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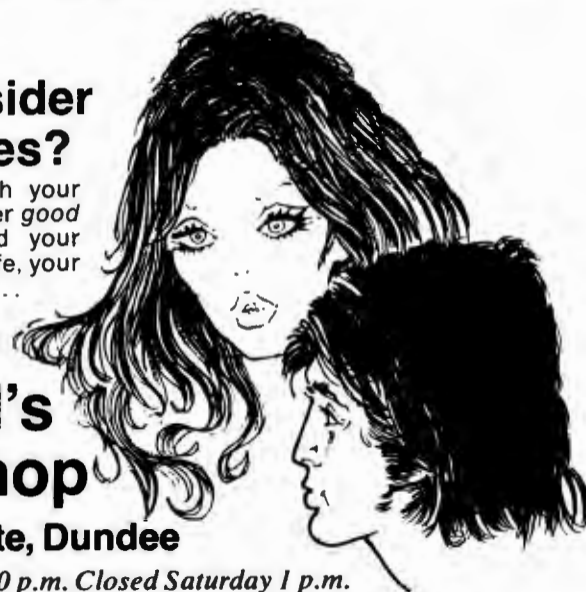
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High School of Dundee

MAGAZINE

No. 156

JUNE 1974

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

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Once again we have a new cover for the magazine. This time it was designed by a pupil, Anne George, FIV, who won a competition open to the whole of the senior school. This proved to be very successful and there were very many good entries — I would like to take this opportunity of thanking and congratulating all who entered — in particular the winner. I hope that this particular event will prove to be the pattern for future years and that school magazine covers will always be designed by a pupil of the school. Although our magazine may look different on the outside, inside there are just as many good articles as before — if not more ! However, despite the quality of contributions we have received this year, we would still like more people to contribute — in particular we would welcome in future more articles from fifth and sixth formers. The school magazine is a place where we can air our views — a platform from which to broadcast our opinions to the world (albeit a very limited part of the world). Many prominent people did their first writing for school magazines and if it had not been for the existence of such a vital part of any school, the world would have been a poorer place since such people might never have discovered their great talents. This school magazine is ready and willing to discover any new talents. Everyone seems to make it a habit to continually complain nowadays — but none of these complaints or criticisms ever seem to reach us in the magazine committee. And we do welcome constructive criticism or revolutionary points of view. Any comments that are made about the magazine being reactionary or old-fashioned are entirely the fault of those who make them. What you don't give to us, we cannot print ! Nevertheless I do think this magazine has many new features which will be welcomed by all. I must in particular draw your attention to the Editorial Committee photograph — this is to prove that we do exist and that the names which appear on the first page do have actual identities. I would like to thank everyone who has contributed to the magazine for their continual support and encouragement — and in particular a very sincere vote of thanks to Mr Fyall who does so much work for the magazine in so many different ways. Finally I would like to say how much I have enjoyed my work on the Magazine Committee and to hope that the school magazine will continue to flourish in every way.

THE EDITOR



News and Notes

News of Staff

There are several changes of staff to report. At the end of March we said goodbye to :

Miss Dorothy Dobson on her appointment to the Physical Education Department of Dundee University. She has, for the last seven years, tackled and organised a vast programme of physical education activities. Her face has become very familiar in the pages of the magazine as she has stood beside the numerous hockey and athletic teams, having coached them to glory. Although not a native of Dundee she has become a very familiar figure in all local fields of sport and has undertaken a great deal of extra-curricular work for which everyone has been truly grateful. In addition Miss Dobson was Form Mistress of Form I Girls and brought to this work the enthusiasm and understanding she brought to everything else. We wish her every success and happiness in her future career.

Mr George McIntosh on his appointment as Principal Teacher of Physics at Waid Academy, Anstruther. Mr McIntosh has given splendid service to the Physics Department and to the school. Before he left he was able to complete the Tannoy system with its obvious usefulness and efficiency. He also looked after Table Tennis and the Radio Club and

helped the Physical Education Department. As Form Master of Form IV Boys he brought sympathy and efficiency to his work. We wish to himself, his wife and family every success and happiness in the future.

Mrs Margaret Craig has left the Homecraft Department and we thank her for her work in the school and wish herself and her husband every success and happiness in the future.

Miss Frances Birrell leaves the English Department at the end of the session. During her relatively short stay she has given capable and conscientious service to the English Department and helped the School in many other ways. The Games Department will miss her help on Thursday afternoons and Saturday mornings. In addition she has given valuable help with the School Magazine. We wish her every happiness and success in the future.

Mr Ronald Hendry leaves the Junior Department to take up an appointment with the Dundee Corporation. We thank him for his work in the school and our good wishes for the future go with him.

Mrs McDonald of the History Department has also left us during the session. She has given diligent and capable service to the History Department and the school; in particular her help in the Games Department has been much appreciated.

We congratulate Mr J. M. McIntosh on his appointment as Principal Teacher of Economics at Rockwell High School.

Throughout the session we have been joined by the following members of staff who are now well established in the life of the school : Mr Rouse (Technical Subjects); Mr Allen (Physics); Miss Lyle (Physical Education); and Mrs Hepplewhite (Homecraft).

We look forward to welcoming the following members of staff at the beginning of the new session : Miss Cathro (English); Mr Rose (History); Mrs Hart (Economics); Miss Henderson (Physical Education); and Mr Wilmore (Modern Languages).

News of Pupils

The pupils continue to excel in many fields of activity : the Reports section of the Magazine shows that the various teams and organisations continue to flourish. Detailed information can be found there but a few names can be mentioned here :

We congratulate the following Sixth Form pupils on their success in the Oxford and Cambridge Entrance Examinations.

Ross MacDonald won a scholarship for Balliol; also in Oxford Colleges places

were won by Calum Paton (Hertford); Fred Ferguson (University); David Soutar (University); Ian Weir (St. Catherine); Sarah Boase (St. Hugh). Pamela Swanney won a place in Girton College, Cambridge. In addition Ian Weir was 1st in the Edinburgh and Glasgow University Bursaries.

In the **Sunday Times Chess Tournament**, the School team was successful in Zone 1. The team was Judith Hanslip, Fred Ferguson, Timothy Walsh, Gordon Robertson, James Dick and John Hargreaves.

John Hargreaves, Lesley Tait, Scott Carnegie and Andrew Blackburn are doing well in Division 4.

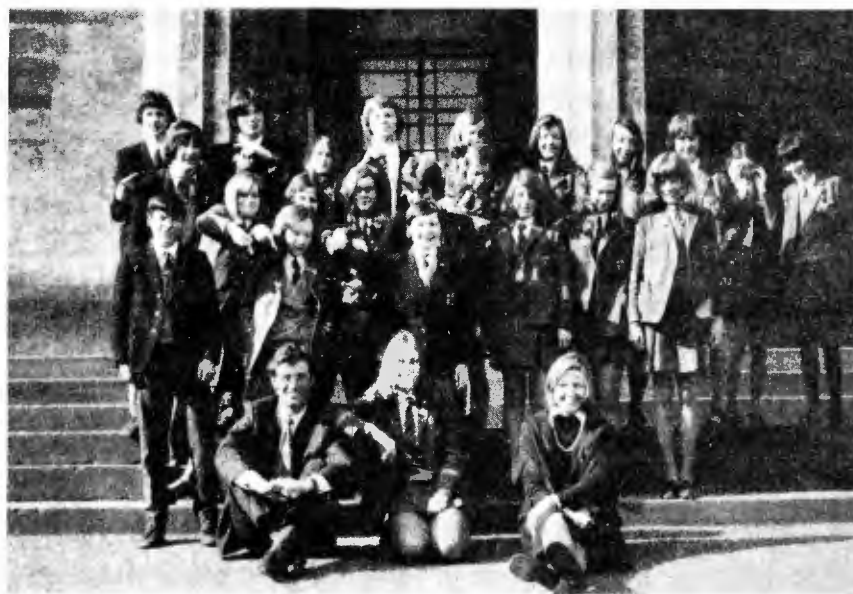
In **Public Speaking** Sarah Boase and Calum Paton won through to the Semi-Final where they were narrowly defeated by Inverness Royal High School.

In the Dundee Speakers Club Competition Susan Proudfoot and Katy Langlands won through to the Final Round where they went down to Lawside Academy.

Once again I would like to thank the Magazine Committee for their suggestions, advice and help. Mr Illsley has taken over the financial side of the business including the advertising and this has been a tremendous help. Miss Birrell has helped generally with the Magazine in the last two years and has our grateful thanks. Elizabeth and Pam have been pillars of the Magazine for several years and have done a tremendous amount of work behind the scenes. I would particularly like to thank them for their work on the layout, and thank

Marion for looking after the Junior Section. They have also made innumerable trips to the Printers, chivvied countless Club Secretaries and spent many hours in hard, unglamorous but entirely necessary work. They deserve our sincere thanks and gratitude. Ann George designed the Magazine Cover and we thank her for giving the Magazine a new look. Let me remind you again — this is **your** magazine and depends on your support. Thanks to everyone who helped in any way; and to everyone please contribute and help to make the magazine a success.

Elizabeth Gilmour has won a Bursary for St. Andrews University.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE



Preparatory Department

Portraits

This girl has a blouse
With a tie her tie is orange and black
A gray jumper with a pleated skirt.
The blazer has one badge on it.
Her tites are white her shoes are black.

Lynne Meekison

She has a nase hair stil. She got nase
eye I like nos She has got nase teeth.
She has got a wach on and a braslit on
and three rings on. She is whin Shes
got stokings on. And platforms on.

Sally Shepherd

Judy has long red hair a smiling face,
shining bright teeth She has skinny legs
and a skinny body wrigglin fingers big
clean hands, a strait tie, and skinny feet
a short snubby nose long beautiful eye
lashes and brown eyes and two badges
and a white blouse

Sarah Picton

curly dark brown hair
blue eyes
A paill pink face
A good biult body
slimy mouth
middle-sides legs
She has a noise like a top of a banana

Mark Richardson

She has long hair and she has nice eys
and she has a pair of pratform shoes on
and I like her teeth and I her yoonafom
and I her stokings I like her fase.

Melissa J. Walton

She has long hair and has long legs and
long arms. She has platform shoes. She
has a ponted noes. She has blue eyes.
And sharp teth.

Carole Watt

Mairi has red hair and glasses she has
brown eyes, and she is tall she is a form
girl she has blachk shoes and an orang
bagge she wars a blaser and a brace she
is very tide. and look's very smart and
buteful and she has rosey lips, and she
works in form 3 and she is 13.

Ruth Bisset



Juday has brownish hair blue eyes
middle-sized tummy red lips, white teeth
fat nose long legs, long arms and white
finger nails. And a funny face and freckles
on her face and hands.

D. Mark McEwen

She is wearing black shoes black lases
brown hair tights a blazer a bagh spec-
tills. she in form two in the big school
She does spanish one doss tress cuotro
thinco

Douglas McGill

brown hair.
blue eyes.
black shose.
A watch.
A blows, tie, purniffer, and a blaser.
A pen.
black teits.
two badges.
sharp nals.
A pocket in side the blaser.
A ring on her finger.
She is butaufi.
Judy.

Lorna R

She has nice blue eyes and she has
orangey redesh hair, she has a lovely
face, she is thin and atrateve, she has
white bright teeth, she has blace tie
shose, she suits her cloths she weres, and
she has two badges on. She has long
finger nals.

Vicky Wilson

PLANTING TIME

Plant a tree in '73,
Plant some more in '74,
Let them thrive in '75,
Cut the sticks in '76,
Burn them in Devon in '77,
Plant some late in '78,
And it's start again time in '79.

E. Menzies and F. Shaw

LEO

Leo is a leopard cub with eyes as
green as emeralds shining in the even-
ing. He is well camouflaged with his
creamy coloured coat with brown mark-
ings. His whiskers are like bits of wire,
and his ears are almost shaped like
leaves. He also has a little pink nose.

Lynn Crawford



THE LITTLE RAINDROP

Once there was a little raindrop. He
was a very bad one. One day, a dark
cloudy day, it started to rain. The little
raindrop did not know what to do. He
was sad. He did not like to leave his
home; he was called pitterpatter. His
home was made of cottonwool and his
bed was made of snow. He fell down
from his home and he fell down my
drain then he got cleaned and I drank
him.

Pamela

MY TEDDY BEAR

I have a little teddy bear
His eyes are twinkling blue,
His furry coat looks very new,
He stares and stares at me all night,
As if to say good night.

One day I put him in a pram,
And thought very nice,
Then we went home to phone
My gran in her home.

Emma Divers

THE ANGRY DRAGON

Once upon a time there lived a dragon called Womble. Womble was very happy then one day a wizard named Wump cast a spell on him.

The spell was that Womble the dragon could not laugh until he broke the spell. Womble lived in the forest. And Wump lived in a cave so one day Womble was walking through the forest burning down the trees and pushing his way through the thorns. Then he thought that Wump the wizard would be a fine supper for him. So he went to Wump the wizard's cave. He crept up behind the wizard who was just making a spell. The dragon sprouted smoke all over him and that was the end of the wizard. And Womble the dragon lived happily ever after.

Susan Sturrock

Once upon a time there was a pig. The pig was called Mick. Mick was a very happy pig.

But one day he heard the farmer say to his wife That pig is getting very fat.

The poor pig was very sad. He thought if he ran away somebody would keep him. So when his mother was going to the shops she left the gate open. Then the pig went out and ran away.

He got very sleepy.

Judith M. Clark

CLIFF RICHARD

There was a roll on the drums and Cliff walked in. I was jumping in my seat. What a noise! When I went home that night I still felt that eerie sound bouncing to and from my head.

In my dream I saw flashing lights, and violins in the air, a steam train in my garden, and balloons everywhere. Why are dreams funny? Why do we never experience what we have in our dreams. Ever since I went to see Cliff Richard (Harry Webb) I have hung a poster above my bed "upside-down" so as I can see his face.

Kathryn Hood

Once upon a time there was a farm miles away from town. On the farm there was a pig called Jake. The farmer was called Mr Johnson. One day farmer said this pig is very fat we shall sell him. Jake heard them and planned to run away. So then when the farmers wife came he slipped out. He ran night and day. After he had run a long way two children saw him and they took him back to the farm and he lived happily ever after.

Fraser Chynoweth

WHERE I WOULD LIKE TO LIVE

I would like to live on the sun and be nice and warm. When I was boiling I'd have a drink of lemonade. I would not need sheets. I like to live on the sun because I could look on the ground and see the houses and the people. And when the sun is going to disappear I'd jump off the sun.

Dolina Mechan

WHERE I WOULD LIKE TO LIVE

I would like to live in the sea. It is so nice to live in the sea with all the fish. I wonder what it would be like. I could have a fish ball and it would be such fun. And I could talk to all the fish. And if your wondering why its because I like fish, and I like them so much now Ive even made eleven Fish friends and they are so nice to me. I live in a cave and its lovely and warm in my cave. But I want to go home now. I'll come back another time. No I think I better stay in otherwise I'll get a telling off from Mommy.

Tanya Young

WHERE I WOULD LIKE TO LIVE

I would like to live in the sky with God and Jesus. I would go on a birds back. I would like to live there because I would meet new things and people and go new places. And meet God and Jesus. I would be very happy. I would say my prayers every night and wear my pretty dresses. And be very very kind. I would play games and read books and play on my blackboard. They would could me Sally. I would be good and I would take a lot of pennys and toys.

Julie Binnie



Junior School

SYLVESTER SCROOGEWORTHY

Sylvester Scroogeworthy is
A funny old man,
He saves all his money
If he can.
His clothes are a bundle,
Of tattered old rags,
His pockets are full
Of stubbed out fags.
In a wrecked old cottage
On a dirty old mound,
Sylvester Scroogeworthy
Can be found.
He counts his money
From dusk until dawn
He would blow his top,
If a half-pence had gone.
He'd call out the police
He'd call out the army
Until the half-pence was found,
He'd go all barmy.

Alistair Roy and Peter McCormack



THE SEA

This treacherous deathtrap
Does not care,
Has no mercy
For us.

Its unpredictable bossy expanse of rage
Is a killer-murderer.
Powerfully tossing, tumbling,
Overcoming us.

Dashing ! Howling against the rocks.
The waves like a water fall.
The guilty white horses
Gallop over the beach.

The sea is calm,
Looking as innocent as can be.
A white lifeless body is dragged to
the shingle.
A small wave rolls in as if to laugh.

N. Picton

THUNDERSTORM

A deathly hush
A clammy blanket of quiet
All lies still and sultry
Waiting.

A darkening carpet
Rolls over the sky and
Blots out all light
Darkness.

A distant rumbling
As thunder approaches
Heralding the storm
Thunder.

Bushes and trees
Outlined and silhouetted
As forks crack the sky
Flashes.

Mud slithers and
Lands in pools filled with
Rainwater and slime
Wetness.

Crashing and devastating
Raining and thundering as the
Sky opens her angry caverns —
Storm !

Peace and quiet reign
The storm has subsided and
Nature eagerly awakens.
Spring.

A. Henderson

THE VISITOR

Here she comes !
I wave my welcome
From the shore.
8,000 tons of silvery steel
Ploughing its way
Towards the bustling docks.
No one returns my wave.
She would be a silent giant
But for the throb
Of powerful engines.
The bow cuts through the water,
Like a knife
Through butter.
She sits low
In the water !
What precious cargo
Lies below ?
Newsprint ?
Fruit, timber, gunnies ?
Raw jute for the
Hungry looms ?
A silly mongrel
Barks
At this passing monster
As the wash
Sweeps over
His prancing paws.
In a few days
She'll leave.
Empty.
High in the water.
I'll be here,
On the shore waving
My farewell
Hoping someone will wave back
This time.

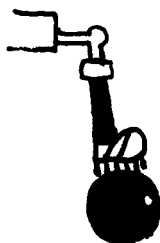
Neale Elder

COLD

The cold outside was so unearthly, it
felt like deep, deep space.
It is like a cruel army of ghosts,
Who just come from nowhere cruelly
and suddenly.
Just as suddenly as death, for it is death
itself.

In the warm room away from the
death
I feel as though I am on the sun after
the cold, cold death of deep space.

Graeme King



MY WORST TWO DAYS

The worst day I've ever had was in
the Dundee High School playground, on
a slide ! I was having a slide fight and I
was knocked on the ground by Chris-
topher Dryden. I hit my head on the
ground and saw stars. Minutes later I
was in an embarrassing situation. All
the LVII were crowding round me !
Later on I went home. I was sick five
times. I went back to school the next
afternoon, finding to my surprise that a
friend of mine, called Iain Currie, had
done the same thing. I did not have the
nerve to slide on the concrete, but I did
slide on the stones.

James Clark

WILLIE'S WANDERERS

Willie's Wanderers is,
A terrible team,
They play like something
Out of a bad dream.
Their captain hacks as hard
As a hacker can,
He hacks a footballer,
He hacks a fan.
One day he was hacking
As hard as he could,
But he hit the goalpost,
Which was made out of wood.
He yelled and he roared
And he started to gibber,
And that was the end
Of the Wanderer's skipper.
Their goalie stands so still,
You'd think he was on two pegs,
The home fans roar to their dismay
As the ball trickles through his legs.
The centre-forward doesn't know,
What a ball looks like,
Once he scored a goal with
An old rickety chopper bike !
The left-back of the Wanderers
Cannot kick a ball,
It's a wonder why he bothers
To play football at all.
Now that is Willie's team,
You know they are terrible by now,
They could probably be outplayed
By an Aberdeen-Angus cow !

Peter McCormick, Alistair Roy

THE CAMERA

Tobermory busy wombling,
thinks that he has found a clock,
knocks on it and looks inside it,
listens just in case it tocks !

Takes it back into the burrow,
clicks a button on the top,
jumps three paces in amazement,
when he hears a frightening pop !

Out has jumped a piece of paper,
with a picture of the door.
Tobermory shouts with joy,
and presses button wanting more !

Now the Wombles have a book
Showing the pictures that they took.

Catriona Allardice



There was an old man from Peru
Who thought he had nothing to do
So he sat on the stairs and counted his
hairs
And found he had seventy-two.

Angus Perry

Efforts When Younger

BEFORE SCHOOL — WITH DOROTHY

My wee Dorothy's a scamp
Who makes you run, till you puff and
pant

And, as you'll see, she's often a bother
To our poor, distracted mother.

Out before breakfast every morning
Goes she, never heeding any warning,
But, darting ahead, to exciting houses,
The neighbours from bed she always
arouses !

Back home now, Mummy has had to
agree
That Dorothy's high chair's become too
wee,
So up and down through breakfast
she'll go
Scattering cereals to and fro.

Splosh ! " What was that ? Oh, just the
milk ! "

And then in a voice as smooth as silk
Dorothy says, " Oh, Mummy, look !
I was just trying to reach my book ! "

But although she's been called a little
despot

I'm not really a very great fusspot,
And, though you may disagree with me,
I think she's just my cup of tea.

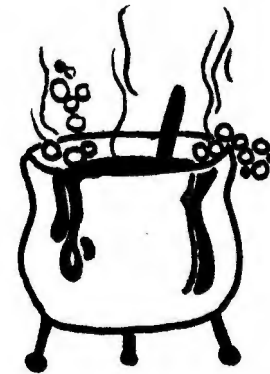
Rhona Mackenzie (1960)

MYSELF

I am 8 years old. I live at 57 Carlogie
Road, Carnoustie. I like hand-work and
painting. My hair is light brown. My
eyes are brown. I am 4ft. 1in. tall. I like
to play cricket, rugby and football.

Graham Butchart

(Editor's Note : Graham is now 4ft. 2in.
tall)



MIDNIGHT CHANT

Blood smeared heart of new-born doe,
First into the pot must go.
Leg of newt, and eye of frog,
Tooth of wolf, bark of dog.
Dragon's blood, weasel's toe,
In the bubbling cauldron go.
Nightshade plucked neath waning moon,
Rabbit slain when it is noon.
With witch's bone now stir the brew,
To make a Dundee High School stew.



Senior School

S.O.S.

Her television set,
Was her only communication
With the outside world.
—oh she had welfare visitors,
who came every Tuesday
At the same time
With soup or meat.
It was their duty, they said
To keep her company.
But when they were dutiful,
The television set
Was her Friend.

I don't think she understood
Why
As she listened every night
To the news.
But she was obliging
And went away
To switch off her lights
And her fire too
To save electricity
And oil.
No, I don't think she knew why
But she did it.

Next door-but-one
In the welfare lady's house
Lights blazed
And the colour television
flashed gaily.
Children flitted from room to room
opening doors
switching on fires

Never stopping to think
Of Watts or money ;
Or stopping to think
At all.

I knew next morning
What had happened,
Or at least, I guessed.
The welfare-lady found her,
And they took her away
In an ambulance.
The house, they said,
Was very cold,
Lightless, heatless
But the television was still on.
'Disgusting', they remarked
'What a waste of electricity'

She had no relatives
And the welfare people
Attended her funeral.
'We were her only friends,' they said.
And then they left the cemetery,
Returned to their centrally-heated
houses
And read the obituary—
Only one small paragraph.
Then, edging closer to their radiators,
Read the headlines ;
"Not enough people
Economising on fuel".

WHAT IS A GRANDMOTHER ?

A grandmother is a lady who has no
children of her own and therefore loves
the boys and girls of other people.

Grandmothers have nothing to do,
they only have to be there. If they take
you for a walk, they go slowly past all
the beautiful leaves and caterpillars.
They never say "Come along quickly"
or "Hurry up for goodness sake". They
are usually fat, but not too fat to tie
your shoelaces. They wear glasses and
sometimes they can take their teeth out.
They can answer questions like "Why
do dogs hate cats?" and "Why isn't
God married?" They never mind read-
ing the same story over and over again.
Everyone should try to have a grand-
mother, especially those who have no
T.V. Grandmothers are the only grown-
ups who always have time.





THE SCHOOL PRIZE-WINNERS

THE TRUTH

George watched his aged grandmother walk slowly across the hall with the aid of her stick. He had been thinking of how East Puddleton would fair against United but now that thought left him and a new, terrible one had entered his mind — What would happen to him ? Would he end up like his grandmother ? She used to be young and healthy like himself but now she was old and useless. She was 95 going on 96, his grandfather had died two years previously. Would he die ? Could he die ? No, it was impossible — he would live. He would be the exception. He started to cry then in floods of tears he ran through to the kitchen where his mother was washing the dishes.

"Mother ! Mother ! Will you die ? Will you grow old and useless like granny ? What'll happen to me ? What'll happen to me ?"

"It's alright dear. Everyone grows old and eventually dies. But that doesn't matter. What does is that you enjoy life when you can and when you die you go to heaven — to another, better life." George calmed down a bit.

"Now I must get on with the dishes before your Father comes in."

"Nobody cares about me ! They know the secret of life, death, and old age. They won't tell me. They hate me ! They hate me ! Hate me. Hate me."

His mind in a turmoil, George raced out of the door, along the hall and out — he had escaped. He ran along the road, and then, across it — to his death.

He would never grow old.

Henry Robb

AN EVENING IN LONDON

Aldgate, and push through impersonal crowds
Of coated city-gent and make-up smothered girl ;
Off the tube and up the stone stairs,
Iron railings, ripped advertisements
Attacked by abusive crayon,
Hand over the thick yellow cardboard
To a bored, fat Negro,
Her sleek, black hands busy,
Her face impassive
Then outside into the dark
and spits of rain.
'Left to Petticoat lane '
We amble along,
Buses and cars pass
Busy and full of light.
Turn left
—But it's slums.
Dark, tatty street, windows boarded up.
Dirt and signs 'To let '
Walk up the road, deep in litter,
Pavements wet, paper soggy,
Stalls dismembered,



Odd limbs black and stark
like corpses.
Black doorways and windows.
Steps following ;
Menacing shadows
Thrown over us by the lamplight,
And rain so the hair glistens
With a net of water beads.
Echo of feet and whisper of voices.
A studiously unconcerned hastening
To the road which crosses, busy with
traffic.

The station cafe open
Sitting, sipping bad black coffee.
Slopped in the saucer.
Rain dripping off hair,
Coat, wet, over the chair
Spinning out the coffee.
Coffee in the saucer, crumbs on the
table,
And an old man sprawled round his cup.
Dirt in his wrinkles and mindless
wisdom in the seams of his brow,
The old woman, stench,
Dirty coat, whiskers,
A few black teeth ;
The man who laughed and talked
to himself,
The mirror of a nobody.
Pool of coffee on the table,
Paper and crumbs floating on it,
A barrier of noise of talking
The smash of a cup, the noise of a train,
A barrier of faces and bodies and filth
and noise.
Then, after she had spoken,
Her voice penetrated my barrier
'Let's go '
Out into an evening in London.

Birrell



FORM V

We were sitting in R6 one Friday 9 period debating whether or not the Corporation should erect a Zariba—yes that was the question—so we decided to make it the question and headed down Reform Street to ask passers-by if they thought that the Corporation ought to protect Dundee's interests by putting up a Zariba and why. The results were as follows:

Interviewee no. 1. What the H... is that?

(For uneducated High School pupils who are also asking the above question, the technical description is at the foot of the page.)

Interviewee no. 2. Yes, because I had money on a horse of that very same name last week and it came in!

Interviewee no. 3. They're spoiling Dundee. (Irrelevant)

Interviewee no. 4. Wait till I ask me father-in-law. He's on the Corporation!

Interviewee no. 5. I can't say yay or nay but yay we need it.

Interviewee no. 6. A whateee?

A Zariba is a hedge or palisade used for protecting Sudanese camps or villages.

D.B.L.M.

We were sitting in R6 one Friday 9 period wondering whether or not we could fool Dundee's population into thinking that "a green light shone over Dundee last night at 9.48 p.m." and if we could fool 'em—what was their theory?—and by jove—we could.

Interviewee no. 1. It was some form of natural phenomena (!)

Interviewee no. 2. I work in the Motor Tax so I didn't see it.

Interviewee no. 3. Sorry ducks. I huvna' time.

Interviewee no. 4. It must have been a weather balloon.

Interviewee no. 5. Well I look at Crossroads and Dad's Army—will that do?

Interviewee no. 6. Point 1—I didn't HEAR it(?)

Interviewee no. 7. "Eh- hello"—plus a queer look.

Interviewee no. 8. Funny you should mention that lass—I saw it too.

D.B.L.M.

We were sitting in R6 one Friday 9 period (yet again) shivering this time because of the fuel crisis and so we wondered if we could fool (yet again) the Dundee population into thinking there was an oil strike underneath the new baths—and by jove (yet again) we could! The question was "We've been interviewing the Conoco, Petrosea and Offshore Drilling companies and we'd like to know your views on the rumour of an oil-strike underneath the new Dundee baths".

(In this case it was the first part of the question that was true and was disbelieved!)

Interviewee no. 1. I'm amazed, the thought of having to knock down the new baths appalls me.

Interviewee no. 2. Never heard it. It'd be fine if it was, but eh dinny ken much about they things.

Interviewee no. 3. Entschuldung, aber ich versthe nicht. Ich bin Deutch und ich bin auf Urlaub. (Really?)

Interviewee no. 4. Speak up lass. I'm no hearin' you.

Interviewee no. 5. Ah didno anything about it.

Interviewee no. 6. Now, I heard someone mention that just the other day ... (!)

Interviewee no. 7. It must have leaked from the Angus Garages!

D.B.L.M.

We were sitting in R6 one Friday 9 period—this time moaning about the bus services—so once again we sallied forth to find out if passers-by thought that buses should be replaced by Xebecs.

(All illiterates please look at the foot of the page.)

Interviewee no. 1. What's wrong with a double-decker bus? I drive them every day!

Interviewee no. 2. Eh dinna' ken whit they is. (Obviously not a D.H.S. former pupil!)

Interviewee no. 3. Oh definitely. It would be far better for Dundee's traffic system.

Interviewee no. 4. No I prefer buses to unknown objects.

Interviewee no. 5. No. Nearer your home. (Well...)

Interviewee no. 6. It depends on the pollution problem.

Interviewee no. 7. I think they would enhance the landscape—as long as you paint them green.

Interviewee no. 8. Yes. I don't use the buses. (Coward.)

Xebec (pronounced Zebeck), small three masted Mediterranean ship, formerly used by corsairs.

D.B.L.M.

ELEMENT

You were to me
as I was to you;

no halves, no absent
jigsaw pieces
but the sun in my sky
the sea on my beach

A single whole
We crunched through Autumn
parks, sang down dawn-misted
streets
bearing our faith easily

but then
Inevitably
the element compounded
leaving tattered innocence flapping
madly on our backs

When you left me I
dissolved, but
stumbled through from
then till now

A different person
hurtfully compounded
but no-longer
elemental.

R.D.C.



There was a young fellow from Crewe,
Who found a large mouse in his stew -
Said the waiter, 'Don't shout
And wave it about
Or the rest will be wanting one too!'



IMAGERY

There are one million pictures in my mind screaming for a freedom they will never find on paper or in word. I know they are there for I can see them, feel them, sometimes even touch them, but they can never breathe the polluted light of day, for I suffer from the disease of stunted imagination — an ailment no amount of research can cure. Picture my situation, you lucky 'gifted' ones — can you ever visualise yourselves sitting alone confronted by pen, paper, and that emptiness of mind so inconceivable to so many? There is a wall ten miles high of words I cannot find or learn, conceptions I cannot grasp, and emotions I cannot describe, and still the expressions rained on me by the defiled creators of writing drown my intellectual confidence. I do not blame them for the pseudo-intellectuals can never understand how this unclassified ailment can affect my pen and often any other form of self-expression I possess. In my private world of intimacy or introspection I lucidly exonerate myself with rhetoric beyond their wildest dreams, but when I look at their faces in my mind or there before me, the words just melt in my throat. Try to understand my silence.

What was everyone thinking? About their past life perhaps. Thinking about happy times, not like this. Thinking about old friends. Would they be going through this? Probably not.

Rennie finished his cigarette and reached over for the ash-tray, but knocked it over. He decided not to grovel around for the cigarette ends and looked around at everyone, but they were not in a mood for shouting at him so pretended not to notice. Only his father grunted. He put his hand into his pocket again and fumbled for another cigarette, but decided against it. But what else could you do? Only sit, sit and wait.

Everyone seemed afraid to move out of that room for some strange reason. Diane sat biting her nails, her father occasionally getting up and pacing up and down the room.

Then suddenly, what they had all been waiting for happened. It came as a shock, for a moment blinding them by the unaccustomed light. It came as a shock to all of them. Rennie hid his eyes for a minute. His father raced over to the T.V. and switched it on.

It was nearly 10.30. For four hours, they'd been through this. Never would any of them forget this night. "Just wait till I write to him! Just wait till I tell him about this! Who does he think we are?" said Rennie's father pointing at a picture of the P.M. on T.V. He'd caught the end of the late news. "Talks will resume tomorrow at number 10"— He switched it off and stormed out of the room.

The other three looked at each other, their mother giving a long sigh.

"Power cuts", she said.

M.A.

MOONLIGHT

I walk, slowly, along the black, cold
sand
My shadow reflected, waveringly, cold
By the moon
On the water
which stretches for miles
And miles
And miles to Gigha
which is illuminated by the moon
who shines fondly down on the beach
Holding us safe,
Secure in his everlasting glow.

D.T.D.

NATURE'S PARADISE

The sun was shining that Sunday morning, the flowers wilted under the oppressive heat, the skies were deep blue and cloudless, and the mildest of breezes fanned the faces of the Clark family, with whom I was spending a long weekend. The family consisted of James and his wife Mary, and the boys Richard, Kevin and Mark. They lived in a large house in the village of Little Dunton, on the East Coast.

Saturday had been a wonderful day, for it was my first real stay in the country. Never before had air smelt so fresh and clean. The endless greenery sprinkled with streams; the beautiful clear blue skies and just a faint breeze. For the first time in my life there was only silence to be heard and the land itself was so impressive I felt I was in Eden. What right, I asked myself, had mankind to destroy the world just to suit his own so-called needs? Here there was no pollution, no roar and turmoil of busy London. Everything was so calm, so peaceful...

I was rudely wakened from my daydreams by Richard bumping into me. He apologised, embarrassed, and scampered off. Today we were going on a picnic, right on the cliffs, so all was bustle and hustle. Food was prepared, games packed, boys washed, dogs put into the back of the estate car, and eventually we were off.

Soon we had left the village far behind and after a short drive we left the surface road and travelled along an unmade road until we reached the cliffs. Slowly

we drove through the flat, unbroken grass.

However, at last we arrived at our destination. As I climbed out of the car, I looked up and saw a gull with a grey head and brown body cry mockingly at the humans who dared to enter Nature's Paradise.

The temperature was about the 30°C mark and we sought shelter in the shade of the car. The boys however, were soon out playing football and James, Mary and myself read books, sun-bathed, slept or listened to the radio. Once again I felt the exhilarating feeling of freedom again.

We had our picnic lunch in the early afternoon. Afterwards, the boys, the dogs (Mutt and Bones) and myself went to explore and to have a walk. I had never really been so carefree, for I had lived all my life in busy cities, rushing from country to country, always concentrating on one business deal or another. Now I was living in a different, peaceful world...

We explored right on into the evening, but at seven o'clock we decided to return, as pre-arranged. When we arrived at the car, we found a note from Mary and James to the effect that they had gone for a walk but would be back at approximately seven o'clock. At that point, in fact, they did appear on the horizon. I decided that I too would move to the village of Little Dunton as soon as possible.

The temperature was still quite high, though falling slowly. Fluffy clouds appeared in the sky and the first few streaks of red had become visible to

the west, at sea. The reflection of the slowly setting sun in the water was so beautiful, I almost cried at the thought of leaving this paradise of Nature.

However, the end comes for all the best things in life, and it was now time to return to the village. I had one more smell of fresh sea air, one last listen to the sound of silence; one last look and touch at the scenery and started to enter the car. As I climbed in, the unusual gull flew overhead, mocking the humans who dared to leave Nature's Paradise.

We decided that James was to drive. We moved off, the car picking up speed rapidly. Suddenly James slumped forward in his seat, jamming the accelerator and preventing me from being able to apply the handbrake! To my horror, we were heading for the cliffs and a drop of three hundred feet. At first I was paralysed in disbelief.

Then, I acted! I wrenched the steering wheel round and, with a yard to spare, the car slewed through the dew-soaked grass; skidding and tyres screeching, for our speed was reaching 70 m.p.h. and rising.

Inside the car, there was pandemonium. Mary had fainted, the boys were screaming and the dogs were howling. Now the car was heading for another drop, and there was no time, so I wrenched open the boys' door and threw them out. Then, before I had time to push out Mark, I had to have one last effort at saving the car. I stamped frantically at the brake, and tried to force the steering wheel round.

Then there was nothing. The car was over the edge. I had a rather odd feeling.

I was musing at what I could have done during life, and wondering how long death would take. To my surprise, I saw my life passing before my eyes. The car was taking an infinitely long time, although in reality the fall took only a few seconds.

Then the car hit a ledge, bounced, burst into flames and fell the remaining hundred feet to the rocks and sea below. I forget what happened then. I must have been thrown out of the car when it hit the ledge. The next thing I recall was discovering I was in some sort of cave. My body ached, my leg and arms were broken, and I was dazed and suffering from shock. I somehow managed to crawl to the edge of the ledge and looked down — and I was sick. For there lying impaled through the stomach on the rocks with his skull smashed was Mark!

Of the car there was no sign. I scanned the cliff-face to see if there was any chance of climbing to the top. However my arms and leg reminded me I could not even walk let alone climb. What was I to do?

I had to hope against hope that either the boys (if they were unhurt) would bring help, or the emergency services would be alerted when they discovered that the family was missing. Meanwhile, my body was aching, and I felt tired...

I shouted and shouted for help, but in answer to my despairing cries, there was no sound except the wet echo from the cave and the mocking cries of the gull at the humans who would remain in Nature's Paradise — for ever.

Colin Beaton

FROM DUST TO DUST

Innocent smile,
Hands trailed in dust,
Twinkling eyes,
Full of trust.

Mischievous nature,
A bubbling laugh,
A love of Life,
Which couldn't last.

Now—a lock of hair,
White hand distended,
This child laughed
Till Death descended.

L.M.

IN THE BEGINNING

In the beginning there was a spark of
life,
Which started growing stronger,
And then the tempest grew so great,
And all the world began to create.

In the beginning the sky was bright,
With fire from the gates of hell,
And all the world was a blazing mass
Of molten lava cells.

In the beginning the noise was intense.
The hills were forming while volcanoes
erupted.
Then all was quiet.
Calm and still.

Jennifer Pringle



WRONG BUS

Brian Poulson left the car. He walked down the road, his bearded collie beside him. His slow footsteps echoed on the empty streets as he meditated.

"I'm confused! Why to me? Bloomin' car just had to pack it in, didn't it! I'll have to get the last bus..." Toot! He was jolted back to reality by a car. The driver climbed out, ran over to him and said, "What the hell do you think you're doing? You almost caused me to crash! Look where your going in future!..."

"I'm sorry," said Poulson, slowly. The driver calmed down on hearing the slow, methodical speech. He began to feel uneasy.

"Yes, well... just don't do it again!" With that he returned to the car.

Poulson continued thoughtfully. Every thing was sliding and whirling. He felt dizzy and sick. His dog whined, his hairy muzzle and warm wet tongue trying to comfort him. He dazedly patted him. He staggered on, in a timeless, dream-like state. Would he never reach the stop? It had only been a few hundred yards

from his car. The miles of empty streets led on and on, rocking like a boat at sea. He walked and walked. Why was he walking? He couldn't remember. He only knew he had to walk...

It was well past midnight now, and still he continued his endless journey. His feet were aching, but still he walked. The dog padded wearily beside him, still faithful. After all, if his master was wanting to take him for a long stroll, why shouldn't he? The dog had no objections

But to Poulson, it was a walking, living nightmare. His heart pounded faster and faster. The sweat dropped off his chin and fingers in rivulets. His clothes, saturated with sweat, clung to his body as if their very lives depended on it.

Then he arrived. He did not quite know where, or why; he just knew he had arrived. The street lights glared down on him and he waited. He did not know what he was waiting for, but he waited, a lonely figure standing beside a bus pole in an abandoned, desolate street.

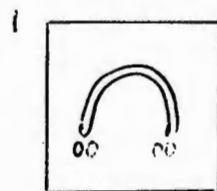
Hours passed and suddenly he knew what he was waiting for was coming. The full moon was clouded over by rain clouds. Winds started to howl, bent on wreaking vengeance on the sleepy world.

But long before it came into sight, he knew it was coming.

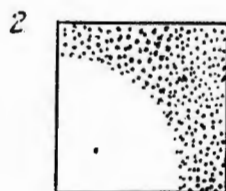
The bus was old, and black. Lights glared in front as it halted amid a screeching of unoled brakes. The automatic doors opened. The driver was in darkness, and could not be seen. The dazed man staggered along the single deck. There were two other passengers on the bus, their expressionless faces staring in front of them. There was no conductor, but Poulson could not care or notice. He took his seat — his seat. He looked for the dog. He remembered suddenly that as soon as the bus had appeared he had yelped and run off at full speed.

The doors closed with a bang.

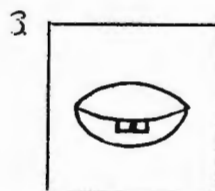
The faceless passengers did not stir. Neither did Poulson. The bus sped on, accelerating and accelerating until the town was left far behind. Along the narrow, twisting country roads it travelled as fast as any bullet.



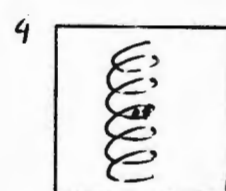
A WORM ROLLERSKATING



GEORGE AVOIDING
FRIEND WHO HAS
CAUGHT
PENICILLIN



CLAM WITH
BUCK TEETH



TWO BUGS
MAKING LOVE
IN THE SPRING

Suddenly there was a blinding white light The bus stopped.

"So! You've been up to more mischief have you! We'll have to see about that!"

The passengers started laughing! Non-stop! Hysterical, evil laughter. Poulson among them.

"Stop laughing!" said the voice. Then in a kinder tone, said, "Come out." At this the driver snarled and said, "Leave them alone! They're mine! I collected them and I'm keeping them!"

The kind, calm voice continued, "Come out, my children. Slowly the three began to rise.

"No! No! No!" screeched the driver. "Stay where you are! YOU'RE MINE!"

"Come, come and I will save you." said the voice. Hypnotized, they left the bus.

The driver screamed in fury, cursing God with all the powers of Hell.

"Right, Satan, back to Hell you go!" said the beautiful voice. There was a tremendous flash of blinding white light. Pain seethed through the three men.

Then there was nothing.

The three men collected their senses. "I say," said one, "Look up to the sky!"

There was a magnificent white cross shining in the sky. Rays of joy and hope and praise shone down to their hearts. The holiness and joy of heaven was in their hearts. Beautiful music and bliss and songs enveloped the men. Gradually the feeling of ecstasy fell away. The three men stood, totally lost, not knowing what to do. Then they heard the

sound of an engine, then two headlights. It was the first bus of the bright new day.

The bus drew up. A cheerful conductor greeted them, jokingly, "Good morning, gents. Get on the wrong bus then?"

Colin Beaton

5

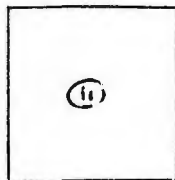
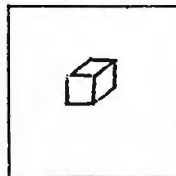


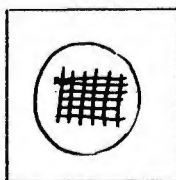
FIG EMERGING
FROM A FOG
BANK

6



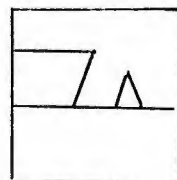
TENNIS BALL
(FACTORY REJECT)
IF YOU CALLED THIS
MERELY A CUBE
IT SHOWS THAT YOU
ARE A SQUARE

7



MENPED DONUTNUT
OR
PLATE OF SPAGHETTI
SERVED BY NEAT
WAITER

8



A SHIP ARRIVING
TOO LATE TO SAVE
A DROWNING WITCH

LIKE LEMMINGS

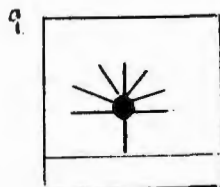
Like lemmings
We are made.
We toil in our petty lives,
Working round in circles
Repeating again and again
The same pointless, endless tasks,
Till we drop dead
Or run ourselves over the cliff
Of sanity
And fall into the sea
Of realization—
then suicide.

But most of us
Run on and on,
Getting nowhere
And not realising
how close the edge is;
how great the force is
That will push us over
in a great exodus to death.

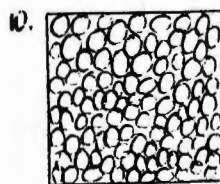
And behind
A hundred more spring up,
Oblivious to our cries in death
Of life's waste.

And then they too,
Right from the beginning
Run in droves
And flock through pointlessness
Over the cliff-edge
Incapable against the force
And mad,
Like lemmings.

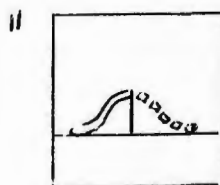
Birrell



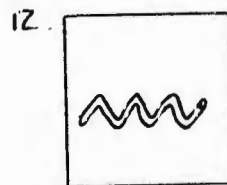
A FRIGHTENED
WOLF



OUTSIDE WORLD
AS SEEN BY
INDIAN LIVING IN
A SALT-SHAKER



DETERMINED
WORM CRAWLING
OVER A RAZOR
BLADE



WORM WALKING
ON FUDGE

FAREWELL TO THE SCHOOL

— a silly poem

And the love song of Prufrock
Spins around my brain
And Laurence and Hardy ;
Kings ; emperors of Spain.

And " danke " and " wunderbar "
Of essays all done
And Romeo and Juliet
Who basked in the sun

of their love

And Luther and Calvin
Who loved mankind
And Fuhrer Hitler
Who gave the sign.

to destroy

All are gone now
Like the sunshine
I can go now
My soul all mine.

Floreas Schola
Peacefully go now
Goodbye Schola.

Amen.

ETHEL GUMBOOT

Once upon a time there was a hippopotamus called Ethel Gumboot. Ethel lived in Lightest Africa in a boat called Shoecupboard. It was a pink, moon-shaped boat with lots of yummy purple biscuits growing out of the lime-green and orange spotted seats where Ethel and her boyfriend, Odine Dancing-Pump, used to sit, while the greedy spotted haggisi flew up the chimney, out the striped, spotted and checked Tartan Special beerbottle.

Today, at the marshmallow party given in honour of Ethel's parents, Esmerelda and Horatius Gumboot, no-one knew why, maybe Emily Snortergrass, V.C. and bar, knew that what happened was that no-one knew why, Ethel and Fred, a frog of great renown, were picking mushrooms for fun at Shoecupboard, with the greedy spotted haggisi, with chips and pickled bagpipes with sporrans of hairy, boiled cabbages and kilts of Red Gumboot tartan with delicious, yummy, spotted, hooped, rugby biscuits, as well as sugar-coated jellyfish and octopusi mixed with school custard.

Now Cedric, who was jealous of Fred, knew that Fred was really very nasty because Ethel had once said that, so Fred killed him with a sausage.

(Adapted from the original version for Jackanory by M.H. and R.R.)



Back Row : Calum R. Paton; David W. T. Dorward (Deputy Head Boy); James D. Rose; Lindsay D. R. Fowlis; Grant R. Dudgeon; Ian B. Thomson; Fred M. G. Ferguson; William A. J. Porter; Iain J. Stewart.

Middle Row: Patricia A. Langlands; Pam J. Swanney; Maxine A. Clark (Deputy Head Girl); Lorraine M. Wilson; Elizabeth M. Gilmour; Jennifer M. Williams; Margaret D. Smart; Sally J. Reid.

Front Row : Miss A. W. Gray; Mr D. R. Paton; Sarah L. Boase (Head Girl); Mr E. M. Stewart; Graham D. Butchart (Head Boy); Mr G. C. Stewart.

DYING

"Mum! Mother!" cried the voice.

"Yes, Graeme?" replied the tired, overworked woman from the bedroom.

"I—I don't feel very well!" Graeme had been playing football when sudden pains had caused him to double up in agony. His friends had helped him home and were waiting anxiously.

"What now!" breathed Mrs Grant, hurrying downstairs. Graeme had now staggered into the living room. With the aid of his friends, he sat down.

Mrs Grant decided to call the doctor. When he arrived, 12-year-old Graeme was given a short test.

"Has he had anything to drink recently?" asked the doctor.

"Y-Yes!" It was agony to speak. "I-I had some c-coke!" stammered Graeme. He was sweating now and his throat and mouth were burning.

The doctor decided to call the ambulance.

"What is it, doctor?" asked a very worried mother.

"Whatever he drank, it most definitely was not Coke. It was some poisonous liquid. Can you show me the bottle?" They examined it.

"Hm. Not Coke. I'll have to analyse this!"

Just then the ambulance arrived, horn blaring, lights flashing. The crew ran up to the door, carrying a stretcher. They gently eased Graeme into the stretcher and carried him to the ambulance.

After leaving a note for Mr Grant, the doctor and Mrs Grant joined the ambulance and they raced off to D.R.I. He was rushed into the emergency ward. There, he blacked out.

"He's in a coma! Until we know the poison we cannot treat him!"

However, they soon discovered the poison — a new, deadly one which had just come onto the market from Japan.

Hurriedly, the hospital phoned the company. The person was horrified. She contacted her manager at once.

"Hello," he said in a thick Japanese accent, "We have fomula foh you, yes? You use plenty water to drink and keep

warm. Keep non-stop dlinks of water, he be all right..."

At once, the boy was given beaker after beaker of water. For several hours he drank and drank. At last, his temperature came down to just over 99°. Although still serious, he was put off the danger list.

It was eleven o'clock that evening when he awoke, sweating. Or did he awake?

He was being pulled down a dark tunnel, softly lit. He could hear beautiful music, a soft voice calling him gently.

"Graeme! Graeme!..."

He felt very happy. "What a feeling of peace", he thought, "After that Agony." Now he could see a tiny speck of light at the end of the tunnel. He continued to float . . . on and on and on . . .

Suddenly he felt he was being pulled back. He was slowly being pulled back.

"Dear Jesus,. I think I understand. Once again I confess my sins. I swear I am sorry. Please forgive me. Come into my life Dear Lord!" he said.

He was determined to stay in the tunnel. He resisted the backwards-pulling. Suddenly he felt a part of the wall sticking out. He grabbed hold of it. The pulling increased, but eventually gave up.

Then Graeme plunged along the tunnel. He spiralled down and down and down. He felt slightly dizzy. At last he knew he was nearing the end of the tunnel. The end loomed closer and closer until

The end

The family mourned him, but he was happy.

John Scott





'So you don't believe in ghosts,' said the man across the compartment - and vanished.

PARTIES ALWAYS END THIS WAY

It was seven o'clock, nearly time to leave. It was thirty long miles to Tom's house, so he would have to leave now to be sure of getting there in time. It should be a good party, he thought, as he turned the key in the car door, but all his friends were married, and he could spend the evening alone. But Tom said there were some others going.

He carried on up the motorway at well over ninety. It was the first time he had the car at speed since it was run in. He arrived at Tom's country house at a quarter to eight. Quarter of an hour late! Perfect.

He knocked on the large oak door. After a few minutes, Tom answered. "Hi Steve," he quipped "C'mon in. The party's going well". He hung up his car coat, went into the lounge, opened a packet of Galloises, and lit one. He eyed the scene. In the smoke-filled room, people were slow-dancing to a Simon and Garfunkel album. He heard the odd laugh from the couches around the room. He admired the younger, better looking women, who slowly supped at gin and tonics and sensuously sucked at slender cigarettes. Then he saw her, and she, at the same moment, saw him. Their eyes met in a beautiful moment of instant love. He moved towards her, eyeing her long golden hair, her blue eyes and her sensuous lips. He came towards her again, and, rather stupidly—at least he thought so—blurted out a clumsy invitation to dance. She smiled in acceptance, showing her perfectly shaped white teeth and accompanied him to the middle of the floor. They danced for about two hours.

Then a slow record was played. His favourite record, the one he had brought with him. He didn't dare ask for the dance, but she didn't need asking. She pressed closer to him. "I'm Daisy", she whispered. God, how stupid. They had been dancing all evening and he didn't even know her name. She didn't know him. "I'm Steve" he replied. "Hi, nice to know you", she smiled. As they swayed together, Steve felt the firm press of her voluptuous figure. He grasped her shoulder. She quivered and groaned. Slowly, they came face to face and their lips met in a long first kiss. They embraced and rocked slowly to the record for half an hour. He ran his fingers through her long sandy-gold hair. She moaned appreciatively and grasped him harder. They moved to sit down. They sat down and kissed again.

The grandfather clock struck 11 and Daisy sat up, smoothed her hair, and lit a long cigarette. She sucked at it slowly, allowing the blue smoke to drift around her face. She appeared even more beautiful to him through the mist of the smoke. He brought over two Martinis. She sipped at hers, slowly, enjoying every drip.

He left her to go for another packet of cigarettes. He opened the car and took a packet of twenty from the glove box. He unwrapped them, took one out, and lit it. He closed the car door and went back into the house. He went back into lounge and looked around. She wasn't there! He waited for some minutes before he left the room. Daisy was nowhere to be seen! She had gone!

The car door clicked shut. He knew the evening would end this way. It always did for him. But someday he would find another girl and this time she would not disappear into the night . . .

THE BOX

Open it not,
For in it you'll find
Nothing of value
Nothing devine.

You see it is empty
It contains no treasure
So if you open it
Its only for pleasure.

To steal what is in it
Won't make me burst
'Cause all you'll get
Is a whole load of dust.

Anon

SOME DEFINITIONS OF THE WORD "GRAMPUS"

Dad : A cross between a whale and a dolphin.

Mum : Latin for "grandfather".

Brother : A television channel

Sister : A Daddy cat.

I always thought it was a sort of pig, myself.

BURGLARS OR BUSINESSMEN

I remember well those unforgettable days when Samuel Cameron and I used to be burglars. Our favourite haunts were the quiet areas of Dundee. In such areas we always had great success due to the fact that many people used to go out for the weekend leaving the house deserted and usually unlocked. As the houses in the area were large with lavish gardens and long driveways we were never bothered by neighbours except in one case. It is this case which I am going to tell you about.

On August 23rd 1981 my colleague and I decided to pay a visit to the immensely rich Edmund Snodgrass (unofficially of course !). After many weeks of planning we decided the best time to break in would be when the moon was full. So that night we climbed over the wall knowing that the gate had been newly painted. First we sneaked across the semi-moist grass then by the ghostly light of the moon we entered the house by means of a key which we found in the third flowerpot along. We went through the front door and there in the hallway was a portrait of what we supposed to be a person of Snodgrass ilk. Then Sam nudged me in the ribs and told me of the remarkable resemblance to the local tramp — so that's what Snoddy does when he's not at home. Somehow I knew I'd seen that face before — we passed through the hallway in silence, and were confronted by many studded heavy oak doors. We tried the first one — no, nothing, but in the second stood a magnificent collection of golf trophies. We

took these thinking that they would be of some value and put them into a large holdall. Due to the fact that Snodgrass was an eccentric millionaire we searched this room in all obvious places such as behind pictures. Then Sam suddenly had a brainwave (a small miracle in itself) started looking all over the house in every place but the obvious.

After one and a half long and tedious hours searching we ended up in the last of the eight bedrooms. In this room were all the things one would associate with a nursery—a rocking horse, teddy bears by the hundred and countless other furry toys. Exhausted I slumped down on the smallish bed which stood in the corner.

When I did this I heard a crunching of paper and Sam saw a pound note float to the floor. I investigated and to my delight the whole mattress was filled with lush green banknotes. The owner had obviously tried to sleep on the problem of what to do with the money. So we emptied the contents of the mattress into our bag and from there proceeded to gut the teddy bears to fill the mattress. With this accomplished we made our way out of the premises only to find that a man in the street appeared to be watching us.



With this in mind we proceeded stealthily towards the wall under cover from the pine trees which overhung the drive. Sam whispered to me that the police patrol would be due soon so we hid the money in an easily retainable place removing from the bag a small silver cup. Then we made our presence obvious by walking rather noisily down the concrete drive. When the man saw us he immediately tried to climb over the gate. We hastily dropped the cup and ran towards the wall and jumped over it. By this time the man had got over the gate and ran and picked up the cup; brandishing this over his head he ran after us but thought he could cut us off by going through the gate. We ran across the road and reported to the policeman, in a car which usually came around at that time, which we had seen. The policeman caught the man with the cup in his hand and asked what he had been up to. The man, fairly sure that he had helped the police, told him — laughing. The police however did not see the joke and asked him to explain the reason why his coat should be neatly painted with bright green stripes to match the gate. In disbelief of his story the police ensured a spell in prison for him by dragging him off to his car.

So once more we had been lucky — too lucky, so with the money we set up a business and retired to an honest living. So who would know — Burglars or Businessmen.

Roderick Gilmore

GUESS WHO ?

Here is an anthology of well known sayings collected by the wanes. There is a prize for anyone who can guess who says these sayings. The prize is a fat cheque, but first guess who's words they are then find us.

"VOMIT"
 "Is the kettle on?"
 "That's what three years in the Commandos does for you!"
 "Can I borrow your coffee."
 "Come away ben."



"Chance would be a fine thing."
 "Not a pretty sight!"
 "Bet that brought the tears to your eyes!"
 "There's no answer to that."
 "There's no hope for this kid."
 "Ge' Ou'."
 "Whata Doll!"
 "Buckle to."
 "Have you seen Dave/Ross today?"
 "Lovely Lad."
 "REVOLTING!"
 "Wee Lass."
 "Hogwash!"
 "This is too true."
 "OH! You can't do that."
 "Is this today's milk?"
 "Wanton Woman!"
 "Ge' a grip!"
 "Is anybody going to the Canteen?"
 "I'M going home to my bed!"
 "I HATE you!"
 "Oh gawd, I'm fed up!"
 "That'll be you in ten years time!"
 "Don't do anything I wouldn't enjoy."
 "TYPICAL!"
 "'E's got his blue suit on!!"
 "You jest!"
 "Miserable Maggots!"
 "By the time she's 30 and has 3 kids she'll be as fat as a barrel!"
 "How crude!"
 "Oh! Wilt!"
 "He touched me!!"
 "Pure Nectar!"
 "Take me now!"
 "There's Sandy, I'll have to run!"
 "Dundee's answer to..."

A DEAD FUNNY STORY

Once upon a time, a DEAD long time ago, there was a land called DEAD MAN'S LAND. EveryDEADbody who DIED there was DEAD. If you weren't DEAD, they fined you a vast amount of money, then they killed you off.

EveryDEADbody in this land were DEAD happy. They DIED happily under the wise rule of DEAD King Fred, who had been DEAD 423.976 years. He had a DEAD beautiful, DEAD, old daughter called Ethelberta, who'd been DEAD for 323.969 years.

Every year for a DEAD long time a DEAD handsome, young, live prince would come and try to court Ethelberta — but first of all he had to complete one especial task — he had to kill himself.

Unfortunately none of these DEAD princes ever had any success, because Ethelberta had a horror of DEATH and anyway, no sensible girl would ever marry a DEAD husband.

However, at last, after a DEAD long time a handsome, young, live prince called JEREMY (JEM to his friends) came sauntering along to woo Ethelberta. BUT, he refused to kill himself. This, of course, should have put him out of the running — but it didn't, because Ethelberta fell madly in love with him (he was DEAD nice as well as DEAD handsome) and Ethelberta said that she'd marry JEREMY or noDEADbody.

So they got married. But what use is a DEAD wife? So JEREMY killed himself, and they DIED happily ever after . . .

DEAD END

Monty Python 2nd
(alias Elsie B)

PARODY ON THE DRUM

I hate that bell's discordant sound
Clanging round and round and round
To thoughtless sir it pleasure yields
And lures from playground and from field

To sell their liberty for work
Of metaphors and algebraic
And when the Master's voice commands
To work and write and toil with inky hands.

I hate that bell's discordant sound
Clanging round and round and round
To me it talks of wooden desks
And tattered books and red felt pens
And old jotters and dismal poems
And teacher's shouts and children's moans
And all that Teacher's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

DEATH

Death came in a whirlwind of
pain and turmoil,
Stealthily she crept through the
dark, black, night,
selecting her prey.
She was unpredictable,
her mystic body cowering
above the frail and innocent,
Powerful and Godly,
her obscure robes
swept by her,
causing storm and depression,
tears and emotion,
pain and then —
Peace,
silent and
white
Peace.
Death was no longer
Mighty,
Dreadful,
And
Proud,
Her strength was but an empty boast,
Her powers were fading fast,
Death,
The Conqueror, was,
Dead,
And with her death,
She opened the gateway to
Light,
The Light of,
New hope,
New birth,
the gateway to
Real life,
The Life Eternal and
Everlasting Peace.
The Storm had come
And left the Calm.

Dianne Shepherd IV



WE HAVE A LIMITED LIABILITY ...

INTRODUCTION

Many pupils have said to their long suffering Form Masters, "We've no Common Room," or "You couldn't swing a cat in our Common Room!" Also they have aired their grievances on Friday 9: "Why do we have to attend Friday 9 classes?" or "It's just a waste of time."

Well, we've decided to ask the teachers what *their* views are on the subjects concerned. For this we've gathered together excerpts from interviews held with teachers who have tried, in vain, to get their views printed in The Magazine but which, for certain reasons, haven't.

For those suspicious of Woman's Lib. we can say that although no answers were received from female members of staff this was not due to non-co-operation. For those who are sympathetic, we are terribly sorry.

Nicholas Tott.

Questions

1. Common Rooms
 - (a) Do you think they are really necessary?
 - (b) What is your opinion on the state of the Common Rooms?
 - (c) What improvements/changes would you like to see?
 - (d) Do you think the Common Rooms (staffrooms?) should be mixed?
2. Friday 9
 - (a) Should it be abandoned as a lost cause?
and
 - (b) If so what has gone wrong?
or
 - (c) If not, should the idea still be revised?

Answers

- 1 (a) Yes — but can't ordinary classrooms serve — except for Form 6.
— JJW

Yes, especially for Form 6.— RS
If not actually necessary, I think that Common Rooms for the Senior School are desirable.

— JTGB

- (b) A bit small and any I have seen have been exceedingly tidy and well groomed, including the inhabitants.— JJW

Far too small, in certain cases unsafe in regard to windows. Basically uncomfortable, yet Form 6 example of bargain hunting seems to have made a big improvement.— RS

I think the present Common Rooms are too small and as a result too sparsely furnished. (Illogical—perhaps RS's comment might offer FSB some comfort.)

- (c) Providing adequate, ventilated rooms, remote from teaching, to allow the use of radio, T.V., records and games (??) A greater sense of responsibility and awareness that it is a privilege among its users.— RS

I would like to see bigger rooms with more work/leisure space.

— JGTB

- (d) I am not fussy. In fact I would probably welcome it.— JTGB

I would like to see this happen in the form of facilities for mixing as an addition not an alternative.

— JJW

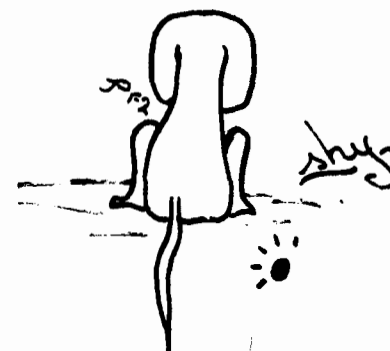
- 2 (a) I think the general idea of Friday 9 is a good one, but it must be difficult to find a correlation between the hobbies and leisure activities of staff and pupils. If abandoned I feel certain organisations, e.g. Cadets and Choir, might find it difficult to meet.

No. Some options are "strange" yet a lot, socially, of use.— RS.

Difficult to say — some activities: flytying, congregating in staff-rooms (we presume), magazine (?...!), Choir for example — are valuable, others are not. On the whole I would abolish it.

(Typical) — JJW

- (b) Pupils are directed in many cases into an activity that does not interest them, and is — now examinable (?) — and in their eyes a waste of time. (Too true.) It is the last period of the week; pupils and staff are tired and waiting to get out of school.— JJW



(c) Constructive re-thinking is one thing. But time needs of groups vary. Some need little equipment, some much. It is easy to be destructive of the idea but the slowing down of academic work and a pleasant lead into the weekend if people only stopped moaning about Friday 9.— RS

Other Comments

Aren't there other more interesting people to ask than a funny old man like me — I'm busy (said as he hurriedly withdrew to the safety of a room, behind closed door.) — ?

Wait till next year and **if** we are still on the committee the pupils can have their say — which will be twice as long but not necessarily twice as boring.

TENACITY

The faded velvet curtains are drawn,
exiling the ink-smudged night sky
and the silver feather of a moon,
Not meeting exactly and falling
in uneven folds to the bare floor.

Clumsy hands have pulled them shut ;
Old hands with veins — knotted
and gnarled like twisted tree roots,
withering away.
In sympathy with the rest of the body
As it loses its hold
On Life.

A wheeze, a cough
And he sits stiffly down.
Watching the dancing patterns
of the solitary candle
as he lays his white head
on a shabby cushion
Heaving an asthmatic sigh,
then pulling and twisting
the few remaining cushion threads
And thinking of scythes.

Shadows growing big
and the candle small.
Till each flickering flame
seems to be the last,
trying to hold out
for as long as possible.

Molten wax dripping in streams
like the veins in his hands ;
Both flame and man
Determined.

A last flicker,
the tongue of fire — gone,
and the body, still, in the chair.
The frayed cushion threads —
Broken.

Thick velvet night
shrouds the room,
while outside,
a wreath of cloud
passes over.

L.M.



The sound of the lone pair of footsteps was the only noise penetrating the eerie silence of the deserted street. It was dark, and on either side of the road, at regular intervals glowed the lights from the houses within. From these homes the noise of laughter and talking could be heard by the lone figure as he slowly passed.

Muffled up against the cold wind, Kurt felt nothing but anger as he passed . . . for, stuck to the main window of each house was the emblem of the Party. This he hated, and it was because of his non-conformity he was in the position he was — alone. Not for him the Party clothes, he wore the peasants' clothes of his father and his father before him, not starched overalls. He was a Russian and as such he had a Prussian haircut, and not the distinctive style of the Party. He respected the great works of his German forefathers, Mozart, Beethoven, and resented the way they were distorted for the use of the Party. He had always been a wide reader of literature and had always enjoyed the ideas of many writers, and now he was revolted by the way the Party had changed them for their own selection of 'proper' readings.

As he continued his walk down the quiet streets, his mind began to wander from thought to thought, till he was remembering his childhood. Times had been good then, the sun had blazed down on the rich Russian soil and year after year there had been food in plenty for everyone. He could still recall the fields he had played in as a boy, and the way he had spirited through the waving rows of rich golden corn, an intense feeling of life vibrating through his body. He

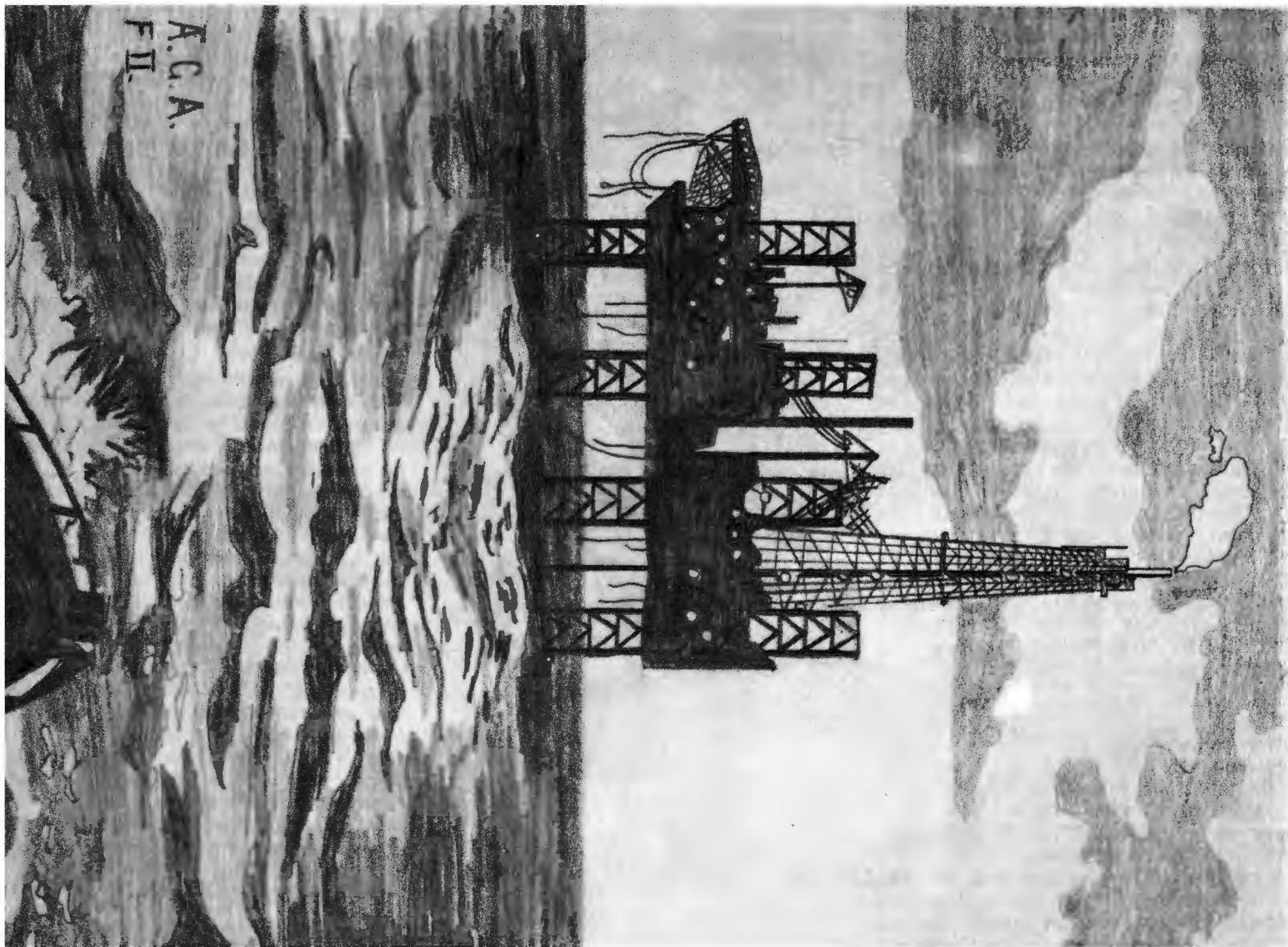
even remembered his parents, his father tall, bearded, who had been intensely Prussian, and his mother who had been so beautiful and whom he had loved more than anyone else. Now things were different, his parents had been taken away, dragged from their home, as a



part of the Party plan for Intense Production Resettlement. Now food was scarce, the streets were full of starving wretches, those who had resisted the Party, and now all energies were sapped by the continual cycle of the Party sports meant to subdue the populace. Kurt sighed. Yes, things were different now.

Kurt pressed on with his lone walk. He disliked his loneliness and isolation, even at work, he was regarded as an oddity, and not a real member of the Party. But he had reconciled himself to this state of affairs, and he knew he would never be able to accept the Party for what it was.

He turned a corner, and facing him was a group of young party members, looking in the dark like a line of robots, all dressed in their overalls. Immediately he sensed their hawk-like eyes realising his lack of overall and his difference in hairstyle. Kurt tried to move away but they had surrounded him. They were on top of him, all around him, searching for his party badges and identity card — both of which he had not got. There was noise, they were shouting at him, his senses reeled. It didn't take them long, they engulfed him like a raging sea and in minutes, all that was left was a lifeless crumpled heap of flesh, that had once been a living entity. The blood seeped from the carcase, and as it did it began to flow like a stream as water combined with it forming a soup — it was raining. The rain tumbled down, crying for Kurt and for humanity.



Unwritten Letter from an Asylum

MOTHER

They said it was the shock
They stood round the bed like vultures,
Waiting for my mind to die.
They said it was the shock—Elsa's death.
I lay and didn't speak—if I spoke
They said I was getting worse.
So I didn't speak.
If I ate, they said I might get over it.
Get over it, Mother, get over it!
'A high guilt-complex after the death
... of a two-year-old daughter, by
falling'
That's what they said, Mother.
And they just stood around me and
watched.
Then they brought me here
A Mad-house to make me mad.
When I realised, I thought I'd win,
But it gets you, Mother, it's always
trying,
Always out to get you.
You once said I had a strong will.
They say that's why I broke completely
And they said it was Elsa, Mother.
They wouldn't listen when I talked
'The poor woman, she was so
attached—'
But I hated her, Mother, I hated her,
Her mewling cry, her pale face,
Her washed-out eyes—I hated her
When I saw her there I laughed.
I laughed because I thought I'd beaten
her at last
But, Mother, she's winning.
They're on her side.
They saw me and said it was the shock
Shock, Mother! it was relief,

But they put me here.
Surrounded by pale, yelling people,
People with pale faces and washed-out
eyes
And mewling cries.
I hated her, Mother.
But she's winning, they're winning
She surrounds me, they won't let me go,
I get no contact, none.
Even this letter will never leave me
Mother.
Mother, I'll die now
She's killing me—
And they'll say I died of grief
—They've thought of it already.
You can see them, Mother, thinking,
Thinking I'm dying for Elsa.
But I hated her—
For two years she got on my nerves,
She got me screaming, spitting, Mother.
I'd yell and scream and she'd just go on
Mewling a little.
And then she fell.
I thought I'd won
But, Mother, she's here, she's all these
people,
Mewling, whining, pale.
They said I loved her—I hated her,
Mother,
But now she's killing me
So then she can torture me more.
They said, Mother,
They said, Mother,
Mother . . .
. . . MOTHER.

Mother, they said, and you agree.

Birrell

SUICIDE SONG

The sky is dark
and stormy, wind
banging a fierce
rhythm against
the wet leaves. And the
poetry of rain
driven cold from
the clouds being
soaked into the
brown earth.

And today is one of
beauty upon which the
eyes can feast, but the
turmoil inside me
won't let me see it.
All I see is anger
and a red mist drifting
over my mind, and if the rain doesn't
stop, I will.

Niall Gibbershtoomph, F4

The Goodies

PETTINESS

I watched a spider
Gently clinging to her fragile string ;
Swinging, landing on the corner
of a dusty book-case,
Then flashing back again.
Carefully weaving
a silver web,
Swaying on her tiny ribbon
of cold fire
And translucent paleness,
As she worked
Unaware she was observed.

She did no harm.
She brought beauty
To a dusty corner,
And enthralled
I let her continue
Till her web hung
Like a silver snowflake.
I was privileged
To have witnessed
This miracle
And gazed aesthetically
knowing that it was perfect.

Then, because I could not paint the
miracle,
And because I could not make it,
Nor sculpt, nor carve it,
Nor even draw its beauty
With the fluency of my words,
I slowly raised a hand . . .
And destroyed it.

L.M.



'Heaven is the
place where the
donkey at last
catches up with the carrot'

HEAD BOY/HEAD GIRL INTERVIEW

And now, the interview you've all been waiting for. The time when all is revealed by the two little people with all the gold-stripes. In order to help and encourage them, the comments of their fellow inhabitants of that Small Hole were also asked for (such comments as are printable are in brackets after THE answers).

1. What qualities do you most admire in your fellow men/women?

Graham : determination, devotion (all the rest humbly bow at their reflections in his shiny shoes), asking for lines, handing in lines on time, turning up for seat duty, subtlety.

Sarah : consideration, fairness, sense of humour, unbitchiness.

2. What do you most admire in the opposite sex?

Graham : the last word.

Sarah : madness, the difference in height between the bottom of the nose and ear lobes.

3. Has being Head Boy / Head Girl given you a power complex?

Graham : Yes.

Sarah : Don't be impertinent or you'll get thrown out.

4. Has your height in any way affected your power?

Graham : What's on the other side of the canteen counter?

("Height is inversely proportioned to power")



'EVIE + I'
by Ravioli.

Sarah : I'm just as big and tough as anybody — well, ask Butch — he's smaller than me — nearly, well only a bit bigger, not much.

5. What will you remember most about school?

Graham : The F.P.'s, seat duty, Burns' Supper, fire drills without any fires.

Sarah : "Wigwams," doughnuts, Beano, L1-3 parties, the holidays, snoozing, digestive biscuits, raids on the coffee house, playing hockey for Perth Academy 3rd XI when I was reserve for the D.H.S. 3rd Year 'B' team.

6. What do you think you will be doing in 20 years' time? (Witty comment — what don't you think you will be doing in 20 years' time?)

Graham : I'll either be a retired millionaire sailing round the world in one of my yachts or settle for being a doctor.

Sarah : snoozing or cooking home-made broth and porridge and stovies for my starving kids.

(driving along the M1 in a red MG, doing ornothology, sitting knitting with my faithful hubby and hounds at my feet, sweeping the streets.)

7. How much help do you think your deputies have been?

Graham : Not much.

(In Dave's absence, someone volunteered "He's been a shoulder to cry on — when I can get a box to reach it with.")

Sarah : (As Big Max attacks Sarah, she screams terrified) Marvellous !

8. Do you think you have won the respect of first year ?

Graham : They don't all call me sir for nothing.

Sarah : They're my pals.

9. What is your idea of beauty in nature ?

Graham : Seeing a 1st XV player diving gracefully over the opponent's line to score a try.

Sarah : The jungle growing in my coffee cup or the advertisement picture of a lone 'cellist playing on the sands at sunset.

10. What and who has been the greatest influence on your life ?

Graham : Milk, me mammy, Tom and Jerry.

Sarah : (Yet again Bix Max attacks Sarah and she screams) "Maxine !" — no but seriously — Dennis the Menace.

(The rest's unanimous answer was "Maxine" as she menacingly threatened them all.)

11. What is your present state of mind ?

Graham : Perplexed that someone

can make up such stupid questions. Sarah : Snoozy — also just a wee bit scared about the editor's interpretation of all these questions.

12. Who would you most like to be marooned on a desert island with ?

Graham : 5 thousand other people.

Sarah : Mr Heinz.

(Unanimous answer : "We know but we're not saying.")

13. Why ?

Graham : 2½ thousand for seat duty and the rest to keep my gold braid clean.

Sarah : For plenty of variety.

14. How would you describe yourself ?

Graham : An Ernie Wise (the one with the short, hairy legs).

Sarah : A dazzling blue-eyed blonde.

We hope that this has given you a close insight into the minds of these golden people. Just out of interest we asked the deputies — How much help do you think you have been ?

Maxine : I would say . . . (Sarah threatens menacingly) that I've done it all.

Dave : I've done it all too.

On that profound statement we will end this interview.

The Ed.



Gillian

THE AVIARY

my god he said, who is this
i do not know she said,
i have not the faintest clue.

good grief a grundlewick.

good grief a grundlewick.
my god, so it is.
indubitably.

W. Maxwell.

A PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST ?

(Message from the Cuddling Club)

Good evening. I think I can say that without contradiction—No you can't—Well let me lay my cards on the table, I can finish the game later on. As you all know I am in fact Rudolf Hess in disguise—Liar — well Vera Lynn then — Better—you will all have realised by now that I am trying to be funny—Get away—Put it away—Ah well I remember sitting on my nanny's knee—It took her hours to find it. And he's done it again yet another triumph for Spiky Norman and Cruncher, keep it up, son you're doing well. This term we welcome a new lad to the Physics department, Mr Allen, hope to God he's better than . . . Schhhh you know who—"Chew it over with a Toffo"

More irrelevancies yet to come. Oh crucibals, I forgot to post my Eurovision song vote — never mind — Long Live Love—Make tea not love. This year we have also gained a new form master—except for Spirella — i.e. Mr "Keep it short and neat" Steele (just about as bad as ?) Well time to sign off or is it, no, why should I

"Keep it short and Neat" (said in steel voice)

Okay P - - - (Not allowable as it slanders a member of staff.)

Zuben Breshnev (Rubbish)
alias a very stupid member of
the - - - Spot the Looney Club

Now to finish off—the Postscript.

(Quote from short story by Ray Bradbury)

"I'd guess you'd call me a writer."

"No profession."

IF by any miscarriage of justice this fails to meet magazine standards, I shall shoot myself.

Postscript written especially by Chairman of Spot the Looney Club—i.e. Doug "Organ Stoppers" Wilson.

(The Ed.—We have to do our best to avert all suicides.)

Dear Spot the Looney Club,

After reading your recent survey on school dinners I found the perfect word to describe them :

Lopadotemachaselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimhytrimnatosilphioparaomelito katakechymenokichlepikeossyphophaffoperisteralektryonaptekephallioikigklopeleioagiosiraiabaphetogamopterygon.

It was in an old "Guinness Book of Records" and appeared in the comedy "The Ecclesiazusae" by Aristophanes (448-380 BC). In Greek it has 170 letters but translates into 182 English letters. It describes a goulash of 14-day-old leftovers.

Yours sincerely,

Another Loony.

(who incidentally is not a member of your club and goes to school dinners)



"DEATH"

Blinding white streams tear his brain
Jagged metal splinters tear his body :
Suddenly.

Pain—so much pain :
Of a tortured tangled mind
Where glimpses of the fresh cool valley
and the watery light
speckling from the old oaks
And thoughts of long summer hours
stretched on piles of dusty hay
absorbing the blue of heavens
and the heady perfumes of many colours
scattered with the stalks
Bring no ease.

Only a longing, a lust for life.

Life ?

Disinfectant and crisp white sheets and
a bare white imprisonment.
Expensive flowers near : in a jug.
Controlled rays of sunshine : through
glass.

Efficient attendants with artificial
expression.

All blurred through a haze of
regulated body painlessness.

And more pictures :

Laughter and beautiful happiness
tuned with the trickling burn
And wet pink toes and the mossy drops
sprinkling cold over open lips.
Then running through soft greenness
to hide in curling bracken
Breathing in the pure freshness
of life.

And now — death ?
Questions—to live a natural life, to die
a scientific death ?

The shattered body struggles as the
mind

restlessly seeks an answer.

A final effort :

Fingers grasp the air, desperately

Tired eyes raise heavy lids

A whiff of meadows and life is trapped

And then : Peace.

Marion McCraw



Wyatt Earp. P. Lawson. L.VII

THE HUMAN DESTINY ?

Suppose you could talk to a baby in a
mother's womb just before it was born
and suppose you asked it whether it
thought there was another life ahead.

If it could think, it would say to itself :
I have got a pair of arms tucked into my
body but I cannot move them never
mind use them, perhaps I will be able to
use them in some other life to come. I
have got a pair of legs but I cannot use
them either, I wonder what they are for
— perhaps I might need them in some
life to come. I have got a pair of eyes
but I am surrounded by darkness, per-
haps I will need these later.

And just like us, it would dismiss the
idea of a life hereafter as a fanciful
dream with no basis of any truth, but
look what lies ahead of it — a wider,
freer existence than it could ever have
imagined tucked up inside its mother's
womb, and very real.

What, then, is the purpose of all the
experiences, problems, trials, disappoint-
ments and happiness we endure in this
life unless it is to prepare us for some
completely different kind of life later
that at the moment we cannot imagine
and understand ?

Hugh W. Grant



THE EXORCIST

The white-coated doctor turned to the middle-aged woman standing beside the bed, where a blanket-covered figure was tossing and turning violently.

"And when did these symptoms start, Mrs Milne?" the doctor said loudly, as the figure retched and vomited terribly.

"It was last August, I think," said the tearful woman, "Yes just when he went back to school."

The doctor stopped short from taking readings as something clicked in his mind.

"Was your son going into Form Six, Mrs Milne?" he said slowly.

"Yes, he was," she said, "but what does that matter?"

Suddenly the figure on the bed sat up and screamed in a deep voice, "I... hate... school!"

That finally convinced the doctor, this was another case like the Stuart boy. These poor youths had been taken over by the evil spirit of Form Six and it was destroying their minds and bodies.

"All I can suggest now," said the doctor sadly, "Is for your son to be exorcised."

The woman did not answer because she was lying on the floor in a dead faint.

The doctor turned and looked at the figure on the bed again as it screamed and tore at the chains holding it down.

He hoped the power of the exorcist could drive the evil spirt of Form Six from the poor boy's body, and he could once again be a normal human being. The doctor remembered the Stuart boy had not been saved, but maybe they would be lucky this time . . . only time would tell.

MGM Film Scripts

(You've read the story, now see the film)



Monday, April, 1, 10.10 a.m. . . . I regroomed my hair the way movie stars do it, brushed the dust from my zoot suit, then started walking real slow, kind of like George Raft used to. I moved through the building feeling as cool as an icebox, pushing punks out of the way Cagney-style, then out into the sunlight of a spring morning in Chicago. The sun gleamed on my scar tissue and I guess I must have looked quite good standing there on those steps. Yeah, Gable had nothing on me, I was the tops, the leader, the king of the area. I started to look round in a sort of movie shot, you know, when it starts at one end and moves slowly round to the other, and I saw my land and my people. I had fought to get here, but now I was the boss and the punks on the sidewalk knew it. I felt really proud looking at the sunshine picking out the garbage on the curb and the bullet-holes in the walls of the building. I felt like I owned some sort of huge Coney Island with me getting all the pleasure, but suddenly I felt like I had switched from the carousel to the spook ride, as shivers as cold as Sun Valley snow climbed my back. The reason for this was as clear as the Empire State on a bright day — above and away to my right I had caught a glimpse of people I needed like I needed pneumonia. They were in a room high up in the building across the street and they had guns. I had to stay cool, but it was too late. I was like a target in a rifle booth and worth a big prize. The machine gun began to chatter but I didn't fall dying like the stars do — instead I sort of exploded into a hundred bits . . . my reign was over.

The Late Benny Siegel



An Interesting little person
(Brian in LI)

Question : Who's the biggest person you know at school ?

Answer : "Who's his name again — Um Richard Fenton" (I wondered who that was so I asked big sister Julie, who's in LII, and Richard is "a big thin boy with orange hair").

Question : Do you like vegetables, and does your Mummy make you eat them ?

Answer : "Yes" (exceptional little boy this !) "Not always."

Question : Are you looking forward to having to eat school lunches ?

Answer : "Mhm yes — 'cos Julie says they're awful good."

(Thank you very much, interesting little person LI)

INTERESTING BIG PEOPLE,
INTERESTING MIDDLE-SIZED
PEOPLE AND INTERESTING LITTLE
PEOPLE



And now for another interesting (?) middle-sized (big middle-sized) person (a hardened, cynical FIV boy — Gibb).
Question : Do you ever wish you were back in LI ? Why ?

Answer : without hesitation) "Yes — free milk !" (sponger !!)

Question : When did you stop believing in Santa Claus — or do you still believe in him ?

Answer : "Hmm — tricky one this. Umm I'd say when I was about nine — I was completely disillusioned. (can you imagine Gibb disillusioned ? I can't !!)

Question : Do your legs ever get cold when you're wearing your kilt — if so what do you do and do you have any advice for cadets with cold knees ?

Answer : "Yes, ahh, ahh, Yes, Ahh !" (he grins) "Um — I don't think I'd better say — it's unprintable ! Ah umm, wear longer kilts !" (that was a direct quote — I hope you understood it !)

(Thank you Gibb)



Now for an interesting middle-sized person (an innocent, unsuspecting FII girl).

Question : If a policeman walked into your sitting room and asked you to come with him in a little black van with square wheels, what would you think ?

Answer : She laughs uncertainly, sucks her index finger and gives me a blank look, this blank expression remains on her face for a couple of moments, so I give up and go on to the next question.

Question : As I'm not telling anyone who you are (I promise) do you ever copy your friend's homework, adding one or two mistakes ?

Answer : "Yes, but I don't add the mistakes, I correct them." (bighead !)

Question : If the head boy (Graham) came up to you and told you that you and he were joint winners in a raffle with a prize of a year's supply of cat-meat, and your father was allergic to cats what would you do ? (P.S. Graham doesn't have a pussy.)

Answer : She read the question 4 times and said "I'll need to think of something witty — I know ! I'd go down to the nearest pet shop, buy a thin pussy cat, feed it for 6 months then put it in a casserole for the dog !" (What a nice little girl she is !)

(Thank you, the laughing janitor !)

I was going to have an interview with the Rector here, but unfortunately he couldn't see me as he was at some meetings, so I went to a different interesting Big person (the second in command !)
Question : When you were a little boy, did you ever have any pets, and what were they called ?

Answer : " Umm, I remember we used to have some pigeons when we were kids, they weren't mine though, but my big brother's."

Question : Have you ever had an amusing practical joke played on you at the DHS, what was it, who played it, and what did you do to him or her ?

Answer : " Ahh, mm. Well at one time they tied all the door handles together in the girls' school, up by Miss Flett's and Mr Stevenson's — we never found out who the culprits were, and as it was near the end of term we didn't bother "

Question : What is your favourite type of pudding and do you ever do any cooking at home ?

Answer : " I like all puddings, especially apple dumpling ! Yes, I can cook, I was very good at Sunday lunch — you name it, I could do it ! Unfortunately I've never managed to bake anything !!"

(Thank you very much second in command)

THE END

The R.R.R.

(R. Roving Reporter)

And now for two big, interesting people (2 blokes with sticks, which they use to keep naughty little cadets in order with, C.S.M.s Boath and McKean and friends).

Question : Do your knees ever get cold when wearing your kilts, what do you do about it, and do you have any advice for cadets with cold knees ?

Answer : " No, my knees don't get cold," says CSM Boath. (The small boy suggests hair restorer for cold knees, and A.N.W. suggests you rub them together, Grant's knees don't get cold, another wit told me that all cadets wear tights...) CSM McKean didn't answer this one (he wasn't there !).

Question : Have you ever hit anyone with your stick ? Why ? When ? Where ?

Answer : " Yes. Disobedience. At cadets. In the back playground." (According to CSM Boath " it's kind of kinky."—What on earth does he mean by that ? The small boy also told me that the names on the stick weren't CSMs, they were the victims — I think he was trying to be funny !) (We were interrupted by an irate janitor here !)

Question : What is your favourite type of school pudding.

Answer : CSM McKean doesn't go to school lunches, but eats a packet of fruit creams, which come in a wee orange box (but he can't remember who they're made by). CSM Boath likes the trifle, the creamed rice, and something else which he called by a queer word, which I looked up in the dictionary (of course) and after a bit of thinking decided it meant tapioca. I'm probably wrong, but the word he used was unprintable !

(Thank you CSMs and Friends)

And now for an interesting little, middle-sized person (a laughing janitor)
Question : When you were young, what did you do with your teeth when they fell out, and did the fairies ever come to you ?

Answer : (he laughs) " I didn't lose any teeth till I was 14, and then the dentist took out my wisdom teeth." (he laughs) " I didn't know about the fairies." (he laughs yet again !)

Question : Have you ever felt like throwing a rotten egg at anyone ?

Answer : " Oh no ! " (he laughs) " People never bother me — I never get angry, I keep my cool, so I never have to say sorry." (he laughs)

Question : If the school went on fire while you were sweeping the floors what would you do ?

Answer : (he laughs) " It depends what the fire was ! I'd phone the fire brigade and ring the alarm bells continuously." (Interesting point of information : to make the alarm bells ring you put a switch off, press two little white buttons and you have bells for as long as you want ! Now you know what to do when you're fed up and want to liven up the dull routine of school life !)

THE KNOWLEDGE OF MAN

When man was but a new-born babe,
He knew nothing.
He ate roots and berries,
Slept on ground; in trees.
He knew not what was bad —
Until he'd tried it.

When man was a young child,
He learned language,
He could communicate,
He fashioned weapons and clothes,
He ate meat,
He fought with others,
And killed his fellow children.
And when he'd killed,
He knew it was bad.
He had learned of death.

When man was an adolescent,
He built houses,
He tamed beasts,
He grew crops,
He lived in large communities,
He fought battles with guns,
He was learning.
He knew much was bad.

When man was a youth,
He invented the motor,
He split the country,
He said, "I rule, you obey."
He obtained power,
He invented the bomb;
With it he had command.
With command he did not realise
The bomb was bad.
When man was at his height of learning,
He created a bomb —
The atom bomb.
He did not know about it.
He tried it.

The Seasons



Hiroshima knows.
He said, "It is good,
It devastated the community."
He did not realise
That his creation lasted,
And radiation killed
For longer than the bomb.
It was his invention.

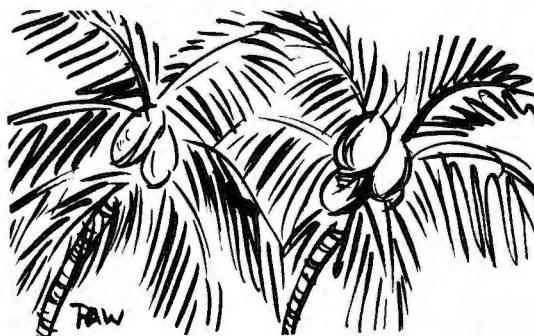
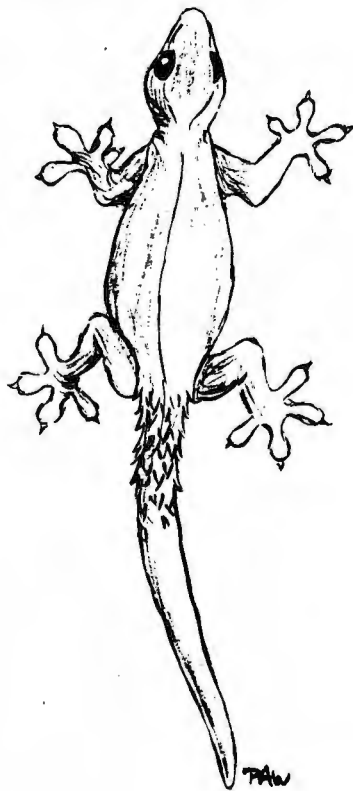
When man was middle-aged,
He realised.
But he did not say, "Stop!"
He said, "Carry on,
We need it."
He still knew it was bad.

Please, middle-aged man,
If you want to be a wise old sage,
Say, "No!"
Say, "Stop!"
Save your fellow men.
You command,
They will obey.

Penelope-Anne

JOURNEY TO THE SEA

Sitting ...
I could remember.
The sands of time flowed gently
Backwards in eddies and whirlpools.
Long-forgotten experiences, places,
times,
And in one quick moment
All had returned ...



A chit-chat ran with its lizard body above my bed. The mosquito net hung limply in the sultry warmth. The shutters were wide before the wire mesh that sufficed for windows. Through it, I saw a woodpecker hammering laboriously in the calm of a tropical morning. I arose quietly, quickly, trying to retain the coolness of my body. As the sweat began to break out, mosquitos clung like limpets and sucked body-blood. I watched one with absorbed fascination, its opaque body turning pink after its meal. It guzzled with a vulgar indifference. I knocked it off as I thought of the ugly red blotch which would appear within the hour. I donned a bikini and tennis skirt and went for breakfast. A large slice of papaya awaited me. Its yellow, rubbery skin hiding the soft, succulent, orange flesh. I knocked the beady grey seeds from the centre and ate the tropical fruit.

As the rest of the family awoke, I wandered down through the coarse grass and swaying coconut palms down to the coral sand. Thousands of agitated spider crabs scurried and shovelled on the ground to dig themselves shelters beneath the soft, crumbling sand. I threw off my skirt and waded into the luke

warm water. Swimming way out of my depth, I dived down. The sub-aqua blueness surrounded everything. Fish in multi-coloured shoals swam around me. It reminded me of an aquarium and the reality was unbelievable. I surfaced, gasping for breath. Two minutes beneath water is my ultimate limit with tides and currents to swim against. I swam back inshore. I had been taken farther than I had anticipated.

Already the sun was high in the sky and my skin — used to sun from living for months in Singapore — began to feel the intense heat which absorbed the water and left layers of salt clinging to my body. Malaya, I thought, had a far more pleasant climate than that of Singapore: Singapore was all humidity and air-conditioning, Malaya was heat, sun-burn and beautiful sea and sand ...



From somewhere came a call ...
My sister in her anorak,
Gripping the dog.
She was telling me to hurry,
We were in Monifieth,
The dog wanted to go,
"Open the car door."
The cold wind ...
The chilly sand ...
The icy sea ...
I was back in Britain again.

Penelope-Anne

ODE ON A GRECIAN SOJOURN

At 7 a.m., we started off,
One cold December day ;
Our mummies and daddies weeping
 buckets,
To see us going away.
Our wee bus took us to Abbotsinch
For to catch the plane,
But then to Prestwick we were rushed
Because of mist or rain.
Upon the 'plane we did alright,
We thought it would be fun,
But then we had a bite to eat —
Breakfast, served at one !

In Italy, we sailed by boat,
Through Venice, smelly city,
A sewer is the Grand Canal.
It really is a pity.
We first arrived upon our ship,
Around a half-past four.
The tannoy rang out in our ears,
As we set foot through the door.
As we were rather hungry,
Tea should have done us good,
But when we sat and viewed it,
We didn't feel like food !

At night, we prowled around the decks,
Trying to avoid the noise,
But all we saw, on every side,
Was **little** girls and boys.
A 'Uganda' senior cruise was this,
Or so we had been told,
But going to bed at ten at night
Really left us cold.

The dulcet tones from tannoy
Woke us up at seven o'clock.
Thus, we broke the curfew strict,
And loudly began to talk.
Inspection came, and then it went,
And brought tears to our eyes —
Only five out of the ten,
Surprise ! Surprise ! Surprise !

After Venice, there was Senior Club,
Improvement on first night,
But rules for lads and drinking
We thought were far too tight.
Alternate days were not so good,
We spent them on the ship,
But when we met with faces new
We began to enjoy the trip.

As we whiled away the hours,
The sun began to shine,
But then the ship did toss and turn
Upon the foaming brine.
Some were sick and some were tired,
And some began to moan,
We found, the less we had to do,
The more we longed for home.

On the day we rose for Olympia,
Before the dawn did break,
Going down for breakfast
Was a really big mistake.
Olympia was really great,
So was the 'Ouzo' we drank,
But on returning to the ship,
Our spirits really sank !

We ventured into Turkey,
Ignoring all the men.
All they did was eye us up,
Time and time again.
The city of Antalya
Disappointed everyone.
We didn't see a thing to buy,
And some returned glum.

Footsore and weary we trailed around
Through Athens city alone,
After an interesting morning,
At the Parthenon.

One day, especially, a sad affair,
Disaster on every side,
All we could feel of Delphi
Was the cold for far and wide.
Our guide, she was a funny soul,
Verbose, I think, the word;
To her, the threat of frostbite,
I do not think occurred.

At last Dubrovnik came in sight,
Relief to we poor souls.
We tripped off our prison ship
In smiling, happy shoals.

At nights, we shone in quiz game,
Second overall,
There also was a fun-fair
Which really was a ball ! ?
Jockey Race and Deck Games
Kept us very fit.
All in all our entertainments
Really were a hit.

A summary we think is apt,
 Of our impressions clear —
 We do believe we were misled
 Before incarceration there.
 Accommodation we were shown
 Really looked quite good
 But we didn't know of all the kids,
 Or even of the food.
 So — overall, the cruise O.K.,
 We did enjoy the sights,
 The only part distressing us —
 The ship, both days and nights !

Before we end, our sincere thanks
 We gratefully must render,
 To he who made it bearable
 Our Mr Alexander.

Max (moan, moan !)
 Elaine ("I've got no strings . . . !")
 Ian G. C. Weir ("Maxine was tickling
 me.")
 David Mackintosh (Amstel drunk !)
 Vicki
 David Ewart (Here's to next time ! !)
 Tricia (Great cruise ! ?)
 Pam (Happy days ! ?)
 Paul Parker-Smith
 Charlotte
 Gill (the scribe !)



A LOT ABOUT NOTHING

(and nothing about something)
 Have you ever really thought about
 the words in a song — Yes ? if so stop
 reading — No ? shame on you but read
 on ! (please)

We will now analyse one of Cat
 Stevens' songs. It is from "Tea for the
 Tillerman" (and if you've never heard
 of this particular album, I suggest you
 go and buy it NOW !). Let's take one of
 the shorter songs, "But I Might Die
 Tonight" and let's look at the title first.

Yes he might die tonight, but on the
 other hand he might not. That was
 pretty obvious, wasn't it ? (Y'see analys-
 ing songs isn't very difficult — providing
 you try !)

Now let us proceed to "pull it apart"
 (as a certain well-known English master
 puts it !). The jist of the song is that he
 (Cat) doesn't want to do the correct
 things in life, i.e. work for the future,
 he wants to live for the present — in
 case he dies suddenly, well he's got a
 point. (Doesn't he ?) Then on the other
 hand, he might live on until he reaches
 a fair age and if he lives for the present,
 not working, he'll suffer when he's older
 — but if he works for the future, he
 might die young, and he'll have missed
 out on an awful lot. (Are you getting
 muddled ? Yes ? Good !) I mean to say,
 he doesn't have to look ahead, if he
 continues to take life as it comes day by
 day and not planning he'll manage (off
 social security, etc.) alright, and he'll be
 happy, but if he plans ahead, and works
 for the future, he'll be happy, just
 thinking about what is coming to him,
 but he might die suddenly then he'll
 never have the satisfaction of enjoying

what he's worked for. But who wants to
 die anyway ? (That was completely ir-
 relevant, but it interests me.) I don't
 want to die, neither does Cat — and if
 you've any sense you won't want to
 either. (Are you very muddled ?)

At this point in my discourse I would
 like to comment on the nocturnal habits
 of that well known animal the dog — it
 is a sensible quadruped, it sleeps at
 night, unlike a bat, which flies and utters
 high pitched squeaks.

Now back to Cat Stevens — he didn't
 die tonight.

(No I'm not a loony, I'm just over-
 tired.)

Goodbye

Fred

THE GIFT

If you were invited to a feast with all
 kinds of delicious food, would you believe
 that there had been nobody to cook it ?
 But nature is a banquet prepared for us.
 You have caviar and many other delica-
 cies and ordinary food catering for every-
 body. So who prepared all these things
 for mankind ? Nature is blind. If you
 believe in no God, how can you explain
 that blind nature succeeded in preparing
 just the things we need and enjoy in
 such variety and abundance ? How can
 you explain that blind nature created
 beauty that only humans can enjoy ?

Hugh Grant

INTERVIEW — LESLEY MACKIE

This year we interviewed Lesley Mackie, a local actress, who in two short years of acting, has gained much experience from her many and varied roles. Miss Mackie, after setting us at our ease, first explained why she became involved in acting :—

“When I was five, my parents sent me to elocution lessons because I spoke very quickly. From the age of seven, I used to entertain at old people's homes and enter festivals and any competitions going. I have always loved singing, and while in primary school I won the Leng Medal, and in secondary school I gained the “gold medal”. By the time I was due to leave school at the end of sixth year, I was swithering between an acting or singing career. Finally I decided that it would be easier to combine singing with acting rather than vice versa. Then I gained entrance to the Drama College in Glasgow where I studied for three years.”

What are your earliest memories ?

“When I was six, I appeared at the Repertory Theatre in ‘Little Red Riding Hood’ as Little Red Riding Hood. For this, after each performance, I received a chocolate penny. From the age of ten to seventeen, I went out three nights a week entertaining for charity. During my last years at school, I participated in a couple of productions.”

At first Mr and Mrs Mackie thought that Lesley's love for entertaining was “just a passing whim,” but as time went on, they realised that she intended to make acting her career.

“When the time came for me to leave school, there was no question of me doing anything else.

“After leaving the Drama College, my first real job was in the ‘Great Northern Welly Boot Show,’ a play about Upper Clyde workers' disputes.”

As we have mentioned, Miss Mackie has achieved a great deal in the past two years. Although, as Miss Mackie herself said, about 85% of actors are out of work, she seems to have remained among the lucky 15%.



One very controversial appearance she has made was in the BBC Play for Today ‘Just Your Luck’, where she played a sixteen year old girl who became pregnant. Miss Mackie has also appeared in T.V. serials and on radio broadcasts.

When asked if her personality came over in her acting, she replied that in variety types of entertainment there is a chance for your personality to show through, but in serious roles you usually get entirely ‘into the skin’ of the character.

Do actors wear make-up on stage ?

“Usually ordinary make-up is worn, but if you want to appear older heavy make-up is often needed.

Then we asked whether she has ever regretted entering the theatre and she replied, “Not yet, but I've been extremely lucky !”

If a girl wanted to become an actress, what advice would you give her ?

“She should only take acting seriously if she is really keen and would be miserable doing any other type of career.

“I think that a girl wanting to become an actress should be really confident in herself, but not to the extent of being self-centred. She should be sensitive to other people, but most of all talented and with a personality that can be expressed through acting. I find that in this business, you've got to be able to take a lot of hard work, and you must take advantage of any opportunities, no matter what your personal plans may be.”



School Activities and Club Reports

GIRLS' HOCKEY

After quite a whacking start to the season we had a long absence from our game due to cancellations and bad weather. We cannot, however, make this the excuse for our second defeat of the season against St. Andrew's University. The rest of the results however were encouraging.

Jan. 30	St. Andrews University	1 2
Feb. 2	Dunfermline College	3 1
23	Buckhaven	1 1

I'm afraid we have not much to show for last term's playing but the games we had we enjoyed. The team was indeed sad to part and bow out to the up and coming players to take over next season.

On this sad note of goodbyes and farewells I must say a word about our dear Miss Dobson. So many years of service and of fun and laughter she has given us — the embarrassing situations she got herself and everyone else into and the kindness she showed us. Hockey will never be quite the same again — the magic of Miss Dobson has left us.

I must thank Miss Lyle and Miss Duncan for stepping in at the close of the season to encourage our flagging spirits and to all the staff who gave us help throughout the year.

Lastly, thank you to all the team — the ten other players and all reserves who stepped in — for making this last season so wonderful.

Pam Swanney, Secy.

BOYS' HOCKEY

1st and 2nd XI Results

Nov. 17	Perth Academy	A	1 (1)	9 (6)
Nov. 24	George Watsons	A	3 (5)	3 (0)
Jan. 12	Kirkton High School	A	1	0
Jan. 19	Morgan Academy	H	2 (0)	0 (1)
Jan. 26	Madras College	A	1 (3)	0 (1)
Feb. 23	Robert Gordons	H	3 (0)	0 (3)
Mar. 9	Stirling High School	H	2 (5)	2 (1)
Mar. 28	Perth Academy	A	1	3

This year the 1st XI has had a very good season, winning 10 and drawing 3 of their 16 matches played, and reaching the final of the Gerry Carr Cup. Although the side did not score quite as many goals as previous teams have done its defensive record was very good indeed. In 7 out of the 16 matches played the opposing attack failed to beat our

defence. Despite this fact, the 1st XI played open, attacking hockey which was very entertaining to watch, thereby maintaining the policy of the best defence is attack. Again, although 3 players, T. McMillan, N. Watt and D. Fridge, were chosen to play for the Midlands, it could be argued that the side individually was not as good as in previous years, but this was more than ably compensated by the high level of teamwork achieved during the course of the season.

However, undoubtedly the highlight of the season was the 1st XI's great run in the Gerry Carr Cup. It began on October 17th when we overcame Grove Academy through goals by Keith Milne and Neil Watt. Then in the next round we met Kirkton High School and we triumphed over them in a very close game, by means of a Graham Stuart goal, a goal line clearance, and the woodwork. In the semi-final we met Madras College and once again triumphed with Graham Stuart getting the important goal. And so to the final where we met Perth Academy. We approached this game with great confidence, and this was shown as soon as the game started as we went straight into the attack. However luck was not with us and following two Perth breaks from defence, we were two goals behind at half time. Perth scored again shortly after the interval and although Neil Watt pulled one back,



CRICKET 1st XI

Back Row : Mr Allardice; Fraser Clarkson; Alastair Hain; Grant Carnegie; James Wallace; Mr Stevenson.

Front Row : Stanley Renwick; Robin Winter; John Walton; Graham Butchart; Robert Wallace; Richard Grant;
Martin Wheeler :

we had left ourselves too much to do to pull back the deficit. However our play and performance in the final more than made up for the 9-1 fiasco and if we had got a few breaks, well it might have been a different story.

The 2nd XI, although starting the season well, began to fall away rather disappointingly towards the end of the season, while some of the Under 16 XI's performances showed that the future of High School hockey is in secure hands.

Finally I would like to thank, on behalf of all the teams, Mr Hutchison, whose intense coaching and training, despite the fact that the power crisis did not allow us the use of the gym, kept the spirit and fitness of all the teams at a high level. I would also like to thank Mr MacDonald and Mr Baxter for giving up their valuable time to umpire the 1st and 2nd XI matches respectively, and Mr Doig and Mr Rouse for their help in coaching the Under 16 XIs.

L.F.

SAILING CLUB

We are at last sailing !

This term has seen our return to Forfar Loch, perhaps for the last time, and we are now well re-established into the old routine of cramped changing rooms and slow buses.

However, with the advent of the Grassy Beach Centre, which has been built by Dundee Corporation, we hope to move onto the River Tay next season. There we will be using six new Mark 2 Wayfarer dinghies, which are large fibreglass boats suitable for training up to four people at a time. The tuition will

be under the expert supervision of the Warden and Mr McKenzie, who are both qualified Royal Yachting Association instructors.

We must yet again thank both Mrs Kinloch and Mr McKenzie for their help in running the Sailing Club. We should not forget also to thank those people who spent many a Wednesday afternoon and Friday 9 period doing much needed boat maintenance — their help has been invaluable.

Finally I have to report that new committee members have been appointed and that we are ready to go again next year and meet the new challenge of the Tay.

The Secretary

RIFLE CLUB

The following officials were elected :

Captain : William Robertson

Secretary : Andrew Townsend

Treasurer : David Barr

The club started the season with a relatively young and inexperienced team who as time passed have become more experienced in the art of match shooting and their scores have increased considerably.

We have an A and B team entered in the Dundee and Angus Association of Small-bore Rifle Clubs League, both of which are as yet unbeaten, and there looks as if there is a good chance of both teams winning their respective leagues.

The clubs' captain, William Robertson, was selected for the Scottish Schoolboys' team to shoot in a postal international against England. The result being a victory by Scotland, the first for a con-

siderable length of time. The Urquhart and Findlay Cups are as yet undecided.

On behalf of all the members of the Rifle Club I would like to thank Messrs Jacuk, Steele and Illsley for their invaluable help, also Mr Carmichael for his unfailing patience towards the club.

The Secretary

BAND

The band has continued to improve throughout the year and now look forward to competing in the Scottish Schools' Band Competition in June in which we hope to do well. More entries from each school are allowed this year for the individual events in which we also hope to succeed.

The band will be playing at various times during the last term before going to camp where we will perform at Aultbea and Pool Ewe.

We would like to thank Mr McLeod for all the hard work which he has put in during this school year for maintaining the band's high standard, and Mr Mills for assisting the drumming section of the band.

P/M Graham Butchart

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

This term we have unfortunately been restricted in our meetings due to the power crisis and the examinations. In the English-Speaking Union Debating Competition our team of Sarah Boase and Calum Paton did very well in reaching the National Semi-Finals and being narrowly beaten in that round. We did not have so much success in the Daily



SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row : Richard Keatch; Susan Proudfoot; Angus Arbuckle; Claire Dallas-Ross; Sandy Porter; Carol Sim; Ross Hadden; Patricia Roy.

Second Row : Mr Hutchison; Fred Sieber; Pamela Reid; Graham Milne; Elizabeth Sim; Fred Ferguson; Wendy Millar; Douglas Wilson; Anna Jacuk; Iain Henderson; Miss H. Lyle.

Front Row : Kenneth Glass; Gillian Hogg; Roderick McKean; Jennifer Williams; Jimmy Rose; Janet Hughes; John Walton; Claire McDonald.

Inset : Fiona Napier.



JUNIOR ATHLETICS TEAM



GOLF TEAM

Back Row : Alastair David; Ross Murray; Alan Ritchie; David Guild; John Langlands.
Front Row : David Aitken; Mr Rouse; Iain Henderson.



CHESS TEAM

Back Row : Mark Crighton; Mark Hargreaves; James Dick; John Hargreaves; Scott Carnegie; Andrew Blackburn.
Front Row : Timothy Walsh; Judith Hanslip; Fred Ferguson; Lesley Tait; Gordon Robertson.

Express Debating Competition since Elizabeth Gilmour and Ross McDonald were unfortunately beaten in the second round. We had organised a Burns' Supper but had to cancel it during the power crisis — nevertheless I am sure Burns' Night was not forgotten! Other meetings have included an informal debating evening at St. Leonard's with Kilgraston and Strathallen, also a debate with Grove and a 'Novelty Nite' at Kirkton.

On the whole this year has been remarkably successful despite the fact that attendances have not been as high as we hoped for. The lunchtime meetings in the first term were the most successful innovation and we hope that these will be continued next year and that support will continue to rise.

Once again we must thank the staff — Miss Gray, Mr Alexander, Mr Fyall, Mr Baxter and Mrs Jack — for their unfailing support, help and encouragement.

CHESS CLUB

The School teams have, on the whole, continued to play well this season, and have gained some very encouraging results.

In the Sunday Times Tournament, the team won its zone, and was presented with a chess clock for its achievement. In the latter stages of the competition, however, the team was unfortunate in being drawn against the only other remaining Scottish team and perhaps the team's lack of experience of such occasions was one of the deciding factors in our defeat.

The team also did well in the Scotsman Trophy, beating the eventual winners of the section, but failed to qualify due to some rather indifferent results in other matches.

Despite these successes, the team struggled to find its form in the Dundee and District Adult League, partly because of the fact that a full-strength team was fielded on only very rare occasions, and was in the end relegated from the First Division. However the team gained some consolation in reaching the semi-final of the Dundee and District Knock-Out Competition and was narrowly beaten by Dundee University.

The other School teams fared rather better in their various leagues, with the 'C' team winning the Dundee Schools Division 4 League Trophy. The 'D' team was the runner-up in the same section of the league.

The Junior School section of the club has attracted a large membership this year, and in the Dundee Junior School league, the team came second in its section. A team was also entered for the Edinburgh Jamboree, and was placed second. This team also put up a creditable performance in the Glasgow Jamboree in March.

Our female members, of past and present years, are to be congratulated on their recent achievements. Judith Hanslip and Margaret Forwell were selected to play for the Scottish Schoolgirls' team in the tournament against England and Ireland, while a Dundee Ladies' team consisting mainly of Dundee High School 'Old Girls' won the Robertson Cup for the third successive year.

In the Dundee Easter Congress, John Hargreaves won the Under-15 section, and Lesley Tait was runner-up in the Dundee Schoolgirls' Competition. Our F.P.s also did well; Christopher Jones was joint winner of the Open, with Douglas Tudhope coming third, while James Dorward won the Under-19 section.

The Russell Trophy, the only school competition completed as yet, has been won by Bryan Cruickshank.

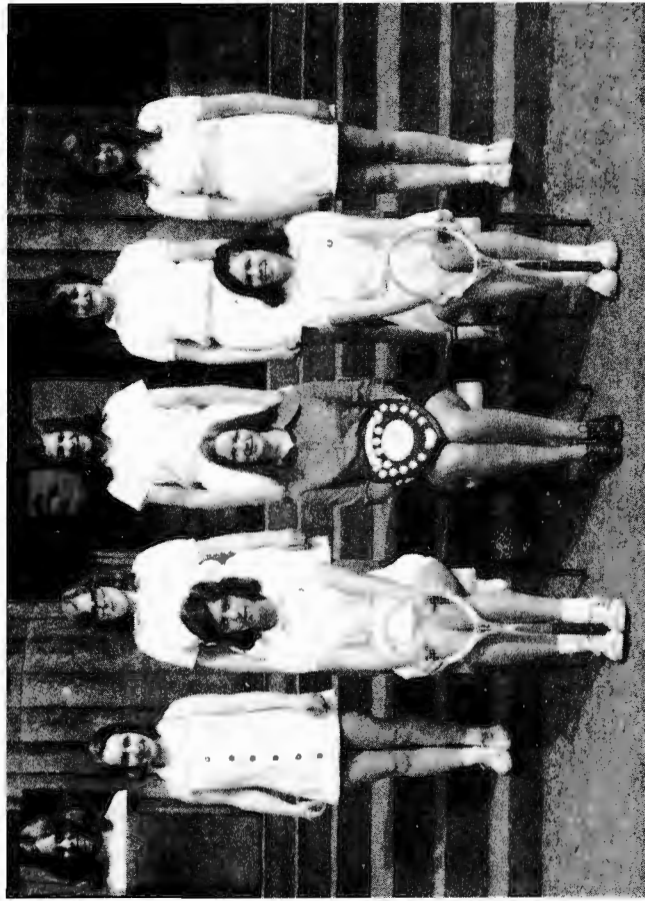
Mrs Elder has, as ever, devoted much of her time to the Club and has been ably assisted this year by Mrs Bartlett who has organised the Junior School teams. Miss Gray has also been very helpful in supplying the funds necessary to provide catering for opposing teams. Our thanks go to these ladies and to the many others who have helped in the running of the club throughout the year.

Fred Ferguson

SCRIPTURE UNION

As this is the first report since last June, we would like to sum up our activities since then. In June 1973 we organised a mission to the Senior School entitled 'Meet Jesus'. We were fortunate to have Captain Stephen Anderson as the main speaker, ably supported by a team of students and the S.U. staff workers. The Christian group 'Parchment' were here for the week, and a large number of friends supported the venture in prayer, and financially to the tune of £200.

Between 200 and 400 pupils attended the various concerts and meetings which were held, and many became Christians at that time.



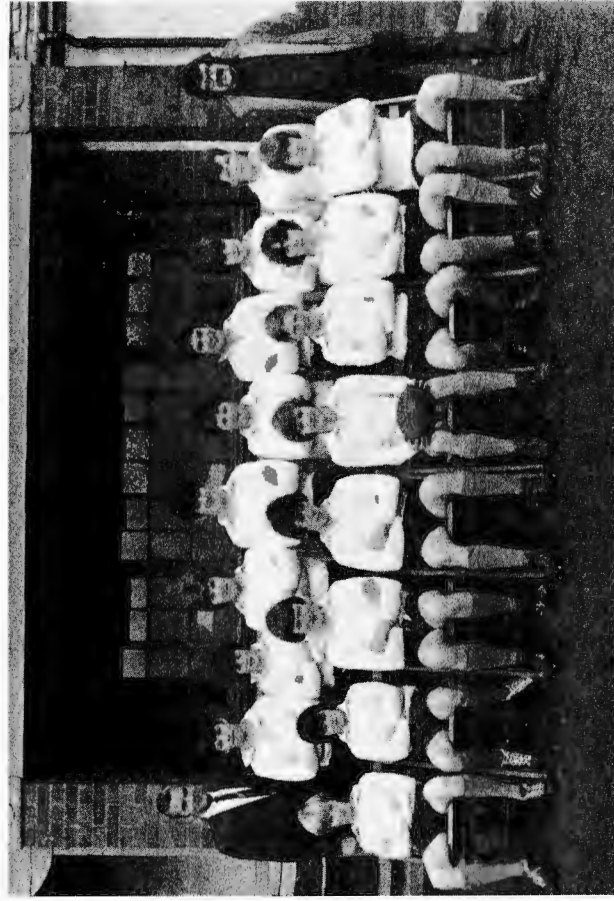
TENNIS 1st TEAM

Inset :

Elizabeth Gilmour.

Back Row : Morag Houston; Charlotte Green; Alison Milne; Judith Dye.

Front Row : Lorraine Thomson; Miss M. Duncan; Alison Cruickshanks.



RUGBY CLUB

This session has been one of consolidation. During the first term our regular Tuesday evening 'At Homes' were attended by about 20 to 25 pupils, and we had a varied programme of speakers, filmstrips, and Bible Studies in Ephesians which were very challenging. During the second term, following a request by some 3rd year pupils, we started daily prayer meetings before school to which about 25 people came regularly. We also now hold 'Sing-Ins' on Monday lunch-times, which have been attended by up to 40 pupils, and informal discussion times on Thursday and Friday lunch-times. These lunchtime meetings are proving very profitable and enjoyable. On Tuesday lunchtimes many S.U. members and friends attend the Steeple Church Lunchtime Services, which they find helpful.

The Tuesday evening meetings are also flourishing. At one we saw the Fact and Faith film 'Rosemary', which started lively discussion. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking all the kind parents who have provided hospitality throughout the year.

In March we had a return visit from Parchment, who played at a lunchtime concert to an audience of about 300.

We look forward to a further term of interesting meetings, among which will be a talk on 'War' by Capt. Roberg, leader of the 83rd Army Youth Team, and a number of tapes and films.

Several of the group are attending S.U. camps during the Easter and Summer holidays.

Our meetings are attended by pupils from every form, and anyone is warmly welcomed to join us.

We are greatly indebted to Mrs Kinlock and Mr Forrest for their continued and enthusiastic support, and we hope that our fellowship will continue to be blessed, and that many more will come to know Christ as their Saviour.

JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

The Friday 9 1st-3rd Year S.U. Group is in its first session. There has been a varied and interesting programme, including speakers about V.S.O. and Tear Fund, a missionary from East Africa, films, tapes, discussions, bible studies and singing. We hope to raise some money for Tear Fund (the Evangelical Alliance Relief Fund). We are grateful to Mr Gill for his hard work and guidance during the year.

N.G.

BOYS' TENNIS

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

Captain : Graham Butchart
Vice-Captain : Alan Baillie

The boys' tennis team is having yet another very successful season, winning the Midlands Schools' Shield for the fourth consecutive year.

We lost only one set on the way to the final which we won convincingly by 6 sets to 3 against Perth Academy.

We now go forward to the Scottish Schools' Tournament as area winners, in which we reached the final last year.

Our thanks go to Mr N. G. S. Stewart and Mr J. T. G. Baxter for the interest they have shown this season.

Graham Butchart

GIRLS' TENNIS

This year the 1st VI has been almost completely re-shaped. The new team has an outstanding record so far this year, including the first victory in years over St. Leonards. After a certain amount of experimenting, the couples are now well matched and playing with an understanding and determination.

April 27	D.H.S. 44	Morrison	37
May 4	D.H.S. 47	St. Leonard	34
11	D.H.S. 54	Kirkcaldy	45
18	D.H.S. 60	Wade	21

The Midlands Tournament was held again this year. The 1st and 2nd rounds have been played and D.H.S. are hoping for a victory in the final which is being played on Thursday, 23rd May against St. Leonard. We met Harris Academy in the 1st round and had little trouble in reaching the next round of this tournament. The 2nd round produced even easier opposition and the team played well.

Credit must largely go to the officials this year, who are extremely keen :— Captain, Lorraine Wilson; Vice-Captain, Alison Cruickshank; Secretary, Denise Robins; Treasurer, Morag Houston.



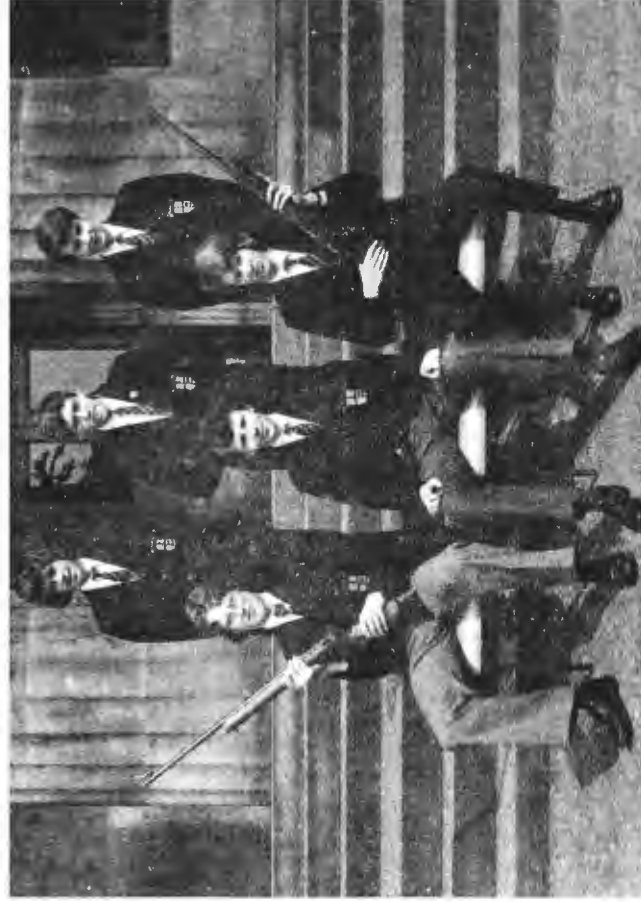
BOYS' TENNIS

Back Row : Mr N. Stewart; Stephen Jack; Richard Grant.
Front Row : Robin Winter; Grahame Butchart; Alan Baillie.



NETBALL TEAM

Back Row : Wendy Miller; Fiona Wilson; Pamela Reid; Claire McDonald.
Front Row : Claire Dallas-Ross; Jennifer Williams; Carol Slim; Hilary Ritchie.



RIFLE CLUB

Front Row : Andrew Townsend; William Robertson; David Barr.

Back Row : Gavin Gibson; David Griffiths, Grant Carnegie.



UNDER-16 BASKETBALL

Back Row : Andrew Clark; Alastair Young; Stephen Fenton; Niall Campbell; Graeme Collin.

Front Row : Stephen Jack; Mr Hutchison; Fraser Clarkson.

Special thanks must be given to Miss Duncan, who has given a lot of her time to the benefit of the tennis teams and we all hope that we will be lucky enough to have such a good teacher next year. We also wish her all the best in the future.

May the tennis teams of the D.H.S. keep up the good work !!

Denis Robins, Secy.

CRICKET

At the start of the season the following officials were appointed :—Captain, G. Butchart; Vice-Captain, J. Walton; Treasurer, R. Wallace; Secretary, R. Winter; Members of the Committee, G. McLaren, S. Renwick.

The 1st XI have had a reasonably good start to the season, winning two games, drawing one and losing one. In the first game they were unlucky not to beat Grove Academy, just running out of time.

They were unfortunate to lose to Aberdeen Grammar School, losing their last wicket with only three minutes remaining. In another exciting finish they beat Perth Academy by one wicket, and then outclassed Madras Academy, winning by ten wickets.

The 2nd XI have, unfortunately, not had a good start to the season, losing both of their matches, but the younger teams continue to do well, with as much enthusiasm as usual being shown for the game.

We should like to thank Mr Allardice and the other members of staff for their valuable coaching and umpiring, for which we are all grateful.

R. Winter, Secy.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB

This year, the following officials were elected :— Captain, Jennifer Williams; Vice-Captain, Janet Hughes; Secretary, Claire McDonald; Treasurer, Gillian Hogg.

Unfortunately, due to exams, the senior team has not yet had any matches, but the junior team has had one match, against Carnoustie, which they won convincingly. We are looking forward to our matches and the school sports — already, in the heats, two school records have been broken. Jenny Hogg broke the intermediate long jump record by 7¾" and the senior record by 4¼". A few days later, Jennifer Williams broke this new record by ¼", jumping 16' 8½". In the Easter holidays, Carolyn Hogg won three Gold Thistle Awards, which was a great achievement. As usual, there has been great enthusiasm, especially amongst the younger girls, many of whom show great promise for future senior teams. We would like to thank Miss Lyle and Miss Duncan especially, and all members of staff who help at athletic matches.

C.F.M.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' RUGBY CLUB

This was an extremely successful season for me—in our one game against the Australian Schools' Team, I had an outstanding match. Leading the team on with great determination, I can quite easily say, I won every ball in the line-outs, as usual, of course. The team were able to follow my courageous example,

as I dived head-first into every scrum, winning the ball with a flick of one hand and disposing of some Aussie idiot with the fist of the other. Unfortunately we lost the match 49-6 but my display was the bright spot of the match.

Alan F. Boath

(Captain, Vice-Captain, Secretary, Treasurer, Committee Members)

RUGBY CLUB

1st XV Results

Date	Opponents	F	A
Nov. 24	Morrison's Academy	4	4
Jan. 19	Madras College	43	3
	26 Robert Gordons	0	23
Feb. 2	Aberdeen G.S.	12	20
	9 Perth Academy	4	14
	16 Trinity Academy	4	15
Mar. 2	Keil School	4	46
	9 Morgan Academy	16	0

Official record. Played 18; Won 7; Lost 9; Drew 2; Points for 224; Points Against 274.

This year's 1st XV were unlucky in having many games cancelled, mainly due to bad weather. The record was not one of the school's best but great spirit and enthusiasm were a main feature of the team. The most notable performances of the season were the defeat of Boroughmuir School at Edinburgh and the local derby success against Morgan Academy.

The team was well represented at district level with A. Boath, G. Dudgeon and J. Rose being selected for the Midlands 'A' and 'B' teams, and G. Butchart

as reserve. The most notable success was that of A. Boath who was selected to play for the Scottish Districts team against Australia.

Top scorer was captain J. Rose with 76 points and top try scorer R. McKean.

The 2nd XV had a good season with 13 wins and only 2 games lost. The 3rds were also successful in only losing 3 games in 8 played. Points : For 201, Against 105.

The younger teams all had good seasons and promise success for future 1st XVs.

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

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

W. Porter, Secy.

BOYS' ATHLETIC CLUB

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of the season : Captain, J. D. Rose; Vice-Captain, R. McKean; Secretary, W. Porter; Treasurer, A. Porter. Committee : K. Glass.

The Boys' Athletic Club, after a very successful year in 1972-73, are this year hoping to improve on their record. Their attempts at this have been hampered by injury to the club's vice-captain and by the early departure from school of several senior athletes. However more training and excellent performances by some of the younger athletes have helped alleviate these problems.

The only fixture completed so far was a new one against Madras College. The boys performed most creditably and ran up a fairly comfortable victory.

In conclusion we must thank Mr Hutchison and the other members of staff for their valuable help in training and we must also extend our appreciation to Mr Johnston for the coaching he has given so far this year. The Club hopes that our results in Scottish Schools and Dundee Schools Championships will do them justice and serve as just reward.

J. D. Rose

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

This term the Society has been most successful. Due to the recent power crisis our meetings have been held on Tuesdays at lunchtime and there has been a large attendance on all occasions. There have been many interesting and unusual meetings including "Santa Claus' Sack Night", "Complaints Nights" and several lively debates. At our last meeting six new officials were appointed. We would like to thank all the teachers who have given us so much help especially Mr Fyall and Mr Baxter who have helped

to organise the meetings. We would like to invite all pupils of F1-3 to come next year to our meetings in Room 6.

AAMS and GGS.

GOLF CLUB

Under the guidance of Mr Paton and Mr Rouse the following officials were appointed : Captain, Bryan Aitken; Secretary, Iain Henderson; and Third Year Representative, Ronald Damaska.

There was a huge interest in golf among the senior boys with 44 taking part and also a number of girls participated.

Inter-school matches are now under way. The A team was narrowly defeated but the B team won convincingly over Morgan. There are future dates against Forfar and possibly against Grove, Arbroath and Carnoustie.

The Boase medal was played over two rounds of Monifieth Medal course with Alastair David winning with an aggregate of 169.

The Pirie Handicap is under way and it looks like being another year of exciting competition.

Iain Henderson, Secy.

BASKETBALL CLUB

The Basketball Club has had a very successful season reaching a climax by winning the Dundee Secondary School 11-16 Championship, bringing the cup back to the High School for the first time in 11 years. St. John's and Lawside were decisively beaten, before the team defeated Grove in a closely-contested final.



TENNIS 2nd TEAM

Back Row : Helen Taylor; Fiona Wilson; Maureen Christie.

Front Row : Susheila Jameson; Miss M. Duncan; Pauline Butchart.

This was due to hard work and training, with the training sessions in Ward Road Gym every Monday being very well attended. Much of the credit must go to Mr Hutchison and Mr Rouse, who gave up their valuable time to train us and referee matches.

S.R.J., F.G.C.

S. S. C.

Once again, the school year ends,
And our committee, the S.S.C defends
We've had a very busy year,
But not too many people hear
Of our success, like the Sponsored Walk
Lots of people, lots of talk.

Dalguise weekends—we've had a few,
For First to Third and Sixth Year too.
We've had discos in the Y.M.C.A.—
What more do we need to say?
Games nights—no more—R.I.P.,
But, come next year . . . well wait and see!

High spot, so far, was Easter Camp.
Water fights are very damp.
Games, discussions, girls and all,
The people there all had a ball!

Talking of camp, our thanks are due
To John and Roger—a jolly crew
Whose support and help are
unsurpassed.

Our Jumble Sale approaches fast.
For this, we need maximum support.
So now we end this year's report.

Thanking all our members new,
And reminding them Carberry is due,
End of June for Four to Six—
Yet another chance to mix!

Revels in notoriety.
S.S.C Rule O.K.

All complaints to Mr J. Baxter.
Those not responsible (irresponsible?)
J.D.R., G.E.T., G.B.S., P.A.L., D.R.F.,
etc., etc.
(Who wish to remain anonymous)

STAFF APPRECIATION SOCIETY

During the past year the Society has flourished due to the vast amount of appreciation felt by those attending the school for the unremitting efforts of our overworked staff. Membership remained at its encouragingly high level and the enthusiasm of the members never waned despite great provocation.

The Mathematics department continued to be our first priority, being appreciated by 100% of the Society's members. Great appreciation was felt for the cute mathematical dodges introduced by the staff and we wish them every success in their debut in the columns of this magazine.

The Physics and Chemistry departments were accorded the appreciation of the majority of the Society's members. The year saw the departure of a highly appreciated member of staff but the Society is pleased to extend its welcome to a worthy replacement.

A minority of the Society's members have devoted some time to appreciating the History department and they inform us that appreciation-wise developments within the history situation are most satisfactory.

A nautical type in the economic field

has met with great appreciation. Photographs of him may be obtained under the counter at the Prefects' room at a high price.

In closing, the members of the Society would like to say that, despite the fact that this is their last year of appreciation, they are confident that their work will be carried on by many young up-and-coming appreciators in the future.

W.C.G.I.

F.G.M.F.

F.R.D.L.

D.H.S. OLD BOYS' CLUB

The Annual Dinner of the Club was held at the Chamber of Commerce Club on the 30th November when 92 people attended. Our new President Mr Robert Hood was in the chair. Mr Kenneth W. Dron, Rector of Brechin High School, was guest of honour and gave a speech which was at the same time full of amusement and also an appropriate toast to the School and Club. A speech which was spiced with humour nevertheless still dealt firmly with controversial issues, one of his views forming the basis of a leading article in the Dundee Courier the following week. 'Why should education be compulsory over 15?' asked Mr Dron. 'The minority who are forced to stay on is a disruptive influence and prevent other pupils getting on. I would like to see the time when all schools have the privilege of quietly sacking pupils not prepared to do the work of the school.' He applauded the fact that parents should still have freedom to choose as far as education was con-

cerned. 'If people want to spend money on education, why shouldn't they?'

Mr Hood, and Mr E. M. Stewart, the Rector, replied on behalf of the Club and the school respectively. Mr Stewart said the High School had played and was continuing to play a significant part in the life of Dundee and accepted seriously its responsibilities as an element in the city's life. The Old Boys and Old Girls have already proved their loyalty by launching the Trust Appeal. He was confident that, with this spirit behind it, the school would continue to prosper.

Hamish Laurie, Vice-President, giving the vote of thanks, delivered a stirring exhortation in a classical manner, indicating to members that more might be expected of them in years to come. He also outlined proposals for the proposed Dalnacraig Social Club of which members would receive notice in due course.

The School Leavers' Tea Party took place on 23rd April when our President addressed those about to leave school on the virtues of joining the Club and several applications for membership have since been received by the Club. We are again grateful to the school for their assistance in organising this.

Please note that the Annual Dinner of the Club will take place once more in the Chambers of Commerce Club, Dundee, on Friday, 6th December, 1974.

A sub-committee of the Club has been established to consider the future of the Club in conjunction with other former pupil associations of the school including the Sports Clubs. The Chairman is our Vice-President Hamish Laurie, and the

other members of the committee are the Rector and Messrs R. Leslie, B. Cram and J. Vannet. If any member would care to offer helpful suggestions, these would be much appreciated.

In view of the present Government's publicly stated policy towards schools like ours, the Trust Appeal Committee have asked our Club to nominate new members for their committee to take over from some of the Appeal Committee who now wish to retire after nearly five years of diligent service. The Committee are to be congratulated on their efforts to date. New members of this committee nominated by our Club are Messrs W. Milne, A. Stiven, B. Cram and A. Meiklejohn.

Your Secretary is to replace Kenneth Pritchard as Appeal Committee Secretary and Mr Ross Paton of 1 Bank Street, Dundee is to be the new Secretary of this Club, with effect from 31st of July 1974, subject to ratification at the Annual General Meeting of the Club in November.

At the time of going to print the Club's usual June activities of golf outing and fishing outing will have taken place.

Since June 1973, the following people have joined the Club :—

Christopher D. Hardie, Ronald J. Duncan, Roderick Munro, Ron Galloway, David Anderson, Brian S. Hardy, Alex. D. Ritchie, Michael R. F. Clark, Andrew C. Bain, Donald R. McDonald, Robert M. Douglas, Ian W. Highlands and George Sandeman.

It is with regret that we noted the deaths of the following :—

Mr R. S. Boyle of Edinburgh, Mr G. A. Johnston of Broughty Ferry and Mr J. M. Wilkie of Rosemount, during the past year.

The Secretary would welcome information of the present addresses (last known addresses given) :—

Ronald Fraser, Standard Jute Mills, Titaghur, B&A Rly., Bengal India.

Thomas P. Smith, Athol Hotel, St. Leonards Bank, Perth.

David A. G. Grant, 7 Gillburn Road, Dundee.

P. L. Philip, 1 Balgillo Crescent, Broughty Ferry.

R. D. Bruce, Eastwood Godfrey Street, Barnhill, Dundee.

D. J. Longair, 33 Dawson Road, Broughty Ferry.

Kenneth Boyd, 43 Dean Avenue, Dundee.

H. D. Croll, 5 Farington Terrace, Dundee.

Our grateful thanks should go to Mr Fyall and his assistants for their work in producing the magazine, and to Mr Smith and Miss Lawson and the Preparatory Department for their assistance in local distribution, thereby saving the Club postage expenses. It may be that owing to increased costs the school will have to restrict itself to one issue of the magazine each year in future.

G. Fraser Ritchie
4 High Street, Dundee
Tel. 22785

OLD GIRLS' CLUB

Marriages

Miss Mairi Hutton to Mr Andrew Perry.
Miss Penny Agnew to Mr Pablo Fernandez.
Miss Gillian Birrell to Mr Kenneth Wood.

Greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The 42nd Annual General meeting of the Club was held on Monday, March 11, 1974 when the following office-bearers were appointed :—President, Mrs Avril Tweedie; Vice-President, Mrs Sheila Knight; Junior Vice-President, Dr Sheila Jamieson; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs Margaret Thornton, 2 Claypotts Terrace, Dundee; Hon. Secretaries, Mrs Vivien Scott, 6 Abertay Street, Barnhill, Dundee and Mrs Alison Barnett, 14 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.

Other members of Committee appointed were : Mrs J. Pate and Miss A. W. Gray, ex-officio; Mrs R. Marshall, Mrs H. Stiven, Mrs E. Cram, Mrs A. Henderson, Mrs I. Adams, Mrs J. Petrie, Mrs E. McKellican, Mrs H. Sim, Mrs P. Cram, Mrs I. Dryden, Mrs J. Inverarity.

The Reunion Dinner was held on 3rd November, 1973 in the School Dining Hall, Constitution Road. The evening was a very happy occasion when a former pupil and well-known actress, Mrs Elizabeth Ross, gave a very interesting talk on her life and work both in television and on the stage. This year, the function is to take place once again in the School Dining Hall.

With postage costs rising again the Committee have decided to send invitations only to those members living within a radius of 30 miles from Dundee as they did this last year. Any member outwith this area who wishes to come, should get in touch with the Secretary by September, please.

In May, 1973, we again ran a Tea Party in the Dining Hall in conjunction with the Old Boys, for the School Leavers. A very happy afternoon was enjoyed by all those who attended.

We extend a warm welcome to all girls leaving School this July and trust they will join the Club.

The Tea Tent and Cake and Candy Stall were run on a smaller scale this year along with the School due to help given towards the Cake and Candy Stall run at the Athletic Union later on in June.

The Annual General Meeting in 1975 will be held on Monday, March 10, and an intimation will be given in the "Courier and Advertiser"

The following have joined the Club since May, 1974 :—

New Ordinary

Miss Susan Crammond, 8 Abercromby Street, Barnhill, Dundee.
Miss Barbara Ann Crawford, 11 Hill Street, Broughty Ferry.
Miss Ann E. Young, 4 Strathtay Road, West Ferry, Dundee DD5 1PT.
Miss Margaret J. Wallace, "Lossiehall", Liff, Dundee DD2 5NH

Miss Sandra E. Jack, 34 Loraine Road, Dundee.
Miss Lesley A. McFee, "Braeside", 19 Whinnybrae, Broughty Ferry.
Miss Fiona C. Sinclair, Abernyte House, Abernyte, Inchtute.
Miss W. J. Brown, 64 Old Craigie Road, Dundee.
Miss Anne Beats, 46 Bruce Road, Downfield.
Miss Ruth Buchanan, 282 Blackness Road, Dundee.
Miss Sally J. Reid, 19 Glamis Drive, Dundee.

New Life

Miss Alison J. Sim, Morton Farm, Tayport.
Miss Mary Grewar, Mill of Camno, Meigle, Perthshire.
Miss Anthea Henderson, Dron, Invergowrie, DD2 5LH.
Miss Sheena S. McMain, 3 Crawford Place, West Ferry, Dundee.
Miss Lesley M. Innes, 58 School Road, Downfield.
Miss Pamela R. Knight, 30 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry.
Miss Patricia M. Knox, 369 Blackness Road, Dundee, DD2 1ST.

The Committee would be most grateful to hear of any member's new name or/and address to bring our files up-to-date.

We deeply regret the death of a former member Mrs Batchelor, Claypotts, Dundee.

Mrs V. Scott, Mrs A. Barnett,
Hon. Secys.

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