

high school of dundee

The

REVIEW

1993

SPONSORSHIP FOR SIXTH FORMERS AND UNDERGRADUATES

ARMY OFFICER

FINANCIAL SUPPORT TO SUIT YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES WHILE YOU'RE STUDYING

As a student on a 6th form Army Scholarship or as an Army sponsored undergraduate, you will receive financial support to make your student life more enjoyable. You will also secure a firm place in your chosen career.

The Army offers 4 different kinds of support for students. In your last 2 years at school you could be awarded an **Army Scholarship**. Alternatively, you could attend **Welbeck**, the Army's own residential technical 6th form college. At university or polytechnic you could receive a **Cadetship** or a **Bursary**.



AND A FLYING START TO YOUR CAREER

Instead of having to worry about what you're going to do with your life, you will already have a flying start to your career lined up – so you can enjoy your time in the 6th form or at university and be able to concentrate on studying.



WELBECK – THE ARMY 6TH FORM COLLEGE

Welbeck College provides a science-based 'A' level syllabus for boys and girls interested in joining one of the Army's Engineering or Technical Corps. A place at Welbeck guarantees you entry to the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst and for many the chance to go on to read for a degree at the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham. Tuition is free and to qualify for entry you need to be between 15 years 9 months and 17 years 6 months on the date of entry to Welbeck. A minimum of 5 GCSEs (grade A-C) are required and must include English, maths and physics or combined science.



SCHOLARSHIPS

During your 6th form years you can obtain an **Army Scholarship** for 'A' level/Higher studies to prepare you for training as an Army Officer. A scholarship guarantees you a place at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst and also the chance to go on to university and compete for an undergraduate award. To get one of these scholarships you need to be between 16 years and 16 years 6 months old. Since there are only about 90 of these scholarships available each year competition is stiff.



CADETSHIP

As a **cadetship** holder at University, Polytechnic or College of Higher Education, you will be commissioned as an Army Officer on probation and paid a salary. In return you will be committed to serve as a Regular Army Officer for 5 years after completing Sandhurst. To be eligible you must be reading of have a confirmed place to read for a recognised first honours degree in the UK. Competition for places is strong and the academic standards high.

BURSARIES

As a **Bursar** you are not commissioned while you are studying. Instead you promise to serve for 3 years once you have completed the course at Sandhurst. In return we will pay you a financial award to supplement your grant whilst you are studying.

A TWIN-TRACK OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU

Remember that the Army offers you a twin-track start to your career. If you find you like Army life and the career opportunities opening up for you, you can stay on after your three or five year commitment. Alternatively if you decide to return to civilian life you will be well placed to do so. The Army offers young men and women unrivalled training in leadership and man-management, plus much more responsibility than any civilian would get at the same age – so you get a head start on your civilian contemporaries as a trained and experienced leader and manager.



OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN

Young women are eligible to qualify for any of the schemes described herein. Opportunities for women now exist throughout the Army with the exception of the Infantry and the Royal Armoured Corps. Women are expected to do virtually everything the men are required to do (with the exception of front line combat roles), and are paid the same salary.

ARE WE LOOKING FOR HIGH FLYERS?

We have to expect a lot from our Officers and we're looking for the best people we can get, so it isn't easy by any means to get a scholarship or sponsorship. But if you've got what it takes, both in academic ability and in extra-curricular interests, you could qualify.

TO: SLO ARMY HQ SCOTLAND
EDINBURGH EH1 2YX

PLEASE SEND ME MORE INFORMATION ABOUT
ARMY SPONSORSHIP

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DOB _____



HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSION



FOREWORD

The School Magazine records the events, activities and personalities of the session now completed and adds a further chapter to the annals of the School. In this way it has a two-fold value. In the first place it recalls experiences still relatively fresh in our minds, and through its format and selection distills a kind of collective consciousness of the School year. Secondly, it provides a treasure-house of memories, which many years later can evoke a recollection of times past.

The latter purpose is well illustrated on the occasion of Year Group Reunions. In the course of this calendar year there are two. Towards the end of April the school-leavers of 1973 organised a most successful reunion weekend. On the Saturday morning some forty former pupils revisited the haunts of their youth, and were surprised to find so many interior changes, brought about by educational developments, within a context which still remained so familiar. A most interesting booklet documented their lives since leaving school, and it was gratifying to learn of their progress and fortunes. Once again, the School Magazine for that session provided a mine of information.

A similar reunion for former pupils who left in 1963 has been arranged for the beginning of October. It promises to be just as enjoyable and rewarding.

There are times, however, when the School Magazine is not available as a resource. Two such occasions have occurred this year. In the month of March a letter arrived from Australia requesting information about the School, and in particular about a former member of staff, who had taught in the Modern Languages Department from 1909 till 1912. The letter, written by a relative, refers to a Miss Janet F. Kellie who emigrated to Sydney, Australia, when she married a Professor Waterhouse, who was Professor of Modern Languages at the university there. It also contained photostats of references, one written in his own handwriting by a former Rector, John MacLennan, as well as a hand-written copy of the School Song. The writer was seeking information and photographs relating to that period. Unfortunately, the School Magazine, as we know it, was introduced in 1914, and we had to be content with sending such material as we have available today.

The other occasion was not even a near-miss. It was a letter enquiring about the existence of a Volunteer Cadet Force raised in 1881, attached to the 1st Fortarshire Rifle Volunteers in Dundee, and asking whether the cadets might have been pupils of our school. Our Cadet Contingent, however, dates from 1918, and, although there were editions of a School Magazine appearing in the last decade of last century, we were unable to provide detailed confirmation. The City Archivist, Iain Flett, on the other hand, was able to provide the information that the Curriculum Committee of the High School of Dundee on 13th April, 1881 did report "the arrangement made for Sergeant-Major Considine teaching Drill and Calisthenics in the High School premises during the two months of April and May remuneration £5.10s.0d". Whether the references are one and the same must remain in doubt.

All of this simply underlines the value of the School Magazine in the life of the School, not only for the present but also for the past. Once again we are deeply indebted to all those who by their contributions to its pages and their efforts in its realisation have combined to produce another rich chapter in the annals of the School.

The Rector

CONTENTS

FOREWORD	1
SCHOOL	3
F.P.NEWS	31
HOUSE REPORTS	45
SPORT	47
PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT	55
JUNIOR SCHOOL	61
SENIOR SCHOOL	73

Cover design : J.T. CUNNINGHAM

Thanks are due to Mrs. Rattray and others who assisted with the typing of articles.

R. C. STIVEN & CO.

OIL and PAINT MERCHANTS

**13 BELL STREET,
DUNDEE**

Telephone 27254

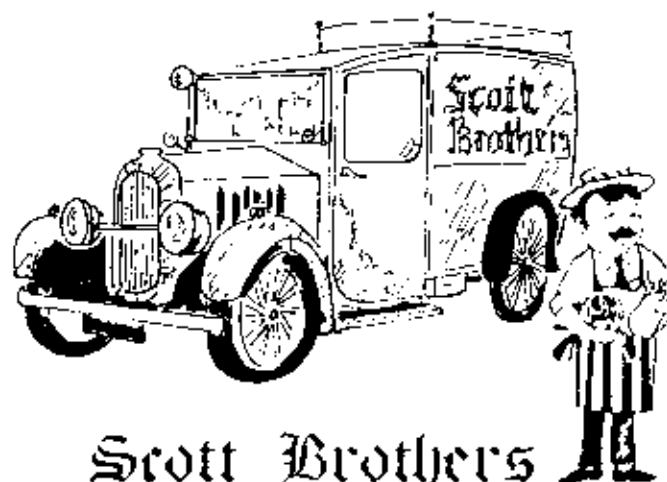
*WHOLESALE CHINA
DEPARTMENT*

**BROOK STREET,
DUNDEE**

Telephone 26487

Scott Brothers

Suppliers of the finest Scotch Beef, Lamb and Pork.



Scott Brothers

Wholesale and Retail Butchers

206 STRATHMARTINE ROAD
DUNDEE

Telephone: (0382) 819411-819412

BRANCHES AT - 205 7/8 Hilltown, Wedgate Market Hall,
191 Brook Street, Broughton Ferry

SCHOOL

CONGRATULATIONS

It was with much pleasure that the School learned of the appointment of the Right Reverend James Weatherhead as Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Mr Weatherhead is a former pupil and dux of the School. He went on to study law at Edinburgh University, to which he returned after a spell in the Royal Navy to complete his studies in divinity.

A former president of the Students' Representative Council, he was elected president of the University Union in 1959, one of very few people to attain both posts.

After serving in parishes in various parts of Scotland he has been for the past seven years Principal Clerk to the General Assembly.

STAFF NEWS

In the course of session 1992-93 a number of changes took place in the staff at 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 L M Hutchison (Junior Department) and Mr C J Dudgeon (Classics) left during the session. Miss E S M Sim (Physical Education) left at the end of the session to take up a post in George Watson's College, Edinburgh. We offer them our good wishes for the future.

To Miss E M Christie (Mathematics) and Mrs J M Crerar (Art) who have both taken early retirement we offer thanks and best wishes for the future.

During the session we were pleased to welcome new colleagues to the staff. Miss M E Jack, Miss L M Macarthur, Mrs G Wood, Mrs K Fletcher, Mr A R Lanchbury joined the staff of the Junior School and Dr E Duncanson (Biology), Mr C R McAdam (Geography) and Mrs I Rattray (Business Studies) joined the staff of the Senior School. All are now well-established in their posts.

VISITORS TO THE SCHOOL 1992-93

September

Dr Stanislaw Dylak. Head of Studies at the Department of Educational Technology in the Adam Mickiewicz University in Poznan, Poland.

Herr Burkhard Frisch and the exchange group from the Jugenddorf Christopherusschule, Oberurff, Zwesten, near Kassel, Germany.

Frau Zulidier-Kalter and a group of senior pupils from the Liebfrauenschule, Cologne, Germany.

November

Colonel John Blasford-Snell, explorer, adventurer, Operation Raleigh.

December

Very Rev Dr Michael Bunce, Provost of St Paul's Cathedral, Dundee.

June

Commodore R C Moore, M N I, Royal Navy
J Stuart Fair, MA, LLB, WSNP, Chairman of Court
University of Dundee, and Mrs Fair.

LAUREATES

In the St Andrews University Schools Classics Competition Aaron King FIII won the Intermediate Section and the Form II team was second in the Junior Latin Competition (Corinna Buchan, Elizabeth Gray, Alison Howe, Diane Law, Lucy Reid).

In the Scottish Mathematical Challenge Competition among the prize-winners in the Junior Section were Joanne Irons FII, Edward Childs FII, Katherine Snell FII.

In the Scottish Schools' Ski Championship held in March at Aonach Mor the school team of Michael Berkeley FIII, Paul Trayner FIV, Jamie Mitchell FVI, Malcolm Hay FVI, and Colin Inglis FIV won first place., The Senior Girls' Ski team (Jill Inglis FVI, Lucy Bower FVI, Julie Grewar FV, Fiona Morris FVI, Kate Taig FVI, Lucy McLaren FV, Rachael Thomson FVI) won fifth place.,

Once again this session we are pleased to give special mention to those pupils of the school who have been selected in various spheres to represent their country. Claire P A MacDonald FV played hockey for the Scottish Youth Squad, Douglas J Bett FV played for the Scottish Schools Under-16 team, Gail M Fullerton FIV was selected for the Scottish Schools' Table Tennis Team, Michael D Berkeley FIII and Paul Trayner FIV represented Scotland at Skiing, Greg Butchart FIII was selected for the Scotland Under-15 Cricket Team and Mark Fletcher FIV was a member of the Scottish national Youth Symphonic Wind Band. In Outdoor Swimming Tareq Sholi FIII and Robert Saunderson FV represented Scotland, Andrew Bancroft FV represented Scotland at Fly-fishing, Joanna Sutherland FII represented Scotland in Eventing and David Power FI in Windsurfing.

In the Trinity College Speech and Drama Examinations, exhibitions were awarded to Camilla Scott FV (Grade 7), Esme Gates FIII (grade 5) and Louise Lacaille FII (Grade 4). Each pupil gained the highest marks in the United Kingdom in her grade.

In the Scottish Schools' Swimming Championships Neil Bancroft FIII was fifth in the 100m Breast Stroke, Kirsty Hope FIII was first in the 100m Freestyle, Katie Lawson FIII was first in 400m Freestyle and Richard Hope FV was first in the 400m Freestyle.

OBITUARY

DENNIS J PATERSON - Chairman, Board of Directors, 1987-1992

Sadly, Dennis Paterson died just before Christmas. He had known for some time that his illness was terminal. It was all the more remarkable then that he chaired the meeting of the Board in October. That was the last meeting he attended and he was hardly out of the house thereafter.

This was one example of his courage. The other two things that stand out in my mind are that he completed his round in a gale at St Andrews in the R & A Autumn Meeting and caught a 20lb salmon in the River Dee in September. He was weak with his illness at the time and told me that it was very much a question of whether the salmon gave up first or whether he did himself.

Dennis Paterson was devoted to the School. He was educated here as were his three sons. He had been President of the Old Boys' Club. He always took a particularly keen interest in the Cadets, and I know he was proud and delighted, when he was invited to join the Board in 1984. Shortly thereafter he became Vice-Chairman, and succeeded David Shepherd as Chairman in 1987.

He was an active Chairman - always interested in the wider aspects of education - attending the meetings of the Governing Bodies' Association and encouraging other members of the Board to do so too. He had a particularly busy and onerous period during the celebrations of the 750 Anniversary. He chaired the meetings of the Board in a happy and humorous way and always had an appropriate quotation for any situation. He is greatly missed as Chairman - and friend.

G.A.B.

OBITUARY

GORDON J ROBBIE - Director 1952-1967. Secretary to the Board of Directors, 1967-1992.

December was a bad month for the School because we were also saddened by the death of Gordon Robbie.

Few people can have given as much to Dundee High as Gordon Robbie. He was a pupil here and an enthusiastic Old Boy. When I first came in contact with him in the early years after I left School he was responsible for getting me to pay up my subscription to the Old Boys' Club. This was just typical of his interest in the School.

He became Director in 1952 and when Mr Crichton retired Gordon Robbie was invited to take on the post of Secretary to the Board. He continued to serve the Board as Secretary for a remarkable twenty-five years, making a total of forty years in all - which must be a record.

Gordon Robbie was a good friend, a wise counsellor, and a faithful servant to the School and we all miss him.

G.A.B.

OBITUARY

MARGARET LARG

We were greatly saddened to learn in May of the death of Margaret Larg, who all her life had been associated with the School.

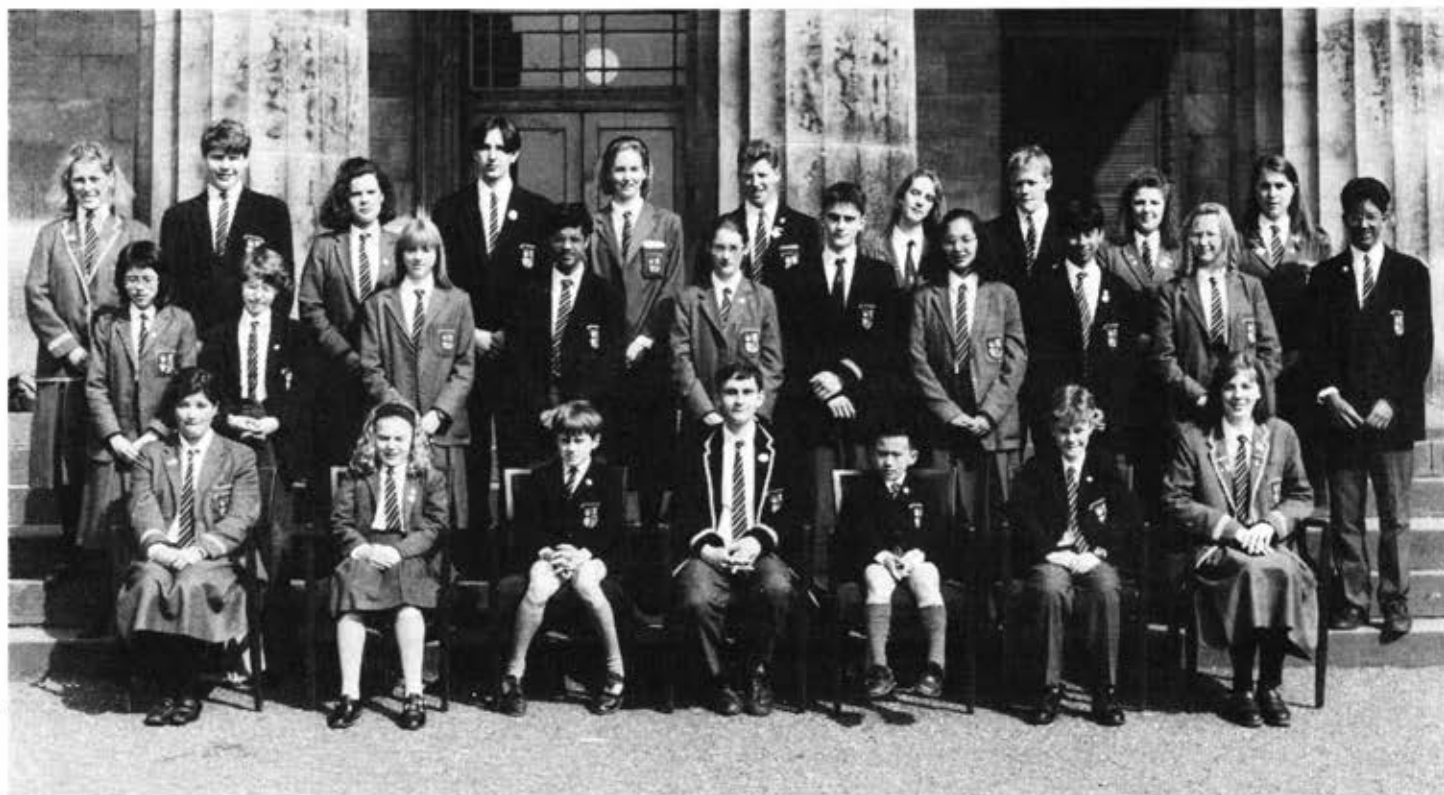
A former pupil of the School, she served as Secretary of the Old Girls' Club from 1938-40, before undertaking wartime service with the Wrens. Later, she served as President of the Old Girls' Club in 1957-58.

She is especially remembered for her service in the School Guide Company of which she was Captain. The Guide report of June 1961 includes the following:

"We are nearing the end of yet another successful Guide year, but it is with regret that we say goodbye to Miss Larg, our friend and Guider for many years. She has inspired us with her unfailing enthusiasm on all aspects of Guiding and Camp will be incomplete without her. Always she has been most generous and each year has procured the perfect setting at Tariside for camp. She also, on previous years, provided the Guide Companies with Patrol Shields."

A noted benefactress of the School, she will be greatly missed.

R.N.



DUX MEDALLISTS

SCRIPTURE UNION

It has been another challenging and encouraging year at S.U. Led by a committee of fifth and sixth years, we have covered various topics from relationships (male — female!) to the basics of Christian faith. Many thanks to Mrs Martin for her support and Kenny McKie, full-time S.U. worker, for his help. Thanks should also be given to the many guest speakers we have had to take meetings.

As well as the regular meetings on Wednesdays, we have had a bowling session as a group at Christmas and we are planning a ceilidh for Tayside S.U.s at the end of May. Also, due to demand from several L7s, we have started up Junior S.U. again after a gap of a few years. Mrs Houd's help in organising this, along with the use of her room, have been invaluable.

Various members have and will also take part in S.U. organised weekend and week-long camps, as well as Tayside S.U. meetings. These continue to be great fun as well as giving encouragement and teaching.

Finally, all the best for next year!

Joy Goodman F6.

SENIOR DRAMA CLUB (Tabs Theatre Company)

During the session 1992-93, Mr Illsley and Mr Durrheim continued the Senior Drama Club (known as TABS THEATRE COMPANY). Pupils in Forms 4-6 took part in a number of improvisations and the Club also held a number of specialist classes in subjects such as mime and stage make-up. Due to the pressure of rehearsing a play for the French trip and the demands of the summer term production of "A Murder Is Announced", TABS members were not able to put on a show of their own this year, but most of us were involved in both productions. We look forward to next session when it is hoped that there will be an opportunity to stage a production in term two.

CHESS CLUBS 1992-93

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.

The School Chess Club, which met on Monday evenings in Mr Durrheim's room, entered two teams in *The Scotsman Competition* and one team in *The Times Championship*. During the second 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*. The event was as successful as last year's effort and, once again, two teams came all the way from Wick. All who took part enjoyed the experience and appreciated the chance to meet up in Dundee.

The Club warmly congratulates Randhir Koli who won the Beckingham Trophy, Jennifer Stewart who won the Girls' Competition and Henry Villiers Briscoe who won the Intermediate Competition.

R.N. 1992-93

Session 1992-93 has again proved a busy year for the C.C.F. (R.N.) Section.

The Section numbers grew to 40 to include seven girls for the first time in the history of the Section — a very welcome addition. At the same time, Dr Jacqueline Andrews, Head of Biology, was recruited as Sub-Lieutenant. This year saw Sub-Lieutenant Cochrane uprated to Lieutenant.

Through the session several senior boys were awarded the Naval Proficiency Certificate and as this goes to print 12 more cadets, boys and girls are uprated to Able Seamen.

Thanks are expressed for their continuing support to Mr T. Baher (sailing), C.P.O. Wardrop, of H.M.S. Camperdown for Powerboating and Rigging and to our Area Instructor, C.O.P. (P.E.) Phil Richards who is forced into early retirement due to a R.N. change of policy.
Lieutenant R. Cochrane.

THE LIBRARY

The last year has seen big changes in the library. At the end of June, we took delivery of two Dell computers and a CD-ROM. Slowly, the catalogue is being computerised and just after Christmas all books taken out were recorded in the computer. The aim is to issue all pupils and staff with laminated library cards instead of readers' tickets and each person will have an I.D. number which will be used to record the books borrowed. This method of issuing and returning books will hopefully be quicker and more accurate than the present system of tickets and book cards. The computer does not like overdue books and so very quickly identifies people who do not return their books on time. This has already resulted in books being returned more quickly. It is hoped that by the beginning of the new school year in August, that the issuing system will be completely automated.

The CD-ROM has opened up a whole new world for both staff and pupils, the Encyclopaedia CD makes research easy and interesting, the Mammals CD talks, the Atlas CD produces maps and statistics which can be printed out, NERIS produces resources for staff curriculum development and for pupils looking for information for investigations. There seems to be no end to advancement in IT inter-active video with CD-ROM looks interesting!

In the Autumn the children of the Junior Department enjoyed visits from two authors, Aileen Paterson and Alison Prince. These visits are always very popular and I have already started planning author visits for next October. In addition to the planned visits, Duncan Williamson told stories about travelling people to L7 in March. Duncan Williamson comes from the travelling people and has published several books of their stories. In April, L4 went to the Wellgate Library to hear Christopher Awdry talk about Thomas the Tank Engine.

More and more children are using the resources of the library and the result is that there is never enough time to do all the things that should be done but as I write this I am planning the next stage of development. Watch this space next year and all will be revealed!

Mrs S. Morrison, Librarian.

HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE RAINBOW REPORT

The Rainbow Guides began their session 1992/93 with a full complement of eighteen Rainbows and a lengthy waiting list. Following our Eight Point Programme as set down by the Girl Guide Association we chose the theme "Caring" for the session. Initially we looked at caring for ourselves and subsequently widened this to caring in our environment.

During this time our new Rainbows were duly enrolled and became proud members of the group.

Throughout the year we had visitors to our meetings. First of all, Mrs Scott from Baldragon Farm, a frequent visitor, provided us with interesting cooking and decorating ideas. Another visitor was the new District Commissioner who was keen to become familiar with the girls. Finally, we had our now annual visit from the dental hygienist who provided us with an interesting afternoon on how to look after our teeth.

Ideally at Rainbows we like to spend more time out of doors. We had two enjoyable visits this year. First of all we travelled to the Hatton Farm to see the new delivery of

piglets. Mr and Mrs Batchelor look us on a tour of the farm on the trailer. We followed this by having a picnic and games in the garden. The pink pig biscuits were particularly tasty! Next we travelled to Lundie Castle Farm where Mrs Arbuckle explained how a dairy farm works. The girls particularly enjoyed seeing and stroking the day old calves.

Celebrations during the year consisted of a Christmas Party for our dolls and a Hallowe'en Party. The highlight of the year has always been the Rainbow Barbecue held at Baldragon Farm and this year was no exception. A treasure hunt, games, songs and scrumptious hot dogs enabled us to have a super time.

I would like to thank Mrs Hamilton, Miss Jack and Miss Cardno for all their assistance in the weekly running of our meetings and to Mrs Arbuckle, Mr and Mrs Scott and Mr and Mrs Batchelor for allowing us to visit them.

Irene McIntosh.

CADET REPORT

1992/93 has been another successful year for the D.H.S. Cadet Force. It has been packed full of activities such as abseiling, shooting (with one of our seven shooting teams winning their National TARA League) and of course training at Barry Buddon to mention but a few. We have also seen the arrival of Captain McAdam and Mr Nicol, who have both proved to be a vital asset to the Cadet Force.

There has been a number of extremely successful night exercises, with all cadets involved showing one hundred per cent effort and enthusiasm.

Our biennial inspection came around this year and our inspecting officer was Commodore R. C Moore, Commander of Minor War Vessels and Mine Warfare. After a brief, formal inspection of the R.N. Section he had lunch with the Directors and then proceeded to go round both R.N. and Army Sections at various locations where they were working at various training activities.

Lastly, I would like to congratulate the band, who were recently involved in an outing at Camperdown Park, where they performed as usual to an extremely high standard.

Thanks must go to all the cadets and of course the staff members concerned, who spent considerable time planning and organising the activities which were all enjoyed so much.

JILL INGLIS.

VOLUNTARY SERVICE

This year there were more pupils than ever trying to join voluntary service. We sent couples to the Lilybank Family Centre and the Bruce Street Family Centre.

Some pupils have been involved in the School Brownies, visiting old folks' homes, visiting the housebound at King Street Sheltered Housing and writing to the housebound. At Christmas, we packed and wrapped parcels to go to Bosnia with food and toys in them.

This is a very rewarding Friday 9, and it's great to see how much help and happiness a little of your time can bring.



PREFECTS



SIXTH YEAR



ELEANOR M. CHRISTIE

A bolt from the blue or rather a dart from the bow of Cupid has pierced the air of stability that was beginning to permeate the Mathematics Department as it serenely approached the end of a third consecutive session devoid of any changes in personnel.

Of course we are delighted that Eleanor is to be married in September. In fact there is cause for a double celebration for her future husband, Ken Melvin is well-known in High School circles having recently taught part-time in the English Department. I am told it was during the school classics trip to Italy in the Spring of '92 that the initial bond of what was to become a very special relationship was formed. Having together enjoyed a year long courtship they decided to get engaged and we wish them both the very best of health and happiness in the years ahead.

The sad part in all of this, as far as the Mathematics Department is concerned is that Eleanor is taking the opportunity to put her career behind her in order to become a devoted full-time wife. We shall miss her greatly for she has become a most invaluable member of our team.

When she joined the staff of the High School in 1985 from Bell Baxter, Eleanor quickly established herself as a highly competent teacher. In her stay with us, Mathematics has been subjected to almost continual change — change in the curriculum, change in methodology, change in assessment procedures, etc. as first 'Standard Grade' then 'Revised Higher Grade' and latterly '5-14' have all been introduced — and while this has involved much soul-searching and burning of midnight oil, she gave of her time willingly and there was never any complaint from her. She has bravely shouldered all the increased responsibility that this has entailed and played a leading role in the development and implementation of these new courses.

Having an impressive academic background herself, she has set her pupils correspondingly high standards, whatever their ability, and she coaxed them and cajoled them relentlessly to their limit in order that these targets might be attained. A potent mixture of her natural flair for

teaching, professional classroom manner, enthusiasm and strict code of discipline could hardly fail to produce an inspiring atmosphere for learning and many of her pupils will look back and reflect on how fortunate they were to have experienced such expertise. Her senior pupils have usually rewarded her with results in the SCE examinations, second to none, but she has also tasted success with her younger pupils after she encouraged them to enter for the 'Mathematical Challenge' competition. It is little wonder she is greatly respected by pupils and staff alike.

Outside the classroom her desire to keep abreast of new developments has made her a regular attendee at in-service courses. She has shown herself to be a caring and conscientious group teacher who becomes fully committed to the welfare of her girls. Her varied talents have also come to the aid of the PE Department on Sports Day, the Form 1 Multi-Activity courses and the Magazine Committee to whom she was responsible for advertising.

Her decision to leave teaching prematurely is a great loss to the school but during her eight years of loyal service we in the Mathematics Department are just happy to have had the benefit of her teaching skills and the pleasure of her company. We truly thank her for the immense contribution she has made to the work of the department and we wish her all the very best in the future.



MRS JEAN M. CRERAR

After 22 years of dedicated service in the Art Department, Mrs Crerar has decided to "call it a day" and take "very" early retirement.

Jean Crerar came to Dundee High School from Harris Academy, and immediately threw herself into the work and activities of the Art Department. Her bright smile and open friendliness quickly made her very popular with staff and pupils. She soon became established as a most dedicated member of staff, carrying out tasks far beyond the call of duty. She frequently gave up her morning break or part of her lunch hour in order to coach some Higher or 'O' Grade pupil who had fallen behind

with his or her work. With the introduction of the Standard Grade and revised Higher examinations, Jean spent many days of her summer holidays in school researching and preparing units for the new courses.

One notable feature of Jean's work was the thoroughness with which it was prepared and carried out. Non-teaching periods were spent in precise lesson preparation. Each future task, appointment and examination was carefully noted in her diary, and acted upon at the appropriate time. This professionalism in her work helped to inspire confidence in her charges. Her Junior classes adored her, and her Senior pupils responded to her wide knowledge of her subject, and gave of their best. Jean was never patronising, and she gained the respect of the pupils through talking to them as friends. Of course, she showed firmness too when required, and a "stony glare" was usually enough to bring a wrongdoer to heel.

As a colleague, Jean Crerar was outstanding. She was always willing to undertake any task within the department, very often cheerfully volunteering to do so. Her keen sense of humour and her bright disposition helped to make the Art Department a pleasant place to be. Also, visitors to the Art Department would testify to her excellence in percolating coffee.

After so many years of loyal service, Jean will be missed in the school and in the Art Department, but she has earned a long and happy retirement which we all hope she will have with her husband, Bob, at their home in the "East Neuk o' Fife".

D.P.M.



MISS E.S.M. SIM

When Miss Sim joined the staff in November 1981 she was returning to a school which she knew well, having been a pupil there.

With that commitment and enthusiasm which are her hallmarks she soon became immersed in the extensive range of activities which make up the life a busy Physical Education Department. Her worth as a

coach and mentor was very soon in evidence, and a sequence of sports teams quickly learned to appreciate her guidance and advice. Many are the successes her teams have won, and particularly in Girls' Hockey she has produced champion teams who have won top honours.

It came as no surprise, when early in the eighties she volunteered to assist with the introduction of girls to the Cadet Contingent. This important initiative benefited considerably from her leadership and drive, and it must be a matter of pride that the initiative grew to be so successful so quickly. Once again her high standards of achievement were soon noticed by the Army authorities and she was promoted to Captain. On several occasions she was selected to represent the Cadet Officers for the whole of the United Kingdom at prestigious conferences in this country and in Canada. Her contribution to the life and work of the Cadet Contingent has been invaluable.

During her years with us Miss Sim has shown herself to be a well-liked colleague on the staff and has attracted the respect of her pupils. Her departure leaves a place which will be difficult to fill. We are very sorry to lose her, but in taking up her new post in George Watson's College, Edinburgh, she leaves with our best wishes for her future happiness.

ANNUAL BROWNIE REPORT 1992-1993

We started another successful year, welcoming 14 new Brownies from our D.H.S. Rainbows, taking us to our full complement. Our first task of the year was to help those less fortunate than ourselves in Dundee. One of the local Ranger packs had connections with the Wishart Centre and I was delighted to hand over six large bags of various items, ranging from soap to clothes, donated by our Brownies.

We then moved on to our first party of the year — the Hallowe'en Party, with competitions for Fancy Dress and Turnip Lanterns. Our thanks must once again go to Miss Knight, Head of the Preparatory Department, for being a most fair judge. I don't think anyone would envy being judge of such strong competition!

The new Brownies took their promise on the 20th of November, 1992 and many of the girls' parents came to watch and join us for a cup of tea and entertainments afterwards.

Our Christmas Party involved a Treasure Hunt round the school followed by a party tea and carol singing. The L5 girls were very busy in February preparing for their Hostess badge and I'm sure the ladies of the Preparatory and Junior Departments will agree they were well looked after, well done girls!

One of our greatest achievements this year has been the First Aid badge. The girls spent many weeks learning and practising the basics of First Aid and all obtained their badge. The girls were eager and keen to learn and all deserved the reward for their hard work. The L5 girls also had the pleasure of cooking for our District Commissioner, Mrs Spalding, and, as she survived, all attained their Cook's badge!

Our busy and eventful year came to a close with a venture of a very different kind — a trip to the ten-pin bowling alley followed by — a McDonalds! We would like to wish our L5 Brownies all the best for their years in

Guides and we look forward to another busy and exciting session. May I just take this opportunity to thank Miss Halliday for all her hard work and support over the year and to all others who helped in any way during the session.

Mrs P. M. Baxter, Brown Owl.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

"Symphonic Variations No. 92/93"

1. **Allegro Vivace**

The department has had a full and rewarding year with our usual little hiccups along the way. There have been two developments on the curricular side, firstly the introduction by the school of Short Course Music for pupils in F3 and F4, and secondly the welcomed addition of Mrs A. Duffus to the class teaching staff. Another addition to the department will be a Kwai grand piano to be used primarily for S.E.B. examinations.

Once again under the assured guidance of Mrs M. Boyle (Principal Instructor) the team of full and part-time instructors have been kept very busy, tutoring in excess of 300 pupils from the Prep., Primary and Secondary Departments, achieving both demanding and rewarding results. Miss S. Madeley (guitar) and Mr M. Brown (percussion) joined the staff of part-time instructors.

This year there have been well over 80 presentations at the Trinity College and A/B examinations with a good number of Merit passes collected in both the December 1992 and March 1993 sittings. Similar results are expected in June 1993.

2. **Pin mosso Agitato**

The ex-curricular side has gone through something of a 'renaissance' with a marked upturn in all activities. The school often suffers from an "embarrassment of riches" and this is certainly true of the music department. The current list of weekly activities offered in Senior and Junior Wind Bands, Senior and Junior School Orchestras, Senior and Junior School Recorder Groups, Guitar Groups, Brass and other various ensembles, Senior Choir, F1-2 Girls' Choir, Boys "Changing Voices" Choir, and Girls L5-L7 Choir. Finding a rehearsal times for so many activities has for many years been a source of mild hysteria and subsequently we plan to re-structure some activities next session.

The annual round of Christmas activities were all well received. The church service saw competent performances from the Junior School Choir (conducted by Mrs K. Laidlaw, accompanied by Mrs M. Boyle) and the Senior Choir (conducted by Mr D. Laidlaw, accompanied by Mr R. Cochrane). Pupils from the instrumental and Standard Grade areas of the department under the direction of Mrs J. Melville and Miss G. Simpson gave informal recitals at two lunch-times in Meadowside, with proceeds going to the Christmas Appeal. Thanks are expressed to all staff for their assistance with this venture, especially to Mrs Morrison and Mrs Phillips. A group of pupils also entertained patients at Ninewells Hospital over the festive period.

3. **Tutti-Fortissimo**

The Senior School Concerts were held over two evenings in March to near capacity audiences in Trinity Hall. Once again the high standards of performance paid tribute to the commitment and skill of both staff and pupils. The lengthy duration of the programme stands testimony to the volume of work undertaken "ex-curricularly" by the department — a fact often under-

estimated within areas of the school community. It is gratifying to note, however, that despite the present climate of cut-backs and political endeavours to devalue the arts nationally, DHS still supports a large and thriving music department offering a traditional and aesthetically important area of the education curriculum.

The String Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs G. Simpson opened the programme with an ambitious selection of 'classics' including a mature performance of the 1st Movement of 'Spring' from Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" featuring the leader, Adam King as soloist (Nigel Kennedy, eat your Strad!)

It was particularly pleasing to see over 60 pupils involved in the Junior and Senior Wind Bands. The Junior Band under the direction of Mr D. Ovenden and Mr D. Laidlaw (with assistance from Mrs M. Cleghorn) made a commendable debut which augurs well for the future. The Senior Band under the direction of Mr W. Boyle gave an assured performance of "The High School Cadets' March" and a popular selection from "Cats".

The Senior Recorder Group under the watchful eye of Mrs J. Melville made the most of the hall's acoustics, which are suitable for smaller rather than larger instrumental ensembles. They produced an accomplished sound, particularly in the delightful "Hebridean Suite". Selections from "The Capriol Suite" by Warlock were also well received.

The Boys "Changing Voices" Choir gave spirited renditions of songs from "Jesus Christ Superstar" under the careful direction of Mr R. Cochrane. The Girls F1-3 Choir under the baton of Mrs K. Laidlaw performed the lively "Jonah Man Jazz" with a great sense of style and panache. The part of the narrator (God) played by Lawrence Sum — or was it vice versa? (PS — who invited the whale?)

Vocal Ensemble Groups taken from the Senior Choir performed items from G & S operettas having recently transferred from a successful outing (winning the John Ritchie Memorial Trophy) in the Perth Schools' Music Festival — the school is barred from taking part in the Dundee version! The three little horrors amused us with the "Three Little Maids" (Mikado) and the three assorted stooges gave a "manly" rendition of "We Are Warriors Three" (Princess Ida) — rumour has it the latter often doubles as the former! The trio "A Man Who Would Woo" (Yeoman) merited the John Ritchie award, and the quartet "When A Wooer" (Yeoman) was beautifully performed with poise (especially the jester — Sam Kyeremateng). All were directed by Mr R. Cochrane in his inimitable style.

The delightful tones of Suzie Henderson were further heard in a selection of songs which won her the Larg Trophy for voice in the music competitions. A special mention goes to Nina Srinivasan who played a sensitive "Rosemary" (F Bridge) and "Impromptu in A flat" (F Schubert) having clinched not only the open piano award but also the Premier Quaich Award. Nina is the only pupil (to date) to have won the Quaich (top award) on two instruments (1991/2 — cello; 1992/3 — piano), a noteworthy achievement.

The Senior Choir provided a fitting climax to the programme with polished (eventually!) performances of "A Musical Romance" (arr. D. Laidlaw) and selections from "Cabaret" (arr. R. Cochrane), the latter incorporating a fine cameo from Head Boy, Sam Kyeremateng (nice falsetto technique Sam!) as "mine host" and a "moving" "two ladies" number with Nina and Catherine Stevenson. Suzie Henderson and Adam King provided the solo spots in the "Musical Romance" medley.

The longest item on the programme was given by the youngest ensemble, the Girls L5-7 Choir, under the direction of Mrs K. Laidlaw. The story of "The Wind In The Willows" was told in the 'pop cantata' "Supertoad". It is a long, difficult work for such young voices (including soloists) and the quality of singing and enthusiasm of all involved provided two performances of which we should all be proud. (All this despite the hindrance of Mrs Boyle, Mr Laidlaw and some dodgy microphone stands!) Thanks are expressed to Mrs O. Jack for her assistance in providing masks and costumes.

Congratulations and many thanks to all who helped and attended the concerts.

4. Moderato-Allargando

The music competitions have again proved popular although the timing of these events never suits everyone due to the heavy commitments of staff and pupils throughout the school. Once again, the instructor staff in particular, made extra time (somehow) to rehearse, research, accompany and arrange both competitions involving some 350+ pupils. Mr W. Ritchie (Glasgow Academy) kindly adjudicated at the Senior Competition, officiating with a sympathetic ear and in his customary efficient manner. The main prizewinners were: Premier Quaich — Nina Srinivasan; Open Piano — Nina Srinivasan; Open Strings — Adam King; Larg Trophy (Voice) — Suzie Henderson; Southgate Ensemble — Nina Srinivasan, Simon Allison, Adam King. The Junior competitions will be held in June when we will welcome back as adjudicator, Mrs E. Sturrock, former A.P.T. at the school. Good luck to all competitors.

The Leng Silver Medals for singing were awarded by Mr A. Perry (Adviser, Tayside) to Mary Marcella Seymour (F3), Struan Sewell (F1) and Alastair Young (L7).

The Junior Strings performed on two nights at the Junior School Panto, starting off the proceedings with a selection of Christmas Carols with solos from Evan Crosby (L6) and Michael Lawson (L7).

Jenny Birrell (F6) was awarded the Norah Leggatt Prize for A/E Grade 7 Piano for obtaining the highest mark in Tayside.

5. Coda-Lento

In May, the department was honoured with an invitation to provide music at the reception in the Signet Library, Edinburgh, given by the Moderator of the General Assembly. Mrs Melville and Miss Simpson were duly despatched with the Senior Recorder Group and a Senior String Ensemble who performed with great credit, returning with many words of praise (and many Mars Bars and sausage rolls!) On 10th June, a sizeable representation from the department will entertain at a charity concert in aid of Romania at St Paul's Church, Nethergate arranged in conjunction with Miss E. Dickson.

At this time, Mr Cochrane, Mrs Melville and Miss Simpson are preparing for the inaugural "Music/Drama" trip to France (see separate report). We wish them 'bon voyage'!

In conclusion, the department has had another hectic yet rewarding session, both curricular and ex-curricular, class and instructing. We would like to express our sincere gratitude to all teaching, management and auxiliary staff for their patience and co-operation throughout the session.

This time next year, we hope to have "hung up our spurs" on another (hopefully) successful "Opera Production, O.K.?"

D.L.



SHIPPING AND INDUSTRY

GAS OIL, MARINE DIESEL AND
FUEL IN A RANGE FROM
200SECS (30CST)
TO 950 SECS (120 CST)

DUNDEE 462211

FAX (0382) 456846
TELEX 76355

NYNAS UK AB
EAST CAMPERDOWN STREET
DUNDEE DD1 3LG

B & H

BURNS & HARRIS (RETAIL) Ltd.

EXTENSIVE SELECTION OF

*Stationery, Technical,
Art and Craft Materials*

BY LEADING MANUFACTURERS



163-165 Overgate Dundee and 11 The Postings Kirkcaldy
Tel: (0382) 22591 Tel: (0592) 644004

REPORT FROM SPEECH AND DRAMA DEPARTMENT

"Frankenstein the Panto" by David Swan was the Christmas 1992 offering from the department.

Large audiences entered into the spirit of the occasion, the cast of senior pupils enjoyed themselves and, in spite of the short-comings of the venue, the staff survived the trauma of difficulties sent to try them.

During the Spring term, Form II pupils overcame "The Evil Eye of Gondor" by Bryan Owen in the Music Centre and Form III worked hard to produce three contrasting one-act plays chosen to stretch their abilities and which were well suited to the familiar setting of the Girls' School Hall.

In the Summer term, Form I, with help from L5 and L6 girls, enacted episodes from children's classics in the form of "The Other Children" by Margaret Harding.

In all some 130 children chose to "tread the boards" in speech and drama productions. Excellent results were obtained in Trinity College exams. Five Form VI girls leave school the proud owners of Performers' Certificates.

We congratulate them and Camilla, Esme and Louise on gaining Exhibition awards for Grade 7, 5 and 4 respectively.



FRANKSTEIN THE PANTO



FORM 3 MAKE YOUR PLAY



FORM 2 EVIL EYE OF GONDOR



THE OLD GIRLS' REUNION

In November, 1992, myself and Zoe accompanied Mr Illsley to Mrs Scott's house where the 'Old Girls' of the school were having a reunion. When I say old girls, I mean ladies that once were pupils of our school, the High School of Dundee. Many of the ladies who were meeting at this reunion had not seen their old friends for a good number of years. These ladies certainly provided us with a valuable history of what our school was like for them, in their day.

While I interviewed the ladies, Zoe helped film the interview with Mr Illsley, which was an unforgettable experience for both of us.

The ladies told us about the type of uniform they used to wear and what we found surprising was that their hockey kit was very similar to their school uniform.

Another thing that has changed over the years is the idea of mixed classes. In their day, there were separate classes for girls and boys hence the titles of 'The Girls's School' and 'The Boys' School'.

They also informed us of the subjects they studied when they were our age, which we found to be very different from those which we are currently studying. Obviously there were no computers, and the girls' studies concentrated on more domestic subjects than our pupils study nowadays.

We finished the day's visit with tea and cakes.

We would like to thank Mrs Scott for being such a kind hostess and Mr Illsley for making the day possible and of course all the ladies for giving us an insight into their past school days.

Martel Maxwell
and Zoe Schmid

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT 1992-93

External forces seem to an extent to have conspired against the Literary and Debating Society in the past twelve months. The 1992 annual report, which was a positive account of a successful year, mysteriously got lost 'twixt keyboard and printer and failed to make the pages of the magazine. This session, the failures have been in the organisation of some of the competitions in which we have been accustomed to participate.

There therefore follows an amalgamated report of the best bits of last year compared to this.

High School has a distinguished record of participation in the competition which was organised from 1976 onwards by the *Press and Journal*. We have frequently been represented in the final, and in 1984 won the first prize of a week in Denmark. In 1992, two DHS teams made it to the semi-finals. In 1993, apparently due to organisational difficulties within the newspaper, the competition simply ceased to exist, thus depriving three teams of the opportunity to speak in what has always been an enjoyable tournament.

In the ESU report for 1992, it was noted that our debating team of Caroline Collins and Manasi Das, both Form IV, spoke with passion and conviction and showed themselves to be mistresses of the art of the verbal put-down. They reached the third round of the competition and gave notice that they would be a force to be reckoned with the following year. However, it was not to be; the School's entry to the competition this year was lost in the post.

The greatest success of 1991 was when a team consisting of Colin Stewart and Michael Linehan came through five debates to achieve a place in the final of the Cambridge Union Society competition. This was the second year running that DHS had been represented in the final of this tournament, which is open to schools throughout Britain. In December 1992 we set off to the Scottish heat in Edinburgh, to find that whereas we had been informed of a single debate involving four teams, in which we were to sum up, there were in fact to be two consecutive debates on different motions, involving twelve teams, in the second of which our novice team was to speak in the middle of the table. Even the coach of the one team which went through was not impressed that night!

Shortly afterwards, we enjoyed a stimulating afternoon in the Girls' School Hall, when for the first time the Senior House Debate was conducted in parliamentary style. An audience composed of Form VI listened to twelve pupils debate the motion that "This House would terminate the tabloids", and then had the opportunity to see some of our most distinguished former debaters in action in the floor debate while the judges made their decision. Adam King, Form VI, was adjudged the best individual speaker and presented with the new award of the Cambridge Gavel, commemorating the achievement of Paul Nimmo in winning best individual speaker in the Cambridge Union final in 1990. Aystree was the winning House.

The season ended on another positive note. In the spring term there was organised within Tayside a new tournament for senior pupils, in an attempt to compensate for the demise of the *P and J*. Two teams from DHS took part in this, and Susie Gledhill and Neil Stevenson, both FIII, did themselves credit not only by reaching the final but by speaking with both humour and conviction against much more senior opponents. The *Dundee Courier* were kind enough to present a handsome cup

as the trophy for this new competition, and we hope we may look forward to participating in its development in future years.

With that in mind, perhaps we may look back to an observation offered to us by the Rt. Hon. Bernard Weatherill in the course of another of the high points of last session. In November 1991, we had the great privilege of being invited to participate in a Youth Parliament held in the City Chambers as part of the Dundee 800 celebrations. Pupils from eight Tayside schools debated a series of motions, enlivened by contributions from the University of Dundee debating team, under the chairmanship of the Rt. Hon. Bernard Weatherill, M.P., Speaker of the House of Commons. It was indeed a right honour to see Mr Weatherill in action in person, and an experience which both pupils and staff greatly enjoyed.

The following spring, at the time of the General Election, Mrs McGrath organised a series of lunch-time debates to cover issues such as health, education and the economic state of Britain. Extremely lively and very well attended, these debates seemed to offer proof of the quotation offered to us by the Speaker: "Tell me, and I forget. Show me, and I remember. But *involve* me, and I understand."

There are plenty of opportunities to become involved at every level at school. Both debating and public speaking are tremendous fun, provide a chance to sharpen your wits against others and allow you to make friends with people in other schools. Those attracted to the ESU competitions should come to Mrs Collie's room on Thursday lunch-times; prospective parliamentarians to Mrs McGrath's on Mondays (and every other day, mid-season!). Why not give it a try and become one of the *involved* people?

THE YOUNG SPEAKERS' CLUB

During the 1992-93 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. This year, both our teams made it to the semi-finals of the *Courier/TSB* debating competition. Members of the Club were invited to attend the final in Lower Parliament Hall, St Andrews University, an occasion full of pomp and circumstance, which was broadcast on Grampian Television and Radio Tay's Campus Radio programme. Ross Cargill and Tareq Sholi proved that there is real depth in our Club. They are to be congratulated on coming second in the final of *Dundee Speakers' Club* public speaking competition held in the Bell Street Music Centre.

LIBERAL STUDIES

As part of the F6 programme it has been the custom for many years now to have a two-period slot each week in which various aspects of the wider world are brought before the scrutiny of F6 for their consideration and enlightenment. The programme deals with student life, finance, health and the wider world. This session one of the highlights of the latter section of the programme was the talk given by Helen Sharman, the first British astronaut in space. This was given at the Dundee Institute of Technology and illustrates the limits built up over the years between school and places of tertiary education, for the University of Dundee provide speakers for the programme also. These links are much appreciated by us in the school.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL

Once again the generosity of staff, pupils and parents exceeded our wildest hopes and, even in such hard economic times, the sum raised in each was greater than last year's. In addition, we were able to supply six parcels of staple foods and one substantial parcel of clothing for a village in Croatia. The main thrust of our overseas aid, however, was directed to helping a school in Marghita, Romania. Their "shopping list" sent over, almost apologetically was headed by jotters, pens, pencils. The school rallied round and the school council of senior prefects and F6 common room committee members went round classes asking for help. The response was magnificent. Not only have we been able to supply the basics, but we have been able to send out the major items which had been asked for more in a spirit of hope than expectation — solar powered calculators, overhead projector and not one but three typewriters — these last being kindly donated. The goods will have reached Marghita by the time this magazine reached its public and we may be able to update the information on use to which it has been put as the church link will have been out to Marghita and back by then.

A longer term project has been embarked on, also on behalf of the Christmas Appeal. We have taken on the care of sponsoring a boy and a girl in the Third World so that they might be educated. We now know that our children are Monica Njuki of Kenya and Joel Sambrano of the Philippines. Birthday cards have been sent by those who share birth dates with them. Their photos are printed in the magazine.

By these means we are trying to ensure that the true meaning of Christmas is spread throughout the year.

László Fazakas
3775 Marghita
str. Horea 5.
Jud. Bihor, Romania

30 May 1993

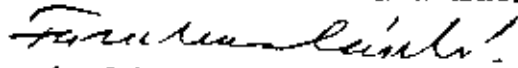
Miss Elisabeth Dickson
Dundee High School
Dundee , Angus
Scotland, U.K.

Dear Miss Dickson,

Although a bit later than I wanted, please accept our warm thanks for helping us so efficient with solar-powered calculators, paper, G.N.P., pens, pencils, jotters — both for church and school use, all given by pupils and the school.

Please convey our thanks to everyone was helping us by your guidance. May the Almighty God bless you all endeavour. Blessed be His holy Name!

With best wishes and much love to all of you,


László Fazakas



MONICA MUTHONI NJUKI

Monica lives in Githima, Kenya and is nine years old. She is our sponsored child, through our Christmas Appeal, we will be funding her education till she is eighteen.

PARTNER PLAN CHILDREN

As part of the disbursement of our Christmas Appeal monies it was decided this year that we would undertake to provide money through Partner Plan for the education of a boy and a girl in the Third World.

This is a long-term commitment — nine years — but one which can be terminated if, for any reason, it was necessary to do so.

We have been given "our" children and have been told a bit about them and where they live. The classes in our Junior Department who are of the same age have been told quite a lot about them and already birthday cards have been sent out. For the rest of the school it seemed appropriate that some information should be given in the Magazine.

Monica Muthoni Njuki was born on the 20th April, 1984. She has three brothers and three sisters. Her parents are both farmers and the family live in Githima in Kenya. The family live in a medium-sized three room house with an earth floor, mud walls and a roof of corrugated sheets. They cook on firewood, do not have a separate kitchen but do have a private pit latrine.

Our boy partner is Joel Sambrano who was born on 20th May, 1984. He lives in Digdigon, New Goa in the Philippines with his father while his mother has to work as a house helper far away from her own family. He has four brothers and one sister all unemployed. The father's wage as a labourer is barely sufficient to cover the food, clothing, housing and education expenses. They live in a two-roomed bamboo walled house with one window. The water supply comes from a spring 80 metres away from the house and it is insufficient for them.

There are strict rules as to what we can send to our partner children, but letters and cards can be sent via the school and hence down to London for forward shipment to the children.

We look forward eagerly to our first replies and hope that this will be a positive, caring, sharing link which will endure.

The pupils will be hearing more about the countries through Geography and it could provide our pupils with an interesting cross-curricular set of lessons as we are told of the Festivals, food and customs of these other countries.



JOEL SAMBRANO

Joel lives in NEW GOA, PHILIPPINES and is nine years old. He is our new sponsored child through our Christmas Appeal, we will be funding his education until he is eighteen.



PLAN INTERNATIONAL KIAMBU

To Foster Parent **DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL** Prefix & No **UK-057260**

From Foster Child **MONICA MUTHONI NJUKI** Prefix & No 57- 11316

Apr. 7/93

Much greetings from me Cousin to Monica. We are very happy to know that Monica has a new friend from United Kingdom

Monica is a young girl and is in Standard four now. Now she is at home for we have closed school and it will be opened in the first week of May

Now we have planted and people are looking forward to start weeding we have heard that you are a very new friend and we would like to see you.

Goodbye for now till we write again

Cousin — Murimi.

Letter written by:

KIA 7



SELF DEFENCE

Afraid to walk the streets at night — we aren't! A slight exaggeration but we are now more aware of the problems and possible dangers which can arise. We have also learned how to avoid certain situations and release ourselves from the clutches of an attacker.

Our new found confidence is due to a self-defence class, organised by the school, for 5th year girls. We were the pilot group and didn't know quite what to expect, but we were pleasantly surprised. On Friday afternoons, twelve of us, accompanied by the brave Mrs Fletcher, made our way up to "The House of the Samurai" in Dens Street to learn new skills. The course lasted five weeks.

Instructed by the 'entertaining' Mr Ross, the lesson began with a warm-up. It was here that most of the injuries occurred! After the strain of stretching, the next exercise was to hide behind pillars and dodge being used for a demonstration! Throughout the course we learned a variety of moves — from avoiding a punch, to hurling someone over our heads!! Along with the very serious and educational aspects of coping in threatening circumstances, we also had a lot of fun. (Especially watching Camilla and Mrs Fletcher in various stages of attacking each other!)

The next groups have now started the course and hopefully they will find it as helpful and instructive as we did. We feel that this course has been extremely worthwhile.

Sarah Steel
Amy Young
Emma Roger



Telephone: 0382-24232

W. K. BARRIE

COMMERCIAL STATIONERS - PRINTERS
OFFICE FURNITURE SPECIALISTS

11 BELL STREET, DUNDEE DD1 1HR

L

L

L

**DON'T ENVY THE GOOD DRIVERS
— BE ONE!**

**BROUGHTY FERRY
SCHOOL
OF
MOTORING**

PRINCIPAL WM. ANDERSON
MASTER DRIVER, M.I.A.M.,
D.O.T. APPROVED INSTRUCTOR

7 STROME TERRACE
CAMPFIELD ESTATE
BROUGHTY FERRY



DUNDEE 77937



PLAY '93

A MURDER IS ANNOUNCED BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

Following the tremendous success of the school's previous production, "Daisy Pulls It Off", nobody believed that this year's drama contribution could even equal, never mind better, its predecessor. However, everyone was proved wrong!

After highly testing and competitive auditions, a cast of twelve of the school's finest thespians were chosen as the stars. From then on, extensive rehearsals took place, which were great fun and which brought the cast of twelve closer together - many new friendships were formed over these months. As June approached, the schedule got heavier and others were enlisted to help in the massive range of production preparations.

Finally, the week of the performances arrived! After hectic technical and dress rehearsals, which involved too many people to mention, the first night came and the curtain went up to reveal the set - a wonderfully authentic recreation of a Victorian living room.

Anchored by the outstanding performance of Claire Brodie as Miss Blacklock, the play went perfectly; her famous scream can still be heard echoing in the Gardyne Theatre. Fraser Green and Catherine Estill also gave sterling performances as the cunning detective, Inspector Craddock, and the investigative sleuth, Miss Marple, and who could forget Jonny Petrie's portrayal of the silent but forceful sidekick, Sergeant

Mellors?

Mitzi, the wild woman of Eastern Europe, was a difficult part to pull off, but nevertheless Suzie Henderson managed it superbly, and Nina Srinivasan's hilarious portrayal of the wacky Bunny brought a wonderful touch of humour to an otherwise serious play.

Mary Marcella Seymour and Richard Lyall played Julia and Patrick, the secret lovers, with class and sophistication - who could forget that wonderful love scene when their passion was revealed? Convincing portrayals were also given by Jackie Gay and Dougie Lawson as the busybody village gossip Mrs. Swettenham and her suffering son Edmund, who kept the audiences and cast on their toes. Clare Bennett, as the mysterious Phillipa Haymes, also put in a fine performance and last, but by no means least, Gareth Hutchison played the best dead body seen in the theatre this year.

All in all, the three nights were hugely successful as the cast took curtain call after curtain call. To everyone involved, cast and crew and audience, and especially Mr. Illsley and Mr. Durrheim - Well Done.

Clare Bennett.

INTERACT CLUB REPORT

The High School Interact Club was founded in 1985, when, under the guidance of Mr Angus McDonald representing the Dundee Rotary Club and Mr David Holmes representing the school, some thirty senior pupils came together to pursue the twin aims of fellowship and service to the community. It is now the largest single Interact Club in the United Kingdom (if not indeed the world) and this session it could be argued was one of its most successful.

The tone for the year was set at one of the first meetings which took the form of a famine relief supper. There was much hilarity as some had coke and some had water, some had cake and some had bread, but by the end of an enjoyable if rather different supper, £50 had been raised for Water Aid.

In November the major fund raising effort was a charity Disco/Karaoke night in the Angus Hotel attended by 200 pupils from Forms IV-VI. There were some amazing performances in the Karaoke and it is hoped that the night will now become a permanent feature in the School calendar of events.

The main fund raising event of the year is the Charity Christmas car parking on the Saturdays leading up to Christmas and this session the Club made in excess of £1000. The main beneficiary was Water Aid, chosen because it was the main charity of our "parents", namely the Rotary Club. At a Rotary Rally held early in the New Year we presented a cheque to the President of Rotary International in Britain and Ireland (RIBI) John Kenny, in favour of his nominated charity "Wateraid". The President took the opportunity to award a special commendation to the Club for its outstanding success in raising funds for a variety of charities over the years.

The Club also made arrangements through Alison Coupar to visit Liff Hospital during Christmas week when Christmas decorations were presented together with a television and video. The evening was rounded off with carol singing round selected wards.

Immediately after the Christmas holidays we learned with almost disbelief of the Perth flood disaster. A phone call was made to the Flood Relief Control Centre to ask how the Club could offer immediate assistance - the answer was to provide as soon as possible children's clothes, new if possible. The Club arranged an emergency lunchtime meeting and put together all its available cash and contacted Mr Paul McGhee of the Schoolwear Shop in Wellgate Centre. When the Club explained their plans to him he made a most generous gesture. He agreed to sell all the clothes to the club at cost price, added £250 himself to the fund, and packaged and delivered all the clothes to the School by lunchtime the next day. The Club were therefore able to hand over to the Control Centre clothing to the value of £2000 within 48 hours. The small party of interactors who delivered the clothing made a brief tour of the devastated area which really had to be seen to be believed.

Meetings during the Spring Term had to be woven around examinations and project deadlines and the emphasis was on good fellowship and included bowling and the "Zap Zone".

In the Summer Term the Form V members organised what is now the traditional Senior Citizens' day which consists of a coach trip to Glamis with afternoon tea at the Strathmore Arms. The Club, running short of charity cash by this stage, were much indebted to the Parents' Association for the donation of £50 from the Car Boot Sale which boosted the Funds to cover the costs. The Club also had a major presence at the Rotary "Kids Out" day at Camperdown Park when they helped the Rotarians to look after some 200 disabled children on a one to one basis.

Have you ever walked Jock's Road? In June twenty-two members did to raise cash for the Interact District Charity of Multiple Sclerosis. At the time of writing the sponsored money is still being counted but congratulations must be to Mrs Sylvia Patullo and her husband Bill who became honorary interactors for the day and handed over £100!

The final event of the year was the Barbecue at Mayfield. In his valedictory speech, before handing over office to Johnny Petrie, President Colin Donald presented Alison Coupar with a print of DHS in recognition of her outstanding efforts in forging links with Rotary and Rotaract. He also thanked Rotarian Bill McFarlane Smith and Assistant Rector David Holmes for their faithful support throughout the year. The Club had clearly achieved its aims of fellowship and service.

When The Boat Comes In...



McFISH
BROTHERS

Castle Street,
Wellgate and
Broughty Ferry



the only fish fresher are still in the sea!

INTERVIEW WITH LINDA WILLIAMSON

In March 1993, the School Library played host to the author Duncan Williamson and his wife, Linda. The L7s were excused class to come and be entertained by the Williamsons through stories and songs which were gathered while Duncan and Linda travelled around the country. Duncan was born in Scotland, although Linda is from Milwaukee, in the USA. Following their visit, they were interviewed by Moray Melhuish and Rhona Callaghan (F6) who learnt more about Duncan's life.

When did Duncan start to pursue the travelling life?

Duncan was born a traveller on the shores of Loch Fyne. His mother, father and generations before them were travellers, but now he has modified his life and has left the travelling life.

Duncan knows many stories — were these passed down from generation to generation?

These stories were like bread, butter and water to him — they were part of his life. Hearing stories was an every day occurrence — just like drinking tea or having something to eat. It was important to them, as this was the way that his mother and father were able to keep 16 children quiet! They couldn't read or write, they had no television or video or electricity — nor did they have any means of entertainment at all and so the stories were entertainment. Although Duncan went to school, his father and grandfather before him didn't go to school. They learnt the things they needed to know from what was passed on to them by grandparents or aunts and uncles — the lessons for life were in the stories.

What education did Duncan receive?

Duncan was at school until he was 12 or 13 and then he ran away, as there were no school meals and he was starving.

Duncan went to Perthshire at the age of 15, in 1943, which was during the War. Did he encounter any problems or adventures on the way?

That was when he first ran away — well, he didn't really run away — it was usual for the older children to leave home to leave room for the younger ones especially as you can imagine living in a tent — there were a lot of young children. Duncan was not accepted for National Service, and was classified as "Grade Four" due to a hand injury which he sustained as a child, although his brothers served in the War. However, as to problems and adventures — well, Duncan's autobiography will be published in the autumn of 1993 which will contain the answer to this question.

Some of Duncan's stories feature superstition. Was superstition an important part of the traveller's life?

Well, Christianity and a belief in Christ was very strong among them — but they have many others beliefs as well, e.g. fairies and devil lore and spirits that inhabit wells and lochs and trees — that's all very much a part of Duncan's belief system, but that's also true of all the people in the Highlands and I think it was also true in the Lowlands although it faded out quite quickly. We call it early beliefs — not pagan as that connotes the opposite

— they were governed by custom or belief. They would turn back if they saw something unlucky on the road.

Did Duncan ever find survival difficult?

Well surviving on a road is an art itself — for example when I joined him on the road, I had to learn how to wash my face all over again. You had to find clean water, and every day the women started with nothing — they maybe had to make wooden or paper flowers and then swap them or try to sell them to get money — it is a very difficult way of life, and the travellers are very proud of being hardy and fit — it demands great physical strength. When I met Duncan, he was like a man of iron — so strong and so fit — you have to be fit to cope with the hardships as you're living outdoors.

What were the most important things when you were travelling around?

I think it is the fellowship that the travellers have, as you could not survive alone. It's not like nowadays where you live in neighbourhoods and you never know the people next door to you. When you're a traveller it's your relationship with the people that you're related to — what you call in Scotland your friends as you may not see them, but they tell you where you can get work. You also had to get along with your employer, as the travellers used to work on the farms and they used to make horn spoons and baskets — things that the farmers and the crofters needed — so it was important to get along with them — so the fellowship and the camaraderie was the most important part — I would stress that.

Duncan travelled all over the world. What made him decide to do this?

After the books were published, they went forth and were distributed in Australia and America. When people found "Fireside Tales" they came to Duncan — they sought him out, and it created a demand for Duncan. They asked him to go to America and to Ireland to share his stories.

Was it after he ceased to travel that he went all over the world?

Well, he travelled further. It was a very gradual process that we stopped travelling — we lived in a tent for five years before we moved into a cottage.

Before you met Duncan, did he travel a lot?

Yes. He has a family of seven, he was a widower when I met him. He travelled often with his brothers — they often stayed together as three or four families — usually brothers and sisters, cousins, etc.

What were the happiest and saddest moments in the travelling life?

Happy — when you are in ceilidh (which means to visit). Travellers did that regularly. A ceilidh is sharing stories and songs. Alcohol was not necessary! For travellers, Ceilidh day was often on a Sunday where they would get together.

Saddest — death, funeral. With such large families there were a lot of tragedies — especially if it was a young person due to infant mortality. Funerals are important to travellers — even yet there are hundreds of

people who attend funerals from all over England and Ireland to pay respects for those who passed away. It was also to help them journey on to the next life, they definitely believed in an after life.

Finally, you stopped travelling in 1980. Why? Would you go back to travelling or has it changed?

Linda passed this question over to Duncan, who said "I certainly would not like to go back to the travelling life. I lived and was persecuted in my own country for over a thousand years, so why should I go back? The travelling life has changed, yes." Linda then told us that the travelling people are recognised now, in fact they almost have the status of an ethnic minority. There are now sites built for travellers and they are recognised as a minority group — which is very different from when Duncan was travelling, as they were then considered scum and vagrants. People wanted rid of them — they didn't want to see them. Now, it is more respectable to be a traveller.

The Williamsons do long for the travelling life, as they long for the outdoors. As a traveller, one is healthier and fitter than when living in a house.

Duncan has several books in print which recount old folk stories which could so easily have been lost. His autobiography will appear in the autumn, and will be published by Cannongate Press. Our thanks go to Duncan and Linda Williamson for allowing us to interview them.

Moray Melhuish, Rhona Callaghan

NAVY CADET TRIP

This year the Navy cadets were lucky enough to be chosen to attend an Open Day at HMS Osprey, Weymouth, and it was with great anticipation that we boarded the mini-bus early on Sunday, 9th May. I say 'early' but in fact the bus left 15 minutes late due to my late arrival — apologies to all concerned! However, we were still in plenty of time to catch our flight from Edinburgh to Heathrow.

Lieutenant Cochrane, our 'daddy' for the next few days, bundled nine naval cadets on to the British Midland plane and we quickly settled down to enjoy our 'Diamond Class' breakfast (with a few of us retaining the marmalade jars as souvenirs!) The plane landed an hour later to the cry of 'oh look — there's a plane' from one of our observant cadets who may, who knows, become a finalist in 'Mastermind' or the 'Brain of Britain'! Next came the arduous underground journey to Waterloo and eventually a train from Waterloo to Weymouth. It was nine tired and hungry cadets who eventually arrived at HMS Osprey around 4 p.m.

Being the only girl in the party did have its compensations. I was separated from the boys almost as soon as I arrived and whisked off to the WRENS quarters. There I was given a 'proper' bed, in a dormitory with 12 other girls, with access to hot water and showers. It was only later I found out that the boys had not been so fortunate. They were given a 'camp bed' to make up and had one sink between about 400 of them! Lieutenant Cochrane of course, was in the lap of luxury in the Officers' Mess. It was about this time I think that one male cadet was overheard muttering "can't wait to become an officer."

However, after tea we all felt better. A long briefing about the rules of HMS Osprey, followed by a disco which we all thoroughly enjoyed. The latter helped to break the ice and we soon felt relaxed with all the other cadets. It was a great experience meeting new people from all parts of the country.

The day that followed was probably one of the most eventful of my life. After a hearty breakfast, (the food was better than expected) 500 of us assembled in uniform, and were placed in groups. We were in 'Red B'. We were shown an unarmed display from the Royal Marines, which was extremely well performed, followed by a tour of the gym which contained every possible piece of apparatus and included mirrors costing £3,000. We were not prepared for the fitness test which followed, but we won overall and each received a 'Mars Bar'. The next item on the agenda was a control situation where we were able to use the headphones and the computer maps to guide a plane to destroy an enemy ship. Some of us were more successful at this than others. But you can rest secure in your beds that the armed forces do a much better job than we did! It was about this time of the day that we were reported 'lost', but eventually made it to an Oberon Class submarine. HMS Oracle was completed in the 1960's. It had an overall length of 90 metres and carries a crew of 72 men. Unfortunately, the Navy are decommissioning it this year. Other events during the day included being taken around Air-Traffic Control, and a trip on a Sea King Mk 4 helicopter, which was indeed a memorable experience, a parachute display and a plane and helicopter show. The day was rounded off by a recital from the Royal Navy Band which was enjoyed by everyone (especially Lieutenant Cochrane).

The return journey, on Tuesday 11th, was equally as eventful as the previous two days had been. The British Midland computers chose that day (of all days!) to break down, and after booking in three times, we were rushed along to Customs where three of us were searched. There was an anxious moment when one of our group, who had the whole of 'Our Price' in his hand luggage together with a personal stereo and game boys, was stopped by a rather temperamental security lady. However, we caught our flight and finally arrived back at D.H.S. around 6 p.m.

The trip was extremely informative and I'm sure many of us are now considering enrolling in the Navy as a career in later life and we all have many new friends throughout the country.

Finally, we would like to say thank you to Mr Nicol and Major Spowart for driving the mini-bus to and from Edinburgh, and a huge big thank you to Lieutenant Cochrane. We all thoroughly enjoyed our weekend.

Jill Drummond, Form 3.



Happy faces at the farewell party - the tears came later.

SPANISH EXCHANGE

1993

IB SANTO TOME DO
FREIXEIRO, VIGO - HIGH
SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

On Sunday 13th June, ten Form 3 pupils set off on the first leg of the High School's first exchange visit with Vigo in the Northwest of Spain. Among the many instructions they had been given was the recommendation to be well prepared for rainy weather as this area of Spain is very different from the better known Costas as far as climate is concerned. Indeed winter this year in Vigo had lasted well into May, so we were told, but miraculously our arrival seemed to coincide with the arrival of summer and the sun shone from the moment we stepped off the plane till the moment we left. Not one drop of rain, and the cagoules came back unused!

Vigo is the town of about three hundred thousand inhabitants situated in the South of Galicia in an area known as the Rias Bajas. It is built on a hill looking out to sea and our first excursion was to climb the hill and admire the view of the port, the estuary with its mussel beds and beyond them to the Islas Cies.

As a group we gathered together every day except at the weekend and went on a variety of excursions to towns and villages nearby. As Vigo is situated so close to the Portuguese border one of these excursions took us to the town of Valença with its bustling street market where we took photographs of Spain from Portugal and bought a multitude of souvenirs. We also spent a most enjoyable day on the beach at Cangas, having crossed the estuary by ferry. Some still have the peeling noses and backs as proof of their enjoyment! On another occasion we took the bus to Bayona, a lovely little town down the coast from Vigo where we spent the morning wandering round the ramparts of the old fortress.'

When the Día de Santiago, the patron saint of Spain, falls on a Sunday the year is called an Año Jacobeo, and is celebrated in great style. 1993 is one such year and pilgrims have been flocking to the beautiful city of Santiago de Compostela to enter the cathedral by the Puerta Santa and visit the tomb of the Apostle St. James. Not to be outdone, we joined the throngs and with pilgrim sticks in hands filed past the tomb and wandered through the mediaeval streets.

In ten days it is only possible to get the first flavour of another culture and appreciate the differences between its way of life and our own. The following are the pupils' thoughts on some of the things that struck them.

The town of Vigo *The town was much bigger than what I had expected...Most people lived in flat in the centre...I noticed that everywhere you went there was a massive statue...The streets were extremely clean...I was quite amazed there were no hotels in our area because it is was an old town and there weren't many tourists...It was completely different to the South of Spain...Vigo had a "Spar", "Damart" and "Burger King" - names very familiar to us in Scotland...I liked the markets most of all because you can not really find stalls like these anywhere in Scotland...The main shop was the Corte Ingles. It consisted of Marks and Spencers, Our Price, Next and a good souvenir shop all rolled into one! It was amazing.*

The countryside... *It was very green, like Scotland...There were pear trees and lemon trees...The owners of the house I stayed in made their own wine...The long stretches of white sand and perfect waters made the countryside even more picturesque...*

The food... *My family were really healthy eaters...It wouldn't have been a holiday without the good and the bad food...The food was really good and I don't like seafood so I got other things...One dish in Spain that was brilliant was the Spanish omelette (it was even better than mince-n-tatties)...During my stay I ate a lot of seafood including octopus, eels, squid in ink and mussels...Lunch was about 3 or 4 and the evening meal at 10 or 11 o'clock! The only off-putting thing was the food but I put up with it since it was only for ten days.*

The school... *It was fairly big and modern...The pupils don't have to*



Our first excursion to 'El Castro'

the moment we stepped off the plane till the moment we left. Not one drop of rain, and the cagoules came back unused!

Vigo is the town of about three hundred thousand inhabitants situated in the South of Galicia in an area known as the Rias Bajas. It is built on a hill looking out to sea and our first excursion was to climb the hill and admire the view of the port, the estuary with its mussel beds and beyond them to the Islas Cies.

As a group we gathered together every day except at the weekend and went on a variety of excursions to towns and villages nearby. As Vigo is situated so close to the Portuguese border one of these excursions took us to the town of Valença with its bustling street market where we took photographs of Spain from Portugal and bought a multitude of souvenirs. We also spent a most enjoyable day on the beach at Cangas, having crossed the estuary by ferry. Some still have the peeling noses and backs as proof of their enjoyment! On another occasion we took the bus to Bayona, a lovely little town down the coast from Vigo where we spent the morning wandering round the ramparts of the old fortress.'

When the Día de Santiago, the patron saint of Spain, falls on a Sunday the year is called an Año Jacobeo, and is celebrated in great style. 1993 is one such year and pilgrims have been flocking to the beautiful city of Santiago de Compostela to enter the cathedral by the Puerta Santa and visit the tomb of the Apostle St. James. Not to be outdone, we joined the throngs and with pilgrim sticks in hands filed past the tomb and wandered through the mediaeval streets.

In ten days it is only possible to get the first flavour of another culture and appreciate the differences between its way of life and our own. The following are the pupils' thoughts on some of the things that struck them.

The town of Vigo *The town was much bigger than what I had expected...Most people lived in flat in the centre...I noticed that everywhere you went there was a massive statue...The streets were extremely clean...I was quite amazed there were no hotels in our area because it is was an old town and there weren't many tourists...It was completely different to the South of Spain...Vigo had a "Spar", "Damart" and "Burger King" - names very familiar to us in Scotland...I liked the markets most of all because you can not really find stalls like these anywhere in Scotland...The main shop was the Corte Ingles. It consisted of Marks and Spencers, Our Price, Next and a good souvenir shop all rolled into one! It was amazing.*

The countryside... *It was very green, like Scotland...There were pear trees and lemon trees...The owners of the house I stayed in made their own wine...The long stretches of white sand and perfect waters made the countryside even more picturesque...*

The food... *My family were really healthy eaters...It wouldn't have been a holiday without the good and the bad food...The food was really good and I don't like seafood so I got other things...One dish in Spain that was brilliant was the Spanish omelette (it was even better than mince-n-tatties)...During my stay I ate a lot of seafood including octopus, eels, squid in ink and mussels...Lunch was about 3 or 4 and the evening meal at 10 or 11 o'clock! The only off-putting thing was the food but I put up with it since it was only for ten days.*

The school... *It was fairly big and modern...The pupils don't have to*



Dundee High pilgrims at Santiago cathedral

wear school uniform...In the hall there was a cafe/bar but if you didn't arrive before a certain person(!) all the donuts would have been eaten!...On the first day we met in the school, a brilliant social area, which allowed us to see new faces.

The families...From the moment I arrived my family were really good to me...They were a close family and I was introduced to all four grandparents, aunts and uncles and cousins...They were amazingly friendly...The Spanish parents were brilliant...Most of us have been invited back next year.

The weather...It was hot and sunny, and never rained. I loved it...Everybody got a tan or burnt...For the first 3 days I resembled an overripe tomato, but I now have established a fairly impressive tan.

The parties...On the last day one of the Spanish boys had a farewell party at his house. There was a swimming pool in his garden. Fortunately the weather was perfect and we were able to swim and a number of people were thrown into the pool with their clothes on!...A Spaniard once said to me that a Spanish good-bye party was forever. Until Vigo I always took that to mean 'Goodbye' was for good and that I wouldn't return, but now I realise it is the memories that are forever. The parties in Vigo are ones I will certainly never forget.

By choosing a town such as Vigo it has been possible to show to our pupils that there is much more to Spain than the typical tourist town of the Costa del Sol. The warmth and friendliness of the Galician people helped make this a most memorable visit for us and we look forward to returning the hospitality.

LS

PERFORMING ARTS TOUR OF PARIS, 1993

At 10 o'clock on Saturday June 19th, our Shearings bus took 43 excited pupils and 5 members of staff on a Music/Drama trip to Paris. Tearful parents waved us off, while we looked forward to the week ahead.

After our long, sleepless bus journey to Dover, and a calm crossing to Calais, we arrived at our hotel, at last, tired and hungry. After our "delicious" first meal, we found out, to everyone's joy, that the hotel had apparently messed up our booking, but fortunately, Mrs Melville stepped in to perform an heroic rescue operation and peace was restored.

After a night's sleep in a proper bed, we went to Ecole St Martin de France, where we performed the play, gave an exhibition of Scottish dancing and a choral concert to a puzzled but appreciative audience of French pupils. After the performance, our larger than life bus driver, Alan, suggested that a trip to McDonalds would go down well. It certainly did!

On the Tuesday, we finally hit Paris and it certainly made an impression on us. After a guided tour of the city, we performed a short concert in the Parc du Georges Brassens which seemed to go down very well. After an afternoon at Notre Dam and shopping, we headed for a bistro which turned out to be run by a Scotsman so we all got extra chips! After the meal, we took a boat trip down the Seine.

Wednesday dawned and we visited the beautiful Sacre-Coeur and Montmartre. All of us managed to improve our haggling skills with the numerous traders who seemed to follow us everywhere. Each had similar merchandise and were laden with pendants which nearly everyone bought.

Wednesday's concert took place in the Champs de Mars, next to the Eiffel Tower. These open air concerts were certainly a very different experience for most of us and it was slightly unnerving to see an audience drifting in as we began to perform. In the afternoon, we climbed the Eiffel Tower and most managed to withstand a few seconds at the very top before quickly jumping back on the lift. Once back on terra firma, we trooped off to a leisure centre where most of our group paid a "modest" 40F to go swimming.

The following day, we trundled off to the hypermarket to stock up on gifts. After a short shopping spree, we headed for Versailles, where we thought we would have our biggest audience yet. Rather disappointingly, only a few people watched the entire performance, as they were more anxious to get into the palace and to avoid the traders who clustered round. However, that was soon forgotten once we were in Versailles itself, studying portraits of great and glorious figures from France's past, though some of us had no idea of who they were, passing through the Hall of Mirrors without even realising it!

That night was the highlight of the trip - "Carmen". Feeling rather overdressed as we walked up the steps of the Opera House in cocktail dresses and kilts, we hurried to our seats to watch the performance. A few of us were quick to realise that the electronic screen above the stage provided an English translation. After a spectacular show, we headed back to the coach and off to Trappes for our last night in the hotel.



**JIMMY SMITH'S
PRINTSHOP**

1 WEST BELL STREET, DUNDEE DD1 1EX Tel (0382) 24888

Our last morning in Paris was spent shopping and sight seeing after which, we headed off towards Calais and the ferry. We survived the endurance test of the coach journey and the antics of children from other schools on the ferry but, at one point, we almost gave way to despair when our beautifully air-conditioned Shearings coach decided that 10mph up a hill was fast enough for the journey back through Scotland. For some reason, we still arrived back some two hours before the scheduled time, into the arms of our somewhat bedraggled parents. Thanks go to Mrs Melville from them all for waking them up at 7am on a Saturday morning! Oh, and of course from all of us, for organising the trip. Thanks must also go to the other four teachers involved, Miss Simpson, Mr Cochrane, Mr Durrheim and Mr Illsley.

NS and SO FV!

T.A.B. — OR THAT'S AFRICA BABY

"Geographers in Africa Maps
With savage pictures fill the gaps
And o'er unthinkable downs
Place elephants for want of towns."

Unknown Poet

Such a quotation would well have seemed true when my grandfather left his family home in Glen Clova in search of fortune as a gold prospector in the Rhodesia of 1896.

Though I was born there, I was only five when my family left to settle in Scotland; so it was with keen anticipation that I returned in 1989, and I have been fortunate to have returned in both 1991 and 1992. When we left southern Rhodesia in 1954 it took us nine or four weeks to reach Scotland; today, only 11 hours is needed for the same journey. Mark you, as I landed at Johannesburg, it was a shade 'disconcerting' to have your 'Jumbo' stop 'dead' on the runway; the pilot announcing that "we've landed after a fairly rapid descent"; and to see fire tenders flit around the 'plane.

Nothing prepares one for the 'brownness' of an African winter. We complain about rain; but believe me, when you have lived in drought conditions, you do appreciate the rain! It's dust, dust and more dust; and air thick with choking smoke from smouldering roadside bush fires.

My times for holidaying, coupled with simple geographic fact, mean that I have to visit Southern Africa in their 'winter'.

Winter it may be to them — as they moan about the cold, and wrap up well; with the Africans huddled round a fire of any convenient material at any convenient place, with knitted woollen bonnets pulled tight about their ears; but to a traveller from Great Britain, a temperature of 20 (in winter, mind...) is a cause for going around in shirt sleeves to the amazement of the locals, and an incredulous "Ah, ah, bass" expression from a shivering passing African!

Johannesburg, 'Egoli' (City of Gold) to the Africans is a huge bustling metropolis with some 13 million souls. As you walk the teeming pavements, you are constantly aware of the pulsating life of the place, while equally being forced to be constantly vigilant against the violence that is commonplace — you really do need eyes in the back of your head. You simply don't take risks!

But then there are the wide open spaces of the veldt, stretching fold upon fold, and giving the space to be at peace with nature; whilst the variety of landscapes, from the crashing breakers of the South Atlantic to the towering ramparts of the Drakensberg Mountains, quite takes the breath away.

Then north to Zimbabwe by train — 1200 km of pure nostalgia; reminiscent of times when "trains were trains"; of sedate speed, wheel tapping at stations, friendly guards waving their red and green flags, of meals served by immaculately dressed waiters in plush dining cars. But then there are the long delays at Customs, as angry Africans noisily object to paying duty on their new goods whilst equally adamant African Customs Officers and Police shout the odds, and 'knowing' travellers blandly turn to each other and mutter "T.A.B." (that's Africa baby!) or T.I.Z. (this is Zimbabwe!) — as if that explains every problem likely to arise here.

Into Harare — city of blue jacaranda and the gorgeous red flamboyant trees. City where I was born, then called 'Salisbury'. City where the first Cross in the Anglican Church was made by a pioneer from biscuit boxes crudely nailed together, and still on display in the Cathedral; city where the residents, including my grandfather, took refuge in the fortified gaol during the Shona Rebellion of 1896. Though 'vigilance' is still the order of the day, I like Harare — gaudy colours worn with gay abandon; the grandeur of British Colonial architecture side-by-side with modern high rise buildings; a city where you must learn that the pace of things is governed by the African maxim of "there's always tomorrow, and if that fails, the day after!"

I was lucky enough to travel to the northern border of Zimbabwe: to Mana Pools on the banks of the great Zambezi River. This is a 'World Heritage Site' where you are completely free to walk anywhere in a totally wild setting. No shops, no petrol, and worse, no ice or cold drinks... where temperatures soar into the mid 30's by noon, and where the air is so hot that the slightest movement is an effort. But mere words cannot explain the feeling of being free to wander within metres of elephants, impala, kudu, zebra, baboons, warthog, buffalo, and even lion; of wandering round waterholes and listening to the tell-tale slither of crocodiles sliding stealthily into the pool as you approach; of experiencing the sharp excruciating sting of the tsetse fly or the more subtle 'nibbling' of a host of mosquitos... despite the application of every known brand of insect repellent! But the night... ah, the night-time! Nothing prepares you for it. As the blood-red sun sinks below the Zambian Mountains to the north, and the inky velvet of the sky is pierced by the brilliance of a multitude of stars, the night chorus begins — the harsh coughing roar of lion, the blood-chilling giggles of a nearby hyena, the snorts of hippo, sounding for all the world like elderly gentlemen chortling at some joke. And, should you pass the African compound, you may hear the deep sonorous chanting of male voices, and the ululating female responses. This is indeed Africa! Night-time is one thing; 'bed-time' is something else! To lie as I did, in a flimsy tent under a tree, and listen at two in the morning, to a five tonne elephant ripping off branches, to say nothing of all the gurglings going on in its tummy... concentrates the mind so terribly well... and then to hear something snuffling round your tent in search of a tasty morsel, quickly dispels any lingering desire to go for a stroll, even if only to the loo!

Return to 'civilisation' took me south down the Great North Road, only to be stopped several times by armed

African Police at road blocks. Believe me; you do what you are told — the alternatives are really not worth thinking about! One car-load of travellers were ordered to get out, and told by the constable to take off their shoes, which he duly proceeded to inspect! Satisfied, he waved the party on. The 'bemused' driver politely asked why there was so much interest in their shoes. "Ah," said the constable, "My sergeant told me to look in the boots of every motorist." As I said before — T.A.B.

Sadly however, the 'fabric' of society is 'fraying' at the edges'. Provision is rarely made for the problems of tomorrow. Warned of impending drought, the Zimbabwe Government, in its desire to obtain foreign currency, encouraged concentration on tobacco for sale, such that what was deemed the 'breadbasket' of Africa in Colonial days is now forced to depend on imported maize. And, as a further indication of problems, while I was in Zimbabwe, my uncle's fenceposts were stolen (Africans use them for holding glass in windows, as proper frames are in short supply and too costly). However, on reporting the matter to the Police, he actually had to tell the Policeman how to fill in the appropriate form! Aids too, is rampant — the Zimbabwean Army is virtually 100% positive, and in one week, 114 policemen died of it.

Southern Africa is such an enigma: a place of wild rugged beauty, and vast resources side-by-side with desperate squalor; of people extending pleasantries, yet equally capable of the unspeakable. But before that troubled area can truly realise its potential, all its people must learn the art to peaceful co-existence, and recognise that everyone, and every group, has basic rights which must be respected by all.

R. H. Steele



Shaeffer Pens
Distinctive
Writing Instruments

*Make very special
Gifts*

Established 1850

Telephone 27258

RATTRAY & Co. (Jewellers) LTD.

WATCHMAKERS, JEWELLERS
AND SILVERSMITHS

32 NETHERGATE
DUNDEE DD1 4EU



**Duke of Edinburgh participants in training
near Glen Doll.**



ITALY TRIP

We left Dundee at 4 o'clock in the morning. The bus trip was long but it was made enjoyable by having things like videos to watch and music to listen to, and lots of people to talk to.

When we arrived in Austria there was a lot of snow lying on the ground but it was not cold. We stayed one night there. Entering our Austrian hotel was like stepping back in time; everything was ancient. The walls, cupboards and doors were elaborately painted. With the huge, snowcovered mountains in the background everything was perfect.

In comparison our Italian hotel in Vico Equense, where we arrived the next day was much more modern.

Our first excursion in Italy was to the ancient city of Pompeii, where we found out about many aspects of Roman life, some of which we had not been told about in school.

On the following day we sped over to the beautiful island of Capri by hydrofoil. The climate there was very warm. To start with we had a pleasant boat trip around some of the island and we admired the amazing rock formations on the coast of the island. After that we went up to the main part of the island by the funicular railway, and wandered around the narrow streets buying souvenirs and eating ice-creams.

The next day we visited Herculaneum. This ancient city is smaller than Pompeii but better preserved: many of its buildings still had upper storeys. Later on that day we went to Vesuvius. The bus took us most of the way up, but there still remained a long trek to the top along a path of volcanic ash. But once we got to the top it was worth it. There was some cloud but we still had a good view of the Bay of Naples.

On our last full day in Italy we went to Sorrento. Here we were allowed to wander around the various shops buying souvenirs and presents for our families. A highlight was our visit to Davide's ice-cream parlour, where we were able to choose from dozens of different varieties.

On our return journey we stopped again in Austria. Most of the snow had gone. The day after leaving Austria we were back in Dundee.

Alistair Foster
Edward Childs
Euan Smith

LONDON TRIP

On Monday 21 June, 11 fifth and sixth year pupils set off from Dundee Station for 4 days in London accompanied by Mrs McDonald. Having settled ourselves into our hotel, near Oxford Street, we embarked on a night-time bus tour of the city which should have taken us one and a half hours, but because of over-enthusiastic German and Australian tourists leaping off the bus every 10 minutes to take photographs and an extremely chatty bus driver - "Awight squire?" - we arrived back at the bus station about 3 hours later!

The next day we were escorted around the House of Commons and Lords by Dundee East MP John McAllion, and while the rest of the group went to Covent Garden, 4 of us intellectual types acquired tickets for Prime Minister's Question Time where there was a heated debate over the Saudi Arabian money scandal.

During the trip we also visited the Daily Express building - which had a very nice canteen! The rest of the day was spent wandering around St Paul's Cathedral where only a few enthusiastic members of our party - Moray and Mark - attempted to run to the very top!

Our evenings were spent in taking in a couple of West End shows - namely Miss Saigon and Les Misérables - which were very enjoyable.

On the last day we were left to our own devices, with some of us going to Knightsbridge - no prizes for guessing which shop we headed for! - while others went in search for Arnie at "Planet Hollywood", where, unable to afford £8 for a cheese burger, the girls enjoyed the free perfume and hairspray provided in the cludge!

By the end of the 4 days, all of us had mastered the London Underground system except Grant who decided to stay on the train until the next station while the rest of us headed back to the hotel to watch Neighbours and Rhona yet again attempted to throw herself in front of oncoming cars, cycles and taxis.

Thanks must go to Mrs McDonald for organising such an enjoyable trip and her ability to stay calm on the train home while coping with a drunken fellow traveller. Well done Brown Owl! Thanks also to Carolyn who acted as an excellent guide - especially as far as Kentucky Fried Chicken was concerned!

Julie Burns
Emma Slingsby

THE GERMAN EXCHANGE JUNE 1993

After a safe journey we arrived in Treysa station at 18.00. We were warmly welcomed by our host families and set off for the various homes, where we were to spend the next two weeks. The next morning we were given an official welcome in the Schloss, the original school building, by the rector, Herr Hellwig, with the usual bread and cheese, sausages, biscuits and coffee. After an interesting tour of the school we had our first class of Background Studies from Mrs Prilop, a native of Edinburgh. We learned some useful everyday phrases and heard about the events leading up to the reunification of Germany and subsequent developments and problems.

For us school began at 8.00 and ended at 13.10. The last three years do have afternoon classes, but thankfully they have now stopped all Saturday morning lessons. Some of our partners had extra-curricular activities in the afternoons and this allowed us to meet other pupils.

On the first Thursday we went on an exhausting field trip to the Edersee. This is a large dam and reservoir, which regulates the waters of the Weser river, produces hydro-electric power and is a centre for watersports for holidaymakers. It was also bombed in the so-called Dambusters raid in May 1943 just over 50 years ago. We also visited Burg Waldeck which has magnificent views over the lake and area.

Due to the Abitur oral exams, held on Friday, there was no school and a number of us visited Kassel, the nearest large town, pop. circa 200,000, where we all managed to spend some money shopping. The weekend was spent seeing a bit of the country with our host families.

8.10, Monday morning, meant it was time for our first class of the day. The atmosphere in the German schools is very different, more relaxed and democratic. This very much appealed to us and the very hospitable reception we received everywhere made our stay really enjoyable. So much so, some of us want to go back for a whole year!

The following day, Tuesday, we went on a long excursion to the reconstructed Roman Fort at Saalburg, which was fascinating, seeing how a cohort of Roman soldiers on the frontiers of the empire lived. In the afternoon we visited the Hessenpark, where old, mainly Tudor style buildings, houses, farms, a smithy, a mill, a bank have been brought from all over Hesse for preservation for the future. You could see flax being made, the smithy working, pewter pots being made etc., and they have encouraged storks to nest there. It is a living exhibition.

On arrival at school the following morning we were greeted by loud rock music, toilet paper strewn everywhere and a convoy of motorcycles and cars. The rector, dressed in black leathers and shades followed behind on a bright purple push bike. There was also a beer tent covered by a parachute and a disco in the blacked out staffroom, with a beer barrel. Pupils did impersonations of the staff and entertained the gathering. All this, known as the Abiturstreich allows the pupils, aged 19, after nine years at the school, to let off a bit of steam after receiving their Abitur (SYS University exam) results. It is also their last official day at school apart from presentation of the certificates, which took place on the Saturday.

We missed part of these celebrations because we had been invited to an official reception by Herr Haupt, the father of Dorothee, one of our host pupils and Bürgermeister of Bad Zwesten, the nearest larger place to the school.

On Friday we went by train to visit the old city of Marburg, where we went round the Elisabethenkirche. We walked up to the oldest university in Germany, which unfortunately, we were unable to visit. Then we went shopping! That night was Catriona's birthday, so we had another party!

Each going our own way at the weekend, we all met with our host partners and families at the farewell party on Sunday evening in the Cafe zum Treisberg in Zwesten to get together for a last time. The Scots provided 'light' entertainment with their singing, unfortunately there was not enough room for the traditional Gay Gordons and Strip the Willow. But it was a convivial end to a wonderful fortnight.

Having made many friends, experienced German school at first-hand, learned a bit about a different life and culture, we all thoroughly enjoyed the exchange and can't wait to go back. We would like to thank the host families, Mrs Prilop, Mr Frisch, Mr Hellwig, also Mr Chynoweth and Mr Richterich for making it such a successful and excellent exchange.



REPORT FROM THE MONTPELLIER EXCHANGE 1992-93

(Holiday Snaps from Montpellier)

Montpellier Airport was divided into two by a wall of misted glass which extended across the interior. On one side were the arrivals (us) and on the other side was "them". We could hear their voices rising over the barrier; a mingling of laughter and colloquial phrases, too complex (as yet) for our comprehension.

We stood around the luggage conveyor, some with trolleys, aware that they were watching; staring through the translucent barrier for a preview. As the luggage came, the atmosphere was close, a mixture of excitement and anxiety. Taking our bags, we said goodbye with smiles and knowing glances, none of us sure exactly what was in store. As calmly as possible, I stepped out through a door in the misted glass and into the hall of chaos; a mass of shrieking people, making greetings and introductions, what was more, all in a foreign tongue. The reality dawned, that we were going to have to communicate in French. We were on our own . . .

Jacques' parents were deaf and dumb. When I had first heard this I was a little shaken, but soon, I just accepted it. It never crossed my mind some of the scenarios that could arise from this; the most frightening was driving . . .

For a deaf and dumb person to "listen" to someone in a car, it means that they need to look directly at the person. This means that for short spells of time the driver would take his eyes off the road to "hear" what was being said. This put me on edge to say the least . . . then he would reply. This, of course, involved removing both hands from the wheel. The scene was set: in a car driving along the wrong side of the road, the driver sits looking at the other passengers, waving his arms in conversation . . . At this point, Jacques suggested I could take off my seat belt because in France it's not the law to wear one. I politely smiled and said I thought I might keep it on all the same.

The outing to the Camargue "en Land Rover" was the first of the four day trips. Altogether there were five vehicles, some open-topped, and there was a certain amount of doubt as to whether they would overcome bumpy terrain! Nevertheless, our thoughts were soon drawn to what we had come to see: the typical Camargue scenery. There was a constant clicking and whirring of cameras as attempts were made to catch unique scenes on film — of a herd of bulls, a crowd of horses in a field of poppies and even flamingoes feeding in a lake.

On Tuesday, we set off in high spirits for Avignon. First we saw the magnificent Pont d'Avignon and we were told of its intriguing history. After a large "pique-nique" in the beautiful park nearby, we visited the Palais des Papes. Cameras emerged to capture the stunning beauty of the building. In the afternoon, we were given some time to wander around the shops. We all tried bartering with the street salesmen.

The pride of Montpellier is their medical school or "fac". The pride of the "fac" is their medical museum which we visited on the Wednesday. A few steps through an old, heavy wooden door led into a long, narrow hall. The light played off the glass cases that covered all the walls as high as the ceiling. Down the centre of the room were additional display cases. There were two opinions on the exhibits; they were either a collection of extraordinary and fascinating anatomical delights, orchestrated by a group of individuals with a

thirst for knowledge; or they were sick. It looked like Hannibal Lecter had had a field day with a group of assistants.

There were limbs, dried and stripped of skin to leave the blood vessels and bones; dried out hearts and livers, hanging in a line; rows and rows of pickled still-born "freaks"; from Siamese twins to a lamb with six legs; also an extensive range of models of parts of the body (often very intimate parts of the body) at various stages of infection and disease. The mere sight of these made Mr Bennet cringe. The most frequently used phrase of the day was the meek admission, "I don't think I want to be a doctor any more."

I loved every minute.

The Friday trip was to a "grotte" or cave. None of us was sure what to expect when we entered the dark, damp corridor which led to the Grottes de Clamouse. There was a gasp of amazement when we caught sight of the majestic rock formations which hung before us. It was impossible to take it all in. There was a little apprehension when we were told that the gigantic hump which loomed before us had fallen from the ceiling of the enormous chamber . . . 20,000 years ago! That soon put our minds at rest. Faces were scrunched as we stepped outside into the dazzling sunshine — an unforgettable day out!

On Saturday it was arranged for most of us to go to a football match, St Etienne v. Montpellier. The Scots responded with varying degrees of excitement. There were those with a complete lack of interest who merely found a seat and chatted with a mate (normally about how attractive the foreigners were). Others showed great enthusiasm (even though they had little knowledge of the game). They screamed in unison whenever Montpellier were in St Etienne's half (unfortunately they had to be told that the teams changed ends at half-time). Then there were the serious supporters who sat staunch and stern, frowning in profound analysis of play, occasionally standing up with conviction to curse and roar at the referee . . . One of the boys had purchased a packet of bangers that afternoon. They were sold as fireworks, but looked remarkably like dynamite to me (being five inches long and one in diameter with a two inch face).

The individual gave the bangers to a French boy — he lacked the bravery or stupidity to commit the dirty deed. The firework gave a more than satisfactory "boom" which echoed around the stadium. The boy let out a shriek of pleasure (mainly at the chunks of turf that had been blown out of the pitch).

St Etienne 2, Montpellier 1.

All in all the French way of life proved a fascinating experience. By the time we returned to Montpellier Airport we had practically to drag some people by the hair to make them get on the coach from the school. We left Montpellier in brilliant sunshine and I'm sure one or two people felt a bit silly, leaving Edinburgh Airport in the rain still wearing sleeveless shirts. Already I have heard of people planning to return to France which shows how successful the trip was.

Many thanks to the above contributors: PETER WILLIAMSON, ESME GATES, JANE TITTERINGTON and LOUISE FOWLER — from Captain SEITH, First Mate MACKENZIE and Deck-Hand RENNET. (Titles courtesy of AARON KING who produced the best diary and with apologies to the Royal Navy).

F.P. NEWS

FORMER PUPILS: SUCCESSES (as known)

University of Aberdeen: 1992

Bennett, Martin David; LL.B. (Hons).
Biltcliffe, Sara Louise; M.A. (Hons).
Buchan, Donna Jane; B.Sc.For. (Hons).
Mitchell, Michael Charles; B.L.E. (Hons).
Parratt, David Richmond; LL.B. (Hons).
Robertson, Catherine Victoria; B.L.E.

Dundee Institute of Technology: 1992

Adam, Robin John Leaver; B.A. Accounting.
Brown, Craig Ernest Alexander; B.Sc. Quantity Surveying.
Florey, Nicolas Howard; Postgraduate Diploma in Biotechnology.
Gilray, Ingrid Teresa Mustard; B.Sc. Applicable Mathematics.
Hendry, Catherine; B.A. Commerce.
Ingles, Alexander John David; Postgraduate Diploma in Information Technology with Distinction.
Kirk, Samantha Deborah Jane; B.Sc. (Hons) Nursing.
Milne, David Charles; Higher National Diploma in Accounting.
Paxton, Richard Aitken; Higher National Diploma in Building.
Tully, David; B.A. (Hons) Business Studies.

University of Dundee: 1992

Yeaman, John Richard; B.Eng. (Hons) Electronic Engineering and Microcomputer Systems.

University of Edinburgh: 1992

Barron, Amy J.; B.Sc. (First Class Hons) Geography.
Begg, Mary M.; LL.B. (Hons).
Bewick, James A.; B.D. (Hons) New Testament and Old Testament.
Ewan, Scott G.; B.Sc. (Hons) Biochemistry.
Geddes, Alistair; B.Sc. (Hons) Geography.
Hynd, Samantha; M.A. (Hons) General.
Lloyd, Vivienne A.; B.V.M. & S. Clinical Veterinary Medicine.
Makin, Darren K.; B.Sc. Computer Science and Management Science.
McDevitt, Claire S.; M.B.Ch.B.
Newton, Christopher R.; M.B.Ch.B.
Okhai, Samir; B.Com. (Hons) Business Studies.
Prophet, Lynne E.; M.B.Ch.B.
Robertson, Jane E.; M.A. (Hons) English Language.
Samson, Craig W.; LL.B. (Hons).
Stewart, Elaine A.; M.B.Ch.B.
Taig, Carole E.; M.B.Ch.B.
Taylor, Gordon A.; LL.B. (Hons).
Wilson, Andrew G.; M.B.Ch.B.

Robert Gordon University: 1992

Bisset, Roderick David Kinloch; B.Sc. Quantity Surveying.
Foreman, Anne-Marie; B.A. (CNA) (Hons) Fine Art.
Hay, Angus James; B.A. (CNA) (Hons) Business Studies.
Kydd, Bryan David; B.Sc. (CNA) (Hons) Pharmacy.
Maxwell, Margaret Milne; Postgraduate Diploma (CNA) Personnel Management.

University of Sheffield: 1992

Falconer, Ailsa; B.A. (Hons) Spanish and Business Studies.

University of Southampton: 1992

Patel, Susan A.; B.Sc. (Hons) Physiology with Pharmacology.

University of St Andrews: 1992

Barrett, Mark; M.A. General.
Cochrane, Douglas S.; B.Sc. (Hons) Geology and Geography.
Jackson, Miss F. M.; B.D. (Hons) Practical Theology - Theology.
Lowe, Andrew D. N.; B.Sc. (First Class Hons) Biology.
Stewart, Iain A. D.; M.A. (Hons) Modern Languages (Spanish).

University of York: 1992

Grant, Sophie Mary Gordon; B.A. Politics/Sociology (Hons).
Marshall, Jessica Rosalind; B.Sc. Chemistry with Education.

Associated Board of the Royal School of Music (London)

Nora C. Leggatt Prize: Grade 7 — 1992.
Birrell, Jennifer M.

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.

AITKENHEAD, DAVID A.

Left D.H.S. in 1973. At School David excelled in distance running and won the Loveridge Cup for winner of the Mile Race. After leaving School David went to Edinburgh University where he graduated in Electronics and Physics. He then joined Schlumberger an International Service Company in the Oil Industry who measure what is in an oil well. He began working in Venezuela then moved down to Brazil where he worked for a year in a rather lonely and primitive place. David then went to visit a friend in Pakistan, married, then returned to Brazil. Three years later, with a wife and young daughter, he was living in the Amazon jungle. From the Amazon jungle he moved to Tierra Del Fuego and then Patagonia which he had to leave rather hurriedly at the time of the Falklands War. After short stays in Spain and Holland he ended up in Germany, where his son was born. David and his family then moved to France, Gabon, Italy then back to Brazil. He has recently spent two years in London but is now based in Norway.

BLACK, RUTH A. H.

After leaving D.H.S. in 1973, Ruth went to Edinburgh University and graduated with an Honours Degree in Spanish (French). She returned to Spain after completing her Degree and spent ten years teaching English as a Foreign Language. Returning to Britain she decided to take T.E.F.L. qualifications and, in 1986, joined the Staff at a T.E.F.L. School in Edinburgh. She is presently involved in general T.E.F.L./E.F.L. Teacher Training and other associated areas.

BOYD, FRASER D. S.

Left D.H.S. in 1980. Fraser recently has achieved an incredible feat — not only has he earned his wings but he can boast his "sails" after successfully completing the Single-handed Transatlantic Race. Flight Lieutenant Fraser Boyd, based at R.A.F. Benson in Oxfordshire reached the U.S. finishing line at Newport, Rhode Island in his 35 ft. yacht 'Aeglos' 33 days after setting off from Plymouth. After leaving School, Fraser went to Dundee University graduating B.Sc. (Hons) in Electronics. He then joined the R.A.F. and during his flying training course in 1988 gained sailing experience from off-shore expeditions and R.A.F.S.A. racing. He gained his British Team Colours aboard the 'Wings of Oracle' grand prix yacht. He was the first person to represent the R.A.F. since 1972 and was one of only a handful of British sailors to take part in this year's challenge.

BROUGH, GORDON H.

Left D.H.S. in 1973. After graduating LL.B. (Hons) and Diploma at Dundee University Gordon was a Partner at

Thortons in Dundee until 1990. He is now Corporate Partner in charge of the firm, Bird Semple Fyfe Ireland W.S. He was the author of "Private Limited Companies Formation and Management" and he is currently editing "Miller on the Law of Partnership in Scotland".

BRUSH, JOHN P.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. At School John was a Deputy Head Boy, in the Athletic Team, the Basketball Team and toured Canada with the Rugby Team. After leaving School he studied Medicine at Edinburgh University graduating M.B.Ch.B. in 1989. He is meanwhile at the Glasgow Western and, at 26 years of age, is a Member of the Royal College of Physicians. After a few months in New Zealand and Australia he will be taking up an appointment in the Radiology Department of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

CHYNOWETH, IAIN A.

Left D.H.S. in 1987. At School Iain was selected for the Scottish Under-15 Rugby XV and was in the School 1st XV and the Athletic Team. In 1992 he graduated B.V.M.S. with Merit in Medicine and Merit in Surgery from Glasgow University and enrolled as Member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons (M.R.C.V.S.). He is currently working in Hong Kong.

COCHRANE, AILSA J

Remembered in school for her performance in the role of Eurydice in Offenbach's Orpheus in the Underworld and the 1990 Dux in Music, has graduated from Lancaster University, Bachelor of Music (Honours). Ailsa is currently living in Barnley and looking for employment in Arts Administration.

COURTS, ANDREW D.

Left D.H.S. in 1979. Andrew is a member of the Inverness Police Force. He is in the Rugby team and takes part in skiing.

COURTS, DOUGLAS F.

Left D.H.S. in 1978. Douglas is farming at Beaully and is a member of the local Rugby team.

COURTS, NORMAN C.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. Norman is in Aberdeen studying Chartered Surveying. When he qualifies he hopes to remain in Aberdeen.

COURTS, RODGER M.

Left D.H.S. in 1982. At School, Rodger was a prominent member of the 1st XV. He is now teaching Mathematics at Dingwall. He is an enthusiastic swimmer and plays football in Inverness.

THE HON. LORD CULLEN (W. DOUGLAS CULLEN)

Left D.H.S. in 1953. Lord Cullen, who conducted the inquiry into the Piper Alpha Disaster, was honoured recently by Aberdeen University when he received the Degree of LL.D. His extensive recommendations have irrevocably changed the face of offshore safety in the North Sea and have been largely accepted by the major oil companies.

DAVIDSON, NICOLA J. E. **(nee Miller)**

Left D.H.S. in 1973. After graduating B.Ed.Hons at Dunfermline College of P.E. Nicola taught at St Leonards School in St Andrews. After her marriage and a six year break she returned to teaching and is currently Head of P.E. at New Park School in St Andrews. While she was at College she performed in "Dancescapers" at the Edinburgh Festival. She was also East of Scotland Fencing Champion and was selected for the Scottish Handball team.

DRYSDALE, ANTHEA H. R. **(nee Henderson).**

Left D.H.S. in 1973. After leaving School Anthea was a student at Dunfermline College of Physical Education and qualified in 1976. She taught for a year at Auchterarder High School, married, then moved to Berwickshire.

DUNCAN, ANTHONY P.

Left D.H.S. in 1983. At School, Anthony was a Prefect, Vice-Captain of the 1st XV, a member of the Athletic Team and was awarded the John Pate Memorial Prize for Outstanding Service to the Cadets. After leaving School, Anthony joined the Army and was commissioned into the Royal Corps of Transport in April 1987, having completed initial Potential Officer Training in Aldershot in 1985 and formal Officer Training at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. He has served in Germany, Northern Ireland, England and Hong Kong. Anthony has also been fortunate to serve for short periods in France, Denmark and Nepal in the course of his duties. He is currently serving as a Captain with the Queen's Own Gurkha Transport Regiment in Hong Kong and will return with his Squadron to the U.K. towards the end of the year.

EAGLESHAM, CELIA M. **(nee Urquhart)**

Left D.H.S. in 1973. Celia, on leaving School, attended College in Edinburgh and graduated in 1975 as an Occupational Therapist. She worked in Rossllyn Hospital, Midlothian, for two years and then for four years in the Royal Edinburgh Hospital. After her marriage she moved to Penicuik and is now working with the elderly at Queensberry House Hospital as an Occupational Therapist.

FORBES, MICHAEL B.

Left D.H.S. in 1977. This year Michael captained the Scottish Fishing Team in the competition against England, Ireland and Wales at Draycote, near Derby. After three seasons of 'the wooden spoon', and in a flat calm, Scotland were placed second. In the practice day before the contest Michael caught a 6 lb. 12 oz. trout and was awarded The Sporting Achievement Award of the Month. He will be taking part in The Trout Masters' Competition at the end of the year.

GARMANY, SUSAN

Left D.H.S. in 1986. Susan, who was in the British Pavilion of Seville's 1992 Expo, is now back in Dundee as Marketing Assistant on the Discovery Project. Appropriately, the Discovery bell, which will form a

central feature of the new exhibition in Dundee, was hanging in the Expo V.I.P. lounge in Seville to symbolise the way forward for Britain and the projector in the auditorium at Discovery Point is one of the two used in the live theatre film show in the British Pavilion.

GAULDIE, ROBIN W.

Left D.H.S. in 1972. Robin, a graduate of Edinburgh University and now a full-time freelance writer, has just completed another travel book called "Footloose Guide to Greece". After working as a reporter on newspapers in Broughty Ferry, Carnoustie, Arbroath and Perth he joined the Staff of the Travel Trade Gazette Europa in London and travelled all over Europe, Asia, Africa, U.S.A. and South America. He first went to Greece when it was under the Colonels' Dictatorship. In his recent visit he found many welcome changes.

GREEN, Dr. CAROLINE M. R. **(nee Mills)**

Left D.H.S. in 1973. Caroline studied Medicine at Dundee University and graduated in 1979. After house jobs at Ninewells and King's Cross Hospitals, she went south to Crewe to do Anaesthetics. After a period there she went to Stoke-on-Trent and then Birmingham. After meeting her future husband she opted out of Medicine and worked in the private sector for an American Company in Birmingham. After her marriage Caroline moved to Southern Ireland and, after bringing up three children, is now back doing Anaesthetics in the local county hospital.

HALLIDAY, THOMAS S.

Mr Halliday, now over 90, recently had one of his works featured in an exhibition in London. The painting was part of an array of exhibits provided by the Guild of Aviation Artists. His contribution was a portrait of a former serviceman and mountain rescue team member from R.A.F. Leuchars. Mr Halliday has been awarded the World Cultural Award, a gold medal from the European Academy of Arts and another gold medal from the Modern Art Society of Milan.

HARROW, AUDREY G. K.

Left D.H.S. in 1987. Audrey graduated from Dundee University in 1991 with an M.A. (Hons) in Psychology. She is currently studying for a Degree in Law and has obtained a post-graduate Diploma in Management.

HIRASAWA, EIKO **(nee Takahashi)**

Left D.H.S. in 1973. After leaving School, Eiko returned to Japan and entered Gakushuin College to study Japanese Literature for two years. In 1986 she married and lives in Tokyo. Recently she travelled to Scandinavia, Paris and Rome, however, she has still fond memories of her stay in Dundee.

HUTTON, VALERIE M. **(nee Soutar)**

Left D.H.S. in 1973. Valerie studied Law at Dundee University and graduated in 1976. She then moved to Edinburgh to train as a Chartered Accountant and, on qualifying in 1979, she became an Investment Accountant with a Unit Trust Group. She stayed in

Edinburgh until 1982 when she married and moved to Aberdeen.

INNES, LESLEY M.

Left D.H.S. in 1973. Lesley went to Aberdeen University to study Modern Languages graduating in 1978 with Honours in French. This course included a year abroad which was spent in the outskirts of Paris. After her graduation, Lesley returned to France, first teaching English at Rennes University (Brittany) then working with a French family. In 1980 Lesley moved to Bristol where she obtained a Diploma in Social Administration. She then went to Newcastle to study Social Work and for seven years worked in various aspects of Social Work and Housing. Since then Lesley has been teaching French and Italian at all levels at North Tyneside College.

JONES, HILARY L. (nee Simpson)

Left D.H.S. in 1973. After leaving School Hilary graduated from Edinburgh University with a B.Sc. Hons in Microbiology. She spent a year in Veterinary Research at the Moredun Animal Diseases Research Institute then two years working for the D.H.S.S. in their Medicines Testing Laboratory which ensures safety of all U.K. Pharmaceuticals. For the past eleven years she has worked for Scottish and Newcastle Breweries in a variety of posts from yeast management, R and D beer production and is now in a senior position managing technical aspects of a new product development and quality assurance. She married a Welsh Vet. in 1983 and they are now living in Edinburgh.

JONES, JOAN A. (nee Ross)

Left D.H.S. in 1971. At School Joan was Hockey Captain, Sports Champion and was awarded Games Merit Scarves for Hockey and Athletics. After leaving School, Joan went to Dunfermline College of Physical Education and qualified in 1974. She taught in the Dundee area for a few years then married Peter Jones, an F.P. who is Political Editor of the Scotsman. Joan now lives in Longniddry.

KENNEDY, ALISON L.

Left D.H.S. in 1983. Alison, now listed as one of our best young British writers, has recently published another book called "Looking For The Possible Dancer". A critic says that Alison writes with great subtlety, poise and effect. Her novel threatens to be momentous.

KELMAN, LUCY H. P.

Left D.H.S. in 1992. Lucy was selected by an English-based charity to undertake voluntary work in a Japanese Hospital for six months. She flew out in February to take up the post at Kumamoto Hospital in the Island of Kyushu. Lucy was selected from hundreds of applicants from all over Britain after applying to GAP of Reading which organises international projects for youth exchange. When Lucy returns home she plans to study Medicine at Aberdeen University. At Kumamoto Hospital, operated by the Red Cross, she expects to help in the Physiotherapy Department, and teach English to both staff and long term patients.

KONNEKER, AILEEN M. (nee Lewis)

Left D.H.S. in 1972. Aileen attended Queen Margaret College, in Edinburgh and qualified in Home Economics in 1976. She taught for two years in Kirkton High School before marrying Reinhard Konneker of Hildesheim, Germany. She is now resident in Germany.

LAWRIE, CHRISTINA.

Left D.H.S. in 1989. Christina, a student at Chethams School of Music in Manchester, was awarded third prize in a prestigious music competition in England. The competition, for under-25s, draws competitors from all over Europe and is regarded as one of the premier platforms for young musicians in this country. Playing the piano, Christina had to perform four classical pieces for the judges. Standards throughout the competition were very high, but Christina impressed the judges to the extent they made her the youngest prize-winner. This is only the latest in a long line of successes for Christina, who is in her second year studying piano and composition at Chethams. Recently she was chosen as one of the finalists for the Edinburgh Festival Concerto Competition, which will see her performing on the last day of the Capital Jamboree. As well as a list of competitions successes, she has also been offered places both at Cambridge University and the Royal Academy of Music in London.

LLOYD, VIVIANNE A. S.

Left D.H.S. in 1987. Vivienne studied at the Royal Dick School of Veterinary Studies in Edinburgh and graduated B.V.M.&S. (M.R.C.V.S.) in July, 1992. She has been working in Birmingham but will be moving to a Practice in Oxford in August, 1993.

MCCALLUM, DUNCAN C.

Left D.H.S. in 1976. After leaving School, Duncan went to Dundee University where he graduated B.Sc. (Electrical Engineering) in 1981. He then joined Scottish Power in Glasgow and in 1991, graduated M.Sc. at Strathclyde University. Duncan is now Computer System Manager at Scottish Power, Kirkintilloch.

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

Dr. Macmillan, Minister of St Mary's Parish Church for the past 15 years, has announced his retirement. In a Ministry studded with recognition from his peers and parishioners, he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, made a Freeman of the City of Dundee and awarded Honorary Degrees by Aberdeen and Dundee Universities. His year of office as Moderator coincided with Dundee's octocentenary in 1991 and he returned to the city to be among the hosts to the Queen during her visit to mark the occasion. He has been Chaplain to the Queen in Scotland since 1988. The Ministry of St Mary's has a unique association with life in Dundee, carrying all the duties of a Minister to the Parish and, because of its position, close ties to city life. Dr Macmillan has entered fully into these, serving on 17 trusts and Boards of: Dundee High School, Pinegrove Old Folk's Home and Rosendael, a home for military veterans. He is also Chaplain to the District Council, officiating at the Kirkin' of the Council, and Chaplain to the Guildry Incorporation of Dundee. Born in Keith,

Banffshire, Dr Macmillan was educated at Inverness Royal Academy and the Royal High School, Edinburgh, before National Service with the Navy in 1946. He studied at Aberdeen University, graduating M.A., B.D. before his ordination. After Ministries in Lothian, Aberdeenshire and the West he moved to Dundee in 1978.

MAKIN, ANDREW P.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. After leaving School, Andrew studied Medicine at Dundee University, graduating in 1989. He spent one year at Ninewells Hospital in Medicine and Surgery before going to the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh for Accident and Emergency. He is now in Anaesthetics/Intensive Care at the Western Infirmary in Glasgow.

MARSHALL, ANGUS M.

Left D.H.S. in 1983. Angus attended Dundee Institute of Technology and graduated B.Sc. (Hons) in Computer Science. He is currently studying there and lecturing while working for his Ph.D. In September, 1991, he was awarded first prize for the best real-time project in the Young Software Engineer of the Year Competition run by the Scottish Software Federation. Angus is the Secretary of the Tayside Branch of the British Computer Society.

MARSHALL, FIONA M.

Left D.H.S. in 1987. After leaving School, Fiona went to Dundee University graduating in 1991 with an M.A. (Hons) in English Literature and European Studies. She now works in the Clydesdale Bank on their Management Training Scheme. As well as studying for professional exams she is learning sign-language in order to communicate with deaf and partially hearing customers.

NEIGHBOR, LESLEY J. (nee Flook)

Left D.H.S. in 1973. Since leaving School, Lesley has obtained a Degree in Russian from St Andrews University, trained as a Nurse at the Middlesex Hospital in London and married an American Journalist. Between 1984 and 1989 she was working in the United States, first in Baltimore and then in the outskirts of Washington D.C. in the Intensive Care Unit of a Trauma Centre. In that period of five years Lesley has unforgettable memories of a trip to Alaska and the experiences training and working on the ambulances which are part of America's advanced and effective Emergency Medical Services. She is now settled in Edinburgh working in the Royal Infirmary Cardiac Surgery Intensive Care Unit.

NICOL, ANDREW D.

Left D.H.S. in 1989. Andy was chosen to Captain the Scottish Team on their 28-day tour of the South Seas. The leadership of his country at senior level completes a remarkable sequence for the 22-year-old Dundee High School F.P. and North and Midlands scrum-half who has previously led his country at Schoolboy, Under-19 and 'A' International levels. Andy, for the second successive season, has experienced a complete turnaround in fortunes. In 1991/92 he was left out of the World Cup Squad and missed the International Trial through injury,

only to establish himself as a world-class player in six Tests for Scotland and two appearances for a World XV in New Zealand. This season he has had to play second fiddle to a rejuvenated Gary Armstrong, but the presence of Scotland vice-captain Armstrong and International skipper Gavin Hastings on British Lions duty has opened the door for this rapid promotion. He was also in Scotland's 10-man World Cup Sevens Squad.

NICOL, ALISTAIR McP.

Left D.H.S. in 1983. While at School, Alistair was Rugby 1st XV Captain, Cricket Captain and Senior Prefect. After leaving School he attended Dundee University and graduated M.B.Ch.B. in 1988. In 1983 he was selected for the Scotland Under-18 XV, and in 1987 he was Captain of the F.Ps. During the 1987-88 season he was in the North-Midlands Senior Squad and was selected for the Scottish Universities Football XI. After leaving University he was commissioned into the Royal Army Medical Corps and, in 1990, posted to 23 Parachute Field Ambulance to complete Parachute Training. This was followed by a climbing expedition to Mexico. From July, 1990 to January, 1992 Alistair was Regimental Medical Officer to the 2nd Battalion The Parachute Regiment and went on tours to Kenya and Botswana in Africa. He was in the Army Rugby Squad during 1990-92 and was R.A.M.C., Captain in 1992-93. In December, he had the misfortune to break his leg. Alistair is now Medical Officer at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

OWENS, PATRICIA M. (nee Knox)

Left D.H.S. in 1973. After School, Patricia studied Medicine at Edinburgh University, and graduated in 1979. She spent two years in hospital jobs before marrying and moving to London. After a few years there she moved to Chester where she is now a G.P.

PRIMROSE, SALLY J. (nee Ross)

Left D.H.S. in 1968. After leaving School, Sally qualified from University with a Language Degree. She spent several years in Germany but now lives in Edinburgh.

ROGERS, STEPHEN Y.

Left D.H.S. in 1977. Stephen, a former Dux of the School, member of the Rugby and Cricket Teams, has been awarded membership of the Royal College of Pathologists. He is a Lecturer in Haematology at the University of Nottingham and an Honorary Senior Registrar at the city Hospital in Nottingham.

ROSS, WENDY K.

Left D.H.S. in 1964. Wendy is a Physiotherapist in Edinburgh.

ROSSOUW, JILL A. (nee Beamer)

Left D.H.S. in 1973. Jill attended Aberdeen University after leaving School and graduated B.Sc. in Geology. This was followed by four years in Edinburgh working

for NatWest International Banking and then two years with NatWest in London working in the Personnel Department. She met her future husband there when he was on a business trip from Capetown. Ruth decided to move there and was married four years later. She is now working with her husband in his oil business.

ROY, ALISTAIR I.

Left D.H.S. in 1981. At School Alistair was a Prefect, a C.S.M. in the Cadets, and a member of the Basketball, Athletics, and Rugby teams. After leaving School he attended Dundee University and graduated in 1986 with a First Class Honours Degree in Medical Microbiology. In 1990 he travelled to Nepal to spend his Elective in the Katmandu Hospital. He graduated M.B.Ch.B. in 1991. This was followed by spells in Newcastle and Dundee Teaching Hospitals as a House Officer. At the moment he is working on a two-year medical rotation in the Dryburn Hospital, Durham.

SCHOFIELD, Dr. SUSAN C. (nee Crammond)

Left D.H.S. in 1973. Susan studied Medicine at Edinburgh University and qualified in 1979. She was married in 1980 to a medical classmate and, in 1982, decided to go to Australia for six months. Susan is now living in Edinburgh and is working part-time in a general practice in Musselburgh.

SPROAT, ELIZABETH W. (nee Pearce)

Left D.H.S. in 1973. Elizabeth started Nurse Training after leaving School but, due to ill health, had to give it up. She moved to Tobermory and married in 1977. In 1985 she and her husband moved to Dunfermline to start up a Butcher's shop. Elizabeth is now studying for a Bible College Diploma, while her husband is starting Bible College. They both intend going into the Mission Field.

ROBERTSON, DEREK G.

Left D.H.S. in 1985. At School Derek was awarded the Hunter Prize for Art Appreciation. After leaving School he was a student at Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art, graduating in 1989 with Honours. At College his work won several awards and has been exhibited in galleries in Dundee, Edinburgh, London and Cambridge and is held in public and private collections throughout Europe as well as in the U.S.A. and Japan. His wildlife paintings and sketches have been published in a wide variety of local and national publications and he was subject of a documentary produced by Grampian Television as part of their Wildlife Gallery series which featured wildlife artists at work throughout Britain. Recently he spent a year exploring Glenesk in words and painting. Glenesk, in Angus, is one of the most beautiful glens in Scotland. During his stay in the glen he went out in all weathers, sometimes camping, in order to portray in words, pencil, pastel and oil the natural history of the region as the seasons progress. On his return he published his excellent book, "Highland Sketchbook" (A Year in Glenesk) and an exhibition of his sketches and paintings was held in the Barrack Street Museum.

ROBERTSON, N. FRASER

Left D.H.S. in 1973. At School, Fraser was in the Rugby 1st XV, the Athletics team, and the Basketball team. On leaving School he played Rugby for the Former Pupils. He has recently been appointed the S.R.U.s new Sponsorship Agent.

ROBINSON, STEPHEN C.

Left D.H.S. in 1979. While at School, Stephen was a Cadet Sergeant, member of the Scottish Schools' Shooting Team and a Prefect. After leaving School, Stephen went to Glasgow University and graduated M.A. in Economic and Modern History Education then continued at Sandhurst followed by three years in the Royal Artillery. He left the Army in 1986 to join the Coalite Group as P.A. to the then Chairman, Eric Varley. After working in various posts until 1990 he left as Area Manager in the Building Supplies Division. In 1991 he joined Glasgow Development Agency as a Projects Executive. Stephen still serves with the T.A. and, currently, is second in command of an Air Defence Battery.

ROUSE, PAUL F.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. After leaving School, Paul went to Sheffield Hallam University and in 1992 graduated B.A. (Hons) in Recreation Management. Paul is a Scottish Rugby Trialist and has played for the Scottish Under-21 XV. He was awarded a Scottish 'B' Cap in Season 1989-90.

SMITH, R. STEWART

Left D.H.S. in 1952. After graduating from the School of Architecture in Dundee, Stewart emigrated to Canada and joined a firm of Architects in North Bay and later in Timmins. In 1963 he formed his own firm, R. Stewart Smith Architect. He was accepted into Membership in the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1957 and became a Fellow of the Royal Institute in 1966. In 1963 he was accepted into Membership in the Ontario Association of Architects and the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada. He was admitted to the College of Fellows of the Canadian Institute in 1980. Mr Smith has served as a Member of the Council of the Ontario Association of Architects for six years and was elected President in 1974. He co-chaired the Committee of the Ontario Association of Architects that studied Architectural Education in the Province and brought down the report. Mr Smith has been and is today responsible for all design emanating from the Smith office. The projects include: Custom Office Buildings, Health Care Buildings, Educational Buildings, Industrial Buildings, Laboratory Buildings, Residential Buildings, and Transportation Buildings.

WALLACE, SUSAN E. (nee Johnston)

Left D.H.S. in 1973. After leaving School, Susan studied in Edinburgh and qualified in Home Economics. She decided to go North and taught for one year in Mallaig and three years in Fort William. Susan then married and moved to a warmer climate in the Bahamas. After five years she returned to England and is now in Swanage, Dorset.

WATSON, MIKE M.P.

Left D.H.S. in 1967. While at School, Mike played Rugby for the 1st XV and Cricket for the 2nd XI. After leaving School he went to Heriot Watt University and gained a B.A. Honours in Economics and Industrial Relations. From 1974-77 he was a Tutor/Organiser in the Workers' Educational Association in Mid-Derbyshire and from 1977-89 he was Regional Officer with A.S.T.M.S. Trade Union, in Nottingham, London and, from 1980, in Glasgow. In 1989 he was elected M.P. for Glasgow Central in a By-Election. In the General Election of 1992 he was re-elected. Mike was the author of the official History of Dundee United Football Club 'Rags to Riches', published in 1985 and updated in 1992.

WEATHERHEAD, The Very Rev. JAMES

Left D.H.S. in 1948. In May, The Very Rev. James Weatherhead was appointed Moderator of the General Assembly of Scotland. As Principal Clerk to the Assembly and Secretary to the Moderator, he has worked closely with eight Moderators over the past few years and is a key figure in putting together each incumbents crowded diary of events. Although he originally followed in his father's footsteps by studying law at Edinburgh University, he subsequently took up the profession of his grandfather and namesake, the Very Reverend Dr. James Weatherhead who was for many years the minister of what is now Meadowside St Paul's Church in Dundee and a former Moderator of the United Free Church. Mr Weatherhead also had a spell in the navy which inspired his life-long love of sailing and the sea, something he continues to pursue in his leisure hours today. After completing his studies in Divinity, also at Edinburgh, an assistantship at the Auld Church, Ayr, was followed by his first charge at Trinity Church, Rothesay, then a stay of 17 years at the Old Church, Montrose.

WEBSTER, IAIN D. C.

Left D.H.S. in 1978. At School, Iain was a member of the 1st XV, the Athletic Team and Dux of Gymnastics. He attended Dundee University and the University of Illinois graduating in 1982. He then joined KMG Thomson McLintock in Dundee qualifying as a C.A. in 1985. This was followed by four years in the London Office when he was seconded to the Department of Trade and Industry. Iain was then sent to the Perth Office in Western Australia as Director of Corporate Finance. After two years in Australia he has now joined KPMG Peat Marwick in Glasgow as Senior Manager, Corporate Finance.

YOUNG, KEITH G.

Left D.H.S. in 1984. At School, Keith was outstanding at games. He represented the School at Rugby, was Cricket Captain, a member of the Basketball Team and the Athletics Team. He was awarded the Peter Grant Trophy, the Don McEwen Prize and was Dux of Physical Education. In seasons 1982/83/84 he was selected for the Scottish Under-18 Soccer XI and in season 1984 he was Captain of the Tayside Schools' Cricket XI. In the same season he was selected for the Strathmore Cricket Union Select. After leaving School, Keith went to Dundee University graduating B.Admin. with Honours in 1988. At University he was awarded a Full Blue for Soccer. He

captained the Scottish University Soccer XI in season 1987/88 and in 1987 was Treasurer of the University Christian Union. Keith joined KPMG Peat Marwick in 1988 at the Dundee Office and was transferred to the Glasgow Office in 1990. In the Soccer season of 1988/89 he played for St Johnstone Football Club. Keith qualified as a C.A. in 1991.

HUSSAIN-CHOWDHURY, MUDASSER

Mudasser has been accepted to study at Oxford University and will commence studies in 1994. His subjects will be Physiology, Psychology and Philosophy.

MacPHERSON, EUAN S.

Left D.H.S. in 1983. Euan, who was a student of the Institute of Technology, joined the Bank of Scotland in 1988. Recently he won the Annual British Telecom Young Banker of the Year Award. The competition is open to Bankers aged between 25-35 who have passed the relevant professional exams. He is currently living in Stockbridge, Edinburgh, and based at the Bank of Scotland credit card centre in Dunfermline. Euan works as a Controller in Systems Development. His role is to analyse, test and implement the introduction of new technology into the computer systems controlling credit cards.

OBITUARIES

AITKEN, Dr JAMES

Dr Aitken, originally from Dundee, was the son of the James Aitken who established a Grocer and Wine Merchants shop in Perth Road. After leaving school he went on to study at St Andrews University. After graduating, he took up a post in Middlesbrough before spending 17 years in general practise in a village near Wakefield in Yorkshire. He then returned to Scotland to take a position in Greenock which he held for four years. Dr Aitken then moved back to Dundee in 1966 and practised at Strathmartine Road until his retirement in 1983.

DONALD M. COLQUHOUN

At School, Donald was Head Boy and a member of the 1st XV. After leaving School, in the early thirties, he went to St Andrews University graduating with an Arts Degree. He had a short period of Administration with the Railway when War was declared. Donald immediately volunteered and was commissioned into The Black Watch. His Regiment was soon in action but, after a heroic battle at St Valery, most of his Regiment was captured. Donald was destined to spend the remainder of the War in a German prison camp, however, during that long period of privation he made lasting friendships. After the War he returned briefly to Dundee then moved to London to take up an appointment in Shipping. In London he was soon involved in rugby when he joined London Scottish. Ten years ago he retired and returned to his native Dundee where he continued his association with the F.P. Club, being a regular attendee at dinners and social functions. He was an ardent supporter of School and F.P. Rugby, at home and away, where his appreciation of the game, his sense of humour, knowledge of Former Pupils and great sportsmanship will be sadly missed.

JONES, WILLIAM C.

A Former Director of Bonar Long in Dundee, Mr Jones died at his son's home in Elgin. He was 69. Born in Wormit, he attended D.H.S. before studying Electrical and Mechanical Engineering at Queen's College, Dundee, graduating in the early 40s. During the Second World War he served with the R.A.F. as a navigator, seeing service in North Africa and the South of England. On returning to Scotland he worked in Glasgow before joining Bonar Long in 1958. He served the company in management and as a Director, retiring in the early 80s. During his retirement he became involved with Alzheimer's Scotland, serving on the National Executive of the organisation and devoting much of his time to the charity. He was also founder member and Past-President of North Fife Rotary Club, serving as the Club's Treasurer until June. He was also a member of Scotsraig Golf Club.

McDOUGALL, RONALD

Mr McDougall, a former Burgh Chamberlain of Newport, died in King's Cross Hospital in January, aged 72. He began work with the City Corporation in 1937 and became the first man in the Dundee district to receive the Diploma of the Institute of Housing for local government staff. During the Second World War he served as Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant with the Scottish Horse Regiment in Italy and North Africa. After the War he joined the Territorial Army and served with them for another 20 years. In the late 1960's Mr McDougall moved to become Deputy County Factor for Lanarkshire County Council and then Depute Director of Monklands District Council, before his final retirement in 1977. He was actively involved with the church throughout his life.

PATERSON, DENNIS J.

The School was saddened at the death of Dennis J. Patterson, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the School. He had fought a brave battle against encroaching illness and weakness for some considerable

time. After his education at D.H.S. he attended St Andrews University, from where he went on to commissioned service as an R.A.F. Fighter Pilot in the Far East. He transferred to the Royal Artillery to fly with the Army Air Corps and, after leaving to continue his father's business, was commissioned in the T.A. where he rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He commanded Tayforth Universities Officers Training Corps from 1971-1977 and at the time of his death was joint service liaison officer, a civil, defence post, for Tayside and was Chairman of the eastern area of the Highland T.A. Association. As Chairman of the Board of Directors of the School he was known to many for his keen interest and support for all School activities. He was also a Past President of the School's Old Boys Club. He devoted time to several other local organisations, being a former committee member for both the National Trust for Scotland and the Salvation Army and was a Director of the Lord Roberts Workshop for Disabled Ex-Servicemen in Dundee. His principal recreations were golf and fishing. He was a past captain of Dalhousie Golf Club and was a member of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, where he served on its amateur status committee, which determines the boundaries of amateur status for golfers both in the U.K. and internationally. Dennis was a great lover of the countryside, especially Glenesk, where he spent many happy holidays with his family and the people of the Glen.

POTTER, JAMES T.

Mr Potter, former Managing Director of Dundee shoe firm Alex Potter & Sons Ltd, died in January, aged 81. He joined the family footwear business in 1930 in their Murraygate premises and, in pre-War days, took up climbing and skiing. At the outbreak of the Second World War, Mr Potter enlisted with 173 Heavy Battery, Royal Artillery T.A. at Broughty Castle, where he remained until demob in 1946, by which time he was a Battery Sergeant Major. He became Managing Director of the family business in 1945 and held that position until the firm was sold in 1980, at which point he retired. Post-War, Mr Potter became a ski instructor and was appointed President of Dundee Ski Club. Sailing was another of his favourite pastimes. A Flying Fifteen yachtsman on both Tay and Clyde, he was also a flag officer at the Royal Tay Yacht Club, West Ferry, where he was a life member. He was also honorary Secretary of Dundee branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. He worked in a number of medical capacities through the years, being on the Board of Ninewells and associated hospitals, a member of Dundee Health Executive Council and Chairman of the Board of Dundee Dental Hospital.

ROBBIE, GORDON J.

The School learned with great regret of the death of Mr Gordon J. Robbie, on 23rd December, 1992. After leaving D.H.S., Mr Robbie was a student at Edinburgh University qualifying as a Solicitor in 1937. He joined the Army and was commissioned as a Captain in the Black Watch. He served in France, where he was taken prisoner in 1940, and spent the rest of the War as a POW in Germany. During his long legal career in Dundee he was a partner in Edward Cowan & Co., a senior partner in the amalgamated firm of Ogilvie, Cowan & Co., and a

senior partner with Drummond, Robbie & Gibson, retiring from that firm two years ago. Mr Robbie had a long association with D.H.S., playing Rugby and Cricket for the F.P.s, serving as a Director of the School and latterly as Secretary to the Board, a post he relinquished earlier this year. He held many offices in community organisations including President of Dundee Rotary Club, Chairman of the Citizens' Advice Bureau, Executive committee member of the Council of Social Service, committee member of the RSSPCC, and Secretary of the Dundee Highland Society. His hobbies included golf, fishing and gardening.

ROSS, JOHN G.

Mr Ross, one of Dundee's most respected Solicitors, died in May, aged 72. He retired eight years ago and moved to the Solway coast, where the family had frequently holidayed. When he entered the legal profession he was following in a family tradition which continues. His brother Donald is Lord Ross, the Lord Justice Clerk. Mr Ross's father founded the firm of John Ross & Co. in 1918, and he was taken into partnership by his father's partner Mr Walter Fletcher in 1949. The firm amalgamated with that of John R. Strachan in 1968 to become Ross Strachan & Co. After leaving D.H.S., Mr Ross started his law apprenticeship but was mobilised for the Second World War as a Second Lieutenant in The Black Watch. He was promoted to Major and in 1943 was awarded the DSO for gallantry during the North African Campaign. On his release and demobilisation, Mr Ross was awarded the MBE. He was a holder of the Territorial Decoration. As a court practitioner, Mr Ross specialised in road traffic matters. He was Burgh Prosecutor at Tayport before local government re-organisation and latterly sat regularly as an Honorary Sheriff in Dundee.

THE PATRONS' ASSOCIATION OF THE HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

Is this you? Would you like to have a greater involvement in the affairs of the School but don't know how to go about this, or have a last child leaving the School this year but you would like to continue an involvement with the School's affairs. Then why not consider becoming a member of the **Patrons' Association**.

The **Patrons' Association** is young in years, but has a long history. It was only established in 1986, to take account of changes in legal and other aspects of education, but was the successor to the Subscribers, a body dating back to 1834. The role of both bodies has always been to support the School Subscribers at the start of their existence who financed the construction of the Main Building of the School. In more recent times, it is partly due to the efforts of the Patrons that the Meadows Project was brought to fruition, providing as it does a **New Hall, Library, Classrooms and facilities for Media Studies and the Learning Skills Centre**. The existence of the new **School Mini-Bus** also owes much to the **Patrons' Association** as does the **equipping of the new Business Studies Department**. The future financial development of the School is also of great interest to the Patrons whose aim is to help and encourage the Board of Directors to finance new

projects, to establish targets and priorities for expenditure.

However, just as important as assisting the School financially, is the importance of having a voice in its affairs and participating both in its current direction and in the debate on its future development. This is achieved by the **appointment of six members of the Patrons' Association to the Board of Directors**. In doing so, the Patrons draw on the wide range of skills and abilities which exist among its members. Both as individuals and as representatives of the Association, these Directors make an invaluable contribution to the School. There is no doubt that any School must be in tune with and respond to the wishes and concerns of the Society it serves if it is to maintain its position of respect and importance in the affairs of that society. The six Directors appointed by the Patrons provide an important part of the mechanism through which the High School of Dundee achieves this.

The affairs of the Patrons are currently managed by its Executive Committee.

The **Patrons' Association** is a progressive organisation and new blood is not only welcome but desirable to ensure its continuing support for an involvement in the School. In the past, membership drives have been targeted on specific events, e.g. the initiation of the Meadows Project, but the Patrons now wish to move to a position of regularly attracting new members. This magazine article is just one part of a series of moves to inform those involved with the School in many different ways of the existence of the **Patrons' Association** and the functions which it fulfils. It is our hope that among the readers there will be those attracted to the idea of a greater involvement with the School than they have had in the past.

Currently the Annual Membership is £20.00 per individual or £100.00 per organisation. Life membership is also available at not less than £100.00 and £500.00 respectively.

Nihil agas quod non prosit!

(Do nothing but what may turn to good account).

Don't just put this down — ACT NOW!

Write to:

The Chairman

The Patrons' Association

c/o High School of Dundee

P.O. Box 16

Dundee DD1 9BP.

Obituary

DUCKWORTH, Dr. JOYCE McARA (nee Fleming)

Dr. Joyce Duckworth died peacefully at King's Cross Hospital on 12th June, 1993. Joyce was a former Dux of the School and outstanding at Hockey and Tennis. She graduated M.B.Ch.B. in 1941 from St Andrews University. As a Midlands Tennis Champion she and her husband were stalwarts in the F.P. Tennis Club. She was, for many years, an enthusiastic member of the Old Girls' Club and attended all functions. Her son Michael, who left School in 1963, represented the School at Rugby, Cricket and Tennis.

FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND LONDON ADVISORY SERVICE

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

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

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

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

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

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

DUNDEE HIGH CRICKET CLUB

The F.P. Club is in very good shape at the moment, and has sustained a consistently high level of performance over many seasons now.

Last season brought a second successive runners-up finish in the league, and an exciting Scottish Cup campaign, and winner's silverware in two six-a-side competitions.

International recognition is also starting to come the way of our players. Adam Heather added Under-19 and Under-21 caps to his Under-16 ones, and Stephen King is in the current Scottish Under-19 squad.

There might be more on the way too, as our new Under-15 and 13 teams are shaping up well and will hopefully provide both enjoyable cricket for the boys, and a source of new talent for the two senior teams.

As the club is also fortunate to enjoy first-class match and practice facilities at Dalnacraig, we feel very optimistic about the future of the club.

WEDDINGS

Alison Burnett and Allan MacLeod were married in August, 1992, at St Patrick's R.C. Church, Dundee.

Graeme Leslie and Lisa Haslam were married in August, 1992, at Holy Trinity Church, Monifieth.

Dr. Leonard Burnett and Wendy Jones were married in August, 1992, at Hebron Chapel, Old Colwyn.

Dr. Fiona Forrest and Henry Boyle were married in August, 1992, at St Bride's Church, Monifieth.

Andrew Fair and Lesley Davidson were married in September, 1992, at Dundee University Chapel.

Ian Hulbert and Fiona Butterworth were married in November, 1992, at Strathdon Church, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire.

Jacqueline Fergusson and Stephen Thurlow were married in November, 1992, at St Mary's Church, Dundee.

Nicholas Haining and Helen Quinn were married in November, 1992, in the Chapel of St Faith, St Paul's Cathedral.

Fiona Dryden and Dr. Trevor Aiken were married in February, 1993, at St Margaret's Church, Barnhill.

Carolyn Speirs and Biff Joss were married in April, 1993, at St Aidan's Church, Broughty Ferry.

Paul Barnett and Claire Porter were married in April, 1993, at the West Kirk, Arbroath.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB

At the Annual General Meeting in November 1992, Mr Gordon Allan was elected President of the club and Mr Andrew Smith was appointed Vice-President.

It was with great sadness that the club recorded the deaths in December 1992 of Gordon J. Robbie and Dennis J. Paterson. Both gentlemen were Past-Presidents of the club and Gordon Robbie was an Honorary Vice-President and over many years they had both been loyal and hard working servants of the club and the school community.

Both the membership and activities of the club continue to thrive. Dinners were held in Glasgow, London and Dundee in November and the Edinburgh Dinner was held in March 1993 and on each occasion the numbers attending increased. These occasions continue to be a major event in the club's calendar.

On the sporting side, golf, fishing and curling outings are held and continue to be well attended and highly successful.

The President represents the club at a number of school functions during the year and the club continues to enjoy close co-operation with the school in supporting it in whatever manner possible.

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

H. L. Findlay
Secretary
Wm. Low & Company plc
P.O. Box 73
Baird Avenue
Dryburgh Industrial Estate
Dundee DD1 9NF.



Members of the Old Girls' Club with the scroll of names of those who attended the D.H.S. Old Girls' London Lunch, March 1993.

OLD GIRLS' CLUB

On 21st November, 1992, Old Girls' President, Vivien Scott, invited Senior Old Girls to an afternoon tea party in her home. Eight ladies were each collected by a committee member and they were delighted to renew friendships and proud when their accumulative ages came to 688 years — almost the age of the school. Mr Illsley along with senior girl pupils, Martell Maxwell and Zoe Schimdt interviewed on video, Miss Ella Hutcheson, Mrs Binnie Horsburgh, Mrs Edith Todd, Miss Esma Laird, Mrs Janet Weatherhead, Mrs Rhoda Marshall, Mrs Jess Ritchie and Mrs Eileen Walker. The latter four ladies were Past Presidents of the Club in the years 1947-48, 1967-68, 1954-55, 1961-62 and were proud to be photographed wearing the President's chain of office which was presented after their terms in office by Past President, 1957-58, Mrs Margaret Larg in 1967. Tongues wagging telling tales of the good old days and cameras clicking recorded a happy get-together and was so much appreciated it is hopefully to become an annual event. Any Senior Old Girl who would like to be included in this open invitation, please contact the Club Secretary.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL FORMER PUPILS' ATHLETIC UNION

The past year has been an exciting one for the Athletic Union. Obviously the highlight was Division 1 League rugby at Mayfield with the knock-on effect of large attendances at league games and consequently increased income for the Athletic Union from bar revenue. The assistance of the school in allowing the main pavillion to be used on a Saturday has been greatly appreciated.

The Ladies' Hockey Club had a successful first year in the National League winning the Division 4 title and they continue to run a District League side.

However, the Men's Hockey have had a disappointing year in the National Leagues.

The Ladies' Tennis Club appear to be in good heart but due to declining numbers the Men's team has been disbanded in the past year.

The Cricket Club is in good heart and enjoyed a good run in the Scottish Cup while the Badminton Club continue their activities with a small but enthusiastic membership.

After a difficult past year financially the Athletic Union is in a healthy state and the Clubhouse is much more presentable for members and guests.

The constituent clubs owe a great deal of gratitude to two retiring members of the Committee, Gavin Garden and Donald Edwards and this was marked by a presentation to them both at the annual general meeting.

The Athletic Union are always keen to welcome new members to Mayfield.

Colin T. Graham, Honorary Secretary.

OLD GIRLS' CLUB REPORT

At the 61st Annual General Meeting held on Monday, 15th March, 1993, the following office-bearers were elected:

President:	Dr Joan Forsyth
Vice-President:	Mrs Elaine Hackney
Junior Vice-President:	Mrs Margaret Ross
Secretary:	Mrs Sybil Ramsay 21 Wood Lane, Monifieth
Assistant Secretary:	Mrs Mary McLaren
Treasurer:	Miss Margaret Stewart 38 Dundee Road, Broughty Ferry

New Committee

Members:	Mrs Susan Jackson
	Mrs Hazel Gillan
	Mrs Patricia Hourd
	Miss Avril Novak

I wish to present the report of the Old Girls' Club during the Presidency of Mrs Vivien Scott. Our joint venture with the Old Boys' Club was a Barbecue on Saturday, 6th June in the President's garden. Walter Smith and his band provided the entertainment and a good time was had by all. Our thanks to Alastair and Vivien Scott for all their hard work and providing such a delightful venue.

Sports Day was held at Mayfield on Saturday, 13th June and because of the gloriously hot day, the tea tent kept us very busy. We are grateful to all ladies and senior pupils who assisted us.

The Leavers Party, a pre-lunch refreshments party, was held on 23rd June. The Committee ladies provided the food for this enjoyable event. We extend a warm invitation to all girls leaving school and hope they will join the Old Girls' Club.

In August we again failed to win the golf match against the Old Boys. Will our luck change in 1993?

The Annual Dinner, on Friday, 6th November was again well attended. Mrs Lisa Leslie entertained us playing the flute with Mrs Wood as her accompanist.

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

We record with sadness the deaths of Miss Nora Whitton, Mrs Jamieson, Mrs Agnes Hay, Mrs Eileen Wallace, Mrs Dorothy Young, Miss Louise Johnston, Mrs Elizabeth Garner and Mrs Elin Walsh.

The Annual Reunion Dinner will be held this year on Friday, 5th November, 1993. Next year's Annual General Meeting will be held on Monday, 7th March, 1993.

The School Magazine is available to all members and can be collected from the School or sent by post on receipt of £1 postage by the School.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' Association have had a full and busy year under the Chairmanship of Sara Reid. Topical subjects were tackled at two opening evenings. In the autumn term, Margaret Magee, an Assistant Director with the Scottish Consultative Council on the Curriculum spoke on 'Trends in Primary Education'. Language teaching in the Junior School was also discussed that evening. In the spring term 'Problems of the 90s: Alcohol, Personal Attack and Drug Misuse' were addressed by Inspector Donaldson, Constable Amond and Dr Rice.

On the social front, members of the committee have served refreshments at the School Opera, mulled wine and mincepies at Christmas and for the first time entertained the Board of Directors to a very pleasant wine and savouries evening. At that occasion, the opportunity was taken to present a cheque for £2,200 to the Board as the contribution from the Parents' Association towards the newly purchased mini-bus.

Constructive meetings are held on a regular basis with the Rector and the tradition of the younger members of school attending international rugby matches at Murrayfield has been re-established with the help of parents and the P.E. Department. Members of the committee have been involved in arranging the provision of a navy sweatshirt, with a D.H.S. logo, which was felt could be used by all pupils on the sports field and school trips. The next event on the Parents' Association calendar is the Car Boot Sale which is being planned with enthusiasm for a warm day in May! It is planned for the proceeds from this to provide Trinity Hall with a fixed sound installation.

The members of this year's committee have thoroughly enjoyed their commitment to the Association and know that they will receive the continued support of the school, parents and pupils.

Beverley Horner, Secretary.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL F.P. LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB — Season 1992-93

This season started with two new developments within the club. We entered one team into the National League for the first time in the club's history and also set up a second team which played in the Midlands League.

The National League team had a successful season and were unbeaten winners in Division 4, which resulted in promotion to Division 3 for season 1993-94.

The Midlands team, supported strongly by the schoolgirls finished a strong second place in Midlands League Division 1 and their performance more than held their place in this division.

As a result of these achievements both at National and District League level, we were awarded the Torrie Stockbrokers, "Club of the Month" award and were the first club to receive this new trophy.

As well as the serious competitive games, we enjoyed participating in various sevens tournaments and fun was had by all at our annual Captain's XI versus President's XI match.

As well as our club teams successes, we had individual representation at District level and Lisa Morgan made the National Under-21 Development Pool, Lisa has since gone on to play for the Scottish Under 21 Outdoor Squad.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the school for the use of their facilities and the ground staff for all their assistance throughout the season. Lastly we would like to thank all the schoolgirls who played for the club this season, showing commitment and skill and would encourage them to play next season. We also welcome any other potential F.P. stars to come along to develop and enjoy their hockey from school to senior level.

M. Meiklem, Secretary.

F.P. RUGBY CLUB REPORT

Season 1992/1993 has been the most interesting and eventful season ever for the F.P.s. Last June we toured to New Zealand playing five matches and winning all of them. This was the first tour to New Zealand ever undertaken by a Scottish club and was a tremendous experience for the players and officials involved.

Shortly after returning we started our first ever campaign in Division One of the National Leagues. Although winning our first match against Heriots at Mayfield our following results were disappointing and we have now been relegated to Division Two next season. Although disappointed we are not depressed as there has been ample evidence that with more experience the club can genuinely compete with the best in Scotland. We finished our season with two very good league wins and also did well in the National Cup competition. This, allied to the successes of the 2nd XV and 3rd (2A) XV — winners of both their leagues — gives us confidence for the club's future.

What has also been very important to the club's standing in the game has been that we have coped extremely well with the larger crowds and have impressed all the new visitors to Mayfield with the facilities we enjoy there. For this we must again thank the School, and in particular the Board of Governors and the Rector. 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.

Finally, to the members of the School 1st XV — it was again a pleasure to watch you during the season and hopefully all of you will continue to enjoy your rugby after leaving. For all those staying in Dundee there will always be a warm welcome for you in the F.P.s.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL TRUST APPEAL FUND

This Trust holds assets approaching half-a-million pounds which has built up over the past twenty years or so entirely by the generosity of parents and friends of the School. The income is used to support projects promoted by the School and has been a valuable source of assistance to the School for many years. No projects have been approved during the past twelve months but the Trustees are about to consider new proposals for further expenditure which will be submitted by the School. During the past year the Trustees were pleased to shown round the most recent development funded to the extent of fifty per cent from the Trust Fund, namely the modernisation and refurbishment of the janitor's house into classrooms and other utilities and were most impressed by what had been done with this resource.

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.



THE COOKSHOP

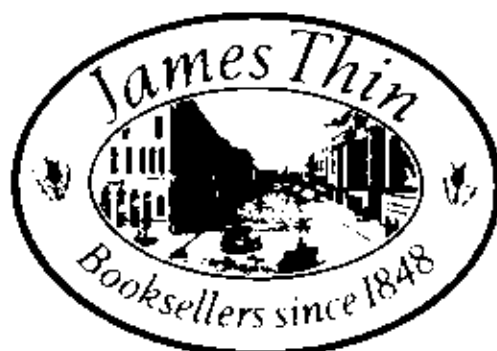


WE HAVE EVERYTHING YOUR
KITCHEN NEEDS

GIFT VOUCHERS AVAILABLE



27 The Wellgate Centre, Dundee
Telephone 21256



Independent Bookseller of the Year 1992



7-8 High Street, Dundee DD1 1SF

Tel: 0382 23999

FOR ALL YOUR BOOK AND STATIONERY NEEDS

OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

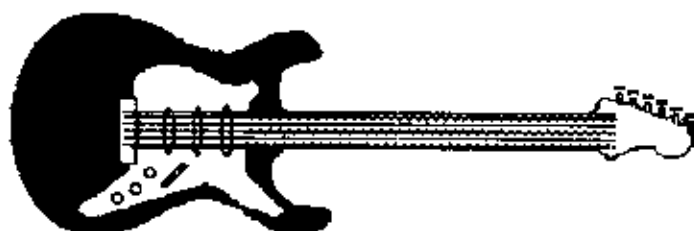
ALSO AT 176 HIGH STREET, PERTH TEL: 0738 35222

SC SOUND CONTROL

MODERN MUSIC STORES

**No. 1 in Scotland
for**

Guitars, Basses, Pianos
Electric Pianos, Organs, Synths,
Home Keyboards, Brass,
Woodwind, Percussion,
Amplification, P.A. Systems, Effects,
Home/Pro Recordings,
Sheet Music, Guitar Repair,
Equipment Repair,
Background Music Installations.



**29 - 31 CASTLE STREET
DUNDEE 25619**

also in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Kirkcaldy, Dunfermline

HOUSE REPORTS

THE INTER-HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

This session saw the Inter-House Championship in doubt almost to the end of the Sports. Aystree who had built up a fair lead saw it whittled gradually away during Sports Day. However, the lead did prove to be sufficient and Aystree held on to win the Shield for the first time in 19 years.

Thanks must go to all staff and pupils who participated in and provided support for House teams this session. We are also grateful to those who organised the great variety of House events that now take place. A special word of thanks goes here to the P.E. department for their efforts.

Final results were — 1, Aystree, 1278 points; 2, Lindores, 1258 points; 3, Wallace, 1201 points; 4, Airlie, 1004 points.

AIRLIE

After coming a disappointing fourth place last year, Airlie was determined to up their standards.

As usual, house activities began this year with the field events (hockey and rugby). The rugby gained us respectable results with many second places, however the hockey results were more varied. Meanwhile, indoors, the girls' netball teams were carrying on the infamous Airlie tradition of fourth place, so, not wanting to show the netballers up, the shooting team again missed the mark by achieving this same placing and, like sheep, the cricket team, tennis team and the debating team followed on down the same dreaded path.

So as you can imagine, Airlie was beginning to lose faith, but with the gala looming it seemed all their "HOPES" and prayers were to be answered. We managed to break free of the fourth place blues and felt as if we were walking on water when we pulled through with first place, not only in the senior section but in the gala overall.

Our public speaking team proved they could talk their way out of anything, achieving first place also.

In conclusion, irrespective of the fact that Airlie does actually have many talented members, it is true to say that Airlie would have had a more profitable season if they had found a good solicitor and sold their House to start with.

Thanks anyway to all those who helped out during the year and also to our House Master and House Mistress, Mr Richterich and Miss Cannon for their enthusiastic support throughout the year.

Better luck next year, Airlie!

Malcolm Hay
Ashley Meiklejohn
House Vice-Captains.

AYSTREE

Aystree won the House Championship for the first time since 1974 in similar style to Manchester United who finally won the English League again. In contrast to the Grand National, Aystree were off to a flying start in winning debates. In similar fashion, the other Houses

had no answer to Aystree and had to resign themselves to the minor placings. Our congratulations go to Adam King who was deservedly named best speaker.

The sporting events followed as surely as defeat follows defeat for England's cricketers. However, Aystree stood firm, faced every attack and refused to be bowled over. The boys' hockey team managed second place. The girls' hockey teams did not fare quite so well due to the other Houses mounting some decent opposition. The rugby teams played well with the Form 1 team winning their competition. The girls' netball teams certainly won their spurs. Things were as sweet for Aystree with the Primary team winning and the other two teams coming second. Shooting is hit or miss but Fiona Hamilton was right on target in being the top female shot.

Aystree usually do well in the Swimming Galas and as far as our Championship aspirations were concerned it was sink or swim. However, it was the other Houses who were in deep water as the Aystree members of the Junior School swam away with their Gala. This helped us to second place once the results of both galas were combined. Aystree were on the crest of a wave as they had drifted into a comfortable lead with only the summer term to go.

Alan Forsyth selected the House tennis team. Indeed, he managed to picket very well as he and his brother, Neil, battled like sacked Timex workers to lead the team to victory. They both reached the finals of their respective individual competitions as well. The girls' team fought gamely and managed to serve up a third place. In the cricket, the boys did not let third place slip through their hands.

Aystree came out top overall in academic marks giving us a commanding lead with only the Sports to go. This is traditionally rather disappointing for Aystree and this year was no exception. Our lead was withering in the summer sun very quickly. However the other Houses resembled race horses that could not stay the whole distance of the Championship. It was, therefore, thoroughbreds Aystree who, despite finishing last in the Sports had enough to canter past the winning post.

Our thanks must go to Mr Baxter, Mrs Madden, Scott Gall and Claire Brodie for all their continued help and support throughout the year.

Robbie G. N. Moir
Caroline E. M. Henderson
House Captains.

LINDORES

Alas! the hat-trick was not to be. Despite all the effort and enthusiasm maintained throughout the year, we ended up a mere 20 points behind the champions, Aystree.

We had a promising start winning both the senior

rugby and girls' senior hockey, however, further down the school we were not quite so successful!

For the third year in succession, Lucy MacLaren won the senior girls' tennis championship, with Colin Donald yet again walking away with the senior boys' tennis, squash and gym cup.

More valuable House points were obtained from some great academic results, in particular, Neil Patel, who received most of the dux prizes!

One victory we didn't manage to clinch, however, was the girls' senior netball — an acute shortage of specialised netball players may have contributed to our perhaps not totally unexpected fourth place!

A splendid effort was made by Elise Nimmo, Mark Patel and Peter Williamson who were narrowly talked into second place by Aystree, in the House debates. However, this was shortly followed by the swimming gala — the event we had all been dreading. Lindores being renowned for lack of speed, I'm afraid confirmed our reputation, drifting into only third place.

Lindores excelled itself in the House cricket, winning with great style and ease, which was shortly followed by yet another fine victory at Sports Day, with some excellent athletic abilities being shown. Colin Inglis, a mere 4th Year won the boys' senior championships, with Ian Hope coming a close second. Fiona Morris managed to hold on to her now customary position, coming runner-up in the girls' senior championships. Robin Morgan came first equal and Alison Donald came second in the intermediate boys' and girls' championships. Graham Hutcheson also produced a new school record for the high jump.

Throughout the year the junior school were full of enthusiasm for Lindores and we were never short for team members!

Thanks must go to everyone involved, especially to the Vice-Captains, Fiona Morris and Sam. Also to Mrs McDonald and Mr Durrheim for their help and support without which such a near victory would have been impossible.

Good luck to everyone next year. Let's hope Lindores can retrieve the Shield.

Jill Inglis
Colin Donald
House Captains.

WALLACE

From the outset it was apparent that the championship would be a close run affair between all houses. However, this was no deterrent for Wallace from beginning to end.

We began the year with optimism and enthusiasm making the start we needed with the senior boys, the intermediate and junior girls taking the hockey by storm, and the senior girls coming a close second to Lindores — what can we say!!!

The impressive run continued with success in the senior and junior netball — both won on goal difference, and a second in the primary netball. Wallace was proving to be unstoppable, that was until the gala and inter-house rugby. In the senior house rugby, Wallace gracefully picked up last place, but this must be put down to the sad, early retirement of Adam Robertson who fancied himself more as Graham Gooch than Gavin Hastings.

All four of us had saved our 20 pences and we had gathered a sizeable force for this dreaded occasion. The only good thing was the primary display which in years to come could prove to be somewhat of an improvement

on the present swimming abilities of Wallace. Heather Shepherd showed her aquatic abilities by winning the senior championship. Overall, Wallace came an unsurprising fourth.

After our drenching in the gala, Wallace were looking for a more prosperous future. This was achieved with Wallace convincingly winning the House shooting, with Jamie Mitchell winning the individual shooting. This was continued with a second in the House cricket and a good overall performance in the tennis where again we made our presence known, winning the junior girls and coming second in both the senior boys and girls, results which won the overall tennis trophy.

As the points situation became closer every points-earning occasion became crucial. Wallace's academic marks were not the marks we needed, and with all other points in, the whole Championship rested on Sports Day. Wallace would now have to produce one of the best victories of all time to bridge the gap of 130 points between us, Aystree and Lindores to win the Championship.

Sports Day saw some good performances from Claire McDonald who won the senior girls' championship, and also Jay Husbands. After a spirited performance our efforts still didn't prove to be enough to win, but we came an enthusiastic second place. After some unnecessary nail-biting we came a very close third place, with only 77 points separating us from Aystree. 1993 saw one of the closest run championships for many years with Wallace showing much promise for the future.

Thanks must go to Mr Stewart and Mrs Martin and all other members of staff concerned in the Wallace effort. Thanks also to the P.E. staff for all their help and organisation throughout the year. Finally, to our successors, we wish you all the best for the future sessions.

Captains: Innes Burns
Susie Hepworth
Vice-Captains: Adam Robertson
Alison McIntosh

THE WEE CARD SHOP & GALLERY

*For Specialist Cards and Gifts that are
that little bit different, yet still
reasonably priced.*

Find us at :

2 CAMPFIELD SQUARE,
BARNHILL, DUNDEE.

TELEPHONE: 0382 736384

SPORT

RUGBY REPORT

1992 to 93 was a very successful season for the Primary A team. We have played 11 matches and won 10. The only side that beat us was Stewarts Melville on 6th February, 1993 in Edinburgh. The first match of the season was against Dollar which was narrowly won by us 10-5.

On 7th November, in Glasgow, we defeated Kelvinside 29-12.

Then came the biggest win so far against Hutchesons 42-0 on their extremely muddy pitches and we beat Morrisons 54 points to 5 on 30th January.

Robert Gordons was our next match at Dalnacraig. Again we won with a satisfying score of 43-5. Our next encounter with Robert Gordons was not so easy but we still won.

For our last match we beat Hutchesons with a score of 40-5. There were a couple of changes in the team but it didn't stop us winning.

On behalf of the A team we would like to thank Mr Wilson, Mr Rennet, Mr Hutchison, Mr Lanchbury for their help and parents and friends for their support.

Neil Ross,
Gareth Evans
(Primary A captains)

Opposition	Ven.	F	A
Dollar	H	10	5
Queen Vic	H	32	0
Kelvinside	A	29	12
Queen Vic	A	Cancelled	
St Aloysius	H	21	19
Morrisons	H	Cancelled	
Hutchesons	H	42	0
Morrisons	H	54	5
Robert Gordons	H	43	5
Morrisons	H	29	0
St Aloysius	A	Cancelled	
Stewarts Melville	A	12	17
Robert Gordons	A	21	15
Hutchesons	A	40	5

Points for 333 Points against 83

HOCKEY REPORT

Officials: Captain — Fiona Morris
Vice-Captain — Jane Alexander
Secretary — Alison McIntosh
Treasurer — Kate Taig

With six players remaining from last year's 1st XI, high expectations were soon justified, as the team played well together in their new formation, gaining early wins against Morrisons, St Leonards and Strathallan.

Hopes for the elusive, undefeated season increased as we gained high scoring wins in our cup matches against Bell Baxter, Crieff High and Glenalmond, going on to win the Midlands outdoor school tournament against Madras. The final score was 3-0 with Jane, Lucy and Fiona scoring, and meant we represented Midlands in the Scottish Schools' Competition hosted by Robert Gordons. In this we performed well, going through as

winners of our section to meet Gala in the semi-final which we won 1-0 and thus went on to play George Heriots in the final. However, after a hard day's hockey we were narrowly defeated 2-1.

After missing the Heriots tournament due to transport problems, we were more determined to play to our full potential and also motivated by the fact that Gavin Hastings was presenting the winning cup in the George Watsons sevens. In the semi-finals we beat George Heriots, revenging the previous week's defeat and went on to win the final against Glasgow High 1-0.

We finished a tremendous season undefeated, playing 20 games, winning 18 and only drawing two against district sides. 70 goals were scored with the top scorer being Fiona, scoring 22 and only two goals were scored against us.

Both the 2nd and 3rd XI had a very successful season, with the 2nds only losing to Heriots and the 3rd XI being undefeated.

Individual players have done extremely well this season; Jane Alexander, Claire McDonald, Lucy McLaren, Karen Campbell and Fiona Morris all represented Midland Under-18 outdoor; Alison Donald, Susie Morris, Ferith Robb, Sarah-Jane Stirling, Jenna Keir, Amy Nicol and Fiona McDonald representing Midlands Under-16 outdoor. Furthermore Fiona and Claire attended Scottish Under-18 trials, and Sarah-Jane, Ferith, Alison and Amy attended Scottish Under-16 trials with both Sarah-Jane and Claire reaching the Scottish training squad. Finally, Julie Grewar, Claire, Fiona and Karen represented Midlands Under-18 indoor. Congratulations to all!

On behalf of all the teams I would like to thank the PE staff, especially Miss Sim and Miss Meiklem for all their coaching, fitness and encouragement throughout the season; the hostesses, and also to Fiona, our captain, and Jane, our vice-captain.

Finally, I wish next year's team all the success this year's hockey has produced; all the best.

Alison McIntosh.

BOYS' HOCKEY REPORT 1992-93

This was a very good season for the 1st XI. With the majority of the team in sixth year, we expected to do fairly well and our results proved us to be one of the best teams in recent years, with ten wins, four draws and five losses, 29 goals for, and 22 against. Were these results due to the tasteful, quartered shirts acquired this year?

We had a great start to the season beating Stewarts Melville 1-0 in Edinburgh, but then we had a disastrous run of three defeats in a row, losing 3-1 to George Watson, 4-1 to the mighty Grove Academy, and then 1-0 in the return leg with Stewarts Melville.

The Midlands six-a-side tournament was next and we were all confident after winning it at Under 15 and Under

16 levels the previous two years. We played fairly well and even after some poor finishing in our final match, which we drew 0-0, we still thought we had won the tournament. But because of a misunderstanding in the rules, stating goal difference did not count, we were told we had to have a play-off with Grove Academy, whom we had already defeated by two goals to nil. Unfortunately, three of our best players had all gone home unaware of this play-off. But we ended up losing only on penalties, but still disappointed.

Our last game before Christmas saw us win 2-0 at McDairmid Park against Perth Academy.

We started the New Year with a fairly easy 4-2 win over Morrisons, before taking on Gordonstoun. Two goals in the last five minutes gave Gordonstoun a narrow victory after we had initially taken the lead.

We then defeated Morrisons 3-1 and George Watson 2-1 at Mayfield. This was a fine result and everyone played well. We finished the campaign with a 3-2 win over Harris at Riverside and a draw against Strathallan at Dalnacraig.

The other school teams enjoyed mixed fortunes and we wish them better luck next year.

Finally, I am sure that every hockey player would like to thank our large coaching squad, consisting of Mr Spowart, Mr Duncan, Mr Nicol, Kenny Ross and Ewan Armitage. We would also like to thank the groundsman for always keeping the hockey pitches playable, often under difficult conditions.

All the best to next year's 1st XI. We hope that they have as much fun and are as successful as we were this year.

Alan Forsyth,
Treasurer.

CRICKET

The 1993 season started with a very young side, but with some of the players having played the previous season we were not short of experience. Also, with four out of our nine games being cancelled due to bad weather, we did not have many matches to show our promise.

We got off to a dreadful start with a hammering at the hands of Stewarts Melville in which we were bowled out for 38. We regained some confidence in our next match at Morrisons in which we earned a draw. This was followed by a magnificent performance against Rannoch in which we won comfortably with captain Ian Hope hitting an unbeaten 27 and Michael King taking 8 for 25. Next, in our annual drubbing at Merchiston we turned in a sparkling performance, but the game still ended in crushing defeat and in the final game of the season we regained some pride with a well-deserved draw against Glasgow High School.

The whole team would like to thank Mr Spowart and Neil D'Costa for their excellent coaching and brilliant umpiring and support. So, with the same squad staying on next year, we are looking forward to next season with relish.

NETBALL

The season started with high hopes with five team members remaining from last year's successful team. Unfortunately, due to illness and out of school activities the team was not able to achieve their potential.

Our first match, we deservedly drew against Strath-

allan; however, our following games against Kilgraston, Gordonstoun and Strathallan, we narrowly lost. Our next match against Fettes saw us achieve our first win of the season. In the Dundee School Tournament we convincingly won all our matches apart from our final match against Grove, thus losing the trophy by a mere one point. In the Independent Schools' Tournament, due to losing one match which we should have one, we did not qualify for the semi-finals.

The third year had quite a successful season, as did the first year playing in the Dundee Leagues.

Finally, our thanks must go to Mrs Hutchison for her help and encouragement throughout the season. All the best for next year's teams.

Caroline Henderson, Captain.

CURLING

Dundee High School again took to the ice this year for two main curling competitions.

A team drawn from a pool of eight pupils competed in the qualifying round-robin matches throughout the season at Perth and Kinross ice rinks. The team, ably skipped by Alan Dargie, swept almost all their opposition off the ice with some outstanding runs and qualified for the final of the Perth and Kinross Schools' League against Breadalbane. The final was exciting but unfortunately Alan's last stone to win the match "picked up" and the final went to Breadalbane.

Again, the school team of Alan Dargie, Angus Hood, Sarah Kirk and Susan Gledhill qualified for the finals of the Scottish School Curling Championships in Glasgow where they had mixed fortunes in the round-robin stage of the competition.

Outwith school, Julia Ewart and her rink, including Mhairi Ferguson, continue to impress and again qualified for the Scottish Junior Ladies Curling Championships.

My thanks go to Mr G. C. Stewart for his endless support throughout the season, to the parents for their support and finally to the pupils who participated in the competitions and who were excellent ambassadors, not only for their sport, but also for the school.

Sport At All Levels

SECOND FLOOR		Skiing, Hillwalking, Swimwear, Wetsuits, Ladies & Childrens Leisurewear
FIRST FLOOR		Golf, Tennis, Squash, Badminton, Cricket, Exercise Cycles
GROUND FLOOR		Football, Rugby, Bowls, Hockey, Weights, Tracksuits, Trainers, P.E. Wear, General Sports

DAVID LOW

The Complete Sports Supplier

21 Commercial Street, Dundee.

Tel: 0382 24501

6 Golf Place, St. Andrews. 0334 74119	All Golf and Racquet Repairs	Links Avenue, Carnoustie. 0241 53439
---	---------------------------------	--

A member of

INTERSPORT

SWIMMING REPORT

In September the Midlands Schools' Under-16 Championships took place. There was a small entry from the school but those who took part did very well. Kirsty Hope (F3) won the Nancy Rioch Trophy for the Under-16 girls' 100m freestyle, and Katie Lawson (F3) took the silver medal. Kirsty and Katie were then joined by Ferelith Robb (F4) and Jennifer Thomson (F3) to make up the 4 x 50m freestyle relay team which won the Etta Cooper Trophy.

In February the swimmers were back competing again this time in the Scottish Schools' Competition at the Commonwealth Pool, Edinburgh. Katie Lawson and Richard Hope won the girls' and boys' open 400m freestyle. Kirsty Hope won the 15-16 years girls' 100m freestyle, and owing to her swim she also won the Royal Bank Trophy for the best 15-16 year old performance. The 15-16 girls' relay team of Ferelith Robb, Jennifer Thomson, Katie Lawson and Kirsty Hope were silver medallists, coming a close second behind Portlethen Academy, Aberdeen.

Following this event, Richard, Kirsty and Katie were selected to take part in the Schools' Quadrangular International in Brecon, Wales. Richard won golds in the 100m freestyle, 400m freestyle and the 4 x 50m freestyle relay; and his sister, Kirsty, was second in the 100m freestyle in a personal best time.

Overall, the year was successful for the swimmers, and everyone is looking forward to next session's events.

SKI-RACING — SCOTTISH CHAMPIONS!

For this year's Scottish School Ski Championships the school managed to field four teams — one for each event.

In the Girls' Minors' event, the High School team, consisting of Susie Gledhill, Emma Fletcher, Lorna McGregor and Lucy Reid managed to finish in eleventh place, a commendable result considering their lack of race experience. The Boys' Minors' team of Douglas Clark, Alistair Coulson, Duncan Murray and Hamish Barjonas finished in a very respectable seventh place. Both events were held at Glenshee.

The Girls' Senior event was also held at Glenshee with High School sending a team of seven girls. The team, captained by Jill Inglis, included Fiona Morris, Lucy Bower, Julie Grewar, Kate Taig, Rachel Thomson and Lucy McLaren, finished in an excellent fifth place allowing them to qualify for the British Schools' Ski Championships the following month. The girls' event was won by Perth Academy whose team included two Scottish Ski team members.

The Senior Boys' event was moved to Aonach Mor due to a lack of snow at Glenshee. The race was run on a Giant Slalom course through 24 gates. Our team consisted of Michael Berkeley, Paul Trayner, Malcolm Hay and myself with Colin Inglis as reserve. All four skied very well with exceptional top ten places for Michael and Paul. Our team's time of 109.97 secs. gave us first place and the Scottish Schools' National Championship Shield. In second place was Borroughmuir High School, with Kingussie High School third. This result made us



(Courtesy of D.C. Thomson Ltd.)

SCOTTISH SCHOOLS NATIONAL SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS 1993
(from left) Michael Berkeley, Jamie Mitchell (Capt.), Mr. A.S. Rouse, Malcolm Hay, Paul Trayner, Colin Inglis



**THE D.H.S.
MINORS
TEAMS AT
GLENSHEE**

favourites for the British Schools' Ski Championships, scheduled to take place later in March.

This was not only the first time that both girls' and boys' teams have qualified for the British Championships but also the first time any school team had won the Scottish Championships. Unfortunately for the senior teams, the British event, to be held at Aonach Mor, was cancelled due to adverse weather conditions. Paul Trayner and Michael Berkeley are to be congratulated for being selected for the Scottish Schools' Team which finished second in the World Schools' Ski Championship in Ontario, Canada, in March.

On behalf of all the team, I would like to thank Mr Rouse, Mrs Fletcher, Mr Nichol and Mr Inglis for their help in not only getting us to the slopes, but helping with the organisation and running of the races. I would also like to wish next year's ski teams the best of luck.

Jamie Mitchell, Boys' Captain.



**D. H.S. THE
SENIOR SKI
TEAM
STORM
BOUND AT
AONACH
MOR BE-
FORE THE
BRITISH
EVENT WAS
CANCELLED**

1st. X1 CRICKET

Back Row (from left) Alan Reoch, Peter Maclaren, Chris McConnachie, Robin Morgan, Greg Bulchart, Gavin Reoch, Mr. G. W. Spowart
Paul Trayner, Colin Inglis, Mike King, Ian Hope (Capt.), Niall Smith, Stuart McGhee



TEAM PHOTOS



1st. V1 TENNIS

Back Row (from left) Elizabeth Wood, Caroline Merry, Luci MacLaren, Julie Grewar
Front Row (from left) Jill Inglis, Nina Srinivasan, Karen Campbell, Miss M. Melklem



1st XV RUGBY

Back Row (from left) Mr. A. Hutchison, Simon Gow, David Moser, Robbie Moir, Jonathan Petrie, Alasdair Thomson, Douglas Lawson, Andrew Bell, Colin Inglis, Chris Reid
Front Row (from left) Michael Toft, Ian Hope, Colin Donald (Vice Capt.), Hector Main (Capt.), Sam Kyeremateng, Scott Abel, Douglas Bett



2nd. X1 RUGBY

Back Row (from left) Rory Anderson, John Parr, Jamie Parratt, Chris Reid, Neill Smith, Gordon Boyle, Robin Brown
Middle Row (from left) Mr. I. E. R. Wilson, Trelawney Greaves, James Davie, Gareth Williams, Chris Orr, Robin Morgan, Nicholas Erdal, Peter Grewar, Gareth Tosh
Front Row (from left) John Southwick, Stuart Bittcliffe, Fraser Green, David Keir (Capt.), Jamie Mitchell, Guy Gracie, Craig Stephen



2nd V11 NETBALL

Back Row (from left) Leona Chacko, Alison Brodie, Jenny Caldwell, Alison Gall, Vicky Horner, Mrs. J. Hutchison
Front Row (from left) Shona Patterson, Claire Brodie (Capt), Rachel Bruce, Lesley Duffus



1st X1 HOCKEY

Back Row (from left) Miss E. Sim, Caroline Merry, Sarah-Jane Stirling, Susan Pennington, Luci Maclaren, Claire MacDonald, Susie Morris
Front Row (from left) Karen Campbell, Alison McIntosh, Fiona Morris (Capt.), Jane Alexander (Vice Capt.), Kate Taig, Julie Grewar



2nd X1 HOCKEY

Back Row (from left) Miss E. Sim, Rachael Meikle, Jenna Keir, Elizabeth Wood, Claire Anderson, Helen Hope, Susie Morris, Alison Donald, Ferelith Robb
Front Row (from left) Alison Marshall, Dawn Samson, Louise Fenwick (Capt.), Rachel Thomson, Ann Grewar, Charlotte Ogilvie



3rd X1 HOCKEY

Back Row (from left) Miss E. Sim, Nikki Munro, Alison Brodie, Lesley McDonald, Shelley Gordon, Alison Bodie, Lindsay Taylor, Jenny Alison
Front Row (from left) Susie Hepworth, Jenny Steven, Jill Inglis, Catherine Stevenson (Capt.), Suzanne Ogilvie, Barbara Key



1st. X1 HOCKEY

Back Row (from left) Mr. W. Nichol, Neil Armitage, Stuart Stirling, Chris Vardy, Iain Lawson, Anthony Lewis, Simon Thomson, Mr. G. W. Spowart
Front Row (from left) Angus Hood, Kenny McDonald, Graeme Ferguson, Innes Burns (Capt.), Alan Forsyth, Alan Dargie



2nd. X1 HOCKEY

Back Row (from left) David Gardner, Andrew Howe, Thomas Stone, Niall Smith, Douglas Humphris, Daniel Dawson
Middle Row (from left) Mr. W. Nichol, Richard Woodcock, Jonathan Adamson, Richard Morrison, John Gray, Mr. G. W. Spowart
Front Row (from left) Ian Cowley, Nicholas Gow, Paul Steven (Capt.), Neil Patel, Chris Low



1st V11 NETBALL

Back Row (from left) Leigh - Anne Smith, Helen Taylor, Heather Shepherd, Ashley Meiklejohn, Catriona Robson, Mrs. J. Hutchison
Front Row (from left) Nicole Ferguson, Jackie Gay, Caroline Henderson (Capt.), Tracy Boyle, Vanessa Van Der Schraff

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

I love books. They
are good for you and
vegetables are good
for you. We have to
eat good food to make
us strong.

Keith Ip LIB.

In the Easter holidays
my daddy and my uncle
found good places to
roll my Easter egg but
I did not eat my egg.

Lucy Boyd LIB.

I went to the Fair with
Karen. I went on the
cup and we went on the
boat.

Tom Bird LIB.

My best book is called
Snow White.
I like my brother.
He is called Philip.
My name is Emma.
I like Natasha.

Emma Gentleman LIB.

I like school.
I like going to
Douglas's house.

Graeme Black LIB.

I like the summer.
I go to Emma's house.

Natasha French LIB.

I go to my bed.
I like it when
we go to play.

Sophie Henderson LIB.

I like my school.
My classroom is
always full of
pictures.

Julia Bruce LIB.

I like reading
The Little Red
Hen. It is my
best book.

Douglas Horne LIB.

I have a brother.
He is 8.
I have a video
which is Peter Pan.

John Clark LIB.

I like my school.
I like my sister.
I like my classroom.

Holly Barrack LIB.

I have a dog and two cats
and a brother and a mum
and a baby doll and a doll
cot.

When it is spring I sleep
in the sun.

India Fraser LIB.

I like reading my best book.
It is a tractor book.
I go to David's house.

Neil Bryden LIB.

I like going to the pigs.
I like playing with my
remote control car.
I like reading books.
I have little pigs.

David Arbuckle LIB.

I like going to the
playground.
My best friend is
Erica.

Farjana Chowdhury LIB.

I have a horse.
It is called Judy.
We go to the shops.

Joanna Gray LIB.

It is a windy day.
I went on my holiday.
The sun is out.
I like the sun.

Steven Burke LIB.

I like to go to the
shops with my mummy
and daddy. They
bought me a doll.

Nicola Waldner LIB.

My sister is 6 years old.
I am Zac.
I am 5 years old.
My mummy is nice.

Zac Farquhar LIB.

When I grow up I want to be a
pilot to fly a jet. I will
not bomb anybody.

John Sneddon LIB.

When I grow up I want to be a
pilot. I will drive a jet in
the sky.

Alisdair Smith LIB.

When I grow up I want to be a
doctor. I will make people
better if they are sick.

Rukshana Mallick LIB.

When I am a man, I want to be a
doctor. I am going to help all
people and help my daddy. I will
work hard.

Robert Small LIB.

When I grow up I want to be a
horse rider at Pam's. I'm
going to work and feed the
horses every day.

Christine Jardine LIB.

When I am a man I want to be a
policeman. I will catch bad men
and I will help people across the
road.

Polok Islam LIB.

When I grow up I want to be a
hairdresser. I will cut
people's hair. I will give
perms and make ladies
beautiful.

Emily Wilson LIB.

When I grow up I want to be a nurse. I will look after all the people and give them medicine. I will look after them very carefully.

Jennifer Watson LIL.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I want to be a nurse. I will make people well so they can go home. I will be a happy nurse.

Sarah McConville LIL.

When I grow up I want to be a teacher. A good teacher. I will have to read lots of stories to the children. The clever children have to do what I say. The children will read to other children. I will be like Mrs Leadbitter.

Catherine Jung LIL.

When I am a man I want to be a joiner and build things with wood.

Colin Goudie LIL.

When I grow up I want to be a taxi driver in a motor car.

Scot Toshney LIL.

When I grow up I want to be a zoo keeper. So I will feed and clean the animals always.

Rebecca McNeill LIL.

I will wear a uniform. I will help everybody when I grow up. I will be a policeman.

Martin Rouf LIL.

When I grow up I am going to be a pilot and I will fly the aeroplane. All the passengers will get three course meals and when we get to Hong Kong everybody will get off.

Marc Khan LIL.

When I grow up I am going to be a teacher because I would teach children to do work. I would tell the children to do sums and English. I would tell them lots of interesting things. I would work at Dundee High School. I would have a desk and a chair, and I would have a number on my door. When it is playtime for the boys and girls I would go to the staff room and have a cup of tea and read the newspaper. After I have my cup of tea I will do some more work for the children.

Claire Cuthill LIL.

When I grow up I will be an artist and paint all day long. I would sell them. I would sell a million. Maybe I will make a lot of money and buy a red car.

Brian Gillan LIL.

When I grow up I want to be a nurse or a scientist. Sometimes I think I would like to be a teacher but, most of all, I would like to be a cook.

Helen Chalmers LIL.

When I grow up I want to be a doctor like my Dad and do operations, or study medicines. I might even be a scientist if I don't get a job as a doctor but I would really like to be a doctor.

Fraser Hendry LIL.

When I grow up I am going to make working models for myself and be an engineer and work at Scania and help to make lorries, then when I am twenty-six I will make working model aeroplanes.

Toby Davies LIL.

MY FAVOURITE SHOP

My favourite shop is Asda. It is warm and the music is good and they sell bubblebath and toys and books.

Andrew Glass LIL.

My favourite shop is the sweet shop. Sometimes I eat so many sweets my teeth come out. But it's better because I have more money.

Harrison Horne LIL.

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

The dentist is a lady or a man who looks at your teeth. He or she sees if your teeth are bad. If you have a bad tooth he will give you a filling or pull it out. If you have been good all through the visit you may get a sticker or a tooth brush. If your mum or dad go to the dentist you go with them. You may sit in a chair or do a picture.

Rachael Dyer LIL

One day I went to the dentist. My tooth was sore. She put on the light and looked inside my mouth. She gave me some medicine to take, and an appointment to go back the next week. When I went back to see my dentist, she put some special cream in my mouth then took a special needle and scratched my gum twice. This made my tooth go to sleep, and before I knew what had happened my tooth was out, and it was very sore indeed. I went home and I could not go to school, but by the next day it was all better.

Oliver Blackburn LIL.

A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR

One day I went to the doctor for a test. It was good fun. It was an eye test. I had a patch put over my eye. I really liked it. I didn't get glasses but I didn't mind. When we got home mummy said, "I think daddy will say. Why didn't you get glasses?" Heather tried to answer but she only said, "Ga, ga!"

Helen Chalmers LIL.



PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT NATIVITY PLAY 1992



Fly to France
 Run to Rome
 Parachute to Perth
 Spin to Spain
 Drive to New Delhi
 I could water-ski to Washington

Marc Smith L3c.

I can ski to Scandinavia
 I can fly to Finland
 I can swim to Spain
 I can walk to Wales
 I can hike to Holland

Richard McLean L3C.

THERE IS

An eagle
He

glides
swoops
soars
and rises

I wish I could see an eagle
just like he.

Thomas Hopkinson L3C.

A horse
He

gallops
bucks
trots
canters

I wish I could see a horse
like he.

Suzanne Smith L3C.

A squirrel
She

jumps
scrambles
runs
and bounces

I wish I could see a squirrel
just like she.

Joanna Sturrock L3C.

A Scottish wild cat
He

prowls
pounces
runs
and creeps

I wish I could see a Scottish wild
cat just like he.

Richard Hart L3C.

A puma
He

runs
leaps
hunts
and chases

I wish I could see
A puma just like he.

Derek Wong L3C.

TRAVELLING TALES

Hop hastily to Holland
Ski to Scotland
Use a bike to Belgium
Sing to Spain
Dance to France
Go by car to Colombo
Train to Inverness
Aqua-lung to Alyth
I can ride to Turkey on a turkey
Drive to Delhi
Walk to Wales
Train to Spain
Bike to Brazil
Ride on an elephant to Egypt
Dance to Dover
Canter to Cyprus

Sulekha Varma L3C.

A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR

When I was four years old something terrible
happened to me. I had this big red thing on
my wrist and it was sore and I had to go to
my doctor called Mr Booth. He is a very
clever man and he told my mummy that I had
to get this medicine that looked nice but it
tasted horrible. It made me better.

Jessica Henderson L11M.

When I go to my doctor, Doctor Goudie or
Doctor Watson, he says, "Hallo. What is
the problem?" Then mummy tells him.
After that he examines me. First he
listens to my heart then he looks in my
ears then he talks to mummy again. Then
he writes a prescription, then we go to the
chemist. After that we go home and I have
my medicine.

Rory Baxter L11M.

SOUNDS

Listen to the tap dripping
drip drip.
Listen to the plates smashing
crash crash.
Listen to the cat purring
purr purr.
Listen to the clock ticking
tick tock, tick tock.
Listen to the birds singing
tweet tweet, tweet tweet.

Susan Paton L2W.

DINOSAURS

Dinosaur means terrible lizard. Some were
carnivore and some were herbivore. Pteranodon
ate fish. He was a meat-eater. Tyrannosaurusrex
was a meat-eater too. Diplodocus was a
herbivore. He had a big long neck.
Tyrannosaurusrex was the king of the dinosaurs.
Dinosaurs that ate meat were called carnivorous.
They had sharp teeth. Tyrannosaurusrex was 12
metres long. Stegosaurus had a long tail with
spikes on its tail.

Kieran Murray L2W.

Dinosaurs lived millions of years ago before
there were people. Tyrannosaurus was king of the
dinosaurs. Triceratops was the one with the
three horns. A Stegosaurus was very slow. It
had bony plates and a spiked tail to protect it
from its enemies. It weighs 10,000 kilos. A
Hypsilophodon was a very small dinosaur but it
could move quickly on two legs to escape from
its enemies.

Amy Ovenstone LSW.

Dinosaurs lived millions of years ago.
The Tyrannosaurusrex was the king of all the
dinosaurs. 6 metres in height and over 15 metres
long, it was the largest flesh-eating animal that
has ever lived on land. Its front legs were so
short they could not even reach its mouth.

David McCulloch L2W.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I would like to be a pilot of a bomber in Leuchars Air Force. I want to make lots of money. I will fly my plane.

Calum McNicol L2W.

When I grow up I would like to be a goal keeper because when a team kicks for a goal you could save it. I am going to play for Celtic when I grow up.

Christopher McDonald L2W.

When I grow up I would like to be a Zoo Keeper. I would feed the animals every day. I would let the lions play in their cages.

Amanda Pringle L2W.

When I grow up I would like to be a farmer and do the potatoes and drive the tractor and plough the fields.

James MacKay L2W.

MY BEST DAY AT SCHOOL

My best day at school is Tuesday. We have singing and I have piano but most of all I like gym. I like to play on the ropes. I like singing as well. Our teacher is Mrs Wood.

Ailsa Miller L2W.

My best day is Tuesday. In the morning we do S.P.M.G. first. Then we have our snack. After snack we go to gym. I have great fun at gym. We play on the ropes and the climbing frame. After gym we do sentences. After our sentences I go to lunch. After lunch we go and play in the playground I play with David and Amy. After that we go to singing with Mrs Leadbitter. We sing songs from all over the world. Then we go home.

Nicole Wilson L2W.

On Friday I like to be early to play with the cars. I like to play with James. I like to do sums and after that I have gym.

Charlie Maitland L2W.

THE CONCERT

Yesterday the L3s did an excellent concert. They had signs in their hands saying names of places like Mexico, Australia, Scotland and America. My friend Laura was in it. They sang lovely songs we knew. Mrs Leadbitter played the piano. Adults were there too.

Lucy Sneddon L2W.

I could sprint to Scandinavia
I could run to Romania
I could skate to South America
I could ski to the Sahara
I could move to Madagascar
I could fly to Florida
I could go to Tasmania by train
I could arrive in Afghanistan
I could travel to Thailand
I could limp to the Atlantic
I could jump to Java
I could float to Finland
I could swim to Sweden
Or maybe I'll stay in Scotland

Richard Hart L3C.

PUFFINS

Puffins are colourful and are known as air clowns. They live in burrows in the sand. They can catch fish very well. When a bird comes up to a puffin and tries to get a fish from the puffin, it sometimes wins the fight and brings it to his young ones. Their bills are black, red, white and yellow. Puffins are very rare at cliffs at the seaside. Their feathers are black and white. White in the middle and back everywhere else.

Gavin Crosby L3H.

The puffins are known as air clowns. They have yellow and orange beaks. They have orange feet. I have a toy puffin. They make holes in cliffs and lay their eggs. Puffins are hunted for their fur, they are also hunted for their flesh. Puffins can swim. They are fast swimmers. Puffins eat fish and plants. Eagles hunt baby puffins. In winter puffins fly to a hotter country. They have white tummies and black wings. We have a Puffin book club at school.

Tom Clark L3H.

When I am older I would like to go down to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean with a team of scuba-divers. We would wear special waterproof clothes and aqualungs. We would get a submarine to take us down to the bottom of the ocean and get out of the submarine and look out for the Titanic. Once we have found it we would carve the names of the people who our grandparents knew who died when the Titanic went down. I would smash a hole in the window. It would be rusty inside and there would be thousands of seats with holes in them. There would be a lot of woodwork, then I would examine the paintwork. Then I would look inside through the window. I would see two stages for entertaining the passengers. Next I would say my last farewells to the enormous ship and then I would go back into the submarine with the other divers. When we got back up onto the land I think we would get interviewed.

Sandy Easton L3H.

MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL

We looked at all of the animals but the one I likes best was the monkey because he can swing from tree to tree. The place where they kept the monkeys had six trees and two balls, two cubes and two cones for the monkeys to play with. Suddenly one of the monkeys picked up one of the cubes and put it up in the tree but as soon as the monkey took a step forward the cube fell on my head. I lifted it up and put it back into where the monkeys were.

Jenny Allison L3H.

The bear eats meat and bamboo shoots. If you go too close he might bite you. Sometimes he jumps through a ring. Sometimes he swings on a rope. I like to watch him getting fed. The brown bear is my favourite one because when you throw him a piece of meat he comes charging to get it. When he is asleep we always go to the panda. The panda eats bamboo shoots too. It is black and white and very cuddly. It comes from China.

Stewart Arbuckle L3H.

ON THE FARM

Farming is very important in spring because lambs are born. If a lamb is cold when it is born we sometimes have to put it in the Aga but when quads are born we put them in some straw with a heat lamp above them. Next is summer when we sell the lambs. On the farms we get the combines out. When the combines tank is full of grain a tractor and bogey come and take the grain away through a big tube that sucks all the grain away. It falls out of the tube into the bogey. The tractor takes the grain to something like a cattle ramp and the bogey tips all the grain into the cattle ramp. It leads into the grain-dryer.

James Fleming L3H.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I want to be a Rescue Helicopter Pilot. I would drive a red, white and black and blue helicopter. I would drive in it and when people are in trouble I would press a button and the helicopter would go down. We would put them on a stretcher and lift them up and put them in the helicopter, take off and the rotors would go round and round. Then go off, and take him to the hospital where they would look after him. We would press a button again and we would go off and go home and park the helicopter in the parking place in the cabin where it is kept.

Stewart Beat L3H.

When I grow up I would like to be a solicitor. I would go to Perth and Edinburgh, but my office would be in Dundee. I would type letters and have lots of clients. I would pay the wages and visit people who have been put in prison. Sometimes I might help my dad. When it is lunch time I would go somewhere with him. I might have to miss lunch and go straight to court. Then when I get there I would ask the accused questions. After he has answered them I would ask him if he was guilty or innocent. If he says guilty we would put him in prison, but if he is innocent we would let him go free. I would get a lift back to my office and talk to some of my clients. When it gets late I would lock up the office and go home.

Claire Boyle L3H.

We arrived at the zoo. Now which way do we go? This way, soon we came to the seals. One seal was balancing a ball on its nose, another was getting fed. Every time the keeper threw a fish the seal had to swim under the water and jump up and catch it in the air. Everyone cheered and clapped when another seal jumped up and caught a ball and started bouncing it up and down on his head. The seal threw the ball to the keeper and the keeper threw the ball back. The seal started to throw the ball against the bars. He did it again and again. There was another seal sleeping in the sun on a rock. When the keeper threw a fish the seal jumped off the rock and caught the fish in the air and jumped back onto the rock and ate the fish.

Rachel Crawford L3H.

My ambition is to be a rugby and football player. I play rugby or football every day in the garden. I also like watching football and rugby on the TV. I like playing subbuteo with my sister. I like going to the park and I try to kick the rugby ball through the rugby posts. On Saturdays I get my dad to tape the football and on Wednesdays I watch the football. I like other sports as well but football and rugby are my favourites.

Martin Baillie L3H.

At the Peak District we went to the Gem Rock Museum. My mum gave me a 20 pence for the gem mine and we went through the rock cave. There was a crystal clear waterfall. There were all kinds of rocks in the cave. Some glittered, some did not. I got an agate from the gem mine. We went outside and went for a walk down to the sweet shop.

Alix Fowler L3H.

You can go by cart to Canada
You could fly to Fife
You should balloon ride to Belfast
You can dance to Dundee
You can ice skate to Iceland
You can donkey ride to Denmark
You can acrobat to America
You can somersault to Singapore
You can run to Rome
You can pony ride to Perth
You can walk to Wellington
You can swim to Sweden
You can go by bus to Brussels
You can tip-toe to Turkey
You can crawl to China
You can go by train to the Tropics

Jillian Sturrock L3C.

OUR CONCERT

All L3 had a concert. The boys wore bow-ties. The girls wore dresses. It was great fun. We sang some good songs. My favourite songs were, The Piper O' Dundee and Edelweiss. All our mums and dads came. As we came in some of us held signs saying places in the world.

Sulekha Varma L3C.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I would like to be a scientist or a vet. I would like to be a scientist so I could discover dinosaur bones and take them to the museum and paint them on a board with some paper on it. I would like to be a vet to save other pets like Mizi my dog and the twelve guinea pigs I have. I would also be a vet to help unwell animals.

Felicity Galt L2W.

TRAVELLING TALES

I could travel to Spain by plane
I could travel to Holland by hopping
I could run to Dunfermline
I could travel to Iceland by iceberg
I could travel to Greece on grease
I could travel to Wales on whales.

Jamie H. Stewart L3C.

JUNIOR SCHOOL

DALGUISE DIARY:

MONDAY: Woke up feeling very excited. This was the day we had been looking forward to for ages — it was the great Dalguise adventure. What would be waiting for us?

Seemed strange to arrive at school after lunch without uniform, carrying luggage heavier even than my schoolbag!! Even stranger was the bomb scare in the city centre — would we get away? Eventually the buses appeared, we tumbled out of school trailing our cases along the ground and boarded the coaches.

Teachers counted, shouted our names and we were off. Sang to pass the time as we drove to Dalguise — felt as if we were really heading for the hills, and as we turned off up the drive we saw that we were. Thought it would look like a normal sized house but it was a mansion with a tower. On top was a flag with PGL on it (Parents Get Lost).

Somehow we lugged our belongings onto the front lawn where we met our Groupies and were given our dormitories. For the first and only time we walked on the green carpet and up to the Baronial Hall. I thought that was the only way into the house and wondered how we were going to get to the Dorms!

Tea, a trip to the Snack Shack stocked with sweets, drinks and souvenirs, evening 'Ents' — ball games — great playing outside in the warm.

Cocoa time in the Baronial Hall and then bed. Not much sleep.

TUESDAY: Assault course and the day I got very wet. Woke up feeling great — the assault course was waiting for us. I got very wet crossing the swamp — I let go of the rope and fell into some very muddy water. Had to scramble up nets, crawl through tunnels, climb over walls and at the very end — the slide of death — sorry, the death slide.

Totally nerve-wracking waiting in line for my turn. Down the slope, up the ladder — easy. And then I looked down — the ground was a long way off. Topher, the instructor, harnessed me to the swing chair — "Hold on tight and scream." Did not need to be reminded. I rushed through the air over the ravine yelling frantically and came to a sudden halt, ready for the next time.

An afternoon of Archery was a lot less energetic.

Not so Night Line at night. Finding your way through woods blind-folded even with a rope as a guide was no joke. It was great to see again!

WEDNESDAY: Went to Loch Tay to do sailing and kayaking. Couldn't wait to capsize. Had on piggles and life jackets so we were safe. Got our boat, were shown the ropes, how to put the sails up and steer. A lot of funny words to remember like sheets for sails. Soon we were sailing up and down the loch singing at the tops of our voices — might have been sea shanties!

It was kayaking in the afternoon. Had to wear a helmet as well as the piggie and life jacket. This was to come in handy. A talk on safety and instructions and we were off

for a tour of the loch and the island. There we could perform stunts — the helmet was handy for head-stands.

Great game of grunts at night — even better as our team won.

THURSDAY: First thought — abseiling! And so it would be another day of adventure and another 'first' for me. Waited apprehensively for the instructors — became even more apprehensive when I saw the tower. How ever was I going to get up there let alone come down.

No time to worry — we were harnessed, lined up and one step at a time that tower grew nearer and nearer. And then it was up the ladder. Coming out at the top there was nothing to see but down below everyone looked like ants. Over the edge and it was wonderful. I felt free, safe and brave. After the first attempt got even braver and quite adventurous performing jumps.

A lunch of cheese sandwiches and Andy's biscuits gave us energy for the Quads. Slow start but got better and better. Think I'll be a racing driver.

Night time, our last, and the Bad Taste Disco. Brilliant. Leaders and teachers joined the fun — they were dressed up!! Some looked really funny.

FRIDAY: Raft building. Just right for me — all that water and mud. First the instructions — what to do and how to do it. There were ropes, four barrels and logs, and from that we were expected to make a raft. Impossible, but in the end, after much shouting at each other, we had what we thought was a floatable raft. We won't be entering any raft races — ours sank despite my salvage attempts waist-deep in muddy water.

Rifle shooting was our last activity — shown how to handle a rifle and fire at a target. Surprisingly I hit the target several times.

A feeling of gloom. The end had come. Packing had been done — where had all these wet clothes come from? Where were my socks? What did it matter all I could think about was it was over. All of us felt the same — sad, lonely, unhappy.

It had been great.

We all wanted to go back SOON.

Daniel Bunce
Karen Burchell
Allison Hewitt
Gareth Irons
Jamie Laird
Rodric Leslie



D A L G U I S E



BOARD GAMES CLUB REVIEW

Every Friday afternoon at 3.10 p.m. the L6s and L5s gather in Mrs Fletcher's room for the Board Games Club.

There we are divided into groups 1-5. Each week we play different games. A chart is made up indicating which game to play each Friday. The games are Brain Box, Brit Quiz, Cluedo, Yahtzee and Scrabble. There are also some extras which are Frustration, Pass the Pigs, Draughts and sometimes people take along their own games. Sometimes we play Beetle Drive.

Everybody has great fun at the Board Games Club and I would advise next year's L5 and L6 to join the Club.

Shahela Islam L6F

ANNUAL RUGBY REPORT

JUNIOR SCHOOL "B" TEAM

The 1992 season proved highly successful for the Junior School Rugby "B" Team, which has consisted of pupils from primaries 6 and 7. The team performed very well throughout the season, winning every match except one. This was played against Stewarts Melville College, when they defeated us 32-7. However, revenge is sweet, because, the following week, at a return match, we triumphed against them, with a victory of 10-0. It was a season of high scoring matches, with our best result being 83-0 against Hutcheson's Grammar School. Our other successful victories were against Queen Victoria School, St Aloysius and Robert Gordons. Total points scored were 215, total points lost were 34. We only suffered one injury, but fortunately, it was not serious.

Our thanks go to Mr Lanchbury and Mr Hutchison for their excellent coaching throughout the season and to the match referees whose onfield advice and coaching has proved invaluable. We pupils appreciate the extra time, energy and effort given by our teachers during the season and wish next year's team equal success.

Euan Cargill (Captain).

BOARD GAMES CLUB REPORT

Board Games Club meets on Friday in Mrs Fletcher's room at 3.10 p.m. Boys and Girls in L5 and L6 come along to enjoy a variety of games such as Scrabble, Brit Quiz and Cluedo. We have 22 members this year and each week we play a different game. Sometimes we all join together to have a Beetle Drive. We throw our dice at a furious rate to see who can be the first to draw a complete beetle. Thank you to everyone for coming along and helping us to have a lot of fun.

K. Fletcher

HIGHWAY CODE REPORT

After lots of studying of our Highway Code books, the confident team of Stewart Gillan, Cameron Burt, David Bowen, Eilidh Currie and Kellie Kennedy was ready to tackle the first round of the Highway Code Competition.

On the day P.C.'s Gilham and Forsythe came to test us our Highway Code skills. It was a hard round but in the end we got through to the second round. Oh no! More revising! Round two was very hard. Everybody made a mess . . . but amazingly we made it through.

As the final came closer, the questions became

harder. The third round was difficult but guess what? We passed with ease. In fact we scored the highest score of the round which put us through to the final. When at first we told Mrs Close she did not believe us because the school had never made it to the final before. What a team!

We were up against Mid-Craigie Primary who was to host the final. With our mascot Pugsly and our team captain David Bowen we put all that revising to the test. There was a buzzer round, an observation round and a single question round. Unfortunately Mid-Craigie beat us 46 to 38. In spite of our defeat, we enjoyed the competition very much.

As runners-up, we received a John Menzies voucher, a game at the GX Superbowl and a Burger Meal at McDonald's.

Unfortunately after all those hard nights of revising, a brand new edition of the Highway Code Book was published later on this year. We shall now have to start learning the new book!

Stewart Gillan
Cameron Burt L7S

JUNIOR CHESS CLUB REPORT 1992-93

Junior Chess Club continued to meet twice weekly this year in an attempt to accommodate the large numbers of children interested in playing chess. The L4s and L5s met on Thursdays after school while the L6s and L7s met on Monday after school. Mrs Morrison kindly volunteered the Library as a new venue, which proved very successful.

We were lucky enough this year to have sufficient funds to purchase our first chess computer for the Club. This appeared to be a most popular and educational addition.

It was with disappointment that we learned that there was to be no Dundee Primary Schools' Chess League for the second year running, due to continuing lack of interest from other schools. Despite this, we managed to enjoy some matches of an extremely high standard in the annual battle for the Russell Trophy, won this year by John Holme L5H — one of the youngest winners in many years. The other Russell Trophy finalists were: 2, Alison Kearns L6F; 3, Eilidh Currie L7L; 4, Adam Shanks L4C. Well done to all the children who took part.

Finally, our thanks must go to Mr Lanchbury for his invaluable help throughout the year.

Mhairi Gordon.

SNOW

Snow is good fun to play in for children but not for the elderly. Snow is the colour of icing sugar. You can throw snowballs at each other, ski, snowboard and sledge in it and build igloos too; either powdery or crispy it falls from the sky and glides down like a feather falling from a bird. Adults are very boring because they sweep it away to get out and about. There are many dangers with snow. You can break your bones or get stuck in a snowdrift. Your car can skid or you can fall. Children are very excited, but adults are bored. Old people are very cautious with snow because it can be slushy and they can slip.

Emily Smoor, L4C.

Primary 7 NETBALL

Back Row (from left)
Leonna Nixon,
Victoria Kelman,
Kellie Kennedy,
Amy Henderson,

Front Row (from left)
Beverley Harper,
Karina Forster,
Gemma McPherson,
Jacqueline Clark.



CROFTERS DISAPPOINTMENT

The long winding burn flowing from the snow-capped hills in the distance. The strong waves crashing on the rocky shore and fierce wind howling through the trees. The never-ending burning of the crofts can be smelt all around as well as the salt water from the sea. How upset I am about leaving the croft. It was lived in from generation to generation of Murrays. As I touch the hot ashes my hand burns and I think of Father with my Grandmother. As I taste the smoke I remember the croft and how the hateful Patrick Sellar burnt it to the ground. Gone.

Carolyn Robertson L6M.

NEDBRING

And and what is it like?
Oh it's quite fat
And large sharp ears
It's got wings like a bat
And has antlers like deers

And and where does it live?
Oh in trees and underground
And in forests and woods
In ditches and holes in big mounds
And rubbish dumps with old foods.

And and what does it eat?
Oh roast pork and bacon
Fluorescent fish and bright bread
Then some cod that he has taken
And some noodles and ned.

And and who are his enemies?
Oh Taratulars and Critters
And Blueballs and Tenbrifes
Snakes and bitters
And pinkballs and Menebrifes.

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

Ailsa Robertson L6M.

NIGHT

Bats stick on walls
Sleep in old church halls
Owls hoot and frighten me
But dark is fun to play games
Trees rustle in the wood
Terrifying as it should
The owl gives a little bow
Its eyes gleam in the darkness
The trees rustle when the wind blows
A bat flies past my bedroom window
The clock strikes nine
It's time for my bedtime

Garry J. L. Davies.

NIGHT

Night is coming
My light goes off
The shadows lie against my wall
Bats squeak and hunt outside the doors
Owls shriek and wail in old church halls
And ghosts walk tall abroad
A wolf perhaps is at my door
If that is so, then I'm asleep to fear
No more. For in the morning
All is light
No shadows, no gloom, no night

Emily Clark L5H.

MY DREAM ISLAND

The island was shaped like a footprint. The beach was covered with tropical plants and the clear blue lagoon sparkled in the dazzling sunshine. There were beautiful streaming waterfalls with colourful water lilies. The vibrant flowers made a gorgeous border around the whole of the island. Palm trees and tropical fruits grew. Fuchsia pink, rick green and bright yellow birds flew from tree and tree. I lay there in the sun with my bucket and spade, rubber ring, sun hat and inflatable bed. I was quite contented and happy. I went for a swim in the sea and had lunch.

I enjoyed it because I had never seen anything like it and it was very beautiful.

Emma Grant L5D.

JOURNEY TO A NEW HOME

One dark, foggy day in the middle of autumn, we were scurrying down a muddy path. I led the other rabbits through a fence — not knowing what lay ahead of us.

Once we were all through, I bravely ran forward a little. I couldn't see anything, so the rest of the rabbits came. All of a sudden, we heard the thumping of huge feet, a wailing sound and, with the ground shaking under our feet, a massive animal ran right past me. It was grey and wrinkly; it had a small tail and two long, white tusks sticking out on either side of its trunk. I knew what it was. There had been a picture of one in a shop window. I told the others that it was an elephant. They asked where we were. I said I didn't know, but I did. We were in a safari park. I didn't want to tell the other rabbits because I knew we were in great danger. We followed our noses, and shortly a vegetable patch came faintly in sight, with carrots and lettuce and everything a rabbit could ever eat. Unfortunately, some ravens had the same idea. They started pecking us, trying to make us go away. We ate as much as we could and ran for our lives.

We headed for the fence at the other side, climbed through it in seconds and kept running until we were out of breath. We had overcome another danger, but we still had to find a new home.

Caroline Gomes L6M.

JOURNEY TO A NEW HOME

The shadows stretched over the pathway as the small, determined animals made their way to the great city. They had been told by the kindly badger that in the city food was no object and that shelter was always available.

A long days trek passed and still there was no sign of the city. The animals were very hungry and thirsty and were about to give up hope when a large hare thumped her feet as a warning. All the animals stood to attention like soldiers, ears pricked and noses high ready to catch a scent. Then they saw it. A large red monster was coming towards them! Its eyes shone fiercely into the animals' eyes, blinding them. All they could hear was the growling the monster made, coming closer and closer all the time. A panic arose. What could they do? The animals ran around knocking into each other. Eventually the car passed and no-one was hurt, but the car stayed in their minds like a scar. Although no-one was hurt the animals were dazed and frightened, they began to ask themselves if it was such a good idea but they know they had to go on. Their natural habitat had been destroyed and the city was their only option.

Lucie Galt L6M.

A SPECIAL PERSON

One day Wayne Selford came across from New Zealand. As soon as he arrived dad started talking about rugby for about an hour. Then he set off to train with the rugby boys at Mayfield, and I was allowed to go too.

Rugby training usually lasts for four hours. Wayne taught some interesting and skilful moves. I enjoyed watching them and sometimes joined in.

Once they had finished, Wayne, dad and I went back home and dad and he had some drinks. We sat down to watch some rugby videos. It was really interesting.

Wayne was a nice person. He had dark hair like dad and hazel eyes like me. He looked very strong. I liked him because he was friendly and he thought I was more interesting than dad.

Later in the afternoon we played rugby out in the back garden just passing skills and during this dad slipped and hit the ground. Everyone laughed but dad was not happy. He didn't think it was funny! That night Wayne told me all about his time as captain and how the team had never lost a match while he was captain. He slept in my room, in my bed. He was a very special person.

Rodric Leslie L6M.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE

It is the year 9920. My friend Jack and I were walking along a forest path. The path soon came to a corner and we couldn't see round it because of a big clump of trees. As we turned the corner I took some juice out of my motorbag. I offered some to Jack but he didn't answer. I turned round and froze. Jack wasn't there! All I could see was a big castle.

Suddenly, I heard a scream and a door shut. The scream sounded just like Jack's. I ran up to the big wooden door and knocked on the big lion's head knocker. Suddenly the lion came alive and said, "Perhaps if you say please I will let you in." I didn't believe it but when I said please the big door creaked open.

Inside there was a big staircase leading up to two doors, one wooden and one metal. Downstairs there was a big hallway with a solid stone floor. I could hear chains rattling in the distance. After a couple of minutes there was a woowooing sound. My heart was pounding as I walked slowly forward. BANG! The door slammed shut. I quickly turned around. At that moment a key in the door turned and the door locked. I wanted to go but I had to get Jack.

Further on I walked. Then suddenly a voice from nowhere said, "Whoever enters this castle uninvited shall pay! Ha, Ha, Ha." Now that made me scared as anything. I kept saying to myself it was all in my imagination.

I opened my motorbag to see if I had any kind of weapon. No luck, the only weapon I had was my brain. I kept on walking, trying to ignore every strange happening. Just then I stood on two rocks which disappeared from under my feet. Down I fell, for what seemed miles. Luckily there was a soft landing on a pile of hay.

Again I heard Jack, screaming and struggling. There were two doors. I opened them both and rushed in the left door because I saw Jack being pulled into a room by two bony fingers. I ran to the door just in time to see it shut. I bashed on it three times then rushed forward hoping to break down the door. Instead it opened automatically and in I rushed, crashing into a skeleton which had hold of Jack. The skeleton broke into pieces and only a pile of bones was left on the floor. I grabbed Jack but suddenly there was a flash and a rumble. "Quick, Jack! The castle's about to cave in!"

We both ran as fast as we could. To my surprise when we opened the door we were at the top of the staircase that led down to the hall. We rushed out and I quickly kicked the door and said, "Please," and again it opened. We both rushed out and turned round just in time to see the castle collapse. The ruins of it promptly disappeared.

"Well, that's what I call an adventure," I said. "Let's go home." So we both went home, not daring to mention anything about the castle.

Graeme A. Henderson, L5H.

J
U
N
I
O
R

P
A
N
T
O
M
I
M
E



TOBOM AND PLEASURE

In the time when people were killed by dragons and giants roamed the earth, there existed an island in the middle of the Gamio Sea. This island was the Island of Pleasure, place of resting for the God of Pleasure. He would lie in a silken cave, feeding on fruits of paradise. He was waited on by six beautiful sisters, each as fair and pretty as the rising sun. The seventh sister though was more beautiful and charming than any girl before her. Her long hair was dark as night and her eyes twinkled like a million stars. Every hour of every day she played upon a silvery harp. The music that she played would have melted a heart of stone.

Far out to the east, her music was heard and three mortal men heard it. Such was their greed that they sought the music for themselves. They rowed for twelve days and twelve nights and on the thirteenth day they set foot on the Island of Pleasure. They followed the music to the silken cave. Thinking only of gaining the music they grabbed at the harp. All at once, for the first time in thirteen years, the music stopped. With an almighty roar the God awoke. Such was his anger that the music had ceased, he thrashed the sea, forming wild waves which crashed against deadly rocks. Another roar, and the silken cave turned to grey stone. Then came the loudest, angriest roar that any living being had ever heard and with a flash of thunder all seven girls turned to snakes and attached themselves onto a great pike which jumped out of the sea. Hence a great creature was formed, Spacikza. Then the God threw the three greedy mortals into the sea and was gone.

For many long years, ships were wrecked on the rocks and sailors were lured to Spacikza by the music of the harp which still played. The cave became known as the Snake of Death Cave.

Some years later a young fisherboy, called Tobom was out at sea playing his pipes. Suddenly the wind began to howl and darkness cloaked the small boat. The little vessel was tossed high by ferocious waves until one foaming one threw it on to the rocks. Tobom, with much difficulty, swam ashore where he heard the music. Enchanted, he followed it to the cave, where he was faced by Spacikza. She had fiery eyes and deadly teeth. Instead of running or trying to fight as all before him had done, he began to play his pipes. All at once the great creature stopped and began to listen. The waters calmed and the sun began to shed its golden light. Then Spacikza began to change. The snakes came away from the pike which changed to the shape of a dove and flew off towards the light. The snakes then changed back to their original form. The sisters thanked Tobom and asked him what he wished. He chose to marry the seventh sister who gladly became his bride and the music was the fairest in the land.

Fiona Dewar L6F.

THOUGHTS ON WINTER

The brilliant hill for sledging down
Crashes and collisions when you can't steer
Trails left behind from the sledge
Sliding along on the ice
The leafless trees bare and cold
Having fun on a toboggan
Squirrels digging for their nuts
Putting on warm clothes to go outside to play
Having snowball fights and building a snowman
Hungry birds searching for food.

Ramsay Shaw, L5H.

THE SAVARAGE

Evil Prince Londalot ordered that his precious gold temple, filled with all his lifetime savings, be guarded. He knew that no man nor animal would be strong enough to guard all his gold and riches. That is when he found the Savarage which was half human and half bird. It had a human's face with eyes that shot out balls of fire whenever it became angry or hungry. It had an eagle's body with sharp pointed claws. Anyone who dared enter the underground temple would be eaten up before they knew where they were.

It smelled repulsive, just like rotten cabbage. Everyone except Prince Londalot was eaten when entering the temple. He had a special mechanically ordered cage which could make the Savarage go into it whenever Prince Londalot wanted to go and fetch some gold. Prince Londalot coaxed the villagers to go into his temple and take as much gold as they wanted. He did not tell them about the Savarage and no one has lived to tell the tale. The villagers began to wonder what happened to all the villagers who disappeared after going into Prince Londalot's temple. One man tried to kill the Savarage and succeeded, but what he didn't know was that the Savarage could come back to life after it had been killed once, but died after being killed twice. Suddenly there was a mighty roar that made the temple collapse. The young man, staggering, got to his feet, but it was too late. In a fury the Savarage charged and ate the man whole in one gulp.

Remember all you people who like investigating in old temples or ruins, you never know what could be lurking round the next corner!

Alison Kerns L6F.

GRASSHOPPER

Smooth and slimy
Small and hard
Strange and weird
It has thin legs

It is light green
It is a bit black
It is a bit white
And as green as the grass

It looks so happy
Just sitting in the sun
It looks so playful
Just jumping in the grass

Jamie Grewar L4J.

THINGS I AM AFRAID OF ...

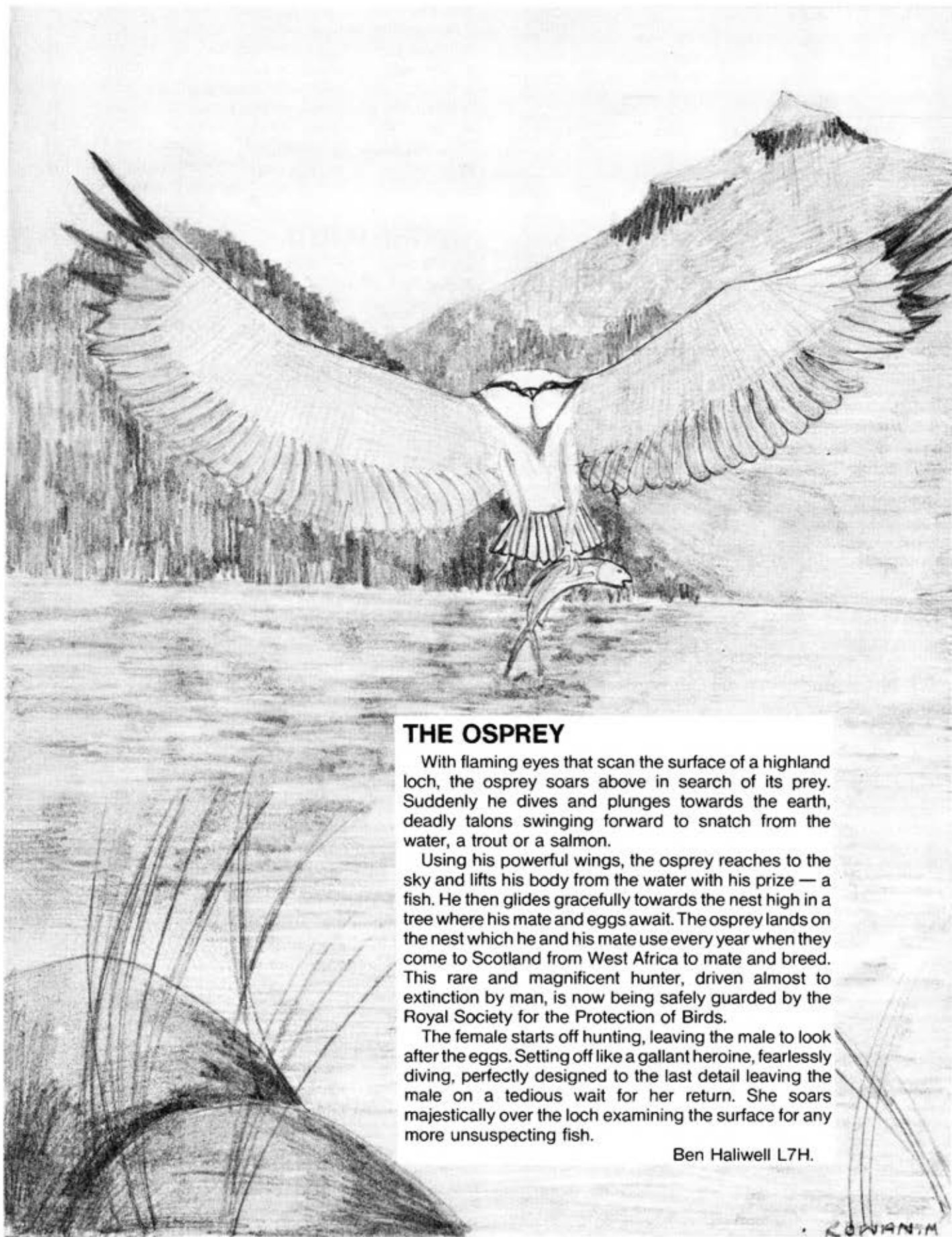
I am afraid of noises I hear in the night
I am afraid of sudden moves
I am afraid of spiders one, two, three
I am afraid of stones moving in the garden
I am afraid of shadows behind me
I am afraid of everything

Zoe Linton L4J.

WILLY RODGER

There was once an old clever badger
Who's name was Willy Rodger
He slept in a pie
Which flew to the sky
But luckily he was a brilliant dodger

Irene Wong L4J.



THE OSPREY

With flaming eyes that scan the surface of a highland loch, the osprey soars above in search of its prey. Suddenly he dives and plunges towards the earth, deadly talons swinging forward to snatch from the water, a trout or a salmon.

Using his powerful wings, the osprey reaches to the sky and lifts his body from the water with his prize — a fish. He then glides gracefully towards the nest high in a tree where his mate and eggs await. The osprey lands on the nest which he and his mate use every year when they come to Scotland from West Africa to mate and breed. This rare and magnificent hunter, driven almost to extinction by man, is now being safely guarded by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

The female starts off hunting, leaving the male to look after the eggs. Setting off like a gallant heroine, fearlessly diving, perfectly designed to the last detail leaving the male on a tedious wait for her return. She soars majestically over the loch examining the surface for any more unsuspecting fish.

Ben Haliwell L7H.

ODE TO WINTER

O coldest beast of all year round
You lie softly over the land
Sparkling diamonds fill the air
Earth's under your winter blossom.

Eve Anderson, L7S.

The millions of times I've went to bed.
The millions of times I've hit my head.
The millions of rainbows I have seen.
The millions of places I have been.
The millions of whiskers on a cat.
The millions of times on a chair I've sat.

Gordon Struthers L6M.

JACK FROST

His silver cloak glistened in the moonlight and his pointed fingers sprinkled star dust all over the land.

He has disappeared into nowhere leaving frozen ponds, crunchy fields, silver trees — a pure, white world.

Gemma Clayhills-Henderson, L4C.

WISH AND FREE

I wish to be free
As free as a bee
As free as a hollow tree.

I don't wish to be a chicken
I would be killed and made
For tea. I don't wish to be a
Pig. I would have to go to
Market. What a dish.

But I do want to be
A wild cat. I would be free
To go outside. I would be
Free to run away.

But I am what
I am and I like
What I am.
I'm slithery and
Slimy. I am a worm
Of course. What else could
I be.

Anna Mackay, L4J.

AT NIGHT

At night when you are snuggled in your bed,
Peering out the window ledge,
Seeing the sparkles from the street lights
Standing there,
Seeing the twinkles from the stars,
High above the ground.
Then you slowly close your eyes,
And dream of Autumn coming,
To dance in the leaves
Falling from the trees.

Anna Mackay, L4J.

WINTER

Winter
cold snowy icy
freezing skiing sledging falling
snowmen snowballs snowflakes fires
heating burning blazing warming
red flaming hot
summer.

Dominic Bower, L5M.

JACK FROST

Jack Frost he's out and about
So you had better watch out.
If you don't he'll sting you and
You will feel cold.
But sometimes he is fantastic.
He makes beautiful patterns
And then, with a whisk of his wand
Everything is silver.

Aneel Gill, L4C.

W Winter is for building snowmen, throwing snowballs.
I Ice melting in your hands.
N Never do we have such fun.
T Throwing snowballs at each other.
E Excited boys and girls shouting at each other.
R Rabbits hibernating for the winter.
F Falling on the ice.
U Under snow things are lost.
N Now near by the fire warming hands and toes.

Patrick Crawford L5M.

WINTER HAIKU

An icicle
A clear ice sword
Hanging ready for a big battle

Stuart G. Milne L6G.

A land of glistening icicles
Sharp needle points hang down
In a kingdom of glass

Jennifer Millar L6G.

Snowflakes stick on windows
They lie on the glass like frosted flowers
Cold glistening petals of snow

Anthea Chan L6G.

Snow ball
An icy cannon shot
Zooms through the air

Johnathan Vernon L6G.

Long, thin icicles
Sharp daggers
Weapons of coldness

Kenneth Baxter L6G.

Pirates are evil, vicious people who love to rob and steal
from
Innocent victims. They are bad hearted people. They sail
Round the world searching for treasure. When they see
an island they throw the
Anchor in the sea
Then they start looking for pieces of
Eight, rubies, sapphires and lots of gold all bright and
Shining. Then they carry the treasure back to the ship.
The first thing the captain would do is count the gold.

Elise Yu L4C.

All was quiet
then suddenly the
ground shook and St
Helen burst. Out came
choking gases. Lava squirted out.
Hot bubbling lava slowly started
travelling down the mountainside
devastating the wildlife and polluting the
air. The volcano destroyed everything in its
path. The huge black cloud covered the sun's rays.
Huge rocks fell from the sky, showering the earth
with boiling ash and stone. The Volcano went back to sleep.

Susan Inglis L4C.

LOST IN A BLIZZARD

As interflowing snowflakes fell from dark clouds, a white carpet of snow began to appear and babbling brooks became dumb as the carpet became thicker. Although the weather was getting worse, I decided that I had to walk to my elderly grandparent's house, about a mile away, because I felt that it was my duty to give them their weekly groceries. I packed the vegetables, wrapped up warmly and set off trudging through the deep snow.

Suddenly, in gusts of strong wind, the snow became blizzard conditions and I realised that I could only see a few metres in front. Also the snow was about two feet deep. It was obvious that the weather was deteriorating fast. Becoming weary I tried to find some kind of shelter. Ahead there was a dark shadow. It looked like a hut.

Slowly, making a small path in the snow, I managed to reach the shelter. It was probably a small hut for campers because there were a couple of old mattresses lying on the floor. Gladly I let myself fall on them. My eyes were like lead weights so I let them drop. I woke to find the hut in darkness so I groped for the bag of groceries. There were some raw vegetables that I could eat. After all it would be better than nothing.

I stood up and took a look out of the window. It was still snowing and I dearly wished for it to stop but there was no hope of that at this moment. Sitting down I wondered what to do next. Suddenly I heard a faint yell outside so I decided to investigate. When I opened the door I could just manage to wade through the knee-deep snow. When I reached the cries I was astonished to find that it was my best friend who was going to her great aunt's house and had lost her way in the blizzard. I showed her the hut and we sat down. After I told Helen what happened to me, we both had a good laugh and then she told me what happened to her. After a bit of chatting together, we lay down on the beds in the hope of someone rescuing us the next day.

In the morning I was woken by Helen shaking me. It was 11.30 a.m. and she was telling me that there was a strange buzzing noise coming from outside. I knew that this could be our chance of being rescued. Quickly I wrapped up and opened the door to find about three feet of snow outside. I tried wading through the deep snow but I only managed a couple of metres. Jumping up and down, Helen and I seemed to catch the attention of the driver in the snowplough. Slowly he climbed out and started to shovel a small path towards us.

As I clambered into the snowplough I felt a lot better with the warmth about me. Mum was so relieved when I arrived home and as she gave me a great big hug I caught sight of the garden. It was beautiful with a frosty sparkle here and there. At this moment it seemed impossible that something so beautiful could be so treacherous.

Sally Hopkins L7S.

DESTRUCTION

The orange glow of the flames sears through the land destroying everything in its path leaving a trail of destruction wherever it goes. Lighting up the trees it eats away at its victims and then moves on. Misguided flames catch onto branches burning them to a pulp. Silhouetted figures are running, running, from the fire's hunger. It continues growing larger and larger all the time. Only time will tell if this lurking menace of fear will burn itself out.

Alison Leckie L7S.

MEMORIES

One, a pink playsuit and sitting in my pram.
Two, food fights with my brother sitting opposite in a high chair.
Three, playing on the chute in the play park.
Four, pleading with mum for jelly babies and milky white buttons.
Five, starting school with Miss Scott, doing lots of sums.
Six, riding my bike on my own.
Seven, first time ever I went to Disneyworld.
Eight, school trip to 'Shaw's Sweet Factory'.
Nine, getting older, I'm in primary five.
Ten, started playing netball.
Eleven, Dalguise here I come.

Claire McCormack L7L.

PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES

Everything was fine in P'lice Station
Until the 'phone began to ring
The sergeant said "Connie, the church, please
A boy's head's in railings."

She took the car to church
And the bells chimed 12 o'clock
Connie thought, "That's my lunch hour,"
And got out her lunch box.

She picked up tastiest sandwich, but
The vicar in a terrible state
Came running up saying, "No time,
My service is already running late."

She followed the vicar past the gate
And guess what she saw there?
Dora, Mike, Bernie and Bartie —
For the boy they were saying a prayer.

Bernie didn't like wasting time
For it was getting cold
So he took out his sharp hacksaw
But the vicar said, "The railings are too old."

So they pulled and pushed and tugged and heaved
The boy they were trying to save
Then Connie took out her sandwiches
And suddenly had a brainwave.

She opened up her sandwiches
Peanut butter (yum yum!)
Rubbed them on his ears
"It's a chance," said his mum.

So they pulled and pushed and heaved again
And out popped the slippery head
"And thank you so kindly," said his mum
"It's time for bath and bed."

Eilidh Currie.

White snow drifts gently down from the dull grey sky
like a bride's veil.
Icicles hanging from the branches of the tall oak tree
in the white garden.
Numb feeling in my freezing, cold hands as I built a
snowman.
Trudging through the snow, I feel tired and cold and I
can't wait to enter my warm house.
Everyone enjoys themselves as they have snowball
fights and build snowmen.
Riding down the hills on my light orange sledge I have
fun even if I fall at the bottom.

Julia Bryden, L5D.

ALONE

Being alone in the world is no fun because you have no parents to laugh with, to care with, to cry with, no one at all. No friends to play with or even tell a joke with.

Picture a beautiful sunset and no one to share the moment with. Think, you would have no pets to walk or feed. You couldn't go to Church because there would be no minister to share your thoughts with.

There would be no TV because there would be no one to produce the programmes. You would feel lonely, neglected and frightened. When you are frightened you would have no one to be frightened with. Food would have to be natural, things you could collect and store, because there would be no freezer to store your food for the winter. You wouldn't be able to sit at a table with your family and discuss family matters with each other. How would you feel with no one in the world except you?

Megan Davidson L6F.

ODE TO WINTER

O snippets of fur from the
prowling polar bears,
Crystals that flow through the
air,

A blanket of snow covers the world,
Earth in a trance of whiteness
everywhere.

James Bowen, L7S.

FEELINGS

Sometimes I am in a heroic mood and I do brave things. One time I had to be brave and heroic catching mice. I was sitting in the lounge watching T.V. when I heard my mum shout to me to see what Jimbob (our cat) was doing. I crept quietly into our dining room and I came quietly near Jimbob and cleared the way for him by moving away chairs, magazines and books so he was ready to pounce on the mouse. Suddenly, I saw a thin, small, sneaky creature running fast along the floor into the box which was set down as a trap. The box was picked up and the mouse was poured outside. The good thing about being in a heroic mood is you always get such praise.

CAUTION: Ladies are forbidden to read this story — could lead to serious nightmares.

John Holme, L5H.

There is in me a cat

Sleek, sly

Sudden bursts of speed

Always there on time.

There is in me a penguin

Clumsy, forgetful

Falling all the time

An unwelcome creature.

There is in me a robin

Timid, shy

Hopping here and there.

There is in me a cuckoo

Uncaring, unkind

Not sharing

Selfish.

Holly Harrison.

MY FEELINGS

There is in me a cat

Sleek and agile

Yet sly

Always near trouble.

There is in me a tortoise

Slow, Sleepy

Yet stiff

Getting there in the end.

There is in me a rabbit

Nervous and unsure

Sometimes timid

Yet always brave-faced.

Erin McHardy.



THE MYSTERIOUS EGG

One day I was walking alone in the forest when in the distance, I saw a kind of opening. I went further on with curiosity. When I got further on I realised it was a cave, camouflaged by lots of fallen down trees and branches. I wanted to see what the cave was like inside but I was a bit scared. I went forward very slowly and pushed the branches away so I could get into the cave. I climbed over the fallen down trees and got in.

There were lots of tunnels and ways to go. Luckily I had brought some string and I would be able to explore the cave without getting lost. I went into the first tunnel then another, then another and then another until I came to the last one. At that tunnel there was a dead-end. There was a stone seat built out of the wall and I sat down. By then I was feeling very dizzy and tired after walking round all the tunnels.

On the right-hand side of me I saw something in an oval shape. I couldn't quite see what it was. I rolled it over to where it was light. It was a giant egg! I was very puzzled by what it could be. It could have been a baby giant in the egg but then I remembered giants don't lay eggs.

Well I took it home and put it into my cupboard. It was a very tight squeeze. I should tell no-one I thought.

But one day Julie and Charlotte came to play. Julie liked to play dressing up and she opened the cupboard door and out came the giant egg. Mum heard the bump on the floor and shouted, "Keira, don't dance on the floor!" Julie and Charlotte were amazed at the spotty egg but they promised they wouldn't tell a soul. We very carefully put the egg back into the cupboard.

In a few weeks time Julie and Charlotte came over again. We heard a cracking coming from the cupboard. Out came the egg. It cracked and out popped a little head, then a leg, then another, a big tummy and two green legs. At this time I became more curious than ever before. It was a baby dragon! We took it back to where two big dragons were sitting. They looked very pleased to see their baby dragon. Then we set off for home.

Keira Proctor.

SENIOR SCHOOL

WINNER OF THE BLOCK PRIZE FOR CREATIVE WRITING

ANNA'S STORY

A small girl lay huddled in the corner of a dark basement, covered in a thin blanket which emphasised her thinness. She stirred, and attempted to pull the inadequate blanket closer to her in a vain effort to find warmth. The Woman saw her move, and spoke.

"Anna... Anna!" The urgency in The Woman's voice grew. "Anna!" Reluctantly Anna left the thin straw mattress that masqueraded as her bed to receive the container which was held before her. Listlessly, she shuffled to the door.

Peering out of the cracked window, she saw that all was quiet. As she slipped out from the Basement, the icy wind reminded her of the severity of her life. Anna retraced the same steps which made her journey each morning, but it was a journey she did not make alone, as furtive groups could be seen heading in the same direction as her. The sun was rising over the city, and its cold rays served as a reminder that time was ever shorter, urging her to hurry. The hard earth bit through her old shoes as she joined the queue at the well to wait interminably for her turn.

Her journey home was slow, as she dared not spill any of her cargo which had to last her family the day. It was different from the old days, when her family lived in a large house in one of the most prominent areas of the city. Her food and clothes had been abundant and the thought of queuing for water never entered her mind. Anna's family had been happy — but now her father was only a distant memory. She entered the basement — now her home — to receive her own meagre rations for the day. The Woman, her mother, handed her a black roll, with a cup of water. In the early days, two years previously, she had felt a sense of guilt eating in a room when so few had even a roll, but now she felt no such emotions, and ignored the eyes watching her.

The basement housed around sixty people — sixty people who dared not leave the confines of the building unless there was an emergency. The inhabitants were female — the only males being elderly or children, as husbands and fathers had disappeared and nothing was known as to their survival. Fear had become the god of the basement, spreading its cancerous roots into each and every inhabitant who had no choice but to live there. As outside noises increased, each day the silent, malignant god infested its host with increasing severity.

Anna was ten when the conflict disrupted her life, and her immediate family had fled into hiding when conditions in the city became too dangerous. It had been early morning when her family had slipped out of their suburban house. As they hurried along, aiming to appear inconspicuous, her father had dropped back to collect a forgotten item. They had never seen him since. She was now approaching her twelfth birthday, and it was still too dangerous to return home to attempt to find

her father. Anna did not know when they would return home — but she suspected that her father had disappeared for ever. In this conflict, one's neighbour and one's school friends had become one's enemy, and people who could no longer be trusted. Their neighbours had known of their plans to escape and she suspected that this was the factor responsible for the disappearance of her father.

Anna tried to put these thoughts behind her as she procrastinated over her breakfast, nibbling her roll in an effort to make it last longer. She had become concerned as to the health of her brother, who each day became weaker. Fear... There was no medical help — the hospital was hopelessly crowded, and was no longer safe. Besides, it was only the brave, foolhardy or desperate who made their way to the streets and Anna's family was not in that category — yet. Even so Anna had to make the daily journey through hidden tunnels and alleyways under the cover of dawn to get her water ration.

Suddenly, a noise shattered the silence and Anna's thoughts ceased. She was of the wrong religion for this part of the city, and it was her daily fear that they would all be arrested. The outline of a soldier could be seen in the doorway. He barked out commands in a tongue unfamiliar to Anna's own, while behind him the dull thud of shells could be heard descending on the city. Hesitantly the soldier entered the basement, while its inmates cowered against the walls. This was what they had feared. The man searched the inhabitants of the pathetic room, and once satisfied that there was little danger from the assembled women and children he ushered them outside. Not one person could understand his tongue.

The morning sun revealed the hopelessness of the inhabitants of the basement. Thin and drawn, the women drew their characteristic shawls around them to keep out the cold March winds. Spring may have come to other parts of Europe — but this war torn city was still in the depths of winter.

Anna's family was taken to an empty waste of concrete, where many hundreds were gathered. For the first time in this conflict, the inhabitants of the city were treated kindly by men in army uniforms.

Anna was ushered onto a truck with her brother — her mother was taken onto a different vehicle. The truck lurched into action, throwing women and children to the floor, while behind her, many other white crowded trucks, with the characteristic United Nations logo, followed the slow procession to safety through the hills. As the trucks left the war zone behind, Anna caught sight of a solitary daffodil in the grass verge symbolising beauty — and hope. Anna's war was over. She was now safe. Her family was safe. They had escaped with their friends. Serebenica could now fall.

Rhona Callaghan, F6.



THE
ROBERT GORDON
UNIVERSITY
ABERDEEN

The First Step Toward Career Success

Choosing a course that will give you a Diploma or Degree to succeed in your chosen career is never straightforward.

The Robert Gordon University offers a range of courses providing career-relevant qualifications which could make all the difference when it comes to getting that first interview and later your steps to promotion.

So whatever career you plan to enter, start by studying our 1994 Prospectus which should be available in your school, or further education college library. For a personal copy please write or telephone:

The Information Centre, The Robert Gordon University, Schoolhill, Aberdeen AB9 1FR. Tel 0224 262180

APPLIED SCIENCES • ARCHITECTURE • BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION • CONSUMER AFFAIRS • DESIGN • ELECTRONICS
ENVIRONMENT • FOOD SCIENCE • HEALTH SCIENCES • HOSPITALITY MANAGEMENT • INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY
INSTRUMENTATION • LIBRARIANSHIP • MANAGEMENT • MECHANICAL ENGINEERING • NURSING • NUTRITION & DIETETICS
PERSONNEL • PETROCHEMICAL ENGINEERING • PHARMACY • SOCIAL WORK • SOFTWARE • SURVEYING

THE CLOSURE OF S.A.R. LEUCHARS

The Search and Rescue wing of the Royal Air Force operates yellow helicopters of Nos. 22 and 202 Sqns. from now only eight of the bases around the U.K. coast, following the closure of S.A.R. Leuchars.

The Search and Rescue wing of the R.A.F. was officially established for the rescue of military aviators, but at least 90% of the rescues carried out by the R.A.F. are of civilians in distress.

This piece of writing is to explain to you why I don't think that the closure of S.A.R. Leuchars is a good idea.

S.A.R. Leuchars closed on Wednesday, 31st March, 1993. S.A.R. Leuchars covered most of central Scotland, east and west Scotland also. There are other Search and Rescue stations all over Great Britain, but S.A.R. Leuchars covered a huge area of Scotland. Now that S.A.R. Leuchars has closed, S.A.R. Boulmer and S.A.R. Lossiemouth, which both operate Sea Kings, are the stations which between them now cover S.A.R. Leuchars ground. S.A.R. Boulmer is approximately 180 miles south of S.A.R. Leuchars and S.A.R. Lossiemouth is approximately 110 miles north of S.A.R. Leuchars. S.A.R. Boulmer is in Northumberland and S.A.R. Lossiemouth is in Moray.

I don't think that this is good enough, because for example on the 31st December, 1992, a man jumped from the Tay Road Bridge into the freezing River Tay. The Arun class Lifeboat of Broughty Ferry was called out immediately and the D class inshore lifeboat also from Broughty Ferry. Whilst the lifeboats were searching for the casualty in the darkness with their searchlights, the Search and Rescue helicopter from S.A.R. Lossiemouth took two hours to get to the Tay.

There was no point in the helicopter coming down because there was no way a man could even last half an hour in the freezing river, far less two hours.

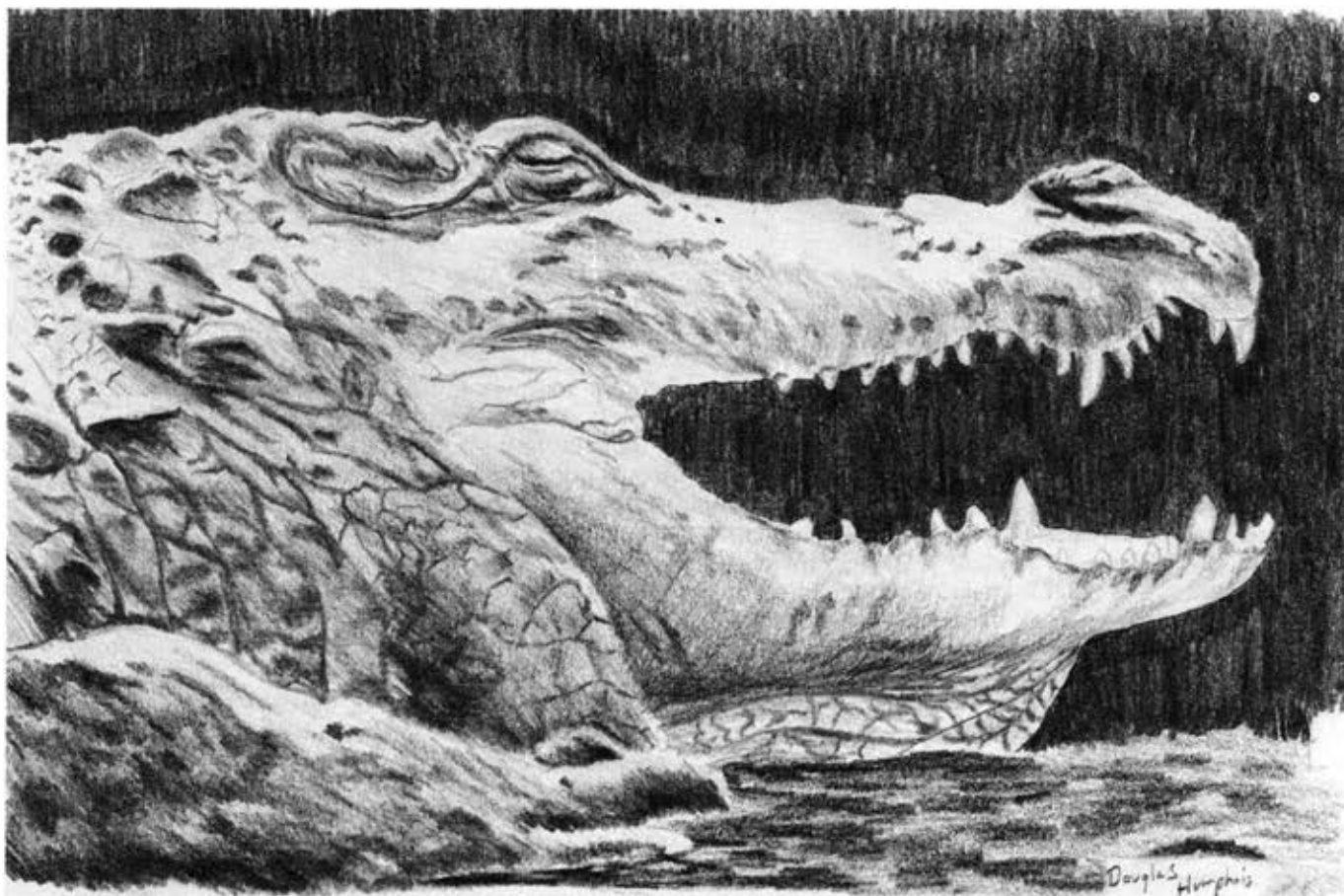
During this night, S.A.R. Leuchars was not allowed to launch a helicopter as it was not daylight hours. S.A.R. Leuchars only operates a 12 day hour day and there were no aircrew at Leuchars for a helicopter to be launched anyway. This casualty died unfortunately but his life may have been saved if S.A.R. Leuchars had still been operational.

The Westland Wessex is stationed at S.A.R. Leuchars, and true, these helicopters are old but are still needed to cover East/West Scotland. The Wessex was introduced into the S.A.R. wing shortly after it was formed in 1976. The Wessex is operated by a three-man crew — one pilot, one navigator and one winchman. It can take eight survivors on board, it can do 90 nautical miles without refuelling and it has a 300 foot winch.

The Westland Sea King however, is a different story. It is faster and can carry more survivors (18) and can travel further without refuelling (280 nautical miles). But on the other hand, the Sea King is much heavier than the Wessex and if one of the two engines of the Sea King fails it cannot stay in the sky because it is too heavy. However, if one of the two engines of the Wessex fails it can stay in the sky because one engine can support the weight of the Wessex.

Before S.A.R. Leuchars closed, Menzies Campbell, the M.P. for North East Fife, had been fighting to keep the S.A.R. station open and a petition has been signed by hundreds and hundreds of people but, I am sorry to say, S.A.R. Leuchars did close on the 31st March, 1993.

Scott Shepherd, F2



HOMELESS

Do you actually care for them?

They are people just like you and I.

So why bother about them? Or should we adopt another attitude to the homeless at Christmas, the season traditionally of giving. Put yourself in their shoes; feel the same things they are feeling. They are people, after all, just like you and I. They must feel so lonely, uncared for, hurt and neglected. NO food. NO warmth to keep them warm over the winter, while we are in our nice houses and our nice Christmas tree and our nice presents, they have none of these things. How much they must want someone to come up to them and give them a present or even just chat. I know that we can't give them back their homes if they had one but we can care. That does not take much from us. I will leave you with that, but please have a thought the next time you walk past one who is homeless.

Gary Southwick, 2B3

CHRISTMAS LUNCH

My favourite feast of all the year
Is the one which brings us fun and cheer
Sweet and savoury salmon pieces
Served on mother's precious dishes.

Next the turkey of such tender taste
It's really so good, there will be no waste
Sizzling sausages, stuffing and sauce
"Who wants some more?" We all say "Of course!"

On to the pudding, so rich, ripe and round
A blazing blue flame of brandy abounds
Each piece is so filling I can't manage more.
No coffee, no mints, my tummy's so sore.

Alastair Hunt.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a time of enjoyment

Not a time of sorrow or despair

The Christmas trees laden with decorations
and lights twinkle in the long dark hours.

Outside, homeless people look in at this light show
and dream of a warm bed
and a hot meal.

Inside, people sit around the tree, ripping presents
open gleefully.

Outside, homeless people scavenge for food
and a warm bed.

The sun sets, the warm red fire ball drops
below the horizon.

The homeless people find cardboard, newspapers
and rough it the best they can.

The people in the house douse the fire, turn off the
television and retire to their warm, soft beds.

Outside it begins to snow.

Malcolm Stewart, 5B3

THE SPELLING OF CHRISTMAS

C is for the Christ child born upon this day.

H is for the horrid king called Herod.

R is for the road the wise men took.

I is for His influence on mankind.

S is for the star that shone so bright.

T is for the three wise men who travelled from afar.

M is for the myrrh they offered Him.

A is for the angels calling out for joy — telling the good
news to everyone.

S is for the stable where Jesus Christ was born.

Malcolm Whyte, 1B3

BULLYING

For one shy fourteen year old girl, every day at school starts with an ambush laid by a jeering group of boys and girls. They twist her arm behind her stick chewing gum roughly in her hair, spit on her, then leave her sobbing on the ground.

Another girl, aged ten, in a neighbouring school, is taunted by two unruly girls because she won't join them in disrupting lessons. They call her names, threaten her with fists and have persuaded others to make sure she is excluded by the rest of the class.

At the same school, a seven year old has, for more than six months, faced daily torment from an older boy, who punches and pushes him constantly. His small body is covered in bruises, but he is so afraid of his persecutor that he tells his mother his injuries come from falling in the playground.

It is sad that incidents such as these are becoming commonplace in Britain's schools. Such violent and ugly assaults have caused many innocent children to take their own lives, such as thirteen year old Mark Perry, who panicked when his tormentors shouted at him as he cycled past them and while looking back to see if he had escaped them, he pedalled into an oncoming van. And sixteen year old Katherine Bamber, who could no longer stand her bullies, and took an overdose.

Bullying is estimated to bring misery to more than one in four children in Scottish schools. What's even worse is that bullying can continue without teachers and parents ever being aware of what's going on.

A bully's power lies in his (or her) victim's acceptance of his dominance; the moment the victim reacts, he or she is lost. Eventually the bullied child begins to believe what he hears about himself and feels both helpless and guilty. And yet, some of the most terrifying acts of bullying can seem completely innocent, a wave perhaps, but the victim may recognise it as a threat of impending torment.

Bullies single out people with apparent disadvantages such as being fat, clumsy, new to the school, a different accent or colour, even religion. In too many schools racial harassment is an ever-present simmering problem. Bullies need to be helped — before it's too late.

Tell-tale signs of a child being bullied include a sudden reluctance to go to school, persistent illnesses like headaches or stomach aches, unexplained secretiveness, sleepless nights, torn clothing, a deterioration in school work or grades and worse, bodily harm.

If a bullying problem is suspected, then action must be taken. The key to overcoming bullying lies in building up a child's self-confidence. By helping children to develop strategies to cope, we can eventually rule out bullying from a hopefully democratic society. We must halt the misery that afflicts so many children in our country today.

Jill Drummond, F3

SOUND OF CHRISTMAS

Bells ringing out
Children shouting, screaming, playing
full of excitement.
Snow pounding at the windows
covering the world.
Night falling
Not a sound to be heard.

Adrian Falconer, 1B1

A TRAMP AT CHURCH

There was once an old tramp called Tam who walked around Dundee looking for food in any old rubbish bins or anything lying around the streets. Tam would be straight into the wrappers building up his hopes just for them to be dashed again.

Tam was a mess. The clothes he wore were disgusting: dirty old trousers with holes in the knees and an old piece of string around his waist holding them up, a very old, smelly once-upon-a-time cream shirt and over it all a grubby raincoat. His footwear was not much better. His shoes had big holes at the toes and so his feet were always very wet and cold, swollen and covered with blisters. They looked very painful.

Tam had all his belongings in a very small carrier bag. I would guess the contents would be an old paper or two and maybe an old empty packet of crisps, the remains of a snack.

On Sunday, when Tam was walking around, very hungry, looking for food, he remembered a church which served Sunday lunch to the homeless. Tam hurried there as fast as he could hoping to get some lunch.

Arriving there, he burst into the hall where the food had been served the last time he was up in Dundee. He took one step through the door, when the minister who was officiating at a christening said through the public address system, "Excuse me! I think you might be in the wrong place. Go back out along to the left and it is the last door. I think you are looking for my friend."

The expression on Tam's face was one of embarrassment. He apologised and excused himself. He shuffled off along the passage passing two doors; one was a thrift shop and the other one a bible shop. Then he saw a room saying "Food". The place was empty except for two other men lying sleeping across the table. It was better for them to be in the hall than being exposed to the rain and the wind.

One of the old men woke up and looked Tam up and down. "What do you think you are doing here?" he asked. "This is our territory, so get off it now!"

Tam said, "I only want a little bit of food please."

"No. Get out."

Tam grabbed some food off the table and ran out of the door as fast as his sore feet could carry him. Away he went to the other end of the street.

He has not been seen since. It is thought he may have died because of lack of food and warmth, possibly in a smelly, dirty alley along the old railway.

Cara McMahon, 3G2.

THE CARPET

Another Day.

Wearily, I wait for the family to come, to greet me, each in their own way.

First, the mother, beautiful but haughty, her pointed heels jabbing spitefully into my soul.

Then, the baby, carefree and happy, tumbling joyfully over my soft surface.

Last, the father, not unkind, just insensitive, wearing me away with his huge boots.

They have hurt me so much, but I still love them.

How many secrets I could tell! But I will never give them away.

For I am loyal, sensitive and caring.

If they only asked me, I could give comfort and help.

But they do not.

I am taken for granted, a mere rug upon the floor.

Kim Goodman, F3.

JACK & IRVING



quality hairdressing

for women and men

15% STUDENT DISCOUNT 15%

STANDBY PRICES

Have a Top Quality
CUT & STYLE from £6
which includes consultation
with experienced stylists

**male/female haircuts only £3.00
on our model nights**

CALL OR CALL INTO OUR
COMMERCIAL STREET BRANCH FOR MORE DETAILS
COMMERCIAL ST., UNION ST., WESTPORT,
DUNDEE Broughty Ferry DUNDEE
Telephone 24829 Telephone 78744 Telephone 202419

DISCOUNTS NOT AVAILABLE ON SPECIAL OFFERS



HAIRDRESSING PLUS



MARYANNE BLAIR

RELIGION

I read recently that, in the U.S.A. over 75% of the population regularly attend church. For a country that prides itself on being the most modern, this seems inconceivable.

In my view, religion is nothing more than an outmoded scientific theory, designed to explain Man's presence, and all other natural phenomena. Like any other theory, when a simpler explanation for the observed facts arrived, it should have been discarded.

When Einstein published his theory of relativity, he had not envisaged an expanding Universe, and this forced him to invent a 'cosmological constant' to make his equations true. When Willem de Sitter then noticed that the equations, without the constant, represented an expanding Universe, and Hubble then confirmed this with his observations, Einstein had few qualms in eliminating the constant. In the same way, since modern science can explain the Universe without recourse to a divine being which previously seemed necessary, God should be removed from the equation.

The origins of religion seem fairly obvious. Early man, without today's knowledge, endowed inanimate objects and phenomena with spirits, to explain the otherwise in explicable. When, every year, the seeds he has planted miraculously metamorphosise into food, it is unlikely that he would, in a flash of inspiration, postulate the entire modern field of crop biology. It is much more likely to him that some spirit is behind it, a spirit that must be appeased to prevent drought or frost from ruining his crops. From these primitive beginnings, today's religions must have developed.

Of course, no-one except the very primitive, and a few odd 'hippies' in Glastonbury and California, believe in any crop spirit today. This is because modern biology provides a better explanation. However, for some reason, most people continue to cling in a belief in some divine being, who now serves no purpose. Almost everything that previously seemed to have some divine source has now been explained by a system of coherent scientific theories, based on a few natural laws. God has no place in this science.

Up until about 150 years ago, it was understandable for religion to be used as an explanation. Since then, more and more of religion's *raison d'être* have fallen foul of science. In the 1850's, Darwin produced his theory of natural selection, which could explain man's development without the absurd Creation story. In the 1920's, the 'Big Bang' theory explained the origin of the Universe, without a god. Since then religionists have had to develop more and more contorted explanations for religion in the face of scientifically proven facts.

Recent developments in quantum physics are very confusing to the uninitiated, and have been widely misinterpreted, and touted as proof of the existence of a god. Although scientists like Richard Dawkins have attempted to put matters straight, little appears to have been achieved against the force of blind faith.

The latest quantum theories appear to suggest that the Universe has been produced by chance; that is, the structure, the physical constants, the natural laws governing the Universe, have all been decided purely by chance. This means, in fact, that it is possible that there is a god, that by some fluke, an immensely complex organism who exists outside normal rules of behaviour, was thrown together when the Universe came into being. This, however, seems almost impossibly unlikely to me. It seems much more likely that a simple set of laws, governing a few kinds of particles, were created,

whose interaction led to the development of life.

Unfortunately, it is impossible, as far as I can see, to disprove the existence of God. Religions have been constructed on blind faith; belief without evidence; and therefore the absence of evidence for the existence of a god will not be taken as evidence for his non-existence.

All arguments must therefore be based on probability. It is possible that there is a god, but it is much more likely that there is not. Of course, this god need not be the Christian God, or indeed any other, and, by the same logic, it is also possible to postulate that Santa Claus exists and that there are fairies at the bottom of the garden, but that, too, is unlikely.

It has also been quoted as evidence for the existence of a god that certain physical constants are so fixed that they allow the existence of life; if they were greatly different, life as we know it would be impossible. An example is the strength of the force which holds the nucleus of an atom together. Were this force much weaker, the nucleus would fall apart, and there would be no atoms; were it much stronger, it would overcome the repulsion between nuclei, and some elements, such as hydrogen could not exist. Either way, life as we know it would be impossible, and this is taken as evidence of divine determination of this constant.

However, a much simpler explanation is available. The constants have been randomly defined, and the fact that they are as they are is no more than a reflection of the fact that we are here to observe them; if they were not what they were, we would not be here to observe them. No god need then be postulated.

Despite this wealth of evidence, some still continue to practice their religion. Their most common defence is that it provides a purpose to life, and, conversely, their most common complaint against atheism is that it implies a purposeless life.

In this context, 'purpose' can be interpreted in two different ways. Firstly, as a general overall purpose to the Universe. As I have explained above, there is no need to postulate a god, and if that implies a purposeless Universe, so be it. Perhaps therein lies the reason for the continued presence of religion. Through a combination of pride and fear, man finds it difficult to contemplate a Universe where he is nothing more than a collection of molecules that has arisen by pure chance, and the blind logic of natural laws.

The second possible interpretation is of a personal purpose to one's life. It has been said that, in the absence of a god, man is dehumanised, and without moral values. Stalin is often quoted as an example. In fact, though evil has been done in the name of Communism, I believe that much greater evil has been done in the name of religion. Witness Hitler, the persecution of Jews by Christians, the Crusades, the list is endless. Although, for atheists, there are no moral absolutes, this does not mean that every atheist is an amoral egomaniac. Evolution has brought with it consciousness, and an ability to recognise and respect it, without religion. In fact, around the world, societies of Humanists have been set up; atheists who address themselves to these issues.

With all this wealth of evidence available to contradict the existence of gods, and the need for religion, what puzzles me most is those well-informed in scientific matters who persist in their belief in a god. One of the most important principles in scientific research is that a theory only has value while the weight of evidence for it is greater than that against it, and that one should not cling to one's pet theory against the weight of evidence.

The blind faith required by religions contravenes this most basic law.

Toby White.

YOUR CHOICE

My school is a place of historical interest,
My school is a place to learn
My school is a place where you give much zest,
And for your freedom do not yearn.

But it's also a place to be proud of
It's recognisable — and it's size
Or when the hockey team, burnished in glory,
Come home, bearing a prize.

The teachers there are wonderful,
Don't make you want to cry.
But when angry Latin teachers yell "Paramus!"
Prepare. Prepare to die.

The French department are marvellous,
Open to suggestion.
On the exchange, one enquired, "C'est tout pres?"
You thought it not a question.

Maths, in fact is not so bad,
In pencil or in pen.
For when pocket money's given (by dad),
It helps for the first time, then.

English, is one of my favourites,
It does not tax the brain
For, when the brazen bell doth call,
You've nothing left to gain.

History's usually much the same
In farmland or in battle.
It seems our history teachers' aim
Is not, not, not, to prattle.

Biology one of the best subjects,
Makes many people think,
At dissection it also makes them lurch,
From their hiding place, over the sink.

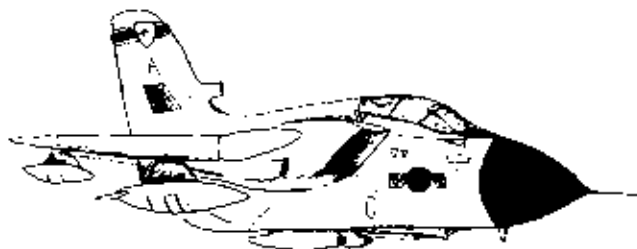
Life would be a disaster,
Without Chemistry.
The joys of watching potassium zip around,
In its round, glass-bottomed sea.

Geography's very useful
Useful as can be
Sitting in the Sahara,
With ordnance survey map forty-three.

Physics is about energy
Watching things combine
Watching fragile barometers,
Or lightbulbs in a line.

So which of these subjects is best, then,
None of them do bore,
But I think the majority would agree,
On a Friday, at five to four.

Claire Lowe, F1G2



THE NINE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me
An old boot on an old ski.

On the second day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Two frozen gloves.

On the third day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Three pompom hats.

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Four sprawling sledgers.

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Five warming winds.

On the sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Six snowmen melting.

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Seven skiers searching — for snow.

On the eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Eight skaters drowning — ice melting.

On the ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Nine curlers weeping — no ice.

Stewart Campbell, 4B1.

THE L'AUTOBEAST

With speed, "vitesse" the French would say
I glide along the tarmac plains
Showing my beauty every day
As I move through snows and rains.

My life dictated by petty laws
Of speed seat-belts and drink
Other beasts with flashing claws
Push my engine to the brink.

Children disregard my horn
A fact I never doubt
For brakes cannot save lives you know
Too late the warning shout.

My fumes and smells and engine noise
Spread filth both near and far
The lives of city people now
Polluted by the car.

Aaron J. G King, F3.

Up the glens away from all of the busy tourists, in the heart of a Scottish island called South Uist is a beautiful machair loch in which the trout rise freely to a fly. A machair loch is a fertile loch which is quite shallow and sometimes brackish. They all hold super feeding for trout and this one is no exception. Looking from behind the loch from a hill, it looked black against the glens. The last of the few anglers that ever finished this water had gone down the valley probably to a pub to tell fishy stories. The sun had almost disappeared but there was still a fiery red and orange expansive sky that seemed to go on for ever.

There was a lot of abundant insect life on the water and around the bushes, mostly tiny black midges that bit you and sucked out your blood. There was a hive of activity from the trout as they rose to intercept a midge that was flying past or to suck down an unfortunate ant that had been blown onto the water. As the sun sunk a little lower behind Beinn Mhor, a small northerly wind got up and ruffled the water into shapes like a Victorian collar. There was no noise at all up by the machair loch, apart from the occasional bark of a deer or a screech of a barn owl. It was possible to hear a fox step on a twig as he dragged his catch back to his lair.

Round the other side of the loch a little burn runs out down the glen. There was also some trout there rising to a fly. There was more wildlife there as well, a heron stood in the shallows of the loch looking for all the world like a stone statue. Some geese flew high overhead and two black throated divers flew once round the loch then settled in the middle of it. Some otters were playing in the loch, swimming after each other then turning over in great leaps.

If you followed the burn down stream a bit you came to a pool full of fish, birds next to it, some animals in it and lovely scenery that only Scotland can provide. The pool moved so slowly that it seemed as if it would never get to the sea. Though further down the water poured down a gorge threatening to carry away anything and everything with it. By this time the sun had totally disappeared and it was time for everything to go to sleep, apart from the fox that patrolled these areas, the owl that was hunting the mice and the badger cleaning out his den.

Malcolm Whyte IB3.

THE ACCIDENT

Will followed Andy down the gangway to the largest quay of the Port of Mombassa, Kenya. They turned to admire the might of the ship, the 'Queen of Africa', which they had boarded in Perth, Western Australia. Their mission in Kenya was to take animals, alive, for their father, Shane Smith's private collection. They would also spend some time in several of Kenya's numerous safari parks and wildlife reserves. Their guide for the visit, a Kenyan by the name of Toto, was due to meet them at the bustling port and drive them in his jeep to the mountain hut which would be their base for the duration of their stay in Kenya. The hot sun overhead beat down on the brothers. Will, 21, and Andy, two years his junior. A typically army-style jeep came bumping along the road and stuttered to a stop. Out jumped Toto and hailed the boys who ran over to meet their old acquaintance. Three years ago, Toto had come to Australia to work on Mr Smith's animal farm. He had not changed much since then and he was still just as friendly and welcoming.

The drive out into the countryside was extremely interesting for the boys. Among the wildlife they saw were baboons, the beautiful Patas monkey and the Colobus monkey, who have tails which take up about

two-thirds of their body length. They spotted various birds which they had never seen before. They drove through the forest, where the temperature was much cooler because of the shade the trees provided. As Toto, Will and Andy emerged from the forest, they saw the volcano that had lain dormant for years until a few months ago when it erupted. It had been threatening to erupt again for some time now. There was a cooled lava river on the side of the volcano and the hut where Will and his brother, Andy, were going to stay was visible. It was on a hill near the volcano. There were three rooms in the hut, of which two were bedrooms, the other a kitchen-cum-living-room. The three occupants arranged their equipment in the hut and set up the stove.

The next morning the men set out to hunt for animals. They were planning to search the forests, to look for large cats. They certainly did not expect their swift good fortune. Toto led Will and Andy along a trail of prints he found — these opened out into a clearing, which had a waterhole in the middle. There were no animals drinking yet, but the threesome knew that the best thing to do would be to wait. The waterhole would soon become busy, when all the animals came for their morning drink. Will had a lasso. Andy, a net and Toto, a hypodermic dart gun.

In anticipation, the group waited and soon enough, the animals began arriving. A few wildebeest stopped for a drink, and soon afterwards a couple of warhogs ambled past. Then their good luck came to the fore — a male tiger with a superb coat of fire came by. Will lassooed the prize specimen with ease, whilst Toto fired a tranquilliser into the tiger's flanks. They tied it up and carried it back to the hut where they put it in a cage. On their return to the waterhole they came upon a black leopard or 'panther'. This was incredible luck, as it has been discovered that one in every million leopards comes out black. The procedure for capturing the panther was the same as that for the tiger. Will lassooed him, Toto fired the dart gun and Andy tied the panther up, then caged the animal.

After a brief check on the big cats, the three men went to sleep, satisfied with their day's work. A prize tiger and a black leopard are probably the best two cats. Everything was going so well for the brothers. Surely something bad must happen?

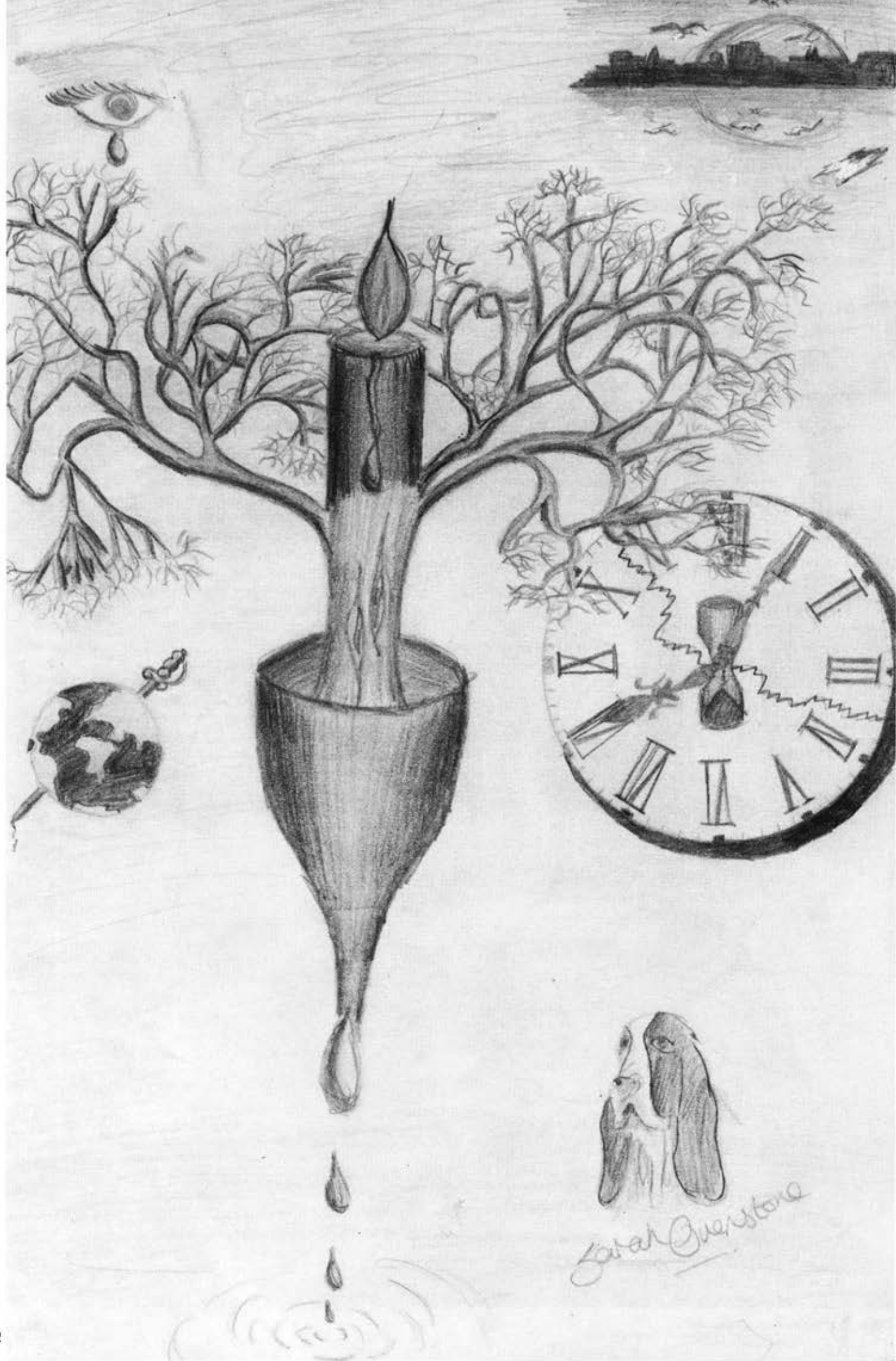
A low rumble and Toto's shouts of 'It's erupting, the volcano, quick, the hut's in its path! Run! Run! Save the animals!' woke the boys. The animals' cages were on the back of the jeep and Toto had already started the engine when the boys leapt into the vehicle. Toto drove frantically down the hillside road, careering uncontrollably into a shallow ditch which brought the jeep to a sudden, sharp halt. The cages were thrown from the vehicle by the force of the accident. Andy, Toto and Will emerged unscathed from the jeep and they were relieved to find the cages intact and the cats agitated but unharmed. The cages were winched on board just before the mass of lava reached the scene. They still had the animals but the hut was gone. The boys were lucky to be alive.

After a week's safari and an extended voyage, the 'Queen of Africa' arrived in Perth, Australia with a very special cargo. The cargo list read: 'one tiger, male, one leopard, black, male.' Mr Smith and his wife were at the port to meet their two sons. There were many friends of the family there to meet Andy and Will and to give them a heroes' welcome. After all, they were heroes, but they came very close to death.

Murray Peebles.



Shelley Gordon F4



Every day I would type the endless stream of figures into the lab computer. Every day and for a good part of the night I laboured at my monotonous assignments: tabulating figures, drafting reports, filing results and at least a hundred other tedious tasks. I knew I was vastly more competent than the others, even Doctor Quentin the laboratory head, and yet I was only ever given the most juvenile jobs. Despite being a trained bio-chemist I had never been allowed to demonstrate my talents simply because I was not popular with the others.

They blundered along under Quentin's "expert" lead as they searched for the elusive formula that would allow them to develop the ultimate chemical/biological weapons system. If they could only discover the missing ingredient to add to the production system then they would have it. Only I seemed to have perceived that it was merely a surplus compressor valve that was causing their problems. And again I was the only one who had figured out the vaccine capsules, but when I tried to share my late night discoveries, I found myself ignored or worse, listened to but then ridiculed and ultimately ignored.

It was hardly surprising then that I took to dreaming as a form of escape from my miserable existence. Though it was severely reprimanded by Quentin and seen as a tremendous joke by his followers, it was the sole safety valve that prevented me from exploding into insanity. At first I had dreamt of acceptance, of "fitting in" with the others, sharing their jokes and being included in their social lives, one of the group, one of them.

Thankfully this ridiculous admiration of their cliché soon gave way to contempt. Yet even though I no longer envied them I still hated the way that such feeble excuses for people looked down on me. Gradually my dreams fermented into bitter anger, and then finally: revenge. Dreams of punishing them for their derogatory treatment of me wove through my mind until a definite plan began to take shape.

I dreamt of how I would remove the surplus compressor valve from the reactor, the one that my more intelligent "colleagues" were still ignorant of. Through many hours of over-time I had constructed a vaccine, something that Quentin had been working on for years without success. If only they had fully studied their own experimental results they would have seen all the elusive answers charted out before them, but no. They preferred to arrogantly toss them at me as soon as they were compiled for filing, and had dismissed me when I tried to enlighten them.

In my dream I was brave enough to go through with this plan. I carried the vaccine capsules to work with me every day and yet I still did not have the gumption to actually avenge myself, even though I was humiliated daily to the point when I cried myself to sleep at night. Each time when I felt I had taken enough and it was time to follow my dream, something stopped me. A clinging belief that in spite of my cynicism there could really be a better life just waiting for me. This was the straw that I clutched day after solitary day but even I knew in my head what my heart blinded me to. It was a ludicrous hope and it could not last forever.

I sat quietly at my desk in the corner working on yet another set of meaningless results. The others were gossiping not far from me, completely unaware of my existence, and so as usual I did my best to ignore them. They were probably chattering about another of their parties, boasting of their conquests and who had managed to reach inebriation fastest. Abruptly this ceased as Quentin strode into the room.

"I have a brief announcement to make," he said

without even bothering to make sure he had everyone's attention, so sure as he was of himself. "In all the years that we have been working on this project there has been one young woman who has worked tirelessly for the project with virtually no recognition. It now comes as a great pleasure to me to offer her the post of head laboratory assistant."

My head swam with pride and pleasure. They had noticed me, noticed my extra hours and my dedication. I truly was more than just a mere shadow in the corner. With baited breath I awaited his next words.

"I am sure you are all aware of who I am referring to. Miss Henton, will you accept?"

I almost screamed with rage and disappointment. It should have been me instead of that stupid little tart. The only reason she had received "no recognition" was because she had never actually accomplished anything except the skill to flutter her eyelids. The longest she had ever stayed back was the fifteen minutes necessary to preen her hair and lipstick, and now she was to get the promotion, my promotion, simply because of popularity! The notion so numbed me that all I could do was stare vacantly at my work, hardly even noticing them traipse out to lunch, bandying congratulations and plans for a celebration party.

That evening I switched off my typewriter and got up from my desk. I strode slowly and with dignity to the reactor room to check that the lights were off, rhythmically twirling the excess compressor up and down the fingers of my left hand. Walking once round the reactor room, hearing the harsh clack of my heels echo defiantly round the room, I felt a new freedom, a new confidence. They would not be attending any more parties I mused, stepping over one of the now unrecognisable corpses slouched over a desk.

No popularity, no beauty, no designer clothes had protected them when the plague erupted from their reactor. That has been the last time they would leave me alone over the lunch hour. When they had begun pounding on the reactor room door I had given it no more attention than I would have done to any of the other things that they had not involved me in. They could not pick and choose when they wanted me involved, so I ignored them and playfully traced the door keys round my desk with my pencil.

Leaving the reactor room I went to the coat rack on the wall. From it I removed someones "Next" designer leather handbag and pirouetted round, tossing the contents everywhere. In place of lipstick, hairspray, etc., I filled it with an enormous supply of my vaccine tablets. Next I tried on Miss Henton's "Benetton" designer coat, parading up and down the entire lab like a model in some freak fashion show where the audience was the mangled bodies of those who would look down on me no more.

Pausing at the main door, I swallowed an extra vaccine tablet just to be extra sure. After all, some of the plague may have escaped from the laboratory . . .

Caroline Collins, F5.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

The highway from the east coast of the USA to the west coast runs in almost a straight line, mile after mile of road through some of the bleakest desert landscape.

Down a dirt track, a mile or two off this highway, in the Arizona desert stood a ramshackle house on a small holding. A man stood outside the house adding the finishing touches to his pick-up truck. He was satisfied with his handiwork. No-one would have known that, only

hours previously, the new blue truck with large chrome bumpers was the red vehicle which had sped down the highway swooping on unsuspecting travellers and robbing them of all their money. The owner of the truck was in fact a "20th Century Highwayman!"

The papers had been full of reports over the years of innocent travellers "bush-whacked" by a stocky man in a truck, although the descriptions of the truck varied. Sometimes it had been a yellow or green lorry, other times a black or white truck.

For years, the highwayman had managed to elude the police.

Satisfied that his truck had been satisfactorily re-sprayed, he went to his shed and selected a set of registration plates from a pile in the corner. He was impatient to get going, driving up and down the long road for miles in search of a lone traveller. Hours later, an innocent family made their way down the desolate road completely ignorant of the fact a blue pick-up truck was gaining on them.

Faster and faster the truck went as it drew up beside the family estate car. Bubbling over with anger, the man in the car turned his head towards the truck which was now perilously close. He had no time to think as his car was rammed into the side of the road.

The truck screeched to a halt and reversed at speed back to his latest victims. The man and woman in the car were trying desperately to comfort their frantic children while trying to calm down themselves, not noticing the dark-haired, stocky man walking towards them. Within a few seconds, a shotgun was thrust through the woman's window and a harsh voice gave orders for them to get out of the car and lie on the ground with their hands on their heads whilst he ransacked their luggage and stripped them of any items of value. They were to stay on the ground until he had loaded his pickings and driven off.

Once on his way again, a large vehicle in the distance caught his eye and he knew he had to hurry back to safety of his old house.

Once back at his hide-out, he fixed himself something to eat on a small, gas camping stove. He then sat outside eating his meal and counting his stolen money. Satisfied with his pickings he drifted into a deep sleep, unaware that at that very moment the police were putting an ingenious plan to put him behind bars, into practice.

The highwayman slept through the night and woke early the following morning to patch up and re-spray his truck (this time it was to be black). Once the paint was dry he added the finishing touch, another set of fake registration plates, and he was ready to go.

Just a few miles up the road, there was a green car but it did not carry a family nor an innocent traveller, for driving the car was a young policeman and he wasn't really alone... Along all of the sideroads sat police cars, just waiting to pounce on the highwayman.

As expected, a large truck thundered up the road and rammed the green car from behind, then from the side, the side again — until he had forced the policeman off the road. Then, just as before, the truck screeched to a halt and reversed at speed back to his latest victim. Threatening him with a gun he gave him the orders, he gave everyone else; to lie on the ground with his hands behind his back until he'd driven off, but at that very moment through the corner of his eye the young policeman saw that the rest of the force were circling the highwayman. Within seconds a gun had been thrust in the highwayman's (?), he was handcuffed and shown to

a police car (much to the relief of the brave young officer).

The next day the news was in every paper in the state, and people could travel from east to west safely.

Caroline Mair

MY MONSTER

Switch it on,
And there it goes.
It's got twelve fingers,
And six toes.

It lives in my
Garage by night,
It needs no water,
And no light.

It's good fun,
But sometimes bad.
Like when it ate up
Next door's lad.

People say,
I'm imagining things.
But how could I make up,
His screws and springs.

I could never give up,
My little honey.
I would not sell him,
For any money.

Catherine Steel, F1.

CHRISTMAS

The day before Christmas, two families, a poor family and a rich family prayed beside their beds in their homes. The girl in the poor family said, "Dear Heavenly Father, please can I have a lovely present. I don't mind if I get only two presents. I only got two last year. Oh! and a nice small turkey and I hope everyone will be well. Amen."

The rich girl prayed and said, "Dear Lord, I want lots of presents. I hope everyone will be well. Amen."

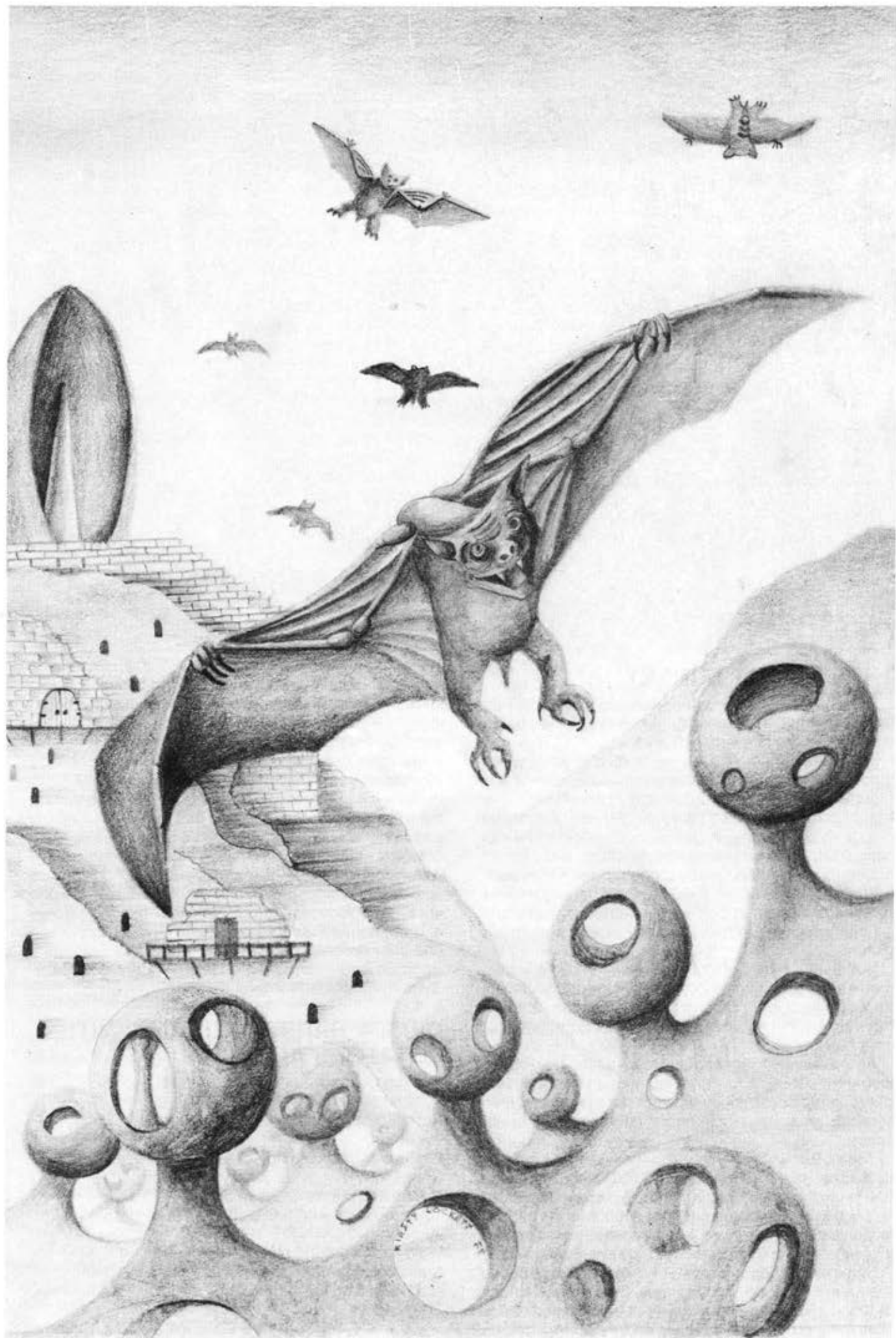
In the morning when the poor girl got up, she ran downstairs gave her Mum a kiss and opened up the two Christmas presents. The first one was a lovely necklace and the second one was a doll but its head had broken off. She was so sad, she started to cry.

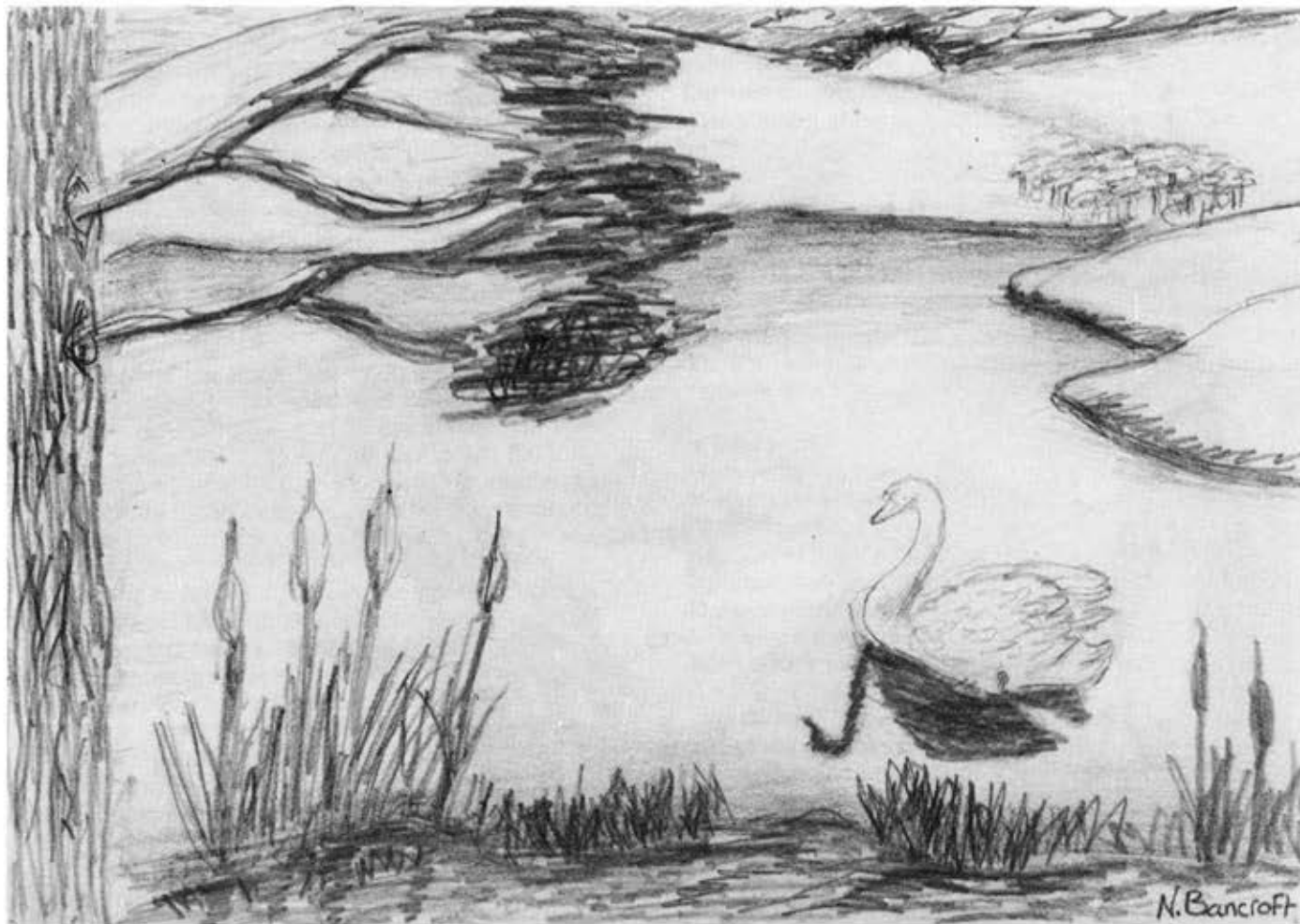
On the other side of the world the rich girl had got up and opened her presents. The first one she opened up was a doll. Her head was broken off. She did not start to cry. She just threw it away and opened the rest of her presents.

At tea the rich girl did not like the taste of the chicken so she spat it out. Her Mum said, "Don't spit out your food. Poor people have not enough food and you are spitting it out."

At tea on the other side of the world the poor girl got sausages to eat. She liked them. Even if she did not like them she would still eat them because she was hungry.

Nina Allen, 1G1.





THE LOCH AT SUNSET

Bleep ... bleep ... bleep! My watch went off breaking the stillness that hung around the loch like a cloak. It was 8 o'clock in the late summer night.

The sun was painting a picture of glorious colours across the sky. Deep lilac-grey clouds marked the orange sky which higher up merged into a soft pink. This later became the palest of blues studded with fluffy white clouds, their undersides lit up orange and pink. The sun himself was like a fat, assured lord, sitting in his pastel throne room, clothed in the orange-red robe of sunset.

The still loch below doubled the image. The two palettes of wonderful colours, separated by dark hills silhouetted clearly against the sky, made a stunning picture.

Suddenly, a pair of mallards leapt into the water, marring the reflection. Plump, happy clowns of the loch, they splashed around cheerfully, making the sky look more like the backdrop of a pantomime than the work of art it had been.

As the sun sank slowly down towards the horizon the loch grew darker. A few gnarled trees on the bank cast black shadows, distinctly different from the grey-green scrubby grass as black paper cut-outs on a bright carpet.

The mallards clambered out of the water as suddenly as they had come. I soon noticed that a lovely mute swan had taken their place, gliding ghostlike across the loch. I half expected it to disappear once it reached the middle, and was almost surprised when it carried on, occasionally submerging its graceful neck to snap up a snack.

Some more snacks for someone were hovering above the water — a cloud of tiny midges. Sure enough a flock of small birds came diving into the middle of them, seemingly oblivious to the bites midges usually deliver.

After their meal they flew away looking themselves like insects — small black specks against a fairly bright sky.

But although the sun was still bright enough to see by, it was slowly sinking and the light was becoming dimmer. The swan had quietly slipped away. Once again the loch was perfectly still, not a breath of wind stirring the water. I saw in the reflection that the sun had almost vanished, and against the red-orange was a dark blodge. Looking up, I saw it was a large elegant animal with huge antlers — a magnificent stag, looking out across the loch — the "Monarch of the Glen", as one always imagines him. I stood looking at the deer, in awe and wonder, as the sun disappeared beyond the horizon and the loch grew dark.

Helen S. Brown, F1G1.

CRISPY BARBECUED RIBS WITH POTATOES AND PEAS

The crispy, succulent, saucy taste of Barbecued Ribs

Not overcooked, undercooked or tough, but just right — medium

Blends with big fat juicy green garden peas

Not skimpy, soggy, or smelly, but ripe.

Not musty, but delicious and juicy

The mouthwatering, homemade, mashed potatoes go really

Well, and make the meal scrumptious.

Neither lumpy nor soggy nor dry but just right!!

Not forgetting a big dollop of juicy, red, tomato ketchup.

Rosanna Colautti, F2G1.

There! Finally I had moved it into the centre of the floor. With a heartfelt sigh I stood upright to straighten my back and then flexed my numb fingers. "What am I doing here?" I groaned aloud, surveying my grisly surroundings. My powerful electric torch did little to dispel the shadows from the crypt in which I now find myself, with its Gothic gargoyles watching me from their decaying but elaborate perches amongst the blanket of dust. Gossamer veiled the six or so ornate coffins that slept on carved stone ledges, but the one which I now find myself standing over had not been there long enough to be similarly cocooned in dust.

Under the circumstances, I suppose I should have been terrified but I merely felt cold, tired and extremely silly. Although my job in the police force had led me into a variety of weird and, more often, not so wonderful situations, never had I found myself reduced to such foolishness as this. There again I had never before been faced with the possibility that I would lose command of a murder investigation and possibly Trial by Media, the final nail in any officer's coffin.

Coffins, I thought. That is what had brought me here when I would have been far better combing my files for any last possible lead. I was seriously trying to save my career by opening a coffin in the hope that there might be some elusive clue. This seemingly absurd suggestion had been offered to me a few weeks ago, when we added Deborah Clark's photo to the investigation pin board.

I was fumbling with my door key in the chilly mid-November evening when something tapped me on the shoulder. I whipped round, fists raised and came face to face with one of the strangest figures I have ever met. It was an old man, wrapped up in an ankle length trench coat of an unusual coarse, dark material. His head was covered by a black hat in a style I had never seen before and around his neck was wrapped a large cravat, deepest scarlet and silk, which seemed an odd contrast to the rest of his coarse clothing. He stood completely still while I lowered my fists, showing no fear despite the fact that I had been precisely two seconds away from punching him.

He appeared well over sixty, but when he raised his eyes to meet mine there had been an oddly youthful quality to them, with a piercing blue light continually dancing from them. "This was the beginning and this must be the end" he said in a soft Devonshire dialect tinged with another accent that I couldn't quite place. As he spoke, his left hand reached across and grasped my right wrist in an icy grip of iron, and clamped a piece of paper into my hand. Then he turned on his heel and was gone before I had time to recover myself.

The piece of paper was a newspaper clipping. It was a report on the death of a woman on Dartmoor. Cathy Svenson had been caught in that freak storm on October the 31st, and it was hardly surprising, given the torrential storm, not to mention unparalleled lightning, she careered off the road and demolished her car. The verdict was accidental death although the body was so mangled that she could only be identified from the contents of her handbag.

The incident with the old man seemed so inconsequential that I had promptly forgotten about it, and returned to the vastly more important task of solving a double murder. The first was Steven Wade, who had been a bouncer in some shady Soho nightclub, found in an alley not far from the dingy flat he called home. His face and neck had been slashed, as if by an animal, and as a result he had died from loss of blood.

The second was Deborah Clark, a checkout girl from

one of those twenty-four hour supermarkets, found in the bus shelter where she had been waiting to catch the late bus. She too bore dreadful lacerations to her face and neck, and she too had bled to death. Despite the gruesome nature of both deaths evidence had been scarce and witnesses non-existent.

Whilst we were still guessing, another body turned up, Sandra Webster, a Soho barmaid. Webster had been attacked crossing a stretch of scrub land as a short-cut home. It was an identical murder; no motive (all victims still had their money and valuables) and the face and neck was slashed, causing the victim to bleed to death. The strange thing was that, apart from the facial lacerations, there was not so much as a scratch anywhere else. It was almost as though the victims had just lain down and let themselves be savaged unprotestingly. We had thought of drugs or alcohol but none of the victims showed any traces. In short, we knew nothing and were making no significant progress, and, of course, I was being blamed.

It was the 2nd of December when the killer struck next. Cassandra Larren had died in woods which lined the well lit walkway to her home. Though an identical murder, her case was significant for two reasons. Firstly, she was the assistant manageress of a high class restaurant who lived in a very "yuppyish" set of apartments. Callous as it may seem, people tended to take more of an interest in the murder of a "respectable" person than they had done in the previous three cases, and it was with difficulty that we kept the press quiet. So far the only possible motive was publicity, which I was determined not to grant the killer.

The other significant thing was that, at last, we had a witness. The taxi driver who had dropped Larren at the end of the fairly straight, wooded road that led to her block of apartments had paused there for a few moments, waiting for his next instructions. That pause had given us our one and only piece of evidence. He claims to have seen a figure enter the street from the woods and approach Larren as she walked home. The figure wore a long white dress that seemed incredibly flimsy for the time of year. It was obviously female even from that distance. She stepped out in front of Larren, stood there for a few moments, then turned and walked elegantly into the woods with Larren following her. The driver noticed that the woman and Larren did not actually appear to speak (although he could not be sure) and that she also had bare feet, remarkable in December and for walking in wooded land.

If our killer was a woman then she would have to be remarkably strong to inflict such injuries and yet the taxi driver had described a very thin, elegant young woman. It was a start but it really wasn't getting us anywhere. The pressure on me to come up with something solid was steadily mounting but still I persevered, hoping that something would turn up.

Then on the 15th of December, the pressure really intensified. Another body had turned up, identically murdered. Jonathan Edwards had been found slumped over the wheel of his B.M.W. sports car in a West End backstreet, again with no witnesses or clues. The real problem was that his father was Lord Edwards, a High Court judge, and he was threatening to stir up serious trouble unless his son's killer was found immediately.

That was three days ago. Now, since the police had apparently done nothing, he was going to tell the press tomorrow, and my reputation and career would be ruined. It was these dire straits that had led me to dig out the newspaper clipping given to me by that strange old man. I dug out Cathy Svenson's file and had found

nothing, except perhaps that her face and neck had been torn apart and she had bled to death, but this seemed unimportant since the coroner had put this down to the results of her horrific car crash.

However, I had noticed an address pencilled onto the back of the newspaper clipping. It turned out to be the Svenson family tomb in High Gate cemetery where Cathy had been laid to rest a month or so ago. God knows why but I began to believe that there could be something in the old man's clipping, and I could not get his words out of my head. I began to have strange dreams and woke up last night with the feeling that something was scratching at my window, although when I checked there was nothing there. Now, when my whole career hung in the balance I had decided to go to Cathy's tomb and open her coffin.

It may seem a ridiculous course of action but I had less than nine hours to come up with something, anything that would persuade the Judge and my superiors that I was competent. I had just finished unscrewing the final heavy brass screw from the coffin lid with my pen knife and I was about to prise off the lid. The idea of viewing a two-month-old corpse that had been already mangled upon burial did not appeal to me, yet I had come this far so I felt compelled to continue.

With an almighty effort I hauled open the lid and apprehensively peered over the edge. What I saw made me gasp in disbelief! Cathy Svenson lay there without even a scratch upon her and without any signs of decomposition. She looked far more beautiful, lying there as if asleep, than she had ever done in real life. The white funeral shroud was draped elegantly around her pale body in which the only colour was in her slightly open lips. I walked slowly round and looked at her. The only compromise to death that she had made was that her nails had grown into long talons, other than that she was unmarked. As I looked at her I noticed something about her feet; they were dirty and yet surely the undertaker would have washed her before laying her out?

Kneeling down I bent over the coffin. Something about her mouth attracted my attention. There was something strange crusted to one corner of her mouth. I reached across and peeled back her lips to reveal her teeth. Her fangs were the last things I ever saw . . . as a human being.

Caroline Collins, F5.







A RIVER AND LOCH AT SUNSET

Up the glens away from all of the busy tourists, in the heart of a Scottish island called South Uist is a beautiful machair loch in which the trout rise freely to a fly. A machair loch is a fertile loch which is quite shallow and sometimes brackish. They all hold super feeding for trout and this one is no exception. Looking from behind the loch from a hill, it looked black against the glens. The last of the few anglers that ever fished this water had gone down the valley, probably to a pub to tell fishy stories. The sun had almost disappeared but there was still a fiery red and orange expansive sky that seemed to go on for ever. There was a lot of abundant insect life on the water and around the bushes. Mostly tiny black midges that bit you and sucked out your blood. There was a hive of activity from the trout as they rose to intercept a midge that was flying past or to suck down an unfortunate ant that had been blown onto the water. As the sun sunk a little lower behind Beinn Mhor a small northerly wind got up and ruffled the water into shapes like a Victorian collar. There was no noise at all up by the machair loch, apart from the occasional bark of a deer or a screech of a barn owl. It was possible to hear a fox step on a twig as he dragged his catch back to his lair.

Round the other side of the loch a little burn runs out down the glen. There was also some trout there rising to a fly. There was more wildlife there as well, a heron stood in the shallows of the loch looking for all the world like a stone statue. Some geese flew high overhead and two black-throated divers flew once round the loch then settled in the middle of it. Some otters were playing in the loch, swimming after each other then turning over in great leaps.

If you followed the burn down stream a bit you came to a pool full of fish, birds next to it, some animals in it and lovely scenery that only Scotland can provide. The pool moved so slowly that it seemed as if it would never get to the sea. Though further down the water poured down a gorge threatening to carry away anything and everything with it. By this time the sun had totally disappeared and it was time for everything to go to sleep, apart from the fox that patrolled these areas, the owl that was hunting mice and the badger cleaning out his den.

Malcolm Whyte, F1B3.

POP CORN

When you are at the pictures,
There is not a better treat,
Than hot fluffy popcorn,
Sitting by your feet.

But sometimes you knock it over,
And it flies all over the floor,
And the ushers get annoyed,
Then throw you out the door.

Then you pay yourself in again,
Because you want that special treat,
Because there is nothing better,
Than fluffy popcorn to eat!

Lucy Orr and Samantha Orr, F1.

WHITE CHRISTMAS

All night it had been snowing. When I woke up I jumped out of bed, ran to the window and opened the curtains. I gasped. The whole town was covered in snow. It was lying everywhere: lamp-posts, treetops, cars, houses, the ground.

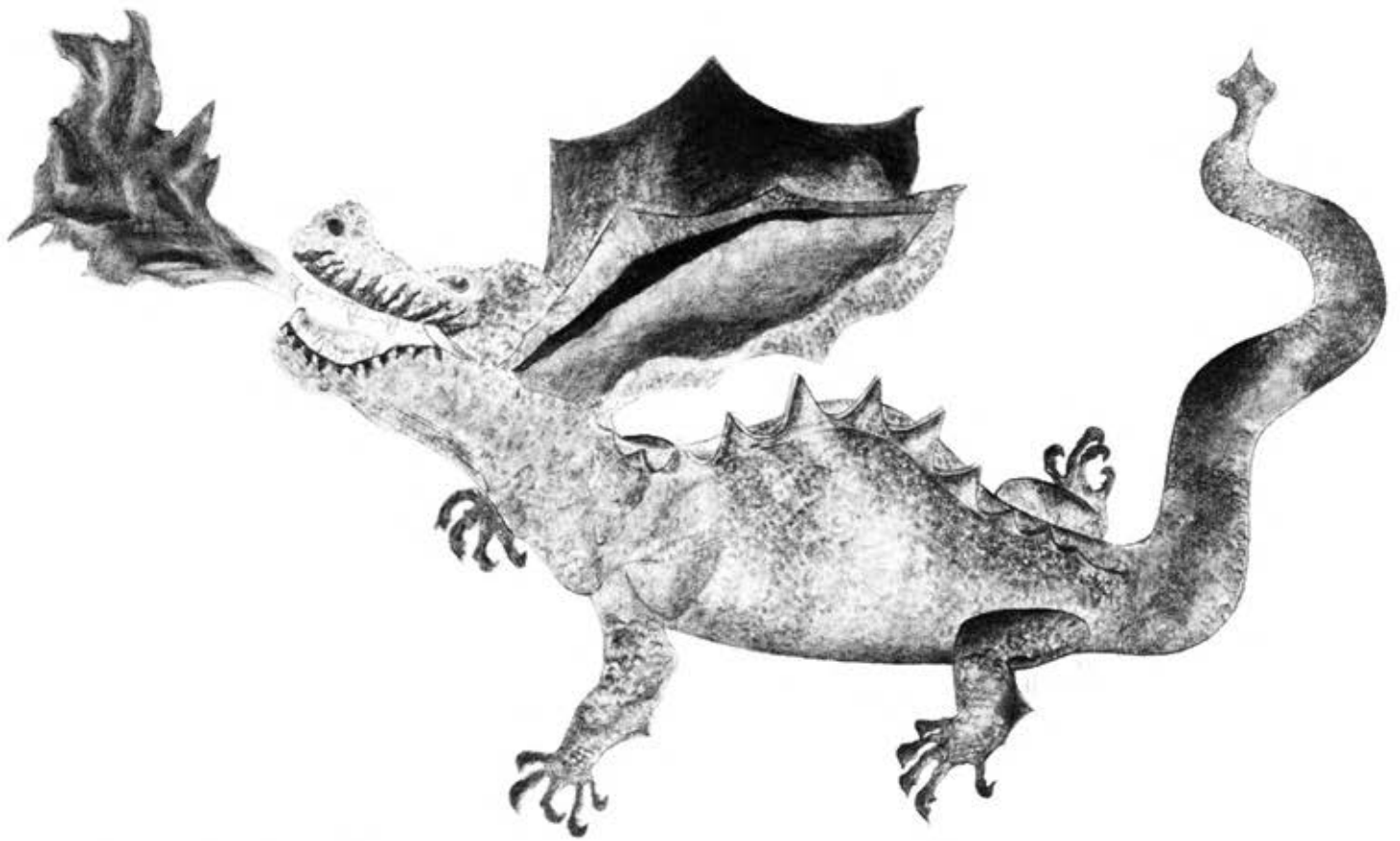
Quickly I dressed and ran downstairs. I made myself a piece of toast, put on my hat, scarf, gloves and jacket, flung open the front door and gazed out. It was beautiful. The snow sparkled as far as the eye could see. The sky was a magnificent pink and blue. The branches of trees were weighed down by their burden of snow.

The pond in the park was covered with a veil of ice and snow. Even the boat shed groaned under its share of whiteness. The whole world was crisp with untouched snow.

There was not a sound to be heard, not even a car horn, not even the footsteps of the postman. Our town was sleeping silently through all this beauty. Not for long. Soon, the snow will be churned to slush with hundreds of footprints. The trees will drop their loads and it will all be gone. There will be nothing of the early morning beauty.

Busy people rushing along do not really care. They are off to the Christmas fare. But I will remember the beauty, the silence, the crispness of the town's first winter.

Isla-Blair Proctor, 1G3.



THE FIREDRAGON

The whole world wobbled,
The truppula trees did quake,
The Galoops silently gobbled.
When the Firedragon spake.

The Eliphlumps ran in a horde,
For a meal, these the Firedragon 'dored
He breathed scorching breath on their tender young
rumps,
And that was 'The End' for those dear Eliphlumps.

They're fried alive, grilled all over,
The smell is tempting to any meat lover,
And snap went the Firedragon's colossal jaws,
And swallowed the bodies, then the paws.

Predicting his fate, away fled the Pinksnout,
As the Firedragon continued his barbaric rout.

When at last his hunger was finally killed
And his greedy desire to eat, fulfilled,
The Firedragon retired to his subterranean lair
To study the life and works of Voltaire.

He dosed, and digested his mid-morning snack,
Then hunger o'er took him and he made his way back
For luncheon he longed for a 'phlump steak and boar
And as he rose up with one mighty roar. . .

The whole wood wobbled,
The truppula trees did quake
The Galoops silently gobbled,
WHEN THE FIREDRAGON SPAKE!

Murray Peebles, F1B3

THE BLACK HUNTER

The car was like the panther sleeping
The engine purred and off it sped
Sleekly through the urban jungle
Heading for its unknown prey
Running faster, engine roaring, round a corner tyres
screeching
knocked his prey down to the ground
Killed out right with out a sound
The blood-stained body lies before it
The hunter once again victorious.

Amy Waugh, F1.

*Ah, Love the everlasting singeing light
Which threatens to consume; and yet can give
To those who use it wisely, and who live for it,
The promise of no tame romance
Which, though it may seem great, could never last,
And when the day of reckoning has passed
(the final dance)
Then shall these shallow children of our time
Kneel down, and beg forgiveness for their crimes
Of immortality and seek its immortality;
And yet they could foresee this deadly bite
Which threatens to destroy them; leave them void;
Remove the very soul which they ignore
But no, they keep on striving, wanting more.*

*In the end, they cannot win; they lose
To those young hearts who at the start did choose
To treasure what they had; respecting Love,
Her presence in their arms, her touch, her song.
To them eternity is not too long.*

Adam King 76



Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art

University of Dundee

- Architecture
- Town & Regional Planning, Environmental Management
- Fine Art (including Drawing & Painting, Sculpture, Printmaking)
- Design (including Ceramics, Constructed Textiles, Printed Textiles, Graphic Design, Jewellery & Metalwork, Illustration & Printmaking, Interior & Environmental Design)
- Hotel and Catering Management
- Food and Welfare Studies

Interested ?

Pupils, parents, staff and friends of Dundee High School interested in the above courses are welcome to attend one of our **Visiting Days, 17 & 18 November 1993.**

Your School staff can provide further information.

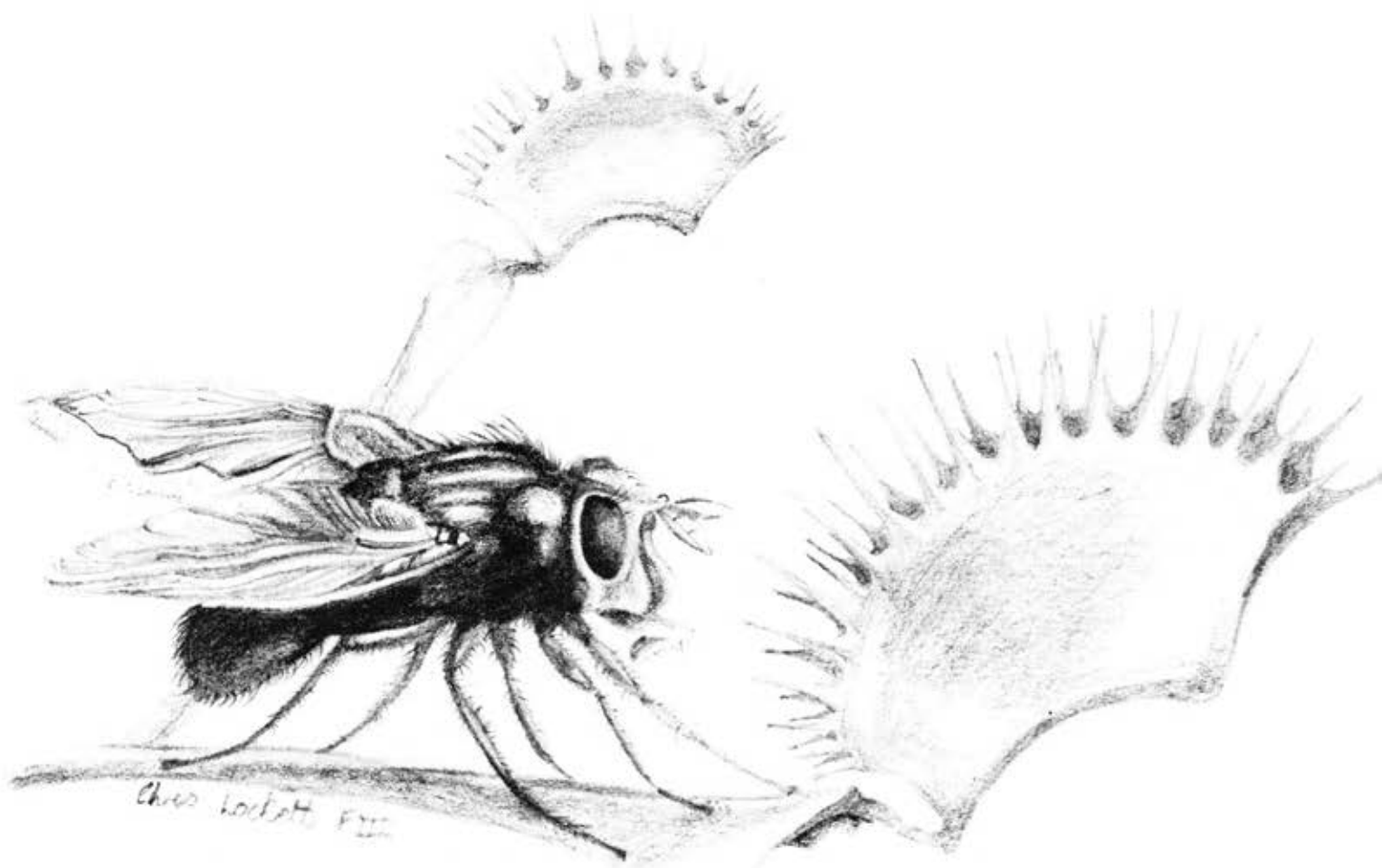
For a copy of our prospectus contact:

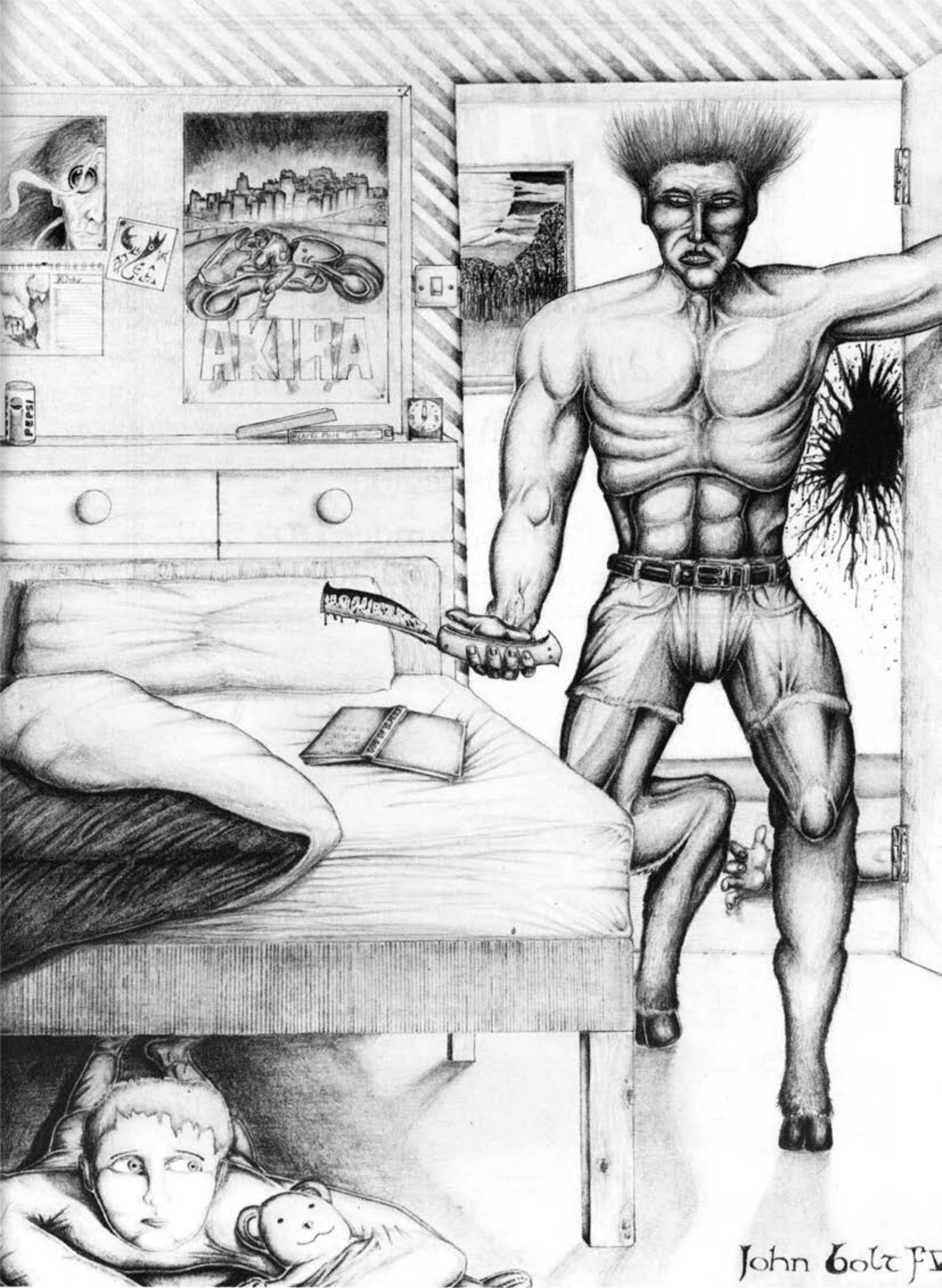
Miss Vina Sim

Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art

13 Perth Road Dundee DD1 4HT

Tel 0382 23261





John Bolt Jr.

THE SCHOOL WEAR SHOP



at **McGills**

"For all your Schoolwear needs."

Suppliers of all school uniforms
in the region

Wellgate Centre, Dundee DD1 2DB.

Telephone: 0382 200926



TELEVISION

Due to the ever-increasing advances in technology, the television has risen from a small squarish box transmitting black and white pictures in the living rooms of a limited number of homes, to a large colour (sometimes even 3D) set situated in almost every room in the house of almost all homes in the civilised world. It would be strange, in 1993, to walk into a house or hotel room in Britain and find no television lurking there.

There can be no doubt that television has disrupted some forms of family life. Meals eaten in front of the television are now common place. There is therefore no 'together time' for families to converse about the day's activities or to air their views. Some homes have television on from early morning until late at night and beyond! This amount of viewing could make us mentally lazy, and unimaginative and is even thought by some to impair intellectual development. How many of us have been told by our parents, "Switch the television off and try reading for a change — it might improve your mind." However boring it may seem at the time, it may well prove to be sound advice.

Perhaps even more worrying is the fact that television may have the power to influence our behaviour in a dramatic way. Disturbed or socially deprived people may try to imitate the anti-social acts they see on television and indeed there has been some evidence recently to substantiate this view. We are living in an ever-increasing violent society and television programmes must have influenced this to some extent.

Television also encourages stereotypical views of certain groups of people — such as women, the elderly and blacks. Such stereotypes as, "the drug-pushing black youth" reinforce narrow, prejudiced views of other people — particularly the disadvantaged.

Yet we must not forget that television can be a wonderful form of entertainment for the house-bound, the infirm and the elderly.

It can also be the closest they get to human contact. It can be a great form of entertainment for people of all ages, as long as it is limited and does not take over our lives. Like many other aspects of modern life, television can be abused.

The effects of television on its viewers depends on whether you believe that people, especially children and adolescents, are passive viewers moulded by the negative forces of television, or whether you think television audiences are active users of the media, and as such are able to distance themselves from what is shown and clearly separate fiction from reality.

I think television viewers probably fall into both of these categories. On the one hand, there are many people who are very aware they are only watching actors, but there are also those who fall into a deep depression if their favourite character is killed, or send wedding presents if a marriage is imminent on their favourite soap! The television producers should consider this when they make new programmes.

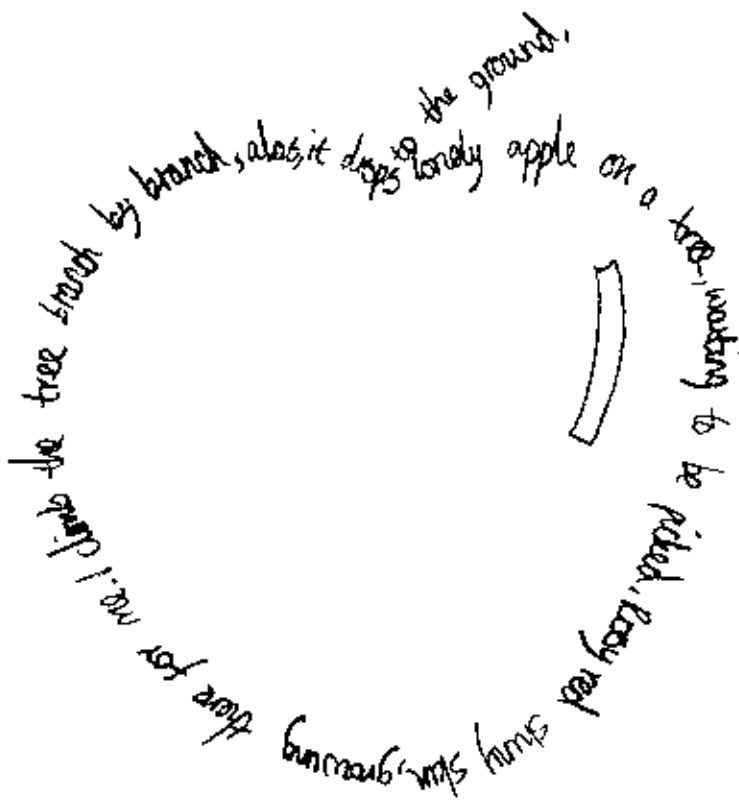
It would be difficult to imagine life without television. Even people who grew up without the 'box' find it difficult to remember what they did in the evenings before our homes were 'invaded'.

The problem is that like so many things in our modern society it has become an addiction and in extreme cases people switch it on when they get up in the morning and switch off at bedtime!

The secret of good viewing, and the best way to maximise on watching the little screen is to be selective, choose the programme or programmes you wish to watch and switch off when they are finished.

Viewing in moderation is the answer — then television really is great!

Jill Drummond, F3.



Emily Buchan and Kate Struthers F1

DEATH BY A CHOP

A forest is an army of trees
Each soldier at attention
Always standing in line
Planted by the Forestry Commission.

Moving only with the breeze
Never to march at any command
But securely anchored to the land
Waiting for the firing squad
A hack, a cut and all are dead.

Hamish Moir, F1

SEASON'S OF LIFE

In early years the sapling
weak and vulnerable as infant small
Shelters from the elements
In mother's skirts.

In adolescence, sap flowing
Growing tall, its supple limbs stretch high
Changing, becoming more aware
of emerging self.

Strong and independent in middle years
Supporting and sheltering in its turn
Solid and reliable
In its prime.

Stately in maturity
Gnarled, rough and growing old
Losing strength against the wind
Soon to die.

Juliette Fowler, F1.





SOME OF THE THINGS I LIKE ARE

Some of the things I like, are:
sweet smelling strawberries
because they melt in your mouth.
Long lazy holidays
because there is nothing to do all day.
But what I like most of all is:
Seeing my parents sound asleep downstairs
Because I can watch TV all night upstairs.

Some of the things I hate are:
Watching westerns on Sundays
because my dad thinks he is John Wayne.
Playing ping-pong with my parents
because the ball is never off the floor.
But what I hate most of all is:
Watching the news at mealtimes
because it is always about famine
and droughts.

Vhairi McLean, F1.

A THREAT TO OUR SOCIETY

The sea is immense, covering about two-thirds of the world's surface, and yet it is slowly but surely being 'destroyed' by a race called man.

The greatest threat our oceans face from the human race can be best summed up in a single word — pollution. In man's quest for an ever-increasing industrialised world, he is continually upsetting the environment in which we live. One of his greatest mistakes has been to equate growth with advancement. 'Growing Industries' are now being looked on with suspicion by the general public. They are rightly concerned about the harm waste disposal from manufacturing units can have on the environment and the possible disruptive effect on certain types of organisms, especially if nothing is done about it.

The growing population makes increasing demands on the world's resources, and this greater amount of electricity, water and goods, results in an ever-increasing amount of waste material which has to be disposed of. The obvious place to abandon the bulk of the sewage is in the sea.

The sea is massive and it is very attempting to assume that waste pumped into it will dissolve and be swept away by tides and currents. Sometimes this may happen, but I am afraid for the most part, this theory does not work. Huge quantities of waste are involved and the majority of it is dumped in shallow waters. This can be extremely serious if it is a dangerous material.

Apart from sewage, toxic materials such as lead, mercury and calcium are dumped in the ocean. In the 1950s, 43 people were killed, 700 permanently disabled and over 2,000 persons were poisoned in the town of Minamato in Japan. This happened after they ate fish and shellfish contaminated with mercury which had been pumped into the sea from a local factory.

Pesticides are also extremely dangerous to marine animals and plants dwelling in the sea. These chemicals badly affect their growth and health, but worse still, the poisoning of these organisms means that the environment is affected as the food is broken down.

The worst polluted regions of the ocean are close to the land, where most of the world's fish are found. But it is not only marine life that is threatened. Birds can also meet their fate in floating oil masses. When oil spills occur, they hit the headlines because of the mess, choking bird and other wildlife to death and smothering shores in a greasy slick of tar.

Fortunately, however, oil is biodegradable. This means, that in time, bacteria and other micro-organisms will get to work on the oil and eventually break it down into harmless components. To begin with, oil spills were treated with detergents, but this proved to be more damaging to the marine life than the oil. Nowadays, the policy is to try and contain the spill and stop it reaching the coastline.

Probably the worst area for pollution is the Mediterranean Sea. Between half-a-million and a million tonnes of oil enter the Mediterranean waters every year, making it one of the most chronically oil-polluted areas in the world. However, this is nothing compared to the pollution pumped into the sea. Thirty million tonnes of sewage are added to the ocean floor every day! Plankton feed off this sewage and use up all the oxygen in the water, causing the fish to die.

Another great threat to fish is irresponsible over-fishing. Although only about three per cent of the world's food supply actually comes from the sea, big boats, modern fishing gear and sonar systems to detect fish,

herald the beginnings of serious over-fishing. These innovations mean that instead of only a few fish being caught, they are being netted by the tonne. As more fishermen and boats join the hunt, working long hours at sea, the fish population is decreasing rapidly.

This massive exploitation must stop. Nature must be given a chance to redeem the situation. In the North Sea alone, some stocks of herring and mackerel have dropped to a point where tight controls and quotas have to be introduced, to let the population recover.

Although many sad and horrific things reach the headlines, the exploitation of whales, is one of the saddest stories of all, partly because of the inhumanity involved in the slaughtering of these gentle giants. Commercial whaling started one hundred years ago and now some species have been brought near to the brink of extinction.

As all whales have become endangered, with populations dropping to one-tenth of their original level, international legislation has now been introduced. However, it will still be a long time before the whale population is restored to its former strength.

Oceans cover more than 360 million square kilometres of the earth's surface, and contain around 1,400 million cubic kilometres of water. They are places of immense space and shifting light and shadow, rugged peaks and canyons, and vast and silent plains. More than any other area on earth, man is only a visitor here; he cannot remain.

Yet it is from here that earth's life began. It has taken millions of years to develop, only for it to be threatened by the human activities of man — waste disposal, power plants and other technological intrusions. The potential for severe disruption is growing fast. Indeed, man's own future is imperiled. In this era of dwindling resources, the oceans are an important source of food.

The question is: Can the growing destruction be met in time with understanding and careful planning to prevent the collapse of this great natural community. We must hope so, for the oceans are the planet's last great living wilderness, and perhaps offer man's last chance to prove himself as a rational species. In essence, our relationship with the ocean is fragile; our pollution is an insult.

My final observation, I leave with the gentle giants of the deep. Nearly 30 years ago, 17 nations slaughtered 70,000 whales every year. Now, only Japan, Norway and Iceland continue whaling — in the name of research. The sad news is, we have entered the nineties and the moratorium instituted by the International Whaling Commission, restricting commercial whaling, comes up for re-negotiation.

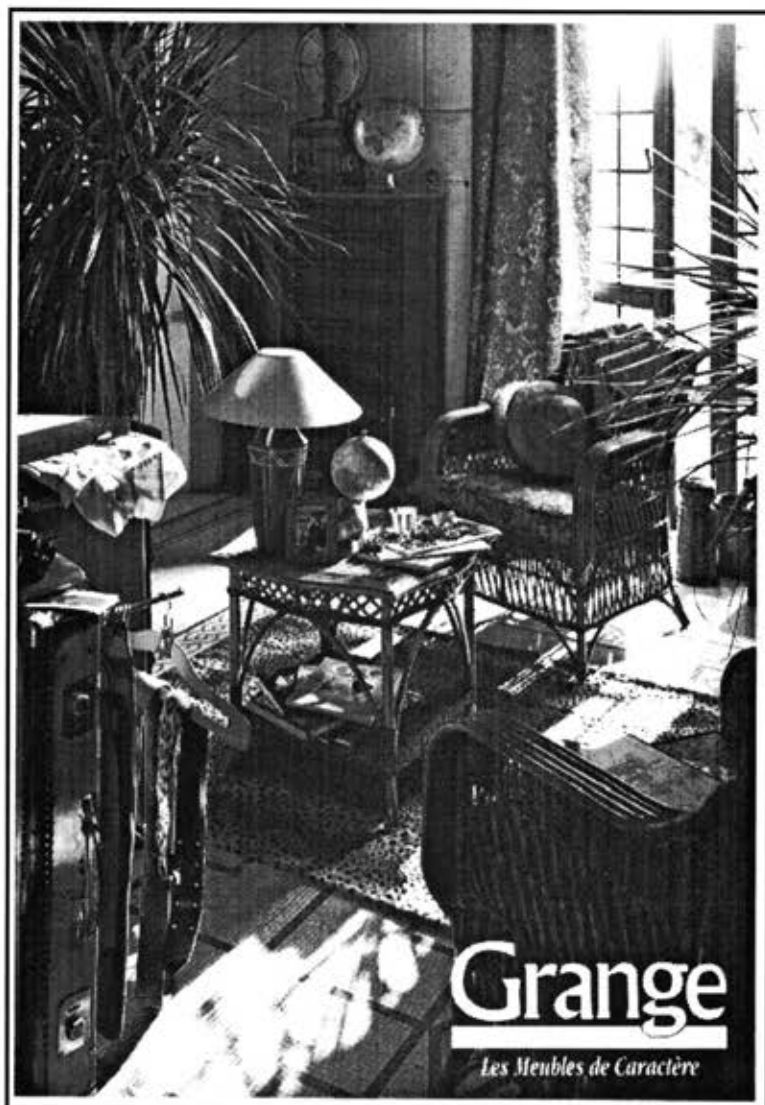
None are closer to us than these warm-blooded mammals. They represent 15 million years of evolution. It would be fitting if man's first step to save the earth and the oceans, was to save the whales.

Jill Drummond, F3.





French



Class

Furniture of character from house furnishers of distinction.

Robertsons
Barrack Street, Dundee (0382) 21138

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 —

WITH YOUR HELP IT WILL CONTINUE



The Bursar has Covenant Forms for those who wish them and he will be pleased to accept donations and answer any enquiries.

The Bursar, High School of Dundee, P.O. Box 16, DUNDEE, DD1 9BP