

# DHS

# 2002

# MAGAZINE

HIGH SCHOOL OF ...

TIME TABLE FORM  
NAME (SURNAME FIRST) .....  
FORM GROUP .....

PERIOD	PERIOD 1	PERIOD 2	PERIOD 3	PERIOD 4	PERIOD 5
1	ENG	ART			ART
2	PE	ART		COO	FREE
3				ECON	ENG
4	AL			ENG	ECON
5	N	ECON		ENG	RE.
6	PE	ENG	ART	ECON	ART
	ECON	GAMES	ECON	ART	FREE
13	ART	GAMES	ECON	ECON	MATHS

## EDITORIAL

We hope that you will enjoy reading this year's magazine. As in last year's publication, we have attempted to print a wider range of material which, as well as including pupil's creative work, contains articles which will appeal to readers who are unconnected to the school.

As you know, all the factual articles, such as club reports and team photographs, are now published in the magazine's sister production, "The Chronicle". Since the inception of "The Chronicle" the magazine has been – and still is – undergoing something of a transition. Any criticism and ideas are welcomed as it is, after all, your magazine. Remember that you have the chance to make the magazine the kind of publication you want – but this can be achieved only by writing articles which voice your opinions.

We have had the privilege of editing two magazines and one edition of "The Chronicle", and would like to pass our encouragement to the new editors – Sally Marr and David Sheldon. The committee, Mrs McKinnon, Miss E. M. L. Anderson and Mr Garden must be thanked for their hard work throughout the last two years, without which, no publications would have been possible. Our thanks go to those who contributed articles, especially to those who tried and were unsuccessful; and finally many thanks to our advertisers for their ever-increasing support.

Dougal Adamson  
Ruth Gibson

## HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE 1982 MAGAZINE

**Editors:** Ruth Gibson, Dougal Adamson

**Teachers:** Mrs McKinnon, Miss E. M. L. Anderson  
Mr Garden

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## SUMMER CAMP WITH T.A.R.E. IN GERMANY

On the invitation of the Dundee T.A. Sappers – 117 Field Support Squadron Royal Engineers (Volunteers) – the three of us from Dundee High School CCF jumped at the chance of joining them for two weeks and seeing what real soldiering is all about.

During the first week we were based in a Sapper camp where we were integrated into Field Troop, whose job it was that week to make engineer preparations for war. This included work on Heavy Girder Bridges using such equipment as cranes, side-ladders and fork-lifts; and on 'Mexe' shelters - ingenious constructions for underground command posts.

During our time-off at the end of lengthy working shifts we wandered around the exceptionally clean streets of Hamm and in the evenings we visited some of the night-spots of the town.

On the middle Saturday we moved location to Willich, where we met up with the rest of 117 at the squadron barbeque. For the remainder of that weekend we took part in a parade, the three mile 'battle fitness test' (which was compulsory for all), and a medal parade.



On the Monday, our day off, we went on an organised boat trip up the Rhine from Bonn to Remagen, scene of a famous battle and an equally famous film. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all. In the early hours of Tuesday morning, Exercise 'Highland Laddie' began when we moved out in full battle order to our appointed location. We immediately set up a tactical camp, with full camouflage and established radio contact with our allies.

Unfortunately the weather was terrible, but this did not 'dampen' the general enthusiasm. In the afternoon we were taught to use water purification equipment and purified stagnant water to drinking by filtering it and adding chlorine. Thanks to the weather, there was no shortage of raw material.

The night was a succession of realistic attacks on our camp which seemed to last forever. At 3 a.m. we received orders to move out, which seemed to be chaotic in the dark, but the others seemed to know what was going on. After a three hour journey we reached our new location and set up a new camp in a copse, where we suffered a simulated N.B.C. attack. To prepare for this we had used 'IPK's' in our trenches to give overhead protection.

Later in the day we took part in a two pronged attack on an enemy – in fact the HQ of 29 Engineer Group! It



was successful as the enemy were caught completely unprepared. Shortly after our return to base, a counter attack was launched against us, but without equivalent success.

On our return to Willich we had difficulty getting ready for a visit to the East German Border (the 'Inner German Border') the following day. The journey there and back took a total of eighteen hours in a truck, but in the end we considered it worthwhile as it was a once in a lifetime opportunity. Seeing how far the East Germans have gone to keep out Western ideals brought home to us the reason for our being in Germany at all.

The camp proved to be most enjoyable as it broadened our military experience and at the same time gave us an insight into the German way of life.

Cadet C.S.M. Anton  
Cadet Sgt. McMillan  
Cadet Sgt. Stewart

## THE GOOD OLD – BAD OLD DAYS

I suppose we are all brought up in the tradition and belief that Sir William Wallace, the great Scottish patriot of the late 13th century was educated at 'The High School of Dundee.' Being accustomed to the timeless grandeur of the Grecian façade it is natural to imagine that the High School has always stood on its present site and has remained virtually unaltered since the days when William may have dashed from the front steps brandishing his sword at some poor outcast from England whose father happened to be Governor of the town at the time; doubtless proclaiming with nationalist fervour 'Go home Sassenach – it's our oil!'

Reality is of course quite different. The school, as we know it today really only came into existence after the end of the Napoleonic wars during a period of great economic and social reform. Indeed the creation of Reform Street in 1830 and the opening of the new school or, as it was then called 'Public Seminaries' in 1834; were all part and parcel of the social change of the day.

Prior to that when the population in Dundee was only about one fifth of its present figure, there had been three basic schools and they were amalgamated to form our present High School. Unfortunately we do not seem to have a continuous history of the schooling facilities in the town over the centuries which led to the creation of our School, from which we can accurately trace our roots. But there are on record a few interesting 'snapshots' of conditions at various times over the centuries.

For instance in 1601 a certain David Lindsay resigned his position as the Master of Montrose Grammar School to take up a similar post in Dundee and from which he then progressed to being Minister of the Parish Church of St. Mary's. (To this date the Minister of St. Mary's is a Director of the School). During his period of rectorship at the Grammar School in Dundee he was ably assisted by one John Livingstone whose particular forte was the teaching of music and song. (Another fine tradition of the school). It would seem that 'the Arts' in his day were poorly rewarded in so much as Mr Livingstone's salary was 16 merks a year, as against that of Mr Lindsay at 250 merks. However Mr Lindsay did even better as a Minister at 350 merks and it was in 1606 that he resigned his position as Head Master of the school, 'being unable to discharge, with any good conscience, bayth the sayd offices'. (Seemingly spelling has always been a difficult

subject at the High School!)

Seven years later we find that Mr Lindsay is still in good faith with the magistrates of the town, who were kind enough to present him with a further 500 merks in consideration of his services stating that 'als weil in the educatioun and information of the youth in letteris and gude maneris, as in the discharge of his office and calling of the ministrie'. It seems that Mr Lindsay progressed further up the ministerial ladder and, in 1619 left Dundee to become Bishop of Brechin and then of Edinburgh. It was there of course that his, 'headship' perhaps became most famous when Jenny Geddes is reputed to have flung her stool at him as he began to read the book of Common Prayer, in the High Church, in July 1637.

There has always been a close connection between the High School and local government. Nowadays this association is maintained by the nomination of four Directors to the Board by Tayside Regional Council. In the old days of course it was the Town Council and indeed the Grammar School of the time was supported by the 'Hospital Fund' of the Burgh. Two years after General Monk laid siege to the town, there is a record of a certain Mr Jon Mairten, who was a student of Divinity at St. Andrews University, being admitted as Master of the Grammar School. By this time the yearly salary had risen to 400 merks and was paid out of the Hospital Fund. Parents of today might envy their predecessors the fact that quarterly fees were only thirteen shillings and four pence! – £2.33 per annum!!

However, as the saying goes; 'he who pays the piper calls the tune', and the magistrates who appointed the Master also enacted the rules for the regulation of the school.

In 1674 the Master was instructed to run his school on the following lines, (I have retained much of the original spelling):

1. That prayers be made in the English tongue, by the Master or eldest Doctor each morning and evening in the week days and after the afternoon's sermon on the Lords day, and the notts of the sermon are to be exacted and ane-pairt of ane Psalm sung, and that the scholars be examined upon the catechisms, either in Latin or English as the Master shall direct.
2. That all scholars convene with the Master and Doctors in the school at 6 in the morning in the

Summer and 7 in Winter and also after breakfast and, again at 1 o'clock after dinner.

3. That play be seldom granted in noctim (In the morning?) and that upon play days the Master or one of the Doctors will go with the children to the Magdalen green and after two hours of play bring them back to the school and exact an account of their lessons.
4. That none of the Latin Schollars who, having learnt their constructions shall be permitted to speak in English within or without the school to the Masters or any of their Condisciples, etc; and that there shall be clandestine Captors for that effect, and for those that ride horses( . ! .)especially in time of Mercat; and for those that frequent the shoar boats or ships; and that the Rolle be called once every Monday for chastising the delinquents.
5. That, if any be found swearing, breaking the Sabbath day, rebellious to their Masters, Trowans from school, fugitives from disciplin – then for the first fault they be publicly whipped; for the second flogged; and for the third, excluded from the school till they find surety for their better conduct.
6. That those in the Masters classe be accustomed to harangue, upon some subject prescribed by the Master, once in the month at least.

How many pupils today, I wonder would recognise that to be excluded from school was an infinitely worse punishment than either being publicly whipped or flogged?

So; the next time your mind wanders off the subject in class and you start dreaming about the days of yore, when you might have gone riding through the town on market day or, frequenting the shore boats at the harbour, think long upon the retribution that might be in store for you. A public flogging?

Perhaps a sharp rebuke has something to be said for it after all!!

Mr D. A. Shepherd, (Director)

## AN INTERVIEW WITH MR COCHRANE

- Q** Why did you decide to teach music?  
**A** What I planned to do didn't work out, so I thought that music would be a soft option.
- Q** Do you enjoy your work?  
**A** Most of the time.
- Q** Do you get embarrassed singing in front of people?  
**A** No, not really, the extrovert in me enjoys it.
- Q** What does your family think of your singing?  
**A** They all enjoy to see me taking part in activities like the Tayside Opera. In fact we all sing a lot at home.
- Q** What type of music do you prefer?  
**A** I prefer vocal or choral music in preference to orchestral, opera type music.
- Q** Do you get on well with the rest of the music staff?  
**A** Yes, we're all a mad bunch! (Understatement – Eds.)
- Q** Do you think it is worthwhile teaching music?  
**A** Yes – it may be a leisure subject, but if we can impart some of our enthusiasm to get pupils to join in operas and choirs, we find they get much enjoyment from it too.

Thank you Mr. Cochrane.

R.O.

## SCHOOL DINNER MENU D.H.S.

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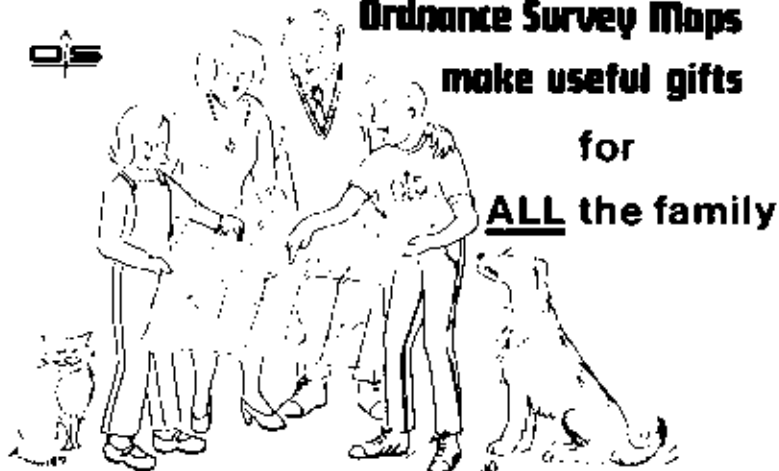
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## THE SWINGS

The silence was complete. The stranger, whose lightly-stepping feet had invaded the quiet of the street was gone, leaving behind him a row of dormant houses with shutters and blinds drawn down, the house slept.

Opposite the deserted street a desolate park waited. Gnarled trees stooped, their twisted fingers pointing upwards in a neverending battle to reach the sky. The aging boughs were surrounded by briar and produced a barren effect in winter when the bare branches were coupled with the barbed tangle of growth. Littered between the trees and amongst the briar, was the waste. Empty cans, bottles and cartons were strewn haphazardly there.

In the middle of this maze of growth were the swings. A small cluster of brightly painted metal frames from which the swings themselves hung at various heights. These swings formed the nucleus of the park, alive in the dead of winter and in the heat of summer, for them there were no seasons. Their lifeline was the children.

The children came in huge crowds or alone, happy or sad, drawn by the magnetic attraction which a swing has for a child. Their laughter ringing in the ears of passers-by as they stopped and stared at the reaction which seemingly lifeless metal and plastic could produce from so many children of different age and background. In this stereotyped world such things would seem trivial and insignificant to adults, whose minds now accepted video-recordings more readily than live performances, reported happenings rather than first hand accounts. They simply could not comprehend a child's willingness to play on a lifeless, old toy whose worn out seats had known many children and whose warped frame had supported many. For them, the paint was cracked and peeling, the seats were worn, but for the children, the paint shone out against the concrete world in which they lived, the worn seats were familiar, and even the chains which made a harsh grating noise, piercing to one's ears, only did so when they were pushed too high.

This small nucleus was the only living part of the concrete city, created by adults, for adults in which they could live their stereotyped lives. A city, not for children, who were not thought of as creative young minds which needed to be fed with life and interest instead of the regular, dull, inanimate things with which the adults surrounded themselves, but one for adults in which they could become less and less obvious, lost in their

concrete maze. The only thing which kept the city alive was the children and when they too reached their brain-washed adulthood, their children will keep the swings alive.

They stand there, deserted, but loved, during the night, surrounded by trees and shrubs, suffocated by pollution, streets of dormant houses and concrete blocks inhabited by mindless beings. Their only lifeline is the children.

Kirsty Grant FV

## AN APPRECIATION OF THE SCHOOL DISCOS

Every month, or whenever the school can be bothered, Bonar House is bombarded by girls and boys who have come to attend the swinging discos. (It's like the school's annual fashion parade; people attired in a strange assortment of clothes). The form 3's, though, must have had the best deal, as they got the pleasure to attend both of the senior discos. One of the discos to be held at Bonar was the christmas one, where people seemed to be popping up from all corners of the room armed with mistletoe. That alone sent half the people there scurrying out of the room. Downstairs we have our faithful magazine members, handing out the drinks to all the exhausted disco dancers, head bangers and soul freaks....( it can get a bit dangerous if you decide not to pay). Also at a few of the recent discos we've been lucky enough to have our own live band (although some people wouldn't call it luck). Sorry that remark wasn't really meant (that's what you think). Of course we cannot forget the staff who have attended all our discos, to groove the night away, and Mr. Stewart who has provided the music, (he himself can often be seen putting on a one-man disco show from behind the stage). Then there are also our budding 'David Baileys' scouting around the room in the hope of getting 'a once in a lifetime' photo of the teachers and pupils. All in all, the school discos have been good (clean) fun, a school activity that will hopefully (?) carry on for a long time to come.

Rutal Ozols F3



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## DRIVERS—and L—DRIVERS!!

What do you do when you meet a Kamikaze pedestrian or a runaway bus? Do you shout "Eek"! and put your foot down (on the nearest pedal)?

Do you call other drivers "Funeral jobs", "indecisive silly bilfies" or "suicidal spinsters"?

What do other drivers call you?!!!

YES—the roads are full of demon drivers! But don't despair; even the hairiest road-hog becomes a safe and skillful motorist. One of the best ways to improve your car control is to sit the Advanced Driving Test.

Want to find out more? Your local group of advanced motorists have an "under 25's" day in Camperdown Park soon—look out for information in the papers. Note Wednesday 2nd of June in your diaries—the IAM will be in school that day.

If all else fails—ask me! I'll be glad to help.

EMLA  
(reformed road-hog)  
& member of IAM.

There was a young lady from Bath,  
Who found it beyond her to laugh,  
She came to Dundee,  
And then she met me,  
And my! Did she laugh?  
Not a!

Juliet Smith LV1R

Love is something if you give it away,  
give it away,  
give it away,  
Love is something if you give it away,  
You end up having more.  
Its just like a magic penny hold it tight,  
and you won't have any.  
Let it go and you'll have so many,  
they'll roll over the floor.  
Love is something if you give it away,  
give it away,  
give it away,  
you'll end up having more.

Steven E. Carroll and Angus Allan LVM

## THE RUGBY SCRUM

The hooker lifts his arms up high,  
So that the props can grip his thigh.  
The second row goes between the gaps,  
Then the No 8 at the back.  
The wing-forwards go at the sides,  
And then the scrum-half puts the ball inside.

We push and shove to gain possession,  
And jostle the others with great aggression.  
The hooker hoofs the ball behind,  
Past the No. 8, AND we find...  
That the ball is out!

The scrum-half grabs it fast,  
And scrum breaks so he can pass.  
The rugby scrum is live or die,  
And can set up a superb try.

Andrew Young LV1R

## THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

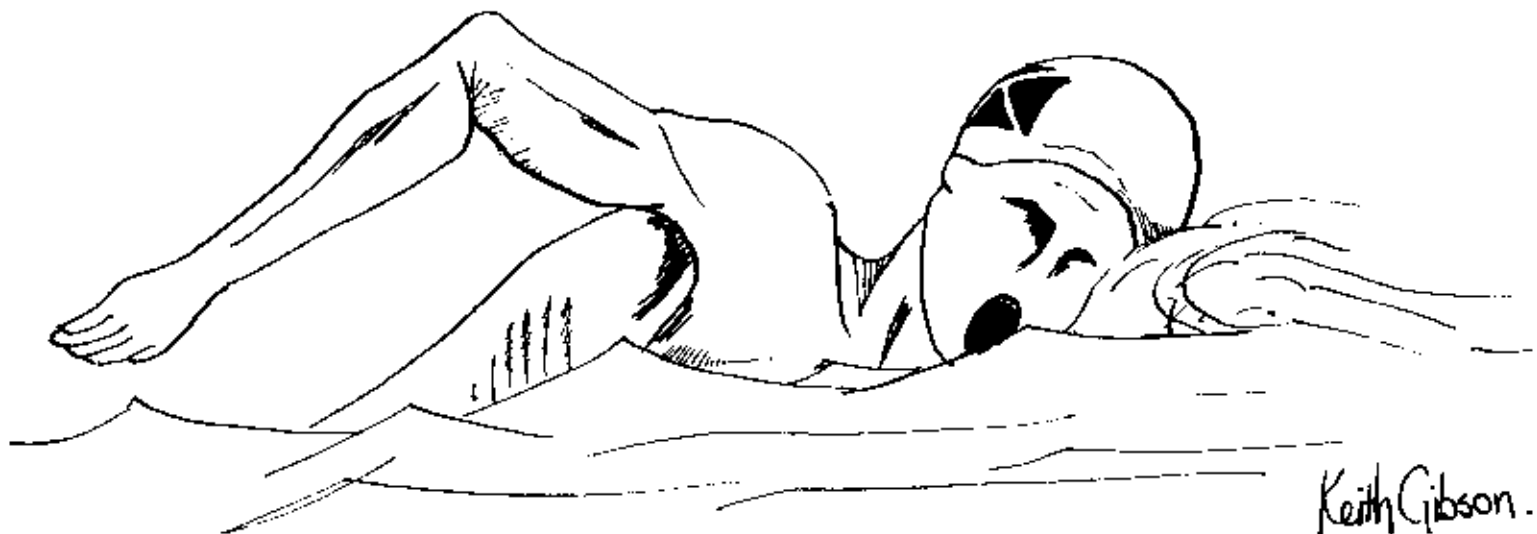
As a feat of physical and mental endurance, to swim across the English Channel is probably the most arduous and demanding one of all time. Certainly there have been more dramatic exploits in the course of war and of sheer survival, but it would be hard to find any other, voluntarily undertaken, in defiance of the elements, that demands more from the human frame than does swimming the Channel.

There is no respite from the cold, the constant swell, no shelter, no opportunity to take a breather, no salve for the many jelly-fish stings, no comforting hot meal during the long hours; and only sympathy for your misery from

The low temperatures of the Channel are probably the worst hazard for the majority of swimmers. Training in the Tay, however, as I do, is a bonus in this respect, for even in the height of summer, our northern waters are 10° colder than the temperature in the Channel.

A swimmer leaves Dover at 7 a.m.; by mid-afternoon he will be halfway; by 8 p.m. he will hope to have the coastline of France in view, when he crests a swell and hopefully the dominating landmark of Gris Nez on his left. Then he knows he is on course, and, if the tides are right, by around 11 p.m. with a lot of luck, he will stagger ashore at Cap Blanc.

The preparation is all-important, the determination to



your accompanying pilot-boat will get you nowhere.

The training and preparation for your Channel swim demands a total commitment. It is "goodbye" to all pleasure and relaxation for months before the swim, and each morning and evening will find you making the necessary two-hour practise-swim, preferably in open water to acclimatise the body to the cold, with a six-hour swim at least once a month; several ten-hour non-stop swims must be made before you can have any hope of successfully tackling the Channel.

It is absolutely essential to accustom the body to low temperatures. The minimum of clothing by day and of bedclothes by night, must be the inflexible rule: to keep warm by exercise must become the sole way to comfort.

success is vital, yet the success or failure of a Channel swim depends almost entirely on the fickleness of the winds. You can leave Dover on a flat calm, but have to retire two miles off the French coast, with a gale force wind in your face.

There have been about 2,000 attempts made of the English Channel, but only 200 successes. Most of them have come prepared both physically and physiologically, but, because of conditions, have been denied the ultimate achievement. So, I consider myself privileged to be one of the fortunate few.

Kevin McIntosh FV

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## CHESTER '81

A dull Tuesday morning in June found thirty bleary-eyed D.H.S. pupils assembled at Dundee Rail Station at 7 a.m. en route for Chester. After an uneventful journey, we arrived and were taken to our respective guest-houses, "The Hamilton" and "The Pear-Tree". Thankfully the landlady at the Hamilton, Mrs Baggot, did not live up to her name.

During the next few days we visited various places of local interest: The British Heritage Museum, the Amphitheatre, the zoo, and the Roman Museum. We all attempted brass rubbings and went for a rather turbulent river cruise on the Dee in a "luxury" cruiser which had only a battered tarpaulin for a cover. A tour of the town was also included and a film on the history of Chester when it was the Roman fortress, Deva.

We had plenty of free time in which the boys played "Space Invaders" in the ice-cream parlour or five-a-side football in the leisure centre. The girls filled their time shopping, swimming or going for boat-cruises. Evenings were also free and most of us went to the local park or watched television. Breakfast was the best meal of the day. All the other meals were beans and chips, and sausages, except for the visit to the Great American Disaster where we had beefburgers on thick, wooden platters with lots of chips, and milk shakes to wash the

whole meal down.

There were many humorous incidents during our stay. On one occasion we arrived at the zoo before it was opened and one boy managed to get trapped inside even though all the gates were locked! The three "bathing beauties" Miss Anderson, Mrs. McKinnon and Mr. Forman were a sight to behold as they stepped into the swimming pool on the last night to participate in the festivities of the weekly Caribbean night, when the pool was illuminated by a ghostly blue light and the palm trees swayed in the breeze.

On the last day we visited the Cathedral then had our meal in Woolworth's restaurant, before departing for home. The train journey home was more eventful. Firstly we discovered that all our carefully reserved seats had been taken, and then one of our party developed German Measles.

The screech of brakes as our train drew into Dundee Station must have brought a few silent tears and, in the words of one boy, "The Chester Trip was a great success and I think it should be retained for many years."

Barbara Sim  
John Blackwood  
Tony Barrie

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### WOODLAND OLYMPICS

While walking through the woods in June,  
It seemed to be I heard squeaks and shouts ahead of me,  
From behind where the oak tree cast its gloom.  
I peered around its trunk to see,  
Crowds of creatures great and small,  
From bears to mice, some fat, some tall.  
But the thing that struck me most absurd,  
Was that most of them were racing,  
whether beast or whether bird.  
Some were in the long jump some were in the vault,  
And high up were the judges looking for some fault.  
The Olympic Flame burned above the stand,  
In which happily played a bright brass band.  
But through the merriment, joy and glee,  
Nobody seemed to notice me

Emma Brown LVIG

### A COUPLE OF SWELLS

Eating food from the best of garbage,  
Wearing clothes of the finest rags,  
All their possessions kept together:  
In an old jute sack and a polythene bag.

Each day they trail the length of London,  
Grinning toothlessly at passing people,  
At night they go seeking refuge,  
In the graveyard by the old church steeple.

To look at them, It's a pitiful sight,  
We can see that they're not "beaus and belles"  
But they are happy with each other,  
And think themselves, "A Couple of Swells."

L. Ree F2

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## DURING THE FESTIVAL

I had never before seen Edinburgh detached from the leisurely sophistication which normally she wears haughtily upon her graceful shoulders. Along with the clouds, it had slipped away overnight to reveal the city in all her raw, individual glory, which, year after year, lures people the world over to the Edinburgh Festival and Fringe.

Today, the Royal Mile seemed to simmer and bubble under the hot midday sun, which melted the chatter of twenty different languages into one excited humming, overflowing from every nook and cranny. The city had taken on an exuberant carnival air which matched the weather perfectly.

Most people eventually congregated around the Fringe Booking Office, half-way down the famous thoroughfare. Here, the tempo was fastest. A queue of people as long as the list of performers waited for tickets, with red faces, though not out of frustration and boredom. Red faces were because of the sun's heat and the simple glow of happiness as they were entertained by innumerable artistes, and their feet were tapping to the sound of a barrel organ.

These artistes wove in and out of the thronging, jostling people, throwing out leaflets, witty comments, balloons, and wide grins as the went; their stage, a parting on the dusty pavements.

In the shade of their doorways, beaming shopkeepers watched the various processions wind their way up and down the hill. The scene was a proliferation of primary colours; glorious garbs of scarlet, green, blue and yellow, mixed with the gaudy flags of a hundred nations, put up specially for the city's transformation. Groups of children gathered, enthralled, around the the clowns and harlequins, clutching tightly the badges which they had been given, and laughing at their antics.

In every convenient, and indeed, inconvenient place, people lay sprawled. Some pored over the seventy page programme, like the African students with a Swahili-English dictionary and puzzled faces; others mainly Japanese tourists, captured the riotous revelry with their Nikons and Olympuses; other picknicked, like the party of Americans resplendent in tartan tammies and "Loch Ness Monster" tee-shirts, who were bull-dozing their way through hamburger rolls. A few, like ourselves, were content to sit back and watch the world go by, literally, soaking up the sun and the atmosphere.

Strains of jazz from a basement café intermingled with the harmonious chiming of the bells of St. Giles Cathedral, which stood majestically, unruffled by the endless merry-making taking place in its shadow, a reminder of the city's usual dignity. In the square in front of it, a mime artiste was performing to the delight of an enthusiastic crowd and a television crew.

We sat there for two hours, fully absorbed in this pulsating drama in which every colour, creed and nation was represented. Just before we got up to go and watch our first play, I turned and had one last look down Cockburn Street, and across the Mound. The classic, graceful lines of the New Town were hardly visible, shrouded by flags and bunting.

It was strange to think that in three weeks time, Edinburgh would put on her elegant cloak and rule regally once more.

Gill

## THE SUNS LIGHT

A round ball glowed in the distance  
Letting light flood the earth.  
Like every day in resistance,  
The sun showed the clouds its birth.

The light brings joy to all  
Giving green to the trees and grass.  
It shines upon children small,  
And those of every class.

It shines on the silvery sand  
And it shines on whale and shark,  
And it shines on the great brass band  
Playing in the park.

In the evening as it sinks  
Slowly behind the hills,  
The sky's a selection of pinks,  
And darkness slowly spills.

Helen Parish LVIG



#### HEAD BOY/HEAD GIRL INTERVIEW

**1. What is your first memory of school?**

**Kirsty:** Playing sandcastles at Eastern Primary in L1.  
**David:** Getting stuck in one of the chairs in Mrs Thompson's room (now Miss E M L Anderson's) and having to get Miss Knight to pull me out.

**2. What is the most embarrassing situation you have been in during secondary school? How did you get out of it?**

**David:** In the semi-final of a debating competition a female proposed to me. I didn't get out of it!  
**Kirsty:** Defending the goal nearest the pavilion in 4th year while playing for the 1st XI when the 1st XV walked past and started commenting on my backside. I just got a very red face.

**3. Kirsty, what do you think of your male counterpart?**

**David, what do you think of your female counterpart?**  
**Kirsty:** He's very clever (she's one to talk – Eds) and very helpful and extremely witty.  
**David:** (He giggled) Disgustingly efficient.

**4. What is the most outrageous thing you have ever done?**

**David:** I was party to an incident in the lunch hall where some custard was semi-deliberately poured on to Mr Vannet's shoes.  
**Kirsty:** Worn make-up to the school dance.

**5. Who is your hero/heroine? Why?**

**Kirsty:** Mr Allen because he is like a cuddly teddy bear.  
**David:** John Cleese because he makes me laugh.

**6. If you were to redecorate the prefects room (unlimited supply of money) how would you do it?**

**David:** I would have a second level built in with a wrought iron staircase leading up to it. I would like a sauna and a fountainous swimming pool on the top floor.  
**Kirsty:** I would like real wood panelling around the walls, sag bag chairs to collapse into after class, a shag pile carpet, and plants placed attractively around the room. An annexe used as a kitchen would be ideal.

**7. Do you still cuddle your teddy bear? If not, who do you cuddle instead?**

**Kirsty:** I've never had a teddy bear. (We all know who she cuddles instead – but it's not Mr Allen Eds.)  
**David:** I've never had a teddy bear. (Must be a qualification for head boys and girls. Eds.)

8. What newspaper do you read? Why? What do you do with it afterwards?

David: 'The Times' because of the funny bit on the back. It's a helluva paper. I pinch ideas out of it for debating.  
Kirsty: 'Sunday Standard' and 'The Courier' for local gossip. I have aeroplane competitions with my brothers.

9. How would you rate 6th year.

(a) academically?

(b) socially?

(c) for a year preparing you for university?

(1-high 5-low)

Kirsty:

(a) 4

(b) 1

(c) 2½

David:

(a) 2

(b) 1

(c) 3½

10. What is your advice for potential 6th year pupils.

David: You must make yourself work even though it is just winding yourself up in the mornings.

Kirsty: Don't leave your SY Chemistry project to the last minute. Most of all, enjoy yourself.



## BATTY BOOKS

How to ride – by G. Up.

At the green grocers – by R. T. Choke.

Early Headmaster – by I. Thumpim and  
I. Thumpim Harder.

Around the globe – by Sir Cumference.

Cold food – by I. Scream.

Swimming the Channel – by Francis Near.

Alistair Duncan

## TEACHERS' AMBITIONS

- Mr Baxter** Bus conductor or a checkout person in a supermarket 'cos I like pressing buttons (could there be a significance in the fact that he was sitting playing with his typewriter at the time of the interview).
- Miss L. Anderson** An astronomer (was it craze for the stars or a passion for Patrick Moore).
- Dr Robertson** A genius.
- Mrs Nash** I am what I wanted to be!
- Miss I. Anderson** A maths teacher.
- Mr G. C. Stewart** Play rugby for Scotland.
- Mr Durheim** Unable to decide (or remember) between going to the moon or being a cowboy.
- Mr Hall** Streak across a football pitch.
- Mr Forrest** A man – I'm not ambitious.
- Mr Allen** A man (could this be an ambition common only to members of the Science department).
- Mrs Burness**  
**Mrs Madden**  
**Mrs Speed** All ballet dancers.
- Mrs McKinnon** To have a big lap so I could balance my shopping bags.
- Mr Richterich** A train driver in Sutherland.
- Mr Garden** A cowboy or an engine driver.

FM

# *pets*

One day I went into a pet shop I asked the shopkeeper for two pets a mouse and a kitten so I bought them for two pounds fifty. I took them home and put the mouse in the kitchen mum came in and saw the mouse and screamed and jumped onto a chair. She wasn't very pleased so I quickly picked up the mouse and ran away. Then dad came back from the barbers and had a bald head, the cat pounced on dad's head, dad went "OUCH!" and grabbed the cat and mouse and took them back and asked for two budgies. When I got them I glued their beaks together and used them as darts dad came in and took them away.

Scott Peterkin L3B



I have a pet. It is a puppy. Her name is Tessa. My puppy cuddles up to me sometimes. She licks me. I give biscuits and plates to her. When we first got her she was shy. Now she is happy and jolly. She sometimes goes walks with daddy or mummy or goes round the garden.

Carol Thomson L11b

Dogs are nice but some may have rabies so if you think your dog has rabies go to your vet. Rabbits can some times die in winter time because they lack warmth so you should give them lots of hay or straw but not too much or the rabbit will suffocate. Budgies can easily kill themselves by falling of the perch.

Michael Shaw L3B

Cats have been pets for hundreds of years. I know someone in Monifieth that has a Fennic fox for a pet. Talking parrots are sometimes kept as pets. Some people might have a pond in their garden and have tropical fish in it. Posh people might have poodles. My mummy's mummy used to have goldfish and kept them for about three years. I know someone near my house that has an old English Sheepdog. My sister would like to have a Labrador as a pet. My sister's friend's brother keeps snakes as pet. In L2B we had tadpoles and we kept them until they turned into little tadpoles. Robin, Michael Samson, Simon Petrie and I cleaned out the tadpoles tub which was good fun. I like pets very much. Dogs are my favourite pets.

Gordon Stewart L3B

I have a pet goldfish named Ginger, My mother will not let me have another kind of pet because she says they are not hygienic. My friend has a dog called Sam, I hate cats because our next door neighbour has four cats and they once made a den in our greenhouse and ate all the dalias, Chipmonks are frying friends! Just a joke. I don't like rabbits because they'll mistake me for a carrot cos' I've got ginger hair, I like pets but not cats and rabbits!

Robin Young L3B



#### PUP

Curiosity is her name.  
Playfully and clumsily she runs about.  
Sniffing and scratching through the flowers.  
The young wanders around the garden.

Her soft fur feels like velvet.  
Her brown eyes are like tiny chestnuts.  
Her tiny paws are like pussy willows.  
And her bark is like a piccolo.

My pet is a dog. I like it. It is a good dog  
it is a nice doog. It gives a paw. I like my dog. It is a collie.  
It is sweet. I take it for a walk with my brother Simon. I like  
Simon.

Phillip Stewart



I have two pet goldfish called Pip Pip and Dingaling. I feed them every day when I come home from school. When they look at the side of the tank they think there is another fish in their tank they go mad. When I bring them food they come to the top of the tank for food and fresh air. Pip Pip is mine and Dingaling is Roberts When we go on holiday we put a food container into the tank it has little holes on top for the food to come out. Ther foods are called Tropical worms, Gusse, Fish flakes. There is weed in the tank too. I get the weed from my grandads fish pond in the garden. I like to watch them dart from side to side of their tank. I sometimes draw pictures of the fish in their tank. I put lead round the weed to stop it from floating to the top. Pip Pip is short and his tail is little Dingaling is long and he has a big tail with white spots on the end.

Allson Mitchell L3B

## EUROPE – JUST ACROSS THE CHANNEL

On the map it can be seen that a mere twenty two miles separate Dover from Cap Gris Nez, but in crossing that short distance by boat I was transported immediately into a multi-faceted, diverse and seemingly divided community that we know as Europe.

The many faces of Europe are epitomised by the distinct and separate characters of its major cities. What sticks out in my memory about London was the Mall, flanked majestically by the Union Jack and Saudi Arabian flags and being followed arounds Harrods by store detectives. The view of Paris from the Sacre Coeur turned it into a toytown, basking in a June sunset. Geneva was, for me, standing too close to the four-hundred foot jet d'oeau and getting soaked when the wind changed direction. The Deutch Museum and Dachau concentration camp in Munich are certainly the two most important historic reminders I have ever seen.

And yet, for all their splendour the cities only represent Europe on a superficial level. The cities are easily accessible to the most lackadaisical American tourist. To find the real flavour of Europe one must dig deeply, for it is in the minds of the people and the cultures that spring from those minds that the true essence of Europe is to be found.

What really made my trip to Europe complete was the people. I will never forget an English speaking Yugoslavian called Boris who must have recognised my expression of bewilderment in Belgrade, and without so much as a by your leave, rushed me off on a guided tour of the city. Fellow wanderers from America and Australia made home seem closer in the darker recesses of the continent while sharing a tent with seven insane Belgians and careering down 3,000 feet in twelve miles towards a glistening fjord in a train made me wish I had an infinite supply of money.

Alas, that was not the case, so on the 12th of July 1981, I returned to Britain for a short eleven month respite before returning across the channel.

Angus Keddie FP

## THE BARD AT BARFORD

For only £100, you too could have enjoyed, last June, an 800 mile round trip in six different buses which fell apart at different stages, and you too could have enjoyed midnight pillow-fights, and being soaked by small second years. However, these were extra unplanned delights for us; 30 intrepid escapers from school (31 when Tiffy finally turned up) who were prepared to miss dear, beloved school for the sake of improving our ongoing understanding situations of English drama.

And now for some useless facts: we were transported by various means to five plays:

- 1 Shakespeare social comment/comedy
- 1 Shakespeare tragedy
- 1 Russian comedy
- 1 American flop
- 1 Rock Opera (that's being polite)

Rivetting stuff I hear you yawn: but Shakespeare still influences people: a certain Tiv was so overwhelmed by Shakespearian behaviour that, with great generosity decided to give marshmallows to everyone she could find. So, arriving at the Coventry Cowpat this starry-eyed twit offered marshmallows to two Coventry skinheads with the words, 'Do you wish to partake of a marshmallow?' There's generosity for you.

However, to continue with the advertisement for D.H.S. Stratford Trips – this is educational (if you want), exciting (whether you like it or not), energetic (if you like jogging through people's gardens) and very, very, very, very good (I get 10p for every very). Also this trip (last year) was revealing: Miss Holloway is a ping-pong professional, and Mrs Walton fell in love with Roger Rees' photograph – we couldn't find the real thing for her.

The Stratford Trap is what you make it – we've made this facetious – and if you are prepared to go to the theatre every night, be fed masses of food very early in the morning, and still be smiling at breakfast, and have fun, then the Stratford Trip needs you (and your money). Besiege Mrs Walton with demands for a Trip and by 1984 your wish may come true.

AK and CF

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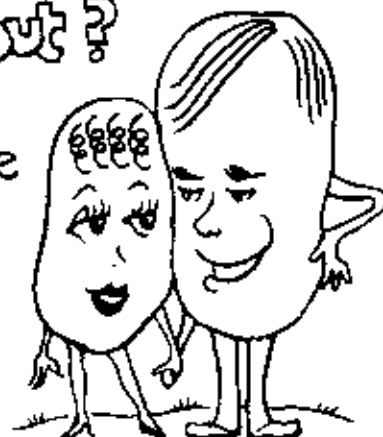
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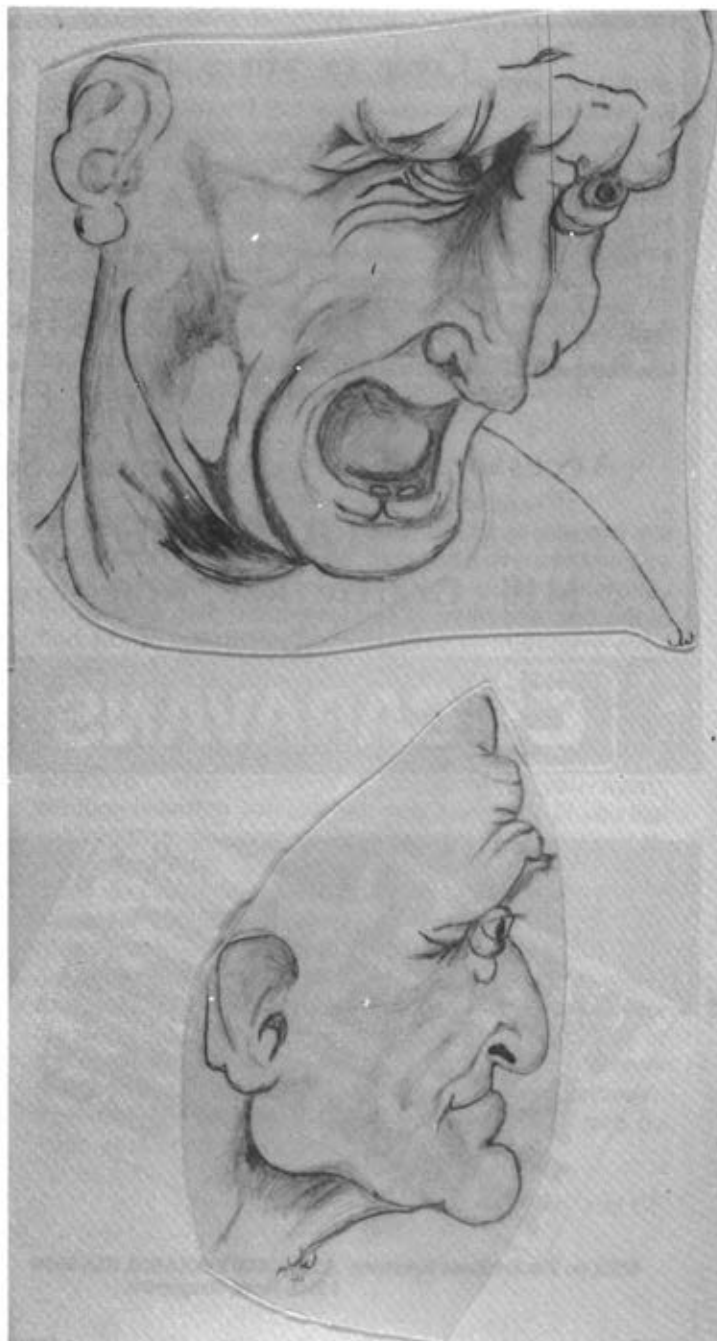
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# BITS AND PIECES .....

## THE HOLIDAYING HUN

Now summer's coming round again,  
With summer weather, wind & rain,  
And our pal, Jimmy? the "Hulltoon Hun",  
Decided that he'd be one,  
Of the people in Dundee this year,  
To travel down to Brighton pier,  
His drinking habits he'd long packed in,  
Since a nasty accident with a beer tin.  
So he got on the train in a sober state,  
And made off for Brighton at a steady rate.  
When the train went past Berwick, Jim knew he was  
wicked  
Because he hadn't bought a ticket,  
So armed with a bar of "Fruit and Nut",  
For the rest of the journey in the toilet stayed put.  
At Brighton though, an impending doom,  
Told him he hadn't booked a room.  
So Jimmy roamed the town all night,  
Always ready for a fight.  
A punk jeered at him, started to mock,  
So Jimmy attacked him with his Brighton rock,  
Off the pink candy stick he bit a great chunk,  
And deposited the rest down the throat of the punk.  
The next day another punk gave him some rock,  
Jim thought, "punk o' better stock",  
But Jimmy who was not so wise,  
Didn't notice the fireworks in disguise,  
And when his pockets with the rock he had loaded,  
Five minutes later Jimmy exploded.

Callum Rushforth Fill

## SUE

There was a young girl called Sue  
Who thought she was taking the flu  
She found she was right  
In the middle of night  
A-TISHOO A-TISHOO ATCHOO!

Caroline Spalding L4C

## THE SNOWMAN

He wore a multi-coloured cap,  
His eyes were frosty and a deep dark black,  
A huge orange carrot nose had he,  
He had a big mouth which smiled at me.

Damp dark leaves he had for hair,  
I wanted him to wink, Oh would he dare?  
Oh no he stood silent and still,  
I wonder if he will mention me in his will?

I said the will because I know that at sometime  
he will have to die,  
And when he does I'll have to cry,  
But today it is frosty so he will last,  
When it is sunny he will be in the past.

Day by day he grew old,  
As he doesn't fear death, he must be bold.  
He wears his scarf with lots of pride,  
I rather fancy he wants next door's snowman  
for his bride.

His cap fell down when he started to melt,  
His eyes fell down on his snow made belt,  
The carrot nose fell on the ground,  
Oh why did Spring have to come round?

Wendy Nicoll



## THE FIRE

Hidden in the leaping flames,  
Are wonders left untold,  
A marble palace filled with treasure,  
Of silver, jewels and gold.

Yet, as the flames leap, As the flames unfurl,  
The picture slowly changes,  
The images mingle and curl.

Now I see a country scene,  
A panoramic view,  
The rolling hills and purple heather,  
Other sights I know.

Heather McCafferty LVIB

## THE KITTIWAKE

I am a carefree content kittiwake,  
Coursing and cruising over the colossal waves.  
I sail silently inland to search for scraps,  
Over farms and fields and furrows.

I soar silently over a cliff,  
Away from the swarthy, strepitant skua.  
I see a fish in the frothy foam,  
And I dive down like a thunderbolt.

Jeffrey Graham

## UGLY CREATURES

Meg, the witch, had a large, bent nose,  
And fourteen hands and twenty toes,  
Her legs were thin  
She was bound to win  
The award for the ugliest pose.

Fang the ghost, had a silken gown,  
His nose was black, his eyes were brown,  
He was ever so fat,  
His favourite meal: gnat  
He was the ugliest ghost in town.

Heleen Parish LVIG

## B.R.

Have you ever travelled British Rail?  
The diesel engines always fail.  
Most days the drivers go on strike,  
Everyone must go by bike.  
All the stations seem to have graffiti,  
No one stops it, not even the committee.  
Sir Peter's a clown,  
Makes the passengers frown.  
A driver once said,  
"I'm better in bed,"  
Working for British Rail.

Campbell Clark LVIG

## FIRE

Fire, water's enemy,  
Deadly killer,  
Spreading quickly,  
Always fatal.

Fire, wind's ally,  
Destroyer,  
Demolition expert,  
Fatal flame.

Donald Reid L7B

I like my teacher.

Caroline Merry L1A

**How do you catch a squirrel?**  
Climp up a tree and act like a nut!

There was a teacher called Leach  
Who took us all to the beach  
It said on a sign, Watch out for the mine  
And the last thing we heard was his screech

**What do you call Dracula?**  
A pain in the neck!

There was a teacher called Green  
Who invented a caning machine  
On the 99th stroke  
The rotten thing broke  
And hit poor Green on the beam.

Fraser Scott L4C

## CHRISTMAS

Christmas is customs,  
And Joys old and new.  
Christmas is magic,  
And merriment too.

Christmas is Santa,  
With presents all round;  
Coming down your chimney,  
Without a sound.

Christmas is trees,  
With bright shining lights.  
Christmas is snowy,  
And starry nights.

Christmas is beauty,  
A bright star above.  
Christmas is sharing,  
Christmas is love.

Wendy Nicoll

## AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens,  
And all up the vale,  
From the autumn bonfires,  
See the smoke trail!

Sing a song of seasons',  
Something bright in all!  
Flowers in the summer,  
Fires in the fall.

Pleasant summer over,  
And all the summer flowers,  
The red fire blazes,  
The grey smoke towers.

Corinne Barr L5M



## FIRE

The amber death approached,  
Clawing through the terror-struck forest.  
One by one trees vanished in the roaring light.  
The terrified animals sped from their certain grave,  
In close pursuit the angry flames,  
Swallowing them by the dozen.

Bruce Ramsay LV11B

Once upon a baby chair there was a boy christened by name 'Jonathan Wills', which was what he was called more often than not. Anyway, 'Jonathan Wills' (more often than not) decided to grow up so his feet could grow down to the floor. He decided to grow up because it was the done thing and was very in fashion. About halfway before the middle bit that ends with the terminal bit called the 'Rheumatism Time' he got fed up of being growing forwards. So he tried growing backwards but he got into trouble from two grown ups who threw big words at him like 'Naughty fourteen years two hundred and one day old little boy, go to bed without any food.' He lay on his front (for his bottom was red and tender) and decided to grow up like other grown ups who were growing backwards for death (which can be fatal). So he sprouted fluff on his top lip and grew a deep voice and wore luminous green socks and cultured cancer in his lungs. This was much better and he grew up to be an old man.

Greenie blue waves rolled up on to the shore. Sand, rocks and cliffs all sparkled in front. Out of the car and into the sea we ran. Look at the shells, thats Mother of Pearl. "I'm going to swim" says Ann. I'm coming too, lets take the shell to mum, look mum!

This is cold water. But it is fun! Up on the slimy, slithery rocks popping seaweed. Crackle pop, crackle pop goes the sea-weed. In the distance we see a lighthouse shining down on to th sea. Lets go and see mum. Donkeys to ride, Donkeys to ride 10p 10p donkeys to ride "can we have a ride dad.

Shona Goodfellow L3A

## THE SHARK

When the waves go in and out,  
You certainly know that the shark is about,  
When the tide is far, far away,  
You know that the shark is away for the day.

When people go out fishing,  
Someone always goes missing.  
So when you're out at sea,  
Be careful, Be careful.

Timothy Arbuckle LVM

## THINKS

You'd think, being near to Wales, it would be nice;  
it's not though.  
Early, early in the morning when at home I hear the  
postman whistle loudly through the sparrows there is  
a certain heavy humming  
in the distance,  
reminding me how quiet it is where I am.  
Then, just when four blackbirds, hastily gathered  
on an unrehearsed branch,  
let their beaks flash golden in the grey of dawn,  
black throats swollen like plastic rubbish sacks,  
someone opens the doubleglazed clouds  
and the taxi cabs rush in.  
Vast, grey girders ripple in the dew  
while old men spit silently at the grass.  
From my little curtained window  
I can glimpse the glowing corner of some bright,  
congealing lump;  
balanced, spider-legged on an iron thread.  
At night I feel it scuttling defenceless steeleyed  
sheets; gripped in its oil stained jaws.

Once upon a time, a sycamore told me,  
there were might have been cornfields here.  
The next day they had silenced him; cresote.  
'Still', I think, as another racing pigeon limps through  
the steam,  
'One day a little mushroom...'  
No. As the hopes spring down from the multis,  
drizzling into the big black cracks, where sad bears  
wait for tender girls,  
I think, that being near to Wales,  
it should be nice;  
it isn't though.

Sing a song of cubbing,  
We're ready to begin.  
4 and 20 cub scouts sitting in a ring,  
When the ring was opened the cubs began to sing,  
Wasn't that an entertainment,  
To set before the King.

Steven Carroll and Angus Allan LVM

## THE SNOWMAN

Cold and weak,  
Feeble and meek,  
Out there stand the snowman,  
All frozen and bleak.

Through blizzards he freezes,  
Through rain and sleet he sneezes.  
While the wind blows,  
Cold are his frostbitten toes,  
A robin shelters from the cruel wind,  
Under his tall black hat

At last the sun appears,  
And the snowman looks up in tears,  
'Good-bye little children,  
I'll see you again',  
And everyone shouts 'When'?

W.J.G. Form 1G1

## SEASONS

Winter is a white season,  
Snow falling all day long,  
What a lovely scene it is.

Spring is a mild season,  
When lambs are born,  
What a lovely sight it is.

Summer is a sunny season,  
With pretty flowers in gardens,  
What a nice sight it is.

Autumn is a dull season,  
With leaves being blown from trees,  
Oh, how sad it is.

Jeremy Barron LVM

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## THE ARTS IN TAYSIDE

The mere mention of the word 'culture' and 'the Arts' causes a strange reaction. To some people it suggests something difficult to understand, something 'highbrow' or just something 'other people' enjoy. It is curious how this apparent prejudice comes about and when such attitudes are examined, it often transpires that these attitudes have been adopted without any attempt being made to find out about or experience what is being rejected. Under the umbrella title of 'the Arts' comes an enormous range of activity (opera, jazz, drama, dance, painting, ballet, orchestral concerts etc., etc.) There must be something for almost everyone.

In Tayside the amount of money spent in supporting such activities is very large. In 1982-1983 the Arts Council of Scotland will spend over £10,000,000 in support of the Arts and a large portion of that will come directly to Tayside which has no less than three professional theatres to support in its area – Perth Theatre, Pitlochry Festival Theatre and Dundee Repertory Theatre. We are also fortunate to have the Byre Theatre, St. Andrews within easy access of the city. In addition many touring companies visiting exhibitions and concerts which we enjoy are directly sponsored by the Arts Council. Tayside Regional Council and Dundee District Council also make considerable contributions to the Arts.



Mrs Jacks players gave an interesting and humorous performance of 'Bottom's Dream' which ran for three nights earlier this session.

The wealth of activity on our doorstep can be judged by reading 'THE TAYSIDE ARTS DIARY' which is published four times per year by Tayside District Council and issued free. It takes the form of a newspaper and gives details of every kind of event taking place (both professional and amateur) in the Tayside area, as well as printing articles about the events and the performers.

On Tayside there are always opportunities to see skilled professionals at work and the range is immense. During February of this year the following artists could be seen in and around Dundee—Julian Byzantine (guitar), Morrisey/Mullen, the jazz funk group, Hinge and Bracket, the Cohen trio, the Scottish National Orchestra conducted by Sir Alexander Gibson, the Cambridge Buskers and the Scottish Baroque Ensemble. At the theatre the plays to be seen included an Agatha Christie, a Tom Stoppard play and the exciting preview of Wildcat Theatre's latest production '1982' which dealt with nuclear armament. Moreover amateur groups were adding to that list with very skilled productions and performances. The Steps Theatre and a number of Film

Societies from Crieff to Montrose showed the best of American and European Cinema.

It is only too easy to under-rate one's home town as a cultural desert, a place where nothing happens and it is often only the visitor, the stranger in town who is prepared to explore and make enquiries who finds that there is a lively cultural scene. The native is too lazy to find out what is happening.

There is also plenty of opportunity for participation in 'cultural activities'. Whether you wish to sing in a choir, paint, act, dance, write, play an instrument or learn a new skill the opportunity is there for you to grasp. Community centres, the Dudhope Arts Centre and many lively amateur societies will provide the facilities to develop talents or to try out something new. All that is needed is a little effort on your part to find out where it is happening. Participation can often add to your appreciation of the gifted professional and such activities not only help to develop your own personality but also bring new friends.

Mr Sandy Smith



Pupils of Dundee High School's Repertory Theatre Club, an extra-curricular group led by Mrs C. M. Burness and Miss M. N. D. Holloway, have been busy all first term organising fund-raising activities with the aim of gathering enough money to endow a seat in the new Theatre. Just before Christmas their efforts were crowned with success when they reached the necessary total of £200.

To complement their efforts a general school collection, also in aid of the Theatre, was taken and realised the sum of £170.

Mr Robert Robertson, Director of the Repertory Theatre, visited the school to receive the donations from the pupils and to give a talk to members of the Repertory Theatre Club.

As a result of these endeavours a seat in the new Theatre will be inscribed with the name of the School.

### **PAUL STURROCK INTERVIEW**

On a cold Tuesday lunchtime, three intrepid magazine reporters, in an effort to bring entertainment to the cynical masses of D.H.S., trudged their way through the barren wastes of the Hilltown in search of Scotland's football Mecca – Tannadice Park. After a brief delay, we were introduced to the man himself – Paul Sturrock. Armed with cassette recorder, we set about interviewing Scotland's most prolific goal scorer. And here it is, hot off the presses . . .

#### **As a youngster, what were your ambitions?**

It was just to play professional football – that was the important thing. Nothing else!

#### **Did you play a lot of football at school?**

Yes! Every day, every night, every hour!

#### **Who aroused your interest in football?**

My father played a few games for a Highland League team and the whole family was interested in football. It was simply 'the done thing' where I came from.

#### **Who were your stars or idols when younger?**

I supported Hearts: Donald Ford, Renee Moller, Roald Jensen and all these boys.



#### **What advice would you give to a youngster wanting to make a career out of football?**

It's hard work! Commitment would probably be the word I would use. At a young age today they're drinking and that's the worst thing they could possibly do. It's got to be totally football.

**What do you enjoy doing outside football?**

I play golf; I like coaching football; and I've got a video. I like watching football as well – that tends to relax me.

**What do you think of amalgamation between the two Dundee Clubs?**

If our boss was the manager and 90% of the players were our players it would be quite agreeable!

**After December's cancellations, do you think there should be Summer Football or a Winter break?**

I don't believe in summer football – I think football should be played in the winter. There are too many other sports played in Summer, so football would suffer because there are other entertainments during the Summer . . . maybe in mid-Winter we should have a couple of months off.

**How do you think terracing trouble can be stamped out?**

I think you have to go back to the grass roots. I would blame the parents, personally. Parents have slackened their grip, and youngsters seem to get away with too much.

**Do you think amalgamation would help?**

Possibly, it would help minimise the support's aggression towards each other, but you'll still have the trouble between two teams from different towns. If there is violence on the pitch, it rubs off on the fans. If we could change the type of football we play in Scotland to a more skillful game, you would probably find that the violence would disappear.

**Do you think enough is done to encourage potential athletes and sportsmen.**

In my opinion, sportsmen are self-made to a certain extent; – if a runner wants to run, he just runs; he doesn't complain about facilities. I also think there are too many complaints about the lack of facilities, and I think that people attempting to be athletes or sportsmen should muck in and help to organise training facilities, no matter how bad they are.

**Any ambitions for the future?**

My ambition is to win the league and also to win the U.E.F.A. cup. Even to go the final would be nice.

by John Blackwood  
Alistair Newton  
Tony Barrie

Finally, we would like to thank Paul Sturrock and everyone who helped make this interview possible.

**FRENCH WITH TEARS (OF LAUGHTER!)**

The following are authentic excerpts from this year's Prelim. Exam. Higher Translation from French into – English? The anonymity of the perpetrators is guaranteed!

1. Bernard était atteint d'une acné tenace qui avait envahi son nez = "Bernard had been stung by an atrocious insect which had crept up his nose" (Intelligent guessing here!)
2. Pour les vacances de Pâques, ils décidèrent d'aller dans le Massif Central = "For the holiday in Paques, they decided to go to the Massive Centre" (A change from the Wellgate Centre perhaps?)
3. Le cours à l'école leur avait tellement plu qu'ils voulaient aller sur place se faire leur propre idée = "The school playground had become so wet that they wanted to go onto the square to make their proper idea" (Dry feet essential for clear thinking!)
4. Les commentaires allaient bon train = "The commentators went in a good/goods train" (Short of funds?)
5. Car, partis avec un bagage léger, argent et provisions s'étaient épuisés bien avant qu'ils n'aient atteint le terme de leur voyage = "Buss, leaving with a heavy luggage, money and provisions, they were exhausted before they reached the term of their voyage" (Travelling in bad company??)
6. Affamés, ils volèrent un poulet = "Finally, they robbed a hen" (Desperate for an egg) J.C.B.



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Higher National Diploma in Communication Studies (2 years)  
Higher National Diploma in Computer Data Processing (2 years)  
Higher National Diploma in Secretarial Studies (2 years)  
Higher National Diploma in Secretarial Studies and Languages (2 years)

Leaflets and further information are available from Head Teachers, School Careers Advisors or from:

The Principal, Dundee College of Commerce  
30 Constitution Road, Dundee DD3 6TB

### 'DODGE' (For Sinclair ZX 81)

This is a computer program for the ungodly and sinful among us and the aim is to get 10 men safely home from the local boozer without being struck down by lightning. Wow, thrilling isn't it?. To move right you press 'Z', to move left 'M', and if you get hit you are given your score as a percentage. To restart press «newline». This program can be converted quite easily to most other basic running machines. (N.B. fits in 1K ZX81).

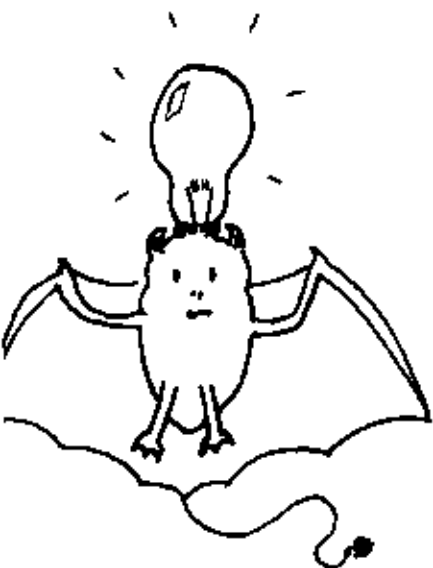
```
10 LET S=0
20 LLS
30 LET M=1
40 RAND
50 PRINT AT 14, 1; "BAR"; CHR$ 23; AT 14, 26;
  "HOME"
60 LET L = INT (RND*21) + 5
70 PRINT AT 20 M; " % "; CHR$ 135; CHR$ 128;
  CHR$ 4; " % "; AT 19, M; " % "; CHR$ 133;
  CHR$ 138; CHR$ 5; " % "; AT 18, M; " %% O %%"
```

```
80 IF M = 0 THEN LET M = 1
90 IF M = 25 THEN GO TO 180
100 LET M = M + 1 * (INKEY$ = " M ") -
  (INKEY$ = " Z ")
110 LET T = INT (RND * 3) + 1
120 IF T = 3 THEN GO TO 210
130 GO TO 20
140 CLS
150 PRINT "YOU GOT"; S*10; "(PC) HOME"
160 INPUT R $
170 RUN
180 LET S = S + 1
190 IF S = 10 THEN GO TO 140
200 GO TO 30
210 PRINT AT 10, L - 1; CHR$ 151; AT 11, L;
  CHR$ 151
220 IF L » = M AND L « = M + 4 THEN GO TO 140
230 PAUSE INT (RND * 50) + 20
240 CLS
250 GO TO 50
% = ONE SPACE
```

Ross Duncan FIII



by Tina 'BAT'y  
FIV



'BAT'tery



Com 'BAT'



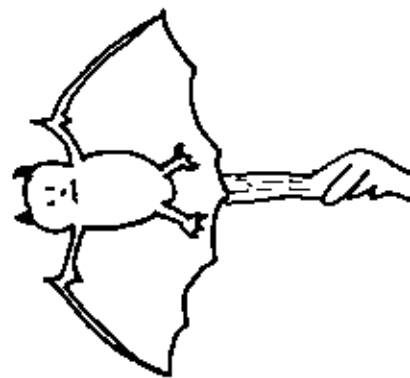
'BAT'sman



'BAT'on



'BAT'alion



'BAT'tle axe

## CADET REPORT '82

Do you want to become big, masculine and hairy – well the Dundee High School CCF is definitely not the place for you! A living example of this is our Senior CSM who this year, due to the ever increasing MOD cutbacks, comes in a new compact economy size.

The cadet force provides many opportunities for extra curricular activities, besides those possibly better known to the rest of our school community. Such an example of this was the DHS grand-prix downhill ski team's entry into the Army skiing championships which were held at the romantic, picturesque resort of Aviemore, where we were accommodated in one of the AA's most highly recommended car parks. After a sound twelve hours sleep in fully air conditioned tents, (for which we would like to take this opportunity to extend our warmest thanks to the guides), we set off for a pre-race tune up, deciding which of our wide selection of our custom-built racing skis would be best for the day's conditions.

And so the race . . . The less said, the better. Our captain set off sporting our schools' exuberant racing colours of a black biker's jacket with special streamline lapels and matching oil skin trousers. He set the standard for the rest of the team by coming to grief after 5 yards – from which was not improved upon by the lesser members of the team. We did not linger to record our placings.

Another of these lesser known activities is the fire-fighting course, organised through the Tayside Regional Council. Every aspect of this course is excellent – both the tuition and the facilities made available to us.

The serious vein of this course was briefly broken by an incident concerning one of our younger officers, who whilst standing aside, so as not to hinder the exercise, had it suggested to him that he was indolent and that his parents were of questionable marital status.

The cadet force is also concerned with extending the boundaries of human knowledge and experience. So, in the spirit of Livingstone and Cook, the weekend expedition to the large gym was mounted. The intended trip to Barry Buddon was cancelled because it was raining.

It tested our physical and mental reserve to the limit. However, this exercise was in fact vital, as it provided much necessary information as to the forthcoming Highland Team Competition which, this year, is being held at

Barry Buddon.

These are only a few illustrations of the many and varied activities undertaken by the cadets which go largely unrecognised by the majority of non-cadets. We hope that this will encourage people to join and that they will realise that the cadets is indeed not all square bashing and boot polishing particularly since the news that the inferior sex have been permitted to breach that former bastion of masculinity, the DHS CCF.

R. McM. C.W.F.D. A.S.C.

## THE GIRLS IN KHAKI

For two years there has been a strenuous campaign by girls of forms two and three for the Cadet Force to expand its horizons and include them. After approaching Captain Holmes on the subject a year ago, I discovered that he imagined forty or fifty girls would be eager to join, but various obstacles made this hope untenable; money, permission from the Ministry of Defence and the lack of an able and willing female to act as officer. At this definite reply, I decided to ca' canny. Not so some ambitious 2nd years who went so far as to write to the Prime Minister!

However a few weeks ago came the welcome announcement. No longer could we females be "the girls in blue" but also "the girls in khaki".

Shortly after this, Captain Holmes, Lieutenant Hutchison and Lieutenant Steele held a meeting to inform any interested girls of the **purpose** of cadets as well as of the work entailed.

Captain Holmes spoke of the aims; "to provide a service to the community . . . to train for the services such as the police, fire-brigade and the army".

He emphasised the paramount importance of safety, especially on the shooting range. If a gun jammed, the last thing to do would be to turn round with it to demonstrate the fault as it could go off at any time.

He also stressed, "When you join you cease to become girls – you are cadets and will be treated as such."

Lieutenant Hutchison told us of the rigorous training, such as the Barry Buddon assault course and the Summer Camp.

After years of spending at least a week every year

under canvas, rousing myself at seven to attempt to light a fire that had sufficient heat to cook fish cakes as a Girl Guide, I was astounded to find that the cadets sleep in buildings, with food and various amenities provided.

Lieutenant Steele related the extra-curricular opportunities, such as first-aid or fire-fighting courses, skiing, camping, ice and rock climbing and life-saving, all geared to render the participant a more useful member of society.

By the culmination of the speeches the facts were clear. If you were the type of person inspired by long hikes, strenuous exercise and danger, the cadet corps was for you, otherwise you were in for a rough time.

Miss Sim, a former pupil, now one of the gym teachers, has offered to be the officer . . .

Although at the moment many girls intend joining because of the novelty, hopefully the movement will become as popular with the girls as with the boys, as there is little doubt the influence is useful.

Avril Jack F III

### THE SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS CLUB

The SSC was founded in 1912 by Stanley Nairne, when he took away a small group of Edinburgh boys for a long weekend. Since then the club has established branches in Glasgow, Greenock and Edinburgh and, most recently Dundee. The aim of the club is to 'help its members to discover the full meaning of the Christian faith'. The club runs various camps throughout the year, from a weekend in one of the club's three hostels, to a fortnight at the clubs newly acquired campsite at Struan in Perthshire.

The summer camp at Struan is co-ordinated by the Counties Branch and attracts boys from all over Scotland. As well as the two week summer camp, the SSC run a Rugby camp and a 'special' camp for under-privileged children at Struan. A typical day at camp starts at 8.00 am with 'reveille' and breakfast. In the morning, matters of topical interest and importance are discussed and is followed by a comprehensive inter-ent sports programme. During the afternoon you are free to do as you like. After tea there is usually a 'wide-game' when the whole camp has the chance to take part in 'manhunts' or inter billet sports. This is followed by one of the highlights of the camp - the nightly sing-

song, where songs, instrumental items and various sketches are presented on stage.

After a short epilogue, supper is served before going to bed.

The Dundee branch led the field in being the first mixed branch when it was formed in 1965. The branch has around 200 school members, the main contingent coming from Dundee High School. Even so, membership in other schools such as Harris and Grove Academy is on the increase.

The branch is organised by a committee who meet monthly to organise disco's, sports nights and weekends. The very successful Dundee branch Easter camp is held at Dalguise, near Dunkeld, and attracts around 150 people every year. With a national membership in the region of 1500 the club needs a full time organiser who at the national office in Glasgow deals with most of the clubs affairs.

Any person at a senior school is eligible to join by paying a small fee to his school representative or branch secretary (£1.00 for Dundee branch). The club is a lot of good fun and means a lot to many people who have found many new friends through camps and interbranch activities.

Further details of the SSC are available from:  
Iain M. Gillespie, National Organiser,  
SSC House, 39 Lansdowne Crescent,  
Glasgow G20 6NH

DHS School Reps.  
1981-82 Robert Andrew 1982-83 Alastair Nicol

Robert Andrew F6

### INVADER FROM SPACE

He was doing very well; three aliens were well and truly shot down. He had seen them from the front of the aircraft, Neptune 2 of which he was the pilot. Suddenly he saw another coming into his sights! He was quick, and down went the alien. He dodged a meteor and shot down another. Then it happened, a huge alien appeared, he was shot down - a pity, he had enjoyed his game of Space Invaders.

Colin George LGG

# SKI TRIP 1981

It was terrible! Every minute of it! We didn't know what we were letting ourselves in for when we stepped aboard the plane at Glasgow, but we were soon to find out. Two exploding Coke bottles at Verona Airport provided the security guards with a bit of excitement, before we set out on the gruelling three-hour bus journey to Marilleva.

At the Residence Kristall, our home for the next week, further horrors awaited us. The squalid little bedrooms had only one bathroom each, and a fridge (which did, however, prove useful for preventing our Mars Bars from going soggy!) From the windows, we were subjected to dizzying views of the valley, and the snow-capped mountains above.

This, then, was our home, but what of the skiing itself? It too, was rather a nightmare. Every day, having been dragged out of bed at some uncivilized hour, bussed ten miles to Folgarida, faces getting greener by the minute (and the 2-bend) and hauled up the mountainside in cablecars, we were flogged across the icy wastes for endless hours. Our sadistic instructors (photos of Paulo and Daniel still available - Fan Club address from Gill) pushed, pulled, cursed, and cajoled us, trying to get us down the slope in one piece (and almost succeeding!) in the process getting us wet, footsore, and bumweary.

However we did find a retreat from these horrors - the "Refugio Orso Brunio" - would you believe the "refuge for a

brown bear" - but they let us in anyway - which was right on top of the 8000ft mountain. There, we soaked up the sun, consequently getting scarlet noses, and prepared ourselves for the afternoon's skiing ahead. While some of us stuffed ourselves with pizza, others preferred to stare from the balcony into the yawning abyss, getting some idea of our universal significance as we gazed over several hundred square miles of snow and rock.

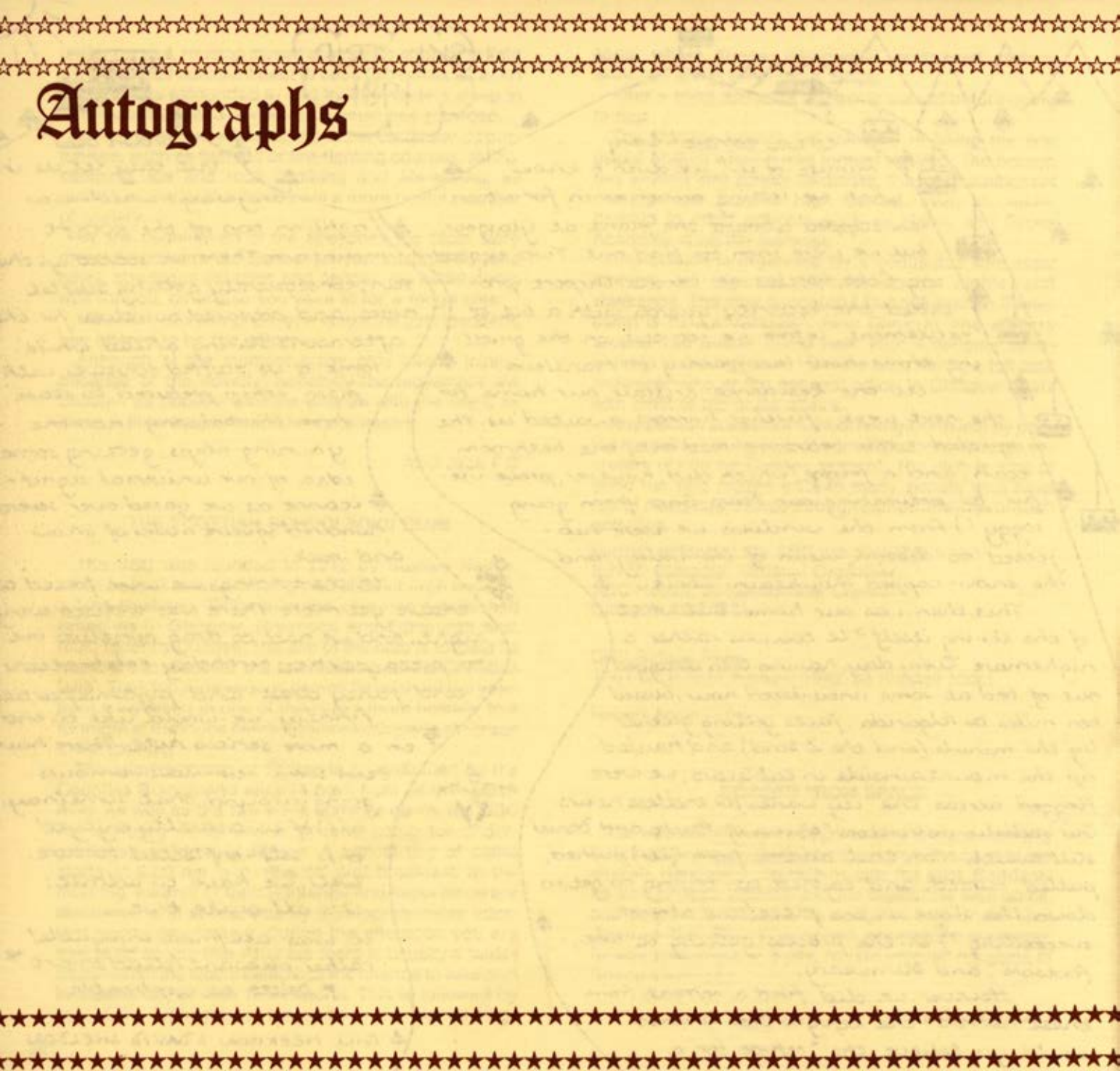
In the evenings we were forced to endure yet more. There was a disco every night, and we had to drag ourselves out to pizza parties, birthday celebrations and fancy dress - and - pyjama parties. Finally, we would like to end on a more serious note. There have been some scurrilous rumours going around that some (nay, all) of us actually enjoyed this self-inflicted torture. Well, we have to admit; it's all quite true.

It was ace / most enjoyable / rather pleasant / dead smart.\*

\* Delete as applicable.

GILL MEERSON & DAVID SHELDON

# Autographs





**FORM V 1981-82**

In 1981 a square bomb was dropped on Britain – the RUBIC CUBE.

With its twisting and turning I find I'm confused,  
This cubic puzzle can leave one bemused;  
As no maths genius, I'm not at all game,  
For the brainteasing toy that's earned widespread fame.  
But still I endeavor, despite frustration,  
For it holds a kind of "can't-put-it-down" fascination.  
And more rubic riddles are now in the making;  
To leave us all whippiting, cubing and snaking.

Rachal Holmes LV1G

### GHOSTS

In the 17th century people believed in ghosts. Nowadays people think nothing of them, But, what was it like in the 17th Century? There must have been robber ghosts, spooky ghosts, stupid ghosts, old ghosts, and big ghosts Robber ghosts what were they? Ghosts who robbed people stole all their money, jewelery all sorts of stuff, Spooky ghosts, Everyones heard of them, the ones that go "Wooooo" in the night, Stupid Ghosts, These are twitty ghosts, They committed suicide, Old ghosts, These are old, they can live for two centurys Big ghosts, they are the kings, they worked non-stop. All day and night, but, I think ghosts are nothing

Robin Young L3B

### QUICK QUIZ

1. What country had in 1977 a defence budget of £2?
2. How many people were in the biggest crowd ever recorded?
3. How many operations can the most powerful computer handle?
4. When was the earliest appendix operation performed?
5. What is the highest score in an F.A. Cup match?
6. What is the lowest a limbo dancer has passed under a bar?

Answers  
(1) 12,700,000 (2) 12,700,000 (3) 560,000,000 per second (4) 1736 (5) 26-0 (6) 15 1/2 cm

D. Jeffrey

### MY FAVOURITE TOY

My favourite toy is a tank. Tanks have big guns I have a tank and it is battery powered It has eight wheels. It is a four wheel drive. I have seen a real tank. It had very very big guns. I got in it. It was good.

Jamie Mitchell L1B

### IN THE PLAYGROUND

In the Playground people play football, some play British Bulldogs. The playground is very big. People are allowed to use it as a car park. When the seniors come they say "Shove, we're playing football here" We stay there and pester them, (since we were there first) until the bell rings.

I like playing football.

Robin Young

### MY FAVOURITE FOOD

I love strawberries they are sweet. I like radishes and celery. On hot days I like ice cream to cool me. I like Tomarto soup and lentil soup. I like biscuits. I love spergetee and spergetee hoops. I like pancakes. I love fried potatoes. I love eggs. I like chicken and meat. I love cheese it is lovely. I like oranges and tanjareens. I love sandwiches with cheese in the middle. I like cakes with icing on top.

Clare Suggett L3B

I like mins and pitatose because I like the lumpes and I like to micx it in but I do not like brusulspots because it is all gooee inside and I do not like carits or cabjes and I do not like green pees ather but I do like sosijis and I allso like fish and cips.

Ewan McGill L1A

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DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL

## 'La Belle Hélène'

This year the opera 'La Belle Hélène' will be a special performance for nearly everyone in the school. This is because a large part of the school has taken part in the producing and performing of the opera.

The opera has its largest number of chorus singers and principals who have been rehearsing with the music department since the beginning of the school year.

For the first time the Home Economics department have made all the costumes for the whole cast. (That includes around 70 chorus costumes and 16 principal

costumes).

The technical department have volunteered again to do the scenery that is necessary for the opera. This will include scenes of the Temple of Jupiter, the Queen's apartment in the palace and the beach. Breast plates and helmets have been made by the Art department. They have ingeniously modelled them on dustbins.

As usual, Mr Chynoweth, head of the English department is producing the opera.

All in all, it should be a memorable performance. People are advised to buy the tickets as early as possible to avoid the 'big rush'.



## LA BELLE WHO?

I admit that I, like many, thought that if you were going to appreciate anything from the classics, then you had to be a University Don or a looney (if the two are not one in the same), and that if you were going to appreciate anything other than Gilbert and Sullivan in the world, then you had to be a Mozart buff from Covent Garden or Placido Domingo, but I was wrong.

For I have discovered 'La Belle Hélène' by Offenbach (who?) a French composer – which is a quite superb mixture of light and tuneful operetta music, and the 'episode' from the Greek Classics that comes just before the Trojan War, only told in understandable language. What more could Dundonians' hearts desire? – (especially about the third week in June – Well it usually rains a bit then), and make no mistake, when a production has much drama, wit and romance as this

one, tickets for the World Cup Final will be more easily had.

The story is of course a better kept secret than the recipe for coke, unless you can read Greek and look up the original, but suffice to say that the Hélène in the title is the same remarkable lady who put in so much overtime launching ships, and when she is about, anything can happen, (and it does!)

So you have been warned, the build up has begun – goodness knows if the rep will be able to stand the competition – and mark these words, the 16th -19th June will not only be enlightenment for those ignorant hitherto, but it will also be **great fun**; backstage, on stage and in the house, and that is guaranteed.

So cancel your holidays, sell your televisions and burn your World Cup guides, and BE THERE!!

David Paterson FV1





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## A 50 MILE MARATHON!

It may be impressive to see on a university application form, "has attained her Gold Duke of Edinburgh's Award . . .", but do people realise how much hard work, sweat and tears go into achieving this little badge?

We decided to find out the hard way – by taking part!

Our four day hike/marathon was preceded by two practise weekends under the supervision of an instructor from Ancrum Activities Centre.

Nevertheless, we were unprepared for having chosen the worst weekend in late September because it absolutely poured with rain for four days!

The first day was extremely gruelling as we were not in the least bit used to carrying thirty-four pound rucksacks containing tents, pots and pans, dry clothes, and the all-important food.

As well as this we also had to suffer snide comments from the other two groups because we were **always** last!

Our expedition took us from Glen Doll through the Lairig Ghru to Blair Atholl and this included many mishaps and various accidents. On the first day we almost lost Susan when she went "diving" into an icy burn. This made her thoroughly cold, wet, and miserable. After that first day we simply collapsed into our tents.

The second day began with troubles because Katharine's cords ripped at the top of her leg while she was climbing over a fence and later on, Susanne was suffering from torn ligaments in her foot, but we kept our spirits up by singing! The rest of the day passed in a flurry of rain and wind!

The Lairig Ghru formed the next day's walk and this was much easier because as it was a circular route, we left our tents pitched and carried only the bare essentials.

On this particular day, the rain got gradually worse and we were all glad to have an excellent leader in Alison, who navigated us round bogs. Eventually, we reached our tents and took them down as quickly as possible to save everything from getting too wet inside, packed up, and headed down the glen as soon as we could to our next camp site before it became too dark.

However, we never reached it because the River Till was in full spate and uncrossable. So, instead, we spent the night in a dilapidated bothy with twelve other expeditionists, five Glaswegian Venture Scouts and one German! We then realised how useful it was to be girls

because we soon had front seats around a roaring fire, but the rest of the "D. of E" people, being boys, had to stand around the back while we got the full benefit of the heat! In the evening we talked, listened to the wind above the sound of their tape recorder and ate caviare – yes, caviare at the foot of the Lairig Ghru!

At last, our final day came after an extremely stormy night. We discovered that all the rivers down to Blair Atholl were uncrossable, so, instead, we had to go back to Braemar.

That last day was definitely the worst because we were on a road virtually the whole way and, yes . . . you've guessed it; it was raining!

We didn't think we would ever run again, but when the minibus suddenly appeared around the corner, we strained every aching muscle in our bodies and ran as best we could to it!

If this appeals to you, and you do not mind being extremely cold, wet and miserable, why not start Duke of Edinburgh for "Friday 9" . . . the rest is fun, honest!

by the intrepid explorers:

Susanne, Susan, Alison,  
Grace, Katharine and Veronica (F.P.)

## MY FAVOURITE THINGS – THE FIVE SENSES

The song 'My Favourite Things' sung by Julie Andrews in 'The Sound of Music', seems crazy when you are told of the favourite things in her life. But just the other day I noticed my mistake! Seated on the snow covered banks of the River Earn, eating corned beef hash, which on most occasions is the most unappetising food I know of, was for once the most delicious and delightful meal I have ever tasted.

When you think about it, all your thoughts and feelings come from the five senses without which you would not know you existed.

The loss of the sense of touch is probably the one I would miss most: imagine not being able to feel the hot water of a bath lapping around your body; or the softness of a newly washed woollen jumper as you put it on. Walking along the street you would almost certainly stumble and fall as you would not know when your feet touched the ground; in that case, just to feel the ground would be my favourite thing. Feeling my bus money in my pocket and to know that it is there, is a great relief to me. Once, I even thought catching a bus was good fun and

exciting! How stupid I was then, or was I? Then it was exciting. Today it is boring and natural and that just goes to prove how quickly your favourite things change.

Taste and smell in most cases are lost together but, for arguments sake, let us say you have lost taste but still retain smell. Imagine smelling roast turkey and then not tasting it. I could not stand it, being a great believer in good food. The smell of spring in the glens, or of apple blossom, fresh from the tree, but no you're not allowed these and then you realise that they are some of your favourite things. To smell the streets of Dundee may not be the nicest thing in your life but your curiosity may well be aroused when you walk past the bakers or even a bus, but then you cannot smell them, so the streets of Dundee become one of your favourite things; but maybe, maybe the dustbin men could do without smell!

There are thousands of colours in the world, millions, an infinite number, all different, all artistic, all interesting. You would never be able to get the full image of a picture without sight, even the best description would not give you every detail. To look at an orange peel and discover all the different colours and wrinkles. Not to see it ever again would be difficult. The multitude of colours in the sunset across the Tay, the television set that keeps you glued to its screen, a decorated christmas tree, a rib of beef freshly roasted, a salmon leaping from a pool of glistening water, the flowers coming to life in the city park, the football spinning into the corner of the net, the blue Mediteranean or even a beautiful girl, but you cannot have these: they are locked away in your blindness.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra playing 'Land of Hope and Glory', I would miss that. The last night of the proms, the place where sound, sound and sound again, is at its best. Water falling merrily into a pool, a steam train, the popping of champagne corks as they part from the bottle, are all things I like to hear but cannot. Music comes to people in different ways, classical, pop or jazz, people appreciate different sounds. The doorbell, dogs barking joyfully, laughter, these are all things that you have every day but without them life would be very dull.

As you might have gathered my favourite things change rapidly. What will tomorrow be like? In spite of all this, you could never do without your family, friends and colleagues because they fulfill you in every way. Other people therefore are you most valued and your constant favourites because without them to share your favourite things, it all becomes meaningless.

Andrew Woodward FIB3

## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

January is a cold bleak month but soon the Snowdrops will appear. In the Language of Flowers Snowdrops mean hope. These are followed by the Crocus which signify youthful gladness. The Saffron Crocus is mirth. Amongst them will grow the Aconite standing for lustre which is not surprising because of its bright yellow petals. Spring is not complete without the Daffodil for regard, and the Tulip for fame. The red Rose is a declaration of love. Throughout the year the message of the flowers continues.

Diana J. Scott LVIR

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

During my Christmas holidays we went for a picnic in the snow. We took sledges and went to the country with the Murdochs. Daddy's car got stuck on the way up a hill and nearly slid down the presipis. Our hands were very cold. We had our picnic in a barn on a friend's farm. It was very draughty. On the way home Daddy got his car stuck again but we managed to push him out. It was a nice day.

Stephen King LVB

## SUNRISE

It was damp and gloomy with not much light but then on the horizon a faint light started to come up. Later on the sky was a glowing red as if on fire and the clouds were outlined with a faint touch of purple. The sky and clouds reflected on the water and everything was still. The bright sun rose in the sky and the clouds became white and the sky an innocent blue as if nothing had ever happened.

Christine Lumsden LVIG



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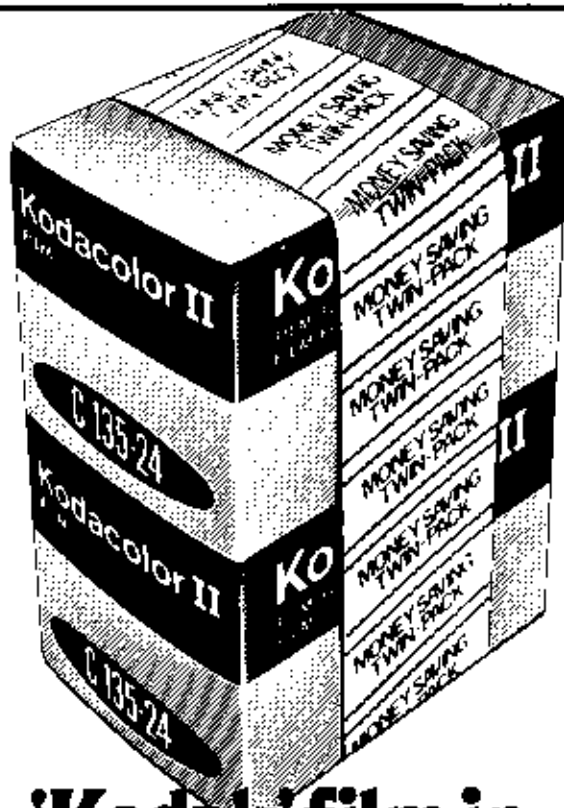
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# MAGNIFICENT COOKING

## MOUSSAKA

### INGREDIENTS:

200 g potatoes (washed, peeled and sliced)  
2 tablespoons cooking oil  
½ onion (peeled and sliced)  
150 g raw minced beef  
100 g canned tomatoes  
Seasoning

### SAUCE

12 g plain flour  
12 g margarine  
125 ml. milk  
Seasoning  
50 g Cheddar cheese (grated)  
Garnish – Parsley, washed and chopped

UTENSILS – 500 ml ovenware dish  
OVEN – Gas mark 5 or 190°C  
TIME – Preparation 25 mins.  
Cooking 30-35 mins.  
SERVINGS – 2

### METHOD

1. Heat oil and fry potatoes slowly, until soft.
2. Remove from pan and drain.
3. Add onion to oil, fry slowly until soft. Add mince and brown.
4. Add tomatoes and juice to mince mixture. Mix well and season.
5. Arrange potato slices on base of ovenware dish, pour minced beef mixture on top.
6. Sauce – Melt margarine in saucepan. Add flour and cook for 1 Minute. Withdraw pan from heat.
7. Gradually stir in milk. Return pan to heat, and stirring constantly, cook sauce. Add 25 g of cheese to sauce. Season.
8. Pour sauce over meat mixture and sprinkle remainder of cheese on top.
9. Bake for approx. 30 mins. until mixture is cooked and top is golden brown.
10. Garnish and serve.



## RUM TRUFFLES

### INGREDIENTS:

10 ozs. Cadburys milk chocolate  
2½ fl. ozs double cream  
3 ozs. fresh butter  
3-5 teaspoons rum

### METHOD:

Melt 8 ozs. chocolate in a double boiler with cream. When dissolved add butter broken up and rum. Mix well. Leave overnight in fridge. Roll into balls and roll in 2 oz. grated chocolate.

### IF YOUR NO GOOD AT COOKING

If your no good at cooking,  
Can't fry or bake,  
Here's something you can always make.  
Take three very ordinary slices of bread,  
Stack the second on the first one's head.  
Stack the third on top of that.  
There! You're three slices lying flat.  
So what have you got?  
A BREAD SANDWICH.  
That's what!  
Why not?

C. F. Stothers

Ruth V. Morris LVIR



### THE WOODLAND BAND

Out from a bramble bush, out of a hole,  
Here comes three field-mice, and there is the mole.  
They all carry instruments to play in a band,  
In pockets, on carts, under arm, or in hand.  
Toad and Dan Doremouse, Ruth Rabbit, Sam Shrew,  
Will all be performing, and many more too.

Oswald Owl (conductor), all stately and smart,  
With his stick, signals all of the creatures to start.  
Then, with the hoot of a trumpet,  
and the bang of a drum,  
Everyone's glad that the music's begun.  
With Dan at the flute and mice on the harp,  
The great Woodland Band ne'er miss flat nor sharp.

Sam he plays the piccolo,  
and Toad blows hard the horn,  
The squirrels on the violins have  
practised all the morn!  
Many more of the creatures I have not mentioned yet,  
But hedgehog, fox, and badger all mastered clarinet.  
You may wonder why this practising may be,  
It's because they plan to entertain King Unicorn at tea!

Maia Forrester LVIG

-LE-

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## MY VISIT TO SPAIN

Last summer I visited my friends in Spain. They live in a Barcelona suburb half-way up a mountain – great for climbing in the mid-day heat. It certainly worked up an appetite. But wait, one did not eat till two o'clock, at the earliest. When the food was eventually served our mouths began to water. We often started with sea-food which was deliciously fresh. Secondly we were given a plate of chicken, vegetables, bacon and chips. Not very Spanish, is it? The way the food was cooked was different though. Everything was deep fried in gallons of cooking oil. This tasted delicious and each herb added a delicate flavour. Once the plate was cleared another was slipped in front of me. This plate was full of fruit. How refreshing! Just after we washed up another snack was being prepared. Chocolate sandwiches!! They were quite edible!



In the evening we journeyed down the winding road so we could see some spectacular sights. We visited the harbour which was brightly lit. The deep blue sky and sea, which twinkled with stars, made each light round the statue of Christopher Columbus shine even more brightly. This was a beautiful scene.

After this we visited the Monumental Fountains. They were cleverly coloured so they contrasted with the sky. There were different shades of pink and green water cascading into the night sky. Once we had seen this we passed by the temple of the "Sagrada Familia". All the intricate masonry was lit and the four spires were pointing, splendidly, to heaven.

We completed our evening with dinner consisting of octopus and squid at "Flash Flash" a well known Barcelonan restaurant.

Debbie Stiven Fill

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### **A LETTER FROM KENYA**

There have been many changes since I started teaching at this school, Giriarakwa, on the 1st of February. The other school was useless as the headmaster was never there – discipline was pathetic. Because of the KCE ('O' level exams) the double stream classes were put together. This meant "teaching" one hundred pupils in a class. They had no fear of punishment because they knew the headmaster was not there. There were also one or two unpleasant teachers, who tried to make life as difficult as possible for us. So, we left. We arrived here about a week ago, and have settled in well. The house is very nice, with a fireplace, but the only drawbacks are bats which fly into your face when you are sleeping, a wasps' bike in the main room, and rats. I have never yet got out of bed to see them, remembering descriptions of "rats as big as footballs in the trenches during the First World War."

Speaking of history, I am teaching history to Forms 1 and 2, and English to Forms 1, 2, and 3. This is made very difficult owing to the fact that there is only one book per subject (which I have) and some very outdated books from the Canadian Mission, one with a picture of "his Majesty King George VI, the current reigning monarch" in it, and all the history books refer to British people as the "English" and the "Scotch" – which riles me intensely!

The school is still very young – only formed in 1976 – and still needs much support. We are up in the fertile hills where just about everything you can think of is grown: sugar cane, coffee, tea, mangoes, pawpaws, bananas, sweet potatoes . . .

We get milk delivered to us every day from the cow next door.

It is nearly the end of dinnertime and I have yet another two lessons to read. I am desperately trying to remember all about Prehistoric man and the Industrial Revolution. If only I had paid more attention at school . . .

Yours,  
Nicola Picton

# INSIDE

Inside

Shadows crowd echoes, as light  
Sparkles darkly.

Confusion well understood  
In whirling tranquility.

Ephemeral shafts probe and touch  
Corners rounded, spheres jagged  
At the steely impress  
Of torpid emotion.

Blind vision; paroxysms of guilt  
As wraiths of experience wisp,

Cloying: horizons yawn before.

Snowy-haired infant raises its head  
And smiles

Inside.

Sally Mann '85

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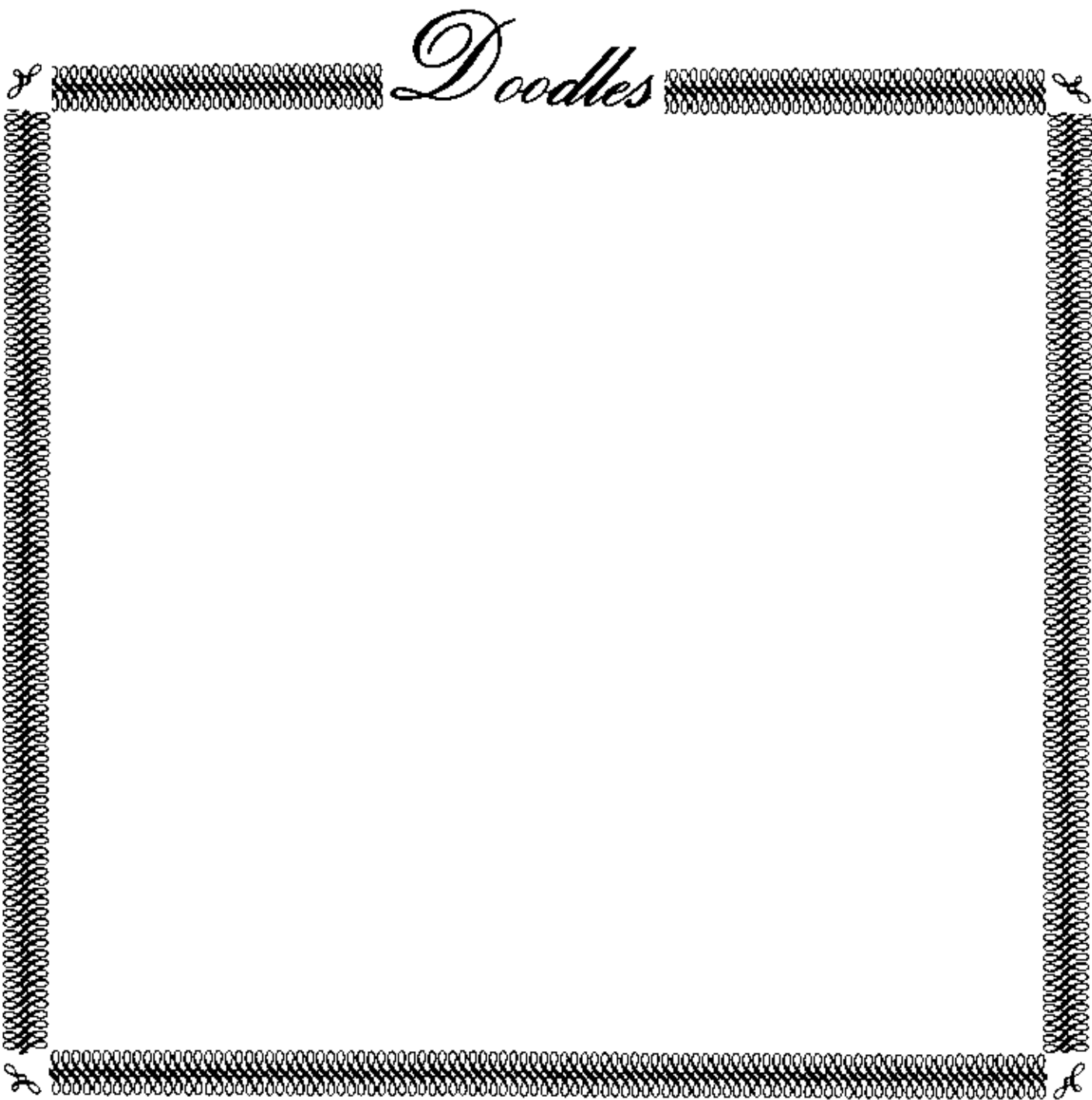
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