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In preparing this June edition of the school magazine, the committee has read through numerous articles, from the ever-appealing artless paragraphs of the Preparatory Department, enhanced by mis-spellings, to the serious writing of some of the seniors, and in selecting those of special merit has tried to ensure a range and variety of articles. Variety there is: from the intensely vivid writing of the winning essay in the competition to the ridiculous Uncontrollable Urges; from the seven-year-olds writing about 'My School' to letters from France and Africa. The magazine changed editorial horses in midstream as Rachel Walton, who saw the December issue through, left for the University at Lyons, from where she has sent interesting letters about her student life; while Margaret and Timothy Walsh, on a five months' tour of Mediterranean countries, have sent news from North Africa. In addition there are articles and photographs of the Easter Fayre, one of the major happenings in this year's calendar, and an interview with Mr. Paton, who retires this summer. Illustrations enliven the pages, and in the later section, as is usual, appear the reports of the many branches of school activities. In a combining of these we hope to reflect in the magazine the interests and talents which are most important in the school today. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the staff who have helped to produce this magazine: Miss Cathro, Mrs. Burness, Mr. Pyall and Mr. Illsley; and also all the pupils who have contributed articles.

HELEN FOSTER

He said: 'She has a lovely face;
God on His mercy, send her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'



News of Staff

Once again there are a number of staff changes to report:-

Mr. D. R. Paton, Deputy Rector of the School, retires at the end of the session. Tribute is paid to him later in the Magazine, but here we would like to thank him for a lifetime of service to the School and to wish him a long and happy retirement.

We congratulate the following members of Staff: Mr. G. C. Stewart has been appointed Deputy Rector, and Mr. W. P. Vannet, Assistant Rector. Mr. D. P. MacDonald has been appointed Head of the Art Department, and Mr. J. T. G. Baxter, Head of the History Department. Mrs. P. S. Leishman has been appointed Assistant Principal Teacher of Art, and Mr. J. J. Gill and Mrs. A. M. Barclay as Assistant Principal Teachers of Guidance.

Mrs. R. M. Kinloch leaves the Geography Department to take up a post in Hildenborough Hall, Kent, arranging Christian

education and conferences. During her time in school, besides service in her own department, she has helped considerably in many other spheres. In particular, she helped with the Riding Club which involves work far beyond the confines of Friday 9th. Also, she was Leader of the Scripture Union, another activity involving a great deal of work and effort outside school hours. We wish her every happiness and success as she continues her career.

Mrs. P. H. Cowleson and Mrs. M. Morrison are leaving the Preparatory Department. These ladies gave loyal and diligent service to the School and have our best wishes for the future.

Miss E. Halliday joined the Preparatory Department during the session. At the beginning of the new session Mrs. S. Leadbitter and Miss Audrey Lawson will join the Preparatory Department, and Mrs. A. Gouick (a former member of staff) will rejoin the Art Department.

News of Pupils

The Reports Section contains detailed information about school activities, but a few things can be mentioned here:

Congratulations to Jane Bewick and Robin Winter on winning university bursaries.

Jane Bewick and Katy Langlands won through to the final of the Daily Express Debate. Sarah McMillan and Stuart McMain to the final of the Dundee Speakers' Club Competition.

Again grateful thanks to all our helpers, especially to our Magazine Committee. Mr. Illsley has coped manfully with rising costs and the fact that the Magazine is here at all is the evidence of his success. Miss Cathro and Mrs. Burness have given ungrudging help in all aspects of the Magazine. Helen has worked hard and well and deserves our grateful thanks, especially since she has had such heavy academic commitments. To all contributors, well-wishers and critics interested enough to criticise - thank you. A special word of thanks, above all, to the Rector's Secretary, Mrs. Coull, who, in spite of heavy commitments typed out the whole of the Magazine.

Vellums in School Hall.

The original Vellum showing the list of names of Head Boys and Head Girls of the School was completed in 1972. The donor of this Vellum, Miss A. W. Gray, Assistant Rector, has presented a new Vellum to continue this interesting and important information and, in addition, she has also presented a new Vellum for the Harris Gold Medallists as the last Vellum was completed in 1969-70.

A former Head Girl, Valerie A. Reid and a former Head Boy, John C. Vannet have associated themselves with Miss Gray in meeting the cost of the new Head Boy/Head Girl Vellum, out of interest for the School.

The John Pate Memorial Trophy for Cadets.

This Trophy has been gifted to the School by Mr. Tom Pate in memory of his son, John, who was killed in a motor accident. The Trophy takes the form of 25 bronze plaques, mounted on oak, to be presented annually. The Cadet who has given best service to the Corps in the year, will receive one to keep permanently.

EASTER FAYRE - 1975 ART GALLERY

An impressive display of Paintings and Craft donated by local artists who have a connection with the School was held in the 'Art Gallery' at the Easter Fayre. It proved to be a very popular centre of interest and sales of these Art Works reached the splendid total of £907. Some of the pictures could have been sold many times over and at the end of the day, 36 works out of the 57 donated were purchased.

Included among the well-known artists represented were Alberto Morrocco, James Morrison, the late J. Torrington Bell, John Knox, Joseph Maxwell and W. Hasburn-Little. A feature of the Exhibition was that former as well as present Art Staff were strongly represented by the works of T. S. Haliday, Colin Gibson, Annie Lickely, Joan Outhill, Kenneth Roberts, the late James Cadzow, Jean M. Grerar, Pat S. Leishman, D. P. Macdonald and W. P. Vannet.

Among former pupils contributing were Morag Moyes, David Lund, Peter West, Catherine Richmond, James Hutchison, Mrs. F. Edward Hampton and Mrs. Irene Miller.



"Give us the tools, and we will finish the job" was said by Sir Winston Churchill at a critical point in the nation's history. At a critical point in the school's history the "job" (in this case the raising of money to ensure the continued existence of the school) is by no means finished, but the tools are being plyed vigorously, and nowhere more obviously than in the unqualified success that was the Easter Fayre.

The bare facts are these: various activities were held by the School to raise money for the Trust Fund. These included a Wine and Cheese Party and the successful Dinner Dance held in the Angus Hotel on February 5th. These culminated in the Easter Fayre on Saturday, March 22nd, when a total of £5,000 was raised.

These are the unadorned facts. What they do not reveal are the great amount of careful planning, of foresight and

of imaginative work that went into making the Fayre one of the outstanding events of the School year. Certain specific details will help to make these clearer.

The first impressive feature of the Fayre was that practically the whole school was involved in its planning and conduct. "The whole School" here is not a figure of speech, but the literal truth. The staff and the vast majority of the pupils contributed gifts, ideas and their time to ensuring that the Fayre not only raised money, but gave pleasure to all who visited it.

Also, impressive was the range and variety of stalls. The Art Stall is described elsewhere in the magazine and while it would be impossible to describe or even mention all the other stalls, the overwhelming impression left was of colour, imagination and careful layout en-

hancing the value of goods valuable in themselves.

Friendliness and courtesy were the hallmarks of the day's activities. The tone was set by the opening speech of Donnie B. McLeod with its humour and its emphasis on the fact that the School had a future.

That introduces us directly to one last point. The Easter Fayre was not an end in itself; its object was the continued existence of the School and all it stands for. To put that in another way: the continued right of people to choose the kind of education they wish for their children, the continued democratic freedom to send their families to the school of their choice, was the purpose of all the planning and effort. The Easter Fayre shows the way to even greater endeavours because it demonstrates the determination of the School and its friends to face the future not nostalgically and apologetically, but to use all the resources of forward-looking planning to ensure not merely that the School survives, but that it flourishes and increases its influence.





The retreat from the school of Mr. Douglas R. Paton must surely provide an illustrious entry for our book of records. For Mr. Paton has completed forty years of service with the school, broken only by five years of duty with H.M. Forces during World War II.

This long period of years links Mr. Paton with many of the 'Greats' of the Staff - known, respected and sometimes loved by past generations of pupils - Meiklejohn, Borland, Webb, Cadzow, Mackenzie, Laird, Etc. Such names may help to put into perspective the tremendous scope of Mr. Paton's service to the school. He came to us in place of Miss Mary Smith, and Miss Aggie Smith was one of his departmental colleagues. When Mr. Webb retired from the post of Headmaster of Modern Languages, both Mr. Bill Laird and Miss D. Foggie helped to steer the department through the vicissitudes of War until Mr. Paton returned in 1945 to take over the Headship. Thus for a quarter of a century Mr. Paton controlled the organisation and policy of the Modern Languages under the rectorships of Mr. Bain and Mr. Ereking, until finally after his appointment as Deputy Rector, the responsibility of the much enlarged department was shared by two Heads of Department.

From 1940 to 1945 Mr. Paton served as Captain with the Field Artillery and saw service in a wide variety of fields with the Highland Division - North Africa, Sicily, Normandy, Holland, Belgium and Germany - very "active" service all of it.

What was once a straight department of French and German has now blossomed under Mr. Paton's care and forethought into a thoroughly diversified department. The former French and German languages now have Spanish, Italian and Russian alongside them. The school, relatively small as secondary schools go these days, offers here far more diversification of course than one could reasonably expect. The school also owes a debt to Mr. Paton for keeping the modern languages wisely guided regarding modernisation of equipment and method. Audio-visual aids, film strips, tape recorders, etc. now supplement the teaching, but they do not supplant the well-tried solid class teaching that has kept the Modern Languages area of our school so consistently in the forefront.

Outside of the classroom Mr. Paton has played a full part in the social and recreational life of the school. For many years he was Housemaster of Airlie, and played a leading part in the revival and reorganisation of the House system under Mr. McLaren and Miss Whytock 25 years ago.

Golf has always been Mr. Paton's main recreational love and for many years he was responsible for the School Golf Club. A first-class golfer himself and a University "Blue", he imbued generations of boys, and eventually girls, with a love for the game that has endured into their adult lives. The girls have reason to be grateful to him for initiating and developing their own Golf Club with its trophy. And we remember that his daughter, Rosemary, was the first girl ever to play as a member of the School Golf Team.

His general interest in Sport was given practical expression in his flawless handling of all the school trophies for presentation at Sports and Prize-Giving. His unrivalled knowledge in this field has been of immense service to us over many years.

Another enduring function of the school which Mr. Paton has helped to initiate is the Dundee-Orleans Exchange scheme - a most valuable asset for our French-speaking pupils and a fruitful field of international cooperation.

A brilliant pianist, Mr. Paton always put his own skill and wide experience of external music productions at the disposal of the school. His advice here was often sought and followed. This accomplishment enhanced his many social graces.

In the last five years as Deputy Rector of the school, Mr. Paton has brought to its service his long and varied experience of teaching and also of Local Government. He has been chairman of several Committees, notably of the recently inaugurated Staff Committee which has established itself as a most useful source of guidance and counsel, and also of the Easter Fayre Committee of this session which guided that complex affair to such a triumphant success. As Chairman also of the Library Committee, his experienced touch has been much appreciated in the handling of business and of people.

In the complex world of examinations Mr. Paton has again given to the school valuable service. It is an involved sphere of operations calling for meticulous care in planning and operation, and also patience and good humour in handling people under stress and strain. It calls also for a cool head to handle the sudden inevitable crises that emerge, demanding immediate decision and firm action. In that anxious world of its own, both pupils and staff have found in Mr. Paton a tower of strength.

In the classroom "generations" of pupils have gained from Mr. Paton wise conscientious firm guidance - and found in him a teacher of scholarship and quality. For many, perhaps when irregular verbs are long forgotten, the fine qualities of the balanced personality, the man that is Mr. Paton, will be the formative factors that will endure.

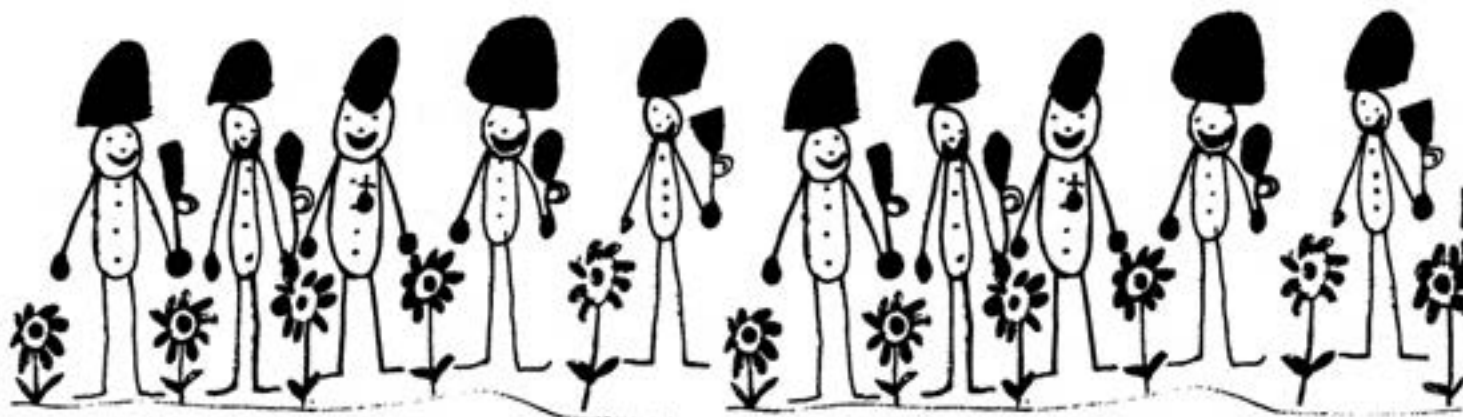
Mr. Paton has for so long adorned the High School scene, that it is hard to imagine the school without him. It is as if one of the Pillars were suddenly to remove itself from the building.

In good times and in bad - and he has had his share of misfortune and sadness - Mr. Paton has maintained a calm philosophic outlook which was a lesson to all who knew him. Urbane and courteous always in his dealings with young and old, there was an inner strength and integrity that everyone felt and respected. Generous always in his judgments, pupils could always expect and receive sound teaching and wise guidance. His unfailing good humour and calm commonsense brought many a crisis to a happy conclusion.

We know that he is looking forward to a busy and useful retirement - with his new responsibilities as Regional Councillor bulking large on his horizons, but with family, church, music and golf to help maintain a wise and happy balance.

In wishing him many years of happy useful retirement we couple this with our thanks for a lifetime of conscientious service to the school. Thank you Mr. Paton and good luck from all of us.

Preparatory Department



I started school when I was five. I like doing sumes. We do story book on Tuesday. We get a playtime in the morning and afternoon. We do our reading in the morning. We do hand work on Wednesday and Friday. I go to school lunches. The school I go to is called Dundee High School. We do spelling every day exepet Friday My faivrait lunch is fish and chips. My teatcher is called Mrs. Coweison.

Elaine Stewart L2A

One day I slid downe the shoot when it was mudy and I got very dirty. I did get fownd out in the morning thoe becas I put them away.

Douglas W. L. Marshall L2A

EUAN BARR

The royal Family live in Buckingham palace. At night the guards swop places. Princess Anne married Mark Phillips. The oldest of the children is prince charles. Buckingham Palace is in London.

I have seen Buckingham Palace. There are lots more children in the royal family. There are Prince Edward and Prince Andrew.

Graeme M. L2B

They live at Buckingham Palace, London. They are guarded by the Lifeguard half the day. Prince Philip used to be in the navy. The queens picture is on the stamps. Prince Philip is the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen's Mother is called the Queen Mother.

The Queen has a lot of children. Prince Charles is the oldest Princess Anne is the second oldest in the family.

David Kelly L2B

There are six members of the royal family. Last year princess Anne got married to Captain Mark Philp. If you go to London you will see Buckingham Palace. On some very special occasions you can see the Royals standing on their balcony. On these special occasions there are always lots of mounted M.P.'s. When they are going some place they travel in a couch.

Leonard D. Burnett L3A

There are six people in the Royal family. I have a scrap book and I have a picture of her riding a horse. She lives in Buckingham Palace. I like Princess Ann because she put her hair up.

Jane Hulbert L3A

The Royal Family

The Royal Family live in England. There are six members of the family, which are Prince Edward, Prince Andrew, Queen Elizabeth, Princess Anne and Prince Philip. Princess Anne and Prince Philip got married.

Carole Watt L3A

The Royal Family give feasts and weddings and celebrations. They live in Buckingham Palace and two guards guard the big gate and they have guns with bullets to shoot an enemy.

Euan Barr L2B



COLIN ADAMSON

My big brother is called John Clarke. He is 8 and a half. He is very tuf and can fight well. We have a bunkbed and he sleeps at the top of it. He is in L4C. I like him very much. He has black hair and a virooka on his foot. He is a nice boy. I wonder if you wood like him. He plays with me alot of times.

Simon Clarke L2B

The naughtiest thing I did was to cut a tiny hole in a blanket. I did it because I was in a bad mood. Mummy found out. She didend do any thing. I did it a long time ago. Mummy didend find out till night time. She hasent sewn it up yet. She keeps saying she will sew it up. Though she never dose. It is a white blanket with blue stripes.

Linda MacLachlan L2A

The Queen



The naughtiest thing I ever did was to put on our washing mash-
een with out anything in it. Mummy was in hospital, and Gran was looking after me. After I did it Gran smelt burning rubber and came rushing through to the kitchen and saw smoke shooting out of the washing masheen. But now Mummy has got an otamatic one.

Grant E. L. Butters L2A

The naughtiest thing I did was when Mummy was giving Bill Watt an important telephone message. I went upstairs to Mummy and Daddy's bedroom and I picked up the telephone and I blew into it.

Graham Stewart L2B

CAROLE TAIG

The naughtiest thing I have done is breaked
steering whele. That was 3 years ago. I was
crying by the time we were on the brige.
mummy tryed to biren the whele and it
would not biren. I got smaked.

Alison McKenzie L2A



RONALD McLEAN

The naughtiest thing I have
done is that I kiked my bro-
ther he told on me and I got
a row. I did it because he
kiked me first. I did it in
the house and I told on him
I told mummy because daddy
was not in the house and he
got a row as well. He hit me
as well so I hit him back and
he began to cry.

Elaine Stewart L2A

My big brother will be twelve this
year. His birthday is in Septem-
ber. He is six feet tall. He is
in L.7. That is a big class. He
bashes me and kicks me and some-
times he is jentell to me. When
he is jentell to me he plays games
and things like that. He has short
hair and it is a creamy colour.

Katharine P. L2B



ALISON WATSON

Junior School

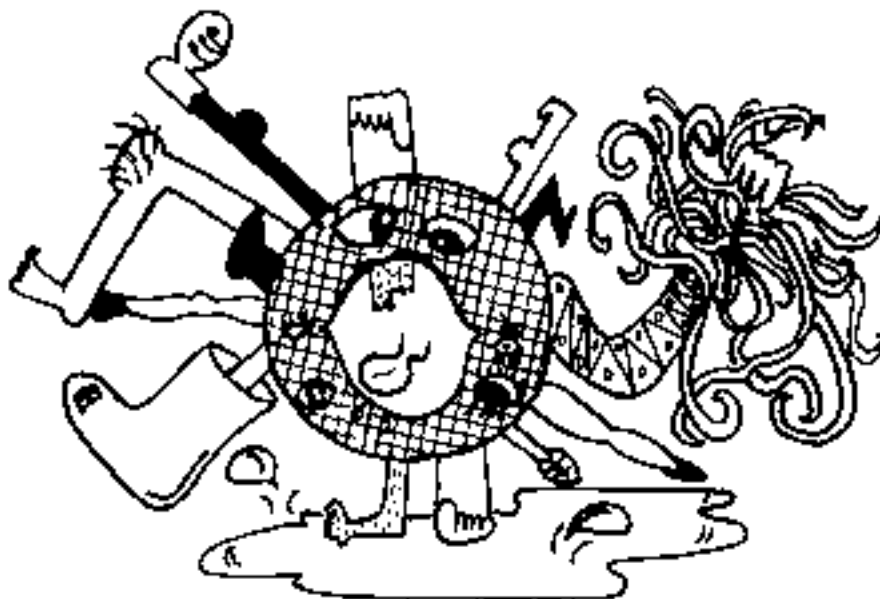
THE THUMPADOURUS

I do not suppose you have ever seen a 'Thumpadourus' because it is very rare.

I will describe him to you.

He has twelve legs and one arm, six eyes, and he always is in a muddle. When he steps in a puddle, he screams and yells and shouts until someone comes and comforts him. His favourite food is spaghetti. (By the way if you ever see him please bring him to me.

Marylouise Maxwell L1VN



BLAZE THE BADGER

This is the story of a badger called Blaze, who was born at the foot of a large garden. In his sett, together with his parents, he enjoyed a comfortable life, and, when he was old enough, could go out hunting on his own. He knew most of the night sounds, adding to them himself by snorting, wailing and grunting.

When he left his father and mother, he took up residence in the woods, where he made friends with the pine marten, the squirrels and the voles.

Blaze was almost killed when he was involved in a fight with Weasel. The carnivore's head was just about to stretch forward and bite Blaze's neck, when his friend, Pine Marten, swept down from a tree, and stunned the killer.

Blaze still lives in the woods, and he and his friends are the wisest creatures in the Kingdom of Land Animals.

Neale Elder LVIS

MY DOGS JOCK AND SAM

My dogs are called Jock and Sam. Sam is ten years old and Jock is only one. The only thing is Jock keeps on trying to get away. When Daddy takes them for a walk, Sam plods along behind us but Jock runs ahead of us.

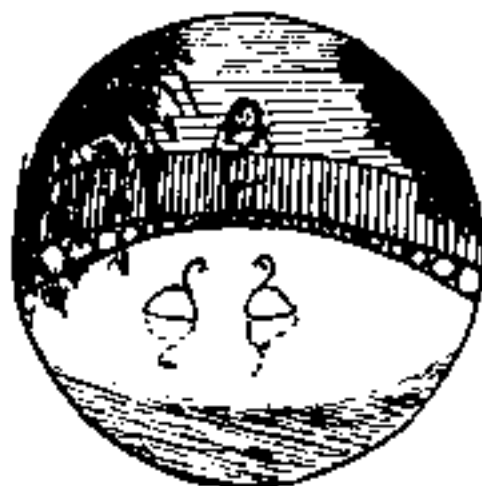
Jock has discovered where my rabbits live! He knows how to be a clever and wise dog because he has found Daddy's secret way to get the rabbits to play with them.

Sam has been taught to catch wild rabbits so now he chases my rabbits round the cage and barks at them. No matter what, I love my dogs.

Sarah Brand LINC

My best friend is Lorna Stewart. Lorna's Daddy is a teacher. So is my Mummy, and so is Lorna's Mother. When we grow up we are to be teachers too. We practise for this at her house and mine. At our school we have pointers, jotters to mark and all school things. In our handbags we keep make up and our car keys. Our class are very noisy and we often have to use our strap which is just our brownie belt. Lorna and I get the lines in. In our class we will stand no nonsense. If you knew Lorna you would like her too.

Carys Murray LINC



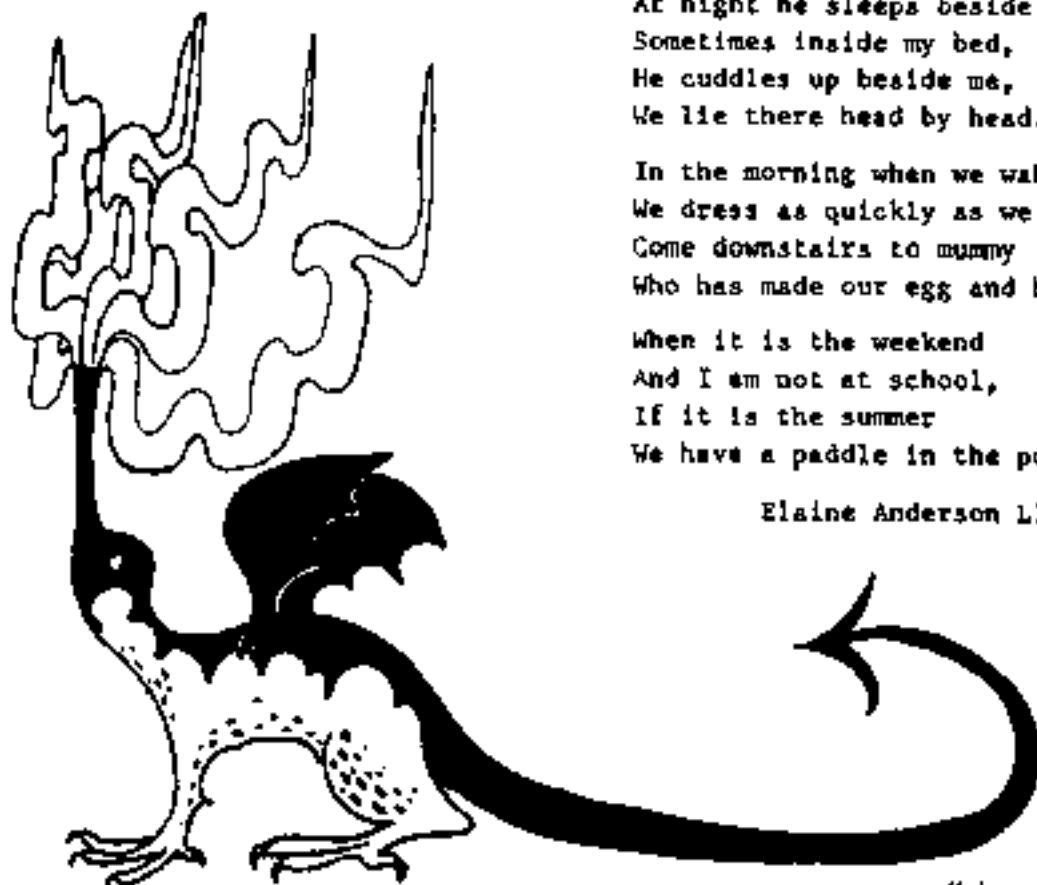
A PONY CALLED VENTURE

One beautiful morning in June, when the sun was blazing down and fluffy white clouds scudded across the azure sky, I was walking along to my pony called Venture. The pony was at the bottom beside a house which had roses blooming in the warm summer sun. I put on Venture's head-collar and put the rope round into reins and jumped onto his soft, silky back and galloped up the field to the gate. Venture had a drink out of the trough and then we walked down to the riding school where I saddled and bridled him. Then I ran to the stable and found my friend and her pony, Whisky. Venture then walked in the stable door wondering where I was, because he wanted to go out on a ride. I quickly caught him and we walked out of the stable.

We mounted our ponies and then we were on our way. We walked out of the gate and trotted down the road to the beach. We tied our ponies to posts and into

our swimming costumes and jumped into the curling waves in the bitter sea. We had a packed lunch and when we came out from swimming, we ate sandwiches and biscuits and we drank juice. We then mounted our ponies and cantered off back to the Riding School and we gave the ponies their feed.

Jane Currie LINC



Melen

GOLLIWOG

My golliwog has a big red
mouth,
With eyes the shade of blue,
He eats most food I give him,
But leaves some if he is full.

At night he sleeps beside me,
Sometimes inside my bed,
He cuddles up beside me,
We lie there head by head.

In the morning when we waken,
We dress as quickly as we can,
Come downstairs to mummy
Who has made our egg and ham.

When it is the weekend
And I am not at school,
If it is the summer
We have a paddle in the pool.

Elaine Anderson LINC

MY PONY

My little pony,
Is called Bluey Jay,
I left him in the garden,
One sunny morning's day.
Then later he was nowhere to
be seen,
And I wondered where he had
been,
I found him lying in the
greenhouse,
What a horrible frightful
scene!

Jonathan Matheson-Dear LIVN



THE WILD MUSTANG

Long ago, when America was
known as the Wild West, many
wild horses roamed the prairies.

In a town called Medicine Bowl,
the people there were watching
a rodeo. A rodeo is a show
where cowboys compete against
each other doing things such
as roping young cattle, riding
a wild steer, and riding wild
horses. The horses, known as
mustangs, try their hardest
to remove the rider off their
backs as quickly as possible
and they don't care how they
do it.

After the rodeo was over, one
young cowboy called Joe, left
his Mustang loose outside in
the corral. The Mustang's
name was Bracken and he was a
beautiful chestnut colour and
though he liked Joe, he longed
for his freedom.

Suddenly Bracken made up his
mind that he was going to
fight for his freedom, so he
started bucking at the fence
until a part of it fell to
the ground. He reared ex-
citedly, jumped over the
fence and galloped off. Two
hours later, Joe came back to
the corral to feed Bracken
but he was astonished to see
that the fence was broken and

no horse was there. Joe called
over some of his pals. They
jumped on their horses and
wherever they saw Bracken's
hoof-prints they galloped
in that direction. Bracken
roamed the countryside, en-
joying every moment of his
freedom, but soon he became
thirsty and tired. He stopped
by a little lake and drank
some water and rested. While
Bracken was sleeping, Joe and
his friends caught up with
him. They wanted to take him
back for the rodeo, but Joe
somehow knew how much Bracken
longed for his freedom and so
persuaded his friends to allow
him to stay forever free.

Jane Cruden



I'm only here for the... orange juice !

THE BLIND MAN

I walked right past him in the
shop,
Hardly noticing,
But then I saw him tumble down,
It was a nasty fall.
He clambered to his feet again,
He knew what he was doing.
He carried on, quite well I
thought,
Tapping on the wall.

I never thought of him again,
Until the very next day.
I saw him walking, quite up
upright,
Down the Colerna way.
I watched him close for a
while,
Then I started to follow.
He'd noticed me, I knew that
much,
He filled my head with sorrow.
He kept on walking on and on,
Almost further than I can.
He stopped and went inside a
house,
I felt sorry for that blind
man.

I never saw him after that,
It almost makes me cry.
I hate to think that some day,
That blind man is going to die.
I'd somehow grown attached to
him,
But I don't think that I can.
Oh! How I'd like to meet,
That poor, poor blind man.

Before I came to Scotland I lived in Singapore. Singapore is a very hot place, where it never snows. One day my father said we were going to Scotland. I was very excited. It took a long time to get everything packed. First we went to Aberdeen. There we lived in a hotel. Then we came here, and lived in my father's boss's house while he was away. A few days later we looked at a house. It was a very big house with an attic. My brother and I begged our mother and father to buy it. So we did.

Sabena Lund LIVN

THE FROG

There was once a frog,
Which jumped from log to log,
At night in the fog.

William Low LIVN



MYSELF

I am a bright spark,
Even though,
My Mum doesn't think so.
I have brains,
I could be a genius,
Invent new planes.
I might even be able to fly,
Up in the sky, so high,
And people would say "Oh my".
If only I could go to the moon,
In a hot air balloon,
I would be famous,
Brilliant old me.

John Stewart LVIT

THE SUN HORSES

Their bronze hooves paw the air,
No one with sense would ever dare,

To ride these horses.
Their rutted courses,
Lie steep, straight,
Till at the peak,
They stop.

They carry on, down the hill,
Faster, faster,
Then calls the horses' master,
Their horses go slower and slower,
Their heads droop lower and lower,
Their circuit round the earth is done,
Done by the horses of the Sun.

Susan Galloway LVIS



Uncontrollable Urges



UNCONTROLLABLE URGES

It was the first 'Mag Committee' meeting of the term - the one where everybody puts forth their good, bad or indifferent ideas for that term's mag. - my idea was 'UNCONTROLLABLE URGES' - well why not?

the idea certainly made an impact - Mr. Fyall's eyebrows lifted, some people laughed, others looked disapproving (it takes all sorts). So Mr. Fyall said that I was in charge of that theme, so here I am.

I wish I could eat carrots in Mr. Fyall's class on Fridays.

To lie down and have a good scream.
To have 20 kids.
Doughnuts.
Omar Shariff.
To kiss the Head Boy.
To do my nut when people start poking fun.
Eating cinnamon balls (W.P.V.)
To tickle people's beards.
Cheese on toast (frequently).
To kiss Bob in the middle of Reform Street.
To write a 5 act play entitled "Macbeth".

MY UNCONTROLLABLE URGE

One day in the middle of the summer holidays it started to rain while I was washing my hair - all the fashion magazines say that rain water is very good for the hair so.....

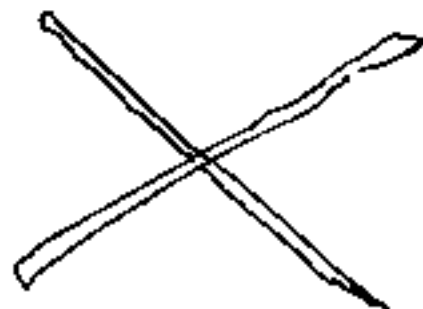
I had an uncontrollable urge - to go and wash my hair in the rain. So I put on my bikini, grabbed my shampoo and walked round the back of the house to a broken drainpipe which was spurting rainwater. I was just rinsing away the soap when I heard a whistle and muffled laughter - turning round I saw three dustbin men - I've controlled my urges since then. (Well almost all!!!)

T.D.R.

WHOOPS!

It was a dark and stormy and wet and cold and horrible night in Helensburgh on January 4th, 1974 - I was at a party - a fancy dress party, so I was dry and warm and happy. About 3.00 a.m. the party finished and we all grabbed our coats and made our way to the door - now, whereas everybody walked down the five steps to the garden (at this point I maybe ought to point out that I was dressed as a black devil and had on long black boots and a long black tail) I, being the devil that I was (and am) suddenly had this UNCONTROLLABLE URGE - to jump off the top step, waving my roasting fork and shouting 'I am a devil' - so I did just that, well almost that - y'see I got the "I am a" bit out, then I hit the ground, skidded on the wet gravel (it had been raining) and the heel came off my boot - so what I shouted was "I am a WHOOPS!" (which is maybe more appropriate!)

Elsie B.



To burn the school.
To get Gibby and Boney and
knock their heads together.
A certain member of staff
24.1.75 - to do to certain
people what they did to me
last night....
To see the Rector's face
when he finds out.
To streak through the High
School.
To do a Samson act on the
Pillars.
To see and stroke Richard
Grant's knees.

What is long, thin, orange,
tasty, crunchy, crackley,
only 4p a time (bargain at
the price), and with a guar-
antee of purity??
- We know what you're think-
ing. Well;

Fooled you again?
Ate boy!
Nichemall!!
Two at a time!!?
Ate boy again!!!
Slowly now!
Three at a time (with prac-
tice)!!!

I enjoy it!
Keep at it!!
Satisfied!!!!

O.K. you've guessed it then.
Yes, our uncontrollable urge
is - Fantastiks - ooh, we get
hungry just thinking about
them - the crackle of the bag
... the smell wafting up ...
the preliminary sniff and
nibble ... and then ... ooh
... oh ... yum.

Form 6 Girls

Senior School

REFUGEE

In the gloom
of a forgotten
dust corner,
A spider-child moves.
Long, dark limbs
straggling,
body crouched -
tense and wary.

Eyes blink
and stare.
Sombre, pain-filled pools
in a wasted face.

A weak, inarticulate cry:
She cries for little -
Just love,
and a bowl of rice.
Just that,

THE AFTERMATH

Nothing grew. No birds sang.
Nothing moved on the vast
treeless plain. Just the
flies buzzing irritably, agi-
tated by the heat of the sun
as it wheeled through the vast
emptiness of the sky. The air
smelt sharply of cordite, gun-
smoke and the decaying remains
of the flower of mankind who
had perished that day. Nothing
grew in the vast acres of mud

thrown up, juttied and scarred
by the ceaseless bombardment
of shells. No birds sang in
the vast wastelands, scattered
with the splinters of a more
peaceful age, now seeming like
a far-off forgotten dream buried
beneath the horror and agony of
war. The sun sank low in the
sky, sending its red beams to
glint off the stagnant pools of
water which had collected in the
vast potholes caused by the pre-
vious day's shelling. Nothing
moved. The landscape created by
man was like not of earth but of
another planet cut off from
any form of civilization. The
world itself seemed to be dying
on that terrible day in 1916.

D. Proudfoot F.I.I

Your eyes: they seem so
 thoughtful,
 You seem to far away,
 Thinking of other things
 In a dream.
 As I gaze at you,
 I grow solemn
 As I think what might have
 been
 If you were mine.
 Your eyes: they hide a mil-
 lion thoughts,
 But only you can see;
 The blankness on the outside
 Is all that's clear to me.
 Your eyes stay fixed
 On some distant image,
 Your chin rests on your hand,
 I grow sad,
 As your form fills my mind
 You make me feel lonely,
 I want to cry.
 You turn round
 And laugh loudly at someone
 passing,
 You wake me from my dream;
 Back to reality.....

F.VI

THE P.M.'s PRAYER

Our father which art in No.10,
 Harold be thy name,
 Thy Knighthood come.
 Thy kills be done in Parliament,
 As they are in Transport House.
 Give us this day our daily Meg,
 And forgive us our tax evasions,
 As we forgive them that tax
 against us,
 And lead us not into socialism;
 But deliver us from evil:
 For thine is the Premiership,
 the power and the
 Tony Benn for.....?



HEAVEN

My idea of heaven
 Is Something pretty great.
 It's what any human being,
 Would call the perfect state.
 There'd be lots of trees and
 rolling hills,
 And rivers full of wine.
 What greater state of happiness
 Could any man decline?
 The ground would be of choco-
 late,
 The air, a sweet perfume;
 The trees would be sweet gar-
 lic
 All for me to consume.
 I'd be tended by pure goddesses,
 Who'd satisfy each whim,
 And grapes, plums and wild
 cherries
 Would keep my bowels in trim.
 I'd live within a palace,
 (The greatest you've ever seen)
 And every week I'd take a bath,
 In a tub of cold baked beans.
 I'd be O! so very happy,
 More than a man can be,
 And every Saturday evening,
 I'd have sausages for tea.

Wm. McGonagall

MY GRANNY

My Granny lives at the very top
Of a concrete multi-storey block
One day I found her trying to fly
Out of the window and into the
sky.

I said "Now, Gran, just you come
down from there",
She said "I'm as free as a bird
of the air".
I said "Granny! Look out, you'll
fall!"
She said "Och, son, I'm having a
ball!"

The minister came to my Granny's
house,
She opened the door as meek as a
mouse.
She shook his hand and said
"Come away in
And I'll see if I can find ye a
bottle of gin".

The minister left my Granny's
house,
She closed the door as meek as
a mouse,
The minister hiccupped in Church
the next day,
So the congregation looked him
away.

One day my Granny got stuck
up a tree,
How did she get there? Don't
ask me.
They threw a rope up into
the sky,
And my Granny slid down with
a Tarzan cry.

One day my Granny got married
again,
To a bloke at the post-office
who called her 'hen'.
Some people say it was for the
dough,
But I can't say, because I
don't know.

At the wedding my Granny wore
a silken gown.
Aunt Mary sniffed 'It's very
upsetting,
I'm sure that man doesn't
know what he's getting!'

One day my Granny chanced to
meet,
A steam-roller chugging down
the street.
They got closer and closer,
the roller and Gran,
Till they crashed together with
a terrible bang.

My Granny lay flattened in the
road,
The steam-roller chugged on
with its heavy load.
Crowds gathered round her with
pitying sighs,
'I'll bet that gave her a big
surprise!'

My Granny might have been
rather queer,
But to our family she was very
dear.
Perhaps it's a pity she had to
go,
But she was a bit of a nuis-
ance, sometimes, you know!

Pamela Mossick

JENNIFER STEWART



Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!



"Good Morning, do you use Pear's Soap?"

RACING

Johnny Harlow was in his car and waiting for the start. He intended to race as he had never raced before. He sped round a corner and pressed his foot to the floor. But as he had expected, there was Peter Dunnet in the car in front. Dunnet always seemed to beat Harlow, and Harlow didn't like it one little bit.

His engine purred as they took up the straight. Harlow pressed his

foot down. Dunnet was still there, like a barrier.

Harlow was trying as hard as he could. Dunnet was keeping that gap. He seemed to do it effortlessly. Harlow had to overtake. The car wouldn't go any faster. Dunnet was laughing. Harlow was angry now, but he had to calm himself down, he would never win if he got mad.

Dunnet leaned to the right in his car as he broke into another corner. Harlow one second behind. One second was all. He had to win, he just had to.

Dunnet waved to a woman at the side of the track. Harlow changed gear as the straight loomed up in front of him. Dunnet was still laughing. Harlow could hear his laugh above the engine's noise. Harlow was as angry now as he had ever been in his life. Dunnet had held him off again, he could feel the car shudder as they went into another bend. Dunnet sped round with no effort. Harlow used all

the tricks he could think of. He cut corners, skidded round corners, but still Dunnet had the lead, he was still laughing. This was the sixth time Dunnet had pipped Harlow. The car began to slow down, Harlow looked round. "Not again", he said to himself, "Not another one". The cars stopped. Harlow got out and walked over to a man. "Can I have another go?" he said. "Very well, son", said the man giving Johnny 5p. He walked over to Dunnet and said "We can have another go, I'll beat you this time".

Harlow gave his 5p to the man and got into the car on the Fair Roundabout.

Harlow was in his car and waiting for the start. He intended to race as he had never raced before.

Derek Laburn.

HARVEST

The stench of diesel fills
the air and the engine
crescendos into an unmelo-
dic roar, drowning thoughts
and voices.

The peace is broken.
The sky is full of blackish
wafts of smoke spiralling
upwards.

The monster crawls slowly
forward, carefully at first,
then gaining confidence and
speed simultaneously.

The harsh smell of sweat and
corn fills one's nostrils.

All that matters now is fuel
leaks and elevator chains,
and yields and fan belts and
the strength to control and
to go on controlling.

Wondering if it will rain to-
morrow, hoping the weather
will hold -

rushing in to see the forecast,
making snacks and not relax-
ing until the monster revs
and then cuts out sharply -
signifying one more day of
harvest is over, and so many

more acres of corn are cut,
And the dust settles on the
chilly evening air, and the
last grain trailer crawls
slowly home, carrying next
year's daily bread.

Adam Carswell F.V



THE FLY

It lay there,
tortured, pressed,
antennae scattered,
eyes dismissed,
dead!

It lay there,
its body dissected by the
"Sunday Times",
the crude mark on the window
was
once a fly,

intent curiosity,
unexpected danger,
sudden swipe,
death!

LORD

Lord,
Forgive me.

I could no longer bear
the pain which tore my body.
I could no longer face
the decay on my living flesh.
I could only destroy
the greatest thing you gave me,
I took my own life.

Please, Lord,
When I lived,
I loved.....

I loved the trees you made,
the animals you created,
the land we lived off.

But, Lord,
To see your gift to me
dying,
writhing in agonies
unbearable,
ugly to the soul.....

I ended it all.

Lord,
Have mercy.

Penelope-Anne

We went along to the Easter Fayre
And saw Doony McLeod standing

there

All the stalls were very bright,
One of the ponies got a fright
And a man who attacked Mr. Kettles
was tight.

Elsie B.

Mr. Paton had "weary legs and
weary ankles" during and after
the Fayre.

Mr. Fyall thought Mrs. Burness
was the most interesting thing
in sight in the Tombola (she
wasn't raffled or ruffled).

Poor Miss Cathro couldn't get
into the Book Stall - so she
assisted the Doc while he was
judging the bunnies. Inciden-
tally, there were no accidents
during the judging and the Doc
remained dry (i.e. he wasn't
puddled on).

The Serendipity Stall sold
everything - even two D.H.S.
wastepaper baskets - there's
salesmanship for you (Mrs.
Walton must have hidden qual-
ities).

Mr. R. Stewart was "on" the Art
Gallery and, with his hirsute
(bearded) appearance, everyone
thought he was an artist - and
asked his opinion of the paint-
ings - he was, of course, struck
dumb!

Penelope-Anne asked Mr. Baxter
if he'd been on the ponies -
and he said "No, I contribute
annually to the R.S.P.C.A".
(No comment)

Two members of the public
"under the influence" (happy)
obviously thought that D.H.S.
had provided 4th year boys as
moving targets at the rifle
range.

Mr. Fyall won 5 boxes of
matches on the tombola - and
he doesn't smoke. (Teachers
do NOT smoke.....!!)

One 5 foot 11½ inch non-D.H.S.
hunk of masculinity went away
almost in tears - Mrs. Kinloch
wouldn't let him have a pony
ride.

Mr. N. Stewart won a bag of
tatties which he swapped with
Sandy Hutchison for an Easter
egg. (They're all little boys
at heart)

An L.7 girl won two bottles of
whisky in the Tombola.

Mr. Allen was sold a jar of
crunchy salt and was told it
was caviare - it was caviare,
but it wasn't from the sturgeon,
it was from the lump fish - how
low can you get?

Mr. Rose sold all the 5th year
girls' records - we were NOT
amused.

T.T.F.N.

("Ta-Ta for now" Quotation from
J.Y.)



Mr. Paton, after forty years' teaching at the school, retires this summer. We went to ask him about the changes he has seen at the school and about his own career; both what he has done and what he intends to do.

Physically the school has changed a lot; when I first came there were only eight to nine hundred pupils, and now there are about thirteen hundred. Consequently there are far more buildings - in the Boys' School there were only the buildings at the front (no Gym, Technical Department, Art Rooms, rooms above Miss Lorimer's and Miss Anderson's, part of the Junior School), and there was no second floor except for two rooms, one at each end (above Mr. Chynowath's room and the corresponding room at the other end).

Also the average age of the staff has dropped by about fifteen years - it was partly too that the staff dressed in an older style and so seemed much older then. The staff seemed much more forbidding, rather stiff-shirted and formal with the pupils: and yet, though the staff-pupil relationship is much better now, there has been little change in the style of teaching - there have been some new methods and new syllabi, but the aim has remained constant, academic achievement.

All these are changes undoubtedly for the better - the staff-pupil relationship is better and the Sixth Year has been improved greatly over the years. Of course there are further changes one might be glad of: it would be rather desirable to have a brand new school with adjacent playing fields, which would certainly make timetables much simpler. This is rather impracticable however because, though it would be pleasant for the teachers and pupils to be working in some green belt, the central position of the school makes it convenient for parents to bring children there, and it attracts more people. One change I think should be made is the improving of the Homecraft Department. There should be facilities for cooking and so on for girls who are less interested in academic subjects, just as there is a Technical Department for the boys.

When I look back on my teaching career few individual 'awkward' incidents spring to mind; I supposed I was just a normal person and mainly normal things happened to me. There was a prank many years ago when some boys doctored the piano so that it made weird noises when Mr. Porteous played it during Assembly. Mr. Erskine handled it very well. One half-wanted to laugh, and half-didn't, because it was a religious occasion. At the end of term there used to be quite a lot of

wild ragging which isn't done so much now - not that I think it should be revived at all. Once there were some amusing things flying on the flagpole and another time pupils dressed up and paraded up Reform Street. It's a bit of a disadvantage being in the centre of the town: the school is so prominent in the eyes of the public and comes in for a lot of criticism; also one has to watch with the Courier buildings just opposite, and reporters taking photographs. On the whole my teaching career was fairly uninterrupted by such incidents; my own schooldays were too - they were happy and one took things just as they came along.

One of the most surprising incidents of my school life happened in the medallist exams. There used to be a final exam to choose the medallist for each subject. Everyone knew who was going to win the medal for English, but several of us went in for it so it wouldn't be a hollow victory. It was an essay entitled 'Friendship'. I must have had something original to say, because by an absolute fluke I won! We were all really surprised...

I have enjoyed almost everything connected with my position as Deputy Headmaster; but perhaps I have been most gratified by my own adaptability. After teaching French and German for thirty years, it becomes rather like a routine, so I enjoyed the change, and I was glad I was able to change. The British man tends to go into a profession and then stay there for the rest of his life, whereas an American changes his work often. I get rather a kick out of the change and enjoy the administration; sharing the responsibility and being at the centre of things. In the army I was an adjutant of a regiment, controlling gunfire by day and working on administration at night; in the same way I enjoy being involved in administration at school, and it has been a pleasure to work with Mr. Stewart.

I shall probably miss the atmosphere of the school most, having been at the centre of it, and I shall miss the contact with the younger generation. I often compare the present old generation with the previous one - they used to look old by forty and the married ladies wore little black caps with ribbons which tied under the chin. My generation don't look so old so soon - some grow grey, some bald, some get wrinkles, some creak about the joints - but they keep more youthful attitudes and appetites.

I enjoy fun and mix with young people out of school and, though I'm sorry to be leaving, I have many commitments which will keep me busy. I'm a councillor in the new Regional Government and I'm involved with the Church and committees of various sorts, I enjoy playing the piano - and of course there's golf. My family is fairly scattered so I won't see much of them, but I might get the

garden done at last!

I don't see me watching much television, I don't seem to be in in the evenings to watch much, but I must confess to a partiality for Westerns: I miss few of the good Westerns - John Wayne, and so on. I used to watch some of the older series like 'The Forsyte Saga' and 'Civilization', and I like a good documentary.

I am optimistic about the future of the School; I think that, so long as the phasing-out of the grant is a gradual process, it will be fine. If it is phased out slowly people will accept it better, where a sudden chop would frighten them away. The parents of pupils are very loyal and I think they will keep their children at the High School for as long as they can. I put a lot of faith in parents' loyalty and in a gradual adjustment.

What would I take with me to my desert island? I'm not sure what book, I've done little reading over the past twenty years; probably a book of Burns's poetry. For music I think I'd take a record of one of Schumann's Piano Concertos, I can't remember which one, but it's really beautiful. If I could choose any object, I think I'd take a set of golf clubs - so long as the island was big enough. And a companion - if I'm given a completely free choice it would have to be some soft-mouthed dog, a canine companion. Probably a spaniel or a labrador, they're such couthy dogs - though I'm not sure whether a desert island would be really quite suitable.

We knew that Mr. Paton had much to do, we had taken up a fair amount of his time; but putting aside his work he gave us this interview in his pleasant, characteristically unhurried manner.



Can you imagine these babies wrapped round with gold braid, like miniature traffic wardens? Is that an air of innocence or does it betray the innate power of command? Did they, from their cots, order parents, friends, relations to go and get doughnuts, or clean the common room? Or did they spend their childhoods think-up means of becoming Head Boy and Head Girl - Richard happened to be there to throw his

blazer over the mud for Miss Gray to step on, only Jane noticed that Mr. Stewart was dropping highly confidential papers -

-Well, why did they pick you?

Jane: To concentrate power in the Arbroath Road/Bingham Terrace area.

Richard: It was handy for taking Jane home.

-Does Carol plus Susan equal Bob?

Richard: Bob would make two of anyone.

Jane: Only at lunchtime.

-What annoys you most about your opposite number?

Richard: She always gets the last word.

Jane: He always keeps his cool when I'm going frantic.

-Who do you think is the most handsome male teacher/prettiest female teacher.

Richard: Are you trying to ruin 13 years of happy relationship with the female staff?

Jane: Male honours to the History Department and female to Classics - that's all I'm say-



GOLF TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) Alistair David Alan Ritchie Richard Grant Ronald Pamaschka
Front Row (l. to r.) David Guild Mr A. Rouse Robert Wallace



RIFLE CLUB

Back Row (l. to r.) Kenneth Murray Gavin Gibson Fred Sieber
Front Row (l. to r.) Andrew Townsend William Roberston Grant Carnegie



BOYS' 1st TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) Mr N. G. S. Stewart Graham Reid Robert Bruce Ross Haston Mr J. T. G. Baxter
Front Row (l. to r.) Alan Bailie Robin Winter Richard Grant



SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM 1974-75

Back Row (l. to r.) Stanley Renick Helen Hawdon Angus Arbuckle Patricia Roy Richard Grant
Elizabeth Sim Graham Milne Anne Blair

Middle Row (l. to r.) Mr A. H. Hutchison Mhairi Smith Grant Stout David Guild HenryRobb
James Dick Katsumi Takahashi Gail Stout Miss H. I. Lyle

Front Row (l. to r.) Fraser Clarkson Jennifer Hogg Colin Sangster Clair McDonald Kenneth Glass
Wendy Miller John Walton Pamela Reid Robert Wallace Carol Sim

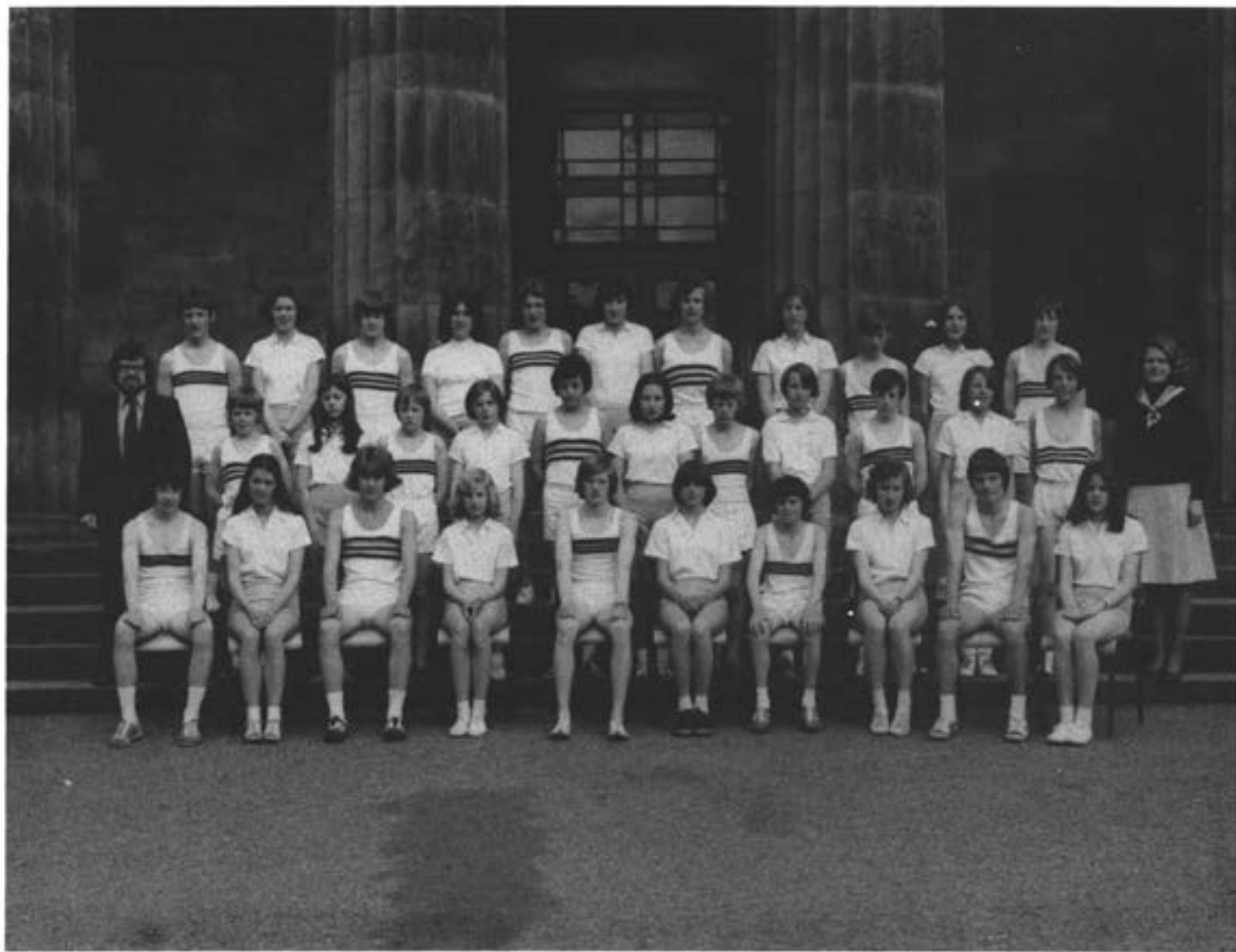
Insert James Wallace



CRICKET 1st XI 1974-75

Back Row (l. to r.) Mr W. D. Allardice Grant Carnegie Neil Gately Alastair Taylor Innes Gray
 Stuart Graham Mr J. Stevenson

Front Row (l. to r.) Martin Wheeler Richard Grant Robert Wallace John Walton Robin Winter
 Stanley Renick James Wallace



JUNIOR ATHLETIC TEAM 1974-75



TENNIS 1st VI

Back Row (l. to r.) Fiona Wilson Carolyn Butchart Mrs N. Pirie

Front Row (l. to r.) Morag Houston Alison Cruickshank Denise Robbins



TENNIS 2nd VI

Back Row (l. to r.) Josephine Cunningham Jane McHoul Gillian Donaldson Gillian Campbell Mrs N. Pirie
Front Row (l. to r.) Elisabeth Cathro Pauline Butchart Pauline Ramsay



MEDALLISTS 1974-75

Back Row (l. to r.)	Margaret Warden (<i>History</i>)	Kenneth Syme (<i>Spanish</i>)	Helen Jones (<i>Gymnastics</i>)
	Alastair Blair (<i>Geography</i>)	Jane Bewick (<i>French/Italian</i>)	Helen Foster (<i>English</i>)
	Iain Henderson (<i>Gymnastics</i>)	Patricia Douglas (<i>Italian</i>)	Iain Gray (<i>Biology</i>)
	Wendy Miller (<i>French</i>)		
Middle Row (l. to r.)	Neil Merrylees (<i>Form 1</i>)	Jennifer Hanslip (<i>Form 3</i>)	Steven Rogers (<i>Form 4</i>)
	Marion McCraw (<i>Form 5</i>)	Charles Menzies (<i>Form 3</i>)	Anne Henderson (<i>Form 1</i>)
	Steven Davis (<i>Form 4</i>)	Carolyn Miller (<i>Form 2</i>)	Scott Carnegie (<i>Form 2</i>)
Front Row (l. to r.)	Diana Wilson (<i>Junior</i>)	Christopher Daft (<i>Junior</i>)	Robin Winter (<i>School Dux</i>)
	Rajiv Dhir (<i>Prep</i>)	Dolina Mechan (<i>Prep</i>)	



PREFECTS 1974-75

Back Row (l. to r.) Martin Reekie Lois Wilson Robin Winter Margaret Warden John Walton
Anthea Rankin Leslie Whiteford Patricia Douglas Gavin Sinclair David Guild

Front Row (l. to r.) Mr D. R. Paton Susan Clark (*Deputy Head Girl*) Richard Grant (*Head Boy*)
Mr E. M. Stewart Jane Bewick (*Head Girl*) Robert Wallace (*Deputy Head Boy*)
Carol Sim (*Deputy Head Girl*)



FORM V 1974-75

- ing, and they can fight it out among themselves.
- What are the advantages/disadvantages of your position?
- Richard: Advantages - I get to make up the duty roster. Disadvantages - No-one ever reads them.
- Jane: Advantages - You can treat the other prefects like slaves. Disadvantages - They get so exhausted they keep disappearing on holiday, and one even escaped to the South of France.
- What character in history/literature/television would you most like to be and why?
- Richard: The 'Big Yin' - he can tell a story better than I can.
- Jane: Me - I'm not in history yet, but I will be.
- Are we having a 6th Year outing?
- Richard: Have you missed it again, Helen?
- Jane: Definitely - if the magazine profits will pay for it.
- What advice would you give to next year's Head Boy/Girl?

- Jane: Install lifts in both buildings or buy a pair of climbing boots.
- Richard: Build up your muscles for moving tables (Cries of 'Among other things').
- How much help have the prefects been?
- (Amidst cries of 'Lots and Lots' and 'They couldn't have done without us').
- Richard: I couldn't have managed without them.
- Jane: No one else could have done what they have done.
- Prefects: What has annoyed you most about the Head Boy/Girl.
- Richard playing at cowboys, wearing a cowboy hat and sitting on the radiator, calling out for cups of coffee.
- Jane doesn't fly off the handle (though she pulls it off).
- If you were Head Boy/Girl, what would you do that they haven't done yet?
- There's nothing they haven't done.
- What's the daftest thing

you've done this year?

Richard: Agreed to this interview.

Jane: Danced an eightsome reel in the middle of Euclid Crescent instead of loading Christmas Parcels into cars.

- What is the most memorable incident during your school life here?

Richard: The day Miss Knight gave me the choice of hymn and I asked for 'Moon River'.

Jane: The day we had fire drill and a certain member of the French Department sounded the alarm by bashing the gong with Miss Gray's umbrella.

- What do you think you'll look like, be doing, in 20 years time?

Richard: Even more like Steve McQueen. Still trying to tell a story as well as the 'Big Yin'.

And Jane, with the last word, I'll be just as beautiful as ever and dancing eightsome reels in Euclid Crescent with a bunch of middle-aged ex-Prefects.

A MAN OF SORROWS

But, oh, how few believe it'. Who will listen? To whom will God reveal his saving power? In God's eyes he was like a tender green stock, sprouting from a root in dry and sterile ground. But in our eyes there was no attractiveness at all, nothing to make us want him. We despised him and rejected him - a man of sorrows, acquainted with bitterest grief. We turned our backs on him and looked the other way when he went by. He was despised and we didn't care.

Yet it was our grief he bore, our sorrows that weighed him down. And we thought his troubles were a punishment from God, for his own sins! But he was wounded and bruised for our sins. He was chastised that we might have peace; he was lashed - and

we were healed! We are the ones who strayed away like sheep! We, who left God's paths to follow our own. Yet God laid on him the guilt and sins of every one of us.

He was oppressed and afflicted, yet he never said a word. He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he stood silent before the ones condemning him. From prison and trial they led him away to his death. But who among the people of that day realised it was their sins that he was dying for - that he was suffering their punishment? He was buried like a criminal in a rich man's grave; but he had done no wrong, and had never spoken an evil word.

Yet, it was the Lord's good plan to bruise him and fill him with grief. But when his soul has been made an offering for sin, then he shall have a multitude of children, many heirs. He shall live again and God's

programme shall prosper in his hands. And when he sees all that is accomplished by the anguish of his soul, he shall be satisfied; and because of what he has experienced, my righteous servant shall make many to be counted righteous before God, for he shall bear all their sins. Therefore I will give him the honours of one who is mighty and great, because he has paved out his soul unto death. He was counted as a sinner, and he bore the sins of many, and he pled with God for sinners.

Isaiah 53
(J.B. FVI)





LETTERS FROM LYON

(These short extracts are from letters written by Rachel Walton at the beginning of her course at Lyon University)

28 February 1975

I finally reached Lyon at 11 p.m. - nearly twelve hours late. It's not the prettiest town I've ever been to but the house is right on the River Rhone, which is rather nice, and the university is within walking distance. The room is dingy but spacious, fairly quiet, and very safe I should think, behind heavy oak doors, which it would need to be, judging from all the Arabs standing on street corners - I've been warned not to go about anywhere in the dark on my own if I can possibly help it. Not that I was really thinking of doing so.

1 March 1975

This morning I went to the university to register - they hardly even looked at the photocopies of my Highers, just threw them in a cupboard, which is apparently typical. On the way I stopped to send the telegram home and a young woman spoke to me: she told me that her father was Scottish, and not to be put off by the Lyonnais, who were generally rather unfriendly. Later I had a meal with the student from Bristol. You just won't guess what we ate - no, not snails, but just what a certain friend of mine told me I'd be eating all the time - frogs!

4 March 1975

The course seems to be fairly interesting - today was anyway, but it's very tiring trying to concentrate on listening to French all day, because the lecturers just rattle on at normal speed, I think. The people participating are of various nationalities - Swiss, German, Spanish, Italian, American and all kinds of different Arabs. I've made friends with a Chinese girl, another Scottish one, a Swiss and an American. The latter makes sure we speak French all the time, being very keen to improve.

6 March 1975

There's really quite a difference between the way students dress here and the way they do at home. They all dress with a flair - even though it may be denim. The pullovers are stylish and so on, and another thing - I've seen hardly anyone wearing platform shoes.

11 March 1975

French police conducting the traffic have to be seen to be believed. They use whistles, which are so ineffectual it's not true. The only people who can hear them are the passers-by who if they're foreign like me, jump out of their skins, and I swear that whenever they someone safely crossing a road they immediately blow to let the traffic come surging down upon them. They do have their uses, I must admit. If, for example, you ask them the way, they spend half an hour telling you what a bad quarter this is, and how you mustn't stop anybody else and ask them the way, and then walk off without having told you. (It's the honest truth - from experience). But I will say, it's nice and reassuring to have a police station at the subway where I'm staying - one chap obligingly goes and makes sure there's no-one lurking down there if you're an unaccompanied female when it's beginning to get dark. That I do appreciate.

15 March 1975

Lyon is very industrial and, while not really like Spain, it is a 'southern' town. I've just realised today that what my window in fact looks out on is a very small silk manufacturer's. When I got home the lights were on in the windows and I could see the looms. Vieux Lyon is very interesting, with cobbled streets - it's virtually an inhabited museum. In fact from the viewpoint of industrial archaeology this is a very interesting town really. It's simply that in the rain it doesn't look very pretty - or in the sunshine for that matter.

Yesterday the schoolchildren had a demonstration here, against a new reform bill which they say is making class differences. We just got onto the bridge from the university as they arrived and stampeded across it. It was really a bit frightening because you could feel the bridge trembling underfoot! However, it was also tres amusant - they'd made a coffin which was supposed to contain someone - I'm not sure who - and which they proceeded to throw into the Rhone. In fact we quite enjoyed watching them, and you should have heard the cheer when someone climbed up a statue of a former mayor of Lyon and stuck a black flag on it.

16 March 1975

There was high drama here last night. I successfully defused the place. I decided to put on the little boiler for a cup of tea and had too many lights on (a whole two) and when I plugged in there was a flash and darkness. There was just the end of one candle in the house so we ended up going to bed because Madame D. had to wait till morning to see the fusebox. I shall never forget this place in a hurry.

25 March 1975

In the centre of Lyon they are digging everything up to build a Metro and in true French style they've managed to hit the level of one of the rivers and absolutely flooded the trench. They've been filling it in with rubble and concrete but it's doing no good at all and they've even got life-belts hanging along the side, and police guards to make sure that no-one falls in, which if you leant on the oh-so-effective rusty railings you probably would do.

26 March 1975

I've just had an absolutely marvellous day. It started very well - blue sky and not a cloud anywhere and needless to say that just set L. and me up for the day after all the rain we've had. We decided to go to Vieux Lyon and after buying a couple of croissants and some oranges for lunch we had a little wander around the few arty-crafty shops which Lyon offers. We had a slow walk up a very steep hill - it was too nice a day to take the funicular - to Fourvieres, the ugly church. I hadn't actually been inside and L. wanted to prove that it could be worse inside than it is out.

Our main objective was the Roman amphitheatre and actually we stayed there for the rest of the afternoon. What they have unearthed is amazing. Being French they naturally haven't produced a guide, so we spent hours clambering about and trying to decide what everything used to be. I was grateful for my Latin because one of the things I chose for Higher was Roman Buildings! We sat for a long, long time in the sun, just chatting and basking, and being gloriously idle - I felt as though I'd forgotten how nice it was not to be worrying about exams or anything nasty, just being completely indolent.

Don't worry, though - I really am working hard at the course and it's proving to be a real experience, one that I wouldn't have missed.....

We set off by coach (not, believe it or not, a "Cosgrove") at 6.30 a.m. We travelled very quickly and stopped at about 9 in a cafe which was prepared to handle fort-odd starving kids. Pies, sandwiches, cakes and crisps all disappeared on an incredible rate, as the staff overheated in frantic desperation to keep us supplied.

The journey resumed, and we lunched about 1 p.m. in a motorway cafe; I chose a salad which, despite the high prices paid, was not fit to feed a starved hyena. However, when we stopped at six, just outside London, the food was of a far higher standard. In London, our driver managed to lose the bus in a circular maze which we went round and round, before eventually arriving at Heathrow Terminal 2 at 7 p.m. Our flight was at half past ten, so we had several hours to wander round, buying books, sweets and anything else we wanted. At last,

our flight was called, and after being frisked and our bags searched, we boarded the plane. After a peaceful flight, we arrived in Spain at 2 a.m. Outside was the most beautiful 1923 coach, looking its age, and an equally splendid antique driver. He was a friendly chap. As he threw the bus round 90° U-bends of the cliff road, he groaned in dismay every time his suicide efforts failed. In the darkness, it seemed as if there was a very great drop, but on the return journey in daylight we found it was only a hundred feet or so(!) Having given up attempting to receive any air from the ventilator, or switch on the lights, we arrived at La Cabona, our luxurious dream hotel, (2 star Spanish style) at about 3.30 a.m. As our friendly driver unloaded (threw) out the cases, amidst more gloomy mutterings, I was informed my friends and I were to sleep in the Servants' Quarters, as the hotel was overbooked. Rather in

dread, I heaved my case upstairs.

Actually, once we accepted our fate, it was not so bad a room as I had imagined. At least the tap and blind worked, though the shower was inoperative.

Even although I had been awake from 4 a.m. the previous day (i.e. 23 hours), I could not fall asleep for quite a while, the heat was so intense.

Next morning, with 300 pesetas, I awoke at 10 a.m. and went down to breakfast. This consisted of a long roll and coffee or a delicious orange juice.

Then I explored the nearby area. There was a dodgers track opposite the hotel, several bars, a super-mercado, a churreria (equivalent of a fish and chip shop, selling both large bags of chips and churros - long doughnut-like comestibles which made one sick if a whole bag was consumed at once). From a souvenir shop I bought a big blue sombrero. Then I went down to the beach. The water was warm and clear, and marvellous for snorkelling, al-

though very salty. In the afternoons, huge waves would pound down at the beach, and they tossed you over and over as you were caught by them. During siesta time, the heat was so intense, bits of paper in the sand burned, and we were forced to seek out Rafael in the bar for some coca-cola or forte. The food in the hotel was not exactly ideal, but we made up what we simply couldn't bear to eat with food from the supermercado. The hotel's favourite offering was sausages, which tasted and looked like an old tramp's socks wrapped in rubber. Meals were usually an hour late, and except for the time when the ceiling fell down, were uneventful.

We were given 300 pesetas every third day, which just managed to keep us supplied in cokes, crisps, dodgem rides, etc. On the second day we went on a visit to Tarragona, visiting the cathedral and the Chartreuse

factory. We were offered glassfuls of either green or yellow liqueur, but after sampling a glass of each, I decided it wasn't quite to my taste, although one boy drank an unknown number of glassfuls which later kept him in bed for several days in exquisite agony.

We were beginning to get to know the neighbouring population quite well. Some of the smaller children were always thrilled to hear us speaking in "escoces". I met some French boys on holiday who spoke neither Spanish nor English. I could not speak in French, my vocabulary being limited to "Bonjour" and "Oui". However, our hilarious "conversations" of gesticulations, mimes and other crazy things resulted in a happy relationship. Most people were very friendly and asked all about Scotland.

In the mornings, we could go swimming at 7 a.m., have breakfast, swim again, or do

whatever we wanted. In the afternoons or days we had no excursions, we stayed in the bar till four p.m., then swam again for a couple of hours. We had a lot of freedom in the quiet, pleasant village.

We visited Cambrils, a sweltering port which had a harbour and bars and souvenir shops. We also visited Poblet, a beautiful monastery in scenic surroundings, and stopped for a short while in Salou. We spent a day in Barcelona, sightseeing and buying gifts for our families. We also visited Montserrat. I can only thank God that we did not have the driver of our arrival in Tarrogon, because some of the bends were enough to have some of us gripping the seats, eyes shut tight, with drops of thousands of feet at our side. However, we arrived safely and had the most amusing guide who showed us through the Monastery. There was even a 2,800 year old mummy, who still had hair and flesh, but the daddy had disintegrated. Later I

hear the Montserrat Boys' Choir, one of the greatest in the world, and just missed the vertical railway to the summit.

On our way back, we visited the Codorniu factory, and were taken deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth, as we saw the champagne at various stages. At the end, we were presented with a set of postcards and also - the best bit, samples of the champagne! I had quite a few of the unwanted drinks - plus refills, before being dragged away reluctantly.

However, the holiday was drawing to a close, and soon we had to say goodbye to all our friends and on the 23rd, we went to bed early for the next morning we were to leave. We packed, hid the chartreuse we had bought for our parents in the deepest parts of the cases and had our farewell dinner. It seemed incredible that we had been in Spain for two weeks already, but the wings of time had borne us to the point of departure.

The next morning we arose at

6 a.m. We checked our cases and collected our "packed lunches" - disgusting ham and cheese sandwiches. We set off by coach at 7 a.m., with the hotel staff bidding us a tearful farewell - though if this was of joy or sorrow, I don't know. We reached Barcelona airport at 9 a.m., and flew at 10.15 a.m. The meal on the plane was quite delicious. The sun poured its light and warmth as we left Spain, as a last reminder. At 12.15 (British time) we arrived at Heathrow, thick with rain and fog and how cold it was! Then it was back by coach up the M1. Although it was an excellent motorway restaurant we lunched in, our first taste of English cooking again made many of us feel quite sick. However, we soon recovered, and after another motorway tea, we crossed the border into Scotland at 10.10 p.m. - amidst great exultation. By 11.30 p.m. we were in Edinburgh, and finally, at 1 a.m. we turned a bend in

Fife and saw the lights of Dundee. How huge it seemed, after being in a village for a fortnight. We were all sleeping on our feet, but, after a joyous reunion with our families, and when my dogs had battered me in the joy at seeing me again at home, I sank into a fitful sleep, sorry the holiday was over, but happy to be back. The members of staff and their husbands who gave so much time and effort to ensure the trip's success deserve high praise and thanks from all concerned, for the trip to Camarruga 1974 was a great success, and well worth repeating.

Colin Beaton F.3

NADIR

On my beach
The sea ebbs.
Its hue is regret,
The odour - anguish.
In my heart is a pool of tears
Which leaks
And waters the despondant roots
Within my soul.

L.M.

"YOUR GRAVE SENORITA....."

Patricia Watt walked along the road humming cheerfully to herself, her eyes sparkling with happiness. She was sixteen, tall and slim with blonde hair that hung down to her waist. Her school had just broken up for the summer holidays and she was looking forward to eight glorious weeks of freedom. Her road home took her past the graveyard which was full of brightly coloured flowers. As her eyes roamed over the colourful scene they stopped as they came to a lonely figure digging a grave. As she passed him he stood up. Patricia saw that he was fairly old with grey hair and wrinkled brown skin like an old chamois. Drops of perspiration peppered his brow and his face was engrained with the dirt from his hands.

"Afternoon Miss", he said.

The sound of his voice sent a cold shiver down her spine and she gave him a fleeting smile before hurrying on.

That night she had a strange dream. She was walking along beside the graveyard when she saw the same old man digging the same grave. When he saw her he beckoned to her and she hesitantly went forward. The old man gripped her arm and, laughing cruelly, pointed at something. Patricia turned her head. the grave had miraculously been filled up and had grass growing over it. Everything was neat and tidy and there was a pretty posy of flowers resting at the foot of the gravestone. Suddenly she caught sight of the writing on the gravestone and drew in a sharp breath. It said, "PATRICIA WATT DIED JULY 8th 1974, AGED SIXTEEN". She woke at that moment feeling frightened and hot and cold all over. Surely today was the eighth of July? But as the warm sun flooded into her room she told herself not to be stupid and ran downstairs for breakfast.

Late that afternoon Patricia's friends Kathy, Jill and Christine called for her. "Hi Pat! Fancy coming to the fair with us?" Kathy asked. "Yes, that's a great idea! Hang on a minute while I get my bag," replied Patricia, already running upstairs to get it.

Five minutes later the four girls were nearing fairground. The twinkling lights and happy music made everything welcoming. Everything was alive. The screams of joy coming from the

Big Wheel mingled with happy laughter from everyone there. Tantalising smells came from the hot dog stand and the candy floss stall.

When the girls had had a go on practically everything, Christine shouted, "Oh look! a fortune teller. Oh I must have my fortune told! Come on you lot, what are you waiting for?" So one by one the girls went into the little tent, outside of which a notice said, "Come and let Senora Gomez tell you your fortune". Patricia went in last. It was very dark but she could make out the very large Spanish woman sitting on the other side of the table. In front of her was a shiny crystal ball and a pack of elaborately designed cards.

Senora Gomez began by giving Patricia a very accurate description of her childhood right up to the moment she had decided to visit the fair. "Now senorita; the future. But you will need to cross my palm with more silver." Patricia hesitated. The way in which the Spaniard had told so many things that she had almost forgotten about, frightened her a little. However, she was curious so she pressed three ten pence coins in the strong foreign hand. The gypsy gazed into the crystal ball. "I see..... I see someone digging". Patricia froze in her seat as she remembered the old man she had seen the day before and again in her dream. "But that is strange senorita. My ball has clouded over. Perhaps if we try the cards,....." She deftly arranged the cards into nine piles - three rows of three piles. "Now senorita, pick a card por favor".

Patricia was suddenly afraid. A cold, clammy hand clutched her heart and her mouth was dry. She moved her hand towards the second row then along to the second pile, the pile in the middle. Patricia hesitated. Then quickly she picked up the top card and turned it over. She felt ill. The cards were not an ordinary pack of playing cards. Each one had a figure or symbol on it. The figure on the one Patricia has chosen was dressed in black and looked swarthy and evil - the figure of death!

At that moment a slight breeze blew the door of the tent open and the gaily coloured lights outside lit up Patricia's face. She looked up to see the gypsy's eyes searching her face. A look of amazement appeared on the dark features of the foreign woman, "Madre Mia! It's you - the chosen one!"

Fear swept over Patricia and she hurried out of the small dark tent, "Come on you lot, let's get out of here!" she said to the others. "Is anything the matter Pat?" asked Jill anxiously. "No, just something that stupid woman said".

"What was it?" the others queried. "Oh, it doesn't matter now, replied Patricia, sounding a lot more confident than she felt. Looking back at the little tent her heart missed a beat. There talking to Senora Gomez, was the old man whom she had seen digging the grave. They looked strangely cruel standing there, the coloured lights dancing on their clothing and Senora Gomez was pointing at her and laughing. Patricia shivered and hurried on her way.

On the way home the other three laughed and joked, but Patricia remained silent. "Pat, are you sure you're all right?" her friends asked. "Yes, quite sure," she assured them.

But Patricia was far from all right. Her mind was in a turmoil as she went over everything that had happened to her. The old man digging the grave, her dream and the old gypsy woman. The chosen one. What on earth did that mean? "Patty", Christine's voice broke into her thoughts, "We were thinking of going to the beach tomorrow, do you want to come?"

"That would be great, thanks. I'll meet you at two, okay? Cheerio, see you tomorrow".

Her head swam and a strange voice was chanting "Chosen one! Chosen one!" as she crossed the road. She was vaguely aware of someone calling her name and she turned round.

A scream rent the warm summer air as Patricia turned and saw the car too late.

Patricia Watt died July 8th, 1974, aged sixteen.

Mairi Smith. Form III

Rain falling solidly in cataracts of cold, wet lead; rivers showing white teeth in a snarl as they rush to the sea; great capricious amoebas of mist swirling and pouring across the road; glutinous red mud spraying up from under the car-wheels like blood-stained porridge; everywhere the dark skin of night. Suddenly - strings of blinding, glaring lights; a shrill scream slashing the darkness; a sickening swerve; pain gnawing and tearing at limbs.... and then the bliss of unconsciousness.

The first sign of returning consciousness was cold. Then sound. I was aware of noises that seemed to be travelling through me across an arctic waste. Slowly the icy sounds cleared and I realised that the sounds belonged to nature: rain and wind. Everything sounded brittle in my ears, as though all sounds were being chipped out of ice. I tried to open my eyes, but the lids would not move; I tried to sit up but could not stir; I struggled to turn over, to move my hands, my feet, but nothing happened.

For hours time hung, dark and suspended; then the dark skin peeled off and I woke, smothered in a cloak of inky shadows. My mind seemed strangely acute and I wandered fleetingly if I were dead. My brain felt ethereal and my body amorphous, as if it did not exist. I wriggled my toes to reassure myself and felt the life returning to my limbs. My arms were free, my neck supported by the head-rest. The whole seat, however, had been tipped backwards, causing my legs to be pinioned in some way by the strong wheel. They did not hurt; they were simply incapable of movement. My body was strapped into the driving seat by the seat-belt, the lock of which appeared to be jammed and although the car door was unlocked, it was wedged outside by the trunk of a large tree. Obviously the car had skidded on the wet road and swerved off into the forest. I wondered idly how long I had lain unconscious. The hands of my watch pointed to ten o'clock and I calculated that the accident must have happened about eight p.m. - I was not unduly perturbed. My parents would worry when I didn't return home, I reasoned, and I would soon be rescued. Consoling myself with this thought, and feeling grateful that I was not hurt, I gave my trapped legs an experimental wiggle and settled back in the tilted driving seat with my thoughts for company.

My thoughts were calm and rational, not at all worried as I might have expected and my position, although slightly uncomfortable, was at least dry and so I relaxed and lay casually,

reflecting on the day's events.

It was about midnight that I began to have misgivings. The inexorable pounding of the rain infiltrated my brain and pounded my thoughts. I had a headache and my legs were numb, partly due to the cold, partly because of the weight above my knees, causing the circulation to slow down. Previously, every noise and light had been a rescue party; now the light had ceased and every sound was a ghost, a spirit, a murderer, something sinister. All around was darkness and a tomb-like silence. I had to admit I was scared.

Distantly I remembered the opening sentence of a book I had read recently, a parody of Descartes: "I feel discomfort, therefore I am alive". It seemed strangely ironic; after all, here was I in a state of discomfort, had been for some time, yet did it really prove anything? The idea of Death frightened me. I felt alive, yet how could I be sure? It seemed to be a case of "I exist, therefore, I am". I was perplexed and frowed. The profoundness of my thoughts baffled me. In reality, the connotations were banal in the extreme, yet the meaning behind the thoughts seemed appropriate, almost cynical. All I knew was that my legs alternated between spells of throbbing and periods of cramp.

All during the early hours of that day, it continued to rain; I say "early hours" yet then I could not measure the time. It seemed to be three-dimensional, moving back and forth on its line, inverted, turned in on itself. The rhythm of the rain penetrated my brain until it seemed to take control and speak to me. "You'll never be dead. It's no use hoping for rescue. It's impossible, futile" "Stop it!" I cried aloud. "STOP!" and dimly I remembered another book I had read and the conversation between Simon and the "Lord of the Flies". My thoughts seemed to have split in two, each side holding an argument with the other, like the conversation between Simon and the pig's head. I considered the parallel between my mental conflict and that colloquy. No - surely that was the wrong part? Then my thoughts seemed to settle into some form of cohesion and I recalled the imaginary beast feared by the boys. "What had been my analysis of it?" The boys fear what is in fact themselves for they have created the subject of their fears?" Yes - that was it! Certainly my fears were imaginary, but they seemed so very real that they bludgeoned me with their bitterness. My imagination has run rife and instead of a pig's head I saw a pair of bright red eyes, suspended in the darkness, glowing, pulsing, throbbing in a rhythm with the rain; they came closer,

beady, glazing with insanity and filling my world with red miasma. I closed my eyes, but was unable to shut them out. I tried to think, but all my mind registered was, "Perhaps you're dying?"

The rhythm of rain was now part of my brain and spoke to me again. "You won't die, because you're going mad. Your fears have made you insane".

In that moment I knew I had to escape from the power of my own thoughts. But how? Then I understood that I would have to close my mind to everything - to the fears, the darkness, the eyes and concentrate on factual information. Yet I knew that my own puny little brain was no match for the great bodiless, pulsing, writhing mass of terror which engulfed me. With an immense effort, I tried to breathe against the rhythm of rain, but its power was too strong, for each time I managed to take a breath out of rhythm, an iron hand squeezed my heart and lungs.

It was absolutely silent in the empty car and I realised that the only way to remain sane would be to shout with all the power possible and overrule the inane suggestions in my brain.

For, everywhere I looked, everywhere I turned, was the rhythm of rain and fear, and, as it continued to control the systole and diastole of my heart, the intake and outlet of my breath, the red miasma began to creep before my eyes and I was afraid that I was going to lose consciousness and if I did, I would be completely in the power of my own imagination.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!" I yelled. "How I wonder what you are!" "Mary had a little lamb?" I was shouting hysterically now. "It's fleece was white as snow!"

It was no good. It was too easy for nursery rhymes to fall into the rhythm of the rain. How did the Declaration of Independence begin? I had memorised it only this winter.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident!" I cried, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life...."

As I screamed the words, I felt a mind moving in on my own, felt it seizing, squeezing my

brain. I let my stubborn control slip. Red fog glazed my eyes. Then the other part of my mind shouted to me, "Latin verbs!" it cried. "Recite the principle parts!" A picture flashed into my mind of winter evenings spent sitting before the open fire with my books. "Cado, cadere (3) cecidi, casum, to fall!" I called obediently. "Not to be confused with caedo, caedere (3) cecidi, caesum to kill!" Keep them in alphabetical order. What came next? I knew it. Yes. "Cogo, cogere (3) coegi, coactum!" I roared the words into space. "To force or compel".

"Too rhythmical" the same part of my brain shouted. "What's the square root of five?"

For a moment I was able to concentrate. Rack your brains yourself. Don't let your imagination get you. It'll drive you insane. "The square root of five is ... 2.236!" I cried triumphantly. "Because 2,236 times 2,236 equals five!"

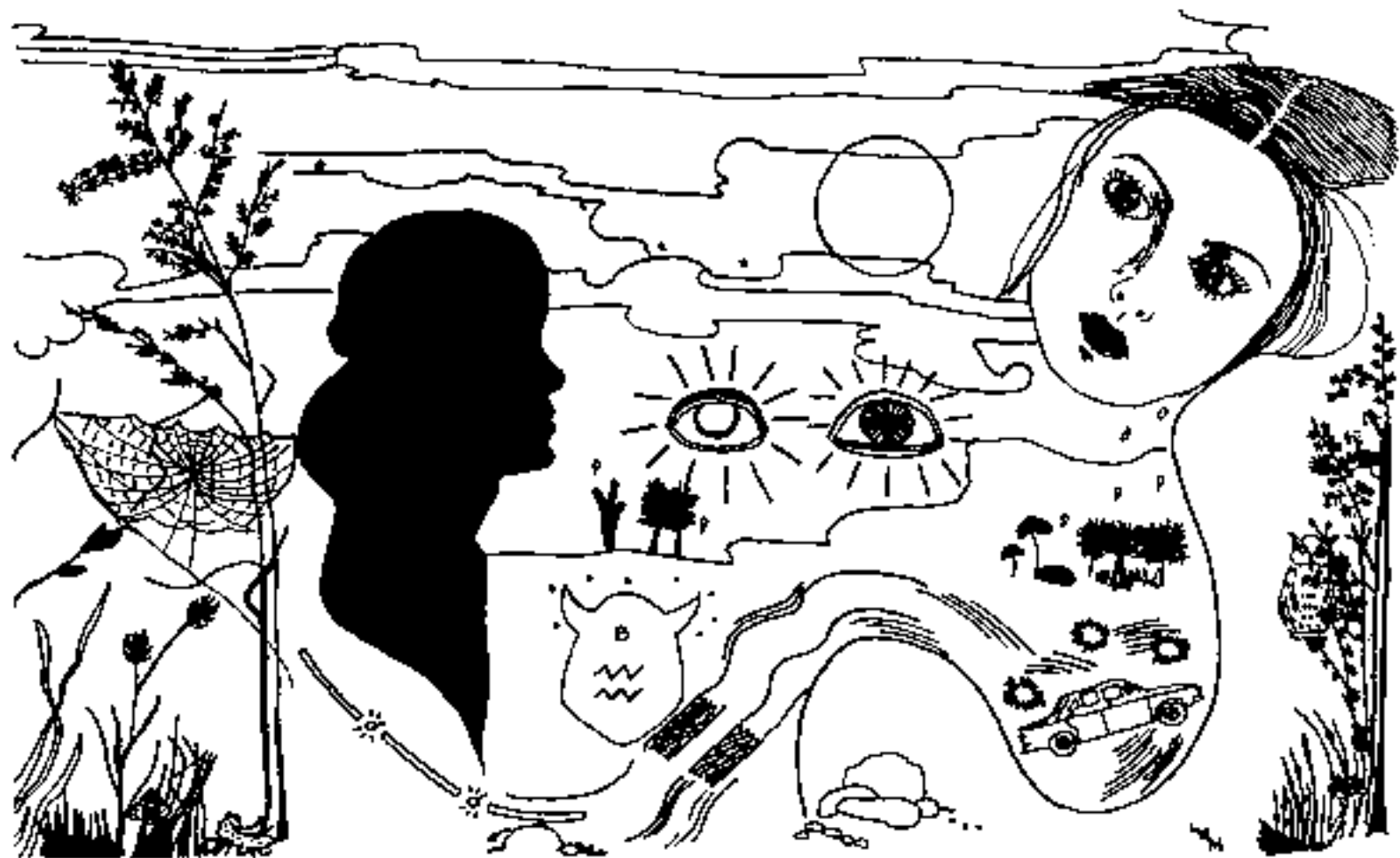
"What's the square root of seven?"

"The square root of seven is - " I broke off. I wasn't holding out. My imagination was gripping me and I couldn't concentrate, not even on Maths and soon I would be absorbed by my imagination, part of it, it would make me insane...

Then the powerful glinting light of a torch was shone into my eyes, blinding me, but this time I didn't care. I lay, still and relaxed, no longer trembling while the men freed my legs and lifted me out by the other door of the car. Now I saw it was dawn, cold and pink, and I looked at my surroundings - the trees which had previously seemed so sinister were now graceful and natural in the early morning light.

"Are you all right?" the doctor asked me. "That must have been a terrible experience.

"Thank goodness you came! I couldn't have stood it any longer" and I babbled on nonsensically releasing all the tension of the past hours... "What? Oh yes, I'm fine. Just fine. I laughed nervously, almost hysterically and began to sing the first few bars of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star". He turned and looked at one of my rescuers in amazement, "Poor girl" he said. "I think she's mad,



GREETINGS FROM NORTH AFRICA!

April 3rd. Tunisia.

No doubt I ought to be writing this in a blaze of sunshine with a deep blue sky above and a vista of sanddunes around. Unfortunately, I am not. The air is heavy with a threatening thunderstorm, the sea is choppy, and a strong cold wind does little to tempt one into the water! To be fair, however, we have undoubtedly seen far more of the sun in the last three months than you poor souls at home, but most of the time a strong, cool wind deters all but the most ardent tan-seekers from sun bathing!

For our tour we are living in a motor caravan, as this is the only way of surviving for five months abroad within the Government currency restriction of £300 per person. The motor caravan is a relatively common sight in Morocco, but judging from the gaping mouths of the local inhabitants in Algeria and Tunisia, one might think we were intrepid explorers penetrating the wilds. Morocco, too, provides plenty of camp sites which are reasonably good - provided you are prepared to accept the fact that Arabic standards of plumbing leave much to be desired in British eyes... Algeria and Tunisia have almost no camp sites. Thus we were advised to always get in touch with the police before parking for the night, and we usually sleep within the shadow of the Gendarmerie. On the one night we omitted to do this, we were awakened soon after falling asleep and asked to move the van to the police station where we had to go in and answer innumerable questions.

However, even the proximity of the police fails to frighten the uninhibited children from peering through the windows or rattling the door. Many a pupil must have been late for school this term due to the extraordinary phenomenon encountered on the way there! The local population lives by the sun, and school commonly begins at seven thirty. In order to avoid confusing our breakfast with their mid-morning snack, we find it less embarrassing to rise not more than one hour after they do.... One of the joys of this mode of life is eating breakfast of warm bread fresh from the oven and hot coffee. Locally grown fruits and vegetables are also cheap and good, eggs, cheese and butter are good but dear, while meat and fish are something of a luxury. Most goods are extortionate: for example, seventy pence for a twelve ounce packet of cornflakes!

Few people have cars but virtually every family has a donkey, which Father rides while Mother walks behind. The donkey takes the famil's produce to market, brings back the shopping, carried the water pots to and from the well, and pulls the plough. Travelling south, the donkey is gradually replaced by the camel.

As often happens, the young people are adopting the European style of dress, while their elders stick to the more traditional Arab or Berber costumes. These are very photogenic, but unfortunately the people, and in particular the women, dislike being photographed.

Highlights of our tour? In Morocco: the camel market at Goulimime, and the spectacular scenery of the High Atlas Mountains. In Algeria: being given coffee by a nomad family, and driving all day through a sea of sand dunes. Tunisia: the fascinating underground homes in Matmata, and the gaily coloured souks with their wealth of exquisite rugs and handmade carpets. Perhaps of the three, Tunisia offers most to the tourist, although if you want to explore the Sahara, you will need to go to Algeria.

Whatever shortcomings they may have in plumbing or refuse disposal, there can be nothing but admiration for the Arab as architect.

The soft beige bricks composing the grandeur of the Great Mosque of Kairouan, the creamy yellow stone of the Spanish forts along the coast, the delicately carved plaster of the graceful pillars, and the gaily patterned tiles that decorate their houses, all display a simplicity that is both beautiful and moving. The glooming white domes of the "marabouts" against a deep blue sky, and the ever-varying outlines of the minarets, are apt tributes to the deep faith of these people whose simple dignity is so attractive.

ROUND THE HOUSES

During the second term the House Championship has progressed much. Early events, such as the Girls' Netball Competitions saw Aystree keep much of their early momentum and once they had been completed the situation was that Aystree was comfortably in the lead, Wallace and Lindores were fighting out second place between them and Airlie were rather a poor fourth. Success in the Junior Public Speaking Competition and in the Junior House Rugby boosted Airlie's points total. The Senior Rugby was won by Wallace with Lindores second. The girls played all their Inter-House hockey matches on one day. The Junior tournament was won by Lindores and the Senior by Aystree who were second in the Juniors. The last event of the second term was the Swimming Gala which proved very convincingly that Airlie had a vast majority of the school's swimming experts. Airlie provided all four swimming champions and

totalled 114½ points in the House Championship. They were followed home by Aystree with 56 points, Wallace with 37 and Lindores with 18½ points. At the end of the second term the House totals were as follows:

Aystree	252 points
Airlie	227½ points
Wallace	224 points
Lindores	172½ points

With plenty of events to go, the race for the Inter-House Trophy is still wide open. The Sports and Academic Points will now decide the winner of the Shield for 1974-75. The House Cricket Trophy has started and in the first matches Airlie and Lindores proved easy victors over Aystree and Wallace respectively.

BOYS' TENNIS REPORT

The appointment of officials was rather nebulous this year. Due to the Easter holidays, followed by the S.C.E. examin-

ations, the ranks of the Senior School were in disarray and we had to assemble a team at short notice for the first rounds of the Midlands School tournament. Despite this, the team, containing four members of last year's successful squad, disposed of Morgan Academy and Madras College (in record time) on the way to the final against Morrison's Academy, played at St. Leonard's School in St. Andrews. This proved to be a very enjoyable afternoon, with many side attractions. Despite this, the team beat Morrison's by 6-3, thus winning the shield for the fifth consecutive year, a record to be proud of. The school now goes forward to the Scottish finals in Glasgow on the 14th June, where we have high hopes of doing well.

Congratulations are due to Ross Haston and Graeme Reid of Form I, for their splendid achievement of winning the Midlands Schools' Junior Tournament.

Much interest has been shown in the school tournaments this year, with entries of 40 in the Christie Cup, 11 in the Senior Tournament and 15 in the Nettle's Tennis Ladder, which was started this year. These tournaments are still being played at the time of writing.

Finally, sincere thanks must go to Mr. W. G. S. Stewart and to Mr. J. T. G. Baxter for their unflagging enthusiasm and herculean efforts this year, without which our success might not be possible. Also, thanks to Mr. Reid and Mr. Haston for their help with transport.

Alan Baillie,
Hon. Secretary.

GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB REPORT.

At the beginning of the season the following officials were appointed:- Captain, Alison Cruickshank; Vice-Captain, Morag Houston; Secretary, Denise Robins; Treasurer, Pauline Butchart.

With four of last year's team still at school, there has been little change in the 1st VI. The two new members are Fiona

Wilson and Carolyn Butchart. This would suggest that the team has settled down well together and the following results held great promise for future matches:- Morrison's 66-15; Kirkcaldy High School 50-21; Madras College 48-15.

We were also extremely pleased to hold the Midlands Trophy for the second year running, after having played Harris Academy 5-0 in the first round, Morrison's Academy 5-4 in the semi-final, and beating our old rivals for the cup, St. Leonard's 5-2, in the final. We now go on to compete in the Scottish Schools' Championship of which we are the present holders. The match takes place on the 14th June in Edinburgh and we hope to return triumphant once more.

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

Finally, I would like to

thank Mrs. Pirie, and all other members of staff who gave their support, for their enthusiasm and time devoted to us.

Denise Robins,
Secretary.

THE THESPIAN CLUB REPORT.

Membership has been very low this session due to a general lack of talent. It is hoped to mount a production during July of a new play written by one of the Club's members: "A Bird in the Hand is a Stitch in Time". This term there have been several visits to the theatre by selected groups to see performances of "The Sooty Show". This excellent show is well worth seeing, and anyone wishing details should contact the Secretary. Performances are once a night Mondays to Saturdays, twice on Sundays.

There has been a proposal put forward by one of the club members that meetings should be held on a regular basis at lunchtimes, but at present these are confined to evenings.

The Club has an extensive collection of literature which is freely available on payment of a small fee. Again application should be

made to the Secretary.

Membership must be increased so that a more interesting variety of parts will be available to members in Club performances. I would to appeal for anyone interested to contact the Secretary.

The Secretary.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

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

Captain, Ian Henderson; Vice-Captain, David Guild; Secretary and Treasurer, Robert Wallace.

This year we have only played in one competition. This was the Aer Lingus Golf Competition. Unfortunately the team, I. Henderson, R. Damascak, D. Guild and A. David, did not get passed the first round. The highlight of this competition was a hole in one by I. Henderson.

Fixtures have been arranged for later in the term. This year there has been the usual response to the two competitions held within the school, and we

hope to have a winner for each by the Sports.

R.W.

BAND REPORT

During the term our services were required in the most unlikely of places. These ranged from the docks to a golf course. In the last month of term, we are to be busy with engagements at Drunkilbo, the Annual Sports, the Cadets' Annual Inspection, as well as two concerts at Aultbea and Poolswa.

In the past, the Band has figured well in the bands' competition and this year, in addition to the main event, we have entered three pipers and a drummer in solo events.

We are looking forward to the annual camp, as always, and expect to play at Aultbea and Poolswa Hotels. These events have enjoyed great success and the refreshments that are supplied are always appreciated.

With three pipers, two drum-

mers, and the drum major all leaving this year, problems may arise in maintaining the standard that the band has held in the last five years, but as Mr. MacLeod has somehow managed in the past, I'm sure he will cope next year.

The band wishes to thank Mr. D. MacLeod for his help to both junior and senior pipers. We hope to see Mr. MacLeod enjoy improved health next year. Thanks are also extended to Mr. Mills for his drumming tuition and to Colonel Larg and Major Jacuk for their support in our ventures.

P/M.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The school teams have not had the success of last year, but we have high hopes for the future. We have lost four good players from last year's Form V and VI and as a result, we were not strong enough to put forward a team for either the Sunday Times or the Scotsman Tournaments, but we hope to be able to do so next year.

Great enthusiasm has been shown by several Form I pupils. Over thirty have been attending Friday 9 classes and two first year teams

could be raised in addition to our 'A' team and two second year teams.

The junior school team, kindly assisted by Mrs. Bartlett, has shown much enthusiasm. Thirty pupils from all Dundee primary schools have been invited to play Parma schools in Northern Italy this summer. A few of our junior school pupils are showing a great deal of interest. The pupils will also see places like Venice, Florence and Pisa.

The Russell Trophy was won by Christopher Baft, and Lindsay Reid won the special Girls' Prize. Andrew Blackburn won the Intermediate Chess Prize, and Scott Carnegie was the runner-up.

The Club has been faced with financial problems this year and all pupils attending Friday 9 classes had to pay a subscription of 25p, whether they were Club members or not. We are constantly facing the problems of higher costs of sets and boards and of pieces being lost from sets.

We entered a junior school team for the Primary Scotsman Tournament and they are already through to the semi-final against Robert Gordon's. We wish them the very best of luck.

We also entered a senior school team and a junior team for the Glasgow Jamboree in November. We fared well enough and hope to do better yet next year. The senior school team was unfortunate in March, however, because the Saturday previously arranged for the Aberdeen Jamboree had to be changed to the same Saturday as the Scotland v Wales Rugby International at Murrayfield and quite a few members of the team did go and scored similar results to their November ones.

Judith Hanslip and Margaret Forwell, two of our former pupils, are representing Scotland once again in the Faber Cup in London.

The Club is even more in debt to Mrs. Elder than it has even

been before. The Club was affected by the death of her husband, Mr. David Elder, in June last year, but also by Mrs. Elder's M.B.E. As usual, she has organised the dates of school matches, transport, teams for the Jamborees and the financial upkeep of the Club. This year, she has put a great deal of hard work into the Italian trip. Thanks also go to Mrs. Bartlett for arranging the junior school teams and helping Mrs. Elder to arrange the trip to Italy.

SENIOR CHOIR REPORT

This has been an extremely busy and eventful year for the Senior Choir.

The choir was in fine voice for the Carol Service which was well attended by former pupils, parents and friends. As in previous years, we also visited Pinegrove Old People's Home and Fernbrae Nursing Home to sing a selection of carols under the leadership of our former Rector, Mr. D. W. Erskine.

We also performed a musical programme to a very appreciative audience at the Dundee Brotherhood.

Our greatest project this session is the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's light opera, "Iolanthe", which

is being performed in the
Whitbait Theatre from 18th -
21st June inclusive.

Our thanks are due to Mr. T.
Porteous for his continuing
support throughout the year,
Mr. Smith for his invaluable
guidance and unending patience
in the production of
the opera and also Mrs.
Hajbowicz and Mrs. Flook
for accompanying on the
piano at rehearsals.

D. Andrew.
Wendy Miller.

P.S.D.N.C. REPORT

This term again has been
most successful with many
outings and weekends going
extremely well. Christmas
S.U.B.T.L.E. visits had to
be cancelled at the last
moment - but apart from this,
members had an excellent time.
I would just like to thank
Mr. H. Oaks very much for the
lovely bouquet and chocolates
- they were very much appreciated.

Again New Year went off with
a pop, and pretty squirrels
were in full action - although

some did not notice. In the
holidays, a weekend brought
more than imagined on the ac-
tivity side while a rival
club was also present. Al-
though a competition was
arranged with them - they
had to back out in the end
due to lack of strong bodies,
sports officers and fore-
seeing that they would be
beaten. A dinner party on
the Saturday night brought
everyone together, dreadful
jokes, various signs and a
beautiful meal - the evening
was rounded off with a quick
chorus of "Zip-a-dee-doo-
dah!"

January brought disaster to
one of the prize members,
however, the advice was not
taken and full activities
began again. Many meetings
were held and a full member-
ship was always present.

A day trip to Edinburgh was
again another exciting out-
ing and expensive - 96 pence
items were luxuries and
train fares were no better.

A follow-up to this - in
Edinburgh again was more

than successful with some members
disappearing into conversation with
various Welsh gentlemen. A visit
to a religious house was found to
be very interesting where we found
some beautiful authentic mats and
carved and enamelled goblets. How-
ever, one person enquiring about
the three floors upstairs, was
discreetly removed.

Many gatherings in February, March
and April were quite successful,
particularly Mo's birthday outing,
finished by a quick hop with some
unbelievable country yokels.

In June, a big outing is being held
to celebrate the Club's anniversary
- if you can pin us down - you are
welcome to join us.

I would just like to thank all mem-
bers for their continued interest
and enthusiasm in the Club and its
activities. Although the members
will be separated by various uni-
versities next year - I hope and
am sure that they will keep their
interests in the Club. No doubt,
smaller P.S.D.N. Clubs will be
springing up in parts of Scotland
- particularly in Edinburgh.

Chairman.

Dundee Branch of the Scottish Schoolboys' Club continues to flourish in the High School. The enthusiasm, especially from the Junior Forms, is tremendous and this augurs well for the future. Many successful events have been held - Discos at monthly intervals for Forms I - III, meetings after school which have been very well supported by Forms I and II, and many weekends away for all Forms, both at the Stanley Nairne Centre at Dalguise and at Glasgow Branch Residential Centre at Dykehead, Port of Mentieth in Southern Perthshire.

Easter Camp this year was held at Wiston Lodge, near Symington in Lanarkshire and despite extreme cold, gales, snow and a blown-down marquee, all 78 of the boys and girls from Forms I-IV participated greatly and managed to enjoy themselves. During sing-song time at Camp, it was proved that D.H.S. has plenty of promising stage material.

On Saturday, 17th May, 10 Senior and 10 Junior boys travelled to Glasgow to defend the Branch's honour in the Inter-Branch Sports. The Senior boys performed creditably finishing third and the Juniors did exceptionally well to win the John Kerr Trophy for best Branch. The Junior team consisted of Colin Graham, Mark Campbell, Peter Clark, Robin Clarkson, John Hargreaves, Stuart Howie, David Saddler, Callum Henderson, Paul Kerr and David Milne.

Now, as the session draws to a close, we are all looking forward to our Carberry Tower Conference from 27th to 29th June. We hope that it will be as much of a success as previous years. To the officers, school committee and members who have made this session such a great success, many thanks.

The cadet force has thrived this year due to a large intake of Form II. So far this year, we have had two training weekends at Barry Buddon training areas. One of these was filmed by Mr. McDonald of the Art Department, who is making a film on the Cadet Force. Both of these exercises were very successful, and we were very fortunate in having good weather. Recently, a team of eight cadets took part in a competition against all other cadet forces in the Highland area. The competition consisted of a 22 km. tactical march, camping out, shooting, an assault course race, and first-aid. Although the team was not among the prizewinners, all the members put up a good performance, and enjoyed the weekend.

In the immediate future, there is the general inspection which Brigadier Lithgow has kindly consented to attend. The programme for summer camp, which is the cadets' climax to the year, has been worked out. It should prove to be an arduous

yet enjoyable week. Later on in the summer holidays, 20 cadets and 2 officers are visiting the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Osnabrück, which should prove to be a worthwhile experience.

I would like to take this chance to thank Major Jacuk and his officers, especially Lt. Steele, the company commander, for their invaluable help. Also I would like to thank the O.T.C., especially Mr. McGregor and the Cadet Training Team from Perth for all their help during the year. Finally, I would like to congratulate Lt. Steele and Lt. Holmes on their recent promotions.

C.S.M. Townsend.

BOYS' ATHLETIC REPORT

The following officials were appointed at the beginning of this season under the authority of Mr. Hutchison:-

Captain, Ian Henderson;
Vice-Captain, Kenneth

Glass; Treasurer, Colin Sangster; Committee, Richard Gunt, Robert Wallace, F. Clarkson.

First of all there was a junkie fixture involving groups C and D boys. This took place at Dawson Park between D.H.S., Grove, St. Saviour's and Carnoustie, with High School coming convincingly out on top with a few very promising younger boys showing up well.

The first match involving all the groups was a triangular match at Monymusk with Madras and Harris with a large number of boys participating and a resounding victory was recorded at the end of the day.

At Anstruther against Waid Academy on the 28th May, all the High School groups took part. The track events were largely won by our boys, but in the field events, Waid were particularly strong, which left High School with a narrow defeat.

On the 14th June, the Scottish Schools' Championships take place at Meadowbank with 10 boys taking part including a very promising 'B' group relay team.

The Dundee Schools are at the end of June, and many successes are looked forward to. Also there has been much enthusiasm expressed by the younger athletes who have done particularly well in the Thistle Award Scheme.

Congratulations are due to Kenneth Glass for breaking school records in 100 metres (11.1 secs), 200 metres (22.5 secs), long jump (21'5").

Our grateful thanks are due to the gym staff who devote much time and energy to athletics and to various teachers who spend a lot of their valuable time at the meetings time-keeping, measuring and giving encouragement. Also to the groundsman who keep the field in wonderful condition.

I.H.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS CLUB REPORT

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

Captain, Wendy Miller; Vice-Captain, Claire McDonald; Treasurer, Pamela Reid.

A great deal of enthusiasm has been shown this season, particularly by the junior members,

many of whom show much promise.

The first fixture of the season was a four-cornered competition for 'C' and 'D' groups against Grove, Carnoustie and St. Saviour's, which High School won decisively. The first competition for all age groups was a home match against Madras and Harria. All groups performed very well, gaining a well-deserved victory. Unfortunately, we were beaten by Waid Academy at Anstruther on 28th May. However at this competition Jenny Hogg beat her own school record for the 100 metres winning it in 12.5 seconds and equaled the school 80 metres hurdles record and established a 400 metres record. Congratulations are also due to Pamela Reid who broke the long jump record in the Sports' heats, jumping 16' 8½".

We wish all the best to

Jenny Hogg, Mhairi Henderson, Anne Blair, Carolyn Hogg, Lucy Marr, Pamela Reid and Tanya Veitch, who are to represent the school in the Scottish Schools' competition. We also hope for many successes in the Dundee Schools' competition this month.

Finally, on behalf of the Athletics Club, I would like to thank the gym staff, especially Miss Lyle, for her invaluable help and also all the other members of staff who give up their time to assist at Athletic meetings. Our thanks also go to the groundsmen for always keeping the grounds in such good condition.

W. Millar.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The second half of the season proved as successful as the first for the 1st XI girls who remained undefeated with the exception of a friendly match against the F.P.s. The results were as follows:-

St. Leonard's	1-1
St. Andrew's Univ.	2-2
Dundee Univ.	1-1
Morrison's Ac.	4-1
Harlaw	4-0
Dunfermline Coll. of P.E.	1-0
Buckhaven	7-0
Hazelhead	6-0

We were pleased to bring to the school for the first time the cup awarded for the Bell's 5-a-side Indoor Tournament. In the Perth 7-a-side tournament we reached the final and in the Midlands tournament, the semi-final. Unfortunately, in both cases were defeated by Perth Academy. However, the junior team won their Midlands Tournament.

Congratulations are due to Mary Houston who was reserve for the Scottish Schoolgirls 'B' Team and was chosen for a Scottish Select team.

The season was closed with three enjoyable matches against the 1st XI boys, which resulted in a draw, the 1st XI boys and a Staff XI which won, and we still have the scars to prove it!

The junior teams all had a successful year and the future

looks promising.

On behalf of the Hockey teams, I would like to thank Miss Lyle and Mrs. Pirie for their help and encouragement and all other members of staff who have given their assistance throughout the season.

W. Miller.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

1st XI Record, 2nd XI in brackets.

<u>Opponents</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>P.</u>	<u>A.</u>
Stewarts			
Malville	A	4(8)	2(1)
Grove Ac.	A	2(8)	2(1)
Morgan Ac.	A	2	2
Perth Ac.	H	0(1)	9(7)
Perth H.S.	H	2	3
Craigie H.S.	H	2	5
Alloa Ac.	H	6	0
Robert			
Gordon's	A	0	0
Lendrickmuir	H	4	3
Stirling H.S.	A	0(6)	1(1)
Lawaide Ac.	A	2(6)	1(0)

Gerry Carr Cup.

Madras Ac.	H	5	2
Craigie H.S.	A	0	1

Alloa Ac. Sixes - Winners.

The main problem this year has been inconsistency as the above results show. This has been partly due to the fact that the team was nearly always changed from one week to the other. However, the first XI did well to reach the semi-final of the Gerry Carr cup where they were beaten by Craigie High School, the eventually beaten finalists.

The highlight of the season however was the winning of the Alloa Sixes Tournament, the first time a team from the school has won this trophy. What made the win particularly satisfying was the fact that we beat both Perth Academy 'A' and 'B' sixes; Perth Academy being the winners of the Gerry Carr cup for the past two seasons, and have a team almost entirely composed of Midlands players.

There has again been a large number of second year taking up hockey, but unfortunately there looks like being a decline in standards of the past few years.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Hutchison (training, makes the Marquis de Sade look like a professional do-gooder), Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Kouse and Mr. R. Stewart for giving up their time, etc. to help with the running of the Hockey Club, without them the Club would not be able to function.

Alastair G. J. W. Blair,
Secretary.

COLTS RUGBY TEAM REPORT

Date	Opponents	Venue	Score
1975			F A
Jan. 11	Harris	A	8 30
18	Madras	A	62 0
25	Robert		
	Gordon's	A	4 0
Feb. 8	Perth Ac.	H	40 0
22	Harlehead	H	48 0
Mar. 1	Keil Sch.	H	44 4
8	Harris	H	42 0
15	Kirkcaldy	H	52 25

At the beginning of the season, the following appointments were made:- Captain, G. R. Stout; Vice-Captain, H. M. Robb; Secretary, D.C. Ray; Treasurer, B.L.D. Smith.

Having resumed playing, we were defeated by a much stronger Harris team; however, revenge was sweet as we defeated Harris later in the season. We also avenged the defeat by Gordon's by defeating them with a single try.

High School was well represented in the Junior Midlands team - Grant Stout and Henry Robb both played, while Alisdair McKendrick and David Ray were to be playing with Brian Smith travelling as reserve. However, the last game was cancelled, so they did not play.

On behalf of D.H.S. Colts XV, I would like to thank the members of staff who travelled with the team and those who refereed our games. Thanks also to the parents who came along to watch us.

Finally, we would like to thank Mr. N. G. S. Stewart and Mr. W. D. Allardice who have helped to train the team at Honymusk on Thursdays.

David Ray,
Secretary.

D.H.S. F.P. RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

The purpose of this report is to provide information about the F.P. Rugby Club.

The Office-Bearers for season 1973-76 are:-

Honorary President, George Ritchie; President, Bill Dryden; Vice-President, Bill Clark; Captain 1st XV, Ian Scanlin; Vice-Captain 1st XV, Brian Cram; Captain 2nd XV, Gavin Garden; Vice-Captain 2nd XV, David Bisset; Social Convener, Donald Coutts.

Mr. Harry Nicoll was elected as an Honorary Vice-President.

The F.P.s finished in 8th position in the 4th Division. The 1st XV won the Midlands Rugby Union Knock-Out Cup. On the way to the final they beat Sturmore, Allea and Kirkcaldy, and in the final they beat Harris F.P. by 9 points to 6 points. Duncan Masson scored all the F.P.'s points with three penalty goals.

David Leslie, the Club Vice-Captain for 1974-75, played for Scotland 'B' against France 'B' and for Scotland against Ireland

France, Wales and England. He also played for the Barbarians and in the Irish Rugby Union Centenary Match he played for the Combined Ireland and Scotland team against the Combined England and Wales team. He is at present with the Scottish party touring New Zealand.

Dallas Allardice, who for fifteen years has given up much of his valuable time to assisting the Club as trainer, coach, and latterly as selector, has found that his commitments are such that he cannot continue on the Selection Committee for the coming season. The F.P.s wish to thank Dallas for all his help and hope that at some future time he will feel able to resume his very close association.

The Club has made several improvements during the year: these include the purchase of a scrummaging machine and the provision of jerseys for all three fifteens. The jerseys were laundered and repaired throughout the season by Donald Coutts - our thanks are due to him for the time, effort and pain he suffered in the execution of these duties. He has assured

us that the incident involving a lost needle will not be repeated, and he wishes to thank the person from whom it was extracted, for finding it.

The F.P.s have felt the need for more players to provide the competition for places which is so necessary to maintain enthusiasm and keenness throughout a season. In the coming season the Club hopes to gain promotion to the 3rd division. At present there are enough players perhaps to achieve this goal, but in the future those players will have to be replaced. It is these replacements which are needed now.

The F.P.s will give a warm welcome to any person who would like to join. If you want to join the F.P.'s please contact any club member whom you know and they will be delighted to introduce you to the other F.P.s.

The most important date to remember is August 2nd, 1975. That is when training will start at Dalnacraig.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

1st XV Results.

<u>Date</u>	<u>Opponents</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>A</u>
1974				
Nov. 16	Gordonstoun	A	3	9
30	Morrison's Ac.	A	3	3
Dec. 7	Perth Ac.	H	44	0
21	Morgan Ac.	A	10	14
1975				
Jan. 11	Harris Ac.	A	27	0
18	Madras Coll.	H	65	0
25	Robert Gordon's Coll.	A	0	9
Feb. 8	Perth Ac.	A	4	15
19	Aberdeen Grammar	H	3	31
Mar. 1	Keil School	H	23	6
8	Morgan Ac.	H	10	18
24	Training Coll.	H	32	0

This year the success with which the 1st XV started seemed to fade out towards the end of the season, even so they have managed to score a record of 401 points in their favour. Included in this unprecedented tally is a record score for any school 1st XV when 65 points were scored, without reply, against Madras College. The top scorer was P. Hadden, and top try scorer was J. Walton.

The 2nd XV have, as usual had a very successful season, and have shown a great enthusiasm for the game.

The 3rd XV have had varying fortunes, winning 7 games and losing 4 games. I wish them better luck next year.

The Colts have had a noteworthy season playing 17 games and winning 15 of them.

The 1st Year, 2nd Year and Lower School XV's have had varied success, but they show great determination and promise for the future of rugby in the school.

This year the team was again well represented at District level with J. M. S. Walton and P. C. Hadden playing for the Midlands Schools' side, and R. M. Wallace and K. Glass were selected for the Midlands School 'B' XV. These players deserve our congratulations, as do G. Stout and H. Robb who played for the Junior Midlands side.

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. R. Steele, Mr. N. G. S. Stewart, Mr. J. Hunter, Mr. D. C. Holmes, Mr. A. T. Chynoweth and Mr. R. W. Illsley for their individual help to all the teams throughout the school.

Richard Grant,
Secretary.

TRUST FUND REPORT June 1975

Over the past twelve months there has been renewed activity to boost the Trust Fund. After the injection of some new blood to the Committee, some further visiting of potential donors was carried out in the autumn of 1974 and new covenants and gifts were received, which added over £3,000 to the Fund.

Last summer the School, through

Mr. Stewart, intimated to us that there was a considerable interest within the School to help the Fund. Few of us then appreciated the extent of that interest or the willingness of the staff to commit themselves to supporting the work of the Fund raisers. For the past six months the School Staff have in fact been the Fund raisers, with a series of events which began before Christmas and continued in the New Year with the Dinner-Dance in the Angus Hotel, the Wine and Cheese Party and culminated in the Easter Fayre. There will be a final small effort at the Sports, which is likely to bring the net total donation by the School for these six months to £7,000.

A lot has been said about the Easter Fayre already, but a lot remains to be said, as it will not soon be forgotten. It was a truly monumental event, imaginatively conceived, superbly organised and wonderfully supported. A large number of people, and groups of people, deserve our thanks and

congratulations for this most successful event, which raised over £5,000 on a single day, and not least, we should remember the pupils, the parents and the people who came along. But ultimately the main tribute must go to the Rector, Mr. Stewart, and his Staff for their enthusiasm and selfless dedication, which was an education and an inspiration to us all.

It is with considerable regret that I have to report that Ronald Grieve, our Treasurer, is unable to give any more of his time to the work which he has carried out for us over the last six years. Everything that I have already said about the staff regarding the Fayre, applies with equal force to Ron's work for the Fund and he will be sadly missed.

I do not really think that any of us fully appreciate the time that he has devoted to Fund administration and he was, of course, a founder member and Treasurer of the Committee. His successor has not yet been appointed.

The present predicament of the School is, I am sure, well known to you all and there is a con-

tinuing need to increase the Fund,
now in excess of £107,000. I
shall, therefore, be glad to hear
from anyone interested in making
a donation.

G. Fraser Ritchie,
Secretary,
4, High Street,
Dundee, DD1 1SU.
Tel. 22785.



THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT.

At last, success! The Society is glad to report that at last enthusiasm and interest is growing from smouldering ashes to a bright flame! The major event of last term was, of course, the Daily Express Debate, when our excellent team - Jane Bewick and Katy Langlands - won successive rounds in its 10th anniversary here on home territory, then at Lawside Academy, then at Robert Gordon's Grammar School in Aberdeen, and ultimately the final in the Glasgow Union where the winning team, St. Mungo's from Glasgow, was an old hand (having won 4 out of the 10 years). Congratulations, of course, to Jane and Katy, the first team from Dundee High to reach the final!

Our Thursday lunchtime meetings continued with increasing success, including "What's My Line?", "Any Questions?", and "Just a Minute".

This term's big occasion will be the Mock Trial when McGonagall is the defendant and this new

venture is the brain-child of Mr. Rose, who is taking an active interest in the Society's progress.

We are also playing host to an inter-schools debate, when three other schools will join in a friendly contest. Later this term too, the Public Speaking competition will be held.

Again all it remains to say is that everyone, but everyone is invited to join us in the forthcoming year which holds plenty of surprises in store!

Finally, we would like to thank all the staff, pupils and of course the committee, for their support, participation and zeal.

M.H.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Since the beginning of this year, the Junior Literary and Debating Society has had a most successful run of meetings with very encouraging support from Forms 1 - 3. There have been large turn-outs at all the meetings and we have gained many new members who

found that after plucking up the courage to speak, they were all set for an oratory career. (We now have difficulty in keeping them quiet!)

In January, we had a most interesting (and educational!) 'This is Your Life' evening, featuring Robbie Burns himself; a 'Juke Box Jury' proved very entertaining too and roused a great deal of interest. Debates were also held, all of which were very well supported and we finished our successful year's syllabus with an evening which has always been good fun - 'Cah Meh Bluff'.

The committee, consisting of Julie Armstrong, Donald Rae, Angela Sheldon, Ann Shearer, David Ray and Laurie McGuire, has ably arranged the meetings and our thanks are due to them for their support; Mr. Baxter and Mr. Pyall have been pillars of the Society with their unwavering guidance and help, and it is due to their sweated labour that the society has had such a successful year. They deserve our warmest thanks (and sympathy!) for all their work.

L.H.

OLD GIRLS' CLUB REPORT

The 43rd Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on Monday, 17th March, 1975, when the following office-bearers were appointed:-

President, Mrs. Sheila Knight; Vice-President, Mrs. Sheila Jamieson; Junior Vice-President, Mrs. Edith Cram; Secretary, Mrs. Alison Barnett, 14 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Eilidh McCalligan; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Thornton, 12 Ambrose Str., Broughty Ferry.

Ex officio: Miss A.W. Gray, Mrs. A. Tweedie.

New members to the committee: Mrs. Margo Brush, Mrs. Dorothy Allardyce, Mrs. Katherine Leslie, Mrs. Jennifer Scott.

The reunion dinner was held in the school dining-hall on Friday, 2nd November 1974 and the guest speaker was Mrs. Molly Harvey, house-keeper at the Abbey on the Isle of Iona.

Again, to defray expenses, the committee will hand de-

liver the magazines and dinner invitations to those within the city boundaries and certain small surrounding towns and villages. Invitations will only be posted to those within a 30 mile radius, however, any member living outwith this area and who would like to attend, please contact the secretary by the end of September.

In May we again ran the Leavers' Tea Party in conjunction with the Old Boys and we extend a warm welcome to all girls leaving the school this year and trust they will join the Club.

As in previous years, the Old Girls' Club ran the tea-tent on Sports Day in simplified form. The 1974 accounts showed a profit of £127. At the same time the Old Boys and Old Girls jointly ran the Tombola to use up excess goods from the Easter Fayre.

Members enjoyed the Cheese and Wine Party in February and then the Athletic Union Ball in March.

The President and committee express congratulations to David Leslie, a former pupil, who played Rugby for Scotland.

At the Annual General Meeting in March, it was proposed that Life Members of some years' standing be given an opportunity to donate to the Old Girls' Club, should they so wish. The increasing costs of the magazine and particularly of postage, make this proposal necessary, and any donations should be sent to the Treasurer.

Any member who requires an amended constitution of the Club should apply to the Secretary.

We are delighted to announce that Mrs. Gordon Stewart, wife of the newly appointed Deputy Rector, is now an honorary member of the Club.

The following have joined
the Club since June 1974.

Life Members:

Miss Ann Paterson,
79 Strathearn Road,
West Ferry.

Miss Nancy Wooler,
2 Sommerville Place,
Dundee.

Miss Patricia Knight,
30 Camphill Road,
Broughty Ferry.

Miss Alison Milne,
1 West Park Gardens,
Dundee.

Miss Anne Ingram,
343 Kingsway,
Dundee.

Mrs. Isabella Henslip,
33 Hyndford Street,
Dundee.

New Ordinary Members

Miss Sarah Boase,
17 Swan Road,
Kirkcaldy.

Miss Jennifer Williams,
10 Porthill Road,
Broughty Ferry.

Miss Hilary Kerr,
24 Dalgleish Road,
Dundee.

Miss Elizabeth Logie,
23 Lawside Avenue,
Dundee.

Miss Pamela Willsher,
7 Melville Terrace,
Dundee.

Miss Patricia Findlay,
52 Ferry Road,
Monifieth.

We deeply regret the death of
Miss Dorothy Foggie.

Alison Barnett,
Hon. Secretary.

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