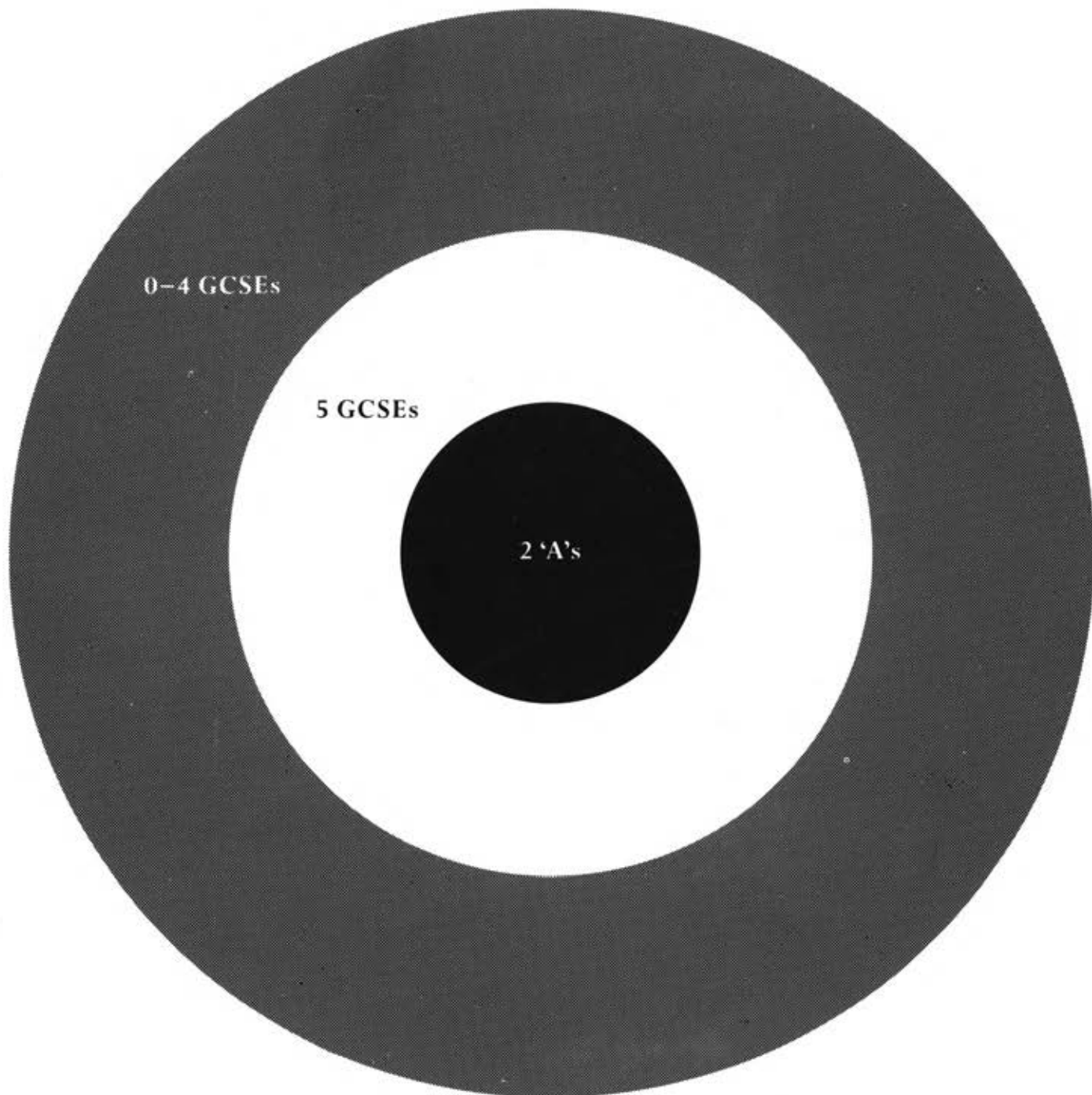


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We are currently living through an unusual, if not unique, period of anniversaries and centenaries. Last year we celebrated the 750th anniversary of the foundation of the School and to commemorate the event compiled a special edition of the magazine, which has been much admired and promises to become a collector's item, just like the Sept-centenary edition of 1939. This year we have the centenary of the Girls' School Building which was opened in 1890. A suggestion to mark this event in a modest way raised little enthusiasm in our community and so we are left only with an article in this magazine. Also this year Dundee Parish Church (St Mary's), whose distinguished history has in so many ways throughout the centuries been so intertwined with our own, celebrates its Octo-centenary. The School has already been represented at a special commemorative service held in February and will be included on other occasions. And next year, in 1991, the City of Dundee will celebrate also its Octo-centenary, in which the School will be pleased to play its part.

Such impressive celebrations often have important consequences. In our case, they have led firstly to the School receiving some very important visitors. At the Christmas services the 750th celebrations, tracing the history of the School back to the days of the Abbot of Lindores, were fittingly concluded by the Right Rev. Vincent Logan, Bishop of Dunkeld. Then in February, the Right Rev. William McDonald, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, on a visit to the Presbytery of Dundee, dedicated the new Assembly Hall, named Trinity Hall, within the Meadowside Building. Finally, in May, the School was delighted to receive an official visit from The Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church

of Scotland, Lord Ross, who is himself a former pupil of the School and an honorary president of the Old Boys' Club.

Secondly, the importance of the Meadowside Project, undertaken as a special 750th Anniversary initiative, is beginning to be felt in a very impressive way. The enhanced facilities being added to the School include not only Trinity Hall, but also a large Library and Resources Centre, a Studio Theatre, a Learning Skills Centre and a Media Studies Department, the latter formally opened in May by James Spankie, National Manager T.V. a.m. (Scotland), also a former pupil. Such impressive facilities underline the determination of the Board of Directors to maintain the School in the forefront of educational developments.


A third important consequence for the School has taken the form of a number of Year Group Reunions. Several gatherings of former pupils took place around the special dinners organised by the Old Boys' Club and the Old Girls' Club in February, 1989. Recently, however, two reunions have been held for the leavers of 1980 and the leavers of 1965. During the reunion weekends groups were shown round the School and at the close of the visit each left carrying a copy of the School Magazine. We can think of no better way to give an impression of contemporary school life.

The magazine, therefore, plays an important role in the life of the School Community. We are once more grateful to the editorial board of Mr Baxter, Mr Cunningham and Miss Christie and their enthusiastic team, as well as to all the contributors. Their combined efforts have produced yet another attractive volume in an impressive series.

R. Nimmo

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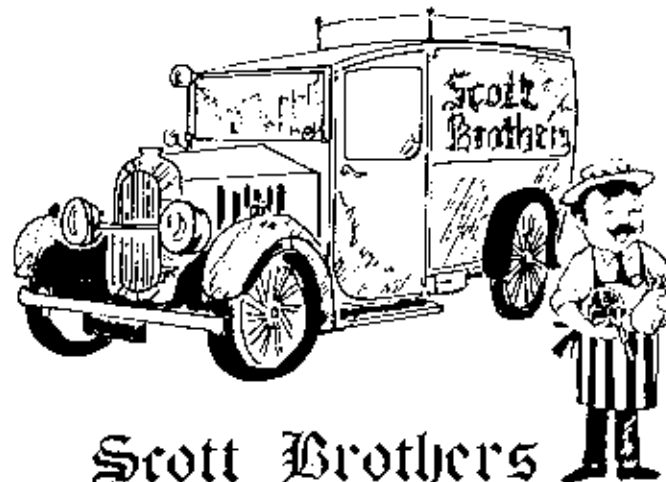
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AWARDED THE O.B.E.

It was with much pleasure that the school community learned from the Queen's New Year Honours List that the Rector, Mr Nimmo, had been awarded the O.B.E. The honour which further marked the School's 750th celebrations was in recognition of Mr Nimmo's services to education. He was installed Officer of the British Empire at Buckingham Palace on 13th March, 1990.

STAFF NEWS

In the course of session 1989-90 a number of changes took place in the staff of the school.

To those colleagues to whom we bade farewell we offer our thanks for their contribution to the life and work of the school during their stay with us. Mrs A. W. Alexander (Junior Department), Mrs J. Lowe (Modern Languages), Miss J. S. I. Lyle (Physical Education), Mr M. P. Brindle (Mathematics) and Mr J. H. Kettles (Mathematics) all left at the end of the session. We offer them our good wishes for the future.

To three colleagues, who retired after long and sterling service with the school, Mr L. R. Forrest (Head of Technical Subjects), Mr J. Smart (Head of Chemistry and Senior Science Master) and Mr A. Smith (Assistant Rector) we offer our thanks and our best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

During the session we were pleased to welcome new colleagues to the staff. Miss M. Cardno joined the staff of the Preparatory Department and Miss M. Gordon joined the Junior Department. Mrs I. E. Duncan (Modern Languages), Mrs K. J. Herd (Music), Mrs J. Melville (Instrumental Instructor), Mr D. A. Smith (Geography) and Mr T. J. Ferrie (English) joined the staff of the Senior School. Mr R. M. Macdonald took over as Head of Chemistry. Mrs P. Longbottom came to take over the post of Catering Supervisor, and Mrs S. Morrison became the first ever School Librarian. All are now well-established in their posts.

VISITORS TO THE SCHOOL

During session 1989-90 the following visitors were welcomed to the school:

- SEPTEMBER** Captain J. A. G. Evans, F.B.I.M., R.N. (R'td) (Schools Liaison Officer)
- OCTOBER** Mr Fred Josey, Construction Industry Training Board. Mr David Leask, Morrison Construction Ltd.

NOVEMBER Mr John Edmundson, Secretary of the Joint Council for G.C.S.E. Professor Thompson, S.E.A.C. Professor Sir Alan Peacock, D.S.C., F.B.A., F.R.S.E.

DECEMBER Rt. Rev. Vincent Logan, Bishop of Dunkeld.

FEBRUARY Rt. Rev. W. J. G. McDonald, D.D., Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

MAY Lord Ross, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and Lady Ross. James Spankie, Esq., National Manager, T.V.-a.m. (Scotland).

JUNE J. D. Coote, Esq., M.A., M.Ed., Headmaster, Blue Mountains Grammar School, New South Wales, Australia, and Mrs Coote. Dr. J. P. McPherson, O.B.E., J.P., Chairman, Wright Health Group and Mrs McPherson.

LAUREATES

The Norah Legget Prize (awarded to the candidate who achieves the highest mark in Tayside in Piano Grades 6/7) was won by Ruth Foster F4.

Places in the National Youth String Orchestra were awarded to Aileen Cochrane F2, Ailsa Cochrane F6, Adam King F3 and Jane Watson F5.

The Leng Gold Medal was won by Nina Srinivasan F3.

The Abertay Rotary Club Short Story Competition for schools in Dundee was won by Jacqueline Rorie F4 with Lucy Kelman F4 and Mary Young F4 coming second and third respectively.

In the Royal Society of Chemistry "Top of the Bench" Chemistry Quiz Competition the School Team (Kenneth Campbell F6, Colin Stewart F4, Neil Patel F3, Toby White F2) once again won the Tayside Region round and has been nominated for the British finals to be held later this year in London.

In the Scottish Mathematical Council's Mathematical Challenge Competition successes were achieved by Grant Ogilvie F4, Nicholas Thomas F4, Joy Goodman F3, Enamu Ahsan F2 and Scott Gall F3.

In the St Andrews University Latin Recitation Competition Mary Young F4 won the Intermediate Section and Julia Walker F5 the Senior Section with Diane Hynd F5 coming third.

"The Times" British Schools' Chess Championship (Scottish zone) was won by the School 'A' team (James McFarlane, Da-foo Chung, Paul Sharma, Dominic Beedie, Gordon Boyle and Nicholas Thomas.) Nicholas Thomas F4 won the East Kilbride "Minor" Competition and came second equal in the Glenrothes Congress.

Six out of the nine Trinity College exhibitions for candidates from the U.K. with the highest marks in 1989 were awarded to Kirsty Scott and Leela Srinivasan (1st and 2nd equal — Grade 7), Ewan Armitage and Jennifer Tooze (1st and 2nd equal — Grade 6), Nina Srinivasan (1st — Grade 5) and Clare Bennett (2nd equal — Grade 4). In addition information in brackets shows their placings among the thousands of candidates throughout the world.

LITERARY AND DEBATING 1989-90

Again this year general meetings were largely unsupported and so fell into abeyance when the pressure of preparing for national competitions became intense.

Teams were entered for the Business & Professional Women's Public Speaking Competition, E.S.U. Public Speaking and United Nations Public Speaking. All these acquitted themselves well though not actually winning any trophies this year. The E.S.U. team of Hilary Scott, Alice Bradbury and Ailsa Cochrane illustrates the difficulties encountered. Having won through one round, they were dismayed to learn that the next heat was when Alice was to be in Oxford for an interview — at a day's notice Louise Barber was drafted in as chairman when it became apparent that Alice could not be back in time. They won that heat too! The third round saw Alice violently sick up to two hours before the tie, and Hilary, our speaker, hoping to get back in time from Aberdeen where she had to go for interview. Louise again came as our travelling reserve, was not called on but the team were eliminated so she had no more nightmares.

We have suffered the loss of Mrs McKinnon who has given of her time and expertise so unstintingly over the years for the Business and Professional and U.N. competitions. We look for a successor so that the young people can still be trained in this most useful of arts.

Literary and Debating Report 1989-90

Two teams represented the School this year in the field of parliamentary-style debating.

Mike Donald and Colin Stewart reached the semi-final of the Press and Journal competition, proposing that Britain's media should be curbed, and arguing against the proposition that marriage is obsolete.

In the Bank of Scotland tournament, Paul Nimmo and Ian Morrow argued strenuously that they would not vote green, and expressed reservations about the re-unification of Germany, in order to reach a very closely contested semi-final in which they were defeated on the proposition that nationalism has had its day.

As usual, participation in competitions took us on our travels from Aberdeen to Edinburgh, encountering fellow debaters old and new, and sustaining some fairly sophisticated arguments in the car on the way! If this sounds like fun to you, why not join us in Mrs McGrath's room at lunch times?

THE YOUNG SPEAKERS' CLUB

The Young Speakers' Club has had a prosperous and enjoyable year. The session started with a change of name, voted in by the Club. Out went the dated Junior Literary and Debating Society and in came the new-look Young Speakers' Club.

This year, we entered two teams for the Courier and T.S.B. Schools Debating Competition, both of which did well but didn't quite make it to the finals. Two of our Third Year members, Elise Nimmo and Susan Pennington, entered Dundee Speakers' Club's public speaking competition and gained a lot of experience (and two keyrings!), coming in second.

We have covered lots of topics in our informal debates and competitions, ranging from "This House believes the Easter Bunny delivers Easter Eggs" to "This House believes Britain should withdraw support from Salman Rushdie". We also attempted a "Blankety Blank" style competition, a mock trial and a number of different game shows and competitions many of which featured a staff "celebrity".

Our thanks go to Mr Durrheim and all the other teachers and pupils who made this year so successful.

Adam J. King
(Secretary)

CHESS CLUB — SENIOR SCHOOL

With the loss of Michael Tait on Board One, we imagined that it would be difficult to equal last year's successful performances but we were wrong! The Scotsman "A" Team came second in their regional league but failed to qualify for the next round; however the Times "A" Team seemed to go on winning against stronger and stronger opposition until we won the Scottish final which was played in The Royal Scottish Automobile Club in Glasgow.

As Scottish Champions, we were to play St Columb's School, Derry in the first round of the inter-zonal stage and the team got its first taste of a telephone match — an experience we will not readily repeat! We were fairly beaten by the Irish Champions but the money and time saved by playing a telephone match were outweighed by the huge demands made on the players' concentration during such a marathon session. We are all resolved that if we get that far next year, we will travel to the venue.

The internal competitions were as hard fought as usual. The Beckingham Trophy was won by Nicholas Thomas, the Intermediate Competition by Randhir Koli and the Girls' Competition by Susie Carmichael. Nicholas Thomas is to be congratulated for winning the Minor Competition at the East Kilbride Chess Congress and coming second equal at the Glenrothes Chess Congress.

The Friday 9 Club continues to attract a variety of pupils with a wide range of talent, offering the chance to play chess in a less competitive environment. My thanks go to Mr Blackburn for helping me to run the Friday 9 Club.

As always, we are indebted to the Cadets for allowing us to hire their crew bus for away matches and congresses. Particular thanks go to James Macfarlane who has been a stalwart "A" Team Captain over the two years.

T. Durrheim.



DUX MEDALLISTS

VOLUNTARY SERVICE

Voluntary service is a rewarding Friday Nine activity where people in forms 3 to 6 have a choice of helping out at a local nursery, or visiting elderly people in sheltered housing or old folk's homes.

A number of people involved in the nursery aspect of the activity will know that the Dallfield Nursery has now moved to Fairburn Street, but Dundee High School pupils are still welcome to help out. Also, for the elderly people whom we visit, it is often their one chance to have some company.

Voluntary Service is certainly a worthwhile and rewarding Friday Nine.

Laura Gandy Form 4

INTERACT ANNUAL REPORT

The year opened with frantic arrangements being made for the party of ten who, at the beginning of October, for two weeks ventured to California for an enjoyable exchange with the Interact Club of Pleasanton. The return visit is in June and five Americans coming here will be warmly welcomed. Again on the social side a visit from a hypnotist, a trip to the ice rink to skate, a visit to the cinema and a talk helped to pass the time through the year.

On the more serious side, the car parking at Christmas and the carol singing around the same period enabled us to help many charities. We are also to participate in a Dundee parade for which a float has been organised and a collection will again be made.

A large amount of money was raised and we would like to thank all those who helped and gave up their time so willingly.

All that remains is for myself and Graeme the president, to wish Ziggy, Lindsey and Rashid the best of luck next year. We hope the money raising goes on for years to come.

ALL IN A DAY'S WALK

The planning had been done months ago and the route cards and tracings submitted weeks ago, and here we were actually participating in our first Duke of Edinburgh Award Expedition. We had planned the route carefully, not too far in any one day and not too many hills to climb . . . we had learned that from some older and wiser participants. Our packs were heavy even though we had cut our equipment and provisions to a minimum.

We followed our planned route using maps and compass and no one was more amazed than us when we arrived at our planned destination — and only half an hour after our estimated time of arrival! All that Friday 9 training paid off.

Brew up and tents up was the order of the day. A cup of tea and time for reflection over the events of the day.

Two of us had never experienced the 'Great Outdoors' and it was quite an eye opener. We saw rabbits galore, an osprey carrying its prey, some Black Grouse doing their mating display and vast herds of deer. Beats 'Neighbours' any day!

All that was left was to examine the blisters, cook a meal then off to bed. Not many sheep would be counted tonight.

The Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme is open to boys and girls in Forms 3–6 as a Friday 9 Activity. A large number of pupils are currently involved at Bronze, Silver and Gold levels. Denise Coleiro, James Denholm and George Lorimer gained their Gold Awards this session and will be presented with their Awards by HRH The Duke of Edinburgh at a ceremony at Hollywood in July.

Thanks must be extended to all local services and individuals who gave so much of their valuable time to the Award Scheme.

SCRIPTURE UNION ON HOLIDAY

On Friday, 19th January, a group of High School pupils from S.U. set off for Aviemore; not to ski but to join a Tayside S.U. weekend run by Kenny McKie. The weekend was packed full of different activities, all great fun. There was a wide variety, from hill-walking to snowman making and from table-tennis to board games.

On Saturday afternoon we were taken into the centre of Aviemore where we could ice-skate, swim, shop and look around. The only problem was that everything in the shops was very expensive! Time was also put aside to dip into the Bible, sing new choruses and make new friends. There were also quizzes, drama and music. What more could you ask for, except more of the same? Roll on the next time!

Christopher Clark F1

SCRIPTURE UNION

This has been a busy year for Senior S.U. with meetings every Thursday lunchtime, a larger-than-ever number of visitors and lots of opportunities for camps and evening meetings outside school. At the beginning of the year it was decided to concentrate on a missionary family, the Moore's, in Ecuador and to keep in touch with them. Many thanks to Rhona for doing this.

We have particularly enjoyed visits from Kenny McKie, the Tayside S.U. worker who has spoken to us on a number of occasions about being a Christian and sharing your faith. Then Dave Mahoney of D.C. Thompson "Beano" fame encouraged us to enjoy living the Christian life, even in school! Numbers constantly fluctuate, but it is good to see a variety of people dropping in to see what is going on, and some of them even come back!

Many thanks to all those who have put in a lot of hard work preparing and leading meetings and taking part in our group. And many thanks also to Mrs Martin and Mr Forrest for leading this group.

Vivienne Carmichael F2

RAINBOW GUIDE COMPANY REPORT 1989-90

After a successful first year, the Rainbow Guides resumed the new session with a programme entitled "People Who Help Us." Food is important to all of us and even more so to a growing Rainbow so our first meetings were about the farmer, baker, gardener and milkman. After all this investigation and tasting it was decided drastic measures were the order of the day — a visit from Mrs Lawson for a Rainbow Aerobic session.

The Promise Ceremony was the next major event when we were delighted to welcome Mrs G. Dunn, District Commissioner, plus mums and dads to witness this important stage in a Rainbow's life. Even more exciting, we were invited to spend our next meeting with the Brownies to see some of our original Rainbows make their Brownie Promise — a proud moment. At the end of October, Hallowe'en saw a return visit by our friendly witch.

Well, fun and games had to be put behind us. It was hard work time — the rehearsals for the Rainbow Pantomime, Little Angel. Lunchtime play was sacrificed on several occasions by the girls and on the 15th December a happy and memorable performance was

enjoyed by parents and Brownies. Many thanks to the Guides for the much appreciated refreshments after the show. To complete the term we took a trip to the Little Theatre to see Goldilocks. Laughter was the order of the evening and the Rainbows contributed enthusiastically to the show.

The spring term was busy with visitors. First of all we welcomed Mrs Linda Geekie who is a teacher of deaf children in Tayside Region and very soon we were able to make our names in sign language. This was followed by a lively visit from Mr J. Wallace, Veterinary Surgeon and former pupil of D.H.S. He brought along his dog, Tarka, who behaved impeccably even although she was administered tablets, eye drops, ear drops and an injection!

On a more serious note, for Thinking Day we had a visit from Mrs Bania who told us about Guides in India and helped us make some very tasty sweetmeats. To round off a busy session we made an exciting visit to Shaw's Sweet Factory where we were tempted by many mouthwatering sights and aromas.

Perhaps it was just as well that not many weeks later the Dental Hygienists from the Dundee Dental College paid us a visit!

Next on the agenda was another trip. Mrs F. Dargie, Ledyatt Farm, invited us to visit the new lambs on the farm. The sun shone and we had a run in the fields, fed some new lambs and were even allowed a swing on the farmer's gate — it was a lovely afternoon.

Our last visitor was Mrs F. MacKenzie, Educational Lecturer in Language Arts at the Northern College who entertained us magnificently with games and stories.

All in all, we've had an interesting and happy year. In between these excursions and visitors the girls have been playing games, singing songs, baking and doing craft work.

To round this off we held our famous Rainbow Barbecue at Baldragon Farm. This was an evening of fun filled activity which included a Treasure Hunt, games, competitions and scrumptious hot dogs — a wonderful conclusion to a busy year.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the staff at the school who have helped us throughout the session, in particular, Miss Halliday, Mrs Mooney, Mr Smith, Miss Knight and Mr McGuire.

Irene McIntosh
Rainbow Guider

D.H.S. REP CLUB

The Rep Club has continued its fund-raising activities by selling coffee and orange juice to staff and pupils during Friday 9, and holding a Christmas raffle and a sale of cake and candy.

The club members are grateful for the support of both staff and pupils throughout the year.

Although the theatre programme has been more suitable for senior pupils the group enjoyed seeing the Christmas production in December.

Once again the Rep staff arranged a very interesting backstage tour for us.

M.N.H.



PREFECTS



SIXTH YEAR

SHOOTING REPORT

It is pleasing to report that this has been another successful year in small bore shooting.

The top shot was Cadet David Williamson who, although only in Form IV, was selected to represent Scotland in the Home International Shoot.

In the Territorial Army Rifle Association Leagues, the 'A' team of Captain Spowat, Sgt. Carroll, L/Cpl. Carroll and Cadet Williamson and the 'B' team of Captain Allen, L/Sgt. Gibson, L/Cpl. Begg and A/B Strathearn

were Divisional Champions and had the honour of being presented with their medals by Lord Ross on his official visit to the School in May. All seven shooting teams are to be congratulated on their excellent performances over the year and some of the younger shots, both boys and girls in Form III, are exhibiting great potential. With the loss of eight team members from Form VI at the end of this session there will be no shortage of team places to be competed for and it is up to the younger cadets to attend regularly on Sundays and raise their standards.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF CHEMISTRY 'TOP OF THE BENCH' QUIZ

For the seventh successive year, a school team was invited to participate in the Tayside and Fife Regional Heat for the Royal Society of Chemistry's 'Top of the Bench' quiz, sponsored by the Conco Oil Company. The team selected to represent the school, consisted of Toby White (Form 2), Neil Patel (Form 3), Colin Stewart (Form 4), and Kenneth Campbell (Form 6).

Qualification rounds were successfully negotiated against teams from Kilgraston and Arbroath, thus allowing entry to the Regional Final held in the Chemistry Department of St Andrews University in the middle of March.

An exciting final followed which included computer simulations, and lively practical demonstrations conducted by a "character" exemplifying a typical conception of the 'research chemist'. In the end, the team fought off opposition from Bell Baxter and Craigie High Schools, and resisted a late challenge from Auchmuty High School from Glenrothes. The team were then presented with cheques and the Conco Oil Spatula which has been won for six years out of the last seven by a team from Dundee High School.

The school now progresses forward to represent Tayside in the Scottish Final to be held in June at Dundee University. The team has also been nominated to compete in the prestigious National Finals held in London during the R S C's 'Chemistry Week' in November.

It only remains to thank, on behalf of the team and the many willing reserves, Mr Forrest, Mr Smart and Mr Foreman for their plentiful advice and organisation.

NAVAL SECTION REPORT

The Naval Section had a successful year. Much time was allocated to learning the intricacies of navigation and this was put to the test when in June, six cadets sailed on a P2000 Fast Patrol Boat from Aberdeen to Dundee, an exercise which will be repeated in September, thereby ensuring that all cadets receive practical sea training. The section also had the opportunity to take part in a mine counter-measures day and sailed from Rosyth on the parent ship, HMS Ledbury, as part of a flotilla of five ships. During this training the cadets witnessed man overboard drills and the detonation of a live mine.

In the Spring Term the section attended a fire fighting course organised at Tayside Fire Brigade Headquarters and this was followed up with a day visit to the Naval Fire Fighting School at Rosyth. The demonstrations were dramatic to say the least and all cadets were required to don protective clothing just to watch R.N.R. personnel deal with an oil fire on a mock-up structure.

Two cadets distinguished themselves on individual courses, A/B McLean passing the Submarine Acquaint Course and A/B Denhom the First Aid Course at the Royal Naval Hospital at Portsmouth.

Two cadets, A/B Strathearn and A/B Mitchell, distinguished themselves in shooting, the former narrowly winning the section shooting competitions and also gaining a divisional medal in the T.A.R.A. Leagues.

With opportunities for topper sailing and wind surfing and ceremonial drill there is no shortage of opportunity for any prospective cadet willing to accept the challenge.

L/S Muir J.

LORNA S. McDOUGALL High School of Dundee

GENERAL INFORMATION

Lorna is 16 years of age and currently a sixth year pupil and senior prefect at the High School of Dundee. Her studies include technical drawing, computing and certificate of sixth year studies mathematics.

Lorna has many interests. At school she plays squash, chess and is a member of the school choir. She is also active in the combined cadet force, playing bagpipes in the cadet band. Outwith school her hobbies also include hill-walking, ballroom dancing and reading.

WORKING SHADOWING WITH THE CONSTRUCTION INDUSTRY TRAINING BOARD

Lorna first became interested in engineering at the age of 14, whilst her interest in civil engineering developed a year later. This particular branch of engineering appealed to her because it incorporated an outdoor life with the practical application of physics and mathematics in a challenging career. After gathering information about careers in civil engineering from a variety of sources, Lorna attended a presentation by the Construction Industry Training Board in the Caird Hall.

The Construction Industry Training Board Work Shadowing Scheme was just what Lorna needed to provide her with an insight into what a career in civil engineering would entail. Since transport engineering appealed to her, Mr George McCann organised a Work Shadowing placement with Morrison Construction Ltd, who were working on the Forfar-Brechin By-Pass, near Finavon. This was a 6-mile stretch of road improvement up-grading the road from a single to a dual carriageway. The Work Shadow Scheme enabled Lorna to see many different aspects of civil engineering -- not to work but to watch.

The placement was arranged for 12-16 June, 1989 -- after the "Highers". Lorna was made to feel very welcome by Morrison Construction and a varied programme was implemented. This included periods learning about structures, measurements and earth-works. One part of the project of particular interest included the building of a bridge over a culvert which involved temporarily diverting a watercourse. The bridge itself was made of concrete reinforced with steel, and Lorna was particularly excited when she was invited back the week after her placement to see the concrete being poured.

In total the experience was a very valuable one, which Lorna would recommend to anyone considering a career in construction engineering. She is grateful to Mr McCann of the Construction Industry Training Board and to Mr Leask and Mr Josie of Morrison Construction Limited for making it all possible.

On Monday, 9th October, 1989, we were pleased to have as guests at the Form 6 Assembly two senior representatives of Morrison Construction Limited. Mr Josie and Mr Leask had come to make presentations to Lorna McDougall in recognition of the excellence of the report Lorna submitted on the completion of a Work Shadowing placement in professional aspects of Construction Engineering which she undertook in June, 1989. The presentation of a cheque was made by Mr Josie, Group Training Adviser, on behalf of the Construction Industry Training Board, and Mr Leask gave Lorna a sweater with the Morrison Construction Logo.



MR ALEXANDER SMITH

When Alexander Smith first came to Dundee High School it was to enter the Senior School as a scholarship pupil in 1939. When he left in 1945, that early promise had been abundantly fulfilled. He was not only Dux of the Boys' Department and Dux in Greek, but was also awarded the Dr. Low Memorial Prize and the Anderson Scholarship. He was a member of the School Cadet Company and successively Secretary and Vice-President of the Literary Society. During his final year he was a Senior Prefect and for the last two terms acted as Head Boy. An impressive school record indeed!

On leaving school Mr Smith proceeded to the University of St Andrews, where he obtained the degree of Master of Arts with honours in Classics, going on the following year to train as a teacher at Dundee Training School. His first post was in Whitehill Senior Secondary School, Glasgow, where he quickly established himself as an effective teacher, so that after only one year he successfully applied for a post in his old school.

When he came to D.H.S. for the second time in 1951, it was as a member of staff. By virtue of his scholarship and his enthusiasm for his subject he soon won with ease the esteem of his pupils and colleagues alike, and began a long and distinguished teaching career in a department, which was renowned throughout the land for producing a steady stream of Classical scholars.

Mr Smith's energy and talents, however, were not confined to the classroom and his keen interest in educational developments and teaching methods has enriched his career in several ways. In 1966, for instance, when the teaching of Russian mushroomed in our schools he was given a sabbatical to attend Strathclyde University where he gained a diploma in Russian, which language he introduced into school on his return.

In 1970, however, he was promoted Head of the Classics Department, on the retiral of Mr A. Howat. In conjunction with that post he also became a part-time

Lecturer in Methods (Classics) at the Dundee College of Education, a post which he held till its dissolution in 1983. During these years intakes of student teachers of Classics had good cause to be grateful to a skilled practitioner, who not only imparted theory but also illustrated in his own classroom the practice of good teaching. This method of training teachers is still held to be the model to follow today.

Further involvement in Classics teaching saw him as a member of the Scottish Examination Board Classics Panel, Convener of the Classics Panel of the S.S.T.A. and a founder member of the Tayside Classical Association. Such commitment to his subject continued when he became a member of the Joint Working Party in Classics, responsible for the preparation of Standard Grade. In these ways Mr Smith was able to contribute his expertise to national developments.

Mr Smith's enthusiasm, however, was not confined to subject teaching. In his university days he showed himself to be an excellent amateur actor, and acting, producing plays and theatre management have remained an abiding passion with him. In his earlier years as a teacher he was responsible for many fine school productions, including translations of Classical Plays and Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. During his long years of commitment to the stage as shown in his management of the Little Theatre, he has harnessed and developed the talents of many in the D.H.S. community and provided so much pleasure to so many.

Last year, on the occasion of the 750th celebrations, we were delighted to welcome his return to the D.H.S. stage with his splendid production of "The Boy-friend". His continuing enthusiasm for the stage together with his more recently acquired interests in reporting and broadcasting on the Arts will certainly ensure that he will not remain idle in retirement. In 1984, Mr Smith was appointed Assistant Rector, assuming the administrative duties inherent in a more general role. His principal pastoral care was exercised over boys in Forms I to III and many have had cause to be grateful for his wise counsel.

As Mr Smith now retires, he can look back, with great satisfaction on a career which has earned him a well-merited reputation as a fine Classics teacher, a national leader in his subject, a highly regarded teacher trainer and a master of the amateur theatre. Held in esteem and affection by colleagues and pupils alike, he takes his leave with our very best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

R. N.



MR JAMES SMART

When Mr Smart graduated with B.Sc. Honours in Chemistry from St Andrews University in 1946, the war had just ended and he was directed into industry. He joined B.X. Plastics Ltd., (now Bakelite Xylonite Ltd.) as a Junior Research Chemist in their Dundee Laboratories. Throughout his seven years with the firm his advancement was steady and when the closure of the Dundee Factory was announced in 1953 he was in charge of the Production Department. Since 1950 however, he had been employed as a part-time lecturer in the Dundee Technical College (now Institute of Technology) in Bell Street, and it was this taste of teaching that led him not to the firm's factory in Essex but to the College of Education in Dundee.

Even before he had completed his training college year, his enthusiasm for teaching and his ability to communicate his knowledge to others earned him a post in D.H.S., where he joined the Science Department in 1954. His experience in industry, where he had been elected a Chartered Chemist and Member of the Royal Society of Chemistry in 1947, stood him in good stead as he took practical classes, and from the beginning of his career he was recognised as a first-class teacher of his subject, producing a constant stream of splendid results from his pupils. In early years Mr Smart also taught Biology and Physics and for a number of years he was Form Master of Form I Boys. In 1971 he was appointed Principal Teacher of Chemistry and in 1984 Senior Science Master. In the course of his career in school he has seen a relatively small Science Department with four members of staff develop into three separate departments with a total staff of fourteen. In this important development Mr Smart has played a leading role.

Apart from his dedication to the teaching of science Mr Smart also became involved in the extra-curricular life of the School. For many years he assisted with the Golf Section, imparting to generations of pupils his own love of the game. In the sixties he helped organise the D.H.S. parties for the B.I. Educational cruises, which took pupils as far north as Iceland, the Faroes and

Norway or as far south as Spain, Portugal and North Africa. Over the years he has also assisted in the organisation of Christmas parties and the Senior School Christmas Ball. An extension of this interest led to his membership from 1960 onwards, of the Staff Social Committee, of which he became Convener in 1975. All of these additional responsibilities were carried out with that same meticulousness which characterised his teaching.

A first-class practitioner in the classroom Mr Smart also showed from very early in his career a keen interest in the theoretical and methodological aspects of his subject. From 1960 onwards he was involved with the development of the then new Chemistry syllabuses (only now being replaced by Standard Grade) which brought the content of Chemistry courses into the mid-20th century. He also piloted C.S.Y.S. Chemistry on its introduction in 1967, and his special interest in this area of the curriculum saw him as a Course Tutor for a number of years at residential courses for teachers at St Andrews University and more recently as a lecturer to student teachers at Jordanhill College of Education. Moreover, he has been associated with the Scottish Examination Board and its predecessor — the S.E.D. Inspectorate responsible for National Examinations for a period of some thirty years, during which time he has served in virtually the whole spectrum of its activities with a distinction which has been readily and generally acknowledged by his colleagues nationally.

Since 1980, however, he has added to his interests an activity which has provided him with as much pleasure as it has gained for him, and the School, renown. When the Royal Society of Chemistry/Conoco "Top of the Bench" Quiz Competition for Tayside Schools was introduced, his teams of pupils won continuously from 1983 to 1988. An extension of the 1988 competition saw the team win the Scottish Final and go on to represent Scotland in the British National Final in London. A superb achievement by any standards!

As Mr Smart retires after thirty-six years continuous service to the School, during which time he has gained an exceptional reputation both as a teacher of Chemistry and a developer of his subject, we would extend to him our very best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

R. N.

A PROUD RECORD

It would appear that former pupils of the School had a substantial involvement in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland this year.

Not only was the Lord High Commissioner, Lord Ross, an Old Boy. Other Old Boys were the Rev. J. L. Weatherhead, Principal Clerk to the General Assembly, the Rev. F. A. J. Macdonald, Convener of the Business Committee, and the Rev. Jack Beaumont, Convener of the Board of Stewardship and Finance.

Quite a record for one school!



LESLIE R. FORREST

Mr Forrest was a late entrant to the teaching profession when he joined the staff of the High School in August 1964. Some twenty years earlier he had left Harris Academy to enter upon a training apprenticeship with Blackness Foundry where he was immediately involved in war work on tank landing craft for the D-Day invasion, on the 10,000 lb. "Long Tom" bombs and on machine tools to support the Russian war-effort. When war ended he transferred to the company's drawing and design office to work upon the heavy machinery required for post-war reconstruction of the steel and textile industries. There followed a period of employment as project engineer with Morphy Richards during which Les Forrest decided upon a change of career and determined to enter the field of technical education.

Perhaps this was not surprising for during these years in industry Leslie Forrest had undertaken successful studies in the Higher National Certificate in Mechanical Engineering in the course of which he won several distinctions. Upon becoming a member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, he was invited to become a part-time lecturer in Dundee Technical College and so enjoyed this experience that in 1962 he commenced upon a course of teacher training in Dundee College of Education where he gained the Diploma in Technical Subjects with Distinctions in Technical Subjects, Professional Studies and Teaching Practice. His first appointment was to the Technical Department of the High School and when, in 1971 his Head of Department, Mr Donald Fraser took up another post, Mr Forrest was promoted to Head Master of Technical Subjects.

In education change has been the norm over the past decade and Mr Forrest has been determined to keep abreast of developments in the field of Technical Subjects. The implementation of Standard Grade and Revised Higher Grade have involved his department in an extensive and thorough reorganisation of syllabus and course structure as Woodwork, Metalwork, Technical Drawing and Engineering Science have come

to be replaced by the new, more integrated studies in Craft and Design and, in this major revision of courses, the school has surely benefited from Mr Forrest's experience as a member of the Technical Subjects Panel of the Scottish Examination Board which has operated at the very hub of these reforms. His work as an S.C.E. marker and currently as a setter of higher Grade Technical Drawing further reflect his keenness to remain closely aware of changing emphases in the revised examinations.

There have been innovations also for the junior forms where new modular programmes of Technical Studies are now in place and commencing this session became compulsory units of study for our girls as well as boys. At the level of Sixth Year too there has been a considerable increase in the number of girls opting to take the craft courses on offer. Over the years such developments in the provision of Technical Subjects have led Mr Forrest to reorganise and extend available accommodation.

Mr Forrest has been active in his support of the wider life of the school where he has given of his time and talents as designer/builder of scenery sets for so many operatic and dramatic productions and as leader of numerous happy and memorable tours abroad to Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Crete and Greece.

It has been a pleasure to work with Leslie Forrest. We thank him for all that he has done for the school over these twenty-five years and wish him health and happiness in what will surely be a busy retirement.

G. C. S.



MRS ANNE ALEXANDER

Anne Alexander joined the staff of the Junior Department in August, 1982, coming to us from Deanburn Primary, Bo'ness.

She quickly settled down into the routine of Dundee High School and established an instant rapport with staff and pupils alike. Her work has always been meticulously prepared, her standards high and she expected and received the same from her young charges who were only too willing to give of their best

for her. Her classroom, with its bright, vibrant displays became an exciting environment in which to learn. Classes responded well to her firm but fair discipline.

Anne did not confine her attentions to the LIV classes alone. After a year she expressed a wish to train the LVI-LVII girls in netball skills. In 1986 she entered a team in the Dundee Primary Schools Netball League. Although unsuccessful then, the Primary 7 team won the Dundee Primary Schools Winter League the following year. This year they have won it again for the third year in succession and have also won the Kennedy Cup Knock-Out Tournament. The Primary 6 teams were worthy winners of the Miss Ward Knock-Out Tournament in 1988, 1989 and 1990. These successes were entirely due to Anne's dedication in training the teams. She herself served on the Dundee P.S.N.A. Committee for two years.

In 1988, Don, Anne's husband, received promotion, which necessitated a move from their home in Blairgowrie to the Edinburgh area. Anne has gallantly travelled from North Queensferry to D.H.S. every weekday for the last two years but sadly for us, felt she could not continue this indefinitely and when a post became vacant at Dollar Academy, she applied and was accepted.

Our loss is their gain and although Anne will be greatly missed by one and all, we wish her every success in her new post.

E. H.



JAMES H. KETTLES

For the second year in succession another long serving member of the Mathematics Department has decided to retire. Jim Kettles, after giving twenty years of loyal and faithful service, is leaving at the end of the present session.

Jim has been a devoted and unselfish servant to the Mathematics Department. Extremely helpful and co-operative, he has discharged his duties with the minimum of fuss. In dealing with his subject he has demonstrated patience and perseverance, to say

nothing of the willingness to make the many sacrifices expected of one's time. His pupils have enjoyed considerable success.

A very regular churchgoer, he is a man of high and firmly held moral principles and a person whose conscientiousness, intelligence and integrity justly earn him the respect and affection of colleagues.

He was very much committed to the form system and in his seventeen years of service as form master of Form I boys he showed genuine concern for the welfare of his charges. As Housemaster of Aystree he has been involved in many extra-curricular activities and has given valuable aid to the P.E. Department in the umpiring of cricket matches, travelling with rugby teams and helping at Sports Day.

His handwriting skills will no longer be displayed on Certificates of Merit and Commendation, the lunch-time Bridge players will be looking for a replacement and I shall miss his cheerful disposition and sense of humour.

It has been a pleasure knowing and working with him over a considerable period of time. It only remains, on behalf of the Mathematics Department and the School to thank Jim most sincerely for all he has done and to wish him the best of health and happiness in the future.

J. H.



JANET LOWE

After three years' service Mrs Lowe takes her leave of the High School to follow her husband who has taken up the post of Secretary to the University of Edinburgh. She has not been the first to come in to help the Language department out "for a few weeks" and find herself staying on for more than a few more, as a permanent part-time member of staff. She has of course had a much longer association with High School, as mother of four pupils here, and has also served as a founder member of the parents' association.

Mrs Lowe's career has taken her round the world, teaching pupils ranging from 5 years old to adult, in

countries as far apart as India and Tanzania. She came to us as we were on the threshold of the new Standard Grade syllabus and methods and has enjoyed the practical nature of the new courses particularly with the younger children. Her diverse and practical experience has been of great value to us and her pupils, who will greatly miss her kindness and encouragement. We wish her and her family every success as they make their move to Edinburgh.

P. M.



MISS HELEN I. LYLE

When Miss Helen Lyle joined the Physical Education Department in 1981 as Assistant Principal Teacher, she was in fact beginning her third "stint" at the High School of Dundee which would span twenty-five years.

A pupil of the school from 1953 to 1965, Helen Lyle distinguished herself at sport from an early age. On leaving school she qualified as a P.E. Teacher at Dunfermline College of Physical Education in Edinburgh, and then returned to Dundee to teach at Morgan Academy for three years. In 1971 she left Scotland and took up a post in Adelaide, South Australia, returning to Dundee in 1974. It was then that Helen Lyle returned to the High School, teaching under Dallas Allardice in the Physical Education Department.

However, the sunnier climates of Australia proved too great an attraction, and after a couple of years she returned to South Australia to teach in Salisbury. Having satisfied her 'wanderlust', she returned once again to Scotland, this time to a post at Trinity Academy in Edinburgh.

So it was in August, 1981 that Helen joined the P.E. Department of the High School once again.

Her own sporting achievements have been outstanding, having represented her country at U23 and B Team level at hockey, and been a county tennis player for fifteen years. Since stopping running round a hockey pitch and a tennis court, Helen took up golf, and within a short space of time was playing off a 10 handicap.

But it is not so much her sporting prowess that Helen will be remembered by, but rather her ability in school. A very gifted and committed teacher, who willingly gave of her time, she involved herself in the whole life of the school. Apart from the time consuming demands of extra-curricular games and practices throughout the year, she was a regular on the annual ski trips, as well as taking the girls on two hockey tours to Canada.

In her guidance post as Form Mistress for Fifth Year girls she very ably afforded the figure-head required by the girls in her charge.

A teacher of Helen's qualities is a special person indeed and it is with warmth, affection and gratitude that we remember her days spent at D.H.S.

A. H. H.

MRS O. M. MCKINNON, M.A.

Mrs Margot McKinnon joined the Classics Department in 1976 and four years later became Second Master. She brought to the department considerable expertise as a teacher, having taught not only Latin and French but also English as a foreign language. Her knowledge and interest in language proved invaluable in laying the foundations of the new courses being introduced in Latin for Forms I and II. Mrs McKinnon inspired pupils of varying abilities to give of their best and, above all, to enjoy the learning process. She also did sterling work with pupils for whom English was a second language.

Mrs McKinnon's enthusiasm for research and her wide reading were put to good use in the department preparing materials for Classical Studies. It was appropriate that the owl, the emblem of Athene, the goddess of wisdom, arts and crafts, should also be her special mascot.

Outside the Classics Department, Mrs McKinnon was a diligent and conscientious group and later Form teacher. She trained pupils for debating and public speaking with great success and for a period edited the School Magazine and the informative 'Chronicle'. Her knowledge of French helped enormously when the Home Economics Department took a party to France for a Cordon Bleu Cookery course. Indeed Mrs McKinnon was an invaluable member of staff on many trips both at home and abroad where her practical good sense, enthusiasm and sense of humour were much appreciated.

Mrs McKinnon's decision to leave the teaching profession is a great loss to the school but we wish her well in her new career as a hotelier.

A. S.

SCOTTISH YOUTH FLY FISHING CHAMPIONSHIP

The prelim for the Scottish Youth Fly Fishing Championship was held at Lake of Mentieth on the 8th April. I qualified for the final in third place out of 28 anglers. Another prelim was held for another 28 anglers the following week.

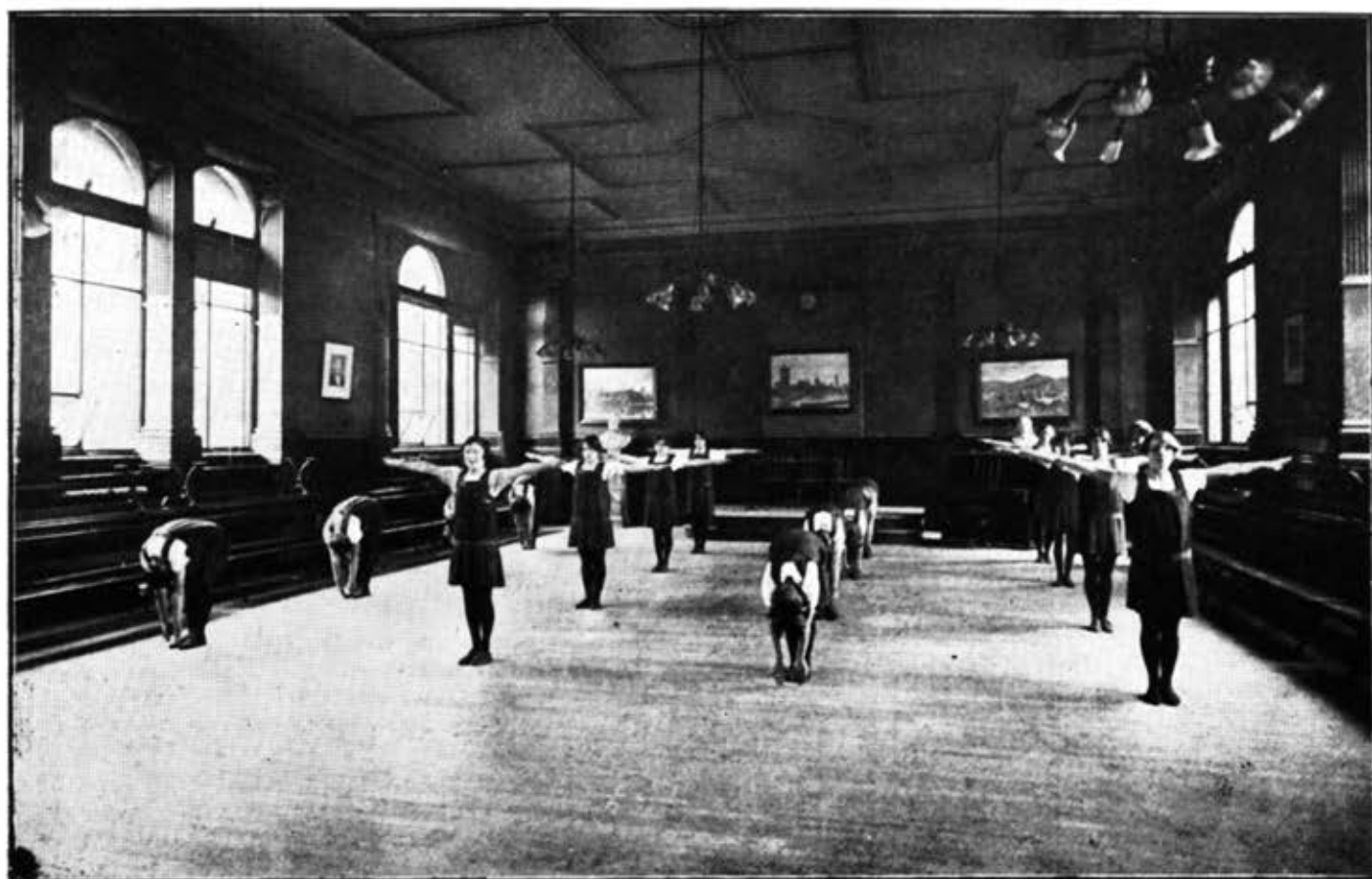
I qualified to fish the Scottish Youth Fly Fishing Championship Final at the Lake of Mentieth on Wednesday, 13th June. The top ten rods in the final would go through to fish at Trawsfynydd in a Youth International on Tuesday, 7th August against England and Wales.

Graeme Methven F3



GIRLS' ART ROOM.

M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.



HALL, GIRLS' SCHOOL.



GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

CENTENARY OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL BUILDING (1890-1990)

by ELIZABETH M. DICKSON,
Assistant Rector

In this centenary year of the building of the Girls' School, the purpose of this article is to show how the career opportunities afforded girls have broadened with the passing of the years; to record, albeit in a sketchy, impressionistic way, changes or similarities between 'then' and 'now' and afford to the present generation of pupils a glimpse of what life was like so that they may truly appreciate their inheritance and seek to perpetuate the good while striving ever to improve for the sake of future generations.

Provision for girls to be educated in the school has been recorded since 1789 when George Webster, a native of the Burgh, left £1,000 "for the purpose of establishing an Academy in the town of Dundee" at which 65 boys and 35 girls were to be taught "the English language, Writing and Arithmetic". Provision was also made for sewing.

As is well-documented elsewhere, the school timetable for 1834 lists 'Ladies Arithmetical Class'; 'Ladies Writing Class'; '1st and 2nd Classes in French for Ladies'; 'English, Geography, History and Composition for Ladies'. Each of these classes was of an hour's duration.

Lady Prize-winners in Writing and Arithmetic from 1839-89 are recorded on a vellum hanging at present in the corridor outside the staffrooms in the Boys' School.

Memories of the role played by girls in the life of the school, prior to the opening of the 'new' Girls' School have been recorded elsewhere. There is the excellent book 'Memories of the Old High School' by Jessie Norrie — a record of one girl's recollections of her life in school from 1880-89; the 1934 Centenary Magazine also contains much of historical interest as does the brochure produced in 1964.

It is obvious, therefore, that we are not this year commemorating a hundred years of female education in our establishment. What, then, is being commemorated? A hundred years during which the building to the West of the Boys' School has stood, gracing the Western side of Euclid Crescent.

The girls of Dundee public Seminaries were ultimately crowded into what is the West Wing of the Boys' School. As the school roll in the 1880's and 90's was nearly as high as today's — with 421 girls being recorded in 1892 — the congestion that would have occurred is apparent.

To understand how the Girls' School came into being we must refer to the workings of local and national politics at that time. When the Education (Scotland) Acts of 1872 and 1878 came into force the Dundee School Board claimed the Public Seminaries as the parochial school.

The Directors resisted this takeover and there was

the possibility of a long lawsuit arising when Baillie William Harris said, in 1881, that he would contribute £30,000 for the purposes of education in Dundee. The Directors of the High School should receive £20,000 and the School Board £10,000 in return for which they would renounce all claim to the High School and use the money to build a public school in Dundee. Thus Harris Academy came into being and the High School was allowed to continue its work. The William Harris Endowment Act and Dundee Education Act which passed through Parliament and received the Royal Assent on June 19, 1882, legally sanctioned this arrangement.



Baillie Harris died in 1883, and in his will, set aside part of his estate to be applied to the building of a Girls' Department in connection with the High School. His sister, Margaret, to whom he left his property for life, was equally keen to see her brother's wish realised and she lived long enough (1894) to see the project completed and the Girls' School in full operation. Brother and sister benefactors of the school are commemorated in the busts which stand at the top of the stairs in the Girls' School.

It appears from records that the frontage in Euclid Crescent was built first and then the portion extending along Euclid Street was added to produce "one of the finest and most ornate of modern structures in the city". The cost of buying the site was £10,000 and the second phase of building cost a little over £8,000, bringing the cost of actual building to nearly £25,000. Such a sum in the 1880's was truly great, but the worthy

people consoled themselves with the thought that "by placing the school where it is, contiguous to the High School, the necessity of employing a separate staff is partly overcome... it will be seen that this first cost was really true economy".

Few people actually look closely at the building, even though, since the 1980's, its original golden stone has been revealed. In the sculptured plaques which fill in the spaces in the facades of the towers we have representations of Music, Literature, Science and Art respectively — these being the subjects of study in the school. In Euclid Street there is a pediment which has on it a female figure symbolical of Study. No-one will deny that the Main Entrance Hall of the Girls' School is impressive with its staircase and three stained-glass windows symbolising Art, Science and Literature.

Though basically the school remains the same, the uses to which rooms have been put differ over the century. The Assembly Hall still serves its original purpose — "to be used as a concert room or for lectures, presentations of certificates or other important functions". The room beside the Hall was fitted out as a science lecture room with tiered seats. The attic floor of the new wing was specially reserved for music and sewing rooms. The latest technology was used for sound proofing of music practice rooms; and the principal sewing room "was fitted with a sink and apparatus for teaching cookery should that subject be added to the curriculum". In 1990 there are only classes in Food and Nutrition and Needlework is a leisure-time activity.

The school was intended "to accommodate 900 pupils and, if the Assembly Hall was to be seated as a classroom, it would "give room for 200 in addition". Pupils must have been smaller in those days!

From Jessie Norrie's book we learn of nearly 500 girls on the roll during her time. She records her delight at being allowed into the gymnasium and mentions that no girls did technical. In 1990 girls are able to enjoy the full range of activities and lessons which the boys follow.

In the 1891 end-of-term report in 'The Advertiser' we read that "the young ladies of the High School distinguished themselves in a way very different from needlework yesterday afternoon — viz — at the Swimming Baths. Quite a crowd of them disported themselves like mermaids and vastly cool and pleasant their briny haunts in the marble bath looked. The more accomplishments a girl can acquire the better."

There was evidently an in-built pre-conception as to what accomplishments were suitable for we learn that the school received complaints in 1893 about the study of Latin vis a vis Commerce on the curriculum. "The present curriculum is, in the eyes of the bulk of the parents of High School scholars, little short of a disgrace to the commercial community". Still the battle rages!

In 1894 it was reported in the local press that "In the list of honours gained by DHS pupils since June there is additional proof of her (the sweet girl undergraduate) advance. The biggest plum going has been secured by a lady student and several other girls take honours which were not less worthy because their money value is less. A pleasing feature of academic life is the marked way in which women have justified their admission to the walks of higher learning. All the old prejudices against them have disappeared and even the men who have so much reason to fear their rivalry, acknowledge them as equals."



SKETCHING CLASS.

M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.

What, then, was open to the young lady of 1890 as she set out from school to the big world?

Examinations have always loomed large in the life of DHS pupils. As part of the provision of elementary education for all there was instituted in 1886 inspection for Higher Class (ie Secondary) Public and endowed Schools. By 1888 the Scotch (sic) Education Department were going to institute a national leaving certificate and in the first examination that year six subjects were offered — Maths, Latin and Greek (University subjects) English, French and German. There were also additional Mathematics papers in Geometric Conics, Analytical Geometry, Differential Calculus and Dynamics. Only pupils who attended 'Higher Class Schools' inspected by the Department were eligible. The examinations were funded by charging candidates 2/6 (12p) for each subject they sat. (The cost detailed for the 1886 inspection of DHS with its 300 eligible pupils was £30-£35). Today the cost per subject is £14.54p and the school bill to be paid to the examination Board is well into the £20,000's.

Records from our 'local' Universities show that girls were taking full advantage of tertiary education. St Andrews records L.L.A. candidates from 1887. (This was a special external diploma for women which had been instituted in 1877) 21 girls from DHS appear on the lists. Women were not admitted as ordinary students to the University till the 1892/3 session and of the 19 women recorded then only two were likely to have been at DHS. In that same session 92/3 there was an abortive attempt to incorporate University College, Dundee, into the University of St Andrews.

University College, Dundee, had female students from DHS from the outset. As early as 1883 students

from DHS were attending (five in '83-4; nine in '84-5 and six in '85-6). 'Mature' students and a married woman are among those listed.

The range of subjects studied was much narrower than that afforded to girls leaving school now and the choice of occupation was usually restricted to nursing/medicine or teaching. In an endeavour to show how fortunate the girls of 1990 are as compared with their predecessors at the foot of this article are listed the areas of work entered into by some of our more recent F.P.s. The broad areas cover almost every facet of life in the late 20th Century and within each area are recorded the names of those who have provided information. It is hoped that many memories will be stirred by names from the past. If there are any omissions in the list of credits readers will no doubt be able to fill out the lists started, so that a more accurate list can be compiled for the 200th Anniversary!

Acknowledgement

Thanks for help offered in the compilation of this brief review of the Girls' School are due to:

Mr Ian Flett, City Archivist, Dundee.

Mr Murray Thomson, D. C. Thomson for information from 'The Advertiser'.

Mr Robert Small, Librarian, University of St Andrews.

Mrs Joan Auld, Archivist, University of Dundee.

Mr James Cunningham, Art Department, DHS.

— and to those who proof read and offered advice and information from their own long connection with DHS, and, of course, those who supplied the information about themselves which proved such fascinating reading.

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- Hotel, Catering and Institutional Administration
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- Mathematical Sciences with Computing
- Mechanical Engineering
- Nutrition and Dietetics
- Nutrition and Dietetics with State Registration

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- Quantity Surveying

DIPLOMAS

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Microprocessor Instrumentation
- Architectural Technology
- Building
- Building Surveying
- Chemistry
- Computing
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- Electronic and Electrical
Engineering
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Technology
- Librarianship and Information
Studies
- Management Studies
- Offshore Engineering with options
in (i) Petroleum Engineering
(ii) Computer Applications
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- Paper Technology
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- Rural and Regional Resources
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- Research Degrees

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RGIT

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"The Guinness Book of Feminine Achievements" lists the successes of women in various spheres of influence under such headings as The Armed Forces, Medicine, etc., and so I felt that a similar grouping, with cross-references where people were noteworthy in more than one field would be suitable to show how women in general and certainly the DHS former pupils in particular, have served in a wide variety of occupations — a far cry from 1890.

Even with the "traditional" fields of education and nursing the variety of posts is great and shows how there never need to be a stereo-typing of anyone again. The world of opportunity is there and DHS girls are ready and willing to grasp the challenges offered.

The only 'ordering' of information given has been the arranging of names in alphabetical order. Where known, or given, the date of leaving has been inserted. Similarly with married names.

I hope that this will serve to bring back many happy, perhaps colourful and entertaining memories, and that you will have fun adding to the lists from your own acquaintances. I hold the addresses of most of those listed here so, if any people have lost contact and would like to be re-united, just drop me a line to school.

ARMED FORCES

LUCY M. BARRON — Degree in Geography, Aberdeen. Now at Sandhurst.

ISME FEARN (nee Begbie) — RAMC 1941. Spearhead D-Day, received 1st naval casualties 11 p.m., 6th June. Ostend, Bruges, 1944.

AMANDA LAWRIE — Stirling University OTC, attachments with Regular Army Units (cf Diplomatic Civil Service).

EDITH HELEN MURRAY — SIS during war for 4 years. Father was Dr. Murray of the Science Department. (cf Sport, Librarian).

LAURA SMITH — Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant with WRAC, 1987). Assistant Adjutant in Army currently with Infantry Division Headquarters and Signal Regiment, York.

ART

GELDA BELL (nee Leslie) — Left 1959. D.A. Graphics and Fabric Craft, Duncan of Jordanstone (cf Music).

SARAH CAMERON — Left 1985. Exeter College of Art and Design, Foundation Course, Chelsea College of Art, London. Graduated B.A. in Fine Art and Sculpture with 1st Class Honours. Top student of year. Studying at Ecole Internationale de Theatre Jacques Lecoq in Paris.

BUSINESS

ELISABETH BLACKBURN — Left 1982. Business Administration Dundee, trainee C.A. in Arthur Young.

RUTH COOKE (nee Sturrock) — Left 1966. M.A. St Andrews, C.A. Edinburgh, Hague, Liberia, London, Hong Kong. Now technical manager for Ernst & Whinny.

PAT FINDLAY (nee Smith) — Left 1965. Dundee College of Commerce, S.N.D. in Business Studies (cf Medicine).

JACQUILINE HUNTER — Final year, Dundee University, Maths. To be employed by Scottish Widows in Edinburgh, actuarial insurance.

GILLIAN MEEKISON — Head Girl 1982-83. City Banking in London and America. Based in Los Angeles now.

RHONA MACKENZIE — Left 1965. Painting and decorating business in Tenterden. Now in Edinburgh. Business, 'Rhona Decorating' (cf Politics Education, Religion).

MARGARET MACKINTOSH (nee Whittaker) — Left 1966. Institutional Management Estate Agency work. Personal assistant in husband's public relations business.

LINDIS PITTS (nee Murray) — Left 1965. Management of properties in Arbroath.

LESLEY RANKINE (nee Hunter) — Maths Accountancy degree from Dundee. C.A. with Price Waterhouse.

CLAIRE STOTHERS — Left 1986. B.Acc. with distinction, Dundee. Trainee accountant, Peat Marwick.

CAROLINE WALLACE — Head Girl 1978-79. Accountancy at Edinburgh. Worked in Dundee.

CONSUMER SERVICES

JENNY ADAM (nee Kidd) — Left 1964. Hairdresser. Book buyer. Gas Board employee. Now in Garelochhead.

MARGOT ANDERSON (nee Roberts) — Domestic Bursar. School of Food and Accommodation Management at Duncan of Jordanstone.

JACQUELINE CUNNINGHAM — Catering, provides for private parties.

MAUREEN GRUNDY (nee Morrison) — Left 1966. M.A. English, St Andrews. Market Research with Glaxo. Rank.

SUSAN HOWIE — Left 1982. Hotel Catering Management Australia.

ROZALIND MARTIN — Left 1989. B.A. Hospitality Management, Napier College.

HELEN MILLER — Home Economics. Built own house near Oban. B. & B. Craft Shop and Tearoom.

LORNA RATTRAY — Left 1986. Fish farm on West Coast. Now Perth College. Sport Education (cf Sport).

JENNIFER STEWART — Has done Catering in Switzerland, considering returning there. (cf Secretarial).

EDUCATION

MARGARET BRYCE — Left 1965/66. Dundee College of Education Dip.C.E. Head Teacher of Bellfield Nursery School.

KATHERINE B. CLEGG (nee Scott) — Left 1960. Senior Teacher of Deaf at Donaldson's School for Deaf, Edinburgh.

MARGARET CRAIG (nee Moncur) — Left 1966. Teacher of Fashion and Fabric (cf Fashion).

PAT CRAM (nee Ramsay) — Left 1965. Dundee College of Education. Qualified Infant Mistress.

SHEENA K. DAVIE (nee Bissett) — Chemistry Teacher, Laurelbank, Glasgow.

PAT EDLIN (nee Donaghy) — Left 1965/66. B.Ed. Primary teaching certificate (cf medical Services).

PAMELA ANN GREWAR - Left 1961. P.E. Aberdeen. Now W. Australia, farming.

MARGARET ANN HUTTON — Left 1979. M.A. Hons. Modern Languages. Lecturer at Durham. Studying for PhD.

ALISON KETTLES — M.Theol. St Andrews. Teaching. In September '90 going to Tabeetha School, Israel for 2 years, primary teaching.

HILARY KETTLES - In penultimate year of B.A. at Cheltenham.

HEATHER McFARLANE (nee Alexander) — Left 1966. Dundee Training College. International School, Copenhagen.

RHONA MACKENZIE - left 1965. Geography Degree, Dundee University. Teacher Training. Taught D.H.S. (cf Politics, Business, Religion).

DIANE McLACHLAN (nee Fox) — Left 1965. Open University Degree and teaching certificate. Living in Beverley. (cf Law).

ELSPETH McVEY (nee McNab) — Left 1966. Depute Head Girl. M.A. St Andrews. History teacher. Now Adult Education Tutor in Kingsdown, Deal.

KATHLEEN NICHOLSON (nee Ferguson) — Left 1965. Hons. Psychol, Dundee. Moray House Teacher training. Now in Bowmore, Isle of Islay.

ANNE PATERSON (nee Wishart) — Left 1965. Teacher training, Dundee. Kuala Lumpur, Brunei, Principal of International School, 1985, Headmistress of Girls' Prep School in Oxted, Surrey.

LINDIS PITTS (nee Murray) — Left 1965. Dundee College of Education. Taught in Fintry and London (cf Business).

RHODA POWRIE (nee Smith) — Left 1954. Dundee Training College. Organist at Dundee Crematorium.

SUSAN RORIE (nee Gibson) — Left 1964. Taught Zambia, Yorkshire, now tutor to dyslexics in Surrey.

MARGARET STEWART (nee Orr) — Left 1965. Dundee College of Education. Two-Teacher Country School. Live in Balerno.

DIANA SUTHERLAND — Left 1966. University, Secretarial training, Trans Africa Expedition, Primary teacher, Admin. Senior Lecturer in Office Admin. at Telford College of Further Education.

ELIZABETH WEIR (nee Liddell) — M.A. Eng. Hist. Abroad, India. Glasgow, Bangkok. Now in Strathaven.

EXPLORATION

LYNSEY GYLE — Operation Raleigh to Belize in F6.

SARAH GIBSON — Operation Raleigh to Chile after degree.

FASHION

RAE COMPTON — Former Editor of Vogue.

MARGARET CRAIG (nee Moncur) — Three year Queen Margaret teaching diploma in Dress and Design (cf Education).

FIONA SHEPHERD — Dressmaking (cf Sport).

CAROLINE GIBSON (nee Smart) — Queen Margaret College, Edinburgh. Diploma Home Economics. Graduate trainee Coates Paton Ltd., working with Jaeger, London. Country Casuals, London. 1980 Brand Manager responsible for design and merchandising of Eastex range. 1986 married Peter Gibson. Now lives Rapallo, Italy.

GOVERNMENT/LAW/ CIVIL ADMINISTRATION

JENNIFER BLOCK. Dux 1985 — Law degree from Oxford. 1 year post-grad. teaching at Wolsley College. Currently completing year at Law School in York before taking articles in London.

DIANE FOX — 1st degree led to work as legal drafter with insurance company. (cf Education).

CAROLE GRIEVE — Law, Edinburgh.

AMANDA LAURIE. Foreign and Commonwealth Office. Civil Service in London.

PUBLISHING/LITERATURE/ JOURNALISM

VIVIEN SCOTT (nee Wood) — Left 1966. Formerly writer of stories for children's papers with D. C. Thomson.

INTA OZOLS. Head girl 1979-80 — Art, History, St Andrews. Worked with D. C. Thomson. Now in Edinburgh with Longmans Publishing.

MEDICAL

FRANCES BATY — M.B., Ch.B., Ph.D. Working locally.

ROSE BLOCK (Depute Head Girl 1979-80) — Edinburgh, Medicine. Holds Parts 1/2 of Fellowship. Currently studying for Part 3. Going to specialise in Anaesthetics.

AVRIL BRADY — Blood Transfusion Service.

HEATHER BREWSTER. Depute Head Girl 1979-80 — Dietetics.

EILEEN DUKE — Left 1965. M.B., Ch.B., Dundee. G.P. in Glasgow — part-time partner.

GILL EDWARD (nee Hunter) — Left 1965 St Leonard's. Left 1961 D.H.S. Western General, Edinburgh, R.G.N. After time in Australia now back in Birmingham.

ISME FEARN (nee Begbie) — Left 1930. M.B., Ch.B. Family Planning. Doctor for nine years before retirement.

PAT FINDLAY — After S.N.D. in Business Studies trained as hospital administrator. (cf Education).

CATHERINE FORREST — Left 1986. Presently at Edinburgh — Medicine.

FIONA FORREST — Left 1982. M.A. Hons. Psychol. Research Ph.D. in Community Medicine.

DR. FOTHERINGHAM — Left 1934.

ALISON GLASSCOCK (nee Franks) — Left 1980. M.B., Ch.B., Dundee. G.P. in Taunton.

AVRIL JACK — Speech Therapist.

VALERIE KETTLES — Final year B.Sc. Occupational Therapy.

JACKIE LAURIE — Staff Nurse, Edinburgh Royal.

PAT MACDONALD — Left 1965. 1978 commenced nurse training, Ward Sister Edinburgh Royal (cf Science).

MORAG MCKENZIE — Nursing in America and Edinburgh.

NICOLA MEARNS — Occupational Therapy.

ELAINE POWRIE — Left 1980. S.R.N. Psychiatry.

GILLIAN POWRIE — Left 1982. M.B., Ch.B., Glasgow Anaesthetics.

LINSEY RATTRAY — Nannying and starting nursing in July.

MARGARET ROSCOE — Physiotherapy.

FIONA SCONCE (nee Bell) — Left 1966. M.B., Ch.B., Norfolk G.P.

HELEN SIMMON (nee Sprunt) — Left 1948. M.B., Ch.B., House Physician, Kings Cross.

JENNIFER SMITH (nee Reid) — Left 1966. M.A. Soc. Science at Dundee. Changed to Radiography at D.R.I. Now part-time radiographer at Dundee Dental School.

JEANETTE M. STEEN (nee Patterson) — Left 1947. Former Assistant Matron Dunalister.

DIANE WALLACE (nee Duncan) — Left 1965. Haematology, Pathology Labs. in D.R.I. and Ninewells. Bounty Bag distributor to post natal mums in Ninewells.

JUNE WATSON — Health visitor in Broughty Ferry. Has nursed in Toronto for many years.

SHEILA WILSON (nee Mackie) — Left 1963. R.G.N. District nursing sister in Livingstone.

GLADYS ZYLYNSKA — V.A.D. during the war. Husband was Polish. Taught English to Polish people and has many memories of war-time and post-war Poland. Now lives in Broughty Ferry.

MUSIC

GELDA BELL — Sings with Tayside Opera et al. (cf Art).

ELAINE CLOSE. Depute Head Girl 1981-82 — Left 1982. M.A. Hons, Aberdeen, now Post graduate management and Admin. Studies, Polytechnic, London.

KERRY HASLAM — Left 1982. Teaching at Yehudi Menuhin Foundation Bermuda. Has played with Bermuda Philharmonic Orchestra.

FRANCES GRIFFITHS (nee Fleming) — Left 1965. Degree qualifying as music teacher. Plays organ. Conducts choir. Sang with professional folk group. Done work in London with Rock bands.

SUSAN MACKAY — B.A. Music Performance R.S.A.M.D. Taught cello in various Strathclyde schools. Trainee Studio Manager for Network Radio, B.B.C. Radio, London.

HELEN STOWARD — Music degree from Oxford. Experimental psychology research assistant working for D.Phil. Writes for Hi-fi News.

POLITICS/LOCAL/NATIONAL

RHONA MACKENZIE — Left 1965. Stood as S.D.L.P. candidate in district elections in Edinburgh 1989. (cf Religion and Business Education).

RELIGION

ALISON KETTLES — M.Theol. St Andrews. Going to Church of Scotland, Tabeetha, Israel, for two years.

RHONA MACKENZIE — Administration and evangelistic work in schools in England. (cf Education, Politics, Business).

ELAINE POWRIE — Left 1980. Two years 1987/89 London Bible College. (cf Medicine).

KATHERINE YOUNG — Administrator of 'Brainstormers' Creative Ideas for Youth Groups.

SCIENCE

SHEENA K. DAVIE (nee Bisset) — Left 1949. B.Sc. Chemistry. Medical Research. (cf Education).

JOYCE HUNTER (nee Pringle) — Left 1945. B.Sc. Agriculture, Aberdeen. Ph.D. Lecturer in Soil Physics. (cf Sport).

LAURA LETTICE — 2nd Class Hons. Biol from Oxford. Working for Imperial Cancer Research Fund towards a D.Phil.

PAT MACDONALD — B.Sc. Pure Science, St. Andrews. Scientific Officer in research lab. Western General, Edinburgh. (cf Medicine).

CAROLYN PARROTT (nee Blackwood) — Left 1982. B.Sc. Geography, Aberdeen. Scientific. Civil Service.

GAIL RAFFLE (nee Egan) — B.Sc. Hons. Chemistry, Dundee University. Courtaulds Inst., London.

LORNA RATTRAY — has done fish farming on West Coast. (cf Sport).

SECRETARIAL/LIBRARIAN

ELIZABETH DAVIDSON (nee Johnston) — Left 1959. Denson Secretarial College, Queen's Gate, London. S.A.I. in Research and Development at Leith. Edinburgh University. Enterprise Youth. Now in Cults.

KAREN FLUCKER (nee Hunter) — H.N.D. Sec. Studies Dundee College of Commerce. Secretary with B.B.C. in London. Married. Now back in Dundee — Secretary with District Council.

HEATHER GRAHAM (nee Stewart) — Trained at Dundee College of Commerce — now School Secretary.

ALISON MACKAY — Personnel Administrator CEPS Soins. Ltd. Desk-top publishing computer software. Grade 3 secretary at present working for Prof. Kennedy of Psychology (Dundee University).

EDITH HELEN MURRAY — M.A. St. Andrews. Librarian's assistant, University of St. Andrews. Secretary to Librarian R.S.A., London College of Secretaries. Secretarial assistant in National Foundation for Educational Research. (cf Armed Forces).

CATHERINE SMART — M.A. Hons. History, Edinburgh. Librarian's degree from Aberystwyth. Working in Ghana with the British Council setting in order the library systems there.

JENNIFER STEWART — Clerkess with Health Board. (cf Consumer Services).

F. ANN I. TODD — Crop Research — Invergowrie. Plant genetics.



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SPEECH AND DRAMA — MRS JACK

Once again all pupils from L7 to F6 who attend speech and drama were given the opportunity to take part in public performances.

In the Music Centre in December, F4-6 with some F3 boys, appeared in two comedies "Bottom's Dream" by Alan Poole and "Bad Day at Black Frog Creek" by John Gardiner and Fiz Coleman.

The same venue in February saw the F1 and F2 pupils in "The Phantom Tolbooth" by Susan Nanus. The School Hall in June was the venue for a triple-bill. A drama "After the Picnic" by David Foxton and a comedy "Full Steam Ahead" by Kay Macaulife were performed by F3 girls and "Ernie's Incredible Illucinations" by Alan Ayckbourn was performed by L7 girls and boys.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to find scripts to accommodate all those who wish to take part without wandering into the province of musicals. However, next year's scripts have already been purchased and we look forward to another busy productive schedule.

We are indebted to Miss Dickson, Mr Durrheim and Mr A. Allan for all their encouragement, support and hard work.

Congratulations to the following pupils who were awarded six out of the nine Trinity College exhibitions for candidates from the U.K. with the highest marks in 1989.

Grade 7, Kirsty Scott and Leela Srinivasan (1st and 2nd equal)

Grade 6, Ewan Armitage and Jennifer Tooze (1st and 2nd equal).

Grade 5, Nina Srinivasan (1st).

Grade 4, Clare Bennett (2nd equal).

In addition information in brackets shows their placings among the thousands of candidates throughout the world.



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WHEN THE WORLD KNOWS YOUR NAME

Few people know that Rikki Ross, Deacon Blue's lead singer was once a pupil of Dundee High School. After two hit albums, and numerous tours and concerts, the band is one of the biggest names in Scottish music history. Simon Miller and Hilary Scott caught up with Rikki after Deacon Blue had played two sell-out concerts in Dundee earlier this session ...

"I try not to do very many interviews," says Rikki Ross, as we sit down for breakfast at the Angus hotel. Hustle and bustle surrounds as toast and coffee is served to us by some waitresses, one of which has a haircut not usually seen in public, while another is either American or with her "sure, no problem" remarks has one of the worst fake American accents ever heard. "If you can't get on with your career," Mr Ross continues, "and do what you want to do without talking about it a lot, it's not much fun. I kind of get fed up with reading people, even mates of mine who are always doing interviews."

Rikki readily confesses to listening to his own music quite a lot, yet touring has recently left him with very little time at all to listen to anything. "I came in from the States recently, and I felt that I was forgetting some of the things from the records. You tour, and you start doing a song in a particular way, and you actually forget what the original recording actually went like, because you get into a habit of singing it in a completely different way, so I did play the album to remind myself about it. We record all our shows on Digital Audio Tape (DAT) which are fantastic things — they're CD quality, and if it happens to be a good track, well we recently took a live track for an EP off a tape we'd done. I listen to a lot of these, because I like to find out what we're doing live, and find out how you can improve it. There are chart acts that I like, it's just that just now, the charts are really awful. Christmas is a very bad time for the



Simon Miller.

charts — everyone, even Andy Stewart releases records, and we, as a band have always avoided it because often if you do have a hit at this time of the year, rather like what happened with the Housemartins, people see it as a novelty record, and not part of your career. We've kinda always been advised to avoid it. I do listen to a lot of music though, and I buy a lot of records — I loved Danny Wilson from Dundee, and I'm a great Dylan fan. When I was entering secondary school, it was The Beatles I liked. They had just split up, but people were still going back and listening to them. The Stones were a really big thing too. The first record I ever bought was a Stones record. My Aunt gave me a Bob Dylan album which I am eternally grateful to her for, and my sister would bring Simon and Garfunkel records into the house, so it was the combination of the excitement of The Beatles, and the Stones, and songwriters like Carol King, that I wanted to do. Just after I left school in fifth year, Bruce Springsteen's "Born to Run" came out, and that's probably my all-time favourite record. This was in the days when you went into a record shop and put on headphones to listen to a record, and I can remember one November listening to the record — I sat in the shop the whole time, just avoiding getting my bus home."

By the time Rikki had got to teaching college, he had decided that he didn't want to teach anymore, and he worked in Dundee for a while, in a youth project before getting the chance to join a group in Glasgow as a keyboard player. Supporting himself by teaching, he decided that it was music he wanted to go for, and not the teaching, although he really enjoyed it.

"I don't think I'd go back to teaching, but surely you've seen "Dead Poet's Society" — when I saw that in the summer, I thought it's true — there's lots of really good things about it."

It's probably just as well that this is the path he decided to take. The success of the band has been popular all over the world, and all the concerts the band do are well received. But is it better to do a concert in a big stadium or in a small pub or club?

"I always prefer doing little ones, to be honest, simply because big ones tend to throw you a little bit. What happened last time round was that we did a tour of theatres, and right in the middle of the tour we did the SECC in Glasgow (Scotland's major venue) which is very, very big, and we all got off the stage afterwards, and I can remember thinking that it had been so quiet, because it was so big, and we were so far back from the audience, and our reaction to it was that it was terrible, but then when we planned for THIS tour, we rehearsed in a big place, and the first show was in front of 7,000 people, the next 8,000 in Belfast, so we kind of got our

act together, and then it can be really enjoyable. Bigger gigs are more visual, and less subtle at times. Obviously, what you do with your eyes and face are not relevant at the back of the hall, but you can make it good. We're doing the SECC at the weekend, and then on Tuesday night, we're doing the Mean Fiddler club in London which only holds four hundred. I'm sure people always enjoy the exclusive gigs more."

Just now, the environment is obviously a big issue. Pop and rock celebrities have been jumping on the green bandwagon as fast as they can. Rikki thinks that we should all be for the environment anyway. "We got asked recently to take part in a big show in aid of the environment, and I couldn't believe it, because to me it's like standing up and saying 'Are you in favour of human life,' or 'Are you in favour of having a good time.' I mean no-one in their right mind would say no. But if you go and ask someone to go up and stand up for something decent, it's a different matter. I'm not an active campaigner for the green cause, but it has become a bit of a bandwagon — you're right. It isn't controversial, because everyone is in sympathy with it, but there are some big issues involved. The Irish are fuming about what we're dumping in the Irish sea, and if all these people are environmentally friendly, like they say they are, it will be fascinating to see what happens, because a lot of what's happening in Sellafield and that, well it's just going to have to stop. Industry is going to have to change its ways altogether." Eventually, the conversation swung round to the common ground of the High School. Was Rikki a good boy???

"Well, when we were in fifth year, there used to be classrooms behind the girls' school, and we used to have a running battle with bits of plaster with a whole load of guys who were on a YTS scheme in the YMCA across the road, and stuff used to shoot back and forward. I always used to think about that — it was completely mad. That's off the top of my head though, I mean that's not very bad at all. I can't really think of anything. We all used to get into trouble for haircuts. Your generation probably aren't affected by this, though. I didn't really enjoy school on the whole though — I was an adolescent nerd. At the end of fourth year, there was a kind of line-up of all the people who weren't any good at maths, and I was one of them, and said that we were going to go for an extended maths course, instead of just doing it in one year. The teacher came to me and said, 'Ross, I don't think you'll even get it in two years.' So that's my memory of secondary school. We got Mr Stewart for history, and we really enjoyed his lessons. It was great — I still remember a lot of stuff from then. I still read a lot of history books now. There were just some subjects I just couldn't get the hang of though. My Mum used to sit me in the kitchen, and make me learn it off by heart. I'd have loved to do Drama though, so it's nice to know you've got a Drama department now. I signed up for Drama as my Friday 9 activity, but it involved talks on the great theatre, and that was quite alienating. I still love the fact that we did Shakespeare every year though. I think Shakespeare is great."

After this, us three great English scholars started a long talk on the great authors, discussing the intellectually plot structures and other such details of today's best known plays and novels. Rikki is obviously a big fan of literature, and it was English that he taught at schools.

Eventually, however, we had to go our separate

ways, but not before Rikki had invited us through to the SECC concert at the weekend which would be filmed for a video which will be available in the shops soon, as they say, or perhaps it already will be by the time you read this. The concert itself was fantastic, with Rikki giving a very energetic performance, which the crowd seemed to want more and more and too much of — it's surprising the band ever got off the stage. Indeed, when we went to a small reception afterwards, Lorraine, another singer in the group was having a lot of trouble speaking because her voice was probably still on the stage somewhere, it was so powerful and so far-reaching. Deacon Blue are great live though, but they have managed to carry their rawness onto vinyl on all their records. Success hasn't changed him — he's down to earth, realistic and just genuinely easy to get on with — it's so obvious he went to the High School!

Their success is international, their fame is worldwide — now, the world *does* know his name.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD EXPEDITION — MAY 1990

After the stress and ardour of the SCE exams, all you want to do is collapse in a heap on the floor, glad that it's all over for another year, right?

Wrong! At least we didn't. We had already arranged to go on a Duke of Edinburgh's Award hike and were fervently hoping for good weather.

And so it was that on the last day of study leave — Friday, 11th May — we four intrepid explorers found ourselves by the shores of Loch na Craige, about four miles south of Aberfeldy. Our destination was Dunkeld, about thirteen miles away over the hills, where we had a campsite pre-booked.

We set off as we intended to carry on — very slowly, with frequent pauses and a great deal of groaning about heavy packs and sore feet.

But our enthusiasm was too great to be dampened by such trifling matters. We were walking along reasonable paths and soon reached Loch Kennard and then Loch Scoly — both fisherman's retreats. Due to the surrounding forests, our views were quite restricted; but by lunchtime we had moved on to lower ground where livestock was more in evidence. For once, the weather was quite pleasant on a hike and after a quick lunch-break, we moved on through the Hermitage, a nature park near Dunkeld. We passed the famous falls of the Braan on the last stretch of our route.

Camp cooking is suspect at the best of times and ours was no exception. Even the simplest meal tends to take on nightmare proportions, and with only cold water for washing dirty equipment you have a potential disaster on your hands. But we manfully struggled on, and over an hour later, it was (thankfully) all over.

Mr Rouse, our assessor, visited the camp soon after to inspect us and check everything was in order. After he had left, we turned in for the night, exhausted. The second day's route was longer, about fifteen miles. It was a circuit, going up as far as Loch Ordie in the north and then returning to the campsite — thus we were able to leave some of our equipment behind. After a few hundred yards, we considered the pros and cons of going back for another hour in bed, but unfortunately we had a time schedule to stick to, and didn't want to keep our second assessor, Mrs Madden, waiting, lest we should fail.

By lunchtime, after a hard morning's hike, supplies of Elastoplast for blisters were running out and not even a paddle in Loch Ordie could raise our battered spirits. Nevertheless, the afternoon's walk looked slightly easier on the map, and after eating most of our emergency rations, we felt a bit better.

The route that afternoon was indeed quite level and as we began the slow descent to Dunkeld, we were in good spirits again. But it was still a race against the clock to reach the campsite in time. After a brief stop in Dunkeld centre to buy fresh supplies we headed back to the site, beating the deadline by about a minute-and-a-half. Mrs Madden arrived soon after in order to assess us, and after our evening meal, which went surprisingly well, we explored Dunkeld itself. We returned to the campsite later on, and soon went to bed, tired after a long day's walk.

The next morning, everyone forgot to set their alarms, hence we struggled out of our sleeping bags a few hours later than planned. Today was to be our best day — the Tour of the Summits, which involved climbing two of the mountains south of Dunkeld. As we were going cross-country most of the way, the hike was very tiring, but after two hours, we stood proudly on top of the ruined fort at Obney Hill. We ate our provisions there, before departing on our next ascension — this time to the summit of the King's Seat, overlooking Birnam. It was once again an exhausting climb, but well worth it. The view was magnificent and the excellent weather had stayed with us, enhancing the scenery.

The descent down to Birnam was, at best, tortuous, winding as it did in great circles. But at least it was downhill, we were going home, and morale was high. We soon reached the site again, struck camp and were picked up at about tea-time.

The successfully completed hike qualified us in one section of the Award Scheme, taking us ever nearer to the completion of the Award Scheme. But more importantly, it was fun.

Derek Brown, Steven Cochrane
Paul Nimmo, Bruce Waddell

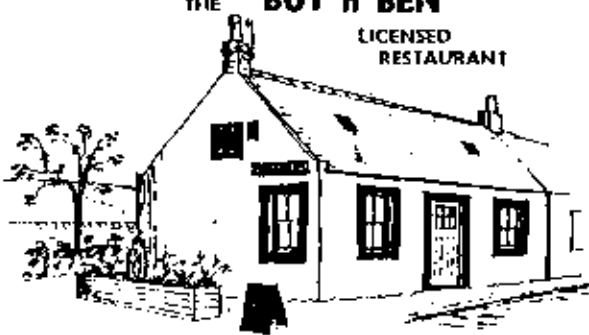
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With the new decade of 1990 quickly approaching, there was nothing more enjoyable than spending the New Year celebrating in style, skiing in kilts and generally having a magnificent time.

Although travelling what seemed a lifetime just to reach Manchester, then Salzburg, than Schladming . . . then at last to our hotel in Rohrmoos, perfectly situated in a secluded, picturesque setting out of ear shot from any neighbouring hotels and civilisation. Just as well, as we shared the aeroplanes and hotel with another group of budding Scots from George Watson's school in Edinburgh. A friendly bunch who shared our traditional Hogmanay celebrations at our ceilidh organised by Mr Rouse and Co.

The hotel was quite delightful, with a barn — sorry, annexe — for most of the boys. There are always some drawbacks, the food NOT being one of them. The water supply was, however, a major one. Not a drop to wet a toothbrush in the mornings, then by the time the fifth occupant of a room reached the shower not only was the water nearly frozen but in droplets falling every other minute.

For the girls, especially Gaynyr and Claire, the highlight of the trip was the ski instructors; two tanned, gorgeous Austrians to spend the day with . . . and, unfortunately, the rest of the group. Despite a general lack of snow in Europe, we were lucky to have reasonable conditions, although some of the pistes did become rather bare in places. However, the lower slopes allowed even the beginners to pose while doing their well taught stem-christies or, in some cases, snow plough turns.

Apres-ski we had cafes to sit in and blether while testing the home-made cuisine and hot chocolate to satisfy our after marathon appetites. One evening was spent tobogganing from the top of one of the mountains. Quite a dangerous sport unless the art of steering (away from snow walls and trees) is mastered. Although I happened to miss that night — unable to keep the late nights set by my older room-mates — I was informed more than once by nearly everyone, "You missed yourself — it was a great laugh". So I guess that sums up the tobogganing.

Well, I reckon that just about rounds up everything and its clear to see that once again Mr Rouse deserves another Brownie point for organising a superbly

successful and enjoyable ski trip. However, it cannot be ignored that he achieved this with the appreciated help of Mr and Mrs Madden and Mr and Mrs Spowart. Five figures spotted easily skiing down the piste plugged in with their walkmans and Mr Spowart sticking out like a sore thumb with his noted fashion accessory — namely his red bonnet — enough said.

I'm glad I was invited to write this report as I was originally apprehensive at the thought of being the only 5th Year girl on the trip, and now, after having the best holiday to date I would like to thank not only the staff, who were always there when you needed them, but also the 6th Years, especially my room-mates, Kate Birrell, Claire Gibson, Susan Taig and Clara Anderson, for making me fit in and have a great time with everyone. It was a great trip — superb skiing, brilliant sunny weather, delicious food and fantastic friends. It's not surprising that I'm going back next year.

Thanks again.

Lindsey Carroll F5

LA CLUSAZ — EASTER 1990

After sitting on the plane on the runway at Glasgow Airport for 2 hours, we finally took off for Lyon on our way to La Clusaz, 1990's chosen destination for the 3rd Year ski trip.

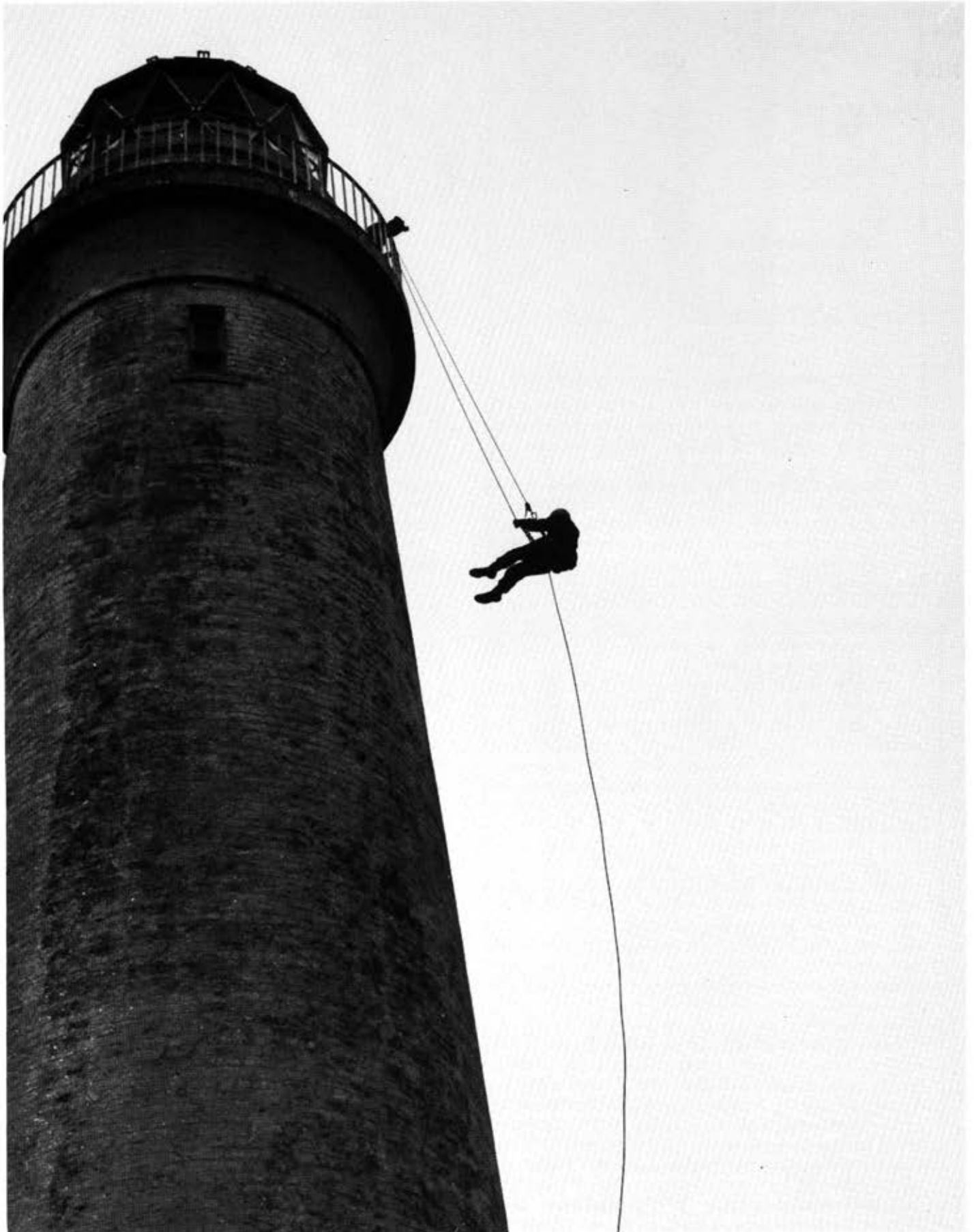
When we arrived we found La Clusaz to be a sleepy town nestled in the French Alps. Our hotel, which was leased to the tour company, was run by English staff so we didn't have to use much French.

Every morning we got our skis and boots out of the store room and tramped down to the 'skibus' stop. The bus took us to the cable car station which eventually took us to La Balme, the mountain we were to ski on. We had two lessons a day each lasting roughly 2 hours. They were very tiring but great fun.

Each night there was a different activity organised for us. These included discos, a treasure hunt and a traditional French mime show.

At the end of the week I think everyone was sad at the thought of having to leave such a lovely area. We had all been having such a good time — but I think most people were looking forward to a good bit of traditional Scottish cooking and a rest.

Jill Miller F3



IT WAS A LONG WAY DOWN. . .

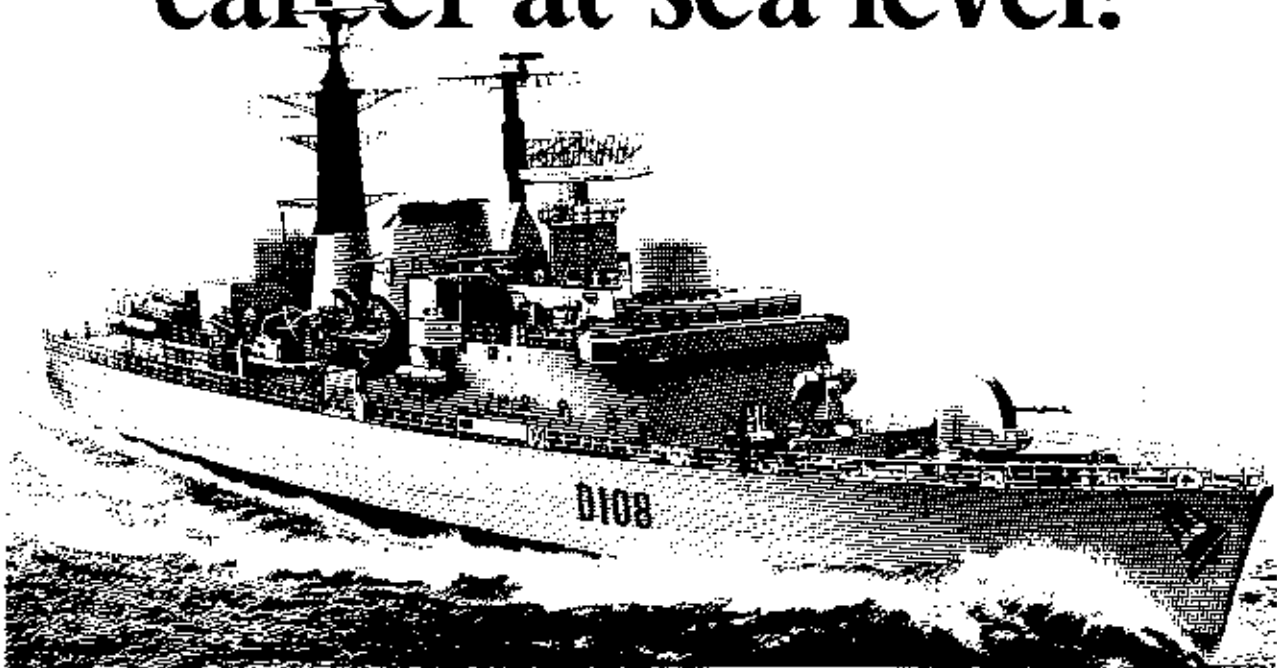
CADET FUND-RAISING FOR COMMUNITY SERVICE



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

AND THE WATER WAS VERY, VERY COLD

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REPORT ON CCF VISIT TO ROYAL SIGNALS REGIMENT, BERLIN

After a long and tedious bus journey through five countries, twenty cadets, two bus drivers, SSI Johnstone and Captain Allen eventually arrived in West Berlin. We were greeted at Checkpoint Alpha by an amicable Corporal Kimberley who was to act as our liaison officer for the week. Our arrival at the barracks was followed immediately by an official welcome from the Squadron C.O. and a security briefing. We were then left to settle in to our accommodation which was more luxurious than any of us had expected. Before long we had acquired a television, a collection of stereos and a kettle!

Our first day started (as all others were to) with a half hour drill. Luckily our drill sergeant took his job with a sense of humour and usually managed to keep us well amused for the half hour. The rest of the day was spent at FRIS — the army cold store for food should the Russians close the supply routes. Later we toured the 'wire' and also the River Havel courtesy of the Royal Engineers. Each evening four cadets went on 'wall patrol' with the Military Police. This was more enjoyable than expected and was always interesting.

The following day was spent at Ruhleben, a city built for the purpose of practising urban warfare. Here we carried out NBC drill in the gas chamber amongst other activities. The afternoon was spent at RAF Gatow, the only military airfield in West Berlin and site of the airlift

which kept Berlin on its feet when the Russians closed supply routes after the Second World War.

We spent 14th July at the French Bastille Day parade and although an impressive display, we think we attracted more attention in our full dress!

The following day was spent 'shopping' at the American PX which is their equivalent of the British NAAFI, which we also visited later in the day.

In the evening we held an 'informal gathering' in the barracks bar where we met and were spoken to by a Major Cuthbert — a one time High School pupil, now serving in West Germany.

Unfortunately our trip to East Berlin had to be cancelled due to some unknown administrative blunder. Thus the day was spent catching up on sleep or in the outdoor or indoor swimming pools that were on the base.

On the final day, drill was taken by the camp RSM and this was the only hour of the week that it rained. This was followed by a trip to Spandau and a chance to drive the Chieftain battle tank. On our return we changed into full dress before being photographed in front of the Brandenburg Gate and the now demolished wall.

The next morning we departed with a collection of Corporal Kimberley's pirate videos to keep us entertained on the long haul home. In fact the videos were so interesting we left Colin Ramsay in a West German service station for three-quarters of an hour before realising he had gone and we had to turn back!

Nevertheless it was a most interesting, exciting, cultural (!) and memorable visit for all involved.

Finally I would like to thank Mr Allen and Mr Johnstone for the hours they put into the organisation of the visit and also the Royal Signals for being good hosts.



Sarah Macmillan and Gayner Dickson, of Dundee High School, were certificate winners in the Friends of the Royal Scottish Academy art competition for 6th year pupils, sponsored by the Royal Bank of Scotland. The school was also presented with a slide pack. Picture shows, left to right, Mr D. MacDonald (head art teacher), Gayner, Sarah and Mr Murray Wood, manager of the bank's Reform Street branch.

GERMAN EXCHANGE TRIP '90

Six o'clock on a cold, dull, damp Thursday morning at the end of May. We all gather outside the playground, in a severe state of semi-somnia before the journey through to Edinburgh Airport, and also to annoy the post office who without a doubt take the deserted state of Dundee at this time completely for granted — let alone their own street which had been invaded that day.

The journey to Treysa (in Hesse) was basically uneventful — we behaved impeccably — perfect ambassadors for our school, it must be admitted, that we were perhaps on the noisy side as we camped out in Edinburgh airport, playing a rather high-spirited game of 'snap'. I cannot fail, at this point to remark on the deprived childhood that Mr Richterich must have suffered, we had to explain to him how to play snap.

After the first tentative night in strange houses was behind us we all arrived at school on Friday morning, Mr Richterich in his famed Lacoste T-shirt and us decked out in our fresh, clean pressed outfits (none of the dirty, creased, lack of co-ordination that was to be found in lax abundance towards the end of our stay). Attention must be drawn here to the "Snazzy dresser"

of the trip, whom, we could never have lost due to his rather fluorescent appearance, — "Boss braces and bright breeks". We set out on our first trip to Zwosten, Frizlar, and finally the Edersree, an artificial lake where, I think that everyone that lacked even an ounce of common sense or a garnish of foresight-and had gone on the boats was completely soaked after a half-hour excursion.

The next day a handful of crazed, weathered travellers walked for a couple of hours through rain, mud and squelch in order to get to a pokey, cold, dark, dirty disused copper-mine, while the more sensible of us 'slept in' and had to be driven all the way to the mine-such a shame to have missed the walk!

The German "Pfungsten" — Whit holiday weekend was spent with our families, sightseeing and visiting German relatives, an exhausting experience.

Some of us travelled into East Germany. Perhaps the biggest impression was left by dreadful food. Personally, I found it so strange, how different the two worlds were, only a line separating them. The East Germans are facing a bewildering range of decisions and many will be left behind because they simply don't understand, what is happening.



All suffering from severe fatigue, we returned to school on the Wednesday and were given the use of a very "cushy" room in the special centre for Dyslexia. We went to different classes but even the English class was a bit above our heads as they were discussing "The advantages and disadvantages of the British comprehensive system of schooling in comparison to those of the Independent sector."

During the second half of our stay we went on a day trip to Marburg, a lovely German University Town, with a highly embroidered history. We might have been able to appreciate the town even more if it hadn't been raining "Katzen und Hunde" and if our guide had been less funny — she tried to catch her words as they back-flipped off her buck teeth and she expected us to take seriously the idea of one's soul leaving the body through the left ear! A small group of us returned a few days later to do full justice to the shops.

Before we knew it we were back in Treysa station. The exchange had been great and without incident, apart from the display of fire-fighting skills, which was called on, when a member of our party decided to make a bid for "stuntwoman of the year" by leaning over a candle and setting light to her hair. Then on the last night, someone decided to stick their finger into a coke bottle and consequently had to walk around with a bottle hanging off her finger — a painful experience, but they do say "You can't beat the feeling you get from a coca-cola!" Between enjoying the super spread laid on for our farewell party we put on a display of real and improvised Scottish country dances and Gina McKenzie delivered a very well-received speech, thankfully without her usual knack of putting her foot in it.

Many thanks to Mrs Seith for remaining cool, when the airport staff had no idea, how we were getting home and when one of the two boys, who shall remain nameless, disappeared for half-an-hour to invest in the German economic miracle, whilst the last call for our delayed flight was made over the tannoy.

In conclusion, many thanks to our host families for being so helpful and hospitable and making our stay so enjoyable. Also to Mr Richterich and Mrs Seith from us all — without them the trip would not have been what it was. . . Incidentally, our German did improve and look out for the Germans in October!

Shona Goodfellow
Camilla McKenzie

FORM 1 TRIP TO WEARDALE ACTIVITY CENTRE

There was great excitement as we all gathered in the playground on Sunday, 8th April to set off on our trip to Weardale Activity Centre, situated in the Pennines, Yorkshire, where we were going to experience a variety of exciting activities.

After six hours we arrived and were greeted by a buffet supper which all of us needed. Later on we went up to our dormitories, unpacked and went to bed to be fresh for the next day.

In the morning we were told our groups for the week. Each group was given a group leader, one teacher and an experienced guide who would explain how to do each activity and kit us out with the clothing. For example, we were all given a large water-proof which we would wear for cold and wet weather.

There were many activities packed into the week, including Abseiling, Orienteering, Canoeing, Walking, Search and Rescue, Initiative Tests, Mining, an expedition and skiing on the dry ski slope.

During the day we would have an activity in the morning, the afternoon and one at night.

The search and rescue was good fun. We were told how to make a stretcher out of a long piece of rope. One person would go and hide in a dense wood and the rest of the group would try to find the person and bring her back to the open.

We were also taken down an old lead mine, deep underground through narrow tunnels. There we were told to put our head lights off and we were told a ghost story. After the story we were told to make our own way back in groups of three, which we found frightening.

On the last day our group was taken on an expedition which was a ten mile walk. This was good fun, but tiring. On the last night a disco was arranged in a hotel down the road from Weardale. Everyone really enjoyed it.

On the next day we had an early start. We left at 9.30 a.m. and arrived in Dundee at 3.30 p.m., tired but happy. It had been a week of good fun which everyone enjoyed.

Alison Donald



Picture courtesy of James Ketsdever.

TEN GO MAD IN CALIFORNIA

In the beginning, there were ten very apprehensive pupils ...

Angus "stripy shirt" Allan
 Rashid "I'm a womaniser" Abu-Rajab
 Clara "she's only fifteen!" Anderson
 Jenny "fudge fantastic" McLeish
 Simon "hot tub + cheerleaders" Miller
 Rachel "the buskers' favourite" Parrat
 Elaine "baseball belle" Bowman
 Susan "chocolate brownie" Taig
 Louise "food food food Beetle food food food"
 Woolridge
 Alice "frozen yoghurt" Bradbury.

We spent two weeks in SUNNY (93°) Pleasanton — "city of planned progress", California, under the loving care of the Rev. and Mrs Clarkson, our chaperones, known to us all as the Trendy Rev. and Mrs C. We couldn't have asked for better travelling companions. During the two week visit, we became Californians. So much had been planned for us to do, we went to bed at night (sometimes!) absolutely exhausted. Foothill High School was the place where all the people we stayed with went to school for their education, but it was a different kind of education compared to ours back home! The teachers either played baseball in Economics lessons or watched it on TVs scattered around a classroom in Maths. There were barbecues and parties galore, which we just HAD to go to, and which all proved to be brilliant. American Football games at the school was the major social event, especially if they were followed by a dance where we all let ourselves go wild (some of us more than others!) The pep rallies which preceded a game were to boost the home team's spirits, and although they seemed very strange, we all enjoyed them too. The day trip to the University of Berkeley proved to be an experience, at least we all managed to work out where it got its Bezerkeley nick-name from! We made the journey into San Francisco a number of times, and met a number of

As the two weeks began to draw to a close, the number of parties escalated, but the grand finale which had been planned for us sadly went wrong after a hotel manager interrupted and asked us to please go and have our party elsewhere. Not letting that put us off, we did find somewhere else, and I don't think anyone really got much sleep before heading off to the airport the next morning.

During the exchange, those ten individuals had become a family of about 100 — the host families, teachers and friends had all become very close, and we flooded San Francisco airport with tears when we left (or the girls did, anyway.)

The flight back was fun-filled too, with the third showing of the film which we had seen on both flights on the way over, which everybody had voted a big turn-off. After we were delayed in Toronto Airport, when we lost the Clarksons one more time, we eventually boarded the flight to take us back to dull Dundee. We were all really pleased to see that once again, we were going to see the same film for the fourth time once we had boarded, but at least we knew the Air Canada welcome and safety video off by heart. We knew where all the toilets were, we could have put our lifejackets on back to front, blindfolded, and standing on our heads, and we knew every safety rule in the book (nice safety positions there, Rachel and Si!)

On June the 17th, earlier this year, the Californians (a slightly reduced group of five) eventually landed at Dundee station at 6.15 a.m., after they were delayed by five and half hours. At the time of writing, they were still with us and having a great time too, so let's hope that there trip to see us is as great as our trip to see them was!!!

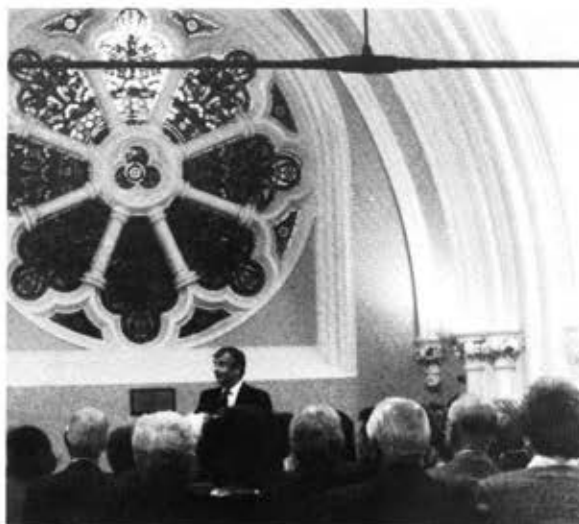
It certainly WAS the trip of a lifetime, and not one to forget in a hurry!
 "charming" people on the streets there, and on the public transport getting there, including an expert on world cultures and immigrants, and someone who

could only be summed up as an absolute creep who just wouldn't leave us alone on the subway. Once in San Francisco, there were so many things to do — visit Alcatraz (which we never actually got to), Fisherman's Wharf (SLIGHT smell of fish there), Pier 39, Chinatown and who could forget going down a street/hill very fast in a not very stable looking cable car!

Over the fortnight at Foothill, students eventually managed to get to grips with the facts that ...

- We do speak English.
- Scotland is not in the USSR, Iceland or Central Europe.
- There have been no public hangings in Britain for quite a while.

Mind you, we were just as ignorant (well almost) of their way of life. In California, anyone who doesn't own a car by the age of seventeen is an oddity, and fast food really IS fast!



OPENING OF THE MEDIA STUDIES DEPARTMENT by JAMES SPANKIE, Esq., National Manager, T.V.-a.m. (Scotland)



Lynne Duffus, Susan Dee, Louise Barber, James Spankie and Stephanie Bower.

RADIO JOURNALISM COURSE

9th and 10th June

In June, Mr Illsley held a weekend course in radio journalism in the new Department of Drama and Media Studies. The course attracted two pupils from Form 5 (Diane Hynd and I) with others coming from schools in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

For those interested in radio broadcasting, this course provided a perfect introduction to producing radio programmes and involved basic technical procedures. Techniques covered included scriptwriting, recording, interviewing, editing, mixing desk operation and commercial production. Looking back, it seems incredible that we managed to fit so much into two days and with such fun!

However, this course was very different from most others as we had 'hands on' experience with two established professionals of radio journalism — Siobhan Synnot from B.B.C. Radio and Graeme Adamson who produces the commercials for Radio Tay.

To conclude, I would like to thank Mr Illsley for the opportunity to attend this weekend, which was planned to perfection. And for those contemplating a career in radio, I highly recommend this course.

Rebecca Linford Form 5

TRACT:

Trinity Audio Communication Tape

This year pupils were involved in an interesting and absorbing project which, with the co-operation of the Learning Skills Centre and the Media Studies Department, produced a tape for the use of blind children in their homes.

Pupils from the Junior School wrote or collected the material while Senior pupils helped in the recording. Some of the extracts are included here.

Anne F. Philip
Roger Illsley

TIME

Time goes slow
Time goes fast
Time is very good
To some people.

Some people hate
Time because they
Do not get long
To do it in.

Adrian Falconer L5

THE CLOCK

Hickory dickory dock stare at the clock
As time goes by
You blink your eyes
And eventually fall asleep
And in your dreams you still hear the clock
Tick tock tick tock.

L5

WIND IS WILD

The wind is wild and like a lion
It roars in your face
It's an awful thing
It lashes its tail while tearing trees
It sings a chanting song
Why does it have to make a wild sea a friend?
When it plays it plays with snow.

Jane Peterkin, L5

TIME

Now just think what time can be.
It can be short or long, fast or slow,
Precious or unwanted,
Lonely or crowded.

Vharai McLean L5

HOMEWORK TIME

Homework is always so boring,
I often end up snoring!
Maths, History, English, Geography and Science
I wish it would all end,
Before I go round the bend.

Nyle Bassilious L7

PARADISE ISLAND

When I hold a sea shell to my ear I imagine
I see the startling colours of the plants and the bright
yellow sun beaming down on the soft, silky sand.

I hear waves coming whoosh! onto the island's giant
rocks and the sound of the crackling, golden sand.
I smell the lush grass growing and the ripe fruits to be
picked.

I taste the scrumptious juicy fruits and the creamy milk
from the coconut.

I feel the water splash on my face and the sand trickle
between my toes.

Catherine Helmore

PARADISE ISLAND

When I hold a sea shell to my ear I imagine
I see a tropical island in the blue Pacific with parrots in
the tall palm trees.
I hear the sea splashing on the wet sand on the
shore.
I smell the salty sea and the bushes and plants all round
me.
I taste pineapples and the fresh water of a running
stream.
I feel the soft sand covering my feet and then the sea
washing them clean.
This is my paradise island.

Alison Young

CHARITY TABLE TENNIS MARATHON

Nobody could have failed to notice that another ITV
Telethon was on its way. That familiar tune pierced the
airways of both television and radio: 27 hours of non-
stop television raising money for charities locally. Last
year, Crampian Television made more money per head
than anywhere elsewhere in Britain; this year the
organisers hoped to equal that record. All over the
country people were doing their bit to raise money and
Dundee organised a large marquee in the City Square
to be used mainly for a table tennis marathon by Mr
Ron Thomson, where each point was turned into
cash.

Lots of players were needed so local schools were
asked to participate. There was an enormous response
from the High School (due to the afternoon off
allowed) organised by Mr C. P. Stuart. The excitement
could be felt by the pupils waiting to play and free
drinks were given out. Mr Thomson already had 1366
points when the School's doubles teams took up the
challenge.

Every so often the T.V. cameras were switched on
and Dundee was on the air with fame for several pupils
playing and telling jokes to a game show host — we
were rewarded with a prize or a custard pie in the
face!

Pupils were given participation certificates and the
final total raised by the School was £320 — a great
achievement!

Guy Freshwater IB2

W



Photo courtesy of PWL Management.

eat-master

Love 'em or loathe 'em, you've got to admit that Stock, Aitken and Waterman are successful. Earlier this year, they celebrated the amazing feat of getting over 100 hits into the charts in under five years. Simon Miller caught up with the hitman himself, Pete Waterman, and asked him about the secret of his success

It's six o'clock, it's pouring with rain, and Dunfermline's Hollywood Boulevard club looks about as far from Hollywood as you can get. A rusty grey van draws up, and out jump twelve Scottish men and one Scottish woman, all in full Scottish dress. Fears that I've turned up on the wrong day are soon dispelled as we all go inside, where although it's wacky and tacky, and despite the four-foot high plastic Statue of Liberty, it still ain't quite Beverley Hills. The pipers are obviously mesmerised, so I leave them behind and ask someone where Pete Waterman is, only to be told that I'm early, but to go and have a cup of tea.

"The Hitman and Her" has arrived in Dunfermline. Hosted by Pete Waterman and Michaela Strachan, it's the show which puts club culture under the microscope. Although shown in the wee small hours of the morning, the programme has a viewing audience of three million — yet more tape it and watch it at a more civilised hour. Indeed, so popular is it that Granada Television, who commissioned the series from indie television company Clear Idea, have been trying to bring the show to an earlier time slot.

"Yeah, but I won't let them," Pete says when, eventually he joins me. "I feel very protective about my 2 o'clock time slot. I like it, because then, we can do whatever we want. Games that we do often become pretty outrageous, and if it was at any other time, the IBA (ITV's watchdog) would just pull the plug on us. There is another problem with the programme being recorded live, because, as it is a club, we've got to keep everyone entertained, so there's certain records that I'd like to play, but I can't, because they wouldn't go down well."

The show's popularity doesn't only bring a grin to Granada's face, but also to those of record company executives. An ever increasing number of dance records have been making their way into the charts, and part of this must be due to increased television exposure from programmes like "The Hitman and Her". Pete is able to see this effect at first hand.

"We were the first to play the Lonnie Gordon record "Happenin' All Over Again", and the buzz on the Monday after we played it was incredible. Dealers were ringing me up at the studio asking about it, because they'd already had people going into the shops saying that I had played it, and now wanting to buy it."

Obviously then, Pete has interests in the record industry. As part of the Stock, Aitken and Waterman song writing/producing trio, he owns one of the largest independent record companies in Britain. Is there not a danger that he uses the power that "The Hitman and Her" has in order to promote his own records?

"Well, people could say that, but of course there have been long periods when there's been no Stock, Aitken and Waterman in it. In the last series, apart from Jason Donovan, who was a live act, there was very little Stock, Aitken and Waterman. We never played Sonia in the last series or anything."

Kylie Minogue's "Better the Devil you Know" was Stock, Aitken and Waterman's 101st chart hit record in under five years. The fact that their records are still making it into the charts is a sign that the recipe is right, but just what is the secret of Stock, Aitken and Waterman's success?

"I've been doing this since 1972," Pete remembers, "and most of the people in my organisation have been in the business a long time. It's a gamble to try and keep making hits, but every week, it's like any other job. You have to do certain things, and we just go about and do them. Of course, it doesn't hurt when you've got writers like Mike Stock and Matt Aitken, who write such great songs. We do market as well, but we don't overmarket. People found Kylie Minogue's "I Should

Be So Lucky" without any hype. We were a small record company then, we didn't have major distribution. Everyone else had turned the record down, so it was a classic case of people will find a record if they want it."

"Making records is like school dinners."

"News"papers have been full of stories recently that sales of singles are falling dramatically. It is true that in America, record labels have stopped issuing singles on vinyl, but back here, a dip in the sale of 7" singles has been made up by a large increase in the number of 12" and CD singles being sold. The media seemed to have ignored this though, and continue to forecast that the end of the single is drawing ever closer.

"The truth is that singles are not selling any less at all. The major record companies are just hyping more. The marketing guys have been marketing records like bars of soap. The chart people have said that a record will only be eligible for the charts in a certain amount of formats — 7", 12", CD and cassette. New Kids on the Block had eleven versions of the same record out at one point. Now, you can put out twelve different formats if you want, but they're not eligible for the charts any more."

Waterman is famous in the record industry for being against the hype in the record world. PWL, his label, rarely put out limited editions or remixes, but the bigger record companies just seem to be out to milk the market dry of cash. A fan of a band can end up with loads of different versions of the one record — picture discs, poster sleeves, free badges or a fast groove dub, remix and live recorded edit, but still it all means more money for the record companies.

"The major record companies want their money instantly. They're so disposable — if it's not a hit, they'll just throw it away, and CBS and Warner Brothers can afford to do that, but if you're a small record company like PWL, you can't. Every record we put out has to be a hit. We don't have the facilities that CBS have to put out boxed sets of singles, pull out photographs and that, we just can't. They reckon that there's 60,000 kids who buy Bros records on a regular basis. What the executives and marketing people do by issuing seven or eight different formats is, well, those kids probably buy five different formats so that they go in at number three one week, and then go down the next week to number eighteen, because they can't substantiate the sales. It's bad for the band, because it makes them look like they've got no staying power, and it also takes money out of other people's pockets, because if a kid buys five different versions of the same record, he could be buying four other people's records, and you'd have a stronger chart, but they don't see it like that — it's just too simple. They're not interested in a fair chart."

A new Stock, Aitken and Waterman sound is emerging. Gone is the rawness of Dead or Alive's "You Spin Me Round" or Jason Donovan's "Nothing Can Divide Us", and in comes "When You Come Back To Me" and "Happenin' All Over Again". Smash Hits recently accused Stock, Aitken and Waterman of trying to make Kylie look deeply trendy, while at the same time trying to make Jason look like a young Cliff Richard. So, is the team trying to help Kylie shake off her girl next door type of image?

"It isn't conscious. **Making records is like school dinners** — sometimes you just don't want anymore of what you had the day before. You think 'aw, I had that yesterday', so you might just have, I don't know, a butty, and you think 'that was fantastic', but if you have butties every day, it gets boring. The problem with being hit record producers is that you do have to follow your own trend. You can't go over here then over there. The public want consistency — they wanna be able to rely on you, and I think this is where most artistes get it wrong. The Beatles were the greatest group because they were consistent. You could always rely on them that it was going to be a great song. You trusted them, you went out and bought the record, and you were never let down."

The Stock, Aitken and Waterman sound may be popular especially, with weeny-boppers, but it has come under attack from people in the music industry and people outside it. Does Pete not get sick fed up of the constant battering of his work?

"We're not making political statements or anything. We're just making pop records. Some people like them, some people don't. That's fine by us."

"I'm not against anyone attacking my records if somebody attacks them with a point of view that's sensible — yeah, that's fine — I'm all for somebody that can criticise. What I'm against is people making silly statements without knowing what they're on about. I just find that stupid. In the majority of criticism that you see, they haven't even listened to the record. They see the name, and that's the criticism. I criticise major record companies who can't see that what we're doing is putting people back in record shops. We're not making political statements or anything. **We're just making pop records. Some people like them, some people don't and that's fine by us.**"

So, just now, everything is looking good for the trio, but what does the future hold? Will there ever be a time when Stock, Aitken or Waterman get fed up and go and hang up their headphones and sell their mixing desks?

"Well, I don't see me doing this for another ten years to the pressure I am under now, but there's a lot of people working for the company, so I can't just retire. I do a lot of farming though, and I would like to spend more time doing that. When you've got an organisation that's as big as ours, you have to give your time to the employees. This is another thing about major record companies. They sack people willy nilly, and close down factories. We feel a responsibility to the people that we work with."

David Howells, PWL's managing director was recently quoted that Stock, Aitken and Waterman "are in every day, and work from eleven in the morning to eleven at night. What's more, they're having fun and enjoying it." It certainly seems that Pete is enjoying it — he readily admits to having very little spare time at all."

"My excuse is that this is the best hobby in the world, and I get paid for it."

After a thanks and a smile, off he goes to run through a rehearsal for the programme with the pipers, and after that he's off back to the studios to make more hit singles, no doubt.

THANKS TO

Clare, Bev and Fiona at Clear Idea, and Pete at PWL.

Thanks also to Sue at PWL for putting up with my persistent 'phone calls.

THE FRENCH EXCHANGE: DUNDEE — MONTPELLIER 1989-90

This year for the first time we have had an exchange with a French school, the Collège de l'Assomption in Montpellier, France. Taking part were a group of thirty Form III pupils who welcomed their French partners to Dundee for ten days in October and then visited the French families in Montpellier this May, accompanied by Mr McKenzie, Mrs Seith and Mrs Duncan.

Although the party had some days on expeditions together, for the most part each young person was on their own coping with the demands, both linguistic and social, of staying with a foreign family. So what better way to present the story of this exchange than by dipping into a collection of memories from the personal accounts of the pupils.

ARRIVAL

First impressions mean a lot, especially the weather:

...The weather was a lot hotter than in Scotland and I soon found I was baked... a beautiful part of the world... rained only once... and the city itself:

... Montpellier, situated in the south of France in the Languedoc-Roussillon region. It's a beautiful city, although it is expanding rapidly and much of the town is either very old, very new or under construction...

As the plane landed, we realised it was the moment of truth!

... When we arrived in Montpellier we were given an official welcome by the deputy Mayor where we were presented with champagne wine and orange juice. We were then taken to the school and met our families. The next three or four days were spent with the family.

... At the beginning of our trip, most of the Scots were scared about meeting the French families, French food and speaking French. Despite all these fears we settled in well...

... The French family I was staying with were very nice and they made me feel at home...

... The family were very patient and spoke slowly and tried to explain when I did not understand. I spent the first weekend in the mountains which I enjoyed very much, although this needed a lot of concentration as I not only had to understand my correspondent's family but their friends also...

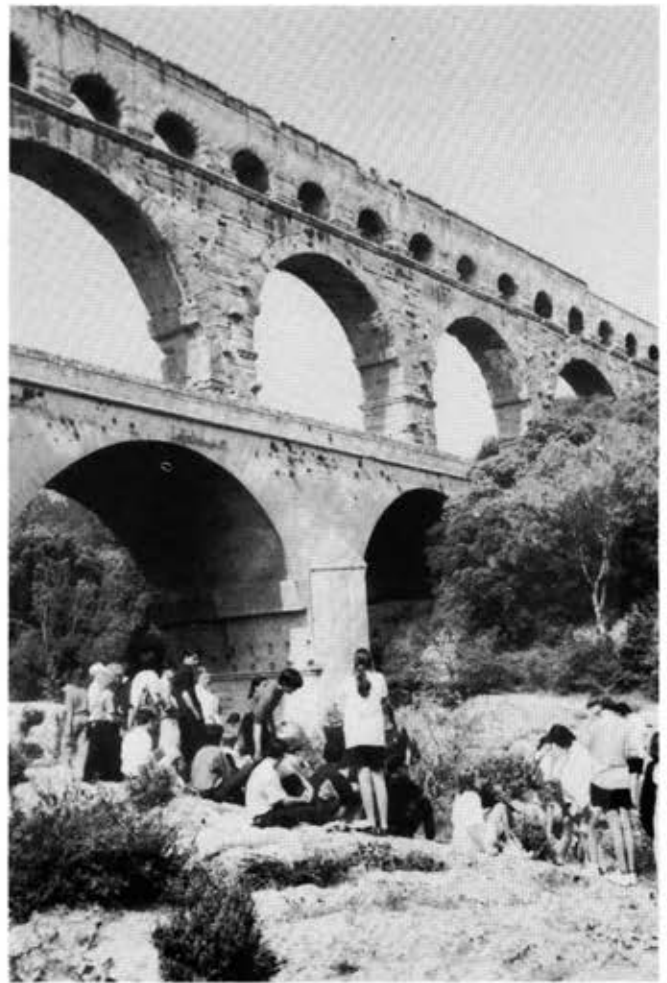
FOOD

Was it Napoleon who said an army marches on its stomach? Certainly our pupils had a lot to say about food! Some stated the obvious:

... They have very different eating habits from us...

Others were quite blunt about it:

... The one major difference I found was how awful the food was... the bad thing was eating at 9.00 p.m. every night...



Le Pont du Gard — About to get Classical Studies — in French!



The walled town of Aigues-Mortes — all studying our worksheets.

Some were nationalists at heart:

... One of the main problems of going to France is having to eat French food. Some of the group members had to eat some things we would never consider in Scotland, including raw oysters, frogs legs, snails and one person was even offered sheep's brains. . .

Another was keen on gory details:

... After having seen a fish's head cut off in front of my face and having its brain and eyes delicately removed whilst telling me that those were the nice bits, I was wishing that the French were more in favour of eggs and chips. . .

And (maybe there's still hope!) some were satisfied:

... I found I was fed brochet (pike) in a fluffy pastry which was delicious. . .



In the square in Aigues-Mortes — note the interest in the guide!

ACTIVITIES

Everyone did so many things; many as individuals with their families:

... from visiting the Pyrenees to speaking to a class of seven year olds at the school of my correspondent's brother. I even spent a night out of doors — under a table tennis table! . . .

One of our party was lucky enough to be invited to a Basque traditional wedding a few hundred kilometres away to the west: . . . hymns in the Basque language, which didn't make it any easier for me to understand! . . . meal lasted from 10.00 p.m. until 3.00 a.m. and consisted of 12 courses, and in between each we would dance to Basque music. . . the party finally broke up at 5.30 a.m. However this did not end the wedding festivities. For the three days that followed. . .

Other activities involved the party going out on expeditions by coach with teachers and guides; one day we went to the Perrier factory:

... Everyone knows the drink Perrier water. . . the factory near Montpellier runs 24 hours a day and produces between 4 and 5 million bottles per day. Out of the 60% of Perrier water which is exported, 25% is exported to America. Personally I don't like Perrier water and it is amazing to think that somebody can make money from putting water in a bottle and adding some fizz to it. . . and we all got a free bottle!

We had a visit to the Camargue where:

... First of all we saw the bulls being rounded up. Then the stockman singled out one young calf to be taken to the bull-ring. A man then asked if anyone wanted into chase the bull around the ring. . . only the brave and insane ventured into the ring! . . . the bull chased everyone across the ring and over the fence. The bull also jumped across the fence. Screams were let out and people jumped back over the fence and into the ring. . . (Amazing how a wee calf can be transformed into a huge and terrifying bull to improve the story!)

Next it was horse-riding.

... We all rode off down a sandy track to the beach. . . after about twenty minutes we were asked if we wanted to gallop. Several of us broke into a canter. One horse set off after us when it wasn't meant to. The rider fell off. . .

One day we visited Nîmes:

... We saw the Pont du Gard, a Roman aqueduct, under which I had canoed only a couple of days before. In Nîmes itself we visited the Roman Temple and remains of the old Roman forum. . . we went to visit a Roman amphitheatre built in the first century AD which was in very good condition and was being restored to its former glory. . . (Truth was the scaffolding was really in preparation for a Phil Collins concert! What would the Romans have thought of that?)

The region is well-known for its limestone caves:

... We visited the Grotte des Demoiselles. The cave got its name because the person who discovered the cave fell and banged his head in the cave; when he regained consciousness he was still dazed and thought that the strange rock formations were actually women

...

LAST WORD

And so to the end of the trip, with many happy memories shared by all:

... I wish it had lasted longer. . . one of the best trips I have been on. . . a brilliant holiday which I enjoyed thoroughly and if you don't believe me, why don't you see for yourself? . . . a total success and would recommend it to anyone wishing to improve their French and have a great time. . .

But if you now think Montpellier is a paradise on earth, at least one of our group noted:

... The pupils' daily routine seemed very strict to us. School started at 8.15 a.m. and finished at 5.00 p.m. The pupils then went home to do their homework as they are not allowed out at night during the week. . .

Oh dear, perhaps return to High School has its attractions all the same!

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



VISIT OF THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, LORD ROSS





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FORMER PUPILS: SUCCESSES

(as known)

Dundee Institute of Technology: 1989

Alexander, Kevin Stewart B.A. in Business Studies.

Burnett, Kevin John B. Eng. with Honours in Civil Engineering.

Dickson, Gareth Lindsay B.Sc. in Quantity Surveying.

Leslie-Melville, Robin Jeffrey B.A. in Applied Economics.

McGill, Douglas Kenneth Postgraduate Diploma in Information Technology.

McGrory, Brian Postgraduate Diploma in Software Engineering.

Mackintosh, Alan Kenneth B.Sc. in Quantity Surveying.

McIntosh, Kevin Thomas David B.Sc. in Quantity Surveying with Distinction.

Muir, Helen Susanne B.A. with Honours in Business Studies.

Porter, Claire Lesley B.Sc. in Nursing.

Walton, Melissa Jane B.A. with Honours in Commerce.

Watson, Ewan Dykes B.Sc. in Science.

Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology: 1989

Dean, Andrew James Forbes HND in Electrical and Electronic Engineering.

Wheater, Richard Anthony Post Graduate Diploma (CNA) in Personal Administration.

University of Aberdeen: 1989

Barron, Lucy Margaret B.Sc. Hons.

Denholm, Jennifer Joan M.A. Hons.

Fenton, Richard Douglas M.A. Hons.

Nicol, Ian Fraser B.L.E. Hons.

Walker, James Michael M.A.

Walsh, Joanna Elizabeth M.B.Ch.B.

Wilson, Victoria Janet M.Ch.B.

University of Dundee: 1989

Buchan, Roderick James B.Sc. (E) Hons.

Carnegie, Paul James LL.B. Hons.

Dalgety, Murray Andrew Clark B.A.

Gibson, Sarah Lee B.Sc. Hons.

Horn, Emma Ethel Bennett LL.B.

Ingles, Alexander John David M.A.

Macpherson, Iona B.A. Admin. (Law)

McDicken, Julie M. B.Ed.

Sherriff, Ewan Andrew John LL.B. Hons.

Simpson, Neil Stewart B.Sc.

Smith, Shona K. R. LL.B. Hons.

Stiven, Deborah Ann B.Sc. Hons.

Stothers, Claire Fraser B.A.

University of St Andrews: 1989

James, Kenneth R. B.Sc. Hons.

Ozols, Ruta I. M.A. Hons.

Porter, Judith N. M.A. Hons.

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.

AIKEN, PETER D.

Left D.H.S. in 1964 and graduated LL.D. from St Andrews University. He spent some time in Sweden in the 1970's and obtained a further degree in International Law from Stockholm University in 1977. Peter is presently the Senior Partner of the Edinburgh Law Firm Menzies Dougal, Milligan W.S.

ALLARDICE, RORY DALLAS

Left D.H.S. in 1971. After his period with the British Counsel in the Soviet Union, China and Czechoslovakia, Rory is now Director of Studies at Poznan University, Poland.

BOXX, GROUP CAPTAIN P. J. (nee Pamela WHYTE)

Left D.H.S. in 1956. After leaving School Pamela went to St. Andrews University and graduated in Medicine in 1962. She joined the R.A.F. in 1965 and worked overseas for five years. Tours in Aden, North Africa and Bahrain were followed by two years in Singapore where she met her husband-to-be, Alan. They married in 1973 and were based in Service Hospitals at Halton, Nocton Hall and Ely until trips to Cyprus and later Germany started off their globe-trotting once more. At School Pamela was very interested in Dramatics and was delighted to be cast in the title role when Mr Sandy Smith, in 1956, staged his first School Greek Tragedy — "Antigone". Since then she has been involved in drama clubs whenever possible and a current thrill has been to direct the annual open-air Shakespeare productions at the ancient amphitheatre of Curium in Cyprus. Pamela has specialised in Obstetrics and Gynaecology since 1968, achieved her Consultancy in 1977, and was awarded the Fellowship of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists in 1985. During the 80's she studied Traditional Chinese Medicine in London and became a qualified Acupuncturist in 1983. When Pamela retires this year she plans to pursue a less strenuous part-time career as an Acupuncturist.

Meanwhile Alan, her husband, continues his own

career as Radio Engineer for British Broadcasting Services in Cyprus. His job will take him all over the world for the foreseeable future and Pamela will go with him except when she comes back to Scotland to see her mother in Monifieth, brother John in Edinburgh (former pupil at D.H.S. 1951-1964) and sister Joyce and family in Glasgow (former pupil at D.H.S. 1949-1954).

BROWN, STEWART McLEAN

Left D.H.S. in 1960. Stewart, now in Johannesburg, was determined to have a reunion Dinner in 1989 as part of the 750th Anniversary celebrations. He put an article in a newspaper in Johannesburg in the hope of contacting F.P.'s. He was successful with the advertisement and it was possible to hold a Dinner. The Dinner proved such a success with all who attended that the event is to become an annual affair. It's nice to know that the link of School can span both years and miles.

COOPER, WINIFRED

Miss Cooper, one of the longest serving members of the Red Cross, was recently presented a certificate and medal in recognition of fifty years service with the voluntary organisation. During the war Miss Cooper worked as a part-time nurse at Rossie Priory, near Inchtute, and at the end of hostilities assisted with the Red Cross mobile unit. Miss Cooper, who ran the Cooper's Antiques business until her retirement five years ago, plans to continue her involvement with the Red Cross in Dundee.

CARMICHAEL, STEWART

b. 1867 d. 1950

At the Dundee Art Gallery in May the picture of the month exhibited was an oil painting entitled "The Countess of Buchan 1306 A.D." by Stewart Carmichael. Stewart Carmichael was one of Dundee's best loved Artists of his day. The very image of an Artist, he could be easily recognised striding through the streets in his flowing cloak, black hat and long black, pointed boots. He described Art as "like little green leaves that grow between the stones of the city". The son of a local merchant he was educated at D.H.S. Like several Artists in the late 19th century he studied Art in France and Belgium. He returned to Dundee in 1891 where he painted a series of pictures on Romantic Historical Scottish themes.

COWAN, MICHAEL D.

Left D.H.S. in 1965. After qualifying with a St Andrews Medical Degree in 1971, Michael worked in Dundee, the Borders and Glasgow. He trained in Radiology in Glasgow and Dundee and was appointed a Consultant Radiologist at Gartnavel General Hospital and has been based at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, since 1982.

CLARK, ALAN

Alan has recently been appointed purchasing Director of John Fleming & Co. (Holdings), the Scottish Timber and Builders' Merchants based in Aberdeen. He was previously Purchasing Manager. Alan served his apprenticeship in Chartered Accountancy with local firm Henderson & Loggie, qualifying in 1955. On National Service he was commissioned in The Black

Watch in 1955 and served with the Gold Coast Regiment in West Africa. In 1959 he became Company Secretary of Bell & Sime, the Dundee Timber Merchants, and was appointed Financial Director in 1966 and Managing Director in 1981. Bell & Sime became part of the Fleming Group in 1983 and since 1986 Alan has been based in Aberdeen. He is a past President of the Scottish Timber Trades Association, a former Chairman of the Scottish area of the Timber Research and Development Association, and has served on the Council of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Scotland.

DAFT, Dr. CHRISTOPHER M.W.

Left D.H.S. in 1981 where he was a Prefect and Dux of the School. Christopher has joined the Research and Development Centre of the General Electric Company of Schenectady, New York, as a Physicist. He received his BA Degree and his D.Phil. in Physics in 1984 and 1987 respectively, from Oxford University. Christopher is a member of the Institute of Electrical and electronics Engineers and the International Neural Network Society. Immediately before joining the R & D Centre, Dr. Daft was an assistant Professor at the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana.

DAVID, WILLIAM I. F.

William, who was Dux of the School in 1973, has been awarded a prize for his research in experimental Physics. He was awarded the Charles Vernon Boys Prize, awarded to Physicists under the age of 35, for his research carried out over the previous ten years in Solid State Physics and in particular, in the area of high resolution powder refraction. After leaving School William studied at Oxford University and spent several years there in research before moving to his present post at Rutherford Appleton Laboratory in Didcot, where he now heads Crystallography research. He is a regular lecturer at National and International Scientific Conferences.

DORWARD, DAVID

Mr Dorward has recently been appointed Secretary of St Andrews University. After leaving D.H.S. he took an Honours Degree at St Andrews and a Law Degree at Queen's College, Dundee. When he had completed his National Service with the Allied Land Forces Central Europe he spent a short period as a Solicitor in Perth. He then joined the administration staff at St. Andrews University in 1959 and was promoted Deputy Secretary ten years ago. Mr Dorward has also broadcast and written on the subject of Scottish surnames and placenames.

EGAN, GAIL

Left D.H.S. in 1982. Gail, who is currently involved with some of the beautiful works of art at Hopetoun House near Edinburgh, has recently graduated from the Courtauld Institute with a Diploma in Picture Restoration and has been tackling all sorts of masterpieces from 15th century Flanders to 20th century Scotland. Gail originally completed a Degree in Chemistry at Dundee University before deciding on a change to the Arts field. Gail's studies have already taken her all over the world to major art galleries in Munich, Rome, Paris and Brussels, where she has had the privilege of seeing experts involved in the behind-the-scenes work that

goes into making a picture fit for the viewing public. As well as the galleries, Gail was able to visit places like Versailles and the Sistine Chapel in Rome. At the time Gail was there they were in the process of restoring the ceiling itself so she was thrilled to be able to climb up the ladder and see for herself at close quarters. One of Gail's favourite commissions was restoring a delicate 15th century Nativity scene, attributed to the Flemish painter Memling.

FLEMING, CHARLES

Left D.H.S. in 1979 having been a Prefect and member of the 1st XV. After leaving School Charles continued his education at Salford University gaining an Honours B.Sc. Degree in Electroacoustics. He followed that with a M.Sc. in Acoustics Vibration and Noise Control from Heriot Watt University. In 1986 he went into business with Robin McKenzie Acoustics, a firm established in 1969, and has now been taken into partnership. The firm provide advice on Architectural Acoustics, Industrial Control and Legal matters such as noise nuisance and industrial deafness litigation. Charles also holds an appointment as Lecturer in Acoustics at Heriot Watt University where he presently runs the M.Sc. Course in Acoustics.

GRAHAM, ALISTAIR J.

Left D.H.S. in 1989. He was a member of the outstanding 1988-89 Rugby XV, Champion Athlete and a Prefect. In April, Alistair was selected for the Scottish Under 18 XV to play against the Japanese Schools at Murrayfield. In a most exhilarating and exciting match the Scottish XV defeated the previously undefeated Japanese XV 28-23. The outstanding try of the match was scored by Alistair when he ran sixty yards at Murrayfield with the ball and scoring — the dream of every Rugby player.

GARDEN, HOWARD

Left D.H.S. in 1959. Howard had two seasons in the Cricket XI and was scrum half to Chris Rea throughout his School years. After leaving School he served an apprenticeship with D. C. Thomson and is now a printer with the firm. Through the years he has given outstanding services to F.P. Cricket and is acknowledged as one of the best wicket-keepers in the country. He started playing with F.P.s in 1958 and in 1990 is still the wicket-keeper. A few years ago he had the distinction of scoring a century against Blairgowrie. His sons are all involved in cricket and have already scored centuries — sixteen-year-old Lindsay, playing for Forthill, scored 124 n.o., eighteen-year-old Stuart, when playing for North of Scotland against West of Scotland and Graeme, now opening batsman for Forfarshire, had his century when he was a teenager. Stuart combines cricket with football as he is the Dundee United and Scotland youth team goalkeeper.

GIBSON, SCOTT

After leaving D.H.S. in 1982 Scott attended Paisley College of Technology on a four-year course studying Land Economics. The course was a sandwich course requiring the student to take a year out from the College and work in office surroundings. He completed his Degree in 1987 obtaining a B.Sc. in Land Economics. In 1987 Scott became an Associate Member of the Royal Institution of Chartered Sur-

vveyors (ARICS) at which time he was working for Conrad Ritblat in Glasgow. He has since moved from there and is now working for Dunedin Property Investment Company in Edinburgh. Although acting in the capacity as a Property Developer/Investor, he is still, by profession, a Chartered Surveyor.

INVERARITY, SANDY

Mr Inverarity, a past President of the N.F.U. has been appointed Chairman Designate of the Board of Directors for the Scottish Agricultural College. The unified College is to replace the three existing Colleges in line with the recommendations of the Williams Committee Report.

GRANT, DONALD B.

In the recent Honours List, Mr Donald Grant, Chairman of Tayside Health Board, became a C.B.E. He is also Chairman of the Scottish Legal Aid Board, the Matthew Trust and the Caird Travelling Scholarship Fund. He is also a trustee of the TSB Foundation, Scotland. At a recent Dundee University Graduation Ceremony he received the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws.

JAMIESON, ALISON (nee FREW)

Left D.H.S. in 1970. After leaving School Alison completed an Honours Degree in French at St Andrews University. She spent a year teaching in Paris then returned to London where she took a trilingual secretarial course. She then moved into the security business and embarked on an unusual career. She got a job with a specialist security firm. Alison enjoyed the work so much that she eventually became a consultant in specialised security and now works for the London based Institute for the Study of Conflict. She now lives in Italy with her husband, a freelance journalist. Alison's work has involved the study of terrorist organisations including the infamous Red Brigades as well as the Mafia. Recently she published a book entitled "The Heart Attacked" which is about the Red Brigades, and more recently, a "report on the Modern Mafia" with information learned at first hand in Italy and throughout Europe, including a study of how to go about joining what is probably the world's most notorious crime syndicate.

LOGAN, ROBERT N. S.

Left D.H.S. in 1958. After leaving School Robert went to Edinburgh University and gained an Honours Degree in English Language and Literature. He joined BBC as Studio Manager and spent one year in London. He returned to Glasgow as a T.V. Announcer from 1965-72. From 1972-82 he was External Services Producer for World Service Radio. He is now a Presentations Organiser for Television. In 1974, he was elected a District Councillor for the Kelvinside Ward and, as Chairman of Civic Amenities, started the Burrell building. Robert serves on numerous Boards, is Chairman of Glasgow Art Gallery and Vice-Chairman of the British Association of Friends of Museums.

LOWSON, Dr. A. SCOTT

Left D.H.S. in 1965. After leaving School Scott went to St Andrews University where he graduated M.A., Ph.D. Afterwards he took a Post Graduate

Diploma in Law at Otago, in New Zealand. He is now a Research Consultant for the National Institute of Economic and Industry Research in Australia.

MACMILLAN, Rev. W. B. R.

Dundee University has awarded the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws to Mr Macmillan. A graduate of Aberdeen University, Mr Macmillan has served in the Ministry for thirty-five years, and in 1988 was appointed one of the Queen's Chaplains in Scotland. He has been Convener of the Board of Practice and Procedure and of the Business Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

MAIN, G. ROSS

Left D.H.S. in 1982. Recently Ross, who helmed the winning boat, Janna II, was presented with the Duke of Edinburgh Cup by the Duke of Edinburgh at the Royal Tay Yacht Club. Janna II is owned by Ally Main, Ross's father, who sailed with his son in the offshore race round the Bell Rock.

MAIR, KEITH

Left D.H.S. in 1965. Keith, who has managed 3i's Aberdeen office since 1981, has been appointed to the Board of 3i plc. His Directorship acknowledges the growing volume of 3i investment in the North East of Scotland, where 3i specialises in providing equity and long-term loan finance for new, growing and re-structured businesses. Prior to joining 3i Aberdeen in 1981 as Local Director, Keith worked with Peat Marwick McLintock and the John Wood Group.

MARKHAM, ANN (nee COLLIGAN)

Left D.H.S. in 1959. Mrs Markham has been appointed Dean of the Faculty of Education at Brighton Polytechnic. She gained a Teacher's Certificate from Dundee College of Education and taught for five years at MacAlpine Primary School. In 1979 she was awarded the M.Ed. Degree of Newcastle University.

MARTIN, ALISON E. (nee McLEAY)

Left D.H.S. in 1967. Alison has just had her first novel "The Wayward Tide" published in Britain and America. Although she spent the earlier part of her career as a radio journalist and script writer, this is her first attempt at fiction. After leaving school, Alison went to St Andrews University where she studied English and Mediaeval History. After post graduate study in Glasgow, she joined BBC radio and, as a freelance, she branched out into book form with an account of the ships used in the TV serial "The Onedin Line" and one on the Tobemory treasure.

MATHIESON-BRUCE, GRAEME

Dundee born Graeme Mathieson-Bruce has recently appeared at Haddo House, Aberdeenshire, in a performance of Puccini's opera "Turandot". Earlier in the year he was in Houston, Pittsburg.

MAXWELL HILL, ELIZABETH ANNE

Left D.H.S. in 1955. In the 1986 Review, an article about Elizabeth appeared in the F.P. Section. Her

promising Art career was sadly interrupted when she developed multiple sclerosis, an illness that, at stages, left her blind, deaf, and unable to walk or write. Again she has had a remission and an exhibition of her oil paintings and pencil sketches was recently unveiled at the Dundee Repertory Theatre. Her paintings depict various colourful themes, and capture the different moods of the Artist. In her last exhibition in 1986 at St Andrews, Mr Tom Halliday described her work as "paintings of dramatic intensity."

MECHAN, DALLAS M.

Left D.H.S. in 1979. Dallas has recently been appointed Curator of Kirkcaldy Museum and Art Gallery. After leaving school, Dallas graduated in Architecture from Duncan of Jordanstone School of Art, in 1982. After a period working for Tayside Regional Council, she began voluntary work for the National Museum of Scotland in Edinburgh. This led on to short term contracts and subsequently to a course in Museum Studies at the University of Leicester.

MITCHELL, LYN J.

Left D.H.S. in 1977. Lyn, on leaving school, went to Strathclyde University, and graduated B.A. Honours in Marketing. She worked with travel Firms in the Costa del Sol, then went to New York and covered holidays for a Travel Firm specialising in Golf Holidays to the famous Golf Courses. After a period in New York, Lyn returned to Spain and worked for four years as Commercial Director in one of the largest Hotels in the Costa del Sol. Now, with her command of languages, she is working for the Spanish National Tourist Board based in Malaga where she is responsible for promoting Tourism in the Costa del Sol, America, Scandinavia and all Europe.

MOTTASHAW, DOUGLAS

Mr Mottashaw who was Deputy Rector of Craigie High School has retired. After leaving D.H.S., Douglas went to St Andrews University where he gained an M.A. Degree. His teaching career began at Logie Secondary School then, after a year's secondment in the United States, he returned to teach at the old Dundee College of Commerce. He then had a short period at Kirkton High before going on to Craigie High. A keen musician, Douglas is organist and choirmaster at Trinity Church, and hopes to devote more time to music in his retirement.

O' NEIL, ALISTAIR

The Royal Bank of Scotland has recently appointed Alistair as Manager of Drummonds in Whitehall. After leaving School Alistair worked in Dundee and Carnoustie until 1964 when he moved to London serving in the City and West End. He was appointed Manager of London, Bond Street Branch, in 1982 and of Holt's, Whitehall, in 1986. Alistair has a continuing interest in the Junior Chamber of Commerce, having been a past President of London Junior Chamber and National Treasurer of British Junior Chamber. Alistair was a keen sportsman having played Rugby and Cricket for the F.P.'s. He recently retired from Rugby refereeing to become an enthusiastic golfer.

PANDRICH, BRUCE F. J.

Left D.H.S. in 1974. During his time in the Arts Faculty

at Dundee University Bruce became particularly interested in the literature inspired by the Battle of Loos in 1915. The battle had a very deep significance for Dundee as the 4th. Battalion The Black Watch, drawn almost entirely from the city and the surrounding area, suffered appalling losses and hardly a local family was not affected by the loss of one or more of its menfolk. In his researches, Bruce discovered a large body of locally based writing and particularly poetry, covering the period from the departure of the Battalion to the Battle of Loos and its aftermath. Such was its breadth and quality that he and his tutor, Dr. Hilda Spear of the University's English Department, decided to try to put together a written record of the life and times of the amateur poets and their families. Their combined delvings have led to the book "Sword and Pen," a compilation of the poems of 1915 from Dundee and Tayside which were originally locally published. Bruce considers himself a Dundonian, as his parents came from the city, but he was born in Dar Es Salaam in East Africa. He came back to his roots to School and University and is now teaching in Kirriemuir.

PATON, JAMES KINROSS

Ross has recently become a Partner in Shield & Kyd's Arbroath office. After working with several local Law firms he joined the Procurator Fiscal Service. He was in the Procurator Fiscal Service for five years before joining Shield & Kyd. He is a past secretary of the Old Boys' Club, past Chairman of Dundee Tayside Round Table, a member of Dundee Rotary Club, Joint Session Clerk of Roseangle Ryehill Church and a member of Dundee Choral Union.

PEACOCK, PROFESSOR SIR ALAN TURNER

Dundee University is to award the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws to Professor Peacock. Professor Peacock is Chairman of the Scottish Arts Council and formerly Vice-Chancellor of Buckingham University. His father, Professor Alexander Peacock, served for thirty years as Professor of Natural History at University College, Dundee. Throughout his academic career, Professor Peacock has published extensively and has sat on numerous committees of inquiry and advisory councils.

PRINGLE, RONALD W.

Left D. H. S. in 1955. After qualifying as a C.A. in 1963 he served his apprenticeship in his father's firm W. B. Pringle & Watt. In 1964 he moved to London where he worked for three years with "McLintocks". Since 1972 he has been a Partner in the Firm Hornsby Perrin in Eastbourne.

RICHARDSON, MARK

Left D.H.S. in 1984 having been a Prefect and a member of the Hockey 1st XI. On leaving School he attended Dundee Dental School and qualified B.D.S. in 1988. He worked for a short time in Aberdeen before accepting the opportunity to join the R.A.F. After successful interviews at Biggin Hill and Halton he was posted to R.A.F. Cranwell for Officer Training. In July, 1989 Mark successfully completed Officer Training in the presence of the Queen. He is now serving at R.A.F. Cosford in the West Midlands but hopes to be posted to Germany for two years.

ROSE, Dr. JAMES

Dr. Rose has been awarded the 1989 Douglas G. Adamson Prize in recognition of patient care in Tayside. He has recently retired from the Post of Medical Adviser to the School. During his years in practice in Dundee he has played an important role in advancing the discipline of general practice, both as a tutor in the University Department of General Practice and through his interest in the development of post-graduate medical education. He has also worked within the College of General Practitioners, of which he was a member of council for a number of years. He is a past-chairman and provost of the East of Scotland Faculty of the Royal College of General Practitioners. Over the years he has inspired the confidence and affection of his patients by his clinical ability and caring attitude. The Douglas Adamson Memorial Prize is awarded annually for an outstanding contribution to patient care in Tayside. In 1974 Dr. Rose's son Jamie was Rugby Captain and in 1976 his daughter Mary was Hockey Captain and Head Girl.

THE HON. LORD ROSS (Donald McArthur Ross)

The new Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is D.H.S.F.P. Lord Ross, the Lord Justice Clerk. Lord Ross takes over as Lord High Commissioner from Sir Iain Tennant. In his term of office he will return to his native city to visit Dundee Parish Church (St Mary's), NCR's Gourdie Factory and his old School. It is interesting to note that the present Moderator's principal clerk and secretary is the Rev. James Weatherhead, an F.P. of D.H.S.

Lord Ross will be the first Lord High Commissioner to attend a sitting of the General Assembly outside Edinburgh since 1638. This year the Assembly will meet in session in Glasgow to mark the fact that the Dear Green Place is European City of Culture. The service will take place in Glasgow Cathedral instead of Edinburgh's St. Giles and the Assembly will then meet for business in Glasgow University's Bute Hall.

ROSS, IAN M.

Left D.H.S. in 1973. The partners of Arthur Young, Chartered Accountants, have appointed Ian as the Tayside Offices V.A.T. co-ordinator.

ROUSE, PAUL S.

Paul has again completed another successful Rugby Season. He was selected for the Final Trial at Murrayfield, the Scottish Students XV and was awarded a Scottish "B" cap v. France.

RUSSELL, MAVIS (nee WIGHT)

Left D.H.S. in 1935. While at School Mavis was awarded the Art Medal. She is now settled in Kelowna, British Columbia, a very remote part of Canada. In her leisure time she has taught Scottish Country Dancing to Indian ladies.

SCROGGIE, MARY E.V.

Left D.H.S. in 1973. Mary, who was an Instructor in the Training of Guide Dogs for the Blind in Forfar, is now going to a Support Centre in Larkhall, Lanarkshire, as a Mobility Supervisor in charge of the Glasgow and Lanarkshire area. Mary, a marathon runner of note and

an enthusiastic hill walker, has recently returned from a trekking and camping holiday in the Himalaya mountains.

SCOTT, ANDREW MURRAY

Left D.H.S. in 1973. Andrew is a Dundee based writer whose first book on the life and times of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, aroused great interest last year in the 300th anniversary year of the Battle of Killiecrankie. That work involved Andrew in a great deal of background and Historical Research. Although he is not a Historian, he found the character of his subject more and more interesting, the deeper he delved into his life and associations. Following the publication of his first work, Andrew has several other projects in the pipeline. Although he originally went to Aberdeen University to study Medicine, writing was always his first love. After deciding Medicine was not for him Andrew undertook a variety of jobs, including a stint as Parliamentary Assistant to Gordon Wilson during his time as an M.P., and all the time contributed essays, poems, articles to journals and magazines. At one time he edited his own literary magazine in Dundee. Most recently a project of his own, a biography of the little known Scottish writer Alexander Trocchi, has taken him to America and Europe where he has given talks to some of the best known names in 20th century literature.

SIBBALD, J. GREIG

Grieg has recently retired from Graham and Sibbald after forty-three years as a Chartered Surveyor and Property Agent. He was the third generation of the Dundee Property Agents and Factors known as John Sibbald & Son, founded by his grandfather in 1884. He studied Architecture at the Dundee College of Art. In 1941 he enlisted for war service and was commissioned in April 1942. After Para training he saw service in North Africa, Italy, France and Greece. After a year in Palestine Greig joined his father in the family firm in November 1946. In October 1951 he took over the firm on the untimely death of his father, having in the interim qualified as a Chartered Surveyor. In 1959, together with W.A.M. Graham, he founded Graham & Sibbald, Chartered Surveyors.

SMALL, Dr. NADINE V.

Left D.H.S. in 1981. In 1985 Nadine graduated from Dundee University with a B.Sc. Honours Degree in Biochemistry. She then went to Wolfson College, Oxford, where she gained a D.Phil. in Biochemistry. Nadine now works in Oxford as a Scientific Educational Courseware Designer for an Interactive Video Company. Through the years Nadine has maintained her interest in singing and acting. She is a member of the Oxford Operatic Society where she has had leading roles in "Oliver", "Kiss me Kate" and "The King and I".

STEWART, GRAHAM W.

Left D.H.S. in 1986. After leaving School, Graham studied at Pembroke College, Oxford until 1989 when he graduated B.A. Honours in Mathematics. He is now completing a year Diploma Course in Actuarial Science at Heriot Watt University before taking up a position as an Actuarial Trainee with the Equitable Life Assurance Society in Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire.

SYKES, Dr. DONALD ARMSTRONG

Left D.H.S. in 1948. Donald graduated from St Andrews University in 1952 with an M.A. (Hons.) He then went to Mansfield College, Oxford, and in 1958 graduated B.A. (Theology First Class), in 1961 M.A. and D.Phil. in 1967. From 1959-77 he was a Fellow in Theology and Senior Tutor 1970-77. He was Principal of Mansfield College from 1977-86 and has been Senior Research Fellow since 1986. Donald has had numerous publications and is meanwhile completing a book for Oxford University Press in the Theological Monograph Series.

WILKIE, KEN

Left D.H.S. in 1961. Ken is the Author of a new biography of the life and works of Dutch Artist Vincent Van Gogh and he launched his second book "The Van Gogh File", in March, in conjunction with the Van Gogh Museum, with numerous media reviews. The book was published this year to coincide with the centenary of Van Gogh's death. Ken, an experienced Journalist, is Editor of "The Holland Herald", a Dutch monthly magazine. On leaving School Ken worked in a Bank but later decided to pursue a career in Journalism. After studying in London, he worked with "The Glasgow Herald" before going to the Netherlands to join "The Holland Herald". He has been Editor for the past fifteen years, working on the biography in his spare time, and lives at Hilversum near Amsterdam.

WILSON, FRANK ROBERT

Left D. H. S. in 1980. After completing his Degree at Cambridge in 1983 Robert studied at Watford College for an Advertising Diploma and then as a Media Planner at Ogilvy and Mather Advertising. He is now a Business Group Manager with Central Independent Television in London.

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT

In the "Howff" opposite the Post Office there is a grave for a French Lieutenant. Inscribed on the stone is the following:

Jules Legendre born in Chartres, February 28th 1785, died in Dundee September 1st, 1840, and his widow, nee Jane Inches, died in Glasgow on December 23rd 1848.

Jules Legendre was a member of the Imperial French Guard and by 1814 was a teacher of languages at Dundee Academy. In 1834 he was in the Department of Foreign Languages at Dundee Public Seminaries, later Dundee High School. In the Dundee Advertiser on the 19th September, 1834, there is a notice about the opening of Dundee Public Seminaries with the subject information of each Department. The Department of Foreign Languages is by Mr Legendre and there are classes for French, Spanish, German and Italian Languages. In the Napoleonic Wars it would appear that Jules Legendre was captured and imprisoned in Dudhope Castle. After hostilities ceased he stayed on in Dundee, married Jane Inches from Dunkeld, and became a teacher at Dundee High School.

WEDDINGS

Karen Wanless and Gordon Lees were married in June, 1989, in the East Church, Broughty Ferry.

Nigel Mackenzie and Brenda Massie were married in June, 1989, in Kirkcaldy.

Debbie Jacob and Mark Taylor were married in June, 1989, in Dundee Synagogue.

Barbara Sim and J. D. Allan were married in July, 1989, in the East Church, Broughty Ferry.

Graeme Raffle and Gail Egan were married in August, 1989, in the East Church, Broughty Ferry.

David Ogilvie and Moyra MacKenzie were married in August, 1989, in St Paul's Church, Harrogate.

Dr. Mary Rose and William Anderson were married in September, 1989, in Strathmartine Church, Dundee.

Marjorie Thoms and Lieutenant Commander Robert Dixon were married in April, 1990, in Invergowrie Parish Church.

OBITUARIES

EAST, Albert Augur

Mr East, Chairman of Dundee furnishing company East Brothers Ltd., died at his home in Liff in June, 1989, he was 78. Educated at D.H.S. and later at Sedburgh, he joined the Lochee-based family business in 1929 and became Managing Director four years later upon the death of his father. In 1941 he was commissioned into the 5th Battalion The Black Watch and served with the 51st Highland Division throughout the North African campaign. He reached the rank of Major and was wounded shortly after the D-Day landings. After the war he returned to the firm and became Chairman in 1962.

FINDLAY, W. A.

Mr Findlay, the founder of W. A. Findlay & Co., Chartered Accountants, died suddenly in September, 1989. Mr Findlay was born in Glendoick, Perthshire, and moved to Longforgan at an early age when his father became Headmaster of Longforgan Public School. After leaving School he worked in the drawing office of the former Caledon Engineering Co., in Dundee before joining the Chartered Accountants office of Dickson and McIntyre in Meadowside, Dundee. He left to form his own company in 1932, originally at 54 Commercial Street, then at King Street until his retirement in the late seventies. During the war he became a Special Constable, and was Inspector in charge of Lochee Division. He remained as a Special Constable until 1966, his last duty being the official opening of the Tay Road Bridge by the Queen Mother. Mr Findlay was a keen student of old traditions of Dundee, particularly through the Nine Incorporated Trades. He was principally a member of the bonnet-maker craft, but also was an ex-deacon of the hammerman and tailor trades and the bakers incorporation and a member of the flesher trade and the Guildry Incorporation of Dundee. Mr Findlay was also a founder member of Dundee Ski Club, an ex-President of the Western Club and Kincordie Fly Fishing Club, an ex-Secretary and Hon. President of Rossie Priory Cricket Club, an ex-President of Dundee Business Club and Secretary of Dundee Horticultural Society for many years. He was a Director of Dundee High School from 1964 to 1983 representing the Nine Incorporated Trades.

McFADZEN, John

Mr McFadzen died in August, 1989 aged 80. On leaving D.H.S. he worked as an apprentice in a Dundee Shipping Firm before returning to India where he was born. At the outbreak of war he joined the R.A.M.C. and served abroad. At the end of the war he trained as a Physiotherapist at Glasgow Royal Infirmary before taking up a position at the Dundee Orthopaedic and Rheumatic Clinic in Kemback Street. A keen sportsman, prior to the war he was a member of the Forfarshire Cricket XI and played Rugby for D.H.S.F.P.'s.

McLEISH, Charles Ramsay

After leaving D.H.S. Mr McLeish went to Edinburgh University and gained M.A. and LL.B. Degrees. He served his apprenticeship with W. B. Dickie & Sons then worked as a Legal Assistant with several local firms, including Joseph Wilkie & Co., and Graham & Forbes. He joined Sturrock, Morrison & Gilruth as a partner in 1952 and remained as a partner when it amalgamated with another firm in 1969 and became Gilruth, Pollock & Smith. For many years, Mr McLeish was The Queries Man for "The Sunday Post". He retired in 1981.

NOBLE, Philip

Philip, aged 18, a former pupil of D.H.S. was tragically killed in a car accident in Glasgow. After leaving D.H.S. Philip attended Hutchesons' Grammar School in Glasgow.

RATTRAY, Margaret (Rita)

Miss Rattray, Broughty Ferry's first 'brown nurse', died in January at Ninewells Hospital. Miss Rattray trained as a nurse at Dundee Royal Infirmary between 1926 and 1930. In 1933, when new legislation was brought in which required all health visitors to take specialist qualifications, she went for training to Edinburgh. Miss Rattray was the first local person to gain the health visitor's certificate and in 1934 took up her post in Broughty Ferry, a position she held until her retirement in 1965.

Over the years Miss Rattray had a positive influence on the health of thousands of Broughty Ferry children, running clinics for mothers and babies, immunising small children against disease, visiting schools to carry out routine tests such as hearing and sight, and generally giving advice to young families. She was a lifelong member of D.H.S. Old Girls' Club and a member of Ward Chapel Congregational Church.

REOCH, Earle C.

The High School Community were shocked and saddened at the untimely death of Earle in December. Earle left D.H.S. in 1960 having established himself as one of the sporting legends of the School. He studied at St Andrews University and gained an Honours Degree in Social Sciences. After a period working with the Scottish Gas Board as a Work Study Consultant he then held a similar post with Scottish & Newcastle Breweries before taking up Law. In 1975 he qualified as a Lawyer and worked for the Dundee firm Gray, Robertson and Wilkie until 1977 when he became a Partner with Blackadder, Gilchrist and Robertson in Ward Road. He remained a Partner when the firm merged with another legal practice in 1985 to form Blackadder, Reid, Johnston in Reform Street. Earle specialised in court work and established a reputation

as a thoroughly professional Solicitor. He was held in the highest regard by his colleagues and all who came into contact with him in his business life, not only for the efficiency and expertise he brought to his work but also the friendly and convivial manner in which he conducted it. Earle also lectured in Legal Aid at Dundee University and was Secretary of Lord Roberts Workshops in the city.

In his Rugby days he played with the F.P.'s and was selected for the Midlands in Scottish Rugby Trials. His skills at Cricket were recognised in 1973 when he was selected for Scotland against New Zealand, Essex and Ireland. He captained Forfarshire Cricket Club in 1968, 1971 and 1976 and was also past Secretary and Vice President of Forhill Sports Club, where he played a key role in the campaign to secure rates relief for the club. Latterly he was involved in coaching young pupils of the High School where he has two sons. In the opinion of everyone who came in contact with him in sporting circles Earle was a sportsman and a gentleman.

SCRIMGEOUR, Catherine Keillor

Miss Scrimgeour, one of the first women Solicitors in Dundee and a pioneer in the local law scene, died at her home in Newport. She was senior partner in the Dundee Law practice of J. & J. Scrimgeour for thirty years and was a member of one of Scotland's most respected legal families. Her nephew, Kenneth Pritchard, who practised with her for many years, is now secretary of the Law Society in Scotland. She was a remarkable woman, maintaining active interests in affairs of law and the world in general right up until her death. She was an exception — not only was she a pioneer for women solicitors in Scotland but she was one of the best lawyers the city has ever had. After leaving School she studied Law at St Andrews University, entering the family Law practice in Dundee in 1937, with her uncle, John Scrimgeour, and brother, also John Scrimgeour. Within three years she was the only woman running a Law practice in Dundee when her uncle died suddenly in 1940 and her brother was killed on active service in France, in June of that year. She ran the practice successfully as senior partner until she was joined by her nephew in 1957 and they ran the practice together until her retirement in 1970. Miss Scrimgeour maintained an active interest in the Soroptomists, was treasurer of D.H.S. Old Girls' Club for many years and was secretary of the "After Many Days" Club, the society for women graduates of St Andrews University.

SMITH, R. Ogilvy

Ogilvy was a prominent Rotarian, a former President of both the Boys' Brigade in the city and Lochee Boys' Club. Before 1939 he was an Officer in the Territorial Army and at the outbreak of the war became a Lieutenant with the Royal Army Service Corps. He served with the 51st Highland Division and was captured at St Valery. After the war he returned home to work in the family business, William Smith, Shoemakers, Ltd., after gaining business experience in manufacturing and the retail trade. The firm, which was well-known throughout Scotland, was established by Mr Smith's grandfather in 1867 and he became Chairman and joint Managing Director in the 1960's. Ogilvy will also be remembered for the work he undertook on behalf of the youth of the city through his association with Dundee Rotary Club. He became a member in 1955, held a variety of positions and was elected President in 1966. He was Chairman of Lochee

Boys' Club for twenty-five years until his retirement in 1986. In the Boys' Brigade, a lifelong interest, he followed in the footsteps of his father by becoming Battalion President from 1969 until 1976. Ogilvy served as a convener of the Nine Incorporated Trades, was a Depute Lieutenant and a past Director of the School.

SPANKIE, DAVID MYLES

David Spankie died suddenly on Monday, 16th April, aged 58. After attending D.H.S. for all his School years, he went to the Technical College in Bell Street and graduated A.M.T.(Mech.)E. While at School, David took part in a number of School activities including Rugby and Swimming. His attempts to master the fiddle in the School Orchestra led to gnashing of teeth and much wailing, however, to the relief of many ears he wisely gave it up in favour of listening to Brass and Military Bands, a pastime he greatly enjoyed. He served on the Old Boys' Committee for two terms and it was his proud boast that he never missed an Old Boys' Dinner. As an Elder of the High Kirk in Dundee, David was always willing to take part in the work of the Church and in his younger days he was a Sunday School Teacher in St. Mary's Parish Church. Over many years he was involved in assisting the local Branch of the R.N.L.I. David was never one to look for publicity or the limelight in any way. He was a shrewd observer of human behaviour, always willing to listen to other peoples' problems and dispense a great deal of common sense. David started work with the Gas Board in Dundee and Edinburgh. He then ran the engineering firm of E. S. Morgan in Foundry Lane and latterly worked with B.P. in Aberdeen and Dundee. David, above all else, was a family man who was a loyal and generous friend. For some the void left by his untimely death will never totally be filled. For all of us whose lives were touched by his we are the better for it.

STARK, Jack E.

It was with great sorrow that we heard of the death of Jack Stark, that cheerful English gentleman whose ever smart, active presence had been such a familiar and well loved feature of the School for over forty years. Cricket was Jack's early love, although he had played professional football, but it was as Cricket Professional to Arbroath that he first took up residence in Scotland. In 1936 he was appointed Head Groundsman and Cricket Coach at Dalnacraig and, in the years that followed, he gained fame in playing for both the D.H.S.F.P. team and Forfarshire. In 1939 at the death of Sergeant Smith, Jack was persuaded to take over the Post of Head Janitor at School, so continuing that happy and useful association begun at Dalnacraig. After service in the R.A.F. during the war Jack returned to continue duties at the School. Apart from his many School commitments Jack, with that insatiable energy so characteristic of him, was very much involved in the life of the School. He became an Officer in the Cadets and took over the Rifle Club. In this realm his skilled coaching led to the School winning the Strathcona Shield and the Mitchell Trophy, making the High School team the champion schoolboy shots in Great Britain — a singular honour. In both summer and winter terms Jack could be seen at Dalnacraig refereeing, umpiring, coaching, indefatigable as always. When Hockey was introduced to the boys Jack was put in charge. His enthusiasm and encouragement ensured the success of the club. Jack inevitably got to know many of the pupils very well. His knowledge of past

pupils was unrivalled and of immense value. When he said of a boy "a good lad that" a good lad he invariably was. We shall always treasure the memories of Jack Stark the man — his unfailing sense of humour, his efficiency, his sportsmanship, his unobtrusive integrity, his dedicated loyalty to the School. He died peacefully at Pine Grove on Saturday, 2nd June, 1990, aged 87.

VERY REV. J. STEWART, preacher par excellence

The Very Rev. James Stewart, who died in Edinburgh at the age of 93, was held by many people to be one of the best preachers of his time.

His career in the church was divided almost equally between the parish ministry and an academic chair. He preached and taught in many parts of the world and was the author of several well-known books.

In 1975 he shared with the late Prof. William Barclay the Upper Room Citation award, made to outstanding communicators of the Christian Gospel.

James Stuart Stewart was born in Dundee, where he went to the High School. He studied at St Andrews University which presented him with an honorary doctorate some years later, at New College, Edinburgh, and Bonn University before being ordained at St Andrew's Church, Auchterarder, in 1924.

He was later the minister at Beechgrove Church, Aberdeen, and North Morningside Church, Edinburgh.

In 1946 he became professor of New Testament language, literature and theology at New College, where he remained until 1966. He frequently visited the United States, lecturing at several universities including Yale, Princeton and Berkeley.

He was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1963-64, and was a chaplain to the Queen.

He also enjoyed a chaplaincy in a different field — to Heart of Midlothian Football Club — and for many years was a regular attender at Tynecastle on Saturdays.

Among his best-known publications are *A Man of Christ*, a study of St Paul's life and theology, and *The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ*, written as a textbook but widely read for its own sake.

A contemporary said of him that the gifts which made him a preacher of wonderful power were "the spirituality and clear-sighted truth which shone out of him".

Prof. Stewart's wife died four years ago. He is survived by two sons, the Rev. Robin Stewart, a minister at Milnathort, and Jack Stewart, who teaches English at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver.

THORNTON, Charles M.

Mr Thornton, a former senior partner in the practice of Thornton, Dickie and Brand, WS, Solicitors and Estate agents, Whitehall Street, died at his home in Dundee Road, West Ferry. He was 79. After leaving School he took a Law Degree at Edinburgh University. He then joined the family firm, which was then known as Thomas Thornton, Son and Co. At the outbreak of the second world war he joined the Merchant Navy, serving throughout hostilities in the Atlantic convoys. He returned to his Law career becoming a senior partner in the firm in 1954. He held this post until his retirement in 1978. A very keen sportsman in his younger

days, Mr Thornton played rugby for Panmure, was a founder member of Dundee Ski Club, a member of West End Tennis Club, a golfer and a champion angler.

WATSON, Gordon S.

Mr Watson, Dundee's Town Clerk for many years died at his home in Broughty Ferry in December, 1989. He retired in 1981 having spent almost forty years working in local government. After successfully contesting the West Ferry/Broughty Ferry ward, he served on the council for four years, representing the area in which he had lived for more than thirty years. After leaving School he continued his education at University College, Dundee, where he took Honours in Scots Law and Conveyancing. He served five years in the army during the war, latterly as an Artillery Officer, and joined the staff of the then Town Clerk's Department in 1945 as a Junior Legal Assistant. He became Junior Depute Town Clerk in 1948, Senior Depute two years later and Town Clerk in March, 1966. Mr Watson was appointed Town Clerk and Chief Executive to Dundee District Council at the time of local government reorganisation in 1975. He was a member of the Law Society of Scotland and the Scottish Law Agents' Society. In 1977 he was awarded an OBE in the New Year's Honours List of 1977. Mr Watson was a Director of Dundee High School from 1982 to 1986 being elected by Tayside Regional Council.

WILSON, William Mollison

Mr Wilson, who designed Dundee Ice Rink in Kingsway West and was a leading figure in the city's architectural circles for more than sixty years, died suddenly in May. He was 88. At 23 he was one of the youngest men to pass the examination for associate membership of Civil Engineers and, by 1924, he launched out on business on his own. He became a leading figure in the modernisation of country houses and was also noted for his construction of electricity generating plants. He was one of the first Architects to equip a house with electricity serving all primary domestic needs, and was also widely experienced in the alteration and reconstruction of mills and factories. Perhaps his most prominent contribution to the city, however, was to design the present ice rink, which won wide acclaim after its completion in the late 1930's. Mr Wilson's professional career flourished in the city for many years and he reached his 70's before retiring. When not engaged in the business of creating, Mr Wilson pursued numerous interests. A keen curler, he joined the Dundee Curling Club the year this rink opened and was a member for over fifty years. He was a past-President of the Club. A keen Rotarian right up to his death, Mr Wilson was President of Abertay Rotary Club. In 1957 he was appointed a governor of Dundee Institute of Art and Technology and was for many years an assessor to the Dean of Guild.

WINTON, E. R.

Died at Galashiels in 1989. In the mid-thirties graduated B.Sc., and Ph.D., at University College, Dundee. "Pussy" Winton was a distinguished rugby scrum-half; Captain of the School XV, Captain of St Andrews University in the days when they played the leading clubs, and travelling reserve for the Scotland XV.

WHAMOND, Donald

Died suddenly in Ottawa of a heart attack. He was in his sixtieth year. On leaving School he completed his apprenticeship as a Chartered Accountant in the city with Mudie, Stewart and Robertson. He emigrated to Canada when he was 22 and worked with a number of firms in Canada, including Price Waterhouse, and was attached for a time to the Canadian Government. Mr Whamond was a keen Rugby player in his youth and a past President of Toronto Scottish.

FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND LONDON ADVISORY SERVICE

Beacon House, 41 Castle Lane,
London SW1E 6DW.
Telephone: 01-828 8502

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

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

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

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

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

F.P. RUGBY SECTION

In one of the most successful Seasons in the Club's history the 1st XV gained promotion to Division II.

REPORT OF DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' Association has had another busy and successful year. We continued the meetings which are now almost traditions in the school already, such as the Evening of Wine and Savouries for Form 1 parents and the Coffee Morning for Form L1 parents and children. We also organised Mulled Wine and Mince Pies after the Carol Service again, and even more people than before came. It is becoming a very popular occasion, not only for parents and staff but also as a place where former pupils who have just gone off to University or College can meet up with their old friends and compare notes!

This February the Rector and Depute Rector did a "Double Act" for us, and at an Open Meeting spoke on a wide-ranging number of subjects which parents had expressed interest in over the year. The meeting was well-attended and parents there were very grateful for the full and informative nature of the answers which we got, on everything from School Dinners to the crossing of the road at the Games Fields, and from Social Guidance curriculum to Junior School projects.

In November, we had a very ambitious, but extremely worthwhile evening with a panel of speakers talking about "Drugs and Aids". The idea of the meeting was to educate parents about these subjects, and I think most of us there certainly found a lot to think about and learn during the course of the evening.

The committee is always looking for ideas of meetings which would interest parents, and anyone who has a suggestion to make is urged to talk to any member of the committee.

Jackie Tunstall — Pedoe
Chairman

THE TRUST APPEAL FUND

Discussions are currently taking place with the School in regard to a project which the Trust will be keen to support in the current year.

In 1984 the Trustees supplied Computers to a value of £10,000 for the Departments of Biology, Computer Studies, Mathematics, Technical Studies, Chemistry and Physics and also purchased new cricket nets.

In 1985 further computer equipment and micro electronic modules were supplied.

In 1986 the Trust paid the cost of £21,000 for the drainage and re-seeding of playing fields at Mayfield. In 1988/89 the Trust financed the cost of a new All Weather Sports surface at Balnacraig in the area of the Tennis Courts.

All these much needed and much appreciated facilities have been financed by the trust Appeal Fund, a fund created, supported and sustained by former pupils, parents and friends of the school. There is a great deal more which the Trust can do.

Why not help us to help the School by making a donation, or better still, granting a deed of covenant to the trust Appeal Fund.

Hamish Lawrie, Chairman — 0382 68360; Fraser Ritchie, Secretary — 0382 22785; Robin Winter — 0334 53194.

High School of Dundee, Trust Appeal Fund, 21 South Tay Street, Dundee DD1 1SU.

F.P. CRICKET SECTION

The Club have had their most successful Season on record. They not only defeated the M.C.C. at Dalnacraig on Thursday, 15th June, 1989 but also, with the 1st XI, won the Strathmore Division One Title. Success continued with the 2nd XI when they won the Strathmore Division Two Title and were runners-up in the Two Counties Cup. The 1st XI also won the Three Counties Cup and did well against Scottish County sides by reaching the semi-final of the Scottish Cricket Cup.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL F.P. CRICKET CLUB, ANNUAL REPORT SEASON 1989

Strathmore Union 1st Division, Winners; Strathmore Union 2nd Division, Winners; Three Counties Cup, Winners; Two Counties Cup, Runners-up; Scottish Cup, Quarter-finalists; Scottish Team of the Year, Runners-up.

In a summer blessed by almost unceasing sunshine the F.P.'s enjoyed the finest season in the history of the Club. It was particularly appropriate that this should coincide with the 750th Centenary of the School itself and include an exciting victory over a strong M.C.C. side gathered for the occasion.

A pleasing feature of our success was the contribution made by the younger players, both on and off the field. Indeed Adam Heather became the first F.P. player to be capped, when he was selected for the Scottish Under 16 side. Hopefully this influx of young talent will ensure a bright future for us.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Rector and the school and ground staff for the provision and maintenance of the excellent facilities at Dalnacraig, and for their continuing assistance and support. It is much appreciated by the Club.

Lindsay Ancell (Secretary/Treasurer)

REPORT FROM D.H.S.F.P. ATHLETIC UNION

The past year has been an exciting and eventful year for the constituent clubs and the Union itself.

Many changes have been made to the internal layout and appearance of the Clubhouse at Mayfield resulting in an improvement for all members, guests and visiting players and officials.

The Union held a very successful and well attended Summer Ball at Mayfield last summer to coincide with the School's 750th anniversary celebrations.

The rugby Club have recently completed one of their best seasons ever, securing promotion to Division 2 of the National Leagues as Champions of Division 3.

The Cricket Club are starting out on a new season hoping to surpass their achievements of last year when they enhanced their standing in national and local cricket circles.

In hockey the ladies' hockey club regained the Midlands Division 1 Championship and the men appear to have narrowly missed promotion from Division 3 of the National Leagues after another fine season.

The tennis and badminton clubs continue to meet and all the clubs would welcome new members at any time.

Colin T. Graham, Honorary Secretary

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL F.P. MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

Although one of the youngest of the F.P. clubs, the Men's Hockey Club continues to prosper and is now ranked among the top six clubs in Midlands District. The 1st XI has for the third successive year just failed to gain promotion by finishing third in National League Division 3. Similarly, the 2nd XI has for the third year in succession finished as runners-up in Midlands Division 1. Alas, always the bridesmaid, never the bride.

Established in 1975, several of the founder members and their contemporaries are still playing and the club is very conscious that new blood and enthusiasm are needed. The club presently runs three sides and an open invitation is extended to current school players who wish to improve their skills and have the necessary enthusiasm. Almost all players in the 1st and 2nd XI's started playing senior hockey whilst at school, so come along next season and get involved.

The social side of the club remains as important as ever. Each Easter, the club sends a sociable select under the name of Dad's Army to the Scarborough Festival. An annual dinner is held as is the ever popular disco in Christmas Week when former pupils of all ages get the chance to meet up and exchange gossip.

As ever, the club is indebted to the school and staff for the use of the school's facilities and for all of the co-operation and support extended to the club.

S. J. Cumming

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB

At the Annual General Meeting in November, 1989 Mr Fraser Ritchie was appointed President of the Club and Mr John McConnachie was appointed Vice-President.

Membership of the club continues to grow. It is encouraging that each year a higher proportion of the immediate school leavers join the club and by so doing ensure that they maintain their links with the school and are also informed of the club's activities.

The club's main social activities of Dinners, Golf Outing and Fishing Outing continue to be highly successful. The dinners in Dundee, London and Edinburgh are already well established and for the first time in November, 1989 a dinner was held in Glasgow for West of Scotland members. This event was an unquestionable success and will now form part of the branch dinner circuit during October and November.

In addition in recognition of the 750th Anniversary in 1989, 6 former pupils in South Africa held a dinner in Johannesburg in October, 1989 and fully intend to hold such a dinner on an annual basis.

The attendance at these dinners continues to improve and all members are encouraged to attend the dinner in their area. Details can be obtained from the Secretary.

The Club is in good heart and is delighted to be able to continue its links with the school and by so doing is able to strengthen the school community as a whole.

H. L. Findlay, Secretary

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. 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 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.

REPORT — OLD GIRLS' CLUB

At the 58th Annual General Meeting the following office-bearers were elected:-

President:	Mrs Heather Stiven
Vice-President:	Dr. Ann Gibson
Junior Vice-President:	Mrs Vivien Scott
Secretary:	Mrs Sheila Ritchie 49 Bay Road, Wormit. Assistant Secretary: Treasurer:
Mrs Nicola Pinckney	Members of the Committee
Miss Margaret Stewart	

Miss Lorna Rattray
Mrs Linda Cunningham
Mrs Susan Lawson
Dr. Sandra Miller
Miss Fiona Forrest
Mrs Katherine Leslie
Mrs Fiona Robertson
Mrs Pat Van der Boon
Mrs Maureen Par
Mrs Margaret Ross
Mrs Pam Leslie
Miss June Watson

The Old Girls' Club is fit and healthy, 54 former

pupils having joined last year, stimulated no doubt by the 750th celebrations.

In June last year, we organised a Memorabilia Display as a part of the School Open Day, where many Old Girls as well as Boys enjoyed a nostalgic browse through the photographs. The Car Boot Sale, held in the school playground raised a fantastic £4,781.

Altogether £6000 was raised by the Old Girls' Club and donated to the Meadowside Project, some of this money going towards furnishings for the new school library.

In August, the first Old Boys' versus Old Girls' Club Golf Match took place at Panmure Bary Golf Club, mostly in torrential rain. However everyone enjoyed themselves, and the Old Boys were worthy winners of the Petrie trophy. However, we are all practising very hard for this year's match which takes place at Forfar Golf Club.

Looking further ahead, we are planning another joint Old Boys'/Old Girls' Cheese and Wine (or Canapes in Camperdown!) on Friday, 7th September. Tickets are now available from any committee member. The annual dinner will be held in the Invercarse Hotel, on Friday, 2nd November — "Old Girls" under-35 especially welcome.

Sheila Ritchie, Secretary.

Sport

1st XV RUGBY

Back (from left):

A. A. Forrester
G. C. Hamilton
G. A. Allan
J. L. Tunstall
S. R. Newton
R. A. Macfarlane

Middle (from left):

M. I. Woodcraft
G. K. Lorimer
S. W. Smith
C. D. Wedderburn
G. P. Hermann
Mr A. H. Hutchison

Front (from left):

O. D. Tunstall-Pedoe
R. C. Woodward
R. N. Bain
(Vice-Captain)
J. K. McKechnie
(Captain)
M. J. Donald
S. E. Carroll
J. L. Denholm



2nd XV RUGBY

Back (from left):

C. Henderson
R. Young
D. W. Moore
B. Jones
S. D. Adam
M. J. Drummond
A. A. Forrester
R. A. Macfarlane

Middle (from left):

M. I. Woodcraft
G. P. Hermann
J. D. E. Parratt
C. G. Tosh
D. B. Williamson
G. J. Stewart
Mr I. E. R. Wilson

Front (from left):

R. I. M. Horn
A. J. Smith
J. B. F. Peggie
J. M. McDevitt
J. H. Muir
S. J. Pearson
A. R. Taylor





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RUGBY REPORT SEASON 1989/90

When the new season opened the team's expectations were high despite a lack of experienced players. As a whole we felt (and knew) that we had the talent and fitness and that it was just a question of getting our act together. After a successful series of pre-season training sessions our first fixture was against Ellon Academy, whom we defeated convincingly.

However, despite this early victory the season began to deteriorate. We lost to both St Alloysius and Robert Gordons consecutively. Motivated by these losses and by the poor quality of our own play we travelled to Dollar with a point to prove. After one of our best displays of the season we lost 8-9, but once again felt the game should have been ours.

There then followed a series of defeats at the hands of Merchiston Castle, Edinburgh Academy and Kelvinside Academy. However, we fought back to defeat Fettes College 13-9 in Edinburgh — despite their huge support! (incidentally, Fettes later beat Edinburgh Academy). Gordonstoun defeated us at home this year after a close and fiery match. By now it was apparent that we lacked the physical size and experience to defeat schools of such calibre as Merchiston.

After Christmas the season looked up with us defeating Aberdeen Grammar School, Madras and Perth with ease. For a variety of reasons the rest of the scheduled matches were cancelled with the exception of Robert Gordons College. Eager to avenge our previous defeat at their hands we took a large build up to the match. At half-time the score stood at 0-0 when early in the second-half we scored to lead 4-0. However, R.G.C. converted a lot of pressure on our line into points to finally steal the match 4-9.

Before the close of the season we played in three-seven-a-side tournaments — at Merchiston, Perth and George Heriots. Our only notable success was to reach the final of the 'plate' at the Merchiston sevens, which we lost to a superior George Heriots side.

Despite the 1st XV having a poor season, the 2nd XV under the captaincy of Johnny McDewit and the coaching of Mr Wilson had yet another excellent season. The Colts had an above average season throughout which they showed great spirit. The 2nd Year had a good season whilst the 1st Year and Primary teams showed great enthusiasm with some notable victories.

At higher levels five players, James McKechnie, Bryan Murray, Graeme Hamilton and Stevie Newton represented Midlands District Under 18 side, whilst James went on to represent the Scottish Schools and win his full international cap. James has since left to play rugby in New Zealand and we all wish him the best of luck 'down under'.

Finally, on behalf of all the School's XV's I would like to thank the P.E. Department and all other staff who gave up their time to coach us, the groundsmen, referees, hostesses and all the parents and pupils who came to support us throughout the season. They all contributed in making this one of our most memorable, if not victorious, seasons.

Bryan Murray, Secretary

Results Captain: J. McKechnie Vice-Captain: R. Bain

Date	Opponents	Venue	Result	
1989			F	A
Sept.	2 Ellon Academy	H	66	0
	9 St. Alloysius Col	A	4	32
	*12 Robt. Gordons C.	A	3	19
	16 Dollar Academy	A	8	9
	*19 Merch. Castle Sc.	H	0	44
	23 Edinburgh Acad	H	0	22
	*27 Fettes College	A	13	9
Oct.	21 Portobello H.S.	H	CANCELLED	
	28 Berwickshire Sc.	A	CANCELLED	
Nov.	4 Kelvinside Acad	A	4	24
	10+11 Gordonstoun Sc.	H	0	16
	18 Dunfermline H.S.	H	58	0
	25 Morrisons Acad.	H	CANCELLED	
Dec.	2 Perth Academy	A	24	7
	9 Hutchesons G.X.	H	CANCELLED	
	16 Stew'ts Mel. Col.	H	CANCELLED	
1990				
Jan.	13 Aberdeen G.S.	A	46	6
	20 Glasgow H.S.	A	CANCELLED	
	27 Madras College	H	42	6
Feb.	3 Harris Academy	H	CANCELLED	
	10 Perth Academy	H	CANCELLED	
	\$17 George Heriots S.	H	0	18
Mar.	3 Robt. Gordons C.	H	4	9
	* 7 Harris Academy	A	CANCELLED	
	10 John Smeaton CS	A	CANCELLED	
	\$17 Hutchesons G.S.	A	CANCELLED	

* Mid Week Fixture

\$ Home International

POINTS FOR 272
POINTS AGAINST 214

GIRLS' HOCKEY

Results — Season 1989/90

DATE	OPPONENTS		1st XI		2nd XI		3rd XI	
			F	A	F	A	F	A
Sept. 9	Dollar Academy	Away	—	—	0-1	—	1-4	—
16	St Leonards	Home	3-0	—	1-1	—	1-0	—
23	May Eskine	Away	1-1	—	3-0	—	6-0	—
28	Carr-castle H.S.	Away	3-0	—	—	—	—	—
Oct. 14	Gordonstoun	Home	3-0	—	—	—	—	—
17	Strathallan	Home	2-1	—	2-0	—	—	—
18	Midlands U-16	Home	—	—	—	—	0-4	—
31	Fettes	Away	3-0	—	4-1	—	5-0	—
Nov. 4	George Heriot's	Home	0-0	—	2-1	—	2-1	—
11	George Watson's	Away	2-2	—	3-6	—	2-0	—
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	Morrison's Academy	Home	—	—	Cancelled	—	Cancelled	—
Dec. 2	May Eskine	Away	4-1	—	1-0	—	3-1	—
9	St George's	Away	3-1	—	3-2	—	0-0	—
16	Albyn	Home	Cancelled	—	Cancelled	—	Cancelled	—
Jan. 11	Madras	Home	4-0	—	—	—	—	—
11	Kilgraston	Away	—	—	3-1	—	4-0	—
20	St Margaret's	Away	3-0	—	4-0	—	—	—
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Feb. 3	Dollar Academy	Home	1-1	—	1-2	—	1-0	—
10	Morrison's Academy	Away	0-0	—	1-1	—	0-0	—
24	Gordonstoun	Away	2-2	—	—	—	—	—
24	Albyn	Home	—	—	Cancelled	—	Cancelled	—
March 1	St Margaret's	Home	4-0	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	George Watson's	Home	—	—	1-2	—	0-2	—
14	Madras	Home	2-0	—	—	—	—	—
March 17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	George Heriot's	Home	—	—	0-0	—	—	—
22	Staff	Home	1-1	—	—	—	—	—
24	St George's	Home	1-1	—	6-4	—	2-1	—

	PLAYED	F	A	WON	DRAWN	LOST
1st XI	19	44	11	11	8	0
2nd XI	16	35	22	9	1	4
3rd XI	14	27	13	9	2	3



1st XI HOCKEY

Back (from left):
 Jennifer M. Bett
 Heather K. Leslie
 Joan M. Hope
 Fiona K. Robertson
 Jayne Samson
 Lindsay A. Carroll

Front (from left):
 Miss H. I. Lyle
 Shona M. Lowe
 Lisa M. Morgan
 (Captain)
 G. Vivienne N. White
 Lisa C. Ogilvie
 Nicola J. Toft
 Absent, Jane Brown

GIRLS' HOCKEY REPORT

The Officials: Captain — Lisa Morgan
 Vice-Captain — Vivienne White
 Secretary/Treasurer — Shona Lowe

With nine players remaining from last year's 1st XI, high expectations were soon justified as the team began to play well together, gaining early wins over St Leonards, Gordonstoun and Strathallan.

Hopes for the elusive "undefeated season" increased as, for the second year running, we won the Midlands Schools' Tournament, and went on to represent the district in the Scottish Schools' Tournament in March. In this we performed well, drawing with the eventual joint winners, Wellington, but just failing to qualify for the semi-finals.

We finished a tremendous season undefeated, playing 19 matches, winning 11 and drawing 8; 44 goals for, and 11 against, with top scorer, Jayne Samson, scoring 11 of these goals.

The 2nd and 3rd XIs also had very successful seasons, which promises well for future teams.

Individual players did well this season. Nicola Toft, Fionnuala Robb and Jane Alexander played for the Midlands U-16 team, while Lisa Morgan, Jenni Bett, Jane Brown and Shona Lowe played for the Midlands U-18 team. Lisa and Jenni attended Scottish trials with Lisa going on to represent her country in Wales and Holland. She was also selected for the Midlands U-21 team and the Midlands U-18 indoor team. Congratulations to all!



2nd XI HOCKEY

Back (from left):
 Shona McDougall
 Lisa A. Kinnear
 Claire Bodie
 Janet Geddes
 Sarah Holmes
 Susan M. Begg
 Fionnuala R. M. Robb

Front (from left):
 Miss H. I. Lyle
 Sarah Breden
 Nicola A. Stewart
 (Captain)
 Nicola R. Ogilvie
 Leela Srinivasan
 Mary A. Hope

On behalf of all the teams I would like to thank the P.E. staff, especially Miss Lyle and Miss Sim, for all their coaching and encouragement throughout the season, the teachers and hostesses, and also Lisa, our Captain, and Viv, our Vice-Captain.

Finally I wish next year's teams good luck, and hope they have as enjoyable a season as we did!

Shona Lowe (Secretary)

HOCKEY 1st XI

*Back (from left):
Miss E. S. M. Sim
Andrew J. McIntyre
Craig Robertson
Timothy W. Arbuckle
Malcolm Peebles
Fraser A. D. Christie*

*Front (from left):
Scott G. Biltcliffe
Douglas G. S. Stirling
Naim G. Black
(Captain)
Alastair R. Welch
Gordon G. Lowson
James Stewart*



BOYS' HOCKEY REPORT

We went into our opening fixture, at Stewart's Melville, "quietly" confident since we had an experienced team, only Andy McIntyre hadn't played for the 1st XI before. However, we were to be disappointed after a lacklustre performance from the midfield, with the game ending scoreless.

After a humiliating defeat at Robert Gordons, Miss Sim thought it was time for a tactical change, as well as let Malcolm Peebles start his first game in place of the injured Timothy Arbuckle. So we faced George Watsons' with a 3-man defence — and it didn't work.

Next we were hosts to Edinburgh Academy — it was an infuriating game since we were unable to capitalise on the many chances we created. Though Scott

Biltcliffe deserves some credit for trying hard all afternoon to score on the right wing.

Our most convincing win came a couple of weeks later against Bell Baxter with a "modest" hat-trick from our centre forward, Gordon Lowson. He was joined by Vice-Captain Douglas Welch and myself for the Midlands Under-18 trials. I was our only representative.

The turn of the year saw us continue the good results, though some erratic goal-keeping against Stewart's Melville cost us a certain victory. Then came our enjoyable trip to Gordonstoun, where we were defeated.

This weekend was followed by a creditable second placing in the Midlands Under-18 six-a-side tour-

HOCKEY 2nd XI

*Back (from left):
Miss E. S. M. Sim
Malcolm M. Shepherd
Callum A. Maclean
Mark R. G. Keir
Paul T. Nimmo
Kenneth R. Ross
Fraser A. D. Christie
Alexander D. Chacko*

*Front (from left):
David R. Humphris
Nicholas J. Thomas
Simon A. Johnstone
Richard S. Petrie
(Captain)
Domenyk W. H. Brown
Martin A. Vardy
Richard T. Robertson*



nament with Blair Kerr and Craig Robertson regularly scoring.

It was slightly ironic that our best performance of the season was our last game, against Robert Gordons. After being 2-0 down at half-time we fought back in the hail to 2-1. Andy Brand deserves a special mention for his amazing performance in this game giving defensive cover to virtually everyone as we searched in vain for the equaliser.

We would like to wish Miss Sim and Mr Spowart the best of luck in rebuilding an entire 1st XI since all the previously mentioned players will have left. Also thanks must go to Mr Macdonald and Mrs Hutchison for sacrificing their spare time. Finally we would like to wish next year's 1st XI the best of luck and hope that they can continue our tradition of playing hockey in its true spirit.

Douglas Stirling, Secretary/Treasurer



**NETBALL
(Senior) VII**

*Back (from left):
Mrs J. A. Hutchison
Fiona C. Morrison
Louise E. McGreavey
Katherine A. Stirling
Sarah Collinson
Clara A. Anderson
Stephanie Bower
Mrs L. Docherty*

*Front (from left):
Amy L. A. Morrison
Gina J. McKenzie
Sarah A. McMillan
Rhonda A. B. Strachan
(Captain)
Claire Gibson
Lesley H. Moore
Catherine E. Walsh*



NETBALL (Junior) VII

*Back (from left):
Claire L. Moir
Jacqueline L. A. Rorie
Gillian A. Ross
Mrs J. A. Hutchison
Caroline A. Porter
Jacqueline Neil*

*Front (from left):
Louise E. McGreavey
Suzanne Foley
Camilla McKenzie
(Captain)
Louise Henderson
Jacqueline Mair*

**BASKETBALL
(Under 14)**

Back (from left):

*G. J. Williams
J. Gadalla
E. D. J. Gowans
P. A. A. Grewar
J. A. G. Southwick*

Middle (from left):

*Mr P. McPate
M. R. Fletcher
R. J. Brown
D. Reboul Salze
A. J. D. T. Thomson
A. F. Ramsay*

Front (from left):

*D. A. Gardner
D. Dalrymple
A. M. Lewis
D. A. Humphris
D. M. B. Lowe*



1st XI CRICKET REPORT, 1990

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

Captain: Naim Black
Vice-Captain: Jonathon McDevitt
Secretary: Stuart Smith
Treasurer: Steven King

Following two relatively unsuccessful seasons, some improvement was hoped for this year, but although the standard of our play improved, this was not reflected in the results:—

Played 8 Won 1 Drawn 1 Lost 6

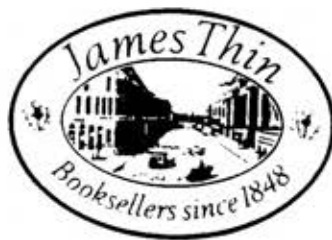
The season started with narrow defeats from Dollar Academy and Stewart's Melville College, the latter of which we should have won. We struggled against a full strength F.P. side, but got a well-earned draw against Morrison's Academy. Two disappointing performances

followed against Robert Gordons College and Kelvin-side Academy. All the practice then paid off when we beat Rannoch School with considerable ease. With our confidence sky-high, and the captain talking tactics with Gordon Greenidge, we dismissed Merchiston Castle School for 68 in the inaugural match for the Thomas Brodie Herd Bats Trophy. Unfortunately, and to our great disappointment, the batting collapsed.

Notable performances included 53 from Steve King, 48 from Scott Adam, 43 from Stuart Smith and 38 from the captain. On the bowling front both Jonathon McDevitt and Steve King took 5 wickets in an innings twice, and our congratulations must go to Steve King for captaining the North Under 16 team.

Finally our thanks go to Mr J. Kenia for his valued assistance and Mr G. Spowart for his dedicated coaching and faultless umpiring!

Stuart Smith (Secretary)



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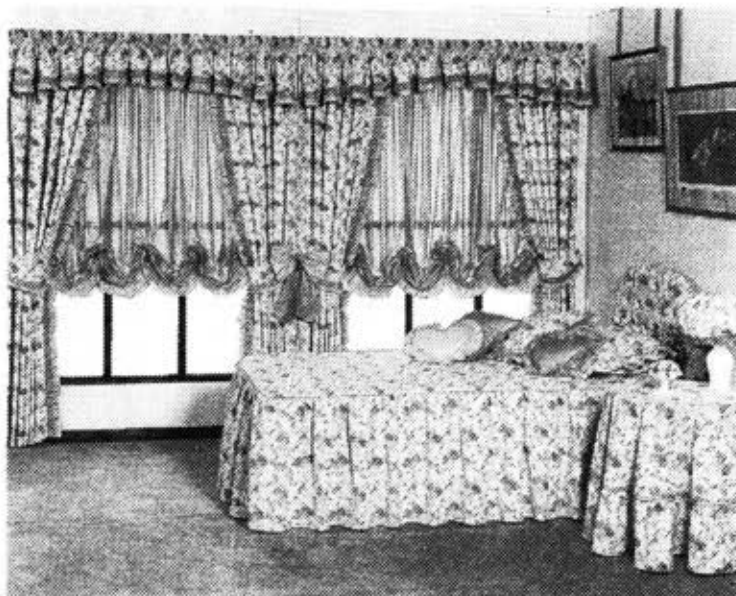
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House Reports

THE HOUSES

This year's championship was another closely fought affair with Wallace in a late run establishing themselves as Champion House once more.

The final results were:

1. Wallace, 1176 points
2. Lindores, 1123 points
3. Aystree, 1119 points
4. Airlie, 1091 points

Thanks must go to all those who have assisted in any way throughout the session.

This session we lose Mr Kettles who has been House Master of Aystree for six years. We thank him for his efforts and wish him well in his retirement. Mrs Alexander and Mrs Hackney who have looked after the Junior School in Wallace and Lindores respectively have also resigned. We wish Mrs Alexander well in her new post at Dollar Academy. Mrs Hackney as Senior Teacher of UIV and V has become "Neutral" and will belong to no House. We thank both ladies for all their hard work for their Houses.

Miss Scott and Miss Gordon succeed these ladies as Junior School Liaison teachers in Lindores and Wallace respectively. As yet, no appointment has been made to succeed Mr Kettles.

AIRLIE

Despite the fact that Airlie came last, this year's house championship had a close finish. We were very disappointed by our results in the academic field, which pulled our position down considerably. Hopefully, by next year, our academic abilities will have improved.

A poor start to the season was made by both the girls' and boys' hockey teams, where we posted few victories and even fewer points, coupled to the disappointing second place attained by the strong senior rugby team. This was not very encouraging. Fortunately, we picked up points in both senior and junior netball, where we came first and second respectively. The junior netball team was captained by Tracy Boyle. Our primary side also finished second. In the debates, where we came second, in the seniors' and first in the juniors', with a young, inexperienced pairing congratulations to Martel Maxwell and Danielle Murphy.

The spate of good luck continued, when we came first and second in the senior and junior gala respectively. This was particularly impressive in the face of stiff opposition from Aystree. A good all-round performance in the inter-house cricket competition, where we won comfortably, as the house captain skippered the side. A creditable second was achieved in the shooting, where Steven Carroll excelled. Sadly our position slumped again, after disappointing senior and junior tennis performances, where we came third and fourth respectively.

Special mention must go to Jo Tunstall (F6) and Kate Walsh (F5) who both won the individual senior sports championships. These performances, however, failed to inspire the house as we slumped to an all time low of third overall in the sports. As the academic marks were counted, it became apparent, that we would not be winning the championship.

Finally, I would like to thank all the pupils in Airlie and of course to Mr Richterich and Miss Cannon.

Nairn Black
Jane Brown
(House Captains)

AYSTREE

The 1989-90 session began with high hopes of success after a promising performance last year. Unfortunately we got off to a bad start with both the girls senior and junior netball teams finishing last but the primary girls showed a better performance.

The senior boys showed the way with a convincing victory in the rugby. The juniors also won their part of the rugby with the intermediate team working hard for third place.

Enthusiastic performances were put forward by all the hockey teams however, the boys were last with the senior girls coming third equal with Airlie, and the junior girls were also third.

In the cricket the boys were just pipped at the post by Airlie.

The highlight of Aystree's year, without a doubt, had to be the swimming galas. The junior gala was won and, with excellent performances by Scott Gall and Jennifer Botterill both winning their respective championships, overall we won the gala by a single point!

There were mixed fortunes in the tennis with the boys winning but the girls were unfortunately last in both junior and senior (through no lack of effort).

In the field of debating the junior team was third with the senior team being third equal with Lindores.

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

In the last event of the year, the sports, Aystree had a rather disappointing result despite Jennifer Botterill winning the junior championships and Ralph Horn and Jonathan Fitzpatrick winning the discus and the shot putt.

For the overall house championship, Aystree finished in third place, a mere 4 points behind Lindores. This was a satisfactory result because yet again everybody gave 100% effort for the house in a bid to win the championship.

Finally we would like to thank Mr Kettles and Miss Holloway for their continued support and to the P.E. staff for organising the sports events. Best of luck to our successors and we hope that next session goes well.

Gaynyr Dickson,
Jonathan McDevitt
House Captains

WALLACE

This year Wallace were faced with the horrifying fact that although they had been, without doubt, the most dominating house of the 1980's, they had lost the House Championship for the past two years. Could we start the penultimate decade of the century with victory?

The girls of the senior school made an impressive start to the campaign in early October gaining second place in both the Junior and Senior Hockey events, but unfortunately form (if not consistency) failed in the Netball with disappointing third places in both age groups. It was left to our primary school netball team to regain the ascendancy with a superb win under the inspiring leadership of Mrs Alexander. (Unfortunately for Wallace, Mrs Alexander leaves the school this year for pastures new and we wish her good fortune in the future.)

The impressive run continued with our senior boys, captained by Alistair Welch (Form 6) emerging victorious from the Boys' Hockey competition. When Hilary Scott and Kenneth Campbell gained maximum points in the House Debates after a witty and entertaining contest, Wallace's campaign seemed to be going too well to be true. It was!

We fell to earth with a very big bump indeed, as our form collapsed. Last places in the Junior Public Speaking, the Junior and Senior 7-a-side rugby events, the shooting, the Senior Gala and a courageous third place in the Junior Gala.

As the school broke up for the Easter Holidays, Wallace were a dispirited team lying in last place in the overall championship. We could only hope that the summer would bring new hope.

Confidence began to recover with Julie Grewar Form 2 leading the Junior Tennis team to a second place, and the recovery continued with the Senior team repeating the feat a short time later.

As the all important sports approached, Wallace started to fight back with Claire McDonald (Form 2) and Donald Lowe (Form 1) winning the Girls Golf and Boase Medal respectively.

Once again the girls proved to be Wallace's heroines in the sports as Claire McDonald clinched the intermediate Championship and Lisa Ogilvie produced an inspired performance to finish second in the Senior Championship. For the first time in living memory (as far as House Captains were concerned) Wallace actually won the Sports.

The same cannot be said concerning the Academic marks. Wallace are traditionally the "megga-brainy" house and after the usual first place was gained, we were left in suspense before the final result was released. Would we do it? The answer was YES! In a close run championship Wallace had pulled out all the stops during the final weeks to regain the championship once again.

Thanks must go to Mr Stewart, Mrs Gibson and Mrs Alexander, and also the P.E. staff for all their help and organisation throughout the year.

Angus Allan,
Vivienne White
House Captains

LINDORES

After last year's success we looked to repeat our performance, but knew that it would be a difficult task in the face of stern opposition from the other houses.

We got off to a great start with both Senior and Junior victories in the Girls' House Hockey and second places in Senior Rugby and Boys' Hockey. Junior and primary teams also put in some good performances.

These successes gave us an early lead to Christmas and this boosted our hopes for the New Year.

We had an easy victory in the House Shooting and with Susie Carmichael taking the Chess Championship we retained our lead as we came closer to the Senior Gala and Sports Day.

Despite much effort and enthusiasm in the Gala we only managed to come third equal with Wallace. With poor academic results we needed a good placing in the Sports to boost our, by now, ailing points.

Without the athletic prowess of James McKechnie we still managed a good second place with Lucy Kelman coming third in the Girls' Senior Championship. We also won the Inter-House Tennis Championship with some great play from both the boys and the girls.

However, despite our many successes in all areas of the House competitions we were unable to equal last year's effort and only came in second place with 1123 points, only marginally behind Wallace.

Thanks must go to all members of staff in Lindores for their continuing support throughout the year, particularly to Mr Durheim and Mrs McDonald for all their effort and hard work. Finally, best wishes to everyone for next year.

Lisa Morgan
James McKechnie
(House Captains)

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CHOIR

HAPPY THOUGHTS

Happy thoughts. I am thinking about what we are going to do on gymday. I think about a lot of things. I think about being a motorbike driver, happy things like that.

Stephen Gordon LIIM

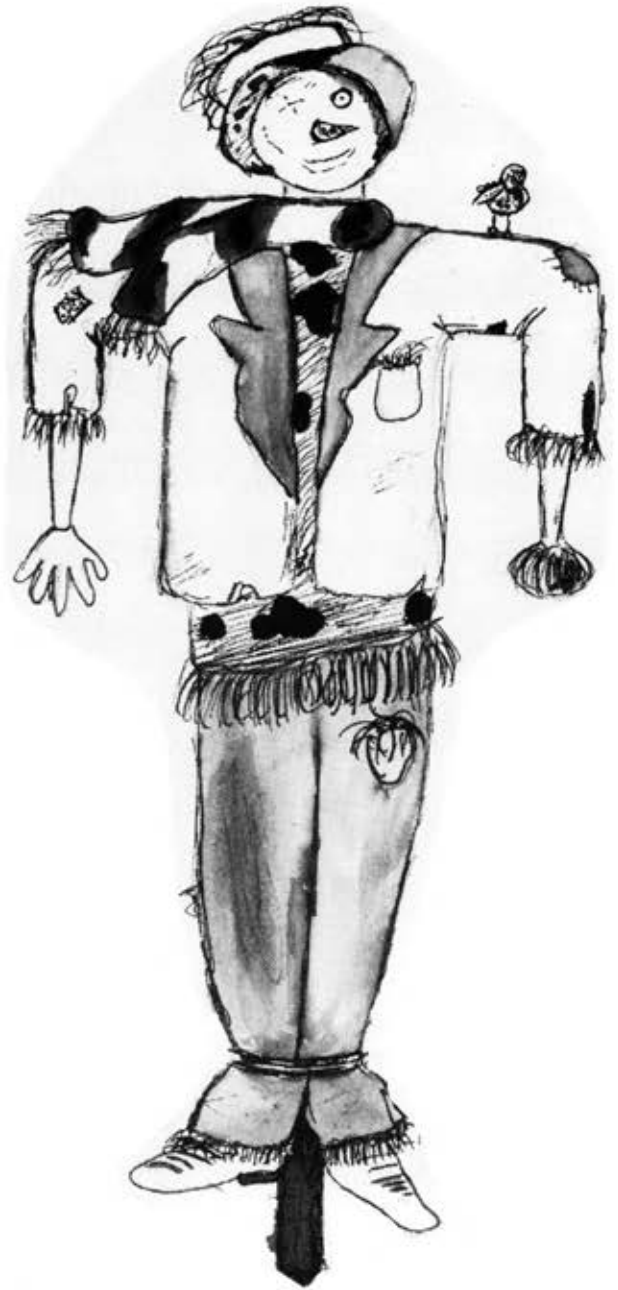
On Sunday my brother's friend came over to play for the day. I played with them and we went swimming and we went to McDonalds. Afterwards I went to my Grans.

Scott James LIH

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

One day I went to the dentist. I went up the stairs and went up to the receptionist. I told her my name and she told me to go to the waiting room. I had to wait quite a while. Then the receptionist came and told me it was time for me to go and see Dr Chalmers.

Rennie Morrocco LIH



The farmer is ploughing his field.
The scarecrow scares birds away.

Iain McHattie L1M

We go out to play in the playground.
We cannot eat in the playground.
We could choke.

Helen Buckley L1L

I went on the Rat and my
mummy was scared.
I said weeeeeee, my daddy
said weeeeeee as well.

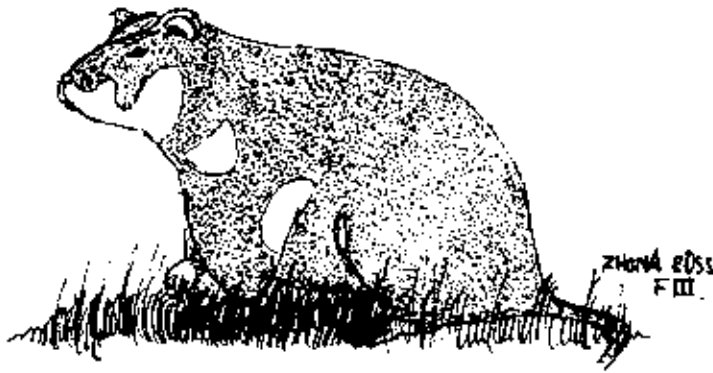
Susan Leckie L1M

A lamb is a young sheep.
It has a soft furry coat.
Lambs have long legs and a long tail.

Sophie LeRougetel L1L

I am a parrot called Bob. I lived in a cage. It is a huge cage. I like being stroked. My mistress is Pamela. I am kind to people because I do not peck. Every day I am fed.

Alice Maitland LIH



My hamster was called Harry.
I liked him,
I played with him.

Colin Waim L1M

I went to the pictures
and there was a Sharp Tooth.
It killed a plant eater.
It was a long neck.

Finlay Stewart L1M

I am going to see the Zoo
and I saw a train.
I saw the driver.

Andrew Paton L1M

I went to the Dinosaur Exhibition
in the Easter holidays.

Christopher Taylor L1M

At school I like to make
sunflowers and then go on
holiday.

Elise Yu L1M

Here is my dog, I like my dog.
I take it for walks in the afternoon.

Emily Smoor L1M

At school I like to make something
and give it to mummy and daddy and
Derek, I like to see the Firebird.

Irene Wong L1M

The scarecrow scared birds away
from the farm.

Oliver Palmer L1M

My little sister is Mhairi.
She is just one.
I play with her dolls.
She laughs.

Struan Cunningham L1L

Lambs are born in the Spring.
The sheep take care of the fleecy lambs
until they are sheep.

Jamie Grewar L1L

My daddy works in a bank.
There is a lot of money
in the bank.

Lynsey-Anne Marwick L1L

Mrs Leadbitter, she is a mummy.
She looks after us, and tells us
to be kind.
She makes us clever.

Paul Cuthill L1L

A magician can makes things vanish.
He brings things back again.

Rorie Melhuish L1L

Our school is very big,
Some big boys or girls,
make a mess of our school.

John Bryden L1L

We watch Maths is Fun on T.V.
We go to see it every Friday.
I like it.

David McKean L1L

I have lots of toys.
I have lego and cars.
I have a bicycle and a robot.

Adam Knowles L1L

Some people have fair skin.
Some people dark skin.
God makes all the people.

Kirsty Dewar L1L

If I make a mess,
I have to tidy it up.
The world has to be tidy.

Susan Inglis L1L

I like my big doll best of all.
It has lots of clothes.
It has stripey clothes and baubles.

Kathryn Hutcheson L1L

I go to Indian dancing every Saturday.
I learn lovely dances.
I danced for Mrs Leadbitter.
She liked it very much.

Paramita Karim L1L

My mummy is a teacher.
She is not at my school.
She picks me up sometimes.

Zoe Cram L1L

L1L has 19 children and Mrs Leadbitter.
We work hard every day.
We sing and play every day too.

Fiona Beaton L1L

I am Mabel. I am five years old.
I go to Dundee High School,
I am clever.

Mabel Chung L1L

I can read and write and do sums.
I sing and play games.
I live in my house.
It is a big one.
I live with my family.

Mooktadir Ansar L1L

The Dinosaurs are big.
They kill you.

Robbie Young L1M

On Saturday I went to do some
train spotting and I went for
an hour.

Andrew Scott L1M

I like my swimming because
we get to jump into the water.

Susanna Sneddon L1M

I am going to see the Dinosaurs in
Edinburgh one day soon.
It will be a very happy day and Kirsty
and mummy and daddy will be very happy
too and I will be the happiest of all.

Calum Wallace L1M

In the Spring the farmer
ploughs his field with
his tractor.

Natalie Ryce L1M

On Saturday I went to the museum with my mum
and dad. We had a great time. I got a postcard of a
dinosaur. I saw animals and I had a great time.

Christopher Osborne LIH

I rolled my Easter egg on
Sunday.

Gregor Van der Boon L1M

I have a dog called Cama.
She brings back pheasants.

Anna Mackay L1M

A SUNNY DAY

A sunny day is nice. You can go to the beach but you
can't fly kites but you can play in the park and you can
get an ice cream or a lolly and have a picnic or the ladies
can plant flowers or the boys can play football with
their dads or you can sunbathe and read a book but
you would not go to school. Would you like that? Or
you can go to the funfair. That would be fun but I will
not like work on a sunny day but going to the circus will
be nice to end our sunny day.

John Holme LIIM

WHEN I GROW UP

I want to be a nurse when I grow up. I will wear a
pinafore and on it there will be a cross and I will wear a
hat with a cross on it. I will look after sick people and
take their temperature to see how hot they are. I would
like that.

Jayne Arbuckle LIIM

HAPPY THOUGHTS

I am thinking about my rabbit when it was ill and
when the vet told me my rabbit was well again that was
a happy thought.

Rosalind Bonar LIIM

WHEN MISS KNIGHT WAS OUR TEACHER

When Miss Knight was our teacher, she did twenty
sums for us. We did the answers. I got them all right all
through the week.

Rebeca Leslie LIIM

A LITTLE MOUSE

Long ago there was a mouse that did not get a house.
He is very lonely and no one can play with him and he
is very cold.

Andrew Chung LIIM

A SUNNY DAY

It was a sunny day. We were having a picnic at the
park. When all the food had finished I went on the
roundabout I had fun then I went on the swing then I
saw a shop I bought an ice cream to cool me off.

Alyshia Morrison LIIM

THE FIREBIRD

In the Firebird there was a prince and my favourite
part was when a spirit came the prince had a fight and
the spirit won but the Firebird came and killed the spirit
and the Firebird put some of the prince's blood into a
cauldron and that was my favourite part and it was a
very, very happy ending.

John Holme LIIM



THE TOY SHOP

One night in the magic toy shop there were toys but
they were alive because that toy shop was magic. One
night they had a doll's tea party. When they have their
tea party they always have lovely things to eat and
drink. They put on the lights and they have a disco
party.

Alexandra McGill LIH

I saw the Dinosaurs Exhibition.
I heard the Dinosaurs roaring.

Caroline Milne L1M

ROBBERY

One day when I was out I saw a bank being robbed
and the money was all taken. I had to call the police
and they saved the bank and the burglars stole all the
money and the bank got it all back.

Richard Kemp LIH

On Friday the Beavers went to the fire station. At the
start of the tour there was a very very old fire engine.
Some boys said that it looked like a train because it was
so old. Next we went to see the real fire engines. Scott
and I got to sit in it. There were a lot of controls and
there were four pairs of hoses. Then there was an alarm.
People said that the fire was at DRI. But it was a false
alarm so we did some more of the tour.

Graeme Henderson LIH

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I would like to be a policeman. I will
ride in a police car or on a motorbike and arrest bad
people and lock them up in jail.

Stewart Burns LIIM

A FROSTY DAY

One day when I woke up in the morning and looked
out of the window I saw that everything was covered in
white. At first I thought it was snow but when I went
outside it was not snow but icy frost. Then I quickly
came inside to wear my boots so that I could go and
play with my friends. It was a very cold and frosty
day.

Komal Handa LIIM

MY DRAGON

He's a flying dragon,
A fat dragon,
A slashing, lashing tail dragon.

He's a nice dragon,
A fire dragon,
A boiling, fiery, red hot dragon.

Vincent Reboul-Salze LIIC

"MENACE THE WITCH"

Upon a hill a shadow could be seen and cackling was heard. It was Menace the witch looking for a new home when she came to a thick forest nobody ever dared to go in. She went right into the depth of the forest. There she saw a ruin. It was a castle with a cave at the back. In she went. In about a month she was settled in. She had her animals, her cauldron and her books on a shelf. But one thing bothered her. Nearby there lived a wizard and because he was jealous they hated each other. One day she decided to make a spell and get rid of him once and for all. She flicked through the pages of her spell book until she came to one with no name. This is the one she cried. She read it out and put in one purple egg, a magpie's feather and a horse's hair. Then she started singing "1, 2, 3 4, 5 once I caught a frog alive 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 then I let it go again. Why did you let it go? Because it bit my cat's paws so. Which paw did it bite. This furry one on her right." All the time she stirred. That night she crept away and put the spell in the wizard's tea. The next morning Menace peeped in the window of the wizard's cave. She saw him drink his tea. Suddenly there was a loud pop and the wizard flew round in circles then vanished. Menace was thrilled. The next night was the witches hallowe'en party. Menace took her spell and won first prize for the best spell (it was a spell book).

Fiona Dewar LIIIH

THE WAVE

swirling
sloshing
calm
spanking
dirty
plunging
wild
wave.

Robbie McKillop LIIC

"WASHING UP LIQUID"

John was a scientist. He was so forgetful. He slept in the morning and did his experiments during the night. He would not have his dinner at the right time. His laboratory was in a right mess. John was absent-minded. John had liquid sulphur, rubber tubes and all kinds of metal. He was looking for a green liquid. At last he found the green liquid in the middle. He went to the sink. He put water in the liquid. He was muttering words. Then he said "washing up liquid". He ran to his wife and told her and friends. The queen asked to meet him. They became very rich. John became tidy. His story was in the newspaper, on T.V. and the radio. His name was now Sir John.

Ariful Ahsan LIIII

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

The Lady of the Lamp was Florence Nightingale. She was a nurse, and she helped people and cleaned hospitals and made people well and went to Russia. When she got there she got a shock. There were rats in the barn and straw in the barn. They grew green vegetables, and made a good hospital. The End.

Christopher Ireland LIIC

"OFF TO THE AIRPORT"

In the morning we got up very early ready to go to the hotel next to Prestwick airport. It was a lovely journey and we saw lots of interesting things. Soon we arrived at the hotel. The hotel manager gave us our room and the key. Then we took the dog for a walk. When we came back we took a bath then we went straight to bed. When the morning arrived we packed our suitcases again. At last we got to the airport. We put our luggage on a trolley and wheeled it up to the desk which said Wardair above it. We saw our luggage off on a moving belt. Then we went into the aeroplane. Our luggage was already there. Soon the aeroplane took off. But before it did the pilot announced seat belts on. My mum had brought a packet of opal fruits so when the plane started I sucked a sweet to stop my ears going pop!!

Alison Kearns LIIII

THE RIVER JOURNEY

I am the river.
At the start.
I'm a small river
I'm a gurgling river
I'm a bubbling river

I am the river
In the middle
I'm splashing
I'm roaring
I'm frothing

I am the river
At the end
I'm calm
I'm cold
I'm still

I am the river
Now I'm at the sea.

Louise Stewart LIIC

O is for big oil-rigs
C is for red crabs.
E is for undersea explorer.
A is for the blue Arctic Ocean.
N is for green nets.

Jennifer Millar LIIC

"AT THE CIRCUS"

Last Friday, Sally went to the circus. She loved the clowns. Luckily her Uncle Tim was the ringmaster. He had told her all about it. She found that she was sitting beside Debbie her best friend in the front row. Coco one of the clowns asked Debbie and Sally to help him on stage. Debbie went and fixed the hose onto the tap. Sally held the hose aiming it at Smudge the other clown. Coco called Smudge to come over to him. "Turn around," he said. Smudge turned around. Debbie turned the tap on and Sally squirted him with COLD water. How the crowd roared with laughter when Coco fell off the ladder. A bold boy even shouted, "Serves you RIGHT!"

Nicola Fleming LIIII

O is for orange octopus.
C is for coral reef creatures.
E is for electric eel.
A is for a brown Ark.
N is for green nets.

Sarah Scott LIIC



Katie Lawson, Alison Foster, Fiona Macdonald, Juliette Botterill and Kirsty Hope.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLS SWIMMING — 1990

On the 11th February at the Commonwealth Swimming Pool, Edinburgh, the Scottish Schools Swimming Championships took place. There were seven competitors from the school. Richard Hope received the silver medal in 100m. backstroke, but Jennifer Botterill unfortunately did not make the final in her 100m. event. Kirsty Hope won her individual event, the 50m. front crawl and as well as winning a gold medal was presented with the "Best Performance Trophy" for her age group. Both Katie Lawson and Juliette Botterill reached their respective finals coming in 4th and 6th. Both being very good performances, especially Juliette's as she can still swim next year.

The 12 and under relay team, of Fiona Macdonald, Katie Lawson, Juliette Botterill and Kirsty Hope came first in the 4 x 50m. Freestyle Relay, and therefore retaining the "Ellen King Trophy" with a time just outside the Scottish schools' record.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE 2nd DUNDEE (D.H.S.) BROWNIE PACK

Due to increasing numbers, Mrs Spalding (Brown Owl) and Miss Lacey were delighted when Mrs Pamela Baxter offered her services at the beginning of the year. Her musical talents have been much appreciated, and the Brownie song is now immeasurably more tuneful!

Mrs Baxter's piano playing accompanied a sponsored sing which the Brownies undertook in March, raising over £500 for research into Cystic Fibrosis. We

were delighted with the response, many thanks to those who supported us.

Other activities throughout the year, apart from our normal weekly meetings and Brownie ceremonies, have included a fancy dress halloween party, supporting the Rainbows by singing with them at their excellent Christmas Pantomime, a "Jamaican" Thinking Day party (complete with calypsos and limbo dancing!), an Easter Egg competition, and were finished off by a pack venture to the St Andrews Sea Life Centre in June.

Elizabeth S. Lacey
Asistant Guide

GUIDE COMPANY REPORT 1989-90

This session has seen a number of changes in the life of the Company. For our annual camp in the summer of 1989, we went to the City of Dundee Guides' Outdoor Centre at Newbigging near Coupar Angus for the first time. Although it was new territory to the Company, we all enjoyed our week there, despite having one of the few poor spells of weather that summer. Thanks are due to the Guiders and Young Leaders who worked so hard to make it a memorable camp.

The Guide Company reformed at the start of the new session, very small in number but certainly not lacking in vitality. Our smaller numbers this year have allowed us to undertake visits and activities where a large group would have been too unwieldy. Our activities have included cookery, origami, making Christmas decorations, a visit to the Mills Observatory, basic first aid, a "Scottish" afternoon for Burns' Night and map reading and work with compasses. In the summer term, we have spent several weeks at Mayfield practising outdoor cooking.

This session we have joined with the Brownie Pack and the Rainbow Guide Unit in two ventures — a Christmas Concert and a fund-raising stall at the School Sports in June. We are very grateful to the parents and friends who support these occasions.

We hope that the Guide Company will grow in strength again — Guiding can be challenging, fun and very fulfilling for girls in Senior School as well as younger folk. In the 1990-91 session, we look forward to seeing a good-sized Company, in the new, "designer" outfits ready for the rest of the nineties.

P. L. Hourd,
Guide Guider.

LVII NETBALL REPORT

This year we managed to retain the Dundee Primary Schools Winter League Shield after many nerve-racking games. Unfortunately, in the Knockout Tournament we were beaten in a close match by the eventual winners, Fintry Primary School.

The LVI team also had a very successful season by winning back the Miss Ward Trophy which the L7s won last year.

Thanks to Mrs Alexander, Mrs Docherty and Miss Cardno for their excellent training throughout the year.

Junior School



L7's VISIT TO EDINBURGH ZOO

When we arrived outside the zoo entrance we went up the stairs and into the building. There we waited in a long queue before going into the zoo. Visiting the ducks first, we started to take notes. There was not much to be said about this animal since it did not state its place of origin. The next animal we wrote about was the sea-lion. It was trying to impress us by thrusting itself out of the water and splashing in again. Then it was the pelicans but I did not think much of them as they sat around doing nothing spectacular. The penguins were beside the polar bears and were being splashed by a hose. Meanwhile the polar bear was lying about looking lazy. When we went into the reptile house we saw crocodiles, cobras, tree boas, turtles, poison arrow frogs and tomato frogs as well as all kinds of lizards including chameleons.

Following this we entered the Bird House. I thought this part of the visit the least interesting because this enclosure was full of different coloured parrots who just sat on branches making a dreadful noise.

The next animal we went to see was the Hippo'. I did not spend much time in this enclosure because of the smell! When we reached the flamingoes I did not think some of them were very pink. This turned out to be because flamingoes eat prawns and the zoo could not afford to feed them on this so they gave the birds different food and they began to turn white. The zoo put pink colouring into the food and they turned pink again.

The next animal we came to was the wolf from far North America. These creatures are very fierce but only if they are irritated. A little later we went to the Monkey House where we saw over ten breeds of monkey.

After studying all these animals our class was ready for lunch. Later our group went back to the reptiles to have a closer look at the cobra before we went to the Education Centre where we were given a talk on colour and camouflage in animals. Before leaving we were allowed to touch a corn snake. All in all it was a very educational trip and I enjoyed it very much.

Daniel Key, LVIC



DALGUISE DAYS

Monday, 14th May was a day we (LIV) will remember for the rest of our lives. We were all bound for Dalguise for a multi-activity week, a week of adventure, excitement, but most of all fun and freedom. At 2.30 p.m. we all said our fond farewells to mums and dads and scrambled with excitement (a few of us a little apprehensive) into the two coaches and set off on a one and a half hour journey to Dalguise. How time flies when you're having fun!

In no time at all we arrived, cheering, outside an impressive looking mansion house and we leapt off the bus (in an orderly fashion) to be met by our group leaders. Our four groups were called Skippies, Coolies, Beavers, and Brat-pack. After struggling with our bags, some larger than ourselves, we assembled in the main hall where we were all welcomed and the house rules were explained. Finally, we were shown to our dorms, situated on three floors. Each dorm was named after a Scottish sports personality and contained between 5 and 12 beds. We were now too excited to think about missing home.

The day activities turned out to be brilliant . . . sailing, canoeing, grass skiing, motor sports, abseiling, gorge walking, archery and attempting the assault course. In our spare time we played ball games. As you can see we were kept busy and always active. Apart from one wet morning (canoeing and gorge walking can be wetter), the weather was kind to us. Abseiling was voted best. Evenings were also fun, involving different organised games such as a Treasure Hunt, Operation Rambo, Mission Impossible and, to finish off, a spectacular disco enjoyed by all. Food was better than expected, but we all missed home cooking.

A big thank-you from us all goes to Mrs McIntosh, Miss Lacey, Mrs Baxter and Mr Davie for providing us with a week we will never forget and for being such great sports, joining in in all the fun.

Susan, Jayne, Michael, Lindsay, Scott,
Stuart, Laura, Neil and Paul (LIV)

JUNIOR CHESS CLUB REPORT

The Junior Chess Club comprises of two sections, the beginner's club on Wednesday at 3.10 and the Intermediate Friday club at the same time. Each has approximately 20 members and are hosted by Miss Gordon LIVG.

Before the Russell Trophy, top of the Friday League were:

- 1st, Colin Burchell
- 2nd, Roger McGill
- 3rd, Justine Powell
- 4th, Jonathan Chan
- 5th, Alan Smith

The Chess Team had a rather disappointing tournament result this year, losing to Glebelands, Forthill and Eastern Primary Schools, though they had a surprising victory over Forthill.

Winner of the Russell Trophy was Colin Burchell LVIIIS, and first runner up was Craig Patterson.

During May, we were lucky enough to receive coaching from Senior Chess Club members James McFarlane and Da Foo Chung. Under their expert tuition, we hope to enjoy a very successful year next year.

Justine Powell LVIIH

A RECIPE FOR FRIENDSHIP

Start with a drop of kindness.
Then a spoonful of happiness.
Put in a dash of responsibility.
And stir with a little understanding.
Be sure to put in the caring.
And don't forget the strong.
Add a pinch of adventure.
With a litre of sportiness.
Just for the final touch add a happy face.
Then beat and cook for half an hour.
And your recipe will be complete.

Tricia Rorie LVIM



Bruce A. Kelly.

LVII's visit to the City Chambers.

THE HIGHWAY CODE REPORT

Five girls from L7 participated in a Road Safety competition organised by the Tayside Police. In the first round there were 32 schools from the Dundee area, and we were asked mind-boggling questions on the safety of pedestrians on the road. After several close rounds, five schools were left, of which we were one.

On the day of the semi-finals we were all very nervous. Out of a possible 58 points we scored 49, which although a quite high score, did not enable us to take part in the finals, even though we would have liked to.

We have three thank you's to say — one to Constable Gilham for being our quizmaster, another to the teachers and pupils of L7 for cheering us on and a special thank you to Mrs Close for coaching us during our lunch breaks because without her help we would never have got so far.

Jill Drummond (Captain)
 Gillian Lumgair
 Katie Boyle
 Fiona Macdonald
 Susie Gledhill
 LVIC

THE LION

The lion paced up and down the cage.
 Its eyes aglow, its muscles tense.
 Like an arrow from a bow it sprang.
 The only thought in its head was to break open the cage and run free.
 It hit the reinforced glass of the cage with a thud.
 The glass shuddered, but it stayed firm.
 Exhausted and weak from its futile attempts, the lion would know better in the future
 The lion sat there looking wearily at its visitors.
 Once lordly king of the animals, now a captive animal.
 The lion wondered if he would ever break free.

Mamun Rahman L VII H

FIREBIRD

Majestically she flies through the sunlit skies,
 A bird with great powers is she,
 Rising from her nest of flames,
 Vivid in colour red, orange, yellow,
 Even the Russian Prince was saved by her,
 Luminous orangy-red feathers,
 Love — her heart is full of it,
 O, a wondrous bird is she,
 Unique, the only bird of her kind,
 Strange, but mystic, the FIREBIRD lives in the
 SUN.

Lucy Stewart L5D

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

I am a Norman soldier and have just landed near Pevensey! In front of us on the hill is the English army, led by Harold Godwinson. The light is shining on their army and weapons. We are ordered to attack and charge up the hill towards the English. I see spears flying through the air and soldiers shielding themselves. The man next to me falls with a spear through his throat. The blood spurts out. As we are forced back down the hill I have to step over the bodies. I can hear the wounded screaming, and horses stand on them.

Soon we attack again and I am fighting with a huge English soldier. He swings his battle axe at me and I stop him with my shield making a clank. I then lift my sword and chop his head off. After many attacks William lifts his crown up in the air to give us all courage.

Many more attacks follow, and we pretend to run away. The English army think that they have won, so they run down the hill chasing us. Our archers fire lots of arrows into the air and one hits Harold Godwinson's eye. He falls to the ground and one of our soldiers stabs him to make sure he is dead. The Norman army cheers and I feel proud and happy. The English army runs away.

Graeme Bishop LVD



STORM

It was a hot breathless day in the Caribbean and even the palm trees didn't sway. I walked along the beach, and as I came to a jelly fish that bit my toe I could see a storm brewing in the distance. In the next few minutes the sky had become dark and a storm cloud had settled above us. All we could do was sit back and take cover. The water had made an interesting contrast with the dark sky. Coming towards us was great rollers, that, as time went on, started to threaten and crash. Men who were busy with boats and nets would chat but when the sky grew dark, all eyes would turn towards the sky.

Stillness changed to rustling, rustling changed to howling. Islanders fled and animals screeched. Houses were demolished and boats broken into thousands of bits. Huge breakers crashed and lashed upon the shore. Islanders waited anxiously for word that the storm had stopped but roofs were still being blown off and demolished. As I peered out of a crack in the door I felt very frightened and couldn't believe that so much devastation could be done in such a short time.

After the storm had stopped we all emerged from shelter to find ourselves homeless. Men began to put shelters together, and their wives just flopped down in the sand in utter exhaustion. The tide went out and all was still.

Vharai McLean LVH



GEOFFREY G. J. GIRLING JOURNALIST FOR 'THE SCEPTICAL DAILY'

He was a small, timid, bespeckled man with brylcreemed hair and a very furtive and suggestive stare. At the age of 27, it was rumoured in the offices of 'The Sceptical Daily' that he still lived with his mother and could still be sent to his room by her! Geoffrey was always immaculately dressed in a loudly-checked red and blue jacket with red trousers, pressed until they were as straight as ramrods, and a tiny, red-spotted, white necktie. He arrived every morning with perfectly brushed teeth and beautifully manicured fingernails. He had never touched a drink with more than 2% alcohol, sworn, harmed anybody, missed a day of work or been late for anything in his life and it was joked that at his buck's party he would drink orange squash! But, for a reporter, you couldn't get a better, more reliable man for handing in imaginative reports than Geoffrey G. J. Girling!

Neil Forsyth L7S

RECIPE TO MAKE A PIG HAPPY

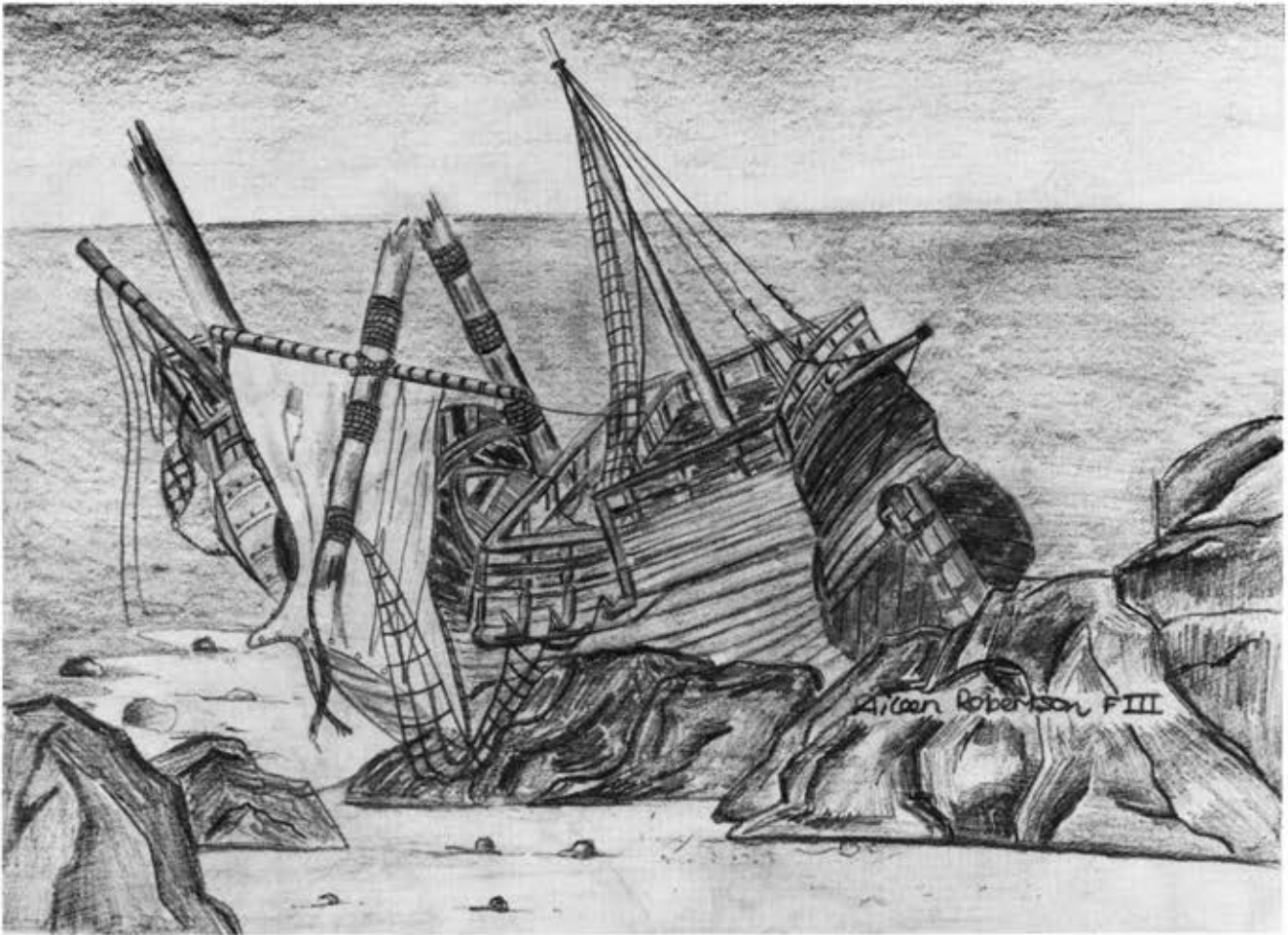
Ingredients

- Mud bath
- Slops
- Bowl of rotting cabbage
- A sleep on a manure pile
- A friend, preferably a pig
- A sunny day
- A nice cosy bed of straw
- A big yard to play in
- Some hens to chase
- A pussy cat to play with

Method

First of all, take a bowl of slops, mix in some rotting cabbage then feed to one hungry pig. Once this is done, soak in mud bath for half an hour. When well and truly dirty, put out to dry for a lazy lie on top of a pile of manure in the sun. After this is done, a lively pig chases a few hens round the yard, and then joins his friend to chase some cats to have some fun. Now the pig will be very tired, so leave him on a nice cosy bed of straw. There you have it, a happy pig!

Victoria Kelman LIVB



THE WRECK

The waves came, roaring, building up speed and getting higher until they exploded on the rocks with a noise like the report from a cannon. The sky clouded over and lightning zigzagged across the leaden grey sky. Then the heavens opened and the downpour began and seagulls crying, hastened to their ledges on the side of the cliff. The deep, blue of the sea turned grey then black as the rain flooded into it. The dramatic kittiwakes being disturbed flew panic-stricken into the air, where they circled and cried. The night was closing in and the storm was becoming worse.

The next morning the sea was a bluish-green colour, the sky was a pale blue and only dotted with clouds, and on the rocks that had bought so many lives was a splintered ship already encrusted in barnacles. The seagulls were landing on the wreck chatting about the storm. The mast was broken and what had once been a proud figurehead was now broken driftwood. The waves licked the boat as the last part of the mast sank.

Gillian Leckie L7H



LOST

I was with mum in the heart of town in Dartmouth near a harbour. Mum was talking to an old friend and I thought it was boring so I thought I would go for a walk by myself. Then mum suddenly saw that I was gone so mum called my name and at the same time mum was walking fast to the harbour. When mum got there she asked the people if they had seen a little girl jump in and they said "no." Then she looked at the water to see if there was any ripples but there were none. Then a lady came up and said "have you lost a little girl?" and mum said "yes." "Well, there is a little girl crying down at the post office." So she showed mum where I was.

Alexandra McGhee LIVG

THE SPIDER

The sneaky spider up in the tree tops,
Spins her delicate work of art,
She darts in and out, in and out,
Then round and round to finish it,
She adds saliva to make it sticky.
It shines like jewels in the sun,
Impatiently the cunning spider awaits,
For her prey.
Suddenly hopeful dinner flies into her trap,
The innocent fly sits, unknowing.

Along the shiny web with her mouth watering
She creeps, then the spider pounces for the kill.

Andrew Milne LvVC



FOG

Heavy, hovering over the countryside
 the sleeping giant breathes silently
 covering shafts of sunlight, drifting through the
 clouded sky.

He breathes more deeply more steadily
 He coughs and splutters and then awakes from his
 cumbersome sleep.

The heavy breathing stops and with it the fog
 disappears.
 The sun shines once again.

Andrew Stevenson L7H

THE ROCK-HOPPER PENGUIN

The penguin is a jolly fella
 He has punkish hair bright yella
 Everyday he sits and plays
 Then he falls into a daze.

He torpedoes through the water
 Like a little baby otter
 With his fella companions he mocks
 Then he jumps onto the rocks.

Morwen Robbie L7H





WINTER FUN

Winter, winter is a fun and favourite time of year,
 Throwing snowballs, having fun,
 Ski-ing down the snow covered mountains.
 People falling all over the place.
 Graceful skaters skate on frozen ponds,
 Lots of laughter, cries of joy,
 Joyful faces, rosy cheeks,
 And bright red noses as bright as Rudolf's.
 Snowflakes gently falling,
 Footprints printed in the cold white snow.
 Families sitting by their cosy fires,
 Preparing for Christmas, which soon will be there.
 Sisters, brothers, Mums and Dads,
 Enjoying the warm dinners by the fire.
 Children lying in bed with their hot water bottle,
 And ted.
 All this reminds me of winter.

Ashley Ryce L5C



THE HUNT

Terror flooded over me as I heard the faint echo of the horn. The hunt for me had begun.

I leapt to my feet and ran for my life. The thunder of hooves grew louder and louder. My heart began to pound. Not daring to look back, I darted in and out of the tall trees.

"There he is," the leader cried. "After him."

I raced to the nearest boulder and lay behind it. Paralysed with fear, I smelt the hounds go past, then, without a moment to lose I retraced my scent out of the wood to safety. My ears pricked, as I heard the sound I felt sure I had lost, the snarling and barks of the hounds. Panic overcame me as I hesitated on what to do. Danger wouldn't leave my side.

On and on I raced but there was no hope of losing them. The nearest hound seemed only centimetres from my tail. Then I heard a thud. A hound had pounced and missed me by an inch. My heart pounded twice as fast as usual. I was almost going to let myself be shot, when I spotted something which looked like a cliff which would at least stop the humans coming after me. Swiftly I ran to it and stalked up a narrow path to the top. As I looked down I saw the humans dismounting their horses and calling to their dogs to come. I was full of relief and proud to lose such experienced hunters. Suddenly I heard a loud bang and felt huge pain in my hind leg.

Then I heard a shout, "We've killed him, let's come back tomorrow and collect him."

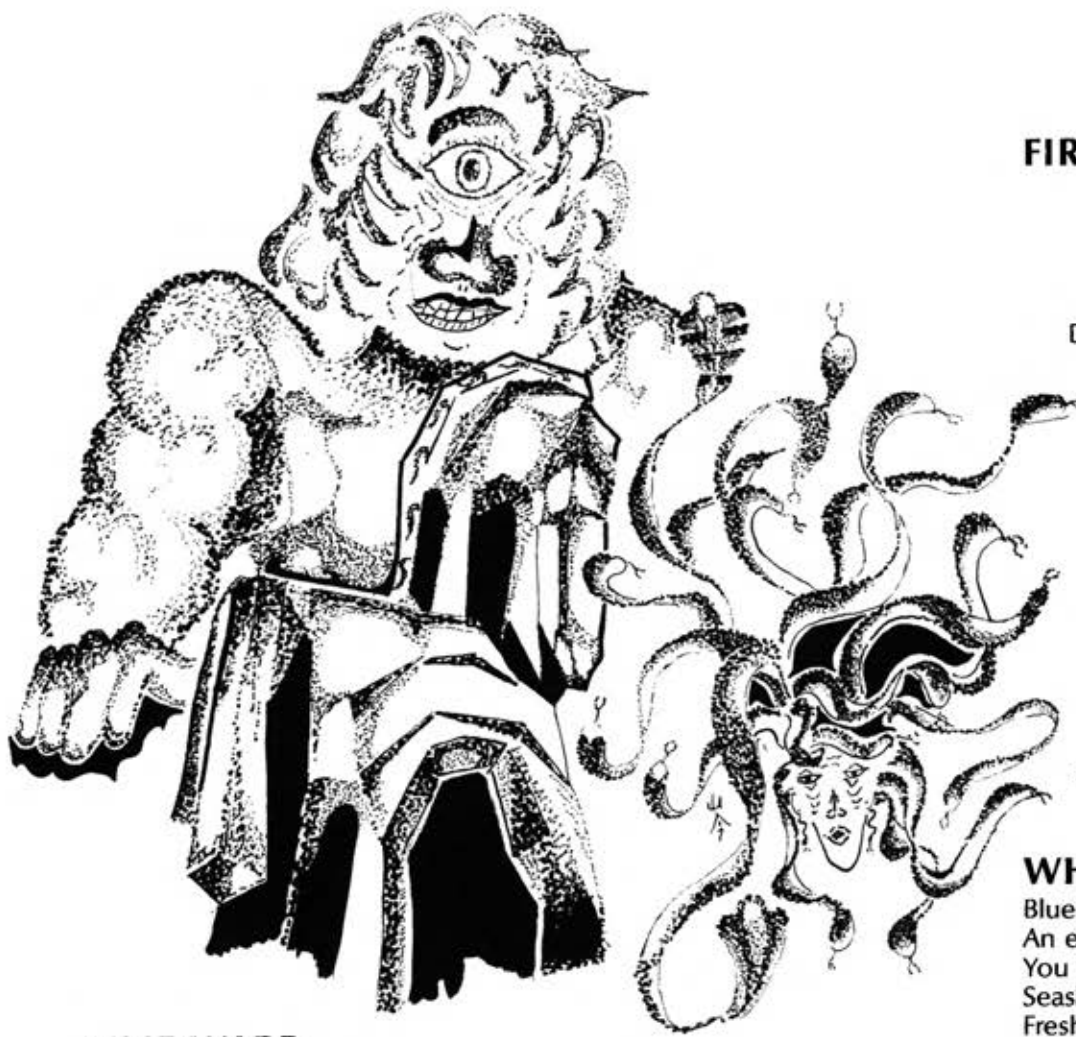
After the hunters had gone I limped towards a cave and lay there. After a short while a vixen and fox came to nurse me.

In the morning a fox came in and told the vixen to help me to the back of the cave before the hunters came back to collect me.

As I lay at the back of the cave, I heard angry voices saying, "Where's the creature?"

Fear washed over me as I heard them come into the cave and look around. Then after a short while went out. With help, I limped back to the pack. Within a few days my leg had healed. Never would I forget that hunt.

Emma Fletcher LVID



FIREBIRD POETRY

Gold
Glinting
Nest of flames
Rare, majestic
Daughter of the sun
Feathers
Glowing
Mystic bird
Starry
Strange

Fairy like
Imperial
Radiant
Enchanting
Beautiful
Immortal
Ruby feathers
Dreamlike
Spangles, sparkling

Claire Lowe, L5D

WHAT IS BLUE?

Blue is an ocean,
An evening light,
You can smell blue in many a thing.
Seashores and spring waterfalls
Fresh air too.
And if you listen
You can hear blue.
In the wind of gales.
And if the waves crashing,
Blue is a cold. Freezing feeling.

Juliette Botterhill LV1L

TIME WARP

I'm going going going
Medusa with snakes for hair,
Look at her and you'll get a scare,
She'll turn you to hard stone,
Your leg, your eye, your bone,
Her hair will hiss,
Murder is bliss bliss bliss

The cyclops the one eyed beast,
Would love a big feast,
Of men, a hen, a wren,
Of cats, a bat, a rat,
He lives in a cave,
With peasants as slaves slaves slaves

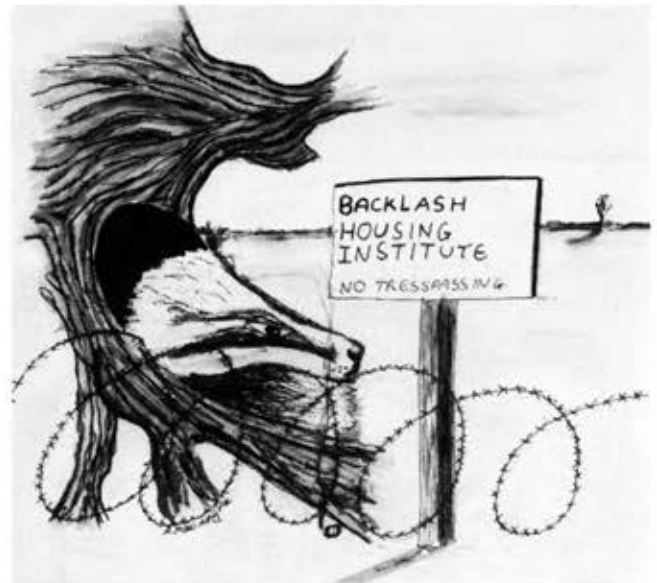
The Trojan horse that deadly trap,
Open it up and you'll get a snap,
Made from olive trees,
Get on your knees,
Or you'll get a nasty end end end
Forever forever forever

Michael Stone LVIM

BULLDOZER MENACE

The village of Serthly was buzzing with talk about the new housing estate to be built on the edge of Brockley Forest. The forest is a favourite spot where the deer graze and breed. Badgers build their setts behind small humps there and squirrels live in the trees.

The forest has trees and plants such as the pine, oak and ferns. The air is clean and fresh. Stoats run through the wood scampering for food. Rabbits and hares are often seen grazing on the grass. Fawns leaping and playing through the trees. Woodland birds are found searching for worms in the earth.



Backlash Housing Institute was the name of the company that planned to destroy the piece of land. Mr Victor Backlash, who owned the company, was a small, fat man with thinnish black hair. He always wore a brown jacket, waistcoat and a pink tie. Most of the time he would have a cigar hanging out of his mouth. He spoke sternly to the members of the public about "looking to the future" and "the march of progress".

Ross Cargill L7H



A RECIPE FOR FEAR

Ingredients

2 pounds of bad exam results
 4 ounces of floorboards creaking
 A dash of swaying curtains
 7 pounds of a night in the graveyard
 3 ounces of flickering lights
 5 pounds of horror films
 3 spoonfuls of scary films
 6 ounces of the wind howling
 9 ounces of power cuts
 4 pounds of children's homes
 16 ounces of pain
 2 pounds of bees

First take a large bowl and sift ingredients thoroughly. Whisk this nicely, and while whisking add a dash of owls hooting and 3 ounces of angry teachers. Leave this to cook for three hours in a medium oven then put it in a cool dry place.

Gary Blinkhorne LVIL

THE BLACK CAT

The sleek, sinuous body of the cat,
 Scouring the ground for a mouse or a rat
 As he crawls forward, head to the ground
 He's seen his prey, now he's ready to bound.
 The poor mouse knows not his defeat
 But luckily for the cat, he's got something to eat.
 The cat pounces, the mouse wriggles like an eel
 Ten minutes later, the cat's got a meal.

Peter Maclaren L7H

LOST

I remember the time when I lost my mum, it was in Marks and Spencers. It was about half a year ago (6 months) and I was very scared. My mum was talking to a friend called Betty, and I went off to look at the plants. I then went to see my mum but, what was this, my mum had gone. I started to cry and then I rubbed my eyes with a handkerchief and went to the lady at the till. I went up to her and said, "I'm lost, please could you help me find my mum?" And then she said, "Of course I will." She asked me my name and I said, "Claire McCormack." Then she called through the tannoy, "Mrs McCormack come to till 3 please!" Suddenly, I saw my mum rushing towards me and she gave me a big hug. When we got home she said to me, "Don't ever wander in the shops again." And from that day onwards I've never got lost yet.

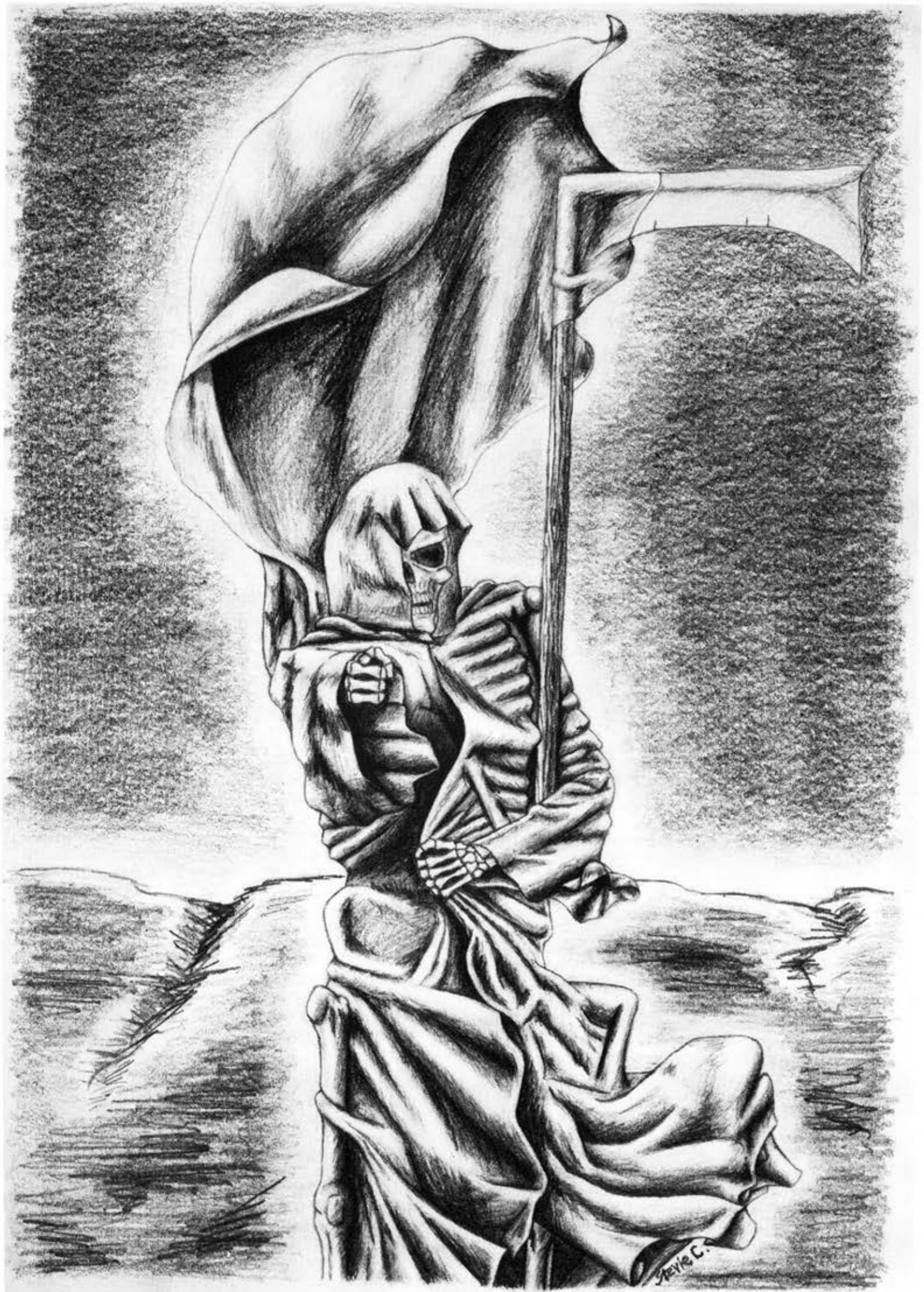
Claire McCormack LIVG

PUSSY

We have a cat called Pussy,
 It is a funny name!
 You see, we didn't buy her
 but love her just the same.

She came to us one morning,
 a frightened little cat.
 We took her in and fed her
 and now, she loves us back!

Karina Forster, LIVB





FORMULA ONE CARS AND DRIVERS OF 1989 SEASON

Atmospheric Writing

The scarlet Ferrari sporting number 27 snaked its way down the pit-lane and slid to a halt in front of the workshop, amidst a sea of yellow and black clothed mechanics. Nigel Mansell hurriedly unbuckled his crash helmet and, having risen from the cock-pit, placed his helmet and fire-proof gloves on the seat. The driver ruffled his matted hair and rubbed his eyes in a sort of daze as he staggered towards the electronic timing system of his pit. A joyous cry was emitted by the team manager, Cesare Fiorio, as he confirmed the best qualifying time set by his star driver. "Is that a big enough cushion against . . .?" The end of the driver's sentence tailed off, but Fiorio knew at once the driver in question. "I'm not sure. You're on for the moment, though," came the lilting Italian reply. The driver wandered pensively over to a folding chair. He sat down and closed his eyes, regaining his expended energy.

A few feet away, on his customary perch of the pit-lane wall, sat the record-breaking driver, Alain Prost, his arms tucked neatly round his knee. Tossing an intrigued glance at the passing cars and keeping a close watch on the television monitor in front of him, he was well up on the current qualifying positions. From time to time, he would leave his seat and go to collect one of the flimsy polystyrene cups filled with coffee. He would then return almost immediately to his vantage point, and it was clear that he was holding back for a final assault on pole position in the closing moments of the final qualifying session for the following day's British Grand Prix.

Out on the track, streaming into the start — finish straight, was the ominously familiar red and white McLaren — Honda of reigning world champion, Ayrton Senna. The Brazilian was about to give his all on this lap, to shave a few hundredths of a second off the Ferrari's time. "OK. I'm going now!" The heavy South American accent reverberated on the car-to-pit radio. The McLaren slid easily into top gear and careered over the start-finish line, as the electronic timer clocked onto the attempted lap. Luckily for Senna, on his particular attempt, the track was fairly free of traffic. It was a typically stunning Senna lap, and the result was clear as he finished the lap. A stunned silence followed by a rapturous applause by the wavers of the green and yellow flags, greeted the news that three hundredths of a second had been chipped off Mansell's qualifying time. "Congratulations Ayrton. Come on in. That's your last set of tyres."

In the pit lane, a disgruntled Mansell commanded the mechanics to set the car up again, and put on his final set of qualifying rubbers. His team-mate, the Austrian Gerhard Berger, sat in his race car watching the monitor fixed to the front of his car. "Hey Gerhard!" The Austrian glanced up to see his team-mate standing over him. "What's the time like?" Mansell inquired. "About ten minutes to go. I'll have to settle for fourth.

WINNER OF THE BLOCK PRIZE FOR CREATIVE WRITING

These rubbers are shot, and that is my lot." Mansell strapped himself back into the race car, and cleared the pit-lane a matter of seconds before Alain Prost's McLaren slithered onto the track in a streak of blue smoke. Both drivers launched into their obligatory warm-up laps, before the intended flying tour of the circuit.

Meanwhile, Senna had finished his day's work, and was satisfied that he had done enough, although his outward five showed little bit displeasure. He started as much as anyone else at the sight of flickering red flags appearing suddenly all round the circuit. There was a panic in the Benetton pit, and in a high distraught voice, "It's Emanuele!". He pointed at a red flag. "I thought he disappeared from the lap chart a moment ago, and now I am certain." He pushed his mouth-piece closer to his face and shrieked into the radio, "Emanuele! Emanuele! What's the problem, over?" The line hissed and crackled, but made no connection. "Can someone get me this on screen?" Just then, an embarrassed but evidently healthy Emanuele Piro sauntered into the pit-lane; his helmet hanging over his arm. He smiled sheepishly when he saw his pit-crew. "I had a bit of an argument with the car. It didn't like the chicane." "You're alright! someone called. "Yes, but I'm afraid the cars really not." His manager snorted at the statement and muttered something in Italian. He removed his head-set and thumped it down on the computer terminal in front of him. "Right, somebody hold on for me here. I'm going round to see the mess and I want four mechanics with me. It could be an all-night job getting that car together, so let's get the show on the road now."

The announcement at the end of the practice session was called out over the tannoy, and the track was still blocked by a shattered Benetton. Yellow flags indicating the oil spilled on troubled water, fluttered solemnly alongside their red comrades, in the calming breeze which was descending on the track.

Senna had pole position and a frustrated Mansell and a vexed Prost could do nothing but return resignedly to the pits. They met as they bitterly uprooted themselves from their cockpits. "Great, isn't it?" muttered the Englishman sardonically. The Frenchman smiled wistfully. "Sometimes I think he's not far from the truth after all, when he says God's on his side. What marvellous timing accidents have!" The Frenchman seated himself beside team manager, Ron Dennis, to discuss the setup of the car for the race. A petulant Mansell, head bowed, walked through the workshop. He looked up only once during his pilgrimage, when he saw his team-mate. The Englishman sliced the air with a toss of his hand, as he shook his head. "Why . . .?" Always a pertinent question in the unpredictable world of the Formula One Grand Prix.

Julia C. Walker FV



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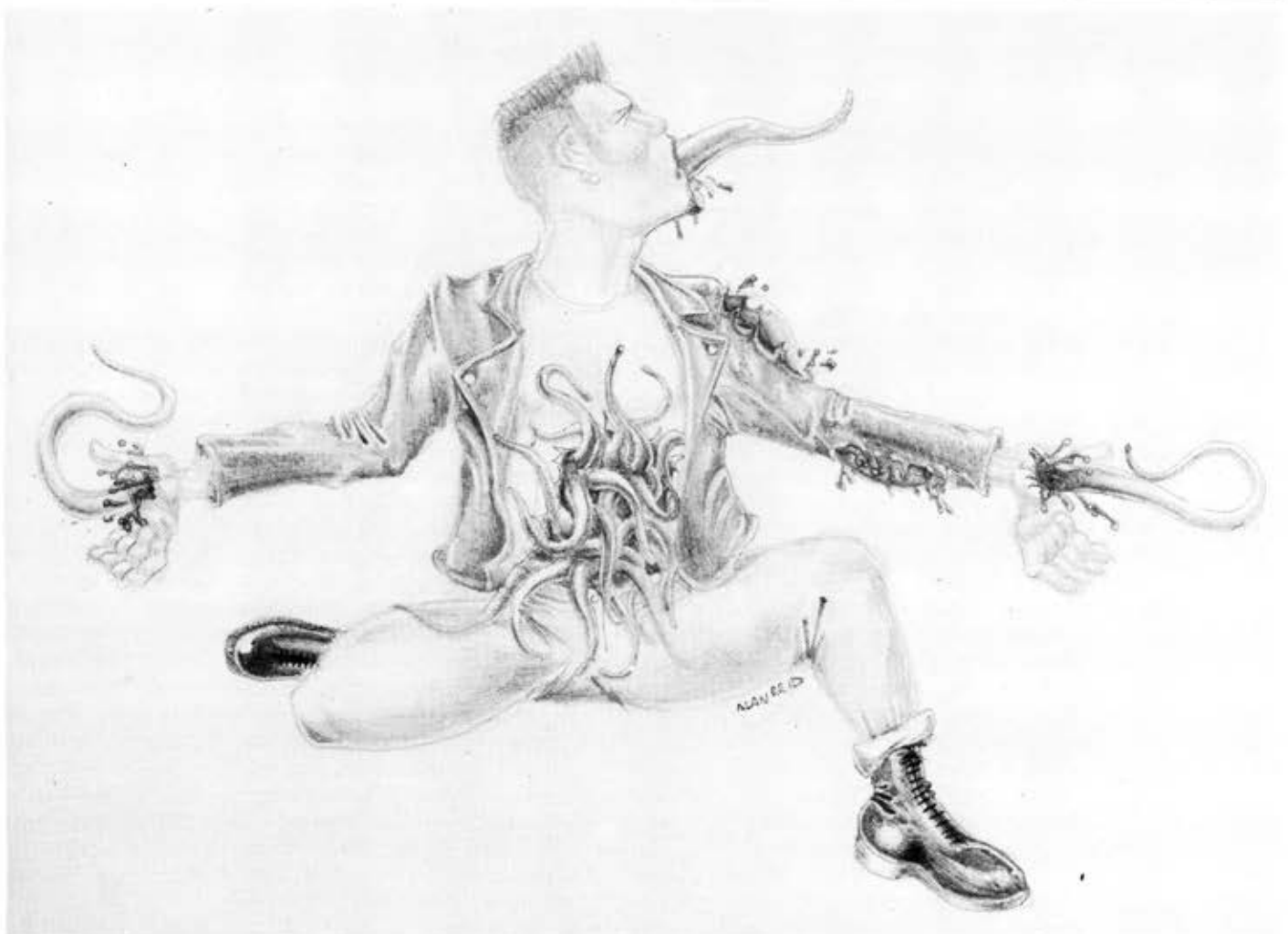
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THE LADY OF THE HOUSE

Ghost Story

by Fiona Hamilton F2

What woke me up that morning was the sound of Dad and Uncle Bill hammering. I tried to ignore it but it went on and on and I eventually gave up trying to sleep and staggered downstairs sleepily. Dad and Uncle Bill were knocking out stone from a blocked up window to put a new one in.

One way of getting Dad to stop work is to shout "Coffee!" I did and in two minutes he was in the kitchen looking like a chimney sweep and holding a large glass jar. Dad and Uncle Bill had found it in a cavity in the wall.

With some difficulty they managed to get the jar open and in it was a photograph, a diary and a bundle of letters.

The photograph was old and obviously taken at our back door. It was a picture of the farm group. In the centre was the farmer, a tall middle aged man whose name we learned from the diary was John Allison and his wife Jeannie who was the author of it all. The grievance and the horseman held a beautiful pair of Clydesdales at each side of the photograph and in the front were the two maids. All of them stared woodenly at the camera.

Dad read the diary then looked at the letters. All the letters were marked "RETURN TO SENDER".

Dad told the story "Jeannie McGuire was a minister's daughter from Aberdeenshire. Somehow she met John, ran off with him then married him. The letters were to her parents pleading for forgiveness and requests to make contact. Her father never forgave her and returned every letter.

Jeannie loved living here but she missed one thing very, very much — a friend."

We all felt sorry for her.

Dad put the papers back in the jar and resealed it announcing that he was going to put it back in the wall. I begged for the photograph but I was refused it. Uncle Bill told me that Jeannie had her reasons for putting them there and we would respect them. They were returned to the cavity and built back in.

A few weeks later Dad had promised to help me rearrange the furniture in my study when Tom, our neighbour came in asking Dad to help him move some paving slabs. Off he went taking mum as an assistant, I was furious. Bad tempered I heaved up a bookcase, marched out my door and promptly fell down the stairs.

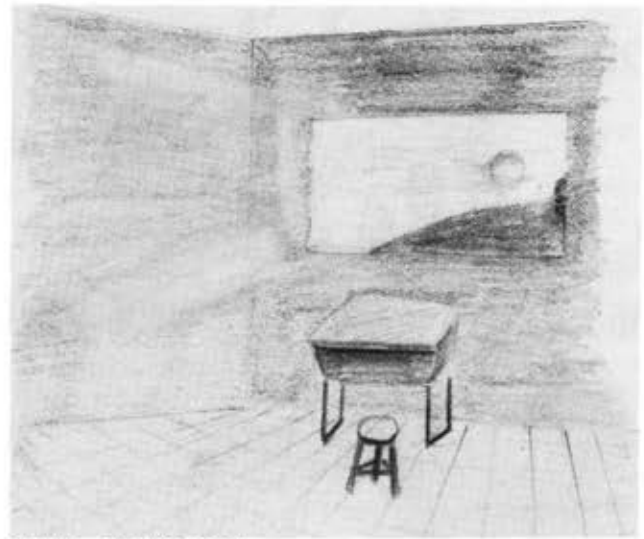
The first that Mum and Dad knew about it was when the ambulance came into our drive. It turned out I had broken my leg, hit my head, and had concussion.

I was lying in hospital feeling sorry for myself and Dad was going on.

"Fiona, if you were unconscious how did you get your broken leg from underneath you? How did you manage to get the bookcase to lean on the wall on the other side of the hall, and how did you manage to 'phone for an ambulance?"

I did not know, but a few days later I did. I was in my own bed feeling rather sore, when I looked over at the photoframes on my cupboard. In the frame with the photograph of my dog was the farm photograph, and Jeannie was smiling.

She had made a friend at last.



THE SCHOOL

The cold stone walls, and tiled floor
Trodden by a thousand feet, or more,
Silent and still in the dead of the night
Lit only by the eerie, white light
Of the moon.

The corridors silent and classrooms so still
The school is a tiger waiting to kill.
We are the prey in that cold, lonely place
Hatred and greed can be seen on its face.

But the sun will shine in, tomorrow will come
Classrooms and corridors filled with the hum
Of children.

The spell will be broken, laughter and love
Will radiate out from the face of the dove
That the tiger's turned into with speed and
with might

"The school's not the same in the day and the
night".

Joy Goodman (Form III)

MY MORNING MACHINE

My machine helps me get up in the morning. I need this because I am nearly always in a rush to get up in time for my bus.

The machine is situated on two shelves over my bed. The lower one is for school days and the higher shelf is for non-school days. On the lower shelf is an alarm clock which wakes me up at 7.30 a.m. The sound of this alarm activates the breakfast making section. This consists of a toast-making machine and a drink-making machine. When the food is ready, it slides down a chute and stops on a table beside my bed. The next section is the washhand basin and the tooth brush stand. After I have used these two pieces of apparatus, a remote-control coathanger swings out and helps me dress.

The top shelf, however, is much shorter. It consists of an alarm which switches on a television which is also on the top shelf. Beside the television is a video recorder. I can use a remote-control device to switch the video on and off. The remote-control can also switch off and on a radio which is situated on the shelf.

Now that you have heard my description of this machine, I think you will agree that it is a great asset both to me and my father, who has the problem of waking me up in the morning. I hope one day to market it and so become a millionaire.

Neil Marshall 1B2



Jan 14 '90

HOSTAGE!

I came round slowly, my head rolling gently to the left and right, as if trying to build up the momentum to ignite a hidden source of energy within my bedraggled body. A blanket of cold air smothered my half asleep body and shocked me in full consciousness, and I shivered violently as the might of the freezing temperatures pummelled me into submission. I opened my eyes sharply and closed them again within the instant as two daggers of deadly sunlight pierced my eyes and drove themselves throughout my entire body. I yelled out in intense pain and then calmed down as I adjusted my body to cope with the harsh climate which surrounded me. Suddenly a huge pair of hands grabbed and shook me violently while a blanket was dropped over my body and as my eyesight returned I surveyed my situation.

My head reeled as I tried to fathom out why I was still in my school uniform and then I realised that my uniform was not the only strange thing I was wearing. I tried to stand up from the chair I was bound to and as I moved I winced in agony as the rope dug deep into my body. I looked up in astonishment and gasped in shock when I saw two enormous men, eagerly brandishing awesome machine guns. Perhaps the many layers of clothes they sported made their appearances more impressive than the reality, but I couldn't help staring at them in admiration. One of them barked out a stream of words in a rough, coarse dialect which I could not instantly comprehend and the other roared in laughter. Then, something inside the tunnels in my brain moved positively and I began to work out more clearly my predicament.

The two men were Calabrians, from the south of the country where I lived, Italy. Their huge forms, deep voices, dark tans and mammoth hands were the trademark of the people of the land where the Mafia originated. It was bitterly cold because they had taken me to the mountains of the Piedmont, not far from my home in Turin in the north of Italy. I glanced out of the window for confirmation, and congratulated myself on my brilliance as I looked out onto the picture postcard landscape typical of the southern tip of the Alps. A smile broke across my face as I studied the landscape outside but it vanished instantly as I remembered my desperate situation. I had been kidnapped by the Mafia. My father who was a prominent industrialist and multi-millionaire had often told me about the incident where he escaped from a kidnap attempt, but, tragically, lost his leg as a shower of bullets caught it and blew it into pieces.

A depression descended upon me as I remembered what my father had said. They had failed to capture him; but he had lost a leg as he escaped and he was lucky! The television news broadcasts were permanently littered with stories of kidnaps and murders due to the Mafia and other terrorist organisations and a chilling statistic emerged in my thoughts which I had heard once on the main evening news. Ninety-five per cent of all kidnap victims in Italy were usually assassinated.

Inside, my body writhed and struggled to break free of the bonds that held me down but I did not physically because the ropes were so tremendously tight that my young, underdeveloped frame had no chance of winning a battle against the ropes. I prayed and prayed and found a new truth in God I never knew I possessed as I tried to will my father to pay the extortionate ransom the Mafia would be asking for my freedom.

Suddenly, another huge man entered the small wooden hut where I was being held hostage. He threw his machine gun carelessly onto the one table which furnished the hut and lit a cigarette. One of the other men left the hut and looking out through the window, I followed him as he disappeared into a wood, his hands fumbling in the cold for his fly. I smiled again as I remembered that huge men like these Calabrian Mafia gangsters, mighty and untouchable with their machine guns, still succumbed to the calls of nature.

Then I heard it. A small, sharp crack of gunfire pierced the crisp mountain air and echoed off the sides of the valley. I saw the gangster collapse to the ground, spinning and weaving in his last agonising moments of life before landing in a crumpled, dead heap. The two other kidnapers were stunned into action. They grabbed their machine guns and covered the window and door, wielding their weapons of death with menace and shivering not with cold, but with raw terror.

In my excitement, I lost my balance and my chair tipped over. The Calabrians were too mortified to notice me, and I crawled awkwardly under the table for cover, like the hostages and heroes always did when a gunfight was going to take place in a television show. My heart raced with excitement at what was going on around me and the prospect of release. My soul was jumping up and down in sheer joy and I felt the same elation I might feel if I scored a goal for my school football team. A vast smile spread across my face and I nearly started celebrating before it was all over.

But my mind brought me down to earth with a huge crash as I remembered that nightmare fact I had heard on the television. Ninety-five per cent of all kidnap victims in Italy were usually assassinated. I tried to stop it but my mind kept on repeating the statistic and soon I was reciting it out loud, my eyes shut tight, my stomach curled up and twisted in fear and my body shivering not with the cold, but with mindnumbing terror.

My fear ended quickly though as a volley of gunfire smashed through the hut, destroying the two Calabrians. They fell to the floor, without even replying with their gun, dead. I looked round and saw one of the gangsters on the floor at me, his cigarette still burning. I screamed and screamed again and my screaming became louder as the door of the hut came crashing down and further shots strafed the hut. Soldiers stormed through the gap, their guns ablaze, spitting death. The shooting stopped and they freed me quickly from the chair that held me and carried me out. I cried pathetically as a wave of relief fell upon me. I was free.

Robin Young Form 4

OMEGA

Omega is the name of this cat,
Who undoubtedly has never caught a rat.
Silent and grey,
He slides down the stair
As if on skis which are not there.
He has a soft smooth fur
And a motor-like purr,
But when a dog he spies
With his bright yellow eyes,
He darts off in a hurry
With his feet in a flurry
And his big bushy tail
As sharp as a nail.

By Sheila Macfarlane (F1)



JENNY ESTILL F4

"REMEMBER, REMEMBER, THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER"

It happened six years ago, on bonfire night. This particular incident, which I myself witnessed, completely changed my views on fireworks, and on a variety of other things. Let me take you back to November the fifth, nineteen hundred and eighty-two.

It was a crisp, November day. I had just arrived home from school and dusk was beginning to set in. I felt very excited, and I turned hyperactive for the evening, much to the annoyance of my mother. For that very night we were attending a fireworks party at our friend's house. The prospect of going to such a party was a new experience for me. Up until the age of eight, my parents never considered me old or responsible enough to get involved with fireworks. I had never really seen a firework from close up: the nearest I had ever been was about half a mile when I observed the noisy, sparkling spectacle of a fireworks display from my bedroom window. But this was my big break. At last I would be able to join in the fun and laughter, and witness my glittering dreams as they rose to the sky with a cacophony of bangs and pops and a myriad of bright, flashing light. So, as you can well imagine, I was bubbling with joy and excitement at the prospect of an unforgettable night — and unforgettable it was to be.

I shovelled down my tea which was placed in front of me and then immediately bolted up to my room to prepare myself, without a hint of thanks to my mother. I dressed as warmly as I could, sensibly, to keep me warm and also as a protection against stray fireworks (on the advice of my father). I was ready far before anybody else and I jiggled about impatiently waiting for the rest of my family. After what seemed like an eternity my family, all dressed in their woolly hats and scarves eventually ventured beyond the warmth of the house into the icy hands of night.

Soon, we arrived at our friend's house amongst whoops and giggles of delight from myself and my brothers. We were welcomed in and all the guests made their way round to the back garden. There were several other children of my age present at the party and we all gathered at the front of the throngs of guests. There were a large number of fireworks to be let off and a huge bonfire at the other end of the garden. Soon the first fireworks made their presence known with resounding explosions which lit up the sky with bright flashes of blue, green and red light. Rockets zoomed up into the night sky, illuminating it so it seemed as if it were day. Gasps of wonderment escaped from mouths open at the sight before everyone. Catherine wheels fizzled round and round in a shroud of piercing sparks. But all the fun, all the joy and excitement was not to last. A certain cone shaped firework was placed upon the grass, and lit as all the others had been. The flame on top fizzed away with ominous glee. Then, all of a sudden it appeared to go out. Jeers of disapproval came from all round. The youngsters faces fell, including my own. A young boy to the side of me, who was obviously not aware of the dangers of fireworks, ran over to the cone in front of him before any adult could stop him, and much to everyone's horror, picked up the object and with great curiosity held it in front of his face and peered into it. With a fizzling laugh the evil flame rekindled and instantly in a jet of white hot sparks, the cone shot off in the young boy's face.

The crowd was gripped with mass hysteria. An adult

whipped the screaming boy from his feet and dashed off into the house to attend to his horrific injuries. Shouts and yells filled my head from all around so I shut out everything by closing my eyes and grasping tightly on to my mother.

Since this incident, I have always been nervous of going near fireworks, even though I am old enough to realise if you act safely and responsibly, you will be safe. It is like an inbuilt fear that I cannot seem to shake off. Again and again I am reminded of that dreadful accident, and whenever fireworks are being used, I always act in a safe and sensible manner. If I, or my friends are tempted to act foolishly with fireworks, the incident of six years ago serves as a constant reminder to me — never fool around with fireworks.

Simon Petrie FIV

DEATHTRAP

David Rommel began sorting through the mail that had just arrived in the early morning post. There was nothing much out of the ordinary — just the usual irritating timeshare offers that never seemed to stop pouring through the front door and several bills that only served as a painful reminder of his worsening financial predicament. He put aside these bills and picked up a hand-written letter that lay in front of him on the breakfast table. It was not too often he received letters of this sort so with increasing curiosity he reached for his letter-opener and slit open the envelope, glad of the welcome relief from demands from his bank and creditors.

As he unfolded the sheet of letter-writing paper and began to read with growing interest its contents, his wife entered the room to clear the breakfast table. "Anything new?" asked Mrs Rommel, trying to show some interest in her husband's mail. "That's odd" remarked Rommel as he folded up the letter and replaced it in the envelope. "It's a letter from my old business friend, Robert Anderson. We were at university together. He apparently wants me to contact him urgently to discuss a new business venture with him. All he says is to meet him at his office on the other side of the city as soon as possible. I haven't seen him in years."

Mrs Rommel picked up the letter and began scanning it with apparent indifference, while her husband sat down with chin resting on hands, contemplating its contents. "He sounds serious. You had better go and see him," muttered Mrs Rommel as she began clearing the table. "Anyway, I have an appointment at the opticians in half an hour or so, I must be going soon." Her words did not gain any response from Rommel, who was still deep in thought.

Eventually, he got up from his chair and wandered into the hallway, where his wife was putting on an overcoat. "I suppose I should go and visit him," he said, as his wife reached for her handbag. "There's nothing much happening at work at the moment and I've nothing better to do."

The two then departed company, Rommel assuring his wife that he would be back by evening. As he climbed into his car it began to drizzle, a feature of the weather that had become all too familiar over the past few weeks. Then, with his mind still pondering over the letter, David Rommel ventured out into the seemingly endless stream of traffic that passed by his house every day. It took him nearly 40 minutes to find the address given in the letter; a combination of heavy traffic and worsening weather conditions had slowed him down

considerably. The area in which the office was situated was in fact quite isolated from the main area of the city, and the part that he was now in consisted mainly of derelict warehouses and empty offices that reflected the changing economy of the city.

As Rommel stepped out onto the narrow pavement, he paused to look again at the address quoted in the letter, seeking confirmation that he had indeed come to the correct place. He had made no mistake — according to the letter he was only a few blocks away from Anderson's office. He began walking in the direction of where he had judged the office to be, the cold wind and rain biting at his skin. There was not much sign of life around and Rommel guessed that this was due to the atrocious weather that the city had been suffering over the past week.

It did not take Rommel long to reach his destination but his heart sank as he looked up at the dreary third floor office where he presumed Anderson's office to be situated. Rommel contemplated forgetting the whole escapade and returning to the warmth of his own home, but his curiosity finally persuaded him to mount the narrow and dim flight of stairs that led up to the third floor office. There was still no sign of life and Rommel examined the letter for a third time. He was beginning to question his own sanity. What had possessed him to come chasing out here to the middle of nowhere in such miserable weather?

But as he reached the third floor he caught sight of a light at the far end of the corridor and began to walk slowly towards it. His footsteps were clearly audible in the silence that prevailed throughout the building. But at the end of the corridor there was no more than an empty office that had obviously not been used for some time. The sudden realisation struck him that the entire building was completely empty. Rommel had had enough of this 'wild goose chase' and so he turned, annoyed at the time he had wasted, and began to make his way towards the staircase he had just climbed up.

But Rommel had been wrong. The office he had turned his back on was not completely empty. "David". His name echoed softly around the corridor, the half whisper only gradually dying away. That voice was familiar. He slowly turned to meet its source. But Rommel had not heard the soft metallic click that was mingled in with his whispered name, and when he turned he was confronted with the barrel of a gun. Before he had time to cry out, the distinctive sharp crack of an automatic pistol reverberated about the empty building. David Rommel fell to the ground with a deep thud. He breathed his last breath.

From behind the office door his wife stepped out into the deathly still corridor and she smiled an evil smile. She walked down to the street below, pulled her overcoat around her neck and continued walking along the desolate streets.

But the streets were not completely desolate. Some fifty yards behind her a police car was crawling alongside the kerb. Her every move was being watched.

Grant Ogilvie Form 4

THE CITY CARRIES ON

The leaves fall,
Dried, dead, gold;
The ivy dings,
Clean, bright, bold.
The city carries on.

The bustle, the money,
The time, the rush,
The city carries on.
The cheers, the tears,
The fears, the must,
The city carries on.

Yet above the city,
Stands a man who is detached.
No cheers, no tears for him, he's vowed,
He, whose heart has been snatched.
The city carries on.

There he stands, up there,
The one man seeing far,
"Have no pity for the city!"
He cries to sun and star.
The city carries on.

The tears fall,
He weeps, fades,
The leaves fall,
Alone in the glades.
The city carries on.

He stands up there,
At one with nature:
The leaves fall,
The leaves dry,
The leaves rot.
The city carries on.

by Colin E. Stewart 4B3

A VIEW FROM A PRETENDED AGE

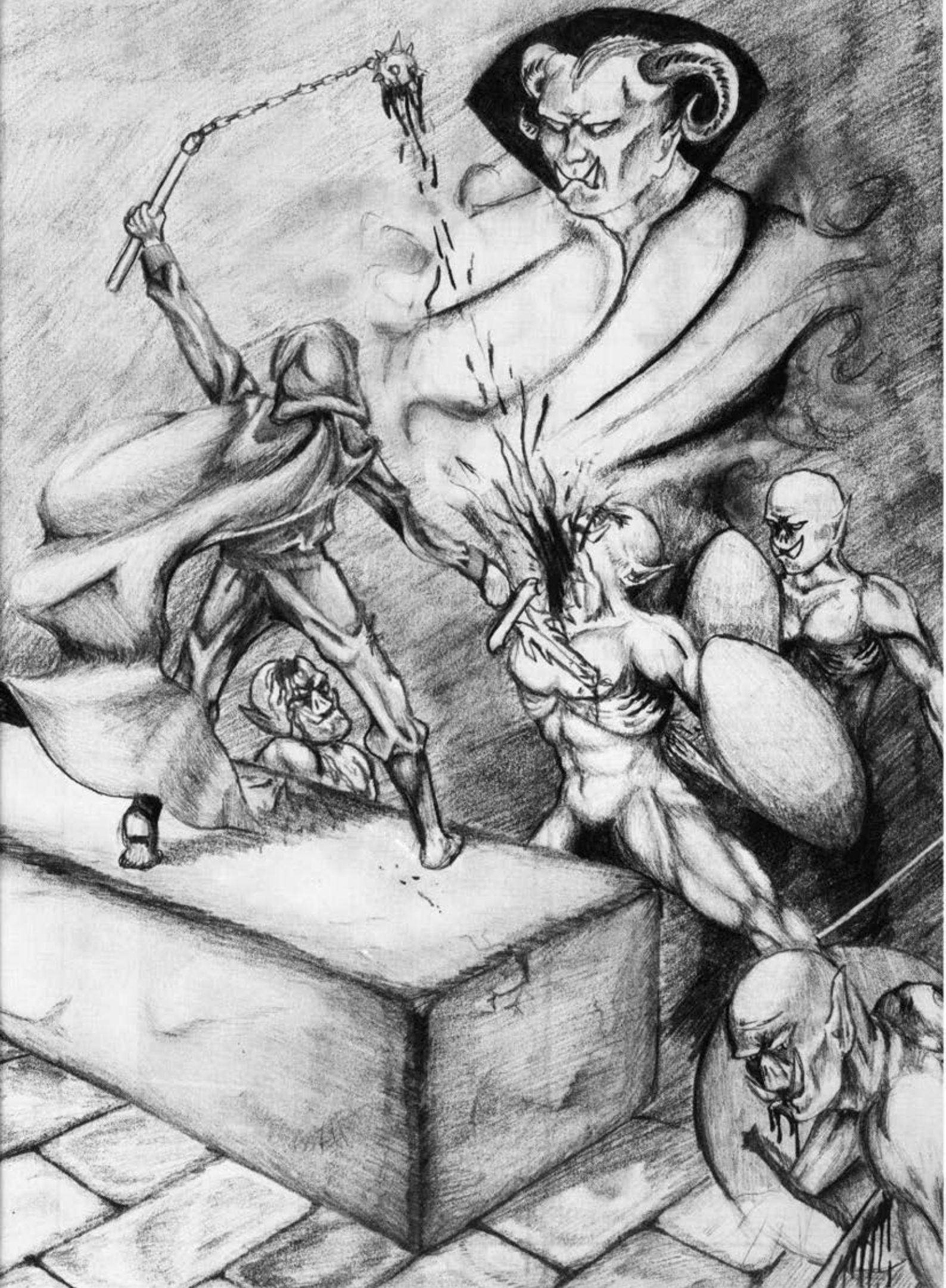
When I hear Scotland spoken about it reminds me of my home that I lived in from when I was born till I finished my many school years. My house was a reasonably big two-storey house built of sandstone. I think its name was Aithmuir and I remember that when I was about 18 years old it was about 170 years old. The house still stands but the name has changed and the house has had many alterations and the two sheds, one a steading which is the same age as the house but the wooden roofs which were slated were getting dangerous. The other shed was just a corrugated iron semi-circular shed held up by a metal beam. The one thing I remember about that shed was that it had a very old tractor with a yellow rusty pea cutter at the back of it.

In the house itself there were three rooms I remember most and they were the kitchen, the morning room — where we ate and normally dumped our school bags and any other bags and the other room was my bedroom. My bedroom holds my greatest memories because that was where I nearly always studied and did my homework and of course I slept there as well. I remember my room as being big and roomy but nearly always cold because we did not have any central heating in our house.

There was a good view from my bedroom window and because we lived in the country we had a spacious garden. One thing I most remember was when I was 13 a parachute club started up business in the old army airfield, a field away from our house. The buzz of the parachute plane still comes back to me if I am at an airshow that has some old fashioned planes.

If only I could go back to the house as it is now with so many of the new inventions I could relive so many old memories.

Richard Hope (F2B)



THE DUNDEE TIMES

16th February, 1990

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20p

STORM WRECKS HOME

Last night at 2.00 a.m. a severe storm caused a tree to fall and wreck a home.

The incident took place at the house in the grounds of the Woodlands Hotel, Barnhill. There are many large trees in this area.

Luckily, no one was hurt but the tree did cause a lot of damage to the house.

Damage was caused as the tree crashed straight through the top of the building, into the children's bedrooms.

The woodwork was damaged badly and so were the rooms.

Mr Winton, the owner of the house, said: "We recently had two large old trees chopped down and we thought that the

house would now be safe. We certainly did not expect this tree to blow over."

The 100 feet high tree was said to be unsafe, according to the local council, as it was bending at an angle towards the house.

Many more houses were badly damaged last night, but none as seriously as Mr and Mrs Winton's.

The manager of the Woodlands Hotel said; "I heard a loud crash at about 2.00 a.m. A late night function had just finished and the waitresses were about to tidy the hall."

Fortunately, Joanna aged 10, and John aged 8, were downstairs in the kitchen, at the time of the incident having a

midnight meal, without their parents' permission.

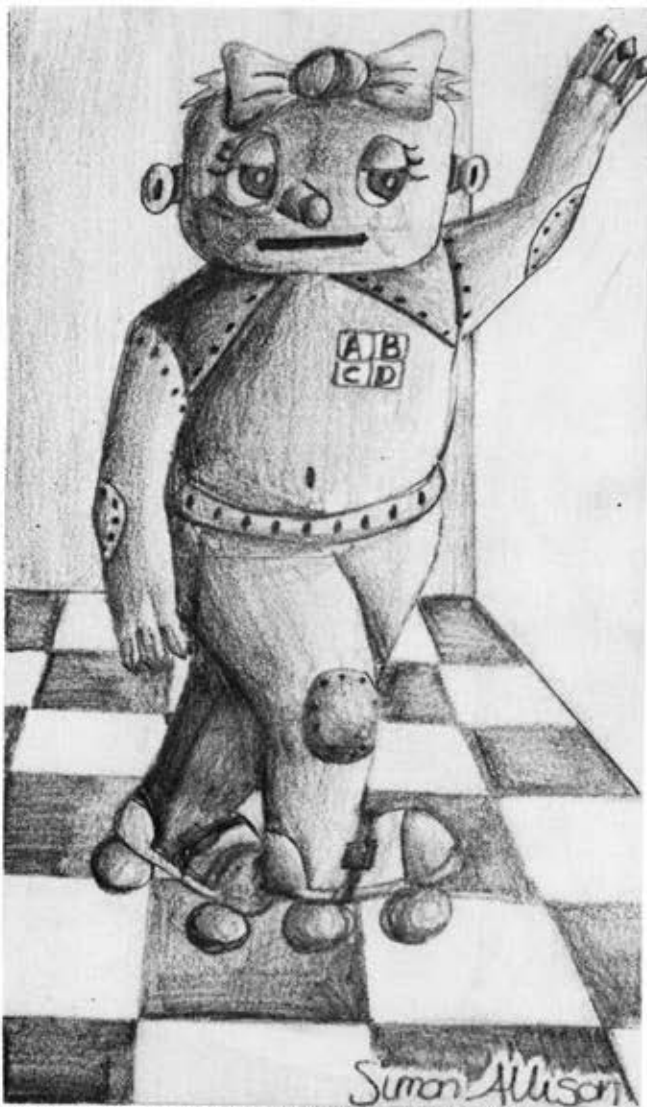
Damage is estimated at £20,000 but fortunately the house is insured.

Joanna said: "I'm sad about my room, but I'm happy because my dad says that we don't have to go to school for a few days."

by Louisa Winton F1



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MY BREAKFAST-MAKER AND CLEAN-UP ROBOT

I always find that I am very short of time before going to school so I have devised a machine to help me on my way. My machine makes breakfast and cleans up afterwards.

The robot has a super sensor built in and automatically makes its way out to the breakfast table when it senses my approach. On most days I have cereal, coffee and a fried breakfast. All I have to do is press the letters A and B on the programme control and the robot pours the cereal and coffee instantly. When the robot's left ear is turned, sausages and eggs are ejected onto a plate.

After breakfast is finished I can order the robot to clear up and wash the dishes by pressing the letters C and D on its control panel. It will then lift the dishes with a special invisible force, like magnetism, and drop them down a chute, landing them in the dishwasher which automatically starts.

For a breakfast fanatic like me, having such a machine would be the best invention anyone could have!

Lucy Moir F1G2

MY PERFECT ROOM

My perfect room would have to be very large. The reason I would need such a large room is because I would have a lot of things in it, which would take up a lot of space.

In my perfect room I would have two beds. The reason I would have two beds, is in case a friend came round.

I would have a desk, chair, desk-lamp and a bookcase. I would need a desk, chair and lamp to do my homework on, to read a book, draw and anything else I needed to do. I would like a bookcase in my room for all my books that are all in different places.

If I have a big room, then I would have to have a large cupboard filled with clothes, shoes, trainers and everything else.

To make sure I do not miss out on anything that's on, I would have to have my own television and even a video machine so I could watch videos in peace.

In my room I would have a Hi-Fi system with all the latest technology. This Hi-Fi would have a radio, tape deck, disk-drive, record player and big, powerful speakers. Then I would need a small cupboard over my Hi-Fi to put my tapes, records, singles and CD's.

This would be the main reason to why my room would be big. It is a mini weight-lifting gym and swimming pools. I would have these to keep me fit, to enjoy it and to look good!

Outside the gym area I would have a bathroom. In it I would have a toilet, shower, bath and a jacuzzi.

In my room I would have lots of my own arcade games and fruit machines. I would have these because you can play the game over and over again using the same money all the time, and when you score is good enough you could go down into the arcade and get your name on the screen. Also, if a friend came round you could charge him if he really likes the games!

Then I would have a full sized snooker table in my room. The snooker table would come with all the stuff you see on television.

Finally, I would have a powerful, load alarm clock to wake me up in the mornings. This alarm clock would turn itself on and off every five minutes until I got up to turn it off fully.

So this is my perfect room for the time being, until I grow out of it, which will not be for a while.

Anthony Lewis (F2B)

THESE I HAVE LOVED (with apologies to R. Brooke)

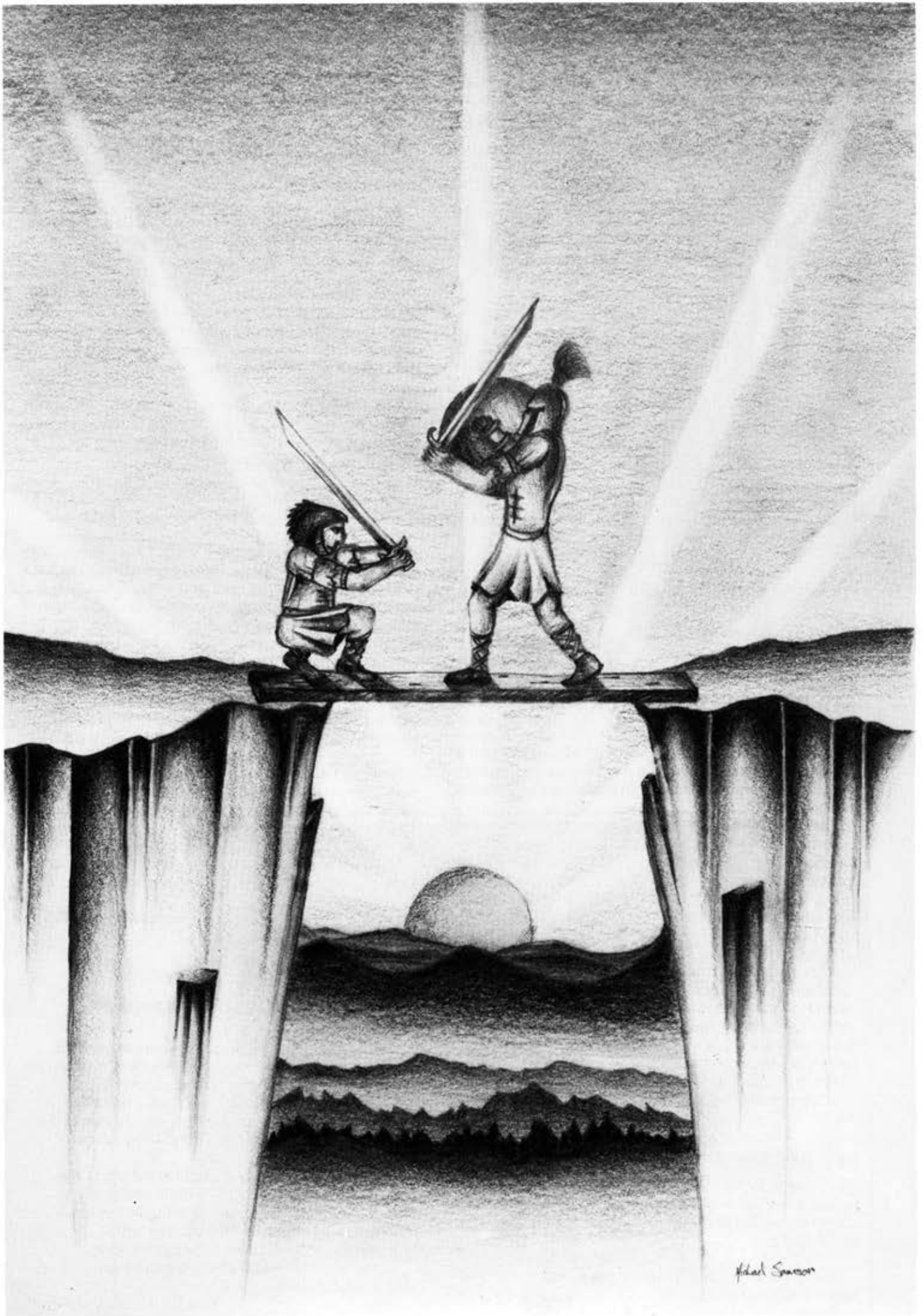
These I have loved:

The smell of sunlight on a summer morning,
Warmth of new bread, melting over my tongue,
A baby's laughter, pure and innocent,
Splash of spring water, cool on a hot day,
The taste of barbecued meat, cooked out of doors,
The crash of waves against a sandy shore.

A snowman, newly built, dressed up in rags,
The steaming of hot tea on a winter day,
A log fire crackling and spitting in the grate,
Joy of tumbling in newly fallen snow,
Aroma of fresh paint, new carpet, dog,
My body embraced in soft eiderdown.

These are my loves.

Carolyn McDonald F4G2





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THE SILENT SUFFERER

The chilling air whistled violently across the land, bringing with it a foul darkness — a foreboding sky. The expectant rumblings, however, were not of the heavens. The unseating echoes of exploding shells and the constant drone of the tanks provided a blanket to dampen the shrill screams of the dying. The confused youth lay strewn across the plain — a wasted youth. Sane, political intervention was the answer, but sane politicians willing to intervene rarely appeared.

I ran quickly but calmly, although consciously perturbed by my situation. A mortar flew overhead creating a deep circular crater on impact. Bullets drove into the trodden earth creating a choking, dusty air. I scrambled for cover, eventually reaching a small dug-out. The putrid stench of rotting flesh was nauseating. I lifted the decaying remains of two riflemen to the surface and laid them slowly on the ground, taking solace from the fact that they had not died a slow, painful death. Resuming my position in the trench, I snatched up a rifle and crouched down. The gunfire of a scout troop could be discerned echoing ardently across the desolate plain. I flinched as a bullet imbedded itself in a wooden stake mere feet from my head. Turning slowly, cautious of the approaching shouts, I became immediately aware of several shadows moving some metres from where I lay. And so, cocking the gun, I assumed a defensive position. With my eye to the sight I scanned the forsaken land. Two soldiers were moving slowly towards my dug-out. They fell lifeless, sliding clumsily to the ground. Smoke blew gently from my rifle — I could still hear the echoes. I lay motionless. My mind turned over many thoughts. Blurred pictures and familiar sounds spun around inside my head — I remembered.

The cold clawed harshly at my exposed face. Why was I here? How did war end? How did war begin? I was filled with questions, knowing yet being unaware of the answers. The sounds of war faded as I closed my eyes and tried to sleep — but who can sleep, only the dead can sleep! I glanced briefly over the edge of the parapet at the still bodies of the two foot soldiers. Who were they? Why did I shoot? Murderer? My mind produced only feeble answers. I felt compassion, and yet hatred. Hatred for the bureaucrats, the fools who pit countryman against countryman in an endless game — a game where only the dead can win. I blinked, started, and the dream did not disappear.

Slowly a radiant dawn climbed over the sky. I stretched, yawned and peered at my watch. It was, however, yet another casualty of this bloody war. The informing face was gone, only the shattered cover and frayed strap remained on my wrist. The disturbing sound of artillery firing marred an otherwise satisfactory daybreak. I was aware that in engaging in my own, personal war, I had been cut off from my own regiment.

The situation all too often described in my childhood comics was now a frightening reality. The continual tumult of vehicles and marching soldiers was deafening and as I gazed warily over the top I was confronted with a hopeless sight — my heart pounded deep in my chest. The surrounding area was writhing with enemy troops, like bustling ants in a nest, each with a purpose. I slid back down into my impending coffin. In running too far too quickly, I had literally reached the end of the road. My cause was desperate — inspiration, however, came not from God, nor from the fresh winds, but from my own hands. I was a man, a battler, or was I perhaps just scared? Reminiscing,

pictures of my family appeared before me, but I could not remember their names . . . everyone is a casualty of war. Scanning the pitiful dug-out, my eyes fell upon two grenades, still strapped tightly to a bandolier — waiting to be used, wanting to be used. I reached out, but my hand returned empty.

In killing, I could end my battle through means of attrition, but in not retaliating I merely prolonged the struggle — my tired mind had convinced me. I loaded the rifle. The spirited grenades seemed to leap into my hands. I positioned the rifle over the parapet and stood up. Gripping the pins positively between my teeth, I pulled hard releasing the explosives, and hurled them into the midst of the oncoming platoon. Bodies were torn limb from limb and tossed overhead, high into the air. I opened fire and a hail of bullets rang out, slicing through the remaining survivors. They slid to the ground, doubled-over. One of them, however, rifle in hand, caught me unaware. I heard the crack of a rifle, then the searing pain. The bullet ripped through my chest, knocking me back down heavily into the dug-out. Blood poured freely from the wound as the sound of battle quickly faded. I closed my eyes gently as the pain raced rapidly through my contorting soul. Had it been worth it? Who had ultimately been victorious? I smiled wryly — I had won their game.

Jonathan Fitzpatrick FV

THE GHOST OF DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL

It was a cold October morning, in fact I recall it was the twenty-second. I came into school late that morning as my dad could not get the car started. I was dreading it; today was the day I was “supposed” to be handing in my History project. But had I finished it? No I hadn’t. I told myself “A Historical Study of my Ancestors” would just have to be handed in tomorrow, even though it might be accompanied by a punishment exercise!

My first lesson was maths. I sat dazed watching figures marching onto the blackboard like soldiers going to war. I did not understand a word of it, but did not care. I turned my head away from the mass of numbers and symbols to see a very old man standing about three metres away from me. I looked at him and he looked at me; then I blinked. He was gone. I told myself I was going bonkers, I told myself I was seeing things, but I knew I wasn’t. I went over some facts in my head; pressure of forthcoming exams, unfinished Geography and History projects, not understanding any maths. Surely I had reason for going mad! Then as I turned to where I had seen this person last. I saw him again.

He was small and was dressed in a black suit and dark hat. He seemed to have some kind of handkerchief tied round his neck and pinned or something and he had smooth looking white hair and a beard. I kept looking at him and he at me. But this time I was determined not to blink. Soon my eyes began to water and I could not see straight. I made myself shut my eyes, but when I opened them again he was still there! I knew he was a ghost, although I was not at all frightened. I felt somehow that I seemed to know him and that he knew me.

Suddenly, I took a leap back into reality. “Lara, Lara, are you with us today? Now for the last time what is -5×-5 ?”. I was lost for words. What was he going on about? Someone next to me whispered “5 stupid”. I told the angry maths teacher and was asked how I came by it? I could not answer. I felt as small as a pin-head and extremely embarrassed. Just as I was about to sink through the floor and turn into a cloud of dust, the old gentleman who was still standing near me walked over. He pointed to one of the many explications in my maths book. I read this out, “A negative number of times a negative is always positive”. “Right! but I suggest you pay more attention in maths rather than day dreaming”. “Yes sir,” I promised.

I smiled at the ghost, he winked back at me then the lesson ended.

It wasn’t until I was at home that night, working my History project that I began to think. Why was I the only person to have seen him? Why had he helped me? To many questions, not enough answers. It was only when I was looking through my notes for a person, a someone who went to this school before me, that I came upon the answer. Captain Allan Proctor — 1901 to 1962. My great, great grandfather! Pity no-one would believe!

Lara Proctor F2G3



!GLOBAL WARNING!

Over the past three years, an increasing awareness of the earth's destruction has arisen. The facts are often difficult to reach underneath the hype that the media circus has created. But is it all hype or is it really as bad as it sounds? Simon Miller tries to find out.

Carbon dioxide is one of the major substances determining the earth's climate. The gas lets through all short wave solar energy, but traps and retains a large proportion of wave energy that earth radiates out towards space. The net effect is that the Earth's surface is hotter than it would be if CO₂ was not present in our atmosphere. This is the phenomenon currently known as the "greenhouse effect". Since 1850, the amount of carbon dioxide being released into the air has risen by 30%. Currently, it looks like carbon dioxide output can only increase. Scientists forecast that eventually, temperatures will rise an average of 3° celsius. The estimates also warn that at the North and South poles, temperatures could increase by as much as 7° celsius. This global warning is a bigger problem than most people realise. Blaming good weather that mainland Great Britain has been experiencing recently on the greenhouse effect is a major exaggeration, but in the future, the effects will be more far reaching, and a lot less enjoyable. Changes in moisture patterns worldwide will quickly affect agricultural crop productivity and sea levels, which could eventually threaten the lives of many people.

Pollution from cars is also a major problem, resulting in acid rain. Factories emit sulphur oxides and nitrogen oxides which once absorbed into the air, dissolve in rain to form before coming to earth, sulphuric and nitric acids. The rain looks harmless enough, wherever you go, but in certain parts of Pennsylvania in the United States, rain is a thousand times more acidic than normal rain. Pollutants are often carried through the air and descend far from their point of origin. The heavy industry centre of Eastern Europe is thick with pollution, but the worst areas worldwide for air pollution are Central Europe, Scandinavia and the U.S. Significant increases in pollution levels have been measured in parts of Australia and Brazil. Thousands of lakes have been rendered lifeless, their once thriving wildlife destroyed by man's greed for energy and goods. As a result of acid rain, the Black Forest in Germany has lost a third of its trees. The West German authorities believe that up to a half of the acid rain falling in the country originates from outside Germany. Damage already done cannot be repaired, and if the situation does not improve, the damage could increase by ten times the amount by the year 2000. The earth is slowly being choked to death — its natural defence system is useless. The two smog capitals of the world, Los Angeles in the States, and Tokyo in Japan, are showing vast improvements — indeed, their smog is beginning to fade, as people became more and more aware that the problem the two cities were facing were of more importance than was previously thought. However, when talking about the environment,

behind every silver lining, there is a big, grey, dirty cloud. The improvements above are being cancelled out by a major increase of pollution in the air situated over three other major cities — Melbourne, Mexico City and Ankara. Cars are the major source of air pollution, with transport being the source of half of the 450,000 tonnes of lead being emitted into our bright blue skies, which are becoming increasingly clouded. The smog in Los Angeles is composed of a number of chemicals including ozone, and peroxyacetyl nitrate (PAN), both of which are very harmful to plants. These substances are formed by the action of strong sunlight, which is of course always present in L.A., on Nitrogen oxides and hydrocarbons injected into the air from vehicles, combustion and various industrial processes.

The ozone layer protects us from deadly radiation which is omitted by the sun. The fact that there is now a hole in the ozone layer is quite well known nowadays, and recently, big companies have been trying to reduce the effect that their products are having on the ozone layer. This layer, situated in the upper stratosphere is easily damaged by chlorofluoromethanes, a chemical group released by aerosols, refrigerators and air conditioners. If the hole in the ozone layer was to become considerably larger, then humans would become more prone to skin cancer and other ailments, and certain grain crops would become less productive. The United States has already banned the use of culprit materials, and the United Nations is on the way to forming an ozone convention for the entire community of nations. It was the discovery of the hole in the ozone layer by scientists which started off the green movement's current surge in popularity. While Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth T-shirts become fashionable, many people have been jumping on the now cliched green handwagon, simply to look trendy or to promote themselves. The need for help is real however.

We can all do something to help stop the depletion of the earth, yet at the same time, we have to be careful. Companies are out to capitalise on the green issues, and unbleached kitchen roll and new washing powders with "Ultra" stuck on the end of their name are only two examples of how multi-nationals are attacking their products' packaging with "environmentally friendly" stickers. But are they really as kind to the earth as they claim to be? Usually not is the answer, or if they are, if you go down to the factory where they are made, with its belching chimneys, it most probably won't be.

Although tropical rainforests aren't really a part of British lives, their effect is widespread. Today, tropical rainforests are being wiped out at an astonishing rate. No doubt, you will have read the figures somewhere of how much paper we use each year in Britain. No doubt you would LIKE to recycle your paper. Very few people do however. Recycling means using again. That may seem obvious, but if you think about it, you will be able to notice little things that you can do to stop throwing

away. You can use a plastic bag countless times, so instead of collecting a new one every time you go to the supermarket, take an old one along instead. It sounds like a very small donation to the earth's welfare, but it is a start, and a help.

Unfortunately, the problem is a worldwide one, which is as bad as newspapers and televisions make it out to be. Perhaps it is even worse than they make it sound. The problem is not entirely impossible to solve, however big it may seem. So get out there, do something, recycle something even, anything — just do your bit to help save the planet we live on.

It it goes, you will too.

Simon Miller F6

THE GRASS IS GREENER

The drone of the plane engine finally stops and the captain announces your arrival in Hong Kong and is quickly followed up by an interpreter who squeakily tells the Chinese traveller what he already knows; the doors are opened, and with a sound like a miniature pressure cooker, the smell of Hong Kong hits you; fish, pollution and the musty smell of moth balls, the Chinese call it 'the smell of money'.

Being Anglo-Asian has its drawbacks as well as its privileges. I am either not accepted in a country or taken as a 'native'. This thriving city takes me as I am so I see both sides of Hong Kong at the same time.

The man stamps my passport and squints up at me and gives me a lop-sided grin; who will he take me as? A tourist or dweller in this city? He says 'Have a nice stay', so the tourist walks on to the baggage reclaim.

When the island was taken by the British, it was full of fishermen, vagrants and people escaping the emperor's rage. A strange mixture who, through determination and the Chinese frame of mind, they have made a city which rivals New York for style, and Dallas for money.

I feel that this success is due mostly to the Chinese frame of mind. Complex though it may be, money and success is its main theme.

I hurry through the baggage check and down towards the arrival area. A miniature van bleeps its way past me, going at a terrific speed. This reminds me that life in Hong Kong is about 40 times as fast. The days only seem about 10 minutes long except when you are in a traffic jam. Although life is fast, the Chinese make use of the time they have.

I approach the doors which will lead me mentally to Hong Kong. I take a deep breath and walk through. A seething mass of black heads meet me, all trying to talk louder than their neighbour; some holiday plaques with names on. I catch sight of the family and make my way through the perspiring noisy crowd to them. We go out of the airport and wait for the car; the heat bothers me and I curse myself for not wearing shorts.

My family do it as a bit of an embarrassment when my father a 'gwai-lo' (European which literally translated is 'ghost-man'); most Chinese do. It is a general rule that gwai-los keep to themselves, and the same rule applies to the Chinese. There is no segregation in Hong Kong; it is just that the Chinese think themselves a more superior race.

The car pulls out into the steady flow of traffic, the driver, hand out the window signals to the cars to let him through and with much sweating and swearing he moves almost crab-like into the mass of traffic. We push our way from a six-lane to a four-lane, and then into the harbour tunnel. The thick smell of pollution smothers us, and the voice bubbles on the radio giving stock market prices, and we pass into the most

powerful area in the South China Sea.

As we pass the gigantic suspended iron construction of the Shanghai Bank, I wonder what Prince Charles might make of this; even the Green party might gasp in horror. In front of us lies the largest building in Hong Kong where we are to have lunch. Towering over us at about 70 floors high is an intimidating sight. The building of course belongs to China, the next 'owners' of Hong Kong, but even the British never had complete control over the Chinese.

We walk into the expatriots' world, a quiet, stately area to have lunch. A large piano is placed in the centre of the restaurants, and the sound of Mozart floats up to us. As we make our way down to the restaurant, we pass high fashion shops like Chanel and Christian Dior, so that the wives of the British who have taken a part of Hong Kong and drained it can amuse themselves.

The restaurant we go to is called 'Trade Spices' and is a good reminder of what Hong Kong was originally; a barren rock which was used by the British to trade opium to the Chinese for their tea, silk and spices.

As I sit there, thankful for the air conditioning, I wonder about the future of Hong Kong. Many have escaped to Canada and Australia because Britain will not accept them. Who will escape before the Chinese communists move in now?

Stephanie Chan F4g1



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