



DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL

REVIEW

1992

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FORWARD

The School Magazine attempts to capture within its pages a year in the life of the School. It reflects the patterns of annual school events and updates them with new names and faces. It focuses on what is special and unique in a session, separating it from what has gone before and what will come after. It is like those annual reviews on television at New Year, when we recall what we have experienced in the past before we go on to confront the future.

The School Magazine also attempts to capture the life within a school year. It seeks to portray those activities which harnessed the thoughts, imagination and efforts of all those staff and pupils whose combined efforts led to moments of achievement, pleasure and fun. In its reports, articles and writing it encapsulates something of the flavour of the year, and preserves it for those who wish to savour it.

In this way, the School Magazine acts as another volume in the annals of the School, adding each year a new tome to the long, rich history of the institution. Its value as a treasured repository of the past was evidenced twice this session quite by chance. In the course of an in-service training day held in another school a member of staff mentioned in conversation to one of our teachers that her father had been a former pupil of the School and that she still had in her possession a lengthy essay written at the age of twelve many years ago, which might still be of some passing interest to the present staff. On receiving a copy of the essay, we were able to pinpoint the years of his attendance at school and consulted the magazines for that time. Some copies of articles relating to her father and uncle were sent to her, and her letter of thanks conveyed her pleasure on learning of athletic prowess previously unsuspected.

A second chance request led to an even more poignant consequence. In the course of a conversation with a governor of another school I learned that his best friend's father had at one time been on the staff of Dundee High School, and he wondered if there were any record of his service. Past volumes of the magazine were consulted and some copies of articles duly sent off. They related to a young member of staff who had spent his early years in school before moving on. He had also coached rugby and appeared in photographs of school teams. A short time after joining his new school the young teacher took ill and died, leaving his widow to bring up a young family. The governor's friend, now a grown man at the height of his profession was deeply moved to receive the magazine articles and to read of a past he had never known about. In both these cases the volumes of previous years had communicated movingly with the present.

Such reflections must surely add to the worth of the task of all those who by their contributions to its pages and by their involvement in its production have co-operated to offer its appreciative readers both of the present and the future a volume which gives so much pleasure to so many. We are greatly indebted to them and thank them most warmly for their endeavours.

The Rector

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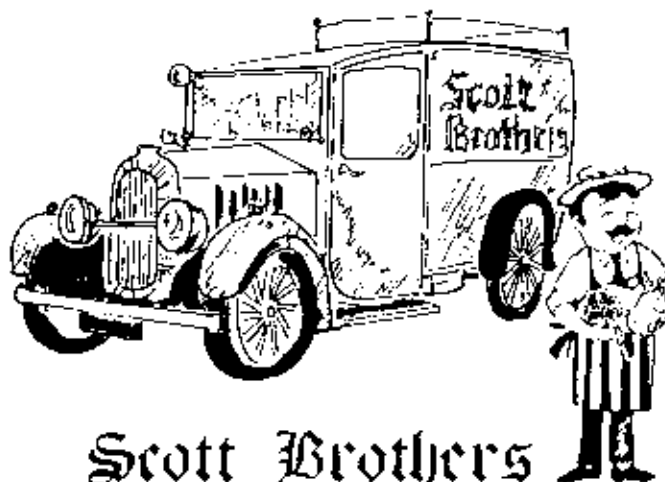
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SCHOOL

CONGRATULATIONS

It was with much pleasure that the school learned of the further distinction awarded to the Rector, Mr. Nimmo when he was appointed an Honorary Fellow of the Dundee Institute of Technology.

STAFF NEWS

In the course of session 1991-92, 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 C. M. Herald (Preparatory Department), Mrs P. M. Baxter, Mrs E. S. Batchelor and Mr J. P. F. F. Davie (all of the Junior Department), Mrs E. Oliver and Mrs A. E. Cowieson (Biology), Mrs E. McIntyre and Mr T. Baker (Music), and Mr K. Melvin (English) left during or at the end of the session. We offer them our good wishes for the future.

To Mr D. P. Macdonald, who retired after 23 years sterling service as Head of Art, 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. Mrs E. J. Tosh (English), Miss L. E. Nicoll (Geography), Mrs I. Brown (Geography), Miss G. Simpson (Music) and Mr W. S. McCulloch (head of Economics and Business Studies), joined the staff of the Senior School. All are now well-established in their posts.

VISITORS TO THE SCHOOL

During Session 1991-92 the following visitors were welcomed to the School.

October: Members of the Architectural Heritage Society of Scotland.

March: Sir John Killick — President, British Atlantic Committee and Former Ambassador to Moscow. Mr David Summerhayes — Disarmament Adviser to the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. Mr Egor Gondrobin — Secretary to His Excellency The Ambassador Boris Pankin at the Russian Embassy.

April: Monsieur Bruno Magdaleine (Headmaster), and Monsignor Montfort (Chaplain) of the Ecole Saint Martin, Pontoise, Paris.

May: R. F. H. Cowen, M.B.E., (Chairman) The Rank Foundation. S. J. B. Langdale, M.A., Director of Educational and General Grants.

June: Principal H. G. Cuming, C.B.E., Dundee Institute of Technology, and Mrs Cuming.

LAUREATES

In the St Andrews University Schools Classics Competition, Lindsay M. Houghton F4 was second, and the Form 2 team won the Junior Latin Competition.

In the Scottish Mathematical Challenge Competition, Susie Gledhill F2, and Joanne Irons F1 were prize-winners in the Junior Section, and Jane Titterington F2

and Tamsin Thomas F1 were highly commended, while Joy Goodman F5 was highly commended in the Senior Section.

In the Army Scholarship Board Competition, Jamie Murray F6 was awarded an Army Scholarship.

In the Trinity College Speech and Drama Examinations, exhibitions were awarded to Ewan Armitage F6 (Grade 8), and Richard Morrison F4 (Grade 6).

In the Cambridge University United Kingdom Schools' Debating Competition, the finals being held in the Cambridge Union, the School team of Colin Stewart F6, and Michael Linehan F6, reached the finals for the second year running, and were awarded third place.

The Rugby 1st XV toured British Columbia in October, and returned undefeated.

The following pupils represented Scotland: Rory A. Macfarlane F6 played for the Scottish Schoolboys' Rugby Team.

Claire P. A. MacDonald F4 played for the Under-16 Scottish Girls' Hockey Team.

Douglas J. Bell F4 played in the Under-15 Scottish Rugby Team.

David B. Williamson F6 was selected for the Scottish Schools' Shooting Team.

Gail M. Fullerton F3 was selected for the Scottish Schools' Table Tennis Team.

Michael D. Berkeley F2 represented Scotland at Skiing.

Andrew J. Bancroft F4 represented Scotland at Fly-fishing.

Graham A. Caithness F2 represented Scotland at Lacrosse.

Kirsty M. Hope F2 was selected for the Scottish Schools' Swimming Team.

Richard L. Hope F4 was selected for the Scottish Schools' Swimming Team, and also swam for the Great Britain Team.

Nina Srinivasan F5 has been awarded membership of the National Youth String Orchestra of Scotland.

Jenna Keir F3, and Alison Foster F3 won the Midlands Schools' Junior Tennis Tournament.

The Girls' Senior Netball Team won the Dundee Schools' Tournament, and were runners-up in the Independent Schools' Senior Tournament.

NEW AWARDS

The following new awards were presented at Prize-giving this year.

The Wright Health Group prize for Technological Innovation was presented for the first time. This prestigious prize is awarded to the pupil who in open competition submits an invention in the form of an artefact or project susceptible of commercial application.

The finalists in the competition have to present their invention before a panel of judges and an invited audience. The winner is presented with a handsome Caithness Glass Rosebowl suitably inscribed and receives a substantial scholarship at Prize-giving.

The intention underlying the award is to attract pupils towards a career in the wealth creating sector of the economy, particularly in manufacturing industry.

The award was won this year by Gareth Watt (F4), and it was appropriate that both the Chairman, Dr J. P. McPherson, and the Chief Executive, Mr D. F. Anderson, of the Wright Health Group were present.

The Spankie Quach for Craft and Design was presented in memory of the late David Spankie, a former pupil of the school, by his widow and family.

It was won by Christopher Fudge (F4) and Mrs Spankie was present on the platform on the occasion of the first award.

At the annual Prize-giving Andrew D. Nicol was presented with a trophy in recognition of his meritorious achievements in international rugby.

The trophy was a gift to the school by an anonymous benefactor.



(Courtesy of D.C. Thomson Ltd.)

MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

In this year's mathematical Challenge Competition, organised by the Scottish Mathematical Council, Susie Gledhill (Form 2) and Joanne Irons (Form 1) were prizewinners in the Junior Section.

Jane Titterington (Form 2) and Tamsin Thomas (Form 1) were highly commended in the Junior Section while Joy Goodman (Form 5) was highly commended in the Senior Section.

CLASSICS RECITATION COMPETITION

St Andrews University, 9th June, 1992

The annual journey to St Andrews for those classics pupils keen to mind their "ps" and "qs" was again a profitable one. All three junior teams performed extremely creditably, but special congratulations are due to Sarah Walker, Louise Fowler, Aaron King, Neil Forsyth and Neil Stevenson who won the trophy and first prize, beating off some extremely strong opposition. In the intermediate competition Lindsey Houghton finished an impressive second and mention should also be made of strong performances from Leigh-Anne Smith, who also reached the final, and from Toby White, who came second in the senior Greek competition.

CHESS CLUBS

Friday 9 Chess continues to thrive, and those who attend the club range from the real enthusiasts to those just learning to play for the first time. Once again, Mr Durrheim and Mr Blackburn extend their hearty thanks to the *Rep Club* for the cups of coffee they provide as part of their fund raising activities.

The School Chess Club, which meets at lunchtimes in Mr Durrheim's room, entered two teams in *The Scotsman Competition* and one team in *The Times Championship*. During the Winter Term, the Club hosted a weekend event at the school, attended by most of the schools taking part in our regional league of *The Scotsman Competition* and this enabled us to get most of our matches played. The event was a great success, with teams coming from as far afield as Wick, and all who took part enjoyed the experience. Our 'A' Team won their league and managed to hold out until the quarter-finals of the competition when we were beaten by our old friends and rivals from Aberdeen Grammar.

The club warmly congratulates Nicholas Thomas, who won the Beckingham Trophy, Jennifer Stewart who won the Girls' Competition, and Randhir Koli who won the Intermediate Competition.



DUX MEDALLISTS

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT 1991-1992

To say this year has been busy is a bit of an understatement!

Two weeks into the session saw a group of students from all over Scotland come to run a mission at school. They took two of the S.U. meetings — which saw a large turnout — as well as participating in various R.E. lessons in school. We are grateful to Kenny McKie for his help in organising us all for their visit!

As a result of this we have started a Tuesday prayer meeting. This has proved to be successful and has given us all some encouragement.

S.U. has had a very successful year with regards to attendance. Our numbers have quadrupled since August, which needless to say we have been delighted about.

The committee have worked well this year — many thanks must go to Muriel and David for organising everything. We have had several weekly committee meetings as well as two large after school meetings. Unfortunately, we lose three of the five members of the committee who are in sixth year, but are happy to say they are being replaced by three excellent fourth years (or fifth years as they will be at time of publishing).

All in all it's been a successful and busy year which has seen several guest speakers. Particular thanks must go to Mrs Martin for her support, and especially to Kenny McKie's Reachout team who came every Wednesday. Also, many thanks to Mr Baxter for allowing us to take over his room and use his video.

Finally, an invitation! If you've nothing to do on a Wednesday lunchtime from 1.10 onwards, why not come along to S.U.

Who knows, you might be pleasantly surprised!!!

Rhona Callaghan F5, Secretary.

F3 MINI ENTERPRISE

At a conference for Social Education held in Stirling, Miss Dickson and Mr Baxter saw the results of Schools Mini - Enterprise schemes. Badges and bags, cakes and craft were all there. They were keen to introduce such a scheme to D.H.S. but the difficulty was to find a slot in the timetable. A suitable spot appeared in the third year's timetable: the idea was put to them and the company launched. First of all the Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer had to go to the Rector who had previously agreed a £40 interest-free loan to start the scheme. The correct business procedures were explained and followed, and then the company was underway. Its first venture was the making of friendship bands. These were manufactured in class from embroidery threads bought by the purchasing manager, examined when finished by the quality control manager and graded for sale. The third year fashion show for the Christmas Appeal proved an ideal launch for the sales, and several other lunchtimes prior to Christmas boosted the income. After Christmas it was decided to branch out into jewellery making and Fimo fridge-magnet making. Both of these initially appeared easier than the previous scheme, but in practice, proved much more finicky and difficult. However, by the end of the second term, the goods were all sold, and the company was able to repay the Rector's loan while putting a substantial amount into a Building Society Account for next year's Mini - Enterprise to get underway. The pupils learned to co-operate, to realise that one 'slacker' reduced the production level, and that the goods needed to be produced in quantity to break even, never mind making a profit. The management 'board' learnt to conduct meetings, take minutes, keep accounts — all skills which will stand them in good stead later in life. It was a worthwhile experiment.

H.C.T.C. '91

This year's Highland Cadet Tactical Competition took place at Cuttybraggan, Comrie, with the school entering both a male and a female team. The male team was not the best team that could have been entered, as most of the sixth year cadets were on the rugby tour of Canada, but still performed very well. The teams were:

BOYS

i/c C./Sgt. Hamilton
2i/c C./Sgt. Scanlon
Gunner Sgt. Tucker
L./Sgt. Woodward
L./Cpl. Murray
Cadet Kyeremateng
Cadet Main
Cadet Jack
Cadet King

GIRLS

i/c Sgt. Mitchell
2i/c Cadet Samson
Gunner Cadet Stevenson
Cadet Fenwick
Cadet Thomson
Cadet Taig
Cadet Alexander
Cadet Inglis
Cadet Srinivasin

After solid training all Friday (or at least pretending to) and fitting the webbing together, we left the school at 1700 hours. That evening it couldn't have rained harder, sending thoughts flying through our heads that the peat bogs on the hill tops would have changed to swamps. We only prayed that we didn't have to do the section attack first and get drenched. Morale could have broken at this point had it not been for rousing choruses of "I don't want to join the army", led by Domingo Main.

That evening the i/c's were given briefings on the competition and handed maps and timings of the events. Meanwhile, the platoons settled into their accommodation, the boys sharing a billet with Dollar Academy and Orkney A.C.F. The boys quickly found out what Cuttybraggan had to offer, wasting no time in finding out where Morrisons girls' team was, except Jamie who was quite prepared to find his own little hole where he could snuggle up for the night. On the subject of bedtime this was to be the beginning of Weed's worst weekend. After finding a bed, he opened his locker to be met with an avalanche of beer cans that the last group had left behind. Father Christmas arrived early at Cutty as Weed went round the barracks with two black bin bags explaining that really, these were not his beer cans.

Reveille was at 0545 hours although most teams were up before this packing kit; except my platoon who were far more interested in examining the backs of their eyelids for light leaks.

After a greasy breakfast the boys platoon headed off in undoubtedly the most stylish minibus to tackle the first of the eight stands, the command task. We almost got off to an excellent start when we nearly managed to hang Weed, much to everybody's amusement. The task was relatively simple, to cross a gorge using a pulley attached to a rope which was already tied across it. With only half a minute to go Weed was our last man. He jumped in the seat but got his head stuck between the rope over the gorge and our pulley line. Meanwhile with ten seconds left we had started tanking down the hill with the rope only to feel it stop. Looking back, Weed was hanging twenty feet in the air by his neck, trying to groan something that none of us could make out and his eyes began to pop out of his head. He needed a little medical attention which cut into our travelling time to our next stand but it was worth the wait.

Consequently, the only stand we missed was the next one which was patrolling. Thus, we arrived in plenty of time for first-aid where one of the C.T.T. decided that Weed who had gone a lime green colour and had a huskier sexier voice than Mel Gibson, would have to go back to camp for an examination.

We showed our skill or lack of it at weaponcraft where we met back up with "the noose". Map reading went relatively well, as didn't observation and judging distance. This only left battle prep and the section attack where we came a very respectable sixth before the long walk back to camp.

We arrived back in camp exhausted, wet and dirty. After a shower, a meal and a visit to see the Morrisons girls, we trekked back to the billet. But as if Weed had not had enough for the day, he was to become the victim of a prank played by Orkney A.C.F. No sooner had he dozed off than one of them squirted a ring of lighter fluid around his bed, which he then lit. Needless to say, Weed woke up rather quickly amongst flames and screams of laughter.

Reveille on Sunday was 0530 hours, to be driven to the beginning of the forced march for 0730 hours. Wiggy, our reserve was now in the team in place of Jack who had injured his leg the day before.

Bleary eyed, we lined up on the start line in no mood to run three miles with webbing and rifle. After about 1½ miles, Wiggy began to make some very strange noises off which Jamie had experienced the night before. If Sam had put as much breath into his running as he put into his screaming, "No, no more," we could have got there in a quicker time. However, both teams made it back to the camp in one piece.

Next was the obstacle course, a relatively easy looking set of obstacles around the football pitch. It proved to be a terrible illusion as the course was absolutely exhausting. This was followed by the assault course and the shooting, both of which went well.

At the end of the day, both teams had performed superbly. The boys came eleventh and the girls fifteenth out of seventeen teams. Thanks must go to SSI Johnston and Captain Sim for running us around the happy hills and supporting us every step of the way. Best of luck to the H.C.T.C. teams of 1992!

Robin Hamilton.

GUIDE COMPANY REPORT

The Guide Company enjoyed a few days' "camp" at the Girl Guide Association's Outdoor Centre at Newbigging where we hiked, cooked out of doors and took part in games, crafts and other challenges.

The new session opened with a company of twenty-three Guides. The winter term's programme included activities for a Friday the Thirteenth, an "Apple Afternoon", preparations for the Promise Ceremony and the Armistice Parade in November. Towards Christmas, we learned some new crafts and made an expedition to Pinegrove with the Rainbow Guides to sing carols to the residents.

During the spring term, activities included making a bird seed "cake", celebrating all things Scottish in January, pursuing the challenges leading to the Trefoil badges, marking Thinking Day and putting on a concert for parents and the Brownie Pack.

We moved out of doors for most of the summer term's meeting and practised pioneer cookery, looking after the environment, spatter printing and campfire cookery. The term finished with an outing to Olympia which everyone seemed to enjoy.

Thanks are due to all the Guides for their enthusiasm during the session. This is my last report after eight years with the company and I am delighted to see there is still a demand for the kind of things that Guiding offers.

P. L. Hould.



PREFECTS

SIXTH YEAR





MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Once more life in the Music Department has been as hectic as ever, with a varied calendar of events behind us this session.

Firstly, due to the extended SCE examination period, our annual music competitions had to be rescheduled, with the "junior competition" being held in November and the "senior competition" in March. Congratulations are due to all competitors in maintaining the accustomed high standard of performance, with particular reference to Ruth Foster, F6, flute; and Nina Srinivasan, F6, cello; joint winners of the "Premier Quaid". Thanks are due to Mr D. Laidlaw and Mr J. Devine who adjudicated the junior and senior competitions respectively and to the recorder group who performed the "Hebridean Suite" during the senior competition for some light entertainment.

On December 17, a mid-day carol concert was held in St Paul's Cathedral which was exceptionally well supported by family, friends, staff and former pupils with many having to stand at the rear. The recital consisted of seasonal music presented by the senior choir, girls senior choir, F1-3 girls choir and the junior boys choir, with the brass group accompanying the hymns and the recorder group providing a selection of carols as the audience assembled. Appropriate readings were provided by Mrs O. Jack, whose pupils Ewan Armitage, Jacqueline Gay, Jenny Tooze and Colin Stewart added a fresh view to the spirit of Christmas. All in all this proved to be a highly successful and enjoyable experience for all.

Still on the Christmas theme, two lunch-time recitals were presented by the combined junior school and senior recorder groups, with the proceeds going to the Christmas appeal. Thanks are due to Mrs A. Philip and Mrs S. Morrison for undertaking the catering.

The annual carol service in St Mary's followed closely, with the senior girls choir singing an informal selection of carols before the service began. Both the senior choir and the junior school girls choir presented items during the course of the service with the string group accompanying the congregational hymns.

Into the Spring term, the Leng Meal again attracted a large entry with congratulations due to the following medal winners — Samantha Orr, L7 (junior medal); Craig Webb, F1 (senior boys medal); and Alison Donald, F3 (senior girls medal).

Next came the Perth Festival in March where the girls senior choir won the Methven Trophy achieving the

particularly high marks of 91 and 92/100 for their performances of "When Music Wakens" — Thinan and "This Little Babe" from the Ceremony of Carols — B. Britten. The junior boys choir were also highly praised for their entry in the non-competitive "changing voice" category.

Many of Mr T. Baker's guitar pupils participated in the Arbroath Festival in both the "solo" and "duo" classes where their efforts were highly praised. Congratulations are due to Timothy Parrot who won the solo class.

The guitar ensemble are taking part in the National Music Day on 28th June which is being held in Dundee City Square with many of them also to be involved in the second Dundee Guitar Festival and summer school running from 6-11th July. We wish them every success in their forthcoming ventures.

Easter Monday was the day of the BBC broadcast, where a group of senior choir members and the string group assisted in a morning service for the "Out and About" series currently running on Radio 4. This was warmly received by the public with letters of acknowledgments coming to school from as far afield as Sussex and Eire.

Other on going extra-curricular activities which rehearse throughout the year, namely the wind band, brass group, recorder group and orchestra, are all making steady progress and we look forward to hearing from them during the course of next session.

As this goes to print, the cast and chorus of "HMS Pinafore" are hard at work for the forthcoming bi-annual productions in the Gardyne Theatre.

On the academic front we now have our first highly successful presentation at Standard Grade behind us and await results of the new revised higher implemented this year.

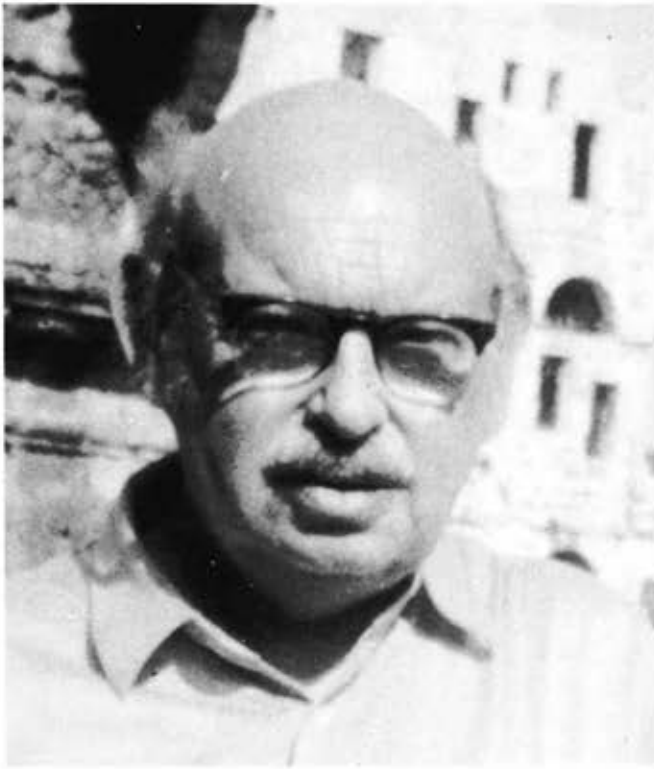
With regards to staffing this session, Miss Morag-Anne Elder, our part-time string instructor left us to be replaced by a full-time member — Miss Gillian Simpson who we welcome into the department.

At the end of session we are sadly to lose the services of Mrs Elspeth McIntyre who is taking early retirement, perhaps due to the pressures of improving her 'handicap'! Having been in the department for some 12 years on a part-time basis, she will be sorely missed for her wit and humour of which she is never short. We wish her a long and happy retirement and hope her many exploits come up 'trumps'!

We are also to lose the service of Mr Tim Baker who has established a highly successful guitar section over the past six years. He leaves us to concentrate on other business commitments for which we wish him every success.

It remains to note appreciation to all members of the Music Department for their continual hard work and commitment, and to express our thanks to the rectors, teaching and janitorial staff for their much valued support throughout the year.

K. HERD.



DAVID P. MACDONALD

At the close of Session 1991-92, Mr David P. Macdonald retires after 23 years of loyal and active service to the school, 18 of these as Head Master of Art and Design. Benefiting from the fine all-round education of Morgan Academy in the great and spacious days of the 1940s, David Macdonald proceeded to Dundee College of Art to take the Diploma in Art and Design. As the quality and happiness of his own school experience had influenced him towards a career in teaching, he went on to take the appropriate qualification at Dundee Training College. Following National Service with the Royal Army Education Corps, he held appointments at Linlathen High School, Kirkton High School and Harris Academy before joining the Art Department of the High School in January, 1969.

Already a successful artist/designer and an experienced teacher, David Macdonald brought to the Art Department, and indeed to the whole school, his own varied talents, wide interests and lively sense of humour. Succeeding Mr W. P. Vannet as Head Master of Art and Design in 1975, Mr Macdonald's friendly and approachable manner encouraged pupils at all stages, from the Junior Department to his specialist S.C.E. candidates, to enjoy art for its own sake. From this basic policy of "art for all", the specialists flourished to produce commendable results in SCE examinations at Ordinary and Higher Grades and of course there were those who proceeded to the Art Colleges and won recognition as artists of distinction. This was a time when, in Art as elsewhere, the curriculum was being extended considerably so that he and the members of his department had to develop new skills and expertise. As the work of professional artists and designers came to be more fully explored, a wider range of media and greater variety of techniques were added to the more traditional programmes of drawing and painting. In this, his last session as Head Master, Mr Macdonald led the department to present pupils for the new-style Standard Grade course in Art and Design.

Outwith the Art Department David Macdonald has made a very considerable contribution to the wider life of the school. In his youth a committed and successful athlete of field and track and a skilful and competitive hockey player at District level, it was a boon to the school that he was willing to give generously of his time and talent to support our sports programme. For over 20 years he has continued to give the hockey boys outstanding service as coach and umpire and this not only during the weekly Games periods but in all weathers on so many Saturday mornings throughout the seasons. His long-term aim to arrange a foreign tour for the hockey boys was finally realised in a successful tour of Holland and Germany in 1989. Having continued to play for Dundee Wanderers 1st XI well into his forties and then served the game as a District Selector in the 1970s, it was typical of his love of sport and his competitive spirit that he remained a stalwart of the Staff v. Pupils match right up to this last session in his sixtieth year. He was also a long-serving House Master of Lindores House.

Another major contribution to the extra-curricular life of the school came in the form of the design and preparation of sets for the school's annual dramatic and operatic productions. The summer term just would not have been the same without David Macdonald's sets-teams, indoors and out, enjoying the hard work and the fun and learning something more of team-work under the expert eye and helpful hand of the Director of Scenery. A keen angler, he was responsible also for introducing young people to the wide interests and deep pleasures which The Gentle Art affords. Many of his former pupils will recall with pleasure the fly-tying classes and angling outings upon which they were first 'hooked' to this life-long pursuit. Others will recall the interest and the happiness of school trips abroad — to Switzerland in 1970, to Greece in 1985, '86 and '87 — to which Mr Macdonald's sound organisation and reliability, breadth of knowledge and jovial good nature surely brought an additional and rather special dimension.

Dave has been also a staunch supporter of the many social occasions of our school community staff functions formal and informal, Old Boys' dinners, Old Boys'/Old Girls' fund-raising events — and could be relied upon to make a positive contribution to the success of the occasion by presenting for auction a piece of his own work or by undertaking some major role in the proceedings. (Was there ever so "sympathique" a rendering of "Tam o' Shanter"?) No appreciation of David Macdonald is complete without reference to his vital role in the social life of our community. To the staff room he has ever brought his own brand of lively wit and kindly humour, an effervescence to lighten the "teacher talk", a bubble to burst the hypercritical view. His colleagues, as well as his pupils, will miss his sense of fun, his humanity.

We are grateful to David Macdonald for his many and valuable contributions over nearly a quarter of a century of service to the school and take this opportunity to wish him a long and happy retirement and good health to enjoy his many leisure pursuits.

G.C.S.



(Courtesy of D.C. Thomson Ltd.)

INTERACT

1991/92 has been an immensely successful and enjoyable year for the Dundee High School Interact Club under the leadership of Mark Woodcraft, Mary Young and Andrew Taylor.

We began the year with a large attendance of pupils who all enjoyed the somewhat dubious comments made during the Club's version of Blind Date. Especially the borderline question from our own impeccable Head-boy.

The new recruits of Colin Donald, Sarah McKay and Ashley Meiklejohn organised a highly successful and profitable annual dance.

As the run-up to Christmas beckoned, the opportunity of raising money by opening the School playground to the general public for car parking went into full swing as the members manned the gates, rain, snow or hail to raise the £1,500.

Our musical talents!! were also a great moneyspinner as we went carol singing round and about Broughty Ferry.

An informative lecture at Forfar, concerning the need for sponsors of Guide Dogs to enable them to complete their nine-month training period, led us into the new-year.

In April, 12 members represented the Club in Glasgow at the annual R.I.B.I. conference. A combined effort with our fellow Interact Clubs' raised £10,00 by a sponsored cycle run from Wick to Glasgow, the recipients of which were Aids Research and R.S.S.P.C.C.

A joint effort was made by the club and school to purchase a portable cardiac recorder for Ninewells Hospital.

Finally we would like to thank a number of people — Mr Holmes for his help and advice, Donald Hutcheson and his fellow Rotarians for all their time and assistance they have given us, and Alison Coupar who has put in tremendous effort and time helping the club to achieve

an exceptional year. We wish Colin, Sarah and Ashley the best of luck, and hope next session they are given the same support from members as has come to be expected.

Mark Woodcraft

JUNIOR SUBBUTEO REPORT

Well, it's been a hectic season, a season of highs and lows, thrills and spills, disappointments and fulfilments, promotion hopes and relegation worries which eventually boils down to two terms' worth of Friday 9 periods spent in the all-but-trivial pursuit of Subbuteo or, in layman's language, table football. It is played with all the passion and gusto of its genuine counterpart.

In the end, after all the twenty minute periods of nail-biting desperate defending and aggressive attacking, Atletico Ferry did the double, leading the league pack by a two point margin over Spartak Newport and defeating New United by three goals to nil in the electric atmosphere of the cup final watched by a capacity crowd of two (including Mr Stuart).

But, in the unique words of the football world, "It's not about winning, but about playing and enjoying yourself while doing so", and we've certainly done that. I'll leave you with the final league table. Roll on the Super-league!

	P	W	D	L	F	A	T
Atletico Ferry	8	7	1	0	24	4	15
Spartak Newport	8	6	1	1	17	7	13
Arbroath Sociedad	8	3	4	1	18	12	10
Kelso Wanderers	8	3	2	3	10	6	8
Rapid Balgillo	8	2	3	3	6	8	7
New United	8	2	2	4	4	8	6
Arbroath Inter	8	2	2	4	4	13	6
Newport Vikings	8	2	0	6	4	13	4
Balmossie Boys	8	1	1	6	4	20	3



(The photograph shows Hazel Stewart, Susie Gledhill and the other finalists in the Courier/TSB competition.)

THE YOUNG SPEAKERS' CLUB

During the 1991 - '92 Session, the *Young Speakers' Club* met fairly regularly, on Thursdays, during lunch break. As well as organising the usual round of debates, competitions and quiz shows, a number of our teams entered local and national competitions. Both our teams survived the first round of the *Courier/TSB* debating competition and the 'A' Team, consisting of Hazel Stewart and Susie Gledhill managed to get through to the final which was held in Lower Parliament Hall in St Andrews University — a rather grand occasion which was broadcast on Radio Tay's Campus Radio programme. Susie Gledhill and Jill Drummond also did very well, in the *Dundee Speakers' Club* public speaking competition held in the Bell Street Music Centre. In the final, they came a close second to the Carnoustie team they had beaten in an earlier round!

Presentation of a computer to the Library by the Old Girls Club



THE LIBRARY

As I write this for the magazine, the library is approaching its second birthday. Only two years, it feels as if we've always been here. During this year, all Junior School classes have visited the library on a weekly basis. This time was used not only as a time for quiet reading but also for research work.

Senior staff, in particular Latin, Geography and English, brought or sent pupils to do research before the end of September and this has continued throughout the session. I have been encouraged by the number of Prep School children who have used the resources of the library for their projects. Perhaps this has resulted from my talking to the L1 parents on the 18th September. Quite a number bring their small brothers and sisters when they come with their parents to the library which is fun for all concerned.

In early November, Anne Fine and Joan Lingard visited school to speak about their books to the children of the Junior Department. James Thin provided books on sale or return and many children bought copies which the authors signed. At the end of November, Edmund Caswell spoke to the children of the Prep Department about the new edition of *Peter Pan* which he has illustrated.

As part of the Christmas Appeal, fines were charged on overdue books. About £20 was collected without any effort, this will be repeated next Christmas.

Pupils from Forms I to V took part in the library, Friday 9 this year. We called ourselves the "Bookworms" and took part in video reviewing, book reviewing, and the setting up of displays on NATO, St Valentine, Space and the election. It was all good fun, and hopefully will continue next year.

MINI ENTERPRISE SCHEME 91-92 REPORT

When Miss Dickson proposed a mini scheme, as an alternative to our third year private study, we were all very enthusiastic to get going. We thought, 'Managing a business can't be that hard, can it?' We were soon to find out.

After selecting a board of directors, our first priority was to establish which product we were going to market. After reviewing most of the suggestions put forward, because they were too costly, we finally decided to make friendship bands. These were cheap, quite easy to sell, proving a success with the Dundee High School pupils and we made a substantial profit after our sales. Of course, we are very grateful to Mr Nimmo for his £40 loan, which enabled our company, 'A Band of Friends' to get started. It felt rewarding to see all of our hard work being sold at our stalls around the School. After a successful term of making bands, we sent out a questionnaire to find out what the pupils thought would be the best thing for us to make, that they would be interested to buy. The most popular things chosen were: earrings, scrunchies (hair bands) and fridge-magnets. We got to work straight away to make these things. They were fun to make, and didn't take half the time to make as the bands. In our next sale, our products did not sell quickly, but with a little time and effort, we sold our products and again made a pleasing profit, with a little economic help from Mr McCulloch.

In the end, our team were overjoyed to have made £40 to pay back Mr Nimmo and a large profit on top of that. Overall, we enjoyed being part of the Mini Enterprise Scheme, even though at times it was hard work. We all learnt something about each other, how to work and co-operate together in a team, how to have our products made for a deadline and finally how to take equal responsibilities.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Martel Maxwell: (Chairperson)
Fereilth Robb (Manager)
Sally Steel (Treasurer)
Lesley Duffus (Secretary)

WORKFORCE

Beth Roby
Leona Chacko
Jenna Keir
Mhorig Gillan
Jillian Mackie
Kathryn Lang
Sarah Kirk
Joy Burns
Julie Bremner
Simon Gow
Gilles Wilson (Sales Manager)
Aaron Hossain
Steven Bernard
Grant Peterkin

RECESSION-BUSTING HIGH ENTERPRISE

With the help of Mr Macdonald, Mr McCulloch and our YE advisers from Marks and Spencers, a group of fifth and sixth years set up and ran a young enterprise business called High Enterprise in school this year. We

manufactured record clocks; selling them within school and also wholesale to a shop in Dundee. We started with over thirty members which dwindled until we had a hard core of about 15 Board, Production and Sales Team members.

Despite the 'major' recession we have been able to return to our shareholders a 20% dividend, and also donate a sum to a Cancer Research Charity.

I think that we would all agree that Young Enterprise is a great learning experience, although some of us learnt more than others! We would like to thank all of those who helped us throughout the year and wish Mr McCulloch, who is in charge next year, and the new Company every success.

Shona Goodfellow, F6
(Company Secretary).

LITTLE STICKY TOFFEE PUDDING

(Serves 8)

180°C for 25 mins. Or microwave 4 at a time — Time 2 minutes on cook, 1 minute on stand.

75g butter
150g caster sugar
2 eggs, beaten
175g self-raising flour
or 100gms S.R. flour + 75gms wholemeal flour
175g chopped, stoned dates or sultanas
175ml boiling water
½ tsp vanilla essence
3 x ¼ tsp bicarbonate of soda

SAUCE —

175g soft brown sugar
110g butter
6 tbs double cream
25g chopped pecan nuts or alternative nuts

1) Put the dates in a bowl and pour the boiling water over them.

2) Add vanilla essence and bicarbonate of soda. Leave for 1 minute.

3) Cream butter and sugar together until pale. Gradually add eggs beating well after each addition.

4) Fold in flour then fold in date mixture. The mixture will look slack at this stage.

5) Divide the mixture into 8 pudding containers or cups. Bake in the oven for 25 minutes.

SAUCE —

Combine all the ingredients in a saucepan. Heat gently until sugar has melted.

Put pudding onto a plate and pour the sauce over it. If desired, grill the puddings for about 8 minutes to make tops crunchy.

D.H.S. REP. CLUB

Throughout this year we have sold coffee, juice and biscuits to members of staff and pupils during the Friday nine period. We once held a cake and candy for the pupils during the morning interval, and raised a sum of £9.00.

At Christmas time, members of the D.H.S. Rep. Club went to see the play "The Snowqueen". Those of us who went thoroughly enjoyed it. The sets were magnificent and the costumes bright and colourful. The storyline was

thrilling and kept us on the edge of our seats. All in all a wonderful play.

The Repertory Theatre also gave us a backstage tour. We saw the costume design department, the props department and also the set for the play "CORPS". We really enjoyed the tour.

We would like to thank everyone who has helped us raise this money for DUNDEE REPERTORY THEATRE by buying our goods.

Your generosity is greatly appreciated.



SENIOR DRAMA CLUB (TABS THEATRE COMPANY)

Following the success of "Daisy Pull It Off" last year, it became apparent that there was a great demand for a regular drama club. Hence, session 1991-92 saw the start of the Senior Drama Club, (now known as TABS Theatre Company) for all those in Forms IV-VI interested in drama. Auditions in October were attended by large numbers and after a number of meetings in various venues in school, we eventually established a base at Dundee Art Centre, which turned out to be a suitably flexible space for workshops and, ultimately, a satisfactory performance venue for the plays presented by the Company in April.

Open to all in FIV-VI who have an interest in any aspect of drama, meetings ranged from professional tuition in drama and movement to improvisations based on martial arts, and included workshops run by guest directors from Northern College and D.A.C. The year culminated in the performance in April of two short plays, "Ladies, This Is War" and "Commercial Break"; the success of the club and the enthusiastic support it received bode well for the further developments which we have planned for next session.

We would particularly like to thank Mr Illsley, Mr Durrheim and the other members of staff concerned for the help they have given during the year.

Jenny Tooze.



FORM 3 TRIP TO HADRIAN'S WALL JUNE 1991

Despite the threatening conditions — typical barbarian weather — the Latin and Classical Studies classes enjoyed their trip to the "civilised" side of Hadrian's Wall.

On arrival we walked a section of the Wall and then went on to visit The Roman Army Museum, where we were treated to an enthusiastic talk on Roman armour and weapons. Half a dozen pupils were lucky enough to be kitted out as Roman legionaries — it is significant that most of the volunteers were girls. I had never noticed that Caroline Merry possessed such a fine pair of shoulders or how deadly Stacey Brown is with a short sword — the Cadets take note!

After our Roman style lunch (the stuffed doormice were delicious!) we visited the excavations at Vindolanda, a settlement which grew up close to the Wall. We learned how archaeologists have found out about ordinary life back then — even down to the material they used for carpets.



Then, tired but contented, we began our journey back to Pictland. At the time of writing preparations are well under way for our return to the Wall this year. I wonder who will be this year's most glamorous legionary.

C. Dudgeon.

SPEECH AND DRAMA REPORT 1991/92

The wealth of talent among senior pupils meant that High Drama had three productions this year so that everyone could show off!

First term, "Mr Ulysses" by Georgina Reid was performed at the Institute of Technology, Bell Street. SI girls came and sang along with us.

At Christmas, the Farndale Ladies hit town with their "Murder Mystery". They certainly murdered the script and the mystery is how Mrs Jack survived!

"The Creature Creeps" by Jack Sharkey was the next production. Ewan and Colin surely deserved Oscars. Ewan for his weight-lifting (apologies to Clare) and Colin for finding the words when all else failed!

Form III pupils trod the boards at the Music Centre in June for "The Down-Going of Orpheus Hawkins" by David Clarke. L7 pupils had a taste of things to come - chaotic rehearsals, several changes of cast but "all right on the night".

The Christmas pantomime rehearsals start as soon as the summer holidays are over and we hope the success of our last pantomime will ensure large attendances so that we keep financially afloat.

Our thanks to Mrs Melville, Mr Boyle, Mrs Hackney and Miss Scott for all their help and support. As for Mr Durrheim - well there is not enough room left to express all our thanks or to list his talents - except he has a good line in rap!



The Farndale Ladies

Olwyn Jack



Farndale Murder Mystery

The Creature Creeps



RAINBOW GUIDE REPORT

This year we had a full complement of girls in Rainbow Guides. Our main theme for the year was looking at ourselves, our body, how it works but more importantly how to look after it. Many thanks to the Biology Department for the use of the various models and microscopes.

In October we had a very strange visitor to our meeting. She came, as she said in her own words, "as a friend" and provided us with interesting stories and Hallowe'en goodies. Another visitor to our meetings was Mrs Scott who throughout the year provided us with a variety of shaped biscuits to decorate and eat. We are hoping these two ladies will visit us again next year.

Christmas saw us practising our favourite carols in order to join the Guides at Pinegrove Residential Home entertaining the elderly residents. To our delight they seemed to appreciate our singing and rewarded us with Christmas sweets.

Finally we had our now traditional Rainbow Barbecue at Baldragon Farm. A treasure hunt, games, songs, competitions and most important, scrumptious hot dogs enabled us to have a super time. Many thanks to Mr and Mrs Scott for the use of their garden, it was looking beautiful.

Sadly we had to say goodbye to Mrs Docherty who left us to have her first baby. We all wish her good luck and not too many sleepless nights.

All in all we have had another busy year and I would like to thank all the staff who have assisted me especially Miss Scott, Mrs Docherty and Miss Cardno.

Mrs Irene McIntosh (Rainbow Guide Leader).

THE JONATHAN BRYANT INTERVIEW

The greatly publicised and welcome return of the royal research ship Discovery to Dundee in 1986 fuelled a new interest in Dundee's heritage and arguably engendered in its people a new civic pride and confidence, encapsulated in the well-known logo 'City of Discovery'. Perhaps predictably however, the return of Discovery has led, either directly or indirectly, to considerable controversy with the waterfront development in which Discovery is to take a leading role apparently going nowhere fast.

To discuss the Discovery issue and other aspects of Dundee's heritage I visited Jonathan Bryant, chief executive of Dundee Industrial Heritage Ltd., the charitable organisation responsible for Discovery and related developments. It is also responsible for the major project of restoring the old Verdant works, once a textile factory, where a new industrial heritage museum is to be situated.

Could you start by telling us a little bit about the Heritage Trust's involvement in the long-awaited Discovery Quay development?

Discovery Quay is a development of the Dundee Waterfront which has been in the planning stages now for a long period of time — too long. It was originally planned in the early 1980's when there was quite a lot of derelict land down at the waterfront and it seemed that one way of improving the city's economic prosperity would be to bring this land under one ownership and present this as a development opportunity of an appropriate type. "Discovery" was always seen to be a key to that development and it was only through financial incentives and safeguards that we as a charitable organisation with limited funds were able to take on responsibility for the ship. Historic ships throughout the United Kingdom are not normally noted for their success in meeting all of their costs and for raising vast amounts of money for their restoration, and in the 1990s in particular when there is less and less public sector cash around, it is important to try and extract value in other ways, and this development is one of them.

The development has of course become somewhat controversial within the community, and many people feel that a more appropriate plan would be to leave Discovery where she is in Victoria Dock alongside Unicorn, and where there are some historic buildings. I couldn't agree more with that and in fact last year when the Port Authority announced that they were looking for a new future for Victoria Dock we said we'd review the situation and see if there was an opportunity there to get the right kind of car park and Visitors' Centre, and the right kind of cash deal to support the ship. Unfortunately that wasn't the case so we are now pushing ahead with the Discovery Quay development with the ship due to be moved in the autumn of this year. Maintenance work on the rigging will then be carried out and, meanwhile, work on the Visitors' Centre will be continuing.

What do you think of how the waterfront development as a whole has progressed?

I think it has been a victim of two things. Firstly, it has been the victim of poor handling and poor management by many of the people involved with it over the years. For

instance there have been too many people dealing with it. With people coming and going there has been a vital lack of continuity. Furthermore, I think that those who have been dealing with it have not got to know the community of Dundee sufficiently well. To be successful, projects in Dundee have to be handled slightly differently from elsewhere — every city in the country has its own local characteristics and you have to get to know these and win the confidence of local people to make projects succeed. Secondly, there is the recession. The development is dependent on inputs from the private sector and private property interests are not very profitable at the moment. However, I am optimistic that a good hotel can be built there — one that is architecturally pleasing, and let's hope we can begin to put things right for that part of Dundee.

Is it difficult to keep interest in Discovery going?

It is always easier in the first few years of a project to generate interest than in the long term. A similar characteristic however between Discovery and another of our projects, the Verdant Works, is that there is literally so much to do that there is always something new to show the public.

How many visitors to Discovery Quay are expected?

At present in Victoria Dock we have just under 50,000 visitors a year, and I think we do quite well, frankly, to secure that number of visitors — we don't have good parking or good signing, or large exhibitions, or displays on the quayside, or catering, or a decent shop or anything. Our projections for Discovery Quay is that we will receive in the first trading year (which will not be a full calendar year) about 90,000 visitors, rising to about 170,000 by year three and settling to about 140,000 for the next four or five years.

Were you involved in Dundee 800 at all?

Not really. A lot of people thought we were either responsible or working for Dundee 800 and that is because of the nature of our projects. They are fairly high profile and people think their principle purpose is publicity and promotion and that is not the case. Our job as an educational charity is to preserve historic items such as Discovery, and to encourage public understanding and enjoyment of them. So our principle purpose is not to promote the City — that is for others to do. Having said that of course, we did contribute to Dundee 800 with events on the ship and were very pleased to do so. However I was a little disappointed that during Dundee's 800 celebrations we didn't greatly increase the number of visitors to the City, and our visitor expectations on Discovery were not met.

Do you think Dundee 800 was run well? Was there enough emphasis on heritage for example?

There wasn't enough cash. I happen to know Henry King for whom I have a lot of respect — she is a self-styled publicist and you need a figure like her. Personally, I could not have done her job; I can't just publicise something without there being some substance and soul behind what I do.

Henry did a great job within the limits of finance given to her, and I think a lot of the criticism she received was

really unfounded. When you become involved in high profile projects like Dundee 800 or the waterfront development you are on a political hiding to nothing because everybody is out to criticise.

The other major project apart from Discovery you are currently involved in is the Verdant works. Could you tell us a little about that?

They are a significant linen and jute works dating from 1833. Our Trust decided that to create a proper museum of Dundee's jute and linen industry, it wasn't just sufficient to take our collection of historical machinery and situate it in a modern building even though this would have been cheaper to run and would probably have been more convenient. The works cost £100,000 to purchase and will need around £2m to fully restore and develop as a museum. The restoration is currently underway, and the works are open to the public at the moment in a very modest way.

It seems to be a major development but it has so far attracted far less attention than Discovery.

That's right. You are right to possibly criticise that we may not have publicised that project enough but I feel that if you publicise something too much and it fails to meet expectations in the early years, until we have enough developed there, then you risk disappointing rather than fulfilling.

We are putting more emphasis on Discovery Quay now because that project is totally funded and we have £1½m to spend on exhibitions and displays and the Visitors' Centre. It is going to be the best centre in Scotland, and will be comparable with the best in the UK.

Much of Dundee's heritage has been destroyed through 1960's redevelopment so doesn't this make attracting visitors to Dundee very difficult?

Yes, until a certain category of buildings is demolished they are not recognised as being valuable. Heritage organisations like ours are a reaction to such loss.

However, it is not just heritage that attracts people to Dundee — it is made extremely attractive by a superb location and a very friendly people. Our job is to add one more attractive element.

Are there any future projects which you would like to undertake even if you could not at the moment because of a lack of finance?

It is interesting you mention that because we do as a charitable trust and a limited liability company have to have a very close regard to the resources we can realistically make available. If we stretch ourselves beyond the resources available we are unable to do anything well, and so we are just concentrating on Discovery and the Verdant projects at the moment.

Do you think more public sector cash should be made available to you?

Yes, and there should be better policing of planning permissions where heritage is involved.

Do you expect any increase in funding from the National Lottery?

I think nationally the whole scene for heritage is going to change. I personally am delighted that the 'Ministry of Fun' has been set up with Mr Mellor sitting in the master of ceremonies' chair. Love him or loathe him, he has treasury background and so is a positive force for us, and I certainly support the National Lottery as a way of increasing funds for this sector. If it proves to be a clever government move to reduce its level of funding then I shall be disappointed but it is up to us in the field to make our voices heard and that we do to a considerable extent through organisations like the Association of Indepen-

dent Museums.

Many thanks to Jonathan Bryant for his informed views on these matters of considerable local importance.

Grant Oglvie, Form 6.

THE GERMAN EXCHANGE VISIT APRIL 1992

After finally stepping off the train at Treysa at 20.45 to meet our partners, we were welcomed by freezing temperatures but very warm-hearted host families, who drove us home and starting as they meant to continue, introduced us to the delights of German cooking.

With school starting at 8.10, the next morning began too early for our liking. At 10.30 we ate the second or was it the third of four breakfasts, at the reception given for us by the school's jovial Head Master, Herr Hellwig and the fourth one at our reception by the Bürgermeister of Zwesten. These breakfasts consisted of bread, cheese and cold meats, which were great so long as the meat wasn't raw!

The next day we went on a trip to the beautiful medieval city of Marburg, where we saw our first German castle (little did we know, that as many as five more were to follow in the next days). We were also given a guided tour of the St. Elisabeth's church by a very enthusiastic but strict guide — no talking and no lagging behind please!

On Monday we attended school, which all of us found infinitely superior in its setting, lay-out and general atmosphere. We took refuge in the English class from non-stop German but were shocked, when the class started to interpret the meaning of an English novel in English. We reckoned we ourselves would have had difficulty with it in our native tongue, never mind in our second language. We found listening to German for 2 or 3 periods was very hard going but at the end of our stay we felt we had improved a lot.

The next day, however, it was back to sightseeing, as we visited another castle, actually a Roman Fort and wandered around the Hessenpark. On the Thursday, when the Easter holidays began officially, we went to Kassel to see the Wilhelmshöhe park and walked mile after apparently vertical mile to reach the statue of Hercules. Herr Pfeiffer took pity on us and displaying typical German hospitality, treated us all to a drink before we attempted the last stage of more than 300 steps. However reluctant Anisha had been to make the climb, even she had to admit, that the view from the top was worth it.

We next met up at the farwell party, where the host mothers had surpassed themselves, in producing a feast fit for a Kaiser. We sang Scottish songs and Catriona Robson entertained everybody with her Highland dancing, which went down so well she had to do twice as many dances as planned.

The next morning we reluctantly bade our tearful farewells and Kleenex flapped from the train windows.

During our stay in Germany we made many new friends and letters will be winging their way from Scotland to Germany and not only to our partners (nicht

wahr, Karen, Gillian and Catriona?)

It was very interesting to sample the different culture and contrasting school life at the Christophorusschule, which impressed us greatly. All of us would love to revisit Oberurff... if our long-suffering partners and families will have us back!

Thanks must go to Mr Richterich and Mrs Duncan for planning the trip and for ensuring our safe arrival and return. Most importantly we would like to thank Mr Prilop, Mr Pfeiffer and Mr Hellwig and our host partners and families for making the Exchange trip '92 such a successful and enjoyable experience.

Ann Grewar F4.



Trip to the 'Saalburg' Roman Fort and the Hessian Open Air Museum in the Taunus Hills near Frankfurt on the 31st. March 1992

Main Gate ("porta praetoria") of the 'Saalburg' Roman Fort at the Roman Frontier ("limes") from the Rhine to the Danube.

THE FRENCH EXCHANGE: DUNDEE-MONTPELLIER 1991-92

We are now into the third year of our exchange with the College de l'Assumption in Montpellier. We are pleased to see our numbers increasing each year and hope that this is thanks to positive 'word of mouth' from previous participants. We are delighted to hear news of

on-going links between pupils, and indeed entire families, from previous years.

The ten day stay followed the same pattern as before, on both sides of the Channel, with weekends being spent in the families whilst group excursions were arranged for the intervening school days,

Here are some extracts from the pupils' "official" diaries which will give non-participants some idea of the good and not so good experiences which they "enjoyed".

To begin at the beginning — the journey. Perhaps the main drawback about any foreign travel is the **travel**.
3.30 a.m. Can it really be my alarm clock ringing? What am I doing getting up at this unearthly hour?

There isn't even tempting food to look forward to.
The food, in true airline tradition, was unidentifiable. The breakfast sausage was a genuine Dunlop.

And the staff are not always reassuring in their manner of presenting safety regulations to passengers.
The air hostess came and dumped a lifejacket, oxygen mask and a multitude of other safety items on my lap.

However, the arrival can make up for the frustrations of the journey.
The early start was worthwhile, when we arrived in the south of France to exchange the cold, damp weather for ten days of sun and warmth.

Not everyone's thoughts were so positive, as the real purpose of the visit slowly dawned on them.
Arriving in Montpellier, we were suddenly shocked at the thought of speaking French for ten whole days — not just the odd 40 minute period and only on school days.

The problem posed by speaking and listening to French for a prolonged period is experienced with varying degrees of anguish by the different members of such a group. A lot depends on personality as much as the last set of French exam results. Some people refuse to be deprived of the power of communication for one day, let alone ten, where others will not open their mouths until they have worked out each sentence twice over to be sure of getting ten out of ten. Unfortunately the interlocutor may have lost interest by then. Some people **have** to chat, however late the hour — this entry appeared frequently in one particular report . . .

*1 a.m. Dear diary, we fell into bed after **another long chat**. (Girls will be girls!)*

There are of course non-verbal means of communication — and younger brothers and sisters can be helpful here.

Remi, (aged 4) and I spent hours in my room making funny faces and laughing a lot.

And music is an international language — although English does dominate the pop charts.

I spent most of the rest of the morning singing in my pyjamas with Mireille and dancing around with the stereo full blast . . . In the late evening her brother and I played duets on the piano to the rest of the family which made me feel closer to them all.

Some are surprised at how well the French **do** speak their own language — especially in large social groups. I'm afraid they tend to overwhelm the Scots with extraordinary family reunions, right from day one.

*We met up with friends of the family — plus granny, auntie and baby — it was quite boring because they all spoke **fluent** French.*

The excursions provided something of interest for everyone although clearly everyone was not interested by everything all of the time.

Romanesque architecture — YUK!

— Consolation for staff — at least he now knows what the term signifies. Some group members, however, made useful connections with other subjects studied at school, which may impress those members of staff left at home doing extra cover for French colleagues.

I really enjoyed visiting the Roman amphitheatre at Nimes which is very well preserved and still used for pop concerts, etc. As we had learned about it in Classical Studies it was interesting to actually see it for real. Imagine being a gladiator in the arena — they were usually dead by the age of 30, even the most successful.

Some people inevitably get a little confused with the information.

I was stunned by the size of the aqueduct (Pont du Gard). It comprised of three different levels. The top two were Roman but the bottom level dated from the Middle Ages.

The Romans indeed performed tremendous feats — but levitation!

Others were distracted from examining Louis XIV's statue by minor details.

Our guide was a young history teacher whose sideburns excelled even James Dean or Elvis Presley.

Or at the Pont du Gard.

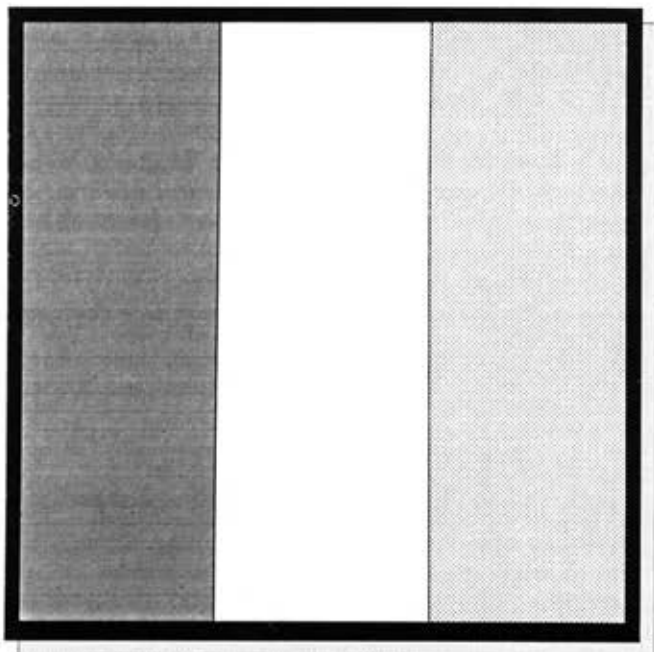
The French teacher told us the legend of the rabbit thrown in a rage, by the devil, against the bridge, which she probably regretted later because we spent the next 20 minutes screwing up our eyes trying to locate the whereabouts of the rabbit imprint.

We had less difficulty spotting the she-wolf depicted on the wall of the amphitheatre in Nimes although we did have a little difficulty recalling from Classical Studies the names of the Roman twins who were also portrayed.

At times the guides were too erudite for the group — even in English — but here the guide was greeted with open ears because she spoke straightforward English.

In conclusion, many of the group expressed a desire to go back some time, if only for the food, and some have already made plans to do so. It has to be said that on these occasions everything does not go completely smoothly all the time, especially in the area of human relations. However, coping with such problems is part of the process of growing up and our pupils handled themselves with maturity. Many compliments were paid about their general behaviour by French families, staff and airline personnel — we have almost come to expect this but we certainly do not take it for granted. Franco-Scottish relations must benefit to some degree from such an exchange and one little boy who practised to say "Bye-bye, Claire" on the last day would certainly be pleased to have his guest back again.

J.S. et al.





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By Grant ogilvie, F6

Dundee has stood in the front ranks of provincial newspaper publishing for almost 200 years and is home to D. C. Thomson, a long-established publishing firm with an international reputation, famous for publications such as The Courier, The Evening Telegraph, The Sunday Post and The Beano. Of these, it is arguably the Courier with which we are most familiar — a paper which has become an institution in itself with one of the biggest circulations of any provincial newspaper in the UK at around 120,000 copies daily.

I talked to Ian Stewart, Editor of the Courier, to discuss the paper itself, his role as editor, and media issues in general.

The most significant feature of the Courier over the years was its retention of advertisements on the front and back pages and this style of presentation identified itself with a rather conservative broadsheet style. This year however, saw a break with tradition when it took on front-page news and a revamped presentation including the introduction of colour.

Do you think that the Courier's style of reporting will change with the presentation and create a more tabloid image?

I think firstly that the change in presentation was long overdue and our research shows that most people

approve of it. However, I think within the foreseeable the Courier will stay broadsheet. For the Courier to become tabloid we would have to change completely in character because tabloid-type information bears no resemblance to what we publish. This doesn't mean we will not change but we will not swing towards the tabloid style of presentation.

Do you see the Courier as being in competition with national newspapers or as complementing them?

In a sense it is a case of a bit of both because the blend in the Courier is national and local news. This blend is in some respects almost unique — there are very few papers of our size doing this sort of mix. Every other paper such as the Scottish broadsheet used to inject a lot of local news in the early days but they have since abandoned this for a more general and interpretive approach to the news. These Scottish broadsheets do have some penetration here with professional people but we don't see ourselves as being directly in competition.

What does your job as editor involve?

Currently my job is one of many hats. At one time the editor was a figure in the background who stood above it all and pronounced judgement on how the news should be presented. First and foremost he was a journalist who

had to mix locally and keep in touch with what was happening.

Now things are slightly different. Since I started in journalism the most important change has been the introduction of advanced technology and even as editor I have been heavily involved in our own technological development. I am also much more of an administrator than previous editors because we now have a much larger organisation and it is incumbent upon the editor to keep in touch with all those involved in production, although of course I delegate as well. I am also involved in circulation wars and promotion, I am part personnel manager, part father-figure and so on which is the same for anyone who has to run any particular section of an organisation.

So the responsibilities seem to have increased. However, I do sometimes wish I could return to being an old-fashioned journalist and I do like to get involved when a big story is breaking.

You mentioned you were involved in promotion. Do you not think that sales of the paper have reached saturation point anyway?

I am not sure about that and we are researching that at the moment. One of the problems is that reading newspapers in some areas has become almost old-fashioned. Also, whereas at one time people read their paper from cover to cover they tend now to be more selective because they have less time available to them. We are particularly concerned about promoting the paper to the younger generation with a home television seeming to be the main attraction. We are doing this, not by suddenly becoming a teenage pop magazine or anything like that, but firstly through a scheme called 'Newspapers in Education' involving setting up projects with schools whereby they produce their own newspaper, and also by running newspaper competitions, by inviting schools to come and see how a paper is produced and by sending out people to lecture to schools. We are not doing this in a commercial sense but because we feel there is a social responsibility involved. It saddens me to see a young person who hasn't got the foggiest idea what is going on in the world about them which is why we assume a partly educational role.

Is it not difficult for the Courier to compete with television which can easily get the news to the screens quickly?

This is something we are very aware of and we can only hope that the television culture will go into steep decline. However, because of our very late press time, we can sometimes run a story which the TV news the night before didn't have. We can also run local news which television is unable to cover.

On the subject of the Press in general, do you think political bias is acceptable?

I think a newspaper without a political stance might be regarded as spineless. Political viewpoints are expressed in one of two ways. In some parts of the industry the editors are working under the direction of the owners who may have very pronounced political views. However, the way that I think applies to most papers, including the Courier is for an editor to be left to make up his own mind about how the paper should view the political scene. The Courier has been known to criticise the government over the past few years but at the election we decided that the best thing for the country was the return of a Conservative government.

Do you therefore attempt to influence your readers?

We perhaps attempt to guide them although


ultimately people will weigh up the situation and decide on their own.

May I thank Mr Stewart for the inside story and in conclusion I leave you with his illuminating description of the work of a newspaper editor:

Newspaper editing is not for those who seek peace and serenity. It would break the heart of a man who could not bear throwing away the fruits of hours of work and starting over again in a rush to beat the clock. It would never do for a time-disregarding perfectionist.

But for one who can hopefully master problems of time and space, who loves to inspire a team and accurately sense the mood of the community, there are few more callings where satisfaction so quickly follows achievement. This should be counted the editor's final reward, that by breathing life into his paper he is continually recreating a living thing, a source of energy and spirit.

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(Courtesy of D C Thomson Ltd)

Oxford and Cambrige entrants
(from left Alisdair Balfour, Mary Young and Grant Ogilvie.)



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F.P. NEWS

FORMER PUPILS: SUCCESSES (as known)

University of Aberdeen: 1991

Allardice, Gillian; L.I.B. (Hons).
Aitken, Ian MacDonald; M.A.(Hons).
Buchan, Donna Jane; B.Sc.
Dee, Alastair James; M.A.(Hons).
Fenton, Edward Anthony; M.A.(Hons).
Swan, Ashley Teresa, M.A.(Hons).
Thompson, Justine Elizabeth Anne;
Dip. Legal Practice.
Thomson, Lynn Julie; L.I.B.
Watson, Shona; M.A.(Hons).

University of Edinburgh: 1991

Forrest, Katharine M.; M.B.Ch.B.
Galloway, Ronald J.; M.A.(Hons).
Scottish Historical Studies.
Hunter, Graeme A.; B.Sc. (First Class Hons).
Mathematics.
Lawson, Samantha L.; L.I.B.(Hons).
Small, Iain; M.A.(Hons). French and European History.
Stuart, Valerie J.; M.A.(Hons). German/European Insts.
Vincent, Emma; M.A. (First Class Hons). History.
Wong, Celina; M.B.Ch.B.

University of St Andrews: 1991

Florey, Nicolas H.; B.Sc.
McIntyre, Susan J.; M.A.(Hons).
Management with International Relations.
Lowe, Janet M.; O.E. Saunders Prize (Art-History)
1st Arts.

University of Kent: 1991

Goad, Vanessa Clare Jane; B.A.(Hons).
English and German Law.

University of Strathclyde: 1991

Sharp, Kathleen; B.A.(Hons). Psychology.
Foreman, Elaine A.; B.A.(Hons). Economics with
Modern Languages.

University of Bristol: 1991

Allen, Peter M.; M.A. Mechanical Engineering with
Manufacturing Systems.

Dundee Institute of Technology: 1991

Barton, Paul Gerrard Charles; B.A.(Hons).
Business Studies.
Marshall, Angus McKenzie; B.Sc. (First Class Hons).
Muir, Margaret; Diploma in Health Visiting with
Distinction.
Scott, Fraser George Curtis; B.A.(Hons).
Business Studies.
Thomson, Audrey Jamieson; Postgraduate Diploma in
Software Engineering.

University of Durham: 1991

Nicols, Christopher I.; B.Sc.(Hons). Physics.
Nimmo, Stephen F.; B.A.(Hons). Economics/History.
Robertson, Ian J.; B.Sc.(Hons). Mathematics.

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.

ALLAN, Dr. DONALD

Left D.H.S. in 1972. Donald first went to Dundee University to study Physics and graduated B.Sc. in 1976 with 1st Class Honours. He then continued to undertake postgraduate research with Professor W. E. Spear's group developing and studying amorphous semi-conductors, resulting in the award of the Degrees of M.Sc. in 1977 and Ph.D. in 1979. He then went to Glasgow to join the West of Scotland Health's Board Department of Clinical Physics and Bio-engineering as a Medical Physicist. Based at the Western Infirmary in Glasgow in first the Department of Radiotherapy and later the Tennent Institute of Ophthalmology, Donald contributed both to the clinical service and to medical research. In early 1990 he took up an appointment as Head of Physics and Instrumentation at the Cancer Research Campaign's Paterson Institute for Cancer Research attached to the Christie Hospital in Manchester. Through expertise in such areas as electronics, computing, radiation, lasers, optics and mechanical engineering Donald's Group provides the technology base which underpins much of the institute's biomedical research.

ANDREW, KENNETH G.

Kenneth, who is President of the F.P. Rugby Club, has recently been appointed Managing Director of J. T. Inglis & Sons Ltd., the Textile Processors.

BEAMER, ALAN J.

Left D.H.S. in 1976. Alan entered Edinburgh University to undertake a B.Sc. Honours Degree in Geophysics. After graduation Alan joined Dowell Schlumberger working in Algeria. He is now based in Paris.

BERKENHEGER, RONA N. (nee Horne)

Left D.H.S. in 1972. After gaining an Honours Degree in German from St. Andrews University she completed a post-graduate course in Secretarial Studies at Strathclyde University. Rona worked for a short time in London as a translator/secretary for a photographic agency before returning to Scotland to take up a position with a sporting agency organising shooting/fishing holidays for overseas visitors. In 1979 she married a German professional hunter and they worked together managing a shooting lodge in the Highlands. They then travelled abroad for two years before returning to Scotland. They have now established their own small sporting agency and guest house near Inverness with sideline businesses in deer management, translation/interpreting and boarding kennels.

BRYSON, NORVAL M.

Left D.H.S. in 1967 having been Dux of the School. Scottish Provident have announced the appointment of Dr. Norval Bryson as Joint Deputy Chief Executive. At the same time he joins the Scottish Provident Board as an Executive Director. Norval is a B.Sc. St. Andrews, M.Sc. Oxon, and a D.Phil. Oxon. He joined Scottish Provident in October, 1974, and qualified as a Fellow of the Faculty of Actuaries in 1977. In July, 1988, he was appointed General Manager, Corporate Development, a title which he now retains. In this role he has been responsible for Scottish Provident's expansion programme in Europe.

BURNETT, RICHARD S.

Left D.H.S. in 1980. After leaving D.H.S. Richard went to Aberdeen University where he graduated M.A. in 1984. He started his professional training in Aberdeen, completing it with Lickley Proctor & Burnett. In July, 1991 he was made a partner in the firm and is the third generation in the business.

CAMERON, SARAH C.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. Sarah made her professional appearance debut at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe, joining an International Company in a work which marries dance, movement and words. "Lipstick Tango" written by Katie Campbell from novels by Manuel Puig, creates a surreal and evocative picture of the dramas of small town Argentina. Sarah spent a year at Exeter College of Art and Design on leaving school followed by four years at the Chelsea School of Art where she gained a B.A. (Hons.) in Sculpture. She also studied at Ecole Internationale de Theatre Jacques Lecoq, in Paris.

CROOKS, Dr. GEORGE W.

Left D.H.S. in 1971. In 1977 George graduated M.B.Ch.B. and went to work in Aberdeen Royal Infirmary and Ninewells Hospital, in Dundee. He became a member of the Royal College of General Practitioners and is currently a Principal in general practice in Aberdeen involved in teaching Medical Students and Postgraduates. He also broadcasts on the local radio and Radio Scotland on medical matters.

DOBSON, DOROTHY A.

The School and Staff were delighted to hear that Dorothy, a former member of the Physical Education Department, had been made "Citizen of the Year". Her pioneering work in developing a fitness programme, which takes into account the special needs of older people and leading exercise classes at the University Sports Centre for the past twelve years made Dorothy the unanimous choice of the selection committee.

DOIG, JAMES

Left D.H.S. in 1980. James has recently been made a full partner of the Dundee Solicitors firm of Lawson, Coull & Duncan. After leaving School he went on to Dundee University where he graduated with an Honours LL.B. Degree and received a Diploma on Legal Practice.

DRYSDALE, MIRIAM C. (nee Little)

Left D.H.S. in 1972. After graduating M.A. Hons. in Philosophy Miriam did VSO work in Papua, New Guinea. On returning to this country she worked, until her marriage, as a hostess in Crieff Hydro. Miriam has now converted a barn into a studio to run residential and non residential painting courses for all ages and also helps in the design and sales of glass paperweights for a local factory.

ELDER, CATHERINE (nee Spreull)

Left D.H.S. in 1959. Catherine now lives in Grantown on Spey where she runs the Kinross Guest House.

ERDAL, CAROLYN (nee Jack)

Left D.H.S. in 1972. On leaving School Carolyn went to Bristol University graduating in 1975. After a post-graduate course at Nottingham University she married and settled in Maidenhead, Berkshire where she taught English in a Comprehensive School. In 1980 Carolyn and her husband returned to Scotland and set up home in Edinburgh. Carolyn is now studying part-time for an MEd at Edinburgh University.

FENTON, EDWARD E.

Left D.H.S. in 1987. At School Edward was C.S.M. of the Cadets, winner of the Findlay Cup for Shooting and a member of the Scottish Schools Shooting Team. While he was in the party selected to represent the U.K. in Canada he was the first High School Cadet to be appointed a Lord Lieutenant's Cadet to carry out official duties in the area. On leaving School Edward received an Army Cadetship. He commenced a Degree Course at Aberdeen University and graduated M.A. (Hons) in 1991. He then went to Sandhurst to complete his Army Training. In April this year he graduated and is now a 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Highland Fusiliers.

FORBES, MICHAEL B.

Left D.H.S. in 1977. Michael, an expert angler, was awarded the 1991 Trophy for Scottish National Fly Fishing Champion. He is the 99th Scottish Champion in the annual event organised by the Scottish Anglers

National Association. Michael, fishing in the final event at Loch Leven, landed five trout weighing a total of 7 lb. 4 oz. He was automatically selected for the Scottish Fishing Team and he will be defending his title in August, 1992. In the 99 year history of the Trophy only one person has won the Trophy twice so, in its 100th year, Michael hopes to win the Championship again.

GARMANY, SUSAN

Left D.H.S. in 1986. After graduating in 1991 with an M.A. joint Honours Degree in Spanish/History, Susan went to Spain and taught English in Madrid. She is now in Seville working in the British Pavilion at Expo '92.

GAWN, FIONA (nee Mollison)

Left D.H.S. in 1985. Fiona has become a Licentiate Teacher of Speech and Drama and is teaching in Northampton. She obtained the Diploma in Speech and Drama from Trinity College, London.

GEARIN-TOSH, MICHAEL B.

Left D.H.S. in 1957. Michael, who was Dux in English and History and awarded the Prize for Reading and Public Speaking, read English at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He is a Fellow of St. Catherine's College and he has directed plays and operas in Oxford and in London.

GIBSON, MARGARET

Left D.H.S. in 1972. After graduating with an M.A. from Aberdeen University, Margaret worked in Hotels and Restaurants around Scotland while deciding to opt for Teaching, Hotel Management or Arts Administration. She decided to start with Teaching and attended Aberdeen College of Education in 1976-77. Since then Margaret has taught in various Primary Schools in and around Aberdeen and is currently Depute Head of a Primary School in Stonehaven.

GILLAN HAZEL M. C. (nee Wilkinson)

After leaving School, Hazel went to Dundee College of Commerce to follow a two year course in Business Studies after which she joined the Royal Bank of Scotland and worked at the Kingsway Branch until 1981. In 1976 Hazel married local Architect Nigel Gillan.

GORDON, ALEXANDRA C. M.

Left D.H.S. in 1972. Alexandra completed a three year course in Speech Pathology and Therapeutics in Edinburgh in 1975. Since then she has worked in Sheffield, Manchester and North West Europe as a Speech Language Therapist, latterly as the Manager of Services to the British Forces in Germany. Margaret has learned a second language and expanded her hobbies and interests. She is a keen skier, especially in the Alps and, in the summer, wind surfing is her sport.

GOSSIP, IAN G. C.

Left D.H.S. in 1970. Recently the Bank of Scotland announced that Ian had been appointed Manager of the West End Branch in Aberdeen. Ian joined the Bank in

1970 and has served in Branches in Tayside and the Aberdeen area.

ALAN GORDON GYLE

(Head-Boy, 1982)

Ordained Deacon in St Paul's Cathedral, London, on 28th June, 1992, to serve in Acton Green.

HALLIDAY, THOMAS S.

In April, Mr Halliday celebrated his 90th birthday and was delighted to receive a letter from the Italian Consul-General. The letter from Dr. Marino Cervone d'Urso said, "The five awards given to you in Italy, amongst others granted by other countries, represent the best recognition of your merits. It is with great pleasure, that on the occasion of your 90th birthday, I convey to you, on behalf of my country, the best compliments and sincerest of wishes."

HAMILTON, BILL McD.

Left D.H.S. in 1961. Bill, whose BBC TV reports from Albania helped to raise more than £3.5 million for orphans there, has become the first Briton to be awarded the country's highest civilian honour, the Order of Mother Teresa. As Home Affairs Correspondent for BBC TV News he frequently made the headlines and had many dangerous foreign assignments. He received the award from President Sali Berisha in Tirana and it was shared with his cameraman Bhasker Solanki and John van Weenen, organiser of Taskforce Albania, which delivered 700 tons of food to the country. Bill first went there in 1989 when the England Football Team was drawn against Albania in the World Cup but, when he discovered the way the people were living, he was shocked and decided to do what he could to ease the Albanians' plight.

HOLBOURN, SHEILA E. (nee Chambers)

In 1977 Sheila graduated from Aberdeen University with Honours in Italian and subsidiary French. After teaching French at Harris Academy she married in 1979 and moved to London. She continued teaching French at a School in Sidcup until her return to Edinburgh in 1983.

HOWIE, DAVID A.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. David is an engineer in Forres.

HOWIE, SUSAN

Left D.H.S. in 1982. Susan is in Hotel Catering Management in Australia and is engaged to an Australian.

KENNEDY, ALISON L.

Left D.H.S. in 1983. Alison has won more laurels for her first published work, the short stories contained in "Night Geometry" and the "Garscadden Trains". Last year the book took the Scottish First Book Award in the Saltire Literary Competition and now has won £5000 from a national newspaper. Alison began writing after graduating from Warwick University and moving to Glasgow.

KINNEAR, ANNE E. (nee Raffle)

Left D.H.S. in 1980. Anne graduated from Heriot Watt University in 1984 with a B.Sc. (first class honours) Degree in Pharmacy. She is now a Pharmacist in Edinburgh.

LAW, SUSAN A. T.

Left D.H.S. in 1972. Susan graduated M.B.Ch.B. in 1978 and spent one year working in Dundee Hospitals before moving to Sheffield. After working in various Hospitals there she returned to Angus and worked one year in Frickheim as a G.P. trainee. She has now joined the R.A.F. and has spent the last eight years in various stations around the country. Recently she was Senior Medical Officer at R.A.F. Cranwell and is now at R.A.F. Halton, near Wendover.

SUSAN LEACH

After Lancaster University, took a one-year post-graduate course in Community and Youth Work at Westhill College, Birmingham. Going to take up a part-time permanent post with the Rural Development Commission in the Golden Valley, Herefordshire, as a Rural Contact Worker dealing with 14-25-year-olds.

LECKIE, DAVID E. W.

David is now working with a Law Firm in Paris. He has joined the Racing Club but, sadly, due to a serious back injury he has been unable to play any Rugby. He hopes, after treatment, to resume next season.

AUDREY MACDONALD

(nee Nairn)

Left Dundee High School in 1977. Audrey graduated from Dundee University as Bachelor of Administrative Studies. Following training with Bird, Simpson & Co., in Dundee, she qualified as a Chartered Accountant in 1983. She worked in Edinburgh for a number of years, and is now bringing up two young children.

MACINTOSH, DAVID R.

Left D.H.S. in 1978. David has been promoted in the Personnel Department of British Aerospace (Commercial Aircraft) Ltd. He is based at British Aerospace Hatfield Headquarters and as Head of employee relations now has a responsibility for the employee relations activity of 24,000 employees within the Company's commercial aircraft division. He is a Corporate Member of the Institute of Personnel Management and lives in Hitchin, Hertfordshire.

MACMILLAN, The Rev. Dr. W. B. R.

In June, 1991 the Rev. Dr. W. B. R. Macmillan, who was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, received the honour of the "Freedom of the City". The Lord Provost, who had proposed the honour, praised the contribution made to the ecumenical movement by the Rev. D. Macmillan and the work he led in bringing people of different churches and religions together. He was also honoured by his old University, Aberdeen, when he was awarded an Honorary Doctorate in Divinity.

MARKHAM, ANN (nee Colligan)

Mrs Ann Markham, who is Dean of the Faculty of Education, Sport and Leisure at Brighton Polytechnic, was awarded the O.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List. Ann trained as a Primary Teacher at the old Dundee College of Education and taught at Macapline Primary School in the city. From there she joined the Lecturing Staff at Sunderland College of Education. When the College merged with Sunderland Polytechnic, Mrs Markham became Head of Drama. She was then awarded her Master's Degree from Newcastle University and in 1983 was appointed Dean of Initial Teacher Education at the College of St. Mark and St. John at Plymouth. In 1989 she was appointed Dean of Education at Brighton Polytechnic. A member of the Council for National Academic Awards Committee, Mrs Markham has been active nationally in the validation of Teacher Education Courses.

MILNE, LINDSAY A.

Left D.H.S. in 1971. After leaving School Lindsay took up a career at sea and for the past twelve years he has worked for a Lebanese company exporting live sheep primarily from Australia to the Middle East Countries. About six years ago he bought a property in Southern Spain where he hopes, eventually, to live.

MYRES, Dr. JANE M. (nee McNeill)

Left D.H.S. in 1972. After graduating M.B.Ch.B. at Edinburgh University in 1978 Jane worked initially in Kirkcaldy then Edinburgh. She married in 1979 and moved to Worcester then Hereford. In 1981 Jane spent three months working for Oxfam in a refugee camp in Somalia before setting up home in North Shropshire.

STUART J. NAIRN

Left Dundee High School in 1981. Stuart graduated from Dundee College of Technology in 1984 with a B.Sc. (Hons.) in Physics and Computer Studies. He is now working with Fortronic Ltd., in Dalgety Bay, as Consultant Software Design Engineer. In 1990 he was Commissioned in R.A.F. Voluntary Reserve (Training), and now holds the rank of Flight Lieutenant, and is chief Flying Instructor of No. 661 Volunteer Gliding School, R.A.F. Kirknewton, near Edinburgh.

NEWTON, JONATHAN R.

Left D.H.S. in 1989. While at School Jonathan was a Prefect, winner of the P. Gordon Grant Trophy for Games and the Loveridge Cup for the 1500 metre race. In the Sports that year he had the distinction of winning every race in the Senior Championship, an outstanding achievement. During the Rugby season he was selected for the Midlands District Schools Senior XV and then for the Scottish Schoolboys' Rugby Team. Since leaving School, while a Medical Student at Edinburgh University, he was in the Scottish Under 19 Squad and this season he was selected for the Scottish Under 21 XV to play against Wales. His prowess this season, playing stand-off for the successful Dundee High School F.P. XV, has been remarkable. At the end of the season he had not only created a new Scottish record for the most points scored in a season but also a British record. His total for the season was 527 points, a record that could stand for all time. In his partnership with Andrew Nicol, which goes back to L7 days, Jonathan was the highest

points scorer in the country while Andrew was top try scorer.

NICOL, ANDREW D.

In this amazing Rugby season every dream must have come true for Andrew. He was capped for the Scottish Students' XV, the Scottish Under 21 XV the Scottish "B" XV and then he played four times for the Scottish XV. He was then invited to play for the Barbarians VII in the Worlds' greatest seven-a-side Tournament in Hong Kong. This was followed by being selected to go to New Zealand to play for a World XV against the All Blacks in their centenary year. To play against the All Blacks must be the highlight of all rugby players but to be in a World XV that defeated them is History and will certainly be a tale to tell to grandchildren. On returning from New Zealand Andrew joined the Scottish XV for their tour of Australia. During the season when Andrew was not being capped he was playing an important part at home helping D.H.S.F.P.'s make history in winning promotion to Division I. At the end of this outstanding season Andrew received the National Award for the most promising player. It is interesting to note that Andrew is the ninth Scottish Rugby Internationalist to have attended D.H.S. The nine are as follows: P.Anton capped in 1873, A.R.Moodie in 1909, J.S.Wilson in 1931, G.F.Ritchie in 1932, A.G.M.Watt in 1947, K.R.Macdonald in 1956, C.W.W.Rea in 1969, D.G.Leslie in 1975, A.D.Nicol in 1992. In addition D.E.Leckie and P.S.Rouse were awarded 'B' caps.

PINCKNEY, NICOLA F. H. (nee Smith)

Left D.H.S. in 1960. Nicola is a Health Visitor in Fife.

PORTEOUS, TOM E.

Tom Porteous continues to remain very active. He swims several times in the week and still enjoys hillwalking. Last October, in his eightieth year, he climbed Ben Nevis.

PRITCHARD, KENNETH W.

Kenneth, who has been Secretary of the Law Society of Scotland for the past 16 years, has been awarded the O.B.E. Kenneth graduated in Law at St Andrews University and after National Service, during which he served with the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders in Suez and Cyprus, he returned to Dundee to join solicitors, J. & J. Scrimgeour. He became a senior partner of the firm in 1970 and an Honorary Sheriff of Dundee in 1978. During his years in Dundee he gave valuable service to the Old Boys' Club as Secretary and finally as President. He played rugby for the F.P.s, was secretary and treasurer and captained the 1st XV from 1959-61.

RAFFLE, GRAEME F.

Left D.H.S. in 1982. In 1988, Graeme graduated B.D.S. in Medicine and Dentistry at Dundee University. He is now a dentist in Jedburgh.

RAFFLE, SCOTT M.

Left D.H.S. in 1986. Scott did a B.Sc. Degree in Horticulture at Strathclyde University and is now a Soft Fruit Adviser.

SANDFORD, LINDSAY (nee Wilson)

Left D.H.S. in 1971. Lindsay is now settled in St. Andrews after a period of travelling to different places. Her husband is Lt. Commander David Sandford, a R.N. Staff Officer at H.M.S. Camperdown.

SCOTT, BRIAN G. O.

Left D.H.S. in 1988. After leaving school Brian went to University College, Oxford where in 1991, he graduated with B.A. (Hons.) in Mathematics and Computation. He is meanwhile at University College doing Post Graduate Research for a D.Phil. in Computation. Brian, who won the Fencing Trophy at School, has represented Oxford in the University Fencing matches against Cambridge in 1991 and 1992.

SHAW, MARC

Left D.H.S. in 1985. Marc, a former Dux of the Preparatory Department, LIV and LV, who went to School in America, has been named top student in the area of Speech and Drama at Weber High School, North Ogden, Utah. He will receive a year's scholarship at any one of the State's Colleges or Universities.

SIBBALD, LINDA M. (nee Greig)

Left D.H.S. in 1972. Linda started a B.A. Degree Course in Business Studies at Aberdeen but left after the first year to join Seaforth Maritime. She became a Research Officer for six months then Chartering Assistant (securing business for ships) at Seaforth Maritime, an oil service company with a fleet of oil related ships. In 1976 Linda became Chartering Assistant for Ocean Inchcape Ltd., and in 1977 she became Marine Contracts and Chartering Consultant to Chevron Petroleum on a three year contract during the construction of the Ninian Field. In 1980 she was Chartering Manager with O.I.L. Marine Ltd., remaining in that post until 1986 when she was promoted to Chartering Director. Linda's duties include the setting and direction of the company's chartering and ship acquisition and divestment policies with responsibility for an annual revenue in excess of £60 million produced from a fleet of around one hundred ships which operate in most of the main oil producing centres in the world. The job itself involves travel to South America, Africa, U.S.A., South East Asia, Middle East and Europe. More recently Linda has been appointed to the British Offshore Export Advisory Board by Colin Moynihan. In 1975 she married Douglas Sibbald, an FP of D.H.S. and in 1991 they moved from Aberdeen to Woking.

SMALL, IAIN A. G.

Left D.H.S. in 1987. Iain played in the hockey 1st XI for three seasons and received the Rifle Team National Gold Medal. After leaving School Iain went to Edinburgh University to study French and European History. His honours Degree Studies gave him the opportunity to study at the Sorbonne in Paris and to read Medieval

History in the hallowed corridors. Iain returned to Edinburgh for his final year and graduated with Honours receiving the Dominica Legge Prize for the best Medieval French Historian. After a successful interview with "The Independent" in London he was appointed to the position of Advertising Sales Executive.

SMITH, CHRISTOPHER J.

Left D.H.S. in 1980. Christopher graduated from the University of Dundee in 1984 with an M.A. (Hons.) in Modern History and Social Administration. In 1985 he gained the post-graduate Diploma in Social Administration at Robert Gordon's College where he was awarded the prize for Best Student on the course. In 1988 he joined the Grampian Health Board as an Assistant Personnel Officer and is currently Acting Divisional Personnel Manager for Mental Handicap Services.

STEWART, PAUL A.

Left D.H.S. in 1987. While at School Paul was selected for the Scottish Schools Under 15 Rugby Team. After leaving School he graduated in Physiotherapy from Queen Margaret College in Edinburgh. This year he spent three months in Cimbalung Muscel, a town in the south of Romania, as one of a team of five volunteers working for the Romanian Orphanage Trust. Describing the conditions in the Orphanage, Paul said that what struck him most on his arrival was the silence. The children were all so small and underdeveloped and most were completely withdrawn. One of Paul's jobs was to give chest physiotherapy to clear fluid from the lungs of children who had been fed from bottles which were propped in their mouths. The children gradually responded to the attention and affection given to them by the volunteers.

STOUT, HELEN

Left D.H.S. in 1971. After four years at Dunfermline College of Physical Education, Helen graduated with a B.Ed. Honours Degree in Movement. She was appointed to a teaching post at Bo'ness Academy and is now A.P.T. Guidance.

STUART, VALERIE J.

Left D.H.S. in 1987. After leaving School Valerie went to Edinburgh University and graduated with an M.A. (Hons.) Degree in German and European Institutions. She was in East Germany when the Wall came down in Berlin. She is now at Westherts College, Watford, doing a Post Graduate Course in International Public Relations.

TAYLOR, PATRICIA M.

Left D.H.S. in 1972. After studying at St. Andrews University, Patricia obtained a B.Sc. Honours in Biochemistry. In 1980 she gained a Ph.D. from Nottingham University. After various post-doctoral medical research posts in Edinburgh, Bristol and Newcastle she has, for the past five years, been working for Professor Yacoub at Harefield Hospital doing research on heart and heart/lung transplants.

THOMSON, ELIZABETH G. G. (nee Soutar)

Left D.H.S. in 1960. Elizabeth is a Speech Therapist in Edinburgh.

TURLEY, LINDA (nee Clark)

Left D.H.S. in 1960. After leaving School Linda qualified as a teacher and taught at the Eastern School, Broughty Ferry. After her marriage to Squadron Leader Turley she accompanied him to Honduras. While there a tornado swept the island and they spent some terrifying hours sheltering in a hut. They returned to Scotland for a short period before a posting took them to Orta, in Italy. After 3½ happy years there they again returned to Scotland for a short period. After that it was to England and now Germany. Despite all the different postings Linda has been able to teach at each place. Any class mates wishing to contact her should write to her mother Mrs C. Clark, 60 Christchurch Court, Dorchester, Dorset.

WEBSTER, JIM

Left D.H.S. in 1963. Jim, who is Bank Manager of the Edinburgh Drumsheugh Branch, has been presented with the Royal Naval Reserve Decoration by Vice Admiral Sir Hugo White, KCB, CBE, Flag Officer Scotland and Northern Ireland. Jim, Lieutenant Commander, joined the Reserve as a Rating 15 years ago. He is now Senior Recruiting Officer at HMS Scotia, the Unit which supports the Maritime Headquarters at Pitreavie. Jim has won several shooting trophies in the RNR and has been picked for the Royal Naval Shooting Team for matches against the other Services. He has also been successful in the Bank's small bore shooting championships.

WRIGHT, J. HARVEY R.

Left D.H.S. in 1954. Everyone connected with the F.P. Club and rugby in Dundee and District was delighted to learn that Harvey had been appointed a Special Representative to the Scottish Rugby Union. In the ten years he spent on the Midlands Committee, six were as Midlands District Representative. Harvey left School at 16 to go into his father's Printing and Stationery business. During his last year at School, despite his youth, he played one match for the 1st XV. In his first season with the FPs he was the 2nd XV scrum-half. The following season, before going on National Service, he captained the Reserves. His National Service took him to Catterick where he joined the 13/15th. Hussars. At Catterick, Harvey was able to play rugby three times a week and had with him the Hawick stalwarts Jim Gray and Derek Grant. He rejoined D.H.S.F.P.s in 1958 and was soon proving to be a scrum-half of outstanding ability. He was selected for Dundee Rugby Club, The North and Midlands XV and the Co-optimists. In the North v. All Blacks at Aberdeen in 1964 he was reserve to Ian McRae, the Scottish scrum-half. He captained the FPs for several seasons, the Midlands XV and Dundee Rugby Club as well as the FP VII in 1964 when they won the Midlands Tournament for the first time in 34 years. Harvey's personal contribution to rugby has been immense. His gentlemanly and sporting attitude at matches is an example to everyone.

WRIGHT, JAMES R. G.

Left D.H.S. in 1957. James, a former Dux of the School and now Vice-Chancellor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne University, has been named by Scottish Secretary Ian Lang as one of the 12-strong council which is to take over responsibility for the funding of Scotland's Universities, Polytechnics and Colleges of higher education. The work will start on 1st April next year.

ANDREW H. YOUNG

Left Dundee High School in 1989, having been a senior prefect and Dux of Maths. He graduated with Honours in Economics from Bristol University, and is now training in London with Touche Ross, the international chartered accountants.

YOUNG, MARY


Left D.H.S. in 1972. After qualifying Mary spent three years in Moffat teaching Modern Studies. She then spent the next eight years working in Germany teaching with H.M. Forces. On her return to Britain in 1987, she worked in Durham for three years teaching at a boys' Public School. After deciding she did not want to teach, Mary spent a year at Bristol Polytechnic studying for a Diploma in Careers Guidance. She now works at Stourbridge College of Art and Technology (West Midlands Area) as their Careers Counsellor, with some lecturing in Sociology.

YULE, WILLIAM (1867-1900)

Rare paintings by Dundee-born artist came under the hammer at Phillips' sale of fine paintings recently in Edinburgh. Yule's work is scarce since an early death at the age of 33 cut short a promising career. Consequently, few examples of his marvellous talent have appeared on the market. William Yule was educated at the High School and later studied Art in Edinburgh, London and Paris, developing a strongly impressionistic style quite unlike most of his contemporaries. Unfortunately his promising career came to an untimely end when during a painting trip to Spain, a mysterious illness struck him down and prevented him working for long periods. He never recovered. Yule's habit of destroying his own work when he was not pleased with it contributed to the scarcity of surviving examples. Indeed, it was not until 1982 that Yule caused something of a stir in the Art market when an auction in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, attracted bids of £26,000 for 14 oils and a set of sketch books submitted for sale by his family.

SEAN SMITH

Was awarded B.Sc. in Quantity Surveying and Building Economics with First Class Honours from Heriot-Watt University. He is now going on to do a Ph.D., in Acoustics.



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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 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 Professor Gordon S. Lowden.

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.

I am interested in becoming a Patron of the School.

Please send me further information:—

Name -----

Address -----

Telephone Number -----

WEDDINGS

Paul Makin and Clare Butler were married in July, 1991, in St. Mary's Church, Broughty Ferry.

Lieutenant Philip Rogers and Sylvia Smith were married in July, 1991, in St. Salvator's Chapel, St. Andrews.

Dr. Nigel Sturrock and Dr. Susan Rance were married in July, 1991, in Trinity Church, Dundee.

Dr. Gerald Burnett and Kirstin Fagerson were married in September, 1991, at Rannoch.

Frances Turner and Major Grant Horseburgh were married in December, 1991, in Roseangle-Ryehill Church, Dundee.

Susan Sturrock and Fraser Malcolm were married in December, 1991, in Roseangle-Ryehill Church, Dundee.

Philippa Cherry and William Gray were married in April, 1992, at St. Andrews Old Course Hotel.

Pamela Hossick and David Kremer were married in May, 1992, in Stobswell Church, Dundee.

OBITUARIES

BAIKIE, KEITH

Keith, an organist and piano teacher, died suddenly at his home in Monifieth at the age of 37. After gaining his Diploma at Edinburgh he taught in Broughty Ferry and latterly in Monifieth. Keith also played the church organ, first of all at St James', Arklay Street, Dundee, where his late father, the Rev. J. Baikie was minister, then at St Rule's, Monifieth. He was also an accompanist at ballet schools in Fife.

BARRIE, MUDIE

Mr Barrie, whose family ran a soft drinks business in Dundee died at the age of 65 after a long illness. He was one of the last directors of J. & P. Barrie Ltd., which closed in Dundee twenty years ago after a history spanning almost 150 years. After the close of his company, Mr Barrie moved to a management position with Strathmore Springs in Forfar before taking early retirement due to ill health. During the Second World War he served with The Black Watch and saw action in Germany.

BRYSON, DAVID S.

Mr Bryson was the third and last generation of a family which ran a paint manufacturers in Dundee for over a century. Mr Bryson ran D. S. Bryson in Trades Lane for 40 years until his retirement in the early 1980s. His main interest outside his work was golf, as a member of the Dalhousie Club at Carnoustie and the New Club, St Andrews.

FAIRLEY, DAVID G.

David died in Melbourne, Australia, in January, after an illness bravely borne. David left D.H.S. in 1964. He was a member of the 1st XV, a prominent athlete and dux of gymnastics.

FITZGERALD, WILLIAM K.

Dr Fitzgerald was one of the leading figures in Dundee politics this century. A master butcher, he founded a family business which at one point consisted of 11 butcher shops, a bakery and a working man's restaurant. It was as part of a meat trade delegation in the mid-1950s that he first made his mark on the political stage when he made a speech to the then Dundee Corporation. His talent was recognised by a member of the Moderate group in the Council and he was asked to stand in Mid Craigie. Although he did not win, he created such an impression that he was asked to contest the West End seat in 1956, taking it from Labour. After that he filled almost every political post open to him — Lord Provost, Tayside Regional Council Convener and President of the Convention of Scottish Local Authorities. From 1967-70 he was Dundee City Treasurer and was Lord Provost from 1970-73. He was appointed Lord Lieutenant for the County of the City of Dundee in 1974. He became Convener of the Region for eight years, from 1978-86. Dr Fitzgerald was also Chairman of the Tay Road Bridge Joint Board for 12 years up to 1986 and he was President of C.O.S.L.A. from 1980 to 1982. A mass of other bodies benefited from his efforts including the Prisoners' Aid Society, Dundee Business Club, the Dundee Battalion of the Boys' Brigade, Tayside Federation of Boys' Clubs, the Church of Scotland Hostel in Constitution Road and the Dundee Retirement Council. He was also a member of Dundee Rotary Club, was a Guildry Assessor, a member of nine Incorporated Trades, the Abertay Historical Society, the Boards of Kingsway Technical College and Dundee High School, the Dundee University Court, Dundee Sheltered Activities, the Scottish Council and the Chamber of Commerce. His considerable public service was honoured in a variety of ways, including an Honorary Doctorate of Laws from Dundee University. Dr Fitzgerald was awarded the C.B.E. in the 1981 Birthday Honours List.

GILLANDERS, NEIL A.

Mr Gillanders was a former Managing Director of Dundee jute firm, Howe & Brother. He worked for Henderson & Loggie, Chartered Accountants, before embarking upon his career in the jute industry. Mr Gillanders joined Howe & Brother (Dundee) Ltd. in 1964 and was appointed a director in 1951. He became managing director in 1957. The firm was a subsidiary of Low & Bonar and Mr Gillanders later joined the parent company, working in several posts before his retirement in the late 1970s. He was a long-standing local director and council member of the United Kingdom Jute Goods Association and a director of Dundee Chamber of Commerce and Industry. During the Second World War he was commissioned in the Royal Engineers and served with 303rd Field Battery, 51st Highland Division throughout the Middle East and North-West Europe. A keen sportsman, he played for Panmure Rugby Club in his younger days and was a Scottish Trialist. A keen golfer, he was a member at Blairgowrie and Carnoustie and included riding and shooting among his sporting pursuits.

HILL, MALCOLM

Mr Hill, a former Superintendent of Carolina Port Power Station in Dundee, died in the Isle of Man at the age of 87. After leaving D.H.S. he went to St Andrews

University where he graduated B.Sc. In a career with the Hydro Electric Board spanning some 40 years, he held the Principal Post at the city's power station for 18 years until retiring in 1964. Mr Hill had a great interest in motor cycle racing and was a regular visitor to the Isle of Man to watch the world-famous TT races. On his retreat he went to live on the island.

HUTTON, KENNETH

Mr Hutton, a former bank manager died in January after a long illness. He began his banking career with what is now the Trustee Savings Bank after completing his National Service. He became manager of the Newport branch in 1961, was then manager of the Lochee Road branch, and retired as manager at the Perth Road Office five years ago.

HUTTON, WILLIAM

Mr Hutton was a former night overseer in the Bank Street caserom of D. C. Thompson & Co. Ltd. He retired in 1978 after 50 years with D. C. Thompson. A keen sportsman, he was a member of the Broughty and Press Golf Clubs and of Broughty Bowling Club.

LANGLANDS, JAMES H.

Mr Langlands, a former Dundee Architect, was associated with many of the city's school building projects. After leaving D.H.S. he enrolled at Bell Street Technical College where he graduated in architecture, surveying and structural engineering. After working with a London firm of architects he returned to Dundee to work in his father's practice. Mr Langlands was not only a Fellow of the Royal Institute of Architects in Scotland but also a Fellow of the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors and a Member of the Institute of Structural Engineers. He was involved in the construction of many local schools and colleges and one particular job he took great pleasure from was the design of the 23 bridges on the road to Kinlochleven. He died in his 99th year.

MATTHEW, STEWART Rev.

After a long battle against cancer, Mr Matthew died at his home in Edinburgh, aged 52. After leaving school he went on to gain an M.A. in social science from Queen's College, Dundee and a B.D. from St Mary's College, St Andrews. He was a member of St Andrew's Parish Church, where he taught in the Sunday School and was President of the Youth Fellowship for several years. Among his church appointments was a ten year stint as minister in the Bellfield estate in Kilmarnock. Mr Matthew was appointed assistant secretary in the Church of Scotland's Department of Education in 1979 and five years later became National Adult Adviser, based at St Colm's Education Centre and College in Edinburgh. He was well known for his contributions to the Church of Scotland magazine "Life and Work". Whilst battling against lymphoma, Mr Matthew published a collection of articles contributed by his father in the St Andrew's Parish Church magazine, "The Wyvern", under the title "The Quiet Corner".

McHOUL, KENNETH

Mr McHoul, a well-known figure in the jute industry, died in King's Cross Hospital, aged 84. After training in London he worked in India for a number of years with merchants, McGregor & Balfour. Returning to Britain, he

was invited to join the established jute brokers, Chalmers, White & Co. as a partner and remained with them until his retreat in 1978. Mr McHoul was a T.A. officer before the Second World War and served throughout the war with the Royal Artillery in North Africa and Italy. After the war he was sent to Savona in Italy to help rebuild the country's lattered industry. He was made an honorary citizen of the town and received government medals. In sporting circles, Mr McHoul was an accomplished cricketer and played for Forfarshire and Perthshire.

REA, WALLACE, W., Lieut. Col.

Lt. Col. Rea was a former Lord Dean of the Guildry Incorporation and Deputy Lieutenant of the city. During the second world war, Lt. Col. Rea served with the Royal Scots and in post war years commanded the Royal Artillery Regiment 586. He served with the Territorial Army for more than thirty years and was also a Commandant of the Army Cadet Force in Dundee and Angus. Mr Rea was also an Elder of Dundee Parish Church (St Mary's) and an ex-Deacon of the Hammerman Craft. After retiring from the Royal Bank of Scotland, Meigle, in 1970, he served as private secretary to the late and present Lord Elphinstone. He was also appointed custodian to Glamis Castle and was instrumental in promoting the commercial success the castle enjoys today.

STOHLNER, R. O.

Mr Stohlnier was a former Deputy Principal of the School of Physiotherapy at Bradford Royal Infirmary. He was born in 1912 and would have attended D.H.S. in the 1920s.

WALSH, ELIN F.

Mrs Walsh, a former member of the Geography Department died suddenly in Ninewells Hospital. She was a former President of the Scottish Unitarian Association, former Girl Guide's District Commissioner, and a stalwart of many causes and associations. Mrs Walsh was born in Greenwich and came to Dundee 36 years ago when her husband, Donald became Baxter Professor of Chemistry at the then Queen's College, now Dundee University. Mrs Walsh travelled widely — her four month visit to India in 1985 was spent mainly in helping a relative in charge of Christian Hospital in Orissa. A woman with unflagging energy, she was at various times President of the Scottish Unitarian Association and Council Member of the General Association of Unitarian Churches, Chairman of Dundee Branch of the United Nations Association, President of the Dundee University Association of University Women, founder member of Dundee group of the Scottish Wildlife Trust, a member of the Local Health Council, District Commissioner of the Girl Guides and Secretary to the One World Centre in Dundee.

YOUNG, ANDREW D. M. Lieutenant Commander

Andrew was a pupil of D.H.S. from 1947-60, was C.S.M. of the Cadet Corps, played rugby for the 1st XV and was junior and intermediate athletics champion. On leaving school he joined the Royal Navy as a General List Officer, entering the Royal Navy College, Dartmouth in 1960 and was commissioned Acting/Sub-Lieutenant two years later. After service in various ships and

establishments, he specialised as a helicopter pilot and flew for eight years in the Fleet Air Arm. Andrew also served as the Merchant Navy Defence Instructor for Scotland and Northern Ireland. Andrew was awarded campaign medals for service on the Malay Peninsula, Borneo and the Near East. In 1978 he left the Royal Navy, commencing civilian life in the Off Shore Oil Industry, working on such projects as the Shell Fulmar and BP Magnus Field Developments. He moved to Torphins, near Banchory, and, as a hobby, turned his hand to hill farming before moving to Finzean. At Finzean he was instrumental in building the cross country course over the Finzean Estate for the Royal Deeside Pony Club Trials held each September.

FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

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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).

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL TRUST APPEAL FUND

Many former pupils and parents as well as those currently at School will recollect the days when the Janitor's house was the family home of the Janitor. Regrettably, this is no longer so. The house is considered to be no longer suitable for such use. The house is, however, part of the Listed Buildings forming the School at Euclid Crescent and cannot be allowed to deteriorate and should not therefore lie empty. The School has found a number of uses which satisfy a number of requirements of the School. It will provide for an interview room for Junior School Staff, a room for the Facilities Manager and a room for use by the Junior School as a teaching room. It will also allow for the provision of new toilets and cloakrooms for the Junior School. Plans have been drawn up and the projected cost is £50,000.

The Trustees are very happy to be associated with this scheme and to provide the sum indicated out of the Trust Appeal Fund.

The Trust now stands at about £470,000 and has been built up into a substantial fund which will continue to be a valuable source of assistance to the running of the School for many years. It has been established entirely by the generosity of the parents and friends of the School over the last 20 years. The Trustees will always welcome further contributions to this Fund and those wishing to contribute should contact any of the following:

Chairman, Hamish Lawrie — Tel. (0382) 68360;
Secretary, Fraser Ritchie — Tel. (0382) 25151;
Treasurer, Robin Winter — Tel. (0334) 53194.

High School of Dundee
Trust Appeal Fund
Royal Exchange Buildings
Panmure Street
Dundee DD1 1DU.

HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL REPORT - APRIL, 1992

The Parents' Association continues to represent parents' interests in the school community, and provides a useful liaison between the parents and the school. During this year, the highlight was a Careers Evening for Forms 2, 3 and 4, when representatives from around fifty careers answered questions put to them by pupils and their parents and discussed the every day nature of their jobs. Several hundred pupils attended.

There was also an Open Meeting with the Rector, Mr Stewart and Mr Holmes, when questions were put to them, and a discussion of many items of interest to parents took place. There were also the usual social functions, including wine and savouries evenings for parents and pupils in the Preparatory Department and in Form 1, and the usual mulled wine and mince pies function after the Carol Service.

The Committee of the Association continues to press for the purchase of a new school mini bus.

The Chairman is grateful to the parents, the other Office-bearers and the members of the Committee for their continued enthusiastic work, which is vital for the voice of the parents to be heard.

Donald N. Gordon
Chairman.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB

At the annual general meeting in November, 1991, Mr Sandy Sliven was elected President of the Club, and Mr Gordon Allan was appointed Vice-President.

Each year, membership of the club increases as school leavers join and consequently the club's events held during the year continue to enjoy a growing support.

Numbers attending the highly successful annual dinners in Dundee, Edinburgh, London and Glasgow, rose again this year, and the golf and fishing outings are fully subscribed.

The second curling outing was held at Kinross in March, '92, with members travelling from as far afield as Reading and Inverness to take part in a most enjoyable competition.

The club, through its officials, continues to work closely with the school, and the President, in particular, represents the club at several school functions during the year.

Details of club membership as well as club activities can be obtained from the Secretary.

H. F. Findlay
Secretary.

OLD GIRLS' CLUB

At the 60th annual general meeting the following office-bearers were elected:-

President:	Mrs Vivien Scott
Vice-President:	Dr. Joan Forsyth
Junior Vice-President:	Mrs Elaine Hackney
Secretary:	Miss June Watson
Assistant Secretary:	Mrs Sybil Ramsay
Treasurer:	Miss Margaret Stewart
Members of the Committee:	Mrs Patricia Van Der Boon Mrs Maureen Parr Mrs Margaret Ross Mrs Pam Leslie Mrs Mary McLaren Mrs Anne Gray Mrs Gillian Wood Mrs Dorothy Christie Mrs Linda Stirling Mrs Diane Stewart Mrs Alison McKillop Mrs Katherine Goodfellow Dr. Jane Bruce Mrs Jennifer Petrie Miss Sarah Gibson

The Old Girls' Club now has 850.

During the past year the Old Girls' Club presented the school with a set of books, the Oxford History of Literature, as the second part of our gift to the Meadowside Project.

The third golf match was held in September last year, against the Old Boys' Club, which they won. A social evening "Wine and Savouries" was also held jointly with the Old Boys' Club.

The Old Girls' Club celebrated its 60th anniversary at the annual dinner held in the Invercarse Hotel. The anniversary cake was cut by Mrs Muriel MacLean and Head Girl, Lucy Kelman. The cake was baked by our President Anne and iced by Norah Meikle.

The President gave a short talk on the history of the club. Entertainment was provided by the members of the

committee and recent school leavers, Gelda Bell, the soloist, Elaine Hackney conducted and Helen Boyle was the accompanist. Selections were sung from Gilbert and Sullivan. Further diversions were provided by Vivien Scott and Dorothy Christie, which were much appreciated!

To mark the Club's 60th anniversary, a velvet cloth is to be presented to the Preparatory Department for use at prize-giving.

The annual dinner will be held in the Invercarse Hotel on Friday, 6th November, 1992, where any new faces would be most welcome.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL BONAR HOUSE OLD GIRL'S THRIFT SHOP

The Thrift Shop will be open during term - time on Mondays from 1.00p.m. - 4.15p.m. except between October 1992 and March 1993 when it will be open on the following Mondays

Monday 12th. October, 1992
Monday 2nd. November, 1992
Monday 7th. December, 1992
Monday 11th. January, 1993
Monday 1st. February, 1993

In addition before the start of the School Session, it will be open on:-

Monday 17th. August from 1.00 p.m. - 4.15 p.m.
Monday 24th. August from 10.30 p.m. - 4.15 p.m.

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DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL F.P. LADIES' HOCKEY

Honorary Secretary's Report

Training resumed on 22nd August and was reasonably well attended. Throughout the season, however, the attendance at training sessions increased which resulted in our extraordinary meeting to discuss the club's intentions for next season. It was decided to attempt to create two teams, one to play in the Midlands League and the other to go into the National League for season 1992-1993. For this to happen, new members this season, such as Gilly, Louise, Jo and Joan who have been an asset to the Club will hopefully persevere and return next season.

We trained regularly on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at Dalnacraig and Mayfield with Mif 'The Coach' energetically working us hard until we were forced inside by two main elements:

1) darkness; 2) rugby balls and coaches!!

The season started with the Bells Tournament and as holders of the Trophy we had to organise this, Grove taking first place this season. Next, saw our annual

Captain v. President game which proved to be yet another enjoyable social evening.

The Midlands League started with an explosion of goals beating P.A. 5-0, this victory certainly set us on the right course for winning and scoring lots of goals.

The supposedly poor, wet state of the pitch and the umpire (not Judy) resulted in a controversial abandoned league match v. Forfar when they decided to go for early showers with only 13 minutes of the match remaining. Rightly so, we won the points and thankfully did not have to play the entire game again.

The Grange tournament took place late October in Edinburgh where we reached the semi-finals beaten narrowly by Edinburgh Ladies.

November started with a bang as we popped six goals past the Madras G.K. in the Midlands Knockout Cup and convincingly triumphed 15-0 against Stirling University in our biggest win of the season.

December saw a league victory over Blairgowrie and our own tournament run by Carol where we had two teams playing, Kirkcaldy winning overall.

The New Year got off to a flying start when we put away ten goals in yet another league victory over Carnoustie.

January also saw us travelling to Edinburgh for a friendly v. Edinburgh Gymnasts on Astroturf surface, unfortunately ending our unbeaten record so far. Although narrowly beaten 1-2, approval of both the standard of play and the pitch was very obvious from all concerned (it certainly made a pleasant change!)

On the 1st February, 1992, D.H.S.F.P. L.H.C. won the Midlands League by defeating Dundee University 4-1 with three league games still to play: celebrations were somewhat restrained and it would seem that they are being stored for an explosion at the end of the season.

The beginning of March did not start with a bang but more of a fizzle as Dunfermline "deservedly but surprisingly" (quote from Anne Barratt) put us out of the Confined Cup by 3-1, dashing our hopes of winning the cup two years in succession.

On a brighter note the Midlands Knockout Cup had revealed to all our goal scoring powers in the district with triumphs over Forfar 5-0 at Riverside and Blairgowrie 7-1 in the semi-final. Hopefully, this can be kept up with Carmuir getting a taste of our goal scoring action in the final!

INDOOR LEAGUE

Goals for 29, played 6, won 4, lost 2 — Resulted in a well deserved third place position in luring Menzieshill in an extremely exciting and enjoyable 4-2 win!

Well done Indoor Squad, definitely a cause for celebration.

OUTDOOR LEAGUE

Played 12, won 12, goals for 65, goals against 7.

Goal scorers: Indoor and Outdoor League Cup and Friendlies only.

C. Sim 35; M. Sim 35; R. Walker 13; M. Meiklem 9; C. Steele 9; W. Symington 7; L. Morgan 6; J. Brown 3; J. Kirk 3; J. Hope 1; S. Cannon 1; J. Bett 1.

The weekend approaching is to be extremely hectic with the Midlands sevens on Saturday and the club championships on Sunday, both at Station Park.

I would like to thank Judy for putting up with all our 'glances' all season, knowing that she will umpire regularly saves me much time and effort, we certainly do appreciate that she doesn't have an easy job; give us a stick any day!

I would also like to thank the groundstaff and the school for their co-operation and facilities without whom we would have struggled to participate in and ultimately win the League.

Since the annual general meeting the club reached the final of the club championships and were beaten narrowly by Peebles. However, the Midlands Knockout Cup was won and along with the League made it a double celebration for 1991-92. Congratulations to all involved.

M. Meiklem, Hon. Secretary.

F.P. RUGBY CLUB REPORT

Season 1991/1992 has been one of unique achievement for the club. Promotion to Division One of the S.R.U. League Championship; winners of the Midlands Knockout Cup; winners of the Midlands 2nd XV League; winners of the Midlands, Glenrothes and Strathmore seven-a-side tournaments; plus player representation at every level of Scottish Rugby highlighted by Andy Nicol's Scotland and International XV caps and recognition of his achievements with the award of the RUGBY WORLD'S "Most Promising Player" trophy.

There has been so much coverage of the club's activities and success in national and local press and television that we are reluctant to repeat this all again; however, what has probably not been mentioned is how impressed our visitors and guests have been with Mayfield and the facilities we enjoy there. For this we must thank the School, and our obligations to the Board of Governors and the Rector are immeasurable. We greatly appreciate their outstanding support and understanding of our ever increasing demands.

As well as bringing first class rugby to the city, Dundee High School F.P. will travel to New Zealand in June, as the first Scottish club side ever to visit the land of the "Long White Cloud". This tour we hope will be very much a learning experience for the players and coaches and should be the ideal preparation for the challenges next season.

It was again a pleasure to watch the School 1st XV play with such talent and enthusiasm. Hopefully, they will continue to enjoy rugby wherever further education or work takes them but there will always be a warm welcome to those who join the F.P.s. Our congratulations to Douglas Bett and Rory Macfarlane on representing their country and condolences to Paul Fenwick whose playing career was cut short through injury. On the subject of present pupils, our thanks to Graham Findlay whose video recordings of all our matches have been of great value to the coaches and of widespread interest to all who have watched them. Graham will be going to New Zealand to carry on the good work.

To the teaching staff, ground staff, pupils and their parents, our grateful thanks for your encouragement and support which we trust will continue. Next season will be extremely challenging and though the club is in great heart and well prepared, we always require more assistance at all levels. If you would like to become more involved, in whatever capacity, please get in touch with us, we will be very happy to receive your help.

D.H.S.F.P. BADMINTON CLUB REPORT — Season 1991-92

This has been an enjoyable season due in part to a healthy membership and also to an influx of enthusiastic junior members. The end-of-term 'fun nights' were their usual success.

The club meets on Monday evenings, 7.30 p.m.-10 p.m., in the school gymnasium, and is grateful to the Rector for permission to use the school premises.

New members will be most welcome.

Susan Reid, Honorary Secretary.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL FORMER PUPILS' ATHLETIC UNION

Yet again the past season has been a mixed one for the Constituent Clubs. The Rugby Club obviously had a very successful year having won promotion to the First Division for the first time, and continuing to increase their membership.

The Ladies' Hockey Club won the Midlands League and Midlands Cup and intend entering the National Leagues in the forthcoming season. The Men's Hockey Club had a successful season, and the Cricket Club engaged a professional who will be returning this year. The Tennis Clubs and Badminton Clubs continue to survive, but these Clubs would particularly welcome new members as would all constituent Clubs.

The Club Rooms at Mayfield continue to improve although the restricted size of the premises is often a difficulty particularly on a Saturday when club members are competing, particularly due to the success of the Rugby Club.

However, the Committee would always welcome new members and would also encourage pupils leaving the School to join any of the constituent Clubs.

Colin T. Graham
Honorary Secretary.

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HOUSE REPORTS

HOUSE SYSTEM

This session saw a relatively close fight for the Championship. However, the summer term saw Lindores romp away to win their third Championship in four years. The final results were:-

1. LINDORES, 1270 points
2. WALLACE, 1154 points
3. AYSTREE, 1100 points
4. AIRLIE, 1042 points

Mrs. Madden, House Mistress of Aystree, was absent for some of the year, and we congratulate her on the birth of her son Rob. We also offer best wishes on his retirement to Mr. D. P. Macdonald who was House Master of Lindores from 1970 to 1985. It is hoped that he enjoys his life away from school.

Finally thanks are expressed to all staff, officials and all pupils who supported the endeavours of their House throughout the session.

AIRLIE HOUSE REPORT

Airlie was just pipped to the post last year and that made us even more determined not to lose this year. Unfortunately we did BADLY. We started off on the right foot — sound firsts and seconds in most events (netball, rugby etc.) and were placed second overall at the end of the first term. However, the second term was a stormer. With sound wins in the Junior Public Speaking (thanks Martel and Susie), and THE GALA. Thanks the Lord for the Hopes. Airlie cleared the board in the Senior Gala, even allowing for my (Jenni's) star appearance in the relay. This allowed us the brief pleasure of sampling first place in the House Championships at the end of second term.

BUT Airlie's little 'Children' seem to spend a bit too much time on the sports field and not enough time in the classroom. Academic marks plunged us from a close second to very much last. Not even the sports could salvage us.

Finally much thanks must go to the Robb family (without Fin and Ferelith there wouldn't have been teams for half the events), Natasha Reid (who was everywhere), Mr Richterich and Miss Cannon.

Jennifer Birrell
David Moore
House Captains

AYSTREE HOUSE REPORT

1992 meant a fresh start for Aystree, after being pipped at the post last year when we came last. We were determined this year we would not come last, however, the beginning of the season was not as successful as we hoped.

We started the season with hockey. Although we came last in the Girls' Hockey, the Boys' Hockey turned out to be a highlight of Aystree's year. We surprised the other teams, especially Wallace who thought they had it in the bag. After a goal from Justin Beedie, we held off

Wallace, who had around 20 short corners, and won the competition. Although we came last in the Girls' Netball, the boys yet again managed to pull us up, when they came 2nd in Junior Rugby and 3rd in Intermediate Rugby (saying nothing about being last in Senior Rugby).

The most notable victory for Aystree this year and years previous was the swimming gala. The Junior Gala was won with an excellent lead of 60 points over Airlie with thanks to Micheal Lawson who was the Junior Champion. In the Senior Gala Airlie began to catch up, and the winners of the overall gala depended upon the last race. With our enthusiasm and determination we won, and thanks to Scot Gall and Lorne Stuart we won the overall gala.

Our shooting team came second in the Inter-House shooting with good shots from all. The best shot of the overall competition went to Robin Hamilton, our Team Captain.

Although Aystree came last in the sports we had a number of notable successes. The enthusiastic performance by the Boys' Senior Relay Team meant them coming second.

All in all, Aystree's sporting achievements do not measure up to our academic power, although mention must go to Joanne Irons who won the Junior Tennis Championship. We proved we had the brains by coming first academically for juniors and seniors.

Overall we had an improvement on last year by coming third overall. Maybe Aystree can keep up the performance, and good luck to next year's House Captains. Many thanks to our House Master, Mr Baxter, and House Mistress, Mrs Madden, and to Mrs Fletcher who ably stood in for Mrs Madden during her absence. Thanks also to our Vice-Captains James Woodward and Shona McDougall.

Grant Scanlon
Camilla McKenzie
House Captains

LINDORES HOUSE REPORT

An overwhelming victory this year meant that Lindores had walked off with the shield, making it the third win in four years.

We started our campaign with a fine win in the Junior and Intermediate Rugby as well as a second in the Senior earning us the rugby trophy. We may not be able to perform at Lords but the cricket produced some magical moments enabling us to lift the Cricket Trophy as well.

Mayfield may be a far cry from Wimbledon but that proved all the better for Luci Maclaren and Colin Donald as they won the Senior Girls' and Boys' tennis championships. Colin also went on to win the Squash and Gym Cup, other great individual talent was shown by Gerry Tosh as he clinched victories in the Scratch Gold and Single Wicket competitions, and by Gail Fullerton and Douglas Bett who represented their country in their respective sports, all of which earned us valuable house points.

Unfortunately, the girls didn't live up to the high standards set by previous years although this was through no lack of trying, gaining a second in the Hockey (on goal difference) and a third in the Tennis, both of which we have managed to carry off with ease in the past three years. Eventually we managed to gain one victory, the Senior Netball. Let's hope next year the girls can pull their socks up and add a few more victories to their list.

In debating, Grant Ogilvie and Elise Nimmo put up a great fight but we were beaten into second place by Wallace, and a creditable third in Public Speaking.

This year the Shooting Team was led to victory by their Captain David Williamson. Unfortunately Sam Kyerematang just lost the Individual Shot by one point.

The Gala saw a disappointing third place for Lindores even though the Senior Girls won the relay.

Sports Day brought an unexpected victory which was clinched by good performances in the Senior Girls' Championship by Lucy Kelman and the Intermediate Girls' and Boys' Championships by Alison Donald, Gregor McDonald and Graham Hutcheson. David Rorie was the winner of the Boys' Junior Championship in which he broke two school records. After this it became a two horse race between ourselves and Wallace, but an impressive set of relay teams pulled us through enabling us to win comfortably.

The junior School were full of enthusiasm and encouragement for Lindores and we were never short for a team of supporters. Impressive performances in the Gala and Netball meant a valuable source of points to the total, and was much appreciated.

Many thanks to Vice-Captains Lucy Kelman and Allan Featherstone and Mr Durrheim, Mrs McDonald and other staff who gave their help and support without which a victory would have been impossible.

Good luck next year. Let's make it three in a row.

Amanda Mitchell
Gerry Tosh
House Captains

WALLACE HOUSE REPORT

Having taken third place last year, we were determined to improve our result this session — fourth place did not seem like a pleasant prospect although there were a number of times when it became something of a reality.



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We started off on a good note winning both the Girls' Junior and Senior Hockey Championships, the boys pulling off a respectable second place. However, the rugby results included a couple of fourth places and the netball a couple of thirds. Despite a victory in debating, all four Houses were, by this stage, more or less equal and we were all waiting to see what was to happen next.

The gala was the event we had all been dreading, Wallace being renowned for its lack of buoyancy. Indeed we kept our reputation coming in fourth place and with ease. Dropping to last place we realised a miracle was required. It didn't come with the Junior Public Speaking, however, although our fourth place result was not due by any means to lack of enthusiasm.

We were saved by the cricket and tennis results winning second and first respectively and Sports Day produced an admirable second place. We did, however, manage to collect an amazing ten prizes at Sports Day and one at Prize-giving.

Thanks must go to Mr Stewart and Mrs Martin for their considerable support as House Master and Mistress, to those members of staff who coached all competitors, to Mary Young and Stuart Pearson as Vice-Captains and of course to all those who (although reluctantly in some cases) 'volunteered' (for want of a better word) to take part. Let's hope that Wallace can retrieve the cup next year.

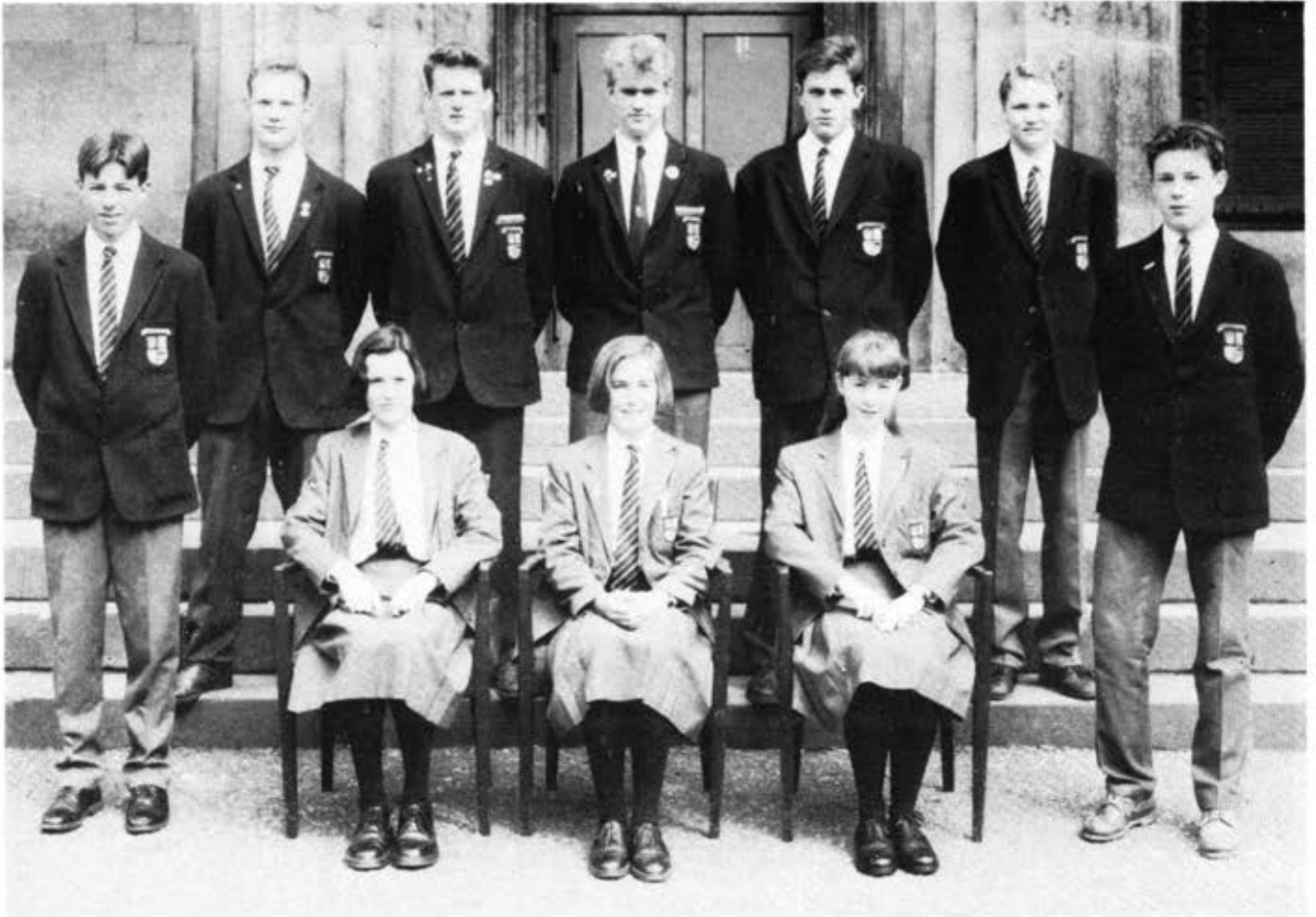
Jenny Tooze
Mark Woodcraft
House Captains

SPORT

Schools Internationalists 1991-92

Back row (from left)
Douglas Bett (Rugby)
Rory MacFarlane (Rugby)
David Williamson (Shooting)
Richard Hope (Swimming)
Graeme Caithness (Lacrosse)

Front row (from left)
Andrew Bancroft (Fly Fishing)
Kirsty Hope (Swimming)
Claire McDonald (Hockey)
Gail Fullerton (Table Tennis)
Michael Berkeley (Skiing)



RUGBY REPORT 1991 - 92

This year's rugby season had a slow start. Failing to find form in the first five games due to injuries and apprehension of our Canadian Tour, we succumbed to some early defeats such as Dollar and Merchiston. Some success was achieved in this early part of the season, with a win in our first game, against the touring Chilean team.

Despite this disappointing start to the season all 21 boys on the Canadian tour gelled together producing hard fought victories in all five games.

With an undefeated tour to our name, the 1st XV, despite defeat at the hands of Fettes, remained unbeaten in the remaining 20 games. Record scores

against Gordonstoun, Dunfermline, Kelvinside and Morrisons were achieved and there were notable wins over Stewarts Melville, Robert Gordons and Glasgow High.

Towards the end of the season came a series of seven-a-side tournaments. Inspired play took us to two finals at Heriots and Merchistons tournaments, with revenge in a semi-final match against Dollar upmost in our minds. We were lucky, however, in our third sevens tournament to win at the Morgan sevens.

As a finale to the season, two touring sides from Canada (Shawnigan and St Mikes), both having won all other matches on their tours fell at the hands of Dundee

High, with some of our best play of the season.

The 2nd XV showed many promising individuals for next season, although their season did not match that of last year. The Colts XV, 2nd Year and 1st Year, all showed their capabilities for many more years of a high standard of rugby.

Midland representatives were at Under 15 level, Douglas Bett, Colin Inglis, Mike Toff, Chris Reid, Gareth Williams and Paul Fenwick, to whom we all offer our commiserations, after sustaining a serious neck injury,

and at Under 18 level, Martin Drummond, Rory Macfarlane and Scott Adam.

Scotland representatives were Douglas Bett at Under 15 level and Rory Macfarlane at Under 18 level.

Finally many thanks must go to all the games staff, groundsmen and staff for making this season such a memorable one.

Best of luck next year.

Stuart Pearson, Secretary.



1st XV RUGBY

Back Row (from left)
Robin Young
Andrew Bell
Middle Row (from left)
Mr A H Hutchison
David Williamson
Adam Robertson
David Moore
Scott Adam
Martin Drummond
Simon Petrie
Lorne Stewart
Gordon Stewart
Front Row (from left)
Gerry Tosh
Rory MacFarlane
Mark Woodcraft (Vice Capt)
Andrew Forrester (Capt)
Stuart Pearson
Allan Featherstone
Douglas Bett
Andrew Taylor



2nd XV RUGBY

Back Row (from left)
David Moser
Hector Main
Scott Peterkin
Douglas Lawson
Mark Napier
Andrew Bell
Middle Row (from left)
Mr I E R Wilson
Jonathan Petrie
Fraser Green
Scott Anderson
Ian Hope
Scott Gall
Jamie Mitchell
James Woodward
Front Row (from left)
Sam Kyeremateng
Jamie Murray
Michael Toft
Colin Donald
Robin Young
Scot Abel
Chris Reid
Robbie Moir

SENIOR GIRLS' HOCKEY REPORT 1991- 92

The Officials: Captain — Fionnuala Robb
 Vice-Captain — Lucy Kelman
 Secretary — Amanda Mitchell
 Treasurer — Claire Bodie

With only four remaining from last year's 1st XI, a new team had to be found, and fast. We were unlucky to lose our first game against Grange School from Chile but it was the end of their season and only the beginning of ours. Not the start to the season we had hoped for. However, wins followed over St Leonards, Monifieth and Mary Erskine. Unfortunately, we couldn't match last year's Scottish Schools' Championship success and failed to represent Midlands after losing 1-0 to Strathallan in the final. The same followed in January at the Midlands Indoor Tournament. This time we lost 2-0 to Strathallan.

We finished a good season with nine wins, six defeats and only one draw; 61 goals for and 24 against. Top goal scorer was Jane Alexander, scoring 17 goals.

The 2nd and 3rd XI had very successful seasons, captained by Amanda and Cath Stevenson, which

promises well for future teams.

Individual players did well this season. Karen Campbell, Helen Hope, Julie Grewar, Luci McLaren, Claire McDonald and Fiona Morris played for the Midlands Under-16 team, while Jane Alexander, Claire Bodie and Fionnuala Robb played for the Under-18 team. That's no less than nine 1st XI players representing their district. Claire McDonald and Fionnuala Robb attended Scotland trials with Claire going on to represent her country at Under-16 level. Fiona Morris, Claire Bodie and Fionnuala Robb went on to represent Midlands in the Under-18 indoor team who were defeated in the final of the Inter-district.

Congratulation to all!

On behalf of the teams, I would like to thank the P.E. staff, especially Miss Sim and Miss Mieklem for all their coaching, encouragement and fitness training! I would also like to thank the hostesses, Lucy, Amanda and Claire for all their help throughout the season.

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

Fionnuala Robb, Captain.

1st XI HOCKEY

Back Row (from left)
 Miss E Sim
 Lucinda McLaren
 Jane Alexander
 Karen Campbell
 Helen Hope
 Gerry Sinclair
 Front Row (from left)
 Julie Grewar
 Claire MacDonald
 Lucy Kelman
 Fionnuala Robb (Capt)
 Claire Bodie
 Fiona Morris



2nd XI HOCKEY

Back Row (from left)
 Miss E Sim
 Alison McIntosh
 Kate Taig
 Caroline Merry
 Nikki Gordon
 Rachel Thomson
 Susan Pennington
 Jill Inglis
 Front Row (from left)
 Nina Srinivasan
 Dawn Samson
 Amanda Mitchell (Capt)
 Louise Fenwick
 Rachael Meikle
 Jenny Steven





3rd XI HOCKEY

Back Row (from left)
 Lesley McDonald
 Barbara Key
 Fiona Hamilton
 Anne Grewar
 Esther Sum
 Charlotte Ogilvie
 Middle Row
 Aileen Cochrane
 Lindsay Taylor
 Suzanne Henderson
 Alison Bodie
 Sally Meikle
 Gillian Mitchell
 Front Row (from left)
 Alison Marshall
 Kirsty Lockett
 Susannah Hepworth
 Catherine Stevenson (Capt)
 Suzanne Ogilvie
 Nikki Munro

FORM THREE HOCKEY REPORT 1991-92

This was a good season for the Third Year Hockey Team, from a total of 15 games, we won 11, drew 3 and lost 1. Our only defeat was at the hands of George Watsons where we were unlucky to lose by one goal.

We won the Midlands Outdoor Tournament beating Strathallan, Kinross and Carnoustie on the way and then Morrisons 4-0 in the final, scoring a total of 15 goals.

We also won the Midlands Indoor Tournament. After winning our group, we scraped through into the final by beating Kilgraston on sudden death penalty flicks. We then played a very hard and tiring game against the holders, Strathallan, beating them 2-0.

Thanks to everyone who played in the team and to Miss Cannon for being a great coach.

Sarah Jane Stirling F3.

CURLING REPORT 1991-92

Dundee High School has again been active in curling circles during the 1991-92 season. Ten pupils expressed interest in curling and hopefully each pupil has had the opportunity of representing the school in outside competitions.

The school played in the Perth and Kinross Schools League and the Hay Trophy, both at Perth Ice Rink. In the former competition, played throughout the season, the school just failed to qualify for the final, coming runners-up in their section.

The school team skipped by Julia Ewart and comprising Mhairi Ferguson, Angus Hood, Mark Fletcher and Neill Smith entered the Scottish Schools Curling Championships and after three very exciting matches against Forfar Academy, qualified by just one point for the finals at Kirkcaldy Ice Rink. At the finals the team won two out of their four round-robin matches on difficult swinging ice.

Outwith official schools competitions the pupils played a friendly match against the Old Boy's Club and this proved an enjoyable evening in spite of the Old Boy's winning! Congratulations must go to Julia Ewart, Mhairi Ferguson and Rhona Caldwell who, along with Kirsty Hynd from Forfar Academy, qualified for the Scottish Junior Ladies Curling Championships, beating a former world junior champion on the way. At the finals in Kilmarnock, Julia skipped her team to the semi-finals where they lost to the eventual Scottish and World Junior Champions.

Finally, my thanks are extended to the pupils being excused classes and to parents who provided transport and support.

J.A.



2nd XI BOYS HOCKEY

Back Row (from left)
 Ian Cowley
 Stuart Stirling
 Adrian Gavin
 Christopher Vardy
 Iain Lawson
 Justin Beedie
 Angus Hood
 Gareth Watt
 Mr G Spowart
 Front Row (from left)
 Simon Thomson
 Gordon Speed
 Stewart Arbuckle
 Michael Samson
 Robin Hamilton (Capt)
 Neil Armitage
 David Steel
 Alan Forsyth
 Alan Dargie

BOYS' HOCKEY REPORT 1991 - 92

This season produced a very creditable performance by the 1st XI. With a lot of young blood entering the team we expected it to be tough. However the team produced its first plus record for several years with 5 wins, 4 draws, 4 losses and 22 goals for, 26 against.

Our opening fixture against Stewarts Melville produced an impressive 2-0 victory at Dalnacraig.

We lost 3-4 to a highly skilled George Watson's team a fortnight later. However the team again had put in a good performance especially from Graham Meikle who scored 2 out of his 13 goal season in this match.

The next 4 games were close draws especially against Aberdeen Grammar School when we equalised in the last second at the match thanks to some impartial refereeing by Mr McPate. Congratulations must be given at this point to our under-16 side who won the Under 16 Midlands 6-a-side tournament.

The last game before Christmas saw our first disappointing result, losing 2-1 to city rivals Harris. The team was however not at full strength due to suspensions.

The first match after the Christmas break saw possibly our best performance. The team was on a high and solid play from all areas of the team saw us romp home 4-1 against a despondent Stewart Melville team.

Our 'hit up the park and hope' counter-attacking style paid dividends against George Watsons. The ball was rarely in their half. However, we were eventually winners

by 2-1 thanks to great keeping by Andy Spence who had saved our team many times throughout the season.

The last two games are best left unmentioned, falling to an 11-0 defeat to Morgan followed by a 4-0 defeat to Robert Gordons in a match where tempers were continually fraying. The latter scoreline did not do our performance justice, though.

Commiserations must go to David Humphries who never scored and Gordon Speed spending his third successive season on the 2nd XI sub's bench.

The other school teams had an indifferent season and we hope they do better next season.

Finally the team would like to thank Mr Duncan whose irrepressible wit kept the team buoyant throughout the season, and Mr Spowart (when he wasn't playing rugby) for their excellent coaching, and not forgetting Mr McPate and Mr Kenny Ross who refereed for us on many occasions.

The team would also like to thank Mr Macdonald who is retiring at the end of the school year. Over the past years his coaching and support have been invaluable to all teams at the school. We would all like to wish Mr Macdonald a happy and enjoyable retirement.

Best wishes to next year's 1st XI. We hope they have as enjoyable and successful season as we did this year.

Nicholas Thomas, Secretary.

1st XI BOYS HOCKEY

Back Row (from left)

Mr G Spowart

Angus Hood

David Humphris

Innes Burns

Iain Lawson

Justin Beedie

Kenneth McDonald

David Steel

Front Row (from left)

Graeme Ferguson

Ewan Armitage

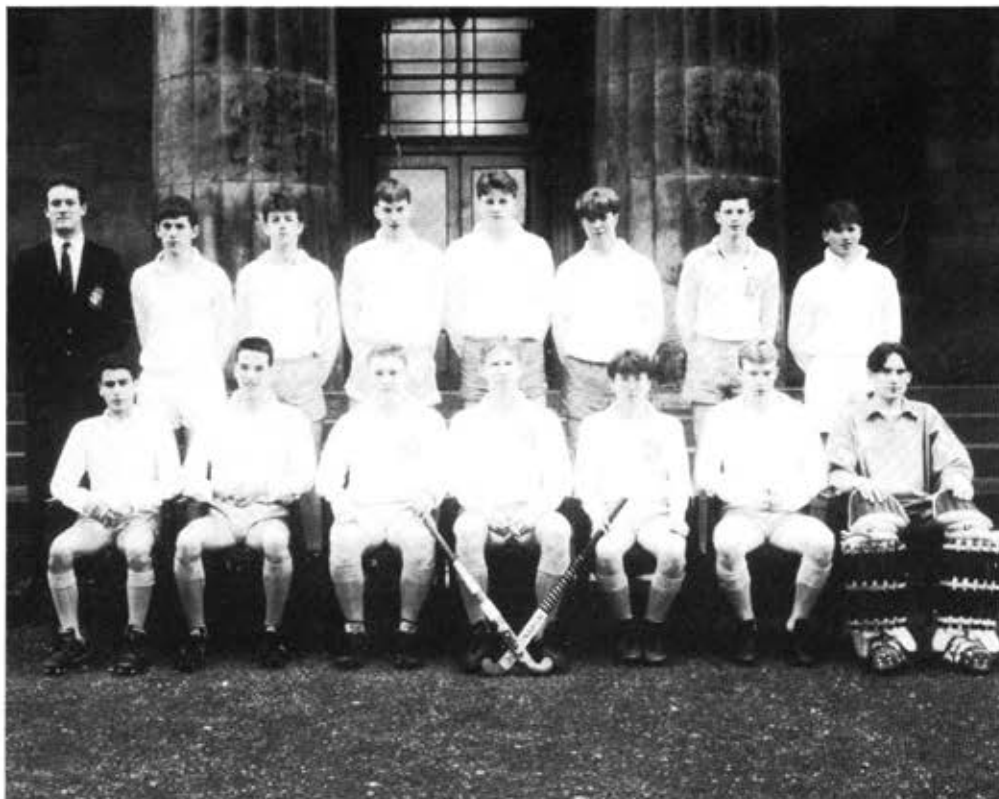
Simon Johnstone

Grant Scanlon (Capt)

Nicholas Thomas

Graham Meikle

Andrew Spence





1st VII NETBALL

Back Row (from left)
 Mrs J Hutchison
 Rhona Caldwell
 Jackie Gray
 Sarah Craig
 Ashley Meiklejohn
 Helen Taylor
 Front Row (from left)
 Tracey Boyle
 Gill Ross
 Camilla McKenzie
 Caroline Henderson
 Julie Taylor

NETBALL REPORT 1991-92

With only two players remaining from last year's 1st VII we were all rather sceptical of what the season would bring, and whether we could live up to the previous year's success. Despite initial losses to both Strathallan and Harris we were soon on a winning course with wins over both Kilgraston and Fettes.

However, the highlights of the season were still to come: The Dundee District Schools' Netball Tournament and the Scottish Independent Schools' Netball Champ-

ionship. The former we won, keeping Dundee High the holder of the trophy for two years running, and the latter coming second place, being pipped at the post by Strathallan, in all a fairly successful season.

The juniors also had a good season with the third year team finishing third in the Dundee League.

Thanks to everyone, especially Mrs Hutchison for making it such a successful season. Good luck to next year's team.



2nd VII NETBALL

Back Row (from left)
 Mrs J Hutchison
 Vanessa Van Der Schraft
 Luci Bower
 Claire Brodie
 Catriona Robson
 Suparna Guha
 Front Row (from left)
 Shoan Patterson
 Stacey Brown
 Rachel Bruce (Capt)
 Leigh-Anne Smith
 Emma Slingsby

A REAL SPORTS SHOP

CRICKET

With many key players missing this year's 1st XI, we had no high hopes of having a successful year. This was backed up by a crushing defeat at the hands of Stewarts Melville.

However, against our next opponents Morrisons Academy our batting and bowling gelled together with a superb effort from Richard Black, giving us a platform to build on, which we did, against our next victims Robert Gordons, although our bowling wasn't as good as normal, our batting ability pulled us through, with the Captain, Scot Adam hitting 102 not out, one of the biggest scores the School has seen.

We then had two good draws against Kelvinside and Glasgow. Our other two defeats of the season were at the hands of Merchiston Castle and Rannoch, where we didn't do ourselves justice.

We'd like to thank Mr Spowart and Shane Hadley who gave excellent coaching and umpiring, enabling us to have a better than average season.

Best of luck next year.

GOLF, FOOTBALL, SKI-ING,
TENNIS, HOCKEY, RUGBY,
BOWLS, SQUASH,
HILL-WALKING,
TABLE TENNIS,
AEROBICS, BADMINTON,
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CRICKET 1st XI

Back row (from left)

Allan Reoch
Gavin Reoch
Mark Napier
Iain Hope
Michael King
Greg Butchart
Mr G W Spowart

Front row (from left)

Gerry Tosh
Richard Black
Scott Adam (Capt.)
Jamie Murray
David Moore





(from left)
Katie Lawson
Jennifer Thompson
Kirsty Hope
Fiona MacDonald
Richard Hope

SWIMMING

On the 9th February this year, Richard and Kirsty Hope competed in the Scottish Schools' Championships at the Royal Commonwealth Pool, Edinburgh. Both won gold in 100m. freestyle and Kirsty won the best performance trophy for her age. Also competing in this event was Katie Lawson who got a bronze medal in the 100m. backstroke. The school relay team added the third gold medal with a convincing win in the 4 x 50m. relay. The team included Jennifer Thompson, Fiona MacDonald, Katie Lawson and Kirsty Hope. Due to the Hopes' individual performances, they were both selected to represent the Scottish Swimming Team at the Home Nations Quadrangular Schools' International at Hull on the 21st March, being the only brother and sister in the team. Kirsty was chosen to represent the Junior team and Richard, the Intermediate team. The competition provided excellent experience in competing against three other countries and overall the Scottish team took second place behind the team from England.

As they had competed well at other competitions, Kirsty and Richard were informed that they had been selected to represent the Scottish National Junior and

Youth squads respectively at International Competitions in Europe.

In April, Richard travelled with the Scottish Youth Squad to Athens, Greece, where the team competed in a Multination's contest. This provided much fun, and proved to be very challenging for the team as a whole. In the end, Richard came home after having several excellent performances with two Gold medals, and also one Gold and Bronze medal which the 16-year-old Boys' team had won.

At the end of April, Kirsty travelled with the Junior team to Luxembourg and did herself proud, competing against swimmers from many different countries.

The standard of swimming proved to be very high, and although Kirsty was disappointed with some swims, her efforts were rewarded when she won a Gold medal in her last event, the 100m. freestyle.

Kirsty and Richard got a family double at the Midlands Schools' Competition, with Kirsty winning the Nancy Reoch Trophy, and Richard, the Andrew Milne Shield, becoming the only brother and sister ever to have won the two at the same time. The Girls relay team, Katie Lawson, Fiona MacDonald, Kirsty Hope and Jennifer Thompson got a Gold medal in the 4 x 50m. Relay, in a 16-and-under age-group. This meant that Dundee High School won three out of four of the trophies.

BASKETBALL



1st YEAR BASKETBALL

Back Row (from left)
Tim Parratt
Ragnar Karlsson
Andrew Kennedy
Steven Harris
Ross Forster
Mr P McPate

Front Row (from left)
Chris Milne
Drew Hutchison
Richard Meiklejohn
Alan Bodie
William Quinn

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1st.VI TENNIS

Back row (from left)
 Caroline Merry
 Geraldine Sinclair
 Lucinda Maclaren
 Nina Srinivasan

Front row (from left)
 Julie Grewar
 Amanda Mitchell (Capt.)
 Fionnuala Robb
 Miss M Meiklem

TENNIS



2nd VI TENNIS

Back row(from left)
 Suzanne Ogilvie
 Ann Grewar
 Karen Campbell
 Barbara Key

Front row (from left)
 Louise Fenwick
 Jill Inglis(Capt.)
 FionnualaRobb
 Miss Meiklem

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT



PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT NATIVITY PLAY 1991





THE WINDY DAY

The trees are blowing.
My Grandads hat was
flying.

Alasdair Stewart, L1M.

SPIKE

I went our riding on
Spike, When he was
running he went over
a jump.

Eleanor De Vries, L1M.

THE WINDY DAY

It was a very windy
day in Dundee. My
kite was flying fast
in the sky. Everybody
is keeping warm in their
houses.

David McCulloch, L1M.

MY EASTER HOLIDAY

I went to the Deer
Park and I saw a
baby deer.

Matthew Ross, L1M.

IF I FOUND ONE HUNDRED POUNDS

If I had one hundred pounds, I
would go to the shop to buy some
thing. Maybe I would buy a lovely
teddy bear. Maybe a lovely toy
but I am sure it would be some
thing nice.

Jillian Sturrock L2M.

A PERSON I LIKE

I like my mummy. She is
very nice because she lets
us stay up sometimes. When
she came back from her
holiday she brought us a lot
of things.

Jennifer Sturrock L2M.

A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR

One day I visited the
doctor because I had
popping ears and it took
a long time for the operation
to be finished and I took
hot Ribena.

Richard McLean L2M.

THE PANTOMIME

In the afternoon at
school we had a Pantomime.
It was about Cinderella
and the prince was so funny.
I liked Cinderella and the prince.
It was a nice Pantomime.

Kitty Ko L2H.

I WON ONE HUNDRED POUNDS IN A COMPETITION

One day I entered a drawing competition
and when I woke up I went to the door and
I saw the Postman and he had a box for me.
I opened the box and I had won the competition.
I won one hundred pounds and I went to the pet
shop to buy a puppy. I called it Poppy. I also
had a holiday to Paris and then I came home.

Laura Black L2H.

ME AND MY KITE AT NIGHT

In the night when I give
my kite a fly, it sways
through the windy breeze.
It sometimes goes like
the zooming wind and it
goes through the shiny
stars and through the
big puffy clouds.

Paramita Karim L3C.

THE KITE

Flying in the sky
Zooming low and swooping high.
Tails flowing of every kind.
Zooming high through the long
swirling sky.
Flying over the tree tops high.
Crash! I'm stuck in a tree.
Oh please help me!
I'm getting out. Yippee! I shout.
Oh no mum's coming.
I wish I did not have to go.
Now home again and down I come.

Struan Cunningham L3C.

"THE KITE"

Twisting, turning, zooming
left or right it is very hard.
It goes under trees, over trees
twirling in mid-air. This is
the stunt kite. It does all
kinds of stunts. There are
different kites like the box
kite.

Aneel Gill L3C.

I AM A KITE

I am a kite swooping, turning
flying, zooming fast. I'm red
and blue coloured fancy looping,
stunting, circling and all sorts
of shapes. The wind is whistling,
roaring. The boy and girl are
enjoying flying me. The wind is
blowing against their red tiny faces.
I hear them singing and this is what
I heard. I like to fly a kite, I
like to fly it in the breeze as it
goes up and up in the air as far as
ever.

John Bryden L3C.

I'M A SCARECROW

I'm a scarecrow stuffed with straw
I gaze on the crop all day long. I
frighten away the birds and I stand
all day and night to watch the corn,
wheat, cabbage and carrots. I see
combine harvesters cutting the wheat
and tractors with bags of flour. I
see strawberries growing in the field.

Paul Cuthill L3C.

I AM A FISH

I am a fish. I bubble
through water. I clip
my fins together and go
smoothly through water.

Mooktadir Ansar L3C.

MOUNTAINS

I like climbing mountains, I can
never get to the top of the high
ones! When I climb them my dad's
ahead and my sister's sometimes
last but I always catch my dad up.
I usually trip or slip but that
doesn't hurt. My mum and dad have
climbed Snowdon.

Neel Mehta L3C.

I'M A LITTLE FISH

I'm a little fish, I go swish
swish swish. I dart like a
long zooming arrow. I swirl
I twirl through the oceans and
seas. I jump high in the air
like a big blue dolphin.

Struan Cunningham L3C.

Twit-a-woo-twit-a-woo.

Hello I am an owl. I have got
big eyes and lots of tiny feathers.
I sleep in the day and I stay awake
in the night. I have got big wings,
and I am a bird of prey. I have also
got good eyesight for catching mice.
I flap and swoop and glide all over
the place. My nest is a hollow tree
that is dark.

Rorie Melhuish L3C.

WATER PLAY

I went into the pool because it was
so relaxing. I did not want to go out
when our time was up. I went down the
chute so many times I lost count. We
played piggy in the middle with the beach
ball and catch the ball. When we went out
we had a rest on the chairs. I went back
in before my Mum and talked to my friend and
then we went out of the pool and got changed.
After that we went out to play in the park.

Gregor Van Der Boon L3H.

Joyce is my nanny. She
looks after me. Joyce is
very kind. She shares with me.

James Hoste, L1L.

I like to read books. My
best story is Cinderella.
She is a kind girl. She
went to a ball.

Angela Lucas-Herald, L1L.

I am a girl. My name is Judy.
I have a brother. He is Brian.
He works with his Computer.

Judy Boyle, L1L.

My little brother is Douglas.
He does scribble pictures. I
can do better pictures because
I am bigger.

Sarah Dorward, L1L.

On day I went into my garden.
I saw a bird with a worm in its
beak. Poor worm was eaten!

Toby Davies, L1L.

My classroom is always lovely.
We draw and paint lots of things.
We cover our walls with models.

Claire Cuthill, L1L.

I have lots of toys.
I like my dolls best.

Alexandra Bowen, L1L.

Once I went to France. I
went in a train to see all
the land. I slept in a camp.

Thomas Holme, L1L.

On my first day of school I did
not know what I was going to do,
but I know now. I like Dundee High
School. I can read and write. I
like sums too.

Fraser Hendry, L1L.

I come to school every day
and I work as hard as I can.
I am good at my work.

Harrison Horne, L1L.

I have a pony called Leonardo.
He is brown with a white spot
on his tummy. I ride him every
day.

Rachael Dyer, L1L.

THE WINDY DAY

It is a windy day
and my kite blew
away. Mummy called
me in. It was getting
cold.

Nicole Wilson, L1M.

MY EASTER HOLIDAY

I had a magic egg.
I had to stand on it.
Then it broke into
pieces.

Lynsay Laird L1M.

MY BALLOON ADVENTURE

On Sunday I went up in
a hot air balloon. It
was windy. I felt cold.
I saw all the clouds.

John Walton, L1M.

MY EASTER HOLIDAY

I rolled my egg down
the stairs. After
that I went on an
Easter hunt. I won
it. I got three
Cadbury's cream eggs.

Malri Miskell, L1M.

JILL AND I

Jill and I went
to the fair on
Saturday. We
went on the rockets.

Ailsa Miller, L1M.

MY EASTER HOLIDAY

I rolled my egg and
it didn't smash but
the second time it
did smash and the
yoke came out.

Calum McNicol L1M.

OUR SEEDS

We planted the runner
beans. They are very
tall. I have planted
pansies as well.

Christopher McDonald, L1M.

MY CHICK

The chick is very hungry.
Daddy had to get it out
of the garage and take it
round to feed it.

Nina Morrocco, L1M.

FOOD

My favourite food is fish and chips and apple crumble. I have it when it is a swimming day. I get my fish and chips from a fish and chip shop.

Tom Clark L2H.

MY DAY

Every school day I get up at 6:00. I rush down to the television set. I watch some television and after that I have breakfast. I have an orange and a glass of lemonade. Then I get my clothes on. Next I go and play with my farm. After all the hard work I go to school by bus or car.

Jamie Potton L2H.

On Saturday I went horse riding for half an hour. The girl who was leading me told me that when we go up you lean forward and when you go down you lean backwards. The horse was a he. Then we went to the park.

Jennifer Allison L2H.

SNOW

I slammed the door and I was out in the garden. The snow was still falling and the snow covered all the branches already. I tried to catch snowflakes but they could go anywhere and I could not catch them. I threw snowballs at the garage wall. I saw that the snow had stopped falling and the tree was covered with snow. It looked beautiful with snow everywhere. Nothing needed to have something extra put beside it to make it look nice.

Finlay Stewart L3H.

SKI-ING

We had got to the top of the chairlift. Now for my first try at ski-ing I thought. When I got off I felt wobbly on skis. I started to move forward. As soon as I started I fell down. After my first run I was feeling better. We got to the top of the run. I started to go down again. I kept on going up on the sides and down again. It was hard to stay on the ground all the time. Then I fell down for the second time. I got up and we were at the bottom.

Colin Wain L3H.

GOING RIDING

Every Saturday before lunch I go upstairs to change into my beige coloured jodphurs. After lunch I get on my riding boots. The lesson begins at 2:15. I have ridden Rosey, Rags, Pickle, Speckle, Shamrock, Florion and Tom Thumb. My riding teacher is called Mrs Stout. I am now off the leading rein. Tom Thumb is lazy and so I have to work hard and concentrate. We do exercises like going in and out of buckets, we lead the pony and then the same way with the pony in front. Another is putting the right hand in the air and touch the right toe six times and then the right hand to the left toe six times. Every week we do books with words about horses and ponies, if you get the word right you get a happy face, and when you get one wrong you get a sad face. I have not got a word wrong yet. I like riding and I am sad when it ends at 3:15.

Helen Buckley L3C.

THE MAGICIAN

Jesper was a little girl. She was very neatly dressed. Her favourite dress was pink with light blue spots. Her grandpa was a magician. He wore a bright bow tie, a long jacket which nearly reached his knees and a white shirt with crimson stripes along with dark green trousers and a tall top hat. He had a short flat nose, sticking out ears and neatly cut hair. He was French with a curly moustache. He could turn daisies into pizzas!

He could make patch-work quilts just by putting the colours into his hat and tapping the hat three times.

He could catch robbers who came too near. They were put into cages — magic cages! His name was Kitsney.

Kirsty Dewar L3C.

MONKEY FUN

The monkeys were swinging from their cages and scratching themselves. When the keeper came into the cage to feed them one of the monkeys jumped out of the cage. The keeper put the food down and caught him. He picked him up and put him back in the cage and locked it. Next he went to the elephants, I followed him because I like elephants. He fed the elephants cabbage and gave them water. When the keeper went away an elephant put his trunk down and made a great splash with the water the keeper had given them.

Natalie Ryce L3H.

MY FAVOURITE PERSON

My favourite person is John Major. He has grey suits and he wears glasses. He is the Prime Minister. I like him a lot because I have seen him on T.V. My daddy said he will vote for him in the General Election.

Sandy Easton L2H.

MY FAVOURITE PERSON

My favourite person is Olivia. I like her because she is my sister. She has yellow hair and she doesn't cry in the morning. I don't get time to play with her because I am at school.

Alexander Bird L2H.

MY FAVOURITE PERSON

My favourite person is my sister Katie. She has black hair and blue eyes. I like her because she helps me do my homework sometimes. When my mummy is down the road at my granny's she looks after me. I love her very much.

Claire Boyle L2H.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I would like to be a rescue helicopter pilot. I would drive a red and white helicopter. Then when somebody is in trouble I would save them and we would take them to the hospital.

Stewart Beat L2H.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I want to be an engineer and work on my dad's boat. I will be the cook on the boat and work in the engine room. I will have to sleep in the room beside the engine room.

Rachel Crawford L2H.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I want to be a farmer because I want to drive a tractor. I like driving tractors. I like milking cows too. I do not want to milk a bull because daddy broke his leg on a bull. I like shooting with guns too because I like trying to shoot birds.

Stewart Arbuckle L2H.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I want to be a hotel manager. I think I will buy the Caledonian. It is quite famous. It is in Edinburgh. I have found it has a door man. He stands at the door and welcomes people in.

Richard Hart L2M.

WHEN I GROW UP

First when I am an adult I would like to go to Dundee University. That is where my mummy went. Once I've graduated I will try and get a job to be a waitress at the Pancake Place.

Sulekha Varma L2M.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I would like to be a teacher and I would be an L1 teacher and then if I do not get the job I will find a job on a farm. I will feed the horses and the pigs and the sheep and a cow will have a baby.

Alison Robertson L2M.

WHEN I GROW UP

I think I will work in Disney Land. I will meet Mickey Mouse and Pluto the dog. I am going to France.

Robert Gray L2M.

GOING TO THE DENTIST

After school I went to the dentist. I sat on the chair and it went backwards. He checked my teeth and he said, "one is coming out!"

Jamie Stewart L2M.

GOING TO THE DENTIST

One day I went to the dentist to get a tooth out and the man used some pliers and pulled it right out and he gave me a drink of water.

Robbie Landsburgh L2M.

IF I HAD ONE HUNDRED POUNDS

If I had £100 I would use one half of it to help the poor people and the other half to build up a library and every night when the library was closed I would find a nice book.

Mshari Onaizy L2M.



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AT THE ZOO

Click the gate closed we were in the zoo. All the monkeys were fidgeting and swinging from branch to branch. The cage had a sign on it saying do not feed the monkeys. They will only start screeching. The wolves were not so friendly. They were growling. Do not stick you hand in — their bite is very painful. The elephant stuck his trunk into a bag and sniffed up some peanuts. The bag fell out of the boys hand. When we came to the foxes some of them were sleeping. All the other ones were prowling around their enclosures.

Caroline Milne L3H.

POOR BEAR

The bear yawned. He fell splash into his pool. He got up looking very angry. He started to come close. I walked back, he walked back, I thought this is a funny bear. The bees came round the bear. He started to puff. He gave a great sneeze, and fell back with a crash on the ground. I felt sorry for the bear so I got out a jam doughnut. He snuffled it down. He walked over to the bars in a friendly way. I gave him one more doughnut then left.

Susan Leckie L3H.

'A MOUSE IN THE HOUSE'

The mouse trap was ready for Harry the mouse. We really had to catch him. He was stealing all the cheese. Hide, here he comes. He dodged it. "That's impossible!" I said with amazement. He got the cheese too. I know why he got it. It is his favourite Swiss cheese. Oh look, he's in one of the holes. I have got him. No, I have got him. He's dodged us again. Catch him cat. Now he is in his hole, free for another day.

Fraser Reid L3H.

AT THE ZOO

First I went to the bear. Mumy said do not put your finger on the bars otherwise you will not have a finger. Next we went to the monkey. There was a tyre hanging from a rope. One of the monkeys was swinging on the tyre! It was fun seeing all the animals but the funniest of all was the peacock. For example, if I walked to my right it walked to my right too! After that we went to see the crocodile. He got out of the water and looked at us with beady eyes.

Claire Low L3H.

ZOO FUN

When we first came in we saw a cage with chipmunks in it. They jumped all around the cage. One came up to us for a nut, so I gave him one and he put it in his mouth and took it into his little wooden house. Then we heard a little noise for a baby chipmunk put its head out. It went back into the wooden house. The big one came out and bit at the cage to sharpen its teeth.

David Swan L3H.

AT THE ZOO

One of the monkeys nearly took off my hat. Another monkey was swinging on a rope from one branch to another. The elephant was sucking sand up its trunk, and throwing it over another elephant to clean it. My favourite animal was the giraffe. You could get rides on it. My least favourite animal was the Beaver because it hardly ever came out.

Christopher Taylor L3H.

AT THE ZOO

The monkeys were very funny. The zookeeper opened their cage. We watched the monkeys trying to open a banana. One of them dropped it. We soon moved on to the grizzly bears. One of them opened its mouth. We saw inside its mouth. It had very sharp teeth. They were very furry and big. Then we went on to the elephant. It had a very long trunk. The elephant splashed me with the water from his trunk.

Zoe Linton L3H.

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JUNIOR SCHOOL

DAY DREAMS

Mrs McIntosh thinks I'm reading
But I'm in the Flying Squad.
I'm riding a Harley Davidson.
I'm stealing the crown jewels,
I'm climbing up the icy, slippery slopes
Of Mount Everest.

Mrs McIntosh thinks I'm listening,
But no.
I'm playing rugby with David Sole,
I'm a cool headmaster,
I'm the richest person in the world.
I'm flying through the air like a dart.

Most of all I want to ride a
Harley Davidson.

Andrew Bruce L6M.

Dear Kevin Costner,

Is it embarrassing being an actor? I would not like to be an actor, because I wouldn't like spending all my time learning words. I think it's because you are older than me and you are more confident about being an actor. Mostly, I forget words even if I spend hours learning them. I would get really shy going up on stage. I have only done it once, and I went red in the face. When you played Robin Hood were lots of trees green? I don't have many green trees in my garden because winter has just passed. Is it hot in America? The weather is getting better and the grass and plants are growing. In Sherwood Forest, were there any green animals or swamps? Do you get paid in one pound notes? I get five pounds every month.

Yours sincerely,
Graeme Henderson L4G.

RED

Red is a colour of the rainbow
And a fire,
And a liar!
Red is a primary colour,
A sparkler is red,
With sparks flying high,
Rubies are red worth much
More than gold.
Roses lie dark red in their
beds.
England's flag is red where I
used to live.

by John Holme L4C.

DIVING FOR THE FIRST TIME

Slowly I let myself sink into the surprisingly warm waters that surrounded me. It was just as John, our guide had said, "Just let yourself sink slowly." I was a trifle fidgety on the boat coming out but as everyone was feeling the same way I relaxed in the rather pleasant warmth of the sun.

Now I was diving, there was nothing to it. Too busy watching everyone else, I failed to notice the shoal of Parrot Fish racing past beneath me. It came as quite a shock when I suddenly found myself surrounded by bright blue aquamarine coloured fish.

When at last the group got together again, John took us on a tour of an old wreck from the seventeenth century. Around one corner lurked the shoal of fish that I had disturbed. They were feeding on a strange coloured weed. Nearing the fish I remembered that they were Parrot Fish. We had been shown a video about them and I had liked them best.

Slowly we moved off but, Peter a fellow diver, had befriended a Parrot Fish. It would not leave him alone. I think it liked the colour of his diving suit. When at last Peter's Parrot Fish had disappeared we continued our journey. The plant life on the sea bed was amazing, it was so bright and colourful, just as if someone had cut a page out of a fairy-tale book and thrown all the colours to the plants and animals at the bottom of the sea.

In the distance, I saw the first piece of pollution in the sea: A plastic bag floated towards our group. A member of the group, Robert, went to pick it up but John stopped him. The plastic bag drifted right up to me. It turned out to be rather large for a plastic bag! The plastic bag was actually a Giant Manta Ray.

John gave the signal to move on. I could not see anything of interest in the rocks which stretched far up above our heads, but John took us around them. Suddenly the sea bed below us disappeared leaving only blackness. It was as though we had reached the end of the earth.

I checked my oxygen level, it was almost finished. As we began our ascent to the surface I could not but help think that I had become rather partial to this under-water world. Poking my head out of the warm water, I noticed that the sea had become rather choppy. Our little motor boat was being tossed about like a cork in a bathtub. As I stepped onto the pier I admitted that I had been more frightened by the journey back on the boat than I had been during the actual diving.

Kerr Cessford L7C.

THINK ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE

At school I am happy
In everything I do,
But when it comes to differences
I have not a pair of shoes.
On the bus I
Sit alone on a seat,
And then I turn around to see
A man with no feet!
My worries disappear
And my care goes to him,
Who had not only lost his feet
But another limb.
So think about other people
Blind, Deaf or Dumb,
And of others
Who have not a single crumb!

Jesmeen Maleque L5F.

FIRE!

The red hot demon pounced from
house to house. Its long fingers threw
glowing bits of debris into the night sky.
With the help of the wind the fire danced to
the next street. Silhouettes of fire carts and
human chains (which had escaped being eaten up
by the fierce inferno) were cast upon the walls.
One could feel the heat a mile from the fire.
By morning there were only ashes where the houses
used to stand and only little tufts of fire sprang
from the left over bits of wood.

Jonathan Horner, L7S.

WINTER WONDERLAND

Winter's grasp had caught hold of the town and
swirling snowflakes looked like a swarm of albino bees.
The beauty of the countryside had been buried in a
blanket of snow. Houses in the vicinity looked like iced
birthday cakes and chimneys like candles. Having been
smothered in snow, cars slipped on icy roads. People
with bright red noses were silhouetted against the white
hills. Trees were matted with frost and snow blended into
fields not far away.

Just then, a rumbling came from the area. An
avalanche was tumbling down the hill and ruining all
beauty. A great mound of snow had crashed against the
wall. The landscape with its air of magic was ruined.

Caroline Morton L7S.

WHAT IS GREEN?

Green is trees,
Green is the fresh grass
blowing in the wind.
You can smell green,
In many a thing!
Broccoli and cabbage,
Peppermints,
And if you listen,
You can hear green.
When the wind blows.
You feel green
When you go to Mrs Matthews.

by Alistair Watson, L6R.

THE LOST DOG

My name is Patch and I am a young dog. I was going
for a walk with my owner whose name is Billy. We were
going to the corner shop to buy some food for me. When
we reached the shop, Billy tied me to the lamp post with
my lead. Unfortunately Billy didn't tie the lead tight
enough so I managed to break free. I decided to play a
game with Billy. Beside me was a lorry unloading all of
its food. Without the man looking I jumped in and hid
behind one of the crates. Then suddenly everything
became dark — the doors had been shut. Then I heard
the sound of an engine. The lorry started moving. I
scratched the door and barked loudly in hope that my
owner would hear me. It was no use. All I had to do now
was sit patiently until the lorry stopped. After ten minutes
it finally stopped. When the driver opened the door I
jumped out hoping that Billy would be there. The
daylight dazzled my eyes after being in the dark lorry.
When I looked around there was nothing but people
dashing here and dashing there. I realised I was in a big
city. After a few hours I began to get hungry. I search
around for scraps of food and before I knew it I was
home. I couldn't believe it. I ran as fast as I could and
scratched as hard as I could. Billy opened the door. I
jumped into his arms and as soon as Billy hugged me I
felt a very special feeling.

Susan McArthur, L5H.

Dear Santa Claus,

Do you like using recycled paper? If you do I think you
should tell all the girls and boys to write to you using
recycled paper. Only I think it is very good that people
are using recycled paper. Using recycled paper helps
save some of the trees. I think you should only give
presents that don't harm the environment. Do you like
the fact that people are polluting the water and killing all
the wildlife? Do you have any animals? I do, I have cats,
fish and gerbils. My favourite animals are horses and
ponies. Do you have a garden with trees and flowers and
plants in it? I have a big garden. I think you should tell
people in foreign countries to stop burning the jungle
because it is destroying the trees and robbing the world
of its supply of oxygen.

Yours sincerely,
Alexandra McGill L4G.

WINTER WONDERLAND

The sparkling world of winter has come at last, its
grasp encircling the whole town.

The snowfalling flakes begin to rest in an eternal
trance like armies surrounding the world in whiteness.
Dark clouds are covering up the hidden sky.

Incessant flakes build up and lie like a blank page.
Bare trees, matted with glistening frost, are spread out
all over like fields shining like silver, invisible glass. The
blue, frosted lakes with sugar-like snowflakes spilling on
top melt them as if swallowing them up. On the white
houses there are thick, white cushions spread out on top
of the roofs with the birds' decorative footprints.

Red-nosed and red-cheeked children with runny
noses play happily, shrieking with delight.

Darkness disturbs the scene with its secretive timing.
People wander off leaving behind them the stillness of
winter.

Pauline Sharma

CONGRATULATIONS

Louse Raj Class L4G who came 3rd. in the Royal Mail Young Letter Writers' Competition

THE BLUB BLUB

And . . . and what is it like?

Well it's big and flabby
With tentacles coming out of its head.
Its feet are flat and they're scabby,
And its ears are bright red.

And . . . and where does it live?

Well it lives in planets and stars,
And faraway places
Like Pluto and Mars,
And other weird spaces.

And . . . and what does it eat?

Well it eats rocks and pimples
And spaceships and fruit.
Bones and dimples,
And other weird loot.

And . . . and who are its enemies?

Well they're Zangers and Wangers
and Diddlydoos.
And Hankers and Parkers,
And animals from zoos.

Amy Henderson, L6H.

THE MOONMONSTER

And . . . and what is it like?

It's big and hairy,
And covered in spots.
Its skin is orangy
And its teeth are large and spiky.

And . . . and where does it live?

It lives in craters in the moon,
In asteroids rocky faces
In caves with no end
And in big black holes.

And . . . and what does it eat?

It eats bits of moon rock
And little Martian men.
Roast rocks and meteors
And boiling lava.

And . . . and who are its enemies?

Its enemies are humans
Space dogs and zippis
Shaky shoos, Wigwags
And fat Frothers.

Andrew Inglis, L6H.

L7 's VISIT TO THE CITY CHAMBER



(Courtesy of D.C. Thomson Ltd.)

NIGHT

Owls are hooting far above
Trees are blowing
I slip quietly across the path
Splash!
A frog jumps in a pond
Cats prowl the wood
A twig snaps and frightens me
I can hear strange noises.
They frighten me!
Soon I reach the door
I'm glad to be home!
The darkness behind me and
safe at last.

Kenneth Baxter L5H.



DARKNESS

As I walk through my garden gate
It creaks
I walk straight ahead.
An owl looks down at me.
From a tree, an apple hits me on the head.
I walk a couple of steps more
I'm glad to be home warm, safe and sound.
Karen Burchell L5H.

WHAT IS ORANGE?

Orange is a goldfish,
Street light, Mars, a sun set
or an orange.
You can smell orange
In many a thing
Fire, paint or curry.
And, if you listen
You can hear it
In cakes, orange biscuits or conkers.
You can touch orange
In a lions mane, tissues and sweets.
by Alexandra McGhee, L6R.

TUTU TERRIBLE

"Oh please BFG. Let me see just one more dream."
Sophie whined. "I is letting you see one more dream
then it will be off to beddy-bys," said the BFG.

Just then a certain dream bottle caught Sophie's
eye.

"Why does that bottle have a small label?" Sophie
asked curiously.

"That dream was blown to my by my ipsquigling
friend Stewart, from Scotland who likes writing stories,"
the BFG announced proudly.

"You mean Scotland," Sophie chuckled.

"Well anyway," the BFG said turning slightly red. "As
we had nuffin in common he turned inside out to be one
of my bestest friends."

And this is how the dream went.

It is Friday morning and I am setting off for school — it
had been a bad week and I felt it was just about to get
worse. I had lost my lunchbox and Mum was cross, I had
made a mess of my history project and the teacher was
cross and I had broken a window with a football and Dad
was cross. Who else was there to be cross with me? I
trundled slowly into the classroom hoping that I would
fall victim to an attack of schoolitis and Mrs Mack
would have to send me home in jet-mobile (in dreams
anything can happen) but of course no such luck. I slunk
down into my chair, rested my head on my hand and
watched the blackboard being viciously attacked by
white sticks. All of a sudden I heard Mrs Mack's voice
drifting slowly away at right-angles.

THEN TWO MINUTES LATER.

"Right Stewart, do you remember what you've got to
do," Mrs Mack said strictly.

"Yes," I said for fear of saying anything else, but of
course I didn't know what to do.

"Remember," she said, in a slightly quieter voice,
"One of the baskets goes to the rugby coach outside
and the other goes to the ballet department." Unfortunately
what I had not realised was that I had given the 1st
Fifteen the pink tutus and satin shoes and the ballet
group had the rugby strips. Oh dear!

Next morning I nearly choked on my cornflakes when
Dad's newspaper read:

HIGH SCHOOL 1st 15 STORM TO VICTORY AS
SUGAR PLUM FAIRIES! Not only that, but the dance
section read:

HIGH SCHOOL BALLET TEAM WIN 1st PLACE
PERFORMING THE NUTCRACKER OR WAS IT THE
FLOORCRACKER WITH SIZE 10 RUGBY BOOTS!

What would Monday hold? Detention, suspension or
worse.

I walked to school slowly on Monday and as soon as I
stepped through the gates Mr Russell and his team
stormed towards me shouting. One of them grabbed me
by the shoulders and started shaking me viciously. I
closed my eyes so as not to show the pain but within
seconds I opened my eyes to reality and saw Mum
shaking me and saying, "Come on Stewart, Monday
morning, rugby today."

"Poor Stewart," Sophie laughed. "Look there's
another jar with a small label on it. Can I see it too?"

"Beddy-byes now! the BFG roared.

Stewart Gillan, L6M.

THE NINODON

There once was a monster called the Ninodon. It was half cheetah and half bear. The legs and tail were cheetah and the head and body were bear. It was 2 metres long and was fierce. Its eyes were green and had long sharp fangs which were bloodstained. Its claws were long and sharp.

The Ninodon fed on animal flesh and sometimes even human flesh. It usually goes into the town and wrecked everything in its path. And it went into people's houses and ate their animals and sometimes them. But there was one thing the Ninodon couldn't stand — it was mirrors. It could not stand its own reflection. The Ninodon lair was a long, dark, dirty cave three miles from town. When it was day it slept or roamed around its cave.

Once there was a king who was very worried about the Ninodon because it could eat all his people. There was a girl aged 20 called Tara who was determined to be better than any other warrior.

One day she went up to the king and she told him she was going to fight the Ninodon with a mirror and a sword. So one night she went down to the cave. She went a few steps in. She could hear the Ninodon sniffing because there was an intruder. She placed the mirror on the ground and hid behind a big boulder. Tara waited for about five minutes. Suddenly she heard the sniffing getting clearer then she saw the Ninodon. It saw itself in the mirror and gave a loud roar. Tara jumped out from behind the rock and dug her sword into its body. It gave another roar. It was dead. She dragged it back to the king and he gave her a medal and one thousand pounds for being the bravest woman in the land.

Katie MacLean L6H.

THAWING FROZEN FROGS by Brian Patten

Thawing Frozen Frogs is a poetry book. My favourite illustration in the book is the front cover. It is a picture of a sea of frogs, some in blocks of ice, and Jimmy looking at the frogs and his Mum screaming. The illustrations are black and white and they add to the humour of the book.

My favourite poem is the Milk Shake Cafe, when you think about cows being shaken in a strange machine and then you look at the picture to find it is just as you imagined it!

I liked this book because it had a lot of hilarious poems. I would recommend this book to my friends because I think it is very worthwhile reading.

Reviewed By Sally Hopkins L6M.

THE DEEP DEEP DARKNESS

The darkness takes on wicked shapes,
Shapes that frighten me.

The trees they turn to grasping arms,
Arms that try to catch me.

Falling leaves turn to swooping bats,
For these bats I am the prey.

The creaking of my gate sounds like a
banshee,

A banshee wailing at me.

The tick-tock of the clock turns to
footsteps —

Footsteps following me.

Caroline Mair L7C.

COMFORT

To me comfort is a small sitting room with a huge open fire, crackling, glowing and giving off a rich, warm heat. In the room is a comfy armchair that I can snuggle up in with a tiny kitten sleeping on my lap. Drinking coffee, eating mince pies and reading books would be perfect and I wouldn't ask for anything more. The rain might be pattering on the windows which would make me feel more content indoors. With the glow of the fire and a full stomach I would slowly drift asleep, the fairy lights twinkling around me.

Catherine Mountford L7C.

WALKING ALONE

The night is full of shadows
Spooky silhouettes everywhere.

Trees swaying,
Branches like fingers
Reaching out to grab.
Stars.

Thousands of eyes watching
The moon is one eye
Staring at me.

The night is full of animals
Crying and wailing
Bats fluttering round my head
Squeaking and squealing.
Howling wolves
In the distance.
Owls hooting in the trees above.

Kate Struthers L7C.

OUT AT NIGHT

There is nothing
But pure blackness.
An owl's sparkling eyes
Glare down at me
I hear bat's wings beating
And a fox snuffling
In a bin.

I see a cat creep up
And pounce
Straight on a mouse.
I can hear my own heart
Thumping loudly
Then at last
The front door light
Is put on.
I creep towards it
Thank goodness
I am safe.

Holly Alston L5H.

Dear Neil Armstrong,

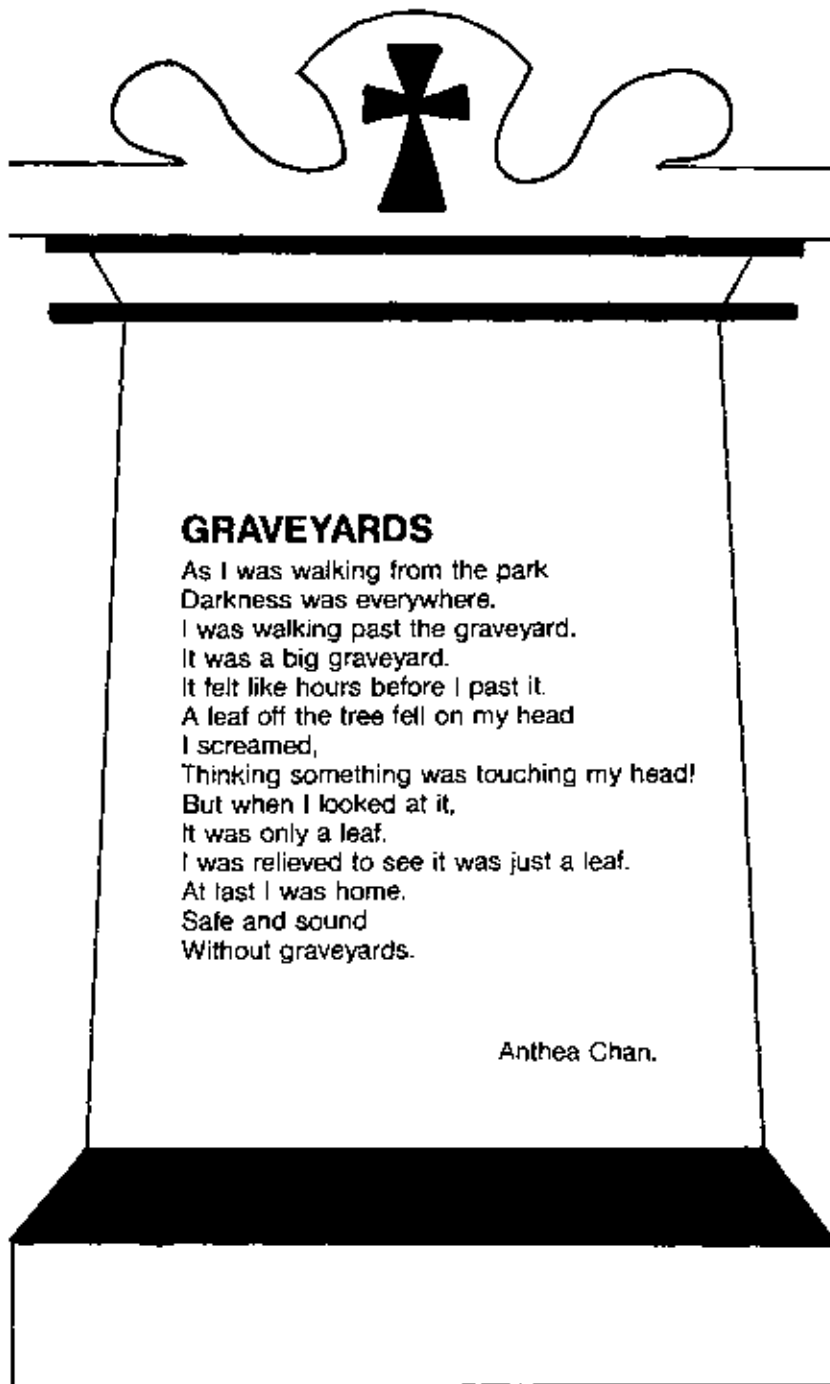
I always wondered what it was like to be an astronaut. How did you feel when you saw the earth in space? I would have been gobsmacked. Do you think other people envied you being the first person on the moon? I would have, but still, there must be some bad things about being the first person on the moon. I mean, when you landed your rocket could have broken down, or you could have run out of fuel.

Lots of love from,
Nicholas Tohme L4G.

RESCUE

I stared in terror at
the grey, claw-like sea
that grabbed at me
mercilessly.
Sweat greased my palm.
The ice cold sea was
trying to swallow me up
as I was winched up the
never ending rope.
I breathed steadily now.
The fear drained through
me like a lightning
conductor.
I was enclosed in a
silvery blanket that sent
warmth running through
my whole body.

Jonathan Horner L7S.



GRAVEYARDS

As I was walking from the park
Darkness was everywhere.
I was walking past the graveyard.
It was a big graveyard.
It felt like hours before I past it.
A leaf off the tree fell on my head
I screamed,
Thinking something was touching my head!
But when I looked at it,
It was only a leaf.
I was relieved to see it was just a leaf.
At last I was home.
Safe and sound
Without graveyards.

Anthea Chan.

SPIKEY

And . . . and what is it like?

It's spikey and blue nosed
And three legged and no toes
He's got sharp teeth and crossed-eyed
And he's never ever satisfied.

And . . . and where does it live?

In a bed of nails and dustbins
In rubbish heaps and rusty tins
He lives with loads of his friends
In a strange place called round the bend.

And . . . and what does it eat?

Porcupines and hedgehogs
Lots of fish and green frogs
Green rubbers and sharpenings
Earth worms and other weird things.

And . . . and who are its enemies?

Polar bears and skeletons
Yuppys and unicorns
Ewaks and broken skulls
But most of all he hates wigbulbs.

And . . . and what does it wear?

Absolutely nothing, just hair.

Beverley Harper, L6M.

THE SMUDGE

And . . . and what is it like?

It has a big fat belly
Like a plate of jelly
Has eyes like a frog
And ears like a dog.

And . . . and where does it live?

In comets and puddle dips
And inside a tank
In craters and spaceships
And on a river bank.

And . . . and what does it eat?

Roast rocks with sun-beat
Lava with space peat
Bones and concrete
And puppy dogs meat

And . . . and who are its enemies?

Zagman and Wigworm
Dumboe and Denoe
Sunsqueal and Moonsqueal
Zongers and Bonkers

And . . . and what does it wear?
Not a thing! It's bare!!!

Rituka Sharma, L6R.



L7 PANTOMIME

It was the month of October. Hallowe'en had just passed when Mrs Mooney told us that L7 were going to perform a Christmas pantomime entitled "Cinderella". When I heard about this I was extremely excited.

Each L7 class was to portray a different scene, some even had to act two scenes.

As the weeks went by, the main characters were chosen, the dance routines were practised, and the songs were learnt and sung enthusiastically with Miss Scott and the other teachers.

Eventually the pantomime was put together and everyone watched it in anticipation all the way through. After that there were a great many dress rehearsals. At one of these a photographer from the magazine "Bunty" came to photograph us for a future issue of the magazine. Another photographer took pictures which would be sold to our parents after the performance.

The night of the first performance came. Everyone was extremely nervous, but the pantomime went without a hitch on that night and the following night.

Cinderella was played by Alison Young — a truly brilliant performance.

The prince was portrayed by John Boyle who acted excellently.

Stuart Coull (the Stepmother), Paul McMillan (Harry) and Richard Beaton and John Paul Bennet (the Ugly

Sisters), played hilarious roles, which left the audience in fits of laughter.

The money which was raised is going towards the purchase of new musical instruments.

All our hard work through the performance of Cinderella paid off, leaving treasured memories for years to come.

Ashley Ryce L7.



Lundie Castle
by Dundee
DD2 5NT
8th January, 1992

Dear all the Kings horses
and all the Kings men,

Do you realise that you left me lying on the ground half dead. It took me two days to fix myself back together.

Why, why did you make me sit on the wall on my own and then once I had fallen you just went away and left me. I mean, I could have died. You could have gone and got some super glue to stick me back together again. I think you should start a course for putting eggs back together.

I really do hope you do what I asked.

Yours sincerely,

Humpty Dumpty.

Michael Arbuckle L6M.

Dear John Major,

I wonder what you are going to do about acid rain falling on the world's rainforests and killing all the animals and plants? I think the factories should find a way to use the smoke again so it stays in the factories for a long time. Nuclear power should be banned. Although it is cheap it contains radio-active gases and they are poisonous. Some people are greedy and they care only about money without thinking about the environment. What will you do about it? Why don't the government make all cars run on unleaded petrol at the end of 1992 instead of 1995? I think the government should make all supermarket goods packaging recyclable. It would help the environment. What do you think? Rechargeable batteries are very cheap in Japan, so why are they so expensive in the U.K.

Yours sincerely,

Rennie Morrocco L4G.

Dear Prince Charles,

Are you vegetarian? I know you are interested in the environment because you tell architects to pull down some buildings to make the country look better. You seem to care a lot about nature because you paint good artistic pictures. Do you get green cheese when other artists paint good pictures. I like painting but I cannot paint pictures the way you do. I always go over the lines! I know you write to many people with your good work, and I am interested to know if you use re-cycled paper? I cannot understand why you continue to hunt as a hobby as you like animals. Why do you do this? When you are King I hope you continue to care for the world.

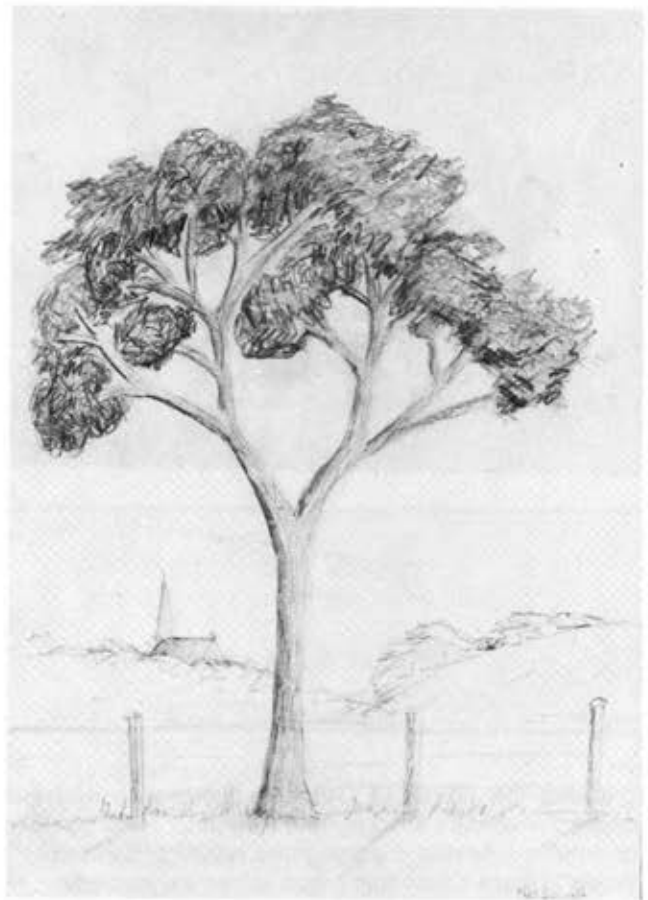
Yours sincerely,

Carol Bodie L4G.

A PIRATE'S PET

My name is Long John Silver and my pet is a dog called Jimmy. He is a Chow Chow. I came to have him when we were looking for treasure on Dog Island. The minute I set foot on the island Jimmy came running up to me. He was being chased by some vicious dogs. I picked him up and we ran back to the ship. I have had him ever since. He has no strange habits. He is very easy to keep because he only eats bones and left overs. I love my pet because he is very good company on the ship.

Emily Clark, L4C.



TREES ARE DIFFERENT TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE

A tree is a place for animals to sleep,
A tree is a place for squirrels to eat,
A tree is a place for birds to build their
nests in.

A tree is a place where birds like to sing,
A tree is a place where children play and
swing.

A tree is a place where cats like to hide,
A tree is a beautiful part of nature to me.

by Jennifer M. Stevenson L5W.

MY PARADISE ISLAND

I arrived on the island in the early evening. The island was beautiful. The sun was a very bright orange and was slowly sinking down the red sky into the dazzling blue sea which looked like a very shiny mirror. I looked down at my feet. I was standing on white, smooth sand. It was like silk. Then an orange rolled across the sand and into the shimmering blue sea. I looked up to see where it had come from. There I saw six fully grown fruit trees with enough fruit on each to last a month. There were lemons, oranges, pineapples, bananas, apples and pears. I found a very tall tree that looked easy to climb. I decided to climb it. It wasn't easy but finally, with a lot of effort, I reached the top. You could see the whole island from where I was. It was rather like a bouquet of flowers. The oranges, reds, whites, rosy reds, blues and greens all looked so beautiful. I decided I couldn't bear to leave the Paradise Island.

Louise Stewart L5F.

D Dalguise: death slide, dormitory: danger: disco: driving test.

A archery: assault course: abseiling: amazing.

L luggage: launch: laughter.

G gorge walk: groupies: games.

U unforgettable: unbelievable.

I instructors: incredible: interesting.

S sailing: sunshine: super: sensational.

E entertaining: exciting: excellent.

On 11th May, 1992, we of L6 left all the hard work of school behind and went off on a fun-filled, action-packed five days to Dalguise.

Luggage loaded off we set excited by the thought of what was to come. An hour later we were to find out.

The first trial of strength was carrying the cases from coach to the Baronial Hall in Dalguise House where we were allocated groups.

Following a talk about the history of this old house we had a tour of gardens, dormitories and house.

The real action began on Tuesday morning (early) and we never really halted until Friday when sadly we had to leave taking with us memories of fun, friendship and adventure.

Some of the 'Adventurers' had these comments to make:

P.G.L. = Parents Get Lost

Definitely unsuitable for mothers who are allergic to handling the dirty, muddy clothes which were brought back.

'I would love to go back. It felt strange to go home.'

'At the gorge walk climbing the waterfall and getting soaked was brilliant. It was great fun wading through deep pools. Hot juice was very welcome.'

'The abseiling was scary. The hardest part was coming out onto the platform and leaning back in the open air with legs shaking like a jelly. But I did it — what an achievement — it was really cool — I wanted to do it again.'

'There I was at the Motor Sports counting the numbers for my turn. Finally she called out Number 8. I hurried over, climbed on the four-wheel car. I passed my driving test first time! It was a while till my next go but I did not mind because I had to round a big track and I could learn from the other children. I was excited about going up the hill. I was worried about falling of the side. The instructor said 'Number 8'. My heart jumped.

'Quadders — my memories are of blue smoke, flying through the air at the 'keyhole', crashing, high revs., skidding round corners, the power of increasing the throttle.'

'Robin Hood look-alike at the archery — showed us just what skill was needed for accuracy.'

'The thrill of leaning back close to the water when sailing, avoiding doing the splits when clambering aboard, being in control of something, getting wet all part of the fun of water sports.'

'The assault course = the mud bath! crawling through tunnels, jumping over walls, balancing on ropes all leading to ... the Death Slide — wonderfully scary!'

'We all want to go back.'

with thanks to,

Euan Grewer,
Hugo Greaves
and Peter Wilson, L6.



ON THE BEACH

Walking along the beach one day I found a coin. I have almost no interest in coins, but the sunlight caught it and it glistened so much that I just had to notice it. Eagerly I dug it out carefully, but when I saw it was a coin I was deeply disappointed and almost threw it away. I said I was disappointed, what had I hoped it would be? I don't know, all I know is that I had raised high hopes and they had been smashed. Anyway, I was about to throw it away, when I remembered about a book I'd been reading. It was called Treasure Trove and it was about a boy who found some ancient Greek coins in his garden. I knew it was unlikely that these were as valuable as those but they could be quite old. But how could I find out? I could ask Mr Coggins. What brought that idea into my head I don't know. Mr Coggins lived in a small room at the back of the antiques shop. The shop was old as if from the past and did not suit the modern office blocks all around it. The shop looked dim from the outside. Nobody knew what Mr Coggins looked like because he never came out and nobody dared go in. Nobody admitted that they were scared, but they were. I decided I wouldn't go, and forgot the idea totally, but curiosity got the better of me and I headed in the direction of the shop. I hesitated outside the door.

It was my last chance to turn back. I didn't take it, instead I pushed open the door. Once inside, I felt as if I were in a dream. Behind the counter stood an elderly man. He had turned grey although you could still see a few dark hairs. At one point he must have been quite handsome for he was tall and slim, but although quite old he was still good looking. I showed him the coin. He smiled at me. I thought he seemed very nice. He examined the coin carefully. Suddenly he gave a cry of surprise. I wondered what was wrong, but didn't dare ask. He turned and explained to me that the coin I had found was Roman! He laid the coin down on the desk and lit a candle. In the candle light I could see the coin very clearly and could make out the shape of a man. I asked him who it was, forgetting my fear. He told me that it was Antoninianus of Carausius who was British Usurper AD 286-293. I was amazed! He told me to keep it safe. Just then I heard the grandfather clock strike 6. I must dash I thought, but once more I was shy and didn't dare excuse myself. As if reading my thoughts, Mr Coggins told me I'd better be going home. Thankfully I waved goodbye and left. After that I often visited him and we became good friends. And it was all thanks to the little coin (that I now wear around my neck) that I found a new friend and so did Mr Coggins.

Fiona M.Dewar L5W

WILL I MAKE IT?

I stared in terror at the grey, crashing waves below
Sweat greased my palm.
I gripped the ropes in fear,
Trying to forget I still wasn't safe.
My body spun in circles in the air.
I closed my eyes and held on tighter still.
Would I reach the helicopter hanging above.

I breathed steadily now.
The fear ran from my mind and thoughts.
The idea of safety filled my brain.
I was reaching up with one arm,
Hoping it would soon be over.

Ashley Ryce L7S

There is in me a monkey
Active, playful.
Swinging all day from tree to tree
Creating laughs for those who watch.

There is in me a gerbil
Nibbling food all day, becoming fat,
Dashing, scurrying around the cage
Racing on my wheel, as fast as I can go.

There is in me a cow
Hefty, and still growing fatter.
Trundling as I walk all over the field
Sadly I will be meat upon your plate.

There is in me a rabbit,
Burrowing to make my house
Slow and fat, I'm not very active,
I'm eating carrots all day, from the farmer's field.

There is in me a pig,
Dirty and slow
Eating pig swill all day
Growing fatter to the farmer's delight
So one day I will be rashers of bacon.

There is in me a kangaroo
Leading my pack, beating off the fellow males.
My kicks are important but so are my ears.
I'm strong and fast but enjoy eating.

Roger McGill L7S

A SEA OF PEOPLE

The London Boat Show was filled with people wondering if they could afford a large motor yacht. The crowd swayed and moved in perfect unison. Trying to wriggle through the seething mass was almost impossible. As everyone was elbowing, shoving and barging, no one got anywhere. A little boy ran under the legs to get to the front. In the human mound, pick-pockets were busy at work, trying hard not to bump into their victim as their wallet was gently removed from their pocket. From the upper floor it was like watching ants scurrying round the boats. At one of the stands an uproar broke out when one of the instruments to measure depth was broken. As the crowds swarmed past the various stands, one or two of the people would stop as something caught their interest. All at once a voice rang out above the din — "Please make your way to the exits. The Earl's Court Boat Show is closing." The crowds and the noise gradually dwindled until only a few figures were left in the hall. The sea of people round the boats was gone. Only the blue carpet was left.

Malcolm Whyte L7C.

FAGIN

This sly, evil looking pickpocket wore a widebrimmed hat over his bald head as if to cover his identity. His small sharp eyes made him look as devious as a wolf with big bushy eyebrows overshadowing his eyes. He had a long pointed nose that stuck out like an icicle hanging off the overhang of a roof. Fagin's beard was wiry and dirty looking, resembling a goat's. This character has a small wrinkled mouth planted into his long, bony face. The demon's mouth is filled with smoke-stained, yellow teeth. Around his mouth he also has an odd gap where a rotted tooth has fallen out. Below his mouth he has a pointed chin which looks like the peak of a mountain.

BLUE

Blue is the colour of a pencil case,
That opens and shuts,
And the salty sea.
Blue is the colour of a book,
To read and look,
And the sky,
That is so high.
Blue is a box
That holds some goods.
Blue is someone's eye,
That twinkles and moves.
Sapphires are blue,
They sparkle.
Faces turn blue,
When you are cold.
Blue is a jacket,
That keeps you warm.

by Andrew Chung L4C.

ALONE ON AN ISLAND

Alone on an island
Except for everything I see
Watching
The fresh fish
Leaping out of the lazy lagoon
Hearing
The waving wild sea
Splashing upon the rocks
Smelling
The scent of the
Salty sea air
Tasting
The taste of hot
Smoked salmon from the lagoon
Touching
The lovely silvery
Soft sand
Waiting for rescue

Duncan Lowe F5F.

HELP

Chaser was Susan Strong's dog. Chaser loved all the neighbours but they did not love him. One day Chaser was watching the television with Susan who was the only one who loved him. He was watching his favourite programme "Watch Dog" when suddenly he heard a big bang. It was the big troll Grizzletooth. Nobody liked him. He put his big warty hand through Susan's window and snatched her and ran as fast as he could. Chaser tried to run after him but the window slammed down again but he would not give up. So he pushed his paw against the window and it broke. Quick as a flash he jumped out of the window and followed the tracks. Over the hills, under the trees he ran, until he came to a big castle. The door was wide open. He looked all round. It was dusty and dirty. He could only see one huge chair. He walked straight on. He turned the corner and there right in front of him was Susan. She was tied to the wall. He bit the rope and she was free and then the big troll came walking along but Chaser bit his leg so hard that he died instantly.

Emma Grant L4C.

THE NEOCROPOLIS

It is Greece and a gift from the Gods is being wheeled through the gates and the greedy King Armatilo can't wait to open it. They close the gates. The king walks up to the huge slab of wood with a door. The king opens the door and out leaps a monster. Its head and feet are goat and a man's body. The guards struggled to stop it but with no avail! It ran out of the gates hitting and butting people on its way. The guards saw it running to a large cave on a mountain. No-one in the city slept that night in fear of it. After a few weeks people weren't so scared until some young travellers from Egypt said they are going on a quest for the Holy Grail. So the guards point them in the direction of the cave. That night there were human screams. And then it came out of the night running with blood on its horns. Now it had a craving for blood which it could not control.

After many years of slaughtering, the now sad King Armatilo had lost his oldest son and sent his youngest son, Thraknot away to the shores of Greece. Then one day the Neocropolis, the monster's name, found a way into the castle and murdered everybody including the king. When Thraknot heard about this he was in a rage. He picked up his sword and helmet and started his long journey home. After a month he reached the city. He did not spend long. At nightfall he left the city to slay the monster. When he got there he had a stroke of luck. It was sleeping. He rammed his sword through its neck. Then he drank the Holy Grail and returned to the city where he rejoiced and was crowned King of Greece.

Gavin Whitehead L6H.

THE STRANGEST PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE

The Space Hulk landed and it shook as the thrusters switched off and then it finally came to a halt. I cautiously opened the hatch, to find myself in some very peculiar surroundings. It was full of mist when I came out. I thought it was night.

When I came out of the mist, I stumbled on some very peculiar sights. Strange looking animals were swimming in a lake of clear blue water. I shouted over to them at the top of my voice, but strangely enough they didn't hear me. I went right down to the shore and I moved my hand and shouted but still the strange animals didn't hear me. Presently an animal came out of the lake and rolled around in the sand. I went up to it but it had disappeared into the sand so then I walked off towards something that looked like a tree with fruit on it. I went over to it and picked off one of its delicious looking fruits. I put it into my mouth and took a bite. It was lovely. I put many more into my pockets and walked off. Suddenly an alien darted out in front of me and bumped up and down on its strangely formed head. It gave out a few bleeps which were gibberish to me but then another and another and another came out until there were about twelve there altogether. Then they all let out a deafening sound. I quickly darted down a hole in the ground which went on for a long time, but finally ended.

I was at the other side of the river I'd seen earlier so I went round the edge very cautiously until I was at the other side. The mist had gone so I could see much better now, so I saw the Space Hulk, got into it, started the engine and blasted off. I told myself I would never go there again.

Euan Cargill L6H.

This devilish creature has scruffy, torn clothes, which make him look even more evil. He wears fingerless gloves which eventually give way to long, bony fingers. His long green coat which is feasted with stolen riches covers up his skinny, bony body. Under his coat he wears a walstcoat which gives him ideas of being rich. Fagin's long coat eventually gives way to torn ragged stockings. On his feet he wears ruined black shoes. This devil can waddle like a duck, hobble like an old man or strut like a lion. His voice also ranges between bellowing and a very soothing voice. Fagin is not the man you would like to meet in a dark alleyway.

Colin Robertson

RESCUED FROM THE SEA

He stared in terror at the greedy,
grasping waves below.
Sweat greased his palms,
The cold air stung his face.
He closed his eyes to shut out the rough,
rolling waves.
He breathed more steadily.
As he saw the kind faces above him,
Fear, ran from his trembling body.

Dragging his aching body into the
hovering helicopter,
He let out a sigh of sheer relief.
The warm cup of tea,
The blanket wrapped around,
The comforting voices,
Safety and security at last.

Murray Peebles, L7C.

MY FAVOURITE SIGHTS

I like to see
The animals hopping.
Skipping and jumping
In the countryside.

I like to see
Lightning, flashing,
Crashing and smashing
Around me.

I like to see
The excitement, the bustle
And the atmosphere
Of the city.

I like to see
The waves
Crashing against the rocks
On a stormy day.

Gavin Whitehead L6H.

ESKIMOS

The Eskimos live in
the Arctic Circle.
They wear seal skin
or polar bear skin
trousers and long
"Parkas" with Arctic
fox hoods. Their
mittens are called
Puelluks. Their favourite
food is seal or walrus,
often eaten raw. Their land

is covered with snow.
Eskimo children dress alike.
Eskimos have lovely teeth
and are healthy.

Mariam Azhair L4C

ALONE ON AN ISLAND

Alone on an island
Except for everything I see
Watching
For a ship that will be
Willing to take me home.
Hearing
The deadly, poisonous snake
Slithering through the golden sand.
Smelling
The smell of sweet milk
From a coconut that has just fallen.
Tasting
The fat juicy
Oranges from the large trees.
Touching
The branches under my feet that
Have been blown down by a storm
Waiting for rescue.

Douglas McLaren F5F.

THE STORM

The sea's hands are clasped,
My boat in his grasp.
As I gasp,
The waves tumble over me.
And I so long to see,
My shore, my house, and my family.
But I'm out in a storm,
I'm cold not warm, I'm in a storm.
I see a liner,
But my boat's much finer.
Oh no, what a blow,
My dinghy's capsized.
I'll have to be quick.
I'm swimming for the liner
Thankgoodness I've made it,
I'm heading for home.

Euan Crosby.

ALONE ON AN ISLAND

Alone on an island,
Except for everything I see.
Watching the calm crystal sea
Touching the smooth rocks.
Hearing
The waves rapidly rolling
While the wind whistles.
Smelling
The sweet smell of trees
As the blazing fire burns.
Tasting
The cool clear coconut
From the swaying palm trees.
Touching
The warm water as it sweeps
The smooth sand
Waiting for rescue.

Sarah Scott L5F.

NETBALL REPORT

1991-92 has proved a very successful year for both L6 and L7 Netball teams.

L7 came runners-up in the Winter League (Dundee West Division) before going on to win the Kennedy Cup Knockout Tournament and also the Russell Trophy for the Summer League (Dundee West Division).

L6 retained the Miss Ward Knockout Tournament Trophy.

The Player of the Year award went to Pauline Sharma who was also in the Dundee Primary Schools Netball Squad along with Fiona McLaren and Louise Gordon.

One of the highlights of the year was the staff v. pupils match. The two teams were closely matched with the staff defeating the pupils 6-5.

Both L6 and L7 wish to thank their parents for their support and Mrs Docherty, Miss Scott and Miss Cardno for their expert coaching throughout the year.

On behalf of L7 we would like to wish L6 success in the forthcoming session.

Fiona A. McLaren.
Louise M. Gordon.

PRIMARY 7 NETBALL TEAM

Back row(from left)
Fiona McLaren
Ashley Ryce
Jane Sinclair
Pauline Sharma
Alison Anderson

Front row(from left)
Samantha Orr
Laura Hutchison(Capt.)
Louise Gordon
Alison Young



PRIMARY 6 NETBALL TEAM

Back row(from left)
Amy Henderson
Victoria Kelman
Kelly Kennedy
Hilary Bodie
Beverley Harper

Front row(from left)
Gillian McIntyre
Karina Forster(Capt.)
Jacqueline Clark
Claire McCormack



NASTY by Michael Rosen

The book is 5% funny, 1% sad, and 94% adventurous, but altogether it is a great book. There are seven chapters each telling a story about a man who meets a woman and tells him weird and adventurous stories. My favourite chapter is the Buckerloo Flea. It is about a flea who found its way underground amongst lots of juicy rats. It grew and grew but then unfortunately one day it died. It crawled into the back of a dustcart and then the dustcart was turned on. The sad part of the book was in Babygrow. It was sad because one of the babies died. Even if you do not usually enjoy reading, you WILL enjoy this book because it is short and quite funny. The book would most appeal to children aged between 8 and 13. I am not going to tell you any more about the book. You'll just have to find out yourself — while stocks last!

Reviewed by James Bowen L6M.

Dear Adam and Eve,

I heard that you were the first people on earth. Were there any plants living on it? Did you see lots of trees growing? Were there lots of animals and birds living on earth? Now I live in the 20th century and the planet is not as green as it use to be. Plants are being killed by pollution from factories and cars. Trees are being cut down for wood and the land used for farming. Chemicals are used on farms to help grow crops. If we don't stop pumping pollutants into the atmosphere the planet could be destroyed. Every person on earth must take care of our planet to keep it green so that all living things will survive. Only by doing this will the earth be saved for many years to come.

Yours sincerely,
Alan Kearns L4G.

WHAT IS YELLOW?

Yellow is dazzodilo
Blowing in fields,
Bananas growing on trees.
A ducklings down
You can smellow yellow
In many a thing
Lemons, English Mustard
Sherbet and Lemonade.
You can hear yellow
In champagne bubbles wine,
The sun beating on your face
Washing up liquid.
You can feel yellow
When you're happy.

by Erin McHardy L6.

Dear Robert Burns,

Do you like writing poetry? I might be a poet when I grow up. I like your poems but I find it hard to understand the old Scot's language. The world was much greener in your time before cars were invented. You did not have to go on holiday to find plants and purified water because the air was clean. Do you ever wish you were somebody else? I do when I get something wrong or I have bad writing for a writing test.

Yours sincerely,
Alice Maitland L4G.



TECHNOLOGISTS AT WORK



THE MYSTERIOUS EGG

One day I walked along the river bank when I spotted a huge speckled yellow egg. I wanted to take it home so I tried to lift it, but it was far too heavy. So I decided to ask my friends to help me, and they did. I told them about my egg and where I had found it. When we were walking along the pavement a very silly old lady said "Is that for breakfast on Sunday deary?" We laughed and said "No" politely. When I finally arrived home I put the egg on the coffee table and to my surprise the table broke. Mum heard the noise and came running into the lounge. She was very cross. She wondered what was inside the egg and so did I. Then all of a sudden there was a crack, then a crunch, then an eye appeared from the egg. This thing was hatching. As if by magic a baby dragon appeared. Mum was stunned, but she said I could keep it.

The next morning I wondered what I should feed the baby dragon. I decided to give him corn flakes and he liked them. Then I thought to myself "Dragons fly, I'd better take him down to the common." So I dressed him in my dolly's clothes and placed him in a pram and pushed him to the common. I then started running down the hill flapping my arms. The dragon did the same. He started to rise into the sky until I couldn't see him. After that moment I never saw my dragon friend again. I wonder what happened to him?

Claire Smith L5F.

ANIMALS TO THE RESCUE

Mary Ann was a tomboy. As Mary Ann is a bit of a mouthful she is called Annie and because Annie (or Mary Ann) is so like a boy everyone calls her "Andy". So Andy it is. Andy lives with her family. They live in a small fishing village. Andy has no brother and sister — in other words she is an only child. If you think that sounds dull you are wrong. You see Andy is expert with animals. She has a fox which is as tame as a pet dog and trots about at her heels. She also has a pigeon which is immensely fond of Andy because Andy saved her from a hungry cat which had cornered the poor thing. She also had a queer pet, (if you thought these animals were queer, you haven't heard anything yet.) Andy has a dolphin called Flipper. (In case you were wondering, the fox is called Faithful, and the pigeon, Bobbo.) Flipper lives in the sea and when Andy whistles a piercing whistle, his head bobs up from the sea. Bobbo has a special trick which Andy taught her. No matter how far away home is, Bobbo will always find her way home.

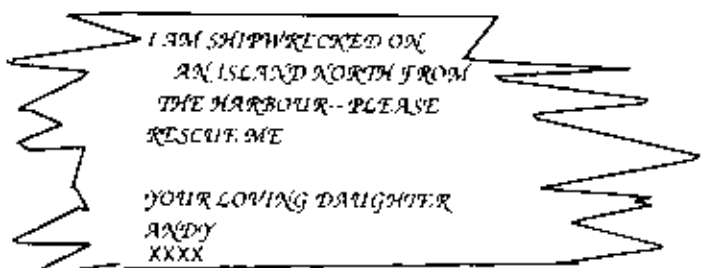
Now there is one thing Andy has always longed to do and that is cruise around in the sea for a couple of weeks. Nearly every day she begged her parents to let her go, but they would not hear of it — especially because she wanted to go alone. One week, however, Andy was amazingly good and her parents said she could have a reward and you know what she said "I would like to go on a cruise in the sea for a fortnight — alone!" Her parents couldn't refuse. After all Andy could manage a boat as well as her Father and could swim like a fish if she needed to. So the next day Andy set off with simply tons of food in the store cupboard, Faithful at her heels, Bobbo on her head, plenty of warm clothing in the cabinet (Mother's orders) and Flipper swimming alongside the boat. It was lovely and sunny at first — long golden days. Andy had brought her diary and a pencil, so every day, after lunch, while she was digesting her food, she would write about what had been happening. One night there was a fearful storm. Andy was up, dressed and at the tiler, she was afraid they might strike land for there was an island half a kilometre away. There was a grinding noise. Andy listened, startled.

"This is a nightmare," thought Andy. Suppose we have hit rocks." Andy decided to check the boat — you can't be too careful. As she was groping her way to the place where the rock had struck, Andy heard a whimper.

"Oh, it's you, Faithful," gasped Andy, "stay by my heels — we had better stick together. Oh dear, where's Bobbo?" At that moment Bobbo landed on her shoulder. Andy leant over the side to check Flipper, which was a silly thing to do because at that moment lightning struck and a startled Andy fell overboard. The cold water closed over her head. Andy worked her legs vigorously. She surfaced gasping for air. The sea's hungry fingers seemed to clutch at her. Faithful took one look at this commotion and jumped overboard so he was beside his mistress. Bobbo was hovering just above Andy. Andy lifted her head as far as she could and whistled. Flipper's head bobbed out of the water. In quick, accurate signals, Andy told Flipper that she wanted him to tow her to the island. Flipper understood and soon they were speeding towards the island. In ten minutes they were there but there was still a problem. How was Andy going to get home and how was she going to find food? Andy decided to sleep on it — maybe she would feel brighter in the morning. Tired and exhausted, Andy settled herself under a tree (to shelter from the rain) and went to sleep. In the morning when Andy awoke it was dawn. She was very, very hungry indeed. Andy looked at the

beautiful, glistening sea and sighed. The weather had changed miraculously, it was now peaceful and quiet. Andy thought carefully. The first thing she would do was to find shelter. She looked around — she was in a small lagoon facing the sea. She set off towards the centre of the island and soon found what she was looking for. There was a sheltered hollow facing the sea. Andy began making arrangements. "I can sleep under this oak tree. I can have water from this rain pool. I can eat from these berry bushes. I can also fish from this rock. This is a fine place. Andy went back to the small lagoon where Flipper had taken her to the previous night. She gazed out to her ship. It wasn't quite sunk but was sinking. Andy could manage to get there, but Andy had an idea! She went as far as she could to the sea and whistled. In a minute, Flipper appeared. Andy explained what she wanted him to do and he set off towards the sinking ship. Andy stripped off her clothes to reveal a swimming costume, (she usually wore one underneath her clothes in case she had a chance to have a swim.) She plunged into the water and swam strongly towards the small fishing boat. Andy was a good swimmer and was soon at the boat. She heaved herself up onto the boat leaving Flipper waiting in the sea. Andy fetched a rope, some food, an elastic band, more clothes, her diary and pencil, fishing hook and matches. She then leant over the ship's side and called Flipper. He soon appeared. Andy draped all the goods over him, then tied everything on his back with the rope. Flipper then set off towards the island and Andy followed.

Soon they were back at the island. Andy took off all the packages and dumped them on the ground. She picked out the elastic band and the diary and pencil. She tore a page out of the notes section and scribbled a quick note. It read:



Andy called for Bobbo. He flew lightly down and landed on Andy's outstretched arm. Andy fastened the note onto Bobbo's left leg with the elastic band. She spoke urgently to the pigeon, "Listen Bobbo. Go to my Mother. You know her — the kind pretty woman who gives you food." Bobbo understood. He flew off towards the mainland. Andy stood looking at Bobbo. She did hope he would make it.

That night as she curled up to go to sleep, Andy thought about Bobbo. "I do hope you shall make it Bobbo," she murmured as she fell asleep.

The next morning Andy was up early. She was building a fire for a signal. Andy fetched lots of twigs and sticks and piled them together at the small lagoon. (Faithful helped too — he went and carried small sticks and dumped them at Andy's feet!) She then fetched a match, struck it against a rock and put it in the centre of the twigs and sticks. The fire soon started and any passing ship would surely notice it. The time passed quickly and soon it was lunchtime. (Andy knew this by an alarm in her stomach — it started rumbling!) After lunch, Andy lay in the small lagoon gazing out to sea wishing that tiny dot in the distance could be her father in a boat coming to rescue her. She thought about her loving mother and father. Bother that storm! When the tiny dot came closer Andy got a surprise. It was a boat!

Andy rushed to the hollow (Sleepy Hollow she called it.) She rummaged about in her clothes until she found what she wanted. It was a fluorescent green sweater. Good! She would wave it when the boat got closer. Andy raced back to the small lagoon and waited impatiently for the boat to come closer. When the boat was closer Andy started to wave the sweater. And how she waved! The boat seemed to be heading towards the island. Andy watched breathless. They must have seen the fire, the boat came towards the lagoon. It landed and a man jumped out.

"Is anyone there," he shouted loudly. Andy knew that voice, — it was her father! With squeals of delight she raced over and flung herself on him. He was startled at first, but when he saw who it was, was delighted.

On the boat, Andy's father told Andy how he had found her.

"Bobbo landed on your mother," he explained. "She saw the note and read it. I was called and I set off on your Uncle Jim's boat heading due north. Then I saw the smoke and I followed it. I then saw your green sweater so I landed on the island and then I found you!"

At home, Andy told her mother the magnificent tale and finished it off saying, "I never would have managed to be here without the help of my pets!"

Nicola L. Fleming L5W.

ALONE ON AN ISLAND

Alone on an island
 Except for everything I see
 Watching
 The wide windswept Lagoon
 Lapping onto the sandy shore
 Hearing
 Woodpeckers pecking at tall palm trees
 Sharpening their long beaks.
 Smelling
 The strong salty scent
 Floating from the sea.
 Tasting
 The fresh fish
 Straight from the blue sea
 Touching
 The smooth silky sand
 On the long silver beach
 Waiting
 For a safe rescue.

Jennifer Millar L5F.

NEVER DARE GO NEAR

The silhouette of the house contrasted with the full moon on the hill. I could hear the clock tick . . . tick . . . ticking from the front door. I reached for the handle. It was icy cold and sent a shiver through my whole body. The handle creaked as I slowly turned it anti-clockwise. The door pushed open screeching as if it was in pain. I will never forget the very first sound I heard. It was the dong

. . . eight times of the old, musty grandfather clock. Creaky stairs spiralled upwards for about 30 feet. Just before I took my first step onto them, a decaying piece of bannister broke off the top and fell. It landed with a 'crash' beside me. Without a backward glance I took to my heels and ran as if evil's clutching fingers were about to grab me.

Neal Willis LV2S.

JUNIOR CHESS CLUB REPORT 1991 — 1992

Junior Chess Club met twice weekly this year with the Thursday Club being split into two groups in order to accommodate the large number of children interested in playing chess.

The Friday Club was for Junior Chess team members and much time was spent refining techniques and struggling valiantly with the mysteries of Algebraic Chess Notation. There was, however, great disappointment on the discovery that there was no Dundee Primary School Chess League this year due to lack of interest from other schools.

The battle for the Russell Trophy this year was hard fought. Allen Smith L7C tied with David MacDonald L7S and Pauline Sharma L7C for a place in the Finals where he went on to victory. David MacDonald then tied with John Holme L4C for runner-up, but managed to achieve success after a time — breaking play-off. The results were, then, as follows — 1, Allen Smith L7C; 2, David MacDonald L7S; 3, John Home L4C; 4, Cameron Burt L6M; 5, Pauline Sharma L7C; 5, Euan Crosby L5W.

Well done to all the children who took part.

Finally, our thanks must go to Colin Stewart F6 for his invaluable help throughout the year.

Mhairi Gordon.

L7 HOCKEY

Two L7 hockey teams had a fixture with St. Margarets, in Aberdeen, on Thursday, 12th March, 1992. The snow was falling but that did not dampen our enthusiasm! The A team had more possession of the ball in the second half, winning the game 3-0. The scorers were Laura Hutchison and Fiona McLaren. The B team had a close match resulting in a goalless draw.

Thanks to Miss E. Sim and Mrs L. Hutchison for coaching us.

Fiona McLaren.

On 15th March, an L7 hockey team was invited to George Watson's College Inaugural Tournament. In sunny, but cold conditions, the L7 team drew the three matches in their section 0-0, which was enough to take them into the quarter-finals. There they played Beacons-hurst Grange and won 1-0 from a well taken goal by Alison Young. Their semi-final opponents were Mary Erskine and after a nail-biting goalless draw, followed by successful penalty flicks, the L7s were through to the final, where they were defeated by George Heriot's School.

Many congratulations to the L7 girls who came runners up after a most enjoyable and exciting day's hockey.

L.M.H.

WINTER FUN!

Winter fun is snowman time,
 Snowman fun,
 Rolling up snow,
 Dressing him up,
 How grand he looks,
 Standing there,
 Guarding his home,
 Watching the birds,
 Till the snow melts,
 When he disappears,
 Good-bye.

by Stephanie Low L4C.

SENIOR SCHOOL

Winner of the Block Prize for Creative Writing SEVENTEEN — A STATE OF MIND

I

When will the guilt that covers me be still?
What pardon may be salvaged from the wreck
That is my conscience? For what payment will
This albatross be cut from round my neck?
The memories of all the years we spent
In love, in trust, a pair, the horse and I,
Provoke the sharp ashamed acknowledgement
That I for money caused that love to die.
Yet where is proof that he feels this way too?
There is no recognition in his eyes,
And I would swear he's not the horse I knew.
He holds no bitter curse, to my surprise,
So I persuade myself that now my horse
Has quite forgotten me. And this is worse.

II

"It's Heads", so round we go again. Back here.
The two probation months are at an end;
For gambling I've to serve another year,
Contrive to mould "acquaintance" into "friend",
And blow on mid-grey embers of the pride
That raged in me, obedient, as a child.
No joy: the phoenix staggers, trapped inside,
Wings clipped and spirit dampened, dull and mild.
And blindfold with each warden has to spar,
To see if when disarmed he is a man, to sound
Out just how far to go — how far? How far?
"Not that far". I have lost. I have but found
The lie in this perspective that they teach:
The small are small indeed, and within reach.

III

I know that nothing feeds a child but food;
That only from rich soil will harvest spring.
For years my mind has calmly understood
That dreams put little weight on anything:
As sure as hope cannot force plants to grow,
No dryness ever will be quenched by thirst.
Through these examples one base moral shows —
To prompt effect, real cause must prosper first.
But why, then, when deceived by empty charm,
Does sapling love find nourishment in lies?
It takes its life from what will do it harm;
Regards that sun with unsuspecting eyes;
Shoots up too fast on dreams that make it tall.
Description flees the horror of its fall.

Mary Young F6.

JOURNEY

He is lost in the crowd; another statistic in the sea of figures which is his life. But he stands out, marked by nothing, and yet something, and he strides purposefully through the dust and fumes and people. He pauses, just long enough to buy a newspaper, then hurries on; doesn't want to be seen.

(An accountant, perhaps, or a banker.)

He reaches the station, goes down the steps into that hell of corridors and tickets and people. He knows his way, makes for a passageway tiled garishly in yellow and green, heads for the Central line. There is a soothing atmosphere, the smell of dust and "nine to five", the rumble of the escalator and of a grey serpent snaking its way through the dark tunnels of finance. Suits and briefcases rush past, oblivious. He is alone. Torn posters splash colour on all sides, advertising life. Frightened, he walks on.

(Probably married to Mrs Smith.)

The strains of a solitary flute drift along the corridor on the warm draught. A young girl, with long auburn hair wisping about her face, plays a lament, her wide eyes appealing for hope. But he does not notice the reflection, thinks she is "different", and so passes by her, his nose in the air.

He comes to the platform at last, and joins the others. He waits for two minutes, but the train has not come; he becomes impatient.

(Father of "two point four" children.)

He looks with amusement at his companions, all the same, yet all different, unaware. Then he glances down at the track, the void in front of him. A low murmur warns of the approaching train. A sudden breath of wind sweeps along the platform, ruffling litter and newspapers and people. The train, metallic monster, surging with power, comes to a halt. Steel doors glide open, enticing him to make the journey which is his life; through winding tunnels, dark caverns, many stations. With a business-like manner, he joins the ride once more.

The train is full. He reaches for a safety strap, grasps it tightly as if it were life itself. In a corner, a man plays a guitar, strumming gently, murmuring long-forgotten lyrics. He is natural, he lives, while all around him, the effects of lifelessness and artificiality close in. But he is ignored; he is different, does not live in suburbia.

St Paul's, Chancery Lane, Holborn flash past. Barristers and defendants and people stare in.

The banker sighs, reflects on the crises in his life — the mortgage, the price of bread, painting the lounge. This is what he is going home to. He smiles, and is thankful for the security in his life, for the regular routine. He glances at the living man, and pities him.

Oxford Circus, Bond Street, Marble Arch come and go. Fur coats and carrier bags and people get in.

He looks around him. Blank faces, washed in the

sweat of eternal toil, lurk behind newspapers, black and white. They clutch their briefcases, hold them close, as if scared of losing the identity which they have strived to secure. Newsprint dances before their dormant gazes; read but not registered. The train rumbles on, the guitarist strums, newspapers rustle; silence.

Notting Hill Gate, Holland Park, Shepherd's Bush fly by.

He glances at his watch. Almost there. His journey is coming to and end. The train lurches, brakes squeal, and they emerge into the dull, yellow light of the station. As the doors open, the silence escapes in a breath of wind and a shudder of doors, that claustrophobic, tense silence, and it is replaced by a bustle of newspapers and briefcases and people.

A banker, married to Mrs Smith, father of "two point four" children, suburbia dweller, the man scurries along the platform towards the exit; lost, alone, frightened, secure.

Doors close, and the train moves off into the darkness.

Carolyn McDonald, F6.

DEATH ISLAND

Last year Cameron, Hugo and James went on a really cool adventure ... Suddenly, there was a huge BANG! Water was pouring in the bow. "The boat's sinking!" shouted Hugo.

"Abandon ship, now!" James shouted.

We jumped off the ship and swam ashore. As we were climbing the cliff, Cameron fell off and landed in the water. We eventually climbed up. We headed southwards to the Blood Lagoon. Hugo fell in and nearly drowned. A blood monster suddenly came out and cursed us. So we ran to find an antidote. They told us to mix yellow slime from the Slime Pit, blood and two Alligator's teeth. We headed towards the Yellow Slime Pit where Cameron tripped and fell in, while we were collecting slime. When he came out he thought he still had the yellow spots.

We headed to Bone Beach and the whale blew James up in the air by water. When he came down, we went to the Petrifying Forest. We walked for a bit and then we were chased by a few ugly tribes, and we ran like mad! We found Devil's Mountain and climbed up it, but at the summit we fell down a pit. We all were shouting, "HELP, HELP, HELP!"

When we tumbled to the bottom there was a message saying, IF YOU DO NOT GET OUT OF THIS PLACE WITHIN 12 HOURS. YOU WILL BE KILLED BY AN AVALANCHE.

We walked 100 yards then suddenly fell down another hole and we landed in a cave full of water. In the corner there was a small Pirate Ship. Hugo, James and Cameron quickly and cautiously boarded the ship and looked around. On seeing a door we went to open it. Inside there were heaps of shining gold and glistening silver. Suddenly Cameron heard footsteps boarding the ship. "PIRATES!" Hugo cried.

Fortunately there was a gun on the wall. Cameron picked it up and shot three pirates dead whereupon the captain drew his gun and was about to shoot Hugo when James shot. We escaped as quickly as we could before the other ugly pirates came. We were out in eleven hours. The ship had auto-driver and radar on it and even dodged the sunken ships in Shipwreck Point. When we arrived home we all shared out the gold.

by James Bowen, Hugo Greaves
and Cameron Burt.



SEQUEL TO "THE PEDESTRIAN" by RAY BRADBURY

From my position at the tenth floor mirrored window I saw him arrive in the early morning twilight. The car slithered to a halt outside the huge "Le Corbusier" style building that was the concrete home of the Psychiatric Centre for research on Regressive Tendencies. He was being watched by countless sets of eyes, as he cowered alone beneath the radiating cold power of the building. I knew how desolate, how helpless he must be feeling, standing there yet knowing he must enter. "Come into my parlour, said the spider to the fly," I muttered venomously. It seemed so appropriate here, in the presence of a system of capture and mental terror which has been inexorably designed with the intent of psychologically intimidating the victim. I understood it, it had been my personal project.

The minute the car had found him, wheels had been spinning furiously. He had been openly leading this unnatural lifestyle for years, and still he had escaped detection. One common, rather contemptuous man had been blatantly flouting the System, so there must be flaws that perhaps could even spawn resistance. Clearly this had to be remedied. After reading his file, now spread carefully over my large polished oak desk, I felt reassured. This 'M131112 — Mead L.' was a freak and obviously unconnected with any group capable of thought resistance. He would be easy to correct. Still, the monitor of that area had been careless; the System cannot allow for mistakes. That particular monitor will never make another mistake, knowledge which gave me a particular personal satisfaction.

A buzzer hummed abruptly on my desk and my eyes reflexively flickered towards it. The subject was ready to accept what ever I should choose to deal it. In a mirror mounted on the wall I inspected my appearance. Hair, make-up and dress had to be impeccable, it gave the impression that the System too was equally flawless. The black marble tiles of my office echoed as I crossed to the door and left the room to begin my dissection of the subject. From the file I took some photos and tucked them carefully inside my breast pocket. I carried no textbooks, notes, or any other form of aid: I had never found them necessary.

I took the elevator down to Basement Five and then walked along the stark corridors to the block in which we held the various prisoners who had not committed actual thought crimes but were rather mere freaks. Various technicians and visor-clad guards littered the whole of the Centre, I didn't see them. Like all blocks in the Centre it was officially nameless even though the dangers of revolt were long since quashed. The System had stormed America with television stereotypes who were so appealing to the proletariat that they needed little persuasion to clone them. Although the vast majority accepted voluntarily, the System would not hesitate to use any necessary force upon the few nonconformists.

The image upon the V.D.U. was rather disappointing; a terrified man sitting crying softly in his white-washed cell. I felt a flutter of disappointment (although my face registered nothing) as the broken ones are usually unchallenging. All deviates pass through the Centre and I prefer handling the true thought criminals who have nurtured an idea that they will passionately cling to. Any guard can break the body, any technician can master the intelligence, but the real cunning is in the destruction of the spirit. I contemplated leaving this one to a junior.

Before leaving I decided to take a close-up view of the subject and so focussed the surveillance device accordingly. There was something curious about the expression behind the slowly oozing tears, a look of compassion that was not the usual self pity, almost a mourning for something else that had been lost, although not to himself. Perhaps this subject could be interesting to toy with for a while after all.

The heavy door glided back with a hiss of pneumatic efficiency and I stalked past the guard without registering his presence. The door would close behind me. The subject looked up at me, so I stared blankly without any expression until he returned his gaze once more to his clasped hands, slumped on the immaculate white wooden desk before him. With the greatest control and precision I took two steps towards the desk and sat down. The cell was bleak; only a rough cot, a desk, two opposing chairs and a basic sanitary arrangement shrouded immodestly by a thin plastic curtain. Although the subject had barely been confined here for thirty minutes, it had clearly had a detrimental affect upon him, as it was designed to.

I asked him without any weakening hint of expression, "What is your name?"

"Leonard Mead", he replied, having a despicable difficulty in controlling his voice.

Good, he was a nervous prey. Naturally I already knew his name, and the story of his rather rueful existence. I notice everything, although I see nothing.

"What is your number, Mr Mead? You have a number, all your type does. You are number M131112. You are M131112. Do you know what your type is, Mr Mead? You are one of the mindless clones that the System has created. You cannot break the routine that the system has developed for your own comfort. You cannot think, Mr Mead, we are the only ones who can think. You are inferior to us in every way, Mr Mead. It was the System which slashed crime rates and brought contentment to the masses. We gave them shelter, we gave them food, we gave them air conditioners and we gave them television. You have never done anything have you Mr Mead? We have been observing your unnatural lifestyle for a long time, Mr Mead, in the hope that you would see the error of your ways. But you failed to do that, and now the System will help you correct yourself. You will correct your failings won't you Mr Mead?" No response. "Won't you Mr Mead?"

He stared at me without replying, his eyes shining with the fear that I had cultivated. At least he had stopped weeping. There had not been the usual meaningless cries so characteristic of his type. He was afraid, but not finished. This may present an interesting situation, I mused.

After a pause of only a few seconds (which would feel like hours to him) he found the courage to reply, "I I haven't done anything wrong. I don't like television. I didn't marry because no-one wanted me. I was just walking."

In the time he had been here, he had clearly been pondering the "crimes" which the car had accused him of, asking himself how such trifling incidents could merit the kind of punishment he was being subjected to. As is so often the case he did not realise that his crime was non-conformity. The danger of this is the domino effect upon others who are still capable of thought uninduced by the System's television broadcasts.

"What do you do with your time, Mr Mead, since you have neither a wife nor a television to occupy you?"

"I write," he replied.

I made no response, as if writing was a totally alien

concept in this day and age.

"I write books, and articles for magazines."

"Books are neither published nor read now, Mr Mead, the only magazine is the System's television guide which contains only programme listings, so that is hardly a profession. Do you then write for pleasure Mr Mead?"

"Yes," he replied more confidently now, probably because I was the only person who had ever shown an interest in his writing, although he knew my interest could only harm him.

"So what you are saying is that you enjoy being alone and doing something that can never be of benefit to anyone, Mr Mead."

"Books can benefit everyone if only they knew the pleasure —"

"People want television Mr Mead, not books. You are a parasite, who does not work to benefit others, like everyone else, and yet still expects the System to give you food and clothes, the same as a useful person. Don't you think that you owe the System your allegiance?"

He looked completely disorientated, bewildered and confused. Now he would break down and admit the superiority of the System and then we could begin initiating him into the Routine. Then came the reply, "No", whispered confusion rather than the defiance of those fools who consciously think they can destroy the System. Despite this, the idea of this freak rebelling without fully realising what his actions meant shocked and stunned me. I hoped my face did not reveal my feelings, but I did realise that this could be more unusual than I had expected.

"Leonard," I said with a softness grown rusty from disuse. "Leonard, why don't you agree with the System? Tell me everything. I won't punish you if you are honest, no matter what you say." Almost ninety years ago America had been engaged in a war in Vietnam. We lost, but we did learn a great deal about integration from the V.C. They would ask prisoners to tell them voluntarily about themselves, and so received far more information than they would have by hours of torture. Humans have a natural urge to please, and will divulge anything to assist a fellow man, even if that man be their captor.

He began to speak, slowly at first but then gradually with more confidence, never rude or defiant, "I don't like the System. Everyone is content, but they don't really seem happy. They are addicted to the television but I know they would enjoy books and walking if only they tried it. I don't know ... I don't really understand. No-one wanted to marry me because I was different. I couldn't enjoy television, no matter how hard I tried. No-one liked me because I preferred books and a little privacy now and again rather than the life which all the others led. I did try to fit in, I really did Please believe me I really did."

Tears choked him and he had to stop. How painful it must have been for him to remember all his early years as an outcast, a freak. Most likely he had pushed aside all those agonising moments and only now, in the terrorising atmosphere of the Centre, was he being made to remember them.

Carefully I withdrew the photographs and spread them out before him. "Leonard, look at these pictures." He looked up at them, and the tears flowed more freely, although he made very little disconcerting noise. "You know all these people, don't you Mr Mead. Here are your parents and your brother standing arm in arm, but you are a little way from them, aren't you? Your family never really loved you did they, because you were different, you made yourself different.

Here is a picture of your school playground, and you are the lone boy in the corner. What were the others discussing? Was it the cowboy channel, the soap stars' clothes, one of the quizzes or comedies? You couldn't join them, Leonard, because you had made yourself different. It was the same all through your school life, wasn't it, and you became a freak. The only "job" a freak like you could do was writing, the only "profession" as useless as yourself."

He could not answer, but I knew that he was absorbing it all, seeing how truly loathsome he really was. "Would you like to stop being a freak, Leonard, would you like a wife, a television to love and friends to invite you over for quiz nights with their families round the television?" He nodded stupidly, "Would you?", I repeated forcefully.

"Yes, yes", he cried, with fear replaced by a burning passion to grasp something his intelligence had always denied him, to fit in, to belong.

I spoke with intensity, "Who will make this possible, Leonard, who can you go to for help?"

"The System," he gasped, in one breath, then paused, enlightened, fully understanding, truly believing, "The System," breathed M13112.

A month later I sat watching the rehabilitation unit on my office V.D.U. and observed the progress of M13112. He was sitting with five other converts from all over America, three women and two other men. All six were glued to the evening comedy channel, happy and contented. They would pair off voluntarily, within a week I estimated, and then they could be returned to their natural habitat, never again to agitate the System. They were, of course, completely unaware of the sublime messages that they were constantly being dosed with, the messages that would ensure their docility and love of the System. I felt satisfied with another successful piece of work for the System.

From a mahogany closet I withdrew a long coat, and replaced my shoes with heeled boots. Taking the elevator to the ground floor I walked alone towards the exit. The late December twilight was beautiful, as I set off along one of the well-maintained walkways that were designed for our usage. I knew I should meet at least one of my colleagues, one of us, just walking.

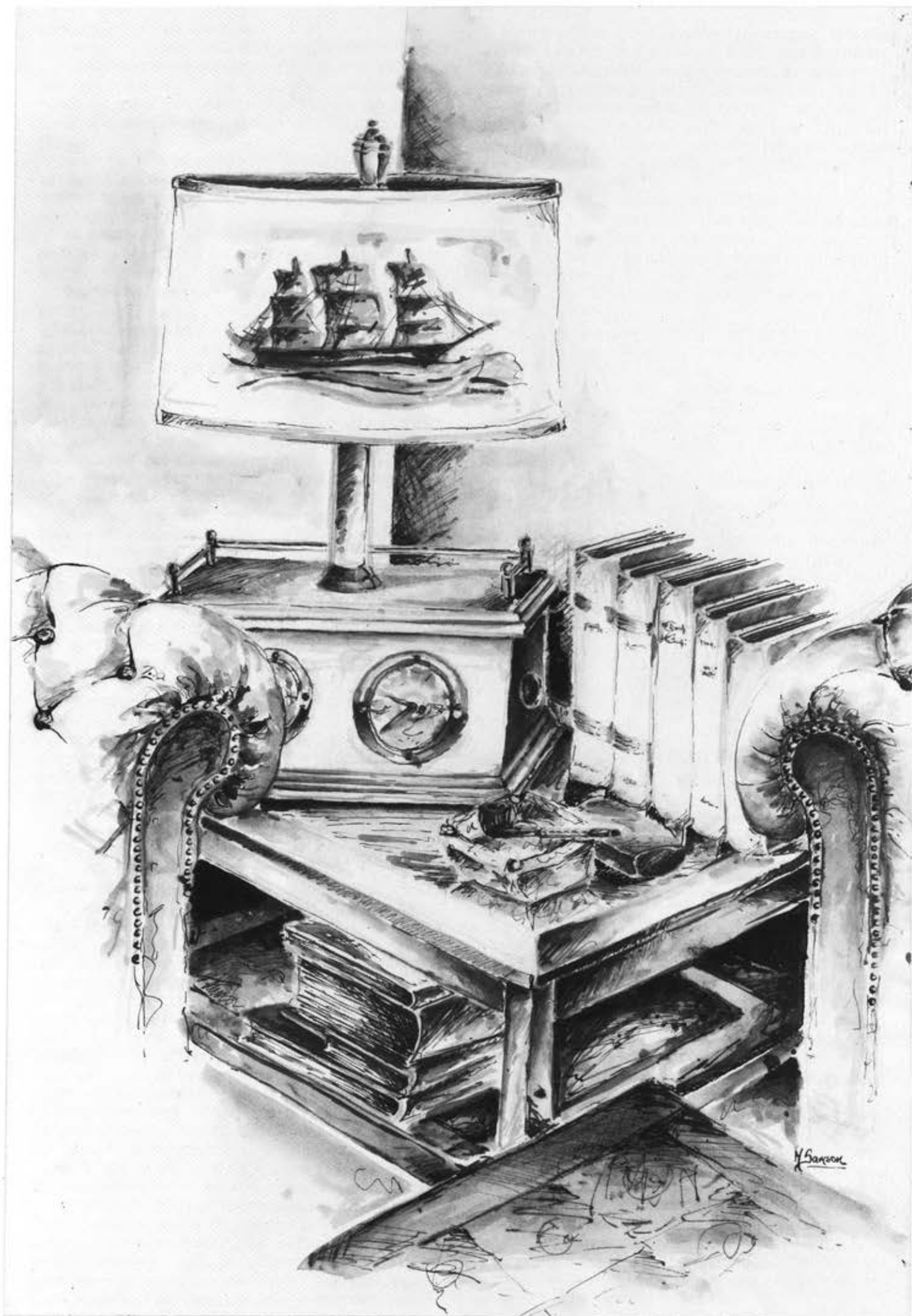
Caroline Collins, F4.

CHARACTER DESCRIPTION

Jenny Wiggins, a woman of forty years with short, auburn hair and eyes like burning sapphires. Her skin was pale but her good choice of make-up hid this. She was a tall, bespeckled lady of medium build with somewhat of a loving personality. She was always dressed in clothes of the newest and most fashionable kind. Her spectacles were coloured like a rainbow and her earrings always stood out in a crowd. Her shoes were one thing which never changed, she always wore Dr Marten shoes and white ankle-length socks ... even with a dress! She liked each weekend to go to Walker Park to watch Brighton United play football. She would arrive just on time with her bobble hat and scarf and cheer to her heart's delight. At weekends, that is except Saturday afternoons, she would be found at home in her attic flat, London north-east, at her potter's-wheel or knitting new jumpers, socks, scarves, you name it, she can knit it! Jenny always smiles and is never dull. Never does a customer leave her health food shop dissatisfied or unhappy. In a nutshell, Jenny is a pleasant, easy-going character with many friends.

Colin Dargie F2





MY RISE AND FALL: THE GUY'S STORY

My life was short but it was for, what a guy calls, a worthy cause. My life began as the handle of a broom. Slowly I began to take shape, to grow, until I had fully formed a guy. Some children helped me grow. They gave me a head and some clothes too. They dressed me in a deep green, tweed jacket, with trousers to match. I was a handsome guy, I was. With a black top hat, I looked a perfect gentleman. Once I was ready I was set proudly in a wheelbarrow, by the garden shed.

I sat there, all day, soaking up the warm sunshine. Though it was late October it was not all that cold. I sat there for a few days thinking about life and its meaning. I began to wonder why I was made, but I couldn't think of a suitable answer. Occasionally people came to admire me, to say how grand I looked. I felt like a king, holding court with the flowers and the trees and drinking in the lovely sunshine. Nothing could deflate my happiness.

But my luck began to turn. Suddenly the days started getting colder and darker. At night the winds howled and the rain came down in torrents.

One cold night the children came and carried me into a big field behind their house. A crowd was gathered there. I waited expectantly, not knowing what was going to happen. In the centre of the field some men were building up a huge fire. Then there were flashes of light and I saw red, blue, green and yellow sparks light up the cold night sky.

I was enjoying myself immensely but I still didn't know why I was brought to the field. I soon found out.

After a while I was picked up and carried nearer and nearer the fire. Suddenly I found myself being thrust at the fire. Now I was right on top of the fire! I heard cheers all around. I still didn't understand. I was very hot, but I didn't really feel any pain. I just felt a sinking feeling, as if I was floating timelessly in a dark pool and then slowly, gently being dragged under the water. I settled down and felt into a daze, a daze from which I never awoke, not as a guy anyway.

Sujata Bose.

Poetry Workshop

CARPET

I am white and usually sparkling
When the kids are not home.
At weekends I am dirty
Through no fault of my own.
I can last for years if I am looked after properly.
I can survive on my own as I am rough and tough,
But I need a little love and attention.

Most of the time I stare up at the white ceiling
And the colourful light shines on me.
Sometimes I am rolled up ready for the cleaners.
It is very pleasing to be clean especially when
I have visitors admiring me.
Once the visitors leave and after I have been fed by
Crumbs, I am hoovered, just like being massaged.

People should admire me,
Where would they be without someone comfortable
And warming, just like me?
So remember next time, I do not enjoy being fed,
With crumbs and mud.
I am not a rubbish bin!

Joy Burns F3.

BONFIRE TRAGEDY

I gazed around the garden. Everywhere there was excitement. Grown-ups laughed and cheered as dad let off some fireworks. They whizzed up and exploded filling the sky with showers of bright reds and yellows. Catherine Wheels spun round creating large circles of bright light. Happy children ran around waving sparklers at each other until they were just grey, smouldering sticks.

The massive bonfire that we had built crackled loudly and hissed like a mass of writhing serpents. The guy was no longer a guy but a pile of blackened ash in the centre of the bonfire. Everything was going to plan. Suddenly a spine-chilling scream filled the night sky.

Panic hit everybody. They ran about trying to find out where the scream had come from. The scream was closer to me than I had thought. I sprinted round the edge of the bonfire and pushed my way to the front of the group which had formed. Lying on the ground was Alistair, the little boy from across the road.

My dad, who had just arrived, tore off his heavy jacket, threw it on the little boy, then proceeded to roll him over the grass until he was sure the fire was out. His clothes, or what was left of them, stuck to him like charred lumps and his face was black. Dad noticed me and told me to run and phone for an ambulance. There was nothing we could do for the moment except wait. Minutes seemed like hours as we waited anxiously for the ambulance.

We heard a yell and looked up to see the welcome blue flashing light of the ambulance. It tore down the lane and came to a screeching halt outside the house. David, who had been posted as a look-out, hurriedly showed the ambulance men round to the back garden. Gently, the men lifted Alistair onto a stretcher, carried him back to the ambulance and drove off. The blue flashing light grew fainter and fainter until we could see it no more. And we were left to wait and wonder.

Gary Blinkhorne F1

MOCOTAURUS

The mocotaurus came flying, flying through the air.
With its wings out wide and his eyes aware.
Ready to pounce on his prey.

With a flip of his wings he caught his dinner.
Flying high where the air was thinner.
Back home to stay for the day.

In a short while he was there at the nest.
Where his young ones ate all the best
and cleaned the bones of the prey.

The mocotaurus slept a while at his nest
Then suddenly he was away flying to the west.
Ready to return to the fray.

A shrill cry from the jungle turned his head.
He dived down steeply like a lump of lead
Where his mate was eating her prey.

Soon they were up flying high in the sky.
Where they would observe their empire from on high.
Returning to their nest without delay.

Graeme Hunter.

“THE SHOW”
starring **SUZANNE OGILVIE**
THE PUBLIC ME AND THE
PRIVATE ME

The next show commences in one hour's time. It is unique, for it is based entirely upon improvisation and its only audience is the actors themselves. The stage is prodigiously built and spans the world (although I myself have only seen a small part of it) and my role, therefore, is but a small one.

Within the confines of my dressing room, I begin my preparations. The costume is slipped on neatly, followed by make-up smeared heavily over any blemishes of the character below. Once or twice, though, I have been a little sparing with the make-up and these blemishes have not been concealed well enough and as a consequence, true feelings and thoughts have been revealed, more often than not to my disadvantage.

Once the finishing touches are applied to my costume and make-up the performance can begin. I wander out of my dressing-room in deep thought, wondering what surprises today's show will bring. As I arrive in the wings, I can see that the stage is already full of people, hustling and bustling and speaking their unrehearsed lines. But for me, Act 1 is only just about to roll.

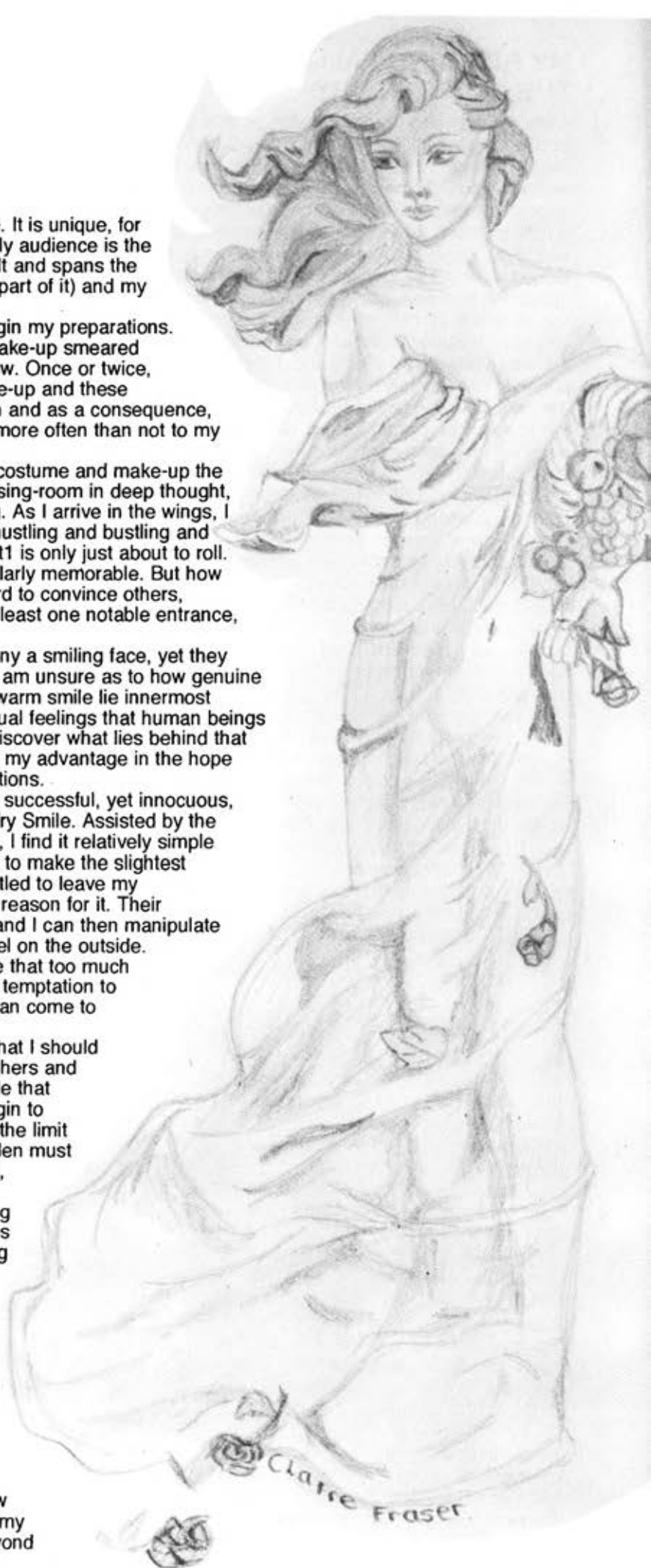
My entrance is neither spectacular nor particularly memorable. But how I have longed for it to be so! I try desperately hard to convince others, especially the Director, that I deserve to have at least one notable entrance, however brief it may be.

Upon my arrival on stage, I am greeted by many a smiling face, yet they are the cause for my suspicions to be aroused. I am unsure as to how genuine the smiles are. I know that under my seemingly warm smile lie innermost thoughts of dislike, boredom, jealousy, all the usual feelings that human beings experience or so I am led to believe. I yearn to discover what lies behind that smile so that I can perhaps turn their thoughts to my advantage in the hope of gaining unquestionable power in various situations.

But for the moment, however, one of my most successful, yet innocuous, means of obtaining some sort of power is The Wry Smile. Assisted by the fact that I am very often guilty of joking to myself, I find it relatively simple to produce this particular brand of smile. I refuse to make the slightest attempt to hide its effects, knowing that I am entitled to leave my victims feeling rather uneasy, oblivious as to the reason for it. Their ignorance gives a large amount of power to me and I can then manipulate them with the intention of seeming a perfect angel on the outside. Nevertheless, I have realised through experience that too much power can prove dangerous especially since the temptation to rely entirely upon power is high, yet I feel that I can come to no harm if I only have a little.

In the classroom scene, my expectations of what I should achieve are high, as are the expectations of teachers and parents alike. Under such pressure, it is inevitable that behind the far from glamorous costume, I will begin to crumble. When worry, dread and misery exceed the limit which the inner me can handle, some of the burden must be loaded on to the character I play. This, in turn, affects the other actors, a factor which helps to counteract my depression. I find comfort in seeing that someone else on stage has as many troubles as me, as I feel that it is appropriate that suffering should be shared out equally among fellow actors. I personally feel that I have been allocated more than my fair share of ups and downs, and now someone else should have to worry.

And so, the end of Act 1 is slowly met as school hours draw to a close. This permits me to retire to the peace and tranquillity of my dressing room for a quick costume change and touch up of my make-up. While doing so, I contemplate the success of the proceedings in Act 1 thinking, rather selfishly I must admit, of how fellow actors have frequently ruined the effect of my character in the play by expressing their own beyond all extremes.



But now, I must suppress the memory of Act I, for the second Act dawns providing a new character approach. Act II ever my favourite Act, I must confess, brings plenty of enjoyment, jokes and light-hearted frolicking. I am presented with the opportunity to let the real me escape for a while, although I am careful not to reveal too much about my innermost thoughts. A change of set and actors helps to contribute toward my enjoyment of this second Act. I still keep many of my views and opinions of people and situations hooded, yet there is the tendency for me to be more argumentative, defending what I believe in and challenging concepts of other actors.

But I do not spend all of Act II in discussion. Quite the contrary, for Act II is where I let my hair down, so to speak, and a new brand of smile is introduced: The Genuine Smile. My clown-like manner not only gives pleasure to others but also to my own character but in a different way. Although I may seem to be the fool. I feel that it is my audience who appear fools as they actually bother to stop to laugh at my antics. But that is not to say that I do not enjoy all the attention. Far from it, I welcome people laughing at my humorous storytelling and joining in the fun because without a doubt, it is pleasing to please.

So, being a fun-lover at heart, I am always reluctant to bring Act II to its end. I am never happy to cease playing the character I love most. Perhaps it is because I enjoy this part so much that the curtain call approaches with such speed. In what seems a very short space of time, I find myself back in the cocoon of my dressing room, removing my costume and every scrap of make-up. I am no longer obliged to act for I need not act without an audience.

Suzanne Ogilvie F5.

IF I WERE LORD OF TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd have servants and slaves galore,
I'd have 90 wild panthers,
to roam the forest floor.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I would have lots of fun,
I would be out every day,
Just lying in the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd were an emerald crown
I could have silk and gold sequins
On a cloak to weigh me down.

Tricia Rorie.



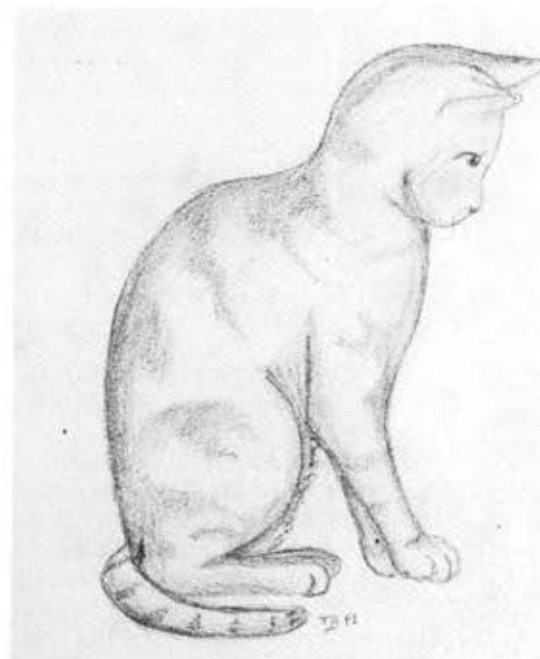
THE HUNT

The sudden crack of the gun first woke the cheetah cub from deep sleep. Shaking with the sudden noise, he leapt to his feet. The noises came more frequently, so he rose from his soft bed of leaves and grass and lion-heartedly crawled from the den. In the near distance, where the light of the sun filtered through the overhanging trees, lay his mother — a hole in her heart. He heard voices raised in excitement and saw men running towards her body. He stood motionless, glued to the spot as those men carried her limp body away into the depths of the jungle, for him, never to see again.

The sudden crack of the gun woke the majestic young cheetah as he lay in the fork of the tree. Quickly, he raised his ears and head, his ears pricked, his nostrils dilated, to follow the scent of danger, his eyes darting from side to side. The scene with the sight of his mother flashed through his mind; the bloody hole in her heart, the men shouting and praising each other, his mother being carried off. With a mighty bound, he leapt from the tree. His hunt had begun. The men came into vision, passing in their open-topped, striped jeep to find another innocent animal to slaughter. His spit flew with fury, foam landing like snowflakes on his spotted, rich coat of fur. His body taut, his muscles rippling, he breathed deeply. The jeep now stopped in a clearing near to where the cat stood. The hunters moved away from the jeep, to reunite later that day. This was the cat's big chance, for his hunt to meet with success.

He planned to pounce on the man, he recognised from years before. Cautiously, he followed his prey along a narrow path away from the clearing. The man now and again turned around for fear of someone following him. He had a feeling, that he was being followed. With the roar of the cheetah, he turned round in shock, firing his gun at the ground. His talons now stretched, pounding towards the man, he leapt on him, which made him topple to the ground. The cat bit madly and scratched the victim, until he died a slow and painful death. His hunt over, he returned to his den and in his mind he knew he had paid back the pain that his mother had been given.

Mairi Anderson F1.





KILLER

It is dark and misty, on the streets.
A figure races towards me,
He wears a raincoat and hat,
I do not see his face.
As the shadow blocks all detail,
Other than the black cruel eyes,
Which show the intent of kill.
I sweat, my face wet with perspiration.
I try to scream, but my voice is halted.
I try to run but my legs are fixed.
I try to look away, but my eyes are locked.
He comes ever nearer.
His eyes, staring at me, every advancing step.
He pulls out an evil looking knife.
He grips the handle so hard, his knuckles turn white.
The blade is turned towards me, the teeth are razor sharp.
He stops, just a few feet away from me.
He puts on an evil grin.
I stare at him transfixed.
He fondles his knife, ostentatiously.
His arm stretches and extends a finger,
Pointing at me. He says, "You!"
I shudder, I panic, deep inside.
My mind keeps repeating, "You!"
As if it were my name.
The air around me suddenly turns cold,
All detail of my surrounding goes black.
All I see is the killer before me, smiling.
All I hear is his heavy breathing, rhythmically.
He advances and stops before me.
I smell the putrid, stench of death, coming from his breath.
Like lightning, he thrusts his weapon into my flesh,
penetrating deep.
I croak,
Then fall to one knee.
I look up at my demise.
I stretch my arm up to him,
In a plea for mercy, asking for pity.
But he just smiles at me,
And laughs cruelly.
Slowly he removes his hat.
I stare, I see,
Myself.

Tommy Stone 4

THE SOFA

I am plump and full of character
I am befriended by all.
Whatever goes wrong I'll be here.
I am a shoulder to cry on when the
world has turned against you.
Everyone deserves love and I love everyone equally.
I can see through to a person's true character.
They can't hide from me.

I am an agony aunt to all.
A woman comes to me. Her body aches.
I feel her tenseness, she is troubled.
I hug and caress her aching muscles
Soon she forgets all her troubles
I am her comforter.

Roslyn McArthur, F3.

At 8.56 a.m. precisely each morning the door of the Inland Revenue office swings open. Norman Brown strides confidently over to his teak veneer desk, lowers himself onto his upright chair, presses a button on his computer, removes his silver-plated pen from his top pocket and places it on his table. The time is now exactly 9.00 a.m.

Norman is a tax inspector. There is nothing more satisfying in his life than to find some poor individual who has underpaid his tax.

Norman is a tall, pale man with brown hair always combed neatly to the side. A pair of brown rimmed spectacles perch neatly on his pointed nose. He wears a beige shirt, a beige sweater, a brown nylon tie, and a brown suit, the legs of which reach just above his ankles. After all, brown goes with everything, his mother always says. Norman Brown is, as his name suggests, brown by name, brown by nature! His colleagues treat him as a bit of a joke.

Norman lives with his mother, who works at the thrift shop all week, except of course Sunday, which being the Sabbath is kept as a day of rest. Norman and his mother are very close, and it is she who controls every aspect of his life.

Monday, January 22nd was a cold, wet, and foggy day. The clock on the wall clicked into place. It was 9.00 a.m. and Norman ripped open the first of his letters.

After checking the name on the manilla envelope, Norman frowned as he tried to grasp the meaning of the words.

The colour drained from his shocked face. He felt that his body had become rigid and that he was unable to move.

A hand touched his shoulder and a concerned voice said, "Norman, are you alright?" Norman, who was unable to speak, handed his colleague the letter. "Good heavens! Norman's won a competition to the Las Vegas casinos with £600 spending money. And to top it off, he's to have dinner with Madonna!" Laughter rippled in the background. Norman still stared like a zombie, unable to absorb the consequence of the only competition he had ever entered.

He rose shakily to his feet and moved across the office like a midnight sleepwalker. Only the crackle of the printer broke the silence.

As the door swung closed behind him a grin spread like a cloud uncovering the sun on a spring morning. Norman whipped off his glasses, spat on his sweaty palm and slicked back his hair. He sprang down the stairs, two at a time. His ears buzzed, he saw the multi-coloured lights flashing, he heard the money rolling and he could feel the excitement erupting from inside him.

He glanced into 'My Price Records' and chuckled with glee at the poster of Madonna. He strode confidently towards the library, to find a book on how to play 'Blackjack'.

Jane Titterington.

COMPUTER

I am precise and always accurate,
I am always faithful, carrying out any task ahead of me.
I am proud of my speed and reliability,
But never pompous.
However, I detest being given abuse,
By my owners, who for hours on end hit my keys.
Business runs more efficiently because of me.
Now I am of great importance to the world.

Christopher Clark F3.

MY EARLIEST MEMORIES

It is always hard to remember one's earliest memories. Was there a particular event during my early childhood which somehow signalled the beginning of my consciousness? I can remember several scenes from my pre-school days, but only vaguely, and I have no idea which came first. In this case, "My Early Memories", would probably be a better title than "My Earliest Memories", but it certainly carries far less effect.

These "earliest memories", then, are highly likely to have taken place at my nursery school, which I began attending at the mature age of two. It was a low and badly planned building containing lots of interesting locked doors, and it was situated beside a Baptist church. I remember being terrified of that church after reading an awe-inspiring story about a castle in some very cold country which was full of apparently frozen kings and queens. Naturally, it was easy for me to assume that the Baptist church was also full of similarly preserved corpses, since I never saw anyone going in. And the continual darkness of those eerie stained-glass windows further contributed to my theory. Perhaps this was the first creative spurt of my imagination, morbid though it may seem.

Most of the nursery school activities took place in the main hall, which had stairs at one end, leading up to a sort of wooden balcony. I remember the ugly and garish glossy blue paint of that balcony, and the painted scenery along the front which was changed from time to time, as if the hall was used for amateur plays as well as for us. There was also an indoor climbing frame, a real Wendy house with a cooker (my personal favourite), a sandpit containing a fascinating and hugely popular turbine which I never got to use, painting easels and a mini-library, as well as the usual abundance of toys and building bricks.

I have countless memories of my more or less happy days there. I remember the nursery lunches: mashed turnip and potatoes, hot-cross buns at Easter, and always plenty of custard (which to this day I cannot even look at without feeling slightly sick). I remember reading in the library, or at least pretending to; the rare and wonderful trips to a large town nearby where we could play all day in the sun (it was behind a huge house which was dark and deserted, or so we thought until one day when we looked up and discovered that we were being not only watched but openly ridiculed as well); the songs, the games and the unforgettable Christmas parties with a very convincing Santa Claus.

One particular incident which I have never forgotten took place one day when I was young enough to feel rebellious without worrying about a guilty conscience. Whenever we were "naughty", we were sent up to the aforementioned garish balcony and made to stay there for a specific length of time. On the rebellious day in question, this extremely "severe" punishment was inflicted on my unfortunate self and a couple of my friends, so up we went. The first thing we noticed was the presence of a few doors leading off the balcony. These were, according to our teachers (whose behaviour I felt to be very unfair), "forbidden zones" and so naturally, being young and inquisitive (although nosey is probably a better word), we were at once intrigued by the mystery of what lay behind these enchanting portals.

There seemed to be only one way to find out, and since Captain Mansai was now feeling bold and adventurous, she led the way, with her faithful-to-the-end comrades behind; and our breath held with excited anticipation we daringly opened one of the doors and crept in.

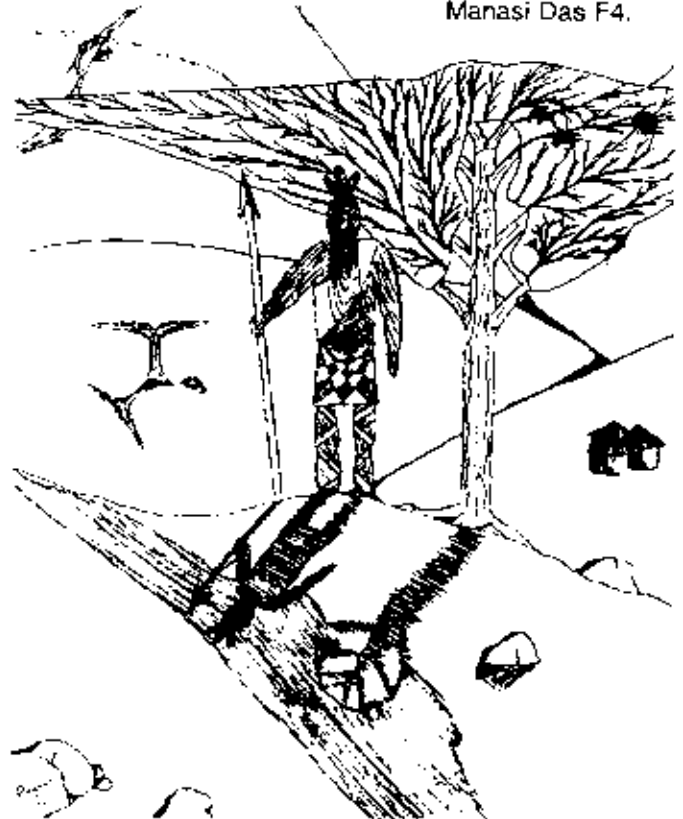
Once inside, we were certainly not disappointed. The room was not actually a room but a cupboard, piled high with books, books, and more previously unread books, all just waiting to be opened. I do not know exactly how my young companions felt about this discovery, but I was positively delighted. With no qualms whatsoever, we helped ourselves to large books and small books, old books and new books, books that looked interesting and books that looked boring but were exciting anyway because they were forbidden fruit in the Cupboard of Paradise.

It was Paradise for me; I had read my way through the entire mini-library and was hungry for more. This new territory with its rich reserves of literature was all I needed to make my balcony sentence worthwhile. So, having collected a sufficient supply of reading material, I and my devoted disciples retired to our camp-beds. It never occurred to me that I was supposed to be undergoing a grim punishment, that I was meant to be suffering in silence while everyone else supposedly enjoyed themselves downstairs, that I was supposed to be brooding over my bad behaviour (although I can't remember exactly what it was I am supposed to have done). Certainly the nursery school teachers believed that this was so, and that I had sunk into deepest despair over the whole situation. Little did they know that I was actually having the time of my life, doing what I loved most — reading (or at least looking at the pictures and pretending to read) behind the effective barrier of the balcony railings.

In fact, I was so absorbed in my new-found novels that when my captors came to free me, I partly informed them that I preferred my isolated prison to the cheerful bustle of the main hall, and that I had no intention of leaving it. And I enjoyed watching their shocked expressions, until, that is, they found out just how I had been spending the afternoon.

I don't remember what happened next; neither do I recollect returning to that once hidden store of treasures. I expect I never will. It all happened a long time ago — a long time for me, anyway — and memories fade and wither with time — just like everything else.

Manasi Das F4.



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LIBRARIES IN THE FUTURE

Today, the library is the centre of the whole community. Whole towns have been built round libraries. The reason is there is something for everybody to do in the library. Ten years ago people would go to the library to borrow a book or maybe even tape or video. Five years ago there was the revitalisation. During that time the library was changed from a small place that you borrowed books from into a huge area containing rooms that covered single topics such as news, history, art, sport, literature, etc. These rooms did not just contain books but videos, tapes, C.D.s and even lasergrams. (Lasergrams are lasers projected on to a screen that produces almost any information on your topic within a second).

As there were such good learning resources it seemed natural to build schools there, so the whole education system was changed. There are still nursery, primary and secondary schools. In secondary schools there are six periods per day and at least two are spent in the library. As P.E. is part of the curriculum a huge sports

hall was built with a swimming pool as well. The very best schools are the ones with the best resources. Unfortunately, you have to pay to get into these. Children now are much cleverer than they were in the 80s.

Books are still the most popular resource in the library and nearly everybody reads them. You can borrow up to six books at a time and they are checked by computer in a third of the time a human takes.

Books are so popular that a massive underground conveyor belt has been built for returning books. C.D.s, videos and tapes are still widely used.

Two lots of exams are held in secondary school, the first set in fourth year and the second diet in fifth year. Both sets of exams determine your job for the future. To be the manager of a library is very good. You earn a lot and are a very well respected person. Normally library managers are people who have worked their way up from the bottom rung of the ladder. Library managers also have the added perks of a house, car, and private helicopter.

In the smaller libraries, the headmaster of the school is usually the manager. Children at the fee-paying schools have "full timetable" which means they work longer than the other children and do some subjects that are not available in other schools. A new subject to have been made compulsory in all primary and secondary schools. It is now as important as English or maths.

There are still boarding schools. These are privately owned and are not part of a library complex. Instead their homework consists of reading. That way they do not miss out on not using and reading books, but they do not have all the computers and information a library has.

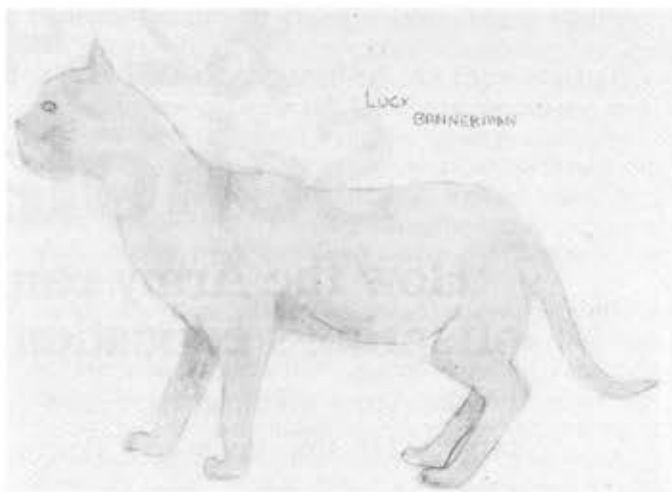
Details of all the books, tapes, C.D.s and videos are all stored in the one giant computer kept in the centre of the library. This computer is also linked to the other great computers in the country.

According to the figures given in last month's newspaper 10% of the working adults in Britain work in the library. Different qualifications are needed to do different jobs. The worst being caretaker and the best, of course, being the manager.

My library, Glasgow Central, is the third largest in Britain, behind the main libraries in London. It contains ten million books, five million tapes, videos and C.D.s and two and a half million laser discs. Although I have left school, I still visit the library very frequently.

Most parents now encourage their children to read rather than watch television. Some richer families have a small library of their own. The libraries are still funded by the Government although every library is slightly different from all the others. I look back and think of the so-called libraries 10 years ago and laugh.

Paul Kennedy, F2



IF I WERE LORD OF TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary,
The sun would shine all day,
The birds would sing with happiness,
And the bees would buzz away.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
The thousand cars of mine,
Would shine and glimmer in the sun,
(Excluding my Ferrari number one!)

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd live in Paradise,
In a mansion - in the south of France,
And in robes and dresses I would dance.

Honor White.





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SURPRISE FOR PRINCESS DI

Character in Odd Position

"Attention!" barked a voice. The royal chauffeur turned.

"We're here," he smiled.

The Princess turned her immaculate head to the window. Sandhurst!

To her Sandhurst was complimenting the appearance of hundreds of wooden-faced soldiers, trying desperately to think up an unoffending quip that would release a flicker of a smile upon those cold, mechanic faces. Then complimenting the accuracy of the soldier's shooting and their excellent natural comprehension of muffled barked orders from stiff, inhuman officers although this was one compliment that didn't pass her lips.

The door swung open. Hundreds of uniformed robots snapped to salutes. Field-Commander Farquharson-Smyth marched up and pulled off a perfect salute.

"Your Highness, this way please." The Princess nodded, smiled instinctively and started walking down the crisp, crimson carpet.

"Field-Commander, we seem to be heading to the stores?"

"Well, I'm sure you'll want to change," answered Farquharson-Smyth and chuckled deeply.

"Yes . . ." said the Princess hesitantly and laughed softly.

"We really are ever so proud of a princess testing our new course."

"Oh, it'll be a pleasure," said the Princess and flashed a perfect smile. Her P.R. manager hadn't told her anything about this but she knew what was going on. Sandhurst had a new orienteering course and she was to try it out. She would be given the standard gear, of course, to press home the idea of her being one of the boys. She was even more sure of this when, at the stores, she was presented with a camouflaged suit and she changed and walked out the back door to a "Well, here we are," from Farquharson-Smyth!

"Em, Field-Commander, this seems to be the assault course," stuttered the Princess with a hesitant smile.

"Yep, the best in the land. Well no didly-doddllying Your Highness. You'll lead 5th Platoon round the course whenever they . . . Oh here they are. Okay men, ready. Okay, off you go!"

The Princess began to jog, visions flying through her mind until they concentrated on one way to kill that P.R. manager!

The next 25 minutes for the Princess was a nightmare. A nightmare beyond all nightmares where she stumbled over bogs, waded through ditches and climbed ropes, her actions like those of a drunk man. She limped over the line, ate a tasteless meal in silence, barely glanced at the rows of blinding perfection, fell into the Bentley and stayed awake only long enough for an ironic "Home, James" before collapsing on the spotless, leather, feather-cushioned back seat!

Neil Forsyth F2B1.



GRANDFATHER CLOCK

From humble beginnings of an old Oak tree,
 To a stately clock, matured with dignity,
 I preside over all
 From my corner in the hall,
 With my brain ticking over all the days gone before.

My mellow chime and rythmical beat,
 Often has you tapping your feet.
 Though, now I fear I'm getting old,
 And my tired black hands have begun to slow,
 Many children as a century ago
 Stop and stand to listen you know.
 Apart from the young, no-one else comes to stare,
 And soon I'm afraid my corner will be bare.

Claire Anderson.

ELEROO

Eleroo is half elephant, half kangaroo
 Cuddly and affectionate too
 He plods up and down the grassy forest,
 Eating plants that have not yet flourished.

In the evening and late at night
 Sleeps soundly till the morning light.
 He is bored most of the day
 But usually finds time to play.

Does not stay here all year round,
 He disappears somewhere, maybe underground.
 It is lonely in the forest without him,
 But I know he'll be back. I love him.

Kirsty Caithness.



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JERICO

They started to arrive on the very day I would not meet my mother's gaze. She had come into the room, as she always did at that time of day (just as the sun is hot enough for the shirts of men to sag with the dampness of their sweat) and though I could not see her, I heard her buzzing at the window, the "ktsch, ktsch" of her broom as he swatted spiders' webs from the corner.

She had leaned over me as I lay, but not far enough to be directly above me: thus I was admiring a pretty moth on the ceiling while she watched me. And suddenly I began to take pleasure in her breathless demands. And although she was screaming now and had dropped the broom with a clatter, I did not look back at her. Power surged in my clenched teeth as she begged and threatened, and I would have laughed when her helpless saliva rained on my face if I had not found such absolute control that I was not able to separate them. She fled heavily from the room.

It was that day they came: straight from the fields, some of them, with sagging shirts and boots that clattered like brooms. The first batch was headed by my impotent mother, still breathless and slavering, and comprised men murmuring in hard, swollen tones about "beer", and "coughing"; about "numerals" maybe: I was too intent on my pretty pilgrim to be interested.

Later, though, (just when sounds become sharper and outlines blur) a wooden-smelling box was lumbered into the room. One of the men tripped cursing on my mother's clattered broom as he came in. They took it cursing with them when they left.

This was as well, for the next morning, (before things were just as quiet as they should be) the creaks and

ruffles of my father's aunt groaning her way in my direction brought to mind how dignity had left her for another woman long ago, and in modesty I recognised that had she also stumbled over my mother's broom, the comedy would have been too much for even the strongest, deepest yellow, least imaginative set of teeth to bear.

Of course she did not trip, because the broom had been removed by the blundering wood-men, and her moist, exhausted breathing was beside me before long.

Her hand stretched out, her shaking, shrivelled hand stretched right out and I could feel the lack of control in her arm as she jerked musty fingers back and forth on my cheek, rubbing my mother's saliva into the skin in what she took to be a caress. With an old woman's need for proximity, her head obscured the pretty moth; so close that, even when I forced my head backward and down so that rose petals clung to my shaven head, I could not escape the vile steam of a face whose arms can no longer rise to cleanse it, nor the obscene details of her features.

When at last the leaking eyes had trickled mourning off it was time for my mother (already renamed "l'impuissante" in my mind) to replace her. She approached me in her clattering horsefly manner, and at once the moth, pretty though it had been, disappeared and a smooth, deep darkness, pierced only by the serene chill of bronze coins, lay above.

And so what concentration I retained became focussed on the indomitable potency throbbing in my head. The days' experiences had transformed frail and

brittle teeth into rocks the colour of mustard, each one bursting with curvaceous muscularity. They interlocked to form an impenetrable wall, sixteen by two.

But just as the resonating pulse was growing harsh (outlines having merged), there rose above it a surprising voice. I had not anticipated encountering it again: I did not need it. He should not visit unannounced. But however deeply I immersed myself in the infallible rhythm, the time carried unforgiving tones to me in incisive blasts, and gradually my throbbing teeth deserted.

Then his speaking softened. (A pulse revived.)

But somehow, badly, something was amiss: his sympathetic words caressed my mother by the door.

Neither of them bothered that I would not meet her gaze, and my mouth lolled slackly open in disgust.

Mary Young F6.

FALLEN ANGEL

I often think about that particular day. It is as though it has been etched into my mind, so that no matter how hard I try to forget it, it is still there. I suppose that, even if I live to be a hundred, I will always remember it, always recall every detail of what happened.

It began like any other day. I was at school. It was September, I think, or perhaps October, and I was sixteen. It was one of those terrible school days when you have all the subjects which you find the most boring, one after another, double Chemistry, double Maths, French, Biology — and what a Biology lesson that was! Butch (our rather buxom teacher) went completely “off her head”, even although it was not my fault that I had not done the homework. Gary Clark had not told me when it was due in, so he was really to blame for it all. However, Butch insisted on handing out that rather over-used punishment of writing an essay entitled “Why I must hand my homework in on time.” You would have thought that, with all her years of teaching experience, she could have come up with something a bit more original than that!

Anyway, eventually the four o'clock bell rang, and I was free. I remember sitting beside Katy on the bus on the way home; we discussed Simon's party, which had taken place a few days earlier, and which had provided us with enough scandal to keep us going for a fortnight. Katy was my best friend. She was one of those precious few people who, with a few smart comments, can bring you out of any depression and have you in absolute stitches. So, by the time I got off the bus, I had completely recovered from my dreadful Biology lesson. It was when I got home, however, that I found out.

Dad always got home early on a Wednesday, so it was no surprise to find him in the house. But when I went in, he was sitting on a chair in the lounge, with his head in his hands. There was none of the usual laughter and joking, and when he looked up at me, his face was ashen. At first, I could not possibly imagine what had happened; all sorts of disasters flashed through my head. Then he told me. Mum had left.

“For good?”

“For good.”

I did not know what to say or do. The blood was thumping in my head, and I thought I might faint. It was so totally unexpected. My mother, the woman I had respected for sixteen years, that perfect woman, had left us. I sank down into an armchair, without a word. I felt sick. One obvious question sprang to mind.

“Why?”

My parents had always been so happy. It was as though they had been made for each other. Mum had

adored my father, and he had loved her. She was beautiful, one of those people who, despite their age, are still in the full blossom of youth. When she dressed up to go out at night, I would be allowed to stay up to see her in her finery, and to me, she was an angel. I remember her slim, willowy figure, her joyful smile, her soft, golden hair which tumbled over her shoulders; she was radiant. She used to have to tie Dad's bow tie for him, because he could never get both sides to be the same size. Then when he complained, she would laugh. She had a wonderful, girlish laugh, somewhere between a chuckle and a giggle; I could have listened to that laugh forever. But now

“Why?”

Dad gritted his teeth as he told me. There was another man. I could not believe it. Of course, Mum and Dad had had arguments, just like any other couple, but there had been no sign of this. I was devastated. The laugh became a cruel cackle, and the face grew dark.

I wanted Dad to say that it was all a mistake, that she would walk through the door at any moment. But when I turned to him, I saw the tears. That was what moved me most of all — his tears. If you have never seen a man cry, you cannot imagine what a pitiful sight it is. Here was a man whom I had regarded as invincible, infallible, weeping like a child. I had never seen my father cry before. He had always been the strong one, the one to make jokes if things went wrong, the morale-booster. I had thought that he would never cry. He was not the sort. But he did.

I went over to him and flung my arms around him, and we wept in counterpoint. At once, I hated my mother; I hated her beauty and I hated her laugh. They had belonged to our family, and now they had been taken away. I also hated her for showing me the truth. I thought she was perfect; she was not. I thought my father was strong; he was weak. It was all her fault, and as I blamed her silently, I held my father close.

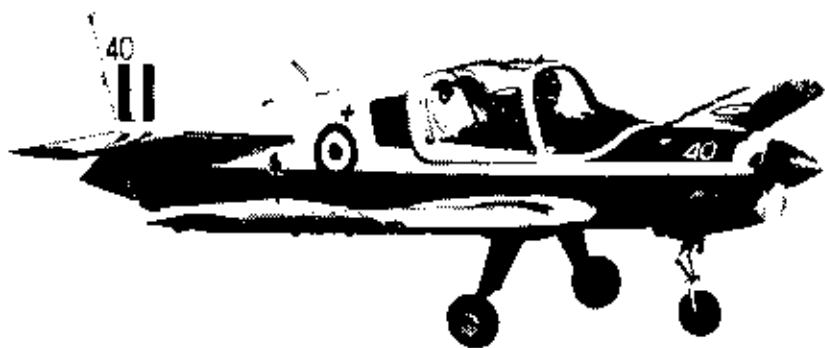
After a few minutes, Dad stood up, disentangling himself from me. “I must work,” he said solemnly. I understood what he meant. By doing something else, he might be able to work out the hurt and the anger which he was feeling. He trudged slowly into the garden and from the kitchen window I watched him, a weak man, broken by fate. With what seemed like enormous effort, he began to rake up the leaves that were strewn over the grass, piling them into huge sacks. It was a job he had done for as long as I could remember, but it had never been as strenuous a task for him as it obviously was now. He had aged twenty years in the last twenty minutes. I could not help but pity him, and I cursed my mother.

After about an hour, Dad came back in. It was beginning to get dark.

“I must take these leaves to the skip. With this wind, the sacks might blow over and scatter them again.” He spoke quietly and with barely no emotion. Again I watched as he dragged the sacks to the car, through the approaching darkness. He was a pathetic figure.

However, it was only when he returned that he told me the truth. Of how he had thrown the sack deep into the skip, of how he had thrown the bags of clothes in on top, of how he had covered them all with sacks of leaves. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Carolyn McDonald F6.



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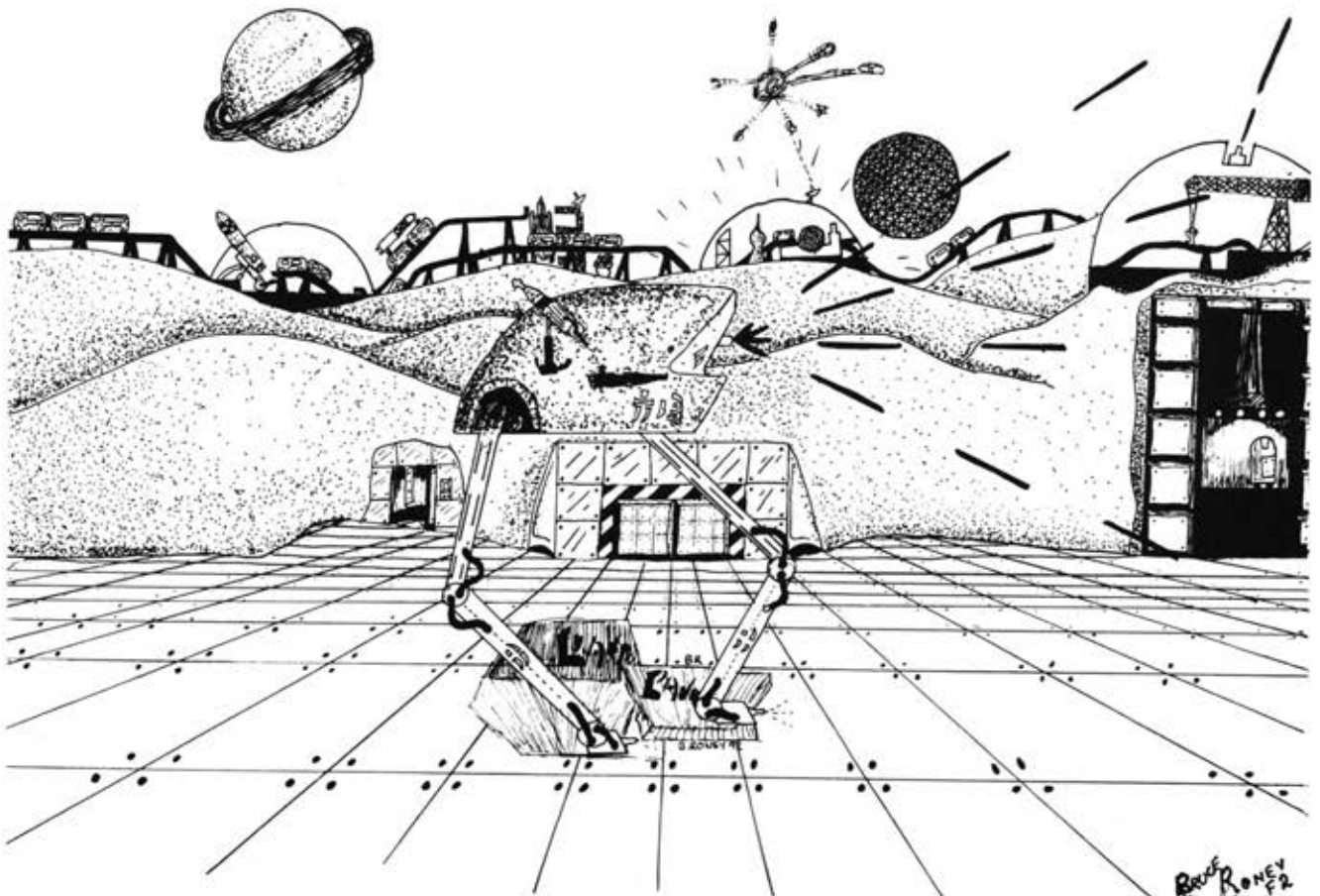
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Postcode _____ Date of birth _____

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AFRICAN ADVENTURE

It wasn't until the third day when we started our long, hot, tiring journey at dawn, while the sun was still emerging from behind the horizon, we left the luxurious Nairobi Serena Hotel and leapt into the safari van eager to get going. As we travelled south on the Mombassa Road we passed Makindu and Mitto-Andei, small African towns, and then we entered Tsavo West. Tsavo West is part of Kenya's largest, most magnificent National Park. There we managed to catch a glimpse of many animals including several elusive leopards. During lunch at the Kilaguni Lodge, we chatted about the elephants which we saw stampeding across one of the plentiful plains and the cheetah we saw lurking in the long grass waiting to attack a herd of zebras. The 8,000 square miles of vast grassy plains, punctuated here and there by strange volcanic formations, was a sanctuary for thousands of animals. Giraffes, lions, rhinos, cheetah and a huge amount of elephants could be seen there. That afternoon we visited Mzima Springs, famous for its hippos that wallow in the clean waters of the spring, returning to Kilaguni to spend the night.

As we were driving west the next morning, we could faintly see in the distance Mount Kilimanjaro. We also saw Africa's highest mountain — cloud willing. These were two of the most spectacular sights I have ever seen. We then arrived at Ambolesi for lunch and spent the night in Serena Lodge. So far we had covered 350 miles of vast plain. The next morning we went for a game drive. Everyone had their cameras ready to get a lucky shot of a massive tusked elephant or rhino with Mount Kilimanjaro in the background. At one point we drove under a tree and stopped in the shade of it to watch some drowsy lions. To my horror straight above my head was a huge snake ready to drop from the branch on to me any second. Luckily the driver, who still had the engine on, heard my piercing scream, knew something was wrong and slammed his foot onto the accelerator. I looked back to see the snake drop to the ground! The rest of the day was spent eating and relaxing in the African sun.

On our sixth day, we headed north again via Nairobi onto Outspan in the Aberdare Mountains. That day, on our game drive we saw the most beautiful lioness with her cub drinking from a pool which looked like a shimmering mirage. We also saw lots of reticulated giraffes and blunecked Somali ostrich amongst many other animals. It was extremely late at night when we arrived at the Samburu Lodge to sleep.

On our last day we drove south to the Aberdare Mountains, the location of the world-famous Treetrops. Here we waited to see the many animals visiting the waterholes. As we had an early start we managed to take that long hard journey to one of the most northerly Rift Valley lakes which is just north of the Equator. An ornithologist met us and escorted us on a fascinating walk along the lake shore to some cliffs where we were able to observe the abundant bird life. Then we finished our last day with a relaxing boat trip on the lake which took us to heron colonies and hippo spotting.

It was a wonderful holiday and although it may not sound like an adventure to you, it certainly was for me!

Joanna Lawson.

Theoretical science cannot even answer her problem — she has no mind to contemplate such solutions.

God (cannot) help her!

As her husband affectionately caresses her cheek, she screams for me to come closer.

Her black eyes glisten and stare, she grunts. Hers in an alphabet of chaos. She possesses all but a communicative form of vowel sounds.

She strives to tell us her answer.

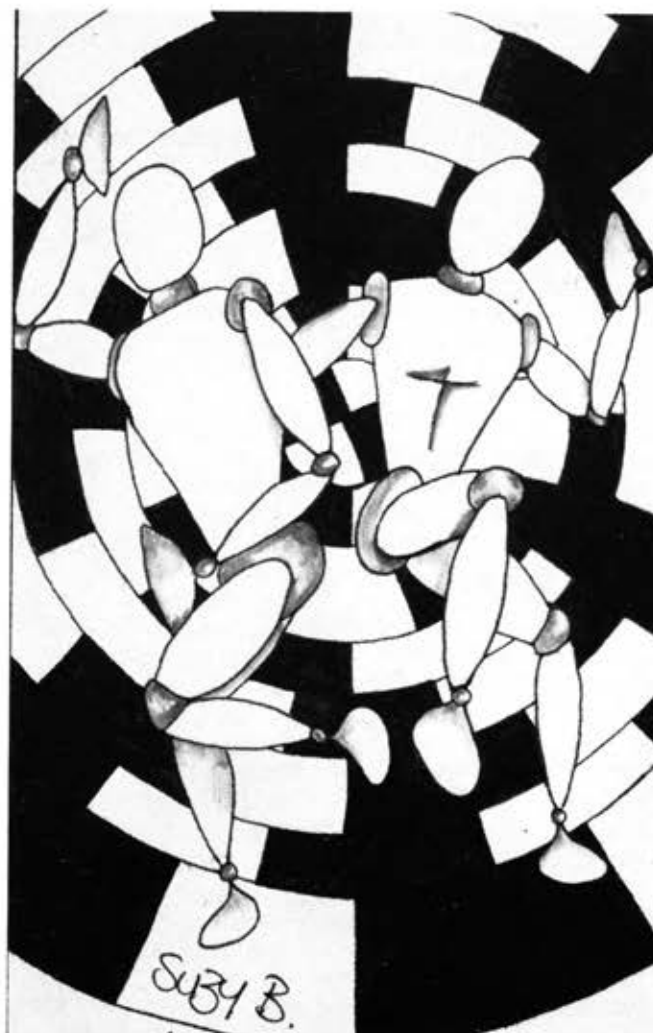
I leave her now, with the others, the bracketed race of zombied creatures.

Once home I shower, refresh my soul in the cleansing water. I drink to my fill from the life-giving tap.

The fundamental poison laced with aluminium goes down sharply.

I die a romantic end?

Senior.



AIRCRAFT WORD SQUARE

B	L	V	G	O	D	E	L	U	B	I	N	T	Z	B	H
T	E	R	E	S	A	N	T	L	U	J	P	Q	U	X	O
N	N	S	E	N	B	N	J	A	G	U	R	C	L	P	R
T	A	S	R	E	C	A	T	R	M	R	A	H	I	P	E
R	J	A	A	A	N	S	D	M	A	R	S	I	G	T	N
C	T	G	A	N	L	A	M	B	R	E	J	P	H	O	T
D	L	M	P	G	R	T	C	A	P	O	S	M	T	S	K
E	A	D	N	L	E	O	J	C	R	A	D	U	N	L	R
R	J	R	H	A	I	R	J	V	C	C	A	N	T	R	C
F	H	A	A	J	R	N	K	K	M	B	L	K	N	A	L
N	E	A	W	W	R	A	L	L	O	G	J	R	G	U	D
P	T	R	K	W	A	D	P	J	M	A	R	U	I	L	L
L	M	A	N	O	H	C	R	N	E	T	A	S	I	A	L
V	I	C	T	O	R	S	C	R	I	R	M	E	O	U	G
R	B	P	H	A	N	T	O	M	W	A	B	B	L	E	N

There are 14 aircraft hidden in the square. Can you find them?

JAGUAR

EAGLE

HORNET

CHIPMUNK

BULLDOG

TORNADO

HARRIER

PHANTOM

BUCCANEER

INTRUDER

LIGHTNING

HAWK

NIMROD

VICTOR

PANCAKES

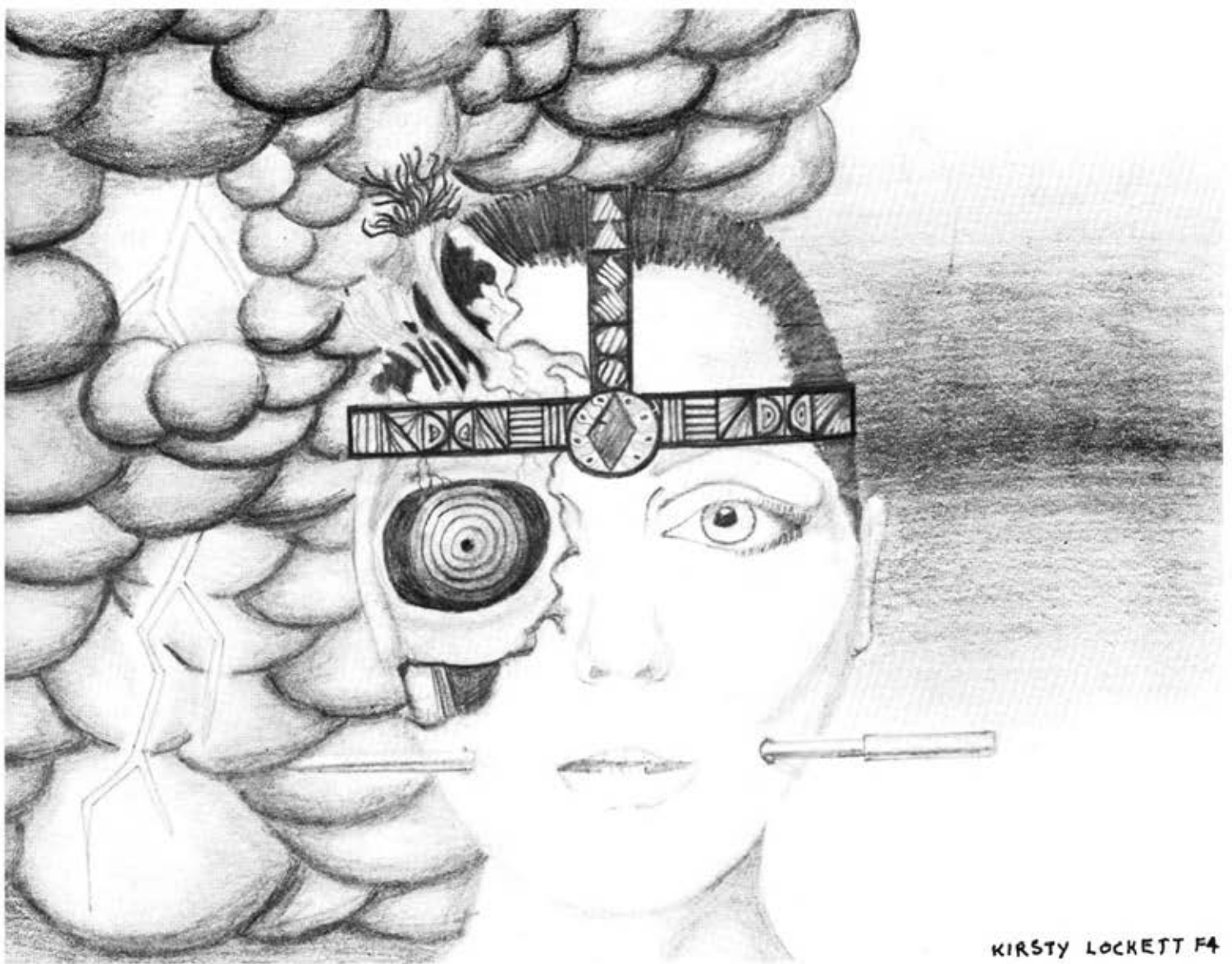
Alasdair Scott

Pancakes are so easy to make,
All you need is a batter,
Flour, eggs, milk and sugar,
Mix and cook on the pan.

Once they're made, there's nothing better,
When rolled up with syrup or jam,
Or if you want to be really greedy,
You could also have ice cream.

Shrove Tuesday, it is growing close,
And I can hardly wait,
To make a pile of pancakes,
And then to eat my fill.

It's Pancake Day!
And all the pans are sizzlin',
And the creamy, white lard is fizzin',
Yes, it's wonderful old Pancake Day!
Everybody's mouths getting sloppy,
Don't make the mixture too watery,
The nations rejoice for Pancake Day!
The pancake colour of sunny gold,
Everyone eats them, young and old,
Don't rush it's Pancake Day!
Don't diet it's Pancake Day!
Yum! Yum! It's Pancake Day!



KIRSTY LOCKETT F4

IDLE GOSSIP

SCENE: A bus. On the right, an elderly lady (MEG) sits on a double seat, clutching various carrier bags of groceries. The left hand double seat is empty. Another elderly lady (BERYL) gets on, with bags of shopping.

MEG: Fancy meeting you here! (BERYL sits beside her.)

BERYL: Hello, love. How are you? I haven't seen you since . . . (thinks)

MEG: Robert's wedding. February last.

BERYL: Yes, that's right. Oh, didn't they make a lovely couple? And that dress of hers must have cost an arm and a leg.

MEG: I know. Pity it didn't last, though. (gives a knowing look)

BERYL: The dress?

MEG: No! (in a whisper) The marriage.

BERYL: Oh, I say. Already?

MEG: You mean you hadn't heard? I thought it was common knowledge.

BERYL: No, I hadn't Meg. Oh, that is a shame. They seemed so happy too. What happened? (mouths) Another man.

MEG: (gasps in horror) Well, I never.

MEG: Of course, it doesn't surprise me in the least.

BERYL: No, no.

MEG: She was never right for him. I knew that from the start. (knowingly) Came from

Manchester.

BERYL: Oh. (Pause as they shake their heads disapprovingly.) I once knew someone who lived in Manchester. She had terrible problems with bunions. Me and Fred met her when we were on holiday in Majorca. (pronounces "j")

MEG: How is your Fred, by the way?

BERYL: Just the same. Bone idle! If he doesn't move from that chair soon, he'll have to start paying poll pax on it!

MEG: Don't you complain, Beryl. When my Harold — God rest his soul — went that way, it was the first time in years that I was able to keep an eye on him. They need to be kept in order. Otherwise, goodness knows what would happen. (A rather well-dressed woman gets on the bus, and sits on the left-hand seat.)

BERYL: (Aloud) Hello, Mrs Taylor. You're looking well. (Mrs TAYLOR nods, barely acknowledging her.) (to MEG) Snooty cow!

MEG: Who's that then?

BERYL: (puts on upper class voice) Mrs Marjorie Taylor. (normal voice) Margy Mills that was.

MEG: Doesn't ring any bells.

BERYL: You must remember. You know Lofty Shaw what was at school with our Babs? He lived next door to the Rogers.

MEG: Is that the same Rogers as had the bakery?

BERYL: No, no. You're thinking of Jimmy Rogers. No, this is Tom Rogers, what worked for the council.

MEG: Oh, yes. I'm with you now. They lived up Donald Street?

BERYL: That's right. Well, his cousin married a painter. Mills was his name. And their daughter was that little brat Margy. She married a chartered accountant, and now the poor man has to work all the hours God sends, to let her live in the lap of luxury.

MEG: Spoilt little madam! (stares over at Mrs TAYLOR)

BERYL: You're telling me! You know, they've got gold-plated taps in their bathroom! And they've just had one of those conservative things put on the back of their house.

MEG: Good gracious! All her idea, I suppose?

BERYL: Of course. Only the best for our Margy. And what's more, you wouldn't believe the strings she pulled to get her hubby into the Rotary Club, it's scandalous!

MEG: Dear me! (They both stare over at Mrs TAYLOR, shaking their heads, while she stares straight ahead.) My Harold — God rest his soul — always said you had to watch ones like that.

BERYL: (doubtfully) Yes, but your Harold also said that Mrs Thatcher was an angel come from heaven.

MEG: (looking offended) Do I take it then, that you won't be voting Tory this year?

BERYL: I don't know really. That Mr Major seems such a nice man, don't you think?

MEG: Very sincere and genuine. Mind you, did you see what his wife was wearing at that reception?

BERYL: Oh, yes.

MEG: She's not a yellow person.

BERYL: Oh, no.

MEG: Say what you will, she's not a yellow person. Peach with a hint of beige, maybe, but definitely not yellow.

BERYL: Oh, no. I quite agree.

MEG: And have you heard the latest? That we may end up with a hung Parliament?

BERYL: Hang the lot of them, that's what I say! It just hasn't been the same since Winston Churchill was Prime Minister. Now, there was a man!

MEG: Absolutely!

BERYL: You wouldn't have caught him getting involved in any scandal.

BERYL: Not like these M.P.s today. You can't trust any of them.

BERYL: No. Things aren't what they used to be. Bring back Churchill. He'll sort them out.

MEG: (approvingly) Yes. (Looks down bus. A youth in leather jacket, ripped jeans, wearing an earring, gets on.) Oh my goodness! Look at that!

BERYL: What? (turns to look)

MEG: (lowers voice) No, no. Don't look, don't look. (BOY sits beside Mrs TAYLOR)

BERYL: What is it?

MEG: Sh! That boy who's just got on.

BERYL: Where? (turns to look)

MEG: No, no. Don't look. What a sight!

BERYL: What's a sight? (turns to look)

MEG: Don't look, don't look. He'll see that you're staring.

BERYL: Where's he sitting?

MEG: Beside Margy. (BERYL starts to change the position in which she is sitting.) What are you doing?

BERYL: Being discreet. (She has up to this point been sitting at an angle facing MEG. Now, still looking at MEG, she moves so that she is sitting straight in the seat. Next, she moves her head so that she is looking straight ahead. Then she slowly moves her eyes towards the boy, eventually moving her head slightly also. After a quick look at the boy, she hurriedly turns back to MEG.) Oh my goodness!

MEG: See what I mean? That's this country's future.

BERYL: All those earrings. He must have more holes in him than my collander.

MEG: It's those kind of people who are responsible for all the crime in this country.

BERYL: I wouldn't like to meet him on a dark night.

MEG: I should think not.

BERYL: He's probably on drugs, I shouldn't wonder. On that "heroic" stuff.

MEG: Or on coke. You know, they sell it in all the supermarkets and it's supposed to be a hard drug! It's disgraceful.

BERYL: Disgusting! Those people should be locked up.

MEG: (raising her voice for the BOY to hear) Yes. Locked up and the key thrown away.

BERYL: Sh! Careful, or he might hear you.

MEG: Let him hear. It's time that lot knew what we think of them. (Both stare at BOY.) Anyway, what was that you were saying about . . . ?

BERYL: Oh, goodness. I'll have to go. It's almost my stop.

MEG: Well, it's been nice seeing you again. (BERYL gets up, and is thrown slightly by the movement of the bus. BOY gets up to help her. He is well spoken.)

BOY: Let me help you, Madam.

BERYL: Oh! That's very kind. (looks unsure of him)

BOY: Actually, this is my stop as well. Can I take some of your bags?

BERYL: Thank you. (looks him up and down admiringly) (to MEG) Well, who would have thought of it?

MEG: Be careful, Beryl. It might be an act.

BERYL: Oh, I don't know. He does seem so charming.

MEG: Mmm. When you look closer, I suppose, he doesn't seem nearly as . . . as . . .

BERYL: Rough?

MEG: Rough. Exactly. (lowers her voice) Actually he's quite attractive. Quite like my Harold — God rest his soul — when he was younger.

BOY: (overhearing) You're very kind, Madam.

MEG: Ooh, hear that? Madam! (she is delighted)

BERYL: (leans over to MEG) Don't get too excited. He's mine. (to BOY, flirtatiously) If it's not too much out of your way, dear, how would you like to see an old lady home?

BOY: It's no trouble at all.

MEG: Oh, I say. What will your Fred think?

BERYL: I don't really care. It might get him to move his back-end off that chair for once. (she

giggles) Anyway, I'd better be off. Bye! (she goes off)

MEG: Bye, love! (MEG watches her go, then waves to her as the bus moves away. She shakes her head. She looks round the bus for someone to speak to and her gaze finally rests on Mrs TAYLOR. She smiles slyly.) (loudly) Hello, Marge. How's the new conservatory?

Carolyn McDonald F6

PETALS AND THORNS

Is love to be compared to summer days
As the Bard would have all lovers believe?
Or is its warm embrace a passing phase,
Which brings to all both sorrow and relief?
When first I felt the thorny grasp of love,
It blossomed, as a rose, within my heart,
But now another feels the prick you give,
I feel the withered pain, know we must part.
Will ever love be found unceasing, true,
Which I can hold forever close to me?
Or is my doom to wander without you
Until th' inconstant sun can reappear?
Like summer, love will always pass us by,
But with its passing, drawing ever nigh.

Carolyn McDonald F6.



THE PRESSURE ON THE YOUNGER GENERATION

As Shakespeare states in "As You Like It", there are many stages to growing up. Growing up itself is a life long process and many people try to help us make the right decision all through our lives.

Mothers are our source of life and because of this they feel that it is their duty to help and advise us in any way that they can. Unfortunately they can sometimes be a bit over-powering! They see us growing up, taking our first steps, saying our first words, changing from mood to mood, making decisions for the first time and they have to put up with it. They try to help, some giving a gentle push in the right direction, some completely taking over and some just not bothering at all but no matter how much they want to, they cannot run our lives. We have to stand on our own two feet.

However some people, usually in their late teens, develop an incredible "rebellious" streak. There are many reasons as to why they develop this but the reason is usually linked to parents and home life. They refuse to be talked down to, never agree with what anyone does and cause great friction within families. They do this because they no longer want to be treated like children. They want to be on equal terms with their parents but often they do not behave in an adult way and therefore do not deserve to be treated like adults. This is often the cause of teenage homelessness as many leave home and take to the streets.

Those who have lived behind closed doors, molly-coddled by parents develop, either a rebellious streak also or they fear the outside world; all the noise, fighting and the grim poverty that could easily capture them and they wish to stay in the womb forever.

I believe that children are put under a great amount of pressure these days, especially as far as exams and school are concerned. Teachers pile on the pressure just before exams, reducing some pupils to bags of nerves. The pressure builds up through fourth year until the 'O' Grades then the teachers relax for a while but when you return to school after the summer to fifth year, the pressure at both home and school is incredible.

Pressure affects people in different ways. Some crack under it but others thrive on pressure. It drives them forward and makes them work even harder although they are put under an enormous physical and mental strain. Again parents contribute to this, by putting pressure on the younger generation.

Choosing a career can be quite a traumatic experience and again parents and teachers apply pressure. For example, if the family is full of doctors and it is traditional for the eldest son to be a doctor but he wants to be an artist, he is put under intense pressure by the whole family and may give in, become a doctor and go through life feeling incredible dissatisfaction and hatred towards his family. Such parents put him under unfair pressure but if he gives in, he is obviously weak.

Growing up itself can be quite an enjoyable process if it is taken one step at a time.

Adolescence and the teenage years are probably the most enjoyable step towards adulthood. We begin to discover the opposite sex, we broaden our friendships and horizons. We have mood swings from one extreme to the other and discover alcohol and tobacco. Adolescence is a time of change and we remember our childhood and junior schooldays and realise that our parents cared and wanted us to do well. My parents pressurised me to work for exams and they still do! At the time, as they were heaping on the pressure, I was

rude and shouted at them to stop it but now I thank them for it. They made me push myself and although I have not decided on a definite career I have many ambitions and they seem satisfied at that.

There is no doubt in my mind that the younger generation are indeed put under incredible pressure, sometimes unfair pressure and some come through it, some crack under it. Those who come through it with flying colours obviously have a strong personality and great will-power and these people will be successes in later life. I hope I will be one of the lucky ones!

Louise Fenwick F5.

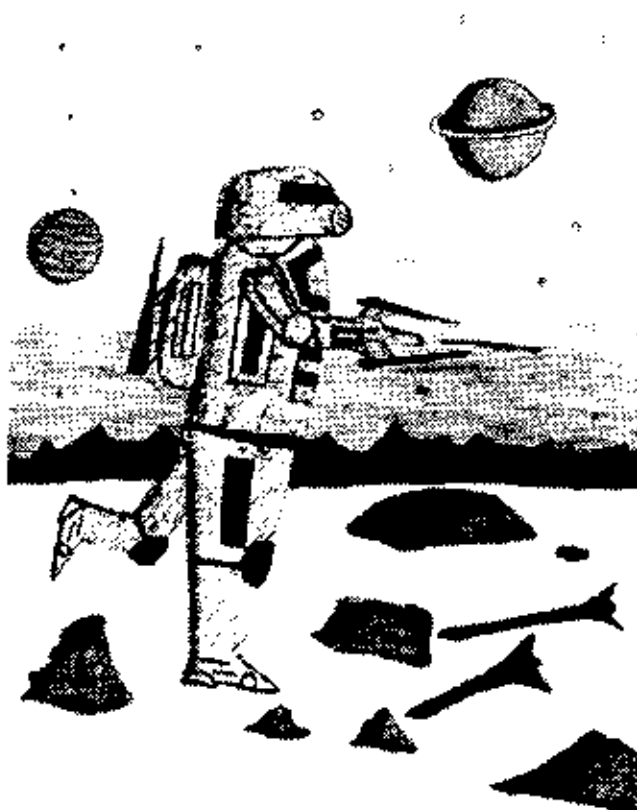
Here's the Pancake
Sizzling brown
Ready for Shrove Tuesday,
Yum, yum, yum. . .

Here's the Pancake
In the pan
Ready to toss
Toss toss toss.

Here's the Pancake
In the air
Turning tossing whirling
Ready to catch.
Here's the Pancake
On the plate
Ready for eating
But first the filling.

Here's the Pancake
On the fork
Just about to be eaten.
Yum, yum, yum. . .

James McKendrick.



KREZAR HAYAT F2



ODE TO JOYCE

This is no ordinary hospital
but a cage —
filled with stalking animals.

I came here to visit a friend
A friend —
With Alzheimer's.

Standing by the foot of her bed of straw,
Her husband I greet.
A shame, a great pity, he repeats.

I watch as he feeds his beast,
not the woman I knew when young,
but a trapped body
stripped of dignity.

This is no Hawking, no legend
(she is Joyce);
this is no failing body, but a
dying mind.

Senior.





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High School of Dundee Scholarship Fund Appeal



SCHOLARSHIP FUND APPEAL

The High School of Dundee is probably the most impressive building in the City.

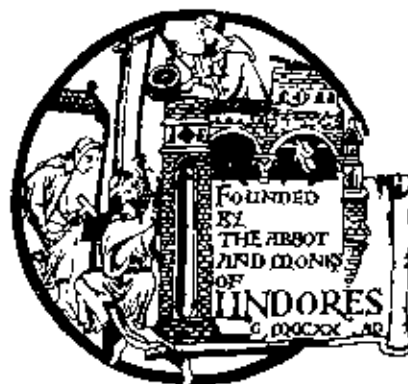
With half as many more pupils as it had thirty years ago — the number presently touches 1200 — and a curriculum of far wider scope, the School continues to offer an academic education relevant to the world of today.

The future of the School is a vital issue. In an age of educational experimentation there is a danger that we may lose forever institutions which have stood the test of time.

If the present character of the School is to be preserved — as we are determined it shall be — the School's independence can only be secured with a substantial endowment. Hence this appeal for contributions to the Scholarship Fund.

Dundee High School has a great and honourable past. It has made an enduring and significant contribution to the education of generations of boys and girls —

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