

HIGH
SCHOOL
OF
DUNDEE

'94

The

Review



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FOREWORD

"New every session" must be the perennial theme of a School Magazine as it seeks to record the fleeting moments of the myriad activities which make up the sessional life of a busy school.

There are the usual items we expect to find. Performances of sports teams, accounts of trips abroad, reviews of musical and dramatic productions, reports on hobbies and interests clubs, and stories of outdoor activities all combine to tell a tale. To these are added the hard news relating to former pupils recent and not so recent. And further space is allocated to the various expressions of the creative imagination.

Sometimes usual activities give rise to unusual achievements. Take for example, the spectacular success this session of the Young Enterprise Club. Although groups have performed with creditable success over the past sessions, this year's team has gone from strength to strength, winning many prizes and awards, including the coveted Skene Trophy for being the best team in Scotland. The account of their success makes pleasureable reading.

In every session, however, there are always special items and this session has been no different. In particular there have been four echoes of the past. The first was the return to school of the Cunningham Medal presented in 1987 to David W. Durie, Dux in Science, thoughtfully restored to the school by a distant relative. It now takes its place in our display case. The second was a letter from Australia as part of an on-going correspondence with the relative of a member of staff who taught modern languages in the first decade of the century. The letter contained a postcard of the city churches with a horse-drawn carriage in the street and three photographs of senior pupils standing at the pillars, dressed in the fashions of the day, which bear no resemblance to modern uniform.

A letter from the United States sent by an eighty-five-year-old former girl pupil, who attended the school between 1918 and 1924, provided a third echo, especially as it included her impressions of the staff of the school at that time. In her pen-portraits we catch a glimpse of a bygone era, and are able to contrast the teachers of the time with the highly professional, pupil-friendly staff of today.

A few weeks ago I had the privilege and pleasure to chat with a former pupil who was celebrating his hundredth birthday and who entered the school as a twelve year-old boy in 1906. His vivid recollection of the school at that time provided yet another clear echo.

The Fortieth Anniversary of our German exchange school offered an opportunity to join in their celebrations and a chance to appreciate a tradition which is both similar to and different from our own.

All these topics and many others besides have been contributed by many pens to make up the pages of this current volume. Once again we are indebted to the editorial staff, particularly Mr J. Baxter, Mr J. Cunningham and Mrs M. Oliver and their enthusiastic team. Their success is plain for all to see. We hope it gives pleasure.

R. NIMMO

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johnalan

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SCHOOL

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations are offered to Captain R.H. Steele on the award of a Lord Lieutenants Certificate for service with the D.H.S. Cadet Contingent

In the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme Gold Awards were won by Elisabeth D. Nimmo, Alison C. Marshall, Susan J. Pennington and Rachel E.D. Thomson.

The School Interact Club (i.e. Junior Rotary), which is the largest Interact Club in the United Kingdom, celebrated in June the tenth anniversary of its foundation.

STAFF NEWS

In the course of session 1993 - 94 a number of changes took place in the staff of the School.

During the session we were pleased to welcome new colleagues to the staff. Mrs. C.A. Murray (Economics), Mr. J.G. Mordente (Mathematics), Miss G.M. Niven (Art), Mrs. A. Durias (Music), Mrs. P. Spowart (Physical Education), Miss J. Ogilvy (Physical Education), Mr. W. Nicol (Instructor) and Miss Linda Ree (Speech and Drama) joined the staff of the Senior School. All are now well-established in their posts.

Three senior colleagues took retirement. Mrs. Ann M. Close left the Junior Department after twenty-three years of sterling service, five of them in charge of the Upper Primary Section, Miss Moira R. Knight retired after thirty-nine years of exemplary service in the Preparatory Department, thirty-one of them as Head, and Miss E.M. Dickson took early retirement from her post as Assistant Rector after twenty years. We thank them for their years of service and their contribution to the life and work of the School and offer them our best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

VISITORS TO THE SCHOOL 1993-94

December

The Right Reverend James Weatherhead, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

June

David Adams, Esq., M.A., Principal of the Northern College of Education, and Mrs Adams.

LAUREATES

A Royal Air Force Sixth Form Scholarship was awarded to Stuart M. McGhee (FV1).

In the St. Andrews University Schools Classics Competition Sarah Kirk FV was third in Senior Latin, Esme Gales F1V was second and Aaron King FV was third in Intermediate Latin and the Junior Latin first prize was won by the Form 111 team (Laura Berkeley, Victoria Grant, Caroline Morton, Amit Adlakha, and Marcus Pitcaithly).

In the Scottish Mathematical Challenge Competition Susie Gledhill F1V and Joanne Irons F111 were prize-winners in the Middle Competition, and Murray Peebles F11, Omar Sholi F1 and Robert Stirrups F11 were prize-winners in the Junior Competition.

In the William Low / Radio Tay School Sports Programme Competition Hamish Barjonas F111 won first prize.

In the Trinity College Speech and Drama Examination an exhibition for Grade 5 was awarded to Louise Lacaille F111 who gained the highest mark in the United Kingdom in her grade.

In the Scottish Final of the United Nations Public Speaking Competition the school team of Neil Stevenson F1V, Catrina Arbuckle FV2 and Suparna Guha FV1 were runners-up. In the Bank of Scotland Debating Competition Neil Stevenson F1V and David Harris FV1 reached the semi-final.

The T.S.B. United Kingdom Championship for shooting was by Rosalind Kyeremateng, Helen Jack, Joanna Lawson and Laura Webster (all from Form 1V). They were only the second school C.C.F. team to win the final.

In the Leng Medal Competition Thomas Gilberton F1 and Samantha Orr F11 both won gold medals.

In the Scottish Schools Athletics Championships Graham Hutcheson FV1 won a Bronze Medal for the Senior Boys' Hurdles.

In the Scottish Schools Swimming Championships Kirsty Hope F1V was first in the 100 metres and won the best performance award by a girl in the 15/16 Age Group; Katie Lawson F1V was first in the Girls' Open 400 metres; Neil Bancroft F1V was fifth in the Boys' 200 metres, and the Girls' team of Kirsty Hope F1V, Katie Lawson F1V, Alison Watson F111 and Jenni Thomson F1V won the 15/16 Relay Award. In swimming, Tariq Sholi F1V won the swim across Lake Coniston (5.75 miles).

In skiing, in the Scottish Schools Ski Championships the school team of Michael Berkeley F1V, Paul Trayner FV, Colin Inglis FV and David Dairymple FV retained the shield as Champions of Scotland, and were later placed second in the British Championships.

Once again this session we are pleased to give a special mention to those pupils of the school who have been selected in various spheres to represent their country. Ian W.D. Hope FV1 and Douglas J. Bell FV1 played for the Scottish Schoolboys Rugby Team, Claire P.A. MacDonald FV1 played in the Scottish Schoolgirls Hockey Team, Gail Fullerton FV was selected for the Scottish Schools' Table Tennis Team, Gregory Butchart F1V was selected to play for the Scottish Cricket Union, Malcolm Whyte F11 was selected for the Scottish Youth Fly-fishing Team, Tariq Shohi F1V led the Scottish Boys' Outdoor Swimming Team to victory in the Home International, Katie Lawson F1V was selected for the Scottish Schools Swimming Team, Kirsty Hope F1V was selected for the Scottish Schools Swimming Team and the Great Britain Youth Team, and Richard Hope FV1 was selected for the Scottish Schools Swimming Team, the Great Britain Youth Team and the Full Scottish Team.

Pride of place, however, in extra-curricular activities this session must go to the School's Young Enterprise Group. The Scheme requires the group to set up a company and market and sell a product. With their hand-crafted padded picture frames the group won several local and regional awards, represented Tayside at the Young Enterprise Europe Trade Fair and Convention, gained the Junior Quality Award, came a close second in the national competition, and beat some 260 other pupil-run companies to win the prestigious Skene Young Entrepreneurs Award. On the way they not only gained impressive prizes for the group and its members but also made donations to charity.

CCF RN CADETS 1993-1994

Session 1993-94 got off to an excellent start with 43 cadets on the role of the RN Section.

As usual 3 divisions were formed, HMS Camperdown, HMS Cochrane and HMS Ledbury, with Divisional Leaders PO M. Stewart, PO R. Brown and LS C. Clark. Coxswain for this session was Robert Cowman.

All the usual activities and class work were undertaken until Easter 1994. Our thanks are expressed to Tim Baker our sailing instructor and to the staff of HMS Camperdown for their continued support, albeit that with the recent Defence cut-backs the support of our parent establishment is now withdrawn which has not been without its effect on the running of our section. Should national policy effect the closing of HMS Cochrane at Rosyth in the near future, the implications for CCF RN Sections in this area don't bear contemplation!

Congratulations are offered to PO M. Stewart, awarded the trophy for the best cadet of 1993-94 and to Neil Marshall F5 who receives the Braidstone Shield awarded for shooting (.22). Also awarded this session is a trophy for the best shot in pistol shooting, given to Gavin Long F5.

Thanks are expressed to our Contingent Commando, Major Spowart and to the other Army officers for their support and help throughout the session. Thanks are also expressed to Mr P. McKenzie of the Languages Department for his help on the Pistol Range.

Lt. R. F. Cochrane.

THE YOUNG SPEAKERS' CLUB

Once again, the club has had an extremely eventful year. It began with a huge influx of new members. As usual, there have been the enjoyable teacher versus pupil quizzes, "Just a Minute" competitions, practice debates and public speaking.

The first major event of the year was the TSB/Courier Debating Competition, in which two DHS teams were entered. Lydia High and Diane Law formed the 'A' team while the 'B' team comprised Kate Haliwell and Jayne Strachan. The 'A' team competed at Arbroath High and supported the motion "This House would Emigrate". The 'B' team eventually arrived at Craigclowan, after Mr Durrheim drove past the entrance several times before finding it; at one stage, we ended up in a ploughed field! They argued the motion "This House Believes in a Written Constitution" — in the school, not the field!

News then came in about the Association of Speakers' Clubs' public speaking competition at Craigie High. Christine Young spoke about "Equal Rights" while Lydia High chose to address the question "Is television a necessary evil?" The team did not win, but they did get a book voucher each.

A big event held within the school, in Upper Meadowside, was a mock trial. A star-studded team of jury members (teachers!) found Lydia High, who played the role of an IRA terrorist, not guilty. She was defended by a stalwart Peter McDonald and Diane Law presented the prosecution case with her usual panache in a gruelling two-day battle.

It was decided to change the day on which we meet from Thursday to Monday next session and we hope that, as always, the house will be overflowing with prospective speakers, as well as those who just want to see the fun.

The club members would like to thank Mr Durrheim for all his hard work over the year and would also extend their thanks to all who helped in the organisation of any of the year's events.

The Committee

CHRISTMAS APPEAL

Since its inception in its present form the Christmas Appeal has yearly gone from strength to strength. Each year has had something significant about it and this last year's Appeal was no different. When Caroline Low and Corinna Lee of F5G2 came to ask if they could hold a Stepathon I tentatively agreed. What was a Stepathon anyway? Where would it be held? How would it be organised? The girls were not put off, but came back with detailed plans. Date, time, place were fixed; participants from staff and pupils signed on; and companies approached for soft drinks for the interval. I went along, that Saturday in December to the Body Alive complex in the Cowgate and watched as an assorted group of folk sweated it out for charity. By the initiative and drive of these two girls Caroline and Corinna, the Christmas Appeal was boosted by £623, a magnificent effort typical of the ingenuity and drive shown by all each year to enable the school to help a wide variety of good causes.

E. M. Dickson



DUX MEDALLISTS

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT 1993-94

Members of the Literary and Debating Society have this year participated in a wide variety of competitions. Neil Stevenson, F4, Catrina Arbuckle and Suparna Guha, both F6, coached by Mr McCulloch, were runners-up in the Scottish Final of the United Nations Public Speaking competition. Neil Stevenson and David Harris, F6, reached the semi-final of the Bank of Scotland National Debating competition. Teams took part in the Observer Mace and in the English Speaking Union debating and public speaking competitions. Caroline Collins, F6 and Hazel Stewart, F5 were knocked out in the second round of the Cambridge Union Society UK-wide tournament, but in February DHS was represented at the Final when Mrs McGrath was invited to Cambridge to sit on the judging panel which was chaired by Matthew Parris, *Times* journalist and columnist of the year.

In March, a group of senior pupils spent a most enjoyable afternoon and evening at Montrose Academy, where the Tayside Senior Pupils' competition this year took the form of a one-day tournament, with two unseen rounds in the afternoon. Neil Stevenson and Hazel Stewart represented the School and came second in the Final debate in the evening.

In its second year of parliamentary format, the Senior House Debate in December was a robust success.

Twelve pupils, both experienced and novice debaters, argued the motion "That today's Christmas is Humbug". The winning House was Wallace and the Cambridge Gavel for best individual speaker was awarded to Suparna Guha.

In June, a School team is invited by the Durham Union Society to compete in its nationwide one-day tournament; three unseen rounds and the Final in the evening. This will be yet another new experience for our widely-travelled pupils and coaches. (*Stop Press: Neil Stevenson and Susie Gledhill, F4, one of four teams to qualify for Final; Neil named runner-up for Best Speaker*).

"Unseen", for those not yet in the know about these things, means that participants are given the motion and their place at the table about half an hour before the start of the debate. The ability to cope with these demanding requirements is one that will no doubt be of value to students as they pursue their education.

Unseen at DHS next year, as she enjoys the pursuit of her own interests, will be Miss Elizabeth Dickson, for many years President of the Society. On the occasion of her departure from School, the Lit and Deb wish to express to her their appreciation of all her hard work over the years, much of it behind the scenes, and to convey their best wishes for a long and happy

retirement.

All those still in harness and interested in participating in or helping with any of the competitions should materialise in Mrs McGrath's room any Monday lunch-time. Come and join in the practice debates; sharpen your wits on your peers, learn to think on your feet and impress future interviewers with your fluency!

Where might debating get you as a student? Well, during the last year Michael Linehan has been Secretary of Exeter Union Society, Colin Stewart, Vice-President of Durham Union Society, has travelled to Australia to speak in the World Student Debating Championships; and Paul Nimmo has spent three weeks travelling in the United States as a member of the Cambridge University demonstration debating team. We look forward to seeing you take your first steps towards following them!

INTERACT REPORT

The year 1993-94 was a special year for the club, as it heralded the 10th anniversary of the founding of the Interact Club.

As per usual, we spent the year raising money for charity. This year, we were asked to make a donation to the Fintry Language Unit, so that they could take the children at it to a residential week in Edzell. However, the members of the club thought that it was such a worthwhile case that we should try and raise the whole £1,100 needed for the trip.

We did this by once again opening up the car park at Christmas time. From this venture alone, we raised over £1,500. We also held a disco in the Angus Hotel which raised over £300 for charity.

By the end of the year, Interact was able to fund the Fintry Language Unit trip, give £400 to a children's hospice fund, a substantial amount to Cancer Research, and we were also able to take 15 O.A.P.s from Redwood House on a day trip to Glamis.

Despite all this fund-raising and charity work, we still found time for social events.

At our fortnightly meetings we did such things as go swimming, go bowling with Rotary and Rotaract, a ghost tour in St Andrews and various other things, all of which proved successful.

Our last meeting of the year brought a barbecue at Mayfield, which was great fun.

The highlight of the year was undoubtedly our 10th Anniversary Dance at the Invercarse which was attended by members of Interact, Rotarians and Rotaracters.

Thanks must go to Rotary, especially Mike Hardie for funding and helping to organise this splendid occasion.

All in all, it has been yet another productive year for Interact, and I'm sure all the officials will agree that it has been great fun.

Thanks to Mr Holmes for his invaluable help and also to Bill McFarlane-Smith and Alison McDowell for coming to about all of our meetings. Thanks also to Mrs Adam in the Upper Office for helping out with the organisation of the dance.

Best of luck to Paul, Sally and Petie for next year. We know you'll do Interact proud.

Thanks finally to everyone else who contributed this year.

President, Jonny
Treasurer, Julie
Secretary, Doug

CADET REPORT

1993/94 has been a busy year for the High CCF and, with a re-structuring of the command system at the beginning of the session due to many "capable" Form 6 pupils, we entered into unknown territory.

The CCF was divided into 2 companies, 6 platoons, and 18 sections for the purpose of Friday parades, night exercises and camp. This year camp will be held at Wathgill in Yorkshire.

The roll of the CCF this year was 169 so you can appreciate that there have been several organisational problems for the officers, especially when on night exercises. There have been three exercises in total, in the winter and spring — two at Barry Buddon and one at Mountquhanie in Fife, by kind permission of Mr Wedderburn. Luckily it only snowed on one occasion and was sub-zero on another, so we reckon we came off quite well, especially as morning runs seem to have been forgotten about (not that we are complaining).

Other activities within the CCF are abseiling, rock climbing, training at Barry Buddon and shooting. Special mention must go to Shooting team 'D', for winning the TARA Inter-League National Handicap Shoot — a first ever for the school.

As a preparation for the Platoon Cup and also as an introduction to the younger cadets to stimulate them into seeing what exciting activities are in store for them, the Sixth Year organised a mini platoon cup in March. This turned out to be a very worthwhile exercise giving the Fifth Year Cadets a chance to command sections.

Armistice Day, as always, was a great success with the cadets and pipe band giving a good turn-out and an impressive performance to a large number of parents and friends who gathered around the perimeter of the playground and on the Pillars.

The mixed Guard, a new innovation, excelled themselves by giving a faultless performance and much credit for this must go to the many early Sunday morning practices with the ever patient Mr Willie Nicol.

A well-earned vote of thanks, must go to all the dedicated members of staff who give up so much of their time to provide us with such a varied and inspired programme throughout the year.

Julie G.

SHOOTING

It is pleasing to report another strogh year in shooting. Seven teams again competed in the Territorial Army Small Bore Winter League, and the 'D' Team scored a most notable success when they not only won their League but went on to win the National TSB Handicap Final. Cadets Laura Webster and Rosie Kyerameteng held the team together over the year with some excellent shooting but in the inter-League Final it was Cadets Joanna Lawson and particularly Helen Jack who raised their performance to secure the Contingents first national success.

While the 'D' Team rightly take the honours for the season, many cadets have shot consistently well and regularly improved their personal bests and some are close to achieving international status. In particular Cadet John Gay in Form 3 finished the season with successive scores of 95.

Watch this space!



PREFECTS



SIXTH YEAR



Mrs A. M. CLOSE

When Mrs Anne Close (at that time Miss Anne Ogilvy) was sent to Dundee High School by the College of Education to undertake her last teaching practice in her final year of training, little did she suspect that she was about to spend virtually her whole teaching career in the school. As a student, she was so impressive as a classroom practitioner that on the completion of her training period she was offered a post in the Junior Department. And so it came about that after the summer holidays in 1958 the then Miss Ogilvy took charge of a class of L4 pupils, as she embarked on the first of her two-part career in the High School.

That first part was to last until 1961. During these three years she soon confirmed her early promise, and quickly matured into an effective class teacher, well-liked by pupils and staff. Ever ready to assist with extra-curricular activities she particularly enjoyed assisting with drama productions, helping behind the scenes, making costumes and playing the piano. With her ready smile and supportive attitude she could always be relied upon.

In June 1961, however, she resigned her post on leaving to get married and going to live in St Andrews. There she started to teach in Langlands Primary School, where she remained until 1964, before she took a career break on starting a family. In these days, it is interesting to reflect, it was the "done thing" for lady teachers (in the High School) to give up their posts on marriage. Nothing was ever said: it was just considered the proper thing to do. How different is the situation nowadays.

Mrs Close's career break lasted for seven years, during which time she had a son and a daughter, both of whom became pupils in Madras Primary School. The early seventies, of course, was a period of radical restructuring throughout the Scottish education system.

When, as a consequence, Madras Primary School was closed, what was more natural than for Mrs Close to bring her two children over to Dundee High School to enquire about enrolment. Once again to her pleasant surprise a vacancy was available and she was offered a post in the Junior Department. And so, in 1971 she resumed her teaching career.

This second period has seen Mrs Close teach pupils at various stages, but it is chiefly in Upper Primary Education that she has specialised. For many years a very good class teacher of L7 pupils, since 1989 she has been principally concerned with the responsibility of the overview of classes in L6/L7. She has also been intimately involved in the implementation of the 5-14 programme, being in overall charge of the introduction and co-ordination of its various developments. This task she has successfully undertaken with her customary zeal and prudence. At the same time she has sought to enhance the programme of outside visits for pupils and has recently organised a week's educational visit to York for L7. This was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by the pupils. The successful fulfilment of all these responsibilities has been due in great measure to her energy and cheerful personality.

We are grateful to Mrs Close for her contribution to the life and work of the Junior Department for almost twenty-three years, and offer her our best wishes for many years of happy retirement.

RN



MISS ELIZABETH M. DICKSON

When Miss Dickson joined the staff of the High School as Assistant Rector in December, 1975, she had already built up considerable educational experience. A native of Glasgow, she had been educated at Hutchesons'

Girls' Grammar School, before proceeding to Glasgow University, where she graduated with honours in English. This was followed by a Diploma in Education and a Diploma in Religious Education, completed at Jordanhill College of Education in 1962. A post as Teacher of English at Lenzie Academy, which lasted for five years, was followed by four years as Teacher of English at Hutchesons' Boys' Grammar School until 1971.

At that time new schools were being built all over Scotland, and in 1971 Miss Dickson came to Dundee to be Principal Teacher of English at Menzieshill High School, then a recently opened comprehensive school. It was an exhilarating task to set up a new department and to participate in the development of a new school. Miss Dickson's contribution to this task was considerable, and her energetic involvement in a wide range of activities was much appreciated. In addition, in the absence of the Assistant Head Teacher (Guidance) she carried out the duties of the post for some six months.

It was this wide experience that won her the post of Assistant Rector at the High School in 1975. She quickly settled in to her new responsibilities and devoted her energies to them. As a member of the Senior Management Team she was required to apply herself to a whole range of duties, both expected and unexpected (as senior promoted staff know), and adapted to them quickly and competently.

In her classroom teaching Miss Dickson was able to deploy the considerable skills derived from experience. In particular, she has taught English to senior pupils very effectively, and has shown her versatility by teaching at various times History and Latin. Recently her innovative role in developing the course in Personal and Social Education has been much appreciated.

When Miss Dickson took over the care of girls in the school, it is interesting to note that numbers in Form 6 were less than half they are now. Nevertheless, the challenge was considerable, and Miss Dickson devoted herself to the task with zest. Inspired by the need to maintain high standards both in studies and in general matters, she showed deep care and concern for all her charges.

As education has developed over the past two decades promoted staff have had to show themselves adaptable. As well as being involved in new curricular developments such as Personal and Social Guidance, Miss Dickson had also seen her administrative duties change. A few years ago she took charge of the administration and arrangements relating to the Scottish Examination Board examinations. This task has been likened to painting the Forth Bridge: once you finish the task, you immediately start again at the other end. The form-filling begins in September and a crescendo is reached in May before tailing off with the issue of results in August and the submission of appeals by the end of the same month. Then it starts all over again. To this most important of tasks, Miss Dickson has applied herself with conscientiousness and the attention to detail vital for the success of the operation.

In extra-curricular activities Miss Dickson has participated widely and with characteristic enthusiasm. One of her principal interests is in Debating and Public Speaking, where she has co-ordinated the school programme. Her keen interest in the English Speaking Union has led to her preparing teams over the years and to her experiencing the pleasure of achieving the highest awards. As well as participating in Amateur Operatics and Dramatics, she has looked after the

Hostess Prefects and been the school contact with the Old Girls' Club. In all these activities she has been most assiduous and competent, and in recent years, she has taken great pleasure in servicing the Annual Christmas Appeal in which considerable sums of money are raised for the benefit of numerous charities.

Despite the onset of ill-health a few years ago and the increasing discomfort deriving from rheumatoid arthritis, Miss Dickson has continued to carry out her duties with that grit and determination, which are characteristic of her. Her decision to take early retirement brings to an end twenty years of sterling and devoted service. We are grateful to her for her contribution to the life and work of the school, and we wish her a long and happy retirement.

RN



(Courtesy of D. C. Thomson Ltd.)

MISS MOIRA R. KNIGHT

Miss Moira Knight retires as Head of the Preparatory Department after 39 years with the School, 31 as Head. A native of Dundee, Miss Knight was a pupil of Downfield Primary School and the Morgan Academy before entering the Dundee Training College (as it was then known) to continue her studies and train as a primary teacher. On completing her diploma course she undertook further study to obtain the National Froebel Foundation Teacher's Certificate in 1955, at which point she joined the staff of the Preparatory Department.

In those days boys and girls were taught in separate classes. It was the height of the population bulge and it was the national norm for teachers to teach classes of forty or so pupils. With the enthusiasm she has maintained throughout her career she set to her task, learning her craft from experienced colleagues and developing her own individual style, which has remained

with her and is so much appreciated by pupils, parents and colleagues. After eight years, in 1963 she was appointed Head of the Preparatory Department, a post she has occupied with distinction ever since.

Although the successful exercise of the profession of teaching derives from essential elements such as craft, technique and experience, nevertheless much still depends on personality. Miss Knight's infectious love of teaching is quickly transmuted in her pupils into a love of learning. Convinced that there is potential in every pupil she sets about developing latent talents in a structured and supportive way. The firm and sure foundation that is laid in Primary One is the basis of success in later years, and many distinguished former pupils have in retrospect paid handsome tribute to her teaching.

As Head of Department, in recent years when she was no longer a class teacher, she has been able to exercise an overview and maintain a keen interest in all the pupils in Primaries One to Three. With sharp insight into the nature of pupils at this stage she was able to analyse strengths and weaknesses and instruct them in ways which aided their progress.

The general programme of departmental activities owes much to her imagination and effort. The annual Christmas Nativity play is a delight to behold, and her great love of music is seen in splendid concerts. In the summer term the outings to places of interest have given much happiness to her young charges.

Always possessed of a desire to maintain high standards Miss Knight has been supported by a loyal staff in her view that education extends outside the classroom and mere basic instruction. The various themes of the current 5-14 programme being introduced into primary schools throughout Scotland brought no surprises to a department that had shared these views for years.

Miss Knight's cheerful, outgoing personality and her sense of fun have made her a most acceptable colleague, and over the years she has assisted in the activities of other departments, particularly with regard to school trips at home and abroad.

We are grateful to Miss Knight for her long period of exemplary service to the school, when she has become a legend in her own right, and we wish her a long and happy retirement.

RN

CHESS CLUBS 1993-'94

Friday 9 Chess continues to thrive and those who attended the club range from the enthusiasts to those just learning to play for the first time. In addition, a *School Chess Club* meets on Tuesday lunchtimes in Mr Durrheim's room. Congratulations are extended to Henry Villiers Briscoe, who won the Beckingham Trophy, Jennifer Stewart who won the Girls' Competition and Omar Sholi who won the Intermediate Competition.

T. D.

LIBERAL STUDIES

The sixth year programme, devised to broaden the horizons of pupils and introduce them to a wider world than the prescriptive subjects for examination, had, once more, a varied programme. There were more outside visits than previously:— the group went to Leuchars, McAlpine Road Fire Station, Wm. Low's distribution headquarters and Clatto Park. Notable afternoons in school were those when three members from Alcoholics Anonymous came to share their experiences; a drugs "Social Worker" who had taken drugs himself also proved interesting. There was a challenging Question Time when the panel consisting of a Regional Councillor, a District Councillor, a minister and the Head of Tayside Police Drugs Squad, gave their opinions on a wide ranging series of questions posed to them. The programme ended in April with a witty, sardonic, but very honest look at what it is to be an author from Alison Kennedy, an FP of 11 years ago, who is making her name in the literary world. (An interview with Alison appears elsewhere in the magazine). I would like to record my personal thanks to Mr Gordon Melville who has had oversight of all the meetings since my teaching commitment prevented me chairing the weekly meetings.

E. M. Dickson.

INSIGHT 93

In June of this year the group called "Women into Engineering" who work with the "Engineering Training Authority" ran a course called Insight 93. The course was designed to introduce more women into Engineering by helping them understand what different kinds of Engineers do. Similar courses were carried out all over Britain at different universities, but the university I chose to do my course in was the University of Strathclyde. The course lasted a week and involved a lot of hard, concentrated work. The days started at nine o'clock in the morning and sometimes finished as late as eight thirty at night. The course involved project work where the fifty girls were divided into small groups to work on a crane and a small motor powered boat. It also included a day work shadow where we were placed in different industrial companies around Scotland to see what kind of things professional engineers did. Departmental visits were also organised for each engineering department in the University so that we could see what the students actually do in their courses. The week was very hard work but at the end of the week we were rewarded with an evening out to a ceilidh. I would recommend this course to any girls that are interested in science or engineering as their career, it is very inspiring and teaches you a lot about what the careers involve.

Vivienne Carmichael

BOOK AMNESTY

Calling all pupils and former pupils of speech and drama with Mrs Jack.

Over the years many irreplaceable books, scripts and costumes have been borrowed and not returned.

Please search cupboards, drawers and bookshelves and hand in any items you may have to the janitor who will return them to Mrs Jack.



SPEECH AND DRAMA DEPARTMENT

The Speech and Drama Department continues to increase in numbers. This year Linda Ree, a former pupil of Mrs Jack at Dundee High School, and a graduate in drama teaching at Aberdeen, took up the post of assistant to Mrs Jack. All classes from L2 to Form 3 have benefited from the new ideas and skills of Miss Ree.

Once more, many good passes, merits and distinctions were gained in Trinity College Speech and Drama and Effective Speaking exams. Louise Lacaille had the top marks in the U.K. for Grade 5 in 1993 and was awarded an Exhibition for the second year running. XXX pupils gained Performance Certificates.

In November, Forms 3-6 performed three one-act plays to appreciative audiences in the Girls' School Hall.

In December, the Hall became a ward of St Sennapods Hospital. Children in the audience arrived prepared for hospital treatment and by the time they left — they certainly needed it! Staff — from the cleaning ladies to the head surgeon would not have been out of place in a "Carry On" film.

In June, Forms 1 and 2 performed three one-act plays in which spectres appeared and disappeared in an ancient castle, visitors to Venus met bug-eyed monsters and Christopher Columbus was curiously like an Italian ice cream salesman. Already we are preparing for next session's productions. Our pantomime "Pinocchio" by David Swan will be in Bonar Hall, University of Dundee, on 8th and 9th December with a cast of pupils from L4-Form 6.



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REPORT: MUSIC DEPARTMENT Session 1993-1994

It might be a desire for the Music Department to commence a school session *molto pianissimo* and gradually build its momentum, *poco crescendo* until a *molto fortissimo* finale is reached: not so with the Music Department at Dundee High School.

As usual the activities of the Department began immediately the current session began. Included as normal were the Senior String Orchestra, the Senior and Junior Wind Bands, the Junior School Orchestra, the Senior School and Junior School Recorder Bands, the Senior 4, 5 and 6 Mixed Voice Choir and the School Chamber Choir and the L7 Class Choir.

This session an experiment was undertaken to include more F1 and F2 pupils. Instead of the F1 - F3 Girls' Choir and F1 and F2 Boys' Choir, class topics were used for F1 - African Jigsaw by Rose and Conton and F2 Music from the Caribbean, a collage of folk songs and instrumental music.

At the same time an F3 and F4 Girls' Choir was formed and the F5 and F6 Girls' Folk Choir re-introduced.

The plans established, work began in earnest towards the normal Music Department performance commitments: at St Mary's Parish Church for the Annual Carol Service which was much enjoyed by the congregation of parents and friends. Perhaps due to the early date of the Service, fewer immediate former pupils were able to attend, much to their disappointment. I am advised that for many the Annual Carol Service is like an F.P. reunion.

The following Tuesday saw the Midday Carol Concert in St Paul's Cathedral, Castlehill. While the standard of performance matched those of previous years it is extremely sad and disappointing to note that only 70 of an audience were in the Cathedral to appreciate the music. This is quite discouraging despite the fact that in former years this has been a most appreciated and successful occasion.

As usual the Department undertook some Christmas charity work, the F5/F6 Folk Choir visiting Ninewells Hospital to entertain patients. Also Mrs J. Melville with her recorder group and Miss G. Simpson and the string groups realised monies for the School Christmas Appeal, in the form of lunch-time concerts with the usual "goodies" provided by Mrs Phillips, Mrs Brown and various parents of Junior School pupils to whom thanks are expressed.

The Easter concerts were most successful, if lengthy, to include our wide range of music making. Notable were the successes of the Senior String Orchestra which continues to improve and the show-stopping performance of the Senior Wind Band. The experiments in F1 and F2 also proved to have worked successfully — 96 F1 pupils taking part and in the region of 65 F2 pupils. These evenings were much appreciated by parents many of whom have written to say so.

The Music Department for the first time in several years presented two performances by Junior School pupils, each class group preparing a topic in the music class. This was in effect an open day for parents to understand the type of work undertaken in the Department.

As this goes to print the Cast of "Oklahoma" have already one successful performance under their belt and look forward to the remaining performances. "Oklahoma" is the first American Musical undertaken by Dundee High School, and has presented a new slant on the School production. We are indebted to all staff who

have helped realise this production but in particular to our choreographer, Mrs Francis Irons, who so willingly "sorted out" the "two-left feet" syndrome as boys as well as girls learned to dance, so vital a part of American Musical Comedy.

INSTRUMENTAL DEPARTMENT

328 students were placed on an individual basis for instruction in piano, woodwind, recorder, brass and percussion. The continued growth in this area of the School Curriculum is seen in the number of pupils taking part in instrumental groups, orchestra and wind bands and in the improved performance levels. Part of the School policy is that when a certain level of expertise has been reached that pupils, as part of their tuition package are expected to take part in orchestra and band activities. While this is encouraged, there are still some pupils who prefer not to be involved which is of great concern to staff since having an instrument can in no way be treated as an insular activity, and only when participation is achieved can a full musical experience be really achieved.

Congratulations are due to our Leng Silver Medalists, Claire Smith L7, Tom Gilbertson F1 and Juliette Fowler F2. Tom went on to win one our Double Gold Medals this session, the other being Samantha Orr. Congratulations too must be given to Tom for his success in his piano class at the Perth competitive festival. Congratulations to Mary Marcella Seymour and Esme Gates who played in St Mary's Parish Church at the World Day of Prayer in March. Congratulations are also extended to Aileen Cochrane on her selection for the National Youth String Orchestra of Scotland.

At the recent Music competitions, only named prize classes were held and adjudicated by Mrs Maureen Nicol of Perth. Congratulations are offered to all prize-winners on this occasion and especially to Mark Fletcher F5, who won the Premier Quaich.

In closing may I express thanks to staff and instructors for their hard work throughout the year, to the Rector and staff for their continued support and to all pupils for their commitment.

GUIDES

During the Autumn term Mr Holmes organised a wide variety of physical training events at Mayfield.

This term there was more in store — the TARKA SALA EXPEDITION — which involved an outdoor obstacle-adventure game. Thank you Mr Holmes for this contribution!

Throughout this term we have been working towards our fitness badges. Miss Macarthur put us through our paces in an aerobic session in Bonar. On this occasion Mrs Spalding and the Brownies joined us. This showed the Brownies what Guides is all about — fun.

For our fitness badge, Mrs Hutcheson kindly tested us, and all the Guides who sat passed!

For the summer term, a trip to Forfar Police Station is planned, and we are also going to spend a night camping out underneath the stars.

This is my last year at Guides (Form 2) and I would just like to say how much I have enjoyed them and hope that all Primary 5 Brownies will sign up for Guides next year. Thank you to Miss Macarthur and Mrs Lowe for making another interesting and enjoyable Guide year.

Ashley Ryce.

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ANNUAL BROWNIE REPORT 1993-1994

Our pack was once more at its full capacity for the year with the enrolment of six new Brownies from our D.H.S. Rainbows. As a result it was with great pleasure that we welcomed the help of Lesley Bruce, F6, in the early part of the year.

We had our annual Hallowe'en Party with competitions for Fancy Dress and Turnip Lanterns. Mrs Leadbitter, from the Preparatory Department, was a most fair judge and our thanks go to her for this. The girls enjoyed making a bright and colourful Promise Pathway for our Promise Ceremony and the new Brownies took their promise on the 19th November, 1993. Many of the girls' parents came to watch and joined us for a cup of tea afterwards.

Our Christmas Party this year was a Pyjama Party and there were many novel designs of slippers and lots of teddy bears at this event. We had some games, a party tea and finished with some carol singing. After the Christmas holidays our District Commissioner, Mrs Spalding took over to continue the busy session.

They started with a joint keep-fit and face painting session with our D.H.S. Guides and an enjoyable afternoon was had by all. For Thinking Day, the girls set up a table about Brownies from other countries and spent some time learning about them and their customs. The girls also started working towards their Safety in the Home badge as a pack and on my return in May we continued this work and all the Brownies attained their badge.

The L5 girls were very busy preparing for their Hostess Badge. With 13 L5 Brownies this was quite a task and took some organisation but I'm sure the ladies of the Preparatory and Junior Departments will agree it was well worth it. The L5's also successfully completed their Cook's badge and our thanks must again go to Mrs Spalding for testing their culinary delights.

Our main event this year was a Penguin Party in aid of the Brownies in the Falkland Islands. The girls wore black and white clothes and we played games, sang songs and feasted on Iceberg Sea and Falklands Fizz. Thank-you to all the parents for their support.

Unfortunately, due to my absence, we were unable to plan a venture this year, but we finished with a Leaving Ceremony and Farewell Party for our L5 Brownies. We wish them all the best for their years in Guides. I would also like to take this opportunity to say a very big thank-you to Mrs Spalding and Miss Halliday for all their hard work and support through what has been a very busy and eventful year for me. Let's hope next session is just as successful as this year has been.

Mrs P. M. Baxter (Brown Owl).

FRIDAY 9 HORSE RIDING

Horse riding is a new Friday 9 activity which started this year. It is open to any pupil in Form I or Form II who is a beginner at horse riding.

During the summer and autumn terms we go to Camperdown stables and have either a lesson or a trek around the park.

We started by learning how to tack the horses and how to mount and dismount, but now we can trot and canter.

In the winter months, when it was too cold to go out on the horses, we did a project on horses in the School Library and then presented it to Camperdown Stables when it was finished.

Rachel Brannan, Form I.

EASTER SKI TRIP 1994

After ten hours of travelling we finally arrived in the peaceful village of Folgarida, Italy, the selected ski resort for 1994's third form ski trip. The sun was blazing down and there was no snow in sight, making it everybody's first priority to change out of the tracksuit bottoms, heavy jumpers and anoraks they had been wearing in anticipation of cold conditions, into T-shirts and shorts or jeans.

The hotel was large and spacious, and each room was fully fitted with an *en suite* bathroom with unlimited hot water, a telephone and a television with remote control! Each day, after eating our breakfast consisting of rolls, cereal, a wide variety of jams, and a large selection of drinks, we collected our skis from the locker room and began the short walk up to the telecabine station to catch the telecabine up the mountain.

At the top of the telecabine, in contrast to the lower station there was ample snow cover and the temperatures were cooler. On arriving at the top, we would be quickly collected by our instructors to begin the daily four hours of ski lessons with a one hour break in the middle for lunch (usually pasta). After the four hours of fun-filled lessons we were able to free-ski for a further hour before returning to the hotel and visiting the local ice-cream parlour and pizzeria for a wide choice in ice-creams.

After a three course dinner, both the starters and main course predictably a traditional pasta dish or pizza, activities were laid on to entertain us in the evenings. These included open-air skating, quizzes, a disco and bingo in which James Thorpe managed to win a pair of skis whilst celebrating his 15th birthday!

After a week of few mishaps, despite someone tearing a ligament in his thumb and then proceeding to leave his skis in the locker room at the hotel, everyone was sorry to have to leave Folgarida after having had so much fun.

Our very many thanks go to Mrs Madden, Mr Rouse and Mr Spowart for organising such a great holiday with fantastic skiing.

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YOUNG ENTERPRISE

When *GLEN ISLA ENTERPRISES* was formed by 32 sixth year pupils in September of 1993, none of us knew what the year ahead would contain. Some joined because they wanted to polish off their entrepreneurial skills, others simply thought the words "Young Enterprise" would look good on their UCAS forms but, most of all, it wasn't choir, or cadets, or the chess club, it was something completely new and exciting. Young Enterprise would be a challenge

A majority vote decided the seven main functional directors' positions and their deputies. The Board was later joined by two Health and Safety Officers, and a Workers' Representative.

Meetings were always lively affairs and it took some time before members of the company realised that if they: turned up late; did not address any suggestions through the chair but simply spoke over each other; spent a large proportion of the meeting discussing irrelevant issues, such as the latest gossip, then it would be time to dissolve the company before a product had even been decided on! The message eventually got through and despite the "Heil Suparna" jokes, we decided on a product — luxury padded photoframes and mirrors.

If anyone had expected the company to run smoothly from that moment on, then they were in for a VERY nasty shock! We had problems from beginning to end, covering the broad spectrum of problems ever suffered by any company ever formed since the year dot! We started the year with 32 members, but ended the year with a mere 27 — what happened to the other five? One started a trade union and attempted to overthrow the Board, another only helped when she felt like it, whilst the others just never turned up for meetings. Suppliers also did their best to make life a misery. After all, we were only a Young Enterprise company, we didn't have deadlines to meet, or orders to fulfil! If our suppliers weren't delivering late then they delivered the wrong goods. Finding solutions to these problems was essential to our success.

And success did follow — all members of the company, none of whom had any previous experience, had learnt from their mistakes, tackled problems effectively and, from this, learnt to work as an EFFICIENT TEAM thereby SATISFYING CUSTOMERS with QUALITY GOODS. This is reflected in our company winning a *Junior Quality Scotland Award*. Our company was also awarded three places at the *Sixth Annual Young Enterprise Europe Trade Fair and Convention* where we were highly commended in the category of "Best Product wholly produced by the company". The majority of the company sat the YE exam, set by Strathclyde Business School, of whom most gained credits and distinctions. One of our company was even ranked ninth in Scotland. The Final Company Report 1993/1994 was the winning report in both the Young Enterprise Tayside Regional final and the Skene Tayside and Fife Regional final thus winning the Glenfiddich Quaich for Young Entrepreneurs.

Our success has not only allowed us to award ourselves well-deserved salaries but also a 30 per cent share dividend as well as donating a sum to the Ninewells Special Care Baby Unit. However, this success would not have been possible without all the people too numerous to mention who have supported us. *GLEN ISLA ENTERPRISES* would particularly like to thank the various school staff and departments who

tolerated us, our advisors, especially George Lyall, from the Bank of Scotland, for his endless patience and enthusiasm, and the eternally optimistic Mr McCulloch for not making a drama out of our numerous crises. We would also like to take this opportunity to wish next year's YE company every success in their chosen venture.

Suparna Guha
Managing Director
(On behalf of Glen Isla Enterprises)

YOUNG ENTERPRISE EUROPEAN TRADE FAIR

At last the Friday of our departure had arrived. It was 8th April, two weeks into British summer time, so naturally Mr Melville had to navigate us through a snow blizzard on our approach to Aberdeen. A warm welcome indeed!

As good Samaritans the High School were chaperoning two other teams from Tayside — three girls from Forfar Academy and two boys from Morrison's in Crieff. En route, conversation was animated, not surprisingly most of it emanating from our pupils. Behind the light banter, I began to detect a note of rising anxiety. We would be competing against the best in Europe. How would we compare? Would we let ourselves and the school down?

"How best do you think we could impress them, Mr McCulloch?" asked Suparna Guha.

"By turning back now," I replied.

We didn't turn back. We continued through the snow to our rendezvous at the University Halls of Residence. There we met with our first surprise, or rather I met with mine. All I can say is thank goodness my student days are over. My advice to all potential Aberdeen University students is — commute! Or take a mobile home with you. All telephones need a 'phone card. 'Phone cards are not on sale. There were so few showers that not even the Germans needed to bring their towels out in the morning. Perhaps I am just getting too long in the tooth for such spartan living!

Grampian YE had organised a Trade Fair and Convention for over 700 people without a single hitch. They brought together 13 nationalities in a spirit of friendship and co-operation with professional ease.

The introductory event, held at the Oil Exhibition Centre, with its audio/visual extravaganza, rock music, pipe bands and solo musicians was the equal (well nearly!) of any London West End show.

A panel of civic dignitaries, TV personalities, local and national businessmen, with the principal speaker being the Director of Shell International Europe, lectured, discussed and debated a variety of topics pertinent to European business. What we witnessed was not European unity in the abstract but its operating reality. The most cynical anglophile could not have helped but be impressed.

The Trade Fair was attended by 600 achievers and 80 link teachers. They constituted 130 companies which by various selection methods were deemed to be the best in Europe. Five companies represented Scotland. The remainder came from Northern Ireland, England, Wales, Eire, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Spain, Sweden and Malta.

The displays were visually stunning. Time, effort, money but most of all imagination were evident all around us. The products and the methods used to market them were ingenious.

Familiar feelings of panic began to make themselves noticeable. Two thousand free-spending members of the Aberdeen public (honestly, that's how they were described by a Maltese delegate) were about to pass judgment on our efforts. At this stage, surveying the riot of colour and activity from the balcony of the Music Hall, I felt sure that defeat would be both ignoble and complete — then I saw the display that our pupils had created. In the space of 3½ square metres they had depicted both a historical yet vibrant future image of Dundee, the High School's place within it and the products which Glenisla produced.

Large numbers were drawn to our display stand where our city, school and products were described (with accuracy) in six languages. Samples of Dundee cake, shortbread and tablet were distributed with six language recipes while over 150 people participated in the multi-lingual raffle for 'Hamish' the ciotie dumpling. (Hamish was won and immediately eaten by a delighted Belgian).

Glenisla's products were admired, complimented and generally given a great deal of attention. We even passed the most arduous test of all. Aberdonians passed us their money in exchange for them.

The evening's civic function, held in a marquee at the Petroleum Club held surprises for us. The judges awarded us second place in the "Wholly Produced by the Company" category and a "Highly Commended" for our marketing information. In addition, my stomach was reintroduced to the delights of real food. The entire evening was memorable — frantic and frenetic perhaps but overwhelmingly friendly. Europeans of every western nation uniting in harmony. The Young Enterprise Europe organisation had easily succeeded in achieving its aim — of assuring that "the future of Europe is in the hands of the young".

An interesting postscript. Our pupils befriended a group from Harlaam in Holland. Their spokesperson, Margat, expressed the views of them all. On touring the city centre on the Saturday afternoon in search of fresh flowers they concluded that Aberdeen was "A lovely place. Such a beautiful city. So clean. Aberdeen must be the friendliest place in Europe. We will definitely come back." Well done, Aberdeen, but may I make a suggestion to next year's organisers. Prove this young lady from Holland wrong. Hold it in Glasgow!

W. S. McCulloch.

ITALIAN EXCHANGE '93

We were the fortunate few who were allowed to participate in the first of hopefully many Italian Exchange Trips, thanks to the combined efforts of Mr Holmes, Mr MacKenzie and Miss Nicoll.

The Italians' visit to Scotland lasted for ten days and included many different experiences, some of which were new to the Italians. Three days after they left we packed our bags and were off to sunny Citta di Castello, in Italy. Our journey was long and tiring, broken by a rather enjoyable time at Amsterdam Airport, and soon we were back amongst our Italian friends.

It was wonderful to experience the warmth and friendliness felt between the corresponding families, and the relationship between the Rector, staff and pupils in the Italian school gave us an insight into their school life. Whilst in Italy we visited many intriguing places including: Rome, Florence, Sienna, Gubbio and Assisi. In Florence we happened to meet Mr and Mrs Melvine (Miss Christie) on their honeymoon, and in Gubbio we were shown around by a tour guide who had been

taught by Mr Chynoweth. This shows what a small world we live in!

One highlight of our stay was an evening spent in a pizza parlour, followed by a trip to the main square in Citta di Castello and then on to a disco. The food was delicious, although for some of us it seemed to be in a never ending supply (not that we were complaining).

Everyone in the group still keeps up a regular correspondence with their counterparts, and all firmly recommend the exchange to those who have the opportunity to go on the next trip in 1995. Will Mr MacKenzie find a new catch-phrase by 1995 because even now, some of us cannot visit an ice-cream shop (or public toilet) without the words "It's your own free time you're wasting girls!" springing to mind?

Helen Hope F6
Gillian Mitchell F6

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THE HOUSE SHIELD

In 1950 I was asked by the Old Boys to design a Trophy for competition between the four "Houses" of the school.

After trying out several ideas I finally decided to design a shield the size and shape of the "Milton Shield" by Morel Ladeuil. The original of this shield was shown in the Great Exhibition held in the Crystal Palace in 1864, and is now in the British Museum.

The only problem was the cost. However I approached Mr. Charles Creswick, the leading metal worker in Edinburgh. I showed him my design and mentioned to him that the cost might be prohibitive. After studying the design he said, "I never get the opportunity of carrying out a design of this standard; I'll do it for the cost of the silver." That reduced the cost by several hundred pounds.

The Old Boys at once agreed and the work, which took several months, went ahead.

Before commencing the design I consulted a committee of the Old Boys. They suggested that I should incorporate the old Coat of Arms of the school. That was the Coat of Arms of their time as pupils. I did this by showing the old Coat of Arms and overlapping it by the present day shield. I then put a flowing ribbon

down each side on which the names of the annual winners would appear; and bound the whole thing together by a plant of laurel leaves.

It may be of interest to know why the School Coat of Arms was changed.

During the 1920's the Lord Lyon King of Arms asked all public bodies, including schools, to submit their Badges and Coats of Arms to him. When this was done he found that many organisations were using designs which did not conform to the rules of Heraldry. The High School was one of these.

The School decided to put the matter in order. The foundation and subsequent history of the High School of Dundee were submitted to the Lord Lyon. He then blazoned a design showing the correct symbols, metals and colours. A blazoned shield showing

all these features, with his official seal now hangs in the Board Room.

The rules of Heraldry lay out very strict disciplines. The colours are sable, gules, azure, purple and vert. In addition there are two metals namely argent and or. Colours must always be separated by a metal, likewise metals must be separated by a colour. Inside this category one or more colours can be used.

The High School Coat of Arms now adheres to the correct rules of Heraldry. These rules date back to the 11th. and 12th. Centuries.

When a Coat of Arms is approved by the Lord Lyon King of Arms and his seal appears on the design then no other organisation or individual has the legal right to use it.

T.S.Halliday ,MBE, DA, FIAL, FRSA
(Former Head Master of Art)

MEMORIES OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

1918-1924

Pen Portraits by Alice M.G.White

Tall, haggard, a dreadful sight, the Rector stalked across the grounds, his shabby raincoat flapping about his legs. The boys dreaded his arrival in the classroom where he taught Latin, and the girls entered his room with fear. Our class met just after lunch when the dyspeptic Mr. MacLennan was particularly irritable. Stupid girls were "useless cabbages" sent to the back of the room. Stupid boys, less fortunate, got "the strap".

Mr. Valentine taught English in the Lower School. Looking up at him on his dais, I thought of him as an enormous, gruff

but kindly bear. At his side, on the floor, snoozed his constant companion, a collie. Mr. Valentine took us all with a grain of salt, I am sure and his occasional bursts of irritation at our stupidity or laziness soon subsided. It was with surprise and pleasure that, in the New York Public Library, I recently came upon a delightful little book about Fortarshire by Mr. Valentine.

How many still remember Big Bob, whose speciality was penmanship? I have forgotten his real name, but as Big Bob he was known by one and all. A big man, with a big heart, he seemed more like one of us than an adult.

We little girls sat at long tables on high, backless forms, our black, stocking-clad legs dangling, learning penmanship from "copy books", for Big Bob, strictly speaking, never taught. At the top of each page was some proverb, maxim, or quotation designed to teach us orthography and exemplary behaviour. The first one, I recall, admonished us to "Abhor that which is evil."

In those days pens were pens, with nibs to be dipped in inkwells embedded in the desks.

Mr. Boreland taught English in the Upper School. His classes were co-educational, boys on one side of the room, girls on the other. He was a cold, thin man. He made us memorize large chunks of poetry. Looking back, I am grateful to him, for the Shakespeare I learned by heart has stayed with me, and throughout life I have continued to store poetry in my mind. But Mr. Boreland lacked a sense of humour. Two of my best friends, the notorious Scarlett Twins, were thorns in his flesh. One morning Maisie approached his desk to ask a question. Without looking at her, "Sit down there!" he said impatiently. Maisie promptly sat on the floor. Another time, holding a black box, she asked him if she could take his photograph. Pleased, Mr. Boreland put on a smile and waited expectantly. Maisie pressed a button and a large toy snake fell out of the box. He couldn't take a joke, but he knew a thing or two about English literature.

A more light-hearted sort was Mr. Meiklejohn, who instructed us in French. Teaching us how to pronounce the difficult French "u", he said, "Purse your lips as if you were going to say, "oh", but say "œ", then try to kiss the girl in front of you." As I was in the front row, he quickly ducked out of the way in mock alarm. We thought that hilarious.

Then there was kindly, rather vague Mr. Cadzow, an art teacher. He had a high-pitched voice and wore thick glasses. I tried to impress him by boasting of my father's collection of etchings by the Aberdeen artist, James McBey.

There were other male teachers, of course, none particularly outstanding in my memory.

But there was the Sergeant, straight out of Kipling! A splendid sight as he strode about the premises in his handsome blue uniform, medals gleaming on his chest - Victorian medals, won no doubt, in the service of his Queen. He seemed to have few duties, but he endeared himself to those of us who joined the Girl Guides. Once a week he taught us rifle-shooting in the gym. We would lie on padded mats, leaning on our elbows, and shoot at targets. In Italy, many years later, I astonished people with the marksmanship I had learned in childhood at the Dundee High School from a soldier of the Queen.

As for the ladies, they were many and various, like the two Miss Browns. The younger Miss Brown taught us in the Lower School - English, I suppose, and general education. She was tall, elegant, beautiful and cold - miscast as a pedagogue.

In contrast, her sister, the elder Miss Brown, was sturdily built, with a good, plain, plump face. She taught us History when we were older. Enjoying her subject, she communicated her enthusiasm to us. She had a curious way of looking up into the far corner of the room when talking. My friend, Helen Soutar (who became a distinguished Shakespearean scholar after graduation from Cambridge), and I sat at the back of the room, Helen being always "top", and I, second. While I had to work hard to keep up, she breezed along effortlessly. Often instead of studying her history book she would lose herself in a novel propped up on her desk, eating "boilings" from a paper bag. Fortunately Miss Brown's roving eye seldom stayed into our corner of the room.

Of all our teachers Miss Mathew could really be described as Victorian. Sewing was her subject. A smile never brightened that chalk-white face beneath a pompadour so black it must have been dyed or a wig. Presiding over her class in a straight-backed chair, she spoke only to give directions and dire warnings against taking too large stitches. The garments we laboured to fashion were more suited to the previous century. Miss Olive Smith taught Gym. I lived for Gym mornings, when Miss Smith drilled us like a female sergeant. We marched, arms swinging, stood at ease or at rigid attention, our chests flung out, our buttocks protruding in the unnatural posture than affected by the physical culture elite. I can still see her shining pink cheeks, her straight hair bound with a black velvet lillet, and her rather toothy smile. Forming fours, we would cheerfully have jumped off the Tay Bridge for her.

A more romantic figure was Miss "Poppy" White, Art teacher in the Lower School. Like Olive Smith, she was not very approachable, a little stern, aloof, strikingly handsome in a dark, mysterious way. She may have been an artist in her own right and therefore impatient with her uninspired pupils.

Rosa McDougal was my goddess. She came to school just once a week to teach elocution. I longed for Friday afternoon when she appeared in hat and gloves, from some remote, glamorous world, or so it appeared to me. Her speaking voice was beautiful, unaffected. Her soft eyes looked on us with kindness. She never scolded. She was my idea of a lady. She planted in me the desire to perform, which to some extent was gratified. I was thrilled when she chose me for a part in a play she put on at the King's Theatre. Rehearsals took place in her fascinating attic flat, up many flights of stairs in Whitehall Street. What a thrill it was to see her in her own surroundings! Entrancing Miss McDougal!

Not to be forgotten, the little maid, Agnes, a familiar figure in the halls and corridors of the Girls' School. Always immaculately dressed in her black uniform and starched white cap and apron, she bustled about doing I know not what, but always a comforting presence. Her eyes were slightly crossed. Her age? It would be hard to tell, for she never seemed to change.

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INTERACT CLUB OF DUNDEE 10th ANNIVERSARY

To mark the tenth anniversary of the Interact Club of Dundee a Charter Dinner Dance was held in the Invercarse Hotel, Dundee, on Friday, 10th June. The event was attended by some ninety Interactors and Rotarian guests, among whom were District Governor Bill Pirrie, District Interact Chairman Ken Eddie and President Ian Stevenson.

The Club which is sponsored jointly by the Rotary Club of Dundee and the High School of Dundee was formed in 1984 and soon attracted a membership of over a hundred senior pupils, making it the largest single Interact Club in the United Kingdom (if not indeed in Rotary World).

Among the Club's achievements are some £20,000 raised for various charities over the decade and a world-first Interact exchange with an Interact Club in California. Last year, the President of R.I.B.I., John Kenny, took the opportunity to award a special commendation to the Club for its outstanding success in raising funds for charity.

After welcoming the guests President Jonathon Petrie in a competent speech reviewed the history and activities of the Club and concluded by presenting a cheque for £400 to Rotary President Ian Stevenson for the District recommended charity Children's Hospice Appeal, Scotland. Youth Committee chairman, Mike Hardie congratulated the Club and on behalf of Dundee Rotary Club presented the Interactors with a vice-president's jewel to mark the occasion. Dundee Rotary Club President Ian Stevenson concluded the formalities by making a presentation to assistant Rector, David Holmes, who by his dedicated efforts over the years as the contact between the School and the Rotary Club has contributed greatly to the success of the Interact Club.

The formal part of the evening gave way to Scottish Country Dancing, when the Rotarians felt quite exhausted just witnessing the enthusiasm and energy the young folk put into their dancing. Now the Interactors look forward to another successful year.

REPORT ON VOYAGE M584 12th-25th SEPTEMBER, 1993

I joined the crew of STS Malcolm Miller on Saturday, 12th September, 1993, at Aberdeen Harbour. We were introduced to the crew, our Watch Leader and the rest of our Watch. The first evening was spent getting acquainted and learning from our Watch Leader what was to be expected of us during the next two weeks.

The following morning, we were given a full briefing by the Captain before training commenced. At first, I did not relish the prospect of being taken "over the top" up into the Crow's Nest and down the other side — as it was raining and I was worried about slipping. However, I soon discovered that as long as I took reasonable care, I was in no danger and I actually enjoyed the experience.

Later that evening, at 1800 hours, we set off for Amsterdam. I had the privilege of steering the Miller out of Aberdeen Harbour. Unfortunately, we encountered a Force eight gale for three days and the conditions were awful. The ship was rolling and all of us were sick many times. However, watches still had to be done and I am proud to say that I did not miss a single one. I quickly adapted to life at sea and by the time we reached Amsterdam on the 18th, I was carrying out my duties with zeal.

I thought it was an excellent idea to have a rota system for trainees to work in the galley, help the Bosun and act as messman. It taught us that there is more to running a ship than merely steering and setting sails. However, while I enjoyed my days with the Cook and Bosun, I preferred to be up on deck with the rest of my watch, doing my fair share of work and learning more about sailing. I especially enjoyed working aloft and "Manning the Yards" (taking up positions out on the Yard Arms) when coming out of Amsterdam.

I found that I enjoyed doing the watches, even when the weather was bad. Our Watch was very close and this helped us to get through the rough conditions, as well as making the watches great fun. It gave me an immense feeling of pride and satisfaction to know that my Watch was actually responsible for sailing the Miller. I enjoyed the nightwatches even more, as there was greater responsibility involved in sailing the ship in the dark. It was almost magical to sail the ship through the night and watch the sun rise before being relieved.

From Amsterdam, we sailed to the beautiful town of Brugge, where we had a boat race. Some of the teams had very unusual rowing techniques! After Brugge, we sailed around the English Channel until it was time to head for Ipswich, our final port.

I had thoroughly enjoyed the voyage and would have happily stayed for another two weeks. The Permanent Crew and Afterguard were kind and understanding — they genuinely cared about the training we received. By this time, all in my watch had become very good friends and we arranged to meet again at the reunion on January 8th, 1994.

The STA voyage was a great challenge that I welcomed, for it gave me a chance to find my inner strength, and to push myself beyond what I previously thought were my limits. It taught me that it is incredible what you can achieve once you confront and overcome your doubts. This applies not only to sailing a ship, but to every conceivable part of life. This is a lesson I shall never forget.

Ruth Elisha

JASMIN ZILIC/BOSNIA

With pictures of war-torn Bosnia flashing on our screens every night and never-ending talk of a peace that shows little sign of coming it is easy for us here in the relative quiet of Dundee to become de-sensitised to the tragic situation in Bosnia. However, the pupils of The High School of Dundee were recently brought a reminder in the shape of a fourteen-year-old Bosnian refugee called Jasmin.

Jasmin Zilic was born and lived in the town of Mostar until the age of twelve; he went to school like us, played with his friends like us and lived a normal life like us. The war brought all of that to an end. Forced to leave his father behind, Jasmin, his mother and his sister were evacuated to Croatia where they stayed for four months until the war spread forcing Jasmin to move yet again. This time his family escaped the bloodshed by fleeing to Montpellier where Jasmin's father managed to locate them.

That was over a year ago and now Jasmin has come to Scotland on a holiday. Whilst interviewing Jasmin he told me how different our school was when compared to the schools of Bosnia. The main difference appears to be the Code of Discipline; apart from not having to wear a uniform the pupils in Bosnia are also on first name terms with their teachers and there is generally a more informal atmosphere. However, there is little organised sport, no

rugby or hockey, in fact there are no school teams at all. Jasmin was also surprised at the wide range of subjects we have here such as Home Economics and Media Studies, he enjoyed taking part in a filmed interview and his insight into life in Bosnia was extremely moving.

Jasmin told us of the friends and family he had left behind; the aunts, uncles, cousins and grandparents of whom he longed to see. His distress at their situation was obvious, Jasmin was one of the lucky ones who managed to leave the nightmare and yet he still suffers for those he left behind.

From all at the School we would like to wish Jasmin all the best for the future and we hope that peace will come soon so that he may return to his home.

Clare Bennett

GERMAN EXCHANGE SCHOOL 40th ANNIVERSARY

The 40th Anniversary of our German Exchange School — the Christophorusschule in Oberurff near Kassel in Hessen — was celebrated over the weekend of the 23rd to 24th September, 1993. Founded in 1953, the school belongs to the Christliches Jugenddorfwerk Deutschlands (CJD) group of schools, which includes a variety of educational establishments situated throughout Germany. Our exchange school is an independent secondary academic school providing co-education, both day and boarding, to towns and villages in the region of Hessen, which lies south of Kassel and north of Marburg.

The first of our exchanges took place in October 1986, when a group of pupils arrived in Dundee, accompanied by Herr Otto Prilop, whose efforts have greatly contributed to the success of the visits. No fewer than seven exchanges have now taken place, involving in total some eighty pupils, several of whom have visited their correspondents twice. In a few cases friendships formed during the exchange continue to thrive.

In 1989 the headmaster of the school, Oberstudiendirektor Jurgen Hellwig, accepted an invitation to visit Dundee and take part in our own 750th Anniversary celebrations. On that occasion at a ceremony held in the Girls' School Hall during our Open Day Herr Hellwig presented the school with a wooden statue of St Christopher, the patron saint of the Oberrurff school. He also issued an invitation to the Rector and Depute Rector to take part in their own 40th Anniversary celebrations in 1993, and that is how Mr Gordon Stewart and I am came to spend a very busy but most enjoyable weekend in Oberurff in September.

The celebrations began with a Festakt on the morning of Friday, 24th September. This took the form of a concert composed of items presented by the school's Music and Speech and Drama Departments with pupils performing to a very high standard. Interspersed among the items were congratulatory speeches made by distinguished guests, including the Regional Minister for Education and the leader of the CJD, as well as representatives of civic, political and educational bodies. The Festakt took place in an impressive auditorium in nearby Bad Zwesten and was followed by a lunch in the school dining-hall.

In the afternoon the school was open to parents, friends and members of the local community, who were able to visit its premises and enjoy a varied programme of activities. Those included sports, music, song and dance, as well as art exhibitions, science experiments in



laboratories and displays of information technology. Throughout the afternoon a large number of visitors admired the impressive displays and a carnival atmosphere prevailed.

In the evening large numbers of former pupils gathered in the Town Hall in Niederurff for a grand reunion.

On the Saturday morning a service of commemoration was held in St Peter's Cathedral in neighbouring Fritzlar, when a packed congregation heard an address given by Pastor Matthias Dannermann, the son of the founder. The quality of the music was superb and the service was a most impressive occasion.

In the evening a Celebration Ball was held in the spacious ballroom of the modern hydro-hotel in Bad Wildungen. During an interval in the proceedings which attracted a gathering of some four hundred former pupils, parents and friends, a presentation was made of a plaque with a D.H.S. coat-of-arms to the headmaster and a formal expression of good wishes was extended by the Rector on behalf of the school.

As well as being an enjoyable occasion the visit afforded an opportunity to promote further the good relations which exist between our two schools.

GERMAN EXCHANGE VISIT FROM THE CHRISTOPHORUSSCHULE PUPILS

AUTUMN 1993

A group of eight pupils accompanied by Otto Prilop arrived later than usual on the 21st October, too late to gain any first-hand impressions of the Scottish landscape and the Forth and Tay bridges as it was dark by then.

On Friday they were briefed by Mr Holmes on their work schedule, which was quite taxing. This involved apart from individual time-tables made up according to their own choices a project on the mix of shopping and commercial outlets in the city centre, which they had to

visit and do on their own, a field trip to the Arbroath cliffs, with a packed lunch. This they found very interesting. It was a hectic day as they proceeded to their civic reception in the City Chambers on their return. They spent five full days in school following their subjects, which certainly made them practice their English skills much to their benefit.

On Friday, 29th, they had a whole day trip to the Edradour Distillery at Pitlochry to see how the amber nectar is made and proceeded to Blair Atholl for a visit to the castle. They were obviously impressed by the castle itself and its magnificent surroundings and the exhibits in the museum. There were no adverse comments about the visits to Edradour either!!

The group could not miss visiting Dundee's pride and joy, the Discovery Centre, something quite outwith their ken.

Wednesday, 4th November, was their last day in school and the visit was concluded in the traditional way with a superb cold buffet from Miss Dunbar and her staff and then a Scottish/German ceilidh, wi' singin' an' dancin' o' sorts!! At all events great fun was had by all and on the morrow there were a few tearful farewells.

It was with mixed feelings that we learned of Otto Prilop's promotion to another school in Bad Hersfeld. We are delighted for him and for Monica but sorry to lose the prime mover behind the original exchange. Monica hails from Edinburgh and it was through her friend, Aileen Lewis a D.H.S.F.P. who also married a German, that the connection with D.H.S. was made. We send Otto and Monica our best wishes for the future and thanks for their great organisation, enthusiasm, warm hospitality and friendship over the past eight years.

Next session will see a new initiative in our exchange, with a joint Drama/Music/Language trip to Oberurff. The Oberurffers will be coming here first as usual during the last two weeks in September.

We look forward to continuing and further refining the exchange with Burkhard Frisch and his colleagues at the Jugenddorfwerk Christophorusschule, Oberurff — Hessen.

D O C R

Sarah Walker
Katherine McGhee
Samantha Collins
Sonya Allan
Mary Peggie



Long last - we've reached here!

**DUKE OF EDINBURGH
BRONZE AWARD
CRAIL TO ST ANDREWS**

25th September, 1993

Mad Participants: Mary Peggie, Katherine McGhee, Samantha Collins, Sonja Allen.

On September 25, you've no idea how excited we were. Sleeping in tents does that to you.

On your marks, get set go. 10.00 a.m. Tired before we started, how did we get to St Andrews? The weather was

great. Puts us in a good mood to talk to the golfers (they were all sixtyish). Pity there were no handsome caddies.

Inevitably we got lost, I'm sure the route didn't consist of vertical cliff faces and we weren't meant to be wading knee-deep in cow dung! We did, however, keep to the schedule. How come you managed to miss us Mrs Madden? (Ha, Ha). At 5.00 p.m. after seven hours of walking we were glad to see our five-star de-luxe orange A-shaped tent! When are we doing it again?

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A BRUSH WITH NYAMINYAMI

Just picture it! The scene is an informal dinner party a couple of days after arriving in South Africa. Dinner has just been enjoyed, and coffee is being served, when the hostess springs it on you! "We were up at the Victoria Falls last year and went 'white water rafting' down the Zambesi gorge; you must see the video." Video clicks on. Shock horror! . . . Is THAT 'white water rafting?' Then the 'trap' is neatly sprung with the question: "Do you fancy it?" . . . Coffee almost goes over the carpet! And before the brain can formulate a polite and plausible excuse: male 'ego' dictates the response of "Gee, yes; that would be great," and with that, the die is cast!

No going back! Me and my big mouth! A flurry of activity brings a bundle of tickets . . . the train whisks one from Johannesburg through Botswana to Bulawayo in Zimbabwe. Bulawayo has long been the capital of the Matabele peoples, and its name translates into 'the Place of Blood!' (Hope that's not prophetic for events to be . . .!).

Then up to Victoria Falls by the still elegant, if tarnishing, finery of the old colonial wood-panelled railway carriages . . . with no visible evidence of vandalism: Africa could teach us a lot about how to behave!

The Victoria Falls, the *Mosi oa Tunya* of the Africans (meaning 'the smoke that thunders' — Geographers will appreciate 'why' . . .) never fails to impress with its display of the raw awesome power of nature: a power so strong that it once buckled a steel railway track into a knot! To hover by helicopter above it and witness the spectacle of the Zambesi River dash itself over a precipice, over 1,500m wide, at up to 10 million cubic feet of water a minute, is indeed an 'awesome' thrill. David Livingstone, the Scots' missionary, and the first white man to see the Falls, was so moved by their beauty, that he observed that "angels must have stopped in their flight to gaze upon them".

Prior to rafting, I had been inveigled into participating in 'white water canoeing': 'shooting' the rapids upstream of the Falls. Summoned from the safety of the hotel at an unearthly hour: an hour when most 'sane' men and beasts would still be abed, we wound our way along

twisting dirt tracks, pausing every so often to let elephant pad their silent way across the road, each one displaying nonchalant disdain for our 'puny' vehicle: they could have knocked it over without trying!

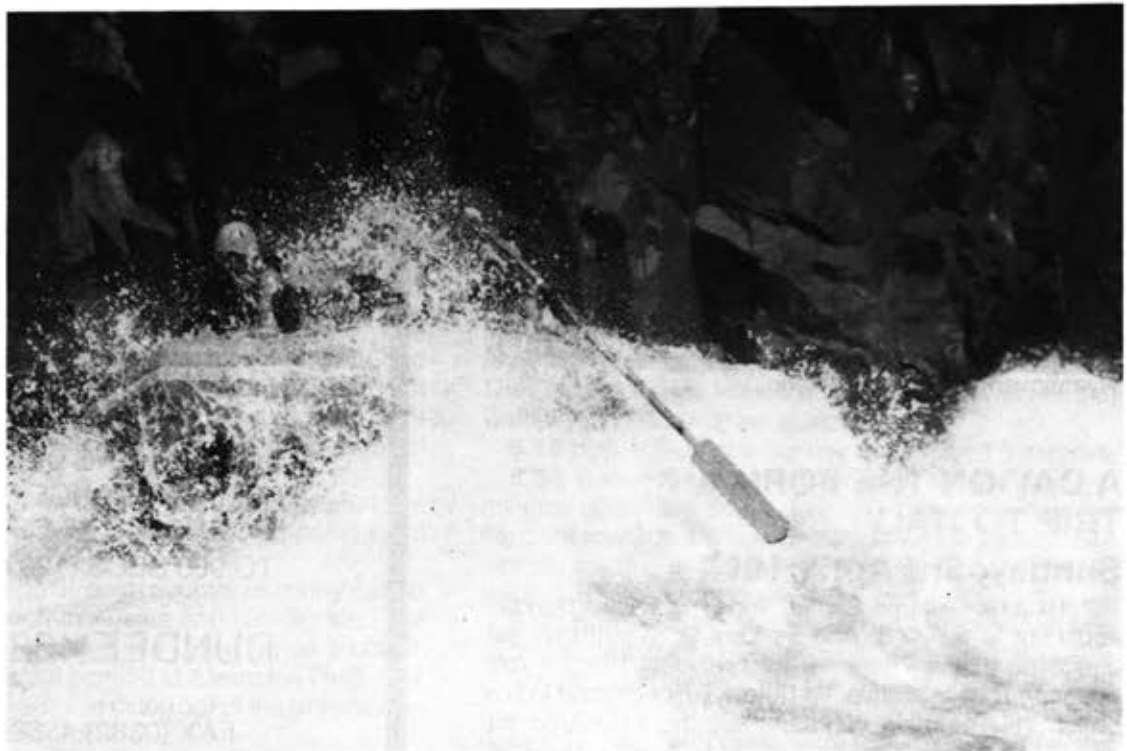
The actress Meryl Streep, of 'Out of Africa' fame, would have been at home at our breakfast location! The African cooks had set up and laid a 'camp' table which groaned under the weight of fried eggs, bacon and boerewors (a spicy sausage). 'Out of Africa' it certainly was: even down to the 'long drop' loo . . .!

After eating our fill, and basking in the early morning sunshine, it was down to lessons in canoe handling and splitting into crews. I was paired with Debbie, and courtesy dictated that I let her into the canoe first, before pushing it out: an act that involved wading into the Zambesi — I think I glanced at every floating log, expecting to see it transform into the gaping jaws of some giant crocodile!

However, safely midstream we lazily drifted with the current: quietly sidling into a bay to watch elephant frolicking at play; or pausing to admire a sleek otter glide effortlessly through the waves, or watch a fish eagle plunge riverwards, talons outstretched, to the accompaniment of its plaintive 'kee-weet' screech.

But what's that hissing mumour that gets ever louder? The guide pulls us into a 'canoe raft' to tell us . . . "That's the Kandahar Rapids up ahead. Remember what I've told you . . ., and if you do capsize, you'll be swimming the rest of the rapid!" So cautioned, we paddled off towards the line of dancing white-flecked waves that marked the start of the rapid. Now the knack of survival is to 'read' the interplay of the current, the whirlpools and 'boils' of rising water . . . and we're heading straight for a boil!

Herewith a transcript of the ensuing conversation in our canoe! "Can you steer more to the right, Debbie". Nothing happens! "Debbie, steer to the right!" Still nothing happens . . .and, with the current beginning to 'play' ominously with us, a very fortissimo instruction of "Go right!" erupts . . . all attempts at pleasantries having gone! By now we're corkscrewing through the rapid, side-on to the waves, rolling frighteningly, with water



piling over the spray deck; and Debbie sitting immobile in the rear compartment. By dint of thrashing the water, with strength born out of fear, we exited . . . surprisingly still upright . . . out of welter of foam, only to be met by the frantic gesticulations and shouts of our guide of "Go right! Go right! There's hippo ahead." And hippo just love canoes — for they allow them to indulge in their 'party piece' of diving down and then suddenly surfacing to capsize the canoe which has had the audacity to enter its territory! Having said that, the rest was plain sailing (pardon the pun!) except that, to avoid dehydration we had to drink . . . many cupfuls of water . . . straight out of the Zambesi! Fine at the time; but the evening saw the visitation of 'Lobengula's revenge'! Now Lobengula was the last king of the Matabele, and he exacts his revenge for defeat by the British settlers by . . . 'upsetting the equilibrium within one's gut'. No matter if one is innoculated against meningitis, hepatitis or rabies; takes diocalm or whatever; nothing, but nothing, can save you from the wrath of Lobengula once he strikes!

But all too soon THE fateful day for rafting arrived. Canoeing lazily down a river is one thing; but . . . rafting down the gorge! With white faces and sweaty palms belying the extra loud and nervous jocularity, we forgathered on the patio of the Makasa Sun Hotel. Details slowly emerged . . . ending with . . . "you can drop out now if you want!" With fixed forced smiles we sign the indemnity form . . . 'in the event of death or injury, the Company is not responsible' . . .! Our lives thus signed away, we bump our way first by bus, then by lorry to the lip of the Batoka Gorge. Now I know the Bible states that . . . "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor worship them" . . . but I suspect that most of us had either offered a prayer to Nyaminyami, or at least wore a pendant depicting this, the serpent god of the Zambesi; . . . mine sits beside me as I write this article! Then, encumbered by wet suit tops and hard hats, we stumble and slide ever-downwards into the hot gut of the gorge. And there they are . . . our rafts! Life jacklets on and adjusted, we board our craft to experience the 'joys' of "High side!", "Right side!" or

"Left side!" . . . commands that demand the instantaneous action of flinging our bodies in the appropriate direction to 'trim' the weight of the raft as it plunges through the rapids. "Everybody ready? Then we're off!" Our captain, Elliot, a lean muscled African with an infectious ear-to-ear grin, gives the oars to a trainee oarsperson . . . yes, oarsperson! Julie! "Hey . . .! Nobody said anything about trainee oarsmen; let alone oarspersons!"

Julie did really well though . . . after safely negotiating the first rapid, she decanted Elliot at the second; whilst at the third . . . well, thank you, Julie — I always did fancy swimming in the Zambesi, especially after we saw that crocodile on the bank! But did you have to put Marie (a fellow rafter from Switzerland) overboard at the same time? I really loved the sensation of hanging on to the safety rope, whilst watching the hull through a greeny-blue haze of water, water which went down some 56' below me, as Elliot hauled Marie out! Women and children first, and all that! However, we did have a canoeist following our flotilla to . . . "pull out the dead"; and a photographer who went on ahead to film the event! (see photo).

It is simply impossible to describe one's feelings as a rapid approaches . . . rapids with such lurid names as 'Oblivion', 'The Devil's Toilet Bowl', or . . . 'The Terminator' . . . That surge of adrenaline, the checking of one's grip on the safety rope . . .; one moment you are quietly sliding over the yeasty surface of the Zambesi; the next, slamming into a foaming roaring wall of water, and, with the raft buckling like a thing demented, throwing one's drenched and palpitating body into the contortions demanded by the strident commands of "High side!" or whatever, as the oarsperson struggles to counteract the maniacal behaviour of the water in the malevolent maelstrom that is the rapid.

However, Julie DID do well: steering us through many a raging cauldren, until finally we cruised into the shore. Realising that we HAD survived, the air became full of animated chatter and good natured banter, directed at other rafts and crews who were 'adjudged' to have been 'in error' at some point or other.

One last test awaited us — the corollary of what goes up must come down; for we had climbed out of that

gorge . . . at 3.00 p.m., under a blazing African sun; a climb so steep in places that a knotted rope was the only aid to upward progress! But eventually everyone made the 1000' to the top, to 'attack' the snakes and crates of chilled drinks with vigour.

But all good things must come to an end; and, as we boarded the train from Victoria Falls, with the dying rays of the sun gilding the dusk sky in hues of fiery gold, necks were craned to catch a final glimpse of the spume of spray rising from the Falls; whilst each of us carried away that sensation of 'achievement' that came from having pitted ourselves against the power of Nyaminyami, and having 'won'.

R. H. Steele.

A DAY ON THE FORM II TRIP TO ITALY

Sunday, 3rd April, 1994

7.10 a.m.—Happy Easter! Today is Easter Sunday and Lent is finished. And as Lent is over, I can eat chocolate again! Therefore for breakfast I had a roll, butter and hot chocolate. You know, I'm beginning to like butter. This morning you can't see the mountains for clouds. Mr Meehan said we ought to leave about 7.15 a.m. He'd better change his mind quickly!

8.10 a.m.—I meant to write this 35 minutes ago, but Claire and David (P) both wanted to read this. We have been on the bus since 7.35 a.m. The chalets around the hotel are really quite post-cardish. They all have two or three floors and little wooden balconies and their roofs are sloped in just the right way. Almost all have shutters and many have all the wooden parts carved ornately, or pictures painted on the walls, especially round the windows. The mountains too are beautiful, so beautiful. They are, I think, loveliest, not when they are clear and sharp-edged against a blue sky, but when a little — but a very little, and not enough to obscure them — cloud, wispy, white, cloud is round the top. It gives them a slightly ghostly quality. They are very ghostly if they are totally covered by cloud and are just grey, darkly indistinct shapes.

Now I will write about what I want to write about — what is happening now, instead of what happened half-an-hour ago.

We have come out of a very long tunnel. I can't see much, as — oh, good, the deep cutting we were in has flattened itself out. There is a valley to our right, its sloping sides covered in dark trees (coniferous). To our left we have another lane . . . oh good. Now here's something. We are on the Europabrucke, a huge, long bridge crossing a deep, deep wooded valley. Almost a ravine, even. We're off the bridge now. To my right, ahead and quite far away I can see a great snowy mountain veiled with white cloud. A little town to my left and more mountains. Mountains ahead. Guess what there is quite far behind. Goodness, who would have thought it, more mountains. We passed a deep, deep, deep valley, the sides covered in trees. The trees seem to soften the hard lines of the rock and on one side the cliff looked like a piece of material hanging in slight folds — a curtain perhaps. Velvet, because of the trees. It is hard to put into words the beauty of the mountains. We can hardly come close with our human approximations: awesome, splendid, majestic . . . I'm sorry. I can only gaze in wonder. They are beyond description.

I forgot to say that 8.54 a.m. Out of Austria. 8.54 a.m. In Italy!! And what of no man's land in between the countries? Who knows!

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50 CLAYPOTTS, BROUGHTY FERRY, DUNDEE

In all the little villages we pass there is a tiny church. Most of them are white or some pale colour, with little square towers topped by spires. I know it sounds "Olde Worlde" — ugh, I loathe that phrase — but it's not, just different. Ah, there's another. Yes, pale brown, but its spire is red and the roof brown. Why, what a strange landscape! Fields, (or are they vineyards?) but not flat, as we are used to. All over undulating land and from here, as there are masses of dips and hollows and rises, what queer shapes they look.

9.30 a.m.—We just passed a field where they were spraying it. The strings keeping the plants in order had icicles hanging from them! All the plants were white with ice . . . they glittered as though the fruits they bore were diamonds and the leaves and stems were wrought of silver.

The video in the bus is in a foul mood. It spat out "Labyrinth" and "The Sound of Music", temperamental creature.

I hope we always go through country as lovely as that we have been through in Austria and Italy so far. I will think Dundee a hundred times uglier when I return, although I always wince coming at it from the Perth side when I see the multi-storeys rising out of the grey blot on the Earth that is Dundee.

10.45 a.m.—This is just to tell you that nothing very much is happening — oh, apart from the fact that pretty soon there will be a conspiracy to assassinate Claire, because she is looking around the bus for people in embarrassing positions and snapping them — she specialises in sleeping subjects . . . Juliette especially has been picked on. No-one can escape!

10.55 a.m.—Service Station. Only 15 minutes here. Goodness, the *pugliese* is massive. And cheeses like huge onions!

11.15 a.m.—Sitting in the bus in the car park. Fifteen minutes? Ah, we're going.

1.25 p.m.—We have been travelling for hours. I was reading "Middlemarch" which is a brilliant book and not in complicated language although it is so old, but I feel rather sleepy now, so I might try to dose off for a while. I'm not the only one with heavy eyelids. Laura (M) got a picture of Claire asleep, looking rather stupid. She may also have got me showing my full appreciation of the act. Revenge is sweet! Thankfully for us Claire cannot take any more photos while she is inside the bus, on pain of having her camera confiscated.

2.20 p.m.—Finally, it's lunch time. I wonder what the hotel's packed lunches are like . . . YUCK! Only the biscuits are palatable.

3.05 p.m.—We are on the move again. We have been through almost thirty tunnels so far on our travels. It's really amazing; I was keeping my mineral water on the rack and when I took it down it was really cold. It must have been out of the sun or something. Very handy. I must remember that as a "traveller's tip" (!). Let me see . . . if we are very lucky, only about six hours to go.

4.10 p.m.—Sadly the conspiracy to steal Claire's camera and take a photo of her in an embarrassing position failed. Claire woke up. Mrs Martin now has the camera and we have no chance to get it.

4.28 p.m.—Victory! Mrs Martin snapped Claire (asleep) with her own camera. Let's have a quick chorus of "Gaudeamus igitur" . . .

The countryside around here is, well, not exactly beautiful, but it looks as though it would be interesting to explore. Full of little rocky valleys that you can't quite see all of — what do they hide? This is a land to find Swallowdale (See "Swallowdale" by Arthur Ransome) in. Many times over.

Now we are in a place covered in trees. And what is more interesting than a good wood? in its mysterious, dim way, and its dappled light and alive with wild life way, or in its beautiful way. So much can hide in a wood — strange creatures, lovely flowers, trees that are gloriously climbable . . . woods have a particular magic about them.

5.10 p.m.—Between them, Mrs Martin, my dear parent and David (P) have cleverly managed to rewind the cameras of Claire and me. I don't know how they manage; the instructions certainly didn't help and appeared to be talking about a different kind of camera. They also managed to load my camera, but Claire's film was at the bottom of her suitcase.

6.15 p.m.—Stop at a Service Station for 15 minutes.

6.35 p.m.—Should all have been on the bus five minutes ago. Allen Smith isn't; he's running across the car park towards the bus. Everyone else is yelling, "Go! Go!" to the bus driver, in the hope that A. would be left behind. Sadly, A. got back to the bus.

6.58 p.m.—Claire and I just spent a pleasant time going through the pictures in my Italian book. With a little imagination it is very easy to see in most of them where a murder is about to be committed, so we revealed each dastardly plot. When we told Mrs Martin (after she inquired what we were doing), she said, "And I thought you were two nice little girls!" I hastily explained that it was the influence of Mr Illsley letting us spend an English period discussing methods of death.

7.15 p.m.—I can see another beautiful lot of snow-capped (cliche) mountains.

7.45 p.m.—it is getting dark — oh crumbs, what an earth has happened to David (P)? He seems to think he is Nigel Mansell in a racing car! Oh well, it takes all kinds . . . Anyway, I was saying — oh, no, now David thinks he is playing the drums, unless he is whacking the steering wheel. Anyway: it is getting dark. The lights are on in the bus. Talking of electric things, the video is totally dead. David has just discovered Claire has taken photos of him while he's been under the impression he's been driving. He suggested giving us £50 for the film. Our reply was simple. "A hundred?" No such luck! Claire's still got the film . . .

8.00 p.m.—David is not too happy about his role in the last chapter!

8.25 p.m.—It is so dark I can't see much, except for where the towns are. We should be there in about half-an-hour, or a bit more.

8.36 p.m.—We must be very near, Mrs Martin says. Great.

8.55 p.m.—We're here! A huge neon (argon? xenon?) sign says HOTEL ORIENTE. I'm sorry, I can't see any more; everything inside the bus reflects on the windows (and it's dark anyway) so I can only see lights, which shine clearly. We're going in for food now. No luggage yet. Now, having negotiated maniacal drivers on a road, we are alive and going in. This place is incredible! There are cases of Oriental things . . . statues, fishtanks, pictures. Wow! And tiny Easter eggs on our napkins (on our plates). Wonder what's for tea . . .

First course: pasta in some kind of sauce. Don't know what, but it's delicious! Next: meat (is it pork?) very nice; spinach (I think), fairly palatable. Pudding: some kind of cake, really rather nice. Tiny chocolate Easter egg — well, it's chocolate; need I say more?!

11.35 p.m.—Claire is not feeling too well. We are in a room with Catherine H., Andrea and Sarah. We are mainly in hysterics, and making rather too much noise for the teachers' liking!

There is a wonderful tapestry of deer and trees on the wall. Catherine and Andrea have the bunk beds. Well, we're supposed to be asleep by now. (Guarantee we won't be for ages) so Goodnight.



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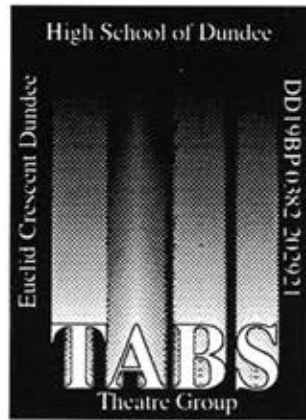
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TABS Drama Club was well attended this year by 4th and 5th year pupils. Workshops included a three-week movement course, which was very useful and entertaining. It was decided to produce two plays during the Spring term: 'The Music Lovers' by Georges Feydeau and 'Maria Marten' by Constance Cox.

'Maria Marten' is a melodrama set in the nineteenth century. A young girl called Maria was seduced and eventually murdered by the villain, William Corder. Maria's long-suffering sweetheart, Jemmy Hogan, strives to find out her killer and vows to punish him. Louise Fowler (Maria), Thomas Smuts-Muller (William) and Gareth Hutchison (Jemmy) played their parts very passionately, and the excellent supporting cast enriched the atmosphere.

In contrast, the 'Music Lovers' was a farce and extremely comical. The play is based on mistaken

identity, when the French maids decided to swap male visitors to two apartments. The innocent young lady, Lucille, who is expecting a new music tutor, is visited instead by the suave, sophisticated Edouard. Mary Marcella Seymour (Lucille) played her part with great feeling and enthusiasm. Peter Williamson (Edouard) portrayed 'le jeune homme' perfectly and was extremely funny. He gave a sparkling rendition of 'My Chick from Chicago' while the supporting cast also added their own touches. This rounded off an exciting evening.

We look forward to next session when we hope to stage a production in Term 1 because of the school play in the summer.

Our thanks to Mr Illsley and Mr Durrheim, who again proved invaluable this year and to Miss Niven for designing a most ingenious and effective set.

Louise Fowler (Secretary).



Maria Marten



Maria Marten





Music Lovers



MONTPELLIER EXCHANGE 1993 - 94

Seven months had passed since 38 of our Form 111 pupils waved goodbye to their Montpellier partners at the end of the first leg of the fifth annual exchange. Now it was 3.45 on a cold May morning and they were about to board the coach for what one described as "the biggest adventure of my life". There follows an account compiled largely from the diaries which the pupils were asked to submit after our return to Dundee. Most seem to have found the experience worthwhile in every respect; some of the writing was even in French.

...When we got to the school everyone was raring to go, but our parents weren't looking too good! Edinburgh Airport security metal buzzer was a highlight because most of us were searched - can't trust school parties these days!

The flights to Gatwick and on to Montpellier went off well, even for those who had confessed to a certain nervousness beforehand. By the early afternoon ... we saw the misted glass (in Montpellier airport) behind which our destiny lay ... at first I didn't recognise my partner because her hair was different, but luckily she came over to rescue me. It was then that I realised that I HAD TO TALK FRENCH FOR TEN DAYS!

And so they set off with their families, to spend the weekend settling in ... my room was a nice, airy place with real wooden shutters!; swimming ... in their friends' outdoor pool, which was another thing I could never do in Scotland - it was really, literally cool fun; fishing from the family's boat ... but, as his father said, the fish weren't hungry; visiting flea markets ... which was good as I have always wanted to go to one rather than read about it in Tricolore ... and it was great fun trying to bargain in French ... we then went looking for more antiques, and this time they bought some, realising that ... the torrent of French at the dinner table was something else, and I just sat there mouth open wide, aghast at the rapidity of the speech ... the only phrases I could say with confidence in French were Qui, non, je comprends, je me comprends pas (by the end of the week, the same pupil was writing that ... I then rattled off my long list and they thought my accent was funny); eating ... normally in Scotland I wouldn't have breakfast but I found myself incredibly hungry. I settled for cereal. And then they asked me if I wanted hot or cold milk with it?! ... lunch, which seemed to go on for hours (there must have been at least five courses) ... halfway through the meal I discovered it was octopus I was eating - after that it didn't taste quite so good!

By the Sunday afternoon, when the following perceptive entry was made, the pupils were realising that French language was not the only thing they were learning; ... I thought it was only me who was homesick, but after a while all the stories unfolded and it turned out that we all thought the same thing. It wasn't that I didn't get on with my partner - very much the opposite! It was just the difference in lifestyle and language ... But once we realised we were all in the same boat we started to enjoy ourselves!

Monday morning ... found me up before seven - an unusual occurrence ... and saw us reconvening in the playground of the Collège de l'Assomption. This was the Roman day; a visit to the Pont du Gard, construc-

ted as an aqueduct in 19 B.C., was followed by an afternoon in Nîmes, where the Maison Carrée, built in the first century, is an remarkable testament to the longevity of Roman construction. The amphitheatre, the scene of gladiator fights in the same era, is still in use for anything from opera performances to tennis matches and bullfights. ... *it was really interesting as I had seen many pictures of amphitheatres but never seen a real one.*

Tuesday ... *another blisteringly beautiful day* ... took us first to La Grotte de Clamouse, a huge underground cave system discovered in 1945, hewn by a river over three million years ago, and extravagantly embellished by stalactites and stalagmites over the last 20,000 years. ... *I never would have thought I'd ever find myself calling a bunch of caves beautiful, but these ones really were. Each part seemed to be bigger and more impressive than the one before ... The guide spoke very clearly and it wasn't as difficult as I had expected to understand what he was saying ... Everyone agreed that he looked like the Devil and someone took a picture of him and his eyes were bright red and he wasn't even looking towards the camera. There is proof!*

Nearby is the pretty mediaeval village of St-Guilhem-le-Desert, with its 11th. century abbey built on a site where a church has stood since 804. ... *all the old houses with flowers climbing up the sides, all the sandy paved narrow streets ... a sleepy little village, which time seemed to have forgotten ... I thought it was a lovely village, made all the nicer by it being a beautiful day ... Mr.Rennet said, "At this time, it is customary to have a water fight." Ten seconds later, he was drrenched.*

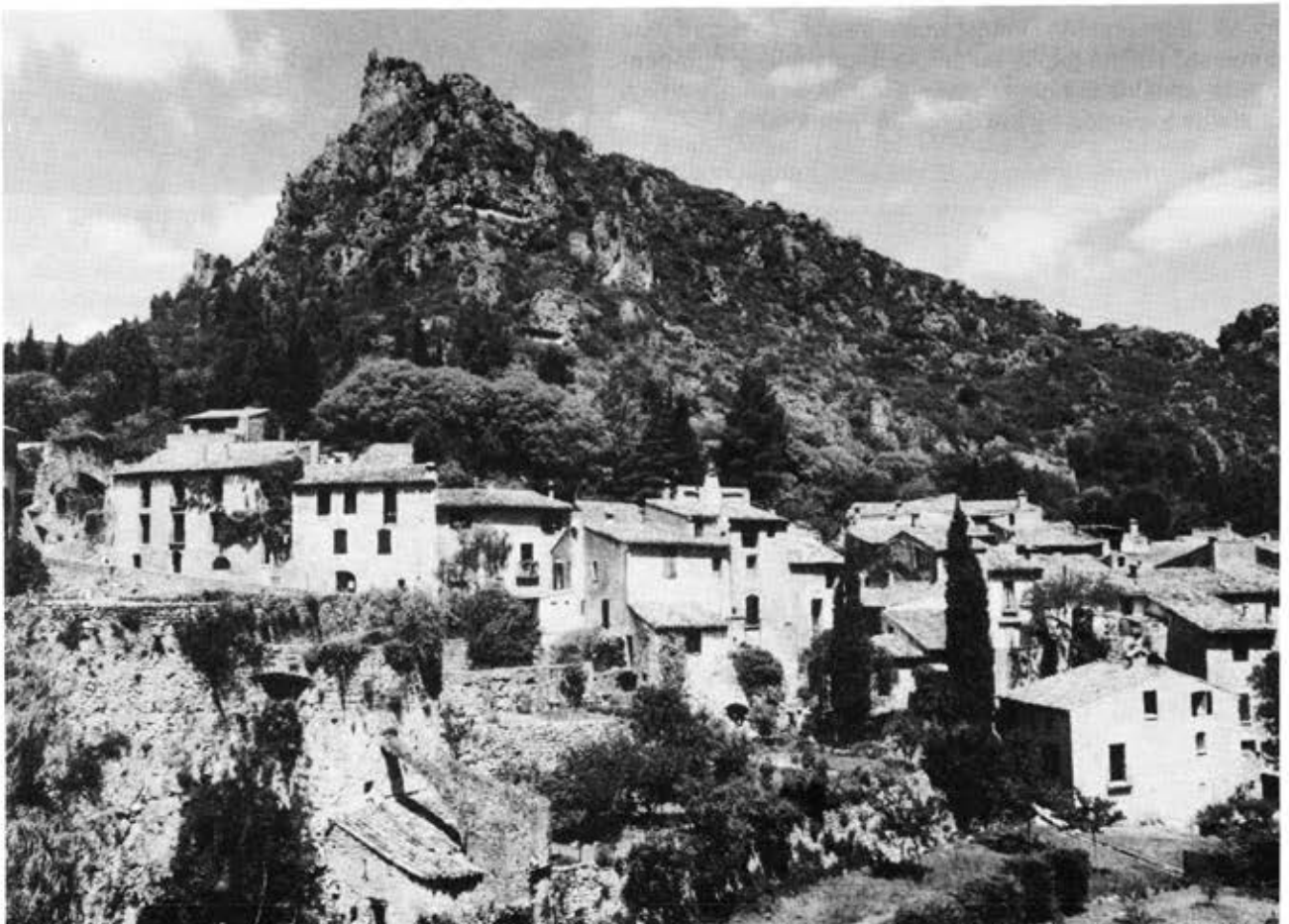
On Wednesday morning one of the history staff from l'Assomption took us on a guided tour of Montpellier, starting from the 14th. century cathedral ... *which was certainly impressive ... with its unique baldequin stonework canopy over the main entrance, and finishing in Antigone, the brand new neo-classical development, Perhaps fortunately, we had to be back at the college by twelve, as ... by the end of the morning I had very sore feet and I thought that if I saw another historic building I'd scream.* That afternoon one of the preferred destinations of the group seemed to be le MacDo ... *where even all the names of the burgers were in English so I felt as though I was back in Scotland.* Several went to see a film ... *this was easy to understand as everyone got killed.*

The college was closed on Thursday because of the Ascension day holiday, and again a large number of pupils found themselves chasing huge waves on the beach, cultivating the much-prized tans, and ... *playing volleyball in the sea. It was so much fun!*

Our last organised excursion was on Friday ... to Avignon ... the sort of place you couldn't come to this part of the world without seeing ... has to be the nicest place I have ever seen. Although some people rather misinterpreted the explanation they were given about the massive Palais des Papes ... this is where the Pope stays when he is not in Rome ... and others thought that the famous bridge had only ever been half built, rather than swept away by a 17th. century flood, the afternoon's activities met with general approval



Nîmes -Les jardins de la fontaine



St.-Guilhem-le-Desert

... I spent most of the afternoon being dragged round little, expensive boutiques and I loved it ... and even a degree of jollity ... for some reason some of our party professed the desire to do Scottish country dancing in the middle of the square.

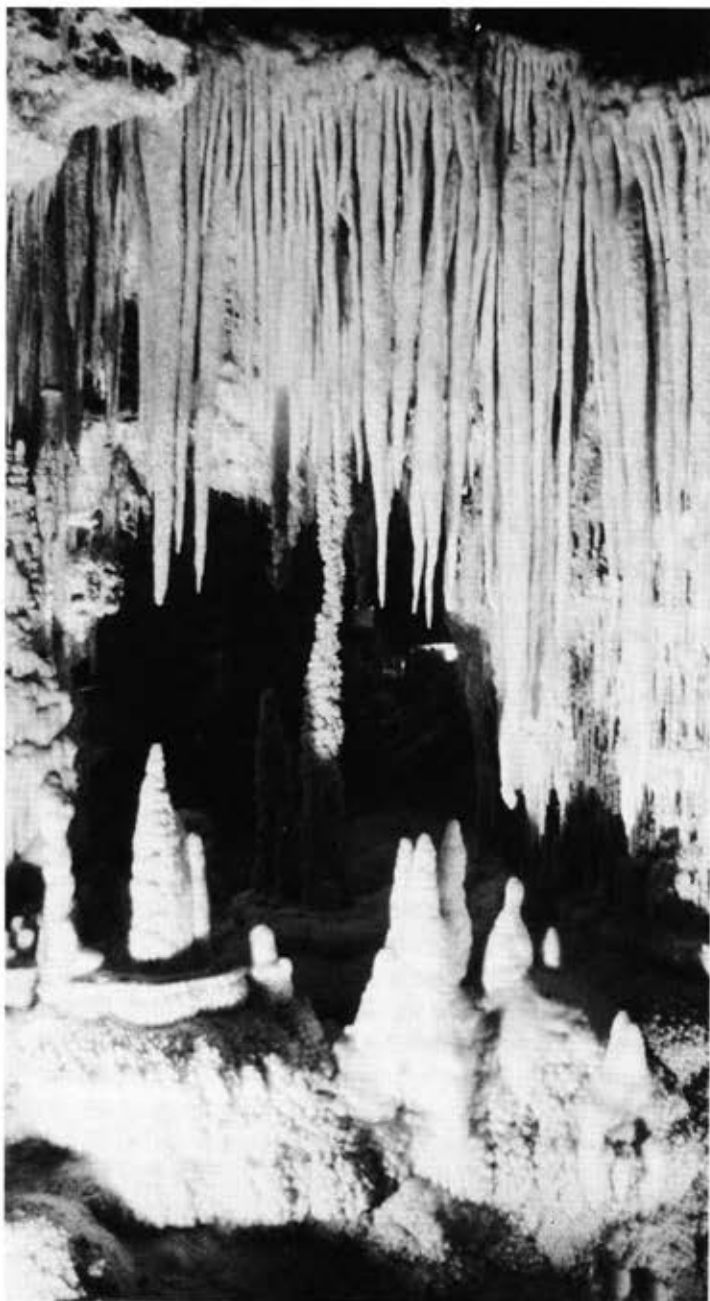
The second weekend was punctuated for many by an evening spent watching an important football match on the television, in which, we are reliably informed ... *Montpellier lost the world cup*. One pupil, however, was taken all the way to Cannes to the film festival, where he ... *waited for hours just for a far-off glance of Claudia Schiffer*.

All too soon it was Monday morning and cases had to be sat on and goodbyes said. The hours before the coach left for the airport at midday were - of course! - filled by yet more serious shopping ... *we went on a desperate search for a Chipie shop ... (It is NOT pronounced Chippy! ...Ed.)*

The final paragraphs of their diaries find almost all the participants in reflective mood: ... *I genuinely was very sad to leave because although I had not enjoyed every minute, and things had sometimes been strained, I had still had an unforgettable holiday which I will always look back on with a smile ... Her family were wonderful and made every effort to fill every minute of my stay ... I am sure all of our French vocabularies have increased greatly - there's some stuff you just would never learn in a classroom! ... I enjoyed the stay in France so much, probably because they made me so welcome even to the extent of his mother telling me that I was to think she was my mother as well ... On the whole, an excellent experience that I will never forget and one that has broadened my outlook on life.*

The most telling indication of the success of the exchange would seem to be that many of the pupils have already been asked back in the summer holidays, and we hope that, as has happened in previous years, these friendships will continue to flourish to the benefit of all concerned. Mrs. Seith, Mrs. McGrath and Mr. Rennet would also like to record their appreciation of the pupils' behaviour and timekeeping whenever we were travelling as a party, which maintained the high standards expected by the School A la prochaine!

IMMcG et al.



La grotte de Clamouse



Toute la bande!

F. P. NEWS

FORMER PUPILS SUCCESSES (as known)

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN: 1993

Adams, Nicholas Barry; M.A. (Hons)
Allan, Graham Angus; M.A.
Briggs, Clare W.; M.B.Ch.B.
Colville, Louise; M.A.
Donaldson, Shona Mairi; M.B.Ch.B.
McDevitt, Peter Denis; LL.B.
Speed, Catherine Elizabeth; M.A. (Hons)
Walker, Andrew William; M.A.

DUNDEE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY: 1993

Adam, Robin J. L.; B.A. (Hons) Accounting
Hawdon, Andrew D.; B.Eng. (Hons) Electrical and
Electronic
McGreavey, Sara M.; B.A. (Hons) Business Studies
Morgan Colin J.; B.Sc. Quantity Surveying
Miller, Peter R.; B.A. Accounting
Johnston, Wendy E.; M.Sc. Human Resource
Management
Lyll, Jenni A.; B.Sc. Biotechnology
Silvers, John M.; Higher National Diploma in Civil
Engineering
Stirling, Michael J.; Higher National Diploma in
Computing
Taylor, Iain H.; B.A. Applied Economics

UNIVERSITY OF DUNDEE: 1993

Allan, Ruth Anne; B.Sc. (Hons)
Cochrane, Gary Ian; B.Eng. (Hons)
Fawcett, Sarah Jane Stenson; M.A. (Hons)
Gray, Kenneth Whitton; B.L. (Hons)
Grieve, Donna; B.L. (Hons)
Milne, Wanda June; B.Sc. Science
Sewell, Sian Rebecca; M.A. Hotel and Catering
Management
Tooze, Graham John; M.A. Hotel and Catering
Management
Walker, Lisa McLaren Sheran; B.Sc. (Hons) Town and
Regional Planning
Williams, Claire; B.D.S.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH: 1993

Ballinger, William E.; B.Sc. (First Class Hons)
Astrophysics
Blaikie, Andrew J.; M.B.Ch.B.
Coleiro, Denise A.; M.B.Ch.B.
Fletcher, Christopher M.; LL.B. (First Class Honours)
Forrester, Maia H.; B.Sc. (First Class Honours)
Geography
Laws, Ewan D.; B.Sc. (First Class Honours)
Geophysics
McDonald, Samantha; M.A. (Hons) Spanish
Millar, Claire; (First Class Honours) Geography
Neilson, Clare Q.; M.A. (Hons) Philosophy and
Psychology
Prophet, Scott N.; B.Com. (Hons) Business Studies
and Law

Sturrock, Alison M.; M.B.Ch.B.
Tait, Michael B.; B.Sc. (Hons) Geography
Tosh, Andrew N.; LL.B. (Hons)
Williams, Jennifer M.; B.D. (Hons) Christian Ethics
and Practical Theology
Woodward, Andrew C.; M.B.Ch.B.
Woolridge, Louise; B.Sc. Ordinary

ROYAL SCHOOL OF VETERINARY STUDIES, EDINBURGH

Lloyd, Tudor Julian; B.Sc. Pathological Sciences

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW: 1993

Scott, Karen; B.D.S.

1994

Leadbitter, Katrina H.; M.B.Ch.B.

UNIVERSITY OF LANCASTER: 1993

Bradbury, Alice; Degree in Marketing and
English (Hons)

UNIVERSITY OF READING: 1993

Binnie, Hazel M.; Food Technology (Hons)

THE ROBERT GORDON UNIVERSITY: 1993

Burness, Claudia Catherine Euphemia; B.A. (Hons)
Business Studies
Reith, Gillian; Diploma in Management Studies
Wilson, Jane Catherine; B.Sc. (Hons) Pharmacy

UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS: 1993

Charlett, Pauline J.; B.Sc. General
Mee, Alice F.; M.A. (Hons) Modern Languages
German
Paterson, Graham D.; M.A. (Hons) Economics
Management
Peggie William C. B.; B.Sc. (Hons) Geography
Pemble, Stuart D. K.; M.A. (Hons) Mediaeval History
Slater, Catriona S.; B.Sc. General
Woodcraft, Jane L.; B.Sc. (Hons) Environmental
Biology
Wright, Anne M.; M.A. (First Class Honours) Ancient
History

UNIVERSITY OF STIRLING: 1993

Dobbie, Fiona Linda; B.A. (Hons) German

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.

CATHRO, MARION R.

Left D.H.S. in 1963. After leaving school, Marion attended Moray House College and qualified Dip.C.E. in 1965. Her first teaching post was at Ancrum Road Primary School. In 1967 she returned to Moray House to take a post-graduate Certificate in Youth and Community Studies. After that she worked in Dr Guthrie's Girls (List D) School as Teacher/Youth Worker and on returning to mainstream education in 1970 participated as Tutor, then Lecturer/Course Director with the S.E. of Scotland Training Association under the auspices of Moray House College. Since 1970 she has taught at Towerbank and Craiglockhart Primaries, Assistant Head at Curriehill and Hailesland Primaries before appointment to Murrayburn School as Head Teacher in 1983. During this time she qualified as an Associate in Upper Primary Education at Craiglockhart College, 1976, and B.A. Open University in 1986.

CLOSE, CHRISTOPHER P.

Left D.H.S. in 1985. At school, Christopher was a Prefect, member of the rugby team and athletic team. On leaving school he studied Photography in London, then he did a post-graduate Degree in Marketing at the University of Strathclyde. He has recently been given a contract with The Image Bank and becomes the second ever photographer in Scotland to be offered a contract. The Image Bank is the world's largest stock library with headquarters in Dallas and owned by Kodak. Work is distributed from a highly select group of photographers, including internationally known names such as John Claridge, Eric Meola and Al Satterthwaite. Before Christopher was offered the contract his work was initially submitted to the Edinburgh offices, then sent to London and finally to the European headquarters in Paris. Christopher specialises in people and location work. His photographs of people can range from straightforward business shots to more creative portraiture, as well as pictures of people and models. He has built up a comprehensive collection of pictures around Dundee, St Andrews and the East Neuk. Scotland is rated as one of the best countries in the world for location photography by many of the world's top photographers.

COLLINS, DENNIS

Mr Collins, a senior member of the Dundee legal profession, has retired. He was senior partner of Carlton Gilruth, Solicitors and an Honorary Sheriff and former Dean of the Faculty of Procurators and Solicitors in Dundee. As well as being a man of business for many clients and their families, Mr Collins was for 19 years a part-time lecturer in Scots Law at St Andrews University, then Dundee. For 27 years he was also honorary secretary and treasurer of Dundee Society for the

Prevention of Cruelty to Children until it amalgamated with the R.S.S.P.C.C. He has been consular agent for France in Dundee for the last 18 years, treasurer of Dundee Congregational Church for the last 28 years, and has been appointed Clerk to the Guildry Incorporation of Dundee.

DAFT, PHILIP P. M.

Left D.H.S. in 1982. Philip, a former Dux of the School, is now Managing Director of "World of Computers". He was self-employed from 1987-1994 but in March this year he was incorporated to "World of Computers" currently employing ten of a staff with a turnover of £5m. a year. "World of Computers" supplies IBM Compatible Hardware, Software, Networks and Consultancy to Business and Education in and around Cambridge.

DOLAN, FRANCES (nee Ross)

Left D.H.S. in 1963. Frances studied at St Andrews University and graduated in 1966 with a B.Sc. Degree. She then worked in the Pathology Departments of hospitals in London and Sunderland. She is now living in Gullane, East Lothian, and for the last ten years has worked with the Citizens Advice Bureau, specialising in money advice.

DOWNIE, ANN (nee Jaskulska)

After leaving school Ann worked with D. C. Thomson and then as a medical secretary with a Group Practice. She is now happily working with animals and, in 1986, opened a 'boarding cattery'. Ann now lives in a small hamlet in a beautiful part of rural Perthshire.

DUCKWORTH, R. MICHAEL

Left D.H.S. in 1963. Michael started work with R. L. Fleming Ltd., Paper Sack Manufacturers in Dundee. In 1966 he studied at Heriot-Watt University, graduating in 1969 with a B.A. Degree in Commerce. He then moved to Aberdeen to start a six month Management Training Scheme with Wiggins Teape. In early 1970 he moved to Chinnor in Oxfordshire then, in 1973, he joined Postals Ltd., Banknote Paper Manufacturers, moving to Newbury in Berkshire. He married in 1969 and has three children. At school, Michael represented the school at rugby, cricket and tennis.

ELDER, DAVID R.

Left D.H.S. in 1937. David was one of the great characters of pre-war High School. He was a Prefect, a Sergeant in the Cadets and for several years outstanding in school cricket and rugby teams. After leaving school he joined the C.A. firm of Henderson & Loggie. At the beginning of the war he was commissioned into The Black Watch and saw action in France before being posted to Gibraltar. From 1942-45 he was with the Sea Rec. & E. Unit on special missions in Burma and the Far East. He was awarded the Military Cross for his outstanding services. After the war he returned to complete his C.A. training and qualified in 1948. He was with the Royal Dutch Shell Group from 1948-1970 and a Finance Director in Venezuela and Trinidad, Head of Planning, Finance Europe, Special Assignments. From 1970-1980 he was Director and Deputy Chairman of Ocean and Trading, Chairman and Chief Executive of William Cory Ltd., Ocean Inchcape, Straits Steamship and McGregor Swires Air Services. He was a Non-Executive Director of Letraset Ltd., Capital & Counties,

Whessoe Engineering and Chairman of Viva Petroleum. David retired in 1986 and now lives in Surrey. His wife, Katie Duncan, is an Old Girl of the School.

ELWELL-SUTTON, CHRISTINE (nee Nicolson)

Left D.H.S. in 1959. After qualifying from the College of Education in Dundee, Christine taught for four years in Dundee, Hoxton East, London and Bromley. She had a career break for thirteen years and worked at various jobs before settling happily in the Logistics Department of N.H.S. Supplies in Haywards Heath. Christine married a Naval Lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm and, with her husband, has travelled widely.

FERGUSON, D. A.

"The Miles to Dundee" is the evocative title of a new historical novel by D. A. Ferguson, a native of Newport-on-Tay whose antecedents hailed from Dundee and further back from the Glens of Angus. After leaving D.H.S. he went in for banking but a lifelong interest in history and writing resurfaced after he retired. "The Miles to Dundee", recently published, is one of a trilogy of stories following a group of characters from Scotland to America.

FLETCHER, CHRISTOPHER MICHAEL

Graduated First Class Honours, Bachelor of Laws, from Edinburgh University in July 1993. Has just completed his Diploma in Legal Practice, also at Edinburgh University, and will commence his legal traineeship with Dundas & Wilson W.S. in October of this year.

FLETCHER, MICHAEL JOHN

Left D.H.S. in June 1963. Graduated LL.B. from St Andrews University in June 1966. After completing his apprenticeship with Kirk, Mackie & Elliot in Edinburgh, returned to Dundee where he later became a partner with Ross, Strachan & Co. In 1988 he joined Hendry & Fenton, Solicitors and after amalgamation he became Head Court Partner of Miller Hendry. In February of this year he received a commission from the Queen, appointing him Sheriff of South Strathclyde, Dumfries and Galloway, sitting at Dumfries.

FORRESTER, MAIA MILLAR, CLAIRE

In the 1993 Edinburgh University Graduation, Maia and Claire were awarded First Class Honours Degrees in Geography. The University regarded this as a fine achievement reflecting Maia and Claire's hard work as well as a solid preparation during their school years. Claire and Maia have made a lasting contribution to the life at the Department during their time at Edinburgh and the Head of Department hopes that other students will be encouraged to do the same.

FOSTER, RUTH E.

Left D.H.S. in 1992. After leaving school Ruth went to Aberdeen University where she is currently studying French and Politics. In session 1994-95 she is going to work in Grenoble, France, as an assistant in a Primary School. She has also been awarded a Stevenson

Scholarship, which was founded in the 1930's for the provision of "Facilities for the forming of friendly relationships between students of the Universities of Scotland and the Universities of France, Germany and Spain, for the furthering of amity and good understanding, and the training of an ever-growing body of educated men and women capable of disseminating wherever they do ideals of international goodwill and co-operation". The Scholarship will allow her to take some part-time courses at one of the Universities in Grenoble. In the summer holidays, before going to Grenoble, Ruth will be preparing for her year of foreign culture by working as an English/French/German speaking guide at Blair Castle, Blair Atholl.

GARDEN, HOWARD

Left D.H.S. in 1959. At "The Famous Grouse" awards evening held at Forthill Sports Club a special award 'for outstanding services to cricket' was awarded to Howard. He has served faithfully as wicket-keeper in the F.P. XI for 34 years, an outstanding achievement. He was one of the best wicket-keepers in the country and was unlucky not to have been capped.

GOW, Dr DOUGLAS N.

Left D.H.S. in 1966. At school, Douglas won the Urquhart Cup for the Champion Shot of the Rifle Club. He is now a Specialist Anaesthetist in Valley Heights in New South Wales, Australia.

GRAY, ARCHIBALD S.

Left D.H.S. in 1962. At school, Archie was a prominent member of the Cricket 1st XI. After leaving school he went to St Andrews University and graduated LL.B. in 1965. He qualified as a Solicitor in 1967 and as a Chartered Accountant in 1973. He was a Partner with KPMG Peat Marwick till 1990, a Founder of Buchler Phillips Gray and a Member of International Corporate Recovery Group. Archie is a member of Carlton Cricket Club and the Royal Burgess Golf Club.

GRIEVE, RONALD S. B.

Mr Grieve was recently elected Lord Dean of the Guildry of Dundee to succeed Mr Scott Henderson at a ceremony in the City Chambers. Mr Grieve, a Director of the School, is an accountant with the firm of W. S. & R. S. Grieve. He is a past-president of Dundee Rotary Club and a trustee of the Lord Armitstead Lecture Trust.

HALLIDAY, THOMAS S.

At the age of 91, Mr Halliday is still busy and this year has produced drawings and cast figures with all the verve and fluency which has been a hallmark of his career. Recognition of his work has come from far and near with major awards in Italy, Switzerland and America. He has been asked to exhibit examples of graphic art in museums in Hungary and Poland. His repertoire on canvas and in clay has always been very varied. A long-standing association with School Cadets earned him the rank of Lt. Colonel and the O.B.E. some years ago and military subjects have fascinated him over a long period. At one time he was commissioned to paint a mural at Rosyth of one of the major sea battles of World War II which he and his school pupils tackled together, and in the late 1980s the Duke of Edinburgh bought two of his dockyard scenes from a show at the R.S.A. His

initial great love, however, was stained glass, a skill which few artists learn these days and which resulted in commissions from St Mary's Parish Church and McCheyne Church in Dundee and windows for a church in Altnaharra, amongst many others. Mr Halliday is a native of Dumfries-shire and grew up on a Borders farm, a background which still inspires his artistic imagination today.

HOLMES, RACHAEL A.

Left Dundee High School in 1989 having been Head Girl and joint Dux. Rachael then took a year out, working initially at Gleneagles Hotel and then for a travel company in France. In October 1990 she went to Close College, Cambridge, to read Modern Languages. Her third year was spent as a Language Assistant at the Liceo Giovanni in Citta di Castello and she was instrumental in setting up the school exchange with Dundee High School. Back at Cambridge she was elected J.C.R. Treasurer and Captain of the College Ladies' Football Team. Academically she specialised in mediaeval and renaissance Italian literature and graduated with First Class Honours in June 1994.

HOFMANN, ALISON S. (nee Banks)

Left D.H.S. in 1963. After studying German and Commerce at Strathclyde University, Alison went to Germany in 1968. She worked initially as a translator/secretary for Afga-Gevaert in Kiel and Leverkusen, then for a T.V. production company for two years. In 1970 she met Wolfgang Hofmann, a Lutheran Pastor and they married in 1971. They are now living in Lochhman, a very pleasant suburb south of Munich.

HOPFORD, ROSEMARY (nee Campbell)

After leaving D.H.S., Rosemary went to St Andrews University and qualified M.B., Ch.B. in 1969. She specialised in Anaesthetics and passed Fellowships exams in 1981. Rosemary then worked in Dundee, London, South Africa and Portsmouth. She is now a full-time Associate Specialist in Anaesthetics in Dorset. Her husband is a Scientist with the Ministry of Defence.

KEITH, MARGARET C. (nee Stewart)

After leaving school, Margaret started her nursing career at Princess Rose Orthopaedic Hospital. After two years she gained her O.N.C. then moved to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary to finish her General Training. Margaret then moved to Addenbrookes Hospital, Cambridge. She married in 1967 and moved to Glasgow where her husband was a House Surgeon at Glasgow Veterinary School. They have now settled in Kelso.

KENNEDY, ALISON L.

Left D.H.S. in 1983. Alison's new book of short stories is being hailed a winner. "Now That You're Back" should establish her as one of the key writers in this genre.

KERR, HILARY and LYNNE

Left D.H.S. in 1974 (Hilary), 1978 (Lynne). Hilary and Lynne are both sisters in the Simpson Memorial Pavilion Special Baby Unit in Edinburgh. Hilary has been there

since 1986 and Lynne joined the Unit three years ago from the Western General where she had already been a neo-natal sister. They are rarely on duty together but their duties are broadly the same. Their prime function is taking charge of either the intensive care room for the smallest and seriously ill babies or the special care/high dependency room for the less acutely ill babies. They also help to teach nurses who are doing neo-natal training and they have to attend seminars and meetings as well as seeing to administrative work.

LANDSBURGH, D. SCOTT

Left school in 1974. Scott has recently been elected President of the Scottish Grocers Federation. After leaving school he went to Dundee University and graduated M.A. in Accountancy. After various accountancy positions he joined the family business in 1984 and has invested in it in a proactive and progressive manner. He is a Director of D. S. Landsburgh (Retailing) and since August 1992 he has been Chairman of the Scottish Retailers Licensing Law Reform Group.

LECKIE, DAVID E.

Left D.H.S. in 1980. David, a former Scottish 'B' rugby cap and member of London Scottish, was selected for the Scottish Exiles XV to play against the touring Auckland XV from New Zealand. In recent years he has had a back injury which has kept him out of representative rugby.

LOGAN, DAVID D. J.

Left school in 1974. After leaving school, David joined the police as a Cadet and was appointed constable in 1975. After beat duties in the west of the city he was appointed a Crime Prevention Officer. He has now been promoted to Sergeant and will be an Architectural Liaison Officer.

LOWDEN, GORDON S.

Mr Lowden has just retired as Port Authority Chairman after 13 years in the post. In line with tradition, a portrait of him to hang alongside past-chairmen in the boardroom was commissioned. Mr Lowden remains an Honorary Sheriff in Dundee and an Honorary visiting Professor in Accountancy at Dundee University. When at Cambridge, Gordon was awarded a rugby blue, and in later years, captained D.H.S.F.P.'s Rugby Club.

MANDERS, PAMELA (nee Grant)

Mrs Manders has recently retired from teaching at Liff Primary School. After leaving D.H.S. she went to St Andrews University and graduated with a Degree in Languages. Mrs Manders then attended Dundee College of Education where she was awarded her Teacher Training Certificate with Distinction. She taught for two years at Auchterarder then took time off to look after her four children. In 1975 she returned to a teaching post at Invergowrie Primary School where she remained until 1982 when she transferred to Liff.

McCONNELL, Dr KENNETH D.

Left D.H.S. in 1969. Recently, Kenneth secured a place in the international team set to tackle the formidable and rarely conquered North Ridge approach of Mount Everest. Kenneth was included not only for his climbing experience but also his medical skills, par-

ticularly in the field of high-altitude illness. Despite the death of a team member, the climb was rated a success with four men eventually reaching the summit. Englishman, Jon Tinker, expedition leader, conquered the peak along with Polish master climber, Maciej Berbeka and Sherpas, Babu and Lhakpa. Kenneth climbed to 25,000 but one of the team, an American in his sixties, had succumbed to high-altitude pulmonary oedema — fluid in the lungs — and died. The base camp at that time was over 20,000 feet up and, faced with the impossible logistics of carrying the body downhill, the dead man was buried on the mountain. Kenneth is a Senior House doctor at the Royal Hobart Hospital in Tasmania.

McLACHLAN, Professor J. E.

Left D.H.S. in 1948. At the inauguration ceremony of Lord Younger as the first Chancellor of Napier University held in the Usher Hall in June 1993, the platform party included Professor McLachlan and The Very Rev. James Weatherhead, then Moderator of the Church of Scotland. Professor McLachlan and The Very Rev. James Weatherhead were in the Form I class of 1943. Professor McLachlan is Dean of the Business School and Head of the Department of Accounting and Law at Napier.

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

In October 1993, friends and family of Dr Macmillan met to pay tribute to 'an extraordinary man'. Around 200 members of his congregation joined together in the school dining room with his family and colleagues from over the years to present him and his wife with farewell gifts. Dr Macmillan has been in the ministry for 39 years. He will maintain his ties with a number of organisations during his retirement — including the Scottish Veterans' Association, as well as Dundee's Pinegrove Nursing Home, and as Chairman of the Board of Directors at the School.

MARTIN, ALISON E. (nee McLeay)

Left D.H.S. in 1967. Alison's latest novel, 'The Dream Maker' has just been published. 'The Dream Maker' uses an historical setting to explore issues familiar to all ages. Alison's attention to fine detail and historical accuracy may stem from her previous career in radio broadcasting. Before she became a full-time writer of fiction, she produced numerous daily features on Radio Scotland in the 1970's, working freelance on programmes such as Woman's Hour and Kaleidoscope. She also had a period as a scriptwriter. Her interest in sailing and scuba-diving led her to become involved in the salvage of the Spanish Galleon lost off Tobermory Bay and she eventually scripted and produced a Radio 4 feature on the 400-year search for the ship. Before turning her hand to the world of the imagination and character creation, she also wrote two works of non-fiction, 'The World of the Onedin Line', based on the highly successful television serial of the 70's and 80's, and 'The Tobermory Treasure'.

MILLS, PETER

Peter studied Medicine at Oxford and at St George's Medical School in London followed by a two-year fellowship in Cardiology in North Carolina, U. S. A. He is now a Consultant at the Royal London Hospital, Whitechapel, East London and has worked there since 1979. When Michael Heseltine became ill in Venice last summer, Peter travelled over on two occasions.

MONCUR, IAN B.

After leaving D.H.S., Ian went to Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art and graduated with a Degree in Town and Country Planning. He was awarded the James Macaulay Prize from the Royal Town Planning Institute for the best results in the final examinations. He has resided in the North-East of Scotland for the past 25 years, working first for Aberdeen County Council and subsequently with the City of Aberdeen District Council with whom he was appointed Depute City Planning Officer in 1984.

MORRIS, RUTH V.

Left D.H.S. in 1989. After leaving school, Ruth went to the Scottish School of Textiles, Galashiels, now a Faculty of Heriot Watt University, and graduated B.Sc. Clothing Studies. She was top student of the year and gained a Distinction. Ruth is now a Design Room Assistant with Lindsay Allan Designs in Alva, Clackmannanshire. Her title is Pattern Cutter and Garment Technologist which involves sourcing fabrics and trimmings, drafting/adapting patterns, grading patterns, making up design samples, compiling manufacturing and quality specifications, as well as costing garments.

NICOLL, WILLIAM J. O.

William attended Accountancy classes on leaving school at Dundee Technical College. He then worked for a period with Dundee Linoleum Company. After that he attended Dundee College of Education and qualified as a teacher. He had spells of teaching in Kirkton and Monifieth before becoming an Assistant Head Teacher. In 1988 he was appointed Depute Head of Carlogie School, Carnoustie.

PATERSON, PAMELA J.

(nee Rollo)

Left D.H.S. in 1963. Pamela graduated from St Andrews University and taught in Edinburgh. After her marriage she moved to Ruislip in Middlesex, then to Switzerland for three years. Pamela, for the last ten years, has been a home tutor for the London Borough of Hillingdon, teaching children too ill or too badly behaved to attend school. She also teaches part-time in a school for children with severe learning difficulties. In her leisure moments, Pamela is District Commissioner for the local Girl Guides. She, of course, was one of the organisers for the very successful 1963 Reunion.

PATON, CALUM R.

Left school in 1974. After leaving school, Calum read Philosophy, Politics and Economics (PPE) at Oxford from 1974-1977. He attended Harvard University from 1977-79 and obtained a Master's in Public Policy then, at Oxford University from 1979-83, he became a D.Phil. He was a Lecturer in Political Science at Dundee University in 1980-81, a Tutor at Oxford University in 1979-80 and an Assistant Director at the Nuffield Institute in London. Calum is now a Senior Lecturer and Professor of Health Policy at Keele University in Staffordshire. He has published many books and articles on British and International Policy, Political Theory and Philosophy.

**PRINGLE, MARGARET L.
(nee Smith)**

Left D.H.S. in 1963. Margaret is currently teaching Mathematics at George Watson's College, Edinburgh. Before her marriage she had been Principal Teacher of Guidance.

REA, CHRISTOPHER W. W.

Left school in 1963. Chris, who is fighting cancer, had hoped to compete in the London Marathon last April, motivated by a desire to raise £25,000 for cancer hospices across the nation. Unfortunately, his doctors said that pounding the pavements in training after all the chemotherapy treatment last year would put a totally unacceptable strain on his back. He, however, raised in excess of £10,000. The Class of '63, who had their reunion last October, raised £1240 for Chris Rea's Marathon Fund.

REOCH, EILEEN M. (nee Yeaman)

Left D.H.S. in 1965. Eileen has recently been made an Associate with Carlton Gilruth, Solicitors and Estate Agents. After graduating from Edinburgh University, Eileen served her apprenticeship in Dundee and since then has specialised in Property Law and Conveyancing.

**REVILL, KATHLEEN A.
(nee Duncan)**

Left D.H.S. in 1963. Kathleen was a teacher in Dundee from 1963/70. She married in 1970 and now lives in the south side of Glasgow. Kathleen has recently returned to teaching in a part-time post with special needs children in a mainstream school.

ROBERTSON, ANDREW M.

Left D.H.S. in 1964. While studying at the University in New England, Andrew majored in Geography. Following a Commission in the R.A.F. he worked in Australia then as a headmaster in England. At the moment he is Head of Curricular Studies at the University of Paisley.

ROBERTSON, DEREK G.

Left D.H.S. in 1985. Derek graduated from Duncan of Jordanstone Art College, Dundee, in 1989 with a B.A. (Hons.) Degree in Drawing and Painting. He has been working as a freelance Artist ever since. His work has been exhibited throughout Britain and Europe and as far afield as Japan and U.S.A. His work is held in several public collections in Britain and in private collections all over the world. Derek's paintings and drawings have been published in a variety of books and journals. In 1992, Harper Collins produced a book of his paintings and writing which was entitled "Highland Sketchbook" and which was distributed throughout the U.K. Derek is regularly featured in, and contributes to, the local and national press, radio and television. A half-hour documentary entitled "Portrait of the Wild" showing the artist at work, was released by Grampian T.V. in 1992. Derek is currently working on the production and presentation of four programmes for Grampian T.V. which will show him sketching wildlife in locations all over Scotland. The series will be screened in Spring 1995.

ROSEN, Professor MICHAEL, C.B.E.

At the Annual Scientific Meeting of the Association of Anaesthetists in Glasgow last November, Professor Rosen was presented with the Sir Ivan Magill Gold Medal, the highest honour the Association can bestow, and awarded only once before. The medal was presented by Dr W. R. MacRae, President of the Association of Anaesthetists of Great Britain and Ireland, also an 'Old Boy' of the school. Professor Rosen is Professor of Anaesthetists in the University of Wales College of Medicine in Cardiff, a rare honour for a medical person let alone for an Anaesthetist. His talents have overflowed into other fields and he has held all the influential posts in the Association of Anaesthetists including its Presidency. At the same time he was appointed the Dean of the Faculty of Anaesthetists. He then became the first President of the College of Anaesthetists during which time he received the award of Commander of the British Empire. He has travelled extensively overseas as is indicated by honorary memberships of the Australian, French and Japanese Societies of Anaesthesiology, the Malaysian Faculty of Medicine and the Irish Faculty of Anaesthetists.

RORIE, NEIL I. G.

Left D.H.S. in 1963. After graduating from University, Neil taught at the High School from 1969-71. He then moved to England and taught in the West Riding of Yorkshire from 1971-74. Neil was then appointed Deputy Head of Frogmore Comprehensive School in Hampshire where he remained until 1981. In 1981 he was appointed Headmaster of Broadwater School in Godalming. He remained in that post until 1992 when he decided to become an Educational Consultant. He married Susan Gibson, a former pupil of the school, who teaches pupils with Special Needs.

**ROSS, MARGARET E. C.
(nee Thomson)**

On leaving school, Margaret took a Secretarial Course and worked for an International Medical Company in Dundee, eventually attaining the position of Personal Assistant to the M.D. This provided opportunities to travel to U.S.A. and Europe extensively. Margaret has continued in the medical supply field and is now a Director of the family medical business: Surgical & Orthotic Services Ltd. She maintains her interest in Guiding and is now the Assistant County Commissioner and County Secretary for the City of Dundee Girl Guides Association.

ROTHWELL, ANN

Left D.H.S. in 1962. Ann trained as a Social Worker for three years then decided to become a student at St Andrews University. She graduated with an M.A. Degree in Social Sciences and joined Proctor & Gamble (Newcastle) in Market Research. After a period there she moved to Cadbury Schweppes (Bournville) as Research Manager. In 1976 she moved to London to help start a European Advertising Agency, then in 1986 she joined Young & Rubican, an American Advertising Agency, as Creative Planning Director. She had the fun of making a research presentation to Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher at Number 10, on the 1987 General Election and to the Prince of Wales in 1988/89 at Highgrove and Ballater on Inner City Development. Ann has now started her own business, Rothwell &

Coupland, in 1991 and, with her organising ability, helped to make the 1963 Reunion so successful.

TOWERS, JEANETTE A.

On leaving school, Jeanette attended Miss Thomson's Secretarial College. She was then employed by Jute Industries Ltd. for three years. Jeanette then left Dundee to take up a position with an airline and travelled world wide for a period of four years. A great deal of her time was spent in the Far East taking troops between Singapore, Hong Kong and Borneo. After her marriage she took up a post with IBM (United Kingdom) Ltd. at their Head Office in London and was employed in the Sales and Marketing Department involved in the organisation of overseas conventions. In recent years, Jeanette went back to College to study for a Diploma in Teaching. At the present time she is teaching Business Administration and Word Processing at Bromley College of Further and Higher Education in Kent.

WHITE, ALICE M. G.

Attended D.H.S. between 1918 and 1924. After leaving school, Alice went to the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. She received yearly scholarships and graduated with a First Class Honours Degree in English Language and Literature with a Fellowship to Smith College where she received an M.A. Degree.

WILKIE, KENNETH

Left D.H.S. in 1961. Ken has just completed his first fiction novel about a Jurassic Park-style dinosaur dig in the American desert with the Loch Ness monster in a starring roll. The initial inspiration came when he was in the States digging for dinosaur bones in Colorado. He actually met the same Palaeontologist who worked as an adviser to Steven Spielberg. In his last visit to Scotland he spent some time at Loch Ness doing background work. Ken has already published two works about Vincent Van Gogh and a book of his own travel writing. He is meanwhile editor-in-chief of the KLM airline in-flight magazine, "The Holland Herald". He also does work for the "World Traveller", the in-flight magazine of U.S.-company Northwestern Airlines. Ken lives in Hilversum, just outside Amsterdam, with his Dutch wife and two children.

WILKIE, RAYMOND F.

Left D.H.S. in 1962. At school, Raymond won the Championship Trophy for swimming. After leaving school, Raymond went to Dundee College of Technology and gained a B.Sc. (Hons.) in Mechanical Engineering. He was at the beginning a Trainee with Ferranti Scotland then, in 1976, he moved to Cheam, in Surrey. Raymond is now Engineering Director of Yamazen MM Ltd., European Division of Japanese Trading Company.

WRIGHT, ANNE M.

Left school in 1989. Anne has just graduated from St Andrews University with a First Class Honours Degree in Ancient History. She is spending a further year at St Andrews learning Ancient Greek before taking up her place at Corpus Christi, Oxford. She will, for her Doctorate, be researching the historical implications of fourth century Greek rhetoric.

OBITUARIES

BOOTH, KENNETH

Mr Booth, who was 61, died at his home in Twickenham. His father was General Manager of Titaghur Jute Mills in Calcutta, and it was there that Kenneth received his early education. He returned to Dundee during the Second World War and attended the High School until 1950. After serving with the R.A.F. during his National Service, Mr Booth returned to India and later went to Canada where he worked as a Meteorologist before going to Macgill University to study Chemistry. He then returned to the United Kingdom and took up an appointment with Swift Adhesives as a Development Chemist. He soon became an acknowledged expert in his field and edited what has now become the standard textbook on adhesive chemistry, and he was latterly Swift's European Technical Director.

HUTCHESON, ISABELLA

Miss Hutcheson taught Art at Lawside Academy until her retreat. As a student at Dundee Art College she won many prizes. She continued to maintain a keen interest in Art after her retreat and was also a member of Meadowside St Paul's Church.

JAMIESON, NINIAN R.

Mr Jamieson, a former Art teacher at Morgan Academy, died after a short illness at the age of 88. After leaving D.H.S. he attended Dundee College of Art then moved to Canton Secondary School for boys in Cardiff. He returned to Dundee in 1929 to Morgan Academy where he worked for twenty years.

LICKLEY, Miss A.

After leaving D.H.S. Miss Lickley went to Dundee College of Art where she took a Diploma in Design. In 1926 she returned to the School and served on the staff of the Art Department for thirty-four years. Her standards were high and perhaps her finest work was with the senior girls in Embroidery. Miss Lickley's own craftsmanship was outstanding, as shown in her fine Metalwork, Leatherwork and Weaving. She left to the School an exquisite piece of her craftsmanship in the lovely leather covers of the War Memorial Book. She was meticulous in her demands, and even the best work of her pupils fell short of her standards.

MATHIESON-BRUCE, GRAEME

Left D.H.S. in 1963. An internationally renowned tenor, Graeme, died in London, aged 48. His career took off in 1986 when the English National Opera cast him in the lead role of Wagner's, The Mastersingers of Nuremberg. His performance catapulted him into the limelight and he quickly became one of the English National Opera's favourite guest tenors. As a singer in Fairmuir Church choir, he developed a love for music and trained in such prestigious surroundings as the Royal Scottish Academy of Music, the Royal Northern College of Music and the London Opera Centre. He then became a Civil Servant before returning to opera,

making his professional stage debut in 1973 at Saddler's Wells. His rise through the ranks led many enthusiasts to believe that British Opera might have at last found a home-grown tenor of international stature. In October of last year he attended the 30 years reunion of his class at School.

McCONNELL, ALLAN J.

Allan, brother of Kenneth, left D.H.S. in 1972 and joined the Police Force. He served in Argyll and Glasgow from 1973 to 1978 then resigned to resume studies at Paisley College of Technology. In 1984, he graduated B.Sc.(Hons.) in Mechanical Engineering and joined Rolls Royce Aero Engines as Development Engineer. In August 1993, he was transferred to the Bristol Office. Allan enjoyed outdoor activities, especially cross-country ski-ing in winter and hill-walking in summer. He was the Hon. Secretary of Glasgow Nordic Ski Club, a keen photographer and an overseas traveller. Allan had a wide circle of friends drawn from all walks of life and he was respected by all who knew him for his integrity and kindness. His philosophy in life was to look for the best in everyone.

MILLAR, ALEXANDER T.

Mr Millar, who was 85, was one of the founding partners of Dundee Accountancy firm, Logie & Millar. He served his apprenticeship as a Chartered Accountant with the Dundee firm Mackay Irons and was a partner in Johnstone, Logie & Millar, of Reform Street, until his retirement in 1974. A lifelong member of St Peter's, subsequently St Peter's McCheyne Church, he became an elder in 1933 and was congregational treasurer for over 35 years. He was an Hon. Vice-President of D.H.S. F.P. Rugby Section for many years.

MOTTASHAW, KEITH

In 1982, Keith joined the R.A.F. and after basic training at R.A.F. Swinderby, in Yorkshire, was posted to Kinloss. After a spell with the R.A.F. he started work with McDermott's of Ardersier. Sadly, Keith died after his motorcycle was involved in an accident near Forlethen.

RITCHIE, GEORGE F.

A familiar figure in Dundee Rugby and Cricket circles and a well-known business man died in November after a short illness, aged 84. After leaving School, Mr Ritchie joined the family business, George Ritchie & Sons, Wholesale Grocers in the city's Seagate. Apart from his service in the Navy during the War he remained with the firm until his retirement in 1979. He was a member of D.H.S. F.P. Rugby Team when he was capped for Scotland in 1932. The family received a unique double when his grandson Andy Nicol, also a D.H.S. F.P. player, was first capped for Scotland and he took great pride in his subsequent career. George, as the Hon. President of the F.P. Rugby Club and as the Hon. Vice-President of the F.P. Cricket Club, was a faithful supporter at Mayfield and Dalnacraig. At his last Rugby match at Mayfield he saw the F.P.s create a points record by defeating the opposition 95-3. He was a past president of the Old Boys' Club.

RITCHIE, JAMES S.

Left D.H.S. in 1934, Mr Ritchie read Classics at Edinburgh University and Cambridge University. At the start of the War he joined the Army and served in the Royal Scots and the Royal Army Education Corps until demobbed in 1946. After the War he joined the Staff of the National Library of Scotland where he worked until he retired in 1983 from the post of Keeper of Manuscripts. He was a lifelong friend of Ian Isles, an association that began in LI over 70 years ago when they travelled to School in the same train from Downfield. They even met in foreign parts during the War and were, of course, faithful supporters of the "Old Boy's Dinner" in Edinburgh. James accumulated a great knowledge about many matters — sport, literature, art, music, and, perhaps above all, the Scottish countryside, particularly Angus and Perthshire.

SMITH, A. BRUCE

Mr Smith, who spent a lifetime's career in the jute manufacturing industry, died aged 90. After leaving School, Mr Smith began working at his father's Dundee jute mill. In 1924, he went to India to work with jute firm R. Sim & Co., retiring in 1958 as a Company Director. He returned to Alyth, coming out of retirement to join J. Mackenzie Stewart & Co. Ltd., for whom he worked until he finally retired in 1972. During his career he served on the committee of the Jute Importers' Association. A keen golfer, Mr Smith was a member of Scotsraig Golf Club and a life member of the Royal Calcutta Golf Club and a past member of St Andrews New Golf Club.

SMITH, Major SYDNEY, M.B.E.

Major Smith, who had a distinguished association with the Army, died peacefully in June, 1993. After leaving School he worked in the jute trade in Dundee and India. In 1940, he joined the Border Regiment, serving in India and the Middle East. He later transferred to the Chindits, seeing service behind the lines in Burma, and at the end of the War served in Palestine with the Parachute Battalion.

After the War, Major Smith retained links with the Glasgow based 15th Scottish Battalion Parachute Regiment T.A. and was Commander of D Company. He returned to civilian life to work first of all with the Hydro Board, then at Newburgh's Lino Works. He was a keen sportsman, playing Rugby for D.H.S. F.P.s, and was keen on golf and tennis. In later years he was to become President of the Rugby Club and an enthusiastic supporter at matches. He had a long association with Scotsraig Golf Club which he joined in 1919.

STEWART, J. FRED

A leading figure in Dundee's jute industry since the 1920s, Mr Stewart died at the age of 85. He was born and brought up in Broughty Ferry. After leaving School he joined the family firm, J. Mackenzie Stewart & Co., in 1925 at the age of 17. The company, set up by his father in 1911, which still operates, occupies premises in Royal Exchange Place. Over the next few years Mr Stewart served an extensive apprenticeship in the industry, including several months in Ceylon. Returning to Dundee in 1930, Mr Stewart was made a Director of the family firm in 1933 and also became company

secretary. With the outbreak of the War in 1939, he enlisted in the R.A.F. and specialised in munitions, serving in the United Kingdom and the Far East and reaching the rank of Flight-Lieutenant. Mr Stewart's father had died in 1942 so he returned to Dundee to run the family firm when demobbed. His roll was that of Managing Director but as the years passed Mr Stewart did not retire but became non-executive chairman as the firm diversified from jute into other fields. Today, the firm's company headquarters are at Chapelshade House, Bell Street, where one of Mr Stewart's two grandsons, Mr Simon Pritchard, maintains the family presence. Mr Stewart was chairman of Dundee Importers' Association and a member of the London Jute Association. A member of St Stephen's and West Parish Church, Mr Stewart was also a member of the Guildry of Dundee and a Director of Dundee High School for 25 years.

WEBSTER, SANDRA M. (nee Ferrier)

Left D.H.S. in 1978. Died tragically in Aberdeen on the 27th May, 1994.

WEDDINGS

Claire Stothers and David Morrison were married in June, 1993, in Dundee Parish Church (St Mary's).

Louise Smith and Dr Frank Mackay were married in July, 1993, in Dundee Parish Church (St Mary's).

Carol Grieve and David McCaul were married in July, 1993, in St Stephens and West Church.

Graham Milne and Sheila Matthew were married in October, 1993, at Viewforth Parish Church, Kirkcaldy.

Eric Speed and Janette Bremner were married in October, 1993, in Perth Congregational Church.

John Ramsay Bell and Sandra McFadyen were married in September, 1993, at the University Chapel, Glasgow.

Captain Lucy Barron and Martin Forbes were married in November, 1993, at King's College Chapel, Aberdeen.

Heather Lorimer and Kirk Moir were married in November, 1993, in St Margaret's Church, Barnhill.

Ewan Sheriff and Karen Leadbitter were married in December, 1993, in Trinity Parish Church, Dundee.

Deborah Anne Duffy and Cristian Hayes Villarroel were married in January, 1994, in London.

Aimi Wood and Boris Meyer were married in January, 1994, in the Reformierte Kirche, in Cham, Switzerland.

Amanda Laurie and Nicholas Borton were married in June, 1994, in All Saints Church, Glencarse.

PATRONS' ASSOCIATION

This year has seen two long-serving members of the committee, Mrs Margaret Swanney and Mr A. W. Brown, stand down and the Chairman, Dr J. A. R. Lawson, demit office. All three have given sterling service to the Patrons' Association and, as Directors, to the School. In the latter role they have been prominent in many of the School's activities.

The Patrons' Association, ably led by John Lawson, had a pivotal role in the School's 750 Anniversary Meadowside Project. Who can forget him abseiling down the front of the School to raise funds for the Project? The result of this was the first class Hall, Library, Media Studies complex and other facilities which the School enjoys today. We thank all three of them for their notable contribution.

The new committee consists of:-

Dr W. H. MacFarlane-Smith (Chairman); Mr G. A. Burnett (Vice-Chairman); Mrs Jennifer Petrie (Secretary); Mr R. S. B. Grieve (Treasurer); Mr J. W. Coull, Mr B. R. Cram, Mr B. Key, Mr N. Key, Dr J. A. R. Lawson, Mrs Sally Mearns and Dr D. A. Rorie.

The committee is currently evaluating the role of the Patrons' Association with a view to expanding the membership and being even more active in fund-raising and other activities in support of the School.

Dr W. H. MacFarlane-Smith
Chairman

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 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 financially and in any other way possible. Indeed it was the 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 Meadowside 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 Meadowside 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 per individual or £100 per organisation. Life membership is also available at not less than £100 and £500 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
PO Box 16
Dundee DD1 9BP

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL TRUST APPEAL FUND

In May, 1993 Hamish Lawrie retired after 18 years as Chairman. One of the original trustees when the Trust was formed in 1971 and a member of the Trust Appeal Committee since the Fund began Hamish took over as Chairman of the Trustees in 1975. During his chairmanship he has tirelessly devoted time and effort to the Fund both chairing our trustees meetings and representing and promoting the Fund on countless occasions both within and outwith the School. He is succeeded by Maggie Stewart also a founder trustee and a past Treasurer.

In May, 1994 we were pleased to welcome Grant Lindsay a Fund Manager with the Alliance Trust and a parent of the School as a new Trustee. His professional knowledge and expertise will be an invaluable contribution to the Trust.

In 1993 the Trustees agreed to provide a specialised photo-copying machine and automated light pen for bar codes in the Library and a grand piano electronic pianos and piano stools for the Music Department at a total cost of £17,500. This year the projects we have approved are the provision of a stage lighting system and curtains for Trinity Hall to enable stage productions to be performed within the school premises and computer equipment and software for the Learning Skills Department amounting to £19,500 altogether. The Trustees welcome further contributions to the Fund and those wishing to contribute should contact any of the following — Chairman, Maggie Stewart — Tel. (0382) 738436. 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.

HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' Association have had an enjoyable and full year under the Chairmanship of Mary Forster. Constructive meetings are held on a regular basis with the Rector and the committee are, and will be, involved in the school's business plan and continue to offer as much assistance to the school as possible. Help has been given too through the Association for the Thrift Shop and the School Guides.

Members of committee served mulled wine and mincepies after the School Carol Service, but this was not as well attended as in the past. It was felt that because it is an opportunity for friends to meet and renew their acquaintance with the school, the provision will be on offer for Christmas 1994 at least. The Parents' Association will certainly serve refreshments at "Oklahoma" during the summer term.

The Careers Fair was held in March and participants and contributors, both of whom were represented in large numbers in the Girls' School, felt it was an extremely worthwhile and successful occasion.

Sweatshirts are on offer with the embroidered DHS logo and for the first time parents will be able to view them and place an order at Sports Day, on June 11. The ordering service will continue to be offered by the PA when the school clothing lists are distributed at the end of the summer term.

The Parents' Association provides a means whereby all parents can express their ideas and views to the school, can assist the school in whatever way the parents, in consultation with the Rector, consider suitable, to provide opportunities for all parents to meet socially and to nominate a member to serve on the Board of Directors of the School. The Committee welcomes any suggestions, which after discussion, can be put forward to the School. This Association belongs to the parents and your input is really needed.

Beverley Horner
Secretary

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL FORMER PUPILS' ATHLETIC UNION

Once again the past season has been a mixed month for the constituent clubs. The Rugby Club obviously had a very successful season culminating in their promotion back to Division One.

The Cricket Club had probably their most successful season ever. They made a clean sweep of Strathmore Union First Division honours winning in the League Cup and Six-a-Side Tournament and adding the Cupar Six-a-Side Tournament for good measure.

The clubs all continue to prosper but are always looking for new members and any pupils leaving the school are welcome to join the constituent clubs and/or, indeed, the Athletic Union itself.

The clubrooms at Mayfield continue to improve and the facilities are well worth a visit.

The Committee and the Union itself are in good heart and are looking forward to the forthcoming year with some excitement for all constituent clubs.

Colin T. Graham
Honorary Secretary

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' CLUB REPORT 1993/94

At the 62nd Annual General Meeting held on Monday, 7th March, 1994, the following officer-bearers were elected:

President:	Mrs Elaine Hackney
Vice-President:	Mrs Margaret Ross
Junior Vice-President:	Mrs Dorothy Christie
Secretary:	Mrs Mary McLaren, Bankhead of Kinloch, Meigle, Blairgowrie PH12 8QY.
Assistant Secretary:	Mrs Hazel Gillan
Treasurer:	Miss Margaret Stewart, 38 Dundee Road, Broughtly Ferry.
New Committee Members:	Mrs Susan Milne Mrs Alison Stevenson

I wish to present the report of the Old Girls' Club during the presidency of Dr Joan Forsyth.

June was an especially busy month for the Old Girls' Club. Our joint venture with the Old Boys' Club was a Barbecue on Saturday, 5th June at Mayfield. Walter Smith and his band provided the entertainment and a good time was had by all. Sports Day on Saturday, 12th June saw a busy tea tent once more. We are grateful to all ladies and senior pupils who assisted us and also to the Guides and their Leaders who served on the Cake and Candy Stall. A Leavers Party was held on Tuesday, 29th June in the Eastern Club, when approximately 60 leavers enjoyed wine (non-alcoholic!) and savouries provided by the ladies of the committee.

A successful Annual Dinner was held on Friday, 5th November, 1993, at the Invercarse Hotel. Dr Maureen Dale, Consultant Paediatrician at Ninewells Hospital, gave a most interesting talk entitled 'Children, the Pendulum of Healthcare'.

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 Dr Joyce Duckworth, Miss Isobel Hutchison, Miss C. Laird, Miss Margaret Larg, Miss Annie Lickley, Miss Anne Robertson and Dr Muriel Yellowlees.

The Annual Reunion will take the form of a lunch this year, to be held on Saturday, 5th November, 1994, at the Invercarse Hotel. Next year's Annual General Meeting will be held on Monday, 13th March, 1995.

The School Magazine is available to all members and can be collected from the school, or will be sent by post on receipt of one pound postage by the school.

The Old Girls are very grateful for all the help and assistance they receive from Mrs S. Patullo of the School Office, Mrs S. Adam and colleagues of the Upper Office, and also Mr W. Wood and fellow janitors.

We presently have 960 members. The Secretary would be most grateful if members would notify her of any change of name and/or address.

Mary McLaren, Secretary.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB

At the Annual General Meeting in November, 1993, Mr Andrew Smith was elected President of the Club and Mr Brian Cram was elected Vice-President.

The Club continues to foster strong ties with both the school itself and former pupils throughout the UK and indeed abroad.

This is achieved by a variety of social and sporting activities all of which are well attended and enable members to meet socially and to share memories of former years.

Dinners are held in Glasgow, London and Dundee in November and an Edinburgh Dinner is held in March each year and the recent round of Dinners enjoyed excellent speeches and enjoyable company. I would encourage former pupils and club members in these areas to attend these Dinners and to keep the numbers increasing.

Sporting trophies are competed for annually at golf, fishing and curling and once again this year proved to be highly competitive and most enjoyable.

A joint function is held with the Old Girls' Club each year and recently has taken the form of a barbecue at the Mayfield Clubhouse in June. There is also an annual golf match versus the Old Girls' Club, and the Old Boys' Club continues to hold a 100% record in this event although the margin of victory continues to narrow each year.

As you will gather from the above the Club and its membership are in good heart and the Club continues to support the school whenever possible.

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

H. L. Findlay,
Secretary,
Wm. Low & Company PLC,
PO Box 73,
Baird Avenue,
Dundee DD1 9NF.

FP CRICKET CLUB

Our endeavours last season were rewarded with a clean sweep of Strathmore Union honours — the first time this has been done by any club.

The first trophy annexed was the Shepherds Three Counties Cup, won in convincing fashion at Brechin against the holders Aberdeen Grade Select. Our fielding and bowling in this competition were the best I have witnessed in 25 years.

The Union Sixes Cup was the next in the cabinet, as we retained the trophy at Meigle. We also retained the Cupar Sixes Cup for good measure.

Despite leading the League for almost the whole season we had to wait until the very end of a fierce and nail-biting last game against Brechin to clinch the title. As this is our second title in five years, and our sixth successive top three finish, I feel we are achieving the consistency of performance we have been working for.

There is more to the Club than the first XI though. The second XI had a much improved season, finishing runners-up in the Shepherds Two Counties Cup, and a close fifth in the League. We had a good blend of experience and youth, with eight of our Under 15s team playing at least one game.

The Under 15s completed a full junior League programme, with some success, and the Under 13s played three friendlies. We even had an Under 12s team in the finals of the Scottish Kwik Cricket Summer Cup, which were held at Dalnacraig for the first time.

As you can see, we had a very busy and successful season. Nobody will be taking future success for granted though, and we will be putting more work into our junior set-up in particular this season.

And, who knows, we might even see a bit of sun this summer

Yours, sincerely,

Lindsay Ancell
Secretary

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 SCHOOL F.P. LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB 1993-94

The start of our second season running two teams saw many changes. The loss of Miffy Sim, an old stalwart of the club, and others due to injury meant that there were many places to be filled. This was successfully done with new members and returning F.P.s. However, the new teams were very 'green' and took a few matches to pull together but the season improved. As the New Year passed both teams showed their full potential by winning nearly all their second half of the season games. The greatest successes came in winning both the National League and District League Plates in April.

Once again the schoolgirls have played an invaluable part in the club. The District team had the pleasure of seeing the skills of many of them on a regular basis. The club looks forward to introducing more pupils to the rigours of Club hockey in the years to come and hopes that many of them will continue to play with us as F.P.s.

It has been a difficult season for the club, one in which, unfortunately, the National League side has had to accept relegation, not due to the standard of play but to organisational errors at the start of the season which resulted in the loss of 13 of the hard won points. We look forward to the new season and hopefully success leading us back to the higher divisions of the National League.

Finally, I would like to take this opportunity in thanking the school once again for the use of the excellent facilities at Dalnacraig and Mayfield.

S. Cannon (Hon. Secretary).

F.P. CRICKET SECTION

Last season, 1993, was the most successful season on record. They won all the Strathmore Union Honours — The Three Counties Cup, The Union's six-a-side Cup and the League Title — the first time this has been done by any club. The second XI were runners-up in The Two Counties Cup and fifth in the League. The Club also ran an Under 15 team, an Under 13 and an Under 12 team.

RUGBY F.P. PLAYING REPORT 1993/94

This is the playing report for the season 1993/94 and it was a season that started with the clear and unmistakable objective of returning the 1st fifteen back to its rightful place in Division One of the National Leagues. There were many changes made from the previous season both on and off the playing field and these stretched right throughout the club.

There was a new coaching team, a new selection committee and new captains for each side so there was a great air of expectancy of things to come at the start of the season.

After a successful pre-season event with Edinburgh Accies and Boroughmuir (who both were in St Andrews for a weekend) and a win in the only official friendly against Haddington, we arrived at the start of the League campaign with a tricky game against Kirkcaldy at Mayfield. The game was devoid, as usual against Kirkcaldy, of any decent rugby but we walked off disappointed even although we won a game we so easily and maybe should have lost. It was not until later in

the season after Kirkcaldy had won most of their games that we realised that the first game was indeed a crucial promotion game. After that win without the performance we continued in the same vein — winning but not setting the heather alight. It wasn't until we met Clarkston at Mayfield in mid-October that we really put in a total team performance and the result of 95-0 must be one of the club's highest scores in the National Leagues with some of the best rugby that this club has ever produced.

We remained unbeaten in the League up until 12th February when we met GHK in Glasgow. This as we all know was the championship decider and it was with great disappointment that we lost a game that we could and again should have won. With the big game out of the way, we knew that if we won all our remaining matches we would still achieve promotion. This we did and clinched promotion with a victory down at Ayr. Thus, the objective of the 1st XV for the season had been achieved.

Outwith the Leagues we lost a number of games but as usual we had the vast majority of the 1st XV playing for the district.

Once the Leagues were out of the way, we concentrated on trying to retain the Alloa Cup that we had won the year before. After a tricky opener, mainly due to the pitch and the weather, against Grangemouth, we encountered Edinburgh Accies in a re-run of last year's final. This was due to a stupid seedings system where we the holders were not seeded as we were not in the First Division. So we played Accies, albeit a weakened side but the first half performance in particular was one of the best all season. We finished winning 37-3, and I don't think even their strongest side would have lived with us on that form. Next up we had our old friends Kirkcaldy but this time we defeated them convincingly in the end. Next we had the semi-final against Stewarts-Melville and this game should be a strong reminder of what next season is going to be like. We had this game won, then with 15 minutes left their prop walked, we relaxed and 15 minutes later we had to rely on them missing a conversion to reach the final. It made for exciting moments but we will not get away with that next season. This game highlighted for me the emphasis we will have to put on fitness for next season because it will be vital to play for the whole 80 minutes. On to the final against Boroughmuir at Meggattland and the excitement of another final. Alas it was not to be and we were beaten by a good side on the day, but that should not take anything away from the achievement of reaching consecutive finals. If anything it keeps our treasurer happy.

There are many things throughout the season that need mentioned and I will talk later about the coaching and the physios, but for me, one in particular stood out. I would like to take this opportunity at the AGM on behalf of the players, to thank all the people who worked so hard to ensure that our League match against Wigtownshire in late February went ahead. It was vital that this match was played and it was a huge club effort that it went ahead.

The seconds this year were competing in the inter-city 2nd XV 1st Division after gaining promotion the year before. Although we knew it would be a lot harder this year, we were still very confident that the team would do well. We started very well winning the first six matches including one against Edinburgh Accies but the real test was about to come with an away fixture against Heriots who are always strong. It was when the team returned with a victory that everyone realised how good the side was and that the championship was well within our

grasp. The title was all but won with a great victory at Boroughmuir but it was only a matter of time. The time came, rather suitably, when both the 1st and 2nd travelled to Ayr and both achieved their respective objectives. With the seconds — under the guidance of the two Davids — Messrs Melville and Ogilvie — being crowned champions of the inter-city League, we have proved that we have the best 2nd XV in Scotland and that is something that this club should be rightly proud of.

With the 1st again in the Alloa Cup, the Midlands Cup was left in the very capable hands of the 2nd. We won through to the semis quite easily and were due to meet Kirkcaldy. This was made all the harder due to the 1st knocking Kirkcaldy out of the Alloa Cup the week before so they were fielding their 1st against our 2nd. In a great game at Riverside the 2nd pulled off an absolute fantastic result in beating Kirkcaldy and moving into the final where they met Dunfermline. So on the same day as the Alloa Cup final — which meant our playing resources were stretched to about 40 at the start of May — the 2nd finished the season off in style by beating Dunfermline quite easily in the final. This victory merely underlined that this club is by a long way the best in the north and midlands.

So on to the 2As and under the guidance and I use that term loosely, of Kenny Gray the 2As set about winning the Midlands reserve League. With only a slight hiccup against Harris when we had only 12 players on the park and some stern competition from Aberdeen, the 2As achieved what they set out to do and won the Midlands reserve League. For me, one of the most pleasing aspects of the season with regard to the 2As was the team spirit and sense of identity that was clear to everyone and this was probably due to their tour to Ireland. Congratulations are due to Kenny and everyone who was involved with the 2As.

Finally the 4th and this was the only area that the club as a whole did not do very well. We did not regularly put out a 4th XV for a number of reasons, the main one being call-offs to teams above. The selection committee should have recognised the problem earlier but we didn't. Hopefully next year we will have sorted this problem out.

Once again the club participated in a number of sevens competitions with a varying degree of success. We won the tournaments at Morgan, Strathmore and Kirkcaldy with the huge satisfaction of beating the hosts in the final.

This season the club started a women's team and although there were many players completely new to the game they had a very successful first season. The ladies won approximately half their games but more importantly they established ladies rugby within the club and converted a number of doubtful older members to the concept. With the publicity and success of the women's World Championships in Scotland this year the foundation for the future of this section of the club appears very solid.

Congratulations are due to the many players who reached representative honours. For North and Midlands senior team we had representing them Johnny Manson, Budgie Carnie, Danny Ilerrington, Stewart Campbell, Marty Waite, Johnny Newton, Paul Rouse, Mike Cousin, Rory McFarlane and myself. Further mention to Danny and Stewart for great displays for Scotland 'A' and we hope that Big Stewart is doing well in Argentina at the moment. Also to Johnny Manson for wearing the yellow shirt of the development squad so well.

Congratulations also to Colin Allen, Gerry Tosh, Alan Featherstone, Rory McFarlane and John Macdonald for playing for the district at age group level. Special mention to Colin for playing for Scotland Under-21 and for playing so well as to just miss out on the senior tour to Argentina.

It has been a hugely successful season for the club and one that really sets us up for the huge challenge facing us all next year. We look forward to receiving everyone's support next season.

ANDY NICOL



**DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS 1950 - 1963
REUNION OCTOBER 1993**

Back Row L to R : Charles Mills, Ron Goodfellow, Torquil Burns, Archie Gray, Ian Moncur, Neil Key, Peter Mills, Brian Cathcart, Graeme Matheson-Bruce, John McKean, Christopher Gillan, William Nicoll.

Second Back Row; Katherine (Hynd) Goodfellow, Valerie (Hendry) Grundy, Marion Cathro, Kathleen (Duncan) Revill, Celia (Paterson) Wilkie, Mary (Smith) Lamont, Ann (Jaskulska) Downie, Jackie (Kyle) Souter, Marjory (Smith) Clunie, Sandra (Smith) Will, Valerie (Corteen) Baker, Joan (Sutherland) McAllister, Frances (Ross) Dolan, Jean (Whyte) McAree, Wilma (Clark) Johnston.

Second Front Row: Mary (Hogg) Stirling, Elma (Stuart) Macdonald, Sheila (MacKenzie) Mann, Jeannette (Norrie) Towers, Margaret (Thomson) Ross, Ann Rothwell, Pam (Rollo) Paterson, Sheila (Buchan) McLean, Maggie (Smith) Pringle, Alison (Banks) Hofmann, Janet (Booth) Carmichael, Dorothy (Borrie) Christie.

Front Row: Lindsay Tosh, David Paterson, Neil Rorie, Finlay Macdonald, George Lyon, Ray Wilkie, Mike Duckworth.



THE MEMORIES OF A CENTENARIAN

Just after the Easter holidays our attention was drawn by a friend of the school to the fact that one of our former pupils now residing in Edinburgh was about to celebrate his hundredth birthday on Sunday, 24th April. As I was to be in Edinburgh on the Saturday, I thought I would call on Mr George McKinnes and present him with a card from the school and offer him our warm good wishes on this special occasion.

When I arrived in the morning at his residence, I found Mr McKinnes accompanied by his daughter and son-in-law, both members of the teaching profession now retired, and surrounded by dozens of birthday cards. Mr McKinnes, although now frail in body, was sharp in mind and well disposed to have a chat with the stream of callers arriving all morning to bring him expressions of good wishes.

Mr McKinnes was delighted to receive our card, which contained on the outside a colour photograph of the gates and pillars of the School. The sight of it obviously brought back memories of his youth and of a by-gone age. Incidentally, he took great pride in showing me three special cards which had arrived. All bore the same distinctive cover, but were differentiated inside by a colour photograph and the signature. The most impressive was signed "Elizabeth Regina"; the next "Lord Provost Norman Irons"; and the third intriguingly came from Peter Lilley, Secretary of State for Social Services.

The School card evoked many memories and Mr McKinnes revelled in sharing them with me. He had come to Dundee High School in 1906 having been advised by his Primary School Headmaster, a Mr Malloch, to accept a bursary to join the school. (At that time I believe bursaries were offered by the Dundee Educational Trust. Although the Trust is still in existence, during the past two decades it has phased out its financial support of pupils attending the school and targeted it elsewhere).

One of his most enduring memories as a twelve-year-old boy entering the main building through the pillars was of a long, broad corridor, which seemed to be "a mile long". At one end of it was the Rector's room, and "that was where you were punished" affirmed Mr McKinnes. In 1906, the Rector was Mr John MacLennan, who took up the post in 1903. His portrait,

which hangs in the Boardroom, shows him to be a striking figure of a man sporting a drooping moustache so fashionable at the time. He rejoiced in the nick-name of Moses for some reason, and it is maintained of him that "when he belted a pupil, that pupil stayed belted for the rest of his life". Whether or not this is a posthumous exaggeration is unknown. Anyway, Mr McKinnes enquired as to whether the "mile-long" corridor still existed, and I had to reply that many changes had taken place in the building in the course of the years. He remained silent as to whether he was ever punished, but I hastily reassured him that as a consequence of the Parent's Charter the senior staff of the school were all now "user-friendly".

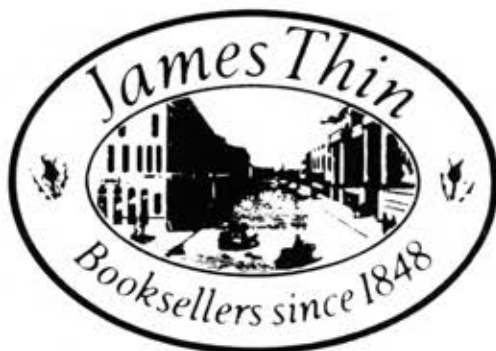
In the period before the First World War it was the custom for modern languages to be taught by foreign nationals. Mr McKinnes explained that in his first year pupils studied no fewer than three languages — Latin, French and German. The preference of the pupils seemed to be for German, which was taught by a teacher with a sense of fun, and so he claimed 'Mein Herr' was more popular than 'Monsieur'. Incidentally, in the annals of the school it is recorded that the Frenchman teaching his native language to the pupils in the Napoleonic era was suspected of being a French spy. What the connection was between his activities in Dundee High School and the outcome of the Battle of Waterloo remains tenuous, as we did not even have a Cadet Contingent at that time. But that's another story.

Mr McKinnes's family left Dundee and moved to Edinburgh in the 1920s. He himself went on to become an engineer, and he was keen to ask me if I knew the origin of the expression "to make a botch of something". It comes, of course, from the disaster of the first Tay Rail Bridge, whose unfortunate engineer was named Thomas Bouch.

As other visitors were arriving our lively conversation had to be brought to a close. It was a privilege and pleasure to talk with a pupil who had attended school at the beginning of the century — a century which has seen so many changes in education. The visit also brought to life a previous chapter in the rich history of the school.

It was a great pity that lack of time prevented us from exploring the possibility of a Year Group Reunion.

P.S. — We are sad to record that Mr McKinnes passed away a fortnight after his 100th Birthday.



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HAIRDRESSING PLUS

HOUSE REPORTS

INTER-HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

The Inter-house Championship this year was closely fought right to the end. Although Wallace were eventually victorious they fought for first place most of the year with Airlie. As Airlie faded in the Summer term, Aystree came up but were not strong enough to prevent Wallace from winning their 14th Championship.

Thanks must go as always to the PE Staff for all their hard efforts, to the House Staff for their support and to a particularly strong set of House Captains and Vice-Captains.

The final result for 1993-94 was: 1, Wallace 1427 points; 2, Aystree, 1375 points; 3, Lindores, 1291 points; 4, Airlie, 1263 points.

AIRLIE HOUSE REPORT

For the last two years, Airlie has slumped to fourth place in the Inter-House Championship and this year we were determined to improve on this. Leading the points at the end of the first and second terms our hopes rose dramatically of achieving a place other than fourth, but all too quickly we were overtaken and yet again it became apparent our destiny was fourth place.

As usual the year started with the field activities (hockey and rugby) and we seemed to get off to a slow start with only the senior rugby boys helping to keep our heads up! Moving back indoors it was the netball teams that were battling for Airlie, where the primary netball set an example for all Airlie members to follow by winning early in the session.

Unfortunately this success was short-lived and Airlie's teams seemed to stray down other paths with a torrent of third and fourth places in shooting, debating, public speaking and a F1 and F2 Inter-House Quiz.

By March our hopes were fading and Airlie was losing faith, but with the Swimming Gala just around the corner we were not a completely lost cause. Airlie carried on a tradition of past years and with George Lewis winning the junior school boys' championship and Richard and Kirsty Hope winning the senior championships, Airlie stormed ahead in the gala, breaking records as we went. A special mention should be made of the Senior School Girl's relay team of Kirsty Hope, Jenni Thomson, Alison Watson and Ferelith Robb who broke the relay record by an amazing 20 seconds!!

After the Easter break, Airlie's children in Forms 1 - 3 came bounding onto the athletics track, striding ahead of the others to take victory in the Inter-House Athletics Competition.

From there on the problems started and slowly but surely Airlie's attempt to capture the Inter-house Championship died off and we fell to another run of third and fourth places in house tennis (boys and girls), cricket and Sports Day. Although the intermediate

Champions were Alison Watson and Danny Key (both of Airlie), we were pipped at the post and Airlie's hopes of finishing first crashed and burned even without the inclusion of the few academic points we seemed to earn.

As once said before it seems that Airlie's children should spend more time studying, and less partying. With this in mind, Airlie might stand in better stead in future years.

Anyway, a big thank you to everyone for their efforts, as well as Claudine Coleiro, Christopher Reid, Miss Cannon and Mr Richterich for their enthusiasm and support throughout the year.

Richard Hope
Claire Bowers
House Captains

AYSTREE HOUSE REPORT

Throughout the year Aystree had many ups and downs but overall we put up a very good fight and eventually came second with only 52 points between us and the winners.

Unfortunately both the senior hockey and rugby proved to be down points but to make up for us the juniors generally did very well with the girls intermediate hockey team coming first and the first year side taking second place. The junior rugby sides played well but did not manage to win overall. The primary netball team played very well coming second but alas the senior team were not quite up to the same standard.

Moving away from the sporting events, the debating team consisting of Ruth Elisha, Neil Stevenson and Aaron King were just pipped at the post managing to talk their way to a convincing second place as did the public speaking duo of Annabel Stoneley and David Paton. Again the shooting team proved to be on form as we picked up second place and John Gray scored very highly and as a result won the shooting cup.

Then came the Swimming Gala where Aystree usually do very well, and this year showed to be no exception. In the Junior Gala both relays took first place and combined with all the other points gained, Aystree came out top. We knew that we had fierce competition in the senior section from Airlie but still gave them a run for their money and overall we were placed second with only a three point difference between us and the winners. Michael Lawson swam very well and as a result won the Junior Boys' Championship.

As far as the overall points were concerned at this point it was very close between the three leaders with only the summer term to go. This worried us slightly as this meant how we performed on Sports Day would determine our placing. Having come second in the Inter-House Athletics Competition the week before we had new found hope. Sports Day went very well for Aystree with us winning no less than three of the six relays and

thankfully we broke the tradition of coming last and in fact came a commendable second place.

Coming second in both the boys and girls senior tennis we gained some more points as did Joanne Irons and Matthew Milroy who won the Junior Tennis cups and yet again Neil Forsyth made it to the final of the senior competition. Unfortunately the cricket did not fair so well and the less said the better!

Academically Aystree came out on top in the prep, junior and senior departments and so with all the points added together we came second overall. Thanks go to all the people who participated in events this year and brought valuable points to Aystree. Also thanks to Mr Baxter, Mrs Madden and our Vice-Captains, Mike Toft and Vanessa Van der Schraaf for their continued support and help throughout the year. Good luck next year.

Scott Abel
Caroline Merry
House Captains

LINDORES HOUSE REPORT 1993-94

After what can only be described as a disappointing year, with a few notable successes, Lindores finished third; a result that did not do justice to the considerable effort put in by many people.

The season started badly with a narrow defeat (losing on goal difference of one), in the Girls' Senior Hockey and a number of injuries prevented Lindores' Senior Rugby Team from showing their full potential. Things deteriorated thereafter with only the occasional win, well-deserved by the Junior Netball and Shooting teams. And despite the valiant efforts of all the public speakers and debaters (especially Marcus Pitcaithly) few points were won until the Galas, where we were pleasantly surprised to come second in the Junior Swimming Gala (swimming never having been Lindores' strong point!) But with the seniors lagging behind in third place, we only managed third place overall in the Galas. Consolation was derived from the fact that it was Wallace who were behind us by 42 points.

At the end of the Easter term, things were not looking great, with Lindores languishing in last position with 684 points, 104 off the leaders. However, we were quietly confident that the House would carry on its usual trait of giving strong performances in the summer events. This worked out to some extent with clear wins in the girls' senior tennis and senior cricket but the F1-F3 Athletics contest and Sports Day resulted in an end to our short-lived "winning" streak! However, there were several good individual performances with Graham Hulcheson (F6) jointly winning the Senior Athletics Championship, David Grewar (F1) and Jonathan Horner (F2) both first equal in the Junior Championship and Alison Donald (F5) was second in the girls' senior section — but we're confident she'll capture the trophy next year! The senior girls and under-14 boys won their relays perhaps as a result of all the fine coaching they had — "Pain equals speed!" This scientific fact contributed to a superb run from the girls with the slickest changeovers seen in a long time! After all this, it was a shame that we only achieved third place on Sports Day (with 127 points) after last year's comfortable victory.

Luci Maclaren (F6) succeeded in carrying away the girls' tennis trophy for the fourth year running, a considerable achievement for our Vice-Captain.

With academic points being few and far between, Lindores ended up with a total of 1291 points, pushing

us into third place. But hopefully Lindores will prove as unpredictable as ever next year and reverse the positions again, recapturing old form. The enthusiasm from all age groups was much appreciated throughout the year!

Finally thanks must go to the many members of staff who put in so much time and effort in organising events and of course to our dedicated House Master and House Mistress, Mr Durrheim and Mrs McDonald, who were unstinting in their support through thick and thin! And our reliable Vice-Captains, Luci Maclaren and Douglas Bett who rarely let us down!

A special mention must be made of Lindores' 'Family of the Year' — the Robertson quartet, one of whom was bound to be found in every primary and senior team — such devotion! Susie and Paul — all the best for next year — we'll expect greater things of Lindores in 1995!

Ann Grewar
Ian Hope
House Captains

WALLACE HOUSE REPORT 1994

This year Wallace were looking to improve on last year's third place. The year started well with the boys winning all the rugby disciplines, save a second place in the senior category. The girls complemented these results by winning both junior and senior hockey and achieved a commendable second place in the intermediate sections. The boys also showed their worth on the hockey field claiming victory. This was followed by the netball teams where the seniors performed well obtaining a strong first place, the junior and primary sections making a worthy contribution.

On an academic level Wallace were already showing their superiority with first place in the senior debating with Suparna Guha collecting the award for best debater on the way. The juniors were matching the seniors' efforts by winning the junior public speaking and junior quiz.

The Gala brought a change of torture, with a traditionally poor performance catapulting us down into second place behind Airie.

The shooting was next with valiant efforts despite the odds giving us a third place. The tennis saw a return to form with an absolute whitewashing by the senior boys and junior girls teams. This was followed by the excellent inter-house athletics for forms 1-3 which saw Wallace in third place at the end of the day despite valiant efforts.

Sports Day was a triumph for Wallace as we obtained the senior boys' and girls' championships through the efforts of Jamie Parratt and Claire MacDonald who won by a great amount. Wallace also gained the junior championships due to excellent performances by Leonna Nixon, Beverley Harper and Gareth Evans.

It was a fitting end to the year that Wallace should do so well in the annual prize-giving picking up our fair share of prizes.

Thanks to all the PE staff, Mr N. Stewart and Mrs Martin, House officials and the pupils for their never-ending enthusiasm and determination. Special thanks to Johnny Petrie and Claire MacDonald who gave us support and help throughout the year. Well done!

Douglas Lawson
Charlotte Ogilvie
House Captains

SPORT

SKI TEAM REPORT

For this year's Scottish School Ski Championships, the school entered four teams, two in the Minors category and two in the Senior races.

The Senior Boys followed up their success of last year by winning the Scottish Schools' Championship held at Glenshee. This meant they qualified for the British Schools, held at Aonach Mhor, and although they went as favourites, they were pipped by George Watsons into second place.

The team for the Scottish consisted of Paul Traynor, Mike Berkeley, Colin Ingles and David Dalrymple. All four finished in the top 40, with Paul and Mike coming 10th and 2nd respectively.

The British Championships saw a different team, as Chris Reid and Dougie Lawson filled in for Colin and David. Although both were impressive in style and performance the lack of catsuits slowed their times. The real credit must go to Michael Berkeley, who was third overall in the individual times — an outstanding achievement by any standards. This helped to ensure the team went home with four silver medals and a well earned picture in the Evening Tele!

The Senior Girls' team who unlike the boys had only one skier remaining from last year, fielded an unexperienced racing team, but never-the-less gave an impressive and spirited performance in the Scottish Schools and were placed a respectable 12th out of 27 schools. All skiers proved their worth despite conditions and again lack of catsuits.

The team members were Vicky Russell (F4), Susie Morris (F5), Rachel Meikle and Julie Grewar (F6). A mention must go to Vicky, who with an extremely unappealing start number of 92 did better than any of us being the best placed member of our team. Special thanks also to our gatekeeper Ann Grewar who froze at the top while we sat drinking hot chocolate in the cafe.

The Minors' teams also skied to a high standard showing the school has some up and coming young stars for the future. The boys' team of Duncan Murray and Alan Gledhill from (F2), and Michael Dalrymple and Jonathan Russel from (F1), came an excellent 4th with Duncan Murray winning a silver medal in the individuals.

The Girls' team of Lucy Reid (F3), Fiona McLaren, Dawn Brass and Hazel Rae (F2), were not as race experienced as the boys but each skier showed determination and the team gained 13th place overall. 22 schools took part in the Minors' Races, both held at Glenshee.

Major appreciation must go to the teachers who organised us — Mrs Fletcher, Mr Nicol and Mr Rouse without whom we not only wouldn't have got to Glenshee/Aonach Mhor but probably wouldn't have been at the starting gates at the right time, with the right bibs on.

Thanks and well done to everyone and tons of luck for next year's team, (Let's have a girls' victory!!)

DOUGIE LAWSON
JULIE GREWAR
Captains

CURLING TEAM REPORT

The School once again had a full and enjoyable curling season.

The team, drawn from Mark Fletcher, Sarah Kirk, Neil Smith, Grant Peterkin, Jenny Caldwell and Andrew Kirk, played in the Perth and Kinross Schools' League, missing qualifying for the final by a single point. We put aside the disappointment of this, however, and went to the finals of the Bank of Scotland Scottish Schools' Curling Championships in Aberdeen with everything to play for. Fortunes in the competition were as ever, mixed, but the team enjoyed the experience, despite the visible onset of fatigue by the last game.

The School was also invited to take part in the Gogar Park Schools Invitation competition, hosted by Gogar Park Curling Club. The team, comprising Mark Fletcher, Sarah Kirk, Jenny Caldwell and Andrew Kirk, had an enjoyable time, and we all found it a worthwhile experience despite losing all three games.

Thanks are due to Dr Andrews for all her organisation and support, and to our parents for helping with transport and supporting us throughout the season.

Mark Fletcher F5
(Skip)

NETBALL REPORT

This season has been very mixed for the 1st VII. Losing the first match of the season against Strathallan seemed to knock the confidence out of us, as we went on to lose against Kilgraston and Fettes. We did however, redeem ourselves by winning a very competitive match against Gordonstoun. Our winning streak continued as we reached the finals of the Dundee Schools' Tournament but unfortunately like last year we finished in second place. However the run ended there as we did not get through our section in the Independent Schools' Tournament.

The Junior teams had an excellent season with 1st Year finishing second in their League and the 2nd/3rd Year team winning the Junior League.

We would like to thank Mrs Hutchison for her patience and support; Mrs Boyle for her constant help and encouragement; and Mrs Spowart for her help with the Juniors.

Shona Patterson
(Captain)

HOCKEY REPORT

Officials — Captain: Claire MacDonald; Vice-Captain: Julie Grewar; Secretary: Luci MacLaren; Treasurer: Caroline Merry.

With expectations high after last year's amazing season 1993/94 proved to be yet another successful year for girls hockey.

With more than half of last year's team remaining, a new 1st XI was put forward with a new formation of only three forwards. This proved to be a valuable move, especially on all weather surfaces, where more and more of our games are being played.

The season started off very well when we went on to convincingly beat — Monifieth, Mary Erskine, Gordonstoun and Bell Baxter. The best of these matches was against Gordonstoun when the whole team played a storm winning by a well-deserved 4-1. (We even had unheard of support from the boys!).

Our form also showed indoors when we beat Rannoch 3-2 in the Midlands Indoor Final which we had never won before. This also meant we represented our district in the Scottish Indoor Tournament held in Perth. Having played good, steady hockey we went through our section in first place, only to be beaten by the central winners, Glasgow High, in the semi-finals.

However, our season was not set to run trouble free and we saw ourselves faced with two huge obstacles. The first of these was the weather. Unfortunately the weather decided to turn from bad to worse and 12 of our fixtures were cancelled in a row which meant that our team was out of action for almost three months. However, this was no excuse when we were faced with our second obstacle — Monifieth. Obviously it just wasn't meant to be and we were beaten by them (3-4) in the Midlands Cup semi-final at Riverside. Not only did this rule out the chance of defending the Midlands Cup but it also put our main aim out of reach — the Scottish Schools' Tournament where we were last year's finalists.

However, this did by no means ruin our whole season and we ended up retaining that "elusive" undefeated season in all fixture matches.

We also did well in both sevens' tournaments reaching the semi-finals in the George Watsons Tournament where we were beaten by the eventual winner.

As usual the school produced many District players. Laura Webster, Fiona McDonald, Amy Nicol and Natasha Reid played for U16 Midlands with Nat gaining a Scottish trial and Claire McDonald, Sarah-Jane Stirling, Susie Morris and Luci MacLaren played for U18 Midlands. Claire and Sarah both got picked for a Scottish trial with Claire going on to play for her country in the Scottish U18 European tournament — congratulations. Also Claire, Julie, Sarah and Amy played for the Midlands U18 indoor team which went on to win the Scottish tournament. The team was also captained by Jules — nice one!

Congratulations must also go to the 2nd and 3rd XI who also had brilliant seasons and to Charlotte Ogilvie and Lindsay Taylor who captained these teams (and move on seconds).

Thanks must go to the P.E. staff, especially Miss Meiklem and Miss Ogilvie for all their coaching, fitness and encouragement throughout the season: the ? and to Claire and Jules.

Luci MacLaren.

RUGBY REPORT 1993-94

After probably the worst season of 1st XV rugby ever, we had a point to prove. Hopes were high, but a narrow defeat by St Aloysius in our second game lowered morale. Dollar away from home seemed a daunting task, however, some great rugby saw 36 points notched up against their three. Defeats followed from Merchiston Castle and Edinburgh Academy, and although we saw off Fettes, Berwickshire and Kelvinside, we fell to Gordonstoun before finishing the season with a none too convincing win against Perth.

January saw the start of the season again and an emphatic win against Glasgow High School 54-3. After comfortable wins against Harris, Perth and Robert Gordons, a depleted side was outplayed by Stewarts Melville. Our final game saw us take on St Michaels School from Canada. After a somewhat shaky start, we put in one of our best performances against a very physical team, finishing comfortable victors.

Midlands representatives at Under 18 level included Ian Hope (who continued his captaincy), Doug Bett, Mike Toft, Mark Larnyoh and Alastair Thompson, whilst Andrew Fleetwood was in the Under 15 team. Both Ian Hope and Doug Bett were capped for their country at Under 18 level.

The 2nd XV had one of the most successful seasons ever, losing only one game. All other XVs, especially the 1st years, had satisfactory seasons. Good luck to all teams next season.

I would like to thank Mr Hutchison for all the coaching and support this season. Also special thanks to Paul Rouse and Mr Spowart, but I suppose we were not exactly a superb sevens team. Thanks again.

Scott Abel (Secretary).

BOYS' HOCKEY REPORT 93-94

All the hockey teams this year consisted of a majority of new players with only three 1st XI players remaining, because of this fact we knew the first few games would be difficult.

After a while the new blood in the teams seemed to be maturing with great hope for the future being seen in two fourth years — Roddy Burns from the 1st XI and Blair Morrison from the 2nd XI.

In the 1st XI matches the High School team had the majority of the play but, with only a couple of players able to score a lot of chances were thrown away. A number of goals were conceded this season because we had a very inexperienced 'keeper, if it were not for our strong defence the goals against would have been a lot greater.

We had great fun this year and I hope next year's teams have as much fun and good hockey as we have but have a bit more luck than our inconsistent teams.

Finally, I'd like to thank Mr Nicol for his valiant efforts to boost team morale and also a big thanks to the Armthage Brothers for umpiring for us throughout the season.

1st XI					
P	W	D	L	F	A
21	8	5	8	38	51

Chris Vardy (Captain).

TENNIS REPORT 1994

Officials: Captain — Luci Maclaren.

Vice-Captain — Julie Grewar.

With four players remaining from last year's 1st VI the season ahead looked promising. This was promptly backed up by wins over St Georges, Morrisons, Dollar and Kilgraston.

The 2nd VI also did extremely well only losing one match. A 3rd VI was also put forward and although they lost against St Margaret's everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves (plus the idea of getting a sun tan!)

The school also entered the Scottish Schools Tennis Tournament. A team of four was put forward (Elizabeth, Caroline, Julie and myself) and after three tough matches we were set to play our old rivals — Machar. This team was captained by the Scottish Under-16 champion, Nicola Payne and unfortunately proved to be just too strong and were just beaten 7-6 in sets.

Also for the first time the school participated in a mixed doubles tournament against St Leonards and Merchiston. The 1st VI won and the 2nd VI were narrowly beaten. This also proved to be a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon and has now been made an annual event.




Luci Maclaren collected the girls' senior tennis championship for the fourth time after a very tough three set final against Elizabeth Wood.

On the whole the season was a great success for all teams but especially for the 1st VI who gained an undefeated season. However, this would in no way have been possible without Mrs Spowart's brilliant coaching and time — thanks so much! Thanks must also go to Julie and also to Caz who amused us all with her unique serving style!

Good luck next year. Have a good one!

Luci Maclaren.

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**SCOTTISH SCHOOLS
NATIONAL SKI
CHAMPIONSHIP
SHIELD WINNERS
1994**

Colin Inglis,
Chris Reid,
Douglas Lawson
Paul Trayner,
Michael Berkeley

(Courtesy of D.C. Thomson Ltd.)



**GIRLS
MINORS
TEAM**



**BOYS
MINORS
TEAM**

TEAM PHOTOS

TENNIS 1ST. V1

BACK ROW (from left) Mrs P. Spowart, Elizabeth Wood, Ann Grewar, Alison Donald
FRONT ROW (from left) Julie Grewar, Luci Maclaren, Caroline Merry



TENNIS 2nd. V1

BACK ROW (from left) Mrs. P. Spowart, Kirsty Hope, Katie McGhee, Niki Stirling, Fiona MacDonald
FRONT ROW (from left) Sally Meikle, Martel Maxwell, Jenna Keir, Alison Foster.



1st. X1 CRICKET

BACK ROW (from left) Alan Reoch, Greg Butchart, Colin Inglis, Robin Morgan, Chris McConnachie, Peter Maclaren, Paul Trayner, Stephen Cooksley
 FRONT ROW (from left) Gavin Reoch, Niall Smith, Ian Hope, Michael King, Stuart McGhee. (Capt)



1st. X1 BOYS HOCKEY

BACK ROW (from Left) Alasdair Foster, Douglas Humphris, John Gray, Jonathan Adamson, Richard Woodcock, David Gardner, Roddy Burns
 FRONT ROW (from left) Stuart Stirling, Simon Thomson, Chris Vardy (Capt), Niall Smith, Daniel Dawson.



2nd. X1 BOYS HOCKEY

BACK ROW (from left) Stuart Beattie, Chris Lockett, Jonathan Chan, Alastair Willis, Lawrence Sum, Steven McGill
 FRONT ROW (from left) Alasdair Foster, Elliot Gowans, Aaron King, Maloy Das, Andrew Livingstone (Capt)



NETBALL

BACK ROW (from left) Mrs. J A Hutchison, Kirsty Caithness, Allison Brodie, Heather Shepherd, Nicole Ferguson, Catriona Robson.
 FRONT ROW (from left) Rachel Bruce, Fiona McKay, Shona Patterson, Vanessa Van Der Schraft.



2nd. XV RUGBY

BACK ROW (from left) Nicholas Erdal, Jamie Parratt, Chris Reid, Peter Grewar, Barnaby Morison, David Rone
 MIDDLE ROW (from left) Mr. I.E.R. Wilson, Gavin Reoch, Gordon Boyle, John Parr, Chris Orr, Simon Gow
 FRONT ROW (from left) Stuart Biltcliffe, Alister Greive, Stuart McGhee, Fraser Green (Capt.), Guy Gracie (Vice Capt.), Craig Stephen, Robin O'Neil



1st. XV RUGBY

BACK ROW (from left) Mr. A.H. Hutchison, James Davie, Gareth Williams, Chris Reid, Alastair Thomson, Doug Lawson, Colin Inglis, Robin Morgan, Steven Keatch,
 FRONT ROW (from left) Andrew Bell, Chris Reid, Scott Abel, Ian Hope (Capt.), Douglas Bett (Vice Capt.), Mike Toft, Jonathan Petrie.



2nd. X1 CRICKET

BACK ROW (from left) Alasdair Foster, Douglas Humphris, John Gray, Jonathan Adamson, Richard Woodcock, David Gardner, Roddy Burns.
 FRONT ROW (from left) Stuart Stirling, Simon Thomson, Chris Vardy, Niall Smith, Daniel Dawson. (Capt.)



GIRLS HOCKEY 1st.X1

BACK ROW (from left) Natasha Reid, Jenna Keir, Sarah - Jane Stirling, Susie Morris, AnnGrewar, Alison Donald, Ferelith Robb.
 FRONT ROW (from left) Amy Nicol, Julie Grewar, Claire Macdonald, Luci Maclaren, Caroline Merry.



GIRLS HOCKEY 2nd. X1

BACK ROW (from left) Linda Robertson, Laura Webster, Julia Ewart, Claire Anderson, Shelley Gordon, Katie McGhee, Allison Brodie, Elizabeth Wood.
 FRONT ROW (from Left) Lesley McDonald, Helen Hope, Charlotte Ogilvie (Capt.) Rachel Meikle, Niki Munro.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

My daddy is a chemist.
My mummy is a chemist.
My grandad is a chemist
too. Three chemists!

Lucy Richardson, L1L

When I am older I am
going to be a nurse.
I will make beds and
smile. The people
will get well.

Morag Miskell, L1L

I want to be a gardener.
I would dig and sow and
plant. It would be
lovely. I will do it
one day.

Lewis McNicoll, L1L

I am going to be a
geologist. I will
find stones. I
will dig for rocks
and discover things

Ailsa Murray, L1L

Michael is three years.
He is my only little
brother. He plays at
hide and seek with me.

Natalie Kerr, L1L

When I grow up I will
be a great footballer.
Perhaps I can play for
Dundee. I can maybe
score a goal or two.

Grant Robertson, L1L

My dog is Floyd.
He is a huge Saint
Bernard. He eats
chickens. He likes
only water.

Alan Winter, L1L

I live in a lovely house.
It is not in Dundee.
My home is in the country.

Lauren McConville, L1L

My granny lives far away
in Ireland. We go on a
boat to see her. I love
my granny very much.

Emily Pringle, L1L

I have a sister.
She is Jenny.
She is in L3C.
I am in L1L.
I can read and
write and sing
and draw

Judith Kilgallon, L1L

PLANTING SEEDS

On Monday we planted
seeds. First we got
a tub, put earth in
it and got some seeds.
The seeds were apples and
oranges and then
I watered them.

Lucy Barton, L1M

PLANTING SEEDS

On Monday I planted
orange seeds.
Mrs. Mooney put soil
in the tub.
I pushed the seeds
under the soil.

Annum Waheed, L1M

MY PUPPIES

I am going to get puppies.
I am going to love my
puppies.

John Dick, L1M

EASTER TIME

I like Easter Time
because I like Easter
eggs. I like rolling
eggs down the hill.

David Laird, L1M

MY DOGS

I always play with my
dogs. Sometimes I give
my dogs their food. My
dogs play with me.

Carina Ip, L1M

MY GRANNY'S HORSES

I love riding my Granny's horses.
They are nice horses. There are
two brown horses and one white
horse and two donkeys. Pepper is
a friendly donkey. I can ride
Pepper

Emily Clark, L1M

AT SCHOOL

At school my favourite
thing is gym. I like
it because it is fun.
I like it when we play
catching games.

Mairi Cunningham, L1M

MY HOUSE

I like my house because it is
big and it has three gardens
and the back garden is lovely.

Emily Boyd, L1M

MY HOUSE

I love Smudge and mummy
and daddy and Alasdair.
I have a baby rabbit in
our garden and it is
very soft

Lucy Gilmour, L1M

MY DOG

I always take my dog
out for a walk. He
is a good dog.
I like my dog his
name is Mac.

Jenna Bradley, L1M

WHERE I LIVE

Near where I live is a
field. We play in the
den but there lots
of stinging nettles.
I got stinging nettles
on me and bits of
scratches

Graham Beat, L1M

SOUNDS

Listen to the thunder
rumble rumble.
Listen to the dog
woof woof.
Listen to the drum
boom boom.
Listen to the telephone
dring dring.

David Arbuckle, L2W.

MY PET

I have a turtle, I call it
Raphael. It has a little
red bit on his neck.
I give it turtle food.
I feed it four times a day.
It likes to swim and eat.

Keith Ip, L2W.

SOUNDS

Listen to the puppies woofing.
Listen to the wolves howling.
Listen to the sheep baaing.
Listen to the lions roaring.
Listen to the children screaming.

Joanna Gray, L2W.

MY PETS

I have two terrapins of my
own. I call them Tonya and
Theresa. They live with a
fish called Dotty. They are
green and they have a shell.
They can put their heads right
into their shell.

India Fraser, L2W.

MY GRANDAD

My grandad has a dog.
His name is Henry and
he is a good dog.
Grandad takes me and
Tom for walks with
Henry.
Grandad is magic with
money. He puts it down
his shirt and it comes
out different.

Natasha French, L2W.

MY DADDY

My daddy has blue eyes and
fair hair. My daddy plays
football with me. My daddy
plays snooker with me. My
daddy is very tall. My daddy
plays brio with me. My daddy
helps me to do my one hundred
piece jigsaw. My daddy is a
minister.

Douglas Horne, L2W.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I am
going to be a bank
manager. I will look
after people's money
and I will work all
day and then I will
go home.

Scott Toshney, L2M.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I am
going to be a Barrister
and I will put very bad
people in jail and I
will like being a
Barrister.

Polak Islam, L2M.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I will
be a karate man and
teach people how to do
a hip throw and teach
them how to do a
Karate chop.

Barry Khan, L2M.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I would like
to be an oilrigman. I will
fix pipes and I will have
lots of men and it will be
in America and I will have
a bed and a room of my own.
I will have a diving suit.
It will be fun.

John Sneddon, L2M.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I want to
be a doctor. When I have
ill people I will fix them
straight away.

Robert Small, L2M.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I will
be a Rector.

Alec Brownie, L2M.

THE NEW ANORAK

Once I got a new anorak
called a Puffa. It is
Red, Navy, Blue and Green.
It came through the post
when I wasn't feeling well.
Mummy ordered it. It is
the cosiest anorak I have.
I like it very much.

Kirsty Lowe, L2M.

MY MUMMY

My mummy works for Scottish
Enterprise. My mummy has to
go to a lot of meetings.
My mummy helps me with my
homework. My mummy lets me
go to my friends to play.
Sometimes she takes me to stay
with my friends.

Steven Burke, L2W.

THE SWIMMING GALA

We got our blazers on and
then we walked round the
playground where the bus
was. When we were at the
university swimming pool
the girls went in the girls
changing room. When we were
changed we went through to
the pool. The lady called my
name and I came to the edge
of the pool.
I swam my fastest and I was
second.

Julia Bruce, L2W.

THE SWIMMING GALA

I went to the swimming gala
on Monday. I went on the
bus with other children. I
brought my towel my brush
and my costume with me. I
went through the showers, and
then I came to the pool and
then a man blew a whistle and
we started to swim.

Lucy Boyd, L2W.

MY FAVOURITE TIME OF YEAR

I like Spring because I
see new leaves growing on
the trees and pretty flowers
that smell nice.

Rukshana Malfick, L2M.

COOL RUNNINGS

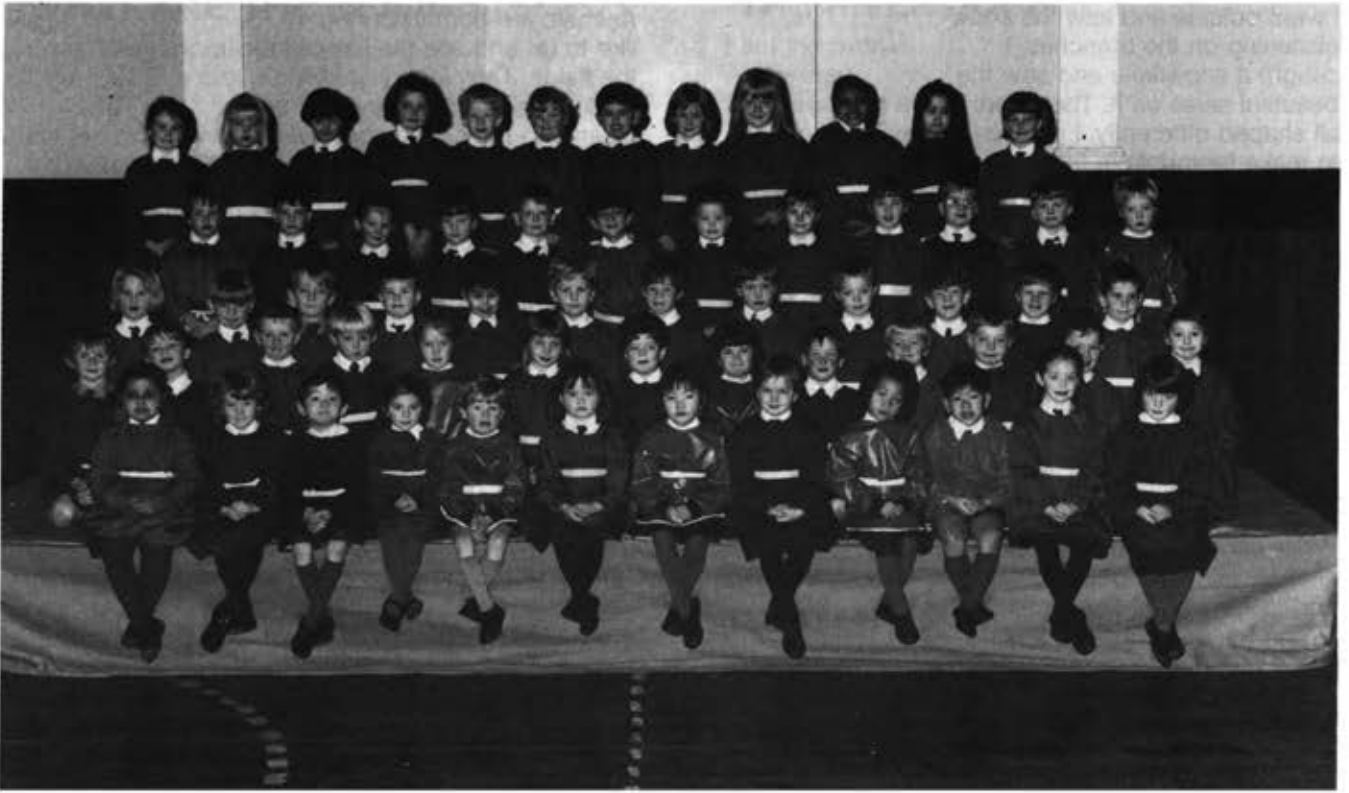
I went to see Cool Runnings.
I like Saca and Junior.
It's about a Jamaican Bobsleigh team.
The moral is to take part and
not to win.

Colin Goudie, L2M.

THE MUSTARD

When I was young this happened.
We were eating our dinner and I
asked daddy for another potato.
Daddy was having mustard with
his meal. Daddy gave me a potato
with mustard on it and ever since
I have never taken anything off
daddy's plate again.

Catherine Jung, L2M.



PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT NATIVITY PLAY 1993



SNOW

I went outside and saw the snow glistening on the branches. I caught a snowflake and saw the beautiful sides on it. They were all shaped differently. I started to make footprints in the deep snow. The snow was crunchy under my feet. Some parts were frozen. There was white all over. It looked like a big layer of white cloth.

Humza Javed, L3H.

THE SPACE SHIP

Let's go on the space ship. I am the captain. Going round is fun until you feel dizzy. Up and down all the time. You float around like a balloon. While you float you can make shapes with your body. Faster and faster we go. The faster we go the better luck of getting to the moon. Soon we slowed down and stopped at the bottom of a rock. We got out and walked around but it was very difficult to walk on the rock. It was so difficult I fell over twice. It had deep and dark holes. I looked down one and almost fell in.

Angela Steele, L3H.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE JUNGLE

David was alone in the hot steamy jungle while insects crawled around him. It was very quiet in the jungle because nothing wanted to be caught. Suddenly he heard some clattering of trees. Elephants oh no! The Elephants heard him and came running towards him. David had to jump into a tree. First he ran to an old strong tree which had a low branch. He jumped into it and then on to another, but the branch was not very high. Suddenly the elephant knocked the tree down. Just before the tree fell on him he ran out of the way. He had left the sleeping arrow at a tree nearby. He ran to get it. When he came back with it the elephant was still there. He took aim and shot right into its side. Suddenly it fell to the ground and it went to sleep.

Andrew Stormonth-Darling, L3H.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

There was a fire in the house on top of the hill five years ago. The owner was killed. No one ever went up there. One day some boys went up the hill to go in the house. They looked at all the old wood and the burnt pictures. The boys went upstairs. It was getting dark so they went home. When they were going home it rained and thundered. They saw a face. Someone was running after them. One of them picked up a stone and threw it. It went right through the ghostly figure. They never went there again because it was haunted.

John Walton, L3H.

SPRING-TIME

Animals are born in Spring. I like to go and see the lambs in the fields. They look just like white woolly balls. They look so clean and fresh. The sheep are put in a separate field in the spring because of the baby lambs. The farmers have to take care of the lambs very carefully. I like seeing the lambs jumping about and chasing their tails. Lambs and sheep are very cute.

Ailsa Miller, L3H.

DOWN THE HOLE

I wonder what's down there. We will probably need torches. I hope it is exciting. I think it leads to one of the cellars. It is pitch black. It probably has more joining it. Peter got down and helped us down. It had a grating for fresh air. I wanted to make great big doors for a secret passage. It had a type of room next to it. It had lots of rubble in it from the house building.

Calum McNicol, L3H.

MY PUPPY

I went into the garden and looked behind a bush. I found a letter, no it was a clue. Off I set, off to find more clues. I found the second clue under the sofa. It said, "Look up in the hall". When I got to the hall I looked up. On the cupboard I saw a clue. It said, "Look down in the dining room". I looked down in the dining room. The clue said, "Look in the bathroom". I looked in the bathroom. There was a puppy. A sweet little puppy and I kept him forever.

Daniel Mitchell, L3H.

FOLLOW THE CLUES

Linsay ran straight down stairs. Can I come in? Wait a minute said Mary. Now you can come in. She went in and sat down. What is this? Read this paper. Try the place which begins with L. The ladder, she ran to the ladder. She found another clue behind a tin of food. Look in the place beginning with H. The hall, that's it the hall. She found the clue on the floor. Look down low it begins with C. The cupboard, of course. She found a big box there. She opened it and there was a kitten. She called it Cocoa because it was dark brown like cocoa.

Lucy Sneddon, L3H.

WHAT ARE THE INDIANS UP TO?

From the dark quiet forest
Little Bull-Eye creeps quickly.

By the moon shining river
Little Redwing scouts wisely.

Across the big wide prairie
Little Cloudburst tiptoes lightly.

Round the shiny lake
Little Rainbow dances skilfully.

Near the glittering waterfall
Little Sunlight hunts cleverly.

Next to the blazing campfire
Little Misty sings quietly.

Helen Chalmers, L3C.

ANIMAL POEM (alliteration)

In the animal world I'd like to see,
a rough round robin
a small selfish snake
a laughing lazy lion
a happy hopping hyena
a silly sporty snowy owl
an eating excited elephant
a brown beautiful bug
a parachuting pink pigeon
a handsome horrible horse.

Sally Brunton, L3C.

ANIMAL POEMS

There is a fish.
He swims in a big tank.
He likes to eat fish food.
He loves to jump in and out.
He likes to swim about.
I wish I could see a fish
just like he.

Marc N. A. Khan, L3C.

IMAGINARY LETTER FROM CANADA

16 Rowan Avenue
Toronto
Canada
23rd March, 1994.

Dear Judy,

Here I am having a super holiday in Canada. I have been whale watching. I caught sight of a huge flashing tail. I heard singing from the humpback whales. I then went to see Niagara Falls. At night time I saw glorious lights on Niagara Falls. After that I went to Manitoba, where I saw fields and fields of wheat as far as I could see. I went to the Rocky Mountains, here it was all thorny and spiky. Then I went to a log cabin where I had delicious pancakes and maple syrup. I went to the Tundra. It was extremely cold. So, I decided I would go to British Columbia. I saw lots of trees. I managed to spy a little brown beaver.

From Jessica.
Jessica Henderson, L3C.

THE RIVER JOURNEY

I am the river
At the start
I'm a swaying swish river
and I'm bubbling down.
I'm crashing, I'm
scooshing, I'm tumbling down.
I am the river
In the middle. I'm in Perth.
I'm still not wide
I'm meandering down the
countryside.
I am the river near the end.
I'm thundering down
I'm getting wider, I'm the Tay.
I am the river
Now I'm at the sea.

Fraser Hendry, L3C.

MYSTERY MONSTER

One day I was going to hunt for a monster and I brought binoculars, camera and film, notepad and pen and a torch. All the things were in a rucksack and off I went. I was lost but I had a map. Suddenly, I heard a crash, and, there was a big bang and I got a fright. A Loch Ness Monster jumped up from the water, and I hid behind a rock. He had a purple tummy, red arms and pink eyes, green hands, blue feet and yellow legs! I quickly took a photograph and I was so scared that I ran away into the forest. The Loch Ness Monster went away under the water.

Claire Cuthill, L3C.

TRAVEL POEM

Travelling far one day
I could run to Russia
I might cartwheel to Canada
I shall zoom to Zaire
I could skip to Spain
I might jump to Jordan
I shall fly to Finland
I could hop to Hong Kong
I might balloon ride to Brazil
I shall dance to Denmark.

Alexandra Bowen, L3C.

WHALE RESCUE

One day I was on holiday in Newfoundland walking my dog with some friends when we saw a big shape on the beach. I tied up my dog because it might go crazy and went to investigate. We found a killer whale! I went to phone the coastguard, police and R.S.P.C.A. Minutes later the beach was literally crammed with ten police officers, five R.S.P.C.A. vets and two coastguards. One of the vets said it would need to be checked on for a year because it had skin disease and a problem with the echo location system. There was still one problem, how would we get it back into the water? We thought all through the night and then I had it, a helicopter! Lift it in with a helicopter. At first light we were at the airport. A jet helicopter with a net came. The net was put round the whale and it took off and the gleaming blend of black and white was beautiful. The helicopter lowered the net into the water and the whale leaped magnificently. We all cheered for we had freed a whale.

Toby Davies, L3C.

When The Boat Comes In...



McLEISH Castle Street,
BROTHERS Wellgate and
Broughty Ferry



the only fish fresher are still in the sea!

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I am going to be a horse rider and I am going to be a teacher as well. I would teach the children and I would enjoy it very much. If I were a horse rider I would teach the children to ride a horse.

Christine Jardine, L2M.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I am going to be a gardener. I would have a green house. I would plant my flowers. I would have plants as well. It would be fun. I would water them. My mummy and daddy would come to see them.

Emily Wilson, L2M.

AMAZING TRAIN

One bright day I had to go on a train. I went into the station. I saw a ticket office, a guard, a flag and an arrivals board. Just then my train was called. When the train started everything was ordinary. There were brown horses, black and white cows, green fields and big and small houses. Then we went through a tunnel. When we came out again it was fantastic. There were gingerbread people, chocolate chairs, Tango drink rivers, bubble smoke, white grass, talking animals, blue dragons, green dinosaurs, grizzly beasts, Coca-Cola elephants, Mars Bar houses, lollypop and candy trees! Then we went through another tunnel. It was all normal again. At last we stopped at Chester Station. I wondered if I would go there again.

Angela Lucas-Herald, L3C.

ACROSTIC

- O. is for amazing octopus.
- C. is for really good coral.
- E. is for funny eel.
- A. is for Atlantic Ocean.
- N. is for new nets.
- S. is for amazing seahorse.

Christina Clayhills-Henderson, L3C.

R.C. STIVEN

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JUNIOR SCHOOL



LVII TRIP TO YORK

Monday

Last minute chaos! The well-meant last warnings and pieces of advice were shouted across the playground by doting mothers and little brothers and sisters waved frantically. Everyone scrambled onto the bus. "I want the best seat!" We were OFF!!!

After a long and tiring journey we arrived at the Holgate Hill Hotel. "I've got the nicest room," came the shouts as the hotel was examined. Time to stretch those stiff legs with a walk round the walls of York — what a beautiful city!

Tuesday

Chug, chug, puff, puff! Off we went to the Railway Museum. The trams were fascinating. I wish British Rail would take some tips from the Royal Coaches — they're beautiful!

York Minster next — a guided tour round this beautiful building proved interesting.

After a packed lunch, we headed for the Castle Museum. Packed with exciting pieces of history, it proved a great visit.

Taking all our courage in our hands we entered the York dungeons — "I'll never eat any dinner," I vowed after walking round this gory place.

After dinner (I did manage) we visited the Brass Rubbing Centre and made our own rubbings. It was fun and the results looked quite professional.

Wednesday

First stop — Yorvik Viking Centre. It was so realistic and even smelt Vikingish.

Next we went to Eden Camp, an ex-prisoner-of-war camp. We visited various huts, each of which dealt with different aspects of the war. In the Blitz hut we really felt as if we were there.

Then came Flamingoland — the time we'd all been waiting for. After an hour-and-a-half of being thrown upside down, round and round and in all directions possible, we returned to the hotel.

Cruising down the Ouse, we spotted a kingfisher and saw many of the sights of York — what a relaxing way to go sight-seeing!

Thursday

Today began with a visit to the National Museum of Photography, Film and T.V. The displays were fascinating and there were many things to do. The IMAX show was next — WOW! It was incredible, I honestly felt that I was in the Space Shuttle.

Museum of Automata came next on the list. Press a button and those marvellous figures and scenes moved and did their own little bit.

Shopping time and where better to go than the Shambles? A happy time was spent wandering round this beautiful street, buying presents for the family and purchasing something nice to keep (or eat!)

The day ended with a Ghost Walk round York. Who tapped me on the shoulder?

Friday

"Where's my toothpaste?" A frantic last-minute packing, onto the bus and we're off. Goodbye York, we've had a wonderful trip.

We would like to thank all the teachers who took us on the trip and survived the week. It was a brilliant change from school and we all enjoyed it — THANK YOU!!

Fiona Dewar, LV7R.



HIGHWAY CODE TEAM REPORT

Do you know the Highway Code rules and regulations which concern pedestrians and cyclists? I do, and so does Alison Kearns, Caroline Gomes, Ewan Bowers and Kenneth Baxter. This year we formed the team representing Dundee High School in the Dundee District Primary Schools Quiz, organised by Tayside police.

There was a lot of learning to be done in a short time. The questions were based on certain parts of the Highway Code. There were several rounds, each one requiring more information to be learned. For each round we sat biting our fingernails and answering questions in turn. We worked hard and found ourselves through to the final.

The final was to be held in the girls School Hall and last minute learning was done as we waited for the arrival of our opponents — St Ninians.

During the team rounds we took the lead, but St Ninians soon closed the gap in the observation round, and took the lead in the buzzer round. It was a hard fought final, but St Ninians won in the end.

We came away with trophies, two free games at GX Superbowl, a voucher, other goodies and enough knowledge about the Highway Code to last us a lifetime! We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves (especially at the bowling!) and are very grateful to Mrs Close for all the help she gave us.

Fiona Dewar (Captain), L7.

RAINBOW GUIDE REPORT 1993/94

The Rainbow Guides resumed the new session with a full complement of girls and a programme entitled 'Caring All Around'. We began with caring for ourselves, followed by caring for others and finished the third term with caring for animals.

Sandwiched between these busy meetings we found time to have our annual Hallowe'en and Christmas parties, and also the Easter Treasure Hunt.

For Thinking Day we took an armchair trip round the world and discovered that Rainbow Guides are growing in ever increasing numbers in many other countries.

We were fortunate this year to have the assistance of Kirsty Wallace, Form 3, who was completing her service section for the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. Being an original Rainbow, Kirsty settled quickly into our weekly meetings and soon became quite indispensable.

Finally to round off a busy year we joined with Guides to have a campfire and sausage sizzle at Mayfield followed by games and races.

Many thanks to Miss Cardno, Miss Jack and Mrs Hamilton for all their support and help throughout the year.

Irene McIntosh,
Rainbow Guide Leader.

**RODRIC LESLIE, GORDON STRUTHERS AND
ANDY LANDSBURGH INTERVIEW SOME
SCOTTISH RUGBY PLAYERS**

Rodric:

Here we are in the Physiotherapy Room at Murrayfield on the Sunday before the Scotland/France International to be played at Murrayfield with four injured players, Gavin and Scott Hastings, Gregor Townsend and Gary Armstrong.

Gavin, will you be able to play against France?

Gavin:

Yes, I certainly hope so. I have strained some ligaments in my ankle but with some anti-inflammatory and ultrasonic treatment the Doctors tell me it should be fine for me to be able to play in my 50th International.

Rodric:

How did you get your injury?

Gavin:

I was playing for my club team, Watsonians against Gary's club, Jed Forest which we won quite comfortably and my ankle got trapped and twisted in the bottom of a ruck.

Rodric:

Did you go to George Watson School?

Gavin:

Yes, from five to 17 years of age and I played a few games against your School, Dundee High School.

Rodric:

Who is the hardest opponent you have ever played against?

Gavin:

Wee man, Gary Armstrong, and thankfully he wasn't playing yesterday for Jed Forest. He even caused me four stitches in the Scotland vs. Ireland game in Dublin a week ago with a clash of heads because he thought I was in the road! He is even hard on his own team.

Rodric:

Can you tell me about your British Lions Tour?

Gavin:

I toured with the British Lions to Australia in 1989 where we won the series and in 1993 to New Zealand where we lost the last and deciding test with a tough refereeing decision. I was Captain on the tour to New Zealand.

Rodric:

Do you like being Captain?

Gavin:

Yes, I enjoy the responsibility and being able to influence the pattern of a game and encourage and lead others to play as well as they can.

Rodric:

Do you play any other position than full-back?

Gavin:

No, I've played full-back for virtually all my senior rugby career but when I was your age I played a few games in your position of stand-off.

Rodric:

How do you feel going out on to Murrayfield?

Gavin:

You feel 10 feet tall with adrenalin pumping around your veins and so proud to represent your country. Perhaps you boys will be able to do the same some day.

Rodric:

I hope so. Thank you very much for your time and good luck against France.

Gordon:

Scott, that's a nasty injury to your eye which is half-closed. Can you tell me what happened?

Scott:

Yesterday I mistimed a tackle, got my head in the wrong position and an elbow in my eye. This morning I blew my nose and my eye just swelled up and closed. It just goes to prove you should get your head in the right position when you make your tackle low and in behind!

Gordon:

Will you be okay to play against France?

Scott:

Yes, the Docs assure me that it will mend in time and I really hope so because it is to be my 50th Cap on the same day with my brother Gavin so it's a big family affair that we are both looking forward to and will be very special to us.

Gordon:

I notice you are Vice-Captain. Have you ever been Captain of Scotland?

Scott:

Yes. In Dublin, Gavin went off at half-time to get some stitches in his forehead from the collision with Gary and I took over as Captain for two minutes when the ball was never in play!

Gordon:

How many tries have you scored for Scotland?

Scott:

I think I've scored seven tries but in rugby it really tends to be a team effort.

Gordon:

Does it make a difference to play at home compared to away?

Scott:

Yes. To play in front of your own supporters in Scotland gives you a tremendous personal lift and it is the real reason why you want to play and do the best for your country.

Gordon:

Would you like to play in any other position than centre?

Scott:

Yes. Full-back. Because it's easy. That's why my brother plays there!

Gordon:

I'll try and get myself picked there next time. Thank you very much for your time and good luck against France.

Andy:

Gary, can you tell us about your injury?

Gary:

I have torn ligaments in my thumb and, after an operation, my arm is in plaster for six weeks and I won't really be playing until next season and will miss the game against France unfortunately but my replacement, Brian Redpath, has been playing very well and has got a very quick service.

Andy:

People say you are the best scrum-half in the world, what do you think?

Gary:

I don't know. You just have to do your best. I like playing rugby as hard as I can. There are different skills which come to the fore on different kinds of days and different players do well on different days. It just depends. It doesn't matter anyway. It's just the team that counts.

Andy:

How many points have you scored for Scotland?

Gary:

Haven't a clue. Never bothered to keep count. I think I've scored one or two tries but am more interested in the

next one.

Andy:

What was your best moment in rugby?

Gary:

Winning the Grand Slam decider in 1990 against England. It was just terrific to hear the roar of the crowd and be part of a little nation succeeding against its bit neighbour. It made the heart bound and the eyes water.

Andy:

Thanks for your time and I hope the injury recovers quickly.

Rodric:

Will you be fit for the French game Gregor?

Gregor:

I'm sure I will be. It's a niggling knee injury I have had all season and it got a wee treat yesterday but will be okay on the day.

Rodric:

How many points have you scored for Scotland?

Gregor:

Well, I kicked a drop goal against Wales but the referee disallowed it and then I scored a drop goal against England.

Rodric:

Did you think that the drop goal against England had won the game?

Gregor:

Well, I knew time was pretty close and it had got our noses in front but England came right back at us. However, when the kick got charged down I really thought that we had done it but then there was that funny refereeing decision which let England kick the penalty. It was really tough but you just have to pick yourself up.

Gordon:

Which club team do you play for and what is their toughest game?

Gregor:

I play for Gala which is the club that Rodric's dad once played for in the Scottish National Club Championship and the best and hardest game is against Melrose because it is a local Derby and at the moment Melrose are the Scottish Champions.

Andy:

Who is your hardest opponent?

Gregor:

Gary Armstrong is the hardest guy to play against for me. Every player in Scotland will tell you that he is extremely tough and as a scrum-half he puts a lot of pressure on me at fly-half. I wish he was going to be my scrum-half against France and they had to put up with him!

Rodric, Gordon

and Andy:

Thank you very much all of you for all your time and help.

Gavin, Scott

Gary and Gregor:

You're very welcome. Enjoy the French game. We hope to give you success.

PRIMARY A's RUGBY ROUND-UP

Our first game was against Dollar one of our hardest opponents and away from home. The game ended with a win for Dollar. We were quite disappointed to lose our first game of the season 14-4.

Next week we played Queen Victoria away from home using moves well to win the game 25-8 on a sloping pitch.

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We had a very bad spell of frost which forced us to cancel our next two games.

After beating Queen Victoria we played Kelvinside at home in terrible conditions. In the end Kelvinside won by 12-3.

Then came our last game before Christmas. We played on the worst pitch at Dalnacraig which was badly sloped. Both teams battled away to the end but it was a Dundee day as we won 19-17, one of our closest games. The team's morale recovered. Unfortunately the snow came and ruined the pitches for a few games.

We played Morrisons and won quite comfortably 19-0 with Ian Coull and Stephen Gordon going in for great tries.

Stewarts Melville was the next game on our list. Everyone was worried because of the result last year. It was at Dalnacraig top pitch. The conditions were muddy. We all went on to the pitch with a lot of determination. We fought hard and tackled well and came off with a fine victory 15-3.

Then came our big moment, our final game against Robert Gordons on the first pitch at Mayfield. We all wanted to finish on a win. The conditions were perfect for fast flowing rugby and so it proved. The first half was very close. In the second half we improved our tackling and skills to win the game 21-7.

After losing two games and with few chances to practice, good character was shown by the team to finish the season strongly.

Thanks to Mr Hutchison, Mr Lanchbury and the staff, and parents who helped and encouraged us throughout the season.

Rodric Leslie (Captain).

Iain Coull (Vice-Captain).

PRIMARY B TEAM ROUND-UP OF RUGBY

Our first game was an away game against Queen Victoria. We used skills and tactics we had perfected during training sessions and we won easily 19 points to four. Three of our players scoring all the points.

At home on the sloping pitch at Dalnacraig we played against Stewarts Melville. This was a more contested match with both teams using the "slope advantage". In this game Scott McNee scored the try of the season. After a mistake by Stewarts Melville he gathered the ball in his own 22, beat two players and ran the complete length of the pitch to score under the posts.

One week later, however, it was a different story — we travelled to Edinburgh for the return game against The Stewarts Melville team were set to restore their pride and after a very hard game we lost by three tries.

The final game was played at Mayfield on a sunny spring day with ideal conditions for fast flowing rugby. The game was against Robert Gordon's College. The initial stages were very close with both teams trying to establish forward superiority. Slowly and after some good defensive plays especially by Graeme Henderson, we started to become more confident and superior and our lead started to stretch away. Our forwards managed to win lots of the ball and some exciting back play produced five tries! Final score 18-6.

Our highest scorer was Daniel Bunce with four tries and four conversions. Many of the players were from the L6 classes and some promising players to look out for next year are Graeme Henderson, Jack Bannerman, Patrick Crawford and Robert Burt.

We would like to thank all parents and fellow pupils who have supported us this season and all the coaching staff who have helped us considerably.

Good luck to next year's team!

Andrew Landsburgh, L7L (Captain).

Jamie Laird, L7L (Vice-Captain).

INTERVIEW WITH BILLY DODDS

1. Are you upset about leaving Dundee?

I was upset at first but now I've settled into St Johnstone.

2. Do you like playing at St Johnstone?

Yes, I can score good goals.

3. Which fans do you like most, the Dundee fans or the St Johnstone fans?

I don't know the St Johnstone fans that well yet, but the Dundee fans have always been special even on bad days.

4. How did you feel after you scored your first goal at St Johnstone?

It's good to score at a new club because it takes the pressure off.

5. When you first came to Dundee did you think you would stay?

If I played badly I would be sold or given a free transfer, but obviously I played well and so I stayed for five years.

6. Do you think you are worth more than half-a-million pounds?

No, I think half-a-million is a good price for me.

7. Has football always been your life?

Yes, at school, when the teacher asked us what we wanted to be when we were older, I said a football player. I also played for my school and a primary team and then I moved to Partick Thistle when I was 16.

8. Are you thinking of living in Perth?

No, that was one of the deals of going to St Johnstone — I didn't have to move house.

9. Are you getting better paid?

Yes I am, I had to leave Dundee for financial reasons too.

10. Are you still friends with the Dundee players?

Yes, I go to the park and meet them as often as I can. My best friend is Alan Dinnie.

11. Are you playing better with St Johnstone?

No, I score more goals but I'm still playing the same.

12. Did you want to go to Dundee when you were at Chelsea?

If I was in the first team at Chelsea, no, but I wasn't and so it was a good break to come into the Scottish Premier.

Andrew Landsburgh L7L

CRICKET REPORT

The new season promised much and retaining the same side as last season we were more experienced and confident that we could string a few good results together. This was emphasised with a victory against our first opponents of the season, Morrisons. Next came a narrow defeat at the hands of Robert Gordons before we travelled to Kelvinside to earn a more than deserved draw. G. Butchart had a sparkling start to the season, amassing 158 runs in total in these three matches. A poor performance saw us lose at the hands of George Heriots before picking ourselves up to turn in a stunning performance against Merchiston. We still lost the game but took a lot of pride and satisfaction from the performance emphasised by G. Reoch hitting a dazzling 84 to win the man of the match award — a first for the High School. Defeat followed against the Former Pupils before we went out on a high, winning comfortably against Stewarts Melville with G. Butchart taking 5 for 28 and M. King 4 for 29.

This was a very satisfying season and with so many young players in the team it bodes well for the future. Many thanks to Mr Spowart for his superb umpiring and Mr Turner for his coaching. All the best for next season.

Niall Smith.

JUNIOR CHESS CLUB REPORT

This year Junior Chess Club met on Tuesdays after school. The L4's and L5's met in Dr Thurston's room, while L6's and L7's met in the Library.

As there was no Dundee Primary Schools' Chess League we decided to organise "friendly" matches against Eastern in order to give our team a chance to demonstrate their skill. They emerged triumphant with scores of 8½ to 1½ and 6½ to 3½ — well done!

The annual battle for the Russel Trophy was hard fought this year with ties for final places at L4, L6 and L7. This resulted in the largest number of finalists for several years and consequently many nail-biting games of an extremely high standard. The results were as follows — 1, Liam Smith, L6G; 2, Rennie Morrocco, L6G; 3 equal, Ewan Bowers, L7R and Alison Learns, L7R; 5, Adam Shanks, L5M; 6, Marc Smith, L4J; 7, Stuart Bruce, L4F.

Well done to all the children who took part.

Finally our thanks go to Dr Thurston for his invaluable help and coaching throughout the year.

Mhairi Gordon.

DALGUISE CONTRIBUTIONS

DALGUISE

marvellous excited
panic sure arriving
groupies shooting archery kayaking
laughing shouting talking
tired hungry
HOME

Robert Nicoll.

DALGUISE

happy anticipating
hoping arriving meeting
groupies abseil tower quads archery
screaming shouting dancing
sorry glad
HOME

Rachel Taylor.

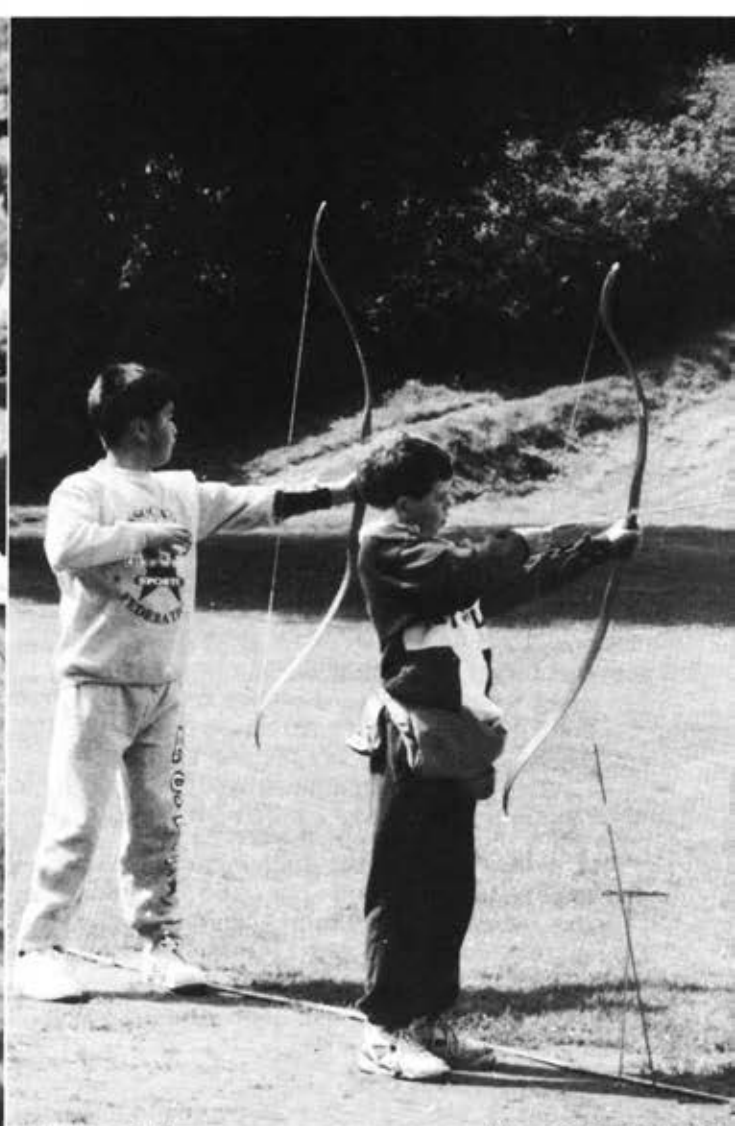
DALGUISE RAP

Dalguise, Dalguise is the place to be
for fun and games for you and me.
If you don't believe us come and see
and that'll be the end of the mystery.

Dalguise, Dalguise is one big surprise
everyone there will win a prize.
If you really want to come and play
pack your bags and you're away.

Groupies like Daisy, Phil and Stew
are the people who tell you what to do.
So come on down and have some fun
Dalguise rapping in the sun.

Dominic Bower.
Patrick Crawford.



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L7 NETBALL TEAM

Back Row (from left) Fiona Dewar, Jayne Nicoll, Caroline Gomes, Claire Smith, Louise Stewart
 Front Row (from left) Louise Steven, Ailsa Robertson (Capt.), Allison Hewitt, Jennifer Stevenson

NETBALL REPORT

The Junior School Netball teams have had a busy and exciting year.

In the Winter League, the L7 team were runners-up and we reached the semi-finals of the Kennedy Cup Knockout Tournament. We won all our matches in the Summer League and reached the nail-biting semi-final replay against Fintry, but unfortunately we were beaten 5-3.

The L6 team have shown great promise this year. They reached the third round of the Miss Ward Knockout Tournament, and have won all their friendly fixtures. Good luck to the girls for next year.

D.H.S. were well represented in Scottish Inter-District Tournaments. Allison Hewitt and Louise Steven were selected for the Dundee 'A' team. Claire Smith and Ailsa Robertson were chosen to play for the 'B' team. Congratulations also go to Louise Steven for being voted Player-of-the-Year.

The Staff v. Pupils match was our favourite game of the year which ended up as a 4-4 draw. The staff and pupils both thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Thank you to Mrs Docherty, Miss Cardno and Mrs Hamilton for coaching the two teams, and all the parents for their support.

Louise Steven, L7L.
 Caroline Gomes, L7L.

IMPRESSIONS OF WINTRY WEATHER

The trampling of footsteps from above as
 Pencils skimming across paper
 The chilly classroom slowly freezing my hands
 The documentary — Life in the Freezer
 The Antarctic's snow, many feet deep makes
 This hostile desert absolutely freezing
 Animals always in groups for warmth
 Penguins swarmed together to look like the words of a
 newspaper

Wind howling around you, grasping at your clothes
 Seals covered with snow like lumps of ice-cream.

Claire Mitchell, L7H.

PADDY O'REILLY

He is a jolly old man — down to the Pirate's Tavern at four o'clock and home at half past ten. His name is Paddy O'Reilly, a local fisherman, who enjoys a good glass of Guinness Special. His beard is bedraggled and tousled but he doesn't care. Every day he's in the pub except for Sundays when his daughter persuades him to come to church. Sadly, he is a heavy smoker and has fingers that are yellow. The doctor from Belfast told him that if he didn't stop smoking like a boiler and drinking, he would die before eighty. At about nine in the evening, Paddy starts getting very happy and goes up on the stage in the pub to sing and tell jokes, with his glass in his cold, bony hands. Paddy has a happy life and it would be a pity if the doctors were to interfere with the way he chooses to live.

Eoghan Cameron, L7H.



JUNIOR PANTOMIME





The L5's sail to success in the "Operation Shipshape" Competition.



(Courtesy of D. G. Thomson Ltd.)

ADVENTURE UNDER THE SEA

Part One

As my friend, Tanjeel and I plunged beneath the surface in my submarine, 'The Octopus' everything became calm and quiet, unlike the stormy surface. We began to sink lower and saw a shoal of fish swiftly dart past at a great speed. I could see why they were so fast, it was because they were on a shark's lunch menu today.

It had begun to get very dark, so we switched on the headlamps. We had stopped sinking by now and had swum along, in which direction we could not tell. As we gazed out of the window at the unknown we saw (despite the gloomy waters) a large octopus. Its size I could not tell, but it was big!

Suddenly BANG!! We had bashed into something so we decided to go and investigate. First we looked for damage. We found none so we swam to the wall which we had bumped into. There we found a small tunnel and thought it would be fun to explore, so we swam through it. At the end of the tunnel we gasped, because we saw a lost city!!

Part Two

THE LOST CITY

After we had overcome our shock we decided to explore the city. We swam past a 'Shell' garage, a 'school' of whales learning how to multiply and an octopus playing chess with a shark. The shark was angry because the octopus had just taken one of its 'prawns'. We also swam past a huge statue with 'Statue of Surfity' written on it.

We swam up a hill on which was a monument. Now, this monument had a door, a very heavy door at that! It was made of gold like the rest of the city. However we did open it. Inside was nothing but You won't believe me! TREASURE!

Part Three

TREASURE

The treasure had what we thought was rubies, diamonds and gold, but when we looked more closely we found to our astonishment that it was waterproof bubblegum with multi-coloured wrappers! All the same we did retrieve most of it.

Picking it was quite easy thanks to my extra large grab. However, we only just made it to the surface with thirty second of air left.

When we reached home we counted the strips of bubblegum and the total came to 3555. It tasted very nice and was valued at one pound a strip, that's £3,555 for the lot. We sold it to many shops and shared the money between us. That was some strange find!!!

Johnny Stormonth-Darling, L5C.

SHIPWRECKED

The boat was tossing and turning in the wind. The angry waves were lapping against the side of the boat. It was not worth going all the way to an island just to write a story to begin with, but that soon changed. In the boat however, things were going from bad to worse. Just below the surface of the water, there was a rock concealed by long strands of seaweed, dark and mysterious. Crash! The boat hit the rock and split in two. The side which I had not been on seemed to be swallowed up by the sea.

The side I had been on was swept away. After a while, I woke up and discovered that I had fallen asleep, but the odd thing was that I was lying on soft white sand. I looked up and saw a tall palm deflecting over me. I pulled myself up and discovered that I was encircled by sun and sand. The surroundings of the island were exquisite. I was so overwhelmed by the beauty of the island I could only stand and stare. I looked around for so long I grew surprisingly ravenous. I set out to search for food at about seven o'clock. The sea was serene and the sun was setting far away on the horizon. There was a sort of still calm about the island, like I was standing in a world of nothingness. It was not a world of nothing, however, it was a world of twittering, it was a birds' paradise.

The sun rose early the next day, so I was up with the dawn investigating the island. In the sky today there was a kind of pink glow, but not the ordinary pink tinge. It was a kind of pink mist creeping round and amalgamating with the blue of the sky. As the day progressed the strange pinkish light in the sky was joined by an eerie red glow. I shinned up a palm in order to get a better view of what was happening. However, my view of the far side of the island was obscured by the dense jungle and the mountain which rose sharply upwards about a mile from where I was. Before I descended the palm, I collected two coconuts for my breakfast. I cracked the fruits open on a large boulder and drank the white milk and ate the sweet pulp. When I had eaten my fill, I set off to climb the mountain, so as to gain a better view of my surroundings.

The climb was very laborious, and I had to use my bare hands to clear the clinging tendrils of the jungle trees from my path. After several arduous hours, I emerged from the lush and succulent undergrowth on to the rocky upper slopes of the mountain. I paused to catch my breath and wipe my dripping brow. As I did so, a strange sulphurous odour caught my nostrils sharply. I looked up towards the summit. The red glow I had seen earlier had intensified, and as I gazed in awe several spurts of sparks shot upwards from the peak, as if someone had set off several fireworks from the mountain top. As I stared open-mouthed something suddenly drew my attention seawards. I gasped! About 15 miles across the azure sea there was a ship in full rig, the white sails billowing as the steady breeze carried her further away from my island prison. I had been concentrating so hard on my climbing I had not noticed the ship as she skirted the island. By the time I had run back down the mountainside to the beach the ship would be too far away for any of the crew to notice a tiny speck jumping up and down on the sand of the supposedly deserted island. Suddenly, the mountain commanded my full attention once more. With a sudden deafening explosion, accompanied by great clouds of ash and foul-smelling smoke, flames shot hundreds of feet into the sky and boiling sheets of lava flowed over the sides of the mountain. I was on an erupting volcano!! My first thought was to run at full speed down to the beach. However, an idea suddenly struck me. I ran to the edge of the trees and broke off a large branch. Then I stood nervously as the lava approached. I dipped my branch into the nearest lava pool, and as soon as the wood had ignited, I rushed back into the jungle and climbed the tallest palm I could see! I hoped the eruption would have attracted the attention of the ship's crew towards the island, and I frantically waved my improvised distress beacon. Heaven be praised! The ship heaved to, and turned towards the island. My resuers had arrived!!

Caroline Milne, L5H.

10 Swimming Pool Gardens
Forest Avenue
Orlando
Florida.
2nd December, 1993.

Dear Tom,

How are your paws after they were shut in the mousetraps? I enjoyed my cheese so much. It was a pity you were not "able" to join in the feast.

What did your girlfriend think of your new aftershave? I added quite a few disinfectants and bleaches so you should have a few bare patches on your cheeks, but don't worry, they should grow in a few years time.

Do you know that you have been brushing your teeth with putty? This means that your windows will fall out but your teeth will stay in!

I hope to see you as soon as I have finished my holiday in the Hawaiian Islands.

See you soon,
Jerry.

Rennie Morocco, L4G.

THE DAY MY HOUSE WAS SURROUNDED

The day my house was surrounded by a jungle it was a disaster. There was a monkey on the telephone wire, Mum had to lock all the doors and windows to keep the animals out. I saw a monkey riding a giraffe in the garden. Mum nearly fainted when she saw the elephant and the zebra eating her best dress. I had a bit of a sugarcane — I dangled it out the window and the elephant grabbed me. He put me up with the monkeys and ate the sugarcane. I had great fun with the monkeys in the trees. Mum and Dad told me to come inside for tea so I had to leave my friends for the day. I hope they are still here tomorrow.

Marc Smith, L4J.

DARK IS FUN

Dark is fun because you can pretend there is a spaceship coming to land and you can hide from it. You could pretend there are robbers and you can spy on them. You might play hide and seek and no-one would find you. Dark is also fun because no-one can see when you are getting into mischief. I think it is much more fun to read under the covers of the bed with a torch than to read with the light on. Fireworks would not be fun if they were not used in the dark.

Robbie Landsburgh, L4F.

A PIRATE'S PET

I have a cat. It is black and white with large sharp claws. My cat is called Tom and he is a small kitten. I found him when I was raiding a ship called the Dawn Treader. He was shut in a small box with a latch that was firmly shut. I prised it open with a screwdriver that was on the table.

I took him back to my own ship and fed him raw meat and milk and then I put him somewhere nice and warm. He then fell asleep.

He is an easy animal to keep and he catches mice and rats. He sleeps at the bottom of my bunk in a basket. I love Tom because he doesn't bite or scratch and he just falls asleep in my arms. My pet is special to me because he is small, soft and furry.

Alix Fowler, L4F.

PETS POEMS

I wish I had a budgie
small and cute
It makes a lovely noise
and has a parachute.

I wouldn't want a donkey
for a daily pet
It walks very slowly
and sounds like a trumpet.

PIRATE POEMS

I wish I was a pirate
big and mean
A parrot on my shoulder
that shouts and screams.

I wish I was the captain of the pirate crew
I can boss my crew around
Polish my shoes, brush my hat
and stop that rattling sound.

PAINFUL POEMS

A bruise on my shoulder
a bandage on my leg
a plaster on my elbow
and a crack on my head.

A cut on my arm
a scar on my face
A really painful back
I can't even tie my lace.

Derek Wong, L4J.

JACK FROST

Look out, look out
Jack Frost is about
Sprinkling frost wherever he goes
And all through the night the
Gay little sprile is working
Where nobody knows
In each little house
As cold as a cave
Where you are tucked up in your bed
He's nipping our fingers and toes
With glittering stardust.

Nicola McRae, L4F.

SWEETS

Tooth decay is caused by too many sweets
Eat more sweets and your teeth will rot away
Eating sweets is what makes your teeth rot away
Tango is very BAD for you
Having tooth decay is EXCRUCIATINGLY sore!

Laura Black, L4J.

DARK IS EXCITING

It is exciting in the dark on Guy Fawkes night when the fireworks bang and flash. Hallowe'en is exciting when all the witches come out. When I go to the cinema it is exciting to see films in the dark. Ghost trains are exciting when things jump out at you. Zap Zone is thrilling, when you shoot people in the dark. It is exciting camping in the garden in the dark. But the most exciting darkness of all is waiting for Santa to come on Christmas Eve.

Stuart Goudie, L4F.

T is for treasure lurking in the chest
R is for the richest things which are easily the best
E is for the empty cave in which the treasure is hidden
A is for the amethysts belonging to Mr Lidden
S is for the sparkling jewels wanting to be free
U is for the untouched lock that is waiting for its key
R is for the rich red rubies found in the west
E is for the emeralds envied by the rest.

Neal Mehta, L5H.

ON THE BEACH

The first thing I found was an exquisite emerald green bottle encrusted with barnacles. It was so misty it mystified me. Its cork was as soft as satin. The bottle reminded me of a grand lady with a necklace round her collar and a beautiful dress with garlands and medals and anklets round her feet. That second thing I found was a conch shell. When I put it to my ear, I heard the whisper of the sea and faraway places. The glimmering mother-of-pearl glistened in the sun like search lights. The next thing I found was a heavy worn rope. I wondered where it had come from, what boat it had been on and how old it was. There was an old rusty harp on it, which showed it could have had an anchor at one point. It had twists and twirls in it like a piece of ginger. It smelled musty and damp like an old cellar. The rope had splinters of wood in it as sharp as needles. The fourth thing I found was a lobster creel, which must have been dislodged from its ballast in a storm. It contained a whelk shell; its snail-like inhabitant had been eaten out by a seagull. The sea anemone living on its back had dried out. The fifth thing I found was a fisherman's jersey which was once wool but had turned to felt. It was matted like a horse-hair mattress when it is ripped and smelled fishy and dirty.

Emily Smoor, L5H.

A STORM AT SEA

At first the sea was calm
 The waves were hardly there
 A gentle breeze was blowing
 Through the fresh and salty air.

Then the sky darkens
 And turns to pitch
 The moon slips behind a cloud
 The ship begins to rock.

The waves become ferocious
 With foam on their ends
 Like bubbling snows
 On turquoise mountains.

The moon looks down in a triumphant
 Devil's grin
 It's cackling with thunder
 While lightning strikes within.

A huge wave splashes on the deck
 All control is lost
 The captain shouts "Abandon ship
 Save the captain (that's me) at all costs!"

Men throw themselves into the sea
 I grab a barrel used for rum
 It reeks of smelly alcohol
 (And will for many years to come).

I clamber inside carefully
 It rolls into the sea
 And bobs on the waves for I don't know how long
 And inside it snores little me.

Kirsty Dewar, L5M.

ADVENTURE IN THE DEEP

I was in a deserted shipyard where my ship lay in the water. My vessel JG's Sunk was due to set sail at 7.00 a.m. It was now quarter to seven so I unlocked the ship and went inside. Then John the engine man arrived and he started the ship. Finally we were ready to go.

As we plunged into the sea I saw lots of colourful fish then I saw a huge shoal of fish, all yellows and blues. As I went deeper I saw a bright light up ahead. It was coming from a hole in the water. John and I swam down the hole and there it was

THE LOST CITY

A lost city lay in front of John and me with gardens of seaweed and coral. The houses were made of silver and blue stone and a tall towering castle stood on top of a sloping hill. I was still in shock over my find. We went to explore and it was not long until we found a "school" of whales having a PE lesson! We went into the castle and saw a mass of gold, rubies and silver. We had uncovered TREASURE!

TREASURE

"We must take this back to the surface," I thought. I swam back to the ship while John guarded the treasure! I drove the ship down the hole and up to John and the loot. We lifted the treasure and poured it onto the ship. Then we returned to the surface, but before we reached it I threw John out and kept all the treasure to myself. Ha! Ha! Ha! Then when I got to the surface I found it was only worth £1.02. It worked out that it was only cheap plastic. People say it serves me right.

Jamie Grewar, L5C.

ALONE ON AN ISLAND

Alone on an island
 Except for the things I hear
 Listening
 To the rustle of leaves in palm trees in the light breeze
 The bright birds in the early sunshine
 The splash of dolphins jumping in the water
 Looking
 At delicious fruit in trees
 Staring up at the clear blue sky
 Gazing at the peaceful beach
 Smelling
 The fresh fruit hanging from tall tropical trees
 The smell of the fresh breeze and
 Of the salty sea
 Thinking
 Of the noise of busy traffic at my ears
 Dreaming of happy faces
 And of being taught at school
 Someday, somehow, they will find.

Elise Yu, L5M.

DIVER'S ADVENTURE

Daring diver dipping under rocks,
 Swimming nearer to the docks,
 There lies an eel giving electric shocks,
 That's when the diver with his camera stops.

He takes a picture of the eel eating,
 Then the shoals of fish meeting,
 Another shark's prey gets a fatal beating,
 A lazy lobster raises a claw in greeting.

Back to the shore, a lovely day,
 Shoals of baby fish will play,
 To go to the sea you do not pay,
 Back to the sea tomorrow, I pray.

Lynsey-Anne Marwick, L5C.

IF I SHOULD DIE

If I should die,
Let others live.
And in the future on,
When people cry,
Make them happy.

If I should die,
I'll be ready.
For I am willing to give my life
To my country,
For one life is less than a million,
And this small life is mine.

Emma Grant, L6T.

THIS TIME NEXT WEEK

This time next week I might be having fun on the assault course, clambering over walls and leaping across the water jump. I could be arguing about the raft building and getting wet in the muddy pond. Maybe I will be on the bus on the way to the canoeing at Loch Tay. I might be guzzling on last night's sweets and wearing my cap. I'm dreading the shooting because I am not too good, so I hope I won't be doing that. I'd most like to be in a dorm with Alice and we might be chattering to each other, if we're in the same group. Anyway I hope I'll be having fun at Dalguise.

Ruth McNee, L6M.

DISCOVERY DAY

We went to Caird Hall to be told how things work in space. Dr Jan Davis, an Astronaut, told us how things worked in space. We learnt that when you are in space all the fluid in your legs and arms goes to your tummy. So in space you have to keep fit and healthy. The machine they use is a fitness bike. They did lots of experiments and saw how other animals like rats, toads and other things react in space. Mrs Crawford also went to Caird Hall to tell us about discoveries that she and her husband found in the depths of the deep sea. She told us the copper they had found and the new species of worms they found in the deep sea. She told us how they started and how they broke the world record of going down the furthest a man has ever gone.

Nicholas Knight, L6G.

DOUBLE MONSTER

Up high in the sky lives the uni-eagle. There is only one left in the world and if that one dies evil will take over the earth. It guards the heavens from evil and if it catches anyone trespassing it will eat them whole.

This bare, beautiful creature has a unicorn's body and an eagle's wings. The uni-eagle only feeds on evil.

One day the uni-eagle was guarding the heavens as he normally did. Oh how he wished he could see the world, and give up this boring job. Suddenly he disappeared and found itself in the real world. People were terrified and shouted, and screamed. The uni-eagle thought they were evil and charged at them with his huge horn. One day a man decided to get rid of the beast but he could see kindness in its eyes, so instead of killing it he made a maze for it to live in.

A cruel prince decided that he was going to kill the monster himself. He entered the maze, when he reached the uni-eagle he chopped off its head. From then on evil controlled the world.

Charlotte Foster, L6M.

NIGHT MESSENGER

In the silence of the night, Prince Camaralzaman and his camel made the only sound as they moved swiftly along the desert track. Every now and then the prince glanced over his shoulder, as though afraid something — or someone — might be following him. Desperately, he urged his camel forward. Whatever, happened he had to reach the Bedouin tribe before day dawned to warn them about another tribe coming to attack his tribe. He was tired, while the camel ran through the golden sand. The only noise was the camel grunting and the faint noise of the attacking tribe. The prince was frightened of the battle and wondered how many would die.

He had to get there first because they wouldn't survive without him. Prince Camaralzaman felt scared but relaxed when he saw his tribe's tents in the distance. The prince turned his head and saw the Panda tribe on the horizon.

He knew the Panda tribe would stop at the oasis. He paused to rest. He was tired, the camel was tired and sweaty and the camel's head was drooping. The prince had bags under his eyes and was very tired. He could see the camp a few yards away, he had made it! He told his people about the Panda tribe and they felt ready for anything. They could rest and plan for a few hours before they would fight.

Dawn arrived and the Panda tribe were approaching. The clouds of dust were rising as the camels were running with the Panda tribe on their backs but the Bedouin tribe were ready for the Panda tribe. In 10 minutes the Panda tribe was there and the battle began. At first, the Panda tribe were on top but they soon tired. In three hours the battle had finished and the Bedouin tribe had won with only a few deaths. The Panda tribe retreated because more than half of the tribe was dead. The Bedouin tribe had won and the tribe had a celebration before they moved on and they were thankful to Prince Camaralzaman.

Duncan MacWalter, L6M.

FUTILITY

Move him into the sun,
For if we leave him long enough,
Then I'm sure he'll wake up.

Move him into the sun
And let him lie at peace,
For God's in control.

Move him into the sun,
Let him feel the hot air,
And I'm sure he'll arise.

Alexandra McGill, L6T.

EXPRESSIONS

My brother Mamun has the happiest face in the world. There is a picture of him in my photo album. You might think he's strict and bossy but he isn't. He is actually generous and kind. In the photograph he has dark muddy eyes and pitch black hair. When he smiles the corners of his lips touch the tip of his ears. Not very often when he is angry you see his eyebrows form a V-shape and his face scrunches up. Apart from that he is the happiest person I know.

Nadia Rahman, L6G.

THE LEOPARD'S HUNGRY

No-one can say who is going to win this fight. Will it be the leopard who is the defending and unbeaten champion or will it be the unknown antelope? The bookmakers make the leopard two to one favourite but wait a minute! Here comes the challenger. As he slowly walks down the path into the arena it makes you wonder what is going through his mind. Is it regrets or is it words of confidence. We'll find out in a moment, but where's that leopard? Is that him hiding behind the tree? He's probably setting up a surprise attack. Having such a ferocious and bloodthirsty reputation and killer instincts it's hard to believe anything can defeat him.

There he is! He leaps out of the tree like a supersonic plane taking off the runway. The surprise attack has certainly worked. The antelope has no answer to this brutal attack by the leopard. As the antelope backs away in pain, the villainous leopard smiles evilly with his bloodstained teeth and focuses all his concentration on the already weak antelope through his devil eyes.

Sparing no mercy the predator charges, leaving behind clouds of dust and locks his jaws around the antelope's neck. As the antelope breathes his last the murderer puts his paws on top of his dead challenger. The leopard is still supreme.

After all this it makes you wonder if the merciless leopard is still hungry. I'd better not wait to find out.

Sharear Farid, L7R.

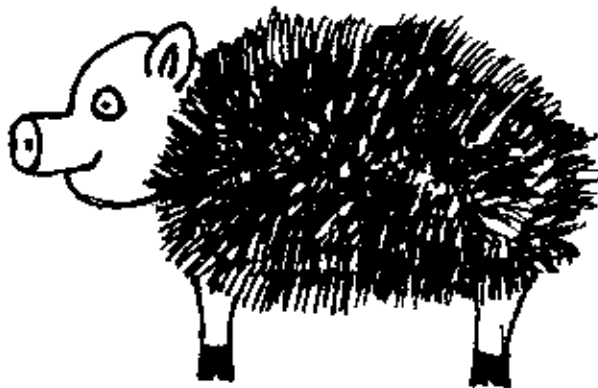
THE EERIE HOUSE

Dark deeds happened there
Many years ago
Dark figures have been seen
Looking through the windows.

Evil laughter came from there
Many years ago
Dead bodies have been found
Down in the cellar.

Shuffling footsteps came from there
Many years ago
Lots of people have gone in
But none . . . have come out.

Christine Bowden, L7R.



THE HEDGEPIG

The Hedgepig is a cross between a hedgehog and a pig. It eats almost anything apart from meat and chocolate. It is found usually in hot countries, mainly in "Hedgeville" and "Pigalooloo" but they are known to have been spotted in "Styland".

They live on land underneath trees and are very smart animals.

The Hedgepig has a normal pig's head but has a spiky body.

Hazel Bailie, L7L.

CONVERSATION IN A CAGE

The day irritably plodded on until at last the keys turned at the gate.

"Did you see the rude little boy who pulled a face at me today?" asked Nuttel.

"Yeah well, that's humans for ya'," replied Mavis.

"I mean, honestly, if he had been my child he would have been well and truly pawed on the bottom, I mean . . ."

"Close your mouth, the meat's coming round," Mavis suddenly whispered.

"Yuk!" shrieked Nuttel. "It tastes more like the stuff my cousin Cat would have eaten at her house," she carried on.

"I'm tired, I'm going to sleep G'night Nuttel."

"G'night Mavis," Nuttel replied.

Anthea Chan, L7H.

SCHOOL DAY

A loud bell is rung
At the start of day
Warns all children
No more play!

First thing, Assembly
Put your bags to the back
In come the children
Quietness, they lack.

Today they get P.E.
In the big gym hall
The children get changed quickly
For today it's Netball.

Music is their last lesson
The children find it fun
But when the lesson is over
All they do is run!

Jesmeen Maleque, L7L.

ELECTRICAL FIRE

A wire sizzled, spread into flickering tufts of flame, crackling and spreading. It burnt along the wires, eating up the electricity to gain power.

The blaze shot up into the sky with roaring, leaping fire. Dancing flames and flying sparks showered everywhere. It flared up with stabbing knives of fire, creating a horizon of flickering flames.

The blazing inferno gorged on, sucking up the electricity. The blistering heat was unbearable as the sky of fire roared on like a cat eating up a family of mice. People ran out, their shadows silhouetted by the towers of flame. The dense smoke covered the sky and everyone watching was coughing. There was an explosive booming and the fire died down.

The once blazing inferno had died down, only some tufts of flame burning gently.

Charred, stick-like, tangled iron was lying everywhere on heaps of ashes. The power station would never be the same again.

Jonathan Vernon, L7H.

SNOWED UP

I woke up to my alarm clock ringing loudly in my ear, then I looked up at the ceiling to see a dull, pallid light reflected on it. Slowly my brain ticked into life and I realised that it must have snowed overnight!

I leapt out of bed and drew back the curtains. Expecting to see only a thin layer of snow, I stared down. To my amazement the whole world, as far as my eyes could see, was covered in a thick layer of brilliant white snow. I slipped on my dressing-gown and slippers and walked, rather shakily, over to the landing. Looking out of the window I saw the Sidlaw Hills and all the fields and houses and fences beyond clothed in deep snow. For the first time, I became conscious of the sheer amount of snow. It was up to the window ledge and the cars were nowhere in sight.

"Mum!" I yelled. "It's snowed . . . a lot!"

Just then my brother popped his head round the door. He was grinning broadly. "Cool, eh?" he stated. "Shame we can't get out," he looked disappointed. He then added, for my benefit, "Cause the doors are jammed." That was when the idea of climbing out of the top window and taking "a nice little walk" occurred to me.

After I'd had my breakfast and had had a lecture about "banging the door shut in your brother's face", I changed into my woollies and padded upstairs. With several pairs of socks, three thick jumpers, a coat, a hat, a hood, large wellies, thick gloves and a warm muffler, I reckoned I would be warm enough. Mum being Mum had objected to this small adventure but Dad had come to the rescue saying that it was only a bit of harmless snow. This seemed to satisfy Mum and she kept quiet. My brother opened his window for me and a large lump of snow came sliding down the roof and into the room. Mum mumbled something about the carpet rotting as I made my way out.

As soon as I stepped outside, my legs sank straight into the soft snow. Luckily I managed to scramble over to a tree before it was too late and I was buried. Using the tops of fences, bushes and trees, I made my way off the snowed-over patio and into the garden. My gaze travelled slowly around. The higher trees bowed their heads with the weight of the snow (the rest were buried!) and everything was clean and shiny white. It looked as though a mixture of Dulux White and sugar had been ladled out generously on to the world. Strangely enough, the village was silent. No cars came up the Brae and there wasn't the usual pit-pat of feet going up and down the road that there normally was on a Saturday. After a while, I tired of standing in the cold, snow up to my chin, and I made my way back to the house, bush to bush, tree to tree, fence to fence. When at last I reached the window, I clambered in gladly. Mum took off my wet clothes and announced that the heating had packed in, the freezer and fridge had died a death and we had no electricity but the rescue services were on their way.

Nisha Mehla, L7R.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN

There was an old man from Tayside
Who decided to go for a ride
On a bike made for two
He fell in the loo
And was seen going out in the tide.

Rodric Leslie, L7L.

MY THREE ANIMALS

There is in me a rat.
Sly. Quick.
But always hiding.
Darting about
Around the streets.

There is in me a slug.
Slow. Lazy.
Likes to sleep.
Moves the earth that's in my way.

There is in me a cheetah.
Swift. Free.
But also quiet.
Racing away after my prey.
To feed my hunger.

Scott McNee, L7H.

FREEDOM

Freedom is a new beginning, a start of something you want to do.

Freedom is a chance to make a choice in what is important to you.

Freedom is what Russia is working towards, and hopes to achieve.

Freedom is the right to do, say, and live what and how you want to. It is something that affects nearly everything in your life.

Freedom is what the slaves in the southern states of America wanted, and what they got.

Although I wonder how much freedom they got for the millions of lives lost for them to get it.

Mark Davenport, L7R.

ZEBRAFFE

A zebraffe is a cross between a zebra and a giraffe. They are found in hot countries like Africa and India and they eat leaves. They are very timid and well camouflaged with their strange patterns and long necks.

Lucie Galt, L7L.

IN ME

There is in me a jaguar.
Strong. Careful.
Yet also cunning.
And ready to pounce at any time.

There is in me an eagle.
Quick. Bold.
Yet also wise.
And not too quiet.

There is in me a dog.
Playful. Funny.
Yet loving and caring
And disappearing when wrong is done.

David Farry, L7R.

THE OLD MAN AND THE TOAD

There was an old man from Dundee
Who had eyes but could not see
He ran on the road
And there met a toad
And invited the toad for tea.

J. Maleque, L7L.

SENIOR SCHOOL

Block Prize-Winner

EUTHANASIA

Gradually the swirling haze began to settle down. The blinding, coloured lights stopped pounding my brain and the pressure which I had at times felt would burst open my skull began to dull. I seemed to be stirring from some terrible and confused dream but I had somehow failed to awaken fully. It was as if I could only lie there, unable to open my eyes or even twitch my fingers, yet I was fully conscious and my senses were receptive to the alien environment in which I now found myself.

The bed I lay in was not the customary soft bed I usually shared with my wife Annete, occasionally joined by our young son Mathew. Stiff, starched sheets pinned me to a mattress which felt as if it were stuffed with large rocks. My eyes refused to open, so I lay in a murky darkness, yet somehow I could sense it was daylight. Near my head some form of machine watched over me, rhythmically bleeping a report about me in a language only machines understand. This, together with the faint but omnipresent aura of disinfectant, convinced me that I must be in hospital, but why?

For what must have been many hours, I puzzled over my present condition. Someone entered, presumably to see me as there were no-one else in the room, or if there were they were keeping very quiet. The visitor had a light step, probably a nurse in rubber soled shoes, whose "ereek, ereek" announced her approach to my bed. It seemed as though she was wearing the disinfectant instead of perfume. I tried to call out, even to croak, but I could not make my mouth function and no sound would come. A faint scratching of a pen on rough paper came from beside the machine, and, after giving the machine its check-up she left, seemingly without noticing me. It was humiliating that the nurse had consulted a machine about me rather than me myself, reminding me of a story about the "carer" of a man in a wheelchair being asked, "does he take sugar?" A cold hand cupped roughly round the back of my neck and hauled my head up. Noiselessly, she plumped my pillow with a few thumps, then let my head fall back down. Then with the same squeaky footsteps, she left.

Soon after, I think I fell asleep, which is odd as I was never really awake. I lost the power of conscious thought and drifted into a dream in which I was driving along the quiet country road that led to our new house. We had only just moved there, as we felt the country would be good for Mathew, and I was returning with the car loaded with the paint and paper deemed necessary by "Ideal Home". The road wove through the thick, black night as if trying to dodge the screaming wind and solid screen of rain, against which my headlights were less than useless. Rather than making me take extra caution, the atrocious weather encouraged me to drive faster in order to get safely home as quickly as possible. The car clawed its way up a steep hill, then began to speed up on the descent. It was here that things began to move almost in slow motion. Just as I rapidly approached the sharp bend at the bottom of the hill. Too late I saw the fallen tree, too late I stamped on the brake. My last memory was of a tremendous thud, a crumpling of metal, thick blood before my eyes, the most searing pain imaginable — then nothing.

With a jolt my mind awoke, screaming and trembling, but, try as I might, my body would not follow suit. All around me were voices, echoing and unintelligible at first but gradually becoming distinct. A male voice I did not recognise was saying in a clinical tone "... and do remember Mrs Anderson, it has been four months now, dear. There is not the slightest hope of recovery. He cannot hear, see or think. He is as good as dead anyway, you don't really want him to be kept alive by a machine do you? Why not put him to rest peacefully?"

My mind cried out in horror as the grotesque reality came hurtling in. I must have been here in a coma for four months and now they were going to murder me! In desperation I tried to scream, to move even a finger that they might realise that I was alive but trapped in an unresponsive cage. The sound of gentle sobbing floated across to me, "If there's really no hope then I suppose you had better turn off that machine," murmured a voice, intermingled with tears, that I knew so well. Annete, my wife, was letting them murder me! I was unable to grasp that this was true. Surely this was merely an extension of the nightmare, in a few minutes the alarm would go off and I would awake safely in my own bed.

"Mathew, come and kiss daddy goodbye," followed by a small wet touch on the side of my face. More crying, then another female voice said comfortingly, "It's for the best." Time seemed to stand still. Heavy footsteps beside my bed then a ghastly click. The machine stopped bleeping and began to whine in a monotone. Everything began to go black, my mind swam. Silently, I screamed, and screamed, and screamed

Caroline Collins

POEM

A wailing wind pierced the night,
A bolt of lightning cracked the sky,
Dwellings below were locked up tight,
And rain beat down with all his might,
As the storm shriek'd its battle cry.

Within his home of Beechwood Hall,
Sir Edward watched the skies above,
He stood within the tower tall,
The road beneath did him enthral:
Waiting the coming of his Love.

Riding rapidly towards him,
He spied a figure on the hill,
He met the rider at the door,
Frantic to hear the news he bore,
But the news he brought bore ill.

He read the note then with a roar,
Sir Edward to the tower ran,
His heart now empty of amour
For the love that he did adore,
Had eloped with another man.

The window open he did tear,
Though the storm raged all around,
Then with a cry of sheer despair,
He cast himself into the air;
He leap'd and fell unto the ground.

No one would live there after that,
So the Hall began to crumble,
The ruin became the haunt of bats,
And in the tower hordes of rats.
Fed where Sir Edward did tumble.

A wailing gale drove through the night,
A blaze of lightning cracked the sky,
Dwellings below were locked up tight,
For rain pounded with all his might,
As the storm shriek'd its battle cry.

Through the storm a car came cautiously
Amanda sought to find her way,
She studied her map carefully
Yet drove with great difficulty
For darkness had claimed the day.

A bolt of lightning lit the night,
She saw the ruin and gave a gasp,
It was a truly terrible sight,
Arches, gargoyles, briefly alight
But the road it led straight past.

As Amanda approached the Hall,
She felt a surge of surprise,
The ruin was not there at all,
Beechwood was restored in its all
As when Sir Edward was alive.

She left her car park'd by the side,
And rang the great bell of the Hall,
A butler ushered her inside,
On entering she thought she spied,
A figure in the tower tall.

He led her to the dining room,
By fire and many candles lit,
The atmosphere was one of doom,
But then she noticed in the gloom,
A man in quaint attire did sit.

He was tall and his face was fair
But his gaze was cold and hard
His clothes were old, black was his hair
He fixed her with a piercing stare,
And he said he was Sir Edward.

For many hours they talked away,
And Sir Edward did amuse her,
Till in the third hour of her stay,
She feared her hair in disarray,
And pulled from her bag a mirror.

Too late, he tried to retreat,
As at his image she did stare,
She leaped in horror to her feet,
Uttering a terrified shriek,
For a rotten corpse stared at her.

In blind panic she fled from there,
Ruin had returned unto the Hall,
The corpse pursued, she was aware,
Tripping and stumbling up the stair,
Fleeing into the tower tall.

The broken window she did tear,
Though the storm raged all around,
Then with a cry of sheer despair,
She cast herself into the air;
She leap'd and fell unto the ground.

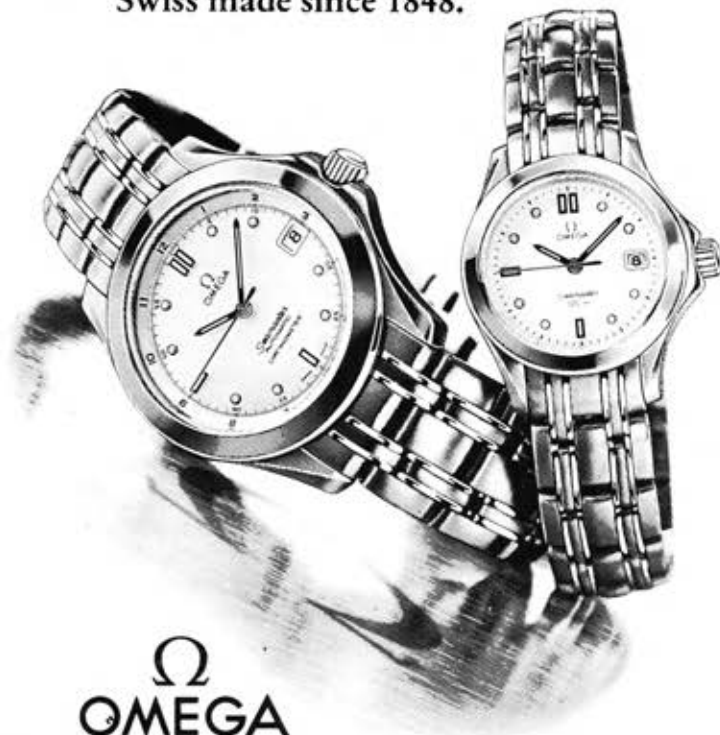
And now when gales drive through the night,
And blazing lightning cracks the sky,
Dwellings below are locked up tight,
For the rain pounds with all his might,
As the storm shrieks its battle cry.

In vanished rooms in Beechwood Hall,
As the rain pours in from above,
And wildly in the tower tall,
To the music of the storms call,
Dances Sir Edward and his Love.

Caroline Collins.

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By Ben Halliwell
Peter MacDonald

PRESIDENTS

Presidents that you see
at home on TV,
with big smiles cheery eyes,
But after elections you're in for a surprise!

The big soppy smiles flash away,
after the election day.
The nice and cheery ways,
turn into nastiness right away.

Greenpeace and world peace he says he'll help,
but he throws them out with a yelp.
Bombs, bullets, grenades and guns,
tanks and planes made in the ton.

These mean and horrible people,
should be hanged and shot on a steeple.
Better still to make no mistake,
throw them in a pit of snakes.

They spend all their day debating,
and never updating,
the law from maybe ages or so,
possibly years or century's ago.

The next election is coming to near,
so the smiles beam and jolly speech
for every one to hear,
the babies they kiss all day long,
and always sing a cheerful song.

Ben Halliwell, F1.

THE DENTIST

The huge assistant glared down on me,
"what is it?" she hissed,
"I've made an appointment today
to see the dentist".

She led me to a huge metal door,
and she said "wait here till he is ready".
Already I was shaking and,
feeling rough and unsteady.

Then out came the patient,
or should I say victim!
It looked like the dentist had taken a base-ball bat,
and hit him and hit him and hit him!

"Next!" I stepped in and looked around,
and all that you could see,
were machine guns and bazookas,
and spears and a big long machete.

"Sit down," said the dentist, "and make yourself
at home,
this appointment will be quite long,
and you don't want your filling,
to go horribly wrong."

With one flick of his hand he produced,
an extremely pointed spear,
"don't worry, everything is under control,
there is nothing to fear."

He pulled back his arm as if ready to fire,
and said "I do this quite a lot"
but he didn't do it to me because,
I ran out like a shot!!!!

Peter MacDonald, F1.



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KIDNAPPED

The hair on the back of my head stood on end and my heart was pounding, as the realisation hit me that my life was in grave danger. A burst of adrenaline shot through my veins, and I lashed out, kicking repeatedly the solid oak door which was the barrier against my freedom, till all the anger which had possessed me was gone.

But the door still stood, not having budged even an inch. It seemed to be mocking me, and my feeble attempt to escape. By now the desperation which had fuelled my uncontrollable burst of anger had subsided and all I had left inside me was an empty feeling of despondency and frustration.

Closing my tear drenched eyes, I thought back to the events, so clearly etched in my mind, which had brought about this hopeless situation.

It was mid-afternoon and the sun, at its zenith, was complemented by a warm, westerly breeze which emphasised the sweet fragrance of summer. This unexpected bout of good weather had given me a happy, carefree mood and I strolled contently across a rather wild, unkempt piece of land which led to the city centre, my destination. Although I had been strongly warned not to take this route, personally I saw no harm in it, and my parents' advice rather added to the enjoyment of the walk than made me avoid it.

I was almost in sight of the grey, imperceptible blur of inner city buildings, when my musings were broken by a soft shuffling of footsteps. I turned but no one was there. Chiding myself for an overactive imagination, I resumed my walk but there was an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach, and my pace had involuntarily quickened. Again, I heard the footsteps and they too had gained in speed. Again, I turned, but no one was there. Suddenly, a man shot out of the bushes. Before I could react, he grabbed me by the neck and started dragging me towards a car, parked nearby. A short struggle ensued but I was no match for him. Panicking, a scream rose to my throat and I opened my lips to set it free. But no sound was made, the scream would not materialise, for a firm hand was clapped over my mouth and I was shoved into the car.

I must have blacked out, for the next thing I knew was this place — a damp, dark, dismal room with no windows, which meant no escape.

As I lay slumped in the darkness one question which kept coming to mind was 'Why? Why me?' I still couldn't believe what had happened. When you hear news reports of teenage girls going missing, you feel for them, but they are quickly forgotten, as time passes but when you're involved you see things with a whole new perspective. And this new point of view chilled me to the bone. Maybe money was the motive for my abduction although, I admit, my family certainly wasn't rich. Or maybe my captor was just one of those psychopathic individuals who kidnap children for some kind of warped enjoyment. I shivered at the thought.

This ominous reflection reminded me of the urgency of my situation. I had to get out of here . . . and fast. My eyes had long grown accustomed to the darkness and I could now make out some of the objects in the room. In the opposite corner stood a delapidated cupboard. Without thinking, I rushed over to it, pulled open a drawer and started rifling through the belongings inside. To my intense disappointment, every drawer was empty save the top one, which housed some ladies' cosmetics. Slamming it shut, my eyes swept over the rest of the

room. The only other piece of furniture was a bulky, wooden table which looked as if it could crack any minute now. Kicking myself inwardly for thinking such trivial thoughts, I tried to determine a course of action — my life could depend on it.

Concentrating hard, I focused all my thoughts on to my plight. Somehow the self-defence classes mum had taken came into my mind. What had she told me to do, if ever I was attacked? Suddenly, I was inspired! Springing up from what had been my makeshift seat by the wall, I instinctively made for the cupboard once more. Opening the top drawer, I grabbed the can of hairspray which had been lying in one corner. Can in hand, I positioned myself behind the door by which my abductor would enter, and waited for him to show.

After what seemed to me like some hours, I heard footsteps approach the room. My heartbeat quickened and a wave of apprehension swept over my entire body. But I could not, would not let it overpower me and I waited resolutely for his entrance.

The key turned in the lock, and the man appeared. He had a robust, broad shouldered figure and looked as if he was in his early forties. His manner was professional and apathetic as he scrutinised me for some minutes. In his hands was a large, ornate tray scantily filled with a piece of toast and a cup of tea. "Eat this," he growled in a cold, unemotional voice, and shoved the tray towards me.

"I'm not hungry," I replied, as forcefully as possible.

The man stared at me silently, as if contemplating what to do next. Finally, he turned to leave the room. Realising that this was my chance to 'make or break', I tapped him on the shoulder.

"What do you . . . !"

He swung round to face me. But, before he could react, I jumped in front of him and sprayed the chemical in his direction, praying that it would not miss its target. It didn't, hitting him square in the eyes and I watched in horror as he yelled out, in agony. Dashing out of the room, I made for the exit.

But, on reaching the front door, I found it was locked. Panicking, I searched desperately for the keys. To my intense relief they were hanging nearby. Snatching them, I tried one in the keyhole. It opened. I ran into the night and made for some lights which flickered in the distance. I was free!

Sujata Bose.

GOLDEN HOLIDAYS

July is the year at high noon. July is a get up and go time, holiday time: the shore, the lake, the country. It is hot afternoons and sultry nights, and mornings when it is a joy to be alive. July is a picnic and a red canoe and a sunburned neck and a ball game and ice tinkling in a tall glass. July is a blind date with summer.

Unfortunately, so far in my short and undistinguishable existence, at least as far back as I can remember, I have spent my July's in Whitby with my grandparents.

Whitby is quaint little fishing village in the North of England; the birthplace of Captain Cook, boats in the bay sitting patiently on their reflections, white-capped waves belly flopping their way towards shore, the gentle woods where shadows play their hide and seek in the light, and the cliffs arching their backs against the sea; but don't be deceived by what the brochures say. Spider's webs of streets with shops flogging unwanted

junk and the aroma of fish-and-chips floating through the air. Sewage filled waters, so cold that tiny icicles hang like sets of organ pipes from the high rocks. Well, that is my point of view and has been since I can remember.

I don't mind staying with my grandparents. Adult conversation does, to a certain extent educate a child's mind. However, when the topic of conversation moves on to the "Good old days" then I am out of my depth, and go and find a pastime such as clambering through the gigantic attics, heavy with old dreams and spent history, while late afternoon shadows move into the room and sit in corners like uninvited guests.

When I was younger, I was taken to the beach and bought buckets and spades and ice-lollies, played pitch and putt, and sailed a boat on the pond. Looking back, I'm surprised I stood for this, and didn't throw a tantrum, however, I do recollect having fun.

Relatives are also a favourite visiting attraction. I can vaguely recollect a great-uncle of mine. His face was strong — very strong — aquiline with the high bridge of the thin nose and peculiarly arched nostrils; with lofty domed forehead, and hair growing scantily round the temples, but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were massive, almost meeting over the nose, and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth so far as I could see it under the heavy moustache was fixed and rather cruel looking. For the rest, his ears were pale; the chin was broad and strong and the cheeks were firm though thin. The general effect was one of extraordinary pallor. I only ever met him once, possibly twice I can recall. Sadly he passed away some years ago, and I only have the one image of him left.

However, of all the images of past times on holiday

that are locked in my mind, the most vivid are the sounds and smells of the fish market on an early summer morning. I can see in my mind's eye, even now, the quay, almost deserted apart from the people involved in their trade, keen to get the best prices for their catch. To the outsider, the smell is overpowering, but to these men of the sea it is just part of the rich tapestry of market day with its hustle and bustle and general excitement. In the midst of all this, fish stare up with glass-like eyes and lobsters, claws secured by elastic bands, fidget in their prisons, anxious to be free. Death is all around but somehow it is overlooked by the fishermen who must make a living to feed their families. Boxes scrape along the ground, voices rise to a crescendo as yet another catch is sold. There are broad smiles on the weathered faces of some, whose catches have brought good prices and scowls on the faces of those who have not been so fortunate. As the time passes people drift away and the job of hosing down begins, the fishy smells evaporating into the air until the whole process begins again.

I don't regret visiting my grandparents or the donkey rides I was placed on at the beach, or the streets being as busy as a box of kittens or even the "sweet" smell of "Archies" fish and chips. What I regret is not being old enough to have more than vague memories of relatives who have sadly passed away, like at dawn, the sash of a happy dream rests in our fingers for an instant, then crumbles into dust.

We always return to Scotland when Autumn's shawl slips over summer's hours and leaves fall over themselves to escape the wind. Autumn is summer skies with winter's eyes, but my eyes sadden at the thought of another July gone by.

Jill Drummond F4



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THE SILENCE

Back in December 1845, Billy Hanson was married to Susannah Philips by a preacher in the snowy city of Detroit, and in the March of 1846, they joined one of the first pioneering expeditions into the Wild West. Their route took them through Fort Wayne, Chicago and then veered south west, cutting across Illinois to Missouri and St Louis. Although some people settled round about here, Billy and Susannah pushed on; they had other plans.

In late October of that year, on a piece of flattened land just outside Dodge City, Kansas, the men of the wagon train built several huts to accommodate everyone during the long winter. So there they stayed, making clothes and other items necessary to them in future homes.

As soon as the last of the snow had melted in the Spring of '47, they set off at a good pace, for there was much that had to be achieved before the next snow in the Autumn. Billy and Susannah travelled north, north west, leaving Nebraska and Colorado in their wake as they crossed the border into Wyoming.

They chose to settle as a huge ranch divided more or less equally into five pieces which were the individual claims. The area was a large basin between the Rockies and the Big Horn Range, full of lush grass and also sheltered grassland that they could use for cultivating wheat. The Hansons and another couple, the Stevensons decided to combine their two claims and make a larger, more powerful one. They would graze cattle in the good grass down by the river, and above that row crops. The men built the cabins and stables, (they planned to catch wild horses from the mountains when they had time) and the women sewed household items such as table-cloths and bed spreads.

In the Spring of the next year, both women gave birth to boys, Jack Stevenson and Stan Hanson. The boys' feeling of being bonded was mutual, and they were great friends from the cradle. They also gave their mothers great trouble to keep them from being nuisances!

In the boys' fifteenth summer, 1863, Stan and Jack were told to go off and check on how the wheat was ripening, and in what state of health the livestock were in. They knew it was only because Juan, their new neighbour — well, he'd only been there for four years — had come over with a "business proposition", but they also knew what their mothers' wrath was like ... They mounted up and rode over to check the cattle first.

As Stan was crossing the ford, his horse's hoof struck a rock and it whinnied in surprise. Stan leant over to see if his mount was all right, and saw the rock — and leapt off into the sparkling, icy waters born of the glaciers in the Rockies. He plunged his hand in eagerly and, a few seconds later waved his gleaming prize of a gold nugget at Jack. Jack stared at it for long seconds, then with common assent born from many years of a very close relationship, they galloped back to the ranch.

Upon reaching it, they disregarded the babble of voices and burst straight in. Juan half turned and growled at them, "Didn't your ma ever teach you to knock before you ..." and then, with a noticeable change of voice, "Well, well, what have we here? Let me see that boys."

"No!" exclaimed Billy. "First you threaten us if we don't give you some of our land, and now you have the Goddam nerve to make us give you what is ours, found by us on ..."

A slug of lead put paid to the rest of his words. The boys stood, thunder struck, and stared as both their fathers were shot in cold blood in front of their eyes. Whilst they watched, they fell into the black spiral of

unconsciousness, created by the savage pistol butts of Juan and his Texan cowboy, and were roped as if they were steers. When they awoke from their unwanted sleep, it was dark and the log cabin they were in burned with fierce intensity. They had clearly been left to die.

Jack snatched a burning brand out of the fluorescent flames and seared Stan's bonds. Stan returned the favour hastily.

Having expected no pursuit, the two executioners were riding leisurely about a mile away, trotting over the horizon softened by the waving grasses. The boys paused only to muffle the horses hooves, and to attach rifle-boots to the saddles. Then they cantered off to catch the executioners, to reverse the death sentence — to prevent the silence from spreading like wildfire through the valley, leaving it gutted like the shell of their burnt home.

Alison Laws F3

THE POLICEMAN

The gang was hated,
far and near,
the local parliament debated,
how they longed to hear,
that the gang was nowhere near.

The gang robbed banks,
and moved up the ranks,
to public enemies number one,
this was there idea of fun.

They became very bad,
and it was not sad,
when a mysterious policeman came some day,
to blow the gang away.

The gang members,
Bill, Bash, Smash and Crash,
heard footsteps on the ground,
they all turned around.

They heard a click then a boom!
a bullet did zoom,
Smash was hit just below the hair,
and he promptly flew through the air.

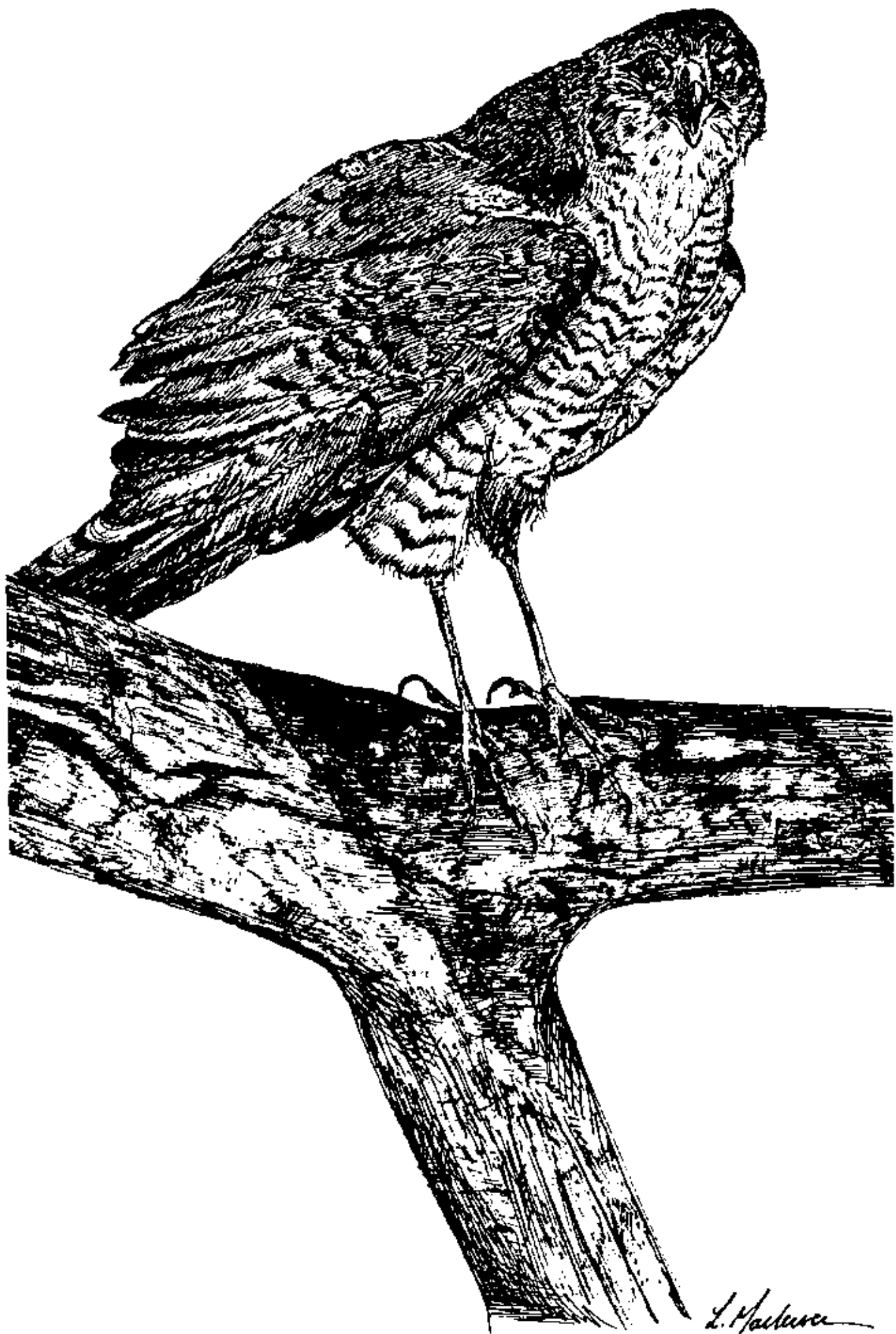
Crash jumped behind a bin,
and asked God to forgive his sin.
The policeman's sword did stab
and through the bin he did jab.

Bill and Bash gave a shout,
then the policeman drew out his gun,
they both began to run,
down a lane, but no way out!

Bash and Bill spun around,
a shot rang out,
Bill fell to the ground,
Bash jumped behind a wall.

Over the wall fell something, that began ticking,
Bill felt the fear go prang, then the grenade
went BANG!!!!

Ben Halliwell.



ESPERANCE

It was a Wednesday and the evening had been drawn taut by the absence of some of our number. We had discussed the possibility of turning our backs on the event, casting aside our responsibilities as did our superiors. For me, it was the courtesy our host provided us that touched me and caused me to stay. For the others it was the fear of casting aside their responsibilities.

The girl in question was, in my view, quite remarkable. I feel slightly ashamed to write of her now; I may exaggerate a point which in truth was not so intense as I would have liked or imagined. Nevertheless, I think she would be slightly pleased that even the most insignificant person thought it appropriate, and in my case — essential, to make an account of her words that night. But her words, though wise and impressive, were not what struck me most about her.

I admit that my courage was unnaturally high at the point she walked into the hall. The others had been more worried than I had at first imagined, and realising their weakness, I had attempted to address some form of balance which would ease their agitation for what seemed a daunting night ahead. With rye and crude humour I think I may have raised their spirits. Except for one — Naomi, who I believe had become too aloof to pay more attention than politeness demanded, for she was polite and a great social asset to whomever would take her in their group. However, she would be assigned to a different group than my own and thus is not central to this account. Kirsty "with a y", however, would be assigned to my group, but ironically, although she was from my school and as far as I knew a very nice girl, I had never found myself speaking to her, nor found in me the need to speak to her. Thus, I can say little of her save she was adorned in a most impressive feminine suit of grass green with a pewter thistle brooch attached neatly to her lapel. I stress, I was not attracted to her. I also stress that she was by no means unattractive, it was perhaps the presence of greater beauty that swayed my attention away from her shore. Maybe beauty is not as intense an influence for attraction as many people seem to think. Personally, I think fate has a strong if wavering hand in the matter.

Ah . . . I have a tendency to talk much and give superfluous detail. Then I will return to what was the main topic of the night according to my mind and will endeavour to stay upon that colourful path. The girl in question . . . I won't tell you her name yet because I did not have the convenience of knowing until a good hour into the night.

It had been part of my attempt at high spirits; noting the girls as I did to my boss.

"I'm in her group," I stated.

She gazed along the line of my thumb and picked out, from many, the girl in question whom I had admired. My name jumped out from the base of her chest. She was on edge and her laughter was jagged but true.

"What," I said, "Can't I admire her?"

Courting had clearly not been on her mind, it was too cluttered with pointless concerns about a night that, if ended in failure, would not be our responsibility.

From that distance I could see the girl in question to have a womanly figure. Not too slim, wide hips and a humble stance that captivated the unwary eye. But I had seen her face first and it was her eyes that drew my own gaze astray; they glistened as though a tear — eternal graced their surface. It was a fine virtue to possess those eyes, but a far finer one to look upon them and to have them look upon you.

She moved into the hall with her retinue about her. I noticed that a particular member of that retinue held close to her side and favoured her with the mug of tea. She accepted the preference as the norm, it seemed that her suitor often paid her this compliment and that, perhaps, it had begun to bore her. He seemed uncomfortably aware of this fact and he watched her as she moved to the table and placed her mug gently on its surface. A look of concern stained his handsome face and it was almost sickening to see him wallow in concern for his own confidence. Perhaps he tried too hard to please her instead of attempting to satisfy them.

The scene flashed away in brief seconds and reached its end when the girl in question began to lift her head in my direction. I would have stayed to greet her glance with a smile, but I hadn't the courage — at least not then. So I turned away and engaged a friend nearby in trivial conversation.

In fact, in that moment of time. Much of what was not in my immediate concern — the girl in question — had lost the fiery aura of importance and had taken up the visage of children at play in a summer meadow. The worries were thrown from comrade to friend and back again like a ball in a ball game with no score. And one ball wasn't enough, they insisted on aggravating the situation by fabricating concerns and doom ridden expectancies. I think I would have been the same, if I had not found my own personal diversion. *Well, I thought, let our host quell these dark prophecies when her teasing reaches an end. I'm sure they'll enjoy whatever it is we've been sent here to do.*

What we had been sent here to do. That concept was now only a vague residue pasted somewhere in a tiny annex of my mind. The main hall of my mind had been granted the status of a gallery and for a brief moment, a thousand blank canvases adorned the walls before they were festooned with fantasies both tragic and intimate but all so terribly tall. . .

"Okay, people. Duty had reached its tenacious head and smashed the light which gave birth to the art inside my mind. "If we could all mix up." Or perhaps not. It seemed we had free will of where to go, as long as we stayed clear of the warm comfort of our own comrades.

I felt no remorse when I stood up and walked away from my table without even saying goodbye to my friends. Remorse had no place when desire had a hold of my naive purpose and the girl in question was quickly finding company in her new group.

Without even glancing at her back, I secured myself a seat near her and at the same time assured a more than challenging evening.

The sudden realisation of the pressure I had endowed upon my shoulders, coupled with the fact that I had lost all of my comrades to other groups caused fiery blood to raise through my neck to the sharp tip of my cheekbone and the flabby flesh beneath my tired eyes. I cursed my lack of control and dipped my head into shadow.

The shadow proved to be my saviour. I could view everybody, including the girl in question, without then being disgusted with the detail of my own face. And, indeed, I was pleased with all of my companions but charmed by only one.

Cautiously, she lifted her head again and viewed with a certain nobility the riff-raff that had stumbled across her table. Bless the shadow; her view of me was obscured and I found only pleasure in seeing her when she couldn't truly see me.

I smiled. She saw the smile and reflected what I supposed to be a similar one. I was annoyed at the reflection . . . Damn . . . why did I have to smile like an anxious schoolgirl?

Our discussion ensued and arguments — political, social and dubiously moral — were offered to the table. Our minds were polite but free to speak as they wished and soon a sense of calm descended over the group allowing us to pursue our goal without the fear of parading our ignorance.

Thankfully, I was able to pursue my own personal desires without the fiery blood in my head.

I argued with her, deliberately opposing my own views for the sake of provoking some passion in hers. But, it didn't work. She possessed a countenance that was calm and I believe the turmoil of her heart was radically filtered and subdued before it reached my ears. Still, I had the pleasure of admiring her whilst she talked.

I sometimes found myself admiring art.

This particular piece was new to my tastes and I found many qualities that I thought inherent only in the great masterpieces of Renoir and Cezanne. Rich embodiments of colour and astute use of shade, all enveloped by the perfection of angelic form. Silently I praised the humble artist.

Sometimes, she would be talking to me, trying to express a viewpoint or put forward an objection and I

found myself just admiring her every curve and not listening to anything she said. When the time came and I was expected to make a reply or augment my argument I found myself ignorant of both the subject in hand and my original view. At this I laughed but continued my admiration.

Intertwined within the complex grey threads of her argument were colourful threads of recognition . . . comprehension. They glowed through the light in her eyes and the flush in her cheeks and occasionally she dropped a word into her speech that was like a coin — two sides.

I was glad to see her smile, but its form made me sad.

And then, before I knew it our hands were joined . . . in a gesture of farewell. The night disintegrated into a powdered collection of composite atoms and unbound molecules. Reality had stretched its arm before me and torn me away from the realms of possibility leaving nothing but a fading image of a ticket. "The Gallery — Admit two V.I.P. guests."

But it wasn't possible. The night as it truly was had ended, the ticket fell into the river and was carried away to the sea where so many people's dreams had passed before. I wished it farewell and I wished Emma, "Good night."

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ONE ACT PLAY

The scene is a high room in a modern university. To the right on the back wall is a large window from which the bland, but not run down concrete, steel and glass top two floors and flat roof of the building can be seen. There is a large mahogany table slightly to the left of centre, a matching heavy chair behind it and a smaller bamboo cane chair to the left facing the table. On the table is an almost empty wire paper rack, a well stocked desk, tidy, numerous "executive toys" and many large model cars (Ferrari's etc.). Around the walls are many tattered posters of the "Save the ..." variety, together with new car posters and a few "Benetton" etc. (expensive kitsch) posters. At the back of the room, in the middle, is a filing cabinet and on the right is a large banner made of a white sheet on two large poles. The banner reads in green hand painted lettering "The University of Southern England Environmental Association". The second "s" in association seems to have been squeezed in as an after thought. It is discernible that the first part of the banner has been re-painted. Through a white wash it is just possible to read "Tunbridge Well's Polytechnic". There is a white gas central heating radiator beneath the banner. A door leads off to the right.

Seated behind the desk is Guy Trump, a tall, sporty, handsome, boy of about twenty, in expensive yet bland clothes. He looks arrogant, but "blank" rather than "aristocratic", although one feels that is the look he is trying to achieve. In the bamboo chair sits Margaret Maxwell, an overly skinny, yet athletic girl with "sensible" lank, bobbed blonde hair and a plain (but not sour) face. She is the female equivalent of Guy, and wears "M & S" jeans, a university rugby top, a "Pringle" jumper and wafer soled navy loafers. Sitting, with one leg crossed over the other, on the front/left side of the desk is Marie-Anastasia Branson. She is wearing a very short skirt, stiletto heels and her hair is up in a chignon. The impression created is that of a tart, but she does not look cheap or tacky. Instead, the overall effect is that she looks expensive, but somehow misses the sophisticated modern women "look" that one feels she is attempting. Standing leaning on the filing cabinet is Andrew Kennedy, long hair tied back in a pony-tail, puffed-sleeved white shirt, waistcoat, tight black trousers, black pointed shoes, and a long, black coat that is ridiculously large. He scowls constantly and tries to appear a misunderstood intellectual, but his pose is spoiled as his elbow is constantly sliding off the filing cabinet causing him to stumble off balance. Sitting on the floor by the right side of the desk is Graham Ford, a cross between Guy and Margaret but lacking even their limited charisma. He has a large sketch pad on his knee and is ostentatiously sketching with coloured pencils.

It is about two o'clock and the sun is shining through the window. Lights. Marie-Anastasia is fixing her hair, Graham is sketching, Andrew is scowling. All are listening to Guy reading from a tabloid newspaper.

GUY

"... but the level of violence used by these ... thugs is not acceptable to decent citizens. We fully intend to consult our solicitors.

"It appears that the only real winner was Branson Construction Co., for, despite local opposition to the building of the by-pass, which will cut through an area of special environmental interest, it would seem that the violent tactics used by some individuals at Monday's protest have alienated local people ..."

MARIE-ANASTASIA

Well that's absolute nonsense. I was just talking to Daddy last night and he said we were quite right to have the courage of our convictions.

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MARGARET

Oh absolutely. Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against the locals, they're the salt of the earth, but, well, they don't really know what they want. (Others nod and murmur approval. Marie-Anastasia begins to file her nails).

ANDREW

(In the sanctimonious tone of someone making an earth shattering statement) "There are none so blind as those who cannot see." (Others look blank for a few seconds then begin to fervently agree so as not to appear ignorant).

MARGARET

Precisely. We're doing it for their own good. We get nothing from it do we? I mean, we'll be leaving once we've graduated. (others agree) One day they'll thank us!

MARIE-ANASTASIA

Well actually we did get some lovely 'photos. (Points to 'photo in the newspaper. Raises arms above head and half sprawls across the table, like some kind of romantic heroine) There I am, chained to a tree, clutching a bunch of orchids, soon to be victims of mans' inhumanity to flowers, destroyed, just so a motorway doesn't pass by a silly old people's home — which our taxes paid for! (others share her disgust at having to waste money helping people) It wasn't even as though there had been that many accidents and besides, if they'd just push their wheelchairs a little faster then it could all have been avoided (others agree).

ANDREW

To lose one could be seen as an accident. (Others look round expecting some profound statement. Andrew scowls at them in disgust. Simultaneously, so as not to look stupid, they all burst in to a chorus of agreement and praise.)

GUY

(He has a terribly affected drawl which was hidden by the clipped manner which he used when reading from the newspaper, but, on occasion, he slips into a North of England accent. He speaks as little as possible to avoid this. He is extremely embarrassed when this happens) Oooh ab-sol-utely. And the th-th-i-i-i-ings those "Friends of the E-e-a-a-arth" people said, espe-e-ecially about you, Marie-Anastasia. (Takes her hand comfortingly as she melodramatically appears to be about to sob. She holds it for a few seconds as the others look on with deepest sympathy, then holds his hand firmly against her thigh. Guy looks very nervous and blushes deeply. Stammering and in a broad Northern accent) Well, it's bloody ridiculous! (Others look round at him sharply. He wrenches his hand from Marie-Anastasia's grip and sits back in disgrace).

MARGARET

Oh yes. (With indignation) To say we didn't know what we were doing. I bet we got more publicity for the cause of the endangered blue orchids than their large, overstuffed bureaucratic organisation did. We are in touch with the situation on the ground, and do this work because we are genuinely caring (others nod), not for self-glorification. Sending bunches of the orchids to influential people was an inspired idea Guy, simply marvellous. (Guy laps up the others' praise with false modesty). And it was sheer jealous vindictiveness to remind the other protesters that Marie-Anastasia's father owns Branson Construction Co., there was just no need for it. (Marie-Anastasia looks as if she is bravely fighting back her tears, much to the admiration of the others. She regains her composure and begins to ease her shoes which seem to be very painful).

MARIE-ANASTASIA

Well, it seems that some people still haven't come to terms with the fact that women can be strong and independent human beings, without needing men. Women today can have children whilst working. (*Others nod in agreement. She is wincing from her stilettos*) We are not simply objects who do everything for men. God, these shoes are killing me. (*Starts retouching hair and makeup*)

(*Graham has finished drawing and now stands up and silently hands his pad to Guy. They all study it intently for a few seconds then go mad with approval.*)

GUY
This is ve-e-ery goo-ood but sho-uld we not per-er-er-haps ha-a-a-v-v-e a slo-o-o-o-gan?

MARIE-ANASTASIA

Oh no! No-one wants writing, it's so boring. It would simply draw attention away from the pretty picture.

MARGARET

Nightmare! It is so much more striking with just the picture.

ANDREW

The pen is mightier than the word (*Others look blank*

for a few seconds then begin to fervently agree — so as not to appear ignorant).

MARGARET

So now we have a super new logo, what shall we do with all the posters, leaflets and T-shirts we made last week?

MARIE-ANASTASIA

Oh burn them. They were looking a little tired. It isn't good for the professional image of the group to be seen wearing dingy old clothes. And Mummy's dressmaker ran me up some samples for a new style of T-shirt which I thought we might try (*takes out a T-shirt from her handbag and passes it round the group. Others nod and mutter approvingly. The shirt has a large "V" neck.*)

MARGARET

Marvellous!

MARIE-ANASTASIA

(*Looks at watch*) We had better get to the printers before closing time.

(*All prepare to leave and head for the door talking of what a success the protest was, and exit leaving all the lights and heating on.*)

Caroline Collins



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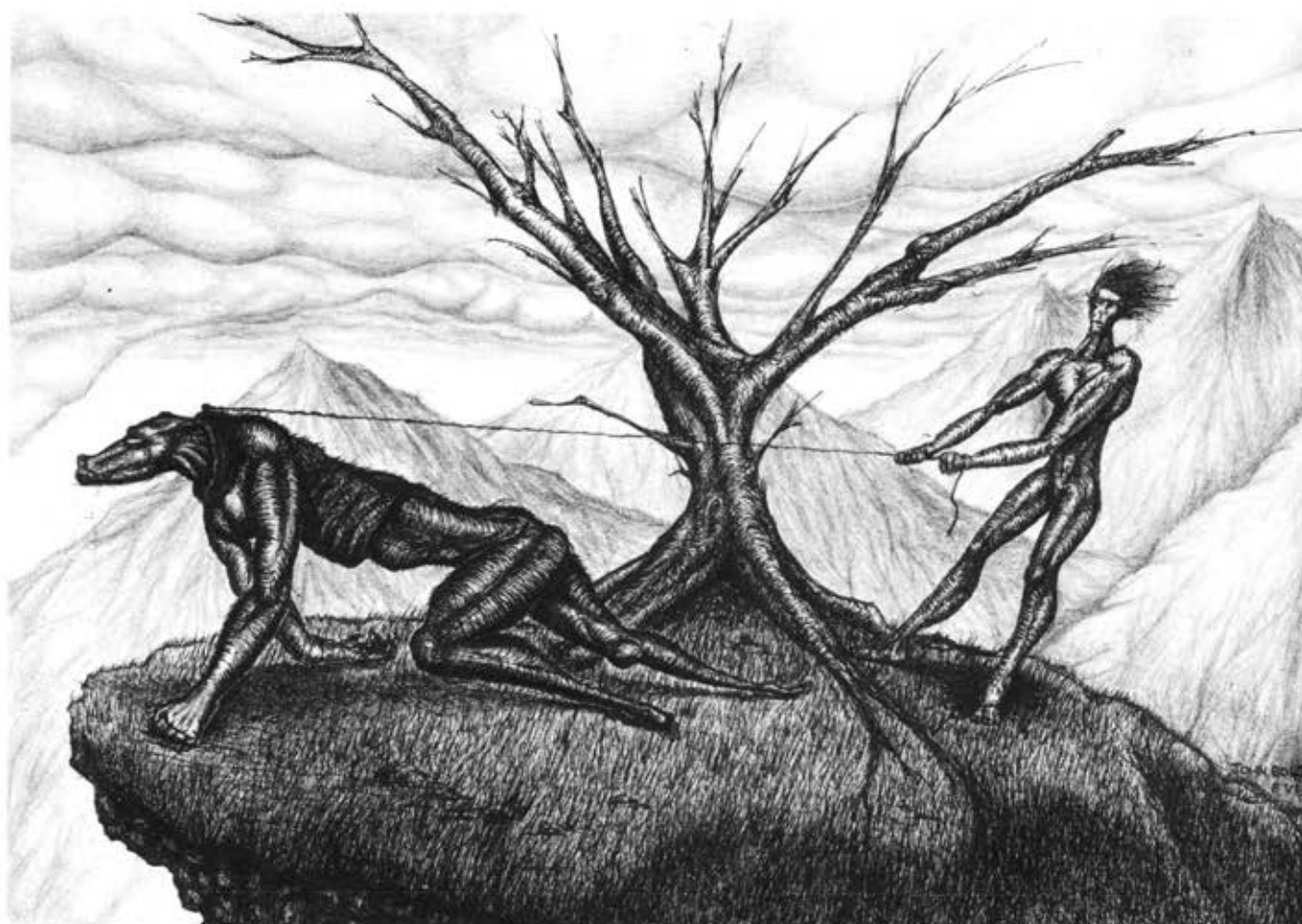
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The evenings light was just beginning to fade as the elderly man leaned across the coarse wooden table and scooped up several earthenware tumblers, then wiped away the dribbles of red vinegar with a piece of rag. His lame leg ached a little as he shuffled across to the counter, there to drop the tumblers into a basin where they would later be washed. Outside the noise seemed to be getting louder, again, the sound of glass breaking, roaring crowds, drumming and then the unmistakable spit of musket fire. So they finally found someone to fight, mused M. Reville, and hoped they would stay on the main streets and leave his inn alone.

Years ago, he might have been with them; young people who thought they could change the world, angry people who wanted someone to blame, and often bored people who wanted adventure. At eighteen he had left his home in a remote region of Brittany, bored of farm work and the way of life which had not seemed to change even with a revolution. M. Reville had been born in 1789, when people had been dying to change the world, yet the village continued on its usual treadmill, with the only change being the different faces of the men who acted as overlords to the peasants. Eventually, hating his parents for failing to be affected by what he had hallingly read in scraps of precious pamphlets, M. Reville left to join the army.

Rhythmically he began to sweep the flag stones. The broom had lost most of its bristles and made little impression on the ground-in dirt yet M. Reville seemed neither to notice nor to care, the task being important to him as part of his routine rather than for any real use. Starting from the hearth he swept almost unconsciously, using exactly the same movements he had used yesterday, the day before that, and each day since he had bought the inn with the savings from his army pay.

In 1807 he had signed on, penniless and with only his uniform, yet despite this he had risen rapidly to become a sergeant in just four years. Driven by an all consuming passion to do something significant with his life, to fight against those who he had been told were the enemies of ordinary men such as himself, to win glory, and by a youthful lack of caution, he had distinguished himself time after time. In recognition of this he was presented with the Legion d' Honour, something he had dreamed of when in Brittany which was now a reality, a dream he could hold in his hand. He had marched off to Russia feeling invincible. He could destroy entire armies unaided, liberate oppressed people and single handedly create a world of true Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

There was very little else to be done before closing up for the night. After stacking his broom in its accustomed place M. Reville returned to his tumblers, giving each a quick dunk in a basin of cold water then staking them behind the counter, each one in line with its fellows.

By winter he was less euphoric. The entire march had been hungry, bogged down for weeks in unbelievable mud and now the cold was like nothing he or his fellows had experienced before. Thousands died around him, from attacks of Cossacks or more often they simply froze where they stood. He himself had taken a bullet in his left leg but unlike so many others was lucky enough to get a place in one of the very few baggage wagons now loaded with dying men. The retreat was a shambles, thousands of shuffling corpses who moved in a kind of trance. All this M. Reville could have stood if only he hadn't seen the leaders in whom he had believed and worshipped as saviours of the ordinary men, turn and flee on their horses, taking what little food and warm clothing there was.

For four years M. Reville remained in a military sanatorium. His leg wound healed relatively quickly although he was left with a permanent and noticeable limp which would have kept him out of the army even if he had wished to rejoin. But M. Reville had no wish to rejoin the army. The mental illness which kept him in the sanatorium was not, as the doctors believed, caused by the shock of the Moscow campaign, but rather by his lack of something to believe in. He had lost his faith in all that had seemed sacred to him before, and spent his time questioning himself, wondering what went wrong, speaking to no-one and simply gazing at the wall, hoping an answer would present itself.

On his discharge from the hospital he found himself in a world completely unknown to him. The wars had ended and the Monarchy had been restored. The idea of a King seemed somehow quite acceptable, though it represented all that he had fought against. It seemed to offer some stability and an alternative to the disasters of previous years, an unjust system which, unlike the Republic, did not pretend to be otherwise.

As the years crawled by M. Reville remained in his inn, untouched by what was happening outside his door. Wars in Spain came and went, discontent with the monarchy began to grow and some of M. Reville's customers began to talk in hushed voices about change, about a revolution to bring about a better society. It was possibly the same men and others like them who were now out on the barricades but it was only their noise that reached M. Reville.

Opening the unpainted door he stepped outside and emptied the basin of dirty water into the gutter. Straightening his back he stood and gazed at the first trickles of smoke rising up against the sunset and wondered what those out there were thinking. Most, he was confident, were dreaming of idealistic reforms for which they were risking their lives, but there would be at least one calculating how he could use the new situation to his own advantage.

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