play silly devils like that until one eventually hits the deck from about a hundred feet without the benefit if a canopy!

I pull down on one of the lift webs until I seem to be climbing up the rigging lines. The ground rushes away beneath my feet as I side-slip. After about five seconds of this I decide that enough's as good as a feast—anyway it's time to assess my drift. Backwards again so reach high on the front webs and pull down to the reserve. I can hear the Flight Sergeant on the loudhailer telling me to push my legs back so I oblige, although the leg straps are cutting me in two. The last thirty feet all happen in a rush again and suddenly it's all over. This time, however, my canopy doesn't collapse and I'm dragged ten yards across the grass. Unclip

the reserve on one side, roll over on to my stomach, still moving, grab the lower rigging lines and pull them in, all thirty-two feet of them, until I can lie on the canopy. Now I can unclip the main harness.

A very satisfying moment that, when you bang the release box and slip out of the harness; subconsciously you manage to do it like John Wayne would! (Only he doesn't break sweat when he bundles up the canopy, or bend at the knees as he carries it and the reserve off the D.Z.). Somehow the pure terror that was reducing you to an automaton only two minutes earlier is forgotten. Everyone is talking and no-one is listening; if all are to be believed then our stick has just survived the worst drop in the history of military parachuting—everyone had poor dispatching, heroic exits, narrowly missed "rivet inspections" along the fuselage, had fifteen twists right up to the canopy, thought they had a "mal," considered pulling the reserve but courageously waited to see what would happen; had garbled, usually wrong instructions from the ground and yet survived spine-jarring impacts that could have been "stand-ups" only "Flight was watching."

One man is muttering something about his mess bill and we notice for the first time that he's staggering around amid acres of nylon and rigging lines—picked your reserve up by the red handle, didn't you? Pints all round for that.

The whole nerve-wracking procedure was to be repeated the next day to the accompaniment of the same dry mouth, clammy hands and a feeling of immense relief when it was all over.

For this act of supreme devotion to Queen and Country we received thirty-five pence a day extra pay (for the duration of the course only) and a certificate to say we had completed four descents (and were therefore certifiable).

To anyone who wants to know what real terror is, or who merely likes waking up in the night screaming, and tearing at his chest in an attempt to pull his reserve, I can heartily recommend parachuting as a sport.

(F.P.).

1st November, 1972.

c/o Baker,
314 W. Terrace Lane,
Knoxville,
IOWA, 50138, U.S.A.

I think I am probably the most distant of last year's F.P.'s but by writing this letter to you, I feel closer to all my school friends and acquaintances.

I arrived in the U.S.A., August 15th, after a pleasant but boring journey. The highlight of the day was flying over Greenland on our way to Toronto. It was fantastic to see the snow, glaciers and virtually no habitation. Then from Toronto I flew to Chicago and then on to Des Moines, Iowa's State Capital. It was 10°F hotter at every airport en route and even though it was nearly midnight, it was 87°F in Des Moines and humidity was near the 100% mark.

I have settled down better than I ever anticipated, thanks to my American families, school friends and the generally friendly disposition of the people, and now look on Knoxville as my home, at least for the next year.

The way of life is completely different, much more informal and relaxed than in Britain. This is especially obvious in school.

Knoxville High School is a very modern building, first opened around 1960, with a sports stadium and swimming pool on the other side of the road. There is no dress code, anything goes and I mean anything—from blue jeans or "cut-offs" to maxi dresses. We start school at the unearthly hour of 8.15 a.m. but finish at 3 p.m. (with half an hour for lunch). We have an open campus and during any free time or Study Halls we have we are free to leave, go anywhere and do anything we want. Some of the senior boys come to perhaps three classes a day, leave school at 11 o'clock and manage to put in a forty hour working week. There are also several married students in my year. In fact this morning one boy was passing cigars around his friends (and the members of staff) to celebrate the birth of his baby son. As you can see the school differs in more ways than age from D.H.S.

One statement which sums up the differences in the way of life is to be found on wastebins—in Britain we would have something like "dispose of litter properly"; here they read "Stash That Trash!"

Americans have every conceivable electric gadget from colour T.V.'s showing in some areas as many as twenty-five channels and instant ice cube makers to electric toothbrushes and can openers. I think this probably makes for a lazier nation—I am not meaning that in a derogatory sense — many Americans would agree with me.

Iowa is a beautiful state, mostly farming land with corn and hogs being the farmer's "cash crops." Along either side of the Interstates are acre upon acre of corn fields. Knoxville is a lovely little town with a population of 8,000. It is one of these towns where everyone knows one another, making for a friendly, intimate atmosphere. There are so many little differences but the main areas are food, clothes and houses.

A number of girls at High School are not at all feminine in their dress—as I said blue jeans, vests and loafers are the order of the day—at least three or four days a week. However, I have been fortunate enough to visit some bigger cities and have seen some of the "dressier" fashions there. Fashions here are varied but bright, gay colours are most popular at the moment and some of the outfits are super, especially those worn by the coloured girls in Minneapolis.

In Knoxville, houses are brick or wood (no stone). They are all built on blocks, so it is very easy to find your way around. They have no privacy in their front gardens or "yards." In front the house consists of a lawn, trees and a sidewalk which cuts across each garden, no walls, no fences. In the suburbs of a city like Chicago you might well see a Victorian, Edwardian or Colonial style house made of stone. There are always two doors at each entry, the regular outside door and the storm door. The storm doors consist of wood and a very close wire or metal mesh. In summer the inner door is left open but the storm door is closed as a protection against "bugs." (I think Doctor Robertson would find Iowa very interesting—we have beautiful butterflies, locusts, cockroaches, beetles, crickets, and a great many snakes!).

In winter, the storm door acts as a buffer for the inner door and both, of course, are left closed.

Many houses have air conditioning as do most of the cars—it is almost a necessity in the hot

summer months. I should imagine central heating would be a must in winter, if a house is to be kept warm, as temperatures go well below zero.

At school I am taking four subjects this semester and five next. Throughout the year I will have studied sociology, psychology, biology I and II, English literature, American government, theatre arts and clothing III.

You may notice that I didn't dwell too long on academic school activities but really over here school plays a very small part in a teenager's life. With starting early and finishing by three o'clock you almost have two days—one in and one out of school.

There is a great deal more emphasis put on sport and extra curricular activities. I'm not sure whether I am a football fan or fanatic—probably the latter. You would need to be to sit for two or three hours on a stone slab with temperatures around freezing point (or below) watching twenty-two boys throw an oval ball around. The players wear helmets, face shields and padding and look like robots. There is a great deal of 'spirit' or emotion during a game—cheer leaders stand in front of the crowd leading a continuous hand clapping, cheering, shouting and singing throughout the whole game.

I am also a member of six clubs ranging from the school International Club to '4H'—something similar to Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme in that it is in the interest of young people.

I also attempted another new sport—water skiing. The first week after I arrived the Bakers, my first family, and I went out to a local lake with the speed boat. I attempted to water ski—but wasn't too successful. They said, "If you can snow ski, you can water ski." At least with snow skiing you start in an upright position. I was never able to attain that position and the weather will be too cold now until next summer for me to try again. That might be a new sport for you to introduce to D.H.S., Mr McKenzie!

The Seniors had bowling for the first six weeks of school (physical education three times a week). I had never bowled so that it was another new experience. I was part of an Intramural Bowling Team which was placed first after our school tournament. Our team will receive plaques, which will be a nice

memento. I thoroughly enjoyed bowling—though Miss Klabaucha had to work on my style and my weak wrist.

Incidentally, 'Miss K' believes in keeping one fit. Our first P.E. hour we had to run around the football field five times without stopping. She stood on the final side of each lap and shouted at us to make sure we sprinted in. You really have to work hard but it is worth it in the end, only I am glad we only have to go to gym three times a week!

The football, basketball and wrestling boys have to 'work-out' for at least two and a half hours every day after school. They have to be extremely dedicated and enthusiastic as each 'work-out' starts with sixty knee-hand pushups, followed by one hundred toe fingertip pushups. Needless to say we have a great number of very fit, athletic boys around K.H.S. Rules are strict for these boys, no smoking, no consuming beer etc., and bed by nine o'clock the night before a game. They never complain and seem to be quite happy with their routine, the prestige and also the chance of a college athletic scholarship make it all worthwhile, not forgetting their love of sport.

I am also on Student Senate, a privilege given to exchange students and recently visited Iowa State University at Ames with the council committee. We toured the campus which is very beautiful, closed to traffic making it a unit on its own. It is a lovely university combining both old and new. That afternoon I was able to meet with exchange students from all over the State. It was a very enjoyable and interesting experience as what seemed like half the countries in the world were represented. English, of course, was the common language, but it amazed me that forty or fifty foreign students could 'get-together' successfully. We will have several chances to do so in the form of international week-ends—where a school hosts the exchange students for a week-end. The first, which I am to attend, is in Iowa City.

A few weeks ago I went with the Theatre Arts class from school to Minneapolis for the week-end. We stayed in the downtown Holiday Inn and went to the 'Tyrone Guthrie Theater' to see John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." We all had a wonderful time.

The following week I went to an International Convention of Rotarians in Iowa City and on to Chicago for a few days. Chicago is a city

which has to be seen to be believed. It has a beautiful situation on the shore of Lake Michigan, the part nearest the lake being apartment blocks and the downtown shopping precinct. We went up to the top of the highest building in the U.S.A., one thousand, one hundred and seven feet, one hundred storeys high. The view was breathtaking, there was America's second city spread out below you like a city in miniature. The apartment blocks with their open air roof swimming pools that had seemed so tall from street level were now "way down there." We also visited the Art Institute, a lovely gallery with some wonderful exhibits. I was only sorry we didn't have more time to spend there.

The only frightening thing about Chicago is the traffic. On the Lake Shore Drive in rush hour it seems as though all the cars in Scotland would hardly equal the number present there.

I hope to return for a week in February and see a little more of what, to me, was the most wonderful city I have ever visited.

This weekend I went with the Bakers—Pat, Keith and 'my sister,' their fifteen-year-old daughter, Martha—to the college ball game in Iowa City and then on down the Mississippi to Illinois. We visited Burlington, Fort Madison, Nauvoo and Keokuk. The Great Mississippi certainly deserves her majestic title.

When I arrived, as I said, it was in the mid-nineties with humidity also over the ninety mark, making for rather 'sticky' conditions. Now, we are cooling down considerably, We had a record low for the time of year of 14°F. Temperatures may be 20°F but with a 20 mph wind, the actual temperature is way below zero. In winter temperatures can reach 25°. I think I'd rather have the 'sticky' kind. Today it has been around 40°F all day, but tomorrow it could be 70°F—that's the way it goes here.

You can gather from this brief resumé of my stay so far that I am having a wonderful time—a chance in a lifetime! I only wish everyone could be an exchange student once in their life!

I hope that all pupils and members of staff have a pleasant and successful year. I also wish all my friends in Dundee a Very Happy Christmas and a prosperous forthcoming year.

I am looking forward to seeing you all on my return.

Love to all,
Jennifer Wilson.

OLD BOYS' CLUB

The Annual Dinner of the Club was held at The Chamber of Commerce Club on 1st December 1972 when 102 people attended. Lord Provost W. K. Fitzgerald, who is ex-officio Chairman of the School Directors, was guest of honour and he proposed the health of the School and Club. He described the School as a powerhouse for the city, continuing to produce people who often, quietly and unseen, contributed a great deal for the benefit of the community. "In these days," he said, "there are too many people who have other means, other ways and other ideas as to how we should change the face of this country. It is all the more important that we should maintain the establishment, despite the fact that it is mocked at by a great many. What is called the establishment believes in Queen, in the country in loyalty and that any change which is to take place should come about by democratic processes. I am certain that all here belong to it." Mr David A. Shepherd, a Director, replied on behalf of the School and Mr Ronald Barclay, our President, replied on behalf of the Club. Mr Barclay also presented the Club Golf Trophy to Mr D. B. Reid and the Angling Trophy to Mr I. Carlton. Mr R. S. Wood, Vice-President, gave the vote of thanks. The speeches were concluded by 10 p.m., something which no one could remember having happened before, and members and their guests had more time than usual for informal convivialities.

The Appeal Fund has now reached, £88,000 received from 480 donors consisting of former pupils, parents, businesses and others. It is probable now that the Fund will do well to reach £100,000 and will finish well below the original target of £150,000. The average value of donations was good but the number of donors is disappointing and must be partly attributed to the lack of help from Club members in visiting potential donors. The appeal to local industry has been less successful than was hoped although some quite substantial donations have been made. A semi-retired former pupil is presently assisting with this on an unofficial basis.

The Athletic Union have formed a sub-committee to consider the possibility of and means of establishing a Social Club with premises to

be erected at Dalnacraig. The Club is a constituent member of the A.U. and has appointed Mr Rattray as its representative on this sub-committee.

Since June 1972 the following people have joined the Club:—Messrs J. Ogilvie Martin, W. J. O. Nicoll, Robin Barr, I. G. S. Robertson, Steven L. Stuart, R. L. Crawford, P. Mitchell, D. Harwood, B. Taylor, Ellice C. Ross, F. M. Hadden, Stewart C. Cram, N. D. Grant, A. G. R. Garden, M. J. S. Phillips, Andrew Harvey, A. Gordon Walker, A. D. Chalmers, W. D. L. Boath, M. J. E. Manckshaw, John C. Vannet.

It is with regret that we noted the deaths of the following members:—Messrs Robert McIntosh, P. K. M. Smith, William Cochrane, D. B. Mackenzie and E. C. Ross.

The Secretary would welcome information on the present addresses of the following members (last known addresses given):—A. C. Baxter, Turners Farm, Elstead, Surrey; Chas. Brand, Moidart, Montrose Ave., Crieff; D. C. Reid, 8 Colders Drive, Meltham, Huddersfield; D. A. Petrie, Somerset House, Aspley, Huddersfield; Peter Kinnear, 15 Tinto Rd., Newlands, Glasgow, S.3.

The Club is again grateful to Mr Fyall and his assistants for the quality of the magazine and to Mr W. Smith and Miss Lawson for their assistance in arranging for delivery locally.

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

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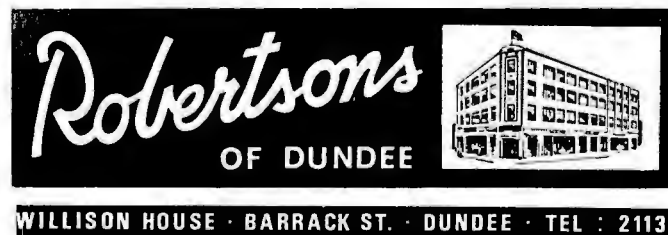
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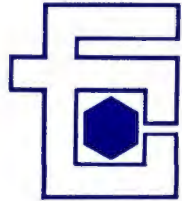
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