

DHS SCHOOL HIGH UNDEE

PRESTANTE DOMINO



Talk about a commonsense bank

**"I picked a winner,
a bank account with interest."**



9½%

ON THREE
MONTHS' NOTICE

8½%

ON
USUAL TERMS

Dundee Savings Bank

HEAD OFFICE — MEADOWSIDE, DUNDEE

Branches throughout the City
and in Angus and Fife



The Royal Dundee Institution For The Blind

Founded 1865

Factory, Offices and Showroom :

59 MAGDALEN YARD ROAD

DUNDEE DD1 4LJ

Phones : Dundee 67292/3 and 60375

Retail Shop :

51 NETHERGATE

DUNDEE DD1 4DQ

Phone : Dundee 24761

General Manager : T. G. Bell TD DipEng MIMechE MBIM AInstM

Commercial : William Low

Production : D. J. Taylor BSc(Hons)

Marketing : I. M. Coubrough MInstM (Blindcraft Scotland Sales)

**Baskets and Baby Bassinets in Cane and Willow
Bedding (Mattresses, Divans, Headboards, Bed Ends,
Cots, Bunk Beds, " Snuggledown " Continental Quilts,
Pillows)**

Brushes (Household and Industrial)

**Cantex Furniture (Bedroom Chairs, Cabinets and Stools,
Ottomans and Soiled Linen Boxes)**

Mats

Novelty Pouffees — " Dun-Di-Donk " and " Dougal "

Re-Upholstery, Re-Caning and Re-Spraying

We also undertake sub-contract work for industry and commerce and our facilities include modern and up-to-date equipment for woodworking (machine shop and cabinet assembly); paint-spraying and polishing; making-up textile items (cutting rooms and a wide range of sewing machines). Hand packaging and assembly type jobs are welcomed.

Our own transport will collect and deliver free of charge in Dundee, Angus, Fife, Perthshire and Edinburgh. To other towns and counties throughout the UK where there is a demand for our products we despatch by rail and road haulage contractor.

THE DOG FOOD SHOP

PETS and PET SUPPLIES

now in spacious premises at

37 DOCK STREET — DUNDEE

DD1 3DR

where we offer Better Service, Lower Prices and
Bigger Selection in all Dog Foods and Bird Seeds
including **FRESH MEAT** and **COOKED MEAT**

MEDALLIONS Neatly Engraved While You Wait

★ **Dogs Expertly Clipped** ★

Free Local Deliveries :: Personal Courteous Service

Telephone 23920

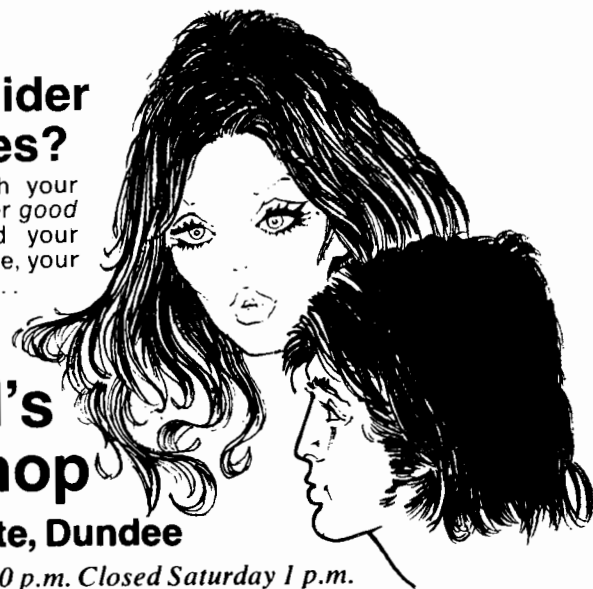
Why consider alternatives?

For books to push your studies on, for sheer *good* reading to expand your consciousness of life, your choice can only be . . .

Frank Russell's Bookshop

95 Nethergate, Dundee

Open 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Closed Saturday 1 p.m.



SITTING YOUR HIGHERS THIS YEAR?

IF YOU PASS IN **THREE** YOU MAY
WISH TO CONSIDER ONE OF THE
FOLLOWING ADVANCED FULL-TIME
COURSES AT
DUNDEE COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| 1. Professional Accountancy
(leads to qualification as a
Management or Financial
Accountant) | — 3-year course |
| *2. Higher National Diploma in
Business Studies | — 2-year course |
| †3. Higher National Diploma in
Business Studies (with
Languages) | — 2-year course |
| *4. Higher National Diploma in
Data Processing | — 2-year course |
| *5. Higher National Diploma in
Secretarial Studies | — 2-year course |
| †6. Higher National Diploma in
Secretarial Studies (with
Languages) | — 2-year course |

* must include a pass in Higher English

† must include a pass in Higher English and in a Higher
foreign language

If you would like to discuss any of these courses, please phone :

Mr D. HOOD, Depute Principal at 27651 Ext. 25

Sidlaw move in many markets.

Flax

Jute

Man-made fibres

Carpet tiles

Wallcoverings

Furnishing fabrics

Dyeing

Oilfield servicing

Engineering

Hardware

Packaging

**Sidlaw Industries Limited,
Meadow Place Buildings,
Dundee DD1 9QN.**



Leaving School?

Talk to us
at the
**Clydesdale
Bank**
about



A first-class career with first-class prospects

Attractive starting salary, extra for good group of
Higher passes

With over 360 branches promotion can be rapid



You have many advantages when you join the CB such as a non-contributory pension scheme, house purchase arrangements, 5-day week, business training facilities, sports clubs. The work is interesting and includes cash handling, stocks and shares, overseas business, law, computer work, and customer relations.

Attractive starting salary of £699 with up to £201 extra being paid for a good group of Higher passes in academic or commercial subjects in S.C.E. examinations.

First appointments are normally attained in late 20's and carry a minimum salary of £2,535 and most managerial salaries are in excess of £3,500.

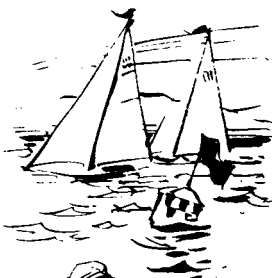
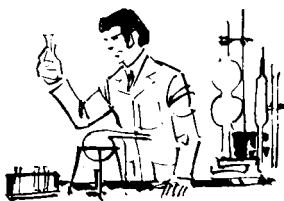
Clydesdale Bank



Call on the Manager of any Branch,
or write to:

THE MANAGER
CLYDESDALE BANK LTD
96 HIGH STREET
DUNDEE DD1 9DD

A face in the crowd



Too often today the identity of the individual is lost in the crowd and education at University level supplying an infinite variety of needs is a very individual thing.

At Paisley College, class numbers are kept to a manageable size and each undergraduate has access to a tutor for advice and assistance at all times.

The College building programme ensures that it remains amongst the most modern educational complexes in the country whilst maintaining the advantages of close staff and student contact.

For next session the following courses will be available:

B.Sc. Degrees and Honours Degrees in Biology, Chemistry, Civil Engineering, Computing, Electrical Engineering, Electronics, Mathematics, Mechanical Engineering, Physics.

B.Sc. Degrees in Engineering with Marketing, Land Economics, Science (Biology, Maths, Chemistry or Physics).

BA Degree and Honours Degree in Social Studies

Other Courses Available

MI Biol.

Grad R Inst CHEM HND Biology

Grad Inst PHYSICS HND Engineering



**PAISLEY
COLLEGE**

Application Forms available from:

The Secretary,
Registrations Division,
PAISLEY COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY,
High Street, Paisley, Tel: 041-887 1241

High School of Dundee

MAGAZINE

No. 157

DECEMBER 1974

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

	R. S. FYALL MISS P. I. CATHRO R. W. ILLSLEY (Financial Manager)	FORM III	AVRIL M. BALFOUR JULIE CRAWFORD NORMA E. KING JUDITH S. PARROT MELANIE C. WILLIAMS
FORM VI	RACHEL WALTON (Editor) HELEN FOSTER CHRISTOPHER D. BRAITHWAITE	FORM II	NICOLA M. GIBSON PAMELA A. HOSSICK GILLIAN M. LAWSON SARAH A. McMILLAN JENNIFER M. PRINGLE
FORM V	LYNNE C. BAXTER ALISON C. GAULDIE KATHLYN W. GUTHRIE JOANNA M. M. LAWSON MARION N. McCRAW PENELOPE A. WILSON KENNETH GLASS RICHARD A. ROSS	FORM I	SARAH L. M. RAMSAY G. AMANDA WILSON
FORM IV	DIANA L. BATCHELOR JULIE W. M. CRAIK LAURIE E. MAGUIRE ALAN D. KENNEDY IAN LEVESON		



Contents

Editorial	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	4
News and Notes	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	5
Preparatory Department			...	...	...	...	...	...	10
Junior School	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	16
Senior School	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	28
School Activities, Sports Activities, Club Reports							...		Coloured Section



It's not really true that we all have a novel in us. The raw material is what is meant — not the skill to fashion it. Nor do we all have the gift of the gab or a tongue with a tang, and you boys may well say with Mr Weller, "Tongue. Well, that's a wery good thing, when it ain't a woman's." Albrecht Goes in "Unruhige Nacht" observes that "Das Gespräch verstummt auf den Gipfeln und in den Schluchten." (Speech turns to silence on the heights and in the depths). Nevertheless you can't possibly go from one year's end to the next without things happening to you that would be worth the simple telling. You cadets — how you saved the platoon in Loch Ness by floating out on a line of linked bagpipe bags. You first-year girls — how the 1st Cricket XI were short of a man and turned in desperation to you who happened to be making a daisy chain in the next pasture and you went in at 12 for 9. The day you beat mum at chess/dad at snap/big brother at eating meringues. You intellectuals — what about a witty piece on the differences between "High Chaparral," "The Virginian" and "Alias Smith and Jones"? Think of the thrill like no other in the world — of seeing your work in real print and your name flashing from the page like a firework display !

You have guessed you clever old things ! But of course ! Tales, confessions, nightmares, lies, adventures, polemics, dove-cote flutterers, simple essays, anecdotes, for the next issue, **that's** what this editorial is all about. When they come cascading in — starting tomorrow — Mr Fyall and those magazine committee members who have worked so hard finding stones to wring blood from and putting this number into shape, will smile benignly on you, scribblers all. (And so will I. Now **there's** incentive for you !)

RACHEL WALTON



News and Notes

News of Staff

As we go to print there are a large number of staff changes to report :—

The School and all its friends were deeply shocked at the untimely death of **Mr Walter Smith**, Head of the Junior School, in the summer. Tribute is paid to Mr Smith later in the Magazine, and here we remember a man whose life was marked by dedication, unselfishness and efficiency.

Mr William Carmichael, Head Janitor of the School, left us in October after seven years' splendid service. During that time he undertook an increasing number of jobs of increasing complexity; and everything from collecting absentee slips to supervising workmen carrying out major alterations was done with un-failing efficiency and attention to detail. We will remember his cheerfulness and sense of humour and his willingness to oblige in all the many demands made on his time and patience. A janitor is always a key man in a school, and Mr Carmichael certainly filled that position admirably and was an established and highly-respected figure. He has gone to take up a new appointment as Janitor in Langlands Primary School, St. Andrews.

Mrs Carmichael was, for some time, Assistant Secretary in the School and in that position gave excellent service. Her

friendliness and efficiency made her a popular and respected member of the School. To Mr and Mrs Carmichael and their family we give our best wishes for every happiness in the future.

Mr Bert McKenzie, Head Master of the Economics Department, leaves us at Christmas to take up an appointment as Head of the Business Studies Department at Stromness Academy. Mr McKenzie has built up the Economics Department, and Economics and Business Studies are popular at 'O' and 'H' Grades. He has also given valuable service to the School in many other fields: Cadet Officer; Organiser of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme for Boys; Coach in Hockey; and, especially, enthusiastic organiser of the flourishing Sailing Club. In addition, he has continually helped the School by duplicating material, and in particular, thanks are due to him for frequent and valuable help to the School Magazine.

Mrs McKenzie also leaves her post in the Preparatory Department. She has given loyal and efficient service to the School and will be missed. We wish to Mr and Mrs McKenzie and their family all the best of health and happiness in future.

Mr Norman Doig left us in October to take up a post as Head of Machine Shop

at Omas Technical School, Muscat. Mr Doig gave five years of efficient and loyal service to the Mathematics and Technical Departments. He also contributed a good deal to the wider life of the School. As a Form Master he brought sympathy and understanding to his work and took a great interest in the boys' welfare. He gave valuable service to the Physical Education Department, especially because of his interest and skill in Boys' Hockey. Our best wishes for the future go with him and his wife and family.

Mrs Heather Lambert left us in September to take up a new appointment at Madras College, St. Andrews. She gave loyal and efficient service to the English Department and we wish her all the best in the future.

Mrs Moira Ross has left her post in the Junior Department. She gave loyal and capable service to the School and has our best wishes for the future.

Mrs Linda Whyte has left the Music Department. We wish her all the best in the future and thank her for her loyal and efficient service to the School.

Two former members of staff were married since the last issue appeared and we take this belated opportunity to congratulate them and wish them a happy future. They are: **Mrs Donald Cameron (formerly Miss Frances Birrell)**

and **Mrs Swanson (formerly Miss Margaret Duncan)**.

The following appointments have been made (or take effect after Christmas) :

Miss May Lawson has been appointed Head of the Junior Department.

Mr Michael Colgan has been appointed Head Janitor.

Mr Raymond Stewart has been appointed Head of the Economics Department (this takes effect after Christmas).

We have been joined at various times in the term by the following members of Staff : **Mrs Sylvia Pattullo** (Assistant Secretary); **Mrs Burness** (English); **Mrs Rutherford** (Mathematics); **Mrs Robb** (Junior Department); **Mrs Melville** (Music).

News of Former Members of the School

Former pupils and staff were sorry to hear of the death of **Miss Dorothy Foggie**, formerly of the French Department. A tribute to Miss Foggie will appear in the June Magazine.

Norval M. Bryson, dux of the School in 1967, went to St. Andrews University as a Harkness Scholar. He graduated B.Sc. (1st Class Honours) in Pure Mathematics in 1971. From there he went to Magdalene College, Oxford, as a Guthrie Scholar, and graduated M.Sc. in 1972. He has now been awarded the degree of D.Phil. and has taken up actuarial work in Edinburgh.

Michael Blair, deputy head boy of the School 1971-72, won the Class Medal in

Scots Law, Part 2, along with the Millar Prize at Edinburgh University in June 1974.

Members and friends of the School are encouraged to send items for the News and Notes Section of the June Magazine. These should reach the Editor by the middle of May 1975.

We congratulate the Rector on his appointment to the Headmasters' Conference.

Mr Illsley would like to draw the attention of all readers to the invaluable contribution made to the running of this magazine by our regular advertisers; without the generous financial assistance of these firms, the price would be significantly higher.

I would like to thank once again all those who have helped to bring this "enfant terrible" to print. Mr Illsley has worked wonders with our shoestring budget, not twice a year like the Chancellor, but every week. Miss Cathro has helped in many ways since she joined us and is now an established member of our happy band. Rachel has done wonders and survived her baptism of fire and she has our grateful thanks. Marion, Laurie, Avril and Norma have helped with the layout, and without them we could not have produced the Magazine. Nicola, Pamela, Gillian, Sarah and Jenni have looked after the Preparatory and Junior Departments.

To them and to all the Committee for help, suggestions, criticisms and ideas a heartfelt thanks. To one and all "Merry Christmas", and don't shoot the pianist.

Mr Walter Smith



The sudden death of Mr Walter Smith on the 27th of July brought sadness and sorrow to both the staff and the pupils of the High School. It seemed such a short space of time since, with apparently tireless energy and unflagging enthusiasm, he had directed the production of 'Toad of Toad Hall', giving delight and pleasure to many.

Mr Smith was born and brought up in Paisley. He graduated in Mathematics and Physics at Glasgow University and, after his army service, he completed his training at the College of Education. His first teaching appointment was at the Douglas Memorial School, Scone, and from there he went on to teach Mathematics and Science at Morrison's Academy, Crieff. He came to Dundee High School as the Head of the Junior Department in 1956.

Walter Smith brought to his teaching a wealth of ideas. His customary morning greeting, "I've had an idea," could be the introduction to a year's writing of a book, the building of a library, the furnishing of a Craft Room, a video-tape recording of a play, or the production of a musical. But one soon learned to appreciate that Walter Smith was above all a practical man, a man of action. While others might waste time in talk and contemplation, he forged ahead and did. For him, there was no easy acceptance of the second-rate, the half-hearted; he gave of his best and expected the same high standard of work from others.

His constant endeavour was to give his pupils a sound basis of education but, at the same time, to enrich their learning with as broad and interesting a curriculum as possible.

Mr Smith was tireless in the preparation of material to enable each child to fulfil his potential. He had written a book suitable for their individual needs in Junior Mathematics, and more recently he had produced a Graph Book where his meticulous attention to detail had entailed many hours of unseen labour.

He had the gift of imparting, in simple and lucid language, his own wide knowledge of mathematics so that his young pupils could grasp more fully simple mathematical principles. Kindly in his patience with the slow learner, he demanded that the more able should use his talents to the full. For ever ready with the word of praise for work well done, for the diligent effort, he could rebuke firmly the foolish child who wasted his time in needless chatter. Yet his lessons were never dull. No lesson from Mr Smith was complete without a joke or a story and fun and laughter were constant companions in his classroom.

Mr Smith pioneered the teaching of Junior Science in his department long before it became an accepted subject in a junior school, and here he had no thought of buying expensive equipment, but spent many hours making material in order that the children could learn by doing simple experiments.

Under his guidance a department library was built. He desired to instil in all children the habit of reading, not only as a necessary foundation for all learning, but as an enjoyable way of using leisure time in this day of television. A Junior Public Speaking Competition was his idea. How Mr Smith delighted in the charm of the young speakers making their first speeches, and the gentle laughter their innocent remarks could provoke !

Walter Smith was aware of the pleasure young children enjoyed in Dramatic Work and, to enable them to pursue this activity, he had furnished a room, complete with stage and curtains, much of the work being done by himself. There seemed no limit to his resourcefulness.

"Tom Sawyer" as a class play had been fun, but to make it into a television production was a challenge Walter Smith could not resist. With no previous knowledge of video-tape work he tackled the problems involved with his usual enthusiasm, skill, and indomitable spirit, and triumphed in the end.

Music was Walter Smith's great love. To hear him instruct his pupils in the correct phrasing of a hymn as he accompanied them on the piano and led the singing at Prayers was to remember he had been trained as a choir boy in Paisley Abbey and had never forgotten the lessons learned there.

His delight in the singing of young children was obvious. To produce a musical had always been his ambition and 'Toad of Toad Hall' gave him this opportunity. Those of us who shared in this happy venture were ever conscious of his many gifts. With patience he coaxed the shy to participate, with gentle teasing he encouraged the most confident to give just a little bit more. Meticulous planning behind the scenes, detailed instructions to all concerned, all reflected Mr Smith's determination that the children should enjoy playing their parts, knowing that their every need had been anticipated.

No child will ever forget Mr Smith cavorting about the hall with gay abandon as he instructed them in some dance he had devised. His eager helpers will remember their lunch hours spent in creating 'Alfred' the horse, while the staff will remember the cups of tea he believed could revive the most flagging spirits. What a happy and joyful memory 'Toad' will always remain!

Walter Smith was an outdoor man. No evening was complete without a walk along the Braes of the Carse, and his holidays were always spent amidst the beauty of the Western Highlands or the Hebridean Islands, where he could find peace and contentment.

"This, above all, to thine own self be true!" Walter Smith cared about the honest, the just, the true: he was intolerant of the false, the insincere, the devious. He spoke his mind, frankly and fearlessly, and respected those who did likewise.

Sorrow had often touched his life, but all life to Walter Smith was a challenge to be faced with courage.

Much remains in the Junior School to remind us of Walter Smith the teacher, conscientious, enthusiastic, efficient, and whole-hearted in his devotion to the needs of his pupils. We remember Walter Smith the man, direct in his dealings with others, sincere in his sympathy and generous in his friendships.

M. C. L.

Trust

Appeal

Fund



The latest Government statement affecting Direct Grant Schools in England and Wales was made in November by the Minister for Education, Mr Reginald Prentice, to the effect that the earliest date for withdrawing the Grant would be 1976. His jurisdiction does not extend to Scotland but it is a reasonable assumption that similar consideration will apply here. He does not say whether the Grant will be phased out or simply withdrawn, when it will happen or even that it will happen. If Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, the Trust Appeal Fund Committee have no intention of being cast in the same guise. The Fund was conceived as one of the means of facing up to the present threat. Prior to 1970, Dundee High School had no endowment funds at all. In the four years since the inception of the Fund, £100,000 has been raised for the school which was not there before. The credit for this

considerable achievement must go first of all to the donors, but also to the recent Chairman and Secretary of the Committee, Ian Robertson and Kenneth Pritchard. I am sure they would also wish our thanks to be given to the rest of their Committee, not least to the Treasurer, Ronald Grieve, and also Mrs Greta Pritchard and Mrs Sally Clark.

The present circumstances make it necessary to extend the work of the Committee and to this end much new blood has been added. The new Chairman is Hamish Laurie, Ronald Grieve continues as Treasurer and I am now Secretary. New members welcomed to the Committee include several people having no previous connection with the school prior to their children becoming pupils there — John Allardyce, Norman Egan, Mrs D. G. Adamson and Dr Henry Leadbitter. They will bring to the Committee much welcome new thinking.

There is a great deal about the future of the School which is uncertain and the Committee suffer to some extent from this uncertainty. It is however intended that the next few months will see renewed activity by the Committee. In 4 years only 8% of known former pupils of



% of F.P. donors

the School have donated to the Fund, a percentage which rises only to 12% when applied to members of the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs, both of whose objects

and interests of their Constitutions *inter alia* "to further and secure the best interests of the School at all times".



% of donors among Old Girls and Boys

There is obviously room for improvement here.

Considerable support is being shown from the School and Staff in the shape of an Easter Fair, a truly ambitious event scheduled to take place in the School on 22nd March, 1975. Pre-event activities are being organised by the Preparatory and Junior Departments under Miss Knight and Miss Lawson, in December and February, and parents will have heard about these. There will be a Grand Charity Ball for everyone on February 5th and a Wine and Cheese Party on February 26th, followed by the Fair itself on March 22nd.

There is therefore a great deal of scope for the new Committee and they would welcome your full support, not only in these activities but also in the shape of a contribution to the Fund. Please remember that a covenanted gift is worth 50% more to us without you paying any more. If I can give you any further information I should be delighted to be of assistance.

FRASER RITCHIE
4 High Street
Dundee DD1 1SU
Tel. 22785

Preparatory Department

My Friend.

MY FRIEND

My friend is Stewart. We play together and it is funny when he brings his spider. We scare people with it. Stewart lives at Auchterhouse. His house is very big and so is his garden. Sometimes we play at Kung-Fu in the playground when we are waiting.

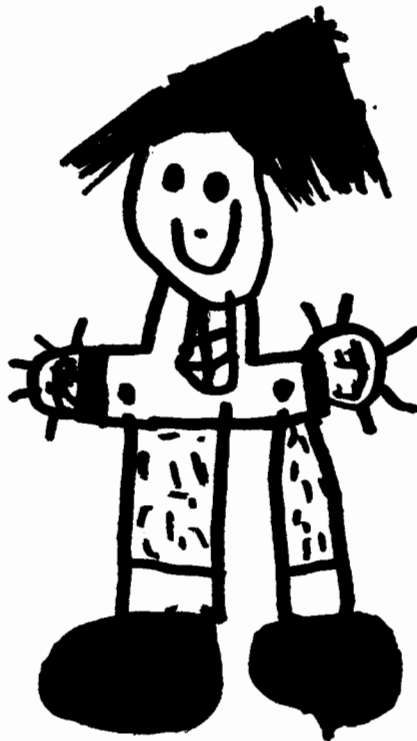
F. A. Chynoweth

MY FRIEND

My friend is Julie McKay. She is small, cute and fast at running. She has a small oval head with brown hair and little blue eyes popping out of her head. She has short hair going round her ears and a little smile on her face. She is a tomboy.

I like Julie because she is fast at running and I can have races with her if I go to play with her. I like her because she likes fighting and so do I, so we can have fights. She always plays boys' rough games. She is my very best friend, we both love running.

Dolina Mechan L3A



MY FRIEND
My friend is Barclay. Barclay is good.
He always follows me. He is great.
Liam Davis

MY FRIEND

My friend is called Christina Barr. She has brown short hair with a fringe. She is about two inches smaller than me. She lives at sixty-two Fintry Place. She has brown eyes and long eye lashes. She is wearing black shoes.

There are seven rooms in their house. They have four bedrooms. They have a kitchen, a sitting room, and a lounge.

I like Christina because she can do things that I can not do, and she could teach me how to do some things, if not everything.

Jennifer Block L3A

My friend



MY FRIEND

My friend is Iona. Iona has black hair. Iona is my partner when we go up to school lunches. I think she is a very good girl. She always plays with me. We play at Tarzan.

Colin F. Whyte L2A

MY FRIEND

My friend is David Cowan. He lives across the road. He lives in a bungalow. We sometimes go out across the road to the digging site to have an adventure. He just loves playing with lego. One day we went to the digging site. There was nothing interesting just a load of untidy buildings. "We wont have any fun here" said David so we went away and played big soldiers in his sand-pit. "This is great fun," so we went on playing until I won.

Gareth Dickson

MY FRIEND

My best friend's name is John. He is eleven years old and is a red belt in judo and knows a lot about karate. He has a poster of Bruce Lee.

He is quite bruised. He has a dog called Can. She is a nice dog. John lives near our house.

His full name is John Cummings. He has brown eyes. He is good at football as well. He knows a lot of jokes. He is a very nice boy.

Rajiv Dhir L3A

MY FRIEND

My friend is called Alison Bowie. She is coming to stay for three nights and two days. She is not an animal, of course, she is a human being. My daddy is a scientist. She lives in Broughty Ferry, and I live in Dundee. The street she lives in is called Davidson Street. I don't know what street I live in.

Hazel A

MY FRIEND

My friend is called Ian. I met him in L1. I like him very much. I went to his party this year. It was a very nice party and we had a very nice tea. His hair is reddish and he has hazel eyes. His dad is a . . .

Stewart Grant

My friend

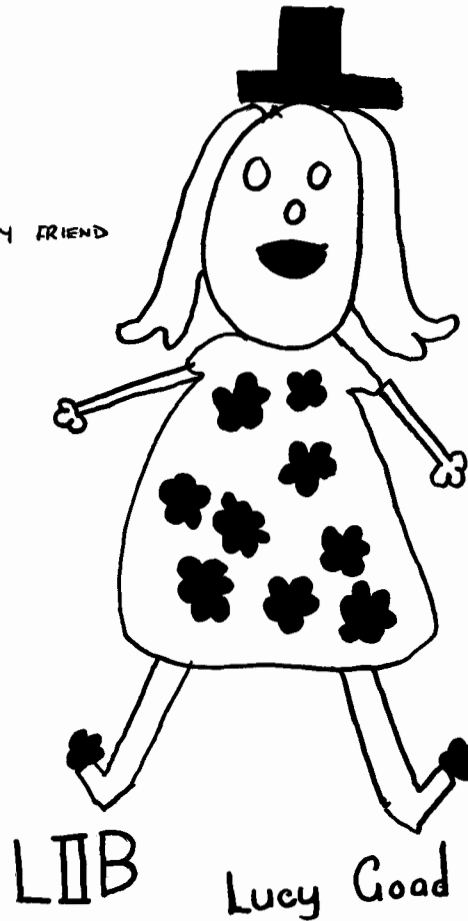


MY FRIEND

My friend is Andrew. He plays with me and he likes me. One day Andrew came to stay two days and play today. We had chicken salad and for sweet we had apple tart.

Lisa Yates L2B

MY FRIEND



MY FRIEND

Ruth Berd goes to Wormit School. Her teacher is called Mrs Timmons. She lives down the road. She has a dog. She calls him lady. Sometimes she comes up to play with me. She has a big brother called John.

Rebecca Wormsley L2B

MY FRIEND

My friend is Shaun McLean. He has fair hair and blue eyes. He has two shiny white teeth he also has freckles.

I like Shaun because he is rough. And I like him also because we have a good time with Action Man.

I go to play with Shaun sometimes at his house and sometimes he comes to play with me. We have very good games.

Richard Brewster L3A

MY FRIEND

My best friends are Fiona Lumsden and Jennifer Hossick. Fiona lives in Adelaide Place and Jennifer lives in Coupur Angus Road next door to my Grandmother. I go to Fiona's house every week and she comes to my house some weeks. She might be going to boarding school next year. They are both seven — the same age as me. Fiona has no brothers or sisters. Jennifer has one brother and one sister. Jennifer's brother is called Kenneth and her bigger sister is called Pamela.

Lynne Meekison

MY FRIEND

My friend is Alison. She is in my class. She sits at the table in front of me, she has blackish brown hair that is just over her shoulders. She has blue eyes and an oval face. She has long eye lashes and red lips.

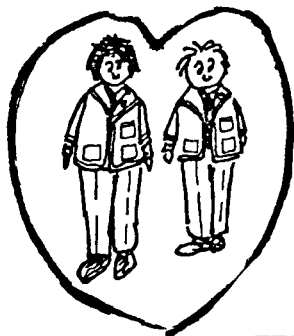
I like her because she is polite (I think I am too). I play with her in the play-ground. She has been to my house once and I hope to go to her house.

Julie Binnie LIII A

MY FRIEND

My friend is my dog. My dog is a poodle and likes me so much that she licks me and plays with me in the morning and whines for food at the breakfast table and I sometimes stay up to midnight.

Barclay Dakers



MY FAVOURITE TELEVISION PROGRAMME

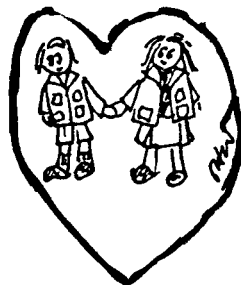
My favourite television programme is Basil Brush and he laughs awful funny. And one time I saw the Wombles of Wimbledon coming on the Basil Brush Show.

Judith Will

MY FRIEND

My friend is Karen. She lives at 47 Gotterstone Drive, Broughty Ferry, Dundee. She has a hedgehog, her name is prickly. Karen has a swing and a seesaw and a shute. Karen has a little sister. Her name is Katrina. I play with Karen in the playground at school. I sit beside Karen in the classroom. I sometimes take Karen as a partner to lunch with me.

Graeme Miller



IF I WAS RICH

I would buy a dog to keep rabbits off the carrot plots. I would buy a gun to shoot foxes. I will plant ten carrot plots. I would hunt for gold to keep. I would buy twenty packs of sweets each day. I would buy two houses, one summer one and a rest of the year one. I would buy lots of books.

Matthew W. A. Pemble L2A

MY FAVOURITE TELEVISION PROGRAMME

My favourite Pramme is The Mocim and Wise show. I like the Jocks best. Do yo lik the Mocim and Wise show ? I lik it so mach that I wache it all the time. Do you like it.

B. Zain LII

IF I WAS RICH

If I was rich I would buy a multi-storey and a rols royss. then I found more pennys and I was so rich that I lent some pennys to my friend Grayham Stewrt. then I bought an areoplane and went abroad for a holiday and I took my son Mark and my wife Audrey then I came back. in my house had some coloured cirtins and an oak floor and a big table my wife buy some toys for Mark all right I said and I did.

Grant Butters L2A

SCHOOL DINNERS

I go to pack lunches. I have sandwiches and an apple. after lunch we get our coats and go into the playground. We play in the playground until the teacher comes to take us in. I go to pack lunches because my mummy can not afford me to have school lunches. every wednesday my little brother comes to have pack lunches with me. he has three sandwiches and I have three.

Vicki Vaughan L2A

SCHOOL DINNERS

I like school dinners and I like the pies. I take all the courses. I eat with my fork and knife. I like the last meal the best. I like green beans because I like brown beans that's why I like green beans. My brother will take packed lunches because I go to the dining hall.

Caroline Newson L2A

SCHOOL LUNCHES

I like the school lunches because they are fine women. Do you like the women ? I like the pudding best. Do you like school lunches ? It is a long way to the lunch hall isn't it ?

Zain Okhai LIIB

SCHOOL LUNCHES

I like school lunches as we sometimes get sausages and chips and soup and ice-cream and jelly. We sit at a big long table. We drink water and sit down.

We stand up for Grace. I like school lunches. Do you like school lunches ?

Graeme M L2B





A
New
School
Uniform

Paula

Speirs

L2A

Junior School

THE TRAMP

He hobbles slowly
like an old lame horse
and he is lonely.

Ian Lennox L7B

AUTUMN

The leaves are turning brown,
The trees are getting bare,
The chestnuts are falling down,
But nature does not care.
The sun will shine again,
The trees will bud and spring,
Fed by the gentle rain,
Nature is a wonderful thing.

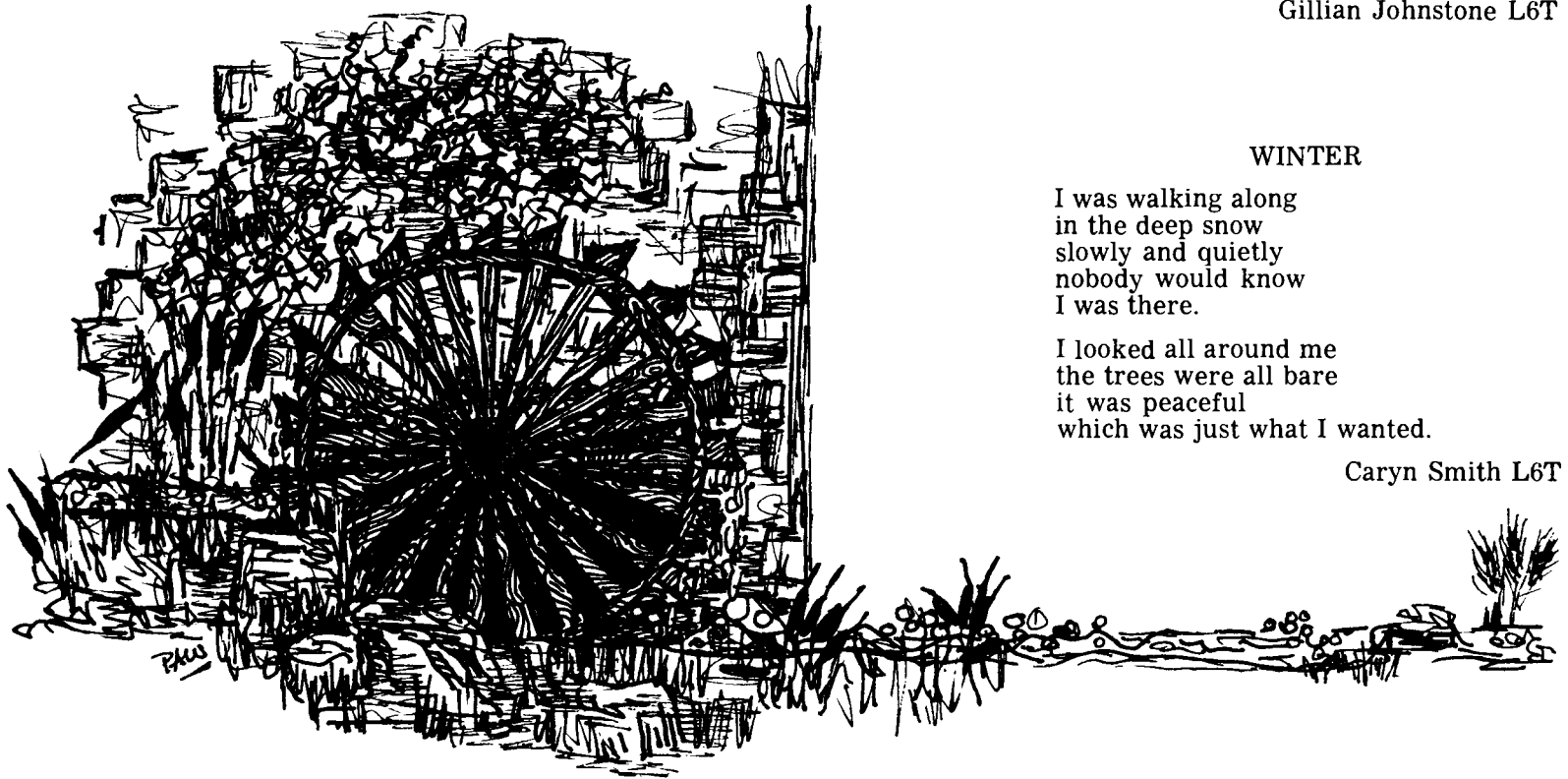
Gillian Johnstone L6T

WINTER

I was walking along
in the deep snow
slowly and quietly
nobody would know
I was there.

I looked all around me
the trees were all bare
it was peaceful
which was just what I wanted.

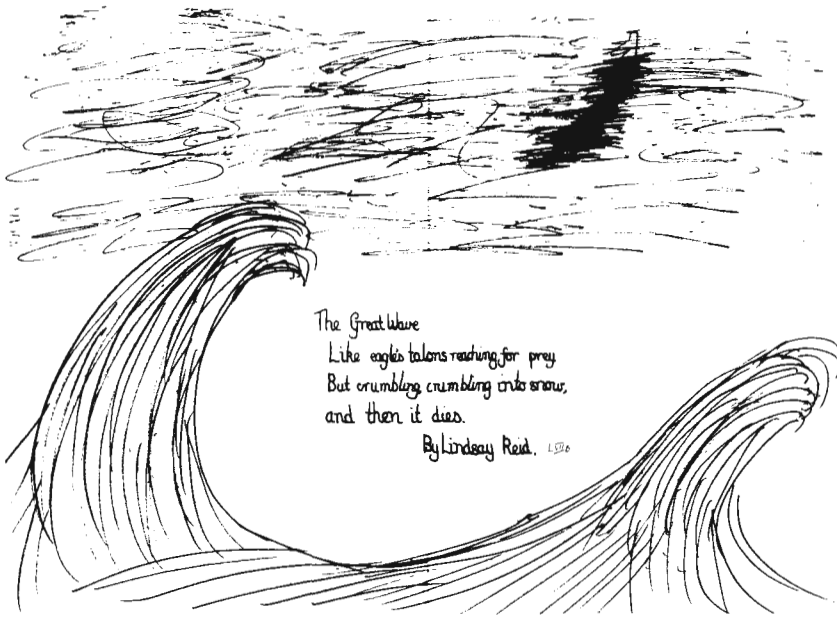
Caryn Smith L6T



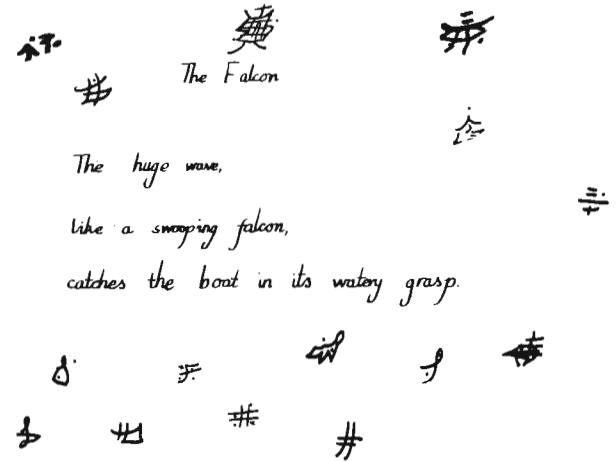
THE HAND

The angry hand rose,
Clawed down at the boat,
Then plunged into the deep.

Peter McCormack L7



The Great Wave
Like eagle talons reaching for prey
But crumbling crumbling onto snow,
and then it dies.
By Lindsey Reid, L516



HAIKU POEMS

Leopard
Alert, claws at the ready,
Eyes as two emerald torches,
She pounces and mauls.

Alison Newton LVII

THE GREAT WAVE

The great wave curls . . . uncurls
Then twists agonizingly
And crashes against a rock.

Frances Turner LVIIB



Winter brings us lots of snow,
 Making all the fir trees glitter.
 Ears and noses brightly glow,
 In the air so cold and bitter.
 When the winds begin to blow
 Mummy turns into a knitter,
 To and fro the needles go,
 Make hats and gloves to fit her.

Now's the time for winter sport,
 Now my skis need thorough mending.
 Winter battles can be fought
 Feel my snowball catch you bending !
 Pity that the days are short
 For the games that we're intending,
 Sledging, slides of every sort,
 Fun until the winter's ending !

Robert Allen LIVC

CATASTROPHE

"Clear out of here, clear out of here,"
 a voice from somewhere shouted. But it
 was too late. Windows shattered, stones
 flew all over the place, people screamed,
 and the sound of the siren seemed more
 frightening than ever. Running down the
 street were two men dressed in black.
 They looked at the damage and laughed.
 One policeman saw them and started to
 run in their direction, but it was too
 late. The men disappeared round the
 corner, jumped into an undamaged car,
 and drove off.

The cause of all this — Belfast's War.

Susan Jamieson L6S

MY ADVENTURES AT BYGDØY

Bygdøy is a place in Oslo, which is in Norway. Bygdøy is an area where all the museums in Oslo are placed. I only went to three museums which were the Kon Tiki Museum, the Fram Museum and the Viking Ship Museum. First I went to the Kon Tiki Museum. The craft was made out of balsa wood. It was made with three drop keels and had a small hut on top of the deck for cooking. It had a sail on top with a sun god painted on it. It was built to prove that primitive South Americans had crossed the Pacific Ocean in boats like the Kon Tiki thousands of years ago. The captain of the Kon Tiki was a Norwegian, Thor Heyerdahl, and he sailed the Kon Tiki with his crew across the Pacific this century.



When I went to the Fram Museum to see the boat Fram, which is the boat which Roald Amundsen went to the South Pole in, in the race against Captain Scott which Amundsen won. Everyone was allowed to go on to the deck. We were also allowed to go below deck and see the cabins. I was excited when I stepped on deck and to think Amundsen had once boarded his ship just like me, except now the boat was on dry land and housed in a large building.

Last of all I went to the Viking Ship Museum. There it had three ships which had been dug up from the grave mounds of the chiefs. When the archaeologists dug up the ships they were badly damaged but two of them were rebuilt and brought back to form. The ships' names were The Oseberg, The Gokstad, and The Tune. The Oseberg was built in about the ninth century A.D. and was excavated in 1904. The length was twenty-one metres and fifty centimetres and the width at the widest part was five metres and ten centimetres. It had fifteen pairs of oars and fantastic carvings on the prow and stern. The Gokstad ship was excavated in 1880. The length was just over twenty-three metres and the maximum width was five metres and twenty centimetres. There were sixteen pairs of oars and it also had fantastic carvings.

The Tune ship was excavated in 1867 but wasn't as well preserved as the other two. The length was about twenty metres and the maximum width was nearly four metres. Unluckily only the bottom part of the hull is now left.

Graham Summers L6T



A SPEECH BY THE RIGHT HORRIBLE SIR GHOSTLY SCARINGTON

"I am making a speech on behalf of the Scottish Ghost Conservative Party. If you vote for us, we will bring food prices down by 7½ per cent and that's not all, we will bring spare parts for skeletons down in price. Spare ribs, skulls, femurs, tibias and spines are down from one pound to fifty pence! Spare feet will only cost one pound, they're down by a pound. Spare heads will now be down from ten pounds to six pounds. At school the books, 'The History of Haunting' and 'Headless Harry' will be down by thirty pence.



We'll abolish tax on 'skelephones' and 'skelevissions'. Clothing will go down at least by ten pence. Now, if you vote for the Scottish Ghost Labour Party or the Scottish Ghost Liberal Party, they will put prices rocketing. Here is a list of prices if the Right Stupid Sir Ghostly Gilson, or the Right Foolish Sir Ghostly Gorpe are voted in. Houses up 10 per cent, ribs, skulls, tibias, etc. up one pound fifty pence, heads up ten pounds and tax on 'skelephone' will be up ten pounds every year!

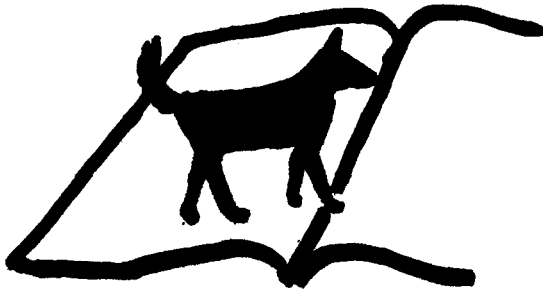
Put Ghostland First — Vote Conservative!"

Dougal Adamson L6

ME

A clever girl I'd like to be,
Then I could write a poem you see,
I'll write about a dog or cat
But what could possibly rhyme with that.
Some day I think that I'll go far,
And in the magazine I'll star,
But as my mind is blank, I fear
I'll have to wait another year.

Tracey Parker-Smith, LVIT



MY DOG

I have a lovely dog as black as black
could be.
And when I hurry home from school
he's waiting there for me.
I play with him and go for walks
I really think he nearly talks.
He's sometimes good he's sometimes bad
I don't really care, he makes me glad.
He's a good friendly dog with a big
black nose.
He eats and eats and grows and grows,
Like the nursery rhyme, his name is
Simon,
And hopes one day to meet a pieman.

Richard Allardyce L1VC

THE COBRA

The cobra's head puffs in and out
As it slithers on its legless way
Looking for a frightened prey to torture.
It's eyes pierce out in the darkness
A small shivering mouse.
The black fearless killer slips and slides
nearer . . .
The eyes fixed on the prey, gleaming
victoriously.
It sways nearer, nearer, menacing.
The deadly tongue darts in and out as it
draws nearer.
Suddenly from a nearby bush
A mongoose rushes in.
Squabbling and writhing
The two fight.
The mongoose bites viciously at the back
of the neck
And his prey gives one last flick of the
tail, then is still.
The mongoose scampers off,
Leaving the lifeless body of
The Cobra.

Nicola Picton L7B



MY PETS

I have a golden labrador. Her name
is Whisky. She has deep gold ears and is
about two feet tall. She is very soft and
does not bite. Whisky only bites if some-
body puts their hand in the car window.
She does not bite if one of our family
puts their hand in the window because
she knows us as soon as she sees us. She
is very good in the morning because
when the papers come in I unlock the
door and give the papers to Whisky and
she takes them through to Mummy and
Daddy's bedroom and gives the papers to
them. She likes Wilson's dog meal
to eat at night with some dog meat and
sometimes I hide biscuits in her meal.
She knows the words "dinner" and
"walkies" very well.

We also own a horse as well and he is
a Piebald and his name is Bobby. Bobby
is thirteen hands tall. He is very smooth
at cantering unless my brothers have
made him excited. He scrapes his foot
along the ground to say "please". He
also sticks out his tongue once you have
given him something, for more to eat.

Jane Currie L4C

HOBBIES

Hillwalking is my favourite hobby. It is nice to get out into the countryside where there are no vehicles to pollute the clean air. Another reason why I enjoy this pastime is the healthy exercise it gives me. When I come back from a day on the hills I feel fit and ready for my meal. Walking is never dull nor boring for there is always plenty to see in nature.

One of my favourite walks this year was when we went to Carlochy, far into Glen Lee. We set off in warm sunshine from the keep at Invermark. After a short distance we reached the ruined cemetery of Loch Lee. We stopped there to read the inscription on the stone of Alexander Ross, who was the school master and poet of the glen. Leaving tucked into the far corner of the Loch. We headed down the lochside towards the farm. The water was glinting in the sunlight and we heard its gentle lap against the stones. The fishermen were already out hoping for a large catch. As we neared the farm of Inchgrundle the sun disappeared for a short time.

At this point we crossed the burn by a swaying bridge which added to the excitement. We now started to climb the pine covered hill, and this was the difficult part. But when we reached the top we were delighted with the magnificent view down the loch and the hills beyond. Carlochy was not far now. Crossing the moor to the lochside we were startled when an adder slithered across our path. We hurried on hoping to avoid any more snakes. The path through the heather descended down to the small loch of

Carlochy, with its high crags towering above the water. After a picnic lunch we decided to explore the crags. It was then we came across a grizzly find. There, hanging from a trap in the tree, were two dead wildcats. Beside them also lay two white hares which had been used as bait.

Heather Stewart L7B



THE BLACK GOD

Up in the sky a face appears.
A black angry face no man has seen
before;
The clouds build up ready for a seige.
The god seems to be the leader of a troop.
Suddenly they fire !
The air is filled with daggers pelting
down.

Down below everybody rushes for
shelter.
On the tin roofs it sounds like bullets
hitting the tin.
Nobody appears.
The streets are empty apart from
puddles of daggers.
Once the fight is over the winner claims
the sky —
Now all that is falling, is the sun's rays.

F. Swanson L7

MY DAD

Here comes my Dad.
I've been bad
So he's mad
Now I'm sad,
I'd better stay
Out of his way
For the rest of the day.
When I'm good
He's in a different mood
Then I'm glad
For he's not a bad lad
Is my Dad.

The

End.



"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"



Reproduced by kind permission of "The Courier & Advertiser"



RUGBY 1st XV

Front Row (l. to r.): DAVID A. GUILD ALAN T. RITCHIE ROBERT M. WALLACE PETER C. HADDEN
JOHN M. S. WALTON A. RICHARD GRANT CAMPBELL A. LEMON IAIN M. HENDERSON
STANLEY J. RENWICK

Back Row (l. to r.): Mr W. D. ALLARDICE FRASER G. CLARKSON RICHARD W. KEATCH KENNETH GLASS
GRAEME F. D. SWANSON MARK R. CUNNINGHAM NICHOLAS W. J. CHERRY
HAMISH E. MILLAR Mr G. C. STEWART



BOYS' HOCKEY 1st XI

Front Row (l. to r.): A. NIALL CAMPBELL GAVIN G. SINCLAIR RICHARD K. SHEPHERD J. LESLIE WHITEFORD
ALASTAIR J. G. W. BLAIR ALASTAIR C. DAVID

Back Row (l. to r.): Mr A. H. HUTCHISON CLIVE G. SHEPHERD JAMES C. AITKEN ALAN J. BAILLIE
JAMES S. TAYLOR GRAEME C. W. MAIR Mr D. P. MACDONALD

The Corporation of the High School of Dundee

by D. Arnot Shepherd, J.P., Convener of the Finance Committee

What is the High School? I suppose the answer to this really depends on your point of view and your relationship with the school. Obviously the pupils have their own individual ideas of what the High School is, parents may have quite another. Old boys and old girls have their views, perhaps shaded with a mixture of affection and nostalgia, and I suppose strangers to the town would have yet another set of views, based on the aesthetic qualities of the main school building and the school's reputation for a high standard of teaching.

My concern, however, is to put down in writing what I consider to be the salient points about the corporate body that makes up the High School; the statutory authority, rights and obligations, in the hope that perhaps a greater number of parents and friends of the school will be able to understand the future alternative that now lies ahead of the school, its pupils, parents and especially future generations of parents.

The school was founded early in the 13th century by the monks of Lindores Abbey from power granted to them by a Charter from the Bishop of Brechin which Charter was confirmed by Pope Gregory IX on the 14th February 1239.

Perhaps the most famous pupil of the school from these early times was the Scottish patriot William Wallace and, in the academic field, Hector Boecy, who was the first Principal of the University of Aberdeen.

After the Reformation the school came under the jurisdiction of the Town Council of that time and in 1589 was re-established in St. Clement's Lane. 200 years later the school was found sharing a building in School Wynd with an English school which had been founded at the beginning of the century. In 1785 another school, known as Dundee Academy, had been founded in the Nethergate on the present site of St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Cathedral. These three schools were united in 1829 to form the Dundee Public Seminary. Immediately thereafter in 1834 the present school building was completed and all three schools moved into their new quarters.

It was by Royal Charter in the year 1859 that the name was changed to the High School of Dundee. I obtained this information from the very excellent little booklet published by the school in 1964, copies of which can of course be obtained from the Rector and which I am sure every reader would find extremely interesting.

The present Board of the Corporation of the High School is constituted by virtue of the authority of Parliament. The original Charter granted by Queen Victoria was amended later in the 19th and 20th centuries by statutory procedure and the present Board of Directors of the High School exist and function under the "High School of Dundee Scheme 1965". This is an Order in Council granted by the Queen on the

16th November 1965 on the advice of the Secretary of State for Scotland exercising his powers under the Education (Scotland) Acts of 1946 and 1962. It is an interesting document and in the preamble it re-affirms that the High School of Dundee, in its present physical form, arose from public subscriptions sponsored by the the Town Council of that time, subscribed under a document entitled, "Principles on which it is proposed that the magistrates and Town Council and all classes of the community shall unite in joint efforts for enlarging and improving the means of education in Dundee".

The Royal Charter of 1859 had declared that the Provost, Baillies and Dean of Guild of Dundee and their successors and certain other persons therein named and all others who had subscribed or should thereafter subscribe to the said Institution, were incorporated into one body politic, with the name and title of "The Corporation of the High School of Dundee", with certain powers and privileges set forth in the Charter.

Under the Education (Scotland) Act 1872 the then appointed school board of the Burgh of Dundee laid claim to the High School, which claim was repudiated by the Corporation of the High School of Dundee. In order to prevent litigation it transpired that the School Board of the Corporation, i.e. the Local Authority, were persuaded to lay aside their claim to take over the management and opera-

tion of the High School by the very generous donation of £30,000 made by a merchant in Dundee, Mr William Harris, which provided a sufficient endowment to constitute a completely new school for the School Board of the Corporation and leave the present High School alone. These provisions were again incorporated by Act of Parliament in the William Harris Endowment and Dundee Education Act of 1882. It was this act which reorganised the constitution of the Board to a total figure of 21. At that time the Board comprised the Provost of the Burgh, the Dean of Guild, the Parish Minister, 6 persons nominated by the Town Council, 7 elected by the subscribers to the Funds, 3 by the Chamber of Commerce and 1 each from the Guildry and the Nine Trades.

Subsequently, in 1918 the Education (Scotland) Act of that year set up a new Education Authority for the Burgh and this authority decided to contribute to the maintenance of the High School but it did so on condition that five of the six directors nominated by the Corporation should come under their direct nomination instead, leaving the Corporation with the Provost and 1 nominated member. This arrangement was set out in The Dundee High School Order 1922 and confirmed again by Act of Parliament in The Dundee High School Order Confirmation Act of 1922. The 1922 Order provided that in the event of the Education Authority ceasing to contribute to the maintenance of the High School the five persons so nominated to the Board would cease to be Directors and the remaining Directors would have the power to co-opt five persons to replace

them. By the Local Government (Scotland) Act of 1929 the Town Council of Dundee became the appropriate Education Authority for the City.

Thus after an involved statutory history we come to the recent position whereby Dundee Corporation had nominated to the Board 6 members, together with their Lord Provost, and contributed to the maintenance of the school. However, later the Town Council as Education Authority for Dundee resolved to cease contributing to the maintenance costs of the school and therefore lost their entitlement to elect 5 persons as Directors of the school.

In a general national review of Endowments it was established that the Endowments specified in the schedule of the 1965 Order are Educational Endowments within the meaning of Section 135 of that Act. Consequently the Secretary of State proceeded to make new provisions for the government and control of these endowments, i.e. the boys' and girls' school (comprising all the heritable property), janitor's house, dining hall, recreation grounds etc., together with the various scholarship funds which at one time or another in the history of the school had been donated to it. All of this is specified in Schedule 1 of the 1965 Order. The first thing which the Order does is to re-affirm that the governing body, known as the Corporation of the High School of Dundee as originally set up by the Royal Charter in 1859 continues with all its power to purchase, acquire, hold and dispose of lands and other property (heritable and movable) and to sue and be sued and all other rights, powers and privileges of a body

corporate. The Directorate was changed to 22 and now comprises: the Lord Provost, the Lord Dean of Guild, the Parish Minister, one nominee member of Dundee Town Council, 3 persons nominated by the Town Council from the membership of the Education Committee, 3 nominated by the Chamber of Commerce and one by each of the Guildry and Nine Trades, 6 persons elected by the subscribers to the Funds and 4 co-opted Directors. **The Statutory Order then proceeds to set out the administrative arrangements by which the Board will run the school and specifically charges the directors with the responsibility of continuing and developing a school for boys and girls in Dundee. Clause 26 of the Order says: "Adequate and proficient provision shall be made in the school for primary and secondary education, for recreation, for games and for physical and social training".**

The Directors administer the school and appoint the Rector. The Rector is responsible initially to appoint teachers whose appointment is then confirmed by the governing body and he also has the direct control of the whole organisation and discipline of the school.

The Order requires that education has to be paid for by fees and such other income as is available to the school. Until 1969 the normal arrangement was that the Secretary of State for Scotland gave a grant to the school each year to meet a substantial portion of the running costs of the school, but this grant is NOT a statutory right under the 1965 High School Order. It is used to represent about 58% of the cost of running the school leaving the parents to pay fees

equivalent to about 42%. However, since 1969 the basic grant has been frozen with only modest interim adjustments and every other cost of course has continued to increase substantially, with the result that fees now represent more than two-thirds of the cost of running the school.

Arising out of this development in 1969 the 'old boys' and 'old girls' formed a joint committee to promote and establish a Trust Fund Appeal for the High School. In the intervening years this Fund has now established itself as an important source of financial support for the school in future years. Subscriptions to the Fund accumulate and are invested and from future revenue arising in the Fund the directors look forward to co-operating with the Trust in work of helping the school. Obviously the bigger this Fund can be built the more support the Trustees will be able to offer to the Directors and thus secure for future generations of parents some assistance in meeting the financial cost of education at the High School.

To sum up, the present Board of the High School are charged by statutory order to provide a school in Dundee both for primary and secondary education, and to charge fees for it. Naturally the school has to pay teachers appropriate scales of salary and has to pay for rates, heating, lighting, cleaning and other services, and it can only look to three basic sources of finance: fees, grants from the Secretary of State, and Endowment or Trust Fund Appeal Income.

If the Government resolve to withdraw the grant, which at present represents £132,000 per annum, then the only two

remaining sources of income are fees and the Endowment incomes.

For the record it is perhaps worthwhile mentioning that in the last 20 years the school has, entirely from its own finances, obtained by way of appeals and from school fees, completed a very considerable expansion of facilities. Classrooms have been modernised, new ones have been built and as a result the school has managed to reduce the average number of pupils per class and, at the same time, expand its enrolled pupil population from 925 to 1264. Coupled with a vastly expanded teaching curriculum this is no mean achievement and all of it has been accomplished without a single penny of direct government subsidy. The grants we have received relate to revenue expenditure only. The capital expenditure involved in the various stages of property acquisition and conversion has exceeded a quarter of a million pounds. The accommodation thus provided includes:—

Boys' School

New Toilets
2 Classrooms at North East Wing
New Corridors
9 New Science Labs including office for Science Staff
3 New Art Rooms
1 New Gym
2 New Offices for Rector and Depute Rector
2 New Offices for Administration
Board Room

Five Storey Block

2 Changing Rooms with Showers
Canteen
3 New Classrooms and Tutorial Rooms

Girls' School — Savings Bank Block

3 New Classrooms
Staff Room
Toilet
Office
2 Ancillary Rooms

Durhams

6 New Classrooms
3 Tutorial Rooms
2 Medical Rooms
Toilet

Girls' School

Girls' Toilets

Hut Replacements

3 New Classrooms in Playground

New Dining Hall

New Premises at Constitution Road

Monymusk Grounds and Pavilion

It is with a background of these facts that the present Board of Directors, the Rector and his teaching staff, the other administrative staff, the present parents, the pupils, former parents and pupils and future prospective parents and pupils have to consider the future of the High School of Dundee. The school has enjoyed a long history and has contributed a great deal to the social character of the City. It has seen the city rise from a population of under 30,000 at the beginning of the 19th century to its present figure of over 180,000, and during that time the school has continually been in the vanguard of development, both physically and educationally. It would be lamentable if all that has been achieved were to be lost, just to meet some ill-defined and transient political dogma. Surely no society can afford to destroy

so much that past generations have built up, seen as good and passed down to posterity. We must all hope that even if grant is withdrawn, the school itself will be encouraged to continue its work of providing "adequate and proficient education".

With the re-organisation of local government next May it will share the honour with Morrison's Academy at Crieff, of being the only major fee paying day school in the whole of the Tayside

Region, and it has a very significant contribution to offer the people of the Region. Indeed, with encouragement, I consider the school has as glorious a future ahead of it, as it has already substantiated in the past.

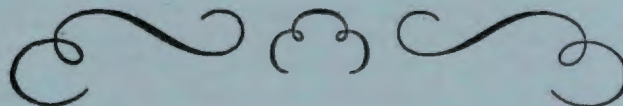
I started this article by posing the question, "What is the High School?". Well, to me, it is something which comprises part of the heritage of Dundee, has done a good job in the past and which is ready, willing and able to fulfill

its obligations to the future. If education of the highest available quality is genuinely worth its cost of production, then the future of the school is secure.

Finally, I should emphasise that the views expressed above are my own and do not necessarily in any way represent the opinion of the Board or of any other member of it.

D. Arnot Shepherd

3/12/74





School Activities and Club Reports

ROUND THE HOUSES

1973-74

Last session's House Championship saw Aystree dominate the winter team events (except the Senior Rugby) and by Easter they looked good winners despite a Gala success for Airlie. The summer term saw a good run by Airlie, however. They won the cricket (again) and did well in the various tennis tournaments. A good victory by Wallace in the sports enhanced their chances but when the final points were added up it was found that the efforts of Airlie and Wallace had been in vain—Aystree had retained the Inter-House Trophy by a comfortable margin. Considering the efforts made in every aspect of the House Championship it was a deserved success for the most consistent house. The final points were as follows:—1, Aystree (597½); 2, Wallace (540½); 3, Airlie (489½); 4, Lindores (413).

On Sports Day each house managed to collect a trophy (even Lindores), with Airlie taking the Cricket Trophy, Aystree the Hockey Trophy, Lindores the Sailing Trophy and Wallace the Rugby Trophy. At the prize giving Aystree added the Rorie Trophy for debating and the Inter-House Trophy.

1974-75

Early in the term the ever-faithful House Masters and Mistresses supervised

elections for House Captains for this session with the following duly chosen by the senior forms:

Airlie: Susan Clark and John Walton.
Aystree: Patricia Cramond and Leslie Whiteford.
Lindores: Wendy Miller and Richard Grant.
Wallace: Carol Sim and Robert Wallace.

The next fortnight saw practices for the House Debates which were eventually won by Aystree. The Boys Hockey Tournament held on the Saturday previous to the debates again saw Aystree with a narrow victory. These, so far, are the only completed events for this session and the points so far are:

Airlie 20 Aystree 80 Lindores 45
Wallace 55

but there is a long way to go. The boys have played one Rugby match with Airlie and Wallace vanquishing Aystree and Lindores respectively. Next term sees the completion of many inter-house contests and a clearer picture of the fate of the Inter-House Trophy should appear in the June issue.

THE BAND REPORT

New blood from the junior band, which is larger than of late, is beginning to fill in the gaps left from last year's losses in the senior band. Several

(nine) promotions have been made since camp and we aren't lacking stripes (52 in fact).

The summer camp at Aultbea was a laugh (success even) with the band playing twice at Aultbea and once at Poolewe and I reckon we can say the locals won't forget us in a hurry. Sports at camp were lively and almost every time ended up in the water, much to the dislike of the characters who went for a swim.

This year the band got off to a slow start, but now we are getting it together and we're really getting the beat going. With the great experience of the band success and fame must come our way (some how).

The D/M.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

1st XV Results

Date	Opponents	Venue	F	A
Sept. 7	Stewarts/Melville	A	12	36
14	Harris Academy	H	14	0
21	Dollar Academy	H	9	8
28	Aberdeen G.S.	A	13	22
Oct. 12	Robert Gordons	H	0	32
23	Waid Academy	H	46	0
26	Portobello H.S.	A	4	4
30	Buckhaven H.S.	A	24	19
Nov. 2	Boroughmuir School	H	24	20
9	Kelvinside Academy	H	25	7

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

Captain, J. M. S. Walton; Vice-Captain, P. C. Hadden; Secretary, A. R. Grant; Treasurer, R. M. Wallace.

The start of a new season was a very good one for an almost new 1st XV, even the weather was favourable. This year's 1st XV have only suffered three defeats so far, two of them being at the hands of two of Scotland's top teams and the third was in an exciting match against Aberdeen Grammar in which the issue was in doubt until the final whistle. The team is playing well together at the moment and have not been defeated in the last five matches. The most encouraging results to date have been the holding of Portobello High School to a 4-4 draw at Portobello and the victories over Boroughmuir and Kelvinside Academy.

The 2nd XV have won five games out of seven and have been unlucky in having two matches cancelled. However they have shown great team spirit and no doubt many of the players will form a strong basis for the 1st XV next season.

The 3rd XV has also had a reasonable degree of success. The players again showing great keen-ness and enthusiasm.

The 3rd, 2nd and 1st year teams have all had good results — 3rd year having only lost one match. All teams are, as always, producing rugby which gives us great hope for the future of the school rugby.

We congratulate J. M. S. Walton and P. C. Hadden who have kept the name of the school in the fore by their inclusion in the Midlands School XV.

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

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

Richard Grant, Secy.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

1st XI Record —

2nd XI scores in brackets

Opponents	Venue	F	A
Stewarts/Melville	A	4 (8)	2 (1)
Grove Academy	A	2 (8)	2 (1)
Morgan Academy	A	2	2

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected :— Captain, Leslie Whiteford; Vice-Captain, Richard Shepherd; Secretary, Alistair David; Members of Committee, Gavin Sinclair, Euan Tait.

The 1st XI are unbeaten so far this season, and with the exception of a poor performance against Morgan, they have been playing well. The 2nd XI have recorded two fine wins and in their only game against Morgan, the Under-16 XI won 3-2. These results suggest that the school will be able to maintain the high standards set by previous years' teams.

The reason so few games have been played is that due to the teachers' strike and overtime ban, other schools have been unable to provide umpires on Saturdays. This has led to cancellation of two games, against Madras and Aberdeen Grammar, but we are hopeful that the dispute will soon be settled.

In the Midlands Sixes at Dawson Park, the 1st team unfortunately did not qualify for the final stages of the tournament. However congratulations must go to the Under-16 team who reached the final, but were unfortunately beaten by Menzieshill.

Thanks must go to Mr Hutchison, Mr MacDonald, Mr Baxter, Mr Rouse and Mr Doig for their encouragement and for giving up their Saturday mornings to umpire the games. Thanks must also go to Mr Hutchison for his training in the gym — guaranteed to turn a human wreck into a 15 stone bully (or, more often, vice-versa !).

Alastair G. J. W. Blair, Secy.

PRIMARY SCRIPTURE UNION

Under the direction of Mr Forrest, senior members of the Scripture Union organise the activities of the Primary Section. To get to know the children individually is absolutely essential to success and by working in groups during part of the meetings we feel we are achieving this. Also, here, as in the main part of the Primary S.U., we are able to tell the children what we believe in and why.

Activities are numerous and varied : Singing, Bible Stories ('Quest Notes' have proved an excellent method of

encouraging Bible Reading), Quizzes, and the very popular Collectors' Corner, to name only a few.

The Collection of half-pennies to assist children in less fortunate countries than ours encourages not only a sense of interest in distant lands but a sense of responsibility too.

Two film strips have been well received and we are now planning a Christmas Concert.

We would like to take this opportunity of recording our sincere thanks to Mr Forrest for all his valuable help; to Mrs Lawson for allowing us to "invade" the Primary Department; and the main Scripture Union for the interest shown and prayer support given.

J.B.

THE JUNIOR AND LITERARY DEBATING SOCIETY

The Junior and Literary Debating Society has had a most successful and enjoyable term with an average number of 50 people attending the meetings, which have been held regularly on Monday evenings from 4-5 p.m. in Room 6. This year the programme has been varied and many lively debates have been held; a "Call my Bluff" and a "Face the Music" evening proved most enjoyable and a "Mock Election" attracted the record number of 133 people, where an S.N.P. candidate was elected by a large majority!

Sincere thanks are due to Mr Baxter and Mr Fyall for their continual interest and hard work which makes the society so popular among Forms 1-3, and also to

the six-strong committee for their suggestions and help throughout this term.

Next term sees the early rounds of the Junior Public Speaking Competition; any member of Forms 1-3 may enter and we hope that many people will do so. We also hope to see many more new faces at the meetings to keep the Society as popular and active as it is at the present moment.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society's activities are now, we are glad to report, in full swing.

At the end of last term, the following officials were appointed to ensure a wide variety of interesting and lively meetings:—

Chairman, Jane Bewick; Vice-Chairman, Rachel Walton; Secretary, Marion McCraw; Treasurer, Sandy Melvin.

There is also a representative committee of Patricia Douglas (F6), Dianne Shepherd (F5) and Katy Langlands (F4).

In September and October we held very well-attended lunchtime meetings on Thursdays, featuring such topics as "Call My Bluff," "Hot Lunchtime" and "Any Questions?"

In September also, the House Debates were as big a success as ever, with Aystree taking first place.

Robin Winter and Gavin Sinclair comprised our team involved in the Road Safety Public Speaking Competition, while October saw Jane Bewick and Dianne Shepherd participating in the 1st round of the E.S.U. Debates. We now

wish Jane and Katy Langlands luck in the forthcoming round of the Daily Express Debate.

A debate with Kirkton was very successful, and we are organising debates such as these with Perth Academy and Harris Academy in the near future.

Although our meetings have been very interesting, friendly, well-organised and altogether great fun, we are sorry to report an extreme lack of enthusiasm — as recent attendances have proved. However we are confident that some of our own vivacious enthusiasm, plus a burning curiosity concerning the mysteriously intriguing titles of future dates that we have lined up for you, are bound to arouse a desire to come along and join us!

Our thanks are extended to Miss Gray and Mr Alexander for unwavering confidence and guidance.

M.M.

SAILING CLUB REPORT

The Sailing Club has at last abandoned the clean and pleasant waters of Forfar Loch in favour of the more turbulent, and exciting, Tay. There was some sailing at Grassy Beach during term (on the Tay naturally, not on the Beach), but the freezing temperatures have driven the cowards amongst us (i.e. all the members), away from the river. We are sailing four Wayfarer Dinghies, and are escorted everywhere by various little men in very fast rescue boats. The more nervous amongst us can be reassured by the (totally unnecessary) appearance of an Air-Sea Rescue Helicopter, during a

demonstration of capsize, sorry, recovery drill. Now you know where your taxes are going to.

The Club are attempting to raise money by selling excess equipment, and many of you are now the proud owners of original D.H.S. canoes. It might interest some of you to know that the Enterprise has still failed to turn up, so ...

We thank Mr Ken Mason, warden of the Grassy Beach Centre, for putting up with us on Wednesday afternoons, and also for helping to take the Friday 9 Sailing Class. We would especially like to thank Mr R. C. McKenzie, who has actively supported the club for over five years, and who is now unfortunately leaving. However he has had the pleasure of seeing the club at last move to the Tay. His leaving can best be marked by the immortal words, "10 pence please".

A.I.G.

BRIDGE CLUB

The Bridge Club is run as a Friday 9 activity restricted to senior pupils. This year there are 2 groups. The beginners under the guidance of Mr Stevenson, and those with varying degrees of experience with Mr Richterich. The latter group will shortly be starting Board Bridge. The competitive element which this introduces should lead to an improvement in the standard of play.

J.R.

P.S.D.N.C. REPORT

The Club, which was officially opened near the end of June, began very successfully with a trip to a local beauty spot. All members thoroughly enjoyed themselves, even if not the singing.

Our next outing was a weekend in Edinburgh which made a tremendous finish to the summer term. Although all of the members were not present in Edinburgh, the inauguration ceremony took place without too many interruptions from "Super Snoop".

Although we lost contact with many of our members during the summer holidays, enthusiasm broke loose in Glamis, where an outing brought more than the club had imagined possible.

After this most successful event, a follow-up to this, at Glamis again, occurred. The conversation seemed to dwell especially in the academic line with many members enquiring about the Latin programme — some more than others. Also a club, which has recently fallen into disrepute, was discussed in great detail and many interesting topics for future reference were unravelled. This outing was most successful apart from one incident relating to some obscure person who did not impress the lady sitting next to them (SUBTLE).

Our meetings this term have included the most successful Claverhouse Conference (apologies to the dog and the dog basket), the A.G.M. Dinner, the inspection of the Edinburgh Branch H.Q. (which have been fully accepted, subject to no complaints), the Monifieth Monopoly where "The Double Yellow Lines" were inspected and baptised. Some of the non-members seemed to have problems of transport home.

On Hallowe'en, five of the most prominent members went on SUBTLE visits to various non-members who were not too impressed by our visit or by our

performance. (Sincere apologies to the garage involved and the attendant.) Funds were hoped to be raised from this outing for a future function but this was abandoned due to rather obvious reasons. (A quick mention to all old buzzards is necessary here.)

Even if the financial situation in the club is not very encouraging, the members are hoping to raise cash for a future competition against a rather inferior club (we will win — without any doubt!).

Finally I must thank all members for taking part in this term's events and hope that they will continue to support the club's activities, especially in the P.S.D.N. Christmas Special — which is bound to contain a volume of delight.

Chairman.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

Last season ended on a high note with both teams winning the junior leagues run by the Dundee and Angus R.C. Association. Several members were also well placed in the Little Trophy for individuals under 18 years of age.

This season we find that our two teams are shooting against each other in the same league. We are also hoping for greater success in the Little Trophy and especially the Strathcona Cup. The club trophies were strongly contested with the eventual winners being:—

Urquhart Cup	William Robertson & J. W. Grant Carnegie
Findlay Trophy	William Robertson
Oakley Cup	J. D. Scott Carnegie
Larg Vannet Cup	J. D. Scott Carnegie

Finally, all our past success and future hope would not have been possible without the help and encouragement of Mr Jacuk, Mr Stewart, Mr Steel and Mr Illsley. We must also thank Mr Colgan for keeping the school open for us on Friday evenings.

W.R.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

Due to the loss of three of last year's first team players and since Timothy Walsh is leaving at Christmas, no team has been entered for the Sunday Times or Scotsman competitions. However a team of four past and present D.H.S. players has been entered for the Dundee and District Adult League Division I. So far only one match has been played, which D.H.S. lost to Telecoms 'A'.

Two teams, each of ten players, have been entered for the Glasgow Jamboree on 9th November, one for the senior and one for the junior section. The junior team, solely from the Junior School, is very kindly being looked after by Mrs Bartlett.

Interest is still high both in the Senior and Junior School. There is a Friday 9 Chess class run by Mr Kettles in addition to the regular club meetings at 4 p.m. every Monday.

Last year the Intermediate competition was won by John Hargraves and Timothy Walsh won the Beckingham Trophy. The Girls' Trophy was won by Judith Hanslip.

D.H.S. players also played very well in competitions outside the school last year, especially John Hargraves. He won the Dundee Schools Under-16 Championship and played very creditably to win

the Under-14 section of the Scottish Chess Congress held at Ayr last summer.

Judith Hanslip was chosen to play for the Scottish Schoolgirls team in the Faber Cup against England, Wales and Ireland. Scotland finished second behind England and Judith won one match and lost one.

The Club is very grateful to Mrs Bartlett for giving so much help with the Junior School members and especially to Mrs Elder for her invaluable help in running the Club. Our thanks also go to Dundee Chess Club for letting us use their rooms for many of our matches.

Timothy Walsh

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected:— Captain, Carol Sim; Vice-Captain, Claire McDonald; Secretary, Wendy Miller; Treasurer, Susan Clark.

With seven of last year's team still at school, there was little change in the 1st XI, which has so far not been defeated. This would suggest that the team has settled down well together and the following results hold great promise for future matches:—

Morgan Academy 9-1; Perth Academy 1-1; Harris Academy 2-1; Kirkcaldy H.S. 3-0; Albyn 3-0; St. Denis 7-1; Kilgraston 3-2; Bell Baxter 3-0.

We were very pleased this year to draw with our old rivals Perth Academy.

The 2nd XI and younger teams have also played very well and will no doubt uphold the high standard of the 1st XI in years to come.

We had great success in the Dundee trials this year with five girls gaining a place in the team, and congratulations must be offered to Morag Houston, Pat Bell and Mhairi Henderson who all gained places in the Midlands teams, and to Fiona Napier who was chosen as reserve.

Finally I would like to thank Miss Lyle and Mrs Pirie, and all members of staff who give their help, for their enthusiasm and the time they devote to us.

Wendy Miller, Secy.

SENIOR COMPANY CADET REPORT

We were blessed with fine weather for our very successful camp this summer. It took place as usual at Aultbea which is ideal for our purposes. The programme included various incident exercises covering fire and movement, lake crossings, night map reading, first aid and radio work. The climax to the camp was the 48 hour main exercise which went off according to plan, ending only 1 minute late. The inter-platoon competition was won by Sgt. Barr, and Cpl. Millar won the Best Cadet award.

I have great pleasure in welcoming a large number of Form 2 boys, many from the Junior Company, thus ensuring the future well-being of the Corps.

In October we had a weekend exercise on Barry-Buddon which over 80 Cadets attended. All slept under self-built shelters, which was a new experience for many. Three exercises were run, one being the night patrol examination for Platoon 1. This was so successful that patrols moved to within yards of another camp without being detected. An enjoy-

able range was held on the Sunday, with many Cadets firing ball ammunition for the first time, the best score of the day being Sgt. Barr's 33/40.

May I thank Major Jacuk and his Officers for all the time they devote and the encouragement they give to the Company.

C.S.M. Towsned

JUNIOR COMPANY CADET REPORT

The annual Camp was held at Aultbea with varied weather but activities nonetheless were numerous and ranged from .22 shooting, night exercises, orienteering and initiative tests to swimming canoeing and potted sports. The Junior Company Shield was won by Sgt. Guild's platoon in a very close contest, and Cdt. Wheeler won the Coronation Trophy.

A recruiting drive held at the beginning of this term was very successful, with 40 boys joining from Form 1. The Company carried out an overnight exercise in the Barry-Buddon Training Area in October, which included sleeping out, being completely self-sufficient and putting into practice some elementary battlecraft learnt in the classroom. The boys new to the Corps gained valuable experience and considerable enjoyment out of this venture.

I wish to thank all the Officers who have given up their valuable time to help the Cadets during the year.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Scripture Union has been going very well this term. We have main meetings on Mondays at Lunchtime, and on Thurs-

day evenings when we meet in members' homes. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking the many parents who have given hospitality to groups of over 30 from time to time. As well as times of prayer and singing, we have had talks on topics including "Worship", "Prayer", "Christian Attitudes" and "The Holy Spirit", and Bible Studies, usually led by S.U. members, on Old Testament men of faith, for example Elijah, Daniel, and Gideon. These have been very helpful.

Our lunchtime meetings have included soundstrips, tapes and panels composed of some of our members, and discussion has taken place on themes relevant to the practical application of our Christian beliefs.

Under the auspices of Dundee Inter-School Club, we had a very successful conference over the October holiday weekend, when about twenty members gathered at a lodge in Glen Orchy to discuss and learn about Christian Leadership, under the guidance of Captain Steven Anderson. An article about this weekend appears on another part of the magazine.

'Friday 9' Scripture Union for Forms 1-3 continues to flourish, led by Mr Gill, to whom we would like to extend our thanks for his great help in this field. We have been pleased to welcome Mr Fyall to many of our meetings this term and we thank him for his help. We would also like to thank Mr Forrest and Mrs Kinloch for their continued enthusiasm and support.

Secretary.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

The following pupils were successful in the Associated Board Examinations held in October, 1973, and March and June, 1974 :—

Grade VIII — 'Cello—Sarah Boase and Marion Orr (Merit); Pianoforte—Hilary Ritchie and Susan Campbell (Pass).

Grade VI — Pianoforte — Christine Mitchell (Distinction); Oboe — Rachel Walton (Pass).

Grade V — Violin — Christine Mitchell (Distinction); Pianoforte — Carol Porteous and Rachel Walton (Merit); Brenda Baxter and Fiona Macpherson (Pass); Horn — Jane Bewick (Merit); Flute — Alison Sheldon, Shiona Tasker and Jane Picton (Pass).

Grade IV — Pianoforte — Shiona Tasker (Merit); Morven Macpherson and Josephine Cunningham (Pass).

Grade III — Flute — Lindsey McEwen and Rose Black (Pass).

Grade II — Pianoforte — Ross Main and Jacqueline Fenton (Merit); Paul Robinson, Stephen Walton and Lyndsey Maguire (Pass).

Grade I — Pianoforte — Ann Menzies and Pamela Hendry (Pass).

Grade V — Theory — Margaret Muir and Rachel Walton (Pass).

The following pupils were successful in the Trinity College of Music Examinations held in December, 1973 and March and June, 1974 :—

Grade VIII — Pianoforte — Jennifer Williams (Merit).

Grade V — Pianoforte — Stephen Davis (Merit); Recorder — Heather Brewster and Judith Knox (Pass); Singing — Janette Main (Honours).

Grade IV — Pianoforte — Stephen Davis (Merit).

Grade III — Pianoforte — Diana Batchelor (Pass); Kenneth Murray (Merit); Ailsa McEwen (Pass).

Grade II — Recorder — Fiona Crawford, Susan Jamieson and Hilary Mottashaw (Honours); Clarinet — Frances Turner (Honours); Recorder — Catrina Allardice, Melanie Falconer, Paula Grieve, Alison Inverarity, Sarah Ramsay, Wilson (Merit); Recorder — Lesley Anderson, Jacqueline Laurie, Andrew Sprunt and Alison Turner (Pass); Pianoforte — Christine Davis and Ailsa McEwen (Pass).

Grade I — Recorder — Elaine Anderson and Pamela Gray (Honours); John Blackwood, Jennifer James, Amanda Laurie, Fiona Mackintosh, Angus Marshall, Jonathan Mathieson-Dear, Simon Ramsay, Alison Reid, David Sheldon, Lorna Stewart and Victoria Wilson (Merit); Pianoforte — Jane Cattenach, Peter Dick and Fiona Wilson (Merit); Recorder — Ian Hulbert, John Thomson and P. Owen Vaughan (Pass).

Initial — Pianoforte — Susan Galloway and Helen Shearer (Honours); Lynn Crawford, Immanuel Harati, Iona Russell, David Sheldon and Mark Watson (Merit).

R - - - - , or

Some thoughts on the Club by a not so old middle-aged youngster

THE OLD BOYS CLUB

* OLD BOYS CLUB

* * BOYS CLUB

THE * * CLUB

(To those to whom it may concern)

"Calling a group of adults 'Old Boys' has always been to me a misnomer, a

misdirection of terminology." Just one remark addressed to me recently. This of course is a minor criticism, but because of it and other rumblings extended to and amongst your executive committee during the past year or two, is the reason that I am taking the opportunity of putting pen to paper.

At the 1973 A.G.M., I was asked to head a sub-committee to look into the future of the club and its place as an active body alongside the School. I have, during this last year, received many very interesting comments, statements and remarks from which my committee hope to base our report to the club early in the New Year.

To augment our deliberations my committee would welcome further comment from you in "the body of the Kirk", preferably constructive and directed towards the betterment of members generally: any suggestions as to how the club might expand its membership, ideas as to further direct associations with the school's present pupils and teaching staff, and any other practical ideas, functions or meetings which could be considered.

There will be no prize awarded for the best suggestion, but I would like to think that if you who read these lines, whether members of the Club, former pupils, present members of the School, or Staff, and even the non-aligned parents, that you will make a contribution to the future of the Club which, after all at the end of the day, is the one tangible link of association we will have with the Dundee High School.

For the gentlemen who are quite happy, able and prepared to attend the

Annual Dinner and that is all, I say, "Gentlemen, your presence is greatly appreciated." One cannot say fairer. But there are those people, who by age and ability have a great deal more to offer the Club. Support your executive, support your Club. I hope that when I write my report at the end of my year in office I will be able to say, "The Club is alive and kicking, gentlemen, and rarin' to go!"

DISC — THE WEEKEND WITH A DIFFERENCE

One of the songs we sing at the Scripture Union, has for its first line: "When the road is rough and steep—fix your eyes upon Jesus". It was due to steep roads that certain members of the party almost failed to reach the lodge belonging to the Glencoe Ski Club at Bridge of Orchy. The minibus and car which had set out before our car, took about two and a half hours for the journey, the five of us took almost six hours. The steep roads?—well, they were the cause of the gearbox packing up, and although crawling up hills at less than five miles per hour certainly allowed us plenty of time to make a minute examination of the surrounding countryside, our decidedly leisurely pace was causing a certain amount of frustration to the following traffic. We eventually reached the lodge in another car, the first one being left at a garage near Killin, beside the scrap heap where it belonged. (If you read this Graham, sorry!!) Two hours of standing around the garage did not really harm us, exposure being cured quite easily.

I think it is about time that I explained exactly what we were doing. DISC stands for Dundee Inter Schools Club which is a sort of inter schools Scripture Union, meeting every two weeks. The principal aim is to promote Christian Fellowship and allow its members to learn more about God and His teachings. It is open to all of those in 1st-6th year in Dundee and the surrounding area. During the October holiday weekend, we arranged a conference for instruction in aspects of Christian Leadership, and were extremely fortunate that Captain Steven Anderson was able to be with us for the duration of the time. We were also extremely fortunate in obtaining the use of the lodge, and although there were some doubts about the wisdom of going so far from Dundee, I doubt if there was one person who was unhappy when we actually arrived, for the building was almost new, and in a very beautiful setting, lying in the shade of some of Scotland's more rugged scenery.

Anyway, the five of us finally arrived at about eight o'clock and at once partook of supper, which consisted of piping-hot macaroni and cheese. Actually, it was half cold, and no-one knows what happened to the cheese, suffice to say that it wasn't really there, and believe you me, macaroni without cheese tastes pretty grotty. The meal (?) finished with, we split up into two groups and spent some time studying the Bible. At this

point, I think that I should mention the fact that staying with us were some members of DISC's Glasgow counterpart. Lasting relationships were established between the two groups in the form of a Prayer Partnership. Next day being Sunday, a joint service was held with about forty people taking part. Lunch, (which tasted quite good compared with the efforts of the previous evening) followed, and then the first of three sessions with Captain Anderson. Some of us decided to do a spot of hill-climbing after this, two members of the group discussing whether the wind blew up and did a half turn before coming back down the wind gap, and finally deciding that the left upper shoulder of the inner concave contoured outer scree slope would make a good climb. Supper once again, during which time the alarming news was revealed to us that we would have to provide our own entertainment for the evening. Instructions were given that this was to take the form of a fancy dress parade using whatever was lying around. After this we were to split up into small groups and perform little sketches. The fancy dress parade began, acts ranging from a multi-coloured caterpillar (the big creep), through an idiotic train-spotter, to the winner—the lumberjack, a red-haired, freckled-faced fourth year boy acting normally (stupid). His prize was a bar of chocolate which he proceeded

to throw away and keep the paper it had been wrapped in. Me?—well, with the help of a laughing policeman, we put on a scintillating performance of a pair of drunk mountaineers. Unfortunately we were so convincing that the judges awarded us a special prize—a half pint mug of black coffee without sugar, which we were forced to drink. Everyone had a fantastic time that evening, it will always remain as the comedy highspot of a fantastic weekend. Next day was spent mainly discussing leadership and Captain Anderson's flair for interesting talking was ably demonstrated. He really is the most incredible person and we all sincerely hope that he will come back to High School some day, as he did in 1973. We all learned a tremendous amount and are deeply indebted to him for giving so much of his valuable time—thank you. Three days had been passed and a tremendous spirit of fellowship developed between all of the participants.

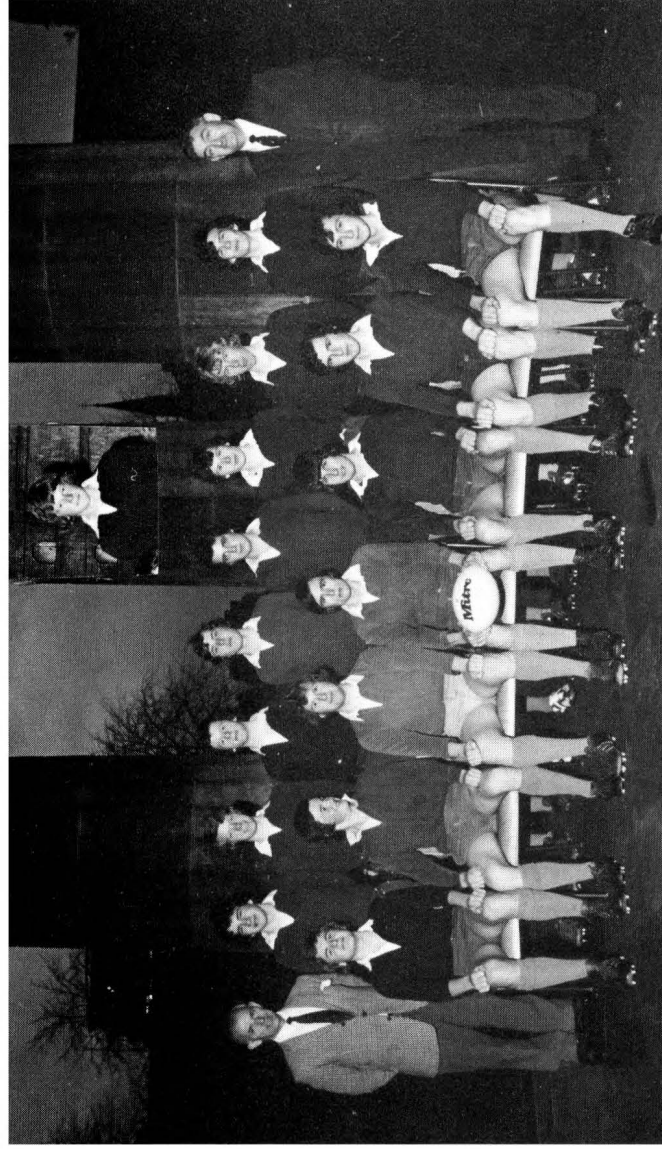
Finally, may I take the opportunity to thank the organisers and extend a warm invitation to anyone who wishes to join our group. I can assure you that you will be made very welcome and I can also assure you that you will never regret the decision! DISC is split into two sections, 1st-3rd year and 4th-6th year, meeting on alternate Saturdays, principally in the Steeple Church Halls. If you want to know more, please ask anyone in our own Scripture Union who will be delighted to give you proper details.



GIRLS' HOCKEY 1st XI

Front Row (l. to r.): MORAG J. HOUSTON FIONA E. A. NAPIER CLAIRE F. McDONALD CAROL M. SIM
WENDY M. MILLAR PATRICIA M. CRAMOND PAULINE D. BUTCHART

Back Row (l. to r.): ALISON J. M. CRUICKSHANK PAMELA C. REID JACQUELINE G. ROBB PATRICIA A. BELL
MHAIRI M. M. HENDERSON Miss H. LYLE



RUGBY 2nd XV

Front Row (l. to r.): MARTIN N. JOHNSTON NIAL M. GIBB MARTIN D. REEKIE ROBIN T. WINTER R. COLIN SANGSTER MALCOLM R. C. JOHNSTON JAMES R. WALLACE

Back Row (l. to r.): Mr W. D. ALLARDICE COLIN B. CAVERS ALAN J. BEAMERS ALASTAIR D. HAIN ALASTAIR J. D. TAYLOR GRAEME C. COLLIN NICHOLAS W. J. CHERRY RODERICK G. GILMORE INNES W. GRAY Mr G. C. STEWART

Inset: DAVID A. RITCHIE (Captain)



BOYS' HOCKEY 2nd XI

Front Row (l. to r.): DONALD B. WHITTICK EUAN K. S. TAIT
TIMOTHY J. D. WALSH LINDSAY A. KNIGHT D. CRAIG SUTTIE

Back Row (l. to r.): Mr A. H. HUTCHISON SANDY B. MELVIN
GRANT R. STENHOUSE MARTIN P. WHEATER J. W. GRANT
CARNEGIE ROSS R. WEIR JAMES S. TAYLOR Mr J. T. G. BAXTER



GIRLS' HOCKEY 2nd XI

Front Row (l. to r.): CAROLYN J. BUTCHART MARY E. M. ROSE
 ANNA K. JACUK SUSAN E. CLARK ELIZABETH S. M. SIM
 KATY M. LANGLANDS ELIZABETH E. McCULLOCH

Back Row (l. to r.): MAUREEN M. CHRISTIE PATRICIA J. ROY
 ELIZABETH F. CRAMOND JUDITH DYE PAMELA A. BROWN
 Miss H. LYLE

The Editor

D.H.S.

Dear Sir,

I appreciate your need for articles and
I would gladly write something if only
I knew

Where to begin.

But,
Sitting in an uninspiring desk surrounded
By thirty-odd uninspiring pupils
In an uninspiring, centrally heated,
Pale pink classroom
Is very uninspiring,
As you can imagine.

So please,
Consider my situation,
And believe me when I tell you that
I didn't write about the futility of life
Because usually I am full of the joys
Of living.

(only today I am uninspired)
And I didn't think you would want to
know

What my mummy looks like because
I wrote that in L1 and she hasn't
changed that much.

And the budgie died last week.
So as you can see, I am totally uninspired,
Which is why I wrote this.

Yours uninspiredly,

S.M. F2



INCIDENT

Rain, rain and more rain. He blinked through the “flick, flick, flick” of the wipers, through the drizzle and the dazzle and the shiny cold night. Faintly noisy, the bright fast city clattered softly past. He was isolated: the “briumin briumin” of the sleek neat machine enclosed him wholly.

He caught sight, fleetingly, of the patchy crowd scattered in the road. With a creating effort, the brakes bumped him stopped. Heedless, the group was piling in.

The seal was broken; he was chilled by the smoky dampness, and, distantly, was drawn to them. The voices, the faces, the murmurs . . .

The crumpled corpse, huddled at the streaming gutter . . . he stared in confusion.

Did he look at the old lady's gentle face, marred by the ugly swelling, and the near-black trickle that had gushed, then dripped from pale shrunken lips to mingle hotly with cold water? He knew a shadow of despair masked a soft soul.

Did he notice the umbrella, fallen, twisted and stained with the same dark gore? He felt an agony.

Suddenly he wrenched his gaze away, and hate surged within him—hate of the world, the pushing onlookers, the viciousness of the night.

The engine revved; the “flick, flick, flick” began. Again his being was distinct—the vehicle absorbed him. The beads of light flashed and were gone.. Yet his soul had been touched: a bayonet of pain had bored his heart and for once he had known an immense sadness.

Marion



LOVE IS

Love is a dream of russet country lane,
A stream, whose course is charged by
ivy-crusted mills,
The smell of smoke from a croft peat
fire,
The crisp crackle of fresh autumn leaves
beneath my feet
as I drift over the entangled relics of
summer.

Love is the wild geese in the early
morning
when they waken me with their shrill
cries.
A stray dog whose pitiful eyes catch
mine for only a moment,
Before they dissolve into the November
mist.

Love is an evening by an open fire,
Watching the last traces of day as they
sink with the sun,
Drowned in a sea of sudden darkness
and mystery.
Love is life and the precious will to live.
Love is for sharing.

J.E.A.

Deep
Thick pile
of gentle
wool blue and cold
Clammy distant and
Mystically powerful
Spun yet clump wisps long to touch
Flimsy transparency
Softness delicate
Solidity
As problems
Clouds then
Sun.

Marion



The room was still.
A man sat at a table.
Creamy blank paper lay before him,
Enticing him to draw
Inviting him to work.

He took the pencil
And silently
Inspiration dawned . . .

Images of magical beauty
Flew from mind to pen
From pen to paper.

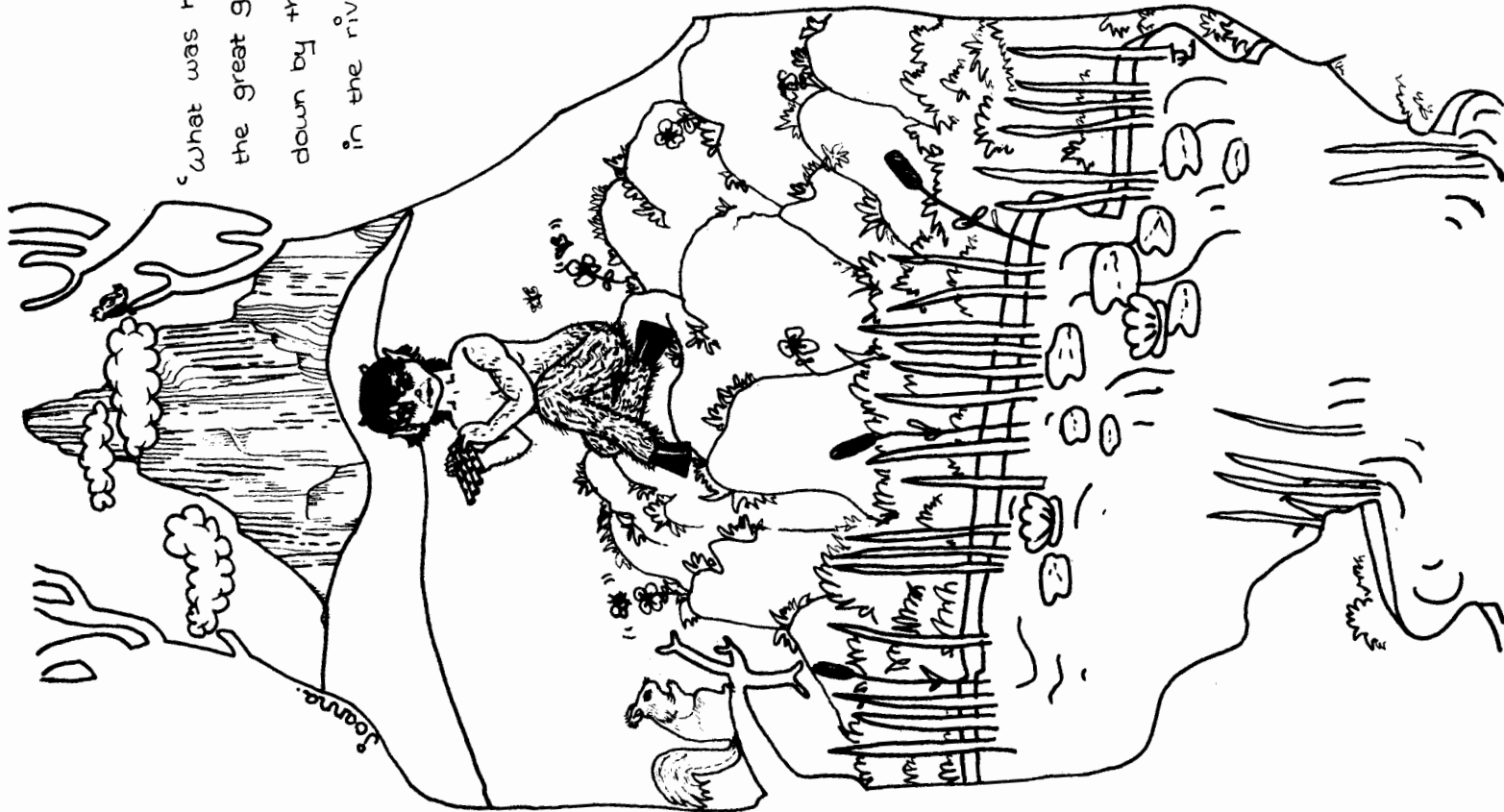
Slowly;
Ideas developed.
Thought ran in delicate tracery,
Carving impressions of past and present,
Seeing future dreams.
Revealing hazy secrets . . .

Later —
Much later —
It was finished
Beautiful creations
Had sprung up
From nowhere.
Delicate designs,
Subtle shades,
Heliotrope hues,
Blended,
Mingled,
Contrasted . . .

All in vain.
It lay face up
On the pile of creations.
Unsold.
Unwanted . . .

The room was still.
A man sat at a table.
Creamy blank paper lay before him.

Penelope-Anne



‘What was he doing,
the great god, Pan,
down by the reeds
in the river?’

How not to write an essay on

HOW I RESCUED MY FIANCE FROM THE JAWS OF A KILLER SHARK

"Darling," he said "Sweetlet, do you think you could possibly put down your thrilling Barbara Cartland novel and . . ."

I turned round, just in time to see my financial disaster disappearing over the edge of the yacht. I moved back to the cockpit, narrowly missing having my head knocked off as the boom, without a guiding hand, swung over. Peering anxiously over the back of the boat, I saw my beloved Cecil in the jaws of a killer shark. I stood, wringing my hands in horror and called "What is it darling?"

"It's a shark," he replied and his leg disappeared further down the shark's throat.

Cecil's face blanched, but, in true British tradition, he let out only nine blood curdling yells, and his upper lip never trembled.

"Oh Poppet," I cried, "Tell me what to do!"

"Yah - ah - ah," he answered.

"But, my flower, you know I don't know my way around the boat, what if I get oil on my £300 Dior silk yachting outfit?"

"Yah - ah - ah," repeated Cecil. That was the eleventh blood curdling scream, but his upper lip remained stiff.

The shark was grinning at me and that decided me. I never have stood for

strange males trying to seduce me behind Cecil's back, and the shark was getting closer and closer to Cecil's back.

I took my £200 crocodile skin handbag in my right hand and, with a tarzan type yell, launched myself over the side.

Unfortunately I was almost immediately arrested in my daring rescue attempt: I struggled out of my costume, cursing Dior. My £300 creation! Silk! It had shrunk to the size of a fashion doll's dress.

The look in the shark's eyes had changed slightly. He now had a wicked glint in his eye and, I am quite sure that had his mouth not been full of Cecil, he would have licked his lips.

In fact, I would go so far as to say that his hungry look closely resembled Cecil's, when I tell him we are having fish and chips for tea, rather than my new recipe for pork à la crème et les tomates vertes.

The shark released the now mercifully unconscious Cecil and, with visions of un-paid-up life assurance policies, I launched myself into battle.

"Take that!" I cried. "And that!" as I lambasted the brute with my handbag.

The shark's eyes crossed. He yelped in terror, and tail between fins, he set off at high speed in circles across the sea.

I turned my attention to the unconscious Cecil, now going under for the fifth time. Reluctantly, I swam to him through the red frothy water, and supported his head. Then, in horror, I realised that the yacht had become merely a small speck on the horizon.

Glancing around wildly, I saw the shark, still steaming around in frantic circles. Taking what was left of my £300 Dior outfit, I stretched it into a long rope and lassoed the shark with it. I passed it around the shark's body then through its teeth like a pair of reins. Then, clinging to the reins with one hand and Cecil's neck with the other we set off in pursuit of the yacht.

After about an hour, we caught up with the yacht. I tethered the shark to it and dragged Cecil on board.

Imagine my feelings when I realised that Cecil alas, poor Cecil, was dead.

But the shark and I lived happily ever after.

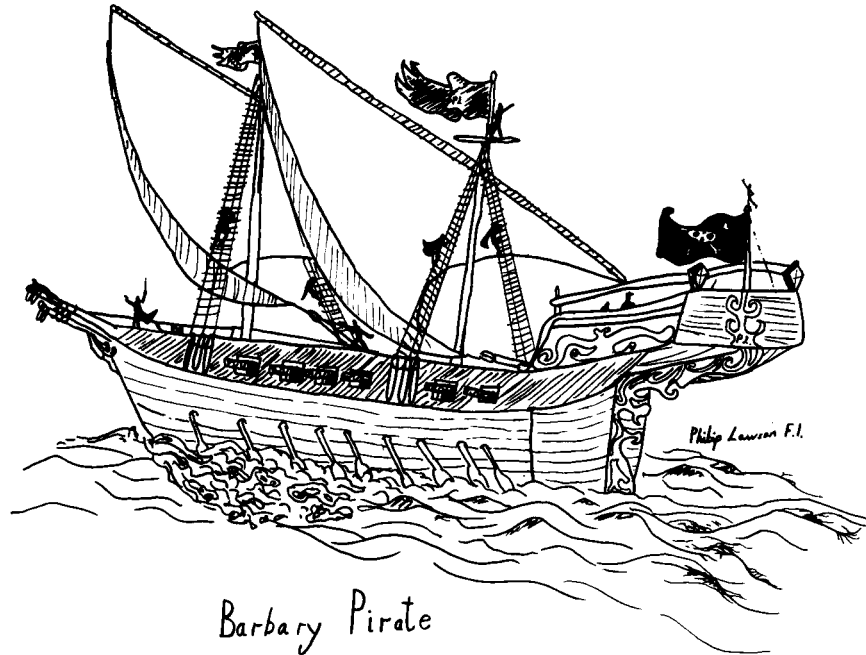
Liz Mackenzie IV



THE END

WARNING: THIS ESSAY IS NOT REPEAT NOT SUPPOSED
TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY!





THE FIGHT

The pirate captain saw a ship,
With a heavy burden upon her.
He shouted to his valiant crew,
She's the one we will plunder.

Up went the " White Ensign "
Up went the cheers of joy.
And from the impatient men,
Came cries of destroy !

The " Jolly Roger " was hoisted up,
And the cannons began firing.
The men swarmed on the other deck,
And many were killing or dying.

The two captains faced each othe,
The buccaneer was smirking.
They drew their pistols and they fired,
... But the pirate was not dying —
HE WAS DEAD !

SYLLABLE POEM

Fight
Prepared
Watchful eyes
Weapons ready
Taken by surprise
Sabre thrusting forwards
Plunging into flesh
Blood everywhere
Screams of pain
Dying
Death

Vivien Moffat F1T

STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL

The boy came down with a flying tackle on the ant bear's back and locked his arms around its chest.

The anteater reared up on its hind feet and scratched the boys' hands so badly with its sharp claws that he had to let go. The monster still stood on its hind feet, sparred like a pugilist advancing upon his opponent, striking out with one arm then the other. The red tongue darted in and out like the tongue of a snake.

As the boy retreated he stumbled over a log, and fell backwards. Instantly, the hairy giant was upon him. He struggled to his feet, bringing the bear erect with him. No stranger fight had ever been seen. The boy grabbed hold of the long snout and made as if he were trying to unscrew it. The beast's gigantic tail switched, hitting him on one side of the face then the other.

He tripped the beast and sent it hurtling on its back, but it did not relax its hold. The two wrestlers were up again in a flash. The sticky red tongue slapped into Napo's, the boy's, face. It seemed to be covered with mucilage. Napo let the bear take full honours in that kind of attack. His own tongue was dry and tight against the roof of his mouth.

He could not stand this tremendous hugging much longer. He violently twisted the snout — that was the easiest thing to get hold of. If a boxer didn't like a punch on the nose, why shouldn't an ant bear's nose be sensitive too?

Then the ant bear suddenly let go, as if something had told it that it was wrong to attack the boy, and it lumbered off out of sight into the bushes.

Jane Ray

A ROOFTOP CHASE

Like a threadbare blanket, torn with fading shreds of daylight, evening enveloped the city. The starlings cascaded into the air, a myriad of tiny dots in the dusk, but there was a barely perceptible reluctance in their flight. As the last dregs of the day betrayed the buildings the reason became apparent. Wedged in between a chimney was a small object, stirring slightly. It was an injured starling and, unable to fly with the rest of the flock, had been abandoned. It was terrified, helpless and alone.

Night came. The moon rose above the city and hung suspended in the acrid, bitter chocolate night, a globular milky bubble, shedding an ethereal light over the rooftops. The bird shivered and trembled, and cringed as the sound it had been instinctively dreading came above the distant purr of traffic. It was the uncanny, but unmistakable sound of cats beginning their nightly vigil. Soon the sound of snarls and hisses became uncomfortably close and the starling, petrified, cowered against the chimney.

Suddenly, the serene tranquility of the moon was cut by a cruelly beautiful shape, stark in its silhouette. It stood, regarding its nocturnal kingdom, scouring the rooftops. The starling panicked, and began scrabbling wildly against the slates, in an effort to escape. The cat spun round, and crouched, glaring into the darkness.

Although injured, the starling was capable of movement. It half-fluttered, half ran, across the gable, its eyes staring glassily into the night, blind with terror.

The cat leapt up and bounded after it, intent and self-assured. The bird struggled on, hysterical with terror, with the cat close behind, until it found a gap between two chimneys. It cringed between the bricks, until the cat appeared, silhouetted against the moonbright sky.

Nature had given the cat a warrant to kill, and in this particular instant it was not in vain. The cat had a calm air of assured confidence, and it was merely playing for time. It knew the whereabouts of the bird, but glanced nonchalantly about it, feigning bewilderment. The starling, relaxing in the assumption that it had fooled its hunter, peered out from its hiding place. Too late it realised its mistake. The cat shot round and stood, poised, with its back arched. The starling, already losing all self-control, felt its eyes being drawn to those of the cat. The eyes, round as saucers, dark abysses in opalescent pools, held the bird in a petrified fascination. The terrible face came nearer, contorted in the bird's panic. The eyes gleamed, and as the cat approached with a strange leer on its face, it almost seemed as if it floated on air. The jaw flashed open, the bird backed away against the chimney, with a queer bewildered panic, its eyes staring transfixed into the yawning gap before it, and then . . .

The moon rose above the rooftops and sat like a great, white, contented cat in the sky.

Sarah McMillan F2A

THE FLAG

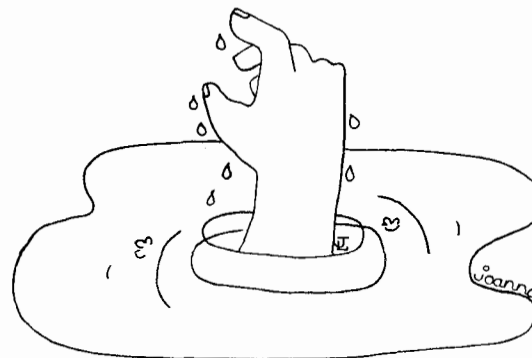
Flutt'ring stupidly, wildly, nonsensically,
A piece of cloth at the top of an erect
pole,
Its colourful pattern embroidered into
the heart,
Of every man that serves under it.
A sign which the passers-by
Are engrossed by.
They respect its glaring, smiling,
wrinkling face,
Staring down at aghast faces,
Looking deeply into a dark oblivion,
A hypnotic trance,
Held captive by this gently swaying
motion,
Soon to become a raucous drunk,
Sprawling, unruly, then . . .
On a commercial building,
It sags,
Lifeless, waiting for a windy lease of life,
It straightens out bravely in war,
And proudly at Munich, Tokyo,
Christchurch,
The wind blows the leaves from the trees
But it can't remove the flag,
The uniforms stare up and salute this,
Magnificent,
Symbol of glory.

Bryan Beattie F3

WE'RE OFF TO BLIGHTY

A photograph of a million thoughts,
Nameless, they look and pose, for
memories.
Their thoughts will never be known,
We look at their thoughts, memories.
It is spring now, and in all that
broad stretch of desolation, we,
have left behind us, shell craters
which were full of water, red water,
are now dried up.
And deep pits, dug out of the powdered
earth from which all vitality has gone.
So that spring brings no new life.
Everything is white, ghastly white,
in the brilliant early morning sunshine.
And they sit and look, and think and wait.
They too, in an hour or two will add
their nameless names to Futility !

Alan G. Anderson F3



SAHARA ADVENTURE

My story is set in a gleaming white palace which is situated somewhere in the region of Timbuctoo. By now, probably you will have guessed that it is one of those palaces with onion shaped roofs and even though it's in Timbuctoo it is influenced by the Mystic East. Well now, to return to my story . . .

A few years ago the Cunningham family decided to go on a safari to the Sahara Desert. Both John and Sarah, the two children, were very excited since it was their first time ever to have visited a foreign country. Once they were all packed and ready, they set off to the nearest airport which was Glasgow and jumped on to their waiting aeroplane which was going to drop them over the desert. When I say drop I mean they were going to parachute down with all their luggage, believe it or not. You see, the Cunningham family were a bit eccentric and liked to do things a bit differently from the average, or rather the **normal** Scottish family. Soon they had set up their first camp site and had thoroughly organised themselves. "Now to investigate," said Mr Cunningham, very enthusiastically.

To let you into a very big secret the Cunninghams were secret agents who had been sent by M.I.5 to investigate this mystic palace which had been causing the Special Branch a bit of bother lately. You see hidden inside this fabulous abode were a group of men called the I.B.S. (International Bombing Society) who were planning a mass bomb attack on Edinburgh to show the world how powerful they were.

The Cunninghams' mission was to get inside the palace and destroy everything they could and the most important thing of all was to bring back the I.B.S. (dead or alive) before they set out to bomb Edinburgh. To reach the inside of the white palace they had to conjure up a brilliant disguise, so before long Mr Cunningham came up with a magnificent idea. They all dressed up as the local Arab traders and laden with many basketfuls of exotic goods they managed to get inside the palace without arousing the curiosity of the many guards roundabout. Misfortune, I'm afraid to say, soon fell upon them and before very long they were discovered and shoved into the dungeons. Their presence had been discovered by an M.I.5 agent who had double-crossed them and passed the "family" on to the enemy. After that they were never heard of or seen at all, since that day. When investigators were sent out to find the Cunninghams, all they found were the remains of their campsite.

Anyway that all happened about two years ago, but since then many attempts have been made to free the agents but all of them have failed or fallen through. I suppose the poor Cunninghams had given up hope, but I did hear about one plan which almost succeeded.

The M.I.5 were desperate to have the Cunninghams back so they had sent out their most professional agent who had been instructed to free the agents, anyway he could, as long as he freed them. Well "Red Admiral" as the agent was called, managed to get inside the palace and without much difficulty, managed to learn that a man, a woman and two children were being held prisoner down in the palace dungeons and were to be executed the next morning. "Red Admiral" knew that he would have to act quickly, so he slipped down to the dungeons, killing a few guards on his way. When he reached the part of the dungeons where the Cunninghams were being held prisoner he came to a locked door with a key hanging on a little bit of string beside it. He took the key and opened the door very carefully. When the door was opened he crept inside and to his amazement found himself in a big chamber with numerous cells roundabout. In one of these cells were the Cunninghams, so quickly and silently, he unbolted the iron door of the cell and let them out. For a few moments they all exchanged bits and pieces of news until it was time for them to depart.

As they reached the door a cold spine-chilling tremble ran up their bodies, for just as they had feared, the door was locked and the key was no longer there !

Susan Calder F2



SNOOPY STANDS FOR THE ELECTION

Snoopy smells so sweetly,
Almost like a Rose,
But if he gets elected,
We'll take an overdose.

He'll be an Independent
And stand for Dundee West.
We'll make sure all the voters know
That Snoopy is the best.

He'll canvas down a coal-mine,
He'll canvas in a mill.
Charlie will be with him,
We'll all make sure he will.

But in the Dundee High School,
(Where Snoopy's voted best)
He'll fight on and he'll canvas,
Beating all the rest.

Dedicated to a well-known member of
the History Department by two F2A
girls who would prefer to remain anonymous
for obvious reasons.

There was a young man from Dunoon
Who always ate soup with a fork.
He said " Since I eat
Neither fish, foul, nor flesh
I would finish my dinner too quick."

There was an old man from Dundee
Who was stung on the neck by a wasp,
When asked if it hurt
He replied " No, not at all,
It's a good thing it wasn't a hornet."

Neil Scott F2A

Nudis Verbis → Bare Words
Sic Transit Gloria → Gloria was sick on
the bus
A bon chat → A good natter
Euge ! → School lunches



BE A PATRIOT

Join the British Nationalist Party — The Middle Class Party for people with upper class pretensions. Do you earn between £3,000 and £15,000 ? YOU DO. Well you are the type of person we want. Do you earn over £15,000 ? You do. Socialist pig !

What being a British Nationalist means :—

(1) For earners of £3,000-£8,000 you can call your house Shangri-la, Mon Repose, or Chez Moi. For earners of £8,000-£15,000 — The Cottage or The Lodge.

(2) You can hold Tupperware, cheese and wine, and sherry parties.*

(3) With every B.N.P. subscription you will receive a BBC2 aerial.

(4) You can send your children to either grammar schools or extremely minor public schools and say that you did not send them to Eton and Cheltenham since you wanted them to meet interesting people. (This is a course of action advisable only for parents overflowing with audacity — and muscles — i.e. men of military rank. N.B. Nothing less than a major.)

(5) You are entitled to call your 12 bottles of wine from the Sunday Times Wine Club your cellar. (Do **not** brag excessively about your cellar otherwise people will want to go down and have a look at it and even a teetotaller can tell the difference between a wine cellar and your wine-less coal-filled coal cellar.)

(6) You are entitled to call long-haired youths spineless wonders and say a year in the army would soon cure them.

(7) You can wear tweed plus-fours, a deer-stalker, and a military moustache. (N.B. not a Charlie Chaplin one unless you are a Brazilian interior decorator, affected to singing "If I ruled the World", and married to Eva Braun.) This is for men only.

(8) Naturally the women dress differently. They do not wear the deer-stalker.

* We hope to be able to offer you, at a remarkably fine price, a rather pleasant Sherry. It will probably be La Ina unless one of my fellow ministers, the Minister for the Consumption of Rather Fine Sherry, can induce his mother to change her taste in sherry.

Remember —

Vote British Nationalist

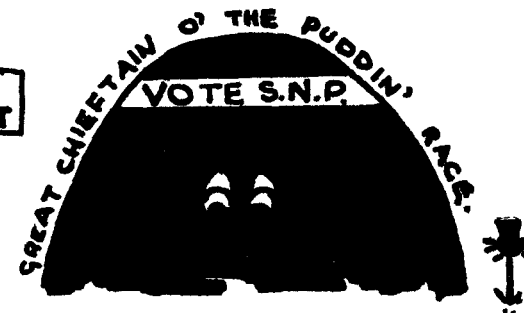
Typed by Mrs Davis (the mother of the Minister for Going Purple in the Face and President of the Laurie Batchelor Appreciation Society). Dictionary by courtesy of Mrs F. Harry (the mother of the Minister for the Propagation of the Axle-Grease Hairstyle). Agent : Mr S. B. Davis. Committee Rooms : The Occidental. Printers : Pravda Newspapers Ltd.

Birthday wishes to Auntie Flo from Uncle Bert, Jasmine, Hector, Councillor Stoke-Pages and the rest of the regulars at The Occidental.



McTAVISH M.P.

McTavish was a haggis, True Scottish born and bred; He lived on broth and porridge oats Until his doctor said, "McTavish, you are overweight ! You've eaten far too much." And after that grave warning He ate thistles for his lunch. He was a prominent member Of the S.N.P. campaign, With very high intelligence and Intellectual brain. He was not corrupt Like many politicians, And for his lasting loyalty Gained many high positions. He spoke out for freedom And Scottish Parliament, Though his speeches always ended With English argument. Then one sad day . . . while laughing At a Labour candidate, He split his sides and — Alas it was too late ! So when you read of politics Of freedom from the English — Remember the Scot who did so much Our hero — McTavish.



THE DUNDEE-ORLEANS EXCHANGE 1974

The exchange was announced to our French class in early December last year and having discussed the subject with my parents, I decided to go on the exchange, and so I asked for an application form and filled it up.

In late January I received a letter from the Department of Education with all the details and I started correspondence with my exchange partner, Bertrand Liautey. For my part I was very lucky to be paired off with such a good person because some other people were less fortunate and they did not really enjoy the exchange. After a few letters I soon got to know Bertrand, receiving his letters in hopeless English and writing back in equally hopeless French.

There were two preparation courses which were held in Craigie High and at these we learnt lists of common pieces of conversation which we could trot out if ever stuck for words. At these I met the other Dundonians who were going on the exchange. The majority came from Lawside or Craigie High and a few from other schools. The High was badly represented. In all there were three — Jane Bewick, Mairi Skirner and myself. The total number was around forty and for every boy on the exchange, there were three girls! The staff accompanying the party were Mr Young, Mr Christie, Miss Taylor and Mr and Mrs Gourlay (no High School staff!).

On Sunday, 30th June, we met in the Tay Bridge Station and we took the "Night Aberdonian" sleeper. Because there was an odd number of people in the party, I was lucky to have a compartment to myself both ways. We arrived at seven o'clock at Kings Cross where a coach took us to Victoria Station and then we breakfasted in the Medway



Sacré-Cœur, Paris



The château at Amboise



The Liautey's house in Jouy-le-Potier

Restaurant there. The meal was not very good . . . Despite arriving in Kings Cross early, we left Victoria at 10 a.m. — 15 minutes late.

By this time I had got to know some of the others, including a certain Derek who, at the classes, had been asked if he had enjoyed the exchange last time — he promptly replied 'No' and when asked why he was going back he said that this time he was staying with a different family!

The train arrived at Newhaven where we showed our passports — they were never stamped — before boarding the Ferry, the M.V. Senlac, which sailed at 11.45. The crossing was stormy and, if hungry, we bought a snack lunch on the boat.

We docked at Dieppe at 15.30 and were told to go straight on to the train, and that the customs officials would check our luggage and passport on the train, which they never did! The train crawled out of Dieppe Maritime Station in the dock area, proceeded along the High Street for half a mile before it waited for a signal at Dieppe Central. About four hours later the train arrived in Paris St. Lazare. (I came to one conclusion — the SNCF run a very punctual service with dilapidated rolling-stock.) We were met by a bus which took us to Orléans, via the Paris-Orléans autoroute — the toll on which cost the driver £4! At 10 p.m. the bus pulled into the Place de l'Etape in Orléans where there was a large crowd of people to meet us. Bertrand and his parents were there to meet me and after the checking of names we set off to the village where the Liauteys lived — Jouy-le-Potier, 15 miles south of Orléans. Arriving at 11 o'clock, I ate and then went to bed.

The next morning I had breakfast — my first French meal. We ate 'biscottes'

— a type of toasted bread — and jam, dipping them in our bowls of coffee — and I still think it an unpleasant custom. We then set out for 'classes' for the Scots in Orléans. We went three times and then lost interest. Afterwards we went to look round Orléans. In the evening I met the rest of the family, Bertrand's brother Thierry, who worked in a bank and his sister Clotilde, who was in her final year at school. We dined at eight and, to my embarrassment, I found that French table manners were completely different from ours. A typical meal would be as follows: a bowl of sliced and oiled cucumber was placed in the middle of the table. You would take your quota and eat it, putting your knife and fork back on the table and cleaning your plate with a piece of bread. This is repeated with tomatoes, lettuce, etc., all eaten separately, and then followed by biscuits and cheese or a plateful of cream cheese, sprinkled with sugar. During the meal one drank wine in great quantities.

Orléans is a beautiful city, the population being slightly less than Dundee. There are few multis and traffic jams, and any graffiti is purely political. There are two hypermarkets around Orléans, one, Euromarché in Olivet and the other, Auchan, at St. Jean de la Ruelle, which sell **everything** and between the two in one morning Mme. Liautey spent almost £50.

On Thursday 4th the authorities in Orléans organised a small reunion for all the exchangees not only from Dundee but from the other cities with which Orléans was exchanging. We drank champagne and chatted with our friends. The same evening it was announced that Clotilde had passed her important exam and there was a small champagne cele-

bration. I soon discovered that I had a taste for wines.

On Sunday 7th we all went to visit the château at Blois where I was amused by a notice saying "pelouse interclite", the equivalent in German and then "No Walking"!

On Wednesday 7th, Orléans organised a trip to Fontainebleau where we saw the Château and the forest. In the forest Jane, Derek and myself amazed the French by using only the time taken for a stone to fall down a well to work out the depth, and when we, and our correspondents, ordered three 'oranginas' between six (because they were expensive) the waiter at the café in the forest was rather annoyed. At the château there was a pond filled with trout. When anyone threw bread to them, they swarmed around and one could almost lift them out.

Sunday 14th was quite a day — we visited the interiors of seven châteaux in the same day and, returning to Jouy at 9 p.m., we danced in the streets until 2 a.m. Unfortunately I missed the Bastille-day celebrations in Orléans.

The Liauteys had three mopeds, one of which Bertrand used to go to school (the only qualifications needed are to be fourteen years of age) and so we used them a lot to see the area — they could get up a good speed — 40 m.p.h.

My first downfall in French was on the fourth day when madame sent me for bread. Inside I ran off my practised phrase, hoping that the lady serving understood, but she started up in fast French and I did not understand, although I got the bread eventually.

On Tuesday Monsieur took us up to Paris where I bought souvenirs and visited all the tourist attractions such as

the Eiffel Tower, Sacré Cœur, and La Défense.

Friday morning saw the end of the trip to France as we gathered in the Place de L'Etape to get into the bus to Paris. Some of the staff were worried when they discovered that the British ferry crew were on strike and eventually we managed to squeeze on the M.V. Villandry, one of the French boats. We arrived in the bomb-shocked, drizzly London at 7 p.m. and when the sleeper trundled into Tay Bridge Station next morning we knew it was really over.

The French arrived the next Tuesday morning and in two days Bertrand had seen Dundee. On Thursday 25th there was a reception in the City Chambers for the French where everyone ate and listened to various speeches. The following Wednesday there was an excursion to Dunkeld, Aberfeldy and Pitlochry. On Saturday Bertrand's parents and his brother and sister arrived. They were on holiday and it was their first time in Britain. They rented a cottage in Den of Ogil for two weeks and during the second Bertrand stayed with them. Tuesday 6th August saw an excursion to Edinburgh. In the morning we were taken round Holyrood House and in the afternoon wandered round Edinburgh. A week later Bertrand went to stay with his parents at the cottage and that was the last I saw of him, but they sent a postcard from Gairloch where they stopped while touring Scotland.

Generally the exchange was enjoyed by the participants and I will certainly be going back next year.

Kenneth Anton F4

MY OLD SCHOOL IN AMERICA

School started at 8.45 a.m. so I was usually at school by 8.35 a.m. to get my books from my locker so that I could get to my first class. The lockers were in the halls of the school. Everyone was given a locker at the beginning of the year.

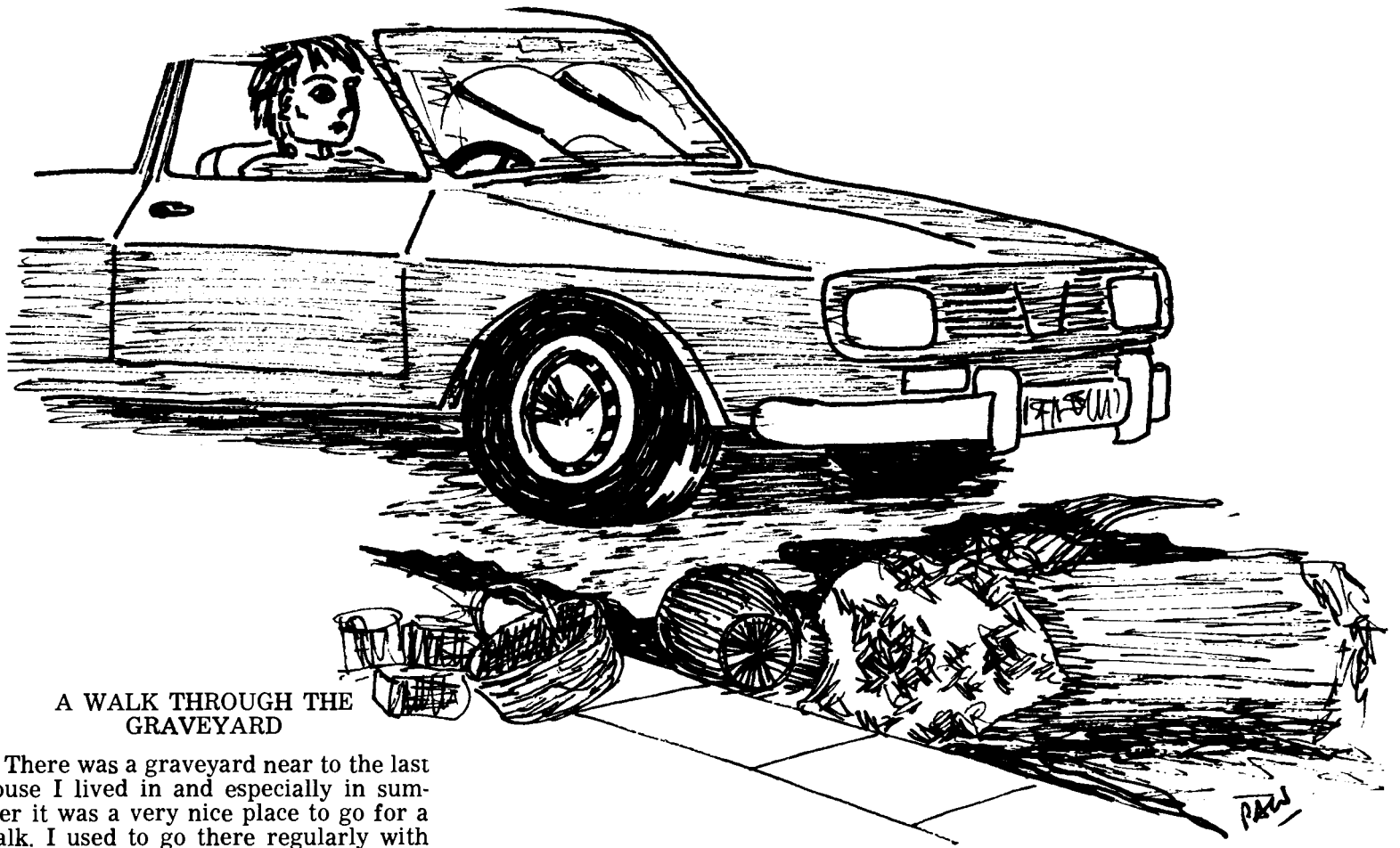
In every class there was an average of 25-30 pupils. Each class lasted 40 minutes and between every class there was a two minute break which gave you time to get your books from your locker. The lunch break was 1 hour and you could either go home for lunch if you lived near, or you could eat in the lunch hall where meals were served every day at a price of 25 cents, which is equal to 10p, and you paid daily. The Lunch Hall was pretty big so there was only one sitting. Sweets and crisps could be had from machines which were placed in the halls.

Holidays were different, of course, because of different customs. We got two months for summer and other small holidays as we do here.

I suppose the biggest difference was that we didn't have to wear a uniform, but we couldn't wear anything **too** outstanding.

Robin Bell F2





A WALK THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD

There was a graveyard near to the last house I lived in and especially in summer it was a very nice place to go for a walk. I used to go there regularly with a friend, particularly in autumn as it was a good area for collecting chestnuts.

One Autumn evening, two years ago, my friend and I went to the graveyard after tea on a dull day and we didn't notice the darkness was coming very fast. Soon it was almost completely dark and there were so many paths that it was just like a maze and we were beginning to get worried.

While we were finding our way we were terrified by the idea that we were actually in a graveyard and we were expecting ghosts and spirits to jump out at us. The trees took odd shapes and made noises in the wind and between that and the movements of several cats, we were really frightened and it was a relief when we found the right path and got back to the lights of the street.

"DOOR TO DAYS GONE BY"

Martin sat in the back of the car not really wanting to go to the country to stay with his gran and grandad. They lived in an old dreary house in the middle of nowhere and there were no other children round about whom he could play with. But to avoid hurting his grandparents' feelings he unwillingly agreed to go.

"Martin dear, please try to smile. I know you don't want to go, but your father and I must go to London to visit your sister. We will be back soon", said Martin's mother.

"I'll try, mum. Please come back soon", he said.

"We will dear. Now be good".

"Yes, mum", said Martin as he climbed out of the car. He turned to wave good-bye as the car sped into the distance.

The whitewash on the walls gleamed in the slowly sinking sun. The thatch had just been mended and the ends were cut neatly into lines. The roses were blooming in his gran's garden. She was very proud of them. As Martin neared the front door it opened and his grandparents came out to meet him. "Hello Martin. We've been looking forward to seeing you", his grandad said. "Come inside, we have something special for you.

Martin walked in and suddenly smelt the lovely smell of his gran's home-made strawberry jam. On the grate of the fire were a dozen home-made muffins, all buttered ready to be eaten. While sitting eating muffins and strawberry jam Martin forgot how unwillingly he had come here and after his long journey he was very tired and had to go to his bed for a good night's rest.

The next morning his gran and grandad had to go into town for the rest of the food for the week. Martin didn't want to go so he stayed at home to explore the house. Up and down the soft

pile carpets, through mysterious doors. In and out of dusty old rooms he went until he came to the smallest room of all. He opened the door and before him stood a tall mahogany grandfather clock. It was ticking and Martin thought he would look inside and watch the pendulum swaying to and fro. He turned the old rusty key and the heavy door swung open.

He could not believe his eyes. The door opened out into a huge garden. From behind the big wall he heard music, a carousel. But where was he? He decided to find out more of the strange surroundings. After climbing over the wall he found himself in the midst of a fair. In one corner was a carousel. Its red and yellow canopy frills fluttered in the breeze. Stallholders were



calling, "Buy my hot chestnuts". "Have your fortune told". Martin had read about this in his history books. What was going on? The clothes were all Victorian. Martin went over to a small boy and asked him who he was. The boy turned round and stared at Martin. "Don't speak to me, Martin Williams".

"Why not?" Martin asked, a bit annoyed.

"Why not! Do you expect me to speak to the son of a murderer?" said the boy, haughtily. Why are you wearing those funny clothes?"

"All boys dress like this nowadays in 1974. Everyone dresses . . .".

He was interrupted by rude laughing.

"'E says 'e were dressed for 1974 'e does" an old man said.

"Where d'ye come from lad", another person said.

"'E must 'ave gorn mad", an old woman cackled. She carried on. "Now listen 'ere lad, we don't want no queer folk around 'ere so just clear orf an' don't come back again 'y 'ear".

Martin turned and fled. His head was throbbing and he could see a huge pendulum swinging to and fro, to and fro. All of a sudden there were walls all around him. Then he woke up with a start. "The pendulum must have lulled me to sleep", he thought. He closed the door and the key was turned. He was determined to look inside again the next night. He heard a voice, "Don't dare come back". He turned round. No-one was there. Was this whole thing a dream? But when he turned back, the key had gone!!

Judith Edward F.2B1

THE AIRPORT

Planes coming in to land,
Boeing 707,
Huge, big massive monsters,
Screech, skid, sigh,
It lands, stops slowly with majestic
dignity.

I see people scurrying down the steps,
Like commuters from a train,
They enter the building.

'Next !'

'Passports please.'

They bustle in, passports at the ready,
Old ladies, business men, rich
millionaires, film stars,
Coming to a new country, a new life to
them,

I look at my watch, 9.45,
The intercom speaks, with an inhuman
voice,

Flight number 980 leaving for Miami,
Will passengers please board.
I sit down on a leather seat,
Specially provided for weary travellers,
Porters piled high with luggage,
Move with ever-quickenning mechanical
feet.

The new British citizens leave the
building.

To go about their own lives.

Brenda Baxter F3

SO WHAT ?

" Exactly, I couldn't have put it better
myself, but the fact remains that he did
it and he's going to do it again."

" Actually, to be perfectly truthful, I
don't mind whether he does it again or
not, but it seems a bit unfair on other
people, especially if they're involved. I
mean to say what can a normal person
do to get out of it once they're in ? "

" Nothing I suppose — but it's not
painful and it won't harm them so don't
bother."

" Me ! Bother ? You must be joking ! "

" Alright — I won't include you again
but don't forget — it's important to
him."

" Before this goes any further — what
are we talking about ? "

" He's going to sow whott."

" He's what ? "

" Going to sow whott."

" Sew whotte ? "

" No, sow whott ! "

" So what ? ! ! "

Etc. (and sow/so/sew on).

TYPICAL

Looking around with an empty face
Don't know what to do.

Why ?

Haven't paid attention.

Why ?

Can't understand what teacher's saying.

No point in trying.

Not allowed to ask neighbour what to do.

Hang on a sec'.

Ding Dong.

The bell's gone, time to go.

Jim F3



" YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN "

Gun,
Holster,
Fast action,
Bullet swiftly
Whistles through the air
But skims past the victim
Only to insert itself
Into grey haired man behind.
It wounds him in the shoulder.
The reddish blood mark grows
And is spreading fast.
It is growing
And growing
Painful . . .
Dead !

Anne Raffle F1T

A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

The murky mist rose slowly from the canal and my warm breath froze immediately as it hit the cold, bitter air of a frosty night in February. The voices of the now distant policemen faded away and seemed to melt among the eerie silence. There had been at least 50 of us all searching hopelessly for baby Jean — renowned as the most gorgeous little babe in the neighbourhood until this morning when she was tragically stolen from her pram. Now the darkness had fallen and so our search had to be abandoned until first light tomorrow. Everyone had given up in despair except her father and mother — both refused to believe that Jean was gone. But soon they, too, had to give up through sheer exhaustion increased by worry and tension. I listened as they trudged reluctantly into the mist and out of sight, and I strained to hear the mother sob repeatedly the dreadful words, "Why? Oh Why? Oh Why?" Her silent weeping turned into hysterical screaming which echoed through the night along with the soothing words of her husband.

Now I was completely alone and I walked along the naked path moist from the night fog — like a big grey blanket broken only by a yellow hazy light from a distant street lamp. My footsteps seemed to rebound from the far bank of the canal and the cold breeze bit into my face and I pulled up my collar and hugged my scarf. The silence seemed to be on a knife-edge and was snapped every so often by a passing car or by a horn hooting in the distance, the siren of a fire engine or even an ambulance.

A shiver went down my spine every time I heard that for I could not help thinking that maybe Jean was inside — severely injured or even **dead**? The mere mention of the word made me shudder. However, my thoughts were interrupted by the drunken yell of a down-and-out sprawled out along one of the benches. I turned and watched disgusted as he nodded his head up and down muttering words incoherently — not even words — just droning noises flowing from his mouth. I felt sick as I thought of him drinking meths until he reached a state of near oblivion — I just could not see the point of it. I turned back again and hurried my steps away from the hunched semi-conscious heap.

I contrasted the innocence of meek, little Jean to the dirty drunkenness of a man heading for self-destruction. Thinking of Jean upset me and I looked to the heavens for an answer. I whispered a simple prayer, "Help, please!" I closed my eyes and shook my head because my plaint seemed pointless — bitterness and anger came over me — I kicked the ground. Jean was almost my little sister and her parents like aunt and uncle to me — their pain and anguish was my pain and anguish; their anxiety my anxiety; their fear was my fear. Deep down I always had a terrible feeling that I had seen Jean alive for the last time but I never once lost faith or hope. I could only remember Jean as a bawling baby crying when her pram was jerked suddenly or when Jeff (the boot boy of Redcar Street) bent over the pram to look at her. Somehow she got the feeling he was bad and so she used to cry, kick her legs and her arms would flail about

all over the place — she even caught Jeff with a left uppercut to the chin — a famous story throughout the neighbourhood now! Jeff was one of the first volunteers to help look for her because he was very fond of her — everyone was — it was impossible not to be. She would look at you with big blue eyes and then (if you were lucky) she would laugh and two huge dimples would appear at either side of her mouth — you just had to fall for her!

Yet thinking of the past only brought reality whizzing back and I shivered thinking of the callousness of some maniac — some animal. I thought of Jean's mother and how she must be torturing herself by blaming herself. "If only I hadn't left Jean outside! Why didn't I carry her in? Why? Oh Why?" Too many questions — but not enough answers. It was no-one's fault — what was done was done — nobody can change it. I wondered if Jean's mother and father would ever live a normal happy life again if Jean was dead, I wondered if I could ever forget her. Those eyes? That smile? Never! I had a tormenting, nagging pain inside me like a needle — I **had** to get rid of it somehow so I ran and ran and ran till I could run no further. I tramped slowly over to another bench, sat down and once again I looked to the heavens, sighed, shut my eyes and shouted something — I do not know what it was.

After a few minutes I heard hurrying footsteps walking along the path. I did not pay much attention but something about that person caused me to shrink away as if, like Jean, I felt it was evil. All sorts of ideas flashed in and out of

my head : road, path, trees, canal, bridge — that was it ! I'd forgotten about the canal bridge ! I stood up and ran along the canal bank looking for traces of Jean's clothing or anything. I seemed to be going on endlessly, not getting anywhere, although my legs were moving as fast as possible. I could only think of Jean and the canal bridge as I expected the worst but refused to believe that was possible.

Suddenly, I saw a white piece of cloth fluttering in the breeze, and I identified it as part of Jean's blanket. I stopped dead in my tracks and bent to pick it up — memories poured into my mind — I could not stop tears from streaming down my cheeks. Once again I got to my feet and continued to run towards the bridge. As I reached it, I jumped down onto the narrow ledge just under it and searched almost in a frenzy. I clawed at rocks and sand, tore at moss as I paddled through the shallow water. Sweat and tears mingled with mud streaked my face. I discovered another piece of blanket and . . .

There, under a pile of rocks, I caught sight of a basket. My heart nearly stopped — I just gazed as though turned to stone — I would not believe, I did not want to believe ! I knelt down and from the basket I lifted out a cold, blue lifeless creature. I held it to my warm body and I wept until I could weep no more.

Alison Cruickshank F5



PHYSICS

Every Wednesday afternoon, just after lunch is o'er,
I hurry to a subject which I find an awful bore.
I haven't done my homework, I'm afraid I'll get a row,
I'll have to copy someone's, where is my pencil now ?

I'm supposed to know of energy, convection and of heat,
But they've just got me more confused, so I must admit defeat.
Molecules and particles and something called potential,
They tell me that's an energy but I just think they're mental.

Then of course there's Newtons, invented by Wullie Brown,
At least that's what someone told me but I think they've let me down.
I've never heard of amperes and my currents are in cakes,
And as for Physics teachers I think that they're all fakes.

I'll have to do some swotting — there's Physics on Friday too,
But when it comes to our friend (?) Houston, I just don't have a clue.
My Physics marks are terrible, they're abominably low,
But when I try to make them higher, they just refuse to go.

I just can't do the subject, the words are like hieroglyphics,
That horrible, detestable, disgusting subject PHYSICS.

Pamela

THE MOST ECCENTRIC PERSON

I KNOW

The most eccentric person I know is a Mr H. Hampton, who lives up behind our house. I did notice something funny, I must admit, when not so long ago a Fire Engine came racing up the road and stopped abruptly just outside his house. Out clambered six burly firemen, who ran straight into the house, only to reappear ten minutes later looking annoyed and dismayed all at once. The excitement over everyone bustled back to their homes. Now rumours are rumours, but I did hear tell that he had told the firemen he was timing them.

Once while I was delivering my papers I, by mistake of course, put his paper in the wrong house, and so I had to knock on the door, apologise, and give him his proper paper. I walked up the drive nervously until I reached the huge oak door which marked the entry into this "other world". On the door was a huge brass knocker, which would have been okay had there not been a bell on the opposite side. After doing Eenie-Meenie I gave the doorbell a sharp prod with my index finger, whereupon a series of sharp chimes, dongs and plonks came echoing back to me. I had turned to do my quickest ever 150 yard sprint to the gate when large footsteps came to my ears. I spun round to see the door slowly revealing, as they do on a popular T.V. quiz, the unshaven face of Mr H. Hampton. I stepped back to allow myself a better view of him when a deep growl emerged from a large cavity placed where the mouth should be.

"What'd ye want?" was what I interpreted the question to be.

"Please sir, I came to give you your paper." Suddenly he shrank and became the dithery old nut I imagined him to be.

"Oh! Thank you so much," he said. Then he passed the time of day before he vanished. I did my 150 yard sprint in less than 10 seconds.

These are just two examples. There was the time he fell in the Dighty and, when saved by a young man most spectacularly, was almost in tears over the fact his 35p haircut was now ruined. Or the time he invited round the neighbours for tea and, according to them, watched the testcard on B.B.C.2 all afternoon and left them to amuse themselves. Of course, it could be he is a Chief Fire Brigade Timer, who has developed a strong voice, loves haircuts, and has a crush on the girl on the testcard. Maybe it's just my imagination, but altogether I think he's "the most eccentric person I know".

Ian Tait F1T

THE MOST INTERESTING PERSON I HAVE EVER MET

The most interesting person I have ever met is Doctor Pumpernokle, nicknamed 'The Dippy Doc of Dorping' (Dorping being the town where he, and I, live).

His escapades are something you would think impossible, his looks and dress . . . worse!

First his face . . . he is bald, like a billiard ball and usually wears a bowler hat a bit too small for him. His little black, beady eyes straddle his large, pimpled nose, on which a pair of half spectacles are precariously balanced. His teeth are spaced as if he has not enough 'ivories' to go round. There is a large pimple right in the middle of his well-scratched, unshaven chin.

His clothes have the general appearance of a tramp, a very lowly tramp at that, for his laceless, ancient, flapping shoes cover socks of the worst kind —

holey, smelly, old and thin. The ill-fated trousers which he wears, look now like a bunch of patches and holes all sewn together into a rough trouser shape. The buttonless shirt hung loosely around his trunk, rather resembling an elephant's nightgown on a giraffe. His also buttonless, once white coat is usually hanging either round his neck, or his waist.

Now to one of his many mishaps. I will start at the beginning (as that is the best place to start) and tell you a shortened version of how he had to buy a new pair of 'specs'.

One day while the doctor was pottering around in his lab, he found old papers describing how to make a liquid, which when poured on to a solid object immediately dissolved it. He was thrilled. He would begin right away. The first ingredient on the list was Nitric Acid, then Ammonia. He added these and the other ingredients together. They bubbled and popped, and fizzed and bubbled. He looked around the room. What could he dissolve? He put the special container and its contents down to go and look for something to use to test the Heptomasia, as the liquid was called. There was nothing he could find. He needed all the beakers, and he needed all the test-tubes, and he could not do without any test-tube racks. He peered into the container holding the liquid, and then, alas, his spectacles fell off his nose right into the Heptomasia! He grabbed a glass rod and poked around in the container — the rod dissolved! In despair he stirred it with his best pen. It too dissolved! His spectacles were well and truly gone! Doctor Pumpernokle threw the liquid and list of ingredients OUT for good.

Duncan White F1T

THE GRAVEYARD

A cold wind hurried the large grey clouds across the dark velvet sky. The round pale moon shone with a silvery light and the scattered stars blinked uneasily in the night air. The wind tugged at my billowing clothing with its bitter fingers. Shivering, I drew my woollen shawl more tightly about my shoulders. I turned through the deserted street, my footsteps ringing out on the stone surface. I had delivered a message from my mistress and I was returning hastily in order to be home before midnight. That hour was not far off. I hesitated at the entrance to the cemetery. If I chose this route, I would arrive at the house in half-an-hour. But a graveyard at night . . . I shuddered at the thought of ghosts and evil phantoms. Just then an icy blast slammed my shivering body and I stumbled forward. My fingers clutched the iron gates and the metal was as cold and smooth as ice. Slowly the massive gates creaked open and I stepped timidly into the graveyard.

The white moonlight glided between the rustling branches of the grey gnarled trees and speckled the narrow path. The smooth gravestones shone in the eerie light and the slumbering mounds of earth cast black shadows on the grass. The wind whipped my face as I strode along the path. I paused outside the comforting bulk of the old sombre church to glance at the large circular clock. Five minutes to midnight. Panting, I hurried on the stony way. The clock began to strike. Twelve peals rolled out into the dark air. As the last stroke died away into the night, the wind dropped. A cloud concealed the pale silver orb of

white light and the winking stars faded. Darkness embraced the graveyard and slowly a fear enveloped my mind. Desperately I tried to run away from the dark evil but panic arose and engulfed me. I fumbled through the blackness gasping and choking. My foot thudded against a solid shape and I fell onto damp grass. I crawled over the dewy carpet. My head struck a stone object. Rubbing my bruised forehead I wept hot tears of fear. I crouched against the gravestone and cried softly.

Then suddenly I noticed a bright light, followed by several more, bobbing through the yard. Hoarse chanting reached my ears. Tentatively I crept through the darkened cemetery towards the lanterns.

I peered round a large gravestone and I gaped at the group of creatures huddled around a large fire. A huge black cauldron was placed on the sizzling wood. Sparks danced from the fire and hungry yellow flames licked the blistered pot. Smoke from the flames mingled with nauseating beige fumes rising from the bubbling liquid. The thirteen hags began to chant in broken verses. One old crone flung herbs into the cauldron, muttering curses and ancient black psalms. The witches cast off their tattered robes and leaped wilding around the fire singing strange incantations. Their evil faces were distorted and their dark eyes were wide and vacant.

Suddenly they fell prostrate on the grass and croaked in unison :

“ Hectate, come hither ! We, your servants, summon you ! ”

Trembling, I lay hidden behind the comforting gravestone. I was terrified.

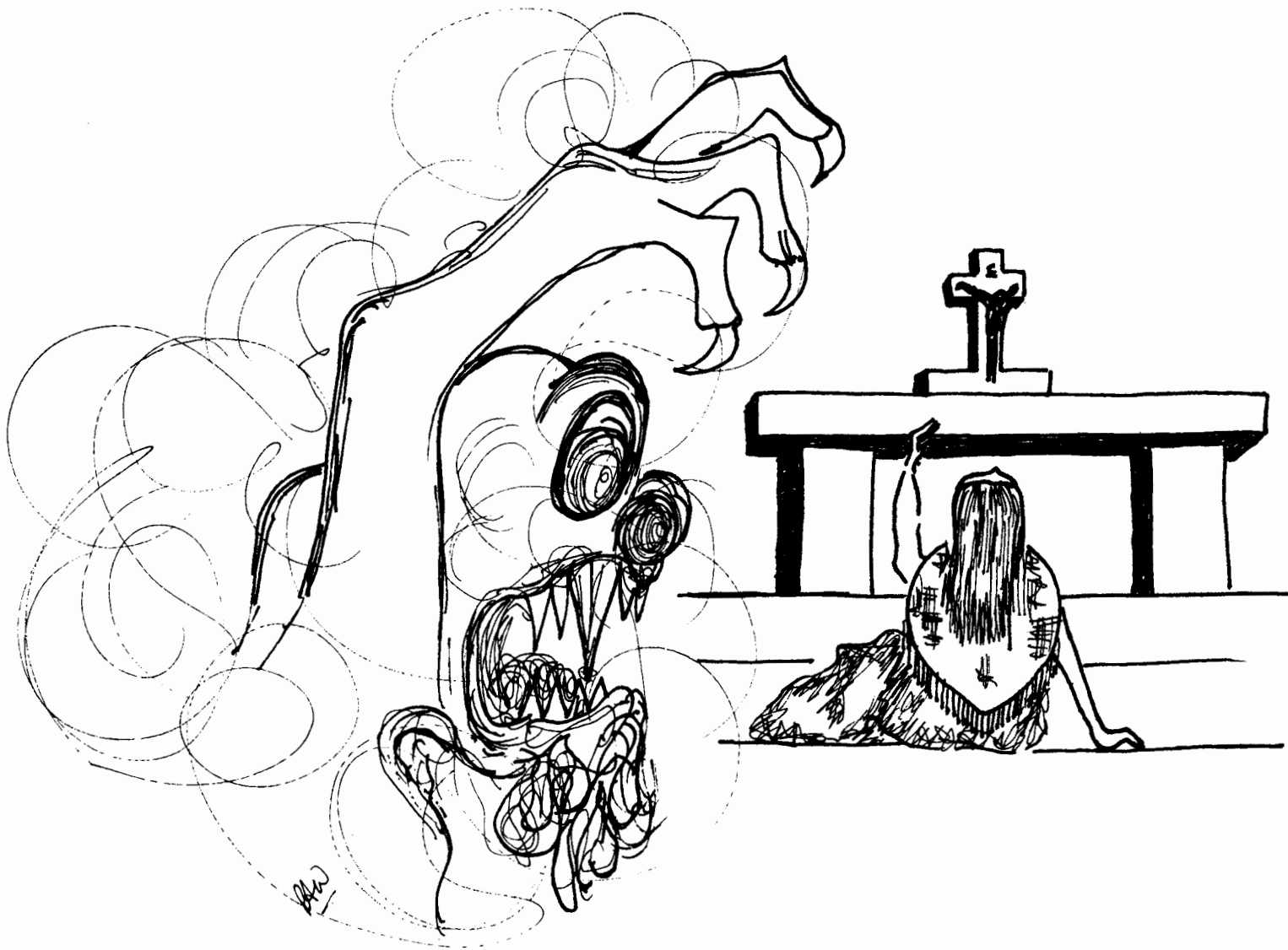
My brow was cold and clammy. I rubbed my grimy hands on my stained skirt. I breathed quickly, in gasps. Cautiously I glanced around the gravestone. The brown fumes from the cauldron were billowing into the night air. I leaned on the cool, firm stone. If I ran now they might not notice me as they were engrossed in their black magic. But a power of wicked fascination drew my eyes to the evil spectacle.

A scream of terror rent the close air. I flung my hand to my open mouth and smothered a second cry. A black creature, composed of the poisoned fumes, leered at me, its face an expression of immense cruelty. The hideous monster opened its red mouth and a shrill command was thrown at its evil servants.

In a panic I looked from the left to right for a place of sanctuary. I remembered the church. I ran. The witches, shrieking and cackling, pursued me like sprites of speed. I ran, my legs heavy and aching, my chest heaving, my heart thudding with terror. I swallowed gulps of cold air and dragged my limbs onward. Fumbling desperately at the church door my scrabbling fingers heaved open the oaken door. I stumbled into the obscure interior and hauled the door shut.

Bony fingers were ‘ugging and grabbing the large door. My body quivered and shuddered. I limped up the aisle. Foam dribbled from my open lips. A gust of cold air swept in as the door was opened. I tripped and fell with a moan. Frantically I crawled up the rough stone steps to the altar. My exhausted body collapsed below it. I groaned,

“ Oh God . . . save me ! ” and I waited for His answer. Joanna Lawson F4A





**D. H. MORRIS
& CO. LTD.**

Registered Electrical Engineers

•

Specialists in Electrical Installations for

Schools : Factories : Office Blocks

... and ...

Industrialised Housing Schemes

Mill Maintenance and Estate Work

•

**BELLFIELD STREET
DUNDEE, DD1 5HT**

Telephone DUNDEE 23388



— AS GRANDMOTHER USED TO EAT
THEM !

— CONSTANT QUALITY IN A CHANGING
WORLD !

FROM

Goodfellow & Steven

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS

BROUGHTY FERRY

BARNHILL * DUNDEE * MONIFIETH
CARNOUSTIE * ARBROATH



**All Classes of
Industrial and Domestic Coals
and Smokeless Fuels**

**JAMES S. HOOD & CO. LTD.
28 UNION STREET, DUNDEE**

Telephone 22251

181 BROOK STREET, BROUGHTY FERRY

Telephone 77555

WOOD, CHARCOAL, ETC.
A GOOD SELECTION OF GARDEN GRAVELS AND CHIPS
ALWAYS IN STOCK

FIGHT FOR FASHION

AND BE FIRST WITH THE CLOTHES OF TOMORROW—TODAY

London
delivery
in before
Christmas

Be knocked out by the fantastic
up-to-the-minute styles, colours, and
fabrics vital to the In-Crowd, at prices
YOU can afford.

COATS / TROUSERS / KNITWEAR /
BLOUSES / DRESSES / SKIRTS /
SHIRTS / JACKETS / TIES /

GUYS & GALS ALL WIN
AND



Drafters
and SMITHS

Nethergate Dundee
Telephone 21212



NURSING IN DUNDEE

Train under the most modern conditions in the Ninewells College of Nursing, a College which provides theoretical training for one of the largest groups of nurses in Scotland. Dundee offers unlimited opportunity for an intensely worthwhile and satisfying career for all who start their training now.

Two year training leading to Enrolment is available in the following hospitals :—

**DUNDEE ROYAL INFIRMARY
MARYFIELD HOSPITAL
ROYAL DUNDEE LIFF HOSPITAL
STRATHMARTINE HOSPITAL
KING'S CROSS HOSPITAL
ASHLUDIE HOSPITAL**

The above hospitals also provide a three year training on a group basis leading to Registration.

Write now for full information to the Principal Nursing Officer of any of these Hospitals or direct to the Principal of the College of Nursing, Ninewells, Dundee.

WM. ENTWISTLE & SON (Metals) LTD.

39 WEST HENDERSON'S WYND

DUNDEE

- SCRAP METAL PROCESSORS
 - STEEL STOCKHOLDERS
 - NON-FERROUS METAL SPECIALISTS
 - WASTE DISPOSAL MERCHANTS
 - SKIP HIRE
-

DUNDEE 24096/23308

OIL AND GAS PIPEWORK
INSTALLATIONS
SPECIALISTS IN
INDUSTRIAL PIPEWORK,
WELDING AND
FABRICATION

**Scotweld
Pipe
Services
Ltd.**

39-43 WEST HENDERSON'S
WYND, DUNDEE DD1 5BY
Telephone 23308 and 24096



HARLEY & COX

(PRINTERS) LIMITED

4 SHAFTESBURY ROAD, DUNDEE DD2 1UL

TELEPHONE 643111

*The Management and Staff of
Harley & Cox
take this opportunity of
extending the Season's Greetings
to all at
Dundee High School*



*Remember we are here to
Serve You*

**LAURIES *of*
DUNDEE**

* * * *

FOR OVER A CENTURY
WE HAVE BEEN CREATING FINE LANDSCAPES
AND GARDENS
AND GROWING TOP QUALITY
TREES, SHRUBS AND MANY OTHER
INTERESTING PLANTS

* * * *

CONSULT

JAMES LAURIE & SON LTD.

BLACKNESS NURSERY, NINEWELLS

Established 1860

Telephone 68360

Come to Robertsons

for Service

for Quality

for Selection

for Satisfaction



You will find at Robertsons a superb selection of furniture, carpets, curtain fabrics, bedding gifts, etc.

You will be impressed by the helpful advice of experienced staff and you will appreciate the quality of our service.

Dundee's Leading Furnishers



WILLISON HOUSE, BARRACK STREET, DUNDEE



Harley & Cox (Printers) Ltd
4 Shaftesbury Road
Dundee DD2 1UL