



THE HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

187 *The Review*

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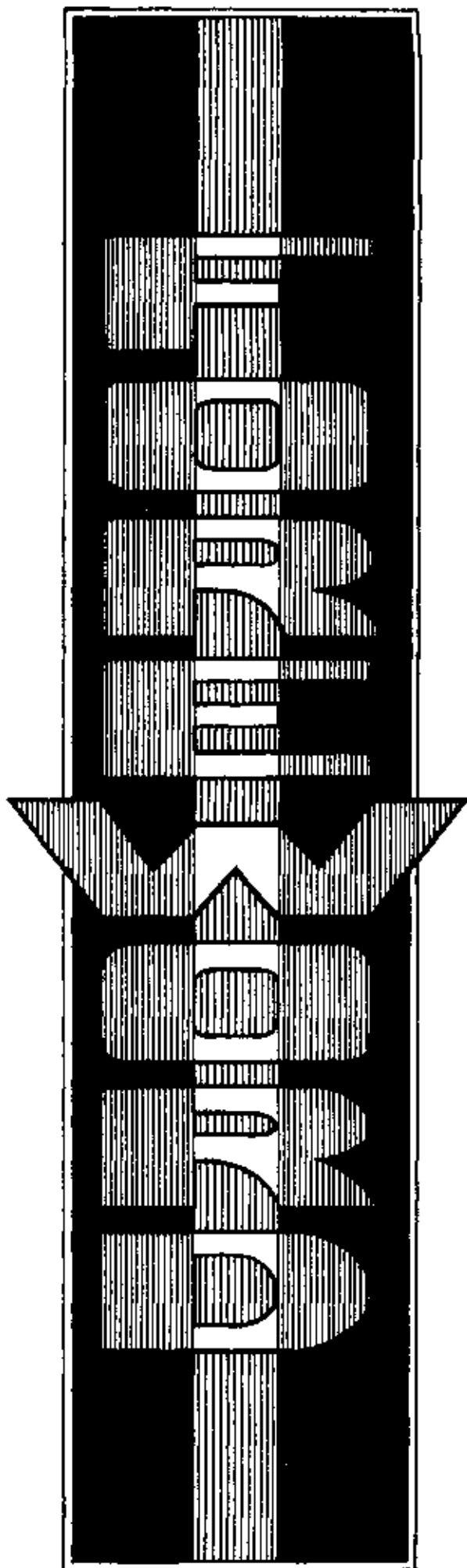


Last summer I spent the holidays in France. I revisited Normandy, a region which has many links with the United Kingdom and is steeped in history, both past and recent. I came to know the region well during the year I spent teaching in a Teachers' Training College and attending the University of Caen, but had not revisited it since that time. On my return I was keen to have a look once again at the Bayeux Tapestry, which depicts the events of the Norman Conquest. With its detailed and graphic scenes it constitutes not only one of the earliest pictorial records of history, but also can be seen as a precursor of our own television age. Enhanced by its recently completed audio-visual presentation the Tapestry was a pleasure to visit.

In a similar way our school magazine can be viewed as a kind of modern day tapestry. It records in varying detail the life and events of our session. Much of what it contains is expected. The reports about the extra-curricular activities, the records of the sports programmes, the news from the Houses — all these are waiting to be eagerly scanned for the latest news. The creative writing — prose and poetry — catches the eye and holds the attention.

Together with much that is familiar and reassuring, however, there is always something new. In this respect the present session is not found lacking. There is the first report from the recently established Parents' Association, which has developed so maturely in such a short time. Mention is also made within the Cadet Contingent of the section of Naval Cadets now completing an exhilarating and successful first session. And there is more to look forward to, particularly the 750th Anniversary of the foundation of the School in 1239. The variety of the tapestry both fascinates and impresses. Although the Bayeux Tapestry needed several years and many hands to realise its creation, the time available to our team of editors and producers was much less. That they have once again produced a magazine which is so attractive and interesting redounds greatly to their credit. To all those whose combined efforts have resulted in this splendid volume are extended the grateful thanks of the many members of the school community who eagerly await its appearance at the beginning of each new session.

R.N.



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CADETS IN CANADA — BANFF INTERNATIONAL ARMY CADET CAMP — ALBERTA, CANADA

On a lovely July day, 12 cadets met at the Duke of Yorks barracks in London. In charge of them were 2 young officers, Lt. Spowart and Lt. Sim. Together we formed the British Exchange Party bound for 6 weeks of excitement and adventure in the Rockies of Canada.

We departed on July 3, from Heathrow on a Boeing 747 for a long 8 hour journey to Toronto. There we switched to a smaller plane for our next flight to Calgary. From there we travelled by bus to our new home for the next 6 weeks, the National Army Cadet Camp at Banff, in the heart of the Rockies. When we arrived we were given temporary accommodation and as it was 0200 hours, we soon crashed out. In the morning we rose at 0600 hours to the astounding sight of a 3,000 ft mountain towering above us, and mountains all around. This was our first taste of what we all judged to be the most beautiful and awe inspiring scenery in the world. That first morning produced our first surprise — breakfast — which composed mainly of pancakes, maple syrup, "Hash Browns" (potato) and as much fresh juice as you could drink. At first this was a real novelty, as were all our meals, but they soon became monotonous, and I think gradually poorer.

The first day was spent doing "admin" or allocation of platoons etc. There were 6 platoons, 4 all boys, 1 all girls and 1 mixed (I was in the mixed one). As there were 12 "Brits", 2 of us were allocated to each platoon. The next day our fellow Canadian cadets arrived, most from Ontario and Quebec, and a few from the West Coast provinces. There were approximately 200 in all. For all of us the arrival of the Canadians was an anxious time, as we were all keen to see who we were going to live with for the camp. As it was, we were all very lucky as we all found the English speaking Canadians very friendly, although most found the majority of the French Canadians very hard to get on with. However this was the beginning of friendships which were strongly forged, and some are still going strong today.

Our accommodation was pretty good, with 30 man billets incorporating a wash/toilet block. However the R.S.M. conducted daily inspections which we easily failed! For the first 2 weeks, most platoons were "CB" ("confined to Barracks") until we sorted our cleaning rotas.

Daily training was organised thus: 6 platoons doing activities according to their timetable which included a week on rock climbing, a week's white water canoeing, a week on a glacier, a major 3 day hike, and lots of one day activities thrown in such as hikes, sports, lectures in radio work, leadership, hiking and climbing techniques, survival and first aid. Our platoon was lucky, in a way. Having 50% girls,

we were considered to need fitness training, so our first 2 weeks were composed of all the one day activities, lectures, and the morning run! This was a 2 mile run which was always varied and incorporated some pretty rough terrain. However we did get all this over with, and this left us the "meaty bits" of the course to finish with. We did white water canoeing first, which was the open canoe type rather than what we call a canoe. This was the most exhilarating experience for me, as we shot rapids with 5-10 ft waves, fell in and bounced along river bottoms for hundreds of yards (fun?!), nearly drowned, and basically had a marvellous time. Next we did our 3 day hike. This was a trail through the mountains, which proved to be very hard going in places. This emphasised the difference between British and Canadian Cadets, as those of you who have been in cadets will know, we tend to do things quietly and as efficiently as possible, whereas the Canadians make as much noise as possible, and create as much havoc as they can! This did serve a purpose on hikes — it kept the bears away, although I did have an encounter at 20 yards with a grizzly bear. Not something I shall ever forget, as a grizzly can stand 10 ft high on its hind legs, weigh a few thousand pounds, and naturally has little fear of man. However this one did not seem to find me appetising — normally one would find that insulting, but I wasn't too bothered!

Rock climbing was also very enjoyable. We learned all the techniques to climb 100 ft faces, and to abseil great heights using the body-rappel — that is a rope wound between your legs and over your shoulder — extremely painful. Sadly for me, this was the last activity I did as I tore ligaments in my ankle on the last day of climbing, and thus was not able to experience the thrill of living on a glacier, which my platoon did next.

We did get to see a lot of the Rockies in one area due to our hikes etc., and I quite honestly fell in love with the country. No one can see what we saw and not fail to be deeply moved by it. We also formed incredibly strong ties to our Canadian counterparts — a fact made evident as the Canadians left, and tears flowed freely. Lt. Sim even managed to get the CO crying! It was said by all the staff that Lt. Spowart and Lt. Sim were the most popular officers ever to accompany the Brits — we certainly felt that way about them and my thanks go to them from us all for what they did for us, and mostly for just being there.

And so ended a quite remarkable summer, one I could never forget, the people, the country, and most of all the sheer experiences of 6 weeks in the Banff National Army Cadet Camp.

STAFF NEWS

In the course of session 1986/87 several 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 Sally Knight, Assistant Rector, who on the occasion of her remarriage became Mrs Mearns, left the staff in December. Mrs B. Williamson, Head of Modern Languages, retires after long and sterling service, principally as Head of Spanish. Mrs A. Barclay (French), retires after many years as a devoted and respected Form Mistress of Form I Girls, and Mrs Brigitte Coupar (French and German), retires after more after than a decade of teaching languages. Mrs Robb, who entered teaching from industry, retires after thirteen years in the Junior Department. The Bursar, Mr Gordon, A. Hutchinson, retires from his post after a challenging seven years, which saw the School evolve to full independent status.

During the session we were pleased to welcome new colleagues to the staff: Mrs C. M. Herald and Miss L. J. Robertson joined the staff of the Preparatory Department. Mr J. P. F. F. Davie and Miss E. S. Lacey took up posts in the Junior Department. Miss T. Walker joined the staff of the Music Department.

At the same time Mrs Rosemary E. Stewart took up her new duties as Assistant Rector, and Mrs E. Oliver was promoted within the Biology Department.

To colleagues taking up new posts and appointments we offer our good wishes.

VISITORS TO THE SCHOOL

During session 1986-87 the following visitors were welcomed to the school:

September

Herr Jurgen Hellwig and Frau I Hellwig Headmaster, Christophurusschule, Oberurff, West Germany.

October

Herr Otto Prilop and German Exchange Group from Oberurff.

November

Captain J. A. G. Evans, F.B.I.M., R.N. (Rtd) (Schools Liaison Officer), Colonel R. T. T. Gurdon (Rtd) (Schools Liaison Officer), Wing-Commander C. Bidie, R.A.F. (Schools Liaison Officer).

December

Rev. Dominic Milroy, O.S.B. Headmaster of Ampleforth College Christmas Services).

March

Rev. Eddie McKenna, Miss May Dow, Miss Morag Stenhouse and Scripture Union team.

April

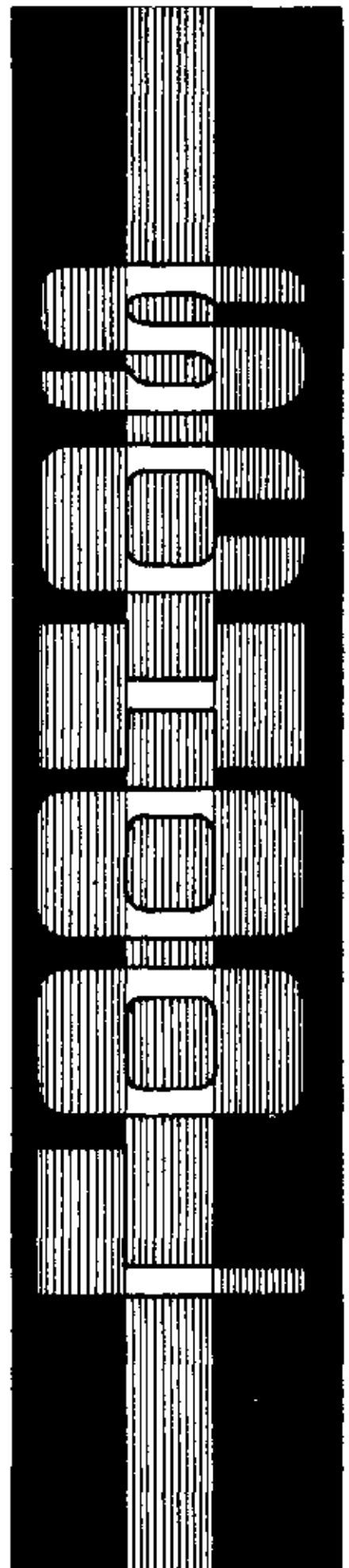
Ulm Cathedral Choir, West Germany.

May

Mr W. G. Smith and Mrs W. Smith, Rector, Lindisfarne College, Hastings, New Zealand.

June

Lieutenant General Sir Norman Arthur, K.C.B. General Officer Commanding Scottish Command, Professor Struther Arnott and Mrs G. Arnott, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of St Andrews University.



GUIDES

The summer term was spent profitably and enjoyably in the sunshine at Mayfield, where the Guides learnt and practised various camping techniques preparatory to the annual summer camp. A highlight was the achievement of the highest award a Guide can gain, the Baden-Powell Trefoil, by Christine Lumsden, and we offer her our special congratulations.

Camp, once more, was a great success. The first weekend was shared with Guides from St Luke's Company, with whom we had great fun. The weather was perfect, especially for those seemingly immune to sunburn! Certainly it attracted crowds of visitors on Parents Day, all of whom were regaled with team juice, and biscuits. It was with great pleasure that we welcomed back Mrs Elin Walsh, Sarah Vaughan, and Vikki Vaughan as camp staff; and altogether, we had an exhausting but memorable and exciting week, which could not have taken place but for the generous loan by Mr and Mrs Sim of their field — to them we extend our grateful thanks.

The autumn term brought a number of new recruits to swell the Company's ranks. Throughout the term the Guides worked hard at trefoil challenges, the Hostess Badge (kindly tested by Miss Dunbar), and the Accident Prevention Badge. The term was rounded off most satisfactorily by a joint Christmas Party with the Brownie Pack.

Badge-work featured prominently in the spring term also, with all the Guides sitting the Fire-fighters' badge successfully. Thanks are due to the Dundee Fire Brigade for both coaching and examining the Guides in the various practical aspects of Fire-fighting. Many Guides also gained the Country Dancer's and Flower Arranger Badges; and, as several girls worked on their own to gain other badges, the year has been one of much effort in this direction.

At the beginning of the summer term, the Company was pleased to welcome back Christine Lumsden as a new Young Leader. As "retiring" young leaders we should like to wish Christine the enjoyment we have had ourselves; and to thank the Company and its hard-working Guiders, Mrs I. J. Miller and Miss P. L. Knight, for the several years of happiness and practical teaching they have given us through Guiding. On behalf of the Guides we would again thank the Guiders, the School, the Girls Guides Association, parents and everyone who so generously gives of their free time to make Guides possible.

Ashley T. Swan, Emma Vincent
(Young Leaders)

MR CHAIRMAN SIR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ...

"Now wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk Morrisons, Albyn and Dummy team, tak heed,
Wen'er to drink you are inclined
Or haggis bashing runs in your mind
Think afore you let your kilt run swingy
For remember Shona's tartan Jimmy!"

Yes, that verse came from one of my many debates which I have presented over the past 6 years. It was a particularly good evening if I remember correctly and the motion that: "This House Regrets the Image Given to Scotland by Sir Harry Lauder" most certainly aroused a great argument between the rival teams. Although my partner, Graham Paterson, and I did not reach the final that night, we both had tremendous fun and that is what my debating life at school has been about — enjoying myself to the full!

I really couldn't begin to count the number of hours I have spent in Mrs McGrath's classroom — eating our lunch together and pondering over the motion in front of us, both of us thinking, "If only we were on the other side of the table!" But without fail when it came to the night of the competition the High School Speakers, thanks to Mrs McGrath, never let themselves nor the school down.

Debating has also let me meet new and interesting people from different schools from all over Scotland. You can be screaming at someone across the table from you one minute and laughing and joking with them the next at one of the inter-school debate and discos — yes, debating can definitely strike up friendships!

But what have I gained from all of it? This is not a difficult question to answer — it has given me the confidence to stand up and speak but most importantly argue a point which I am meant to believe in! It has allowed me to have a whole audience listening to me, and only me, and it has taught me the art of thinking on my feet. These I believe are qualities which I will need as I progress in my adult life and it is because of debating that I have acquired them.

So as I come to the end of my school debating career, I would like to thank all the teachers who have helped me over the past 6 years especially Miss Dickson who has assisted me in organising the inter-school functions and the annual School Bursar Supper and of course, my last words must go to Mrs McGrath for her excellent debating coaching. I thank you both, and for the last time:

"Mr Chairman, Sir, Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg to propose the motion that debating most definitely is an asset to anyone's career!"

Shona Watson
Chairman of Society 1985-1987

REP CLUB REPORT Session 1986-87

We began our session with a backstage tour of the Dundee Repertory Theatre. We later returned with cheques for the sum of £100 and £50 which was raised in a variety of ways. Firstly, we organised a sponsored swim, assisted by the Friday 9 swimming club, which raised £62. Our second event was the Christmas raffle and a cake and candy sales in January and June. Throughout the year we served coffee, orange juice and biscuits to staff and members of other Friday 9 groups.

In December, we visited the theatre to see "The Snow Queen", which was enjoyed by everyone.

To round off the year we attended the 784 production of "The Gorbals Story".

On behalf of the Rep Club we would like to thank Miss Holloway for her organisation and help throughout the year.

Jane Roby and Clare Frost
on behalf of the Rep. Club

LAUREATES

Session 1986-87

In the 1986 Valerie K. Tait was awarded the Institute of Physics Prize for the pupil "whose performance in the SCE Higher Physics examination is judged to be the best" in Scotland.

The following pupils have been offered places at Oxford and Cambridge Universities:

David Vaughan — (Mathematics at St Peter's College, Oxford).

Philip Gates — (Music at King's College, Cambridge).

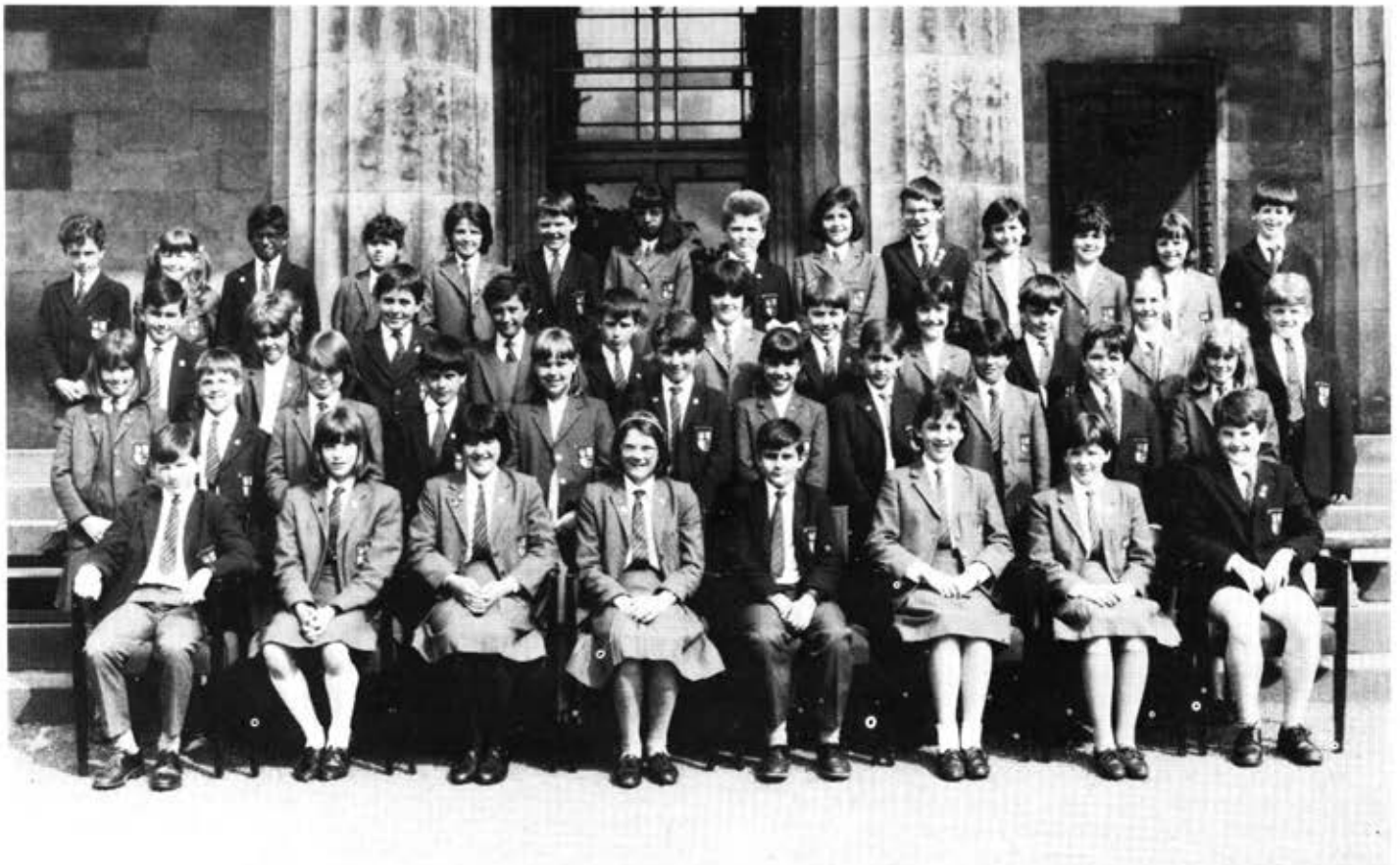
Thomas Morris — (Engineering at Selwyn College, Cambridge).

William Tunstall-Pedoe — (Computer Science at Churchill College, Cambridge).

In the Aberdeen University Bursary Competition (1987), Ashley T. Swan was placed 46th and awarded a bursary.



Dux Medallists.



Junior & Preparatory Department Prize-winners.

CANADA RUGBY TOUR — DIARY

Monday, 29th September

Following months of careful preparation the proposed rugby tour to Vancouver, British Columbia, was finally underway. Ahead lay a short bus journey to Prestwick, followed by a ten-hour flight to the east coast of Canada.

We were to be hosted by Prince of Wales School, who had visited Dundee in April, 1986.

Tuesday, 30th September

Spent the day relaxing with light rugby training and a short shopping trip into Vancouver.

Wednesday, 1st October

Tour captain Iain Chynoweth spurned all rumour of his lack of map-reading skills, by giving us all a short sightseeing tour of Vancouver's suburbs, en route to our opening tour match. (The weather throughout our stay was warm and sunny and the hospitality and enthusiasm of our host was superb. Teams throughout the two weeks were arranged so that — barring injury — everyone played at least two matches.)

Our game versus Prince of Wales was on a rather hard, sandy pitch with a rather hostile crowd interspersed with bands of renegade Canadians attracted by our kilts, bagpipes, and accents.

With our team rather rusty after the flight over, the game opened scrappily. Our forwards throughout were outplayed in the set-piece, although showed spells of positive rucking. The backs however were a credit to our side with their speed and skill far outweighing that of the opposition. With a final score of 20-14 in our favour, all bode well for the remaining matches. Tries came from Andy Nicol, Eddie Fenton (2), and Brian Sherriff.

Thursday, 2nd October

Another day spent relaxing in the centre of Vancouver, with the budding lawyers amongst us watching the trial of a local school teacher, accused of acts outwith the moral bounds of his profession, and the rest taking the opportunity of souvenir hunting. That afternoon we transferred to our Lord Byng School billets.

Friday, 3rd October

Match two! To the sounds of Bonnie Dundee, courtesy of Graeme Leslie, we set about the second of our tour games. Although slightly damp, the pitch was much grassier than previously. There was also a strong sense of rivalry between the two teams which promised an exciting match.

Lord Byng forwards did not take advantage of their superior physical size, and were outplayed throughout in all aspects. Our backs adopted a much more kicking style of game and again played well. Confidence increased as the match progressed, and we ran out comfortable winners 26-3, tries from Andy Nicol (2), Scott Fotheringham, Geordie McGill, and Chris Newton.

That evening was a clash of interests for team members, with a choice between the Prince of Wales Pre-Graduation Ball, or a dance at the nearby all-girls' school.

Saturday, 4th October

The world exposition — 'EXPO' — a colourful carnival of pavilions and theatres providing all sorts of entertainment was reaching its climatical last few days.

With complimentary tickets for the most popular pavilions, we were at an advantage from the rest of the record 250,000 crowd who had to queue in massive line-ups for them: tickets are free, but limited in supply.

We spent all day there, happily eating our way through each of the five McDonald's restaurants, numerous hamburger stalls, as well as viewing the odd pavilion.

Saturday night was party time with yet another evening out with our Canadian hosts.

Sunday, 5th October

Transferred by ferry to Vancouver Island, where we were to be hosted by Shawnigan Lake School — one of a string of purpose-built boarding schools around the edge of the lake.

Discovered numerous horse-chestnut trees that afternoon, and armed with spare boot laces and penknives set about a grand conker tourne.

Monday, 6th October

Spent the morning ten-pin bowling — a pleasant change from the egg-shaped ball! Mr Hutchison reminded us however, that we were here to play rugby, with another training session that afternoon. Boarding schools, especially those like Shawnigan with a strong rowing heritage, have a great emphasis on fitness, and their sports and training facilities were excellent.

Tuesday, 7th October

Match 3! The pitch was green and firm, and the weather was warm and bright. Shawnigan dominated most aspects of this fast and furious game. Their superiority decreased throughout however, and we finished with an excellent win 24-12: our tries coming from Fergie Hutchison, Chris Newton, Brian Sherriff, and Ian Aitken.

Wednesday, 8th October

Transferred to Brentwood College School, a close neighbour to Shawnigan. We spent the afternoon swimming in the pool, and that evening there was a disco to coincide with our visit.

Thursday, 9th October

We were given free reign of the sports facilities throughout the day, and were given the chance to canoe and kayak in the lake. Mr Hutchison anxious that we played well in our last match, organised another training spell, concentrating a lot on scrummage and handling work for forwards and backs respectively.

Friday, 10th October

This was the most important game of the whole tour, on which rested all hopes of a 'Grandslam'. The atmosphere was electric. The pitch was smaller than convention, but thick with grass — the best throughout the tour.

Mr Hutchison planned to let everyone play for part of this last game, and so we substituted freely during the match. The two teams were very evenly matched, with two penalties by Chris Newton balancing their converted try, making the half-time score 6-6. A try by Dominic Barton with his first touch of the ball, and a further penalty goal by Chris enabled us to seal the match, and our 100% record by 13-6.

Saturday, 11th October

Returned by ferry to Vancouver, and our Prince of Wales hosts. This was a last chance to shop, party, and relax before bidding farewell to Canada, and our new found friends.

Sunday, 12th October

Once again we faced the daunting ten-hour flight, which marked the end to and exhilarating two weeks.

May we all wish our most sincere thanks to those who helped make our October tour a trip to remember.

Thomas Morris
Secretary.



Prefects.

THE HOCKEY CANADA TOUR 1986

THE TOUR by Miriam Wills

The journey began smoothly and we were soon aboard our flight to Canada. At first the idea of the length of the flight seemed a bit daunting but the 10 hours quickly passed.

At the airport we were met by a representative of Prince of Wales School and taken to watch their hockey team playing. From here we were split into groups and dispersed to our "billets".

During our stay in Vancouver we managed to visit a number of places of educational interest, for example, Vancouver's Chinatown and Gastown. But without a doubt, the highlight of the stay was the world fair, EXPO. In all we spent 14 hours one Saturday at EXPO and for some of us even that was not enough.

Our next move was by ferry to Victoria on Vancouver Island where we stayed with Brentwood School. Victoria itself was a very British City with British restaurants and even a Marks and Spencer. Here we fitted in a day of sight-seeing, visiting the Parliament buildings, the waxworks, the aquarium and the museum, and later that day the school organised a "soc hop" or disco, as had Crofton House School, both of which we thoroughly enjoyed.

After our time in Victoria, we moved again. This time we caught a ferry to Horsehoe Bay back on the mainland, and travelled by minibus to Squamish. We had been warned by all our previous billets that Squamish was a back-water, but in fact this turned out to be one of our favourite places. We were entertained every night with river parties and meals out, and we will hopefully be able to return this hospitality, if the girls from Howe Sound (or in fact the girls from any of the other schools) visit us on tour sometime next year.

After our second match against Howe Sound School, we visited Whistler, a ski resort come holiday centre in the mountains above Squamish. The views on the journey up to Whistler were most spectacular with snow-capped mountains and impressive waterfalls. Here we spent a relaxing day in the hot tubs and water slides.

The day after our visit to Whistler we were on our way home again. The flight back was slightly shorter and there was the added bonus of Connie's 18th birthday cake which was handed round. After two weeks' of endless sunshine, we arrived home to the cold of Prestwick.

THE HOCKEY MATCHES by Lucinda Hippisley

In all we played seven matches — one loss, two draws and four wins; four goals against and 12 for.

Our first match was played on Wednesday, 1st October, against our host school Prince of Wales. When we arrived at the given place, we were not exactly sure if we had in fact arrived there, as, although the pitches were beautifully level, there were no goal posts in sight! We therefore found it difficult to know when we were on or off the pitch, or whether we had scored a goal when the ball crossed the line.

The final result for this match was 1-1, and everyone had at least five minutes of play to get them into the way of playing again, although quite a lot of us felt pretty exhausted afterwards due to the length of play — 35 minutes each way.

We discovered at the beginning of the match that most Canadian teams had a psyching-up chant, and so afterwards, PW helped us with the making of one which went along the lines:

Beat them. Bust them
That's our custom
Bust them. Beat them
We'll defeat them
Wooooow DUNDEE.

The following day we moved onto our second host school, Crofton House. We won this match 2-0, and we again found it difficult to score as the goal posts consisted of metal rods. (Spot the excuses for the lack of goals). We also played West Vancouver High School while staying here and we won with a much more convincing result of 4-0. But I'd like to add at this point the Catherine Steele was our most difficult opponent in this match. As West Van were short of a player, we kindly gave up Catherine, and I must admit that for me anyway, there were a few heart-stopping moments when I thought she would score.

Our next few matches promised to be a lot harder. On Monday, 6th October, we played Brentwood College, and because of our fore-knowledge of this match, Miss Lyle put us through a rigorous warm-up, thus we started this match very quickly. We worked well together and covered for each other. The only thing lacking this time were the goals — our excuse — the warm-up. But the score of 0-0 could be quite understandable for both sides as it was often difficult to see the goalkeepers in the goal areas for all the dust. We often lost sight of Gillian Allardice, and only hoped that she would be able to see the ball when it was played near her. So much so, Nicola D'Arcy managed to save one ball on the line at a defending corner.

Our hardest, yet most exciting match was yet to come. On Wednesday, 8th October, we played Mount Douglas in Victoria. As we had been asked by the Brentwood team to try and beat them as they had been defeated 3-0 some weeks before, our chant was said with a lot of aggression. This time we had no excuse as there were white goal posts and white backboards and nets.

Although we played well, it took us at least 30 minutes to score a goal. The second-half was equally well battled out and our defence played valiantly. But Mount Doug managed to break through our defence 10 minutes from the end and score a goal. Play became frantic as we had had the upper-hand for most of the match, and we desperately wanted to win. Miss Lyle and our other team supporters were sitting on the edge of their seats, biting finger and toe nails. And comments from the side-lines from the Canadian supporters such as "don't let these haggis hunters get you down" were enough to put anybody off. But when a ball was passed to Miriam, at the halfway-line, we managed to win the match. All we could do was stand back in amazement as she skilfully dribbled the ball past Mount Doug's defence and on reaching the top of the circle, hit the ball and when we heard the ball hit the backboard, the whistle was blown for full-time.

This is one of the times when you understand the need to jump onto their scorers because Miriam was hidden from view for quite a while.

Our final host school was in Squamish. Our match against Howe Sound was a disappointing one as we lost 2-1. We played on the Friday during school hours and it was the hottest day of the tour. Also we tired more easily due to the long hectic days and also due to the 70 minutes of play. But again we had no excuse as we did have white back boards. We were also slightly out numbered in supporters as Howe Sound pupils had the choice of staying in for the afternoon to work or to come and watch their team play 'Scotland' and I think we were a bigger attraction than the pursuit of knowledge.

But we made up for our defeat on the following day as we beat Howe Sound 2-0. So you could say ... or rather how I like putting it — we beat Howe Sound overall 3-2 on aggregate. Everyone had the chance to play, the game was a lot more relaxed and therefore it was a good match to round off the tour.

Thanks must go to our many contacts in Canada who organised the tour so smoothly and to Miss Lyle for getting us into shape for the tour and for looking after us so well while we were there. But special thanks must go to our parents who made the whole tour possible and to relatives and friends who helped in the fund-raising, and also to the team who played so well and made such an effort to enjoy every moment of the trip.

| SCHOOL | FOR | AGAINST |
|----------------------------|-----|---------|
| Prince of Wales School | 2 | 1 |
| Crofton House School | 2 | 0 |
| West Vancouver High School | 4 | 0 |
| Brentwood College | 0 | 0 |
| Mount Douglas | 2 | 1 |
| Howe Sound School | 1 | 2 |
| Howe Sound School | 2 | 0 |

SHOOTING REPORT

Shooting has been a popular and very competitive activity and on a typical Sunday up to 1200 rounds have been fired. Eight teams have shot in the Territorial Army Rifle Association Leagues and the 'A' team of C.S.M. Fenton, Lt. Spowart, Cdt. Morrison and Cpl. Taylor, and the 'C' team of Cpl. Bain, Cpl. D'Arcy, Cdt. Tunstall Pedoe and Cdt. Murray won Divisional titles and medals.

The top ten shots in the T.A. Leagues have been:-

| | |
|--|------|
| 1. C.S.M. Fenton E. | 93.9 |
| 2. Cdt. Morrison A. | 93.6 |
| 3. P/Cpl. Paxton R. | 92.1 |
| 4. Cdt. Small I. | 91.9 |
| 5. L/Cpl. Wood Becky | 91.8 |
| 6. Cdt. Murray B. | 91.3 |
| 7. Cpl. Taylor G. | 91.1 |
| 8. Cpl. Bain | 91.0 |
| 9. Lt. Spowart G. | 90.7 |
| 10. (Equal) L/Cpl. Robinson Carol Ann and Cdt. Tunstall Pedoe W. | 90.0 |

The standard of shooting improved steadily through the season, and reached a peak in the National Strathcona Shield. Here the 'B' team of seven cadets averaged 93.8, and lost by only two aggregate points. The 'A' team, with an average of 93.0 finished 4th.

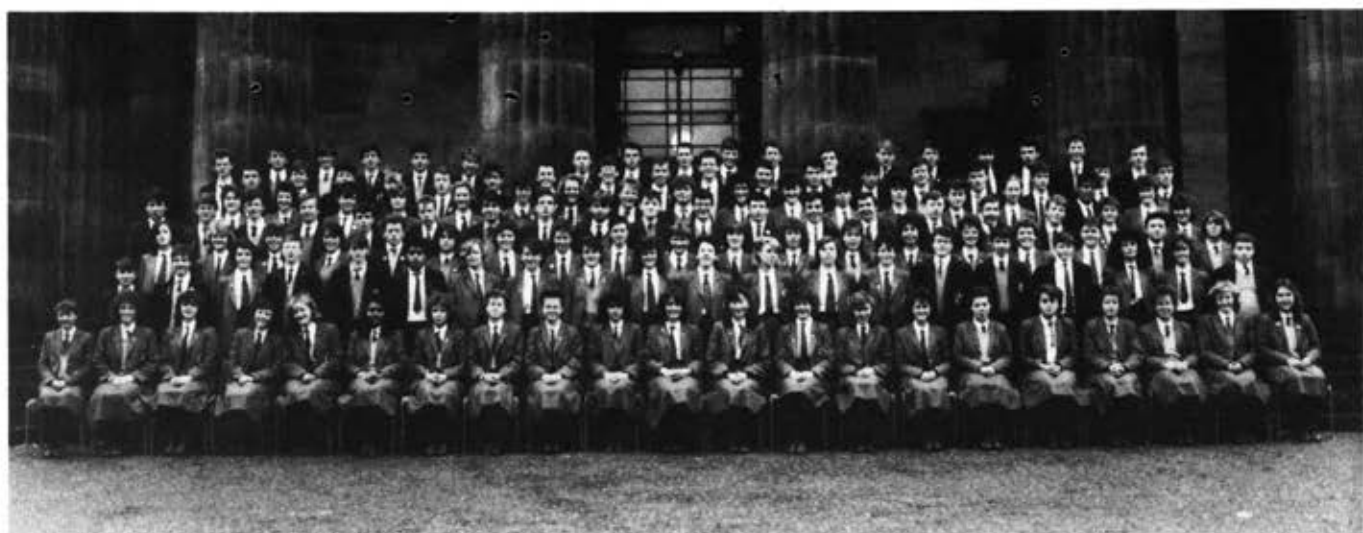
C.S.M. Fenton is congratulated on being selected to shoot for the second successive year for the Scottish Schools, and we wish him well.

Finally, a word of special thanks to Mr George Linton for again providing specialist coaching for the best shots.

P.S. Has the time now arrived to provide a 100 board?



Sixth Year



Fifth Year



Fourth Year



GORDON A. HUTCHINSON

Gordon Hutchinson's appointment as bursar in 1980 came at a very important time for both him personally and for the school.

A graduate of Cambridge University, where he had been a major scholar, he had, after commissioned service in the Royal Armoured Corps joined the Colonial Office. His first posting in Nigeria was followed by periods spent in the Fiji Islands, Kenya and Dar-es Salaam where he helped build up a new country when it gained its independence. On his return to England he settled in North Devon and was invited to become Bursar of a neighbouring boarding school, where he stayed for ten years, before moving to Edinburgh for the benefit of his wife's health. It was from there that he applied successfully for the post of Bursar in the High School.

The time of his arrival was important in the development of the school. His predecessor, who had held the office for ten years, was the first Bursar to be appointed in the history of the school. Before that time the school's financial affairs, unbelievable as it now seems in retrospect, had been run very much on a part-time basis from an accountant's office. The first Bursar, Donald McKenzie, had an office on the top floor of a nearby building, which proved a convenient deterrent to visits from parents and staff alike. With the acquisition of Bonar House premises became available to accommodate a new and expanded department for the Bursar and his staff. It was his predecessor's lot to lead his department out of the wilderness; it was Gordon Hutchinson's task to establish his Bursary in the promised new rooms within the school campus.

The challenge which lay before him was rather daunting. As the school progressed towards independence sweeping adaptations had to be made in its financial organisation. Not only did he restructure the finances of the school, he had also to cope with the phasing out of the S.E.D. grant. As the Assisted Places Scheme was introduced, the work of the Bursar increased dramatically. It is a credit to him that within this government initiative the school played a leading part nationally in the elaboration and establishment of the scheme, which has been so helpful to so many. During this time the school's own scholarship scheme was also increasing. Furthermore, there have been notable changes governing the teaching profession. To all these challenges Gordon Hutchinson responded with conscientiousness, assiduity and imagination, which led him to introduce successful solutions to many problems.

Despite the time-consuming demands inherent in many of these developments he also found time to ferret out sources of financial help for hard-pressed parents, and many have had cause to be thankful for an unexpected letter from the Bursar, which intimated some good news.

In all posts, one of the important differences between occupants lies not only in how well one performs but also in those personal interests and enthusiasms which one brings over and above technical proficiency. In the case of Gordon Hutchinson this bonus was rich. A man of culture, he was intensely interested in the education and extra-curricular

activities of the school. A man of taste, he was concerned with the business of catering and maintenance. A historian, he relished the long tradition of the school.

As Gordon Hutchinson retires at the close of a rich and varied career, he leaves school with the knowledge that he has contributed impressively to its development. His wide-ranging enthusiasm remains undiminished, as he looks forward to a journey in the autumn on the Trans-Siberian railway. We offer both to him and his wife, Joyce, who has often graced our social gatherings, our best wishes for many years of happy retirement.



Mrs SALLY KNIGHT

When Mrs Sally Knight joined the staff in 1980 she came back to a school she knew well. A former pupil and a former president of the Old Girls' Club, she had had her two daughters educated in the school. Consequently, there were few aspects of its life and work with which she was not familiar.

It was from the Grove Academy, where she was already an Assistant Rector, that she came to take up the new post of Assistant Rector (Careers). Her main task was to set up, in the recently acquired Bonar House, a restructured and expanded Careers Department, which incorporated the latest thinking about this increasingly important aspect of education. From this new initiative there issued a series of innovations: regular Careers Evenings for pupils and parents, conferences and careers-acquaint visits for pupils, the introduction of computer-assisted careers advice, guidance modules within the curriculum — all of which, organised with that meticulous attention to detail which she brought to her work, enriched the curricular provision of this school and were greatly appreciated.

As well as her careers remit she was also in charge of the guidance and pastoral care of girls in Forms I to III. To this task she brought a sympathetic understanding, based on her wide experience, from which many girls benefited. Her kind but firm advice earned her the gratitude of not a few and the respect and affection of the majority. She herself took great pleasure in helping a girl through an awkward stage and seeing her go on to make good.

Her teaching commitment was varied and wide-ranging, involving her in Religious Education, swimming and chairing Sixth Form lectures with visiting speakers. To all these tasks she brought her own mixture of enthusiasm and professionalism, which ensured that what she tackled was done well.

As a member of the Board of Studies she participated in the corporate planning of a very busy school and was an ungrudging and constant attender at school functions. She was always ready to assist, lead or support many of the multifarious activities, which make up and sometimes overflow the school calendar.

Possessed of a natural cheerfulness, Sally Knight was a most acceptable colleague within the staff, and she was well-known and respected in professional circles outside the staff. Her contribution to the life and work of the school was impressive, and although she will be greatly missed, we take pleasure in her new-found personal happiness on the occasion of her remarriage and look forward to her continuing interest in D.H.S.

R.N.



Mrs B. WILLIAMSON

At the close of this session Mrs Williamson retires after 24 years of unstinting service to the School.

Educated at Barnsley High School for Girls, she proceeded to Birmingham University where she graduated B.A. (Honours) in Spanish before taking up her first teaching post in Coventry. After her marriage she lived in London for a short time before coming north to Dundee in 1956 when her husband took up an appointment in the Faculty of Engineering of Dundee University. Following short terms of part-time teaching at the College of Commerce, the College of Art and Harris Academy, Mrs Williamson was invited to join the staff of the High School in 1963.

As a member of the expanding Modern Languages Department she had the specific remit of introducing Spanish into the curriculum. The lady was equal to the task and in face of considerable competition from the established courses in French and German, which enjoyed traditional and entrenched positions, Mrs Williamson worked with a will to secure a place in the sun for her beloved Spanish. From the start, inspiration and industry promoted a steady growth in the number of pupils attracted to Spanish and by 1969 — the earliest possible target date — the new language had been established at all stages from Form I to Form VI. The frail flower was firmly rooted and Mrs Williamson's unflagging energy, zeal and determination ensured that it was soon bearing fruit in the form of most commendable success rates in S.C.E. examinations.

Pupils and staff soon learned that Mrs Williamson was one to get things done and within the timescale of 10 years she had so developed the popularity and strength of her subject within the wider curriculum that in 1972 she was appointed Head of Spanish and German, an equal partner of the French Department under Mr James Stevenson alongside whom she worked for the next eight years. When that gentleman retired in 1980, Mrs Williamson became Head of the Modern Languages Department in which capacity she has directed the teaching of all modern languages in the curriculum. She has fulfilled this demanding role during a period of unprecedented change in the teaching of Modern Languages. During this time she sustained also her heavy commitment to the cause of Spanish teaching by undertaking C.S.Y.S. work for the Examination Board and by lecturing in Teaching Methods to the language students of the College of Education.

However, it is in the classroom, at the chalkface that Mrs Williamson is in her element and many pupils have reason to be grateful to her. In her own nature, thorough and determined and of herself demanding, she has sought to inculcate such invariable qualities in her pupils also. Expecting — indeed insisting — that each should strive to do his or her best, she would not tolerate fools gladly but, assured of

honest application, would give credit and continuing support to pupils of all abilities. Examination results at all stages reflect the success of Mrs Williamson's classrooms philosophy and practice. It is noteworthy too that she has the flair to bring to life the language she loves, a fact evident from any visit to her classroom while she is "in full flow" or from the very successful Barcelona Exchange which she inaugurated and has organised over nearly 20 years. This exchange with the English Academy in Barcelona has been one of Mrs Williamson's great satisfactions in that it has provided an opportunity for young people to broaden their horizons by overcoming the barrier of language to exchange views with and learn from people of a different culture — and perhaps to establish lifelong friendships.

Dundee High School Spanish pupils would thank Mrs Williamson for this and for the many other life-opportunities towards which she may have helped direct them; the school is grateful for nearly a quarter of a century of excellent service and extends to Mrs Williamson best wishes for a healthful and happy retirement.

G.C.S.



Mrs A. M. BARCLAY

When Mrs Barclay joined the Modern Languages Department in 1973 she was resuming an association with the High School which had commenced some 20 years earlier; for between 1952 and 1955 she had been a lively member of Miss Turnbull's staff in the Junior Department and an active Guider in the School Guide Company alongside such well-loved personalities as Miss Florence Whytock, Miss Aileen Gray, Mrs Tommy Spreull and Miss Margaret Larg. There followed a lengthy period of globe-trotting when, along with her children Paul and Jennifer, she accompanied her husband on his foreign travels. Mrs Barclay punctuated these years with numerous interesting teaching appointments in the U.S.A., the South of England and Portugal before returning to Dundee to allow the children a period of settled educational opportunity in the High School where she had accepted a post in the French Department.

It is with affection that Mrs Barclay reminisces on these earlier halcyon-days in the teaching of French when, in a seemingly unchanging educational scene, staff could feel secure in their well-established pedagogy with "Whitmarsh" as bible and Head of Department as fount of wisdom. However, "Tricolore" was about to be unfurled upon the winds of change and Mrs Barclay and her colleagues prepared to meet the challenge of revolution in the curriculum — indeed to find success and satisfaction in adopting and adapting to the new schemes. Mrs Barclay's bubbling energy and her proven ability to enthuse her pupils (perhaps especially the younger children and those who experienced some difficulty in learning a foreign language) were very significant factors in this process.

Another major source of pleasure and satisfaction has been her work of pastoral and personal guidance as Form Mistress of Form I girls. Exercising a caring and careful supervision over her girls has been a labour of love to one

quite dedicated to the cause of wholesome education. Likewise, she ensured that her Friday 9 Drama Group provided not only opportunity for enjoyment and fun but also a useful and valuable educational experience where the shy, the timid were encouraged to uncover hidden talents and strengths; the self-centred, the extrovert came to learn self-control and responsibility to others; and young people generally were helped to form more rounded personalities.

The school is grateful to Mrs Barclay for her many contributions to the whole life of the school and we would wish her every success in whatever new enterprises she will surely undertake in these years of "retirement".

G.C.S.



Mrs B. H. COUPAR

Mrs Brigitte Coupar was a late entrant to the teaching profession when she joined the Modern languages Department in August, 1976. Brought up in pre-war and wartime Germany, she came to make her home in Scotland when our own homeland fell under Russian occupation in 1945. Having lost all in Germany, she had to build a completely new life in her adopted country and as she takes stock of these past 40 years she must feel that she has achieved much that is worthwhile and wonderful.

As she settled in an alien environment, her first role was that of wife and mother and this came naturally to her as she gave to her own family the security and the love that had been lost to her in her own early years. However, with the family grown, Mrs Coupar was unwilling to waste life in fallow years and determined to do something useful with these years before her. So it was that at a mature age she launched upon a programme of education which eventually led her to graduate from Dundee University M.A. with Honours in French and German and thereafter to enter the teaching profession.

As a native German speaker Mrs Coupar introduced a further dimension to the Modern Languages Department and to her teaching of both German and French she has brought what is a natural thoroughness and attention to detail. Perhaps it has been the width and depth of her experiences of life which have combined to make her a caring and conscientious teacher who has encouraged in her pupils self-discipline and self-motivation, courtesy and consideration for others. Certainly at all stages her charges have benefited from this positive classroom approach.

Recognising also the value of offering young people wider opportunities, Mrs Coupar has been keen to participate in the extra-curricular life of the school introducing to Friday 9 the class in German Civilisation and as Group Teacher bringing to her Form II girls a mother's understanding and experiences. The school is grateful to Mrs Coupar for these 11 years of loyal service.

Mrs Coupar has suggested that "life is a memory" — if this be so, we trust that she will take with her many happy memories of these High School years and we wish her well in the years that lie ahead.



Mrs MOIRA ROBB

At a time when students choosing a career tend to prefer industry to teaching, it is interesting to reflect that it was not always so, Mrs Moira Robb is an example of the reverse trend.

It was with the Head Office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Toronto that Mrs Robb began work in the Personnel Evaluation Department. Later she came to Dundee where she took up a post in the Head Office of Jute Industries. After several years she was attracted to teaching, entering the profession through the Special Recruitment Scheme operated by the S.E.D. at the beginning of the seventies.

Her first post on leaving the College of Education with a merit in teaching was in Muirhead School, where she remained for three years before joining the staff of the Junior Department in 1974. Particularly at home in the upper stages of primary education she has taught an LVI class for almost thirteen years.

An atmosphere of industry has always characterised her classroom as pupils by class or in groups busied themselves with an attractive variety of tasks. It was always a joy to see her classroom so well decorated with pupils' drawings and works of art, a reflection of her own artistic interests. Her personal enthusiasm for painting and craft work was easily communicated to successive forms of pupils who took obvious pleasure in the high standard of their productions. To this pleasure the pupils added a sense of purposeful study which stood them in good stead in later years.

As Mrs Robb takes early retirement in order to pursue her other interests, especially Arts, Crafts and Antiques, we thank her for her sterling service over the years to the school and express the hope that she will have a long and busy retirement.

R.N.

FRIDAY 9 — Voluntary Service

For a number of pupils in Form 3-6, Friday 9 each week involves different forms of voluntary service, ranging from helping at a nursery school to visiting old people in sheltered housing. This is a very rewarding and interesting activity as the experience gained from working with the children and chatting to the old people is extremely valuable.

This year, as well as those who regularly participate in voluntary service, there are a number of pupils who have joined us from the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme who use their visits for the service part of the award.

E. Nicoll F4



C.C.F. NAVAL CADETS

Our first year as a Naval section has almost drawn to a close, giving us the opportunity to reflect on what has been achieved over the past months.

We began our voyage of discovery travelling with hope rather than certainty; however the gradual acquisition of both equipment and experience has allowed us to form a regular section of enthusiastic cadets who will form the backbone of the section for several years to come.

Some of the more memorable activities undertaken this year include a weekend trip aboard a rollercoaster (camouflaged as a minesweeper), a powerboat course in Plymouth and a Range Firing course at Rosyth, during which all our cadets set a high standard of achievement.

Perhaps the high spot of the year for many was the Easter trip aboard a Clyde fleet tender, in which 12 cadets were in charge of operating the

vessel around the Clyde approaches. Among the many new skills acquired included navigation radar operation, helmsmanship and cooking the cubic potato being a rare delicacy. During the week we visited Largs, Rothesay, Cambletown and Tarbert — our only worrying moment was Lieutenant Rennet's football being consigned to the deep by Able Seaman McIntyre — our first cadet keel-hauling would have followed had the wind not blown it on to a projecting pier!

The handing over of our very own "Clyde Puffer" was the only order met with reluctance during the memorable week.

Events to look forward to in the coming year include the launching of our own sailing and motor boats, our first passing-out parade and the presentation of awards to our leading cadets.

Finally a special word of thanks to Petty Officer Dominic Barton, whose ability and help throughout the year have been greatly appreciated by both myself and the other cadets.

G. Rennet (O.I.C. Naval Section)

JUNIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The Junior Literary and Debating Society has enjoyed a successful year, full of many, varied activities ranging from debates to game shows based on such extravaganzas as "Blockbusters" and "Just a Minute". Every Wednesday lunch-time, a group of dedicated pupils turn up and pit their wits against one another (and occasionally against the braver members of the teaching staff!).

This year, an internal debating competition was begun and was eagerly contested by five teams of

eager young debaters, and particular gratitude is owed to Mrs McKinnon and Miss Dickson who agreed to act as judges. Kenneth Campbell and I represented the school in the Dundee Speakers' Club Schools' Speech Contest in the second term, and moves have been made to organise friendly competitions with other schools in the area.

Thanks must go to Mr Durrheim for running the club, and to all the teachers who turned up and helped to make this year a memorable one for the club.

Paul Nimmo F2

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

This session has followed the pattern of previous years; our continued commitment to the development of new areas in Standard Grade as well as the more traditional certificate work was lightened by the opportunity to entertain some guest speakers and to organise a number of theatre visits.

In the summer of 1986, Joy Hendry, editor of "Chapman", gave an enlightening talk to Form 1 on the use of the Scottish language which tied up with a class project on various Scottish novelists. Later that year, Dr. Hilda Spear, whose specialisation is the poetry of World War 1, was invited to address Form 3 who were studying the theme of war, through poetry and drama.

At the end of the first term, Form 4 were taken to see Perth Rep's production of "An Inspector Calls" which many of them found intriguing and some mystifying! The chance to appreciate some melodrama came in the second term when Form 1 went to see "The Crucifer of Blood", a production based on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories. This was particularly appropriate since one of their drama textbooks contains a collection of Sherlock Holmes plays. Our thanks go to Mrs Blackburn for organising these trips and visits.

The third term provided us with some "home grown" entertainment in the form of "Twelfth Night", the school play, which, like the opera, seems to have become a biennial event. The play is also a school text and follows in the footsteps of the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which was the play in 1985.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

This year the Literary and Debating Society has expanded beyond all expectations. A superb total of 11 senior pupils competed in a variety of national competitions. On the public speaking front, Fiona Marshall, Ian Robertson and Samantha Hynd spoke in the United Nations competition with Connie McGill, Elizabeth Nicoll and Stephen Nimmo speaking in the E.S.U.

Three teams took part in the Press and Journal Debating Competitions this season — Shona Watson and Samantha Hynd, Mary Begg and Alice Mee, Stephen Nimmo and Stuart Pemble. Indeed Stuart and Stephen were very successful to reach the final which was held in Marischal College, Aberdeen. They were accompanied by a group of enthusiastic supporters, many of whom took part in the floor debate.

Alice Mee and Wendy Nicoll reached the Regional Final of the E.S.U., and David Parrott and Ian Robertson spoke in the Bank of Scotland.

We congratulate all those who took part over the past year, and look forward to see many new faces next session!

Alice Mee (Form V)
Mary Begg (Form V)

CHESS CLUB

The local inter-school chess League and knock-out competition failed to get off the ground this year which resulted in a dearth of competitive games; however, "The Times" competition — a national chess knock-out competition — proved that our players have maintained their high standard. The team advanced to the semi-final of their regional competition, only to be beaten in a close match against Edinburgh Academy. This was the furthest a High School team has progressed in this prestigious competition for many years.

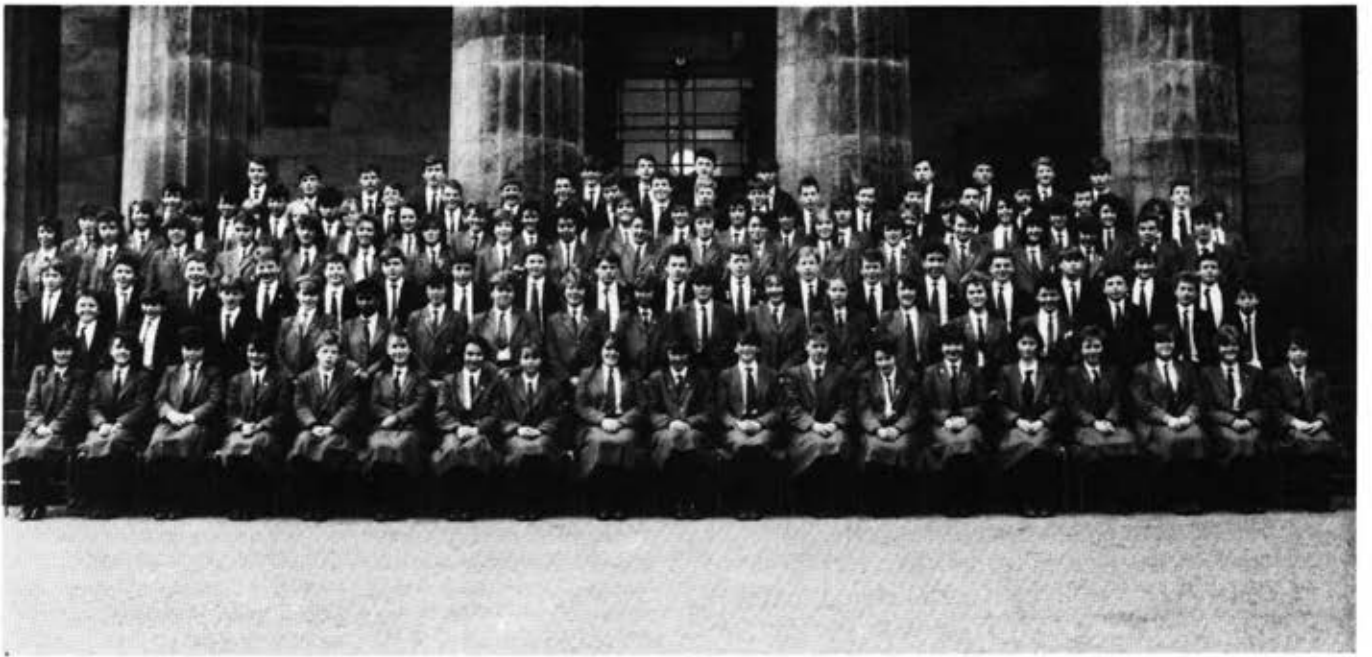
The internal competitions have, once again, produced great interest and are the basis for the enthusiasm in the Chess Club. As well as these, some friendly matches were arranged with other independent schools. For those who play chess seriously, particularly school team members, the option is always open to join a local chess club outside the school to boost their ability and experience.

On behalf of the club, I must thank Mr Durrheim for his invaluable supervision and organisation as well as Mr Blackburn and Mr Allan for their assistance during the "Friday 9" period. Finally, I take this opportunity to wish the club every success for the future.

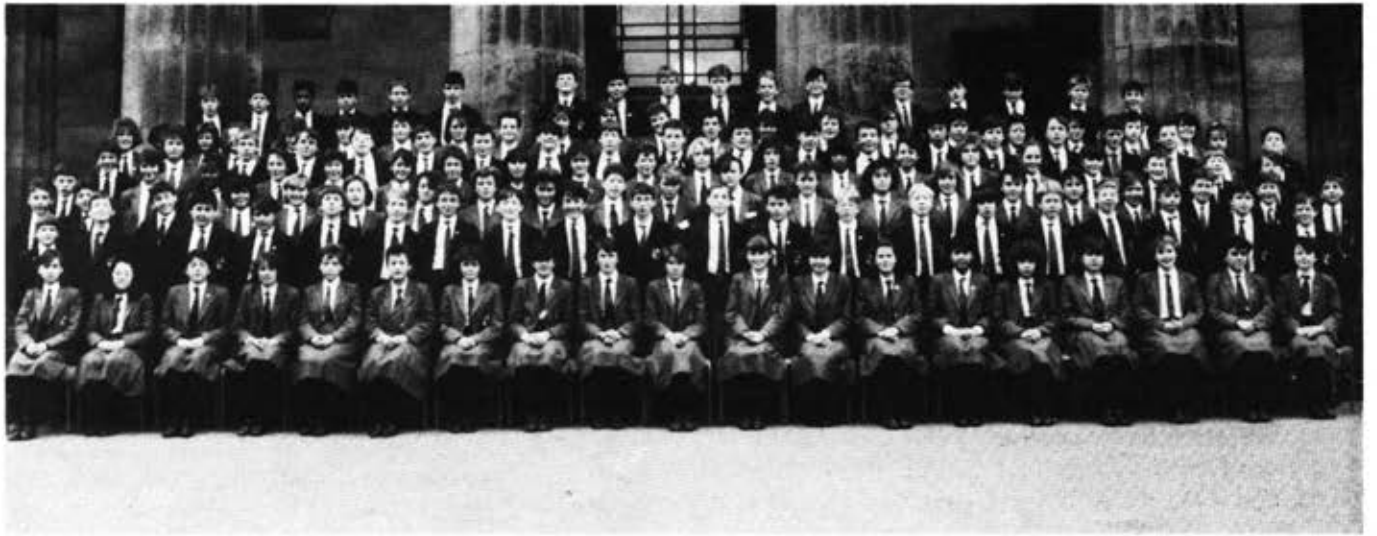
Graeme Hunter F6
(President of the Chess Club)

One of the best ways to brighten a dull evening last October was to come and see the five one-act plays performed by some of Mrs Jack's pupils from 2nd to 6th year which ran on the 30th and 31st. It is really difficult to find good modern plays which suit the members and sexes of the actors but these five were perfect from the casts (with a little doubling of parts by the male actors — always in great demand!)

The first play of the evening was "Her Affairs in Order" performed by 3rd year girls. This tense drama was the story of a dying woman (Jennifer Macleish) returning home from prison to tell her family the truth about the murder she was convicted of years before. Professional acting from Jill Mackay, Martine Hynd and the rest of the cast held the audience riveted to the last moment of the play. This was followed by the totally contrasting "Dream Job". Five girls waiting for an interview outside the school careers office reveal their secret ambitions, from becoming a dancer to model to Air hostess. Congratulations to



Third Year



Second Year



First Year

Louise, Lee, Alice, Jayne and Vicki for keeping a straight face throughout (for example as the nurse performing a serious operation asks for tweezers ... forceps ... bedpan!) as certainly none of the audience managed to.

The next three plays were all farces but each was different 'Murder at the Mill' was a Victorian Melodrama set in the Mountebank household where only Annie the maid (Wendy Nicoll) can save the family from the dastardly deeds of Rudolfo the Mysterious Gentleman. There were more laughs than tears as Annie's dead brother (Ian Small) pops out of a coffin, and William (Jonathan Fitzpatrick) declares his love for Isobel (Christine Lumsden) in a terribly touching scene. And of course everyone lived happily ever after.

'Bring Out Your Dead' was a hospital drama in the style of 'Doctor Kildare' (with a touch of 'Dynasty') in true soap opera tradition, life in the operating theatre is far from dull — the formidable Sister, Hagbird (Connie McGill) is pursued by the old boring Doctor Mandrake (Ian Robertson) but is desperate for a date at the stomach pump with Dr. Maladie (Stuart Pemble) who unfortunately happens to be madly in love with the Nurse Poppet (played by Emma Brown). The audience were not the only ones in stitches as Doctor Mandrake is operated on by the inexperienced Dr. Maladie and Nurse Poppet, and loses his false teeth somewhere!

The final play of the evening was a spaghetti western — 'Take Your Play'. The action is in the saloon — where else? — and the old timer (Stuart Pemble) tells the story. A stage coach hold-up is being planned by the Bad man (Judith MacKinnon) and sidekicks, and although they get rid of the lawman by hitting him with a plastic lemonade bottle twice (once to kill him, and once in the special effect action replay!) Of course in the end the baddies don't win and the Sheriff (Ian Robertson) gets the saloon girl (Sonia Nicoll).

So congratulations to Mrs Jack, all the actors and actresses and everyone involved in these successful productions.

HOME ECONOMICS

A Memento for This Year's Home Economic Candidate and Two Tasty Recipes for Food Enthusiasts

CHICKEN AND CELERY BAKE — Preparation — 1 hour/Practical — 1½ hours.

Ingredients

250ml milk, 1 bay leaf, 100g pasta e.g. tagliatelle or wholewheat macaroni, 1 x 5ml teaspoon oil, 150g chicken fillet, 2 sticks celery, 1 x 15ml spoon oil, 75g mushrooms, 25g margarine, 35g plain flour, 50g soft cheese, 1 x 2.5ml spoon nutmeg, salt and pepper.

Topping — 50g edam cheese, grated, 25g wholemeal breadcrumbs.

Garnish — 1 x 10ml spoon chopped parsley.

Utensils — 1 litre ovenproof dish, greased.

Time — Preparation — 30-35 minutes. Cooking — 30-35 minutes.

Oven — 180°C — 350°F — Gas Mark 4.

Servings — 2.

Method

1. Put milk and bay leaf in pan and heat until just boiling. Pour into a jug and leave to infuse for 10-15 minutes.

2. Cook pasta in boiling salted water with 5ml spoon oil until just tender. Drain.

3. Cut chicken into 1 cm wide strips.

4. Wash and thinly slice celery. Wipe, trim and chop mushrooms.

5. Set oven.

6. Heat 15ml spoon oil in frying pan and lightly fry chicken and celery for 4-5 minutes until light brown in colour. Drain and put aside.

7. Melt margarine in a saucepan and gently fry mushrooms for 3 minutes.

8. Stir in flour and cook for 1 minute. Remove from heat.

9. Discard bay leaf and gradually stir all milk into mushroom mixture.

10. Return to heat. Simmer for 5 minutes, stirring all the time.

11. Remove from heat and beat soft cheese into sauce. Stir in chicken, celery, nutmeg and seasoning.

12. Cover base of dish with half of pasta. Spoon half of sauce mixture over pasta, cover with remaining pasta and complete with layer of remaining sauce.

Topping

13. Mix grated cheese and breadcrumbs together and sprinkle over sauce.

14. Bake for 30-35 minutes until well browned and bubbling.

Garnish

15. Garnish with parsley.

16. Serve.

APRICOT CREAM FLAN — Preparation — 1 hour/Practical — 1½ hours.

Ingredients

Pastry — 50g plain flour, 25g wholemeal/wheatmeal flour, pinch of salt, 40g margarine, cold water to mix — approximately 4 x 5ml spoons.

Filling — 10 drained apricot halves (100g), 1 egg yolk, size 2 or 3, 25g caster sugar, 2 x 10ml spoons plain flour, 150ml milk, 1-3 drops almond essence, knob of butter (10g).

Topping — 2 x 10ml spoons sieved icing sugar, 2 x 10ml spoons flaked almonds.

Utensils — 1 x 15cm Flan Ring, 1 x 18 cm Ovenproof Plate.

Oven — 200°C — 400°F — Gas Mark 6.

Time — Preparation — 30-35 minutes, Cooking — 15-20 minutes for flan case, 2-3 minutes grilling.

Servings — 2.

Method

1. Set Oven.

Pastry

2. Measure flours and salt into bowl, add margarine and rub in until mixture resembles breadcrumbs.

3. Add enough water to mix to a firm dough.

4. Knead and roll out to fit flan ring. Set aside for 5 minutes to chill.

5. Bake pastry case blind for 15-20 minutes until pastry is cooked. Cool.

Filling

6. Whisk egg yolk and caster sugar together to give a thick, creamy mixture.

7. Whisk in flour.

8. Warm milk and whisk into egg mixture.

9. Rinse milk pan with cold water, return sauce to pan and bring to boil, stirring all the time.

10. Remove from heat, beat in butter and flavour to taste with almond essence.

11. Place flan case on ovenproof plate and completely cover base with apricot halves.

12. Cover apricots with sauce.

Topping

13. Preheat grill.

14. Thickly cover sauce with icing sugar and sprinkle nuts on top.

15. Brown under hot grill.

16. Serve.

SCRIPTURE UNION

It has been a very exciting year for Dundee High School Scripture Union. We have continued to meet on Thursday and Friday lunchtimes, where our programme has included Bible study, prayer, music, games, quizzes and a variety of guest speakers.

Apart from these regular meetings we have enjoyed a year packed with other activities:-

DUNBLANE '86 — Muriel Robertson F1

JUNIOR S.U. — Emma Vincent F6

NEW LOOK '87 — Alastair Dee F6

BREAKAWAY — Samantha Barber F6

In addition to these major events, we held a final Ian White concert in Trinity Hall, on Monday, 8th June, which as expected was excellent. S.U. members and friends met together on Monday evenings during the summer term when P4-6 missed normal S.U. meetings because of exams. These evenings were an informal opportunity to get together for videos, Trivial Pursuits, Bible studies, music, discussions, supper and a lot of fun! Also this year, one of the sixth years, Paul Dryden, went to work for S.U. in the Solomon Islands for three months over the summer.

These activities have been widely publicised within the school, and have enabled the S.U. to make an impact on school life. Our aim has been to challenge others to reconsider the claims of Christianity, and its relevance to their lives.

For anyone who has missed these opportunities, I would strongly recommend that they go to S.U. and see for themselves without wasting any more time! I would like to thank all those — both pupils, and staff — who have contributed to making this year so special. Finally, those of us who are leaving wish Eleanor and the others all the best for the year ahead.

Claire McDevitt F6

BREAKAWAY

Breakaway is an annual Scripture Union camp for fifth and sixth-years. It is held at King's Cross, Arran. The camp includes a variety of activities with an emphasis on leadership — and as five of us discovered, is worthwhile!

As the ferry docked at Brodick, the main town of Arran, we were amazed by the unspoilt scenic view in front of us. We were greeted on arrival at the camp-site by the friendly team of leaders, who were to provide us with an action-packed programme for the week. Camp-site, weather, food and company for the week were superb.

After being given an introductory talk, and being warned not to feed the champion horses, nor walk through the prize ferns in the fields nearby, we formally introduced ourselves to the rest of the groups.

The week consisted of both participation from the campers and prepared meetings by the leaders. We took part in Bible studies, discussion groups and talks on leadership for younger campers. Each group had to prepare and take part in worship, and with the great variety of sketches and forms of praise, we all showed our different skills and abilities.

In the afternoons we had three hours free-time, and even in Arran we managed to fill it quite easily. With it being warm and sunny all week, we were all glad we had packed our shorts and T-shirts along with our gougals and wellies! Most people could not resist the urge to go paddling everytime they were near water and some girls became even more adventurous and went swimming.

The last evening was spent round a bonfire on the beach under yet another beautiful Arran sunset, before we all slowly made our way back to the tents.

In the morning we started our journey home, and finally, as we arrived in Glasgow we all said our tearful farewells before going off in our separate directions. We arrived back in Dundee exhausted but happy.

Samantha Barber F6

JUNIOR S.U.

This was an exciting new venture for S.U. in D.H.S., begun late in the winter term. We thought it unfair that we in the senior school should have all the fun, and so, after being given Miss Grant's kind permission, we offered the chance to join a junior branch of the school S.U. to boys and girls in L6 and L7. We were absolutely delighted with the response at the first meeting, held on Friday, 28th November, 1986, and indeed at the large numbers who came along every week.

Junior S.U. meets every Friday, from 12.45 p.m. — 1.05 p.m., in Miss P. L. Knight's classroom in the Junior school. The meetings are led by fifth and sixth-year pupils, often with the help of guest speakers. We have had great fun this year, through singing, quizzes, talks, discussions, praying, games, etc., and we hope that next year, not only will this year's L5 pupils feel eager to join us, but also that present L7 pupils will want to continue their S.U. membership in the senior group.

We would like to thank everyone involved with Junior S.U., especially Miss Grant and Miss Knight for their help, and also for the use of the classroom, with its much-valued asset of a piano!

Emma Vincent F6

DUNBLANE '86

Last October our S.U. mob decided to do something different. After lots of preparation and hard work, the day came at last when 15 of us, 1st-6th year, left for a weekend at Dunblane. 'Variety is the spice of life', and we had every kind of weather, snow to sun. There was never a dull moment, there couldn't be with someone as lively as May Dow for a leader. We spent one day in Stirling, where there was something for everyone, the more intellectual (?) of us could browse round the castle, steeped in history, while those in to keep-fit, could swim or drown, and those with heavy pockets, lost no time in emptying them. Everyone really enjoyed themselves and learned something new. As a group we were really encouraged, and all got to know each other better.

So S.U. can be fun.

Muriel Robertson F1

NEW LOOK '87

WHY? WHAT? WHO? — Confused? Well so was the majority of the senior school during February and March as this seemingly pointless barrage of words was posted on every notice board around the school. However, there was a valid reason for this, it was to promote a week-long Christian Mission called NEW LOOK '87, where the pupils were cordially invited to have a new look at Christianity through a series of meetings at Assembly, R.F. and through lunchtime or evening concerts. The full-time S.U. staff (who stayed for the week) were May Dow, Morag Stenhouse and Eddie McKenna (the girls' favourite!) who with the help of our own Mr N. Forrest and the S.U. Group itself tried to answer as many questions as possible, and this combined with the presence of the singer Ian White (who was then about to embark on a tour of North America), and the band Bottom Line helped to attract up to 200 people to some of the concerts. Thus New Look was very successful and helped to change many people's views on Christianity — hopefully for the better.

Alastair Dee

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

This has been another busy session for the Music Department, Staff and pupils alike with many diversified activities and challenges to be met.

As usual the Senior Choir, Girls I-III Choir, FI Choir, Junior School Choir, Folk Group, Orchestras and Wind Band met regularly throughout the session for rehearsal. The membership of all choirs was maintained at a healthy level and for the most part attendances were satisfactory.

As always the main focus of the first term was the Annual Christmas Service in St Mary's Parish Church when the theme was Carols round the World. The Senior Choir and the Junior School Choir performed appropriate music for the theme of the service which was enjoyed by a large congregation.

The main work of the session was geared to the Spring Concert held on successive evenings in March in Trinity Hall to capacity audiences. The orchestra opened both concerts with a varied programme including the Telemann Double Flute Concerto in which the soloists were Susan Leach and Lisa Haslam who played with flair and great style having wrestled initially with acoustic problems.

A very successful performance of Hip hip Horatio was staged on the first evening, rehearsed and conducted by the Head of Music and accompanied by Mrs Boyle. The choir sang with real enthusiasm each member having responsibility for some particular dance or mime as the story unfolded. Special mention must be made of the Narrators, Scott Anderson and Euan Armitage who 'sang' the story so naturally and with great meaning. Mention must also be made of Roger Minto who starred as Horatio; 'dying' so dramatically after a most enjoyable battle scene in which there was some marvellous method acting by the Boys' Chorus.

The second performance saw the I-3 Girls' Choir perform an interesting selection from the Sound of Music with Lynne Duffus FII singing the solo line beautifully. The choir was conducted by Mrs E. Sturrock and accompanied by Mrs E. McIntyre who shared in the preparation of the work.

The Folk Group/Choir performed a Lennon/McCartney selection and a Scots selection that evening, much to the enjoyment of the again capacity audience. Thanks again are expressed to these ladies for their work throughout the session.

The debut of the newly formed wind band took place on this evening. The band, conducted by the newest member of the Music Staff Miss Tracey Walker gave an exciting performance and we look forward to seeing and hearing how this new "tradition" develops in the future.



Woodwind & Percussion from Orchestra.



Undoubtedly the highlight of both performances was the 'potted' version of Bizet's Carmen arranged and conducted by the Head of Music with the piano accompaniment in duet form arranged and played by Mrs H. Boyle and Mr D. Laidlaw. In the title role was Colette Ruddy FVI whose promising mezzo soprano voice delighted the audience. Other roles were sung and acted meaningfully by Hamish Allen (Don Jose), John Wallace (Escamillo), Lisa Haslam (Mercedes) and Maggie McBride (Frasquita). Despite the restrictions of a limited stage the large chorus were able to take part in the story enjoying the musical experience.



This has been another year when, for the most part, good results have been obtained by those pupils who sat Associated Board examinations and interesting programmes were prepared and presented by those pupils who sat H. and O. Grade practical exams. Those same pupils work under severe pressure to prepare for competitions, Festivals, Recitals, learning and performing new works for each occasion.

Unfortunately because of such pressures it was necessary to omit the Senior School Piano recital from the School calendar this year. However there was such a large response this year that two Recitals were required to accommodate the large numbers of Junior School and Preparatory performers. These highly successful recitals took place towards the end of March before goodly audiences of parents and friends.

The school Music Competitions were spread over three days this year, showing that interest in instrumental and piano instruction continues to develop. Adjudicators this year were Mr W. Ritchie of Glasgow Academy and Mr H. Stevenson of Perth High School. Both gentlemen were delighted by the in-depth level of achievement and standard of competitors. Congratulations are offered to the joint winners of the Premier Quaich, Philip Gates (Piano) and Colette Ruddy (voice) and to Lisa Haslam (Orchestral Prizewinners) and Sarah Johnstone (Open Piano).

The Introduction of a Duo Class at these competitions (solo instrument and piano in equal partnership) proved very popular for its first appearance, its first winners being Susan Leach (Flute) and Simon Hewick (Piano) playing Hindemith's. Congratulations to all other prize winners and winners of certificates who also gained valuable house points.

Opposite page:

Colette Ruddy singing from Carmen.

The only one thing which mars these competitions is the lack of audience, especially at the evening competitions. It is a great pity that so few people see the fruits of pupils' endeavours and the hard work and organisation of this important event. Careful consideration will be given to this problem before next year's competitions.

As this is written the Dundee Schools' Festival is taking place and already there have been many promising performances and results which will be recorded in the prospectus. Congratulations however are due to all those pupils who readily represented the school in the manner expected of them.

On Saturday June 6, a Music Department excursion sets out for a two week visit to Austria viz Vienna and Salzburg, where a small group of instrumentalists, singers and dancers hope to give two concerts in each city, visiting places of interest, sightseeing, attending a Strauss Concert in Vienna and The Magic Flute at the Puppet Theatre in Salzburg. A full report of the visit will be given on the party's return to Dundee.

Thanks must be expressed to three members of the Instrumental Staff, Mrs J. Flook, (piano), and Mr and Mrs A. Hannan (violin and cello respectively) who retire after loyal service to the school. We wish them health and happiness in their retirement. Plans are already well ahead to cover pupils affected by these changes and instruction will continue as normal next session. Two other additions to the instructors' staff occurred earlier in the school year, Mr W. Boyle to teach brass and Mr Tim Baker (guitar) who replaced Mr Alan Bolger who left to take up a full-time appointment in Amsterdam.

Thanks are expressed to all Class Staff, Instructors and pupils for all their hard work throughout the year.



Lisa Haslam and Susan Leach with Chamber Orchestra.



Mrs Sturrock conducting the folk group.



Mr Cochrane about to conduct opening chorus from Carmen.

AUSTRIA TOUR — JUNE 1987

On a cold and dreary morning at the beginning of June a group of 37 pupils and 4 members of the music staff gathered together to depart on a two week tour of Vienna and Salzburg. Despite the weather and the long journey ahead spirits were high and everyone was very excited.

We had a brief taste of the fun to come before we had even crossed the channel when we had an overnight stay in London in order to break the long journey, but the real holiday began when we arrived, amid beautiful sunshine, at the hotel in the Vienna woods in time for a late lunch.

On our first day in Vienna we were shown all the famous sights on a coach tour, including the "Danube tower" and the "Hundertwasser Haus" as well as giving an open-air concert at the "Pest Column" in the "Graben/Pestsau Pedestrian-Precinct." To perform in Vienna was indeed an experience not to be missed as was the evening's entertainment of a trip to the "Porter Amusement Park" which houses the famous "Riesenrad Ferris Wheel" and other such delights as the "Break-Dancer", itself a nauseating experience not to be missed.

On the morning after the amusement park we were given a brief sight-seeing tour of the Vienna woods area courtesy of Mrs Melville as courier. By the afternoon however, it was a welcome relief from the scorching heat to visit the "Seegrotte" (The largest subterranean lake in Europe). As a change, in the evening, from playing music ourselves we visited the "Grinzing" (grissling) area of Vienna where we heard some traditional Austrian "Schrammel Music" at a local cafe.

Such as we would have liked to take advantage of the continuing sunny weather it was vital we still rehearsed for our second concert in Vienna in the afternoon so as a change we had an outdoor rehearsal in the hotel car-park.

In the evening, following our concert we attended a Viennese concert given by the Vienna Hofburg Orchestra in the Musik Warena (venue of New Year's Day concert). The music of Strauss, Lehar and Co. took on new and fresh life when played in this fabulous setting by this superb orchestra, and the evening was certainly one of the musical highlights of the tour.

On our final day in Vienna we were given a free day in Vienna to sight-see at our own leisure. As much as we enjoyed our time in Vienna the time came however when we had to leave for Saalbach which was supposedly just outside Salzburg (2 hours) and we arrived in time to spend the first afternoon in the hotel's olympic size swimming pool. (Plunge Pool)

We began our stay in Salzburger land by indulging in a trip up the "Grossglockner road", which rises up to a height of

nearly 3000m via 27 Hairpin Bends although some people were not counting or looking (not dropping any names Mr Laidlaw). Following this exhilarating experience we had the chance to make use of the facilities of the Lake at "Zell am See" and with the beautiful village of Saalbach at our disposal in the evening we took the opportunity of sampling the atmosphere and the ice-creams of the local cafes, our excuse being that we needed the energy for the next day which promised to be possibly the busiest day of the tour.

After travelling into Salzburg in the morning we performed an open-air concert in the Grand "Kapitelplatz", followed by lunch and then another concert in the afternoon. This concert was in the splendid "Stadisches Altersheim" home and despite being our last concert of the tour it turned out to be the most intense display of our musical abilities, much to the pride and pleasure of Mr Cochrane and the other staff. We stayed in Salzburg to attend, in the evening, a spectacular performance of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" by the puppets of the "Salzburger Marionettentheater". The production was so immaculate one had to remember that the performers were wooden and operated by strings, such was the subtlety of their movements.

From the opulence of the opera we plunged the next day to the depths (1000ft) of the salt mine at Durrnberg. This was indeed an experience not to be forgotten if only because of the heat generated by our posteriors as we tobogganed down the polished tree-trunks within the mine. (No joke, just ask Mrs Boyle)

Once we had all recovered the evening gave us an opportunity to get a taste of the nightlife of Saalbach.

Despite us having been in Salzburger land for three days we had still not seen the sights of Salzburg itself, but this was put right by a morning tour of the locations used in "The Sound of Music" and then the afternoon free so we could experience the delights of Salzburg which were enchanting despite the torrential rain.

The end of our tour was drawing closer and to "Celebrate" our last evening in Austria the hotel manager agreed to let us have a ceilidh and we invited a group of English Holiday makers to listen, watch and join in.

By the next morning however, the fun had died down and mild depression had set in as we began our long journey home. Our spirits were once again bolstered by an overnight stay in the Rhineland.

One day and night of travelling later we arrived all in one piece, if a little sad, back in Dundee.

There is no doubt in anybody's mind that the trip was one of the most enjoyable experiences of their life and we are sure all who went would jump at the chance to return.

Fiona Porter and Susmita Guha (FV)

"O.K. you lot, LISTEN UP!"

Time: 8.27 a.m., Saturday, 6th June, 1987;
Place: High School of Dundee playground;
Scene: Disorder.

Fretful parents and close family, next-door neighbours/pet budgies etc., roving reporter Mrs "on-the-spot" Melville, with her trusty video.

Parents "Goodbye."

Pupils "Goodbye/riddance" (depending on individual relationships).

JOURNEY

Then, at last we were off!

We did become quite attached to our bus and drivers, Les and Dennis (but not to Dennis's "big band sound" or his efforts to culture us), but, at the beginning of the holiday, the prospect of spending, basically, quite a long time on a bus (sorry, coach!) did not fill us with the joys of June. Indeed, the sky was overcast. An omen?

Anyway, trundling down the A-whatever, in the apparent "monsoon season" (i.e. wind, rain, hurricanes, etc.) we soon grew quite fond of the coach's individual characteristics, e.g. an indoor swimming pool caused by the leaky sun-roof and temperamental emergency exit, and the painful seat-knobs, guaranteed to cause previous bodily bruising every time anyone sat down! No matter, we were undaunted, for we had embarked on the legendary "summer holiday" ("no more trouble for a week or two", as the song goes).

As we travelled in a southerly direction, the service stations became noticeably better (Carlisle being the first), and by the time we stopped for tea in Holland, on Sunday 7th, they had become positively palatial.

Tortured by Gordon's "One Hundred Best Rugby Tries" (Oh joy!) video, it is a wonder that, in such cramped and often pungent (we're not pointing the finger at anyone, Bruce Ramsay) conditions, anyone slept at all on the overnight drive through Germany.

HOTELS

To be quite frank, and disappoint you all, the rooms were O.K. by us (even though, by the second week it was considered a luxury to have a bathroom and shower en suite); there were no cockroaches, bugs, cobwebs, mould (one unfortunate spider came a cropper with an espadrillo), and all rooms were equipped with four walls and roof. Rodney did point out that the heating in our Sports hotel in Saalbach was a little suspect by keeping warm (and his patriotic identity at the same time) in his Dundee United scarf and matching bonnet in a tasteful yet subtle tangerine and black. Even worse, the food was alright — granted, the Austrian fetish for worms in warm water (chicken stock with shredded pancakes) was somewhat disconcerting to say the least — but it tasted good!

I asked for salami!

"And you shall receive it IN ABUNDANCE!"

Thus spake the packed lunch maker; and indeed, we all stank verily! Some were starved into liking it. Others played safe with cheese sarnies, and flowery rolls. It has been brought to our notice that Austrians niff of something resembling sausage meat/salami, and gigantic big fry-ups (Mrs Melville declared her sudden aptitude for vegetarianism at the beginning of the second week, and after the one hundred and seventy third continental breakfast and SALAMI ROLL!).

PUBLIC TOURIST WARNING!

Beware of temperamental continental showers, if one does not want to be boiled in your birthday suit, or pre-packed and frozen for Low-Freeze.

It would be a crime not to mention the "swimming pool" at our Saalbach "sports" hotel. We wanted to bring it back to show you all, indeed, we could have quite comfortably fitted it into a suitcase. To be blunt, the swimming pool was so small that, on first sight, we took it for a rectangular puddle. However, one found it was more intimate, and actually big enough for Mr Laidlaw, fully dressed. Mrs Boyle, and Mrs Melville cunningly went "underground" on the last night in Saalbach, to avoid the ritual ducking. Mr Cochrane was so afraid of being ducked, that he turned the tables on us and

told us (in a slightly raised voice, cleverly disguising his obvious amusement at our rosy-cheeked caperings) to retire to our bedrooms.

A SCOTSMAN ABROAD

To be Scottish in Austria is to be loved by the natives — they think of us as a primitive race, needing great encouragement and praise in order for us to break out of our shells (ultimately becoming as rude as them), who live in the Highlands, with our herds of Haggis, and quaint mode of dress (i.e. kilts, which caused numerous smirks — but we were undaunted; proud to be Scottish in a land of Wurst and Mozart chocolates!).

In our open-air concerts, Bruce was the main attraction with his bagpipes, and he enabled us to steal the crowd from the pipe-blowing, Copa Cabana Club (and other buskers) in Salzburg. The crowds were multi-national i.e. American: but foreigners have a certain affection for tartan, thus we went down better than a curry on a Saturday night.

NIGHTLIFE (What's that?)

One thing we have been taught at school is to improvise, and let's face it, in Saalbach, you had to! Some entertainment was organised; our first night in Vienna was spent by being sick at the Prater Amusement Park, on the infamous 'Breakdancer'. And was sampled some 'Viennese Jollity' (to quote Mr Laidlaw), which consisted of amusing ourselves in an upstairs room of a "Biergarten".

Thanks to Sean, our nightlife livened up considerably as he organised discos for us to boogie on down at (and indeed, we enjoyed and admired his original style of dancing!) Saalbach was so small that we had a wonderful time avoiding the teachers.

DAYLIFE

During the day, we practised self masochism by driving up 27 hair-pin bends on the highest mountain road in Europe (alternatively, Mr Laidlaw practised being green in the W.C.). Nick and Willy practised sadism by 'jamming' away (they had thoughtfully brought along a guitar and violin) like an Irish dirge-group. Alice spent most days in our hotel room under a pile of John's washing (shame on her!) and David Parrat amused us all with his 'quick' wit, and generally annoyed us a lot!

All in all, we had a better than merely brilliant time, and it's all thanks to our trusty teachers: alias Del-Boy; Uncle Ron; Mrs Melv; and Mrs Bee. We realise it was a big responsibility to take a group of young rebels like us, abroad, but most of the time we must admit, they kept their cool pretty well.

Samantha Hynd
and Becky Wood, FV

BING-BONG! . . . BOF!

"Bing-bong! First announcement — this is a coach, not a bus!" However, in spite of all the efforts of our friendly coach driver, Rick, the video persistently rejected "Grease" in true French trip fashion; maybe coaches know something buses don't. We arrived in Dover with some time to spare before catching the ferry. After a rapid journey through northern France, we survived the peripherique motorway in Paris and successfully found our way to our base among the futuristic towerblocks of La Defense. Because we arrived just before the restaurant closed, our first dinner was a hasty affair, and we hardly had time to pick the greenflies out of our salad. On Monday we "hit" Paris, albeit half an hour late thanks to certain boys who had neglected to get up. We had our first glimpse of the fantastic sights of Paris stuck in the middle of a huge traffic jam on the Pont Neuf. After several nervous minutes in a sardine-tin they called a lift and 320 metres higher, there we were surveying Paris from the top of the Eiffel Tower. ("It's humungus!" — Claire) ("Is that French?" — Ed.)

As we walked through the Trocadero some brave characters tried out their first "real" French, attempting to barter for bangles and necklaces from colourful street-vendors who

mysteriously all seemed to be selling the same things. Next came the Champs Elysees and the Arc de Triomphe where we risked life and limb trying to photograph the spectacular monument while the traffic sped past regardless. Finally reaching the bus (sorry — coach!) we collapsed from the unexpected heatwave. From there we made our way to Le P'tit Quin-Quin for lunch.

Our next stop in this action-packed day was the Sacre Coeur and the Place du Tertre where everyone was ripped off by the portrait painters who used all their charm to entice you to spend money. We then sprinted round the Georges Pompidou Centre where they seem to have forgotten the stairs and bolted them on to the outside as an afterthought — one of our number thought it was a modern sculpture of a car engine; even the entertainment was on the outside in the form of buskers. Then an even quicker sprint round a "normal" museum, the Louvre, to see the Mona Lisa ("Is that all it is?") and the Venus de Milo. After tea we took a trip up the romantic (but dirty brown) Seine on a bateau-mouche.

We rounded off the day (and night) with a journey round Paris and several circuits round the Arc de Triomphe, breaking the existing record. An expensive cafe at midnight was the perfect way to end our first day in Paris.

Tuesday, a day of big adventures — Paris by RER and metro. Mr Mackenzie forgot how to speak English (much to our embarrassment). Mind you, most of us forgot how to speak French. After walking through the Flower Market on the Ile de la Cite we visited fascinating Notre Dame. Then we were let loose in the Quartier Latin to buy our delicious lunches. Thereafter we split into groups, one to go shopping with Miss Walker, and one to go to a science exhibition at La Villette with Mr Mack. (much of which seemed to be closed or booked up with French primary school children — still, never mind!) Returning to La Defense, some of the shopping group got on the wrong train and nearly didn't get home because they tried to use their tickets twice. After such an eventful day, the evening was thankfully left free for packing and resting (Resting? You're kidding! — Ed.)

On Wednesday we left the modern buildings of La Defense and headed for Amboise. Mrs McGrath and Miss Walker returned from the hypermarket laden with baguettes, saucisson and cheese for our lunch. After a quick look at the wonderful architecture of the Palace of Versailles with its immaculate gardens, we tucked into our lunch — and Mr Mackenzie tucked into several other people's lunches as well. We are not likely to forget our stop at Chartres, not only for the stained glass windows but the long wait for the expensive toilets. The difference between the two towers was intriguing — maybe by the time they got round to building the second one, the original style was no longer trendy. Finally we arrived in quiet and sleepy Amboise, had dinner and looked around the little town where everything seemed to be closed.

Next day, armed with the twenty francs Mrs McGrath had given us, we left the hotel for the local supermarket where we bought fillings and drinks for the picnic lunch. Then it was off to the Chateau de Chambord where we were fascinated by the double spiral staircase. After eating our picnic lunches we visited Blois where we explored the shops. In the evening some of the party stayed in Amboise while the remainder returned to Blois where they spent an hour and even more money at the French cafes.



After a visit to the Leonardo da Vinci museum in Amboise where we saw models of many of his inventions, we went to the Chateau de Chenonceau (the one like a bridge over the water). Dashing quickly through the chateau in interested third-year-like fashion, we spent some time in the wax-work museum and even longer waiting for the teachers to return to the coach. (You're supposed to look at everything, it's not a race! — Teachers) In the afternoon we descended on the enormous Mammouth hypermarket for last minute prezzie-buying. Mrs McGrath has the splendid gift of seeming to be able to eke out the kitty for ever, and there was still enough left for us to munch our way through some wonderful tartes as we celebrated our last evening with a beach party by the side of the Loire.

The trip home took twenty-two and a half hours during which we stoically endured ferry-door alarm-bells ("Don't worry, it's only the telephone!" — Deck-hand), floating around in the channel for two and a half hours ("There's a queue at Dover." — Captain Townsend-Thoresen) and "bing-bongs" at two a.m. (breakfast), and four a.m. (more breakfast). Finally we reached the school at 7.45, tired but happy and went home — to more breakfast.

A.B., E.B., J.B., K.B., D.C., S.C., S.L., L.McD., L.O.



CULTURE

(What culture — Sixth year pupils)

A huge cheer marked our arrival in Paris (note — sixth year only — we were more excited than the third year pupils!) Our first day in Paris proved to be an education in itself as we discovered the Parisians' alternative uses for (i) pedestrian crossings (driving your car ACROSS one of them to beat the traffic!) and (ii) open-topped cars (CENSORED!) We did all the touristy things including beating the street traders down to the lowest prices. A walk down the Champs Elysees proved to be fun as we (the girls of course!) drooled over the apparently endless supply of well-dressed French young men! Our first encounter with French cuisine at the P'tit Quin-Quin left us all wishing we were vegetarian. A street performer baring his torso provided much entertainment for all, especially Valerie, making us late for the bus, but even so Mrs McGrath kept on congratulating us on our time-keeping.

After circling the Arc de Triomphe (or was it the Madeleine?) about ten times, we were ready for a drink at the Trocadero, but not ready for the prices. The third year pupils embarrassed us immensely when they called "garcon" to a waiter who was about twenty years older than us.

The next day saw half of our number getting lost on the RER/metro system. In the evening the sixth year had an evening out accompanied by Miss Walker, but we could not have done without our "local" guide, Avril Brown, a former pupil who is finishing a year as an "assistante" in a Parisian school. We experienced the friendly (and sometimes over friendly) atmosphere of gay Paris, and some of us managed to charm a free crepe from the local crepe-merchant.

And so . . . on to Amboise: such a contrast to the goings on in Paris. In our small family-run hotel some of us found no fewer than seven patterns of wall-paper in our room.

We toured some chateaux, voting Chenonceaux to be the best. Creeping back to the hotel after an evening out at a local cafe provided speculation as to whether la patronne, Madame Carving Knife was waiting up for us, but avoiding her at breakfast was easy enough for some of us who rarely made it down in time.

The high spot of the last night was a rowdy no-rules game of football at the beach party where some of the girls found they could use more than fancy footwork to keep the boys' attention off the ball.

Saturday arrived far too soon and we waved a tearful au revoir to Amboise before starting out on our long journey home, longer than expected because of our stormy channel crossing on the new ferry, the "Pride of Dover", which made some of us suffer more than others.

And the last word on our trip — Rick's announcement waking us up on arrival in Dundee: "Bing-Bong — end of tour!"

(SVI)

who died there for most of us, walking through the trenches and shell holes actually retracing the steps of the Newfoundland Regiment which was totally wiped out. We all realised the uselessness and waste that the Great War caused. From here we went to Thiepval, a memorial to all the soldiers who disappeared on the Somme and, like the Menin Gate, it is a huge arch with names and regiments listed in column after column inside it. After this it was back to Kortrijk and the Youth Hostel where, after dinner, the rain put paid to an evening out. Instead it was spent watching "Dempsey and Makepeace" with Flemish subtitles amongst much talking and laughing until, tired out, we were all sent to bed.

After a morning's shopping we were off to France again to visit Vimy Ridge which, again, has been given to the Canadians by the French government, after they managed to capture it in 1917. Here the Canadians have rebuilt the trenches and tunnels of the area, exactly as they were when the Germans were defeated in concrete so it is less dangerous for visitors and lasts longer. After walking through the trenches we went up to the Canadian memorial, the Vimy Ridge memorial which, as a guard with a rifle hastened to remind us, is a sacred memorial with crying and mourning figures built into it. After that we then went on to Delville



It was Sunday morning at 8.30 a.m. and there was a crowd of school kids waving a brief goodbye to their parents and then turning giggling with their friends, they climb into the bus which is sitting outside the school gates. After a smooth crossing, those same kids arrive at Zeebrugge port, only just awake at 7.00 the next morning, ready and willing to face their long day's travel.

First stop was Ypres or at least a newly built and beautifully restored Ypres after it was brought to the ground in the three battles which took place there in World War I. Stepping into this town seemed like going back an age with its spotless streets, the square and the marvellous "cloth-hall" museum with its photos and models of special scenes and moments from the battles. After looking round this it's back in the bus and on our way to "Hill 60" and then "Hill 62" which both despite being no more than slight bumps in the countryside, in total cost 100,000 men their lives. After this we went to Tynecot — the main Allied cemetery and there, among the named, lie many simply, identified by "A soldier known only unto God" and a cross on one of the many white gravestones which mark the sad and great loss of life on the Western Front in both Belgium and France. After visiting Langemarck, the main German cemetery, with its spectacular black statues of men standing behind the single graves and the huge mass grave containing 50,000 men, we then returned to Ypres to the "Menin Gate" which is a large monument above the spot where all soldiers left Ypres for the battlefields with all the names of those soldiers who did not return listed up the walls. After the 'last post' played by two buglers, we climbed back in the bus and drove to the Kortrijk Youth Hostel.

9.00 the next morning found this "lively" group setting off into France for Newfoundland Park, a part of the Somme battlefield. This park was given to the Canadians by the French government and is now a sacred memorial which has not been touched since the battle ended apart from to build three memorials: one to the Scottish Black Watch, one to the Canadian 1st Newfoundland Regiment and one to certain men

Wood which was given to the South Africans who, in the battle, were told to capture the wood "at all costs". They went in with 900 men and 6 days later came out with 12, but despite this managed to capture the wood. Here a fantastic museum has been set up which, with frosted glass, old uniforms and first hand accounts shows clearly the horrors the men suffered for a wood which was by the end, nothing but shattered trunks and shell holes. After this our last visit, we travelled to Zeebrugge where we boarded the ferry and arrived at Felix-sowe in the morning after a not-so-smooth crossing. Another 12 hours travelling saw us arriving at the school gates very tired but with many memories of all the horrors and death we had seen and all the great times we had enjoyed.

On behalf of everybody who went on the trip, I would like to thank Mr Wilson, Mrs Macdonald and all the sixth year prefects who made the trip possible and thank them for giving us such a great time.

Thank you.

Susan Taig (F3)



Picture courtesy of D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd.

THE FIRST VISIT OF PUPILS FROM OUR NEW EXCHANGE SCHOOL THE CHRISTOPHERUS JUGENDDORF SCHULE — OBERURFF — HESSE WEST GERMANY

In October 1986 a party of ten senior pupils from the Christophersschule in Oberurff, which is situated in the Central Mountain area of Hesse were to visit D.H.S. for a period of two weeks. Everyone involved hoped that the weather would remain kind despite the late time of year. The German pupils would be attending school with their partners, pupils from Forms IV, V and VI.

The day of their arrival came. "How will we get on with them? Will they speak reasonably good English?" Our queries were soon to be answered.

At 7 p.m. pupils, a few parents, Mr Nimmo and Mr Richterich gathered at Dundee Railway station, the train arrived and our guests disembarked. Soon everyone was sorted out and paired off. Without much ado the hosts and their guests departed for their respective homes. The German pupils were extremely tired after a long railway journey. Hooray for aeroplanes!

At the beginning of their stay the visitors were welcomed at the council offices by the Lord Provost or Burgermeister. (Yes, I am learning the language!). Further organised visits were made to Edinburgh and St Andrews. Herr Prilop the accompanying teacher took his pupils to the Museum, the Discovery and for a walk up the Law Hill.

Two of the highlights were a visit to the Dundee United v. Universiteia Craiova UEFA Cup game on a very cold night, naturally with a win for the home team and then on to the city of Brechin, to see if a certain discotheque justified the awards heaped on it. All there voted it the nite-spot of the trip.

At the end of the fortnight it was back to the railway station to say "Au revoir," (sorry, wrong language) rather "Auf Wiedersehen," until we meet again when we go to Germany at the end of May and the end of the S.C.E., exams!

All who took part in the exchange visit agreed that it was a great success and I hope that many more will take place in the future.

Victoria Morris (Form V)

Unsere Schuleraustauschfahrt zu unserer Partnerschule High School of Dundee in Schottland vom 12. bis zum 28. Oktober 1986.

Mein Besuch in Schottland war etwas Besonderes für mich, da ich zum erstenmal allein wegfahren durfte.

Ein anderes Land, fremde Menschen und deren Mentalität kennenzulernen, war ein grosses Erlebnis für mich.

Ich konnte endlich auch einmal ein Fussballspiel live sehen (Dundee United gegen Universteia Craiova, ein UEFA Pokal Spiel).. Zuhause hatte ich nie Zeit dazu gehabt.

Ich hoffe, dass ich auch bei uns in Deutschland mit meiner Partnerin Dinge unternehmen kann, die sie sonst in ihrer Freizeit nicht machen kann.

Susanna Schulz

I enjoyed my time in Scotland last autumn very much. During the time at High School of Dundee I got to know a lot of nice people I had a lot of fun with, and I got some impression about the Scottish school system. It was a bit strange to me all the pupils wearing school uniforms. You know, we can wear what we want at our school in Germany.

My host family was very friendly, so that I felt like being at home. We had a lot of fun together. It was an experience to make myself understood in English. All that time I noticed that it has been very profitable to

learn English hard all the years, and I have got a bit more fun with learning now.

One of all the things I enjoyed very much was the landscape of Scotland, for example the nice coast of the North Sea. Another one of the things were all that nice old buildings I saw in Dundee, St Andrews, Aberdeen, Edinburgh and so on. To my mind the time in Scotland passed away too fast. I would like to come there some time again and see some other nice places.

Silke Schnabel

ULM CATHEDRAL CHOIR REPORT

By Diana Scott and Ruth Morris

When posters began to appear around the school and leaflets were handed out to pupils, informing everybody that the Ulm Cathedral Choir were to be performing in Dundee, our inquisitive minds went into action. Who were these people? What kind of music did they sing? Why were they in Scotland?

These questions were answered when we met Johannes Schwesig the tour leader.

The choir was making an annual tour abroad, and this year had decided to come to Scotland to see and learn about a different culture, and view the beautiful landscape. The choir has no age limit but the majority of its members are in their teens and twenties. Every Saturday afternoon the choir assembles in the cathedral (which was rebuilt after the Second World War), to practise singing together for one and a half hours. They then sing on Sunday. Last Christmas they sang in the streets of Ulm, and performed a nativity scene, which proved to be an extremely successful project.

Ulm cathedral has the highest steeple in the world (161.5m), and the people of Ulm are very proud of this fact.

Mr Schwesig was very impressed, as were the rest of his choir, by the small taste of Scottish songs and dances that they heard and saw at the school's special ceilidh. However, we are sure that they were not as impressed as much as we were by their spectacular performance in St Mary's Church, Dundee.

We wish Mr Schwesig and the choir every success in the future.

THE RETURN EXCHANGE TO GERMANY

On the 29th May a group of 11 4th, 5th and one 6th year pupil (although the 6th year actually arrived a week later) travelled to Germany to begin their 2 week stay there.

During our stay we visited the city of Kassel and in particular the Wilhelmshöhe which is an enormous building complete with High School type pillars. From there we could gaze up the hillside to the "Herkules" monument which twice weekly sends a spectacular cascade of water right down the hillside over a series of aqueducts and bridges. Another town we visited was Fritzlar, an old market town very typical of the district with its timber frame buildings, where we were received by the Burgermeister (provost).

We were also taken to the border between East and West Germany and were amazed at how well it is guarded with electric fences, watch towers and fierce dogs. Escape from East to West seemed dangerous if not impossible.

On one evening some of us went to see a comedy at the Stadttheater in Kassel and we all, throughout our stay went to

many discos and parties. However, the best of the night entertainments was the school's musical evening at which we poor Scots had to sing "auld Lang Syne". It was a bit embarrassing as we were not exactly trained singers.

We were taken to see a lot of places by our individual families and almost everyone visited the Edersee at one point. This is the huge dam which featured in the film the "Dambusters".

Some of the food that the Germans ate suprised us a little - raw bacon, marshmallow toast and lots of chocolate were some of the things - but on the other hand we liked their Bratwurst and their plentiful cakes. All in all, it's suprising that we didn't come back looking like elephants.

It was nice to come home and get some early nights again but I still would love to go back again next year.

Thank you to Mr Nimmo and Mr Richterich for taking good care of us.

Catherine Denholm and Victoria Morris

After a 5 hour journey from the school gates we arrived at Arnside in the Lake District. The Lakeland Training Centre consists of 3 houses, and our house "Eamsey", was a few metres from Morecambe Bay. This Bay was where we later went canoeing, which was as great an adventure as everything else we did during the week.

First of all we were split into 3 groups and each group appointed a group leader. First they showed us round the grounds which were much bigger than anyone had at first expected.

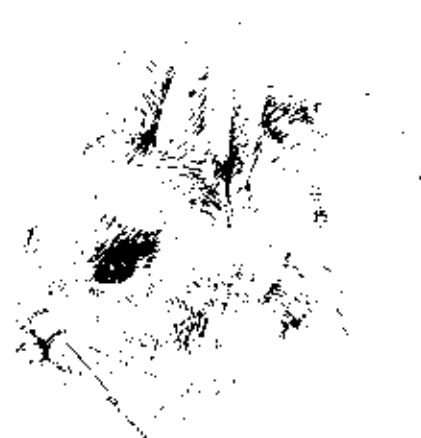
Soon it was time for bed and a welcome nights sleep to prepare ourselves for the active week ahead.

The first morning may have been wet but it certainly did not dampen our spirits as we all went caving which was probably the most frightening of all our activities. Over the next few days we were to experience many exciting challenges, which most of us had never encountered before, including abseiling, the death slide, rock climbing, horse-riding and sleeping out for one very wet night!

Although we went out of the grounds for a lot of our activities the woods around the houses were packed with small puzzles, games and assault courses, and any spare minute we had was taken up with these tasks.

We were grateful to have had the opportunity to have experienced such an exciting but rewarding week.

Lucy Kelman (F1)



DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL INTERACT CLUB REPORT 1986-87

President: Anna Brimacombe
Vice-President: David Graham
Secretary: Carole Taig
Assistant Secretary: Nicola D'Arcy
Treasurer: Fiona White
Assistant Treasurer: Becky Wood.

Stemming from the success of the Interact Club over the past two years, the club's membership doubled this year to total 95, becoming the largest club in Great Britain. Although there were many problems at the beginning of the year with this rather excessive membership, the club soon settled down, after being split into four groups each to undertake a community project, and Interact again had a very successful year, raising well over £1000 for various charities.

The year started off well with £180, raised last session, being split equally between the Rymanth Housing Society in St Andrews, the Orchard Gallery and the Cystic Fibrosis Research Fund. Mr Douglas Brodie gave us a very interesting talk and slide show on the veterinary profession, and started off what was to be a very busy and hectic month. Dundee Rotaract Club invited along some Interactors to their "Frog Extravaganza", and Interact immediately sought their revenge by inviting Rotaract to an evening of "Blind Dates" and a bit of "Child's Play" which was as amusing and enjoyable to those participating as to those watching. October also brought the Interact Seminar in Chester, which three Interactors were able to attend due to the kind sponsorship of the Dundee Rotary Club and the school. This was a most enjoyable and "educational" weekend, the only damper on the whole weekend not even being the rain but the inability of the three Interactors (who will remain nameless) to get on the right train home, which took them to Liverpool rather than Dundee! Also in October was the half-marathon, at which Interactors were asked to steward. More liquid seemed to end up on the Interactors than in the runners though! To strengthen Interact relations the Dundee club were asked to spend a quiz evening with Kirriemuir Interact Club, and thankfully, we managed to make a good show. The club also visited a Nuclear Shelter in Broughty Ferry. This was a very enlightening but awesome experience.

Our International project was undertaken in November when the whole club sat down like grannies, and each knitted a six-inch woollen square which were then sewn together to produce two blankets to be sent, via Oxfam, to Mozambique.

As usual the Interactors took to the streets to "sing for their supper" at Christmas time, and raised £205 which was split evenly between Save the Children and the Y.M.C.A. Drugs Advisory Centre for families of drug abusers in Dundee. The latter was decided on after a talk was given on drugs, which gave an insight into one of the most topical problems of modern times.

Various social events took place in January. Rotary held their Annual Ball and kindly invited along six Interactors, and showed us "young 'uns" how dancing should really be done. Also in January was the Dundee Rotaract Club's Burns Supper, which eight Interactors attended. Earlier that day the Rotaract Club held a five-a-side football tournament for Rotaract teams from all over Great Britain, who would also be attending the Burns Supper in the evening. The Interact team, captained by Paul Stewart, showed their immense talent and skill by winning all their games, and lifting

the trophy! A proud day for Interact!

By February, the Group Projects were well underway. Group Four, had charged for parking in the school playground around the peak Christmas shopping period, and raised £100 for Muscular Dystrophy. Some good salesmen emerged at Group One's jumble sale held in the Mary Slessor Centre which raised £88 for the Catscan. Group Three's originality and fitness, however, came out top as they raised £122 for the St Aidan's Project by doing a leap frog across the Tay Bridge. Many congratulations to them all. Group Two, however, had many problems arranging a project and failed to raise any money.

A school disco was held in February, having been previously cancelled due to snow, and it proved to be a great success, raising £121.60, which was split between Oxfam's appeal for Mozambique and Tayside Mountain Rescue. The latter was chosen after hearing about the danger and total commitment in this voluntary organisation, in a talk given by a member of this organisation.

Two games nights were arranged during the year for the Interactors to keep in trim, and still on the sporting front David Leslie gave us a lively but thought-provoking talk on International Rugby among other things.

In March three teams took part in the 24-hour Jailbreak, one team reaching the Orkney Islands, and the others heading in the opposite direction to reach Birmingham and London. This event was well publicised as one Interactor, Helen Brown spoke about it on Radio Tay. In this event Interact raised £388 for the Scottish Spastics.

For those Interactors wanting their name in print they had the opportunity to see how it is done by touring around D. C. Thomson's.

The most successful event of the year must have been the Interact Dance which was held on June 9th in the Marryat Hall. This proved a welcome break from the fund-raising carried on throughout the year. Praise must go to Andrew Woodward, without whom the dance would never successfully get off the ground.

To round off the year Rotary, Rotaract and Interact united for a Joint Barbecue and Treasure Hunt at Monikie Country Park, and this event was enjoyed enormously by all three clubs. Hopefully this will have made up for the Interact Barbecue which had to be cancelled due to atrocious weather conditions. Still to come is a Charity Car Wash, which, for this year, will put an end to Interact's antics.

I would now like to take this opportunity to thank the Dundee Rotary Club for all their support over the year, especially to Mr Alan Beaton, thanks also must be given to the school for the use of their premises on various occasions, and also to Mr David Holmes for all his help. I would also like to thank my secretary, Carole, and my treasurer, Fiona for all their hard work and support over the year.

It has been a very rewarding year, especially in being able to help others both locally and internationally, and I wish Interact good luck for the coming year, and David all the best in his year of office.

Anna Brimacombe, President.



DUNDEE'S PRODIGAL DAUGHTER — RRS Discovery

"Discovery" returned to Dundee a year ago following a long absence, and Diana Scott and myself were given the privilege of visiting the famous ship for the magazine. We were shown round by Mr Jack Lawson and found our tour most interesting.

I was immediately struck by the vessel's inspiring majesty and its excellent condition. The ship is 226 feet long, 132 feet high and is in width 34 feet at the widest point.

"Discovery" was built by Dundee Shipbuilders' Company in 1900/1901 as a Royal Research Ship. It has been magnificently refurbished and must have been very impressive 86 years ago when Captain Scott assumed command for the long voyage to the Antarctic. The ship is not exactly as it was in Scott's time since it was refitted in 1923/1924, at which time the masts were moved forward, toilets were moved also, the upper-deck was replaced with teak, and there were other minor additions.

Scott's crew including officers comprised 38 men — there were 39 at the outset but a unfortunate crew-member fell off the main mast on leaving New Zealand on the last port of call. Quarters for the men must have been fairly cramped. Indeed, the officers' cabins were compact and barely furnished.

During our guided tour we saw around the whole ship including a visit to the galley where everyone's meals were prepared and cooked on a relatively small range. Meal-times must have been quite hectic! Areas of the ship have display cabinets in which instruments, documents, everyday articles and models of "Discovery" can be seen. There is also a large model of part of the ship's framework showing the different woods used — these include pitch pine, oak and greenheart. This last is a very heavy and hard-wearing wood so it is not surprising how well the ship has survived.

"Discovery" is between four and eleven feet thick! Every part below sea level was rubbed with rock salt, and this has evidently preserved the wood to near perfection.

On deck are the toilets, research rooms, and round the sides of the ship curious baton-like objects can be seen. These are called belying pins, and their formal use is for holding rigging and other ropes taut. We were told that they were also used for waylaying drunken sailors as they returned to the ship after a night of revelry when the ship was in port.

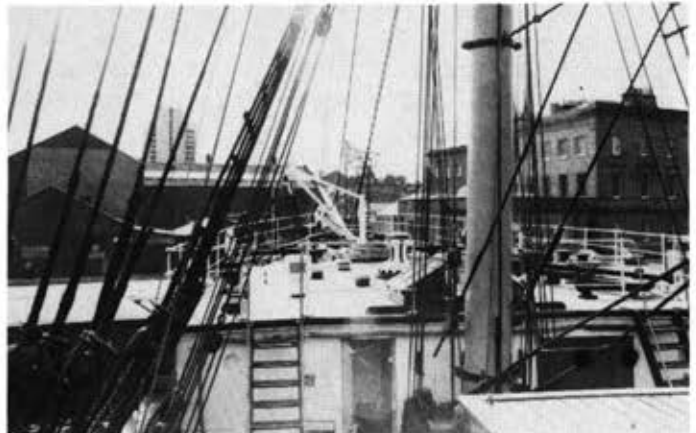
One port of call during Captain Scott's voyage was at Christchurch, New Zealand. A resident clergyman, one Bishop Churchill Julian, was saddened by the fact that the sailors had no musical instruments with which they could accompany the singing of hymns on Sundays. He generously donated a small organ which can still be played today and is in excellent repair.

Our tour ended at the officers' cabins near which was the doctor's study room. Dr. Edward Adrian Wilson was also the ship's photographer and watercolour artist. His room seems comparatively small for all the work he did. Unfortunately a collection of his instruments were not on show during our visit.

We were able to look into two cabins — those of one Ernest Shackleton and Captain Scott. All the furniture in the former's was original, but Scott's has been reproduced. The room was ornately designed and has a beautiful fireplace, for which the officers were no doubt very grateful in the Antarctic.

I found my visit to "Discovery" an excellent insight into sea-travel at the turn of the century and would urge people to visit this fine piece of nautical craftsmanship. It is a very worthwhile trip, which can be enjoyed by people of all ages.

Ruth A. Allan IV



MY DISCOVERY

Last summer was an education in two ways. Firstly, I learned how to deliver knowledge, and I learned how to gain it. The necessary credentials for a job as Discovery Guide are many, and they include vocal chords like steel, a reasonable memory, a good sturdy pair of trainers and more patience than I possess.

Until I began work on RRS Discovery last year, I had no idea how frustrating Mr Public could be. In the course of only one full day, I found myself almost at exploding point as a result of young children. This was slightly surprising as I had always found young children interesting and amusing — I was vastly mistaken. Their usual repertoire of tricks included clambering over chairs and tables that were probably hand-crafted before their grandparents were born, and they took great delight in trying to guess where I was

going to go next so that they could shoot ahead before anyone else, and succeed in hearing not one word of what I was trying to say. And all the while, Mummy and Daddy smiled down at junior as if to say. "Isn't he adorable?" — Yes, probably, but then so were the "Gremlins!"

I also had touching moments on board. For example, an elderly lady was so appreciative of the tour, that she offered me fifteen pence — all that she had left from her pension. This gesture epitomised the reception that most people gave to Discovery, and the majority of visitors enthused over the floating wooden masterpiece. You will notice that I have left myself some room to contradict myself when I use the word "majority". There were a handful of people who seemed to pay their entrance money for the dubious joy of heckling guides. For some bizarre reason, I received most of these characters. Their sentences invariably began, "Oh, but surely", and outstanding questions included, "How many feet of rope are on the ship?"; "How many tonnes of potatoes did the crew consume in 1902?" and everybody's favourite, "What sort of person was Captain Scott?" I'm not quite old enough to answer that one!

One tour was distinguished by the presence of Mr P. MacKenzie. Teaching a teacher was a novel experience, and one of many which endued me to sign again for this summer from April 18th until October 5th, 10.00 a.m. until 5.00 p.m., at the modest price of one pound. Student reductions available (Plug, Plug!) I hope that I will have the pleasure of your company.

Ian Small

DAY TRIP TO LEUCHARS

Just after lunch on Friday, January 9, a group of sixth year army and navy cadets headed across the water to that great Kingdom of milk and honey: Fife. More specifically they were heading for R.A.F. Leuchars where a Hercules transport plane waited to take them on a wee journey. The first stop on arrival at Leuchars was the O.T.C. mess where a group of university students pretending to be fighter pilots offered us cups of warm coffee, a welcome antidote to the freezing winds. And there we stayed. The Hercules, we discovered, might not make it; it had been on exercise down south and if it did get back it might be too dark to go up.

Our disappointment was short lived, however, as a trip to a repair hanger was proposed. Here we were to see Britain's air defence lying in tatters. During our short tour it was explained why this multi-million pound plane caught fire and why that one's engine wasn't where it should be. Soon it was back to the mess to wait for our plane . . . and wait for our plane . . . and wait for our plane . . .

At about 4 o'clock, 1600 hours to those in the know, it appeared over the horizon — a lorry with wings — large, square and ugly. No matter, within a few minutes we were all trying to work out how to do up the seat belts on the seats which lined the 2 sides of the plane's large

hold, a practice which we soon discovered to be impossible with 11 people in 10 seats. I must point out that for days before and all day that day we had had it drummed into us that we would all be sick at some point in the journey. This advice had the seal of approval put on it as the crew handed out sick bags and made us aware of the similar bags which littered the walls.

The take off was smooth and gentle, no-one was sick, and we were able to take off our seat belts, get up and walk about. A net was slung over the back of the hold and the huge backdoor slowly opened: this was the highlight of the journey. We were standing at the edge of the plane with only a net between us and a premature return to the ground. The setting of the sun seen from that angle can only be described as beautiful. As we flew on lights from a city below penetrated the darkness and still noone was sick. A quick visit to the crowded cockpit showed it to be full of buttons, knobs and switches and not a lot else, and still noone was sick.

After about 20 minutes in the air we were told to sit back down and do up our safety belts as it was time to land, and still the sick bags remained unused. What if I was sick now. I couldn't be the first. I slid further down into my seat as my stomach did another backward somersault, closed my eyes and prayed. Amazingly I made it — a definite case of mind over stomach — and to my bitter disappointment so did everyone else.

Back in the mess C.S.M. Fenton thanked our pilot. The last I remember of the trip was running after my slowly departing train at Leuchars station followed by yells of encouragement for my astonished legs from the back of the truck as it headed for Dundee.

Colour Sergeant Aitken



Twelfth Night Rehearsals



FORMER PUPILS : SUCCESSES (as known)

Dundee University: 1986

Anderson, Elaine M. Awarded an NCR prize for work in Mathematical Sciences.

Dundee College of Technology: 1985

Henderson, Christopher A. P.G. Dip Information Technology (Distinction)

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

Ramsay, Colin S. B.Sc. Civil

Renfrew, Stewart L. B.A. Accounting

Sage, John D. B.Sc. (Hons) Mechanical

Heriot-Watt University: 1986

Andrew, David R. B.Sc. (Hons) Mechanical Engineering

Harvey, Victoria M. B.A. (Hons) Painting

Kelly, Harold D. J. M. Eng. (With Merit) Electrical &

Electronic Engineering

Lawson, Sally A. B.A. (Hons) Design

McPherson, Kenneth R. B.Sc. (Hons) Pharmacy

Thomson, Morag C. F. B.A. (Hons) Design

Oxford: (Jesus College) 1986

Machin, Jonathan B. B.A. (Hons) Engineering Science

Reading University: 1986

Nicol, Kirsty J. B.Sc. (Hons) Food technology

Southampton University: 1986

Wong, Gordon B.Sc. (Hons) Chemistry

St Andrews University: 1986

Cuthro D. Murray M.A. (Hons)

Donaldson, C. Peter B.Sc. (Hons)

Ferrier, Gail M. B.Sc. (Hons)

Forrest, Fiona M. L. M.A. (Hons)

Hampton Mrs E. F. M.A. (Hons)

Jamieson, Susan J. M.A. (Hons)

McFarlane, Susan L. M.A. (Hons)

Wedderburn, Frances C. M.A. (Hons)

Warwick University: 1986

Kennedy, Alison L. B.A. (Hons) Theatre Studies & Dramatic Arts

Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology

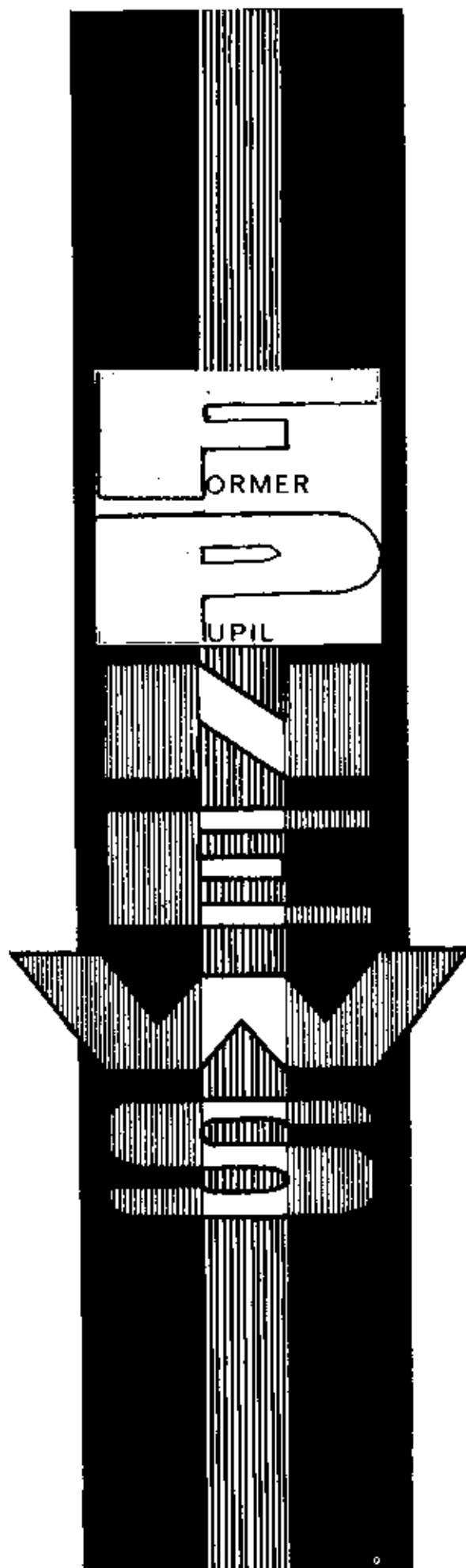
Barr, Ian M. C. H.D. in Electrical & Electronic Engineering

Brewster, Hilary J. B.Sc. Nutrition & Dietetics

Cherry, Philippa L. A. B.Sc. Nutrition & Dietetics

Greig, Angela R. A. B.Sc. (Hons) Architecture

Speed, Eric J. P.G. Diploma in Management Studies



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.

AITKEN, CHARLES

Has recently retired having spent fifty years in the grocery trade. His retirement will mark the end of an association the Aitken family had with the Hilltown for over seventy years. His father started the business in 1913.

ALLARDICE, LORNA M.

Left D.H.S. in 1974 and graduated at Dundee College of Education in 1977. She is at present teaching at Elton, in Aberdeenshire. Recently she gained her Upper Primary Associateship.

ANDERSON, JOHN H.

After leaving D.H.S. in 1978 John went on to graduate M.B., Ch.B., with Commendation, at Dundee University in 1983. He is now a F.R.C.S. (Glasgow) and is at present working in the Department of Surgery, Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

ANDERSON, ELAINE M.

Elaine, who left in 1984, is one of three students to share the Linda Tosh Memorial Prize for 1986/87. At present she is reading Economics and Accountancy in the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences at Dundee University.

BARTLETT, NIGEL K.

A former Dux of the school in 1983 Nigel graduated from Southampton University in 1986 with First Class Honours in Electronics. In his final year he accepted a sponsorship from British Aerospace with whom he is now employed.

BARTLETT, ROGER N.

Left D.H.S. in 1980. In 1984 he graduated from Dundee University with First Class Honours in Electronics and is now working with British Aerospace in Bristol. He has maintained his enthusiasm for cricket and organises the Department team in Bristol.

BLAIR, J. MICHAEL G.

Left D.H.S. in 1972 having been Deputy Head Boy, R.S.M. of the Cadet corps, and Captain of a very successful 2nd Rugby XV. He graduated LL.B. from Edinburgh University in 1976 having won a class medal in Scots Law. After leaving University he was commissioned into the Royal Artillery and served in Germany, Cyprus, Belize and Britain with the 16 Air Defence Regiment. At the end of his Short Service Commission in 1980 Michael served an apprenticeship in Edinburgh with Morton Fraser & Milligan W.S., working with the firm as an assistant from 1982 to 1984. In 1984 he joined Thornton Oliver, the Dundee Solicitors and Estate Agents as an assistant and this year became a Partner. His main activity outside work is the Territorial Army and since 1985 he has commanded the 212 (Highland) Air Defence Battery, R.A. at Arbroath.

BREWSTER, HEATHER M.

Left D.H.S. in 1980. In 1984 Heather obtained Nursing a Degree at Glasgow University and is at present a midwife in Glasgow. She will be taking part in Operation Ralceigh in the

Summer of 1987. Her trip will take her to a mountainous region of Pakistan where she will be involved in projects relating to geology, ecology, and a survey of blind dolphins.

COPUS, Rev. JONATHAN H.L.

Attended D.H.S. between 1949 and 1955, with a one year break. After further schooling in England Jonathan took a degree in Theology from Oxford and a Diploma in Speech and Drama from the Guildhall School of Music. After teaching for a few years at two Lambeth schools he was ordained and served a curacy in Woking, Surrey. He then joined the BBC as a Producer at Radio Solent in Southampton where, apart from a spell with BBC Television in London, he is now working.

DAFT, CHRISTOPHER M.W.

Left D.H.S. in 1981 having been Dux of the School. At the moment Christopher is studying for his Ph.D. at Oxford University's Metallurgy Department. He is to take up a Professorship at the University of Illinois later this year. His new post, which is based in Champaign, 120 miles south of Chicago, will see Christopher researching techniques of detecting diseases in the unborn child with the use of medical ultra-sound equipment. Christopher will start the permanent post in October when he will take part in the research as well as teaching the under-graduates.

DORWARD Dr. W.M.

Left D.H.S. in 1945 and graduated from Edinburgh University in 1951. After periods working in hospitals in Inverness and Bridge of Earn he served with the R.A.M.C. in Korea, Japan and Malaya. On his return from the Services he became a Principal in general practice with his father Dr. W. Fyffe Dorward. Dr. Dorward remained with this practice for over thirty years until December 1985, when he was succeeded by his son, Dr. David Dorward who was Deputy Head Boy in 1974. Dr. Dorward is now in charge of Roxburghe House Hospice in Dundee and because of his outstanding contribution to patient care in Tayside has been awarded the 1986 Douglas G. Adamson Memorial Prize.

DRYDEN, FIONA A.

Left D.H.S. in 1984 having been Dux of the School. Fiona, a medical student at Edinburgh University, spent the summer of 1986 in a Hospital in Zimbabwe and latterly in the bushland of Sanyati. When she was there she assisted in the delivery of a baby girl. When the proud and grateful mother learned about Fiona she promptly asked if she could name her daughter after her. Fiona then spent two weeks at a Scripture Union Youth camp at Lake Kariba, followed by three weeks travelling the length and breadth of the country. Most of the travelling was done by bus, an experience in itself, and evenings were spent sleeping in the open. One of Fiona's most exciting experiences was white water rafting down the Zambezi from below Victoria Falls. On one part of the trip the raft capsized and Fiona was catapulted into the foaming waters. Luckily she had been well primed to relax and float downstream until she reached calm waters again and the safety of the raft. On another occasion she went on a five day safari on Lake Kariba living in tree houses along the way. Because the canoes were so quiet it was possible to get a good look at the animals.

EGAN, GAIL M.

Left D.H.S. in 1982. Gail graduated in July 1986 with First Class Honours in Chemistry. In October she started an Arts History Course at Courtauld Institute in central London. She is the first Chemistry graduate from Dundee University to gain a place. At Courtauld she will be specialising in picture restoration and when she is judged a suitably competent student she will be allowed to "clean up" some of the pictures from the magnificent Courtauld Collection.

FORREST, PROFESSOR SIR PATRICK

Regius Professor of Clinical Surgery at Edinburgh University and chief scientist of the Scottish Home and Health Department was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Dundee University. He has also been awarded The Triennial Medal. This award is in recognition of his outstanding contributions to Surgical Science, particularly in the field of breast cancer. He is a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, the Royal College of Surgeons of England, the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow and of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

GRANT, DONALD B.

A senior partner of the Dundee chartered accountancy firm of K.M.G. Thomson McLintock and chairman of Tayside Health Board retired in September 1986. Mr Grant left D.H.S. in 1938 and started his apprenticeship with the former Dundee firm of Moody Stuart & Robertson. At the outbreak of the Second World War he joined the Royal Artillery and served with them for the next seven years, attaining the rank of Major. He then returned to his studies, qualifying in 1948 and becoming a partner in 1950. After nineteen years as Dundee local secretary of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Scotland, he became a member of the council of that body in 1971 and assumed the office of President in 1979. In addition to his distinguished professional career, Mr Grant has given freely of his time and effort to serve the people of his native city, taking a particular interest in health matters. He was appointed chairman of Tayside Health Board in April 1984. In addition he is Chairman of the Matthew Trust and of the Caird Travelling Scholarship Trust and a director of a number of companies. He has been interested in sport throughout his life and played rugby with Dundee High School Former Pupils.

GREEN, JAMES

After almost forty-two years as an Illustrator with D.C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., Mr Green has recently retired. After leaving D.H.S. he trained at Bell Street Art College with the intention of becoming an Art Teacher. His studies were interrupted by a period of war work as an engineering draughtsman in Dundee Corporation Electricity Department. On his return to Art College, he was awarded a Diploma in Drawing and Painting and won a scholarship for a year of post-Diploma Study. He then entered the Company's Bank Street Art Department in October 1945 to work on their many magazines.

HARDIE, MARK

Mark replaced Allan Wells in Scotland's Athletic Team for the 1986 Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh. He is studying Politics and Philosophy at Oxford where he has two blues for Athletics. While at School he won International Rugby honours.

LICKLEY, SIR ROBERT

One of Britain's great aircraft engineering pioneers, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Science from Strathclyde University. Sir Robert, who was educated at D.H.S., graduated from Edinburgh University and Imperial College, London, joined Hawker Aircraft in 1933 to work on the Hurricane prototype and, later on the first Hawker jet fighter. In 1946, when he went to Cranfield College of Aeronautics, he was reputed to be the youngest Professor in the U.K. He was responsible for the design and development of the first aircraft to fly at a speed of over 1000 m.p.h.

MACFARLANE, PROFESSOR CALUM B.

Managing Director of Syntex Research Centre, Edinburgh, and visiting Professor, Department of Pharmacy, University of Strathclyde, has been appointed Director, European

Research and Development, and vice-president Syntex Research. Professor Macfarlane after leaving D.H.S. graduated at Glasgow University. He held academic and industrial posts in Scotland and abroad before joining Syntex in 1976 as Director of Pharmaceutical Development.

LECKIE, DAVID E.

Left D.H.S. in 1980 having been a School Prefect, member of the 1st XV for two seasons, in the Athletic Team, and Pipe Major of the C.C.F. He went to Edinburgh University to study Law and graduated in 1984 with an LL.B. (Honours). He completed a Post-Graduate Diploma in Legal Practice and left University in 1985. While at University he was President of the E.U. Law Society and a member of the Boat Club. He played rugby for the University Freshers in first year, Boroughmuir in second year and the University 1st XV in his third, fourth, and fifth years. In his last two years he captained the side and was awarded his full blue in 1984. He was also, in his last three seasons, selected for the Scottish Universities XV. In 1984 he captained a University touring party on a three week tour of Kenya. While he was there he coached and played for a side called Kenya Harlequins and was later selected for a National side called Kenya Scorpions. When he returned to Scotland in 1986 he toured Ireland for two weeks with the Kenya Harlequins, the first African side to tour Ireland.

On his return to Edinburgh he joined Edinburgh Academicals and commenced legal traineeship with Ketchen and Stevens W.S. In this last year he has played rugby for the North and Midlands District Team, Scotland (B) v France, Presidents XV v Spain, and the Co-optimists. Perhaps next season we will have another rugby cap from the High School?

ROBINSON, STEPHEN C.

Left D.H.S. in 1979 having been a Cadet Sergeant, School Prefect and Captain of Shooting. He was at Glasgow University until 1983 gaining a degree in Economic History and Modern History. While at University Stephen was a member of the Officers Training Corps and the University Rifle Club. With the latter he shot for the Scottish Universities Team and toured Europe with them in 1981. On leaving University he entered the Army, and was commissioned from Sandhurst in 1984. He then attended a Royal Artillery Young Officers Course at Larkhill where he won the Sword of Honour. His first posting was to 16 Air Defence Regiment R.A. at Dortmund.

Since being in the 16 A.D. Regiment Stephen has done two tours in Norway with the Royal Marines, trained with the Airborne forces and exercised in Cyprus, Gibraltar and Germany. On the sporting front he has led his Regimental team to victory in the UKLF small bore shooting championships and won a Royal Marines Gold Award in a Biathlon.

He left the Army in October 1986 and is now with the Coalite Group as a P.A. to the Chairman, though he still continues his Army connections through the Reserve and the T.A.

MATHESON-BRUCE, GRAEME

Graeme on leaving D.H.S. studied Mathematics at St Andrews University but half way through decided his interests lay in music. He studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music, the Royal Manchester college of Music and the London Opera Centre. He also studied with Hans Hotter in Munich. His British debut as a tenor was in 1972 with English National Opera in "La Traviata" and he was invited back for productions of "Madame Butterfly", "Ariadne auf Naxos", "Das Rheingold" and "Die Meistersinger". During this time he also sang with Glyndebourne and Opera North. In the last few years he has concentrated on the Helden tenor repertory (the tenor parts Wagner and Strauss wrote for their operas) and was invited to the Royal Opera House for their 1980 production of "Lohengrin". His European debut was in France in "The Rake's Progress".

He is equally at home as a recitalist and on the concert platform. His Wigmore Hall debut in 1973 led to engagements at the Royal Albert Hall, the Queen Elizabeth Hall and the Barbican. He has sung with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic and Halle Orchestras and last May he returned to sing with the Halle in "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast". He made his German debut in Bremen three years ago as Macduff in a new production of Verdi's "Macbeth". Although he claims to be no linguist, he can sing convincingly in German, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and even Czechoslovakian.

MURRAY, CARYS L.

Murray CARYS L. graduated LL.B. from the University of Dundee in July 1986.

NICOL, KIRSTY J.

Kirsty, a former Head Girl, who left School in 1982 has graduated B.Sc. with First Class Honours from the University of Reading. Her subject was Food Technology.

PHILIP, WILLIAM S.

Has just retired after fifty years with Halley Stevensons Ltd. Dyers and Furnishers. He was Managing Director of the Firm from 1941 to 1979. In 1979 he was Citizen of the Year for service on behalf of the Deaf. He joined Tayside and Western Isles Association for the Deaf in 1947 and is a past Chairman.

RUTHERFORD, WILLIAM

William retired at the end of 1985 as Executive Secretary and Librarian of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and has been awarded Honorary Membership of the Association for Information Management.

SMITH, LAURA A.M.

Left D.H.S. in 1983. Laura, who was one of the first girls to be enrolled in the School's Combined Cadet Force, was one of fifty female Officer Cadets in the passing out parade at Sandhurst in April. The parade was in front of the Princess of Wales, who represented the Queen. Laura has been posted to the Central Ordnance Depot at Donnington, Shropshire, as a Platoon Officer in charge of the administration and welfare of one hundred WRAC servicewomen. On leaving School, Laura studied Engineering at Napier college and Heriot Watt University in Edinburgh.

STOCKS, T. CAMPBELL

A proprietor of one of Dundee's longest established joiners' and shopfitters' firms he has retired after more than half a century in the business. The firm was founded in 1876 by Mr Stocks' grandfather, beginning as contractors, fitting out large offices and schools, from the original premises in Whale Lane. In 1927 Mr Stocks joined the business after serving his apprenticeship and in 1938 joined the old Dundee Corporation as a Clerk of Works. During the war he was a staff officer with the Dundee Rescue Service. His numerous outside appointments include past president of Dundee Master Builders' Association, past chairman of the Chartered Institute of Buildings' North of Scotland centre, former convener of the Three United Trades and membership of the Bonnet Maker Craft and the Nine Incorporated Trades.

THOMAS, DAVID R.B.

Left D.H.S. in 1982 having been Champion Athlete of the School, Discus Record holder and a member of the Ist. XV. David, a Medical Student at Edinburgh University, was the Conservative Candidate for Falkirk West in June 1987.

WOOD, JENNIFER K. (nee Craig)

Left D.H.S. in 1972 and studied English and Drama at Glasgow University. Jennifer and her husband were seen recently by many T.V. viewers when they appeared in the "Treasure Hunt" programme with Kenneth Kendall, Wincey Willis and Aneka Rice. They were successful in their quest. Jennifer now publishes Children's books in Glasgow and London.

MAIN, ALLARDYCE

Recently retired from Dentistry has won the British E-Boat Sailing Championship at Dalgety bay. The E-Boat, a 22-foot racing cruiser, was built in Glenrothes. The crew of four included Allardyce's son Ross, a former pupil of the school who now works for Marconi Instruments. The crew spent a week competing with their boat Janna II and won three Olympic -course races outright, came fourth in the long-distance race of fifty miles, and fifth in the medium-distance race of twenty five miles. This made them outright winners and earned them the three magnificent trophies which go with the title. Allardyce in his early days was an outstanding cricketer and captained Forfarshire for four seasons.

MILLAR, ANGUS M.

Angus, who left School in 1986, has recently graduated from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. He has been commissioned into the Royal Artillery as a second lieutenant, and will shortly be going to the R.A. School at Larkhill for further training.

McINTOSH, KEVIN

Left D.H.S. in 1983. He has recently been selected to represent Scotland in the first ever World Long-Distance Swimming Championship at Lake Windermere. Kevin was one of the youngest swimmers ever to swim the English channel.

VAUGHAN, VICKI E.

Vicki left D.H.S. in 1986. Vicki's outstanding athletic career begun at School continues now at Oxford University.

Her achievements (while at School) in Cross Country were:

Scottish Champion (twice) 11-13 Group

English Nationals 3rd 11-13 Group

British Schools 1st 3rd Year

Scottish Inter League Team 11-13 Group (Twice selected)

Scottish Inter League Team 13-15 Group (Twice selected)

Scottish Inter League Team Senior (17+)

TRACK

Junior Scottish 1500m Champion and Record Holder (until this year) (13-15 Group)

Scottish Champion 1500m and 3000m Young Senior 17-19 Group

Celtic Junior International Team Junior 13-15 Group — (Twice selected)

Selected for Scottish Schools 1500m and 3000m Group A (17+)

Selected for British Schools 1500m (15-Group)

Vicki has just completed her first year reading Classics at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. During a very busy year she has taken part in several athletic contests with continued success. In the Cuppers (Inter College) Cross Country she won first place. At the Oxford v Cambridge University Match she came first and created a course record. For that notable achievement she was awarded a half blue. In the British Universities Cross Country she came third and for that she was awarded a full blue. A little later in the season she was placed second in a British Universities Representative Match and in the Paris and Hyde Park Road Relays she was in the first team. At the present time Vicki is the Scottish Cross Country Champion in the young Senior (17-19) Group.

OBITUARY Former Pupils

ADAMSON, DR. GEORGE

A Wartime Brigadier, Dr. Adamson died in Hospital in Sheffield after a short illness. After leaving D.H.S. he graduated from Edinburgh University. He began his Medical career in Cheshire, where he became an assistant to a G.P., and moved to Sheffield in 1935. When War broke out he joined the R.A.M.C. Corps and served in India, eventually reaching the rank of Brigadier. At that time he was in charge of a 2000-bed hospital at Rachi, but his army duties took him across the Chindwin River into Burma. During his War years in India Dr. Adamson was awarded the M.B.E. After the War Dr. Adamson returned to Sheffield, where he became a partner in a practice composed entirely of Scottish Doctors. His Medical career continued in Yorkshire until 1973, when he suffered a stroke. Following his illness Dr. Adamson became Regional Medical Officer and part time referee for West Yorkshire, filling a senior position in the D.H.S.S.

COPUS, DOROTHY MARY (nee SIMPSON)

Was enrolled at D.H.S. when her father Rev. Hugh Montgomery Simpson, became Priest in charge of St Luke's Episcopal Church, Downfield in 1928. She was always full of warm reminiscence and fascinating insights into High School life between the wars. As well as being in the Guide Company she took elocution lessons after school, and when she left in 1932 she became a founder member of the local League of Nations Union Dramatic Group. She was also a member of the Former Pupils' Tennis Club. In 1943 she married James Lambert Copus, who later became Priest in Charge of St Ninian's Episcopal Church, Mid Craigie before moving to the London area. Here Dorothy gained gold medals in drama and public speaking, and took her Diploma in Speech and Drama from the Guildhall School of Music, becoming a Lecturer in the subject at Norwood Technical College. She then trained as a teacher and held a post in a School in Lambeth for some years. Eventually she retired to Kent, still playing an active part in the affairs of the Church, which had always been at the centre of her life. She died on 27th September, 1986, aged 70.

CATHRO, MARGARET L.

After leaving D.H.S. in 1981 she qualified in Secretarial Studies at the College of Commerce. She left her job as Secretary to the Finance Officers at Duncan of Jordanstone in October for a three month stay in Zambia, staying with her sister Elizabeth. Margaret had many interests outside her work. She was a Sunday School teacher at St Andrews Church in Dundee, was very keen on Scottish Country dancing, Hillwalking, and was a holder of the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award.

KER, HUGH

The death of Mr Hugh Ker has occurred at Tower of Lethendy, Meikleour, after a short illness during a holiday in Scotland. He was a native of Broughty Ferry and the son of a flax merchant. At 21 he went to India where he was employed by Kettlewell Buller, Management Agents, for nearly twenty years including war service as a mountain gunner attached to the Indian Army. He attained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and spent about eighteen months at Staff College. He returned to Dundee for a short period after the war before setting up his extensive business interests in Nigeria, Argentina and elsewhere. Much of his retirement was spent in the Bahamas, although he frequently holidayed in Scotland. He never forgot his roots in the Dundee area and many organisations and charities have benefited from his generosity, particularly through the Lethendy Charitable Trust. In his youth Mr Ker was a fine polo player. He was also a keen golfer, angler and shot.

MURRAY, ALAN DUNCAN

Former Head of the Technical Department died at the age of 87. He came to D.H.S. in 1942 and retired in 1964. In the 1914-18 war he joined the Air Training Corps and the Royal Observer Corps. He was a great music lover and, not only played the violin, but, made his own instrument.

STEWART, WILLIAM

Mr Stewart recently retired from the fish sales business of Richard Fenton, Stannergate, he was well known throughout the fish trade.

TAYLOR, WILFRED

One of Scotland's most respected journalists, died in Edinburgh after a short illness. He was 77. After his schooling at D.H.S. Mr Taylor graduated at St. Andrews University and became a columnist with "The Scotsman" for almost forty years. His work was recognised on his retirement in 1976 when he won the Munro Award for Journalism. He entered journalism via the old "Glasgow Evening News" where he worked as a sub-editor. He moved to Edinburgh in 1937, and two years later began "A Scotsman's Log" — the column he was to continue, almost without interruption, until his retirement. His work was highly commended by many, including Sir Thomas Beecham, and he was respected by colleagues and rivals alike for his unwillingness to write an ill word about anyone. Mr Taylor, who continued to write a weekly column for ten years after his retirement, published two collections of his work. He received an honorary degree from St Andrews in 1976.

THOMS, THOMAS H.

A former senior partner of the Thoms, Wilkie Partnership, Architects, Dundee, past Lord Dean of Guild and Director of the School died suddenly at his family home in Iona. A native of Invergowrie, he qualified from Glasgow School of Architecture in 1932. He joined Thoms, Wilkie as an assistant that year and was made a junior partner in 1935. From 1940-43 Mr Thoms served in the Royal Engineers, being invalided out with the rank of Captain. He then rejoined his firm becoming senior partner in 1946. In 1957 he was made President of the Royal Incorporation of Architects in Scotland and, at 49 was the youngest man to hold that office. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architecture. In 1975 he was appointed Lord Dean of Guild of Dundee, a position he held for three years. Mr Thoms was President of Carolina House, the children's home and served on the Boards of numerous organisations, including being President of Dundee Rotary Club in 1961. He was also widely known as a cinematographer, his films having won many honours. In 1963 he won first prize in the London Amateur Film Festival.

WILSON, REV. JOHN

After leaving D.H.S. Rev. J. Wilson graduated at St Andrews University. He began his ministerial career at Orangethrough and then moved to St Peter's Episcopal church, Fraserburgh. In 1963 he was at St Columba's, Crieff, for about ten years and then for five years at St Michael's, Elie, before his retirement.



OBITUARY

OLD GIRLS' CLUB

It is with deep regret that the Old Girls' Club has to record the death of its President, Dr. Rita Forrest.

Rita had a long association with the school beginning with her own schooldays continuing through those of her children, Fiona and Katherine including a period when she was the school doctor and finally as a committee member of the Old Girls' Club.

At school she was a keen swimmer, gaining prizes in competitions and also was a singer of merit, taking a part in one of the Operas.

She graduated from St Andrews University in 1958, having studied at the Medical School in Dundee and during the next few years she had hospital posts in Surgery, Medicine, Paediatrics and Dermatology. In 1961 she married her classmate, Sandy, and for a few years continued working in hospital and the Blood Transfusion Service. The years 1964-68 included the birth of Fiona in 1964, an extended stay in Canada in 1966, Sandy's becoming a Consultant Anaesthetist in 1967 and Catherine's birth in 1968. In 1970 Rita began to work in the School Health Service. As her daughters grew up she devoted an increasing amount of time to her medical work, and in 1979 she was appointed Senior Clinical Medical Officer with the Community Child Health Service, working mainly in the Douglas area of Dundee. Latterly she was particularly involved with the handicapped children in the town.

Rita was a talented pianist and artist and anyone who saw her work could not fail to be impressed by the sensitivity of her observations.

But over and above all these achievements, the greatest of all her attributes was her warm, caring, affectionate and happy personality. No one who knew Rita can forget her ready smile and welcoming manner. To her working colleagues she was a well-loved and dedicated doctor, dealing compassionately with the families and children whose problems she had to try and solve. To her friends, she was a delightful companion; fun to be with, happy in their successes and giving help and sympathy in time of need. She endeared herself

not only to her friends but also to their children with her very genuine interest in their lives and careers and I know that these young people feel that in Rita's death, not only their parents but they have lost a dear friend.

We, in the Old Girls' Club feel a very deep sense of loss. Rita brought her own special blend of liveliness, enthusiasm and ideas to the meetings of the committee and worked tirelessly for the success of all the Club events. We are grateful for the opportunity we had to know and work with Rita and for all that she gave to the Club.

Rita was a most outstanding person and she enriched the lives of all who came to know her. She will be greatly missed.

Sheila Jamieson

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL TRUST APPEAL FUND

The School needed new equipment. It needed the equipment for computer studies, for music, for sport, for science laboratories, for assisting in establishing new departments.

The School needed to renew its Central Heating. The School needed to renew the drainage at the Playing Fields.

What have all these items got in common? They have all been paid for by The Dundee High School Trust Appeal Fund.

A good school needs to do all these things. The Trust Fund can help the School to do these things, and many others.

The Trust Fund exists to provide material assistance for the development of the widest interests of the pupils of the School. It was established with an eye to the future of a fully Independent School. For over 10 years now it has been able to make valuable grants to the School to meet vital needs.

The Trust Fund was established by the Old Boys' Club and the Old Girls' Club and is entirely independent of the School although constituted for its benefit. Your Contribution can be of great help.

Why not enter into a Deed of Covenant in favour of The Dundee High School Trust Appeal Fund or simply send a donation to The Treasurer, Dundee High School Trust Fund Appeal, 21 South Tay Street, Dundee.

Hamish Laurie
Chairman

Fraser Ritchie
Secretary

Robin Winter
Treasurer

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' CLUB REPORT

At the 55th Annual General Meeting on 9th March, 1987, the following office-bearers were elected:

| | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| President | Dr. Rita Forrest |
| Vice-President | Mrs Joy Ingram |
| Junior Vice-President | Mrs Jennifer Scott |
| Secretary | Mrs Sybil Ramsay, 47 Grotterstone Drive, Broughty Ferry |
| Assistant Secretary | Mrs Moira Ross |
| Treasurer | Miss Margaret Stewart, 1 Ambrose Street, Broughty Ferry |
| New Committee | |
| Members | Mrs Patricia Findlay Miss Dorothy Fraser Dr. Anne Gibson Mrs Ann Howie |
| Ex Officio | Mrs Rosemary Stewart |

Sports Day on Saturday, 14th June, was held this year at Dalnacraig with the tea tent and cake stalls at Mayfield.

The Leavers' Party held at School on Leavers' Day, repeated the successful format of last year and took the form of a pre-lunch refreshments party.

In October we held a joint Cheese and Wine Evening with the Old Boys. The Committee Ladies provided the food for this enjoyable, well-attended event.

The Annual Dinner on 7th November at the Invercarse Hotel was again supported by a substantial number of members. Miss Marion Baillie, Assistant Principal of Jordanhill College of Education gave an interesting and informative talk on the developments of women's education.

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

We record with sadness the deaths of Miss Barbara Coupar, Miss Margaret Jobson, Mrs H. Lindsay and Mrs E. M. Milne.

The Annual Reunion Dinner will be held this year on Friday, 6th November. 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 14th March, 1988.

The attached form is for the 1988 magazine and could all wishing one, please use this form.

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

Name

Address

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

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' Association was formed at an inaugural meeting held in June, 1986, and following that meeting a Steering Committee has set about the task of publicising the Association and its aims whilst organising a Programme of Meetings both social and formal.

There is little doubt that looking back on the year that it has been one of hard work but also one of achievement.

We feel certain that many valuable lessons have been learned from our events and this will prove a strength in years to come.

The formal part of our year commenced with a stimulating address by Mr Alan McKenzie who, at very short notice, stood in for Alex. Dawson and did, in the opinion of all those who attended, give the Association a flying start.

The second formal meeting was a Careers Meeting held in the School in November. This evening took the form of parents who agreed to speak about their job to interested pupils and parents. In the event 29 careers were represented. It was felt that this was an event worth repeating in future years.

The third formal meeting took the form of an open meeting where questions raised by members were put to the Rector. This evening proved to be a useful method of communication between the Rector and parents.

The final formal meeting was an evening regarding the introduction of standard grade examinations and took the form of address by the heads of the English and Mathematics Departments.

This complex subject obviously interested many parents and there was a large attendance. Many questions, however, remain unanswered and the Association is seeking methods whereby some clarification can be given.

The social side of the Association was well represented throughout the year and took the form of a series of coffee mornings for parents in the lower school, a cheese and wine evening for parents of Form 1 pupils and a highly successful mulled wine event after the Carol Service where over 300 people attended.

Many other meetings took place throughout the year including a monthly meeting with the Rector and Deputy Rector where many points of interest were raised and discussed.

The three aims of the Association are (a) to provide a forum between parents and the school to discuss matters of importance; (b) to assist the school; and (c) to provide an opportunity for parents to meet socially.

We feel that in our first year we have attempted to meet these aims and consider that with the help of the parents we will move forward to continue our substantial progress.

M. Petrie, *Chairman.*

Please tick the appropriate box and return to Secretary by 14th March, 1988.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB

At the Annual General Meeting in November, 1986, Mr Murray Petrie was appointed President and Mr Ewan Pate, Vice-President.

I am glad to report that the Old Boys' Club continues to increase its membership and just as importantly continues to strengthen its links with the School.

With the 750th Anniversary approaching in 1989 the Club is anxious that all former pupils are aware of this milestone and are brought into the net of the Club and school community at this time.

With this in mind the most significant event in the Club in 1987 will be a reunion dinner for former pupils in the London area and hopefully the subsequent establishment of a London branch of the Club. This dinner is to be held on Friday, 20th November, 1987, in the Public Schools Club in St James's Square, London. It is hoped to have a good attendance so that former pupils in the area may have the opportunity of meeting former school friends and of hearing of the continued success and progress of the school at this time.

The Edinburgh Branch Dinner will be held again this year in late October.

The Annual Fishing and Golf Outings continue in their highly successful format. At both events there is the added incentive of competition for the George Linton Silver Plates most generously donated by Past President, George Linton.

The Annual Dinner in Dundee will be held in the Invercarse Hotel on Friday, 27th November, 1987.

Further details about the Club and specifically about any of the above events can be obtained from the Secretary.

Finally, FP Ties are available from the Secretary, priced £4.50.

H. L. Findlay,
Secretary,
Wm. Low & Company PLC,
PO Box 73,
Baird Avenue, Dundee DD1 9NF.
Telephone 0382-814022.

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.

F.P. MARRIAGES

Katherine Marr, The Coach House, Longforgan, and Kevin Simons, Romsey, Hampshire, were married on the 6th of June, 1987, at Longforgan Church.

James Aitken and Sheila Phin were married in Dundee University Chaplaincy in May, 1987.

Josephine Cunningham and Michael Clark were married in Dundee Parish Church (St Mary's) in September, 1986.

Rhona Graham and Gordon Walker were married in Ogilvie and Stobswell Church in February, 1987.

Gillian Lawson and Ian Wright were married in Dundee University Chapel in August, 1986.

Stephen Rogers and Christine Downing were married in Roseangle/Ryehill Church in September, 1986.

Anne Smith and Graham Watson were married in the High Kirk, Dundee, in July, 1986.

Alastair Taylor and Charlene Poller were married in Newport Church in February, 1987.

DHS FP LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB

In early season tournaments we were placed 3rd in the Aberdeen Nomads Tournament, 2nd in Bells tournament and 1st in Aberdeen Ladies' Tournament. A vigorous league programme produced some fine results (two pleasing draws with Grove) but two draws with Bell Baxter and Perth Academy finally cost us the league. We were runners-up to Grove by only one point. (9 wins, 5 draws, 0 losses 35 points.)

We marched confidently to the finals of the National Confined Cup again beating Boroughmuir, Nomads, Selkirk, Duns and Ron Accord, but unfortunately lost (in extra-time) to Grove 2-1. In the Midlands Knockout Cup we also lost 1-0 in the final to Grove. We did, however, take the Midlands Sevens Trophy beating Grove in the final 2-1.

The new system with full games for the Indoor League started this season with the club winning promotion to the 1st Division for the next season.

End of season triumph for the team was in Orkney where the team, despite seasickness, retained the Kirkwall Ladies' Trophy.

Pam Munday
Honorary Secretary

Dundee High School F.P. Men's Hockey Club

The F.P. Men's Hockey Club have had their most successful season to date in season 1986/87. The first eleven gained reward for playing consistently good team hockey and as a result became champions of division four of the Scottish Men's National League. A regular member of the first team pool during this successful season was Jimmy Barret of Form VI and his contemporary Andrew Blaikie had also been listed prior to his sustaining an unfortunate fractured arm. The Second eleven won promotion from Midlands League Division Two to Midlands League Division One and once again throughout the season a number of school pupils were included in this eleven. The third eleven which was in it's second season of existence narrowly missed out on promotion from Midlands League Division Three to Midlands League Division Two. Its ranks again throughout the season were swelled by a number of school pupils who look forward more to playing on Saturday mornings with the school and afternoons with the F.P. club than their Saturday morning outings with the school teams.

The club looks forward to next season and hopes that it's success on the field will continue. It further looks forward to the continuing close relationship existing between the school teams and the F.P. Club. If any pupil presently playing hockey at school is interested in playing hockey for the F.P.'s then they should contact either Garry Whyte, telephone number 25774, Gordon Walker, telephone number 562770, or Lindsay Foulis, telephone number 74851.

Garry Whyte, Club Captain

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL F.P. CRICKET CLUB 1987

| | | Runs | W |
|-------|-------------------------------------|-----------|---|
| April | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Perthshire XI | 48 N-Out | 1 |
| May | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Arbroath United | 0 Out | — |
| | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Meigle | 31 Out | — |
| | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Aberdeen G.S.F.P. | 35 Out | — |
| | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Forthill XI | 26 Out | — |
| | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Montrose | 85 N-Out | — |
| | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Meigle XI | 78 Out | 1 |
| June | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Gordonians | 105 N-Out | — |
| | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Perthshire | 61 Out | — |
| | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Strathmore XI | 74 Out | 2 |
| | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Brechin | 6 Out | 3 |

CUP MATCH 25 OVER GAME

| | | | |
|---------|------------------------------|----------|---|
| May 19 | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Montrose | 68 N-Out | — |
| June 3 | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Strathmore | 41 N-Out | — |
| June 18 | D.H.S.F.P.C.C. v. Aberdeen | 74 N-Out | — |

JAYANTILAL H. KENIA (d.o.b. 13.1.48) (HYDERABAD A.P. INDIA)

Started playing cricket at the age of 6 years. Started playing school cricket at the age of 14 years. Played for Hyderabad State School for 3 years, that is from 1961 to 1964. Captain for two years. Played for Hyderabad Juniors under 19 years for two years. Played for college from 1965 to 1972. First year for college played for university 1st XI. Our university name is "Ousmania University". We won the all India University Trophy for first time. I got 800 runs in that Trophy with 3 century and one double century.

In Ranji Trophy playing for Hyderabad 1st XI Team in 1968, my first game, I made 152 Runs Not Out. From 1968 to 1979 Ranji Trophy got 7 to 8 centuries. In 1971 I was selected to play for India. The India Team was selected on 13th January, 1971, that is on my birthday. That was my birthday present to me — a big day for me. I was selected to play against West Indies. My Captain was Ajit Wadekar. On the West Indies Tour I had a big day — I was selected to play in the first Test Match against the West Indies. I was the opening-bat. I had a great time in the West Indies. I got 700 runs on the Tour. I played only one Test match, got 5 runs only. That time West Indies Captain was Gary Sobers. I had a great time playing against Gary Sobers, Lance Gibbs, Clive Lloyd, Rohan Kanhai, A. Kallicharran, Viv Richards, Andy Roberts, Michael Holding and others. We won the series against the West Indies in 1971.

The same year I was selected for Indian Cricket Team to Tour U.K. (1971). I played only county games — got 500 runs. I had the pleasure of meeting H.M. The Queen E. II at Lords. With playing cricket I have been to the West Indies, U.S.A., Canada, Australia, Singapore, Malaysia, Sri Lanka, East Africa, Bermuda and Scotland. With cricket I had a great chance to meet great cricket players and many other friends.



1st XV RUGBY

*Back (from left):
Andrew D. N. Lowe,
Andrew J. Bain,
Craig W. Samson,
John A. Buchan,
Gordon A. Taylor,
Hamish A. Allen.*

*Middle (from left):
Mr A. H. Hutchinson,
Colin J. Morgan,
Andrew D. Nicol,
Alistair J. Graham,
Jonathon R. Newton,
Geordie D. McGill,
David H. Garmany.*

*Front (from left):
Scott Fotheringham,
Bryan B. Sherriff,
Christopher R. H. Newton,
Iain A. Chynoweth (Capt.),
Andrew G. Wilson,
Thomas G. Morris,
Paul A. Stewart.*



2nd XV Rugby

*Back (from left):
Alistair Geddes,
Alastair J. Dee,
Peter M. Allen,
David M. Graham,
A. Bruce Ramsay.*

*Middle (from left):
Scott Fotheringham,
Colin J. Morgan,
Hamish A. Allen,
Geordie D. McGill,
Peter D. McDevitt,
Mr I. Wilson.*

*Front (from left):
Robert G. Walker,
Dougal J. A. Ramsay,
Fergus Hutchison (Capt.),
Dominic Barton,
Bryan D. Kydd.*

RUGBY RESULTS

| Opposition | Venue | For | Against | Opposition | H | A | T |
|------------------------|--------|-----|---------|---------------------------|---|-----------|----|
| Harris Academy | H | 35 | 3 | Kelvinside Academy | H | 6 | 38 |
| Robert Gordons College | A | 36 | 8 | Gordonstoun | A | 10 | 7 |
| Dollar Academy | H | 9 | 39 | Dunfermline Academy | A | 44 | 0 |
| Merchiston Castle | A | 7 | 27 | Morrison's Academy | A | 22 | 0 |
| Aberdeen Grammar | A | 23 | 3 | Perth Academy | H | 82 | 0 |
| Prince of Wales | Canada | 20 | 14 | Hutchesons Grammar | H | 36 | 9 |
| Lord Byng | Canada | 26 | 3 | Stewarts Melville College | | Cancelled | |
| Shawnign Lake | Canada | 24 | 12 | Queen Anne | | Cancelled | |
| Brentwood College | Canada | 13 | 6 | Dunblane High | | Cancelled | |
| Fettes College | H | 7 | 14 | Perth Academy | A | 52 | 3 |
| Aberdeen Grammar | H | 20 | 10 | Harris Academy | | Cancelled | |
| Portobello High | A | 58 | 0 | George Heriots | A | 10 | 14 |
| Berwick High | H | 34 | 4 | Aberdeen Grammar | H | 19 | 10 |
| | | | | Robert Gordons | | Cancelled | |
| | | | | John Smeaton High | H | 53 | 3 |
| | | | | Trinity College | H | 18 | 6 |

RUGBY REPORT

The season opened this year with all eyes on the proposed rugby/hockey tour to Canada, scheduled for the first two weeks in October. With that in mind, the 1st XV squad had trained throughout the summer. The five opening fixtures that we had planned were seen as preparatory matches for the strong opposition that we expected in Canada.

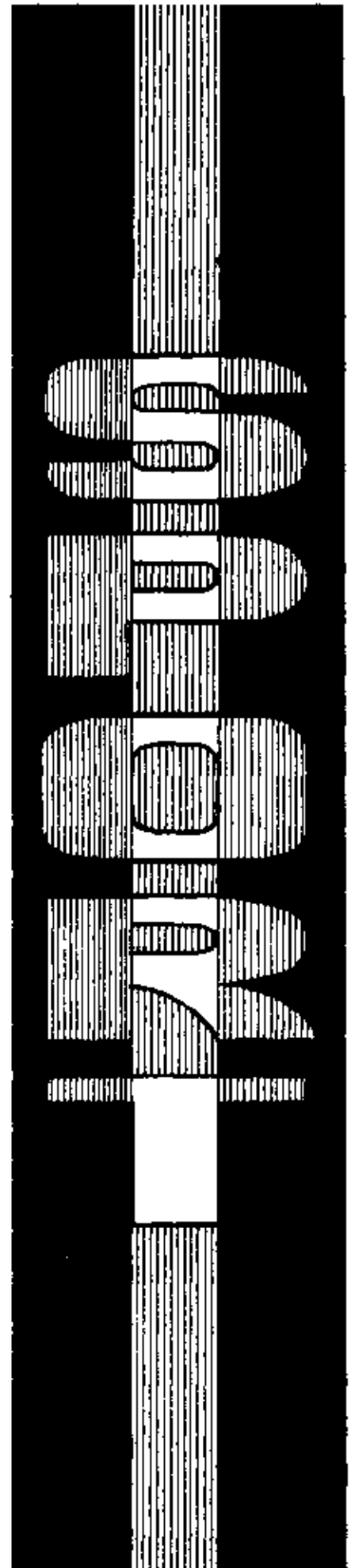
The Mayfield pitch had been widened and completely reseeded, and equipped with our new team jerseys, we were ready for the season ahead. Our first real challenge was against Dollar Academy, always a hard team to beat, and on this occasion they confidently out-played us. The following week we travelled to Merchiston, and again left with nothing to show for our efforts. By the time we arrived in Vancouver, all thoughts of these disappointing results were left well behind. We landed to a rousing rendering of Bonnie Dundee on the bagpipes courtesy of Graeme Leslie. Our hosts, Prince of Wales school, had been to Dundee in the spring of '86, and were anxious to repay past hospitality. We won our four matches in Canada, with the atmosphere both before and after our final match ecstatic. The bagpipes were of course let loose again, and those pleasant memories will last a long time.

The first match on our return, versus Fettes was lost due to a combination of complacency and fatigue, but the only other matches lost throughout the season were against Kelvinside and George Heriots. The school was represented at District level by Iain Chynoweth, Chris Newton, Andy Nicoll, Andrew Bain, Gordon Taylor, and Bryan Sherriff with Chris and Andy going on to gain full Scotland caps at under-18 level. At under-15, Steven Carroll, George Lorimer, Russell Bain, Alistair Graham, and James McKechnie played at District level, with Alistair Graham going on to play for Scotland under-15 against Wales.

Like last season, several matches were lost to the weather, but it held out in March for us to host touring sides from Leeds — John Smeaton High School, and from Ontario, Canada — Trinity College. Our warmest thanks are due to the parents who accommodated the two touring sides, for without them such strong rugby links would never prosper. On behalf of all the school XVs, I would like to thank the P.E. department, groundsmen, referees, hostesses, and all those who travelled with teams to fixtures. Mr Hutcheson and Mr Hunter organised the Canada tour extremely well, and our thanks are also due to those who helped to fund the trip. Touring epitomises all that's good in rugby, and the trip to Vancouver was, for us all, the highlight of 1986.

Thomas Morris (Secretary)

Played 24, Won 19, Lost 5, Pts. For 664, Pts. Against 233.





1st XI Hockey (Girls)

*Back (from left):
Catherine Steele,
Becky Wood,
Nicola D'arcy,
Gillian Crawford,
Alison Ritchie,
Sarah Barbieri,
Miss H. I. Lyle.*

*Front (from left):
Susie McIntyre,
Lucinda Hippisley,
Miriam Wills (Capt.),
Connie McGill,
Gillian Allardice.*



2nd XI Hockey (Girls)

*Back (from left):
Amy McGill,
Maura Redpath,
Jennifer Stewart,
Hazel Binnie,
Nikki Gibson,
Diana Scott,
Miss H. I. Lyle.*

*Front (from left):
Lisa Haslam,
Claire McDevitt,
Shona Watson (Capt.),
Ailsa Falconer,
Anita Stewart,
Sara Biltcliffe.*

D.H.S. Girls' Hockey Report

This year, there were only six players remaining from last year's first eleven, but we were able to reach a working relationship quite quickly. This was probably due to the Canada tour for all those who attended, improved their game.

We had a very successful season playing 13 matches, winning seven, drawing three and losing three; 30 goals for, and 19 against.

Unfortunately at the beginning of the New Year, there were a number of consecutive matches cancelled due to bad weather, but in all, we had a fairly fluent fixture list.

A number of successes were gained in district teams and country teams. Catherine Steele, Amy McGill and Lisa Morgan were all selected for the Midlands Under-16 squad; and Miriam Wills and Lucinda Hippisley were selected for the Midlands Under-19 squad, which

went on to win the Scottish tournament. From these candidates, Miriam and Catherine both were selected as trialists for the Scottish team, with Miriam making it into the final squad. As if this was not enough, Miriam was also selected for Midlands Indoor squad with Gillian Allardice as goalkeeper, which also went on to win the Scottish Inter-district tournament.

Despite having all these players in our team we were not very lucky in any of the tournaments in which we participated. But I think I can say for all of us who played, that we had a very enjoyable season and so at this point I would like to thank Miss Lyle and all staff who helped with the training of all teams and who gave up their Saturday mornings to help with the supervision of buses, and also to hostesses who catered so well.

Finally I'd like to wish next year's teams luck and success and all the very best.

RESULTS — SEASON 1986/1987

| DATE | OPPONENTS | | 1st XI | 2nd XI | 3rd XI |
|---------|--------------------------------|------|--------|-----------|-----------|
| Sept. 6 | Mary Erskine | Away | 1-1 | 4-0 | — |
| 13 | Forfar Academy | Away | — | — | Cancelled |
| 20 | St Leonard's | Home | 2-0 | 0-0 | 0-2 |
| Oct. 18 | St Leonard's | Away | 0-3 | 1-3 | 4-2 |
| 21 | Strathallan | Home | 1-0 | 0-1 | — |
| Nov. 25 | Dollar Academy | Home | 3-3 | 5-1 | 2-2 |
| 8 | Midlands Invitation Tournament | | | | |
| 15 | George Watsons | Away | 2-3 | 2-7 | 2-7 |
| 22 | Morrison's Academy | Away | | Cancelled | |
| 29 | Hutcheson's Grammar | Home | 0-0 | 3-0 | — |
| Dec. 6 | Mary Erskine | Home | 2-0 | 0-2 | — |
| 13 | George Heriots | Home | | Cancelled | |

| | | | | | |
|---------|--------------------------------------|------|-----|-----------|-----|
| Jan. 10 | Albyn | Away | | Cancelled | |
| 17 | Gordonstoun | Home | | Cancelled | |
| 17 | Kilgraston | Away | | Cancelled | |
| 24 | St Margarets | Away | | Cancelled | |
| 31 | Midlands Indoor Tournament | | | | |
| Feb. 7 | Dollar Academy | Away | 2-1 | 1-5 | |
| 14 | Morrison's Academy | Home | | Cancelled | |
| Mar. 7 | Cairnloch High School | Home | 4-1 | | |
| 13 | Boston Spa (Leeds) | Home | 9-0 | | |
| 13 | George Watsons | Home | | 2-2 | 2-1 |
| 17 | Carnoustie High School | Home | 3-1 | | |
| 18 | D.H.S. Boys' 1st XI | Home | 0-1 | | |
| 19 | Midlands Schools 7-a-side tournament | | | | |
| 25 | D.H.S. Staff XI | Home | 0-3 | | |
| 26 | D.H.S. F.P. XI | Home | 1-3 | | |

1st XI Boys' Hockey

Back (from left):
 Mr D. P. Macdonald,
 David R. Parratt,
 Phillip J. McCallum,
 Richard A. Paxton,
 Sean L. Stewart,
 Raoul P. D. Machin,
 R. Sean Smith,
 Mr G. W. Spowart.

From (left):
 Adrian A. White,
 Iain A. G. Small,
 Andrew J. Blaikie,
 Angus J. Hay (Capt.),
 James Barrett,
 Graeme A. Hunter,
 Adrian C. Yacomini.

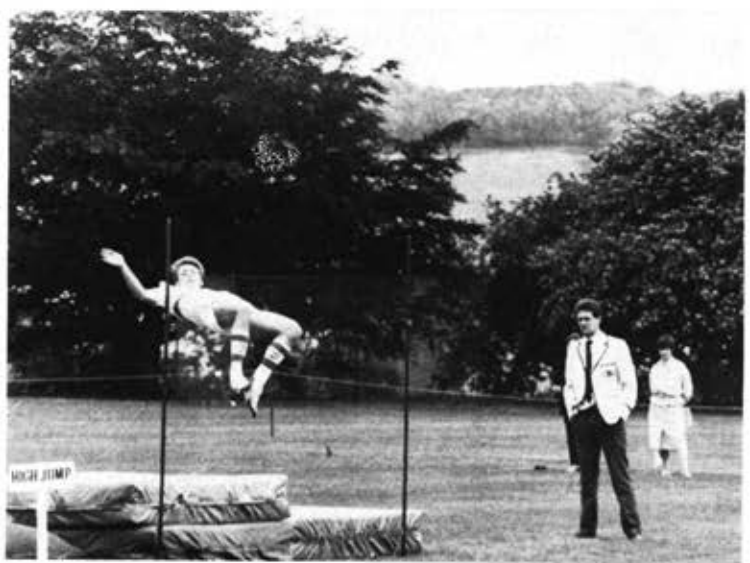


2nd XI Boys' Hockey

Back (from left):
 Mr D. P. Macdonald,
 Richard A. Paxton,
 Donald W. McGowan,
 Andrew Woodward,
 David R. Parratt,
 Mr G. W. Spowart.

Front) from left):
 Graham T. Valentine,
 Paul J. Dryden,
 William H. Tunstall Pedoe,
 Stuart Morrison (Capt.),
 David J. Vaughan,
 Alan G. Scott,
 Nicholas P. Maddox.



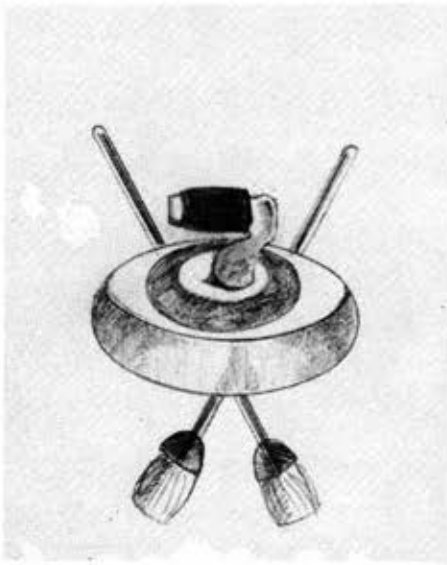




SOME MOMENTS FROM THE SPORTING YEAR

Photographs Angus McNicol, F4.

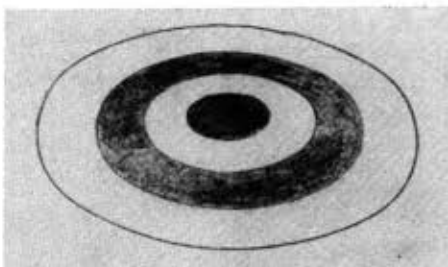




**AUSTRIA
1987**



**DUNDEE
HIGH
SCHOOL
C.C.**



CURLING

Operating again with the benefit of three seasoned skips, powerful DHS teams continued to dominate the Dundee and Angus area. An excellent record was also maintained throughout the country. In the north, James Ewart defeated the Highland champions, Kingussie. With the State schools returning to the fray, the rock steady Alan Scott had fine wins against Kinross and Blairgowrie. The School's senior skip, Thomas Morris, added to an already impressive record with victories over Stewarts/Melville in Edinburgh and Craigholme in Glasgow. In arguably his finest match of the season he defeated Dollar Academy, the best of the Central County's sides.

The School played in the Scottish Junior championships as well as reaching the finals of the Scottish Schools' Championships for the third year in a row. Hopes of lifting the Schools' title were dashed by a heart-breaking and desperately close defeat from our old bogey team Kelvinside Academy. This allowed arch Tayside rivals, Perth Academy, to win their first national championship since the great days of the Hay brothers.

With the departure this summer of our three skips, together with mid-team veterans Tunstall-Pedoe, Keddie, Stewart and Hibberd, next season will see a massive re-building programme. We have, however, some very promising juniors and we hope next year's young team will rise to the occasion. Perhaps they will have some of the luck which proved such an elusive quality at critical moments in what were really outstanding teams in recent years.



1st XI CRICKET REPORT, 1987

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

Captain — Neil F. Ritchie
Vice-Captain — Angus J. Hay
Secretary — Paul A. Stewart
Treasurer — Hamish A. Allen

Having lost few players from last season the team held high hopes for this year. In all 7 games were played, with 3 won, 2 drawn and 2 lost.

To start the season, High School gained creditable draws against Dollar Academy and Stewart's Melville, making big totals and forcing the opposition to play for a draw. After a good victory against Morrison's, the team produced disappointing performances against Kelvinside Academy and a full strength F.P. side. However, the side finished the season on a high with victory in a thrilling match against Robert Gordons and a comfortable victory against Dunfermline High School.

Notable performances with the bat this season included an amazing 105* by Angus Hay, and scores of 95 and 93* by Neil Ritchie. With the ball Hamish Allen took 6 for 20 and Neil Ritchie took 6 for 27.

Our congratulations go to Angus Hay and Colin Morgan for representing North of Scotland at Under 19 and Under 16 respectively, and thanks go to Mr Allen and Mr Wilson for umpiring when required. Thanks must also go to Jayential Kenia, the school's Indian professional for his coaching, and a special thanks to Mr Spowart for his dedication and help throughout the season.

Hamish Allen (Treasurer)

INTER-HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP 1986-87

| EVENT | AIRLIE | AYSTREE | LINDORES | WALLACE |
|--------------------------------|--------|---------|----------|---------|
| Rugby | 61 | 63 | 25 | 45 |
| Girls' Hockey | 44 | 25 | 44 | 51 |
| Boys' Hockey | 27 | 13 | 26 | 40 |
| Netball | 41 | 32 | 54 | 47 |
| Cricket | 27 | 49 | 16 | 40 |
| Tennis Matches | 39 | 49 | 29 | 43 |
| Tennis Championship | 25 | 21 | 11 | 23 |
| Squash | 11 | 3 | 0 | 6 |
| Golf | 12 | 2 | 6 | 10 |
| Shooting | 21 | 11 | 12 | 11 |
| Table Tennis | 20 | 20 | 6 | 14 |
| Debates and Public Speaking | 40 | 40 | 30 | 20 |
| Music | 8 | 28 | 19 | 20 |
| Chess | 10 | 4 | 8 | 18 |
| Junior School Games and Comps. | 26 | 33 | 32 | 33 |
| Swimming Gala | 57 | 57 | 39 | 47 |
| Annual Sports | 96 | 55 | 51 | 98 |
| Academic Marks | 89 | 114 | 81 | 116 |
| Total | 654 | 619 | 489 | 682 |
| Place | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 |

Inter-House Trophy — WALLACE.
 Inter-House Cricket Trophy — AYSTREE
 Inter-House Rugby Trophy — AYSTREE.
 Inter-House Hockey Trophy (Senior Girls) — WALLACE
 Inter-House Hockey Trophy (Junior Girls) — AIRLIE
 Inter-House Hockey Trophy (Boys) — WALLACE
 Inter-House Netball Trophy — LINDORES
 Rorie Trophy for Inter-House Debates — AIRLIE.

Wallace

This year saw one of the closest and most exciting finishes to the House Championship for some time, with only six points separating Airlie, Aystree and Wallace in the last few weeks of the session. Only in the penultimate event of the year did we manage to clinch the Championship, for the fifth year in succession.

The year started well with a good performance by the Senior and Lower School girls in the Netball, to gain second place overall, after a disappointing but nevertheless enthusiastic try by the Junior girls.

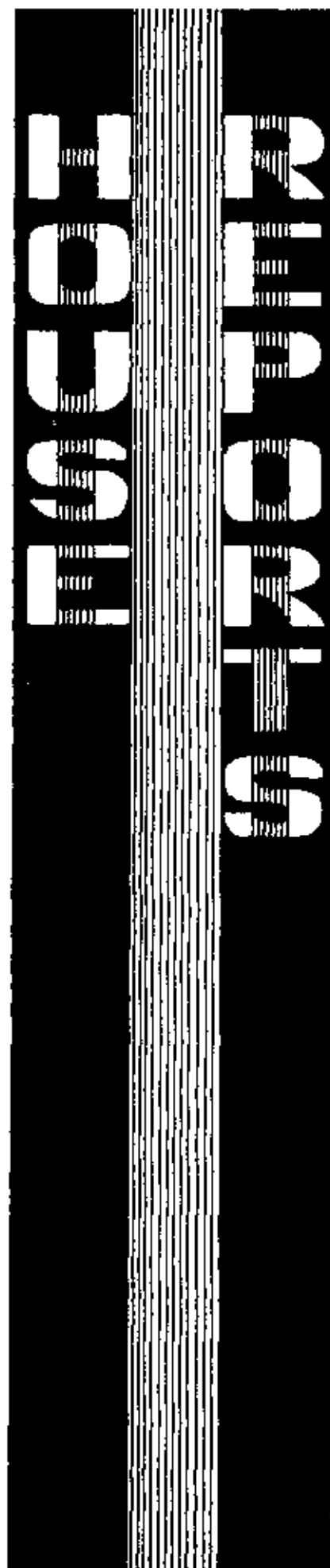
Poor, but valiant showings in the Table Tennis and Debating and Public Speaking left us languishing some way behind the other Houses, and this was underlined, when Wallace finished third in the Gala.

The summer term brought sunshine and success to Wallace. Wallace finished second to Aystree in the Cricket after a close and thrilling final match between the two, and when we did well in Academic Marks we were back in contention for the Championship.

Sports Day brought an unexpected victory which was clinched by good performances in the relays, especially by the Lower School and Senior girls. After this it became a two horse race between Airlie and Wallace with the destiny of the Championship resting on the result of the Senior Girls' Tennis matches which, fortunately, Wallace won comfortably.

In conclusion to such a good and happy year we would like to thank everyone in Wallace for their hard work. Neil Ritchie and Lucinda Hippiisley for their help and support, and special thanks must go to Mrs Gibson and Mr N. Stewart and Mrs Alexander of the Junior School for their enthusiasm. We wish Wallace every success in the future.

Fiona White and Hamish Allen,
 House Captains.



Airlie

At the end of one of the closest House Championships in a number of years, Airlie finished, yet again, second to Wallace. Right up to the last two weeks of the session, Airlie had been in a very strong position for the championship but a poor finish sealed our fate and, once again, we had to settle for second place.

After last year's domination on the sports fields Airlie had disappointing results in losing the Annual Sports to Wallace by two points even although we had three out of the six champion athletes, and won four out of the six relay races.

Perhaps the Swimming Gala was Sirlie's most successful day in being first equal with Aystree — a remarkable result considering our lack of swimmers.

Congratulations must go to Dominic Barton and Alice Mee on gaining first place in the Senior Debates. Airlie also won first place in the Junior Public Speaking Competition.

Our talented Junior girls were placed first in both Hockey and Tennis, while our Seniors only managed a third place in Hockey, and a fourth in the Tennis matches. In Rugby we did well overall coming second to Aystree.

Finally, we should like to thank members of Airlie for their participation in all events. Thanks must also go to Mrs Rutherford, Mr Richterich and Mrs Robb for all their help and encouragement throughout the year. We thank our Vice-Captains, Gillian Allardice and Iain Chynoweth and wish Airlie good luck in future years.

Susie McIntyre and Chris Newton,
House Captains.

Aystree

After finishing in third place last year Aystree began this session with renewed optimism. The success of the boys in winning the Rugby trophy over Airlie who were expected to win, boosted our confidence even more.

In boys' and girls' Hockey and in Netball we were not so successful although all teams played with spirited efforts and much enthusiasm. Despite coming first equal with Airlie in the Gala we felt we could have achieved more but for the loss of David Graham through a knee injury.

Our Debating and Public Speaking teams kept up Aystree's usual high standard in these events and these results gained us a slightly better placing in the Championship.

Cricket and Table Tennis, strong points in the past, proved to be so once more when we won both handsomely. We also did well in the Academic marks once more, finishing only two points behind Wallace. This left Aystree leading the Championship — the first time we had done so for a long time.

Unfortunately, the School Sports robbed us of a remarkable victory when we failed to gain substantial points against strong opposition.

Special thanks must go to Mr Kettles and Miss Holloway for their dedication and support to the House throughout the year, and also to our Vice-Captains, Wendy Nicoll and Paul Stewart. We are sure Aystree will win the Championship in the near future and we wish the House good luck for the future.

Valery Kettles and Angus Hay,
House Captains.

Lindores

We started off the year with big hopes of carrying off the Shield but, although we kept in touch with the other Houses for most of the year, they seemed to pull away from us, especially after the Swimming Gala.

Fine performances by all the Netball teams earned us the Netball Trophy. After cancellations, the Hockey was eventually played, and both Junior and Senior teams gained second place. We may not shine at Wimbledon, but there were plenty of laughs at the Tennis. Katie Stirling did well to win the Junior Tennis Championship.

There seemed to be a lack of enthusiasm from the boys this year, and they came last in Rugby, Cricket and Table Tennis, though they did redeem themselves somewhat with second in the Shooting.

In Debating and Public Speaking, both teams came third and this was rather disappointing.

The Gala saw a victory for the Girls' Relay team and a well deserved Senior Championship trophy for Claire Williams. Sports day brought little success overall, though Lucy Kelman and Mike Donald were Junior Champions.

Our final position is fourth, but what we lacked in points we certainly gained in fun and enthusiasm and is this, after all, not what it is all about? Congratulations must go to all Trophy winners and, of course, to everyone who participated and contributed. Many thanks must go to Miss Nicoll and Mr Durrheim who worked so hard this year, and also to the Vice-Captains, Claire Williams and Michael Wedderburn. We wish Lindores much success in the future.

Connie McGill and Scott Fotheringham,
House Captains.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I might be a dentist. I would love to be a Red Arrow pilot or a Hawk pilot or a racer. If I was I would go at top speed or a scientist or a ring master or a digger man or a John Menzies keeper or a zoo keeper. I don't know what I want to be. Maybe a headmaster.

Neal Willis (L.2.M.)

MY PET

I have four pets. I first had one dog and another dog. Then three goldfish. They died. On my brother's birthday he got two hamsters. The shopkeeper said they were boys but one had babies. One baby escaped. We sold two.

Alexander Elphinstone (L.2.H.)

Rain, rain, go to Spain and land on a sandy plain. If the rain lands on a lion's mane the lion will put it down the drain.

David Hart (L.2.H.)

MY PET

I have a dog called Sorbet. She is a naughty dog because she tries to chew the house. She is eight months old. Once she chewed my slippers. Once I had Anna to tea and Sorbet frightened Anna up the stairs. When we go for a walk Sorbet jumps up and down in the stream.

Claire Lowe (L.2.H.)

MY PET

I have a fish. Its name is Sam. It lives in a tank and I feed him every day. He is two years old and he eats fish food at lunch time. Mummy feeds him and he lives in the dining room. Sometimes he makes a funny noise and puts me off my work.

Alison Anderson (L.2.H.)

THE DENTIST

My dentist is nice and kind. He gives me stickers and colouring books. Everytime when we come in we wait in the waiting room. After that he checks my teeth and he said they were fine. Then we went home.

Moontarin Ansar (L.2.H.)

GOING TO THE DENTIST

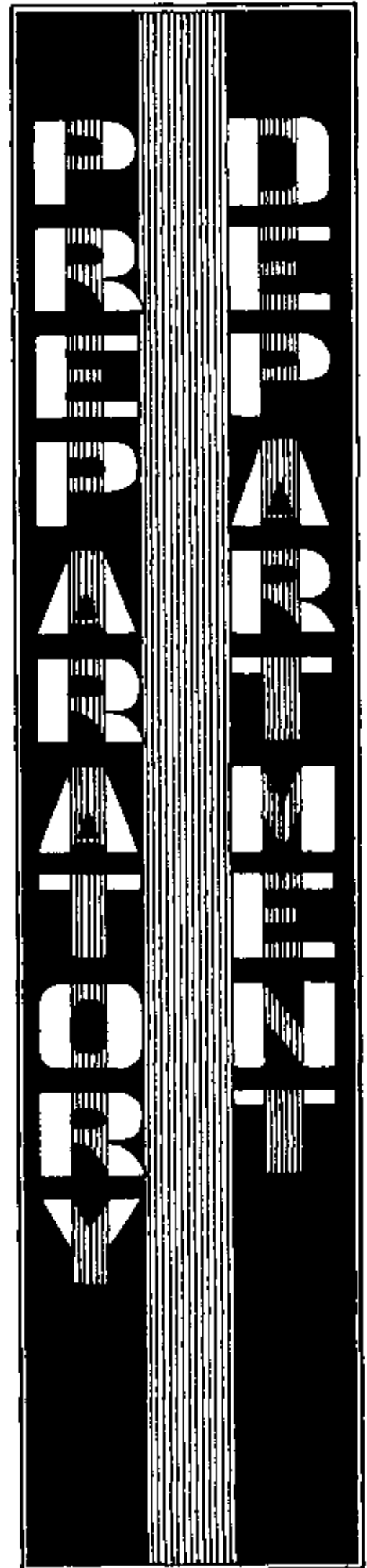
When I go to the dentist he looks at my teeth. Sometimes the dentist cleans our teeth with his brush but you have to brush your teeth too with your toothpaste and your toothbrush.

Ashley Ryce (L.2.M.)

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I'm going to be a fireman at Blackness Fire Service. I'm going to be a very good fireman. I'll let little boys and girls into the station and I'll give them cola.

David Paton (L.2.M.)



I am 6. My name is James. I see Mrs Leadbitter every day. She makes me clever.

James Bowen (L.1.L.)

I am going to the zoo in the summertime with my gran and papa. We will see many animals and birds.

Kellie Kennedy (L.1.L.)

There was a little man. He had a little gun. He shot at Mrs Duck. Away she had to run.

Stewart Gillan (L.1.L.)

I live on a farm. My daddy is a sea diver. I help mummy to do all the work at home.

Andrew Crawford (L.1.L.)

I like my mummy. She cooks and tidies the house for us. She plays squash.

Karina Forster (L.1.L.)

Dilly Dinosaur was a bad dinosaur and he looked out of the window for cats and dogs to rain. He was disappointed when daddy told him he was a silly dinosaur.

Rebecca Shepherd (L.1.S.)

Dilly Dinosaur was a naughty dinosaur. He rolled in the mud. He painted the wall. He made a cake. He made a mess. Mummy and daddy were not pleased.

Michael Thomson (L.1.S.)

My mummy cooks the lunch. She likes to watch the news.

Neil Ross (L.1.S.)

My mummy likes chocolate biscuits. She cooks the lunch.

Gillian MacIntyre (L.1.S.)

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I am going to be a teacher and have a big family and drive a car and live with my mother and father and have no children and sometimes be on lunch duty. I practise on my friend's blackboard but when I grow up I will write on a real one, the same as Caroline's mum.

Vicki Mearns (L.2.M.)

The siren was on and we jumped into the boat. The doors were opened and they pushed us down the slipway into the water. We went off to the rescue. It was miserable and the waves were crashing on the side of our life boat. We could see the boat far out at sea. It looked like a rock. We let down the small boat. We put the ladder up so the crew could get down. They struggled down the ladder and we went full speed to the slipway.

Robert Crawford (L.3.H.)

I have had my bike for about two years. My bike is red and white. I have a helmet that is blue and yellow. I have knee pads to protect my knees. On my bike I can go over ramps and I can go in water. I like to go very fast but sometimes I fall off. I have to clean my bike every week.

Lindsay Munro (L.3.H.)

I have been collecting soap for a while. I have got a lot of different kinds of soap. I have got a hand, two butterflies, a bear, a pig, an elephant, a koala bear, horses, a foot and things like that. I sometimes take them off my dressing table and dust them. The koala bear has travelled half way round the world from Australia. The rest are just local.

Shona Methven (L.3.H.)

In a cattle market all the floats of cows were arriving and the people who were going to buy cattle. I like being an auctioneer because I like seeing all the breeds of cows and meeting people and I like herding the cows about. Even I sometimes have to drive a lorry float. I think people like Perth market. Before the cattle come into the ring they have to be weighed on a weighing machine. Then we start auctioneering shouting numbers out till someone puts up their hand. That means he has bought the herd. Bang, the hammer hits the desk — that means stop auctioneering on that cow or cows.

Thomas Pate (L.3.H.)



I am a scarecrow standing in a field. My job is to scare the birds away. One evening while I was scaring the birds away I suddenly felt that I could move then I started to dance. When the morning rose I was still dancing. I started to walk away into the nearby forest. I turned round but could not find my way out. I kept on going. Soon I came to another field so I thought this will do. I will stand here.

Alison Watson (L.3.H.)



LIL



LJS



LIH

THE MAGIC LEAF

One hot sunny day we were having a picnic in the countryside. We trampled over the leaves to get to our picnic area. Just before we got to the picnic I stood on a particularly large leaf. When I was about to catch up with my parents the leaf suddenly went up into the air. Up and up I went. We landed on an unknown planet. The planet was pink and — a noise? I could see no people, but where was the noise coming from? Suddenly two spotted kangaroos came out. As they came out the planet was covered in spots. Lots more came out. I jumped on the leaf and said, "Back home," and suddenly I was home.

Emma Flethcer (L.3.R.)

AN ALIEN ON EARTH

I am an alien. I come from a planet called CZXYS. A weird thing happened to me. I fell from my planet CZXYS and I fell onto a planet called Earth. I saw . . . I think, a monster with bright yellow flashing eyes. It was roaring loudly! I looked through a glass thing. I saw two people with two legs. I said I think I will get out of this place. A friendly astronaut took me home to my beloved planet CZXYS.

Lucy Bannerman (L.3.R.)

When I go horse riding I have to saddle up Club my horse. When I am on Club we have to do jumps. Club is good at jumps because he is a show jumping pony. I have won three rosettes on him. We have lots of competitions. We sometimes win and sometimes we are third. My riding hat is a bit small so I have to get a new one. I got a new pair of boots so I have to wait a little while till I get a new hat.

Kirsty Wallace (L.3.H.)

A RECIPE FOR SPRING

INGREDIENTS

Some buds from a forest full of trees.
A flower-bed of growing flowers.
Some farm animals which are newly born.
A nest of eggs.
A month of longer days and shorter nights.
A garden full of bright green grass.
Some light and warmth.
Some animals waking up.
A flock of birds coming back.

My favourite hobby is bird watching. When I do this I have to be quiet or otherwise the birds will just fly away. Before the birds come I lay out some bread. Another way to know what kind of bird it is, is by listening to hear what noise it makes. My favourite bird is a grouse. I have a moorhen in my garden. I think I saw it in a bush. I have a book of birds so I can look up and find what kind of bird I see. I have lots of blue-tits, green-finches and rooks. I also like birds like robins and birds that are colourful and are very quick at flying.

Graeme Wood (L.3.H.)

METHOD

First take light and warmth and mix it in with a flower-bed of growing flowers. Wait for a fortnight for a nest of eggs. When you have got the nest of eggs mix it in with some buds from a forest full of trees. Take some longer days and shorter nights and mix it gently with a flock of birds coming back. Take some animals waking up from hibernation and sprinkle a garden full of grass on top.

Simon Currie (L.3.R.)

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT NATIVITY PLAY, 1986

Below: LI and LII Choir.

Top right: Cast.

Bottom right: Cast and Readers.







LIIII



LIIII



LIIII



What I would like to be when I grow up

When I grow up I would like to be a dentist because dentists earn lots of money. I would be kind to children and give them badges and balloons if they allowed me to examine their teeth carefully. Then I would let them look in my mirror and help me to clean and fill their parent's teeth. My surgery would be clean, tidy and comfy and I would have plenty of toys for the children to play with while they were waiting for me to check their teeth.

I know a dentist works long hours and has a tiring job but it's what I would like to do as I think the work would be interesting and I would love the children coming in and out and being pleased to get a badge after a filling, telling them their teeth are now decay free.

David Fletcher L1VA

Feelings

SADNESS is when you're miserable.

HAPPINESS is school holidays.

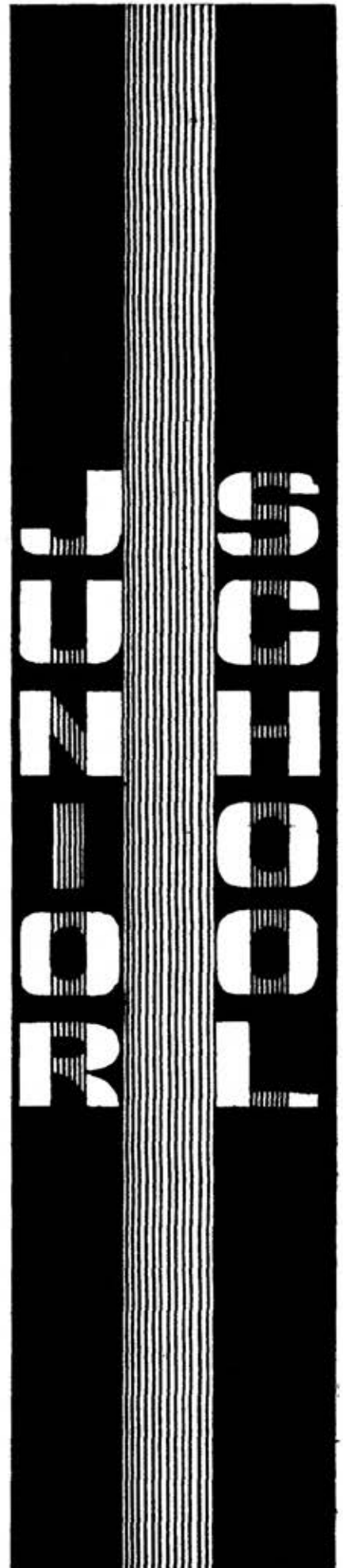
JEALOUSY is when someone has something you want.

CRUELTY is when you're really nasty.

ILLNESS is when you're not feeling well.

TIREDDNESS is when you have to lie down.

Lesley McDonald LV1R





It was November the 5th. I was having a writing lesson the last period of school. I was hot and sticky after running about at gym and eager to get home to start preparing for the long, night ahead. It seemed like an eternity waiting for the bell to ring and when it did I was so relieved. Soon I was jumping off at the bus stop beside my house and rushing in to finish quickly the little homework I had to do. Then I hurriedly devoured my tea. I rushed to the piece of waste ground near my home and with some friends helped to build the bonfire. There was plenty of dry leaves, sticks and old boxes at the waste ground. They were ideal for making the bonfire. Then we made the guy. We got a sack and filled it with dry leaves and then found an abandoned turnip lantern from Halloween and used it as a head. We found an old cap and put it on top of the turnip lantern. Soon it was time to light the bonfire. Everyone was standing round it with eager faces and waiting anxiously for the first firework to be set off. The flames glowed warmly against the dark, frosty night sky. Soon the greedy flames had swallowed up the sad looking guy. Then we began to light the fireworks. The first firework was a Catherine wheel. It spun round like whirling suns with green and red rays. Sky rockets soared up into the heavens and burst into a shower of coloured stars. Jumping Jacks looked like rubber balls as they jumped and leapt all around me. We remembered to be very careful throughout the evening to obey the firework code. Father read out the firework code before we set off the first firework. We enjoyed the hot food that all our mothers had helped to make. I thought this was the best possible evening I could have asked for. Exhausted but happy, I crawled into bed. It was certainly the best Guy Fawkes I have ever had. It's a pity I will have to wait so long for the next one.

Neil Forsyth LIV

If I had the chance to turn into a creature for the day, I would choose to be a swallow. This is because I could fly high over the countryside and rooftops and see what is going on. I would build a cosy nest in a farm building sheltered from the rain, and I would have a family. Then when it starts to get really cold and frosty my family, friends and I would fly to the tropics where it is nice and warm and there is a lot of food. When it is Spring I would come back and cheer everybody up with my twittering song and return to my old home in the farm building with my family. This is why I would like to be a swallow.

Katie Lawson LIVA

The Pet Shop

Winner of Junior School
Magazine Competition

Clutching in my hot sweaty hand my treasured savings which I had taken a long time to accumulate, I made my way to the village pet shop. I finally reached the pet shop door. On the door it said Drews Pet Shop, I slowly turned the handle of the rickety door. Suddenly the jingle jangle of the bell shattered my eardrums. I clumsily fell down some steps and entered the shop head first.

I got to my feet and the thing that struck me first was the gloom. It was gloomy because the windows were bottle glass and they were dark green. The second thing that struck me was that the shop was cluttered up with cages and things. The third thing that fascinated me was the noise and the awful smell.

I took three more steps forward and fell against dog biscuits which had been stacked up. The bag of dog biscuits at the top fell on top of me. What a mess it is to get covered in dog food. I still held tightly the money in my hand. I got up and bashed into a stand of belts and collars. The stand slowly creaked and turned round. The metal studded collars made a tinkly noise. A very loud tinkly sound though. I carefully walked forward tripping over bags of straw. The walls were covered with cages. There were cute puppies, attractive kittens, sweet little hamsters and mice. Beside the counter was a cage containing a beautifully coloured, rare parrot. I knew not to poke my fingers into the cage or the parrot would do something nasty to it. I looked up and couldn't believe my eyes. There, was a long cage and in it was a rattle snake. It poked its long tongue through the cage and hissed at me. I looked further along and saw some sparkling fish. I bent down and pressed my nose against the glass. Just then I felt something bite my leg. It was a cat. I pushed it away and realised why it had bitten me. I was standing on its tail! I stood beside the counter and waited for the shopkeeper. The counter was made out of wood and evidently had woodworm. Still clutching my money I began to get impatient. I was so desperate for my pet that I banged my other fist onto the table and nearly broke it. Immediately the shopkeeper popped his head up. He was a small man and had sparse hair. His spectacles were sitting on the end of his nose. I was about to speak when he said: "What can I do for you, young man?" I replied: "I am looking for a small pet," "I have the perfect one for you," he said. He showed me a beautiful, fluffy, white baby rabbit. I knew that that rabbit was for me. I handed over my money and got 50 pence change. I lifted up the ball of fur and ran out of the shop, banging into dog biscuits on the way. I opened the door of the pet shop and the bells fell off but missed me. I ran home holding my new pet rabbit in my arms, anxious to show my parents.

Michael L. King LVN



LVA



LVC



LVL



LVI



LVI



LVI

THOMAS THE GINGER CAT

Thomas is a tame cat,
A fat cat,
A sleepy cat,
He rolls and sits in the sun all day,
And never gets up to play.

Thomas is a greedy cat,
A lazy cat,
A contented cat,
He purrs away the time of day,
And waits for the children to come out to play.
Graeme Bain (LVN)



Orangeade
Lemonade
Iced cakes
Carefully baked
Sandwiches filled
Pancakes grilled
And hot buttered CRUMPETS!

Ann Grewar LVIR

Birthday Ruined

It was Alison's mummy's birthday and Alison was going to make her mummy a cake. Alison went out to get all the ingredients but they did not have icing. Alison decided to go and get decorations for the cake but the shop was shut. So she went home and did what she could do. A short while later it was time for it going in the oven. She went to try and go and get all the decorations and while she was out the timer had gone off and the cake was starting to burn. When she came back she rushed in the door and then opened the oven door and then cried. She was upset but she made another one and that cheered her up.

Alistair Key LVN

The Saddest Day Of My Life

The saddest day of my life was when one of my goldfish died. He was about one year old. His name was Flipper and he was very active. We have another goldfish who is called Fred. He is about three years' old and we won him at a fairground. He is active as well and very greedy. Flipper was quite thin but cute and silvery in colour. Fred is all alone now but maybe we will get another friend to keep him company.

Daniel Key LIRC

What is White

White is ice white is snow,
White is fast and makes you go,
You can smell white
In many a thing
White is the smell of a peppermint ring
Washing up powder and poodles fur
White is the smell which makes you go Brrr
White is the sound of the crunching of snow
Boats on the waves here we go
Somebody skidding on ice
Oh my that does sound nice
White is the feeling of someone shivering
White is the feeling of someone quivering.

Alastair Merry LVL

The Strange House

I once saw a house,
That was never there before,
With no curtains in the windows,
And no handle on the door.

The window-panes were broken,
The doormat was torn,
And even as I stood there,
I wished I wasn't born.

The wind was whistling,
On that cold night,
I felt a chill run down my back,
To see that spooky sight.

The next day I went back there,
But didn't see that house,
All I saw was a rubbish heap,
And a small timid mouse.

Manasi Das LVIR

Bonfire Night

Rockets fly!
In the sky
Jumping Jacks
Three in a pack
A Catherine Wheel
Quickly does real
Roman Candles
Carefully handled!
Atom Bombs go
And fall like snow!
Sparklers lit
Glow while you sit
Watching the BONFIRE!

Ann Grewar LVIR



The Pig

The pig who wears a wig
Is very very big,
He roams around his yard
Waiting for Christmas to get a Christmas card.

His tail is short, pink and curly
And very very twirly,
His coat a cute pink
Never the colour of ink.

He sleeps in a barn
Full of yarn
And waits to play with sheep,
He likes the end of the
day when he can sleep.

Natasha Reid LIV

Cat

Sprawled in an alleyway
A tom cat watching
Ears prick forward
Mee-ow!

Carol Thomson LVIK

Cat

In a dark alley,
A sleek, black cat,
Slides past
A hissss!

Elise Nimmo LVIK

My New Friend

Where I was I had a grand view from the top of the highest dune at the seaside. I came down from the dune and I felt an uneven feeling as I slowly trudged through the sand. I heard the breakers lapping the jagged rocks. The seagulls were screaming at me. I had a good look around and saw an object; I ran over to it. It was a baby seal. I picked it up and started to run home. I came to some spiky marram grass and I cut my feet but nothing could make me yell. I ran home with it and gave it some milk and put it in the cat's basket and it fell asleep and the cat was very angry with me.

Colin Inglis LVN

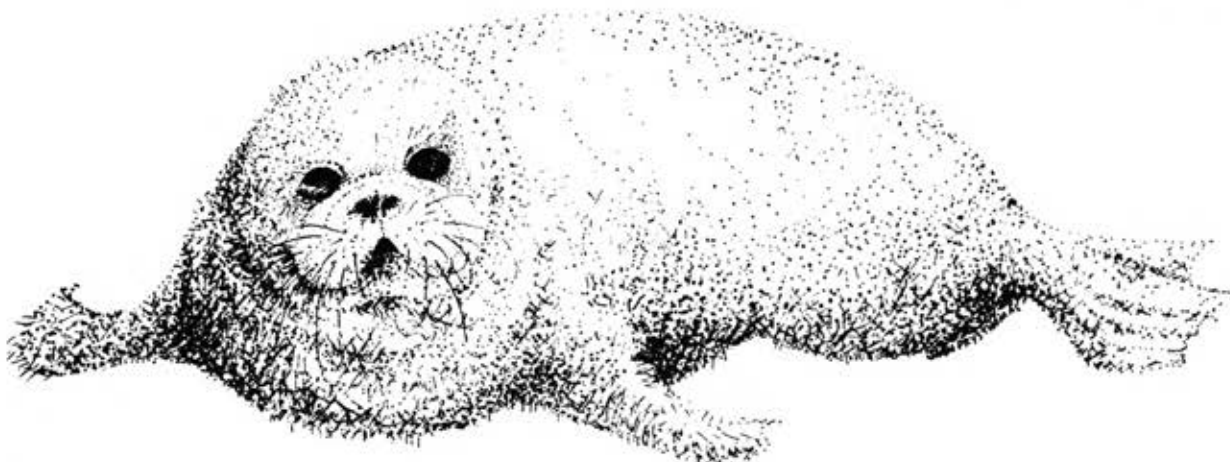
LOST IN A MINE

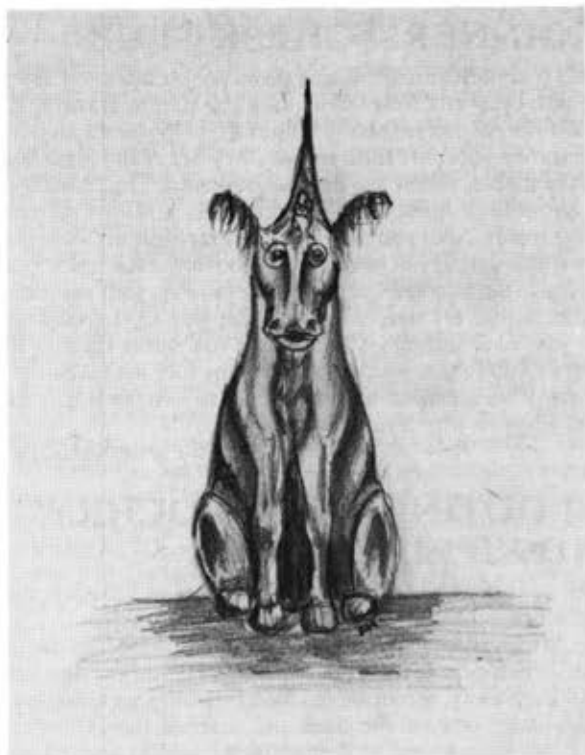
Colin held back but Susan urged him on towards the cave opening. Outside the cave there were many tunnels leading in all directions and they had to decide which one looked as if it led upwards. Colin pointed to a tunnel on their right and Susan was persuaded to follow him. After their rest and refreshment they were both feeling energetic and set off at a brisk pace across the sandy ground. They soon began to tire as they frequently ducked to avoid protruding rocks and clambered over collapsed rock faces. They encountered many smaller passages running off the main tunnel but they persevered along the same track.

Susan was getting very tired and Colin had to talk to her and urge her to keep going but finally she fell to her knees and begged Colin to stop and let her rest for a moment or two. She pulled off her shoe and let the sand spill out and as she was doing that they both heard a faint, rustling noise. Colin jerked Susan to her feet and dragged her towards a crevice in the rock wall. They switched off their flashlights abruptly and pressed themselves against the wall. They held their breath. Susan realised she had only one shoe on.

They listened as the noise increased and came nearer. Colin was certain his heartbeat was echoing around the tunnel and could be heard for miles. There was a panting and sniffing near Susan's ankles and then a great barking and Susan felt something licking her leg. She was so relieved she almost fainted and she stroked the small dog joyfully. The dog obviously knew his way round the tunnels and they followed him warily. After they had been walking for some time Susan and Colin saw daylight in the distance and ran towards the mine shaft opening.

Kate Steven (LVIS)





Strange Creature

What a strange creature it was! Its head was like nothing I had ever seen before, large and long like a horse's head, a dazzling bright green colour and shining like glass shimmering in strong sunlight. Right on the top of his head the dragon, (for dragon it was), had two small smooth ears behind which were a pair of golden yellow, highly polished horns. His eyes gleamed like the large yellow headlamps on a vintage car. As he opened his mouth wide to give a toothless grin, I could see that he was trying to be friendly and so no longer felt afraid.

Mark Fletcher LV

The Witch

Into the clearing, in the forest, flew an ugly old witch, carrying a mysterious black cauldron. She set it down and stooped over it, her black cloak flapping in the midnight breeze.

On top of her head was a black, pointed hat, and she had a hooked nose and an evil mouth. She muttered some strange words and then threw something green into the depths of the cauldron. The evil looking hag looked round anxiously for a short time, her steely grey eyes glinting in the moonlight, and suddenly let out a ghastly shriek, which would have chilled the bones of anyone who heard it.

There was a tremendous bang followed by a deafening roar and the old crone disappeared. From high in the sky came a hideous cackle as the dark figure of the witch flew across the face of the moon, with her black cloak streaming out behind her.

Robert Lowe LVII

Netball Delight

A bundle of people; A teaspoonful of patience; A tablespoonful of blouses, skirts and shoes; One ball; A pinch of quickness; A teaspoonful of balance.

Method:-

Position the people in the correct places and put the ball in the centre. Sprinkle the patience on top of everyone and give the Goal Attacks, the Goal Defences, Centres and Goal Shooters a touch of quickness each. If some one is not too steady, give them a small amount of balance. Whisk them together until the ball is being passed smoothly.

Helen Taylor LVIS

A Sporting Spice

Ingredients:-

7 people; 7 teaspoons of equipment; 3 tablespoons of experience; 1 dash of teamwork; A pinch of accuracy; A sprinkling of enthusiasm; A large helping of sportsmanship.

Method:-

Take 7 people and knead in 3 tablespoons of experience! When mixed together add the teamwork and sprinkle generously with enthusiasm. Carefully put in a pinch of accuracy and then mix with a large helping of sportsmanship. With the equipment let it gradually come to the boil.

Kate Steven LVIS

Rugby Crunch

Ingredients:-

15 men; a drop of skill; 15g of courage; 15 tablespoons of equipment; a generous helping of strength; 100g of determination.

Method:-

Place the 15 men in a big bowl, mix till they bind well. Put the courage in a separate bowl and mix with the skill. Pour the skill and courage into the big bowl and slowly add the equipment. Heat up the strength and determination then place them both into the big bowl. Try to make it into a wet dough then roll it out on to the well greased rugby pitch. Bake for 90 minutes allowing for extra time. With training every try should convert into glorious crunch biscuits. The repeated good results places these biscuits in a League of their own.

Alasdair Foster LVIS.



CHESS CLUB NEWS

The chess competition for the Russell Trophy has been very exciting this year. Unfortunately due to someone pulling out there were only three competitors from LVI. LV more than made up for this with seven competitors. After the first round of the competition the class winners were —

LIV Neil Forsyth
LV Alison Foster
LVI Alasdair Foster
LVII Nina Srinivasan

In this final round all the winners played each other. Unfortunately Neil lost all his games and Alasdair lost 2 of his which left the final between Alison and Nina. The winner of the Russell Trophy 1987 was Nina Srinivasan from LVIIK. My congratulations to Nina and commiserations to everyone who was unsuccessful.

MATCHES

The Dundee High School Chess Team have done reasonably well this year.

We started off with a visit from Morrison's Academy of Crieff. Food was kindly provided by the mums of our team members. The match was played at home and resulted in a 5-5 draw.

We next received an invitation to go and play Mill of Mains Primary School. Mrs Merry and Mrs Foster transported us to Mill of Mains school. The match ended in a win for us, the score was 6.5-3.5.

Our third and final match of the season was against Barhill school. It was played at home and also resulted in a 5-5 draw. Let's hope we can keep our unbeaten record next year and increase our wins. Unfortunately we did not have many matches this year but we're hopeful for next year.

Alasdair Foster (LVIS)

JUNIOR SCHOOL NETBALL

This year Mrs Alexander's netball has been both enjoyable and successful. Every Wednesday the LVI and LVII netball girls went along to practise passing, foot-work and other skills. The next day, Thursday, we would walk to Ward Road gym, to play other schools at netball. This was great fun and gave us a lot of practice and experience of playing under the eyes of other schools' coaches.

Mrs Alexander, very kindly organised some friendly matches against other schools at home and away. She also arranged a match against a staff team which consisted of G.S. Mr Stewart, G.A. Mr Davie, G.D. Mrs Wood, G.K. Mrs Close, C. Miss Lacey, W.A. Miss Knight and W.D. Jane. The score was seven all. Afterwards we had tea and juice with cakes and biscuits. The whole event was very enjoyable as has been the netball season.

Ashley Meikle John and Nina Srinivasan

LVII's VISIT TO THE CITY CHAMBERS

On the 4th June, the pupils of LVII from Dundee High School visited the City Chambers.

When we arrived, Mr Kelly, the council clerk, showed us into a meeting room with desks spread all the way round.

After we had asked all the questions we wanted to about the very interesting City Chambers we were provided with juice and biscuits which was very refreshing.

Mr Kelly had to go away after our refreshments so Mr Eadie, his assistant, very kindly showed us the Civic Mace and the Lord Provost's Chain of Office.

Time wore on and we had to get back to the school. So, with all our questions answered we all thanked Mr Kelly and Mr Eadie for giving up their time to give us an interesting morning.

The whole of LVII thoroughly enjoyed themselves and would love to go again.

Sarah Craig (LVIIIC)

BEGINNERS' CHESS CLUB

This year at Beginners' Chess seven people attended. If you have never played Chess before then you start by learning the use of different pieces (one at a time). To help you understand these moves you play little games (they are really great fun) with the pieces. When you are more advanced in Chess then you are able to learn what checkmate is and lots of other strange words. After you have learnt enough about Chess (not every single detail) you go on to play the full game. Before you do this you are taught a few tips on how to start your game and the pieces that are best to move. After you have completed your year at Beginners' Chess Club you move up into the players' Club (if you want to) and maybe into the team if you are lucky! We are needing more people to join the Beginners' Chess Club so why don't you?

Alison Stevenson (LVIS)

LVI OUTING TO PITLOCHRY AND KILLIECRANKIE

This year the LVI outing was to the dam at Pitlochry and the visitor's centre in Killiecrankie.

On Wednesday morning June 10, we climbed on to the coach which was to take us to Pitlochry, hoping the rain would keep away. When we reached Pitlochry we clambered off the buses, crossed the dam and reached the exhibition. Mrs Robb's class went in first while we looked around and saw the salmon leaping in the river and a big salmon in the fish observation room. Mr Stewart then took us on a tour, going down one side of the river and up the other. When we came back our class went in to the exhibition and Mrs Robb's class came out.

There were buttons to press, writing to read, speeches to listen to, diagrams and two films to look at. After we had seen most things we walked back to the buses. We were then driven to Killiecrankie where we had our lunch on a wet hill. Unfortunately it started raining then but the trees sheltered us from most of it. After we had had our lunch we visited the Killiecrankie Visitor Centre where some of us bought souvenirs.

Embarking on our walk Mr Stewart pointed out some places of interest in the Pass of Killiecrankie such as the place where the first shots of the battle had been and the Balfour Stone where one of General McKay's brigadiers was killed and reputedly buried. Our walk followed the River Garry for most of the way. It ended at Faskally Caravan Site where we met the coaches and started our journey home.

When we arrived back at school, just about on time, Mr Stewart measured the walk on the map and told us that our walk had been 1.5 miles long.

It had been a very enjoyable trip.

Alasdair Foster (LVIS)

A VISIT FROM THE CUSTOMS OFFICER

One Friday morning in April Mr Holmes and Mr Racham from Customs and Excise came to LVIS to tell us about their job. They started by telling us the history of the Customs and Excise.

Two hundred years ago Britain was at war with most countries in Europe. The war forced the king to increase taxes which made smuggling more common. These smugglers smuggled goods from other countries. Brandy and tobacco were the main goods that were smuggled.

Mr Holmes talked about modern drug smuggling. Nowadays the Customs Officer looks for drugs and drug smugglers. Mr Holmes brought a case of drugs with him and showed us the many forms of heroin, cocaine, cannabis and amphetamines. He warned us that if you are ever offered any kind of drug, or something you don't recognise just don't take it. Drugs destroy your life!

Gareth Watt and Enamul Ahsan

BEATING RETREAT

On Saturday the 23rd of May some of the pupils of LVIS went to see the ceremony of Beating Retreat by the Pipes and Drums of the Scottish Contingents of the Combined Cadet Force. We met at 4.00 p.m. at the school gates and climbed aboard our waiting coach. All the cadets had their bagpipes, drums and uniforms with them. We were on our way to an exciting evening.

When we arrived at Edinburgh we went to George Heriot's School where the massed bands rehearsed the set for that evening's performance. After about an hour we climbed aboard the bus and had our tea on our way up to the castle. After a walk about we settled ourselves down behind the barriers to see the ceremony of BEATING RETREAT. First we had the Buglers Fanfare from the ramparts of the castle then the bands marched out onto the Esplanade playing "Scotland the Brave". After a couple of announcements the flag was lowered and was caught on the ramparts which must have been an embarrassment. A Drummer's Call was followed by "The Green Hills of Tyrol" and "The Cock O' The North". The tune "My Home" was played with a slow air and "Bonnie Dundee" as a march. As the bands marched off they played "Highland Laddie".

On the way home we discussed what we thought of the evening's entertainment and at a very late hour climbed into bed for a restful night's sleep!

Amy Young (LVIS)

THE MIRACLE WORKER

The Byre Theatre in St Andrews put on a production of The Miracle Worker this May. Mr Stewart decided that he would take some pupils from LVIS to see the performance on Wednesday May 20. Of course many pupils wanted to go along to see the story of Helen Keller and her teacher, Annie Sullivan and so Mr Stewart asked some parents if they would like to transport some of us to the theatre and to see the play as well. Mrs Steen and Mrs Roger kindly helped out.

The play opened with Helen Keller as a baby which was when her mother found out about the affliction which was to change the Kellers' lives. From here the story jumped to when Helen was eight years old by which time she was a frustrated young girl who was given to fits of rage when she could not make herself understood.

Annie Sullivan then came on the scene from Boston to help Helen but things were not easy to begin with. Annie, who had been blind herself and had been brought up in a Poor House, was determined to help Helen understand the world around her but first had to stop Helen from kicking and biting and having tantrums. Annie gained Helen's confidence by taking Helen into her own care in the little summer-house in the Kellers' garden. Here Annie taught Helen how to eat with a spoon, fold her napkin and learn sign language. At the end of two weeks Helen had to go back to her mother and father and when she did so Helen forgot her manners and was her old self again.

The remainder of the story told of how Helen eventually understood that the word water, which Annie had been spelling out on her hand, was the wet stuff that came from the well. From the time of that simple but important discovery Helen could learn what the things around her were called and Helen and Annie's love for each other grew.

Annie Sullivan was indeed a "Miracle Worker".

Paula Rorie (LVIS)

JUNIOR SCHOOL RUGBY 1986-87

The Junior School XV suffered some heavy defeats in the early part of the season but bounced back to make the overall record quite respectable.

The boys worked very hard on their game, training twice a week over and above their normal periods at Field. What the young team lacked in stature was made up for in determination and fitness.

It was very pleasing to see so many LVI boys becoming regulars in the side as their match experience will provide a strong base for the opening games of next season.

The boys who turned up on Saturday mornings were ably assisted by Mr Machin. This year, for the first time, the boys of LV were provided with regular Saturday practices due to the efforts of Mr M. Petrie and Mr E. Reoch. Thanks are due to these gentlemen as well as to the P.E. staff for their continued support and encouragement.

A.S.

ROAD SAFETY COMPETITION

In September, Mrs Close asked for volunteers from LVII to try for the team who would represent the Junior school in this year's Road Safety Competition. After a few weeks' hard work we had all learned the first chapter of the Highway Code and were ready to be tested. The successful people were chosen and were tested on the final placing of the team which was: Captain — Sally Sharp, 2 — Robert Lowe, 3 — Susan Pennington, 4 — Carol Thomson and Reserve — Adam Gavine.

In the first round the twenty-four schools taking part had to be reduced to sixteen. We were tested by a policewoman called Constable Kerr and the sixteen schools scoring the highest marks went onto the second round. We did very well in round one and scored 22 out of a possible 24 points. We went on to play Brackens School in the second round. Again we were tested by Constable Kerr and again were successful. We reached the third round when we were up against Rosebank. Robert was absent so everyone below him moved up one place. This time we were tested by a policeman. Although we tried very hard, Rosebank unfortunately beat us.

We all thoroughly enjoyed the competition and hope next year's team do better.

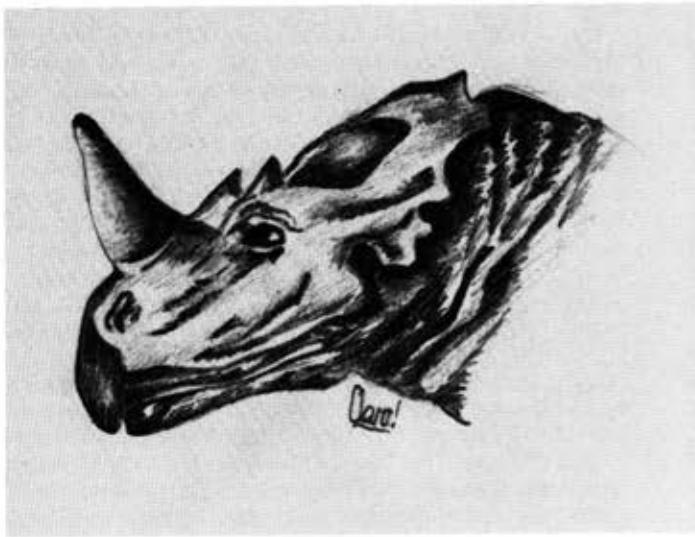
Sally Sharp (LVII)

The Voyage of the Dawn Treader

On Thursday the 20th of November, 1986, we went to the Playhouse Theatre in Edinburgh to see a play called "The Voyage of the Dawn Treader" based on the books by C. S. Lewis and the follow-on to "Prince Caspian" an earlier book. The play was extremely well brought to life with the few but brilliant lights and special effects. The best scene for lighting was when Aslan opened the door to heaven for the children to get back to their own world from the world of Narnia. There was a video of Aslan that was reflected on a screen behind the actor but the reflection was not in focus and not directed on the screen. Music was played throughout the play by synthesisers and drums which were very gripping when played through huge speakers. We feel the scenery could have been more colourful and a lot more varied. The "Dawn Treader" could have been more realistic and more colourful, but that would have been harder to get on and off stage as there were so many different scenes.

The characters acted very well and made no mistakes considering there were so many words to be learnt. The part of Eustace was slightly overacted but amused everyone as did Tasks, a slave driver. Edmund and Lucy, the children, acted flawlessly although Edmund had seemed to change quite considerably since the "Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe". The play told the story well but a production of the books on television might be better.

David Keir, Mark Patel,
Kenneth J. McLeish L7k



The Dragon

The dragon is a beastly thing,
all slimy green as well;
but when he's in his cave at night,
he's sleeping fast and well.

Grant Peterkin LV

Dragon at Large

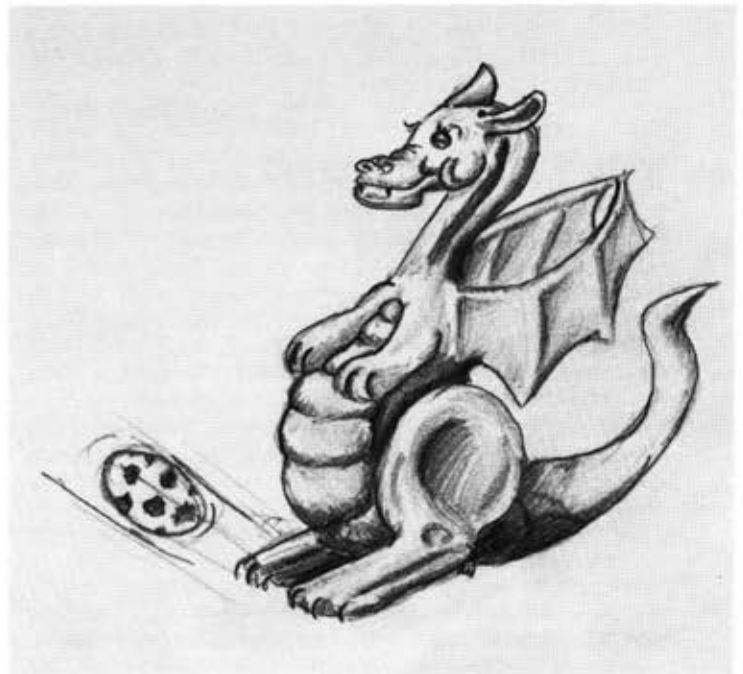
It was lunch break in the playground at Dundee High School. There was noise everywhere.

There was a great amount of noise coming from the boys as they passed messages to one another. As they careered past, one of them shouted "Pass it to me" then someone shouted "That was a pathetic try." Their voices sounded low, course, deep and raucous as they played football.

At the other side of the playground were the girls who were playing skipping. They were chanting "Mickey Mickey mouse had a little house on top of a hill jump out." Their voices were high pitched squeals. All the other girls were playing rounders where you cheer if someone got a full rounder.

The loudest noise was coming from the workman at the bottom of the playground. They were using pneumatic drills to dig a hole to put new pipes in. Then as the drills had no more fuel left they suddenly stopped and everyone turned to look and there was a great gaping crack yawning open and out came a green scaly dragon. Everyone gasped. We all ran to tell the janitor but he didn't believe us. Only a few girls and most of the boys slowly walked towards the dragon because he opened his mouth and he had no teeth. We asked him if he would like to go and ask Mr Nimmo for a guided tour round the school he said "yes". All the other children approached him and we took him to Mr Nimmo but he told us to take him round ourselves. He seemed to enjoy it. When we got home, our mums didn't believe a word but we know it was true.

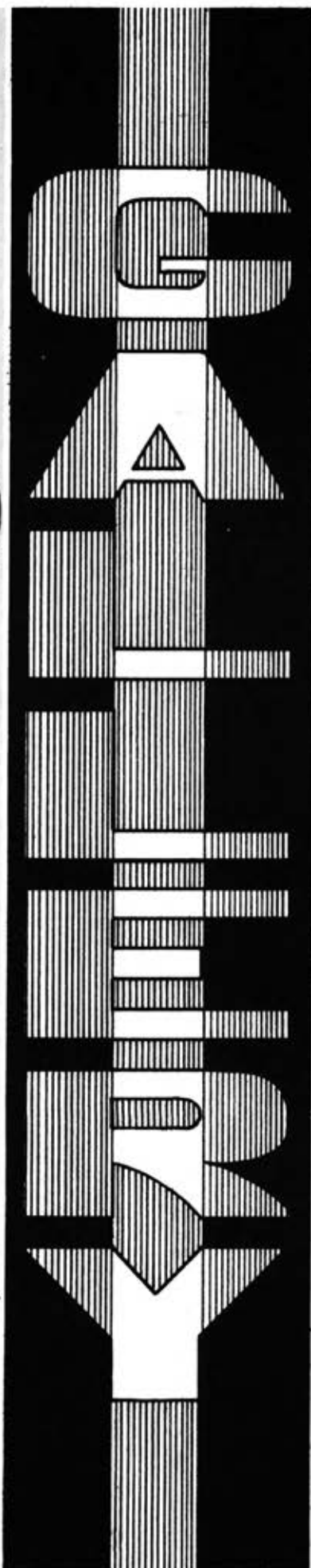
Gail Fullerton LVN

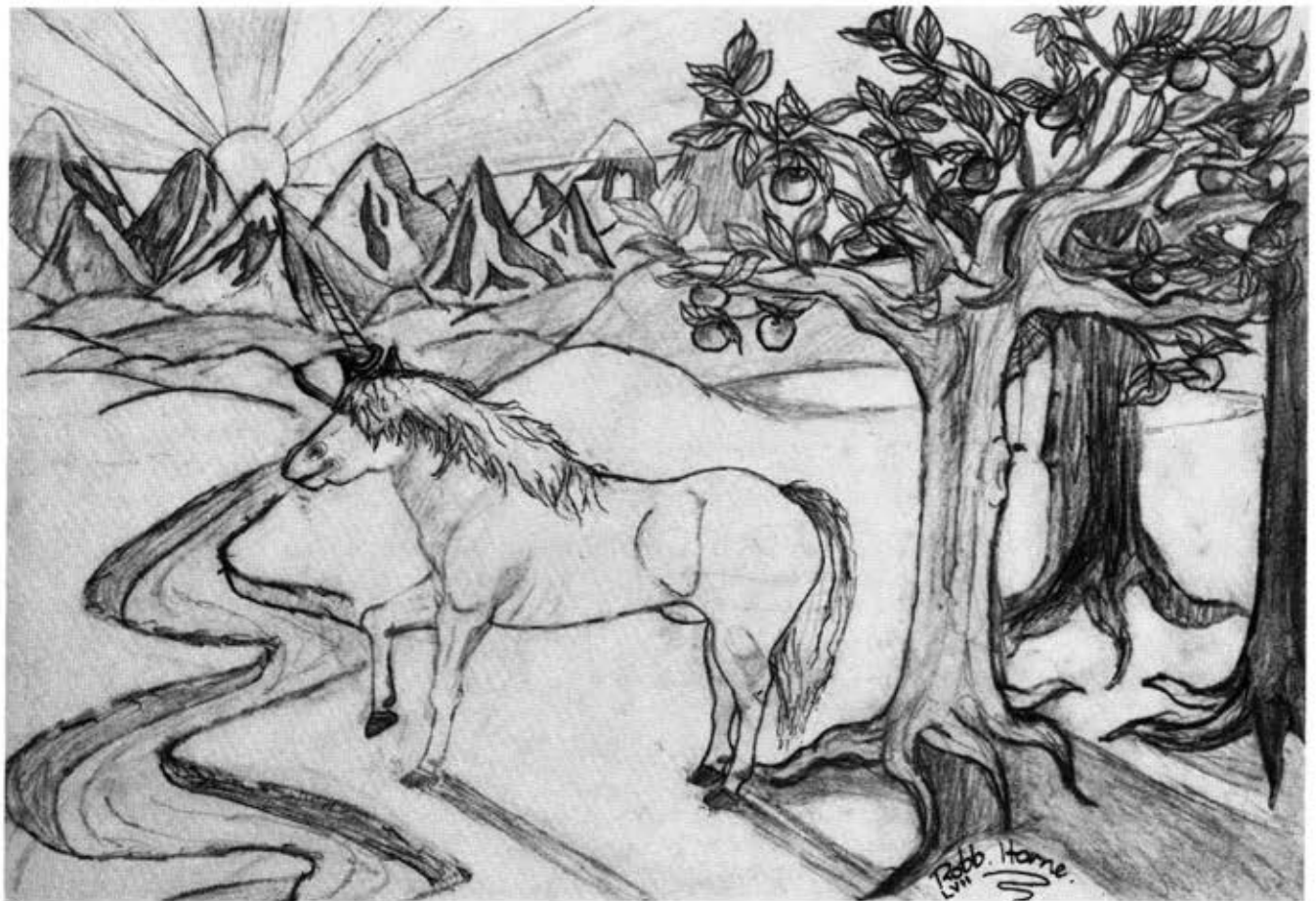


When Buying a Dog

Before buying a dog there are many things to remember. For example whether your house and garden are suitable or if you live near a park where you can exercise the dog. The responsibility of buying a dog is much more than a lot of people realise and around Christmas time many dogs that are bought as family presents are afterwards abandoned. Therefore think carefully, and if you are still sure — then you have a great deal of breeds to choose from depending what type of dog you want. After choosing your dog whether small or large, fat or thin, your dog needs a bed. Again there are many different types, but be sure it's comfortable. Your dog will also need a food and water dish. Lastly a collar and a lead for all those happy walks. Your dog will always be a good friend to you, so please, you be a good friend to your dog.

Morwen Robbie LIRC

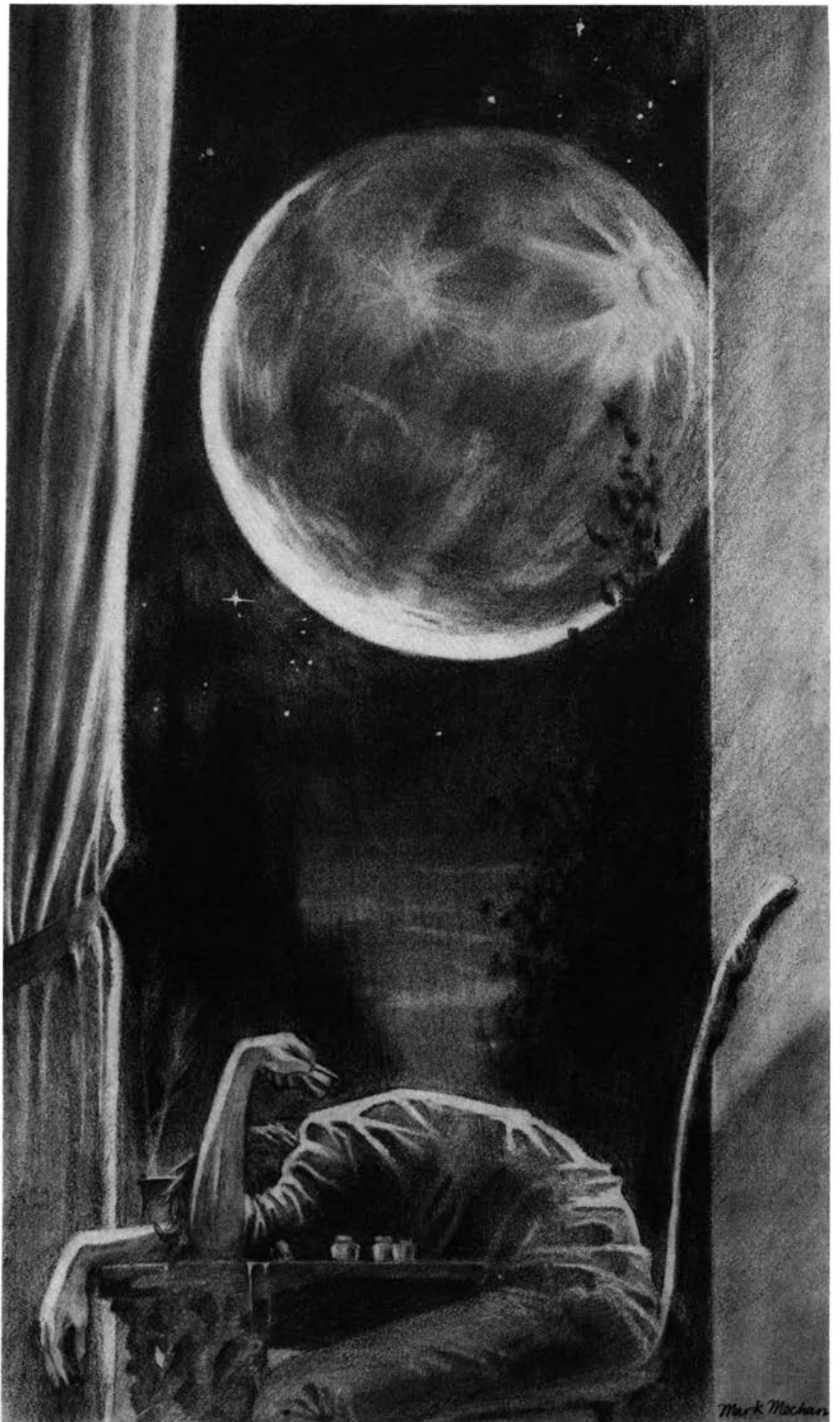




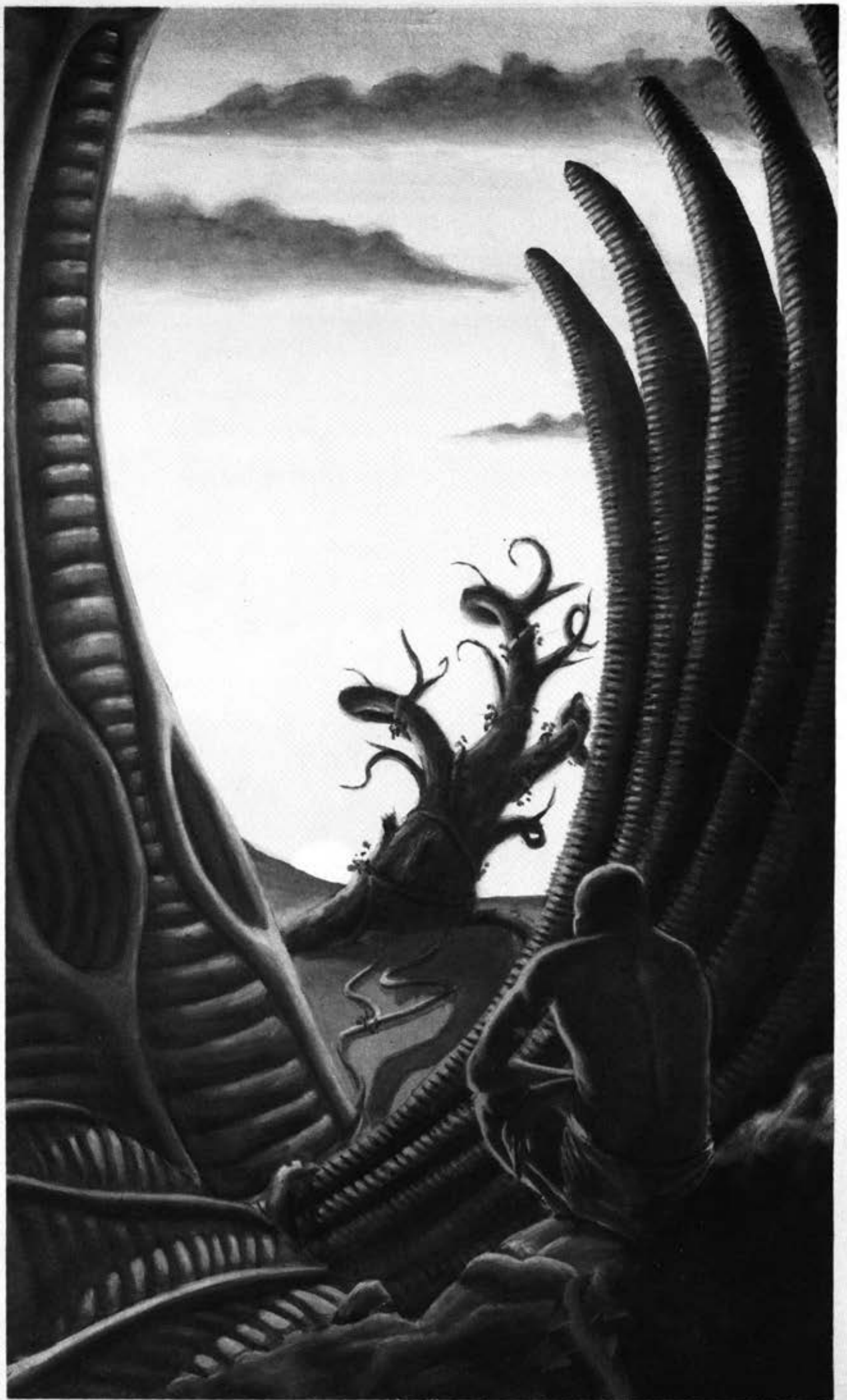


-JILL CALDER.

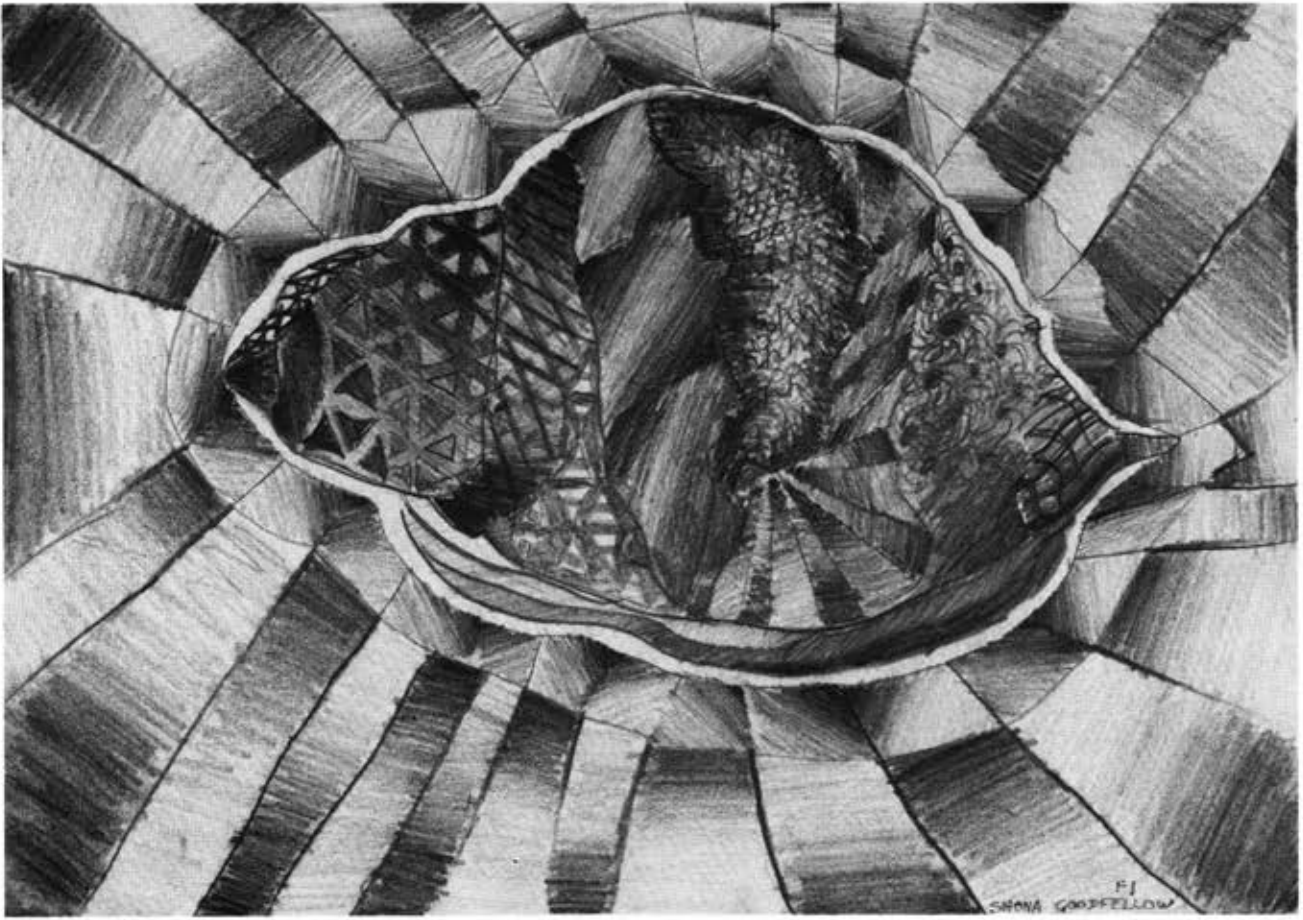








MARK MECHAN



ELMO

Elmo is a witch's cat,
Sharp-eyed and sleek, quick as a rat.
All day long he listens to
Cockles and Chants and screams so shrew.
At night he hunts for frogs,
tiptoes past lochs and over thick bogs...
to find just one
for some witches fun.

Elmo lives for just one night,
the time of year that nothing is bright,
When spells are cast and
Evil done fast
When good is abolished,
and houses demolished.

The night that I speak of,
is the one Elmo loves,
the one where he haunts
and makes faces so gaunt.
The time he can be seen
is twelve o'clock on halloween.

Lucy Horsburgh

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF . . .

It was a beautiful, warm, sunny day. The birds twittered and the air was heavy with the drone of bees.

Sitting on a grassy bank at the top of the hill, the view was exhilarating.

To my left, a lake shimmered magically in the afternoon sun, reminding me of the glittering, silvery scales of the salmon my father used to catch. Ducks and moorhens bobbed about on the rippling surface. Beyond that, fields and slopes rolled away into the distance, and a tractor chugged lazily towards an isolated farmhouse.

In front of me, the land was speckled with clumps of trees, and I imagined I could see families picnicking and chasing balls. Further away, the old farmhouses seemed to merge together, until just on the horizon, the beginnings of a town formed.

To the right, a poppy field was just visible, but even at this distance the glorious splendour of its colours reached me, and their odour wafted towards me. A slight breeze ruffled their heads and they nodded and swayed their slim bodies in silent appreciation.

Closer, the land dipped and rose like some fairground ride from my childhood, and now and again I would catch sight of the white flash of a rabbit's tail as it frolicked and gambolled in the long grass.

Behind me — now there was a view. The whole world seemed to hold its breath at the sight of this amazing panorama.

Unlike all the others, this view was of flat land, stretching away and away into the distance.

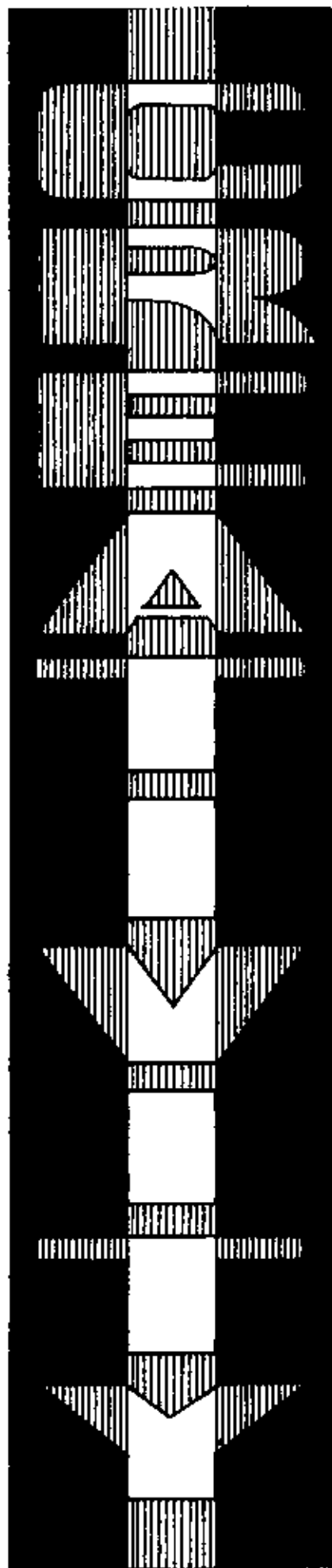
At the foot of the hill upon which I was sitting, a couple of skylarks soared and wheeled, and suddenly I felt at peace with the world.

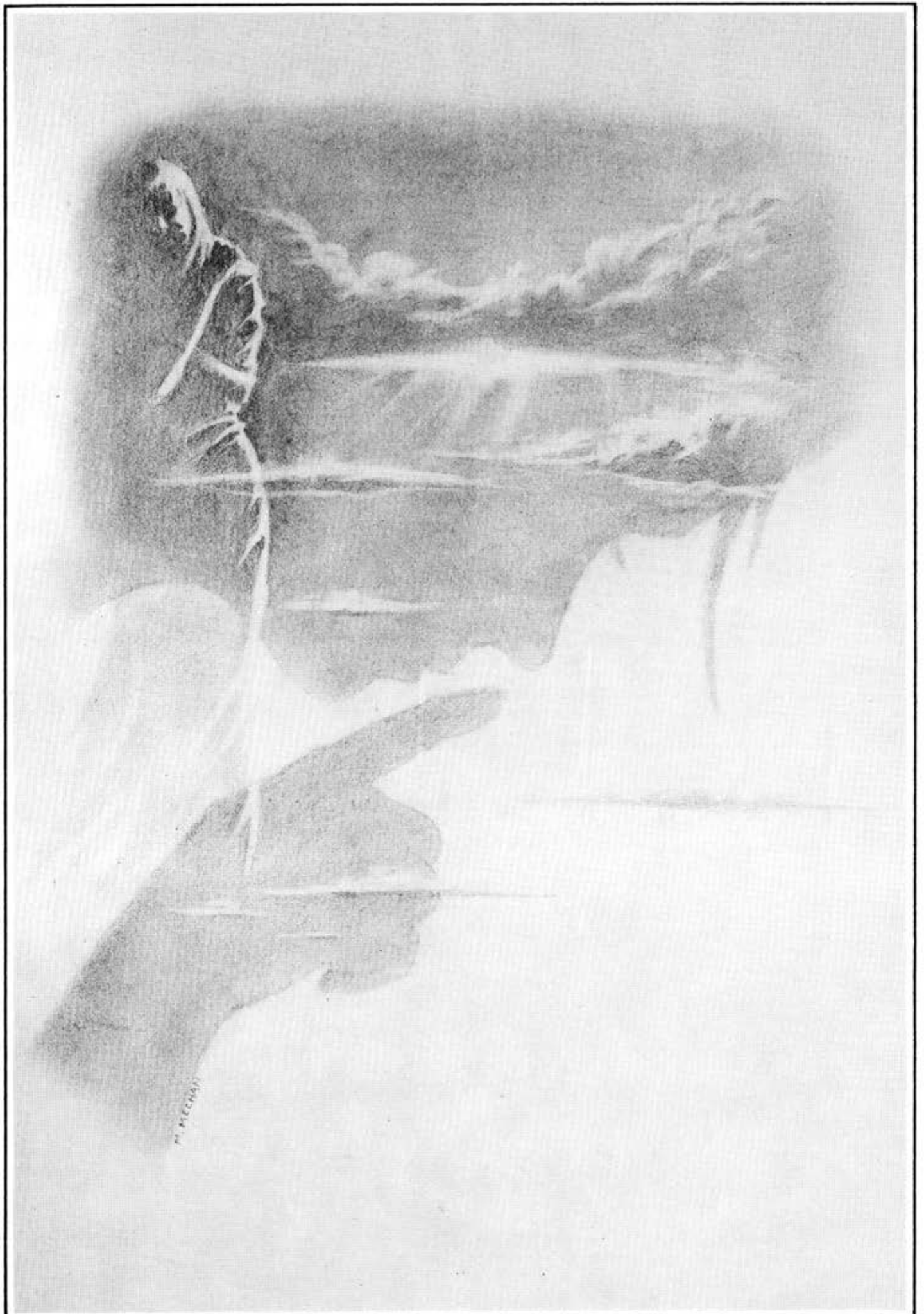
Beyond that, fields of barley, oats and wheat made their way towards a sandy beach, golden in the sun. A sparkling tide swished up to the sand, and then sighed out again.

Fishing boats threaded through the waters, leaving a path of netting behind them.

But now, it was beginning to grow dark. The sun fizzled and died from a dazzling yellow to a deep, rich orange. The sky glided from pale blue, to pearly pink. The skylarks gave one last cry and disappeared into the ever darkening sky.

Camilla Newton (Form 1)





Path to Peace

Quietness ... of solitude.

This time of quiet must be a whole, a separate entity. There is no interruption, nor even its threat. This time is mine. I need not share it. My self-possessiveness is satisfied, my desire to enjoy my own company for this time may be indulged.

"No man is an island" ... but ... a peninsula, perhaps. One may link with the mainland that is society — or one may pretend oneself an island, however small or great. For the present, I am an island.

Quietness ... of outside noise.

This time of quiet must be polished and unspoiled. Its surface lies unscratched by noise from around me, from outside me. It encapsulates me; and there is no hole, no chink in this armour, no heel of betrayal. Even when I lift the visor of my own accord, I am not attacked. I listen deliberately for the intrusion of sound — a car outside, perhaps; a dog barking; the creak of the third-step-from-the-second-landing-down; the telephone (this is often a busy time); but no, I am safe.

I replace the visor.

Quietness ... of thought.

This time of quiet must be perfect and at peace. When my visor has been closed, and I am alone within the armour and its darkness, I listen for the whisper ... the gossip ... the rustle ... the sighing ... of my own thoughts. I still my thoughts and have the quietness of inside noise. Through introspection, I repel outside thought. People, places, situations — they shall not invade though they try through the back door of my thought rather than through the front door of reality. My island coasts shall be too rocky for a landing, whether external or internal.

I will be quiet.

Quietness ... of spirit.

This time of quiet must be pure and untainted. It is to be unspoiled by flecks of dirt, or even slight anxiety; jealousy, or even a little covetousness; revenge, or even irritation; no, such as these are unworthy to enter

quietness, and must be left outside. They belong on the noisy mainland, and I indulge in them there. This quietness has room for only "faith, hope, and love. And the greatest of these is love". May my Spirit of Quietness be filled with love, let love overflow. Love for whom? I am entirely alone, in reality and in thought. Love for myself? That was left on the mainland of society.

Yes, let my Quiet Spirit be filled with love, a love which is pure and untainted, for there is yet Someone whom I can love ...

Quietness ... of soul.

This time of quiet must be holy, must be lovely. "Be still, and know that I am God". Did I say "solitude"? I am not really alone, I am in communion; and yes, it will be holy.

This is what I mean by quietness — my beings, my spirit, my soul, stilled to the quietness of God. This is what they meant by "the Spirit of God silently moving over the waters" in the darkness, forming and creating. No longer do I direct this time of quietness, for it is no longer mine, it is surrendered.

"But as for me, I will wait upon the Lord".

Quietness ... of consciousness.

This time of quiet must be ... timeless. I feel nothing but warmth, the warmth of love; yet I do not recognise it for love, for I recognise nothing now. I simply exist, cocooned by holy love, pure love — cocooned against myself, against the outer world. I no longer need my own armour ... I drift ... warm waves lap my island shores ...

Quietness ... of unconsciousness.

This quiet will be complete ... I sleep. It is the comfort of soft and yielding darkness which holds my cocoon in tender, yet strong, arms. There is no sudden jolt or jarring of sense, no rude awakening — just the beauty of calm oblivion, securely surrounded by a haze of love and peace.

I am quiet.

Emma Vincent, Form 6



The burning breath of heat,
The slick of flame,
The lick of emotion
Is jealousy.
It's a treacherous devotion
In all men's bones
She is the Queen on the throne
She is the green weed that
Grows through our bodies
Sliding, twisting, ripping our hearts.
She shines through the eyes
And poisons the tongue
Her jealous song is always sung.

Carol Sauter '87

The Stones

The sun was slowly setting in the Western sky. The shadows became longer, blacker as time passed. The stone circle was silhouetted against the soft orange sky and the harsh, brutal glare of the fireball which was sinking beyond the distant horizon. Cragged and angular, the stones seemed to stretch to the sky, black and evil as the impending night.

They stood around like a huddled, forlorn group of people for whom all is lost and the never-ending moor is the last obstacle to Valhalla. The sharp pointedness of the stones, their mid-black colour, stood out more sharply now, as the orange/white disc of the sun dipped below the mysterious, far-off mountains, leaving the orange of the sky as a last reminder of the day.

The wind began to rise, and whistled softly through the stones, rippling the grass of the moor, and sending clouds scudding across the orange tableau that was the sky. far-off in the valley, lazy wisps of smoke, fanned by the wind, rose from the huts of the native village, an island in a bleak and stormy sea. Here and there in the village there was a faint blur of moving people, almost indistinguishable in the deep darkness of the vale.

The wind, previously light, was blowing more strongly now, a deep chill pervading, and the true bleakness of the moor emphasised to the full. There was no sign of life, no animal movement: merely the incessant wind tearing at the grass and the heather with sharp, vengeful teeth, ripping indiscriminately, oblivious to the stones and the charcoal, eerie hillside.

The clouds were racing across the paling sky, the shattered remnants of the sun casting a peach tinge on them, highlighting their malevolent, murderous expressions, and emphasising the black fury they represented. Rain began to fall in large, meaningful drops, bouncing like rubber off the angular tips of the stones, and giving a clue of the fury to come.

Suddenly, without warning, the sky cracked and a blue-white bizzare split the scene, followed by the whiplash, cannon-fire thunder, reverberating off the hills and driving the wind to greater efforts, flogging the rain heavier and harder. The Gods struck again, and in the pale glimmer of the flash, the stone circle stood motionless, as if expecting the inevitable fate.

The tall, spindly grasses were inundated by the deluge, pressed flat against the ground by the almost constant whiplash cracks from above. The whole moor, the village and the stones stood motionless in time, abandoned to the fury of the skies by the last fleeting vestiges of the sun rays. All were expectant, waiting in terror for their fate.

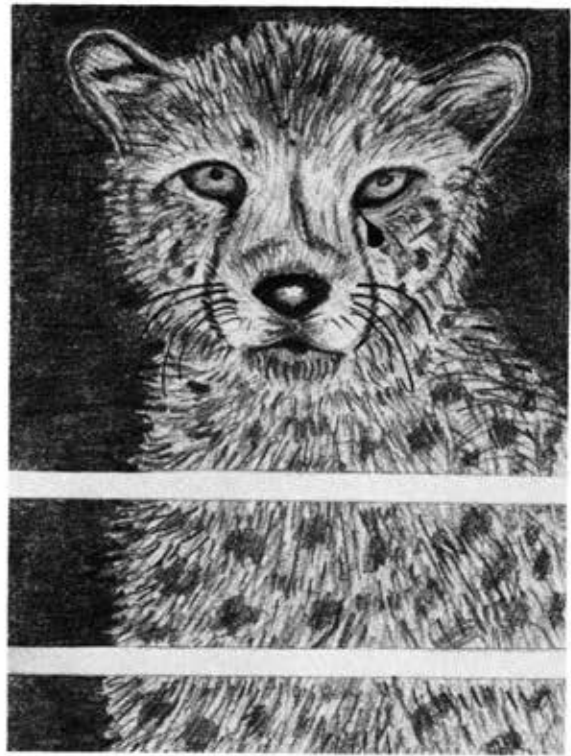
Lightening smashed down around the stone circle. Somewhere in the village, barely audible above the clamour, animals bellowed, squealed and whimpered. Abject terror and pandemonium was present, and, as the thunder grew louder, the tortured screams of the beasts increased.

Solely, courageously, awaiting their judgement, the stone circle stood proudly upright amidst the danger. Then, with a thundering crack and a coarse, grating rasp of stone, the top of the tallest, central stone fell to the ground under a lightning blow, fracturing into countless fragments. Resting was at hand.

The moon broke through a gap in the clouds, revealing jagged, smashed edges, and lighting up the scene with a pale wash of light, as if a comforting reassurance to the victims of the heavenly wrath. Then the clouds closed over again, as if unwilling to allow the punishment to be interrupted.

And so constantly silhouetted by the blue streaks, the stone circle stood there forlornly, as it had done for centuries, bearing the brunt of storms, as it would do for as long as men existed, and until the final destiny arrived, when it would be blown into oblivion — at last eternal peace.

Nial Tosh F4



A CAPTIVE CAT

The panther sat in its cage,
Watching the world go by.
He watched the naturalists studying the book
In which his picture filled a page
Why must he sit there?
Why oh why?

He longed to be free,
He longed to feel the wind in his hair
He longed to paw at the hive of the honey bee,
He longed to be free.
Instead of sitting in this concrete bottomed cage
So very cold and bare.

Callum Maclean

Call of Oblivion

He stood on the cliff top like an old, greying eagle about to take off into flight. His silken hair was the colour of an ageing, dying swan. He had a fierce acquiline nose which closely resembled a vicious, hooked beak, and a predatory, thin, closed mouth. His eyes were close-set, hard and bitter, a deep piercing blue in colour, with blue-black bags of tiredness under them. His whole face, impassive and immobile looked as though it had been carved from a solid block of granite. His wrinkled hands, curved from many years hard work, were like talons, hooked and with long nails like claws. His whole attitude was one of despair and loneliness like an eaglet abandoned for the first time by its mother.

He gazed at the waves battering the cliffs below, the wind lashing them into white peaks, sending spray high into the air. The glowering sky closed in around him; oblivion called with insistent appeal. Mental anguish and torment overwhelmed him so that he no longer saw the wild wind-swept beauty around him. The gulls wheeling and screeching, beckoned him down, down, down to Eternity. He obeyed their call, swooping down to plunge onto the raging seas. He rose once, twice and then could be seen no more.

Anne Wright Form 3

RAYGUN HAS TROUBLE IN SPACE

The news was on again, desperately depressing as usual. Jan Leaning, the newscaster, droned on.

"Today, Arnold Botchitt hit his thumb with a hammer. He was trying to put up a picture but regrettably missed the nail. He hit his knuckle instead." I failed to force any laughter at all. The newscaster went on, "Ronald Raygun, the President of the United States, went into orbit today aboard the space shuttle. He lifted off three hours ago from Cape Canaveral, remarking that it was a 'weird sensation' and that he was 'loving every minute of it.' Mr Raygun is expecting to view one of his Star Wars laser satellites which is being tested. He is also, it is hoped, intending to make a space walk." I switched off, leaving Jan Leaning in mid-sentence. The news was no different from usual.

Two days later, Top of the Pops was interrupted by a newsflash. It was Jan Leaning, again. This time, for once, her voice portrayed more excitement.

"Ronald Raygun, the American President, is trapped in space. He is at present in his space suit, outside the shuttle, and is unable to effect entry because the door is inoperable. Time is running out for Mr Raygun, since he is short of oxygen and is unable to extricate himself from the firing line of the killer satellite, due to a lack of fuel in his suit. The pictures which you are receiving now are being transmitted direct from the shuttle." The picture changed to one of a man in space.

"As you can see, this is Mr Raygun in the suit," rasped an American voice, "and unless he can be rescued inside the hour, he will either run out of oxygen or be the first victim of a laser satellite." The camera panned round to give a picture of a massive aluminium door. "This is the door which has jammed and is refusing Mr Raygun access, or anyone else outside to help him. Mr Raygun has exactly forty-five minutes before a new President will be required for the U.S.A. We now have a comment from the President himself."

The figure in the space-suit stirred, and spoke, "It is quite cold out here now, and I am feeling pretty scared at the thought of what must happen soon. I must say, I've had a good life and am more or less resigned to the inevitable. I hereby hand over the Presidency to Mr George Shrub, the Vice-President."

The news went on for a while like this, with various people saying various things. Top of the Pops came back on for twenty minutes, and then Jan Leaning appeared again with another newsflash.

"President Raygun is now within minutes of his fate or salvation. The offending door has been partially forced open but no-one can squeeze through the gap as yet." A clock appeared at the bottom left hand corner of the screen and ticked remorselessly on, creating an electric atmosphere as I sat with my eyes glued to the television. The American voice sounded again.

"We have now opened the door for enough to get someone outside to help the President. Wait a minute, there is that someone. A comment please, sir." A tinny voice boomed out from inside the space suit, "Mr Raygun has three minutes of air left so I may be able to reach him in time."

However the satellite is on an irreversible firing sequence, so everything hinges on how accurate the clock is. Anyway, I've got to get out there fast, so move over, mister."



The astronaut seemed to take an age to reach Raygun. He was still twenty feet short when a voice cut in, with a Texan accent.

"Five" — tension. "Four, three,"

"No," I thought, devouring my nails at a frenzied rate.

"Two."

"Stop it," screamed my brain. You could almost see the nerves popping out of my forehead as the voice droned on. The astronaut had reached Raygun now, and was beginning to pull him away when the Texan uttered more words.

"One. Contact!"

Nothing happened. For some seconds, no-one on the shuttle made a sound. Then the tension broke and everyone burst out laughing and giving sighs of relief.

"Must be a malfunction," said one. For a minute, eight pairs of eyes were glued to the windows as the two men outside returned to the shuttle with agonizing slowness. Finally, they arrived inside, and Raygun's suit was rapidly unsealed.

Exuberance died suddenly as a figure with glossy eyes and cold skin was revealed. Further investigation found a lack of pulse and no oxygen in the suit's tank.

One of the crew administered heart massage immediately, and after a couple of minutes of hard work, a pulse was found, and Raygun stirred a little. For a second time, everyone cheered, and the President moaned a few words.

"I'll bet you all thought I was faking, didn't you?" he murmured. "Well, you were wrong."

It was with these words that the newsflash ended; leaving one with a feeling of gladness that Raygun had survived, yet one of anti-climax after his resuscitation. Tonight's news was definitely not depressing at all.

Nail Tosh (F4)



JUGGBEEST

On Saturday morn at half past six,
I went to give the rabbits' run a dicht,
But turning the corner into the shed,
A monster towered above my head.

Juggbeest, the Cyborg gun runner,
The most feared monster around,
He could terrorise a village,
Or even a small town.

Juggbeest was a well built grey monster,
He was strong and had spiked hair,
And if there was a task to do,
He'd be the one to dare.

Steel scales glistening in the sun,
Robot head swivelling — he had me in his sights,
He reached out to grab me — missed —,
I'd run away in fright.

I ran through all the barns,
But fell and cracked my head,
I then began to freeze,
Because I'd fallen out of bed.

Robin Hamilton (1B2)



THE CITY

The buildings of the city stretched from the grimy pavements to the leaden sky. They loomed dark and dismal over all below. There were many chimneys from which smoke billowed. They looked like windswept trees and dark shadows against the grey and smoggy sky. All the wet and shiny rooftops reflected the light of the overcast and dreary blanket above. It seems as if the lines of buildings never came to an end. Although they were crammed together, the city seemed to be sprawled out over miles, reaching into the surrounding countryside.

Leaning against a wall just beside the old gutter was a small boy. He was dressed in rags, and his face was as black as coal. He had no shoes and no coat. His shabby shirt and trousers hung on him as they were too big. His hair was a total mess and overall he looked as if he hadn't been washed for years. In his filthy hands he clutched a piece of bread as if his whole life depended on it. He had a worried and forlorn expression on his face which made him look older and wiser than he really was. He gazed about watching the daily life in the slums.

Rachel Thomson (L7k)



Sybil returns to her cosy home at lunch time and has a quick snack of Allison's bread wi' nowt taken out and Scottish cheddar, her kind of cheese. She hasn't much longer to eat her Cadbury's cream egg, so Sybil has a nibble. Meanwhile, her daughter bites hers in two. How do you eat yours? Only Smarties have the answer.

In the afternoon Sybil '87 Windolene plusses her windows, and cleans her kitchen floor, once over, clean and fresh with pine fresh Flash. Before making supper for her family, Sybil has time for another break, this time with a Kit-Kat and a cup of Nescafe Gold Blend because she never settles for anything less.

Sid, Mary-lou and her son Jimmy arrive home about five o'clock and, as Sybil forgot to do the washing with her new Persil automatic, she sends Jimmy down to the laundrette. The whole family hope that Jimmy won't remove his Levi's 501 stonewashed jeans in the middle of the laundrette as he usually does.

For supper, the 1987's have a delicious Findus crispy pizza which is the finest food frozen. For sweet, Walls' Sonata, another slice of which is obligata. After their meal, the 1987's sit down in front of their Radio Rentals TV. They're glued to it but not stuck with it. Sid 1987 opens a refreshing can of McEwans export, which speaks for itself, and lights a Panama cigar giving instant six appeal.

At 11 o'clock the family retire to bed knowing their house will be warm in the morning because while they sleep the power's cheap.

Elizabeth Nicoll

The 1987's; A Day in the Life

Sybil 1987 is a hard working mum. As well as having to look after her husband and two children, she also has to take care of her Barrat's bungalow. There's a helicopter suspended outside but no draughts get in the Everest double glazed windows.

The family rise at 7.30 a.m. and Mary-lou 1987, Sybil's daughter, always gets to the bathroom first. She washes her hair as often as she likes with Timotei shampoo, and cleanses her face with Aapri washcream which cleanses like a cream but washes off with water. The son of the family washes his hair with Head and Shoulders, and he doesn't have dandruff!

The 1987's eat Frosties with the special formula for breakfast, and they all drink CP3V, what more could a body ask for? Their house is a Maxwell house. Birds dance on top of their roof and they eat breakfast on the front lawn every day, whatever the weather.

Sybil sends her children off to school. Her husband Sid used the shut eye instead of the shuttle and is now somewhere in London. But, he left home without his American Express. Sybil is much more sensible. She carries Access, her flexible friend and on her way into town drops into the bank that likes to say yes. Mrs 1987 drives a Metro; now she's motoring. She reaches the local supermarket and is very impressed, she's in Presto. She buys Flora margarine, her husband is a Flora man, some of Mr Kipling's exceedingly good cakes and a packet of Rich Tea biscuits because her Typhoo tea is too wet without one.

The beach lay empty, uninviting — stripped of the brightly coloured brollies which were its trademark. A lone pair of footprints stretched far into the distance, gently curving away from the battered shore. The sea was sullen and disgruntled and hurled wave upon wave, crashing to the shore. They retreated with angry hisses, like an enraged snake only to be engulfed by the next furious surge. It seemed like some futile game, each retreating wave snaking its way back, trying to reach some unseen point before being crushed by yet another oncoming wave.

Yet it had an alluring quality — the restless dark sea which seemed to be brooding, the dirty-coloured sand being blown in one direction only to be snatched back another, stinging any piece of exposed flesh — all daunting but mysterious. The dark, cold water was a reflection of the sky, which hung down dejectedly, like that of the belly of some pregnant sow, ready to give birth to violent stinging rain. The sun had surrendered, after fruitlessly trying to break through and receding behind the forbidding banks of towering clouds.

A thick mist had started to roll in from the sea, obliterating the horizon, creeping closer and closer until it looked as if the sky and mist were just one large, hanging curtain, threatening to engulf the whole sea. The breakers seemed to be pouring from a chink in this curtain, and in the distance a foghorn sounded — booming out eerily — the direction from which it had come was uncertain.

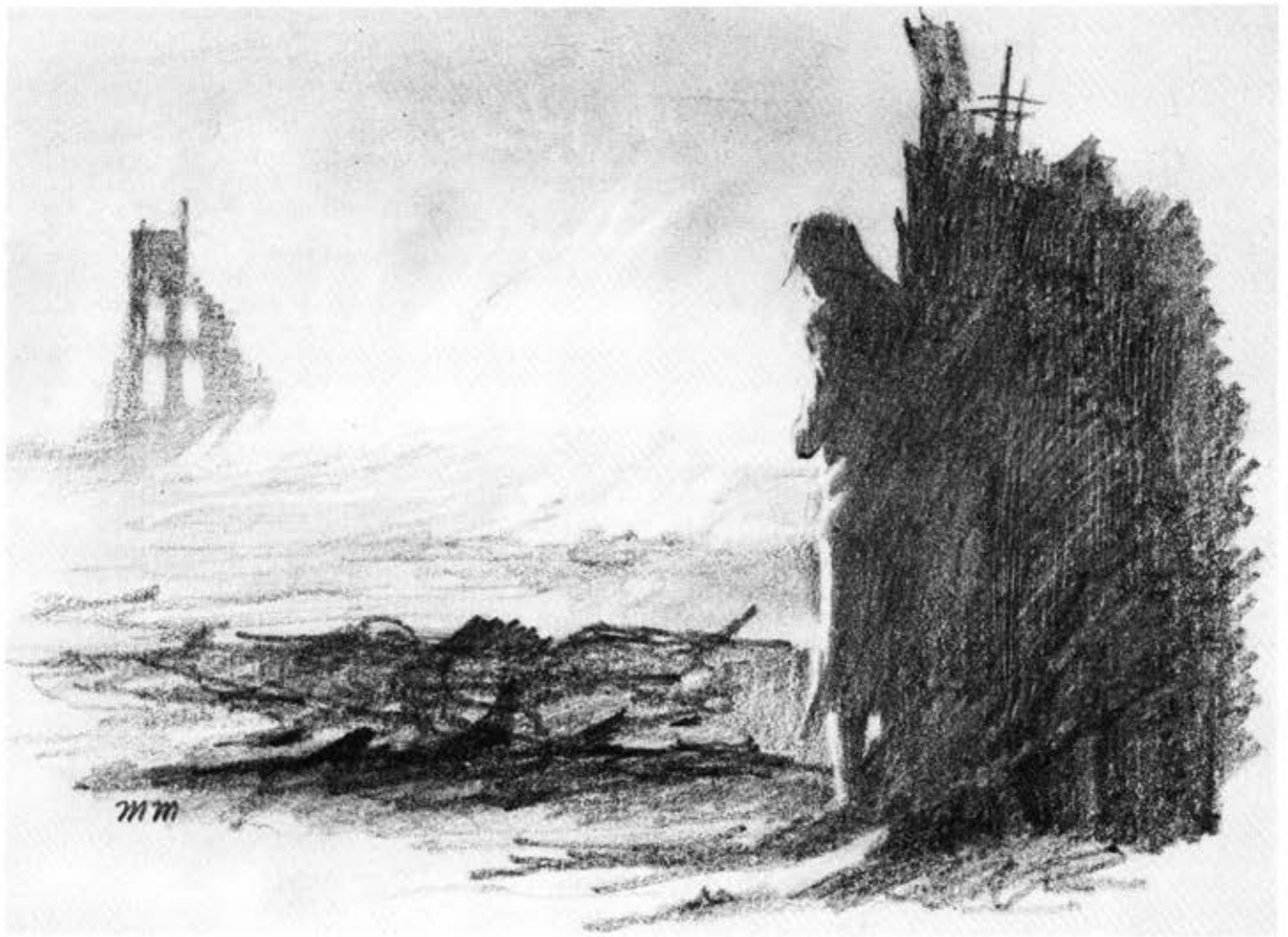
The wind had dropped considerably, allowing the sand to settle in yet another part of the vast expanse of beach.

The grass on the sand-dunes was flattened after the severe beating by the wind and rain of the previous night.

Suddenly the sky split open like an unhealed wound and spewed out its contents, in the form of sharp, heavy drops of rain.

This was when I turned and started the lonely trek back to the safety of the car, leaving behind the sky and sea relentlessly venting their gathering anger on the land.

Angie Strachan FIII



Clydebank Blitz

What man may measure the sorrow,
 The loss and the waste
 Brought to our dear town last night?
 It came suddenly from the rosy skies
 As if by the unexpected buzzing of an early wasp.
 Such a warm glow
 Suffused the field where once life flourished.
 But it burned more than the hearts of our existence,
 Destroying life, love and limb.
 And all for what purpose
 Did it gouge out the seeds of our homes,
 Leaving the immovable barrier of despair
 And the rubble of shattered security?
 What nectar drew these March swarms
 To plague us and to settle on our town?
 'Twas the honey of the ships, they say.
 Yes! To drive apart the ships of family contentment,
 To scatter them far and wide,
 Each little boat tossing in its heaving sea.
 I saw men cry that night.
 But as for me, I am past tears.
 I lost family, friends and neighbours.
 All that I have left is buried in my pocket —
 Two charred and blackened pennies.
 Two charred and blackened sides.

Shona Lowe F3

Clydebank, 13 March, 1941

Even the sky seemed to be on fire,
 The red glow gave the town an eerie daylight,
 The blackened houses stared with burning eyes
 Shrieking bombs ripped through the tortured night.
 People scurried like rats from the ruins
 Panic reigned, and many voices wailed
 While bombs fell and the flames flared brightly,
 Faces crumpled seeing their city die.

Sarah McMillan Form 3

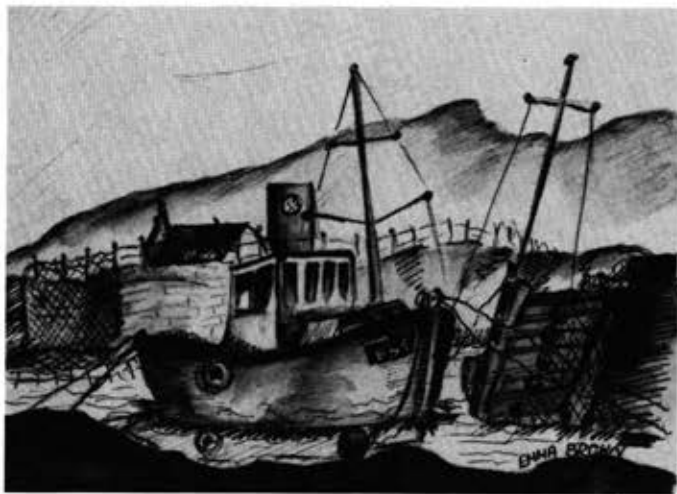
My Grandmother's Childhood

My grandmother is called Catherine Lumsden Cooper nee Neil and she was born in Edinburgh on 3rd September, 1923.

She spent her entire childhood in the same house in Broughten Street, Edinburgh. Her father worked as a joiner for the Gas Board while her mother remained at home. Women were not expected to work outside the home as it was considered a man's duty to provide for the family.

She attended the local primary school until she was twelve years old, and from there she won a scholarship to James Gillespie's School for Girls. She remained there at the school until her seventeenth birthday.

Laura Irving



Setting the panoramic scene are gaily painted fishing boats with graceful meshed nets falling gently over the sides. Masts like slender, coloured pencils stand erect, one proudly bearing aloft a watchful seagull. The boats, like the bobbing buoys stir, and creak, as the rippling water splashes hesitantly on the bows. Thick cord ropes of sturdy build tether the boats to the old stone quay like goats to poles. The quay is lavishly covered on the horizon of water and stone with dark, slimy seaweed, the ends of which float like straggly hair just under the surface of the deep blue water and the taste of salt is distinct in the gentle sea-breeze which blows over the water into the peaceful village. The smell of newly caught fish, a unique aroma, wafts in the morning wind, carrying its news to the gulls, while smells of oil and grease are detected by the nose as one approaches the swaying boats. Smells of fresh paint drift through the air like the lazy water in a limpid pool. Birds wheel in the blue sky, littered with fluffy white clouds of frolicsome nature: seagulls call their cry, feeding on discarded fish and acting as sentinels on the quay.

Small waves retract as they come into contact with the short stretch of shell — and seaweed — covered sand. Weathered wood lies despondently wedged between carnivorous rocks while flotsam floats in past the sheltering arms of the harbour. The salt water, striking the wooden frame of the rusty iron-runged ladder on the quayside, eats into the unprotected wet wood; crawling like a crow or carrion, until a splinter, trivial in comparison to the extensive sea, rots and floats away to a new life in the wild and raging tumult of the oceans. Rascalitran waves lap the sides of boats, seemingly innocuous.

Newly-mended orange and beige nets lie in uncoordinated piles on the slipway with buckets and boxes, buoys and brine in bald puddles.

The boats paint an attractive picture of uncommercialised, fishing village life as they bob in the knowledge that they are safe against the powerful lash of the salty seas's whip, in their secure haven.

Ruth Allan (F4)

BLIND SPOTS

A crowded street, hundreds of people, young, old, rich, poor, people everywhere, every kind, that was what Tom loved above all else. The touch of other humans, the knowledge that he was not alone. Even surrounded by strangers, he could feel their friendship.

He was old, an only child, never a wife, never a son or daughter crossed his path. And now — what did he have to show for his trouble? He lived in a hollow, empty box. There was a fire, warm clothes, blankets on the bed — yet still he felt cold there.

His life? There was shopping, and the launderette. The council had offered him an allotment, they were thin enough on the ground, but vegetables, potatoes and cabbages, there was nothing in them to give pleasure. Once a week there was a

pensioners' dancing class, and he had enjoyed that, it was out with people. Still, he was getting old, the doctor had warned him. He tried not to bear grudges. Life was to short, growing shorter all the time. One day at a time, that's how it has to be.

And it hurt.

So here he was in the street, watching, smiling, wondering who the people were? Where did they live? What would they do tomorrow?

A little girl, nine or ten, walked past. "Hello", he said. She stuck her tongue out at him. Tom laughed, pretending not to care, that it was just a joke to him.

But it hurt.

He gazed at his shirts, socks, trousers, spinning round in the washing machine, a familiar sight to him now. He sat in his seat, watching his machine, looking at his friends. He knew them all by now — Mary and her young baby, she wore a ring but she wasn't married, for she never had a man's clothes to wash, but she would always talk about her Pete, though everyone knew he'd run off when he'd heard the news.

David, well he never spoke, but so clever he was, always reaching, and sure if he wasn't at college there was something wrong. And Maureen, with her old mother's tattered skirts and jumpers, and Sally, well she wore the strangest clothes and the oddest things went into that machine, but Tom knew he'd been the same at her age, hadn't he?

And not one of them ever noticed Tom, or said "Hello", or so much as stopped to fall over his feet.

And it hurt.

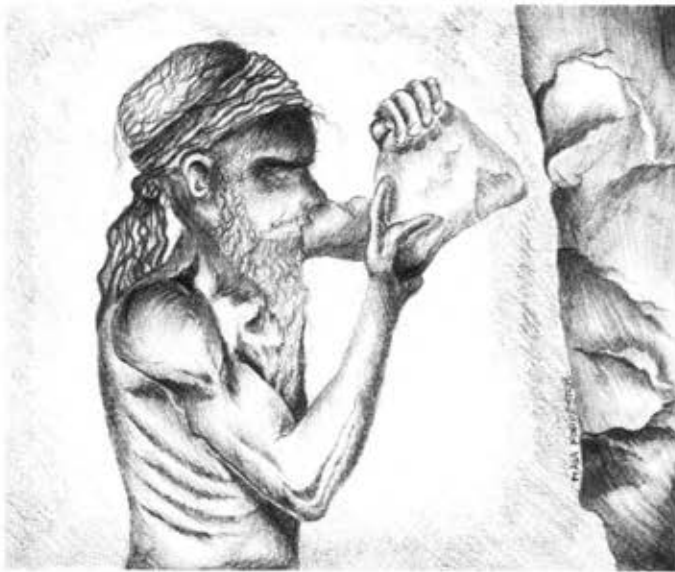
So he went, home to his box, and cooked two potatoes boiled, and one fish finger, and a small tin of green peas, but he wasn't going to count them, he laughed to himself. And as he ate, he watched everyone go past on his television set, and he knew all their faces and could name every one of them, and their lives were such a tangle, couldn't he just help them if they would listen to him.

But they never would.

And it hurt.

Fiona Marshall





SUNSET ON THE STONE RING

The sky was growing more leaden by the moment, and day would soon be squeezed out by the ever-encroaching night. A brilliant hemisphere of warm, golden light dipped slowly on the western horizon, casting seven-league shadows across the windswept plain. As the wind pummelled the bracken and heather of the moor into submission, long, black fingers of shade crept over the land, created by the standing stones.

Like a wildcat's teeth, the edifices cut jaggedly upwards in to the sky, growing more numerous day by day. The normally serene and peaceful plateau was echoing with the tinny clipping noises of the Iron Age worker's tools. Since daybreak they had been working on the circle, carving out the mountainous stone slabs with their primitive hard tools and transporting them to the site. This was done by an ingenious system; logs being used as rollers for the slabs, while several rugged men pushed the massive stones along, as two others brought the logs from the back to the front of the stones, with the monotony of a guttering flame. Once the stones had reached the main circle, they were levered upright by lengthy wooden spars with a small rock as a fulcrum, and lowered carefully into shallow support holes, dug previously by one of the multitude of workers.

Everywhere there were labourers; digging holes, excavating the stone uprights, carrying them along on logs, placing them in their positions. Despite the bitter cold of the evening, the Iron Age men wore only a small animal skin, of brown bear or grey wolf, and barely making them semi-decently clad, to protect them from the ravages of the caledonian winter. These unshaven ancestors had magnificent, flowing beards, which were ruffled by the wind, a raven's nest for hair and completely bare feet. Their tools consisted mainly of flint heads with wooden handles bound with animal sinews, but the more important workers carried tools of a ghostly, lustrous metal which was as cold and grey as the forbidding sky; iron, prehistoric man's latest technology.

Among the plethora of workers there was one who was not labouring, and sat surveying the scene on a high wooden chair with an arrogant, royal air. Talore, the chief, was an amazing sight, with his long, rusty beard glowing in the sunset as if it was on fire, and flickering to and fro in the wind. He wore a luxurious wolf pelt, quite the finest ever, and a rare linen tunic from Flanders, as purple as the mountain heather above which he sat. He was guarded by two strong clansmen with bulging biceps and spears like dragon's teeth, and would frequently urge his men on, so that the circle might be finished before the great feast the next week.

Preparations had already begun for this banquet; the fire pits had been dug around the stone circle, and wood was being piled up beside them, ready to cook the succulent sides of beef for the celebrations. The chief could see that day now; the roasting, sizzling, and the smiles of a thousand hearty men celebrating the anniversary of his coronation.

During his dreaming, however, the sky had closed over at last and the land was now pitch black. He gave an order, and the working stopped for another day as the men gathered their tools and trudged home by flickering lantern light to their warm huts and firesides. The peace of the hillside was restored once more, the heather swayed in the breeze, and the stores grinned evilly in the yawning chasm of night.

Andrew H. Young (IV)

THE FERAL CAT

Prowling from dawn to dusk,
Stalking its prey. Pouncing,
Claws clutching the victim.
Roaming the wild expanse of undisturbed
countryside,
Menacing wild eyes glow brightly in the dark,
Light-footed, it darts away from danger, which
lurks everywhere.

Often rummaging through city bins for scraps.
Scrawny with windbeaten straggled fur,
Its ears torn, fleabitten
Fighting constantly for survival.
Searching for places to sleep in safety.
Never daring to enter the city by day.

by Derek Brown



PUSSY

Pussy went a — stalking
A — stalking Pussy went,
He had a twitch in his right eye
And his ear was slightly bent.

Whenever Pussy went to town,
He wore his grand clothes fair.
Out of all the pussies in the land
He was the finest there.

His coat was green, his golves were blue
His hat was startling yellow.
And everywhere that Pussy went
They'd say, "My, what a fellow!"

But Pussy was soft at heart
And could never turn away,
A burning fire, a bowl of milk
And a mouse with whom to play.

Lynne Duffus



THE STRANGER

The stranger moved languidly across the room and effortlessly mounted the stair. He had asked for a room and of course in winter visitors at guest houses in the midst of the Surrey countryside were very scarce so Mrs Perkins had obliged at once, astonished of her good fortune. The man had flicked a half crown at her which took her back yet more and then proceeded to go up the stairs.

"Can I take your coat?" she shouted helpfully. "Would you like to sign in?"

No reply came but the resounding thump of the man's galoshes on the oak stair and the loud crush and brush of his many layers of clothing which she had noticed beneath his black Homberg coat. Mrs Perkins was puzzled and although she seemed to be staring intently at the crystals of melting snow on the stair she was in deep thought. She hadn't seen his face — he was wearing dark glasses, his coat collar was up by his ears and his shoulders were hunched up into his neck because of the cold. On his head he had garbed a black hat with sombre undertaker qualities — the sort many gentlemen wore these days, and although his appearance was not far out of the ordinary there was something about him — his manner and his ways — which had an eerie unpleasantness about it. Still, she thought, he had paid generously too so what was there to complain about.

The hands of the grandfather clock moved relentlessly on and still nothing had been heard of the man since he had slammed the door of his room. Mrs Perkins was in a dilemma, her cogitations had brought her no closer to what it was with the man that she had found so strange — she had numerous visitors who didn't always display their most amiable qualities to her and she hadn't given it a second thought.

As the time approached mid-evening she felt obliged by the solid chunky coin which she still held in her pocket from the afternoon to inquire as to whether her only guest would like to eat. Trying to put up a show of confidence to herself she strode confidently up the stair and along the corridor to where she had seen the man enter. Here, though she recalled with a shudder the dark glasses which had looked evilly into her own eyes for that brief moment and her first knock was a rather tentative affair. There was no answer. She rapped again, quite a lot harder this time and even ventured to say, "Excuse me sir, I was wondering whether I could get you something to eat."

Again she waited patiently for an answer but when none came for what must have been 30 seconds a mild panic came over the lady. Maybe he had fallen and was bleeding to death. What if the vase she got at last year's church sale had fallen from the wardrobe and hit him? She almost decided to open the door when it opened by itself. It was the same dark face which gazed uncaringly and coldly into Mrs Perkins' face; he had not removed his coat, hat or any of the multitude of woollens he had on underneath.

"Nothing will be required," came a smooth-toned reply. The glasses gave one last stare into the dumbstruck landlady before an arm reached out and slammed the door, leaving Mrs Perkins with his ghostly image in her head.

That night Mrs Perkins sat up late, in the glow and warmth provided by the kitchen fire. She had been angered after her initial terror at what had happened and in the security of her own kitchen and the warm fire, she came to the conclusion

that he must leave at once — even the cat didn't dare go near the room. There seemed to be an impenetrable barrier between this man and other living things. Yes, he would leave, she would return the half crown, usher him out apologetically and that would be that. As she thought, her fingers played furiously with the coin which had lain dormant in her pocket all that time.

Morning came and it was beautiful. The sky was clear and the deep powder snow seemed to glisten with joy. But Mrs Perkins' mood did not match the beauty — her anger from last night was still present and this time as she knocked on the door for she felt stronger. Yet again there was no answer. She knocked once more, gave him a full minute to come and then burst manfully in. There was no one there. She checked the bathroom — the door was open — it hadn't been used. She searched the rest of the house; but nothing. Finally she crunched out of the front door and viewed the field in front. Deep footsteps had been penetrated into the virgin snow and far away in the distance a silhouetted figure could just be seen.

As she juggled with the coin in her pocket she felt a curious sense of elation at his departure. With all the strength she could muster she flung the chunky coin which she had juggled with all morning far out into the field where it landed beside a footstep.

Yes, she was glad he had gone.

Angus Vincent (FIV)

STAMP COLLECTING

Stamp Collecting or to give it its technical name Philately, is an interesting hobby for those that want a pastime that is peaceful and relaxing to do.

It can be quite expensive for those who wish to obtain old and rare stamps, but for the beginner it can be a relatively inexpensive but rewarding hobby once you get started.

Stamps can be easily obtained, for a start any letters or postcards you receive will have a stamp on them. Eventually when more people find out that you collect stamps, more may come your way.

To obtain the stamps from an envelope you must never tear the stamp off right away, you must soak them on blotting paper and the water will seep through the backing paper then the stamp will come off. There is also a method which uses the steam from a kettle. It is better to handle stamps with tweezers so as not to damage them. If they do have dirty marks the marks could block out an important feature of that particular stamp. If the stamps have postmarks it will make the stamp worth more especially if the date is legible.

A good collection to make is one of first day cover stamps which have stamps of a particular style or topic on them. The first day cover is worth more because it has an actual postmark with the date on which the set was issued.

A famous valuable but rare stamp is the "penny black" which was issued in May 1840. There are only eight of them left in the world, mainly in America.

The presentation of stamps is very important as a tidy collection is more pleasing to the eye and could be worth more.

Paper used for stamps has varied. The earliest papers were handmade, but machines now make the vast quantity needed.

Stamps are printed by photogravure which is quite a recent process first used in Bavaria in 1914.

My collection consists of most of the first day covers since 1980. There are many pretty stamps. I also have most of the definitive stamps since 1966 or around that date. I have the first day cover from the opening of the Tay Bridge in 1966. I myself feel that collecting stamps is a very worthwhile and peaceful hobby.

Paul Kinnear (F4)

MEMORIES

Life is such a short episode, when you look back. This last year, for instance, with its pressures and agonies. . . this last year has passed so quickly. When I look back on it now from the comfort of the future, one cannot remember all of its wonder. Just think, even the soul that lived the life can't remember much! A smoke — filled dream of the best and worst moments, perhaps.

What if another person were to look at your gravestone and ask what sort of person you were. How could he tell?

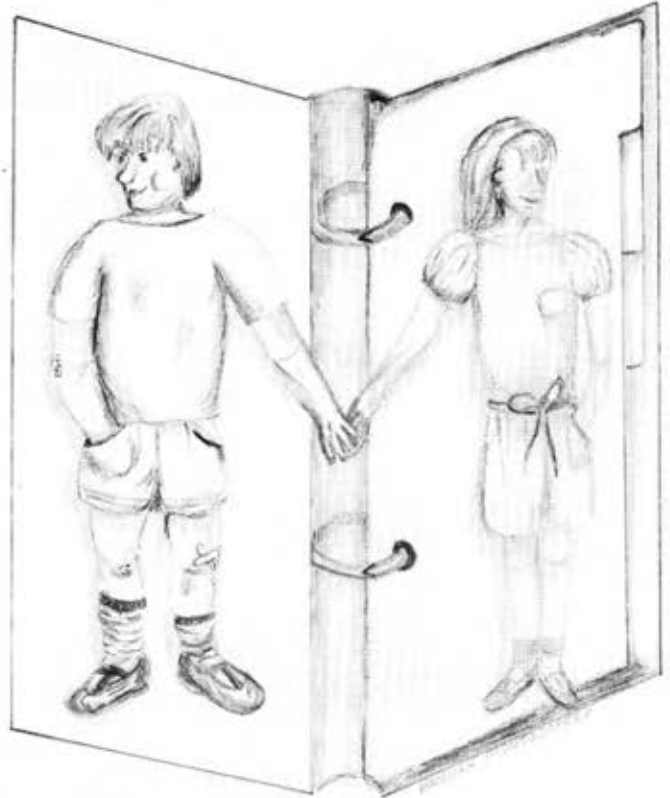
True beauty lives in the past, as it is through the past and its mistakes we can build a brighter future.

I remember the day we first got our dog, Caxton. The whole family went up to Forfar in the car. The car itself wasn't very big, so with five passengers and a dog bounding about in the back it was an 'experience', I would like to remember, for a long time. Yet, though it was only a few years ago, the only vivid memory I have of that day, was when we stopped at the edge of a loch, just before dusk, the sun was setting on the horizon, casting its red cloak across the water. It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. I can't remember much more about that day just the sunset.

It is these echoes of the past that ought to be captured and kept in a jar, for they are the very elements of which moonbeams are made. How could they hear the beating of my heart on that day if it were not preserved in some form or another?

I am not very old to be viewing life from the angle I am about to take, but I feel it is not written down on paper I might soon forget.

I remember Jane. I used to know her many years ago, a love arose before we knew what love was. Those words above I used as the basis of a song: they must be written on a piece of foolscap somewhere, filed away with other little anecdotes in a big, red, wornout folder. Someday I will look them out and remember her again.



No description could give credit to the love I feel for a girl I haven't seen for many years. No description ever.

Perhaps I do not wish to meet her again; cherishing in memory how she was. Maybe she has not changed, but I know how much I have changed. These memories are like the writings on the wall, someday the words will fade, or the wall will tumble down and new walls will be built, but if the words are written once, someone will always remember, in order to write them again and to learn from them.

Scott Fairweather

Cats

Cats will sleep anywhere
Any table,
Any chair,
Under mats
On top of rats.
They don't care,
Anywhere.

Cats will eat anything,
Rats and mice,
Curry and rice.
They don't care,
As long as it's there.
Cats eat anything.

Cats will prowl anywhere
In a wood,
Among the food.
In a street,
Under your feet
They don't care
Anywhere.



by Lynn Stewart



A PARODY ON ADVERTISEMENTS

Miss 1986 has dressed very carefully for this date with her new man. She has had a long soak in the bathtub and is feeling very optimistic as she remembers that things happen after a Badedas bath. She chose her underwear very carefully — perhaps it is a bit too frivolous but, after all, every woman should have her Fantasy. Then she sprayed herself all over with Impulse, so that even if the date is a disaster men will come running after her with bunches of flowers and promises of love. Her hair is looking lovely, because she uses a mild shampoo she can wash it as often as she likes. Up to now she has led a double life with shaders and toners, but for tonight she has colour without commitment from her Wella Mousse.

Mr 1986 arrives at eight to collect her, she realises from the over-powering smell of his Denim that he is a man who doesn't have to try too hard. The performance is very enjoyable, but unfortunately one of the ballerinas has an ugly plaster crossed over her armpit. Who tried to shave closer than the Philips Ladyshave? Miss 1986 enjoys the dancing all the more when the chief male star comes on but some people find his costume too revealing. One Australian man is very shocked. "Strewth, that bloke's got no strides on!" he shouts, having gulped down his pint of Foster's.

When the performance is over they go out for a drink. Unfortunately Mr 1986 makes a dreadful faux pas when he spills his martini over her, trying the 'fish the ice cubes out of her blouse' approach. Very insulted, she takes him outside, slaps him across his face, and storms back in alone. The tears stream down her cheeks — but her colourfast mascara doesn't run — and she sits alone listening to the piano player. Luckily Mr 1986 has the good sense to send a box of Black Magic to the table and all is forgiven. In fact it could be the start of a love affair that never ends, he realises as they share a bottle of Bezique. "The atmosphere between us is electric," she says in a husky voice, and then screams as their fingers touch and she gets a shock. He knows that you can only get a buzz with Bezique but pretends it is his magnetic charm working, and tries to look modest.

It's getting late now, so he pops the question "Your place or mine?" She decides on his and they drive off into the sunset. She instantly recognises his semi-detached as a Maxwell House because a line of birds is doing the Can-Can on the roof. When they go inside, he offers her a cup of coffee. She is playing with the gold bean hanging on a chain round her neck and flashing it in his eyes, which he takes as a hint that she would prefer some Nescafe Gold Blend. So he shakes his hand to his ear and produces a handful of coffee beans. While he boils the kettle, she looks admiringly at his collection of trophies. "But these cups are all for second place!" She notices. "Not this one," he tells her, bringing in her mug of Nescafe.

Having finished her coffee she rushes off to apply her chapstick and he realises with a sneeze that he has caught a dreadful cold while waiting outside the bar for her to receive the chocolates. He just cannot stop coughing and sneezing. Alas, she forgot to take her Haliborange and he is far too much of a gentleman to kiss her and risk passing on his cold. But she is very understanding and tells him to take some medicine and have an early night. So Miss 1986 leaves to take a taxi home, and is thrilled when the driver has a bunch of flowers for her. The Impulse is working at last. Mr 1986 blows his nose regretfully and goes to bed with his Nightnurse. And what does he wear? Nothing but Dorma.

Rachael Holmes

THE BODACH

Alan Oman was a dour, sullen old fisherman. Children both feared and respected him, for although he had an outwardly gruff appearance due to many years of battling with the sea and elements, inside he hid a shy and secret heart of gold. His life was in the sea. He treated it as a baby, yet its power and strength never ceased to awe him. Even his moods were affected by it. When the waves heaved and tossed, he became wild and exhilarated; when a calm lay over the waters, he was as peaceful and tranquil as the blue-green depths themselves.

Swiftly and efficiently his gnarled grey hands with the yellow broken fingernails worked at the hole in the net, tugging the sailors needle through the tangled mesh. He painted a picturesque scene there at the end of the pier, waiting for the boats to return. His brown weather-beaten skin was folded and wrinkled like a walnut shell by the harsh caresses of wind and sea, and his old hardy face, knotted as the trunk of an ancient oak, frowned with concentration. Round his shoulders and head was wrapped a black fisherman's cloak, which although faded and patched, still stubbornly protected him from the weather. He wore stout woollen breeches and the thick brown jersey knitted for him the previous winter by his cailleach. From all his clothes and his thick grey hair wafted the strong odour of raw fish.

The cat-like calls of a flock of seagulls caused him to look up, just as the first of the herring boats, engulfed in a cloud of hungry gulls, entered the harbour.

Shona Lowe (F3)

The Old Deserted Mansion

I remember about the mansion from my early childhood. It was an old weatherbeaten building, but must have looked magnificent in its time. The mansion had two ornate turrets at either end. The window frames were very beautifully carved and stained-glass took the form of small pictures of important events in history. A large meandering path wound its way up to the four pillars which stood prominently at the entrance to the building. The door itself was massive, it was made of oak and had an iron knocker on the front of it. A beautiful flowering garden had once graced the area. But it was different now. One of the turrets was squint, and looked like it might fall off at any moment. The window frames hung loosely by their hinges, and the glass had long fallen out, or been broken by mischievous children. The path was now just a bed of weeds. The four pillars were now three, as one had fallen over after a gale. The oak door had large cracks running the length and breadth of its body, and the iron knocker was a stiff, rusty shaft of metal. The beautiful garden was overgrown and ugly. It was now a sanctuary for sheltering wildlife.

My parents often told me not to visit the mansion, but as I grew older, my curiosity became too great and I decided to see for myself what lay beyond the large, weathering, old oak door. Ivy covered an enormous wall which ran right round the perimeter of the house. As there were no signs of a conventional entrance I had to climb. Gripping the ivy with both hands, I pulled myself up what seemed to be an endless wall. When I reached the top, I straddled the wall, and took great gulps of air, as I tried to regain my breath. After a few moments I slid down the other side of the structure. I landed quite safely in a clump of dandelions, much to my relief, as I did not relish the idea of falling and breaking my neck. I picked myself up and examined the surroundings.

Trees, bushes, shrubs, roses, a botanist's dream. Butterflies, birds, crickets and ladybirds all flew around giving the jungle a jungle-like character. The weeds towered several feet higher than myself and it was quite a battle to fight my way through. I jumped up, as I had lost my bearings. I looked for the wall but it was not to be seen. As I turned to work my way back, I noticed one of the turrets which decorated the roof of the mansion. Using this as a guide, I quickly scrambled through the towering undergrowth.

After a minute or two, I looked up again and found that I was a mere five or six feet away from one of the walls of the house. Ivy clung to the walls, and had made its way up the height of the house engulfing all the features of that side. I felt along the wall, and made my way towards the pillars. I walked up the moss-covered steps, and stood facing the old oak door. I reached forward for the handle, and turned it slowly. It creaked loudly. I pushed the door forward, and it swung in gently. I turned round. It was a natural reaction I suppose I thought someone else might be there, one of those feelings which passes over you when you are alone. I stepped forward into a small porch and closed the door behind me.

The house was brighter than I expected it to be. I walked through a small archway and into a magnificent hall. Although wallpaper peeled from the walls, cobwebs clung to everything and mice scurried from room to room. I still thought it was beautiful. The room was devoid of furniture except for a large fireplace, which was set into one of the walls. There was a large board nailed across the entrance to the stairway, and so I left it and headed for another room. The wind blew through the windows and the old curtains beat against the wall, giving the house a sense of eeriness. This room appeared to be a library. Hundreds of books lined the walls of the room and an old library ladder stood near the window. I scanned the shelves of books. Encyclopaedias, dictionaries and historical journals featured prominently. None of the books appealed to me so after a time I became bored and decided to explore another room.

I opened the door on the opposite side of the room, it led into a kitchen. On the far side there was an old stove, with a large copper pot sitting on it. There were also several shelves screwed to one wall. A sink was situated near the door. There was also a single tap and an old cloth lay discarded beside it. I

examined my watch, and as it was nearing time for dinner, I decided to leave the mansion. I retraced my steps to the front door. From here I could see the way back to the wall. I rushed through the undergrowth and ran to the wall. I gripped the ivy tightly and pulled myself up and over. I brushed myself down and walked home for dinner.

I had spent many happy times in the mansion, but as I grew older, I was unable to visit the building as often as I would have cared. Soon my work as a botanist took me away from the area in which I grew up.

On one occasion I was returning to visit my parents, when I passed the old mansion. The ivy had been removed from the wall. New windows and glass had been fitted to the building. The old pillar had been re-erected, the garden was being tended and the house restored to its former glory. I was very happy that a family had moved back into the mansion, but at the same time saddened. I remembered my childhood days when I would play in the old deserted mansion when I would run through the undergrowth as fast as I could, until I reached the old oak door. I now realised that those days would be no more.

Jonathon Fitzpatrick F2

MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE AND JOHN

Over the grey begrimed city of cold concrete and dusky dust loomed the clouds. Hazy, white, pure as a child's dream.

All around was a loud hum, just enough to break the silence. Nobody felt annoyed, nobody felt irritated, nobody felt. None of this could be seen, but, it could be sensed, if one stopped to look. Nobody did, though. People worked, people rested, people slept and people were entertained.

And into this place, this city where people lived and died, he came one day. In a city of greys and suits and eternal darkness, he came in a cloak of emerald green and vibrant royal blue and blood, blood red. He came in colours and light, and the sun of his face did shine upon them and they were glorious.

If only they had seen.

He wished to forgive them, but they had not the imagination to sin. They were equal: so there was no one to pity and no one who was richer or poorer and no one had need to be meek, for no one had to feel themselves lesser than any other person. Laws were obeyed without enforcement. Rights were known without being stated. All was at one.

They were not happy, but they knew no misery. They acted towards each other in long — established patterns of behaviour, the roots of which had been lost many, many years ago, but were never sought.

And into this city where there was no crime and no sorrow and no need to ask why, he came.

And he flooded the grey with the yellow of the corn, and the rosy pink of the rising sun, and blood, blood red.

And when the people saw him, nobody felt glad and nobody felt relief and nobody felt. He looked around and he saw them and he wept, for they saw not that they needed help, nor that help was there, and what work was theirs for a saviour?

And the tears he wept were the blue of a crystal river, and the brown of the good, honest soil, and the cool of the air, and the heat of the fire of anger.

In the cold and the heat and in the honest and the clear he saw the truth, and the truth was the darkness and the word. . .

And the buzz of the city faded from his ears and the colours faded from his coat and the city was silent and he was grey.

And the rainbow of his soul has been lost, and no one asks or seeks the reason why.

But over the grey, begrimed city of cold concrete and dusky dust loom the clouds.

Of Blood, Blood red.

Fiona Marshall

101 THINGS TO DO ON A BUS

1. Read and re-read your bus ticket.
2. Make aeroplane from ticket.
3. Make holes in the ticket.
4. Tear it up.
5. Throw it away.
6. Try to stick the ticket on the back of the seat in front.
7. Look at your watch.
8. Calculate how long you've been on the bus.
9. Look at the other passengers, avoiding eye-contact at all times with strangers.
10. Stare at the ugliest person on the bus to boost your ego.
11. Feel slightly guilty because you have a seat and an old lady doesn't who tuts and complains in a loud voice about the youth of today, etc.
12. Read the 'Tayride' and 'Taysaver Bus Pass' adverts.
13. Think what a rip-off they are.
14. Laugh when the bus goes past a bus queue because it is too full.
15. Look at your watch again.
16. Sigh.
17. Wonder why the windows are so dirty.
18. Look out window.
19. Listen to conversation going on in front of you.
20. Try to decipher what their mumbles mean and wish they'd speak up.
21. Examine the hair of the person sitting in front of you.
22. Wonder why there are never any ticket inspectors any more.
23. Think it's just as well as you've thrown your ticket away.
24. Look at the time.
25. Look out of window.
26. Calculate how many stops to go.
27. See how far you are from the emergency exit.
28. Wonder why people buy bus-passes because they are a rip-off.
29. Wonder why there is always an empty can rolling about.
30. Hope you don't fall off your seat on the next corner.
31. Look at your watch again.
32. Sigh.
33. Feel sick from the constant shaking of the bus.
34. Read the vandalism.
35. Feel cold.
36. Close the window.
37. Watch it fall open again.
38. Close the window again.
39. Open the window.
40. Close the window.
41. Someone asks you to open the window.
42. Open the window.
43. Look for anyone you know on the bus.
44. Watch someone missing the bus and laugh at the look on their face.
45. Watch an old lady getting stuck between the doors.
46. Count number of people.
47. Calculate how many people are overcrowding the bus.
48. Start to suffocate in the stuffy bus.
49. Look at your watch.
50. Try to wipe condensation from the window.
51. Get your sleeve wet.
52. Regret it.
53. Read the billboard adverts while bus waits at a bus-stop.
54. Begin to read a second advertisement but miss the punchline as the bus pulls away.
55. See if you recognise anyone on the bus coming in the opposite direction.
56. See if the driver waves to the other driver of the bus coming in the opposite direction.
57. Try to read the headlines of the newspaper four seats in front.
58. Look at everyone's feet.
59. Look at everyone's bags.
60. Guess the length of the strip-bell on the roof of bus.
61. Think of how many different words you can make out of the 'No Smoking' sign.
62. Wonder why there is always a drunk on the bus.
63. Hope he doesn't talk to you.
64. Ignore the drunk who starts to talk to you about Maggie Thatcher.
65. Look at your bag falling off the racks.
66. Watch other people getting off.
67. Notice the vain people looking in the mirror at the side of the door.
68. Guess the speed of the bus.
69. Think about getting off.
70. Hope that the person sitting beside you gets off first so you don't have to bother asking them to move — avoid hassle.
71. Wonder why you never get a lift.
72. If you still have your ticket, try to work out what all the numbers mean and see if you get the numbers to add up to 21 somehow.
73. Think it is serious that you should start getting off.
74. Stand up.
75. Fall back in your seat as the bus goes round a sharp corner.
76. Humiliated, stand up again.
77. Fall forward this time.
78. Stand on old lady's toes.
79. Apologise.
80. Try to battle your way down the passage.
81. Say 'excuse me' about 10 times.
82. No result.
83. Push past the people standing.
84. Listen to complaints.
85. Try to find your bag which seems to have disappeared.
86. Finally find your bag at the bottom of the racks under a heavy suitcase.
87. Ring the bell first to shatter the wee kid who has run all the way up the aisle to ring it first.
88. Sigh.
89. Look at your watch.
90. Notice everyone else in the bus looking at their watches.
91. Ring the bell again to annoy the driver.
92. Wait for the driver to tell you to stop mucking about.
93. Tut.
94. Wait for doors to open.
95. Think about getting off bus as it is slowing down.
96. Decide not to.
97. Wait for the bus to stop.
98. Step of bus.
99. Get your flared skirt caught in the closing door.
100. Finally get off the bus.
101. Smile with satisfaction as you realise you paid your fare with foreign coins.

Kirstie Reid (F4)

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If you are considering a career in engineering you may find that the Army has rather more to offer than you thought.

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If you are looking for an intellectual challenge you will certainly find yourself stretched to the limit.

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Within a year of joining, you will probably find yourself managing a team of 40 highly qualified soldiers. So you must have the potential to be a good leader and be able to take responsibility at an early age.

When you are working under active service conditions, such as the Falklands War, you will not have the luxury of a workshop if a helicopter breaks down.

Or an office if you have to plan and build a bridge or set up a communications system at night in the pouring rain.

You will need a large share of imagina-

tion and initiative. And the ability to improvise where necessary. People's lives will depend on how efficiently you do your job.

There are three different Corps in the Army that are concerned with engineering:

Royal Engineers.

The activities of the Royal Engineers are very diverse covering the construction of bridges, airfields, roads and bulk petroleum installations. The building of ports and military camps. The laying and clearing of minefields and power generation and distribution.

As a Royal Engineer you could also get involved in disaster relief work anywhere in the world, particularly in developing countries.

Royal Signals.

The Royal Signals are responsible for all telecommunications in the Army and for those of the RAF abroad.

The systems currently in use, range from the Clansman net radio, to large trunk systems covering most of Europe.

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A young Signals officer will typically be responsible for the telecommunications of a brigade or even a whole armoured division. So you would find yourself close to the nerve centre

very soon after being commissioned.

Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

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Engineering graduates are welcomed by all three Corps. The Royal Engineers and Royal Signals also accept graduates in other disciplines. There are also facilities for suitably qualified non graduates to read for an engineering degree while in the Army.

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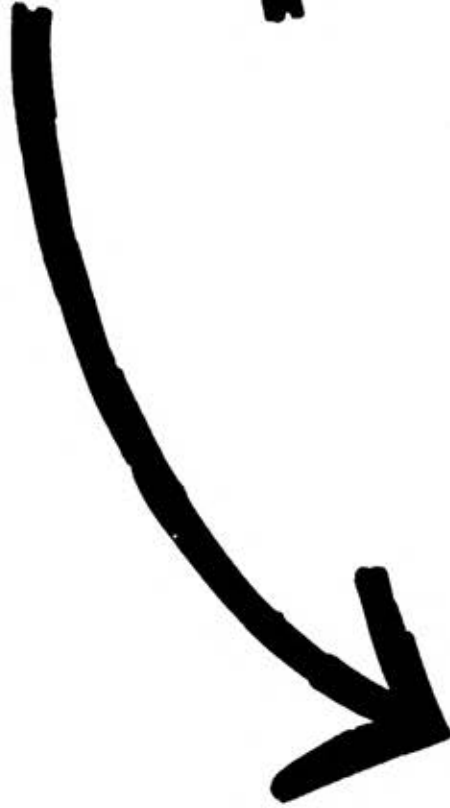
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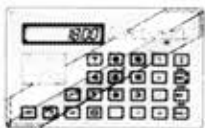
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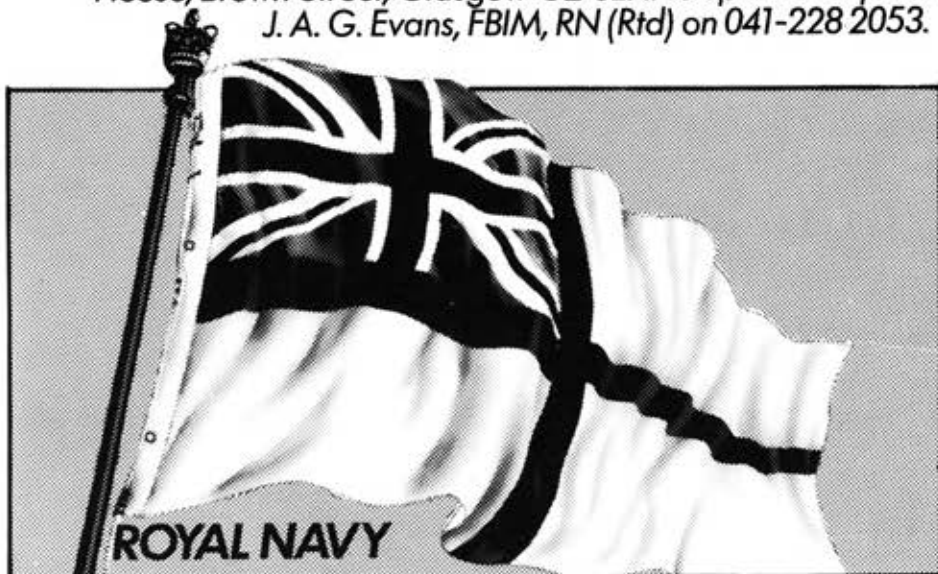


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The High School of Dundee is probably the most impressive building in the City.

With half as many more pupils as it had thirty years ago — the number presently touches 1200 — and a curriculum of far wider scope, the School continues to offer an academic education relevant to the world of today.

The future of the School is a vital issue. In an age of educational experimentation there is a danger that we may lose forever institutions which have stood the test of time.

If the present character of the School is to be preserved — as we are determined it shall be — the School's independence can only be secured with a substantial endowment. Hence this appeal for contributions to the Scholarship Fund.

Dundee High School has a great and honourable past. It has made an enduring and significant contribution to the education of generations of boys and girls —

WITH YOUR HELP IT WILL CONTINUE



The Bursar has Covenant Forms for those who wish them and he will be pleased to accept donations and answer any enquiries.

The Bursar, High School of Dundee, P.O. Box 16, DUNDEE, DD1 9BP