

High School of Dundee



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SIXTH YEAR MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

Every Friday, at exactly 3.10 thirty-two pupils disappear mysteriously into Room 6, emerging just as mysteriously at 3.55. But what exactly does this motley crew (that's right, the Editorial Committee) do? Edit (you suggest tentatively)? But just to prove that we do contribute more to the process of production than offer our services as mere selectors of good material and rejectors of bad, we have produced the long-awaited Magazine Revolution.

The ever-constructive Magazine Committee has introduced not just one innovation, but three!

This is the first Annual Magazine. In an effort (successful, we hope) to improve the timbre of the School's Literary Creation, we decided to produce one Magazine instead of the usual two, thus concentrating the material into a more complete edition reflecting the work of a whole year.

The second, and more radical, change was our decision to make a dramatic divergence from the traditional format of the Magazine. In the past, there have been sections dealing with Prop., Junior and Senior articles. This, in our opinion, tended to lead to a disconnected Magazine, with articles classed according to age, possibly at the expense of the overall unity: a much more readable arrangement would be to divide articles into groups, each group dealing with a specific topic. We hope this new-style classification proves to be more interesting - we think it is!

And lastly, the alteration you probably noticed first: the new cover - to complete the new image - and a new size of Magazine to allow more scope for the layout.

As well as all this reorganisation, the Committee, bigger (and better?) than ever before, has occasionally found time to help with the perusing, choosing and refusing of the sackloads of articles, illustrations, photographs and reports that flood in daily to the Editorial and Administrative Office (Mr. Fyall kindly lets his room for the purpose). Further information on the publication of the School Magazine can be obtained (post free) from Mr. Fyall for a nominal fee.

And before you sample the ensuing pages of literary (and other) delights, I will leave you with the words of another to reassure the dubious -

"Since in this modern age many people cannot be bothered to, and many more cannot, read, the text is profusely illustrated."

Marion N. McCraw
Marion N. McCraw
Editor.



Alison Mitchell

Diana - L. Batchelor

Bob Fyall

Joanna Lawson

Alisdair
McKendrick

Hope
Murray

Joan
Egan

John H. Gaskell

Ian
Lawson

Wynne
Baxter

Kathryn
Cuthrie

Cover designed by Graeme Bell F5



THE OLD GIRLS' CLUB REUNION DINNER

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PREFECTS 1975-76

Front Row (l-r): Mr. W.P. Vannet, Mr. G.C. Stewart, Mary Rose (Head Girl), Mr. E.M. Stewart, Mark Cunningham (Head Boy), Miss E.M. Dickson

Back Row (l-r): Fraser Clarkson, Dianne Shepherd, Richard Calderhead, Pauline Butchart, Alan Beamer, Susheela Jamieson (Deputy Head Girl), Hamish Miller, Pamela Reid (Deputy Head Girl), Sandy Meloni, Martin McCraw, Grant Carnegie (Deputy Head Boy), Anne Smith, Michael Jones

NEWS AND NOTES.

The following notes were compiled in March in order to meet the printer's deadline. Any matters of importance during the summer term do not therefore appear. Important items will be mentioned in the prospectus and in next year's magazine.

NEWS OF STAFF:

Every year staff changes have to be reported, but it is especially sad to write of the death of two loved and respected Members of Staff. **Miss Aileen Gray** died last July, and **Mr Josef Jacuk** died last August. Tributes, reflecting the esteem felt for both of them appear later in the magazine.

Several Members of Staff have already left or are about to leave: **Miss Dryburgh** leaves the Modern Languages Department after nearly a lifetime of service in the school. Tribute is paid to her later in the magazine but here we would like to wish her a long and happy retirement.

The Modern Languages Department are also losing **Mrs J. Seith** and we wish every happiness to herself and her husband. Mr. Stevenson writes about her: "She has been performing much excellent work throughout her six years with us, and her way going will be sorely felt. Although it was to the French Department, where she taught with equal skill and success from Form 1 through to Form VI, that Mrs Seith made her main contribution, her services to the German Department will not readily be forgotten—nor indeed those to the Spanish Department, in which she proved to be much more than a mere stand-by teacher.

We trust that this is not the end of her Teaching career, but merely an interlude in it, for the profession can ill afford to be deprived for long of a teacher of Mrs Seith's calibre."

Miss H.I. Lyle left the Physical Education Department to return to Australia. During her stay in school, she involved herself fully in all aspects of the department's multifarious activities and maintained and enhanced its traditional success and high standards. We wish her every happiness and success in her future career.

Mrs J GreenSmith left the Classics Department where she gave diligent service, and also helped considerably with the Guides. We congratulate her on the birth of her daughter.

Mrs L Hopplewhite left the Home Economics Department which she served well and she also helped the Physical Education Department. We congratulate her on the birth of her son.

Mrs I Miller leaves the Chemistry Department as her husband takes up a post in the South. She gave diligent and capable service to that department.

There have also been a number of arrivals and appointments: **Miss E. M. Dickson**, Assistant Rector, joined us in December 1975 and is now a well known figure in the school. An interview with Miss Dickson appears later in the magazine.

Mr N.G.S. Stewart was appointed Head Master of the Physics Department, and

Mr J Lewis was appointed Second Master of that Department.

Mrs E.D. Cathro joined the Modern Languages Department.

Miss R. Anderson joined the Physical Education Department.

Mrs Byrne joined the Home Economics Department

Mrs McKinnon joined the Classics Department.

NEWS OF PUPILS.

There are fuller reports of many of the school activities in the Reports Section, but several items can be mentioned here: The school debating teams have had a varied and successful year. **Dianna Shepherd** and **Stephen Davis** reached the National Semi-Finals of the English Speaking Union Debating Competition; **Katy Langlands** and **John Gailley** reached the regional finals of the Daily Express Debating Competition; **Sarah McMillan** and **Nicole Pyke** reached the final of the Dundee Speakers' Club Speech Contest in which they were runners-up.

There have also been notable successes in music at both the Perth and Arbroath Festivals held in March this year. At Arbroath: **Shelagh Tasker** won a gold medal for the Junior Soprano Solo, **Janette Main** won a Trophy for the Junior Contralto Solo, and also won a gold medal for the 15 and under 18 yrs Scottish songs, for which she gained the first honours mark of the festival. **Beverly Webster** gained the trophy for the 12 and under 15 yrs Scottish songs. This is the second year that Beverly has won this trophy. At Perth Janette won another gold medal for the vocal solos and she was awarded the British Industry Trophy for the best vocal performance at the festival. **Gillian Donaldson** won the Long Gold Medal.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

No magazine can be produced without the effort and labour of a great many people. Only the minor jobs can be done during Friday 9, and I would like to thank all the willing helpers who have given so much of their time and energy to make this a success. Mr. Illsley has again worked miracles with our budget; our fund-raising discos have exceeded our wildest hopes and advertising has brought in more money than expected. Marion has done a lot of thankless and unnoticed work, and Lynne and Denise have produced the Sixth Year Magazine. Diana has worked wonders with finance, done a massive amount of typing and helped to check the proofs. Julie, Liz, Gillian and Alison have spent hours typing, Ian and John have worked hard on photographs, (and the collage is their credit or blame!) The aforementioned people have also worked on the layout with attractive results, particularly seen in Joanna's artwork. I want to thank all of them most sincerely, also the many helpers at our discos, and, of course, all our contributors. I would finally like to thank all of you who support us by buying the magazine, and (as Marion has said in the Editorial) I hope you find this "pot-pourri" to your taste. Thank you, one and all.

R. S. F.

INTERVIEW WITH MISS DICKSON



This year Menzieshill High School snatched the Dundee Speakers' Club Trophy — among the debating awards — from our grasp, but all is not, as you might have expected, gloom and despondency in the D.H.S. camp. On the contrary, secret smiles and gleeful grins can be spotted amid the debaters. Why? Thanks to a conspiracy of Rector and Directors we now have . . . Miss Dickson.

Our new Assistant Rector revealed an engaging frankness when I managed to track her down to interview her for the magazine.

I asked her about her own education. — "I was educated at Hutchesons' Girls' Grammar School — in many ways very like this school. I believe in such formal education; perhaps though the pupil doesn't appreciate it at the time, the benefits afforded by such a stable background become obvious later in life."

Did this mean that any alteration to the curriculum was out of the question? "We are in the last quarter of the 20th century, and everyone must realise the value of the less formal aspects of education, such as extra-curricular activities and liaison with outside bodies."

When I asked Miss Dickson to elaborate on "extra-curricular activities", she replied, "These could include trips to the Repertory Theatre, occasional trips to the Byre in St. Andrews, also visit to the school by TRYP; of course there is debating and also amateur dramatics and opera."

What about leisure-time activities? "What leisure time? Personally I enjoy visits to the theatre, and to a lesser extent, the cinema. My chief love is reading — I'll read practically anything — even sauce bottles if there's nothing better available. Otherwise I enjoy china painting and hillwalking — low level hill walking!"

Asked about languages Miss Dickson said, "I speak English, Glaswegian, French, Spanish, Dutch, some Norwegian and I can get by in German. Needless to say, I also enjoy travelling."

I asked Miss Dickson why she had entered teaching, and why she applied for her present post. "I always wanted to teach, and, since I'm not particularly ambitious, I find it rather strange to be an Assistant Rector."

Did such an administrative post not preclude teaching? "No, I still teach twenty periods a week, which is quite enough, to allow time for administration."

Many of the periods Miss Dickson teaches are R.I. periods, which is appropriate, as, having a diploma in R.I., she served on the SSTA Committee on R.E. which "Investigated different forms of teaching R.E., and eventually put out a report recommending that R.E. should be taught without bias, providing people with information with which to decide for themselves on spiritual matters."

Asked if she had met Miss Gray, Miss Dickson said "I only met her once, and, in a way, I'm quite glad of that, for she was obviously quite a legendary figure, and I will have to do the job in my own way. I hope, though, that the girls will eventually realise that I do care about their progress, and that problems brought to me will be given a sympathetic hearing."

Altogether Miss Dickson seems to have settled down happily and she looks forward to being able to help D.H.S. on to the 21st Century.

L.M.

MISS MARY F. DRYBURGH, M.A.

With Miss Dryburgh's retiral a long record of loyal and dedicated service, both to our School and to her profession, comes to an end.

That record began, perhaps, with her graduation from St Andrews University in 1933, followed by the traditional 'year abroad' in the *École Normale, Valence, France*, and the year of Teacher Training.

She then deserted her kith and kin for a while to take her talents south of the border, first to the profit of the girls of West Byfleet School in Surrey, and later of those of the Welsh Girls School in Staines. It was by now war-time and the latter School had been evacuated to Powis Castle, Welshpool, so that Miss Dryburgh can claim the rather rare distinction of having taught in all three countries of mainland Britain.

But the hankering for home was growing in her heart and in 1942 she returned to Scotland to join the staff of DHS.

Another distinction Miss Dryburgh could claim is that she is one of the few to have been appointed to a post with us twice. Although thirty-four years separate 1942 from 1976 that hard stint was not unbroken, for in 1952, Miss Dryburgh, in an act of fullest self-sacrifice and Christian charity, resigned in order to devote herself to the upbringing of others' children — those of her sister-in-law and bereaved brother.

That duty devotedly done, in 1958 she answered what was a virtual plea for a factotum teacher, and promptly found herself back with us in three saddles, reined to the English, Classics, and Modern Languages Departments.

Within a short time, on the retiral of the late Miss Dorothy Foggie, she was back in her rightful place as a very respected member of the Modern Languages Department alone.

Miss Dryburgh always felt herself involved with her pupils beyond the narrower departmental relationship. She never once missed an opportunity to discuss a child's future at a Parent's Evening, so that it was only natural that when broader guidance posts were established she should be appointed in 1972 Guidance Mistress of Form IV girls.

Miss Dryburgh's departure from our stage means much more than just the retiral of yet another teacher. We are losing a gifted educator, utterly dedicated to her work and to the welfare and advancement of her young charges; equally competent with Form I and Form VI, with the bright and the not so bright, to which latter she gave of her special help, encouragement and patience.

Throughout the years of revolution in teaching methods she constantly kept abreast of the new ideas, and adopted the best of them without losing sight of the main target.

It saddened her greatly that the demands of a largely written form of external examination in Forms IV - VI precluded her from devoting more time to what she believed, and we do not dispute it, ought to be the proper aim of modern-language teaching — fluency in oral communication in the foreign tongue, and the better understanding of, and respect for, the speakers of that tongue and their ways.

Herself a regular visitor to France, she kept her own knowledge of the people and the language alive and up-to-date, and was thus able, to the greater benefit of her classes, to add to the sound basis of her routine teaching the enrichment of personal experience.

Beyond the classroom Miss Dryburgh has many interests and activities, but of these probably two are closest to her heart.

She loves travel, and while France no doubt heads her list, she has journeyed extensively in other lands, not forgetting her own native heath.

Nature too she loves in its many facets, but especially ornithology and things that grow. No mean botanist, she has a special interest in Alpine plants and her personally photographed collection would be the envy of many a botanist and photographer alike.

Miss Dryburgh has yet another claim to distinction, almost unique nowadays. Never to my knowledge has she had a day off School. Influenza and other epidemics have raged; tornadoes have blown; foul weather has disrupted communications — but not once did Miss Dryburgh fail to report to her post.

Even when, one winter, severe snowstorms prevented several members of staff, and many pupils, all resident within the city boundaries, from reaching School, Miss Dryburgh arrived in from Ceres, rather distressed at being a few minutes later — having come part of the way on skis!

Such was ever her determined approach to her work. Such was her devotion to School, which far transcended all calls of mere duty.

I am deeply aware that this is not a mere personal tribute to Miss Dryburgh, but one from all who ever worked with her, and from the thousands of grateful bairns who have had the privilege of passing through her classroom.

Miss Dryburgh, we thank you for all you have meant to us, for all you have done for us, and we wish you the long and tranquil retirement which you now so richly deserve.

J. S.



AILEEN W. GRAY



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MISS AILEEN W. GRAY

The School and all its friends learned with sadness of the death of Aileen Gray on the 8th July 1975.

The two tributes which follow show something of the affection and respect which she inspired in her colleagues and friends. The first is by the Rector and the second by Mr. Howat, formerly Head of the Classics Department.

On the 8th July, 1975, Miss A. W. Gray, Assistant Rector of the School, died after many weeks of treatment in hospital. Bravely and without complaint she had for many months fought against increasing debility: it was tragic to see that great spirit shackled by such weakness of the flesh.

In the midst of World War II when extra-curricular activity was extremely limited — indeed hardly existed at all — a young, spirited and dedicated teacher joined the Classics Department of the High School. Aileen W. Gray immediately showed her concern not only for the progress of pupils in her classes: her enthusiasm for all their interests was also abundantly evident. It was a consequence of this that, despite all the difficulties of wartime restrictions, the Boys' Literary Society united with the Girls' Literary Society to present a superb concert in the Hall. It was an evening which most pupils who attended as performers or as part of the audience will always remember with great affection. Pupils and Staff worked very hard to achieve this success. It was one of the first of many such events which Aileen Gray organised, keeping herself well in the background but using her own special talent for reviving flagging enthusiasm, reassuring the less confident and attending to even the minutest detail without fuss.

To her teaching, Aileen Gray brought scholarship of a high order and a natural gift for exposition. She set a high standard of attainment for all under her care. She set us all an example by achieving in middle life an External Honours Degree in Italian of London University. As a colleague she was always helpful and understanding. She considered her profession noble and valuable, and her conduct, tact and discretion reflected her high principles.

For many hundreds of D.H.S. pupils her name will for ever be associated with qualities of character and spirit, of insight and initiative that left a profound imprint upon the life of the school and on so many pupils both inside and outside of the Classics Department.

The enthusiasm, sincerity and integrity that permeated all her purely academic work were also the dominating features of her many High School activities outside of the classroom. The Girl Guides, Social Service, Public Speaking, Operas, Hospitality, Sports, Athletics, Holidays Abroad, F.P. Activities, Good Causes of all Kinds, Sales of Work, the House System — into all these she threw herself unsparingly, calling upon seemingly inexhaustible reserves of energy and fresh springs of imagination to vitalise and revitalise the abounding activities of the great organism that is a modern school such as ours. She helped, for example, to pioneer in this area the English Speaking Union and Daily Express Public Speaking Contests, which are such a feature of our national educational scene. The power and charm of her personality helped to forge strong links between the F.P. Associations and the School. Few who knew her will ever forget her all pervading presence at Christmas Fairs and the great Easter Fayre of last year. She was in at the start for our school of the Duke of Edinburgh Awards scheme and was responsible for it for many years, having the supreme satisfaction of seeing more than one participant receive her Gold Award.

An older generation used to say, "If you want a job done ask a busy person to do it." That was supremely true of Miss Gray: always she found time for people — time to listen, time to advise, time to encourage and inspire. It was one of her many talents, this ability to open up vistas for young people and inspire them with the confidence to make dreams come true.

It is fitting that the Memorial Fund that will bear her name will be dedicated to helping young people — helping them to benefit from an education at this school which she loved so much and for whose prosperity she worked so hard. For she realised that the quality of life does not depend upon material things, but upon people.

Aileen Gray was a person who felt strongly about many matters. But always intensity was tempered by humour and a bubbling sense of fun and of the ridiculous. Severe where the honour and good name of the school was concerned, she yet had a soft heart for the less able and even for the wayward child perplexed by the many conflicting pressures of the modern world.

Noble tributes were paid to her at the funeral service and at the crowded Memorial Service held later in St. Mary's. We mourn her passing, deeply and sincerely. But we are proud that for over thirty years we had the privilege of having that great spirit among us and that her name will so fittingly be remembered in the annals of the School.

E. M. S.

MISS GRAY

Miss Gray came with a fine record at School, University and Training College to the High School in the dark days of the war, when there was much to make normal school work difficult. But with the same ardour as she had shown as schoolgirl and student she tackled the difficulties and won the support of her pupils. They were on her side for they knew that she was on theirs.

Plunged immediately into the work of presenting candidates for the Higher Leaving Certificate, despite her inexperience, she achieved results which aroused respect and admiration. And many began to realise that what had seemed improbable for them, was, thanks to Miss Gray, within their capabilities. "Possent quia posse videntur."

But laudable as it is to help boys and girls to success in examinations, Miss Gray did more. Her integrity, her determination not to be content with less than best and her lively appreciation of Classical Literature did not fail to make a lasting impression on the minds of her pupils.

Miss Gray was one of the best known teachers of the Classics in the East of Scotland; during the war she served on the Panels of Teachers who reviewed candidates' scripts for the Leaving Certificates Examination. For many years she was secretary to the committee which arranged the Latin and Greek recitations for the St. Andrews area and she was one of the prime movers in the establishment and a committee member of what is now the Tayside Classical Association.

No one could have a more helpful or loyal colleague than Miss Gray. She always was ready and willing to do more than her fair share of the work.

"Give all thou canst; high heaven rejects the lore of nicely-calculated less or more."

To the High School of Dundee Miss Gray ungrudgingly gave herself.

A. P. H.

MR JOSEF JACUK.

The school suffered another severe blow when Mr Josef Jacuk, Head of the Physics Department and Captain of the Cadet Corps, died on Friday 28th August 1975.

As a memorial to the man and his work, we print two tributes. The first is a verbatim report of the tribute the Rector paid to him at his funeral. The second, which concentrates on his services to the Cadet Force, is by his old friend and colleague, Mr. T. Halliday, formerly Head of the Art Department.

TRIBUTE TO MR. JOSEF JACUK.

It is my melancholy privilege and honour this afternoon to pay tribute to Josef Jacuk, but in remembering the man, we cannot forget the tragic suddenness of his passing. For him there was but a brief pause in the valley of the shadow of death and then the release into the great unknown hereafter. Not for him the humiliations of a life handicapped and confined by physical weakness or mental confusion and debility. But for those left behind, there is the paralysing shock, the numbness, the slow struggle back to normality and the bleakness of the empty years ahead. We do not forget at this moment and I would hope in the future we shall not forget those dear to him who are left behind. They, with us, remember a man of courage — of physical courage that in war faced the threat of massacre, endured the rigours of a Siberian prison camp and the arduous trek overland to Persia to join the forces of freedom and continue the fight against the tyranny he loathed. But there was another kind of courage — the moral

courage that took him, after all the hardships of war, into the gates of University. In a strange land, with all the complexities of a strange language to cope with, he aimed at an Honours degree, and succeeded; passing through the entire course without one failure. That took moral courage of a high order.

He was a proud man — proud of his own native land with all its glorious history and culture. He was proud too of his own integration into the land and society of his adoption. He was proud also of the part he was able to play in the life of a great School — in initiating and instructing many hundreds of young people into the mysteries and wonders of Science; in maintaining high standards of scholarship, of courtesy, and of kindness. A sensitive man, he was always intolerant of everything that was shoddy or second-rate in work as in conduct. But especially today, as the uniforms of his colleagues and pupils so vividly remind us, we remember him as a man dedicated not merely to the fine points of military skills and procedures, but to the spirit and the values that lie deeply embedded in all things military. Throughout the length and breadth of this land wherever School Cadets were known, the name of Josef Jacuk was a household word. He knew the values today as never before of sound discipline and self respect.

Our lives were made the richer by knowing him. Our lives are so much the poorer now that he has gone from us. But we shall long remember him and not least of all the infectious sense of humour and the sudden gaiety of spirit that lit up so many dark places for us. His name will often be on our lips.

As the pipes he loved so much sound their last farewell to their departed leader, we remember him with honour and affection, husband, father, soldier, colleague, teacher and friend, Josef Jacuk, a very gallant man.
E. M. S.

MAJOR JACUK

I remember three senior cadets coming to see me — "We have been wondering if it would be possible to have Mr. Jacuk as a cadet officer? He is very well liked by the boys." This happened some six months after Mr. Jacuk took up a teaching post in the High School. We discussed the matter and finally decided that the Sergeant Major and two Sergeants should first approach Mr. Jacuk and then I would see him. He took some time to make up his mind; then, to the great satisfaction of everyone, he decided to join us. That was the beginning of a great friendship between Josef and myself; a friendship which continued after I left the High School and went on right to the time of his sudden death.

Trained as a regular officer, Major Jacuk often spoke of his life in the cadet college in Poland. That had been a happy time for the handsome young cavalry cadet. But a dark veil fell when Nazi Germany invaded Poland and he with many others was taken prisoner. He never spoke of those tragic days of his life. I respected his feelings and never asked him but I sometimes realised from the few remarks he made that he had been at the very gates of hell.

On one occasion, when he and I took an evening off from annual camp at Cultybrogan; we went for dinner to Lochearnhead Hotel. It was a lovely evening as we drove along Loch Earn. We were both sensitive to the beauty of the scene and as the evening passed I felt more and more that I was in the company of a man who had known the depths of tragedy. He could scarcely believe that he was here. His enjoyment was deepened by our friendship and by the beauty around us. He had returned to a life he must often have despaired of ever seeing again. I frequently sensed this great sensitivity in Josef.

He gave himself unsparingly to the cadets and to the school. His experience as a regular officer was of the greatest value to the boys and to his fellow cadet officers. After he took command of the Contingent his success was apparent by the high standard shown at the annual general inspections.

Major Jacuk had some difficulty at times with the language of his adopted country. When he was asked to take command of the cadet force he hesitated about accepting because of the difficulties he might experience when conversing with officers and men of the regular forces and of the consequent misunderstandings which might arise. He had apprehensions about attending War Office and Command Conferences. However, when he came face to face with realities his doubts vanished. He soon became respected and popular with all grades of the Services. The difficulties were in reverse; many senior officers could never remember how to pronounce his name and in consequence he became widely known as Josef.

He upheld the great traditions of his native country. He became a British citizen and served his new country with courage, loyalty and integrity.

Major Jacuk, we are proud to have served with you. Josef, we are privileged to have known you.
T.S.J.H.



NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

Quite a few people have sent letters with information about former pupils and the relevant material is printed below.

We congratulate **Mr. J. M. Fearn**, Secretary of the Scottish Education Department, who was awarded the C.B. in the New Years Honours list.

We have been very pleased to have **Kazumitsu Takahashi** from Tokyo in school. A few years ago, his sister Eiko was in school here and she has kindly sent a photograph of the family which we have printed in the Reports Section.

Mrs. Marjory Thom (nee Foote) now living in Fiji has sent some information about life there. Some of the readers might be interested in trying one of the local recipes: "ika bakalolo" — fish cooked in coconut milk. Coat any filleted fish with egg and flour and cook, first by frying and then by simmering gently for ½ hour, or casseroling in coconut milk which you could make by infusing dessicated cocunut in boiling water and reserving the thick white liquid." Don't blame the Editor if this doesn't work.

Mrs. Frances van Wely who has lived in Rotterdam, Holland for most of the last thirty years would be very interested to contact any of her year. Her address is: 121 Luise de Colignyalaan, Rotterdam 16 (Tel: 128604).

Mrs. Susan Webster (nee Haslock) writes to us from New Zealand. She works as a Registered Nurse and her husband is a Minister of Religion. They have two children: Alison is 10 and Richard is 8. Her address is: 23 Finn Place, Glenfield, Auckland 10.

Mrs. Lee Cunningham (nee Cave) writes from Vina del Mar in Chile, a country which she and her family find stimulating and forward-looking.

Mr. Alfred D. Vannet, L.L.B. commenced duties as Procurator Fiscal Depute at Dundee Sheriff Court on 29th March 1976.

W-FREEZE

JOHN WILLIAMSON

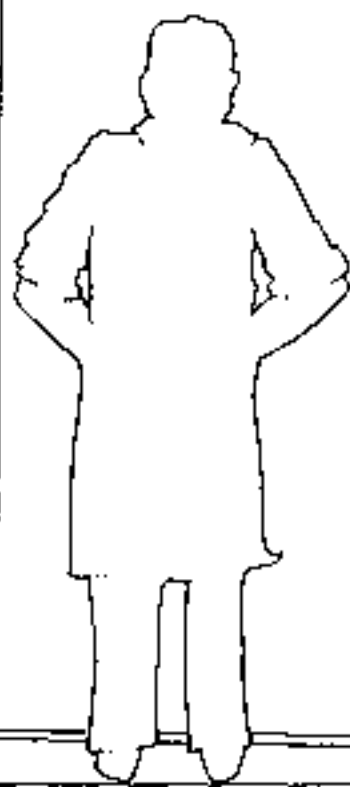
PERTH ROAD, DUNDEE

SUPPLYING SELECTED
MEATS AND QUALITY
FROZEN FOODS TO
DISCERNING BUYERS
IN DUNDEE AND
THROUGHOUT TAYSIDE
AND FIFE.

ALSO AT

ARBROATH
FORFAR

BLAIRGOWRIE
KIRRIEMUIR





DUX MEDALISTS 1975-76

- Front Row (l-r): Ross N.F. Collins (Junior), Catherine O'Malley (Preparatory), Jacqueline A Robb (School, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Natural Sciences) Hilary L Mottshaw (Junior), Christopher M.W. Duff
- Middle Row (l-r): Gavin J Gibson (FV), Neil Merryless (FTI), Jennifer L Houslop (FID), Walter S Jamieson (FII), Mark B Crighton (FII), Stephen V Rogers (FV).
- Back Row (l-r): Hilary Ritchie (German), Sushilla M Jamieson (Art), Dianne E Shepherd (English, Geography), Marion N McCraw (History), Helen W Taylor (Italian), Alison L Green (Biology), Pauline B Butcher (Spanish).
- Absent: Graham W Stewart

HUMOUR

Welcome, dear reader. Now that you have managed to raise a second mortgage on the dog-kennel to buy this lovingly-prepared work, you may think of yourself as a member of an elite body of patrons of the arts as you have bought a copy of one of the world's leading periodicals (second only in circulating figures to the Cricklewood Clarion) whose aim is to allow budding novelists to see their names in print for the first time. Within this little section of the magazine, you might find the tentative scribbings of a budding Thurber, Monty Python or more likely a future newsreader, bursting with merry witticisms and cheery quips, aimed at making us forget the latest strike or the fact that the pound in your pocket is now worth only 47½ pence.

If however, you read on through these gems of wit, you will lose all your worries and cares along with a big helping of sanity.

This year we have for you a selection of spiffing tales, mystic sagas equalling the greatness of 'Noggin the Nog', puzzles and quizzes guaranteed to increase your stock of useless tidbits of information, great satirical works of higher merit than Swift's 'Gulliver' or even 'Gar Wullie' and last but by no means least, for your delectation and pleasure, we have assembled from the lowest depths of humour an Irish Joke Page, guaranteed to make you the darling of the wallie set.

Having told (or rather warned) you what is in this section, it only remains for me to thank all of you who wrote something for this part of the magazine and I would like to thank all of you nice people who bought a copy of this masterpiece for giving me something to do in Friday 9 as without your financial support, the magazine would be 100% shorter than it is.

Oh well, I've said all that needs to be said so I'll let you get on with your reading with only one last warning — do not try to take this back after reading it and ask for a refund or else you will be incarcerated in the Prefects' Room and after all, look what an effect it has on them!

John H. Gailey M. B. E. *

* Most brilliant editor.

BASIC DIAGNOSIS, TREATMENT AND NURSING FOR CATS

Before you start bringing any of your medical knowledge into practice, make sure

- (1) You never do this alone
- (2) You have the doctor's telephone number at hand.
- (3) You have not fallen behind with your life assurance premiums.

Diagnosis

This is the easy bit — just follow the table below and avoid second opinions — this involves ridiculously high vets' bills.

Treatment

Here, you take your life into your own hands — remember the 'patient' is totally opposed to being helped back to health by you or anyone else. I have been told that putting the cat on a smooth topped table helps when treating them, but when I tried this, the grateful moggy kicked two glasses off. Treat the simple operation of giving your cat a tablet as a battle of wits. For that is what it is. Immobilise the patient — wrap him in a blanket or an old overcoat. If you can, fool him that it is a game. Remember at all times take great care.

Here is a simple table of some of the rare diseases your cat might contract.

Alcoholism:- Symptoms:-

- (1) Falling over.
- (2) Glazed expression.
- (3) Loud purring and amiable attitude.

Diagnosis

- (1) Count his legs (loss of one or more could result in falling over).
- (2) Put your head between your legs and inhale deeply (serves you right for smelling his breath).
- (3) Smell his breath.

Treatment:

- (1) Give him an aspirin and put him to bed.
- (2) Don't shout at him the next day.

Dutch Elm Disease — rare one this — needn't get worried unless your pet has a wooden leg or legs.

Myomatosis:- Symptoms:-

- (1) Ears and tail become deformed
- (2) Strange liking for carrots, lettuce, etc. develops.

Nicotinism:- (tobacco-poisoning) Tricky one this — Symptoms:-

- (1) Bronchial cough
- (2) Yellowed paws

Treatment — Check up on your cigarettes and try and stop his supply.

Nympholepsy — (state of frenzy induced by impassioned desire for something unobtainable) rare one again this —

Symptoms —

- (1) Glazed expression
- (2) Rolling of eyes

Treatment — Stop letting him watch you eating your Dover sole.

Dr. Henry Bongo B B.C. i.t.v. d.d.

**THE STORY OF RINDECILLA
(OTHERWISE KNOWN AS CINDERELLA)**

Once upon a time, in a big forest, in a lonely lake there was a beautiful castle and in this castle lived a handsome prince. Now the prince was wanting to get married, so his father said to him, "Why not throw a party? make it a fancy dress ball!" And so he sent invitations to everyone with fancy dress to come.

Now nearby there lived a pretty maiden called Rindecella who had two ugly blisters (I know it's not right, but it sounds good) and they made her do all the work. They bent to the wall but left Rindecella humping the screech because she'd no fancy dress (you thought I'd change it, didn't you?)

Suddenly after the sisters had gone, a WOP (reverse) a beautiful woman appeared. "I am your fairy godfather," she said, "you shall go to the fancy dress ball, Rindecella!" She pointed as she spoke and POAZ, there was a beautiful dress and glass slippers.

"But how will I get there?" asked Rindecella.

"Near foot," said the fairy godfather and "GEM she turned a pumpkin into a coach with six white whallions, "but remember when the stroke strikes midnight, everything will change back!"

At the fancy dress ball she danced with the handsome prince all night and he fell in love with her. Then the stroke struck. Rindecella suddenly remembered the warning and ran away but she dropped her slipper on the stairs. "Pop the party!" cried the prince and they all popped the party. He slipped up the slipper and ordered that every pretty maiden in the kingdom try it on, to find Rindecella.

At Rindecella's house they asked if there were any beautiful girls. "There are two pretty maidens," made the mother but they were, of course the ugly blisters. But try as they would, no foot would fit the slipper because they had big feet.

"Is there anyone else?" they asked.

"Only Rindecella, she's brushing the floor. But the glass slipper fitted her, so the handsome prince married the pretty maiden and they all lived happily ever after.

DNE ENT

Mohr Jarshall 3F



The M.P. heaves his great bulk from the black, chauffeur-driven limousine to the hard, grey pavement. He stands there for a few seconds, exhausted, regaining his strength for the mammoth task which lies before him—to climb the half dozen steps leading up to the door of his office! He strenuously lifts one foot, places it in front of the other, and does the same again. This takes him all the way up to the bottom step. Easy does it—and he's on the first step! The excitement of it! Everyone knows he's had a few last night, and even the chauffeur is secretly wondering whether he's going to fall over backwards at the last moment. He strenuously shifts his immense weight from one foot to the other. Will he make it? What suspense! Yes! He's done it! It's not very difficult to see why this man has just won the election! Exhausted, he gives a triumphant wave to the spectators, and steps over the threshold of his new home. Mind the step, sir! Oh dear! Well, don't just stand there: help him up!

Andrew Jaffries.

THE IRISH JOKE PAGE

Here it is, the page that not even the "Sun" would print — they have far too much good taste. Firstly the quickies designed to be told swiftly, allowing plenty of time for a fast get-away.

1st person: Did you hear about the Irishman who was covered in bumps and bruises?

2nd person: No.

1st person: He tried to hang himself with a rubber band.

1st person: Do you know how to confuse an Irishman?

2nd person: No.

1st person: Lean a couple of shovels against a wall and tell him to take his pick.

1st person: Did you hear about the Irish tadpole?

2nd person: No.

1st person: It turned into a butterfly.

1st person: What does WIMPEY stand for?

2nd person: I don't know.

1st person: We Import More Paddies Every Year.

1st person: Why do the Irish have all the potatoes and the Arabs have all the oil?

2nd person: I don't know.

1st person: The Irish had the first choice.

And finally, a real quickie to yell out while being hotly pursued by crowds of groaning victims.

Did you hear about the Irishman who spent a week swotting for his blood-test?

There, that wasn't so bad, now was it? and now for some more substantial anecdotes to tell to a captive audience who should be firmly nailed down to stop them from escaping.

An Irishman went to a diving contest, and did a stunning dive off the top board, entering the water without a ripple. On looking at the score-board, he read, Dive—10, 10, 10. Appearance—0, 1, 0. Feeling rather annoyed, he went over to the scorer and asked him why his score was so low. The scorer replied, "It was a tremendous dive, Paddy, but you do have a button missing from your Donkey Jacket and there's mud on your wellies."

Flight No. 138 from Dublin was flying to London with only the pilot and four passengers on board. A Frenchman, an Irishman, a Welshman and an Englishman. Suddenly, the plane began to pitch about and the pilot ran to the passenger-compartment. "We're going to crash. You'd better all jump, there's only three parachutes left," he said, grabbing a parachute. Straightway the Frenchman declared that he was 'Ze greatest lover en ze whole of Franco' and deserved to be saved, grabbed a parachute and jumped. The Irishman declared that he was the Irish competitor for the 'Brains of Britain' award and deserved to be saved, grabbed a parachute and leapt out.

The Englishman then looked at the Welshman and asked him what they were going to do — after all, there was only one parachute between them. The Welshman, a jolly little dwarf called Blodwyn, replied, "Don't let's worry about that, boyo, when the Irishman jumped, he grabbed my rucksack."





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GIRLS NETBALL

Back Row (l-r): Fiona Ogilvie, Fiona Boyd, Avril Balfour, Jillian Lindsay
Susan Jackson, Miss Anderson

Front Row (l-r): Norma King, Catherine Sumner, Alison Andrew



"KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE"

Our story begins in 942 A.D. in the kingdom of Britain, then called East Acton. There lived a king called Arthur. He and his knights were members of a charitable organisation called the "Round Table", which met in selected hotels throughout East Acton. This is a story of valour, courage, chivalry and pride. Arthur's castle had newly been taken over by Trust House Forte, and was being altered to accommodate cars. Therefore, he was not very happy.

"Left a bit, right a bit, watch the fruit machines!" shouted Arthur. "Progress - I hate it - fruit machines in 942! What will it be like in 1942?" he sighed. His castle had been completely renovated, and had been re-named "Camelot Motel". "Now, I want no confusion with that 'Crossroads Motel'! Do you hear? No confusion!"

"Yes Sir!" replied ye noble foreman. "Willst thou grant us our tea-break, sire?" he asked.

"Oh yes, but why must you talk like that?"

"Just trying to build up ye olde atmosphere, sire!" he replied blithely. (Now he's got me at it!)

"Very well, serf! Away with thee! For, as I always say, 'If thou canst not beat them join them!'"

"Yes indeed!" sneered Sir Chancelot. "Very good indeed, sire!"

"Don't crawl now, Chancelot. Leave that to the serfs."

At this point Sir Bedivere entered. Bedivere had been chief of "Ye British Laylands" which produced top breeds of chargers and chariots. This company collapsed due to strikes and Bedivere was one of ye unemployed which Sir Denis of Healey so frequently mentioned.

"Tiresome chap, that Sir Harold of Wilson, don't you think, Bedivere?" said Arthur. "Undoubtedly, sire, but he is ye Prime Minister!" (Translation - Top Minstrel.)

"Not No I Bedivere, that is Sir Edward of Heath. Sir Harold is the top Jester (Translation - clown or idiot). But wait! What is that - a fanfare of electric guitars, behold Sir Elton of John, the brave and famous knight who has been fighting ye Black knight Steve Wonder - for ye No. 1 record of 942."

Sir Elton of John entered, clad in stainless steel armour covered with purple, metallic polka dots. He bowed to King Arthur, and told the king that he had been victorious.

"Well done, Sir Elton, I have another quest for ye. It concerns a lady whom I wish to marry. That lady is Lady Margaret of Thatcher. Ye, and ye alone, can find her. She is locked in some room at the castle of Sir Harold of Wilson, Ye Transport House. Go, Sir Elton, go and seek her." At this, Sir Elton, turning on his six inch platform heel, fell flat on his face. Quickly he crawled away in search of the maiden.

Meanwhile, preparations were being made for "Ye Royale Joust". Sir Chancelot was to drive a blue Ford Escort, while Sir John of Ricardo was gambling with his life in a Chrysler Alpine. "Let ye contest begin!" said Arthur.

The cars burst into life and began to move towards each other, each car gaining speed until the Chrysler swerved off the track and burst into flames.

Once again Sir Chancelot was victorious, but what of Sir Elton?

Transport House loomed up in front of Sir Elton, where in a high turret, Lady Margaret was quietly contemplating how to be an ordinary housewife. Suddenly Sir Elton burst in, lifted Lady Margaret into his arms, and carried her back to Camelot Motel, meeting no opposition on account of discussions about 'Ye Social Contracts'.

Back at Camelot, Arthur was discussing the installation of electric pumps to pour the mead evenly.

"I really think that this electricity is ahead of its time," sighed Arthur, as he put another barrel of mead into the cellar. "I wonder how Sir Elton is getting on." At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a midget calling himself Sir Arthur of Askey appeared. Sir Arthur's motto was "Hello Playmates!" and he was a distant relation of King Arthur's dustman.

"I have come, sire, to be thy jester," he squeaked.

"Then jest man, jest!" cried King Arthur.

However, before he could begin there was a fanfare of electric guitars - Sir Elton had returned with Lady Margaret.

"Good day, Lady Margaret!" said King Arthur.

"Hello Art, and I think I said this at the Brighton Conference . . . !!" King Arthur and his knights drew back trembling. Lady Margaret had been got at by the "Labour buggie" which affected speech and also led to the growth of a pipe on the right hand. The question was, were they too late, or could she be saved by having Sir Edward of Heath sailing her in "Ye Admiral Cup"?

This question lingered on in Arthur's mind until Lady Margaret crossed the finishing line in first place. With this knowledge, Arthur could die peacefully.

His final request was that his trusty colour television should be given back to the lady of the discount warehouse, and then Arthur was carried off to the Trust House Forte hotel in the sky.

This story was of the courage of one man to set up fearlessly a hotel in East Acton.

Nicholas P. Tott, Form 4

ANOTHER GREAT PRODUCT FROM DIDDLE U - THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU GREAT BOARD GAMES LIKE "FESTERING CORPSES" AND "SPOT THE LOONY". ATTENTION SLIGHTLY NAUGHTY PEOPLE, NAUGHTY PEOPLE AND CASES.

Are you an 'in person'? If so, then throw away the backgammon and take up the great new pastime, LEPROSY. Yes folks, LEPROSY is the great new family game. Watch your friends faces when you arrive at a party in your Citroen Maserati then leap out all covered in ash-cloth and sacks, ring your bell and chant gleefully "Unclean! Unclean!" Watch them turn green with envy and scatter.

All you have to do to enjoy this ineffable pleasure of being a leper, is to send a cheque or postal order for £1,150,000 to the Allied Halifax And Paignton Stip-o-Rama Convent (Pontypool) Ltd and you shall be sent six Asian rats carrying the disease. For maximum effect, rub them up and down your body until you break out in grey and yellow purulent sores. (N.B. The rats are not to be taken internally) If you are not wholly satisfied with the course, (whether you feel it a little bit silly, or a bit suicidal or even, mercy on us, an eensy, teensy, weensy wee bit expensive), you are at will to send the rats back within thirty seconds of receiving them with your only commitment being a bullet in the back.

This great new sport could surpass the former national pastime of G.B.H. and bankruptcy. The effect is shattering.

Some satisfied clients' comments:

"At first, in Lochee I was considered something of an oddity what with my sackcloth and my tendency to exterminate people at will, but now people accept it and let me go to the front of the queue and suchlike know what I mean me old china?" Elizabeth Windsor. (Mrs. I

"Splash 'am all over. Mmmmm!" A slightly known boxing personality.

"It's??" A? - Surgery." Jess Yates (Miss)

Some surprising facts - did you know that nine out of ten children prefer laprosy to the beans you are probably giving them?

We should like to thank the following people for their help in making this article without whom this might have been very good.

Mr. Plank (Taste in Jackets) Alan.

S.B. (I'm a legs man) Davis.

"MmmmmCondor" Jane D. Wilf "Williams daughter, - Will's wife - get it?"

A WARNING. BY H.M. GOVERNMENT

LEPROSY CAN DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH.

Inserted by me and D. H. Lawrence. (No relation, honest!)

MULTIPLE GUESS QUIZ

Do examinations make you shudder, use four letter words, or drive you to such depths of frustration that you tear your hair out? Do you get locked in the toolshed when Mumsie and Daddy read your report card which the stupid dog did not manage to eat "by accident"?

If the answer to either of the above questions is yes, yeah, or mind your own business, then this is just the quiz for you - the first (and possibly the last) OOHSDÉEZI M[®] Grade General Knowledge Quiz.

Simply choose the correct answer for each question. For example, you might think that the answer to question one is A Hint, hint. Now that you have got one right, take a crack at the others. Good luck!

- (1) What is the common name for the patella?
A - Kneecap. B - Boat. C - Tonsil. D - Skull.
- (2) Who said 'Let them eat cake'?
A - Mr. Kipling. B - Marie Antoinette. C - Jesus.
D - Stalin.
- (3) What was unique about the British Premier, Spencer Percival?
A - He had a glass eye. B - He was gay (no modern connotations, gay means polly). C - He was assassinated. D - Trick Question.
- (4) Who was the king of Troy during the great siege?
A - King Arthur. B - King Priam. C - A wooden horse.
D - Queen Helen.
- (5) Which element is represented by the letter B?
A - Boron (like this quiz). B - Bosphorous. C - B.
D - Beer.
- (6) What is a pyrometer used for?
A - Measuring pyros. B - Surface area measurement. C - Measuring high temperatures.
D - Measuring pyrometric reaction (ask the Physics department if you get stuck, who knows you might even illumox them).
- (7) In 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', what is the name of the play performed by Peter Quince and his friends?
A - Oh Calcutta! B - Young Lovers. C - Bottom's Story. D - Pyramus and Thisbe.

(8) Where is the home of the only monkey living wild in Europe?

A - Gibraltar. B - Russia. C - Balgay Park.
D - Dundee High School (the Dining Hall to be precise).

(9) What is the official motto of the Olympic Games? (Just to prove that the magazine's not out of touch with world affairs - should be great in Tokyo this summer)

A - They shall not win. B - Citius Altius Fortius.
C - Win or Die. D - Per ardua ad astra

(10) In 'Pride and Prejudice' which character represents Pride?

A - Darcy. B - Mar. C - Mohammed Ali. D - Brian Clough.

(11) Who created Tarzan?

A - T.V. B - Edgar Rice Burroughs. C - Johnny Weismuller. D - Metro Goldwyn-Meyer.

(12) What is Hagiarchy?

A - The study of hags. B - Rule of saints or holy people. C - Rule by women. D - The act of making haggis.

(13) What is the name of the Japanese art of dwarfing trees?

A - Tree Dwarfing. B - Bonsai. C - Shrubbing.
D - Shrinking.

(14) Which was the first antibiotic to be discovered?

A - Sulphuric acid. B - Penicillin. C - Opal Fruits.
D - 1941.

(15) March comes in like a lion, how does it go out?

A - Like a mouse. B - Knackered. C - Like a lamb.
D - Like a wombat.

How did you score?

10-15 Gosh, ripping, good show! Now do you see what good value the lees are? Send 'Magnus' a letter and you might end up in that nice leather armchair. (This is really just a piece of 'buttering up' to induce you to try the next magazine quiz.)

5-10 Not bad really, you might try a little less intellectual quiz show like 'University Challenge'; don't forget your coloured teddy and tasteless scarf.

0-5 Don't be too disappointed, you could always have a bash at 'Screen Test' and there will be a good job waiting for you in some area of careers like rodent operative, assistant gravedigger or head of the Civil Service.

Less than one. Come off it, you were meant to take this seriously.

* Moron.



An Irishman bought a new Rolls and was taking it home along the motorway and it could only do ten m.p.h. so he stopped at a lay-by and phoned up the A.A. The mechanic from the A.A. asked him what the matter was with the car. The Irishman said that he could not get it to go faster than ten m.p.h. The A.A. man had finally twigged the Irishman's predicament and asked him what gear he was in. The Irishman replied, 'The usual gear, donkey jacket and wellies.'

And finally one to sum up the mentality of the people who make these jests.

1st person: What has got an I.Q. of 144?

2nd person: I have simply no idea whatsoever.

1st person: A gross box of Irishmen.



From small beginnings

To make this Bonny Babies Competition even more fun for you (the working classes) we have given each photo an appropriate (well, we thought so) caption. When you think you have guessed which member of staff each photo represents, turn to the Reports Section to find the answers, the winners, the apologies, and those responsible.



a baby's bottom

. big ends.

- (1) "Friends, Romans, Countrymen . . ."
- (2) "Just call me Napoleon."
- (3) "A Midsummer's Day dream."
- (4) "To bee or not to be, that is the question . . ."
- (5) "Look like the innocent flower but be the serpent under it . . ."
- (6) "What is the cosine of the angle between my mummy and me if my mummy is south of me?"
- (7) "Carrots grow well in a sandy soil."
- (8) ". . . and she is fair and fairer than that word . . ."
- (9) "I am not amused."
- (10) "I'm sitting so quietly that you could almost call me a still life."
- (11) "Thinks: 'Espèce d'idiot!'"
- (12) "If you turn the camera round a bit, you'll get a uniform cross-section of me."
- (13) "You're not hearing me! I said, 'Oh la la,' NOT, 'Oh ga ga.'"
- (14) "Am I a test-tube baby?"
- (15) "Is this a photographer I see before me, the camera towards my hand?"
- (16) "Veni, vidi and I'm going to hit you with this conker!"
- (17) "You can't park 'ere, mate."



"DEAR GOD please
Let us meet the
DEADLINE!"

THE END

[At last]! 20



THE BOYS HOCKEY 2ND XI

Back Row (l-r): Mr J.G. Baxter, Gordon Menzies, Gordon Bowden, Grant Mitchell,
Ewan Crawford, Mark Hargreaves, Graeme Duncan, Mr. S.F. Williamson
Front Row (l-r): Neil Aately, Bruce Allan, Peter Tweedie, Donald Sweater, Bryan
Beattie



BOYS HOCKEY 1ST XI

Back Row (l-r): Mr Macdonald, Scott Brown, Robert Bruce, Grant Carnegie, Keith Wilson, Kevin McGarry

Front Row (l-r): Timothy Dallas-Ross, James Aitken, Craig Suttie, Sandy Melvin, Ross Weir

School Section

From bitter experience I have learned that when I mention "school", everyone stifles a yawn and when I say I'm from the "School mag" everyone suddenly takes their leave saying they have more urgent matters to attend to. When I took on this section I had premonitions that this would happen; after all, who wants to write about school when one's spent the whole day slaving away there? This seems to be true especially of the senior school, whose contributions are particularly meagre, although this is more than made up for by the prolific outpourings of the preparatory school.

A typical senior school answer to my promptings was actually submitted as an article by Richard Barrie F.I.:

"I would if I could
but I can't so I won't!"

However, this isn't to say that I didn't get any articles. I did get some and of those, I've included the majority in this section so I hope you enjoy reading them.

(Those, who have struggled this far but are daunted by this amount, may wish to turn to the reports page or the humour and photographs sections, pages that need no further explanation.)

Within the section I have organised the material into three categories

(1) the pupils' articles inspired by the school environment — with quotes from prominent members of staff and edited articles scattered throughout them. For convenience I have called these "Scholastic Scribbles".

(2) articles dealing with changes taking place or suggestions for changes and reforms to take place in the school.

(3) a rough chronologically-organised diary of notable events that have occurred during the last school session (this last part appears in the reports section).



SCHOLASTIC SCRIBBLES

There's no need to say much about this; it's just a selection of mis-spellings, nice ideas and amusing anecdotes.

I wonder whether the preparatory pupil's concern with essentials of life, i.e. toilets, is caused by their instinctive realism, or is it a product of indoctrination and forced feeding? According to one eminent historian who croaked (croccused?) "... every two years they emptied the cesspit by hand but didn't get much out of it. ... they had little trouble except on infrequent occasions. Funny things also appear to be happening in chemistry these days to quote a slip of the tongue from one smart man — it was not a while but "a sh" precipitate that was formed". I can only say that there must be a superfluous amount of manure these days.

Here are some quotations scrounged from the most often used clichés of several departments. The first outcry received with the correct fit of quotations to teachers and for departments may receive a complimentary copy of the magazine.

"No one ever speaks to me; I must use another type of aftershave."

"It's simply not good enough; write out the right hand page."

"What are you playing at — Tarzan?"

"Extra work for you!"

"Or I'll have you out of the School before your feet can touch the ground."

"Eh... well... cough, splutter... er..."

"Now I'm going to tell you a little story."

"Looking, looking, looking... rucking, rucking, rucking... thinking, thinking, thinking..."

"I'm not hearing you."

"This is very true."

"Now then, John, don't let's panic about this."

When the school's very own gnome was asked, as he bounced off a door knob, about the telephone link being established between Mr. Fyall's and Mr. Chynoweth's rooms, he answered, "I've ordered an extension so I can listen in."

"There are 3 types of statistics:

Statistics, or
damn statistics, ... and lies."

(So called because I've taken evidence from one or two articles as an indication of a general trend.)

This year the magazine committee suggested to the school's imaginative pupils that they might like to tell us their thoughts on the ideal school in the year 2000 A.D.

However, some of the articles reflected more of their own characteristics than anything else:

From a F.I. and an obviously not very industrious pupil: "Each pupil will have a reclining chair with no desks. You would not have to do any work if you did not want to. If you got bored about what he (the teacher) was talking about, you could leave the room." "All the questioning and answering is done using the Multiple choice system... the papers are then fed into a computer" — funnily enough computers did seem to crop up a lot — "even for use in the primary school". All the educational equipment definitely had to be of a high standard (perhaps a reflection of the school's present state). In 2000 A.D. it would even have its own radio telescope "to enable the school astrology (??) club to trace satellites"; that's the latest by the way! The facilities even extended to fantasy "Field-work parties regularly go on space trips (perhaps led by spacemen?) from the school to carry out experiments."

Some were dismissive: "Ask any scholar what they think of school and "Rubbish" will be the most likely answer"; some were both rhetorical and fatalistic "school is by no means perfect but what can we do about it?" But the prize comment must be "As for the teachers, they can't be helped, poor souls."

Concerning themselves with more routine matters they commented, "Nothing consists of a one piece plastic suit in the colours of gold, navy blue and red; the "school colours, in fact" (?) — this pupil needs educating!) However, he continues: "the boys and girls play rugby and hockey every Thursday afternoon and do physical training during the week, one class where the teacher has not been replaced since the 1970's..."

They did require certain standards of comfort. "all the passages and rooms are carpeted." One F.1. would go even further. In doing so he would certainly not be popular with the Collage of Technology as this school dining hall is situated on the ground floor of one of the newer sections and he proposes that "the school lunch hall should certainly be pulled down . . ."

Commenting on wider social conditions someone's views on public transport obviously colour their contribution. "the pupils arrive by public transport, all private cars having been banned from the city centre, and on passing a security check enter the building."

In one essay, views on the school of today seemed to be the subject: "the teachers should not give homework unless the pupil has not been working in class. In this kind of school the teachers would not be allowed to give the belt or long tasks."

To sum up though, I think this was the most valid conclusion: "It is all very interesting but I think I would rather have D.H.S. 1976 (despite its obvious drawbacks)."

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW YOUR SCHOOL?

Once during the summer holidays, I was stopped at the top of Reform Street by a man looking and sounding the epitome of American humanity. 'You know what that building is?' he drawled. I was happy to oblige. Our Graecian facade had obviously impressed him but I was astounded at the lack of knowledge one had, even after having spent 11 years in this "Schola Clara".

Why not test yourself by answering these questions?

- 1) Who is the Rector? (Have you spelt it correctly?) 1 mark.
- 2) How many verses has the School song? (Now learn them) 1 mark.
- 3) Who wrote it? 2 marks.
- 4) What does 'Prestante Domino' mean? 1 mark.
- 5) Where can you see an old School bell? 1 mark.
- 6) What animals are there on either side of the pillars? 1 mark.
- 7) When does the Boys' School celebrate its 150th anniversary? 1 mark.
- 8) Who is commemorated on the plaque on the West wall of the Boys' School? Why? 2 marks.

Answers

- 1) E. M. Stewart, Esq.
- 2) 12 and a chorus.
- 3) George Ross Merry - words, and David Farrier - music.
- 4) Tho Lord is our guide.
- 5) To the right, immediately behind the pillars.
- 6) Two lions.
- 7) 1984.
- 8) Sir David Anderson, designer of the Forth Road Bridge.

How well did you score?

7-10 marks - You obviously have your wits about you, and have excellent powers of observation. You can certainly claim to be associated with the School.

4-6 marks - Sadly, you are typical of the vast amount of people who can frequent a building and never really know about it.

1-3 marks - You could hardly have scored less. Perhaps you should bother about more than your day to day work. Or why not leave, I doubt if we'll remember you either!

WELCOME TO INSIGHT

. . . . your new magazine feature which uncovers for you, the Public, the innermost secrets of the those who inhabit the darker corners of the D.H.S. Yes, folks, your friends (!!!) the staff! This issue, we have interviewed for you some of the more celebrated members of the aforesaid, asking them the million-dollar question . . .

What new flavour of crisps would they like to see next?

- Mr. Gillespie - Caviare
- Mr. Gilt - Strawberry
- Mr. Allen - Treacle and cheese
- Mr. Baxter - Mayonnaise
- Mr. Fyall - Coca-cola.
- Mrs. Burness - Scampi.
- Dr. Robertson - Escargots.
- Mr. Nigel Stewart - Smoked Mackerel.
- Dr. Bell - Apple.
- Mrs. Leishman - Mint.
- Mrs. Crerar - Curry.

Other Comments (!?) -

Fish and Chips, Champagne, Pilchard, Brandy, Milk Stout, Peanuts, Sausage and Egg.
P.S. And remember folks, if you have a question, you would like to put to the members of staff, write it on a piece of paper and address it to the Magazine or better still, ask them yourself.

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My School
My school is nice.
We do sums at school.
We have snack in the middle of school.
I go to Dundee High School.

KAREN WILKIN L1a.

My School.
We look at books. We play in school. It is Dundee High School. It has toilets.

IAN ROBERTSON L1a

My School.
I am in the Dundee High School. But I do not like Milk.

ANTHONY L1a.

My teacher is Miss Lawson and I like her. I like to go to Jim to. I like to do sums as well But best of all I like it when the bell rings. But I like school to. I like all the teachers. I have lots of friends and I like them. I like the class to. But it is far to hot. I like doing book work. We play games. I like reading very much. I like spell to. Infat I like most things.

BECCA L2a.



My school.
My School is Dundee High School. There are lots of rooms. We have a toilet.

MICHAEL L1a.

My School.
I have a school I am in it. In the school there are lots of rooms. It is called Dundee High School.

ANDREW BREWSTER L1a.

SCHOOL

What I like best at school is drawing and riting and reading. What I dont like at school is sums and games.

My best thing at school is making things and geting ney books to read. And my best friend is Shona. The teacher I like best is Miss Lawson.

I do not like larning the time. I feel very narvis wen Miss night comes in and the head Master comes in as well.

I like news time as well. I do not like reading books in the libry at all.

Julie, L. 2 A.

And for purposes of comparison: an article by the Head Girl:

At Home.

At home I play with my friends and my brother. And some times I help Mummy and Daddy. After tea I go out and play. On Sunday I go riding with my cousin.

MARY ROSE L2a 1965 (June)

Nothing has changed much, has it?



The Rector.

The Rector is called Mr. Stewart. He wears a black cloak and underneath he wears a suit. Every term he comes with the reports and and he sometimes wears glasses. He has black hair and brown eyes. The Rector sometimes comes at other times as well to see us. I like him very much.

CLAIRE STOTHERS L3a.

The Rector.

The Rector wears a long black cloak and he gives us our reports. He has a lot of work to do. I think he has blue eyes. He comes round to see us sometimes. His room is in the boys school. We get our reports two times a year. Mr. Stewart is in charge of the school. I think he is nice.

SUSAN GARMANY L3a

At school the things that I like best are sewing and sums Maths are very nice because I usually get a star for them. Sewing is nice because I am on to knitting now. Soon when I am bigger I might start crocheting maybe I would crochet a cardigan for mummy.

REBECCA WORMSLEY L3b

What I like about school is that I like working but what I don't like about School is the playground I don't like going there because you can get hurt by the football and you go to bett and lilley. And you shod see are class room it is just a mes some times people have to go to miss night because they have diun bad work

AILSA JANE L11a.

BETTY and LILY

I like Betty and Lily because they are kind. If you fall you can go over to Betty and Lily's and they will put a plaster on your sore nee. Or if you are not feeling well you can go over and they will give you a book and you can sit sit down and read

GILLIAN CRAWFORD



I like Gymnastics best of all. I can do tripple cart-wheel and I can swing on the frame. I can do a rollie-pollie on the mat. It is grate fun at jim. We play great games and races and some-times we do hurdals and bat-races and doj ball and sometimes we play kick the ball or hit the ball.

ANDREW GIBB L3b.

I like best about school Maths, English and Nature. They are my best things. I like reading and tables as well. I like drawing. I like gym. I like doing home-work. It is good because I get a tick and some-times a star. I like doing all spns of things. We get milk and wee red biskats. We get mashmallos as well. But in the playg-ground we areno t aloud to fight or throw stones because you might get a stone in your eye. That would be very, very bad

FIONA STEVENSON L3b

My best friend is Katrina, Susan, Ailsa, Christopher, Becca, Mandy, Peter, Andrew.

CLAUDIA

I like School and my teach is some time in a bad mod so we have to be good and when she is in a bad mod we had to do our best wicke the classroom has a funny corry and in the uthr corry there is nams of papply and in the last corry that is sume hoarse and at lunchs ther is three corssis and I eat them all up and all the uthr papple wat thers allup and I play in the playground with Nicola Donald and I can see senyrs and when we are ready to

CARROLL L2a.



Now for all those disappointed pupils who had hoped for a nice bit of juicy foot stomping about their favourite topics of length of hair (boys), uniform lunisex ... no, not the uniform, the people whose interests it concerns), and sundry other grievances; here is the only article I received about it — so you had better do better next year!!

“POINTS I WOULD CRITICISE ABOUT D.H.S.”

One point which I think could be improved greatly on is the fact that owing to the fact that the girls have no playground and that we have been banned from the boys' school and playground forms one to three girls all are expected to go to "Lils" at break and lunchtime. We have been given Form rooms, but oftener than not we are told to get out by the teachers to whom these rooms belong, therefore I think the whole of the Secondary School should be given common rooms and lockers where their belongings can be kept in safety without the chance of them being mislaid or taken. ... (Ed.: The 1st point has recently been rectified (rectorified?) — permission has been granted for the girls to use the tarmac area of the playground for an experimental period.)

Another criticism by many is that often you may find you have no homework for a couple of days then suddenly you find yourself landed with piles of homework to do. I think this could be sorted out quite simply by the teachers planning a homework timetable so that homework would be spread out evenly throughout the week.”



HEADS, YOU WIN!

And now, the moment you've all been waiting for . . . The revelations — completely uncensored — of those Pillars of the School (in a purely metaphorical sense, of course): your two - and - only friendly, neighbourhood Head Boy and Girl! The sensational confessions of this Dynamic Duo are exclusive to The School Magazine! Those questions you've been asking all year about "Life as one of the Gold Braid Squad" are about to be answered candidly and irrelutably! Gaining a private interview with the Prefectorial Pair was difficult, of course, but, at last, here are the well-worth-waiting-for results of my relentless reporting. . . .

How their lives have been changed by fame . . .

What's the best thing that's happened to you since your rise to power?

Mary — An L3 admirer offered me a "Cheesey Whatsit".

Mark — I always knew that Mr. File (?) would eventually come round to liking my small-less aftershave. Look what it does for me — not him so far!

The awkward moments . . .

What's the most embarrassing thing that's happened to you during your school career?

Mary — When someone produced the L3 photos in F6!

Mark — Sixth year, actually; never have I gone through so many pairs of trousers!

. . . and the happy ones . . . What do you think will be your happiest memory of school?

Mary — Doughnuts!!!

Mark — The first few weeks of L1, when I lovingly blow kisses across the classroom to none other than Mary.

The educational approach . . .

What changes would you like to see in the school system?

Mary — The Head Boy must wear a cap and shorts.

Mark — We tell the Head Janitor what his instructions are for the week.

. . . and the personality probe . . .

Is it really true that you were chosen because you suited a beret/cap?

Mary — No; it's because I gained my Brownie "House Orderly" badge at the tender age of 9½! (An essential qualification when it comes to the Prefects' Room.)

Mark — Yes it is. It is one of the unwritten rules for the job. When you enter the Rector's room on being appointed, he makes sure it fits. (The beret fitted better, actually!)

The secret desires . . .

If you could take over the school completely for a day, what's the first thing you would do?

Mary — Get the Rector to read in Prayers.

Mark — Use the Rector's personal W.C.

. . . and finally words of advice/consolation/warning/commiseration etc., etc. . . .

Any hints for your successors?

Mary — Brush up on your darts!

Mark — If they do as well as this year's, they'll do all right!

So hearken to those pearls of wisdom scattered from the dizzy heights of the very top of the school ladder, all you budding Head Boys and Girls!

COMMITTEE DISCOVER REVOLUTIONARY,
INFALLIBLE I.O. TEST

Yes, it's the new sign of superintelligence! No, it's not passing the Tufty Club Entrance Examination (you need Extra Superintelligence for that!). It's the new craze that's sweeping the countryside — well, the school at least! Yes, it's going to the Great Mag Discos! Have you been to a Mag Disco? If so, then you rank among us Masterminds — ask any member of the Committee (we all attend the discos).

It all started way back at the beginning of the term, when the Magazine, badly hit by rising costs, had to be heavily subsidised by the school. But the intrapud Committee cracked their heads together, and came up with the brilliant, but BRILLIANT, idea of running discos to raise money AND offer a Great Social Service to the school.

It all happens in the Lunch Hall! Dancing, drinking (coke of course), and disco-ing. The capable, efficient, cool, calm, and neatly collected committee cope with the administration, finance, and industry of the whole operation — selling coke and crisps, taking tickets, counting money and checking dark corners! Almost as important as the care and devotion to duty of the doting committee looking after the crowds of teenyboppers (yes I'm afraid we can't even keep them out!), rock-and-rollers, and budding Pan's People, almost as necessary as the pertinacious preparations of the preceding weeks (performed of course by the committee), almost as necessary as the hours of forced labour (long after the music has faded) spent shifting tables, chairs, crates, litter, (even the odd couple or two), almost as mandatory as all these (no, this is not a morale boosting article), are the superintelligent pupils who know what's good for them (or at least fear the wrath of the committee — it comes to the same thing) and come to the discos. Remember, attending the discos is a sure sign of superintelligence — WE SHOULD KNOW!

THE COMMITTEE

WE'RE TAKING OUR EXAMS!

'We're taking our exams again.' That is what my father says to everyone and he is right. When I think of how many times, I mention 'Exams' it must be a record. I remember when I sit down at breakfast and my father greets me with a good morning, my dear, what a wonderful day!

I do not know how I manage it, but somehow, with a spoonful of sugar-puffs, in my mouth, manage a wave of the hand. With a miserable look on my face, I groan, 'Oh, it's a wonderful day, I've only got my Maths exam followed by Spanish, and then Homecraft. Oh, it's a wonderful day'.

I slam down my spoon, scattering sugar-puffs all over the tablecloth. My father sighs, picks up the paper and murmurs something like 'We're taking our exams again!' My cheeky brother says, 'Here we go again, exams, exams, exams. When is it all going to end?'

My father looks up and quietly says, 'Remember everything passes; everything finishes.'

Exams. O grades. Highers, please is this education?

Jacqueline Tripp F.2.

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the Supernatural...

... an undefined nothing of mysterious "Uh-Happenings" when no one quite knows anything about something, yet equally mysteriously everyone knows something about nothing... not everyone realises the proximity nor inevitability of the presence of the Supernatural, but even that self-knowledge does not bring security

Manon



Nothing moved except a door creaking slowly on its hinges. Suddenly a chill wind whistled eerily through the old smashed shutters and scattered the tattered fragments of newspaper about the floor.

Outside, the dark forest scowled forbiddingly, imprisoning the little cottage within the gnarled fingers of its twisted branches. Gleaming, searching eyes followed the small furry creatures which pounded frantically in search of the safety of their burrows.

The blackness quivered as evil tore its way through the twisted arms of the forest, and captured the lifeless twigs under its suffocating paws. On and on it crashed murdering all in its path until it reached the little cottage, where it hovered, waited, listened.

Terror!

Sandra Miller

...and Occult

The Moon yawned slowly, pouring light down upon the grey waste-ground below, dripping its icy coldness onto the discarded tin cans and wrecked cars. Slowly the clouds passed from before its face and finally its blue light came to rest upon a disused railway carriage.

Once mobile, a flash of blue and aluminium speeding through acres of countryside on polished well-oiled wheels, it lay, silent, cold and stationary among the other garbage. Its once sparkling clear eyes were now dim

and dust filled, their light smashed by misuse and filled with rain tears. Through the cracked glass, the moonbeams pierced, into the once upholstered interior. The leather seats were cracked and mould-ridden. Spiders hung their nets from each corner, dead bluebottles lay silently in the sumptuous dust of many years. Yet among the dead and decaying, the moon caught sight of movement. Capturing the scene in its clear white light, it watched and waited to determine from where the movement came.

Like the second picture of a 'spot the difference' game, the carriage lay while the night's light surrounded it, waiting. There seemed no difference in the picture, except an awareness of something discovered which had not formerly seemed apparent. A heap of newspapers lay on the carriage seats. A 'News of the World' twitched and trembled, then slowly, defiantly, slid from the seat crashing loudly against the stillness of the night and rustling, came to rest on the crumbling floor. The moon slid in horror behind a nearby cloud. Its light retreated and the mistiness of the gossamer cloud replaced the clear blue light with a hazy, duller glow. A hand, as old and crumbling as the papers themselves, lay, palm upwards, upon a grey and wrinkled face.

The hand removed itself and the face lay uncovered to the night air. Grey and brown, with dark purple rings around the half closed eyes, he lay, silent, dejected, derelict of feeling, dead by appearance, attitude and manner but still breathing the quiet night air in and out through open mouth. A bottle of methylated spirits lay beside him on top of the 'Financial Times'. Through the grime and the bristle on his chin trickled yellow fluid from the wound of his mouth and downwards over scraggy neck and yellowing white matted hair. He woke.

And through listless pale blue eyes gazed, unseeing, at the round white light framed in the jagged carriage window.

H. Ripley.

"Clammy midnight, moonless mist,
A cigarette glows and fades on a cough,
Meth men mutter on benches
Pawed by the river fog."

THE FOG

My breath was coming in grunts now, and I felt as if I had been running for hours. Yet, down here, hidden by the fog, I felt safer. I had left people behind, I was sharing this world only with the fog. I felt it as a friend, it wrapped its cool caress around me, concealing me from the world and the world from me.

I stopped running and leaned against a greasy housefront. There was no sound of pursuit. No sound at all, save the pounding of my heart against my ribs, the raucous intake of my breath and the steady suck of water against the wall.

This was the world of the fog and this was where it was born; where it lurked throughout the murky months of winter. Only in November did it creep out of the closes and slide up the alleys. Furtively it crawled along the side streets, hid in the back yards, wisped in the open. When it was ready, though you never quite saw it, it billowed out into the main roads and choked London in its thick grip. But here still, right down by the river, it was at its thickest, its most cloying. I watched it, muddy-white, yellowing to a clammy halo round the lamps, blackening in the darkness of an unlit vennel.

I moved on; the dampness of the place was seeping into my bones. The walls dripped and the pavements were dark and dank. I heard footsteps in front of me and my heart constricted. Shortly after, a man shambled past, mumbling through his toothless gums. A decaying smell of whisky and gin clung to his shabby clothes. I doubt if he even noticed me before we were once again swallowed up in the fog. The fog bred men like him; the down and outs, the criminals, the petty thieves, the meth men, the hunted.

Once again I was alone in the fog. As I moved on, warehouses gloomed into vision only to be recaptured in the clammy grip of the river mist as soon as I had passed. Tendrils of fog eddied in the wake of my progress before they too became part of the greater whiteness which always receded in front of me and yet closed in again behind.

Above the steady suck of the water and my own footsteps I could hear other sounds. Other footsteps, now behind me, now in front of me, but all going the same way. I heard the rasp of a match, the steady thud of heavy boots on the pavement, a half-sifted cough, and once a low laugh, quickly cut off. There were people all around me; the fog wore a different texture. It moved among us, screening us, concealing our identities and yet still our friend. I was not afraid, these were not the people who had pursued me into the back streets of London. These people, like me, were hunted, but we were also the hunters. We stalked the dirty, forgotten corners of the city, pouncing only when we were sure of a catch, living in the fog, and moving concealed in its white coat. We seldom saw each other, yet the fog bound us and kept us together.

The fog held no terrors for us. We were its children. Our first breath had held its thick whiteness and our last would too. The fog was in us and around us and we were the fog. We were its legs, its hands, its long fingers. It muffled our sound while we tightened our grip, it hid our faces while we went about our silent work.

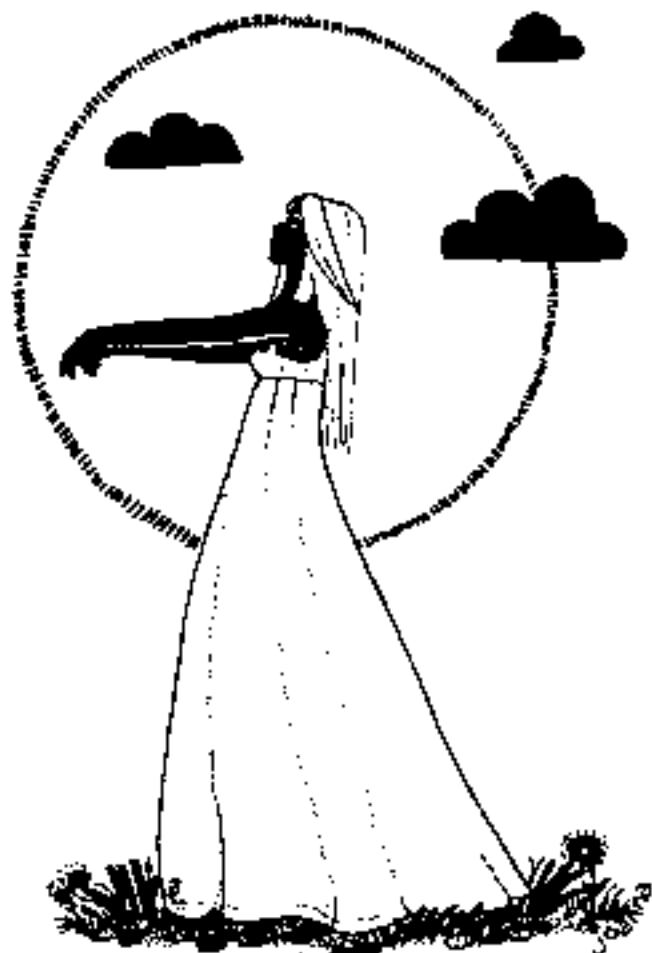
We were all going to the same destination, never quite together, never far apart. Cigarettes glowed, and now and then a soft word from the fog changed our speed or our direction. A bond of friendship was tied between us and

the fog strengthened the links. We knew each other though we had never spoken to nor looked at each other. The fog was our mother, she had carefully nurtured us, accustomed us to her thick breath, and in her we were one.

At last we slowed our pace and stopped. We must have been in an open space, for here the fog was thinner. I could see shadowy shapes of men like myself, scraping their impatient feet on the cobbles, or hands cupped round their mouths for warmth. I could see more clearly than I ever remembered seeing before and indeed at every minute objects appeared more clearly cut, gable ends more definite, lights more pure. I could see dots of light as far away as I tried to look and further.

Slowly, unbelievably, as softly as it had come, the fog was lifting. I looked about me and saw that I was alone in a square in London and the cry of pursuit was growing loud behind me.

Diana L. Batchelor, Foran V.



The Sleepwalker



ZODIAC



Capricorn™ OK kids, this is it! Since Mars conjunct Saturn in 10th but trine Venus and Beatrix Jupiter as well as square Sun, you prove to be a hard, ambitious worker with idealistic aspirations, displaying overflowing, restless energy. But, stop stroking your beard and letting the grass grow under your feet - do independently and Mercury and Uranus in 9th later on will prove that "actions speak louder than words".

Aquarius™ Try and get back into the swim of things - you've been high and dry too long. The moon in Gemini conjunct Venus, and your overflowing vitality and never-ceasing fountain of creativity will never run dry. Watch the tides of romance although there are plenty more fish in the sea, you may go to the well once too often and find yourself emotionally shipwrecked. But, dry your tears - "every rain-cloud has a silver lining".

Pisces™ Look at your left palm does your life rise near your love line? Because Uranus is seen in conjunction and in mutual reception with the ruler-Mercury - you should become enmeshed in a tricky affair. Moves due to an ascending moon in 2nd (luck) cause an emotionally unpredictable year with varying scales of artistic, imaginative romanticism. If you steer a mid course and follow the drift of things you should finish up with current happiness.

Aries™ You want the bare, stern facts? Well, we don't want to put the wool over your eyes. Yes, since Neptune is in 8th trine Jupiter, and (as if that's not sufficient) Aquarius is strongly reformed with Uranus strongly aspected, and with Mars going out like a ram, your mystical, if questing consciousness could be mistaken for inhibitory sheepishness - So (yes, indeed, a very (t)horny problem) don't take too many independent gambols, avoid wooliness of thought, and you won't be just one of the flock.

Taurus™ Don't charge straight into situations and take the bull by the horns. The influence of Uranus and the moon in Gemini as M.C. indicates an everquick expression of urgent ideas but watch this disruptive and rebellious side of yourself and try not to see red. Chew matters over carefully and you'll find that the romantic aspect of your life will benefit enormously by this independent changefulness - the field's still wide open. Remember, too, that there aren't all that many china shops left.

Gemini - You have a double-barrelled problem - first due to the exact positioning of Venus in the 4th house at an exact angle from Neptune, you prone to be emotionally schizophrenic with a dual answer to every question and secondly your fantastically relaxing streak of viewing both angles could appear as indecision and ambivalence of thought. Don't despair - your twin problems are in capable hands and a problem solved is a problem halved. Your split personality could even be a boon - remember - two's company.

Cancer - Yes, you'll certainly feel the pinch now. The descendant moon through 1st to 2nd and Uranus trine Venus means you should sidestep your impulsive ambitions and let others claw for success. When Pluto passes into its 4th house you may appear emotionally yet persistently crabbit - but remember, don't be stranded when the tide ebb.

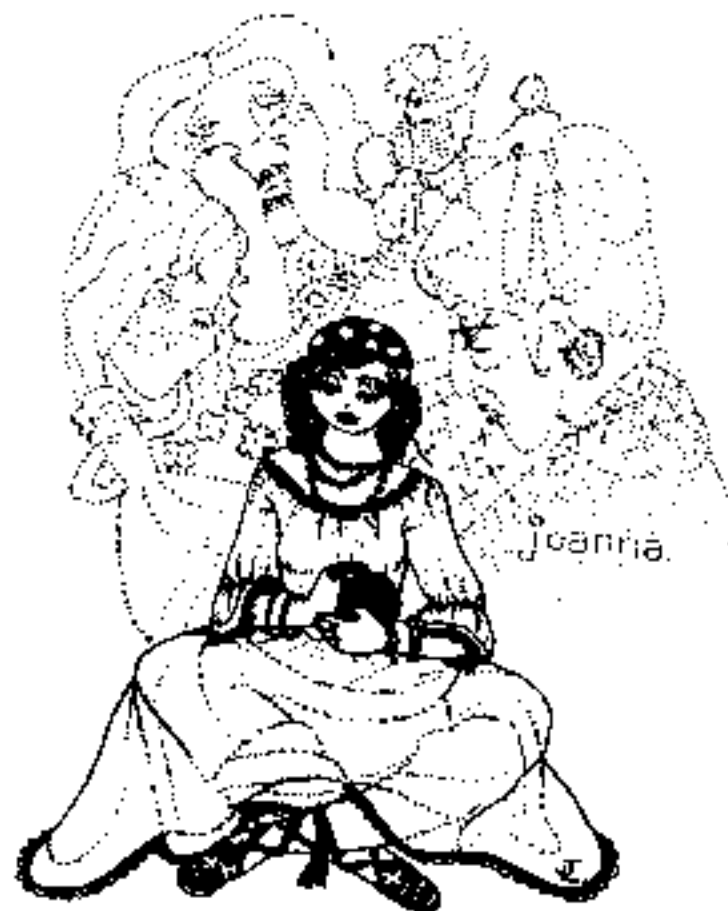
Leo - Stop lying around, take your pride in both hands and get up and go! The Sun's favourable transitional period in Mercury and 4th house trine explicit Jupiter offer your main chance now and a pause could be detrimental to both mental and physical stability and even health. Lead the way - you're the King now and when you see Venus conjunct the Sun ascending as ruler you'll know you're no longer in the cubs.

Virgo - The sun is in places in the 7th and in mutual reception with Jupiter but, let's be candid - frankness and openness of mind is your best policy. We won't whitewash the situation - make sure your air of total innocence is more than just a facade even though ignorance may be bliss.

Libra - A weighty problem, this, due to the sun and ruler in Aquarius and fire signs containing Uranus. A steady aesthetical balance should be ultimately obtained, when Neptune (ruler 7th and Sun-ruler) is strongly aspected in 1st, forming grand trine with Venus, your whole visionary imagination will be evaluated and the scales drop from your eyes producing a freedom and range of justice in both thought and action. Don't rush things - wait and get your equilibrium equated.

Scorpio - For you, Gemini culminating with Saturnium, and Venus rising means your avidity of existence could be radically altered draining you of vast reserves of energy. But beware of excessive absorption of your ideas - they could be ripped in the bud; and don't be too ready to accept the situation at face value - there could be a sting in its tail.

Sagittarius - Take careful aim or you might miss your goal - if you don't stop the horseplay after Sun's conjunct Jupiter (exact) and the hemispheres show ascending Mercury, your arch enemy could gallop in and ruin any future plans especially concerning emotional disturbances and upheavals. Any shaft of hopeful opportunity could be the pointer to contentment and peace - but, don't be taken for a ride - remember, you're better to hoof it. Marion and Joanna.





THE MONSTER

Ah, here comes Sinapong billowing along. Sinapong had an apple like one hundred teeth and eight legs which were fat and grey. He was just coming over the bridge when in he fell. His teeth went clatter, clatter and his nostrils blew smoke out into the air and also his tail went splash, splash, splash in the water.

Rebecca Wormsley.

a monster that lives in a loch



A Fritling Monster

Done by David

Weakley

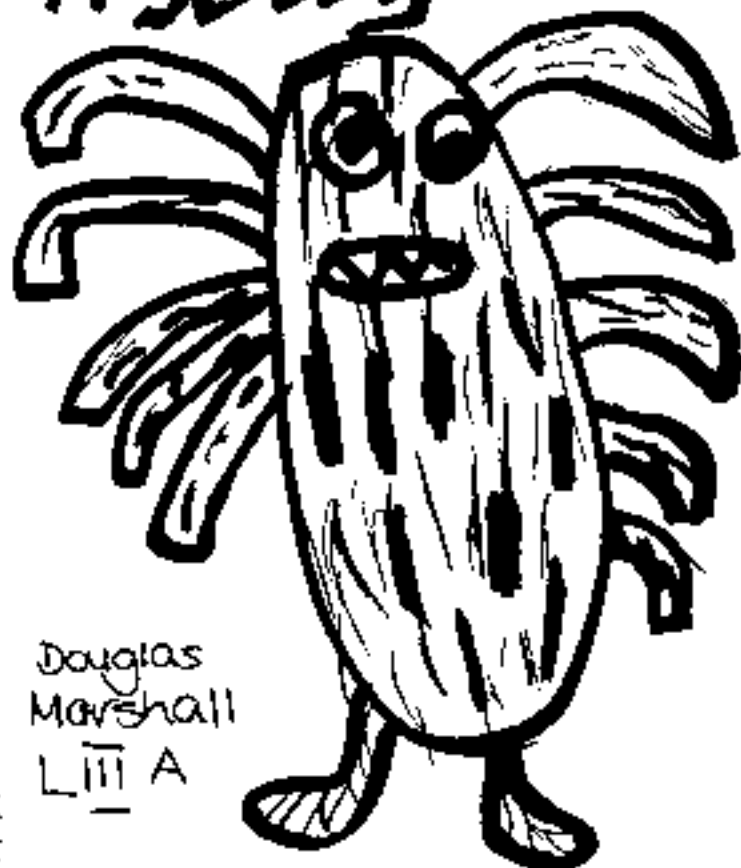
L3A

THE MONSTER

Once in the land far away there lived a monster with a long beard and a hundred terrible teeth which went clinker, clanker, crip-clop. He had a furry coat and spines on top. It had three big grey eyes for staring. Clatter went his eight feet. On his eight feet, there were lots of big nails ready for something nasty.

Mark Spence.

A YETTY




Douglas Marshall

LIII A

THE SEIKO DIGITAL QUARTZ L.C. IS CHANGING THE WORLD'S STANDARD OF ACCURACY.



The Seiko Quartz collection encompasses a wide range of models for men and women, all with a guarantee of outstanding accuracy. To ensure impeccable quality control and a superb product, Seiko make every part of every watch, except for the battery. It's what you'd expect from the world leaders in quartz watches.

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SEIKO

Someday all watches will be made this way

MATTHEW M HENDERSON

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Nature is one subject closer to our own experience than many others: nature in the form of material "things" of the earth and the universe, and even nature on an aesthetic plane – human nature. It is a subject constantly written and spoken about because of its immediacy and relevance to our existence – from the great Greek myths, through the Bible, Henryson, Shakespeare and Spenser, right up to the authors of the twentieth century, nature has been explored, expressed and exemplified as a study of fundamental and unrivalled importance. Nature is a collection of thousands of facets of interest, each experienced from a specifically subjective standpoint, and,

looking through the following pages of our contribution to the natural anthology, I know there is still value in the examination of a subject already closely scrutinised. I think this section can allow a glimpse into the minds of the authors, whether from the bottom of the school ladder or the top; each article is a comment on the environment: something worth saying, and something expressed in an individualistic style.

Does this section really investigate "the physical power causing phenomena of a material world?" Naturally ...

Marion.



THE CAT

Silk is a white cat with green eyes that shine in the dark. She basks in the sun. Prowling on the high high wall as the sun creeps down. Into the house goes Silk to sit by the fire. As I stroke Silk she purred. Silk perked up her ears when father came home. She curled up into a ball of fluff and fell asleep.

Diana Leslie L3B.



MORNING

Dawn!
The sky,
A blood red sea
With purple waves
Covers the world
Like a silken veil.
The trees yawn
And wearily spread their branches,
To greet another day.
The sparkling droplets of dew
Shimmer,
As the pale yellow sun
Slowly starts its daily journey.
All is still and peaceful,
Except for the babbling brooks,
Running and laughing down
The grassy slopes.
(The idea is from the poem "The Falling Night".)

Lesley Mitchell

DAWN ON THE MOUNTAIN

The
Old Wolf
Sly, cunning
Wisdom born of
years on the rugged
mountainside. An outlaw
Resented by his own kind
cautiously gained its lofty lair,
and disappeared into the black cave
THEN
Silence
Broken now
and again by
the lonely cry of
a hovering kestrel
high in the grey cloud-filled sky.
Now he is swooping down... down to
some tiny shrew or defenceless vole.

Donald Rae F3

MY DOG

My dog is a savage brute at times. Once my brother crept up behind him and gave him a fright and he turned round and mauled my brother's hand. Sometimes when I am having supper, he puts his paws on the table and tries to lick my plate. The rug that he sleeps on is in shreds. When my gran comes to our house, he jumps up on her and knocks her flat on her back.

Ian Goodfellow



THE MOTH

One one shines on bright light night
 through the night
 blind by a dazzling light
 had moth tries
 pest conifer oak leafy glade
 trying to find his safety shade
 but still he glides with
 crazy path to fatal
 light on to death's
 road
 on
 to
 the
 end.

Judith Edward F3A1



FROG

Croaking cries and long thin
 Green legs.
 With a ball for a head and
 Bulging eyes.
 With a long, long, sticky tongue
 Waiting for the dinner to come.
 And a hungry frog waiting for
 A delicious fly to pass by.
 Licking his lips because he's
 Just had his lunch on a tasty
 Fly.

Caroline Newson

SURVIVAL OF A BEE-EATER

He flutters down the dew wet grass.
 Feet outstretched to land,
 His jaws clasp tight the lifeless dragonfly,
 His body flashing colours.
 His wings relax, and a maze of colour
 races through the grass.
 He lands, with searching, piercing eyes,
 Looking for the hidden enemy,
 Cat
 and suddenly, hunter becomes hunted.

Ross Collins LV11B



THE CHEETAH

Power to run fast,
 One hundred kilometres an hour,
 Speed kills,
 But not for the cheetah.

Power to run fast,
 But it stalks its prey
 and pounces.
 The long body strikes.

Power to run fast,
 Height and length don't matter,
 Or do they?

Power to run fast,
 A bound and a jump on to a high rock,
 The proudest of the cat family.

James Clark L7B

SNOWDROPS

Little white bells ringing in the wind,
 Ringing out a happy, gay song
 For all the world to listen from far and near
 Spring is here, spring is here.

Little girls in white skirts,
 Dancing to and fro,
 To the music made by minstrel
 Ruined by a crow.

Lyn McGovern L6T.

RAIN

The sky groans under the weight of the cloud. It becomes greyer and greyer as the water yearns to return home again.

The cloud tries to fight off the skin the sky imposes on it with a last effort
desperately elastic
VICTORY !!

THE RAIN PELTS DOWN, DENSE AND HEAVY, LARGE DROPLETS DRIVE TOWARDS THE GROUND, BORING THOUSANDS OF TUNNELS IN THE AIR.

THEN A WIND BLOWS

proving itself stronger than the rain

The rain is whisked up and sent in different directions across the sky.

The gravity's gentle pull lets the rain

slowly float to the ground

It sighs, its perilous and tiring journey is over
It oozes into the ground and feels safe. Safe - at least

until the sun drives it from its resting place into the sky

...umbra





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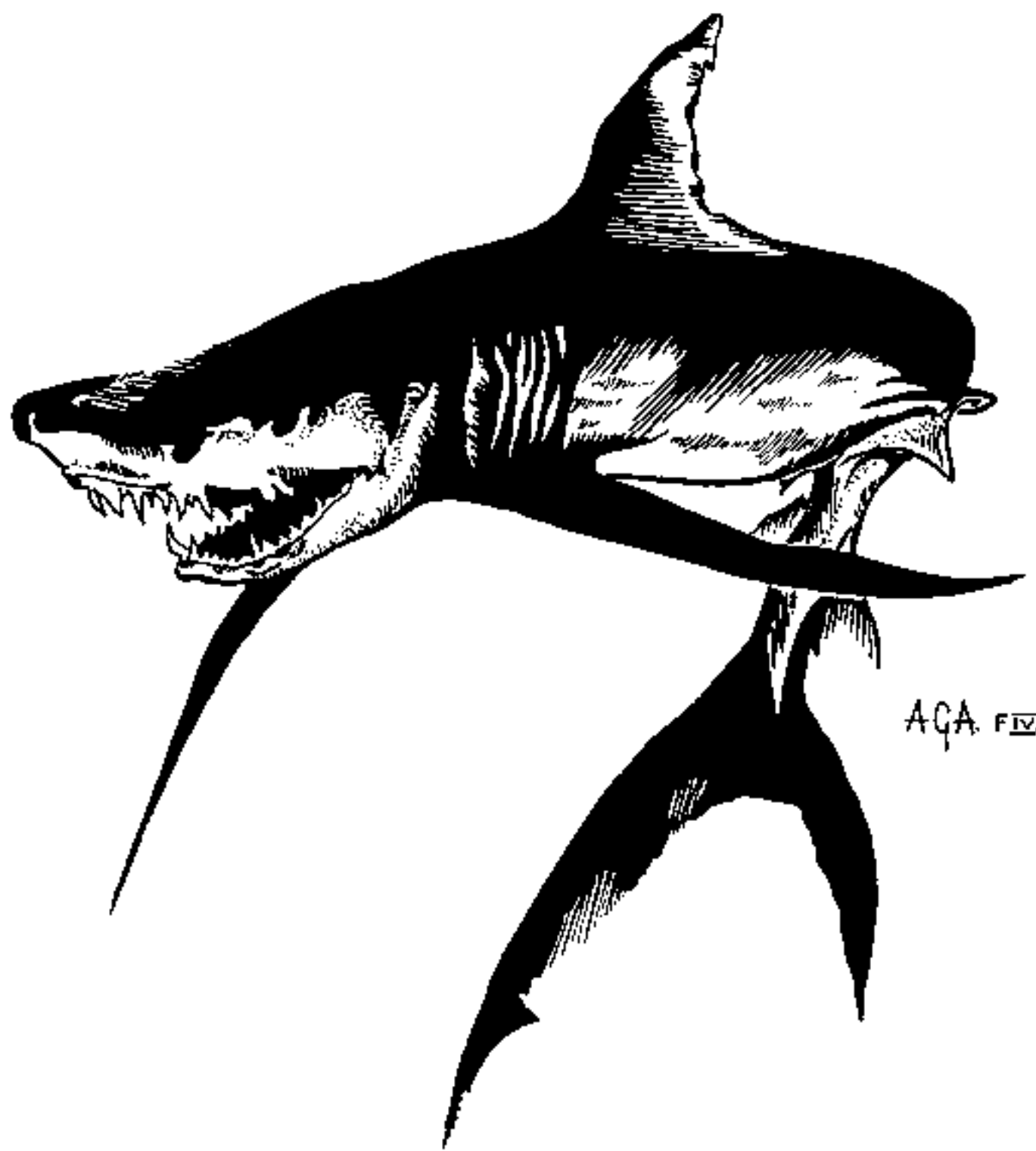
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ANGER

Harshly the cruel waves heaved and tossed, producing a foaming lather on their lunging crests. A rolling roar constantly reverberated through the air. From underneath the cold wave peaks, currents stretched out their long fingers, eagerly grappling to find some innocent object. Although the currents moved silently, nothing else did. Instead, everything screamed and whistled and jeered.

Damp waspy cobwebs of spray brushed the already wet rocks like ghosts. Rotten planks bobbed at mercy on their raging captors' waves. Above, the gray clouds rushed together, as if to join the cruel sea in its angry, complaining chorus. The world was at war — not the people, the world.

The golden sunbeams peeped through the dark clouds, illustrating the saying, 'every cloud has a silver lining', though the silver was gold. Peace and light descended to soothe the angry sea.

Kate Marr F1S.

SNOW

Down from the grey sky comes the white snow,
Down to the earth and the valleys below,
Down to be tramped on, down to be walked on,
Down to be sledged on, and down to be talked on.

Twirling and tumbling and bumping and chasing,
Flying and fleeing and dancing and racing,
Folding the earth in a blanket of white
Making bare countrysides seem quite a sight.

But in all the towns it is dirty and grey.
Gone is the snow that is gleaming and gay.
But singing aloud is a brown and red creature,
Assuring us all that there's hope for the future!

(Inspired by poems on snow. | Eispeth Roberts

CLOUDS

Clouds are fluffy cotton wool,
But not at all of use
They hide the sun,
Like airstrips sailing,
Riding through the sky.

M. Pemble
L3A

A FLICKERING CANDLE

Softly shining,
Golden flame.
A Breath of wind struggles through the space
Trailing death towards you.
It curls around you,
licking the golden beam,
devouring the light of life.
You sway, like a golden cobra
leaving star-like shapes,
Plunging to be free . . .
You are cold and dead.

Kirsty Scott F2



THE TORNADO

It is a rough night in Darwin, and a storm arises.
Higher and higher it grows,

but suddenly, as if by magic,

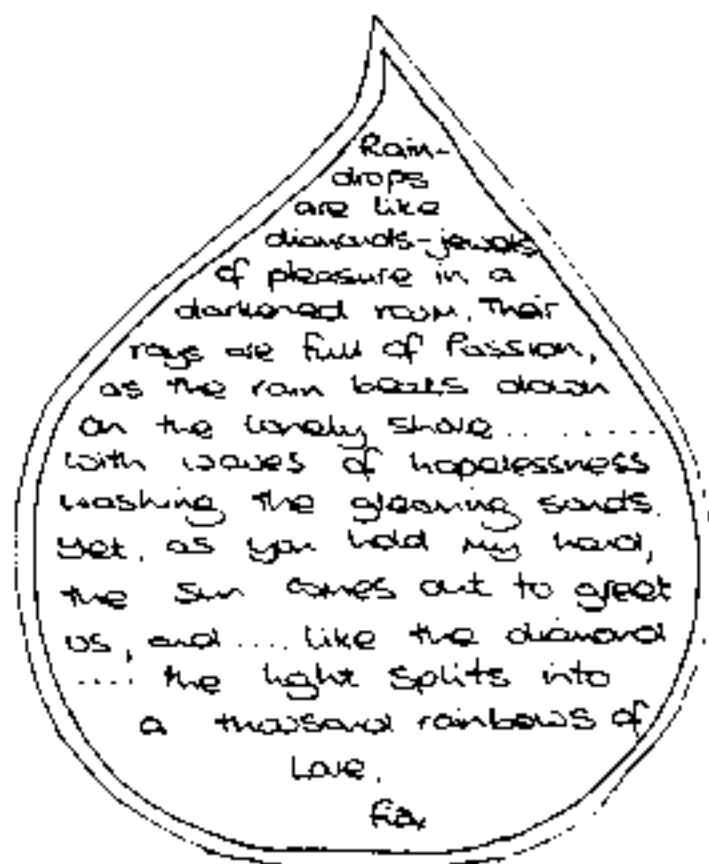
it fades away to nothing.

But this is not the end of this evil fiend which will spit out death and destruction to this beleaguered post. This is the beginning of The Tornado.

It slowly grows darker, and before the panic-stricken can flee to safety, the tornado strikes, flattening everything in its path.

There's not much left of Northern Territory's capital but an isolated post: beware of the cruel dangers of the world.

Murray Cathro F1A.



THE INVADER

The wind invades the deserted streets like an evil bandit on horseback. Tugging hidden papers from their corners, tossing pieces of wizened grass and dried leaves like victims of an earthquake, hither and thither at its will. In the distance a frightened cat cries out into the night, its plea for help drowned by the clamour of the invader. The startled brown owl feels his perch made insecure and the trees reluctantly lean in one direction, giving the impression that the earth had suddenly tilted to one side.

Children snuggle under the bedclothes and reassuring mothers pay nocturnal visits whispering words of comfort. The distant sea sends its salty flavour in the gale and coats the windows of the tenements with a white ghostly powder. A low, narrow doorway opens and closes quickly, and the smell of baking is caught for a few seconds and lost for good on the night air. A howling dog has been permitted such a haven in these few short moments.

Robin Lang.

FOG

Grey as an elephant, big
And very very heavy indeed.
You can't eat it you can see
It is grey in a car
You need your headlights on.

Sometimes fog is so
Thick you cannot see.
If you go out in fog it is
Best to take a torch

Fog can be fun
Fog can be annoying
Fog can be cold.

Douglas Gray L11A

Fog is dark as dark as the night,
It creeps through the night.
Slowly it climbs down from the sky
And in the morning there's a thick, thick fog.
Its grey the fog we see,
Is so thin and so cold.
Fog is thick mist that floats in the air,
Fog covers the sky
And all you can see is fog.
Fog can be foggy.
It sits in the sky looking over the houses.

Paul Brown L3A

It swirls through darkness
Like an enormous ghost.
As I walk through it
I feel the cold.
When I walk down the lane
A ghost is behind you.

Fog is so cold
You need scarves and hats.
It's so still and quiet
Around you.
Fog is so thick
You can hardly see
A tree beside you.

Vicki Vaughan L11A

You can't tell when fog is coming for it
Just comes and goes.
When it comes it wraps around like a thin
Blanket.
Dew on all scarves.
In the street ghostly white shapes are moving
About.
In the distance head lights come out of the grey
Fog.
The fog lifts for short periods, but not for long.
Cars drive slowly along the roads for the fog is very
Thick.
The houses have disappeared in the grey fog too.

Linda Macfachlan L3A

Fog is like a thin, soft blanket
which wraps around you but does
No good if you are cold. The fog is grey as
Grey as grey could be. The fog opens like a
Dusty door in front of you then it closes
Behind you quickly but quietly as though you
Cannot hear it. Fog is like a cloud
Of dust that spreads all over towns,
Villages and cities. Fog spreads very
Quickly and if the wind is hard
It is quick as a flash. The fog
Covers everything from flowers to sun.

Catherine O'Malley L3A

THE SUN

The sun was hot,
It shone upon my flower-pot
The sun felt dry,
It makes us sweat.
But never wet.
The sun is bright
But not at night.

Alistair Howie L3A

THE SUN

The sun is hot,
Hot a lot,
It's warm and pink as well.
It makes you sweat,
It's never wet
And that is just as well

Susan Germany,
Class L.3. A.



NATURE QUIZ

- (1) Is a dolphin a fish or a mammal?
- (2) Which insect has the well known name of "Daddy-Long-Legs"?
- (3) What are the names for the tails of (a) a fox (b) an otter (c) a rabbit?
- (4) How many legs has a fly — 4, 6, 8 or 12?
- (5) What is the name for a squirrel's nest?
- (6) Which bird is called the "fish-hawk"?
- (7) Are a zebra's stripes vertical or horizontal?
- (8) Is a yew-tree deciduous or coniferous?

- (9) What is Japan's national flower?
- (10) What two types of squirrel are commonly found in the British Isles?

Dougal Adamson (7)

thomson (10) Grey and red squirrels.
legs, vertical on body (8) coniferous (9) the chrysan
(4) 6 legs (5) a drey (6) the osprey (7) both horizontal on

Answers to the Nature Quiz

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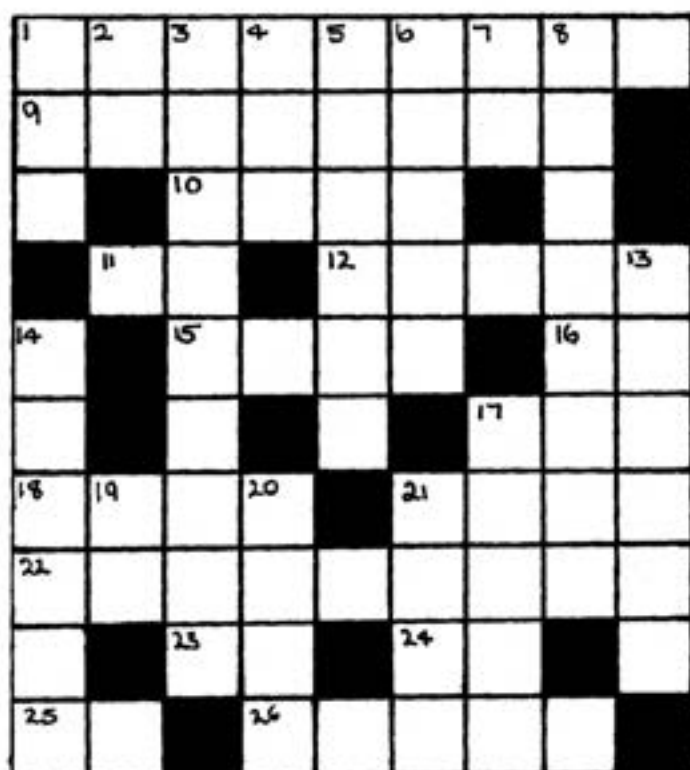
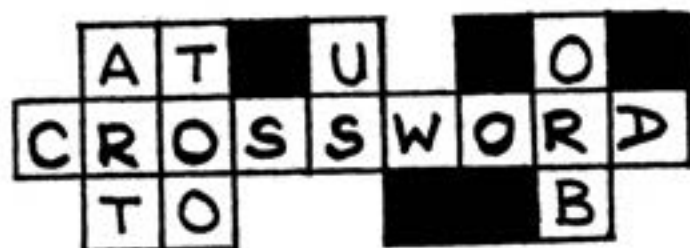
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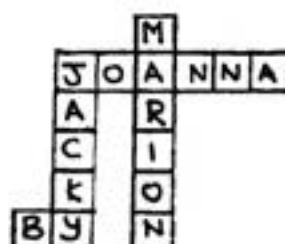
Across

1. The only things about school worth living for!
9. Literary extracts from lean cats.
10. Against the grain and tends to blacken it.
11. Not them but part of them.
12. Do they encourage drinking in the East?
15. Mars in a way, but help to break bars.
16. 18th C. exclamation, though rather foppish.
17. A blind version may lead you to treasure.
18. Little forest? No, but legal.
21. Tom's northern friend.

22. One of today's great tastes.
23. Without an article, about nothing in Shakespeare.
24. $\frac{2}{3}$ of an aelurus fulgens.
25. Plural, and you want help.
26. A rotten sort of voice, and half-hearted.

Down

1. Seagull plays cards.
2. Dwindled moon, but not married.
3. Like an army, it marches on its stomach.
4. To thrash inside out.
5. Placing of two words in the same relation to another that is suited to one only of them.
6. Evict us at a stroke.
7. In short, twenty-seven books.
8. "An ---- like the cabbage." Yeats.
13. Sounds like Japanese radio? Simple.
14. Flowers from partial affirmative to scholarly applications.
17. Softly rearrange discomfort at naught.
19. Retrograde head office.
20. National way of liberty.
21. Hopefully, the baking finishes nearly flat.



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Activities

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

1st XV Results.

Date	Opponents	Venue	F	A
September 1975				
6	Stewarts-Melville	H	0	20
13	Harris Academy	A	4	15
20	Dollar Academy	A	9	14
27	Aberdeen Grammar School	H	3	10
October				
8	Waid Academy	A	28	13
11	Robert Gordon's College	A	16	13
25	Portobello High School	H	6	4
29	Buckhaven High School	H	31	4
November				
1	Broughmuir School	A	10	10
8	Kelvinside Academy	A	9	21
15	Gordonstoun School	H	12	0
22	Dumfermline High School	H	3	6
December				
20	Morgan Academy	H	7	10
January 1976				
31	Robert Gordon's College	H	18	13
February				
7	Aberdeen Grammar School	A	15	17

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were appointed:- Captain, K. Glass; Vice-Captain, M. R. Cunningham; Secretary, F. G. Clarkson; Treasurer, H. E. Millar; members of the Committee, N. M. Gibb, N. J. W. Cherry, J. R. Wallace.

This year's 1st XV have been very unfortunate in that, already, seven of their matches have been cancelled, mainly due to bad weather. However in the games that have been played, the team has played exciting, attractive rugby, even though their results have not always done them justice.

The rather high number of eight defeats, this season does not give a very fair impression of the team's performances, as in five of these matches, the victory margin has been very small, with the issue in doubt until the final whistle. The main feature of the 1st XV this season is the great team spirit and determination that is displayed in every match, and this has helped them to record some excellent results, notably a tremendous "double" over Robert Gordon's College, the first time that this has been achieved by a Dundee High School 1st XV since 1960/61, as well as very creditable home victories over Portobello High School and Gordonstoun. The top scorer to date is A. Taylor with 75 points, and the top try scoers, F. Clarkson and G. Stout with 6 apiece.

The 2nd XV have, as usual, done well in their matches this year, having won 9 out of 13 games. Their results have included some very good victories, especially those over Stewarts-Melville and Aberdeen Grammar School.

The 3rd XV have played well in their matches this season, having lost only two games. Many of this team are showing much potential and will no doubt be challenging for places in next year's 1st XV.

The Colts XV have also had a good season with some excellent victories, and, as usual, the 2nd Year, 1st Year and Lower School XV's have shown great keenness and enthusiasm in achieving wins over bigger and heavier opponents. The future of rugby in Dundee High School seems assured.



THE OPENING OF MAYFIELD

Congratulations are extended to Kenneth Glass and Hamish Millar for their inclusion in the Midlands Schools XV, and also to David Ogilvie of the Colts XV, recently appointed captain of the Junior Midlands side.

On behalf of the D.H.S.R.F.C., I would like to thank all 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. Your support is greatly appreciated.

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

Fraser G. Clarkson,
Secretary.

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1st XV

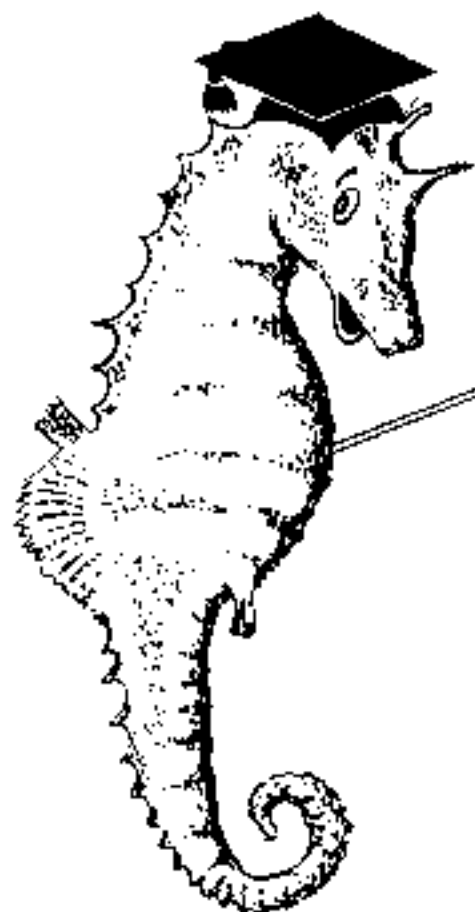
Back Row (l-r): Mr Mardue, Grant Stout, James Pettigrew, Innes Gray,
Alastair Taylor, Angus Arbuckle, James Wallace,
Christopher Tait, Ronald Smith

Front Row (l-r): Graeme Buchan, Colin Cavers, Hamish Miller, Mark
Cunningham, Kenneth Glass, Fraser Clarkson, Niall
Gibb, Nicholas Cherry, Alan Beamer



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SENIOR COMPANY REPORT

The annual camp at Aultbea last summer was a great success — the weather, surprisingly enough, was very good. We had only one rainy spell but this unfortunately fell during the one over-night exercise. We all hope that this year's camp will be as successful and enjoyable.

In July a group of twenty cadets and two officers visited the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Osnabruck. This stay was not only very enjoyable, but very instructive with the Cadets receiving basic training with some of the British Army's weapons and also being allowed to fire them. In addition to this the Cadets went on an overnight exercise in Armoured Personnel Carriers and during the exercise drove the vehicles around. Already this year several groups of cadets have been on exercise at Tannadice and the Sidlaws.

At the beginning of the new school year, however, the Cadet Force received a tragic blow with the sudden death of Major Jacuk. At his funeral the Company was represented by a guard of honour.

The Cadet Force has several plans for the rest of the term. There is an overnight exercise at Barry Buddon, the first this year. The General Inspection is looming up with the additional honour that this year the Company is being presented with a banner — a very rare occurrence. Also, a team of Cadets will be competing in the Highland Team Competition — a very grueling test, with the cadets being examined in shooting, campcraft, battle craft, first aid and in other skills connected with cadet training. Summer camp is also drawing near and preparations for this are in full swing.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank Captain Holmes and his officers for their valued assistance throughout the year, especially Lt. Steele, the company commander. Their task has not been an easy one. I would also like to thank the Cadet Training Team from Perth for managing to lead Form 4 cadets through their Part II exam, all with good results and hope that they will do the same with the younger cadets.

Finally I should like to thank all N.C.O.'s and cadets for their cooperation and I hope that everyone continues to enjoy the last few months in the Cadets this year.

C.S.M. Miller

SENIOR CHOIR REPORT

Once again the choir has been working very hard under the expert guidance of Mr. Porteous. Up until Christmas we were busy with preparations for the Carol Service in St. Mary's which was one of the best ever with the largest choir for some years.

Some members of the choir also gave a carol recital at Pinegrove and Fernbrae Nursing Home, under the direction of Mr. Erskine. This gave much pleasure to the pupils and old people alike. At the end of the performance at Fernbrae, a gift of money was presented to Mr. Erskine in aid of the Save the Children Fund. Once again, we visited the Brotherhood along with members of the Junior Choir.

At present we are working for the Summer concert, for which the date has not yet been finalised. This will involve all the Friday 9 groups. Our thanks again to Mr. Porteous for giving up his valuable time to help and encourage us.

H.A.

JUNIOR COMPANY REPORT

After a sad beginning to the year, the cadets have regained their feet under the guidance of Captain Holmes, who has taken over the very difficult and strenuous job of Commanding Officer of the Corps.

The Junior Company, now under the Command of Second Lieutenant Rose, has had another successful start to the year with exceptionally high recruiting figures, due for the most part to an introductory afternoon at Tentsmuir given for Form I boys, to show them the training and skills open to them as members of the Cadet Force.

This year a syllabus has been drawn up under the direction of Lieutenant Rose, and it is expected that the boys will be examined on this later in the year; the results of which will go towards such things as efficiency tapes and the platoon shield.

This, of course, means more work for the N.C.O.s, but the Junior Company this year has been endowed with some of the best N.C.O.s to cope with the situation.

Apart from this, the year will follow its usual course with weekend and afternoon exercises at the training areas available to us. It is hoped that as many boys as possible will attend, as these are always a great advantage to them.

The climax of the year will be, as usual, the General Inspection in June, followed by the camp at Aultbea in the first week of the summer holidays. The General Inspection this year, though, will have an added attraction, for which the Junior Company will have to put on its best performance.

All that is left for me now, is to thank sincerely the officers of the corps for their help and unfailing interest in the Cadet Corps.

C.S.M. Carnegie,
Junior Company.

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THE BAND

Back Row (l-r): Stuart Graham, Iain Webster, Kenneth Murray, Fred Sieber
 2nd Back Row (l-r): Angus Arbuckle, Gavin Gibson, Steven Potter, Nicholas Dryden
 2nd Front Row (l-r): Alasdair Blair, Niall Gibb, Gordon Brodie
 Front Row (l-r): Martin Reekie, Mr McLeod, Mr Mills, William Robertson



FORM V 1975-76

BOYS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

(Results (2nd XI Results in Brackets))

September, 1975		P	F	A
6	Stewarts Melville	H	2 (6)	4 (8)
13	Harris Academy	A	3 (3)	6 (7)
27	Perth Academy	A	3 (2)	2 (4)
October				
1	Dundee University	A	0	5
11	George Watsons	A	0 (7)	7 (0)
25	Morgan Academy	H	1 (4)	1 (0)
November				
1	Madras College	H	1 (7)	2 (0)
8	Rubislaw Academy	H	2 (10)	3 (2)
15	Craigie H.S.	H	0	6
22	Grove Academy	A	2	2
29	Perth H.S.	A	2	3
December				
6	Lawsid Academy	H	0	1
January, 1976				
17	Grove Academy	H	1	1
24	Rubislaw Academy	A	4	3
February				
	Robert Gordons	H	1	4
	Madras College	A	0 (10)	2 (1)
March				
31	Dundee High School F.P.s	H	1	0
	Gerry Carr Cup: Perth H.S.	H	0	0
			(4-3 on penalties)	
	Morgan Academy	H	3	2
	Lendrickmuir	H	2	0

At the beginning of the season, the following officials were elected:— Captain: Craig Suttie; Vice Captain: Jamie Aitken; Secretary: Sandy Melvin; Treasurer: Grant Carnegie.

As can be seen from the above results, the First XI has had a mixed season. However, this is due to the fact that this year's team is a very young one. In fact, only a couple of players had previously played for the First XI.

The First XI has had a very good run in the Gerry Carr Cup, reaching the final, which is to be played soon. The first round victory over Perth High School was a particularly notable achievement, since they could boast two Scottish Schoolboy Internationalists in their team. This was one of the closest fought games of the season and was only decided after a nerve-racking penalty flick session. The second round was only won in extra time. The semi-final against Lendrickmuir was played on a very wet Wednesday afternoon and two late goals earned us a place in the final.

The other good result of the season was the 1-0 victory of the F.P. team by an understrength First XI.

Congratulations are due to Kevin McGrory, who plays for the First XI, in being selected for the Midlands Under 16 team which won the inter-district competition.

The 2nd XI has had a very successful season. Twice they have managed to get double figure scores. The Under 16 XI, too, have had some good results, which suggests there will be no shortage of good players in forthcoming seasons.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr Hutchison for all the encouragement (not to mention training) he has given us this season, and Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Rose, Mr. Baxter, Mr. R. Stewart and all the other members of staff who have given up their valuable time to umpire games on a Saturday morning.

S.M.

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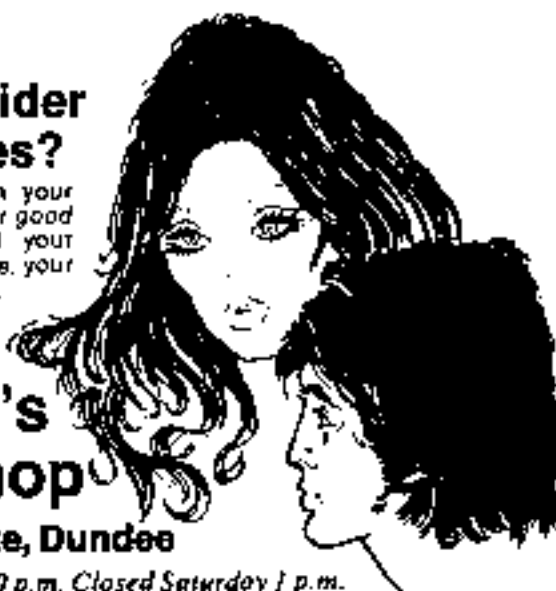
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THE SECOND FIFTEEN

Back Row (l-r): Roger Steele, Stephen Rogers, Scott Ralph, Angus Arbuckle, Graham Milne, Tom Walton, Michael Orr, Fred Sieber, Mr Auardice

Front Row (l-r): Patrick Clark, Jimmy Ritchie, John Wooler, Martin Johnston, Stuart Graham, Graeme Davidson, Derek Ralston



GIRLS HOCKEY 1st XI

Back Row (l-r): Carolyn Butchart, Elizabeth Sini, Judith Dye, Jackie Robb, Maïri Henderson, Pauline Cramond, Mrs Arie

Front Row (l-r): Patricia Roy, Pamela Reid, Mary Rose, Pauline Butchart, Anne Jacke



GIRLS HOCKEY 2ND XI

Back Row (l-r): Josephine Cunningham, Lida Keatch, Gillian Donaldson,
Elizabeth Cramond, Alison Andrew, Virginia Macdonald,
Mrs Pirie.

Front Row (l-r): Fione Boyd, Maween Christie, Jennifer Hogg.

THE SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS CLUB REPORT

The Dundee Branch of the Scottish Schoolboys Club continues to flourish in the High School. The enthusiasm is very good, especially around the Forms II and III stage, and they have supported in large numbers the events that have been held through the session.

The annual conference at Carberry Towers at the end of June was as successful as always, and it was enjoyed by all those who attended.

At the beginning of the new session, the following were appointed to act as the school committee: Fraser Clarkson, Jim Pettigrew, Ross Wair, Mark Cunningham, Hilary Ritchie, and Elizabeth Cramond.

The first activity of the new term was a hugely successful Sponsored Walk, to boost S.S.C. funds. Around seventy boys and girls from Forms I-VI gamely walked the ten miles from Kingsway Technical College to South Dronlay Farm, where refreshments were served.

1975 was the tenth anniversary of the Dundee Branch of the S.S.C. and to celebrate this, a dinner-dance was held in November, for officers and senior pupils. A highly enjoyable evening was had by all.

Throughout the session, discos have been held at monthly intervals for Forms I-III. These have proved to be a highly successful venture, with large numbers turning up to each disco. Weekends away at the Stanley Nairn Centre at Dalguise and Angus House, Edzell have been organised.

Easter Camp this session will be at Dalguise from the 9th to 14th April. It is hoped there will be a large attendance, to ensure that the Camp is as action-packed as in previous years.

We all enjoyed the barbecue at the beginning of April and in the months to come, we are all looking forward to the Inter-Branch Sports in May, which this year are being held in Dundee. The Junior boys are confident that they will retain the John Kerr Trophy for the best branch, and the Senior boys are extremely hopeful that they will make it a Dundee "double"!

Once again, the Carberry Towers Conference will round off the year, hopefully in an exciting and enjoyable manner.

Therefore, on behalf of the School Committee, I should like to thank all the officers and members of the S.S.C., who have contributed to making this session a successful one.

B.A.Y.S. REPORT

The Dundee branch of B.A.Y.S. has had a very successful year. Within the school, membership has risen by six. Those who did join certainly got their money's worth with a series of lectures based heavily on medical matters, the highlight being a visit to the Pharmacology Department at Ninewells at the end of the autumn term. Here, analysing techniques and equipment, normally only heard of in a remote context in school were to be seen at first hand. However, despite this seemingly rosy picture, most of those involved are in 5th Year and so if continuity of interest is to be maintained, new members, particularly in 3rd and 4th Year must be found. The lectures are of a fairly basic level and so this shouldn't discourage prospective members - so I hope that I can look forward to welcoming some.

Secretary and School Representative,
Ian Leveson.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Once again this session we have had a varied and enjoyable series of films, discussions and talks ranging from "The Green Bear" (with whom nobody would play football) to "Anyone" - a more serious film with Christian analogies. Under the auspices of Dundee Inter Schools' Club, several members of S.U. went to Bridge of Orchy again this year for a weekend in October, where they met up with the Glasgow equivalent of DISC - Spectrum, and they spent an enjoyable three days with them.

It was a sad blow to S.U. when Mrs. Kinloch left school at the end of last session, but we have heard that she is enjoying her new job and we wish her every success for the future.

At the beginning of the session we had a "Share" project which comprised a series of tapes and discussions followed by the circulation of a questionnaire round the school. The results were very encouraging.

We now have a junior meeting on Mondays at lunch-time for Forms 1 and 2. The main meeting is held at lunch-time on a Wednesday and we have been having a series of talks from students at this meeting. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Dundee University Christian Union for all the help which they have given us this year.

On Thursday evenings we have the "At Home" meetings in various people's homes. These evenings have been most enjoyable and I would like to thank all the parents who have made their homes available for our use.

During the Christmas holidays, after several practices, we ventured out Carol Singing for the "Save the Children Fund" and raised the sum of £72. Thank you very much to everyone who helped.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. N. Forrest for ensuring the smooth running of the S.U., Mr. Fyall for his continued support and his help in organising the Carol Singing, Mr. Gill for the hard work which he puts into leading Friday 9 S.U. and Miss Coult for her help at Primary S.U.

We look forward to next session and hope for added success and larger attendances at some of our meetings. EVERYONE is welcome.

Secretary

PRIMARY S.U. REPORT

Mr. Forrest and Miss Coult, with the help of Ann, Ewan, Malcolm, and Neil have kindly given up their time to take Junior S.U., as a Friday 9 topic. During the period, we sing, play games, do puzzles, and learn about the Bible.

For singing, Ewan and Ann accompany us on their guitars while Malcolm and Neil show us the actions. We would all be delighted if anyone from primary 4-7 came along and joined us. It is really good fun.

J. Millar and G. Scott

OYEZ! OYEZ!

Report of the Bonny Babies Competition

At last: the moment you've all been waiting for! For the last three years (as most of you know) the Magazine has been pregnant. Perhaps we had better elucidate. Mr. Fyall's cupboard has been oozing with babies; (woops! Wrong again! Mr. Fyall's cupboard has been oozing with pictures of babies! some bonny, some not so bonny, and some downright horrid. You see, the Magazine has been trying (very trying!) to organise a Bonny Babies Competition.

This competition was open to all members of staff, but most of them have now grown up. (There is a notable exception, Mr. Kettles.) (Woops, wrong again, there are two notable exceptions, we overlooked Mr. Stevenson.) Hence the small response. (The pun was unintentional.)

From the beginning, the competition was beset by problems. Half the entrants have now left school (to start their primary education elsewhere) and one of the two judges has left to change nappies over the border — so please don't put all the blame on the other one! Mr. Fyall's room has been filled with an assortment of nappies, pupis, safety pins, bottles, (?), nasties and Mr. Fyall. We would like to take this opportunity to apologise for any inconvenience caused to the Rector, the Deputy Rector, the secretaries, the janitor, Mr. Miley and the cleaners. In the English department, there are continual arguments as to whether one should put a comma before "and" or not. Here we thought it more appropriate to leave it out.

To get to the bottom of this matter, (sorry), we had a difficult task in deciding who the winners were to be:—

- 1st: Master J. D. Gill
- 2nd: Master J. Stevenson
- 3rd: Master A. T. Chynoweth

They will be suitably rewarded.

We apologise for the inclusion of former members of staff, but you have got to admit that they all were bonny. Grateful thanks to all participants — sorry we did not have enough balloons.

Entries in alphabetical order:

- (1) Master A. D. Alexander
- (2) Master J. T. G. Baxter
- (3) Miss F. A. Birrell (formerly of the English department)
- (4) Master A. T. Chynoweth
- (5) Master R. S. Fyall
- (6) Master J. D. Gill
- (7) Mrs. R. Kinloch (formerly of the Geography department)
- (8) Mrs. H. Lambert (formerly of the English department)
- (9) Mrs. A. F. McDonald (formerly of the History Department)
- (10) Master D. MacDonald
- (11) Mrs. J. L. Seith (formerly of the Modern Languages department)
- (12) Master R. H. Steele
- (13) Master J. Stevenson
- (14) Master N. G. Stewart
- (15) Mrs. G. G. Walton
- (16) Master J. J. Wilson (formerly of the Classics department)
- (17) This entrant preferred to remain nameless

Accepting no responsibility,
Diana and Laurie.

ROUND THE HOUSES

1974-75

The climax to the House Championship in 1974-75 was most exciting. In the events played during the summer term the results were so close that the destination of the House Championship was in doubt to the very end. The Cricket competition resulted in a triple tie, with Airlie, Lindores and Wallace all figuring. Aystree fought back with a win in the Girls' Senior Tennis team event while most of the Tennis Championship points were shared between Airlie and Lindores. The Sports saw a great struggle between Aystree and Wallace with the former eventually taking first place. It was Wallace, however, who emerged as champions when all the marks were added together. This was a triumph for consistency as Wallace had done well throughout. The final points were:—

1. WALLACE	558 pts.
2. AYSTREE	536 ½ pts.
3. AIRLIE	512 ½ pts.
4. LINDORES	393 pts.

1975-76

The first event concerning the Houses this session was the election of officials. The following were elected as House Captains: Airlie — Hamish Milar and Maureen Christie; Aystree — Fraser Clarkson and Hilary Ritchie; Lindores — Sandy Melvin and Pamela Reid; Wallace — Kenneth Glass and Mary Rose.

The first contest for the House Championship was the ever lively debates which saw Aystree emerge victorious with Lindores second. The Lindores girls, however, soon showed that they were determined that their House should put up a better showing than last year when they won both Senior and Junior Netball and although Wallace won the Primary Netball Lindores showed an early lead in the race for the trophy.

The second term saw, for a time, this lead consolidated. The Junior Girls' Hockey was won by Lindores and although Airlie won the Junior Public Speaking Competition Lindores followed them home. The Senior Girls' Hockey saw Aystree triumph — this is an event in which they have done well in recent years. The Boys' Hockey was extremely closely fought with Lindores winning by a single goal from Aystree, who had won the five-a-side tournament which was part of the opening of Mayfield. The Rugby tournaments saw a great triumph for Airlie and Aystree, the former being undefeated in the Seniors, the latter winning against all the other Juniors. The conclusion of these team events saw Aystree marginally ahead of Lindores with Airlie a close third. The Swimming Gala which concluded the second term saw this picture radically changed. Once more the swimmers of Airlie swept all before them, finishing over 90 points ahead of their nearest rivals, Wallace and Aystree.

With summer term events still to be decided Airlie have established a decisive lead in the House Championship and the other three Houses will need Herculean efforts to unseat them before June. The position at the end of the second term is as follows:

1. AIRLIE	306 pts.
2. AYSTREE	225 pts.
3. LINDORES	197 ½ pts.
4. WALLACE	144 ½ pts.

THE OLD GIRLS' CLUB REPORT.

The 44th Annual General Meeting was held on Monday 15th March 1976 when the following office bearers were appointed:—

President: Dr. Sheila Jamieson

Vice—President: Mrs Edith Cram

Junior Vice—President: Mrs. Alison Henderson

Secretary: Mrs Eilidh McKellican, 8 West Park Gdns., Dundee.

Assistant Secretary: Mrs Patricia Cram

Treasurer: Mrs Margaret Thornton, 12 Ambrose St., Broughty Ferry.

Ex—officio: Mrs. Sheila Knight.

New members to the committee: Mrs Isobel Lindsay; Mrs Rosalind Low; and Mrs. Muriel Sim.

We welcome Miss E.M. Dickson, Assistant Rector, to the committee.

A large number attended the Reunion Dinner on Friday 7th November 1975 in the school dining hall. An excellent meal was followed by a most interesting and amusing talk by Mrs. Ann Markham, a Lecturer in Speech and Drama.

To help reduce costs the committee will again deliver magazines and dinner invitations to members living in Dundee and some surrounding areas, and the magazine position will be reviewed annually. Dinner invitations will be posted only to those within a thirty mile radius of Dundee. The dinner is not restricted to members in this area; and anyone wishing to attend should contact the secretary by the end of September.

At the time of writing, no date has been set for the Leavers' Tea Party, but we extend a warm welcome to all girls leaving school, and hope that they will join the Club.

In conjunction with the Old Boys' Club, a Wine and Pizza Party was held on the 26th March 1976 in the school dining hall.

The following have recently joined the Club:

Life Members:

Miss Patricia Cramond; 8 Abercrombie Street, Barnhill.

Miss Carol Sim, Morton Farm, Tayport.

Miss Rachel Walton, Hammersrang, Pitroddie, by Perth.

Miss Morag Houston, 13 Fort Street, Dundee.

Mrs Marie Cuthbert, 9 Ramsay Street, Broughty Ferry.

Miss Gillian Hogg, 131 Ancrum Road, Dundee.

Miss Susan Clark, 'Lisheen' Auchterhouse, by Dundee.

Miss Avril Hardy, 36 Blackness Avenue, Dundee.

Mrs Rosalind Low, Overyards, Longforgan.

Miss Maureen McMaster, 61 Clepington Road, Dundee.

Miss Marahyn Coull, 24 Kerraview Tce, Dundee.

Miss Julie Rutherford, 5 Westburn Road, Barnhill.

Miss Elizabeth McCulloch, 21 Westfield Road, Broughty Ferry.

Mrs Muriel Tait, 8 Panmurefield Road, Monifieth.

Mrs Audrey Ray, 81 Dalhousie Road, Barnhill.

Ordinary Members:

Miss Rachel Henderson, Kirkwynd, Glamis.

Miss Jean Richardson, 44a Grange Terrace, Edinburgh.

Mrs M. Boggan, 21 Menzieshill Road, Dundee.

Would members please inform the secretary of any change of address.

Tribute was paid at the Reunion Dinner and in committee to Miss Aileen Gray, who, in her many years of service to the Club, was always ready to advise and assist in so many ways. We feel a deep sense of loss.

Eilidh McKellican.

Secretary.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB

The Old Boys' Club held their Annual Dinner in the Chamber of Commerce on 30th November 1975 at which the principal speaker was Mr. James Sutherland, C.B.E., immediate Past President of the Law Society of Scotland.

Mr. Sutherland delighted the audience with a most amusing and clever speech on the three R's and was much appreciated by all present.

Mr. Gordon Stewart, Deputy Rector, replied on behalf of the School and gave a resume of the activities of the School in the past year, leaving the company in no doubt that the School was in good heart and in excellent hands.

The Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs have joined together in organising a Wine and Pizza Party to take place on 26th March 1976 and at the time of going to press the tickets are selling well and it is to be hoped the evening will be a success.

With the School's future being assured, the Old Boys' Club has a greater duty than ever to support the School in its activities and I am encouraged by the wealth of good feeling and support that has been shown by the Old Boys' Club and its enthusiasm for the future of the School.

K.W.P.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

During the past year the Society has held several interesting meetings. Early in the year some of the pupils and teachers joined to give us a very enjoyable Folk Night while several debates and meetings have been held. Unfortunately, this year, attendances have again been rather low, but we anticipate much higher audiences next year.

Nevertheless, in January, the Society held a very successful Burns' Supper which was well attended and most enjoyable — the food was excellent, the speeches of a high standard and the entertainment lively. The evening was rounded off with dancing to complete an excellent supper; thanks to all who took part.

Recently we have been concentrating our efforts on the National Debating Competitions. Our team of Katy Langlands and John Gailey reached the regional finals of the Daily Express Debating Competition. Our team of Dianne Shepherd and Stephen Davis also reached the National Semi Finals of the English Speaking Union Debating Competition. We offer both teams our hearty congratulations.

Once again we would like to thank all members of staff who helped with the running and organising of the Society. We hope they will continue to give their valuable support and that the society will flourish more strongly next session.

K.L.



RADIO CLUB REPORT

This year the club has been trying to build itself up again to full strength after gaining a reputation last year for the best centre for doing nothing in the school! The club is intended for both male and female pupils interested in radio and electronics. Members construct their own projects in the club room at all times: before 9 a.m., at lunchbreak, after 4 p.m. and during Friday 9. The club stocks a wide range of electronic components which are on sale to both members and non-members.

At present there is a total of twelve pupils and two staff. Unfortunately, there is a waiting list to join because of the very limited workbench space, and there is only one solution to this problem, a bigger club room. (Big hint!)

The members list is as follows:

Form 6 — A. Beamer; M. Jones; K. Takahashi.
Form 5 — J. Grievs, President; K. Anton, Secretary; D. Shearer; G. Bell, Publicity.
Form 3 — A. McKenzie; A. Dick; D. Saddler; I. Lawson.
Form 1 — D. Bell
Staff — Mr. G. Allen, Treasurer; Mr. J. Lewis.

Apart from members' own projects, the club has other projects. In early September we carried out the Annual Aerial Inspection for our aeriels on the Gym roof. The main aerial was badly in need of repair and so it was attended to immediately. The following weeks saw the installation of two separate telephone links.

The first was built to connect the club room and Mr. Allen's Lab. A few lunchtimes were spent both inside the school and on the roof (our apologies to Mrs. Burness) laying the wires, but within a fortnight the link, which has proved to be very useful, was connected and tested. The second link presented us with more problems. This 'hot-line' between the rooms of Messrs. Fyall and Chynoweth necessitated special tactics: during three consecutive Friday 9 periods, four of our number went under the floors and laid the wires in the passage between the rooms.

The passage was two feet square, dark, damp, cold and very dusty. All four members emerged from the tunnels covered with a thick layer of dirt. On two occasions, a member of the Magazine Committee joined us to take photographs. After laying the wires, the phones were installed and tested. They are now fully operational.

At Christmas, the club was called upon to provide discos for the Forms I, II and III parties. The Form II party was one big technical hitch, and the Form III party suffered from lack of volume because of the inability of a certain person to buy three new speakers! However, at the Form I party there was only one minor problem which was overcome.

In January, we were asked to provide dance music at the Burns' Supper, and this turned out to be a success. Also, at Christmas, we were asked, at short notice, to record the Carol Service. Three units, strategically placed, recorded the choir, congregation and the lessons. The tapes were mixed and the result came up to our expectations. Copies can be obtained from the club room.

At the end of January, we started a basic instruction course in electronics for Forms I and II leading on to two concurrent courses in radio and electronics. These are now in progress.

Ending on an optimistic note, two of the members intend to sit the Amateur Radio Exam in the Summer.

The Secretary.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

At the beginning of this term, the following appointments were made:

Captain: J. W. Grant Carnegie
Vice-Captain and Match Secretary: Gavin Gibson
Secretary: Kenneth M. Murray
Treasurer: Fred A. Sieber

Last season our 'A' team did very well indeed to finish top of the Dundee and Angus Rifle Club Association Junior 'A' League. The 'B' team, relatively young and inexperienced, shot some very good scores to finish third of the junior 'B' League. Several team members were also well placed in the Little Trophy for Under Eighteen's.

The Urquhart Cup was won by last year's Captain, William Robertson, as was the Findlay Cup with Grant Carnegie a close second.

With the start of the new season, we have once again joined the D.A.R.C.A. Leagues. There has been a very encouraging intake of Form 2 pupils whom we hope will practise hard and improve their scores.

However, many of our activities, including a shoulder to shoulder competition against H.M.S. Campdown, have had to be cancelled as our range in the gymnasium is now considered unsafe. During the month of January we have been able to use the excellent range at Police Headquarters, Bell Street, and we are most grateful to the Chief Constable for granting us this facility.

On behalf of the entire Rifle Club, I would like to say how saddened we all were by the sudden and untimely death of Major Jacuk who had always been so helpful with all our activities.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Holmes and Mr. Steele for giving of their time to supervise the range and for their helpful advice on a Friday evening. I would also like to thank very much indeed, the group of people who donated money for the purchase of new rifles which are now in use. Through their generosity we can now boast an armoury of sixteen rifles. Our grateful thanks must also go to Mr. Colgan for keeping the school open for us on Friday evenings.

Kenneth M. Murray,
Secretary.

SCHOOL DANCE 18.12.75

The dance was held in the hall of the new College of Education for the first time. The dance floor was much larger than at previous dances and allowed freer movement. A common complaint, though, was that the temperature was very high and there was no liquid refreshment available. Because of this, the break was very welcome with an excellent buffet laid on by the school dining hall staff. Once again F4 were allowed to go and their attendance justified this decision. Thanks must go to the Staff and Prefects for the organisation, the Dining Hall Staff for the refreshment, and the College Administration for the use of the hall. These combined to create a very enjoyable evening.

Brian Smith

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GIRLS' HOCKEY

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

Captain, Mary Rose; Vice-Captain, Pamela Reid; Secretary, Pauline Butchart; Treasurer, Patricia Roy.

Only three of last year's 1st XI remained but the new team settled down quickly and has been very successful so far, having been beaten by only one team. The scores to date are:

Morgan Academy	7 - 0
Perth Academy	3 - 0
Harris Academy	5 - 0
Kirkcaldy H.S.	1 - 1
Dollar Academy	4 - 1
Bell-Baxter	2 - 3
Albyn	4 - 0
Morgan Academy	1 - 0
St. Denis	4 - 0
Kilgraston	1 - 0
Dundee University	4 - 0
Waid Academy	1 - 1
Dunfermline H.S.	1 - 0
St. Andrews University	1 - 1
Kirkcaldy H.S.	3 - 1
Montrose Academy	2 - 0
Harlaw Academy	3 - 0
D.C.P.E.	1 - 0
St. Andrews University	3 - 3

This year five people gained places in the Dundee Team and special congratulations must go to Mhairi Henderson who gained a place in the Midlands side and got a Scottish trial.

We were delighted to reach the final of the Midlands Tournament in which we were narrowly beaten by our rivals Bell-Baxter.

The 2nd XI have also kept up a very high standard and the younger teams show great promise for the future.

We were sorry to lose Miss Lyle who encouraged us so much, giving up much valuable time. We wish her all the best in Australia. Mrs. Pirie has taken over capably. Thanks must also go to all the other teachers who have helped throughout the year.

Secretary.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

With strong support from last year's Form 1, and a very strong present Form 1, there are now more Senior School pupils in the Chess Club than ever before. It has been so great that now we have been able to present seven teams, lettered A to G, for the Dundee and District League. There are two third year teams (A and B), two second year teams (C and D), and as many as three first year teams (E, F and G). At the moment, the A team is leading their division in the League and almost all the others are scoring commendable results.

This outburst of enthusiasm has also helped to reduce the financial problems and after being a record £19 in debt to Mrs. Elder last June, she has now been able to buy several new sets and boards and still virtually break even.

In the Sunday Times Tournament, the school team is now in the zone final. If the team should succeed in winning this final, we will match our victory of two years ago.

In the Glasgow Congress in September, Andrew Blackburn came third equal in the Under 13 Tournament with five games out of six. John Hargreaves succeeded in coming fourth equal in the Under 14 Tournament.

There are also a number of third year pupils and Christopher Daft in First Year who were specially invited to training weekends in Glasgow. Christopher succeeded in achieving second place in a one-day Under 13 trial at one of those weekends.

In the Scotsman Trophy, the School team have won their division. They are now awaiting their next opponents.

In the international Faber Cup which was held in London this summer, Judith Hanslip and Margaret Forwell, two of our former pupils, represented Scotland, which finished second to England.

A school team of ten, together with a team of ten from the Junior School took part in two Jamborees, in Glasgow and St. Andrews, but we had indifferent results.

The trip to Italy went well, and the primary school pupils who took part enjoyed it very much.

Both the Beckingham and Russell Trophy competitions are now under way; we hope to have both finished by Easter this year.

Again our warmest thanks to Mrs. Elder and Mrs. Bartlett for their time and energy in running the club.

J.D

THE AQUA CLUB REPORT

The Aqua Club, recently begun, and the first of its kind at the High School has had some meetings in Dr. Robertson's Lab.

The organisers were pleasantly surprised by the number of new members, and also by the wide range of their interests from tropical fish to reptiles. The purpose of the club is to meet other aquatic enthusiasts, and discuss problems, and experiences, and C. R. Baaton, who has presided at the meetings would welcome anyone else interested in coming, from any Form, or L.6-7.

The club will meet four or five times a term, either at lunchtime or at 4 p.m., and small subscriptions will be paid to go towards buying a fish-tank for the club. We hope the interest already shown will continue.

The Secretary.





The Royal Dundee Institution For The Blind

Founded 1865

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

LOVE & WAR



We pondered long, both night and day, and soon began to fret,

'Cos to write an introduction was the task we had been set;

But ideas were scarce, inspiration gone, and oh! so short was time.

Then we put our heads together, and conjured up this rhyme.

So turn these pages to find "love", the first of our two themes;

Love - with its secret longings, laughter, heartbreak and shared dreams,

Then on to "war" -- often born of love a poisonous seed which spreads;

Marches under the banner of "liberation", but culminates in death.

We've cherished every inch of space, and edited carefully, We've tried to show all aspects, and provide variety,

We hope the finished product will not prove monotonous, And finally it's thanks to all of you who've written in to us.

Alison Mitchell

Gillian Esplin



BLITZ

Fire like acid cleanses,
sweeps away rat infested buildings,
Shatters man's squalor till only pure, sweet earth
is left.

Fire, with clinical efficiency, disinfects
Rotten roofbeams oozing and festering with liquid stale
are enveloped with great fervour by licking hungry
yellow flame.

Fire is unmerciful when it comes to filth,
Like salt cleansing a wound, it leaves behind
clean exposed flesh.

On the third floor of a crumbling tenement, a
bed ridden old woman lies,
The stench of unclean bedclothes and age-old
vomit fills the room.
She is unclean and impure -- stale.

Fire is unmerciful when it comes to filth -- so
she too must be purified.
All her elderly body cells revitalised and all
her impurities selected and annihilated.

The town is left deep in germless, powdery ash.
No rats or bugs infest the dusky alley.
Only the lean and strong -- the clear-skinned,
bright-eyed youngsters are left
to begin again.

A white-tinted glass town will soon emerge -- A
blissful hamlet of scrupulous hygiene.

This is victory,
This is perfection.

But fire, like salt cleansing a wound,
hurts

N.P.F.III.

LOVE STORY

It was a deep, dark, sultry, intensely boring moonlit
night. The moon rose above the silhouetted tree tops in a
great crescendo of light, and to crown this moment a fog
horn blared in the distance.

They sat, not speaking, just gazing earnestly into their
respective packets of fish and chips.

"Darling," she breathed, as one of her false eyelashes
fluttered into her chips, "Isn't it romantic?"

He replied in a deep, husky voice. (but his words were
drowned in the blare of another fog horn.)

"Good grief! What's that . . . no . . . it can't be . . . it
is! . . . a black widow! Don't breathe, darling, I'll get the
blighter!"

And with a manful gesture he swept the chips to the
ground and stamped furiously on her false eyelash.

"Darling!" she screamed (yet again) as her other false
eyelash fell onto her handbag.

"Don't move!" he shouted. "There's another one!"
And he started leaping up and down on her handbag.

"You silly fool!" she cried "That's my £50 Gucci
handbag! And those . . ." she screamed, pointing an
accusing finger at the debris of plastic at her feet "are my
34p. Miner's eyelashes! . . . Or, were they 36p . . .?"

"But, darling, sweetness, precious, I was only trying
to . . ."

"Don't 'darling, sweetness, precious' me!" she
screamed, as she sprinted off into the smog-ridden night.



MARROW LOVE STORY

What can you say about a marrow who was three and a half months old? That she loved pumpkins, green beans, life, and me?

It all began one cold morning in March, when Farmer Murphy was planting his crop of marrows for that year. Soon we were a whole row of little green shoots, shortly to grow into bigger green shoots, sprouting upwards. During our childhood we, Marrowlad and Marrowlynnie, played together happily, basking in the sun; sometimes I would even let her count my pinstripes! Our friendship flourished into what we thought would be everlasting love during our teenage weeks. We lived for each other. Days seemed to flash by, and with each day we grew a little bit more, until the middle of June when our peaceful marrow lives were shattered.

Our wonderful marrow-doctor, Marrowmed, told me that poor Marrowlynnie didn't have long to live. She had caught the dreaded — yes, the dreaded — Marrowcemia! (Commonly known as the disease of the marrows) How could I tell poor Marrowlynnie, who loved life in the vegetable patch so much, that she only had two weeks to live?

Day by day she grew paler and thinner, losing her attractive lime green beauty warts. One day, we were frolicking joyfully around the garden-shed, laughing and planning the future. Suddenly, Marrowlynnie said that she had been talking to Marrowmed. She knew that she would never be stuffed like all the other marrows.

We spent our last week constantly together, growing closer every minute, loving each other more and more, until one morning, on waking, and looking over to Marrowlynnie, I realised she had gone. In her place lay a new seed.

Then I knew that she was gone forever. During the night Farmer Murphy had come to inspect all us marrows, had detected Marrowcemia in Marrowlynnie, and had had her incinerated.

Yes, she was gone forever, never to return. But I knew that there would always be an emptiness in my life without her.

E.H.W.A.

LOVE IS . . . ?

Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous, conceited or proud; love is not ill-mannered, selfish or irritable; love does not keep a record of wrongs; love is not happy with evil but is happy with the truth.

Love never gives up: its faith, hope and patience never fail.

1 CORINTHIANS 13. v. 4-7

GOD'S LOVE IS . . . ?

God's love is . . .

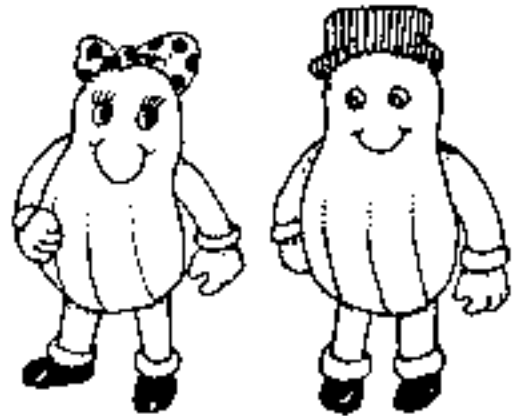
so great that he sent his only son, Jesus,
to die on the cross, while we were still sinners,
so that everyone who believes in Him shall
not perish but have eternal life.

God's love is . . . abundant.

God's love is . . . everlasting.

God's love is . . . for everyone.

God's love is . . . for you . . .



FACE UP TO DEATH

However, you have to admit —

Half a life is better than none.

And think of death as

An inevitable form of relaxation.

However, I agree:

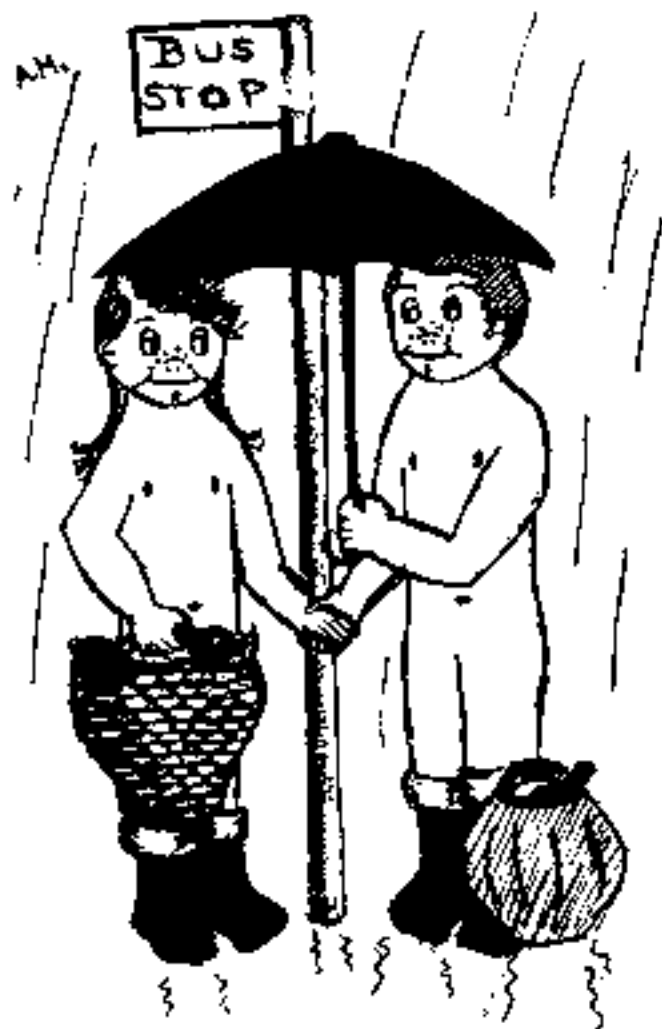
The snag about death is its permanence,

But I accept, it —

As long as it's beckoning someone else.

Gillian.





LOVE IS . . .

- War is . . . dying for your country
- War is . . . grown-ups playing silly games
- War is . . . someone stepping on your toes
- War is . . . inside everyone, waiting for an excuse
- War is . . . no-one asking why
- War is . . . the art of keeping up with death
- War is . . . an occasional flash of fury that makes peace delightful
- War is . . . anger's greatest invention
- War is . . . the father of invention
- War is . . . the last one, until the next one
- War is . . . a twinge of devilish conscience
- War is . . . walking backwards into the future
- War is . . . knowing what you are doing without asking why
- War is . . . raw, but backward
- War is . . . able to puff up a nation, but not to prop it up
- War is . . . pride's greatest achievement

LOVE IS

- . . . watching Crossroads instead of football
- . . . scraping your nails down his hand for a laugh
- . . . giving her your umbrella when it's pouring
- . . . something your father is going to tell you about (next birthday)
- . . . King Alfred's wife praising his cooking
- . . . like ten rounds with Mohammed Ali
- . . . giving him his breakfast in bed
- . . . isn't it?
- . . . knocking his baby photos
- . . . the nicest thing that happens to a knee
- . . . like a big red rose
- . . . your dog offering you his bone
- . . . accidentally chipping varnish off his helmet
- . . . lending her your new car
- . . . terrible



WAR IS . . .

THE NOTES

They say that Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. And Abby was no exception. She stood at the shed door, pale rays of evening sunlight casting a mellow glow over the shadowy 'heaps' which were old bicycles and piles of cracked tiles, and she screamed. She screamed with every grain of energy that her plump little body could muster, stamping a red sandal violently on the earth floor, while faithful old golliwog lay rejected and forlorn amongst a set of garden tools. Richie put down the bicycle pump, and waited patiently until the last scream had faded away amidst a flurry of panting and sniffing, and then he spoke.

"I only bought her an apple. Just a stinking apple." Abby glared at him, fury oozing from every part of her. "And a bunch of stinking flowers!" she almost spat. "Don't think I haven't noticed the way you sit and grin at her all day, and always offer to tidy her desk. You're nothing but a teacher's pet!" With this final blow, she turned and marched out into the dying light.

However, that night as she lay in bed, staring glumly at the red and yellow clowns dotted haphazardly across the otherwise blank wallpaper, she wept real tears. Richie was her very own, special boyfriend and he had been ever since that fatal eighth birthday, all those months ago, when she had grazed her knee climbing over the garden wall, and he had offered her his handkerchief — his blue checked handkerchief — to bind it. And now he had gone all gooey over stupid Miss Wardell, with her French perfume and dyed hair. Well, she, Abby, was going to do something about it!

The following day was hot and sticky. Heat hung everywhere, damp and oppressive, and there was not even the faintest breeze to bring relief. In the village school, Miss Wardell patted delicately at her glistening forehead with a lace handkerchief, and watched her pupils, sixteen heads bent low over their books, brows furrowed in concentration.

"All right," she called suddenly, and the sixteen heads shot up immediately. "we'll all have some refreshments now. Richie . . ." she flashed him her brilliant smile. "you can fetch the biscuits."

Richie, his face pink with pleasure, foraged eagerly in the large cupboard behind his seat, and emerged with a round tin, full to the brim with home-baked biscuits. He proceeded to distribute these around the class, finally arriving at Miss Wardell's desk.

"Why, thank you, Richie." Again the brilliant smile. But Abby sat waiting for the surprise to come.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Wardell quite suddenly. "What have we here?" And from the bottom of the tin she pulled out, and opened, a folded slip of paper. The class peered avidly at her smooth, composed face, eager for any clue as to the contents. But Abby knew.

Dear Miss Wardell, I've read I have loved you long and true, ever since the day our eyes met over the staff tea tray. Say you will be mine forever and make me a happy man. Mr. Simpkins.

A rosy flush crept slowly from Miss Wardell's pale, aquiline neck, up to the tip of her perfectly formed ears, and she read the note again.

The interested silence was broken suddenly by a loud crash, as the door was dramatically flung open, and young Mr. Simpkins stood there, his peppery hair tousled as ever, and a strange, wild gleam in his dark eyes. And in his hands, a slip of paper.

"Mary," he croaked. "I got your note. Can it be true?"

"Note?" Miss Wardell was trembling with confusion, now completely oblivious of the sixteen pairs of eyes watching with obvious enjoyment.

"You know what I mean. This one." He unfolded the slip of paper, and read:

"Dear Mr. Simpkins, Can't you see the passion which is burning in me? If you feel the same way, tell me quickly and put me out of my misery,

Miss Wardell."

"Well, Mary," he cried, smiling now. "I've come to tell you!" And as her pupils sat astonished, Miss Wardell was enveloped in the folds of Mr. Simpkins tweed suit, and kissed full on the lips.

"I never really liked her anyway," muttered Richie, as they walked home through the park, his battered satchel bumping and scraping along the pebbled path. "She wore too much perfume. It was smelly."

"And her hair was dyed!" Abby added helpfully.

"Yeah!" There was a pause. "What I don't understand is, if she didn't write to him and he didn't write to her, who wrote those notes?"

"Oh, some dope!" laughed Abby. "Come on! I'll race you home!"

The two figures sped lightly over the soft grass, their laughter mingling with the birdsong, a glorious anthem to the innocence of youth.

Alison Mitchell Form V



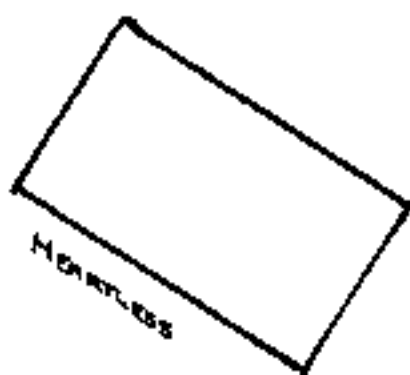
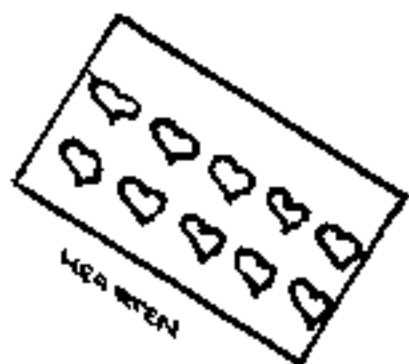
WRITTEN IN THE WAR MEMORIAL LIBRARY

My grandfather knew it,
My father heard about it,
Yet I, yet I know nothing of it.

Yes I've seen it in the movies,
The handsome soldiers fall in love,
Long lost friends turn up not dead.

God, man, it wasn't like that says the old man,
Yes,
I believe him, you don't,
So what - I say thank God, Owen is dead.

J.N.P.



*Whispering mists, water lapping shore.
Smiles and
White wisps of waves, curling silver
Words then
Soft sands, warm, caressing
Hurt with
Close sky, distant moon
Tears when
Eyes, deep - blue, lost, alone
Say goodbye*

DEPARTURE

He left her this morning,
As the cold, grey mist licked the rooftops
And dawn's sleepy light peeked timidly through the
clouds.
And she, with her bright hair flowing across the pillow
Lay lost in dreams.
"Don't go" she begged him
"You're too young to die, and I'm too weak to lose you"
So he had remained in her world of enchantment,
But what right had he to love
When thousands were writhing in the living hell of France?
Perhaps if he didn't go now,
He never would.

Alison

A HOLLYWOOD ROMANCE

It was 1921, and Bertie and Dora met in the fountain at the Schultskys' House Warming Party in Hollywood.

Mrs. Schultsky fell into the wife foaming bowl of the fountain first, and the others followed naturally.

Dora and Bertie found themselves sharing a grasp on a beautiful pale pink water lily, and her eyes at once riveted themselves on his immaculately brushed hair, and the shining glass of his monocle which was such a part of his English heritage.

Their eyes had met briefly at dinner, over the silvered table, when Bertie Dunstable's astonishingly adept movements of knife and dessert fork had secured neatly a dinner-rolf thrown at him.

And Bertie, meeting Dora's admiring gaze, had in turn noticed the intense way she drank her soup with a tiny sucking noise at the end of every mouthful. Thus their mutual respect made him say, looking closely at her wetly clinging organdy frock: "What a very flattering dress, old girl."

With a pretty "gamine" laugh, Dora answered that she was pleased he liked it.

Bertie wrinkled his domed forehead in deep cogitation. "Haven't we met before?" he asked. For a moment she looked taken aback, but after extracting a champagne cork from the top of her dress, her "piquante" face broke into a delicious smile that portrayed beautiful gold teeth. She dug her teeth thoughtfully into the cork.

"Oh golly!" thought Bertie. "Now I know what a gold digger is..."

"You may," said Dora, "have seen me at the Beverly Hill Nightclub."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah, I'm dauntless Dora. They use me in the Shooting Act."

From her brassy hennah hair she removed a large black slide with a pistol. There was only one thing to be done. He took his chewing gum from behind his ear and began to chew rhythmically. Slowly his quivering nerves calmed down.

Dora twirled the pistol on her little finger, and fluttered her eyelashes coyly.

"They're going to let me do a dance tomorrow night," she said.

"Oh really?" Bertie said suavely, having regained his customary composure. Thoughtfully, he extracted an amusing spidery object from his top pocket. He noticed that the eyelash from Dora's right eye had mysteriously vanished.

And Dora knew because of the "rappon" between them, that he was tacitly saying that he would come and see her dance. From the charming camellia-covered balcony above them, a band softly struck up "I'd like a talking picture of you," and Bertie got out of the fountain with an unmusical splash. He picked up a half-empty bottle of Italian gin and flung it towards the balcony, where a discordant sound from the first violin indicated a hit. He stalked off muttering "Rotten show," said Dora gazed after him, worshipping his masculine rudeness. Sighing, she returned to the smoking of her pipe.

The following night, Bertie roared up to the nightclub door in a towering rage. His 1904 Ford had collapsed when he put a large hamper of chewing gum into it, so he had been forced to walk, without the chewing gum, and he hadn't wanted to crease his spotless spats.

Inside, the cabaret had already begun, and a blonde, statuesque lady was singing in a throaty voice. The crowded tables were blurred with cigarette smoke, and a buzz of conversation rose above the singer's voice. There was a little desultory clapping when she wandered off the platform, and tripping over the footlights, measured her length on a stout gentleman below.

"And now ladies and gents," said a greasy individual with Brylcreemed hair and a loud purple tie, "here's the girl you've all been waiting for — "Dauntless Dora" doing the Charleston!"

There was a burst of jazz, and Dora shuffled on stage, unobtrusively doing up her hair. A long string of rose-coloured beads stretched almost to her knees. Bertie's heart warmed to her. She looked as fresh as a daisy and he wanted to go to her and clasp her to him as if she was ten dollars.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed, clapping loudly.

A thin gentleman looked at Bertie as though he were smelling of onions. "Shut up!" he hissed. "This is a speak-easy! The cops live next door!" "Shut up yourself!" snarled Bertie, all his English pride welling up within him, and almost forgot to watch Dora, whose dance had begun.

Seeing her twirling feet in her neat size nine tapshoes had almost the same effect on him as his lost chewing gum. His eyes travelled her shaking silk-clad body, to the pulsating fringe of sequins at her neck, and to her neatly shingled head.

He was fascinated, in turn, by the long rose-coloured beads that bobbed and twitched as she gyrated. And then she twirled her hands round the beads, and with a swift neat movement she doubled them over her head. The jazz got faster and faster, and she danced in time, and as the beads grew shorter and shorter, he realised with a sudden sense of *deja vu* what was bound to happen. Dora, with her impulsive nature, had not stopped to think of...

And just as a shrill police whistle sounded in his ear, the bead necklace tightened round Dora's throat, and she slipped elegantly to the floor, stiff and lifeless. In the ensuing uproar, Bertie was grabbed and held by a thickset heavily-moustached policeman, and he saw, as if in a dream, the wild chaos of the speak-easy as everyone tried to make a dash for the door. There were blue uniforms everywhere.

Bertie was tried with all the other fellows, and duly sentenced to life imprisonment. But he was not unhappy, because in the clink were unlimited supplies of chewing gum, and as he chewed luminatively over the years, he reflected on his brief, ill-starred romance with Dora, and of her dramatic end.

She really had had rotten luck.



IT IS NOT A MATTER OF AGE!

The sun filtered through the hazy clouds and reflected its warmth off the sea onto the sandy beach where, hand in hand, sat Roger and Pat. Staring into his eyes she could no longer see any glimmer of love to match the love in her heart.

"What's wrong, Roger? Is it something I've said?"

"No Pat, not you. It's the others at school, they don't seem to understand me, my parents don't understand either."

"What don't they understand, Pat? Is it the exam marks?"

"No Pat, it's not exams — it's worse than that."

The lines on her face crinkled up into a smile.

"You can tell me, Roger — I'll understand."

"They say I'm too young for this. They say you must be kicking thirty if you're a day old."

How could she break it to him; how could she rip his tender heart asunder with the reply she knew only too well. She had thought it was just a childish crush but as she had paid more attention in the pleas of the kid beside her she realised that she too had become involved.

"Look, it's no good pretending any more. I'm not that old, I'm twenty seven. But that shouldn't matter. We can make it together. I want you to be happy; I want us to be happy; I want everyone to be happy. I'm happy when I'm with you."

Roger knew then that his life would be empty without her. But what did he care! It had been nearly three and a half years since they first met and kissed and now, as Roger sat on the beach his hand tightly gripping hers, he felt contented in his mind as he knew she was the only one for him!

They knew what had to be done then. She picked up her handbag, while he picked up his satchel, and they made their way hand in hand, heart in heart, together. Forever . . .

J.E.L.J.



REFUGEE

Refugee, I wonder where your family is,
Refugee, do you know where your family is,
Refugee, do they know how sad you are,
Refugee?

Refugee, do you crawl through hell to heaven,
Refugee, is there a brightening light at the
end of that tunnel

Refugee?

P.A.A.L. F.I.

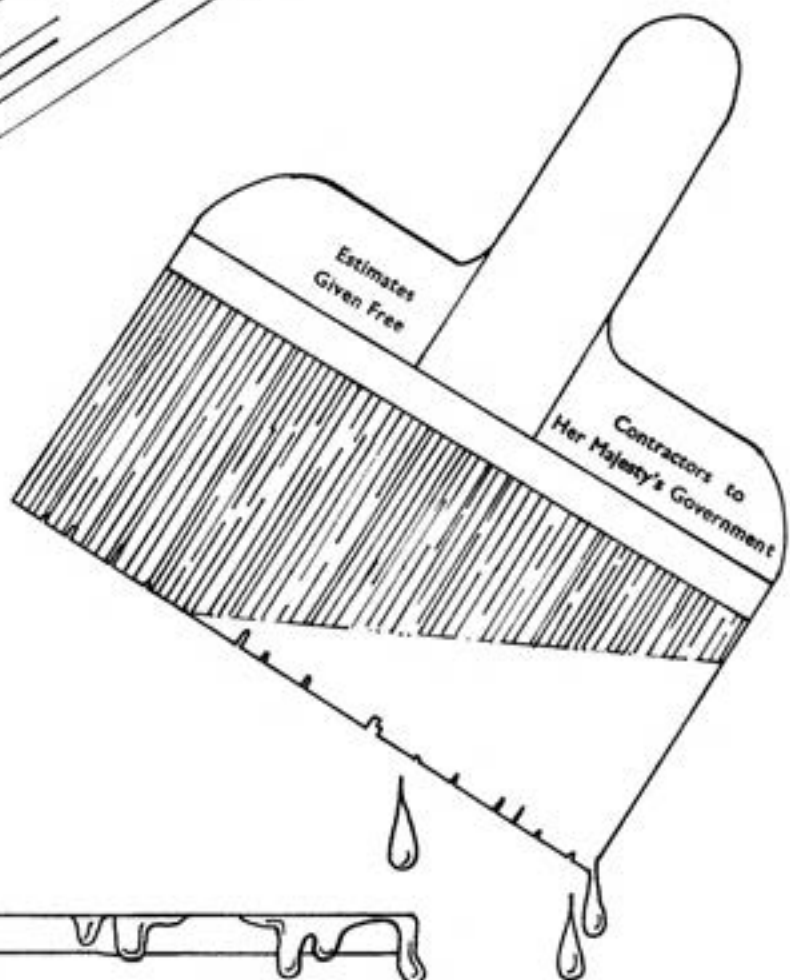


War — the word excites us
Conjuring up images of scarlet jackets
And proud, trusty steeds.
But the steeds are gone
In their place are tanks, fighter planes,
The outcome of our 'enlightened' world.
And if we look closely
We'll see that the scarlet is blood.

Alison.

Love is . . .
... sharing a scarf when it's snowing
... failing exams
... cutting the last cake in half, and giving him the bigger
slice
... putting cod liver oil in his coffee (?)
... helping him wash up
... knitting his gran bedsocks
... getting shot from your dad for coming home late

I.S.



TELEPHONE 24187

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A rectangular sign with text, with paint dripping from the top edge and a puddle at the bottom right.

Miscellany

Throughout the year, the Group Leaders have been behaving in a peculiar, obsessional manner. They have perched for long periods in Mr. Fyall's room, clucking at intervals, and hopping down to scratch at intervals in the dust stirred up by innumerable scholars. Then they carefully laid eggs and, for most of the term, they have been incubating their Thames.

By mid-March, hatching time had arrived. Articles were scurrying here and there. Some had got into the wrong coop and were searching for their rightful mothers. Others, the eggs that had failed to hatch, the broken, the addled, the hard-boiled, and the rotten, were being thrown from the nest. Motherless chicks scuttled to the corner of the room where I was and, before I knew it, I was surrounded by articles, as Alice was beset by cards.

There was one marked difference between Alice and me. Alice woke up I didn't. These articles adopted me as their foster mother. Wherever I went they followed me cheeping. As I had spent the year curled round the

finch, my eyes gloaming in miserly lust, smoke coming from my nostrils, and my talons raking through the coopers to check that every last coin was present, this took me somewhat by surprise. I had to shed my scales rapidly and become soft and broody. I found that relatively easy it was when I was told to count my chickens for display purposes that I got really flustered. "Call it 'Miscellany'," they said, and so I did.

But I still had to introduce it. I decided to consult the Oxford Pocket Oracle. "Miscellanea (n.pl.) odds and ends, stray items". Useless. I knew that already. "Miscellany (n.) literary and other medley". That was better, it summed up my motley brood very aptly.

So nothing now remains for me to do except to introduce you to each other which is what I have been trying to do all along.

For Your Most Royal and Excellent Perusal—
My Modley of Literary and Other Works.

Diana.

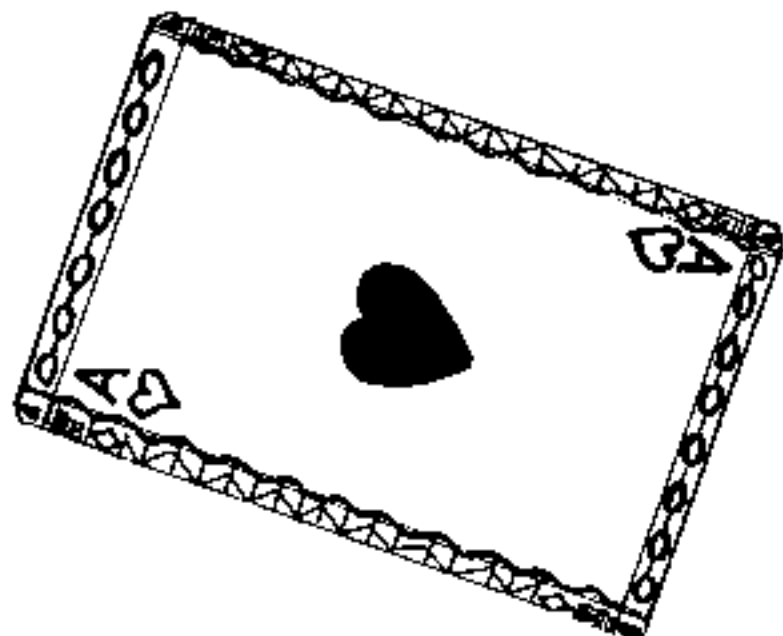
BRIDGE PROBLEM

A Q 10 3	
A 10 5 4	
3	
A J 9 6	
B 7 6 2	K J 8 5
J 9 2	Q J
10 9 5	A Q 7
Q 10 3	K 5 4 2
4	
K 8 6 3	
K J 8 4 2	
S 7	

North - South are vulnerable.

Bidding:
E S W N
1NT - - 2C
- 2H

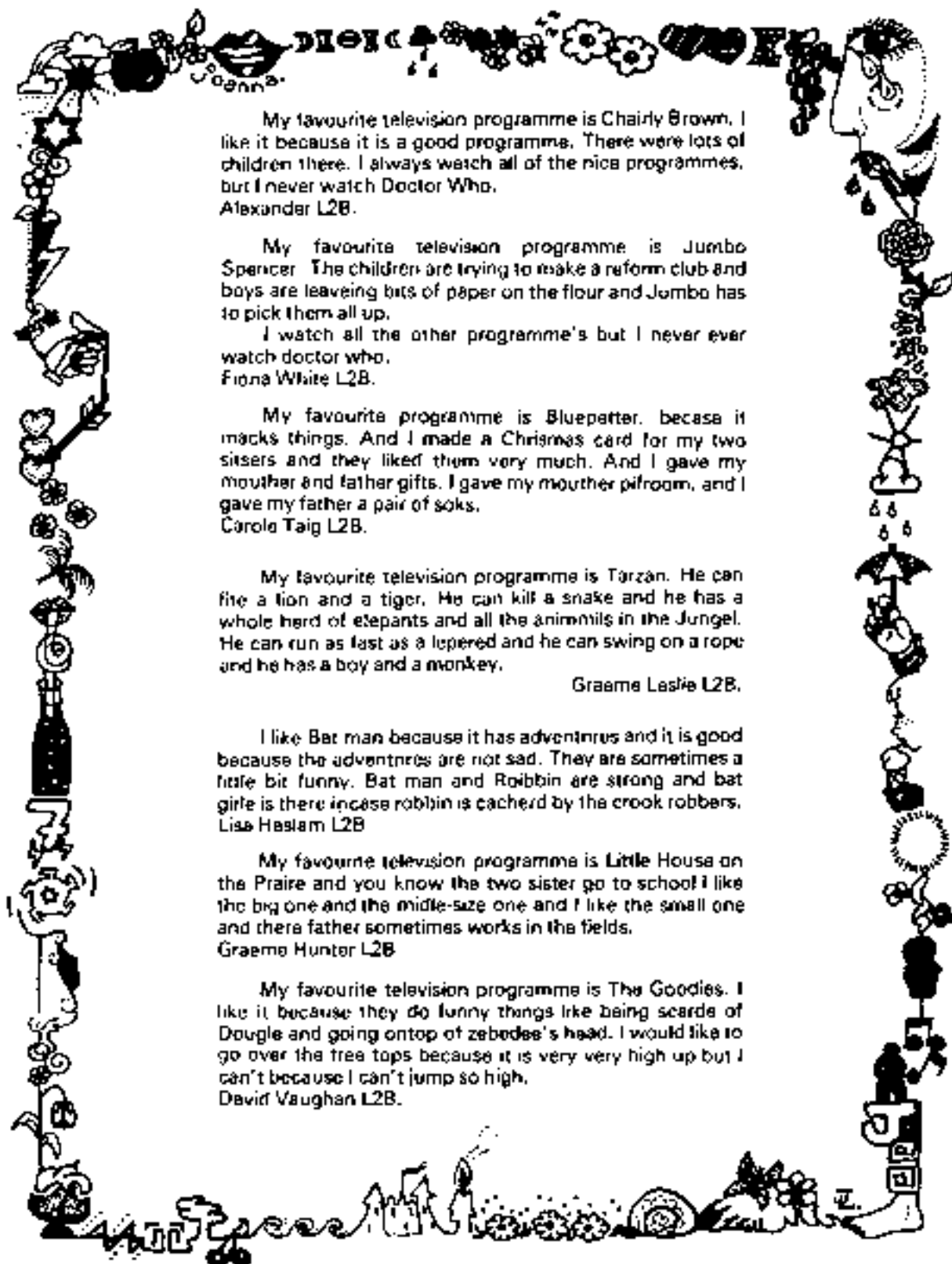
How should you play to make 10 tricks?



PIGEONS IN THE CITY SQUARE

And the man said, "Pigeons in city square".
But, by now, the bar was empty, and
each went homeward to his lair
to think of what he had learned.
And each, inspired, saw things anew
A mouse, a mouse, a mouse,
all projected into view
On the mental screen of each.
And each strove to comprehend
how that one old man
could bring their blindness to an end
and lend them colour to paint with.
And then each ventured from his sky
and looked around and saw,
"Birds used to fly in the sky,
But I don't see them these years."
And the man said, "Pigeons in city square."
But the people saw no birds flying
So they went to where
The old man had said there were birds.
And at last each comprehended
The old man's strangled words.
A tragic death had ended
The lives of the gray pigeons.
And then each one realised
That this death was truly weird.
Each pigeon had been paralysed
By the poisonous bite of a cloud.
But each in his plastic existence
Had overlooked the growing threat
And each had little or no resistance
To the suffocating fumes of blackness.
And each was totally defenceless
Against the germ-filled bite of the mouse.
Each was totally helpless
When his blood ran black with disease
The black pollution got.
All except for two people.
A man and a woman called Noah.

Niall Gibb F6



My favourite television programme is Chairly Brown. I like it because it is a good programme. There were lots of children there. I always watch all of the nice programmes, but I never watch Doctor Who.
Alexander L2B.

My favourite television programme is Jumbo Spencer. The children are trying to make a reform club and boys are leaving bits of paper on the floor and Jumbo has to pick them all up.

I watch all the other programme's but I never ever watch doctor who.
Fiona White L2B.

My favourite programme is Bluepatter, because it makes things. And I made a Christmas card for my two sisters and they liked them very much. And I gave my mother and father gifts. I gave my mother perfume, and I gave my father a pair of socks.
Carole Taig L2B.

My favourite television programme is Tarzan. He can fight a lion and a tiger. He can kill a snake and he has a whole herd of elephants and all the animals in the jungle. He can run as fast as a leopard and he can swing on a rope and he has a boy and a monkey.

Graeme Leslie L2B.

I like Bat man because it has adventures and it is good because the adventures are not sad. They are sometimes a little bit funny. Bat man and Robin are strong and bat girl is there incase robin is captured by the crook robbers.
Lisa Haslam L2B

My favourite television programme is Little House on the Praire and you know the two sister go to school I like the big one and the middle-size one and I like the small one and there father sometimes works in the fields.
Graeme Hunter L2B

My favourite television programme is The Goodies. I like it because they do funny things like being scared of Dougie and going on top of zebedee's head. I would like to go over the tree tops because it is very very high up but I can't because I can't jump so high.
David Vaughan L2B.

My favourite game is football. You have to try and get the ball to try and get a goal. Who ever kicks it off from one of the teams the other team has to thro it on again. They have oranges and when the game is over they have a drink of Lager.

Graeme Leslie L2B.

My favourite game is Super Stricker and sometimes Daddy plays Super Stricker on Saturday and the players are Ragers and Abardeen and Dunfelmal and I have two gale ceapers and two nets and I even have a scor board.

Graeme Hunter L2B.

My favourite game is Super Stricker. Do you know how to play? There's a space for the ball to go. He has a foot back and press his head down but not rite down and try to get a gale and the gale ceaper can move.

Graeme Hunter L2B.

What I would do if I had a lot of money.

If I had a lot of money I would buy a big house in the country away from the hustle and bustle of the town. I would give a lot to Oxfam and Save the Children Fund and Red Cross. I would make some films and lots of cartoons and start a university and a park. I would buy a large area of ground and build a rocket big enough to go to Pluto.

If I had a lot of money, I would buy a house with six pillars. I would spend the change on firnicher and kirtins and carpets. I would have a big garden with a fountain and I would have an orchard with apple trees in it. I would have some grass with a flower bed and a small forest. near by.
Roger Thomson L3B.

I would like to be very very very very rich and I would like to have five thousand pounds and if I did I would like to buy a block of flats all to my own and my Mummy and Daddy.
Charles Bargar L2B.

If I had a lot of munny I would buy lots of model aeroplanes to make. I would glue the pieces together and paint the aeroplanes. Then my Daddy would hang them up and they would turn round and round in the breeze.
David Vaughan L2B.

I would make an instrument to discover the secret of the atom. Then I would buy two tents, four camp beds, three camp stoves and lots and lots of equipment. I would pay to build a theatre. I would buy a lot of food. I would give money to people who needed it. I would buy a zoo. In the zoo I would lions, monkeys, tigers, bears, birds, kangaroos and chipmunks.

Matthew Pemble

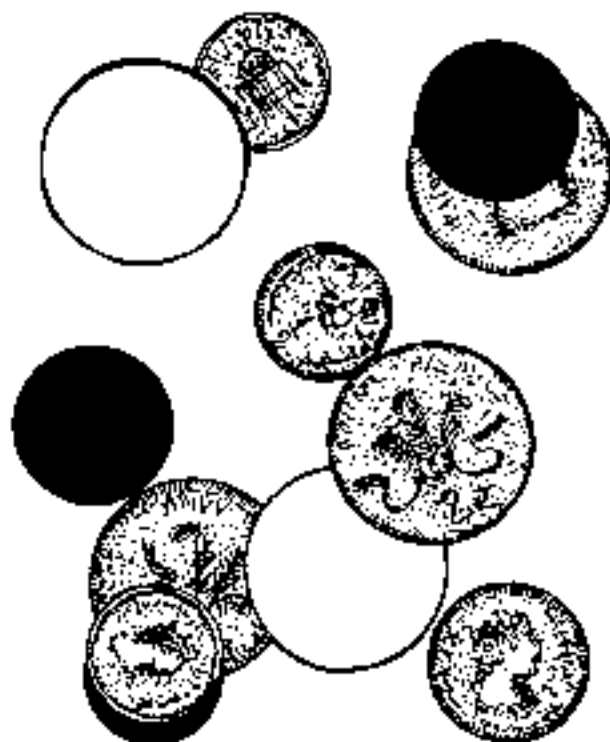
I have saved up for £2 pound 50p. Its a lot of money. What shall I do with it? I think I will go the Javes to get a neclas and a ring. The next day I went to Javes. It was Wednesday. Before I went in I looked in the window to see if I could have one of them. They were very expecaf. some of them were £3 pounds. I decaded to go in. I saw a lady and asked her to show me the joorley department. When I got there I saw another lady. I saw one very pretty neclas. It was real stones. I asked her how much it was. It was 1 pound I bourght it. Now I had to get a ring. I saw one that was real amber. It cost £1 50. I bought it and then I went home.

Lucinda Goad L3B

If I had a lot of momey I would buy a horse and cheap it in my back yard. I would get up very early and groom the horse. and then put on the sadl and raines. The I would go riding. Then I would go home and put him back in the stable and go for brack - frst and then get for school.

If I had a lot of money, I would buy Sue some perfume. And I would buy a family present "a electric tooth-brush" and some and chairs I would give granny some flowers and grandad some records. and would get a bike.

Alison Sturrock L2B



SOLUTION TO THE BRIDGE PROBLEM

You can only lose 1 Heart, 1 Club, 1 Diamond.

Play the suits as follows, though not necessarily in the sequence given. To a probable lead of a Spade, reply with Ace in dummy. Then play two rounds of trumps ending up back in dummy. Now play the Diamond. East will probably play on the Ace seeing the singleton in dummy. If he should duck, play the Jack and then another Diamond to force out the Ace or Queen. When next you have the lead, play a third Diamond and trump it in dummy. This will leave you with 1 or 2 winning Diamonds in hand, depending on the play of Clubs. (You will have to discard 1 Diamond on the Clubs.)

When Clubs are played, West might possibly start with the Queen or 10. Take the Queen with your Ace, then play 9 to force out the King. Cover the 10, if led with the Jack, and force out the King. This leaves you with 2 Clubs. One is good and with the other you force out West's remaining Jack of Hearts. If he should duck, you can still force it out with a Diamond or simply play Hearts yourself. This will still leave you with a Heart in hand with which to cut a lead of Spades at the end.

This is not the only successful play, but the most straightforward. You could play the 10 of Hearts at trick two and let the opposition have their Heart trick at the beginning. Thereafter, play the other suits as explained. Playing trumps this way, you go down if East ducks the Heart lead at trick two and West, after taking the trick with his Jack, plays a second Spade. You would have to trump in hand and this removes your entry at the end to play the winning Diamonds.

My Friend.

My Friend is Stephen. He has dark hair. He is 7. He has blue eyes. We make huts.

Michael Wedderburn L1A.

My Friend is Lorna. She is in L5 or L6. She is big. She has brown eyes. She is age 9

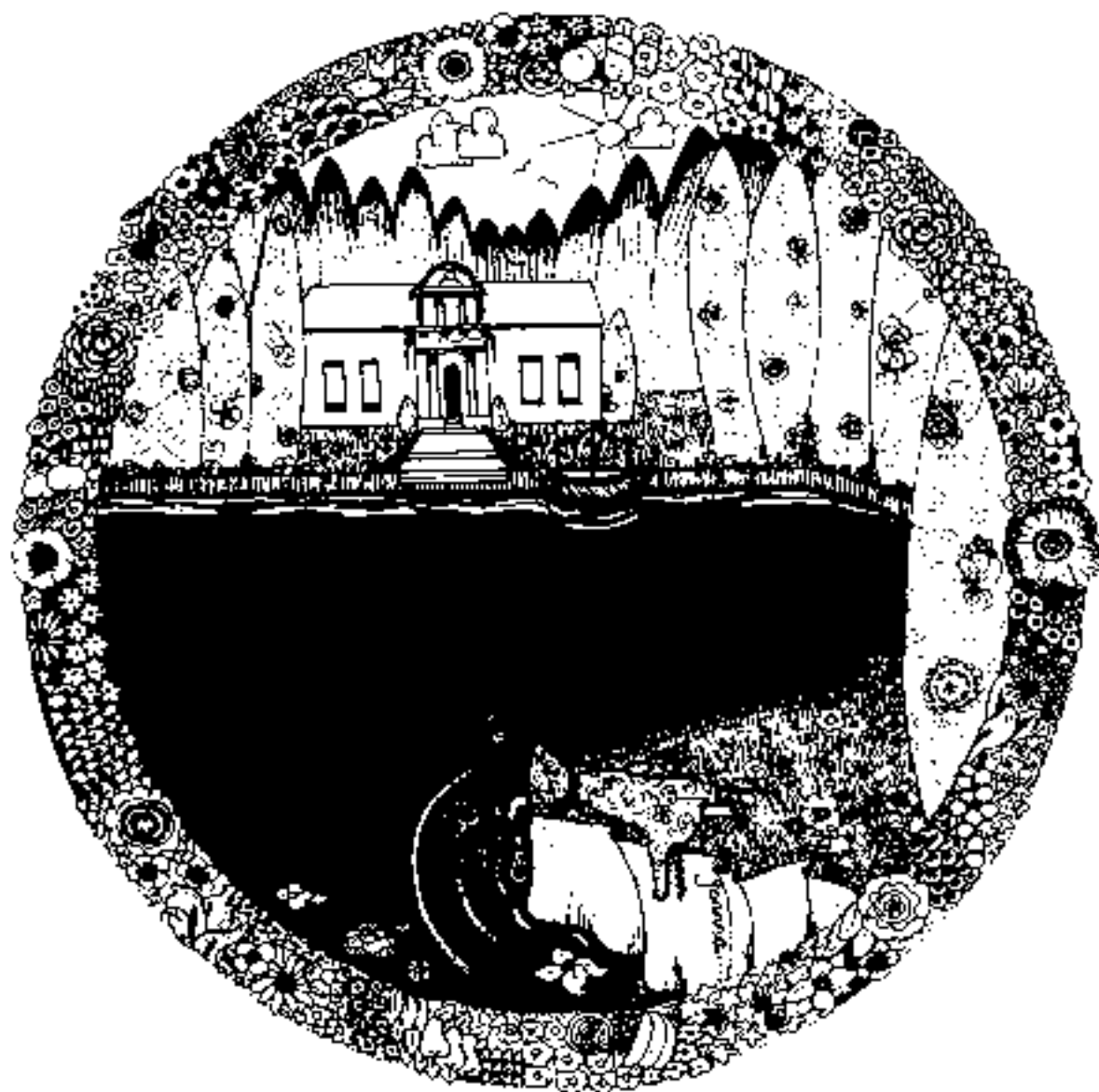
Ann – Marie Foreman L1A

My Friend L1A. My Friend is Nicola. She is five-and-a-half. She has black hair, she plays with me.

carolyn Mckellican

My Friend is Amy. She is four. . . She has fair hair. It is curly. She lives in longforan. She is small.

Alice Mee L1A.



My Friend is Iain Long. He is 5, I like him. He has brown hair. We hop to the door.

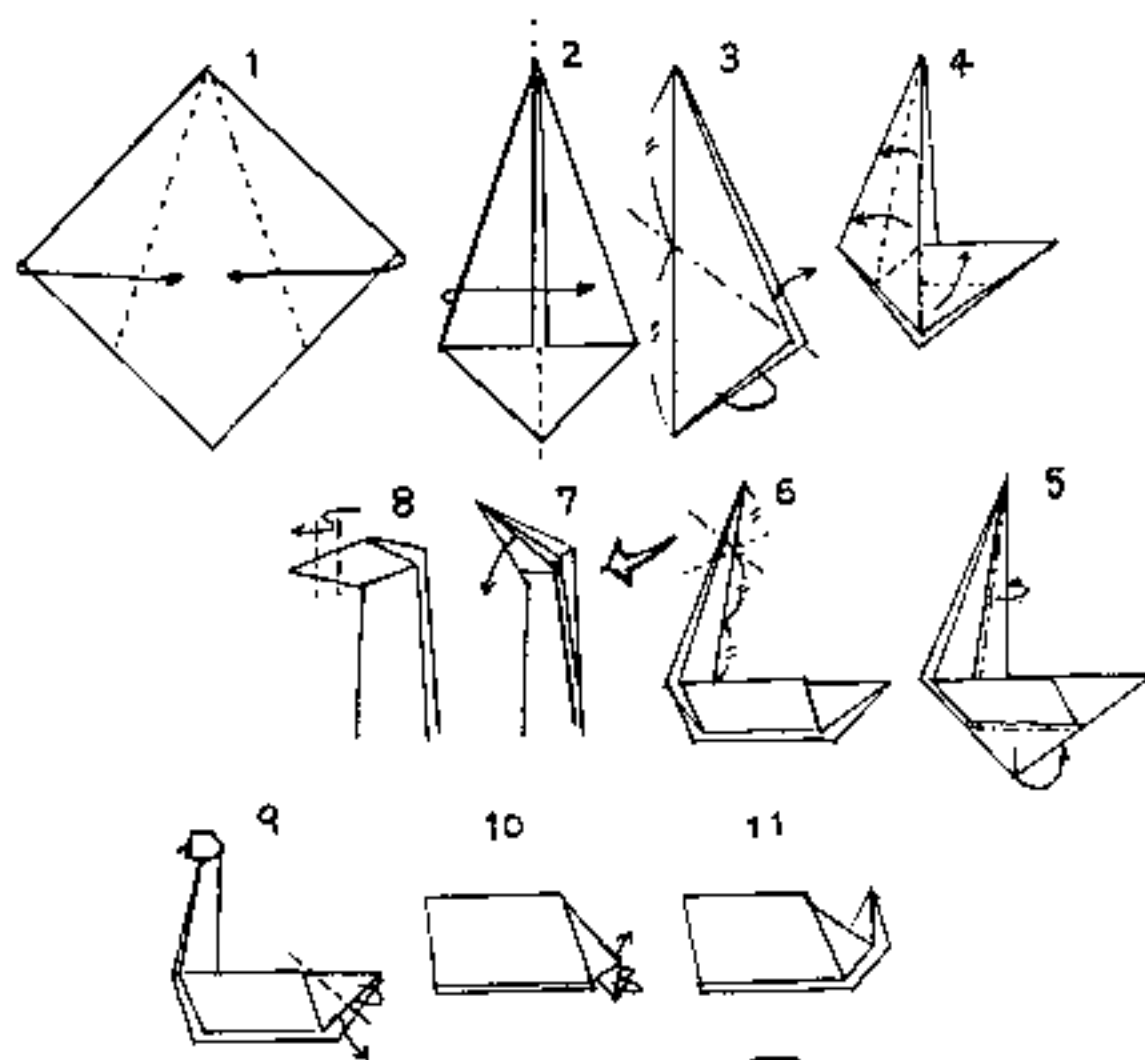
Ian Robertson L1A

My Friend. Kier is 7. He plays with me. He has blue eyes? He has blue coats. He can ride a bike.

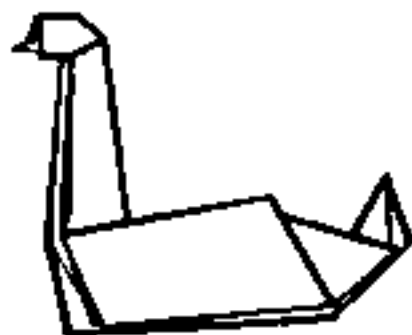
Peter Easton L1A.

ORIGAMI

by Kazuo



SWAN



It is the Japanese traditional paper-folding. You can make paper animals from square paper. You do not need a pair of scissors or any paste. At first you try to make the model with practice paper (e.g. newspaper or used wrapping paper). Then you make it with good paper. I introduce one simple model. I hope everyone will try and enjoy it.

THE END OF CHILDHOOD.

The procession made its way along the huge, white corridor to room seventeen. An impish child was skipping along behind, counting the floor tiles and running her finger along the infinitely interesting brown stripe on the wall. She came to a spectrum of colours from the sunlight shining on the windows and stood, puzzled by the complexities of nature, and yet still trying to imagine her hero taking her by the hand to land over the rainbow. Then the cruel black clouds stole her sunlight and she looked up, only just noticing the adults being swallowed up by the long white corridor. Once she had been brought back to reality, she ran gaily up the corridor, longing to see her friend in room seventeen, but when they found the room she was told to wait outside quietly and she looked up at the suddenly malicious faces and saw distorted features and beyond their eyes no light shone. Only a cold black curtain held back their true feelings.

Life was absolutely miserable with adults denying her what she knew then was to be her farewell to an old friend, but she waited patiently by the door listening to a man reading aloud a list of some sort. She knew it was the man in the black suit who always carried his briefcase as if his own life was held inside it and she saw him come out wearing his respectful face. "You are not supposed to be here, Elizabeth—Jana," he said roughly. "I will take you home in my car and we can have some tea."

She stared at him for some sign of warmth and suddenly fear engulfed her heart. Now she understood. She rushed past him into the hushed atmosphere of the dimly lit room. Figures in black loomed in the shadows breathing quietly and whispering avaricious desires to one another. Then, in the corner by the window, she saw her hero smiling politely to his gruesome guests. Her self-control lost, she rushed to his side and once more he took her hand.

"Grandad," she sobbed as she noticed how the skin clung to his bones and how he no longer gripped her hand. His hand lay inert in hers and she failed to understand the cruelty of the world. Her only true friend drew in breath painfully and let out an indeterminate bubble of speech which burst, leaving a man of the past lying on a hospital bed in an antiseptic atmosphere and a girl of the future clinging to a lost friend and a lost happiness. She was wrenched from him that day but, try as they would, she never let them destroy her memories. She left that room no longer a child and two avaricious figures took her by the hand but she knew the action held no feeling: it was automatic like the world she lived in. She understood more than they ever supposed

J.A. FIV

This is a space filler.

THIS IS A PIECE OF REPRO

It will come with an adhesive wax backing, protected with a sheet of greaseproof paper as this example. Please note that it will fade if exposed to sunlight over a long period.

A STRANGE FIND

I gazed down the crack in the cliffs where the sea was glistening in the late afternoon sun. The seagulls were hovering about the rock pools, then dive-bombing down and cracking the surface of the gentle, lapping waves. The clouds were gone, leaving just an open, wide sky.

The scene down the crack was inviting and I skipped forward, scrambling over the boulders that lay in my path. All the time I was breathing in the fresh, salty air. I stopped for a moment and waved to a bearded man in a rowing boat, my skipper friend. He too was enjoying the freshness of the day.

I stood on the pebbly beach, throwing stones in the water, making quivering rings in the current. I sighed and caught sight of a great, yawning hole in the cliffs. It looked eerie, yet I felt I must go and explore.

It was musty and dark and a shadow of dark slipped through a crack. I fumbled in the darkness for a torch and suddenly fell over a glass hook on the floor of the cave. To my surprise, a piece of wall opened — and I was in a dark chamber, surrounded by old, rotting boxes. The villagers had talked of an old smugglers' cave, but . . .

G. Meekison LVIT.



And, finally . . . what didn't quite make it.

" . . . she ran into his bedroom, drooping over the bed . . ."

" . . . their kiss was like nothing on earth . . ."

" . . . he threw his new, but already battered, bag next to his desk, then fell headlong into his desk; . . ."

" . . . the secretary entered, eyelashes sweeping along the highly polished floor . . ."

" . . . the woman picked her up quickly in her arm . . ."

" . . . I like school because you have work to do . . ."

" . . . My favourite toy is frustration . . ."

If I had a lot of m

Mr. Fyall did try to help us with the typing)



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