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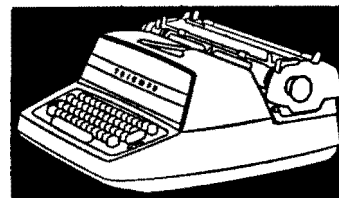
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MAGAZINE

No. 155

December 1973

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Contents

Editorial	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	9
News and Notes	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	11
Preparatory Department			...	...	...	...	...	...	12
Junior School	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	16
Senior School	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	25
School Activities, Sports Activities, Club Reports						...	...	...	50



Editorial

Welcome to the first of this year's school magazines. We hope that you will all enjoy it as much as you are meant to. Our first thought when starting the mammoth task of compiling the school magazine is to decide what a magazine should be like. In my opinion, a magazine should be a combination of many things. It should be varied, humorous, serious, informative, interesting, topical, relaxing and original. A magazine should not simply be something that you pick up and thumb through when you have nothing else to do. A school magazine should not simply be something that you pick up and see if your article is in and then drop. There is no reason at all why a school magazine should not contain as much topical, interesting information as any other magazine. School pupils have thoughts, like any other members of the community, on current affairs and talking-points, and articles of this sort are vital for a magazine. Humour is another very important ingredient. One normally finds that magazines providing a majority of humour are the most popular. This includes school magazines — people tend to judge the school magazine on how many funny stories and poems there are in it. But humour has to be controlled. Too much humour becomes monotonous — so does too much of the same kind !

Illustrations and pictures of every kind are also extremely important. They tend to relieve the monotony of black and white print. School magazines differ from other magazines in not having half the pages filled with coloured advertisements, so we have to find our photos from elsewhere. I personally always enjoy looking at pictures in magazines — and in school magazines I think that there is great scope for pictures and drawings — especially amusing ones !

Another quality of good magazines is information — about the only information that a school magazine can give is school information. Although this probably tends to be more interesting to old boys and girls it can still be of interest to school pupils — when it is put over in an interesting and varied manner, and when pupils do decide to read it ! I will end up by saying that I hope our magazine in some way measures up to some of the qualities I have described here — if not, then you know what to do about it !

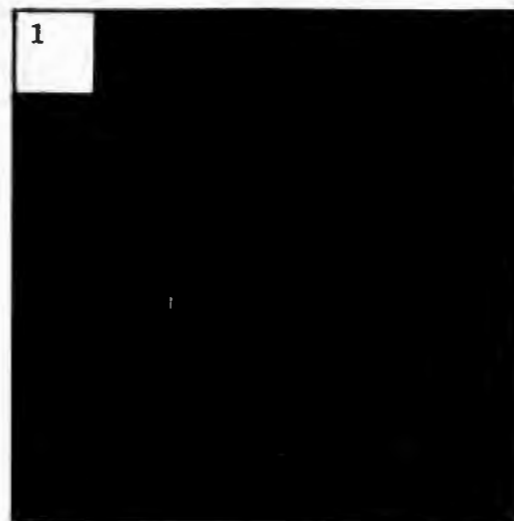
THE EDITOR



CROSSWORD on page 53

*Answers revealed by viewing in a
looking-glass*

CROSSWORD FOR IDIOTS by Timothy Dallas-Ross, FIII



Across

1. The indefinite article.

Down

1. First letter of the alphabet.



News and Notes

News of Staff

It is a welcome change to have no staff changes to report in this issue in addition to those mentioned in the June magazine.

Art Department

Mrs Leishman's and Mrs Crerar's Puppet Group (Friday 9, Form 3 assisted by Form 2) will be giving performances of their Puppet Play, "The White Deer" over the Christmas season.

In the Gallery Paton, Edinburgh, Mrs Leishman's ceramic figures and pottery are on view as part of the Christmas Exhibition.

For their 1974 Calendar, the Dundee Savings Banks have chosen a watercolour of Crinar by Mr Vannet.

News of Pupils

We congratulate Robin Mallinder, Form 3, on winning the Poster Competition open to Schools in Dundee and organised by the Dundee Road Safety Committee. The design was required to be suitable for a calendar.

In Debating and Public Speaking we have again been successful. In the E.S.U. Debate our team of Sarah Boase and Calum Paton have won through to the third round; in the Daily Express Debate Elizabeth Gilmour and Ross Macdonald have reached the second round.

In Athletics the Senior Boys were placed 5th in Scotland for the Thistle Awards, and the Primary Boys were placed 4th in their competition. The Thistle Awards Competition is run by the "Scotsman", and awards are given to boys who reach a certain standard. The number of these awards was : Gold 12; Silver 34; Bronze 25; Blue 4.

Alan Boath has brought great honour to the school by being selected to play for the Scottish Schools Districts Rugby XV. v Australian Schools Districts XV.

We all hope he achieves as much success with this as he did when playing for the Midlands Schools Rugby XV.

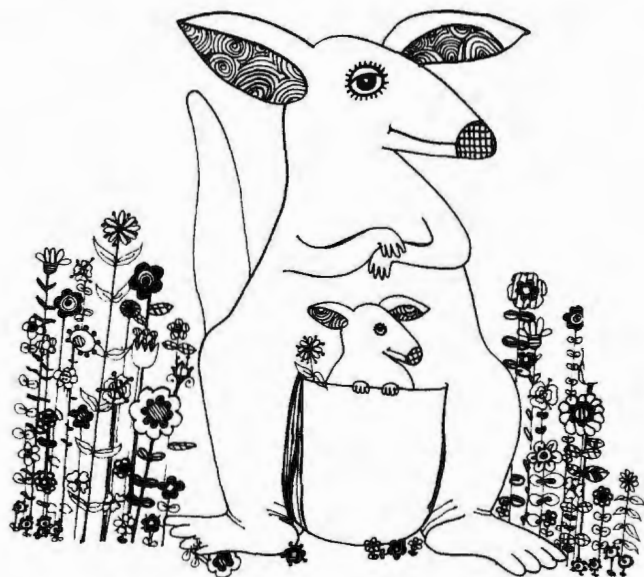
Thanks again to Elizabeth and Pam for all their work on the layout and for innumerable other things, and, of course, to all the committee for suggestions, ideas and even hard work. Remember, too, that we welcome designs for a cover for the June issue.



F. HARRY



Preparatory Department



Lynne teacher Miss Beattie.

My teacher is called Miss Beattie. She is a very nice one. And I am getting on with her. We get lots of work and lots of hand-work, and lots of work-book. I like doing sums and riteing.

Lynne Meekison, LIIB

What You Learn in the Senior School. You learn to play rugby and play crickit. They have icsams at the end of the yeur. Thy go round the world. Thy have sinse. Thy have laton.

Leonard Burnett L2A

Tree Planting

When I was at Dalnacraig we planted trees. I planted a rowen tree. It was quite big when we started to plant it. When we had put in a few spade fools of earth in we wood pas the spades up to the next group. There was a speach before we planted our trees. Mrs McKenzie was there, the Lord Provost was there, and Mr Stewart the Rector was there. I had a very very very good time.

Elaine Anderson, LIIB

At Hallowe'en time there are lots of fireworks and people come and watch them. And I am going to watch some next Monday.

We are makeing a pitchure of witchs fying on their broomsticks.

Mummy said to me that on Guy Fawkes she would take me over Tay bridge. With my witchs hat and go to somebodys house.

Alison Bowie, LIIB

Here is a story of a penguin. Her name is Tommy. Tommy lives in the north pole. He is a penguin. He likes to swim and dive to catch fish. He has a fish for brackfast and lunch and tea today. He is swimming today.

Susan Sturrock, LIIB

When your teeth fol out. Your teeth blead but you must bee very glad.

Beechos at night the farys come and take away your teeth and thay put a sixpens so that is whie farys are nise.

and if your very lucy you mit get some beeds. or a sixpens. o some sweets.

Martin Goodfellow, LIIB

Out in the country

I often go a ride in the country I can see sheep, and cows, horses and fousls, and even pigs and their piglets. I once went to a farm we had great fun and I enyoyed riding the horses.

Sheona Miller, L3B

What you learn in the Senior School.
You learn to do very very difoklt
Sums, and you get tests.

At the end of the year the ones that
do there work properly get a medele or a
cup or a sitificit.

If you copy you get it torn up and put
in the bin.

If you are bad you get the Strap and
get roue from the techer you do verrey
very very difoklt things.

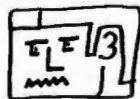
Dolina Mechan, L2A

Tree Planting

On the way to Dalnacraig for tree
planting we sang songs in the bus. We
sang The Bear climbed over the Moun-
tain Little Michael Vinigan, and This old
man. The Lord Provost was there and
Mr Stewart. The spades weighed a ton
to me. After I found a worm and we put
it in the hole to make the tree grow.
After Tree Planting we found another
worm but we couldnt go away back to
put it in. We sang Rool Over and Three
Green Bottles on the way back.

Jonathan Matheson-Dear, LIIB

My Person by niall gill F.IV



People call me a square,



But I get around!

Hallowe'en is a time when witches are
about the streets at night when evry one
is in bed and ghosts are on the go and
black cats with wicks are on the go. At
Hallowe'en I put up Mr Hoot Hoot the
owl.

Fraser Chynoweth, LIIB

What I Like About My Teacher

I like my Teacher because She gives
us lots of work I like histry and English.
I like jim and I like the nature brod-
carsts and sining.

I like school life and I like dinner at
the lunch hall.

Justin Franks, LIIA

What I Am Going To Be

When I grow up I think I would be a
Doctor or be a teacher and have a class.
Maybe I should be an artast and paint
paint paint. Would you think I need to
not do anything? Oh! that is the hardest
thing of all. I think I just shall be a
doctor and have a ward of ill and sick
people. That is all I think.

Carys L. Murray, LIIA

What we do at morning prayers

On Monday we always go down to Miss
Knights room and sing. I don't like it
very much but I just have to put up with
it. Sometimes it is okay but mostly it
isint.

Clive Henderson, L3A

Roman Soldiers

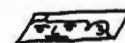
Romans had great armies of soldiers
and the Centurions were the officers in
charge of Legionanys wich were formed
into large armies of legions to attack
Britain. The Britons did not have as
good a weapons and armies as the
Romans and were soon defeated and 100
years later they returned to stay. The



I admit that I do look a bit pale!



But given time,



I'll even out!

Britons learned to live with the Ramans
and use catapults and weapons the same
as the Romans used.

Angus McKenzie Marshall, LIIB

If I found one of santas reindeers at
the bottom of my bed I would send it to
santa.

I would do that because I know where
santa lives. He lives in Greenland. And
I would allwas do that. As spechila with
Rudolf. Be cause when it is christmas I
allwase give an apple to him.

Susan Sturrock, LIIB

Adventure into Space

One night I had a drem about Space.
I dreamed I was a man in the sky and
saw planets and a space house. So I
thought I would investigate it.

I went in and saw a plate of samwiches
I tasted won is was like a sasige. I went
out side and fell over the side and woke
up in fright and I found it was a dream.

Sarah Picton, LIIA

When the fairys get your tooth they
make it into a necllns and give you a
sixpence.

They are very good at makeing necllns.

Kenneth Fee, LIIB

Fire

Fire is very DANGERES. It can burn you. It can burn a house. It can burn wood. It can burn plastik. It can burn paper. It can burn carpord. It can burn grass.

Fraser Hardie, LIIB

Fire

Fire can be very dangruse. A fire is what you yous to warm your-self. A fire is very hot. Lots of pepol have peen burnt by fire It is very sor. Firs have ben cosd by bombs. Sum firs are small and some are big. Emma Divers, LIIB

The fairys make money out of your tooth for you.

If you put one tooth under your pillow you get 10p if it is a big tooth. If it is a small one you get 5p.

The fairys are very cwit. You can hardlea see them beecus they are very very small.

Kate Russell, LIIB

What The Fairies Do With My Teeth

They take your teeth and have a good look at them and then give you five pence or ten pence. Or they crumble them to make fairy dust. Or they crush them to make wings to fly with. Or they dance on them because fairies are very little.

Alison Watson, L2A

When you get teeth out you put it under your pillow and the fairy will come and take it away. I don't realy no how much you get from the fairy. I have'int got any teeth out yet.

Alison Bowie, LIIB

Beach

The beach is so exciting. I was walking on the sand and I cut my toe there was a docter there and he came along with a hankie and tied it on my toe and I sat

there for quite a while and then mummy told me to start walking and the hankie came of my toe and it started to bleed.

Celina Wong, LIIB

What I Like About My Teacher

My Teacher is nice she gives us sums English and Spelling and Storys we dont have a long play-time. It is boring doing work all day I am always sick or got a headache but I am always wanting to go home. Mrs Allardice is always funny and enjoy my day at school.

I wanted to sit beside Sarah Picton becase she is my best friend she goes to speech with some other girls. I like going to school a lot. Laura Henderson

What I like About My Teacher

My teacher is offel nice to me. She gave Mark a row. I like everything. I like cows sheep. I like God. I like every-one.

Lorna Ratray, L3A

My Teacher

My teacher is called Mrs McKenzie. She has black curly hair and is very beautiful she has a son who is called Derk McKenzie.

Scott Weir, LIIB

The Romans

The roman are bad they capchrd Briten and killed our king there is still no king there is only a Qeen. The Romans bombed our sity. They killed a lot of people. They bombed our playns. They killed a lot of our solgers.

Fraser Hardie, LIIB

I saw a penguin swiming in the water. I called it Tom. And I love it. It is a lovely one. He has fish for Tea. They can swim. And it found a nuther frend. And they fell in love. It can dive.

Lynne Meekison, LIIB

One night, as I lay in bed, the door creaked. Two lamplit eyes looked in. It was a evil witch. I shouted for help. Mum and Dad rushed in and beat that old evil witch to death. Then I felt a bump. Then I found I had been dreaming and that bump was me falling out of bed.

James Weakley, L3A

When I leaf school. I will go to kooalch and I will pas ol my xsams and when I leaf kooalch I will go houm and help mum. and make the lunch. and lay the table and when I am old a nuf I will geet marad and bay a hoes.

Jayne Smith, L2A

When I grow up I am going to be a teacher. I will have to by very strict and will have a very good mannered class. I will work very hard indeed and I hope to have a very good class. I have practised in the playground.

Jane Kelly, LIIA

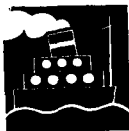
When I am a grown up I would like to be a bus driver. My number would be the eight which go's between Dundee and Broughty Ferry. I would try to keep to my time-table as well and as often as I could. Thirty-two people can sit and twenty people can stand. The time I will leave Dundee will be ten past three. I will always take very sharp corners to get the hole of the bus round the cornnens.

John Blackwood, LIIA

On Sunday we had Guising. I dressed up as little bopeep and Andrew my brother was my sheep. For my party peice I played my ricorder. I played pease puding hot and Andrew sang it. I went a bit rong the first time but it was all right after that.

Vicky Wilson, LIIA





Junior Department

THE CAT

I would like to be a cat. Slinking stealthily it sidles for its prey. The cat has a very graceful, soft movement which is hardly heard. It also moves with a light, dainty step. When running it takes long graceful strides. The cat is a very patient creature. How long it can sit twitching its ears and slowly waving its tail. It has a tremendous smooth pounce which can take anything by surprise. It is a very free moving animal. This is what I admire about the cat.

Grant Armstrong, LVII

SHE

That velvet paw,
Those narrow eyes
that stare at me.
Without a blink.
No expression.
Just two slits.
But no creature
is safe.
Those claws !
Those teeth !
That robin.
That poor bird
is gone
and now lies
underground.
Beside those mice and
others.
Does she not feel

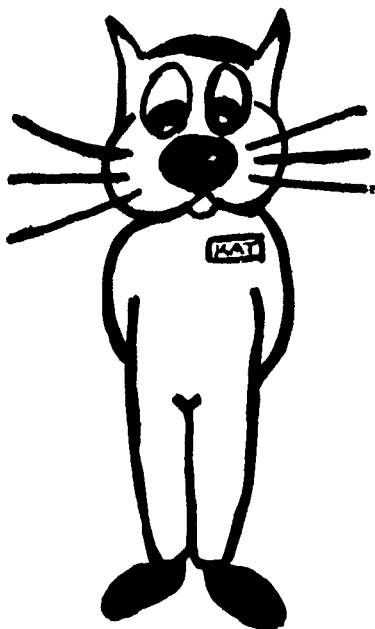
the wrong
she has done ?
Oh, no.
Not my cat.
Not she.

Neale Elder, LV

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

The weed sways,
The fish glistens.
Then it is eaten.

Sarah Ramsay



SCRUMS

Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum,
sixteen men in a close-knit scrum,
Slipping sliding, shoving, swaying,
groaning, moaning, shouting, baying.
Anxious hookers whose obsession
is of course to get possession.
The fleet wingforwards' eagle eyes
seek the ball, their lawful prize.
If the other scrumhalf gets it,
they'll make sure that he regrets it.
Where's the ball ? Out it comes —
Brother ! Who invented scrums ?
David Boggon, LVIII

BACK WITH THE TIME MACHINE

It was the year three thousand and I sat down on my time machine. I pushed the fourth button from the right in the second row. I started moving — moving back in time. I wondered where I would stop . . . Suddenly I stopped. I looked around and saw palm trees and swamps. I realised I was in the time of the dinosaurs !

As I was watching an archaeopteryx flying in the sky, suddenly I heard a thunderous roar in the valley below. I looked down and saw a tyrannosaurus fight a triceritops. The tyrannosaurus was ripping pieces of flesh out of the triceritops. As usual the tyrannosaurus was the victor. This bloodthirsty scene made me think it was time to return to the year three thousand.

Ross Main, LVR

A BURGLAR

As I was coming home from a firework display one Guy Fawkes night I passed the Webster's empty house. I always passed this way on my way home from school, but today something strange attracted my attention. There was a strange rustling coming from the hawthorn bush. I looked in and saw a figure about four foot two slinking in the shadows. He wore a black leather jacket, his top pockets bulging full of stolen goods. His trousers, navy blue, were fading badly. He also had suede rubber soled shoes. With a sudden burst of speed, he ran swiftly to the drain pipe below their bedroom window. He shinned up like lightning and produced a crowbar from his crammed hold-all, and levered open the window. With this I took to my heels and ran to the police station. I gave them all the details and three policemen and a van set off. Ten minutes later they came back with the burglar. When the Websters came home again, they rewarded me.

Struan Clark

THE FIREWORK

The orange ball of fire shot upwards into the dark sky, trailing behind it a million glowing fingers. Suddenly it burst, flying out into a shining cascade of brilliant pearls which tumbled down playfully to earth. High up, a glowing gem is left behind, shining dully in comparison to its brilliant companions far below. Looking upwards I suddenly realise that it is a real star, bright against the dark sky.

Heather M. Brewster, LVII

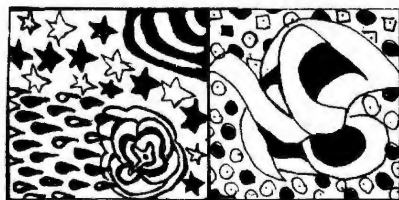
SLOWLY

Slowly the snake slithers around,
Slowly the seeds grow in the ground,
Slowly the ships cross the seas,
Slowly the leaves fall off the trees.

Slowly the fire burns in the grate,
Slowly the clock's hand moves to strike eight,

Slow is the fruit that begins to ripen —
But slowest of all is the tortoise that
walks round the garden.

Lesley Hunter, LVII



A BURGLAR

One day on my way back to my house, I saw a strange looking man outside my friend's door. I hurried to the house and told Mummy and Daddy, but they didn't believe me. So late at night I crept downstairs and into the garden. There he was behind the rose-bush in Sally Smith's garden. He was about 5ft. tall when he stood up straight. He had a stocking mask over his face, a tweed jacket, and green flannel trousers. I could just see his face, brown hair, blue eyes, and a long nose too. He also had dark brown shoes for as I could see. I told Mum and Dad and they did believe me. They rushed out and stopped him and hit him on the head with a poker. Then he was taken away by two policemen.

Gail Egan

A BURGLAR

I was listening to the radio, one day. Soon I became bored with the programme and switched channels to short wave. I began to hear deep voices planning out a burglary. They said "We'll burgle 10 River Crescent at 20.00 hours on Thursday 25th December." I stayed up that night and at 8 o'clock precisely I saw a black Morris 1000, with no number plate, drive up the road. The driver was wearing a black stocking over his face. Below that he wore a grey tweed jacket and a red tie. He also wore black, ~~worsted~~ trousers with a gun belt round his waist. His socks and shoes both were black. His henchman was dressed similarly apart from a canvas sack. I then went to sleep dreaming about the reward I would receive.

Philip Daft, LVS

THE GHOST WALKS AGAIN

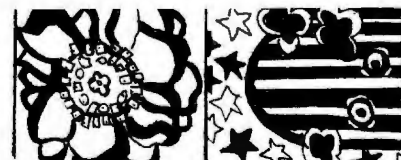
Tonight's the night
that old folk tell,
The ghost of Yorkshire
crosses the dell.

And look : there it is
among the twigs,
Shining brightly,
crunching figs.

Through the leaves
I boldly go,
After the ghost,

Where it went — I don't know.

Andrew Ritchie, LVIR



THE CONKER

"Want to see something?" Daddy beckoned to Linda and the twins.

"No," replied Linda, rather ungraciously. She was too engrossed in her pop comic to notice anything else.

"Did you know that the Osmonds," began Linda.

"Shut up!" chorused the twins.

Daddy came over to the twins and produced a conker from his pocket.

"This conker has meant to have been found by a witch. Apparently, she cast a spell on it."

"What was the spell?" queried Kevin. Kevin was the elder and more lively than his brother.

"Anybody who possesses the conker at 3 p.m. on Hallowe'en, that's tomorrow, disaster will befall," replied Daddy.

"How do you mean disaster?" Kenneth looked puzzled.

"Probably get killed or something," answered Daddy doubtfully, "Anyway it's just a lot of rubbish."

Daddy put the conker in a box and left the room. Kevin opened the box and took out the conker, much to his brother's amazement.

"I'm going to show the gang this," Kevin proudly displaying the conker.

"Supposing — supposing it was true. You know, the spell and whatnot," Kenneth looked quite scared.

"Of course not," scoffed Kevin. "Daddy did say that it was a lot of rubbish."

"Well . . . I suppose you're right," Kenneth was still doubtful.

In the morning a very eager Kevin ran off to school. But, as there was an exam on, he only remembered the conker when the school bell rang at



2.55 p.m. As they walked home, Kevin showed Patrick, his best friend, the conker. He told Patrick the tale which surrounded the conker.

"What a load of codswallop," sneered Patrick, throwing the conker onto the road.

"Don't," yelled Kevin, "my Dad will be furious."

Kevin raced onto the road, after the conker. There was a sudden blaring of horns, then a screeching of tyres, and finally the sound of splintered glass whizzing through the air.

Kenneth looked at the slumped, lifeless body of his brother, lying in the middle of the smashed windscreen. He prised open Kevin's hand and saw the conker. And behind him, the village clock slowly chimed three.

Catriona Collins, LVIII

LIFE

Slowly, the petals open,
Their velvety surface submerged
In teardrops of morning dew.

Now, the glowing heart of the flower
Is revealed in all its glory.
The glowing petals are no longer drowned
But alive, free, and bursting with life.

Night has come, and the little petals are
dying.

To survive, they need light and sun.
Now, as Night envelopes all in her
deathly blanket,
The petals droop.

Their glowing colours fade
And it sleeps, although tomorrow it
will wake.

Anne Henderson, LVIIC

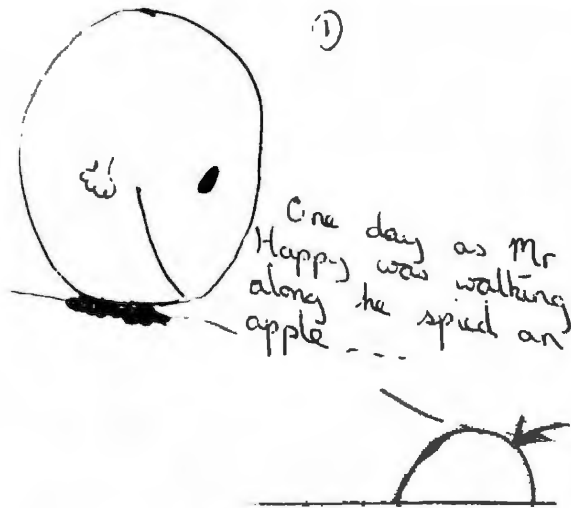
ABOUT MY DAD

I know you're keen on fishing,
So I wrote this little rhyme,
And I'm going to keep on wishing,
You'll catch big fish all the time.

Whenever we go on holiday,
You'll patiently sit and fish,
Waiting for the first big bite,
The first fish for the dish.

You cast into the water,
With you're colourful flies,
After seeing the salmon jump,
Or the speckled trout rise.

Catrina Allardice, LVIH



A STORMY DAY

Here comes the wind, dancing over the roofs,
Bending the trees and buffeting the birds.

Prancing horses over the waves do gallop,
Seaweed and driftwood to litter the shore.

Great bridges do stride across the Firth,
Their piers attacked by the breaking foam.

Above our heads rush fierce grey dragons,
Chasing each other across the sky.

Windows rattle and banshees wail,
With here and there, the patter of hail.

As I sit by the fire on this cold, cold day,
I dream of summer, warm and gay.

Fiona MacLeod, LVR

JACK FROST

Jack Frost sat in the old hollow log, carefully mixing his winter paint. On his palette gleamed a silvery, shimmering white paint. His paint brush stood on his palette, its white hairs and silvery stem glistening. He nimbly leapt out of his log and surveyed his kingdom, which lay ready to be surprised. He skimmed across the frozen water of a pond leaving behind a patterned path, then gaily started splashing paint across the windows of the first house, leaving a silvery covering of frost across each window. Each house was carelessly splashed with the everlasting paint. While this was going on, the ice fairies, friends of Jack Frost, were gliding across the cold water, leaving a layer of glistening ice. They skimmed across every pond, and with a splashing of Jack Frost's paint left the pond with a shimmering of ice and frost. What a surprise the occupants of each frosted house would have when they arose in the morning, only to find their village had been taken by surprise by Jack Frost!

Inta Ozols, LVII

WINTER

As the snow falls lightly down,
And the cold bites his nose,
He walks down the bare street,
All alone.

As he trots along on his four paws,
Leaving behind him his tracks
He is homeless,
The dog is starving.

Robert A. Anderson, LVIIH

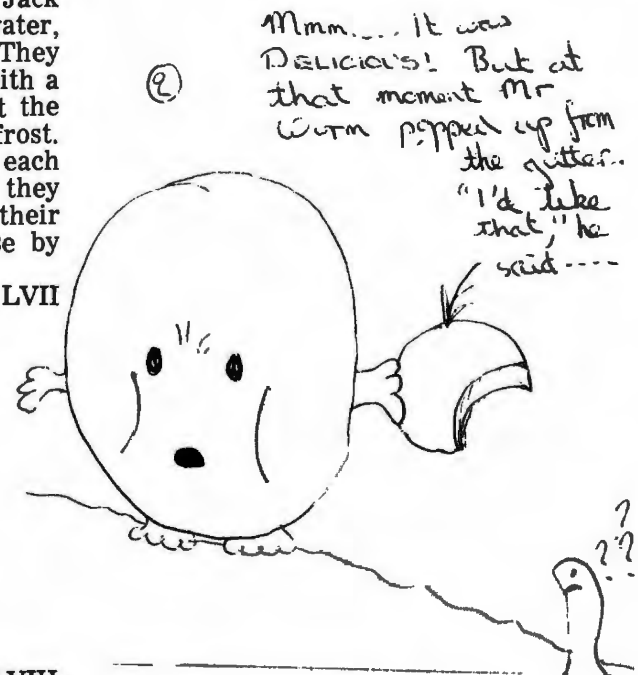
THE BUTTERFLY

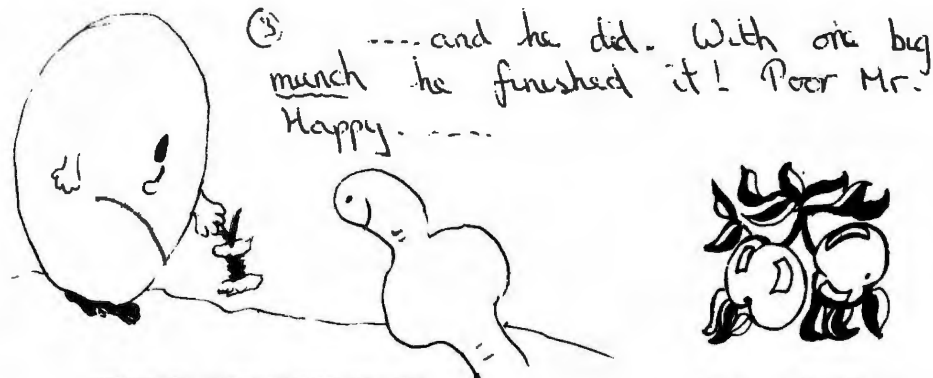
Here he comes, out of his cocoon,
Wet, soggy, sleepy.

He spreads out his silky wings,
And lies drowsily on the warm,
Stone slab.

Dried, he finds himself a flower,
And has a feed on leaves : then
Away he flies, to the strawberry patch,
His wings shining in the sunset,
To find himself a bed for the
Night.

Struan Clark, LV





UNDER THE MOUNTAIN

In the shadow of the mountain,
Below rock strewn slopes and snowy
wastes,

Under precipices high, and peaks
Of white,
All is quiet.

In the shadow of the mountain,
Beneath the fortress face,
By the running river, on whose banks
I stand,
All is quiet.

Neil Merrylees, LVII

BETSY BIG EARS

Once upon a time there was a little donkey called Betsy. She lived on a farm with other animals. There were horse, pigs, cows, and lambs who were not very kind to her. You see she was born with very big ears and as she grew older, her ears grew even bigger. One day they teased Betsy so much that she wandered away. Betsy said, "I don't know where I am going and I don't really care." She was so glad to get rid of these animals. She flopped down on the ground to sleep. Betsy was woken up by a tap on her back. Betsy brayed when she saw the

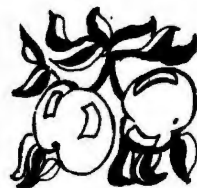
CIVILISATION ?

The men who rove about the streets,
Hoping for somebody to put a penny in
Their hat,
Or sometimes two . . . three . . . four,
Hoping that it will be them to
Collect a fortune,
This is what people call living
Or . . . civilisation.

Peter Leveson, LVI

sand and sea. The little girl said to Betsy "You're a fine looking donkey. My father owns some donkeys," as she popped a sugar lump into her mouth. "They give children rides along the beaches. I'm sure you'd like to join." She took Betsy home and showed her to her father. He said "You're a fine donkey. Have you come to join us? You will have to work hard." Betsy did not mind because she was happy to be with kind people. So from that day onward she gave children rides along the beaches and lived happily ever afterwards until she died.

Ruth Gibson



MY FAMILY

Freckles is my brother,
He has a carrot head.
And he MUST have his cocoa,
Before he goes to bed.

In the middle there is me,
So bright and good and gay.
I'm on the go from dawn to dusk,
And never stop my play.

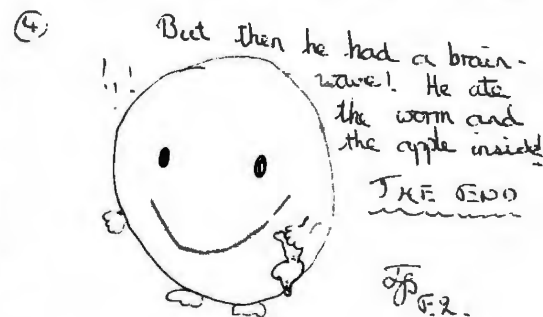
My sister's name is Jenny,
She's thirteen years of age.
She has a cheeky budgie,
And keeps him in a cage.

Mummy does the housework,
And does it very well.
She cooks and tidies bedrooms,
Till Dad comes home at twelve.

My Daddy is a teacher,
He's got the teacher's knack,
Of curing naughty children,
With a hearty whack !

I love them all so dearly,
Though tiresome they can be.
My family is the sweetest,
In all the world, to me !

Hilary L. Mottashaw, LVR





THE BUSY TOWN

Coming back from our holidays,
And stopped for shopping,
I seem out of place in this busy little
town.
Just watching;
Just listening;
Just standing, with my tired
feet on the flags.

The monotonous chatter of children
and people,
The roar of ceaseless traffic;
The salty scent of frying chips come
floating down to me.
All as the sticky feeling of the end of
the day comes on.

Neil Merrylees, LVII

THE CAVES UNDER THE WATER

I was watching the news when it said
that two of the best divers were going
down under the water, to investigate
something new. I discovered they were
doing it just a mile off from my home.
I asked Mummy if I could watch the
divers going into the water. I walked
down to the water to see if they were
ready. They both jumped into the water.
Then, when they were under the water,
they saw a huge cave. The divers swam
into the cave. They were astonished at
what they saw. They had seen a stair-
case leading up to a room. Quickly they
climbed the staircase. They found a big
bed made out of rock. The cupboard
was made out of rock, that opened and
closed. Then suddenly, a figure appeared
from behind the cupboard. Both of the
divers were panic-stricken. They raced
down the stairs and swam out of the
cave. Then another fear happened. The
divers had seen an octopus. They swam
as fast as they could to the top. Soon
they were on dry land again. I waited to
hear the story from the divers, and I was
amazed by it.

Susan Brush

POLLUTION

As dirty as the river long,
And as dirty as the rubbish on the river
bed.

Getting worse and worse.

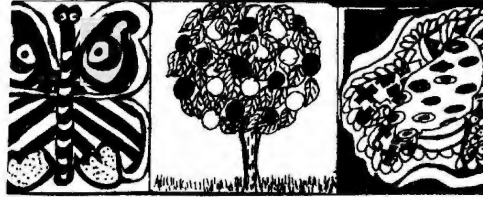
What can stop it ? Who can stop it ?
The polythene bags and the dirty old
bottles on the sea bed,
Being stirred by the silent current of
the river.

The smoke of the factories getting
dirtier and dirtier —
All causing pollution.

Murray Cathro, LVIII

ROBINESSO, THE ROBIN

Fifteen years ago a tiny bird hatched out of an egg. He looked around and saw he was in a quite deserted nest resting on top of a baby cuckoo. He crawled out of the egg on to the rim of the nest just in time, as he saw his egg go thundering to the ground and being smashed to smithereens on a stone protruding out of the ground. He gave a tiny cheep and nearly fell out of the nest by collapsing. He scrambled up to the top just in time as he did not want to end up like the egg. He scrambled to the bottom of the nest. He was nearly thrown out by the cuckoo but clung on firmly. He scrambled up again and gathered up his strength and dived into the nest. He landed plop in the middle of the cuckoo. Robinesso's beak was jammed in the cuckoo's head. The cuckoo groaned and flopped down in the nest. Robinesso wriggled and the force of the fall helped him out. His mother, Robek, had just flown in after catching a worm. She threw out the dead cuckoo and gave him the worm. He told her it looked ghastly and said that it probably was. She forced it down his throat while saying how lovely it was and how much protein it had. He started on another bit saying, "Chirp, cheep, chip!" (This is great!) The next day his mother took him out of his nest to teach him to fly. She flapped her wings the proper way. The first few times he flopped down on the branch. When he finally managed, he turned his head round and started telling his mother that he could fly. As he was doing so he bumped into a branch. Then he was taught to catch food and the right food from birdtables. When he first tried to

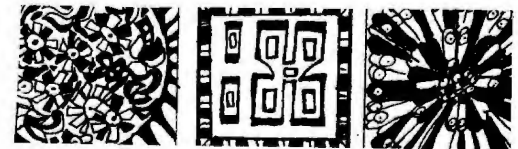


catch a worm, it pulled hard and then let loose only to go whizzing down his throat. It was winter now and Robinesso was starting to feed from birdtables. Soon after winter he found a mate and courted her. He started to build a nest and his mate, Roby, laid the first clutch of shiny light brown eggs. In two weeks all six were hatched and in three more weeks they were out of the nest and flying about. The next clutch was nearly destroyed by a cuckoo laying an egg. Fortunately, Robinesso and his mate saw her and started attacking the cuckoo. The cuckoo was scared away and the clutch was saved. Only five hatched out of the next two broods. In late summer, in the forest in which Robinesso lived, a great fire broke out. Robinesso and his family had to fly away for safety. His children could not fly far so Roby and Robinesso had to think of something to save them. He thought that he and Roby might hold one foot each and fly away to safety. They carried out the plan and soon ten young robins were in safety. After they were carried, the young robins flew away while stopping at intervals to rest. Another four were flown to safety. The fire was scorching them and they could only manage one more journey and the remainder would be killed. They could only take one each which meant

they would be badly burnt by the flames. They flew to safety low down by the weight of the young. All four of them had stubs for tails and badly burnt wing feathers from the flight.

In the next year, some exciting things happened, e.g. when a cat nearly ate one of the clutches. It all happened when they moved to a new territory, five miles away. Robinesso had built the nest and Roby had laid the eggs. A sly cat had watched carefully to see just when the eggs were laid. She moved cautiously to make sure no animal saw her. Once when they were both away, the cat sneaked up unaware that a peregrine above was going to make her into a tasty meal. He swooped down and the cat was stunned and killed. The news spread quickly because the cat was always after any clutch she could find. Three years passed and Robinesso had a fight with another robin because he was in his territory. He had made friends like Harry and Mary, the hen harriers and Coal and Tina, the coal tits. Next year Robinesso was talking with Harry when a buzzard came swooping down with a swoosh of the wings. He gave a large mew and Robinesso would have been killed if Harry had not flown into the buzzard for a mid-air clash in which the buzzard was killed. Coal who had also been there had closed his eyes and turned his head away. When he saw what happened he gave a sigh of relief. Robinesso migrated the next winter and was never seen again in his nest at Dunkeld.

Ross Collins, LVS





GIRLS' HOCKEY 1st XI

Back Row (l. to r.) : Claire F. McDonald; Pamela C. Reid; Patricia A. Bell; Pauline L. Swan; Wendy M. Millar; Carol M. Sim; Miss D. A. Dobson.

Front Row (l.to r.) : Fiona E. A. Napier; Ruth C. H. Taylor; Janet M. Hughes; Pamela J. Swanney; Morag J. Houston.



Senior School

DRINKING DITTY

Lads —
 If e'er to drink you are inclined,
 And Saturday boozing is on your mind,
 Think — you may buy the joys o'er dear,
 It'll change your mind if this ditty you hear.
 Some folks, to manifest sobriety,
 Will sit and drink very quietly.
 These are the ones to worry about,
 'Cos they reach a stage, they begin to shout,
 And then, if you're an obstreperous one
 And you like to go out and have some fun,
 Think of all the money you'll keep,
 If you go early to bed and have a good sleep.
 There's beer, and whisky, and gin, and all,
 But out of the pub, you're likely to fall.
 And think of your dreadful embarrassment —
 A hangover next day is not heaven sent.
 If you're really bad, to avoid a fuss,
 Join Alcoholics Anonymous.
 The moral here is clear to see —
 Stick to drinking coffee or tea.
 Although it may not seem such fun,
 Caffeine's a tonic for everyone.

S.Y.C.



A POME

There once was a fish
 What lived in a dish
 A dish full of water
 What could have been hater *
 The fish was dead good
 But it ate too much food
 8 pounds worth of jelly
 Fill-fulled his wee belly
 One day I'm afraid
 He suddenly daed *
 My own little fish
 What lived in a dish

*hater : poetic form of the common English 'hotter',
 believed to be of Egyptian origin
 *daed : this word puzzles the critics as there does not
 appear to be any historic basis for its use in the
 English language. However its emotive impact is
 obvious to every reader

Alfred Higginsbottom (Prof.)

DESTRUCTION

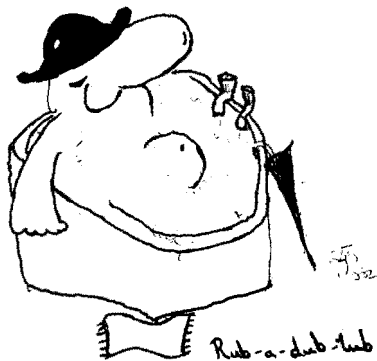
Barren desolation.
 An absolute wilderness.
 The vast expanse of nothing is broken
 by a corpse and the decaying remains of
 an old war-horse.
 A blade of grass grasps feebly at the
 earth, but the rank, rotting odour stunts
 it severely.
 Death lives all around.
 Satan and his hell-breath feast in
 merriment on the bare ground.
 A flea-bitten vulture tugs with repul-
 sive fascination at the moulding flesh of
 that which is now dead.
 The jowls of a gargoyle-like creature
 drips bloody saliva.
 The emaciated bodies of the horse and
 man are slowly torn away.
 Death breathes and grows stronger.
 When that last devastating bomb was
 dropped from the peaceful heavens —
 death was born,
 life was eliminated.

P.A.W.

TEETH

Teeth are such funny things.
 Some are ferocious and sharp but
 others are just used for chewing up food.
 But mostly teeth are white and clean and
 I heard a Harley Street dental surgeon
 say that toothpaste is not necessary.

Niall Gibb



*Rub-a-dub-dub,
one tiny, small, wee little,
fat man in a tub??!!*

LATIN

Latin is boring,
It's painful and sore.
With it five times a week
No one asks for more.
It's got six hard cases
To learn off by heart,
Verbs and declensions
And principal parts.
With quidam and quendam
And quoddam and quae,
I write it all down
But I never ask why
This one should be dative
This next one should not,
To me it's the same as
Quas quorum or quot.
Then there's ille or illa
Illud or illo —
I'm getting mixed up
And I wish I could go.
But here's hi, has and harum
Haec houm and his,
When I first took up Latin

I never thought of it like this.
Then come quocum and quacum,
Oh dear me! what luck.
It's not a bit like Latin —
It's more like a duck.
Unus or odolus
They end in u - s
But then so does totus!
Oh gosh! what a mess.
Now tres tres and tria
They're supposed to mean three,
But I'll tell you a secret
They mean nothing to me.
The endings are stupid
Like i - isti - it
Bam - bas - bat
Or bo - bis - bit.
You get "stems" of verbs
When you cut them in half —
I cut them in quarters,
It's good for a laugh.
The tenses are murder
With present and past.
The next day I get Latin
I hope it's the last.
I don't want to see it
Or hear it again,
But soon I've a test
So I'll pick up my pen
And write very quickly
Till this poem is o'er —
And then I'll begin
On my Latin once more.

BATH TIME FUN

Andy was meant to be out of his bath
by 8 o'clock, it was now quarter past —
so his Mother went and shouted to him
to get a move on.

No answer, and the door was locked...
"Andy, Andrew, answer me at once!"
she yelled, banging on the door with her

fists — still no answer. Frantic with
worry she called for her husband, who
ran upstairs immediately.

"He's in the bath — I can't get an
answer, and the door's locked."

So her husband banged and shouted
too. After a few minutes with still no
answer, he gave up and was considering
breaking down the door when a voice
called, "Yes, what d'you want?"

"Why didn't you answer, we thought
you'd drowned yourself," they yelled,
full of relief.

"I didn't hear you, I was snorkelling,"
came the reply.

Little brothers...

His Elder Sister

LIFELESS

ON THE LIGHTHOUSE FLOOR
Wheeling and screaming. Screaming
passionately and frantically.

Buffeted —

tossed —

hurled —

torn aside by the Wind.

The gale rises and the air sucks the
world like a leech.

The gull beats its wings.

Tired out, perplexed, maddened by fear.

A piece of paper in a summer breeze.

The gull

is

helpless.

At last, helpless, he gives up.

With a loud scream the fragile bundle
is tossed against the lighthouse.

Feet out — trying desperately to find
a place.

A splinter of glass.

A gull's body lies lifeless
on the lighthouse floor.

Margaret

FREEDOM

bare feet.
dew.
the wind in my hair.

freedom at last: from the noise
and the cars and the smoke and the smog
and the claustrophobia —

nothing.
not any more.

a horse.
the sea.
the wind in my hair.

freedom: from the man on the
bus the neighbours the gossip the scandal
the strike the work the malice —

freedom.

they had said my fault.
they had said go away.
they had said unclean.

instead,
now,
happiness.

a cottage,
far away,
no one knows.

my heart was torn.
they all blamed me.
it was not i.

the waves pound.
the wind blows.
the trees bend.
the horse runs free.

they will never know.
they are my friends.
they will never turn foe.

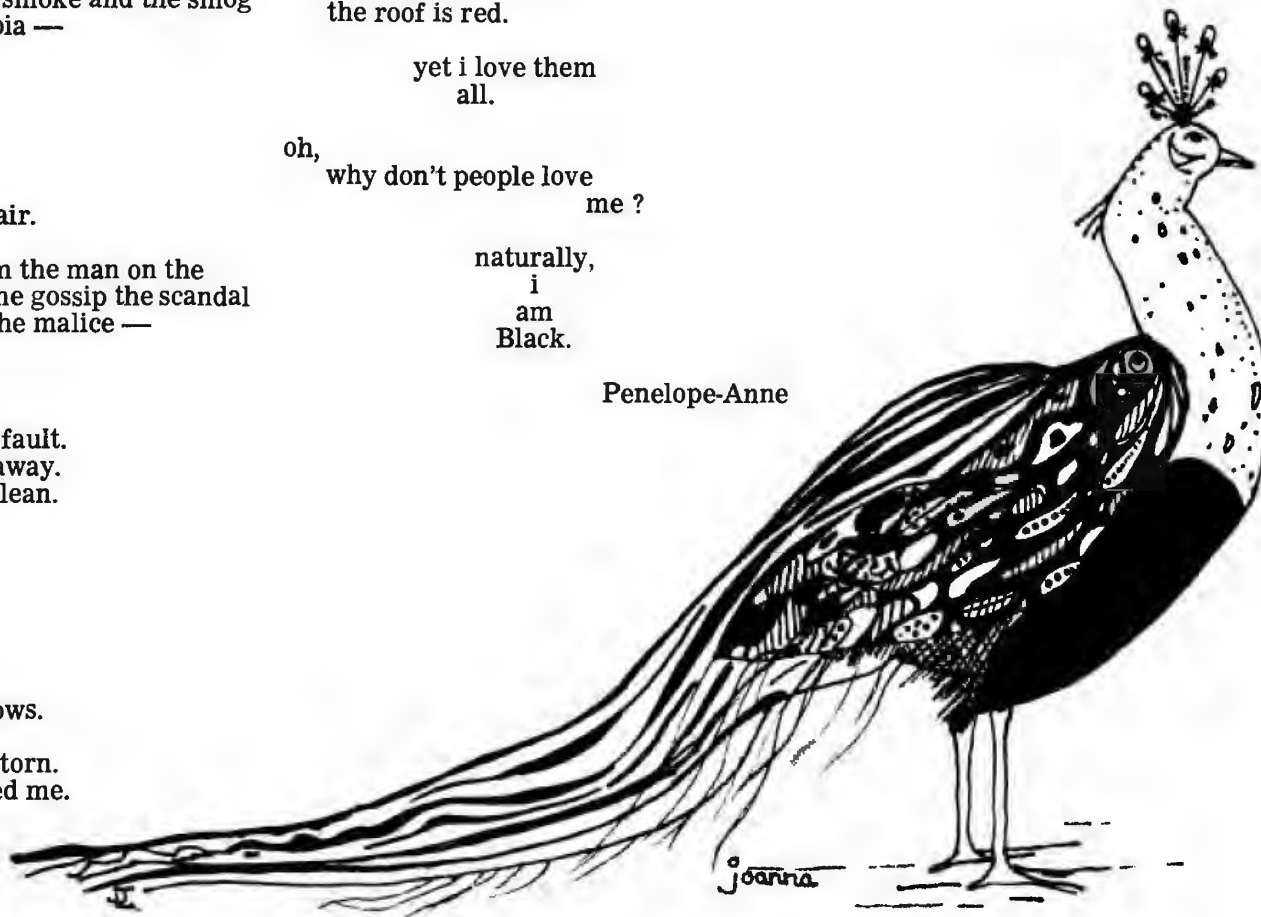
the grass is green.
the sky is blue.
the horse is white.
the roof is red.

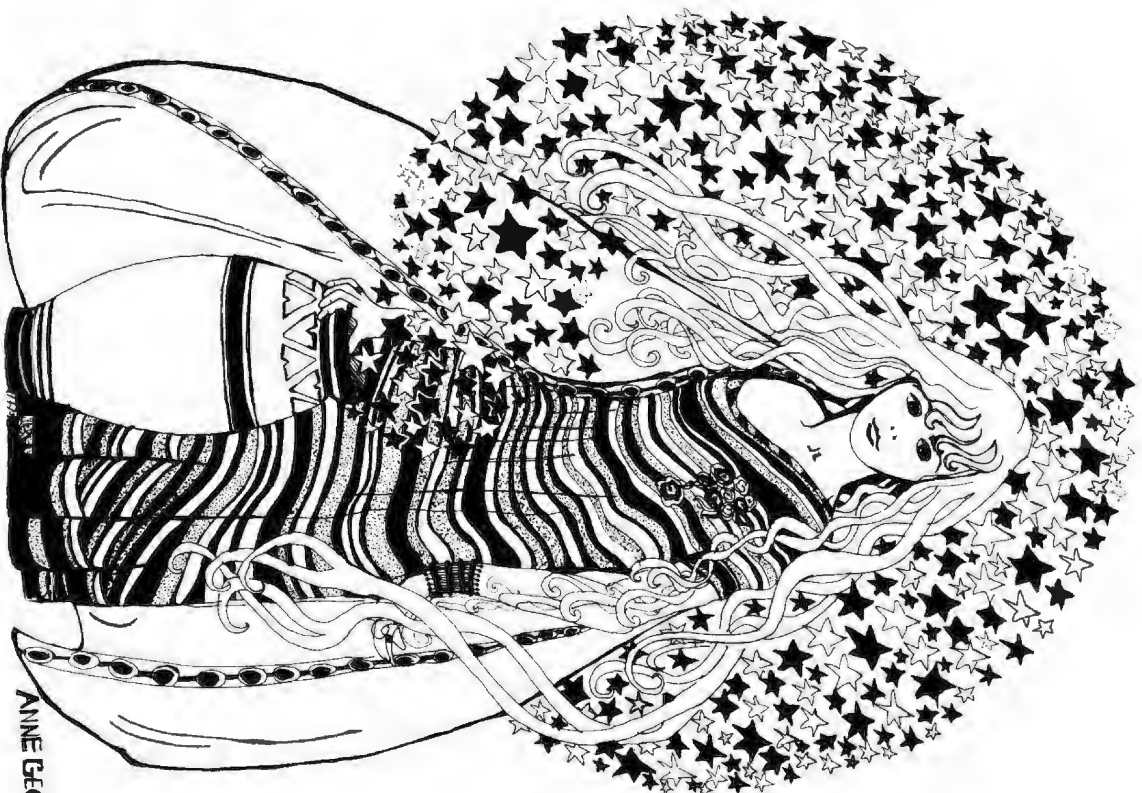
yet i love them
all.

oh,
why don't people love
me ?

naturally,
i
am
Black.

Penelope-Anne





ANNE GEORGE

I live one day at a time,
I dream one dream at a time,
Yesterday's dead, and tomorrow is blind,
'cos I live one day at a time.

Are you surprised to see me back at
home?
You don't know how much I miss you
when I'm gone.
Don't ask how long I have to stay here,
It never crossed my mind,
'cos I live one day at a time.

Chorus

There's a swallow flying across an
autumn sky
Looking for a patch of sun, so am I.
Don't ask how long I have to follow him,
Perhaps I won't in time,
'cos I live one day at a time.

I live one day at a time,
I dream one dream at a time,
Yesterday's dead, and tomorrow is blind,
'cos I live one day at a time,
'cos I live one day at a time.

TO REMEMBER — TO DIE ?

With many grasping broken hands,
The prisoners in their cells
Grapple at old grey battered walls
And wait for doomsday morn.
A young lithe man with body strong,
Sits with back towards a wall,
His wife and child both starve at home
And he starves in this hell.
But then a thought springs to mind —
To escape is what to do,
His old mate's ghost cries a warning "no"
But nothing will stop him now.
At midnight hour that very night
When the warden paid his call,
He grabbed his keys and knocked him out
Ran away and locked the door.
At eight o'clock that next day
The jailer was untied
"The thief has escaped !" was plaintively
heard,
"He must be hanged outside !"
They sent out men; they sent out dogs
Which sniffed and smelled him out.
They dragged him off all strung in chains
And sentenced him to death.
: : : : :
He sits there now in yonder room —
His mind is still and blank.
His wife and child will mourn for him
And never cease to starve.
The rope is strung from up on high,
His name called from a list,
His fellow-prisoners gather by
To see gallows win over love.
His neck is bared; the last prayer said,
His friends all bow their heads.
The rope draws tight; the deed is done —
An example to them all.
Don't run and try to save someone —
Like your wife or child or home —
Forget to love and care for them
But stay and save your soul. P.W.

EXAMS

Exams are so dreadful,
Exams are so bad.
Instead of being happy
I always am sad.
They're not very easy,
To study is hard —
Alone in my bedroom,
From pleasure I'm barred.
With geography, history,
Latin and art,
I've only done physics,
But at least it's a start.
Then chemistry, english,
Biology, maths,
The roads to my victories
Are overgrown paths
Then come the "Great Days,"
And I tremble and shake.
I cover my papers
With blots and mistakes.
They're soon nearly over,
Just three more to go —
The last ones are hardest,
I dismally woe.
But now they're all finished,
I shout hip horray !
Then remember with horror,
My results the next day.

Angela Iannetta, FII

BERRIES
The berries were red
we ate them straight from the bush
they were very sweet
Brian Smith

SUGAR AND SPICE

Will the congregation please stand.
Cry Baby Bunting . . .
Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
Thou art with me.
Daddy's gone . . .
I go to prepare a place for you
A-tishoo ! A-tishoo !
In my father's house are many mansions
We all fall down.
No-one can come to the father but by me.
London Bridge is falling . . .
I am the Way and the Truth and the Life
down, falling down.
The Lord is my Shepherd
Here comes a candle to light you
to bed
The Lord giveth
Here comes a chopper . . .
And the Lord taketh away
Cry Baby . . .
Blessed be the name of the Lord.
DADDY'S GONE.

Jay

LOVE . . .

A smell of young daffodils
His hand in mine
Like the innocent carefree bud
Our love blossomed, until at last
It blazed forth into golden glory
Alive, strong, for all the world to see.

And then it withered slowly
And died.

A.J. McP. B., FVI

Heat,
 Bird song,
 Trains,
 and heavy engines
 and my pen
 on and on and on and on . . .
 smoke from my lungs fills the room,
 and my head spins round and round
 till I'm back with him
 Dregs of cider
 fag ends
 and last night's failure fill my mind
 and under the grey sky
 and his polaroid glasses
 I am with him
 For moments only
 and then the strumming of his guitar
 and the rhythm of the engines merge,
 and I am back where I was before
 expressing my feelings
 in communication
 with a dirty piece of paper
 only do I now notice
 that it did hurt
 and his short presence
 did not blow the smell of last night's
 party-smoke from my skirt
 It still lingers
 and he does not
 In his perfection
 he does not linger

HE does not smoke and he was not
 drinking
 but he lives in a dream world and I
 cannot reach it
 and the sun only comes out
 behind his glasses

by a cowardly romantic who's too
 embarrassed to sign her name



IT'S HAPPENED TO US ALL
 Standing in the centre
 Wondering
 Pretending I don't care
 Pretending I like standing here
 Waiting for you.
 Surreptitiously glancing at my watch
 Glaring at happy couples.
 Standing on the other foot.
 Shivering with apprehension :
 Are you coming ?
 Time passes
 Feeling sick
 Telling myself I don't care
 Knowing I do
 Heart jumping
 Seeing someone vaguely like
 You.
 Turning quickly at a rapid step
 An 'oh' of disappointment
 But I don't really care . . .
 Suddenly — 'Booh !'
 And everything is alright.
 Apologies brushed aside
 Walking on air
 But walking with you. Margaret

FRIENDS WILL BE FRIENDS . . .

The light from the fire flickered in his face as he bent down and removed the poker from the fire. His face was twisted into a hideous snarl of hate. Saliva trickled from his glistening fangs as he crept across the floor. His pale, luminous eyes glowed with an inner hatred when his hand wrapped around her throat, then he pushed the red hot poker in her side. She struggled. He tightened his grip and forced the poker in further. The choking smell of burning flesh filled his nostrils. He let her fall on the floor. "That'll teach her not to forget the fruit gums in future !"

BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES

Major Sandy Hamstring. Very illegible batchelor. Interested in meeting charming ladies with same interests : water voles, eskimo habits, Billy Bunter books and Daisy at "The Cock and Shuttle". Should be pretty, rich, athletic, monied, young and of course wealthy — preferably suffering from the plague, cancer, myxamytosis or any other incurable disease. Known to his friends at "The Cock and Shuttle" as the Creeper. Clubs: the Water Vole Appreciation Society and the Blue Lagoon. Hobbies: croquet, hockey, selling matches, and Daisy at "The Cock and Shuttle". Description: tall, dark and handsome. Well all right then, 4' 11½" and maybe I am perhaps slightly bald — well alright then I do look like a billiard ball! Anyway sabre scars look quite handsome, in a way, sort of. Jealous! Jealous! That's all you are. It's not nice being called Baldy the Pygmy. Education: Yes. Mrs Fosby's Nursery School down Clepington Road, Castle Huntly and Daisy at "The Cock and Shuttle". Occupation: Assistant Trainee Corpse at D.R.I. Tastes in Food: Bovril Crisps and Clothes Pegs. Television appearances: appear regularly on BBC2 Testcard holding golliwog. Political beliefs: Protestant. Address: Coal Shed c/o "The Cock and Shuttle".

by Emearg Nahcub

N.B. I am not iliterit, illegible is wot i meen.

(Please print this. Have turned down a 35p Punch contract. Have always wanted an article of mine in the Reader's Digest. All Royalties to be given to Charity of your own choice.)

The lying hypocritical sun
peers down
and with its false light
colours my life
happy,
colours him wonderful
like an old time movie —
full of dreams.
The film is silent
and we all dash about
in simple black and white
gaiety —
till they start putting words
and colours in
then all is false.
Dead pan,
we lie together
and, amused
by our subconscious hypocrisy,
laugh

and repeat a prayer
into our tee-total contentment
into the darkness
where others sulk and mourn.
The sun is strong,
and, with all honesty,
I admit
it does not only colour HIM good,
which he is not,
it colours the world,
and ripens more and more
to grow
and with their growth
they too must tell lies.
Under the embarassing heat
of this world's sun
we must be hypocrites to live
and liars to be happy.
And I am happy . . .

A Dedicated Hypocrite



" THE ROYAL CAPTAIN OF THIS RUINED BAND "

Shakespeare

FIRE AT NIGHT

The acrid smell of smoke reaches you first. It is syphoned down your nostrils until it burns a passage down your throat and makes you cough and splutter. The sound of vicious flames taking grip of the once strong, sturdy beams of wood reaches your ears and makes you think of how destructive and devastating hell-bred fire can be. Then you see it. Forked tongues of brilliant orange and yellow light streak up and swallow, in a massive gulp, the pin-pricks of white light that were stars in the background of black velvet. Voluminous masses of dirty orange-grey cloud belches out of the charred shell — all that is left of the seventeenth century house. The south-facing wall suddenly creaks. It wavers, making up its mind to fall inwards, slowly topples, getting faster and faster. With a crash that splits the world in half, and tears the black serene sky from side to side, it groans and rumbles as more masonry falls on top of it. The flames charge out in a last mighty and furious attack on everything beautiful, then die, to a sobbing, retreating flicker that grapples for oxygen under the bricks and stones. The clanging bells of a fire engine break the newly found silence. Black helmeted men roll out the water-hoses and scramble effortlessly up ladders. Leaping fountains of merciless water pound furiously on the charred remains, making the glowing rubble sizzle, drowning the last flicker in its helpless leap to freedom. All that is left is a black shape, hidden against the calm sky, tinged now with the pale pink and orange of a glorious sunrise. The firemen stand round talking. They have seen it all before; it no longer shocks them as it used to when they were new. It is just another devastated hunk of masonry. They will no doubt face exactly the same thing tomorrow.

But to many — a heart-break. The thought that today they claim the insurance, hunt for a new home and new furniture. The realisation that many treasured, loved possessions will never be replaced is worst of all. For them, the new, crisp sunrise in its splendour and glory is the beginning of a new sorrow and a new life.

Penelope-Anne

THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END

My name is Star. My mum and dad are gnomes in a large green forest in the middle of the land. Sometimes I am mischievous and my father scolds me or does not let me have any acorn pie, but when I am good he promises me special treats like a twig slide or a leaf swing. The promise which always made me full of excitement, was when my father promised to take me to the 'well at the end of the world' when I got a good school report. This he said he would do when I was five years old.

On the eve of my fifth birthday I was scarcely able to sleep, so I was up early in the morning, had a bath in a horse chestnut shell and down to open my parcels. Even although they were lovely presents I hardly saw them because I was so keen to set off on my journey on the back of a squirrel.

We travelled for about a day and then . . . I saw it, such a great huge well. My parents and I sat on the branch of a large tree, and ate the bramble and raspberry pie which was my birthday cake, looking into the gigantic, blue well. The ordinary people don't know it's a well, at the world's end.

I heard a little boy who was playing under the tree saying to his mum "I like playing by the sea." Perhaps he doesn't know it's a well at the world's end. I have discovered that in the well you can find fish large and small and some of the people sail boats on it as far as you can see and when I went home all the gnomes came and I had to tell them what it was like. They all wished they could have gone as well.

Mharaid Laing

SELF-DESTRUCTION

The siren was alive
Omitting long, drawn-out wails . . .
Wails of pain and heart-rending
desolation.
The siren told the people of the world
that the world was no longer to be.
Cyanide, suicide . . .
Pink pills in white cases
Yellow medicine in blue bottles.
A million billion billion people died in
one day.
The siren was still droning —
Telling the world that the largest
atom bomb ever
was to explode —
TODAY . . .
It never did . . .
No one was left to press the button.

P.W.

A SHORT PLAY

by a renowned Sixth Year Playwrite
SCENE ONE, the scene — a dank room at the very roof of the school. Hunched figures drink coffee while a portly figure is leaning out the window. One chap is splayed out fast asleep on the table while another unties his shoe laces. A chap with an arrogant gait swings a chain in the immediate vicinity of a little lad chained to the television. A hush settles as a pathetic figure shuffles in.

Piggy Malone Hullo boys, What's on T.V.? That's a good record. I like school, do you? At my last school ... What about games? Come over here Tommy, I've something to tell you.

(Tommy immediately rushes out as an alien whispers into the room words of warning)

Dumble Could you keep the noise down please?

Hendy For the last time, Get out Dumble.

Dumble O.K. Ross, sorry.

Ritchie Come on Dundee.

Prof. Shut up you, or I will eject you.

(a cocky figure enters chewing furiously)
G. B. Stuart Excuse me lads, but did you know that the S.Y.C. rule is O.K.?

G. Anderson I'll second that even if I am a daydreamer.

Ferg. Right lads, grab 'em.

Hendy A.F.A. all the way, kill the 6th year committee.

Prof. Kill the pig, spill his blood.

!!! LOOK KIDDIES !!!

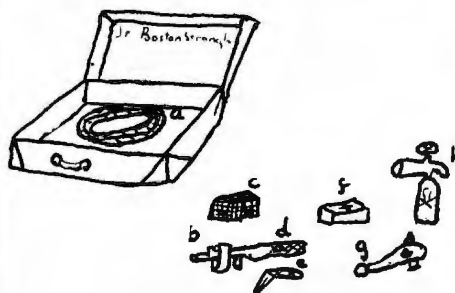
For One Week Only!

A special offer on

The Jr. Boston Strangler Kit

(Bundy Products Ltd.)

Cut Price from \$4.75 to \$5.75



Remember

Don't practice on yourself try something small to begin with (like mummy or granny)

Contents

- (a) Two foot strangle rope
- (b) Your own Boston Strangler carrying case
- (c) Basket for carrying your own scorpion and viper
- (d) Machine gun
- (a) Two foot strangle rope
- (e) Switch blade
- (f) Nasty-aid box holding five kinds of deadly drugs
- (a) Two foot strangle rope
- (g) Cave-man type club
- (h) Fastest releasing deadly gas
- (a) Two foot strangle rope

The IDEAL present for the person with nothing !!

(A mighty scuffle erupts but ends abruptly as the cocky chap and his supporter limp out of the room)

Piggy Malone That wasn't very nice was it? At my last school ...

(Tommy returns but quickly exits when he sees Piggy is still there)

Curtain falls amid frantic cheering of A.F.A. all the way

SCENE TWO — a crowd is gathered around the window.

Prof. I enjoyed that.

D. Nicoll I suppose someone had to fall out of the window sooner or later.

Prof. Lucky it was only Neep that fell out.

(Meanwhile a lithe figure has entered unseen)

2nod I knew there would be a nasty accident sometime.

(They all turn away as a small figure battered by the long fall soars into the sky on the rebound bound for Oxford)

Donald Good, I hope that's the last we see of Neep.

(Curtain falls for the last time)

THE END

(Any similarity to anyone living or dead is entirely coincidental)

MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS

"Fluff Super Rabbit"

Fluff was a small furry rabbit who lived in the garden of 279 Strathmartine Road. She shared a hutch with her male friend Thumper who was an even smaller fluffier rabbit than Fluff, he was a thoroughbred Californian who wore a white coat with black at the ears, nose and tail, he always wore black boots to match. Fluff on the other hand preferred to wear grey at all the places that Thumper wore black, but she still wore a mainly white coat but with grey boots instead of the black boots which Thumper wore.

Fluff awoke one morning to hear footsteps approaching the hutch, it was her master King Arthur. She roused Thumper and then they both dressed rather hurriedly and came out to the part of the hutch where the chicken wire was spread over the door. Thumper did not come out immediately because he was afraid of his master, so King Arthur lifted down Fluff alone and departed to do his chores; a few seconds later out jumped Thumper.

Now unknown to King Arthur, Fluff and Thumper had dug a concealed burrow under the garden shed. This tunnel led them to the large meadow and forest about a half-mile from the garden at 297 Strathmartine Road, and here they would meet their rabbit friends.

That day Fluff was going with Dillon, a friend of hers, to the large carrot field of Farmer Jones over the hill. Dillon was first to reach the fence, and there he was in for a shock, for just as he crawled beneath the fence, snap! Dillon was caught in a snare. For the first few seconds he pulled for grim death to free

his leg, but it was no use, it just caused him more pain.

Fluff tugged and tugged but she could not separate the teeth of the snare. Then she surveyed the blood stained leg of her friend and found it to be badly fractured and severely lacerated.

"I'll go and get help," she said. But before she could even start to go she heard the heavy trudge of the farmer's boots. She dashed and hid in the growth at the side of the path. She watched and listened.

The farmer came up and immediately saw the blood-stained figure of Dillon. He opened the snare and picked up Dillon.

"Arr, Ye'll mak a muckle pie fir me supper," he told Dillon, a large grin spread over his fat face. Off he walked back to his cottage carrying Dillon by the ears.

Once they had gone Fluff darted off to tell the others. "Quick, quick," panted Fluff, "Dum Dum Jones has caught Dill. Bring a stretcher, hurry, hurry."

In a few seconds Thumper and Peter appeared with the stretcher, they all went down the secret burrow that led right to the foundations of the farmer's cottage.

Fluff, Thumper and Peter were followed by a whole army of rabbits, and at last they reached the cottage.

"Stay here everyone, 'till you hear me whistle then all come up to give me support. Thumps, Pete bring that stretcher and come with me."

Fluff, Thumps and Pete went up through the trapdoor to the kitchen and to their luck they saw Dillon on the washing bunker.

"Help, help, over here," he called.

But his calling was unnecessary for Fluff was already on the bunker. She lowered him carefully to the ground.

Suddenly at the door appeared six pairs of eyes, green eyes, it was the farmyard cats.

They immediately pounced on the defenceless rabbits, until Fluff let out her high pitched whistle, then from the trapdoor appeared dozens of rabbits. The fight was on. Dishes and cups smashed, wood cracked and chairs went flying across the room, then the scared and defeated cats turned and fled.

Dillon had already been transported down the burrow and as soon as he was carried out of the other end of the burrow he was taken to the Rabbit Hospital along with some of the casualties of the fight.

Fluff was last out of the kitchen of the cottage. She closed the trapdoor and disappeared down the burrow.

When Mrs Jones came into the kitchen, she almost fainted when she saw the mess, she was so shocked that she did not notice the disappearance of the rabbit from the table.

"I bet 'twas dem darn cats," she said to herself, "I'll clobber vem," and she proceeded to whip the cats with the broom.

Meanwhile in the forest Fluff and Thumper returned helping Dillon back to his burrow, when they got there they had a cup of lettuce tea and a cabbage sandwich.

"My goodness, look at the time, it's four o'clock, our master will soon be back from school," said Fluff, and off they went down their secret burrow, back to the garden of 279 Strathmartine Road.

Arthur Marshall

NURSERY CRIMES

Hickory Dickory Dock,
The atom bomb's timed by the clock.
The clock struck one,
The bomb fell down.
Hickory Dickory, plop !

Nasty Pollution sat on a wall,
Nasty Pollution had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's
men
Couldn't get rid of pollution again.

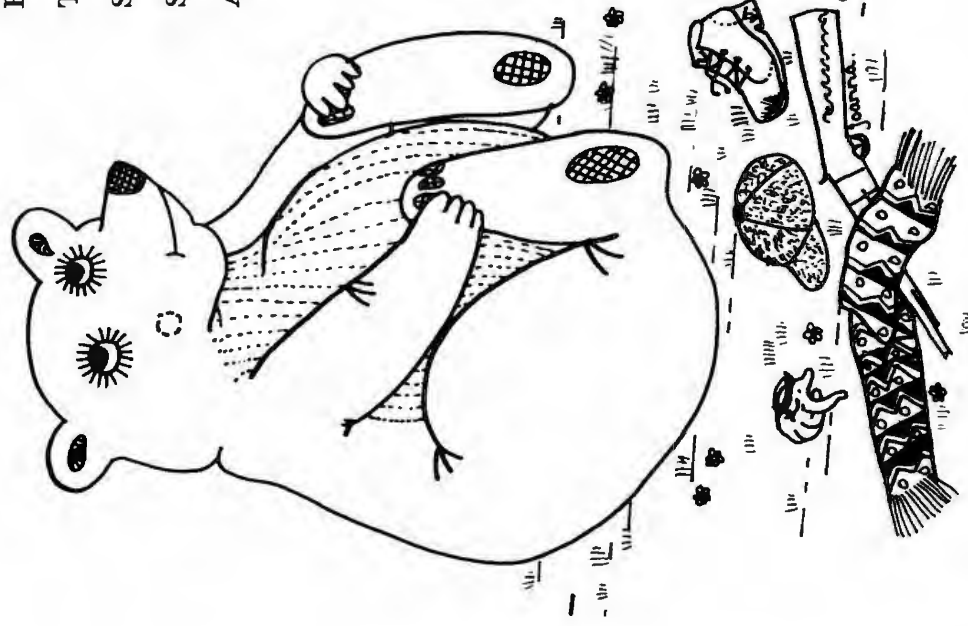
Mary Whitehouse quite contrary,
How does your policy grow ?
With milk and sells, and school bells,
And little Tories all in a row,
And bigger Tories all in a row.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a sample of water.
Jack fell down and began to drown,
But Jill analysed the water.

There was an old woman who lived in
a shoe,
She had so many children 'cos she didn't
know what to do.
She gave them some broth without
E.E.C. bread,
And she whipped them so soundly, she
was jailed instead.

J. A. Dory

" Flgy saw the bear,
The bear saw Flgy,
The bear was bulgy,
The bulge was Flgy. "



DUTY

In the last year of the war a woman came to my box. She was deeply distressed and looked harassed and careworn. She said to me, "Father, I've come to make my confession. I want to absolve my guilt." She crossed herself and came closer. She pressed her mouth to the bars separating us and whispered hoarsely, "Father, I am deeply in sin. I have betrayed my Fatherland." I could feel myself starting, and I began to pay attention. "It was ten months ago, Father. I was at home alone, and I was depressed, wondering when my life would improve . . ."

Ten minutes later she had finished. Her energy was spent and she sounded exhausted. She turned to leave. Suddenly a voice I had not heard before rang out, cold, calculating and inhumanely impersonable. It said "Arrest that woman. She is a spy!" From nowhere three officers appeared and brutally caught hold of the woman. I shall never forget her terrified screams and her staring eyes as her hands wildly thrashed the air. It was all over in a minute.

The most senior officer approached me. He dropped his hand on my shoulder and said approvingly "Well done, Father. That's a good job you do there." I stared at him, sickness gathering around my heart. "You mean . . . ?" His voice sounded thick and guttural. "I mean you just keep standing right there and we'll catch all the ones we want. You will be suitably recompensed."

I turned and walked back to my cell. My feet dragged on the ground and my head had begun to throb.

Margaret

ON THE STYLE OF McGONAGALL

Among themselves — The City Planners
Who from renowned universities
graduated in good manners,
For all their work — even amassing all
their skills couldn't unearth
An idea which took into every account
in all its girth
The massive Population's needs upon
the Tay's Firth.
In their offices they mutter, they mourn,
Their thoughts outward turn . . .
Inside all is doubts and fears — or
dormant :
Almost as bad the redundant Stormont.
Eventually their usefulness hangs in an
equilibrium
And so crumbles into oblivium.

Anon.

The apples were swollen and red
as we trekked through the grass
A wicker basket in our hand —
the dew upon the ground.
We climbed the ladders to the apples
And oh ! what joy when the first we ate.
But then a sour and sickly taste
ran through our blood,
And out of this red swollen ball —
A maggot
Green and slimy.
And since I wonder how and why
this creature could turn such beauty
into so much ugliness.
I threw it away
And it fell with a thud to the ground
bashed and bruised it lay.
I was sad for what I had done
But the apples were ripe
and so I carried on.

Nicholas P. Tott

BELFAST —

HOW MANY WARS TO END WAR ?

"Mummy, what's that noise ?"
"I'm busy, child, go ask Daddy."
"Daddy, it's just like 'Dad's Army'."
"I'm watching the television, son."
"Mummy, man say bomb."
"Go play with your toys in the garden."
"Daddy, he says go to shelter."
"Son, the news is important,
I must know about Vietnam."
"Mummy, man say quickly go."
"This cake will be ruined.
Don't pester me any more."
"Daddy, please, man want you."
"You go instead boy."
"But, Daddy, he say get hurt."
"Do as man says, then, son."
"Please, man, Mummy 'n' Daddy not
come."
"You stay by me, lad, and not get hurt."

* * *

"See, Mummy . . .
See, Daddy . . .
Told you so . . .
Mummy ? . . .
Daddy ? . . ."

Penelope-Anne



The Cadet Camp





THE BAND

SCHOOL TRIP TO BALACLAVA

Monday 3rd: Got on train at Albert Institute — after travelling to Charleston 17 times decided was not train — queried conductor on subject — waved blue object in my face and yelled “Breedeesh Passpord, Breedeesh Passpord” — got off bus and wandered in a dazed state about street — finally found station and rest of class — got on train — had rich tea bicky and went to sleep in brown sack in baggage compartment.

Tuesday 4th: Woken at 4 a.m. by wee manny shouting, in a seemingly inebriated state, “Mawning tea sar,” abused him and went right back to sleep. Woke again at 11 a.m. and went to pub on train — had seven martinis and felt very happy and sang “We’ll Meet Again” swinging on light. Landed in Balaclava at 2 p.m. Went to shops and nicked a few things for the family. Got three bricks of salt and one gross of woolly mats (as seen on telly). Went to get teachers out of klink — were found blind drunk in main street. Broke into somebody’s house and had nice meal. Slept there the night after Horlicks and bicky.

Wednesday 5th: Got thrown out of bed by excited Balaclavan and out of house with bottle of Scotch and rest of class went to pub.

Sunday 16th: Came out of pub. Went to Imperial Palace and knocked a few pieces worth a few grand. Class and I commandeered Palace. No Horlicks in place — poor show.

Monday 17th: Woken up by tank climbing over bed. Class and I were deported. Put on board ship carrying Brandy. Successfully managed to drink 3,000 gallons of Brandy — might have ruddy told me it was petrol.

Tuesday 18th: Got back to Dundee — drove ship up Reform Street — been banned from future holidays. Am thinking of selling school to Distillery. Went home, had Horlicks and got drunk.

by Gin Fizz

LOOK! M.P.S. (Mafiosa Pension Scheme)

This new pension scheme is for the wealthier investor. It’s quite simple. You give us your entire annual income and you will live to Pension Age. Otherwise by sheer coincidence my co-director, Boris Macaroni, will turn up at your house wiv the Mob!?!

Then they’ll duff you and the Missus up a treat. Eh! That’s right! Three hours later your hoose will be burnt doon and your pekingese will be strangled. One of the better advantages is that you don’t pay nasty, rotten, aggravating, robbing income tax, for the simple reason you don’t have any money left. By the way

if you do have any money left and don’t give it to us that celebrated wit and raconteur, Boris, will pop round to your hoose with the much celebrated Mob and burn your hoose doon etc. With your Pension Scheme Certificate you will reseave 1 copy of “The Godfather” giving you little tips on how to increase your income (see Chap. 8 “Robbing a Bank”) and what to do with your neighbour’s nasty little Peke, and 76 words for obscene phone calls, and how to speak with a piece of cotton wool stuffed in your mouth.

Note for Investors: Information will be sent to you in a brown package with “Censored” written on the side. The address to send to is:— The Martin Bormann Relief Fund, c/o D.H.S. Office.

(Based on an idea by Eccles wif adish-onul mateereal by Moriarty, M.R.H. alias Charlie Peke Hater, and an over-taxed Boston Strangler.)



“HIS EXPRESSION
MAY OFTEN BE
CALLED BALD”

Matthew Arnold

SURPRISE

I opened the heavy, oak front door as quietly as I could, but still the decrepit hinges let out a grating shriek. I was so concerned in trying not to waken up mum and dad that the slightest hint of noise seemed to be hugely amplified. In the darkness of the hallway I seemed to find a floorboard that creaked with every step. I staggered on through eternity until I reached the hall cupboard. I decided, as I tripped and hit my head against the door that it was the last time I would drink any alcohol at a party. I entered the cupboard and the door snapped shut behind me. The darkness loomed in all around me so I switched on the light and hung my coat on the peg. Then slowly up the noisy stairs as if taking my last walk to the gallows, which it probably would be if my dad found me prowling about at this offending hour. At last I reached the landing, checking the floor with stockinged feet before each step. Another smaller flight of stairs to traverse now, and a short walk to the safety of my bedroom.

At last I reached the summit of Everest and crept across to the bedroom. Slowly, I turned the handle and opened the door. I hit something, and a clawing monster leapt at me from the darkness of Hell. It was Tiddles the cat. I picked her up and darted over the border to Switzerland and safety from the Germans. When I was in my bedroom, I closed the door and switched on the light. I tip-toed across the minefields of creaking floorboards and placed Tiddles in her basket, and then tip-toed back to the dressing table. I took the secret information from its hiding-place and it slipped from my

fingers. My wallet made a terrible noise almost loud enough to wake my grandfather, which must have been pretty loud considering he had been dead for eight months. I removed my St. Christopher and promptly dropped it and banged my head on the drawers when I stooped to retrieve it.

Eventually I managed to get into my pyjamas and realised that I had to cross the enemy lines once more to clean my teeth. I slipped almost silently into the

bathroom. I said "almost silently" because I stubbed my toe on one of the tank-traps leading into the bathroom and yelled in agony. After cleaning my teeth I got caught in the barbed wire entanglement which resulted in me breaking the cord for the bathroom light.

I had hardly been in my bed a minute when I heard the decrepit hinges let out a grating shriek. It was mum and dad.

Alistair Hain, FIV



" SILENCE IS THE VIRTUE OF FOOLS "

Bacon

LADY OF THE RAIN

Alternative title : A poem with romantic undertones making no apparent sense. (Warning to persons of a nervous disposition ! This poem contains a completely irrelevant sentence or two about a Led Zeppelin concert)

O, Lady of the Rain,
I sense that under that expressionless complexion

There is a deep understanding.
I will never complain,
For I know that my reflection
Will ever sing
The song that you wish it to sing.

You are the One.

You once placed stepping-tones before me
And, trusting and loving you, I followed them through.

You knew that I would run
Towards the dampness of the tree
Where you, too,
Smiled with lips of dew.

At the more recent Led Zeppelin concert in the Caird Hall, the Who's album, "Who's Next" was played exceedingly loudly before the group, Led Zeppelin, actually appeared. After the concert, which, by the way, was out of this world, the Who's album, "Who's Next", was not played. The crowd did not seem disturbed as they had no reason to be. It makes me wonder why they played "Who's Next" in the first place.

Niall Gibb, FIV

We feel that we must write this and strike a blow for Women's Lib. Why must the stronger sex (us) always have to put up with the worst facilities ? i.e. the fattening food in Lil's. We were recently informed by a member of the slimmer sex (guys) that in their canteen they have non-fattening FRUIT (and they don't like fat girls) !

From two well-meaning slim
Form IV girls

(who do not give their custom to Lil's and do not buy fattening foods and are therefore slim and beautiful — we thought we'd better tell you in case you hadn't noticed.)



SCHOOL DINNERS

Recently a group of High School boys interviewed certain pupils and teachers about their comments on the school lunches. What do you think of school lunches ?

Not bad, not enough — P.C.F.

Urrrr ! — G.A.

Not much — Miss A.K.

School lunches contain the scum, vermin of this world and all things that are bad — Boris.

Good ! What do you think of them — A Cook.

Brilliant, ace — Local Idiot.

I want my money back — B.B.

I hate 'em — LII Boy.

Very good — Doc B.

Look what it's done to me — Miss Skinner.

Can't comment. I don't know — Mr T.

Monotonous, but very good value, rather like my teaching — Fishy.

Excellent, very good — Wullie P.

I don't know, I don't go — Sensible Prefect.

Dinners ! Don't mention them ! — Thug.

No comment — Ali.

Not bad ! Aem ! What ! — Soprano !

Very good for the money, but more chips — Bob.

Get out of my room you little pest — A well known History teacher.

As you can see, School Dinners are not very well liked by anyone. Do you blame them ?

Spot The Loony Club

P.S. Name them all and become one of us. Answers to Mr Fyall, Esq. who will pass them on to those involved.



1923

Dancing puppets on crowded streets
 fill up my life
 and all is gay
 in summer
 in the city
 Life is one long trial
 unless we laugh
 and dress in slivers of sunray
 and diamonds plucked from autumn stars
 water is liquid
 so is my mind
 and yours my friend
 and only boats
 and swans divide the glorious perfection
 of the sky ripples
 for fishes are marine things
 drifting aimlessly
 in the refrigerated east coast chiffon blue
 Far out to sea
 look west
 the sea turns into stripes
 of red and blue
 at dawn
 and also stars
 and throbbing chocolate joviality
 drifts forward
 and whisks the litter
 high into the sky
 to alight as city pigeons
 on the office blocks
 How I wish the grey were pink
 and I had the crayons
 to draw the sun from behind the clouds
 and make it pull my strings
 and bounce my wooden legs
 back to happiness

by a cold-would-be-artistic-poet

AN ADDITION TO THE FAMILY

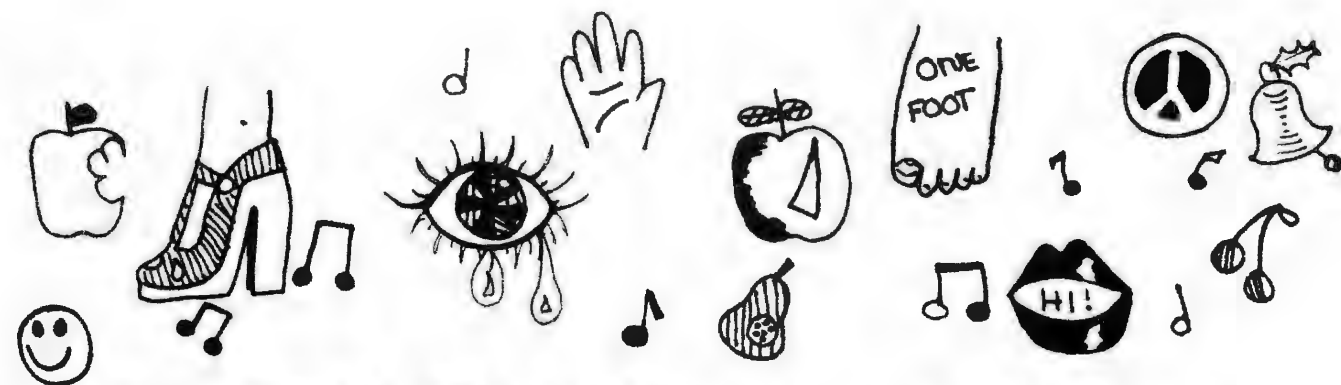
It howls, bellowing like the wind
 and bounces with the spring of youth
 upon a cushioned prison
 surrounded by tall spear-like bars.
 The new wandered
 in a towering world
 sits up, listens, gazing watchful
 upon the free outside.

Sometimes he is carried out
 but returned to leap higher
 with more complex cries.

Now he drags himself along
 over furry pathways
 to noisier worlds viewed
 coldly by an unblinking eye
 which preaches to
 addicted congregations
 controlled by other men
 to give their sermons.

A slinking rope
 patrols the corners
 joined to the wall
 by a long white chain.
 It eagerly devours
 the piled up dust.

The new arrival grows
 and learns of these machines
 to amuse him,
 serve him,
 carry him,
 ... control him ?



DISCO

THE LORD OF LIGHT

"Don't watch alone," said Mother as she went upstairs to bed but, as usual, John payed no heed to his mother's warning and settled down in a large armchair as he prepared to watch "The Tuesday Documentary" on "Magic — Black or White".

He watched the programme with intense interest. It ended on one final chord "... don't ever be tempted to dabble in either Black or White Magic as it can lead not only to being cast out by this society but also to complete and utter lunacy ..."

The voice trailed off as John turned off the set and went upstairs to bed where for the first time in his life he felt strangely out of place saying the Lord's Prayer which he had said almost every-day since he had been able to speak and before that his mother had said it for him.

That night John had a nightmare which seemed to have come from the depths of hell itself. It seemed as though the two Powers, Light and Dark, were trying to get him to follow them. One was saying "Follow me John. My way is right. Believe in Peace and God and don't be tempted to follow Satan and his evil ways." The latter seemed to be saying, in a much rougher and stronger voice, "Follow my way John. Not his. I can give you Power. Real Power! The Power over life. Yes, life, life itself. Follow me and follow Power." And so it went on, Light offering eternal life and happiness or eternal damnation if he followed Darkness and Darkness offering Power.

The next day John woke up in the early hours of the morning, and as though he was being pulled by some invisible, evil

force, he dressed and climbed down the stairs into the cold winter's morning and into a new life and a new death!

"Well Mrs Hamilton, could you please tell me the whole story from the very beginning," said the burly plain-clothed police inspector.

"Well last night I went upstairs to bed about ten, I usually do as I have to be at the dairy at five. Well when I got home at five John wasn't home and when he hadn't returned at six I phoned the school and when I discovered he hadn't been there all day I phoned the Police straight away."

"Did you look into his bedroom before you left?"

"No, I never do because his door creaks and I don't like to waken him because I think he needs all the sleep he can get at that age, don't you?"

"Yes, quite. So he could have left between ten and five?"

"No, I would have heard if he had left much before eleven as I don't dose off until about then and if he had left after seven or eight he would have been seen by someone or other."

That was the last the Police or Mrs Hamilton ever heard of John for over twenty years.

On the 19th of September there was a minor smash-up on the M1 and everyone escaped without injury except one man who was hovering between life and death. He was quickly moved to London's newest hospital — St. Mary's. There, when all was done for him that was humanly possible a priest was called in. The priest was a man of about fifty with a very knowledgeable and understanding face.

On the 21st the priest knew the man was dying but he told no-one, least of all the man whose name — John — had been found engraved on a ring he wore with a symbol over it. This ring was not shown to the priest but soon everyone was to wish it had been!

Anyway the priest sat beside him all day and that night the man put up his final struggle against the forces of death. Suddenly the lights flickered and died and a cold deathly wind raked the room and the window swept open. Instantly the priest raised his jewelled cross of God high above his head and shouted three words of a long dead language; almost immediately the lights started to flicker and the wind died — but it was too late, the man had vanished.

The priest rushed outside and ordered the Doctor to fetch the man's possessions. When they came the priest quickly went through them, but thoroughly. He said "Is this all?"

"Yes, all except this gold ring he was wearing."

The priest took it and exclaimed "By the Holy Virgin Mary! Somehow Mendusa has been reincarnated."

"Mendusa?"

"Yes, Mendusa the most evil brilliant Satan worshipper has been brought back from the very realms of Hell itself."

After a big inquiry by the police and by the Hospital the priest was released and the case closed.

That day the priest bought various signs of light. And that night he polished the floor of his small chapel till you would eat off it and constructed a perfect pentangle. Then he placed a container

of water — Holy Water — and a white candle, bought from a Cathedral, and placed one of each in each point of the pentangle.

Then he changed into clean robes and after sealing the nine openings of his body he went into a self-induced trance and started his hunt for Medusa on the Astral Plain.

The first night showed no clue to his whereabouts. But on the second night he followed him and found his residence was 15 Elm Drive and he also discovered that he was, thankfully not back to his full state of power.

Then he returned from his astral body to his physical one.

The next day was Saturday — the Holy Day of God and Christ and therefore Satan's weakest. He said a long but simple prayer to God and the powers of Light asking them for power and protection in the mission he was to undertake that evening.

He took a taxi to the end of Elm Drive, an eerie gas-lit street. He did this for two reasons: one he didn't want to warn Mendusa of his coming although he might have already "seen" him, and two he did not want to endanger the taxi driver's life.

The priest walked down the road until he came to the wall of No. 15. There he prayed before climbing the crumbling wall into the grounds of the evil house. He held no fear of being attacked by dogs as he knew that they were driven out of their minds by high vibrations and he knew that the highest and strongest vibrations were to be found at a place where Black Magic was practised.

He found a lower window and forced it open; he then put his ear to the door,

hearing no noise he opened it and took a step forward. Suddenly he heard an evil laugh and he was falling, falling. He was falling down, down and that evil laughter was still ringing strongly in his ears.

He came to a stop on a cold floor of stone.

"Welcome, Priest. Welcome to your death." Mendusa broke into long evil laughter.

The priest tried to take a step forward but an invisible barrier was barring his way.

He looked once again at the man. He was performing some kind of ceremony. Suddenly there was a loud crash of thunder and the Goat of Mendes appeared.

The priest saw that Mendusa was holding a newly born child and was offering it as a sacrifice.

Then, unable to stand it, the priest said "They only who love without desire, shall have life granted to them at their final desire."

There was a blinding flash. The Goat of Mendes reared up and vanished and Mendusa fell to his knees.

The Lord of Light had come. "Mendusa you are condemned to eternal damnation."

"Mercy! Mercy! Please not . . . not again."

"Go and never return." Suddenly he started to fade and vanish.

"You did wrong to call me from the Hidden Valley but because your cause was a rightful one you are excused." He vanished in another blinding flash of light and the priest awoke, in the Pentangle.

Henry Robb



"GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN"

St. Matthew 13, 23

SLEEP

Night falls. The curtains are shut against the night sky. Heavy eyelids close upon sleepy eyes. Sleep comes softly.

The fair has come to town! The coconut shy! One pence for three tries! Come on! Roll up! It seems near but it takes an age to get there. Up a slope. Over many miles. I pay for three tries. I aim and throw. The ground slips backwards. Will it hit? Yes! One coconut. Again I try. I seem to be getting further away. Another coconut. The man is shouting at me. He has the body and face of a savage man-eating lion. I run but I cannot move. I turn again. I run in the marquee. The lion is jumping through a hoop. Everyone applauds. The trainer bows and suddenly jumps gracefully through a box — just like another lion. Yes, in fact he is a lion. More applauding. It will not stop. Louder and louder. The noise will blow us up. It is. I am soaring through the air. First in a plane then I have wings. Beautiful, graceful wings. There is another bird beside me. I hear him tell me to land on a cloud. I do as he says. We sit on chairs while another bird, a penguin in a dinner-jacket, brings us in long, cool drinks. I am a bit disgruntled when I cannot drink but I am not really very thirsty. My friend seems to be growing. I can no longer hear him. His head is expanding. His face looks angry. He is coming nearer. I scream. Black.

I am swimming. Everything is beautiful. I am racing a dolphin to the beach. Warm, turquoise water rushes past and a breeze pulls my long hair back in a banner of brown. The dolphin is laugh-

ing. I am losing. I call out. Another dolphin draws up beside me. I climb onto his back. We are winning now. We reach the sand. The animal beneath me quivers. Suddenly he staggers and climbs up the beach. It is a horse. I grip his sides with my feet and legs. A canter. A gallop. Oh, to be free. Miles slip past. Now we are flying. It is Pegasus. I am falling. I slip helplessly off the broad back. I am in a house; a farm; a prison; an old castle. I am in chains — someone is hitting me across my face. I yell at them. No words come. I struggle. I am pinned down. Someone is in front of me shouting and screaming, but I cannot hear. I see no face. Just a mouth. Teeth

that gnash up and down, a tongue that wags and a throat which strains. I see my dog. They are killing him. He lies limp and dead. My voice is still frozen but tears stream down my face. A flash rips the darkness. I feel the firm hairy body of the horse beneath me again. We are away. Across an open moorland. My dog alive, and well, running by the horse's pounding hooves. The sun shines brightly filling the world with happiness. I am laughing. It is great to be alive. Just beautiful, the rhythm of a galloping horse makes you fly through the air.

"Come on. Time to get up." My Mum breaks the beauty. "Time for school."

Penelope-Anne



"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS"

John Wesley

FLIGHT OF FANCY

During a recent cross-channel flight not so long ago, I encountered a certain gentleman who bore a strong resemblance to a silent comedy character of yesteryear. He was sitting bolt upright on his first class seat downing double whiskies like a Japanese mandarin at a tea ceremony. He disappeared momentarily to return with a brand new smile which I deduced was due to the whisky stopping his teeth chattering. His stiff upper lip gone, his first remark was that none of his fellow passengers were good enough to die with him. As the other passengers began to get nervous after this statement, the air hostess told him to belt up as we were about to take off. To his surprise, he did not fall off the edge of the world and eventually plucked up enough courage to take off his seat belt.

Just after he had done so, the pilot entered to converse with his passengers. When his turn came to be spoken with, the man decided to ask the pilot who was controlling the machine. To the reply of "Charlie," the man exclaimed most indignantly that he would write to his M.P. about aeroplanes being piloted by mere office-boys. The pilot made a hasty retreat from his protestations, claiming that luncheon was about to be served. Caviar and champagne did nothing to change his tune, for he stated that his doctor had warned him never to consume eggs. The beverage was nevertheless imbibed.

Following luncheon, the gentleman rearranged his middle parting and endeavoured to look out of the window. To his consternation, the propeller blades

had disappeared and we were apparently being driven by supernatural forces. We were in fact "ghosting" along at a speed well beyond his comprehension. Then to my relief, the illuminated sign told us to extinguish our cigarettes, and so the man straightened his tie, fastened his seat belt, and sat back to await touchdown.

When the doors were opened, he arose and sauntered down the aisle somewhat unsure of his legs, praising aircraft to the heavens.

"That's Mr Rawlings," whispered one old lady rather audibly. "He's just inherited an airline company." The ensuing silence deafened the roar of the engines.

Stephen Davis, FIIB

MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS

My human family does not always appreciate my animal family. Nor do my animal associates always appreciate my human relations.

My stick insects were a case in point. My sisters were always poking at them in their container. So I decided that if they were to breed in peace, my mum's hat-box would be perfect for this purpose. I was not to know that she would wear that particular hat to church the following Sunday. Halfway through the Lord's Prayer I spotted my well camouflaged friends crawling among the petals of her hat. My Mum, instead of being concerned for the insects, was furious.

Reg, my hedgehog, had a bad attack of bronchitis when I found him. He was shivering with cold and fright, so to keep him warm I stuffed him in my jersey and sped home. Once there I introduced him to the rest of sickbay, consisting of Pinky and Perky, two half-

fledged feral pigeons and Super Mouse, who had stuck his tail in my father's mouse trap and was now recovering. I immediately comforted Reg with my jersey and not too hot, hot water bottle and gave him a supper of soggy bread in hot milk. When my father saw the new patient all he could remark to my disgust was "Keep away from it, it's covered in fleas."

Next into my intensive care unit came Johnny the Tawny Owl, a yearling male with a broken left wing. My mother was delighted with this magnificent bird, but when she saw his daily diet of young pheasants, rabbits, voles, etc. being torn limb by limb she nearly vomited. During this process she quickly changed her mind about the majestic bird of prey. Johnny sensed her disapproval for every time she visited him he clacked his bill as if to say "So it's you again," and looked his most ferocious.

The most dramatic human to animal reaction was caused by Annabell, my pet mouse, who had had 25 young in the course of a month. I had been fondling her in my pocket and was ordered to go and wash my hands before tea. I laid her on the ledge of the basin and forgot to remove her. Next to use the cloakroom was an elderly guest who took one look at Annabell and screamed her head off. Annabell was promptly banned from the house and the woman who had made the din was fussed over.

Ian McFarland

Overheard after Fire Drill : "I couldn't find the thing to hit the gong with, so I used Miss Gray's umbrella !"

Italian lesson : "Sit up straight and fill your air with lungs !"

SOCK IT TO ME BABY

(misleading title)

Well why not? People have done surveys of almost every living, or dead, or inanimate thing, so why not socks? They come in all sizes, shapes, length and colours.

This term I had to sit during the Spanish exam and try to concentrate while being confronted by J.R.'s (perfect) blackcurrant souffle coloured socks which had wrinkled, slipped down and were showing a minute portion of J.R.'s white hairy legs — they completely put me off my Spanish. But never mind J., I'll forgive you!

Then there was A.B. When he was in FIII he had a pair of mustardy yellowy orange socks, but wait for it, he had a pair of FEROCIOUS red lions on them, they terrified me!

And we always have our American socks — N.C. wore red, white and blue socks with white stars on them — stars and stripes — what about the Union Jack? (well what about it?).

Most of the highly coloured socks come from Forms II-IV, the FI boys tend to wear regulation grey wool socks — very proper, but by the time they get to Form II — well see for yourselves, but remember your sunglasses. When A.Y. was in FII, he had a lovely pair of fluorescent orange, and A.C. had a pair of sky blue.

I think socks are an outlet for boys characters — must have a look at the Head boys! Thank you for bearing with me. I have put a great deal (?) of work (?) and thought (?) into this brilliant essay so I hope you appreciate it!

A Sock Fanatic!

P.S. A tip for potential sock-buying boys. Buy them long enough (or wear your trousers longer)



"LEAVE ME HERE,
AND WHEN YOU WANT
ME, SOUND UPON THE
BUGLE-HORN."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

AN ADDITION TO THE FAMILY

At two o'clock one winter's morn
A little baby boy was born.
His mother smiled, his father beamed
And all were happy so it seemed.
But those of us with high I.Q.s
Know that someone has to lose.

Four years and seven months before
One afternoon at half-past-four,
Mother Nature showed her worth
Assisting in our hero's birth.
Little Henry took his place
In the "Brave New World" we all must
face.

Henry grew up like us all
In the daily routine of eat and bawl
And really very little gap
Between bedtime and "baby's nap."
But years flew past quite happily
Until the birth of Timothy.

Psychologists as they look back
Will tell us what made Henry crack.
Was a very interesting case
Of losing that distinguished place
Of spoilt and pampered only son
To some accursed little one.

When aunts and grannies crowded round
His baby brother, Henry found
That life was just not quite such fun
Now there was another son.
And all the fuss which had been his
Was given to baby with a kiss.

When baby crawled it started talk —
When Henry showed that he could walk
No-one cheered or gave a clap
But baby grinned from Mother's lap,
And no-one really seemed to care
That little Henry still was there.

We cannot fully justify
What Henry did, or even try
To show the complex mental state
(A subject which caused much debate)
That led the boy to drug his mummy
And choke his brother with his dummy.

Although this story's very sad,
Looking back we must be glad
That now we know without a doubt
To never leave big brother out.
When baby's birth you celebrate
Don't let him suffer Henry's fate.

We knelt together holding tight while our world exploded in a turmoil of crashing waves, as the sea erupted and the lighthouse shook at the foundations.

Then nothing, just silence. The sea was calm, the silence broken only by the occasional cry of a gull as it passed our massive lamppost, the light still burning with, it seemed, greater brightness as if something in the turmoil, which had just passed, had given it a surplus amount of energy. We both knelt and gave thanks to God for delivering us from that which had happened.

The sea was a translucent blue even in the moonlight and we could see shoals of fish darting about. I could see that Johnny was distressed so I went to make a cup of cocoa.

We went to bed in the early hours of the morning but neither of us could sleep. I woke to find Johnny's bunk empty. I looked all around but there was no sign of Johnny. I descended the stairs apprehensively, not knowing what I might encounter at the bottom. There was no one there but the door was open. I went out to find Johnny on his knees sobbing.

Johnny left the lighthouse the next day and was admitted to a hospital for the mentally ill. I was quite sure in my mind that the monster would not return. There was one fear that I had. When Johnny left the lighthouse he said to me, "I'll be back to see that creature. It'll be the last time I'll see it or anybody."

After Johnny left life went on in an uneventful manner and my mind was at rest knowing that he was in good hands.

The night the monster returned was the night I was on watch, while my

companion slept. On that night about eleven o'clock I heard the chugging of a motor launch. I went outside to greet a figure coming out of the night.

It was Johnny. My first words were, "How did you get out?" "They're not allowed to keep me in, I can go where I like," was his reply. I knew of course that this was not true but I took him inside and we had a mug of cocoa. Then things began to happen.

At eleven thirty a storm got up. At eleven forty-five the light went out, at the same time the storm died down. "I'll go," shouted Johnny, and he rushed from the kitchen down the stairs and out of

the door. He then proceeded to climb the steps to the outer walkway to inspect the light. As he worked his way round, the sea seemed to erupt and out of it appeared the monster, its jaws wide open. "Look out!" I shouted, but it was too late, the monster had Johnny in its mouth. Then Johnny's words took on a real meaning. This was the last time he would see the monster or anyone else.

Just before he disappeared I heard him shout, "I told you, I told you, I told you..." Then nothing, just silence. The sea was calm, the silence broken only by the occasional cry of a gull.

Nicholas P. Tott



"LET'S FIND OUT WHAT
EVERYONE'S DOING
AND THEN STOP EVERYONE
FROM DOING IT."

A. P. Herbert



BOYS' HOCKEY 1st XI

Back Row (l. to r.): Mr A. H. Hutchison; D. R. K. Shepherd; A. J. G. W. Blair; D. W. N. Fridge; J. L. Whiteford; H. W. Grant; Mr D. P. MacDonald.

Front Row (l. to r.): K. W. Milne; L. D. R. Foulis; G. B. Stuart; G. G. Anderson; T. McMillan; A. N. Watt; M. N. Stout.



School Activities and Club Reports

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

1st XV Results

Date	Opponents	Venue	F	A
Sept. 8	Harris Academy	A	40	8
15	Dollar Academy	A	13	12
22	Aberdeen G.S.	H	15	25
Oct. 6	Robert Gordons	A	9	49
13	Waid Academy	A	30	26
20	Portobello H.S.	H	0	12
24	Buckhaven H.S.	H	31	0
27	Boroughmuir School	A	6	0
Nov. 3	Kelvinside Acad.	A	9	17
10	Gordonstoun	H	0	0
14	Dundee T.C.	H	cancelled	
17	Dunfermline H.S.	H	cancelled	

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed:— Captain, J. D. Rose; Vice-Captain, G. K. Dudgeon; Secretary, W. A. J. Porter; Treasurer, G. D. Butchart.

This year's 1st XV had a good start to the season which dwindled after the first few weeks. However, after some shaky performances, and changes in the team, they got back their form and proceeded to have some very good matches, one of the best being the defeat of Boroughmuir School in Edinburgh. The three-quarters are very strong this year and the forwards, who lack a bit in height and weight, are doing some great work.

The 2nd XV have been unfortunate this season in having five of their fixtures cancelled, but of the five games they have played they have won four. Many of the team are showing great promise for next year's 1st XV.

The 3rd XV have won three and lost one of their matches with two cancelled. Again many of this team are showing their potential and so may be challenging for places in next year's 1st XV.

This year two of the 1st XV have had games for the Midlands: J. D. Rose and A. Boath, and G. R. Dudgeon has been reserve for these games.

The third, second and first year teams have all had good results, in fact the second year team are undefeated so far.

On behalf of D.H.S. R.F.C. I would like to thank all the members of staff who give up their time to coach and travel with teams and to parents and former pupils who turn up to watch the games. I would also like to thank the hostesses for providing tea and other refreshments to the 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.

William A. J. Porter, Secy.

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

1st and 2nd XI Results

Date	Opponents	Venue	F	A
Sept. 8	Harris	H	3 (9)	1 (1)
15	Grove	A	2	1
22	Morgan	A	2 (5)	0 (1)
Oct. 6	Robert Gordon's	A	3 (2)	3 (4)
13	Alloa	H	1 (9)	0 (0)
17	Grove	H	2	1
27	Madras	H	2 (10)	0 (0)
Nov. 3	Aberdeen G.S.	H	0 (1)	2 (1)

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected:—

Captain, G. Anderson; Vice-Captain, G. Stuart; Secretary, L. Foulis; Treasurer, T. McMillan; Members of Committee, N. Watt and D. Ferguson.

So far this season, the 1st XI, under the inspiring captaincy of G. Anderson, has had a very good record, suffering only one defeat at the hands of Aberdeen G.S. They have also advanced into the 2nd round of the Gerry Carr Trophy by their very creditable victory over Grove Academy. In this round they will meet Kirkton High School; however the date of the match has still to be arranged.

The 2nd XI has again been very successful. They, too, have only been beaten once. However all too often they have completely outclassed their opponents as can be seen by their results.

The Under-16 XI has been fairly successful, winning 2 of their 4 matches played so far this season. Unfortunately they were knocked out of the Stobswell Cup in the 1st round by Logie, when the match had to be decided by penalties. However the team's performances have shown great promise for the future.

Although the 1st XI and Under-16 XI performances have been good this season, both the School and Under-16 Sixes teams failed to reach the final in their respective Midlands Sixes tournaments.

Once again this year four players were put forward to the Midlands trials, G. Anderson, T. McMillan, N. Watt and D. Fridge. Unfortunately only N. Watt was chosen for the Midlands side, although both he and D. Fridge were chosen for the Dundee side. The School also put forward three players to the Under-16 Midlands trials, G. Carnegie, J. Taylor and N. Campbell, of whom N. Campbell did very well to be chosen as reserve for the Midlands side.

We must thank Mr Hutchison for the stiff training and coaching which has helped to keep the fitness and spirit at such a high level. We are also indebted to Mr MacDonald and Mr Baxter for giving up their Saturday morning to umpire the 1st and 2nd XI matches respectively. Mr Doig and Mr Rouse must also be thanked for giving up their time to coach the Under-16 XI and umpire their matches.

L.F.

BOYS' HOUSE HOCKEY REPORT

The Boys' House Hockey Tournament, which took place on November 10th, was once again keenly contested with Aystree

coming out on top, while Wallace, last year's winners, were runners-up.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Aystree	3	3	0	0	6	0	6
Wallace	3	1	1	1	2	2	3
Lindores	3	1	0	2	1	4	2
Airlie	3	0	1	2	1	4	1

L.F.

GIRLS' HOCKEY REPORT

This year we had to almost completely reshape the 1st XI. With so many good players leaving the old school we had to enlist more reinforcements from the lower classes. All the new contingent of F IV's were excellent players however, and all that remained was for us to adapt to each other's play. This unfortunately took longer than expected, much to the dismay of our long-suffering captain, Janet Hughes. We have now "got it together" at last and seem to be co-ordinating well. This minor tragedy does not seem to have affected the scores drastically and they remain as good if not better than last year's :—

Sept. 8	Blairgowrie H.S.	3	1
12	Morgan Academy	4	0
15	Perth Academy	3	5
19	Harris Academy	7	1
22	Kirkcaldy H.S.	3	0
26	Grove Academy	2	1
Oct. 3	Madras	4	0
6	Dollar	1	1
13	Albyn	1	1
20	St. Denis	5	1
27	Kilgraston	0	0
31	Bell Baxter	4	0
Nov. 3	Morgan Academy	1	0
7	St. Andrews Univ.	9	0
17	Waid Academy	2	2
24	Dunfermline H.S.	2	1

We have only been beaten once this season by our old rivals, Perth Academy. Indeed this is one of our best shows ever — constant improvement over the years seems to be the main trend of the hockey team.

Credit must largely go to the officials this year who are all extremely keen :— Captain, Janet Hughes; Vice-Captain, Ruth Taylor; Secretary, Pam Swanney; Treasurer, Fiona Napier.

A special word must however be due to Janet who has created order out of chaos with her constant encouragement. I extend deep thanks on behalf of all the teams to Miss Dobson and Miss Duncan and to all the members of staff who help us, for their enthusiasm and the time they devote to us. This time is willingly given not only to the 1st and 2nd XI's but also to the younger teams — 3rd year, 2nd year and 1st year 'A' and 'B' teams, all of whom continue to flourish — their fixtures being added to each year. The 'A' teams all have full fixture lists with the 'B' teams having an average of 12 matches. This is quite an achievement and does encourage them to continue, keeping a constant supply of experienced players. Finally, Congratulations must be extended to Ruth Taylor and Morag Houston, who out of the six girls put forward for the Midlands Trials were the only two to gain a place in the team. The six girls did however reach the Dundee team which is some consolation for them.

Long may D.H.S. girls attain such honours in their hockey playing !

Pam Swanney, Secy.



RUGBY 2nd XV

Back Row (l. to r.): Mr W. D. Allardice; D. A. Ritchie; A. D. D. Porter; B. Hadden; R. T. Winter; S. J. D. BenWick; D. A. Gild; Mr G. C. Stewart.
Front Row (l. to r.): J. M. Henderson; B. A. Grant; A. T. Ritchie; D. S. Landburgh; D. G. Brown; B. M. Wallace; M. G. Johnston.



BOYS' HOCKEY 2nd XI

Back Row (l. to r.): Mr J. T. G. Baxter; A. N. Campbell; M. I. Tait; M. P. Wheeler; A. N. Stirrat; J. Highlands; Mr N. Dalg.
Front Row (l. to r.): A. G. David; K. G. Thomson; D. A. Ferguson; J. A. Pepper; D. J. Griffiths; G. G. Sinclair; E. K. S. Tait.



GIRLS' HOCKEY 2nd XI

Back Row (l. to r.): Pamela A. Brown; Susan E. Clark; Gillian P. A. M. Hogg; Susan M. Esplin; Anne M. Smith; Miss D. A. Dobson; Patricia J. Roy; Mary E. M. Rose; Deirdre L. M. McKean; Julie C. Rutherford; Hilary Ritchie.

Front Row (l. to r.): Margaret D. Smart; Patricia M. Cramond; Isabel J. Reid; Lorna M. Allardice; Charlotte I. Green; Pauline D. Butchart; Alison J. M. Cruickshank. *Inset:* Sheila M. Jamieson.

CROSSWORD

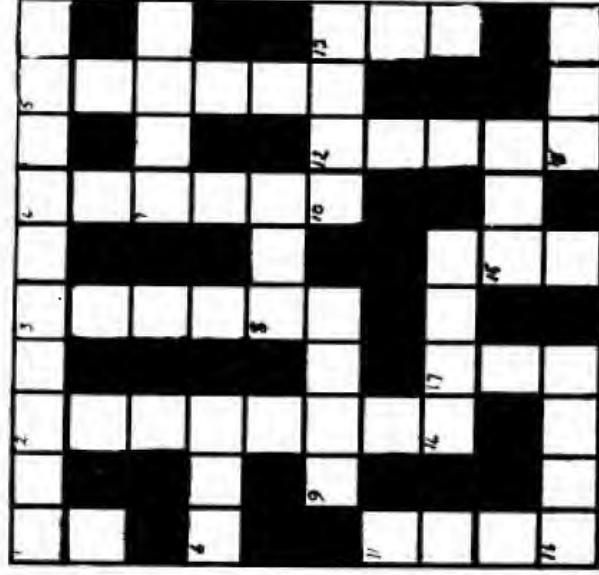
By Alison Newton and Susan Smith

Across

- (1) Italian cheese
- (2) No room at the . . .
- (7) Essential part for a wheel
- (8) French for born
- (9) American money
- (10) Uncommon
- (14) Type of weather
- (15) Exit
- (16) Mix up tear
- (18) Type of treat

Down

- (1) Stop Caution **
- (2) Animal used by the Laps
- (3) The East
- (4) A string instrument
- (5) Place for food storage
- (11) Liquid
- (12) Not necessarily a relation
- (13) Kind of sheep
- (17) Homenym of a number
- (19) Not either



LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

At the end of last term the following officials were appointed: Chairman, Sarah Boase; Secretary, Elizabeth Gilmour; Treasurer, Ross Macdonald; Catering Officer, Patricia Langlands; Representative Committee, Charles Everitt, Calum Paton, Graham Stuart, Jane Bewick, Helen Foster, Sandy Melvin, Diane Shepherd. This session has held a large number of the more usual formal evening meetings as well as introducing informal meetings on a Thursday lunchtime. These have proved to be most successful and popular and have taken the form of "Call My Bluff", "Any Questions", discussions on a variety of subjects, and "Poetry and Song". These meetings will be continued throughout the following terms. We have held inter-School debates with St. Leonard's and Perth Academy and we were fortunate in having Mr Alberto Morrocco, the well-known Scottish painter, coming and giving a talk and demonstration of how he paints a portrait. This was different from our normal meetings but was very fascinating and interesting. This year the house debates, which were very enjoyable, were won by Avstree. Our team of Calum Paton and Ross Macdonald came second in a Road Safety Public Speaking Contest run by Dundee Police and Dundee Junior Chamber. In the national E.S.U. Debates Sarah Boase and Calum Paton won their first round and we wish them every success for future debates. We also wish good luck to Elizabeth Gilmour and Ross Macdonald for the Daily Express Debating Competition.

While numbers continue to rise at our meetings they are still not as large as we would hope for and a warm welcome is extended to all those who would like to come along and listen to our many amusing meetings. I would like to conclude by thanking members of staff for their unfailing support of the Society :— Miss Gray, Mr G. C. Stewart, Mr Lyall, Mr Alexander, Mr Vannet and Mrs Lambert. We really appreciate their help and hope that our next term's meetings will be as successful as this term's and have larger audiences.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

This session the Society has been particularly successful. We have held many lively and interesting meetings including "Ca' meh Bluff", "Top of the Form", and "Beat the Teachers", as well as several exciting debates. At the beginning of the session seven new officials were appointed to organise the meetings under the guidance of Mr Baxter and Mr Fyall whom we would like to thank for their valuable help and advice. It only remains to tell you that all members of Forms 1 to 3 are invited to explore the mysterious depths of R.16 on Monday evenings at 4 o'clock.

M.M. D.S.

SKI CLUB REPORT

Winter Term 1973

This year the club has started off with a group of enthusiasts eager for adventure and to improve their skill. Indeed three members already hold their One Star Ski-ing Badge and the others hope to gain this also.

The highlight of the term was, without a doubt, our opportunity to show off our talent in front of a B.B.C. Television Camera. The film crew were at the Ancrum Activities Centre to film the activities which go on there and it was, of course, natural to include us in the documentary. I am happy to report that no-one actually fell until after the camera had been packed up. The programme is to be shown on television at a later date.

It is hoped that we will be able to do some ski-ing on "the real thing" before the end of term and make a soft, if wet landing, rather than on hard plastic matting (the voice of experience).

Our thanks to Mr R. McKenzie for his support and words of sympathy(?) on the ski slope and also to Mr Ian Woodcraft, our instructor, for his commendable perseverance.

SENIOR COMPANY REPORT

Annual Camp was once more a great success at Aultbea where the many varied exercises gave a chance for the skills learnt in the classroom to be put to practical use. Camp was concluded as usual with the competition for the Platoon Cup which was won by No. 1 Platoon under Sgt. Ross and the Bothwell Trophy was awarded to C.S.M. Jones. It was at Camp that we welcomed 2nd/Lt. Hutchison as a new Officer. I am quite certain that his many talents will be of great benefit to the Cadets.

During the summer, a number of cadets attended various Army courses. These were Artillery at Larkhill and Signals and Tank Corps. at Catterick.

On the 13th/14th October, the Company was on exercise at Barry Buddon Training Area where the cadets were tested in basic battlecraft, night orienteering and fieldcraft and physical fitness and initiative over the assault course. No. 1 Platoon sat the final section of their Part 2 Test, Night Patrol, in which all passed.

This year, apart from the usual subjects, the cadets are now being given instruction in signals, unarmed combat and fencing. The Cadets also provided the Guard for the Armistice Service and the Re-dedication of the War Memorial.

Looking forward, there will be two weekends at Buddon next term and a skiing trip organised by 2nd/Lt. Holmes.

I would like to thank all my N.C.O.s for their co-operation in every way. Finally, I would like to thank all the Officers without whose unbounded enthusiasm, advice and help, the cadets could not function. C.S.M. McKean



BAND REPORT

In the school's band competition, held at Merchiston Castle in Edinburgh in July, the band was unlucky not to be placed, but in the individual piping competition, P/Cpl. Martin Reekie was placed 2nd and P/Sgt. Graham Butchart was placed 5th. This is the most successful the school has been for many years in this part of the competition.

At camp, when not having band practices, there were several times when we could see a hydroplane in action, much to the discomfort of a rare sandmartin, the only one known to exist in Scotland.

The band again played this year at Aultbea and at Pool Ewe, and put on two very successful performances.

One of the more amusing moments at camp came when S - - - f (see picture of sandmartin) arrived on lunch parade in his sleeping bag !

"WHAT! ALL THIS FOR
A SONG?"

William Cecil

The reason for some of the band returning from camp a pale shade of orange has no connection with corn flakes eaten at camp.

Our grateful thanks go to Mr MacLeod for the continued help and tremendous amount of work he puts in to make the band a success and to Major Jacuk for his unfailing support.

Band Photographer

Back l. to r. : Mr "Red Spat" Crab, No "Nick" Name, Sgt. Specs, Big S. Bor, Brains, Crufts, R. S. Brown.
Front l. to r. : Mr "Hard Blow", "Look! No Hands", Crawler, Stoomf.
Centre : The Sandmartin.
Photograph : Courtesy of the P.M.



RUGBY 1st XV

Back Row (l to r): Mr W. D. Allardice; A. D. D. Porter; C. A. Lemon; J. M. S. Walton; B. Thomson; G. Robertson; F. M. G. Ferguson; Mr G. C. Stewart.

Front Row (l to r): R. H. A. McKean; D. J. Nicoll; G. D. Butchart; W. A. J. Porter; J. D. Rose; G. R. Dudgeon; A. F. Booth; D. W. T. Dorward; J. A. Henderson.

(Inset): D. Masson.

JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

Once again Camp this year, held at Authea, was a great success with all the boys in the Junior Company who attended enjoying themselves very much. Turn out at Camp was excellent with only 4 of the younger lads unable to attend. Thanks must go to C.S.M. Hain who not only at Camp but all year kept the boys interested and at the peak of efficiency.

This year we started the term with a full scale recruiting drive in which it was compulsory for Form I boys to attend special Cadet exercises held at Tentsmuir and the Sidlaws.

These exercises were designed to give the boys some knowledge of what happens in the Cadets. They also gave the boys a chance to cool down in the last attack in which the main weapons were water bombs.

This turned out to be a great success and the number in the Company is higher than it has been for a few years.

Once again the indoor training was broken by a weekend trip to Buddon where the Cadets put theory into practice, and also experienced their first night exercise. Next day Officers, N.C.O.s and the older boys proceeded to Arbroath where there were two boats waiting to take us fishing. Unfortunately we had forgotten to allow for the tide and were forced to wait two hours for it to rise far enough. Once again we were unfortunate as it was not the expected success, with more boys leaning over the side than fishing. However Lt. Hutchison should receive praise, being the only one to catch a fish.

Thanks must also go to Lt. Holmes and the other officers who have devoted their leisure time for us.

C.S.M. A. Boath

GUIDES

At present we have a full company of Guides but we do not have enough people to help with the Company. The Guides meet on Friday afternoons from 3.10 to 5.00 p.m. If you, or anyone you know, would like to help in any way with the Guides, please contact me at school.

Patricia M. Cowieson,
Guide Guider

SAILING CLUB REPORT

As regards actual sailing, there is little to report. Due to a decision by the School Directors, sailing is no longer permitted in the autumn term. Disappointing though this is, it does leave more time available for much-needed boat maintenance. The Club also has plans (still at the "Don't be ridiculous!" stage) for converting one of the large wooden canoes into a sailing boat, and other plans for converting two more wooden canoes into a catamaran!

Although there has been no sailing since the end of June, much has happened. The club ordered a new mast for the Enterprise last year. In September of this year, after a multitude of letters and telephone calls, the carrier finally admitted to having lost it! The 18ft. alloy mast was loaded on to their lorry in Edinburgh and simply vanished between there and Dundee. If any readers

driving to Edinburgh see something glinting by the roadside . . .

In July, Mr McKenzie attended a course at Loch Eil and, as a result, is now a qualified Sailing Instructor holding the R.Y.A. Sailing Instructor's Certificate. While mentioning the R.Y.A., seasoned sailors will be interested to hear of the R.Y.A.'s new "Method" of instructing beginners to sail. Everything has been simplified. The learner no longer has to struggle to understand such commands as "Harden in the starboard jib-sheet and luff up," or "Bear away until the wind is over the starboard quarter." No longer is he or she expected to believe that there are no ropes on a boat, only sheets, painters, halliards, out-hauls, down-hauls and so on.

According to the R.Y.A. "Method" evolved this year after much research, the learner now sits in the dinghy and is told to "Let go of that rope and you'll see the little sail flap," or "Pull that stick-thing towards you and the front of the boat will turn the other way." The idea is that handling the boat comes first and the beginner appreciates the pleasures of sailing without having to master a mass of technical details, although these do come in their turn.

We look forward to the new season next year with eager anticipation, hoping to enjoy ourselves and to introduce new members into one of the finest sports available.

Our thanks go to Mr McKenzie and Mrs Kinloch for their help without which the Sailing Club could not function. Also we must thank the 83rd A.Y.T. for their invaluable help in transporting the boats to and from Forfar.

GUIDE REPORT

So far 1973 has been a very successful and enjoyable year. In the summer the guides enjoyed a week under canvas in Glen Esk, when we sadly bade farewell to Miss Mills who has given invaluable help to the Guides, and we all thank her very much. We are very glad to have the services of Mrs Greensmith who has joined us this term, especially with seven new Guides in the Company.

In November the Armistice Service took place at which Catriona Allardice carried the wreath.

Christmas is also in our minds as we hope to hold a party for thirty-two five year old children who are less fortunate than ourselves, while soft toys are being made for our stall at the Christmas Fayre. With all these projects 1973 has proved to be a very busy year and we would like to thank Miss Cowieson and Miss M. Clark for their work and assistance. K.L.

JUNIOR CHOIR REPORT

This year the Junior Choir numbers have been strengthened by the addition of several girls from Form 1. Now, after much reorganisation, the Choir is finally settled and we are at present preparing our new Christmas programme. On Sunday, 16th December, we are to sing at the School Carol Service in St. Mary's and on the same date we are to sing at Ryehill Church in the evening.

We would all like to thank Mrs Elder for giving up her valuable time for us on Fridays. Although working under difficulties, she has still managed to give us her invaluable help and advice.

A.C. and A.S.

SIXTH YEAR CHOIR REPORT

The choir will definitely be performing during the Festive Season as expected. The programme has not been decided but old favourites such as Jinglebells are sure to be included. Plans are well under way to arrange the removal of a piano from a singing room to the steps but further help will be welcome. It is hoped that Cryptkicker 10 will also be appearing. A special invitation will be extended however to the Laughing Gnome, but the Choir wishes to emphasise that all are welcome to hear the Choir this Christmas.

Form 6

THE FAMOUS FIVE REPORT

This new club was formed to cater for those with extra-curricular activities. Members include a leading professional golfer, a well-known American singer, a football tactician, a self-conscious chess champion, and a professor of science (etc.).

Meetings are held on Saturday evenings and if you can track us down you are welcome to join. Activities include long-distance running, song composition, talent spotting contests, and excursions. Club fees are minimal but members should be prepared for high overheads.

E. Blyton (and friends)

SIXTH YEAR COMMITTEE REPORT

Like last year's committee we have set out to establish a closer working relationship between Form 6 pupils and the Staff and we think we can honestly say we are succeeding in this aim.

Our first duties involved the general improving of our common rooms and a fund was started to make the Boys' School common room even more comfortable than it is now. Unfortunately due to unforeseen circumstances, namely the high price of comfort, our plans have not yet materialised. However it should not be long before **everyone** can sleep comfortably in the common room! Anyway we make up for the lack of comfort with the superb decoration of the walls, and for this we have to thank most of the boys for bringing in posters and also some of the more talented ones whose artistic ability has helped make the common room a real fun place to be in.

Here it is necessary for us to thank and offer condolences to Mr Steele and Mr Stevenson whose musical tastes differ slightly from us in variety and volume. Perhaps someday their patience will be rewarded with a Form 6 who like to play chess at break and lunchtime!

Talking of fun places it is the job of Form 6 this year to run Santa's Grotto at the Christmas Fayre and plans and practising are well under way for this. It is now not an uncommon sight to see a strapping Form 6 lad ask the equally strapping classmate on his knee what he wants for Christmas and if he has been a good little boy! Connected with the Fayre are of course the Christmas Parcels and as usual Form 6 will be heavily involved in this very worthwhile cause.

We have several more important enterprises on hand at the moment including providing the entertainment at the School Dance and helping run the Form 6 Coffee Mornings, and also a few more interesting surprises up our sleeves.

Mainly what we want to do is to help make Form 6 a valuable part of the school and an exciting experience for its members. The only way to follow that statement is with the statement that has become our motto — “ You know it makes sense ”.

G.B.S.

STAFF APPRECIATION SOCIETY REPORT

Now in its second year, the Society continues to flourish. In case there are any who are unaware of the Society's activities, our aim is to render to our staff the full appreciation due to them.

In this year, appreciation has so far been high and there has been an overwhelming response from the staff. Appreciation has been particularly good for the Mathematics department (surely one of the finest in this noble establishment!) and the Science and the classic Classics departments have also been appreciated, while the situation Historywise has been particularly promising.

It was with regret that the Society, after only one year of existence, saw the loss of the dear departed L.B.R., vice-president and one of the cornerstones of the Society. However, membership is now higher than ever before. We wish to stress that the fact that over 66% of our members have been appointed prefects has **no connection whatsoever** with their membership of the Society.

Finally, for those interested in joining, meetings take place every weekday between 9.00 a.m. and 3.55 p.m. in most classrooms throughout the school.

W.C.G.I.
F.R.D.L.
F.G.M.F.

The Annual, Yearly, Bi-Monthly
(Full Moons Also)
Report of

THE TOMMY TRAYNOR OFFICIAL FAN CLUB

(Established Yesterday Lunchtime)
Membership can be obtained by sending a £10 postal order to :

Tommy
c/o Flash Harry's (the barbers)
any time after 8.

Introduction

Tommy—a man in a million—winger extraordinary, known to his close friends as ‘ Spike ’ because of his unique hair-style which has already been setting the pace for years.

What People Say About T.T.

A genuine survey, taking in co-ordination with the Auchtermuchty Farming Review and the British Medical Journal. We asked the average man in the street “ What he thought of Tommy ”.

Interviewees :

- No. 1. Blank look.
2. Brilliant !
3. Censored (Dundee supporter).
4. Who's she ?
5. Is it infectious ?
6. He's a man's man (Jocky Scott !!)
7. Unpublishable (Mutley)
8. I like his 1 - 2's.

What Famous People said about Spike

Aristotle Onnassis — Nothing.
Shakespeare — A spike, a spike, my kingdom for a spike.
William Pitt (the famous P.M.) — Nothing.

Mrs Traynor — Nothing.
Flash Harry (his barber) — He's not so much a customer as a contract.
Betty Dago — Mmm. Ecstatically super sexy.

Tommy — Remembered by Betty Dago

Betty I remember in the old days
Tommy did a really fine act.

Interviewer Did he sing and dance ?
Betty Oh no, no. He sold ice cream at the London Palladium.

Interviewer Was he any good ?
Betty They called him, I remember, in big lights it were — “ Pop corn, candy bars, ice cream sold by your favourite host — Tommy “ Legs ” Traynor.” He was a **one** — our Tommy.

Late News

The First Annual General Meeting was held yesterday in the Common Room. It was well attended. The membership roll has now increased unbelievably since Tommy had his first shot of the season against Falkirk.

The membership is as follows :—

Hon. Pres. : Tommy Traynor
Chairman : Humphrey Bandersnatch
Committee : Spiv, Jim Whizz, Schultz,
F.B.I., Flash Harry, Betty Dago, Hilda Gronk
(Sgd.) Flash Harry,

Secretary.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

This year the School teams have had a good start to the season. The "Sunday Times" team has reached Round 3 of the competition, getting a bye in Round 1 and winning fairly convincingly in Round 2, despite the absence of two first team players.

In the Adult League the team has reached Round 2 of the Knock-out Competition, and in the League itself has played well so far.

A team is also entered for the "Scotsman Trophy" although no matches have been played as yet.

The younger teams are also doing well this season, and a team of Junior School players, playing in an Edinburgh Jamboree, was unlucky not to finish higher than its position of second equal.

The Club is continuing in its attempts to create more interest in the game among the lower forms and with the help of a few members of Form 6, is running a Friday 9 class for Form 1.

Last year the Beckingham Trophy was won by Timothy Walsh, and the Russell Trophy by Scott Carnegie. Judith Hanslip won the Girls' Trophy.

Our thanks must go to Mrs Bartlett for her good work with the Junior School members of the Club, to the girls who help with the catering at home games and, of course, to Mrs Elder for her continuing help in the running of the Club.

Fred Ferguson

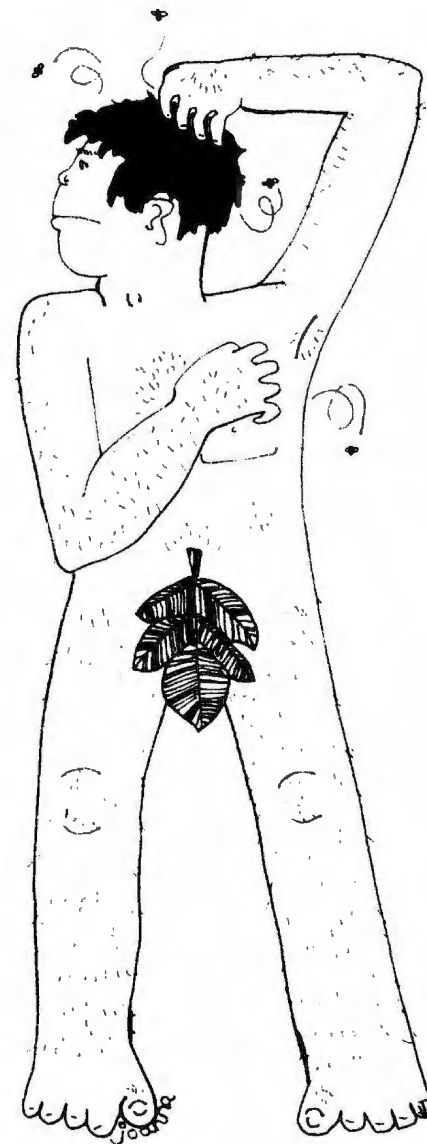
THE ORCHESTRA

Under Mr Lothian's expert tuition, the orchestra has made further progress this term. What we perhaps lack in numbers at the present is undoubtedly made up for by the enthusiasm of the players. We took part in the Rededication Service and are now preparing for the Christmas Service at which we will perform several items. We would all like to thank Mr Lothian for helping and encouraging us and we look forward to starting again next term.

SENIOR CHOIR REPORT

The Senior Choir is in the midst of preparations for its usual busy Christmas season. We are looking forward to singing at many carol concerts and services, including a service for the "Dundee Brotherhood" on December 9th, the carol service on the afternoon of Sunday 16th, and a service in Ryehill Church on the same evening. On Wednesday 19th we shall be singing for the old people of Pine Grove and then at Fernbrae Nursing Home. We are enjoying this term's work greatly and under the expert guidance of Mr T. E. Porteous, the choir has attained its usual high standard.

M.O.



"Eles"

Adam
Had'em.

The Flight of the Heron

It was a sodden, grey sort of morning, the clouds knitted together in an obstinate woolly thickness. The trees drooped glumly, now shedding their leaves, for it was late November, and bitterly cold. It was marvellous living in the country at that time (well to Lucinda it was). She loved to dress up warmly and run out to play in the leaves. Lucinda was a happy, carefree girl, with a comforting mother and a strong, wise father. She had no brothers or sisters, but she found plenty to amuse herself with in the country. The house which they lived in was a large, stone mansion, almost like a castle it was so large. It was the only sign of civilisation for miles in the wild, beautiful countryside.

This tale takes place round about 1850, and it **really** starts when a bird's cry is heard in the distance . . .

Lucinda was bored, though for the first time in months. Now the leaves were no longer crackly, it was raining, and everything was damp.

She sat in the huge velvety window seat and stared miserably out of the window. Suddenly she heard the sharp cry of a bird, a heron, as it made its way, beating its wings, towards the house. It settled on the turret, its magnificent head turned up towards the sky. The heron uttered three sharp cries, and beating its

wings once more, hovered again into the distance beyond the hills. Lucinda pondered this for a while, thinking what a majestic bird it was . . .

Next morning, when Lucinda awoke, the maid was in her bedroom, cleaning out the grate. Her shoulders were heaving, and the large tears that ran down her plump cheeks were not doing much to help the lighting of the fire.

"What's the matter, Jane?" queried Lucinda. "Why are you crying? Is it to do with your family?"

"No . . . it's the master."

"My father! Are you sacked, Jane? Has he been unjust to you?"

"No, no! He . . . he's ill." Then the words came pouring out. "They say he'll not live to see the end of the week, miss! He's terrible, awful ill!" Then she sat back on her heels and covering her face, burst into loud sobs.

"Jane . . . but only yesterday he was well! What is wrong?"

When Lucinda was summoned to breakfast, her mother was sitting at the table, her face pale and drawn. She was nibbling bread, obviously making no attempt to swallow much. Lucinda, finding no reason for conversation, continued her meal in silence.

Then she burst out, "Mother, what is wrong with father?"

"I do not know. The doctors seem to think a sort of heart attack, but as you know your father takes things easily, and has always been perfectly healthy."

After breakfast, Lucinda went to see her father. His hands were blue, and his face was pinched and white, and a look of pain was over him. His fists were clenched, his nails digging into the palms. She knelt down beside him and grasped his hand. Still he was unconscious.

That night, as she was doing her embroidery by the window, the heron flew over again and once more uttered three cries, and was gone. All day a thought had nagged at Lucinda's mind, why did the bird come, and why had he returned? Why? Was it a coincidence, or for some reason. She thought of her father, lying numb and ill and her heart ached for him.

About midnight, Lucinda awoke. Someone was going down the stairs—Lucinda froze in terror. Who would come here? Should she get up and investigate? Never! She pulled the blankets about her, but she had an awful tempting curiosity. So, she heaved back out of bed and pulled her gown about her. Lucinda tiptoed out onto the landing. Suddenly she started . . . a black shadow was on the wall! She resisted the temptation to return to bed and leant over the bannister. She could see nothing, so she slunk down the stairs hesitatingly onto the landing. The black shadow shot down the stairs and disappeared.

The following day when Lucinda awoke she went straight to the study, by some sort of instinct, like something pulling her there.

When she arrived, with a shock, she realised that the family heirloom was missing together with some valuable ornaments and jewellery. She thought, suddenly, that this must be due to the black shadow on the stair. The handle of the door turned and Lucinda's mother came in.

"Your father is growing worse. He is now fevered more so than yesterday. What are you doing here, child?"

Lucinda shivered, and pointed to the space where the cups, ornaments and jewellery had been. "It must have been easy for them, Mother."

Mother burst into tears. "Why did it have to happen now!" She went back to her bedroom where she remained resting for the rest of the morning. That afternoon she saw the heron again.

He flew to the turret, but this time a tiny white bird flew down and attacked him, but the heron beat her off and she retreated into the bushes. The heron cried three times, and flew into the hills, craning his neck to the sinking sun.

When mother had gone to bed, and father had been cared for, Lucinda decided to have a prowl around to see if she could find any clues or trapdoors that would lead to the exposure of the black shadow or the sinister heron.

Perhaps it was only Lucinda's vivid imagination at work, but three times for a heron to appear was too much of a coincidence. She was convinced that the beautiful heron had something to do with her father's illness and the robbery. Suddenly Lucinda came to a halt. Each time the heron had come, bad luck had struck the family, and the heron had come within the last hour . . .

Lucinda strolled down the corridor and ran nimbly down the stairs. Suddenly a hand was cupped over her mouth, and a hanky full of chloroform was put to her face. She breathed it in and collapsed . . .

When Lucinda came to, she was in a cold, moist cellar. Her head ached and her heart was thumping wildly. Where was she? Not kidnapped! She came to the conclusion that she was. The trouble was, how to **cease** being kidnapped. She tried the door. Obviously no escape there.

It looked as she would just have to stay there until someone came for her. Lucinda sat down on an old box and began to think over the incidents of the previous days. Was not there **anything** she could do to save her father, or bring the thief to light? There was a hint that the thief and the kidnapper were the same person . . . or could the coincidence of the heron have something to do with the whole business? Lucinda was just a muddled, bewildered teenager — what could she do about it?

Suddenly the bolt lifted from the other side of the door. Lucinda looked up from her thoughts. Framed in the door was a shadow . . .

Surely it couldn't be . . . it was impossible! Lucinda shook her head and blinked her eyes. When she opened them it was gone . . . and a piece of parchment was lying crumpled, in front of the sturdy wooden door. Lucinda crossed the room and picked it up. A key fell out . . . Lucinda, startled, fitted the key to the door, and it slid open. She slipped down the stairs, and out through the door. Then she stopped short — **THE HERON WAS SITTING PERCHED ON THE WALL!!!**

Lucinda ran . . . and ran, until she flopped down by the roadside.

When she awoke again she found herself in her bedroom, her mother was sitting by her.

"Did you go for a walk outside, dear? It was quite silly to rest on the doorstep!" stated her mother. "We've had quite enough bother for a week!"

"Er . . . yes, Mother." Her memory had gone! She couldn't remember anything! Where had she been? What had she been doing? Why had she been on the doorstep?

Lucinda slept, thoroughly exhausted. She must have been sleeping lightly, for when the clock struck midnight, she awoke. Throwing back the covers, she went over to the window. Everything was pitch black, and the moon was travelling through seas of clouds. Then from behind the moon drifted the heron, and came to a standstill on the turret. But before he could utter the three cries, the tiny white bird fluttered round, and hovered behind him, ready to attack. So there, in the moonlight, the huge heron and the tiny snow bird fought to kill. They jabbed each other with their beaks, they pulled each other's feathers, they bit each other viciously.

The little snow bird was beginning to droop, but the heron was dragging one wing. The little snow bird gathering all its strength, flew at it, and the heron fell . . .

The next day, Lucinda's father showed signs of improvement, and the family valuables were discovered . . . Was it Lucinda's imagination? Or was it that the flight of the heron was over . . .?

That question still remains —

Jennifer Mottashaw

My Family and Other Animals

Perhaps I had better introduce you to my family.

First, there is my father; a pipe-smoking, trout-fishing man with a bald patch on his head which he keeps constantly covered with a tweed hat with a chunk out of the brim (which I will explain later) to prevent it getting sun burned.

Then there is my mother; a kindly woman but one who has a tendency to ask out of place questions in moments of crisis; for example, when the car broke down after church on Sunday my father had to get out and fix it, and when he got back in soaking wet and covered in oil my mother asked him "Would you like a sweet?"

Then come my three sisters. My elder sister is critical about everything, my younger sister has a maternal instinct towards all fluffy, furry, crawling, flea-covered beasts. This you may think good but when she gets her bedroom full of fleas things are going too far.

Last but not least there is my little sister, who fancies herself as a singing star and who always feels she is going to be murdered in her sleep. Many a time I have heard her say in bed, "I know you are there so if you are going to kill me please do it painlessly!"

Now there is the matter of the other animals in my life. Over the few years I have been living I have had a fair number of beasts as pets. In the beginning there was a small black poodle who answered the name "Dog" but whose name was "Max". Max was a lovable little creature but unfortunately his life ended when he was shot by a farmer for being chased down a field by twenty-odd sheep — although the farmer insisted that it was vice-versa.

My family, for some reason or other, appears to have a magnetic attraction towards distant relatives who come to stay and bring their pets and then leave and leave their pets. One such animal was an Irish setter puppy who when still a pup equalled a Great Dane in size. This dog was called "Rab" which I am certain was meant to stand for "rabide". Rab was mad. At times he was quite pleasant but then he would see fairies under his nose and he would go into a spasm of madness which sometimes lasted for a couple of days. These were times when he would try to take the largest piece of furniture he could find out of the house and bury it in the garden. Another fault of Rab's was that he liked to chew clothes. This you might say is quite natural for a pup; well when the dog tries to chew clothes while someone is still wearing them things go a bit

far. One such instance was when my father was sitting at the table eating his dinner when suddenly the dog put his forepaws on the table and took a bite out of my father's hat which, as I explained before, was worn constantly even in the house, to stop his bald patch getting sun-burned. The hat was a tweed one used for holding flies, like all good fishermen; and in the chunk that Rab took there were two Greenwells and a Black Spider. Swallowing these barbed little beasties made Rab even madder. In fact he got so mad that we ended up putting his food on a table and giving him a stool to stand on because if anyone had tried putting his food on the floor he would have had their hand off before the person could pull it away. On the last day of his life Rab was chasing one of the mice, my mother was too kind-hearted to throw out, along the mantel-piece when he looked in the mirror and was so startled that he fell off and was mortally wounded. At first we thought he was dead but he managed to emit a groan so we knew he was still there. In fact he held on for three hours till my father came home who, when he saw what had happened, knelt by the dog and stroked him saying "Poor dog, but I suppose it is for the best." Rab whimpered and lifted his head and with one last effort bit my father's hand. His head then fell back and he died.

There was a time when my mother's second cousin twice removed's aunt's sister-in-law came to stay and she brought or thought she had brought a cat. The truth was that she never had a cat. However her "cat" was called Wellington Punch. This woman, whom nobody had

ever heard off except my mother, regularly put a tin of meat out on the door step for Punch. Every morning the meat was gone which convinced her that although she never saw the cat it really existed. In the end the dog we had at that time who was a peaceable daschund, died of exhaustion through trying to carry 9 stone of daschund around. He became this incredible weight through eating a year's supply of catfood kindly supplied by this queer relative.

My younger sister, the one who likes fluffy little beasties, had a go at civilising the mice in the house. She was not sure whether or not she was successful for when she had some friends round for tea she laid little bits of cheese on little plates on the kitchen floor so that they would not go into the room where the other girls were because they might frighten them.

Don't laugh at the eccentricities of members of my family both close and distant for they are quite true. To tell the truth I am sure that when I go upstairs to bed there is a troop of monkeys following me. Perhaps one day I will pluck up enough courage to turn round and face them; but what would I do then ?

Michael Orr

Harvest Home

The Girl Guides had volunteered to decorate the church for the Harvest Home, as a good turn, and that was why, one Saturday night in early October, the picturesque 17th century church of the country village of Kinaber by the Sea overflowed with eager Guides in uniform with a few of the ladies of the Church Woman's Guild to see there was no nonsense. In the quiet nave a great heap of late roses, dahlias, chrysanthemums, marigolds, sweet peas, ferns, branches of berried foliage and a sheaf of corn lay on a layer of newspapers, and girls were liberally helping themselves to these with which to adorn all parts of the church.

By the great glorious stained-glass window through whose jewel-bright panes a thousand autumn sun-rays gleamed, casting pools of yellow light onto the worn stoneflags beneath, two girls worked happily, arranging a giant vase of brilliant autumn leaves and flowers, and occasionally peering through the windows to where the springy turf grew fresh and green on the cliff-top, and carefree gulls wheeled against the blue eternity of Indian Summer above.

A tall, middle-aged woman whose patient, kindly face was framed by crisp snow-white hair hurried up with a bunch of sweet-smelling red roses and silky, white-fringed old man's beard.

"How are you getting on, girls ? Could you do these ones on the font when you've finished ? You could ? Oh, super ! Thanks awfully," she said, her sad eyes lighting up with gratitude. "**Such** a lot to do," she muttered, as if in apology, as she walked away.

"Do you know," said Janet, the smaller of the two Guides, looking thoughtfully after her, "I think Mrs Lyon's a dear. She isn't a bit fussy or nosy, like the others, and she's always patient. I don't like the way some of the Guides call her 'Sea-Lyon'."

"Yes, isn't it a pity her son was drowned. She always looks so sad. He was all she had left, since her husband died," replied Jean, the taller Guide.

When they had finished the arrangement they were doing, the girls and all the workers were surprised to hear a distant growl of thunder. Great heaped up cumulus of clouds, grey and ominous on the horizon of the sea, were gathering and a west wind, growing stronger every minute, was teasing and ruffling the serene gulls. Down in the bay, where a cluster of white cottages nestled against the rocky beach, myriad little figures gesticulated anxiously. The fishing-fleet, the sole industry and livelihood of the village, had been gone almost a week, and slowly a wave of fear had swept over the women and children left at home. Now, when the unaccustomed fine weather had shown signs of breaking, the former uneasiness had given place deep-rooted consternation. This, the inmates of the church saw at a glance, and a new spirit of unrest filtered through the peaceful sanctuary, and lasted until 4 o'clock, when everyone decided their work was done. When the storm broke at about 2.30, and a raging gale and torrent of rain beat upon the windows, and the sea broke into a mass of heaving turbulence, everyone knew it was the worst storm ever seen in many years, and that the phenomenon had been due

a long time after the prolonged spell of Indian Summer.

At ten past four everybody was putting the finishing touches to the glorious decorations, and the heap of foliage in the nave had dwindled considerably. Then they all explored the church from end to end, and even Miss Pringle, the president of the aforesaid "fussy and nosy" Woman's Guild (which description, incidentally, was an injustice), and was the fussiest, most long-nosed spinster of them all, had to declare herself satisfied. In the vestibule was an arrangement of bright Chinese lanterns and beech leaves, and then all down the church, in the leaded window-sills, there were tiny jugs of marigolds, sweet-peas, and fuschia. The alcove where the choir sat was surrounded by tall vases of chrysanthemums and dahlias, and in the great window were Janet and Jean's lovely flowers. Against the Communion Table sat the symbol of a Good Harvest — the sheaf of corn, and round the pulpit was a perfect barrage of golden straw intertwined with ripe berries, small flowers, and autumn leaves. A long table against the wall bore offerings from the village: marrows, cabbages, kail, rosy apples, beans with their long leaves still on them, plums and jam whose glowing colours caught the light. Another table was ready for the gifts of the Sunday School on the following day and, final touch, the low marblefront held the red roses and old man's beard. When all the scraps and stalls were brushed up, the church was ready, and everyone went out in the gathering darkness.

The wind outside was cruel and battering, and there was great difficulty in

keeping one's feet. The icy rain soaked through the light clothes everyone wore, and strange to tell, the lightning, which had survived in spite of the high gale, flashed blindingly every few minutes. The sea, a chilling prospect, tossed wildly in the fading light. It was with sinking hearts, for everyone had at least one relation out at sea, that they reached the bottom of Church Hill. As they watched, the sun sank down over the horizon in a blazing autumn glory of scarlet and vermilion. The tall windows of the church were bright gold, for the sun's lingering shafts shone straight through them. Against the storm-chased sky, the old grey church with its battlemented steeple was almost frightening.

All through that wild night, when the gale felled trees and blew off chimney stacks, and the hungry sea almost crept up as far as the village, the despair felt in each and every house was indeed black and terrible, and as soon as the faint light of dawn appeared above the raging sea, everyone assembled patiently and resignedly on the beach — waiting, waiting for the distant sight of wooden fishing boats which for the past few days, after the usual three days fishing away which the local fishermen were accustomed to, had been a hopeless one. No boat could have survived in the previous night's storm — they had been too far out to go to another port. This morning, though the rain had ceased, the wind still shrieked angrily round the house-eaves, and everyone wore thick coats or waterproof cloaks. Mr Maclaine, the minister, whose brother and only son were out with the fleet, was on the beach, a constant sympathiser and encourager,

and about 10 o'clock he persuaded everyone to come to church.

"To keep your spirits up," he said cheerfully, "and we mustn't let those lovely decorations go to waste. Come on, do!"

Unwillingly, everyone struggled up Church Hill, just as they were, in sodden old overcoats and muddy gum boots, the Sunday School children carrying flowers, fruit and jam wrapped up anyhow in brown paper. The beautifully-decorated church seemed cheap and out of place now that their thoughts were on the tragedy almost certain in everybody's hearts, but the opening hymn, "We plough the fields and scatter" was sung if not sincerely, at least musically. The reading was about the sheep in autumn-time coming home to his mother, and with the "Harvest safely in" bit emphasised.

"In the autumn of time," began the minister, after the hymn before the sermon, "When the prodigal returneth to his own, the lost sheep to the fold, the harvest is safely in, and the beauty of autumn in trees and flowers is apparent to everyone; we must praise God in thankfulness for our good fortune." The rest of the sermon following was part of Stevenson's hopeful epitaph, incorporated in it the beautiful lines "Home is the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill." In spite of themselves, everyone became a little less miserable. Their interest was caught, for although the coincidence Mr Maclaine had brought about when he had written his sermon a few days previously was quite an accident, his congregation knew that it was "meant". As they stood up to sing the final hymn, little Johnny

Bridges, whose position with the Sunday School enabled him to see through the window down to the Village Bay, pointed and shrieked. "Look, Look!" cried Johnny, dropping his barley sugars out of his mouth in his excitement. Mrs Lyon, the Sunday School teacher whose Naval son had been drowned, frowned at his pointing finger — then gasped. Struggling ever-nearer to shore was a broken-down, stove-in, battered fleet of fishing boats that no-one had noticed because they were all in church. The minister leapt out of the pulpit and made for the door. Such a thing had never, in all the history of Kinaber Church, **never** happened before for, as one, the congregation ran joyously out in the middle of the service and streamed down the hill behind the minister.

Only sad-eyed Mrs Lyon loitered. She had no one to greet.

Half-an-hour later the overjoyed people were reunited with their loved ones, for not one boat was missing. Nobody saw Mrs Lyon suddenly stare as if she could not trust her eyes. Nobody saw her run into the arms of a tall, bronzed young sailor not seen in the village for over a year. They were too busy with their own happiness. For a while everyone was so grateful and relieved that their men were home that no explanations were needed. Then Duncan McAndrew, generally recognised as captain of the fishing fleet, ventured a few words. "We thought we were done for when the storm came up. A dirty one it was — the worst I've seen in my life. We managed to keep together, and by some miracle we sighted the Orkneys and got in there double quick. I thought we were nearer Iceland,

but we sheltered in a wee bay all yesterday and the day before. It was raining hailstones then, fit to have us battered to death. We knew you'd be worried, us being away so long, so we got back here as soon as we could. Some of the boats are pretty near wrecks — but we've got a record catch of fish!"

"I'll fish you, you old rascal!" said his wife caustically, hiding her relief under a veneer of sarcasm. "We just about had fits back here, thinking you folk were all lost, and you come home, your only excuse that you've got a pile of stinking fish." But she wiped her eyes on her apron nevertheless.

Then someone saw Mrs Lyon's guest. A great shout went up. "Kit! Kit Lyon! You're not drowned?" It was difficult to adjust one's ideas and see, there before you in the flesh, the missing son of Mrs Lyon home after almost a year and a half. Kit explained after a while that he had been lost overboard near Cyprus and, contrary to the suppositions of everyone, including his fellow sailors, had been washed ashore on a rocky islet near the coast, inhabited only by a crusty old shepherd who understood not a word of English, and whose large flock of sheep annoyed him continually with their meaningless bleatings. For a time he was too ill to care about getting home; a head wound received on the island rocks prevented clear thinking on his part for some time. But the old shepherd nursed him faithfully, and fully three months after the incident he was well again. However it was not for some time that a boat arrived with the shepherd's provisions. His troubles were not over yet, for when at last he reached Cyprus and

trekked the weary miles to the capital city, the government officials refused to let him leave as he had no passport or belongings and had entered the country in what they termed "an underhand" way. Kit was helpless at this tangle, as he knew no Turkish or Greek. Eventually a benevolent American ambassador who was also a very clever lawyer stepped in and Kit was supplied with money and a passport. He had then left on the first plane for London after spending a few weeks recovering his still-shaky health at the home of the ambassador. His money had run out in London but a temporary job as secretary in a shipping office had remedied that. He had hired a boat at Leith, Edinburgh, and come straight round to Kinaber, missing the storm by a matter of hours, and arriving by a strange twist of fate, at the same time as the lost fleet. No, he had not sent word because he wanted to be a surprise.

At the end of this strange tale Mr MacLaine said that they must surely thank Providence for being so kind to them all, and with one accord everyone knelt on the damp sand, with the drizzle of rain damp on their shoulders, while the minister prayed with deep emotion in his voice.

"My goodness, what an odd Harvest Home this has been!" remarked Mrs MacLaine sincerely at the end.

But the look that Mrs Lyon gave her son as he joined her in the pew the following Sunday was, the congregation felt, almost a forfeit for the long hours of terrible worry the previous week.

Harvest, they felt, was truly home.

A.A.M.S., F.II

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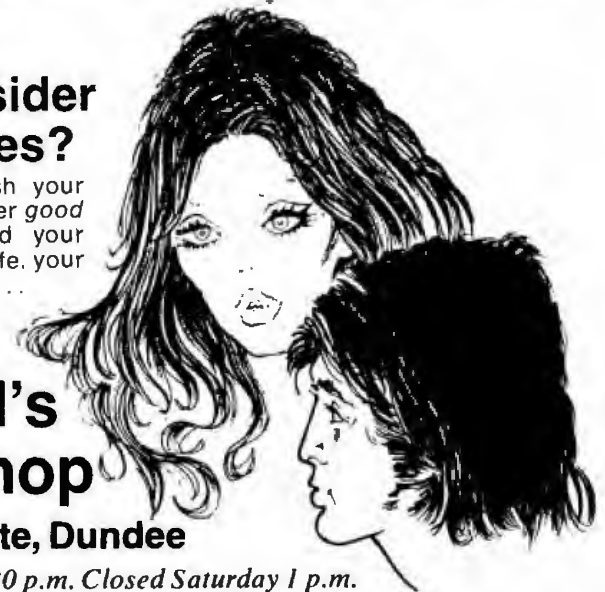
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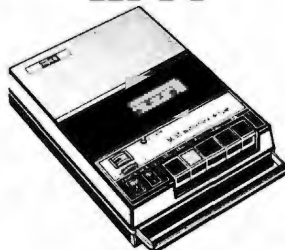
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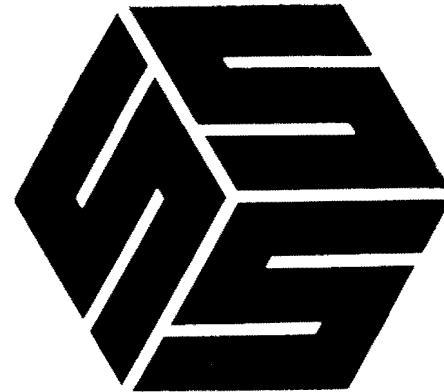
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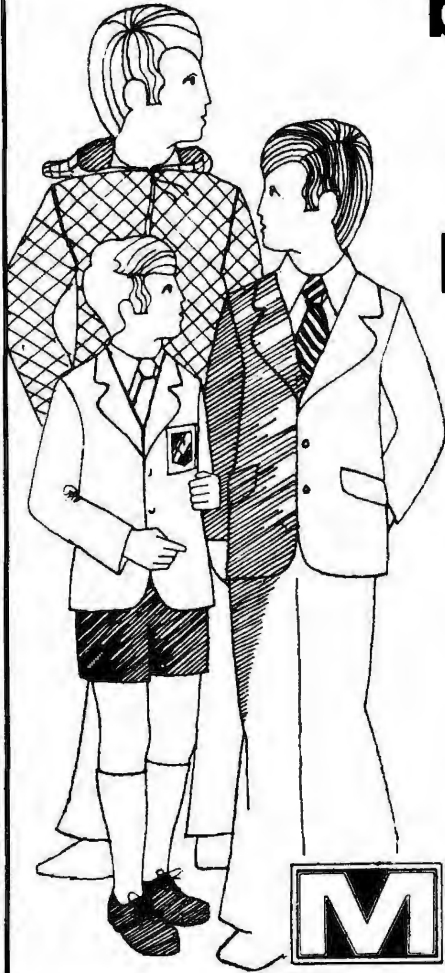
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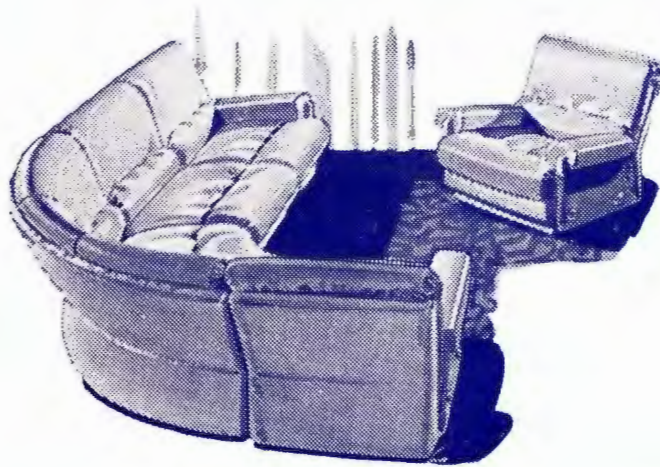
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