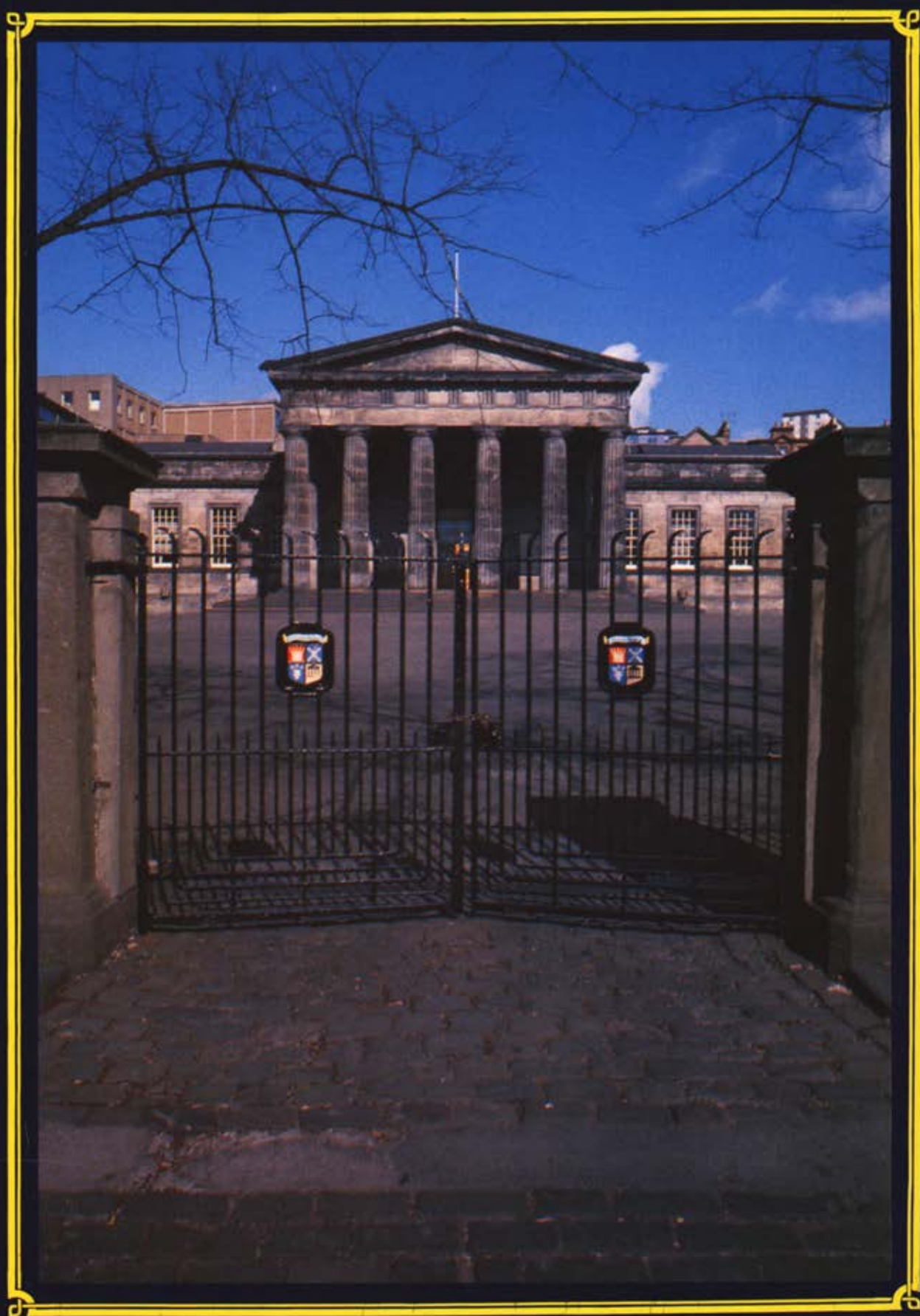




**75th. Edition of the REVIEW
750th. Anniversary**



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ROYAL AIR FORCE



All anniversaries are important, but some are more important than others. The practice of celebrating anniversaries, particularly important anniversaries is widespread in our society. This year, within Dundee several notable centenaries are being celebrated, a testimony surely to the proliferation of innovations during the latter part of the nineteenth century. Both within and outwith Dundee, bi-centenaries are also being celebrated, like that of the French Revolution. In many respects, therefore, 1989 can be described as a special year for anniversaries.

In the long life of the High School, stretching back over some 750 years, anniversaries could be said to be fairly common place. Reports of celebrations prior to the opening of the Main Building in 1834, however, are difficult to come by. Among the most notable anniversaries are the 350th in 1589, when the School found its first permanent home in Clements Lane, which stood near the Town house. On the occasion of the 550th anniversary in 1789, a new grammar school was built at the corner of the Nethergate. In the same year, an important bequest was made, enabling the Dundee Academy to be revived two years later. Since the opening of the Main Building in 1834, however, anniversaries have been more fully documented. In 1934 a special "Centenary number" of the School Magazine was issued. It is still a valuable source of information as well as a treasured possession. The 150th anniversary of the opening of the Main Building in 1984 is still fresh in the memories of so many and needs no recall.

The last major anniversary in the history of the School, however, was the Sept-Centenary celebrated in 1939. On that occasion a huge Garden Fete was held on Saturday, 17th June, at Dalnacraig. The programme of events included "Formations" by the Junior School, an inspection of the Cadet Corps and a Physical

Training and Games Display, together with stalls selling various produce. The sum of over £300 was raised. On Sunday, 18th June, a special service was held in Dundee Parish Church (St Mary's), when the guest preacher, a former pupil, reviewed the history of the school, giving thanks for those who had founded it and led it through the centuries.

Recently, when giving out reports to the pupils of the Junior School, I said a few words about the importance of this year in the history of the School and about the June Celebrations. As I went on to say that I happened to know ladies and gentlemen who were pupils in school (just like them) during the Sept-Centenary, and who can still remember quite clearly all the celebrations, the present pupils were all very impressed by this information and, at the same time filled with incredulity!

The important task of the School Magazine in documenting the extra-ordinary as well as the ordinary events in the life of the School is highlighted at a time like this. Recently, a former pupil now in his eighties and living in Vancouver, Canada, sent the School congratulations on the 750th anniversary. He also related how his family connections with the School went back as far as 1846. With my reply I enclosed a School Magazine, which elicited a swift response. How interesting, he claimed, to note the great variety of activities now on offer and the happy faces of the pupils. How important school magazines are.

This special edition of the magazine is compiled by an enthusiastic editorial board, ably led by Mr Baxter, Mr Cunningham and Miss Christie, and our warm thanks are offered to all who have contributed in any way to its realisation. A school, it has been said, should not be a preparation for life — a school should be life. This magazine presents the life in our school.

The Rector.

CONTENTS

FOREWORD	1
SCHOOL	3
F.P. NEWS	39
SPORT	49
HOUSE REPORTS	59
PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT	61
JUNIOR SCHOOL	67
CREATIVITY	73

FROM THE EDITOR

It is never an easy job to edit the School Magazine and the finishing of this issue is no different. The 750th Anniversary celebrations have made time even more of the essence than usual and I must pay tribute to the many people who have given assistance. Mr Cunningham of the Art Department is a tower of strength. Much of the work is his and I cannot imagine seeing a finished product without his great effort. I should also like to thank all contributors for their continued support and interest. I would single out some for particular mention. Simon Miller of Form V has contributed much in effort and time and deserved to win the Old Boys' Prize. Debbie Steele and Peter McDevitt of Form VI also deserve praise for their efforts during the year. There are many others who have helped and to them all I give my sincere thanks.

John T. G. Baxter

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RGIT



STAFF NEWS

In the course of session 1988-89 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. In the Senior School, Mrs C. Rutherford (Mathematics), Mrs E. F. Sturrock (Music), Mrs M. Carnegie (Home Economics) and Mrs H. Blackburn (English) all took early retirement after various periods of service, while Miss C. M. Speirs (Modern Languages) left to take up a post outside teaching and Mrs A. V. Coupar (Modern Languages) left to take up a full-time post in another school. In the Junior School Miss M. I. R. Grant took early retirement after a lengthy period of illness and Mr A. T. Stewart left to take up another post. Miss E. J. Dunbar relinquished her post as Catering Supervisor.

During the session we were pleased to welcome new colleagues to the staff. Mrs J. Lowe and Mrs F. Cram joined the Modern Languages Department, Miss S. G. Cannon joined the Mathematics Department and Miss P. M. Gray and Mrs E. D. Cargill joined the staff of the Junior Department.

Mrs A. Tait, Mrs G. Wood and Mrs K. Fletcher, came to give temporary assistance in Modern Languages and the Junior Department respectively. Mrs S. Adam joined the Administrative staff. We welcome them to the staff and hope they will be happy with us.

VISITORS TO THE SCHOOL

During the session 1988-89 the following visitors were welcomed to the school:-

SEPTEMBER	Mr Michael Forsyth, M.P. Minister for Education and Health.
NOVEMBER	Captain J. A. G. Evans, F.B.I.M., R.N. (R'td). (Schools' Liaison Officer); Colonel R. T. T. Gordon (R'td) (Schools' Liaison Officer); and Wing Commander C. Bidie R.A.F., (Schools' Liaison Of- ficer).
DECEMBER	Rev. A. O. Robertson, Chaplain to Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh.
FEBRUARY	The Viscount of Arbuthnot, C.B.E., D.S.C., F.R.S.E.
JUNE	Captain T. M. Le Marchand, R.N. Inspecting Officer; Mary, Countess of Strathmore. Air Marshall and Mrs David Brook, Air Officer Commanding Scotland and Northern Ireland.

LAUREATES

Session 1988-89

The Scottish Association of Geography Teachers prize awarded for excellence in the Scottish Certificate of Education Higher Geography examination was won by Maia H. Forrester, who attained the highest marks in Scotland.

The Institute of Physics prize for being first in Scotland in the Scottish Certificate of Education Higher Physics examination was won by Emma J. H. Brown.

In the Scottish Mathematical Council's Challenge Competition Nicholas J. Thomas and Enamul J. Ahsan gained distinction and Grant B. Ogilvie and Laura C. Irving received commendation.

In the St Andrews University Classics Recitation Competition Shona Lowe won first prize in the Senior section and Julia Walker won first prize, and Peter Garmany second prize in the Intermediate section.

In the Royal Society of Chemistry Schools' Chemistry Quiz a team consisting of Emma Brown, Kenneth Campbell, Iain Morrow and Colin Stewart, having won the 1988 Scottish final went on to represent Scotland in the British final held at Imperial College, London in October.

In the Tayside Police "Top of the Form" Quiz competition a team consisting of Paul Nimmo, Robin Young, Colin Stewart, Neil Patel and Ann Grewar reached the final.

In the United Nations Speech-making Competition a team consisting of Jonathan Fitzpatrick, Iain Morrow and Paul Nimmo won the Scottish final.

Alistair Morrison (Form IV) was chosen for the Scottish Schools' Shooting Team. Michael Tait (Form VI) and Kenneth Campbell (Form V) were selected for Scottish Schoolboys' Table-tennis teams. Lisa Morgan (Form V) played for the Scottish Girls' Hockey Team, and Andrew Nicol (Form VI) (Captain), Geordie McGill (Form VI), Jonathan Newton (Form VI) and James McKechnie (Form V) were selected for the Scottish Schoolboys' Rugby Team.

Lara-Ann Proctor (Form I) received 2nd Prize and Louise McNeill (Form I) and Neil A. Marshall (L7) received 3rd Prize in the Abertay Rotary Club Poetry Writing Competition.

75 YEARS OF "THE REVIEW"

Not only is this the school's 750th anniversary, but it also sees the 75th year in which the school magazine has been published. Casting an eye over the school magazines of fifty years ago, it was interesting to discover how the staff and pupils of the school celebrated its 700th anniversary 50 years ago. There was a message from the then Rector Iain Bain. In it, he appealed for "the necessary funds to ensure the freedom and reform of the School, the two principles for which it has stood in the past." He also said that he wished to "maintain and extend the tradition of the School." Mr Bain described the school as having an "individuality of its own", but told parents in the article that the Scottish Education Department was insisting that the buildings be "made appropriate for modern needs."

Also published in this issue of the magazine (1939) was a timetable of events to celebrate the septuagenary year. Events to be held included separate boys' and girls' swimming galas, an exhibition of art, needlework and handwork, a garden fete, a cricket match (of course!) and a parade.

There were a number of articles in the magazine looking back on the past — the last 50 years or so particularly, as old boys told tales of their times at the school. One old boy told of how in February, 1917, twelve Serbian boys came to the school. The Serbian Government had arranged for thousands of boys to be sent to France and Britain to be educated, in the hope that after the war, they could "form the nucleus of a future Serbia."

The Second World War changed the school in other ways, as the Rector described in an article entitled "The School in War Time". Mr Bain described the school as fortunate — the Board of Directors had had an emergency meeting, and had decided to "proceed at once with the building of adequate protection against air-raids." Members of the School helped with the preparation of the rooms and the filling of sandbags, thus saving time and money. Meanwhile, arrangements had been made to carry on the work of certain classes in private houses in Blackness, West End, Lawside and Lochee, Downfield, Maryfield, Baxter Park, West Ferry and Broughty Ferry.

The conditions of the time made the games of the school suffer, with no regular fixtures with other schools at the time. Parents were said to be unwilling to let their children attend the organised Games on Saturday mornings. The Rector noticed however, that many High School pupils could be found filling the Skating Rink on Saturday mornings.

Continuing the theme of Games at school, there was a report in the 1925 magazine telling of how twenty-five years before, High School girls played their first game of hockey. At that time, there was no recreation ground, no pavilion, no Wednesday afternoon recreation "scheme", and no games mistress. Eventually though, a pavilion was built at Dalnacraig. This was, after more than twenty-five years replaced by a new pavilion, after many weeks of fund-raising. The school magazine at the time described the old pavilion as being "totally inadequate for our modern needs."

An old boy had an article in the magazine entitled "Fifty Years Ago". It gave a general description of the school in 1877, and revealed many surprising facts about the school as it was then. There was no fixed course of study — pupils were allowed to take any or all of the classes, just as the pupil or their parents wished.

There was no Rector either. There was, however a Council of Headmasters, which ruled the school, which at that time had around 900 pupils.

The magazine welcomed in the new badge with an extract from the "Matriculation of the Arms of the High School of Dundee."

Articles about the Old Boys' Club were popular. There were articles telling of the club's inaugural dinner, which was held on the 24th of February, 1931, in Kidd's Rooms, Lindsay Street. One hundred and seventy members were present. Only forty-three pupils were present at an old boys' dinner on the 13th December in Peliti's Restaurant, but as this was in Calcutta, it's acceptable!

The old boys celebrated the 700th anniversary as well. They had "the privilege of visiting the School, strolling through the old classrooms and shaking hands with old teachers."

At the Old Boys' Club inaugural dinner in 1931, Mr George R. Donald recalled how the school was in his days ...

"We entered the classroom on the right of the Eastern door, and were met by Mr Grant, who had a most uncomfortable 'hoch' and spit. Mr Grant asked my father if I could say the Lord's Prayer. My father said 'Try him', and as I was taught never to whistle on the Sabbath Day, I was able to pass the test. And so, I was duly enrolled a pupil of the Dundee High School."

"The first teacher that made an impression on me was old Miller. You remember how he used to go down the benches snorting 'Right, right; wrong, wrong'; and then, when he had finished, he would solace himself by going behind the blackboard and having a good sniff."

"Then we had Dott for mathematics. We called him 'Dotty'; but he was a very clever man for all that. I didn't mind his mathematics, but I abhorred his logarithms. You remember how he, for his part, abhorred the boy with squeaky boots, and advised us to get them paid for."

"Then I come to one of the finest characters we had in the school — Mr Charles. I think he was loved by every boy who sat at his feet — and, indeed, we did sit at his feet, as at the feet of Gamaliel, listening every afternoon to the gems of English literature. We forgot all about the passage of time until about five minutes to four, when he used to jump up and exclaim, 'We're working against time, boys, working against time.' He will be held in the affectionate memory by every boy of the High School of that time."

After having a good read of the past issues of the school magazine, it is clear to see that along with the school, it has moved with the times. I just hope that everyone who is reading this issue of "The Review" enjoys it as much as those who read all the preceding issues.



Courtesy of The Evening Telegraph

HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE, DUX PHOTO 1989

Left to Right

Back Row — David G. Soutar (Gym); Catherine E. Speed (History); Deborah J. Steele (English); Samantha McDonald (Spanish =); Diana J. Scott and Catherine H. Steele (Physical Education =).

Third Row — A. Nial R. Tosh (Latin and Economics); Clair Millar (Geography); Andrew H. Young (Maths); Maia H. Forrester (Art); Ewan D. Laws (Physics); Catherine F. Inglis (Spanish =); Andrew D. Nicol (Physical Education).

Second Row — Toby O. White (Dux of Form I Boys =); Ann E. Grewar (Dux of Form I Girls); Alasdair J. Foster (Dux of Form I Boys =); Grant B. Ogilvie (Dux of Form III Boys =); Laura C. Irving (Dux of Form III Girls); Colin E. Stewart (Dux of Form III Boys =); Neil Patel (Dux of Form II Boys); Sarah E. M. Meek (Dux of Form II Girls).

Front Row — Kenneth S. Campbell (Dux of Form V); Laura J. Hammond (Dux of LIII Girls); Mark R. Fletcher (Dux of LVII Boys); Emma J. H. Brown (Dux of School — Science); Jane Clark (Dux of LVII Girls); Alexander H. MacFarlane Smith (Dux of LIII Boys); Paul T. Nimmo (Dux of Form IV).

Absent — Rachael A. Holmes (Dux of School — Arts); Jayne Samson (Gym — Girls).



INTERACT REPORT 1988/89

1988/89 has been an incredibly successful year for the DHS Interact Club, under the leadership of Angus Vincent (President), Rachael Holmes (Secretary) and Ruth Morris (Treasurer). We began with a record number of 105 members, making us easily the biggest club in Britain.

The year's activities began in September when we took part in a Fun Run (a contradiction in terms to most of us) around Caird Park, and entertained the spectators with our Human Fruit Machine and tasteful sportswear, as well as raising money for Save the Children.

Our major charity project went into full swing over the Christmas season, when we opened the school playground to the general public. Once again we're indebted to Paul Kinnear, who spent more time than anyone in the fetching orange bib, while Susan and her fellow car washers braved rain, snow and hail to raise

money. Our beautiful (?) voices were also a great moneyspinner as we went carol singing round and about in Dundee and Broughty Ferry.

All in all these projects raised over £1300. £1000 of this was presented to Water Aid, as promised last year. The remainder was divided between Cancer Research, the Lockerbie Appeal, ME, British Diabetics, Muscular Dystrophy and Asthma, and one of our members, Susie Tunstall Pedoe, who is travelling to India as a voluntary worker this summer.

Another successful fundraiser has been the discos held for Forms 1-3 in Bonar House — our thanks go to Mr Spowart and all the staff who helped, and to Simon Miller and friends for all their time and effort. We've also provided community service in a practical way, helping with the Wellgate Christmas shopping night for the disabled.

With so many members, we decided against last

year's format of a guest speaker and instead have held a wide range of enjoyable meetings, from games of Blind Date (complete with Canadian rugby players), rounders, quizzes, videos and trips to the cinema, to the forthcoming attraction, a visit from a hypnotist. One thing most of the meetings have in common is that we've usually managed to eat as much, as often as possible — with perhaps the exception of the Poor Supper ... At the time of writing, we're about to set off to the beach for a barbecue, to be followed by the first ever Interact Barn Dance (thanks to Mr and Mrs Hamilton for the barn). Another first for the club is a planned sistership with a club in California, which will hopefully lead to an American exchange.

Finally, we'd like to thank a number of people — the people of Dundee, who donated £1875 to us for charity this year, Mr Holmes for his help and advice, and Gus McDonald and fellow rotarians for all the time and assistance they've given us — and wish Graeme, Susan and Angus luck for another successful year!

Rachael Holmes (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, a competitive element 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 Mr Durrheim's room (room 47) and it is supervised by Mr Durrheim and Mr Blackburn. The optimum size of the Club is 24 members. Though we exceeded that number this year, to accommodate some late entries, we intend, as a result of this year's overcrowding, to restrict our members to 24 next session.

Once again, Mr Blackburn and Mr Durrheim would like to thank the Rep Club for sustaining them with biscuits and cups of coffee over the course of the year!

T. F. W. Durrheim

CHESS CLUB

The Times Championship continues to prove that our players have maintained the high standard set by previous years' teams. The A Team advanced to the quarter-final of their regional competition, only to be beaten by Balwearie High School in a close match, equalling last year's performance. As is often the case, the average age of our team was our downfall and the younger Balwearie team tipped the balance thanks to the handicapping system operating in that competition. We hope we will have some younger players, of a sufficient standard, in next year's competition, to overcome this problem!

The Scotsman Trophy provided us with our greatest success for some time. Our A Team managed to get through to the national final, which took place in the King's Manor Hotel, Edinburgh. This was the furthest a High School team has progressed in this prestigious competition so far. We were beaten into second place by our old rivals Perth High, but, thanks to the hospitality of *The Scotsman*, we had a most enjoyable weekend.

The internal competitions have, once again, proved very popular and competitive. A hard fought final between Nicholas Thomas and James McFarlane resulted in a draw and the *Beckingham Trophy* (open to all Senior School pupils) was shared this year. Nicholas Thomas won the *Intermediate Trophy* (open to pupils in Forms I-III). Congratulations also go to Susie Carmichael for winning the *Girls' Competition* once again.

The local inter-school Chess League and Knock Out Competition showed some signs of reviving this year, but it now looks as if this won't happen again until next session. However, we managed to play a few "friendly" matches against Madras and Perth High and a number of us attended several congresses during the session, in a hunt for gradings! This culminated in a trip to Kilmarnock, thanks to the C.C.F. *Crew bus* and Mr Durrheim's impeccable driving, and included some pupils from the Junior School Chess Club. I hope they enjoyed their first taste of serious competition.

Congratulations go to Dominic Beedie who came third in his section at the Edinburgh Congress and to Da-foo Chung who won second prize at the Kilmarnock Congress. Dominic Beedie and Nicholas Thomas were also selected to play for Tayside's Under 15 side in June.

Our final event of the session was during the Open Day, when members of the Club challenged parents and visitors to Chess matches as a fund raising venture and demonstrated some of their more interesting games to enthusiasts.

On behalf of the Club, I must thank Mr Durrheim for his invaluable supervision and organisation as well as the time he has given up this year to transport us to and from matches. Thanks must also go to Mr Blackburn for his assistance during the "Friday 9" period.

James McFarlane F5
(President of the Chess Club)

REP CLUB REPORT 1988/89

In September four girls took part in a sponsored swim in Dundee Leisure Centre. They swam ten breadths of the pool. Some members of the swimming club took part also, together we raised £42.70.

On 14th September, the four girls went to see "The Hounds of the Baskervilles" in Dundee Rep. They all enjoyed the performance and found it a very good play.

From September to December we raised £11.60 selling coffee to members of staff on Friday afternoons.

In December we raffled a £5 gift voucher for John Menzies. We went round Friday 9 classes selling tickets to teachers and everyone in the Club took tickets and sold them to friends. We raised £25.70 with the raffle.

In January, we went to see a play called "A Man at Yir Back or A Winter Tale" by Gordon Burnside.

Also in January we presented a cheque for £70 to the Rep.

In February, we went on a backstage tour which was very interesting and enjoyable.

Thanks to everyone who supported us throughout the year.

Alison Marshall F2



PREFECTS



SIXTH YEAR

SENIOR DEBATING

As always the activities of the senior debating society merged into individual groups preparing for the ever-increasing number of competitions which invite our participation. The old stalwarts — E.S.U., P. & J., Bank of Scotland, still provided scope and challenge to those taking part. In the E.S.U. Debating competition the team of Anne Wright (F5) and Mary Young (F3) reached the quarter finals, while in the Public Speaking the team of Anne Wright, Alice Bradbury, Hilary Scott (all F5) and Christine Lumsden (F6) reached the semi-finals — this out of a starting field of over 100 teams in Scotland.

Parliamentary-style debating enjoyed a full programme this session — so full, indeed, that continuing success led to date clashes and substitutions. In the Press & Journal competition two teams, consisting of Paul Nimmo and Iain Morrow, and Hilary Scott and

Jonathan Fitzpatrick, both reached the semi-finals.

In a new tournament organised by the Oxford Union for schools throughout Britain, Anne Wright and Jonathan Fitzpatrick won through a very stimulating first round on the future of the N.H.S. In the semi-final, when Anne was partnered by Iain Morrow, they were defeated by the team from St Aloysius' College who went on to win the national final in Oxford.

The most successful partnership was that of Anne Wright and Graham Paterson, who came through three rounds to take part in the final of the Bank of Scotland tournament in Edinburgh and though they did not win they had fun, made friends and travelled. Those who will travel further than most as a result of their speaking prowess are the team of Jonathan Fitzpatrick, Paul Nimmo, Iain Morrow who, with their coach, Mrs

McKinnon, will, by the time this is in print, have been to Geneva to the World Headquarters of the United Nations as their prize for winning the All-Scotland Speechmaking Contest. Mention will be made in greater detail of this elsewhere.

The great number of competitions and comparatively few people willing to participate places great stress on the competitors and their coaches. Other extra-curricular activities make their demands on the same small group of pupils and debating is squashed into ten minutes at morning interval or forty at lunch-time with a great deal being done in the home in the evenings and at weekends, so it is much to the credit of all concerned that D.H.S. is very much a force to be reckoned with on the debating circuit. Even if actual speaking is something that fills you with dread, you should come along and see what goes on — supporters are always welcome and you may be so incensed by what you hear that you are up on your feet and speaking before you realise it!

While the art of debating and public speaking should be enjoyed for its own sake, there is the undoubted spin-off, for those taking part, of being better equipped for their Higher English exams! Moreover it's fun, as some who come to it late, discover.

If the debating bug hasn't bitten you yet, why not come along this session and find out about it? There is generally some sort of argument going on in Mrs McGrath's room, most lunch-times from September to Easter. All prospective polemicists welcome!

JUNIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

(Now renamed "The Young Speakers' Club")

This session, the Junior Literary and Debating Society has, once again, enjoyed a very successful year, during which the club held many well-attended meetings. These took the form of debates, elections, quizzes, mock trials and small-scale "games shows" — the most popular of which was "Beat the Teacher", in which Mrs Tait, Mr Wilson, Mrs Rutherford and Mr Allan have taken part. To these brave members of staff, and to the others who have helped out by taking part in debates and competitions, we give our thanks.

In the second term, three teams represented the school in the *Courier and TSB Schools' Junior Debating Competition* in which Elise Nimmo and Jenny Tooze reached the quarter finals. Thanks must go to Miss Dickson, Mr Durrheim and Mr Illsley for giving up their time to coach the teams.

Having already worked together as a team in that competition, Susan Pennington and Rachel Thomson were our representatives in the Public Speaking Competition, held by the *Association of Speakers' Clubs*. This takes place annually and we have had several winning teams in the competition but victory eluded us this year!

Again, thanks go to Mr Durrheim, President of the Society and also to those pupils who go unmentioned, without whose support and dedication the Club would not have run so smoothly. It is to be hoped that with the continuing support of these pupils and new members, the Club will go forward into yet another successful session under its new title of *The Young Speakers' Club*.

Jenny Tooze FIII (Chairman)

VOLUNTARY SERVICE

Voluntary Service is a Friday Nine subject for girls in forms 3 - 6, in which one has the choice of visiting old people or helping out at local nurseries. A year ago I chose to do Voluntary Service because I felt that I wanted to do something constructive and worthwhile. Voluntary Service has been just that! The old people whom we visit are often very lonely, and Friday afternoon is the highlight of their week. At the nursery we help to look after the young children and this again is very worthwhile.

Voluntary Service requires a lot of dedication, but the result is a Friday Nine which is both fulfilling and very rewarding.

Laura Gandy, FIII

2nd D.H.S. GUIDE COMPANY REPORT 1988-89

After a successful camp at Morton, where the weather was mixed but the spirits remained high, the Company resumed its programme at the start of the new session, the four patrols each having two joint PL's to take them through the year. One of our first activities was a wayfaring expedition around Crombie Country Park on a mild September Friday. Most of the Company renewed their Guide Promise at the successful completion of twelve months' work on the Trefoil badges at various levels, and one new Guide made her Guide Promise for the first time.

The Armistice Parade was the next major event on the calendar, and the Company received several compliments at their smart turn-out. Towards Christmas, we enjoyed an excellent craft session with Mrs Ferguson making table decorations. During the winter, the patrols were very busy with preparation for taking badges such as Accident Prevention, Emergency Helper, Local History, Map Reader and Patrol Purpose Patches. They also showed great ingenuity in carrying out their own activities, brain teasers and games. Another craft session in March produced tiny, scented peg dolls as presents for Mothering Sunday.

The summer term brought a full programme of events including our camp preparation meetings at Mayfield, and the fund-raising stall at the Sports in June. As this is being written, we are deep in preparation for Open Days and Camp. This year we are trying a new venue for our annual camp, at the City of Dundee Guide Camp site and Outdoor Centre at Newbigging, near Coupar Angus. Last summer, the Company was honoured with an invitation to send a patrol to camp there at the weekend when the new Centre was opened by H.R.H. the Princess Margaret.

After several years of involvement with the Guide Company as both Guider and Commissioner, Mrs Jean Miller takes her leave of us at the end of the session. Her help to the Company has been invaluable, and we shall miss her greatly. Thanks are due to Mrs L. Cargill who has been Unit Helper since Christmas, and to the Young Leaders in FV and FVI.

The 2nd D.H.S. Guide Company is the oldest in the City of Dundee, but its future is in doubt since very few girls seem to wish to remain as Guides in the school Company. Perhaps girls of ten to fourteen no longer want the kind of activities that the Girl Guide movement offers, and they and their families are not willing to maintain a regular commitment to Guiding. At present, there are Guiders available if the desire for a Guide Company is present, but the continuation of the 2nd D.H.S. Company is uncertain unless parents and girls wish to support it.



STAFF PAST AND PRESENT



HELEN BLACKBURN

Mrs Helen Blackburn joined the English Department in August, 1984 and leaves at the end of the session to enjoy an early retirement.

In her career in D.H.S., Mrs Blackburn proved herself a more than capable member of the Department and of the School community. A willing and enthusiastic teacher, she is respected both by pupils who have enjoyed her classes and by her colleagues. Well known for her interest in Scottish Literature, she has stimulated many young people in this important area; she welcomed the introduction of Standard Grade and developed a number of materials to provide the stimulus which the course demands, but at the same time she has never lost sight of the demand for basic accuracy in the attempt to provide an opportunity for creativity in thinking and writing.

With her interest in drama, Mrs Blackburn was always willing to organise theatre excursions to the Rep and to far-flung Edinburgh and Glasgow, and many have enjoyed these trips — as well as the plays they travelled to see. These excursions, however, were never seen in isolation, but always had a follow-up as part of the English course at all levels.

She leaves us now to spend more time with her family, especially her grandchild, and to devote more time to travel and walking. We wish her well in her retirement.

MRS. MORI CARNEGIE

Many staff and pupils will miss the expert assistance of Mrs Carnegie's skills in the fabric, textiles and craft side of Home Economics. She has developed an astute eye for detail, spotting any errors from quite a distance due largely to an exacting course of specialist training at the Glasgow and West of Scotland College of Domestic Science and Jordan Hill College of Education.

Her first position was in Grove Academy and then Butterburn Primary School and on to St John's Junior Secondary in 1958. She also taught trainee nurses at the Armistead Nursery Home.

Then followed a gap from teaching when she raised two potential High School pupils who later rose to the ranks of Depute and Head Boy. Mrs Carnegie joined the High School in 1968, and played a major role in passing on many talents to pupils, quite a few of whom continued in the field of textiles and furthered their studies at the College of Textiles in Galashiels.

There have been many changes in the S.C.E. Home Economics courses throughout these years, and in 1991 the present third year pupils will be following a general Home Economics course at Standard Grade Level which will contain a broad base course encompassing all aspects of running a home instead of specialising in Food and Nutrition or Fabric and Fashion. We hope however still to develop manipulative skills and knowhow in the practical skills.

Both Mori and her husband Denys, a former pupil of the High School, have a very keen interest in cricket, and from 1956 to 1970 Mori was involved in preparing cricket teas at Dalnacraig.

Well now after 21 years of loyal service, we all join in thanking Mrs Carnegie for her friendship and expertise, her help and overall contribution to the school and Home Economics department, but instead of giving her the key to the door we will reclaim her keys for the time being. We wish her and her husband Denys the very best of health and happiness in their retirement together.



MISS E. J. DUNBAR

Miss Eleanor J. Dunbar came to the High School some twenty years ago to be Catering Supervisor. During that time she has operated a catering service which is generally considered to be second to none in schools.

If it is true that "an Army marches on its stomach" it is equally true that the morale of a school depends to an important extent on the good quality of its catering. Over the years Miss Dunbar and her staff have consistently provided meals of such quality that no fewer than sixty per cent of the pupils take them voluntarily. This percentage, we are reliably informed, is among the highest, if not the highest for school meals, in the land. The statistic speaks for itself.

The popularity of school meals reflects great credit on Miss Dunbar and her staff. School pupils are notoriously difficult to please with regard to meals, and a difficult course has to be steered between supplying food which the pupils like and food which is considered to be nutritious. By dint of imagination and care Miss Dunbar has contrived to provide wholesome, attractive meals, which not only vary with the seasons but are also free from predictable regularity. Each year the service ranges over daily meals in two separate dining halls, Christmas lunches, supper for the School Ball and catering for special functions. At all times such service has invariably attracted the highest praise. Indeed, until the system in the dining hall was changed a few years ago to self-service, one recurrent problem was that of a number of pupils who would try to sneak a second meal. Such a problem in relation to "school meals" might have been considered unheard of elsewhere but showed how Miss Dunbar and her staff were able to invest the stereotyped concept of "school meals" with a new meaning.

The popularity of school meals also extended beyond our own pupils to visitors to the School. Two examples illustrate this point. When the School underwent a general inspection several years ago, inspectors visited the school in ones and twos over a five-week period. At first they declined invitations to have a school lunch, presumably on the basis of previous experience, and preferred to stroll by the Tay munching an apple. Near the end of the period, however, one inspector forgot to bring his apple, was forced to take a school lunch, enjoyed it enormously

and thereafter his colleagues followed suit.

The second example relates to the surprise visit paid to the School several years ago by H.R.H. Prince Edward, when still a pupil at Gordonstoun. Our rugby teams have a reciprocal fixture with Gordonstoun. Once when it was our turn to host the games we were alerted to the possible presence of Prince Edward in the Gordonstoun team. For security reasons the decision had to be left until the last moment. This information was known only to a few. Since the teams are served Saturday lunch in the dining hall, Miss Dunbar was advised that there would probably be one extra for lunch. She was unconcerned and said she could easily cope. Her surprise on the Saturday when she discovered the identity of the extra one was not inconsiderable. It was, however, flattering for her to learn how much the prince enjoyed his meal — an experience which must surely have earned her the accolade of 'royal' caterer.

And now Miss Dunbar is to leave us. The news came as a shock, when she let it be known in May that she planned to take over a guest house in Aberfeldy. This ambition she had cherished for some years and when the opportunity presented itself, she felt that time was ripe for change. She will, however, be greatly missed. We shall miss her competence, her industry, her devotion to duty (she was rarely, if ever, absent) her flair for her job — all of which combined to make her a legend in her own right.

Although we regret her departure, we offer her our very best wishes for her new enterprise and for the future. She also takes with her the knowledge of the esteem and affection in which she is held by generations of pupils.

R.N.



REENA RUTHERFORD

The Mathematics Department suffered a bitter blow when its leading lady, Reena Rutherford, decided to take early retirement at the end of session 1988-89. The move was not entirely unexpected, however, as Reena had often vowed that she would hand in her resignation once her family had flown the nest and this came to pass in September last year.

Reena graduated B.Ed. in Mathematics at Dundee College of Education in 1972 and taught for two years at Craigie High School before joining the staff of the High School of Dundee.

She has been a loyal and faithful servant to the Mathematics Department to which she has given sterling and much valued service for 15 years. She will be sorely missed for she has been a highly competent teacher always managing to get the very best results for her pupils in the S.C.E. examinations whether at Ordinary, Standard or Higher Grade. Her cheerful and lively personality as well as her sense of humour have helped make her a very popular teacher and her bright and colourful classroom has often provided an inspiring atmosphere for many a budding mathematician. Pupils have felt secure and at ease with her business-like approach and professional manner.

A lady of many talents she turned these successfully to the role of form mistress of Form II girls and housemistress of Airlie. She always made herself available to give counsel and guidance and this approachability and kindness are traits which will long be remembered by many of the pupils who have passed through her hands.

She has been prominent at the many school functions and sporting occasions. In this 750th anniversary year, she has given willingly of her time and energy and become heavily involved with School Memorabilia. Needless to say, like many other activities to which she has pledged herself, this venture has proved a tremendous success far exceeding all expectations.

Reena takes with her our best wishes for a long, happy and healthy retirement — much of it, no doubt will be spent in the company of her grandchildren and much of it, no doubt will be spent enjoying her leisure pursuits — golf, golf and more golf.

J.H.



MRS ELIZABETH STURROCK, Dip. Mus. Ed. R.S.A.M.

A former pupil of Harris Academy, Elizabeth trained at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music from which she graduated as an accomplished pianist, accompanist,

singer and older colleagues have also spoken of her skills as a cellist.

After teacher training at Dundee Training College, her early days in the profession found her teaching in various local primary schools, Stobswell Girls', Morgan Academy and Kirkton High School. Liz, as she is affectionately known in school, joined the staff of Dundee High School in October 1978 after 5 years at Forfar Academy.

In her 11 years at Dundee High School of which 8 have seen her as Second Master, Liz has made a high quality contribution to the academic work of the Music Department, using her extensive musical skills, especially nurturing the developing talents of those pupils with special instrumental aptitudes, often accompanying at S.C.E. Higher and Ordinary Grade practical exams, School Music Competitions, Dundee Schools Music Festival and at the annual Spilich Competitions.

But perhaps she will be most well remembered in years to come by the hundreds of pupils who have sung in her choirs both in the Junior and Secondary Departments, her Folk Groups and by the many audiences in the community at large which have been so ably entertained by her charges under her stylish and skilful direction. At all times she has given of her talents and time in both academic and extra-curricular activities with a stoicism rarely matched.

Although we at Dundee High School are sad that she has opted for 'early' retirement, we hope that in her newly found 'freedom', the indifferent health which has dogged her for some years will in some way be relieved and she will be restored to a fuller fitness.

While we pay tribute at this happy time, may I, on behalf of the many pupils, former pupils and staff, express to her our sincere gratitude for all she has given to our school community, as teacher, colleague and friend and wish her a long, healthy and happy retirement with her husband, David.

R.F.C.



GROWTH FOR FUNDS

Carolyn McDonald hands over a cheque for £300 to Dr John Lawson, Chairman of the Patrons' Association as a contribution to the costs of the Meadows Project. The money was raised by growing plants from seed and selling them during the Open Days. Mrs Rosemary Stewart, Assistant Rector, supervised the initiative.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT REPORT 1989

Little did the Monks of Lindores, who founded our School 750 years ago realise what the celebrations of this special birthday would imply for a busy, present-day Music Department.

Under normal conditions, the Music calendar is full and this session has been no exception in that. Planning for this session began during the previous academic year, looking forward to the events which were anticipated to be our contribution to the celebrations viz. the Commemoration Service to be held in St. Mary's Parish Church and the Commemoration Concert in the Caird Hall. To these two special events we expected the usual Carol Service. But then the Department was requested to 'put on' a Musical during the official two week celebration period in June. Not content with one Musical, two production teams were formed from within the department to present two shows, Sandy Wilson's 'The Boyfriend' and Lloyd Webber's 'Joseph'. Mr Sandy Smith was persuaded to come from retirement to produce *The Boyfriend*. The teams complete, we were thus set with the almost impossible targets for this school session.

A Senior Choir of approximately 120 pupils, including for the first time some 3rd year tenors undertook a marathon programme for the three large Choral events of the year, the music including the Bach Chorale 'From Heaven above to Earth I come' and the Caribbean carol 'Mary's Child' at Christmas, 'O Lord I will praise Thee' by Gordon Jacob and 'Cantique de Jean Racine' by Gabriel Faure for the Commemoration Service and the Faure Requiem for the Caird Hall Concert, where members of Staff from all three school departments, Prep., Junior School and Senior, joined members of the choir at rehearsal and performance.

A choir of almost 90 first to third year girls rehearsed twice weekly throughout the session under the direction of Mrs Elspeth McIntyre to prepare 'Adam in Eden' by Michael Hurd. This performance was included in the Commemoration Concert.

The Junior School Choir drawn from L6 and L7 prepared John Rutter's 'The Angel Carol' for the Christmas Service where they sang in their usual attractive way, guided and directed by Mrs Elizabeth Sturrock.

The contribution of the L3 Class choir must not be forgotten either. Their presentation always brings a breath of innocence to every Christmas Service. This year they sang John Bamard's 'So Gentle the Donkey'.

The Christmas Service had a specially warm atmosphere this year and the capacity audience sang in obvious enjoyment. Unfortunately some parents and friends were turned away, such was the demand for places on this happy occasion. The attendance at the Commemoration Service was a little disappointing however, but the loyal band of the Dundee High School Community who braved the February weather enjoyed the choral service of praise and thanksgiving for our School where the theme encouraged us all to look forward.

Some 450 pupils and an audience in the region of 1,200 excitedly packed the Caird Hall on Tuesday, 21st March for the 'big' concert. As mentioned the Girls 1-3 Choir sang Adam in Eden with obvious enjoyment and style. The climax of the first half of the evening was the performance of A Nursery Suite arranged by Gordon Langford sung by pupils from the L4-L7 classes; and what a splendid presentation this was by all these young musicians. Congratulations!

The realisation of a dream was the almost perfect performance of the Requiem by Gabriel Faure. The singing was of an excellent standard, the mood well captured and the enjoyment for both choir and audience obvious to all who attended the evening. Guests of the school that evening were Gelda Bell, a former pupil and Craig Young from Strathallan School, both of whom sang with great poise, adding to both the Nursery Suite and the Requiem, the appropriate balance of fun and atmosphere respectively.

An excellent orchestra of friends and some Former Pupils and led by Mrs Rene Neil provided an exciting beginning to the concert, playing the Overture to The Pirates of Penzance. Thereafter the orchestra played with great expertise and sympathy to all the performers.

As this article is written, The Boyfriend performances are just behind us and the Joseph cast in the Middle of its 'run'. Both shows, so different in music and production styles, thrilled capacity audiences at the Cardyne Theatre. Congratulations must be given to both casts for such stunning performances and thanks expressed to the production teams for their much appreciated expertise and commitment given to the casts.

While all these activities were being prepared and performed, the normal work of the department continued as usual.

The Piano Department has again had a busy year and congratulations are offered to Kirsty Scott and Jenny Tooze who gained the Nora Leggat prizes in the Associated Board grade 7 and 6 respectively.

The Folk Group as in the past represented the Music Department in the community performing at Christmas in various Residential Homes for the elderly in the city. Entertainment was also provided for several Women's organisations in town.

Congratulations are offered to Julia Walker F4 who won the Leng Gold Medal during the current School session, singing Durisdeer.

Susie Tunstall — Pedoe again was a member of the National Youth Orchestra of Scotland while her brother Oliver, has recently gained a place in the National Youth String Orchestra. Congratulations to both.

Our School orchestra and Wind Band have rehearsed regularly. Both are in a developing state with some younger players beginning to feed through into both. The School Chamber Orchestra and Wind Band will play during the Open Day with some selected prize-winners from the recent Music Competitions completing the programme.

The Music Competitions become more competitive each year as the standard grows and grows. The adjudicators this year were Miss Isobel Darroch, formerly of Dundee College of Education and Mr Brian Hirst of Lathallan School.

At this time of year staff changes appear inevitable. An appreciation has already been given earlier in this publication for Mrs Elizabeth Sturrock. To her we offer our warm thanks for all her devoted service to the Music Department during the last ten years and wish her well in her retirement. Her talents and teaching skills will be sadly missed and difficult to replace.

Mr Michael Ellacott leaves us to study at the Royal Scottish Academy in Glasgow. The part-time posts shared by him and Mrs Sylvia Knox have been amalgamated to become a full-time post, commencing in August. Mrs Kathleen Simans, our Violin Instructor who has travelled regularly from Glasgow for

the last two school sessions sadly is unable to be with us next year.

To Mr Ellacott, Mrs Knox and Mrs Simans, we offer thanks for their hard work in their time with us and wish them well in the future.

Next session Mrs Karen Herd joins the Class Teaching Department, Mrs Jean Melville rejoins the Piano/recorder Department and we are actively committed to finding a replacement instructor to teach violin/viola.

In conclusion may I thank all members of the teaching staff, the many instructors for all their hard work and effort, the pupils whose efforts have brought about so many successful performances throughout the year and express my own warm appreciation and thanks to the Rector and teaching staff without whose patient understanding and support the successes of the Music Department could not be realised.

OUR TRIP TO THE UNITED NATIONS IN GENEVA

The trip of five days was split between recreation and education, during which time our main objective was to learn about the UN and its work worldwide.

After a hard day's travelling we arrived tired, but excited on Saturday evening. Following our meal, we retired early in preparation for the long day ahead. On Sunday we toured the city accompanied by Mrs MacKinnon and Mr Marshall Harris, director of the Scottish Educational Trust for the United Nations and International Affairs. Our first visit was to the 'old town' in Geneva, where we found ourselves in awe of the ancient cathedral, currently being renovated. As we strolled leisurely along the quaint streets, Mr Harris pointed out the places of historical interest and appeared to have a story to tell about each. Down at the shore of Lac Lemman or Lake Geneva, Mr Harris arranged for us to enjoy a trip on one of the many "Bateau Mouches" which regularly toured the lake. We also admired the lake's magnificent fountain in the centre of the main harbour, which shoots up an amazing 400 ft.

We met Monday with great enthusiasm — a visit to the World Health Organisation. We were firstly presented to Mr John Bland, director of WHO, and editor of the World Health magazine and Mme Christiane Viedma, the deputy editor. They described how the organisation began and how, and by whom it was run. Guided round the building by a young English woman, we were then introduced to Dr Barry Cooper, a director involved with health and biomedical information. He himself was the sole British project leader at WHO and addressed us mainly on his role involving public relations and literature. After a short walk to an annexe we met Dr Claire Chollat-Traquet, a programme manager, currently spearheading a campaign to inform women of the dangers of smoking and how, by doing so, they are putting themselves at added risk. Through discussion, many of our suspicions were clarified and we learned the hard facts about smoking and its consequences. After a meaningful talk, she invited us to attend the World's 2nd No-Tobacco Conference, which was to be held at the WHO that Wednesday, and so we gratefully accepted the opportunity. Next on our programme was Dr Ralph Henderson, an American director and leader of the expanded pro-



SCOTTISH EDUCATIONAL TRUST FOR UNITED NATIONS AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

All Scotland Schools' Speechmaking Contest took place on Saturday, March 11, 1989 at The BBC, Queen Margaret Drive, Glasgow. The winning team from High School of Dundee was Jonathan Fitzpatrick, Iain Morrow and Paul Nimmo, all FIV Shown here with the presenter of the programme broadcast on Radio Scotland, Mary Marquis.

O.M.McK.

gramme on immunization. From him we gleaned much knowledge about his proposals for the future. In 1977 they claimed to have eradicated smallpox from the world and by 1979 this had been confirmed. He informed us that their next goal was to wipe out polio by the year 2000 — a formidable task, but one about which he himself had no qualms. We learned of several other diseases and how they are a major contributing factor which perpetuate the situation in countries such as Ethiopia. But the sad fact is that with an annual budget of only 15M (given by the member nations, of which there are 151), he could only hope to implement one of his lifesaving plans at a time. After a relaxing lunch in the pleasant surroundings of the WHO restaurant, we briefly met Mme Catherine Dasen, an Australian, who as a public information officer was helping to format the WHO's forthcoming AIDS campaign. We discussed its implications in the lives of today's people, with specific reference to young people. This was followed by a video and talk by a young French lady who was involved with public relations. Of particular interest to us was her detailed delivery concerning our age group on which the fate of

AIDS and perhaps mankind ultimately lies. By 5 o'clock we had returned to our hotel and rested before dinner with much to discuss. We relaxed afterwards at a local cafe, and then it was early to bed, for Tuesday was another exciting, but tiring day.

Tuesday's plan began with a guided tour of the 'Palais des Nations', the former headquarters of the League of Nations. We were shown many of the conference rooms where the real decisions are made. Also of interest were the numerous works of art and furnishings denoted by the member countries. We also learned the surprising fact that Switzerland, despite being home to many UN agencies, is not itself a member of the United Nations. Following a short coffee break, we went on to the British Mission. There we met many of the staff who kindly took time out to explain what their job in the diplomatic service entailed, and they also answered our many questions and queries. We were then entertained to lunch by two of the diplomats at a charming, little lakeside restaurant on the outskirts of Geneva. We were treated to the local delicacy, 'Filets de peches meunieres'. After being driven back to the United Nations High Commission

For Refugees, we bade farewell to our kind hosts. At UNHCR we were introduced to an official who showed us a video illustrating the facts about the world refugee situation. It made us realise how lucky we are to live in a relatively stable society in an affluent community. Since it was our last night, Mr Harris took us all out for dinner to a 'brasserie' serving delicious cuisine. We then took our final stroll round the quiet streets of Geneva.

Our final day in Geneva began with some frantic last-minute packing. Then we went on to the No-Tobacco Conference at the WHO building. This was attended by the Director-General, experts from many countries, WHO staff and some representatives of the specialized press. A debate followed at which point we unfortunately had to leave in order to catch our return flight to London.

On reflection it had been an enlightening and educational, as well as an exciting experience, one which we would be more than glad to repeat. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr Harris for organising our trip and for overseeing its smoothness and the general well-being of the party. Thanks also, of course, must go to Mrs MacKinnon (without whose wit we would have been lost) for putting up with our sarcasm and practical jokes.

Jonathan Fitzpatrick FIV
Iain Morrow FIV
Paul Nimmo FIV

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A REVIEW OF THE C.C.F.

Over the last decade the philosophy of the C.C.F. has remained unchanged but there have been significant changes in style and training. At this time of reflection in the development of the School, it is perhaps appropriate to identify and evaluate some of these changes.

The most startling change was undoubtedly the admission of girls. Following a successful pilot scheme, the M.O.D. decided to offer the opportunity to girls nationally and in 1982 we recruited our first cadets, aided by a donation from the Lark Trust which facilitated the provision of a dress Black Watch uniform. The girls were eager to take up the challenge but it was natural that some boys were apprehensive, particularly at the point when the girls became qualified to lead and command. Having fully earned their credibility the hard way, especially through their H.C.T.C. success, the girls are now fully integrated and much of current training is in mixed platoons with mixed command.

After considerable research it was decided to further expand in 1986 by opening a Royal Naval Section. That said, it had to be proved the Army Section cadets would not simply transfer but pupils outside the cadets would find new opportunities. The latter was found to be largely true. The section is now firmly established and the water sports undertaken at Monikie Reservoir have proved to be extremely popular. The training highlight to date was probably the arrival of a Fleet Air Arm helicopter at Dalnacraig in March. All the cadets were given flight experience and are looking forward to the prospect of it becoming an annual event.

The resurgence of small bore shooting has made a considerable impact and is due to the magnificent provision of an eight lane range in the old lower Dens Works. Since its opening in 1984 it has been very heavily used, especially on Sundays during the autumn and spring terms. The register shows that on several Sundays more than 1000 rounds were expended before the Range Officer retired home with a slight headache. Every year at least one cadet has represented Scotland and the expertise currently being displayed by some younger cadets suggests we could well maintain this record for some years yet. One target yet to be achieved is the perfect score in competition. This session both Lt. Spowart and A/B Morrison have recorded it in practice, but 99 remains the record score in competition, this having been shot on several occasions.

The Pipes and Drums have also seen changes. For many the most significant change has been the introduction of girls but there have been other changes worthy of note. The first is the wider participation in C.C.F. events such as Beating Retreat at Edinburgh Castle and, in this session for the first time, Holyrood Palace. It is also evident that under Mr Ellis there has been a more subtle change in style which, while maintaining the same overall standard, has encouraged some excellent virtuoso playing. There is a constant need to attract younger pupils to give piping a try.

Two years ago Whitehall decided to subject the C.C.F. to a "value for money" study. The results were published this session in the Hume Report which cast the C.C.F. in extremely favourable terms but identified the problems of a tri-service organisation. It also suggested a change in the system of Annual Inspections to give more recognition to service training in general rather than the traditional ceremonial parade

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skills but for us this has been a change in which we have been ahead of our time. It further suggested an indepth inspection of administration and as such we experienced this in March when the Contingent Commander was subjected to what became an eight hour question and answer session. The result was that the Inspection Officers were as exhausted as the inspected but all agreed it was a worthwhile exercise to their mutual advantage. Imperceptibly the benefits will hopefully accrue in the long term.

Today the C.C.F. is a dynamic organisation with a modern outlook and providing excellent opportunities, especially for cadets who stay the course and are prepared to accept the challenge. The Contingent is numerically strong and enjoys a good reputation through, for example, its representation on national committees and courses, Army scholarships, international shots etc. It will continue to turn opportunities to its advantage and it is planned to increase the adventurous training element in the syllabus.

Finally, a word to the cadets. As with any organisation, you will get out of it what you are prepared to put in. You are extremely fortunate to have a dedicated group of Officers who give freely of their time and expertise. I am sure you will join me in according them a well earned vote of thanks.

Remember — The opportunity is there. Make the most of it.

CADET LEADERSHIP COURSE No. 53 10th - 16th JULY, 1988 AT FRIMLEY PARK CADET TRAINING CENTRE

We left Dundee at a ghastly 8 a.m. and were hardly over the Tay Bridge when it started raining. Having started out on this bad omen, we were very surprised when we arrived half an hour early.

Having been met at the station, five of us squeezed ourselves and our kit into a Land-Rover, and then spent a hair-raising ten minutes being flown through Farnborough by a driver who didn't seem to know what a clutch was.

Frimley Park itself is a huge and impressive white building, and we stood in front of it and thought, "No, this can't possibly belong to the Army". It did, however, but of course it was far too palatial for mere cadets to live in; we were directed round the back, to a long line of tents. Anyone who has been to Frimley will never complain again about Cultybraggan!

Dumping our kit, we went to the stores where we drew camp beds, sleeping bags, webbing and other bits and pieces designed to make our life uncomfortable. We then got changed just in time to discover that we had missed tea.

The rest of Sunday was spent meeting our officers and the cadets in our platoons. The hundred or so cadets on the course were divided into platoons of twenty, and the whole week's training was one big competition between these platoons.

Monday dawned (I mean dawned — 5.30 does not deserve the title 'morning') wet and cold, but we warmed up by forty minutes of PT. After breakfast we were bussed out to the middle of some woods, where we rehearsed ambush techniques and went orien-



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teering, which was followed by lunch; before returning to Frimley for some rafting. This was fantastic fun, and involved having rafts across a lake, swimming across the lake to bring the raft back when the towing ropes snapped, swimming across the lake to fetch the life jackets which fell in, swimming across the lake to please the instructor, and so on.

Tuesday started off with a brisk run round the park carrying an ammo box full of bricks, and weapon training. The morning was taken up with ten lectures which everyone in the platoon had to give. In the afternoon we carried eggs across crocodile-infested custard, and did other silly things which all went under the name of command tasks. The evening was spent with a sports competition — volleyball, tug-o-war and assault-craft races. After a hot drink, we crawled gratefully into our beds, and Tuesday was over.

Wednesday began at a decadent 6.15 a.m. when we took part in the sports finals. Suffice to say that we won the tug-o-war, were narrowly beaten into second place in the boat races, and the less said about the volleyball the better.

At 10.30 a.m. we departed on a thirty-six hour exercise and at 10.31 a.m. it started raining. The first part of this involved trying to find our way around a wet wood with a soggy sketch-map, being tested on First Aid, tent building, First Aid again, tree climbing and other bits and pieces which passed in a wet blur. This culminated in a long hike along a main road back to the trucks with the rain soaking down through our ponchos, puddles soaking up through our boots, and passing lorries spraying water everywhere. After ten minutes of this, we were so wet that we stopped worrying about the weather and enjoyed ourselves swearing at all the drivers.

Eventually we reached the trucks, and were driven to our campsite for the evening. Much to our surprise, we were dry by the time we'd finished putting up bashas, stayed dry overnight, and didn't get wet again for the rest of the week.

On Thursday there was a march and shoot, and then were off on another exercise. Relaxing about as much as one can in the back of a lorry, we were thrown off the seats as half the British Army opened up on us, and the truck ran into a ditch. Diving out of the truck, we escaped into the gathering dusk of the woods, amongst machine gun fire, thunderflashes and smoke grenades. We struggled through ditches and brambles to a friendly "wood-cutter" who told us where our next RV was. We finally crawled up to our camp several hours later, hastily made our bivvies, tripping over bungees and walking into trees in the pitch dark, and after being told to get up at 5 a.m., crawled into our sleeping bags, boots on, and fell asleep.

Periodically, through what was left of the rest of the night, we were disturbed by thunderflashes, but they were a waste of effort — we were too tired to pay any attention to them.

Five a.m. duly arrived and we crawled out of our sleeping bags about as tired as we were when we got into them. Building a raft which actually floated, much to everyone's surprise, we hurried across a lake, hastened by the thunderflashes which were beginning to fall again, and by the thought that breakfast was waiting for us on the other side.

Following breakfast came the long-awaited ambushes, and after walking miles across the training area to get into position, we were able to get our own back on some of the officers.

Then it was on to the log races. These consisted of carrying most of a tree up and down hills, through pipes and puddles, and along what seemed at the time like miles of roads. Gratefully dropping the log, we then had to struggle across a rather large wall before staggering over the finish line.

In the evening we had a barbecue, with each platoon putting on a sketch and then one of the officers brought out a guitar, and everyone joined in with a few songs.

Saturday morning arrived only too soon, and after the church parade, we piled into the 8-tonners for the last time and were driven, exhausted but definitely pleased with ourselves, to the station, where there was time for a pint with our new friends before heading for home.

Thanks must go to Mr Holmes for organising a very enjoyable and rewarding week which we shall all remember for a long time.

Euan Laws

RAINBOW GUIDES

The first High School of Dundee Rainbow Guides began in September with 12 enthusiastic girls from LII, quickly reaching the full complement of 15. This is the youngest section of the Girl Guides Association, involving girls from the ages of five to seven.

The Rainbow meeting revolves around an Eight Point Programme covering creative work, games, stories and generally sharing a variety of experiences which will develop these youngsters in the best possible way. Most important of all is to have fun and enjoy meeting other girls.

At the first meeting the girls choose to have red tabard for their uniform and over the following weeks worked through the Eight Point Programme for their Rainbow badge. Parents were invited along to be entertained with singing and dancing and the girls made their promise to Mrs Millar, our District Commissioner, and proudly received their badge.

Throughout the year we had a variety of visitors, the first being a friendly witch who just happened to be travelling through Dundee around Hallowe'en time. Our next visitors came from the Dental Hospital with many interesting things to show us how to look after our teeth. This was followed by a visit from Mrs Robertson from Barnhill Rainbow Guides. Our last visitor was Miss Lacey from our own Brownie Pack who came to meet the girls moving on to Brownies.

We had two very happy visits outwith school. The first being a trip to see Humpty Dumpty at the Little Theatre. Laughter was the order of the evening and the Rainbows contributed enthusiastically to the show. The second trip was an evening of fun filled mayhem at Baldragon farm — the Rainbow Barbecue. A Treasure hunt, games, songs, barbecue hat competition and most important, scrumptious hot dogs enabled us all to have a super time. This was a shared barbecue with Miss Scott's Rainbow Guides from Strathmartine which provided an opportunity for the girls to meet with other Rainbow Guides.

To complete a busy fun packed first year we decided as it was a special year for High School and ourselves we would like to make a contribution to the end of term birthday celebrations. This took the form of a display of handwork, paintings and photographs taken throughout the year as well as a concert in the Girls Hall on Open day.

All in all it has been a successful first year for Rainbows and leaders, and I would like to thank Miss Scott and Miss Davidson for all their assistance, not forgetting the ever-loyal Mums.

Next year looks set to be another busy time with a new, enthusiastic group of girls eager to join Rainbows.

*Many thanks to the Scott Family for allowing us the use of their garden and Cattle shed.

Irene McIntosh, Rainbow Guider

SKI TRIP BADGASTEIN AUSTRIA NEW YEAR 1989

A Spa town in Austria was the location for this years Winter Ski Trip. It was a very old and interesting town and only a stone's throw from the extensive ski area.

Unlike much of Europe at this time, Austria was blessed with excellent snow conditions and the party was also fortunate to enjoy blue skies and sunshine every day. The attractive cafes on the slopes proved to be a popular rendezvous and the best place to sample the local speciality of 'Death in a cup'. — Hot chocolate made with full-cream milk and served with a tennis ball-sized dollop whipped cream on top.

The standard of everyone's skiing improved by leaps, tumbles and bounds and aches and pains were soothed away at the outdoor thermal baths, an experience enjoyed by all.



SKI TRIP CASPOGGIO ITALY EASTER 1989

Following a frantic search for snow in Europe the location of the Easter ski Trip was changed at the last minute. This resulted in the party being accommodated in the charming little-known resort of Caspoggio, Italy.

Skiing in the village was not possible due to a deterioration in snow conditions so a short daily bus journey was involved. A rather spectacular cable car whisked fifty skiers at a time across the valley to the slopes.

The local ski school were very friendly and ensured that challenging skiing was enjoyed by all abilities.

Blue skies and sunshine almost every day ensured that lunchtimes were spent picnicking, sunbathing, wheelbarrow racing and observing Mr Spowart demonstrating the finer points of snow surfing.

Evening activities were many and varied and Pizza evenings, Gelatti nights and discos were enjoyed by all.

It was a very tired and very brown bunch of skiers who returned to Dundee having had a very enjoyable holiday.

Thanks go to Mr Rouse for all his hard work in organising the school Ski Trips, and to his team of assistants for supervising.

THE SCOTTISH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

The above Gala took place on Saturday, 11th February, 1989 in the Commonwealth Pool, Edinburgh. The school entered a Girls' Under-12 freestyle relay team, and surprised everyone by being the fastest qualifiers for the finals after the heats. In the final they surpassed themselves by winning, and were presented with the magnificent "Ellen King Trophy". This is the first time the school has won the award, so it makes the performance extra special. It is even more of a remarkable performance when you realise that three of the four swimmers will still be in this age group next year. The swimmers were — Fiona MacDonald, Katie Lawson, Alison Foster and Kirsty Hope.

F.Mac., K.L., A.F., K.H.

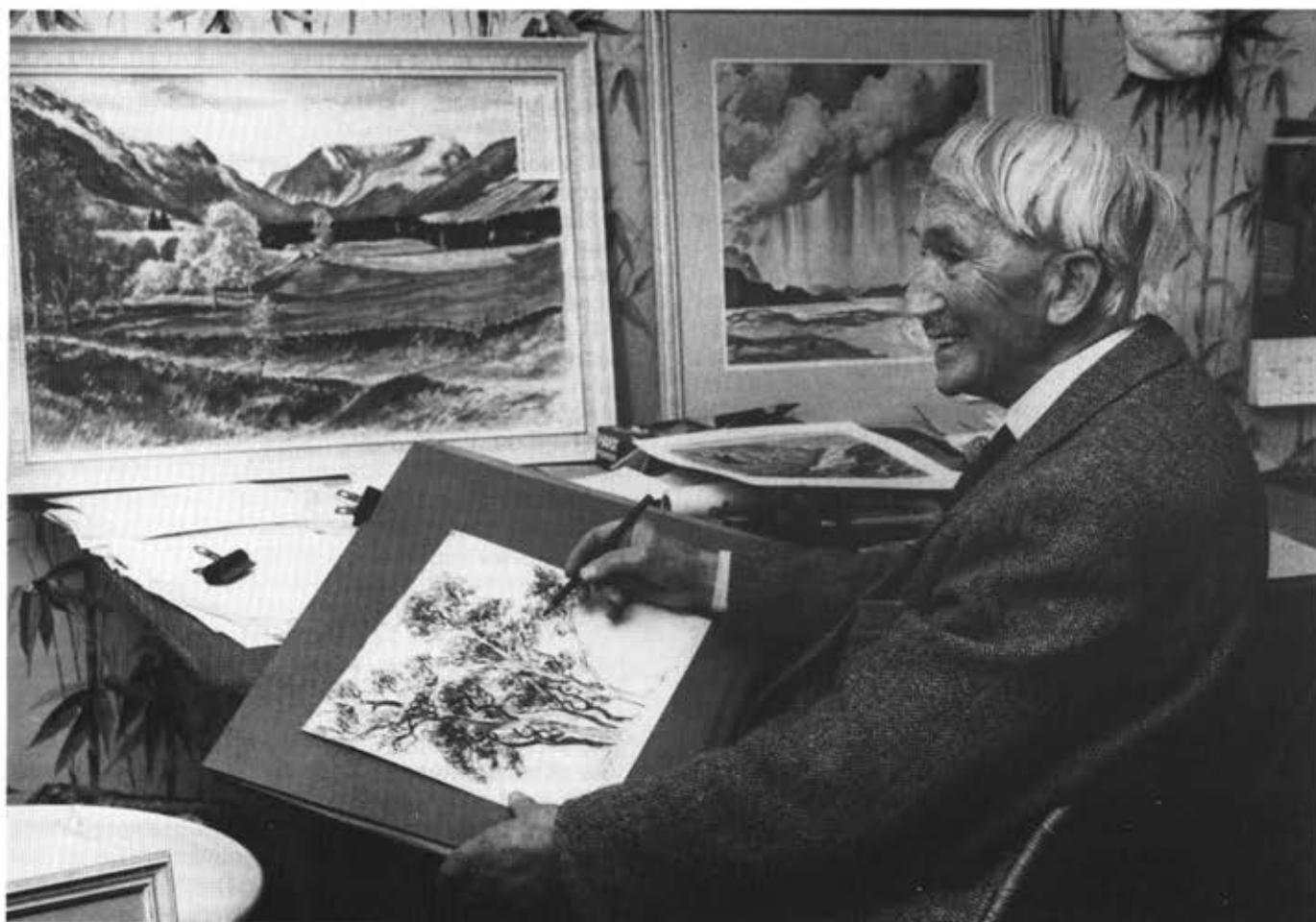
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COLIN GIBSON INTERVIEW

By Debbie Steele and Simon Miller

Colin Gibson, D.A., M.Sc. was born in Arbroath. He has taught art in a number of schools, including the High School of Dundee. In 1945, he became a freelance journalist, and nowadays writes for the "Scot's Magazine" etc. His "Nature Diary" appears in "The Courier" every Saturday. He is also a distinguished artist and naturalist, and last year held an exhibition in the Barrack Street Museum.

I spoke to Mr Gibson in his house in Monifieth. He is typically Scottish, wearing his tweed jacket, and displaying a very Scottish accent. Colin Gibson designed the school uniform and badge which we all wear today, and it was with this that we began our discussion.

But why was there a need for change?

"The school had a badge of its own, of course, but Iain M. Bain, the rector in my day said to me one morning 'The Lord Lyon in Edinburgh says that the badge is all wrong according to the rules of heraldry. We'll have to design a new one, and get the approval of the Lord Lyon.' He proceeded for several weeks to do a bit of research into the early history of the school, connected with Lindores especially. Then I got the various ingredients that were to be included in the badge. In the first quarter, remember, there's a crown of the virgin, and there's a crozier which represented the Abbot of Lindores, and then other things came in like the St Andrew's cross, a pot of three growing lilies, representing Dundee, and the last quarter was the school itself, in a simplified form. So, we put this together, and it was submitted to the Lord Lyon in Edinburgh, and oh, yes, he approved. Then, we had to

get a motto. Rector Bain said to me one day 'I think we've got a good one.' He'd found in some of the charters of Lindores 'Prestante Domino', which roughly translated, means 'with God standing before.' The school uniforms and ties, and so on had to be changed too. Before that, it was orange and green or something. There was a strong rumour (heh heh) that went through the pupils and their parents that the school blazer was to be bright red. It was only a rumour however, so the school blazer remained navy blue, as it was."

I asked Mr Gibson why the boys and girls wear different colours of blazer.

"I'm not sure. That may have been a decision by the ladies, because there was no stipulation as to what the blazer colours should be, from Edinburgh, so they maybe chose that among themselves. At that time, the head of the Girls' school was Miss Whittock, and there may have been some practical reason."

Mr Gibson also designed the tie, and the rest of the uniform.

"I designed the scarves, and the ties, and the former pupils had their own tie too, which had to be changed."

These changes came about towards the end of Mr Gibson's twelve years at D.H.S., around 1945. I asked him about this period in the school's history.

"The school was never left night or day. There was always a guard on at night. Firewatchers, and all the rest of it. Nothing ever happened, but it could have done — there were bombs dropped on Dundee of course."

So does Mr Gibson think that the school has changed a lot since he was there?

"A school is entirely dependent on its pupils, and I dare say the pupils are very similar to what they were then. I found them a fine set of boys and girls."

CHEMISTRY QUIZ TEAM REPORT, 1987-88 D.H.S. IN LONDON

On Friday, October 21, last year, the School Chemistry Quiz Team was off on its travels once more!

This time we were off to the U.K. Finals of the Royal Society of Chemistry's "Top of the Bench" Competition. We earned a place in this when we became the Scottish National Champions at Stirling, in June, 1988.

Unfortunately, J. Clifford Baty, who had captained the team in 1987/88, had left the school at the end of Form VI, and this left us with a place which needed filling. We were all very happy to welcome Emma J. Brown into the team. This meant that the new line-up was:

Emma Brown (FVI)
Kenneth Campbell (FV)
Iain Morrow (FIV)
Colin Stewart (FIII)

On the Friday morning, a coach took us to Edinburgh Airport from where we flew to London Heathrow. At London, an underground train carried us to a station quite near to the hotel, which was very comfortable and where we met another of the teams taking part — that from Milburn Academy, Inverness.

The following day was the day of the quiz, but this did not begin until midday, so to occupy the time we visited — of all places — the Science Museum! This was quite close to Imperial College where the quiz was being held.

We turned up a few minutes beforehand, and after registering, made our way into the Great Hall where the draw was to take place.

In our quarter-final, we were drawn against Manchester Grammar School, and after a long trek we finally reached the hall in which the quiz was going to take place.

To begin with, both teams were quite nervous, but after a while we all settled in.

Manchester Grammar School took a lead of a few points in the opening rounds, and lengthened the gap in rounds 4 and 5. In the last rounds, the High School rallied, but it was not enough and the game deservedly went to Manchester.

Manchester went on to win their semi-final, and ultimately the final — our congratulations to them.

However, we did not leave entirely empty-handed, and were presented with a book and certificate each, and other items to take home.

The following day we returned — understandably a little bit disappointed, but we did enjoy ourselves and were glad to have been able to take part.

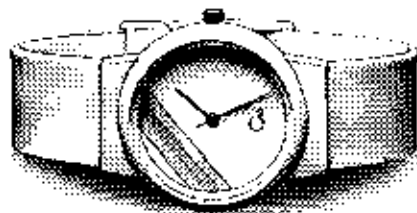
Many thanks must go to all the teachers who helped us to get there, and to Mr and Mrs Smart who "chaperoned" us on this occasion.

Colin E. Stewart FIII

CHEMISTRY QUIZ TEAM REPORT, 1988/89

In the 1988/89 session, Dundee High School once again entered a team for the Royal Society of Chemistry's "Top of the Bench" Competition; but because some people from the previous year's team had left the school or moved up it to become ineligible for the competition, we had to welcome some new faces to the team. So now the team comprised:

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Emma Brown (FVI)
Iain Morrow (FIV)
Colin Stewart (FIII)
Scott Gall (FII)

The first round was on December 7, when we were "playing away" against Morgan Academy. It was close, but we came out on top to play against Perth High School on February 23. This quiz was held at our own school and we won 25-21½.

This put us through to the Tayside/Fife Final, at Dundee University on March 15. We played against two other teams (one from Blairgowrie did not turn up!) but were unfortunately knocked out. Perth Academy came first and we missed out on taking that honour from them by a mere 4 points! We came third, but the trophy deservedly passed to Perth Academy.

Many thanks to Mr N. Forrest, who supervised the team this year.

Colin E. Stewart FIII

ENCORE! ANOTHER FRENCH TRIP!

The first Saturday of the summer holidays saw the departure of the annual Form III French Trip, now in its fifth year and for the first time taking place out of term time. 36 third year pupils and 5 seniors travelled by coach to Paris, where two days were spent — going up the Eiffel Tower — walking down the Champs Elysees — getting stuck in traffic jams — visiting the Pompidou Centre — zipping in and out of the Louvre — sailing on a Bateau-Mouche — driving round the illuminations — having a late-night coffee in a classy cafe — travelling on the RER — seeing round Notre Dame — buying one's own lunch in the Quartier Latin — watching a 3D film show at La Geode — getting squashed on the Metro — packing up to move on to the Loire.



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The Wednesday morning was spent at Versailles, exploring the chateau and the gardens, and the afternoon's journey to Blois was broken by a stop at Chartres to see the magnificent stained glass in the cathedral. After the functional but somewhat impersonal hostel in Paris we had a very friendly welcome from the family who run the Hotel du Pavillon in Blois. Here the pace slowed down a little. Having been issued with money for the purpose, the pupils purchased their own picnic lunches — some, it must be admitted, by dashing to the nearest supermarket so as to avoid actually asking for anything!

On the Thursday we visited Chambord and considered the double helix staircase, the 365 chimneys, and the impossibility of ever heating an edifice of 400 rooms and over 80 staircases. The afternoon and evening were spent exploring the shops and cafes in the centre of Blois. Next day we drove to Amboise, in particular to visit the Leonardo da Vinci museum, where working models have been built from his 470-year-old blueprints of a clockwork-driven car for two, a flying machine, and an air-conditioning plant powered by a waterfall. The small and intimate chateau of Chenonceau provided a contrast to the echoing vastness of Chambord — in fact, it was possible to imagine people actually living there.

A different vastness, this time thronging with shoppers, was to be found at the Mammouth hypermarket, south of Tours. With 48 check-outs and a huge range of merchandise, it provided ample opportunity to spend those last few francs, and a final chance to buy French baguettes, French fromage and French yaourt. Why do we live so far from the Channel?

Saturday — the long haul home. Breakfast in Blois, lunch north of Paris, supper at Toddington — and back to Dundee early on Sunday morning. A la prochaine!



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INTERVIEW WITH Mr NIMMO

By Debbie Steele and Simon Miller

The present Rector of the school, Mr Nimmo, came to Dundee High School in 1977, after having spent some time in a number of different jobs.

"I didn't really always want to be a teacher or a headmaster. When I came out of the army, where I was in the Intelligence Corps., trained as an interpreter in Russian, I considered one or two careers. I decided to do teacher training first, at Moray House College of Education. Then, I happened to get a job in a good school, liked it, and stayed. Teaching was a much more attractive career in those days." Even after Mr Nimmo became a teacher however, he still was not too keen on the idea of becoming a Rector.

"I always thought the headmaster's job must be a very lonely one. I much preferred the camaraderie of the staffroom. I have now learned from experience though, that the headmaster's life is far from lonely."

When Mr Nimmo came from George Heriot's School, Edinburgh, to Dundee High, he saw it as "Moving from one good team to another. Both schools played near the top of the educational league, and one of my ambitions would be to keep it there. I would hope that so far this ambition has been achieved! I hope the School will always endeavour to keep in the forefront of development in education."

The rector has noticed three significant changes in the school since his arrival ...

"Firstly, in 1985 it changed from being a grant-aided school to a completely independent one. The financial consequences of this change are all too apparent. Secondly, the introduction of the Government's Assisted Places Scheme in the early eighties provided the opportunity for some pupils to come to the school who might otherwise not have had the chance. Thirdly, the school has increased its space by the acquisition of surrounding buildings."

Although Mr Nimmo sees the 750th anniversary of the school as "an important landmark in the School's history," he continues, "it is just a birthday, and like other birthdays, it is a time of celebration. It doesn't radically alter our on-going life. We would still be doing basically the same things as we are just now, even if we did not have a birthday."

One thing that the 750th anniversary had radically altered is the appearance of the Meadowside buildings, presently covered in scaffolding, as is Trinity Hall.

"The 750th anniversary is a good moment to launch a fund the Meadowside Project. This project involves the development and modernisation of the two buildings in Euclid Crescent, namely Trinity Hall and the building behind it, which the school has acquired in recent years. Within the church, the intention is to create a library/resources centre on the ground floor, and a multi-purpose hall for assemblies, concerts, plays and so on, on the new first floor. The church will be directly connected to the other buildings, in which will be constructed classrooms, a media-studies suite and a small studio theatre. These additions are aimed at enhancing the facilities of the school."

But what does Mr Nimmo least enjoy about his job?

"I least enjoy having to deal with people who are negative and destructive, but I do enjoy working with people who are positive and constructive."

Mr Nimmo is obviously proud of our school, and the role it plays in the city of Dundee.

"The School is historically and traditionally the School of Dundee. Throughout the centuries, it has adapted to developments in education, which is, despite the assertion in some quarters to the contrary, going to continue to change in structure as well as content, and I hope our School will continue to change as well."

"The School seeks to help the city of Dundee by producing educated pupils — the city by striving to be prosperous, can create employment opportunities which then in turn, help the school to prosper."

THE FARNDALE AVENUE HOUSING ESTATE TOWNSWOMEN'S GUILD DRAMATIC SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION OF MACBETH

By George Peach

I walked into the familiar foyer of the Gardyne Theatre and as usual, I pushed when I should have pulled and it was the wrong door anyway. "USE OTHER DOOR" said a sign, carefully positioned to be noticed only after fingers had been severely stubbed and dignity dented.

"Who are these ladies of the Farndale Townswomen's Guild?" I wondered to myself as I surveyed the scene that met my eyes. Bemused theatre goers were being pestered by housewifely figures who clutched what I must admit were strikingly dramatic programmes depicting the famous dagger, dripping blood onto a silhouette of Dunsinane Hill. "This bodes well for the competition," I mused.

I was not disappointed. These ladies had a wealth of acting talent hidden beneath their homely exteriors. They brought a depth to Shakespeare's tragedy that has never before been revealed. The producer's outstanding innovation of making the actors play to the back of the stage instead of the audience, during the first few scenes, was a daring concept and symbolised, for me, the alienation one feels during the torrid first act of "Macbeth". It also expressed the distance placed between audience and actors by the Elizabethan language.

A male Lady Macbeth might, you would think, stretch the rope suspending anyone's disbelief, but no — it worked! The art of method acting is not dead while Henry struts the broads so watch out Dustin Hoffman! I was told afterwards that Henry had been employed merely to construct the set, which all goes to show that art knows no barriers.

Fleance's appearance on skates, the use of a wheelchair and the clever use of other props such as the snow during the porter's scene all combined to make a thoroughly professional though avant-garde production of the play. My only criticism would be timing. In my opinion, the play is far too long and the ladies were perhaps a little too respectful of the bard's words when it came to tailoring the play to fit the demands of the competition. This and this alone consigned them to second place.

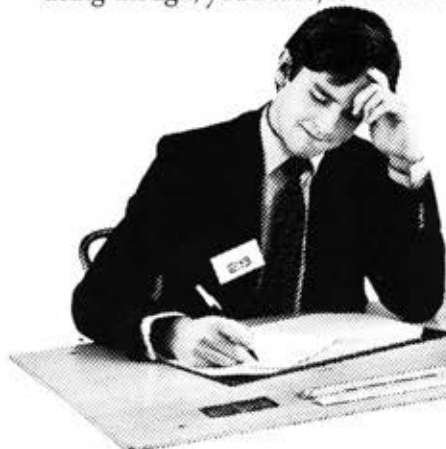
This spoof on an amateur production of "Macbeth" was first presented on 23rd August, 1976, at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe. We decided that, to avoid a clash with events being planned for the 750th celebrations in the summer term, we would put the show on in November. With a production team consisting of Mrs Jack, Mr Allan, Miss Dickson and myself, and a very co-operative cast, we set about it with some trepidation.

Three and a half days in Wiltshire may seem a very gentlemanly way into the Army.

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As you might expect, there are interviews with senior officers.

That is by no means all you'll be doing though; you'll face, for instance,



a Contemporary World Affairs test. (You can start preparing for this now, by watching the news instead of the late movie, and reading the 'haughties' as well as the 'naughties'.)

You'll also do a timed essay and three intelligence tests.

And before you leave, we'll have put you through a fairly trying obstacle course to check out your physical potential.

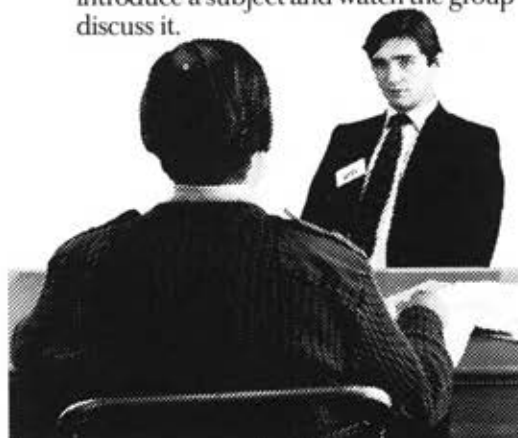
You won't need to be a 4-minute miler, though we will expect you to be fit.

But by far the most important thing we're looking for is your ability to lead others. So for many of the tasks, you'll be grouped in an eight-man team.

You'll be asked to make a four-minute speech in front of them, and answer questions from the floor.

If you've never done this before, practise. (Not just in front of the mirror; try Speaker's Corner in the rain!)

Then there are Group Discussions. A Group Leader (usually a Major) will introduce a subject and watch the group discuss it.



He'll be watching each member of the group closely; noting their attitudes to each other and to the subjects raised.

In the Planning Project, you'll be given an hour and a half to study a theoretical problem. It will involve the effective use of people, equipment, time and distance.



Once you've figured out a solution, you'll have to sell your plan to your colleagues; giving them good reasons why you think you're right.

For the Command Tasks, you'll need to step outside. Here, each man in turn is put in command of the



group, and has to lead his fellows across a tricky obstacle.

You'll be dealing with oil drums, ropes, poles, planks and the like.

So if you can't climb a rope or if you're not familiar with the workings of pendulums and inclined planes, you'd better do some homework.

For the short time you're with us, you'll be under a great deal of pressure.

Nothing you do or say will go unnoticed. (Until the evenings, that is when you're left to your own devices. There are no hidden cameras!)

But there's method in our madness. The reason why our 'interview' is so hard lies in the very nature of the job, and the demands it makes on a young officer.

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the steaming jungle in Belize. Or anywhere else in the world, come to that.

But if all this sounds as if we're looking for superman, take heart. We're not.

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Army Officer



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Special thanks go to Jim Taylor, the Stage Manager at the Gardyne Theatre and his team, whose support was given so willingly. I think I speak for all concerned in saying that it was well worth it and tremendous fun. Laugh, I nearly wiped all my tapes!

Tom Durrheim



FORM I FRENCH TRIP

On Friday, 31st March, a group of about 64 Form I pupils gathered in the playground before loading our luggage for the long bus journey to the South of France — we started at 6.30 a.m. and eventually arrived at our destination, Le Lac des Reves, 32 hours later at 3.00 p.m. on Saturday.

After a quick snack and an introductory talk from Mr Holmes, we were let loose to explore our new and exciting environment — firstly, our caravan accommodation. Most vans held five people, and were quite spacious, with three bedrooms, a living room, kitchen, toilet and shower room. After a barbecue tea, it was an early night for everyone.

Next morning, at 7.00 a.m., the teachers knocked on the windows to waken us for our daily jog — some of us jogged more than others!

During the week we visited many interesting places, including Carcassonne (an amazing walled city with the original mediaeval buildings inside it); Nîmes, where there were some outstanding Roman buildings including an amphitheatre; Aigues Mortes, another mediaeval, walled city which was used by the Crusaders; the cathedral-like caves of La Grotte de Clamouse, which were so huge you forgot you were under a mountain; the fantastic buildings of La Grande Motte, an ultra-modern holiday development; and the Listel Vineyard, where we each got a glass of (non-alcoholic) wine. We also had a most enjoyable shopping expedition to the city of Montpellier.

Each evening, for dinner, we all gathered together in a spacious dining-room, which was joined onto a pool and a snooker room. On the last evening, most people even tried the snails! If we were at the campsite for lunch, we ate round the outdoor pool, which was used greatly, especially by the boys.

Before we knew it, our fantastic holiday was over, and we were getting ready to set off on our long journey home.

Thanks to Mr Holmes, Mr Forrest, Mr Illsley, Mr and Mrs Macdonald, Miss Cannon and Miss Sim for making this wonderful holiday possible.

Suzi
Caroline



Last October, during mid-term, I was in London with my family. My sister, Rachel, and myself were always left to our own devices during the day and on the Wednesday morning, Dad suggested we go to the Radio Show at Earls Court.

Undaunted by the complexity of the London Underground system, the two of us set off and finally reached Earls Court about an hour before the place actually opened.

First problem — do we wait in the freezing cold for an hour or go somewhere else and forget about the Radio Show which will probably be very boring and we'll leave about 10 minutes after going in?

Answer — we wait in the freezing cold for an hour and are conned out of £5 for some glossy-covered "History of Radio" book which has never been looked at since.

Hallelujah! The doors finally open at 12.15 p.m. despite assurances that they opened at noon. By this time a sizable queue had built up and Rachel and I were standing fairly near the front with rather smug looks on our faces as if to say, "We've had the patience (and nearly the insulation) to stand out here for 1¼ hours and now we're going to get in ages before you, ha ha".

Shuffle, shuffle forward intermittently for about 5 minutes and we're finally at the doors. In we go and I pay the entrance fee. We make our way through the electronic turnstiles and follow the masses towards an escalator of gargantuan proportions which will take us up to the show.

I wasn't that impressed at first. All I could see were stands with RADIO 4 printed all over them with interesting leaflets being handed out by middle-aged men. "This is going to be fun!"

We finally found a billboard proclaiming the exciting events coming our way today! The only decent thing I could see was a live show by Gary Davies which was going out on national RADIO 1 at 12.45 p.m. Rachel

and I decided we'd give it the benefit of the doubt so we had a quick sandwich then made our way to the stage where "it was all happening". Except nothing was actually happening because it wasn't due to start for another 15 minutes.

12.40 p.m. — we went back to the stage and a fairly large group of people had already gathered. On stage all we could see were electrical cables and little men running about with microphones and strange equipment.

12.45 p.m. — Gary Davies was ready to broadcast and we'd been informed we had to sing his jingle. For those who do not know this (though I'm sure everyone knows it) it goes like this — "Oooh Gary Davies, Oooh Gary Davies, Oooh Gary Davies, On your radio!" Yes, you do feel a bit of a prat singing that with a hundred people you're never met before.

The show finally starts and goes well. There are live acts by The Bible and Hazell Dean. We sing the jingle a couple more times — it's getting better! Gary announces there is to be a competition so we've to write our names and addresses on paper that's being passed around. I wasn't going to bother but a piece of paper was thrust into my hand so I scribbled my name and address on it and battled through the masses to the box provided with Rachel's and my own piece of paper.

The show continued. Bugs and sweets were thrown sporadically into the crowd and I managed to procure a bug! Lucky me!!

Then Gary told us two names had been picked from the many for the competition. Some boy's name was called out (it might have been Tim but I'm not really sure!!). He made his way to the stage then Gary called out my name. IMMENSE SHOCK AND DISBELIEF!!! He verified my address then the two of us had to produce identification and we were given a seat.

Then a waiting spell followed. Never before had I fully appreciated what it means when your knees are like jelly. I was so nervous and kept wishing I was wearing something else. Jeans and a shirt don't really mix with new-found stardom!!

Finally it was time for the competition. We had a quick interview to introduce ourselves to the millions of listeners throughout the country. I fervently hoped that no-one was listening in Dundee. I kept thinking, "This isn't really happening to me".

The contest was explained. Gary would read out statements about a mystery person and when one of us thought we knew the answer, we'd to shout out our name and the winner got a guitar from Wendy James of TRANSVISION VAMP. What could be simpler!

The competition began. Suddenly I knew who it was. "RUTH". The clock stopped. Gary asked me who I thought it was. I replied "Steve Wright" and how topical a name that was, because I was indeed RIGHT! For the first time in my life I had unbelievably won something.

The guitar was presented to me in all its bright pink splendour (!) and I got a RADIO 1 goody bag too. The rest of the show went by in a blur and then it was all over.

Next problem — how to carry home a bright pink electric guitar on the Tube! If I'd got £1 for every stare and strange look I got on the journey, I'd be pretty rich, but then it's not an everyday sight I suppose, even in London!

Back at the hotel Mum and Dad took a bit of convincing that I'd actually won it and not stolen it! I couldn't believe it myself. There was only one more

problem which as yet hasn't been solved —

I CAN'T ACTUALLY PLAY THE GUITAR!!

Ruth A. Allan F6

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD

The Duke of Edinburgh Award has again proved to be a popular activity with 85 pupils participating at bronze, silver and gold levels.

Many courses and lectures were attended in subjects ranging from life-saving and first aid to Brownies and dry stane dyking.

The Expedition Section still proves to be the most popular and many miles of the Scottish Highlands were covered by 'happy hillwalkers'.

The Schiehallion Area proved to be a successful location for the annual Expedition Training Camp, with many interesting and challenging routes.

The year culminated in 35 awards being presented including 10 Gold Awards. These were awarded to Samantha McDonald, Lorna Howie, Lisa Walker, Hazel Binnie, Diana Scott, Jane Wilson, Andrew Walker, Andrew Young, David Coleiro, Christopher Fletcher.

All participants in the award scheme would like to thank individuals and organisations who give so generously of their time for their benefit.



H.R.H. Prince Philip chats to the school contingent in the gardens of Holyroodhouse on Monday, 3rd July, during the presentation of Gold Awards.



Allan Wells compares his Olympic Gold Medal with the Gold Awards which he presented to a happy group of D.H.S. participants at Holyroodhouse on Monday 3rd July.



Some of the High School Gold Award winners in the Gardens of Holyroodhouse before the presentations of certificates.

The star has got flu, the set has collapsed, the coffee has run out (along with the tranquillisers) and the producer is having hysterics, but the show must go on . . . and it always did! Some of our best days at school have been spent treading the boards (albeit the rather creaky ones of the school hall!) Admittedly the parts weren't always the most glamorous — from a little white cloud, to a dummy, to, most recently, a witch on crutches and Banquo on rollerskates — but they've not only been tremendous fun but a very rewarding experience.

Speech and Drama may be viewed by some as a luxury, but the art of communication is an essential and invaluable skill for life, that, once nurtured, is never lost.

The immense satisfaction of succeeding in communication — be it delivering a speech, entertaining an audience, telling a good joke, surviving a tough interview or simply holding your own in conversation — is something that remains with you as a great confidence booster.

Drama, too, has so much to offer — the chance to express yourself creatively, to meet a challenge, and, perhaps most importantly, to learn to work as a team where the smallest contribution is always vital.

As we take off our wings and our roller skates for the last time here at school, we would just like to thank Mrs Jack for all her help, advice and the many, many hours she gave up to ensure that it would be all right on the night.

C.L., R.H.

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OPEN DAYS

Photographs

Simon Millar

Euan Laws







GARDEN PARTY

The morning of the 21st of June was cloudy, dull and cold, but by the afternoon, the sun had come out, and the clouds had been brushed away.

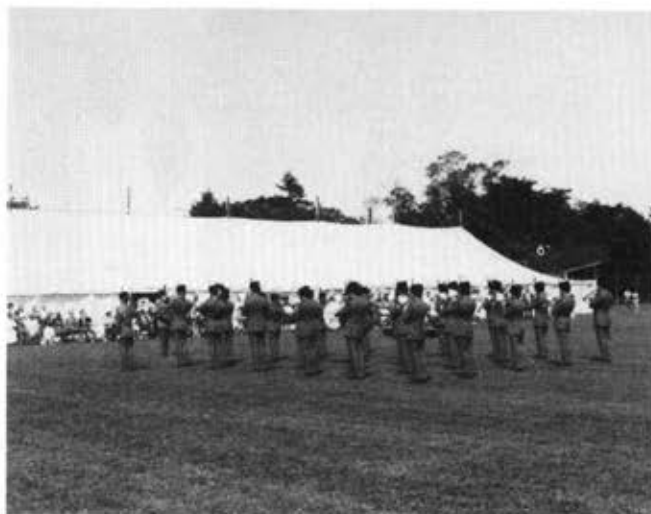
The garden party was held in a gigantic marquee at Mayfield. Music was provided by the R.A.F. band, and inside the marquee by a trio of musicians from the school. Claire Millar played the keyboard, Ailsa Cochran the double bass, and Susie Tunstall-Pedoe played

PHOTOGRAPHY — RON GAZZARD



Simon Millar

the violin. Waiters rushed about with sandwiches and glasses of champagne as the guests chatted and the younger pupils of the school ran about in the hot afternoon sun. The rector made a short speech, and then at four o'clock precisely, 750 strawberry tarts made a significant appearance. Everyone obviously enjoyed themselves, and it was a fitting end to the school's 750th session.





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LEAVERS' DAY AND DANCE

It must have been the saddest day in the school's calendar. Girls in dresses and floppy hats, and boys in suits. The leavers had autograph books at the ready, as they went round classes to say goodbye to their teachers and friends.

In the evening, the leavers' dance was held in the school dining hall. Rachael Holmes and Angus Vincent, head girl and boy, opened the dance by announcing Prom King and Queen — Ewan Laws and Ruth Morris.

Scottish music was provided by the Simon Howie dance band, and then, as the evening went on, the school band gave their last public performance together, playing "Johnny B. Goode", "Twist and Shout" and "Sweet Child o' Mine" amongst others. The buffet (sandwiches and choc ices or mousses) went down well, and then it was back to the Scottish dancing. At the end of the evening, all that was left to do was for Rachael and Angus to thank everyone who had helped to make the dance the big success that it was. The evening was really good fun, and reminded the leavers as they left, that their years at Dundee High School probably were the best days of their lives.



(Courtesy of D.C. Thomson Ltd.)

GERMAN EXCHANGE

Herr Jurgen Hellwig, Headmaster of the St Christopher's School, Zwesten near Kassel, West Germany, accompanied by two pupils dressed in traditional costume, presents to the Rector, with senior pupils in attendance, a statue of St Christopher.



The Spanish exchange group from Madrid on a visit to the City Chambers at the end of June, 1989.



BOGART



GALACTICA



WADHAM

BOYS - Black



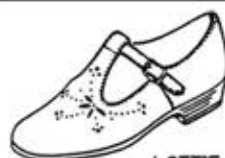
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DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' CLUB REPORT

At the 57th Annual General Meeting on 6th March, 1989 the following office-bearers were elected:-

President:	Mrs Jennifer Scott
Vice-President:	Mrs Heather Stiven
Junior Vice-President:	Dr. Anne Gibson
Secretary:	Mrs Annette Grewar Mill of Camno, Meigle
Assistant Secretary:	Mrs Sheila Ritchie
Treasurer:	Mrs Margaret Stewart 1 Ambrose Street, Broughty Ferry.
New Committee Members:	Dr. Sandra Miller Miss Fiona Forrest Mrs Katherine Leslie Mrs Fiona Robertson Mrs Nicola Pinckney

Sports Day was held at Mayfield on 11th June with the tea tent being more popular than ever due mainly to inclement weather.

A successful Leavers' Party was held once again on Leavers' Day and over 60 Leavers enjoyed pre-lunch refreshments.

The usual happy Cheese and Wine Evening with the Old Boys was held in September at Camperdown House — this time with two excellent musical interludes.

In November more than 120 members met at the Invercarse Hotel for the Annual Re-Union Dinner. Mrs Eugenie Fraser gave a most enthralling talk on her Russian childhood.

During the year the Old Girls participated in a number of 750th Anniversary events. In October a most successful evening with Act IV at the Garry Theatre raised over £1,000, and in May it is hoped a Car Boot Sale will raise an even greater figure. The income from these events will be presented to the school for the purchase of some special item for the 750th Meadowside project.

The most significant event in this year's Old Girls' diary was without doubt the 750th Anniversary lunch held on 11th February, 1989 at the Earl Grey Hotel. It was attended by 312 Old Girls, and guest speakers were the Countess of Airlie and Mrs Margaret Thomson.

The President represented the Club at the Remembrance Service, Christmas Services and Prize-givings.

We record with sadness the deaths of Mrs Pamela Richterich, Mrs J. Stewart, Miss Katrina Swinton, Miss Betty Fleming, Mrs P. M. Barclay, Mrs Eileen Lilburn and Mrs F. M. Cook.

The Annual Re-Union Dinner will be held this year on Friday, 3rd November at the Invercarse Hotel.

Next year's Annual General Meeting will be held on 5th March, 1990.

The attached form is for the 1990 magazine and could all wishing one please use this form.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB

At the Annual General Meeting in November, 1988 Mr Bill Macfarlane Smith was appointed President of the Club and Mr G. Fraser Ritchie was appointed Vice-President.

The calendar of branch dinners for the Club is now firmly established. Dinners are held in Dundee, London and Edinburgh each year around November. In 1988 these were all well supported and are an excellent opportunity for former pupils in those areas to meet and rekindle old memories as well as hearing about current progress at DHS.

In 1989 it is expected that a Dinner will be held for the first time in Glasgow for FPs in the West of Scotland Area to add to the other branch dinners already arranged. Details of any of these events can be obtained from the Secretary.

1989, the 750th Anniversary Year of the School, has been marked by the Club with two main events.

Firstly a dinner was held in January 1989, for Past Presidents of the Club and over 30 former Presidents shared in a most enjoyable evening.

Secondly, and most certainly the highlight of the year, was the 750th Anniversary Re-union Dinner held on 10th February, 1989. Exactly 400 former pupils attended this dinner. Many friendships were renewed after a gap of many — in some cases too many — years and the occasion was an outstanding success in every way. Many FPs had travelled large distances to be present and were able to take the opportunity of revisiting the place of their education.

The Old Boys' Club Committee are in full support of the Meadowside Project being undertaken in the 750th Anniversary Year by the School to provide additional educational facilities within the buildings to the east of Euclid Crescent. This project means a considerable financial commitment by the School and the Committee commends this project to all former pupils and urges them to assist in whatever way possible.

Finally I am sure that all former pupils, wherever they may be, would wish to congratulate the School in this its 750th year and to wish it every success in the future.

H. L. Findlay, Secretary
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FORMER PUPILS: SUCCESSES (as known)

Dundee Institute of Technology: 1988

Black, Heather Diploma in Software Engineering
Burnett, Kevin John B.Eng. Degree in Civil Engineering, with Commendation.
Butchart, Andrew Scott B.Sc. Degree in Electrical and Electronic Engineering.
Collins, Catriona Elizabeth Constance Diploma in Management Studies.
Gray, Malcolm John B.A. Honours Degree in Business Studies.
Macfarlane, Alastair Henry B.Sc. Honours Degree in Mechanical Engineering.
McGill, Douglas Kenneth B.A. Honours Degree in Business Studies.
MacPherson, Euan Sinclair B.A. Honours Degree in Business Studies.

Hatfield College, Durham: 1988

Dinnie, Alistair B. LL.B. (Hons.)

Pembroke College, Oxford

Stoward, Helena K.K. Awarded a Domus Scholarship.

Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology: 1988

Bloomer, Shirley Anne Diploma in Personnel Administration.

Royal Navy Engineering College, Manadon, Plymouth

Cran, Barrie C. B.Eng. (Hons.)

University of Dundee: 1988

Allardyce, Richard Charles B.ADM. (Hons.) Law
Binning, James Cochran B.Sc. (Hons.)
Burford, Neil Keith B.Sc. Environmental Sciences "Prize"
Donoghue, Clare Isobel Louise M.B.Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
Fee, Kenneth Colin Temple LL.B. Law
Hampton, Meriel Jennifer Claire M.B.Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
Hutchison, James Murray B.ADM. (Hons.) Law
Johnston, David James B.Sc. (Hons.) Science and Engineering.
Keatch, Robert Philip B.Sc. (Hons.) Science and Engineering.
McGill, Lawrie Kay M.A. (Hons.) Arts and Social Sciences.
McGrory, Brian M.A. (Hons.) Arts and Social Sciences.
Merrylees, Neil Medicine and Dentistry. "Prize"
Nicol, Alistair McPherson M.B.Ch.B. Medicine and Dentistry.
Raffle, Graeme Findlater B.D.S. Medicine and Dentistry. "Prize"
Reid, Alison Margaret B.ADM. (Hons.) Law

Stothers, Claire Fraser Law "Prize"

Sturrock, Nigel David Crichton M.B.Ch.B. "Prize"

Telfer, Allan Crichton B.ADM. Law

Young, Keith Graeme B.ADM. (Hons.) Law

University of Edinburgh: 1988

MacCallum, Richard Daniel M.B.Ch.B. Medicine.

McLeod, Esther Jean M.B.Ch.B. Medicine.

Wallace, Kevin Peter Scott M.B.Ch.B. Medicine.

University of Manchester: 1988

Taylor, Andrew N. L. B.Sc. (Hons.) Physics with Astrophysics.

1988

Polytechnic of Central London — Christopher P. Close, B.Sc. (Hons.) Photographic Sciences.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION

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

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

ALLISON, GLEN F.W.

Left D.H.S. in 1972. Glen, a Dundee Accountant, has just been appointed Finance Director of Aberdeen based builders Stewart Milne Group. He studied Accountancy at Dundee College of Technology before joining Accountants Thomson McLintock. On qualifying in 1979 he worked with SAI in Edinburgh, rising to the post of Company Accountant. He left to join Cala Homes in Aberdeen in 1984.

BARON, LUCY M.

Left D.H.S. in 1985. Lucy, a final year student at Aberdeen University, recently became the first female Senior Under Officer in the University O.T.C. After she graduates she intends to make her career in the Regular Army. Last year as Junior Officer in charge of females Lucy was awarded "the Sash of Honour" by Aberdeen O.T.C.

BARTON, DOMINIC A.

Left D.H.S. in 1987. Dominic was given a Sponsorship from Giro-Bank and is now at Bangor University studying for a B.A. Degree.

BARTON, NICHOLA J.

Left D.H.S. in 1983. Nichola graduated B.A. at Queen Margaret College, Edinburgh, in 1987. She completed a Post Graduate Diploma Course at Galashiels College of Textiles and is now at Dundee University doing a Computer Studies Degree Course.

BARTON, PAUL G.C.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. Paul is meanwhile at Dundee College of Technology completing a B.A. Course in Business Studies.

BARTON, PHILIP J.

Left D.H.S. in 1982. Philip graduated M.A. in History at Dundee University in 1987. He is now in South Africa.

BELL, J. RAMSAY

Left D.H.S. in 1984. Ramsay, who took a Diploma in Legal Studies, has been training at the Metropolitan Police Field Centre at Hendon.

BOWMAN, NEIL B.

Neil, one of Dundee's most prominent cricket personalities, has been elected President of the Scottish Cricket Union. Neil, current Lord Dean of Guild in Dundee, is a Senior Partner of Gray Robertson & Wilkie, Solicitors. He is a life member of Forfarshire and his other clubs include D.H.S.F.P. Carlton, Scottish Universities, Dundee University and Strathmore Union Select. He was President of Forfarshire 1980-82, President of the Scottish County Cricket Board in 1981. As past secretary of the S.C.C.B. he was also secretary of the North District C.A. for seven years from 1972 and North District Representative on the S.C.U. for nine years from 1973. At a more international level he served for some time on the general committee of the National Cricket Association based at Lords. During his time as North District Representative and as such a selector on the Scottish Cricket Union Committee he was, on several occasions, team manager of the Scotland Cricket Team against West Indies, New Zealand, M.C.C. and Worcestershire.

BURNETT, GRACE (nee DINGWALL)

Dux of School in 1956. Grace is teaching Mathematics in Portsmouth and is very involved in Counselling and Youth Work.

CAMERON, SARAH C.

Left D.H.S. in 1985. Sarah attended Exeter College of Art and Design completing a one year Foundation Course. In 1986 she went to Chelsea College of Art in London and graduated B.A. in Fine Art and Sculpture with First Class Honours. As top Student of the year she was awarded a Distinction in her Thesis "Russian avant-garde theatre". On October 1989 Sarah is going to study at Ecole Internationale de Theatre Jacques Lecoq, in Paris.

CHALMERS, EWEN P.D.

Left D.H.S. in 1968. Ewen graduated M.B.Ch.B. from Dundee University in 1975 and was for one year House Surgeon at Bridge of Earn. In the next three years he gained experience at Hammersmith Hospital, London, Prince of Wales Hospital, London and Warwick Hospital, Warwick. In 1980/81 he was SHO/Registrar Anaesthetic at Warwick Hospital, 1981/2 Anaesthetic Registrar at Queen Elizabeth Hospital and Medical School, Birmingham and from 1983/7 Anaesthetic Senior Registrar at the same Hospital. He is now Consultant Anaesthetist at the Pilgrim Hospital, Boston, Lincs.

CHAWLA, HECTOR BRYSON

Left D.H.S. in 1955. Hector graduated M.B.Ch.B. in 1961 and in 1968 was made a F.R.C.S. He is meanwhile Consultant Ophthalmic Surgeon in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh.

CLARK, JOHNSTON P.C.

Left D.H.S. in 1979. Johnston has just become a partner in the 140-year-old firm of Blackadder, Reid, Johnston, one of the best known legal firms. Johnston, who trained at Aberdeen University, has been with the company for four years.

COOPER, DAVID N.

Left D.H.S. in 1975 Dr. David Cooper has taken up an appointment at the University of London's newly established Thrombosis Research Institute. As Senior Lecturer in Molecular Genetics, he will head a team of eight carrying out research into the molecular basis of haemophilia and various thrombotic disorders. In 1979 he graduated with First Class Honours in Zoology at Edinburgh University, and gained his Ph.D. in Molecular Biology at the same University in 1983. He held Research Fellowships at the Universities of Göttingen, West Germany, and Lausanne, Switzerland, before returning to Britain in 1985 to work at the University of London's Institute of Neurology. In 1987 he became a Lecturer in the Department of Haematology of King's College Hospital Medical School, where he carried out diagnostic work and research into various inherited blood disorders. He has published a large number of papers in the field of Human Genetics.

CRAN, BARRIE C.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. After leaving School Barrie joined Britannia Royal Naval College and served at sea in H.M.S. Fearless, Glamorgan and Intrepid before joining the Royal Naval Engineering College. He has recently graduated with a B.Eng. Degree (Honours) at the Royal Naval College, Manadon, Plymouth. He now leaves for further training in H.M.S. Alacrity.

THE HON. LORD CULLEN (W. DOUGLAS CULLEN)

In June 1988, Cecil Parkinson, the Energy Secretary, appointed Lord Cullen to chair the public inquiry into the explosion on the Piper Alpha platform. Lord Cullen has handled several oil-related cases in court including semi-submersible vessel and oil-well pipe patent cases and valuations for on-shore oil and gas terminals. He

has also taken part in major planning inquiries such as the inquiry into the Mossmorran Hydrocarbon Processing Plant in Fife.

Lord Cullen has been a Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland since 1986 and is a member of the High Court of Justiciary, Scotland's supreme criminal court.

DAVIS, JEAN (nee THOMSON)

Left D.H.S. in 1956. Dr. Davis graduated from St Andrews University in 1963 and is now a Consultant in Community Medicine in Watford.

GRAHAM, STUART M.

Left D.H.S. in 1977. At School Stuart was a Prefect, and was in the School Rugby, Cricket and Tennis teams. On leaving School he went to Heriot-Watt University where he gained an Honours Degree in Accountancy and Computer Science. He began training with Bird Simpson & Co. and after qualifying in 1984 specialised in the development of the Firm's and its Clients' computer systems. He has recently been appointed an Associate of the Firm. He plays Rugby for D.H.S.F.P.'s and is involved in club administration.

HALLIDAY, TOM S.

Mr Halliday, whose work has been bought by collectors and galleries all over the world, is now looking forward to seeing one of his drawings hanging in Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh. One of the two drawings he had exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy was bought by the Duke of Edinburgh. Most of the pictures bought by the Duke at the R.S.A. over the years have gone to make up the Duke of Edinburgh Collection which is housed at Holyrood. The drawing was entitled "His Majesty's Ship Duke of York". A few years ago the Queen purchased one of Mr Halliday's sculptures.

HASLAM, KERRY A.

Left D.H.S. in 1982. Kerry has recently taken up a teaching post in Bermuda at the world renowned Yehudi Menuhin Foundation. Kerry will teach up-and-coming young musicians to play violin and viola at the Foundation. Her duties will also involve playing with the Yehudi Menuhin Philharmonic Orchestra and Quartets. Kerry is a B.A. graduate of the Royal Scottish Academy in Glasgow.

HOWIE, ALISTAIR C.

Left D.H.S. in 1986. Alistair, who is now in America, was one of eight Strathclyde University students taking part in an international student exchange scheme to Clarion University, Pennsylvania. Alistair has completed his second year of an Economics and Marketing Course and was chosen to go to America on academic merit. He will complete the third year of his course at Clarion before returning to Glasgow to do his Honours year.

HUTCHISON, JAMES D.

Left D.H.S. in 1973. After leaving School James went to Dundee University and graduated M.B.Ch.B. in

1979. In 1984 he was made a F.R.C.S. from the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh and in 1988 he received a Ph.D. (Biochemistry) from Aberdeen University. He is meanwhile Registrar in Orthopaedic Surgery at the Princess Margaret Rose Hospital in Edinburgh.

LECKIE, DAVID E.

During the past Rugby season David has missed chances of selection due to injury. He was, however, selected for the Edinburgh XV.

LICKLEY, GAVIN A.F.

Left D.H.S. in 1963. Gavin graduated LL.B. (Hons.) from Edinburgh University in 1967. He then qualified as a C.A. in 1971 and is at present a Merchant Bank Director with Morgan Grenfell & Co. Ltd.

MAKIN, PAUL B.

Left D.H.S. in 1981. Paul, who is with Du Pont, is meanwhile completing Management Training in Bristol and will be there for the next three years. Previously he had been in Germany and France.

McKELICAN, ALISON H.

Left School in 1986. Alison, who is studying at Leeds, won her first major title at the Scottish Short Course Swimming Championships at Johnstone. Alison, former School Swimming Champion, was selected for the Scottish Senior Swimming Squad in her final year at School.

MILLER, BRUCE

Bruce recently has been appointed the Scottish Development Agency's business development manager in Fife. After leaving D.H.S. Bruce qualified as an Accountant. He has worked with General Instrument Micro-electronics of Glenrothes, Watson and Philip of Dundee and British Gas in Edinburgh.

PEACOCK, PROFESSOR SIR ALAN

Sir Alan, Research Professor in Public Finance at Heriot-Watt University, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

PERRY, ROGER C.V.D.

Left D.H.S. in 1967. After leaving School Roger went to Dundee University and graduated in Law. He qualified as a Solicitor in England and Wales in 1975 and is now a Partner in the Firm of Hart, Reade & Co. in Eastbourne. The Firm deals mainly with High Court and County Court Litigation. Roger is also a Deputy Registrar in the County Court and High Court of Justice.

REID, LINDSAY J.

Left D.H.S. in 1981. Lindsay, who has represented Scotland at Tennis, has decided to give up Tournament Tennis. In the future she will be a National Selector but will play in League and Cup Tennis so there could still be honours to add to such as Scottish Cup winners' with Abercorn and Waverley, the Scottish hard court

singles under 21's and both doubles at Broughty Ferry in 1984, followed by retention of the hard court title and winning the Scottish Nationals the following year. This run of success brought her highest rating of joint second, which many feel she might have bettered but for knee operations which interrupted her tennis career.

ROUSE, PAUL S.

Left D.H.S. in 1984 having been Dux in gymnastics' Dux in Physical Education, member of the Athletic Team and 1st XV. Paul has recently returned from a trip to New Zealand where he had the opportunity of working there and playing first class Rugby. One most memorable experience was playing in a Tournament at Athletic Park, Wellington, in front of 5000 spectators. In 1987 Paul was selected for the Scotland Under 21 XV and has played for the Dundee Rugby Club and the Midlands District XV. He is now at Sheffield Polytechnic doing a three year course on Recreational Management.

SCHNEE, MARK J.

Left D.H.S. in 1963 having been Deputy Head Boy, an excellent gymnast and swimmer, member of the Athletic Team and one of the centre three-quarters of Chris Rea's XV.

After leaving School he went to Dundee University and graduated with an Honours Degree in Pharmacology. After a period doing Research he took a Medical Degree and went into Practice in Glasgow. In 1987 he was made a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and is now a Heart Specialist in Houston, Texas.

SMITH, BRIAN L.D.

Left D.H.S. in 1977. Brian graduated LL.B. from Dundee University in 1981. He was a trainee Solicitor with Kilgour McNeill & Sine (Edinburgh) from 1982-84. Since 1987 he has been a Partner with Neilsons Solicitors in Edinburgh.

SMITH, IAN E.

Left School in 1964 where he was Head Boy and Dux of the School. Ian is meanwhile Consultant Cancer Physician at Royal Marsden Hospital, London.

NIGEL D.C. STURROCK M.B. Ch.B. B.M.Sc. (Path) 1st Class Hons.

Graduated Dundee University July, 1988. Won the Sir James McKenzie Prize in Medicine and Therapeutics and the I.C.U. Prize in Therapeutics and Pharmacology. Following an elective spent in Fiji, Nigel won the Riker Award for best student report.

SPANKIE, JIMMY

Jimmy has recently been appointed to TV-am's newly created post of National Manager for Scotland. Based at TV-am's new Scottish studio complex in Glasgow, he will be responsible for administration of the studios, liaison with TV-am's Scottish reporter Lorraine Kelly and with the organisation of P.R. activities. His appointment follows a long career in

broadcasting, starting in 1962 when he joined Grampian Television as a presenter, before moving to Scottish Television in 1979. A year later he was appointed I.B.A. Regional Executive, based in Aberdeen. Recently, Jimmy has concentrated on producing educational videos, lecturing on media studies and working as a freelance broadcaster.

TAYLOR, IAN

Ian has recently been promoted to Brigadier with special responsibility for Scotland's 11000 army cadets. He joined the High School Cadets at the age of 11. After leaving School he was commissioned into the R.A.F. for his National Service in 1950 and spent two years as a pilot with the R.A.F. Regiment in Germany. Returning to Scotland he joined the Territorial Fife and Forfar Yeomanry and remained with them for twenty one years through their amalgamation with the Scottish Horse and was C.O. at the time of their eventual disbandment in 1974. He then joined Angus and Dundee A.C.F. as Commandant in 1976 and retired from that post. He will now be adviser on A.C.F. matters to General Officer Commanding Scotland and the Brigadiers in charge of both 51 Highland and 52 Lowland Brigades.

VANNET, ALFRED D.

Left D.H.S. in 1967. After graduating LL.B. (Dundee) Alfred completed apprenticeship with a Firm of Solicitors in Oban and worked there as an assistant. He joined the Procurator Fiscal Service in 1976 and was Procurator Fiscal Depute in Dundee for one year and, subsequently, Senior Procurator Fiscal Depute in Glasgow from 1977 to 1984. In 1984 he was appointed assistant Solicitor Crown Office, Edinburgh. Since July 1988 he has been involved in investigation into the Piper Alpha disaster and is currently Solicitor to Lord Cullen's Public Inquiry in Aberdeen.

VAUGHAN, VICKI E.

Left D.H.S. in 1986. In the recent United Kingdom Athletic Championships at Jarrow, Newcastle, Vicki, in a very close finish, was placed sixth in the 3000 metres race. The winner was her Dundee rival Liz McColgan.

WALLACE, PROFESSOR W. ANGUS

In the recent MI air crash, Angus, who is Professor of Orthopaedic and Accident Surgery at Nottingham University, was one of the leaders of the team of Doctors attending victims. For several days he and his colleagues at Queen's Medical Centre in Nottingham were operating virtually non-stop.

Professor Wallace graduated from St Andrews University in 1972 and became a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons (Edinburgh) in 1977.

WEATHERHEAD, JOHN A.S.

Left D.H.S. in 1951. After reading Economics and History at Edinburgh University John left to do National Service and was Commissioned into the Royal Artillery. After National Service he served in the Territorial Army until 1970 receiving the Territorial Decoration. In 1973 John joined the Army Cadet Force and is currently a Major in the Buckingham A.C.F. John is an Admini-

stration Manager/Executive with Total Refrigeration Ltd., in Ruislip.

WHEATER, NICHOLAS J.

Left D.H.S. in 1978. Nicholas, who was working with Crosse & Blackwell in Peterhead, is now with Findus in Newcastle.

WHEATER, MARTIN P.

Left D.H.S. in 1975. Martin is now a Building Society Manager at Keighley in Yorkshire.

WHEATER, RICHARD A.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. Richard graduated this year in Public Administration at Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology and is now doing a Post Graduate Course in Personnel Management.

WEDDINGS

Dr. Peter Dick and Joan Mary Riddles were married in June, 1988, in the Crown Church, Inverness.

Lance Barclay and Sarah Jane Lowery were married in June, 1988, in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Dundee.

Carol Porteous and Carlo Madden were married in July, 1988, in Strathmartine Church, Dundee.

Stuart Graham and Heather Stewart were married in July, 1988, in Tayport Parish Church.

Hilary Brewster and Gavin Bell were married in July, 1988, in St. Stephen's and West Church, Broughty Ferry.

Mhairi Napier and Andrew Ferrel were married in August, 1988, in St. Andrew's Parish Church, Dundee.

Peter Keene and Fenella Frances Gray were married in August, 1988, in the Church of the Holy Rood, Carnoustie.

Dr. Mark Hargreaves and Sally Farrington were married in August, 1988, in Christ Church, Crewe.

Sally Rutherford and John Benson were married in September, 1988, in East Church, Broughty Ferry.

Dr. Alison Franks and Mark Glasscock were married in September, 1988, in St. Mary's, Dundee.

Dr. Dougal Adamson and Ruth Eleanor Gibson were married in September, 1988, in St. Luke's and Queen Street Church, Broughty Ferry.

Karen Hunter and Colin Flucker were married in September, 1988, in East Church, Broughty Ferry.

Fiona Ogilvie and Keith Mutimer were married in November, 1988, in St. Mary's Church, Broughty Ferry.

Allison Guthrie and Nicholas Catto were married in February, 1989, in St. Andrew's Parish Church, Dundee.

Anna Jacuk and Neil Hemmings were married in April, 1989, in St. Francis Church, Dundee.

Robert Cruden and Kirsty Brown were married in April, 1989, in East Church, Broughty Ferry.

Jane Miller and Christopher Benson were married in April, 1989, in St. Mary's, Dundee.

OBITUARIES

MRS PAMELA RICHTERICH

The whole School community heard with great sadness of the death of Pamela Richterich last summer. We realised that the illness which had attacked her so cruelly for so long had been causing her condition to deteriorate seriously but it was no less of a shock when her death came.

Pamela Bell left D.H.S. in 1960 having been a good pupil in her classroom work and praised by her teachers, a member of the Tennis Team and a good friend much liked and regarded by her peers.

From School she proceeded to the University of St Andrews where she studied Modern Languages and graduated M.A. in 1965.

Having her degree and teaching qualification with distinction, Pam returned to her old School to teach French and German. Pupils who were taught by her in her relatively short career remember her as a good teacher and recall her bright and happy manner in the classroom. She married Daniel Richterich, another member of the Modern Languages Staff and colleagues looked forward with them to a happy future. Alas, it was not to be.

Pam became ill and her illness was diagnosed as Multiple Sclerosis and although she continued to teach full time or part time as her condition dictated it was not long before she was compelled to relinquish her post on grounds of ill health.

Thus began a long and wearying time for Pam and for Daniel who cared for her so devotedly. Together they courageously tried various forms of treatment to bring some relief but respites when they came were all too brief. After many years of pain and suffering she passed away last summer.

To her husband and sister we express our sincere sympathy. We remember with great pride Pam's courage in the face of adversity.

J.T.G.B.

RITCHIE, George A.D.

It was with great sadness that we heard of Mr Ritchie's death while on a visit to America to see his son and grandson. Mr Ritchie joined the High School in 1950 after a distinguished war service in the R.A.F. He had been a Bomber Pilot and was shot down over France. One of the few survivors of the crew he spent a year in hospital receiving treatment from German doctors before being transferred to prison camp. His years as a prisoner of war had left their mark and it was a few years before he was able to continue studies. In his period at the High School he gave of his time ungrudgingly and was greatly respected by both pupils and staff.

MACLEOD, Donald

Mr Macleod died peacefully in July, 1988. Mr Macleod spent twenty-nine years as Piping Instructor to the Cadets. Under his tutelage the band had many successes, twice winning the Scottish Schools' Pipe Band Championship. For his services to Dundee High School's Combined Cadet Force Pipe Band he was awarded the B.L.M.

He spent forty-two years as a sales representative with James Keiller & Son. In his younger days, Mr Macleod was a keen boxer and founder member of

Dundee Amateur Boxing Club. He was also a keen bowler and was a former President of Hillcrest Bowling Club and a former President of Dundee and Angus Bowling Association.

LABURN, Ronald George

Ronald Laburn who died in October, 1988, at the age of 70 attended D.H.S. from 1924-32. A Master Slater he was the fourth generation in the family firm which was founded in 1860. During the war he served in the Royal Artillery. He was a keen and popular angler and curler.

STEVENSON, James

The School community was saddened to learn of the death of Mr Stevenson on July 2, 1988. Born in Glasgow, he was educated at Brechin High School and Edinburgh University, where he gained an M.A. (Hons.) in French and German. He joined the Intelligence Corps in 1940 and his war service included attachment to Montgomery's tactical headquarters and latterly to the 11th Armoured Division. After the war, Mr Stevenson joined the Education Branch of the Control Commission in Germany, as Education Officer for Kiel and surrounding counties. He joined Dundee High in 1950 as assistant teacher of Modern Languages, serving the School for thirty years, latterly as Head of the French Department. He retired in 1980. As both Housemaster of Airlie and President of the Cricket Club for some twenty-eight years Mr Stevenson must have broken all records of service to the house system and to the Cricket Club and it is significant that over all these years his interest, enthusiasm and involvement never diminished. In yet another sphere, Former Pupils will remember with pleasure the happy School excursions which led to the Salzkammergut, to the Inn Valley, to the Bernese Oberland, to the Rhineland and to Switzerland. To all that he undertook Mr Stevenson brought that flair for meticulous organisation and that willing acceptance of responsibility which marked his unstinting service to the School.

SWINFEN, Katrina

Katrina had recently graduated with Honours from Aberdeen University. At School she won the Goethe Institute prize for German and prizes for Excellence in Two Languages. She was awarded a bursary to study German at Aberdeen University and had spent a year on special study in Eichstatt, Bavaria. Katrina had intended to pursue a career in Management, possibly abroad.

HUTTON, George A.

Mr Hutton was a former Managing Director of G. Forbes Johnston, Chemist's in Dundee. A Dux Medallist at School, he later served with the Royal Navy during the war and then studied at Edinburgh University, graduating in 1950 with a B.Sc. in Civil Engineering. Mr Hutton became a Senior Manager with Proctor & Gamble (Europe) before returning in 1968 to become Managing Director with the Chemist's firm. He was a member of Claverhouse Rotary Club and Dundee Chamber of Commerce and Industry.

MILLAR, Norma

Miss Norma Millar, a Former Examiner for the Society of Cardiological Technicians, has died in Ninewells

Hospital. Miss Millar started her career at the Western General Hospital in Edinburgh. She then moved to Brook Hospital, Blackheath, and later to Manchester, where she was also Senior Administrative Assistant for the training department at the North Western Regional Health Authority. Miss Millar was an Honorary member of Dundee Operatic Society, which her late father, Mr Arthur Millar, founded in 1922.

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.

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Beacon House, 41 Castle Lane,
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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).

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.

PARENTS ASSOCIATION — ANNUAL REPORT

The year has been one of intense activity on many fronts and commenced with a splendid Barn Dance in June 1988. The weather was not particularly kind to the Association but an intrepid band of parents danced the night away. It was a very up-market Barn.

The usual LI Coffee Mornings and Form E Wine and Cheese Evenings were held with the latter being particularly well attended due to Mr Holme's scheduling a meeting on the same evening.

Towards the end of September a very pleasant evening was held at Mayfield where the Parents Association Committee met the staff of the School over several glasses of wine and it is intended that this function becomes a fixture in the social calendar. We were particularly pleased in this Session to have as our guest speaker Mr Michael Forsyth M.P. who gave a most illuminating talk on the role of independent schools in education and still found time to be interviewed by senior pupils regarding his role as a Member of Parliament.

The annual Careers Fair was held in November again proving very popular with both parents and children providing a useful input to the career structure of the School.

The annual Carol Service was followed by the Parents Association mulled wine and mince pies and again vast numbers of people turned up to conclude the Session in a most amiable way.

During the year a visit was organised to Dundee University, Civil Engineering, Physics, and Micro Computer Departments, and this seemed to be very successful with both parents and the children.

The Association, on behalf of the School, are organising the Garden Party which will conclude the fortnight of celebrations for the 750th celebrations in June.

On many fronts the Association has been active in the School life including helping with the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme and organising junior swimming lessons.

In conclusion, the Association continues to play a very active part in the School community and will continue to do so throughout the coming years.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL TRUST APPEAL FUND

In this the year of the School's 750th anniversary the Trust Appeal Fund is pleased to report that during 1989, in consultation with the Board of Directors of the School, it has been able to finance the creation of all weather pitches for multi sport activities at Dalnacraig. The area which has been resurfaced is the area previously occupied by the three main tennis courts. The contract has been carried out by the well established firm En-Tout-Cas under the supervision of David Leslie, Architect, one of the Directors and the cost to the fund is in the region of £35,000.

This exciting new facility adds to the existing similar facility at Mayfield which has already proved its value to the School. It will be used for tennis, hockey, netball and other activities.

This project is just another of many which the Trust Appeal Fund is able to help provide for this and future generations of school pupils.

If you wish to help the Trust Appeal Fund in its purpose of providing much needed development within the School, please do not hesitate to contact us.

Hamish Laurie, Chairman, 0382 68360.
Fraser Ritchie, Secretary, 0382 22785.
Robin Winter, Treasurer, 0334 53194.
High School of Dundee, Trust Appeal Fund,
21 South Tay Street, Dundee, DD1 1SU.



CLASS OF '43

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 1. Wendy Davidson (Scott), 24 Primrosehill Avenue, Cults, Aberdeen-shire. | Tel. No.
867206 |
| 2. Margaret Bruce (Greenlaw), Mill House, Dura Den, by Cupar, Fife. | 0334-57270 |
| 3. Susanna (Georgina) Denholm (Lyon), The Brake, Dunino, St Andrews | Boarhills 332 |
| 4. Jessie Lyon, New Park, St Andrews | 72017 |
| 5. Rosemary Cooper (Spreull), Marchfield, Glenurquhart, Inverness IV3 6TJ | Glenurquhart 266 |
| 6. Julia Valentine (Crawford), 3 Burnbank, Bridge of Earn | 812527 |
| 7. Doreen M. Dear (Kidd), 12 Turfbeg Rise, Forfar DD8 3LW | 0307-66390 |
| 8. Irene Timmons (Ahmed), 57B Lorne Crescent, Monifieth | 532632 |
| 9. May Reid (McNaught), 5 Downie Park, Dundee DD3 8JW | 84755 |

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 10. Betty Cameron (Munro), 105a Strathern Road, West Ferry, Dundee DD5 1JU | 77957 |
| 11. Isobel Dryden, (Anderson), The New Manse, New Machar, Aberdeenshire | 065172278 |
| 12. Anne Thomas, (Bowman), 26 River Crescent, Dundee | 641331 |
| 13. Alison Anderson (Jewell), 5 Morningside Gardens, Aberdeen | 0224-33859 |
| 14. Helen Fleming, 7a West Queen Street, Broughty Ferry, Dundee | 77547 |
| 15. Margo Brush (Robertson), 'Elmira', Auchterhouse, by Dundee | Auchterhouse 316 |
| 16. Helen Howie (Mackenzie), 'Firdene', 3 Hay Avenue, Monifieth | 532394 |
| 17. Marjory Macdearmid (Ower), Birchbank, Whiterashes, Aberdeen | Whiterashes 260 |
| 18. Alison Barnett (Young), 8 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry, Dundee | 736473 |
| 19. Margaret Morrison (Munro), 9 Forest Way, Bromley Cross, Bolton, Lancs | 0204-592509 |
| 20. June Watson, 7 Albert Gardens, Broughty Ferry, Dundee | |
| 21. Jean Davis (Thomson), Rose Cottage, 50 London Road, Hertford Heath, Hertford | Hoddesden 462554 |
| 22. Janette Hetherington (Weatherhead), 101 Parkside, Wallaton, Nottingham NG8 2NQ | 0602-281888 |
| 23. Patricia Robb (McKenzie), c/o Waterhead, Fintry, Glasgow G63 0XL | 036086329 |
| 24. Dorothy Cox (Boyd), 8 Dawson Road, Broughty Ferry, Dundee | 76947 |
| 25. Margaret Payne (McCrow), The Cottage, St Nicholas Lane, Chislehurst, Kent BR7 5LU | |
| 26. Grace Burnett (Dingwall), 22 Wallis Road, Waterlooville, Portsmouth PO7 7RX | 0705-262163 |
| 27. Sybil Bruce (Wallace), Miry House, Newmarket Road, Nailsworth Glos. GL6 0DG | |
| 28. Dorothy Inglis (Manners), 13 Gascoyne, Westwood, East Kilbride | |
| 29. Jean Mannall (Cuthill), "Ryburn", Dudwill Grove, Halifax, Yorks HX3 0SG | Halifax 57082 |
| 30. Jennifer Barnes, 3940 Cote Des Neiges, Apt. C41, Montreal | |
| 31. Yvonne Cumming (Kerr), 11 Canongate, St Andrews | 0334-73773 |
| 32. Joan Smith, 2 Windsor Court, Dundee | |
| 33. Joyce Coull (Carr), 66 Frederick Street, Dundee | 89247 |
| 34. Sheila Black, 14 Princess Road, Dyce, Aberdeen | 0224-723059 |



Paul Barnett (left), Elaine Anderson (middle), Robert Anderson (right), Christmas Day 1988, Cottesloe Beach, Perth, Western Australia.

The Star Tuesday April 18 1989



The logo of Dundee High School in Scotland.

Old boys sought to mark 750th birthday

This is not meant to be a jab in the eye for Jeppe High which is preparing to celebrate its proud centenary in Johannesburg.

The city is delighted to have this school in its midst. It's just to spur them on — masters, boys and old boys — to ever higher achievement.

A reader, Mr Stewart McLean Brown, asks whether I would mention his old school in this column. He knows of five former pupils living in Johannesburg and would be happy to find others to organise a get-together to celebrate the anniversary of the High School of Dundee in that venerable Scottish city.

Dundee High is 750 years old this year. It's a famous school in Scotland, acclaimed for a mix of fun, academic achievement and history.

PERMANENT HOME

Dundee High traces its origin back to 1239 when it was founded by the Abbot of Lindores under a charter granted by the Bishop of Brechin. Pupils now number 1 200 boy and girls, says Mr Brown.

The school was given its first permanent home in Clements Lane, where it remained for 200 years. The girls school was built 100 years ago.

The actual foundation date is traditionally acknowledged to be February 14 1239, but as February is a very busy month in the academic life of the school, the celebrations were arranged in two parts — some in February and those to come in the fortnight June 5 to 17.

EARLIER SCHOOLS

Mr Brown hopes former pupils living here could meet at that time.

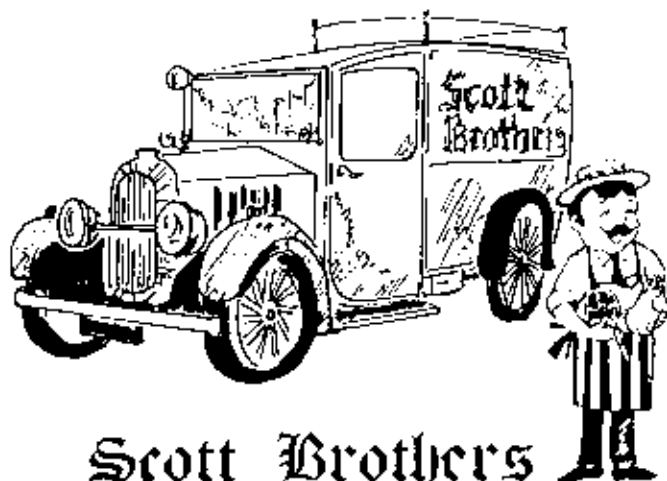
The rector, Mr R Nimmo, says people ask whether Dundee High is Scotland's oldest school.

The answer, he says, is negative. Recognisable schools probably existed since the time of St Columba who went to Scotland from Ireland in 563. Earlier schools mentioned in records include Abernethy, about 1100, St Andrews, 1120, Dundermilne, 1124, Kelso, 1126 and Lanark 1183.

Mr Brown can be reached at his office telephone 012-4074 or 804-1500 and at home at 787-7724.

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Sport

1st XV RUGBY

Back (from left):
George K. Lorimer
Peter D. McDevitt
Mark M. Cameron
David A. Bradley
Graham D. Paterson

Middle (from left):
Ruairidh N. MacLeod
Angus Vincent
Colin A. Ramsay
Stuart W. Smith
Graeme G. Hamilton
Steven E. Carroll
Andrew H. Young

Front (from left):
James K. McKechnie
Geordie D. McGill
Alistair J. Graham
Andrew D. Nicol
Jonathan R. Newton
Gavin J. Lawrie
Mr A. M. Hutchison

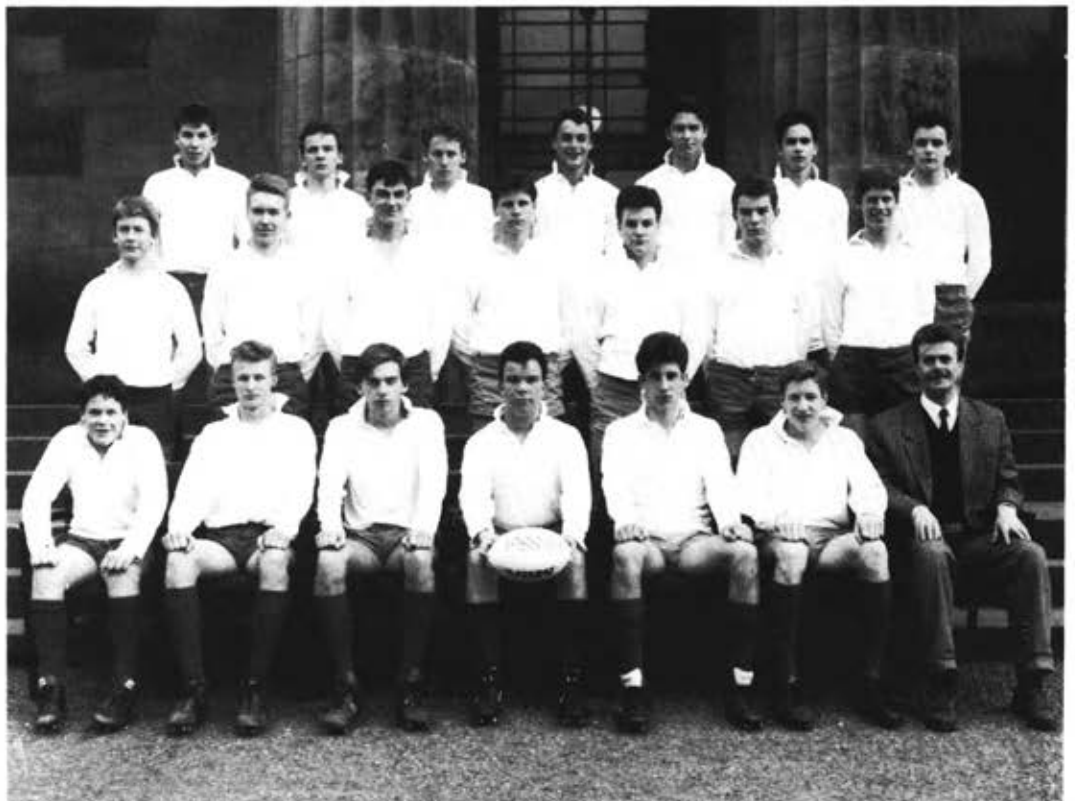


2nd XV RUGBY

Back (from left):
Michael B. Tait
Kenneth W. Gray
George K. Lorimer
Steven R. Newton
Jonathan L. Tunstall
Steven E. Carroll
Scott D. M. Horn

Middle (from left):
Adam J. Smith
John D. E. Parrott
Jonathan H. Muir
G. Angus Allan
Bryan S. Murray
James L. Denholm
Michael J. Donald

Front (from left):
John B. F. Peggie
Richard L. Woodward
Andrew H. Young
J. Courtney Morison
Jonathan M. McDevitt
Mr I. W. Wilson



RUGBY REPORT

The 1st XV followed up last years highly successful season with another vintage year of rugby. This however, came as little surprise to many as we had returning wealth of experience, including nine of last season's stalwarts.

As per usual, the season started well with consecutive victories over Glasgow Academy, St. Aloysius and Robert Gordons. The real test came in the next couple of matches; Dollar at home on the Tuesday. Dollar's hopes were dashed by a fiercely committed pack and the boot of Jonathon Newton, who kicked all of High School's 18 points. This match, perhaps our best of the season brought a severe body blow to our team; Geordie McGill our international flanker was sidelined for almost three months. Our loss showed three days later at Merchiston, where we succumbed 17-0 to an eventually unbeaten XV.

This proved to be the only defeat in Scotland, however, but for a second year running, that unbeaten season had escaped our grasp.

Injuries were rife again, with captain Andrew Nicoll and Geordie McGill missing large parts of the season, and many others confined to the touchline for different games.

As has been the trend in recent seasons, we sent the "Auld Enemy" from Leeds, John Smeaton, packing with a 50 point defeat in our last match at Mayfield. The following day, we set off for Edinburgh to participate in the prestigious Merchiston "7s" and were finally beaten in the semi-final by Merchiston. We fared even better in the Midlands "7s" which we won, defeating Glenalmond College 34-0 in the final.

To round off the season, we made the trip south to compete in the Preston Grasshoppers International Schools Tournament. This was not done without a little fear, as we were to face unknown opposition. On the first day of the tournament we performed admirably and won our group, which included Ellesmere College who were the eventual winners of the entire tournament. The second day was played in nightmarish conditions with three inches of mud, and a torrent of rain, but we played well and came second in our group eventually, just failing to qualify for the final stages. This was quite an achievement, considering we were without both captain Andrew Nicol and Geordie McGill.

Thus, it was another great season, with 21 wins and 1 loss, with 836 points for and 116 points against. Jonathon Newton was top point scorer with 429 points in all, but he was beaten into second place in the try scoring list by Andrew Nicol with 28. The 2nd XV also had a fine season, auguring well for next year's team. Further down the school, the Colts XV had a good season and the primary 1st and 2nd year teams also had their moments.

Captain Andrew Nicol, Geordie McGill, Jonathon Newton, Alastair Graham, Ruidh McLeod, Mark Cameron and James McKechnie all represented the championship winning Midlands Schools XV. Furthermore, Andrew Nicol, Geordie McGill, Jonathon Newton and James McKechnie all won full Scottish Schools Caps. Congratulations must go to Andy, who not only captained his country, but also played for a record equalling third season at international level.

Finally, on behalf of all of the school's rugby players, I would like to thank Mr Hutchison, Mr Spowart, all members of Staff who helped with coaching, David Leslie and other former pupils for their experience, the

ground staff, referees, hostesses and everyone who came to lend us their support throughout the season.

I would like to wish next year's XV the best of luck.

Jonathon Newton, Secretary

HOCKEY REPORT

This year, motivated by our 'rivalry' towards the boys' rugby scene, we sought and found success for the Senior Girls' Hockey, extending the range of salver to be found in the school's trophy room.

Even although there were five players left from last year's 1st XI the team faced dramatic changes as positions were up-rooted and a new influx of talent entered. Once everyone had regained their eye for the ball and our new, self-designed training tops were issued we bullied-off into 'The Winter of Success'.

Catherine Steele, Nikki Gibson and Lisa Morgan were selected for the Midlands Over 16 squad and Heather Leslie, Nicola Toft and Lindsay Carroll for the Under 16s. Both Lisa and Nicola went on to the Scottish Trials, with Lisa gaining a cap.

Not satisfied with only a few district representatives the team, as a whole, sought recognition. In November, we clinched the District Schools' Outdoor Competition and went on to represent Midlands in the Scottish Championships. A notable achievement to say the least because our name has not been on the trophy for 25 years. Later, in March, we gained a second place in the Indoor District Tournament. Thanks for this are due to Dundee University for the use of their Games Hall.

To go with these successes is this year's fixture record: Played 34, Won 22, Lost 7, Drawn 5.

With a staggering total of 58 goals for and 24 against. Through the season only 3 matches were cancelled which was due to the mild weather and the excellent pitch conditions.

On behalf of all team players warmest thanks must go to all staff who gave up so much of their free-time, the grounds staff and, of course, to Claire Millar and the rest of the hostesses. We found out just what it was like to feed a hockey team when our friends from Gordonstoun came and we tramped out for pizzas. In the end we were faced with an exceptionally large bill!

Personal thanks to all the team for making the season a memorable one to finish six years of school hockey. Good luck to you all next year!

Diana J. Scott
(Secretary/Treasurer)

1st XI HOCKEY

*Back (from left):
Lindsey M. Carroll
G. Vivienne N. White
Jennifer M. Bett
Miss H. I. Lyle
Heather K. Leslie
Nichola A. Stewart
Jayne Samson
Jane Brown*

*Front (from left):
Shona M. Lowe
Lisa C. Ogilvie
Nichola J. Gibson
Catherine H. Steele
Diana J. Scott
Lisa M. Morgan
Nicola J. Toft*



2nd XI HOCKEY

*Back (from left):
Janet C. Geddes
Ruth McGonnigle
Susan M. Begg
Miss H. I. Lyle
Lisa A. Kinnear
Sarah R. Breaden
Joan S. Hope*

*Front (from left):
Mary A. Hope
Corinne L. Barr
Jane L. Woodcraft
Hazel M. Binnie
(Captain)
Rachael A. Holmes
Fiona Robertson
Sarah L. Holmes*





HOCKEY 1st XI

Back (from left):

Gordon E. Lowson
 Andrew G. Brand
 Scott G. Biltcliffe
 Paul J. Lyall
 Craig Robertson
 Miss E. S. M. Sim
 Timothy W. Arbuckle
 Jim Stewart
 Naim G. Black
 J. R. Blair Kerr

Front (from left):

Douglas G. Stirling
 Andrew Littlejohn
 David E. A. Coleiro
 Michael C. Hannan
 (Captain)
 Philip J. MacCallum
 Alistair R. Welch
 Richard S. Petrie



HOCKEY 2nd XI

Back (from left):

Graham J. Tooze
 Andrew J. McIntyre
 Miss E. S. M. Sim
 Domenyk W. H.
 Brown
 Alex D. Chacko
 Timothy W. Arbuckle

Front (from left):

Paul T. Nimmo
 Douglas F. Welch
 Malcolm M. Shepherd
 Richard S. Petrie
 (Captain)
 Callum A. MacLean
 Kenneth R. M. Ross

BOYS' HOCKEY

For all those involved (except Philip's knees) this season was one of the most successful and enjoyable ever. (Mind you Philip's head, chest, feet etc., didn't do much better!) With a new but superior team we forgot about last year's results (and Sean Smith) to concentrate on the matches ahead which started with an encouraging win over Stewarts-Melville under the subtle?! captaincy of Mike 'wedge' Hannan. His half-time talks were to become infamous and his shouts of encouragement and advice were ignored completely.

We were able to field a steady side throughout the year from Douglas "take out everyone in sight" Stirling to Blair "Dive-a-game" Kerr. (Know what I mean Blair?) In fact our only defeat was against Aberdeen Grammar with a little help from two 'neutral' referees?! However we reached top form in time for our tour especially when beating Gordonstoun and Aberdeen Grammar.

World tour '89 was the highlight of the year both on and off the field. With the support of the Girls' (we are so good at netball) Team singing Louie Louie we went undefeated on the tour. The best game was when we fought back from 2-0 down and being walked over at half-time to 3-3 with goals from Robbie, Gogs and Toby.

We would like to thank Miss Sim, Mr Macdonald, Bill Joss, Mr Spowart (for giving us someone to laugh at) and all those who helped make it such an unforgettable season. Who could forget Andy (Mum's Boy) Brand's undercut goal, Gog's goal celebrations, Nairn's goal-line clearances, Doig's suicide charges etc. I must also mention Andy Littlejohn — the only player to go a whole season without scoring a single goal in any match, practice etc. — OOOOH! BAD LUCK ANDY!!!

Good luck next year from all the sixth years (Chaz, Toby, Lousy, Mike and Andy).

You might get invited to the Midlands Tournament or even get a spectator or two!

Captain, Mike Hannan

Vice-Captain, Philip MacCallum

Treasurer/Secretary, David Coleiro

Played 14, Won 10, Drawn 3, Lost 1, For 51, Against 13.

CURLING REPORT

1988-89 session once again proved that D.H.S. curling is growing from strength to strength. We managed to enter many of the schools' competitions in the area and represent Dundee and Angus in the Scottish Championship.

Our first competition was the Schools' Open Competition for the Hay Trophy in Perth during December. Two teams were entered — 'A' team of Daniel Scott, Jim Stewart, Chris Fletcher and Richard Woodward; 'B' team of Jane McGowan, Muriel Binnie, Andrew Ferguson and Clare Gibson. Daniel's team gaining a notable third placing overall.

In February, Daniel, Chris, Jane and Jim travelled north to Aviemore to play for the Loch Ness Trophy. Having successfully achieved second place after the first round, it was disappointing to return to Dundee without a victory. Bredalbane had won again and, indeed, dominated the competitions throughout the season.

We were to meet them next at the beginning of April in Greenacres (near Glasgow) which was the venue for the Scottish Championship. Having already qualified by defeating St Saviours 16-2, we went hoping to go further than we had last year. We had a strong team of Daniel Scott, Ruth Morris, Diana Scott and Jim Stewart, and results were very impressive. Qualifiers from our section, we went through to the quarter-finals. Final position was fifth. A notable and satisfying placing for all team players.

Finally, a team of Daniel, Ruth, Diana and Marcus Ewart competed in the Cogar Park Invitation Bonspiel. Disappointment occurred here, but we were extremely pleased to have received the invitation and had an enjoyable weekend.

This season saw D.H.S. curling gaining more recognition throughout the country.

Many friends have been made, and a firm foundation has been laid for curling in the next few years. Thanks go to Mr Hutchison for his interest and support and to parents who have provided transport.

Good luck to the curlers next year!

Diana Scott Form VI

D.H.S.F.P. BADMINTON CLUB REPORT — Season 1988-89

The Club has again enjoyed a busy season, meeting on Monday evenings, 7.30-10 p.m., in the School gymnasium. A highlight was the Presidents Plate competition, won by Joan Findlay and Nigel Stewart.

The Club played in Division 6 of the Dundee Churches and Welfare Association League, and won five of the 12 matches. Although this was a fairly ordinary performance, the team members enjoyed the competition.

We would be pleased to hear from any badminton players for next season, and anyone interested should contact the Club Secretary (Tel. No. 737890).

The Club is grateful to the Rector for the use of the gymnasium, and to the Head Janitor for his kind co-operation.

Susan Reid (Hon. Secretary).



GIRLS SENIOR NETBALL

*Back (from left):
Lesley H. Moore
Rhonda A. B. Strachan
Claire Gibson
Sarah A. McMillan
Wanda J. Milne*

*Front (from left):
Mrs J. A. Hutchison
Clara A. Anderson
Lisa M. Walker
Captain)
Hannah W.
Montgomery
Miss L. Davidson*



GIRLS JUNIOR NETBALL

*Back (from left):
Kerry L. Smith
Gina J. McKenzie
Rachel E. Taylor
Lisa J. Scroggie
Katie A. Stirling*

*Front (from left):
Amy L. A. Morrison
Miss L. Davidson
Fiona C. Morrison
Kate E. Walsh
(Captain)
Mrs J. Hutchison
Stephanie Bower*



D.H.S. INVASION OF HOLLAND '89

On Saturday, February 18, 10 girls, 14 boys, Miss Sim, Mrs Hutchison and Mr Macdonald set off for Holland on the first ever hockey/netball tour. It was 7.45 in the morning and we hauled our luggage onto the coach — some of us had more than others, especially our hockey captain, Mike!

On Sunday, we arrived at our "five star luxury hotel" in Valkenburg! We got changed quickly, out of school uniforms and into tracksuits, to go to watch the boys play the first of four hockey matches. They won it 4-0 and also won another two with scores of 8-0, 6-0 and had one draw at 3-3.

The hotel was really quite good, but in Holland, as we soon found out, it is very 'rude' (Chaz) to leave food on your plate. I hope the plants enjoyed that mine-stroene soup!

The first netball game was played in Germany where the boys also had a hockey match. Again the boys won, and the girls lost to a chant from Chaz and Co. of "Ooooh, bad luck!" But the girls were not easily defeated and were determined to win our next (and last!) game, so captain Lisa dragged us out early next morning for a jog — collapsing herself afterwards!

On Tuesday we went to the Evuluon Science Museum in Eindhoven. The journey there was quite long, so Lousy entertained us by singing along to his "Animal House" tape. That evening we went bobsleighing — it was magic fun. It was just a long slide which we took sledges down; it was very fast and fab! There were a few bruises afterwards, but nothing compared with the hockey injuries!

At nights we went to very pleasant places indeed, which played brilliant music. Blair decided to entertain us by doing a sword dance using forks and knives as swords — it was definitely a sight to see! The owners were very impressed and thought his singing was quite good too!

On the way home we stopped off in Grimsby to play another game of hockey and netball. Once again the boys won and the girls lost, but as we pointed out to them — the score is not the main thing; enjoyment is,

and we certainly did enjoy it!

We arrived home at around 9 p.m. on Thursday, February 23, and I don't think that anybody on that bus was exactly pleased to be home again in Dundee. A unanimous decision was that the tour was very successful and **most** enjoyable.

A special thanks must be handed to Miss Sim, Mr Macdonald and Mrs Hutchison (and to Blair Kerr for promoting the good name of Dundee in Bolton!)

Claire Gibson, FV

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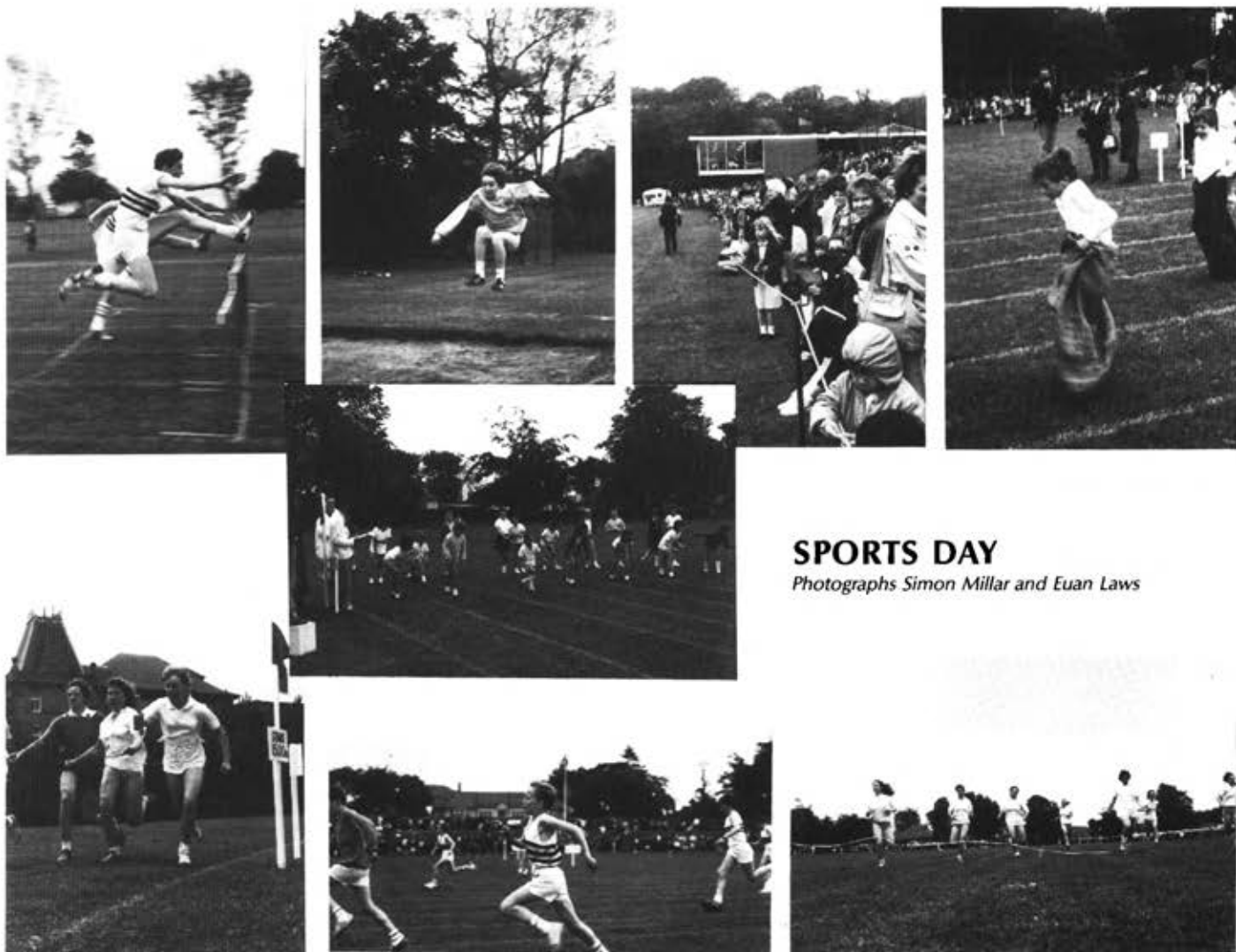
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THE AUSTRALIA MATCH

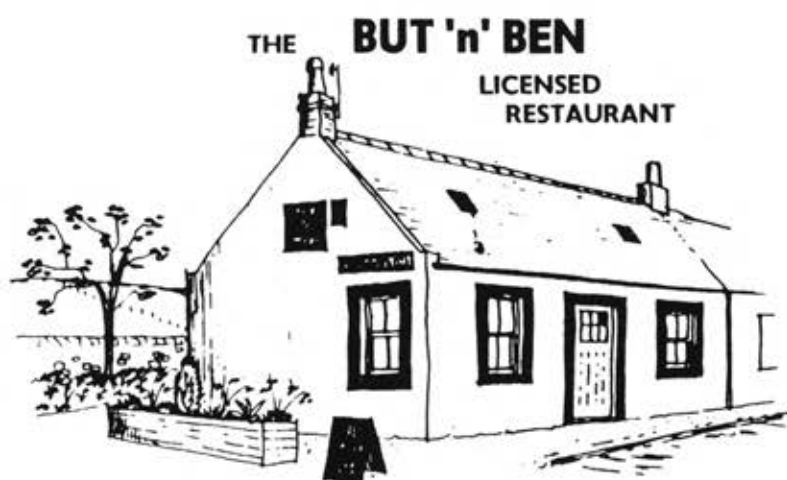
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SPORTS DAY

Photographs Simon Millar and Euan Laws



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AIRLIE

After the success of last year, confidence was high that we could make it a double, and for most of the year it seemed as if we would achieve this goal.

An excellent 1st term was had with successes in both senior and intermediate rugby showing with the boys' experience and calmness under pressure. The fine character of the Airlie girls brought wins in both senior and junior netball and victory in the junior hockey. By the end of the term these successes and numerous other points obtained in boys hockey, senior girls hockey and primary netball, gave Airlie joint 1st place with Lindores.

Later in the year splendid performances in the shooting and the senior gala with Kirsty Hope taking the junior school championship, her brother Richard winning the junior boys, Diana Gooch the junior girls and a fine performance from Claire Edwards brought the senior championship to Airlie. Unfortunately Airlie had a poor result in the Debating but a most entertaining performance was given by Jenny Bingham and Ian Morrow. However the juniors had a little more success gaining second place in the public speaking.

After two terms of splendid achievements Airlie maintained 1st place. However a poor 3rd term brought about Airlie's downfall with 2nd place in the cricket after a fine battle against Aystree. In the sports Airlie were a comfortable 1st even with poor performances in the relay, with Airlie achieving 4 out of 6 champions with Gregor Falconer sharing Junior boys, Rory McFarlane winning the intermediate boys, Kate Walsh the senior girls and Alistair Graham the senior boys championship, with Jonathan Newton a close second, gaining vital points.

After three terms of dedication and determination Airlie were unlucky to be pipped at the post by.... Aystree.... and Wallace.... and Lindores!!

Many thanks to all Airlie members who put in such an effort, to Mr Richterich and Mrs Rutherford for their support and advice and especially to our vice-captains, Maia Forrester and Jonathan Newton for their help throughout the year.

We also wish future house captains the best of luck and hope they can regain the championship.

All that remains is to congratulate Lindores on their deserved win after a 23-year wait!

Lisa Walker and Alistair Graham
House Captains

AYSTREE

Hoping to improve on last year's third place, Aystree were determined to offer a worthwhile challenge in this year's Inter-House Championship. With the new, fairer format of the allocation of points, it was always going to be a close run thing with only thirty-three points separating all four houses.

On the eve of the sports (the final event and, we 'hesitate' to add, not Aystree's forte), we were leading by a considerable number of points but, at the end of the sports, we fell into an incredulous third place! — thus the final position.

The year began reasonably well with encouraging results in both rugby and netball, but our usually high standard in the debates and public speaking was, unfortunately, not maintained as we finished third and fourth respectively.

As in previous years, Aystree comfortably won the swimming gala (with Scott Brown becoming the junior school champion) and the 'impressive' cricket team easily won all their games. Howzat! Finally, we finished creditably in the house tennis, the penultimate event of the championship.

A vote of thanks must go to all members of Aystree who competed for or supported us in any of the house events and no team fielded for Aystree lacked enthusiasm or spirit. Thanks must also go to Miss Holloway, Mr Kettles and Miss Knight for their help throughout our year of office and also to our vice-captains, Clare Neilson and Peter McDevitt for their devoted hard work for the house.

Lastly, we must wish our successors the best of luck and hope they gain that ever elusive first place!

Nicola J. Gibson and Andrew D. Nicol
(House Captains)

House Reports

THE HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

This session saw a reconstructed Championship. Every pupil in the School from L1 to Form VI was in a House and every talent was recognised in awarding points. Although the points totals were announced from time to time, pupils were on the whole unaware how many points were awarded for any one event. This resulted in many more points being awarded and the closest race for the Inter-House Trophy for a number of years. Not many people guessed that the final result showed a victory for Lindores — the first since 1965-66. The detailed result was as follows:

1. Lindores	1162 points
2. Wallace	1139 points
3. Aystree	1134 points
4. Airlie	1129 points

This session sees the waygoing of Mrs Rutherford who has been House Mistress of Airlie for six years. We thank her for all her efforts and wish her every happiness on the Golf Course and at home in her "retirement". She will be succeeded by Miss Cannon who becomes the fourth consecutive member of the Maths Department to be House Mistress of Airlie as she carries on in the footsteps of Miss Henderson, Miss Lorimer and Mrs Rutherford.

Finally I should like to thank Miss E. Christie who assists me in the running of the House System; the Rector and the Staff for their support in a variety of ways, the House Staff and the House Captains and Vice-Captains — the people who make the House System work, the P.E. Department who run the vast majority of Inter-House contests and, lastly, the pupils who contribute so much so willingly.

J. T. G. Baxter

LINDORES

At last! Lindores achieved the triumph we deserve after many years of effort and enthusiasm.

The year's results have proved that Lindores really do have a great deal of all-round talent in many areas from sporting to academic prowess.

We began the year feeling more optimistic than ever with our crushing defeat of all other houses in the boys and girls senior hockey. This must have inspired the rest of the house, and by Christmas we had taken first place. Thanks to good performances from all house teams. In particular the Junior Rugby, Primary Netball and the house debating team. As a house our overall position in the Gala was a good second and congratulations must go to our champion swimmer David Pert who won the boys senior championship and to Diana who came second in the girls senior championship.

Before sports day the placings of the house were very close and on the day Lindores rose to the occasion with some notable successes namely wins in the relays,

and Lucy Kelman lifting the Intermediate championship.

Many thanks must go to Mrs McDonald, our new house mistress, Mr Durrheim, Mrs Hackney, Diana and Philip for all their help and support and a special thank you to all of Lindores who have made this year a very special one.

Good luck for next year! We hope it is as good as this year.

Geordie McGill and Catherine Steele
House Captains

WALLACE

After losing last year to Airlie we were determined to regain our former glory, and we nearly did by coming in second place.

The session started badly with poor results in the rugby and netball matches although a tremendous effort was put in by all.

The senior girls hockey was very close and we almost managed to steal the cup from Lindores, (where outstanding encouragement was given by the boys) but their forwards proved to be too strong for our defence. The junior hockey girls played very well and came in a close third. The boys maintained this high standard of play by coming second, in their hockey.

Congratulations should go to Hilary Scott and Kenneth Campbell who with their great skill in speech won the Rorie Trophy in the senior House Debating. A mention must also go to Mary Young and Nina Srinivasan for their great win in the junior Public Speaking.

Unfortunately we lacked strength in the swimming galas but made up for it in all the tennis house matches where we were first in both the senior and junior girls house tennis and the boys managed to take second place.

The cricket proved to be very exciting with Wallace beating Lindores due to outstanding play by both Derek Wilks and Mark Woodcraft.

At the sports our superstar Claire MacDonald took the junior championship with ease gaining valuable points and putting Wallace in third position. All junior relay teams excelled themselves by winning three out of their four realys. Well Done!

Thanks must go to Keith Wilks our house Captain for arranging all the boys events and to Mark Cameron (vice-captain) for his assistance. We would also like to thank all the staff who helped us throughout the year.

We wish Wallace all the best for next year and hope that the House Shield will soon be in Wallace's hands again.

June Woodcraft, Captain
Hazel Binnie, Vice-Captain

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Preparatory Department

GYM

I go to gym on Friday. We have Miss Sim and Miss Lyle. We play tig with the bands and jump through hoops. I like playing tig. When it is finished we put our gym shoes away.

Rennie Morrocco L1S

This year the school has a special birthday. It is 750 years old. It's an anniversary. I got a mug. We had a special service.

Rachel Ross L1S

HILDA HEN

Hilda is having a shot on a motor-bike. It is Miss Smith's. They went through the bush. Hilda laid an egg then they went for a cup of tea in Miss Smith's house.

Liam Smith L1S

MY DAD

My daddy works in an office. He can sail a boat. He can drive a car. My daddy can cycle on a bike.

Bruce Shepherd L1S

MY MUM

My mummy washes clothes. She tidies up. She goes to keep-fit. When she comes back she feels good.

Scott James L1S

MY DAD

My daddy likes to work at the bank. He has bought some clothes to wear for the party.

Pamela MacMillan L1S

MOTHER'S DAY

Yesterday was Mother's Day. I tidied my bed and I made a posy at school and I hid it in the closet and I washed the dishes and I was good for the rest of the day.

Ross Hawkes L1S

MY BIRTHDAY

On Sunday it was my birthday. I had a lovely time. I gave an invitation to my friends. I invited 20 friends. I got a big present from the postman. I got a card with money in it. I got 25 presents on my birthday. I got a my little pony cake. I played games.

Keira Proctor L1S

On my birthday I had a cake with a little girl. I got lots of presents from my friends. I got candles on my cake. They were pink. I played lots of games with my friends. I had balloons.

Julie MacDonald L1S

Our school was found 750 years ago. We are having a special birthday. They had no cars long ago. I got a mug for coming to the school.

Fraser Morrison L1S

My mummy and daddy went to India. I came to school to see Mrs Leadbitter. I worked hard.

Mariam Azhar L1L

If people keep killing seals it will be very sad. There will be no more seals left.

Emily Clarke L1L

My daddy has a hotel. I do not live there. I live in our house.

Komal Handa L1L

We go out to play. We run about and chat to our chums. I like playtime after my work.

Jayne Arbuckle L1L

God made you and me. He made all the animals. We must never hurt animals or people.

Alison Cuthbert L1L

I live with my mummy and daddy and Victoria. I come to school to be clever.

Emma Grant L1L

My favourite toy is a micro machine. It is a pretend car. It is quite small.

Stephen Gordon L1L

I am in L1L. Every day I read and do sums. I paint and make things. It is good fun.

Andrew Chung L1L

I have a farmhouse. My house is big with fields all around. When it is a special day we go in the lounge. We watch television in the sitting-room. My bedroom is upstairs.

Gail Whiteford L2M

THE TOOTH MOUSE

I had two teeth which fell out and the little mouse gave me 10p. I bought myself a toffee and I said, "Thank you", to the little mouse.

Vincent Reboul-Salze L2M

I am a lighthousekeeper. My lighthouse is on a rock. An engineer built mine. It is an old one. It was a big lighthouse. Once it looked like a tower. I am happy with my job.

Eleanor Taylor L2M

A VISIT TO THE MUSEUM

On Friday we went to the museum. Mrs Murray and Miss Knight took us across. We saw the Tay whale. It was very big. We saw a wolf. We saw bats. We saw a peacock with beautiful feathers. We saw wild cats. We saw an Indian crocodile as well.

Claire Mitchell L2M

Susan thought the elephants were great with their tamer. The tamer was a girl with a lace dress, studded with gold, silver and white beads. The tamer rode on the elephants and made them circle. She did somersaults on the elephants. The elephants had brightly coloured ribbons and feathers on their heads. The elephants threw balls to each other and balanced them on their heads. Then they went round and round the ring. The audience cheered when they went away.

Alison Leckie L3H

On Sunday I went to Blairgowrie swimming pool and we had great fun. When we went home it was lunch time and we went to a hotel for lunch. I had chicken for lunch and I had chips as well. When we finished we each had a cream egg and then we went home. When we were home I gave mummy her card.

Nicola Fleming L2.H.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I will be a farmer. I will have wheat and barley and animals. My dad is a farmer. I will like being a farmer. All the tractors will be Fordies and Internationals. I will grow potatoes and carrots and strawberries and raspberries and blackcurrants and redcurrants. I will have a squad. I will have buses and I will have helpers to drive the buses. I will have helpers to drive the tractors. I will have quite a lot.

Douglas McLaren L2.M.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I would like to be a doctor. When I am bigger I would work a bit harder for my patients and give them operations. I would like to be pretty when I grow up and have long hair and have a baby. I would like to be grown up and when I am very old I will retire from my job.

Louise Stewart L2.M.

A ROBBERY

One day as I was walking along the road I saw a robbery and then phoned for the police. I was waiting for them. At last the policemen came. They were running as fast as they could. I caught the robber fast then took him to the policemen. They put handcuffs on him. Then he was in prison.

Ariful Ahsan L2.H.

MY DREAM

I am a rag doll. I like to walk about the floor. I talk to the teddy bear and the tin soldiers. I like to drink milk and eat bread. I like to wear dresses.

Alison Kearns L2.H.

On Saturday it was my birthday. I was so excited that I couldn't sleep. Then it was morning. My daddy opened the door. He was carrying a box. Inside my box I saw my birthday cake. Then my friends went in the house.

Sharear Farid L2.H.

I watched rugby and I saw some good players. Daddy said I might be a centre or a scrum half but I only saw one half of the match. One of the players was so slow that he got tackled immediately.

Luan Crosby L2.H.

MY DREAM

I am a bed. People like to sleep in me. People sometimes put cuddly toys in me to cuddle them. But people dream in me but in the morning I have nothing to do.

Karen Burchell L2.H.

MY DREAM

I am a horse. People ride on my back and my name is Flossie. I live in a stable. I eat hay and sometimes I go out of the stable and go into a field.

Carol Forsyth L2.H.

One day as I was walking along the road I saw a car crash. I helped the people and I rang for the ambulance. Then the ambulance came to help them. The ambulance was very fast. The car crash was a big car crash.

Angus Elphinstone L2.H.

THE WEDDING

On Saturday night I went to a wedding. The bride's name was Jill. First we had our picture taken. Then it was singing time and after that we had our picture taken again. After, we had a feast and after that it was dancing time.

David Farry L2.H.

SHOPPING

On Saturday I went to get a Venus Fly Trap. I could not get one so I got a Polyanthus plant for mummy. She liked it. So did I. It was the best in the shop.

Kenneth Baxter L2.H.



Cast and Readers

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT NATIVITY PLAY 1988

L1 and LII Choir



WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I will be a teacher. I will like being a teacher. I will do sums on the blackboard. I will do English on the blackboard too. I will read the children a story. I am going to be an L3 teacher. The children will draw. They will work hard. They will do sums and they will do English too. They will copy down off the blackboard. I wish that I was grown up now so that I could be a teacher. Well, never mind, I will grow up some day. When I am a teacher they will do a story each Wednesday. It will be fun being a teacher. I will just sometimes be angry. They will do reading as well. I will enjoy being a teacher.

Claire Mitchell L2.M.

A SPACESHIP LANDS IN MY GARDEN

One morning I woke up and looked into the garden and I did see a spaceship. A Martian was coming out of a big door. It was green and with it was a robot. The robot took me to Mars and on the way put me in a cage and left a laser gun on the floor. I got the gun and got out of the cage and I killed the crew and I went back home. At the end it all ended in a dream.

Robbie McKillop L2.M.

MY NEW YEAR WISHES

I wish I could go to see the Queen at Buckingham Palace. I wish that all the hungry boys and girls in the world would have lots of things to eat. I wish that grandpa would stop smoking. I wish that I could fly.

Charlene Robbie L2.M.

THE EASTER BUNNY

One day I was in my garden and I came across a bunny. It looked rather special. It wanted me to come to it. Then I made up my mind. I decided it was good so I went to him. I had to go through all the bushes and trees and long grass that looked like it had not been cut for a year. Then eventually we were there. It said to me if you touch this Easter egg you will have three wishes. I wished that at my birthday I would have a great party with all my class. Then for the next wish I wished for an ice-cream for the rabbit and me. Then I wished my last wish. I wished that mum and dad would give me extra pocket money and the next day they all came true.

Hilary Bodie L3.M.

DANGER ON THE ICE

We were having our breakfast when suddenly a special announcement came on the television. The announcer warned us that last year a boy fell through the ice and they found him dead. "Do not go on Tayport Lake. Did you hear that?" said mum. "Yes," said Neil. "I'm going to play with my friends". "Remember, do not go on Tayport Lake." When I saw my friends they had their ice skates with them heading for the lake. I told them not to go there but they would not listen. Ten minutes later I heard the noise of several sirens racing to the lake. I rushed to the scene and saw a little girl being pulled from the ice. I gave her my warm anorak and we rushed her home. Mummy made us hot soup and we sat by the fire. She was safe.

Susan Jack L3.M.

Easter is the time when Jesus was crucified. At Easter we decorate our eggs and then roll them down a hill.

Soon my Granny will give me an Easter egg. The baker shops are selling hot cross buns. Every Easter I get four Easter eggs. Ready steady Easter, Easter is fun. Each spring baby lambs are born. God made Jesus come back to life again. God made Easter great fun.

Victoria Kelman L3.M.

The seals swam through the water. As we watched, the keeper came and threw some fish in. The seals caught them easily. As the seals caught the fish they dived down to the bottom of the pool. They are very good swimmers said Peter to Paul. The keeper gave one seal a ball. The seal balanced it on his nose and we clapped at him. The seals were so grey, smooth and swam smoothly through the water. No ripples could be seen. They looked like a grey shadow but suddenly up they sprang without a sound and fell back into the water with a big splash.

Gillian MacIntyre L3.H.

The jungle has many gaily coloured parrots. Winding paths lead on and on. You never know where they will end. You can hear chattering noises in the trees from monkeys swinging in their branches. There are tall trees and thick bushes. The trees and bushes make it hard to see and move through the jungle. It is very hot. Water is dripping from everywhere.

Claire McCormack L3.H.

The carpet suddenly began to rise and went straight out the window. It looped the loop and flew upside down, but we did not fall because we clung to the tassels. It swooped and dived back in time to where we saw the Spanish Armada. Ships were sinking. Some ships were on fire. The Spanish were coming in about ten ships. It was very exciting. Our carpet hovered before soaring away again. What's next I shouted.

Andrew Inglis L3.H.

"Look, there's some wood under that bush," said Bill. "We could use that to make our house." "Do you think we should make a tree house?" said Bill's father. "Here's a dead sea pigeon," said Bill's brother, Ian. "Come on, let's go and make our house." There was a scuffling behind them. "Hello Richard," said Bill. The Scottie wagged his tail at them. He was happy with them. Soon after they had made their house, they found an old rusty ladder. "This would do for our step ladder." They slept in the house. Next morning they saw a boat.

Alexander Macfarlane Smith L3.H.

SPRING

Lambs frolicking, nest building,
Birds singing, frogs spawning,
Blossom opening, squirrels wakening,
Flowers opening, birds hibernating,
The trees are covered in baby buds,
Spring.

Karina Forster L3.M.

WELCOME TO THE FAIR

One day a fair came to stay in the field next to our garden. Every day I watched them build it up. One morning I went out and there was the fair all ready. That night I asked my dad if we could go. He said yes! At the fair he got me a toffee apple. It made my teeth sore. After, we went on the dodgems. They were good. We had seven bumps. I thought that was quite good considering the other people had something like seventeen. Next we went to frogs hitting. We won a doll. Soon we passed the big wheel. I was too nervous to go on but my dad soon persuaded me. It was horrible! I was glad when it was over. Next we went on the waltzers. It was great. Next I bought candy floss. It got stuck in my hair. We went to the coconut shy and won a teddy. Then we had a hot dog. At midnight my eyes were sore because of the bright lights but we still didn't go home. Last of all we had our fortune told. On the way out we had a go on the lucky dip. We got a watch. We had another shot at the coconut shy. I won another teddy. By the time we got home it was one o'clock. When I got home I went straight to bed and in the morning I was so tired I missed school.

Laura Hammond L3.H.

THE FAIRGROUND

I was walking up the road to Adventure Fairground. I could hear the music and see the lights. I had five pounds and ten pence. When I was there I went to the magic mirrors. One made me thin and tall, the next made me fat and small. Then I went to the dodgems. I was twisting and turning all the time. When it was time to get off I went to the ghost train. It was spooky and frightening. There was Dracula and his friends. After that I went to the hot dog van. I loved the hot dog. It was nice. The rifle range was next. I won a My Pet Monster because I won a million points. The last thing I went to was the coconut shy. I won again in second place. It was great at the fair. I hope to go back again.

James Brown L3.M.

THE EASTER BUNNY

One day I was playing in my garden and saw a bunny begging me to follow it. I decided to follow it. I went through a bush and the bunny was still ahead. Stop I shouted. The bunny stopped and said hurry up. I am too slow I shouted. I crossed a river and I went into a cave and I saw lots and lots of spiders. It was very spooky. I did not like it one bit. When I got out the other end we stopped and had a sleep. When I woke up the bunny was running away from the cave. Where are you going I shouted. The bunny did not answer because he was too far away to hear me. I got up and ran after it. I was faster at running this time. Soon I came to a golden egg. The bunny said touch the egg and you will get four wishes. My first wish is to make me go home. When I go home I left my other wishes for another time. When I went to bed that night I fell fast asleep.

Hannah Stewart L3.M.

SENSES AT THE FAIRGROUND

Smell, I smell the chlorine from the swing boats
I smell candy floss sticking to my hair
I smell the smoke from the ghost train
I smell the engine oil from the machines
I see the big wheel going round with the lights flashing
I see people eating hot dogs with ketchup
I see the waltzers spinning round
I see swing boats swinging backwards and forwards.
I can hear people screaming on the big wheel
I can hear the people screaming on the ghost train
I can hear the bangs of the gun at the rifle range
I can hear the fortune teller saying lay my silver on my hand
I can taste the nice hot dogs with the ketchup
I can taste the sticky candy floss getting stuck in my throat
I can touch the sticky candy floss sticking to my fingers
I can touch the spider from the ghost train
I can touch the lights which are hot.

Kellie Kennedy L3.H.

Waves came crashing against the rocks. Foam sprayed everywhere. I heard the seagulls cry. Some sit on the waves. The sea is deep blue with white topped waves. It goes down and then it rises again and trickles towards me on the sand. The sea can stretch for miles into the distance. Far away a ship hooted.

Erin McHardy L3.H.

THE OTHER CARGOES

Tiny little tug boat striding through the river,
Destination: Plymouth on the English coast,
With a cargo of fruit,
Very fresh and ripe,
Selling to the boats that are passing by.
Brand new ocean liner setting out from Italy,
Destination: Gibraltar on the coast of Spain,
With a cargo of Italian goods,
Leather handbags,
Jackets, shoes and soft black belts.

Sara Elbuzedi LV1DN

SEA FANTASY

Brilliant bursts of purple and pink
dart daintily among the pearl-like pinnacles
of colourful coral.
An occasional octopus lurks in a labyrinth
of coral crevices.
Colossal crabs scuttle side ways along
the sandy sea-bottom.
Solitary sharks slink into the large lagoon
frightened fish disperse desperately into the
distance,
and leave the shark to do his dastardly deeds.

Drew Hutchison LVC

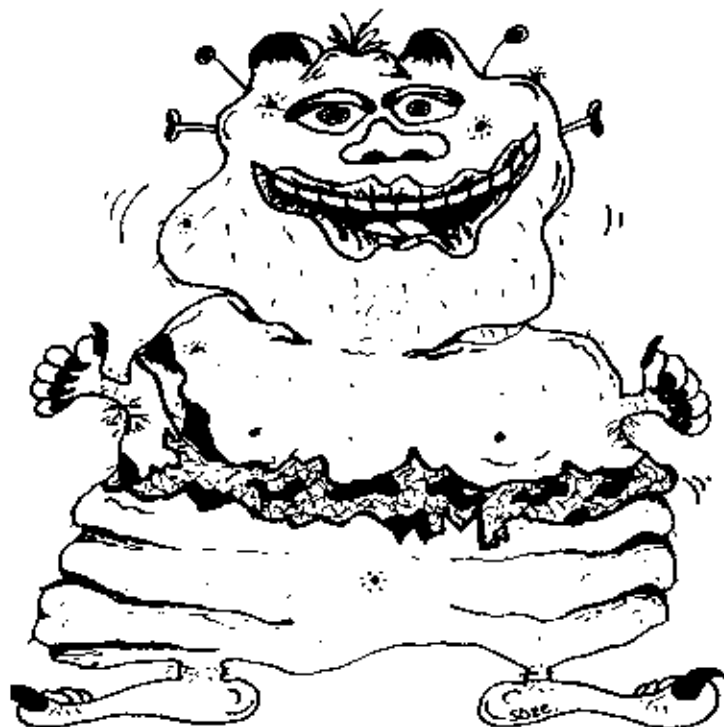
THE JONCLARGORKAT

The Jonclargorkat creeps into my room at night,
He breathes down my neck as I snuggle up tight.
Will he bite my leg?
Will he dare?
To be honest I don't really care.

Terror grips me as I close my eyes,
What will happen? Will I die?
I tell myself I've lost my head
I'm not very likely to end up dead.

But then I think
And as I blink,
I see the terror of the night
As I snuggle up tight.

Katie Boyle L6M



MOUTH WATERING MOMENTS MADE TO MAKE YOUR MOUTH WATER

I slowly peeled back the colourful wrapper to reveal, to my great delight, a fruity, milky, crunchy, nutty, crispy, yummy chocolate bar. The sensational feeling rippled across my lips. The scrumptious, smooth creamy sight was too much to bear. I quietly tasted the velvety chocolate. It was delicious. Slowly it melted in my mouth. The milky drips dripped down my lips. It was luscious, but all too soon it was over as Mrs Alexander saw me from her desk and I had to hand over my toffee crisp as her mouth was watering at the sight.

Jonathon Clark L1VC

THE SPEED-BOAT

Fast flying speed-boat on the waters deep,
Crashing through the waves and the salt sea spray,
With a cargo of fuel,
Food and water,
Speechless passengers screaming as they go.

Andrew Whitehead LV1DN

THE SCHOOL BELL

The bell rang on with endless energy. Magnus paused uncertainly, looking around himself. Here was something that to him was heaven itself. Whiskers lying inches away, the gulls and other seabirds floating around mechanically in the deep blue sky, waves lapping at his feet and all this was situated on the island he loved with all his heart.

Then, there was school. SCHOOL! With its dark dull classroom and hard, wooden chairs and the cane, strap and hard, bony hand which had felt his bare skin many a time. No, school was for infants; he had learnt all he needed to know from Mrs MacFarlane. He gritted his teeth and his cheeks reddened at the thought of school. He lay back beside Whiskers and closed his eyes, trying to drown the thoughts of hatred passing through his mind.

Magnus awoke wearily and looked up. Above his head two puffins were swirling around the still, blue sky, like bubbles in a basin when you pull out the plug. Were they the same couple that he had been feeding crumbs to for the last few weeks? He would soon find out. Magnus lifted his two forefingers to his mouth and let out a high, piercing whistle. The affect was as expected. One after the other the attractive, clownish puffins swooped down and landed clumsily at the boy's feet. Magnus felt into his pocket and lifted out the bag of crumbs which he kept to feed the island birds who always came to see him at half past eight every morn. He fed the puffins and watched them fly away as if in a trance. Magnus woke Whiskers, remembering that old Jock the Hermit had told him not to keep the seal in the sun for too long. After Whiskers had swum back to join his colony Magnus noticed that he felt hungry, so he sprinted down the beach to the secret cave and got his rod.

Magnus spent a relaxing and pleasurable afternoon sitting on the small, wooden bridge over the brook fishing lazily with his home-made rod and line which he had put together from a fine, long, bendy stick from the beech tree at the foot of the cliff and a length of sheep sinew which old Tam the shepherd had presented him with. At last, round about four o'clock the school bell rang again, this time in short, sharp bursts, signalling the end of lessons. Magnus got up and decided that he would hide the rod in the moss at the foot of the brook's bank and go home. Gran will have heard the bell too, he thought. If I arrive back now she'll think I've just come back from school. He knew that Gran would find out the truth eventually but it was her cooking day and he wanted to knock back a few of her scones before he was sent to his room.

Magnus had just finished his third scone when there was a tap on the cottage door and teacher entered looking reproachfully at Magnus and the island lad knew he had been discovered.

Magnus lay back on his bumpy bed, his hand still aching from the wrath of Gran's wooden spoon. He closed his eyes and thought of his relaxing day.

"Ah well", he said, "I'll do it again tomorrow!"

Neil Forsyth L6M

RESCUE BOAT

Harmless little rescue boat coming from Miami,
Speeding home to Florida in the mid-day sun,
With a cargo of life-jackets,
Blankets and distress-flares,
Ropes, brandy and waterproof boots.

Ross Cargill LV1DN



JUNIOR CHESS CLUB '89

This year's chess club was once again very successful. The chess club was taken by Miss Gray, a new teacher both to the school and the chess club. In the spring term the ladder ended with the top five being: 1st, Gordon Boyle; 2nd, Alison Foster; 3rd, David Johnston; 4th, Moloy Das; 5th, Mark Fletcher. When the ladder ended the Russell Trophy started and after many weeks of playing the competition was won by Gordon Boyle with Alison Foster as L7 runner-up and Colin Burchell from L6 as competition runner-up. There were a few other events in the year including a Kilmarnock Chess Congress. David Johnston and Moloy Das seemed to enjoy their weekend. Gordon and David also played for the Tayside Chess Team and in their last game they won a small trophy for beating Lanarkshire who were the runner-up in a Scottish Regional chess competition.

JUNIOR RUGBY

Played 10 — Won 4, Lost 4, drawn 2

This could aptly be described as a mixed season, though when it began, it looked as if the team were going to have difficulty against the other schools. Indeed, the first half of the season showed us losing to Edinburgh Academy, Dollar Academy and Kelvinside Academy, and drawing with Queen Victoria (twice). The second half of the season was much improved with three wins against Morrison's Academy, though each time the scores came closer, and a win over Robert Gordon's. The final match of the season, now a weakened fifteen, due to a number of boys dropping out because of prior commitments, and as a result, we were heavily defeated by Stewart Melville's.

Thanks must be given to those who gave up their Saturday mornings to coach and referee, for, without them, we would not have had so much rugby.

NETBALL REPORT

We have thoroughly enjoyed this year's netball and have played many tough games. The team managed to win the Kennedy Cup which was a knock-out tournament, and the Winter League with many a close score. These games were played at Ward Road Gym.

The L6's won the Miss Ward Trophy which was also held at Ward Road Gym. All these netball tournaments were played against other Dundee Primary teams. To round-off the season, the L7 netball team have a match against the staff. We hope and expect to win this game!

We would like to thank Mrs Alexander and Miss Davidson for all their kind help and confidence in us and for giving up their time to coach us throughout the school year.

L7 Netball Team

FUN AT DALGUISE

On Tuesday the 2nd of May, two heavily laden coaches left the grim, dullness of school life and stepped into the excitement and freedom of Dalguise Activity Centre.

The moment we arrived at the centre we were escorted off on a grand tour of the house and its spacious grounds. Our luggage was unloaded and sent to the Baronial Hall while we were shown to our dormitories. Next it was a quick picnic lunch on the lawn and straight off to our first activity.

From that moment on we were always doing something new and exciting. The pleasure-filled sunny days rushed by in a blur. One minute we would be descending down the wavering heights of the abseiling tower, teachers included, the next we would be taken for the day to the glimmering waters of Loch Tay to try our hand at canoeing and sailing. Never was a moment wasted. The days were fun and action-packed and then, as if only minutes after leaving we arrived back outside the grey pillars looming grimly above us and parents waiting eagerly to hear all about our new experiences. We all agreed we would never miss out on an activity holiday like this if given another chance to go.

A Dalguise Adventurer

750th ANNIVERSARY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

This year is the 750th anniversary of the school, but I have only been here at this school for 2 years. I will return to look at the school in another 30 or 40 years time, to see how the school has changed, meet the new teachers, see the new books and the new way of learning. I wonder in another 750 years when the school is 1500 years old, if the school will crumble or will it expand. I can't know how much it will change, I can only dream. Maybe when the school is 1500 years old, instead of teachers there will be robots. But, I would miss Miss Gray, Mrs Mooney and Miss Knight. I think that the pupils there would also miss teachers like that.

Laura McAree L1VC

AN EASTER EGGSTRAVAGANZA

As I looked out of my bedroom window I could see it was an eggcellent day, not a cloud in the sky!

I know what would come after breakfast, the eggstraordinary long search for the Heaster Hegg, would it be in the microwave or fruit-bowl?

Who knows? And what would it be? Crunchie, Yorkie or Dairy Milk. All of these are eggstra good. The Easter Eggstravaganza.

Mum and dad knew of the eggspence, but also knew they were eggssquize, eggssotic and whacko! The eggs were ready for rolling. This is where the fun begins.

Campbell Davis LVC

SKIING WITH PRIDE

Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen. Welcome to Calgary, Canada. It's the second last day of these Winter Olympics. I am Alistair Durry commentating on the Blue Ribbon. It's the Men's Downhill, if you aren't too familiar with skiing. It's been snowed off several times over the last few days, because of this, there are only six more to go.

The skiers are warming up. They are the Bell brothers, Heinzburger, the new Italian Recolin, the young French hopeful Centrea and America's Steven Louis. Heinzburger is favourite. Martin Bell is hopeful to come among the top fifteen and Graeme, the top twenty. At the moment Peter Meref of Austria is winning but no-one knows what will happen. Heinzburger's pulled hamstring might affect him. The first competitor is appearing in the starting hut.

Martin Bell is in the starting hut. The gun is due to go any minute now. On your marks, get set, and the gun fires!

Martin passes the first gate well. He takes a wide corner on the second gate and barely passed the third. I'll hand you over to Davie Jenkins, our midslope commentator.

Yes, well Alistair Martin's handling this very well. He's approaching the steep corner where Heinzburger slipped. He passes it well and his official check-time is 5.55 seconds, 2 seconds more than Peter Meref of Austria. His fifth gate is tight and if he keeps going at this pace he will easily make the top ten. He makes a tight crouch and releases at the sixth gate. With a stylish turn he makes the seventh gate look like a piece of cake. His next check-point shows a definite place in the top ten with eighth place. He makes a wide ninth gate. His crouch shows just how tense he is. With a tight gate to make, Martin skis it in style. Two more gates to pass. Even from the commentary box, I can hear the crowd cheering for him. With the best crouch I've ever seen, he skis in with flying colours. Eighth place. The best the British have had for 50 years.

Well Alistair, what do you think about that performance?

I personally think that Martin deserves what he has achieved and I am glad that he has put Britain back on the map of skiing countries. What are your views Davie?

Well, I really share your views. I only hope that this won't be the last time.

Well that's all we've time for here in Calgary so I'll hand you back to the London studio.

Susie Gledhill L6M

MY PET

I have a pet fish called Freddy. He loves to swim about making gurgling noises in the water. We have three other fish called Sam, Tom and Syd. They live in a tank on top of the bookcase in the play-room. Every morning and evening I feed them with fish food. When I put it in the tank they swim up and catch it. They look funny opening and closing their mouths while eating their food. Every weekend when I clean out their tank I put them in a basin of water but they are always glad to get back into their own special place. Sometimes Claire helps me but not often. I will always look after them properly because it is cruel not to and I want my fish to be happy.

Alison Anderson LIVA

THE VILLAGE PET SHOP

"Ding dong!" I entered the Pet Shop hoping to find the perfect animal for myself. For a moment I thought the lights had been turned out as the rickety shop door slammed behind me. I was amazed that even although it was midday outside, it seemed like midnight inside. A curious smell then entered my nostrils, a smell that was like a mixture of chlorine from a swimming pool and the stench of ancient dog biscuits. I stepped forward, tumbled down a couple of steps and crashed into a rotating stand of dog collars. It slowly creaked round and round as the collars clanked and jingled together like an amateur brass band. I cautiously rose to my feet, strained my eyes and crept forward, only to collide with a pile of dog biscuit bags which must have been seven feet high. They tottered around for a while and then buried me as they cascaded down. I scrambled my way out and walked on. I bumped into something hard and wooden and then realised it was the shop counter. A little man with sparse hair and who balanced a pair of spectacles on the end of his nose popped up. He asked what I wanted in a soft gentle tone of voice and I answered that I was just looking. He then lit a candle and gave it to me.

Quick as a flash he disappeared. Slightly bewildered, I turned around and welcomed the flickering light. I went over to one of the walls and held the candle aloft. In front of me were a mountain of cages and baskets. They contained, cuddly, cute kittens, mischievous little hamsters and just about every animal you could think of. I moved on a bit and found myself at the aquarium part of the shop. I pressed my nose against the glass and watched all the sparkling fluorescent fish glide gracefully through the water watched by the lazy, fat goldfish. A plump black one with huge eyes came towards me as if to say "This is our territory!". My eyes moved onwards and I saw what must have been the longest and biggest cage of all. I peered through the bars but jumped back in astonishment as I was greeted by a hiss and a large pair of fangs and a large forked tongue. It was a snake! I decided that I knew what I wanted and headed back towards the counter.

As I was waiting for the shopkeeper to reappear again, I could not help noticing another room behind the counter. Through the open door was a room in complete darkness apart from the two candles on a mantelpiece. There was a big armchair beside it occupied by a small plump woman who looked like an inflated beach ball. She was watching a silent movie on the T.V. with a handkerchief in her hand. It was obviously a sad film as every now and again, the hanky would be raised to her face and she would blow her nose. I then realised that she only had a cold and it wasn't necessarily a sad movie. I came to this conclusion after I saw her feet were in a bowl of water with steam rising from it.

After I had bought my new pet, a white fluffy looking rabbit, I embarked on a treacherous return journey to the door. I gave back the candle and slowly walked towards the gateway to the outside world. Apart from an encounter with a straw basket I made it to my goal avoiding any collisions. I shouted goodbye and left the shop. Once my eyes were used to the new light, I looked back and saw a notice in small black writing saying "S. Smithcliff" "Ye olde Pet Shop". It had certainly lived up to its name!

Michael King L7C

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE ALSATIAN KIND

Mr Thomson, a tall, sprightly-looking young man raced up the farm-drive in his shiny, bright red sports car, taking care to avoid all the puddles. He skidded to a halt beneath the spreading branches of an oak tree amid the screech of brakes, scattering some hens that had been pecking and strutting about. Stepping out, he slammed the door and locked the car via remote control. He turned and began to stride away. Suddenly, he heard a horrible growling noise behind him. Wheeling round, he stood rooted to the spot as a huge Alsatian bounded towards him. Imagine his relief when the dog stopped, inches from him, and he saw that it was chained to the tree!

He recovered his wits, and started for the farmhouse. Having reached it he rapped loudly on the door and waited. Soon, it became apparent that no one was in. He returned to the tree to find the Alsatian guarding it. Watching the dog carefully, he sat down, and suddenly a cunning, subtle plan began to dawn on him.

He rose to his feet, and walked calmly round and round the tree. The dog followed, yapping and snarling at his heels. If the dog's chain became short enough, he would be able to reach his precious B.M.W. safely. That was what was in his cunning little mind as he continued round the tree.

Soon, the moment came, and he ran for his life, unlocked his car, leapt into it, and sped in reverse down the drive. He had escaped the Alsatian, which was now struggling to understand how its prey had done it.

Mark Fletcher LVIC

THE FACE OF SPRING

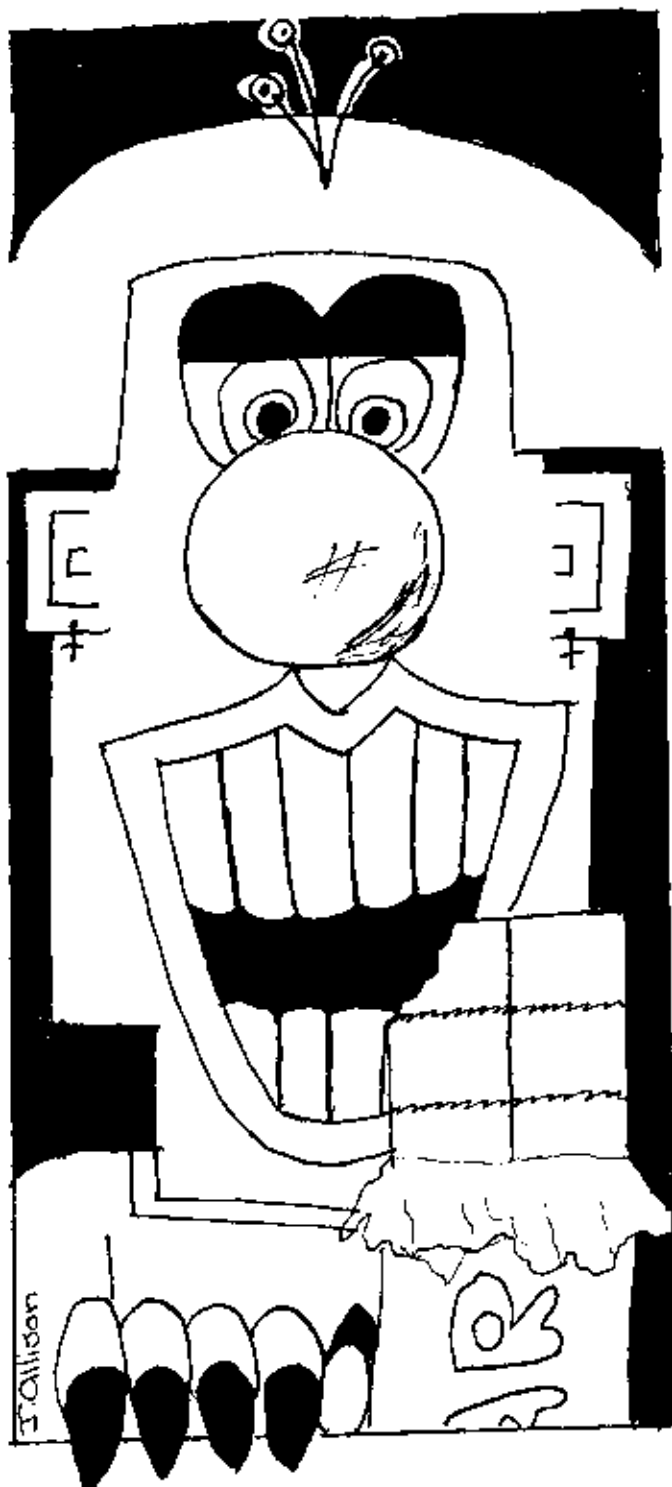
It is almost Easter
We'll have fun painting our eggs.
A day out to the hills to roll them
With mum and dad and friends.
Newborn lambs in fields of green
Dancing and leaping on wobbly legs.
Squirrels venture out but are rarely seen
And the birds sing out from the hedge.
Cats have kittens and hens have chickens
Spring is the time for Love.

Siobhan Lowe LIVC

FINGER PLEASURES

A heavy thing was on my bed,
A fat and bumpy thing it was.
Straight away I reached for it.
There it was! A stocking full of goodies.
I felt the outside of the stocking,
All knobbly and exciting.
There I was running my fingers
On the stocking in the dark.
Suddenly I smelt an orange,
And then an apple, something sharp.
A stocking is always full of goodies.

Katie McGhee L6M



ZENGA

Zenga lives on Mars,
And his favourite food is chocolate bars.
Every night I see him fly,
The dark, night sky.

What he would like to do is drive cars,
But as you know there are no roads on Mars.
When he does not dream about his cars,
He eats his lovely chocolate bars.

Colin Burchell L6M

TWO CREATURES IN THE WOOD

It was winter, the snow was beginning to melt and it was getting dark. My friend, Fraser was staying at my house. After tea we were bored so we went upstairs to my bedroom, while Fraser played with my toy cars I gazed out into the mist. Suddenly the mist drew apart and there, about quarter of a mile away was a wood. Quickly I turned round and said "Come over here" Fraser came over to look. Immediately we both thought the same thing, we had to explore the wood. Soon it was time for bed. Neither of us could get to sleep so we started to talk. Somehow we got from learning the twelve times table to talking about the strange wood. It was midnight before we brought the conversation to an end. Still we couldn't sleep so I went downstairs to get something to eat then something like a bolt of lightning ran down my spine. I had remembered the wood. I ran upstairs to the bedroom and said "Fraser get changed." We both got changed and ran downstairs, grabbed some apples and then set off for the wood.

The journey was very short and we soon got near the wood. As we went deeper and deeper into the wood it grew darker and darker. Suddenly a loud crack broke the silence. We both jumped, I looked round but there was nothing there. We carried on walking into the wood. Fraser kept complaining to me that he was hungry so we sat down and had an apple each. Then we started walking into the wood. As we neared the centre we heard laughing and talking. I crept up to get a better look. This was an unusual sight. What I saw was small and plump. It had a long beard and a pointed nose. Its clothes were strange. It was wearing long baggy blue trousers with a zip. The hair on its head was blue with little curls in it. They were wearing a little hat with a bobble on the top. I beckoned to Fraser to come over to have a look. Fraser jumped backwards and gulped. Whatever were they? They were drinking and falling off the logs that they were sitting on. I looked at my watch it was half past one. I told Fraser we had better be going home.

We set off for home. It was beginning to get light so we ran and ran until we got home, then we rushed upstairs, got into bed and fell fast asleep, tired out after our strange adventure.

Andrew Barclay LVH

Bright orange life-boat coming from the shelter,
Hurries out to sea where the last man drowns,
With a cargo of bodies,
Dead and white,
Never to be seen or heard again.

Long cream kayak, going down the Nile,
Natives quickly rowing, looking for fish,
With a cargo of Africans,
Ropes and spears,
Sharp and pointed daggers to protect themselves.

Small wooden dinghy, moored to a tree,
Tiny children rock the boat to and fro,
With a cargo of sandwiches,
Drinks and crisps,
And sails for a journey to the island nearby.

Esme Gates LV1DN

GANZILLA!

In the morning I wake.
To the beautiful sounds of the birds,
The cold wind through the window,
the smell of the fresh sea air.

Today is the day of rest,
But what is this
The sound of an evil screech.
It's drawing closer and closer!
Thump! Thump! Thump!

Ganzilla! Ganzilla! Ganzilla!
Is coming
Telling lies, and picking on people
That's Bad! Bad! Bad!

I promise I'll be good tomorrow
But your too late! too late
Please give me a chance!
It's too late . . . too late!

AHHHhhh!!!

Fiona MacDonald L6M

STORY OF THE NATIVITY (As told by Donkey)

The dust and the heat was terrible as we came to Bethlehem. My feet sifted through the dust track for miles and miles. My back was aching because of the heavy load on my back. I was sweating like a waterfall and staring aimlessly at the ground wondering if we would soon be there. At last Bethlehem came in sight and at dusk we arrived. The cobbled streets hurt my hooves as I trundled through the royal city. There were hundreds of people all coming to register. At last we came to an inn and knocked on the door. An impatient innkeeper answered the door and said, "What do you want?" in a snappy voice. Joseph asked for a room but the innkeeper said, "No room" and slammed the door in his face. This was repeated a few times until almost in despair they came to an inn and knocked on the door and asked the same question as before. This innkeeper said "I don't have a room" but he said he had a stable where we could rest for the night. So very very slowly I walked, dragging my front hoofs in front of my back hoofs and collapsed on the soft straw. Then I fell fast asleep. In the middle of the night I heard a soft cry. I stirred but I dismissed it and tried to get back to sleep. The cries got louder. I stood up this time and saw a tiny baby wrapped in swaddling clothes. It was Mary's baby. I went up to the manger and sniffed at the tiny bundle. I could smell the hay and the healthiness of the stable. About one hour later some shepherds walked into the stable wearing big woollen cloaks and leather sandals. Then three kings came with gifts for the baby. The kings were wearing marvellous robes. After they had gone I curled up in the straw and fell fast asleep.

James Thorpe LVH

THE WEIRD CREATURE

Once upon a time in a far off land called Everland there was a King, in fact he wasn't just a King, he was also a wicked wizard! Most of his days were spent mixing potions or making plans to try and catch Prince Pedro who was son of King Wham who ruled the kingdom next door to Everland which was Neverland. The King's real name was Elphin and he was known throughout the country as King Elphin the Wicked. King Elphin's ambition in life was to capture the houseboat, in which Prince Pedro lived, and then he would make Prince Pedro work for him. The reason King Elphin wanted to catch the Prince was because the Prince had once been a seaman who had sold all the treasure he had received and also because he had the map to the secret gold mines. Pedro's dad (King Wham) hated King Elphin and Wham had once told Elphin that if he laid his hands anywhere near Prince Pedro, he would be captured and taken to prison at once. This is how Prince Pedro, King Wham and the Fawnhorse managed to overcome the wicked King Elphin.

One day Prince Pedro was out walking. It was a lovely, calm day so he thought he'd go and sit by the River of Peace and watch the ducks going along the river. It seemed like one of those days when nothing could go wrong. Suddenly there was a gust of wind and the sky turned dark grey. All the birds flew away and all the animals hid under the bushes or in their holes. Pedro looked around and there was King Elphin and his men charging towards him. Pedro ran as fast as he could but he soon had to give in because they were coming in different directions. King Elphin jumped off his horse and captured Prince Pedro. Prince Pedro mounted his horse behind King Elphin and they galloped off into the distance towards Everland.

A few days went past and Prince Pedro was still imprisoned and still being fed on bread, butter and water.

One day when the Prince was looking out of the barred, dungeon window he saw a Fawnhorse. He called to it and then he told it about what had happened. The Fawnhorse decided to free Prince Pedro so he quickly slid between the bars and untied the Prince's hands and feet. As the Prince and the Fawnhorse crept silently out of the dungeon window, they heard a voice. It came closer and then suddenly the door opened! King Elphin stormed in! The Prince and the Fawnhorse quickly scrambled out the barred window and ran as fast as they could. After King Elphin's warriors had lost sight of the Prince and his mate they started walking again. The Fawnhorse looked the other way and he fell into a ditch. Suddenly the warriors were in sight and the Fawnhorse was pleading the Prince to help him out. The Fawnhorse offered a magic ruby which could make people invisible. The Prince took the offer and he helped the Fawnhorse out of the ditch. They both then ran off in different directions. When the Prince reached the top of the hill he looked around himself, the warriors were out of sight. All he had now was a precious ruby which would protect him in Everland and Neverland.

Katie Lawson L6M

THE SNOW

Softly, softly falls the snow
White feathers from above
As a lady plucks her doves.

Softly, softly falls the snow
Is it warm? Oh no
As it falls children cry
Look, Look outside they say
What a good snowman building day.
Malcolm Whyte L1VC

THE GARDEN INFERNO

The thunder rolls, and the lightning strikes,
It hits a tree, which is set alight.
The tree is old, and its leaves are dry,
The fire climbs up, to reach the sky.

It crowns the top, then eating fast,
Climbs down to eat the fearful grass.
It lights the night, with a raging glow,
Then spreads right down to the roots below.

It spreads along to the old, red house,
On reaching it, it burns a mouse.
Five minutes later the fire takes hold,
And the story of the fire is told.
Daniel Fairlie and Neil A. Marshall L7F



MY SPELL TO TURN MRS ALEXANDER INTO A FROG

Autumn mist, bewitching season,
Cast a spell, no rhyme, nor reason.
Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble,
A bin of scraps and a pile of rubble.
Eye of frog and wool of bat,
Blood of dog and tail of rat,
A jar of turps and a bowl of bleach,
Down the drain and out of reach!
So now I'll have to start again,
I've made a mistake and added a hen.
A drop of blue dye and an elm tree seed,
An apple pie and some fresh hen feed,
A rotting egg and a mouldy spud,
Tail of rat and blood of dog,
My teacher will become a frog.

David Hart LIVA

THE CITY CAT

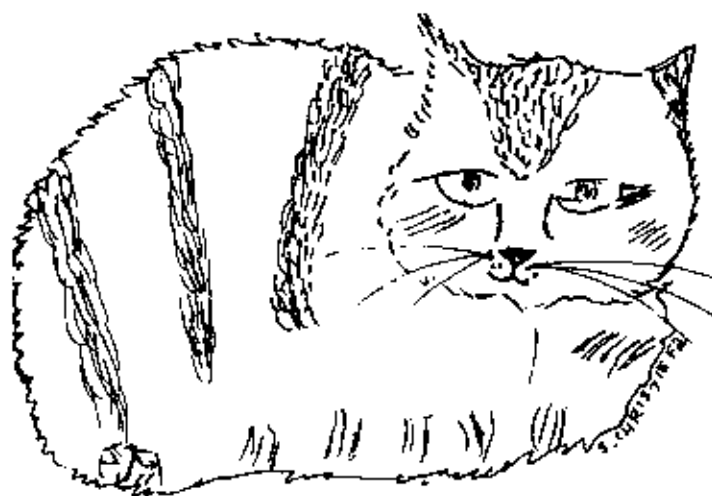
A bundle of fur,
All claws, no pride,
The suburban cat, lives its life.

Roaming the streets,
By night and day,
Searching for food, in a struggle to survive.

Ragged fur,
Torn in fights,
Always on guard in the night.

Eyes gleaming,
Whiskers twitching,
They owe nothing to anybody, they live their own lives.

Alastair Thomson L7K



THE SPIDER'S WEB

She slowly spins in and out,
Point to point, corner to corner,
She cleverly weaves fine silken threads,
Daintily tiptoes round and round,
Once it's finished it's a perfect trap,
Every morning the dew sparkles like crystals on a crown,
Soon after she's caught a fly,
The web is empty again.

Kirsty Melhuish LVC

ESCAPE

It was the first of May, a public holiday and the village of Banbury-Cross was bustling with excitement. The circus had arrived and everyone had gathered in the village green to watch the parade. There were big stilt walkers, a band playing, a ringmaster cracking his whip. Magnificent, spectacular horses with plumes on their heads and splendid acrobats. The parade was so colourful and gay that everyone had to agree that it was the best circus parade they had ever seen. All the village people were so excited that some of them even forgot to eat their breakfast. Then last but not least, a lion in a cage. On the cage was printed Rory the Lion. Rory was roaring and growling. Rory had a big, golden head and a shaggy mane. He was a strong, powerful animal with rippling muscles, sharp claws and tawny fur. He gazed suspiciously at the faces all around him, as he walked round his prison-like-cell. Rory was feeling very bored, sad, lonely, angry and incredibly weary. He was dreaming of basking in the sun, bathing in the stream, killing small timid animals, and lying peacefully under a tree in his jungle, in Africa. The lock in the cage had the key in it and Rory knew it, suddenly Rory roared loudly and took the key in his mouth. Then he turned it. Yes! He actually turned it, Rory had often watched his keeper turning it. Now pushed open the door of his cage and leapt out. People started screaming and hiding and yelling! "RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!"

"Really!" shouted the ringmaster when he was told. "Call the police!"

"Call the police!" shouted someone. Meanwhile Rory had escaped!

Freedom at last! Rory ran on until he came to a church. He leapt right through the window. Oh dear me! The window was just being painted and a baby was being baptised. The lion got paintings of Jesus and angels all over him. Then he leapt up on to the altar and the minister baptised Rory thinking he was the baby. The baby who's name was Susan fell off the altar and on to her dad. Then Rory ran away leaving Susan's head to be bandaged with her dad's handkerchief. Rory came to an ice-cream and sweet shop. He leapt through the window (that being his way to get into a place) and landed in a barrel of ice-cream "HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!" shouted the newsagent man, "A lion just flew through my window and landed in my barrel of ice-cream. He's still in there now. Get him out someone! GET HIM OUT!" Rory just sat licking the ice-cream off his paws. He would not move. He just simply would not move! Then he ate some Mars Bars and Whams. Rory liked the shop. He must have thought that being in the ice-cream barrel was much more fun than being in an old wire cage.

"Call the circus," said someone. Soon the circus came. "Put a tub of ice-cream and sweets in his cage," said the lion tamer who had thoughtfully brought it along. Rory saw the ice-cream and sweets and ran to them and went into his cage and began to eat. Click! his cage door was shut and locked by the ring master. "Perhaps you won't cause us so much bother and trouble again, Rory," said the ringmaster to Rory the angry lion. And Rory didn't or will he do the same next year. What do you think?

Claire Lowe LIVA



WINNER OF THE BLOCK PRIZE FOR CREATIVE WRITING

EPITAPH TO THE INNOCENTS

The Thing was alive. An enormous, living, breathing monster which surged and swayed in time to the presumptuous jubilation of its creators. As the sprawling mass spawned and multiplied, laughter and song became its war cry. The depths of its eyes swelled victory. Victory that it was in complete control of the situation and future victory for its heroes, here to satisfy its own lust for success.

The scene was set. Proud supporters had travelled from Merseyside to Sheffield to witness another mighty comeback in their team's bid for the cup that had been so sorely missed the previous year. Weekend arrangements were cheerfully postponed as men, women and children made their pilgrimage to Hillsborough, hopefully to catch a glimpse of that footballing genius that they knew to be Liverpool Football Club. Little boys, who vowed to become footballers one day, idolised these men whose pictures honourably adorned their bedroom walls, each room a shrine to their devotion; grown men secretly admired the fitness, skill and achievements of such a team, and young girls openly fantasised. This was the day they had been waiting for — the slow build up to a match of such potential. It had been discussed in the school playground, on the bus, at the pub or round the dinner table. These supporters were hungry for action, thirsty with anticipation, eager to obtain what they thought was their due. They made their way in blissful ignorance towards the turnstiles at Leppings Lane their scarves worn with such ferocious pride yet as fragile as a field of poppies in the bloom of their youth.

The monster had grown to enormous proportions; each leg an oak tree of majestic power; its body a complete muscle of confidence; its face dark and dangerous. The turnstiles screamed their terror as they watched it march purposefully towards them. Horrified at a beast which spoke with such volume, they swooned, buckled and died. They became twisted pieces of metal that were no shield against the monster. There was no escape.

Yet one made it through the turnstiles without a ticket and without a word. Death strolled unchallenged to his point of surveillance on the terraces of Leppings Lane.

Inside the ground, the terrace was a block of humanity, a heaving surge of people prepacked and frozen to their spot. There was not a space between the men, not even a gasp of oxygen to spare. They propped each other up into a standing position like playing cards; if one fell the whole cardboard house of life would be irreparably smashed into a thousand tiny

scraps of paper. But one card would not even be creased — the Ace of Spades was immortal.

The singing of the fans began but was tainted with foreboding and tinged with an unspoken undercurrent of fear. Anxious faces watched in horror as yet more and more cards were added to the already bulging pack.

Fate steps in unannounced. With one reaping sweep of his glinting scythe, he chooses his victims at random. It has no sentiment. His deed complete he leaves the rest to Death who has been silently studying the entire situation, eager for his turn.

The Serpent of Death silently, unobtrusively entwines itself around the bodies of its ninety-five innocent victims. They could not see the unctuous grin as it slowly began to suck out the life from their seemingly immortal souls. Death's silhouette danced gleefully around those fortunate enough not to have been chosen. He teased, mocked and tortured them as they reeled in horror at the complexity of his evil. But his evil had only just begun.

The air itself was stifled and thick with screams and cries of human terror. The match had long since been stopped and the excitement and anticipation that had once filled the place had now cruelly turned into blind panic as people fought valiantly for their lives. Children fell and were lost under a wave of arms and legs and hands reaching out in desperate pleas for help.

Death steeled himself for his final act. His splinter-like fingers flexed, grabbed and began their relentless crush — squeezing, piercing, moulding. The cries of his victims reached fever pitch, frantic and continual but they were lost in the depths of his soul as they mingled with his cries of victory and his impatience for more.

But he could give no more. His energy was spent. He had done enough and the pain in his bones told him so. With a sulky tut, he released his grasp and let the bodies thump onto the terraces, in the spot that became their graves.

The Stadium wept openly. The spears of the perimeter fencing had touched everyone and each person's hidden vulnerability had been ruthlessly attacked. These innocent people had left their homes on a song; now the only song they would hear were poignant hymns in packed churches of a grieving city. Hymns sung in memory of human beings plucked so unnecessarily and cruelly from society. These songs will never be forgotten.

And Death walks freely from the holocaust, his wicked mission so successfully accomplished. Retribution is never a fear to him. Happiness is his enemy — grief his sanctuary.

Jennifer S. McLeish, Form V.



Lesley Johnson F5

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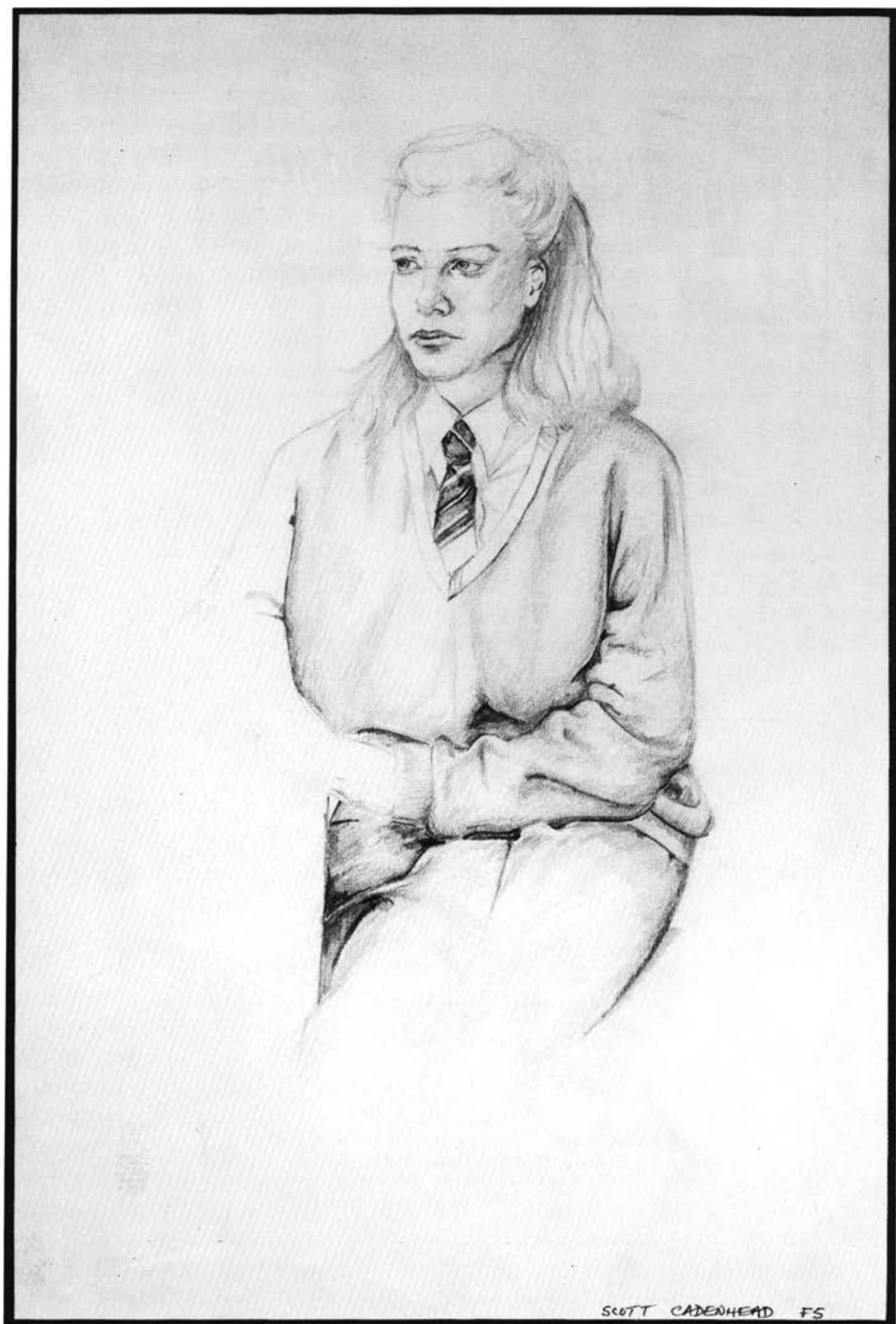
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SONGBIRD

A little girl cries as her songbird dies. With each lessening beat of its fragile heart her desolate tears swamp the safe, paradisaical basis of her life. She does not understand the calm, smug smile of her cat, it knows not what are these gleaming gems that caress the cheeks of its mistress. It gently paws them but shies away from their bitter wet interiors. Both have known death but now the little girl understands pain and sorrow, no longer can she find a pot of gold at the end of every rainbow. In her dreams she has travelled there with her songbird and found only the bubbling cauldron that is the world's torment.

Her childhood dreams melt all too quickly, like a laughing snowman brought too close to a fire. Soon all that remains is the grey slush which is life, studded with the precious jewels of her memories, gleaming like beacons of hope in the darkness of adulthood.

A young woman dresses before her mirror, vainly preening her cold, arrogant face. She has found a new lover, richer and more powerful than the last, to quench her thirst for possessions. She owns all the beautiful things in the world but still is discontented, her arid soul can love neither man nor beauty. Her life is a quest for precious gems and jewels, and an unending drizzle of despair in seeking to revive the snowman of her innocent youth. She constructs a gleaming, harsh, icy world but cannot blow into it the breath of untainted joy and life. The ice-maiden no longer remembers her pretty songbird, only the inhuman, calculating cat which killed her happiness. She has left paradise and entered a dense and confusing jungle filled with all the world's most stunning treasures to shield a savagely destructive evil such as can only be created by mankind. It is a superficial, loveless world in which the young woman must preen to stay alive and forget her dreams of childhood.

An old woman sits alone. She has lost her beauty and been forgotten by her own society. Her mind is empty save for the pondering of memories. She tries in vain to recapture her years as a successful part of the beau-monde, sinking her face into her hands as she thinks of all the barren, wasted years during which she found no love. Once more tears flow down her hollow, papery cheeks and as she senses their bittersweet taste again, the taste that is of true emotion, she remembers her songbird, the focus of her own childhood joy which she had never regained. She leans back with closed eyes and feels its tiny heart fluttering, its wings longing to take it soaring through sunny skies, and its song, the selfless voice which sought only to bring joy amidst sadness. She is once more guided by a few innocent memories, sparkling in the slush, to breathe some moments of pure joy into the freezing air which has closed around her. Through her joy she can once more breathe and love and touch with the wonderment of the child who has regained her songbird.

Hannah Montgomery F6

CAUGHT IN A SPELL

It was one of those hot summer days, the sort that bring the busiest people out of their dark, pokey houses, into the gardens, to lean over the gates, gossiping leisurely to their neighbours, that found me at the bottom of the garden, outstretched on the green grass like a lazy cat soaking up the sun. Lying back I observed the miracle of nature.

I observed the trees, their arms, their fingers and their fruit, the flowers and their colourful array of petals, and the animals, swooping and singing, bustling and buzzing, hopping and humming.

It was peaceful and relaxing. The sky was blue and cloudless and the intensive heat of the sun which shone continuously burned my legs and the back of my neck. The warm breeze that blew, gently ruffled the luscious green leaves of the plants.

Succulent, green apples hung, firm in the tight grasp of the tree's fingers, waxy in the heat of the day and waiting to be plucked. Long gone were the days when the trees had been showered in delicate, pink blossom.

The incessant chatter of distant mowing-machines drifted through the air. Hordes of ants actively went about their business in the dry and dusty earth.

I observed the nearest plant, a marigold with beautiful orange flowers. Its leaves were smooth and velvety, and the delicate orange petals, orientated upwards surrounded the 'heart' of the flower, which gave the sweet smell of nectar that teased my nostrils. Across one leaf crawled a ladybird.

This marvellous creature fascinated me. Its body as red as a ripe tomato adorned with black spots, slowly made its way across the leaf as if it had not a care in the world. Then suddenly, it spread its wings and launched itself into the shimmering heat of the day.

Two chaffinches frolicked in the bird-bath, water splashing over the sides and falling in crystal-clear globules to the ground.

The distant murmur of the mowing-machines ceased, enveloping me, once more, in the peacefulness of nature.

I then focussed my attentions upon the nearby hedge of china-blue hydrangeas. Around one inflorescence fluttered a White Cabbage butterfly as radiant as a bride in her finery.

On one of the many fingers of the nearby lilac tree, there perched, seemingly precariously, a beautiful blue tit in full splendour. Its underparts were yellow, its tail and wings blue, and it sported on its head a bright blue cap. It stood motionless, as did those moments.

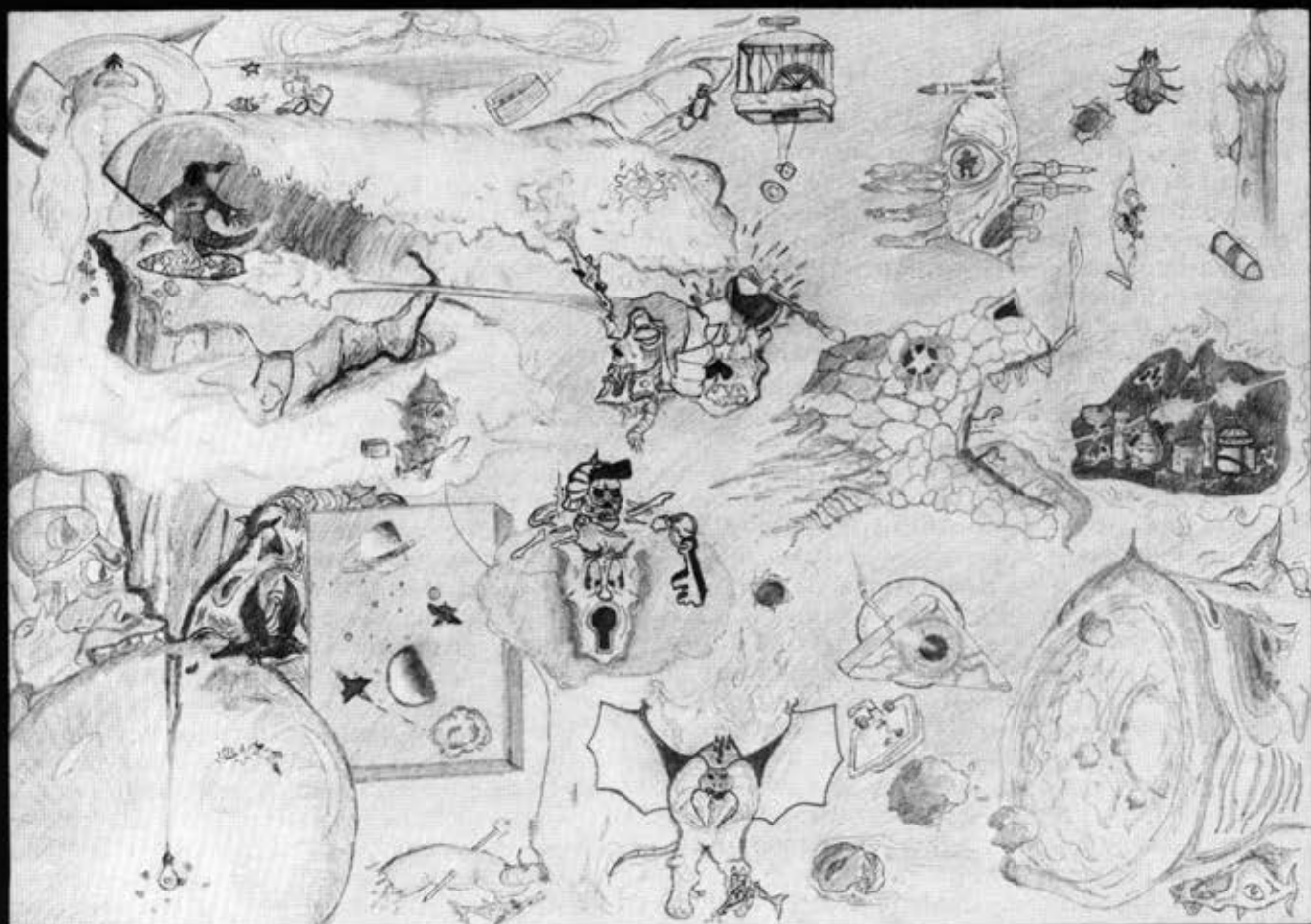
Swarms of gnats hovered in the air as if suspended in the stillness.

Tired Tim the tortoise, the family's pet, sat in the corner near the sweet-scented stocks, basking in the sun. Bees buzzed busily round the roses, their drone breaking the silence of the golden afternoon.

The water in the pond shimmered like a mirror in the sun. Lilies floated motionless, their pink and lemon flowers reflected in the water, whilst the goldfish swam placidly in circles.

It felt as if I was caught in a spell of magic and I could only wish that the spell would never be broken.

Jenny Tooze, Form III





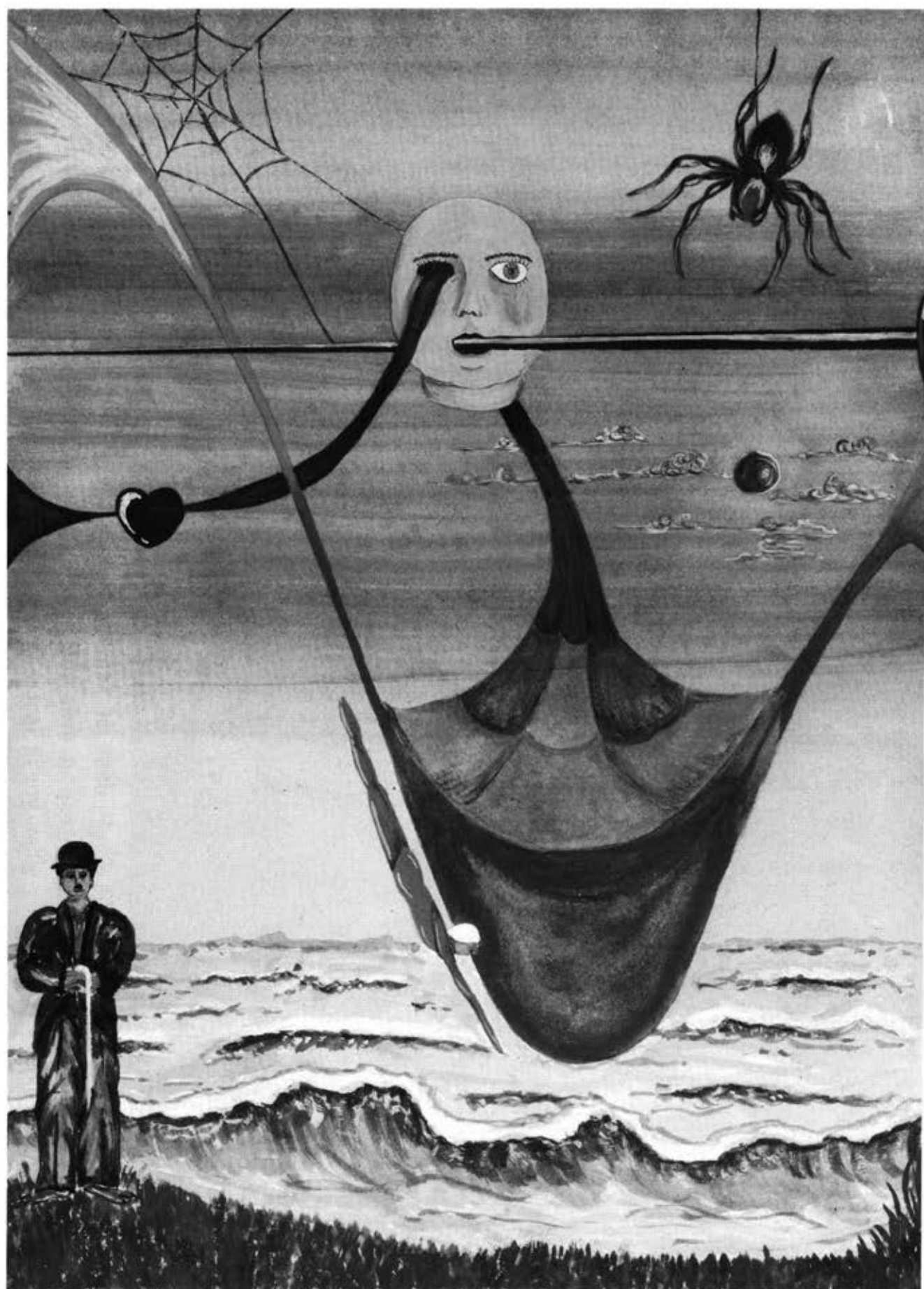
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SUSAN DEEF4



'MOONDUST'

They just stood there — insignificant shadows in the electric glitz of the fairground. Bemused by the surging waves of hands and feet, by the illuminated faces rushing past them, they hung back from the throng, drinking in the magic of this pulsating piece of paradise. The marketplace they knew as a grey, predictable site had in a matter of hours been taken over by lorry loads of bronzed travellers with sharp eyes and swift movements, and the children were unsure of their position. They watched.

Over the familiar cobbles streaked thousands of shoes, beating an irregular tattoo. A constant confetti of trash was dropped from a thousand hands — the hands of strangers who filled the children's town with noise and smell. Like a river, the mob cozed along the road.

Curious fingers of the whole separated to investigate the fascinating, brightly coloured stalls lining its path, and the children saw shadowy faces laughing, gaping, and gone; immersed in the excited flow of people. Here a girl clasped a wispy trail of candy floss and chased it with her open mouth; there a chilled mother wolfed with undignified haste the steaming innards of a potato. Each of the dim images presented to the children lasted only a second, but evidence of their being wafted with uneven strength to their noses. The smell, common to all fairgrounds, which lifted them that night as a miracle drug would have was of petrol; people; candy floss; toffee apples; who knew what else? It was enough to make them forget themselves, and in their imaginations they were on every perilous ride at once, screaming and shouting with the rest of the town.

Slowly their eyes lifted to the skyline, drawn by the spinning movement, the fantastic coloured lights. They suddenly became aware of the mingling songs playing on the rides nearest them, and of the thrashing heartbeat that pulsed supremely throughout the fair. The energy was not in any one place — at a nucleus — it passed through all the stalls, all the rides, all the people. The children stood, and watched, and listened.

A meteor caught their attention, lifting its hysterical prey higher, higher, higher — and then plummeting crazily down towards the hard reality of concrete corners and cobbled streets. At last, as the children's eyes screwed shut in terror, it regained control enough to swerve up again to the skies. For minutes it never quite broke free and escaped into the heavens, always just swooped clear of the crowds. When it eventually slowed, winding gradually down to a steady pace and then to a standstill, the passengers spilled out, and even from such a distance, the children could see moondust in their eyes.

Gripping their fairings tightly, each seeing his thoughts in the others' eyes, the children ran forward, at once carried away by the swelling crowd, to find some moondust of their own.

Mary Young, Form III

THE DESERTED COUNTRY LANE

The last person dwindled into the distance, leaving the country lane deserted. All was silent and still.

There was a rustle in the grass which the silence emphasised. The grass began to sway as if a breeze were blowing it but there wasn't a puff of wind in the air. The path of the swaying grass grew nearer the road. And then a shrew popped its head out from the grass. Its tiny black nose quivered like a rabbit's as it sniffed for danger. Deciding it was safe, it darted across the road. Its brown fur shone in the sun and it was a picture of elegance. It dived into a bush where a crowd of excited squeals greeted it.

Soon the squeals died away and all was silent as before. There was not a living being in sight now, except for the hawk, swinging in the blue, summer sky above. It circled up and up until it was just a speck in the sky. When it seemed that it could go no further, it hesitated and dived down, gathering speed as it went. It hurtled down, like a missile from an aircraft, into a nearby field, where it pounced on a small creature. Then it soared up again, the creature in its beak, and flew off to its hidden eyrie.

With the danger now past, a rabbit hopped cautiously from its burrow in the field. It looked around and, seeing nothing to frighten it, it began to eat. Slowly, other rabbits hopped out until there were about a dozen in the field. Then, there was a sharp noise and one of the rabbits looked up. It seemed to see something that frightened it for it darted quickly into a burrow. The other rabbits followed its example.

A weasel crept out of the hedge the bordered the field. Obviously, it was that that had frightened the rabbits. It crept silently across the lane, watching all the time. There was a small movement in the long grass beside the lane and the weasel pounced. It stood for a second, a mouse in its mouth, then, reassured that the animal was dead, it streaked off to its den.

Once again, all was silent and still. But before another animal could appear, a party of people came walking down the lane. If an animal had had any thoughts about coming into view, it quickly changed its mind.

Joy Goodman, F2



ALAN REID F4



SIMON YU F4



THE HARD TREK

Soft, fluffy mist rolled over the ragged rocks, covered in velvet green moss. A cool wind blew, refreshing the two men. It had been a hard trek: four hours, and no rest. The taller, blond-haired man, grimaced with every step, the strain visible in his tightened muscles. The reason for his effort was shown by the two splints running up either side of his right leg, bandaged on, protecting the damaged limb. The smaller dark-haired man, was also strained, trying to support his companion. Both were dressed in shorts and running vests, dampened by sweat and the moisture in the air. The smaller comforted his partner, whose cheeks were red, and whose sweat trickled slowly over his cheek-bone, and down the side of his face.

It began to rain; small trills began to appear around their feet. The ground became softer, their footing more difficult to find. The steep slope rising behind them loomed over ominously. The sky was grey and they could barely see ten feet in front of themselves for the thickening mist.

Soon they had left the rocky terrain and the ground levelled out onto a grassy spongy area; ahead of themselves they could hear the sound of running water. Their feet were mud-caked, and left dirty marks on the grass, as though filthy shoes across a clean carpet. By now the rain had eased off; both men were breathing heavily and their greasy, matted hair stuck to their foreheads.

They soon reached a stream. This small trickle had swelled with the recent downpour, and its murky brown water raced downstream. The two men ignored it, walking through it as though it were not there, the water washing the mud from their ankles.

The larger one stumbled, falling limp like a rag doll, the other collapsing to his knees under the great weight. He pulled and coaxed at his mate, trying to get him back on his feet. Slowly, with great strain across the faces of both men, they managed to get up; the smaller one taking most of the weight for both of them.

They began to walk on, painfully, with little progress. The mist was getting thicker still, and each step forward felt like a million miles. Every ounce of muscle on either man pushed and pulled, all in aid of their slow progress.

Suddenly it was completely dark, the two men collapsed. A shaft of light struck them from the right,

they turned to face it, slowly they got up, and walked towards it.

The two men walked out of the door and down the steps that led out of the "Survival Simulator". Both sat down on a bench at the bottom; the larger man began to untie the splints on his leg, while the smaller, dark-haired man, rubbed his hair with a towel: "Well, that's it", he said, "Another early start tomorrow then Joe?"

Barry Noble Form 3

THE DEMON STRIKES

The sun blazed down; the heat was intense. For four days the heatwave had lasted and the once damp undergrowth had dried out becoming dead and brittle. The animal life was suffering too; for some it had been too much and dead carcasses lay strewn around. Now and then in the evening an owl or hawk rasped harshly, throat dry, almost pleading for the rains to come.

The fifth day came, no better than the others that had preceded it. Crunch, crunch. A hiker, clad in shorts and t-shirt came, snapping the twigs and bracken as he walked. Protruding out of his rucksack was a map and magnifying glass. It seemed that the whole world was watching, vulture-like, when the glass slipped out of the rucksack . . .

Time had passed; the hiker had gone on, not noticing his loss. Now the animals ventured out to inspect the gleaming object. A rabbit swiftly scampered to it, and sniffed it, praying for the heavenly taste of clear, cool water. But there was none. The birds, deer, mice and rabbits alike sensed it, and crawled weakly back to their lairs.

The sun rose higher still, and in the midst of the silence of the wood, the grass below the magnifying glass burned, browned and then crackled as the rays of sun throbbed down like a slowly descending weight and hit the glass. Little embers, full of life, sparked outwards. The forest slept on, unaware.

Now the grass crackled like chestnuts roasting and the red demon fire, lashing furiously, leapt up, licking a great, mammoth pine. A squirrel awoke to the searing heat only to find herself captured by the evil tongue of fire . . .

Birds called in panic and arose like balloons from a bag, leaving their new-born chicks to the blazing furnace. Still the fire swept on. Tree after tree fell like dominoes, each hitting another. The red devil's hunger still was not fulfilled. There was no escape for the small animals whose legs could not take them swiftly to beyond the demon's grasp.

Suddenly, there was a roll of thunder and the skies opened, dropping their pent-up rain onto the lands. The demon hesitated; tried to shrink up so that the rain could not find it. But it was no use — the cooling drops killed the red demon.

Charred remains of both trees and animals steamed with the water. Eventually the birds and deer cautiously returned only to find their young and neighbours either cremated or smothered by the thick black smoke that the demon had breathed out. Only half the forest trees remained standing, for the rain had come just in time. But the damage was done, damage that would take several decades to mend like a wound continually opened. The forest was quiet, as the remaining wild-life soaked up the water and began life anew.

Ann Grewar Fl

SEASONS

The Summer passes by and dims,
The leaves grow gold before they fall,
Leaving the trees with all their limbs
Bare before the Winter's call.

Now snow and ice encase the ground
And clothe the trees with garments white,
Spreading a sleeping blanket round,
Waiting for Spring's new light.

The sky is blue and Spring is near,
The earth is bathed in sunlight clear,
And everywhere you look around,
Gold and white carpet the ground.

Winter's snow has gone away,
Spring has settled here to stay.
The sun is warm and bulbs peep through
And tender shoots are green — like new.

Greens now darken, mellow too,
Flowers flourish, birds abound.
There are no clouds, the sky is blue,
Once more Summer's come round.

Joy Goodman F2



ANDREW HEPWORTH F4

THE NEWCOMER

I eyed Chesterton sceptically, where he sat, firmly sunk back into his big chair. He had finished telling me the bad news, now he was once more behind the Financial Times, studying the Stock Exchange. I could well imagine the spectacle he presented behind it — a suprisingly little man, surrounded on one side by the tasteful greenish patterning of the armchair, on the other by the pink Financial Times, occasionally craning his head upwards to make out an article high up on the page.

I tried to catch his attention once again.

"I say, Chesterton, old chap, could you just explain that once more?" He lowered the paper slowly, no doubt still half immersed in share prices, and then turned his full attention on me.

Before speaking, he smiled indulgently, and removed his monocle.

"Look, young feller, it's perfectly simple. You remember old Lord Montegue?" I nodded an affirmative.

"When someone that important is a member of the Club, Old Whitaker offers to take in any offspring too. So, young feller, it's dead simple. Lord Montegue's twenty-six year old son, Daniel Montegue, arrives at the club this afternoon."

"Good Lord! Nobody's joined us for a decade or more!" Chesterton smiled again, and satisfied that he'd got the message across, buried himself in his paper.

I had been deeply disturbed by the thought that we were to be joined by some young whipper-snapper in his twenties. After all, we were mostly in our forties.

With baited breath I watched the waiters gliding about the dining room, carrying silver platters containing this and that.

Sir Adam Whitaker, the Club Founder had given a dull, but mercifully short, speech informing the members of the news. Now I could sense a slight strain in the atmosphere. Old "Paddy" O'Brien, was looking distinctly upset, I recall, as he discussed the matter with an equally excited Augustus Hadfield.

I think the idea was that Daniel Montegue would arrive before the welcoming dinner, and Whitaker, expecting the chauffeur to be punctual, had asked us all to go to table.

I took my customary place beside Chesterton, and waited.

As it was, he made rather a dramatic entrance, rather than just coming in to table with the rest of us.

One of the attendants glided into the dining room and whispered something into Whitaker's ear, upon which he jumped up as if someone had stuck a pin into him, and hurried after the attendant.

Chesterton nudged me, and whispered that our guest must have arrived. It was at this point that I realised that he was nearly as disturbed about the whole business as I was!

However, there was no more time for these speculations, for the newcomer had arrived!

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed, for the second time that morning.

I don't suppose he was really an offensive looking cove.

His hair was short, a gingery colour, perched on top of a high forehead. His nose swept down aristocratically and, on its bridge, a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles were perched. Now, with his deep blue eyes, he was goggling at the assembled through his spectacles, blinking every now and then. My eyes

travelled downwards and came to rest on his tie. It was a sort of maroon affair, with white spots. It did not, as is easy to imagine, go with his lavender coloured suit. Chesterton nudged me again.

"Look at his tie, young feller!" he hissed.

Whitaker popped up by Montegue's shoulder and ushered him to his seat near the head of the table.

Whitaker had told the kitchen staff to make a special effort for the welcoming dinner, and so, when my eyes finally left Montegue, they alighted on the marvellous spread in front of us. There were salads, and chickens, and lobster dishes, and a giant tureen of soup, to mention but a few of the courses.

Soon the meal was in full progress, aided by some rather nice French wine which Whitaker had dug out. Then, at last came the part which I had been waiting for — the speech. This was the part of the welcoming ceremony when the new member had to give a speech showing that they were pleased to be accepted, and so on.

So, soon enough, young Montegue stood up at the further end of the table, fingering his tie nervously.

"Well, gentlemen, I must say, I am very glad to be here today." How he could address a large number of people in that sort of tie I can't imagine.

Then the most dreadful thing happened. The young fellow was standing there prattling on one moment, but the next he had keeled over into the soup tureen.

Some time later, after the police enquiry, the club was very disturbed. Augustus Hadfield had left. Chesterton had given up the Financial Times.

Research had apparently revealed that the poor boy had recently had a heart attack, and the general idea was that he had not fully recovered, and so collapsed. But I support a different theory.

I think the death had a lot to do with that big silver soup tureen. Eccentric though the theory may seem, here it is:

I suspect that the reason for his lateness was possibly that he slept in. Here is the scene. He wakes up, and suddenly realises that he is already late for his all important dinner. He rushes to his wardrobe and grabs his nearest suit, putting it on quickly. Then he rushes to wherever he keeps his ties, and this is where he made the mistake which, I think, cost him his life. He did not look at the tie he put on. He now jumps into the car and tells his chauffeur to step on it. At last he arrives, breathless, at his destination, and gulps down his delicious meal. Then he stands up and faces the club, and after a few minutes of speech, his nervous eye roves onto the brightly polished soup tureen. And sees his tie!

Together with the trauma of the morning, this is more than he can stand in his weak condition.

I could tell you of the long search for evidence we embarked upon. But that is another story.

Dominic Seymour F2

HOLIDAY HIGHLIGHT

Was this another world? Had I gone back to biblical times, or was this a picture from Arabian Nights?

My holiday highlight was a trip to the medina in Sousse, a town in Tunisia. A medina is a narrow alleyway. It is situated in the old part of the town. The word medina comes from the Arabic for 'town' or 'civilised place'.

THE MARCH

I was in Tunisia with my Mum, Dad and brother Neil for our holiday and we were staying in a hotel near Sousse.

As soon as we walked through the gate of the walled city, it was like stepping into a dream. The sights and sounds which met our eyes and filled our ears were many and varied. My heart missed a beat as I wondered what lay before us.

The smells were over-powering. The pungent odour of sewers mingling with the aromatic fragrance of spices. I could smell leather bags displayed on shop fronts and camel skins drying in the sun.

As we wandered up and down the alleys we were often enticed into dark, mysterious shops as charming shopkeepers tried to sell their varied wares. We were persuaded to haggle and bargain for the items, a process I never really enjoyed. At the end of the day we found we had purchased many items we never really intended buying.

We followed the assorted smells of foods and perfumes down the maze of alleys and would come upon groups of men sitting smoking hookahs and drinking mint tea. These men looked very biblical in their jellabas, which are long gowns, usually white or brown on colour. They also wore babouches, their heel-less slippers, and fezs or lace caps on their heads.

Some of the sights were extremely, curious. For example, it seemed to be the custom to have cows heads hanging outside the butchers' shops. You could even see tears in their eyes and their tongues were hanging out. The meat for sale looked quite disgusting. Flies buzzed everywhere and it was common to see the very sticky sweets especially nougat, covered with wasps.

The air was filled with talking and shouting. All this seemed very loud in the restricted area of the narrow dark alleys. There was also the voice of the imman, from the mosques, calling the faithful to prayer, as well as the rhythmic beating of brass and silversmiths' hammers as they marked designs on plates and cups.

The food being cooked in the dark houses smelt very tempting. I wondered what lay inside these dark, secretive houses, but wouldn't have risked a peek. I still felt quite wary as well as excited.

It seemed we would never find our way out of the labyrinth of alleys and passageways, as they went on and on seeming to get busier and busier and much more cramped. It was very exciting thinking we would be lost there for weeks and weeks. We didn't know if we were heading out of the medina or further into it.

Beggars too, were on the streets sitting with a tin cup asking for money, and endless children ran up and down mingling with laden donkeys and carts.

I think the funniest happening was when a shopkeeper offered to buy me for one hundred camels. Dad refused, thank goodness!

The people in the medina were really very friendly and quite a number of them, although very poor, could speak some English.

Eventually, we emerged from the noise and bustle back into the glare of the hot African sun and the more relaxed life of the ordinary town of Sousse. My visit to the medina would be one I would never forget.

Alison Marshall

The marchers, some three thousand strong, were assembling in the city square. The various bands were tuning up their instruments or making last minute alterations to their marching routines. Elaborate banners were unfurled. The various masonic lodges formed up into ranks behind their standard-bearers. Bowler hats and orange sashes were patted into place and adjusted and re-adjusted. Patent shoes and umbrellas were given a quick wipe. Before anyone knew what was happening, the city square was shrouded in silence; the marchers shuffled clumsily into a neat rectangle. At the head of the procession, a large flag, bearing a red cross on a white background, was raised. Simultaneously, other similar banners and a few Union Jacks popped up in the midst of the marchers. Other banners, bearing defiant slogans also appeared. Several youths gathered at the back of the procession. Some of the bowler-hatted elders began to murmur to each other. The town clock eased agonisingly towards one o'clock.

The clock struck. Three thousand people inhaled as one. The drummers rattled into action. The majorettes began their routine as if switched on like clockwork toys. Two armoured Land-Rovers led the procession round the corner into the High Street. The flutes, followed by the rest of the bandsmen, broke out into a merry marching tune. A quiet ripple of applause spread through the crowds lining the barriers, while children paraded up and down on the pavement. Mounted policemen on the ring of the march looked about them suspiciously and were looked at suspiciously in return. The youths at the rear of the march muttered oaths and obscenities to each other. Several of them, obviously having been involved in pre-march festivities, were frog-marched away by the police.

The march continued on its route into the residential areas of the city. The band went through its repertoire of traditional tunes. The majorettes danced their hearts out, full of their own self-importance. People, leaning out of windows, clapped and cheered. The march continued on to the Central Park where it came to a sudden halt. Everyone laid down rugs on the grass and laid out picnics or alcoholic refreshments. The various speakers milled around a makeshift podium. "Testing, testing," croaked a voice. The crowd fell silent as the first speaker cleared his throat and let out a fiery harangue about his "nationality" and how his countrymen would never submit to evil. The sun even appeared from behind the clouds for a few short moments.

The other speakers having voiced identical opinions, the crowd rose to its feet and set off on the final leg of its march. Another crowd of youths had congregated at the park gates and were eyeing the original group with contempt. They were quickly moved on by the police.

The parade moved on through the Catholic area of the city. The residents had objected strongly to this but to no avail. The sun began to creep under the horizon. Shouts arose from the march and paint bombs were thrown by some of the youths as the march passed walls painted with masked gunmen and slogans such as "Bobbie Sands is Free". The parade returned to the city centre without further incident, however, and the finale turned out to be an anti-climax, despite an emotional rendition of the National Anthem and several banners of the Queen being produced. The march dispersed quietly, or so it seemed. The two gangs of youths stood some hundred yards apart. The police vans formed a barricade across the road. A bang was heard. The day was not yet over...

WATER

Whirling, Swirling, Rushing by
Anxiously Mozambique waits; but dry
Torrid floods that fill a city
Ethiopia's drought; we pity
Relief we give to ease their pain
but all they really need is rain.

Rachel Bruce F1

SPRING

Trees covered in white galore,
Fields are a sheet of yellow below,
The sky is blue like the big blue sea,
And the trees are green as green can be.

I think of Spring as always warm,
And lovely baby chicks being newly born,
The birds singing in the trees,
And the constant buzzing of the bees.

The big yellow sun is a joy in the sky,
We are glad that winter has at last past by,
Spring will come again next year,
But that is not very near.

Shona Patterson F1

THE SHARK

MacDonald heading away from the shore,
Had no idea what was in store.
Leaving behind the harbour docks,
He passed a last time the Carnegie rocks.
As his trawler chugged out to sea,
He threw out his nets, then had his tea.
But then perchance he fell to the floor,
And grazed himself where his skin was raw.
He washed his hand in the salty brine,
The blood alerted senses fine.
In length it was four metre long,
And each square inch was sinew strong.
Its mighty tail carried it up to the hull,
Of MacDonald's boat, then with its skull.
It wounded the hefty timber so,
The boat precariously rocked to and fro.
And a crack appeared up by the bow.
MacDonald knowing what it was,
Began to scream for help because.
There were no rocks in this ground,
Only fishes there were to be found.
The shark's next attack split the boat asunder,
Water roaring in like thunder.
MacDonald surfaced with a desperate yell,
And then dragged down to the depths of hell.

Daniel Dawson F1

MOODS — CITY SCENE

The winter night is creeping in.
Rubbish crackles under foot.
The wind whistles through empty streets.
Roadlight slowly flicker on.
A stray dog searches the butcher's bins
Looking for bones and scraps of meat.
Somewhere in the distance a car horn blares,
A broken door hangs on one hinge,
A window without a lock slams open
And someone hurries to close it again.

A few hours later all is still
Except the chilly whistling wind.
All are asleep, all but one:
A baby cries, lonely and afraid
But nobody comes to comfort the child.
The baby cries on, piercing the night
But nobody comes, because nobody cares.

Ruth Elisha F1

PANTING

She left him then, so sadly,
With a brief, yet touching, goodbye,
And as he watched her car drift off,
He heard her softly sigh.

He thought about her longingly
Her last words echoing round his head,
And puzzled them over and over again
"It's for your own good," she had said.

But what good is a lonely tear
Slipping from his mourning eyes
He'd tried to do what she wanted
Yes, she couldn't deny that he'd tried.

He'd given her all that she wanted
A shoulder on which to lean,
But now she'd never see reason —
See what could have been.

Jenni Birrell

A CAT'S LIFE

A cat's life is an easy one,
And it reaches to extremes,
While we are very hard at work,
A cat just sits and dreams.
And isn't it coincidence,
And right against your luck,
Just when you are going to sleep,
A cat's just waking up.

A cat's life is an easy one,
For him all things are pleasant,
He struts in like a VIP,
And treats us all like peasants.
A cat need never tidy up,
Or even Hoover floors,
A cat's home is the only home,
With automatic doors.

Aileen Robertson F11



CHRISTIANS

Christians — I wish not to join your gang
Of lying preachers and ignorant followers
So why is earnest your desire to convert me?
You call me sinner and even heathen
But what is so heathenish about
Wishing to have thoughts of one's own.

I may be wrong, I may be right
But no church preacher shall ever tell me
That I cannot be
Who I am.

Yes morals for all the world and laws within a country
I accept, and I agree.
But what is life and love to one
Is death and destruction to another.

If I do wrong in having my own beliefs
Then Christian society is not worth life.
If I insult your God, it is because
You insult me and my integrity.

I'll not be destroyed by your God,
Nor anyone else's.
When I am destroyed
I want it by chance or my volition
Not by decree of spurious restitution.
Anne Margaret Wright FV

HUNTER

The leaves fluttered, dancing to the ground
Down from the tree tops whispering round,
Beneath the branches that cat lay,
Engrossed in killing — the leaves his prey.

He was born a hunter, that bundle of fur,
Tabby, tiger-like, he never gives a purr.
Battered by the children, just an object to them,
Now he gives back nothing and hates all men.

Scraggy, yet threatening, he's out for the kill
Living by instinct as wild cats will,
He works for his living, but even in play
There's an air of menace about his way.
Rachel Thomson FI

CITY NIGHTS

As I walk through the smokey streets
Where the dim lights take the place of the daytime sun
They reflect off broken glass
And the silence is broken by a rowdy dog barking,
Chasing a stray cat.
The streets are empty
As though the whole world has come to a standstill.

The hot dirty breezes blow the litter
In small whirlwinds on the dusty streets
All I can hear is my heart beating loudly
Stillness;
And the first star lights.

Jan Moir FI

MY CAT

Two green eyes,
Shining brightly in the night.
A long, striped tail,
Swishing slowly, left to right.

Somewhere close behind him,
He hears a scratching noise.
Alert he pricks up his ears.
He takes a listening poise.

Nose and whiskers twitching,
He scans the nearby ground.
He sees his prey, and prepares
To strike without a sound.

Suddenly, he prances —
There is no mercy shown.
My cat's the best mouse catcher
The world has ever known.

Sarah Meek FI

MOODS — CITY SCENE

The fog begins to fall,
Water laps upon harbour walls,
Ships no longer dock,
Birds fly in their flock.
Metal erodes,
Broken windows creak,
Cranes sway in the wind,
Buildings crumble and
All that is left is sand.

In a nearby street
Heavy clumpy boots and feet
Are heard,
High heels click as they meet.
Cars are heard in the distance,
Cats purr as the night falls,
It is dark,
Shadows fade upon the walls.

David Gardner FI

FROST

I woke up with a start and found myself lying on the floor. I looked at my clock. It was 4 a.m. Rising to my feet I peered around the curtains and looked out into the street below.

A silvery carpet stretched out as far as I could see and covered everything in sight. The glowing streetlamps made the ground below glisten. There were no clouds in the sky and the moon smiled down on the beautiful scene. Everything was still and silent as if someone had stolen the wind. The bare trees now had silvery icicles hanging from their long arms instead of the dull brown leaves which lay at their feet. The hedges too had new clothes. The grass was painted silver with the occasional dark shadow stretched out on top of it. Next door's roof had a funny sort of shape on it. It looked like someone had walked and made tracks through the frost. Gateposts all along the street were shining as the light from the moon shone on them. It was a perfect scene and I longed to go out and be a part of it. I wished it would stay forever, but I knew when the sun came out it would vanish and Jack Frost would leave once more.

Lesley Mason



PERIL

Jack had been wandering for hours, a gun slung over his shoulder. He had come out to hunt but his main reason was to see the golden eagle in motion.

The tense and gripping excitement arose not a moment too soon for he had begun to lose interest and was tossing a coin as to whether he should turn back.

In the pearl-grey sky a couple of specks, swiftly growing larger, had caught Jack's attention. They were eagles and from their movements he could tell they had found a suitable quarry and were swooping down on it. He decided to view the episode from another angle but as he approached, he froze in horror.

Before his very eyes he could see a man on his knees, his arms raised in feeble defence against the persistent attacks from the long taloned claws striking at him. A thrill of horror broke out into a run.

Rising a few metres falling ever on the move, hackless of their curved necks bristling, incessantly fluttering their mighty wings, the birds assailed their victim with fury, uttering the while savage cries that sounded like; "Karoo! Kraw!" Now aware of disturbance from Jack, they circled both men with courage that showed they would not hesitate to attack a fully grown stag, if their anger was sufficiently roused.

Jack swung the gun from his shoulder and grasping the barrel of it with both hands, he provoked the birds, working them into a frenzy.

The smaller of the pair suddenly swerved in its swoop, planed off in a slanting flight and winged its way upwards. But the other, an immense fellow, made evident that the sight of Jack was not sufficient to cause it to be willing to give up its prey. Its attack was speedily transferred to the active enemy.

The big eagle swept upon him with a circling movement, grappling the neck of his jacket and tearing it in an attempt to lift him from the ground. Jack's reaction was more of a disadvantage to him than the bird... While swinging the butt of his gun at the thrust-forward head, with its wicked-looking hooked bill and angrily burning eyes of clear orange/brown, he received a clout from a wing. It hurled him aside and as

his well-intended blow went astray, he found himself in painful contact with a small but sharp rock jutting out of the ground.

He scrambled to his feet, not a great deal hurt, but in a passion of anger. And how well timed this move was, for only a few metres above his head the bird was approaching in a second swoop, vehemently screaming "Karoo! Kraw!" He dived to one side, and as the bird seemed to be climbing again he turned only to find the bird heading straight for him. This time though he felt a severe bump on his head. He had misjudged the speed and collided with the bird, but the impact was too slight to assure him he had done the bird any serious injury.

Soon Jack realised that it would be easier to aim for the body instead of the ever moving target of the head which was, compared to the body, not an easy target.

Then disaster befell him. While attempting to direct a blow to the bird's body, he stumbled over a rock. As he met the ground, he was startled by the impact and the gun went flying. It snapped as it crashed on to the ground and Jack was immediately put in a terrifying situation.

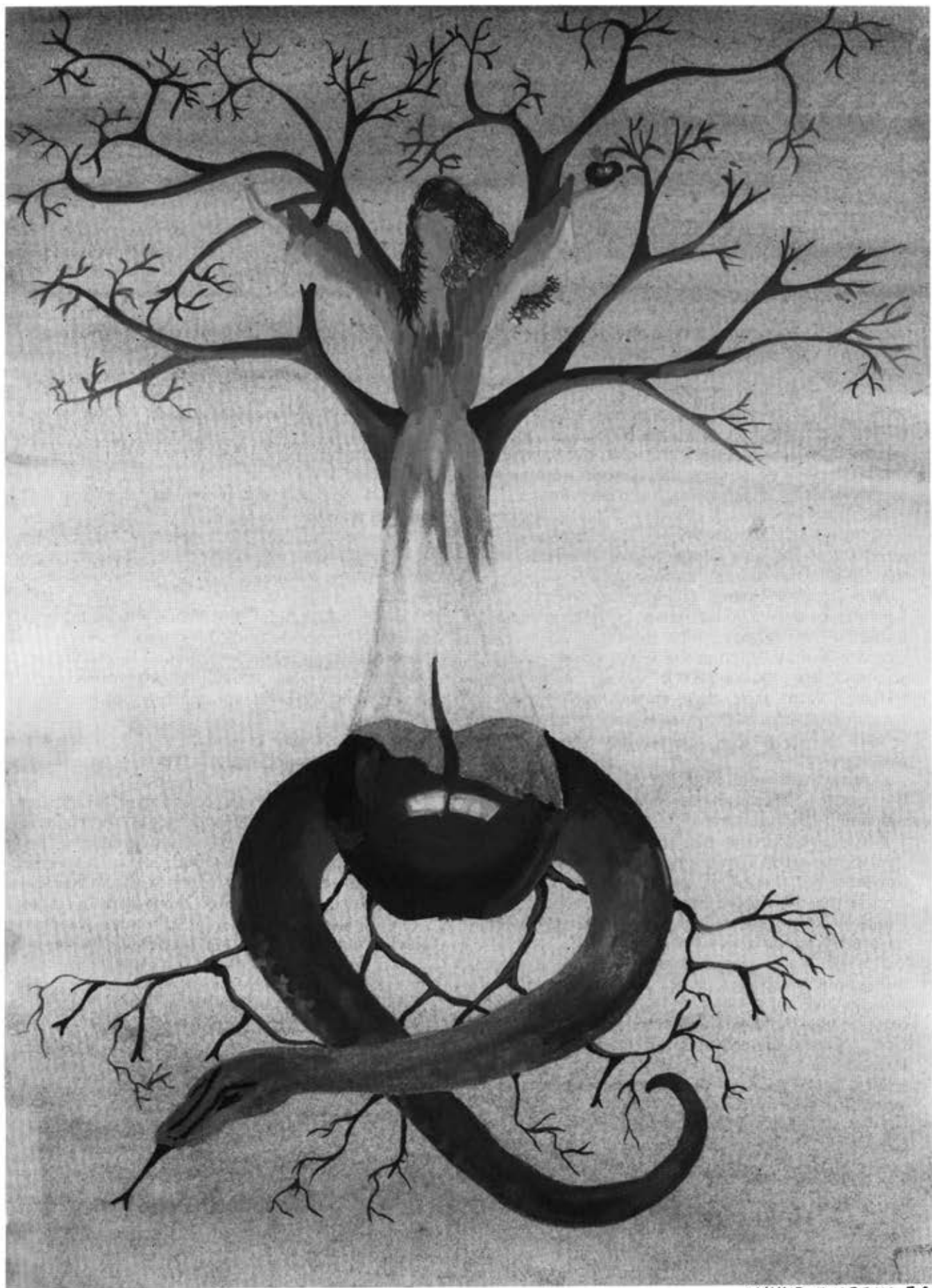
With no weapon to fend off the bird which was fast approaching, he lay, frozen in terror, his face, flushed of all colour.

The other man, who had sat dazed, for most of the struggle, made a vain effort to get up. He came to the aid of Jack just as the bird had outwitted him. The man slung a rope towards the bird, just as it plunged to buffet Jack in the chest. He pulled tight on the rope as it hooked the bird's wing and drew it closer to him.

In the struggle to break free, the rope scorched the joint of the wing. Jack could hear the sinews ripping as blood dripped by his head. The rope slipped off, but this could not save the bird. With a broken wing, its flight was ruined and the eagle plummeted to the ground.

Although disturbed by the pain and agony the bird was suffering, Jack was thankful he would not be experiencing any more nerve tingling attacks and slowly rose to his feet.

Suzanne Ogilvie FI



LYNNE DUFFUS F4

DEREK OF ALL TRADES

"Get up! Get up!" said his mother in an urgent tone. "It's your last chance!"

... The crack fighter pilot calmly pulled the multipurpose joystick down as far as it would go. His co-pilot, Richard Jones, gave a sigh of relief as the jet surged upwards. Jones was clearly shocked and was sweating profusely. "What's the matter?" enquired Flight Lieutenant Brown. "Don't you like the way I fly?"

Jones sat clinging to his seat, as if his life depended on it, the thundering of bombs and guns filling the air "rat-a-tat-tat, BOOM!" Brown was flying as if he had to be on the other side of the world in ten minutes.

Suddenly another plane shot out of the mist, materialising from nowhere. It was on a collision course! Unaware of his co-pilot fainting, Brown fought desperately to raise his craft ...

"Derek if you don't get down these stairs this instant, you'll be late!" yelled his distraught mother. He leaped out of bed and quickly threw on his school uniform. "Coming mum!" he shouted to his agitated mother who was now standing at the door with a burnt bacon roll. He scrambled down the stairs almost tripping over his untied shoe laces.

Dashing up the road, he firmly clutched his bacon roll, bestowed upon him by his exasperated but loving mother. As usual he only just caught the bus, much to the disgust of the grumpy but obliging bus driver who had to stop his vehicle a second time.

Jumping onto the double decker Derek panted, "fifteen please".

"You should improve your timing, laddie. This bus is five minutes late as it is!" narked the driver.

But most of this comment was in vain as the culprit had already clambered up the steep stairs and was talking to his friends.

"Hey Derek! Can I have a copy of the English homework?" Pleaded Gordon. "Yeh, sure" said rather guiltily. "Fraser is always forgetting something", he thought to himself.

It was a beautiful sunny day and the bus was quiet, apart from two, young boys sitting at the back who never stopped shouting. Suddenly the elder of the two screeched "Hey, look at that four-wheel drive all-terrain vehicle. It's all kitted out to go rallying!"

... Derek McRae, the ace rally driver, threw his sturdy vehicle through the deeply rutted forest track "THUD, BANG!" Went the four by four as it bounced about,

sometimes clearing the ground altogether. This did not bother McRae. He had nerves of steel and was hot favourite to win the contest, and his mind was set on this as he sped round the slippery track.

"One mile to go!" yelled his co-driver above the roaring of the powerful V8 engine. McRae showed no response, his face had drained of all colour. Another competitor had got his vehicle wedged across the narrow track, blocking it completely. Disaster was unavoidable as McRae hurtled forwards. Suddenly there was an ear-shattering scream of tyres, then an ominous thud as McRae's vehicle lurched over the steep embankment into the deep ravine below ...

"Hey, come on dozy, it's our stop," came Gordon's voice.

"Eh, oh, erm, is it?" Suddenly Derek's dreamworld thumped back into reality.

The two boys raced into school with seconds to spare for the start of the English period. School was always boring on Wednesdays, that is until last period when it was time for Geography. Definitely his best subject, Derek was sure he had the ability to answer any question he was asked. Suddenly the teacher sprang him a question, one to separate the men from the boys.

... "I think it's a trick question. It's an upside down photograph of a U-shaped valley!" he declared. The audience gasped in amazement.

The would-be genius Derek McSwot reclined into his comfortable seat. He was head of the team from 'The High School of Dundee' in the National Geographic Quiz. Having answered all his questions apart from the last one, he was on the verge of winning.

"What is the trigger point of an avalanche?" asked the quizmaster. Suddenly there was a THUD, a large nosed boy had fallen off his seat in excitement.

"That's it!" exclaimed Derek. The boy had given him inspiration ...

"Well Derek!" The class giggled. Suddenly the bell went. "Thank goodness," he thought.

He walked dazedly out of school and before he knew it had been whisked home by the bus.

"Hurry up Derek, we're going to the theatre tonight. Come on! We have to leave in five minutes.

... "Be right there!" said Derek Bond licensed to thrill!

Derek Brown F.4



ALAN REID F4



EILEEN MACFARLANE F11

ADDENDUM — F.P. NEWS

KWAZIWAI KUBVA KUZIMBABWE!

(Greetings from Zimbabwe!)

*"No the hippo won't mind; lion won't mind,
If you take a little time, to leave it all behind
And find your place in the sun —
So won't you stay, just a little bit longer. . ."*

Zimbabwe is a wonderful country. It is full of natural, historical and geographical attractions, has a superb climate and enjoys a standard of living which is the envy of most of the rest of Africa. Yet perhaps the most enjoyable part of my stay here has not been visiting any of Zimbabwe's many sights, but meeting Zimbabweans themselves. The advert should have added that "the people won't mind either" — Zimbabweans are both friendly and happy, and everyone I have met went out of their way to make me feel welcome.

Zimbabweans however, do have a lot to be happy about (could this explain why they put up with me for a year?) — their countryside is, without a doubt, magnificent. Mosi-oa-Tunya ("The smoke that thunders") or Victoria Falls to you and me, the Kariba Dam, the Great Zimbabwe ruins and a proliferation of game parks (including the world famous one at Hwange) all help explain Zimbabweans' pride in their country.

Zimbabweans can also be proud of the richness of cultures to be found within their borders. People from all over the world mix freely with the indigenous Shona and Ndebele. European and African, Indian and American — all these traditions co-exist resulting in a lifestyle which is both unique and invigorating.

If this is beginning to read like an advert for Zimbabwe, then I make no apologies. I have thoroughly enjoyed my stay here, feel I have learnt a great deal and have definitely had a great deal of fun.

If you are looking for somewhere different — Zimbabwe is the place. Apart from anything else it is refreshingly young — our school is 741 years its elder.

Stuart Pemble
April, 1989



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High School of Dundee Scholarship Fund Appeal



SCHOLARSHIP FUND APPEAL

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.

If the present character of the School is to be preserved — as we are determined it shall be — the School's independence can only be secured with a substantial endowment. Hence this appeal for contributions to the Scholarship Fund.

Dundee High School has a great and honourable past. It has made an enduring and significant contribution to the education of generations of boys and girls —

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The Bursar has Covenant Forms for those who wish them and he will be pleased to accept donations and answer any enquiries.

The Bursar, High School of Dundee, P.O. Box 16, DUNDEE, DD1 9BP