



DHS 1980

♦♦♦♦EDITORIAL ♦♦♦♦

Only within the pages of a School Magazine could you find a poem on nuclear war side by side with kind and sincere inquiries into the state of the rector's Christmas. By giving contributors a free rein, the articles in the magazine cover a wide range of subjects: hopefully this mixture caters for everyone to some degree.

However, in putting the magazine together, it quickly became apparent that however diplomatic we tried to be, we could never please everyone all the time: on the one hand pupils cried out for humour, whilst on the other members of staff and parents wanted serious topics to be included.

In this magazine then there is a selection of poetry, prose, artwork, and drama which is representative of a cross-section of the school: a school magazine is, after all, an exhibition of the pupils' work as a whole.

But a magazine seems also to be the only way to display publicly the creativity which in exams (particularly English) is turned into a percentage figure. It is a showcase for private inspiration, but having said that, it cannot be denied that exams seem to inspire rather more than a school magazine (though work produced in

an exam may well stem more from desperation than inspiration). Unfortunately this year's deadline clashed with Prelim exams and response to the magazine was correspondingly influenced: the ever-present promise of "your name in print" seemed to terrify rather than send people off with gleams of genius in their eyes, though some pupils were thankfully proud enough of their work to submit articles.

If the magazine is not to your liking (nothing like a pessimistic attitude), well, we can't print what you don't write. However, we hope you do read and enjoy it all.

Finally, we would like to thank all those who have helped with this year's magazine: the committee; janitors; secretaries; members of staff who helped at discos and dances; Mrs. McKinnon, who was suddenly presented with the responsibility of the magazine as a whole and who has throughout the year given her total support to the magazine, and Mr. Illsley, who helped materially, and more important, transmitted his enthusiasm and concern even after leaving the school. Thanks to all.

*Margaret Anne Houston
Inta Ozols*

Margaret-Anne and
Inta
Editors



♦♦Graham♦♦

♦♦Anne♦♦

♦♦Tiffany♦♦

♦♦George♦♦

♦♦Fiona♦♦

♦♦Dougal♦♦

♦♦James♦♦

♦♦Rose♦♦

♦♦Ruth♦♦

♦♦Leslie♦♦

♦♦Susan♦♦

♦♦Michael♦♦

♦♦Kim♦♦

♦♦Olwen♦♦

♦♦Lesley♦♦

♦♦MAGAZINE♦♦
♦♦COMMITTEE♦♦



Dear Rector

I hope you had a lovely Christmas. Did you get a lot of nice presents. Santa gave me a lot of nice things. I got a dear candle. It was a brown one.

Lesley A. Johnson L3B

Dear Prince Charles

I hope you like being a prince and I would like to be one to. The Royal Family is bigger than our family as we have only five in our family.

Richard S. Petrie L3B

Dear Princess Ann

I know you are very fond of horses. I like riding too. I live in Longforgan. I hear you have a boy called Peter. I saw you on television.

Claire Hulbert L3B

Dear Rector

I am getting on very well at school. I hope you are too. I am trying to get finished, to cut out snow flakes for our winter scene. We have got churches and carts and a lot more stuff. I like gym too and we mostly do handstands and cart wheels.

Russell Bain L3B

PRINCE EDWARD

I like the royal family and your corgi dogs. I have seen your nice palace. I have seen the guards on their horses. Your ground is very big indeed.

Mark Bell L3B

Dear Princess Anne,

I hope you are keeping well with the baby. I hope he sleeps well because I did not. I hope that you had a happy Christmas and New Year. I hope Queen Elizabeth is well. From

Suzanne E. L. Urquhart L3B



GRUBY DUBY

Gruby Duby is a mummy.
 Gruby Duby grovels in muddy.
 Gruby Duby is always shovy.
 Gruby Duby always glugy.
 Gruby Duby is a horrible dummy.

Dougal Rattray

DAD!

My Dad he is the Dad of Dads,
 He'll hit you with his slipper,
 If you are bad much more he'll treat you as a kipper,
 He'll splatter you and batter you and knock you on the
 head,
 Then he'll make you swim ten lengths until you are half
 dead,
 To round this off I'd like to say that I am never fed.

Ian Aitken L.VI

MY MUMMY

My mummy and daddy are painting the front of our
 house. They started yesterday. Mummy got all the old
 wood off the front door.

Domenyk Brown L2B

If I was not as I am I would like to be a train I would
 go shoo shoo shoo along the traks. The wheels would
 go sooming round every corner. If I were brok down I
 would still be happy.

Kyle Murdoch L.2A

THE FAIRY IN MY GARDEN

I have a pretty fairy in my garden. I have never seen
 her. When my tooth comes out I put it under my pillow.
 The Fairy takes it away when I am asleep and leaves me
 a silver penny.

Amanda Noble L2B

MY MUMMY

My mummy does all the work. Once she made
 steakpie.

Richard Lawson L2B

OOEY — GOOEY

Ooey Gooley was a worm,
 A mighty worm was he;
 He sat upon the railroad track,
 The train he did not see;
 Chuff-chuff Splutter-splutter
 Ooey Gooley — peanut butter!

Angus Millar L.VIIB

MY FAMILY

My family is always so terribly busy,
 Mum, Dad, two brothers, and Lizzie.
 Friends, neighbours, pals, knock at the door,
 Who I suppose could ask for more?

Dad is off each day to the shop,
 To keep his staff upon the hop.
 Mum has hair-dos, coffee mornings and meetings.
 And her favourite hobby is always eating!

My brothers — pests — with school and the pony
 'Blue',
 Rush here, there, and have plenty to do.
 Lizzie, my favourite, is never cross,
 Only sometimes with me is a bit of a boss!

So now you will know why my family,
 Is so very special to me,
 I love them so much, my whole family,
 And they love me, you see.

Dominic Barton L.VI.R



Slimy
Green
Croaking
Toad

Michael Johnston L.IV

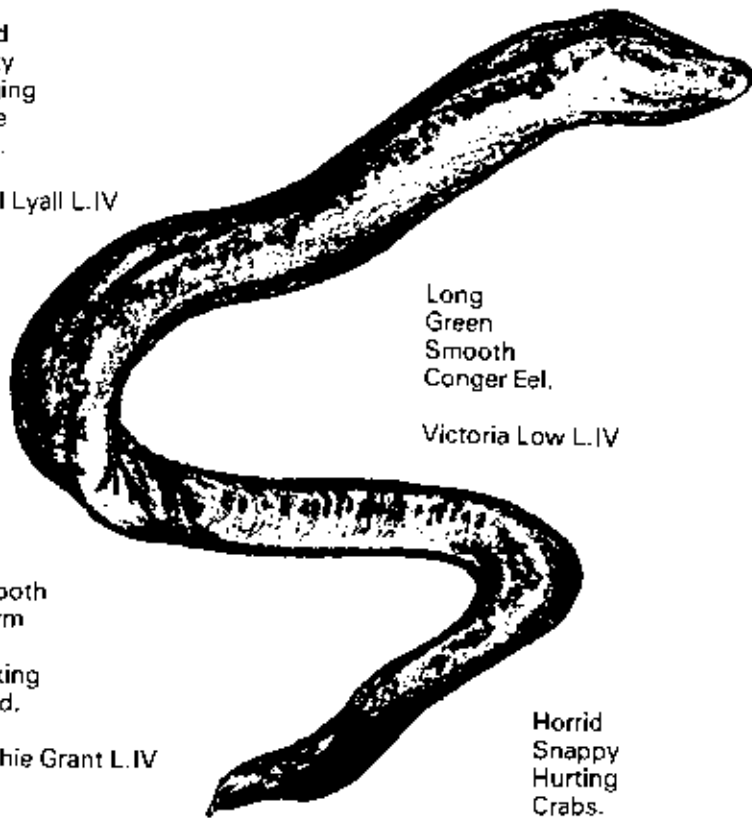


Red
Slimy
Transparent
Jellyfish

Alan Braidwood L.IV

Cold
Salty
Raging
Blue
Sea.

Paul Lyall L.IV



Long
Green
Smooth
Conger Eel.

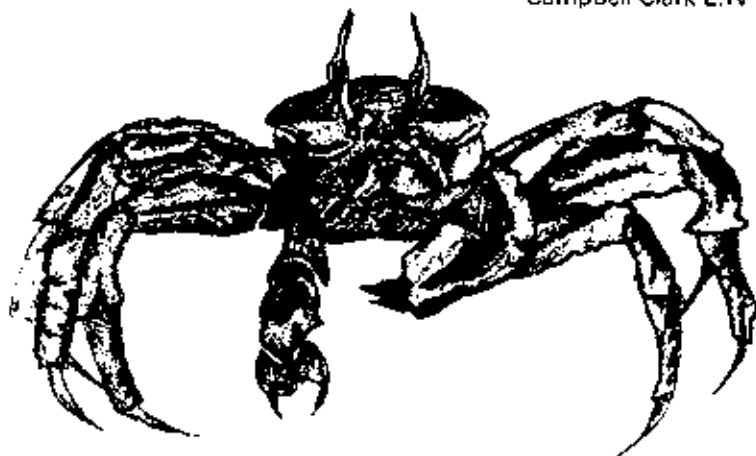
Victoria Low L.IV

Smooth
Warm
Dry
Sinking
Sand.

Sophie Grant L.IV

Horrid
Snappy
Hurting
Crabs.

Campbell Clark L.IV



The long-awaited arrival of the All-Blacks to Dundee was drawing near, and Mayfield's big day was approaching. The All-Blacks had already demolished the Scotland team with fast attacking rugby, but fielded a slightly weaker side against the supposedly weaker team of Anglo-Scots.

On the Sunday and Monday the stands and terracings along with the television platforms went up at Mayfield. Then the frost came down, and by 1.30 on Tuesday the pitch was unplayable and the match was about to be switched to Murrayfield. But the F.P.s were not giving in easily, and after a struggle (and a bit of grovelling?) they were given until nine o'clock the next morning to get the pitch ready.

Mayfield was covered with polythene sheets and huge antiquated fan heaters were brought in to heat the pitch. Many of the F.P.s, as well as Mr. Allardice only caught a couple of hours sleep that night, and were up again at Mayfield by three in the morning, warming the pitch with the heaters. One bright spark even had the idea that if all the school were to go up and blow on the pitch, the heat might thaw the frost, but fortunately no-one took him too seriously.

By 9 a.m. the next morning (Wednesday 14th), thanks to the hard work of the F.P.s and a warm breeze blowing from the sea, the pitch had thawed and the match was on.

Meanwhile the All-Blacks relaxed in the Old Course Hotel at St. Andrews, and between training sessions spent most of their time on the golf course. After a game of golf the 30 members of the squad were liable to order 120 rounds of sandwiches as a quick bite before lunch, much to the amazement of the hotel staff.

They arrived at Mayfield just as the crowds began to gather, and not much later the Anglo-Scots arrived after travelling, as the programme told us, the furthest distance ever for a home match by a British team, many of them having come from London.

These programmes were being sold by some of the 1st XV, who went about their job with remarkable charm considering some of the exasperating remarks made by the public such as,

"How much are the programmes dear?"

"20p please."

"How much?"

"20p"

"Did you say 20p?"

"Yes, 20p."

"I think I'll take two — how much will that be?"

"40p please."

"How much?" etc. etc.

As the players changed, a couple of the All-Blacks stood outside the changing rooms and gave autographs, mainly to cheeky 1st and 2nd years who asked such questions as,

"Whitsyernem?"

"Stu Wilson."

"Whardyeyplay?"

"On the wing."

"Thatswharalplay," then run off shouting "who's next?"

Soon the stands were full, and over five thousand people (almost as many as watch the 1st XV) had packed into Mayfield. The ballboys, (members of the 1st XV), had by this time changed and were told by Mr. Hutchison (we still don't know whether he was having us on or not), that we had to run across the pitch to the other side. So, feeling slightly conspicuous and extremely stupid, three of us set off across the pitch. However, half-way across, Pete Donaldson decided to fire a pass vaguely in the direction of Ian Lennox. As the ball left Pete's hands he shouted hopefully "Ian", and as Ian turned round, the ball shot through his hands and stuck in the mud, much to the delight of the crowd. Ian's remarks are not fit for a school magazine.

The Pipe Band entertained the crowd to some fine stirring music, and under the circumstances, or rather, on top of the mud, performed excellently. Some of them remarked afterwards that there were a few nasty moments when they felt their feet begin to slip, and just managed to avoid falling into the mud.

Soon the two teams ran onto the pitch and the All-Blacks treated the crowd to their war dance. (Dave Leckie had to be restrained from taking up their challenge).

Although there was some poor handling by both teams, the match was very exciting, mainly due to the spirited performance of the Anglo-Scots led by a quite brilliant Mike Biggar. One wonders what would have happened if the Anglo-Scots had scored in the middle of the second half instead of being stopped inches short of the line. The Scots fought hard to score and near the end there was period of very thrilling rugby as the light faded and the rain came on.

The game had of course stopped for half-time, round about the middle of the match, during which Ewan MacLeod and Lindsay Hampton took the two teams refreshments. Mike Biggar's remarks to the Scotland team at half-time are also unprintable and severely shocked Lindsay. Afterwards the ballboys scoffed the left-overs.

So the game ended in an 18-9 win for the All-Blacks and a droohit but happy crowd slowly made their way from Mayfield, many remarking that the Anglos has put up a better fight than the full Scotland team.

As the crowd left, a BBC lorry managed to get stuck in the mud, and Lindsay Hampton ran after an All-Black and asked him for a sock as a souvenir.

C. Henderso



INTERVIEW WITH GRAHAM MOURIE

While both teams were enjoying the dubious pleasures of a Mayfield shower, Mr. Illsley, accompanied by two would-be journalists, (who had spent a good deal of the match worrying about being hit by the ball), and Callum, stood outside the changing rooms waiting for the captain of the All-Blacks, Graham Mourie, who had kindly agreed to give an interview for the magazine.

Finally, after a ¾ hour wait, during which everyone had turned blue — some bluer than others when Mr. Illsley discovered that the dye in his ski-gloves had run — and Callum had distributed some food which he had extracted from amidst his socks and rugby boots, Graham Mourie appeared and we all shuffled into the medical room.

With his friendly and relaxed manner, he quickly put us at our ease, though writing proved difficult due to the frozen and wet state of the unfortunate scribe — (see photo!) — we had thought of using a tape-recorder, but decided it was a bit too formal and too easily dropped, lost etc.

Mourie thought that it had not been a particularly great match (he had been looking on from the relative warmth and comfort of the pavillion), due mainly to the poor weather conditions, although he readily agreed that the Anglo-Scots had played very well, putting a good deal of pressure on the All-Blacks throughout the match.

When asked what he thought of coming to an outback like Dundee, he pointed out that he himself lived five miles from the nearest town, and that that had only approximately 1000 inhabitants.

The team had not had much of a chance to see Dundee, but all liked St. Andrews where some team members had enjoyed playing a few rounds on the famous course. On the whole, with two matches and two full training sessions a week while on tour, the team tends to spend most "free" time travelling or staying in hotels.

He also pointed out that considerable sacrifices were made by members of a touring side — not all of them are paid when on tour, and those who farm (quite a few, including Mourie), have to hire another hand to take their places while away. Though some players brought their wives with them, the majority would not see them for the duration of the two month tour.



It was apparent to all who saw (and admired!) the All-Blacks that they were all superbly fit, and Mourie explained that if they could not maintain form, players simply did not make the team. Asked if he would be fit for the match he stated that he was perfectly fit already, despite a number of stitches in a cut above his right eye (received at Murrayfield during the International against Scotland), and that when players reach that standard of play, cuts and more severe injuries have little if any effect on them (maybe J. Bewick is escaping lightly with mangled ears, trampled hands, and kicked knees).

Asked about other sports he said that most players have very little free time — about ten weeks a year — (he himself has had only four months off in the last four years) — but that Stu Wilson was a reasonable golfer — handicap of two! — that he himself enjoyed surfing and fishing, whilst a few of the team played cricket in summer.

His reply as to what he thought of the weather was simply "cold isn't it!" — a different reaction from that of Mr. E. Watson, the All-Blacks coach, who could have been spotted earlier muttering darkly under his breath as he waded through the mud and addressed everyone as "sonny" regardless of sex or age.

In fact, said Mourie, the weather would not be as bad in New Zealand at any time of the year, with temperatures in North Island usually remaining above 10/12° C and he repeated that he thought the match had been considerably affected in the second half.

Finally, a tribute to the F.P.s and Mr. Allardice, he praised the Mayfield pitch: quite an honour from a man who has played on most of the famous pitches in the world.



A HAPPY POEM

This is a

Happy Poem

Written for

Those people who

Believe

That happiness is

dead;

Who look at all the

Poems

Based on nature

War and death

(Or poems so obscure,

profound,

That they are meaningless

But to the poet),

And wonder why it is

That happy

Topics are

ignored.

So I tell you:

The sun is shining

The lovers are in love

The grass beyond is just as green

The nuclear race a draw.

Hitler has not been reincarnated

Nor have Jesus God and Co.

Defected.

Sex

(that caught your eye)

Is free

And love

No longer

Unrequited.

The third world war has been

Postponed

And sitting on the fence declared a national pastime.

Oil is f

l

o

w

i

n

g from the seas,

The balloon of inflation bursts.

The human race is Happy

And the world is

Drawing no closer to the sun.

However,

The happy poets

Are too busy being Happy

To indulge in writing verse,

And as I dedicate this gem

To those who search for

Happy poems,

My mood remains

As from the outset

FOUL.

FVI

SORROW

Hunched shoulders, hands thrust deep

Into pockets, fists tight clenched.

Tense. Unseeing. Thoughts looking

For the Way Out. Or

The Way In.

The way from why to because.

The truth.

Questions probing, seeking answers first,

Then seeking other questions and finally seeking

Nothing. Content to hang, shrouded, in

Limbo.

Then tears, salt, salt tears of earth,

And simple truth within of heaven.

Saying this: that two

Laughter and tears, blood and water,

Are one

And that in them

Flows life.

F6



DUSK IN THE CITY

Cold slate granite-grey blocks hang hunched,
shouldering a dulled copper sky,
One hundred boxes
Each box a newsprint life.
Blind footsteps cry a dark echo
To deep sorrowful pools of lost,
Hidden far inside.

Distant rumblings of sight and sound claw
at the barred horizon,
White bright flawless shaft of steel slashes
sharp the air
That bleeds thin and clear onto
Drab-black grains of night that grate underfoot.
Cracked concrete snaps at heels that click and
drift on into forgetfulness with
A hundred, a thousand, a million shrieking faces
that say nothing and know no-one.
Ice-split rock crushes thoughts of height,
And imagination,
Concealed,
Is forgotten.

E.VI

❖❖❖ SHERLOCK HOLMES' LAST CASE ❖❖❖

Holmes and I hurried up the dimly lit staircase, and, passing a local constable, went through the ill-fitting door and entered the apartment. Inspector Lestrade had already arrived and turned triumphantly towards Holmes.

"I don't think we need your help this time Mr. Holmes; it looks like an open and shut case to me."

"There is no such thing as an open and shut case inspector," replied my companion. "What are your impressions Dr. Watson?"

I glanced around the room in case any detail had escaped my notice, and then returned my gaze to the gruesome sight confronting me. Scattered around the quiet little apartment was the hideously mutilated corpse of what appeared to be a perfectly respectable man of approximately middle age. I could see from the fragments of fabric clinging to parts of his upper torso near the fireplace and his right leg which was draped over the back of the settee that he wore a suit of expensive cloth beyond the means of most professional men in the area. The mottled hair on the severed head which had come to rest near my feet was neatly cut in the style favoured by many gentlemen at that time.

What could have caused the death of this apparently harmless man? Who would have wanted to put him to such a death as this? And why? I scanned the scattered limbs and severed body for clues. Then at that moment I perceived that we were not alone in the room. Huddled in a dark corner was the shivering form of a muscular young man who was quietly humming to himself "I'm a lumberjack and I'm O.K." He was spattered with almost as much blood as was dripping from the walls onto the carpet and firmly held a double-headed axe.

"There's our man!" exclaimed Lestrade triumphantly. "He even admits to his dastardly crime."

At this point the crazed lumberjack leaped to his feet and screamed, "I did it! I did it! I did it!"

I could see from the smile on Lestrade's face that this was one crime that he felt he had cracked. I glanced at Holmes to see what his reaction was. He was apparently deep in thought.

"The trouble with you my dear Lestrade" he began confidently, "is that you fail to look beyond the evidence confronting you. All the evidence here is purely circumstantial."

"Circumstantial!" gasped Lestrade. "We have a hideously mutilated corpse, a murder weapon, and a murderer in possession of it admitting to the crime. What other explanation can there possibly be?"

"Suicide" replied Holmes drily.

Lestrade's lower jaw dropped in complete amazement. He was clearly staggered by this revelation and could only say,

"How? How could a man hideously mutilate himself?"

"Yes Holmes," I began, "how do you explain the limbs scattered around the room?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson, if you will observe, the right arm and hand is still attached to the torso. It is clear to me that we have before us a case of systematic self-amputation as practised by the Binji-Banji tribe from deepest Chile. I suspected as much when I noticed that peculiar fertility statue on the mantelpiece — that is typical of such tribes."

"Come on Holmes," I said, "that's only a toby jug, such as one might purchase in Woolworth's."

"To your eyes perhaps Watson. However, I can assure you that I am much more experienced and learned in such matters than you. I happen to have made a study of the Binji-Banji tribe and this is obviously an instance of self-sacrifice to the beloved tree-god Trunki-Trunki. If any member of the Binji-Banji tribe ever meets a lumberjack, a man they regard as a murderer, he must immediately offer himself to Trunki-Trunki as a self-sacrifice in the time-honoured fashion, by cutting off his limbs one by one while screaming "Murderer! Murderer!" and then as a final flourish sever his head. You will observe that the head has indeed been severed, Watson, and is beside your feet. You can let this poor misguided fool go."

Half an hour later we were returning in our carriage to our apartment at 22b, Baker Street and I could contain my excitement no longer.

"Holmes, that was brilliant, quite brilliant!"

"Thank you Watson, a most satisfying case I must admit."

Just at that moment a crazed lumberjack came swinging through the window brandishing an axe.

"Misguided fool eh? How dare you sir! Take that, and that, and that . . ."

As the blood spattered around the carriage, and I might add, quite ruined my tweeds, I could not help reflecting that in this, Holmes' final case, he might well have been in error. ❖❖❖ J. Conan Doyle Bewick F6

*** MASTER — PERSON ***

The following account contains characters who were randomly chosen and asked to take part in our quiz and who randomly agreed to this: the quiz master was Magnus Magnesiumagnessonmagnussonmagnet.

Scene: Darkness. Suddenly a 'someone — walking — into — a — chair' noise. Lights are switched on revealing MM and the first contestant.

MM: First contestant, please: and your name is?

L.O.M.: Mr. L. Ollipop-man.

MM: And your profession?

L.O.M.: Senior assistant deputy executive secondary controller lollipop man.

MM: And your specialists subject IS? . . .

L.O.M.: (Rather bashfully) Lollipops.

MM: First question: what is the distance to the moon?

L.O.M.: Eh . . . in decalollipops or megalollipops?

MM: Sorry, wrong answer, sorry sorry sorry. It is in fact 4×10 to the power of negative 9 light colour changers, and who luv ya, baby. Second question: what is round with a long stick on the end?

L.O.M.: Ha ha! You wont' catch me out with this one . . . It's a Plughole Plunger.

M.M.: Sorry, it's a lollipop and here is your last lollipop, sorry, question, (chortle). Who was the first lollipop to become Prime Minister?

L.O.M.: Benjamin Disraeli?

M.M.: No, you're guessing.

L.O.M.: Sid frae Madrid?

M.M.: Correct.

L.O.M.: Rod Hull and Emu?

M.M.: Correct.

L.O.M.: Weedy weed and the Flower Pot Men?

M.M.: Wrong. I'm afraid, well, I'm not really afraid — quite brash at the best of times — why back in the trenches blablalablalablalawaf-flerhubarbolshevikgeneralabbittingonandoff.

M.M.: But too much off this. (He climbs off his desk and takes off the silly hat,) and our second contestant tonight is 'P.C. P. Lod of the flying squad' (to the tune of Eric the Half-A-Bee) and your specialised subject is?

P.L.: Truncheons.

M.M.: And your first question is, what do policemen put in their sandwiches?

P.L.: (Confidently.) Truncheon meat!

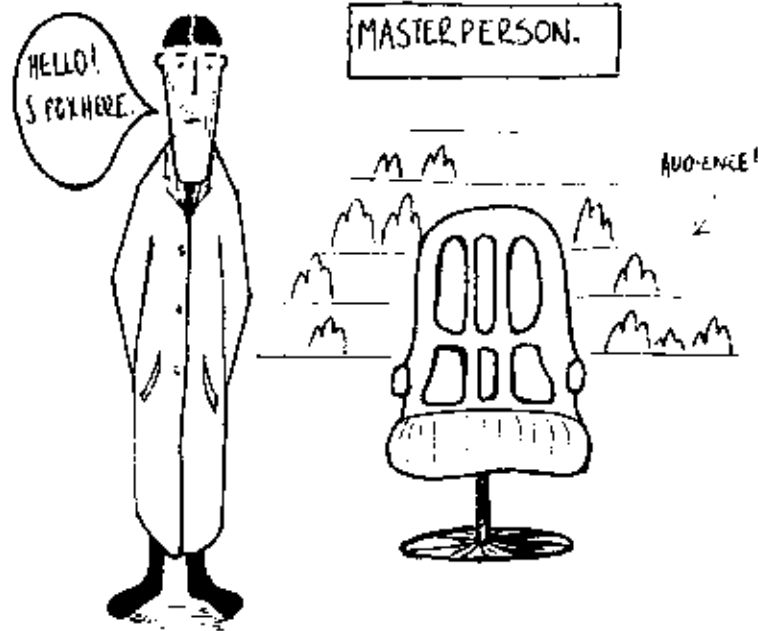
M.M.: Affirmative, Spock, warp factor eight. Captain's log, stardate . . . sorry, sorry, to the power of three, it is in fact . . . Right. Second question. What is the policeman's motto?

P.L.: 'He who laughs last gets beaten up most.'

M.M.: No, that was a goodie, but alas, all wrong. It is in fact, 'A truncheon in the hand is worth two pints in "The Bush".' the last question is . . . what is the present participle of the verb 'to trunch'?

P.L.: 'Tunchin'.

M.M.: Negative, Scotty, 'ah but Captain, ma wee beauties can't take any more, it's ma wee dililithium crystals' — 'wait, boys, it's a Clingon starship! . . . sorry, got a bit carried away; the answer is in fact, allow me to explain the declentions involved, P.C. Plod? Hello? Where's everyone gone? Put the lights on . . . thank you and our next contestant is Mr. S. Pox . . . who appears not to have materialised.



Mr. S. Pox: Broooooop!

M.M.: That musts be him now; your specialist subject is Nuclear Endothralicwoopdyfroopdyphysics.

Mr. Pox: cosV 18Z.

M.M.: Your first question, Mr. Pox, is . . . what is the air-to-wind-negative-gravity-deccavelocity of the West African Lollipop?

Mr. Pox: Dinna' ken.

M.M.: BALDERDASH! It's only about half of that. Are you some impoxter? Are you the real Mr. Pox of the Starship Underpriced?

Mr. Pox: Of course I deleted am I'm a lieutenant!

M.M.: I beg to disagree . . .

Mr. Pox: And you are wrong to disagree Mr. Mick MacManus. I'm afraid I must place you under arrest; what d'you think of that?

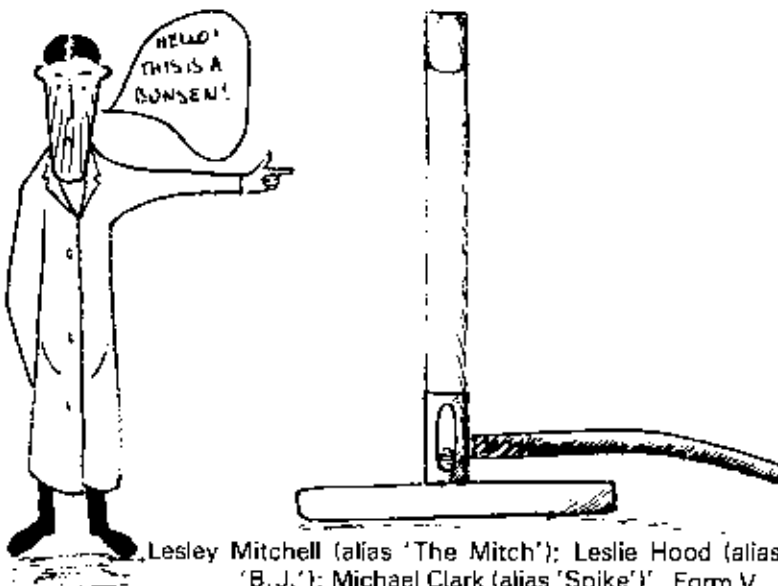
M.M.: I'm asking the questions sonny, and I'm not Mick MacManus, and further more I . . .
(P.C. Lod beats him over the head with truncheon).

L.O-M.: Outrage! I shall viciously set about that corrupt, unfair, butch policeman with my trusty lollipop stick; take the . . .

(JUST THEN it got silly, so Lesley 'the Mitch' Mutchul said:)

The Mitch: I declare this contest a farce but the winner was B.J. 'coz he thought up the end bit, but just then I go interrupted by Spike who said:

Spike: That'll do. The five to four bell's gone.



Lesley Mitchell (alias 'The Mitch'); Leslie Hood (alias 'B.J.');

Michael Clark (alias 'Spike') Form V



❖ BURNS' NIGHT VOTE OF THANKS ❖

When drouthy staff and pupils meet
To toast the bard and haggis eat,
We welcome friends frae near and far
To a guid Scots meal by Miss Dunbar.
This halesome food we've all enjoyed,
So gie her thanks; she's well employed.

To talk o' Burns and keep it witty,
We brocht down tae this bonny city
A dominie the name o' Bob,
Who's really done a first-class job.
On him ye're praises you should pile,
So gie your thanks tae Mr. Fyall.

The music makers too we thank;
All singers of the highest rank.
Those who recited poems by Burns,
All who delighted with their turns:
We canna name you all this time —
Your surnames wouldna fit my rhyme.

Callum as fits the School's heid lad
Praised bonny lassies and did no bad,
While Inta in her modest way
Replied as well as Head Girls may.
City and School frae Olwen Wright'
Was one more triumph for this night.

Miss Dickson's speech — a gem quite rare,
And Mr. Nimmo in the chair:
All more than worthy o' attention,
And those with any I've failed to mention
Deserve oor thanks for word and song,
So clap your hands, both loud and long.

Christopher Smith FVI



❖❖THE MOUSE❖❖

The mouse in the house
 With the long, curling tail.
 The cat tried to catch him,
 But tripped over a pail.

Away the mouse ran,
 Laughing with glee.
 Soon, back came the cat,
 He decided to flee.

He tripped over his whiskers
 And soon he was caught
 'Shall I fry him for dinner?'
 The old tom cat thought,
 'Well no, I've decided, I'd better not.'

So he cooked him instead.
 Oh, how the mouse cried,
 And the oven was so hot
 The mouse nearly died!
 He managed to survive,
 But then only just.

His fur was all singed
 And his tail out in two halves.
 Now, all the cat does
 Is laughs and laughs.

The poor little mouse
 Looks down from Heaven.
 He started again,
 Now he is seven.

His small, silver wings
 Go flappity, flap
 And up he flies
 Away from the cat.

Elizabeth F. Nicoll L.IVC

❖❖TODAY'S SHOPPING❖❖

Today after school I am going to the shops. I am going to buy some sellotape and a pen and the flower fairy book. I dont know what mummy is going to buy.

Sarah L. Holmes L2B

❖❖A FAIRY TALE❖❖

Once upon a time, PALMOLIVE and her little friend, FAIRY SNOW, decided to go for a DRIVE, along the road to the BLEACH. The SUNLIGHT was DAZZling, but they soon stopped, parked the car, putting away its AERIAL for safety.

The BOLD little friends stepped onto the COAL TAR of the road and then onto the sand. The TIDE was coming in, so before they ate the PEARS they had brought along, they went for a swim in the SURF. The water was FRESH and COMFORTable, but PALMOLIVE got into trouble. She asked FAIRY SNOW for THREE WISHES, and with LUX they were granted. In a FLASH a LIFE BUOY appeared from the KNIGHTS CASTLE dressed in IMPERIAL LEATHER and carrying a SHIELD. He was full of ZEST and saved PALMOLIVE in a JIF. They lived happily together in COMFORT for LENOR and LENOR.

F.VI

❖❖MYSELF❖❖

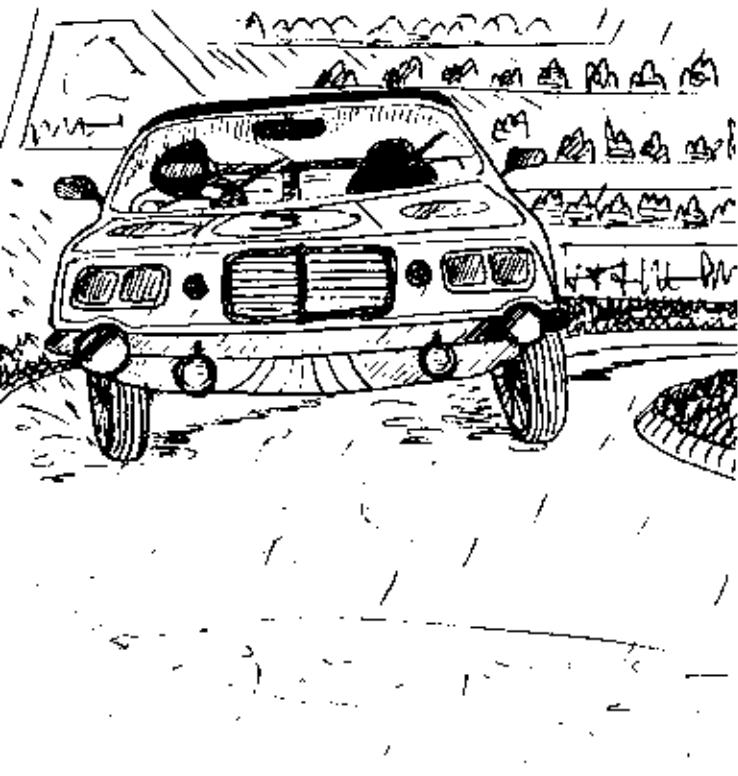
My name is Peter. I am six years old. I go to school by bus. I can ride a two wheeler. I like going to parties. I like going to bed. I like riding my bike. I like going to a circus.

Peter Garmany L.2B

THE UNDERGROUND

Empty faces, impersonal, almost hostile
 Stare with sidelong glances
 At the rustling newspapers beside them.
 The smooth train glides quickly to a halt,
 Doors slide open and bodies jostle in and out.
 Once again the train slides forward, its shiny
 Wheel gripping the rails as it slips
 Out of the station.
 On the train hurries, greeting its next crowd
 Of passengers with a blast of cold air.
 They surge forward, the latecomers left behind
 To await the next train, as the one they have
 Just missed glides silently into the dark.

Donald Fair F.3



THE RACE

Through mud we went, splash through the puddles
 over the stream and up the moor and round and
 through a gate. On up the hills the wheels going round.
 Darkness was falling the lights going on. We're still
 going on. The moon is bright. All I can see is muddy
 road. Then on my radio I am in first place. I hear all the
 cheering from the finish.

George Lorimer L.3A

Sixth year at school is no longer an automatic and accepted step forward from fifth year. In previous years the numbers equalled those in fifth, while the tendency now is for numbers to decrease by half or more. It is no longer a necessary academic or bridging year between school and university, but a year that stands in a class of its own: as universities accept younger students, and the trend is to leave school after form five, sixth year has to offer more to those who have to decide between returning again to school and leaving it.

This year has seen the start of new developments for sixth years in the SY curriculum, and we put forward some questions to them to sound out not so much their opinions on the specific changes themselves, but upon how they now viewed SY as a whole, and whether their general scepticism or enthusiasm for the year had held out.

This year brought the trial of running a series of sixth year lectures given by Dundee University lecturers in the school every Wednesday afternoon: the subjects covered ranged from techniques of study to political science and law. Besides a greater freedom in choice of subjects for SY study, there has also been an expansion in the choice of subjects that can be taken for interest during otherwise untimetabled periods, and which do not entail exams at the end of each term: besides art and music, cookery has also now become popular. As well as this, there are opportunities for free periods to timetable your own work in, and to do homework without the distractions of home.

But work, work and still more work was quite determinedly not the goal of most sixth years. There is, however, a greater opportunity to study subjects you are really interested in, not only SYS's, but also new O-grades and Highers taken not as university entrance qualifications but merely because the opportunity in a previously crowded timetable was never there. Generally smaller classes mean more personal tuition, a chance to get to know members of staff better, and a more enthusiastic less exam-dictated approach to the subject: the pressure and workload is left considerably up to yourself. Homework is usually on a monthly or term basis, if a specific date or deadline is given at all, and this means that any disappointments or failures due to lack of effort will happen now and not at university.

While all these points were seen as advantages of sixth year, there was also the complaint that because most of the formal urgency of exams had gone and because many sixth years had been unconditionally accepted by universities, there is a lack of motivation.

However while the motivation may have to be self-controlled, the greatest advantages of form six seem to be the more relaxed atmosphere it generates due to the lack of much of the pressure of exams and work (although the amount of work to be covered can be as great as in fifth year), the greater freedom that sixth year affords, and most of all, the greater friendship that has arisen. The latter has been greatly helped by outings which we arranged for ourselves, by helping at school functions such as discos and parties, and by the virtue of a mixed prefects' room and two common-rooms! As one sixth year boy put it "last year we did not have a common-room and I caught seven colds as a result. This year my health is much improved."

Opinion as to which year in the senior school had been most dislikeable was divided fairly equally into three parts: on one hand it was said that all years had had both good and bad parts and none had been worse than any other. However about a third felt that fourth year had been the worst due to the fact that it was the first year of external exams and all the fears that accompanied them. The rest felt, because of the pressures of exams, hard work, and the lack of confidence after cramming so much work into a short space of time, that fifth year had been the worst, and that five Highers had been more of an unpleasant task than a challenge.

When it came to fulfillment of expectations about sixth year, a very large majority felt that F.VI had so far been enjoyable (particularly for those who came at the start with an open mind), both in work and socially, that a measure of responsibility had made it worth while, and that getting away with generally high spirits from time to time had added to its attractions. However, some felt the amount of freedom given to be too small when it came to preparation for university life, and that certain school restrictions ranging from the colour of socks to having to register and stay in school during, for example, an afternoon of free periods, should be slackened when it comes to form F.VI.

While one of the successful points of the year was the chance to get to know the staff more informally, it

was still felt that promises of increased treatment as responsible people were not always fulfilled. The most recurring complaint was in the fact that some staff still put across lessons and used the same methods as in previous years, geared only to exams and attendance, which was not felt to be the crux of sixth year.

When it came to benefits derived from the year the main point was that individually you are more prepared for university than you would have been at the end of form five. This is due not only to an essentially different and more self-dictated approach to studying, and various social benefits, but also because you are given the chance to take part in activities you might not otherwise have done at school, such as babysitting, taking up a new language, and being in the opera.

In sixth year there is no longer the need to bury yourself in your work and convince yourself that your school days are the best days of your life, but rather to realise that life need not revolve around school work and that school has more to offer than that: through self-imposed strictures and greater concentration on the individual, a more mature and positive attitude to studying evolves. For once you can raise your head above the water-line and actually take stock of your situation, because if any risks are to be taken in changing the way you study then they are best tested now to avoid possible disasters at university.

Socially the benefits have been to build the year into a more close-knit group than before: not only does it teach you to be more outward going and independent but more friends are made in your own year and others due to such activities as rugby and debating and public speaking. As one sixth year succinctly put it, 'I feel more involved in school life and a part of it.'

In saying where they had fallen down, almost everyone quite honestly admitted that they had let their work fall behind. Because of long-term deadlines, many being for projects and dissertations to be handed in at the end of the second term, and also because of misjudgement as to timetable clashes and how many subjects could comfortably be handled together, it was admitted that in academic performance the mistakes had been learnt too late: a wasted first term, (despite early warnings from last year's sixth year, and next year's sixth year take note now!), and a large number of other school interests and activities (none, however, regretted) were just two reasons given. Lack of incentive, general lethargy and no goal but personal fulfillment were all admitted, basically due, again, to

unconditional acceptances from universities. 'You don't want to do badly, but you don't care if you don't do particularly well.'

But are the sixth years glad to be leaving this year? To that question there was a resounding yes, quite simply because while this year was in many ways new and successful, it has not been so to as great an extent as university will be. The desire to get away from home, to make new friends, to have greater freedom, and to broaden your outlook was prevalent. 'I need a change. Sometimes I become very frustrated about having been at school for so long.' 'I am looking forward to moving on to university and a new style of life.' Besides this many said that they felt that they could get no more out of the school, that they could find nothing more to give or take, nothing novel, that they were starting to tire of the same personalities and friends, and that you could simply spend too long in a sheltered community. There was also this to be said: 'I'm glad to be leaving now that I have enjoyed the final year; another year like sixth year might not be quite so enjoyable. But I'm glad I've stayed on: I wouldn't like to have left after fifth year with only the impression of hard work. I think you leave at the end of sixth year with a different impression, if it has been worthwhile.'

Over a decade in the same job with the same set of friends may become claustrophobic, but at the end of a lifetime, (so far), at one school there is still some sentimentality to be found when it comes to thoughts of leaving. The main feelings of many sixth years were summed up in one reply: 'I'll be sad to leave in that I love the school, or rather, the people in it. Some members of staff are really good personalities and teachers. Although some change is definitely needed, I'll be sad to leave my friends, particularly those I got to know really well for the first time this year. I'll be sorry, too, to leave the traditions — the carol services, the prizegivings, the sports — and really the whole nice atmosphere built up over the years.'

And although complaints and grumbles abound, boredom inevitably still exists, and the merits of sixth year will be debated next year and no doubt the following few years as well, it seems more than likely that even some hardened sixth years will be seen surreptitiously snuffling into hankies on the steps of the Caird Hall after this year's prizegiving.

GRAFFITI...

"We've struck oil", he said crudely.

Did you know that there are 170,000,000,000,000,000,000 ways at least to play the first ten moves in a game of chess?

"But I love all sailors", she said fleetingly.

"I simply adore boats", he said craftily.

"Why should I catch measles?", she said rashly.

'For Hire - country cottage, ideal for honeymoon couples; sleeps 2/3.'

"I have a converted stables in town", he said musingly.

"I'll leave all my money to the State", he said unwillingly.

"I was out for a duck", he admitted boldly.

Did you know that 20,000 spiders' webs weigh 1 ounce?

"Little lady want to buy cheap parasol?" he asked shadily.

"Snap!", she called winningly.

"Your treads are very worn", he said tringly.

"Turn that radiator off", he shouted heatedly.

"We've just got engaged!", she cried out ringingly.

"I've been tutored out of my mind", she said tautly.

"I'm going into big business", he stated firmly.

"Of course I got the drain clear", he retorted caustically.

"Your toast's ready", she called crisply.

"I will not part with Fido", he said doggedly.

'Give blood! It was meant to circulate!'

"Would you turn the fan on", she said airily.

'I'm not a great fan of blood - I don't mind people having it. I just don't like them wearing it.'

(Alan Aida, alias 'Hawkeye' in M.A.S.H.)



WHAT I THINK ABOUT THE PREP. SCHOOL

Some are silly, dopey, and mucky,
Others talented, clever, and lucky.
Running round in little streams,
Every one with a thousand screams.

They can't play football, can't even hit the ball,
They usually end up kicking the wall!
Games like cricket and hockey are just part of the rest;
All Prep. children think cops and robbers is best.

A grand mixture of kids; so the teachers say
But each of them different in at least one special way.

Graham Stewart L7B

I like going to school the best. At school I do sums and writing and story jotter and learn story of 11 and 12 and 13 and 14 and 15 and story of 16. We do the spelling without looking at the blackboard. We learn the Teen numbers and The Vowels and Fairy e words and the soundings. Here are the sounding sh ch wh th ee ea ay ow ouo qu oo igh ce ph wa tch. We do our 2 Times Table. Miss Beattie gives us some homework for us to do when we get back home.

Yolande Sum L.2

I like our school and Miss Beattie and the sums and the writing and the back playground and the front playground and to play dog in the playground at school and in the back playground to play cats. Our school is fun.

Nicola Toft L.2A

MY SCHOOL

The name of my school is Dundee High School. There are three buildings. Our Rector is Mr. Nimmo. My teacher is Mrs. Murray. My class is L.2B. My daddy came here.

Jennifer Bett L.2B

At our school we have a front playground and a back playground it is good fun playing. We work as well it is good fun to. There are pillars in the front playground. The children play on them. My favorite thing is Jim I think it is good fun.

John Parratt L.2A

THE SNOW STORM

The trees glittered like a thousand diamonds,
While snow fell to the ground
Like gladiators at war,
The snow queen grasped onto her reign
As if the sun would capture her,
And take over.
The wind and snow fought on
Until victory was achieved.
Everywhere houses were being enclosed
In cases of ice, so that nothing
Would interfere with them.
Suddenly the sun came out,
His anger intense,
Until he had made sure that
The Snow Queen's reign was destroyed.

I like our school I like some of the teachers and boys and girls I like the lunches and I like the playtimes and all of the exercises. I like going to school.

Fraser Scott L.2A





TO GOD

I thought I saw you then;
 Angry amidst that screaming hollowed blackness
 Which you cupped in space,
 Clenched motionless in time. Your time.
 I thought I heard you.
 Alone there in your black cathedral
 With the stained glass stars that
 Somehow robbed you of your total majesty,
 I thought I felt you hold me.
 I saw the aisle that yawned and beckoned and
 Rank on
 Rank
 The pews stared back at me, enticing me
 To feel the cream of smooth grained wood;
 To blow away the dust from blackened crumbling
 books.
 In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth:
 Ten marble columns, cold in their pristine virginity,
 That sheltered in their midst
 That single shaft of light:
 White light in which the dust itself
 Hung still.
 And the earth was without form, and void.
 The deep red carpet
 Soaked through and through with all that raw
 ecclesiastic blood,
 So cruelly red; wet wine,
 I could not even tread on it.
 And darkness was upon the face of the deep,
 Alone there in your black cathedral
 With the stained glass stars that
 Somehow robbed you of your total majesty,
 I thought I felt you hold me.

Margaret-Anne Hutton F.VI

At fourteen goals to thirteen, it was a close match. Billy, however, reckoned he could bring his team's lagging score up. Billy flicked the ball back to Ferret, the rest of his team, who faced an open goal. Elated with the chance to score his first goal, Ferret put all his effort into the kick.

The brown ball soared towards heaven, lost its momentum, and dropped pathetically onto the roof above the headmaster's office with a few decreasing and unenergetic bounces. The four boys waited unbelieving till it was still.

'You great, steaming nitwit!' shouted Timmy, who, at ten years and ten months, was the eldest.

'You buy a blinking new one, Ferret Fennet!' cried little Jack in addition, as Ferret looked towards his shoes. The scuffed shoes refuted the blame and Ferret felt awkward. Ferret blurted out his first thought.

'We could get it back, maybe.' After a brief torrent of derisory jeers, Billy explained the situation clearly with all that they needed to know.

'It's on the roof.' There were now nine balls that they knew of up on the roof. Ferret's logic contradicted all previous policies.

'We could ask the rector if perhaps we could go up and get it back.'

The other three were silent. Timmy took charge.

'Well, of course you could, but we thought you'd be chicken.'

Within five minutes Ferret stood outside the office door of the rector, on whose low tarred roof lay the evasive brown football. A sparrow landed by the football and busily inspected it with a chirpy greeting to the new rooftop companion. The ball said nothing, proudly boasting the signatures of Greenpark United, whose scrawls adorned it though they were noticeably and unrespectfully muddled. The sparrow lost interest and fluttered off.

Ferret began to wonder if this was a good idea after all, or maybe he was mad. Something fluttered in his throat and he had a desire to fly away like the sparrow. To face Mr. Black on a paltry matter such as a little boys' lost football was not considered wise. Mr. Black, as everybody knew was a 'busy man'. Even if it was his coffee break, as it probably was, would Mr. Black want to be interrupted whilst resting from his work?

What would happen if he were to knock right now? What would happen if Ferret just ran away? Ferret looked down the corridor and saw Timmy, Billy and Jack looking back up the corridor at him. Ferret had a fair idea of what would happen if he just ran away. Before giving himself a chance to change his mind, Ferret knocked on the door.

'He's probably not in,' Ferret thought in the split second between his knock and the reply from within.

'Enter!' It was the kind of command which children like Ferret obeyed without thinking. Then Ferret was inside and he had shut the door on himself. Observing that the headmaster seemed quite interested and not at all angry at having to put down his coffee, Ferret spoke. It came out in a whisper, so with throat cleared Ferret continued, 'Mr. Black, sir.'

'Yes.'

'Mr. Black, I kicked a football onto the roof.'

'This roof, Barnaby?' Ferret preferred 'Ferret'.

'Yes, sir.'

Mr. Black said grimly but rather mildly, 'You ought to be more careful, m'lad.'

Ferret thought, 'You havn't belted me yet,' but said, 'Yes, sir. Please may I climb up a ladder and fetch the ball back, sir?'

'I'm afraid I cannot allow you, through reasons of safety . . .'

Meanwhile the boys waited and wondered.

'Bet Ferret's got six of the best!' said Timmy delightedly.

'Maybe he's been beaten up or somefing!' suggested Jack, whose imaginations would run riot in such situations.

'I've never been in trouble before,' said Billy quietly.

'Whaddya mean? It wasn't you who kicked the . . .'

Timmy was interrupted by the creak of the headmaster's door as it opened, like a speaker who clears his throat before an announcement or a speech. Thus the boys' attention was captured.

No bloody mess of beaten, mangled flesh and bones was thrown out into the corridor, contrary to their expectations. An unscathed Barnaby Fennet walked into the corridor and recited to the suspicious three, 'Mr. Black asks if you would please come in to his room immediately.' Ferret stood by the door and the three boys trooped fearfully forward. Timmy, Jack and

Billy wanted to ask, and Ferret wanted to tell, but they were prohibited by the god-like presence of Mr. Black who would hear everything.

'Well now, so these are the football players?' welcomed Mr. Black as the boys trooped in.

'Yes, sir,' affirmed Ferret, who was immediately glanced at with suspicion by the boys. Ferret looked like he might smile but Timmy, Jack and Billy did not smile, and Mr. Black never smiled much anyway. Mr. Black continued grimly, 'None of you are going to climb on the roof and none of you are going to play football in front of the buildings of the school from now on.'

The boys took this blow in silence, though Jack visibly winced at the thought of a lunch hour with no football.

'However, if you're quite finished your wincing with the pain and grief of my last words, Mr. Waldie,' the headmaster continued, 'I am prepared to get your ball back for you and from then on you may use the school gym for your physical recreation, provided soft soled shoes are worn, of course.'

The boys chattered excitedly as their headmaster climbed the ladder: and as he passed down to them football after football, a local sparrow began to chatter excitedly about the end of an old custom.

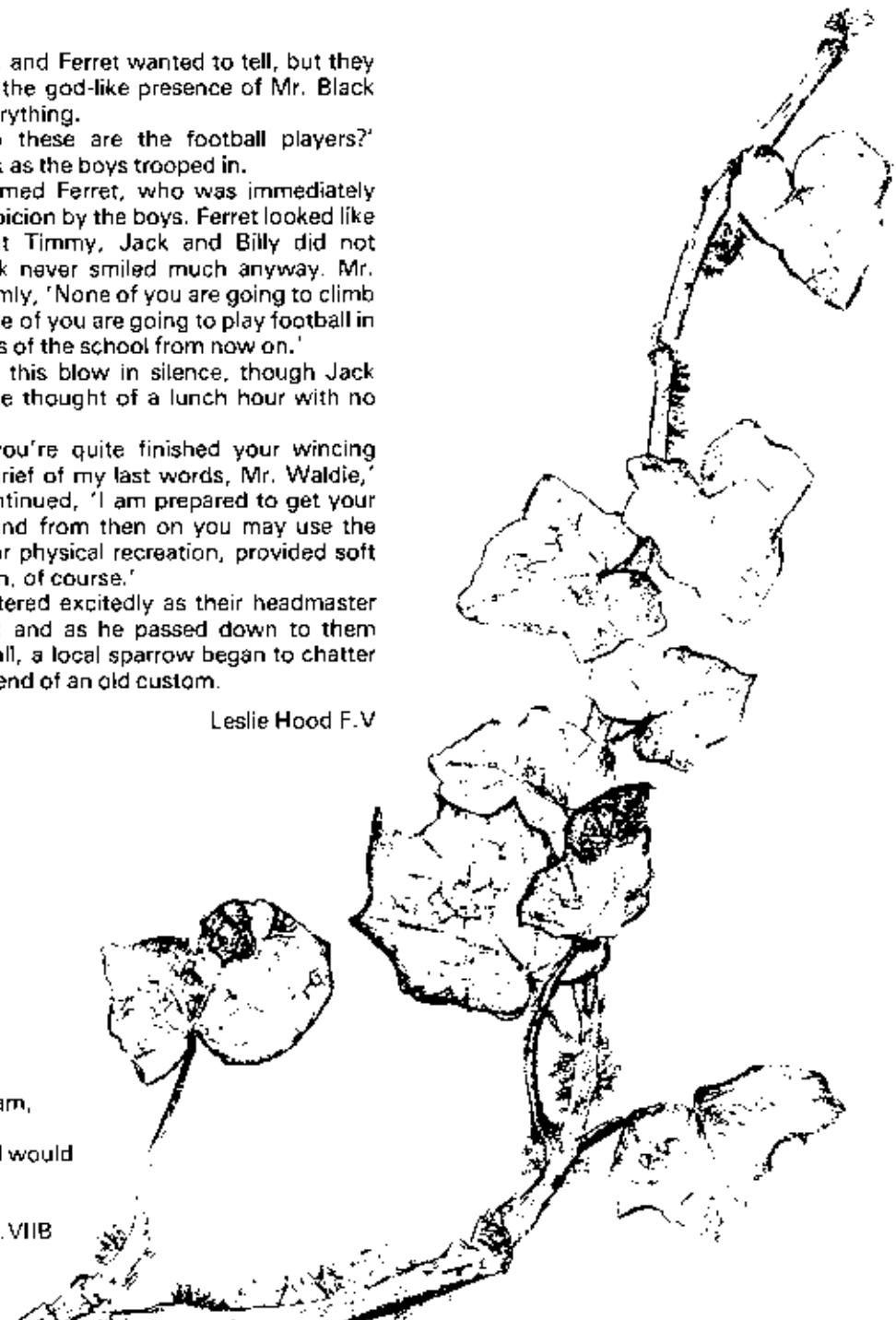
Leslie Hood F.V

POWER

Power is the dream,
In every mind,
To rule the world would
Just be great!

Kenneth Leslie L. VIIB

As you read
This
You may search
For hidden
Meaning
You may search
For interesting
Technical
Devices.
However you
Will not find
Any.
And the fact
Of the
Matter remains
That if
You
Take the
Time
To read to
The end
Then
You are a
Burk.



GATSBY : IMPRESSION OF THE '20'S

Rouge palette cheeks
Black socket beauty
High porcelain bones
Whiff of gardenia.

Bluebottle skinned still green marine
Fresh cut cotton breezes of grasses
Silver threaded zigzag shimmer of snake pump.

Gut stringed racquets clutched by flannelettos
Deep lilac sleep of Indian Summer debutantes.

Suspension in subtle silvered resin
Chalky mists of music aux vedettes
Pool Daisy
Gentle green
Seventeen

Inta Ozols F. VI



END OF THE HOLIDAYS! START OF SCHOOL

It's nine o'clock
 And the newly polished floors
 Are dirtied
 Feet make their way to doors
 Of rooms
 Unused for weeks — the dust
 Is raised
 Faces peer out windows — their lust
 For the freedom
 Which will evade them for ages
 In between
 All those numerous ages
 Of work

It's August
 And 'Back To School' proclaim the shops
 It means
 More lost gym slips, rubbers and pencil tops
 Half-chewed.
 And gum-chewing, button-undone kids
 Crying that
 They can't do English poetry amidst
 Their other
 Homework
 It's Monday.
 Old friends are back together
 Again
 But never mind that in this weather —
 Sunny —
 No-one wants to go to class
 Last week
 They were holidaying — it did pass
 So quickly
 That the best part of the term's
 The End.

Gill E. Meekison

THE SKIES ABOVE

(through the eyes of a six year old)

I've been told the sun is gold,

The stars are silver, and the darkness
 Of night is black velvet.
 But the moon is made of cheese!
 Why is the moon made of cheese
 When the stars are silver and the sun gold?

I've been told to "head for the sun,"
 "Reach for the stars!"
 But silver and gold don't do much good when you're
 hungry.

I like cheese though.

I like Edam cheese.

I think the moon looks like Edam cheese!
 If I was hungry and I was told to reach for the skies,
 I'd reach for the moon, because I like cheese.
 I've been told that there's a man up there on the moon.
 He lives there.
 All the time.
 He must like cheese an awful lot . . .

Mairi Fee



Dear Rector

I hope you are getting on well, my mummy was pleased with my report, I hope nearly every person got good marks. Hope you enjoy your work as a head-teacher. I like maths best. That's all for now.

from Robin L. Hill

I am sitting by the window in a fair imitation of the Lotus position, damply contemplating the January scene. The Public Works Department scowls at me, grey and sneering. In the early morning light the frozen Fairmuir wastes look cold and drab.

The doorbell rings — three staccato stabs. I untangle myself and hobble across the carpet, instinctively clutching my Oxfam-reject dressing-gown tighter around my ample curves. I am ready to fight.

Cautiously I draw back the screaming bolts and open the door. An icy wind blasts right up my left nostril. A uniformed (uninformed) man stands grimly silent, seemingly oblivious of next door's dog. A small, dark pool spreads across the close, seemingly emanating from his polished black shoes. Even I know this cannot be right, but say nothing. Without a word, he hands me a thin, brown envelope and strides away. The dog follows.

Shivering, I slam the door. Another piece of plaster thuds to the linoleum. Numbly I open the envelope and read what is before me with trembling eyes.

Eleven pounds forty five! I use a word of which my mother does not approve. It is satisfying. Sighing, I crouch down and turn the gas fire off.

I shudder when I think of all the students cosy in their well-heated residences, with their stereos and Blondie posters, and more hot water than the geysers of Waga Waga. Or even Wigan.

I considered being a student once. Once. But no, blithely armed with Oscar Wilde's immortal words to the effect that 'all that is to be learnt cannot be taught', I decided to go to work. Oscar W., you've got some quick talking to do.

Going to work straight from school has its advantage. Being able to afford a flat (well . . .). Great, when all your contempt-oraries have to live with Mum and Dad and Cheekie the budgie, and get their washing done and their meals cooked and not have to wash windows. Except sometimes.

Contrary to most popular parents' ideas (are parents ever popular?), flat life is not one wild round of wine, women, and Dundee's seamier nitespots. No, it's much more about doing the Hoovering and forgetting to water the plants (which are more likely to be chrysanthus than cannabis). It's knowing that if you

don't do the washing-up nobody else will, unless Auntie Ethel and Uncle Percy come to stay. This is to be avoided, if possible.

Of course, amongst all the joy and laughter one has to work. For my light relief I chose a well-known firm of magazine and newspaper publishers, not a million miles from your own D.H.S. magazine headquarters. Naming no names, mind!

I used to think I'd make a good journalist. So, I think, did they.

Anyway, I'll sign off now and let those of you who bothered to read to the end get back to swinging Dundee society. I should think your disappearance is already being questioned.

I'll just go and pay the gas bill.

Kathleen Saddler
(Recent F.P. and journalist supreme.)



Crazy cat:
Warm, still air
Holds the scent
Of sandalwood.

Lie quite still
In the hot
Red glow of
Poppies : they dull
Your wildness : and
The misty light
In the morning
Drives you crazy
Happy cat.

Smile on your
Face, shut eyes :
Drugged, lie
In the sweet
Summer sun.
Breathe the air.

Butterfly.
The blue flax
Flowers are
Like the sky
But softer.
I'll catch some
Beauty.

F.VI

Green
Juicy
Wet
Short
Grass.

Hazel Binnie L.IV



FLOWER'S PRAYER

Dear Lord,
Thank you for my sweet body
It is very nice to be brought in and admired
But please, don't make me any bigger.
Amen.

Hazel Binnie.

CATS

The black cat yawns opens her jaws stretches her legs and shows her claws. Then she gets up and stands on four long stiff legs and yawns some more. The slice of a tongue comes up at the tip and she arches her back as high as it goes then she walks away with her tail in the air. Shes going to the dustbins. She peeps round corner to see if anyone is there. I know what she is looking for. She is looking for fish, sniff sniff.

Rachael Parratt L.3A



THE CAT THAT WALKED ALONE ❖❖❖❖

She was always there;
Lurking in the midnight alleys,
Slinking silently but majestically in the murky shadows
With her proud satin nose held stiffly erect in the air.
Her fiery eyes burnt green than any emerald
And her face bore the slyness of a fox,
But also the wisdom of Cicero.

The other cats would gaze at her;
In awe
In admiration
Yet in jealousy.

She fought her own battles
And she was always victorious.

She helped and fed the sick and starving abandoned
kittens,

And fought,
And hissed,
And spat at the dog who lived round the corner.
But . . .

She let the children run their fingers through her silk
coat,

And she even drank the warm milk laid out for her.

She was a strange cat

Wonderful and kind

And . . .

She would always walk alone.

Sarah Cameron F.2



SMUG ARROGANT ❖❖❖❖

Pause prowl
You ultra confident —
Darted stealth of sleazy
Slow throbbled purr.
Watch
Gleam eyes green,
With flowing pelted power
Of black shined ripple.
Oh slow satisfaction —
Tread now careful
On your claws
Of fire-tipped tension.
Slow smug;
Break, blaze now silent;
Part thick night's dull
With trembled poise paw,
And grin,
Grin cheerful —
For the night is yours.

❖❖❖❖

AUTUMN STATION ❖❖❖❖

I remember the platform still and dimly lit
In the dying rays of an August sun,
The trees abruptly still
As though a hand had steadied them
Against the breeze that blew
Amongst the branching starkness of their arms.
The grass that flickered green through crumpled fallen
leaves,
And fought to struggle through the barren gravel of the
path.
And beyond, the rusting bridge and flaking bench
Held motionless against an evening backdrop
Slowly lowered from a glazing sky.
And the lazy dog who plumed his tail and
Negligent, basked in all that flowing golden peace.
We sat there as the train wheezed slowly into sight,
Once again took up our packs and
Cradled in warmth,
Left the stationmaster returning to his silent home.
And the flowers flowed red from the baskets
Across the stillness of the day.

***** GENERAL PAPER 1 *****

1) Shakespeare placed a semi-colon three-quarters of the way along line 390 of Act II scene (ii) in the tragedy "Hamlet". Using pie-charts and extrapolated bar-graphs, explain the reasons behind the use of this mode of punctuation. (Calculators and sextants are available from the invigilator if candidates wish to take one or more sun-sights.)

2) Was Henry the Eighth?

3) Write a verbose, badly punctuated, and mildly tedious essay with the title "Myself and my crisis". Candidates should note that their work must at all times remain intellectual, abstruse, and darkly philosophical: marks may be deducted for excess clarity and originality of thought.

4) A green train is travelling NNW at an average speed of 63mph into a SE wind blowing at 17 knots $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way along the track is a monkey holding a tin can and hanging by its tail from the steel girder of a 24 foot bridge. The monkey has a mass of 13.7N on the planet Uranus and makes an angle of 143° with the bridge. Taking into consideration that as the train passes below the bridge it releases the amount of steam formed when $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water at room temperature is poured from a height of 7 inches on a heated metal plate of unknown density, and that the bullet aimed at the can follows a typically parabolic path, calculate the number of passengers seated on the left hand side of the fourth carriage of the train. NB. / The day is Thursday.

5) Is there a poem which you liked because you found it happy OR sad OR thought-provoking? Ah. Interesting OR illuminating OR disturbing? Intricately inconsequential OR transitionally etherial OR hypothetically expeditious?

Are you a genuine candidate?

6) a/ Are you sitting on the right or left hand side of the examination hall? Are you sure?

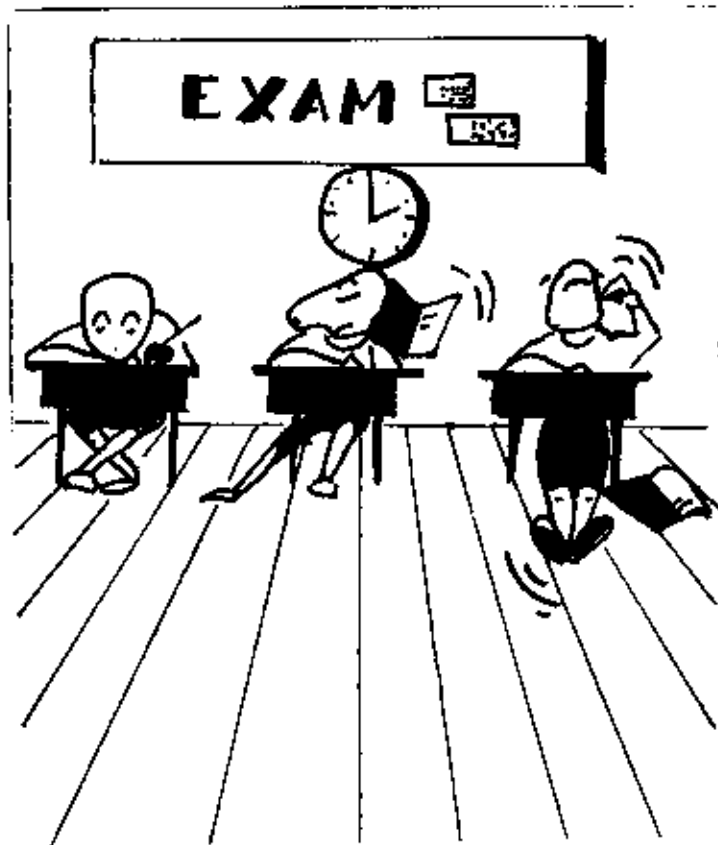
b/ Has your invigilator

(i) coughed unpleasantly and at length?

(ii) carried out a loud and anatomical conversation with a colleague 2 or fewer paces from your desk?

(iii) stared at you intently and slightly disturbingly for more than 27 mins?


- 7) John Osborne was an "angry young man". Why? If he were to marry a moderately irate young woman would he produce disagreeable offspring?
- 8) Discuss the principle cause and likely symptoms of podsolisation in the Arctic Circle. Put forward arguments for and against the setting up of National Health remedial clinics, and the relative merits of the spray and salve treatments.
- 9) Shakespeare was accused of having "small Latin and less Greek"; to what extent did this disfigurement seriously influence his portrayal of Cleopatra as the Great Seductress?
- 10) One of the main points put forward in Sartrean existentialism is that "death, as a contradiction of reason, is an absurdity." *Drawing on personal experience* write a balanced essay on the relative merits of death.



SUMMER ♦♦♦♦

Plump,
 Drowsy with poppy warmth
 Baked earth, rich and heady
 Dimpled clouds slumber on azure velvet
 Lazy, dozy days
 Balmy breeze wafts heavy scent of clover
 Powdered heat-haze
 Shimmers.

Sparkling sea, blazing, laps
 Hot rug of sand,
 Swells over
 Roasted rocks.
 Gulls soar lazily.
 Cattle flick flies drowsily.
 Hot.

Kirsty Scott F.VI 

CHRISTMAS ♦♦♦♦

When I think of Christmas,
 The first thought in my mind,
 Is Santa in his red sleigh,
 And a sack of toys behind.

Then I think of food,
 And peep into the oven,
 And I say '
 'Oh Good''
 I could eat a dozen!''

The lovely thing that met my eyes
 Was a big steaming turkey,
 And lots of mince-meat pies,
 Covered in gravy.

Next a big Christmas tree,
 With lots of baubles red,
 For every single person to see,
 Now it's time for bed.

And then the carol singers came,
 They sang me to sleep,
 And I saw their lantern flame,
 Then in Santa began to creep!



I would like to be a rabbit. Then I could run very fast
 it is good running very fast a rabbit can run faster than a
 horse I would like a rabbit pet so I could chase him
 round the garden.

Sophie Rae L.2A

**AUTUMN** ♦♦♦♦

The winds blow, the leaves rustle when it is
 Autumn you know. The leaves turn red and yellow and
 then shrivel up. The wind is here to stay so watch you
 don't fly away. Stay warm is nice and see the leaves fly
 away. Snug up warm I say because you will be cold out
 there. So when it is Autumn remember the words I say.
 When it is cold put warm clothes on. If you forget you'll
 get a big cold so remember now or you know what shall
 happen you know.

Ewan Stevenson L.3A 

WINTER ♦♦♦♦

Down, down, comes the snow
 Blow, blow, the wind does go
 But the rain does fall
 Yes on all.

Some people don't like it
 No, not at all. No, not at all.
 It spits on the window and
 On the door
 Oh! It is horrible. Oh! yes, and
 With a horrible roar.
 The door slams shut on the
 Floor.

Richard Swinfen L.3B 

◆THE LAST SORTIE◆

The hulks were inanimate
Like ships becalmed at sea.
They stood waiting,
Waiting like a faithful dog for its master;
Full of death.
Suddenly a movement, a splutter and a roar
(A dragon awakening).

The Merlin engine caught first time,
Another copied it.
They were all starting,
Uneasy and cold at first,
Then gaining confidence.
Minute after minute of engine followed,
Drowning the night.

The brakes were released,
The engines revved up,
And the Lancaster moved.
It moved to the tarmac river
Followed by second, third . . .
The final check
The goodbyes said and reality vanished.

They climbed into the sky like black angels going to
heaven.
Gathering, forming, planning
The Run.
Watchful, alert eyes gleamed through the windshield.
The coast passed beneath
A good friend was lost.

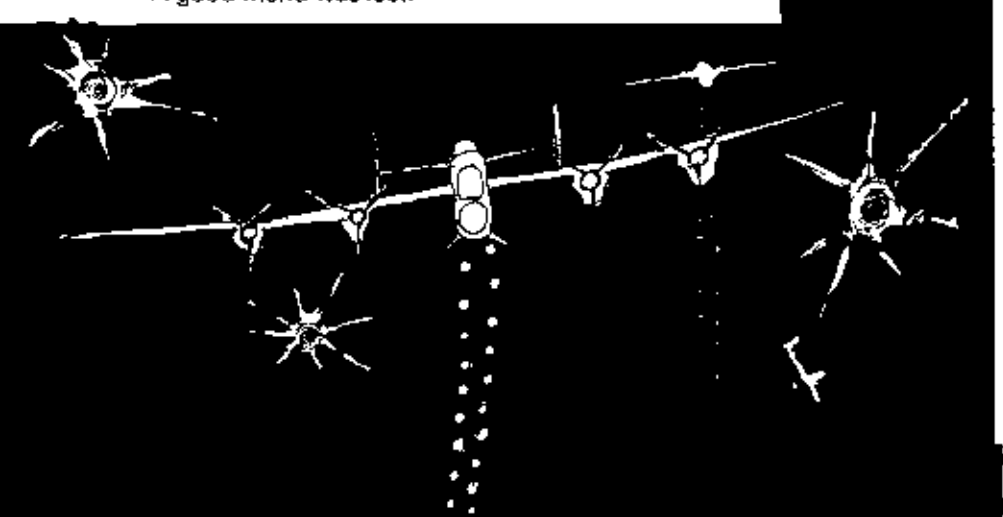
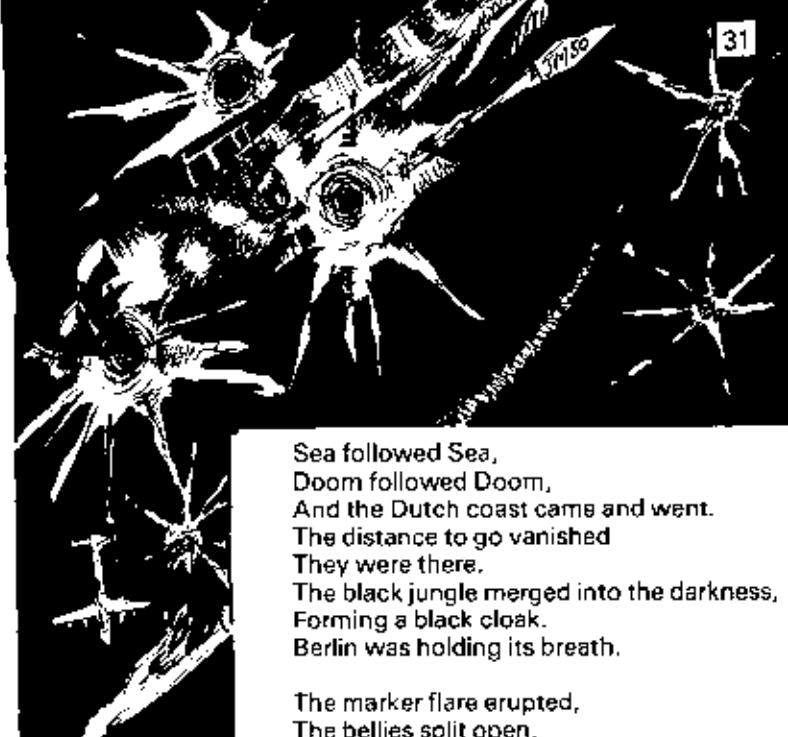
Sea followed Sea,
Doom followed Doom,
And the Dutch coast came and went.
The distance to go vanished
They were there.
The black jungle merged into the darkness,
Forming a black cloak.
Berlin was holding its breath.

The marker flare erupted,
The bellies split open,
And the guts spewed out.
A fiery blob appeared on the cloak
Like a stain,
And vanished.
Home was the objective now.

Suddenly the sky exploded
And lit up.
Black plumes appeared.
Flak.
They appeared like lights going on in a city.
Lancaster after Dragon shuddered,
Hung for a moment and descended.

Fiery monsters hurtled to the ground
Turning, heaving, dying.
The engines screamed,
Every plane followed the ritual.
The ground exploded as they rammed it
Like angels trying to break into Hell.
The last Sortie had ended.

Nigel Austin



32 GIRAFFE'S PRAYER

Dear Lord,
Thank you for my big, long neck.
It is very helpful for getting leaves off trees
For if I did not have a long neck
I would surely starve
So thank you Lord,
But please don't make my neck any shorter.
Amen.

Christopher Fletcher

Dear Lord,
Thank-you for my big long neck.
It is very useful for me
For eating the leaves and the grass
But please don't let it get tangled.
Amen.

Sally Cameron L.IV



SPIDER'S PRAYER

Dear Lord,
Thank you for my nice long legs,
They are very useful for me
To walk fast and catch flies
But please don't make them any longer.
Amen.

Michael Johnston

ROBBER'S PRAYER

Dear Lord,
Thank you for making me slim.
It is very useful to be able
To slip through small windows,
So I can steal jewels.
So thank you Lord.
But please don't let me be caught.
Amen.

Rachel Holmes



White
Foamy
Leaping
Waves

Jane McGowan L.IV

Dry
Gritty
Blowing
Sand.

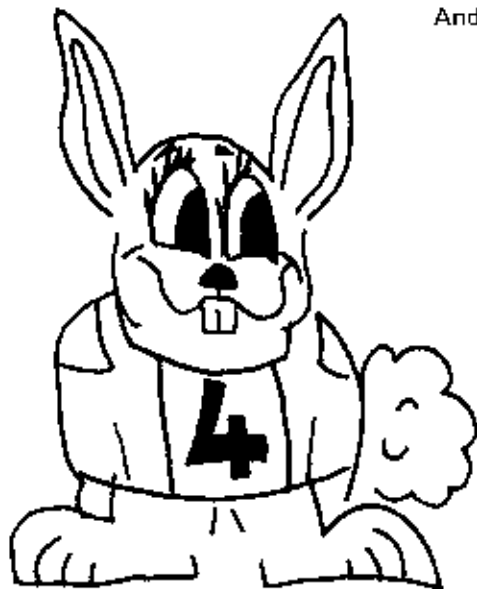
Campbell Clark L.IV

Delicate
Smooth
Shining
Sharp
Shell

Rachael Holmes L.IV

Small
Soft
Squeaking
Mouse.

Andrew Dyc L.IV



RABBIT'S PRAYER

Dear Lord,
Thank-you for my eyes,
They are very useful for me
To watch out for foxes
But please don't make them move to the front.
Amen.

Paul Lyall L.IV

THE LITTLE TREE

What a lovely little tree,
So small so sweet it looked to me.
Then I spied a bright red cherry,
Which cheered me up and made me merry!

Carolyn McKellican L5M



A VIST TO FAIRYLAND

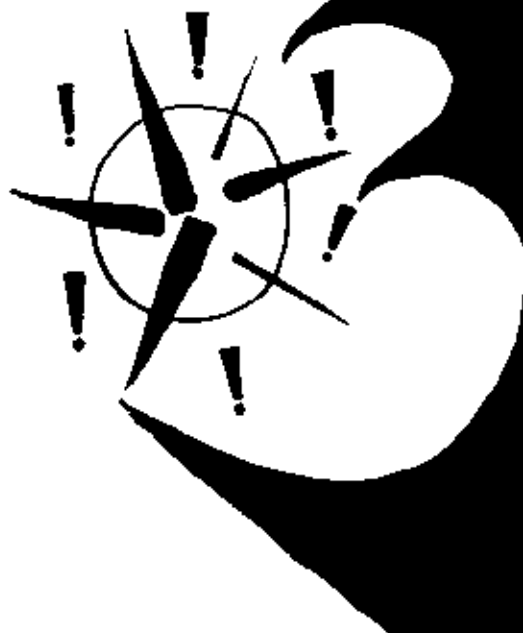
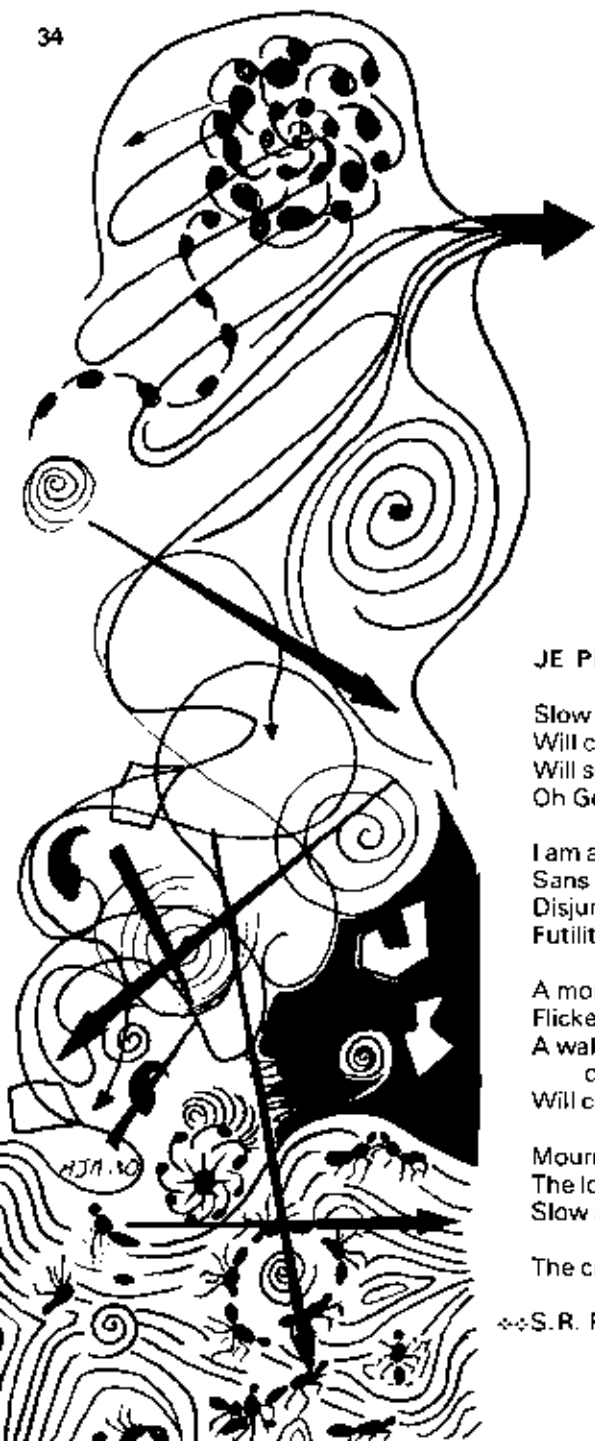
One night I felt something going into my eyes. I opened my eyes and there at the end of my bed there were two fairies. They took me in a golden coach. Six white mice pulled it. We went to Fairyland. We went to a palace. We saw the queen of the fairies. She took me to the tooth factory. I saw different kinds of teeth. I saw pixies and elves and dwarfs.

Muriel Binnie L2B

SKI-ING

Woosh went my skis down the hill. The trees flashed past me. I approached the ski-jump. I seemed to be flying. It was super fun. I like it very much. I was at the bottom of the hill. I went up on the ski-lift. By now several other skiers were on their way down. I got off the ski lift at the top. I started to ski down again. Its a super life I thought. But the holiday was nearly finished.

Bryan Murray L.3A



JE PENSE, DONC JE SUIS?

Slow ant of chaos, the table-top, the hand
Will come, unlooked-for. Sky-loomer, the trumpet note
Will sound. Pure sweet intensity of screaming delirium.
Oh God, why?

I am afraid. Society, disjointed, re-forms
Sans moi, sans toi, sans lui, sans elle.
Disjunctive pronoun with preposition; a song, its climax in
Futility.

A moment crystalline in frozen space
Flickers in flame; evades the living clutch,
A waking dream. Ride the twisting nightmare? they say
coy dawn
Will come.

Mourn, Atropos, old hag; I shall win.
The long rocks are not mine when the wheel turns.
Slow ant of chaos; you survive the hurricane.

The crumbs under Thy table.

❖❖S.R. F.VI❖❖



My friends are Candida and Hilary. Friends are kind to you. They play with you. Friends help you. When you are feeling lonely they talk to you. I am kind to my friends and they are kind to me.

Liane McRitchie L3B

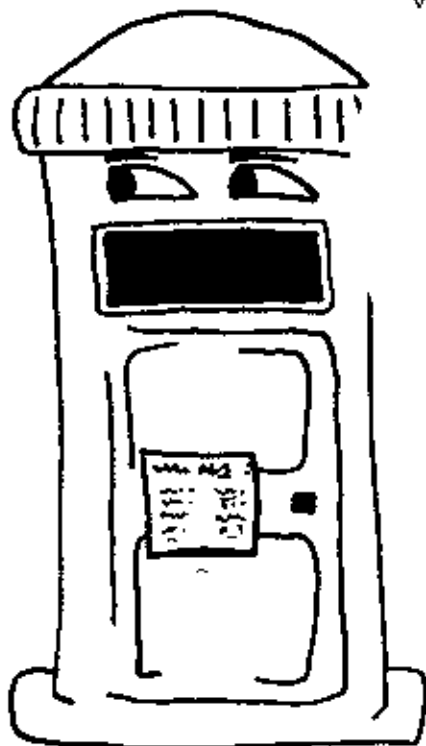
Friends are people you know. My friend is Craig Bowers and he is coming to my house on Saturday. Sometimes you find friends where you least expect to.

Richard S. Petrie L3B

~~~~~MY SCHOOL~~~~~

My School is called Dundee High School. Today Daddy brought me to school the secret way in the Volkswagon. My class is L2B.

Andrew Forrester L2B



Daddy went to the station yesterday. It was a big adventure for us to get back to my house. I said goodbye to Daddy. And then me and mummy went back to the car. But we couldnt start the car. So mummy got the shovel and dug us out.

Eleanor Price L.2A

~~~~~A NONSENSE POEM~~~~~

I have a new pet called Jingle Bingle
Who always says ringle tingle,
He is a curlywangle
He is a sort of a mouse and a bat,
His tail gets in such a tangle
Maybe not even that.

Lynn Thomson

I would be a pillar-box because I like them they are nice and I am always dreaming about them.

Callum Maclean L.2A

I don't like being me,
 I'd rather be a film star.
 Well, maybe not a film star: they have to act,
 But I don't like being me.
 When I make an entrance the party stops,
 I usually fall over, dislodging table props,
 Crowds like tides just drift away, I'm washed up again.
 Go to a convention, I'll be there:
 Standing in a corner; the one without a chair,
 There to make the numbers up, never asked again.
 When I shop I'm awkward, I buy long foil,
 Dangerous French bread sticks, oily cooking oil.
 Steps and baguettes trip me and I'm stepped on again.

I don't like being me,
 I'd rather be a hostess.
 Well, maybe not a hostess: I get airsick,
 But I don't like being me.
 Thought that I was normal, honestly, I did,
 Mum said I was, but then, I was a kid,
 Maybe she was lying, I fell for it again.
 People say I'm thick, say I'm dim,
 Say they've got a hole, to put my foot in,
 I don't understand them and run back home again.
 Thought I just had two thumbs and one left foot,
 Now they're multiplying, one foot's wrong for its
 boot.
 I'm just a loser. Face it. No. Lost the fight again.

I quite like being me,
 No, I don't want to be a film star: they have to act,
 No I don't want to be a hostess: planes get hijacked.
 Now I can ride my moped; now they'll let me be
 insured
 Now I'm a conformist.
 My God, I'm bored.

Alison Kennedy F111

If I were not myself I would like to be a blackbird so
 I could fly about and see the world and so I could tweet.
 and so I could have a warm nest. and so I could meet
 robins and lots of other birds.

Caroline Spalding L.2A

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I would like to be an air hostess.
 Mummy was one. That is what gave me an idea. I
 would also like to be a teacher. I would have Peter
 Henry and Peter Garmany. I would have Susan Gandy
 and Fergus and David in my class.

Sonia Brown L.2B

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I am going to be a traffic warden. I
 will put stickers on people's cars if they park their cars
 on yellow lines. They will have to give me some money.

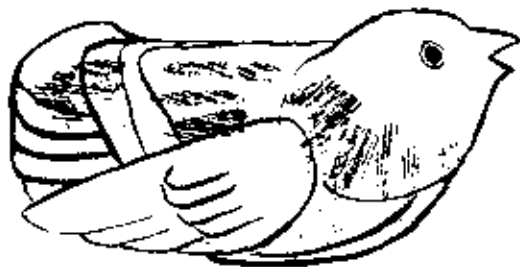
Peter Henry L2B

I want to be a policeman When I grow up then who
 is bad we will catch them and put it in the jail. For seven
 days.

Da-Foo Chung L.2A

I would like to be a bird then I would fly in the sky. I
 would look for food I would not have a home and I
 would freeze in the winter and I would fly over hills and
 shops and trees and would fly over houses and over
 peoples heads.

Talkeen Okhai L.2A



FIREWORKS

It was dark when we went out but at last the fireworks started. The kathrine wheel went round and round.

One firework went up into the sky and popped then it wizzed down again.

Some fireworks were very bright another firework went bang. It was the noisiest of them all.

The best one looked like a peacock it was very beautiful indeed.

They were all very, very beautiful. Everyone sparkled.

Some fireworks went hiss. It was very nice. All the fireworks were colourfull. They all made the sky bright.

Patriona Long 2.3A

THE WORLD IN 1999

The modern world,
Of '99,
With houses built
By machine.

1999

What is a coal fire? How do you write? Why did people walk? It would not seem unreasonable to switch on an electric or a solar heater every time you wanted heat. Who indeed would write when you could easily type, (except for signatures), and especially with a pencil? Why, tell me, did people walk everywhere? Who would not go everywhere in a large, plush seated, metallic car? They were so backward then that really they should be in the History computers in our schools.

Helena Stoward L.VII.B

NIGHT

Negative print
Blotted shadow
Curtain and moon
Finger-cloud arrows.

Depth clichéd darkness
Deep, then, despair.
An awning.

Then dawning.

Satellites,
Meteorites,
Flying to the planets.

Human fool,
Robots rule,
Death if you disobey.

We'll all die out,
And the robots will shout
"We've won the war!"

Mars and Venus will be their homes,
They will live on oil and petrol,
And live eternal life.

No fuel needed
In cars.
Nothing made by hand
But by MACHINE

Kenneth Leslie L7B

Gillian Crawford L6

The television
The size of a
Cupboard.

I'm a nobody.
 Nobody cares if I live or die.
 Why should they?

I'm a nobody,
 Alone, I trudge, step after step, (Why don't you take
 the lift?)
 Plodding on and on and on

Steadily, surely, rich people
 Poor people, young people, old people, (fat people, thin
 people, ill people, well people, witty people, dull
 people . . .)
 Children, cripples pass me by in a blurr, (or even a
 bus)

Despair, agony, worries of in-laws (write to Cathy and
 Claire)
 Mortgages, income tax, bills, VAT, divorce (ref. B.
 Connolly)
 But always there is hope (that's the spirit)

Where has all the happiness gone? (where indeed, it's
 the Tory Govt.)
 Does anyone say to themselves "I'm happy? (there was
 once this bus conductor . . .)
 Who is happy? What is happiness? (happiness is a cigar
 called Hamlet)

Happiness is knowing you have achieved
 Something, someone, making the world content,
 Ignorant and forgetful of strife. (ignorant? Yes!)

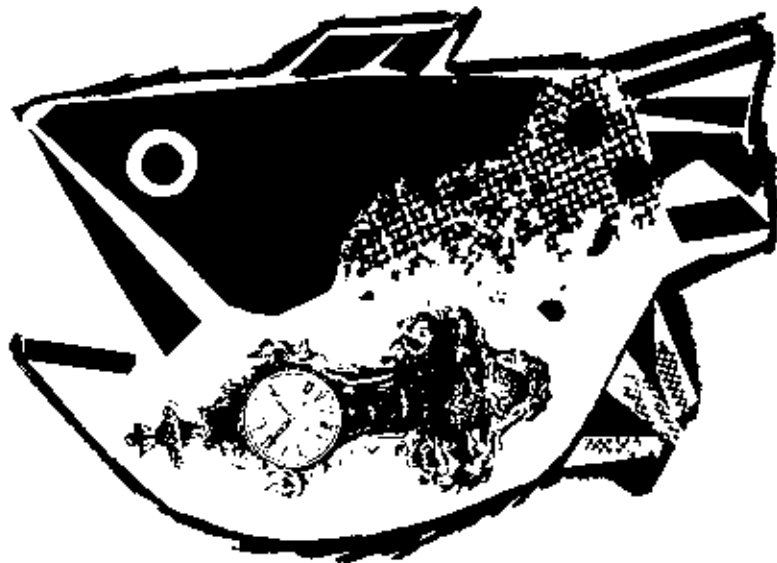
But how can I know what happiness is,
 I will never know it
 I'm nobody.

Poem by F. MacIntosh
 Comments by interested party.



I am a Fish.
 I am cod I live in the seas and I eat objects. I don't like
 killer sharks.
 I am a boy fish.

Derek Brown L2B



If I wasn't who I am I would like to be a teacher.
 Miss Beattie writes on the blackboard. A teacher checks
 your reading.

Ayesha Okhai L.2A

MYSELF

My name is Fergus. I live in Letham. I like school
 lunches. I have a brother called Jamie. I have two pet
 fish. My eyes are brown. I have a slide and a swing. I
 have a frame for climbing on. I live in the country. I like
 life.

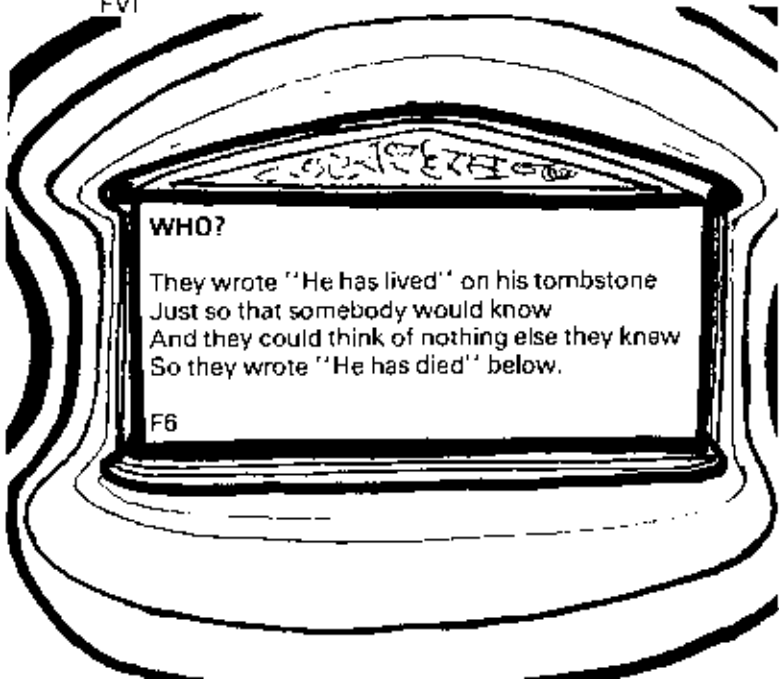
Fergus Crystal L2B

Lying back by the well of past,
 Ripples lap gently at curious thoughts,
 Tentative fingers question what has gone before,
 Seek roots held by the slow pull of finality
 in the hazy mauve of yesterday's dawn.
 Dark dulled roarings warn danger.
 Sirens, enticing eager imagination, but
 Cold dead rock tells nothing.
 The water chills and grows no clearer as
 Grey ignorance closes in.

Lying back below the sky of future
 Eyes strain heavenwards and catch glimpses of bright
 but feel deceived.
 Layers clear, blue, black —
 So far and no further can be guessed
 By a mind whose awareness cannot fathom
 Time,
 Beckoned onwards stumbles forwards to the limits of
 reach.

Present is warm and soft,
 But past and future pull us on to
 Mystery,
 Immeasurably dark and blinding bright.

FVI



WHO?

They wrote "He has lived" on his tombstone
 Just so that somebody would know
 And they could think of nothing else they knew
 So they wrote "He has died" below.

F6

GOLDFISH

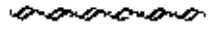
Swimming around and swimming
 With fixed eye in dazzling showcase shine
 A twitch of a fin in reaction to the probing finger
 Or, 'Only a pinch of food, mind',
 Carefully measured by a nervous hand
 Which recalls the words of the fairground lady.

Kevin Wallace.



When I am big I want to be a holiday tester. I watch
 holiday I see Frank Boff in France with his wife. We are
 going to France. We are going the same way as Frank
 Boff is going. He went to a museum you get lots of
 things in a museum. He told us about wine you can get
 red wine and white wine. I like watching holiday it is
 great. We are staying in a sheet and we are going on a
 hovercraft and coming back on a boat.

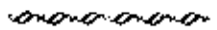
Alasdair Leslie L.2A



Times

When you want to cover your mind
 In a dustsheet. Take a holiday.
 Come back to find it looking
 Bigger Better Cleaner
 Like the living-room does
 After hotel twin beds with
 Wastebin and private W.C.
 Unfortunately
 It doesn't work.

Some mornings are different
 Days when you don't want an umbrella in the rain
 When beaches and even city streets were made for you
 to walk
 Your soul is a kitten with its first ball of wool
 Your heat throws its shutters open to the dawn and to
 the people
 Long steps take you up an avenue of clouds running
 right across the sky.
 Take a rainbow for a scarf, leave behind the crock of
 gold,
 Walk on singing where the wind might blow you.
 Be glad to breathe and be alive.



F6

Smart, starched nurses, in smart starched uniforms — the hard core of the elite; tough, professionals — experienced in every aspect of the work. White-coated 'doctors' or 'therapists', strait-jacketed patients in padded cells. White-washed walls: barred windows and locked cells. Regimented inmates, treated like children.

Unbreakable plates, unbreakable mugs, knives non-existent. Stipulated visiting hours only; rules and regulations of the establishment everywhere. An abundance of sympathy, of misguided emotion, of intolerance, frayed nerves, a war of attrition — 'them and us', patient against staff, inmates against Psychiatrists, psychologists, psycho-analysts, muscle men, nurses, the unjust "civilized" society outside.

Private hell is commonplace, yet non-existent, for how can that which is commonplace be private? Questions abound on the inmates' side; on the other side is an abundance, a glut of answers, right or wrong, for who is sane enough to judge, who can judge who is sane? Can insanity be contagious?

Isolation everywhere. Dull, expressionless faces, past caring, until moved by some whim or idea. Mindless laughter; echoes resound in the chairless corridors. Thoughts of revenge, thoughts of charity, thoughts of anger, thoughts of sanity.

Escapism. Six Napoleons, four Edward Heaths and two Emily Davisons in the same ward. Campaigns of battle, the falling pound and Suffragettes — thoughts like nails rattling in a tin can.

Cliche-using, unintelligent porters: - "Simple things please simple minds". A lack of understanding. The cost of Modern Living? Six ex-businessmen, four frustrated yachtsmen and two disillusioned historians of the years preceding World War One. A cross-section of Society, too heavily engrossed in a game of charades.

A boredom-generating atmosphere, infiltrating even the furniture; beauty exists only in the eyes of the inmates. Clinical surroundings. Everything a cold white. Light often artificial. Inside the building Nature is non-existent. It cannot co-exist with artificiality.

Leather restraining-straps, cut wrists: imprisoned.

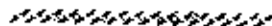
Kind, caring nurses in smart starched uniforms — la crème de la crème. Specially selected from the hundreds of applications. "Rewarding work", they think. These new nurses will soon come to know a real, deep-seated depression in the establishment.

A job for some. A clinical hell-on-earth for others.

CLUMSY CREATURE ❖❖❖

I'm a very clumsy creature,
Four huge feet have I.
I have an ugly feature,
Which is one black eye.
When I'm walking in the snow,
I go clump, clump, clump.
And everywhere I go,
I go bump, bump, bump.

Nial Tosh L.IVC ❖❖❖



THE PETROL CRISIS ❖❖❖

The robin is an attractive Christmas card,
It builds its nest in Valentines,
But it didn't have a Union card,
It lost it in the Wash.

Shop Steward Santa phoned the T.U.C.,
Got through to King John instead,
The weather forecast was really something awful
For climbing electricity pylons,
But he soon forgot
About electric shock,
So now red robin's blacked.

It was raining cats and dogs
And even blackened robins,
And there was Buzby on the line
All clean and tumbled dried.
It didn't cost too much you know,
He did it after six.

He did it with nitro-methane
And a drop of mono-fluoro-phosphate.
It killed him.

David Sheldon & Owen Vaughan ❖❖❖



**MANUFACTURERS
&
PURVEYORS of**

**GIFTWARE & JEWELLERY —
unusual gifts from many countries.**

OUTPOST

**12 Exchange Street,
DUNDEE.**

ROCKHAVEN

131, NETHERGATE

DUNDEE

CRAFT MATERIALS

JEWELLERY

CRAFTS

TEL. 24167-

THURSDAY

Sit down
And we'll discuss the old times:
Travel down memory lane,
And upset the dustbins,
And rummage through the trash,
And think of all the bad times,
The whisky and the hash.
Yes,
Let's open up the conversation
And look at the good times;
The few there were —
In fact, there weren't any.

No;
You're right,
Never, ever look back:
You'll only find hollow shells
Of dreams and whims and hopes . . .
Yes,
You're right:
Look into the future
For what it might hold in its feeble grasp.
But by Saturday,
Tomorrow will be past.
Please,
Someone tell me,
How long can this false living last?

Kevin Wallace

SCOTT BROTHERS

BUTCHERS

for the finest :

SCOTCH BEEF LAMB and PORK

freezer specialists

wholesale meat suppliers to
universities schools hospitals
hotels and restaurants throughout tayside

205/207 HILLTOWN (contract dept.)

173/173a STRATHMARTINE RD.

WELLGATE

DELIVERIES DAILY

MOBILE SALES VANS THROUGHOUT TAYSIDE



David Winter & Son Ltd
 15 Shore Terrace, Dundee

FOUNTAIN PENS
BALL PENS
MAPPING PENS
PENCILS
CRAYONS
WAX CRAYONS
FELT PENS
COLOUR PENS
BRUSHLINE PENS
RULERS
RUBBERS
POSTER PAINTS
BRUSHES
SCISSORS
GUMMED PAPER
TISSUE CIRCLES
POCKET FILES
NOTEBOOKS
JOTTERS
GRAPH PAPER
ACCOUNTING PAPER
TYPING PAPER
CALCULATORS
BRIEF CASES
SCHOOLBAGS

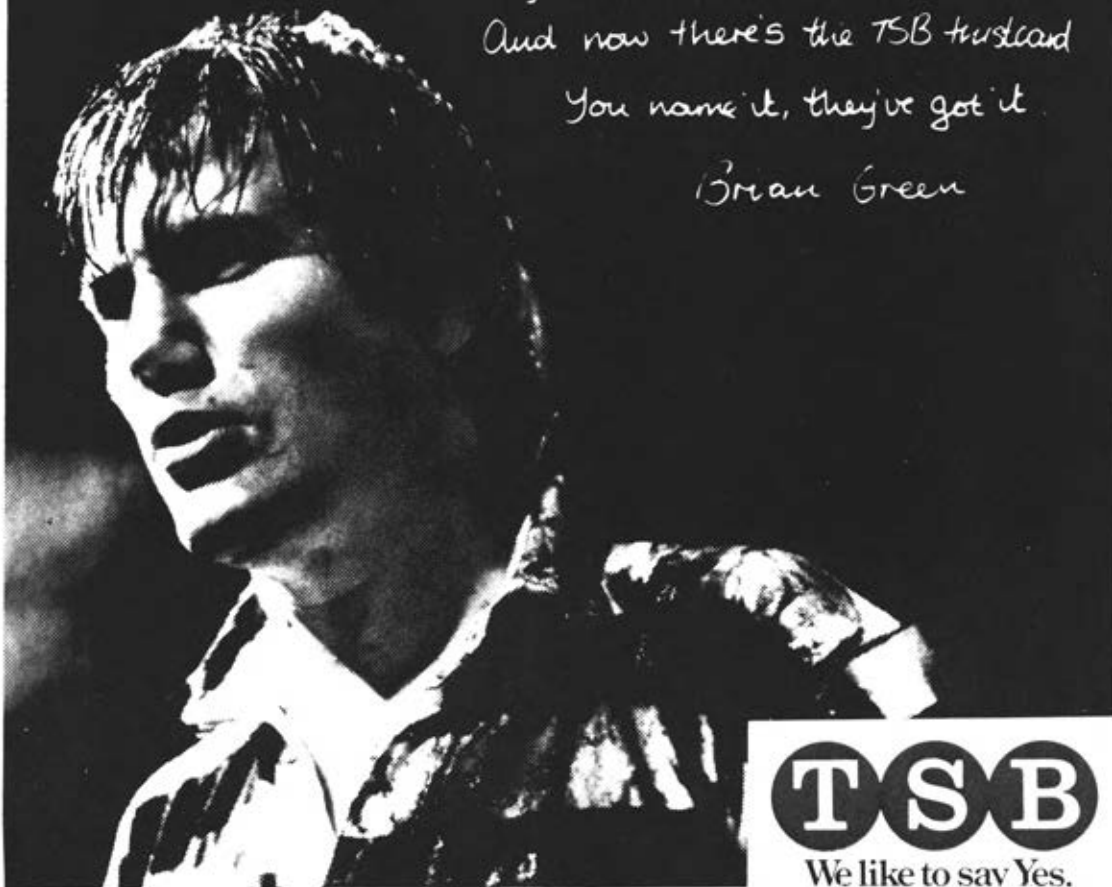
We have them all !!

winters

"I used to think the TSB was kidstuff."

I grew up saving with the TSB. I was thinking of changing to another bank. Then I found out the TSB can give me everything I need. Like chequebooks and cheque guarantee cards. And Personal Loans. And they do insurance and unit trusts. And now there's the TSB trustcard. You name it, they've got it.

Brian Green



TSB

We like to say Yes.

Simple Arithmetic.

When you add it up it's easy to see that regular saving pays off handsomely.

First, your money is safely out of the way in the bank. Safely out of temptation's reach.

Second, the more you manage to put into your Deposit Account, the more interest your savings earn. Simple arithmetic that pays.

Find out all about opening your Deposit Account at your nearest Bank of Scotland Branch.

| DATE | DESCRIPTION | BY | TO | AMOUNT | WITHDRAWN | BALANCE |
|--------|-----------------------|-----|-----|--------|------------------|---------|
| 2/9/79 | To Twenty Pounds | BE | all | 20 | BANK OF SCOTLAND | 20 - |
| 11/10 | To Five Pounds | BE | M | 5 | BANK OF SCOTLAND | 25 - |
| 8/11 | To Seven Pounds | CON | C | 7 | BANK OF SCOTLAND | 32 - |
| 5/1 | To Twenty five pounds | COY | M | 25 | BANK OF SCOTLAND | 57 - |
| 16-1 | To Ten Pounds | EM | all | 10 | BANK OF SCOTLAND | 67 - |
| 10/2 | To Ten Pounds | P.H | all | 10 | BANK OF SCOTLAND | 77 - |
| 2/18 | To Four Pounds | AN | R | 4 | BANK OF SCOTLAND | 81 - |
| 4/3 | To Twenty Pounds | AN | S | 20 | BANK OF SCOTLAND | 101 - |



BANK OF SCOTLAND

Enquiries to :

Dr. W. G. Ferrier,
Director of Schools Liaison,
The University,
Dundee.
DD1 4HN

Go to university
secure **Your** future
in your **Own** interest
go to **University**

Are you interested in being a Doctor, a Dentist, a Lawyer, a Solicitor,
an Architect, a Town Planner, an Accountant, a Civil Engineer,
an Electrical Engineer, a Chemist, a Physicist, a Biologist, a Biochemist,
a Pharmacologist, a Mathematician, a Geologist, a Geographer,
a Mechanical Engineer, an Electronic Engineer, an Economist ?

These and many other interesting jobs are open to graduates

The University
of Dundee
if you wish to be
well trained, university
Is The Place For You

McGills

...simply a better way of shopping

*Fashions & Footwear
for young and old
We bridge the gap
between all generations*

*Furnishings in Traditional
and Modern styles*

*T.V., Hi-Fi, Sporting and
leisure activities*

*McGills have so much
more to offer*



**VICTORIA ROAD & WELLGATE
DUNDEE Telephone 28811**

Use the Wellgate Car Park
Direct Access to our Store on Level 4

We accept Access, Barclaycard, Provident

THE BEST OF NOW! ...
FREE AND EASY FASHIONS FOR THE YOUNG
GENERATION



IMAGES '80

Draffens

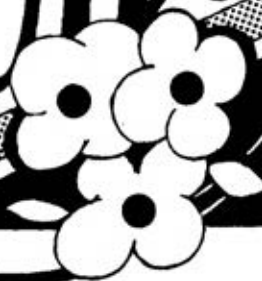
IMAGES BOUTIQUE Ground Floor
WALLIS BOUTIQUE First Floor

NETHERGATE and WHITEHALL STREET, DUNDEE. Telephone 21212.



Cairds

honey



Fashion at Honey . . . young and fresh . . .
for this minute . . . for you today . . .
whatever you want it to be!

From the most sophisticated dress
to a casual woolly sweater —
EVERYTHING goes easy on your budget!

Come in, see the many faces of
Cairds Honey Boutique.
Reform Street, Dundee.
Also at Broughty Ferry, Perth & St. Andrews.

And for the boys . . . there's a department
on the 3rd floor all your own —
and not forgetting the
Wrangler Bar on the same floor!

