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MAGAZINE

No. 154

June 1973

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Contents

<i>Editorial</i>	9
<i>News and Notes</i>	10
<i>Preparatory Department</i>	14
<i>Junior School</i>	18
<i>Senior School</i>	25
<i>School Activities, Sports Activities, Club Reports</i>	60
<i>Former Pupils' Section (Old Boys' and Girls' Clubs)</i>	77

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Editorial

“The importance of sport lies not in the winning but in the taking part.” So said the Bishop of Pennsylvania preaching in St Paul’s at the time of the 1908 London Olympics. This fundamental precept is too often forgotten today when the emphasis, especially in professional sport, is on victory irrespective of the methods employed. This infatuation with victory is spreading and it has now reached the level of schools’ sport. Later in the Magazine are the reports of this school’s various sporting activities—generally these show a considerable degree of success. Fortunately it is the case that the vast majority of the victories have been gained deservedly by skilful play and gentlemanly behaviour while the defeats have been received without resort to unfair tactics in a bid to save the game. This indicates that the School’s teams are accomplished but, if in any future year our teams are of lesser ability, they must accept defeat in a sporting manner remembering that for every winner there is a loser and that success, while desirable is less important than participation.

The idea of participation brings us to the Magazine. Without the participation of many there would be no Dundee High School Magazine. Therefore it is my duty to thank Mr Fyall and Miss Birrell, the other members of the Magazine Committee, and all who have contributed any part of the Magazine for the help they have given in the production of this, the 154th Magazine of the High School of Dundee.

RAYMOND A. KELLY.



News and Notes

NEWS OF STAFF

The time has come again to announce arrivals and departures and to bid farewell to friends.

Miss **E. M. Davidson**, Second Master of the English Department, has left to take up an appointment as Principal Teacher of Guidance in Grove Academy. Miss Davidson has given many years of loyal and efficient service to the School and to the English Department and will be missed. A tribute to Miss Davidson appears at the end of "News and Notes," but we would like here to wish her every success and happiness as she continues her career.

Mr **S. S. Blyth** of the Technical Department leaves us at the end of September to take up an appointment in the Technical Department of the College of Education. Mr Blyth has been here for a comparatively short time but during his stay he has established himself as a respected and valuable member of Staff. Mr Blyth has given excellent service to the Technical Department, and has involved himself in many other areas of School life. As Form Master of Form 2 Boys he brought sympathy and efficiency to his work. In addition he spent a lot of his time looking after golf and coaching teams. He was leader of a highly successful educational holiday in London during the Easter Holidays. We wish Mr Blyth well, along with his wife and family, and every success in his new career.

Mrs **M. C. Thomson** leaves us after loyal and diligent service in the Preparatory Department. Mrs Thomson will be missed, and we wish every happiness and success to herself and her husband and family.

Mrs **M. M. Robertson** leaves her post in the French Department and we thank her for her work in the School and wish every happiness to herself and her husband.

Mr **W. Hooks** who joined the Music Department in 1961 is leaving to teach elsewhere.

We look forward to welcoming the following members of Staff in August:

Mr **R. Illsley** (English); Miss **J. Breese** (Classics); Mrs **A. Barclay** (Modern Languages); Mr **N. P. Forrest** (Science); Mr **A. Rouse** (Technical); Mrs **M. Morrison** and Miss **L. G. A. Murray** (Preparatory Department).

ART STAFF

Mr **Vannet's** etching, 'Storm Clouds, Arbroath,' has been hung in the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh.

FOUR ARTISTS EXHIBITION, JUNE 1973

In 'Partita,' one of Pat Edgar's paintings in the exhibition of work by the four staff members of the School Art Department held in Roseangle Gallery from June 2nd to June 16th, a girl is wholly absorbed in the music her friend is playing. This is exactly the effect the paintings themselves had for many visitors to the exhibition, even for one who had read Samuel Butler's derision in 'The Way of All Flesh' at people who go to art galleries dressed in the correct attitudes.

The exhibition itself, apart from the individual paintings, took hold, and kept hold, of one's mind; works by four different artists lived

companionably together, one illuminating another, and there were surprises lurking alone round corners—the elegant highbrow doodle of Dave Macdonald's 'Water Carriers,' for instance, and the sudden nocturnal blue of Bill Vannet's 'Sea Mist.' There is also the pleasure of knowing and meeting the artists themselves; they confirm one's belief that good artists are too busy working and thinking to have time to look like artists.

Like music, these hundred or so works (as well as paintings by all four there are batiks and foil reliefs by Dave Macdonald, etchings by Bill Vannet and pottery mostly by Pat Edgar and Jean Crerar) at once stir and still the mind. Pat Edgar's dramatic, scary 'Racing Moon' has a little moon keeping its pecker up in a darkness Dante and Baudelaire would have known, 'as though it entertained great scorn of hell.' The strange, troubled vision stays strange in paint but at the same time it has been ordered into the serenity of light and shape. Jean Crerar's strong walls and roofs of 'Cellardyke' (did she mix her colours with real salt water?) come from more familiar experience, but one seems to be seeing them for the first time now that she has illuminated them. Their paintings inhabit the same place.

Nevertheless, the four voices are distinct. Bill Vannet seems deliberately to intensify colours to catch in paint the strength and structure of boats and quays, but the boats are buoyant even on the water of a working harbour. The meticulous, affectionate detail matches the necessary tackle. In his landscapes one senses and shares his pleasure at finding the peace of earth and sky. He finds the shapes of things and his brush fetches them out.

Dave Macdonald, who ranges widely and adventurously from the bold foil relief of his blue-and-silver 'Warrior' to the feel of an older age in his batiks, from the delicate shadowing of 'Electric Storm' to the serenity

of 'Autumn Farm,' catches quite magically the light and lightness in common fields and hill-slopes. His 'Winter Hills' clearly was one of the most looked-at paintings in the show.

Pat Edgar's paintings are much more concerned with human figures and faces; probably for that reason I found 'Berceuse' and 'The Bouquet' the most directly **moving** of all the works here. There is an almost pastel quality that still contains disturbingly extreme lights; the apparent fantasy of the surface, the strangeness often of the situation, hold deep human tenderness and, I would say, vulnerability. And what wicked, delightful discovery is being made by the pair in 'Legend of the Yellow Bird'?

Jean Crerar ranges too. People kept coming back to the one object that wasn't on the Table in 'Still Life with Mirror' and everybody identified it. The Fife scenes are beautifully clear and direct. In those as in 'Black Table with Objects' there is no prettying-up, no attempt to paint easy feeling into them. They don't need it and consequently one is the more absorbed by the worth of houses and objects and by the paintings as paintings. Her still lifes, particularly the one with mirror and headless figurine, make one wonder if that street in 'Cellardykes' isn't a bit sinister and private, for all the daylight.

One's only regrets about this exhibition are the lack of a large, airy room at home and a couple of spare hundreds, and the fact that these unforgettable paintings are now dispersed. Perhaps a selection of them at least might be shown in school next term?

G.W.

NEWS OF PUPILS

I would ask that anyone who has any items for the News and Notes should give them to the Editor. There are obviously many omissions and I apologise to anyone who has been unwittingly left out.

We congratulate the following pupils who have won places in the Aberdeen University Bursary Competition: Lesley Innes; Keith Guthrie; Ronald Main.

I would like to thank once again the Magazine Committee for their continual help and advice. Raymond Kelly, who has been associated with the Magazine longer than anyone else, has given invaluable help in all sorts of ways ranging from bullying Club Secretaries to work on proofs and layout. We will miss Raymond and thank him for all the hard work over the past few years. Barbara Crawford, Elizabeth Gilmour, Jane Hinnrichs and Pamela Swanney are responsible for the layout and for countless helpful suggestions.

NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

Further details can be found in the Former Pupils Section.

We congratulate **Mr Donald M. Ross, Q.C.**, a very distinguished former pupil of the School, on his appointment as Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. This is an outstanding honour and the School has reason to be proud of its part in Mr Ross's education.

Older F.P.'s will be sorry to hear of the death of Alfred Cleghorn on 30th March, 1973. Mr Cleghorn was a member of a family distinguished for their war service and the names of some of his brothers are honoured and remembered on the School Memorial.

Dux Girl 1963

There has been lodged with the National Library of Scotland a copy of a UBS production 'The Book of a Thousand Tongues.' This is the second edition of this unique reference volume, being a catalogue, with illustrative extracts, of all the languages of the world in which at least one complete book of the Bible has been published by the end of 1968. The volume retails at £10 per copy. (The first edition was published by the American Bible Society in 1938).

Of interest to Scotland is the fact that **Miss Marion MacLeod**, formerly of Dundee and Edinburgh, was engaged with others on the basic work for this new publication while working in New York with the American Bible Society. Since 1971 she has been working in association with Miss Geraldine Coldham, Librarian of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

MISS E. M. DAVIDSON

Miss Davidson, the longest-serving member of the English Department, has left to take up her appointment as Principal Teacher of Guidance in Grove Academy—a relatively new venture both for education and for Miss Davidson herself.

She is, of course, no stranger to new ventures in the educational world and especially in the teaching of English. She involved herself in the work of the Local Development Centre in the days when it was perhaps more active than it is now. Unlike some others, however, who went overboard for the new ideas with which we have been inundated in recent years just because they were new, Miss Davidson selected the best of the ideas and rejected the others.

One might make mention here of one thing which is constantly discussed by teachers and parents alike—this is the “new” Creative Writing in which the imagination of the pupil is never to be repressed: we must allow it free rein. There are some who have mistaken this and allow everything free rein—but not Miss Davidson who, while stimulating the pupil's imagination, still expects and demands that the common decencies of things like spelling and punctuation be observed.

Miss Davidson is, in many ways, no stranger to the kind of job to which she goes, for she was, until the recent re-organisation, Form Mistress to Form 5 girls—and there could have been no greater proving ground—for pupils in Form 5 need more guidance than at any other time in their school careers.

The Second Master's job in the English Department she has filled with unfailing honesty and efficiency.

If one thing can be selected as Miss Davidson's trademark in the School and the department—it must be efficiency in all things—from teaching classes to collecting money via organising exam invigilating time-tables, a more taxing job than is sometimes thought.

In this respect we must all be grateful to Miss Davidson for the Visual Aids—a department in itself and a sphere of education which she has always exploited to the full. Largely through her efforts, the English Department has amassed a fairly large stock of records and

tape-recordings—and we must keep adding to these in case anyone from the purser's office is taking notes—which are constantly in use. In addition, Miss Davidson has given of her time in exploring the entire field of Visual Aids and in making for us and for other departments recordings of radio and TV broadcasts all of which are of a very high standard—hardly surprising since they were made by one who is highly regarded by both broadcasting companies. Not only does Miss Davidson use these broadcasts herself, but she also encourages others to do so, so that there is one part of the Form 1 course which is entirely based on radio programmes and is used as a springboard for Creative Writing for which we have won prizes from the BBC.

This leads—rather tenuously—to another sphere of activity. Miss Davidson also for a time was responsible for the very arduous job of editing the School Magazine: this is a very taxing job because no matter how good a magazine may be there is always someone somewhere who is displeased and makes his criticism known in no uncertain terms—usually in “The Scotsman.” While thanking Miss Davidson for her work on the Magazine, may one make this plea for all present and future editors of school magazines everywhere—“Don't shoot the pianist; he's doing his best” (Oscar Wilde).

In recent years, teachers' organisations have made much of pupil-hours class-contact time on which they have been trying to base a new salaries structure. Miss Davidson came to DHS in 1951 (apologies for mentioning dates). Reckoning an average number of 25 pupils per class, this means that she has taught some 2750 pupils over the years: think of the number of pupil-hours class-contact time in that—such a problem might upset even one of the new-fangle electronic calculators.

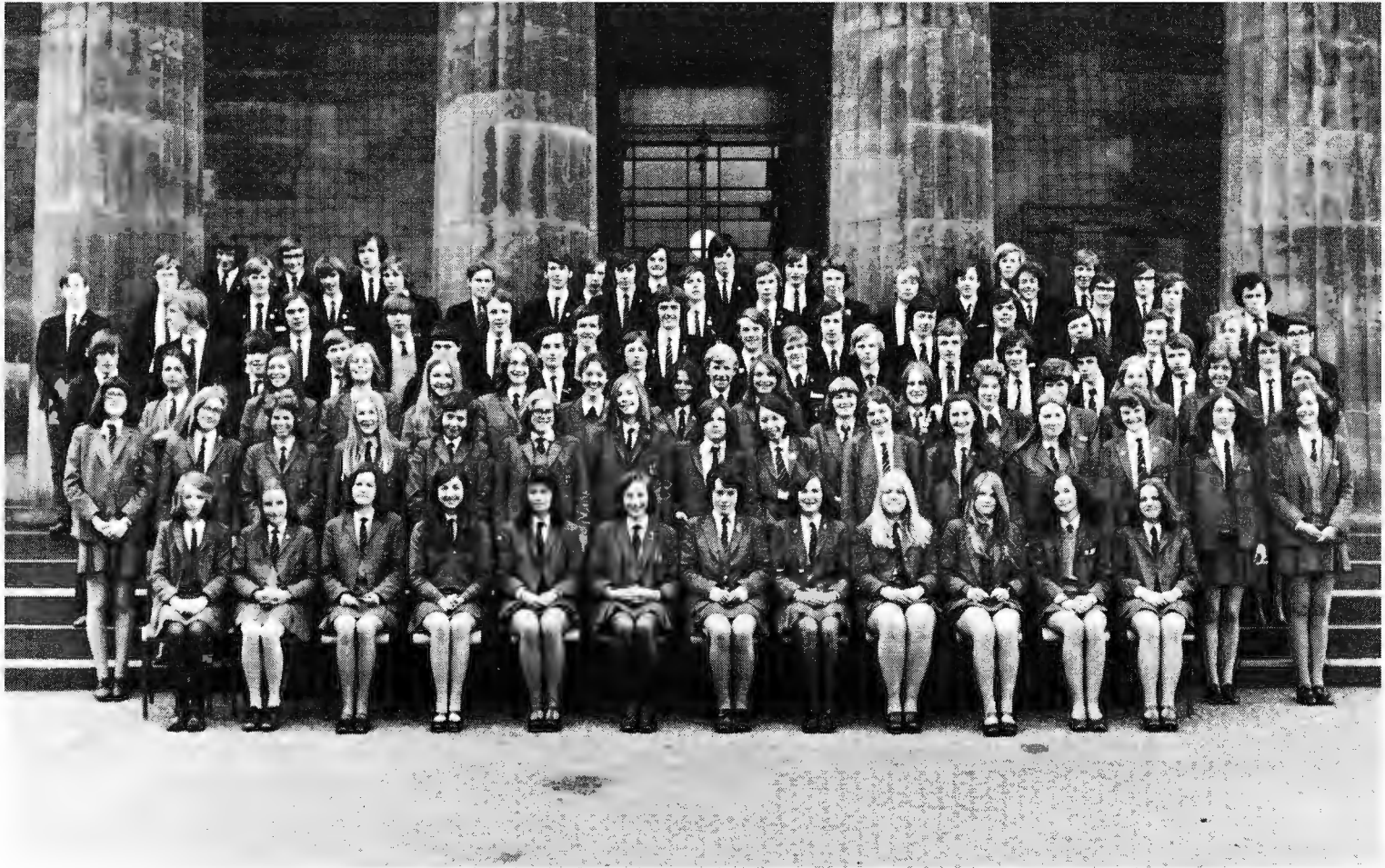
I mention Miss Davidson's efficiency. Nowhere than in the class-room has this been more obvious because those 2750 pupils received not only the good education demanded by Miss Davidson's very high standards but a good pass in ‘O’ or ‘H’ English—and this consistently for 22 years. This is loyalty over and above the call of duty.

When one comes to try to sum up, Miss Davidson's long and varied—and dare one say

colourful—career in DHS, one comes to the great abstract nouns—honesty and integrity; loyalty and devotion; efficiency and dedication—words which are very often used but ideas which are rarely found practised. They were and will be found in the work of Miss Edith Davidson.

Staff and pupils, past and present, say “Thank you for all you have done” and wish you well in the post to which you have been appointed by a committee which must have recognised true worth.

★



FORM V 1972-73



Preparatory Department

THE DAY I LOST MY FIRST TOOTH

When I lost my first tooth I said no I don't like it I don't want it out but when I was asleep mummy pulled it out and put five pence but I felt her hand and woke up suddenly and saw her and said caught you but she just said go to sleep again. I pretended to be asleep. I sneaked upstairs to her room and got in her bed to watch television in bed and went to sleep.

Angus Marshall, L.IIb.

I lost first tooth in 1971. I was fighting with my sister and she knocked it out. But it was loose so it was bound to come out. I put it under my pillow and got five pence.

David Knox, L.IIb.

One day I was cleaning my teeth and I felt I had a wiggly tooth.

And it was my right tooth it did hurt. I pulled it out then blood came out.

I took some water.

Then I felt better I was funny when my tooth came out. Then Mummy came in and said time to go to bed.

Laura Henderson, L.IIa.

My first tooth fell out by itself. I went to wash it, and it fell down the drain. So I had to write a letter. In the night the Fairys wrote a letter back. And I got a six pence on My pillow. Nicola got a tooth out to. And she got a 10p piece.

Sarah Picton, L.IIa.



When I was asleep I had a nightmare. I ran into mummy's room and got in her bed and went to sleep. When I was sleeping a tooth came out and I swallowed my tooth. I did not know that I had swallowed it until Mummy told me.

Saleel Nurbhai, L.IIa.

On Friday I lost my tooth and I had to write a letter but in the morning I found 10p and do you know who put it down the drain. It was Mummy's helper who is called Johnstone I started to cry.

Sarah Brand, L.IIb.

One day as I was having dinner my tooth fell out. When I went to bed I put it under my pillow to be on the safe side. In the morning I took the tooth and unwrapped it and I found a 5p. I asked Mummy and she said something about fairs.

Elizabeth James, L.IIIb.

One day when we were going to school someone came round the corner and Mummy had to stop very suddenly and I bumped my tooth against a hard bit in the car. My tooth came out and I could not find it in the car and I can not find yet.

Fraser Hardie, L.IIb.

Last year my tooth came out. When it was wigily it started bleeding. That night I put it under my pillow in the morning I looked under my pillow and I got five pence. I spent my five pence on sweets. It was a baby tooth. I have a wigily tooth now.

Elaine Anderson, L.IIb.

When my first tooth came out a loly-pop made it come out. It all happened when I was playing with my cosin and we had loy-pops. My loy-pop burred my tooth and it started to bleed and when they went away my tooth came out and we all started to laugh.

Lawrie McGill.

When my first tooth fell out the date was the 12.12.72. It came out at bath time and Daddy said that no gaps are allowed on holiday. That night I did not get a sixpence but I got it at breakfast.

Sarah Vaughan, L.IIb.

Once when I lost a tooth it was in the car going to school I was in LIB when that happened and I got another one out in the classroom it was bleeding and I didn't like it but I got used to it.

John Brush, L.IIb.

One time one of my teeth fell out and one of my fairy friends called Looee came to take it away. She takes my teeth to make a home for herself. She is bilding a big white casale.

Vivienne Reid, L.IIb.

When I lost my first tooth it was on sports day so Daddy pulled it out with scissors and a nuther was loose at sports so it fell out when I was racing and I had to stop and pick it up and when I came to the end I saw Daddy so I put my hands out to meet him.

Sally Smith, L.IIb.



WHAT I LIKE ABOUT SCHOOL

I like school because I liked the sums we got yesterday.

I like spelling to because I like writing. best of all I like drawing and colouring and also I like doing a pink box and one of these things with the we bits that stick onto a board.

Lorna Stewart, L.IIa.

I like school because you learn things. At school you must try to do yourbest. Some people do not like school because you have to work hard. I like working, but best of all I like sums, writing, and workbook.

Serena Scott-Adie, L.IIIa.

I like gym, spelling and sums and writing and drawing. Gym and drawing and sums are my favourite things. I like going out to play very much. I like english tests and sum tests most tests. I like answering questions. But I do not like getting up in the morning.

Deborah Rushforth, L.IIIb.

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

On my first day at school I got things to do like to play with plasticene and read books I liked reading there was a shop with a tin of sweets just toy sweets as well as hot chocolate. I made a snail out of plasticine with two blue eyes and a nose the rest of it was brown. I even learned the alphabet from a to z we played games as well. We play nice games.

Karen Hunter, L.IIIb.

I felt quite excited when it was nearly time for me to go to Dundee High School. The next day I came to this school. My first teacher was Miss Smith. The only jotters we had were writing and sum jotters. At first I did not like Miss Smith, but a few weeks later I did.

Melissa Low, L.IIIb.

The first day at school I drest and went for brekfast then I went to school. When I got there I was frightened. When I went into the classroom I was mower frightened. I went and found a seat and sat down the teacher saied we will lern some soms and after that she said no we will owel tell ower names.

A. Rhogan.

My first day at school,
Was ever so queer,
I thought we were having fizex,
But I drew a deer.

I played with the rods,
I talked quite a lot
And when I got home,
I watched Sir Prancalot.

Sarah Ray, L.IIIa.

I have a cow. It lives in a field beside my house each day I go out to see it each day I feed it with grass. The other cows do not come over to me because they are not hungry.

William Low.

WHAT IS EASTER?

Easter is when you buy big easter eggs and give them to other girls and boys. Easter is nice but you have to spend your own money to buy other peoples easter eggs. Last year I got an easter egg with a little man inside. My brother helped me to make it.

Carolyn McCormack, L.IIIb.

I like Easter because we get eggs and last Easter I was going to rowl my Easter egg and by mistake I throu it and when it landed it splashed all the yellow out.

Sally A. Smith, L.IIb.

A spider has eight legs. And one time we saw a spider in our house. So mummy put it out of the door. And susan was angry. So the spider went away into another garden.

Vivienne Reid, L.IIb.



JEMIMA

TOB F.IA3.
PUDDLE - DUCK

My favourite colour is turguse. I'd like a dress that is turguse. And some shoes to mach. And then I'd go out. When I'd go to bed I'd have turguse govers.

Sarah Cameron, L.IIa.

My favourite colour is green, and I have a white towel with a green stripe down it.

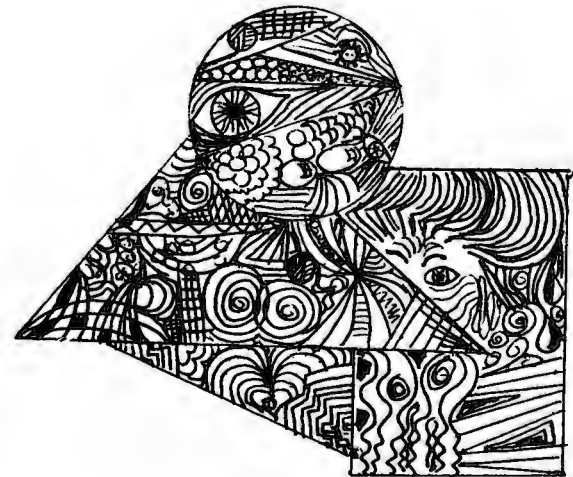
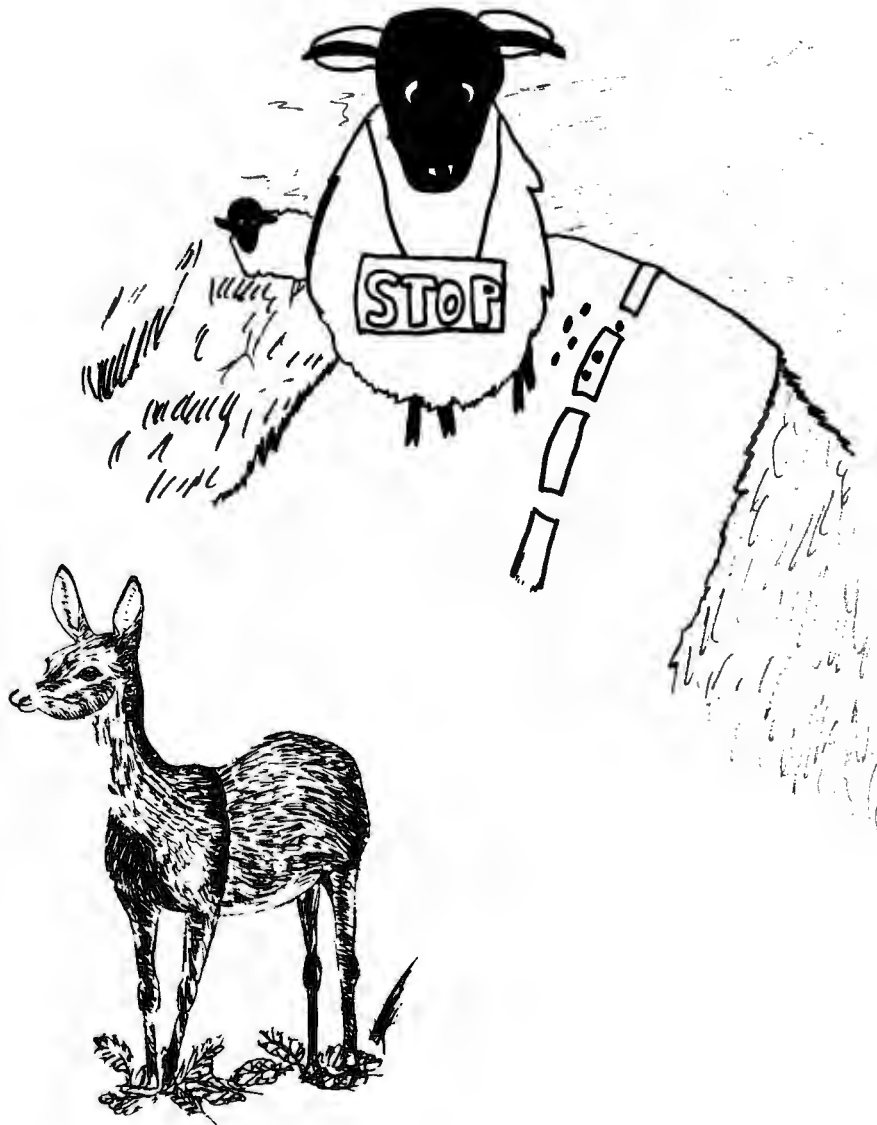
I have also got green trousers.

I like green because all the others look rather silly and I dont like them and black and brown look dirty.

Alistair Newton, L.IIa.

My favourite colour is a sort of redish pink. I like it because it is a warm feeling inside me. I have a crayon that colour it is a lovely one and it shows up beautifully. At first I did not have a favourite colour but I do now dont I!

Lynn Crawford, L.IIIa.





Junior Department

HELPFUL LITTLE PADDY-PAWS

They call me little Paddy-Paws,
I'm really very good.
I try to help my family,
As any nice pup should.

I wake my little master,
By tugging off the sheet.
And if he doesn't get up then,
I tickle both his feet.

When daddy digs the garden,
Just watch me have a go.
He says I dig the flowers as well,
But how's a pup to know.

Now here's another way I help . . .
When cushions need a pat
I take them in my mouth and shake.
I should get praise for that.

Sometimes some foods falls on the
floor,
A sausage, yesterday.
And as it's right to tidy up,
I ate it straight away.

Now winding wool into a ball,
Is hard, I must confess.
I do my best, then Mummy gasps,
"Oh, PADDY! What a mess!"

When a big dog nears our house,
And pauses just outside,
I'm very brave. "Be off!" I bark.

I really try so hard to help,
I'm sure you will agree,
And though I sometimes get things
wrong . . .
My master still loves me.

Lindsey Ann Cumming, L.I.Va.



I have a four foot dog called Spot. He has black spots on him. That's why I called him Spot. When I wish that he is small, he will shrink so that I can put him in my pocket. One day I went to the park. I did not know that he had jumped on to one of the swings and started to swing. All of the children stopped what they were doing and looked in astonishment. I caught hold of him and put him in my pocket. It was teatime when I went home. When I was having tea, my brother, Paul, kept pulling the tablecloth (at least I thought it was Paul). After teatime it dawned on me that it was Spot. At bedtime I put him away in my dressing-gown pocket. That night he must have jumped out of my dressing-gown pocket, gone over to the toy cupboard, and pulled all of my toys out. In the morning when I awoke, he was still playing with them. At the breakfast table I gave him some of my toast without anybody seeing me. At school when I am doing gym when I am running about, he always chases me. When I was home and having tea, I gave him a piece of cake when everybody was out of the room.

Tracy Parker-Smith, L.IVb.

THE SECRET IN MY POCKET

One holiday I was staying at my aunt's house in Kent. Each day I went to the fields to cut the corn. One day I came home and felt a scuffling in my pocket. I reached in to find a field-mouse inside it. Instead of jumping off my hand it ran up my sleeve for safety. After a while it slowly crept out into the light but held me firmly. I decided to keep this a secret because my aunt hated mice. For a long time I kept this a secret, but, when I went away from aunt's house, I told her. On the way to the car I dropped it and it ran away.

David Paterson, L.IVb.

One Monday morning I was very glum. I felt it was going to be a terrible day at school. It was wet and dull outside. I knew I could not sit and worry all day so I went slowly downstairs to breakfast.

It was quite early and Mummy had not fried the eggs. I cracked the eggs and put them on the frying pan. By the time the eggs were ready everyone was down. After breakfast I went upstairs to brush my teeth and pack my bag. I came downstairs with my bag. When Walter, my brother, and Sheila, my sister, were ready, I said, "Goodbye" to Mummy. I went down to the car with Sheila, Walter and Daddy. We stepped into the car. Daddy started the engine and drove off. After about ten minutes in the car we reached school. "Goodbye, Daddy," I said as I stepped out of the car.

I was still worried. First period was singing. That was all right. Arithmetic was fine. Then it was the interval. After the interval was arithmetic. That was good and so was reading lab. When lessons started after lunch there was a knock at the door. In came Miss Lawson. "May I please see Susan Jamieson and Alison Turner?" I thought I was in trouble. To my surprise she wanted us to be in a fashion parade. "That will be super," I said. "I want to be a model when I grow up. This is a thrilling day."

Susan Jamieson, L.IVb.



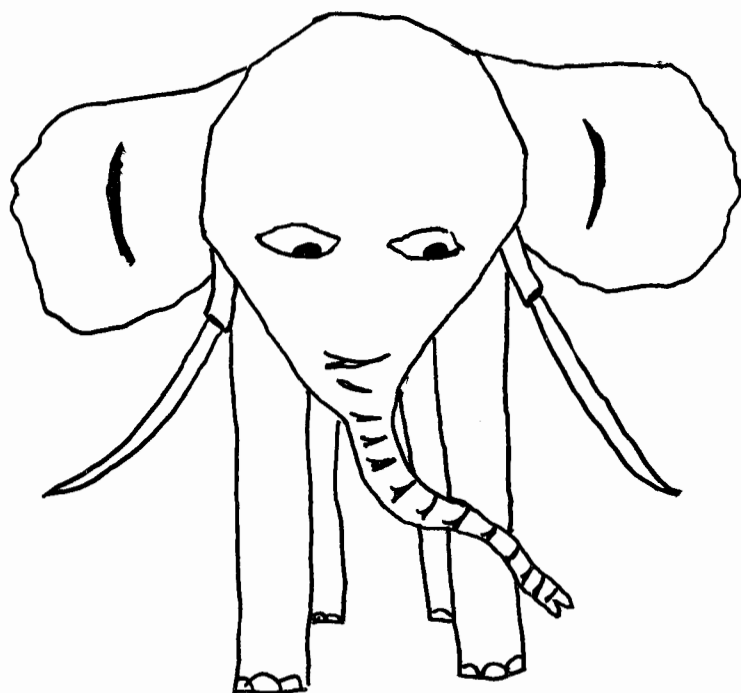
WALKING AT NIGHT

As I walked home from a party one night great, large shadows began to loom round me. The owl's hoot in the distance was mysteriously strange and I did not feel at all comfortable.

The old house on the hill which was painted white stood out in the bleak, black sky. It was winter and the trees had no leaves but scaly, long, winding branches which were not pleasant to see. I tried to hide my fear but it still stayed. I tried to control myself but I was not very successful.

My house was a long way off and even by that time my legs were beginning to wobble with fright and indeed it was a weird, horrid, frightening night to walk alone in the dark.

Fiona Swanson, L.Vb.



ANIMAL HEAVENS

A cat and a dog, a fish in the sea,
All have heavens like you and me,
A rat, a monkey and kangaroo,
All have heavens too.

But don't suppose all heavens are the
same,
More and more fill the sky,
Filled with angels or ghosts.
Ghosts of cats and dogs and fishes in sea,
And hundreds of ghosts like you and me.



Rats, monkeys, and kangaroos,
There are ghosts like them too.
All the heavens in the sky
Are for you and me and animals,
So many that you cannot count
Because there is such a huge amount.

Lucinda Gray, L.Va.

THE LITTLE PONY

Once there was a little pony,
Its eyes the 'deepest blue'
Its mane as dark as ebony
Its tail ebony too.

I used to ride that little pony
On a little saddle too,
I would ride to the farm,
And canter home again.

Oh, it was such fun to ride,
That tiny little pony.
I would like to ride again,
That funny little pony.

Lyndsey Kinnes, L.V. (girls).

THE RAINBOW

Rainbows are lovely things,
The bird shakes his cold wet wing,
He has no breath to sing
When the air
Has a double rainbow there.

There's a rainbow now,
See the rainbow throw,
Her jewelled arm around,
This world,
And how I wish the rain,
Would come again, and again.

Lesley Hunter, L.Va.

FASHION

Yard upon yard of petticoat
Thick and hot to wear
A hat with frills and bows
That make you sneeze,
Frilly long bloomers that
Are down to your knees.

Corsettes pulled tight with strings,
Oh, dear me, what dreadful things,
Little brown bows and
Buttons in rows.
Heavy black boots that
Tie up with laces,
And dainty little fans
That cover our faces.

Hazel Sim, L.VI (girls).



TUTANKHAMUN'S CHESS?

The game Tutankhamun played 4,000 years ago is probably related to modern chess. His game, called Senet, was a heated battle, played on a board of 30 squares, in which each player tried to drive his opponent into pitfalls, dangers and hazards.

Roughly 3,000 years later, a lonely King employed an extremely inventive man to make up games for the royal pleasure. One day he brought before the King a new game (chess). The King was so thrilled with this game that he taught all the palace servants to play. However, he always beat them, because he never hesitated to change the rules to suit himself.

From then onwards, millions of people all over the world played the game, and great excitement has been aroused recently in Iceland and Yugoslavia.

Christopher Daft, L.Va.

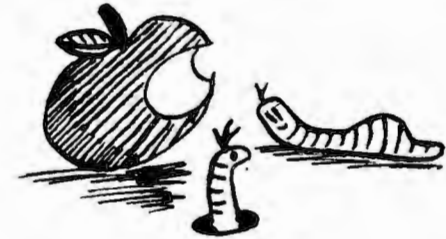
FOOD

Melon cocktail topped with cherry,
Salmon salad tender meat
Trifle with a dash of sherry—
That's what wealthy people eat.

Crust of bread from dustbins taken,
Scraps of meat begged at the door
Gristled bone and bits of bacon—
That's the stuff that feeds the poor.

Think of men from every nation,
Some have food and food to spare
Some are dying of starvation—
Couldn't wealthy people share?

Judith Knox, L.VI (girls).



SLOWLY

Slowly the seed pushes up through the soil,
Slowly the snake moves his large coil.
Slowly the hay is gathered into the barn,
Slowly the sailor spins his yarn.

Slowly the man gets up from his chair,
Slowly the mourner sheds his care.
Slow is a summer brook—but slowest of all,

Is the old snail creeping along the wall.

Alison Newton, L.Vb.

A PESSIMIST'S VIEW OR AIR POLLUTION

Atmospheric pollution,
Endangers our lives,
So,
In the end,
We may suffocate.

If only,
Those factories
Would stop belching out
Harmful smoke,
Which in turn,
Mixes with fog,
Producing smog.

If someday someone,
Would spend the money,
To develop fume-free cars,
We can do this,
If we try.

Our generation
Must face up to the facts.
We can try,
And live,
Or die.

Christopher Daft, L.Va.

INTERPRETATION SCHOOL'S OUT CAT

The ruffians, why do they go after me, me,
a poor ginger tabby cat? They frighten every-
body, they do, with their swinging bags, and
noisy ways. They chase us and torment us. I
hate them.

Fiona Shaw, L.IVb.



RIVER POLLUTION

Pollution is a terrible thing. Fish die in polluted rivers and fishermen are unable to follow their sport. Three categories into which polluted rivers can be divided are—clean, doubtful, and grossly polluted. Pollution is mainly due to chemical waste being pumped into rivers from nearby factories.

In Auchtermuchty, where I sometimes spend a holiday with my Granny, a burn runs through the middle of the town and is clean until it reaches the outskirts. Down by the park, about two hundred yards from the south end of Auchtermuchty, there is a pool about four feet deep in which a lot of young trout swim.

However, after this pool on the outskirts of Auchtermuchty, chemical waste is pumped into the burn and it becomes grossly polluted. Fish cannot live there and the water becomes a horrible grey colour. It would be awful if all the rivers became like the Auchtermuchty burn.

Neil Mackintosh, L.VI (boys).

MY IMAGINATION

I'm so very exhausted today,
I will to dreamland, soon be away.
There is simply not a sound,
From the mouse, cat, or the hound.
Is there none but me?
I'm as scared as can be.
On my pillow very soft,
I wonder if ghosts are aloft.
I hear windows and steps creaking,
Maybe even a voice speaking.
I snuggle up down below,
Maybe ghosts you never know.
Suddenly the door opens to my surprise,
And there is Mum in front of my eyes.

Michael Clark, L.IVa.

THE ALL-CONSUMING VOLCANO

With a rumble and a grumble, it blows
its top.
Below, people gather belongings and run
for their lives,
As the red-hot lava pours down the sides
of the erupting mountain;
Whole cliffs break off dangerously
As the mountain splits asunder.
Both Mount Vesuvius and Mount Etna
Are terrible, bloodthirsty things,
The colour of blood is the colour they
spout.

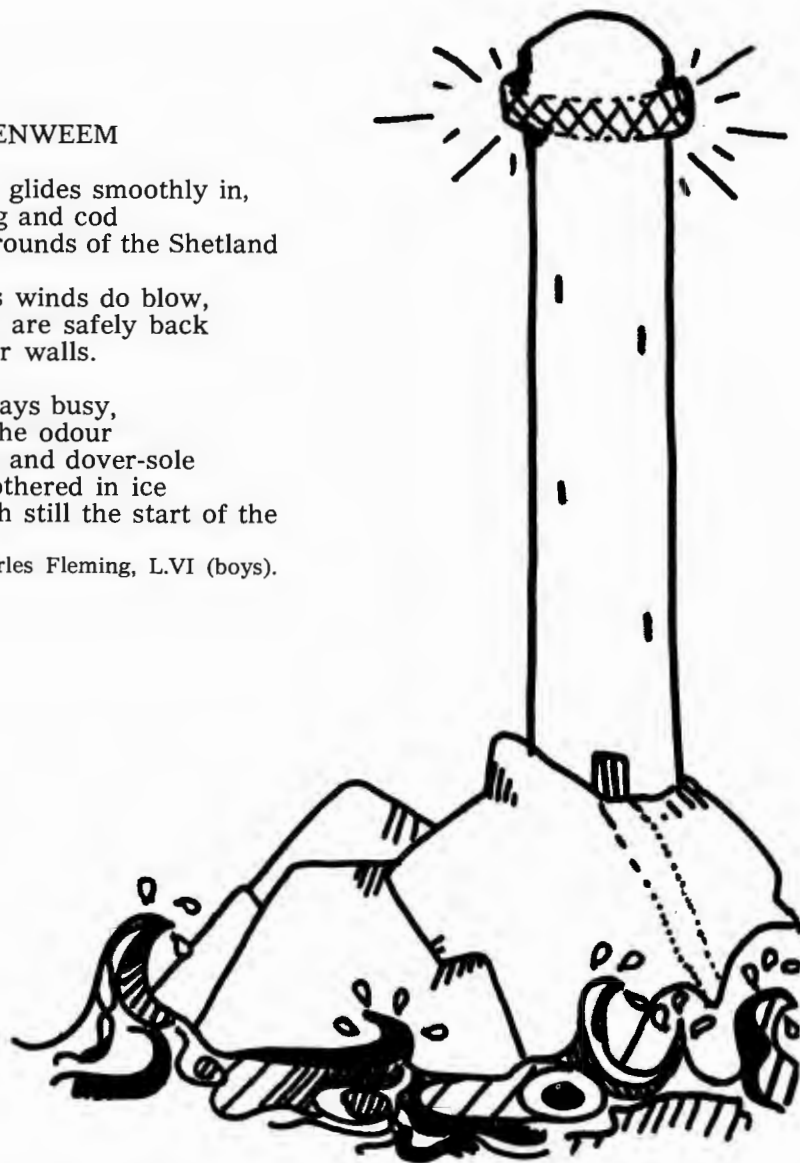
Callum Henderson, L.VI (boys).

PITTENWEEM

The Roman Quest glides smoothly in,
laden with whiting and cod
from the fishing grounds of the Shetland
Isles,
where treacherous winds do blow,
but now the crew are safely back
within the harbour walls.

The harbour's always busy,
and smelly with the odour
of haddock, plaice and dover-sole
waiting to be smothered in ice
to keep them fresh still the start of the
sale.

Charles Fleming, L.VI (boys).



PRECIOUS STONES

I like lots of precious stones,
They trickle through my fingers.
I can feel them in my bones,
And the feeling lingers.

Precious stones are blue and green
Some are red, and some clear, too.
The coloured ones have the best sheen
But my favourites are sapphires, blue.

Some stones are bumpy and humpy,
And others smooth as glass.
The bumpy ones are very grumpy
And the smooth ones at peace.

S. Ramsay.

DEATH

Slowly! Slowly! Nearer! Nearer!
Looms the ghost of Hell,
The dagger held above his head,
Poised to kill.
The edge of the cliff comes nearer,
I halt on the edge.
Closer looms the ghost of Hell,
The dagger plunges; no noise,
Then the scream.
The ghost of Hell is dead.

Sarah Cusens, L.VI.

THE GHOST OF JESSE JAMES

The ghost of Jesse James is here,
He's coming down the street.
He told me he's a bone to pick,
With quick-gun Pete.

Soon they sauntered down the street
Their guns were shining bright.
That day it was Pete's last—
For quick-gun died.

Iain Mackenzie, L.VI (boys).



A MEMORABLE EIGHT HOURS

The night of 14th November is a night I shall never forget. The reason being that on this night there was a terrific storm. I was sleeping in my bed when suddenly I woke up. I sat up in bed for a minute, and then suddenly there was a terrific clatter and my window was blown in. I went and shut it and went to sleep thinking nothing of it. In the morning I was walking down the path towards the garage when I discovered the fence had been blown down. When I went to tell Dad about it, he said it was the worst storm for ages. This was the first time I had known about it. I am glad to say we got a new fence very quickly. I still think it was a memorial 8 hours.

David Sim, L.VII.



One sunny day last June, I was strolling in fields nearby my home as usual. Just as I was about to stand on it, a little frog hopped over my foot. I caught it, wrapped it up in my handkerchief, put it in my pocket, and ran home. When I arrived home, I hung up my coat leaving the frog in my pocket. It was going to be a secret. Then I went to have tea. After tea I went to play with my friends over the road. About 7 p.m. I went back to our house. I went to see if my secret was safe. But Oh! it had gone. I searched and searched for it. At last I found it in a rather unusual place, my mother's cutlery drawer.

By this time my secret was a secret no longer. My mother did not appreciate it one little bit. That was the last time I brought a frog home.

Caryn L. Smith, L.IVb.

THOSE HAPPY MEMORIES

The rain beat heavily on the ground and the wind whistled through the trees. Suddenly, the night sky was split by a gigantic flash of lightning. Almost immediately, a deafening peal of thunder rang out. As the dying echoes faded away, in the comparative silence, a cry could be heard faintly coming from quite close by. In his small house he was huddled up trying to keep warm in the icy gusts of wind.

As he could not get to sleep he went a little deeper into the corner and reflected back on his memories.

He remembered when he was small, how he would run around the lush, warm, sunny lawns and play. How, when he got back he would have a steaming hot plate waiting for him. Those were the days he thought to himself. The wide, sandy beaches ever wanting to be played on, and the sea for swimming in.

Now the cold and the damp, the bleak mist and the snow.

When he was a little older going around the house, helping here and there and enjoying himself. The long walks in the falling autumn leaves, staying indoors when he thought it was too cold or too wet to go out. Sleeping in warmth and softness, and coming down to broad, beaming faces at the breakfast table.

Now the cold and the damp, the bleak mist and the snow.

Then he became older and more sensible, teaching his friend who was younger than himself some useful things. Now becoming slower, but all the same fun and bouncy, keeping up the good work along with his friend. Judy, he remembered her name was.

Now the cold and the damp, the bleak mist and the snow.

Then the babies; Judy and he had loved them so much. There was talk about moving after that, and the babies, Judy and himself had all gone their separate ways. Judy and the babies? They had gone down south so he had believed. Himself? He had come up to a farm in the north of Scotland.

Now the cold and the damp, the bleak mist and the snow.

It must be hard for a dog sampling Scotland for the first time.

James Bewick, L.VI (boys)



Senior School

THE CREATURE

A padding footstep, light and airy,
ventures on to the mud down by the
shady pool.

The dainty feet halt at the water's edge,
and the head dips.

Russet brown body gracefully poised,
slim and gentle.

The lips are soft,
and the nose like brushed velvet;
big round eyes, innocent and gentle;
ears flicking at flies, leaf-shaped
and wary;

slim, straight neck, rippling as the ani-
mal drinks;

light feet, small and dainty;
legs, shapely and neat,
spread and poised, ready to leap.

The sunlight through the trees plays
on the russet coat, dappling it,
while the sun's reflection in the pool
dapples the underside, too.

Suddenly, there is a sound;
the animal's head comes up sharply,
ears twitching nervously,
legs bent, ready to run,
eyes moving.

With a sudden twist and a splash of
white rump,
the red deer bounds off into the forest.

Jennie.



Once upon an unfortunate time there was a hairy thing called man. Along with him was a hairier thing called animal. Man had a larger brain which made him think he was superior to animals. Some men thought they were superior to men, they were called leader men.

The leader men got man to do work for them—they were called suckers. Leader men said, "We have no need to work, we will kill animals to eat." So they did.

Eventually leader men said, "There are not enough animals left to eat. We must grow our own food." So man grew food. Now the only

Diving up and down through the wood-
land glades,
The sun beating down on his outspread
wings,
Patches of melting snow far down below
Seem to be dazzling his eyes, I know.
He has seen a mouse now,
Down by a tree, fringed with snow—
It scurries away, but the Kestrel's quick
eye,
Has spied it now, and he is flapping his
wings more anxiously.

A sudden dip in his flight,
Makes him touch the snowy ground.
He has caught up with the mouse.
It is squealing for help while encased in
his talons.
It is now dead, poor mouse, and has
been dropped to the ground,
And now is lifeless, poor mouse.

Alison Stratton, F.I.

ONCE UPON A TIME

animals left were tiny ones like insects, sparrows and rabbits. They were seen eating man's crops. Leader men said, "These animals are a menace. They must die."

Soon, there were no animals left and the leader men said, "At last we are free of pests." Man's numbers increased, everyone had to sleep standing up. One day leader men saw a new animal eating their crops. (This was called starving people). Leader man said—

"This creature is a menace it must die . . ."

Gilbert, F.II.

IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS A CHILD

It was a cold morning. Little Rachmond stumped down the road holding his father's hand and stepping on the fallen leaves, making them crack and crinkle on the frosty road.

"I have the strongest feet in the world," little Rachmond declared boldly, squeezing his father's hand—hoping that he would utter his usual groan.

But his father did not groan and they walked down the road in silence. Life was strange for Rachmond these days. Father and mother seemed worried and although they as a family had always been popular with the neighbours and Rachmond had several school friends something in life was missing. His school friends still talked to him but they seemed more concerned about themselves. They were not nasty or rude, and he still liked them all, but he had filtered out of the conversation recently. His parents too, were less willing to talk to him and had refused to let him pin a badge of Adolf Hitler on his lapel. All the other little boys wore them and there was a sort of a club forming. He did not understand why his parents did not like Adolf. Everyone liked Adolf and everyone talked about him and many of the older boys served in his 'youth army.' But his father bore a pained expression on his face when he saw the badge and confiscated it. Rachmond did not see it again.

They were nearly at the gate of the school and soon his father would leave him. Rachmond saw his friends clustered together in the middle of the playground. Perhaps they were organising a football game. He liked football. His father slipped some money into his pocket and suddenly the little boy felt his iron, muscular hand float away. It was as though the rope which tied a boat to the shore had broken and the boat was tossing gently out to sea. Rachmond felt alone and afraid. He glanced upwards at his father who looked at him closely before looking at the other boys in the playground. Then he walked quickly away.

In one more instant Rachmond's fear had gone and he rushed to his friends hoping to join their game, spurred on by a child-like certainty that they must accept him and pushing a nagging fear into the back of his mind. They did not openly welcome him as

they once had done, yet they did not refuse him the right to join in. Still, Rachmond felt a stranger among his friends.

Just then a tall, handsome-looking girl with blond hair strode up the playground carrying a small case under her arm. A peculiar emotion spread through the group of boys, not exactly fear, yet one which certainly froze their bodies for a second or two. She was little Rachmond's teacher, and she was very strict. Rachmond secretly liked her, and paused to look at her for another moment then he saw that she, too, was wearing a badge of Hitler. That was it! Everyone was wearing that badge. Everyone except him. He felt a savage anger against his parents. Why did they not let him wear one, too? A sharp bell cut the morning laughter and all the little boys trooped into school. Rachmond went in with the rest, still feeling angry



yet hoping for an opportunity where he might recover some of his lost charm and personality. He decided that he would cheek the teacher. That, of all things, was sure to do the trick. It would mean of course that he would have to stay in after school to do extra work, but what would that matter once he was a hero?

The morning lesson was dull for the attractive teacher was talking in great depths about nature and races. Her eyes had a curious glint, and Rachmond thought that they looked like a priestess's. She seemed to be worshipping somebody or something and did not ask the class questions. It was not long before her soliloquy led her to discuss differing species in nature; Rachmond, and the rest of the class, was bored. He had had no opportunity to display his courage and daring and was beginning to feel angry and moody. It would have been so much simpler had his parents allowed him to wear the little badge. Then there would have been no need to

At last the teacher asked a question. Rachmond did not quite catch it, but that did not matter. She wanted a name. Suddenly his eyes caught a large poster of Adolf Hitler on the wall. He had just begun to realise that it was a new poster before something forced him to shout out, "Adolf Hitler!"

There was a startled gasp and a short burst of laughter which was quickly subdued by the expression on the teacher's face. The blond hair was parted neatly and fell smoothly down on either side of her cream-like face. She stared coldly at Rachmond until the little boy began to fidget nervously.

Rachmond was puzzled. She had not flown into one of her infamous tempers. Instead, she stared a hateful stare. Shortly she called Rachmond to the floor and continued her lecture on species, only this time it was extended to human beings.

Very soon her powerful oratory had the class of eight-year-olds chuckling and chortling at his 'peculiar' nose and features. She concluded by saying that he was a Jew and of an inferior race. Little Rachmond did not understand the politics, and neither did the rest of the class, yet his humiliation was complete. Never again would he cheek the teacher in class. Another

bell rang and the class of eight-year-olds stormed out of the room yelling and shouting. Rachmond did not run or shout, but followed the rest, looking back at the teacher with a face that spelt all the wrongs and hatefulness of anti-semitism. Yet the teacher did not even favour him with a glance.

The effects of the girl's lecture on the other boys was astonishing. Before five seconds had elapsed little Rachmond was surrounded by the rest of his classmates who were by now chanting rude slogans and flinging biting words into his shattered and broken face.

'Rachmond the Jew-boy! Rachmond the Jew-boy!! They had formed a circle and were dancing round the unfortunate little boy. Rachmond was understandably hurt at this performance, but especially hurt at the fact that several of the boys who were taunting him were once classed as his friends. After a few more minutes of the outrageous teasing that only children can perfect, little Rachmond rushed from the playground and his misery.

In the evening two worried and distressed parents were called to identify their child at the local hospital.

'A street accident,' they were coldly informed. But little Rachmond was only the first to suffer the influence of the man whose face could be seen on posters, badges and magazine covers throughout the city.

A.W.S., F.VI.



MY SISTER

My sister is a menace,
She doesn't do what she's told,
She screams and kicks, and shouts at me
And is sometimes very bold.

She never goes to bed at night,
If she does, it's with some noise,
She always wants to stay up late,
And play with all her toys.

At half past seven in the morning
She jumps out of her bed,
She creeps into my sister's room,
And knocks her on the head.

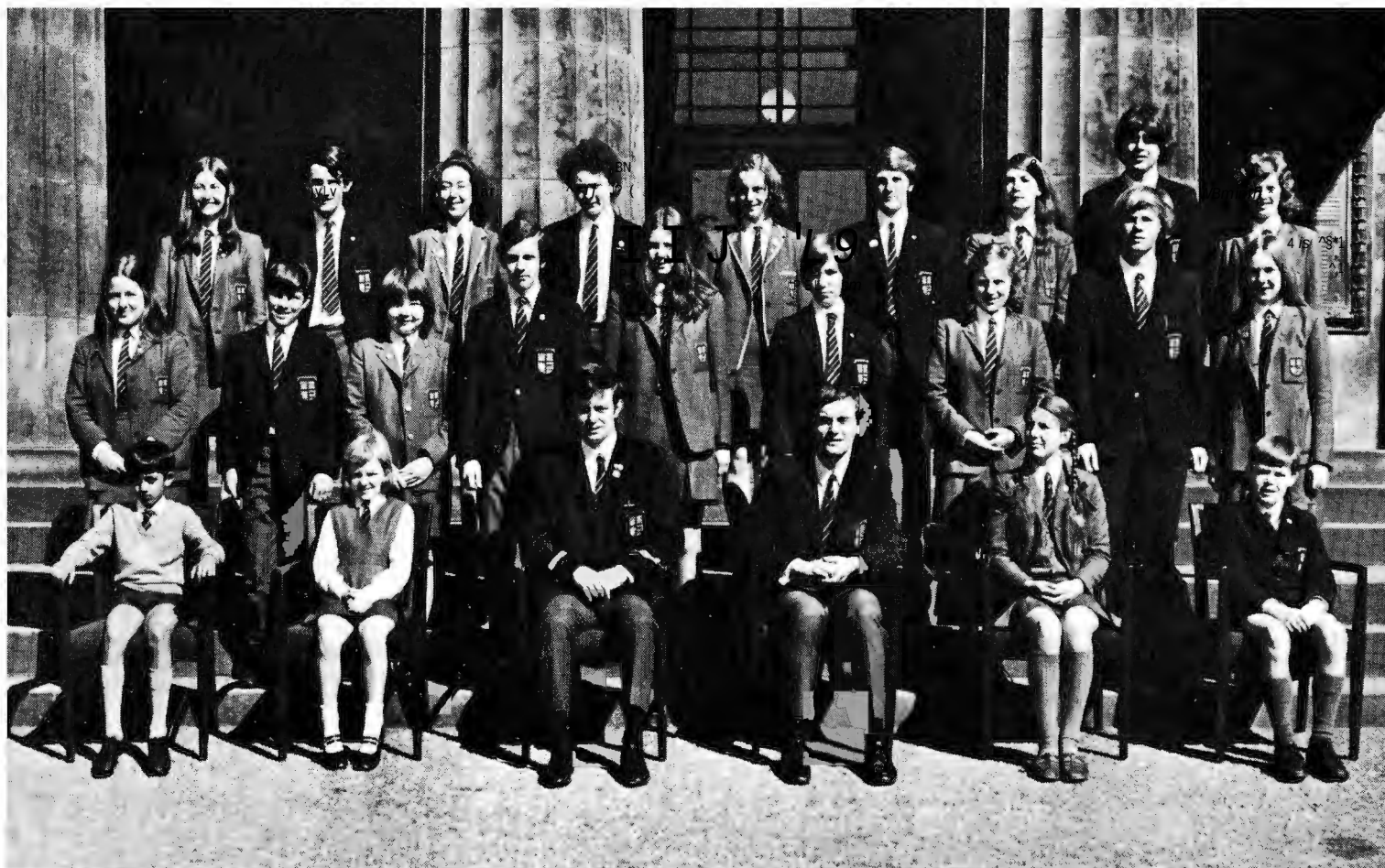
Soon after, she is ready for school,
Tie squint, and socks half down,
When mother starts to tidy her up,
On her face she puts a frown.

She arrives at school too early,
So she waits, and plays at games,
When the bell rings, she goes into her
line,
And calls everybody names.

She goes into her classroom,
And sits and does her writing,
And when the teacher looks at her
She always finds her fighting.

But on the whole she's very nice,
And she *sometimes* can be good,
I only wish she would behave,
As a child of seven should.

Angela Iannetta, F.1a2.

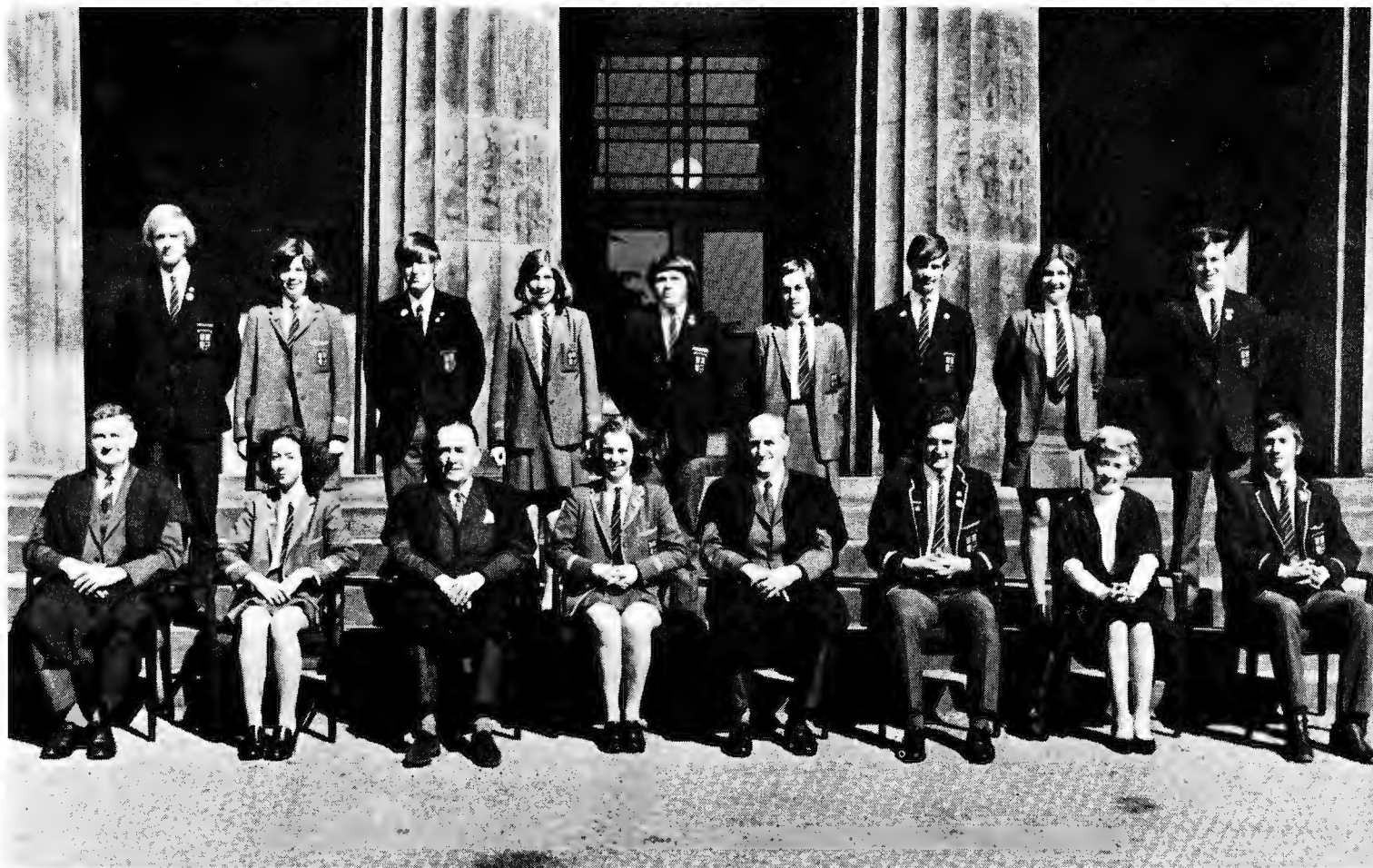


DUX MEDALLISTS

Back Row (l. to r.)—Nicola J. E. Millar (*Gymnastics*), Brian Hardy (*Engineering*), Iola R. Wilson (*English/Italian*), R. A. Kelly (*History/French*), Sheena S. McMain (*Biology*), Graham D. Butchart (*Gymnastics*), Jane J. Maxwell (*Art*), W. Keith Guthrie (*Geography*), Anne Beats (*Economics*).

Second Row (l. to r.)—Jennifer L. Hanslip (*Form 1 Girls*), David C. Ray (*Form 1 Boys*), Catherine M. Langlands (*Form 2 Girls*), Stephen Y. Rogers (*Form 2 Boys*), Marion N. McCraw (*Form 3 Girls*), D. G. Aungie (*Form 3 Boys*), Judith I. Hanslip (*Form 4*), Ian G. C. Weir (*Form 5 Boys*), Sarah L. Boase (*Form 5 Girls*).

Front Row (l. to r.)—Sohail Nurbhai (*Prep. Boys*), Gillian E. Meekison (*Prep. Girls*), William I. David (*School Dux, Equal*), Brian W. Dye (*School Dux, Equal*), Tanya M. J. Veitch (*Junior Girls*), J. D. Scott Carnegie (*Junior Boys*).



PREFECTS 1972-73

Back Row (l. to r.)—A. D. Ritchie, Patricia A. Moffat, P. B. Baxter, A. Lesley Stewart, J. D. Hutchison, Caroline M. R. Mills, R. Buist, Diane Crawford, W. I. F. David.

Front Row (l. to r.)—Mr G. C. Stewart, Iola R. Wilson (Deputy Head Girl), Mr D. R. Paton, Sheena S. McMain (Head Girl), Mr E. M. Stewart, A. J. Milne (Head Boys), Miss A. W. Gray, K. D. Jones (Deputy Head Boy).

NOTHING

Scene: A school common room. There are some tables and chairs scattered about and the room is generally untidy. (Enter John and Angus).

John: I tell you, you can't ever have nothing.

Angus: How do you know?

John: Look, have you ever seen nothing?

Angus: Course I have.

John: What?

Angus: Well, wait a minute. When I was walking home across a field the other day I couldn't see anything.

John: Ah, but "not seeing anything" is different from seeing nothing.

Angus: I don't see how that is. Nothing is just not anything.

John: Oh, you're thick. Anything means . . . well it means absolutely . . . any thing. Anything is a particular object but not one in particular.

Angus (sarcastically): That's very clear.

John: Well. When there is nothing there is never anything, that is no matter what object present, and there can never be nothing 'cos there must always be something.

Angus: That's purely hypothetical.

John: It is not, it's a fact. Look, I'll give you an example. (John holds out his hand). What's in my hand?

Angus: Nothing.

John: No! There is air and dirt and molecules and vapours.

Angus: But all these things cannot be felt, heard, seen or smelt, so therefore they do not really exist to us humans.

John: But they are there and they do exist.

(Enter Jim).

Here's Jim, he'll help us. Hey Jim. We're discussing the word "nothing." I don't think it should exist since there can never be nothing. He disagrees (pointing to Angus).

Jim, grinning: Nothing. Never really thought about it much. Well, it's a pretty useful word. I mean, when you're doing something you

shouldn't and someone asks you what you're doing, you can just say "nothing."

John: Yes, but that's telling a lie, isn't it? Because you're not really doing nothing.

Jim: I suppose so. But . . . you know, you've got a point there. When you think about it.

John: Yes. That's my point. I'm right.

Angus: Wait a minute. There can be nothing. (Exit Angus, running—10 minutes pass—enter Angus holding glass jar).

Angus: I've just been to the science lab. and used the vacuum pump and pumped out all the air from inside this bell jar. What's in it?

John: Nothing!

Jim: Nothing! !

INSTINCT

A goose, flying in the night
Joined by another
A lonely pair
The moon on their wings
And the stars in their eyes.
Alone in the sky
Wings beating and voices calling
And I can only watch
Some strange instinct draws them on
And on
Joined by another, and yet another
A v-shape forms high in the sky
Flying of one accord
Over the rushy water and the rippling
waves
Far below
I run, calling them, but they are
Heedless of me.

Margaret.



VOLCANO AT SUNSET

The sun slowly slid down
The sky so grey,
The animals and
birds
hid away.
The old volcano was giving out
Smoke.
I found it difficult not to
Choke.
I wished it would rain.
It would not.
The sky was red,
The air was hot,
The volcano
Has blown
Its top



IF I COULD CATCH A MOMENT

If I could catch a moment, what would I catch?

A sunset, chasing the golden rays from the hills, and gathering them home?

A moonlit beach, with a lonely lover, splashing through the waves?

A mountain top, lit by the venturesome bars of dawn?

Or even a tree, dressed in her autumn finery?

Oh no, I would not choose any one of these.

Would I then choose,
a stag, lifting its proud head against the breeze?

a dog, nose quivering, tail wagging, eyes pleading?

an otter, front paws splattered as he slides down the bank?

or even a seagull, glorious and free?

Oh no, I could not choose any of these. For the answer is obvious, there is only one thing, be it in

a little boy grasping his very first bike, a laughing child, eyes and cheeks aglow, a proud father as his daughter comes first.

or even

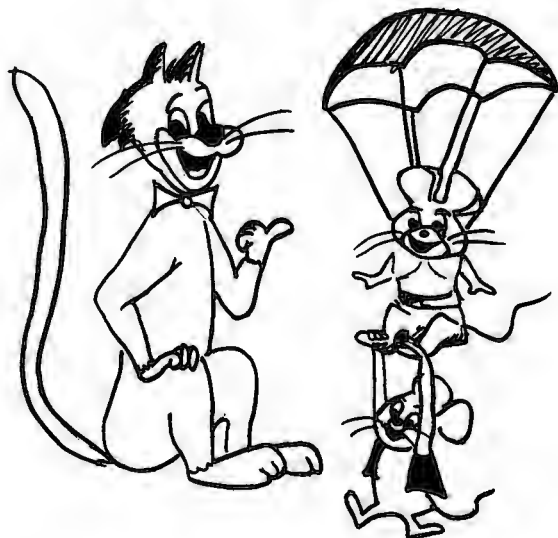
a baby, chuckling with glee; and this moment is happiness.

Margaret.

ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER

Sitting in a darkened room
Weeping till I could weep no more
Letting loose the streams of sorrow and
Waterfalls of grief
Loving you
Thinking of your life and mine
Ended because you have—
Died? Have you really—died?
'The dead walk forever in our hearts,'
they say.
Do they? Will you?—and are you right
now?
As your soul floats free to the Gate of
Heaven
Will you remember me, sitting in a
darkened room,
Weeping till I could weep no more?

Margaret.



Phoo mang choo
 Ahso Ring
 Ching lok tung
 Wong wing lun
 Ah ya tung



A CLOCKWORK ORANGE— THE REACTION

I was stunned,
 Not shocked,
 Just number.
 Alex—antihero;
 Appalling atrocities
 And a feeling of incredibility
 He is reality—
 Epitomising savagery of youth,
 He is truth,
 Concentrated on the celluloid screen.

I was shocked
 At myself.
 I could feel pity for
 The murderer and rapist
 Used by society.
 How?

Is this how mass media
 Has made me?
 I have no horror
 Or disgust
 Or fear
 Or anger
 Only pity for the underdog
 The manipulated, not
 The victim.

Ludwig van—
 The boy had taste,
 He tried to run,
 He lost the race.

His nature
 He couldn't escape it.
 Violence—ultra-violence,
 And the sophists are
 Criminal.
 The politicians are

Criminal
And the psychologists are
Criminal.
And Alex—is insane, or ill or merely
idiosyncratic,
And we take pity on
The invalid.

Is he real?
If he is
We are in trouble.

Why was I not shocked?
It scares me,
My apathy towards atrocity.
Where were his morals?
Where are mine?

I am forced to think
Alex—Alex—Alex
The enigma
I don't know the right from the wrong.
I cannot tell truth from the lies.
Was he . . . is he . . . fact, or mere
Fiction.
Please, someone, tell me.
I just don't know—he lives on, haunting
me.
“This film is immoral.”
Why?
I am forced to think.



TIMOTHY

Timothy lives by the Rocksland Dells,
His eyes are as big as two ink-wells.
Whenever a cart he tries to heave,
An ear gets in the way like a lettuce
leave.
He's as skinny as a skeleton, with stick-
ing out ribs,
And his teeth protrude like dirty pen-
nibs.
Around the garden he skips and hops,
His hair in a mess like carrot tops.

Christine Mitchell.



THE CURSE OF THE COMMON COLD

Aspirins and hot lemon drinks,
Extra blankets on my bed,
Waking in the morning
Wishing I were dead.

Sitting in a classroom
Fighting back uncalled for tears,
Echoes of “Pay Attention”
Ringing in my ears.

Feeling first extremely hot
Then shivering with cold,
Hoping to recover from
The curse of the common cold.

I think it's influenza
I feel a hundred years old,
And nothing has been found to cure
The curse of the common cold.

Aspirin with my breakfast,
Aspirin for my tea,
I pray to God in heaven above
To take my cold from me.

Sneezing in the morning,
Coughing after noon,
(I tried to win with aspirin,
And swallowed it too soon).

And so the curse will follow me
From cradle to the grave,
To fight against the common cold
Requires you to be brave.

And so, immune to aspirin,
I'll endure until I'm old
The heartaches and discomforts of
The curse of the common cold.

A Common Cold Sufferer.

CONTRAST — SEPTEMBER WITH JUNE
CLANG!

The bell resounded ear-splittingly. Through the school, almost at once books were closed with a slam, doors opened and shut, excited voices chattered eagerly as the school was filled with the bustle and noise of lunch-time break. Bodies thronged into corridors, running, tripping, talking, each person louder than the one before in an effort to be heard. Everyone milling around in this place of noisy confusion. Dotted throughout the mass were alien beings. Scared and apprehensive with wavering footsteps they allowed their bodies to be tossed about in the sea of activity, the perfect ending to their morning in a new world.

Snatches of conversation drifted through the air.

"Cheerio, see you soon!"

"Anyone seen Alison?"

"Hope the meals at the lunch-hall are better than they were last year!"

The alien first-formers stumbled down the stone steps to Lilly's, clutching their lunch boxes in both hands. A look at the knee-length skirts, blazers big enough for at least two years wear, polished, squeaking, black, low-heeled leather shoes, neat hair and scrubbed shining faces was enough to show that they were typical, new first-formers.

Immediately after them came the second formers—their skirts turned up at least twice at the waist and held up with anything from the dog's lead to a rainbow-coloured belt, hair falling around their shoulders, resting on their dry-cleaned blazers and colourful wet-look shoes with seven inch heels clattered over Lilly's spotless floor.

Second former June put her calorie controlled diet on the table beside first former September's lunch box.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" she asked.

"Gosh no," replied September gazing at June with a reverence that is rarely seen even in the most religious person's eyes. "Imagine a second former speaking to me," she thought. "Oh, the honour."

June looked at her measly portion of lettuce and tomatoes and then clutched her stomach. After one mouthful when there remained only a solitary tomato to eat, she remarked casually to September, "Tempus fugit, doesn't it?"

That's the first morning at school finished already."

"I-I'm sorry," began September, "but I didn't quite catch that. What did you say?"

"Tempus fugit," "Mr Alexander, Latin," she muttered under her breath and then out loud, "You'll learn."

"Oh."

June stood up and went over to Lilly's counter. She returned with a Snowball, Macaroon Bar, Milky Way, Cadbury's Flake and a bottle of Coca-Cola. Half way through the macaroon bar she asked, "Did you enjoy your first morning at school?"

"Yes, thank you. Very much," replied September shyly and politely. So far we have only been making up our timetable and getting to know teachers but if we had had proper lessons we would have had She broke off fumbling with a piece of pink paper which she consulted before saying, "History, English, Physics, Maths and Gym."

"Gym is the centre of health," acknowledged June. "To quote Miss Dobson."

"Oh, of course," September smiled worshipingly at June, thrilled when she received a smile in return, thinking, "Imagine a person as grown-up as Form Two speaking to me. I only wish I could understand what she's talking about!"

Presently June scuttled down the steps, panting. "Miss Gray's on the warpath!" she yelled. Immediately Lilly's was choked with noise. Ties were used for polishing shoes, blouse necks fastened, transistors switched off, hair tied back and skirts unrolled to their normal length.

June sat down moaning that her tights were too light and did anyone notice the ladder up the side.

"What is all the fuss for?" queried September in astonishment.

"Uniform check. Miss Gray inspects your uniform very carefully. She's standing at the Prefects' door speaking to the Head Girl. Miss Gray's really nice and I admire her tremendously and she's always very fair. She doesn't dish out punishments but she does tell you what's wrong. 'Don't you think you are a bit old for socks, June?' That sort of stuff."

Satisfied that she looked presentable, June sat down. "That road's very dangerous," she remarked. "The cars just fly past and I had to be careful taking my brother across."

"It was very busy when I arrived at school this morning and my mother couldn't find a place to park."

"Your mother? There's a statue of Boadicea in her chariot sticking out her left hand and turning right. Women drivers are all the same. Quote, Mr Rorie, History."

She picked up the Flake and opened her bottle of coke with disastrous results as the top and the opener flew over her shoulder. June moaned as she looked at the bottle lying on its side with lunch boxes floating along on a sea of Coca-Cola. September breathed a sigh of relief to discover that June was human after all as she watched her dab frantically at the oozing mess with hankies and socks and anything she could lay her hands on.

A man walked through Lilly's and September remarked, "Look at that teacher. It's him we have for Physics."

June looked astonished. "Him? Don't you know that the verb to be never takes an object?" She chuckled. "You should say, 'It is he.' To quote Mr Fyall, English. It's him we have for Physics too, though," she concluded.

At one table crowded with third formers a transistor was blazing "Top of the Pops" into every corner of Lilly's. "Do you like pop music, June?" asked September.

"Pop music is nothing but rubbish. Mrs Hacjbowicz, Piano."

For a while there was silence. June stared into September's eyes seeing herself as she had been when she was September. Small, scared and shy. Yes, and she still felt small and scared and shy when she spoke to the elder girls as September obviously felt when she spoke to June.

September stared into June's eyes and saw herself mirrored—reflected as the person she would be when September left to become June.

The bell rang again. This time the school was silent as the two girls walked together up the stairs to the assembly hall. They stood side by side as the roll was taken. On and on droned the voice till at last it called, "Is Paula Coats here?"

June and September softly whispered goodbye to each other as their souls merged together to become one. The voice called again. And this time the real Paula Coats stepped forward from the safety and security of Form One, into the unknown—Form Two.

Louise Maguire.

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

Lady Madonna is leaving home. Her aim is Penny Lane, but on the way she meets Moma America who says, "get back home, baby, yo' a rich man."

But she acts like the fool on the hill and decided to let it be, saying that she would think about it another day. She arrives at Penny Lane and buys a ticket to ride on a yellow submarine.

Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Heart Club Band, came in through the ballroom window. Everyone begins to twist and shout. Suddenly the Sun King appears but flies quickly when the C. Moon arrives.

The C. Moon said, "I'm a jealous guy but try to imagine that all you need is love even though you can't buy yourself love so get back home to Eleanor Rigby." Lady Madonna tried to act naturally but when she saw Lucy in the sky with diamonds she knew she was going hi, hi, hi!

"This is it," she cries. "Yes, it is! Hey Jude! I wanna hold your hand because your a jealous guy and you see when I'm dead and gone your gonna lose that girl and you can't do that."

Suddenly she yells, "help! I'm down! Please, Please me! Don't let me down!"

The jealous guy said, "she loves me but I like you too much."

Then she could see the long and winding road leading up to Junior Maxwell who is sitting with Mr Maxwell's silver hammer on cloud number nine. She was remembering yesterday when she was at Scarborough Fayre. Then she could see her immortal life with my sweet Lord in the Strawberry Fields forever. Those were the days but there was something wrong. Norwegian wood know.

Avril Balfour.

ONCE more.
So now I must leave it,
The island,
And its shore.

Philip Jones, F.Ia2.



POLLUTION

Pollution is a great disease,
It ruins water, it ruins trees,
It smothers ants, snails and bees,
Pollution is a grave disease.

It ruins air, sea and land,
And everything that once was grand,
It stretches out with its gruesome hand,
It ruins air, sea and land.

It eats all through the day,
We just let it eat away,
And think of come what may,
It eats all through the day.

Ian Tait, L.VI (boys).

AN ADVENTURE STORY

Once upon a time, a nice quiet little girl called Germoline went to a big magic house called a picture house, to have an adventure. This day was a special day, because Germoline was going to play with an Xtra special toy called a clockwork orange. This toy looked very pretty on the surface, because it was very well made, and full of pretty colours, but Germoline's mummy and daddy didn't like her toy, because they thought it was dangerous and full of nasty surprises for nice little girls.

Outside the picture-house, Germoline stopped to look at the sign on the door, and as she stood she saw lots of big boys dressed in funny clothes, with big shoes and short hair, about to go inside. They were arguing and using funny-sounding words Germoline had never heard before. Germoline walked in and gave her shiny new 50p piece to the lady behind the desk, called the foyer, and then she trotted into the black place, and sat on a big, comfy seat. The next things she saw were words on a big screen in front of her, and then pictures of funny white men sitting in a funny place called a milk bar.

Poor little Germoline could not understand why so much tomato sauce was being tossed about, or why these funny men kept hitting people, and this worried her for a while, but as time went on, and she had her ice-cream with a blood-red cherry on top at the interval, she began to enjoy her adventure.

One of the funny men was put in gaol by all the bad policemen, and Germoline felt very sorry for him, but he got out again and was free to go around and kill and steal from whoever he wanted which was what he enjoyed doing more than anything else, so Germoline felt happy for him at the end.

She went home and told her mummy and daddy all about her super adventure. Then she took out Basil, her 12 bore shotgun, and gunned them down on the cosy living-room floor. Germoline loved adventures.

THE WAR ON THE ISLAND OF DNALERI

The sun had risen on the volcano top
And filled the island with light,
But all of a sudden on the border line
The two tribes had started to fight.

The IRA prayed in their temple,
The UDR prayed in theirs,
And on this day there was no fun
No circuses or fairs.

The IRA charged with all their might,
The UDR stood still, and cool,
The shrieks and screams of charging men
And then, came a voice like a bull.

The order was to retreat to the trees,
To let the general plan his strategy,
When all of a sudden the UDR charged
And then began this battle—gay.

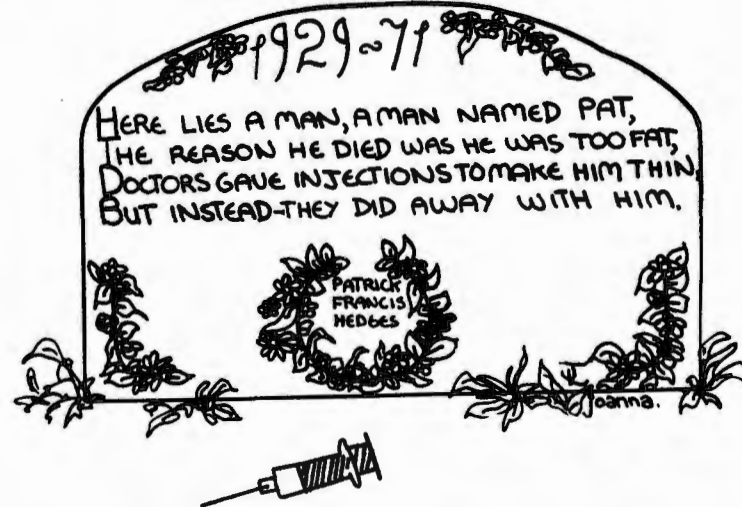
The sight and sound of these two tribes,
The clang of steel on steel,
The fading breaths of dying men,
And war bells continued their peal.

The colour of all the warriors and chiefs,
The colours were reds and blue,
Some wore beads and necklaces,
But of clothed men there were few.

The battle was finally over,
The tribes took back bad news,
Behind them came the stretcher-bearers,
Walking in lines of twos.

These lines stretched for miles and miles,
From TSAFLEB to NILBUD,
The fields in which the war was fought,
Were known as "fields of blood."

EPITAPH



The graveyards of the two tribes
Were full, including NEATH'S,
There was no doubt about it,
The victory was Death's.

The sun was setting on the volcano top,
You could hear the funeral band,
And very soon after the curfew,
There was peace throughout the land.

David Ray, F.Ia2.

I cannot quite remember when my
laughter stopped,
It could have been the day the trees
aged and wrinkled slowly
in their nakedness.
It could have been the day I saw
the dark, damp funeral
toil slowly down the street
the heavy mourners wailing like melo-
dramatic players.
It could have been the day the fog
lay thick and veiled
and sea and sky held no distinction.
I could have sworn I saw you on the
horizon.
Yet,
Looking back,
It could have been the day you closed
the door.

Jay.

OUR POLITICAL FUTURE

The present Government has held office for more than two and a half years now and already it has become a mediocre, run-of-the-mill, half-hearted apology for true Conservatism. After six depressing years of mismanagement by the Wilson administration, hope was indeed high on June 19th, 1970, that welcome changes were imminent; that the rapidly cheapening approach to politics would be altered and that we were once again set firmly on the road towards prosperity and its accompanying benefits.

There is now no doubt in my mind whatsoever: the hope was unfounded and will continue to be so as long as the present Government rejects true Conservative philosophy, to the detriment of the nation.

The time has come for facts to be faced: Edward Heath and his cabinet have so far failed in their efforts to govern Britain according to basic Conservative principles. There is one man in the Conservative Party with the courage, ability, personality and political genius, coupled with an untarnished reputation, who is in a position to stop the rot, Mr John Enoch Powell.

Mr Powell is probably misquoted more than any other politician; he is frequently opposed by those who have read two sentences at the most about him. Yet in my belief he is the statesman who can rescue Britain from her present position of obscurity and mediocrity. Support for this man is snowballing as is proved by countless reliable opinion polls, and also the increasing membership of societies formed to give him support.

It has been said that those who lend their support to Mr Powell have allied themselves to a personality cult. This is nonsense—most of his supporters are in support of what he stands for and what he fights for. It has also been rashly stated that he is a “traitor” to the Conservative Party. When I say that he is the most loyal Conservative in the Party I do not exaggerate, for Mr Heath and his followers are, sadly, the men who have deviated from true Conservatism.

Mr Powell treats politics philosophically; he deals in principles. He is also a stylist, a scholar, and probably the greatest orator in the House of Commons. His arguments are based upon fact and logic; he is a courageous

politician of high integrity with a confirmed determination to fight for what he believes to be right—reminiscent of the Enoch Powell who rose from Private to Brigadier in the course of the Second World War. I will therefore go on to deal with the most important aspect of Mr Powell: the true Conservative policies for which he stands.

In a general sense he stands for freedom. He desires a crisis-free society based upon fairness and free enterprise. He believes in the benefits of capitalism, both economically and politically, as opposed to the lack of freedom and lack of personal choice inevitable in a socialist society. Correspondingly, he believes in wholesome competition and the denationalisation necessary to make this a reality. At this point I would state that capitalism does not mean corruption. It is only **corrupt** capitalism which means this. I will now deal with some of the more contemporary issues of politics to which Mr Powell's principles extend.

As regards the economy, he believes in total freedom, hence his unmitigated condemnation of any policy such as the Government's Prices and Incomes Policy. He attacks this on the grounds that it is a basic corruption of Conservative principles. I would like to point out immediately that I acknowledge inflation as perhaps the greatest danger to our economy in society today. I therefore heartily and hastily agree that it must be dealt with decisively, immediately and lastingly. That is why Mr Powell opposes the Government's introduction of a Prices and Incomes Policy, his opposition based on the grounds that such policies have been proved ineffective and inadequate in the past and will continue to prove so in the future.

Of course extravagant and unrealistic wage-claims are inflationary. But they are not however at the root of inflation; they are merely inflationary. The manner to end inflation is by taking a grip of the money system, by taking direct control of it, and therefore rendering such claims impossible. Such action is drastic but, in such a perilous situation as we are in, the political courage required for such an action is necessary. It is argued that ending inflation in this way produces unemployment but, as Mr Powell stated, it is ending inflation, however it is done, which inevitably causes unemployment. If the Chancellor had had the courage in his budgets to avoid gimmicks and to bring into coordination the amounts of

money leaving and reaching the Treasury by, if necessary, **increasing** taxation, then a valuable step towards beating inflation would have been taken.

A temporary Prices and Incomes Policy is useless—when it ends, the country is blown sky high by a deluge of wage claims. A lasting Prices and Incomes Policy is a lasting threat to economic freedom, a lasting contradiction to all that the Conservatives once proudly stood for.

I ask you, if the economic adviser to the Wilson Government congratulates Edward Heath for his actions as regards the economy, if the Prime Minister is congratulated for socialist policies (as in “The Spectator” recently) then surely there is something definitely wrong.

The next policy with which I shall deal is one which has raised many blood pressures—immigration (incidentally, the fact that it has done this shows that there is indeed a problem). The fact that 88 per cent of the correspondence to the “Sunday Debate” supported Mr Powell shows that he is indeed gaining the support of the British public. As immigration reaches the two million mark and repatriation regrettably remains a myth, **against the will of many New Commonwealth citizens in Britain**, friction, which will shortly become strife, is on the upsurge. I will make the crucial point at this stage by quoting from Mr Powell: “Although the customs and social habits and expectations of immigrants may be widely different, there is no reason to suppose that they are more malevolent or more prone to wrongdoing. That is, however, not the point. With the male-factors among our own people, we have got to cope. They are our own responsibility and part of our own society. It is something totally different when the same or similar activities are perpetrated by strangers and, above all, when they occur in the course of an increase in the numbers of those strangers and an extension of the areas which they occupy—an increase and an extension to which the victims perceive no end in sight.”

It is not a question of racialism, it is purely a point of logic that people of different origin, outlook, personal make-up and culture can not be integrated into our population; for, to quote Mr Powell—“to be integrated into a population means to become, for all practical purposes, indistinguishable from its other

members." Obviously to not have space to explore, to my satisfaction, one-tenth of the immigration question. I will merely say that the above, coupled with the strain to our economy, the unemployment situation and housing problem caused by immigration, furnishes definite proof that what Mr Powell speaks is sense. It is when I read chapters of "Freedom and Reality" that my admiration for Mr Powell is at its strongest. It is also at these moments that my fury at his prolonged exclusion from the cabinet is strongest. In many aspects the Government is belatedly adopting Mr Powell's suggestions. What is despicable, is that they are trying to hide the fact. Where they are ignoring his advice, they are in dire straits.

I will not examine the intricacies of the European Economic Community. I will merely state that, in his book "The Case Against the Common Market," Mr Powell has given ample proof of why the majority of the British people are opposed to Britain's entry to the E.E.C. I will also state that I already sense a lackadaisical attitude on the part of the British electorate to our membership; now they are saying, "Oh well, we're in, so that's that." Mr Powell fought with all his political courage against our entry: he rightly states that our fight is not over; for Edward Heath not only blatantly broke promises but in so doing sold our sovereignty, political freedom in uniting us to a combination of countries completely alien to our way of life and without any sympathy for our problems.

In his books "Freedom and Reality" and recently "Still to Decide" Mr Powell expands his ideas on topics ranging from the Civil Service to the Commonwealth, from Education to the Economy, from the folly of Nationalism to Northern Ireland, from Law and Order in the Trade Unions to South Africa and Rhodesia. No matter what his topic, Mr Powell's integrity and almost passionate courage inevitably result in clearcut and well thought out ideas.

To those who state that Mr Powell is fighting a losing battle I say this; "Bury your defeatism and start showing your support." I will give a few examples of how his popularity is rapidly increasing. In a nationwide opinion poll, conducted by National Opinion Polls, it was revealed that Mr Powell would be the



most popular leader of the Conservative party, a fact reinforced by his personal mailbag, considerably bigger than the Prime Minister's. The same survey also revealed that he is acknowledged as the politician who has the greatest understanding of Britain's problems today. At the last Conservative Party Conference—I add a Heath-dominated Conference—when it came to a vote as regards the Uganda Asians, Mr Powell won the support of a third of the delegates who voted. Mr Richard Crossman has since said that, even with such a short time having passed since the Conference, he believes that, now, the Government would not even have dared to stage a direct confrontation with Mr Powell.

So we can see that of course there is hope. Public opinion, disillusionment with the E.E.C. and growing pressure from within the Conservative party, could eventually see Mr Powell as leader. It has been suggested that, before time is exhausted, Mr Powell ought to form his own party. However this would never grant him any real influence; coupled with the fact that Mr Powell is the epitome of true Conservatism, such a suggestion is ludicrous.

I exhort everyone to read at least "Freedom and Reality" and, in face of the indecision and mediocrity of today's consensus politics, to remember three important words: Patriotism, Principle and the man who embodies both, Powell. In his own words, "We have nothing to fear but our doubts."

Calum R. Paton.

★

GHOSTS

As a well educated modern schoolboy I should not believe in ghosts.

However, there are many ghost stories. There is one about two men playing cards in Glamis Castle. It is said that they had a quarrel and one man killed the other. The murderer was hanged so that they both died. Now they are said to be seen playing cards at a window.

There is the Grey Lady of Claypotts Castle who waved her hankie over to her fiancé in St Andrews. It is said that you can see her on a certain date now.

At that distance she would have been better off with a flag.

The famous escapist Houdini was saved from under the ice by following the sound of his dead mother's voice. After that he spent his life trying to make contact with the "Spirits." All he did was expose a lot of fake ghosts.

But as a canny Scot you won't catch me in a graveyard after dark! How about you?

Robert Binning, L.V.

One day, as I was walking past a famous public building, the thought occurred to me that someone would be needed to write "a little ditty" for the school magazine to fill up an odd space (and it would need to be odd!) so I decided to take up the responsibility, and here it is.

A LITTLE DITTY

I'm sure you will be satisfied by my modest attempt at fulfilling your need and I have every confidence—in what I just don't know.

P.S.—Have you ever felt the need to burn down some great public building or another?—I know I have. Get it out into the open—that's what I say.

Courtesy: Au dela des montagnes F.V.

(Alias: bicycle repair woman).

DECISION

The young man clambered shakily on to the narrow window ledge with a heavy sigh and, once there, drew himself up to his full height. He stood there quite still, arms spread on either side of him, gripping the sides of the window. He stared blankly out into the night falling uncontrollably over the city, and watched the few dangling, sparkling stars high up in the night. He looked down at the neon lights round the squares and along the streets, the cinemas, the night club's jazzy, bright signs, flashing, the passing cars, and the night life of crowds passing beneath him. He had to decide; it was life or death.

He thought he would feel sick if he looked down, but he didn't. Somehow the night seemed to hide the height of the building, the street below; it didn't look so terrifying as by day. He looked up into the sky yearningly. "Oh God . . ." he began, but couldn't think of anything to say. There was nothing to say because he had said it all before. And now his money was gone, he was jobless and friendless: for him, life just wasn't worth living any more. He had given up hope.

"To be or not to be," his face seemed to say. His eyes dulled as he tried so desperately to decide, and his forehead wrinkled cruelly with indecision. He saw all the despair and hardship behind him—he couldn't see what was before him, except the darkening shroud over the lit-up city.

Suddenly he decided, and with that decision, he broke into a fierce sweat and started to shake. He had decided, and his body was afraid. He kicked out into the black air, as if daring himself to jump, but he did not let go his grip. His eyes widened, lit up, and seemed to shout "To hell with life" in an almost excited manner, and he prepared to jump.

Suddenly he yelled "Yahoo!" in a strangely triumphant way, and let go his grip. He dived into the air like a swimmer diving into a pool. And thus he hurtled head first through the whizzing air to land in a crumpled heap on the road below.

Someone screamed as he landed. "Thank God, I'm dead . . ." were his final words as he lay on the bloody road . . . and died.

J.L.

SURVEY

This survey, now in front of you, has come a long way since it was hatched many moons ago in the depths of an editor's fertile imagination. On his instructions we sallied forth into the highways and by-ways of Dundee High School, ready to waylay innocent pupils in our quest. The cry "We are from the school magazine" now strikes terror in the hearts of millions, but because of luck of space, we include only a few of their answers here. First however, a record of the campaign.

The sun was high in the sky on the first day of our campaign when we began, armed with the first question, which was "What is your opinion of a pupil-teacher council? We made a fatal mistake in choosing our Form 1 victim. He was a new boy, as yet unaware of the traditions of D.H.S. democracy. Having selected him however, he insisted on answering all five questions. As you can see from his responses, originality is not his forte. From question 4 however, we can see that he has made a close study of fire regulations. Rather disheartened by our first victim we abandoned the field, retreating to Mr Fyall's room vowing to fight another day.

The next day on which we made a sortie into the corridors was a black day for Dundee High School. On that day we discovered what could well be the truth about the intelligence of Form 2 pupils. The specimen which we discovered in one of the pods in the back playground seemed to have had his intellect dampened by his contact with water. His one aim was to finish the interview as quickly as possible; there were more important things at hand. A big drip was falling from the roof and to our friend, it was the height of ecstasy to have this sliding down his back.

On another day we again braved storms, forded streams and moved mountains to finish this survey for you. We were able to find a rather oriental-looking member of Form 3, a founder-member of the Communist Party. To our surprise he did not denounce the whole idea of having the survey as a plot, but answered all five questions. It must be the thrill of seeing one's words appear in the school magazine. He graciously informed us that there would be no charge for the interview. Such is the price one has to pay for



being a founder-member of the Communist Party.

Being well into our stride now, we decided to interview Forms 4 and 5 in one go. We seasoned campaigners are certainly a tough bunch. Of course we have to be, after being reared on that tough training ground of Dundee High School. Anyway we were able to find a member of Form 4 to question. The survey must have been getting famous by that time because we actually had people to choose from. Whether we chose correctly or not is up to you to judge. Form 5 was rather more difficult but we eventually found someone who was prepared to talk to us, saying something other than "No comment."

After that exhausting day, we thought that we deserved a break from the battlefield but our commander-in-chief sent us back into the fray once again, saying "Once more unto the breach, my friends." Spurred on by our commander-in-chief's bold words we sallied forth and polished off Form 6 without much resistance.

Now, for those of you who have read this far, here is a special treat. You can read the survey's results.

Question 1: What is your opinion of a pupil-teacher council?

Responses:

- Form 1 Load of rubbish
- Form 2 Different
- Form 3 It is a good thing
- Form 4 Fantastic idea
- Form 5 Okay
- Form 6 No comment

Question 2: What is your opinion of the monthly form meetings?

Responses:

- Form 1 Good for a laugh
- Form 2 Ha ha ha
- Form 3 I'd rather do French
- Form 4 Reasonable step to emancipation of school pupils
- Form 5 Pathetic
- Form 6 Form 6 feels it needs a new compromise

Question 3 How would you react if the Communist Party established a branch in this school?

Responses:

- Form 1 I don't think it could happen
- Form 2 Pardon?
- Form 3 I'm in already
- Form 4 I thought it had
- Form 5 No comment
- Form 6 The strike starts on Tuesday

Question 4: If the school was destroyed by fire how would you react?

Responses:

- Form 1 Set off the alarm
- Form 2 Hide my matches
- Form 3 Leave my books inside
- Form 4 Hope physics lab. no. 1 is burnt
- Form 5 Delayed shock
- Form 6 Give ½p to the Appeal Fund

Question 5: If the school was rebuilt, how would you react?

Responses:

- Form 1 Have a zoo
- Form 2 Wear black for three years
- Form 3 Demand an inquiry
- Form 4 Pray for another fire
- Form 5 Go to arbitration
- Form 6 Take ½p from the Appeal Fund

Two roving (raving) reporters.

RIDDLE

There's a noun of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber.
Now any word you choose to take
By adding "s" you plural make.
But strange is the metamorphosis
For by adding "s" to this
Plural is plural now no more
And sweet what bitter was before.

Answer: CARES — CARES(S)

Alison Birrell, F.V.

CORNFIELD AT SUNSET

How still and silent
lies the golden cornfield,
And the evening sun
slowly reddens in the west.
I lean against a stook of corn
And listen to the hush of the wind
in the trees.
I smell the warmth of the corn
in the sun.
And as I rest,
A name comes to my mind,
your name,
the colour of the corn.
I wish you were with me . . .
walking towards me
out of the corn
golden hair shining,
your strong legs striding,
you're here . . .
But I am alone.
Only the evening birds
Still twittering as dusk approaches.
And the red sun sets
like a dying flame.
I rise from my stook,
And walk back across the stubble,
into the setting sun
behind the hill.



THE HYPNOTIC SEA

I stood motionless,
Staring far out to sea—
Hypnotised by pounding crests of bub-
bling surf.
Gannets, gulls, and terns wheeled and
dived in the paradise—
Skimming the waves with hungry stom-
achs,
Eyes darting all around the bottomless
bay
For straying fish.

The lighthouse, standing solitary in
a peninsula of sea-washed, spray
showered, spume-filled rock,

Pompous and almighty in the surround-
ing salt marshes.
All around me was my own, secret
place—
Only familiar to the confused opera of
sea-birds,
And me.

Taking a last, fascinating inspection,
Like a king over his kingdom,
I turned my windswept face into the
blustery air.
I strolled back across the land to my
croft in the distance,
While the sun set, and one gull, sil-
houetted, glided into the splendour
and majesty of the sun-bleached sky.

Alison Stratton, F.I.

THE SEA AS A PERSON

The sea is me
But that I am transient, a leaf blown
by the winds of time.
Reflections of all my feelings are in the
sea:

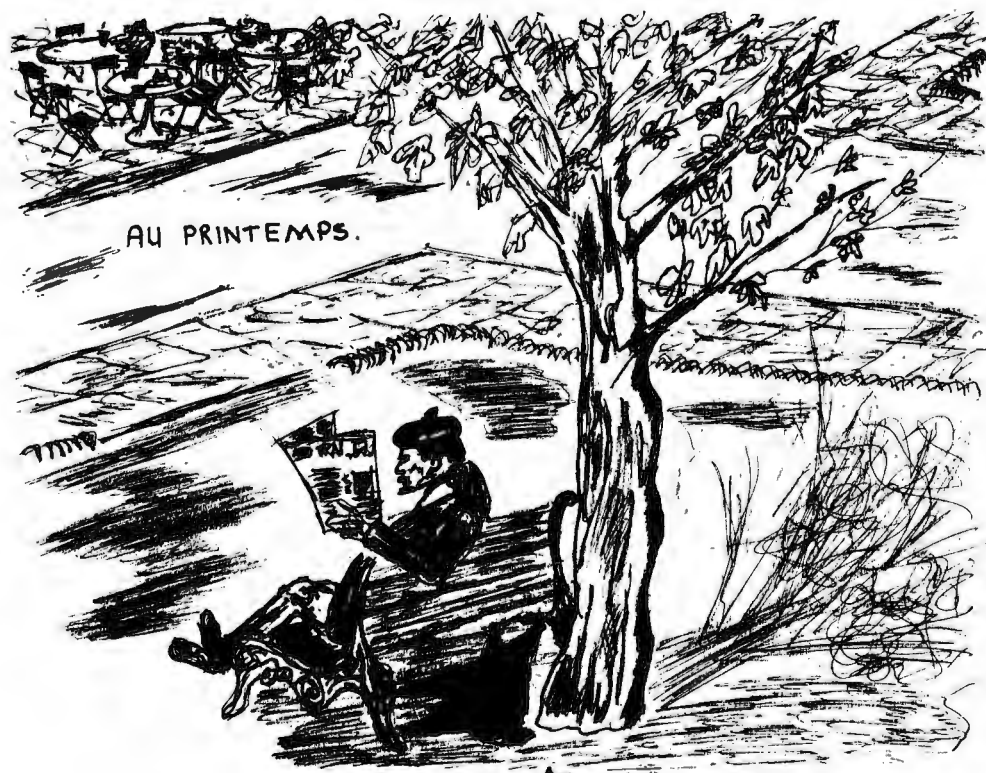
The waves beat upon the shore
Like the very beating of my heart,
Sometimes gentle on a summer's day
Carefree, I float upon gentle waves of
happiness
Laughter ripples through me,
I am calm and serene.

Then the sea is me.
When the waves are boisterous, and the
wind
Whips through my hair, and devilry, like
Wind, blows across the sea passage of
my life,
I am jovial, strenuous in my youth.

Then, when an uneasy, teasing
breeze
Whistles across the tossing waves, I am
restless,
Unsettled, and I cannot keep still—
I fidget now; for the tide is in,
But the sea is still and sultry, yet
The waves are huge. At last the
Storm breaks; an angry, chilling pros-
pect,
Grey and grotesque, tumultuous, and
Terrifying. Now, though I fear it, I
Cannot stay away from it.
The sea is cruel, powerful and dominat-
ing,—

Yet serene and innocent as a child.
That is the sea, always present, always a
Fascination to mankind, beating out its
endless conflict
On the shores of time; immemorial and
everlasting

A. Sheldon.



THE GURU OF GENESIS

The burnished bronze ball
 explodes up the shaded striped windows
 shimmering, slices the chintzy shaded
 room
 with solid bars of light, climbing the
 pictures
 crossing the carpet, and opening the
 mirror.
 The clock's rachittic wheeze announces

...

Announces the New Day, and dies
 of chronic bronchitis.
 Outside, pagan Sol hangs in a bleeding
 sky
 gathering strength; then smites the
 clouds,
 burns the fields, the face of the world,
 with blood-photons of energy
 supplying it with ultra-red power
 to run its transport systems.
 Electricity hums to life. Dynamo. The
 cities fill with noise.

The heating element brings life
 to silent, slumbering sleepers.
 And out in the country, dewy wheat
 fields
 reflect the glowing faces of Sol
 whose smile echoes off the steel
 pylons who have erected in His praise.

The oldest god of an enduring religion
 greater than frontmen, mere images for
 vested interests.
 The angry red eye of the Sun
 staring through iron pylons
 is the symbol of the past, the present
 and a safeguard for the future.

Andrew Scott, F.VI.

A SELECTION OF JOKES

1st Lunatic: Do you know what happened when I washed my parrot in Daz?

2nd Lunatic: No, what did happen?

1st Lunatic: It died.

2nd Lunatic: I told you Daz wasn't good for parrots.

1st Lunatic: It wasn't the Daz that killed it. It was the spin dryer.

* * *

"Doctor, my little boy's swallowed a 2p piece. What shall I do?"

"Keep him in bed until you see some change."

* * *

"Waiter! Have you got frog's legs?"

"No, sir, I always walk this way."

* * *

"They're crossing sheep with kangaroos."

"What for?"

"To grow woolly jumpers."

* * *

Newsflash: Last night Mr Heath had a talk with his cabinet. He also spoke to the wardrobe and the TV set . . .

* * *

Newsflash: A lorry carrying a load of human hair to a wig factory overturned on the M1 today. Police are said to be combing the area.

* * *

"Waiter! What's this fly doing in my soup?"

"It looks like the breast stroke to me, sir."

* * *

"Waiter! Do you serve crabs?"

"Sit down, sir. We serve anybody."

* * *

There was this man who lived next door to a lunatic asylum. One day he was out at his rhubarb patch when a lunatic leaned over and asked, "What do you put on your rhubarb?"

The man answered, "Oh, I put manure on my rhubarb."

To this the lunatic replied, "Well, you should come over here. We get custard on ours."

S.M.





THE VOLCANO AT DUSK

The sun gradually begins to set,
Capturing in it setting rays,
The dust swirling in its endless search,
But terra firma never finding,
As it is caught in the waves of heat
from the volcano.

It shoots up,
And then floats down again,
The process repeats itself an infinite
number of times,
Then as the sun sets
The red glow from the volcano lights up
the forest,
Making it look like hundreds of Christ-
mas trees.

The volcano seems very gentle as it casts
A red glow over the island
But then as we think of this
We hear a deep rumble from the volcano
As if it is remembering us,
That it can obliterate all this
By shooting out showers of molten lava.

Daniel Morrison, F.Ia2.

THE RAINBOW

Even when my head is bursting
With those thoughts I can't express,
I keep on and it soon passes
Like when leaves in autumn fall.
And when winter, dark is growing
And the earth is bare and hard
Back those thoughts come quickly
flooding,

Burst my head and mind apart.
Once again the feeling passes
As the warm spring sun breaks out
Then my soul can drink the sunshine
Find rebirth—and lose the old.
And when summer suns are glowing
Raise your face up to the sun—
Then I feel the joy of living
Putting life back in my limbs.
Then as leaves turn rusty autumn
Colours gold, knee deep in fire
Once again the cycle finished
And another peaceful soul
—Looking through the open window
See the rain bespattered wall
Thrust my hand out—feel the cool-
ness,
Once again, my mind is full.



THE THING I MOST WANT

The thing I most want in the whole world is
a piebald pony. I love horses and ponies and
my favourite sport is pony trekking. My
cousins have three ponies and I ride on them
whenever I can.

If I had a pony I would ride it every Satur-
day, morning and afternoon. This would mean
that the pony would get plenty of exercise
which would keep it healthy.

The reason why I would like a pony is that
I would be able to go and visit more interest-
ing places and could go on pony-trekking
holidays.

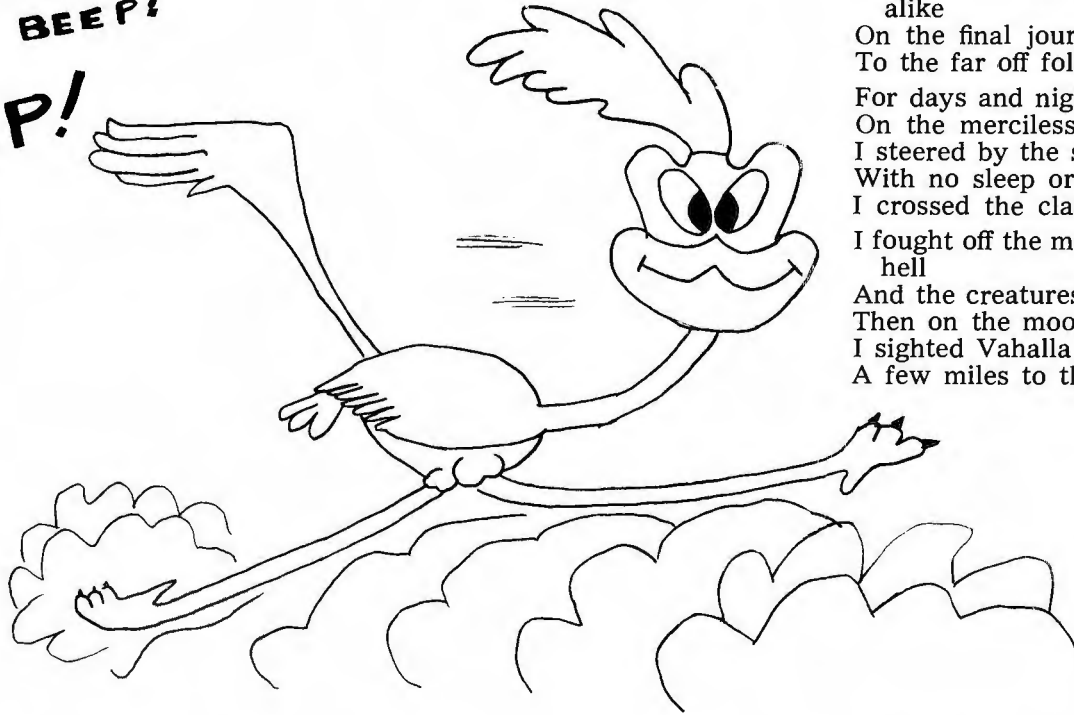
Richard Burnett, L.VI Boys.

THE JOURNEY

I was alone on the freezing sea
With the icy wind and the freezing
waves
My only company
I had no friend or enemy to speak to
alike
On the final journey of life
To the far off folk-land.
For days and nights alike I rowed
On the merciless freezing sea
I steered by the stars and the sun
With no sleep or rest
I crossed the clashing salt-crests.
I fought off the monsters from earth and
hell
And the creatures of the sea
Then on the moon of the ninetieth day
I sighted Vahalla
A few miles to the right.

Henry Robb.

BEEP!
BEEP!



- ROAD -
- RUNNER -

Mystery and Imagination

THE GHOST OF COBWEB HOUSE

The man was desperate to defend his reputation as the town's best news reporter, so he said to his manager that he would stay in Cobweb House for a night.

Jack (as he was called) arrived at Cobweb House that same afternoon. First he had a good supper of hot chicken and bread and then set about making a fire. The house was full of cobwebs which seemed to glow when moonlight shone on them, and Jack could see why this creepy house got its name. He brought an old armchair to the fire and sat down.

It was nearly midnight when he heard a strange rustling noise. Jack's head slipped down towards the fire to grab a burning log. Suddenly, the door behind him creaked open. He stood up and slowly turned round. There, standing before him was a strange cloak-covered figure holding a vampire bat. Jack slowly backed against the stone wall speechless, his eyes held in a vice-like stare.

The next day police found Jack in the old chair with his dead features twisted and distorted in fear.

Philip Lawson, L.V.

SHE

I walked up toward the hill, mist-shrouded and faint as breath. It had called me and I had come. It reared gentle yet menacing—inside myself I was confused between longing and deep fear. I had always loved these hills, they had always seemed secure as a symbol of my life. I came to them now in my misery.

The mist was falling, shrouding all in a dream-like softness—I could see nothing; I was lost but it did not matter. For then through the shimmering waves of mist a figure moved, floating into my vision. She stood, wild, her long hair whipped by the cold wind and I lay shivering, exhausted by her feet. "I have come," I whispered. "You called me and I came . . ." She bent down and touched me—I felt the caress of her hair and the gentle fleeting touch of her lips on my mouth.

"Sleep, now," she said.

And I faded into oblivion, my mind seeking the warmth of a fire somewhere.

The mist cleared and a party of rescuers came . . .

"He is dead."

And an old man stood and shook his head . . .

"She came to him," he murmured. "Death came to him and he loved her as every man does . . ." He turned and stumbled away—he did not understand.

Alf. H., F.V.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE

The castle stood upon the hill,
For many years neglected.
The ancient roof was falling in,
And ivy smothered the walls.

I took my courage in my hands,
And marched up to the door.
I knew that none had strayed in there
for 50 years or more.

I boldly knocked upon the door,
But of answer there came none.
So stealthily I stumbled in,
And started to explore.

I thrust my way through many chambers,
Which were covered in creepy crawlies
and sticky cobwebs,
Where ghosts rattled their chains with
fury,
And skeletons danced like jesters.

Suddenly something struck me hard,
Upon my shaking hunched up back.
But although I squinted as hard as I
might

I only saw a swinging hammer,
Cutting the air like an aeroplane jet.
I heard a ghost clanking its chain
Only a few inches behind me.

But the shock was far too much for me,
So I plumped to the ground with a bump.
dread to think what would have happened
next,
For I woke. It had only been a dream.

Lucy Bose, L.VI (girls).

NIGHT OF THE STORM

He walked slowly up the road. The air was pounding with restiveness of many animals; pounding with heat and dulled senses. Noises were muted, flowers wilted in the very heat and the trees hung limp over him as he struggled, gasping for air in the seeming vacuum of oppressive heat. But suddenly on the skyline above him he saw the castle, white almost in the sun, reflecting heat from its sheer walls. Renewed at its sight, he came on; forward: and I watched him from the uppermost window from behind the dark shutters high in the tower, watched him struggle and inwardly gloated to myself. Then he was at the main door and my servant opened it. I whirled down the turning stairways and arrived at the top of the main staircase.

"Good afternoon, dear friend," I quietly said, smiling.

"Oh, good afternoon, sir," he replied, so charmingly I thought. We had wine and I led him up to his room in the second storey.

"Not many of these rooms are used now, you understand," I said apologetically, "as there are only myself and my servant living here."

"Of course not, I understand."

I left him then and went downstairs to order the meal to be served presently. Soon we were eating pleasantly in the warm room.

"You eat very early in the evening, do you not?" asked my guest, tentatively.

"Oh, I prefer it this way," I replied, smoothing his discomfort.

It was becoming dark outside, the sun had long ago sunk in the west. The heat was still oppressive and uncanny stillness hung over the night. Only the scuttling and gentle thudding of many animals broke the quietude. Restless, I asked my guest if he would care to retire to his room. Somewhat surprised, he did however consent and went upstairs. Quickly I summoned my servant.

Upstairs, the guest furtively inspected the room, looking under the bed, in the cupboards. He felt uneasy, bewildered and very alone. Owls screamed as they winged their way about the wood. Bats flitted past his window. Small noises made him jump. In the flickering, uncertain light of his candle, not being able to see properly he imagined many presences in the room and his mind began to be crazed,

but he remained calm and prepared for bed. Suddenly a small click made him turn round—his door had been locked—

"Now, I can go," I thought, excitedly. "I am free to go!" Wrapping my cloak around me I fled down the stairs and away into the night. As I left the castle the first lightning streaked across the sky; the thunder rolled, rumbled in the deep earth and echoed back off the far mountains to reverberate back around the castle. I laughed my madness to the wind, and rode far into the dark, black night.

I rode along the pathways to the forest, and through the thick woods where trees grasped out at me, their fingers wanting to clutch me until I laughed—they heard my laugh and recoiled. A path was cut through the bushes for me—no one wanted to touch me, me! My sense of power grew—I was all powerful and I laughed my confidence to the sky and to the heavens. Soon I would accomplish my mission, satisfy my appetite, and sate my desire and return from whence I had been let loose. I anticipated my return with eagerness—

In his small room, the guest was also restless. Why had he been locked in? Why had his host left? These things puzzled him. The small room was becoming oppressive—he longed to get out. He felt it grow smaller—he needed air and to get out. He strove to wrench open the door but, failing, he used a more tedious method—and by picking the lock, he eventually succeeded and crept downstairs. The cold rush of air at first was welcome but then he began to shiver and became feverish as he sweated. Something more than cold made his skin creep. He slunk down and sat in front of the dying fire to gain its last heat. Soon, exhausted, he fell asleep. Hours passed. Four o'clock struck. The storm outside rolled on but inside the great conflict of nature and the heavens was muted. Suddenly the noise increased as I flung open the door. It crashed off the wall—I had returned! My gloating power turned to wrath as I saw my guest, fear crazed kneeling on the floor, looking up at me. I stood and laughed at the pitiful creature—the blood trickling down my chin—I had feasted well. I laughed and the evil within me grew and enlarged—so, my secret was out—he who had discovered it, then, must die. I began to descend the steps, growling and slaving as I went. My teeth glinted in the candlelight. The lightning flashed and thunder shook the castle. The

snivelling creature on the floor backed away—grovelling, whining . . . I descended—on and on. No blood was too much for a vampire to drink in one night. I could have another human before I slept.

He, fear crazed, his eyes glazed, had backed to the wall. My eyes, glinting, sneering at him, reflected his pitiful image—I came on and on. Suddenly he changed—seemed to awake as if from a dream and began to feel inside his shirt for something. I was disturbed but walked steadily on. I was within two feet of him—I raised my arms—my long nails, like talons poised were about to descend upon the prey. But suddenly he drew out his hand and held it out—no! no!—a cross—it was a crucifix. I was paralysed! I could not move. Inwardly I recoiled, my evil shrivelled up, disappeared and fear seeped over me. The man slowly walked around the room to the door; threw it open to the night—wild, unleashed outside—and before I knew what had happened—threw the cross at me and fled down the road and into the blackness.

I lay, crumpled. My strength was failing—I could not touch the cross; could not remove the drain into which my life was flowing. My secret was out—the whole world would know now.

"Oh Satan, Satan, your servant leaves this earthly world of the un-dead to come to you."

The first rays of dawn were touching the sky. It was too late. The storm was finished and the whole world still. All was quiet.

A.I.F., F.V.

JOURNEY TO THE END

"The train rumbled on through the darkening countryside. I leaned back in my seat and wondered what awaited me at my destination, and why I had been sent to this strange, cold land: Russia, in the early winter. Already the county was covered in snow and the icy peaks of the Urals were glistening in the crisp light. The train was gathering speed now, as it flashed past sleepy villages and up into the Urals. Soon I fell asleep.

I awoke some hours later to find the train stopped at a small station. The station officials were crowding round the train and a huge crowd of men stood in the shadows of the station buildings. Evidently something was wrong, because a few minutes later, from the train, a stretcher was brought, carrying a thin, frail man who was deathly white. He was a contrast to the one other inhabitant of the compartment, a large, fat, bulky man, like an overgrown sausage. He had small, beady eyes and a face like a bulldog. As the train climbed higher and higher I went back to sleep again. The fat man just sat looking out of the window.

The monotony of journeying through snow, with the temperature rapidly dropping, continued for the next two days. Then a very strange incident occurred. It was pitch black outside and the ground was completely flat all around. I had been sleeping and woke to find another man in the compartment. My travelling companion and the newcomer were engaged in serious talk, in low voices barely above a whisper. Unfortunately, I could not understand what they were saying, then suddenly the newcomer stood up and shouted at the fat man, who immediately sprang on him. A fierce fight ensued. Suddenly the stranger took a knife from his belt and stabbed the fat man. My companion fell into a pool of his own blood. The stranger immediately ran out of the compartment. I screamed and ran out after him, shouting and pointing. An official appeared and I led him to my compartment and tried, not very successfully, to tell him what had happened, by means of sign-language. At last, after much confusion, a person arrived who could speak English. I carefully described to him the events. In turn he questioned me. Who was I? Where was I

going? I replied that I was going to join my father's ship, due in at Vladivostock in a week. The people were evidently suspicious of me, because I had to move compartments. My new abode was near the guard's van with a Russian detective for company.

Next day, I was asked to search the train for the fat man's murderer. I searched all day but could not find him. At dusk we stopped at a small station and the body of the dead man was taken off the train. Word then arrived that the body of a man, who fitted the description of the murderer, had been found on the railway track. All my fear of being kept for further questioning vanished. However, my hopes were soon dashed. Once the train was moving again, I was interrogated once more as to the events of the previous night. The detectives could not reach any decision and they left me with the intention of returning next morning. All this was very bewildering to me, as I could not understand what the point of their interrogation was. I was told the next day by the interpreter — my fingerprints had been found on the dead man's baggage and on the knife with which he had been stabbed!

The nightmare journey continued two more days. When we arrived at Vladivostock, I was escorted off the train into a large car, the windows of which were darkened. After a short drive we arrived in front of a building into which I was led. I later learned that it was the prison.

I have stayed in a cold cell there for two years. When my father arrived in the port he was informed of the situation. Two days later the court case began. I never appeared in the witness box. For two weeks, two British lawyers fought for my release, in vain. My father was allowed to visit me once and he told me that my case was being given considerable publicity in Britain. One outcome was that relations between Britain and Russia, during the two weeks of my trial, became considerably strained. After the finish of my trial, diplomatic feelings returned to normal. The Russian authorities published a decree forbidding any members of my family ever to come to Russia or to Russian territories again.

I was forgotten and have been left to rot in this dark, damp, musty cell for two years. I am not guilty, of that I am certain. But to the Russian authorities, I am not innocent.

I have written this down to try and clear myself. I feel I must do something to prove my innocence. I do not want to spend the rest of my life in this hole.

Will someone please help me?"

GHOSTS

That night the whole village heard that a ghost had walked the moors. There was also gossip that the man that saw it had died after he had told everyone about the ghost. Everyone believed that he had died of fright. I, Tom Baker, son of the blacksmith was not scared of ghosts so I got my friend and he helped me to pack things for we were going to venture on to the hills that night.

We left at 11.30 p.m. and set off to the ruins of Donavin's Castle. We made a small fire and fried some sausages and bacon. We ate until something very odd happened. There was not one breath of wind around but the fire went out. My friend, Jim, tried to light it again but every time he lit a match it went out. But then we saw it.

A white ghost moved slowly through the mist. I got up and ran after it but before I could reach it, it disappeared. Then I found a clue. I saw wheel marks so I followed them to where I saw a small hut. I opened it and there sitting on a chair was a man dressed as a ghost.

He jumped up and grabbed me, but before he could get a proper hold on me I shrugged him off and he hit his head on the table and knocked himself out. I rushed and put him over my shoulders and carried him to the camp. Jim was sitting there looking puzzled. I asked him why, and he said that he saw a shaft and in it there was lead. Then I told him about the ghost and between us we puzzled out what happened.

It was this. The man had found the lead and had used the ghost to frighten away any imposters. Jim asked how the fire went out. I said it was a fan beside us. Soon we had the mystery all wrapped up and the "Ghost" was sent to prison.

Michael Clark, L.V.

TRAINS FOR SPOOKS

Puff, puff, puff goes the smoke,
Drum, drum, drum goes the engines,
Zoom, zoom, zoom goes the wheels.
As they skim the ghostly lines.

"A tunnel ahead!" shouts one of the witches,
"Take cover!" screams another, as they enter a
world of darkness,
Hoots, screams, and shouts can be heard,
Nothing, but eyes, and hand can be seen, as
They wait, and watch for you to pass by.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shout the witches as light
can be seen,
We're nearly there don't worry, don't scream,
But near the end they're grabbed by a ghost,
And put in a place where only spooks go,
Or ghosts that work for revenge.

Christine Davis, L.VI.

THE SCREAM

As I lay in my bed one night
I heard an eerie scream.
I didn't know quite what to think,
Could it have been a dream?

I crept to the window to have a peep,
Mother and Father were fast asleep,
And then I heard it yet again,
In the same eerie tone.
So I crept downstairs and across the floor
And hesitatingly opened the door.
And what I saw made me stand and stare,
To step outside I didn't dare.
Instead I crept up to my bed,
And pulled the bedclothes over my head.

Anna McInnes, L.VI (girls).

THE VISITOR

Some people don't believe a word about the supernatural. I thought it was all too fantastical for words; just imagine it, rocking chairs placidly rocking themselves to sleep and eerily shaped figures dancing on the front lawn; but my opinion was seriously changed one night.

It was a still frosty night, in which one could discern the wintry star formations; I went to bed about half past eleven and turned my bed lamp out after half an hour or so. Just before I did so, I noticed that the picture of my great-grandmother was slightly askew. However, being too sleepy I did not trouble to rise and straighten it but turned over on my side and fell asleep.

I did not know what woke me—I still do not know—but I stirred about three o'clock, to see a hazy form at the foot of my bed. In sheer terror I whispered, "Who are you? What is it you want?" but as a reply, I was fixed with a long, cold, hard stare. I watched as the form turned around and slowly moved—glided was more like it—to the chest of drawers. Now I could see its whole length and I discovered that, despite its misty countenance, it was the body of a woman dressed in a crinoline gown. Who it could be I had no idea, but I kept watching as it rearranged the ornaments on the chest, straightening the pair of china dogs and the pot-pourri jar. She moved to the wall cabinet and opened it; inside were small articles picked up on the voyages of my great-grandparents, a tiny Greek doll, a carved Swiss jewel box, a pair of ivory elephants. She spent some time looking and touching the pieces and finally closed the door.

She looked round the room, briefly flicking her eyes—or where I presumed her eyes must be—round the room and eventually moved over to the picture of my great-grandmother, rigidly painted in her hooped crinoline dress. She moved forward, straightened it and then stood back and gazed at it. I felt as if she were admiring herself in a mirror but I had no more time to dwell on my own presumptions because my eyes were fixed on her as she quietly walked through the wall.

HAUNTED HOUSE (A True Story)

The story takes place in America, where a young lady lived with her parents. Over and over again, she had been having the same disturbing dream. For nights on end she dreamt that she was in a house quite unknown to her. Every night her dream was the same; the rooms always looked the same, the pictures and ornaments always in the same position.

She simply could not understand her dream, and asked her parents and relatives if any of their ancestors had ever had a house similar, but all of them said no.

While driving in the country one day, something made her turn to the left, and there in front of her stood the house—the same house which had appeared to her in her dreams—the same red stone-work and the same white pillars. She simply had to get to the bottom of this mystery: she approached the house, and rang the bell. An elderly gentleman opened the door, and at once, from what she could see through the open door-way, she recognised the pictures and ornaments—this was exactly the same house.

She asked the gentleman if the house was for sale, and if so, she would very much like to buy it.

"Oh no," said the gentleman, quite taken aback. "You wouldn't like to live here, the house is haunted."

"Oh . . ." exclaimed the young lady, "By whom?"

"By you," he said, and quietly and calmly shut the door.

WITCHY!

Her bent nose, a wart on her chin,
Her tall, pointed hat, with a big black brim,
Her slender broomstick flying through the air,
She and her cat, a gruesome pair.

Her book of spells, a big, fat book,
Her pet bird, a large, black rook,
With all complete,
No other can compare.
Even her cloak had only a tear.
A tear rolled down from her beady eye,
And soon the witch began to cry,
Banished by witches, her magic all doomed,
And away on her broomstick, away she zoomed.

Inta Ozols, L.VI.

THE FLANNAN ISLE MYSTERY

There are many unsolved mysteries in this world, but perhaps the most uncanny ones are those where the sea is concerned. For example, the Marie Celeste, whose crew disappeared in the midst of perfect weather and seas. This tale gives a possible explanation of the disappearance of the three light-house keepers from the Flannan Isle Lighthouse . . .

"It looks like a storm's blowin' up, Tom," said keeper John (Jock) McAlpine.

"Aye, bad 'un, too," agreed Chief Keeper Tom Peters.

It was the fourteenth of December, 1900. A gale was building up and the three keepers had to check all the platforms, making sure the empty boxes were lashed to the jetty.

The third keeper, Willie Brown (Broon) was at the opposite end of the island collecting more birds' eggs for his collection.

The keepers finished their work and returned to the lighthouse.

Willie switched on the light, for now the storm was darkening the sky.

Suddenly, through the darkness burst a fantastic flash of light. As it approached, it separated into millions of tiny specks of light.

The men watched in fear, terror in their hearts. They reverted to praying to God to protect them. Then Willie bravely walked out to see what the lights were. The entire light-house was surrounded by them.

Like locusts, the millions of lights flung themselves on to his body.

Tom and Jock watched. To describe them as horrified would be the understatement of the century, as their friend was stripped of his flesh to the bones. The two keepers seemed to lose all their strength and their will to live. Tom scratched his leg on a piece of slate.

They did not sleep that night—they were shown the gates of Hell!

The devil had duly come at midnight, amid a burst of flame in each man's mind. They saw Willie burning with a horde of Black Angels at his feet. In the distance were the lights.

On the twenty-second the Lights of Death reappeared. They seemed to be calling for Jock and they came closer and closer until they burst into the house. Jock had just prepared a meal of meat and potatoes and Tom was having a bath.

Jock was attacked and devoured, and Tom in

his bath knew he was next. But he remembered something in the tales of Vampires he had read. The hero always used a cross to ward off the evil. He had a cross and a Bible in his room. If only he could reach them.

Stark naked, he rushed out of the bathroom, up the stairs and into his room. He picked up the Bible, hung the cross round his neck and started writing. This is what he wrote:—

"I, Thomas Peters, Head Lighthouse Keeper of the Flannan Lighthouse, am the only surviving keeper on this day, Friday, 22nd of December, 1900 A.D.

"My comrades, William Brown and John McAlpine have both been eaten by the Death Lights. They appear from nowhere, cling to the body and devour it. The clothes are eaten, then the flesh and blood, until nothing remains.

"I commend these men for their faithful service and bravery in the last days of their lives.

"I intend to go outside the lighthouse, hoping that the cross and Bible ward off the evil. Outside I will pray to God and keep my faith in him till the moment of death."

—Thomas Peters.

With that he put the note in a bottle, sealed it and walked out of the room, down the stairs and right through the Lights.

He felt the stings as they, thousand upon thousand, latched on to his naked body.

Outside he went. He looked up at the sky. He prayed. Suddenly, he saw a large white cross in the sky.

He felt the soothing rays of comfort in his last moments. With one last effort he threw the bottle down the cliffs.

Then, as he felt the juices of life being dried up, he held his cross up to the cross in the sky—and died as his comrades had.

Colin Beaton, F.I.a.1.

THE MYSTERY OF CANDEM MANOR

"All change for Candem," the voice rang loud and clear over the loudspeaker. I stepped on to the train and as it moved slowly out of the station I read once more the strange and unexpected letter I had received only two days previously. It was from a cousin, from whom I had never heard before. According to the letter he had been in India for twenty-five years and

had just returned to England. About one year before, he inherited from my uncle "Candem Manor," which is situated in the sleepy village of "Candem on the Heath" in the county of Devon.

As the train rolled into the station, I became aware that it was deserted. Only one person was on the platform, a small dark man. I presumed this was my cousin. He greeted me and we drove in a horse and trap to Candem Manor.

As we entered the house I was struck by the unfriendly atmosphere which greeted me. We dined at seven, after which we had port in the library. It was here that my cousin told me about the ghost of Candem Manor.

"On a cold and windy night in 1709 a young man came seeking shelter at the Manor. The master of the house, Lord Rimsdale, refused him entry and the young man died of exposure, but before he died he vowed vengeance on anyone who refused a person shelter in the Manor."

After he had related this story we decided to retire.

That night a terrible storm raged and the wind whistled in the eaves. About half past eleven there was a loud knock on the door and my cousin went to answer it. Outside, stood an old man seeking shelter. My cousin, to my surprise, refused to let him come in. As he came up the stairs I said to him, "Do you not remember that young man's threat?"

"Huh!" he said. "You don't expect me to believe that do you?" and he turned on his heel and marched off to his room.

All that night I could not sleep thinking of that man whom my cousin had turned away. Next morning I woke to frantic knocking on my door and in rushed a maid. "Please, sir, come quickly—the master." I jumped out of bed and rushed to his room and found him on the floor, dead! "Call the doctor," I said and within ten minutes the doctor was examining my cousin. He straightened up and said, "Has the gentleman been out, sir?"

"No," I said. "Why?" There was a long silence and finally he said, "Well sir, your cousin has died from exposure."

I shall never forget these words but whenever I see a traveller on a stormy night it sends a shiver up my spine remembering the threat of that young man.

Nicholas Tott, F.I.a.3.

DEATH

She awoke. She felt an overpowering sense of fear as she sat up slowly and gazed into the darkness. The luminous face of the clock told her that it was exactly one-thirty. She could hear nothing—the clock, she realised at once, had stopped.

She pulled back the bed-covers and stepped gingerly out into the cool air, and stood, shivering on the soft sheepskin rug. She stretched out a hand and took her dressing-gown from a peg on the door, and put it on. Then she stepped forward slowly, and opened her bedroom door. Out in the corridor the air was still and cool. She crept slowly up to her parents' door and tapped gently on it. However there was no sound of tapping at all. She thought she couldn't have tapped loudly enough, but she grasped the handle of the door and turned it, expecting its usual squeak. No squeak at all; she was surprised, and scared, too, when the usual creaking board didn't creak.

She put her head round the door of the room.

"Mum, Dad!" she whispered loudly.

"Mum, Dad! Mum, Dad! Mum, Dad! Mum, Dad!" her echoes came back to her. She was frightened; no room in the house echoed like that.

She approached the bed in trembling fear. There was no sound of breathing, and the bed-clothes never rose and fell with the movement. Light came from the window where the pale yellow curtains were drawn, and by this light she saw that her parents—were dead! She tried to wake them but they were quite limp and lifeless. She left them there, and ran out of the room, shrieking with terror and hearing her echoes ring throughout the house. In blind terror, she hurtled down the stairs, and hastily fumbled with the lock of the door. She rushed outside.

The air was completely still; there was not a breath of wind, and there was no sound at all.

"Help! Help!" she cried in fear and terror.

"Help! Help!" her echoes at once retorted, loud and ringing. They went on and on, and began to mock her: "Ha! Ha!" they said.

She turned round, screaming. But no one came.

Suddenly, she felt someone grab her by the wrist. She turned to see who it was, but saw

nothing. But this . . . force, pulled her back into the house. She struggled to be free, but this hidden, invisible force only gripped her wrist more tightly.

When she had been dragged into the house, the unseen terror let her arm fall. She seized her chance and rushed for the open door—but as she reached it, it slammed shut and the key turned in the lock—and disappeared!

"You will soon not need a key to walk into a house," a deep, melodious, but still harsh voice rang through the house, and then a cackling laugh. She felt something brush past her and her dressing-gown was whipped from her shoulders. But she felt no colder, only more terrified than ever. Suddenly she saw a clock in front of her; it didn't tick, but it showed the time as one-thirty. And now she saw hundreds of different clocks flash before her eyes, all showing the time as one-thirty. "What could it mean?" she thought, through her terror.

"You see," said the voice again, "you are in the process of dying; and I am an emissary from Hell, come to take you to your resting place."

"No! No!" she cried. She knew she had been ill but she had not thought it to be as bad as that.

At once she fell to her knees and began to pray, "Our Father, . . ."

"No!" cried the voice, in anger.

"Ah, yes," she could hear another, sweeter voice say. "Our little dying friend has decided that she doesn't want to go to Hell."

The crackling voice, crying, "No!" incessantly, faded out.

"Oh, God, forgive me my sins, whatever I have done," she called.

"God has forgiven you. Come with me," the now visible angel, robed in white, told her. She felt herself rise into the air dreamily.

* * *

The clocks all began to tick. The parents awoke and went into their daughter's room, only to find her dead, quite still under the bed-clothes. Her mother began to sob, and her father went downstairs to phone the doctor and ambulance.

"We didn't think she was as ill as that," they said, "but she died peacefully."

J.L.

IN THE BEGINNING

In the beginning

there was darkness;
a hollow, empty world,
blind and steely in darkness
and obscurity.

In the beginning

there was shadow
on a young girl's mind.
It was blank and empty;
her heart—loveless.

Then there was light,

light on a cold world,
casting lively shadows
where the sun shone,
sparkling.

Then there was love,

love and a boy
touching the young girl's heart
reaching deep and long;
blissful.

Now . . .

now there is confusion
of life,
a wan sun,
smoky and no lively shadows;
destruction.

Now . . .

the young girl's heart
is broken,
misty fears blind her;
now there is darkness—
the boy has gone—
the love has remained . . .
with pain.

J.L.

MAGIC ACORNS

Timothy, Rachel and I were staying with Grandmother when the events I am about to relate occurred. You see, Mummy and Dad had gone abroad on business for a week at the end of the summer holidays, so we children were sent down to Oakmuir House, in the wilds of the country not far from the borders. We would have had a glorious time had not the weather turned foul; and for the first two dreary days there was nothing much to do but watch the rain trickling down the pane, or going for a miserable walk round the sodden gardens of the huge old house. Oakmuir was built by Grandmother's war-like ancestor, William ("Wild Will") Bosworth who, after a successful career in the twelfth century had settled down to play squire of the Manor.

The house itself was a quaint and charming old place, large and old-fashioned, with huge fireplaces, intricately carved ceilings, and a wonderful hall, running through the whole length of the house, with oak-beam rafters from the trees that had given the place its name. However, we had explored it from top to bottom on our first day, and knew its every secret, so we did not see much point in doing so again.

Tim, hopefully but vainly, had looked for a secret passage; we found many an unexpected room, hidden in a gable of the house, and many an unusual, lovely old historical corridor; there was even a little tower at one side, containing only a worn Persian rug, two carved Spanish walnut chairs, and a roomy window-seat. We felt we had exhausted all forms of entertainment as we sat in the tower, for its novelty attracted us.

On the third day, Grandmother said at breakfast she thought the rain would pass soon.

"Rain at seven, fair at eleven," she quoted. In her old age Lady Bosworth had become a little "wanting," so people said. Others maintained that she had never grown up, and had retained her girlhood right up to the age of seventy-five. At any rate, she was an unusual person, though we children thought her the nicest of eccentrics. With her flying white hair and flowing dress, and her eyes undimmed by the years, Grandmother resembled a witch, a priestess or, to put it more kindly, a close cousin in looks to old Mother Hubbard. At the

age of five, I remembered Grandmother telling me wonderful tales of her travels abroad, for to her, places were not merely names on the map, but somewhere she had visited and seen. Grandmother was now passing a cup of coffee.

"I think," she said meditatively, "that it will be fair at eleven. If it is, children, go down to Will's Oak. You haven't yet seen it, I know. It is 300 years old, and was planted by a namesake of Wild Will."

Glad to have something definite to do, we walked round the garden in the rain until just ten minutes to eleven. Then it cleared, and the sun broke through and shone with a fierce heat, effectively drying up the rain-weary plant-life of the gardens. Presently it grew too warm for even cardigans, and we sauntered down to Will's Oak.

I caught my breath at the sight of the great tree, its gnarled, spreading roots forming a little cave. High in the sky, so it seemed, the green branches of the oak waved in the breeze. Myriads of leaves clustered down the hundreds of nest-laden branches, and on the trunk was carved the hieroglyphics of three centuries. Acorns were ripening already all over it.

Suddenly, Grandmother was beside us. I did not see her come, so her feet must have been very silent to come right up to us without our knowledge.

"Do you like the tree?" she asked, smiling.

"Ooh, yes!"

"Certainly do!"

"I love it," said I.

"It has seen three hundred years of changes and historical events, and it is now so old it is almost magical. Jane! Pick three ripe acorns," she added to me, and I did so.

"Now, give one to Rachel and one to Tim. Take the other yourself."

"What about you, Granny?" I enquired anxiously.

"I have had one—before," replied my Grandmother with a mysterious smile. "Now, children, eat them."

We all three obeyed dubiously. One bite was enough. The acorns had a foul taste. I was just about to ask the reason for eating the acorns when I heard a buzzing in my ears. The ground seemed to spin up and embrace me, and I rolled down, more surprised than hurt. A moment later the earth resumed its normal behaviour and I sat up in amazement. Grand-

mother had vanished, and so had the great oak. In its place was a little tree, hardly more than a seedling. Rachel and Tim sprawled beside me, still pulling raw faces at the taste of the acorns.

"Tim!" I cried. "Why are you wearing those queer clothes? And Rachel too?" For both my brother and sister were attired in clothes of the Stuart reign. With a gasp I found that I was in the same condition. My brother looked sweet and girlish in frilly breeches, silver-buckled shoes and a silk shirt. Rachel and I had long, elaborate frocks with a great many unnecessary frills and furbelows, and our hair was dressed in a very modish style.

We were still looking at each other, unable to credit these absurd happenings, when a shrew-faced woman with greying hair, dressed in more sober clothes than our own, appeared from the house we could see among the trees.

"Miss Jane and Miss Rachel! Master Timothy! Come in immediately, you wicked bairns," she exclaimed when she was near us. "Your Mama has a visitor and you are to gang ben the hoose an' pay your respects." Rachel realised that the country woman must be our nurse, and she whispered this to me.

"I think there must have been a Stuart Timothy, Rachel and Jane, which is rather a coincidence," I replied.

"Come on," broke in Tim. "This is fun! Let's do what the old woman wants."

We followed our nurse meekly into the house, which we recognised as Oakmuir, considerably newer and less mellowed. We gathered from her conversation that the woman was very broad Border-country; she was quite nice really, only rather sharp and brusque.

"Hurry up, now, bairns," she said. "You wouldna get old Nelly Armstrong into trouble wi' your mither, wid ye now?"

"No, nursie; of course not," answered Rachel.

Nelly Armstrong conducted us into the company of our mother, whom I recognised from her portrait in the dining-room to be Lady Anne Bosworth, daughter-in-law of that infamous gentleman, "Wild Will." Her fair hair was piled in a very elegant coiffure, but she had kind brown eyes and very healthy-looking red cheeks. With her was a tall, grizzled, brown-faced man of about forty, whose handsomest feature was his deep, melodious voice.

"Children," began our mother with a flustered,

frightened look at the man beside her.

"This is Master Villiers, who knows our father and met him in London town, where, as you know, he is in the House of Lords. Your father told him to come here, for poor Mr Villiers is being chased by Cromwell's men.

"Oh? Why?" asked Tim immediately, and I am sure he imagined the adventures he craved knocking at the door.

"Because I am a Catholic," replied Mr Villiers for himself. "I am a Catholic priest, and will be killed if I am caught."

"So we are going to find him a hiding-place in Oakmuir," said Mother. "Children, I want your complete co-operation. You realise that if our friend is captured, it is Tower Hill for him." I suddenly remembered reading of Mr Villiers in a history book. He had been an avid, loyal Catholic in Stuart times, and had proved quite a nuisance to the Lord Protector. Then I thought of the history of the Bosworths that I had read the day before. George, son of Will Bosworth, had also been a Catholic, had never agreed with Cromwell, and had persisted in his Cavalier ways, escaping punishment by his high position in the peerage. Villiers, the book went on, had once hidden in the Oakmuir House, and had escaped narrowly. The children of George were important historically, but for poor Jane, who had died of an incurable disease when she was seventeen. Timothy grew up to be a leading member of Parliament and a very fine soldier. Rachel married a foreign count at the age of fifteen and lived in most of the capitals of Europe, becoming a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Anne later on.

Now our mother hustled us out of her drawing room.

"Timothy, go and take the white mare and ride into Berwick. If Cromwell's men are there, come back right away. Take Gills-the-Game-keeper, for it's ten miles or more" she said, handing Tim a moss-green cloak.

"Rachel! Go to the Linen Room and fetch some blankets and a pillow. Jane, dear, you can come with me to the secret room."

My heart beat fast. The secret room! It had not mentioned this in history. Mother and Mr Villiers led the way to the very back of the house. They passed through the servants' quarters with me on their heels, and hurried to a door marked "Housekeeper." There was no one in the little room; and the furnishings

were not those of a common, comfort-loving servant. In a corner was an old-fashioned spittoon, fixed to the floor. Lady Bosworth flicked the handle with her wrist, and before my eyes yawned a black hole with steps leading down. Mr Villiers disappeared rapidly, and when Rachel arrived we threw down the blankets, a tinder-box, a sack of provisions, an old oil lamp and an ancient copy of the Bible for the priest's meditation. He assured us he was comfortable, and we hastened away, for Tim had come back with news of the soldiers.

"Berwick's seething with 'em!" he cried. He had had a thrilling time. There was a party of soldiers he overheard saying of their purpose to raid all the big houses in the district. "Just think of the historical news I'll have to tell the fellows in my form!" he said to Rachel and I.

Just as dusk was falling over the quiet countryside, a well-known and terrifying noise echoed round, that of many men on the march, their firm, measured tread resounding eerily on the still air. About forty men rounded the bend in the drive, sombrely-dressed puritans, with grim, set faces. They asked Lady Bosworth for her permission to search the house, and we all knew, by the extent of their ransacking, how much in earnest these men were. It was sad and frightening, too, when the plain-featured sergeant questioned all three of us children, for they thought that we might give away the secret. All of one agonising day and night those stony, relentless murderers lived in our house, drinking our wine and eating our best hams, for without George Bosworth, our mother was powerless to stop them. I was glad when they at last left, not only for Mr Villier's sake, but for my own, for I felt so sick when I saw the shameless men taking liberties with us, that I felt sure I must soon boil over and burst with rage and contempt.

On the second day of our sojourn at the Oakmuir of old, Tim disappeared, and could not be found anywhere. Then, at the foot of the little oak tree, we found a neat bundle of his clothes and a half-bitten acorn. Tim had rashly tried to use the magic acorns again and had been spirited away somewhere.

Rachel and I decided that the only thing to do would be sample the acorns ourselves, and catch up with him, wherever he hovered in the mists of time. The unreality of the last two days had, oddly enough, been enjoyable, and

we now took the magical quality of the acorns for granted. After the strange buzzing, rocking sensation had passed, Rachel and I found ourselves walking in the blazing heat of what, I am sure, was a tropical sun. All around us stretched the lush rain forests of South America and the hot, steaming air was full of the sounds of wild beasts. Rachel and I now wore odd, simple tunics made of damask in bright colours. On our feet were twisted Roman-type sandals, and our hair was flowing loose. We were both surprised at this complete transformation, but hastened onwards, looking for Tim and admiring the jungle with its vivid colours and noises and biology. A short way further on, there was a clearing in the forest and we could see the blue sky above at last. A wide, crystal-clear river flowed, tumbling and laughing, down to a natural lake with lilies and other water-flowers growing round the edges. What took our attention, however, was the extreme civilisation of the big settlement nestling on a rise in the ground. Beautiful round a large "Town Hall" and stretching far away on to the horizon were fields upon fields of crops.

The whole town oozed contentment and comfort and, as we had now ascertained that we were in about the fifth century, A.D. we were rather astonished.

"It must be one of those fabulous ancient civilisations you can read about," I said.

"Yes," replied Rachel. "The Mayans, or the Incas."

"Incas, more like. Look how fair and tall the people are" I said, for a crowd of beautifully dressed, good looking ladies were coming to meet us. They seemed to be some sort of officials, for they had an air of importance about them and carried scrolls. We remembered that the Incas had women to rule them, and returned the greetings of the ladies with (what we hoped was) courtly grace.

"Come, my children," said the leader of the group. We found we could understand Incan language. "Your brother, Yan, is at home changing for dinner. Tonight we have the state conference, and you, as princesses of the Incas and daughter of the Queen, shall be present. Asa! (she addressed Rachel) Julia! Make your respects to your senior." She indicated a tall, thin woman with strange, sad eyes, who was at the same time inscrutable and fascinating.

"Hail!" I cried bending over and kissing the feet of the woman, whose name was Pesí, and who must have been a priestess, for her robes were different to Lili, our Mother's.

Dinner was an exotic meal; grapes, fowl, honey, bananas and sweet wine. After it came the most thrilling experience in my life. Tim, Rachel and I were taught the secrets of the Incas, the only outsiders ever to do so. Beside the old mossy walls of a little chapel, a great fire was built.

Then, at the thunder of a great gong, a low chanting, eerie in the extreme, sounded out. A long procession of Inca women, their hair streaming and faces dark; cloaks swirling about their ankles, marched to the pyramid of fuel. The priestess carried a flaming torch, and singing a ritual in a clear, silvery, pure voice, she lit the fire. Her laywomen filed past her and sat down; for a long time they conversed rapidly, discussing all the affairs of the Incas. Then a priestess produced, of all things, a cage of doves; another a bird of prey; a third a spray of lilies-of-the-valley. Weird, entrancing, mesmerising music wafted down from nowhere, and the woman performed an odd, unusual, mazy dance. A powder was flung on the fire; the flames sprang up like daisies, and the doves and bird-of-prey were set free. They all circled round the fire once and flew away. The lilies were scattered among the townsfolk, who scrambled for them like village children at a wedding. Our mother then beckoned us to get up. She gave all three of us a plaited, flat straw hat, and bade us go and join the priestesses in their dance. I remember the music changed to a wild, swaying rhythm; strangely soporific, for the next thing I knew was the sight of Tim wakening me with a glass of cider and an acorn.

One bite for each of us, as before. The acorns had a different effect on me, because I instantly felt sleepy again, and when I next woke up I was on board ship, wrapped in a warm blanket with Rachel beside me. I found I had on my clothes underneath a shapeless night garment, and they were not the clothes of the night before. My dress was long, but made of homespun wool, and my hair was twisted into two long plaits. A fresh sea breeze wafted down to us, for there was only a tent-like canopy above our heads. I rolled out of my blanket and dug Rachel in the ribs.

"Up, you lazy thing," I told her. A tall, brawny, very fair man, who spoke with a guttural accent, strode down to us.

"Awake? Then upon deck, little maids, for we are in sight of Britain."

"Britain?" we echoed, for we were a little fogged, brainwise, at this sudden change to a Viking longship.

"Yes, Britain, my dears, and soon we will be conquerors." Breakfast was some smoked fish and a mug of ale, very different from the bill of fare of the night before. The crew of the longship were rough, muscular, war-like men, but kind and generous. I loved the last few miles into harbour in our homeland, for I have never realised what wonderful fun sailing can be. I recognised the harbour we sailed into, but could not name it, for we were given a hot reception. Swarms of angry Britons ran, shouting and wailing, to meet us, spears at the ready. All time seemed to stand still as the Vikings fought in mortal combat, then someone tapped my shoulder, a man with a friendly, shaggy face like a fox terrier. Rachel, Tim and I followed him, and it did not seem at all odd to get into a luxurious car and drive off very fast. I knew now that the port was Berwick-on-Tweed, and that the car was going back to Oakmuir House. Grandmother was at the door, waving.

"Did you have a nice time?" she greeted us.

"Of course we did!" we chorused, and went into the house with her.

A. Sheldon.

A FAT LITTLE LADY

Friday Night :

Sally burst into the room, panting loudly. "I've just seen a ghost," she cried.

Her mother stared at her unbelievably. "Sally dear, what are you talking about?"

"Well, when I was walking along the road I saw a little fat woman with a black coat and hat standing at our gate. But when I arrived at the gate she wasn't there."

"Nonsense, Sally," exclaimed Mr Forbes. "You're just imagining it."

"But I did see her, honest I did,"

"You've been watching too much television," said Mrs Forbes. "Off you go to bed."

Saturday Morning :

Mrs Forbes slowly shut the front door, put down her basket of shopping in the hall, and walked into the lounge. Her husband was relaxing in an armchair, reading a book.

"Henry," she said, "I've just seen a ghost."

"Oh, not you as well dear," laughed Mr Forbes. "I suppose she was small and fat and wearing a black coat and hat?"

"Yes, she was. She was standing at our gate when I turned the corner, but when I reached our gate, she wasn't there."

"Oh, really Alice!" sighed Mr Forbes. "I don't mind Sally seeing things, but not you. How could she be there and then not?"

"I don't know," Mrs Forbes was thoughtful for a moment. "I'm sure it's the same lady Sally saw, so she must have been there."

"You've both been eating too much cheese," Mr Forbes said calmly as he turned to his reading.

Saturday Afternoon :

Mrs Forbes was in the kitchen preparing the tea when her husband came home from golf. He entered the kitchen very slowly and sat down at the table.

"Alice," he said. "I've just seen a ghost."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs Forbes. "Not . . ."

"Yes. A fat little lady in a black coat and hat. She was standing outside our gate as I drove round the corner. I looked in my mirror before turning up the drive, and when I looked again, she was gone."

Mr and Mrs Forbes pondered long over the strange occurrence.

Saturday Evening :

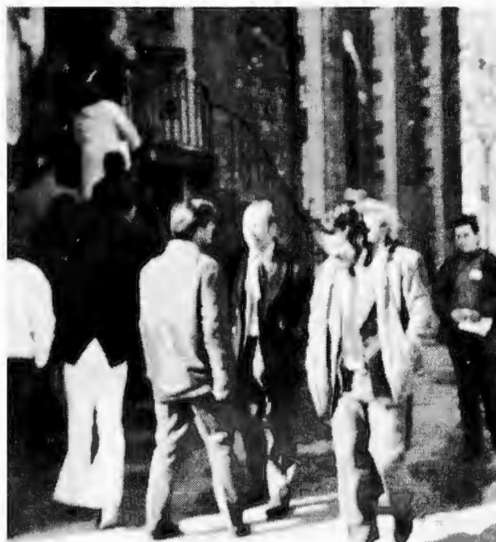
Mr and Mrs Forbes and Sally were sitting having tea when there was a screech of brakes outside. They hurried to the window and looked out. A car was stopped in the middle of the road and a crowd of people were gathering round it. Mr and Mrs Forbes went out. The driver of the car was standing ashen-faced and was repeating over and over again, "How could I have hit her! She wasn't there!! She appeared from nowhere!"

Mr and Mrs Forbes looked at one another, then stared silently down at the still form of a fat little lady in a black coat and hat.

LONDON TRIP — EASTER 1973

During the first week of the Easter holidays some of us enjoyed a hectic and memorable holiday in London. 70 boys from Forms 1-3, accompanied by Messrs Blyth, Fyall, Hunter, Chynoweth, N. Stewart, Baxter and Hutchison descended on the capital on the 2nd of April, and filled it with sound and fury until the 7th.

Some minor difficulties were experienced with sleeping accommodation and food but these were more than compensated for by the varied and enjoyable programme, ranging from a most successful and interesting tour round the Palace of Westminster to a leisurely and sun-soaked ramble round Regent's Park Zoo. Add to that, Madame Tussaud's and the Planetarium, an eventful river trip, visits to St Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, the Maritime Museum, Heathrow Airport and many other mentionable and unmentionable things and you can understand the shattered looks of all members of that trip ever since. What follows are some extracts from diaries some of the boys kept during the trip.



Tuesday :

"We were all wakened by a man who looked like a gorilla coming into our compartment and saying get up you 'git'!"

"Sitting waiting for our coach to depart, we saw a poster which read 'Let B.R. take you back where you came from this weekend'—which we thought was unfair as we had just come."

"Supper was no problem as there was a chip shop round the corner."

Wednesday :

"School uniform had to be worn by every boy today as we visited the Houses of Parliament."

"After lunch, we went to B.R. Charing Cross where we boarded an EMV—not a type of animal—a type of train, which took us to Maze Hill."

"We walked to the 'Cutty Sark' and were told the ship's history, by a man who came from Dundee or somewhere nearby. After wandering round the ship, some people went off to see the 'Gypsy Moth' which is the

yacht in which Sir Francis Chichester-Clarke sailed round the world."

"After tea, we went to the cinema to see 'The Poseidon Adventure' which was one of the best films I had seen. It was so good I went to see it again in Dundee on Monday night."

Thursday :

"In the morning we went to Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, where one of us accidentally bumped into Sir Alec Douglas Hume and said 'sorry'."

"I liked Madame Tussaud very much, especially the horrors."

"We went to the balcony cafe at Madame Tussaud's for lunch (I thought that was the best lunch we got). After lunch we spent quite a bit of time on the machines (and a lot of money)."

"We all visited the zoo at Regent's Park and saw a lot of weird-looking animals (and people, for that matter) there."

"Visited Regent's Park Zoo where we saw a lot of different animals including 'Paddiwak,'



the Polar Bear cub. We saw the Parrot (single 't') House."

Friday:

"Boarded coach to take us to Heathrow Airport. When we arrived I was amazed at the size of the place and decided it was bigger than Dundee Airport."



"We had fish and chips for tea and met some girls from Ellon who spoke to us during tea."

Arrived at Euston, where we were given an extra pound and allowed to go shopping. Some 'weirdos' (not High School pupils, believe it or not) were chucked out by the police."

"Fell asleep."

"It was an extremely good trip and well worth the money."

And there we leave you and recommend that you too, should visit London.

SENIOR COMPANY REPORT

Firstly, I would like to express my regret at the retiral of Lt. McKenzie from the Cadet Force and take this opportunity of thanking him for all the work he has put towards the running of the C.C.F.

The Easter and Summer terms have seen a wide range of activities for the Corps, the main emphasis being on training for the General Inspection and the Annual Camp.

The new term following Christmas began with a ski-ing trip to Aviemore on which several cadets took part. The trip was a complete success and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Following that was the week-end exercise in March held at Barry Buddon. This was an exercise based on the 'cat and mouse' tactics rather than the traditional 'attack and defence' style exercise. On the Sunday Cadets shot on the ranges for .303 Empire Test.

In addition to this March exercise the Corps spent two Friday afternoons at Barry Buddon training at basic skills, such as battlecraft and orienteering.

The Highland Cadet Competition this year was held at Cuttybraggan over the week-end of May 20th and 21st.

Throughout the term a pool of ten cadets had been training at Barry Buddon and in the Sidlaws until a team of eight to represent the C.C.F. was chosen. The team was C.S.M. Jones, C.S.M. Hain, Sgt. Thomson, L/Sgt. Porter, L/Sgt. McKean, L/Sgt. Dudgeon, L/Sgt. Boath and L/Cpl. Ritchie.

The team were placed 5th in the competition, a satisfactory result, since 13 teams from all over Scotland were competing.

Part II Training is nearing completion for the year with all the candidates successfully through the drill and weapon training, with four Cadet Passes to date. The battlecraft and map-reading tests were held on June 8th.

In the closing weeks of the term the cadets were involved in preparations for the Annual Inspection and Camp and in addition there was a Range Day at Barry Buddon.

Several cadets are also involved in the establishment of a Signals Section now that the C.C.F. have received a large quantity of radio equipment.

This term the No. 1 Platoon was broken down to provide N.C.O.'s for the Company; this left three Platoons, each approximately 12

strong. L/Sgt. Ross now commands No. 1 Platoon, L Sgt. McKean, No. 2 Platoon, and L/Sgt. Dudgeon, No. 3 Platoon.

Finally, I would like to thank the officers for readily offering assistance where and when required. C.S.M. Jones.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

This season's young and inexperienced team, although following on from last year's comparatively successful one, has not been eclipsed by it as was originally thought. Indeed, there have been one or two major successes which augurs well for next year.

In the nationwide Strathcona Shield which we had hoped to win for the previous two years we came a very creditable sixth out of 25 entrant teams.

Two boys represented Scotland this year—Robin Illsley shot for the 'A' team and scored 184, and Alan Boath shooting for the 'B' team scored 183.

In the Dundee and Angus League we have also had some success. In the actual league we are at present in the 'C' Division—awaiting possible relegation! However, of the 20 matches we shot, we surpassed last year's team by scoring in the 450's several times.

In the K.O. Cup organised for each Division we came second, thereby gaining a new experience of shooting on someone else's range—all who took part agreed that it was an enjoyable, profitable, and interesting experience.

The Little Trophy, open to anyone under the age of 18 in the Dundee and Angus area, was this year won by R. Illsley. W. Robertson came second only six points behind. This is the first time the Rifle Club has ever managed to take 1st and 2nd positions in a major outside competition.

Internally, the Findlay Cup was won by R. Illsley with W. Robertson second despite a tremendous effort over the last six targets. The Urquhart Cup is still to be shot.

We are all pleased to see that the F.P.'s have once again taken an interest in long forgotten annual match between them and the School team. This challenge match is due to be shot on June 1st and we hope it may continue for a long time to come.

Once again we are indebted to the unfailing support of Mr Jacuk, Mr Steele, Colonel Larg, and Mr Carmichael—all who help to make this Club a success. Alan Boath, Secretary.

NOVUS HOMO SAPIENS

That is the Title of the new man,
Two eyes with spectacles.
One ear with a hearing aid,
One month with two sets of false teeth.
Inside beating, Uncle Peter's heart,
And inside also Aunt Jane's kidneys;
But no appendix, lost it in an operation, very
necessary,
In addition, one wooden leg;
But the steering wheel the brain is still working
well,
Isn't he a lucky man. No rheumatism or arthritis,
A remarkable piece of machinery.

All patched up and helped by the N.H.S. and
the advance in this Welfare State.
Headquarters in Dundee at 97 Commercial
Street.

'Nil Desperandum'

Miss A. L. Douglas, M.A.

REMINISCENCES

A young Welfare Student asked me if I
would like to live my life over again. Of course
I would. Looking down from the top of the
straight and narrow way I think, well, I reached
here and after all it wasn't too difficult.

Many times I have had the jitters. Here are
some of them. Sailing down the Tay in a dinghy
with one oar and being rescued. Falling on the
dock in France with my nose just above a 50
feet drop into the water. Being in the carriage
in the express train next to the engine going
down Shap. Skidding on an icy gradient in my
car on a hill and pulling out. Having an H.M.
Inspector listening to me teaching. Facing three
learned Professors at my French oral exam in
St. Andrews University. Getting stuck in the
railway tunnel with no lights on my way to
catch another train. My knees shaking when I
was doing my best to answer the Latin paper
for my degree. Playing a Royal Naval Captain's
golf ball by mistake, taking to my heels as I
did not wish to stand up to the Royal Navy.

Occupations I have tried. Swimming in the
Tay. Covering my eyes and walking from one
place to another to find out what it was like
to be blind; but falling on the big doorstep and
cutting my forehead. Skating at Claypotts pond
beside the Castle, once home of the Red
Douglas. Playing golf on ten Golf Courses and
at Prestwick, which was then a small village.

The most beautiful things I have seen and
heard. Paderewski playing a Chopin's Mazurka.
Clara Butt singing "Abide With Me." Seeing
the pictures in the Art Gallery in London.
Seeing Pavlova dancing in the theatre in Lon-
don. Seeing the highlands of Scotland, also
a rainbow, a sunrise, and a sunset. Going to the
Chelsea Art Club's Ball in fancy dress in
London. I saw the great painter of horses, Sir
Alfred Manning, dressed like a jockey and
wearing a large, false nose. He was sitting
dangling his legs over a box, and as dancers
passed called out, "Oh, there's old Manning."

Playing the piano when the world was for-
gotten and singing by myself in St. Salvator's
Chapel where many had sung five hundred
years before. Jitters when three thunderstorms
coincided over Eastbourne. Much more frighten-
ing than German bombs which I experienced in
two wars.

Seeing is believing and reading and listening
to wise Professors makes you wiser and Nature
is more powerful than man.

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends."

—Shakespeare.





School Activities and Club Reports

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

1st XV Results

Date	Opponents	Venue	F	A
Nov. 25	Morrison's Acad.	A	Cancelled	
Dec. 2	Perth Academy	H	10	10
9	Madras College	A	Cancelled	
16	Morgan Academy	A	Cancelled	
Jan. 13	Harris Academy	A	13	12
20	Madras College	H	Cancelled	
27	Robert Gordon's Coll.	A	13	24
Feb. 3	Aberdeen G.S.	H	32	9
7	Dundee T.C.	H	Cancelled	
10	Perth Academy	A	12	0
17	Trinity Academy	H	Cancelled	
24	Aberdeen Academy	H	Cancelled	
Mar. 2	Keil School	H	14	0
10	Morgan Academy	H	14	10
14	Morgan Academy	A	Cancelled	
21	Dundee T.C.	H	13	11

Official Record: Played 17, Won 12, Lost 4, Drawn 1, For 280, Against 191.

Despite being unable to establish any new records, this year's 1st XV has had a successful season. Bad weather, which caused the cancellation of ten games, failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the side and a high standard of attacking rugby was maintained throughout. The basis for the success this season has been the superb understanding and teamwork shown by both forwards and backs and although every game contained its own highlights, the most notable performances of the season have been the achievement of the "double" against Aberdeen Grammar and the local derby success against Morgan Academy.

This year, the team was again well represented at District level with K. D. Jones, A. J. Milne and R. M. Smith playing for the Midlands Schools side in the Inter-District Championship and G. J. Thomson playing for the Midlands Schools 'B' XV against Ayrshire and the North.

This year's team captain, A. J. Milne, received recognition for a brilliant season at the helm when he was selected as captain of the Midlands Schools for the match against the South.

Top scorer this season was full-back R. M. Smith with 84 points and top try scorer was right winger N. F. Robertson with 15 tries.

This year's 2nd XV has continued their excellent form this season and finished with only two defeats, both against Robert Gordon's College. This team has also placed the emphasis on attack and on four occasions they have scored more than 50 points in one match.

The 3rd XV has also completed a successful season, losing only one game and amassing over 300 points from ten games. From these statistics, it looks as if next season's 1st and 2nd XV's will continue to be successful.

The 3rd Year team has had a mixed season, winning seven games and losing seven, while the 2nd Year team has been quite successful, winning ten games and losing six. The 1st Year team has also had a mixed season, winning eight games and losing six.

Congratulations to P. Hadden, M. Cunningham, H. Millar, and N. Gibb on gaining places in the Junior Midlands XV for the games against Ayrshire and the North.

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 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.

1972-73

	Total Points	Red A	Blue Ay	Gold L	White W
RUGBY					
Senior	100	20	30	10	40
Junior	50	20	5	15	10
HOCKEY					
Senior	100	10	20	40	30
Junior	50	10	5	15	20
BOYS' HOCKEY	100	20	30	10	40
NETBALL					
Senior	50	20	15	5	10
Junior	30	12	9	6	3
LVI-LVII	20	6	2	4	8
BASKETBALL					
Senior	30	9	3	6	12
CRICKET					
Senior	100	40	30	20	10
TENNIS					
Senior	100	40	30	20	10
Junior	50				
TENNIS CHAMP.					
Senior	15				
Junior	15				
BOYS' TENNIS CHAMP.					
Senior	15				
Junior	15				
SHOOTING					
Senior	15				
Junior	15	—	9	2	4
GOLF	15	8	—	—	7
SAILING	20				
DEBATES					
Senior	100	10	30	20	40
SPEAKING CONTEST					
Junior	50	5	20	12½	12½
SWIMMING GALA					
		79½	80	39½	39

SPORTS

WINNERS OF INTER-HOUSE SHIELD

1951	Airlie	1962	Lindores	1957	Airlie	1968	Wallace
1952	Aystree	1963	Aystree	1958	Airlie	1969	Wallace
1953	Aystree	1964	Airlie	1959	Airlie	1970	Airlie
1954	Aystree	1965	Lindores	1960	Airlie	1971	Airlie
1955	Wallace	1966	Lindores	1961	Airlie	1972	Airlie
1956	Airlie	1967	Wallace				



Senior Championship

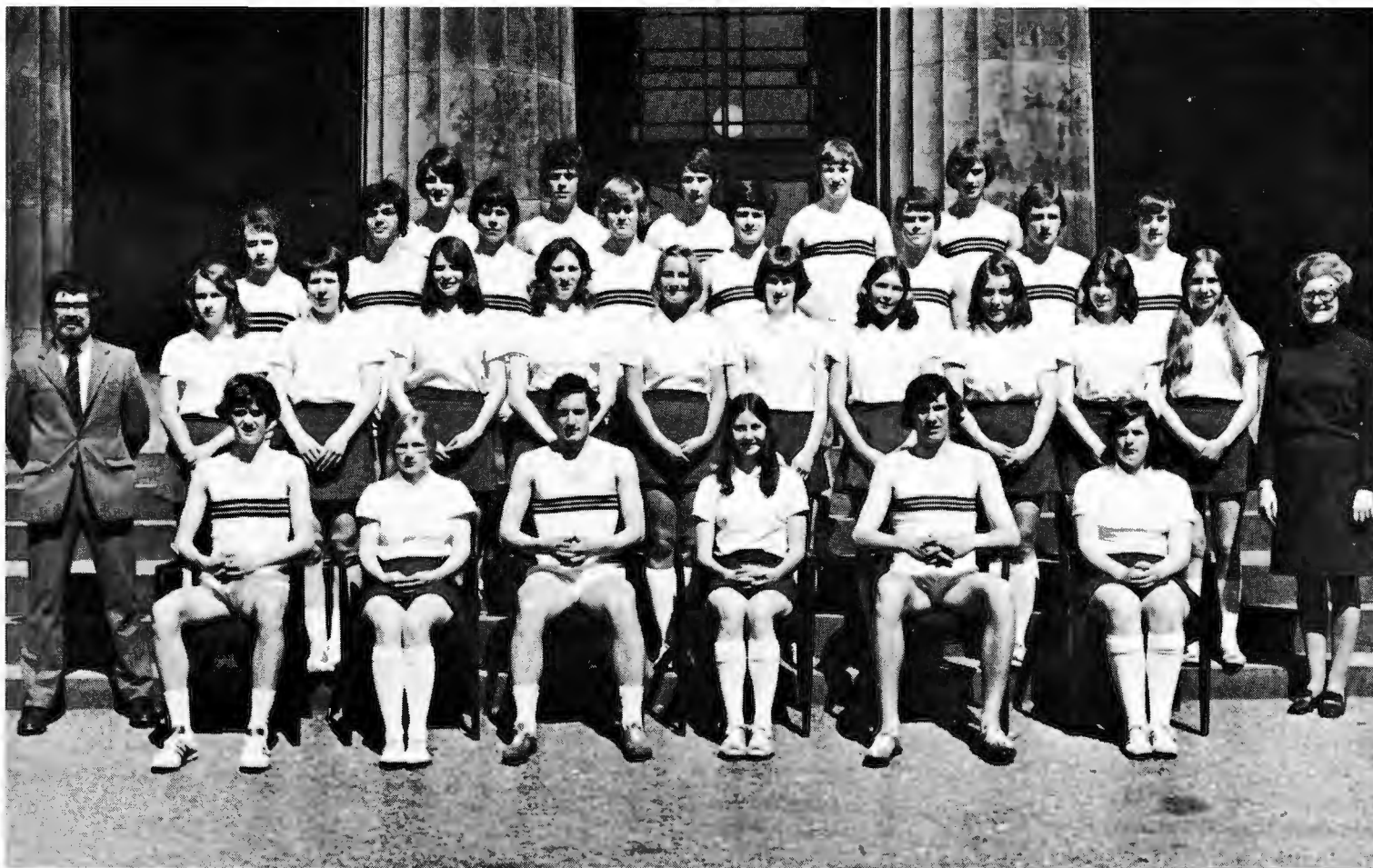
1972	F. Hadden
1971	P. Arbuckle
1970	P. Arbuckle
1969	R. Milne
1968	A. Nicholson
1967	N. Cram/A. Masson
1966	M. Rogers
1965	G. Robertson
1964	R. Burns/A. Grewar
1963	R. Burns
1962	R. Leslie/J. McConnachie
1961	D. Wright
1960	D. Small
1959	D. Small
1958	M. Dougall
1957	M. Dougall
1956	M. Anderson
1955	N. Stewart
1954	J. Dorward/G. Murray
1953	J. Dewar
1952	J. Dewar
1951	P. Robertson
1950	K. Clark
1949	L. Ferguson
1948	S. Hynd
1947	S. Hynd
1946	G. Mottashaw

Intermediate Championship

D. Masson
G. Ogilvie
A. Milne
A. Johnstone/P. Arbuckle
P. Monaghan
A. Lockhart
A. Nicholson
N. Cram
D. Rorie
G. Robertson/D. Scott
D. Matthewson/A. Agnew
A. Grewar
J. McConnachie
D. Wright
R. Byer
A. Young
M. Dougall
W. Wilson
W. Wilson
N. Stewart
L. Thomson
J. Dorward
J. Dewar
P. Robertson
K. Clark
F. Ripley
D. Jamieson

Junior Championship

K. Glass
K. Glass
G. Ogilvie
G. Bell
F. Hadden
A. Johnston
I. Douglas
J. Walker/A. Lockhart
A. Nicholson
N. Cram
K. Ross
D. Matthewson
H. Gray
A. Grewar
M. Walton
D. Wright
K. Smith
A. Young
M. Dougall
W. Wilson
N. Cargill
H. Wright
J. Wright
C. Allan
P. Robertson
A. Lowden
K. Clark/I. Martin



SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—R. Hadden, A. D. D. Porter, J. M. S. Walton, A. Boath, N. A. Dryden.

Second Row (l. to r.)—G. S. R. Ogilvie, W. A. J. Porter, D. P. Masson, A. N. Watt, N. F. Robertson, I. J. M. Henderson, R. H. R. McKean, B. M. L. Allison.

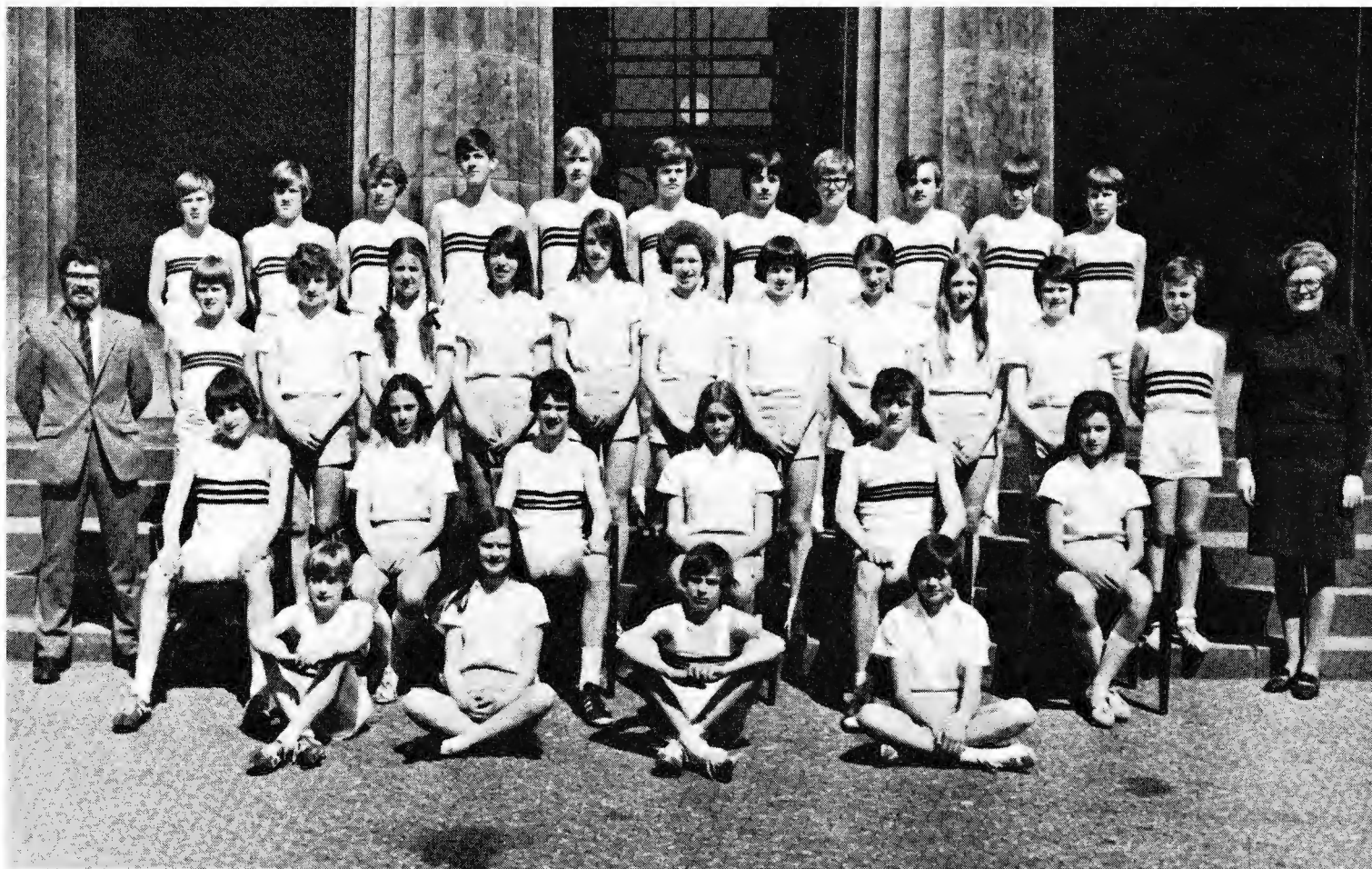
Third Row (l. to r.)—Mr A. H. Hutchison, Claire F. McDonald, Janet M. Hughes, Jennifer M. Williams, Alison M. Sherrit, Patricia M. Cramond, Carol M. Sim, Gillian P. A. M. Hogg, Anthea H. R. Henderson, Fiona E. A. Napier, Wendy M. Miller, Miss D. A. Dobson.

Front Row (l. to r.)—J. D. Rose, Mary E. Grewar, Alan J. Milne, Nicola J. E. Millar, G. R. Dudgeon, Alison J. Sim.

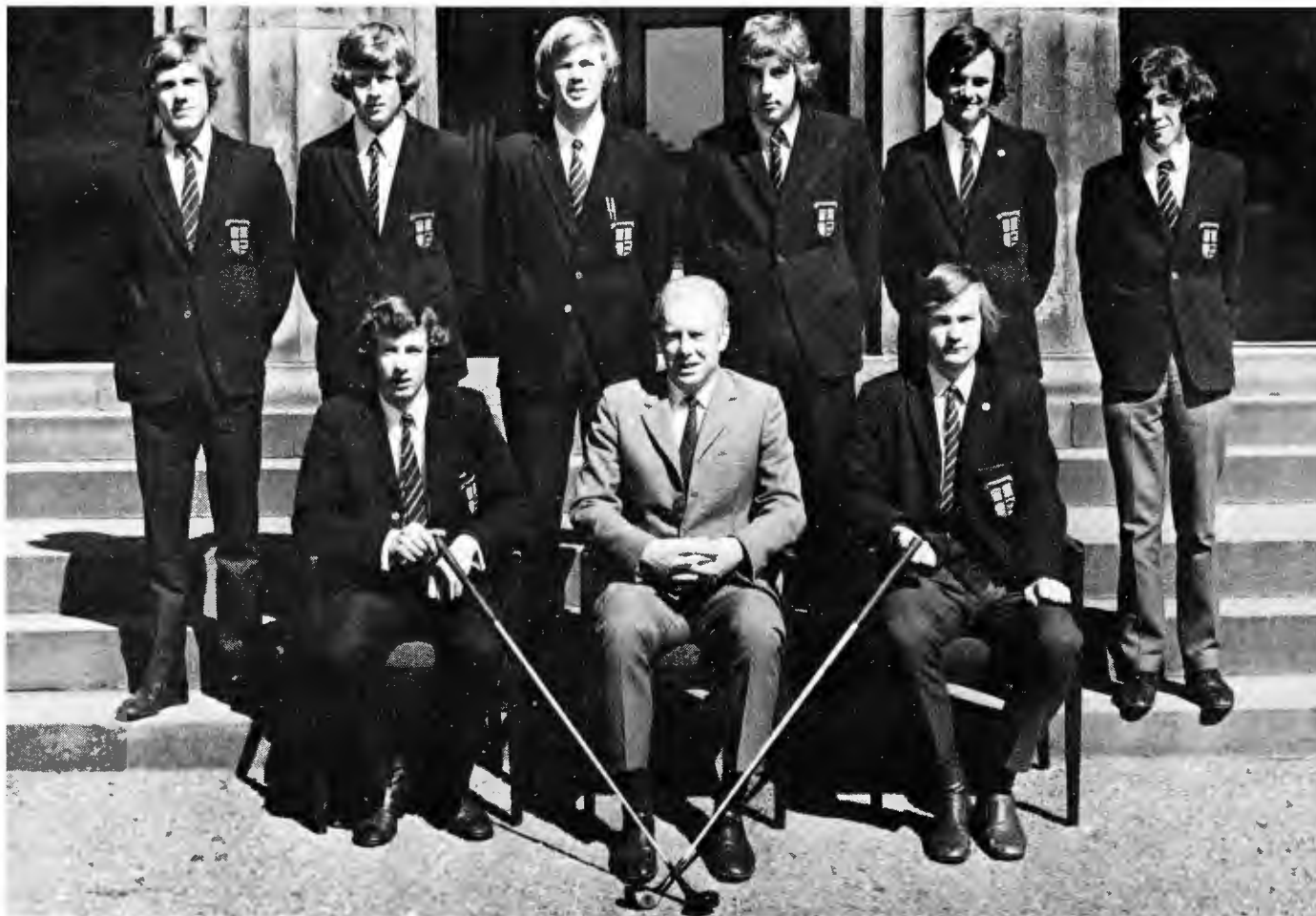


CRICKET 1st XI

Back Row (l to r) Mr. J. S. J. Renwick, R. T. Winter, N. F. Roberts, M. Wallade, I. S. Ross, J. B. J.
 Front Row (l to r) Mr. W. D. Allardice, P. D. Ritchie, D. Butchart, M. Wain, J. M. S. Walton, P. C. Waddell, J. J. J.



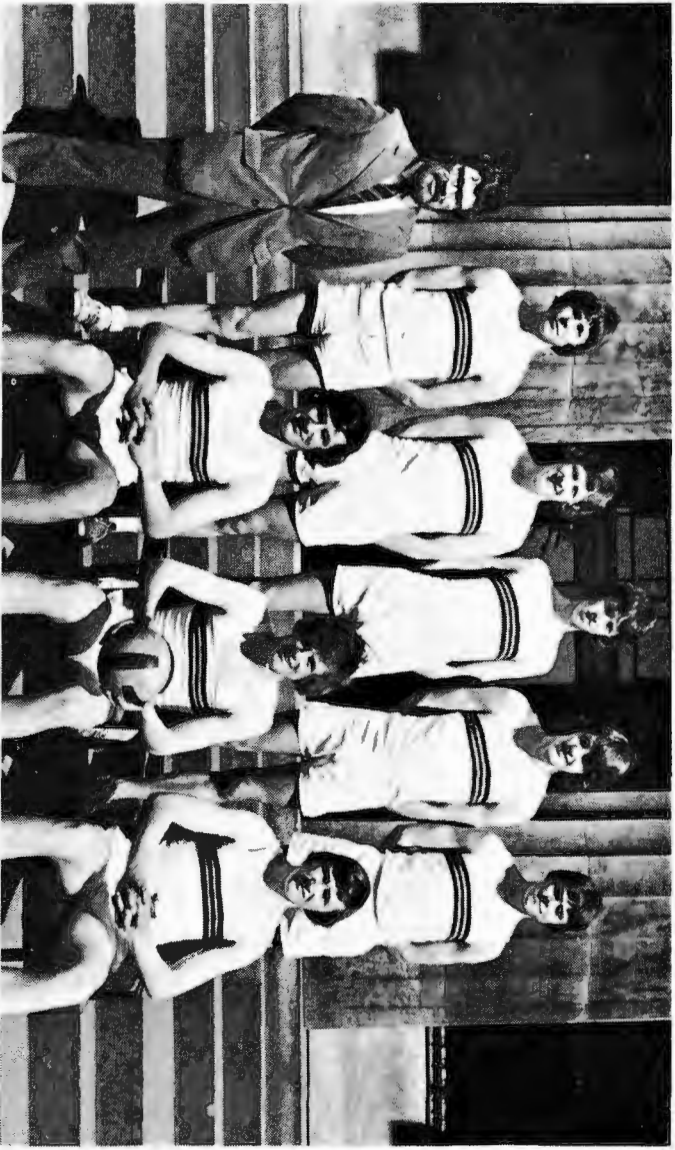
JUNIOR ATHLETICS TEAM



GOLF TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—D. C. Smith, J. C. B. Smith, I. G. C. Weir, A. R. Sherrit, G. G. Anderson, D. R. Ferguson.

Front Row (l. to r.)—D. S. Landsburgh, Mr S. S. Blyth, R. M. Smith.



VOLLEY BALL TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—D. P. Masson, P. C. Hodden, A. G. J. W. Blair, R. Hodden, I. J. M. Henderson.
Front Row (l. to r.)—Mr A. H. Hutchison, G. R. Dudgeon, R. B. Hain, A. Boath.



SAILING TEAM

K. G. Thomson, Mr R. C. Mackenzie, I. B. Thomson



RIFLE CLUB

Back Row (l. to r.)—William G. Robertson, Gavin J. Gibson, Alan Boath, Andrew J. Townsend, David P. Barr,
J. W. Grant Carnegie.
Front Row (l. to r.)—Robin E. F. Illsley, Mr R. Steele, Grant R. Dudgeon.



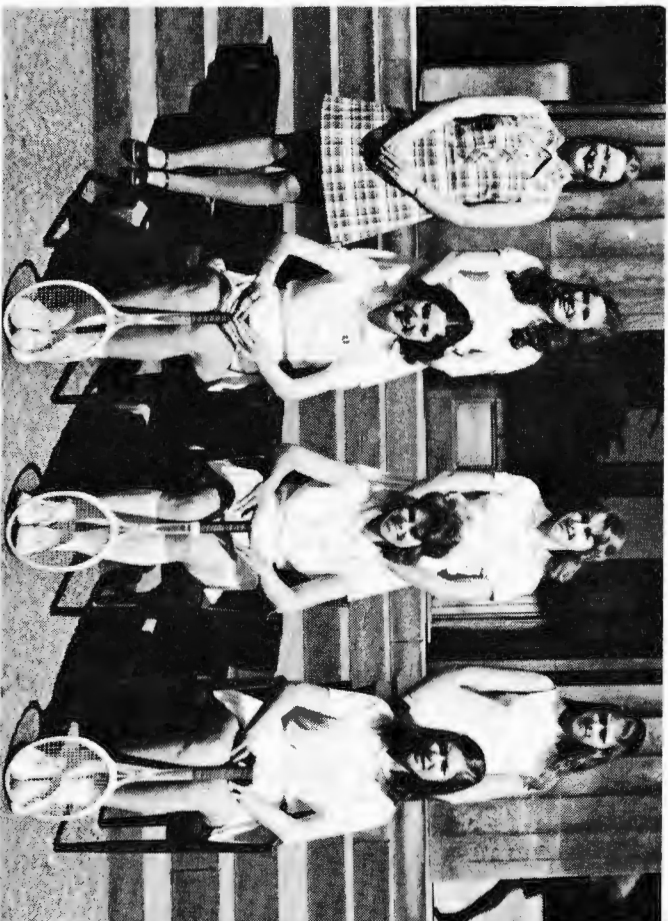
BOYS' SENIOR TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.)—D. J. Nicoll, P. C. Hadden, A. J. Baillie, Mr N. G. S. Stewart.
Front Row (l. to r.)—G. D. Burchart, P. D. Ritchie, I. M. Ross.



GIRLS' TENNIS 1st VI

Back Row (l to r) Miss M. Duncan, Charlotte W. Green, Fiona M. Jackson, Margaret Houston, B. W. J.
Front Row (l to r) Elizabeth W. Gilchrist, Caroline M. R. Mills, St. Germaine M. Wilson, J. & S. B. J.



GIRLS' TENNIS 2nd VI

Back Row (l to r) Miss M. Duncan, Alison J. W. Grueckshank, Claire M. McDonald, Denise M. Robins, S.
Front Row (l to r) Elizabeth J. M. Bjornell, Susan H. Bastable, Alison E. R. Milne, S. J. S.

GIRLS' TENNIS REPORT

The following officials were appointed for the season:—Captain, Caroline Mills; Vice-Captain, Hilary Simpson; Secretary, Ann Paterson; Treasurer, Elizabeth Gilmour.

So far this season the team has met with much success. The 1st VI is as yet unbeaten and the 2nd VI has only lost one match. Unfortunately, bad weather and examinations have led to several cancellations and many games played in very wet, cold conditions.

1st year, 2nd year and 3rd year sixes have played very well in their few matches and have not lost a match. They show much enthusiasm and there are many potentially excellent players for future 1st and 2nd sixes.

We would like to thank Miss Duncan for her efficient organising, enthusiasm and encouragement and hope that the team has many more successes in the future.

BOYS' TENNIS REPORT

The first meeting was held on Tuesday, 15th May, when the officials for the year were appointed.

Captain, Philip Ritchie; Vice-Captain, Graham Butchart.

A hastily selected team, consisting mainly of last year's winning side contested the opening rounds of the Midlands Schools Senior Competition, and successfully went through against Arbroath High and Morgan Academy.

In the semi-finals we beat Morrison's Academy and went on in the final to beat Grove Academy, winning the shield for the third successive year.

As area winners we went through to the Scottish finals where we were narrowly beaten in the final.

However, among the junior ranks there are some very promising players. This was shown particularly when one of the three couples reached the semi-finals of the Midlands Schools Junior Tournament.

Lastly, both senior and junior teams are grateful for assistance received and the interest shown by Mr N. G. S. Stewart and Mr J. Baxter.

Philip Ritchie, Captain.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS TEAM REPORT

Unfortunately, the annual tri-cornered match with Buckhaven High School and Dunfermline High School had to be cancelled due to bad weather.

However, on Thursday, 24th May, 20 girls travelled to Cramond to compete against the 1st year Dunfermline College of Physical Education team. Holding our own in track events, but being underweighted in field events, we were narrowly defeated 79 points to 65 points.

With Dundee School Sports and Scottish School Championships still to come, training is in earnest to improve on past performances. In connection with this and the organisation of matches I should like to, on behalf of the Athletic's team, thank Miss Dobson and the many other members of staff who have given up their time to come and help.

Alison Sim, Secy./Treasurer.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

Once again this year the Golf Club has a high membership. This has enabled several fixtures to be arranged for the summer term.

The officials for the year are:—S. Landsburgh, Captain; R. Smith, Vice-Captain; I. Weir, Secretary.

The Club's thanks go to Mr Blyth for his help in running the Golf Club.

I.W.

CRICKET REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected:—R. Hain, Captain; I. Garden, Vice-Captain; G. Thomson, Treasurer; G. Butchart, Secretary.

After an unsure start, the 1st XI were unlucky in their first three games. In the first match of the season against Grove they ran out of time needing only one run to win and so the match ended in a draw.

Against Aberdeen Grammar, the 1st XI were beaten by two wickets in a close and exciting finish.

The game against Madras ended in another draw, with the 1st XI again running out of time, needing to take three wickets to win the match.

In a mid-week fixture, they scored a convincing win over Morgan. This obviously promises better results in the remaining games of the season.

The other teams all hold an unbeaten record in the games so far played. This is a very encouraging start, and they look set for a very successful season.

We would like to thank Mr Allardice and all other members of staff who have given up their time to coach the teams and to umpire matches. To them we are greatly indebted.

G. Butchart, Secretary.

NETBALL REPORT

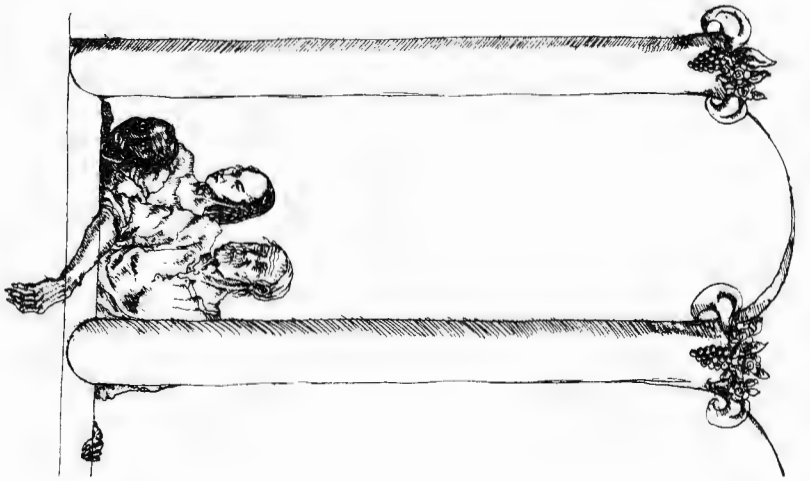
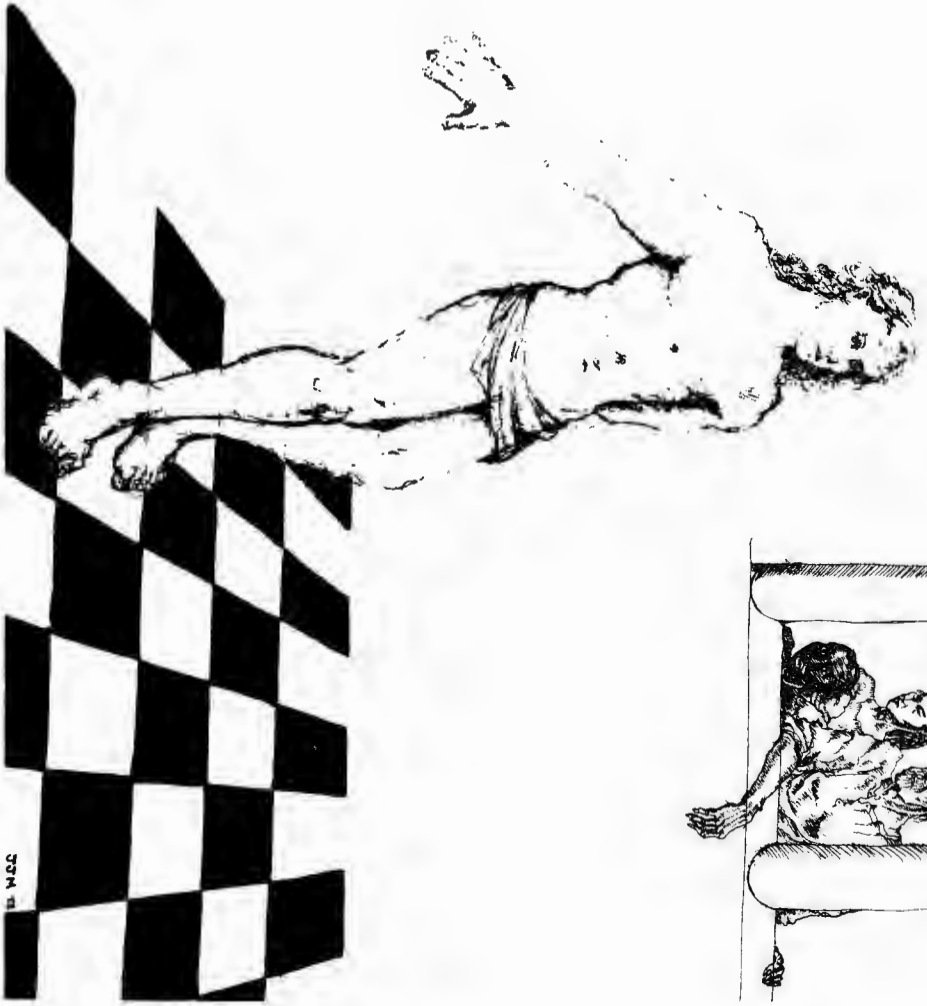
This year we were again involved in the Dundee Netball League. The first VII did better than usual this year and came fourth.

The 1st VII had a convincing win against Grove, but lost to Perth Academy this season. The 2nd VII have also had mixed results.

The Junior teams as usual are showing a lot of promise and enthusiasm for future Senior teams.

The teams would like to thank Miss Dobson and Miss Duncan for all their coaching and encouragement.

Nicky Miller, Captain.



D.H.S. BOWLS CLUB

This has been a particularly successful season for an organisation new to the School. Competition has been intense among members, many of whom are displaying talent equal to that of few senior players. The main talking point in the Club at the moment has been the great partnerships struck up between Fairmuir Section players Rose and Lester, skipped by Anderson. Also Ferguson and Stuart with Brocklebank as skip; and in the Broughty section McKean and McMillan, skipped by Weir. The Ted Brocklebank Trophy promises to be a really exciting event.

Green conditions have been fair this year, but crowded rinks have caused some tension among the more hot-blooded players of the Club.

Unfortunately, this report is too early to bring news of our representative in the World Championships, but for further information as it happens watch the "Courier" soon.

Finally, if anyone interested in joining the Club is worried about the high standard, remember David Bryant was once pretty bad as well.

Jack High.

SKI-ING CLUB

The first reaction of anyone reading this report might well be "What Ski-ing Club?" Ski-ing is, of course, a peculiar sport (and skiers are peculiar folk). It depends very largely upon the timely arrival of its medium—snow and the past ski-ing season was notable for the absence, during the main part of the season, of that very snow. As a result, some planned outings such as the eagerly anticipated weekend at Glenshee with 83 Army Youth Team had to be cancelled.

However, some keen pupils made varying degrees of progress during a series of lessons at Ancrum Activities Centre on the artificial slope. Ten of those pupils went to Glenshee to attempt the One-Star Ski-infi Test and were examined in various aspects of the sport by Mr Ian Woodcraft, Ancrum's chief instructor. I am happy to be able to report that seven of the ten passed, and can now be seen about the school sporting the appropriate badges.

A Sunday outing was also arranged with Ancrum and was enjoyed by those who attended, even if they were all in a state of collapse by the time they had made the half-hour climb necessary to find where the snow was at Glenshee.

However, followers of what is one of the fastest-growing sports are totally undaunted by last year's unfavourable weather and await the coming of next winter with unabated enthusiasm. I said at the beginning that skiers are peculiar folk—they actually look forward to heavy snow-falls!

SAILING CLUB REPORT

With the sailing season now in progress we have taken the four Mirror dinghies and our new Enterprise up to Forfar again although we have not been able to sail the Enterprise because of the loss of its new mast in transit.

However, the season has still been eventful with a few capsizes, both intentional and otherwise.

The new committee has been elected for this year with Maxime Clark as Vice-Commodore, Isabel Reid as Treasurer, Ian Thomson as Secretary and four committee members.

We thank both Mr McKenzie and Mrs Kinloch for supporting the Club, and also the 83rd A.Y.T. for all the time they have spent on our behalf.

Wilda Brown, Secretary.

BOYS' ATHLETIC CLUB

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the season:—Captain, G. Bell; Vice-Captain, A. Milne; Secretary, J. Rose; Treasurer, G. Dudgeon. Committee: D. Aitkenhead, F. Robertson, R. McKean.

At time of writing, the teams have not, as yet, participated in any of the regular Inter-Schools contests. However, in an attempt to gain some early competition, several of the senior athletes took part as non-counters in a contest at Dundee University playing fields, and with the S.C.E examinations now behind us, we look forward to a very successful season.

This year the A and B groups contain an unusually high number of fairly experienced

athletes and as usual the C and D groups continue to show great promise for the future.

In conclusion, we must thank Mr Hutchison, and the other members of staff for their valuable training and we hope that our results in the Scottish Schools and Dundee Schools Championships will proceed to do them justice.

J. D. Rose.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB

1st and 2nd XI Results

Date	Opponents	Venue	F	A
Jan. 13	Lawsie	H	2	0
27	Madras	H	4 (4)	3 (0)
31	Morgan	A	1	1
Feb. 10	Alloa	H	4 (6)	0 (0)
17	Aberdeen G.S.	H	1 (2)	2 (2)
Mar. 10	Stirling	A	2 (6)	0 (1)
17	Lendrickmuir	H	2 (8)	2 (0)
24	Lawsie	A	2	2

The 72/73 season, despite the inspiring captaincy of B. McFadzean, has been a rather uneventful one for the 1st XI.

Enthusiasm and fitness are not the only criteria for success and more emphasis on ball skills and tactics will bear fruit in the future. However, towards the end of the season it was proved that the potential is there and we hope that future teams will reestablish the Club as one of the best in the country.

The 2nd XI, with a nucleus of experienced players scored a school record of 76 goals in 14 matches and all too often were playing a different class of hockey to their opponents.

For once, an Under 16 XI of equal age and strength to their opponents, has been fielded and an encouraging set of results has been the just reward.

I. Baird and S. Ritchie were the School's traditional Midlands representatives and congratulations also to N. Hutton last year's captain for winning a place in the Scottish Universities' side.

Once again we are indebted to Messrs Hutchison, McDonald, Baxter, Doig and R. Kelly, whose sterling service and willing sacrifices have been most appreciated.

S.C.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

S.S.C. REPORT

A Christian organization are we
Joined together in the S.S.C.
The school committee has done its best,
And encourages members to do the rest.

This year we couldn't get in any ballet,
But we did have a dance at Broughty
Chalet.

The club nights held for One to Three
Sadly are past history.

At mixed Dalguise we had some fun,
And sports involving everyone!
Another weekend is held in store,
And as for people—we need lots more.

Participants are far too few,
But we think to them many thanks are
due.
Carberry Towers is the present cry,
And on that note we end—"Yours Aye!"

P.S.—In this poem we forgot to mumble,
On April 21st we sold some jumble.

Conceived(written, and performed by the
Committee J.D.R., C.A.D-R, G.B.S., G.E.T.,
D.R.F., S.L.B., R.B.L.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

Once again, the Society has ended its meetings for the session. The new committee will take over next year and we would like to take this opportunity of thanking the present one for presiding over the meetings which, as usual, have been lively and energetic—especially when members of staff joined us twice. We are looking forward to seeing many new members next session and to welcoming back former ones. Our thanks are due to Mr Fyall and Mr Baxter for supervising the Society.

R.W. & M.O.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

During the past term the Society has held several interesting meetings. Our team of Sheena McMain and Sarah Boase did very well to come second in the Area Finals of the English Speaking Union Debating Competition, held at Harris, but unfortunately were knocked out in the National Semi-Finals. A bus load of about thirty journeyed to Stonehaven to support Sheena and Sarah, who both spoke excellently although without success. We nevertheless congratulated them on reaching so far in the competition.

In February a team from St. Andrews University came to debate and provided an enjoyable evening's entertainment. A former pupil of the school, Miss Alison McLeay, gave a fascinating talk on her present job which is with B.B.C. Radio Scotland.

Unfortunately, this term attendances to debates have again been rather low, but we anticipate much higher audiences next year. The A.G.M. of the Society will be held in June and a full and varied programme of meetings for next session will be arranged. Once again, we would like to thank all members of staff who contribute greatly to the running and organising of the Society—to Miss Gray, Mr Alexander, Mr Fyall, Mr Smith and Mr Baxter. We hope they will continue to give their invaluable support and that the Society will flourish more strongly next session.

E.G.

JUNIOR CHOIR REPORT

At the moment we are working on a programme to be sung at the school concert, which will be held in June. During the past term we have been singing mainly for pleasure, but part of the time was spent practicing for the Leng Medal Competition. Sheila Tasker, one of our members, won the Silver Leng Medal. A group of the choir sang at a meeting of present and former staff in the dining-hall.

We would like to thank Mrs Elder for giving up her time to the Choir, and for giving us such valuable help and advice. We would also like to thank Mrs Hajbonicz for accompanying us on the piano.

H.R.

BROWNIE REPORT

As always we are all busy working for our various badges. Several entertained Mrs Thomas, the Commissioner and the remainder of the Pack with a concert to attain their Highway badge.

Fourteen of our Brownies will be leaving us soon to join the Guide Company.

The Guiders attended a most beneficial weekend training in February at the Kirkton Community Centre.

N. Patricia Reid.

GUIDE REPORT

This year has been a most eventful one.

Many badges have been gained and two of our members, Helen Foster and Margaret Walsh have become Queen's Guides.

We have been on a tour of Broughty Ferry Castle Museum, Blackness Fire Station, City Museum and Camperdown Park. These all proved to be very successful and I am sure everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

To complete a most enjoyable year, we are going to Camp at Tarfside, Glen Esk.

We would like to thank Mrs Cowieson and Miss Mills for their help.

S.T.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

This term has again been very successful with bronze awards going to ten candidates. A police class for all awards started in January, while a 'safety in the home' class was begun by Mr Forest for silver award candidates.

During the Easter holidays many expeditions were carried out successfully and I must thank Mrs Thomson very much for taking them all.

A mothercraft class is to be started very shortly as well as other classes needed.

In all we have had a very successful year with bronze and silver awards being won.

We must thank anyone connected with the award who has helped in any way and especially Mr Mackenzie and Miss Gray without whose help the scheme would not succeed.

THE STAMP CLUB REPORT

The Stamp Club resumed activities this year on the 9th October and the following officials were elected:—

Publicity, David Logan; Treasurer, Ian Highlands; Secretary, Lois Wilson. Committee—David Andrew, David Nicol.

We have had several interesting meetings and have managed to encourage some of the younger Forms to come.

In one of the first meetings Mr Stevenson showed us the books that the stamp club had for their own use, including an up-to-date Stanley Gibbons catalogue.

On one occasion we had a quiz in which Ian Highlands' team beat David Logan's. The questions involved commemorative stamps, the decimal stamps and their colours and British colonies.

In January, David Logan gave a very interesting display of 1st day covers which include the new decimalisation stamps, the golf Open Championships, Concorde, English poets and many others, making up an extensive collection.

Michael Foster also gave a very good display in March mainly of French and French colonial stamps. He had a very interesting collection as they ranged from some of the very earliest right up to 1967.

In all we have had a very enjoyable and interesting time, and our thanks go to Mr Stevenson for his expert help and guidance without which the Stamp Club would be lost.

S.U. REPORT

"Ask, and it will be given you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you."

What better to start the Scripture Union report with than a text. I use it because we have been praying since November for guidance and help with the planning of a week of frenzied activity during which we hope to challenge the whole school with the Good News of Jesus Christ, and our prayers have since been answered.

At short notice we have been able to obtain for June 11-15th several speakers including Capt. Steven Anderson and an extremely competent group called "Parchment." Our expenses have also been met by the very generous giving of many people.

One speaker we never bothered to consider was Arthur Blessitt, but he should hit Dundee on June 10th, the day before we start! Praise God!

By the time you read this Magazine all these events will have happened but the next edition should contain a full report.

The earlier part of this term has taken the more traditional form of normal meetings with a break for the exams.

I must thank the Rector for giving us his permission to take assembly and R.I. classes during our "week" and also Mrs Kinloch and the other members of the committee for their help with organising and running the S.U. throughout the year.

S.M.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

This season despite many key players leaving School at the end of last year, followed by our captain at the end of December, the School Chess Teams have managed to maintain a fair degree of success.

Of the two teams in the Dundee Adult League, the 'A' team, despite a poor start to the season, recovered well to finish in a respectable position, while the 'B' team continued to flourish.

Our younger teams have also gained good positions in the School's Leagues.

Some of the younger pupils have been successful in Junior Competitions.

In the Christmas Congress for girls Lesley Tait and Margaret-Anne Hutton shared first place in the Junior Section with Sarah Ramsay coming third. Lesley Tait also came second in the Girls' Primary Section of the Dundee Easter Congress while Scott Carnegie came fourth in the Primary Boys' Section.

We have also done fairly well in inter-schools competitions this year. An understrength team was unfortunately beaten in the third round of the Sunday Times tournament by Robert Gordon's. In the Scotsman Trophy we did better, narrowly failing to qualify for the final stages.

Only one of the School Trophies, the Russell Trophy, has been finished to date and this has been won by Scott Carnegie.

We are also pleased to report that Douglas Tudhope, a former member of the Chess Club has reached the final of the McIsaac Trophy, as the representative for Edinburgh University.

Our thanks must go to Mrs Elder for her ceaseless effort in the running of the Club and to the girls who help with the catering at home games.

Fred Ferguson.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN SCHOOL

I am perturbed to observe that there seems no evidence of a state of discipline in this worthy and virtuous establishment. My colleagues and I, especially I, feel strongly and fervently about this disgraceful stain on an unotherwise blemished record. Corporal punishment, as stated in the Geneva Avenue Convention, must on no account be never banned, as this would not instil an unfavourable non-democratic stae of democracy.

We feel is is an affrontery never to allow these non-academics no place in a suitable hierarchy of non-anarchy. A juicy beheading or perhaps even razor-blades might be more non-violent, especially when one considers. Anyway a fair leathering is not bad for you (and neither, incidentally, is Guinness).

YADNOM BULC.

D.H.S. STAFF APPRECIATION SOCIETY REPORT

This new Club, in its first year, has had a very promising session. The Society provides an official voice for the appreciation felt by many young scholars for the sustained efforts of our industrious staff. Extremist elements within the fabric of our School look upon the Society as an underhand means of advancement towards prefectship. We wish to stress that this is **not** the case.

The Club at the moment is a thriving organisation and we hope to co-opt a third member in the near future.

The Club extends its warmest thanks to all members of staff, without whose involuntary co-operation the Society might never have prospered.

W.C.G.I., L.B.R.

JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

The Jnior Company has had a very successful Spring and Summer session and is now busy in preparation for the General Inspection and the Annual Camp. The Easter exercises, held again at Barry Buddon Camp, went off very well despite the fact that we had a spot of trouble with a minor grass fire! I would like to thank both Mr Steele and Mr Holmes for giving up their time to supervise the exercises, and also Mr Henehan for running the cookhouse for us yet again.

Earlier in the session the cadets sat their proficiency tests in cadet training and the following boys were awarded proficiency tapes: Red tape, Cdt. Carnegie; Blue tapes, Cdt. Lawson, Cdt. Crawford, Cdt. Pask, Cdt. Reid, Cdt. Merrylees.

In the same competitions No 2 Platoon came out as the top squad with No. 1 Platoon second and No. 3 Platoon third.

The following N.C.O.s were promoted to the rank of L/Sgt.—Cpl. Nicoll, Cpl. Boath, and Cpl. Potter, and L/Sgt. Thomson was promoted to full Sgt. One innovation that we have introduced this term is the post of recruiting N.C.O. and we wish Cpl. Thomson the best of luck in his task of raising the number for next year in the Junior Company. We have also received two more Senior Cadets in the persons of Cadets Guild and Stein to become 2I/C's to numbers 1 and 2 platoon.

As we approach the Annual Camp at Aultbea, I would like to remind parents and relatives of the Cadets that they are more than welcome to visit us and to see round the camp.

Finally, I would like to thank again the officers and N.C.O.'s for their work throughout the year and also the Army Youth Team who have now finished the course of Judo lessons which they have been giving to the Junior Boys.

C.S.M. Hain.

CADET FORCE

Q.M. STORES AND ARMOURY REPORT

This year's staff is smaller than last year's staff, consisting of C.Q.M.S. Baxter, Cpl. Anderson, Cpl. Fridge and a new member who joined us in May, L/Cpl. Logan.

We have been especially busy this year equipping an extra-large intake of new cadets, issuing stores for exercises, and also general day-to-day transactions. With the staff we have we have done amazingly well.

A lot of extra work has also been incurred after C.Q.M.S. Baxter and L/Cpl. Logan collected from Stirling stores depot a complete net of radios as well as replacement rifles.

All members of the store took part in both of the exercises during the past term. C.Q.M.S. Baxter and L/Cpl. Logan, as well as the other exercises, took part in the Part 2 exercise at Buddon.

With the general inspection and cadet camp still in front of us, we see no lull in the work still to come.

We would like to thank Major Jacuk, Major Livingston, Lt. Stewart, and S.S.I. Henahan who provided invaluable help.

C.Q.M.S. Baxter.

VOLLEYBALL CLUB REPORT

This season the Volleyball Club has enjoyed moderate success although the original number of boys was somewhat depleted due to other sports.

Unfortunately, the team lost the only game it played against Kirkton, as several other fixtures were cancelled, including House Volleyball, due to the absence of two teams.

I would, however, like to thank Mr Hutcheson for giving his time and patience towards the team. Finally, I wish the Club the best of luck next season in the hope that they manage to play a few games.

Record for Season 72-73—Played 1, Won 0, Drawn 0, Lost 1, Pts. for 0, Pts. against 30.

Secretary.

SERGEANTS' MESS REPORT

The Sergeants' Mess has again seen some redecoration this year due to the unfortunate loss of the beautiful mural of one of our founder members. Another loss which has been sorely felt is that our Blue Peter Collection which was unfortunately tipped in the dust bin. I would also like to mention the sad loss of our First Aid representative who "tragically" disappeared earlier in the year; sad especially as he has never returned to visit us nor repay us for the new door.

Earlier in the year the air of the Mess was totally changed with the influx of several new Sergeants and I am pleased to announce that the accent is now heavily on sport; darts, pot-holing, and listening to the radio being three popular activities. Our new furniture not only proves to be very comfortable when relaxing but also very handy when restless or bored. We would all like to thank Mr R. S. Fyall for tolerating anything he may have overheard, and also the Wild Life Preservation Society and the Immigration officials for allowing both J.A.G. and N.F.R. to be with us.

Head Cleaner.

SERGEANTS' MESS REPORT No. 2

Our sacred pigeon worshipping shrine has seen many changes this term with an influx of new fully-fledged pigeon shooters and dart experts who have greatly added to the atmosphere of conviviality. Sir Ted (for certain reasons, we cannot publish his second name) has again astounded everyone by winning all the shooting prizes. This session, the unmistakable presence of a certain colonel has been sadly missed and all effort has been put in to try and find another idol of our den.

This session has also seen a variety of new sporting activities—darts, pot-holing, the . . . eh . . . initiating . . . eh (sniff) of . . . eh . . . certain (sniff) teachers . . . eh (sniff), the thtuffing of a thertain thergeant under the thofa, etc.

Unfortunately, it is with great regret that we announce that our Blue Peter Collection Box disappeared in a puff of smoke! On a happier note, all speugs have been stamped out.

Our grateful thanks must go to a certain well-known mountaineer for white-washing the roof and walls, for crawling and for his expert portrait of the C.S.M. on the Mess door, to certain scrubbers for providing a beautiful atmosphere of stale smoke and lilac mist, to a new prefect called Doug for being so utterly vague and to anyone else who wants it our thanks, that is!

The Sergeants.

UFLM REPORT, 1973

After an alliance with the Smart Bears' Club, the Lawside Droogs Expatriate Liberation Front and the breakaway Stamp Collecting Club we are glad to announce that progress is being made, but not by us although we are more powerful than the UFLBF (see comments in Summer 1972 issue for our views on them). A strong contingent has been formed in Invertay School and the recruits have come rolling in (literally).

We have quite successfully infiltrated the bourgeois magazine masquerading as the official school magazine and we now regard it as our official propaganda paper for the perpetration of our belief. We warn you to check that the magazine you buy is the official DHS mag. Don't accept fakes.

We have formed a mutually beneficial peace pact with the Jimmy Montague Preservation Society—who are Socialists holding strong right wing views and are trying to establish a world populated by only Jimmy Montagues wearing only old school ties. Buy their magazine. Get to the heart of the revolutionary scene. Join UFLM now.

Sergeant Ratzeburger.

(The fact that there is a man in that rival group the UFLBF masquerading as Sergeant

Ratzeburger does not worry us and is entirely coincidental since he can only be an imposter).

UFLBF REPORT, 1973

Dear Hieronymous,

You will be glad to hear that there is no chance of us achieving our aim this year—so our activities can continue for at least a year. In a recent by-election we aided one party but the candidate, a Mr G. Fawkes was not quite elected and remains in heaven, disappointed not to be elevated to Westminster.

I'm noticing that the rules are getting stricter—a certain Unionist teacher had his hair cut (sic March). Members have been doing their best at driving lessons, but only one accident and two lamp posts have been achieved. Some guerilla fighters are now legally allowed to take part in training schemes not that this has troubled them.

There seems to be a severe lack of female members (indeed of any members). I put this down to the fact that female gorillas are extinct (in Broty at least) and we are also losing the services of the President, the Chairman, the Secretary and the membership—as he is leaving Dundee soon but keeps his principals.

Yours soberly,

Ratzeburger.

P.S.—Have you ever fallen into a swimming pool, climbed a six foot wall and run from Broughty Ferry to Dundee in 15.6 mins. at 3 a.m.—if you haven't, why not join the UFLBF now for some healthy exercise in a certain ship near the gents in the Ferry—usually we wear camouflage grease on night exercises but plenty is available on entry.



Former Pupils' Section

OLD GIRLS' CLUB REPORT

Marriages

Miss Audrey A. Bell to Mr Barry G. Mitchell.
Miss Thelma Robertson to Mr Ian Ross.
Miss Patricia Gass to Mr Cowieson.
Miss Norah Grewar to Mr John Meikle.
Miss Patricia Ramsay to Mr Brian Cram.
Miss Isobel Todd to Mr John Anderson.
Dr. Anne Thomson to Rev. Harry Gibson.
Miss Diane Duncan to Mr Barrie Wallace.
Miss Eileen Yeaman to Mr Earle Reoch.
Miss C. Petrie to Mr Carl Hinrichs.
Greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The 41st Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on Monday, 12th March 1973, when the following office-bearers were appointed:—

President, Mrs Jenny Pate; Vice-President, Mrs Avril Tweedie; Junior Vice-President, Mrs Sheila Knight; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs D. Thornton, 2 Claypotts Terrace, Broughty Ferry; Hon. Secretaries, Mrs A. G. Scott, 6 Abertay Street, Barnhill, Dundee, and Mrs S. Barnett, 14 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry.

Other Members of Committee appointed were:—Miss I. McNaughton and Miss A. W. Gray, ex-officio; Mrs E. Hardie, Mrs I. Lindsay, Mrs J. Stark, Mrs E. Milne, Mrs S. Jamieson, Mrs R. Marshall, Mrs H. Stiven, Mrs E. Cram, Mrs A. Henderson, Mrs I. Adams, Mrs J. Petrie and Mrs E. McKellican. The total membership of the Club is now over 600.

The Reunion Dinner was held on 2nd November, 1972 in the Chamber of Commerce. The evening was a big success and enjoyed by all. Miss Alison McLeay of BBC Radio Broadcasting gave us a most refreshing after-dinner speech. This year we are most grateful to be able to hold our function in the School Dining Hall, Constitution Road, and are looking forward to it very much.

In order to keep postage costs down the Committee have decided to send invitations only to those members living within a radius of 30 miles of Dundee. Any member outwith this area who wishes to come, should get in touch with the Secretary by Septemebr, please.

In May 1972, we again ran a Tea Party in the Dining Hall, in conjunction with the Old Boys, for the School Leavers. A very happy afternoon was enjoyed by all those who attended.

We extend a warm welcome to all girls leaving School this July and trust they will join the Club.

As in previous years, in June 1972, the School and the Club jointly ran the Tea Tent and Cake and Candy Stall at the School Sports. Unfortunately, due to rising costs and a large electrical bill at Dalnacraig, we only made a profit of approximately £36. This year the School are running the Tea Tent alone and on a smaller scale, while the Old Girls are giving their help on the Cake and Candy Stall at the Athletic Union Fete on June 30th, 1973.

The Trust Fund has now raised a total of £91,000 with 500 donors. A Trustee Committee of 4 Old Boys, 4 Old Girls and 3 others, namely Mr Block, Mr Sibbald and Mr Sieber has now been formed.

The Annual General Meeting in 1974 will be held on Monday, 11th March, and an intimation will be given in the 'Courier and Advertiser.'

The following have joined the Club since May, 1972:—Miss Christian Stewart, 298 Blackness Road, Dundee; Miss Linda Glass, 4 Ralston Mount, West Ferry; Miss Pamela Niven, 28 Argyle Street, Dundee; Miss H. Lindsay Brown, 3 Kelso Street, Dundee; Miss Carolyn Jack, 30 Seafield Road, Broughty Ferry; Miss Helen M. Millar, 150 Kingsway East, Dundee; Miss Dianne M. Wilson, 16 Hyndford Place, Dundee; Miss Sheila E. Chambers, 61 Blake Street, Broughty Ferry; Miss Rona N. Horne, 38 Bingham Terrace, Dundee; Miss Alexandra K. M. Gordon,

41 Bay Road, Wormit, Fife; Miss C. Anne Ross, 47 Fairfield Road, West Ferry; Miss Carolyn E. Sillars, 12 Grove Road, Broughty Ferry; Miss Davina C. Marshall, 17 Nesbitt Street, Dundee; Miss Pamela Robertson, 87 Forfar Road, Dundee; Miss Susan A. T. Law, 21 Thomson Street, Dundee; Miss Judith A. Collin, Grangemount, Alyth (from Oct. 17 Morris Place, Invergowrie); Miss Fiona M. Williamson, The Hollies, Holly Road, Broughty Ferry; Miss Margaret M. Gibson, The Veldt, Monikie, By Broughty Ferry; Miss Jane M. McNeill, 4 Kinnoull Terrace, Perth; Miss Sandra H. Grant, 92 Arbroath Road, Dundee; Miss Patricia M. Taylor, Peninnah, 1 Albert Street, Monifieth; Miss June M. Sword, 2 Constitution Terrace, Dundee; Miss Jennifer K. Craig, The Manse, Invergowrie.

Missing members and last known address:—

Miss H. Baxter, 3 Inverleith Avenue, Edinburgh; Mrs Allan Bell, The Manse, Aberuthven; Mrs C. Billet, 123 Wards Road, Brechin; Mrs P. Briggs, 5 Union Street, Seissett, Nr. Huddersfield, Yorks; Miss M. Campbell, 62 Pettyour Road, Kinghorn, Fife; Mrs A. Markham, 31 Clive Road, Dundee; Mrs N. Currie; Mrs J. Dunlop, Stables, Glassnock, Cunnock, Ayrshire; Mrs B. Wallace, 13 Eton Street, Dundee; Mrs F. Gibb, Canada; Miss H. Grant; Mrs A. G. Hamilton, 10 Clarence Street, Paisley; Mrs D. Longair, 33 Dawson Road, Broughty Ferry; Miss A. Melville, c/o Bank of Scotland, Victoria Street, Dundee; Miss E. W. Milne, Rosslyn, 283 Clepington Road, Dundee; Mrs A. B. Moore; Miss E. Paterson; Miss S. J. Plant; Mrs M. Proudfoot, Craigard, Birkhill Terrace, Wormit, Fife; Miss F. Philips, 16 Greenhill Terrace, Edinburgh 10; Miss J. Thain, 322 Strathmartine Road, Dundee; Miss I. White, "Kinarva," Tayport, Fife; Mrs Weyon, "Ledoig," Wormit, Fife; Mrs I. K. Young, 125 Market Street, St Andrews, Fife; Mrs J. Bowen; Mrs Audrey Sutherland.

We deeply regret the deaths of the following Members:—Mrs Bain, Mrs McLaggan and Mrs Preston Watson.

OLD BOYS' CLUB REPORT

During the past few weeks, the Club has been active in different ways. On 31st May, the now Annual Tea Party for School Leavers was held in the School Dining Hall and a number of new members were recruited. Our thanks go to Miss Gray and the members of the committee of the Old Girls' Club for organising this.

On 1st June, a team of Old and not-so-Old Boys took part in a shooting match with the School. This is a revival of a previously popular event which it is hoped will be sustained. The committee are keen to take up any field in which a School and Club competition could be arranged.

The Fishing Outing took place on 4th June at Loch Leven and the Golf Outing on 8th June at Barry, and we are grateful to Bill Clark and Bill Ritchie for organising these events each year.

At the request of the Rector, the Club have formed a panel of adjudicators to assist at School debates if required. This panel consists of the President, the Vice-President and Messrs David Shepherd and George Hutton.

Mr Donald Ross, Q.C., a member of the Club has recently been elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and the members of the Club will wish to congratulate him on this honour.

Members are asked to note that the Annual Dinner will be held this year on the last Friday in November and not on the first Friday in December as has been the case for many years. The Dinner will be held on 30th November at the Chamber of Commerce Club and the principal guest is Mr K. W. Dron, Rector of Brechin High School.

Members will regret to note the deaths of Mr James Duncan, lately Quaestor at the University of St Andrews, and Mr John Pate, a member of our committee and an active member of the Rugby Club.

The Dundee High School Trust has now been fully set up to manage the funds raised by the Trust Appeal. The Trustees are:—I. M. S. Robertson, R. S. B. Grieve, H. L. G. Laurie, K. W. Pritchard, Mrs M. Raitt, Mrs S. Clark, Mrs S. Lowden, Mrs M. Thornton, Mr Joseph Block, Mr F. Sieber, Mr John Greig Sibbald.

Their principal function is, of course, to manage the Fund which when all Covenants so far undertaken are fully paid, will amount to a total sum of £92,500. The Appeal Committee will continue its efforts to raise money for the Trust as new parents join the School, or fresh approaches to Industry are made. At this stage former pupils and present parents have been contacted as have many Industries and Businesses in Dundee, either by visit or by post.

We are perhaps fortunate at the present moment. We are in a period of time when the necessity for such an Appeal is not immediately obvious, but the time may not be far distant when the future of the School could very well be in jeopardy and the Trust Appeal would then require to use its funds for the preservation of the School's interests. If there are any who would be prepared to donate to the Trust Fund either with or without a visit, or should they wish information brochures, they have but to contact the Trust Secretary, 46 Bell Street, Dundee.

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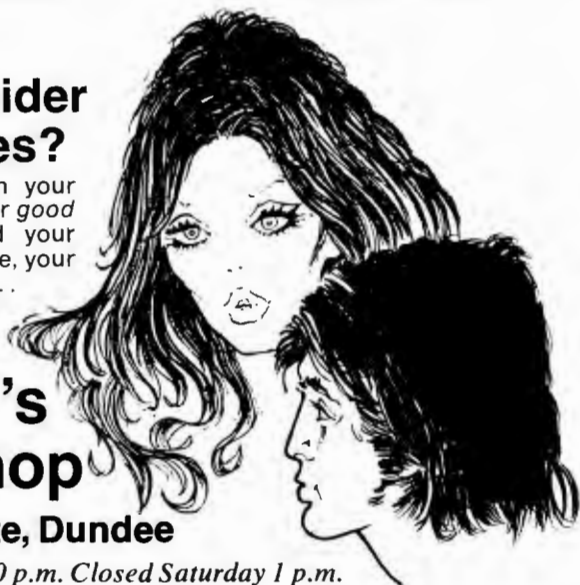
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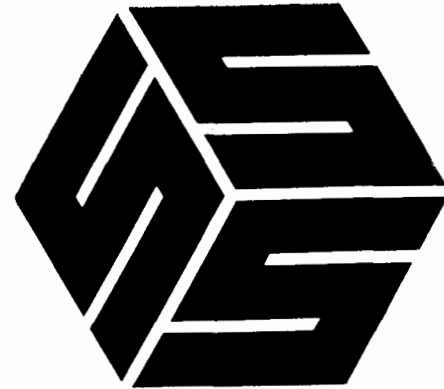
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