

**IIIIIIIIIIIDHS MAG** 

**'81**

## EDITORIAL

**SCENE:** Dougal's Pad.

**TIME:** 21.50 hrs

*Ruth and Dougal (together):* Well folks, here we are less than twelve hours before the deadline, surrounded by smouldering typewriters, several economy size, garden disposal bags of torn up manuscript, four half-drunk mugs of mouldy coffee and a pile of fifty-eight immaculately typed manuscripts!

*Dougal:* Um . . . eh . . . well that doesn't take up a lot of the page, does it? D'you think Plaistow could set this in 48pt. type?

*Ruth (Helpful as ever):* No!

*Ruth and Dougal (together):* Um. . .

*Ruth:* How's about bunging in a photie of the whole committee?

**No sooner said than done!**



**Cover Designed  
By  
David Blaikie  
F V**

But seriously folks, many thanks to the committee, Mrs. McKinnon, Miss Anderson, and all those who have helped in any other way. We would also like to thank our advertisers for their support. But most of all, a big thankyou to those who contributed their work to the mag.

**ARTISTS:** David Brown  
Sarah Cameron  
Michael Ford  
Mark Wighton

## 1980 CHESTER TRIP

*Extracts from Various Masterpieces  
of the Infamous 3rd Year (now 4th Year)*

### Day One — The Beginning

'We met at Dundee train station at 8.20 a.m., which proved to be too early for almost everyone.'

'We found that Gillian Anderson had disappeared into the Little Girls' Room to change her jeans(?) just as a train was pulling into the station.'

'We had to change trains at Waverley Station in Edinburgh so we got off the train and waited an hour before boarding the train for Crewe.'

'Soon we had arrived at Crewe and were eagerly waiting for our train to Chester.'

'I was in no mood to appreciate Roman remains or Gothic architecture as I fell off the train in Chester . . . and I collapsed into my flea-pit at the guesthouse that night with the feeling that this holiday might just be tolerable after all!'

### Day Two

'After having a full night's sleep we went to the British Heritage Museum where we were given a show about the history of Chester and a guided tour of the museum. After lunch we visited Chester Cathedral which was enjoyed by everyone and the architecture astounded everyone.'

### Day Three

'In the pouring rain we visited Chester Zoo where there were more animals visiting than actually resident!'

'We piled back on the bus and were taken to the Grosvenor Roman Museum after picking up our guide. There, once more, we were torpedoed with question and answer sheets. The questions were all about Roman stones on display and although the weather did make us feel rather tired, stupid, and lazy we all miraculously managed to answer all the questions.'

'After our visit to the museum we went on a cruise down the River Dee in a boat called the *Prince Charles*. After the cruise we had an hour and a half of free time and most people went shopping. We went to the Deva Cafe for tea . . . we had a nice tea — without chips! (obviously an "in" joke — Eds.) and then we returned to the Abbotsford Guest House.'

### Day Four

'Even more subdued, the morning crawl for cornflakes took place just before the nine o'clock start for the station.'

'We trundled our luggage out to our old, decrepit bus (an ancient Roman relic) and headed for the Railway Station where we dumped it on a cage with wheels for our later use. Next we went to the Brassrubbing Centre where we all did a brass rubbing, which was good fun even if mine didn't turn out that well!

'After the rubbing, we had some spare time so as it was such a nice day, Gail, Angus, David and I went down to the river for a row.

'Once everyone had arrived at the cathedral where we were to meet, we went to the station and caught the train which arrived quarter of an hour late! It was with relief that we reached Dundee and the end of our travels for this year.'

### CONCLUSIONS:

' . . . I felt our holiday had only started the previous day. . . '

' . . . a resounding success and another should be held soon. . . '

'knackered but ecstatic. . . '

What more can we say! — The Eds.



'What is the thing that stands out above all in your memory of your three weeks in America' is a question that I am often asked.

There are various things which I will always remember, such as watching the film called 'To Fly' on a screen 70ft by 30ft in Washington, or waiting for the sunset through a huge, natural sandstone arch in the Archlands of Denver, or wandering around a completely reconstructed New England village with square dancing on the common to the sound of a flute. But for me the most exciting part of the trip was the four days spent in New York, and in particular the last night.

Three of us spent a scorching Sunday afternoon tramping miles round Manhattan. We had followed a street parade, been to The Rockefeller Plaza, and watched the service in the magnificent St. Patrick's Cathedral. We had stood open-mouthed, listening to the impromptu bands and dancing in Washington Square, walked along Wall Street, and climbed the World Trade Centre. Finally very hot and rather weary, we had taken the subway home. . .

That night, about midnight, with Manhattan reawakening, we were all taken up the Empire State Building for a last look. It is that which I will remember most: the long avenues lit by the headlamp trails of speeding cars, the glittering gaudiness of Broadway seen at a distance, the glistening water beneath the bridge lights leading to the island, the discernable bustle of people hurrying to begin the evening, and the heady feeling of seeing the panoramic view of one of the greatest cities in the world.

Alison Newton RFP

## US IN U.S.

There are around 8 million New Yorkers yet most walk around as if no one else exists. Life in New York races on and people cannot stop to think or they may never catch up again. I have always been under the impression that life, like good food, should be savoured, swirled around the taste buds and then stored away to be drawn on when needed. A New Yorker will desperately persuade you that New York is THE LIFE, then like the cartoon of a man being lifted off his feet by a runaway lawnmower, he grabs his hat, lunges off to 'this great life', and disappears round the corner

probably to die of an ulcer or heart attack. . .

The Empire State Building gives an incredible view of the city. The Statue of Liberty is immense. You can climb a spiral staircase up the arm holding the torch. The Manhattan apartments are in the sky. The Bronx is deserted and gutted with fire. The taxi-drivers are mad.

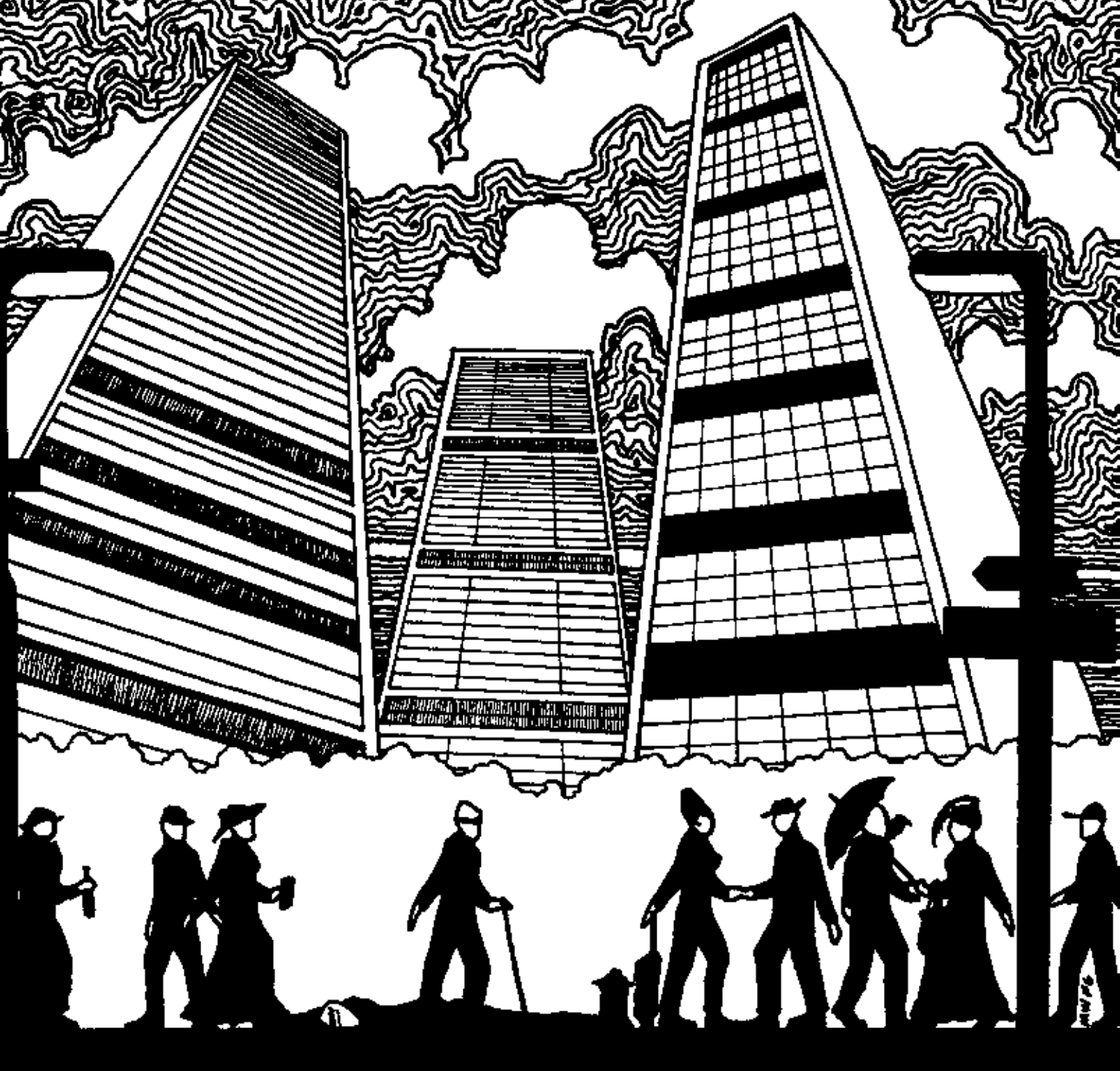
The Bronx Zoo was a lesson in Zoo management. . .

A sparkling testimony to man's architectural powers is the Air and Space Museum. Although space rockets, planes and fake astronauts are interesting enough, it was the film 'To Fly' which cast a spell of wonder and amazement on the audience. Shown on a screen about the breadth of the back playground, the film had the audience gasping as it fell over waterfalls, cringed from screaming trains and rose from its seats as hot-air balloons floated in the sky.

A visit to Baltimore for a baseball match was a trip which exceeded every expectation. You might find it difficult to understand how I can get worked up about an embroidered game of rounders but the suspense, speed and skill, together with an organ providing music for the fans to cheer their teams on, plus a friendly crowd and acrobatic girls performing during intervals, provide what can only be described as an electric holiday atmosphere. . .

'The Canyon Lands' — a dry scrub-like area where dry river-beds surround stone towers and carve weird paths through the sandstone. After the limited freedom of the eastern cities, sitting in the sun eating sandwiches with limitless rock formations, towers and cliffs to explore, I felt like a child with a wonderful new toy castle. Total relaxation. A visit to the ancient cliff dwellings of the Pueblo Indians — brick dwellings built inside huge rifts in the cliffs. Still more sun and no clouds. Beautiful meals in plush restaurants. Now — off to the 'Arches'. Exquisite sandstone arches modelled by The Master Craftsman himself with wind, rain and dust particles as his only tools. These arches were up to 85ft tall and some 100yds long with names such as *delicate arch, double arch, fiery furnace, landscape arch*. The long rays of a dozing sun cast shadows on the arches, and in the distance the snow-capped Rockies looked disdainfully down on the desert. For me, the beauty of the arches was overpowering, so different from anything I had seen or imagined before.

Callum Henderson RFP



## UGANDA CRUISE

The 93 strong D.H.S. contingent boarded the *S. S. Uganda* at 8 o'clock on Wednesday 25 June, amidst a rainstorm which threatened to sink the ship before the cruise started, and by the time she sailed, at midnight, bound for the Baltic, we were all safely tucked away in our dormitories deep in the ship's hull.

Next morning we all leapt enthusiastically out of bed — then promptly wished we hadn't, as the deck heaved beneath our landlubber feet. It might be wise to draw a veil over the rest of that first day at sea, but I can say that it was on that day we were introduced to the easy, shipboard routine of classrooms, 'private study' and lectures, and the lengthy 'free periods' when we could squander our money on the juke-box, or the 'ersatz' cola, a rather poor British India substitute for the real, canned McCoy!

We also discovered (though not till Friday) that the food was not only plentiful, but very palatable too — not surprisingly there was also a long queue at the canteen.

In contrast to the comfortable routine of life on the ocean wave, at each port there was a hectic dash to see everything in our rather limited time ashore. The format of 'runs' ashore was always the same however, one part of the day being taken up with a coach tour, while for the other part, we were all engaged in 'independent sightseeing' — which meant that everyone made a beeline for the big, posh (English-speaking) stores, and spent yet more money.

Copenhagen was a disappointment — pouring rain and black skies left a poor impression. Helsinki, some 500 kilometres further north, was a great contrast, where the blazing sun would not have disgraced some exotic, equatorial resort. Leningrad gave me the creeps. I do not know exactly why, but perhaps it was something to do with the ramshackle buses, the dusty, pot-holed roads, or the peeling paint. Maybe it had something to do with the complete absence of shops, cars, and in some areas, people! It was certainly a contrast to Stockholm where the smiling, friendly Swedes, fresh clean atmosphere, and superb ice-cream made this city dear to all our hearts.

Occasionally we caught a glimpse of the first-class passengers and their 'habitat', embellished with polished teak woodwork; swimming-pools without a layer of gunge on the top; waiters at the tables, and single berths! Maybe next time!

David Sheldon FIV



## STRATFORD 1980

For some years now, the Dundee College of Education English Department has annually been shipping batches of interested students off to Stratford-upon-Avon for a week each June. Last year, for the first time, our own intrepid English Department ventured to append to this excursion eleven of our own senior pupils.

The whole idea proved highly successful. Lectures on plays were offered by college lecturers, while the regular discussions and play-readings were both relaxed and uninhibited. On visits to Coventry, Oxford and Stratford itself, pupils and students had complete freedom to spend their time exactly as they chose and, in the latter two towns particularly, the choice was such as existentialists dream of.

The high point of the trip, however, was the plays themselves. Collectively these constituted a dramatic experience which cannot be approached in our own local theatres. Particularly stunning was the Royal Shakespeare Company's 'As You Like It' which utterly annihilated all doubts that any present may have held about the power of Shakespeare's comedy.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Walton, who organised it all and came along herself to shield us from the voracious influence of college students. This year she is arranging to repeat the trip on an independent basis. Let us hope that it becomes a habit.

James Lenman FVI

# BETT

## CARE WHERE YOU LIVE



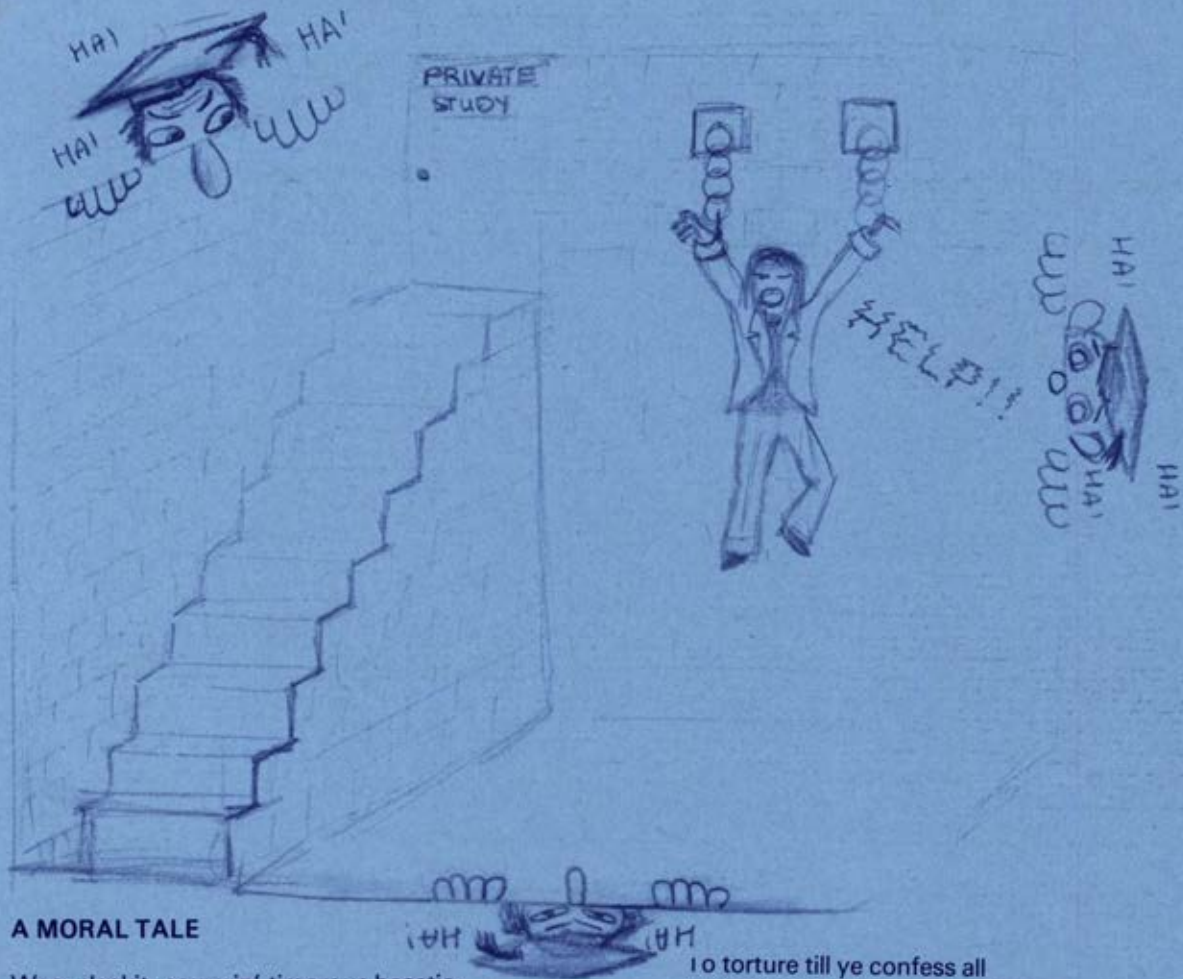
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### A MORAL TALE

Wee, sleekit, cowerin' timorous beastie,  
 Oh what a panic's in thy breastie!  
 For there the teacher stands awaiting  
 Suspicious that ye're hesitatin'  
 For aye, the men kens well, ye see  
 That yer homework ye didna dee.  
 Lord, whit excuse kin ye gi' noo?  
 (Dinna stutter, or ay, ye'll rue  
 The day that ye were gi' in work)  
 For if ane subject ye will shirk  
 Ye'll find the teacher sneaks behind ye  
 An' tak's ye where nane'll find ye  
 An' pin ye tae the dungeon wall

I o torture till ye confess all  
 But once the truth is oot, ye ken  
 Ye'll no be seen fur months agen.  
 One day, ye'll stagger, bruised an' bloody  
 Frae the room marked "Private Study"  
 So tak' heed frae those who know  
 (although the scars no longer show)  
 An' dae yer homework every day  
 Tae keep that work-hungry beast at bay,  
 Be it Latin, Maths or onything other,  
 Or there'll no be much sent hame tae mother.

SM FIV (Budding Burns??!!)



Last week our dog Polly was very noisy. She jumped up at the dustbin and it fell right over. Mummy had to pick it up again. Then Polly started chasing the cat. Candy just lay there waiting for Polly. Then Candy started to scratch the couch. Next day Polly jumped on my bed and licked my face.

Kate Marr LIIIA

## TO THE HEAD-GIRL

8

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face  
Great Chieftain o' the Prefect-race,  
Aboon them A' ye tak' your place  
along wi' Terry  
Resplendant in your fine gold-braid  
topped wi' a beret.  
Thro'oot your days at Junior Schule,  
You never broke a single rule.  
Thro' thirteen years o' thick an' thin  
You've toil'd an' striv'n  
An' noo at last the just desserts  
Tae you are giv'n.  
An Armistice an' Christmas-time,  
Once again you stole the lime-(light)  
An' coped richt weel wi' all thae duties  
tho' frae Longforgan,  
That's why we're glad that you're wi' us,  
An' no at Morgan.  
Tho' a popular bunch the Prefects be!  
None can be mair liked than thee.  
When Rota-lists are muddled up  
an' Prayers are late —  
E'en guid auld Terry can be heard to say,  
"Gie us Kate"!  
Yours aye

Catrina and Nadine

## THE LONG ROAD TO STARDOM

Our Story begins in 1975, when, at the tender age of 12, our hero was already showing signs of embryonic leadership. He along with three other mean-looking characters, formed a little 'squad' with yours truly as the leader. Throughout this violent period, T.R.A. captained the rugby and cricket teams to many fine victories, this giving a hint of his sporting prowess.

Second year appears and the young 'fella' from Auchterhouse has a bad start to the year, indeed blots his copy book, by being belted for an as yet undisclosed incident in the art room. Could this be rebellion?

Third and fourth year flash past uneventually apart from the dreaded O-grades, until fifth year arrives. At this point, our hero is burning both ends of the candle, studying for the even more dreaded highers.

Exams are over, sixth year is now on the scene, and he doesn't have long to wait. One lunchtime he is told, 'Go to the boardroom at 1.45!'

The next day he has his braid and looks like something out of the *Ready Brek* commercial.

If you too would like to be head boy, send a SAE and £5000 to:

*I too would like to be head boy,*  
PO BOX 69  
Euclid Crescent  
DUNDEE

Or come to the prefects' room at interval or lunch-time.

### HEAD BOY/HEAD GIRL INTERVIEW

#### 1. Where are you intending to go after school?

KATE: Edinburgh or Cambridge to have a good time and to study economics or accounting or maybe maths — or French . . . er . . . or all of them.

TERRY: Dundee to study accounting, maths, law or Geography.

*(Obviously decisive people! — Eds.)*

#### 2. How do you picture yourselves in ten years time?

KATE: As voluptuous as ever!

TERRY: Happily married with seven kids.

#### 3. What have you enjoyed most/least about 6th Year?

KATE: Liked the Christmas dance. Disliked trying to keep my little hat balanced, and lectures.

TERRY: Liked Mrs. Madden, the power. Disliked being interviewed for the mag.

#### 4. Which part of your school career do you think you will remember when you are a little, old, grey-haired lady/man?

KATE: The time I dropped all my crayons in my interview with Miss Knight before starting LI.

TERRY: Pushing Angus Perry into a mud puddle in LIII, forfeiting woodwork as punishment and getting belted.

*At this point a naughty 3rd year pupil was brought to Terry, who severely censured him and silenced the assembled company with his words of wrath.*

#### 5. While you have been 'at the top' have you ever had any rows on 'policy'.

KATE: Yes — making up the duty rota for the prefects.

TERRY: No — I am an agreeable little chap!

#### 6. What is your favourite book/play/film/song?

KATE: 'Noddy's Party Book', 'The Taming of the Shrew', 'Bambi', 'Schola Clara' (*what a crawler—Eds.*).

TERRY: 'Oor Wullie Annual', 'Hamlet' (followed by Falstaff), 'McVicar' (*who was he with though!—Eds.*), 'Ashes to Ashes'.

#### 7. If you could chose someone to be your fellow Head boy/Head girl, who would it be?

KATE: Jock.

TERRY: Mrs Madden.

#### 8. Most people will know you only as Head boy and girl — what are your interests out of school?

KATE: Ski-ing, music, watching 'Mr. Universe'.

TERRY: Music, Laura.

#### 9. Who, at the moment, do you think you'd like to marry?

KATE: President Reagan and/or Giant Haystacks.

TERRY: Shelagh.

#### 10. Have you got any advice for next year's Head boy and girl?

KATE: Don't do it (in public)

TERRY: Use the power indiscriminately.

#### 11. Did you, on coming into the 1st Year, think 'One day I will be Head girl/boy of the school?'

KATE: You're joking!

TERRY: (Grunt) My brain hurts — PASS.

#### 12. How do you think you'll feel on the last day of school?

KATE: Very happy and very sad. Tired.

TERRY: Ecstatic and knackered. (*Haven't we heard this somewhere before?—Eds.*)

#### 13. Kate, it's customary for the Head girl to wear a beret at school events — what about Terry in shorts?

KATE: Oh yes — definitely! I love seeing those knobbly knees.

With these words the interview finishes, and the most innermost thoughts and desires of the Head boy and Head girl are revealed. They walk slowly into the distance wondering if we will print everything . . . we have!

R.B./D.A.

# Recipe Spöt

## CHINESE CHICKEN

### Ingredients

- 2 chicken joints
- 1 x 1.25 ml spoon garlic salt
- 25 ml cooking oil
- 50g celery — washed
- 1 small onion — washed
- 10 ml spoon Soy Sauce
- 1 x 5 ml spoon cornflour
- 10 ml spoon orange juice (bottled)
- 125 ml chicken stock
- 75g long grained rice — washed
- salt and pepper
- 1 small tomato — washed

*Utensil* 1 heated serving dish—approx 25cm diameter

*Oven* Nil

*Time* Preparation — 20 mins approx.  
Cooking — 40-50 mins approx.

*Servings* 2

### Method

1. Peel onion. Chop celery and onion into neat pieces. Wipe and dry chicken joints.
2. Heat oil in pan and fry chicken joints gently until golden brown.
3. Remove joints from pan and keep warm.
4. Add chopped celery and onion to pan, fry gently for 2 to 3 minutes.
5. Add Soy Sauce and orange juice.
6. Blend cornflour and chicken stock, add to sauce mixture and stir continuously until mixture thickens.
7. Add chicken, garlic and seasoning. Cover pan and allow to simmer for 45 minutes approximately. Add additional stock if required.
8. Cook rice on heat and keep warm until required.
9. Arrange rice on heated serving dish — place chicken and sauce on top.
10. Garnish with tomatoes.

# Confessions Of A Latin Teacher

AN INTERVIEW WITH  
MISS (LATIN) ANDERSON

**Q. What influenced you to become a teacher?**

**A.** Money and power.

**Q. If not a teacher what would you like to be?**

**A.** Something relaxing like a lollipop lady.

**Q. What is your ambition?**

**A.** To retire and become a lady of leisure.

**Q. How did you fare at school?**

**A.** Brilliantly! (Not really brilliantly, but quite well apart from maths.)

**Q. What is your earliest memory?**

**A.** A big ugly face peering into my pram and saying 'What a lovely baby!'

**Q. Do you have any pets?**

**A.** Yes! Three frogs, a few locusts, a punk snake, a spider and a one-eyed sausage dog called Joanna.

**Q. Who is your best friend?**

**A.** All my pupils.

**Q. What is the funniest thing that has happened to you?**

**A.** Meeting IB3.

**Q. Do you want to marry and if so do you have a preference to someone?**

**A.** I want to marry a red-headed policeman who is 2 cubits tall, wears rose-coloured spectacles and who plays the bagpipes.

**Q. Have you ever been in an embarrassing situation?**

**A.** Often. There was a classic when one of my classes was putting on a Latin play and I was playing the part of a Roman tutor. I had to hit a boy with a stick. I smashed the prop ruler onto a desk and it shattered into pieces. I was grovelling on the floor picking up the bits when Miss Dickson came into the room.

Callum Rushforth FII



SKI TIP '80

On the 27<sup>th</sup> March a party of 45 ski enthusiasts set off from Euclid Crescent for the Sun and Snow of the Italian Dolomites.

After a huge lunch at the Hotel Exceleior [the best we were to have in the coming week - as we were soon to find out!], we boarded one of the finer specimens of Monarch Airways for our mid-afternoon flight to Verona, and eventually reach Fai della Paganella by 10 o'clock that evening.

At the «Hotel Panorama» we met the two characters who were to become our favourite [?] people by the end of the holiday, Auntie Joan, the very friendly courier who got us kitted out with ski sticks and boots that night, and the unforgettable..... Kev [Blitz it] Crighton.

Our first morning was spent sorting the skiers from the non-skiers and meeting our ski-instructors - most of whom were very pleasant. «Benz zez knees» Italians. However some of us, the teachers included, felt extremely privileged to become the infamous «REBELS OF FAI» under the instruction of Kev.

After the first exhilarating day of ski-ing, we returned full of vitality and eagerly anticipating a taste of authentic Italian cuisine - [Lots of pasta, fresh, crusty bread, and red wine as in the previous year] - the meagre amounts we were served however didn't fulfil our expectations. The boys managed to get round this problem with their notorious British charm, by chanting, «Bella! Bella!» to the susceptible waitresses during each meal. Victims to this charm, the waitresses would keep re-appearing with extra mountains of spaghetti. The girls however found for some reason that this method didn't work as well for them and were forced [?]

to become the regular clientele of the local pizzeria, conveniently situated nearby.

Fai offered a selection of slopes, well suited to all grades of skiers, although the conditions began to deteriorate slightly towards the end of the week as it was nearing the end of the season. However we managed to ski every day apart from one afternoon when the chairlifts weren't working, though for a change of sport, two teams [captained by us] made use of the tennis courts where, logically, we played football!

One of the main parts of the skier's holiday is the Après Ski, which was catered for in Fai by the hotel's disco, where pupils and teachers alike «bopped» the night away in front of an open log fire. The pizzeria was also [understandably] frequented regularly. One night Auntie Joan very thoughtfully arranged a ceilidh to try to make us primitive Scots feel at home... [a what?]

At the end of the week, everyone agreed to having a fantastic time and that it's success was greatly due to the teachers, who as well as being great fun, held a quiet air of authority.

When we returned to school there was a «candid camera»-type film, cunningly produced by Mr. Rowe, who had managed to film a certain person [«Not me!»] who is Susan] falling - I personally thought it was an excellent fall.

The film brought back many happy memories and we're sure it encouraged prospective skiers not to miss the experience of a D.H.S. ski-trip - something strongly recommended by every one who had been in Fai and Touvercaux the previous year.

ANNE CALDER  
SUSAN JAMESON

ARTWORKS? ANNIE  
KEV  
WINE WINE  
BEEP  
NOTE: UNRELIABLE ELECTRONIC MACHINE  
LEAVING FAI TO STRANDS OF GENESIS'S MUSICAL BOX

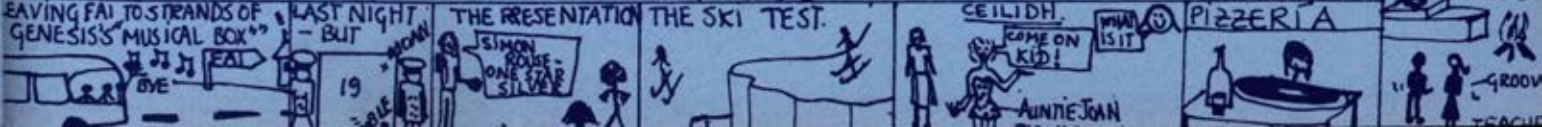
LAST NIGHT - BUT

THE PRESENTATION

THE SKI TEST.

CEILIDH. WHAT IS IT?

PIZZERIA



# pocit muny

Your Pocket Money is your own proper money. Some people have only £211.79 pence so they are quite rich. Other people have £311.79 pence. People keep their money in banks, piggy banks etc. Money is a very important part of your life.

Robin Young LIIb

My Grandad gives me pocket money. I will buy presents for my Gran and Grandad and Mummy and Daddy. I will buy some tapes. I wil put my money in my hippo bank and my elephant bank. (Obviously piggie banks are out of fashion — Eds)

Nicola Walter LIIb

The Pocket Money that I get from Mummy and Daddy. I only get Ten p and my sister and brother get fifty p. It is not fair for me, but I get fifty p from my Granny.

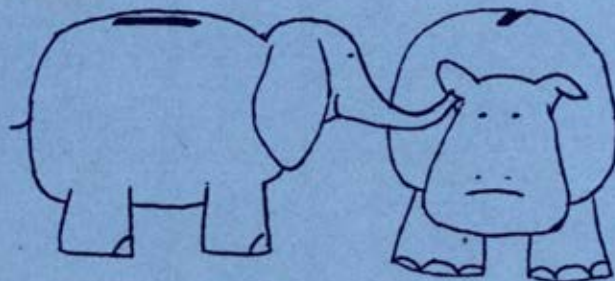
Barbie McGill LIIb

My mummy and daddy keep forgetting to give me pocket money and daddy always says we must give them some pocket money. One day we did get fifteen pea.

Laura Gandy LIIA

Every Saturday or Sunday I get ten pence. Every week I have more money. I have one pound two pence already. Sometimes if I am lucky I get twenty pence. One day if I am very lucky I am going to get one pound. I would like to be rich but I will have to wait a long time before I am rich.

Simon Petrie LIIb



I would like to be a famous footballer I would wear a tee shirt and sume underpants and I would cik the ball.

Greig Dalagarno LIIA

When I grow up I would like to be a journalist. I would first go to learn what to do. Then I would read all sorts of books about our neighbours in Europe like France, Germany and Holland. I would read about countries in Asia and North and South America and of course Africa too. I think it would be fun. I would like to do the job because it would be nice travelling through the countryside and in towns with a different language than English. In France it would be fun to see the Eiffel Tower as in Germany it would be fun to eat a frankfurter which is a type of sausage. I think it would be nice to go across the English Channel in a hovercraft. I would perhaps go on a coach tour round Europe and camp overnight. In France it would be nice to eat in a patisserie. I could maybe see a fur hunter in America. In Italy it would be good to go round Venice in a boat of some kind. It would be good to get a bit of sun tan on my body. I could maybe go to a Brittish hotel in Peru. Then when I am very old I may retire and go home and rest.

Paul Nimmo LIIIA

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# Hobbies

## MOVE OVER, SEAGULLS

Two years ago I had my first flight as a pupil in a glider. Now, one hundred and fifty flights and two years later, I am rapidly approaching my first solo flight. Training does not usually take so long, sixty to eighty flights being more normal, but it is not possible to go solo until the age of sixteen. To describe the sensation of gliding is almost impossible. Except when flying at high speed, it is very quiet and usually very smooth. Sometimes there is a feeling of loneliness but there is a tremendous sensation of being 'above' the rest of humanity. It feels like being part of the air and not, as in a powered aircraft, fighting through the air.

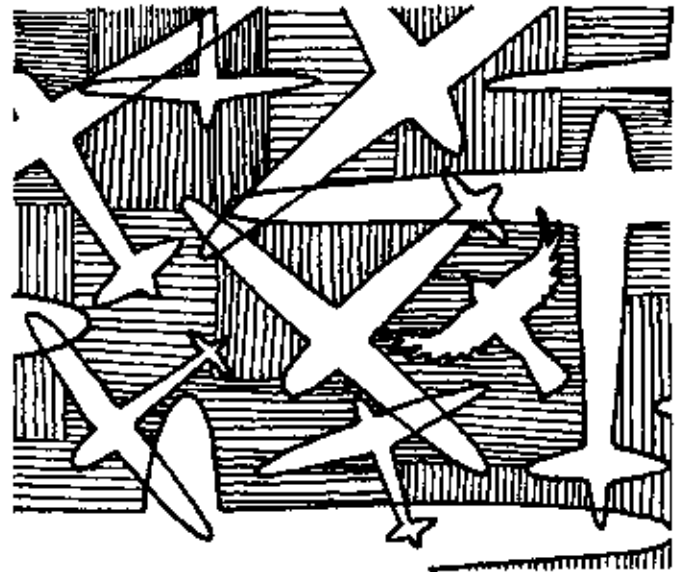
Apart from the pleasure of gliding, there are some useful fringe benefits. Club members have to be able to drive the tractor and the 1950 vintage double decker bus which serves as our clubhouse. Unfortunately the bus has no engine. There is a definite knack to driving a bus without an engine, as I discovered recently. A German firm, Schemp Hirth, gives Latin names to the gliders it manufactures, e.g. *Ventus* (wind), *Nimbus* (thundercloud) and *Cirrus* (lock of hair). This is the only Latin vocabulary (dare I say it; I take my life in my hands!) that is not boring and impractical.

Gliding is not just about soaring or flying but one of the greatest joys is cross country flying relying on thermals to regain height. Distances of over 1000kms have been travelled by gliders without landing. There are gliding championships and competitions for experienced pilots where they try to fly round a certain course in as little time as possible. This may sound dangerous, but if the glider runs out of height the pilot simply finds a suitable area of ground where he can land. He then reports his position to the airfield he took off from and a retrieve crew comes to fetch him.

The maximum height which can be reached by gliders in thermals in this country is around 10,000 feet. There is however, another type of lift called wave. In wave, gliders can reach around 30,000 feet, although oxygen equipment is needed. In other countries, where there is a better wave, the world record is 46,000 feet.

The next time you pass a gliding field such as Condor Airfield in Arbroath, or Portmoak in Fife, cast a look skywards and see if you can see any gliders. If you would like to try gliding, drop in at one of the clubs and ask for a flight, or if you want further information, contact me and I will be happy to help.

Derek McKinnon FIV



## PHOTOGRAPHY

I first became interested in photography three years ago and can recommend it to all as an enjoyable and satisfying pastime. Part of the attraction of photography is the diversity of interests within the one field, and also the numerous applications to which photography can be put.

My interest was started by being given a good camera as a gift, and if an interest in photography is to be developed and expanded, the camera, the basic tool, must be chosen with care. The best type of camera to be purchased for a serious hobby is a single-lens-reflex camera, which permits the changing of lenses and addition of accessories which may be necessary to achieve desired effects.

Another aspect of photography is developing and printing your own photographs, and this gives an added feeling of satisfaction, knowing that you have yourself produced a photograph right from the actual tripping of the shutter to hanging the paper up to dry. This also gives the photographer freedom to print the picture the precise way he or she wants it, as well as providing other advantages which I shall not go into here.

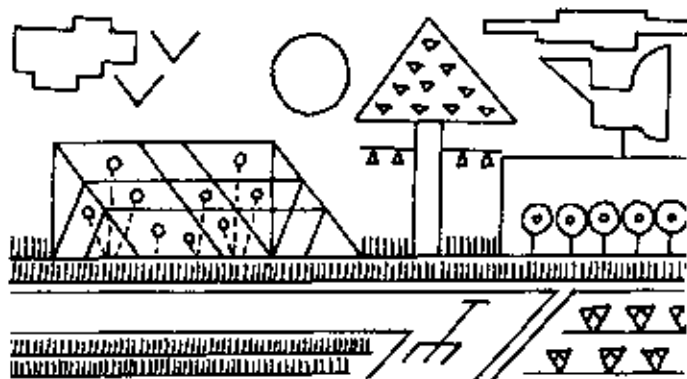
Photography, then, is an absorbing hobby for anyone, whether as a passing interest or an all-consuming passion, or, whether the photographer specialises in one field or remains the widely based, take-whatever-catches-your-eye photographer. The best way to learn is to take pictures, and learn by your mistakes, and from advice in a good book, such as 'The Photographer's Handbook'. It is also a good idea to join a club, where your photographs can be seen and criticized objectively by experienced photographers who can give constructive advice.

Our local club is the Dundee Photographic Society, which meets on Monday nights at 7.15 p.m. in the College of Technology.

Struan Clark FV



DB  
FV



## GARDENING

Gardening is a very enjoyable pastime. It is healthy, energetic and extremely rewarding, even financially.

I started gardening three years ago after watching a programme on T.V. Since then I have steadily been working to convert our garden from a wilderness of weeds to a paradise producing vegetables ranging from artichokes to turnips.

Many people think gardening is only a spring and summer hobby with tools laid up in the garden shed for the winter months. In fact it is quite the opposite. All the digging and fertilizing for next season has to be done in advance, along with cleaning the lawn-mower and the tools, and making plans for next season.

Vegetables can also be planted in early autumn for February or March. These need to be well looked after in winter. As soon as spring comes, equipment can be bought for the coming season.

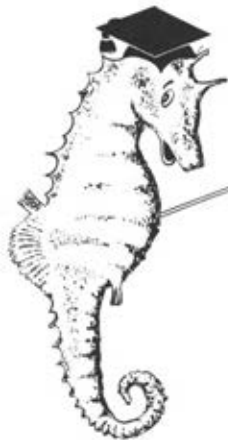
If garden space is very limited it is possible to have houseplants. There are many different types, e.g. parlour palms, ferns, ivies, amoryllis, African Violets, and the Aluminium plant, which are all easy to grow.

I would recommend gardening as the ideal hobby; not only is it healthy and productive, but it teaches patience and perseverance and provides a welcome sanctuary from brother, mother, father, dog, T.V., etc. (*Is this boy a loner?* - Eds.)

Further information and encouragement available from:

Richard Fenton FII

# TOP OF THE FORM



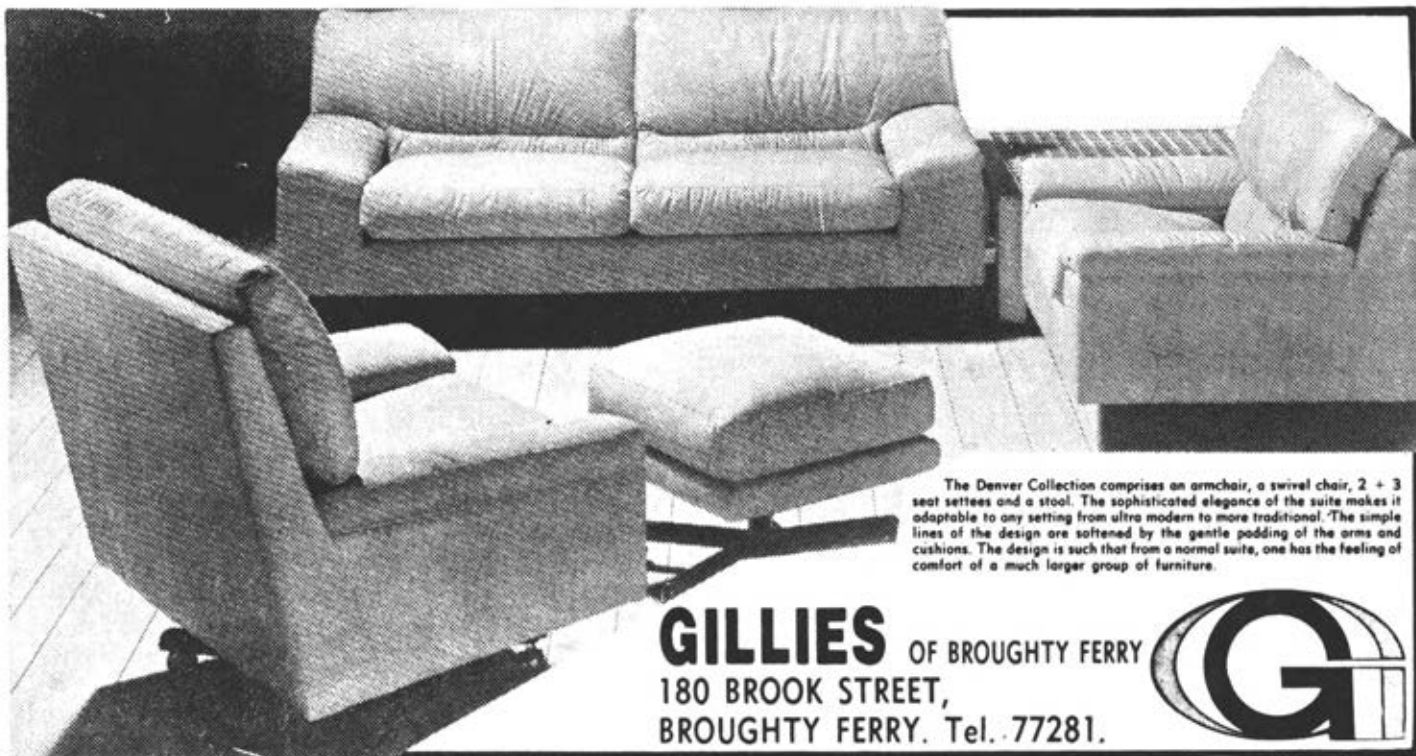
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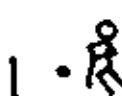
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Alien	Lambert
Anderson	Lennox
Brindle	Lewis
Burness	Lorimer
Cathro	Madden
Chynoweth	Nash
Cochrane	Nimmo
Collie	Rutherford
Foreman	Sabet
Forrest	Smart
Fraser	Smith
Hall	Speed
Hart	Steele
Holmes	Stewart
Hunter	Sturrock
Kettles	Walton

RG FV

Can you identify the following teachers?

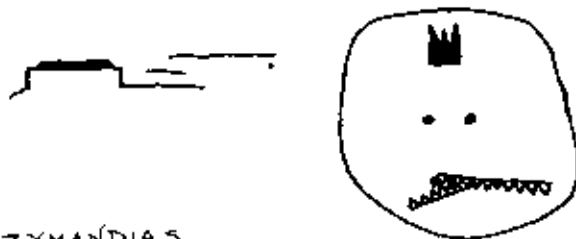
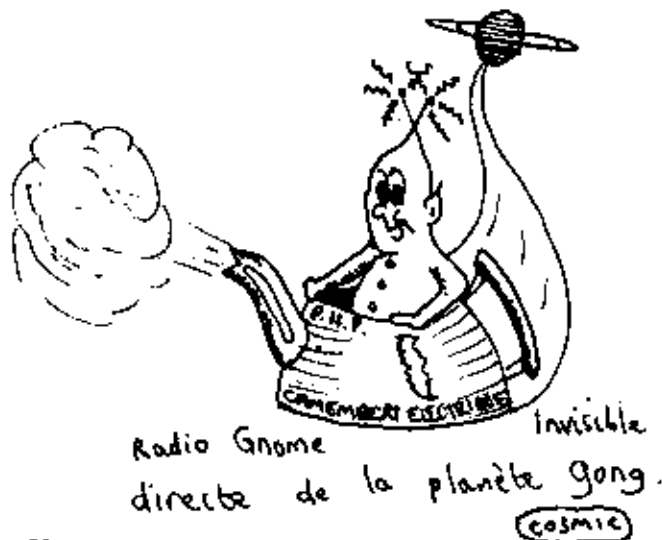
1. There were nine kings, but we only have four.
2. Many an abode.
3. The chirric (anag)
4. I'm a teapot, short and stout.
5. The repose of the enemy.
6. Poor old tin man.
7. Thirty's the limit in Dundee.
8. Jousting gamesman.
9. Poor boy, there he stands in the tree's shadow, an apple on his cranium.
10. Everyone's a gambling implement.
11. Not a dry bantam.
12. Difficulty of access.
13. Devoted to the pursuit of poor old tin man.
14. Should be locked up?
15. Ron Deans (anag)
16. Drives big American car; French Canadian perhaps.
17. Barrel-wright.
18. Jill is a beautiful reader; mainly nursery rhymes.
19. A short history of soup.
20. Iron will to march.
21. Offspring of former prof.
22. HilRed Rum (anag).

# QUIZ

# PAGE

## Answers to the Teacher Quiz

1. Mr/Mrs Stewart.
2. Mr Holmes.
3. Mr Richterich.
4. Mr Kettles.
5. Mr Forrest.
6. Mrs Hart.
7. Mrs Speed.
8. Miss Knight.
9. Mrs Williamson
10. Mr Allardice.
11. Mr Cochrane.
12. Mrs Barclay
13. Mr Hunter.
14. Miss Holloway.
15. Miss Anderson.
16. Mrs Buick.
17. Mrs Coupar.
18. Mrs Jack.
19. Mr. Baxter.
20. Mr Steele.
21. Mr MacDonald.
22. Mr Durrheim.



## DHS MAGAZINE – PHOTO COMPETITION

**WINNER** Brian Taylor **CLASS F.V.**

1. Magazine rack outside War Memorial Library.
2. Cross created by wrought iron work on stairs of Bonar House.
3. Stone carving outside Girls' School main door.
4. Lamp shade at 2nd World War memorial.
5. Flower on wrought iron work outside main entrance to Girls School.
6. Umbrella stand outside Miss Dickson's office in Girls School.
7. Keyhole and handle of room 21L.
8. Bell button for visitors at base of main stairs in Girls' School.
9. Carving at top of pillar situated just inside main door of Girls' School.
10. Fire engine outside ladies' staff-room in Girls' School.
11. Stain glass window of science in Girls' School.
12. Inter house shield in Girls' School hall.
13. Fire bell outside technical department.

*How many people entered the competition?* 10

Brian Taylor wins a cheque for £10



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Are you a potential addict? Do you have compulsive tendencies? Is your killer instinct a threat to your T.V. set? Answer these questions and find out about the real you:

1. **For you the most exciting moment on T.V. is when you:**
  - A switch the T.V. on.
  - B watch the family argue over which channel to have on.
  - C wonder if the goodie will beat the baddie before the 'ads' come on.
2. **When reception is bad do you:**
  - A turn off the T.V. and watch the radio instead.
  - B think your eyes have gone funny and rush as quickly as possible to D.R.I.
  - C try fine adjustment of the T.V. with a sledge-hammer.
3. **If someone changes the channel while you are watching a programme do you:**
  - A try fine adjustment of the aforesaid person with a sledge-hammer.
  - B turn back to the original programme then break off the knob.
  - C continue to watch regardless.
4. **If the set has broken down and the repair man says it will take two weeks to repair your set do you:**
  - A try fine adjustment of the repair man with a hammer.
  - B watch your family argue over what to do since there is no T.V.
  - C try and change station on the aquarium.
5. **'Sportscene' comes on — do you enjoy:**
  - A playing with the colour controls so that the players turn orange.
  - B listening to your family ask you not to play with the colour controls because everyone looks orange.
  - C fine-tuning the T.V. with a sledge-hammer.
6. **A 'Keep-Fit' programme comes on, do you:**
  - A jog all the way to the kitchen for a snack.
  - B lie down until it's over.
  - C exercise your wrist by changing the station.

7. **You're watching a comedy programme and you know the laughter is pre-recorded because:**
  - A you can hear people laughing before the show begins.
  - B the 'audience' laugh when the star says 'Hello'.
  - C no-one in your living-room laughs at all.
8. **You have moved house to a new area. You cannot get your favourite programmes. Do you:**
  - A switch on and try to understand the native tongue.
  - B turn up the volume on the aquarium.
  - C fine-adjust yourself with a sledge-hammer.
9. **In your opinion the trouble with the News is:**
  - A it's a little too close to real life.
  - B it's different each day so you don't get a chance to get involved with the characters.
  - C it interrupts the good programmes.
10. **In the past 5 years you have watched so much T.V. that:**
  - A your doctor has had to adjust your vertical hold.
  - B your eyes disappear into two coloured dots when you switch off the T.V.
  - C you can only recite the alphabet as far as 'c'.

Give yourself 2 points for each A, 4 points for each B, and 6 points for each C.

**0-20:** Your score shows that you are a compulsive T.V. watcher and may have extreme difficulty finding time for punishment exercises given to you for not doing homework.

**21-40:** You would get more involved with the T.V., but violence turns you off it — not violence on the T.V., but the family rows.

**41-60:** You think most T.V. shows insult your intelligence (if any) so you often shout insults at the screen. Also your tendency to fine-adjust the T.V. with a sledge-hammer could become an expensive habit.

## MUSTAPHA PAYRISE v ST PAUL

'You worship false idols. You bow down before a non-existent god. You pray for deliverance to lifeless lumps of metal. You spend your entire lives devoting yourselves to your god — money. You live, die, murder, marry, beg, steal and borrow for it. It dominates you totally. Whether you had realised it or not, each and every person has fallen victim to the accursed religion of the Ayatollah Mustapha Payrise and his money-mad mercenaries.'

Those were the opening words of an all-star contest starring Mustapha and St. Paul. In the red corner, overdrawn again, stands St. Paul for charity and justice. Firmly in the black the Ayatollah, waving his sacred cheque book to keep away irritating things like flies and the Inland Revenue, stands, sits and grovels on his prayer mat, for money.

The bell rings and Paul is on his knees, appealing to the public, but is met by stony faces. Payrise opens his account with a glove full of 5p pieces. But what of those unsympathetic crowds; those heartless heathens cheering as the Saint bites the canvas once again? To me they seem more than a little familiar; in fact I see people like them every day — oh, I don't mean camel-herders and flying carpet salesmen wandering Reform Street, straight from the Mystic East, nor turkish delight and palm trees beneath the traffic lights, but I do mean literally thousands of millions of Mustapha's penny-pinching priests worshipping in hidden temples — the banks and building societies. There you will see them sacrificing small bags of coins to their god while praying for higher interest rates and listening to the sweet tones of pound rather than musical notes playing a nice little piece entitled 'The Rustle of Spring from the Stock Exchange' as they count their credit cards — those wonderful things necessary for any street sacrifice.

The initiate feeds one of these beautifully made little objects into the mouth of the Cashline Shrine, whence it is normally spat out like a mangled British Rail sandwich, and receives for his pains those most treasured parchments bearing that most blessed oath, 'I promise to pay the bearer on demand. . . .'

Our society is being infiltrated by this evil secret sect; the bank manager is now more important than the minister. Just think a little harder, delve a little deeper and you will see that in some ways at least, as Paul said, we are all being influenced and dominated by Mustapha and his money. Why, when stranger meets stranger, do

they talk about the weather? Surely they only want an excuse to drool over the thought of all those pennies falling from a heaven filled with silver-lined clouds and the nice, fat pots of gold at the end of every rainbow? Even our idea of Heaven has been drastically altered. Is it not written in the bank book of holy statements that the Ayatollah shall knock upon the gates to be let in by St. Peter and shall be refused entry because of sinful wickedness, but he shall reach into his inside pocket and reveal his sign of power, and St. Peter will answer his request thus: 'American Express, Sir? Come right in.'

Today's society is wiping the floor with St. Paul — not only is he down, he is out for the count — the seemingly never-ending count of yen, dollars and deutschmarks.

Do you care that St. Paul is lying there, taking a pounding from money-bags Mustapha? Would you really mind if he was bleeding to death before you? Remember the British tradition of fighting for the underdog, and our well-known sympathy for unfortunates. Help support our crumbling image overseas and give today to the Saint Paul Appeal Fund. Money will be gratefully accepted.

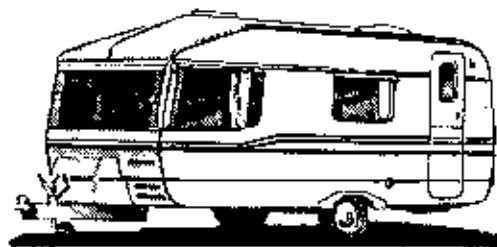
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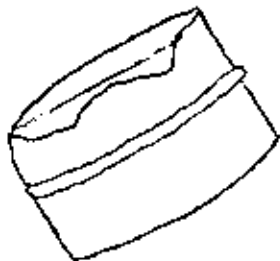
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## Driftwood.

Last night I walked along the beach,  
The ocean's waves crashing on the shore.  
And they brought with them a piece of wood —  
Small and worn, yet wood no more.







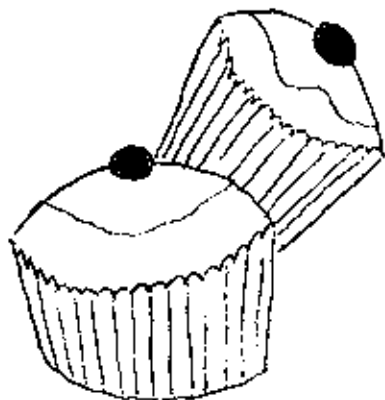
### NEVER AGAIN

It was delightful to come into the dining room feeling famished and discover a surprise feast. I stood and gazed at the fairy cakes, the lovely-looking gateau and all the other small surprises. Choosing my victim I pounced upon a chocolate log, which I stuffed down my throat as if my life depended on it. This just whetted my voracious appetite. In the corner of the room, my beady eyes came upon a rather nice looking fruit salad. First I dipped my finger in to test the syrup. After tasting this I took the bowl in two hands and poured the rest down my giant gullet. After devouring seven fairy cakes, a chocolate log, half a gallon of fruit salad, three meringues, and virtually all of the gateau, I rested my head on the crumb-covered table, and fell into a deep sleep.

Mum came into the room later to ascertain that everything was in place for her guests. I was awakened by a terribly angry scream. I soon found the source of interruption, or rather it found me. I do not know quite why but someone smashed a couple of plates over my head and threw fairy cakes at me.

Now I know never again to eat Mum's special cooking. Mainly because she does not like me to, and also, in excess, it makes me terribly sick.

Ian Chynoweth LVIIIC





## THE LAST DREAM OF AUTUMN

The sky is bleeding again over the pine hacketed hill.  
Above the lake distant fires are burning;  
they are casting brazen nets across the scales of water.  
There are no stars.

Clouds of purple hunch round the shingle.

Young moon is singing on that mountain whose  
shoulders break

above the others' heads; weaving lamps with the  
birches

and lighting the dragon.

Yes, the dragon is here.

No, stay.

His breath is cracking the old yews even here  
while geese call South in time to his heart.

Stay quiet and low.

I cannot tell you how he looks; eyes as blue as sea caves  
fill my mind with soft leaves and music;

I know only his belly is the colour of old forests in  
the warm evenings before the sunset stains the first  
leaves,

that his wings are the colour of secret fires fed  
in long caves that glow and dance to old bards  
and were edged with pouring gold.

Wait with me.

The head is ancient, noble; tilted tiredly  
to one side and facing fluted nostrils to the  
West.

His back is turned.

I feel, somehow, that once in a  
breeze his feathered ears can almost catch that antique  
dream that licks in the sunset.

His wings have smashed the moon.

I can see him fly above the night

With the shadows of the tall stones ticking after. Hear  
the

moaning of his thousand shields that dip under heavy  
wings

to the long bone barrows by the sea.

The fires are burning and the sky drips blood down the  
shore

by the light of the broken moon.

No, the dragon is gone.

Alison Kennedy FIV

## These Our Actors. . .

The speechless people outside

The theatre; Hamlet preaches despair

To a silent audience; outside,

We see the world and not the play, and all the men

And women; merely spectators, or most of them at  
least, or walking shades,

Or less.

Goodnight, sweet prince. Strangers, outside

In a huddled crowd, we soon forget him; timid reality

Winces at our touch; thick puddles under car  
headlights,

Shrouded in dim reflections, drip

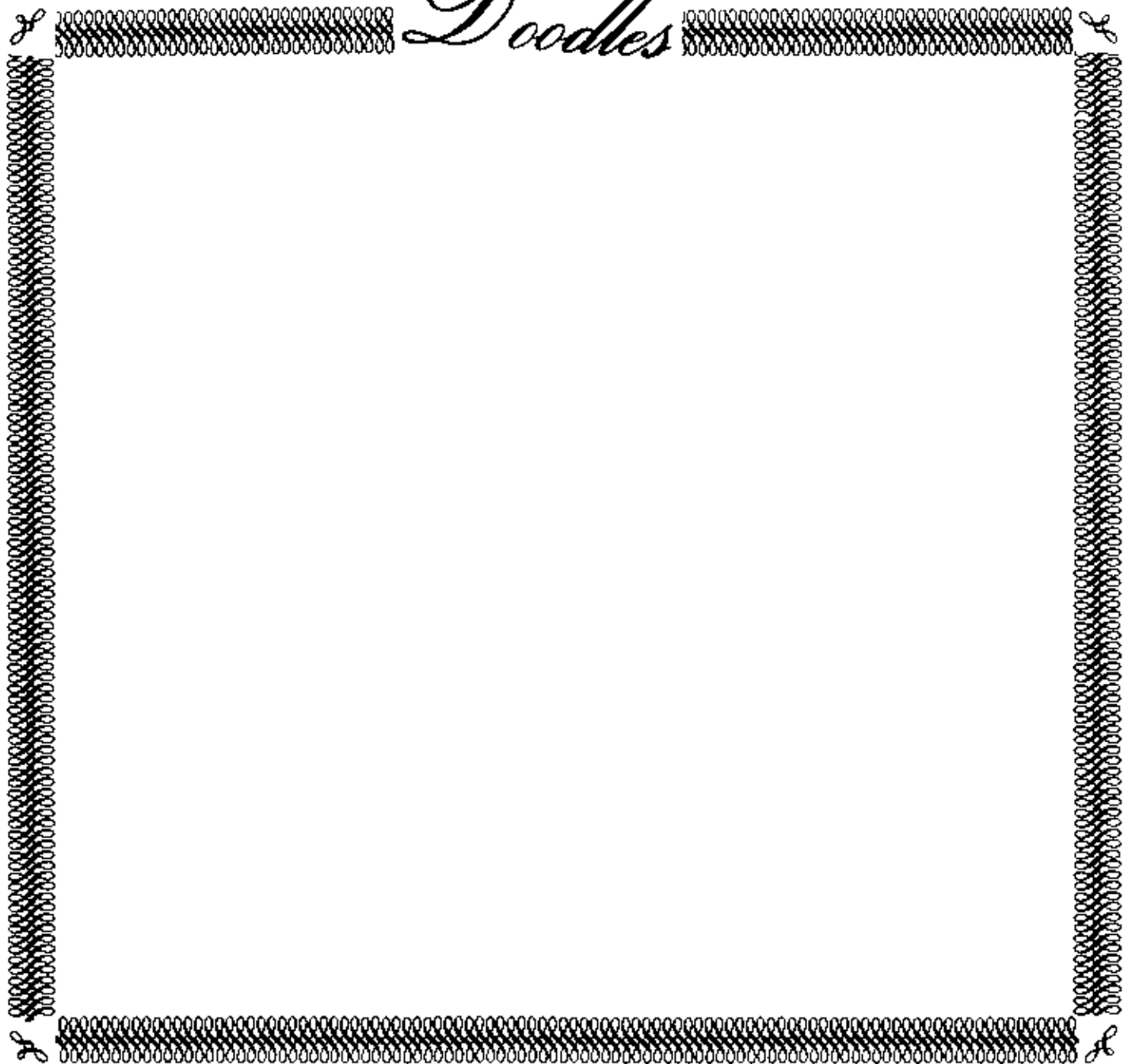
Through our perception like a dull play, which we  
distort,

Meeting ourselves in passing, and forget.

James Lenman FVI



*Doodles*





Form V 80-81

## IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

I am sure that each one of our small band of travelling debaters arrived in Boston with differing preconceptions on the vast country we were about to explore; was it a place of guns, gangsters and drugs or still the promised land of freedom, equality and generosity? Whatever the answer we were united in our excitement and expectation of the three weeks that lay ahead. Five young people possibly all in search of the authentic America.

After a visit to the reconstructed pilgrim village of Shirbridge and a brief tour on Conoco's headquarters at Stamford we arrived at New York, the 'Big Apple'. I found it a city of contrasts; Harlem and Manhattan, Rich and Poor, black and white, where luxurious apartments bordered on some of the most violent and dangerous slums in the world. It was a most depressing place with none of the Cockney warmth of London or the gaiety of Paris. There was a minimal effort to coexist in one urban unit, each ethnic minority had its own part of the vast city, the Puerto Rican's in Spanish Harlem, the Chinese in Chinatown, the Italians in little Italy; all made no attempt to reject their native culture and adopt the ways of their chosen homeland. Even the rich tried to escape through any new cult fashion where they could associate themselves with a heritage other than their own. (One man wore a kilt and was an active member of the Campbell clan although his ancestors had moved from Scotland in the 18th century.)

New York is undoubtedly a place where fast talking and fast living are at a premium — most of our hosts ate in restaurants for every meal and went out most evenings. It is also a place of danger where police sirens blare throughout the night and the streets are usually deserted after dark (although Callum Henderson could be seen jogging along 5th Avenue at 11 p.m.).

After the hectic pace of New York, Washington was a welcome relief. Despite the exhausting humidity we were able to pause in the tranquility of the numerous monuments and museums. Here, American Heritage was predominant with Lincoln's Memorial, the Capitol, Jefferson's Memorial and the White House, all products of the past, creating an austerity which is unique to the United States' early history. Its wide open parks and smaller buildings (no building can be higher than the Capitol) literally brought us down into normality, yet still we could not say that we had found the true America,

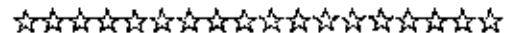
here was the synthetic facade created in worship of the 'American dream'. Yet this elusive ideal was not evident in the people or the culture that existed here, which were not distinct from the cosmopolitan atmosphere evident in any capital city.

It was in Denver that I believe we found our quarry. Here, at the foot of the Rockies where the high altitude (5000ft) sops up your strength and one beer has your head swimming, the people were no longer associated with a foreign minority but were obviously proud of an area which had been discovered by Americans for Americans. Any relic of the past was lovingly preserved in delightful museums and art galleries, the snowy Rockies and the deserts beyond were relatively unspoilt by kind, generous people who valued the lands around them.

For once affluence and practicality were mingled in a community which was oblivious to the annual crazes of the east.

Each one of us returned with different impressions and memories. For me it was an enlightening experience to witness the wealth and squalor of New York, the historical beauty of Washington and the natural delights of Denver. Unfortunately we were not able to mingle with many American families and many of the people we met were outwardly generous but had capitalistic selfishness to their own underprivileged that was most saddening. Everything is bigger in the United States of America and better . . . I don't think so.

Tony Bouchier RFP



### LETTER FROM AMERICA

Whatever my early education in Geography had done, it had not prepared me for the sheer beauty of the eastern seaboard of the U.S.A. and the green, leafy countryside through which we passed on our 300-mile bus journey to Schenectady in Upper New York State. Preconceived notions, inherited from I know not where, of a concrete jungle inhabited by loud-mouthed, brash, gum-chewing Americans toppled rapidly as we were welcomed by the families who were to take us into their homes for the next three weeks.

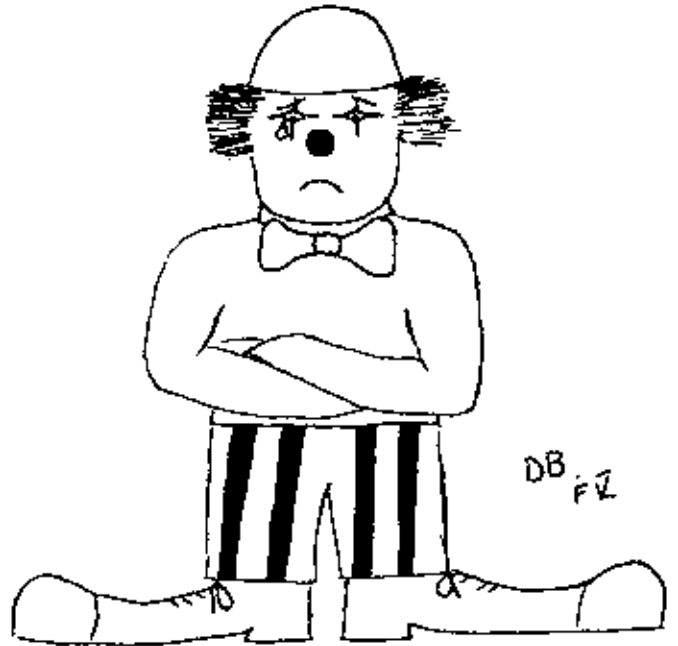
A busy schedule of trips and school work had been arranged and we were fortunate in having good weather for most of the time we were there. We were taken to the Research Lab. of General Electric and saw the process for manufacturing diamonds from graphite. The local T.V. and radio stations, the Police Station and Town Hall, with a visit to the Mayor of the City, had all been arranged, as had trips to Lake George, the Norman Rockwell Museum; Hancock Shaker Village, built by a curious religious sect who believed in a celibate life; and Albany, the State Capital.

What of the American way of life? Very similar to ours, only more of it — big supermarkets two miles long which stay open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week; ice cream parlours with magnificent varieties of flavours and toppings; going out to a restaurant and eating sugared or spiced doughnuts with coffee instead of bacon and egg for breakfast; robins as big as our thrushes; scarlet-winged blackbirds; crickets singing so loudly that they drown the noise of traffic; fireflies dancing by the lakeside at the campsite in the Schoharie Valley; thunderstorms of vast proportion . . .

My family took me to their cottage in New Hampshire and there I swam in the Atlantic, went to Portsmouth and Boston, Harvard and Newburyport, stood at a viewpoint in the Hogsback in Vermont and overlooked four counties, 100 miles, and acres of billowing green treetops. On the last Sunday I was taken to the Saratoga Performing Arts Centre to a Festival of Praise given by a united choir of 500 church choir members from the State. It is a very moving experience being part of an audience of thousands rising to one's feet for the Hallelujah Chorus, The Battle Hymn of the Republic and The Old 100th.

Spectacular twopence-coloured events like that will remain imprinted on my memory but the small penny plain things like true friendship, warmth and beauty of the land will outlast these and will, for me, be the greatest bonus and educational benefit which my 'America '80' trip gave me.

E. M. D.



### THE CLOWN

His face was drawn and shrivelled,  
 Deeply carved lines forlorned his old face.  
 Filthy, stubby fingers held a home-made cigarette  
 Loosely between his drooping lips.  
 His poor tired eyes, deepset, were downcast  
 And showed no happy life  
 The make-up had done this,  
 Criticism had done this.  
 The Circus had ruined his life,  
 People poked fun at his small body.  
 They poked fun at his sad old face,  
 Thinking he was funny.  
 How unkind, how cruel,  
 Nobody understood he was tired and ill.  
 They thought it was his make-up,  
 He could no longer smile,  
 Oh! How life was so unworthwhile,  
 After spending his life at the Circus.

Connie McGill LVIIIB



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# JUNIOR EVENTS





**DR. WILLIAM JOHNSTON**

### **MODERATOR'S VISIT**

The Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Right Reverend Dr. William Johnston, made a visit to Dundee Presbytery extending from the 23rd of January to the 2nd of February 1981.

The Moderator's rôle is to act as chairman to the General Assembly and also visit the Church at home and abroad carrying the Assembly's greetings and encouragement. He also represents the Church of Scotland on national occasions. As editors of the magazine, we were privileged to attend a press conference held on the first day of the visit. When asked the reason for the decline in church rôles the Moderator replied that the cause of this could be that people were

moving from city centres and so having greater distances to travel to church. He is not despondent about the situation and thinks that many younger people do go to church, but do not actually become members. The Moderator met the Transport and General Workers' Union in their Dock Street premises during his visit. He said that he hoped to bring the Church and the Unions into closer co-operation in the future and also gave examples of how the Church was helping to ease the unemployment situation — for example by running a Church workshop in Broughty Ferry. Commenting on RE in schools, he said that this should either be strengthened or abandoned and that it was far better for teachers specifically trained in divinity to teach the subject.

Finally, the Right Reverend Dr. Johnston said that although he did not know Dundee well he hoped to become better acquainted with the city as a result of the visit, and by seeing various aspects of community life.

DA/RG

### **MY WAR**

. . . Crashing, Thudding, Scurrying.  
Tanks approaching, screaming men trapped,  
Bombs are exploding, faint vibrations shaking the  
World,  
Rifles firing down innocent men.  
Death comes, Death goes.

. . . Mothers are crying; mourning.  
Dictator-like foes raid houses,  
Death comes, Death goes,  
Shooting, bombs plunge hungrily downwards.  
Armies march continuously to fight  
Death comes, Death goes.

Dying men are left in trenches,  
The horns blast as our raid kills,  
Death comes, Death goes.  
Generals shouting, Captains commanding.  
Unhesitating bullets plunge hungrily downwards,  
Deaths come, but do not end.

## cats and mice

### CATS

Cats have four legs like a cow  
Cats go maow, maow.  
I had a cat but it ran away -  
Probably it would come back another day.  
Some cats are shy,  
Some die.  
But some things are happy  
Probably a cat would play with a nappy.  
A dog might chase a cat  
People might say 'drat'.

Elizabeth Jane Long L3B

### TIDDLES BIRTHDAY

Under the leaves of a wild rose bush  
On the edge of a sweet smelling meadow,  
A little brown mouse jumps playfully,  
For this is his most favourite day — his BIRTHDAY!  
and then his party begins.  
The hedgehog arrives, the rabbits arrive,  
and his best friend the tiny brown sparrow.  
But Milly mole is always late —  
She arrives at nearly half-past eight.  
He opens all his parcels  
But saves the largest for the last.  
He cannot wait a moment longer  
Or let a second pass.  
He nibbles through the string  
And unwraps all the paper. . . .  
But his face falls low, a pair of shoes appears!  
Oh! poor little Tiddles he sheds one shining tear  
As he wonders,  
'Shall I wear them in front or at the rear?'

Maia Forrester LVS

### Mice in the House

There was a man who had a cat,  
It raced and chased, just like that.  
It ran across the road one day  
And with its life it had to pay!

Now this made the man so very sad,  
But the mice of the house were very glad.  
They nibbled cheese, high up on the shelf  
And this made the man think to himself.

He must get a cat to kill the mice!  
But a good mouser would cost a high price.  
He'd set a trap with cheese as bait  
And then for hours he'd sit and wait.

The trap was set, the man was there  
But the mouse-holes of furniture were bare;  
The mice had up and left their homes  
And to this day onwards they do still roam.

Gillian Crawford LVIC

I have pet cat at home. He is called domino. He likes going to bed with James. He is like a domino so we call him domino. He likes killing mice. I would be sad if he ran away. My daddy hates him.

Andrew Bremner L11A

### Mice

The elephant's huge compared with a mouse,  
It would never ever ever get into a mouse's house.  
Mice eat cheese,  
Mice spread disease,  
Mice live in holes,  
Mice look like moles.

David Scott Anderson

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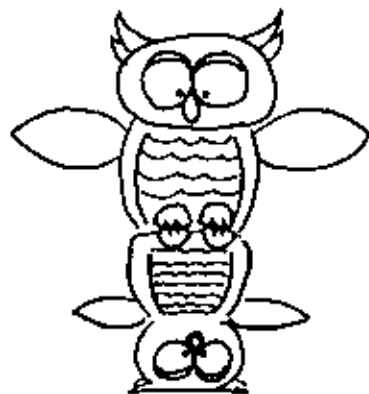
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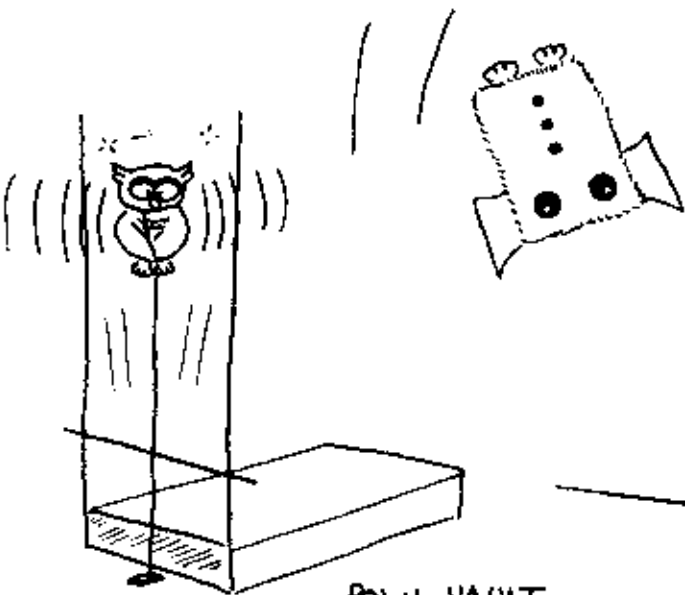
# THE OWLYMPICS



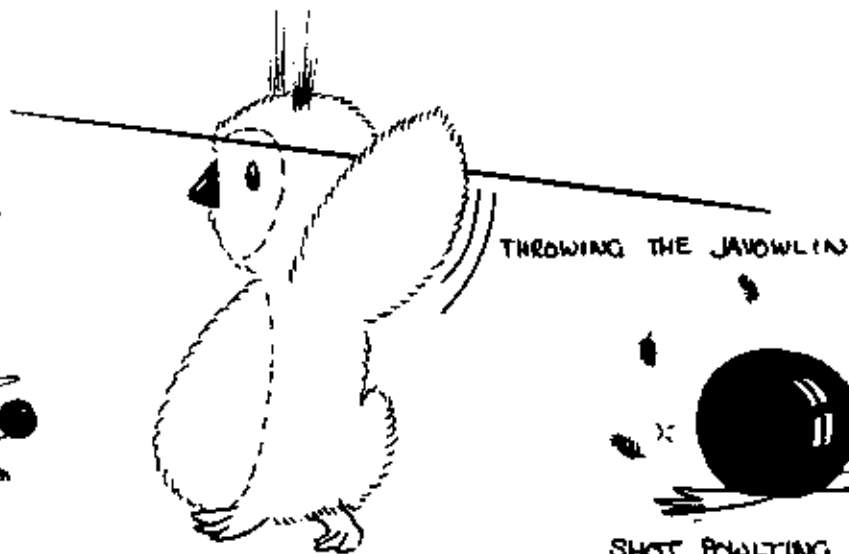
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## HEAVY DRAGOONS

When the masters of comic opera, Gilbert and Sullivan, penned 'Patience', they included a male chorus of soldiers, in fact Heavy Dragoons. Perhaps the use of 'heavy' as an adjective baffled you, as it did me, but the benefit of performance has enlightened me, and I feel I must quench your thirst for knowledge too. Why heavy dragoons then?

Well, the frame of the poor dragoon can only be counted as a fraction of the total weight of the soldier, therefore the mass lies elsewhere; in his uniform perhaps? Here are the answers.

No.1 The footwear — standard issue boots — solid leather, tungsten carbide studs, and real rhinoceros tongues — weight 31lbs. each.

No.2 Trousers — woollen, very thick, extremely prickly (just the job to reproduce the long-lost nappy-rashes of infancy), wrapped in insulating leggings. Weight 8lbs. + safety pins — 84lbs.

No.3 Tunic — scarlet, solid brass buttons, thicker and better than a thermolactyl overcoat. Weight (plus perspiration by the bucket) — 48lbs.

No.4 Sword — (and belt) — definitely the real McCoy if tree-felling is your hobby — not the household model. Weight — 45lbs.

No.5 Helmet — 12 stones of solid bronze coal bucket, with Yeti-hair plumes and a bicycle chain chin strap. Weight — 168lbs.

No.6 Make-up — 2½ inches of odoriferous purple paint, topped with ground granite masking powder, and elephant's blood lipstick. Weight — 21lbs.

Thus was donned the poor dragoon, eventually tipping the scales at 140 stones 8½lbs. on average. Thus was he called a heavy dragoon, and perhaps thus he might have been excused marching out of step on the odd occasion, in June 1980.

D.S.P. FV

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*Scene:* Reform Street. A Dundee High School pupil walks past two Dundee Worthies at a bus stop. Blood pours from gashes at the sides of his head.

*1st Worthy:* See yon Heigh Scale pupil with nae ears oan Agnes?

*2nd Worthy:* Aye Whit with their fees an' a' yid think they widnae go arund with their ears cut off.

### To the Editor

Sir,

I must protest most strongly about the last cheap article about people cutting their ears off. I for one did not fight the Nazis so that your magazine would be filled with articles about people cutting their ears off.

Whatever happened to the good, old, completely obscure poetry filled with Greek words and written in a structurally catastrophic style attempting to capture the visual shape of D. H. Lawrence's "Snake" that we all know, love, and have come to expect from a magazine of your calibre?

Bring back the birch and Ten Shilling notes, and repeal the 1833 Factory Act is what I say.

Yours,  
Group Captain "Wizard Prang" van Gogh





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## WINTER

The morning starts, finely covered in frost,  
Lying crisply on the ground.  
Snow chillingly crunches underfoot,  
And floats like butterflies in the air.

The biting cold is fearless,  
And ice invades glinting water,  
Snow envelopes unguarded objects.  
It smothers like a blanket.

Birds search desperately  
A childless mother's desperation  
Through frozen frost and ground.  
Their winter search is cruel and hard.

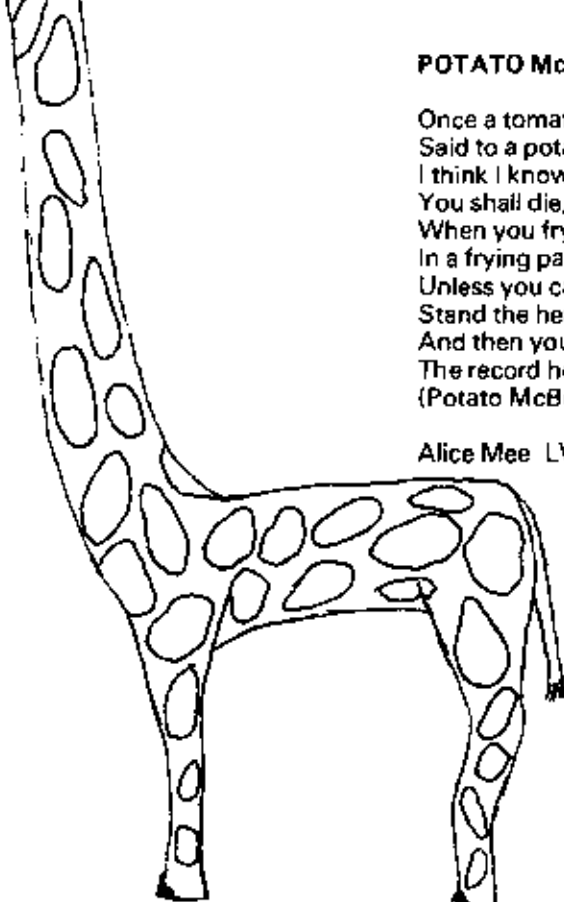
Creatures are stone dead  
Winter cruelly murders them.  
My hands and fingers start to numb  
as winter makes its grasp on me.

Nick Reed FI

## In the Dark

An owl hoots in the silent air of the dark.  
The crickets are humming softly to themselves  
as small yellowy moths flit past.  
A quiet rustling brushes past the gorse bushes  
as a plump black mole creeps out of its home.  
The heavy chime of the steeple clock lets all know it's  
midnight.  
A pumpkin-shaped moon holds its head up  
proudly in the cool, star-lit sky.  
All things are asleep in their homes, except the wide-  
eyed owl,  
the king of the night who guards over all.

Maia Forrester. LVS



## POTATO McBOLDER

Once a tomato,  
Said to a potato,  
I think I know your fate, Oh!  
You shall die,  
When you fry  
In a frying pan  
Unless you can  
Stand the heat,  
And then you'll have beat  
The record holder,  
(Potato McBolder).

Alice Mee LVIRO

## STRANGE ANIMALS

If a giraffe has a long neck,  
And an elephant a long nose,  
Why don't you buy them together,  
And make them into a hose?

If a surgeon can exchange a toe for a thumb,  
And replace your heart with another one,  
Try it yourself,  
Improve your health.

Amaze yourself at what you can do,  
Steal a parrot from the Zoo,  
Teach a kangaroo to take you to school,  
Amaze yourself at what you can do.

Carolann Robinson LVIR

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# BITS AND PIECES.....

Jimmy was a *Hulltoon Hun*,  
And with his aerosol had fun,  
On every available wall he did spray  
In bold red letters 'Jimmy rools OK'.  
He went to the football every week,  
And when of beer his breath did reek  
Egged on by his fellows' dares  
Threw empty bottles at the players.  
With his Doc Martins on his feet  
He kicked the bobbies on the beat,  
Until they chased him day after day  
But Jimmy always got away.  
Jim got his money off the dole,  
And what else he needed he just stole,  
Once he hired a car and drove it away  
And quite accidentally forgot to pay.  
He threw a brick in a shopkeeper's face,  
And immediately the police gave chase  
But while they were searching for him afar,  
Jimmy was spraying their panda car.  
He spilt some beer in his pocket one day  
And it started to rust the spray can away  
Then the inside of the aerosol the beer corroded  
And five minutes later Jimmy exploded.

## *Moral*

So ends my ode to a Hilltown Hun,  
But I'm sure he's not the only one,  
So take heed, Hilltown Huns, of this poor man,  
And don't spill beer on your aerosol can.

Callum Rushforth FII

## MASTER WELLY

Master Welly,  
Watches Telly.  
Got fair hair,  
His eyes are square.  
Short and fat,  
Look at that.  
Silly boy,  
Likes that toy.

Bruce Ramasay LVIRO

## AEROPLANES

The RAF have lots of fighters,  
They make a big noise, the cheeky blighters!  
The Phantoms they just zoom around,  
Trying to reach the speed of sound.  
Concorde makes a lot of noise,  
And frightens little girls and boys.  
Jumbo jets with engines four,  
Around the world they seem to soar.  
The Shuttles which fly day to day,  
To the airports around the U.K.  
The pilots must get very tired,  
But if they don't fly they are bound to be fired!  
Britain's pilots are the best.  
The problem is,  
They don't get a rest!

Andrew Young LVM

## FISHES

Fishes are big, fishes are small,  
Fishes are short and fishes are tall.  
Fishes have fins,  
we buy them in tins,  
Fishes are fierce, fishes are  
Harmless,  
Fishes live in the seas,  
Fishes live in Loch Ness.  
Fishes live on the decks of  
Ships,  
Some in the hull.  
Fishes are bright  
And fishes are dull.  
Fishes are everywhere, except  
On the land.  
Great manta ray lies flat on the sand

David Scott Anderson LIIIB

## BENJI

I have a little pony,  
Benji is his name,  
I know it's rather ordinary,  
But he had it when he came.  
His dapple coat is shiny,  
His eyes are chestnut brown,  
And I feel proud to ride him,  
In country or in town.  
He may not be a stallion,  
Nor a wonder horse,  
But I think he's magnificent,  
Because he's mine of course.

Wendy Gellatly LVII

## HAIRS!

Hairs! Hairs! Hairs!  
Flying everywhere,  
Upstairs downstairs,  
Hairs! Hairs! Hairs!  
Inside outside.  
Upside down  
Everywhere,  
Hairs! Hairs! Hairs!  
Where are you coming from?  
Hairs! Hairs! Hairs!  
There's! There's! There's!  
Aglue in the chair,  
A furry ginger ball,  
What is this ginger ball,  
Lying in the chair?  
It's the dog that's casting  
Hairs! Hairs! Hairs!

Diana Scott LVM

## Haunted House

Haunted houses are very spooky. They usually have rats, cobwebs, squeaky doors, bats, skeletons and ghosts that moan and groan and float about the corridors. Dracula lived in a haunted house. He killed people, and sucked their blood, I am glad that he is dead.

There are hundreds of ghosts and ghosts stories. Some of them are true others are just stories.

There are no ghosts in my house. Grave yards, ghost towns and most old houses are usually haunted.

David Anderson LIIIB

## THE CHASE

Swish, goes the air over my streamlined body as I race towards my prey. Suddenly the antelope pricks up his ears. He has heard me. Off he goes, dodging and twisting in an attempt to avoid my ever nearing claws. It is all to no avail, for I am a cheetah, fastest animal in the world. I am closing on him, I pounce, I kill.

Alison Sturrock LVIIB

## My Cat

My cat's a tabby cat  
He likes to go out to play.  
Under the shed and up the wall.  
Except on snowing days.  
He's a sort of loving cat in a way  
But in another way he isn't.  
But still I love my cat.  
So does the others to.  
But the best of all my cat is a timmed cat and I'm glad  
about that.

Donna Jack LIIIB

## The Tiger

The tiger is coloured orange  
and black but you watch out  
Or he'll jump on your back!  
At night he comes for a  
Meal, and he will take  
Anything from buffalo to  
Veal.

At night he hunts for sheep,  
while all the people are asleep.

Alex. D. Chaiko LIIIB

## What I would like to be when I grow up

When I grow up I am going to be a teacher. I am going to be a history teacher. I want to go to see lots of Statues in London. I go lots of Museums in London. I like to see old pots. There are very very old things in Museums. I like to see mummies in coffins.

Alison Mitchell LIIB



All was dark and except for one ray of sun which peeped through the dark clouds. The battle had begun, the ray of light started to push away the surrounding clouds. The clouds pushed hard, and in their anger thunder crashed and lightning flared. The greatest enemy suddenly appeared through a hole in the black clouds, it was the sun. The thunder suddenly stopped and the lightning cracked down the middle and disappeared. The black clouds were blinded and melted away. The battle was won! The sun rejoiced and rose in the most beautiful sunrise. White clouds rose and mingled in the pink sky and the sun floated in the centre and shone endlessly in the sky. Sun beams of all different colours danced on the ground. Everything was coloured. It was like the most beautiful tapestry in the world.

Samantha Hynd LVIG

I have got a cat called Blackie because she's black. If she ran away I would be very scared and very very worried because when she gets to the end of the road she might get run over and my mum would be worried too and so would my Dad. I like her because shes so playful that when I pull a piece of sting before I can put it down on the ground she jumps up on it and she can do little tricks with balls.

Melanie Jarron LIIA

### A STORM AT SEA

The clouds darkened, and with a flash of lightning turned grey then black while racing through the violent skies. The sea turned a sickening colour of green and set loose every white horse it had on the black, cragged rocks. Sheets of rain fell down onto the raging sea while again and again peals of deafening thunder rolled down the treacherous cliffs followed by flashes of lightning. Long fingers of waves crawled over the cliffs as if they were searching for the white horses which had dispersed one by one after hitting the cragged rocks.

Fiona Grant LVIG

I like to sit down on the grass in summer.  
I like to sit in a deep bath of bubbles.  
I like to sink down in the sand and daydream.  
I like the house I live in.  
I like to play in the park and shout.

Suzanne Urquhart LIVS

### DUNDEE

At the mouth of the Tay,  
Stands a city of grey,  
Jute, Jam, and Journalism,  
Were its fortune they say,  
But now it's all gone in this modern time,  
But clocks, watches and  
Oil rigs still incline.  
Our city is still there  
For all to see. Come across  
The Bridge to  
Bonnie Dundee!

Shona Watson LVII

I like to ride a horse.  
I like to play rugby.  
I like to smell dung.  
I like to lie in the snow.  
I like to skate.  
I like to eat Pizza and chocolate.

James McKechnie LIVS

I like playing my organ:  
I like sledging and making cream cheese fudge:  
I like skating and riding my bicycle:  
I like making lavender bags with the sewing machines:  
I like making chocolate cakes.

Barbi Rutherford LIVS

Once there was a magic rocking horse. At midnight he grew wings and took the children for rides. One of the children was Emma. Emma was three years old so she had to go on the rocking horse with her big sister. One night she did go on her own. The horse took her away to a country where there were lots of horses just like him. There was a very little horse, just right for Emma so she put the little horse on the magic horse and set off for home. Her sister had been worried because if she came back in the morning her sister would get into a lot of trouble. But everything was well.

Andrea L Marshall LIII A

## RETURN OF THE TRAVELLER

Through the over-hanging boughs of oak and pine, at the crack of dawn, rode the gallant soldier. Dismounting from his tired, grey mare he loitered for a second at the edge of the dense wood.

A small, ramshackle house stood in the circular clearing, hemmed in by the giant trees. The soldier proceeded towards his family house, leaving Silver Sula, his trustworthy horse, chewing the weeds that had strangely been allowed to grow. Wiping away some of the dirt and grime that had accumulated on the windows he peered cautiously into the deserted room.

Anxiously he rapped on the wooden door causing a multitude of flakes of peeling paint to flutter gently to the mossy ground. The perplexed soldier stepped back from the cottage and turned his face to the upper-floor windows in search of a cherished face. A shiver ran up his back at the terrifying thoughts which floated through a crack in the wall and rang in the young soldier's ears.

"Is there anybody there?" he shouted in a last vain attempt to raise his family. Only a bird arose and flew up out of a turret above the soldier's head. No-one drew back the rusty bolts that held the door tight shut.

The gallant young soldier banged hopelessly on the cottage door and said, "Tell them I came, and no one answered, that I kept my word!"

Turning sharply he withdrew and mounted his refreshed horse. The soldier spurred Silver Sula on and as the last echo resounded in the clearing, an evil, mimicking face appeared at the window.

Gillian Crawford LVIIC



## A STORM AT SEA

The sky loomed with emptiness over the vast ocean, all was silent and still, except for a slight breeze. Suddenly the breeze started growing, the deadly breeze some sailors might have recognised. The sky started rumbling, a sign of hunger. When at last it knew it was not getting what it asked for, it grew angry. Great hands crashed the heavens together, and they blew at the sea. Great tidal waves formed, and the sea roared, crashing itself against the rocks which had brought so many ships to their doom. Thunder rocked with laughter and lightning cracked the sky in half. Everything was alive, torrents of rain lashed down and the sea rolled in every direction. In this way, the sky would wait, to bring ships to their end.

Samantha Hynd LVIG

Time is. . .

Time is children growing up,  
tiny babies becoming old, old  
men and women.

Time is from the first second man knew to the last  
second  
he will know.

Time passes while new things are created, and while old  
things die.

Time is precious, and

Time is an eternity, it  
can never stop passing.

Time is every single second that goes by,

Time is fatal and

Time is vital to us.

Time is our life.

Rachel Holmes

### WHAT WAR IS

He was crowned but as the medal was pinned on  
He thought of all the others.

His friends, dead, in the trenches, some drowned.

The shells and gas that killed millions,  
Machine guns.

Bravery, bridges, how he had lain in a bed

When he could have been fighting.

Men bleeding to death, screaming wounded,

Thank God it was all over.

Jacqueline Duncan LVIG

### Aeroplanes

A dragonfly

in a flecked grey sky

Its silvered wings

break the wide and still harmony of space

Around it shells

flash

their fumes

burgeoning to blooms

smoke-lilies that float along the sky.

Among them darts a dragonfly.

Alistair McGill F1

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE BAUBLE

The glossy little bauble

Hangs shining on the tree,

Circular and hollow

It twirls round and round,

Smooth to the touch,

Green as grass,

Warmly glowing in the firelight,

The glossy little bauble

Hangs waiting for Christmas Day.

Fiona Grieve LVIIIB



"TODAY TAKE-AWAY HAMBURGERS,  
TOMORROW TAKE-AWAY PEOPLE!"

I like eating sweets and chocolate;

I like skating and doing a sit spin;

I like having midnight feasts but I hardly ever wake up;

I like digging into a Christmas pudding to find the  
charms;

I like the *Oor Wullie* summer special.

Martine Hynd LIVS

*Listen to the rain  
Plip Plop  
Drip splot  
On the window pane*

This poem is essentially descriptive. It describes rain using an allegorical comparison whereby the phonetical sound of four raindrops (captured vividly by the poet's use of onomatopoeia) represents a microcosm of an entire rainstorm. As soon as the first word of the first line, the poet immediately grasps the attention of the reader by use of the imperative: "Listen. . ."

The poet is not slow to direct the attention of the reader to the precise subject of attention which he would like to have the reader's attention directed towards, for as soon as the next three words of the first line he supplies the information required: ". . . to the rain."

The use of a full stop indicates that this command was not an angry one, which would have required the use of an exclamation mark, but more of a firm directive. The poet omits unnecessary adjectives before "rain", such as "falling" since rain can safely be assumed to be falling anyway, and so the poet achieves every poet's goal: encapsulating an exact meaning in as few words as possible. It is crisp forceful poetry such as this opening line that makes being born with English as one's Mother Tongue so worthwhile. Regrettably, the poet fails to maintain this standard, and follows it with three lines of puerile, meaningless rubbish.



D.B.

Inky, cloying blackness envelops me; touching;  
probing.

Manic shadows dance on moonlit puddles,  
Icy wind ranting through the storm-tossed oaks.  
Breath comes in fitful gasps, as I struggle to keep my  
feet on the path!

A million dark demons pursue me between the  
hedgerows,

as I try to ignore my splitting side and press on.  
And ahead the clouds glow with sodium splendour,  
As if the heavens themselves were ablaze.  
Deathly fingers clutch at me as I burst through the  
bushes, and make for the lights of civilization.

I slow my fevered pace and turn to look back  
At the black depths I have just left.

With a heavy heart I turn for home, and I mutter,  
O CURSE THIS JOGGING FOR A FOOLS' GAME.

David Sheldon FIV



D.B.



Radio Tay, Britain's twenty-fourth Independent local radio station, went on air on the 17th of October 1980, broadcasting from their studios in North Isla Street, Dundee. Radio Tay serves half a million listeners in Tayside and North Central Fife, broadcasting on 258 metres medium wave, 95.8 V.H.F. in the Dundee area, and 189 metres, 96.4 V.H.F. in and around Perth.

The weekday programmes begin at 6.00 a.m. with Mark Goodier's *Breakfast Beat*. Then Graham Stuart, an ex-High School pupil no less, presents his *Morning Connection* from 9.00 until 12.00. Tony Donald has his *Lunch Break* programme until 2.00 p.m. followed by Norma Gamble's *Afternoon Affair* until 4.00 p.m. Kenny Page finishes the days broadcasting at 7.00 p.m. There is a separate schedule for Saturdays and Sundays.

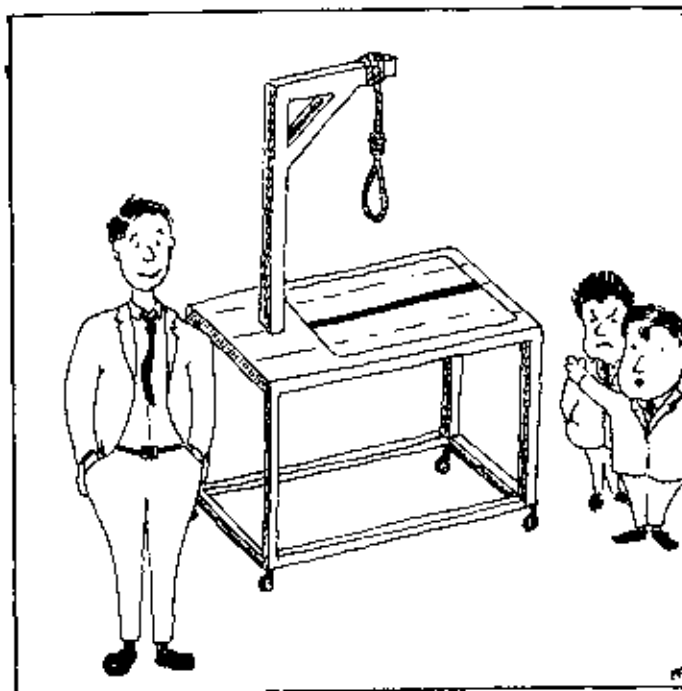
There are four studios in the basement of the Radio Tay buildings. The two main studios are linked by a smaller studio which can be operated from either of the main studios. This is used for discussions programmes and items such as *Tay Sport*. The other studio is the news studio from where the bulletins are broadcast every hour. Each presenter is his or her own producer deciding the format of each programme, though some of the — let us say — more mature presenters, are aided by engineers. During the days broadcast, a total of nine minutes air time is devoted to advertising each hour. These adverts are strictly controlled by the Independent Broadcasting Authority, who ban items concerning drink and politics etc. The Radio Tay sales staff themselves, do produce adverts for the more local companies. The news room staff compile the once hourly items from local, national, and international news. They rely mostly on I.R.N., the Independent Radio News. I.R.N.'s reporters produce taped items which can then be copied by any local radio station that wishes to use them. This information comes through on a print-out machine connected to I.R.N. in London. The news staff also use *Teletext* as well as doing their own reporting from the local area.

Radio Tay has a number of specialist presenters doing once weekly spots, one being none other than Mr. Sandy Smith, Head of the Classics Department. Mr. Smith presents a programme about the Arts scene in Tayside at around half past six on a Thursday evening. So why not listen in next time and have a good laugh! (Sorry).

Radio Tay are always happy to accept requests, dedications, etc. and these can be sent to Radio Tay, P.O. Box 123, Dundee. So if you have not yet heard Tay, tune in and in the words of the jingle 'make it a great day with Radio Tay'.

Kenneth Hossick FV

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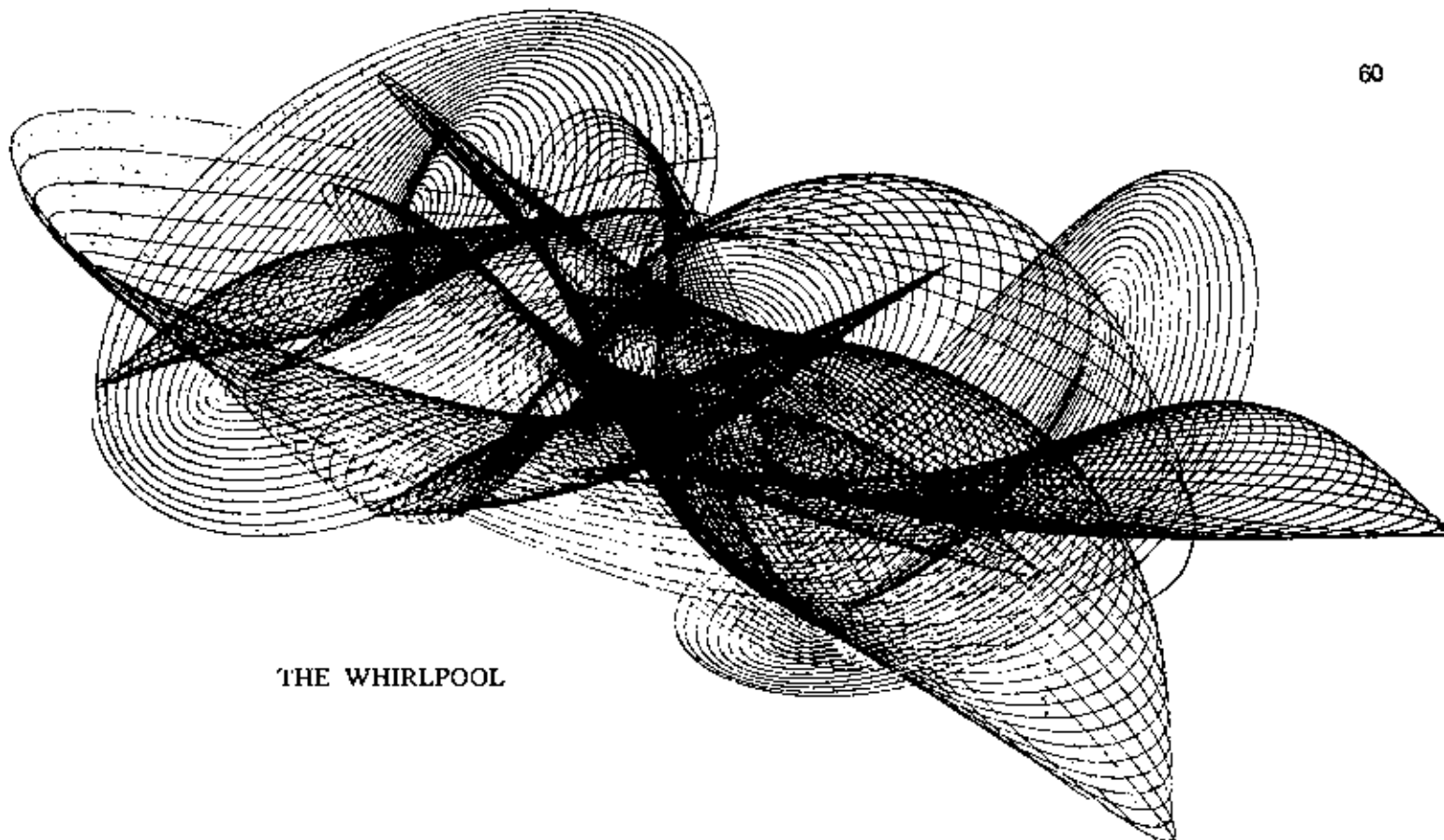
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## MAG EVENTS



**Top Left:** Fancy Dress Party  
**Top Right:** Wacky Races  
**Opposite:** Form 1-3 Disco



THE WHIRLPOOL

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