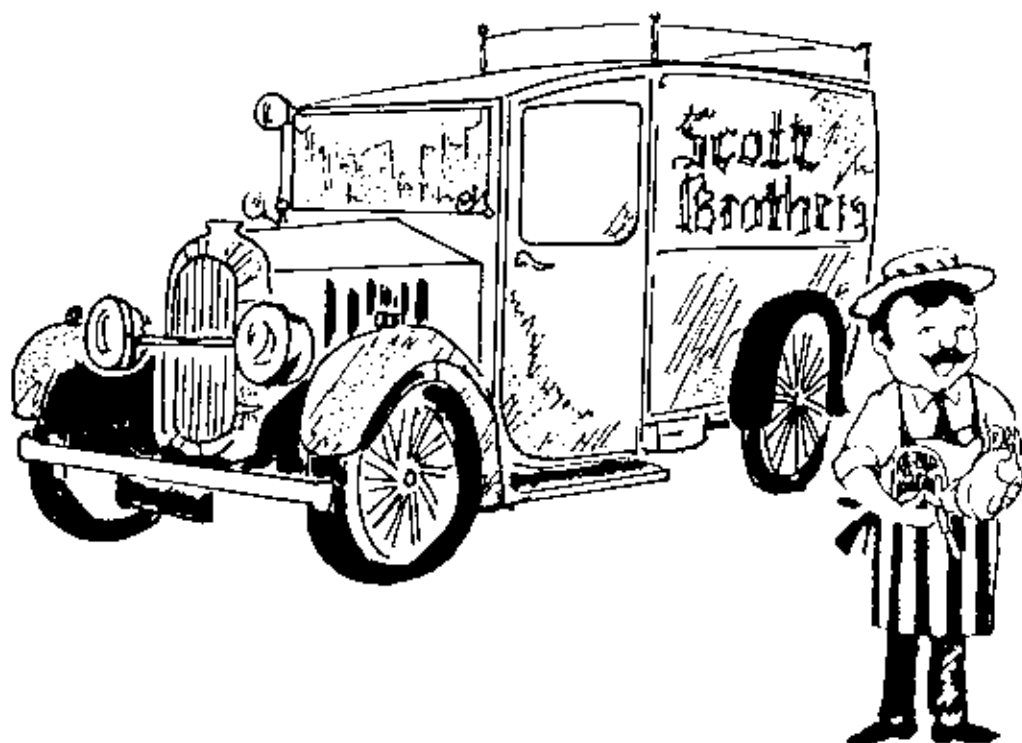




'88 The Review

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Foreword



Education is fun. Many of the reports contained in this magazine support this claim. They give an account of sports in great variety, of clubs and societies attracting groups of enthusiasts and of extra-curricular activities to suit all interests. Leisure pursuits to occupy free time, trips to foreign lands to stimulate curiosity and visits to colleges and industry all combine to present an engaging aspect of modern school life. Education is fun — and so it should be.

Education is examinations. Many of the academic achievements noted in these pages have been won through sweat and toil. It seems ever to have been so. This year marks the centenary of the Scottish Higher examination, first launched on a school public in 1888. That year saw twenty-nine schools in Scotland enter candidates and our own school was among them. A recent newspaper article researched the results of those early national examinations. To our surprise and pride Dundee High School carried off the honours with a ninety-nine per cent pass-rate. The creative writing contained in the magazine continues the high standards of the past. Education is examinations — and perhaps it must be so.

Education is history. The events of the past session chronicled in these pages are added to the volumes of past magazines, stretching far back in time — not as far, however, as 1239, when the School was founded by the Abbott of Lindores. Since its modest beginnings the School has weathered the changes of the ages and the successive expansions of educational development through the centuries. In 1989 the School will be 750 years old and session 1988-89 will see the celebrations to mark this prestigious milestone. Education is history — and now it will be experienced at first hand in the making. Education is human achievement. The great advances made by mankind through the ages enrich our knowledge and inspire our lives. On a far more ordinary plane the more modest but nonetheless significant achievements of our daily lives give us satisfaction. Such satisfaction must surely be the reward of all those who by their involvement in the production of this magazine and by their contributions to its pages have co-operated to offer its appreciative readers a fascinating volume fit to rank with its predecessors. We are all greatly indebted to them and thank them most warmly for their endeavours.

The Rector.

CONTENTS

| | |
|------------------------|----|
| FOREWORD | 1 |
| SCHOOL | 3 |
| F.P. NEWS | 37 |
| SPORT | 49 |
| HOUSE REPORTS | 55 |
| PREPARATORY DEPT. | 59 |
| JUNIOR SCHOOL | 63 |
| GALLERY | 73 |
| CREATIVITY | 83 |



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STAFF NEWS

In the course of session 1986-87 a number of changes took place in the staff of the School.

To those colleagues to whom we bade farewell we offer our thanks for their contribution to the life and work of the School during their stay with us. Miss Edith L. Nicoll (Junior Department), a former pupil, takes early retirement after long and sterling service to the School. Mrs Elma D. Cathro (French), also a former pupil, retires after many years of teaching part-time in the Modern Languages Department.

During the session we were pleased to welcome new colleagues to the staff. Mrs A. McIntosh and Miss L. Davidson joined the staff of the Junior Department. Mrs A. E. Cowieson (Biology), Mrs F. H. Martin (Geography), Mrs J. L. Seith and Miss C. M. Speirs (both Modern Languages) joined the staff of the Senior School. Mrs L. J. Swankie took up the post of Head of Spanish and Mr R. I. Illsley returned to school in the new appointment of Head of Drama and Media Studies.

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

VISITORS TO THE SCHOOL

During session 1987-88 the following visitors were welcomed to the school:-

OCTOBER

Mrs Barbara Kleppe 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. Birdie, R.A.F. (Schools' Liaison Officer).

DECEMBER

Rt. Rev. Dr. Duncan Shaw, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

JUNE

Professor Michael Hamlin and Mrs A. Hamlin, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Dundee University.

LAUEATES

Session 1987-88

The Trustees of the Lord Armitstead Dundee Trust awarded the special Trust Scholarship marking the Centenary of the Trust to Helen Brown.

In the Dundee University Bursary Competition, Gordon Anderson was awarded a scholarship.

In the Aberdeen University Bursary Competition, Shona Donaldson took 23rd place, and Claire Briggs was commended.

In the Glasgow University Bursary Competition, Catherine Denholm took 27th place.

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

Brian Scott — Mathematics at University College, Oxford.

Clifford Baty — Chemistry at Oriel College, Oxford.

Tudor Lloyd — Veterinary Sciences at Churchill College, Cambridge.

An Army Scholarship was won by Colin Ramsay.

An English Speaking Union Scholarship to visit North America was won by Sophie Grant.

A B.B.C. Sponsorship in Engineering was awarded to Andrew Brewster.

In the Abertay Rotary Club Essay Competition, Alison Marshall took first place.

In the Scottish Mathematical Council's Mathematics Challenge, Laura Irving, Grant Ogilvie, and Nicholas Thomas won prizes and Joy Goodman was commended.

In the Post Office Young Letter Writer's Competition Patricia Rorie and Shona Methven took second and third places in the Junior Section, and Dominic Seymour took second place in the Senior Section.

The Tayside Police "Top of the Form" Quiz Competition was won by a team consisting of Paul Reynolds, Paul Nimmo, Robin Young and Neil Patel.

In the Royal Society of Chemistry Schools' Chemistry Quiz, the Tayside and National Finals were won by a team consisting of Clifford Baty, Kenneth Campbell, Iain Morrow and Colin Stewart, who will now represent Scotland in the U.K. final.

Alistair Morrison FV; Richard Paxton FVI; Mark Cameron FV and Rebecca Wood FVI were chosen for the Scottish Schools' Shooting Team. Andrew Bain FVI, Geordie McGill FV and Andrew Nicol FV were selected for Scottish Rugby Teams (with the latter two pupils being in the party to tour New Zealand this summer). Carolyn McKellican FVI was selected to swim for Scotland. Brian Scott FVI was selected for the Scottish Schools' Fencing Team. Bruce Waddell FIII represented Scotland in the British (Boys') Judo Championships this year.

Lit and Deb Report

From Euthanasia to Equality; from taxing cigarettes to tomatoes; from private sector health care to hens crowing louder than cocks — who can deny that lunch time discussions in the Lit and Deb are varied? This session in the debating society has certainly been hectic — we have competed in a huge number of debates and public speaking events against teams from schools as nearby as Harris Academy and as far away as Winnipeg, Canada.

On a competitive level teams were very successful — the quarter finals were reached in the ESU Public Speaking competition and in the UN speech making competition the team were third in their regional final. Debating too was highly successful, the regional finals were reached in SU debates. Particular congratulations are due to Stuart Pemble and Stephan Nimmo who were narrowly beaten in the "Press and Journal" final and to Ian Robertson and Stuart who "earned their spurs" at the final of the Bank of Scotland debates.

Competitive debate is great fun and very rewarding but debating is worthwhile on a social level too. It gives an opportunity to meet young people from all over Scotland and many close friendships have been established. Also important links are set up between schools and this year we have attended several "friendly debates". The most notable was an International Debate up in Robert Gordons, Aberdeen, where four DHS debaters had a chance to debate against world champions from St John's Ravenscourt School in Winnipeg.

Junior Lit and Deb has been particularly busy this year — congratulations to the team which made the final of the Dundee Speakers' competition. The juniors were very enthusiastic and as well as lively lunchtime meetings, they were host to two interschool "fun debates".

In the past people have held onto misconceptions that debating is for "squares" who wear specs and sit about in a cold hall politely arguing about such matters as politics and religion.

Times have changed! Debating is exciting and enjoyable, arguments are furious but fun (they've even installed central heating in the debating halls and most folk wear contact lenses!).

So... If YOU have some free lunchtimes and you like to argue, if you take an interest in current affairs; if you want to take a stance on issues which interest you or even if you just fancy coming along to watch — Join Lit and Deb it's good fun, a chance to argue, to make friends, to have a laugh.

Finally, it is important to say that without the dedication of the teachers debating just wouldn't be possible. Thanks to Miss Dickson, Mrs McGrath and Mr Durrheim for sacrificing so many lunchtimes and evenings to coach teams and indeed to transport them about the country to the various competitions.

Mary M. Begg,
Secretary.

FRIDAY 9 CHESS

This club differs from the Chess Club in that it provides pupils with an opportunity to enjoy chess as a leisure activity even though they may only be beginners or 'social' chess players. There is, of course, internal competition but the atmosphere is informal and friendly and there is no pressure on the pupils to win for the honour of the school! Many pupils do opt to join both clubs, however.

The club is held in rooms 47 and 49 (Mr Durrheim's room and Mr Allan's room) and it is run by Mr Durrheim, Mr Allan and Mr Blackburn. The maximum size of the club is 40 members and it accounts for a sizable portion of the pupils involved in Friday 9 activities. Mr Allan, Mr Blackburn and Mr Durrheim would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Rep Club who have provided them with invaluable support, in the form of coffee, over the course of the year!

JUNIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Office Bearers:

Chairman — Jonathan Fitzpatrick

Vice-Chairman — Paul Nimmo

Treasurer — Douglas Keir

Secretary — Iain Morrow

The Junior Literary and Debating Society once again enjoyed a very successful year, during which the club held many well-attended meetings. These took the form of debates, public-speaking competitions or game shows (of a sort). Of particular note was our own internal debating competition which was fiercely contested by seven teams of eager young debaters. After a close debate, the victors emerged as Douglas Keir and Jonathan Fitzpatrick, and, the close runners-up were Darren McGrath and Paul Nimmo. In the second term Iain Morrow and Jonathan Fitzpatrick represented the school in the Dundee Speakers' Club Schools' Speech Contest, and attained a commendable second place.

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

Unfortunately this is our last season and we are sorry to be leaving after three fulfilling years. We have derived a great amount of enjoyment from our membership of the club, and can only hope that in future years it will continue to provide a similar source of enjoyment for new members.

Jonathan Fitzpatrick FIII

Paul Nimmo FIII

CHESS CLUB

This club meets after school, on Tuesdays, in room 49, but members are encouraged to get together independently and play matches. It also runs three chess competitions which are open to all members of the school who are eligible to play.

This year, the Chess Club entered three teams for 'The Scotsman Trophy' and two teams for 'The Times Competition'. Our 'A' Team won through to the second round of 'The Scotsman Trophy' by coming second in a league competition held in Glenrothes, while the Times 'A' Team survived for three rounds in their competition.

I would like to thank all members of the club for their willingness to take part in matches often held at inconvenient times and involving more away games than usual, this year. Special thanks must go to Mr Blackburn and Mr Allan who have continued to show willing by making themselves available to travel with teams when the school mini-bus was not at our disposal.

T. Durrheim.



Dux Medallists.

N.B. J. Clifford Baty (absent).

GUIDE REPORT

The last session ended with our Annual Camp at Morton. There were two Patrols and we had a Red Indian theme. After many activities, including a water fight, a hike to the beach and nature trails, as well as cooking their dinners and the care of their tents, the How-Wow Patrol won the Camp Shield. Thanks must go to Mr and Mrs Sim for allowing us to camp at Morton and to Mr Kettles and helpers for getting us there and back.

We said goodbye to Emma Vincent and Ashley Swan at the end of the year after many years of service to the Company. Christine Lumsden and Fiona Bowie are our new Young Leaders.

This year, with the introduction of new badges, the whole Company sat the Road Safety and Crime Prevention badges. The Guides were on Parade at the Armistice Service and were complimented on their smartness. We celebrated Thinking Day with a trip around the world in a paper boat and raised £5 for the Thinking Day Fund. At Christmas the Guides visited Craigie House, an Old People's Home, for carol singing.

With the purchase of a new campsite for the City, the Company has been helping with fund-raising. There is to be a special camp for the official opening of the site by H.R.H. The Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon, and our Company has the honour of supplying one Patrol.

Some meetings were held in the Tuck Shop during the Prelims and one Patrol allowed us to sample pancakes on Pancake Day due to the availability of a cooker. Other Patrol activities were cooking, teaching new skills to patrol members and knot tying. There was

an Inter-Patrol Netball Tournament in which the Guides showed hidden talents, treasure hunts and museum visits.

Our Trefoil work is still continuing with one person now working on her Baden-Powell Trefoil and others at various stages. At the moment we are meeting at Mayfield doing outdoor activities including tent-pitching, outdoor cooking and trails.

Thanks this year to Miss Knight and Mrs Miller for organising us. Mrs Miller is now the District Commissioner for our district, Nethergate. Miss Knight has become our Guide Guider with Mrs Miller as Assistant Guider. We wish them all the best.

Christine Lumsden

HELP WANTED: Guides and Rainbows.

It is proposed to start a Rainbow Group — this is for pre-Brownies — for girls in LII.

Would all of you who are interested in helping with the Guide Company or Rainbow Group please telephone Mrs Jean Miller at Dundee 78596 as soon as possible.

Congratulations to the 2nd Pack (High School of Dundee) of Brownies on winning the Kingsway Trophy. The Brownies, Cubs, Girls' Brigade, and Boys' Brigade in Dundee compete for this Trophy, each group putting forward a team of three. Kirsty Hope, Katie Boyle and Emma Fletcher represented the 2nd Brownie Pack.

The City of Dundee Girl Guides Association's new Outdoor Centre and Campsite at Newbigging, Coupar Angus was opened by H.R.H. The Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon on Saturday, June 4. Kirsty Hope, from the 2nd Pack of Brownies represented Nethergate District at the ceremony and Christine Lumsden, a Young Leader in the 2nd Guide Company represented her Ranger Unit.

The 2nd Company (High School of Dundee) were invited to provide a Patrol of 6 Guides to camp over the weekend from the 3rd - 5th June. Lucy Young, Rachel Thomson, Susan Pennington, Elise Nimmo, Alison MacIntosh and Elinor Blair represented the 2nd Company and demonstrated to Her Royal Highness the art of cooking girdle scones and oatcakes.

I. Jean Miller
Nethergate District Commissioner

MUSIC DEPARTMENT REPORT

This has been another busy session for the Music department, both for staff and pupils alike. We welcomed four new instructors at the beginning of the first term - Mrs Kathleen Symons - Violin/Viola; Mrs Rosemary Wright - Cello; Mrs Sylvia Knox - Piano and Mr Michael Ellacott - Piano/Recorder. After Christmas, Mr Dennis Ovenden joined the music department as a full-time woodwind instructor.

Christmas is always a hectic time for the music department, with the Annual Carol Service being one of the highlights. The rendering of the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah" performed by the senior choir must have stirred many hearts. Following on from the Carol Service, was a midday concert held in St Mary's Church. This was given by the senior choir, the 1-3 Girl's Choir and the First year choir. The items were many and varied, and provided a most interesting concert for the rather small audience. The Folk Group also took part in this concert, giving first performances of 3 carols written and arranged by Fiona Porter, Sara Johnstone and Samantha Hynd - all sixth year pupils. This group is always particularly busy around this time of year, making visits to Old People's Homes, and giving enjoyment to many. A concert by the Folk Group was given in January to the University Ladies and this provided a platform for the many talents which exist in this group.

During Term 3, the school Rock Band, "No Problem", performed at various Discos at the school, culminating in a "prized" invitation to perform during the interval at the Christmas dance in the Gardyne Theatre. The band consists of 16 vocalists and instrumentalists augmented by some members of staff. The varied "pop" programme was well received, and the standard of professionalism shown, was commented on by many staff and pupils. This is the second year that the band has performed, and it is hoped to continue this venture in some form next session. Unfortunately, the band was unable to perform at the Interact "Telethon" disco in May, but a quick "pot-pourri" of staff, pupils and friends managed to provide some "live music" during the disco, at which £100 was raised for "Telethon". The cheque was presented on Grampian T.V. by Ruth Morris and Graham Paterson.

Term 2 saw difficulties in the piano department with the absence of Mrs Boyle through illness. Fortunately, Miss Elaine Boyle came in as a temporary replacement. The highlight of the second term was the orchestral concert in Trinity Hall at which the school orchestra played to an almost capacity audience. The orchestra,

under their conductor, Mr Derek Laidlaw, showed their versatility in the varied programme they presented. Rodney Taylor and Susie Tunstall-Pedoe, performed a Romance for violin and piano, which was written by Rodney, to a very enthusiastic audience. Highlights from Princess Ida were presented by some of the cast just to give a taste of things to come. Undoubtedly, the climax of the evening was the performance of Saint-Saens "Carnival of the Animals" with soloists Sara Johnstone and Samantha Hynd on piano and narrator Stella Davie. Visual effects were much enjoyed by the audience. An excellent evening was had by all.

In March, 4 pupils, Rodney Taylor, Nick Florey from Form 6 and Lee Mitchell and Kara Robertson from Form 4, performed "live" at the T.S.B. Rockschooll Scottish Final, having won through the earlier round via a tape recording of 2 excellent original songs, composed by Lee Mitchell. The group, called "Vermillion Splash" gave a creditable and mature performance, although not being placed in the top three (some unfortunate sound mixing by the crew didn't help the band's final position) A large group of enthusiastic supporters accompanied the band to Glasgow for the final, supervised by Mr Laidlaw, Mrs Sturrock and Mr Durrheim. Our thanks are extended to Sound Control, Dundee, for the use of their equipment. Incidentally, the band who won the Scottish Final eventually went on to win the National Final in Bradford in April.

The School Music Competitions were over 2 days this year. Adjudicator for Thursday was Mrs Maureen Nicoll, Principal teacher of music at St Columbas High School in Perth. She was most impressed by the standard of the competitors, particularly by senior pupils. Congratulations are offered to Sara Johnstone, winner of the Premier Quaich, Susie Tunstall-Pedoe (Orchestral Prize-winners) and Fiona Porter (Open Piano).

Two of our Senior pupils, Fiona Porter and Sara Johnstone, are to take up places at The Royal Scottish Academy of Music in Glasgow and Lancaster University, to study music, following in the footsteps of Lisa Haslam and Hamish Allan (Glasgow) and Susan Leach (Lancaster).

We wish them all success in their future careers. We were pleased to see Philip Gates appearing with the King's College, Cambridge choir on television in their service of Nine Lessons and Carols at Christmas time, having taken up his Choral Scholarship in September. Special mention must be made of Susie Tunstall-Pedoe, who won the Norah Leggatt Prize for piano playing. This is an award given to the pupil who gains the highest marks in Tayside for the Associated Board Examinations Grade VII.

This is an opera year and the senior choir are to perform the little known opera, Princess Ida, at the Whitehall Theatre. A lot of hard work has gone into this production both by staff and pupils. As this goes to print, excitement is building up for the first night and we have no doubt it will be an experience of a lifetime for the pupils involved.

We are pleased that the Wind Band has been reformed and hope that many budding woodwind and brass players will take the chance to play in an ensemble. Thanks are expressed to all class staff, instructors and pupils for all their hard work throughout the session.



Prefects.



Sixth Year.



Zoom.



First Year.

SHOOTING REPORT 1987/88

It has been another excellent year for shooting. Once again seven teams, including Naval Cadets, shot in the Territorial Army .22 Leagues. After our successes last year, when divisional medals were won, most of our teams were promoted and faced stiffer competition. Indeed the 'A' team is now competing in the top British League.

The top ten averages are:—

| | |
|--------------------------------|------|
| 1. A/B Morrison A. | 94.9 |
| 2. P/Sgt Paxton R. | 94.2 |
| 3. Sgt Robinson Carolann | 93.3 |
| 4. L/Cpl Cameron M. | 93.1 |
| 5. L/Sgt Wood Becky | 92.8 |
| 6. Lt Spowart G. | 92.4 |
| 7. Cadt Murray B. | 91.7 |
| 8. A/B Lloyd T. | 91.3 |
| 9. C/Sgt Taylor G. | 91.2 |
| 10. L/Cpl Lawrie G. | 90.9 |

The contingent has enjoyed its best representation at international level. A/B Morrison, P/Sgt Paxton and L/Cpl Cameron were selected to shoot for Scotland in the home international competition. Unfortunately for L/Cpl Cameron, on the day of the shoot he was indisposed, but L/Sgt Becky Wood was selected to shoot in his place and thus became the first High School girl to shoot for Scotland.

On the domestic scene, 99 seems to be a barrier. Will someone break it next session?



SCHOOL DANCE 1987

Held in the College of Education, this year's school ball for forms 4 to 6 can only be described as a success in every way. There was an excellent turnout from all the forms for this, the highlight of the school's social calendar, and a superb opportunity for those involved to get dressed up for a change.

The girls' dresses varied widely, while the boys had the usual range of dinner suits and kilts. Thus attired, it can only be said that everyone had an excellent time dancing to the band's music, which, again, was excellent. The interval produced a quality meal of crisps and savouries, followed by a disco provided by "No Problem", the school band. Indeed, time slipped by extremely quickly, and for the second half of the dance, the clock appeared to stand still, with the Last Waltz coming all too quickly.

To sum up, the school dance can only be described as a superb night out for everyone, and an event well worth attending again.

Nial Tosh F.5



INTERACT REPORT

Once again Interact has triumphed in the field of adversity — the President! David Graham "admirably captained" the club into raising "loads 'a' money". One of the first major ventures we undertook, was to provide car parking for the frantic Christmas shoppers during the weeks leading up to Christmas. The school playground was used, (probably its best use!) and we raised over £850 for the Polio Plus campaign, providing vaccination for many children in Third World countries.

Another feature on our Christmas calendar, was the carol singing (rapidly becoming an Interact tradition). Our great singing voices managed to persuade many music lovers to donate generously in order to send us away.

Several discos, organised throughout the year, raised money for various charities, including the Telethon appeal for which Ruth Morris and Graeme Paterson braved the TV cameras to present the cheque of £100. Loved the dancing Ruth!

The most recent money raiser undertaken this year was a wine and cheese auction of promises on board the RRS Discovery. All the profits made from this occasion were given to the Discovery and its restoration fund.

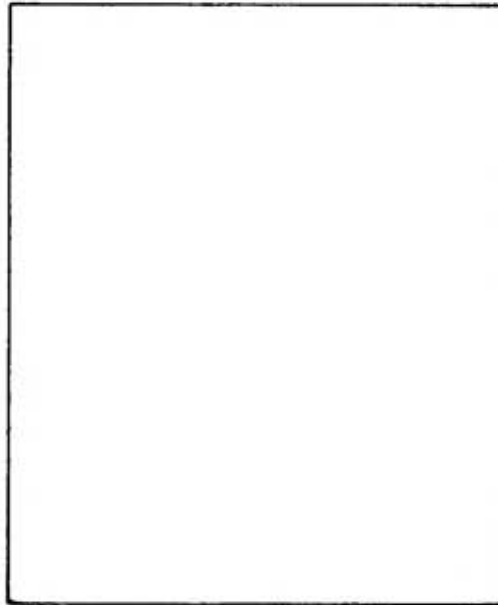
On the social side of the club, several visits were organised, including ones to the police and fire stations. We also spent an evening in Kirriemuir, with the Kirriemuir Interact club who tried in vain to lose our 96-strong club on a treasure hunt. On their return visit, we played a rounders tournament and needless to say, we thrashed all 12 of them!

The highlight of our social calendar (!!) must be the annual Interact Dance which despite the worries turned out to be a great success.

All that's left for us to say now is Good Luck to Gus and his council for next year, and enjoy yourselves!

Did You Know?

Through the various extra-curricular activities of the school it has been calculated that this session pupils will have quietly contributed 3,600 hours to Community Service. In addition they have disbursed approximately £5,000.



MRS ELMA CATHRO

To say that Elma Cathro has seemed for many years like one of the family at the High School would be an understatement. Indeed some will remember her as Elma Latto, former pupil of this school, and very proud of her success as Senior Girls' Tennis Champion.

After a M.A. in Modern Languages at University College, Dundee, (then part of the University of St Andrews), Elma undertook two years' primary teaching followed by another two years in the Junior Department before leaving to get married. Her own family then followed in mother's footsteps as pupils here.

It was thirteen years ago when Elma was approached to be a part-time teacher of French in the Secondary Department under Mr Stevenson, then Head of Modern Languages. She always thought of herself as a temporary member of staff, and that the job would only last a couple of terms. But when you're part of the family, you learn to accept "we'll see you after the holidays then — is that all right?" And so it has been until this year when sadly we can no longer assume that Elma will be back after the summer break.

During her service in the Modern Languages Department she has brought something special to her classes: a fond parent who has seen her own through the School, she has had a close understanding of all the children in her charge. Experience before coming to the High School of teaching children with learning difficulties has given her also an invaluable insight into how to coax the best from pupils who might otherwise have faltered, and been easily discouraged.

Asked about changes in the High School during her time here as a pupil, parent and teacher, she responded: "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." Elma has certainly seen many changes since being here as a pupil, but we shall not forget her own special way of maintaining the traditions and values of the High School in her work and devotion to the school. With our thanks go wishes for a happy and full retirement: tennis perhaps? or maybe "pottering about" in Europe with her husband, David. Whatever, Elma is sure to bring to it the same enthusiasm she has always brought to her other family, here at High School.

P.M.

MISS EDITH L. NICOLL

Many children and colleagues will have been very disappointed to learn that after 36 years of loyal and selfless service to Dundee High School, Edith Nicoll has decided to take early retirement.

In Edith the school is losing a gifted teacher utterly dedicated to her work and to the welfare and advancement of the young pupils in her special care, but equally concerned that she should play a full part in all areas of school life.

A former pupil of the school, she graduated from St Andrews University and gained her teaching certificate at Dundee College of Education. It seemed very natural, therefore, that the school, knowing her academic ability and keen interest in sport, should be delighted to welcome her back as a member of staff.

For many years, Edith taught classes of forty small boys, a demanding task, but later she was equally successful with both the girls and the boys of LIV, LV and LVI. With her bright personality, she created a very happy atmosphere in her classroom, where her young charges enjoyed their learning aware, however, that although there would be much fun and laughter, a high standard of attainment and good manners would be demanded.

Many adults have good reason to be grateful that, during their school days, they had the good fortune to be taught by Miss Nicoll.

Throughout the years there have been many changes in the Junior School curriculum and in teaching methods, but Edith Nicoll constantly kept herself abreast of new ideas, and after careful thought, would adopt the best without losing sight of what was good in the old. Eager always to broaden a child's learning, she was ever resourceful in finding new interests for her pupils and would spend much unseen time preparing material in order to capture the children's imagination, as was most obvious in her success at introducing her pupils to the enjoyment of books.

When Miss Nicoll became second master in the department, she showed immediately her concern for the progress of all pupils in LIV and LV and with them all she had a most happy relationship. To each child she gave of her special help, understanding and patience. To the department, she gave her whole-hearted support, determined to maintain high standards of achievement both in the classroom and in the

extra-curricular activities.

There were few extra-curricular activities in which Edith did not become involved. For many years she took her young pupils to the Swimming Baths and umpired tennis and hockey matches for the senior girls. Interested in all sports, she was an ideal Housemistress of Lindores giving of her time to encourage both junior and senior girls in all their sporting activities and inter-house competitions.

The success of many a party, outing and concert was due in no small measure to Edith. Keeping herself well in the background, she could be relied upon to revive flagging enthusiasm while attending, without fuss, to the smallest detail in order to ensure that the children could enjoy themselves to the full. Because of her own enjoyment of music, she took great pleasure in the musical accomplishments of the pupils and gave them every encouragement to become members of instrumental groups and junior choirs.

As a colleague, Edith Nicoll was completely dependable, helpful and understanding and ever generous in sharing her knowledge and experience.

Her enthusiasm and integrity made her contribution to the life and work of the school most impressive.

We thank her for all she has done for the good of the school and wish her good health and happiness to enjoy the leisure she richly deserves.

M. E. L.

THE GERMAN EXCHANGE OCTOBER 1987 OUR JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND IN 1987 (By Daniela Tontsch)

If I look back onto the whole exchange visit in Scotland I have to say that I would immediately travel to Scotland again if I had the possibility.

I was very surprised by the Scottish hospitality. Everyone was very kind to us and all the Germans felt at home in their host families. From the beginning the atmosphere was very familiar and most of us had no difficulties in getting used to the situation.

I believe most of the people in Germany would behave towards foreigners in a more distant way. I was also surprised by the efforts of the teachers at Dundee High School in order to make our stay in Scotland as comfortable as possible. They offered lots of opportunities to learn about the country, its people and its traditions.

I enjoyed for example the mock Burns Supper organised by Miss Dickson, Alice, Mr Cochrane and the Music Department one lunchtime in the studio very much. It was very interesting to watch the Scottish dances, the boys in their kilts and with their pipes, to hear Scottish music and poems and to taste the Scottish meal, although I didn't like the Haggis very much!

A really good idea of Mr Richterich was to give every German pupil the chance to choose an individual timetable, so we could attend the lessons which we were interested in and didn't need to bore ourselves.

We often talked to the Scottish pupils about the differences between the Scottish and the German School systems. We found out that in Germany its more important to work out problems by the class, although this takes more time.

In Germany we don't have to listen the whole time of the lesson to the teacher. We also have more discussions here in school. It was also new to go to the teachers' rooms, because in Germany the teachers have to come to the class where they are going to teach.

I liked my host family very much and got on with them very well. They all made lots of efforts to show me as much as they could of the country. We made lovely tours in our free-time and at the weekends we also had a lot of fun together.

The only thing which was a bit disappointing was the weather. Fortunately, the sun was shining when I stayed with my host Kirsty in St Andrews and in Edinburgh, the towns I liked best. But in my opinion it's always worth visiting Scotland even if it's raining or snowing!



1988 GERMAN EXCHANGE TRIP TO OBERURRF

June 1, 1988 and a group of Dundee High School German pupils stepped nervously off the train at Kassel Hauptbahnhof about to meet our host families for the next two weeks. However, we had no need to feel nervous about our reception — the first thing we saw was Micha's 'Willkommen in Oberurrf' banner which was typical of the warm welcome given to us by all students and teachers of the Christophorusschule.

We had come to Germany for lots of reasons — to improve our German, experience life with a German family, get to know our exchange partners better and make new friends! And two weeks proved to be the perfect opportunity to do just that!

The Christophorusschule is a beautiful school for boarders and day pupils; for us it was a new experience to attend classes in a school set in an area of grass and trees, with no railings in sight — and no uniforms either! This area of Hessen is full of contrasts, and as a group we sampled several: the East-West border, the mediaeval town of Fritzlar, the vast Volkswagen works and finally Kassel, where a steep climb to the Herkules monument gave the unfit the chance to work off some calories.

Germany is not the place to start a diet, as most of the mothers seemed intent on fattening us up. Well, who are we to refuse yet another plateful of cakes and cream. . . not to mention salami sausage and other German specialities.

After two weeks we were definitely feeling a bit more German — we might not have been fluent but made up for it with enthusiasm and Herbert Gronemeyer records! Our final evening was marked by a party complete with Scottish and Schwalm country dancing; then on June 16, it was back on board the train at Kassel

station for a tearful farewell as we waved our hankies (and a sock) out of the window!

Our only complaint about the exchange is that it was too short!

We'd like to thank everyone who made it possible, especially Mr Richterich and Miss Speirs for travelling with us and our host families for their wonderful hospitality.

DHS VISITS OVRANNAZ

Thirty-one pupils departed Dundee High at 6.30 a.m. to begin the 31 hour journey to Ovrannaz. With an emotional departure from the school gates the journey to Dover was uneventful — with the highlight being a Billy Connolly video. Following a smooth crossing of the English Channel, we continued on through France in darkness, and about noon the next day (after a few 'wrong turnings') spotted the first signpost for Ovrannaz. The next 30 minutes were spent in a nail-biting climb of 9 km of hairpin bends up the mountainside.

After a warm welcome and lunch, it was time to explore the village. Not for long however, as we were soon called to help the preparation of the evening meal. This consisted of soup, meat and veg and raspberry and blackcurrent mouse bomb (slightly resembling a mountain).

After dinner (to the delight of everyone) we were advised that we were to participate in a talk and the sampling of local wines. It was then early to bed — though not necessarily early to sleep.

Tuesday brought a rude awakening by Simeon and Andy to go jogging. After much persuasion we agreed, but the whole exercise lasted approx 5 mins as the atmosphere was too thin at 4000 feet for our state of puff. A fire practice was held that morning, with our group being clear of the hotel in 3 minutes flat.

The first lesson was on table presentation and a few hints on waiting — which proved quite humorous when members of the group took part. (needless to say, no budding Maitre D' Hotels were discovered.)

Dinner that evening was followed by a talk (and more tasting) of some French and Italian wines and some socialising (with the aid of 'Parlez vous Francais?') in the local cafe.

Wednesday began with a visit to a wine factory with an informative video on the production of local wine and a tour of the premises to view the bottling, etc. Here, due perhaps to a quiet word from the teachers, we were able to sample the delicious (alcohol free) grape juice. Then followed a visit to a meat factory. Having abandoned the two vegetarians outside, the tour of this enormous factory began — with further abandonments in the sausage making area. . . Thankfully the slaughtering of animals had taken place prior to our visit, but we still had to contend with the smell of the maturing salami.

We went from there to see the preparation of smoked salmon (all boned by hand) and were served some appetising savouries including smoked salmon and prawns.

We woke on Thursday to brilliant sunshine and it was decided that apart from helping prepare the lunch and evening dinner, the day should be totally dedicated to sunbathing.



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Friday consisted of making a peach flambe and terrain d'porc — a coarse form of pate — which (once tasted) we all agreed was delicious. We also watched the preparation of a form of Baked Alaska — consisting of layers of sponge, ice cream and fruit covered with meringue. This was presented after dinner— complete with candle for Vanessa's birthday.

In the afternoon we made the one-hour journey to Vivey on Lake Geneva for a shopping expedition, and spent a few brief moments with Charlie Chaplin in the waterfront gardens. The streets were old and picturesque, but the prices were too high for the likes of us.

A disco was held in the basement of the hotel in the evening which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

After breakfast on Saturday we observed the making of strawberry flambe (and promptly ate it once cooked) and then packed and began preparing for the long journey home.

After group photographs we said farwelll to our hosts and departed at 3.30 p.m.

After stopping briefly in a French motorway shop we realised the wisdom of changing our French francs to Swiss . . .)

We arrived in Calais after a sleepless night at approx 6.30 a.m. The ferry across was a little rough (with little brown bags visible everywhere).

There was a bit of excitement when customs demanded that we unload all our luggage in Dover — and we nearly forgot to pick it up again? However, Mrs Sabet could perhaps explain that little matter . . .

The journey from Dover was made less boring with videos of Indiana Jones and the Great Escape — both of which we had seen a hundred times before, but were still grateful for.

We raised a cheer when turning into Reform Street, and we arrived at the school gates just 15 minutes late to see all the parents anxiously awaiting the return of their children.

I believe the whole group would like to thank Ali and Donny, the coach drivers, and Mrs Sabet and Mrs McKinnon for an interesting, informative and thoroughly enjoyable trip.



Form I Multi-Activity/Personal Development Course

On Saturday, 1st May, about 60 Form I pupils left for a multi-activity/personal development course at the Quest Adventure Centre in the Langdale Valley in the Lake District. The journey took about five hours, and the weather was very wet and stormy during part of it. In fact, it was wet for quite a bit of the time we were there, and good use was made of the drying room!

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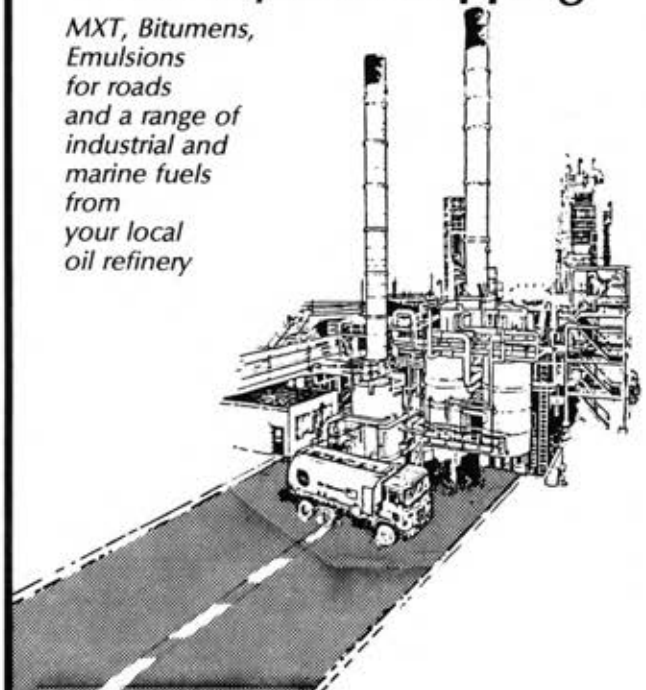
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When we arrived we were greeted and given tea by the staff. Then we were shown our dormitories. There were between four and ten people in a dorm and the bunks were very comfortable. We always slept well, especially after a day of exercise in the fresh air.

The activities we took part in were rock climbing, canoeing, archery, hill walking, abseiling, obstacle courses — the high and low rope courses and a “death slide”. There were also initiative tests, puzzles and games. All the activities were enjoyable, and some were fun, but scary, like the High Ropes Course, where some people just shut their eyes and felt their way along the ropes with their hands and feet!

To take part in the canoeing, you had to pass a swimming test, which was to swim 25m in Lake Coniston. It wasn't just cold — it was freezing!



On the last night, we had a disco, which everyone enjoyed, and all too soon the week was over. We left the Centre on the morning of Friday, 6th, and arrived back at school at about 3.00 p.m.

It was a week of fun, excitement and achievement, and we all had a good time. We would like to thank all the staff involved for making it possible for us to have such an enjoyable and educational week.

Sarah Meek.

REP CLUB - FRIDAY 9

1987/88 was a very profitable year for the Rep Club. To begin the year we organised a sponsored swim and were pleased with our total of £70. By selling coffees to staff, orange juice to pupils, holding a raffle and a cake and candy sale we raised a further £75.

On Wednesday, December 16, we paid a visit to the Rep Theatre to see “Merlin the Magnificent”. It was very cleverly done and the costumes were superb. It was all the more interesting for us as we had actually seen the set and costumes being made on our backstage tour. In May we saw “Shanghaied”, a production planned for school groups.

Once again we wish to thank all who supported us.

Form 1 Girls

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A Day in the Life of a Boy's Duke of Edinburgh Hike

(By a Girl Duke of Edinburgh's Award Participant)

- 1100 hrs. Early morning tea is served by the cottage owners who let them camp in the garden (a let down after sleeping in a barn the night before).
- 1110 hrs. Went back to sleep after being woken so early (Steven and Beaky).
- 1210 hrs. Get up (what a struggle!), striking camp but being careful not to take more than one peg out at a time.
- 1230 hrs. Start crawling/walking along the road.
- 1245 hrs. Lunch hour (or is it lunch hour and a half??).
- 1500 hrs. Start walking again.
- 1510 hrs. Sun comes out — "Let's have a rest".
- 1520 hrs. A HILL — "Let's have a rest to prepare ourselves".
- 1600 hrs. Dying at the top of the hill.
- 1605 hrs. Steven says it's all downhill (however, it is obvious there are at least three more hills to climb).
- 1610 hrs. Noddy speeds up because he believes Steven.
- 1620 hrs. Steven admits he might just possibly have made a slight mistake as they stop at the bottom of yet another hill.
- 1630 hrs. Noddy revives himself with three barley sugars.
- 1640 hrs. Tudor, using his SYS Biology knowledge, tries to pick up a slow worm and drops it rapidly when he discovers it's an adder.
- 1700 hrs. All the sheep are scared away as Beaky and Tudor start to perform, badly or otherwise, the whole of the opera AGAIN!!
- 1730 hrs. Another five dextrose sweets and seven barley sugars for Noddy's low energy resources.
- 1745 hrs. Noddy calculates it will be exactly 13 minutes and 12 seconds to get up the next hill (that's SYS Maths for you!).
- 1815 hrs. He was wrong — they die at the top. A white topped landrover is sighted heading towards the camp site. PANIC! MR ROUSE! They run down the hill and sit in the camp pretending they've been there for two hours.
- 1900 hrs. Attempt to cook tea.
- 2000 hrs. Go to bed hungry.



The Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme

The scheme has again proved popular with a record number of new entrants. Throughout the year people have attended various lectures given by the Police, Fire Brigade and Red Cross and given up free time for conservation work, hospital volunteering and again the Red Cross (certain members may have done the latter for the free entrance to the Scottish Cup at Hampden). Skills and activities have ranged from cooking to dog training. Physical recreation was the least popular section, due to our unique level of unfitnes and most girls attended Mr Hutchieson's gruelling early morning training sessions — thank you Mr Hutchieson. The most enjoyable section was the expeditions which were all completed on foot. Hikes could be divided into two groups, those compiled by the inexperienced which were routed up hills and those compiled by pupils who knew better. One group succeeded in planning a 53 mile hike with only one mile uphill! On the whole, the weather was kind and on the few occasions it did rain Mrs "Aunty" Madden greeted us with her life saving cup-a-soups. I would like to thank Mr and Mrs Madden and Mr Rouse for continually testing us. The year ended with 30 awards being presented including seven golds awarded to Amy Barron, Catherine Denholm, Fiona Spalding, Helen Brown, Steven Nimmo, Ian Robertson and David Parrott.

Misconceptions of SU

I only started going to SU a few weeks ago though Mary had been asking me to go for a lot longer. I had never really wanted to go, because I assumed that if you go once, you must keep going and I thought it would all be very serious.

I was wrong.

SU is lighthearted, and people wander in and out, and nobody minds if you don't come all the time.

There is a lot of singing (not just Hymns) and lots of variety.

Whether or not you are a Christian, it is worth going along to SU just once at least to see what it's all about.

Alice Mee FVI.

SU on Holiday

One Friday in September, two groups of High School pupils set off for the wilds of Comrie in Perthshire. One group travelled in a packed minibus with all the food, equipment, songbooks, etc. . . . needed for the weekend — crowded but fun. The other group was SUPPOSED to get the stagecoach to Perth but due to a mix-up with the tickets, we had to get off the bus and wait while tickets were changed. To our dismay the very bus we'd been sitting in and were supposed to be travelling in left without us! However, Richard's mum came to the rescue and transported us to Comrie in her car; there were five of us plus her in the car so it was a bit of a squash but much better than waiting for the next bus.

Eventually we all got into the crusader centre in Comrie, had supper, got settled in and went upstairs for a short introductory session.

The Saturday was quite busy — we took part in workshops (drama, music, or art) in the morning and each group presented its work on Sunday. The Saturday afternoon brought a shopping expedition into the village (i.e. over the bridge!). Comrie High Street isn't exactly as big as the Murraygate but there were a few small shops. Before tea we were sent on a hillwalk so that May, the SU staffworker running the camp, could get some cooking done (the cook had been taken ill at the last minute so we had to trust May's culinary skills to see us through the weekend!).

We were all set for a barbecue when the rain came on — torrentially! We made do with an indoor campfire that meant we all had to think up songs, sketches and games which was good fun! The marshmallow surplus created by the lack of barbecue was easily consumed the next day on the journey home.

The Sunday was spent sharing: what we had learned; what we had done; and sharing the chores!

Throughout the weekend various sports tournaments and competitions took place in the centre's ample games hall and table tennis room, although we didn't quite feel up to swimming in the nearby river.

All in all it was a very enjoyable and rewarding weekend and we returned to Dundee excited and already looking forward to the next one.

Catrina Slater FV.

Special Free Offer — 'Life in All Its Fullness'!

SU's been all go this year! A Uganda project at the beginning of the term set the ball rolling with a '£ stretcher' and 'cake, candy and craft' stall. Some of you might have wondered how a furry, yellow chick ever won a place in your heart — perhaps you saw beady wee eyes, cute feet or a peculiar nose: we saw an SU office in Uganda — overworked and under-equipped and we wanted to help. Together we raised £90, which we hope will enable SU to continue in their important and much valued role in society there. So thanks for all your support.

SU hasn't just demanded commitment and effort, but has given us lots of good times. Some of us took up the offer of two weekend camps and suffered no regrets. Both the weekends in Comrie and Perth gave us the opportunity to share, make new friends and have heaps of fun.

In all, SU has been really enjoyable and rewarding. As a group we've grown in strength if not in numbers — which continue to fluctuate! However, not to worry, this just serves to keep us on our toes and proves that mountains CAN be moved by faith. We'd all like to thank all those who played any part in SU this year but especially Mrs Martin and Mr Forrest for their invaluable help and encouragement.

Just a thought I'd like to share — Jesus said: "I am the way, the truth and the life" no one goes to the Father except by me", "I have come in order that you might have life — LIFE IN ALL ITS FULLNESS" (John 14: 6, 10: 10). What a promise — but hurry claim it while the offer lasts!

Eleanor Robertson F VI

SKI TRIP, EASTER 1988 — SERRE CHEVALIER

This Easter, the privileged few of "us third years" who managed to get a place on the ski trip embarked on an epic voyage of discovery to Serre Chevalier, perched high in the French Alps. Laden with stout hearts, bulging suitcases and walkmans, we waved a "tearful" farewell to over-anxious parents and gleeful brothers and sisters.

After an uneventful plane journey, we found ourselves winding ever upwards in a French bus which kept weaving, or so it seemed, ever closer to the edge of the road where a generous safety barrier of a single row of bricks protected vehicles from tumbling down a sheer drop into the distant valley below. But we endured this climb with colossal comradeship and eventually arrived at the Hotel Aigle du Bez where we claimed our rooms before going down for a meal and ski fitting.

The skiing was excellent, with a vast number of runs served by an equally enormous number of lifts, while the lessons from the Ski School turned out to be a pleasant surprise. We were taught new skills, and were advised as to how to improve our style but the instructors realised we didn't want to be taught all day and took us for a general ski-ground in the afternoons when we could practice all we had learned.

In the evenings, the hotel laid on discos every second night, and we had access to a swimming pool, cinema and a horse riding centre. One evening we competed in a Blockbusters competition, which we lost gracefully. However, the evening which sticks most in my mind is the Snow Football competition. The High School, living up to its standards, managed to field three teams with a minimum of double playing, an all boys team, all girls and mixed. Despite Mr Spowart's efforts to aid the girls' team with some sceptical referee decisions, and our use of perfectly innocent rugby tackles and trips (isn't that allowed?) we lost all our games by a "cat's whisker".

All in all, the trip was very enjoyable and a great way to spend a week abroad.

Sarah Taylor.

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In November, Mrs Jack's drama group drawn from forms 4 to 6 presented five one-act plays.

In the first of these, an extract from Thornton Wilder's "The Happy Journey", the pupils did well to maintain their American accents, and a very creditable performance of Ma Kirby, a difficult part to make convincing, was given to Clare Neilson.

"Votes For Women" which showed the suffragettes' struggle in 1912, had the honourable Stella Hastings convincingly portrayed by Elizabeth Nicoll.

Two allied plays "Nothing Legal" and "Even Less Legal" allowed the three girls who shared the lead, full scope as the Palmer Sisters who appeared to the outside world as dear, harmless old ladies but were deeply implicated in re-setting goods. However, the highlights here was a cameo part sensitively played by Stella Davie.

Much hard work had gone on behind the scenes with the making of costumes, sets and lighting, all adding to a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment.

CQ...CQ...

To most of us, a radio is just a little black box that sits in the corner of our living-room occasionally blurring out music of one sort or another. However, there is another side to radio — amateur radio.

In our modern technological world, we are constantly being urged to take more of an interest in electricity and how it works. One very rewarding way to do this is by becoming an electronics 'hobbyist' — another way, however, is by becoming a radio 'ham' or enthusiast. The latter allows you not only to delve into the world of electronics, but also to experiment with your own equipment and put it to practical use. Also, you learn of new advancements in the radio scene as they are happening with recent developments including radio teletype, facsimile (fax), television and a good number of orbiting amateur satellites.

The traditional forms of tranceiving, telephony (speech) and telegraphy (morse code), are still, however, by far the most popular among hams and there is nothing more rewarding for an amateur than to receive a reply to a 'CQ' (calling anyone) transmission from the other side of the world and to say 'Good night' to his parting 'Good morning'.

Contrary to common belief, amateur radio need not be an expensive hobby for, after an initial outlay for equipment (a second-hand receiver can be bought for about £100 and a second-hand transceiver can usually be picked up for about £350) five hours 'on air' can cost less than half the price of a second-class postage stamp!

The only real hurdle that has to be overcome before one can become a transmitting radio ham is the Radio Amateurs Examination (RAE) which has to be passed before a licence can be granted by the D.T.I. Courses for this are, nevertheless, widely available and local technical colleges should be contacted for more information. Once the exam has been passed, however, all international boundaries are broken down and you are free to converse with anyone anywhere in the world — and nine times out of ten in English.

Angus S. McNicol F.V.

For more details on amateur radio write to — The Secretary, RSGB (Radio Society of Great Britain), Lambda House, Cranborne Road, Pottar's Bar, Herts EN6 3JE.



"CHRISTABEL"

DENNIS POTTER

"Christabel", an adaptation of a true story, is set in Nazi Germany in the 1930's and 1940's. Christabel, an English girl married in Germany in 1934, was sent to England to live with her parents in 1938, but returned to Germany after only a few months, since she feared for the safety of her husband and sons. After her return to Germany, Christabel went to stay in the country at her husband's insistence, but during her stay, he was sent to prison for his part in the Hitler bomb plot of July 1944, an incident which set Christabel across Germany to try to save his life.

The serial, starring Elizabeth Hurley and Stephen Dillon, will be screened sometime this autumn, in four parts. D.H.S. was chosen to play a part in the production due to its fine stonework, a feature which it shares with the other Scottish buildings which are being used, and which apparently cannot be found elsewhere in the country.

The sixteen large posters which were displayed in the playground are stencilled copies of the original in the Imperial War Museum, and each took over a day to make, at a total cost of £2,400. This may not seem much, but given the fact that the school is likely to be shown for 5 seconds, this works out at £172,800 per hour, so it is little wonder that no-one would admit to the total cost of the filming! Thanks are due to the B.B.C., and in particular to Jonathan Youngs and Mark Philip, the chief and assistant location managers.



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Cpl. Nicol
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Reserve: Sgt. Graham

GIRLS' TEAM

1/c Sgt. D'Arcy
2/c L/Sgt. Wood
Cpl. McGowan
Cdt. Hulbert
Cdt. Samson
Cdt. Brown
Cdt. Carroll
Cdt. Kennedy

The H.C.T.C., run by the Queen's Own Highlanders, was very well organised this year. Both our teams were fairly well prepared, and thanks must go to Lt. Sim, S.S.I. Johnstone and the Cadet Training Team for all their help and encouragement throughout training and the actual competition.

Despite the sweltering heat, the girls managed to successfully map-read their way round the 15½ km. route and complete the stands with great spirit and teamwork. By Saturday night we realised the shield for the best Girls' Team was well within our grasp.

After the gruelling 2-mile run on Sunday, with full kit, an exceedingly close finish put us 1 point ahead. We had finally beaten our archrivals Dollar and Morrisons to take the shield for the first time!

Unfortunately, the boys' team did not manage to justify their hard work, and despite some excellent results in some stands, came only a disappointing 12th place overall.

Final Placings :-

- 10th D.H.S.C.C.F. (F) Best Girls' team
- 11th Morrisons (F)
- 12th D.H.S.C.C.F. (Boys)
- 13th Dollar (F)
- Sgt. D'Arcy and Cdt. Hulbert

CAMP REPORT

It was a hot sunny day when we left for our annual camp this year to be situated at Sirensall in Yorkshire. We all faced a long journey down south but spirits were high and the trip did not seem to take that long. We stopped on the way at a service station on the motorway and 120 killed warriors poured off the bus, which must have been a frightening sight for the many holiday makers who looked on in amazement. One such person was a certain Mr A. S. Smith who thought he had just got rid of all of us the day before at the end of term service, but just by chance we happened to bump into him. What a start to his holiday!

We arrived at the Camp at around 5.30 p.m. and a slightly haggard looking set of cadets debused and settled in.

Saturday was a relatively quiet day. It consisted of a traditional morning run (which is not a pleasant sight at 6.00 in the morning). The rest of the day was fairly relaxed with the junior N.C.O.'s training their platoons for the first night exercise in Langdale Forest on Sunday afternoon.

Another tradition, not so strenuous as the run, but nevertheless a part of camp that is taken very seriously, and rightly so, is the Church Parade on the Sunday morning. Everything is put into it. The whole morning

is taken up with uniforms being cleaned, boots polished and brasses shined. Around 11.00 a.m. the whole contingent was turned out in full dress and we all marched proudly onto the Kings Division Parade Square.

The strains of "The Lord's My Shepherd" drifted through the saultry air. After the hymn Major Holmes presented the Part II Infantry Awards badges to the Form IV cadets.

In the afternoon we departed for an overnight exercise in Langdale Forest. In this the cadets had to search and locate the enemy (the Sergeants) and then under the control of their N.C.O.'s organise a fighting patrol to raid the enemy. This proved to be quite successful although navigating in the forest with the use of firebreaks tended to be a bit hazardous at times especially when some marked on the map no longer existed! However, it seemed to help the cadets to navigate the forest for next day. This exercise was to try and give the younger cadets the experience of a competition atmosphere between platoons in all aspects of cadet life. The idea based on the Highland Team Tactical Course for the Seniors was a success and it gave the N.C.O.'s a chance to find out the strengths and weaknesses within their section and how to cope with them, while at the same time the younger cadets learnt new skills and found out how to cope with problems within their units of 8-10 cadets. This new concept proved very successful and I think both N.C.O.'s and cadets benefited from it.

On the return to camp most cadets "crashed out" for a few hours. While some of the unlucky ones drew guard duty and went off to the guard room armed with sleeping bags, pot noodles, "7 Up" and Mars bars.

They had to patrol the base throughout the night. Great fun until it reached three or four in the morning.

The next day was taken easily. There was a march and shoot competition for all the "hot shots" and in the afternoon we packed our kit and marched out of camp into the training area for our main exercise. We all set up camp, made something to eat and then the exercise began. A recon patrol went out to find the enemy (again the sergeants) and they most definitely found them. As it ended up the whole patrol was captured. From there a series of escapes, raids and fire fights took place throughout the night and the exercise ended in the morning with the utter defeat of "Strenzie's". The exercise was over. It had been one of the most realistic exercises I have ever taken part in and it was very enjoyable and good fun, at the same time tempers had been frayed but that was soon forgotten.

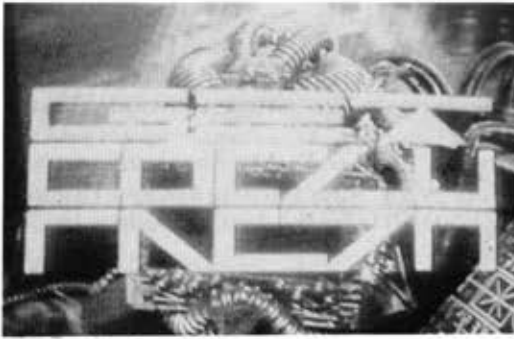
On the last day it was most definitely a day of winding down. The whole contingent went off to the beach for the day. Beach sports and initiative tests took place for the Platoon Cup. It was all very relaxed and an excellent way of ending what had been an excellent camp with a very full and varied programme.

That night at the last parade a few tears were shed by the leavers as effectively this was the end of their time in the cadets.

Finally thanks must go to all the officers and those involved in the administration and running of the camp. Without it the camp would not have been the success it was.

Also on behalf of the junior N.C.O.'s of last year we would like to thank all the Directing Staff for making the camp such good fun.

Andrew Bain FVI.



Photographs by Simon Millar

THE MAKING OF "GET FRESH!"

"GET FRESH!", as you will probably know, is ITV's Saturday morning children's programme, and each week, it comes from a different location in the United Kingdom. When the programme came to Dundee, yours truly was there, and managed to get an exclusive interview with one of the four presenters, *Gaz Top*.

"GET FRESH!" is a massive production, requiring television crews to work together as a team. The programme lasts two hours, and during this time, almost anything can go wrong, as the high energy programme gathers speed.

Actual 'on location' activity starts round about Monday, when the *Millennium Dustbin* arrives at the destination for the following Saturday's programme. It's actually an articulated lorry, and all the fittings which appear on the outside of the dustbin when it lands are kept inside when it is travelling, and are then fitted on when the dustbin arrives on location.

Friday is rehearsal day when Gaz, Charlotte, Gilbert and Michael practise links from one item to another, and go over the running order, which is the order in which items will be presented. Sometimes, there can be up to 60 different items in any edition, including film inserts and "stings" — snatches of music at the start and end of "*Get Mucky*", for example.

On Saturday the eleventh of June, "*Get Fresh!*" was produced by Grampian Television, from a site near the Tay Road Bridge in Dundee. The producer and director for the day, Graham McLeish, was actually born in Dundee, so was familiar with all the locations in the programme.



Earlier in the week, all the cameras, sound and vision mixing equipment that Grampian will need were driven down from their main studios in Aberdeen, about 75 miles away from Dundee. Grampian Television has three Outside Broadcast vans, all of which were needed to make "*Get Fresh!*". Grampian had also borrowed a van from Scottish Television which was used to feed the pictures and sound from

Dundee "down the line," to all the other ITV companies to transmit.

At seven o'clock on the Saturday morning, the crew were busy setting up cameras, the guest band's equipment, and microphones to record the crowd's reaction. By eight o'clock, the sound is being checked. The "*Get Fresh!*" theme tune was being played over the P.A. system, to make sure that the crowd will be able to hear what is being said once the programme starts. Gaz's, Charlotte's, Gilbert's and Michael's microphones were all checked to make sure that they were working properly. By half-past eight, the presenters and guests had arrived on the scene, and they had one last chance for a quick rehearsal. The camera on the mobile hydraulic platform was tested as well. It was to provide a bird's-eye view of the scene at various points throughout the programme.

Hand-held cameras were used a lot to run after the presenters as they dashed about, but there were some larger cameras on wheels which were used as well.

The *Millennium Dustbin* is really quite small and cramped, so as a result, only hand-held cameras are used inside it. There are only two main areas of the dustbin: the interview section with the couch, where Gilbert resides, and the control area, which is usually just seen at the beginning and end of the programme. So, because of the lack of space for lighting equipment, it's also very dark inside.



After the programme finished, Charlotte rushed off to a previous engagement, but for the rest of the presenters, it was a quick sprint back to the hotel to rest(!) for an hour, before leaving Dundee. Chased by screaming fans, Gaz just managed to get into the hotel as security guards locked the doors to prevent the hundreds of fans getting in.

Once he had changed out of his wet-suit, needed for jet-ski-ing on the Tay, he met me in the "*Get Fresh!*" suite for an exclusive interview

— "How did you get into television, Gaz?"

— "Well, I used to work as a roadie for a band called "The Alarm", touring with them. In 1985, I got three months off, so I needed a new job. I heard that *Music Box* were looking for a television presenter with a knowledge of music, which I had from my previous job as a roadie."

— "Do you like touring all the time with "*Get Fresh!*"?"

— "Yes. It's just like being a roadie really, but instead of going all round the world, we just travel round Britain."

— "What's it like working with Gilbert? I mean — he's so unpredictable!"

— "It's fantastic. Out of all the aliens I know, and he's the only one, he's the best. Him being unpredictable is

the beauty of him, because it's just impossible to tell what's going to happen next. He's a very professional presenter."

— "When did you get up this morning?"

— "Six o'clock — I get really excited. Some people once took my heart rate from when I got up until the middle of the afternoon, and it was 97 all along!"

— "Is what you say totally *ad lib*?"

— "Mmm. Yes. You just couldn't script a programme like *"Get Fresh!"* It would just be impossible, but we do know the main points that we have to get across."

— "What's the worst thing that's ever happened to you on TV?"



— "Well, I think it was today really, on the Tay. Em, I got close to another boat, and we touched, so I jumped off my jet-ski, but I was OK. I've had to abseil down mountains though, and that can be"

"How long have you been doing *"Get Fresh!"*?"

— "The first ever *"Get Fresh!"* was on April the 12th, 1986. It was a pilot we did from Newcastle, to see if the idea could work. It was never broadcast, and is the only *"Get Fresh!"* on tape. The first edition to be broadcast was on May the 10th, 1986, and that was from Lake Windermere."

— "Who decides where the show goes next?"

— "Well, each ITV region decides where it goes next when it's their turn to make an edition."

So, that was it. Gaz went off once I had taken his photograph. Another *"Get Fresh!"* over, and on Monday, the chaos is due to start all over again at a service station on the M6!



Impressions of Thailand

Having decided to take a year out after school, I managed to find a job teaching English in a large school about seventy miles west of Bangkok in Thailand.

"Michael Wedderburn?" Some of you might say, "I knew him. What made him do a thing like that? He was quite normal. (Well, sort of!)"

There are a few reasons:-

- (1) It is educational, and broadens my horizons.
- (2) It lets me see an entirely different culture, and way of life.
- (3) I don't have to pay the poll tax here.
- (4) It seemed like a good idea at the time.
- (5) Why not?

Thailand is a rapidly developing country. The population has leapt from about 17 million at the end of the last war to over 56 million, and now there is a huge demand for education and new technology. However, there is still a lot of people living in extreme poverty and discomfort next to the construction sites of multi-billion Baht hotels, industrial developments and schools — Thailand is a country looking to the future.

The first thing that hit me when I arrived here at the beginning of May was the heat. It is the rainy season and humidity is high, which makes for a very uncomfortable and stifling atmosphere. Even a gentle walk is tiring and brings me out in sweat.

The state boarding school where I work is 20 years old, and has 2,300 boys. They are also building a new 400-strong nursery wing.

As I said, education is much in demand. Applications to the school are many times over-subscribed and the man in charge of admissions told me that he had to go into hiding in Bangkok to avoid desperate parents trying to get their children into school!

The school day starts at 7.55 a.m. and goes on till 3.30 p.m. I teach all day, plus a further two lessons in the evening for the boarders and the boys have another two hours of supervised study on top of that.

Just after I arrived, they celebrated "Teachers' Day" which all schools must have by law, whereby the pupils pay their respects to the teachers by singing Buddhist hymns, giving speeches and presenting them with flowers. They were amazed when I told them that we had nothing quite like it at home!

The food here consists of watery meat or vegetable stews, often highly spiced, and served with boiled rice. Three meals like this a day does become monotonous but they do have a wide range of delicious fruit to make up for it.

Sometimes it is better not to ask what's in a dish, but I have sampled delicacies such as burned wasp and chicken's feet but have so far resisted a roast dog!

Life here can also be very hazardous. One boy is recovering after being knocked out by a falling coconut, and people are forever being struck by lightning during the electric storms which sometimes go on for hours.

Driving is a nightmare. The buses have races, there are often elephants walking in the road and multiple pile-ups are common. The general rule of "What is behind me, does not concern me" definitely applies here, and all drivers have to have nerves of steel.

However, the things which at first amazed me, soon became part of the normal way of life, and something like a motorbike with a large pig in the side-car, now doesn't get a second glance.

The Thai people are very kind and interested, and are always willing to help out, and it was through their warmth and hospitality that I was able to settle so easily into a seemingly strange and bewildering country.

I hope I have given you an insight into life here, though a lot of it has to be seen to be believed.

Michael Wedderburn.



Winners of the Tayside Trophy.

HIGH SCHOOL TEAM HAD THE RIGHT FORMULA!

When the D.H.S. Chemistry Quiz Team went to Stirling University on June 4, for the National Chemistry Quiz Finals, we certainly had the right formula.

Having won the Tayside and Fife section for the last four years running, we were the favourites as we went into the first round and beat Monifieth High School. Our second round win against Harris Academy put us once again into the Tayside and Fife Final at St Andrew's University on March 2. There we played against Perth Academy, Madras College and Brechin High School and we were delighted when we won!

A few weeks later we were invited to take part in the Scottish Final bringing together all of the Regional winners. Our team, unchanged since the first round of the competition in December 1987, consisted of:

Team, Captain Clifford Baty (Form 6)
 Kenneth Campbell (Form 4)
 Iain Morrow (Form 3)
 Colin Stewart (Form 2)

In the final were Stewart's — Melville College, Dunblane High School and Denny High School. (Unfortunately, the teams from Grampian and Glasgow could not make it.)

We were drawn against Dunblane High School in the first semi-final and beat them by a convincing 17 points (49-32).

Then Stewart's — Melville beat Denny and faced us in the final. For the first six rounds, we were always about 5 points behind, but in the last four rounds we pulled ahead and eventually won by a margin of 4 points.

Our next goal is the U.K. Final in London, in October, and the nightlights will be burning with revision for that!

Colin Stewart

CHEMISTRY

Royal Society of Chemistry Schools' Chemistry Quiz, 1988.

1. Tayside Section Quiz — It is pleasing to report that once again a team from the school has won the "Top of the Bench" Schools' Chemistry Quiz organised by the Tayside Section of the Royal Society of Chemistry and generously sponsored by Conoco (U.K.) Limited. This was the fourth successive victory for us in this quiz.

Teams from schools in Dundee, Angus, Perth and Fife took part and the final was held on Wednesday, 2nd March, 1988 in the Chemistry Department of the University of St Andrews. The teams which took part in the final were from Perth Academy, Madras College, St Andrews, Brechin High School and of course our own school. The Quiz-master was Graeme Adamson from Radio Tay. The trophy and individual prizes were presented to our successful team members by Mr Dan McGeachie of Conoco.

2. Scottish National Finals — Having won the Tayside Section quiz, our team was invited to take part in the first Scottish National Finals of the competition which were held in the Logie Lecture Theatre of the University of Stirling on Saturday, 4th June, 1988. Other teams taking part had also won their local section competitions in other parts of Scotland.

We are delighted to report that not only was our team successful in the semi-finals against Dunblane High School, but also in the final, having an excellent victory over Stewarts Melville College, Edinburgh. The reward was a handsome team trophy, kindly donated by Griffin and George Limited, and also individual prizes for the team members.

As Scottish champions, it is now expected that our team will be invited to take part in the British finals in London in October.

Warmest congratulations are extended to our team members for these magnificent victories. They brought credit not only to themselves but also to the school in general. The winning team members are — Clifford Baty F6, Kenneth Campbell F4, Iain Morrow F3 and Colin Stewart F2.

Thanks are due to Mr Smart, Mrs Sinclair and Mr Foreman for their help during the competition.

CENTENARY OF THE HIGHER GRADE EXAMINATION

This year 1988 sees the centenary of the Higher Grade examination, which is the traditional benchmark of Scottish education. It was a hundred years ago in 1888 that twenty-nine schools first presented candidates for the new examination and our school was one of that number. Recently, a newspaper article published to mark the centenary included a league table of the results obtained in the first examination. Unknown to the school there stood revealed the fact that the top place had been taken by Dundee High School with a ninety-nine per cent pass-rate. It is encouraging to remember that we today are bearers of a beacon of excellence, which we are proud to carry next session into the 750th anniversary of the foundation of this great school.

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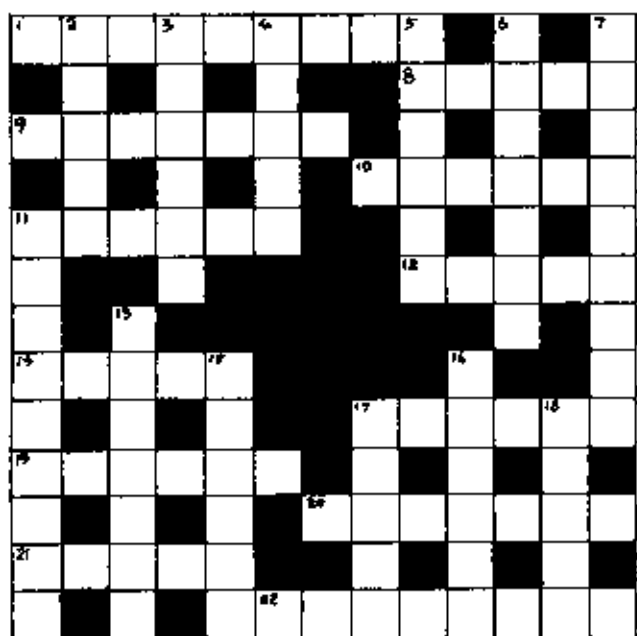
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Las Indiciones Del Crucigrama Espanol

Horizontales

- 1 Lo que Jesús representa (9)
- 8 Lo que aparece en la piel después de un herider (5)
- 9 De dónde se puede ver muy bien (7)
- 10 Lo que hizo Picasso (infinitivo) (6)
- 11 Educado (6)
- 12 Están al lado de algo (5)
- 14 Cuando subes la escalera, pones el pie en estog (5)
- 17 Lo que tiene un avión o un pájaro (6)
- 19 La moneda de Gran Bretaña, _____ esterlinas (6)
- 20 Lo que pones sobre una mesa (7)
- 21 Pequeñespados (5)
- 22 Alguien que tiene mucho entusiasmo (9)

Verticales

- 2 Yo vengs par la puerta hucia el interior de una Sala (5)
- 3 Yo pongo algo en un recipiente de metal (6)
- 4 Bancos, no donde guardas tu dinero pero donde te Sientas (5)
- 5 Tengo una memoria mala (6)
- 6 Miralo con atención! (7)
- 7 Fiestas (9)
- 11 Lo que pasa con aqua si la temperatura está inferior a cero grados centígrados (el estado) (9)
- 13 Yo habor algo blanco (7)
- 14 El procesor de hacer algo mansor (6)
- 16 La palabra inglesa para si y hiego alander no hay ningunas gueras (3, 3)
- 17 Terminor algo (5)
- 18 Altitud, sin una silaba (5)

Solution on Page 46

AUSTRALIA

Celebration of a Nation! (1788-1988)

On the 29th April, 1770, the English navigator, Captain James Cook, landed near the site of modern Sydney, with orders to claim for Britain this land glimpsed by earlier explorers. Eighteen years later, on 20th January, 1788, the First Fleet landed at Botony Bay, bringing 750 convicts to start a settlement near the world's finest natural harbour. By the mid 1800's, Britain stopped sending convicts, partly because it was no punishment to send a man to a land where he could find a 63kg nugget of gold. Instead, immigrants flooded in, increasing the population by over a million in 20 years, from 1860. After World War II, Australia opened her doors to many foreign investors. The country boomed ...

Today, Australia is alive and kicking. It is a young country — over 50% of the population is under thirty. One symbol of this new spirit is the world famous Sydney Opera House. The bold design of a young Danish architect, it opened in 1973, after twenty years of problem infested building. At one stage, it looked like it would never be finished, but now plays host to internationally-famed opera, ballet and drama stars and companies.

55% of Australia's city dwellers live in the four great capitals of the south-east: Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne and Sydney. Canberra is the government capital though, as when the time came to designate a capital, Sydney and Melbourne were too busy arguing about which city should house the parliament building. The Queen opened the new Australian Parliament buildings which are actually built into a hill.

Although Britain could fit into Australia thirty-one and a half times, there are four times as many people in Britain as there are in Australia — a vast area of Australia is unpopulated.

Australia is making a name for itself in the entertainment world as well. Dame Edna Everage and Clive James are constantly on television, and there can't be anyone who hasn't seen "Crocodile Dundee" yet, with Paul Hogan in the role of our city's namesake. On the music front, John Farnham and INXS have been in the charts all around the world recently, as were Men at Work and Icehouse, a while ago. Of course, there's also the soaps: A Country Practice, Sons and Daughters, the (dated) Young Doctors, and the brilliant Prisoner Cell Block H. Indeed, more people in Britain watch "Neighbours" than there are in Australia all together.

I asked the Prime Minister of Australia, Bob Hawke, what Australia's bicentennial meant to his country, and how it was being celebrated ...

Bicentennial merchandise can be obtained. For a price list, write to:- Australian Gift Shop, Western Australia House, 115 Strand, London WC2 0AA.



PRIME MINISTER

CANBERRA

The Bicentenary of European settlement in Australia is an occasion for celebration - of our nation, its history, its achievements, and the diversity of its culture.

Australia in 1988 is a dynamic, modern nation, a nation with much to be proud of and with much still to achieve. We are a free nation, open, tolerant, democratic and committed to the creation of a peaceful and harmonious world.

In celebrating all this, we remember that we are a young nation in an ancient land, a land whose history reaches back beyond 1788 through some 40,000 years of Aboriginal culture. We are a nation which, in the 200 years since the British founded a colony on our shores, has become home for people of many lands. The Scots have made an important contribution to this multicultural society particularly in the fields of science and education.

The Britain Australia Bicentennial Committee has brought together a wonderful program of interesting events, in both countries. Our Bicentennial year has an exciting and imaginative program of cultural, sporting and educational activities, conferences and commemorative events.

Already we have shared such memorable events as 'Australia Live', the television spectacular which was beamed around the world, and the Tall Ships event which brought sailing ships from many lands to our shores, including the 'Young Endeavour', Great Britain's official Bicentennial gift to Australia, and five other British entries. The Tall Ships were one of the highlights of the truly impressive Australia Day celebrations on Sydney Harbour on 26 January this year.

The Bicentenary is a celebration of a nation, but it is more than that. It is a challenge particularly for young people to think about the nation they have inherited and the way they would like to help shape the future for succeeding generations.

I would like to convey my best wishes to all students at Dundee High School and hope that you have a successful and enjoyable year.

R J L Hawke



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O.K! Here it is — the new style competition in **THE REVIEW!**

First (and only) prize is a night out on the town for two, courtesy of our friends at **CANNON CINEMAS** and **THE PIZZA GALLERY**. And what's more, it's unbelievably easy! All you have to do is to guess the number of steps in all our school buildings. (That's excluding the exterior fire exit of Bonar House, but including the steps in the Junior, Prep., and Senior departments and any steps on the outside of the school, at the pillars for example, etc.)

Now, we wouldn't really advise that you go counting all the steps: besides there are lots of steps you won't get access to.

Rules:

Anyone concerned with the magazine who enters this competition will be made to count all the stairs again (not very nice).

If you fill-in two boxes without taping a 20p to the back, we shall throw your entry in the bin!

You can enter up to 5 times (using photocopies) but no matter how many times you enter, you must fill-in 2 boxes on all but your last entry. So if you're sending in 5 copies, tape 20p's to four copies, etc.

Only 5 entry forms allowed per person (See above rule).

That's it! If nobody enters, we'll go on our own. If people do enter, our decision is final, 'cos we rule these parts.

Come on then, ask that boy or girl out, or just go with your best mate (if you're boring). There are two tickets up for grabs to see a film of your own choice at the Cannon Cinema, and then a meal for two at the Pizza Gallery up to the value of £10!

Cannon Cinemas are one of the biggest cinema chains in Britain so there's always a wide choice of great films to see.

The Pizza Gallery is where all cool and funky Dundonians go for a meal. You can have a small pizza or a woppin' big one!

So, here's how to enter. Fill in the form below and put it in the box in the office by Friday, 21st October. You'll notice that there are two boxes on the form below. Your first guess is FREE, but if you want a second guess you must tape a 20p coin onto the back of your entry and this will be donated to the ITV Telethon.

Name

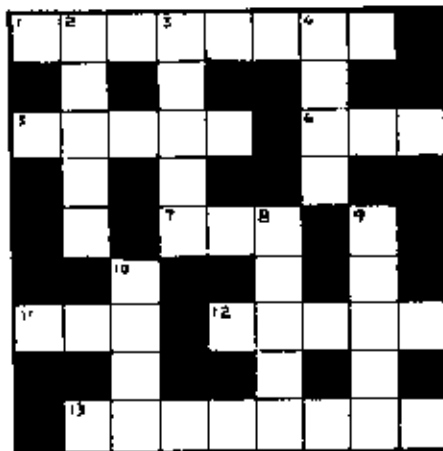
Class

Registration Teacher

1st Guess (FREE)

2nd Guess (not free)

The winner will be announced in the Group Notices on the 7th November.



MOTS CROISES

Horizontal

- Elles viennent d'être grandes, et personne ne travaillait.
- Il a réussi a ses examens, mais il est moins qu'eligible.
- En Anglais il est simplement malade, mais en Français, une légume.
- Les Romains l'avaient sous les pieds quand ils le regardaient au ciel.
- On l'obtient des oranges, par exemple.
- Zone ou la lumière est interceptée par un corps opaque, mais pas ça d'un Espagnol.
- Aviser avant son arrivée.

Vertical

- Souvent erroné pour assister.
- Ses copines sont cettas soldates Americaines.
- Ça sonne comme on disait cet oiseau de proie en Anglais est pareil.
- Elle remédie 12 à travers.
- A demi pareil entre des copains.
- Il faut employer des choses qui semblent frayées.


Solution on Page 46


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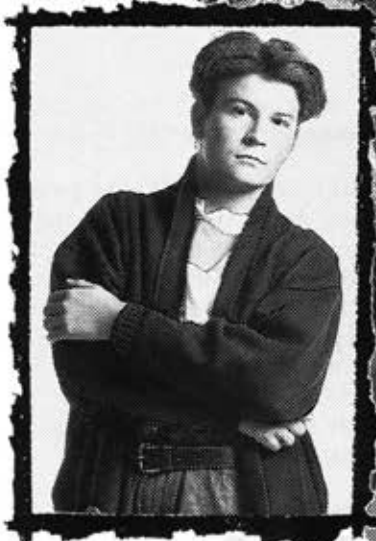
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THE REVIEW GOES . . .

BEHIND THE SCENES OF GRAMPIAN TELEVISION'S "NORTH TONIGHT"

Words by David Christie and Simon Miller. Pictures by Simon Miller.

Grampian Television's daily news programme, "North Tonight" has been on the air in its present form for seven out of the twenty-six years that the station has been serving the North of Scotland as the most Northern independent television company in the United Kingdom. There are half hour editions of the programme from Monday to Thursday, as well as an hour long edition every Friday, which includes coverage of the area's sports and entertainments.

On a cold December morning last year at 8.00, we left Monifieth for Aberdeen, where Grampian's headquarters are situated, with Alan Saunders, the Dundee-based sports reporter from the programme. Alan would be travelling to Aberdeen to do the weekend's sports feature which we would later watch being prepared. As the journey to Aberdeen is a long one, we had plenty of time to ask Alan some questions. . .

— "How did you get involved in working for Grampian?"

— "I'd always been pretty middle-of-the road at school, and the only thing I really excelled at was sport. I got my first job at the age of 15 with the Daily Record. The job wasn't very important — I spent most of the time running errands and making coffee. I eventually got to be a junior sports reporter which I enjoyed very much. Later I moved to Grampian where I became involved with 'North Tonight'."

— "Which medium do you prefer working for — television or the press?"

— "Television, mainly because of the variety. There's a much wider range of people and places to report on."

— "What are the main differences between reporting for television and reporting for the press?"

— "With television, you've got to keep your reports very much tighter. The longest report I've ever done for 'North Tonight' was five minutes long, although the average piece I do is only two minutes long. You've got to keep your reports very much more compressed on television."

— "Do you find yourself under a lot of pressure?"

— "There are erratic days when there's lots to do, and not enough time to do it in, but generally we're able to cope quite well."

— "Who are the most famous people that you have interviewed?"

— "Probably the most famous person I've interviewed is Sammy Davis Jnr., but I've also interviewed the top names in Scottish Football and all the top golfers like Jack Nicklaus, Seve Ballesteros, Nick Faldo and Greg Norman."

— "Have there been any famous people who have started their career with Grampian Television?"

— "Yes. The late Donny MacLeod, who used to present 'Pebble Mill at One' began his career at Grampian. Selina Scott used to present 'North Tonight' before she moved into national television. She had been doing an interview with the Editor of the Sunday Express, who then gave her a good write-up in his column. ITN (Independent Television News) must have offered her a job which she took before moving to the BBC."

By about 9.30 a.m., we had arrived in Aberdeen, and were led past the three Outside Broadcast units that Grampian owns, to the newsroom. After Alan had sorted through his mail, he took us to see Alistair Gracie, Grampian's head of news and current affairs. Mr Gracie told us a bit about Grampian Television itself.

— "Grampian Television is one of the 16 independent companies which cover the United Kingdom. Although Grampian is one of the smallest companies, it has to cover a larger area than any of the other ITV companies." (Apart from TV-a.m. which broadcasts to the whole country.)

He then told us about "North Tonight's" — history as Grampian's daily news programme. (All ITV companies have to make a programme like this.)

— "North Tonight" started off as a weekly programme entitled 'Grampian Week'. The programme expanded to be produced on a daily basis, and was retitled 'Grampian Day'. Still, we felt that this title implied that the programme was very influenced by what was happening in and around Aberdeen. As a large percentage of our viewers live in the Tayside Region, we felt a title change was called for."

— "How many people are employed in the making of 'North Tonight'?"

— "Overall, a staggering 70 people are employed in the making 'North Tonight'."

By now, it is 9.40 a.m., and Alan is deciding the running order for the sports section of the night's programme. One of the items that was going to feature in his section was an article about a rugby match between Scotland and Italy which was taking place the following day at Seafield, Aberdeen, not far from the studios. Alan hoped to do two interviews for that item, but planned to interview someone else who would be there, for a different article.

To do a news report, an ENG (Electronic News Gathering) unit is used. This consists of a reporter, camera and cameraman, a sound unit and sound recordist, and a lighting man. Covering the large microphone was a furry object (nicknamed "Dougal" by the crew). This is used to cut wind noise on the recording. A light is needed even outside, because the expensive (£30,000) camera does not like high contrast, for example, between a person's face and a bright sky. The light, called a "basher", is used to reduce contrast and produce some shadows.

Here is the timetable for the filming of that article.



a.m.

- 10.54 ENG unit assembles
- 10.57 Alan gets ready to do the first interview.
- 10.58 The first interview is underway.
- 11.15 Alan starts the second interview.

- 11.30 Everybody waits for one of the rugby players to come off the field so he can be interviewed.
- 11.40 Still waiting. Our hands and feet are beginning to feel cold.
- 11.50 Everyone has lost all feeling from their fingers and toes.
- 12.05 At last! the rugby player turns up, and the interview begins.



On returning to the studios, we edited some football goals to be used by Alan in the programme that night, in an editing suite in one of the O.B. vans. Having done that, Alan took us for lunch in the very posh Grampian canteen, well, restaurant.

Then, it was back to the newsroom before Alan took us to see him putting a "voice-over" on his report. A voice over is the name given to the process of adding a voice on top of some film pictures. After that had been completed, we visited the 750 square foot studio that is used for the production of "North Tonight", to get our photographs taken by John Thomson, Grampian's resident stills photographer. It's his job to take photos of any Grampian programmes or events that Grampian are involved in, for use by the press etc. While Alan went to do some more hard work, John showed us round the rest of the building. First, we visited the graphics department, where we each received a caption board with the Grampian Television logo on it. Then we were shown round the part of the building where all the technical stuff is kept. There, we met a man (who would like to remain anonymous) who put a report into the Afternoon Headlines. Then, we visited the technical trickery department, where we called up a man's face from the electronic slide storage system. We rubbed his nose off, made his face green, and then flipped him all over the screen.

After seeing the machines used to put adverts in between programmes on Channel 4 and Grampian, we saw the studio from where the programmes are linked, and right next door to it, the studio used for presenting the short news bulletins throughout the day.

By now, the clock's hands in the newsroom were beginning to approach 6.00, when the programme starts, but the atmosphere was still calm. Alan had disappeared to get changed and made-up and we were taken to the gallery to watch the programme going out on air.

— "5... 4... 3... 2... 1... Run titles VT ... and cue John."

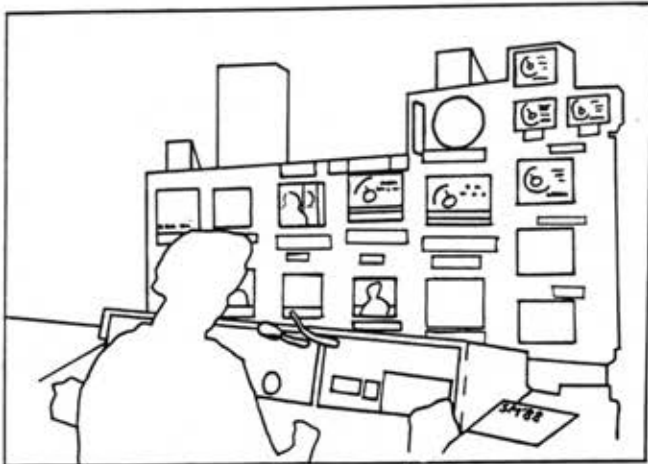
The P.A. (Production Assistant) is possibly the most important person in the gallery. It is her job to time the programme — telling the news readers when a film report is due to appear on the screen, or when it is time to take a commercial break. The programme can never overrun because then it would run into very expensive



Preview
of the
next graphic.

Studio output
(The picture
received by
the viewer).

Preview of next
film to be inserted
into the program.



Picture
being
taken
by camera
3.

Picture
being
taken
by camera
2.

Picture
being
taken
by camera
1.

advertising time, which provides 91% of Grampian's cash input. This is the reason for the "main headlines" being repeated at the end of a bulletin, as a sort of "cushion", so they can be cut at the last moment if the programme has "stretched" a bit.

This was the perfect ending to a very interesting and enjoyable day, and we would like to thank the following people for making it as entertaining as it was...

Alan Saudners,
Alistair Gracie,
John Thomson,
Ian the ENG lighting man,
and also the man from the technical bit.



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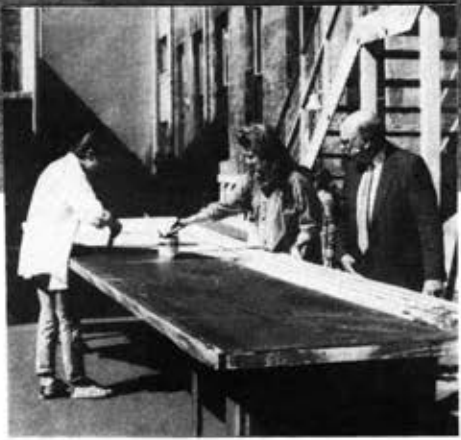
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Telex 76222
After Hours
Colin Anderson (0382) 74798
Murray Ross (0382) 816710
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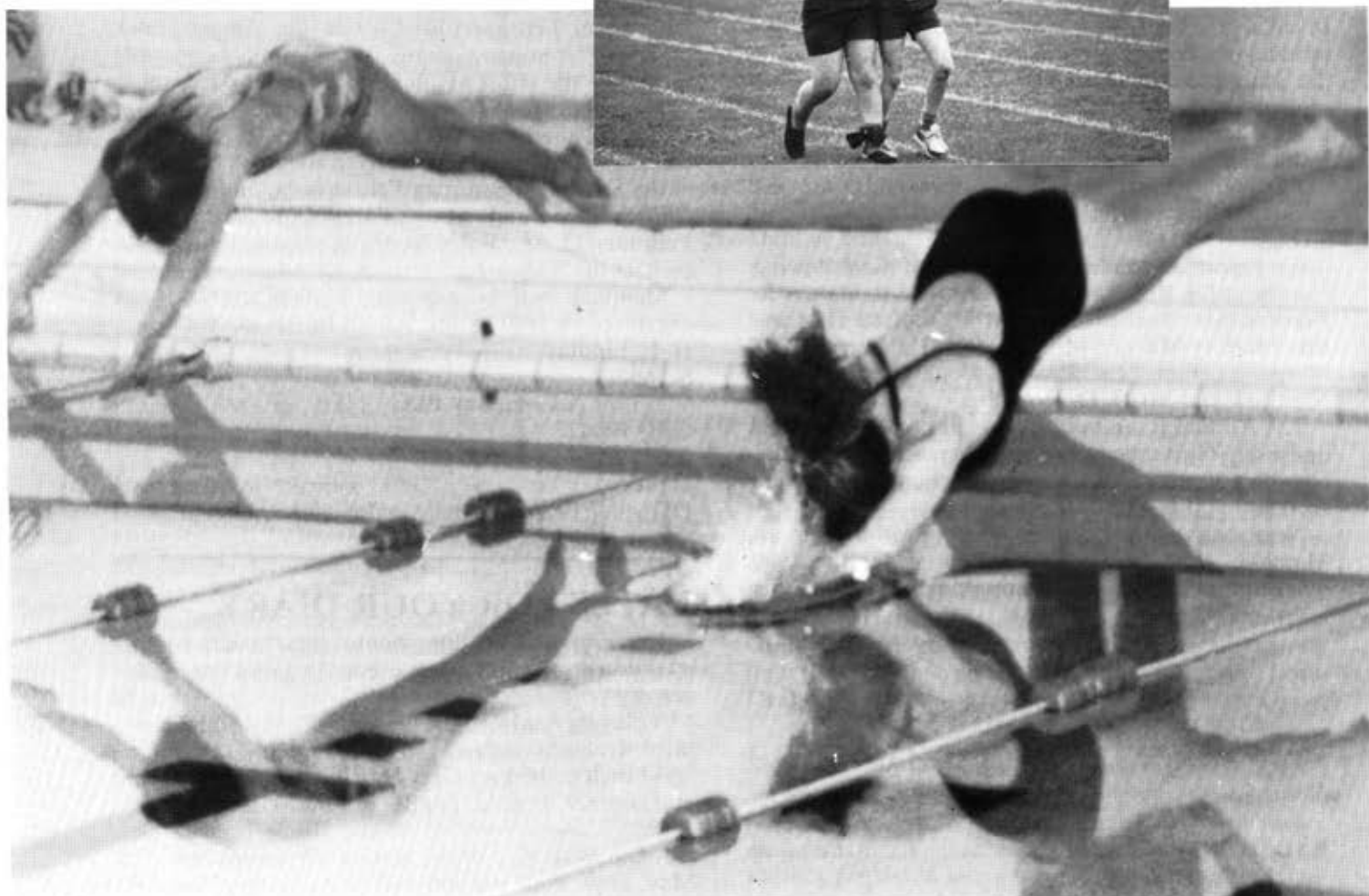
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**ALL GOODS MUST BE CLEANED
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1987-88

Photographs by Simon Millar, Neil Tosh, Angus McNicol.



DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' CLUB REPORT

At the 56th Annual General Meeting on March 7, 1988 the following office bearers were elected.

President Mrs Joy Ingram
Vice-President Mrs Jennifer Scott
Junior Vice-President Mrs Heather Stiven
Secretary Mrs Moira Ross
36, Albert Street,
Tayport
Fife.
Assistant Secretary Mrs Annette Grewar
Treasurer Miss Margaret Stewart
1 Ambrose Street,
Broughty Ferry.

New Committee

Members Mrs Sally Mearns
Miss Lorna Rattray
Mrs Linda Cunningham
Mrs Susan Lawson

After the sad death of our president Dr. Rita Forrest the presidential duties were shared by Miss Margaret Stewart until October, and Mrs Joy Ingram for the remainder of the year.

Sports Day was held at Mayfield on June 13, with the tea tent and the cake and candy being as popular as even. We were very grateful to all ladies and senior pupils who helped us.

On Leavers' day we held a pre-lunch refreshments party which was enjoyed by all.

In September a cheese and wine evening was held jointly with the Old Boys'. This year we changed the venue to Camperdown house and were pleased there was a good attendance of all ages.

The Annual Dinner on November 6, at the Invercarse Hotel was well attended and it was particularly encouraging to see younger members of the club present. Dr. Ursula Franks, an Ophthalmologist at Ninewells Hospital gave an entertaining talk on her experiences and travels in South America, India and Nepal.

The President represented the club at the Remembrance Service, Christmas Services and prize givings.

We report with sadness the deaths of the following members: Dr. Rita Forrest, Mrs Patricia Reid, Mrs R. Frawley, Mrs Forbes Grant, Mrs Winifred Duncan, Mrs Marjory Murray, Mrs Kathleen Henderson, Mrs Margaret Lemon, Mrs Elizabeth Denholm, Mrs Helen Martinek and Mrs J. D. Houlding.

The Annual Reunion Dinner will be held this year on Friday, November 4. Any member wishing to attend outwith a 30-mile radius of Dundee should contact the secretary by the end of September.

Next year's annual general meeting will be held on March 6, 1989. The attached form is for the 1989 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)

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB

At the Annual General Meeting in November 1987 Mr Ewan Pate was appointed President of the Club and Dr. William MacFarlane-Smith was appointed Vice-President.

The most significant event in the current year was the Inaugural Dinner of the London Branch of the Club. This was a history making occasion being the first dinner ever held in London for former pupils of the school. A memorable evening was shared by approximately 60 Old Boys in the most fitting venue of the Public Schools Club in St James's Square. The principal toast of 'The School and the Club' was most ably proposed by a former Dux and Head Boy of the School. Dr Ian E. Smith and replies were made by Mr R. Nimmo, the Rector and Mr Murray Petrie, Club President.

Many old friendships were renewed after many years and new friendships struck. Such was the success of this Inaugural Dinner that it is proposed to hold a dinner again in 1988 and a date of November 11, 1988 has been fixed. Any former pupils aware of other F.P.'s in the London area who would wish to receive an invitation should advise the Secretary as soon as possible. It is hoped that an even larger attendance than last year can be achieved.

The 'normal' calendar of events of the Dundee Dinner, the Edinburgh Dinner and the Golf and Fishing Outings was as successful as ever and from this readers will gather that the Old Boys' Club is in good heart and continues to strengthen its links with the School.

Looking ahead to the 750th Anniversary, which is now looming large, the Club is holding a Re-union Dinner on February 10, 1989 in the Angus Hotel, Dundee. It is hoped as many former pupils as possible will make the effort to attend this special occasion.

To encourage those outwith the immediate area to travel and attend, the weekend of February 10-12, 1989 will also include an opportunity to attend an Open Day at the School on Saturday February 11, and a Special Church Service in St Mary's Parish Church on Sunday February 12. Any F.P.'s requiring information should contact the Secretary.

Members will be advised of other events to be organised in 1989 by the School in due course.

H. L. Findlay

Secretary

Wm Low & Company PLC

GPO Box 73

Baird Avenue

Dundee

DD1 9NF

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

The Old Girls' Club would like to draw your attention to the following events in the 750th Anniversary year.

A play by Act IV in the Gardyne Theatre during the third week of October.

A lunch at the Earl Grey Hotel open to all Old Girls and former female pupils on the 11th February, 1989.

A Car Boot Sale in the School playground on 20th May, 1989. Your support and participation would be greatly appreciated.



FORMER PUPILS: SUCCESSES (as known)

Dundee College of Technology: 1987

Jacob, Paul Philip B.Sc. (First Class Honours in Mechanical Engineering).

Prodhan, Partha B.Sc. (Hons.) Mechanical Engineering.

Ramsay, Peter Grant B.Sc. (Hons.) Quantity Surveying.

Watson, John Anderson Scotland B.Sc. Quantity Surveying

Heriot-Watt University: 1987

Gateley, Donald Kenneth B.A. (Hons.) Economics.

Blaikie, David Mercer B.Arch. (Hons.).

University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne: 1987

Philip, Francis B.Sc. (Hons.) Agriculture.

University of York: 1987

Vaughan, Sarah Ann B.A. (Hons.) Economics.

BURSARY COMPETITIONS: 1988 — AWARDS

Anderson, Gordon — Dundee University — £500.

Donaldson, Shona M. — Aberdeen University — £150.

Briggs, Clare W. — Aberdeen University — Commended.

University of Aberdeen: 1987

Douglas J. A. Adamson, M.B. Ch.B.

Alistair S. Clark, M.B. Ch.B.

Barbara A. Collie, LL.B.

Fiona M. C. Grieve, B.Sc. (Agri.).

Alan G. Gyle, M.A.

Angus J. M. Henderson, B.Sc. (Agri.).

Fiona M. MacKintosh, LL.B.

Lindsay K. Martin, B.L.E.

David H. Sheldon, LL.B.

University of Dundee: 1987

Boggon, Andrew Nicholas, Medicine and Dentistry *Prize*.

Boggon, Andrew Nicholas, Medicine and Dentistry, B.D.S.

Egan, Dain Michael, Arts and Social Sciences M.A.

Hands, Gavin William Valentine, Law B.A.D.M.I.N.

MacLeod, Ewan Douglas, Medicine and Dentistry, M.B. Ch.B.

Merryless, Neil, Medicine and Dentistry, *Prize*.

Summers, Graham, Medicine and Dentistry, M.B. Ch.B.

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.

BLACK, HEATHER L.M.

Left D.H.S. in 1978 when, sadly, she was stricken by a motor neurone disorder which confined her to a wheelchair. Last Year she graduated from Dundee College of Technology having successfully completed a two-year Higher National Diploma Computing Studies Course.

BLAIR, JOHN S. G.

Was Dux of School in 1946 and gained a Harkness Residential Scholarship to the University of St Andrews where he graduated M.B., Ch.B. and M.D. in 1954. He did his higher surgical training in Dundee from 1958 until his appointment as Consultant Surgeon to Perth Royal Infirmary in 1966. Since 1966 he has been Honorary Senior Lecturer in Surgery at Dundee University.

Recently he has written a history of medicine in Scotland's oldest University and the story of the Medical Faculty's triumphs and tribulations over some 500 years. The book is entitled "The History of Medicine in St Andrews University".

BOWMAN, NEIL B.

Left D.H.S. in 1962 having been Captain of Rugby, Captain of Cricket and a School Prefect. Neil, a Senior Partner of Gray Robertson & Wilkie, Solicitors, was recently elected Lord Dean of Guild in succession to Mr W. Wallace Rea, father of Chris Rea. The new Lord Dean's father, Mr B. C. Bowman was re-appointed Clerk and it is believed to be unique in the annals of the Guildry, which go back to 1515, for father and son to hold the respective positions of Guild Clerk and Lord Dean of Guild.

BREWSTER, HEATHER M.

Left D.H.S. in 1980. Last September Heather took part in "Operation Raleigh" travelling in the wild mountainous region of Northern Pakistan. The journey proved to be an adventure both exciting and challenging, a truly unforgettable experience.

In the three month period they undertook an adventure project, a community project and a science project.

The main purpose of the adventure project was to survey suitable potential trekking roads which would be particularly attractive to tourists, to produce trekking maps, to write trekking guides and to train local people. In their journeys, at heights of nearly 15000 feet, they were able to enjoy breathtaking views of Himalayan peaks including Nanga Parbat (26600). In those treks most of the party suffered from stomach upsets and breathing difficulties at such high altitude.

The community project was in a small village called Hyderabad where the villagers had decided they required a road to link existing roads, so that they would be able to transport produce to market by van rather than to carry goods over 1.5 km. to the nearest road. To complete the task ditches had to be dug, walls demolished, earth and rocks moved and walls rebuilt. After three weeks of hard labour the task was completed.

The science project was to explore the inaccessible valley systems in Kohistan and survey the number of birds in the area and in particular the western Tragopan, a pheasant, which is an endangered species and protected in Pakistan. Although it was not possible to see the Tragopan, a lot of useful information was gathered about wild life.

In the final week of the expedition, the party were free to explore other parts of the country such as Rawalpindi, Lahore and Peshawar before gathering together again for an official reception with President Zia.

BRUNT, FIONA (nee Macdonald)

Left D.H.S. in 1983, and after studying Languages and Secretarial Studies at Stirling University and Dundee College of Commerce, Fiona took up a post in Michelin's Dundee Plant. There, she met her husband, Phil, whom she married last December. They are now living in Port Harcourt where Phil is an Industrial Engineer with Michelin, Nigeria.

CAIRNCROSS, FRED

Mr Cairncross, Manager of the West Ward works of D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd., has recently retired after forty-eight years with the company. He joined the company in 1939 at the Meadowside offices but the following year he joined the R.A.F. and spent four years in Southern Rhodesia as a flying instructor. On his return he was appointed Assistant Manager of the jobbing department at Bank Street, and in 1970 he was appointed Manager of the Works.

Mr Cairncross was for some time a member of the Courier Rifle Club and excelled at small-bore shooting. His other hobbies include fishing and golf.

COWIE, MICHAEL J.

Michael, who left D.H.S. in 1967, has just been appointed to the board of Belhaven the brewer as Group Financial Director. He joined Belhaven in March 1987 as Group Financial Controller and Company Secretary.

DONALDSON, C. PETER

Left D.H.S. in 1980. In his final year at School, Peter

was a Prefect, House Captain, Vice-Captain of Rugby and Cricket, in the Athletics and Tennis teams, and was selected for the Midlands Schools Rugby team. He studied at St Andrews University, and in 1986 graduated in Geography and Physical Education. He then did a Post Graduate Course at Cambridge and is now teaching at a Preparatory School in the South of England.

DRYDEN, PAUL J.

Left D.H.S. in 1987. Paul recently has spent three fascinating months working in the Solomon Islands in the Pacific. He was based on Honaria, one of the larger islands, where he worked in the Scripture Union bookshop, but he also became a sort of travelling salesman to isolated communities deep in the jungle, and on other tiny islands. With his cargo of Bibles and other books, he found himself in some exciting situations, stranded in the middle of nowhere on a pitch-black night in a broken-down truck or paddling his dug-out through rough waters worried in case the dug-out would capsize with the loss of all the Bibles. Sometimes he arrived to find the whole village turned out to welcome him. At one place his Scripture Union colleague, a Solomon Islander named Daniel, introduced him proudly as "Paul of Scotland" and explained he was the first white man the villagers had seen.

Paul quickly discovered that however unsophisticated the islands were, everybody knew about "Mrs Queen" (Queen Elizabeth) and they were delighted to hear that "Mrs Queen" and he came from the same part of the world. He got a surprise when he told one group he was from Scotland. One islander at once stepped forward with a simple greeting "Kenny Dalglish". The islanders were, of course, football mad.

Paul found it "an inspiring and humbling experience" delivering Bibles to these folk with so little in the way of money or possessions, and for whom just to exist is a struggle. However poor they were, buying a Bible was the priority, and they were such happy people.

On one occasion Paul, a keen scuba-diver, along with an Australian colleague were exploring a wartime Japanese wreck just off-shore when his companion urged him to get out of the water. They had been sharing the wreck with a very large man-eating shark. Paul, who has been much involved with Scripture Union, has started a Business Studies Course at Dundee College of Further Education.

GALBRAITH, Rev. DOUGLAS

In September, 1987, the Rev. D. Galbraith took up his new post as Chaplain of St Andrews University. Douglas graduated from St Andrews University in 1961, and gained a B.D. at St Mary's College in 1964. He served as an assistant Minister in Edinburgh and Glasgow before joining a team ministry in the capital. After a temporary spell as a Lecturer in Practical Theology at St Andrews University, he moved to Brisbane, Australia, as Professor of Ministry and Mission at Trinity Theological College.

HULBERT, IAN A. R.

Ian left D.H.S. in 1983, and graduated from Edinburgh University with an Honours Degree in Ecology, and was awarded the Commonwealth Prize in Forestry. In his last year at Edinburgh he developed an

interest in Nepal, and is now working in the Chitwan National Park in that country. The rapid increase in the population of Nepal threatens the remaining jungle, because the people are cutting down the trees to use as fuel, and to build their houses. Ian is doing a research project to estimate the wood requirements of the population. Once this has been established, methods of supplying this need can be devised — planting trees, importing wood, persuading people to use alternative sources of fuel, etc. Ian's work has been supported by substantial grant from the Cross Trust of Perth.

HIRASAWA, (nee TAKAHASHI) EIKO

In November, 1987 the Rector had the pleasure of welcoming to the School a most charming overseas visitor — a former pupil and good friend of the High School, Mrs Eiko Hirasawa. To the wider school community she will be better known as Miss Eiko Takahashi in whose name prizes are presented annually "for Excellence in Two Languages" — valuable and valued awards funded by Eiko's family in appreciation of a very happy and successful Sixth Year in the High School of Dundee. Not that any such reminder is necessary for those classmates of the Sixth Form of 1972/73 nor for the teaching staff of that time who will recall readily the delightful Japanese girl who quickly won a place in their affections by her cheerful vivacity and by her keenness to enter into and to learn from the whole new occidental experience.

Accompanied by Dr. Pat McPherson of Wright Dental Group, who first introduced the Takahashi family to the High School, Eiko recalled fond memories of her "High School Days", and asked to be reminded to her school friends of 1972/73 ... especially to those who taught her how to "skive"! She brought kind regards also from her brother Kazum who followed the family "tradition" of spending a Sixth Year at D.H.S. (1975/76), before entering upon degree studies at Tokyo University, and then joining the Takahashi family business.

It was pleasing to learn that both Eiko and Kazum keep in touch with developments in the school through membership of the Old Girls' and Old Boys' Clubs, and that recently they have contributed most generously to the 750th Anniversary Fund.

JOHNSTON, KRISTA I.

Left D.H.S. in 1984, Krista's success in debating has continued at Edinburgh University. Her achievements are as follows:

1987 — Reached semi-final in Dublin in World University Debating Championships with partner Jane Rogerson.

1988 — Reached semi-final in "A House Divided" B.B.C. T.V. with same partner.

1988 — Was placed 9th individual speaker and first woman in Sydney, Australia at World University debating Championships.

LATTO, Dr. DOUGLAS

In April Dr. Latto received the freedom of the City of London at a ceremony in the Guild Hall. Dr. Latto, who has a practice in Harley Street, received the honour for his twenty-five years' of work with the British Safety Council.

LAURIE, AMANDA K.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. Amanda while studying at Stirling University was promoted to Senior Under-Officer in the Tayforth Universities Officers' Training Corps. She is the second woman in their history to hold the appointment. The appointment of Senior Under-Officer is made every year if there is a suitable candidate, and is the highest undergraduate promotion.

LAW, Dr. MARION

Has recently retired after twenty-three years in practice with her husband. Previously she had worked for thirteen years in the Dundee area mainly at Maryfield. Dr. Law is also a noted amateur painter.

LECKIE, DAVID E.

In the 1987 Magazine, David's rugby prowess was reported. The School was delighted to hear that David had been selected for the Scotland party for the tour of Zimbabwe. In the tour he played in two of the five matches scoring five tries in one match and three in the other. How many forwards have scored eight tries in two representative matches? From all accounts, David was very unlucky not to have played in the final match of the tour against Zimbabwe.

In the past season David captained the North and Midlands XV and took part in the final Scottish Trial.

LOWDEN, GORDON S.

Gordon, a partner in the firm Peat Marwick McLintock, has been appointed honorary visiting Professor in the Department of Accountancy and Business Finance at Dundee University.

He went to St John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. (Law) in 1949. He then went to St Andrews University, and in 1953 graduated LL.B. and qualified as a Chartered Accountant.

His first appointment in Dundee University was in 1955 as Head of the newly formed Department of Accountancy in which he subsequently served as Lecturer and Senior Lecturer until 1983. Since then he has been an honorary Lecturer and a member of the informal liaison committee.

He has been a leading member of the accountancy profession in Dundee for many years, and has been an active member of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Scotland, serving as local secretary (1971-82), convener of the examination board (1982-86) and a member of the education committee. He is currently the Institute's junior vice-president, chairman of Dundee Port Authority, Director of the Dundee and London Investment Trust and Director of the Mathew Trust (Investments).

When at Cambridge Gordon was awarded a Rugby Blue, and in later years, captained D.H.S.F.P.s' Rugby Club.

MATHESON-BRUCE, GRAEME

Graeme, of Scottish Opera fame, has recently been appearing in the National Trust for Scotland series "Concerts in Historic Settings". He performed at Falkland Palace in "The Scottish Muse-Song Settings of Scottish Poetry" and later at Kellie Castle in "Serenade" consisting of love songs.

McINTOSH, KEVIN

Kevin, Scottish International Swimmer and Cross Channel Swimmer, successfully swam from Broughty Ferry to Newburgh. Following that swim, Kevin took part in a four Scottish Team relay long distance swim in the Suez Canal. The team was placed 4th from a total of thirteen participating countries. Kevin is at present the most outstanding long distance swimmer Scotland has produced.

McPHERSON, Dr. JAMES PATON "Pat"

In recognition of his public service, especially in the Tayside area, Dr. McPherson has been awarded the O.B.E. Dr. McPherson joined F. H. Wright Dental Manufacturers in Dundee after the war, becoming Chief Executive and then Chairman of the company which, under his influence, became the Wright Dental Group, Britain's largest Dental Company, with subsidiaries all over the world.

As well as being President of the British Dental Trade Association and President of the Tayside branch of the Institute of Directors, Dr. McPherson has been involved with many charitable and community concerns, including the Malcolm Sargent Cancer Fund for Children, Tenovus Scotland and the Tayside Body Scanner Appeal, of which he was Vice-Chairman. He was President of the Rotary Club of Dundee in 1972, and is a former Vice-President of the Dundee and Tayside Chamber of Commerce.

Dr. McPherson is also joint founder and Chairman of Drug Development (Scotland) Ltd., a company whose profits go into a trust to assist Medical Research. A member of Dundee University Court since 1983, he is now Chairman of the University's finance committee. Dr. McPherson was last year awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by Dundee University.

MEARNS, NICOLA G.

Left D.H.S. in 1981. Nicola qualified in 1984 from Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology as an Occupational Therapist. She spent three years in Carlisle with the Cumbrian Health Authority and is now in the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh.

MECHAN, DALLAS M.

Left D.H.S. in 1979. After studying Architecture at Dundee University Dallas went to work in the National Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh before taking up the post of Assistant Curator at Kirkealdy's Museum and Art Gallery. She was the organiser of the Fife Art Exhibition held last October.

MILLAR, Dr. KEITH

Left D.H.S. in 1968. Keith has recently been appointed the first Professor in a new Department of Behavioural Psychology at Glasgow University. Previously he had been senior lecturer in Behavioural Psychology at Glasgow for three years, with the responsibility of setting up the new department.

After leaving D.H.S. Keith took a degree in Psychology at Stirling University and completed his Ph.D. at Dundee University in 1976. He then worked as a Research Psychologist with the Medical Research Council in Cambridge for three years. In 1979 he was

appointed Behavioural Sciences Lecturer at University Hospital, Nottingham, before moving to Glasgow. His work includes lecturing to medical students on Behavioural Psychology and Research, primarily at present into Post Viral Fatigue Syndrome.

MOTTASHAW, GEORGE W.

At the end of June, 1987, after teaching Art in Dundee Schools, Mr Mottashaw said farewell to the classroom. While a pupil at D.H.S., he distinguished himself in the field of Athletics, and his name still appears in the Sports (Old Records) — (440 yards, 51.2 secs., G. W. Mottashaw — 1946). He graduated D.A. in Silver-smithing and Design at Dundee Institute of Art and Technology, and taught at Harris and Stobswell Schools.

PATERSON, RODERICK S.

Left D.H.S. in 1972 having been a prominent member of the 1st XV and the Athletic Team. Roderick was a member of the Scots Group "Jock Tamson's Bairsns" but now sings and plays with "Easy Group". He has taken part in many radio programmes and concerts, appeared on television and performed at the Edinburgh Festival. In the record world he has made three L.P.'s with "East Group" and recently his second solo L.P. record was released.

Roderick or "Rod" Paterson has come to be regarded as the finest Scots singer of his generation.

PATON, JAMES KINROSS

Ross, who had been Depute Fiscal in Dundee, has joined the local firm Shield & Kyd to run the new Arbroath office. He had been in private practice with a variety of city firms for thirteen years before joining the fiscal service in 1983.

He is immediate Past-President of Dundee Tayside Round Table and a member of Dundee Rotary. He is also a member of Dundee Choral Union, session clerk at Roseangle/Rychill Church and a Past-President of Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

PEACKOCK, Sir ALAN

Sir Alan, one of Scotland's leading Economists, was recently presented with the Scottish Free Enterprise Award. He is chairman of the Scottish Arts Council, and was chairman of the committee on financing the B.B.C., which reported last year.

PRITCHARD, KENNETH W.

Kenneth, who is Secretary of the Law Society of Scotland, has recently been appointed honorary visiting Professor of Strathclyde University's Law School for three years. His connections with the University cover a period of ten years during which time he has lectured on Professional Practice, and played an active part in the post-graduate educational programme.

Kenneth graduated in Law at St Andrews University and after National Service, during which he served with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in Suez, he returned to Dundee to join Solicitors J. & J. Scrimgeour in 1957. He became a senior partner of the firm in 1970 and an honorary Sheriff of Dundee in 1978, a position he still holds. During his years in Dundee Kenneth played Rugby for D.H.S.F.P.'s Rugby Club and was Captain.

REA, CHRISTOPHER W. W.

Chris, who figured prominently on Television during the World Cup Rugby, also appeared regularly on 'Rugby Special', sharing the programme with Nigel Starmer-Smith. It is likely Chris will be appearing on that programme next season.

SHELDON, DAVID H.

Left D.H.S. in 1983 having been Deputy Head Boy, captain of the 2nd XV and a member of the Athletic Team. He graduated from Aberdeen University in 1987 with a First Class Honours Degree in Law. During the holidays he was a research assistant with the Scottish Law Commission. He is going to be a Trainee with Pairman Miller Murray of Edinburgh. While at University he was an office bearer with the Gilbert and Sullivan Society and also with the Hares and Hounds Club.

SIM, BARBARA T.

Barbara, a former Head Girl, left D.H.S. in 1984 to study Medicine at Edinburgh University. She is, meanwhile, completing her fourth year and has decided to go to Australia for her elective study.

STEWART, LORNA M.

Left D.H.S. in 1984 to study French and History at St Andrews University from where she graduated M.A. in July 1987. Having completed a Post-Graduate Course she takes up a teaching appointment at St Mary's School, Melrose, in September 1988.

STURROCK, NIGEL D.C.

Left D.H.S. in 1982. While a final-year Medical Student at Dundee University Nigel was sponsored by Leprosy, the British Leprosy Relief Association, to spend two months in Fiji studying and examining the leprosy patients from the South Pacific. For the first month, he worked at the P.J. Twomey Memorial Hospital approximately two miles from the capital of Suva, treating leprosy patients before moving to Lautoka on the west coast of the main island of Viti Levu where he carried out general medical work at the hospital. At that period the troubles flared up and streets were full of soldiers. Road blocks were set up and a curfew imposed putting paid to any hopes of touring the island. Despite the coup Nigel's medical project was a great success and most patients somehow managed to get to the hospitals. At the end of his visit he had learned a great deal about leprosy.

SWINFEN, KATRINA

Katrina Swinfen, having won a bursary to Aberdeen University, left school in 1983. She has now graduated M.A. (Hons II:1) in German Studies and is about to undertake a Post-Graduate Diploma course in Information Technology at London University.

TAYLOR, BRIAN

After leaving D.H.S. in 1972 Brian went to St Andrews University where he graduated with Honours in English in 1977. His first job was a graduate trainee with Thomson Regional Newspapers at "The Press and Journal" in Aberdeen. Leaving Aberdeen in 1980, he spent more than five years at Westminster as Lobby

Correspondent for Regional Newspapers. In 1985 he returned to Scotland to work with the B.B.C. as reporter and co-presenter of the weekly politics programme "Left, Right and Centre" on B.B.C. 1. Since January this year Brian has been Political Correspondent for B.B.C. TV in Scotland contributing to a range of programmes, but mainly Reporting Scotland and "Left, Right and Centre".

TAYLOR, PAMELA M. (nee NIVEN)

After leaving D.H.S. in 1972 Pamela also went to St Andrews University and graduated in 1976 with Honours in French and German. After Teacher Training at Dundee College of Education she married Brian in 1977. Pamela has since taught variously at Montrose Academy, Gordon's College, Aberdeen, Sutton High School in Surrey, and now teaches on a supply basis at schools in the Glasgow area.

TUNSTALL-PEDOE, WILLIAM H.

(William left School in 1987 and has spent a "year out".)

In late July of 1987 he went to work at the GEC Hirst Research Centre in Wembley, North London. His work was in the VLSI Process Architecture Research Laboratory where he worked on an Alvey project concerned with modelling and researching the manufacturing processes of silicon integrated circuits. In mid-December GEC made a tactical decision to end all silicon research and the department was shut down. He was transferred to the IPSD Department also within the Hirst Research Centre and started work after Christmas in another Alvey project called SPAR, concerned with trying to get computers to recognise and act upon human speech. He worked there for four months.

Having left GEC William now intends to spend three months in North America, staying with friends and relatives and sight seeing, centred mainly in Minneapolis (Minnesota) but also travelling to Toronto, Winnipeg and New York.

In October he will start his course at Churchill College, Cambridge.

WATSON, SHONA

Left D.H.S. in 1987. Shona, a former Deputy Head Girl, was awarded a Kitchener Scholarship. She has just completed her first year at Aberdeen University.

YOUNG, NEIL

Left school in 1982 having won an Exhibition in Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He graduated B.A. (First Class Honours) in Philosophy and Ancient History and was awarded the Haig Prize. He is at present a Graduate Trainee with the Bank of Scotland.

OBITUARY Former Pupils

ANDERSON, MARIAN (MIN) nee CAMPBELL

Mrs Anderson died on November 12, 1987 in Sydney, Australia. She attended D.H.S. from 1959 to 1965 before gaining a teaching diploma at Glasgow School of Domestic Science. She married fellow D.H.S. former pupil Hamish Anderson and together they emigrated to Australia in 1970 where their children Heather, Joy and David were born.

BARTLETT, Mrs S.M.

The School community was saddened to learn of the death of Mrs Bartlett in May. Mrs Bartlett's teaching period at D.H.S. extended over thirteen years. Throughout these years she was responsible for senior classes in the Junior Department.

Drawing on her wide experience and many talents she involved the children in a rich and varied programme of work.

Tireless and painstaking in her own preparation Mrs Bartlett demanded the same high standards from her own pupils. Many pupils throughout the School have good reason to be grateful to Mrs Bartlett for the many unseen hours she gave so willingly to organising the Junior Chess Club. On many occasions, Mrs Bartlett was hostess to large groups of Chess players, this involving much work carried out quietly and unassumingly behind the scenes.

Mrs Bartlett came from a cricketing family and her many appearances umpiring cricket matches at Dalmaerug and Mayfield, clad in a white coat, must be unique in the sporting history of the High School.

BRAND, JAMES S.

Mr Brand, who was Chairman of Arbroath Builders' William Brand & Son, died in Stracathro Hospital after a short illness. He was seventy-five. In his younger days he played for D.H.S.F.P.'s at Rugby and was a cricketer with Arbroath United.

His other main sporting interest was golf, and he played regularly at both Barry and Edzell.

IRELAND, NORMAN M.

Norman Ireland, one of the legendary figures of the pre-war High School, died last year. He spent most of his life in the oil business in South America.

As a schoolboy he was selected for the Scottish Schools at Soccer while being an outstanding stand-off in the School Rugby XV. He subsequently played for the F.P.'s and was selected in Scottish Rugby Trials. His great rival was the famous Harry Lind and, as stories go, had it not been for Harry Lind he might have been the Scottish stand-off.

STARK, Mrs ELIZABETH

It was with deep regret that the School learned of the passing of Mrs Stark in March 1988.

Mrs Stark's association with the High School began in 1936 when Jack, her husband, was appointed Head Groundsman and Cricket Coach. In later years she stepped into the office to keep the wheels turning in times of stress and latterly was on the permanent staff. Her unfailing courtesy and ever willing desire to be of service endeared her to generations of pupils — everything was done with a grace and good humour that made the recipient the richer.

STEVENSON, GEORGE C.

Mr George Stevenson a Dundee Jute Merchant and patron of many local organisations has died at Fernbrae Nursing Home. He was 78. Mr Stevenson entered the firm of Ralli Brothers, Jute Merchants, as an apprentice, working his way up eventually to become Manager of the Company. In 1972 he was awarded the M.B.E. for his services as a member of the visiting committee of Castle Huntly Borstal, a body of which he was later to become Chairman.

STOCKS, T. CAMPBELL

In the 1987 edition of the School magazine an article was written about Mr Stocks on his retirement after spending more than half a century in the family business, one of Dundee's longest established Joiners' and Shopfitters' Firms. Sadly Mr Stocks died at the City Hospital in May.

SWANSON, Mrs FRIDA

Mrs Swanson was educated at Morrisons Academy before going to St Andrews University where she gained a First Class Honours Degree in English. Her first teaching post was at D.H.S. where she taught English for a number of years before moving on to teach at George Heriots School in Edinburgh.

WEBB, WILLIAM VALENTINE

Mr William Webb who died on September 20, 1987 attended D.H.S. from 1931-36.

He was Dux of the School in 1936 and later served in the Army throughout the last War being commissioned in the Royal Corps of Signals. He qualified as an Actuary and was later Chief Statistician at the Ministry of Defence. He was the only son of W. A. Webb M.C. who was Head of the French and German Departments for many years before the Wars.

F.P. MARRIAGES

Angela Sheldon and Dr. Panagiotos were married in June, 1987 in Greece.

Alan Baillie and Christina Menzies were married in June, 1987 in the East Church, Broughty Ferry.

Sandra Miller and Dr. Charles Miller were married in July, 1987 in St Luke's and Queen Street Church, Broughty Ferry.

Dr. David Proudfoot and Helen MacDonald were married in July, 1987 in the Kirk of Kenmore.

Morag Thomson and Neil Gray were married in July, 1987 in Murroe's Church.

Lorna Allardice and Lauchlan Bruce were married in July, 1987 in St Peter and Paul's Church, Dundee.

David Sim and Caroline Wallace were married in August, 1987 in Strathmartine Church.

Paula Grieve and Graeme Spowart were married in August, 1987 in St Stephen's and West Church, Dundee.

Susan Clement Smith and Graeme Hannah were married in August, 1987 in St Joseph's Church, Dundee.

Scott Sherrard and Susan Clark were married in August, 1987 in Auchterhouse Parish Church.

Callum Henderson and Isobel Stormont were married in September, 1987 in Eilm Church, Edinburgh.

Fiona Macdonald and Philip Brunt of Stoke-on-Trent, were married in December, 1987, in Carnoustie Registry Office.

Terry Allison and Shelagh Steele were married in April, 1988 in St Luke's and Queen Street Church, Broughty Ferry.

Dr. Lucy Marr and Alan Sloan were married in May, 1988 in Longforgan Parish Church.

Lesley Hunter and Colin Rankin were married in June, 1988 in East Parish Church, Broughty Ferry.



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

MACMILLAN, Rev. William B.R.

On April 5th, 1988, the Rev. W. B. R. Macmillan, Chaplain of the School, was gazetted as Queen's Chaplain, one of only twelve in Scotland and the third successive Minister of St Mary's to be so honoured.

PATERSON, DENNIS J.

In September, 1987, the Board of the High School elected Mr Paterson as their new Chairman. His predecessor, Mr D. Arnot Shepherd, who was elected in 1982, has stepped down following his recent appointment as a part-time member of the Lands Tribunal for Scotland.

After graduating from St Andrews University he was commissioned in the R.A.F. and served as a fighter pilot in the Far East before being transferred to the Royal Artillery to fly with the Army Air Corps. He was later commissioned into the T.A. and commanded Tayforth Universities Officers Training Corps from 1971 to 1977. He is currently Vice-Chairman of the local T.A. Association, and is also a Director of Lord Robert's Workshops.

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.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND LONDON ADVISORY SERVICE

Beacon House, 41 Castle Lane,
London SW1E 6DW.

Telephone: 01-828 8502

COSLAS is a charity, sponsored by the Churches of Scotland in London, which provides support and assistance to young single Scots who move to London to work or to study.

Through its contacts with hostels, housing associations and various support services, COSLAS is able to assist with advice and guidance on all aspects of moving to and living in London.

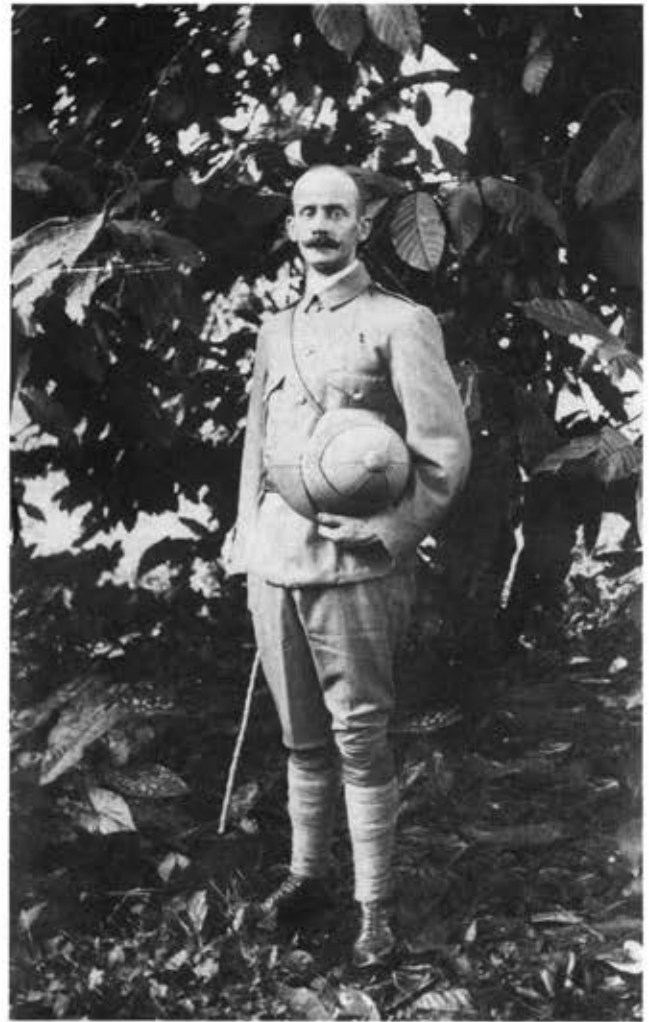
In addition, COSLAS provides a foundation for making friends in what can be a lonely city through informal social evenings, friends and companions may be met.

COSLAS is run from an office near Victoria Station in London and employs a full-time administrator who is on hand to help. As a charity, the services of COSLAS are provided without charge.

If you are coming to London to work or study, please contact COSLAS either by writing to COSLAS, Beacon House, Castle Lane, London SW1E 6DW, or by telephoning 01-828 8502 (24-hour answer phone).



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



RATTRAY, PETER

Mr Rattray, who left D.H.S. in 1888 having been the second recipient of the Ballingall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics, was the Great Great Uncle of Dougal Rattray Form VI. By coincidence, one hundred years later, Dougal has been awarded the Ballingall Medal. Peter Rattray went on to Edinburgh University and graduated as a General Practitioner. After further training he went out to Africa as a Medical Missionary serving for several years with the celebrated Mary Slessor at Calabar.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL F.P. LADIES HOCKEY CLUB - SEASON 1987-88

Once again the Club has enjoyed a fairly successful and very sociable season, although the major competitions eluded us once more. We finished third in the Midlands League and were pipped in a penalty shoot-out in the final of the Scottish Confined Cup. Earlier in the season we were runners-up in the Aberdeen Nomads Tournament.

As well as the serious competitive games, we enjoyed our annual Captain's XI versus President's XI match, a friendly against the schoolgirls and several fixtures on the Astroturf at Maryfield.

Towards the end of the season despite our disappointments, we managed to win the Bell Baxter and the Grove Sevens Tournaments.

We also had the pleasure of taking part in an Easter Hockey Festival in Penzance — where a great time was had by all! We finished a creditable seventh out of forty-four teams — the highest placing by a Scottish team.

As well as our team successes, five individuals represented us at District Level and Fiona Stevenson and Pauline Lyon made the Under 21 Development Pool. Pauline has since gone on to be selected for the Under 21 Outdoor and Full International Squads.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the School for the use of all their facilities and extend a warm welcome to any new, budding stars.

Jill Stevenson (Secretary)

INTRODUCING THE PATRONS' ASSOCIATION

(established in 1988)

replacing

THE SUBSCRIBERS

(established in 1830)

The Main Building of the School previously known as the Boys' School, was opened in 1834. When it was built, its construction was financed by public subscription. Such a way of meeting the costs of a new school was not uncommon at that time. The people who contributed to the Building Fund became known as the Subscribers. A list of Subscribers was drawn up and ever since those early days the list has been maintained by new people coming forward, paying their subscription and in this way continuing the tradition down through the ages. It is from this body that have come at all times many of the people who have most actively supported the school.

After more than 150 years of existence it was generally felt that the body called the Subscribers should be reconstituted and adapted to bring it more into line with the needs of our time. This task was duly planned and accomplished, so that from this ancient and venerable section of our community there has now emerged a new association more akin to a Friends of DHS Society. This re-organised group is now known as the Patrons' Association.

Committee members and Office-Bearers of the new association have been elected with Dr. J. A. R. Lawson as its Chairman.

It is the intention of the committee to seek to widen the membership of the Patrons' Association. New members are being invited to become ordinary members whose annual subscription is not less than £20 per annum for an individual or £100 for a body corporate. The life subscription is not less than £100 per annum for an individual and not less than £500 for a body corporate or unincorporate. The Treasurer of the Patrons' Association is Gordon S. Lowden, Esq.

Further information about the Patrons' Association may be obtained from the Chairman, c/o High School of Dundee, P.O. Box 16, Dundee, DD1 9BP.



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

Dundee High School Diamond Jubilee Reunion for the Class of '45.

YEAR GROUP REUNIONS

Three Year Group Reunions held this session have included visits to the School.

In September the class of '45 held a reunion in Dundee, gathering some thirty-two "Old Girls" from all over Britain and from overseas. Highlights of the reunion included a dinner in the Angus Hotel and a visit to the School, where they were welcomed by Mr Alexander Smith, Assistant Rector, who was also a member of that class.

In April the class of '43 held its Sixth Reunion Dinner in the Angus Hotel. The Right Honourable the Lord Ross Q.C. was principal speaker, and the Rector responded to the toast of the School and the class. Others attending were — Fleming Baird, Arthur Brown, Dennis Carnegie, Gordon Drummond, Gray Grant, Bill Harrow, George Hutton, George Johnston, Ronald Low, Bob Main, Cyril Marr, Ronald Millar, Sandy Murray, Harold Ross, Raymond Strachan.

Earlier in the day a small group was shown round the School.

In May twenty-four Old Girls, many of whom had not met for forty years gathered for a very enjoyable weekend of reunion. One or two came from abroad and several travelled up from the South of England. It was so successful that they are planning another reunion in three years time.



From left: Anne Stirling, Doreen Duncan, Anne Heron, Ismay Ogilvie.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' DINNER, APRIL 1986 VANCOUVER

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL TRUST APPEAL FUND REPORT FOR SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1988

The Trust Fund was established by the Old Boys' Club and Old Girls' Club less than 20 years ago when the School had no source of funds held independently from the School but for its benefit. In that short period by virtue of a lot of contributions large and small and a great deal of care and hard work the fund has built up to a sum of approximately £400,000.

During the past 10 years or more the Trust Fund has paid out regularly a substantial part of the revenue of the Fund to meet the cost of capital projects of the School for equipment for most departments, for refurbishing of buildings and for improvements to sports fields and other facilities.

This is a purposeful and useful contribution which can go on improving the facilities of the School into the foreseeable future. But it needs support from all who cherish the School and its aims.

You could greatly assist by sending a donation or better a Deed of Covenant to the Treasurer, Dundee High School Trust Appeal Fund, 21 South Tay Street, Dundee. Please do not hesitate to contact us.

Hamish Laurie
Chairman
0382 68360
Fraser Ritchie
Secretary
0382 22785
Robin Winter
Treasurer
0334 53194

1. Vacances
2. Aider
3. Amies
4. Egal
5. Admis
6. Ail
7. Sol
8. Lampe
9. Parmi
10. User
11. Jus
12. Ombre
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 HAIR SHOP**



HOCKEY 1st XI

*Back (from left):
Miss E. M. S. Sim,
Richard A. Paxton,
David E. A. Coleiro,
Sean L. Stewart,
Gordon E. Lowson,
Michael J. Hannah,
Paul J. Lyall,
Tudor J. L. Lloyd.*

*Front (from left):
Douglas G. Stirling,
Alasdair D. Binnie,
Steven F. Nimmo,
David R. Parratt,
Sean R. Smith,
Philip J. MacCallum.*

HOCKEY REPORT

After a restful summer break the hockey teams resumed their conquest of supremacy over this traditional game. A newly designed team had been chosen to participate in the forthcoming season. The defence has been totally restructured and, apart from the odd lack of concentration, handled their task of defending the team's goal very competently. The midfield were found to be lacking at times, and this caused a shortage of balls for the front men.

Overall it was a successful season, and the foundations have been laid for a successful season next year.

DAVID PARRATT (Captain)
STEVEN NIMMO (Secretary)
PHILLIP MacCALLUM (Assistant Secretary)

1st XI CRICKET REPORT, 1988

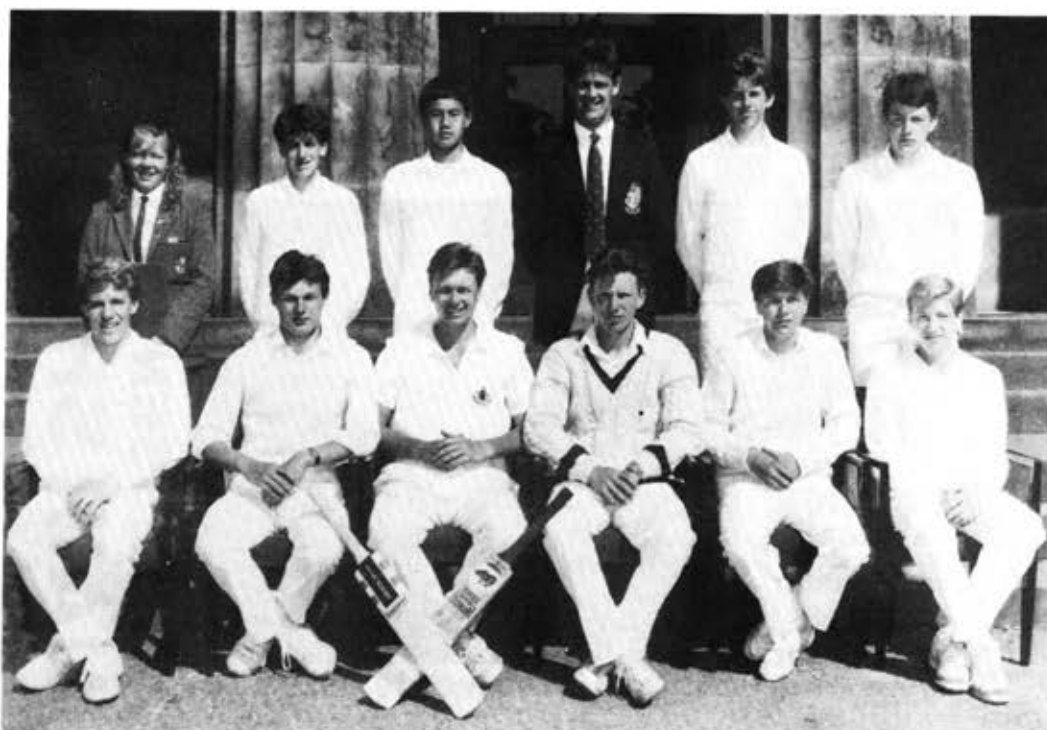
Officials:

*Captain: Colin Morgan
Vice-Captain: David Graham
Secretary: Andrew D. Nicol
Treasurer: Jonathon R. Newton*

The season started off in a disappointing fashion with two miserable defeats by Dollar and Stewarts Melville. Things began to look promising when we beat Morrisons and a very good draw with Robert Gordons, special mentions must go to Colin Morgan who in this game scored 100 not out. After the encouraging signs of the two previous games, we lost to Rannoch School — a game we should have won.

We would like to thank Mr Spowart and the professional Jayintalal Kenia for their hard work during the season.

To date the record is P7 W1 L5 D1.



CRICKET 1st XI

*Back (from left):
Lisa M. Morgan (scorer),
Stephen G. King,
Da Foo Chung,
Mr G. W. Spowart,
Stuart W. Smith,
Craig Robertson.*

*Front (from left):
Peter D. McDevitt,
Jonathan R. Newton,
Colin J. Morgan (Capt.),
Andrew D. Nicol,
Nairn G. Black,
Jonathan M. McDevitt.*

Sport

1st XI HOCKEY

*Back (from left):
Alison L. Ritchie,
Amy E. L. McGill,
Diana J. Scott,
Miss H. I. Lyle,
Lisa M. Morgan,
Catherine H. Steele,
G. Vivienne N. White.*

*Front (from left):
Nicola J. Gibson,
Rebecca L. Wood,
Nicola J. D'Arcy (Capt.),
Ailsa Falconer,
Mary A. Hope.*



2nd XI HOCKEY

*Back (from left):
Miss H. I. Lyle,
Shona M. Lowe,
Lisa C. Ogilvie,
Clare Q. B. Neilson,
Jane L. Woodcraft,
Hazel M. Morgan,
Jane Brown.*

*Front (from left):
Ruth V. Morris,
Hazel M. Binnie,
Sara L. Biltcliffe,
Jennifer L. Stewart,
Lorna S. McDougall.*



GIRLS' HOCKEY REPORT

With only four players remaining from the previous year's first eleven we started perhaps not the most successful season ever, but nevertheless one of the most enjoyable. All the teams had full and demanding fixture lists to play, and by the conclusion of the season, we had played 14 matches, winning 6 and losing 8; 18 goals for, 27 against, with a total of 10 fixtures cancelled.

The high points of the year were undoubtedly our visits; firstly to Gordonstoun in January, where we staged a take-over with the help of Boys' and Girls' Netball teams, and spent a thoroughly enjoyable weekend, and secondly, our very successful trip to Leeds in March where we were hosted by our friends at Boston Spa and achieved our most notable victory over the Leeds Under-18 District team after a hard-fought match played in sleet and rain. In addition, we managed to gain runners-up position in Midlands Senior Tournament, losing out to Strathallan in the final, only after sudden-death penalty flicks.

A number of our players achieved note-worthy successes this year. In the younger set Shona Lowe, Jane Brown, Vivienne White, Lisa Morgan (all Form 4); Joan Hope, Heather Leslie, Lyndsey Carrol, Barbara Davie and Jenny Bett (all Form 3); took part in the Midlands Under-16 trials with the result that Vivienne, Lisa and Jenny were selected for the team. Nicola D'arcy (Form 6); Catherine Steel, Amy McGill and Diana Scott (all Form 5) participated in trials for Midlands Under-19 with Nicola, Catherine and Amy playing for the district team. Our warmest congratulations to them all.

On behalf of all the teams I would like to thank all the P.E. staff, especially Miss Lyle for their training, the groundsmen for all their efforts in keeping the pitches in good condition, hostesses and all the staff who gave up their time to travel with us to away matches.

Finally I want to take this opportunity to thank all the players for their hard work this year and wish all the up-and-coming talent the very best of luck for future years.

CURLING REPORT

1987-88 session proved that D.H.S. curling is growing from strength to strength with the continued expansion in numbers of young curlers coming up through school. This year we were delighted to welcome Graeme Connal to the team. Graeme, an extremely promising curler with a great deal of experience in competitive Junior curling has greatly increased the standing of Dundee High School in the East of Scotland.

This year several competitions were entered enthusiastically by club members with promising results for future success.

The first competition entered was the Schools' Open Competition for the Hay Trophy in Perth, from Monday 28 — Wednesday, December 30 1987. We

entered 2 teams who along with 26 others made it the biggest schools' competition ever staged in Scotland. Impressively, Graeme Connal's team of Ruth Morris, Jim Stewart and Daniel Scott finished in 5th place, and Bryan Kydd's team of Diana Scott, Chris Fletcher, and Muriel Binnie came 9th. However, due to the format of play it was disappointing that both teams just failed to qualify for final 3rd & 4th place play-offs.

On Saturday February 27, Chris Fletcher, Jim Stewart, Daniel Scott and Jane McGowan travelled to Aivemore to play in the Loch Ness Trophy, an Aviemore & District Young Curlers' competition. This is the first time a Dundee High team has been invited to compete there.

At the beginning of March the team of Graeme Connal, Bryan Kydd, Diana Scott and Ruth Morris



qualified after an agonisingly close play-off against Blairgowrie H.S. for the Scottish Schools' competition. Our team went forward to the finals, held this year in Dundee, on March 25 and 27. The results were extremely disappointing for all team members but the skill of our opposition proved too much for every other team in the competition: Andrew Todd from Breadalbane dominated our section and went on to win the final. Better luck next year!?

Finally, a team of Marcus Ewart, Daniel Scott, Susan Taig and Muriel Binnie competed at short notice on April 9 and 10, in a Cogar Park Invitation Bonspiel. They played encouragingly well in what is hoped to be the first of further invitations to the school.

Results may not have been brilliant but this is largely due to other schools treating curling as a serious sports activity, whereas much of our players' tuition takes place under the auspices of Dundee Young Curlers at weekends. Thanks are due to Mr Hutchison for his interest and support, and to many parents who have so willingly provided transport during the season.

1st XV RUGBY

Back (from left):
Peter D. McDevitt,
David M. Graham,
James K. McKechnie,
Jonathan R. Newton,
Colin J. Morgan,
Alistair J. Graham,
Alistair Geddes,
Bryan D. Kydd,
Robert G. Walker,
Graeme G. Hamilton.

Front (from left):
Colin A. Ramsay,
Geordie D. McGill,
Bryan B. Sherriff,
Gordon A. Taylor,
Andrew J. Bain,
Craig W. Samson,
Andrew D. Nicol,
Andrew D. N. Lowe,
Steven E. Carroll,
Mr A. M. Hutchison.

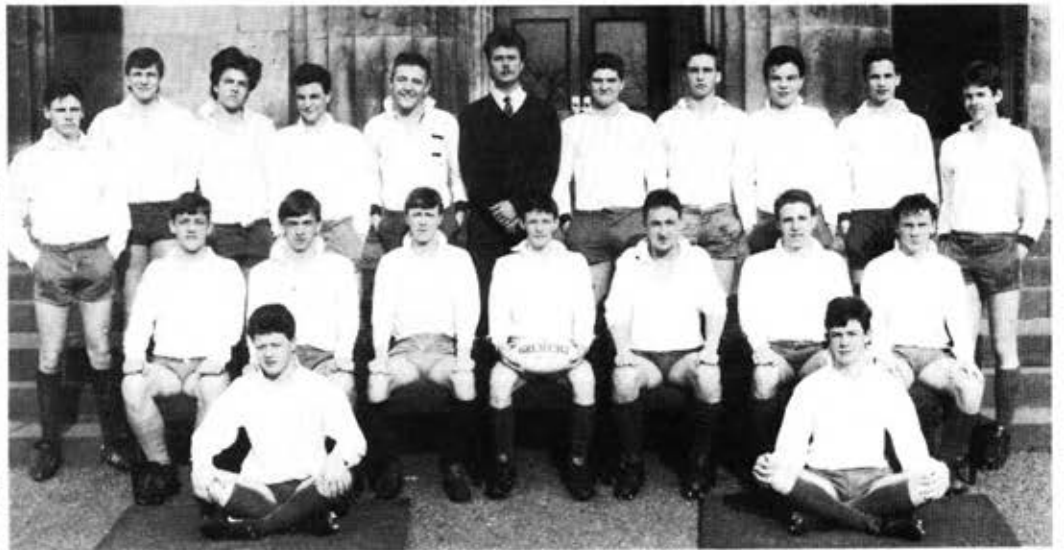


2nd XV RUGBY

Back (from left):
Angus A. Allan,
David A. Bradley,
Nicholas B. Adams,
Bryan S. Murray,
Mark M. Cameron,
Mr I. E. R. Wilson,
Colin A. Ramsay,
Gavin J. Lawrie,
Andrew H. Young,
Steven E. Carroll,
Stuart W. Smith.

Front (from left):
Ruairidh N. Macleod,
Robin J. L. Adam,
Dougal J. A. Rattray,
Bruce A. Ramsay,
William C. D. Peddie,
Peter D. McDevitt,
Kenneth W. Gray.

(From left):
Russell N. Bain,
Angus Vincent.



NETBALL

Back (from left):
Mrs J. H. Hutchison,
Fiona L. Dobbie,
Sarah A. McMillan,
Sophie M. G. Grant,
Heidi L. McDermott,
Jenni A. Lyall,
Miss L. Davidson.

Front (from left):
Louise Colville,
E. Jane Baxby,
M. Jane Lindsay (Capt.),
Hannah L. Montgomery.





Scotland versus France

The national squad meet after lunch on the Thursday prior to the game on the Saturday and train at Murrayfield for about 2 hours concentrating on individual skills (which is a waste of time for a certain Andrew Bain), also lineout, scrum codes and penalty moves are rehearsed.

After tea, we watch a video of the Scotland v. France schools' game from two years ago, to try to notice any weaknesses which we could capitalise on. It was evident from the video that the French, in the past, like to stay on their feet, and do not like rucking. This would be our game plan — to ruck them off the park.

Once the meeting was over, we were allowed to go out for something to eat and as a result the local kebab shop does very well!

We have breakfast quite early, thus giving us more time to train again at Murrayfield. This time we train together, except for half an hour when we practised individual skills. By the end of the session we were looking more and more like a team.

A visit to the pitch is arranged in the afternoon to give us a chance to see and get to know it. This is very important for the kicker as he needs to know where he can kick from.

We are all pleased — the pitch and ground is looking down! We are free in the afternoon to go down town but I, for my part, along with the coach, go to Murrayfield to practise my passing and kicking.

After tea we have the team meeting, and the coach tells us what he expects from each individual and from the team. By now everyone is getting nervous, and it is at this point that you realise the pressure. Everyone is quiet and thoughtful for a while, knowing what is expected of them.

After a restless night, breakfast is at 9 a.m. and there follows an easy morning — a walk, then pack kit, cup of tea, repack kit as the nerves by now are very bad.

For me this is the worst time of all, as I mope around thinking about the game but knowing that I have two school friends, Geordie and Andrew, experiencing the same pressure — it makes things easier.

A light lunch is had by all and then we have the presentation of international ties by the president, and the committee and selectors give us the usual good wishes.

Thankfully at 12.30 p.m. we leave for the ground, nerves by this time get almost unbearable, we get changed in a casual manner as nothing is rushed, the Doc gives those carrying knocks a rub-down, and the physio straps them up. I get my wrists and thumbs taped for no particular reason, it is just superstition. Team photograph is at 1.15 p.m. followed by the warm-up to stretch off. People begin to talk now. Back inside at 1.40 p.m., stool inspection, talk by referee. We are left alone, and the shouting starts, the finger starts to be pointed at certain people, the tension builds, the aggression deepens. We finish with a chorus of 'Flowers of Scotland', very emotional and inspiring. The time is 2 minutes to 2 p.m. There is a short walk along the tunnel but we are kept waiting by the French — the noise is deafening as we get restless then it is down the tunnel and onto the pitch to the sound of bagpipe music. There is a long shrill of a whistle and we are off.

Final score — Scotland 12, France 12.

RUGBY REPORT

When the season opened, expectations were high, as the team possessed a wealth of experience (with ten players having played last season) and a great deal of spirit. A series of successful pre-season training sessions, especially on High's new scrummaging machine (courtesy of the F.P.s) heightened the growing excitement in the team.

Although the season started well with two convincing victories over Harris Academy and Robert Gordon's College, the real test was the fixtures against Dollar Academy and Merchiston Castle in the space of four days. The team was eager for revenge following last year's defeats, and in displays which illustrated High's aggressive determination pulled off the double, defeating both Dollar and Merchiston convincingly. The immediate result was a barrage of well-earned press, especially for the "fast and fiercely committed pack" and the half-backs with their "Probing runs" and "composed kicking". There was even talk of the elusive 'unbeaten season'.

However, all our hopes were dashed as the team fell to Berwickshire High School and barely avoided defeat at Kelvinside. But although the 'bubble was burst' the team showed true spirit, and rallied together to reproduce their earlier form and remained unbeaten for the remainder of the season.

The season was plagued by injury with captain Andrew Bain and vice-captain Gordon Taylor missing numerous games through a variety of injuries, and all but a few players remained unscathed. Despite these setbacks and numerous weather-forced cancellations, the season ended with High resplendent in their new training tops, successfully touring Leeds, whilst also defeating the Canadian tourists Brentwood College.

All in all, it was a very successful season in which we lost only once, having played 21 fixtures and amassing 774 points for, with only 89 points against, with top try scorers Andrew Nicol and Andrew Lowe scoring 24 and 23 tries respectively. This success was repeated at all levels with the 2nd XV, under the captaincy of Bruce Ramsay, having a magnificent season, as did the 3rd XV. Although the Colts had a poor season, they showed a great deal of enthusiasm. The 2nd Year team had a superb season, whilst the first years and primary teams showed a great deal of spirit, with some notable victories.

This success was recognised at higher levels with players, namely Andrew Bain, James McKechnie, Craig Samson, Colin Morgan, Geordie McGill, Andrew Nicol, Andrew Lowe, Bryan Sherrif and Johnny Newton representing the successful Midlands District, with Geordie and Andy's Nicol and Bain earning full Scottish Schools' caps. Furthermore every member of the side was in the Dundee Coltside which unsuccessfully took on the might of the prestigious Melrose Coltside.

In conclusion, on behalf of all the school's XVs, I would like to thank the P.E. department, David Leslie and the other former pupils who devoted their time and efforts and gave us invaluable coaching, groundsmen, referees, hostesses and all those parents and pupils who came to support us throughout the season. They all contributed in making this one of High's most "wicked" seasons ever.

Craig Samson
Team Secretary

RUGBY RESULTS

| Opposition | Venue | For | Against |
|----------------------------|-------|-----------|---------|
| Harris Academy | A | 60 | 0 |
| Robert Gordons College | A | 28 | 3 |
| Dollar Academy | A | 27 | 7 |
| Merchiston Castle | H | 18 | 4 |
| Aberdeen Grammar School | H | 48 | 0 |
| Fettes College | A | 27 | 0 |
| Portobella High School | H | 48 | 3 |
| Berwickshire High School | A | 6 | 26 |
| Kelvinside Academy | A | 12 | 8 |
| Gordonstoun School | H | 38 | 4 |
| Dunfermline High School | H | 70 | 0 |
| Morrisons Academy | H | 66 | 6 |
| Perth Academy | A | 58 | 6 |
| Hutchesons Grammar School | H | Cancelled | |
| Stewarts Melville College | H | 19 | 4 |
| Queen Anne High School | A | 48 | 0 |
| Glasgow High School | A | Cancelled | |
| Boroughmuir High School | A | Cancelled | |
| Harris Academy | H | 60 | 0 |
| Perth Academy | H | Cancelled | |
| George Heriots School | H | 16 | 6 |
| Aberdeen Grammar School | A | 38 | 0 |
| Robert Gordons College | H | Cancelled | |
| John Smeaton Comprehensive | A | 32 | 0 |
| Roundhegians Colts | A | 19 | 9 |
| Hutcheons Grammar School | A | Cancelled | |
| Brentwood College (Canada) | H | 36 | 3 |

Played 21; Won 20; Lost 1; Points For 774; Points Against 89.



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Telephone 0307 66886



TENNIS 1st VI

Back (from left):
Eliz. F. Nicoll.
Diana Scott.
Angela Strachan.
G. Vivienne N. White.
Front (from left):
Rebecca L. Wood.
Alison L. Ritchie.
Ailsa Falconer.
Miss H. I. Lyle.

House Reports

THE HOUSES

Thanks are due to all pupils and Staff who have worked so hard to make this another successful year for the Houses.

The retirement of Miss Nicoll, in many ways, brings an end to an era. As House Mistress of Lindores for thirty years Miss Nicoll has brought to her job an enthusiasm and interest that is unsurpassed. We thank her most sincerely for all her work for Lindores and for the House System and wish her a long and happy retirement. To her successor, Mrs McDonald, we wish every joy and hope she will have a long and fruitful association with the House System.

INTER-HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP 1987-88

| Event | Points | Airlie | Aystree | Lindores | Wallace |
|-----------------------------|--------|--------|---------|----------|---------|
| Rugby Snr (F4-6) | 106 | 40 | 31 | 9 | 18 |
| Rugby Int. (F2-3) | 58 | 12 | 7 | 17 | 22 |
| Rugby Jnr. (L7-F1) | 34 | 13 | 7 | 10 | 4 |
| Girls Hockey Snr. (F3-6) | 306 | 27 | 17 | 22 | 40 |
| Hockey Girls Jnr (F1-2) | 58 | 22 | 15 | 15 | 7 |
| Hockey Boys (F3-6) | 106 | 36 | 13 | 31 | 26 |
| Netball Snr (F3-6) | 82 | 28 | 13 | 28 | 23 |
| Netball Jnr. (F1-2) | 58 | 20 | 9 | 15 | 14 |
| Netball Primary (L4-7) | 34 | 5 | 10 | 13 | 6 |
| Cricket Snr. School | 130 | 38 | 49 | 27 | 16 |
| Tennis Snr. Girls | 80 | 21 | 15 | 19 | 26 |
| Tennis Jnr. Girls | 40 | 17 | 7 | 13 | 8 |
| Tennis Boys (F1-6) | 40 | 16 | 10 | 6 | 9 |
| Tennis Champs Boys Snr | 20 | 9 | 8 | 0 | 3 |
| Tennis Champs Girls Snr | 20 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 17 |
| Tennis Champs Boys Jnr. | 20 | 3 | 3 | 14 | 0 |
| Tennis Champs Girls Jnr. | 20 | 0 | 0 | 20 | 0 |
| Squash Snr. School | 20 | 11 | 0 | 0 | 9 |
| Golf Boys Bronze Medal | 20 | 2 | 6 | 0 | 12 |
| Golf Girls Recordor. Silver | 10 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 4 |
| Shooting Snr. (Team) | 40 | 12 | 4 | 8 | 16 |
| Shooting Jnr. (Oakley) | 20 | 4 | 6 | 2 | 8 |
| Table Tennis Snr (F4-6) | 40 | 12 | 8 | 4 | 16 |
| Table Tennis Jnr (F1-3) | 20 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 8 |
| Debates & Pub. Speak Snr | 60 | 12 | 2 | 6 | 21 |
| Debates & Pub. Speak Jnr. | 40 | 4 | 16 | 12 | 8 |
| Public Speaking Comp. Snr. | 10 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 4 |
| Public Speaking Comp. Jnr | 10 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 4 |
| Public Speaking Comp. Pr | 10 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 6 |
| Music Competitions | 60 | 16 | 16 | 14 | 14 |
| Lang Medals | 15 | 5 | 5 | 0 | 5 |
| Chess Senior | 10 | 0 | 4 | 6 | 0 |
| Chess Intermediate | 10 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 6 |
| Chess Girls | 10 | 0 | 4 | 6 | 0 |
| Chess Jnr. School | 10 | 5 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Jnr. Art Comp (L4-7) | 12 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| Jnr. Team Games (L4-7) | 100 | 20 | 24 | 30 | 26 |
| Swimming Gala | 200 | 51 | 26 | 35 | 29 |
| Annual Sports | 500 | 86 | 63 | 66 | 85 |
| Academic Marks | 400 | 96 | 101 | 84 | 119 |
| Totals | 2439 | 651 | 605 | 536 | 647 |
| Place | | 1 | 3 | 4 | 2 |

Inter-House Trophy — AIRLIE

Inter-House Cricket Trophy — AYSTREE

Inter-House Rugby Trophy — AIRLIE

Inter-House Hockey Trophy (Senior Girls) — WALLACE

Inter-House Hockey Trophy (Junior Girls) — AIRLIE

Inter-House Boys' Hockey Trophy — AIRLIE

Inter-House Netball Trophy — AIRLIE

Rorie Trophy for the Inter-House debates — AYSTREE AND WALLACE

AIRLIE

HALLELUJAH! At last, this year Airlie managed to win back the shield from our arch rivals Wallace after their domination for the past five years. After a very close championship last year where Wallace scraped a win in the last few weeks of the session we succeeded in rallying round our forces this year and came back with venom to win by a "convincing" eight points.

The year started well as usual with Airlie dominating the sports field. Wins in the Netball, Rugby, Boys and Junior Girls Hockey, the latter recording a resounding victory with 8 goals for and 0 against, put us well in front. In the run up to Christmas we faltered slightly with poor showings in the Table Tennis and Public Speaking, however we extended our lead again with a fine second place in the Gala, which Aystree won convincingly. Our congratulations must go to both Richard and Kirsty Hope for winning both Lower School Championships.

Although victories were not plentiful for Airlie in the summer term we kept the momentum going with some good second places in the Girls Tennis, Cricket and Shooting and with a first place in the Boys Tennis.

The Sports were very closely fought with Andrew Taylor winning the Junior Boys' Championship and Kate Walsh just managing to hold on to the Intermediate Girls. The Junior boys won their relay but Wallace were pushing us all the way and in the end it all rested on the Senior Boys Relay race where our Captain, Bryan Sherriff came storming down the final leg from behind to clinch first place and the Sports by a mere one and a half points.

In the remaining days tensions were high as scores were totted up and the Championship could have gone either way but our surprisingly good academic marks (our downfall in previous years) pulled us through and we were finally announced as victors.

On this happy note we would like to thank all those who participated so well and showed so much enthusiasm, Mrs Rutherford, Mr Richterich and Mr Davie for their help and advice, and our vice-captains Denise and Craig. Finally, we wish Airlie, the very up-and-coming talent we are sure Airlie will enjoy, continuing success.

Ailsa Falconer and Bryan Sherriff, House Captains.

AYSTREE

The 1987-88 session began with high hopes of success after a promising performance last year. It was with this feeling of optimism and anticipation that we set last September. Netball, the first event of the year, did not however set us in good stead for the months to follow, with both the seniors and juniors finishing in last place. The primary team however finished in an admirable 2nd place.

In the senior house rugby, after being defeated by Airlie, the eventual winners, the team played well to win the remaining matches, finishing in 2nd place. The junior and intermediate came 3rd and 4th respectively.

Spirited performances were put forward by all the hockey teams, however, both the senior boys and girls teams were overpowered by the competition and finished in 4th place.

The junior teams redeemed Aystree somewhat by coming in 2nd.

Keeping up the tradition, the cricket team proved to be far too good for the other houses and ran out easy winners. All the games were won.

The highlight of Aystree's year, without a doubt, had to be the swimming galas. The combined score put us clear in front by 35 points. This total was helped considerably by all the senior relay teams coming in first. Special mention must go to Justine Gilray who won the girls Junior Championship and Scott Gall for winning the equivalent boys title.

In the tennis matches though, we had mixed fortunes. The boys gained a respectable second place, with the Smith brothers playing very well. Unfortunately the girls were last, though this was through no lack of effort.

In the field of debating both the senior and junior teams were extremely successful. Congratulations are due to Mary Begg and Stuart Pemble (the senior team) and to Johnathon Fitzpatrick and Lynne Duffus (the juniors). Both teams came first. Congratulations must also be given to Elizabeth Nicoll for winning the Senior Public Speaking competition, and likewise Johnathon Fitzpatrick for winning the junior title.

This year Aystree achieved academic success coming in an impressive 2nd place.

In the last event of the year, the sports, Aystree had a rather disappointing result despite having keen competitors and successful relay teams. Amy McGill won the senior Girls Championship and Nicola Gibson F5 did very well in a number of events.

On reflection, although coming in 3rd overall, Aystree still had a reasonably successful year and promise and enthusiasm has been shown by many, holding much hope for the future.

Finally we would like to thank Mr Kettles and Miss Holloway for their much appreciated support throughout the year. Thanks also to the P.E. staff for supervising the sports events and most of all thanks to those who have competed for Aystree— All the best for next session.

Amy McGill, Andrew Nicol, David Graham.

LINDORES

Although we may not come out on top of the House Championship table, we have had some notable results throughout the year. In the Junior School the girls came first in Netball and Team Games. The boys came second in the Intermediate and Junior Rugby and a very close second in the Hockey — thanks to Sean Smith for organising the boys' hockey team. The girls, Junior Relay team came first at the School Sports.

In Chess our congratulations go to Jamie MacFarlane and Susie Carmichael who won the Beekingham and Girls competitions for the House.

These are all results we can be justly proud of.

Thanks are due to Sarah Smart for her enthusiastic help in organising sports events, particularly Netball,

and a special thank you to a Lower School girl who stepped into the breach to ensure our Junior Tennis success. The boys would like to thank Jennie Stewart for helping on at least one occasion when Senior boys were not available to coach the Junior School boys for sports events.

Thanks are also due to those members of staff who gave their support during the year, particularly Mrs Hackney, House Master Mr Durrheim and, of course, House Mistress Miss Nicoll. As we say farewell to Miss Nicoll, we express our gratitude for her devotion to Lindores over many years and we wish her happiness in her retirement.

Jennie Stewart, Colin Morgan, House Captains.

WALLACE

This year confirmed the trend in the relative abilities of the Houses. After a five year run of retaining the House Shield, during which the points margin had gradually diminished, the time has finally come when Wallace's domination is at an end.

From the outset it was apparent that the championship would be a close run affair. We always seemed to be a point or two adrift from Airlie, who seemed to lead from beginning to end.

A lack of enthusiasm was apparent in the House members, brought on perhaps by our seemingly indomitable position. Indeed past House captains must turn in their graves to learn that on some occasions we were unable to field teams with full numbers, simply due to the fact that people couldn't be bothered to turn up. However, in the midst of this despair there were many good performances. We fervently hope that such positive efforts can be repeated in the future and that those who did not pull their weight remedy their outlook. The simple fact will always remain that Wallace has the capability to beat all other Houses — it is a question of translating that capability into results.

Amongst the many good performances this year was a crushing victory in the Girls Senior Hockey. The intermediate boys provided the only sparkle on the rugby scene with a grand slam victory over all the other Houses by employing running play.

Under the captaincy of Kenneth Campbell F4, we were invincible in the table tennis competitions, winning both the junior and senior. Similar success was achieved by the racket — wielding senior girls; Alison Ritchie, Viv White and Jane Woodcraft were basically too powerful for their opposition.

Both senior and junior shooting teams were on target, with 1st place being gained in both competitions. Similar accuracy was revealed round the green by our golfers, as Scott Horne won the Boase Medal.

The senior debating team of Becky and Sam delighted us all with a very entertaining display of debating skills.

Although we drowned in the Gala we put up a fighting display in the Annual Sports. We were pipped at the post by the narrow margin of 1 pt, despite Andy Lowe's inspired performance to win the Boys' Senior Championship. There was a source of great pleasure for us to see both Junior School Relay Teams burn up the track and their opposition.

We would like to thank the Junior School Wallaces for their commitment this session and especially Mrs Alexander who couldn't have been more helpful in organising their activities. As usual our thanks must

also go to Mrs Gibson and Mr Stewart. We greatly appreciate the help of our Vice-Captains Jenny and Andrew and those members who did participate with enthusiasm. At this juncture we would like to express our hope that Wallace could return to winning ways next session. This must be tempered, however, with the knowledge that such an event will not take place with this year's attitude.

Nicola D'Arcy, Gordon Taylor, House Captains.

SPRING'S COMING

Lambs frolicking, chicks hatching, Easter eggs cracking, seed sowing days lengthening, farmer's wife milking, spring cleaning, butterflies fluttering, wings flapping, Easter egg rolling, birds singing, flowers opening, stone rolling, Good Friday celebrating.

Hamish Whyte L3M

WONDERLAND

One day Simon was walking along the beach when he fell down a hole and landed in a wood. Suddenly Simon saw a lion running. I'm late, I'm late. The queen will kill me! What's wrong? I am late for the Queen of Hearts' coronation. I have got to go. Bye bye lion. He heard a voice. Hello stranger, who are you? I am Simon, who are you? I am Wishy and he is Washy. Do you want to sing a wash song. Rub rub rub, three men in a tub. Sorry said Simon. Suddenly Simon saw the lion appear with a fanny lady. It was the Queen of Hearts. Off with his head. With a start Simon woke up.

Andrew Milne L3M

THE MAD INVENTOR

Mr Stewart, the mad inventor, was a very odd man. Mrs Stewart was always calling for him to come but he would only come at the wrong time. His old scientist's clothes were all unwinding and his white hair was so untidy that it was getting tangled up with the bits of scientist's clothes that were coming away. He wore his slippers wherever he went and as soon as he had made something he just left it on the floor and walked off. The next day he came back to his workshop and did some more experiments and made another machine. One liquid he made was particularly odd. He started off with sugar. Then he dissolved it and added some shredded pansy petals. He rushed off for some green dye, knocking over a bottle of molten metal which dripped into his liquid. When he came back and saw the molten metal dripping into his mix he said: "How did that happen?" and then "Oh blast!" which was exactly what the mix did. It steamed and seethed and swirled and splashed. Then it hardened. It looked as if it would then stay still but would it? No. It started to expand. The glass bowl broke as the stuff got bigger. A friend of his had once told him that the only way to stop these things happening was to pour water on them. Quickly he went to the dirty sink and turned on the tap. He held a cup under it and then slushed it over the mix. It turned to liquid. A young boy who had an illness called red flu thought he would drink the liquid as it looked like orange juice. It did not taste very nice but it cured the red flu which the cure for had never been found before. As soon as Mr Stewart found out about this he planned to sell more of this stuff and in the end he became a famous doctor.

David Hart L3H

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PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT NATIVITY PLAY, 1987



LJ and LJI Choir.

Preparatory Department

AT GYM

I go to gym. We go to gym on Friday. There are mats. There are hoops. We play ball. We put our shoes in a bag.

Allison Hewitt L1S

OWL

Owl was going to make some tear water tea. He was going to think about sad things like a book that had torn pages and a spoon that was lost.

Kenneth Baxter L1S

MY SCHOOL

My school is big. It is called Dundee High. It has a piano and it has a playground and it has toys. It has paints.

Ewan Bowers L1S

MY SCHOOL

My school has a big playground and I like to play in it. There are some trees at the bottom. It does not have a number. I like making things.

Fiona Dewar L1S

THE PARK

One day I went to the park and what do you think I did? I played on the roundabout and I went on the swing and I went on the seat. After that I had a picnic.

Nicola Fleming L1S

ROAD SAFETY

One day on Monday the policeman came to the school. I listened and behaved. I cross the road on my own.

Ariful Ahsan L1S

LOVE

God is everywhere. He loves us. Mrs Leadbitter loves us. We love our chums.

Gail Whiteford L1L

FOOD!

We eat food every day. We must eat things to make us big. We die if we have no food.

Stuart Milne L1L

IN SCHOOL AT NIGHT

One night I left my briefcase and I went to school for it and when I went in all the toys came alive and the zoo animals came to their size and ghosts came out of the walls but in the morning I got out when mum came for me.

Gareth Evans L2M

My friend is Jonathon. I play with him. My friend is taller than me. I play with him in the park. He is good. I chat with him. I share books with him sometimes. I like my friend. I play hide and seek.

Sharear Farid L1S

My friend is Douglas. He lives in Meigle and he has yellow hair and Rosie is my friend too. We play ball and we play pass the parcel.

Angus Elphinstone L1S

My gym is a lovely place and my gym teacher is lovely. She is called Miss Sim and she does teach us good games.

Rosemary Buckley L1S

MY SCHOOL

One day my school went riding into the country all day and we had a gigantic picnic and then we had to pack up.

James Cumming L2M

MY DREAM HOUSE

I'd like to live far away in the country and we would have beautiful brown fences for sheep in the fields. I'd just love to live in the country. I'd pack all my toys and business in the box. My daddy will say we're busy but I like being busy. We'd have hens and ducks for free range eggs but we'd have cows, pigs, horses, hedgehogs, squirrels and guinea pigs and deer and beautiful flowers and oak trees.

Eilidh Currie L2M

SPACEMAN IN MY GARDEN

One day I was going to play football in my garden. When I was just going out I saw a spaceship. I knocked on it and a spaceman came out. He had a glass helmet on and a white suit. He was white all over. I saw his space rocket. He had a space gun and an air tank. He was green. He was like an alien then he blasted off to space.

James Bowen L2H

I AM A FISH

I would like to be a dolphin. I would save people and give people rides on my back. I would save or help or play with them. I would not like to be put in the zoo. Maybe I might go to the zoo when the keeper tells his men.

David Bowen L2M



**WINNERS
OF
PREPARATORY
DEPARTMENT
PHOTOGRAPHIC
COMPETITION
(MY STREET)**

1st Stewart Gillan LIIM



2nd Alison Kearns LIS



3rd Iain Clark LIIM

ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

One cold night I was asleep in my bed. I was having a great dream. It was all about Wonderland. I was walking along the road when I stepped in a big puddle and fell right through the road. I found myself in a wood. Then I saw Wishy Washy running along shouting I'm late, I'm late for the party. I ran after him. He jumped onto my back. Then I began to run. I began to run fast. Wishy Washy directed me. We went into a cold dark tunnel then we came back out into the open and the house was all in darkness. The party was finished. We had just missed the party by two seconds. Well, we turned round and found that the trees had trapped us in. We called for Giant Rumblebuffin. Then Giant Rumblebuffin came and got us over the trees and no-one ever saw the house again. It simply collapsed.

Colin Robertson L3M

ME

I am a girl. I have long fair hair. I have two blue eyes and white teeth.

Katherine Smith L1L

RUTH IN WONDERLAND

One day Ruth was sitting on a branch. Suddenly she fell asleep. Then she saw a tortoise wearing a coat and bow tie. Quickly she followed him. Suddenly she felt herself falling down, down and down. At last she stopped. Just as she stopped she saw the tortoise turn the corner. Running, she followed him. I'm late, I'm late. The queen will kill me! She decided to take a different path. Then she found a pack of cards. Suddenly a trumpet sounded. A voice said make way! Make way! Make way for the queen! Ruth was very surprised to see the tortoise leading the queen. Just then she woke up.

Ruth Mitchell L3M

MY DADDY

My daddy is a dentist. He keeps your teeth nice. He works very hard.

Ailsa Robertson L1L

MUMMY AND DADDY

My mummy cooks our food. She dusts and goes out. My daddy is at school. He brings me.

Louise Stewart L1L

THE LAST RACE

One day I woke up. I was very excited. I rushed to get dressed. Oh great, we're to see the last race today. We'll go if you're good. Now eat your breakfast quickly, for we don't want to miss the start, said mum. So I ate my breakfast up rather quickly. Then I shouted, ready mum, is dad ready? I think so. Here he comes. Ready everyone? A great shout came down. YES! Come on, let's go. We're here. When we got there the race was just starting. In the middle of the race we heard that the man in number 17 was having his last race. Well we must watch carefully. Unfortunately someone got a flat tyre. It was fixed in a few moments. At last the race ended. Number 17 had won it. Three cheers were raised and that was it.

Juliet McGill L3M

THE REINDEER WHO WAS LATE!

Woosh the sleigh took off. Little mischievous Rudolf was left behind. He sat down in a corner and cried. After he had made a big puddle with his tears he thought, well if Santa is having adventures, I shall jolly well go off on mine. So he walked on until he came to the forest. In the middle of the forest he saw a house, and peeped through a crack in the curtains. A little girl was wrapping up presents. Her mummy was cooking roast turkey. Rudolf trotted out of the forest. Soon Rudolf came to a steep hill and had a lovely time climbing it and getting caught on the bushes all the way up. And rolling down again. Oooh! Once he fell down the hill from top to bottom. Poor Rudolf he had to climb all the way to the top again. Once he tripped over a stone and got covered in bramble thorns and berries. How he hated it! Now he wanted to find Santa. Suddenly he heard something. It was church bells ringing. Then he heard some bells that he recognised. It was Santa on a roof. Quickly Rudolf was tied up before Santa even noticed and was able to join in with the last part of the journey.

Claire Lowe L3H

MY DAD

My dad is a farmer. He has a tractor. He has no animals. He has wheat and barley.

Douglas McLaren L1L

DANGER IN THE WOOD

I live in a cottage in a wood. I have an old, old fire engine. I don't drive it because there is snow. Me and my friend Roger we go sledging. Roger lives with me. One night there was a storm and in the morning I saw it 10 feet deep! We... we're bl-ock-ed - in. How can we get out? I don't know. We're stuck. The gas stopped. The lights went out. We lit a candle and the coal fire. It was still cold. We tried to start the fire engine. But it wouldn't start. We put the flashing light on and we got a blanket and wrote help then put it on the roof. A helicopter came and rescued us and we were safe.

Allen Smith L3M

I have a tank. It has guns. It has a seat. It has another seat too.

Robbie McKillop L1L



IN SCHOOL AT NIGHT

In school in the morning my friend forgot his book so I gave him my book but I forgot to ask him to give me my book back so I went over to his house and asked if I could get my book back and he said: "Yes" but when he looked he didn't see it so he said that you will have to go to school to get it so I went to school to get it but when I went I did get it but then I heard a bang. It was the doors. They were shut. It was cold and dark. I couldn't find the light switch but I could find the window so I jumped out of the window but I forgot my book.

Gordon Bain L2M

ON THE SCHOOL BUS

I come on a bus to school. It is a blue bus. It has lots of round wheels.

Jamie Laird L1L

GHOSTS

Look at that big castle said Anna. Let's go and explore it. They ran up to the drawbridge and they pushed it. It's opening, said John. Then bang, the drawbridge fell down. They walked inside and lifted the lid of a chest thinking they would find some old clothes but instead a ghost jumped out and started running after them. They ran into a bedroom and saw a four-poster bed. They thought they could hide under the blanket but the blanket kept jumping up and down so they did not dare. Then they saw the suit of armour had eyes. Look shouted Anna, the stuffed animals are alive. Quick! Run!

Hannah-Laura Howson L3H

AT SCHOOL

I like school. I like sums and I like to read.

Rodric Leslie L1L

ESCAPED LION!

Quick! The lion has escaped said the lion tamer. The ringmaster phoned the police. Some police went round the town telling everybody to lock all their windows and doors. Soon the police were in the countryside. One of the police noticed a paw print on the ground. They all followed it. They heard a roar. Come on get behind this bush said one of the policemen. The policeman looked up a tree and saw the lion. Quick, get the tranquilliser gun he whispered. Soon they had the lion back in the truck.

John Boyle L3H

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

I like the dentist because I like the fillings best of all. In the waiting room there are toys and I play with them. Our dentist's name is Mr Brown.

Kenneth Lowe L2H

MY PET

My pet is a black labrador and he is nice. He has brown eyes and his name is Rory. He is nine years old. He is a dog. He brings me his bone.

Neil Ross L2H

MY BEST FRIEND

My best friend is Robert. I like him because he is a nice boy and he has curly hair. Sometimes I go to his house. He has two sisters.

Richard Stevenson L2H

GHOST CASTLE

One sunny afternoon I was walking through the woods when something touched me. It was only a branch. I said to myself no time to play yet. However, I noticed the trees were getting much more twisted. In the end I made it. I peeped through a gap and saw some gnomes dancing around a cauldron. They were making some sort of spell for someone. Then the gnomes went to sleep. They woke up very soon after they had gone to sleep. I wondered what was wrong. Just then a witch came. She was mad at them. So she spanked them and spanked them, then it stopped and the witch went away. It was all clear so I ran out. Then I came across a castle. I opened the door and — bang — the door closed behind me. I said to myself I suppose I should go and explore the house. I went through cobwebs and lots of other nasty things. Then I thought I saw a ghost behind me. It was making a noise like this . . . woooooo. I ran into a metal knight and it just fell down. I saw a chair and sat down in it. A hand came out from the arms of the chair with blood dripping from them. I ran as fast as I could but I fell back into the chair. The hand caught me that time but after a struggle I managed to get away. I ran through the castle and met some coffins dancing and spinning in front of me. I ran back through to the door. It was open. I went running out and closed it before anything could get through. I had a key and locked it. Now it is only a ruin. Or is it? Ha, ha.

Laura Berkeley L3M

THE LONG TRIP

Our teacher, Mrs Murray, read us a story about a dog who was sold to a new man. This man lived far away in Italy. The dog was so very sad that he walked all the way back to his old home in Germany.

Victoria Kelman L2M

SMUGGLERS

After lunch we went back to the beach with a torch. We went deeper into the cave and heard some voices. They said meet here at midnight and Sam get the boat ready so we can get away quickly with the gold and jewels. Put off the light quickly. They are coming. Let's hide in that big hole. When the men were gone we went and told the police about the smugglers and the time they were to meet. At midnight the police were at the cave. One policeman was on top of the cave and two at each side of the cave. The smugglers quickly ran out of the cave with the gold and jewels. The policeman on top of the cave jumped on top of one smuggler and the two smugglers got caught by the policemen.

John-Paul Bennett L3H

BATTLE OF THE ELEMENTS

Once upon a time the sun was shining very happily in the sky as usual at Easter, but then the conductor of the wind was very annoyed about it so he sent out the eind to stop the sun from making the world so beautiful and nice. The wind pushed his way through. The sun was so angry that he said there should be a test. There is a man down there. Let's see who can get his coat off. The wind blew as hard as he could but he could not do it. No matter how hard he tried he still could not get the man's coat off. Now it was the sun's turn. He sone as hard as he could. Luekily his rays reached the man. He was so hot he had to take his coat off.

Vicki Mearns L3M

Junior School

THE POST OFFICE YOUNG LETTER-WRITERS' COMPETITION

Tricia Rorie was placed second and Shona Methven third in the under 9 section of the competition.

28 Dawson Road
West Ferry
DUNDEE
DD5 1PW
June 7, 1988

Dear Alison,

I am now living in Zarg. Zarg is a bit like Earth but the thing is, it has tartan grass and the houses are shaped like pyramids. I got a new pet called Zodie. It is a Eweal. But it looks like a seal apart from the fact that Zodie has horns and a shaggy coat like a highland cow. Well what I can remember about a highland cow. Well what have you been doing with yourself over the last four years, changed job or something? I work as a teacher in a school called Strange Hill School. The pupils are all right in my class, they are quite talkative though, just like I was when I was their age. Now I keep raging at them, it's a bit like double standards. Now to talk about the animals they are very odd, the names of some of them would send you laughing so hard there would be tears rolling down your cheeks. So I will tell you some of them — Pighips, Rinosorus, Chickfisher and Birdatorus. They are very common ones you would find. Inside my house is very weird. It has beds that fold into the wall with drawers and when the beds down you would have to put the bed up. Now to tell you about the weather. In summer it is hotter than Brazil with me going out very often. I sunbathe all day then go to bed when the sun goes down. In Spring, Lammiks are born. In Autumn, leaves fall off trees and it grows colder. Then it's Winter when Jack Frost comes to visit. It snows for four months solid, then it becomes warmer again. See you in two years. Writing again soon.

Love, Shona.

P.S. I forgot to mention Zodie is 35 metres long, start building the kennel NOW!

Shona Methven LIVH

91 Strachan Avenue
Broughty Ferry
DUNDEE,
Scotland
DD5 1RF
March 22, 1988

Dear Joanna,

I am having a marvellous time on Mars. I am a bit lonely but I do have some robots and a ten ton monster to talk to. Mars is about half the size of the world and it looks like the Moon. I write like this %*X?&/%. That means I'm happy. The writing is too difficult so I write your way when I write to Earth. I have changed since we met on Earth. I looked like a human before but I have light green skin now, I have six legs and sticks for ears. I wish you could visit me once in a while OX + %? ?? - Z (&*% oh sorry I keep on thinking I'm writing to my other friend on Pluto).

You would never believe some of the animals we have. My favourite animal is the angel lion, it is like a god. He has wings and the golden round his head. The rest of him is like a lion. Another animal I like is the Kangeola. He got that name because he jumps and has a pouch like a kangaroo and also has the head of a koala and sleeps in pink trees. The aliens here get about by flying. It's a bit like Supergirl or Superman. Here we drink oil and eat cotton wool, paper and lots of strange things you would hate. If you write back to me tell me how your mum is and how life is on Earth. I have drawn a picture of me.

Best wishes,
Tricia, age 8.

Tricia Rorie LIVH

A COLD NIGHT

The moon burned in the frozen sky,
The freezing wastes were lit by a
Cold white light.
The glacial mountains glistened in the
Sharp, frigid night.
The lakes were frozen,
The houses capped, with a white, intensely
Cold blanket of snow,
Snow,
Snow,
Snow

Gareth Watt LIVC

THE HARSH WORLD

The harsh winds whistle
through the dead,
forgotten
trees of yesterday,
Robins sit alone
in the shelter of branches.
High above the city they perch
and watch the snow covered world
go by.

Paula Rorie LIVH



JUNIOR NETBALL

L7 began the year by entering the Dundee Schools Winter League. We made many new friends and enjoyed all our games. The final was our next venue and from there we went on to be the first Dundee High School team to win the shield.

The L6's managed to make it through to the final of the Miss Ward trophy but were sadly beaten.

Then followed some exciting friendly games with the first years who were practising for a tournament.

L7's made history on June 1 by beating the staff, 6-5. We all enjoyed the game and also the tea and cakes afterwards. Elinor Blair received the Player of the Year Award. We wish to thank Mrs Alexander, Miss Lacey and Miss Davidson for giving up their time to coach us and take us to matches.

L7 Netball Team

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

This year, those children who were in LVII were given the opportunity to learn the basic skills of debating. This appeared to be enjoyed by many and indeed at each debate, normally 30 - 40 children attended. Debating topics included *'This house believes animals should not be used in experiments'*; *'In Britain people will spend more money on animals than children'*, and *'Too much money is spent on space research and not enough on the sick and elderly'*. Each debate produced strong argument for and against the motion with a ready contribution always available from those listening.

A sign of a good debate is to hear people still discussing it after the motion is won or lost and this certainly happened on a number of occasions as the LVII's dispersed.

JUNIOR SCHOOL RUGBY 1987 - 1988

As in previous seasons the Junior School XV achieved a rather mixed record. Narrow defeats at the hands of Dollar Academy, Queen Victoria and Morrison's were followed by an emphatic win over Kelvinside Academy, a further close defeat by Queen Victoria, a win over Dunfermline High School, and a hard fought away draw with Morrison's. In the new year there was a heavy defeat by a talented Stewart's Melville side but a good win over Robert Gordon's seemed to herald a strong finish to the season which was unfortunately brought to an early end due to bad ground conditions.

There was an excellent turnout of enthusiastic players for training twice a week and it was only a pity that not all could achieve selection for the team. The staff and Mr Machin (who has sadly now left) drilled the junior squad which included some LV boys who will form the base of next year's team.

The LV boys were again coached on Saturdays by Mr E. Reoch and Mr M. Petrie. Thanks are due to all those involved for their support and encouragement which we could not do without, including the PE staff.

Donald Lowe LVIS

L6 OUTING TO ARBROATH

On June 14, L6 travelled to Arbroath for their summer trip. Arriving at Arbroath Harbour, we were met by Mr Beattie who was our guide for the day.

Mr Beattie showed us to the lifeboat station and introduced us to Mr Cargill, the lifeboat mechanic. We were shown the controls, the machinery and the cabin. He allowed us to speak through the radio and sound the hooter. On the walls surrounding the lifeboat, Harold Salvesen, were pictures of past rescues. Mr Cargill told us how easy it was to launch the lifeboat, as you only had to release the pins that secured the lifeboat and open the shed doors. The slip-way is always kept watered to ensure a smooth launch.

Mr Beattie accompanied us to the Inshore Lifeboat that is used for minor rescues whereas the Harold Salvesen is used for major and long distance rescues.

The Inshore boat is a dinghy that costs £12,000 and has a very powerful outboard motor. The clothes of the crews of the different boats vary greatly. They have to be both warm and water resistant.

The Signal Tower Museum has lots of interesting exhibits about Arbroath life. One of the rooms is completely given over to exhibits of the Bell Rock Lighthouse. The families of the lighthouse keepers lived in the Signal Tower and if a child was born, trousers or a petticoat would be hoisted up a pole depending on whether it was a boy or girl. The other items on display include examples of fishing life and other industries of Arbroath.

We had lunch on the steps beside the museum, and then went to play on the beach. As we walked along the harbour to the boat, we saw a fishing boat being built and fish being cleaned and smoked.

The sea was calm for our afternoon boat trip although quite a haar loomed over the Arbroath cliffs. As we passed the cliffs, Mr Beattie pointed out places of interest such as Brandy Cave, the village of Auchmithie and the cave that used to be used as a boat house by the Earl of North Esk. Arbroath's cliffs were inhabited by bird-life such as guillemots, puffins, eider ducks, cormorants and shags. On the way back we saw several fishermen pulling in lobster creels.

We returned to Dundee having thoroughly enjoyed our outing to Arbroath.

OUTSIDE VISITS

I go to Outside Visits as a Friday '9' group with ten other girls. It is open to Form 1 and Form 2 but only Form 1 girls go. Miss Speirs is in charge of it.

For visits we go in and around Dundee City Centre.

Here are a few of the places we have been to in Dundee:—Tayside House, The Earl Grey Hotel, The Barrack Street and Albert Square Museum, The Repertory Theatre and the Discovery.

Sometimes we remain in school and the people come to see us, instead of us going to see them. A County Ranger, a Camperdown Wildlife Ranger and a Magazine Editor from D. C. Thomson have come to see us.

We have also been to Mills Observatory, the Cadet Rifle Range and a Dentist's Practice.

As well as being educational it is also very enjoyable.

Julie Burns

LVII's VISIT TO THE CITY CHAMBERS

On May 23, the pupils of LVII set off for a visit to the City Chambers. When we arrived we walked up two

flights of stairs and Mr Kelly showed us into a room with desks set all around the sides. Each desk had a Councillor's name on it. Mr Kelly was very helpful and answered all the questions we asked. The information he gave us was interesting and he put some people in the positions of lawyers, the Lord Provost, and members of the Licensing Board. They had to argue the case which was great fun.

We then had a break and were provided with biscuits and juice. Obviously Mr Kelly had work to do so he left us and Mr Nicoll showed us the Civic Mace and the Lord Provost's Chain of Office.

We had a very interesting morning and left much wiser.

Caroline Merry LVIIIC



B.B.C. FILM

Sixteen Dundee High School pupils from the ages of five to twelve were chosen to appear in the B.B.C. 2 war-time film "Christabel". This is a true story of an English woman's experiences in Berlin during the Second World War. I was very pleased to be selected as one of the "waifs" in the four part series and look forward to seeing myself on television when the film is, screened in September.

The eight boys had to have the traditional "short back and sides" haircut of the period a week before the filming day. A couple of days before the filming, everyone involved went to the Angus Hotel for their costume fitting. The boys' costumes consisted of a cap, woolly shirt and jumper, a long overcoat, long shorts and braces then tights and boots.

On the day of filming, Friday, March 11, all the children and five mums were taken by coach to Camperdown Works, Lochee. We were dressed in our costumes then dusted down to produce a dirty effect and our faces were made up with black make-up. We were on the scene from eight in the morning till five at night. First we had breakfast, then four children, including myself, had to go and do our piece. This took all morning to perfect and included many "takes". All the important people such as the producer and director told us exactly what to do and even made sure that no labels were sticking out on our clothes.

The scene showed four children sitting by their fires amongst the rubble, weeping over the loss of their homes and their parents. Around me, in front of ruined buildings, were several old people mourning the deaths of their families after the horrific bombing. The bomb site where we were filming took three months to prepare and the whole film is said to be costing around five million pounds.

The scene also involved, of course, the main character, Christabel. She had to walk over to the group of four unhappy children after making a 'phone call in an old battered 'phone box and stop and stare at us and the heap of rubble behind us. The main camera was pushed along two rails like a train track to keep up with

the walking.

After lunch the rain started so for a couple of hours we had to entertain ourselves on the coach until the next scene with the remaining twelve children was shot. At 4.45 p.m. it was time to leave.

For some people there was a lot of time spent hanging around but I thoroughly enjoyed myself and now know how it feels to be an actor for a day.

Douglas Lawson LVII



DALGUISE 1988

At 2 p.m. on Monday, May 2, 70 LVI pupils set off on a fun-packed activity course at Dalguise House near Dunkeld. For many it was to be the first time spent away from home as well as a first opportunity to try the many new and exciting activities on offer. As the two Greyhound coaches left from the main gates of the school a worried-looking set of mums waved a fond farewell.

On arrival at Dalguise the pupils, or peeps as they were to become known for the week, were grouped and shown to their dormitories. Settled in and "unpacked", the activities began — a fire drill first then straight into some games to finish off the first evening.

Needless to say that there was nobody keen to go to sleep without a struggle on that first night. Some peeps were homesick while others thought that sleep would not be necessary — they were soon to find out that this was not the case.

After breakfast, each morning, the equipment store was the mustering point where we were all kitted out with safety helmets, piggles (PGL waterproofs), bows and arrows, maps and compasses and many other bits of essential equipment.

The groups dispersed to their various activities which were sailing, canoeing, hill-walking, gorge-walking, orienteering, motor-cycling, archery, initiative tests and each one was somebody's favourite. All the



pupils seemed keener to sleep after the first night's high-jinks.

The evening entertainments were really exciting as well. We had a 'mini olympics' evening, a talent show, and a really, really loud disco on the final night.

The week was over all too soon but the memories of the activities and all our new-found Dalguise friends will remain with us for a long time to come.

A Dalguise Peep

THE HOWFF

Towards the end of the summer term, each of the LVII classes paid a visit to the Howff.

Originally, the Howff was the gardens of Grey Friars monastery. The monastery was destroyed and it remained a ruin in the years, 1547-48. In 1546, Mary, Queen of Scots, granted the grounds as a place of burial which continued until 1857. The gaelic word for meeting place is howff and that is exactly how the Howff was used, by incorporated trades.

We studied the graves and the people buried there, their professions and the symbols and verses written there. One of the most famous persons buried there was James Chalmers. Chalmers was a bookseller in Dundee who invented the adhesive postage stamp. The people buried in the Howff range from an MP and a French Lieutenant to surgeons and wigmakers.

Some of the signs and symbols engraved in the tombstones are of anchor signs and clasped hands which symbolise hope. Others maybe of the skull and bones, Father Time and the hour glass which are all symbols of death.

Many families died together and the mother and father and children would be buried together. Many children died as young as one month. Most of the tombstones that have whole families dying together are from the time of the plague.

The oldest tombstone that I could find had the inscription written in Latin and was erected in the Howff in 1577.

Suparna Guha LVIID



BLACK

Black is the darkness of the sky at night,
A friendly dog,
The colour of a Dunlop tyre,
Smoking fires,
The jewel of jet.

Blaring guns causing death,
The low sound of a double bass,
Bombs dropped from huge planes,
The rumble of a volcano.

The feeling of black is the zig-zag on tyres,
Smooth glossy leather,
And sticky tar.

The smell of smoke,
Soothing black coffee,
Charred sausages.

Black is sweet liquorice,
Fruity raisins,
Blackberries of Autumn.

The sadness of a death,
Evil charm in some people,
Cold winter days in December,
Fine glossy hair.

Claire MacDonald LVIK

THE ADDER

Within a lonely clump of trees
Safely sheltered from the breeze
Behind a pond of swaying reeds
An adder lies and feeds

Daniel Dawson L7K

THE POWER OF A HOME FIRE

Sitting in my armchair, I look into the fire,
If I stared much longer, my eyes would start to tire,
So I blinked and renewed my sight,
Only to see another magical flight.

The fire was a now a glowing, flickering ball of flames,
I cannot describe properly what it was like because there are so many names,
You could not see the point of the flame because it was covered by the chimney,
And I could not describe the other flames because there were too many!

I imagined witches being burned at the stake,
In the middle of the flames which slither like a snake,
I hear their helpless screams,
But only in my dreams.

After a while everything calms down,
And the soot creeps over the fire like a huge dressing-gown,
Suddenly the flames disappear,
And I don't have anything to fear.

Michael King L6



THE CIRCUS IS HERE

Circle of sawdust blaze of light.
The circus is in town tonight,
The big bands start off the show
And the clowns come out to say hello.
With colourful costumes and balloons
They spray us with water and juggle with spoons
It is fun all the way when the elephants come.
Into the ring at the sound of the drum
The horses come next with the ballet troupe.
Then sky acrobatics and loop the loop
The shows almost over just the lions to come
Such majestic animals, the favourite for mum,
We look forward to next year and lots more fun
It's a long time to wait for the circus to come.

Mark Lowe LVN

THE MISCHIEVOUS WIND STRIKES AGAIN

I am the South Wind, a female wind. I am calm and mild but my husband is rough and tough. When I am angry I am a bit like my husband but naughtier. I am angry now because he went out and got drunk with the other wind last night. I am going to take peoples skirts and pull them down. I will snatch their hats and force them off the bus. I will sneak into markets. I shall blow toys off the stalls and take peoples purses. I'll go into the fields and ride on the horses. I will pull their tails softly just for fun. I will tickle stray cats and howl at dogs. I'll pull washing off the lines and put it on peoples heads. I'll pull off peoples wigs and stuff them down chimneys. I play with the animals but I hate humans. I'll kick sand in their eyes at beaches. I'll smack them in their tummies. I'll sneak up to them and blow in their faces and kick the leaves as I go by. No one can see me as I fly in the sky. Now I will be a gentle breeze helping boats sail. I dry washing and near the end of the day I will snuggle down behind a rock and say that's enough for today. In the morning it will start all over again.

Tricia Rorie LIVH



**WINNER
OF
THE
JUNIOR
SCHOOL
PHOTOGRAPHIC
COMPETITION
(MY STREET)
Helen Bowen LVL**

The Village Shop

As I tumbled through the doorway a bell tinkled above my head and the pervading odour of strong French cheese, dog-meal and peppermint sweets billowed into my face forcing me to clasp my hand over my nose and mouth. Looking about me proved a difficult task as only a tiny shaft of light flickered through the dark, patterned curtains, behind which was a dusty, sash window. As my eyes adjusted to the gloom I realised that I had stopped just in time because a small flight of stairs lay ahead of me. As I walked down the creaky, wooden steps I peered about me seeing rows and rows of jam jars, cheeses, sweets and cakes, most of which were stale. Reaching the base of the stairs I noticed a worm-eaten counter from behind which an old man appeared.

His face was as rosy as a late autumn apple and was as wrinkled as a dried plum. Behind him were many shelves of coffee beans, flour and nuts and a set of brass scales, to weigh them out, sat on the top of the counter. A black cat scampered between my legs, as if it were afraid of something, and leapt up onto a mountain of dog-meal bags.

Through an open door-way, which led to the back room, I could see a roaring fire which enriched the room with a flickering, orange glow. An old lady was fast asleep, swaying to and fro on a rocking chair that creaked with age. On her lap a tabby cat was purring softly, keeping in time with the creaks.

After buying a packet of rather soft biscuits, I made my way out of the shop into the bright sunshine and fresh air.

Helen Taylor LVIIC.

TWO WINDOWS

Looking through the velux window in our house, a scenic view of rolling hills, farm steadings and fields meet my eye. Below the fence that borders our garden, ponies graze in three lush grass fields. Moving to the right along a cobbly, pot-holed road riders come for lessons at the riding school. A paddock that is flooded

all year round is beside some rickety stables in the field. Taking one's eye back along the bumpy road, tractors are moving out of the farmyard. A stream is heard trickling at the bottom of the neighbouring garden but in spring can only be seen with an eagle eye because of the abundance of growing leaves on the trees. Still moving farther towards the Sidlaw Hills, cars are heard passing along the road beside a cottage. More farm buildings can be traced along the picturesque landscape pockmarked by grazing sheep. On a hot summer day a walk up the Sidlaws is breath-taking, but once you reach the top and sit down the view is more than rewarding.

Emma Meikle L7c

FOX ON THE RUN

I trotted around the woods searching for a rabbit to feed my cub. By now I was at least five miles from my den. Suddenly I heard horns and dogs barking in the distance. I was off like a bullet out of a gun. The sound was getting closer to me. Shooting through the woods, I passed rabbits outside their holes but I could not stop for them now. It was still another two or three miles to my den and I started to pant — over the fence and through the water then back up to Green Dykes Hill.

Now I could feel my heart thumping and my paws were like lead weights. I ran up to the next fence but as I jumped I fell back down on to the muddy ground. At the second attempt I just made it and no more. The barking dogs and trumpeting horns were now only a short distance away — I had to keep going! I was so near my den but I still had to keep running on. My paws were aching and I was feeling sick as well. On to the soft grass I rushed, the wind whistling in my ears.

I came nearer and nearer to my earth with the barking hounds right on my tail. Suddenly I put on a burst of speed and passed every rabbit and fox hole until I reached my own. Quickly I dived into it and with my head in paws, lay there, panting, until the sound of the hounds and hunters drifted away.

Emma Strachan LVII

THE DAY OF BIRTH

This is a true story about a day in the life of one of the most magnificent birds of prey, the Osprey. This particular Osprey is a male called Orco. It was a cold June morning. Orco and his wife, Penelope, could sense that it would soon be the day when they would witness their chicks' arrival in the world. Orco had sat on the eggs that night so he left Penelope with them while he went to catch their breakfast. He settled down on the top branch of a tree which was literally right on the lochside to seek the fish with his powerful eyesight. He had sat there patiently for 20 minutes when his watchful gaze fell on a slight ripple on the surface of the loch. A human being would never have seen this but even if he or she had they would probably think that it was just a small wave produced by the slight breeze on that particular sunny, June morning, but Orco knew that it was the air bubble of a trout. Five minutes later he saw the fish itself. It was indeed a trout taking advantage of the warm sunlight by basking very near the surface of the loch. It was an easy catch but Orco never felt confident until he had caught the fish. He spread out his cramped wings and closed up his nostrils, preparing for the dive. He swooped down on the unsuspecting fish and let out his claws at the last moment. "SLASH". The fish was in his claws. Orco began to flap his wings powerfully to get airborne again. It took him a couple of seconds to do this as the fish was wriggling in his grasp and being as awkward as possible. But Orco was a strong bird and soon he was gliding back to the nest with the prize held firmly by his claws. When Orco and Penelope had finished eating the fish Penelope stayed with the eggs while Orco looked the woodland in a 1-mile radius of the nest in case there was any nearby vermin to have at-the brink-of-hatching-point of the eggs.

The search was fruitless but Orco managed to catch their tea, a nice, big juicy pike. He didn't get it easily though for he had to chase off a pack of crows searching for an easy meal to get it back to the nest. After Orco and Penelope had finished off the pike they sat patiently waiting . . . waiting for what they hoped would happen very shortly. Gow answered their requests. "Crack". A new life had entered the world.

Neil Forsyth LVL

2001

Dundee, the year — 2001, Monday, March 7 I wake up at 06.30 hours and open my air capsule door. I go and wash at my automatic basin which is voice controlled. I put on my silver, skin-tight school uniform and I'm ready for breakfast: two eggs boiled for half a second. It was easy to boil them because outside our ozone dome which covers Dundee, the sun's ultra-violet rays are used for all sorts of things. The android takes the eggs, carefully drops them into the hatch, waits for half a second, brings them out and "hey presto" they're boiled. After the eggs I hop onto my sky-craft and I get to school a minute later. A high-tec robot takes my sky craft and I step onto the non-stop conveyor and press the button for floor 7A, room sixty-one.

My android teacher is waiting for me and as I put my bag at the door another android unpacks it and puts my homework in the correction machine.

"Oh-oh," it says: "You've got one wrong!"

By this time the android had picked me up and dumped me on my seat which was on a round-about which spins slowly past the teacher's desk.

I switch on my computer which in a cheerful voice says: "Good Morning!"

The teacher comes over and gives me a laser disk to put in the disk drive. I have to do maths. At 1200 hours we slide down a small chute to the games hall. Under the mats are trampolines which are great fun to play on. I bounce over to the counter where I am served with space food which you have to catch when you jump on the trampoline. At 1800 hours I return home to my air capsule.

Claire Bowers LVIIK



AN EERIE NIGHT

The moonbeams crept between the trees,
The owls and bats glided down the breeze,
My fearful walk into the glade, was halted
By the shadows made,
And the sound of a scream —
I started to flee
Because the scream came from
ME!

James Davie LVIG

THE LONE DOG

The wind whistles,
angrily,
at the lone dog,
which resists the cold.
It pads softly over the snow-covered grasses
Its head hanging low,
driving against the cold,
cold,
wind,
It whines,
miserably,
Passing people,
sympathise,
For they have a warm house to go to,
the dog,
has none.

Jonathan Petrie LVII



“TRAPPED”

“Over here!” I shouted to the men of my platoon as we crested a sand-dune which gave us our first glimpse of the English Channel. “Escape” was the main thought in my mind at that moment and I’m sure that was also true for my battle weary soldiers. We had been chased non-stop by the Germans for days and had been forced into a headlong retreat. As I sank over my knees into the soft sand of the dune I hardly noticed because I was so glad not to be forced by enemy fire — an experience my men had grown too familiar with.

That was a week ago, now everything had changed. The reality was that much of the British Army, not to mention the French, had been forced to retreat to the coast of Brittany. Now, the once deserted beach, home of seagulls and seals, was now a teeming mass of human beings. We huddled together for warmth and comradeship.

The silence that had once been broken by the noise of the sea and the seagulls overhead was now a cacophony of the whine and whistle of enemy bullets and shells as they passed — hopefully overhead — to plunge into the sea or the beach, creating a curtain of water or sand. Some did not pass harmlessly overhead. Many soldiers were wounded and the doctor and medical orderlies did their best to help them, but medical supplies quickly ran out. The worst noise of all was the dreaded scream of the Stuka dive-bomber as it swooped towards the beach to discharge its deadly cargo. Great pot-holes in the sand was proof of such visits which were all too frequent. All hope of rescue was gone. Death seemed inevitable but we were determined to fight on and not surrender.

As we huddled together wet and miserable I thought of my wife and family and how I would never see them again. I wondered what they might be doing at that moment.

At dusk some of my men stationed further down the beach reported that they had seen lights at sea. I thought they were imagining things but to my amazement I could also make out several small craft close into the shore. The news spread rapidly and soon I was wading out with my men to be rescued.

Jane Clark LVIS

FIRE A Syllabic Poem

Fire
dancing
flickering
fiery tongues
demon’s castles
devil’s den
red danger
white heat
tip

Murray Scott LVIID

Fun and frolics
 Ice cold evening
 Red hot bonfire
 Ebony sky, bright stars shining
 Warm roasted chestnuts
 Orange glow of jumping flames
 Rockets bursting into colour
 Kindling thrown on to the fire
 Screaming catherine wheels

Julie Grewar LVIK

ANIMAL TALK

When the crowds were at their thickest and little boys and girls licked their ice creams at full speed, two ostriches were discussing humans.

"Everyday, strange creatures come to our cage. What can they be?" asked Olly.

"I think," said Oliver, "they are called humans, but I'm not very sure. Some look like tall parrots with their colourful feathers."

"I quite agree! Some a . . . a . . . humans as you call them, are really quite strange. I noticed smaller versions of humans and every so often a dreadful thundering noise comes out of their mouths!" exclaimed Olly.

"Sometimes they bring talking boxes with them and one day I actually heard a song about Nellie in the next cage, funny I never knew she came from the circus," commented Oliver.

"Yes, yes I always thought she came from Bristol. The strangest people of all are the people that come in lines of two, dressed in the same clothes — same caps, same socks and sometimes even the same old tattered clipboard. They always peer at us through large things that perch on their noses. Nosey, I call them!" said Olly.

"But the worst thing is, they're all different shapes and sizes," complained Olly, "you can't tell them apart."

"I definitely agree," agreed Oliver.

Elinor Blair LVII

AN ICY NIGHT

From all around icy winds shrieked,
 like a whistle's harsh blast,
 Frost lay on the ground,
 Freezing,
 raw,
 shivering,
 Black trees,
 their thin,
 bony,
 skinny,
 arms hang limply,
 Rest,
 inside a warm house,
 Sitting beside the glowing hearth,
 is a pussy cat,
 purring,
 meowing,
 washing its paws,

Sally Meikle L7c



SPELLING HOLLY

H is for the happiness you get at Christmas tide.

O is for the ox, that stood by the manager's side.

L is for the lights all sparkly to me.

L is for the lollipops you hang on the tree.

Y is for the yellow star that shone so bright.

These letters spell out **HOLLY**.

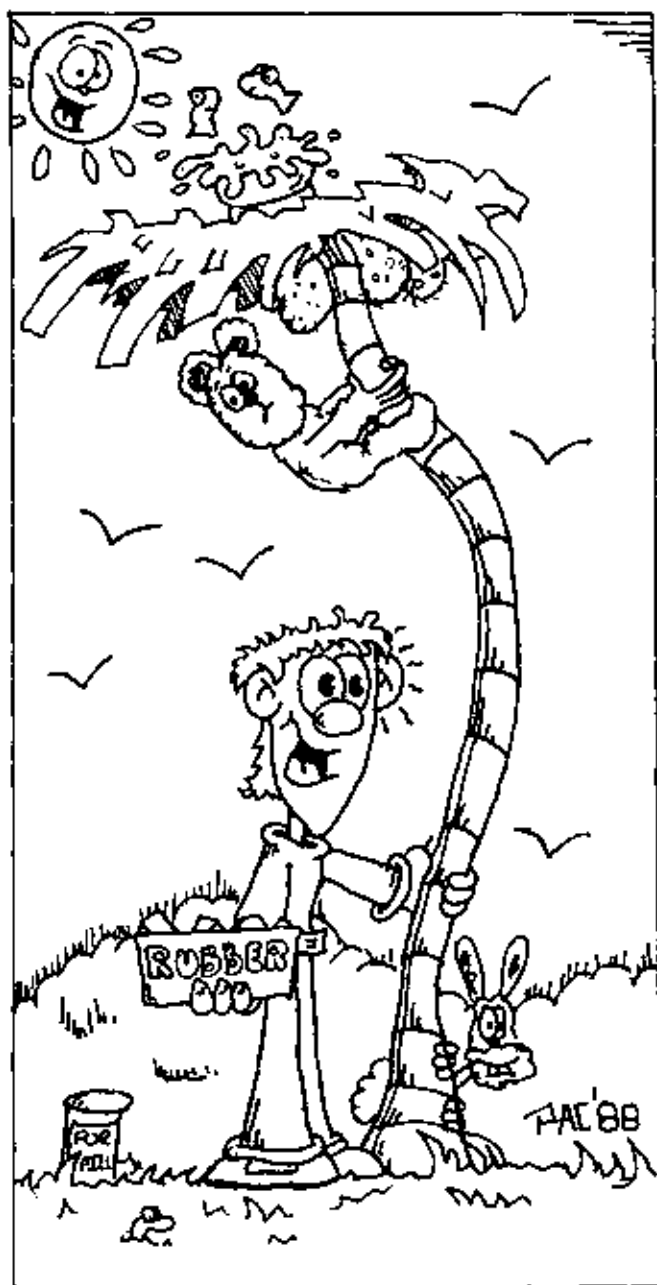
That you hang on Christmas night.

Kirsty Wallace LIVH

RED

Red is blood,
 Red is terrible danger,
 Big red plump tomatoes
 Glistening rubies in shop windows.
 A sweet smelling rose
 The noise of a fire engine
 And the deep sound of the double bass
 Fire alarm
 Red on a hot tap
 Quick sharp sparks
 Leaves in the Autumn
 Heat of a fire
 Hot curry
 Tomato ketchup
 Red alert
 Red as strawberries
 Red hot sneezing pepper
 Red hot chilli
 Sweet red cola
 Fizzy raspberryade
 Red is embarrassment
 Red is anger
 Crayons
 Powerful magnets
 Thick gooey paints
 Red is August
 The cinders of burning coal
 Smouldering wood in winter.

Stuart McGhee LVIK



ME

I am Michael Lindsey King. I was born in Ninewells Hospital and I live contentedly in Dundee. Weighing approximately five stone, my height is average. Being nine years old, I take size three in shoes. I have brown hair and light blue eyes and one sticking out ear. It isn't sticking out as much as it used to because I have been taught to lie on it by my mum.

My hobbies are collecting rubbers and writing stories. I have managed to achieve a collection of 37 rubbers and I have written six little stories. I have stopped writing single stories and I have started my first ever book. When it is finished I am hoping to get it published! I also like reading books. My favourite books are adventure stories and stories about animals. I have a very weak spot for animals and my favourite animal is a Koala. At home, my pets are a rabbit called Fifi, a fish called Sylvester and another fish which we have recently got and so we have not named it. Unfortunately I am allergic to any animal with fur or hair. Hopefully when I am older, I will have grown out of it. The only other allergy I have is of Bubble Bath. Luckily, Hayfever does not affect me. I have quite a sense of humour and I am not shy. I have a lot of patience and I get on well with people. Although

sometimes I don't show it, I am quite understanding. At school I do not have a best friend because I like them all the same and my favourite subject is English.

I have one brother called Stephen who is very nice "cough cough", and is 13 years old. My mum and dad are very good parents and like I said at the beginning, I am very contented.

Michael L. King LVIM

MOONLIGHT

Once in a blue moon
The world will awake
The animals will go
And the owls will depart.

The giants will rush to get to the world,
And eat up the goblins, ghouls and ghosts,
The animals will hear the crunch of the bones,
And wonder what was happening to those goblins,
ghouls and ghosts.

The badgers awake and scuttle around,
They look for food as they listen,
All around there are big ones and little ones running
about,
but always listening for enemies and strange sounds.
Glynn Stone LVIG

IN CAPTIVITY

Ah, for the open plain and the freedom to hunt and support yourself. African dawn fades... Now, look, my concrete cage with a couple of tree stumps to supposedly amuse me. All alone, except for a few foolish humans who poke their fingers through the cold steel bars that separate us. My meals come through a hatch — usually stale, tasteless slabs of meat. Then when the night comes, the cold air sets in. Stars and moon shine crisply in the midnight blue air. For all I have to keep me warm is a damp and dusty pile of hay. Each day follows a similar rota. Day in, day out, boredom followed by misery and then boredom again.

African dawn... a glorious sun warming up the Masai Mara. Today the wild beast come. Aahh! This will be a time of plenty for all. After a fresh and tasty meal of wild beast, I'll have a rest under the shady trees that are scattered under a blazing sky. And then once day is gone, we'll lie close to one another and watch the sun in a bluey sky give way to the sparkling stars and moon that float in the cool night sky. Aahh, to be free as a lioness should be.

I've been let free! The humans have taken me back to Africa. Now they've left and as I put my head to the ground, I can smell that both wild beast and a pride of lions have come this way. After following the smells, I soon see a group of tawny lionesses playing in the afternoon heat. They notice me and as I come nearer they stop and lift their surprised heads, but these lionesses soon bound towards me as they sense that I am a friend here, to play on the dusty African plains.

Ann Grewar LVJK

Gallery



Alex. Moodie F.V.I.



Douglas Lawson LVII



Gareth Watt LVII



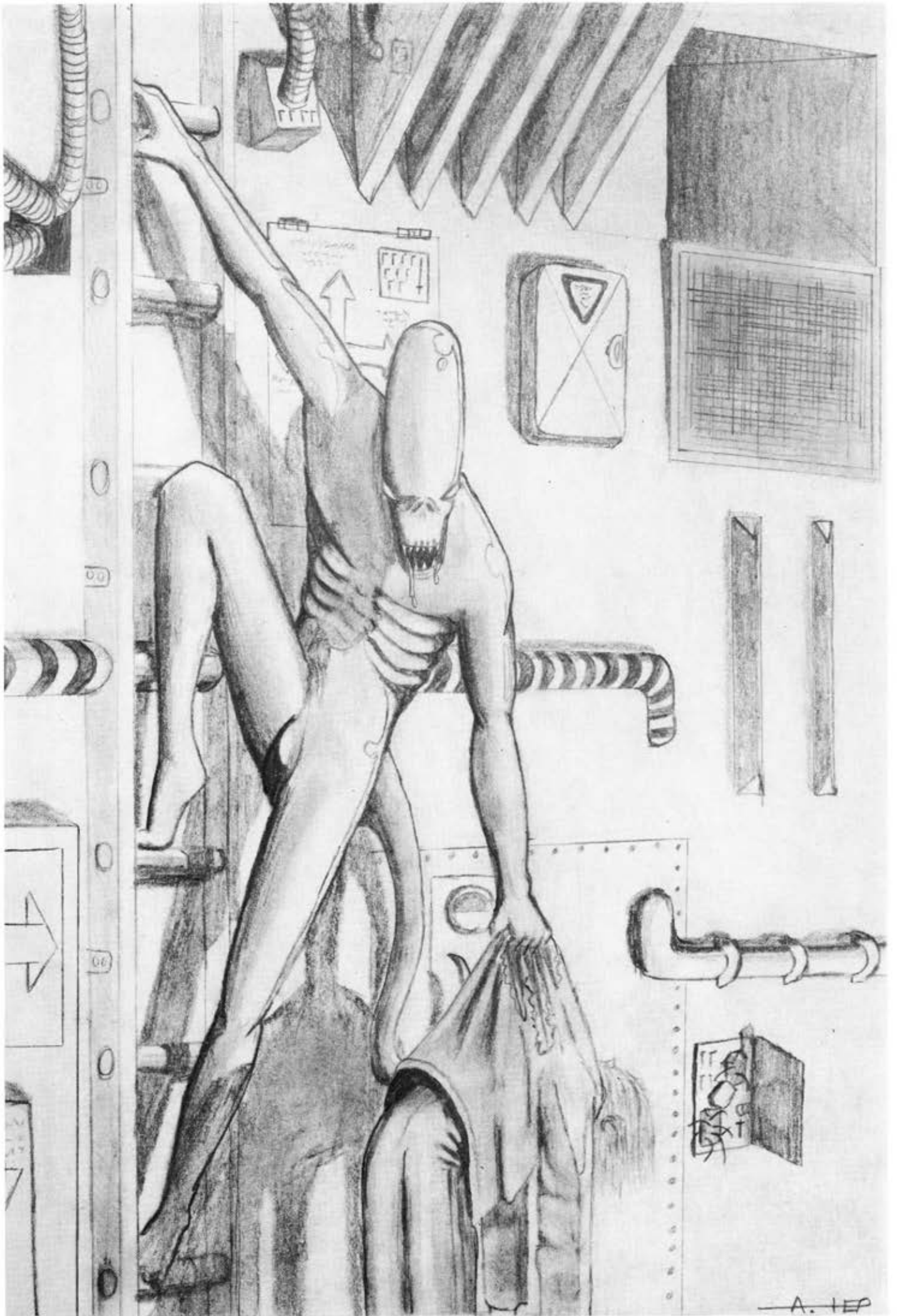
Kirk Stewart



Mark Cameron FV.



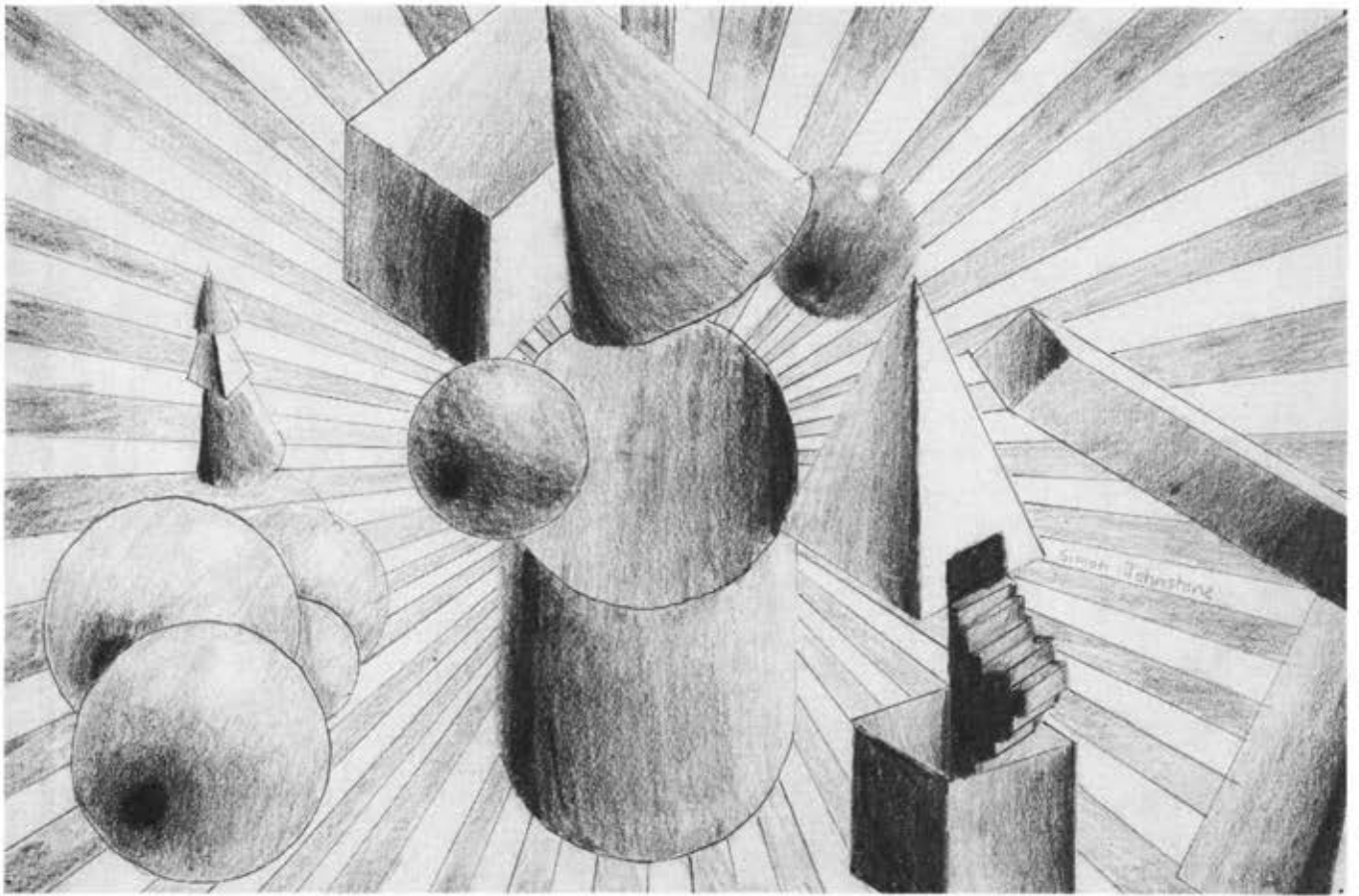
火鳥



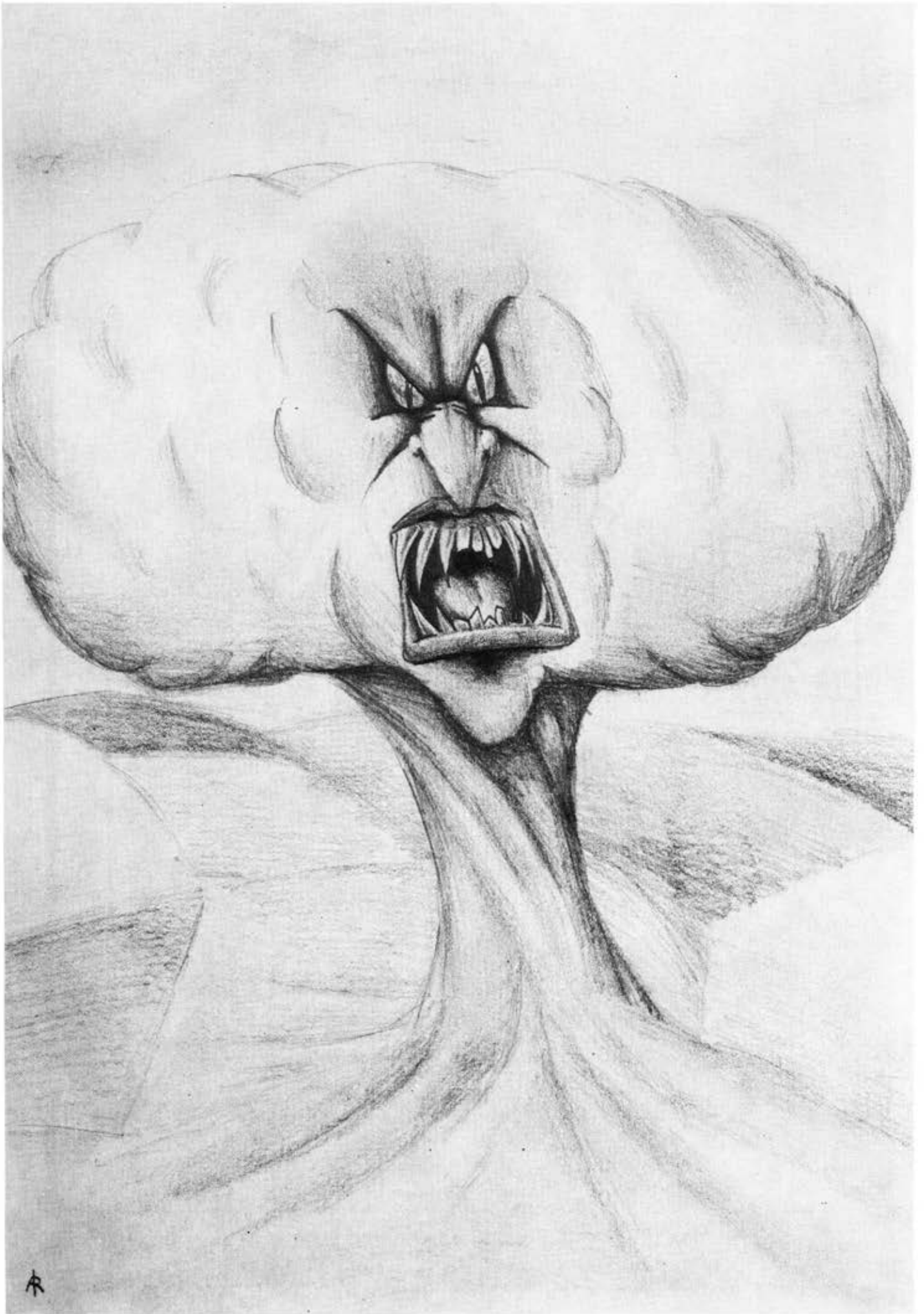
A. HEP
Andrew Hepworth FIII



Hamish Burns FIII









Winner of the second prize in the Under 17 Section of a competition run by the Post Office. Entrants were asked to write a letter "from another world".

Hrenfildacirrus hm-pl
Yranerideo
Grhtyopuist Plortercort
Sectyo 12783959

Dear Alan,

I hope you are well, and I am very sorry about the death of your pet felis-domestica. I know just how you feel. Once, when it was out in the leisure area of my home-place, my pet Vhlurchronic fell in a heoasdde pool and was incinerated immediately. It is not good to lose a friend like that.

My primary maternal relation has developed a kink in her second tail, so it looks crooked. The secondary maternal is forever fussing about her, and claims that she saw a picture-image of a thing called a 'mangle' when studying an 'encylopediac' on a visit to your planet, Terra. Apparently this device could flatten out a tail to make it straight. You must come and see us on the next passenger shuttle through Andromeda. Incidentally one thing which might prevent us from meeting directly is our respiratory requirements, meaning gases. Apparently you find our gas grethilperdoaciv (or in your tonguec Methane Dioxide) lethal to breathe. We, of course, cannot survive in an oxygen filled environment without suffocating.

Now, onto more cheerful things. Shortly I will be celebrating my 1000th birthday. Using a sun-cycle look-up table I have worked out that on Terra I would only be 17 sun-cycles old. You have never told me how old you are, though I understand that it may be of some religious importance. Please tell me in your next letter. Incidentally there may be something wrong with the translation computer. Syntax, symbol grouping, spelling, etc.

Not long ago my primary paternal informed me that we are moving to the planet Tertirus Minimus in the eastern spiral arm of your galaxy — the Milky-bar. This planet is apparently perfectly suitable for carbon-based, grethilperdoaciv breathing tripodals like ourselves. The climate is a lot warmer than Trion. In your heat measurement 'CELSIUS' it is about 4000 degrees on the equator. Being a binary star system (like Trion) it has two suns — perpetual sunlight. It must be strange living on a planet like yours where there is no light half the time. It is a concept I find hard to grasp.

No shuttle goes on a path directly past this system, so we intend to go by cruiser with several milliard other Trionacs to colonise the planet. I believe that Terra is also planning to colonise a planet in that area — Lave.

As a parting shot, could you send a picture-image of a 'mangle' on ultra-violet film, please.

Yours,

Scredinansderf Iopisderf Tsutsudesti,
Dominic Seymour Form I



Once upon a time, there was a pretty little girl called Raphaella who had eyes as bright as a birds and as blue as the sea. One day Raphaella was sad, she sat in the meadow full of poppies and wept. But why did happy Raphaella now weep? It was because her little fairy friend, who lived in a tiny, tiny house in a bluebell, had been taken away by the wicked, evil fairy of the nasty nasturtium. Raphaella wanted to help, but she was so absorbed in her own grief, that after a time, she had forgotten the cause of all her tears. Gradually she stopped crying and slipped off to pick some flowers, to make a garland for her pet goat, Poppy. The garland was the most beautiful I have ever seen, but from within it she heard a strangled fading cry.

"Help, help or I will die Raphaella, and if I die, so will your soul. Save me and save yourself!"

Raphaella became very frightened, as she thought this was the wicked fairy of the nasty nasturtium, but as she threw the garland to the ground, from one of the poppies emerged Raphaella's fairy friend who was all but dead (because poppies are deadly to fairies as every child should know). Raphaella picked the tiny fairy up in her hands and ran as fast as she could, far away from the poppies. As the little girl ran out of the meadow gate, she felt a tug on her long hair which streamed out behind her. It was the evil fairy who began to chant: Little girl, little girl with little fairy friend.

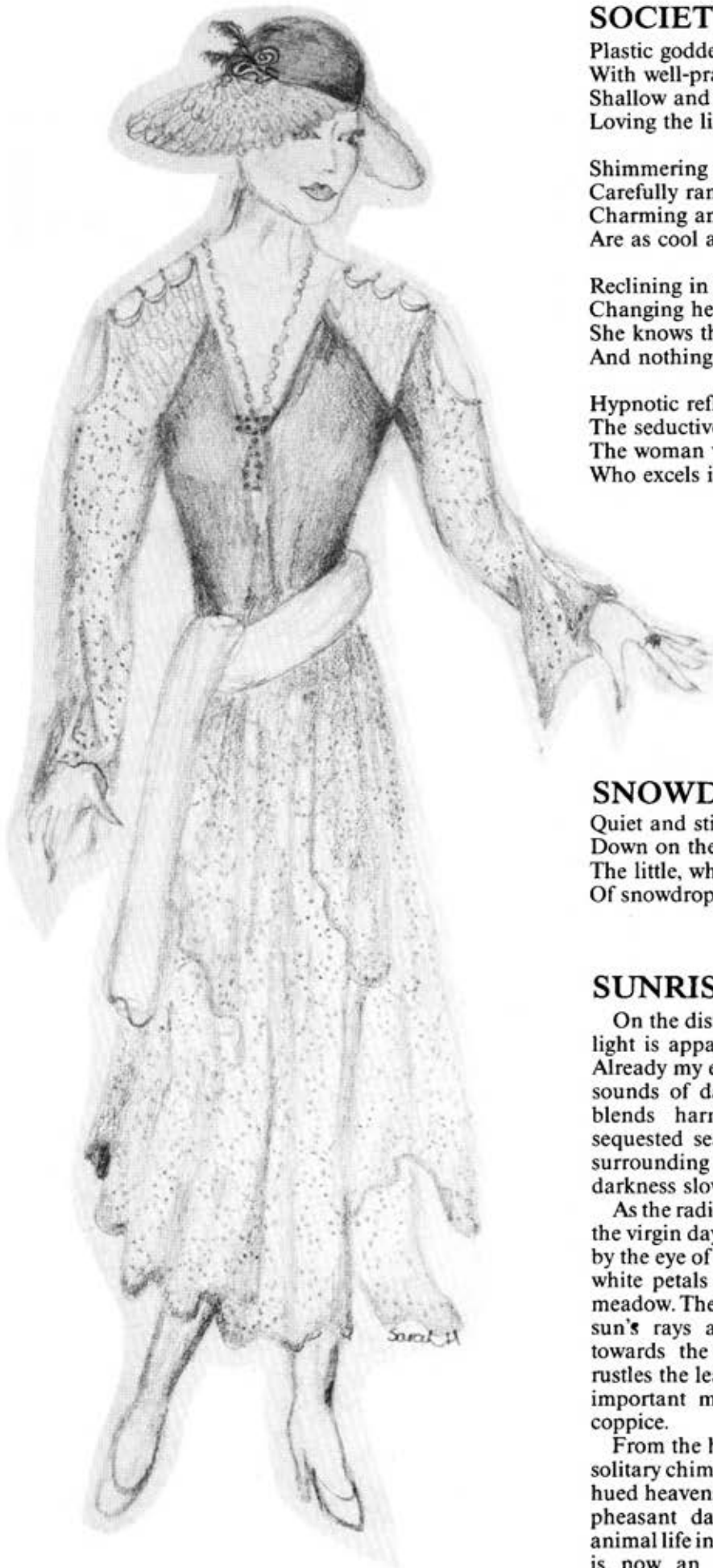
Guard your life well or it will come to an end.

Little fairy, little fairy come closer do.

Or it will come to pass that your life ends too.

The wicked fairy let out a cackling wail, and the evil thunder roared and lightning stabbed the sky, but the lightning hit the wicked fairy and she went up in smoke. Raphaella and her little fairy friend were free forever and they fled from the evil thunder storm to shelter in Poppy's pen beside the goat herd's house. The goatboy came out of his house just as Raphaella ran towards it, and he was struck by her sweet nature and the beauty of her face. Fortunately (for this would not be a real fairy story otherwise) they fell in love and lived happily ever after in the pretty rose-covered cottage.

Hannah Montgomery FV.



SOCIETY LADY

Plastic goddess in a cellophane world,
With well-practised poses and magazine lines,
Shallow and glittering, practised in acting,
Loving the limelight, she's one of a kind.

Shimmering tresses caress her pale shoulders,
Carefully random, free but in check,
Charming and wide like the full moon, her eyes
Are as cool as the diamonds bedazzling her neck.

Reclining in comfort, she listens to fashion,
Changing her clothes when society calls,
She knows that she's beautiful, Mummy assured her!
And nothing but flattery matters at all.

Hypnotic reflections sparkle from sapphires,
The seductive she-spider is now in her lair,
The woman who cannot survive without praise,
Who excels in performing in lustre and flair.

Mary Young F11

SNOWDROPS

Quiet and still on the side of the mountain,
Down on the banks of a murmuring stream,
The little, white clusters spray out like a fountain,
Of snowdrops so lovely it's almost a dream.

Joy Goodman 1G1

SUNRISE IN SPRING

On the distant horizon, a sector of brilliant glowing light is apparent and pierces the unilluminated sky. Already my ears are becoming accustomed to the first sounds of daybreak: the lyrical melody of the lark blends harmoniously with the murmur of the sequestered sea. All around me the tranquility of the surrounding countryside and tiny hamlet is awoken as darkness slowly slips away.

As the radiance of the rising sun begins to fill the sky, the virgin day begins. The sleeping daisies are aroused by the eye of heaven and gradually unfurl their dainty white petals creating a pearly well over the verdant meadow. The nearby stream sparkles with the powerful sun's rays and gurgles and swirls enthusiastically towards the parent ocean. The zephyr effortlessly rustles the leaves in the high oaks as if whispering an important message to be conveyed throughout the coppice.

From the hamlet, a spiral of smoke emerges from a solitary chimney and is silhouetted against the heather hued heavens. The serenity is suddenly disturbed as a pheasant darts forth from the woodland startling animal life in the undergrowth. Soon, all is still. The sky is now an array of softly merged violets slowly becoming blue and the orb of day gradually warms the land. The shadows fade and dawn unfolds into day.

Louise Woolridge F4

DREAM KILLING TOWN

*"There goes that sleek young silhouette
He don't drive no corvette
But he stings just like a stringray"*

John Cougar Mellencamp

It wasn't very loud — but he could still hear it. At that moment it was soft and sad — it made him want to laugh and cry and live forever.

There was something about that dream (the dream in his head) that told him not to worry when he stood watching the big cars drive through his small town in the twilight, and then away to . . . wherever, without a backward glance. He was fascinated by them, but they were less than disinterested in him. Still — his hopes and fears went with them.

"Where do you go?" he whispered with wonder, and sighed a sigh — almost inaudible — but his breath was hot and dry — his throat tight.

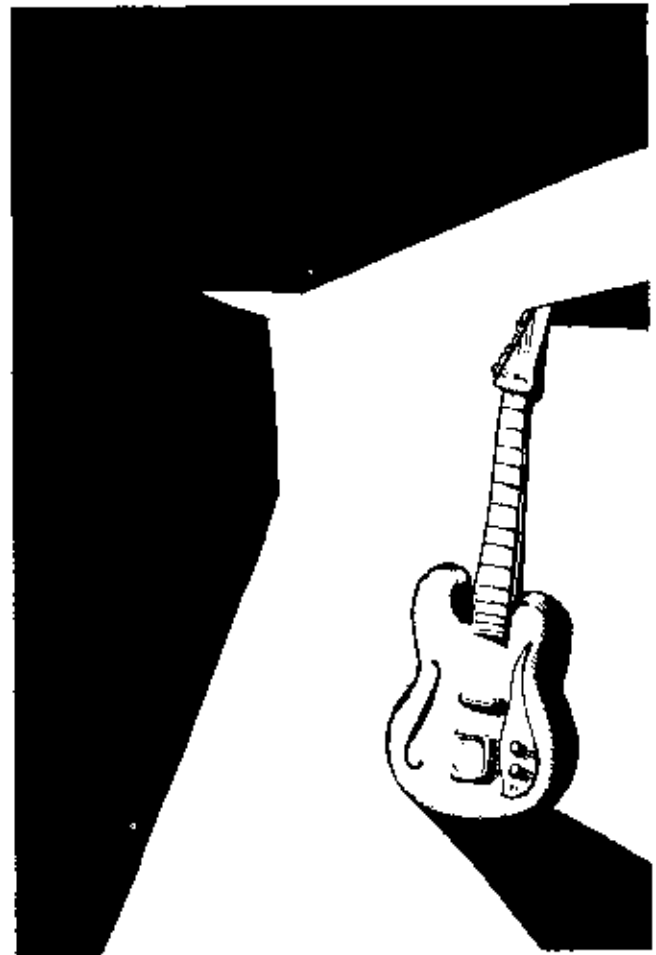
Emotional. That's how he felt. So he shut his dark eyes (the dark eyes that, in unguarded moments, would give away hurt, or fear or determination) and rested his head on the coarse, uneven wall for while. When he pulled away, he could feel strands of his hair catch and snap in the stone, like brittle elastic.

Tightening his jaw, he made his way home. He could feel eyes upon him — leather boots (worn old) with studs; blue jeans (ripped and fading); lopsided red neckerchief; anonymous black T-shirt; and beloved leather jacket which embraced his shoulders and clung there tenderly like a dream — his own dream — the one he had created. His dream — which he had fed and nurtured and dragged battered, semi-conscious and disillusioned out of the gutter all those times. It was like the weather — one minute rain and cloud — the next, the sun creeping through, and soon blazing; a triumphant warrior, often doing battle, but never losing. Sure, some battles were tough, but he never lost. The rain always dried up if it hadn't already disappeared down the drain.

Girls were giggling. He knew it wasn't at him — more because of him. He felt the urge to stop and look and smile at them — but he knew he wasn't meant to . . . he just wasn't right here. So, with an aura of arrogance, or irresponsibility, or power which he wasn't aware of, he walked on while the girls gradually stopped giggling and simply watched him, mesmerized, as his silhouette began to blend in with the dying light. And they all wondered — just as he had wondered — "Where do you go?"

But he had already forgotten them for his dream was all around him — it was enveloping him and keeping him warm and safe. The anticipation he felt had to be almost as good as the reality.

Of course, there was no one in when he opened the door of the home which was not included in his dream (although, with its humble four rooms he could have fitted it in easily — his dream was big). He was relieved. No one in this home (or rather *sometimes* in it — it wasn't often that anyone was there) was included in his dream either. Yes — his dream was big — a big, lonely dream. He had already considered this, but he knew that he didn't need anyone: he was a loner, and he



certainly didn't need his family (his parasites) sucking him dry (like they already did on his shameful wages from his job at the garage) when he made good.

He surveyed the debris. It was no worse than he had expected — dirty dishes that had been there for so many days they were gradually rotting together; milk in a carton which was yellow with white, watery veins; bread eaten up with mould; dust. He kicked some clothes at his foot. He breathed in the stifling, musty air, and . . . and he felt like a king! He felt like the sun. Triumphant. Now he could feel his dream — it was almost tangible; nearly something he could touch. It was almost perfected.

And then he knew.

His six string, standing against the wall like a statement which said: "I don't belong here. Take me away", gleamed — it seemed to him almost to glow with an electricity all of its own — it was demanding to be picked up and played; this six string played the supporting role in his dream.

He delicately traced his finger up the top string of the instrument; he looked at it lovingly, then he picked it up, but he did not play it. Instead, he wrote: "See you in the next life," in the grime on the table (although he hoped he wouldn't) and left silently, just as the last of the sunlight filtered so faintly, already only a memory, as he shut the door for the last time, and followed the trail of big cars on their way to . . . wherever.

Samantha Hynd

UNSEEN THOUGHTS

She sat, alone and motionless, as if carved from a cold slab of granite, unremarkable and implacable. No emotion registered on that impassive face, indeed her whole being seemed empty, void of expression or feeling.

Around her, life continued as ever, the children played and shouted greetings to each other, and birds sang, high in the branches of the trees which surrounded the park, standing tall imposing, like sentries on guard.

Yet to her, the world was still. She was trapped, alone, on a plane of torment and pain. To anyone passing, she seemed detached but unremarkable, merely any poised, professional woman of today who had stopped to assemble her thoughts and enjoy a few moments of this rare autumn sunshine. Perhaps it was as well they could not see inside her mind, as behind that cool, calm facade was turmoil, a spectrum of conflicting emotions and great pain.

People told her that time would heal the pain, the bad memories would fade, and she would remember only the good times they had shared. Yet to her, even now, he was very much present: closing her eyes she could almost see him, and she often sensed him nearby. All she felt was despair and loneliness, and as the days passed agonisingly slowly, her enthusiasm for life was slowly lost.

She stared, unseeing, into the distance, thinking how transient and insignificant his part was in the world: the children still played, the birds sang, and the seasons slowly changed: nobody except her seemed to notice the enormous chasm he had left. As she rose, to walk away, a single solitary tear rolled down one cheek and she wondered how long it would be before the pain would begin to fade.

Jane Roby FIV.

ICARUS

By the grace of Daedelus,
On wings of geese he flew
From bleak, barren imprisonment
On islands chill and cold,
Where life was mortal fear itself
And death the one escape.

On tapered, feath'ry wings
To the cajolling sun he flew,
To break the icy grip, which bound
A despairing heart and mind,
To feel the surging warmth
Give life from terrors now behind.

When reaching ever-height'ning glory
With rapturous song and exultation,
Despair and aching death dissolved
And views of heaven appeared.
Rejoicing in the joys of life . . .
From thence he fell.

For butter-gold wax had melted
To drip in plaintive, sighing seas below,
And like a falcon down he swooped
To beck'ning waves beneath . . .
A moments glorious ecstasy
For feathers on a cool, calm sea.

Ann Margaret Wright FIV



THE WILDCAT

A twig snaps,
Two sparkling green emeralds,
Scan the autumn sunset,
The wildcat pads gently,
Towards the sun,
Ever watching for the dangers,
Of the notorious forest.

An owl hoots and two ears prick up,
Fierce and hungry the wildcat,
Stalks his prey, eyes fixed as if stone,
On the scurrying shape of a mouse.

Slowly he advances on,
His unsuspecting victim, the, when the
Time is right, the cunning wildcat,
Springs up and talons drawn
He swoops down like an eagle on his prey,
He is no pet but a dangerous
Animal out in the wild.

He tears up his food,
Stopping every few seconds
To look cautiously round him,
An Osprey circles above but the wildcat
Tucks in, at last
He has his prize.

Neil Patel F1

CYRIL THE CAT

Now there is a cat that I know well,
And Cyril is his name,
And when he hears the midnight bell,
He starts his little game.

He prowls the streets, and kills the mice,
All for his enjoyment,
He seems quite nice, and very precise,
but he really is a torment.

So if you see this little brown cat,
Just stop and think a mo,
For if you are a little rat,
I would wait for him to go.

Ewan Armitage

The Secret of Success

The soft, white flakes of snow cut with a dagger sharpness, into our faces. The blistery wind tore through the black curtain of the dank, winter night. It was hard to believe that this flood-lit Nazi headquarters had been, but five days before, our own school.

The group of us were standing below the massive posters which proclaimed 'Adolf Hitler ist der Sieg'. Down behind the pillars of the main building hung the swa-stikad, Nazi red forms of the banners, while high above the roof, the Nazi flag swayed violently in the wind.

We simply had to do something, despite the fact that there were but eight of us schoolchildren. I took a bold pace forward, only to be shoved back by the glove-clad hand of a German officer. A few seconds later, the iron gates were swung back to allow entry to a black Mercedes with blacked-out windows, followed solemnly by a Kubelwagen.

Everyone had gone inside except for the two soldiers standing like statues at either end of the pillars. Now was our chance to shatter the chains of evil by some simple act of premeditated rebellion.

The guards appeared not to be members of our world, as they showed no acknowledgement of our presence. We shoved back the solid wooden doors, and gained entry to the main building.

Afraid though we were, we slowly mounted the stone stairway leading to the science department. On hearing voices draw nearer, we stole as swiftly as shadows, into the comforting darkness of the open library.

As we cowered below the door, I peeped through the keyhole, and saw five or six Germans pause directly opposite us, and shine torches up and down the corridor. It was then that it occurred to me, that the sentinels on the roof or in the back playground, could easily spot our position through the window. However, the Germans in the corridor moved off, and we slunk towards our destination — the art department.

There we would find the one thing to render them all useless. For locked away in a wooden box, next to the window, were the ... My thoughts were interrupted by a warning from one of my friends, that we should keep well down, as anyone climbing the staircase, could be seen through the window.

We scrambled our way up through the blackness. At one point, I lost my footing, and knocked a picture off the wall as I slipped forward. It clattered and banged its way down the stair, and we held our breath in fear. The noise came to an ear shattering climax, and then subsided.

I yanked open the door and sidled closer still to the box. The second my hand flipped back the lid, sirens sounded; all the lights illuminated, and a hoard of soldiers rushed in, bearing weapons. I moved quickly to avoid disaster. From the box, I lifted the sheets of paper and sifted through them. I removed one and crumpled it into my pocket, then in its place, I had one up which read "Soldiers put down weapons and go to McDonalds for a milkshake".

The soldiers stood very still and looked suspiciously at each other. One of them began to back out of the room, dropping his gun as he left. The others watched him leaving, and then did the same. Next, someone brandishing a clapper board which read "Christabel — Act 2, Scene 3, Take 6" rushed in and said: "All right, let's take it from the top and ... Wait a minute. What's going on in here? Where are all the actors?"

"They're merely following the script, Mr Director," I answered.

Whatever happened now, we had done it — saved our city from the evil clutches of the Nazis. The Nazi war machine had ground to a halt, and all because the Nazi soldiers love chocolate milkshakes. Besides which, their secret weapon, the script, had backfired on them.

Julia C. Walker F3G3.



FUTURE SHOCK - MISSION FAILED

The platoon had been well-briefed beforehand. The war-computer had been merciless in its instructions. The orders were stamped on the combat-gear'd brains of the twenty-one strong band of unique warriors. They were the finest, fittest warriors of the twenty-first century. Branded 'suicidal', 'sadistic' and other unrepeatable objectives, they were men with only one goal in life — destruction. And now, the mercenary unit had been commanded to crack the hardest nut of all: the capture and destruction of the World Government Centre on Sonne Drei, the communist, Anarchist planet no-one wanted to visit. . .

The hyperspace had not taken long, and now the regiment under the command of Jens Peterson was raring to go. Their ancestors had all lived on Sonne Drei, their past lay buried under the radioactive clouds which obscured the planets. And now, they were being asked to effectively destroy it. The moment's reflection quickly ceased as they entered Sonne Drei's atmosphere undetected — hopefully.

They were dropped from the ship nearly right on the proposed landing site. The terrain was flat, a radioactive barren desert, death to anyone without a radiation suit. Each man was well-equipped with weaponry, and survival gear — just in case. They free-fell till the last moment when they opened their chutes and floated the last few feet to the ground. The chutes were destroyed swiftly, and then they set off.

They crouched along, seeking natural cover wherever obtainable. Stealthily they crept through the dead wasteland. Suddenly, the group realised they were under attack. A routine patrol had caught sight of them, and opened up with large laser rifles. The platoon split up and dived behind various boulders, humps, and debris. They returned fire, and the patrol was gradually mowed down. In the heat of the light and laser fire

battle, unknown to the platoon, Yuichi Kamatoson, a patrolman, crept round behind the unit and with an ancient Chinese war-cry, shot and killed Jens Peterson. That was the last thing he ever did. He was punctured in more places than a pin cushion. At the conclusion, the disarrayed group was forced to move on, with three casualties left behind. No time for the dead. A bad omen. . . ?

As they crept on, less cautious now, one member found a tin can-like object saying SS-20. In a moment of fury for his dead comrades, he yelled, "So they had baked beans in the Apocalypse wars. Big deal!" And he kicked it away in disgust and moved on, feeling better.

Unknown to him, the red electronic counter he had kicked on the tin can had activated. 10.. 9.. 8.. 7.. 6.. 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1..0.. Bang.

The nuclear warhead made no difference to the landscape, but to the people. Just ask the patrol who found metal material and skin over a hundred-square-miles area. They'll know, I hope.

Paul Nimmo F3

NIGHTWORK

The sleek lines of the car contrasted sharply with the shabbiness of the street. The moon filtered through the gaps between the buildings, and in the darkness the faint but imposing silhouette of a Pontiac Firebird could be seen as it glided quietly and effortlessly into the long, seemingly endless alleyway. It slowly braked and came to rest only several feet away from a large, barred door. Scattered around the alley was an array of discarded rubbish, and rats and other vermin could be seen scurrying back and forth as they passed through the dazzling beams of the car's headlamps. A sudden darkness fell as the beams disappeared. A slight creak could be heard and the door of the vehicle swung slowly and eerily open. Then a figure emerged — a tall and imposing figure. The familiar click of the door closing could be heard as the sound echoed along the alley. The figure strode confidently around to the back of the car. A rattle of keys could be discerned, and slowly the boot rose up. A small light was switched on, illuminating the figure. The bodily shape could now be seen in more detail. It appeared to be a man dressed entirely in black, his features obscured by a mask of some description. Slowly, and with great physical effort, he hauled a bulky object clad in sacking from his car and dragged it over to the door of the building. He scanned the area around him. Satisfied, he quickly opened the door, grasped the bag, and hurled it in through the doorway. Again he surveyed the alleyway and then hurried into the building.

A stale odour clung to the walls, and as the figure struggled along, he suddenly stopped. Quickly he fell to the ground. In the distance the faint but frightening sound of footsteps could be heard. As they slowly died out, the man rose slowly and cautiously, listening attentively all the while. Once again he grabbed the bag with both hands and dragged it along the passageway. As he went he groped for the walls from time to time, in a vain attempt to find his bearings. A short time passed, and the now exhausted figure had reached its destiny. In the gloom the figure disappeared into the darkness. Gradually the abrasive sound of the bag being hauled along, died out. A soft, chilling mist filled the passageway, and a shrill, piercing laugh was heard. It rattled back and forth along the corridor, and then, like

the figure, it too faded away. All was quiet for a long time. Then in the distance the faint sound of footsteps could be heard, but this time they were faster, much faster. A low moan echoed along the passage, and suddenly there was a scream, a long, agonisingly slow scream. All fell quiet. Outside nothing stirred. Suddenly, the car ignition turned, and the Pontiac raced out of the alley, and skidded erratically onto the road. The car, apparently with no driver, screeched as it rocketed along the street, disappearing into the cold, dark night.

In the distance a faint light glowed, and then, suddenly, there was a loud laugh, the same shrill, piercing laugh which was heard before. It filled the night air and came from all directions. A wind blew up and carried the sound away, far away. The small, remote light gleamed and, as it disappeared, there was silence, a cool, refreshing silence. But the peace and calm was to be short lived, for the footsteps returned. This time they were softer and more relaxed, and soon they too faded into the chill, black air. The starry sky pulled a blanket of relief over the land — but for how long? . . .

Jonathan Fitzpatrick F111

A LOCH AT SUNSET

The vibes of excitement began the moment I planted my feet on that lovely island, the island of a thousand lochs. Each day dawned blue and cloudless, apart from the hovering clouds of "midgies" in search of a thousand feasts! The island droned with the sounds of summer. Bees buzzed lazily in the heather, and the air reverberated to the sounds of terns, guillemots and the distant cry of the curlew. Golden eagles commanded the sky and their homes on the highest crags of the mountains on the wild western side of the island. Far below lay the loch, sparkling like a jewel of turquoise, unspoilt by the passage of time, and surrounded by some of the oldest gneiss rocks in the world.

My favourite time to sit beside the loch is just before sunset. At that time, the air grows cooler and sharper, as the first drenching of evening dew brings to life peat, heather, moss and tangle scents. Beside me, I once noticed two blue and silver butterflies were poised on a blade of grass, sharp and cool as jade. On the shore, a solitary otter played contentedly until it spotted a fisherman and bounded into the loch, skimming the shallow water with its paws, until it could dive out of sight. A family of pied-wagtails baptised themselves over and over again between nervous flights from shore to shrub. Grey seals poked their heads out of the water, looking very friendly and inquisitive, but they were careful to keep their distance.

At the far end of the loch, smoke from the peat fires curled up into the dusky sky, from the old windswept cottages that seemed to cling for dear life to their ancient hillsides. Animals were being given their last feed of the day.

As evening wore on, a peaceful calm began to envelope me. The setting sun split over the highest ridge, falling like a spotlight on a violet pool. Some water creatures scuttled across the white gravel, casting four-leaf clover shadows on the water bed. A swaying fern's shadow reflected upon a grey rock. The setting sun bathed the rock in its last rosy glow, turning it from red to pink to mauve. When the sun finally sank in the west, the moon rose to take her place as goddess of the sky.

Christina M. Lawrie, Form 2

FRIENDS

Friends are here to comfort,
To share their pain and joy,
To bring each other happiness
When other things annoy.

Friends do things together.
They play and work and run,
They laugh and sing and chat and tease
And generally have fun.

Now friends fall out and quarrel,
As best of friends may do,
But they'll forgive and then they'll stay
To each other true.

Joy Goodman Form 1

FRIENDS

We need them.
We could not do without them.
Whether it's a shoulder to cry on, or
Someone to play with.
We need friends.

They hear all our troubles.
They hear everything about our
Love-life, home-life, school-life.
They share our burdens and
We do the same with theirs.

Barbara Key Form 1



MY CAT FLORENCE

My cat's name is Florence
She is Fat, friendly and fun
She is Lovely,
She is Obedient obliging and over-active
She is Robust,
She is earnest, energetic and elegant
She is Naughty,
She is Cunning, confident and courageous
She is Everything.

Dawn Samson F1



JUNK FOOD

Junk food, a variety to choose from,
Milkshakes, frothing and thick,
McNuggets are just one of my favourite picks,
Hamburgers, soft and hot,
I like them such a lot,
I relinquish the relish when I lick my lips,
But of course, my favourite has to be chips.

S. Peterkin

NATURE'S HIDDEN DEPTHS

As the tide surges through the coral heads, the tropical sun warms the water and fills it with light. Diving down through the pellucid water, a wondrous spectrum of distinctive colours greet me as I enter this subaqueous paradise. The sandy sea floor has been eroded by the constant pushing of the current and is contrasted by rocky ledges and grottos; from these textured ceilings, spear shaped stalactites protrude. The periphery of the caverns are laced with glistening coral reflecting a sun soaked rainbow of colours.

A phosphorescent purple jellyfish fringed with serpent like tentacles wafts past. Watching with awe, the creature skilfully emits a thread which is armed with spines like a miniature harpoon and proficiently traps its prey. A streak of yellow and scarlet enclosed by a margin of emerald green flashing past, darts through the water, seeking a new hiding place.

Glancing down, my eyes focus on a pattern of whorls and fragmented shells which are creamy white tinged with delicate pinks. Swimming on I am aware of a shoal of squid; their transparent bodies illuminated with the glow of amber and ribbon like feelers propelling them through the lagoon.

This submarine entity is a world of rare form and to drink in this miraculous palace of treasures is a lasting evocation.

Louise Woolridge FIV

“THE LOG MAN”

Louise's father was taking off his heavy coat and his boots as his daughter rushed up to him.

“Hello father. Come in! We've just made some hot cocoa.”

Louise's father was the local ‘log man’. He travelled around the village in his horse drawn carriage, with logs he had chopped down from the trees.

He was dragged, by his young children, into the cosy living room of their large house.

“Mm, that smells good,” he commented to Louise's young brother, Stephen.

He sat down in his enormous armchair beside the fire, which crackled away as they drank their cocoa. Then Johan's wife entered carrying a pile of freshly baked cookies.

“Hello dear,” he greeted his wife. “I only stopped in for a minute, I'll have to go out again to old Mrs Tchecanou, she hasn't had a delivery since the day before last.”

The children began to tuck into the cookies greedily.

“Have you been to the church?” Cecelia asked her husband.

Johan cursed under his breath. The church was at the other side of the village.

“I must be going,” he hurried. “Hugo will take ages to get to the church. The snow is piled high beside the pond.”

Louise followed her father into the hallway.

“I'll come,” she offered. “May I go mother?”

Cecelia agreed but told her daughter to wrap up well to protect her against the cold.

When she was ready, Louise climbed into the carriage. Johan told her to hold down the logs, as he led Hugo, the old horse, through the snow.

They went down the hill towards the pond. The little girl's eyes lit up as she saw the water, frozen to create the beautiful ice.

“Look!” she cried as she saw the curlers, “Oh look at the little dog!”

Soon they arrived at the village church, Johan lifted some logs off the carriage and lifted them into the church.

“Oh thank goodness you've arrived!” cried the minister as he saw Johan with the logs.

“I am so sorry I'm late,” apologised Johan, as he arranged the logs neatly in the fireplace. He said goodbye and left the church.

Mrs Tchecanou's little house was quite near Louise's own and so they had to go back past the pond. On their way past, Louise heard shouts and begged her father to stop and see what was going on.

“Have you got your horse?” an old man asked. “Here, wrap this round the little dog's collar and tie this to Hugo,” he said giving Johan a length of rope.

Johan did so and slid across the ice to wrap one end to the dog's collar, slid back again and tied the other end to Hugo. Then he began to lead Hugo away from the pond. Although the horse was old, he was immensely strong and pulled the little dog out of the water easily.

A cry of triumph rippled over the pond as the shivering dog was passed around the crowd.

Louise ran over the ice with everyone else. “Who does he belong to?” she asked. Nobody answered. “He must belong to somebody!” she cried. “Oh father, we can't just leave him here!”

Johan checked around the crowd.

“He came up to us as we were skating,” a group of children told the crowd. Nobody claimed the poor animal.

Suddenly, someone shouted “I think he should go to Louise if nobody else wants him.” The crowd agreed and Louise picked up her new puppy.

“I shall call you snowy,” she murmured to him, as she carried him over to the carriage.

Jill L. Miller F1

WINTER PIECE

It was winter again!
The snow was falling
Down on the ground,
Children were throwing
Snowballs at each other!
All of a sudden,
What's that I hear?
I'm spinning round and round
Flop i'm down
As if a strong wind passed by!
Goal! They shouted.
And I realised I was
Standing in the middle of a lake ...
... A frozen lake! ...
... An ice hockey game ...
... Help!!
The atmosphere was tense,
There were children screaming,
On skates and sledges,
Gliding swiftly along
But at rapid speeds!
“Pull faster, sis!

Esther Sum F1

‘THE DOWN AND OUT’

His form was slumped against the wall of a pub as I parked my car. A ragged old man who had grown to be part of the street, part of the scenery hardly noticed by the passing population as he sits semi-awake.

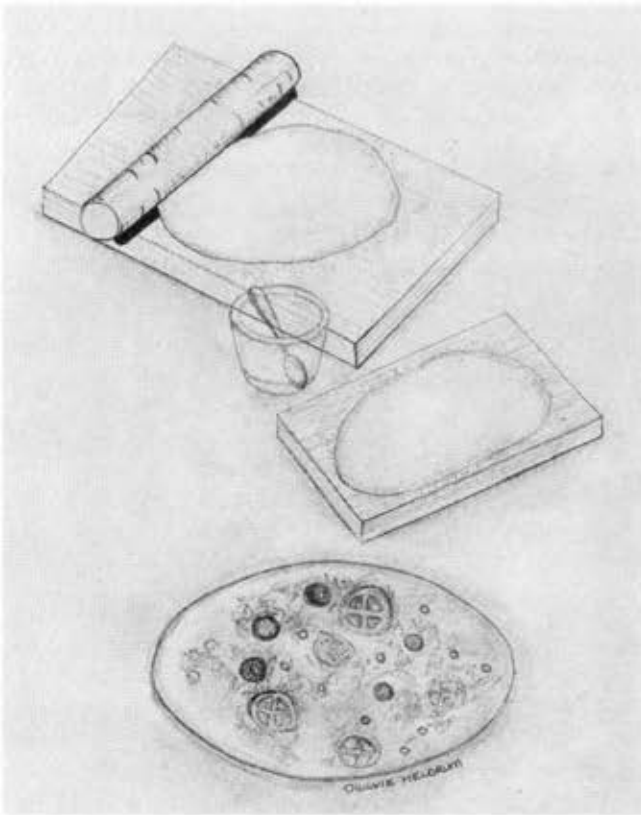
His egg-shaped head was crowned by a battered bowler hat, once black now worn to a dull grey colour — where the felt remained. The once healthy raven hair had faded into a greasy grey paste which stuck to his head. His eyes now remained closed for the most part of the day — eyes that had seen the demise of his life; from prosperity to poverty. The eyes, sunken into the hollows of his face were in constant shadow nowadays.

Stubble covered his skin which sagged over his jaw bone; his teeth long since lost in his days on the street.

His scrawny neck was swamped in a brown shirt collar, the front of which was stained by escaped dribbles of food. The insubstantial lovey green cardigan was a poor insulator. His musty trench coat gaped with holes and worn patches while his taggy trousers were held up with a length of string. Battered army boots that had seen action in 1945 covered his bony feet.

His rasping breath now comes with painful frequency; no longer does he care for life.

Kirsty Scott F111



PIZZA

Crunchy crust and tangy tomato
Not mushy mushroom and chalkline cheese

Spicy sausages and crispy bacon
Not pulverised pepperoni and hashed-up ham

Chunky cheddar and sacks of spices
Not puny peppers and saturated sweetcorn

Honey ham and tasty tuna
Not solid sauce and soggy sides, but
Crunchy tangy, spicy, crispy pizzas.

Nancy Elia F2



THE TIGER

The tiger slinks from shadow to shadow
In the jungle dark,
Ebony stripes hide him from other animals
For he is tracking food today,
To fill his empty belly.

He sees a deer close-by
So creeps toward it
Making not a sound,
And with a roar
Seizes his prey.

Like knives, his teeth
Sink into the deer's neck,
His whiskers are red with blood,
For now his stomach is full at last
And, as if by magic, he vanishes into the jungle.

Paul Steven FI

THE ROAD SWEEPER

This dirty old man smells
Like the rubbish he sweeps;
A mixture of fag-ends, cabbage
And neeps.
His hair stands on end
Like twigs on the ground,
His face is as grey
As the clouds all around.
He sweeps all day,
Dallying when he can;
This poor old man
His home, like him,
Is dirty and dark,
With rubbish skip furniture,
Dingy and stark.

Lucy Kelman F2

THE TIME MACHINE

It stood in the garden. Forty-two feet by nineteen. Jack said it was, "a heap of junk", but we knew its true potential. Made out of egg-boxes, milk cartons the cardboard out of toilet rolls and sellotape: I admit it did not look like much, but inside it contained some of the most up-to-date equipment in the world.

Clutching a bag of food supplies each, Sid and I ran into the craft. We brought out a bottle of lemonade (because it looked like champagne and the purchase of such an item as champagne was ridiculous because the woman in the off-licence knew our ages) to name our creation, "The Hooray-Henry". (Yes we were rather pleased with that name!) Sid let off some balloons and I sat at the controls waiting for take-off. Sid gave the "Okay!" and I set the wheels of the machine in motion.

"Cough... splutter... cough..." "The Hooray Henry" spat and coughed as it heaved itself into the sky. Our contraption had defied gravity (To think it only took us a couple of hours after "Blue Peter" and the Wright brothers a couple of decades). Houses became smaller; clouds bigger; air thinner; satellites nearer... What? Oh heck! I turned to Sid.

"Ahem... I think that perhaps well we have... actually... We're in Space!"

Sid screamed for help. Dangling, upside down from the roofs Sid was clawing frantically at the ropes on the side of the "Hooray-Henry". (You see folks, we had overlooked the problem of weightlessness in space). I took control of the situation:

"Have a cake that has been cooked without Cookeen," and he fell straight to the floor.
"Ow!"

Now that our first drama was over, I focussed my attention onto the "driving" of "The Hooray-Henry". A pleeping sound came from the radar. On the visual display. I saw a small illuminated red dot. Within seconds I saw several thousand red dots! Removing the curtain from one of the windows, I was confronted by a... a... a Meteor Belt!

"Ahem... Sid! We are confronted with another problem." Sid pivoted round and said.

"*/&!?* = * = --, damn!"

What should we do?" At this Sid, with hand on hip, pointed at me and replied.

"Without being too rude, I should say */&%?!-*/ = =, fix it yourself!"

No way could I tolerate any more of this behaviour. During our "heated discussion" we had hit a small meteor and were sent whizzing back to earth. "The Hooray-Henry" spun round and round at a tremendous speed. I looked up at the ceiling to see my stomach clinging on for its life! (truly a spiritual experience seeing parts of your body depart from you and seeing your soul scream for help!)

"SPLASH!" We had reached the pond in our back-garden. Mum was sitting in the dining-room sipping tea when we burst in and tried to tell her what happened.

"Oh you do have vivid imaginations! Why, I was only just saying to Mrs. ..."

Does the burnt out hole on the side of the ship tell you something?" gasped Sid at Mum's calm acknowledgement of the story.

"Mum, look! We're wet! Doesn't that tell you something?"

"Yes you've been in that pond again, ha!" Now off to get out of those wet clothes!"

As we ascended the stairs, Sid and I noticed that "The Hooray-Henry" was gone. Alone on the pond, floated a tartan blanket and two plastic bags. We both smiled.

Faith A. Robinson F3GS



THE CAT

Adventurous and curious is the cat,
Delicate and careful is the cat,
He eats, sleeps and plays all day,
But hisses and scratches,
If he doesn't get his own way.

He climbs over ornaments without a bump,
Jumps down from tables without a thump,
But, if he gets into a scrap,
He keeps you from your little nap.

Furry and soft is the cat,
Beautifully striped with grey and black,
Green glass eyes that shine in the dark,
Like small flames with flames that spark.

As he strides up the garden path,
Hopelessly yearning to get in,
He crawls in through his little flap,
Then slouches quietly on your lap.

Aileen Robertson

HELL...!

The darkness falls, upon the land,
Where old clootie laid his hand.

The stars Dull White,
The moon's blood red,

As auld Nick brings back the dead!

The goat's blood drips into the glass,
And round the table it is passed.
The life of an animal so innocent, sacrificed
To keep the satanic, paradise.

Fun and happiness are not felt here,
The only true emotion's fear!
In greed and cruelty these mortals fell
Now sentenced to eternal HELL!

D. McGrath. F3



DRANI, LAND OF A THOUSAND CLICHES - AN EVERYDAY STORY OF HEROIC FOLK

Once upon a time in a far-off land, three adventurers were seeking their fortune. They were Alstar Storin, a young human noble who had been disinherited; Tanaka a seasoned half-elfin thief whose aim in life was to have a good time, and Klarissa, a female human dancer who was a ruthless fiend. This unlikely group rode together, killing foul beasts, rescuing fair maidens and accumulating a large sum of money but not in that order.

Our story begins as the trio ride into the small village of Andrax. It is a poor village, with little money. But the group noted that some of the buildings were charred rubble, as if a great heat had burned them to a cinder. A small, white-haired man ran towards them, puffing and wheezing from the unaccustomed exertion.

"What's up grandad", inquired Klarissa.

The old man, when he had regained his composure began, —

"Our fair town has of late been besieged by a most fearsome fiend... a DRAGON!!!" He paused for effect. Alstar shivered. "Ahh! Dragon! Erm ' Let's go guys."

Tanaka motioned for Alstar to be quiet and asked the old man to continue. He told them of fabulous treasure in the dragon's cave, or so was rumoured. Then he blurted out, "Will you kill the dragon for us!"

"What's in it for us?" Klarissa was typically blunt.

We are poor and can't afford a reward, but you may keep any spoils from the monster's cave".

"We'll discuss it". Our trio conferred amongst themselves and soon they agreed. The old man gave them directions and they were off.

The landscape became more rugged as they approached the mountains towering in front of them. About 500 feet from the cave, the land became a roasted waste. This unnerved Alstar who was really a bit of a wimp, and he retreated to the rear of the group.

The dragon poked its gargantuan head out of its cave. Its red scales glistened metallically in the sun, and it turned towards the heroes.

"What do you humans want?" it said.

Tanaka, fearless as ever, fired his heavy cross bow. It bounced off the dragon's thick hide and the monster snorted in disgust. It crawled out of the cave and flexed its immense wings. Alstar's nerve broke, and he took to his heels. Klarissa made a strategic withdrawal. Only Tanaka held fast immovable in the sea of panic. The dragon blasted the ground in front of him, and his horse bolted.

Alstar, meanwhile bravely ran into a small cave and summoning his magical power placed a stone wall in the entrance. Klarissa reined in her horse and hurled abuse at Alstar. Alstar was fending off rats which threatened to overwhelm him. He managed to dispose of them and sat down heavily to compose himself.

Tanaka boldly fired another shot at the beast. Again it bounced off his near-impenetrable armour. Again the monster laughed it off. The horse was riding furiously away, and Tanaka considered his options. Resigned to a fiery end he fired again. This time the bolt hit home and the dragon faltered in its flight. Its anger was roused and it breathed deadly fire at Tanaka. The bolt hit him on the head, and burnt it to a cinder. His headless corpse fell from the horse. The dragon snorted, and roasted the horse for dinner. Meanwhile Klarissa had retreated to the dragon's lair and was exploring its cavernous recesses. Alstar had just realised that he had trapped himself in the cave with the stone wall as he was too weak to move it. He collapsed in despair.

What will happen to our noble trio?

Will they survive?

And if Klarissa finds treasure will she split it with Alstar?

As I entered the fairground I thought of the fun I might have had if I had not been dumped with my younger sister, Clare, for the night. The evening was to have been a good night out with all my friends. But when they heard that I was bringing my sister as well they made their feelings clear, that they did not want a seven year old brat in their presence. I had thought at school that they may just be using my sister as an excuse so that I would not be with them but by the time we had reached the fairground I had convinced myself that this was not the case.

My sister knew that I was unhappy about the arrangements as I had told her myself, in a burst of rage. She just continued laughing and joking, trying to ignore my bad mood. I had promised myself that I would not enjoy myself and I walked around the ground with a scowl on my face. I was in no mood to go on any of the rides and I only grudgingly paid the money to let my sister.

Half an hour had passed when we bumped into my friends from school. They seemed friendly enough as they asked me to join them, on the condition that Clare was not with me. How I wished I didn't have a sister. She always had to tag along all the time. Then I realised that no one would know if I left my sister and met her at nine o'clock at the entrance to the fair ground. I knew in my heart that this was wrong, but my need not to be scorned by my friends overcame my heart as I cruelly

told my sister to go away and not to come back until nine o'clock. With a hurt and bewildered look she disappeared into the crowd.

At first I enjoyed myself, laughing, gossiping with my friends and going on all the rides, screaming in the thrill of being absolutely terrified. I put what I had done to the back of my mind and relaxed but however hard I tried, I could not get rid of the nagging fear in my heart for my sister, not knowing where she was or who she was with. Although she annoyed me intensely, I would be mortified if anything happened to her as she was young, naive and because I knew that I loved her dearly.

When my friends started talking about Clare, saying she was so annoying, how could I put up with her I felt I had to defend her. Had I really made her out to be that bad? As I defended her, my so-called friends started being horrible to me, teasing because of what I was doing. I suddenly realised that these people were no friends of mine and that I had only wanted to be friends with them because they were popular, and I dashed away from them, intent on finding my sister as I knew that I owed her an apology.

As it was nearly nine o'clock I headed straight for the entrance and waited. At a quarter past nine she had not turned up and I began to feel agitated for she was never usually late. At half past nine I knew something was wrong because the park was almost empty. Tears ran down my face as I rushed in the direction of the control office. As I reached the small caravan I hurriedly told of my dilemma and of how worried I was. I almost expected them to console me, tell me it was not my fault, and when they didn't, only then did it hit me as to what I had done, but they didn't. My mother and father arrived and spent several minutes shouting at my stupidity before my mother broke down in tears as my father solemnly comforted her.

Over the next two weeks an extensive search was launched, and witnesses were constantly interviewed. It had emerged that she had been seen speaking to a middle aged man and had been seen walking away with him. After that she had disappeared.

Two weeks and three days later, her shattered body was found in a ditch along a motorway. She had been sexually assaulted and stabbed several times. The agony and guilt I felt has made me feel like killing myself, that I have no right to live when my sister was so brutally murdered because of me. But I am too much of a coward to do that. I will have to live with myself and what I have done for the rest of my life.

Lucy Briggs F4A2



RED NOSE POEMS

Is everyone drunk
Or catching the Flu?
No, they're wearing red noses,
How about you?

Paul Steven F11

Moses supposes to wear his red noses,
To wear his red noses on top of his toeses,
But we all knowses to wear our red noses,
To wear our red noses on top of our noses.

Ian Cowley F1



FELIX CAT

This sly sleek cat
Skulked along the streets,
It ran among the rooftops,
And riddled all the roses.

Although he was furry and friendly,
And cute and cuddly too,
There was a wicked way to him,
Of this, no human knew.

Barry Noble F2

WANDERING

Down the golden fields of corn,
Up the green, green hill,
To the silver sounding horn
Wandering at my will.

The horn tells of streams so bright
Glinting in the sun.
It tells of a lovely mountain height,
It calls to everyone.

I wander through meadows thick with flowers,
I wander past woods and trees,
I wander through rainstorms and heavy showers,
I wander as I please.

Joy Goodamn FIG1

DOG

Intelligent is the dog,
Man's best friend,
A domesticated pet,
The best you can get.

A true companion,
Never lets you down,
Cuddly all over,
All golden or brown.

Very good natured,
Quick on four feet,
Ears are alert,
Even when asleep.

Dozing by the fireplace,
Or in a comfy chair,
Lazily sleeps the dog,
Showing no care.

Keeping away strangers,
Guarding the house,
With their padded paws,
As quiet as a mouse.

Sarah Craig FI

THE SNAKE

It slithers along the undergrowth
Trying not to be seen
Hot and tired in the midday sun
It stops for a well earned rest.

The snake's green and gold colour
Can barely be seen in the grass
Both friend and foe are easily fooled
By the snake's clever camouflage.

Its hissing can be heard
An amazing distance away.
Creeping along in a slimy manner
It catches lunch with deadly forked tongue.

It lies in the grass all day
Waiting to pounce on its prey.
Its evil eyes flash in the sunlit
With its tightly coiled body unwinding.

D. Keir FI



YOUNG BLOOD AND WAR

Children as young as ten or eleven are shouldering guns and becoming battle-hardened, skilful killers before the age when those in western countries are allowed to do so much as watch a horror movie.

Young soldiers are nothing new. Britain, until the beginning of this century, used them as 'powder monkeys' to fetch gun powder for cannons aboard Royal Navy Ships. Drummer boys led men into battle during the Napoleonic wars were nothing out of the ordinary, and they were expected to face death with as much resoluteness as the older comrades. But the minimum age for joining the British Army is now 16, and young people are not usually allowed combat duties until they are 18.

Yet the years since World War II have seen a reverse in the trend towards older soldiers in many countries. In the last World War, the average age of the American soldier was 26, in Vietnam it was 19. Meanwhile, more than 20 million people of all ages have died in wars since 1945, and with more than 40 conflicts now raging the number of fatalities is increasing daily.

The Iran-Iraq war, now in its seventh year, provides the most gruesome example of young people fed into the meat grinder of war. About a million soldiers have died so far, tens of thousands of them young Iranians

recruited by the Baseej volunteer force from the age of 14. They are taught by KHOMEINI'Ss men that the conflict is a holy war, or Fihad, and that being killed in battle is not only honourable but guarantees the victim a place in heaven as a martyr. Wearing red headbands to signify their willingness to die, they flock eagerly to the front.

Human waves of thousands upon thousands of young Iranian volunteers dash towards the Iraqi positions in an attempt to overwhelm them by sheer weight of numbers. It is a primitive method that costs dearly in lives. As the Iranian regular army waits behind, the poorly trained volunteers are picked off by machine guns and lethal poison gas.

Lebanon, in its 12th year of civil war, also excels in violence and death. The huge number of Moslem and Christian militias all employ young fighters sporting AK47 automatic rifles.

The long and bitter fighting has caused so many casualties, the pressure to recruit younger and younger fighters is increasing. And in a country where anarchy prevails, where hopes of a secure and interesting job are fanciful and where the only law is that the most ruthless survive, being a gun man or woman has, to many, seemed the only way to carve out some kind of future and gain reasonable status.

These young fighters, in their early teens, have a total disregard for their own lives or anyone else's. When Israel occupied Lebanon many teenagers (including girls of 15 and 16) turned themselves into terrifying human weapons, fearlessly driving cars filled with explosives in suicide missions aimed at Israeli military positions.

The Palestines, thrown out of their country when Palestine became Israel in 1948 and scattered throughout the Middle East, feel they have little to lose and are taught from the moment they can speak that their future is to fight for the return of their homeland. Young people are trained in the arts of war as part of their normal school education. Going through rigorous assault courses which test their endurance and ingenuity, they become as familiar with machine guns, rocket propelled grenades and artillery as young people in Europe might with bicycles or home computers. They are always aware that, at some time in their lives, they are more than likely to attempt to kill another human being or that they themselves will be targets.

On the other side of the world, thousands of young people are ensnared in the turbulence and fighting of Central America, particularly in El Salvador where the marxist FMLN guerilla force has been fighting successive right-wing forces for more than a decade.

The government regularly recruits 15-year-olds and the guerillas use even younger fighters, claiming that they are orphans of parents killed by government troops who are fighting to avenge their deaths. In reality they are often children who live in guerilla-held areas, who go to guerilla-run schools, and whose older brothers and sisters are already in the guerilla forces. In other words, they have little choice open to them.

During the recent Civil war in Uganda, the National Resistance Army fighting the government used thousands of soldiers as young as 10 and 11. They were not only slaughtered in droves but ruthlessly wiped out their enemies to help make the NRA victorious.

Now they are finding it difficult to adapt to the country's relative peace. The government has disarmed them and set up two military academies to educate them. But the task is proving to be immense.



Those who have killed, and seen their friends killed, in battle before they were even teenagers cannot adapt to peace.

They know nothing but conflict and the power of the gun. The same people who trained them to kill now fear they have created a monster they cannot control.

Lindsay Carroll F3

WHO'S TO BLAME?

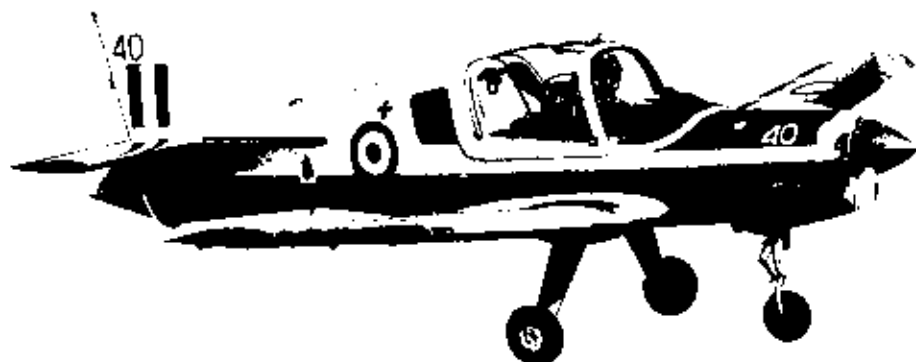
Bitter hatred, leaders falter
 Death of millions, guns and mortar
 Self destruct — I wish I could;
 Ash and dust where trees once stood
 All the suffering, all the pain
 Some are dead — others lame
 The molten sea of bodies spreads
 And when from sleep we wake up dead
 And ask God why this has to be
 If it wasn't him and it wasn't me
 Then who allowed this mess to happen?

The leaders with their sense of shame
 Search hurriedly, who will they blame?
 No mention of it being them
 Who pressed that button to condemn
 And now there's nothing left of Earth
 There is no chance of Second Birth
 So God up there, do you exist?
 Or is there just one point you've missed
 That we on Earth had love for you
 This you were glad of, this you knew
 So why did you let it happen?

To us.

Elsie Methven F4

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High School of Dundee Scholarship Fund Appeal



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The High School of Dundee is probably the most impressive building in the City.

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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.

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WITH YOUR HELP IT WILL CONTINUE



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