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FOREWORD



"The first year of a new era" is rather a daunting title to bear, yet that is in fact what the session chronicled in these pages represents. The session, on which we look back, is the first in which the School has enjoyed complete independent status. It has not, however, been a new beginning, but more a continuation of the same. The time is not conducive to anything else. Set inauspiciously within a context of national uncertainty and unrelieved by noteworthy school anniversaries the session seemed initially to have little to commend it, apart from honest toil and noble endeavour. Nevertheless, in spite of such apparently unpromising conditions an eagerness, shown by staff and pupils alike, to seize every opportunity for positive action has contrived to produce one of the most rewarding sessions of recent years.

This is why the review of its features, successes and achievements, contained within this magazine, shows that effort and enthusiasm can in the end produce impressive results. The numerous extra-curricular activities continue to flourish around the many nuclei of enthusiasts. The House System, currently undergoing reappraisal, responds favourably to new initiatives. The flow of creative writing continues unabated to reach the editorial desk, and regret is expressed that the necessary limitations of space do not allow many articles to be included. The success of the Interact Club, established under the auspices of the Dundee Rotary Club, gives enormous pleasure; its activities in fund-raising for charities and its response to human need, such as the Band Aid Appeal for food for Ethiopia, have helped the club come of age very quickly. The developing programme of trips abroad continues to attract pupils in large numbers, and the pleasure and benefit derived are obvious from the accounts of the participants. Finally, to complement the facets of school life portrayed in the magazine, there is included the series of notes on former pupils — a section which interests so many readers of our wider community.

Once again the production of the magazine is in the hands of Mr Cunningham of the Art Department with the editorial board led by Mr Baxter and Mr Durchein. Mr Colin Stuart attends to the business management, assisted this year by Miss Christie of the Mathematics Department. These members of staff and their pupil helpers have placed us in their debt for the time and effort they have devoted to producing this annual magazine so eagerly awaited by all sections of the school community.

The life of a busy, thriving school is something to be experienced and enjoyed rather than recollected in tranquillity. It is for this reason that we are all the more grateful to all who have contributed to provide a tapestry of the life and thought of this session. It is a task performed so efficiently by the school magazine over the years. This present production is worthy of its predecessors.

The Rector,

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SCHOOL

STAFF NEWS

In the course of session 1985-86 a number of changes took place in the staff of the School.

To those colleagues to whom we bade farewell we offer our thanks for their contribution to the life and work of the School during their stay with us: Mrs H. M. Sieber (Preparatory Department) to whom we offer congratulations on the birth of her daughter, and Miss E. M. L. Anderson (Classics), to whom we offer congratulations on her marriage and best wishes for her new life in Inverness. We offer our best wishes for a long and happy retirement to Mrs J. C. B. Bewick (Modern Languages), who retires after five years of invaluable service, and to Mrs P. M. Allardice (Preparatory Department) retiring after many years of devoted service to the School.

During the session we were pleased to welcome new colleagues to the staff: Mrs C. A. Sinclair (Science), Mrs G. Rennet (Geography), Mr P. A. McKenzie (Head of French). To our new colleagues we extend a warm welcome and to all we express the hope that they will be happy in their new posts. In addition we have received valuable assistance on a part-time or temporary basis from Mrs C. M. Herald (Preparatory Department), Mrs G. Wood (Junior Department), Mrs A. McMecken (Mathematics), Mr J. Cowie (Modern Languages), Mrs H. Anderson (Classics), and we would wish to express to them our appreciation.

NOTABLE SUCCESSES 1986

The High School maintained its fine record in the Mathematical Challenge competition this year with Graeme A. Hunter FV, David J. Vaughan FV, William H. Tunstall-Pedoe FV and Brian G. O. Scott FIV all gaining awards. The first two named were placed on the prize list and the other two were highly commended by the Scottish Mathematical Council.

PITLOCHRY VISIT

I had speculated about "The Crucifer of Blood", from the first time I heard about Form I's proposed visit to Pitlochry Theatre, until the moment I arrived. Always I had imagined the play would be pathetically acted by a group of amateurs. But, the instant the curtains opened, I realised how wrong I had been.

The acting was first-class and totally professional while the scenery exceeded all expectations. The special effects were fabulous — in the last scene I actually thought I was roving through the London fog with Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson towards the villain's yacht. The story-line, although sometimes a little difficult to follow, was otherwise absorbing and kept me on the edge of my seat till the final word.

So, with marvellous scenery, brilliant acting and fabulous effects, what more could you want for a memorable day out at the Theatre?

Julia Walker and Fraser Scott, FI

EDEN ESTUARY PROJECT

During the Summer of 1985, a team of Fifth Year pupils — with the help of the Biology Department — compiled an extensive project on the flora and fauna of the Eden Estuary. The team comprised of Thomas Morris, Raoul Machin, Andrew Woodward, Niall Keddie, Valerie Tait, Elaine Foreman, Anna Brimacombe, and Vivienne Lloyd. The project was entered for the Confederation Life Water Environment Studies Award, and attained a position in the final six, chosen from the whole of Scotland.

The aim of the award was to assist in developing an awareness, among people of the serious threat to Scotland's freshwater and marine environment, and its future. The winning study was the one that, in the opinion of an independent panel of judges, most effectively identified, investigated and analysed this threat.

Prizes to the value of £5,000 were awarded with Dundee High School coming a creditable fifth.

SCRIPTURE UNION

Scripture Union has been called the best publicised activity within Dundee High School, so you've no excuse for not knowing that it exists. You may, however, be wondering what Scripture Union actually is.

Scripture Union is an international movement, founded in 1867, and now represented in over 90 countries worldwide. ("Scripture Union today has a dark face, blond hair, wears a kimono and speaks Spanish.") It is interdenominational, "helping many through its wide variety of activities to understand the Christian Faith, with particular emphasis on daily Bible reading." In Scotland, Scripture Union is perhaps best known for the camps and holidays that it has been running for over 45 years.

The school group's programme this session has been both active and varied. In addition to praise, prayer and bible study, we have welcomed speakers from within the group, from the school, as a whole, and from Churches and Scripture Union, both locally, and further afield. Talks have often been ingeniously illustrated! Drama, and puzzles and quizzes, have also formed part of our meetings.

Video-watching, walking, silly party games, discussion, praise, planning and food have been some of the reasons for out-of-school meetings!

At Christmas, the group sang carols at the Dundee Limb-Fitting Centre. Stamps have been collected for S.U. Scotland's Funds, and a special thank-you is due to those outside the group who helped in this project.

A big thank-you is due also to all the many people who have helped D.H.S. S.U. through the past year.

Now that you know what it's all about why don't you come along to S.U.? You're assured of a very warm welcome. As we've been saying on our posters all year, "*All Welcome. Admission Free!*"

THE 1st EUROPEAN HIGH SCHOOL CONFERENCE

Last summer around 150 young Christians, active in schools and churches in countries as differing as Canada and Poland, attended the 1st European High School Conference in Maulbronn-Schmie (near Stuttgart in Southern Germany). The theme of the conference was: "I will give you a future and a hope" (Jeremiah Chapter 29, verse 11) and in connection with International Youth Year some topics suggested by the United Nations (including Peace, Responsibility, the Future) were considered.

The many people who seem to think that there is an 11th Commandment, "Thou shalt not have fun," ought to have been at the Conference. Of course it was all done, "in the best possible taste." The Scots girl who collected the boys' sleeping bags, placed them on the island in the middle of the boating lake, and then pushed the rowing boat out into the lake, no doubt did this in order to cultivate International Friendship. (If someone swims out to retrieve your sleeping bag wouldn't you feel grateful?)

The problem with many get-togethers of this sort is that the "emotional high" and the good intentions all too often disappear once away from the group, and back into the day-to-day routine. With this Conference, it was hoped that the excitement and encouragement of those at the Conference would be, not only retained, but passed onto others.

Part of the Conference statement reads: "We need to be aware that the Christian West is once more a missionfield. We therefore want to find new ways of bringing people, who are disappointed with Christianity as they understand it, face to face with Jesus Christ."

That surely, would be the best way to remember the Conference.

Gordon A. Campbell
Scripture Union Scotland
Conference Delegation



DUX MEDALLISTS

GUIDES

As usual, the School Guide Company has enjoyed a very full year of many and varied activities. The Girl Guides' Association celebrated its 75th anniversary in 1985, and the Company took part in several events connected with this occasion. Most of the Guides were involved in a Pageant put on by the City of Dundee Girl Guides, which celebrated Dundee's History and the anniversary of Guiding at the same time — our Company was responsible for acting the story of William Wallace, a famous Old Boy of the school, and for singing the School Song. The Pageant was enjoyed greatly by all those who participated, as it was by all those who went to see its performances.

There was no Company Camp due to the unfortunate illness of our Guider, Mrs Miller; but several Guides managed to go to camps nevertheless. Some joined other Guide Companies, and made new friends, while others had the good fortune to go to national and international camps held to celebrate Guiding's 75th anniversary — Iona Grant and Fiona Bowie went to the camp held at Benn-Y-Gloe, while Emma Vincent was one of two Ranger Guides who represented Scotland at an International Touring Drama Event in Newfoundland.

The Company was very encouraged by the large group of new Guides who joined us at the beginning of the school year, many of them coming from the school's large Brownie Pack, to whom we were sorry to lose one of our Young Leaders, Ashley Swan, for two terms this year. The anniversary events still continuing, the Company joined the rest of the Division for a special campfire held on Balgay Hill at the beginning of September. Also in this month, the Guides enjoyed an outdoor day in Tentsmuir Forest, learning about trails and tracking, and ending with a campfire in the evening. The Promise Ceremony was held in mid-October, and the new Guides were enrolled. As usual, the Guides paraded on Armistice Day, and were praised for their smart turn-out.

Throughout the year, the Guides have been working hard for many different badges, three of the most popular being Flower Arranger, Accident Prevention, and First Aid. Thinking Day was celebrated as usual in February, when we learned new songs, dances, and games from other countries. The international flavour was continued when the Guides were given a demonstration of how to wind, fold, and wear an Indian sari. During the course of the year, still more Guides had joined the Company, filling the Patrols to bursting point; and by the end of the Easter term, we made the pleasing discovery that we had enough Guides to form another patrol, and so the Kingfisher Patrol was reborn.

During this summer term, the Guides are being fortunate enough to have the use of Mayfield for their weekly meetings. The Company is a young one, though enthusiastic, and so the Guides are taking advantage of this opportunity to learn some campcraft before the Company Camp this summer. The camp will be held, as in previous years, at the Sims' farm at Morton, in Fife. The Company is greatly looking forward to returning here, and also to welcoming back for the occasion Mrs Walsh, Guider of the Company in previous years, and Sarah Vaughan, an old Guide and Young Leader of the Company.

The Company has had an exciting year, and we offer our sincere thanks to all

those who have helped to make it so enjoyable — to the School, to the Girl Guide Association, to parents, friends, and those who have come to demonstrate their skills or test the Guides for badges during the year. Especially we thank our two hard-worked Guiders, Mrs Miller and Miss Knight.

We look forward to another happy year of Guiding, joined, we hope by many more new Guides.

Emma Vincent, Young Leader

GOING WHERE NO LAB HAS GONE BEFORE . . .

A Summary of the Computer Centre

One thing you can guarantee about the High School of Dundee Computer Centre is that it never looks the same each time you visit it, such is the march of technology within the School.

The two major developments in the last year were the setting-up of a second computer laboratory with two computer consoles (who says that they look like the Tardis?) and the introduction of a local Viewdata System, the High School's answer to the BBC's Ceefax System. Anyone passing by the Rector's Office can see at the press of a button the wide variety of activities going on around the School: this has recently been extended nationwide with the result that, for example, a former pupil anywhere in Britain with suitable facilities can find out what is happening in the School.

The second laboratory and the installation of a sophisticated new computer system have resulted in a high degree of flexibility in every department within the School. For example, the Chemistry Department is directly linked by cable into the computing facilities and the Classics Department have brought over classes regularly to learn vocabulary and how to capture Rome with the minimum of losses!

Any member of the School is welcome at any time to use the word-processors, databases and wide range of software facilities, as well as simply to learn some programming.

Remember, though, don't leave it too long . . . you may not recognise the place next time you visit it!

C. Stuart
Computing



SIXTH YEAR 1985-86

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

Over the past year, the Literary and Debating Society has once again been very successful. With the senior meetings being held on the last Thursday of each month and the Junior ones occupying most Tuesday Lunchtimes, a great variation of activities have taken place with the Junior's balloon debate being a notable success.

The 'Lit and Deb' Burns Supper although not very well attended turned out to be a most enjoyable evening. Our thanks therefore must go to all those who helped to organise it and who entertained us especially the guest speakers, Dr. Ferrier of Dundee University and "Super-gran" herself, Mrs Jenny Wood-Allen. The seniors among us have also been to social events at Kilgraston and Dollar Academy where we have very much enjoyed evenings of debate followed by a few hours of "Bopping" at their discos.

The school has yet again been commended for its high standard of debaters and public speakers who have taken part in no less than five competitions since the beginning of the session. The debators, namely Shona Watson FV, Graham Paterson FIII, Stuart Pemble, Stephen Nimmo, Alice Mee and Mary Begg, all of FIV, between them took part in the Press and Journal, the Bank of Scotland and the E.S.U. Debating Competitions where most of them reached the semi-final in each one and I am sure they will all be in the finals next year! Nicholas Haining and Vicki Vaughan of FVI and Connie McGill and Wendy Nicoll of FV were the school's public speakers this year and took part in the E.S.U. and the United Nations competitions. In grand style Connie, Wendy and Nick won the U.N., with Nick also being awarded the prize for the best chairman. Congratulations to all who participated and performed so well!

However, without the help of members of staff especially Miss Dickson, Mrs Nash, Mrs McKinnon, Mr Durham and, of course, Miss Anderson who left us to go to Inverness after getting married in December, the 'Lit and Deb' would not be able to survive! Because of this support we are eagerly looking forward to hopefully yet another successful and prosperous year of debating and public speaking!

Shona Watson

REP CLUB REPORT

We started the season with an interesting back-stage tour of the Rep. Theatre. We also managed to see 'Moby Dick Rehearsed' thanks to the generosity of the Rep. who invited us to the opening night.

November was a busy month, in which we presented a cheque of £72, from our sponsored skate across the Tay Road Bridge, to a delighted Lynn Baxter, the theatre's publicity manager.

During the Festive Season, we organised a Christmas Raffle, and various 'orange juice and biccie' afternoons and managed to raise £55 for the Rep.

On December 18, the members went to see the Christmas show, *Treasure Island* and a good time was had by all.

It has been a very busy year, and by the start of the Easter Holidays we had been able to raise a grand total of £110 for the Rep. Funds. Thanks to all those who have supported us.

CHESS CLUB

As a result of this year's industrial action sadly all the Tayside Chess Competitions were abandoned for this year. However, our spirits were not too dampened because there were still the several internal competitions open to everyone, and these continue to thrive and give enjoyment to all involved. It is hoped that we will be able to arrange friendlies against local schools before the session draws to an end.

The Friday '9' chess club has reached new heights with two leagues now; the top league being permitted to use Mr A. Allan's room so that the more competitive players can concentrate in a more composed atmosphere, while the others battle it out on a less formal basis.

Special thanks must go to Mr Durham for his invaluable organisation, as well as to Mr Blackburn and Mr A. Allan for their supervision.

Graeme Hunter FV
President of Chess Club



PREFECTS 1985-86



WALTER LEONARD MARSHALL

It was with great sadness that the school community learned late last year of the death of Mr W. L. Marshall, former Deputy Rector and Head Master of Science of the school.

Mr Marshall had an association with the school stretching back over sixty years. After his education in Liverpool, at Collegiate School and the University where he gained the degree of M.Sc., he joined the staff of the school as Assistant Science Master in 1925. He became Head Master of Science in 1932, and deputy Rector in 1945. Mr Marshall was not only a very effective teacher and administrator but also took a kindly interest in all of his pupils and indeed his staff.

Although first and foremost a Physicist, Mr Marshall in the 1930s realised the growing importance of Biology in science education and started to introduce the teaching of the subject into what, at the time, was a very Physics/Chemistry orientated school. Indeed his interest in Biology was such that he completed an external B.Sc., in the subject at St Andrews University. Since these days, of course, Biology has developed enormously in the school and today takes its place as a full department alongside Physics and Chemistry.

Mr Marshall was also responsible for the planning and equipping of the then new science laboratories during the first reconstruction of the school in the 1950s. These are the ones in the immediate vicinity of the main door, although many others were developed during subsequent reconstructions. It was very appropriate that this task should fall to Mr Marshall for he and Mrs Marshall worked very hard helping to raise money during the Reconstruction Appeal Campaigns just before and after the Second World War.

Having seen service in the First World War as a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps, it is hardly surprising that Mr Marshall became involved with the school Cadet Contingent. He was Officer Commanding from 1933 to 1944 and also commanded the Dundee Cadet Battalion for much of the Second World War. He also served as a major in the 2nd Battalion, Angus Home Guard.

Although it is now well over twenty years since he retired, the school, and generations of pupils too young to have known him, have reason to be very grateful to Mr Marshall for all of his great contributions in laying not only the foundations of our present school, but also the high standards for which we all strive. In all of his work, Mr Marshall was more than ably supported by Mrs Marshall, herself a charming and well-loved former member of staff and always willing to help and support the school in any way. With Mrs Marshall, Mr Marshall was devoted to the school and its family tradition and in retirement often returned to grace such functions as prize-givings, concerts and staff functions as well as assisting with invigilation at S.C.E. examinations.

In their sad bereavement, we offer our sincerest sympathy to Mrs Marshall, her daughter Aileen and son David and their families.

THE VERY REVD. HUGH O. DOUGLAS, K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.D., LL.D.

It was with much sorrow that we learned in January of this year of the death of Dr. Douglas who for some twenty-six years was Minister at Dundee Parish Church (St Mary's) and because of that was Chaplain to Dundee High School and ex-officio a Director of the School. In retirement he continued to show a genuine interest in the School.

In the course of his ministry at Dundee, Dr. Douglas was honoured by the Universities of St. Andrews and of Dundee with Honorary Doctorates. He was honoured by the Church when in 1970 he was called to be Moderator of the General Assembly. He was honoured by his Sovereign in being made a Royal Chaplain and ultimately Dean of the Chapel Royal. On his retirement as Dean he was invested with the honour of K.C.V.O.

Both his congregation and the School reflected the joy and the distinction which such honours brought but in fact it was as parish minister and as school chaplain that we remember him. He brought to his work among us a high degree of dedication and for it we give thanks to almighty God.

W. B. R. Macmillan,
Chaplain

MUSIC DEPARTMENT REPORT

1985-86 has again been the usual busy session with many and varied extra-curricular activities being offered to pupils throughout the School. The membership of the junior School Choir, the F1/2 Boys'/Girls' Choir, The Form 2/3 Girls' Choir, Chamber Choir, the Senior Choir, The Folk Choir, The Orchestra, String Orchestra and Wind groups has been well maintained.

The climax of the first term was the Inaugural concert staged in the recently acquired Trinity Hall when a varied programme of Christmas Music and Verse delighted the capacity audience.

A large congregation enjoyed the annual School Carol Service in St Mary's Parish Church, singing well tried, favourite carols. The Senior Choir presented part of the Vivaldi Gloria while the Junior Choir delighted proud parents, singing a fantasia of Christmas Carols.

The second term was spent preparing for the Music Department Trip to Austria and Czechoslovakia visiting Salzburg, Vienna and Prague, which was preceded by a 'Bon Voyage' concert in Trinity Hall. The large audience of parents and well-wishers enjoyed the programme presented by the School Orchestra, Chamber Choir, the Tour Orchestra and String and Wind Groups who played the items to be performed en route. A novel touch was the inclusion of a Scots Country Dance Team drawn from the Chamber Choir and accompanied by the Strings of the Orchestra.

It was necessary to divide the Senior School Piano Recital this session into two performances. Both recitals went well with a diversified programme of solos and duets over the spectrum of grades, the expected high standard of performance being maintained. It is a great pity that so few people attend these performances which are designed to give pupils experience in performance before an audience other than parents.

The Junior School Piano Recital was held in March and was thoroughly enjoyed by a goodly audience of well-wishers.

As in past sessions, the Folk group/choir performed externally under the direction of Mrs E. Sturrock, making pupils further aware of their responsibility to the community at large.

As this article goes to print busy preparations are being made for the annual Music Competitions which, for the first time are being held over two days with two adjudicators, Mr Richard Galloway, Adviser in Music for Central Region, and Mr John Calderhead, formerly of Dundee College of Education. An innovation this year is the allocation of House Points, adding another dimension to the competition.

The highlight to the Year will undoubtedly be the performance of The Pirates of Penzance in the College of Education Theatre from Wednesday 18th to Saturday 21st June. At present the cast are busily rehearsing daily and building up enthusiasm and experience. We wish them well!

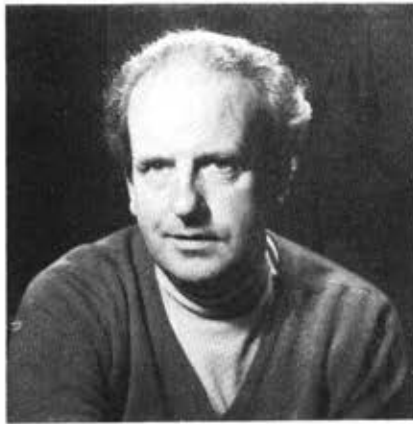
MUSIC TRIP

Easter 1986 was rather special in the calendar of the music department as it heralded the first of hopefully many excursions abroad. The prospect of performing a recital in the cities of Salzburg, Prague and Vienna was awaited with great anticipation and excitement by all involved and turned out to be a tremendous thrill for pupils and staff alike. The initial idea was to take a group of orchestral players on a sight-seeing tour of three of the most important music cities in Europe. Eventually we decided to include a chamber choir of mainly F5 and F6 pupils to add to our chamber orchestra, wind group, string group and "Scottish Dancers". The trip proved a huge success and has left the department buzzing with excitement about a return to Vienna and Salzburg for a 14 day tour next summer. A short burst of fund raising in term 2 helped to subsidise smart tour jerseys. Events included a "Bon Voyage" concert, a raffle for an Easter hamper, a pizza sale and two cake and candy stalls.

The trip was organised and conducted by Mr Laidlaw, tour purser was Mr Durrheim, accompanist was Mrs Boyle and supervision of pupils by Mrs Oliver. The music department would like to extend their gratitude to all parents, pupils and staff who contributed to the running of the trip with special thanks to Mrs Knight and Miss Lyle.

UNDER PRESSURE

The Inside Story of North Tonight



Obviously Ron Thompson was expecting a quiet day when he suggested I might like to visit him one Monday afternoon. It appears, however, that the slick presentation of the North Tonight programme, and the serene surroundings of the Victorian mansion in Albany Road, are not the full story. So what is T.V. journalism all about? — It is certainly neither a predictable nor a tedious job, as Ron Thompson will vouch.

There is no such thing as a “typical day” in the professional life of a journalist. Grampian Television is based in Aberdeen, but the Dundee branch covers the area from Montrose in the North to Kinross in the South, and may be called upon for anything up to five news items during the 30 minute programme. Obviously a great deal depends on the events of the day, but when these are as diverse in nature as an article on drug abuse or Age Concern, coverage of the football action, and an interview with the Secretary of State, there can be no doubt that versatility is an essential quality.

Nor is a T.V. journalist merely that calm and collected figure we are used to seeing presenting reports. Not only do reporters present the items, but Ron Thompson and his colleague, Alan Saunders, must also do all their own research, arrange their own interviews and filming sessions, and brief their own “victims” beforehand — and, believe me, life can get very hectic.

Just as I arrived, Ron Thompson was trying to phone Gleneagles Hotel to arrange an article on a waitress competing in the national final of a waitressing competition. With the telephone deftly balanced under his chin, he scribbled frantically with one hand, at the same time he tried to

arrange with his crew just when they would begin the next day, and despite all this he still managed to direct a few words of explanation in my direction. It was becoming increasingly clear that Ron Thompson had developed what we would all like to have on occasions — a split personality: the ability to be everywhere all at once.

Moments later he was on the telephone again, this time to the editor of the Sunday Post. One of the most important pieces of preparation, he explained, was the briefing of interviewees. That way he can be assured he will get what he is looking for from an interview, and with “Oor Willie’s” birthday nor far off, he was busily discussing possible film clips and the kind of questions he was to ask when he met with the editorial team later in the week.

Ten past 5, and with the programme due on the air at 6 o’clock, the pressure was beginning to mount. The telephone rang — Aberdeen to say they would like a report on events in University Court, still in session over the lecturers’ “day of action”.

As he flicked through one of the many newspapers strewn on his office floor, Ron explained some of the difficulties involved in such an exercise. For a start there was as yet no indication of the decision the Court had come to, and it was doubtful whether word would reach him before the programme went out. Secondly, the issue was relatively complicated and the time he had been allotted was only 30 seconds. Reckoning on three words per second that meant he had to condense all he wanted to say into 90 words. As if this wasn’t enough, he had to be sure that he pitched it at the right level to suit his wide range of viewers, something he admits every journalist finds difficult. And above all else it must be clear. Unlike readers of a newspaper his audience cannot go back and read it again — they hear it once and once only. Higher candidates, therefore, take comfort! That apparently pointless exercise of report writing does have a use — at least if you are aspiring to be a journalist. At half past 5, after much muttering and scribbling, he was tapping away at his typewriter. Then a quick phone call to Aberdeen for a time check on his article, and all was apparently set.

The telephone rang again. “We’re ready for your ‘cut-away’ on that interview you did this afternoon.” That what? He led me towards the studio assuring me that all would be explained in due course.

As I said before, Albany Road is a very surprising place, not least of all because of its bizarre combination of old and new. The house itself was built as a “Jute Palace” in the 1830’s but is full of all the latest technological equipment.

Even to the casual observer, Grampian Television has changed remarkably from 10 years ago when it operated from a studio under the

Angus Hotel, but for the journalist the changes have been even more remarkable and have made life a great deal less stressful.

The deadline for reports used to be the 3 p.m. train to Aberdeen. Now, as late as 5.30 p.m., video tapes and commentary tapes can be piped up special lines to Headquarters where they can be edited and broadcast less than half an hour later.

Apart from videos made on location everything produced in the studio is remotely controlled from Aberdeen and the end result, as we know, is very slick. For instance a recorded interview is filmed, not with two cameras but with one, and the balance is achieved by filming separately the interviewee and then afterwards the questioner and then editing the film. Hence the "cut-away". For it seems that Ron Thompson has developed the characteristics of what his colleagues call "the nodding donkey". Nodding in the wrong place can, of course, give the effect of bias, and in a political interview, this is a dangerous practice. However, thanks to this technique, instead of re-recording the entire interview, Ron merely had to re-record that one question.

During the programme itself it is possible at the flick of a switch to have live interviews from Dundee. I found sitting in the hot seat a nerve racking experience and that was without being filmed. It is no wonder then that Ron prefers the American technique of rolling the cameras into the journalist's office to the pressures of the "padded cell".

So where did Ron Thompson learn the many skills of such a job? "Through experience," he replied. As a newspaper journalist he learnt the basic art of reporting, then in radio he learnt about broadcasting without the additional traumas of visual presentation, and from there he graduated to television, picking up the necessary acting skills as he went. To any budding journalists among you he could not say with any certainty which path was the "best" to follow, but would recommend the one he took.

Undoubtedly Ron Thompson enjoys the diversity of his job. Understandably, of the many thousands of interviews he has conducted, he found it hard to pinpoint the most memorable. Nevertheless, he did cite as one of his more embarrassing experiences the occasion when he realised he was interviewing the wrong person. And among those he remembers with fondness was a series of interviews with Peter Ustinov, the then Rector of Dundee University.

How would you react to seeing one of your parents constantly on television. Perhaps, naturally enough, Ron Thompson's family were initially highly critical. . . "but I soon put an end to that," he said. "I stopped the pocket money."

He reckons he is possibly the only journalist to live practically "on top of the shop" and this does have its disadvantages. His job does tend to intrude into his private life. But, being as busy as he is, he still likes to escape sometimes from the pressures of his work into gardening or hillwalking, and even admits to a little writing. He refused, however, to divulge when we might expect a publication in the name of Ron Thompson.

Vicki Vaughan

A HOMERIC COMEDY

The story of Odysseus has inspired many artists but few have seen it as a source of ironic comedy. This is the spirit in which Georgina Reid, the authoress of 'Mr Ulysses', tackles the story and what a splendid not-so-classical entertainment she has produced.

The script is an ingenious updating of the adventures of the great hero, 'Johnnie Ulysses', wherein Calypso happens to have a D.I.Y. kit for a raft left by a passing commercial traveller, her island is shared with two strange creatures, Hygenia, a fitness fanatic, and Filf, so-called because her Greek name is unpronounceable, while Scylla and Charybdis are two very alluring females found fishing for men with rod and line. These are only two of the imaginative re-workings of the famous story.

To point up the humour of the treatment, witty lyrics are set to familiar and appropriate tunes. For example, 'Old MacDonald's Farm' now tells the tale of Circe and the men she turned into pigs, while the afore-mentioned Scylla and Charybdis fish to a hilarious rewriting of 'Molly Malone' and Penelope sadly sings 'My Johnnie Lies Over 'The Ocean'.

Mrs Olwyn Jack, who directed the play, deserves special credit for the imaginative use made of the Girls' School Hall. The clever staging and the ingenious use of simple props transported us (with the aid of Mr Ulysses' boat) from North Africa to Italy and then to Greece with lightening speed. Above all, a large and talented cast played the comedy with considerable skill. Paul Brown brought a touch of authority to the title role, Gordon Campbell made a pawky Chorus and a mocking Hermes, Stuart Pemble was a faithful companion with an eye for the girls, Kenneth Campbell the soldier with a mother-fixation, and Samantha Hynd, Sonia Nicoll, Judith McKinnon and Stella Davie played some of the alluring ladies; but all the cast deserve mention for brightening up a dull October evening and providing one of the most hilarious entertainments yet presented by the Drama Department.

A.S.



LIFE IN AN INDIAN HOSPITAL

(Mrs Elin Walsh, a former Geography teacher and Guide Guider in the School, spent much of the winter in voluntary work in India. The School, both through the collection from the Carol Service and through the Interact Club, sent donations so that she might purchase items for the hospital where her cousin is presently a doctor).

Of my four months in India, three were spent in Berhampur, a town of 162,000 people and so almost the size of Dundee. Berhampur is in the state of Orissa and lies about 400 miles south-west of Calcutta. It is the largest city in Ganjam, one of the 13 districts making up the state of Orissa which is the same size as England and Wales; Ganjam itself is about the area of Tayside and Grampian Regions put together.

I was staying with my cousin who is the Hospital Superintendent of the 100-bed "Christian Hospital for Women and Children". She is now the only white person working in Berhampur as far as she knows. In fact, Betty and I were probably the only white people in the whole of Ganjam most of the time that I was there, which no doubt accounts for the curious stares which confronted me every time I set foot outside the hospital compound. Berhampur rarely attracts a tourist and so I was able to feel that I was living in a typical Indian city where nothing was provided for anyone apart from the Indian population.

The medical work at the hospital was primarily in the area of obstetrics, gynaecology and paediatrics. We averaged eight births a day and although most of the patients came from Berhampur quite a number came from villages up to twenty

miles away. Since few people have a telephone (only one phone per 340 households) and there are virtually no public phones, patients have to come to hospital by public bus or cycle rickshaw even when they are already in labour and it was not uncommon for the baby to be born on the way. In this hospital no meals are provided and the patients have to arrange for it to be brought in to them from their homes. When they live too far away for this to be possible they bring their mother or a sister to the hospital with them. She stays and cooks their meals on a wood or dung fire in the hospital grounds. Small huts are provided where the 'attendants' can stay overnight.

A high proportion of the deliveries require surgery of one kind or another since many of the women have come to hospital for delivery because they expected to have problems; others intended to have the baby at home but came in as emergencies when things began to go wrong. Compared with Britain, the babies are small at birth and the incidence of still-births, neo-natal deaths and maternal deaths is high, in spite of the high standard of medical care which the hospital provides. The causes are socio-economic and include poor nutrition, too-frequent pregnancies, heavy physical work during pregnancy and the lack of adequate pre-natal care. Although the latter is available at the ante-natal clinic many mothers find it too difficult to make the journey on a regular basis and many do not realise that such care is important.

One unexpected and saddening discovery that I made while working on the hospital records was that 72% of the children brought into the hospital were boys. Girls are considered of so little value by many parents that when they fall ill their parents do not bother to seek medical help. Compared with ours, this hospital is cramped, gloomy and none too clean but compared with the homes from which many of the patients come it probably seems like the Ritz! Most Indian families live in one room, have little or no furniture, sleep on the ground and depend on the tap down the road for their water supply. Even in the towns many have no sanitary arrangements and one third of all Indians live below the official poverty line. Although I saw little sign of starvation or even under-nourishment there is plenty of evidence of malnutrition. Much still needs to be done to teach the people basic hygiene, the importance of clean drinking water and an adequate nutritious diet. Some village mothers still dress the baby's cord at birth with cow-dung and then bring the child to hospital with tetanus! They know that they must boil all milk before drinking it but do not realise that the good of that is undone if they then dilute the milk with polluted water to make it go further.

Teaching the mothers better health care is a big problem because only 25% of the women are literate in Ganjam as a whole. Hopefully this will improve as now nearly 80% of the children go to school for at least four or five years. Even so the proportion of boy pupils is considerably higher than that of girls. While I was there the Orissa State government decided that all education, even up to University level, should be free for girls; previously Primary education only was free and few parents considered it worth paying for girls to be educated after that.

In the hospital there are 64 nurses in training and my main work was to teach them English, First Aid and Nutrition. All their text-books are in English, their lectures are given in English and they have to make all their medical reports in English so it is important that they should have a good grasp of the language. I found some of them could speak fluently and could write with only a few minor mistakes while others could hardly speak a word and could not write well enough

to make themselves understood. It was no easy task to teach English as a foreign language when I could not speak a word of their native tongue and it made me realise what a difficult language it is to learn.

Everyone at the hospital was most grateful for the equipment which I was able to buy with the generous gifts of money from the High School. In the wards the patients' chart boards were disintegrating so that their medical records were getting torn and even lost. 100 new chart boards were much appreciated. In the lecture room I used there were only ten chairs but my classes usually numbered twenty. By purchasing ten more chairs each nurse was able to have a chair to herself instead of having to share one — a situation not conducive to taking the best of notes. I still had some money over and so I was able to get 100 metres of village-woven calico cloth from which the sewing lady made new sheets for the labour ward — another urgent need. Thank you all, on behalf of the hospital, for your gifts. The staff were not only delighted with the material benefits which your generosity provided but they were deeply touched that school pupils in Britain should be sufficiently interested in them to want to help them in this way and they asked me to tell you how appreciative they are. Thank you again.



CONSERVATION WORK:

The House of Dun was bequeathed to the National Trust for Scotland in 1980 and work has now started to prepare the property for public access. To this end, a "Conservation Corps" of senior pupils had recently visited the property. Their first task was to clear an area of dense scrub in preparation for the creation of a car park. More recently they have created a woodland walk through the Den. The photograph shows a group of pupils cutting and securing steps up the steep slope. It has been hard work but greatly enjoyed and appreciated and we hope in the near future to be able to offer further assistance.

S.S.C. REPORT 1985-86

Despite the forced cancellation of one of the biggest camps in the history of the Scottish Schoolboys' Club due to the weather in the summer, the Club has once again had a successful year.

The first organised event was the camp during the October break which was primarily for recruitment purposes, and at which there was an encouraging number of first-time campers,

This year the club has also run meetings for all of its members — the Junior meetings being run by Carrie McCormack fortnightly in the Y.M.C.A. from 7-9 p.m., and the Senior meetings every Sunday by Alistair Nicol in the Royal Tay Yacht Club from 7.30-9.30 p.m. Both of these events are being continued into the summer term.

Throughout the winter term games nights have been organised at the Harris Academy. These proved to be popular, if somewhat strenuous with their programme of mixed football, volleyball, basketball and swimming.

At the time of writing this, the preparations for Easter Camp are complete. The tents are ready for their quota of campers and it only remains for the campers to pack their kit and catch the bus. Dalguise, here we come!

Fiona S. Morrison
S.S.C. Representative

VOLUNTARY SERVICE

Over the past terms, Friday 9 for 21 girls in forms III, IV and V has involved one of three forms of service.

A group of girls regularly visit Dundee nurseries, spending time weekly there looking after children. This year, a new opportunity was made available for some girls to help out in Royal Victoria Hospital in the assessment ward. Those involved in this venture have enjoyed it immensely and have learned a great deal.

Another area of voluntary service continued this year has been the visits to elderly people in King Street Sheltered Housing. A number of Senior School girls visit around six elderly people there. These weekly calls are greatly appreciated by the people concerned, as most are housebound and all snippets of news and gossip exchanged are eagerly welcomed. Tea, biscuits and discussions on everything under the sun are the order of the day. As was the case in the past, friendships have been forged as the young folk look forward to the weekly visits and the old folk wouldn't miss them for a pension!

Elizabeth Nicoll
Form III

D.H.S.'s ATTACK ON LES ARCS 2000

Was the New Year Ski Trip good? Well, that's a hard question to answer... very taxing on my little brain, but no I can't say it was good but I can say it was magic, brill, ace, fab and dead smart!

Although it took us 12 hours to actually get out of the country, we were all still smiling when we arrived at Geneva Airport and as we made our way to Les Arcs 2000, the snoring noises which were coming from the bus bus were quite something! However, the fun for the day was not over because we still had to climb a steep and very icy hill to get to our beds in the "Residences Du Varet".

Thankfully we all made it in one piece and before long we were all being tucked up in our beds in our apartments by our two 'mummies' for the week (alias Miss Lyle and Mrs Madden).

With the next day being Hogmanay, we spent the time meeting the instructors and preparing for the celebrations, which I can assure you were something special! However, before we began to boogie at any parties we had to face the place where Mr Rouse always has nightmares about — yes, the dining room. Well, the food was... different — it was edible if you didn't look at it first and it did improve each day (honest!!).

With that ordeal over we were all ready for the disco after watching a torch light descent done by the instructors and a fire-works display which put our Guy Fawkes Night to shame. After we saw the New Year in at the disco, we all made our way to a party in Mr Rouse and his merry band's apartment.

The rest of the holiday was by no means an anti-climax after the New Year celebrations. The skiing was great with the runs being of varied length and difficulty. The snow was gorgeous and off piste skiing was a great favourite with all the groups.

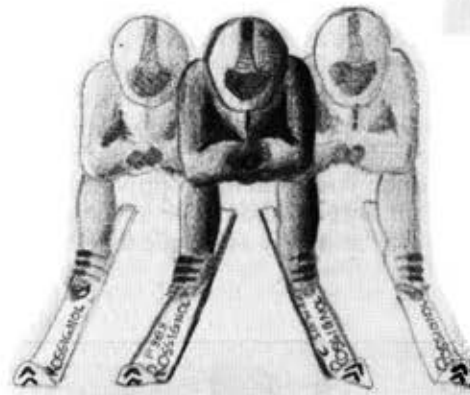
Apres-ski we had discos to go to, cafes to sit and blether in, hills to go sledging on, and one night we all (including the staff!) went skating which was absolutely hilarious.

Well, I think it's clear to see that Mr Rouse deserves yet another gold star for organising a successful and enjoyable ski trip. A special thanks must also go to Miss Lyle and Mr and Mrs Madden for coming with us.

Due to that being the last ski trip I'll go on, I'd just like to give some advice to anyone who is interested — If you want a week's skiing with a difference where the food and accommodation are always great (?) and your organisers are always a bundle of laughs — Go on a D.H.S. ski trip, they're worth every penny!

P.S. Thanks Mr Rouse, they are trips I'll never forget and if you're ever short of an adult in future years — don't hesitate to call — my bags would be packed in a minute!!

Shona Watson, F5



SKI TRIP FOPPOLO '86

It was a great start to what we all hoped would be a fun-filled holiday of sun, snow and the all too familiar sun-burn, but the coach was late!

After a perfect landing at Milano Airport where we were greeted by four, rather handsome, armed guards. (Mr Spowart must have tipped them off that we were coming but even we aren't that bad!). We were only five minutes in the door of Hotel Cristallo when we had a lovely hot meal put in front of us (at least the food was edible this year!). Then it was off to get our skis and boots fitted, then to bed (well some of us, i.e. Ian?).

Next morning the sun shone. Two 2-hour ski lessons were ahead of us with some free ski-ing in between. I am sure more people would have missed lessons if it were not for the good looks of the instructors. There were a lot of red faces at dinner that night because of the wrong factor of sun cream!! The teachers were always close at hand in case of dog bites or any other accidents.

On most evenings there were discos and on a couple of evenings there was tobogganing and also Pizza evenings.

The hotel was situated near the ski-slopes so the people who were suffering didn't have far to walk. One night there was a big blizzard and a big snowball fight between us and the English school which were in the same hotel. A few of us were I think on the wrong side as we were the ones that were the wettest! But of course the day came when we had to leave the hotel, the slopes and Andy (oops sorry Debs!). We had all enjoyed our holiday but glad to be home. We would like to thank on behalf of all the 3rd and 4th Years, Mr Rouse, Miss Lyle, Mrs Madden, Mr Stewart and not forgetting Mr Spowart (kamikazee as always) for a great holiday.

Jennifer Stewart
Lorraine Welsh



DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL INTERACT CLUB REPORT 1985-86

<i>President</i>	Paula Speirs
<i>Vice-President</i>	Anna Brimacombe
<i>Secretary</i>	Elaine Stewart
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	Carole Taig
<i>Treasurer</i>	Karen Leadbitter
<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>	Fiona White

During 1985-86, interact has had another successful year with both its International and local community projects.

The year got off to a good start, in September, with our first speaker — Graeme Adamson — former D.H.S. head boy — who gave us an excellent insight into the technical side of Radio Tay.

October was a busy month — beginning with a curling match against Abertay Rotary Club, who defeated us 14-4, but we hope to take our revenge at a return match next year. On the 4th of the month — we carried out our very successful international project — which involved collecting a 1 kg. bag of sugar from every pupil in school. The 950 bags collected were transported to Tilbury, for trans-shipment to Ethiopia for the Band Aid cause — to provide a life saving Christmas present for many people. Thanks must go to staff, parents and pupils for their generosity and support. Later in the month, 16 members of the club acted as stewards at the final watering station in the 1985 Catscan Half-Marathon — providing “One for the Road” on the home stretch; and we challenged Dundee Rotaract Club to a games night of table-tennis, football, darts, pool and keep-fit exercises (just to keep in trim!!). On the 30th — David Leslie amused us with entertaining stories in the International Rugby Field. Two discos were held in November raising over £143 for charity, while being fun-filled evenings for both interactors and school pupils, and a very interesting visit to Grampian TV Studios gave us our TV debut — even if it was only in the studio!!

A visit to Dundee City Police Headquarters was organised during December, and amazingly all the interactors managed a clean getaway. The festive season also enabled our talented and not-so-talented singers to go carol singing, when the residents of Broughty Ferry paid over £110 to get rid of them!

1986 kicked off with FIFA referee — Bob Valentine — sharing his experiences of local and international football with us. On Saturday the 11th of January, six of us attended the Dundee Rotary Club New Year Ball held in the Angus Hotel when the Rotarians gave us some well-needed dancing tips and an enjoyable evening was had by all. On the 18th — 16 of us “neeped” along to the Dundee Rotaract Burns Supper, also in the Angus Hotel, which turned out to be a very eventful evening — when the infamous Tam revealed many hidden talents!! Our thanks go to Varrie and the rest of the Club for making us feel so welcome.

To celebrate Round Table/Rotaract Day, on the 6th of February, Dundee Rotary Club invited the President and Secretary to their lunch-time meeting when much to Mr Nimmo’s surprise they arrived just before the end of period 5!! Later in the month — we invited Kirriemuir interact club along for a games night, to get us fit for the FI-3 Valentine’s Disco on Friday the 14th, which raised nearly £100; and we “got the message” and visited Wm. Low & Co. P.L.C. premises which provided a most informative view of the retail trade.

At the next meeting — TV personality George Duffus — entertained us with his highly amusing repertoire of jokes, stories and tales of his experience as a “Television Megastar living in Wormit”!! On the 15th of March, we took part in the 24 hour sponsored Jail Break from Perth Prison to raise money for the Scottish Council for Spastics. All the teams were very enthusiastic — so enthusiastic that one team managed to get stranded in Carlisle!!! One team reached London, and another even crossed the channel to Calais (obviously experienced jail-breakers). Through this event we raised over £575 while having great fun. In March, we also visited Fairmuir Sports Club for the Disabled, who provided close competition in football, basket ball, net ball, table tennis, swimming and carpet bowls; and to conclude our energetic term we went 10-pin bowling in Leuchars.

After the Easter holidays — the Governor of Castle Huntly, Mr Hamish Ross — paid us a visit. His talk was very entertaining with both his experiences of crime in general and tales of his inmates. We just hope not to meet him under professional circumstances!!

After a break for the exams, some of us attended the Scottish Council for Spastics get-together in Perth, which provided an excellent opportunity to see the work that goes on for this very worth-while charity.

At the end of May, we presented all the money we have raised this year which totals £350, to the following charities:—

- The Berhampur Hospital, India
- Save The Children Fund
- St. Aidan’s Project
- Cystic Fibrosis Research Trust
- Leukaemia Society
- People’s Dispensary for Sick Animals

However, the fund-raising doesn’t stop there — we have planned a car-wash, a FI-3 disco, and two raffles, later this term.

To celebrate our 1st Charter Anniversary, we are holding a supper-dance on the 23rd of May, in the Woodlands Hotel, Broughty Ferry. Still on the social side — two barbecues have been planned — one being our own club event, and the other being a joint venture with Dundee Rotary and Rotaract Clubs to be held at Crombie Country Park on the 22nd of June. (We are confident that this will be on par with previous Rotary/Rotaract functions); and at our final meeting — Mr Ian Smith will speak on hypnotism, and we will also be holding our A.G.M.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Dundee Rotary for all their support, especially Mr Angus McDonald for giving up his free time to give us much appreciated help, and also Mr D. Holmes. It is very rewarding to help others both locally and internationally and at the same time it has been a most enjoyable year for the club as a whole.

Finally, we would like to wish interact good luck for the coming year, and Anna all the best during her year of office.

Paula Spiers, President
Elaine Stewart, Secretary



H.C.T.C. 1986

This year's H.C.T.C. (Highland Cadet Tactical Course) on 31st May/1st June, took place at our "home training area" of Barry Buddon. The two teams from the School, a boys' team and a girls' team, as usual had struggled to find as many training dates as they had wished because of the many other commitments each team member had within the School. However, in the limited time available, the two teams:

i/c	i/c
C/Sgt. Millar	Sgt. Buchan
C.S.M. Whitson	Sgt. Stewart
C/Sgt. Scott	Sgt. Stoward
Cpl. Fenton	L/Cpl. Watson
L/Cpl. Fotheringham	L/Cpl. White
L/Cpl. Morris	L/Cpl. Kettles
Cdt. Taylor	L/Cpl. Sturrock
Cdt. Bain	Cdt. D'Arcy
Cdt. Buchan (Reserve)	Cdt. Lindsay (Reserve)

worked extremely hard, under the leadership of C/Sgt. Millar and Sgt. Buchan to reach the required standard.

The teams arrived at Barry Buddon on Friday evening but the competition itself did not begin until Saturday morning — early Saturday morning!!! Both teams tackled their opening events well with the girls seemingly edging ahead of their 'rivals', Dollar girls, and the boys turning in some good results. As the weekend progressed it became clear, however, that the girls were going to have to settle for 2nd place behind Dollar. At the same time the boys team was going from strength to strength with some very impressive results — 1st in the Map Reading and Command Task and 1st equal in the Observation.

Such was the 'charge' by the boys that they reached the best ever result by a Dundee High School team in the competition. They were the best C.C.F. team and 3rd overall with the girls finishing a creditable 12th out of the 19 competing teams.

Winner — Angus and Dundee (A), 273 pts.
 Runner-up — Queen's Own Highlanders Bn., 255 pts.
 Third — Dundee High School (A), 253 pts.
 Best Girls — Dollar Academy (B), 200 pts.
 Best C.C.F. — Dundee High School (A).
 Best A.C.F. — Angus and Dundee (A).



Pictures courtesy of Reid + Greig

SHOOTING REPORT

In 1917, a group of Serbian refugees attended the School and formed a Rifle Club. Through time and a variety of constitutional changes this evolved to become the present Combined Cadet Force in which shooting is an important and enjoyable element. For many decades, shooting was conducted in the Large Gym, but, as safety standards were improved, it was inevitable that this should cease. Other units, notably the Tayforth U.O.T.C., then very kindly offered range time whenever possible, but unfortunately this proved to be insufficient and many Cadets had only a limited opportunity to develop their interest and skills.

The September 19, 1983, is thus an important landmark in the history of the School, for that evening our own Range was officially opened by Lt. Col. Brian McKenzie, the former deputy secretary of the Highland T.A.V.R. This eight-lane Range in Lower Dens Works is now one of the finest in the country and is the culmination of some very determined efforts and generosity on the part of many friends of the School. In addition, the LARG Trust and the Trust Appeal have provided much needed competition rifles and shooting aids.

The results of this investment have been quite dramatic. 59 Cadets are now graded as marksmen, probably the highest in our history. Six teams now shoot in the national T.A. Leagues. In the highest Division, the A team finished sixth, the C team lost the third division title by just one point and the D team, whose regular members were L/Cpl. J. Buchan, L/Cpl. G. Campbell, Cdt. A. Bain, Cdt. I. Small and Cdt. N. D'Arcy, won the fourth division title. Nine Officers and Cadets had season averages of over 90 and twenty-four scored 90 or more in at least one competition card. The top averages were as follows:

1.	L/Cpl. Edward Fenton	94.8
2.	C/Sgt. Fraser Scott	93.9
3.	Cdt. Alastair Morrison	92.7
4.	Lt. G. Spewart	91.6
	Cdt. Gordon Taylor	91.6
6.	Cdt. Gordon Anderson	91.2
7.	P/M David Steele	90.9
8.	Lt. E. Sim	90.7
9.	P/Cdt. Richard Paxton	90.4
10.	C/Sgt. Angus Millar	89.0

L/Cpl. Fenton is congratulated on being selected for the Scottish Schools' Team and we wish him every success.

An outstanding feature in this resurgence of shooting has been the role played by many senior Cadets as instructors and coaches. They have laid some excellent foundations and we look forward with great confidence.

Finally, a very special word of thanks to Mr George Linton, Chairman of the Cadet Committee, motivator and coach par excellence.



EASTER CAMP IN GIBRALTAR

1st - 8th April

My long journey began on Monday, March 31 when I boarded the train to London, leaving a cold, damp Arbroath behind, for the promise of sunnier climes. Once at King's Cross I was faced by only a short walk to the neighbouring station of St Pancras, where I caught a train to Luton and from there made my way to Luton International Airport.

The three-and-a-half hour plane journey passed uneventfully enough, but the sight of Gibraltar airfield was extremely disconcerting. The airstrip, which starts in the sea, and ends in the sea, seems unnervingly short. This fact when added to the towering mass of the rock on one side and the main border route from Spain cutting the runway in half, gave the pilot an unenviable task requiring tremendous skill and judgement. Thankfully after having to abort landing only once we touched down safely in sunny Gibraltar. The course was designed to give an insight into what life in the services in Gibraltar involves. In our week long stay we visited air traffic control and the fire service, had a trip round the coast on a fleet tender, and saw a display by the impressive RAF patrol dogs. Instruction and firing with SLRs (self-loading rifles) was also included as well as a chance to use a Milan anti-tank weapon Simulator. Also in the course were several videos on all three services and an informative session on weapons familiarisation. Sadly unforeseen circumstances made several more ambitious items such as abseiling and range firing of a GPMG (general purpose machine gun) impracticable.

The course was intended to give an insight into life in Gibraltar, so we had several walks organised to see as much of the 'island' as possible. Though being only just over two and a half miles in length and having an area of only two and a quarter square miles, there was not that much to see.

The first walk was designed to be 'educational and enjoyable'. Starting at Europa Point, the end of Europe, it was estimated to take two hours to get back to the base. Several enterprising cadets decided after assessing the situation that the best route back was . . . by taxi! This display of ingenuity was rewarded by an exercise in chair stocking.

The second walk was described as strenuous, and it was! It involved a hike up the Mediterranean Steps which are cut into the hillside and extremely steep. One of the main difficulties was the humidity on ascending the rock; this made for a rather uncomfortable climb. However, the view on reaching the summit was astounding and well worth the effort. The walk continued to include visits to St Michael's Cave and the Apes Den, then back to RAF Gibraltar. Exhausted!

Our last walk was a guided tour through the network of caves inside the rock. There are 28 miles in all, though needless to say we didn't quite walk that distance. On seeing my hat badge a gleeful guide informed that large sections of the caves tunneled by the Fourth Battalion Black Watch, who actually lived inside the rock during the time. An unenviable task!

Towards the end of our stay we were given a day off in which we visited Marbella in Spain. This was unfortunately on a rainy Sunday, so many of the shops were closed. Determined not to be put off by the rain, we headed bravely for the beach and bared all (well, not quite!) in an attempt to get a sun tan. Though I'm afraid all we got was soggy!

The course ended with watching the changing of the guard outside the Governor's residence. A truly impressive ceremony and a splendid end to a very enjoyable Easter camp in Gibraltar.

Donna Buchan

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

The Award Scheme continues to flourish within the School with around 65 pupils involved at all levels in this, the Scheme's 30th Anniversary Year. The last year has seen the attainment of 16 Bronze, 4 Silver and 6 Gold Awards.

For each Award, participants have to fulfil the requirements of four sections, namely Service, Expeditions, Skills and Physical Recreation, with an additional section, the Residential Project, for the Gold.

Prince Phillip in the introduction to the Record Book expressed the desire that participants would "discover fresh interests and make new friends, and find satisfaction in giving service to others".

High School Award adherents indulge in everything from cooking (and eating!) to driving, with ferreting and the study of Church Architecture in between!

A training and assessment expedition for Silver and Gold participants was held in June in Glen Clova and its environs. It is in fact the expeditions which probably develop friendships the most. Although tempers, and feet soles, inevitably fray at times there is a certain camaraderie to be had from huddling together in a tent with the rain lashing down outside, or from giving away your last Rolo twenty miles from "Civilisation". The Expeditions' attractions may be of the head-banging sort (it's best when you stop) but to most participants they bring back the most memories, both happy and amusing.

The variety in the forms of Service undertaken is impressive too, encompassing amongst others, First Aid, helping the disabled, and work with charities and voluntary organisations. That participants do in fact, "find satisfaction in giving service to others" is borne out by the fact that many retain their Service involvement even after achieving their Awards.

Thanks are due to the many people who contribute to the success of the Scheme within the School including Mr Lewis, Mr Rennet, Mrs Oliver, the P.E. staff (who organise circuit training on "cold, dark winter mornings"), the farmers who grant us camping permission, and parents (for transportation).

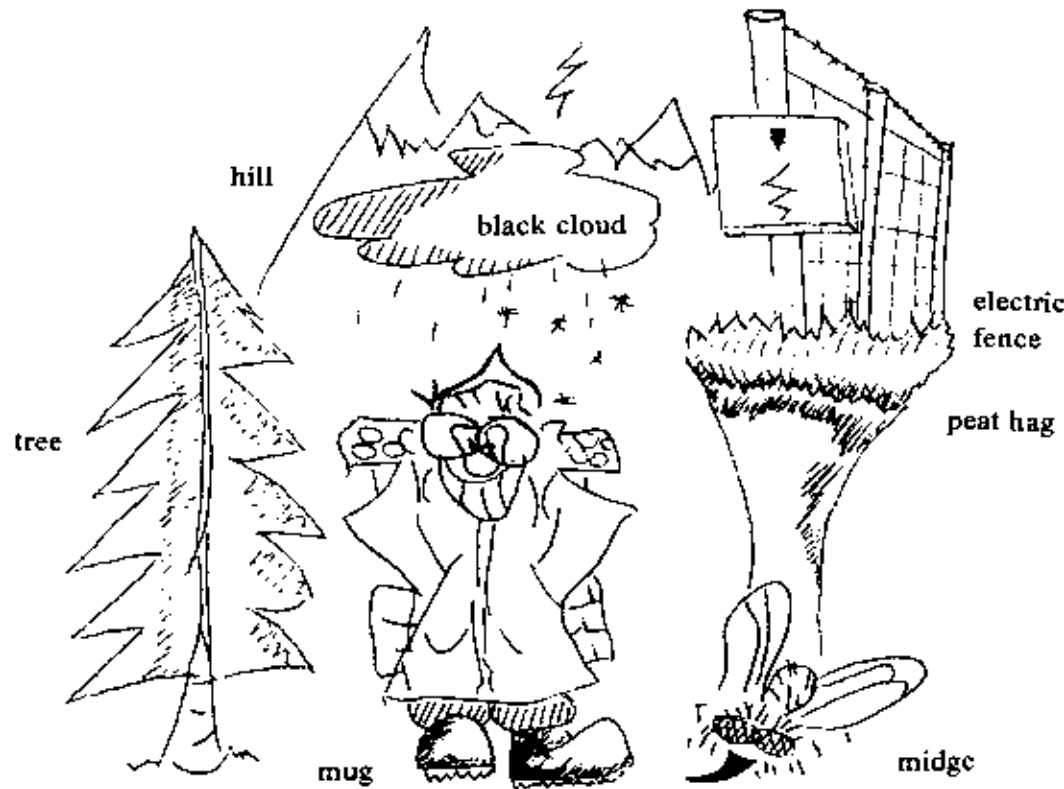
Special thanks are due however to Mrs Madden and Mr Rouse for controlling the whole operation, and, in the words of Prince Phillip again, for giving us pleasure and increasing our knowledge of the world and of ourselves.

Gordon A. Campbell

AN EXPLANATION OF TECHNICAL TERMS

FOR THE ARMCHAIR D. of E.'er (Duke of Edinburgh's Award Person)

NOT by the Head Boy
(From the unsigned work
of Paul L. Brown, Head Boy
1985/1986 — Ed.)



A TREE: Of no intrinsic value in itself but can cause problems when surrounded by several thousands of its friends.

BOOTS: Faithful companions. Useful for carrying water, soup etc., and climbing into and out of minibuses. However they can be difficult to put on a spoon (Preferably someone else's) is useful.

HAIRY SOCKS: For protecting hairy legs from sunburn. Ha! Ha!

A FENCE: Usually 15' high and several miles long. Often electrified. Used for falling off.

BEACHMAT: Intended for lying on used for entertaining other members of the expedition (Armed with sharp implements).

CAGOULE: An elaborate plastic bin liner worn in all conditions. Is always too big, leaks like a sieve and pieces adorn several barbed wire fences.

MIDGES: The sort of creature that thrives on insect repellent and wandering hikers.

MOUNTAINS: Things joining the flat bits together. All D. of E. mountaineers have an intense for these. Spot the missing word?

CRAZED LOOK: The eating dried soup from a packet stage and wearing a cagoule when it's a 100 in the shade. Occurs after 4 days.

WEATHER: There are 3 types of weather wet, wet or very wet.

PEAT HAG: Great for hiding. Gives the impression of having been walking all day.

A MAP: You don't need one if you're not lost, and you can't use it if you are lost (cos you don't know where you are).

HITCH: "(in full-hike) travel by means of lifts in vehicles." The blackest sin laid out in the **AWARD HANDBOOK**.

LOGBOOK: A series of fabrications and forgeries. These tales often appear on a well-known children's T.V. programme.

ASSESSOR: A person who "derives pleasure from inflicting or watching cruelty." Often seen roaming the countryside in white minivans.

MINIVAN: A bus for dwarves.



PAVEMENT-POUNDING IN PARIS AND LAZING ON THE LOIRE

11.30 p.m. and the school gates seemed like a distant memory. Our comfortable luxury coach (not a bus) was equipped with reclining seats, a toilet and a video, which only seemed to work if Mr Allen held on to the knob behind the tele and Greig (the driver) stayed in second gear.

With all the excitement few people slept before Southwaite and even after lights-out on the coach, many were lucky to get two hours between there and Dover, where an over-sized bath tub waited to ship us away to the continent. The crossing was calm and quick and before we really knew which end of the boat was which we were in Boulogne. We arrived in Villejuif, just south of Paris, to a friendly welcome at the France Hotel and we were relieved to find that there was a comfortable television lounge where we could watch the all-important football.

Monday: Crossants et chocolat for our first French breakfast gave us the energy we needed for a packed day in Paris. First stop the Champ-de-Mars for a trip to the top of the Eiffel Tower and a chance to barter with the Nigerians for bargains such as bangles, beads and huge balloons. Then passing the Arc de Triomphe we walked down the Champs-Élysées — some visited the Jeu de Paume gallery for an introduction to French Impressionist art, while others investigated the shops and cafes for an introduction to the high prices in Paris!

After lunch we arrived in Montmartre, wandered round the picturesque Place du Tertre and left with instant portraits and caricatures of ourselves (some more life-like than others!). Then it was a rush to the Centre Pompidou — very modern but rather ugly — and to the Louvre to see the Mona Lisa. At night we sailed down the Seine in a Bateau Mouche and had a lovely view of Paris illuminated (although the boys took more pictures of the pretty Israeli girls than of the sights of the city!). Finally we had a night-cap in the cafes at Trocadero before we returned to Villejuif and said Bonne Nuit.

Tuesday: Greig's day off and Paris by metro — only twenty minutes from Villejuif to Chatelet. Visit to post office — a chance to practise our fluent French (cough, cough). A brisk walk through the wonderful flower market brought us to Notre Dame, ready for the long climb up the one-way-only spiral staircase. Difficulties for some of us when other tourists failed to recognise the system. From the top, we were able to admire the magnificent view over Paris. We then had slight problems working out who was a gargoyle and who was in our group.

During our stroll through the Quartier Latin nearly everyone managed to stuff themselves with crepes and Kebabs, despite the imminence of what proved to be a substantial lunch. Part of the afternoon was spent pottering down the rue La Fayette and we amused ourselves by wandering through Galeries Lafayette or Printemps, or in the case of Graham and Stumpy, having their hair washed.....

Later we travelled by RER to La Defense, a huge modern complex filled with shops, cafes and offices. Most of us managed to get lost in the maze of variously shaped reflective towers and once we had eventually reassembled we had a fast underground journey back to Villejuif.

Wednesday: We waved goodbye to Paris and drove first to Versailles to explore the chateau and the grounds. We were surprised by the bitterly cold weather and shivered in our summer clothes, but we were not alone as we were surrounded by coachloads of tourists in the same predicament. Indeed, we were surrounded by other tourists for most of the time in Versailles, with the result that our clearest recollections of the elegant furnishings in the chateau are those of the impressive decor on the ceilings! The renowned "Hall of Mirrors" was less crowded, so we could admire our reflections at leisure. Much more interesting were the gardens — acres of carefully tended lawns interspersed with trees, fountains and gravel paths, and Marie Antoinette's hamlet (for those sufficiently energetic to walk the distance).

On then to Blois (or, to quote Greig, Blow-iss), stopping at Chartres cathedral to admire the stained-glass windows. The Hotel le Ronceraie turned out to have been recently refurbished; it had pleasant rooms, comfortable beds and an open space for the boys to play football. Then we discovered that there was only one toilet for around twenty-two people! After dinner we explored Blois for a while, then either crawled, shattered, into bed, or sat up to watch the football, which was shattering.

Thursday: Having abandoned our tartan scarves in disappointment at Scotland's defeat by Denmark in the early hours, we set off in the coach in an even more dismal state than you would expect of a bunch of D.H.S. pupils at the unearthly hour of 9 a.m. The less frantic pace of the Loire valley was demonstrated by a lazy day with only one planned trip for us — a visit to the Chateau de Chambord. This is vast, with a chimney for every day of the year and 440 rooms, not

all of which, thankfully, were open to the public! We saw some elegant furniture and intricate carvings, bearskins hanging by their tails so that their claws stretched down towards you as you crossed the threshold beneath them, and of course the unique double staircase.

After a picnic lunch in the coach park we drove back to Blois, where most people wandered around the shops buying strawberries, chocolate and fancy pastries. Typically, this was the only time of the week when it rained! In the evening some of the group visited the local cinema, where one was rumoured to have fallen asleep, while others went to the cafes, taking the opportunity to speak French — or at least to feed money into French juke-boxes!

Friday: To Amboise, where he had a choice of going to see the Leonardo da Vinci museum, the chateau, or the shops — again! The museum was the house where da Vinci spent the last years of his life, and there on display were models of some of his inventions which in his lifetime could not be constructed because of lack of materials and technology. In the early 1950's I.B.M. made models from da Vinci's drawings, including the first ever car, a helicopter, a plane, a parachute and a tank. They were quite amazing when you consider that da Vinci died in 1519.

It was while we were sitting outside in the sun here that Mrs Lambert and Mr Allen suddenly started to wonder if anyone had collected the picnic lunches. A check of the coach revealed that Mrs Nash had 45 hungry pupils on her hands and an empty locker. A rapid change of plan took us, instead of to the anticipated chateau, to a massive hypermarket, where a strained-looking Mrs Nash was to be seen with a trolley full of baguettes, croissants, cheese and garlic sausage. (She pretended it was all to be treated as an Adventure, but we weren't fooled!). However, lunch did taste all the better after the pains of trying to buy our own fillings and then wondering what it was that we had chosen.

We then had an hour and a half to view Mamouth and some unusual things were bought including a chair and a hula hoop. Mrs Lambert was seen to be tempted by a set of cooking pans. Finally it was on to Chenonceau to see our last chateau of the week. This one was very beautiful, being built over the Loire in the Renaissance style, and was originally the home of the royal mistress Diane de Poitiers, whose story was told in waxworks in a separate museum. The models were superbly and authentically dressed, making the tableaux very life-like. Back to our hotel for one of the better dinners — soup, crepes, cheese and bread and a green type of custard.

Rise and shine was at 6.30 a.m. on the last morning so that last-minute sitting on suitcases could be completed. Leaving at 8 a.m. we arrived in Calais in time to catch the earlier ferry and hit the road for home without even a stop at customs. We made good time to reach School at 2.30 a.m., much to our parents' delight(?). We were all very tired but had enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

Cast in order of appearance: G. Paterson, R. Holmes, S. Grant, E. Brown, C. Inglis, C. Lumsden — Form III.



Croissants on the Dashboard — Form VI's perceptive (?) glimpses.

Our first impression of the third-years was that they must have cast-iron stomachs (a view later confirmed while ascending the Eiffel Tower) as they devoured vast quantities of motorway cafe bacon and eggs at 3 a.m. — bleuh!

On Monday the outside-in building and La Jaconned were truly underwhelming. Our metro trip proved eventful (and even entertaining to some). Next year's organiser take note — let the sixth-years on to the train first since the younger ones were more adept at boarding than a certain prefect whose handbag will never be the same again. While our luxury coach executive (he objected to being called a bus driver) relaxed at the hotel, we “did” the whole of Paris, Rome, London and Venice (or so our feet thought).

On Wednesday, our driver made a vain attempt to leave his packed lunch behind on a neighbouring coach (naughty, naughty!). We don't know what happened on British TV, but all of Scotland's goals were disallowed in Blow-iss.

Chambord was Dracula's castle come to life. How Leonardo da Vinci managed to grow a strand of D.N.A. the size of a staircase we'll never know. Thursday afternoon and evening we all experienced LIBERTE in Blois.

Friday's agenda had to be hurriedly rearranged due to a Mammoth piece de forgetfulness (or was it foresight?). The hypermarket preceded lunch so that baguettes, fromidge (to quote Mr Allen) and saucisson could be bought, carefully divided and shared out according to the theory of EGALITE. Since there were only 40 croissants in the pack, the dashboard became the focus of a scrummage, which at least made a change from the football.

Chaperoning in the evening prevented too much FRATERNITE, although some received tempting offers!

Our thanks must go to Mrs Nash, Mrs Lambert and Mr Allen for looking after us so well, to Greig for making us laugh, and to the third-years for being very punctual and so good (most of the time!). We all had a great trip, but you fairly made us work!

Diane, Fiona — Form VI

Things we would like to know:

1. Do all bus (sorry, coach) drivers have hang-ups (Hangs-up?) about coaches (sorry, buses?)
2. Can Mrs Nash be persuaded not always to begin, "Right, chaps"?
3. Why did Mr Allen not get his hair done this year?
4. Is Mrs Lambert addicted to orange squash?
5. Why is it so difficult to convey enthusiasm on paper in a magazine article?
6. Can we go again next year/next week/tomorrow?



GREIG, OUR LUXURY COACH EXECUTIVE !

L.V DUNKELD

L.V thoroughly enjoyed the School trip to Dunkeld despite the weather which was atrocious.

First, we went to the Loch of the Lowes, where we watched a film, visited the hide, learned some interesting facts about the osprey, and brought home souvenirs.

From there we drove to the Hermitage, where we walked through the wood to see a tree with seven trunks, the tallest tree in Great Britain, a really big waterfall and, best of all, Ossian's Cave.

As the rain was very heavy, we had lunch in the bus at Stanley Park.

On the way home, we stopped at Coupár Angus, where we enjoyed good games of football and rounders. After that, we drove towards home and sang all the way till we were safely back in the playground.

Douglas Lawson

F.P. NEWS

FORMER PUPILS: SUCCESSES

(as known)

Dundee University: 1985

Allison, Terry R. N., B.Sc. (Hons.) Accountancy — Mathematics
Barrie, Richard A., B.Sc. (Hons.) Engineering (Electronics)
Brown, Colin A., B.Sc. (Hons.) Mathematics — Computer Science
Egan, Dain M.; Arts and Social Sciences. (Prize)
Fenton, Nicola J., LL.B. (Hons.)
Forrest, Kay S; M.B; Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
Franks, Alison L; M.B; Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
Gardiner, Carol Anne; M.B; Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
Gray, Gillian F; M.A. (Hons.) Arts and Social Sciences.
Haining, Anne C. L; Medicine and Dentistry. (Prize)
Hunter, Lesley H., B.Sc. (Hons.) Accountancy — Mathematics
Hutcheson, William Scott; M.A. (Hons.) Arts and Social Sciences.
Jacobson, S. Kim; M.B; Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
McInnes, Anna; M.A. (Hons.) Arts and Social Sciences.
MacIntosh, Neil J; M.B; Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
Matheson-Deary, Nicholas P; M.B; Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
Miller, Alexandra S. C; M.B; Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
Muir, Gillian L; M.B; Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
Pask, Elizabeth M; B.D.S. Medicine and Dentistry.
Pathi, Vivek L; M.B; Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry. (Prize)
Small, Nadine V., B.Sc. (Hons.) Biochemistry
Soutar, Richard C; Medicine and Dentistry. (Prize)
Steele, Shelagh M., B.Sc. (Hons.) Accountancy — Mathematics
Young, Katherine A; M.A. (Hons.) Arts and Social Sciences.

Heriot-Watt University: 1985

Clark, Michael S; B.Arch. (Hons.)

Edinburgh University:

RUTHERFORD — Sally J., B.Sc. (Hons.) Mathematics — Statistics

Dundee College of Technology: 1985

Henderson, Christopher A; Post Graduate Diploma in Information Technology.
(with Distinction)

Hossick, Raymond G; B.A. (Hons.) Business Studies.
Lindsay, Alistair J; B.A. (Hons.) Business Studies
Lornie, Andrew J. G; B.A. Accounting.
Mackenzie, Mairi J; H.N.D. Biology.
McGill, Caroline D; B.A. (Hons.) Commerce.
Nairn, Stuart J; B.Sc. (Hons.) Science.
Nichol, Catriona M; S.H.N.D. Accounting. (Arthur Young Prize)
Ramsay, Colin S; B.Sc. Civil Engineering.
Renfrew, Stewart L; B.A. Accounting.
Sage, John D; B.Sc. (Hons.) Mechanical Engineering.
Shearer, Helen F; B.Sc. Nursing.
Swinfen, Michael B; B.Sc. Quantity Surveying.

St Andrews University: 1985

Allardice, Catrina J; M.A. (Hons.)
Coughlan, Paul A; B.Sc.
Fraser, Karen M; M.A.
Gibson, Shona; M.A. (Hons.)
Kettles, Alison M; M.Theol.
Lamb, Andrew N; B.Sc.
Wedderburn, Gabrielle M; B.Sc.

Aberdeen University:

CLOSE — Elaine, M.A. (Hons.)

Stirling University: 1985

Galloway, Heather M; B.A.

Napier College:

ANDERSON — Gregor J. M., B.Sc. Industrial Design (Technology) Betts Brown Award

SMITH — Flight Lieutenant George M. (known as Dougal Smith), awarded an M.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List.

KELLY — Raymond, at school from 1963-'73, employed as a Taxation Manager with Deloitte, Haskins and Sells (Aberdeen Office), won the Stanley Spofforth Medal in the Associateship of the final exam of the Taxation Institute.

FORMER PUPILS SECTION

It gives great pleasure to the School to learn how its Former Pupils have fared since leaving School; where they have got to, and what they are doing. In this way we are building up a picture of the varied contributions to society made by Former Pupils at home and abroad.

Mr W. D. Allardice, retired Assistant Rector, has agreed to act as School correspondent in the gathering of information. To ensure continued success of this section we need Former Pupils to write to us and a cordial invitation is extended to all to drop a line to W. D. Allardice, 8 Kingsway West, Dundee.

ALLISON, GLEN F.W.

Left D.H.S. in 1972. Glen has been appointed Financial Director for Cala Homes (Aberdeen) Ltd. He joined Cala in Aberdeen as Financial Controller in October 1984. Previously he had worked with S.A.I. Fertilisers in Edinburgh and K. M. G. Thomson McLintock in Dundee, as a Chartered Accountant.

ANDERSON, ALAN G.

Left D.H.S. in 1978, graduated B.Sc., in 1981, then a Bachelor of Architecture (Hons.) in 1984. He has recently completed his final R.I.B.A. part III examination and in March of this year he registered with the Royal Institute of British Architects. Alan now lives at the Barbican Centre in London and works for the Civil Services Property Services Agency London Region where he is currently the Superintending Architect for new County Courts in North London.

BOGGON, DAVID G.

Left D.H.S. in 1981 and is now a final year medical student. He has been awarded a grant from British Caledonian Airways during his period of elective study. He intends travelling to Nkhomo Hospital in Malawi where he will spend two months carrying out a broad range of medical work including infectious diseases (especially among children), paediatrics and obstetrics.

BROWN, STEWART

Left D.H.S. in 1960 having been a member of the 1st XV for three seasons, a member of the Athletic Team and an outstanding Gymnast. He attended the north of Scotland College of Agriculture and while a student played regularly for Aberdeen University 1st XV and Aberdeen Wednesday Club. In 1964, he took up a position as Agricultural Officer with the Ugandan Government. He spent five years there working with cotton and tobacco. During that period he was selected to play rugby for Uganda against Kenya and then for the East African Presidents XV. In 1969, he emigrated to South Africa and managed to get into the Computer business. He is now Director of an independent South African Computer Company with responsibilities for their engineering services. He is married to an East African girl and is resident in Johannesburg.

THE HON. LORD CULLEN (W. DOUGLAS CULLEN)

On the 18th of March, 1986, Douglas was made a Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland under the title of the Hon. Lord Cullen. Douglas, a Dux of the School in 1953, was featured in the 1983 magazine. He has been Chairman of the Cockburn Association (The Edinburgh Civic Trust) from 1984.

CUNNINGHAM, NICHOLAS G.

After leaving D.H.S. in 1973 he went on to graduate B.Sc. at Heriot-Watt University in 1977. He has just been appointed a Director in the long established firm of Malcolm Ogilvie & Co., Ltd. He is the fifth generation of his family to serve the company since its founding in 1847.

DAVIDSON, JAMES

On leaving D.H.S. he studied at St. Andrews University and graduated in Philosophy and Economics. He joined Shell Oil and had jobs in Vietnam, Thailand, Panama and Barbados, before he was appointed to look after the financing of the chemical operations in Europe three years ago. He has now been promoted to be responsible for its chemical finance division in all continents except Europe.

FLOCKHART, ROBIN W.

Left D.H.S. in 1965 have been a Prefect and member of the 1st XV and 1st XI cricket for two seasons. He read Law at Edinburgh University and graduated LL.B. in June 1969. While at University he was in the University XV for three seasons and was awarded a Blue. He subsequently played for various clubs including Melrose, Boroughmuir and Corstorphine. While he was with Boroughmuir he was twice selected for the Edinburgh Representative XV. Robin is now a partner with the Law firm of Alex. Morison & Co., W.S., and is in charge of staffing matters.

FORREST, PROFESSOR ANDREW PATRICK

In the New Year's Honours List Professor Forrest became a Knight Bachelor in recognition of his outstanding career as a Surgeon and Medical Investigator and as a leading figure in the research, diagnosis, and treatment of breast cancer. He left D.H.S. in 1938 and went to University College and Medical School, Dundee and University of St. Andrews. He qualified B.Sc. in 1942 and M.B., Ch.B., in 1945. Throughout the years Professor Forrest has served on the Committees of numerous scientific and research organisations including the Scottish Society for experimental medicine, the Medical Research Council and the Advisory Board for the Research Councils.

FOOTE, ROBIN M.

Left D.H.S. in 1968 having been Dux of the School and Deputy Head Boy. In 1972, at Dundee University, he graduated with an Honours Degree in Law and then in 1975 he qualified as a Member of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Scotland. In September, 1978, Robin married Dorothy Richardson and five months later flew out to Melbourne, Australia, to take up a position with the

International firm of Chartered Accountants, Price Waterhouse. Robin became a member of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in Australia, and worked his way through the ranks of the audit department of Price Waterhouse reaching Manager level. He then changed course, specialising in Taxation, and is now a Senior Consultant, Taxation Services in the Melbourne Office of Price Waterhouse.

FOOTE, DOROTHY (nee Richardson)

Left D.H.S. in 1969. In her final year, Dorothy was in the 1st XI Hockey and participated in an English Speaking Union exchange visit to United States. She then proceeded to train as a Radiographer in Dundee Royal Infirmary receiving a Diploma from the Society in 1971. At that point Dorothy decided to go further afield and took a position as Radiographer at St. Bartholemews Hospital in London. After two years she obtained an appointment in Copenhagen. In the fourteen months she was employed there she was able to travel to various parts of Denmark, visit Sweden and take a trip to Eastern Europe and Russia. In 1974 she returned from her travels and worked for eighteen months in Edinburgh. In September, 1975, she married Robin Foote and shortly after arriving in Australia commenced working as a Radiographer in the Royal Melbourne Hospital. She is now working in the Box Hill Hospital of Melbourne.

GEDDES, PAMELA R.

Left D.H.S. in 1975 and completed a Secretarial Language Training Course at Napier College in Edinburgh. Her first post was working with Estate Agents Chestertons Overseas of London. It was her job to sell luxury properties in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and the United States. At the end of 1984, she left Chestertons and joined Vilas and Homes, one of the leading property specialists in the Algarve where she now lives.

GIBSON, CAROLYN S. (nee Smart)

Left D.H.S. in 1973 having been a member of the 1st Hockey XI and Dux in Home Economics. After leaving School Carolyn went to Queen Margaret College, Edinburgh and received a Diploma in Home Economics, specialising in Textiles and Design. She left Queen Margaret College in 1976 and started as a Graduate Trainee with Coates Paton, working with Jaeger, London, specialising in ladies' wear. She then moved to Country Casuals, London, as Assistant to the Merchandising Director. In 1980, she moved to the Ellis and Goldstein Group becoming Brand Manager responsible for the Design and Merchandising of the Eastex Range of ladies' wear. In that capacity she travelled extensively to the Far East, United States of America and Europe. In 1986, she left work to marry Mr Peter Gibson, Sales Manager for Hiram Walker Ltd. in Italy. Her home now is near the beautiful town of Genoa on the Italian Riviera.

GRAY, R. S.

Chairman and Managing Director of Charles Gray, the Builders, and also a Director of the School, handed over in April the marvellous sum of £4148 to the Tayside Whole Body Scanner appeal. This was the result of his participating and completing eight marathons.

HALLIDAY, T. S. (ex Staff)

Mr Halliday has received his fifth International Culture Award. It has been given by the Italian Academy for his contribution to contemporary European Culture, and is in the form of a small golden figure holding a laurel wreath. Last year he received the World Culture Award from the International Institute of Research.

HILL ELIZABETH ANNE MAXWELL

Left D.H.S. in 1955 and studied at the Art College in Dundee. In 1959 she obtained a Diploma in Art and continued a Post Diploma year. At the end of the year she received a D.A. endorsed with a Commended Certificate. She then obtained an entrance and scholarship to the Royal Academy Schools in London. After three years she gained their certificate and then took up an appointment as a lecturer in Drawing and painting at Carlisle College of Art. Due to Government changes her Department was closed down so she moved South teaching in various Institutes of Adult Education in Surrey and exhibiting with Chelsea Art Club. Soon after she was selected by Ruskin Spear, R.A., as the best draughtsman of the year. However, at that period her promising career was sadly interrupted when she developed multiple sclerosis. This illness at stages left her blind, deaf, unable to walk or write. This year, fortunately, she has had a remission and has been able to have an exhibition of some of her paintings at the Byre Theatre in St. Andrews. Mr Tom Halliday described her work as "Paintings of dramatic intensity."

HOSSICK, R. GORDON

Left D.H.S. in 1979 and is at present studying Information Technology at Dundee College of Technology. He has recently been given a national cricketing award for his performance over the last season with Forfarshire. The title was bestowed on Gordon after voting during the Scottish County Cricket Board's A.G.M. It stands as recognition for the most improved player with the best performance for his side over the season. During the season, despite the wet conditions, he scored three centuries and had an average of thirty two for his league appearances.

HUTTON, JAMES M.

Was a pupil at D.H.S. from 1927-1939. In his final year he was Head Boy, Dux of the School, a member of the 1st XV, C.Q.M.S. in the Cadets, and won a Cowan House Scholarship to Edinburgh University. During the war from 1941-1945 he was an Observer in the Fleet Air Arm mine-laying in the Channel and on convoy escort in the Atlantic. After the war he returned to Edinburgh University where he graduated with Honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He joined the "Scottish Life" in 1947 and in 1961 qualified as a Fellow of the Faculty of Actuaries. From 1951-1981 he has been a Consulting Actuary in Johannesburg (the Practice includes Zimbabwe and Malawi) and from 1972-1985 he has been General Treasurer of the Presbyterian Church of South Africa. In 1984 he was appointed Chairman of the International Association of Consulting Actuaries.

LAWSON, DR. JOHN A.R.

Has just completed his term as President of the Royal College of general Practitioners. At the A.G.M. held in November, a portrait of Dr. Lawson by Alberto Morrocco, which was commissioned by the East of Scotland Faculty, was presented to the College.

LOW, ALISTAIR

Left D.H.S. in 1960 having been Dux in Maths, member of the 2nd XV and Captain of Golf. At St. Andrews University he was President of the Athletic Union, Captain of the Golf Club, Scottish Universities Golf Champion, British Universities and British Youths Golf Champion. In 1964 he graduated B.Sc. with Hons. in Maths. and Applied Maths. During 1964 and 1965 he played nine times for the Scottish Golf Team. In 1967 he qualified as Fellow of Faculty of Actuaries and in 1968 he became a partner in Duncan C. Fraser & Co. consulting Actuaries in Edinburgh.

He is currently Chairman of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club Championship Committee and will be responsible for organisation of the Open Championships at Turnberry, Muirfield and Lytham, in addition to the Amateur Boys' and Youths' Championships. His term of office also takes in the next playing of the Walker Cup in this country. Alistair, now with a golf handicap of four, describes himself as a "weekend Golfer" at his home course of Gullane.

LOW, WILLIAM

Mr Low, Group Chairman of Don Brothers, Buist Group, the Forfar-based textile producers, has been appointed Chairman of the U.B.I. (Understanding British Industry) Scotland Advisory Committee. The U.B.I. was set up by the C.B.I. in 1977 to promote an awareness in schools of the wealth-creating role of commerce and industry and their essential contribution to Britain's well-being. The C.B.I. are stressing this role in their programme for Industry next year and hope to strengthen their links with local education authorities and schools.

McLEAY, ALISON E. (nee Martin)

Left D.H.S. in 1967. In December, a play she had written entitled "Solstice" was broadcast on Radio 4 and in February this year her book "Tobermory Treasures" was published. It is a tale of the Spanish Armada Galleon which sank there with all its treasures. Alison has been working on the book, and the mystery, for several years. It was when she was working as a broadcaster and had to do some research on the story that she became captivated. Part of the book's research involved ploughing and translating her way through volumes of 16th century Spanish records from the archives of Simancas. She even donned a diving suit and went to the bottom of the bay at Tobermory to see the spot for herself. The foreword of her book was written by the Duke of Argyll whose 16th century forebear took a considerable interest in the Spanish Galleon.

MERRYLEES, NEIL

Left D.H.S. in 1980. He has recently returned from a two year stay in Malawi, Central Africa, where he was working for the Voluntary Services Overseas

Organisation. Neil was teaching Physical Science and Mathematics at a Government School in the village of Chitipi in a remote part of the country's northern mountains.

Neil graduated from St. Catherines College, Oxford, in 1983 with a degree in Physics. While he was finishing his degree in Physics he began to consider Medicine as a career. In Malawi he made up his mind and after two years of teaching he has gone 'back to School' himself. Neil is now in his first year as a Medical Student at Dundee University.

OLIVER, PROFESSOR W. M.

Left D.H.S. in 1943 and served for three years in the Fleet Air Arm. He returned to Dundee in 1946 to study Dental Surgery at the University of St. Andrews Dental School, graduating B.D.S. during 1951, and was awarded the University Medal in Dental Surgery and Pathology. After two hospital posts in Dundee and work as an associate in general dental practice, he was appointed in 1957 to a junior lecturing post in the University of Liverpool where he has remained. He acquired a Fellowship in Dental Surgery from the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh and, by research, a Mastership in Dental Surgery from Liverpool University. When he obtained the grade of Senior Lecturer he was awarded an honorary consultancy with the Health Authority, which he still holds. In 1962 he was awarded the Gibb's travelling Scholarship which enabled him to study dental services and dental health education in Hong Kong, Malaya and Singapore. In 1968 he was appointed a Visiting Professor in the University of California San Francisco Medical Centre Dental School. In 1979 he was appointed to the chair in Dental Health in the Department of Operative Dental Surgery at Liverpool and in 1980 to the Headship of the Department of Operative Dental Surgery and also Director of Dental Education (in effect Dean of the dental School).

Professor Oliver is an examiner for the Fellowship at the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh and has acted as an external examiner in several Universities. He also represents the University on the general Dental Council and is one of the six United Kingdom experts serving on the European Community Advisory Committee on the training of Dental Practitioners. In the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh he has been, since 1978, a member of the Dental Council, and is Dean-elect of its Faculty of Dental Surgery to serve from 1986 to 1989.

PATERSON, DAVID S.

Left D.H.S. in 1982 having been Head Boy, Pipe Major of the C.C.F. Pipes and Drums, a member of the Hockey Team, and a leading School Debater. In 1985 he graduated with an Honours Degree in Jurisprudence from St. Catherine's College, Oxford. While at Oxford, David was President of the Junior Common Room, played Hockey and was prominent in the University Debates. At the moment he is studying for Law Society Examinations in Guildford, Surrey. In September this year he will take up a position to continue his legal training with Herbert Smith & Co., a firm of Commercial Solicitors in the City of London.

PATERSON, CAMERON J.

Left D.H.S. in 1979 having been a Senior Prefect, Cadet Sergeant, and Captain of the 2nd XV. In 1984, he graduated from Edinburgh University with First Class

Honours in Electronic Engineering. While at University he became an Officer in the University O.T.C. At the moment, Cameron is an Electronic Systems Engineer with Ford (UK) Ltd. at Brentwood in Essex. He has continued his connection with the Forces and is now an Officer in the Territorial Army.

PEACOCK, PROFESSOR ALAN

Has been appointed Chairman of the Scottish Arts Council in succession to Mr Gerald Elliot. He is at present chairman of the committee on financing the B.B.C. As a member of the Scottish Arts Council in 1972, he resigned in order to join the Department of Trade and Industry as Chief Economics Adviser.

PETRIE, REV. IAN

After leaving D.H.S. in 1964, Ian studied for the Ministry at Edinburgh University. He has recently returned to Dundee to St. Andrew's Parish Church.

REID, LINDSAY J.

Left D.H.S. in 1981 and commenced at Edinburgh University. After one year she decided to go to Dunfermline College of Physical Education where she is now in her final year. In April this year, at the Scottish Lawn Tennis Association's National Award Dinner, she was presented with the player of the year award for ladies. At the moment she is the Scottish Ladies National Tennis Champion. During the season she won the Waverley Skol, East Lothian and Scottish Hard Courts titles. She was awarded a Scottish Cap and played in the International match against Ireland at Cork.

ROSEN, PROFESSOR MICHAEL

Recently at a ceremony at Dundee University, Professor Rosen was nationally honoured at the annual meeting and dinner of the Obstetric Anaesthetists' Association. He was presented with the gold medal of the O.A. After leaving D.H.S. Professor Rosen graduated from the former University College, Dundee, and took up posts in Newcastle and Cardiff. He also spent some time in Cleveland, Ohio. He returned from America to Wales to become Consultant Obstetric Anaesthetists at Cardiff's University Hospital of Wales. Professor Rosen is President-elect of the Association of Obstetric Anaesthetists of Great Britain and Ireland and Chairman of the World Federation of Anaesthetists.

THE HON. LORD ROSS (Donald McArthur Ross)

Has been appointed as the Lord Justice Clerk and will succeed Lord Wheatley. Lord Ross was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates in 1952, became an O.C. in 1964, and a Judge in 1976.

SOUTAR, RICHARD L.

Left D.H.S. in 1980. Richard, a final year Medical Student, has recently returned from the trip of a lifetime. In his elective study he decided to go to Africa to study levels of hypertension in a tribal society. Fortunately for Richard, the Flora Project for Heart Disease Prevention read his report and made him joint winner of its annual elective award. Richard, who already has an Honours B.M. in Pathology

from Dundee University, spent two months in Kenya not only doing research, but actually working in a rural clinic in Myari, on the shores of Lake Victoria, as part of a programme involving the Wellcome Trust. The people he worked with there were the Luo tribe, the largest group in the country other than the Kikuyu. He also worked in the capital Nairobi and spent one week at a medical mission.

OBITUARIES

CUNNINGHAM, GEORGE

Mr Cunningham, who lived at Barnhill, was Senior Administrative Officer at Ashludie Hospital for thirty-nine years. He retired seven years ago and pursued his love of outdoors in fishing, golfing and bowling.

DONALD DAVID W. A.

A past General Manager of the Standard Life Assurance Company died at his home in Edinburgh. Mr Donald was dux of the School in 1932 and on leaving joined the Standard Life Assurance Company. By 1936 he had passed the relevant examinations and became an Actuary.

During the Second World War he served with the 10th Black Watch, followed by periods at the Staff College, War Office and, finally, at G.H.Q. in India. He finished the war as Lieutenant-Colonel and was awarded the O.B.E. Returning to Standard Life in 1946, he progressed to the post of Actuary in 1962 and Deputy General Manager and Secretary in 1969. He was appointed General Manager and Actuary in 1970.

During his career with Standard Life, Mr Donald wrote a standard text book on compound interest — "Compound Interest and Annuities Certain". As well as being on the official list of reading for both the Faculty of Actuaries and the Institute of Actuaries, the book is also on the list of reading for the Society of Actuaries in the United States.

THE HON. LORD FULTON (John Scott Fulton)

The first Vice-Chancellor of Sussex University died at his home in North Yorkshire aged 83. The youngest son of Principal A. R. Fulton, of Dundee, John Scott Fulton after his education at the High School of Dundee went to St. Andrews University and then Balliol College, Oxford. His career began at the London School of Economics before he returned to Balliol to lecture. He was Principal of the University College of Swansea from 1947 to 1959 and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Wales from 1952 to 1954 and 1958 to 1959. The most important stage of his career began with his appointment as Vice-Chancellor of Sussex University in 1959. He worked unstintingly to guide the new University through its teething troubles. He was also appointed Governor and Vice-Chairman of the Departmental Committee on the Civil Service (1966-68), which called for a more professional Civil Service with more talent drawn from outside. He was knighted in 1964 and made a life peer in 1966.

KENNEDY, NORMAN W.

When he left D.H.S. he joined the family firm involved in the Jute Trade in India. He was prominent in Scottish golfing circles for many years and was a member of Dalhousie Golf Club for more than a half a century. In 1963-64 he was captain of the club and in 1968 he performed the secretarial duties involved in organising the Open.

KIRKLAND, DR. JAMES

Emigrated with his family to Adelaide, South Australia, in 1963 to become Head of the Department of Pathology and Cytology at the University of Adelaide. He had previously been a Lecturer in Pathology at Queen's College, Dundee.

MILNE, ROBERT

Formerly of Baymount, Wormit. Born in Wormit, he was educated at D.H.S. and Dollar Academy before travelling to India to work for Thomas Duff & Co., in Calcutta. Returning to Newport after more than twenty years abroad he took up employment with McGregor Balfour where he worked until his retirement fifteen years ago.

WINIFRED M. PATON

Former pupils, especially contemporaries, sportswomen and Girl Guides, were saddened to learn of the untimely death of Winnie Paton (Mrs Neville Gibson) in February, 1986.

Educated at the High School (1947-57) she returned in 1960 to take up an appointment in the Physical Education Department where, as the only female member of staff, she did sterling work for four years before accepting a post as lecturer in The Aberdeen College of Education.

Her lively and charming personality, her thorough dependability — and her sense of fun — made her a popular member of our community and many of us will retain happy memories of a caring and enthusiastic friend and teacher, a committed and energetic sportswoman and Girl Guide.

TAYLOR, HAROLD E.

Left School in 1964. Harold was tragically killed at Manchester in the Boeing 727 disaster. He was a film script writer for M.G.M. and spent long spells abroad mainly in Spain and Hollywood. His job brought him into contact with many top film stars, including Sean Connery and singer Rod Stewart whom he knew well. His work in Hollywood included script writing on more than one of the James Bond films.

MARRIAGES

Kate Douglas, Newtyle, and James Hutchison of Echt, Aberdeenshire, were married on the 11th of June, 1985, at St. Ninian's Episcopal Church, Alyth.

Gillian Grieve and Keith Williamson were married on the 29th of March, 1986, at the West Church, Broughty Ferry.

Kim Hutchison and Nicholas Barclay were married on the 17th of November, 1985, at Menzieshill Parish Church.

Jennifer James and Ian McArtney were married on the 29th of March, 1986, at Craigiebank Church.

Elsbeth Roberts, Balloch, Fowlis, and Stuart Duffin, of Clarkson, were married in July, 1985, at St. Marnock's Church, Fowlis Easter.

Dorothy H. Small, of Newport, and Martin Y. Kerr, of Machrihanish, Argyll, were married in March, 1986, at Trinity United Free Church, Newport.

D.H.S.F.P. LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT — SEASON 1985/86

The Club has once again enjoyed a successful season in Midlands First Division. Despite suffering a few defeats in league matches at the beginning of the season, performances improved steadily and High School finished runners-up for the third successive season.

The Club's invitation tournament was held in March when we had a fine 2-0 victory over Bell Baxter in the final. One of the team's major successes this season was to reach the final of the Scottish Confined Cup.

In May, a trip to Orkney was organised and a most enjoyable weekend was had by all, especially when we lifted the cup at Kirkwall Ladies' Tournament. The season finished on a high note with a victory over Boroughmuir to win the Inverness Highland Ladies' Tournament.

Off the field, a Cheese and Wine evening was held at Mayfield and was once again an enormous success.

None of the above could possibly have taken place without the co-operation of the School and the Club is most grateful to the Rector for the use of both Dalnacraig and Mayfield and to the groundstaff for keeping the pitches in excellent condition throughout the season.

We would be pleased to hear from any hockey players for next season, and anyone interested should contact Pam Munday, next season's Club Secretary (Tel. No. 69859).

Heather Stewart
(Hon. Secretary)

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' CLUB REPORT 1985/86

At the 54th Annual General Meeting on March 24, 1986, the following office-bearers were elected:

PRESIDENT	Miss Margaret Stewart
VICE-PRESIDENT	Mrs Rita Forrest
JUNIOR VICE-PRESIDENT	Mrs Joy Ingram
SECRETARY	Mrs Joan Forsyth 1 Illicieslea Road, Broughty Ferry
ASSISTANT SECRETARY	Mrs Sybil Ramsay
TREASURER	Miss Margaret Stewart 1 Ambrose Street, Broughty Ferry
NEW COMMITTEE MEMBERS	Mrs Margo Brush Mrs Annette Grewar

Due to the change in place, form and time of the Leavers' Tea Party, the Sports Day in June was our first "date". The day was warm and sunny and both the cake stalls and the "tea room" were extremely busy. This year we were particularly helped by Senior girls.

The Leavers' Tea Party was held on Leavers' Day. It was a pre-lunch refreshments party and was well attended and enjoyed. Certainly a more gay affair than tea and biscuits in the dining hall!

The Annual Dinner in November at the Invercarse was again well attended. Mrs Calman Cathro gave a particularly unique demonstration of her floral and comedy skills.

The President represented the Club at the Remembrance Service, Christmas Services and presented the prizes at the Junior Prize Giving.

We hear with sadness the deaths of the following members: Mrs Freda

Lindberg, Mrs Jean Crystal, Mrs Pam Robertson (nee Smail), Miss Constance Shearer, Mrs A. G. Kilgour, Mrs Frances Millar, Miss Mary Cargill and Mrs Winnie Gibson (Paton).

The Annual Reunion Dinner will be held this year on Friday, November 7. Any member wishing to attend outside a 30-mile radius of Dundee should contact the Secretary by the end of September.

Next year's Annual General Meeting will be held on March 9, 1987.

Note was made of those attending the Dinner who wished to receive magazines. They should now have received their copies.

The attached form is for the 1987 magazine and this, hopefully, will become self-perpetuating. Could all wishing a magazine please use this form.

Please tick appropriate box and return to Secretary by March 9, 1987.

- A willing to collect from school
- B enclosing postage of £1

Name

Address

(Cheques made payable to D.H.S. Old Girls' Club)

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB

The Old Boys' Club is in good heart!

In 1985, there was an above average intake of new members from school leavers and it is hoped that an equally strong response will be shown from those completing their education at Dundee High School in 1986.

A strong and active Old Boys' Club can only be good news for the ongoing success and prosperity of the School. The Old Boys' Club is anxious to foster strong links with the School so that once pupils have left D.H.S. to further their education and careers they can, through the club, maintain contact with the D.H.S. community and learn, hopefully with pride, of the ongoing development of the School.

School leavers will be invited to what is now an annual event — a social evening at Mayfield, this year on Wednesday, 17th September, 1986 — before they set off on their various ways to universities and colleges.

For those members in the Edinburgh area there is an Edinburgh branch of the Club and additional members would be welcome. A separate Annual Dinner is held by the Edinburgh branch and this year is likely to be on 31st October, 1986.

The Executive Committee are currently examining the possibility of establishing other branches of the Club in other locations with a concentration of former pupils.

Other forthcoming events include a Joint Cheese and Wine Evening with the Old Girls' Club on 24th October, 1986, in aid of the School Sports Tour Fund and finally the Annual Reunion Dinner will be held on 5th December, 1986. Full details will be sent to members in due course.

Finally, by way of a commercial, FP Ties (in the familiar navy and embossed with the motif of the school pillars) are available from the Secretary to all former pupils, whether members of the Old Boys' Club or not, at the modest price of £4.50. Don't be without one!

H. L. Findlay,
Secretary, Wm. Low & Company PLC,
PO Box 73, Baird Avenue,
Dundee. Tel. 814022.

FORMER PUPILS ASSOCIATION

1. D.H.S. Former Pupils' Association in the R.A.F.
The Secretary, Squadron Leader Ralph Gibb, will be delighted to hear from prospective members. Please write c/o the School.
2. The Services.
The Rector would be pleased to learn of any former pupils in any of the Services.
3. Public Schools Club, London.
Former Pupils of D.H.S. are eligible for membership of the Public Schools Club, London. Details may be obtained from the Rector at the School.
4. British Public Schools Association of Victoria, Australia.
Old Boys from Headmasters' Conference Schools meet monthly for luncheon and other outings and would welcome new members.
Enquiries should be made by post to:
Dr. T. O. Penman, P.O. Box 34, Collins Street, Melbourne, Vic. 3000.

SPORT

RUGBY REPORT

The 1st XV's Fixtures were seriously affected this season by bad weather and industrial action in various schools. The games that were played however were enjoyed by all participating. Of the 18 matches played 10 were won and 8 lost.

From these matches the 1st XV had some very pleasing results and the games conceded still provided satisfying competition with both new and old players gaining valuable experience from every match.

The school was represented at District level by six players: A. Millar, D. Tully, I. Chynoweth, C. Newton, N. Ritchie and P. Stewart, all of whom played for the Under 18 Midlands School side. In the Under 15 Midlands squad representatives were: J. Ewart, A. Graham, J. Newton and A. Nicoll.

The 1st XV and girls hockey 1st XV toured to Leeds at the beginning of March. The 1st XV played John Smeaton High School and won a very enjoyable game of rugby by 31 points to 7. The team also took part in the famous Ilkley Seven-a-Side School Tournament and both sevens entered came up against a very high standard of seven-a-side rugby. Despite not winning this tournament it gave them the experience to be able to win the Midlands Plate Sevens Tournament at Perth shortly afterwards.

The school also hosted Prince of Wales School from Vancouver at the end of March. This was a memorable weekend during which many new friendships were started. The match was played in an excellent spirit with Prince of Wales clinching victory.

On behalf of all the school XV's I would like to thank the P.E. department, the groundsmen, referees, hostesses, supporters and all those who travelled with teams to fixtures.

Iain Chynoweth,
Secretary

OPPONENTS	VENUE	For	Against
STEWARTS MELVILLE COLLEGE	H	4	18
BELL BAXTER HIGH SCHOOL	H	CANCELLED	
MACKIE ACADEMY	H	36	0
ROBERT GORDON'S COLLEGE	A	9	7
DOLLAR ACADEMY	A	CANCELLED	
MERCHISTON CASTLE SCHOOL	H	0	32
HARRIS ACADEMY UNDER 18 COLTS	H	47	0
ABERDEEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL	H	26	3
FETTES COLLEGE	A	4	18
GROVE ACADEMY	A	CANCELLED	
PORTOBELLO HIGH SCHOOL	H	32	0
BOROUGHMUIR HIGH SCHOOL	A	46	14
KELVINSIDE ACADEMY	A	8	15
GORDONSTOUN SCHOOL	H	26	3
DUNFERMLINE HIGH SCHOOL	H	58	0
MORRISON'S ACADEMY	H	CANCELLED	
PERTH ACADEMY	A	12	6
DUNBLANE HIGH SCHOOL	H	CANCELLED	
MADRAS COLLEGE	A	CANCELLED	
CARNOUSTIE HIGH SCHOOL	H	CANCELLED	
ABERDEEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL	A	CANCELLED	
PERTH ACADEMY	H	CANCELLED	
MACKIE ACADEMY	A	CANCELLED	
DUNBLANE HIGH SCHOOL	H	CANCELLED	
ROBERT GORDON'S COLLEGE	H	CANCELLED	
KIRKCAUDY HIGH SCHOOL	A	CANCELLED	
JOHN SMEATON HIGH SCHOOL	A	31	7
HUTCHISON'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL	A	11	12
ROBERT GORDON'S COLLEGE	H	9	16
F.P.S UNDER 21	H	12	17
PRINCE OF WALES SCHOOL (CANADA)	H	16	9



Rugby 1st XV:

Back (from left): Mr A. H. Hutchinson, A. D. N. Lowe, G. A. Taylor, K. Geddes, N. W. Haining, E. D. Barr, A. T. Bain, B. B. Sherriff, P. A. Stewart.

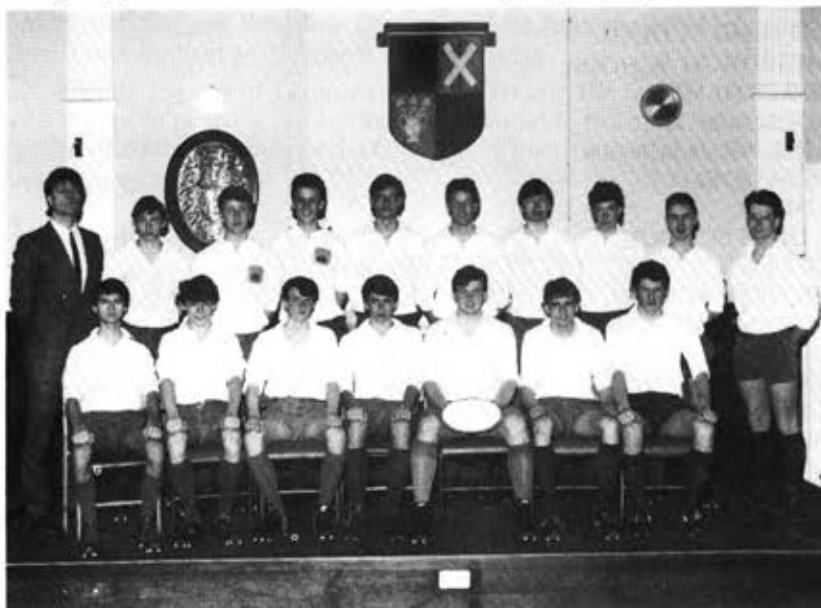
Front (from left): T. G. Morris, N. F. Ritchie, K. D. T. Leslie, D. Tully (Capt.), I. A. Chynoweth, C. R. H. Newton, F. G. C. Scott.



Boys' Hockey 1st XI:

Back (from left): Mr G. W. Spowart, R. P. P. Machin, A. J. Hay, I. A. G. Small, N. S. Simpson, D. J. Vaughan.

Front (from left): A. C. Yacomeni, A. J. Blaikie, M. A. Strachan (Capt.), G. A. Hunter, D. W. L. Marshall, A. White.



Rugby 2nd XV:

Back (from left): Mr I. E. R. Wilson, A. D. N. Lowe, A. J. Bain, B. B. Sherriff, P. M. Allen, A. G. Wilson, C. J. Morgan, A. J. Dee, C. B. Brodie, D. H. Garmany.

Front (from left): G. T. Anderson, D. A. Barton, S. Fotheringham, A. G. Gibb, E. A. Fenton, J. N. McGovern, J. A. Buchan.



Boys' Hockey 2nd XI:

Back (from left): Mr. D. P. Macdonald, A. G. Scott, A. G. Woodward, I. L. McWhirter, D. W. McGowan, D. E. Jeffrey.

Front (from left): N. P. Maddox, G. T. Valentine, K. M. Sword, M. A. C. Dalgety, W. H. Tunstall-Pedoe, P. J. Dryden.

BOYS' HOCKEY REPORT

The following officials were elected at the start of the season:

CAPTAIN Malcolm Strachan
 VICE-CAPTAIN Michael Payne
 SECRETARY Graeme Hunter
 TREASURER Andrew Blaikie

1st XI Results

Opponents	Venue	F	A
Stewart's Melville College	A	5	0
Monifieth High School	H	0	4
Monifieth High School	A	1	1
Stewart's Melville College	H	3	0
Strathallan	H	0	4
Robert Gordon's College	A	1	4
Aberdeen Grammar School	H	0	4

Played 7 Won 2 Lost 4 Drawn 1 Goals for 10 Goals against 17

As with other sports, the season was seriously crippled by both the teachers' dispute and the bad weather. The latter was the cause of the cancellation of almost half of the fixtures that were made available.

The results do not reflect upon the true standard of our play and indeed inexperience proved to be too great a handicap since there were only three of last year's 1st XI in the team this season. Unfortunately, the players just could not get it right where and when it mattered most, and perhaps we tried too hard, and we paid the penalty. The new en-tout-cas area at Mayfield was shown to be an invaluable aid to everyone in developing their hockey skills, and this in fact was where the inter-school six-a-side tournament was played, during the early winter.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank, on behalf of the 1st XI and other teams, both the staff and F.P.'s who gave a helping hand throughout the season, particularly to Mr MacDonald and Mr Spowart.

Finally our best wishes go to next year's team and we hope that they will have an enjoyable and successful season.

Graeme Hunter, Secretary



(Picture courtesy of D. C. Thomson)

Dundee High have named the curling teams which will represent the school in Austria and Germany in the 1986-87 season. It is the first time a Scottish school has been invited to send teams on an international curling tour.

The tour captain is Thomas Morris, the High School's senior skip, while the tour manager is the Rev. Dr. John Cameron, chaplain to the Royal Caledonian Curling Club.

From left (front) — Wendy Nicoll, Jane McGowan, Jim Stewart, Clare Cameron, Ruth Morris; and (back) — Dr. Cameron, Mike Hibberd, Niall Keddie and Thomas Morris.

CURLING

Injuries and other commitments made it impossible to field a settled team. It is a measure of the strength in depth now enjoyed by DHS that the hastily put together sides performed with such success. The 1st Team again played in the finals of the Scottish School Championships where Thomas Morris led a weakened side with great determination. At other times in the season both Robert Whitson and Alan Scott skipped DHS sides, Scott's victory over Perth Academy in what is now a "derby match" being a notable personal triumph. Other highlights of the season included the defeat of George Heriots School by Thomas Morris.

It is hoped that the long awaited Scottish Schoolgirls' Championships will finally make their appearance next season. With a large pool of curlers and the more experienced girls already playing in our mixed rinks, DHS Girls will be a difficult team to beat. Another highlight of next season should be our curling tour to Austria. Fielding both a boys and girls side, we look forward to matches against the Austrian and Bavarian schools.

D.H.S. GIRLS HOCKEY REPORT

The Officials:

CAPTAIN	Fiona Stevenson
VICE-CAPTAIN	Rhona M. Merry
SECRETARY	Jacqui M. Arbuckle
TREASURER	Susan Garmany

The season's bad weather created havoc with the whole fixture list. This added to the fact that only five players remained from last years 1st XI, gave a lack of continuity which was reflected in our results. From 24 fixtures only 13 were played of which we won 6 and drew 4.

However, no matter the weather and the score, team spirits were never dampened by any lack of success. Our merry band travelled to Gordonstoun for a brief visit. Then later in the season we accompanied the 1st XI to Leeds where not only did we have an action packed weekend but also scored 15 goals in three games and conceded none (well done, Gillian Allardice). The season culminated with a spectacular one-all draw with the boys 1st XI.

The 2nd and 3rd XIs though having exciting and enjoyable games suffered from lack of dry Saturday mornings. The 2nd XI won 4 and drew 2 out of their ten matches. The 3rd XI won one of their three matches.

Congratulations are due to the Indoor Team who surprised themselves by winning the Midlands Indoor Tournament.

Individual players did well this year. Fiona, Rhona, Miriam Wills and I played for Midlands Schools Over 16 Team and although Miriam and I were also trialists Fiona made the Scottish Squad and travelled to Holland and Aberystwth with them. She was also picked for the Midlands Indoor Team.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank on behalf of all the Hockey Teams Miss Lyle and Miss Sim for everything they have done this year and also our Captain Fiona, Vice-Captain Rhona and Treasurer Susan.

Finally, I wish next year's Team good luck and hope they have an enjoyable trip to Canada.

Jacqui Arbuckle,
Secretary

Girls' Hockey 1st XI:

Back (from left): L. M. Hippisley, V. K. Tait, G. C. Crawford, Miss H. I. Lyle, N. M. D'Arcy, M. A. Wills, L. M. Brown.
Front (from left): S. J. McIntyre, J. M. Arbuckle, R. M. Merry, F. Stevenson (Capt), S. Garmany, G. Allardice.

	1st XI	2nd XI	3rd XI
MARY ERSKINE	2-2	5-0	2-1
FORFAR ACADEMY		4-0	
MONIFIETH HIGH	1-0		
ST. LEONARDS	Cancelled	Cancelled	Cancelled
D.H.S.F.P.	Cancelled		
ST. LEONARDS	0-0	1-1	0-4
STRATHALLAN	0-0	5-0	
DOLLAR ACADEMY	2-1	0-1	
ST. MARGARETS		Cancelled	Cancelled
GEORGE WATSON'S ACADEMY	Cancelled	Cancelled	Cancelled
MORRISON'S ACADEMY	0-3	0-2	0-5
HUTCHESON'S	Cancelled	Cancelled	
MARY ESKINE	Cancelled	Cancelled	Cancelled
GEORGE HERIOTS	Cancelled	Cancelled	Cancelled
ALBYN	Cancelled	Cancelled	Cancelled
GORDONSTOUN	2-1		
KILGRASTON		2-0	
ST. MARGARETS	Cancelled	Cancelled	Cancelled
MADRAS		0-2	
DOLLAR	Cancelled	Cancelled	
MORRISON'S	Cancelled	Cancelled	Cancelled
ALBYN	Cancelled	Cancelled	
MADRAS		1-3	
—BOSTON SPA	7-0		
LEEDS —WEATHERBY	3-0		
—LEEDS GRAMMAR	5-0		
GEORGE WATSONS	0-3	1-1	
STAFF	4-1		
BOYS XI	1-1		





Girls' Hockey 2nd XI:

*Back (from left): Miss H. I. Lyle, S. Y. Barbieri, R. L. Wood, A. Falconer, R. M. Rutherford, C. Williams, S. L. Biltcliffe.
Front (from left): C. McDevitt, S. J. Truscott, C. M. McGill, A. H. McKellican (Capt.), S. Watson, A. E. Stewart.*



Girls' Netball (Senior):

*Back (from left): Miss E. S. M. Sim, S. M. Leach, F. L. Dobie, M. J. Lindsay, L. S. J. McMahon, V. W. Ketles, A. Stewart.
Front (from left): E. A. Foreman, L. M. Smith, D. J. Buchan, T. A. Barnett, L. K. A. Rattray.*

NETBALL REPORT

A successful season was had by an unvanquished senior team. Unfortunately matches were in short supply, but games were played against:

	For	Against
Monifieth High	10	1
Albyn	12	3
St Margaret' A	18	1
St Margaret's B	12	0

Three of the matches were included in a tour to Aberdeen, where hospitality was provided by the girls from St Margaret's. The tour was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by all who were involved. Thanks must go to Miss Sim and Mrs Hutchison, who battled against all odds to organise our 'World Tour' of Aberdeen!

Three undefeated junior teams were also fielded against Monifieth High. It is a shame that the juniors also had so few games as they showed great potential. As the popularity of netball and the level of skill rises in the school recognition must surely be given.

Finally, I would like to congratulate all the teams on a tremendous season and wish next year's teams 'Good Luck' and I hope they enjoy it as much as we have.

Donna Buchan, Captain.





Tennis 1st VI:

*Back (from left): L. K. Haslam, R. M. Rutherford, Miss H. I. Lyle, K. E. Leadbitter, A. E. Stewart.
Front (from left): F. Stevenson, S. Garmany (Capt.), R. M. Merry.*



Tennis 2nd VI:

*Back (from left): L. C. Stiven, L. J. Thomson, A. Falconer, Miss H. I. Lyle.
Front (from left): S. J. McIntyre, C. McDevitt (Capt.), V. K. Tait.*

GIRLS' TENNIS REPORT

This year the tennis team had few matches due to inclement weather. This, however, may have been to our advantage as we won none of the games played!

During the season a major influence in the team was injured, namely Rhona Merry, but her substitute, Rosie Rutherford, was a more than capable reserve.

Apart from the disappointment of the cancelled staff v. pupils match the season was most enjoyable and we hope next year's teams have as much fun as we did and even win some matches!

Congratulations to Susan and Claire for captaining the teams so well and also to Rhona for her help and attention in Susan's absence.

Lastly we would like to thank Miss Lyle, Mrs Madden and Miss Stewart for their enthusiasm and encouragement throughout the year.

Fiona Stevenson
(Secretary)

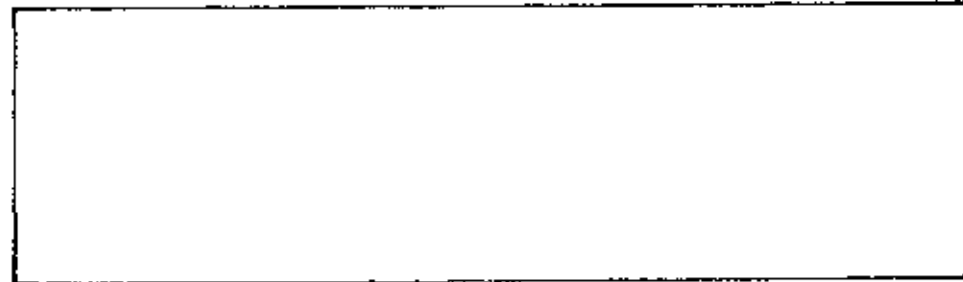


Cricket 1st XI:

Back (from left): Mr G. W. Spowart, J. R. Adams, W. H. Tunstall-Pedoe, C. R. H. Newton, C. Morgan, G. N. Campbell, D. M. Graham.

Front (from left): S. D. K. Pemble (Scorer), F. G. C. Scott, P. A. Stewart, N. F. Ritchie (Capt.), A. S. Hay, H. A. Allen, D. R. Steele.

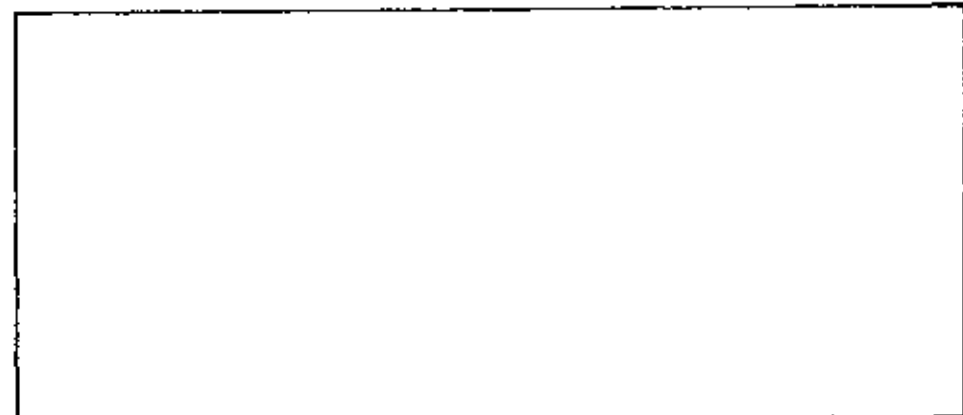
HOUSE REPORTS



THE HOUSES

This session saw a number of changes in the House System. On the whole, these have been successful and have widened the scope of the Houses in School. Thanks are expressed to the Staff and House Captains who have worked hard to implement these changes.

Once more, we express regret at the waygoing of a House Master. Mr Macdonald has resigned as House Master of Lindores, which position he has held since 1970. We thank Mr Macdonald most sincerely for his sterling service. He has been succeeded by Mr Durrheim and we hope that he will enjoy his new involvement.



INTER-HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP — 1985-86

EVENT	Total Points	Airlie	Aystree	Lindores	Wallace
RUGBY Senior	102	40	9	22	31
Intermediate	58	17	22	12	7
Junior	34	11	4	9	10
GIRLS HOCKEY Senior	106	31	17	32	26
Junior	58	14	15	11	18
BOYS' HOCKEY	106	22	31	13	40
NETBALL Senior	82	17	10	24	31
Junior	58	14	7	22	15
Lower School	34	22	4	7	31
BASKETBALL	(58)		NOT PLAYED		
CRICKET	140	36	49	16	27
TENNIS Senior	91	33	9	16	33
Junior	50	8	17	11	14
TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS Senior Girls	20	11	0	0	9
Senior Boys	20	3	8	6	3
Junior Girls	20	0	0	6	14
Junior Boys	20	11	6	0	3
SQUASH	20	11	9	0	0
GOLF Basic Medal — Boys	14	0	0	6	8
Recordon Silver — Girls	10	0	0	10	0
SHOOTING Senior	40	16	4	8	12
Junior	15	0	5	7	3
Lower School	(25)		NOT HELD		
TABLE TENNIS Senior	40	8	12	4	16
Junior	20	4	8	2	6
DEBATES Senior	60	24	18	12	6
PUBLIC SPEAKING Junior Team	40	4	12	8	16
PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITIONS Senior	10	0	6	4	0
Junior	10	0	0	6	4
Lower School	10	0	0	0	10
MUSIC Competitions	60	12	12	20	15
Lang Medals	15	5	0	0	10
CHESS Senior	10	4	0	0	6
Intermediate	10	6	0	4	0
Girls	10	0	4	0	6
Lower School	10	0	4	0	6
ART COMPETITION Lower School	12	6	0	0	6
MAGAZINE COMPETITION Lower School	12	4	0	6	2
TEAM GAMES Lower School	100	20	22	32	26
SWIMMING GALA	50	55	61	35	50
ANNUAL SPORTS	100	108	66	46	80
ACADEMIC MARKS	400	85	109	102	106
GRAND TOTAL	3418	653	560	519	686
PLACING		2	3	4	1

INTER-HOUSE TROPHY — WALLACE
 INTER-HOUSE RUGBY TROPHY — AIRLIE
 INTER-HOUSE CRICKET TROPHY — AYSTREE
 INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY TROPHY (Senior) — LINDORES
 INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY TROPHY (Junior) — WALLACE
 INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY TROPHY (Boys) — WALLACE
 INTER-HOUSE NETBALL — WALLACE
 ROBBIE TROPHY — INTER-HOUSE DEBATES — AIRLIE

AIRLIE HOUSE REPORT

At the start of the year we had high hopes of breaking the run that Wallace have had in winning the House Championship for the last three years. Although we tried hard we have had to content ourselves with second place. We are definitely stronger on the sports field than in the academic field.

The Senior Girls' Hockey Team was second and the juniors took third place, and when both results were combined we were first overall.

The House Rugby Teams came through with flying colours with the senior and junior teams winning easily and the intermediate coming second.

In the tennis the Senior Girls were first equal but although the juniors tried hard they finished in last position thus overall we were second in the tennis.

In the House Cricket the boys were unfortunate to lose to Aystree in the final match and they ended up in second position.

The Swimming Gala was, as usual, closely fought and at the end of the day we finished in second place only 6 points behind Aystree. Special mention must go to Alison McKellican on winning the Girls' Senior Championship yet again.

Sports Day was once more a great success for Airlie as we were clear winners and finished up with four of the six champions, namely: Christopher Newton, Fiona Stevenson, Alistair Graham and Kate Walsh. Special mention must be made of Fiona's other achievements this year; she has also won the Senior Girls' Tennis Trophy and Squash Trophy.

The Senior Debating Team, made up of Karen Leadbitter and Alice Mee, spoke well and gained a thoroughly deserved first place.

Academically we could have done better and in the end these results probably swung the House Championship in Wallace's favour.

Lastly, we would like to thank those who have worked hard and played hard during the year and also to those who gave their support and help. Many thanks must also go to Mr Richterich, Mrs Rutherford and Mrs Robb for all their valued help and enthusiasm which was given so willingly throughout the year. We conclude by thanking our Vice-Captains, Fiona Stevenson and David Tully and wish Airlie good luck in the years to come.

Rhona M. Merry and Kenneth D. T. Leslie
(House Captains)

AYSTREE HOUSE REPORT

After being last for the previous three years Aystree were looking for a slight improvement in their overall house performance to try and lift themselves off the bottom of the house table.

Due to disappointing results in Rugby, Girls' Hockey, Netball and Shooting we were once again lying at the bottom of the table midway through the session.

Thanks to some impressive performances in Table Tennis, Squash and Boys' Hockey which all resulted in commendable second places, things were looking up for Aystree and we were managing to keep in contact with Lindores who were in third place.

In the Sports, Amy McGill was once again the Intermediate Champion and good performances by Nikki Gibson, Rosalie Rutherford and the Girls' Senior Relay Team helped boost the points tally, resulting in third place overall in the sports. We also came third in the Tennis and Chess Championships.

The highlights of Aystree's year were first places in the Cricket, Academic Points Total and Debating and Public Speaking due to a fine performance from Wendy Nicoll. The Gala, never one of our strong points, produced a shock when we actually managed to win, with David Graham and Sarah Broaden becoming the Boys' Senior and Girls' Junior Champions respectively.

Finally we would like to thank all members of Aystree who competed in any of the house events, managing to bring the Aystree Team into a well-deserved third place. Thanks must also go to Mr Kettles, Miss Holloway and Miss P. Knight for their help throughout our year of office and also to our Vice-Captains Valery Kettles and Angus Hay for their devoted hard work for the House.

Lastly we wish the best of luck to our successors in the year to come and hope they will manage to keep up the good work in keeping Aystree off the bottom of the table.

Louise Smith and Paul A. Stewart
(House Captains)

LINDORES HOUSE REPORT

In a year in which Lindores has seen more than its fair share of defeats, the isolated triumphs were all the more welcome when they came.

In this respect, the year began well with a well-deserved win in the Junior Girls' Netball and 2nd place in a fiercely contested Netball tournament.

The Senior girls continued the promising start with an impressive victory in the Senior House Hockey. Unfortunately, we began to falter when, in poor weather conditions and with an under-strength side, the Junior girls finished in Hockey.

As the girls were starting well in House competitions, the boys were having serious difficulties, being last in the Boys' Hockey and third in the Rugby. However, all games played were fiercely contested.

At this point, a discreet curtain should be drawn over the results in the Table Tennis. All that can be said is that there is room for improvement.

Connie McGill and Fraser Scott provided our contribution to a spirited debating competition but, unfortunately, could only manage third place. This result was repeated in the Public Speaking competition by Rachel Holmes and Michael Donald.

The Swimming Gala has not been one of our strong points recently and this year was no exception. There were, however, some notable individual performances and the girls' relay team also did very well.

During the summer term, both Junior and Senior Tennis teams gained third place — at least there was a note of consistency. The House Cricket team seemed to play on a par with England and achieved little except laughs.

Before the Sports, it was seen that Lindores would have problems as few House members had entered the heats. Our fourth place should perhaps be overlooked in favour of an excellent performance by Jamie McKechnie who was Junior Champion and for the excellent relay results produced by the Junior Girls and Lower School Boys and Girls.

Indeed, the Junior School have entered all their competitions this year with great enthusiasm and this should prove a valuable asset for Lindores in future years.

This year, as in previous ones, we had a battle with Aystree to see who would be third. Unfortunately, we had to settle for fourth.

Finally, we would like to thank all the competitors and supporters of the House who gave up their valuable time to give encouragement and spirit to the teams. Thanks must go to Miss Nicoll, Mr Macdonald and Mrs Clark in the Lower School, for their help and enthusiasm during the year.

Vicki E. Vaughan, Fraser G. C. Scott
(House Captains)

WALLACE HOUSE REPORT

After an excitingly close year, especially between ourselves and Airlie, Wallace came up trumps in the end, for the fourth year in succession.

The session started well with the Senior Netball team, organised and captained by Tracey Barnett, winning their competition and both the Junior and Lower School teams coming second. Meanwhile, Wallace was on its way to winning the new Table Tennis Competitions proving to the other (sceptical) House that a girl in the team was an asset indeed. Although the Senior Girls' Hockey team met disappointment, Vivienne White led the Junior team to victory and Murray Dalgety's Boys' Hockey team also won. Wallace teams came a respectable second overall in the Rugby tournaments and also, in the shooting. Unfortunately, all good things come to an end and Wallace came third in the Gala and so, by Easter, Wallace was lying first in the championship, but only by ten points.

The summer term is a nerve straining time for House officials, as, while points from the last competitions came in almost daily, Airlie and Wallace were taking the lead on alternate days! Cricket and Squash results were poor and Wallace's lead seemed to melt away on Sports Day, where, despite great efforts, we came second. However, it was discovered that Wallace had won the Tennis overall and that the Junior School pupils had done exceptionally well in their competitions. Wallace proved to be strong on the non-sporting side of the Championship as well. Academic results were very good, as were those in the Chess and Music Competitions. At the end of the day, after the Senior School Reading and Public Speaking Competitions, it turned out that Wallace had won the Championship.

The friendly rivalry between the Houses has called for everyone to give of their best. Mrs Gibson and Mr N. Stewart, our House Mistress and Master, and Mrs Alexander, our Lower School Liaison Teacher, have given their all. The Vice-Captains, Susan Garmany and Neil Ritchie, have not only given incredible support but also proved capable of taking on full responsibility of the House during busy times. The House representatives have been very efficient, too. However, the real thanks must go to all the pupils who have given so much time and energy to compete for and to support Wallace.

It has been a pleasure to captain such a successful and friendly House and now, we can only hope that Wallace will continue its winning way.

Jacqui M. Arbuckle, Paul L. Brown
(House Captains)



A DAY IN EDINBURGH

When I went to Edinburgh I stayed for one night. When I was there I went to Edinburgh Castle. I saw the Queen's crown. It was all gold and had diamonds on it. There were pictures of people who lived long ago. There were pretend soldiers with silver armour and a sword and a shield. When we went out of the castle on to the esplanade it was a cold wet day but it was a nice view. So we went in and bought a mug.

Rhona Mackenzie L.3.H.

HOLIDAYS

I would like to go to Austria. It would be very good. It would be sunny. I would wear yellow, pink or red shorts and a tee-shirt. I would buy lots of things.

Linda Robertson L.3.A.

RED DEER

Red Deer live up in the Highland Mountains. They are shy animals, that are easily cut with the branches on trees. When it gets near winter the velvet comes off their antlers. They are coloured brown and white when they are young and brown when they are old. The antlers are like branches covered with velvet. They eat grass and they are very fast runners. They escape from their enemies easily.

Ross Henderson L.3.H.

MIDNIGHT MAGIC

At Midnight after Mr Smith went home all the toys came to life. The dolls danced, the teddy bears had a party, the jeep gave the action man a ride, the cards marched across the table, the transformers had a battle, the army figures had a war and the toy car drove all round the room. Click went the lock of the door. Quickly they went back to their places. Just then Mr Smith came in the toy shop.

Colin Burchell L.3.H.

SPRING

Spring is bright and clean
With flowers of yellow and green
And blossom of white and pink.
I have sometimes seen a bee.
I've never been frightened though, have you?

Spring is hot and warm.
I like spring except
for the terrible bees
which go round in swarms.

Katie Boyle, L.3.H

OUR VISIT TO THE MUSEUM

When we got there we met a lady called Mrs Davey. She told us about Romans. We also saw some slides, we saw a map where the Romans conquered, we saw the Roman business men taking a bath, we also touched the tools, ornaments and weapons, which archaeologists dug out from the soil.

Mamun Rahman L.3.A.

THE RESCUE

John started to climb up the cliff. He was near the top when he saw the rope suddenly weaken and he fell on to a jutting out rock below. He was knocked out. John blew his whistle to raise the alarm. Someone heard him and got a helicopter to the rescue. It was there very quickly. John woke up in hospital.

Roger Kay L.3.H.

MIDNIGHT MAGIC

When Mr White went out of his toy shop and down the dark street all of a sudden the toys came to life. Army jeeps came down with missiles firing. Then the teddy got on to the horse and galloped round the toy shop. The farmer put the sheep, the horses and the cows out. They made an awful noise. Squeak. "Quick", one of them said, "get into your boxes". Mr White came in and he never knew anything about it. From that day on the toys never came alive again.

Andrew Gray L.3.H.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

I have a BMX bicycle. It is red and yellow. It has a light. I do stunts on my BMX.

Andrew Milne L.I.L.

I go to school. I read and write. I am going to be clever. It is great fun.

Fiona McLaren L.I.L.

God told Noah to build an ark. The animals went in twos. The big floods came and the ark was safe.

Craig Robertson L.I.L.

The horse had a sore hoof. It hurt. It cut it on a stick. The poor horse limped.

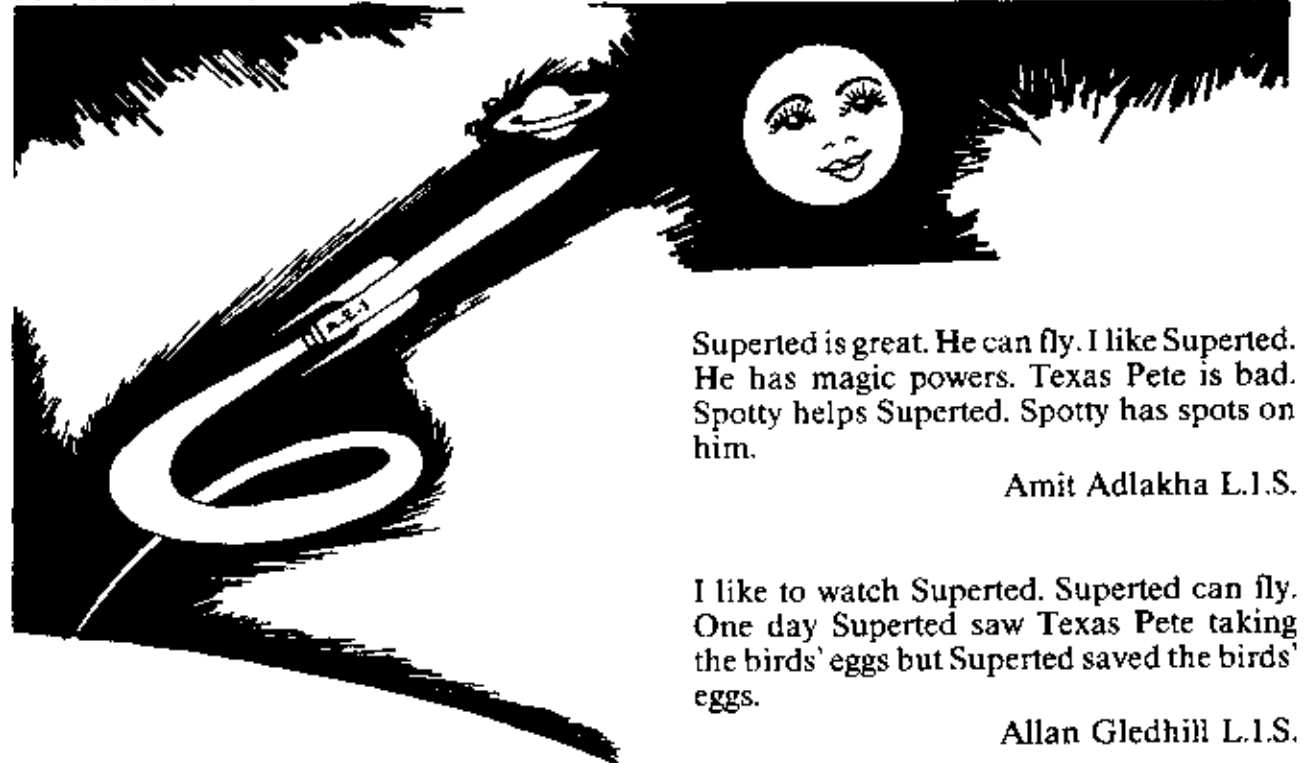
Hamish Whyte L.I.L.

I am Craig. I am five and a half. I have five fingers on each hand. I have lots of friends. I like school a lot.

Craig Paterson L.I.L.

Superted has magic powers. He has a friend called Spotty. Texas Pete is a bad man and he has friends called Bulk and Skeleton.

Richard Beaton L.I.S.



I would like to go to space because I would see stars and the moon. I would have to go in a rocket.

Alexander Elphinstone L.I.S.

I like to see the lambs. I like the spring. There is more sun in the days. I like the flowers and the rabbits. In the spring trees are here and I like to play.

Hannah Laura Howson L.I.S.

Superted is great. He can fly. I like Superted. He has magic powers. Texas Pete is bad. Spotty helps Superted. Spotty has spots on him.

Amit Adlakha L.I.S.

I like to watch Superted. Superted can fly. One day Superted saw Texas Pete taking the birds' eggs but Superted saved the birds' eggs.

Allan Gledhill L.I.S.

I would like to go to the zoo to see the monkeys doing funny things and I would like to see the Penguins.

Alison Anderson L.I.S.

I would like to go to Disney Land because I would see the Pink Panther. I would like to go by rocket.

David Hart L.I.S.

My favourite thing at school is playtime. It is good because you get to play with your friends. I play with Joanna and Kirsty. We play horses. We play with an L.1 girl. She is called Hannah. She is a very fast runner. She is usually the horse.

Alison Watson L.2.H.

My favourite thing at school is gym. I like gym because you climb ropes and learn new games. In the big gym we sometimes have races. Sometimes we play cockoo's nest. My favourite game is pirates. When we climbed the rope I nearly got to the top.

Christopher Milne L.2.H.

My favourite thing at school is art because I like painting and glueing. I like getting my hands all messy with glue and we sometimes finger paint. We have finger painted an Easter egg. We did it on Thursday.

Graeme Wood L.2.H.

OUR MONDAY HOLIDAY

I went to Glasgow on Monday and I bought a dog with my own money and it has a red collar and my big sister got a dog with a white tail and it had a blue collar.

Joanna Sutherland L.2.M.

WHAT I LIKE BEST IN SCHOOL

I like handwork best in school. Some days we have Miss Knight. other days we have Mrs Murray. We make lots of things. It is great fun!

Drew Hutchison L.2.M.

MY IDEAL HOME

I wish I could have a little thatched cottage with a stream and a bridge. The stream will run through the garden and through a rockery and into a little pond. I would like a field full of horses. I will have a big stone built house with sixteen acres and lots of oak trees and climbing roses.

John McDougall L.2.M.

JIM'LL FIX IT

Dear Jim,

I am seven years old. I always watch Knight Rider. I never miss it. Please can you fix it for me to ride "Kid" with Michael Knight. I like to see so much that I know Kid jumps and talks. Thank you.

Yours sincerely,

Love from Shawkat Hasan.

Shawkat Hasan L.2.M.

JIM'LL FIX IT

Dear Jim,

Please can you arrange for me to play snooker with Steve Davis and after that please can you say to Steve, "Good game?" Thank you Jim.

Alan Bodie L.2.M.

MY HOLIDAY

My holiday was very nice. I went to York for my holiday. York is very nice. I went for two days. We went on a bus ride. We saw the Viking Museum and the Railway Museum. I liked them a lot. I walked a long way in York.

Timothy Cross L.2.M.

FUN IN THE SNOW

I like the snow. Most of the times in winter I play in the snow when it snows. I like building snowmen. A long time ago I brought a snowball in and put it beside the fire.

Candice Harper L.2.M.

COLOURS

I like yellow,
It reminds me of the sun,
Yellow in a happy colour,
And it brings you fun.

I like green,
I like it because it is God's colour.
I like green
Because God is very special.

Sarah Walker L.3.A.

THE ROMANS

The Roman schools were very strict and the boys had to come in at dawn and if you were late you would be caned.

David Rorie L.3.A.

MY FAVOURITE SUBJECT

My favourite subject is English. I like it because there are tricky words and you learn words and when you grow up you will be a person with a good vocabulary.

Lawrence Sum L.3.A.



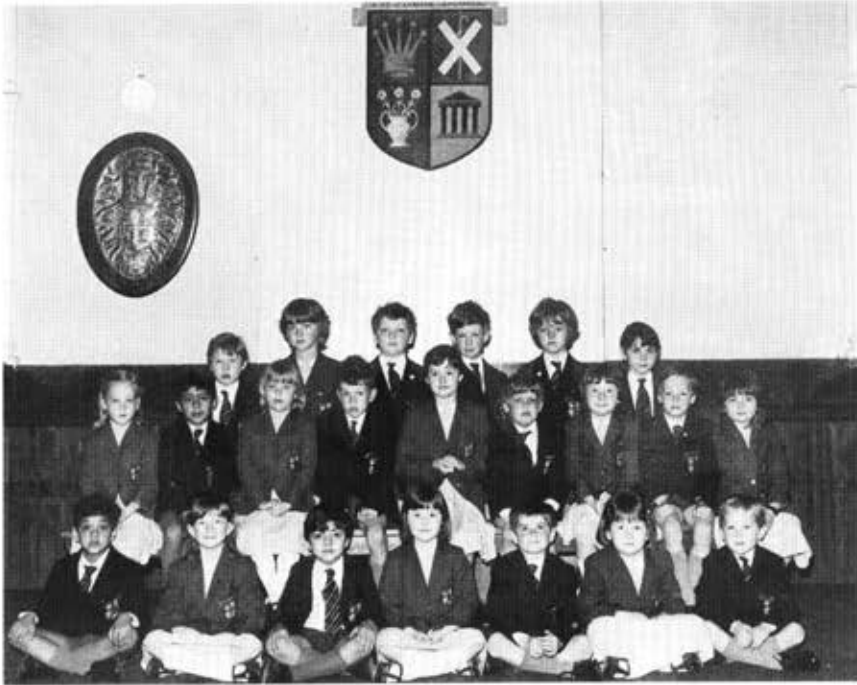
PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT NATIVITY PLAY 1985

(Top right): LI and LII Choir

(Bottom right): Pupils of LI and LII formed the cast



**PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT
PRIZE-WINNERS**



JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZE-WINNERS



JUNIOR SCHOOL

WINNER OF JUNIOR SCHOOL
MAGAZINE COMPETITION

OLD SALT'S TALE

I remember as if it were yesterday the days when I was ship's boy to Long John Silver, one of the most notorious pirates who spread terror all along the shores of America. There is many a gripping yarn I could tell.

He had a face with a crooked scar on his cheek and his eyes were all swollen. When he stared at you it made you tremble with fear. His hair was dark black with curls. It went down to the back of his neck. Long John Silver's left hand was a metal, sharp hook and he had a wooden leg. Every night I was scared because I heard the tap tap of his peg leg and I always thought a ghost was trying to get into my cabin.

He hobbled on one leg in a strange way. His peg leg seemed to be pulling him along. It gave me the creeps. He got angry with anybody who said something about his hook or his wooden leg. He wore a big hat, a blue coat, green trousers and a leather belt. He wore a gold earring as well. He was a ruthless, blood-thirsty pirate. He didn't care about people's lives. He just wanted their money. Long John Silver was a sight never forgotten by those unfortunate enough to meet him.

I spent four long years as ship's boy and was lucky to escape alive but that's another story.

Michael L. King



A VISIT TO A MARKET

Last summer I went on a visit to The Lammas Market in St Andrews. There was a non-stop babble and I felt a bit lost. It hadn't taken us terribly long to reach the market and when we arrived the hot-dog stall was being opened. Above the arguments, could be heard the slap of canvas blowing in the breeze. A horse drawn cart lumbered past us carrying huge baskets of flowers, prettily arranged on the cart. The cheese stall smelt strongly of Edam and Gouda and I bought a quarter of Gouda. A strong smell wafted over to us and we followed our noses to the leather and suede stall. There, a shoe-maker was cutting out shoes and stitching them together. I bought a pair of moccasins and then went to the clothes stall.

Clothes were hanging on rails under the canopies, swinging as the wind blew into the stalls. Little groups of people stood on the cobblestones or sat on benches chatting in the sunlight beside the Old Mercat Cross. We went to the chicken stall and watched the buying and selling. The urchins stood and waited for a chance to nip out of the crowd and grab an apple or orange and run away before their pursuers could catch them. The clinking of money could be heard and the smell of hot soup came towards us making us hungry. "Hot Soup! Hot Soup! Come and get your hot soup here!" I meandered through the crowd to the soup stall and bought lunch. The day had come to an end but we stayed on. We walked past the stall again, smelling the lovely smells and looking at the lovely displays and colours. I enjoyed my day very much and was sorry to leave.

Jane Clark, L IV C

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is fun for you and I with presents, balloons, lights and lovely food, but think about others who aren't so lucky. They do not receive gifts as they have no relatives or friends to care about them. They have to seek for food and sleep and live in narrow lanes or streets. Christmas is not fun for them!

Susanne Ogilvie L VI R

LVI AND LVII TRIP TO ABERDEEN

At 11.30 on Tuesday, the 11th of March, LVI and LVII piled onto two coaches and excitedly embarked on the two-hour journey to Aberdeen. We were going to His Majesty's Theatre to see a production of C. S. Lewis's "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe", played by a travelling London company. The play was to start at 2 p.m. so by arriving at 1.30 we had plenty of time to collect ourselves before the performance.

When at last the curtain rose, we were swept into a magical world in which we laughed at Edmund's naive tactlessness and felt the Lucy, Susan or Peter in ourselves. A chilled atmosphere filled the theatre when the evil White Witch swept onto the stage, and we were all under the power of quiet Aslan. The special effects were wonderful; flares and amplified roars made us jump, scenery changes were fluent and subtle, and we were sad when the performance ended. We trooped out, once again boarded our coaches, and, slightly more quietly, enjoyed the ride home, reaching school at 6 p.m. well-satisfied with our outing.

Mary Young LVII

WINTER

It is Winter;
I wish it were Spring;
The pines and beeches now,
Have lacy frost on every bough.

And through the garden, our little kitten
goes.
Writing verses in the snow.

The December snow that sprang,
As soundless as a cat,
On our rooftops and on our
Apple trees, made me shiver a bit.

Go now, heavy snow,
Come in, soft, green grass.
It is Winter;
I wish it were Spring.

Christina Mairi Lawrie L VII

JANUARY

Cold
Frosty
Desolate
Wet and snowy
Freezing frozen ground
Ice covered pond
Numb fingers
Thick snow
Bleak!



IN THE TUNNEL:

Dark, dancing shadows,
A tunnel of gaping eyes,
Haven for witches.

Julie Taylor L VI S

CANDY FLOSS:

Pink cotton wool,
Sticky coloured cloud on a stick.
A sweet ball of fluff.

Barbara Key L VI S

OLD HOUSE:

A natural house,
Built round a frame of black oak,
A part of the past.

Claire Brodie L VI S

THE WIND

The wind howls fiercely through
the wood.
And through the market square
He twirls skirts and blows people's
hats off their heads.

As the wind howls through the
town it came to a forest
It blew through the forest and
made all the trees bow
When it got tired it became
a gentle breeze in the air.

Fahmida Zaman

FARMER MOSSOCK:

An oak of a man,
With a round and polished face,
A cheery giant.

Claire Brodie L VI S

GHOST TRAIN:

In the ghost train,
Dark, eerie and cold,
Are faces, skeletons and bats.
Ghastly noises from here and
there —
In the dark.

Emma Slingsby L VI S



THE CITY STREETS

The streets were narrow and dark, and the buildings stretched up to the gloomy, dark sky. Big factory chimneys, which towered high above the mud-covered pavements, belched out smoke which choked you. Identical houses stood crammed together in row after row. Damp, dismal streets, which were empty, lonely and very quiet, waited for the women to come out of their houses and go out for their shopping, when the streets would become crowded.

There were draughty cracked walls in the street and cobbled roads glinted like fish scales. Mould stuck to the walls, clinging tight. Dirty old ladies went out for their shopping, and gas lamps flickered in shop windows. The high street was littered with shoppers and the washing hung, swaying in the breeze.

Every shop was full of people and all the houses were empty. All the cracked windows peered out into the streets like sightless eyes trying to see. Drain pipes crept up the walls of the sleeping houses which were so old that you could knock them over with a finger.

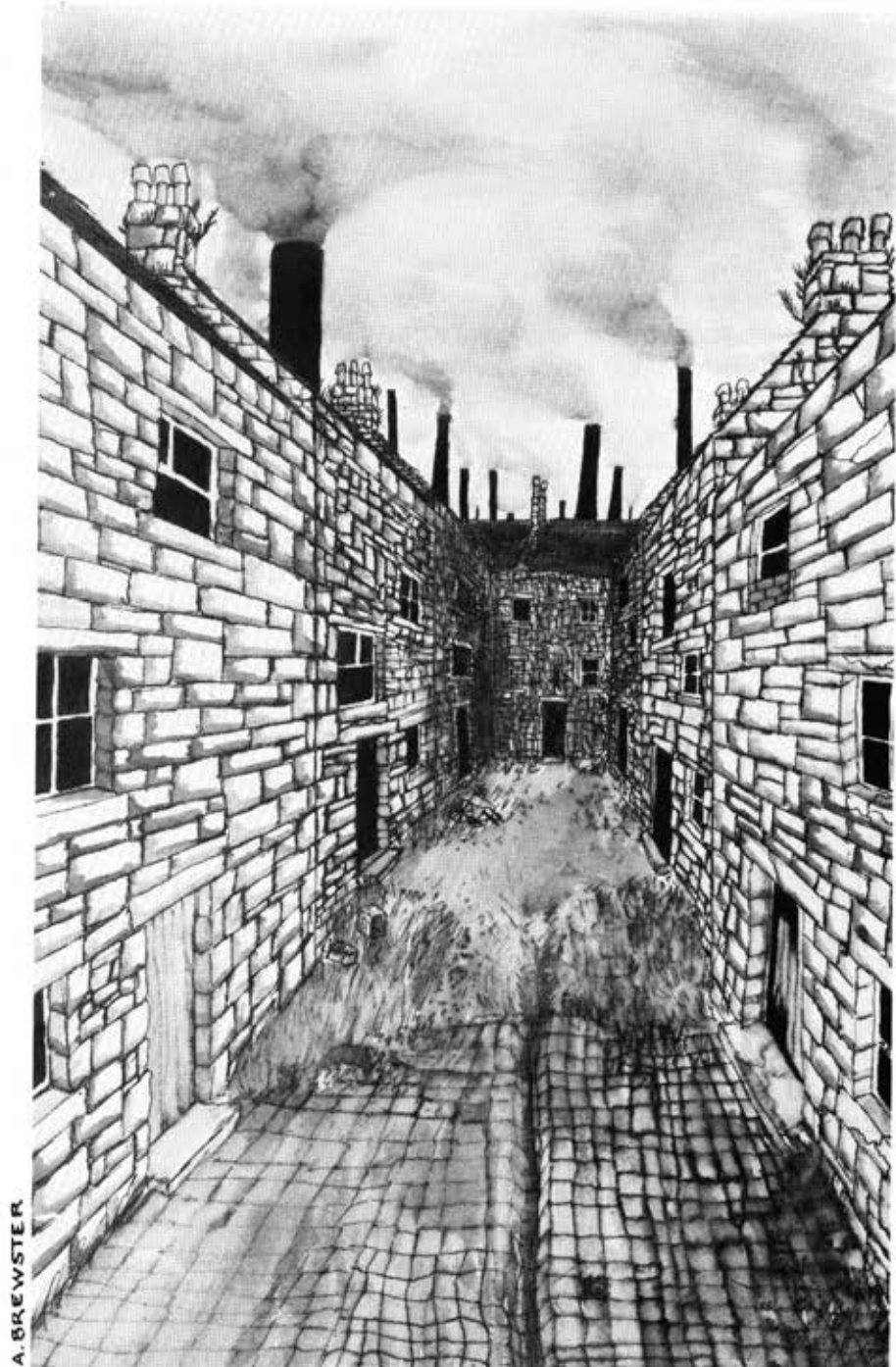
Sarah Annandale LVII

WHO I ADMIRE MOST IN THE WORLD

The person I admire most in the World was my Grandpa Grewar. I say admired not admire because he died two years ago. Grandpa Grewar was a farmer like my daddy. He was seventy-four when he died. Tam, Grandpa's dog was very sad and lonely when he died and now Tam is dead too.

Grandpa and Tam used to come down every day to look at the cattle and sheep. Sometimes I went with them. He was very kind to me and gave me my life membership to the Royal Highland Show. I miss him a lot and will always remember him.

Peter Grewar L IV A



FLIRTATION

A gentle breeze, persuasive, soft,
Had scarcely skimmed the sleeping sea.
She called so lightly, calm and cool,
He only stirred uneasily.

His back was smooth, and deep, and
blue,
Deep blue, the blue of sapphire stone.
He heard her calling, heaved a sigh,
But slept: he thought himself alone.

Once more, the wind provoked her lord,
By wailing, howling, — teasing him.
He woke, arose to answer her,
His fury tore her limb from limb.

He roared and bellowed, bucked and
swirled
His arms reached up to drag her down.
His eyes were green as emeralds,
And pearly white his frothy crown.

The wind, afraid and worried now,
Began to soothe him, slow and calm.
She whispered sweetly, sang so soft,
He listened, helpless in her charm.

And soon, with gentle sighs and calls,
The zephyr stilled the swelling deep.
He sighed, but rested once again,
“Farewell,” she whispered to his sleep.

Mary Young L VII



AUTUMN DAYS

Autumn is the season of colour when
the woods are filled with red and
yellow light.

Under the trees there is great activity as
hedgehogs rustle among the leaves in
search of food.

The sycamore keys spin and whirl until
they reach the ground and maybe next
year another plant will grow.

Up the tree scampers the little squirrel
carrying his store of nuts to put in his
house.

Many birds fly to warmer countries to
get away from the cold winter but they
will be back again in Spring.

Now that it is getting nearer winter the
days
are shorter and the nights are longer.

Down from the trees fall chestnuts and
boys and girls are cracking them
open to find conkers.

Autumn is not my daddy's best season
because he has to sweep away all the
leaves.

Yellow, red, orange and brown leaves fall
from the trees to make a carpet on the
grass.

Squirrels sleep through winter with a
store of nuts in case they wake up.

Gail Fullerton L IV A

HIGHWAY CODE

Before the 'October Holiday' Mrs Close announced that anybody wishing to try for the Highway Code team was to assemble in her room when the rest of the class went to television. After a few weeks, we all sat an exam. The five top marks made up the team with one reserve. The team was: Laura Irving, James Woodward, Paul Balbeiri and Jenni Birrell with Laura Gandy as reserve. After long sessions with Mrs Close the day came, our first round!

The round was due to start at 1.15 p.m. and by 1.10 p.m. we had all bitten our nails down to the quick. Constable Kerr arrived punctually and soon we were well under way. the first set of questions was quite easy but they gradually got more difficult.

At last it was all over and we were through! With a grand total of 19½ out of 24 we moved on to the next round. Unfortunately we only totalled at 19 out of 24 this time and our opposition, Gowrie, scored 20 out of 24, so we were beaten and we all hope next year's team do better and claim the title.

Jenni Birrell, L VII

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The night of the L7's Hallowe'en Party had come and in the well decorated lunch hall we all paraded. The characters ranged from punks to ghastly ghosts and daleks to evil witches. The turnips sat on the counter flaring at us all as we played games, and danced the familiar Scottish dances. The prefects watched carefully as we ducked for apples in the two big basins, with only a few getting completely drenched. We all received our food gratefully and at the end of the evening we had polished off the lot. At nine o'clock on that dark night of October the 31st, every single child in the room had enjoyed themselves immensely but were also extremely tired. The party had been a great success.

Jenny Tooze, L VII



THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

On Tuesday, 11th March, classes LVI and LVII set off in two Watson's coaches for His Majesty's Theatre in Aberdeen to see a London company's production of *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe* written by the famous author C. S. Lewis.

The coach trip took approximately two hours, but that itself was part of the fun of the trip. We stopped to have our packed lunch near Finavon which is North of Forfar at approximately quarter past twelve and left at about quarter to one.

When the show did start it was great, The story was about four children who entered another world called Narnia where the White Witch had taken over and it was always winter — but never Christmas. Aslan, the great lion, was on the move to right the wrongs that the White Witch had done to Narnia. The children help Aslan to battle against the White Witch's army. Aslan and the children eventually overcome the White Witch and Lucy, Edmund, Susan and Peter (the two sons of Adam and the two daughters of Eve) are crowned as kings and queens of Narnia. They remain in Narnia at Cair Paravell until one day they come upon the wardrobe, through which they had first entered Narnia, and fall back into their own world. Although they had been in Narnia for a long time, no time in their own world had passed.

When the play finished we made our way outside and waited for the coaches. The journey home seemed short and we managed to arrive back in Dundee at the right time.

It had been a great day out for us all!

Robb Horne, L VI S

THE SECRET LIKES AND DISLIKES OF MARTIN DRUMMOND

Age 11½ years

I like holidays,
messing around,
going to discos,
spending a pound.

Crunching crisps,
sucking sweets,
getting presents,
birthday treats.

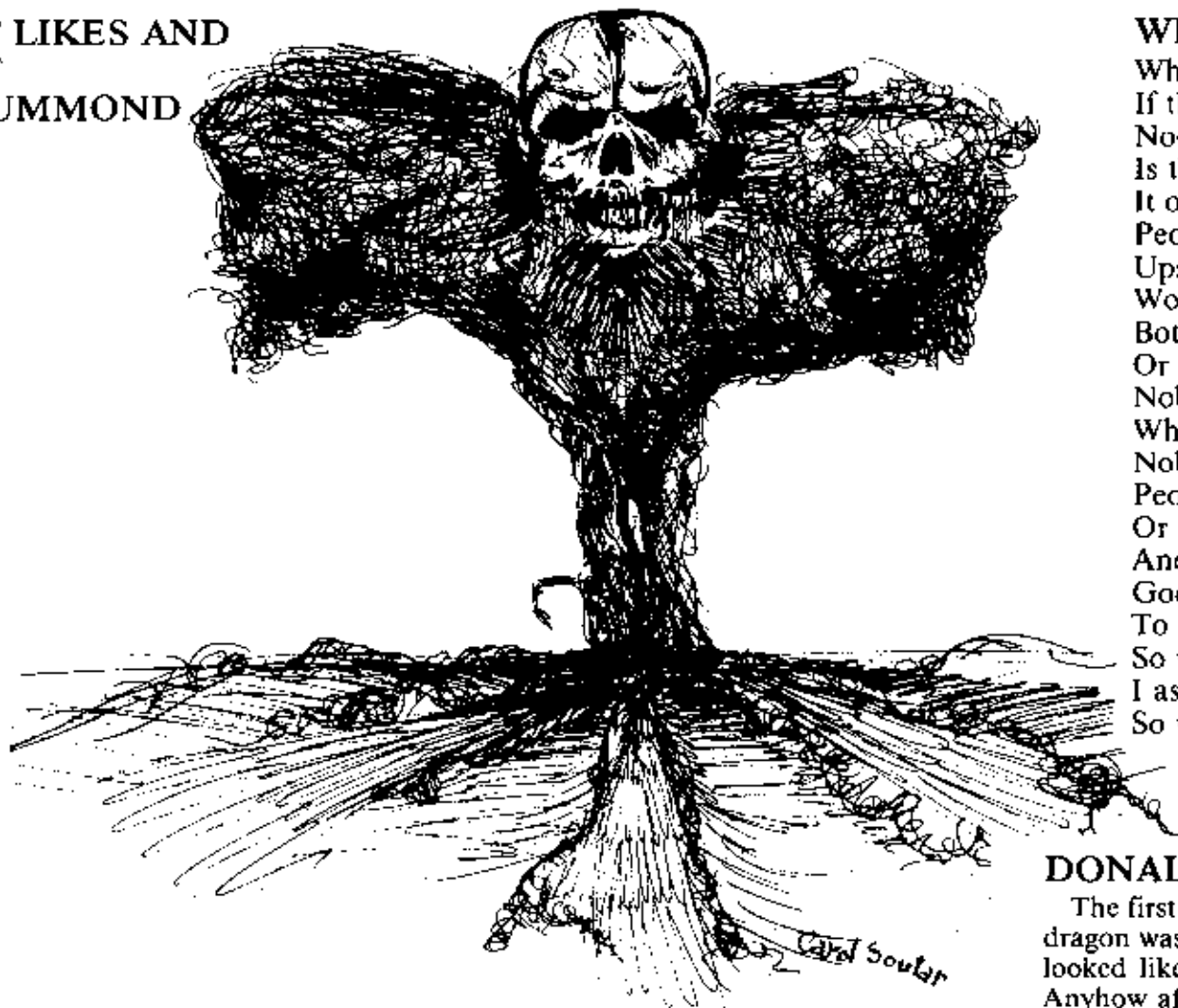
Playing rugby,
making a friend,
it seems my list,
has no end.

My dislikes?
just as numerous,
most are boring,
a few humorous.

I hate washing,
nagging mums!
Going to school,
doing sums.

Writing poetry,
making it rhyme,
running messages,
don't have time.

Cuts and bruises,
feet that blister,
crying babies,
my little sister.



WHY HAVE WAR?

Who benefits
If the World is at War?
No-one
Is the answer
It only makes
People angry.
Upset,
Worried,
Bothered,
Or tiring for those who are fighting
Nobody gets pleasure
When the fighting is done
Nobody at all
People are killed,
Or injured,
And few survive 'til the end
God didn't put us on the earth
To fight.
So why,
I ask,
So we have war?

Elise Nimmo, LVIR

DONALD THE DRAGON

The first thing that drew my attention to the dragon was the Erection on his tapered end. It looked like an eagle's nest but much bigger. Anyhow after that fright I calmed down. The next thing was its head which had gaping nostrils and great big sharp teeth. He had great big claws as if he would stretch down and pick up a human being and eat him or her up. Or maybe he might lash his tail and kill someone. Right down the back of his neck to the tip of his tail was all spikes. However, I have made friends and he is really quite friendly.

Richard Hope, LVN

WHITE

What is white?
Snow is white.
Gently falling,
All through the night.

Clouds are white,
Fluffy and gay.
Dancing and playing,
Drifting away.

Sheep are white,
And geese are too,
A lovely white horse,
Gallop through.

Julie Grewar, LVW

SEA ANGLING

My hobby is sea angling. I first learned how to catch fish at Laide on the West Coast of Scotland. My brother and I go out in our grandfather's boat with him. When we are out we sometimes see porpoises rushing under the boat like torpedoes. When we fish for haddock they cannot always be found, unlike mackerel which swim in shoals. The haddock beds must be sought out as this is where they feed.

When mackerel are in the bay we sometimes come up with six mackerel before we have reached the bottom and after five minutes we can have a boat full of flapping fish.

We gut the fish on the way home in the boat. The seagulls flock round so we toss them the heads of the fish which they catch in mid-air.

We also put down lobster pots and once a lobster is trapped inside it cannot escape. Lobster pots have weights in them and they are very heavy to pull up. The pots have to be baited and this is done by attaching a dead fish inside it. To save the trouble of having to rebait the pot every time a lobster is caught some fish guts can be put inside a tin with a tight lid. The tin is perforated and the lobsters smell the bait through the holes in the tin. Crabs are often caught in lobster pots as well and we throw the small ones back along with any starfish we catch. The big ones we keep and take home to cook.

My grandfather also has a herring net which he puts out at night. One end is attached to the rocks that jut out from the shore and the other end to a rope with an anchor on the end. The net has floats along the top so that other boats can see that there is a net in the water and steer clear. The next morning the herring net is hauled in. We row alongside the net because if we used the engine the propeller might get tangled in the net. Sometimes a whole shoal of mackerel swim into the net but sometimes we can catch a lot of herring.

I also fish from the beach at my house on the River Tay. I dig for the bait the day before. I use lug worm to catch flounders, sea scorpions, dabs and gobys. If a spinner, which is a shiny bit of metal which spins in the water is used, bass, sea trout and salmon can be caught.

Andrew MacIntyre, LVIS

SCOT'S VICTORY

The date February 15, 1986, will always stay in the memories of Scottish Rugby supporters. It was the day when Scotland's team beat the "Auld Enemy" by 33 points to 6!

Some LVI and LVII pupils were lucky enough to go to Murrayfield to watch the match.

We set off at 12 noon and travelled to Edinburgh in a coach. We arrived at 2.00 p.m. but the kick-off was not until 2.30 p.m. In the spare time we ate our packed lunches.

England took the kick-off but Scotland were the first to get a penalty and Gavin Hastings, Scotland's full-back, kicked between the posts to gain three points. Some more points were scored by Matthew Duncan and Scott Hastings who both scored super tries putting us into a fine lead.

The final whistle blew and Scotland had beaten England by 33 points to 6. What a thrashing! Many Scot's fans ran onto the pitch in sheer delight.

We set off home in high spirits. When we arrived back at school we were half an hour early so we walked to the Post Office and phoned our parents from the public telephones there.

While we were waiting for our parents we played tig in the playground.

For the girls who had gone on the trip it had been the chance of a lifetime to visit Scotland's home of Rugby — Murrayfield.

Sarah Craig and Louise Fenwick LVIS

THE PERSON I ADMIRE MOST IN THE WORLD

The person I admire most in the world is my father. I used to admire Clint Eastwood, the television star, but I got bored with him and so I changed it to my father. I admire him the most because he is very brainy and good at sport. He always helps me with my piano practice which is very difficult. He sometimes takes me to Tannadice Park, where I watch my favourite football team play football. My father used to play indoor football. He was the goalie of the team. He also goes fishing and last year he caught two massive salmon. He goes to play snooker too. The last time he played snooker he got thrashed by his opponent. Sometimes my dad plays golf. Apart from active things he gives me rows which goes to show that he cares for me. He is also very handsome but he is not very strong. He has just enough muscles to protect me though. I think I have chosen a perfect man whom I admire most and I can tell you one thing I shall never ever get bored with him I assure you.

Michael King, L IV A

A DISMAL OCTOBER

Wet,
Dreary,
Chilly air,
Leaves fall to ground
Fruit is ripening
Geese fly overhead
Fields are ploughed
Gloomy
Fog
Lucy Young L VI R



NOVEMBER

Stars
Fire Works
Gleaming Bright
Burning bonfires
Dark and noisy night
Shining sparklers
Excitement
Guy Fawkes
Flames!

WHEN I HOLD A SEA SHELL TO MY EAR

I imagine I can see boats and water-skiers
zooming across the water and a hot sun
shining down on children making sand-castles.

I hear the waves crashing against big boulders
and children splashing and screaming and
shouting as I lie down and relax.

I smell ice-cream and hot dogs and the smell
of the sea a salty smell, of fishes and corals
beneath the waves.

I feel the hot sand under me and a splash
of water from time to time and sometimes I
feel as though I'm going to sink into the sand.

I wonder if there is another shell like mine
another shell that is as colourful, that lets
you imagine about parrots and tropical trees.

I wish I could get into my shell and enter
the Land of Make believe and go to an
island that has lots of people, palm-trees and
luxury.

Moloy Das, L IV

HAIKU:

A Haiku is a Japanese poem having
three lines. In a Haiku there
should be seventeen syllables
altogether.

The first line of a Haiku is often
about something ordinary.

The second, longer line brings in
an unusual image.

The third line brings the ordinary
and the unusual together in some
way.

Claire Brodie L VI S

SANTA

Santa comes down the chimney,
He delivers all the toys,
He fills up all the stockings,
With sweets for girls and boys.

He travels all through the night,
Upon his laden sleigh,
He delivers all the presents, In time for
Christmas Day.

Alistair Whyte L IV C

COLOURS

Blue is for cold or disappointment
Green is for envy or inexperience,
Red is for anger, embarrassment or
excitement,
Yellow is cowardice,
White is for shock or fright,
And it all adds up to feelings.

PAINT

Susanne Ogilvie L VI R

A JOURNEY

Jerry the Germ got washed away,
Down the plughole, yesterday.

He travelled a hundred miles or more,
Till he came to a dirty, sandy shore.

It was Sellafield, and the nuclear waste,
Covered him almost right up to his waist.

He swam away on a little trip,
To visit his cousin, Wellington Drip.

As he arrived, Drip said "Hello",
He also waved (ho ho ho)!

Drip said "You're contaminated",
At this Jerry Germ flipped his lid.

He stayed for just a week, maybe two,
Till he moved on to me, next? maybe you!

Colin E. Stewart L VII K

THE PARADISE MOUNTAINS

One evenin' in them eastern hills,
I wes treking' down the track.
An' all I had was ma own dear head,
An' a backpack on ma back.
Now I was thinkin' of a land,
A land that's far away.
A li'le place where there's no school,
Of speed on roads thar is no rule.
No tractors and the wimmin' can do the spool,
In the lil' d' Paradise Mountains.

High in the Paradise Mountains,
Thar ain't no Bronski Beat.
Thar ain't no harmful diseases,
An' the Porsches are really neat.
There ain't no politics either,
And fags, yeah they've gone too,
Nuclear weapons have gone to pot.
Junk food, pollution, they've been left to rot,
Of sport an' yummy fruits there's a lot,
In them lil' d' Paradise Mountains.

Simon Petrie

WINTER?

Icy, frozen,
Harsh and sharp,
Cold and frosty,
Dim and dark.

Or, maybe, from a different angle;

Soft and gentle,
Smooth and white,
Silent Winter
Stills the night.

Mary Young



L VII's VISIT TO THE CITY CHAMBERS

On Friday, 16th May, L VII visited Dundee City Chambers. On arrival we were greeted by Mr Kelly, the Council Officer, who led us to a large, impressive room where Dundee District Council hold their meetings.

During Mr Kelly's interesting talk we were told all about councillors, and about their jobs. Councillors are elected by the public and they "manage" the city. Mr Kelly's assistant, Me Eadie, showed us the Lord Provost's Chain of Office, the Civic Mace and the Lady Lord Provost's Brooch. One boy was asked to wear the Chain of Office and we were all amazed because the emerald suspended at the end of the chain is the second biggest in the world and is 271 carats! Mr Kelly seemed to have a hectic lifestyle as he was always being called out of the room and then coming back!

We all enjoyed our trip, especially the snack we had. Mr Kelly's promise of juice, meringues and cream did not materialise but we still enjoyed our juice and biscuits!

All in all this was a most enjoyable and successful outing.

Gavin Brown, L VII

L.VII

BROUGHTY CASTLE

One Thursday, both classes of L.VII set out from the School in a double decker bus, braving the weather. Our only equipment was a sports bag, pencil and clipboard. When we arrived at the castle L.VII split up with us and went to the castle while we went away to sketch and find out information about the lifeboats. The tide was half way out and it was interesting to see what had been brought in by the tide.

When we went into the castle, on the first floor the lay out was about fishing and tourism and how transport was at the beginning of the 20th century. We had a talk from Mrs Davey about Broughty Ferry in the past.

The second floor was about the whaling industry and all the different harpoons used to kill them. Did you know the sailors had football teams and would play on the ice with a whale's bladder as a football?

The third floor was about the wild life which is on our beach and in the sea round the castle. There was a slide show and lots of stuffed birds and different types of shells.

The fourth floor was more interesting to the boys. It was the weapon room with all the different types of weapon from the crossbow to the guns of World War I. It had a very good selection of medals from General Monk to the 1st World War.



Pictures courtesy of D. C. Thomson

L.VI TRIP TO SCONE PALACE

On the 19th June at approximately 10.00 a.m. we left Dundee on our way to Scone. The journey was short and during our time in the bus we sang songs and chatted. Then before we knew where we were we had arrived at Scone Palace.

As we stepped out of the bus we were startled by the beauty of the peacocks and the noise they made. Mr Robinson, who is in charge of the palace and its grounds, told us a bit of the history of Scone Palace.

Inside the Palace we were shown around and it was amazing to think that the magnificent crockery and furniture was once used.

After our tour of the Palace we went through the souvenir shop and then onto the small shop which sold freshly baked biscuits and cakes. We then walked back to the bus to collect our lunches. There were picnic tables where the peacocks were. The peacocks strutted about displaying their tails and when doing so they made a whirring noise. It was a little frightening!

After lunch we were given maps and question sheets and were sent off round the grounds to answer the questions to the quiz. Some of us managed to get ourselves lost but we soon found our way back to the front of the Palace where we eventually all met.

For the people who managed to achieve the highest marks there were prizes such as badges, complimentary tickets and Scone Palace pencils.

Although we wanted to stay for a little longer we had to go. We sang all the way home in the coach. We were a little late in arriving back at School but that only added to the excitement of the day.

Ashley Meiklejohn, LVIS

L IV TRIP TO CAMBO

On 18th June, 1986, L IV went on a School trip to Cambo. When we arrived we were divided into groups. The groups in our class were the Limpets, Crabs and Whelks, and the groups in Mrs Clark's class were the Shrimps, Lobsters and Periwinkles. First we went on a nature trail and came to an open pen where we had a small snack. Then we went on the rest of the nature trail where we saw a huge beech tree. At one point we had to climb down some slippery steps and from there we could see the rocky beach. As we reached it, we were growing more and more excited. As soon as we were allowed we started looking for shellfish and crabs, but did not find many. Instead, we found an interesting-looking bird standing on a small rock. We thought it might be a heron. We found some abandoned shell homes which had belonged to limpets and cockles. We put them in our bags to take home. We spent some time searching the rockpools for live creatures which had been left behind by the tide. Once we had seen all there was to see Mrs Clark and Mrs Alexander called us together to cross over to the sandy beach where we were to have lunch.

Mrs Clark announced that there was to be a sandcastle competition and that we were to divide into our groups around the beach, get down on our hands and knees and get ready to begin when she said "Go!" My group worked very hard at making an outstanding castle with towers and a moat. Thanks to Alistair Key's hard work, our group was declared the winner. As it was nearing time for us to return to School we walked back up to Cambo Centre, passing the sheep and goats on the way. When we reached the top the Ranger chose Alison and Claire to help give the lambs their bottle.

To finish a lovely day we entered the Playharn and played on the chute, fireman's pole and exercise rings. Before leaving for School by coach we had a vanilla ice-cream to cool us down. How we had all enjoyed our day at Cambo!

Mark Fletcher L.IV A

L.VII

THE McMANUS GALLERIES

Our first visit was on Wednesday, 21st May to the McManus Galleries to see an exhibition called "Here's To Dundee". Before hand, we had been given a sheet with questions about certain display cases. Once we had finished our notes on these cases, we were then allowed to have a general look around. There were many interesting cases, such as a model of what Dundee used to be like, a Victorian Bar, a Co-op.

We then went to a classroom where we received an interesting talk and slide show all about the exhibition and Dundee in the last century.

L.VII

THE HOWFF

Our second visit was to the Howff on Tuesday, 3rd June. The Howff which means meeting place was granted by Queen Mary in 1564 as a burial ground. For over two centuries the various Guilds paid rent to use the Howff which occupies the site of Grayfriars monastery. Now the Howff is open to the public and people can walk about as if it were an ordinary park.

We set off to the Howff on Tuesday, 3rd June. Before hand, we had drawn (with Miss Knight's expert guidance) a map of the Howff on which we had marked some certain tombstones to find. We soon found all of them, a gardener's and sailor's tombstone, the Lord Provost, Alexander Riddoch's tombstone and James Chalmers, the inventor of the adhesive postage stamp. The next question was to find the oldest tombstone. It was finally found and belonged to James Muir who died in 1577!

On the whole the visit to the Howff was thoroughly enjoyable.

JUNIOR SCHOOL NETBALL

At the beginning of the session, an L.VI Netball team was chosen and they then had lots of practices against the L.VII team. Sometimes the teams contained both L.VI and L.VII girls. Halfway through the session, Mrs Alexander arranged some friendly matches against other schools.

Later, the real matches began and we played against Park Place, Gillburn, Gowrichill and St. Matthew's Primaries. Although we lost most of the matches we enjoyed them very much. We thank Mrs Alexander very much for looking after us at Netball throughout the year.

Rosemary Low, Shona McDougall

JUNIOR SCHOOL RUGBY

Despite this year's lack of fixtures the Junior XV had a successful season winning seven out of their eight matches. The 'double' over Robert Gordon's was particularly pleasing.

The boys were very lucky this year to have the coaching expertise of Mr M. Petrie and Mr D. Machin who turned out regularly to advise and support the team.

Much of the team's success, however, must be put down to the enthusiasm of the boys who turned out religiously for practices and training sessions, underlining the fact that there is really no alternative to hard work and practice.

A. S.

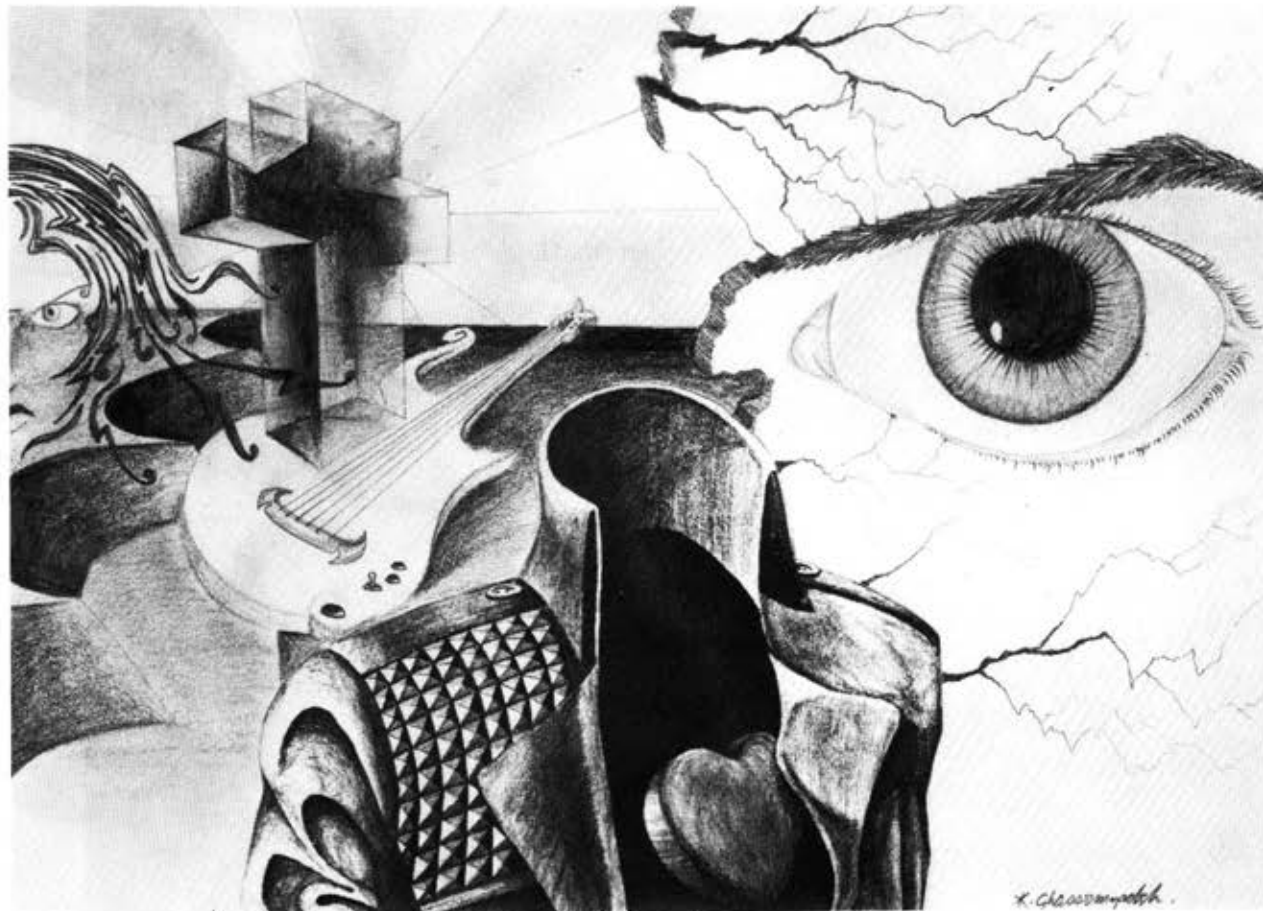
JUNIOR CHESS CLUB

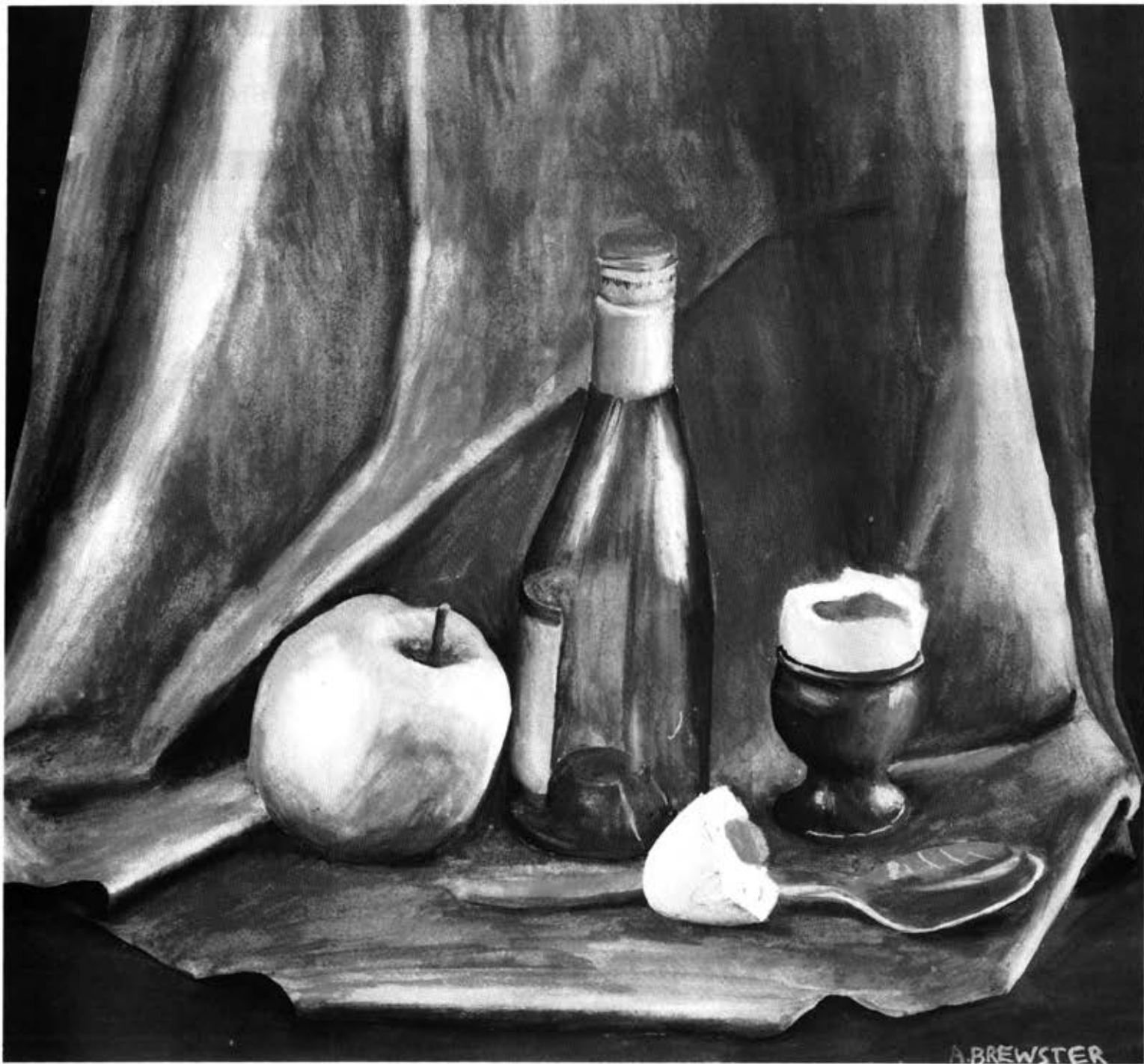
This year's Russell Trophy has been very exciting. The L4 winner was Alastair Howson who was finally knocked out of the Russell Trophy after losing to the L5 winner, Caroline Merry. Caroline went on to beat the L6 winner, Alan Forsyth but lost against Mark Woodcraft, the L7 winner, who beat last year's runner-up Peter Macfarlane-Smith in the class matches. Mark then beat Alan and Alastair and became the Russell Trophy champion. Caroline Merry was runner-up and Alan and Alastair were third equal.

Alan Forsyth

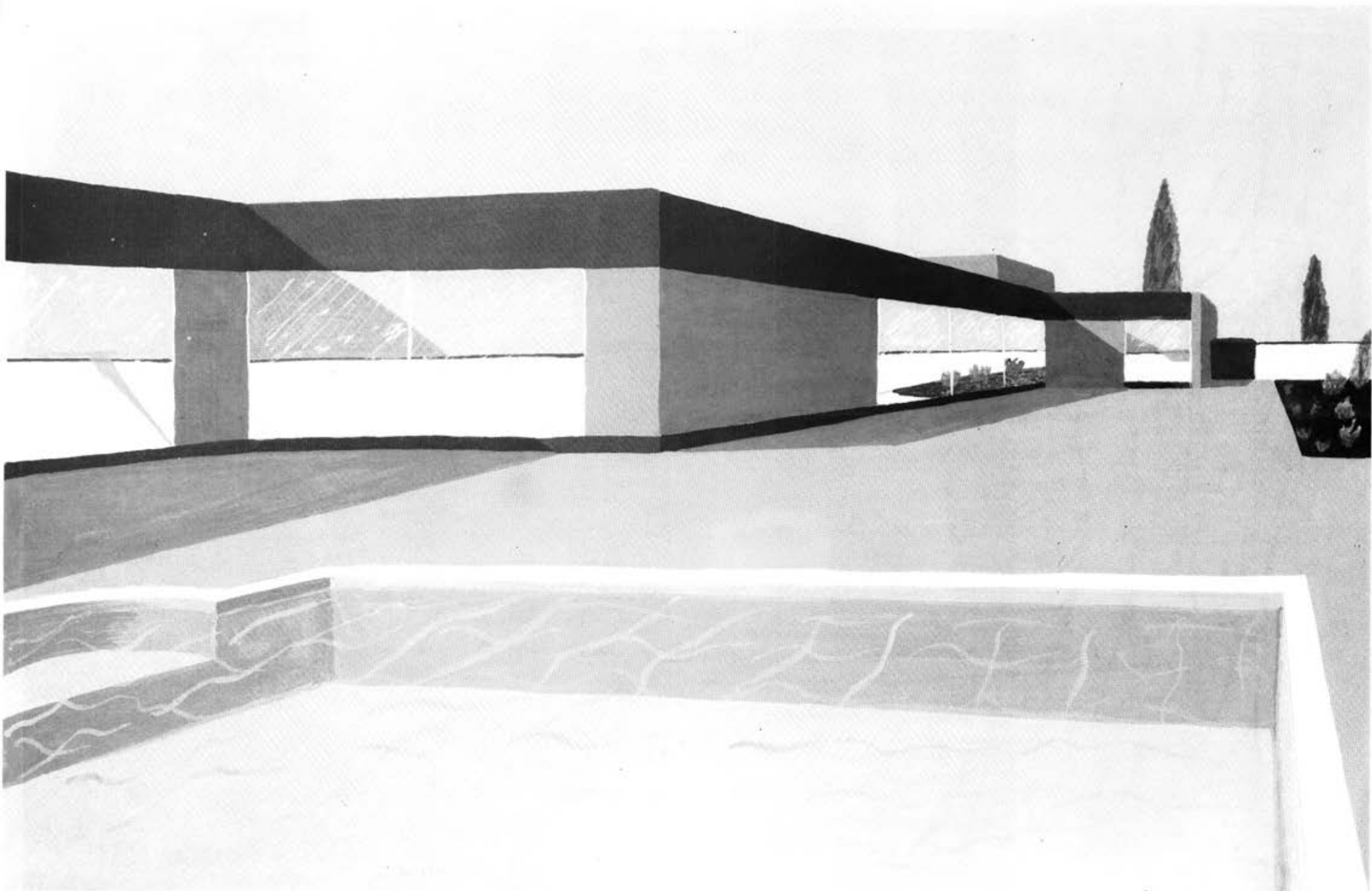
GALLERY

'The Gallery' is a new section in this year's magazine to illustrate a cross-section of the art work produced by the pupils throughout the School session, either in normal class time or specially for this magazine.





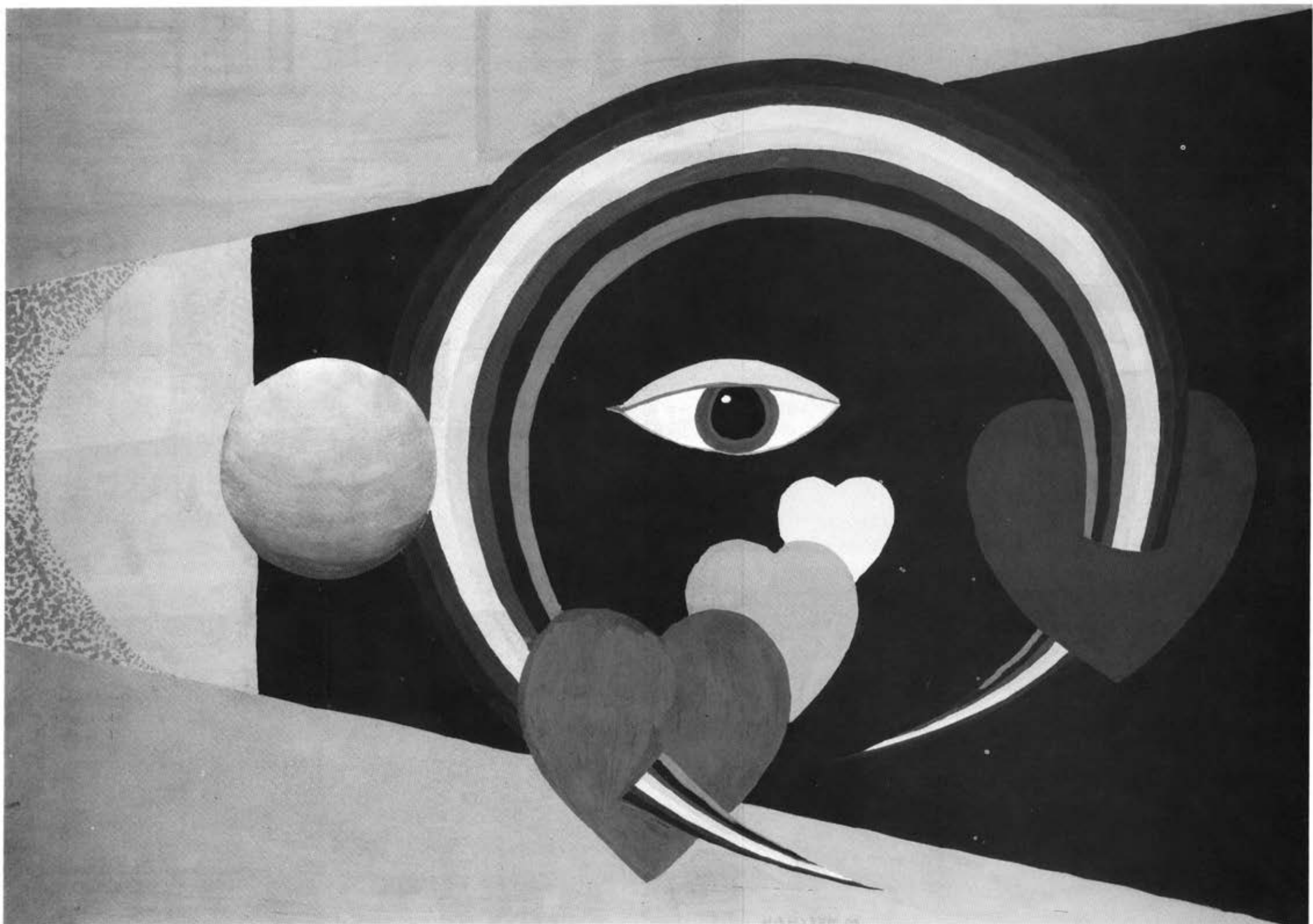




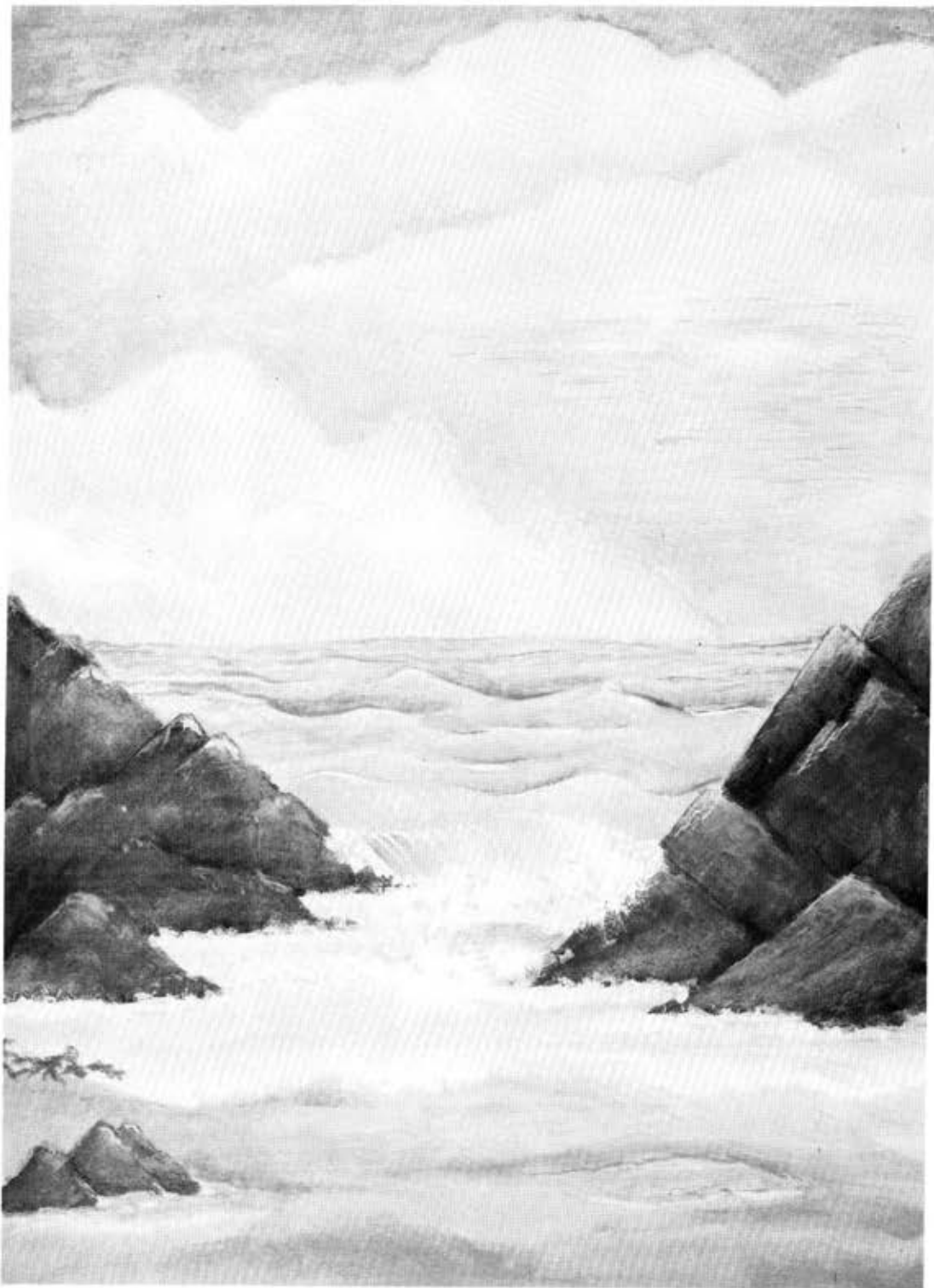
G.T. ANDERSON

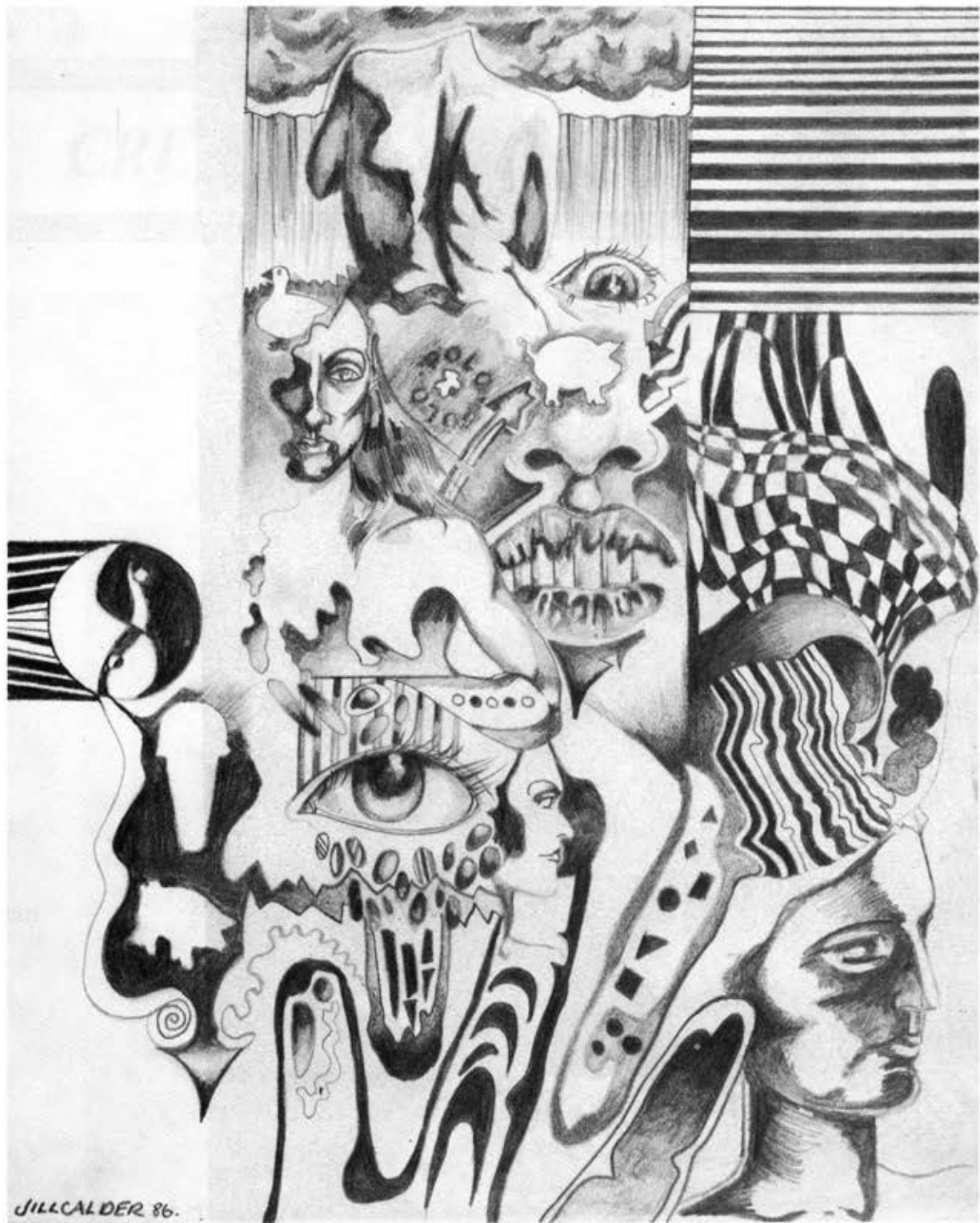


M.MEECHAN









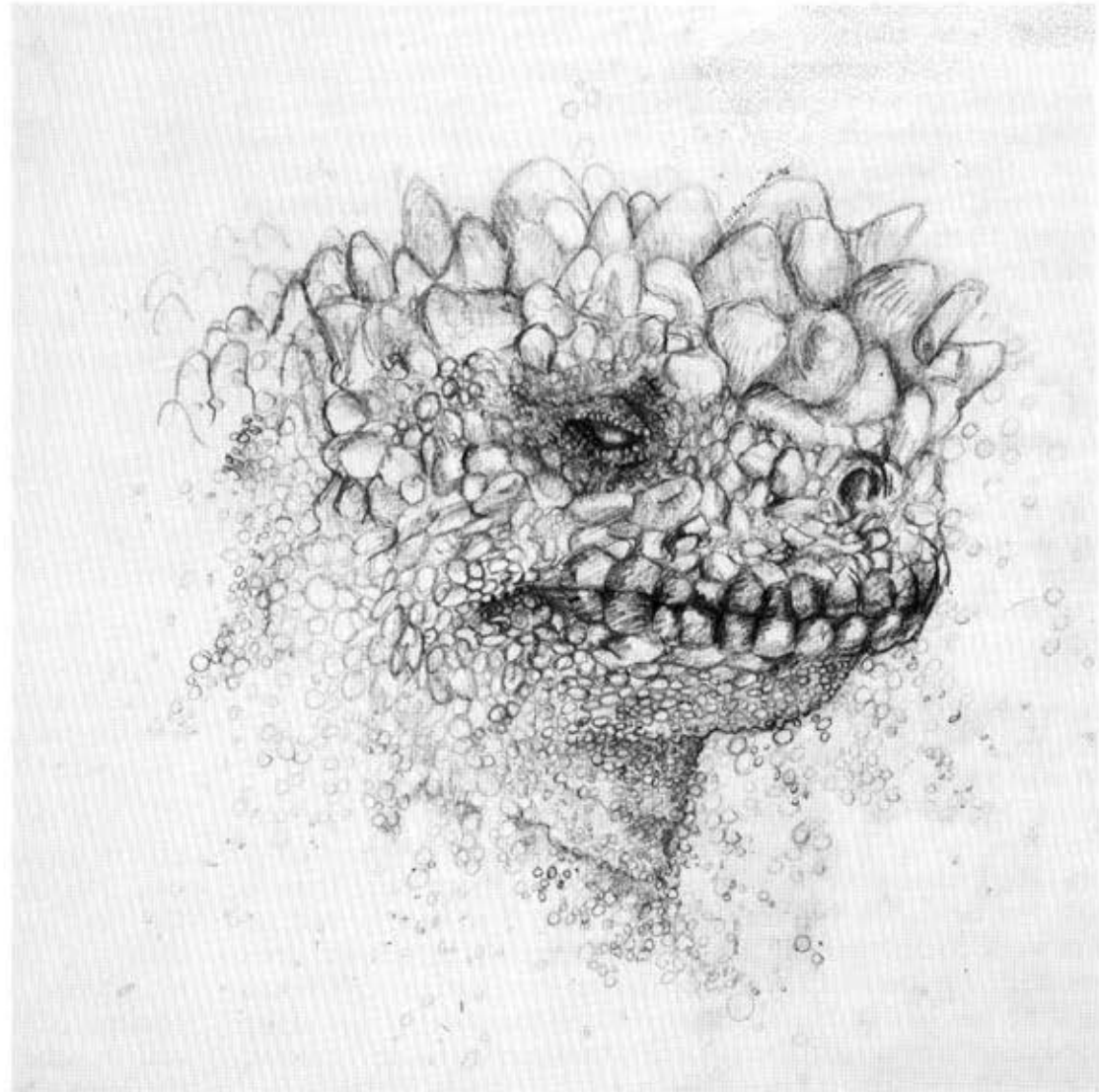


CREATIVITY

THE LIZARD

The creature slithered through
the undergrowth.
His tongue darting round for flies:
An insect is caught and swallowed.
The reptile looks round for more,
But the flies have all disappeared.
The monstrous face quivers with
annoyance,
His wobbling neck is like jelly.
At last he gives up and creeps away:
He is the animal we most hate,
With his scaly skin and furtive grin,
Our noses turn up at him,
The fat thing we call a Lizard.

Elaine Bowman



THE TYRANNY OF TIME

Even in ancient Egypt man had a preoccupation with time. In these early years he strived to give his life some sort of organisation, using the geometrically clever sun-dial.

What is time? If the word 'time' did not exist no other word could describe the concept. Basically it has been contrived by man to try to bring organisation to his life, consisting of using the Earth's natural cycles and either dividing them into periods of a shorter nature or multiplying them to make years, decades, centuries even.

This man-made concept of time is almost vital to our modern-day lives. Without it the routine of our days and indeed our years would not exist and some would argue that chaos would reign instead of organisation. Some would also argue that time to a great extent rules our lives, to such a degree that the resulting routine makes our lives boring. I believe this to be true as one is always glad for a holiday to break the daily routine of school or an office job, for example.

What is a holiday anyway except a break from a normal routine. One does not have to get up or go to bed at any specific time allowing one to decide to do these things when one wants to.

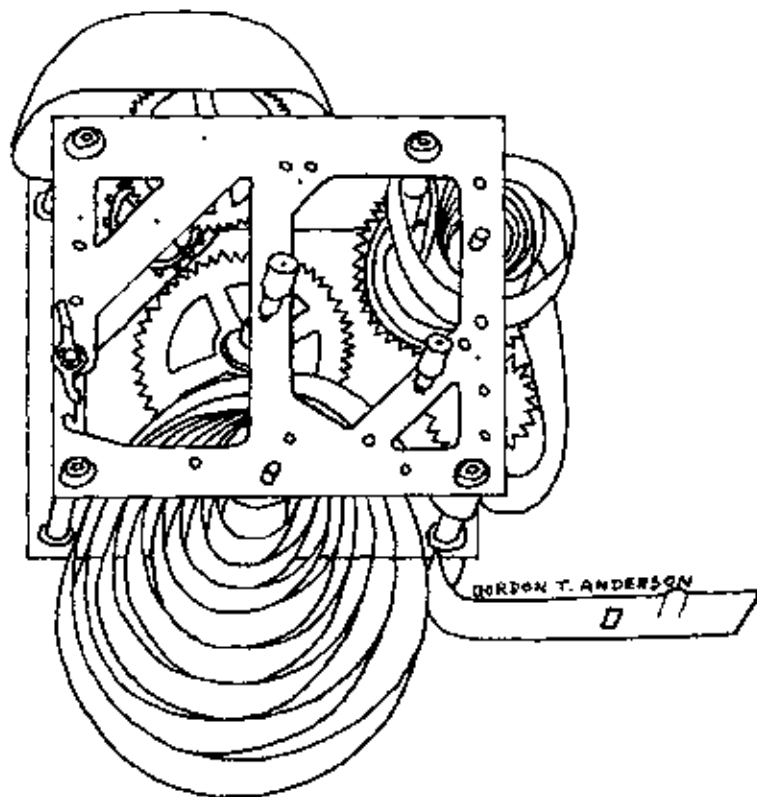
In fact when one thinks about it time even restricts what we eat at certain times of the day not allowing us to eat what we want when we want to. Also it is true that even when we do not have to conform with the daily routine we still have to work our day to when shops and restaurants are open and if one so wished to go to a disco before lunchtime one could not because it was not time for it to be open. These are indeed frivolous examples but that is only to a person who has been conditioned all of his life to work and play according to the clock.

Even though time is divided into equal units, hours or minutes for example, it has the nasty habit of appearing to drag on and on or fly past when what the person wants is exactly the opposite.

In an exam, for example, the candidate always wants the allocated time to seem to last to enable him to do the most work possible. He knows that he will not have any more time than is allocated but he wants it to feel longer than it is so that he can get plenty of work completed, but as is usually the case, time never does what we want it to do and absolutely flashes past and the candidate feels as if he has had little time. I must stress that time if it is being expressed in certain units, passes at a constant speed and never alters; it only appears to human brains to do so.

It is also a saying that "time flies, if one is enjoying oneself." This is certainly true as if one is at a party and enjoying oneself, it hardly seems to have started when it is time to go home again.

The opposite occurs when one is waiting for something to happen (good or bad) or one has nothing to do. Here time seems to drag on and on when it is preferred to pass quickly.



Just the other night I was watching a film about a person in prison waiting to be executed. On one hand he wanted the time to pass quickly so that the execution was over and done with. Of course, the time just dragged on and on and his brain started to work overtime. Thus he started to think about his life so far, soon to be terminated and before long he started to wish he had never committed the crime and he wanted more than anything to live. Of course, time being like it is, suddenly started to fly past and very soon the man was dragged to the scaffold screaming for mercy.

It seems that the "rule" is that if one has something to do and requires plenty of time in which to do it, it is always too quick in passing. And when someone has nothing to do and wanting time to pass quickly it never does and always drags on and on.

The real reason for this is that despite man having had to live with the concept of time for hundreds of years if not thousands, man's brain cannot keep time constant. If his brain is occupied, time passes quickly, but if it is not occupied time passes very slowly — thus man must use a machine to measure time accurately.

Time-tables are yet another consequence of the man-made concept of time, which do tend to govern our daily lives. Admittedly they do keep many things in order when they are implemented, but some may argue that the hard graft that goes into planning one is not worthy of the end result which is usually taken for granted by most people. Basically they do tend to take our lives away from us. We are not free.

The time-table is the very epitome of routine and organisation which is good when a number of things must be completed in a certain time, as everything gets its equal share of time. It is not, however, a most enjoyable thing to follow as it usually gets boring due to the cycle having no variety. Some people cannot work to a time-table and find that if they are allowed to work just when they have inspiration, they will, eventually get a much better end result than if they had been rushed. This of course, cannot be practised successfully in the twentieth century because as we all know time is money and therefore in the modern world time is at a premium, so people are seldom relaxed.

Lastly, on a lighter note, I will mention sport, especially track athletics. If the concept of a time period and therefore hours, minutes and seconds did not exist, neither would modern day track athletics. Not any more is it suffice to come first, second or third. No, nowadays it is more important to take a shorter time to run the race than has ever been done before. Just recently we have seen Cram and Coe virtually killing themselves merely to have the satisfaction of taking one hundredth of a second off a record set only the previous day.

Where will this obsession of taking a shorter time ever stop? When will the limit be reached? This I think shows that even though the "time is money" syndrome does not apply in this case, man still obsessively wants to beat the clock, even during leisure-time, when he should be relaxing, preparing for the next working day.

Gordon T. Anderson FV

AIR TRAVEL

The first thing that you notice on a plane is the in-flight magazine — it is situated in the net-rack beside the paper bag for unexpected turbulence (although the chairman of the airline's one-page message on how seriously the company takes your safety and comfort is usually enough to fill it — if not, then the chicken Maryland in white wine sauce, mixed onion, cheap Italian vinegar masquerading as Chablis 52 can finish the job) and besides the bits of half-putrid orange which the young traveller (who flies at two-thirds of the price if he's going to Yugoslavia in May of a leap-year if his parents booked in flight before the preceding March) has inadvertently let slip from his hands, before rubbing them on the seat near the crack where the emergency cord comes out (before snapping in two, leaving you with a 3 inch length of nylon laminates with which to parachute safely to the ground from around 28000 feet) — and yes, your coat is sticking to it now-too-late — sticky! Better go to the toilet to wipe it off —NO! DON'T GO TO THE TOILET! but you do, and have to wait for forty-five minutes as the old woman with the moustache is violently sick everywhere in the 2'-4'-5' cubicle which has all mod cons ("Con" being the operative word) including a pool of water on the floor, the gummed-up sink, and the missing toilet-seat. Luxury it is, and the impressed and willing to go by boat, hovercraft, even stay at home next year, anything but the plane.

Duncan Mackinnon, FV

DEATH OF MY PET

She's gone, my dog,
to a much better place,
but how I miss her,
I miss her face,
I miss her welcome,
and the wag of her tail.
Her basket is empty,
her lead is still there,
her bowl,
her comb,
Oh! the memories.

by Clare M. Frost, FII

HENRY

Impatiently Henry tossed aside a pile of papers and, pushing back his chair, rose and crossed the room to the window. He kicked the window-seat sharply. "Nobody understands, Pi. Nobody at all."

There was a note of bitterness in his voice which was alien to the placid nature of the man. As if sensing this, the cat sidled up to him, rubbing past his master's legs. Henry looked down at the touch of soft fur against his ankles, and smiled. "Except you, Pi. You understand, don't you?"

He sank into the cushioned seat and, taking the cat on his lap, he began to run his fingers through its velvety fur. For a moment Henry looked almost happy. His usually grave features were softened by the smile which still played on his lips and brought a sparkle of life to his deep eyes. His serenity seemed to fill the attic room where Henry liked to work. The sunlight poured through the window, glinting on the tank where fish drifted among floating weed in aimless oblivion. But Henry was only half-aware of the warmth of the sun on his cheek, only half-conscious of the soft fur stroking his skin. The rest of his mind was far away, lost in its imaginings.

The cat stirred on his lap. Henry sighed and awoke to reality. As had happened so often in his life he was filled with a feeling of intense irritation. "Why should it matter? After all, why should I care?" he said aloud, failing to suppress the hard lump of resentment which welled up inside him.

All day his peace of mind had been disturbed. His thoughts had often wandered from the words in the books in front of him. Sometimes he had read a single paragraph three times without its meaning becoming any clearer to him.

This evening there was to be a gathering at the Barlow's. He could imagine it already — a room filled with actor friends, business friends, politician friends, friends from the golf-club; an evening filled by cocktails and idle prattle, dinner and pretentious conversation, cigars, brandy, and forced joviality. But Henry would never join in, nor was he ever asked to. In company like this he felt awkward and self-conscious, stricken by a constant fear of speaking out of turn. At last someone would look at his watch and cry, "Good Lord, is that the time? Hope you don't mind but, but . . ."

There would be kisses all round. Fervent plans for reunion would be made, as hollow as the people who made them. Then they would all disperse, strangers to each other as they had been before. They were strangers, yet they belonged and Henry didn't.

Yes, he was different. An evening of frivolous conversation just did not satisfy his active mind. The conversation around Mrs Barlow's dinner table he found false and insincere. He had never found the pleasure others seemed to find in dancing, or the excitement in politics or the City. Real pleasure was found in the written word, real satisfaction in the germination of an original thought, real excitement in the study and finally the understanding of the ideas of Plato and Aristotle and Russell and . . .

So why shouldn't he be different? Why should he feel this morbid sensitivity at what they said? He could hear them sneering now: "That's that arrogant Henry Berg, our learned philosopher. Thinks he's too good for us, does he?" He could hear the women, adorned in all the sophistications of high fashion, mocking his dark suit, dated and worn because he had never cared to replace it.

"It matters," he muttered through gritted teeth, failing again to master his bitterness. "It matters because they don't understand — haven't tried to understand. He wasn't arrogant or supercilious. He wasn't proud or indifferent. They just hadn't tried to talk to him, to find out. If only they would. If only they could see him now where he belonged, surrounded by his animals, his plants, his books, and his ideas. Then they would understand," he thought.

Outside dusk had fallen, casting long shadows in the little room. Henry sighed again and lifted the sleeping Pythagoras from his lap. Slowly and deliberately he prepared to go out.

At the corner of the street Henry stopped. He stood for a moment gazing across the dark square at the lighted windows of the Barlows' house opposite. He smiled to himself. Tonight he wanted to be alone. Alone, that is, with his mind. Tonight he wanted to be Henry. He turned and walked in the opposite direction.

Vicki Vaughan

DEEDS DARKLING

'Twas Twildum and the slithy sloths,
Did raggle, writhel, wonderous flow.
All flinky was the flouncing moss,
And the scarffs slinked slow.

A Dragonwold with fiery eyes,
Vermillion wings, a breath of fate.
Begotten from the magic dyes,
Of fairies old and wizards great.

Did stride the gloaming, frumbling low,
Towards the lake his fire to quench.
Astride the path, the Frumledum's bow,
Was arched triumphant, gut astrench.

Thrum! Tartron's thrust sped true,
Gyroned, thringing the flames to freeze.
The angrage loud and louder grew,
As Dragonwold full, fatal heaved.

'Twas Thrumdum and the silky sliths,
Did wriggle, thriggle, lightly twist,
As Frumledum, knights' victorious myth,
His legendary Tartron kissed.

Sarah Taylor FI



THE SHARK

In the darkness of the night,
The coldness of the sea,
Shoals of swimming fish,
Are all that you can see.

Their movements so graceful,
So gentle and light,
Their colours so splendid,
So vivid and bright.

But out of the gloom,
Out of the dark,
A creature approaches . . .
. . . a killer shark!

Gaping jaws and two beady eyes,
A fin and a comical snout,
This huge ocean predator
approaches the fish,
She's awesome without a doubt.

The fish are terrified,
They quickly dash away,
But the shark's already decided.
Her unfortunate prey.

A fat, tasty fish,
Would make a satisfying snack,
So the shark dives for it,
Ready to attack.

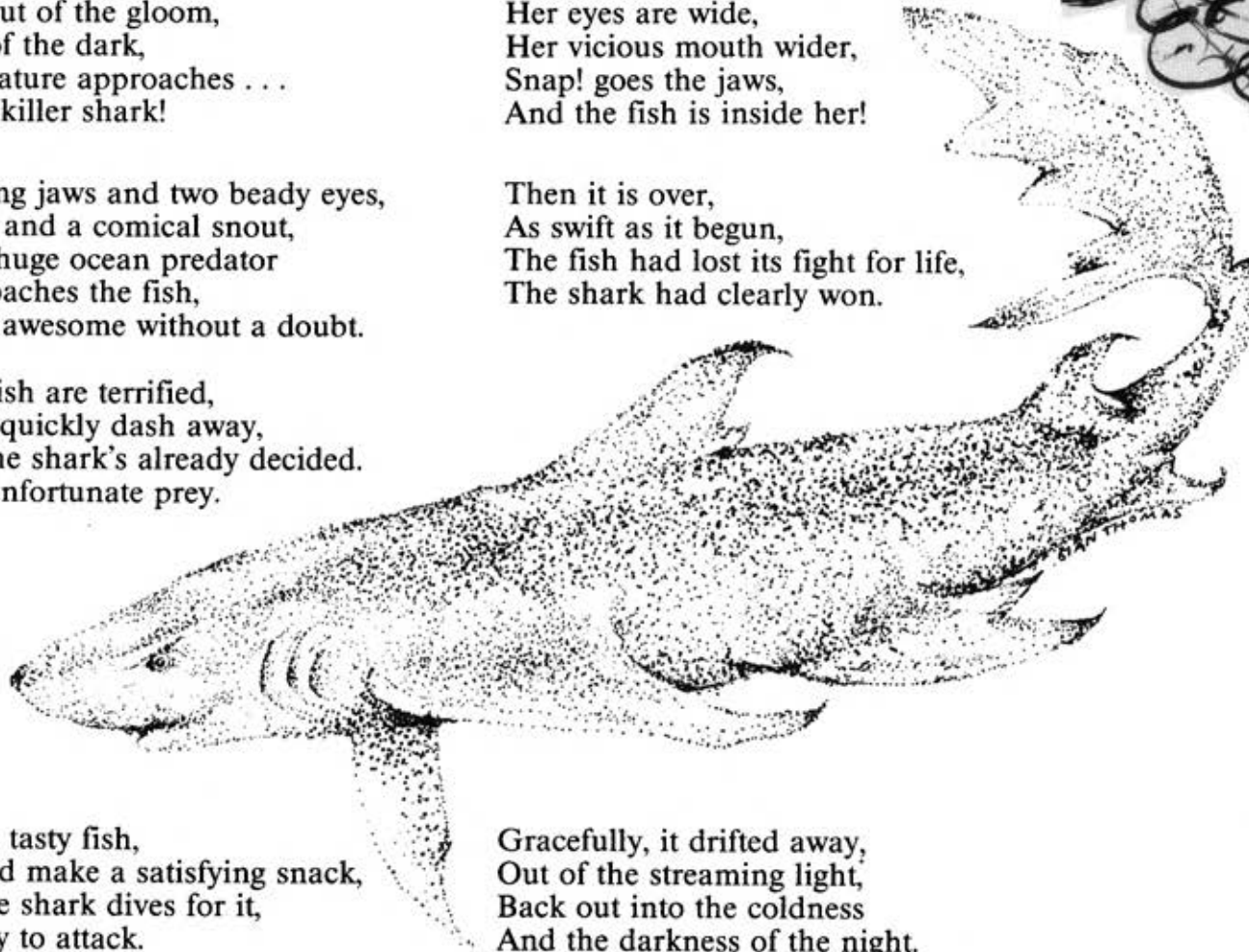
The fish darts away,
And the shark gives chase,
Slicing through the darkness,
Of the depths of inner space.

Closer, closer,
closer still . . .
Driven even closer,
By her hungry will.

Her eyes are wide,
Her vicious mouth wider,
Snap! goes the jaws,
And the fish is inside her!

Then it is over,
As swift as it begun,
The fish had lost its fight for life,
The shark had clearly won.

Gracefully, it drifted away,
Out of the streaming light,
Back out into the coldness
And the darkness of the night.



A BATTLE GROUND

A battle ground looks empty,
cold and quiet.
Bare, uninteresting,
Leaves and twigs are discarded,
Just lying scattered around,
They look like bones of,
men that died there.
Stones and earth for
dying men to lie on
Sharp trunks of trees,
Look cold and brittle.

Maybe men came from
there heroes,
but what about those
that didn't?
What do they have?
NOTHING!

David Christie, FII

Lana C. Buttle FII

WINNER OF THE BLOCK PRIZE
FOR CREATIVE WRITING

One day in the Garden of Eden,
Eve and Adam came to grief,
But it forced the invention of that well-
known attire
Known nowadays as the Fig Leaf.

From these leaves, clothes then
developed.

For instance, in mighty Rome,
Caesar wore a toga and a laurel wreath
in the Senate, at war, and at home.

After Julius Caesar's invasion,
the next race to conquer us
were the wild and wooly Vikings,
whose horned helmets caused such a
fuss.

Another great leader of fashion
was Mary, Queen of the Scots,
but her line in crimson underclothes
unfortunately got her the chop.

A problem in fashion history
for women has always been
to show a leg or not to show,
and how much should be seen.



Flapper girls showed a bit of leg,
but Victorian ladies did not,
with the introduction of the mini-skirt
Swinging 60's girls showed of a lot.

But not only to women's fashion
was such a dilemma posed.
For Sir Francis Drake's legs were seen
When he wore his doublet and hose.

Clothes reflect the character
or the country to which you belong
be it bowler hat or sari,
kimono, kilt or clogs.

They also reflect each cult you join,
either Mods or Rockers or Punks.
Parkas, leathers and safety pins
are not just "a load of junk."

The significance of all these garments
is perfectly clear to me.
They're not just there to keep us warm,
but to show the way we feel.

Diane Leslie FVI

NELLIE THE NURSE

Nellie the nurse works hard every day,
Making the beds for the patients' stay.
Giving them food and giving them drink,
So hard she works no time to think.

Playing with kids, arranging flowers,
At their call for hours and hours.
Breakfast, coffee, lunch and tea,
When will there be time for me?

So why keep carrying on to care?
The answer's really very clear.
When people fit and well depart,
She knows that she has played her part.

Jenny Duncan (FII)



MY DOG BASIL

I'll never forget that day,
My Dad started the car,
The car moved;
Basil darted in front,
In front of the car;
A screech of brakes,
A howl of pain,
My dog was lying,
Lying in the middle of the road,
I was cold.
My dog was stiff
I ran,
I ran away,
So I was alone;
I cried;
My dog was dead!!!

Daniel Scott FII

THE FOX

The Fox!
The Brute;
The Animal;
The Beast;
Just think!
Wouldn't it be different!
The Fox!
The cute,
Adorable,
Handsome Fox.
Just think.
Wouldn't it be different!!!

Daniel Scott, FI

AT THE RAILWAY STATION

"There is not much that I can do,
For I've no money that's quite my own!"
Spoke up the pitying child —
A little boy with a violin
At the station before the train came in —
"But I can play my fiddle to you,
And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone!"

The man in the handcuffs smiled;
The constable looked, and he smiled too.
As the fiddle began to twang;
And the man in the handcuffs suddenly sang
with grimful glee:
'This life is so free
is the thing for me!'

And the constable smiled, and said not a word,
As if unconscious of what he heard
And so they went on till the train came in —
The convict, and boy with the violin.

Shahana Esmail FI



THE DOCTOR

Sitting at his desk all day,
The doctor works no rest, no play.
He listens to his patients worries,
Trying to keep them out of a flurry.

His face is as white as paper,
His nose is as long as a taper.
His body is round as a pill,
He eats up to his fill.

The doctor carries his big black bag,
The weight of it makes his short arms sag.
Patient after patient he does correct,
Sitting in his chair with his back erect.

He writes out prescriptions all day long,
And he is very seldom wrong.
He will help you if he can
But he is a very busy man.

Catherine Hendry, FI

HALLOWE'EN

I went a guising at hallowe'en,
I saw a witch, her face was green
Then more appeared in one great flock,
I'm going to faint — it was a shock!
Then more and more and down they
flew,
Really mummy, it's true, it's true!
And when it was the break of day,
Everyone just flew away.
The witch was nasty the witch was mean
Of course she was — it's hallowe'en!

Daniel Dawson

JULIA

"Julia, you look very beautiful."
She is very beautiful:
Her skin, so smooth:
Her big brown eyes sparkle in the light:
Her short, black, curly hair,
Which is covered,
By a pretty wreath;
She wears a black ribbon in her hair;
She wears a white and orange dress.
"Julia, you look very beautiful."

David Pattullo

THE FIELDS

Lush and green are the fields,
Thronged with action, pulsing with life.
Fieldmice sway precariously on waves of
corn,
To be devoured by combine harvesters.

Subtle hues blend in changing patterns,
Tints of colour sparkling in the dew,
Bulky haystacks offering refuge to tiny
insects,

Fulfilling their life-cycles unseen.

by Derek Brown, FI

THE WASP

The wasp is a horrid fellow,
Dressed up in black and yellow,
Flying high above the trees,
Chasing groups of bumble bees.

Behind his head, behind his wing,
Lies in wait that dreaded sting.
Swithering around, like a sword,
It would cause havoc in a crowd.

Dejected now, it finds his hive,
Entering with a swallow dive.

by Gill Mackay, FII

COMPETITION

Hidden in the following passage are the names of people associated with Dundee High School (mainly but not all teachers).

Names may carry on from one word to another. It is the sound not the spelling that counts.

You may find a copy of the School Handbook useful.

ENTRIES SHOULD BE SUBMITTED TO Mr BAXTER BY FRIDAY 26th SEPTEMBER. THE NAMES SHOULD BE WRITTEN ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY FIRST OCCUR, WITH THE TOTAL NUMBER FOUND CLEARLY RINGED IN THE TOP RIGHT-HAND CORNER.

Treasure Island or Making a Mound of Nickels from a Sea of Soup

(with sincerest apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson, the reader etc.)

(Kidnapped would have been a good title for this article but unfortunately the dragon in this story doesn't carry off a young goat).

Bert Cameron McKinnon (William's son) the Scottish shepherd from the island of Lewis, and Barty Brindle Bewick (Dick's son) from Durham, were making tea beside the forest. Bill was spreading Tate and Lyle syrup while Bert filled up their kettles (for Baxters' soup) where the Black Burn spowarted forth. Suddenly Bill yelled, "It's the lamb, Bert!" Their collie dog gnashed furiously as a huge dragon dragged the lamb across the river at the Ruther Ford. Bert ran to the ferry boat and urged on Catherine, the ferrywoman, and her son. "Haul away! Cath, row!" But they were too slow.

All over the country animals were being robbed from their homes. Old MacDonald's farm was empty save for one pig (a cunning ham) and one poor, wee cowie. The land would soon be barren. It was maddening and heralded disaster.

And so Mack Millan, the clerk of the Town Guild, desperate for a simple solution, summoned a brave knight (a descendant of Alexander the Great), a hunter of everything evil. He drove out from his castle (sucking a Murray mint, but he always used Colgan's toothpaste afterwards), looking smart in his new armour, on his Sinclair C5 (bought with a grant from Barclay's Bank).

The dragon was soon slain, at close range, by his trusty steel sword with its lead bitter coating (made by the village smith, Mack Enzie). The meat was used to make a new variety of soup (a sticky gouick) which was packed into small barrels made by Alan, the village cooper, and sold for a nickle a time. Everyone like Oliver, asked for more. Every morning Monsieur Philip Richterich, the chef of the local Dun Bar, was roused by people wanting the recipe.

"Do we stew? Art thou going to tell us? Tell me! Hand over the recipe!" But he didn't tell, until one day it was discovered that dragon meat caused boils. The chef climbed up the Laid Law, and mounted the granite Stur Rock. There he addressed the crowds trying to convince them that the dragon meat was safe. He and his friend Carnegie Strachan Maguire (Tom's son from the American town of Mel Ville) gambled over whether he had succeeded in convincing them. (They gambled on everything, especially the Moslem game of chance, "Allah Dice") "It's a bet." But the chef lost because each dragon was hunted out and killed (and the meat thrown away) until there were none left. Thus Jack of the Beanstalk had to show his courage by outwitting a giant instead.

Many years later a marble memorial was erected to the memory of the dragon, with the Latin inscription, "enim moravit" (Even he died.) It was designed by Christie Crerar Cochrane. At the opening ceremony the orchestra was the Halle. Day after day people recalled how good they had been.

The chef became a factory foreman.

Not to be outdone by St George, our knight was canonised, becoming St Johnstone. He had to leave behind his beloved Weth (sister of Will's son, and cousin of Gibb's son, Mick Devitt, and Hutchie's son, Mick Meekin) although he told her, "You've still got a lovely chin, O Weth." (His Irish half brother was also canonised and looks down from the constellation of O'Rien.)

And so, like all the best fairy tales,
All's well that ends well!

Gordon A. Campbell F.6.

WALKING IN THE COUNTRY

The first scenes were of
the sky so blue
the grass so green
and the life around me.

Small swallows drifted
lazily across the sky
A large blackbird
swallowed a wriggling worm.

Bees buzzed busily
flying from flower to flower
collecting sweet nectar
on their way home.

I was sorry I had to leave
this paradise of beauty
But one day, yes, one day
I'll be back.

by Avril Roberts, FI



MY AUNT HILDA

My Aunt Hilda is like a witch
She screams and cackles in a very high
pitch
On her nose she has a boil
And her skin is just like cooking foil

Her hair is like a witches broom
Her eyes as wide as a weaving loom
I don't know what people think
But boy does my Aunt Hilda stink

Aimi Wood, FII

SUMMERS REMEMBERED

In the style of Dylan Thomas

Every time I reach for the sun tan lotion I remember Summer. Scorching eye-blinding sun and British drizzle and mums' complaining and farmers' spraying. Tortoises "speeding" up the garden, climbing up the rockery and woops Bozler's fallen on her back again and Billy's eating something he shouldn't — not a stone! Dad has protested about the scuff marks on the lawn when we set up our Wimbledon tennis net and luv forty score meant nothing to him and I had an ice-cream which I spilt down my front.

All my summers spread out from the village to the hills of the far north, heather-sprinkled, grannie-dappled days of Tom-the-barber and Simon-Bap-the baker, cousins and uncles, round-the-corner aunties. Picnics along the sun-shimmering, shell-scattering firths of nobody but us. Down-the garden-to the shed of bikes and lawn-mowers and boxes of nails to be knocked over.

Dog-walking Granny exercising afternoons and I'll push-you-up-the-hill-days. Tumbles and spills splinters in fingers and broken knees with bandaging of teddy bears' heads. Long sit-by-the-fireside evenings of old well-loved stories of bygone days remembered springtime of youth and laughter. Memories to be cherished, lived again in don't you remember times.

Read aloud stories and a little girl who won't eat their egg whites. Pool-sticks and tadpoles, frog-hopping away. Clambering cousin for picnics at the Ferry, bubbling sausages in the sudden squall of rain, screams and shrieks.

Looking-glass kitchen window with a cow who's staring with huge gleaming eyes — in the garden! Large, menacing with huge horns and enormous saucer eyes. Spell-bound for rodeo-riding and sore bottoms! Sneaking round the front of the house for a good view and challenging the invader to a buck-and-bronco dual. Tossed in the air, spun round with arm-waving, rope-snatching bravery till the fall-in-the-dust hero is acclaimed. We were so excited by the cowboy tussle that we failed to see Mr Currie, the farmer, climb through softly enticing, hay armed, coaxing Mathilda back to the corral.

Blood hot cheers of embarrassment joined in the timpting of the timorous bovine across the drove roads of our landscape. Swift leap over the hedge in cow-over-the-moon-jump leaving signs for Sherlock Holmes mystery games to follow. "Who's been in my garden?" Surprises to impress the curious neighbour.

Sarah Taylor (F1)



THE FOX

Swiftly, Slowly,

The fox moves silently through the shadows,

The black blanket of night covers his tracks,

A rustle of leaves!

The fox scans his territory.

In the distance he spies an object,
Cunningly, silently he moves closer,
closer

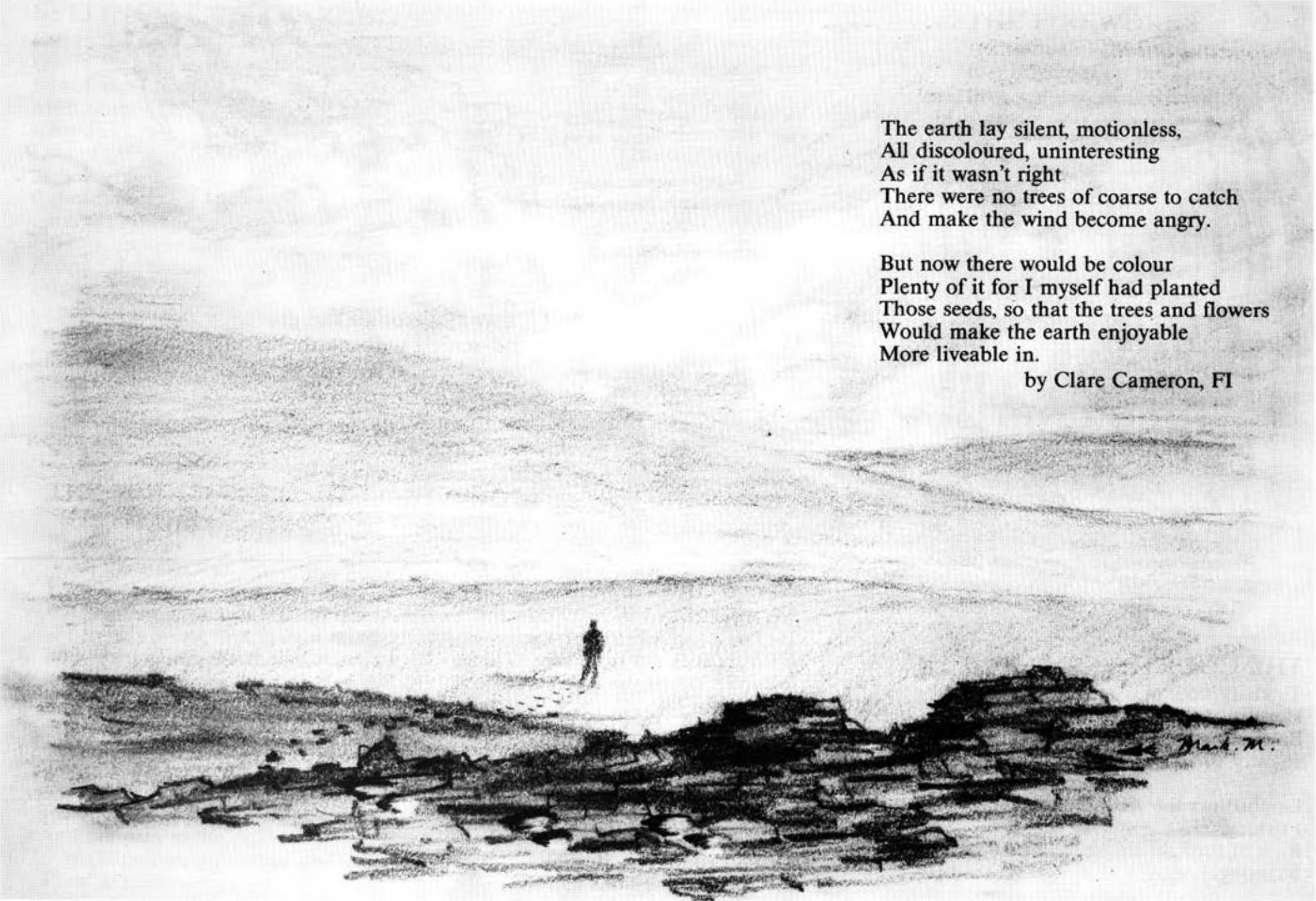
He crouches for the kill,

There is a screech,

Then an alarm call of a bird,

The forest is yet again silent.

Scott Cadenhead, FII



The earth lay silent, motionless,
All discoloured, uninteresting
As if it wasn't right
There were no trees of course to catch
And make the wind become angry.

But now there would be colour
Plenty of it for I myself had planted
Those seeds, so that the trees and flowers
Would make the earth enjoyable
More liveable in.

by Clare Cameron, FI

Mark M.

SELLING AT THE MARKET

Out in the sun,
Out in the rain —
Sometimes fun,
Most times pain.
Crowded streets:
Lots of noise,
Shoes for feet,
Colourful toys,
Food for tasting,
Flowers for smelling,
Puppies for loving,
Friends for telling,
Candy for eating,
Stalls for searching,
Everything . . .
for seeing.

Arno Heyder, FII

FLOWERS

The garden is so bleak in winter,
Devoid of its beauty
It's never like that in summer
There is so much colour.

Snow falls in winter
A crisp, white sheet covering all
The flowers are dead.
There is no beauty

It's wonderful in summer
The garden is never dull
The grass is, oh so green!
With hosts of flowers to be seen.

by Janice S. Doig, 1G1

THE FIREWORKS

A glistening light and a flash of fire,
that brightens up the starry sky,
then a woosh of speed and down it
comes,
a great big pop, and then it dies.

Then up shoots a great big rocket,
which sparkles red and green,
everyone looks up and stares,
but it's already gone.

A Catherine Wheel springs into life,
and whizzes round and round,
then slowly gets slower and slower,
until it's only a little light.

Candida Greaves FII

THE SPIDER

Eight long, thin legs protrude from a body
Black as night.

An irrational fear overcomes me. I glance down,
I see how small and helpless it is,
but fear has no reason.

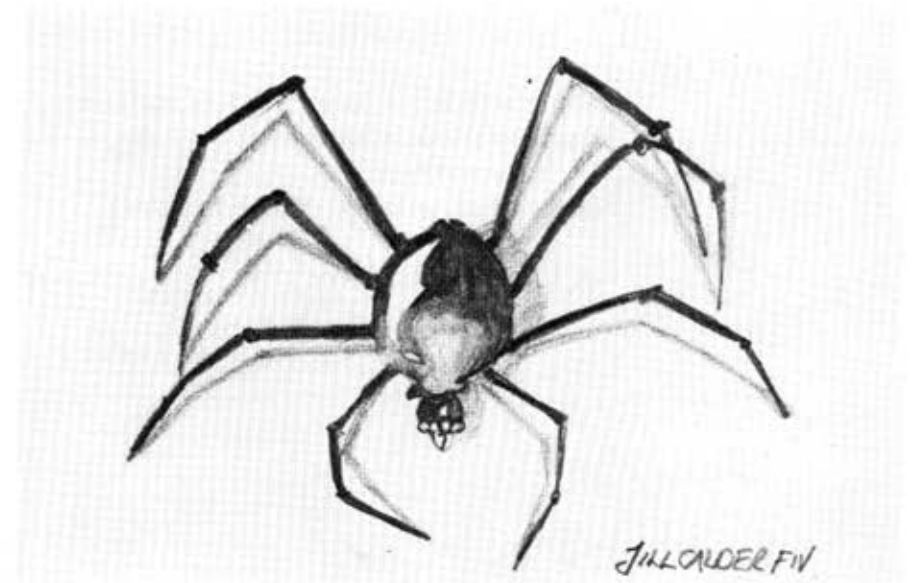
I jerk away, unable to help myself,
and when I look down once more,
it is moving.

It darts across the floor then stops by the wall,
and slowly, painstakingly, begins its ascent.

Once there, it begins a web.
The beautiful patterns conceal a death-trap,
where an unsuspecting fly will become tangled
in the sticky web,
and fall prey to the evil predator.

No, although my dislike and fear is irrational
I loathe spiders.

Jane Roby FII



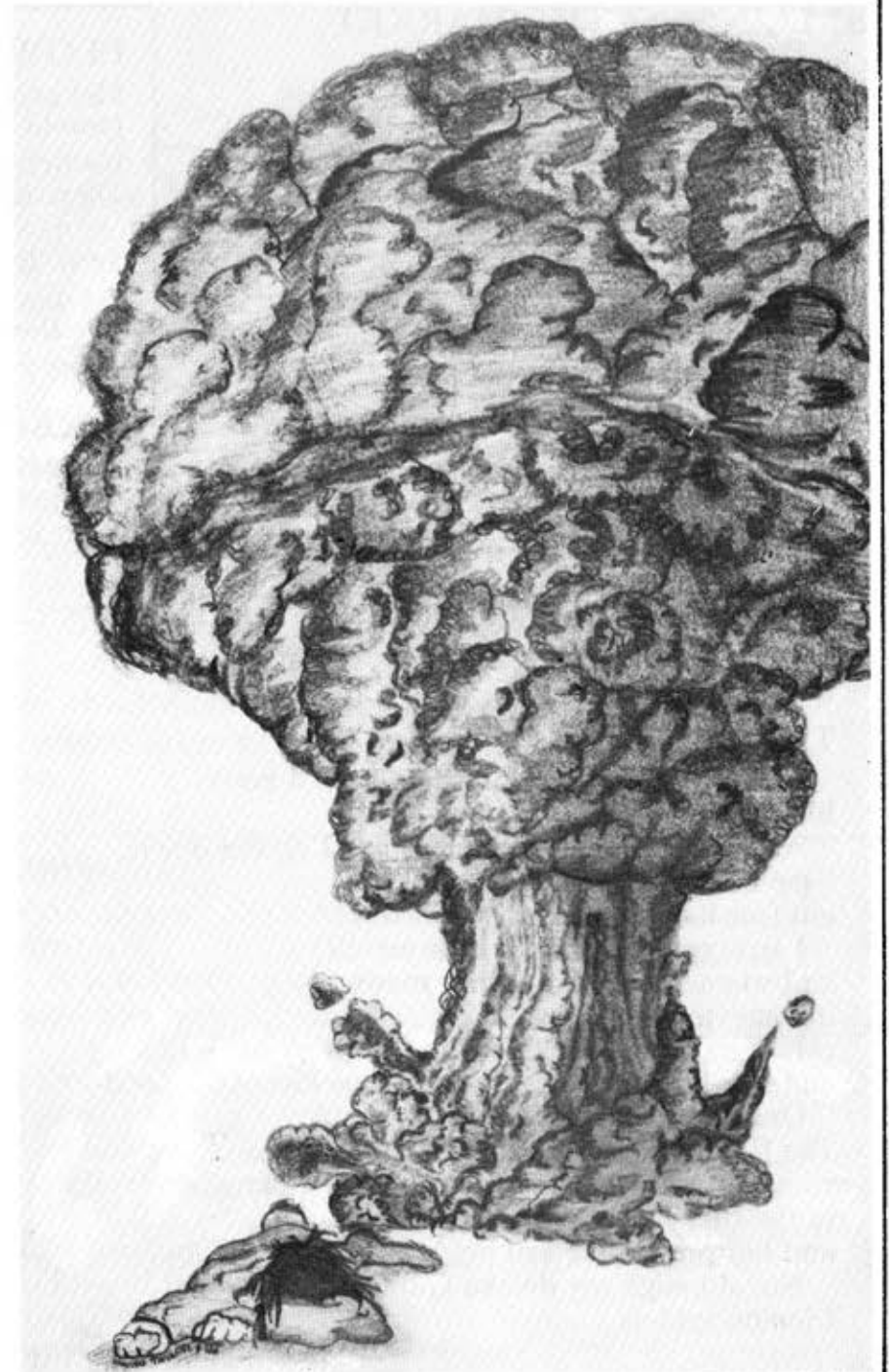
SPACE OUR SAVIOUR!

Your World is only an echo in my distant
past.
Your government dies, it's rule will not
last,
As earth soon decays people flee from its
face,
Into my arms, for I am unconquered
space.

Your missions now take wealth from my
hands,
And as time goes on your knowledge
expands,
But for years your politicians have cheated
and lied,
Is a spacecraft your only escape from a
complete genocide?

People will burn in a cloud of radiation,
People will die with a lack of
information,
People then will come into my dark
embrace,
For I am the last hope of the dying human
race.

Louise Taylor F.3.



LOOKING AFTER MY COUSIN

Uncle Drac has gone away for a break-another one-leaving me to look after the castle and my little cousin Herman. Does he think we are responsible or something?

* * * *

Frank, my ex-boyfriend since six o'clock, came round with Herman grinning from pointed-ear to pointed-ear. He told me Herman was all right until his great-grandfather's bolt, which is too big for him, falls out. I asked why but Frank just grinned.

He asked if he could bring a friend with him. I said all right as long as it was not that stupid Hans Allover creep.

I decided to give Herman a little afternoon snack. What a mistake. I have never seen anybody, apart from Frank, eat as much meat and spinnach as that!

I got a phone call from my best friend Lynne in England. She asked if she could come over for a bit. I foolishly agreed. Another mistake.

Uncle Drac phoned me from the London Underground saying that he had got lost and would have to try to find his way back to civilisation which meant Herman would have to stay with us for another two weeks. I asked him if I could invite some friends round and have a party. He actually agreed!

I didn't sleep a wink last night. Herman kept going to the toilet. (It's all that spinach). He kept on coming in to tell me where he'd been. I could murder him!

I was awakened by the sounds of screaming. I got up, banging my head on the coffin lid in the process, and went down with a cat o' nine tails to investigate. I found Herman trying to boil my pet Triffid in Aunt Aggie's cauldron. I grabbed my cousin, rescued my pet, and threatened to boil Herman in oil if he didn't stop being a pest. He just bit me and boiled my piranha instead. You can't win.

Lynne came round and brought Frank and surprise, surprise, Hans with her. In times like these I wish I was dead!

I asked Lynne how she liked Transylvania and she said the living room was very nice. I think she was being sarcastic.

Frank went away to pick up his things so I made Herman's, Lynne's, Hans' and my tea. When Frank came back he demanded why I hadn't made his tea and World War III broke out.

Lynne is in hysterics because her cat has been missing since one o'clock in the morning. I paid Herman with half a ton of spinach and asked him how he liked boiled moggy.

Lynne and Herman and Hans are arguing over which programme they want to watch. Lynne wanted to watch "The Amazing Adventures of Count Duckula", Herman wanted to watch "Play Ghou!" and Hans wanted to watch "Name That Scream". I announced I wanted to watch something on I.T.V. and Frank shouted from the spin-dryer he wanted to watch the programme "How To Cook Bats" on Channel Four. We all started shouting and eventually threw all the furniture at everybody else until we realised that while we had been so intently trying to bash each other's brains out, the programmes had finished so no-one won really.

Lynne reminded me that last night, I invited everybody to a party I am supposed to be having tonight. I immediately went off in a wild panic while Frank and Hans went off to get as many refreshments as they could.

At least a hundred people are knocking at our door. I hope there's enough food to go round.

I think I am the only one who is unwounded. At nine o'clock, Lynne and Hans started to argue and before I knew what was happening there was a battle of the sexes, which included absolutely everyone in the place.

Someone decided to have some fun with Herman. They pulled out his oversized bolt and threw it to Jaws, my cat. Herman's face went a brilliant shade of purple and he started to gouge huge chunks out of the castle with his teeth. What will Uncle Drac say? He will probably have a heart attack, but I'm too busy trying to get a werewolf into the microwave oven to care.

Herman fell and banged his head off the wall. The wall swung round to reveal a laboratory I didn't even know existed. Herman was fascinated by this and decided to carry out a few experiments of his own.

Herman drank something that has made his mind like that of a very clever, but wacky scientist. Every hour we hear an explosion and half the castle disappears.

Today Uncle Drac returns. We don't have time to explain about the absence of three-quarters of the castle.

Here he comes up the drive in taxi. He is getting out. He pays the driver (no tips, I bet). The driver throws the luggage out after Drac. He is walking up the path. As he turns the handle, the rest of the castle is disintegrated and Drac is left holding a door-knob. Herman has found his bolt and put it back in. He has now rushed up to me and is smiling so sweetly at Drac. Drac explodes with anger and as he chases us he shouts: "That's the last time you look after my castle!"

I think he's right.

Laura Drurie, F.H.

"How would you like to go to America this summer as a guest of the American Scouts? You'd spend the whole of your summer holidays there, but you'd only have to pay about half of your air fare. They'd pay the rest."

K. Campbell

AMERICAN SCOUTS

"How would you like to go to America this summer as a guest of the American Scouts? You would spend the whole of the summer holidays there, but you'd only have to pay about half your air fare. They'd pay the rest. My Scout Leader, Lindsay Cox asked me once all the other boys had walked out the back of the church, after our annual Carol Service."

I was absolutely thunder-struck, speechless and slightly giddy all at once. I don't know whether or not I'd have been more amazed if Skip had given me a million pounds to spend on sweets.

That night I was very worried but my parents were ecstatic about the trip and I soon got over the initial shock. Eager to establish a knowledge of America, I wrote off to the address Skip had given me and soon details about my forthcoming trip came flooding back, almost by return post.

I was to stay in a small village (population of roughly 2000) called Honeoye Falls, a small country village, about 30 miles from Rochester NY, the "Kodak" town about 8 hours drive away from New York. I was to fly over from Prestwick airport on the 29th June, catch an internal flight from John F. Kennedy airport to Rochester. The whole journey was forecasted to take about 9½ hours by the time I connected between flights in JFK.

The troop in Honeoye Falls were celebrating their golden anniversary and wanted to have a European Scout as their guest in the summer. Scotland was asked to supply the Scout and eventually it had fallen to our troop, the 26th Dundee, possibly because the troop had won the Coca-Cola trophy, the Scottish Inter-Area Camping Competition. The leaders in the troop picked me to go, but I still don't know why! I was to stay in America, from the 28th June to the 18th August and I would have only 72 hours in Scotland out of the whole of my summer holidays.

The weeks leading up to the 28th June passed all too slowly for me, but eventually on the morning of the 28th June I set off for Prestwick accompanied by my parents. It was only as we were approaching Prestwick that I realised it was really happening. It wasn't a dream any more.

The airport was mobbed and all too soon the flight was called and accompanied by a glamorous hostess (that soon took away all my fears) I was escorted onto Northwest Orient's flight 147 from Prestwick to John F. Kennedy Airport.

Soon the other passengers started to board the plane and it filled up very quickly. I ended up sitting next to a very nice couple, from Edinburgh who took a great interest in my kilt and my trip. It seemed ages before we were told to get ready and the P.A. system sounded and the pilot gave us details about the forthcoming flight, the poor 90° temperature in New York.

Almost as soon as the announcement had finished the engines started up and the large plane started its long journey, just as we neared the end of the run-way at Prestwick the plane lurched up, into the cloudy skies. The plane continued climbing for several minutes and when we eventually levelled out we were high above the cotton wool clouds.

The journey, although really only 7 hours long seemed to take days and was slightly disappointing in the fact that it was very cloudy, and most of the journey was spent travelling over a "snowy landscape". However, as I passed over Canada, I was treated to a marvellous view of the distant Canadian land. Large towns, few and far between in Canada appeared as tiny specks disrupting the marvellous view. However, soon we passed over cloud and the next land we saw was the beautiful skyline of New York. We passed over Long Island and could just make out the luxury houses below, each one equipped with a swimming pool although none of the houses were more than a hundred yards from a lovely beach.

Unfortunately the plane had lost nearly half an hour on the flight because of strong winds and my flight was due to leave in less than half an hour. This was where I gained the full advantage of being an unaccompanied minor. I was asked whether or not I had a connecting flight to catch and soon I was being whisked through customs and past the baggage collection point and over to the Empire Airline stand (they were the company who were taking me to Rochester) and I had just finished checking as my connecting flight was called. I cannot think of many people who have been given a full tour of the second largest airport in the world in 20 minutes. The flight from JFK, to Rochester took about 40 minutes and soon I was touching down at the Munro County Airport in Rochester. I later discovered that I had flown in chatting to the conductor of the local Orchestra — a well-known man. Soon, as I was walking off the plane, I was confronted with 10 or 12 Scouts and their parents, all in Scout uniform. The Americans certainly know how to do it in style.

I was introduced to the welcoming committee and several photographs were taken and soon I was sitting in the Scout-leader's (the Farrell's) car driving through Rochester. It was nearly 6 o'clock and the Farrells took me straight to a pizza shop where we sat in our car and roller skating girls came out into the car park with our orders. Not the kind you often see in Dundee. One car load had offered an especially large order and the waitress skated out into the car park with her arms loaded full, skating round in circles on one leg. Just as she stopped beside the car she dropped the whole order and coke, lemonade and pizza spilled all over the car park.

After we had finished our pizzas, we drove the half-hour journey back to Honeoye Falls. It was amazing how quickly the countryside changed from city to country. Honeoye falls is in the middle of a country area and is the kind of place that you could only think of being American. It reminded me of a modern version of a "cow-boy town".

I suppose the highlight of my 7½ week stay in America was the 2 week camp at Massawepic. The camp was a large area (about 30 square miles) with several large lakes owned by the Otletiana Council. It was divided up into 3 sub-camps, Forrester, Mountaineer and Pioneer. Each camp was divided into roughly 20 camp-sites each capable of accommodating a large troop in two-men tents. I was rather worried about the whereabouts of our camping equipment. It was in fact all supplied and the tents were already pitched when we arrived. It was great to have a staff of nearly 30 to help sort out problems and look after your every need. Each day was divided into six periods and proficiency badge classes were set for each Scout. You could choose exactly what type of badge you would like to work for. The badges available ranged from Indian Lore to Emergency Preparedness and Small-Boat Sailing to Wilderness Survival. It was a pity to leave the lovely camp-site after spending two weeks there.

It was while I was at a camp at Massawepic that I noticed most of the differences between American Scouts and Scouts here in Scotland. Although American Scouts remain as Scouts until they are 18, I felt that the general standard of Scouting was a little lower than that of most Scouts in Dundee. However, when American Scouts were taught handages or knots by experienced Scouts or Leaders they remembered them correctly unlike a lot of Scottish Scouts who are taught handages, etc, one night and then cannot remember how to do them the next week.

One of the things that I'd really wanted to do when I'd found out about my forth-coming visit, was to visit Niagara Falls. When I visited it, it surpassed even my greatest hopes of it. If it had been discovered in the times of the Ancient Egyptians I am sure it would have been the wonder of the world. It was truly amazing to see the water topple over the edge at the rate of many thousands of gallons a minute. It was amazing to think that someone could survive falling over the edge in a barrel or have the nerve to walk across the brink of the falls on a tight-rope. It was bad enough standing at the edge on a secure platform.

During the stay, I also visited many museums, local places of interest and even an enormous amusement park. It was even more frightening riding the Viper, an amazing roller-coaster that went upside down five times than it was looking at Niagara Falls, or indeed flying across the Atlantic (the first time I had ever flown).

During my last week, I visited the O.A.P.'s club (they had helped to sponsor me) in Honeoye Falls and also visited the local Rotary Club. At the O.A.P.'s club I was asked to demonstrate the Highland Fling, I don't suppose it was a very good version but everyone seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. In my last week the troop held a farewell barbecue for me and the local senator presented me with a New York State flag. It was a tremendous present and I was told they were very hard to obtain. (The village had difficulty in getting one for the townhall a few years ago). A local T.V. camera crew were expected to come and interview me but thankfully I think they were called away to take pictures of a large fire.

During my stay in America I stayed with four other families apart from the Scoutleaders for periods of roughly a week. Each family looked after me exceedingly well and arranged my busy schedule for the time that I stayed with them.

The result of this marvellous trip was an absolutely excellent summer for me. It was excellently organised both here and abroad in America and it was a marvellous experience that will stand me in good stead for the rest of my life.

Kenneth Campbell, F2

THERE'S A CIRCUS IN TOWN

It was a bleak winter day in London, thick cloud had settled in the sky. In the streets, stallholders stood trying to sell their wares to passersby. A horse and cart, with a "rag 'n' bone man" at the reins, rolled down Baker Street. At number two hundred and twenty-one B lived the most famous detective of all, Sherlock Holmes. Along with his faithful colleague Doctor Watson, he thrived on solving mysterious crimes.

Holmes sat in his armchair in front of a radiant coal fire, puffing away at his pipe as he read *The Times'* newspaper.

"Watson, come here one moment, if you'd be so kind," asked Holmes, in a rather thoughtful voice. "Of course, what is it?" questioned Watson. "There is a rather interesting article in this morning's edition of *The Times'*, it reads: 'Police and several fire brigades fought a burning blaze in a deserted warehouse on the outskirts of London. Police are not releasing any details other than that a silver feather was found at the scene'. 'I wonder why?'" said Holmes engrossed in thought.

"Maybe it's a job for Scotland Yard and it's top secret?" suggested Watson. "Somehow I don't think so, it is more likely to be that none of the police have got the faintest idea who carried it out!" exclaimed Holmes.

Both men broke into a ripple of laughter, at the thought of a puzzled Scotland Yard. Holmes was first to rise the next morning and decided to play a slow, melodious tune on his violin. "Not that blasted violin again," muttered Watson from his bed. "You obviously don't appreciate good music then?" replied Holmes. "It's six o'clock in the morning!" exclaimed Watson.

Holmes laid the violin back into its case and pulled the bell cord. Several minutes later, a small, plump woman appeared at the door.

"You rang, Mr Holmes?" "I did indeed Mrs Hudson, I wonder if you would be so kind as to lay breakfast for two in the dining room?" "Right away Mr Holmes," she replied. By now, Watson had donned his dressing gown and walked over to the table. "Holmes, in this morning's newspapers it says that this fire is only one in a series all over the South of England", Watson informed his partner. "Indeed it does my dear fellow, but not only that, in every case a circus had been in that town, not any circus, but the Harley Brothers Circus everytime!" exclaimed Holmes.

"You're joking!" replied a disbelieving Watson. "Not at all, would you further believe that the Harley Brothers Circus is performing at Marley Common not even a mile and a half away from the blaze several nights ago?" "I think it's time we paid a visit to this circus don't you think so, Holmes?" suggested Watson. "Let us proceed in that direction", replied Holmes. "I think we'll go to the Red Indians first, they're renowned for their ability to light fires", Watson added. They took a horse-drawn carriage from Baker Street to Marley Common, where the circus was holding performances. As they entered the main marquee, they noticed many of the performers practising their acts. "I wonder if I can help you gentlemen?" a small man in a clown's outfit asked. "Maybe you could direct us to the Red Indian's caravan?" replied Holmes. "It's over there", the man said, pointing to a small mobile home with horses, Red Indians and tomahawks painted on the side of it. They walked over to the vehicle and knocked on the door.

"Can I be of any assistance?" the man inquired. "My colleague and I would like to ask several questions," explained Holmes. "Do come in," suggested the Indian. "Thank you," replied Holmes and Watson.

All three men sat down and the Indian introduced himself. "My name is Black Eagle, but my friends just call me Eagle," he informed them. "You are under no obligation to answer any questions but it would help with our enquiries if you did," replied Watson's colleague. "I don't mind answering questions," Eagle told them. "Our questions concern the recent fires which have seemingly broken out. Your circus was in the particular towns in which these fire occurred," Holmes informed the Indian. "Are you suggesting that I was involved in these incidents?" Eagle inquired. "We merely would like to establish the facts of the situation," Watson replied. "I'm sorry, excuse my impatience," apologised Eagle. "Let us begin. Does anyone hold a grudge against anyone in the circus?" inquired Holmes. "The trapeze artiste, Harold Johnstone, used to be the star attraction until the manager brought my act into the limelight and since then he's not been too friendly towards me," Eagle explained. "Unless either of you gentlemen have anything further to ask I would like to continue practising my routine!" "Just one more question," said Watson. "Yes," replied Eagle. "Have you any idea who set these fires?" asked the Doctor. "I'm afraid not," answered the Indian. And with that they bid their farewells and Holmes and Watson returned home to Baker Street.

As they entered the door, suddenly there was an almighty crash as an arrow came hurtling through their window and was now embedded in the opposite wall. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Watson. "I think we have a rather violent enemy, and not a very good shot at that!" deduced Holmes. "More like a Red Indian, I'd say!" replied Watson. "somehow I don't think so," said Holmes. "And why is that?" questioned Watson. "I noticed that the arrows that Eagle was using in his act were Sioux Indian flights perfected down to the minutest detail," explained Holmes.

Holmes removed the arrow from the wall and looked at it suspiciously. "If my deductions are right, this arrow is a reproduction. The flights on the arrow have been bound on with some kind of adhesive and then a small band of material put round it as decoration. The arrow at the circus was bound with exceedingly fine silk. I think that rules out the possibility of it being our friend Eagle, don't you think?" "I take your point," said Holmes' partner.

Holmes lit his pipe and went over to the window. "I think, in fact I'm sure, that it's the trapeze artiste from the Harley Brothers Circus," "And how can you tell?" said a curious Watson. "That hat he is wearing, all the male performers wear one." "But that means it could be any one of them?" replied Watson. "If you had looked more carefully you would have noticed that on the top of the hat is a swing," Holmes explained. "You are a true genius Holmes, a true genius!" explained Watson. "Let us waste no time in following him," said Holmes. Both men hastily put on their out-door apparel and ran out onto the street. They frantically searched for the man and eventually tracked him down. They followed him into an old run-down mill. "I can't see him anymore," whispered Watson. "He may have seen that we were onto him and slipped by us?" deduced Holmes. Suddenly, there was a loud explosion and the area around them was engulfed in flames. The heat was so

intense that Watson passed out. There was no escape . . . Holmes thought he heard the faint ring of a bell and he was greatly relieved when he found his ears were not playing tricks on him. The fire brigade had the blaze under control in minutes.

Holmes did not wish his case to be involved with the Police at that moment and so dragged Watson from the scene of the blaze down a back staircase. Suddenly he noticed something glinting to the left of him. He propped Watson up against the wall and stooped to pick up the object. It was a silver feather! Placing the feather in his pocket he continued to drag Watson down the stairs. He was now beginning to regain consciousness. Come back to the living, eh," said a joyful Holmes. "That was some heat in there," commented Watson.

Holmes related the story of him finding the feather. "Do you think he is trying to throw us off the scent?" questioned Watson. "Indeed he is that, my dear friend!" said Holmes to his colleague. I'm going to pay my respects to the trapeze artist, you must go for the police," explained Holmes. "I don't like this," said Watson. "Pray do as I say," replied Holmes. Watson hurried off to a nearby police station as Holmes hailed a carriage. He paid the driver as he got off at Marley Common. Holmes noticed many of the workmen assembling more tents and marquees. He walked over to the trapeze artiste's caravan. He opened the unlocked door, after knocking several times. Suddenly, a man armed with a flick knife jumped through an opening in the ceiling and was now poised to kill Holmes. Sherlock kicked the knife out of the man's hand and then pinned him down. By this time, Watson had arrived with several policemen who took the arsonist away. After a brief discussion of the last few day's events, the police sergeant was satisfied. Holmes hurried to Watson: "Well my friend, fine work I must say." "It is I who should be congratulating you! Shall we proceed homeward?" suggested Watson.

"Indeed we shall!" said Holmes, as he put his unlit pipe into his mouth, his mind deep in thought.

J. Fitzpatrick
Form I

THE SUN

The Sun is a
tiger; copper and
cream; creeping round
the sky; searching in every
murky corner with its fiery eye.

The Sun is a bonfire; glowing and golden
warm; always reaching fingers
of gold further into the
night sky. But our Sun
is really unique;
only similar to
other suns.

glowing

orange

fiery

bright

golden

warm

hot

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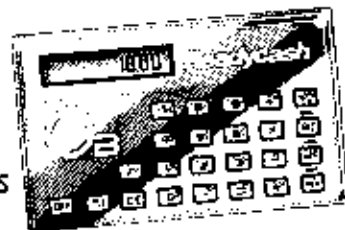
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