

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 72

JUNE 1938

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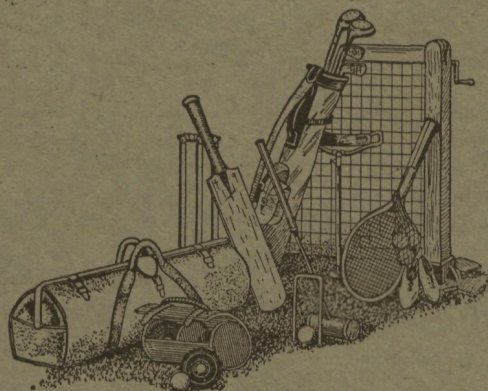
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 72.]

JUNE 1938.

[FOURPENCE.

Editorial.

WE can hardly believe that another session is well-nigh ended, that the school sports lie behind us and that the holidays are close upon us. Perhaps it is because this time we are leaving school for the last time; perhaps because we are leaving behind that security and comradeship which are part and parcel of school life; at any rate, these last few days will not go by without regret and a feeling that school, after all, is not such a bad place. But begone sad melancholy, this is no place for fond regrets. The bonds of youth will never be severed—our school will live on; “for men may come and men may go, but it”—again we pause. The High School of Dundee is in danger of changing, of becoming just another school, unless enough money is forthcoming to meet the cost of reconstruction. This appeal may or may not reach very far, but we trust that all those who read this will recall their affection for the old school and do their bit to preserve it.

A change in the school colours will come into force shortly, and at last the school has armorial bearings of its own—bearings to be proud of. Changes are not always popular, especially in cases where things have been taken for granted, and many may object to this innovation, but we are not alone in saying that the present colours have little aesthetic appeal. Blue and gold are the colours which are going to carry the school's destiny—may their glory never fade!

We can usually count on a fairly good day for our school sports, but for once the Fates

played a shady trick on us. The Saturday morning of the sports broke cloudy and overcast, and any hopes we entertained of the weather clearing were scattered by a sharp downpour just after one o'clock. After a consultation of the clouds, the direction of the wind, the flight of the birds, etc., Mr. Thomas M'Laren announced that the sports would be postponed. They were carried out in their usual successful and efficient manner the following Saturday. Regarding the School Swimming Galas we venture to put forward the suggestion that the boys' and girls' galas should be combined. We think that the galas could be made both more interesting and more exciting in this way. We should also like to see the “House system” among the boys pushed to a much greater extent. The House Cup should go to the House with the best record in rugby, cricket, golf, tennis, swimming and athletics. By making the boys “house-conscious,” enthusiasm for sport would increase, and there would be an all-round improvement in the school's sporting accomplishments.

The cricket team continues to do very well, and the tennis team has also been fairly successful, but more about them in the reports. The number going to cadet camp remains high, and we only hope that we meet with better weather than last year.

We were very glad to see Mr. Laird at the school sports. He has been seriously ill during the summer term, and his genial presence has been sorely missed. For years

Mr. Laird has been the guiding hand behind the Magazine, but it is only when he is not there to assist us that we realise the immense amount of work and trouble he has with it. Mr. Brown has been filling Mr. Laird's place

this term, and already he has made himself popular among the pupils.

Well, we have used up enough valuable space, so here's wishing you a good holiday and the best of luck.

High School Reconstruction.

THE case for a complete reconstruction of the School Buildings is so strong that it is unanswerable. Undoubtedly the Directors would have proceeded to carry out the proposed improvement long ago if the money had been available.

While drastic internal alterations are urgently required it is not necessary to destroy the character of the existing building, and the plans show that the present frontage may be allowed to remain intact.

The Directors have appealed to former pupils and the general public to subscribe a sum of over £30,000 to enable them to bring the School up-to-date and to provide much-needed equipment, but the response has been so poor that only about one-fifth of the sum required has been received or promised. This is very discouraging and it is quite clear that everyone interested must do his or her part to stir up enthusiasm for the Reconstruction Fund during the next few months, otherwise the School as we know it will disappear, and its long record of independence and leadership in education will be forgotten, while the City will be impoverished by the loss of an institution which has been a source of pride to it for several centuries.

To an outsider, to a person who does not know the High School, the foregoing statements would require to be supported by evidence and backed by arguments, but the readers of this Magazine will be prepared to accept them without proof. They know the School, they know its record and they know its needs.

It is difficult to make an appeal for money

attractive. In these modern days the writing and issuing of appeals has become a science, if not an art, and all the tricks of psychology, all the allurements of colour and of line, as well as the spoken and the printed word, are used to persuade us that a certain cause is the most important in the world, and in every way worthy of our support. Surely such methods are not necessary in an appeal for the Old School. Yet amidst the daily drudgery of field or shop or office we are apt to lose sight of the privileges we have received from our *alma mater* and the debt which we owe to her. It is not easy for us sometimes to recapture the enthusiasm and pride we once had, or to realise again the great and vital interests which were committed to us when we were boys. In these more prosaic days we have need of a similar inspiration, and it may be that this can be secured in the glow of mutual encouragement and good fellowship in the cause of our Old School. Therefore "Adventure on, companions, the attempt at high adventure is reward undreamt."

The sum required is large and the task of raising it is a difficult one, but it is not by any means impossible. The Committee of the Old Boys' Club with the approval of the Directors have made plans for the launching of a new appeal which will be issued in conjunction with the Old Girls' Club as soon as convenient. Lists have been prepared and arrangements have been made for as many individuals as possible being approached personally. Wait, therefore, until you see the plans and have full information before sending your cheque.

L. B. W.



Extract of Matriculation of the Arms of the High School of Dundee.

THE Corporation of the High School of Dundee having by Petition unto the Lord Lyon King of Arms, of date the Twenty-eighth day of February last, as Managers of the said School, Represented that the said School, formerly the Dundee Public Seminaries, was incorporated as the High School of Dundee by Royal Charter of 1859, and Acts of Parliament following thereon in 1882 and 1922; That the said Dundee Public Seminaries, first opened in 1834, were themselves a combination of Schools previously existing, viz. :—The Grammar School, the Academy and the English School; That the said Grammar School had been in existence from time immemorial, a Charter given by Gilbert Bishop of Brechin to the Abbot and monks of Lindores to plant Schools in Dundee having been confirmed by Pope Gregory IX. on 14th February, 1239, and that after the sack of Lindores Abbey in 1559 by the Lords of the Congregation the said Grammar School was taken over by the Town Council of Dundee under whose charge it remained till the year 1829; That the Abbey of Lindores and the Royal Burgh of Dundee both used Arms anterior to the passing of the Act of Parliament 1672, cap. 47. And the said Petitioners having Prayed that suitably differenced Ensigns Armorial might be matriculated in the Public Register of All Arms and Bearings in Scotland in name of the Corporation of the High School of Dundee, the Lord Lyon King of Arms by Interlocutor of this date Granted Warrant to the Lyon Clerk to matriculate in the Public Register of All Arms and Bearings in Scotland in name of the Corporation of the High School of Dundee, as Managers of the said School, the following Ensigns Armorial, viz. :—Quarterly—1st Gules, a celestial crown Or. 2nd Azure, the crozier of the Abbot of Lindores Or, surmounted of a saltire couped Argent. 3rd Azure a pot of three growing lilies Argent. 4th Or, a Doric Portico of four columns sable.

In an Escrol is placed this motto :—*Prestante Domino.*

Matriculated the 21st day of April One thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight. Extracted furth of the Public Register of All Arms and Bearings in Scotland, 21st April, 1938.

(Sgd.) H. A. B. LAWSON, *Lyon Clerk.*



Armorial Bearings.

FOR some time it has been known unofficially that the Lyon Court did not approve of the Coat of Arms which was in use for the School. That Coat had never been registered, and was heraldically incorrect. It required very little knowledge of heraldry to realise the truth of the Lord Lyon's contention.

In consequence, we were unofficially approached some years ago with a request that something might be done to prepare a Coat of Arms worthy of a School with a long tradition such as ours. For a year or two the matter was left in abeyance, because no suitable suggestions offered themselves to any of those who were interested in the matter. It then so happened that I came across a description of the Seal of Lindores Abbey, from which the original School in Dundee was founded. I wrote to the Lord Lyon to ask if he thought that any part of the Seal could be incorporated in a Coat of Arms for the School. In his reply he pointed out that the Abbey of Lindores had been dedicated to Saint Mary and Saint Andrew, and suggested that a suitable Coat of Arms would be one of four quarters, in which there was some representation of Saint Mary, Saint Andrew, Dundee, and a Seat of Learning.

After that we secured facsimiles of the Seal of Lindores Abbey and finally decided on the first two quarters as they appear in the new Coat of Arms. The third and fourth quarters are based on the Seal which the Corporation of the High School has used since 1859.

The celestial crown of the first quarter indicates Saint Mary as in many other heraldic representations. Saint Mary appears crowned on the Seal of Lindores Abbey, and also on the obverse of the Seal of the Chapter of the Abbey, so that it is very suitable that this symbol should be used. It was necessary to symbolise Saint Mary in this way, because the lilies of the third quarter, which really also represent Saint Mary, have been appropriated by the Corporation of Dundee and are to be identified with Dundee itself rather than with the Virgin. In passing, it may be remarked that the Coat of Arms of Dundee is, in essence, the same as the French Fleur-de-Lis.

The second quarter is perhaps the most important, because the central charge is an Abbot's crosier, representing the Abbot of Lindores, who must be regarded as the fountain of school education in Dundee. The Seal of Lindores itself shows an Abbot in an attitude of prayer, holding a crosier with the crook turned towards the right. The crosier is surmounted by the cross of Saint Andrew, as it appears on the reverse of the Seal of the Chapter of the Abbey of Lindores. The Seal itself is much more crowded with allegory and the charge of the second quarter has been greatly simplified. The first two quarters, therefore, are meant to symbolise the foundation of a School in Dundee by the Abbot of Lindores. As the Extract of Matriculation points out, it was on the 14th of February, 1239, that a Charter of Confirmation for such a School was received from Pope Gregory the IXth. These facts are contained in Charter 98, Volume 42 of the Publications of the Scottish History Society.

The third and fourth quarters explain themselves. The pot of lilies is the Coat of Arms of Dundee and represents the close connection which has always existed between the High School and the Corporation of Dundee. From the Reformation until 1829 the School was conducted by the Corporation, and since 1829 there has been a considerable representation of the Corporation on the Board of Directors.

The fourth quarter seemed to us to show rather more individuality than the suggestion of the Lord Lyon that we should introduce a symbol such as a book or the Lamp of Learning. It is a symbolic treatment of the front of the School. As it is symbolic, there was no need to put in an exact representation of the portico. Indeed, such exact representations are to be avoided in heraldry. This feature has received considerable commendation from outside critics.

With these notes and the Extract of Matriculation, I think that it ought to be possible for everyone to understand the symbolism of the Coat of Arms.

One other word about the motto. I have

been unable to trace the origin of the motto on the old badge—"Labor omnia vincit," and in any case it is not a motto distinctive of any one particular School. The words which appear in the present Coat of Arms are taken from the original Charter of Pope Gregory the IXth, and so are roughly 700 years old. The literal translation is "The Lord standing before," words which may be interpreted as "With God as guide," or a similar phrase. These words seem to me to indicate what should be the aim of every School, an effort to reach something better, or an ideal which lies ahead. Therefore, both

historically and in meaning they may be regarded as particularly appropriate.

I should like to thank all those who have made any suggestions and shown interest in the preparation of this Coat of Arms, and especially Mr. Gibson whose suggestions have been many and fruitful, and who has been responsible for all the Sketches in colour while the Coat of Arms was taking shape.

I hope that all members of the School, both past and present, will feel that we have now matriculated armorial bearings which are an appropriate and dignified emblem of our history and tradition.

University College, Dundee.

THE University of St. Andrews comprises the United College of St. Leonard's and St. Salvator's, St. Mary's College and University College, Dundee. Degrees are granted in Arts, Science (Pure and Engineering), Theology, Medicine and Dentistry. Students may read for degrees in Arts, Science and Medicine in both St. Andrews and Dundee, but on completing the First and Second Professional Examinations in Medicine, they must thereafter continue their courses at the Medical School in Dundee. At present matriculated students are almost equally divided between St. Andrews and Dundee, the High School being represented in every faculty.

This year marks the close of a long period of service to U.C.D., when a distinguished F.P., Professor M'Kenzie, retires from the Chair of Chemistry. A graduate of St. Andrews, Professor M'Kenzie, worked under Marikwald in Berlin and later became lecturer in Chemistry at the Royal Technical College, London, before returning to Dundee in 1914. He has been described as one of the foremost Stereo-Chemists of his day, and he and his co-workers, who include E. R. Winton, President of the Dundee Committee of the S.R.C., have carried out valuable research in this field. He will be succeeded by Professor Wynne-Jones of the University of Reading. Other staff appointments this session include the establishment of a Chair of Dentistry now filled by another F.P., Professor W. Gordon Campbell, under whose guidance this growing faculty will surely prosper.

The Carnelley Prize for proficiency in

Chemistry for the year 1937-38 has been awarded to William A. Bell.

The Athletic Union of the University has eighteen affiliated clubs catering for all the popular branches of sport, and next year it is proposed to form a Shinty section and to revive the Ice-Hockey Club. The Irvine Trophy, presented to the bejant giving the best performance in athletics, has been awarded for 1938 to J. Martin. He covered the 440 yards distance in a time of 54 secs.

The St. Andrews contingent of the Officers' Training Corps is organised as two companies, the Left-half Company being drawn from students of U.C.D. The strength of the Corps at present is 121, and most former High School Cadets are members, including C.Q.M.S. J. B. Malcolm, Sgt. J. M. Fearn and L/Sgt. W. A. Bell. Summer Camp is held annually in July, this year at Turnberry, and, on the appointment of the new adjutant, Captain R. C. Cotille-Hill, the Corps will become associated with Aberdeen University O.T.C. instead of with Edinburgh as in recent years. Examinations for Certificates "A" and "B" are held biennially, and amongst recent results are:—

Certificate "A"—

O/Cdt. D. M. Colquhoun.

O/Cdt. R. C. Farquharson.

Certificate "B"—

O/Cdt. J. Y. Baxter.

At the time of writing we are awaiting the results of the degree and entrance scholarship examinations, and we hope F.P.s and P.P.s will figure well in the lists. J.Y.B.



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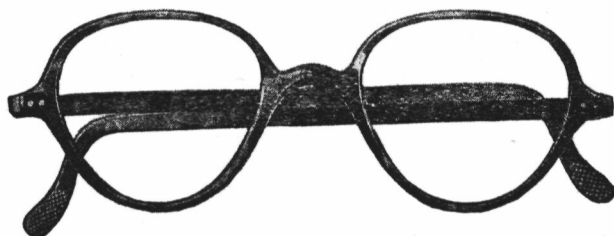
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Accountancy.

IN former days the business of the country was carried on by individuals who were in daily touch with the details of their concerns, but with the advent of Joint Stock Companies, which were largely financed by people who were not actively engaged in the business and, therefore, had to delegate the administrative powers to a few of their number, there arose the need for independent persons who could watch the interests of the main body of shareholders. In the middle of last century three bodies were incorporated by Royal Charter to superintend the training of professional accountants in Scotland, and exercise disciplinary powers over their members, so that the public could safely rely on their integrity. In the course of time other bodies of accountants have come into being, but the chartered bodies, whose members alone have the right to call themselves "Chartered Accountants," and to write the letters "C.A." after their names, have maintained their pre-eminence.

Professional accountants have advanced from being mere watch-dogs, to experts in all financial matters, and are now freely asked to advise the directors of businesses in questions of costing and others where finance enters. Indeed, so much has the business community appreciated the trained accountant, that there is a constant demand for C.A.s to act as Secretaries and Accountants in the larger trading concerns, and to-day a very large percentage of the members of the chartered bodies are engaged directly in industry, some of them in supreme command. They are also the obvious choice where any one is required to act in a position of trust, such as Treasurers, Liquidators of Companies, Trustees in bankruptcy, etc.

Nowadays the work that falls to the lot of the professional accountant is very varied. Sometimes he may be engaged in checking the books of Factories, Merchant Offices, Shops, Town or Parish Councils, or various Societies, keeping his eye open to discover any fraudulent transactions, or, in the case of Companies and others governed by rules and regulations, making sure that these rules and laws are observed. Sometimes he may be occupied with making up and advising on schemes for co-operation or amalgamation of

businesses in the same or allied trades, or devising schemes whereby unsuccessful businesses may be put on their feet again. Sometimes he may be in charge of a business in behalf of its creditors, and temporarily have to undertake full management thereof until such time as it can be disposed of. Sometimes he may be engaged in conferring with the managers of businesses on the financial aspects of their concerns, or helping them to devise ways of finding out at what figure various articles can be produced. He is also expected to understand fully the very complicated Acts dealing with the taxation of businesses and individuals, and to adjust his clients' liability to taxation with Government officials. Again, he may advise as to the investment of funds and the keeping of records of all transactions in connection therewith. He must be prepared to undertake the duties of Secretary to Companies, and with all the laws governing such bodies he must be fully conversant.

The standard of training is, of necessity, high, but it is easily within the scope of the boy of average intelligence who has had the advantages of a good sound secondary school education, and is willing to put his back into the work. No one is accepted as an apprentice until he is 17 years of age, and has gained the Leaving Certificate or some equivalent examination. The subjects necessary are English, Higher Mathematics, a language other than English (either ancient or modern) and one other subject. Although these are the minimum requirements, it is advisable to have as wide an education as can be had. It is an advantage, but by no means necessary, to have, in addition, a University degree, preferably an ordinary M.A., covering several subjects. In the case of graduates, the apprenticeship period is reduced from five to four years.

During apprenticeship and before qualifying the apprentice has to present himself for various examinations, some set by the General Examining Board of the Chartered bodies and some by the University or School of Economics, and classes have to be attended in Law, Accountancy and Economics. The standard set is high, but there is no element of competi-

tion, and it should be reached by any one who is prepared to undertake the necessary study.

Although it is provided in the rules of the different institutes that a premium should be paid by apprentices, this is not exacted, and the salaries paid during apprenticeship are sufficient to meet all class and entrance fees and other incidental expenses.

A Scotsman, as a result of the poverty of his country, and the consequent necessity of

having to look at both sides of a penny, has gained a reputation for financial ability, and there is a big demand throughout the English-speaking world and beyond for Scottish-trained Chartered Accountants. The opportunities of employment of qualified C.A.s are so numerous, both in the profession and in industry, that no man of average ability should find himself without a job.

W. E. C.

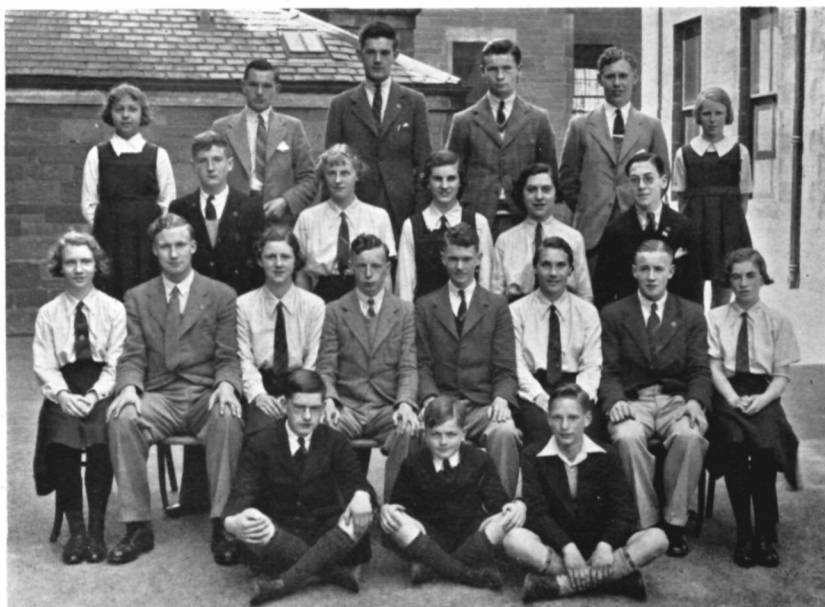
The Profession of Medicine.

THE approach of another long vacation, with its perhaps unwelcome reminder that schooldays must soon end, is bound to raise in the minds of senior scholars thoughts and questions about their future careers. Some, doubtless, have already made their choice, and are concerned only with planning the approach to their life-work; but for many there will have been so far no call to any particular walk of life, so that they still are wondering what career would best suit them. Some will be considering the profession of medicine. What rewards has it to offer? How does one become qualified to enter it?

Let it be emphasised at the outset that he whose aim in life is to build a fortune should not think of a career in medicine; the profession of medicine is a vocation in the true sense, and in it only a few acquire wealth. A long and costly course of training has to be faced and, even after he is qualified, a few years may elapse before the young practitioner is in a position to earn a reasonable income. There is this to be said, however, that the medical practitioner who is prepared to work diligently can look forward to earning a reasonably assured livelihood. In other respects the practice of medicine holds rich rewards for him who gives his life to it. Socially, a member of the medical profession enjoys an honourable place in the community. No other profession can give a man fuller opportunities for serving his fellows. It offers him also a full and liberal mental life, and ample scope for the fullest exercise in his daily work of all his intellectual abilities. To the man whose heart is in his work it affords a life rich in experience, varied in interest, and satisfying because of its opportunities to realise the best that is in him.

How does one become a doctor? The official list of legally qualified medical practitioners, known as the *Medical Register*, is kept by the General Medical Council, a statutory body established by the Medical Acts of Parliament. One of the functions of this body is to ensure that everyone who seeks to have his or her name entered on the *Register* has had an adequate professional education; and it must be emphasised that it is the presence of one's name in the *Medical Register*, and not merely the possession of a degree or diploma, which makes one legally qualified to practise medicine. The registrable qualifications through which entry to the *Register* is obtained are of two kinds—degrees in medicine granted by universities and diplomas or licences issued by certain medical corporations. Being governed by the regulations for medical education laid down by the General Medical Council, the basic curriculum followed by students is formed on very much the same lines in all schools of medicine; but as the individual universities, corporations and medical schools have their own special requirements, the intending student must ascertain the regulations of the institution in which he proposes to study, especially as regards the entrance qualifications it demands, and plan his preliminary work accordingly.

For the student who desires to take a degree in medicine in the University of St. Andrews, the requirements for admission to the University are the same as those in the Faculties of Arts and Science: he must obtain from the Scottish Universities Entrance Board a certificate that he is fit to enter upon the curriculum, as shown by passes in the Leaving Certificate Examination or the University Preliminary Examination. From the time that



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row—Molly Edwards (Junior Championship Cup—Swimming). I. MacLagan (Boase Medal for Golf). K. Milne (Urquhart Cup—Champion Shot). W. F. Ross (Harold Martin Cup—Champion Athlete of Middle School—equal). I. G. Kidd (Pirie Golf Handicap Cup). Barbara Scott (Dux—4th Class Girls—John MacLennan Prize).

Second Row—D. K. Lawson (Aystree Cup—Junior Sports Championship). Eileen Steel (Tennis Championship Cup). Olive M. J. Johnston (Jane Spiller Prize—Dux, 7th Class Girls). June A. G. Mackie (Championship Cup for Swimming—Girls). W. L. Cuthill (Polack Gold Medal—Dux in Gymnastics in Sixth Class Boys).

Third Row—Joyce C. Elder (Championship Cup for Gymnastics—Girls). J. A. R. Lawson (D. F. McEwan Prize for Cricket). Edith M. Grant (Chamber of Commerce Gold Medal (Dux) and Dux in Needlework). I. P. Bruce (Dux (equal) Boys' Department and Dux in English, Latin and Greek). D. A. E. Dewar (Dux (equal) Boys' Department and Dux in Mathematics, Science and French). Catherine M. Wallace (Dux in Art). G. Millar (Airlie Cup—Champion Athlete). Alice M. R. Nicoll (Leng Silver Medal for Singing).

Front Row—J. L. Duncan (Jane Spiller Prize—Dux in 7th Class Boys). G. A. Hutton (Polack Prize—Dux in 4th Class Boys). H. W. H. Marnie (Oakley Cup—for Best Shot of First Year).

**School Medallists,
Session 1937-38.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

he enters upon his medical studies five academic years at least must be spent in professional training, before the student can present himself for the final examination for the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery. Unlike students in the Faculties of Arts or Science, the student in medicine has no choice in the subjects of study or in the classes which he must attend. His course of study is prescribed for him throughout the five years, and at definite periods in the course there are intermediate professional examinations which he must pass. The period of five years, be it noted, is a minimum; many students take longer. Once he has passed his final examination the candidate is entitled to receive the degrees of M.B., Ch.B., and he may then claim to have his name placed upon the *Medical Register* as a legally qualified medical practitioner.

Once qualified, and before entering upon his future career, the young practitioner is well advised to spend at least a year as house-physician and house-surgeon in a hospital, if possible a teaching hospital, and so, in a post of considerable responsibility, enlarge his experience of clinical work while still under the guidance of senior members of his profession.

Thereafter he has a wide choice as regards his life-work in medicine. He may decide, with the majority of his fellows, to take up general practice; he may be attracted by the medical services of the Army, Navy or Air Force; he may prefer a career in the Local Government hospital services. The Public Health medical service may be his aim, and for this he will require to obtain the additional qualification of a Diploma in Public Health.

On the other hand he may elect to specialise in one of the many branches of medical practice. In that case he must be prepared to face a further period of study and training, and to be content for a few years with but little remuneration. In all probability he will also find it necessary to take a higher degree or diploma, and if he aims at surgery or one of its special branches the Fellowship of one of the Colleges of Surgeons is nowadays essential.

Some will feel themselves adapted for a career in laboratory work or be called to an academic life, and here too some further years of additional training are customary.

But to the student entering upon the study of medicine the ultimate choice lies far distant, and in his final selection of his life-work he will be guided very largely by his experiences during his undergraduate years. The essential thing at the beginning is that he should want to be a doctor.

G. R. T.

Serbian Tribute to Mr Bonar.

THE following letter will be of interest to those who knew the Serbian boys who attended the High School during the war. It is taken from *The Courier and Advertiser* of 25th April 1938:—

Sir,—With deepest sympathy and most sincere regret we have heard of the sudden death of our greatest friend and benefactor, Mr. George Bonar, who was at the head of the Serbian Relief Fund Committee in Dundee during the Great War. From 1916 to 1919 there were from 25 to 30 Serbian boys who found a home in Dundee. I was one of those boys who attended Dundee High School, and after the war I had the privilege of being cared for, as a war orphan, by Mr. Bonar till 1923, when I graduated at Edinburgh University.

The care taken by Mr. and Mrs. Bonar to make us happy and cheerful has no example in human generosity and good-heartedness. We were all exhausted after the terrible time retreating through Albania and were welcomed to Scotland and received in every Dundee home as best friends and allies. For all the happy and most delightful time we had in Dundee we shall always be grateful to all who took trouble to lessen our grief in the loss of our country, our parents, and everything in the world.

The memory of our benefactor, Mr. Bonar, will be everlastingly cherished. The 30 Serbian boys, who are now grown-up men holding important positions in a greater Serbia, now powerful Yugoslavia, will never forget him who cared for us as for his own children.—I am, etc.,

MILENKO V. MATITCH, B.Sc.,
Chief Electrical Engineer, Trepca
Mines, Ltd., Zvecan, Yugoslavia.

Northern Lights.

"Up! Up! let us a voyage take.
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern Seas."

In the Summer months, a cruise to the Frozen North sounds attractive and exciting. Last Summer, in R.M.S. "Atlantis," I visited Iceland, Jan Mayen Island, Spitzbergen, the Ice Barrier, the North Cape, and the Fjords of Norway. It would be impossible here to describe all the wonderful sights of that five thousand mile voyage, but I shall try to tell you about the scenes which to me were the most remarkable.

Having seen Scapa Flow and Muckle Skerry in the Orkneys, we had then the experience of crossing the Pentland Firth in its stormiest mood; and I'm afraid that as we pitched and tossed across it into calmer waters, very few people were on deck that morning!

Before reaching the mainland of Iceland, we passed close beside the Vestmannaeyjar Islands, sheer and lonely in the evening light. The chief inhabitants seemed to be birds of various shapes and sizes, although I believe there are actually dwellings on those rocky islands.

The first sight of Iceland itself gave us a thrill—it looked so mountainous, stern, and somehow unfriendly. Perhaps the weather had something to do with it, because when we anchored off Reykjavik it was a miserable morning, wet and cold.

We had been more or less warned about Icelandic roads, but I never in my life imagined that they could be so bad. Because of the rain, they were mere mud-tracks, full of pot-holes, and with a sprinkling of fair-sized boulders to add a little excitement. For miles and miles we bumped and slithered over lava-clad slopes, over Hellisheidi and Mount Kambar. We visited Gryla, where the geyser obligingly erupted as we arrived, and hot springs bubbled round about us. Then our nightmare journey back to the ship began, when we swept round hairpin bends on two wheels, and ascended and descended dizzy

zig-zags with a gradient of one in three-and-a-half! All this in a very old car with a driver who couldn't speak English, and who couldn't understand our repeated pleadings to go more slowly! If the road didn't please him, he simply left it and went across country! That night we were very happy (although quite honestly surprised) to be aboard "Atlantis" once more.

This treeless, desolate, lava-clad country depressed us, until we saw it from another angle. The North of the island, with the little town of Akureyri nestling at the foot of the snow-clad peaks, was very different. It delighted us; especially the gardens, the pride of the townspeople.

Crossing the Arctic Circle, we entered the Greenland Sea, and made for Jan Mayen Island, reputed to have been discovered by Hudson in 1607. In the north-east part of the island lies the extinct volcano Beeremberg, one of the largest known volcanic peaks in the world. A very strange contrast is provided by the fact that the crater is now filled with ice, which escapes through a break in the north wall, and cascades to the sea as the Weyprecht Glacier, a magnificent sight which we were lucky enough to see in the light of the setting sun.

Jan Mayen possesses one of the most northerly meteorological stations in the world, and we had a visit from two of the four men who make their home for a year on that lonely island. That night the midnight sun was clearly visible, and we were within sight of "Greenland's icy mountains," and cruising towards Spitzbergen. Icebergs were sighted on August 2nd, and we steamed through them into King's Fjord.

Every inch of that wonderful coast was worth watching—the ranges of hills seemed endless, and their summits were in the clouds. Down the sides of the mountains swept the most magnificent glaciers, ending in an ice-wall sometimes nearly a hundred feet high.

We actually went ashore at Ny-Aalesund, eager to buy stamps at the world's most northerly Post Office, and to see the wooden hut dignified by the name "North Pole Hotel!" That meant risking life and limb



Snapshots
of Norway

Dundee High School
Magazine.

to reach a precarious-looking wooden landing-stage. It is at Ny-Aalesund that the ill-fated "Norge" had its hangar. It is here that Amundsen's statue has been erected, when he failed to return from that last gallant rescue-attempt.

We reached the Ice Barrier on August 3rd, and Captain sent down word to wish us all a Merry Xmas! When we went on deck at 6.30 a.m. we felt cold such as we rarely experience here even in winter. Ahead we could see where the whole ocean was solid ice. We were as near the North Pole as a ship can go. I must just mention that during this part of the voyage the ship was not insured, as Lloyds considered it too dangerous!

On our way back to the North Cape of Norway, we passed Bear Island, which is generally very shy and conceals itself from cruising ships in a thick mist. But we were fortunate, because the fog lifted a few hours before we were due there, so we had a lovely view of this island whose rock-formation is so unusual.

On August 5th we anchored just underneath the North Cape of Norway. Feeling rather energetic, since fog had put a stop to deck-games, most of us climbed this rocky face, and were well rewarded by the view from the top.

Time and space do not allow me to enlarge upon the beauties of Norway. Hammerfest, Lyngen, Tromsø, Merok—each seemed to surpass the other for sheer beauty. Fjords

as deep as the mountains are high, with entrances only wide enough to let the ship through. At Lyngen we visited a Lapp camp.

I think Merok is deserving of special mention. In my opinion, the beauty of the Geiranger Fjord has to be seen to be believed. Merok nestles at the foot of five thousand feet high mountains, and the Seven Sisters Waterfall cascades into the fjord from four thousand feet. We climbed by car up the zig-zag road which rises over three thousand feet, and a wonderful view gradually unfolded below. We visited a reindeer camp, where the furry-horned creatures were quite tame. Lunch in a typical Norwegian country hotel was a novelty—especially when we had to eat the flesh of the reindeer we had just been petting—or rather that of their kinsmen! This steak was served with prunes and cabbage and cranberry jam!

Our last call was at Bergen, where we went up the funicular railway to enjoy a wonderful panorama of fjords and hills, and a bird's-eye view of the town, like an architect's model. Bergen is more up-to-date than most Norwegian towns, and is a busy commercial and shipping centre.

That afternoon we took our last view of the blue fjords, and set off across the North Sea for Tilbury. I for one shall never forget any little bit of that voyage to the Frozen North and the Land of the Midnight Sun.

H. M. B.

New Orleans.

IN the summer of 1935, I found myself beneath a blazing noon-day sun, walking along the Esplanade Avenue, New Orleans. In 1718, the French General, Iberville, traversed that self-same spot, and, pointing towards the mighty arc of the Mississippi prophetically declared, "Here will arise a great city." From being a tiny settlement of soldiers, trappers, galley-slaves, and civil and military officials, in the swamp lands 110 miles north of the point where Old Man River pours his yellow flood into the Gulf of Mexico, Nouvelle Orleans has become the second port

of the United States, and "America's most interesting city."

From the moment that one finds oneself deposited literally upon the railroad track at the Depot, one is irresistibly fascinated by the peculiar atmosphere of this sub-tropical port. Here indeed is the meeting-place of the nations: French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Anglo-Saxon have all met here to create a Southern American people, whose hospitality and geniality are a perpetual delight to the visitor. This progressive modern city speaks more eloquently than words of the perseverance

of these early pioneers, who faced with indomitable courage the relentless forces of flood, fire, war and pestilence, which threatened to destroy on every hand the works of mankind.

After the hustle and bustle of New York, and the rapid, unceasing chatter of the Yankee, it is delightfully soothing to while away the long dark evenings on the verandah of one of the charming timber bungalows, and listen to the slow, nasal drawl of the Southerners. There one has a short respite from the ceaseless blaze of the sun, securely guarded by the fine mesh screens against the unwelcome attack of too familiar mosquitoes.

A short ride from the residential quarters of the town, with their wide open parks and broad avenues, lined with palm and magnolia trees, takes one to the old French Quarter, the Vieux Carré, which is a veritable delight to the student of history. Once in Canal Street, the atmosphere of antiquity is left behind, and one enters the most up-to-date stores, all of which are air-conditioned and so cool that for the time being one forgets the burning pavements outside the swing-doors. The journey of exploration continues, and at the southern end of Canal Street, one comes to the levee and sheds into which the coloured porters are bearing the huge bunches of bananas off the ships lying alongside. There flows the mighty Mississippi of which one has read and dreamed so often. Strange to relate, the river is narrower at this point than it is higher up-stream, and the sight of this muddy yellow flood almost shatters one's pre-conceived ideas of Old Man River. But a second glance up-stream to the great levees or banks which have been thrown up to maintain this flood within its banks, impresses one more forcibly than ever with the ceaseless striving of man against the tremendous forces of nature. The whole area of the land in and around New Orleans is below water level, but the danger of flood has been well-nigh removed by the erection of the Bonnet Carré Spillway, 28 miles north of the city. This Spillway, erected at a cost of 12,000,000 dollars, is designed to abstract practically one-fifth of the maximum discharge of the river during the flood period.

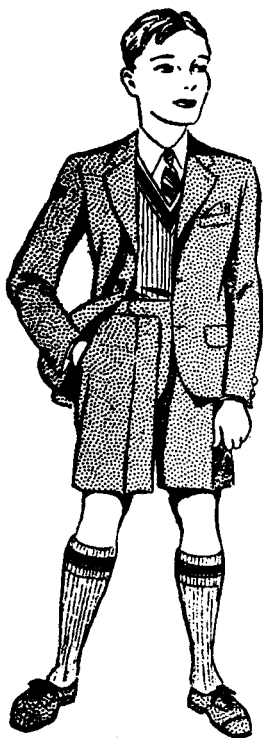
As the Ferry boat comes chug-chugging across to Walnut Ferry, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to re-live the

episodes which Mark Twain loves to recount. The atmosphere of the Mississippi Show Boat is with us again, and after a short sail to the southern bank of the river one enters the domains of the old plantation-owners. This is the land of sugar-cane, and as an old plantation homestead comes into view the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin becomes a reality.

So far I have made no mention of the "colour bar" in the south—one always refers to the dark-skinned population of Louisiana as the Coloured People. They remain, in the south, the menial class: they travel in the back portion of the street cars—"behind the screen," it is termed: they do not frequent the same cafés as the white people, nor do they have admission to the same portions of the theatre. It is rather amusing to find that the coloured chauffeur is named Andrew M'Loughlin, and that the laundry girl proudly boasts the name of Adèle Murphy. This is due to the fact that the negroes were accustomed to adopt the name of their owners in the old slave times.

Until about ten years ago, the roads outside the city were mere gravel and sand tracks, but now it is possible to travel all the way to Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, on the finest of concrete roads erected through what was swamp. On either side of the roads are canals, called bayous, into which the superfluous water has been drained. Alongside the bayous are swampy forest lands infested with snakes. It is a common sight when motoring about dawn along these roads to see snakes wriggling across from one side to the other. By the banks of these bayous live the moss-gatherers in rude wooden huts. They busy themselves collecting the grey moss, which hangs profusely in long wisps from the branches of the trees. This moss they bury in the earth, and when the grey outer covering decays, it leaves behind a dark, thread-like fibre not unlike horse-hair. This commodity is widely used for stuffing chairs and motor-car seats.

Time will not permit me to continue the journey north to Baton Rouge, and to visit that magnificent modern building, the Capitol, where the meteoric career of that amazing Louisiana statesman, Huey Long, was so tragically concluded. As darkness falls the return journey to the city is accomplished,



SMITH *brothers*

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along the eastern bank of the Mississippi, over Lake Pontchartrain, the great expanse of water, 600 square miles in area, to which the city boundary extends on the northern side. The road is thronged with automobiles of every age and variety. Lorry loads of dusky lads and lasses rattle past, all converging towards the myriads of coloured lights which now adorn the city of a thousand dreams.

I. A. M'N.



EDINBURGH.

Dear Editor,

In this leafy month the coffee-houses of Edinburgh are strangely empty, there is no crowd of hearty thugs assembled round the tennis courts lusting for their chance to play, and the most dulcet strain of Orpheus could not entice a single student to the dance-floor. The reason, as you, with your usual perspicacity, will not be slow to see, is that the great pulsating mass of which this university is composed, has realized once more that their neglect of the warnings of their perceptors has been neither wise nor salutary. In short, we haven't changed much. For the next few weeks our faces will be as green as the hats which surmount them, and then, when we have complied with the tedious formality of examination, we and the universe will resume our normal course.

We have had a peaceful session. There have been no infamous kidnappings, no boisterous rectorials, nothing, in fact, to attract the attention of the popular press. But at the end of this month another platoon of graduates will march out of the M'Ewan Hall and another academic year will have turned to its rest. One of the most noteworthy features of our social life has been the revival of political debates. Prominent politicians have been invited as guest speakers and have learned that humour is a necessary leaven of the parliamentary bun. Unfortunately the promised appearance of Mr. Dingle Foot failed to materialize.

The O.T.C. has gained in strength since last year, and the Artillery Unit fired a salute from the Castle without casualties. Henry Jack and David Donald are prominent members of the Infantry Unit, and the latter has recently scored a record number of marks in the Cert. B. Examination. During the winter the usual number of embryonic actors performed for our delectation. Young Pottinger vitiates the faces of all who take part in amateur theatricals, and John Brough is now famous for his impersonation of the traditional miser in the "Aulularia" of Plautus. Miss Marjory Robertson continues to study T. S. Eliot.

Mr. Agnew is busy acquiring a legal frame of mind, for which he has to attend a class at a time when civilised people are asleep. The elder Stalker is learning to instruct the young, while the lissom form of George Davie has returned from its peregrinations. He hopes to satisfy the examiners at an early date as to his proficiency as a philosopher. Messrs. Isles, Stalker, junr., and Webb are in process of being made actuaries. We find it hard to say anything of Ritchie, Mathieson, and Pottinger, except that they are now serving the last term of their sentence and will soon be released with, we trust, honourable discharges. If we have omitted anyone, we crave their pardon.

The University, as we have said, is much as it used to be, but for those who are about to enter our precincts for the first time we would render these solemn apothegms, the fruit of our own wisdom. Come and stay in a hostel, where you will learn that there are more letters in the alphabet than M.A. Find at least one interest other than your academic work; and, above all, be very fresh while you are a fresher. You won't have the chance again. And now, these exams.

Yours de profundis,

W. G. P.

W. A. C. M.



When evening comes he (L'Allegro) goes to see a play, "Johnson's Arch"—a comedy.

He (Ulysses) was old but still had the wanderer's heart in his soul.

Magnetic storms are accompanied by Aura Borra Alice.

MR. BROWN: "Which is the 'bridle arm'?"

CLASS IV. GIRL: "The left one—I ought to know—I've been a bridesmaid often enough."

CLASS, 8 P.M.—3rd QUARTERLY EXAM. :—

"La nef, ou tant de générations s'agenouillèrent . . ."

RHODA NICOLL'S VERSION :—

"The knave, on which so many generations have knelt."

News Flashes.

Straight from the Horse's mouth to the Asses' ears.

The High School Employment Bureau has now been opened. All who are desirous of a job apply to Mr. Catto—easy work and high pay guaranteed.

A well-equipped expedition of Class IX. and X. scientists under the able leadership of Misses Steel and Coupar recently made a

visit to the Perth glass works. The journey to and fro was greatly enjoyed.

On cleaning the books in Mr. Borland's library some pupils unearthed a wonderful treasure—to wit, two halfpennies; to woo, a lady's glove. Other papers of untold value were discovered. By the amount of dust that was removed, the papers are judged to be 200 years old.

People usually experience difficulty in finding time for the execution of the tonsorial art (for those who are unable to appreciate our command of vocabulary, this means a hair-cut). A certain member of Class X. strongly recommends extra periods for this purpose.

Although the rain on Sports' day prevented any races from being run, it did not damp the enthusiasm of our intrepid judge Mr. Munro, who occupied a central position in the grounds protected from the elements only by the flimsy covering of an umbrella.

G. B. Milne, Meigle speedster, who failed his Test in record time is now a fully-fledged road-hog. Readers will be well advised to steer clear of a big black Wolseley (G.S.6659).

We have just heard that Miss Steel has been appointed to take charge of the Science Department of a new Girls' School in Derby. We shall miss her very much in the labs., and so in particular will the Guides in their

multifarious ploys : but we wish her " bon voyage " and a speedy climb to " The Peak " of her profession.

Have You Heard ?

We—e—e—ell ?

No confusion here, boys !

Careful !

Each and every boy and girl for him or herself, please !

I hope you've all had a nice holeeday.

Nae bawther.

Get goin' there !

In my own mind I'm a wee—e bit dubious.

You've no conception.

Say no more ! Absitively No !!

Do You Know ?

Teeny from Troon.

Silent Jim.

The Laird of Balmerino.

Pious Pete.

Little Nell.

Callous Jean.

We've a golfer whose shots are a cure,
And another with voice sweet and pure,
But a golf-bag stupendous
And a Boase score tremendous
Gets the medal for him that looks dour.

On the courts there's a fellow called Bruce,
With a racquet he looks mighty spruce ;
He volleys and dashes
And wallops and crashes,
Till his foe very quickly calls truce.

For jackets and boots of allure
Have a look at Gillespie and Dewar ;
When swotting enfeebls
Go following Peebles
And your worries get fewer and fewer.

There are teams who regard us with awe,
Though more skilful with bat and with ba',
For with Peacock we've style
And with Pringle we've guile
And to Lawson—s'nae bawther at a' !

Explanation.

When Dutchie wields his deadly right,
The batsmen claim against the light ;
'Tis not because the light grows dim—
They see the ball but can't see him !



The River.

Bubbling, hissing every onward,
Rippling o'er its stony bed,
Gurgling on unceasingly,
Winding like a silken thread.

Its source is somewhere in the hills,
Those rugged hills which tower so high,
'Mid mossy rocks and heather bloom,
A little stream went running by.

It ran among the heather roots,
Amid brown moss and lichen green,
With butter wort and orchis wild.
The daintiest sundews ever seen.

It rippled through the shady wood,
Where violets grow among the trees,
And anemones raise their star-like heads,
And nod and bow in the woodland breeze.

Dancing down the sunny glens,
Where little lambs in meadows play,
Onward through the pastures green,
Through fields where farmers mowed their
hay.

Bubbling, hissing, ever onward,
With each measure, solemnly
Growing deeper, wider ever
Till it joins eternity.

JEAN KIDD (Class V.).

Dundee.

"A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

FOOD and shelter, says the philosopher, are the primary needs of man; and as these very things were uppermost in my mind when I first set foot in Dundee, I am afraid I missed the full effect of that *sine-quanon* of all travellers' tales, "my first impression." Familiarity now with what I saw then has quite effaced or transformed these initial experiences.

I do remember strong sunshine in the streets and a sense of disappointment, childish no doubt, that the people had no distinguishing marks, no seal set upon them, whereby I could tell definitely that they were not close neighbours of my own.

Later it was inevitable that I should compare Dundee with Glasgow, much to the detriment of the latter. Glasgow is too large to be considered as an entity. There is no Law, actual or imaginary, from which it can be surveyed as a whole. In it the individual is sunk and personality obliterated. It follows then that Dundee holds for me the attractiveness of a model. It has all the apparent advantages of the big city and yet it seems so small. (This may be considered a left-handed compliment, but my intentions are honourable.) I am delighted with the ease with which one can leave buildings behind and find oneself in the country; not, mark you well, a country which the city has marked for its own, soot-laden and jaded, with a fall of dead air over it, but one rising with a clean bold sweep to the freshness of hills, and sweetened by what is surely the purest of all things—a wind from the sea.

The outstanding feature of Dundee is surely the situation of the city, which allows one, so frequently, at least a glimpse of the firth and the open country beyond. From the window at which I am writing I can see the broad firth itself, a ferry-boat, a dredger I think, and the greenness of the wooded slopes across the water. I can almost disregard the frame of houses and the chimney-stack which dominates the foreground.

I wonder if the advantages of Dundee's site are *fully* appreciated? If ever there is a Society for the Preservation of the Amenities of Dundee, and the appreciation thereof, I shall give the committee a free but expensive

hint on how to go to work on the citizens. Let it pack off some representatives to spend a day or two in Glasgow—really in town—and preferably in "the swart dog-days." There the buildings seem to creep closer upon you, the breathless air hangs more heavily over you, the drabness of your surroundings makes you wince, as the shafts of sunlight serve but to accent it, until your eyes and mind ache for the sight of a clear stretch of sea or country. Claustrophobia becomes a real thing and not just a pet playword for the psychologist. Your representatives will come scurrying back to enjoy Dundee. They might even make something of your shore.

You may remember the tramp in O. Henry (was it Soapy?) who went from city to city finding "the voice" of each particular one. I wish he were here to find the voice of Dundee for me. Every place has a personality of its own, and I believe that the perceiving of it is not given to every native, much less to the passer-by. You appreciate this personality if you have grown up beside it. Who knows the burn like the boy who girmed trout in it, or who knows the moor or the hill like the boy who sought the eggs of the elusive plover? Who knows the city like the boy who—Here I am lost. You will pardon me therefore if I blunder past the spirit of Dundee.

It is really impossible to express coherently my impression of Dundee. Apart from what I have mentioned (and the associations with the school) the things that will remain in my mind when Dundee is behind me have little connection one with the other. I should have to express them by the dash method—so—.

Dundee from the Law at night when the chimney stacks are hiding—jute-lorries lumbering up Victoria Road—the woefully hard seats in the trams (which I call cars)—the familiar but unpleasant feeling of cobbled roadways under foot—my starting to sing "Amen" at the end of a hymn while the rest of the congregation were seating themselves—the glorious blaze of broom and gorse seen from the train outside Monifieth—the swans on "the swan-road" at Broughty Ferry—the view to the north as you top Lumley Den—the suicidal tendencies of the pedestrians in the Murraygate on a Saturday night—Dundee, accented thus. A. B.

TO PARENTS.

TO be healthy, happy and fit for their studies, it is essential that growing Boys and Girls should have a wholesome and substantial Mid-day Meal.

This is abundantly provided at LAMB'S RESTAURANT, which has successfully catered for three generations of High School Pupils, and to-day is better than ever prepared for this service.

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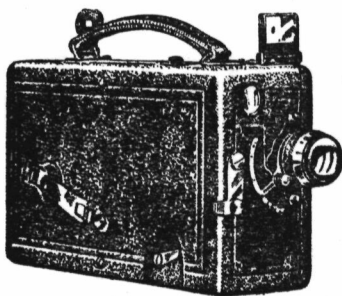
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**DUNDEE
AND
GLASGOW**

Students' Union,
St. Andrews.

I suppose that when this letter is published, we at St. Andrews will be gathering breath after the frantic scramble of degree examinations, while at school you are drifting through the halcyon days of late summer term. I now realise that in June school and university are worlds apart. At school as the session draws to a close the focus of interest and endeavour shifts from class-room to playing-field, parades take the place of "Prep" and in the sun-lit classes there is an air of unreality about the efforts of both masters and pupils. The spirit of summer has them in its grip, the hum of study is drowsy indeed, and many slumber. At the University the tempo of life is quickened; in place of placid content there is feverish excitement. Golf clubs and cricket bat are laid aside, and, 'go not our brains the better, we must be the borrowers of the night for a dark hour or twain.' Following the slow attrition of weeks of cramming comes the pulsating strain of degree examinations, and those of Class X. who sat the Bursary Comp. know what it is to work when others play.

Incidentally I hope the School sent over a strong body of competitors. It has done well in previous years, and I should like to see at least one D.H.S. man carry off a scholarship. I think it would be a good thing if the St. Andrews Bursary Competition were given more publicity at School. Every year at least five Residential Scholarships of £100 p.a. are awarded to men, and there are a number of minor awards for both men and women. Even if scholastically you are not in the first flight don't pass this by. Exam. marks are not everything, and in awarding the major scholarships account is taken of general ability and character. If you intend to enter next year be sure to get your information early so that there is no danger of your having to profess a subject in which you have not specialised.

To those who are coming up in October perhaps a word of explanation and advice would not come amiss. At St. A. you will live either in one of the Residences or in a bunk, and almost certainly you will find yourself with some spare time upon your hands, time which at home would pass unnoticed in

the routine of family life. Make the best possible use of it. Don't pass it by making a thrice-weekly visit to the "flicks." Keep up your rugger and hockey, play golf and join the O.T.C. (men only). Take a real interest in one of the numerous societies which cater for everyone from the red-hot Communist to the true-blue Tory, from the bug-hunter to the music-lover, from the actor to the mountaineer. Choose your society; make your mark in it and in a couple of years you may have the pleasure of hearing yourself addressed as "Mr. Chairman." The time you spend thus will never be regretted, but, if you've got any conscience at all, the memory of hours spent in inane coffee drinking will haunt you for ever. That sounds rather heavy and paternal, but I know all the D.H.S. men and women here just now would agree with me. Their results prove it.

This year there are at St. Andrews seven or eight men from D.H.S., and there must be, so far as I can compute, about the same number of women. This representation is as strong as that of any other school, but it might well be stronger yet, and I hope to welcome a strong contingent in October. Among those who graduate at the end of this month are C. B. G. Bowden, R. S. Lumsden and R. Duff with honours (1st class we hope) in Economics—Mathematics, Chemistry, and Philosophy respectively, while Miss D. Brown and Miss K. Brown will each complete the ordinary science degree. H. M. Jackson has taken first place in Junior Honours Greek and Special Latin, while in his first year James Keir has gained the medal in General Geography. Of the other D.H.S. people at St. Andrews I have no space to write save to say that they are usually among those present when certificates of merit are being distributed. The School does not produce "amateur gentlemen" or play-boy.

I think this effusion is now long enough, so I close by wishing you the best of all possible holidays. If you can't all come up to St. Andrews, at least don't be like the Englishmen who tried to tell me that it was a suburb of Edinburgh.

J. M. F.

Mid-night Train Journey.

"GOOD-BYE, and thank you again," I called out, as the non-stop express moved slowly out of the station.

"Good-bye," my friend shouted back, just as I was about to draw in my head and shut the compartment window. But the sharp tang of the country air was so inviting that I could not resist having one last glorious breath of it before settling down to my long journey.

As I gazed upon this inky blackness, I dreamed how wonderful the peace and charm of a country life must be—far from the tramping throngs and gaily-lit windows of the town streets to which I was now returning, how delightful the care-free simplicity of those country folk, how pleasant the heat of the summer sun beating down on the pure green of the valleys. But this was winter—cold and bleak.

As if to remind me, a few flakes of snow were now gently and unevenly making their way to the ground in the biting wind, and I caught sight of the moon with its halo of golden mist so typical of November rime. Away on in front the piercing whistle of the train rent the night air. I drew in my head and pulled up the window, enjoying that warm stuffiness which is only to be found in trains.

It was then that I discovered for the first time that I had a fellow-passenger, who apparently preferred to sleep while travelling, for he was leaning back with his eyes shut. I thought it peculiar that I had not noticed his presence before.

Pulling out my newspaper, I sat down opposite him, and was soon interested in my reading.

I think I had been thus occupied for almost half an hour when I suddenly realised that something was far wrong with me. I tried to focus my attention, as I had hitherto done, upon the paper which I held before me, but for some obscure reason I found it impossible. I was troubled by an unaccountable feeling which I can only describe as acute mental uneasiness.

In utter despair I finally threw down my newspaper—then gasped. For my aforementioned fellow-traveller, instead of sitting

back sleeping, was now wide-awake, with his large eyes fixed on mine.

In a moment I knew that he was responsible for my inexplicable perturbation.

I bent down to pick up my paper, and found it an extraordinary relief to tear my eyes away from his, but at the same time I knew his gaze never left me. With some hesitation I offered him the paper, saying: "Would you care to have a look at it?"

A stony silence was his only reply.

And all the time his two penetrating eyes never gave the slightest suggestion of a flicker, and his hands remained in the pockets of his brown tweed overcoat. His hat was far down over his head and his coat collar so far up over his face that only his eyes and his short, hawk-like, almost cruel, nose were to be seen.

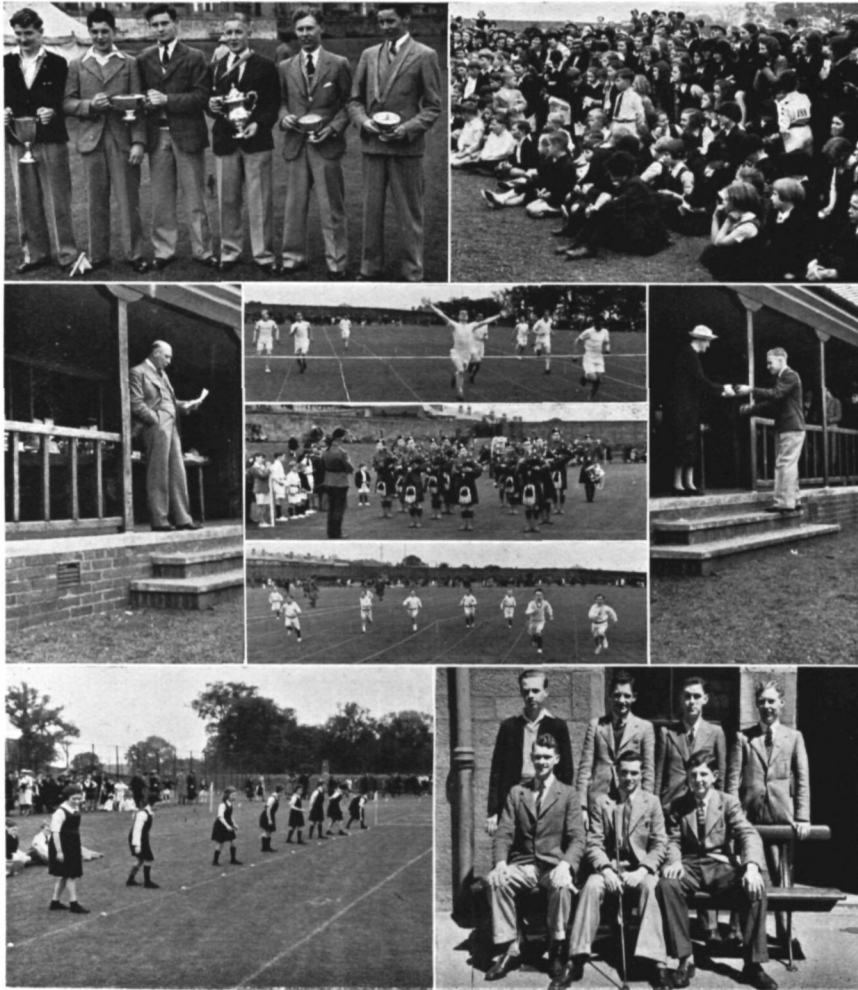
Suddenly I took an intense dislike to this creature, this odd specimen of humanity. The fixed gaze and stony silence were nothing short of insolence—confounded impertinence! And yet I found his luminous eyes held for me a horrid fascination extremely hard to resist. They seemed to be so powerful—like a magnet, always in the end drawing my eyes to his.

I strove against this awful power which seemed gradually to be getting the better of me, and with great reluctance I tore my eyes away from his, and gazed longingly at the steam-covered windows of the compartment. A few sparks from the engine were gaily chasing each other past the window.

I decided I could resist him no longer. And so, slowly but surely, my eyes strayed back to meet his, which were now blazing in defiance.

For some time we sat like this. Although I was quite aware of all my surroundings, I now found it impossible to look away.

Soon I was overcome with a feverish heat, and I felt my heart throbbing sickeningly within me. I wanted to wipe away the perspiration which I knew was running down my face, but somehow I could not find the proper muscles—I could not move. This frightful monster had robbed me of my strength, had controlled me with his gaze



[Sports Photos. by courtesy of J. D. Brown, Castle Street.

Sports Snapshots—
including Boys' Golf Team

Dundee High School
Magazine.

until I was as motionless as he ; but still my thoughts were my own.

Gradually all my surroundings turned black, and only his eyes remained, shining brightly in the darkness. Soon they seemed to grow bigger and bigger and still bigger, till they blotted out everything. They filled my brain, as it were, pushing out all else. Like two Catherine wheels they blazed, searing into my brain. I felt pains shooting like red-hot wires inside my head ; but still I had my own thoughts. This devil was tampering with my mind, he was nothing but a stealer of souls, and his eyes did all the work.

Now I was beginning to feel a strange drowsiness, a great desire to shut my eyelids, but they, like the rest of me, were paralysed. I knew my thoughts were slowly ebbing away,

that he was robbing me of my mind . . . Suddenly thousands of sparks seemed to shower down and burn in my brain, then everything went blaaaaaackkkkkkk . . .

* * * *

I rubbed my eyes and yawned. The sun was streaming in through the compartment window. I stretched myself and then glanced at the time—only forty minutes to go, and my journey would be over !

And then suddenly my mind was flooded with memories. Very puzzled, I looked round the whole compartment. I was quite alone.

But, as if to confirm my memories, the cushion on the seat opposite me was very slightly creased and dented . . .

L. G. D. S.

Enter Orlando.

MARCUS ORLANDO, Anatolian investigator of crime, was breakfasting and reading about the murder of a jeweller, Roger Bennett, in Russell Square. As he read on he observed that a Mr. Joseph Plex had been detained by the police. Glancing on through the pages of the *London Tribune*, Orlando was suddenly disturbed by the entrance of Ecco, his Japanese valet, who announced that a gentleman wished to see him.

"Excuse me," said a voice, "but it is absolutely imperative that I see you, Mr. Orlando."

Orlando looked up and saw a small, bird-like man standing uncertainly in the centre of the morning-room. He was dressed in the attire of the city, Orlando noticed, and carried a brief-case. Orlando mentally wagered he was a lawyer. The bronzed features of Orlando recovered their oriental calm. He waved a grapefruit spoon at the intruder and said pleasantly, "Won't you sit down, Mr. —"

"Thank you : the name is Marsden," said the other, in an educated voice. "I represent Mr. Joseph Plex, who has been arrested for the murder of Roger Bennett—which I see you are reading about. I have been instructed by Mr. Plex to engage you to prove him

innocent of this charge, although the evidence against him is already very convincing."

"So Mr. Plex believes himself innocent," said Orlando.

"Yes," said the lawyer. "He denies most emphatically that he visited Bennett's flat yesterday but admits that he was there two days ago."

"You can tell Mr. Plex that I am taking up his case, Mr. Marsden," said Orlando. "By the way, can you tell me who is in charge?"

"No, I'm afraid I cannot," said the other.

About fifty minutes later Orlando's black Benz racer glided to a stop in Russell Square. A crowd of people was gathered around the doorway leading to the jeweller's flat.

"Inquisitive devils," mused Orlando, as he entered the building. A fast lift brought him to the flat. The corridor outside was swarming with newspaper reporters.

"Say, here's Mr. Orlando!" said one.

"Any clues, Mr. Orlando?" inquired another.

"No choice bits of news, have you?" asked a third.

"Sorry, boys, but I don't know a thing,"

said Orlando, showing his white teeth in one of his rare smiles.

Orlando pressed the bell-button several times before the door was opened by a police constable, who recognised the visitor, and immediately admitted him.

"Is Inspector M'Carthy in charge here?" asked Orlando.

"Yes, sir," replied the constable.

Orlando was then shown into the room where the crime had been committed. It was a large square room, decorated in excellent taste and beautifully furnished. On the walls hung several paintings in the modern style. A long table was the central object and caught the eye. On its polished surface was a silver tray on which stood a wine bottle, two wine glasses and an ashtray. The wine glasses had the appearance of having been recently used. Orlando observed all this in a few seconds and then turned to greet his friend, Detective-Inspector M'Carthy, with whom he had worked in co-operation in several cases.

"Hallo, Marcus! This case is already solved," said M'Carthy, grinning.

"You think so?" said Orlando. "Let's have the story!"

"Well, here it is. From what the valet Berthollet told us we know that when he left the flat to do some errands Bennett and Plex were quarrelling bitterly over a valuable pearl necklace."

"When did Berthollet leave?" asked Orlando.

"He says he left about seven o'clock in the evening," continued M'Carthy, "and when he returned at 9 o'clock he found Bennett dead. He immediately ran out and informed a constable. The Squad car brought us here about 9.40 p.m. We found the jeweller's brains had been blown out at close range and that the necklace was missing as it was not in the safe!" Here M'Carthy indicated a picture on the walls behind which Orlando presumed the safe was. "But to continue, we found Plex's fingerprints on the wine-glasses and then one of his visiting cards between the cushion. Then I think I had better tell you here that Plex is an old-fashioned sort of gentleman who always wears a gardenia in his buttonhole. Well, a gardenia was found

clutched between Bennett's fingers. A cast-iron case."

"Just a shade too cast-iron for my liking," said Orlando, imperturbably.

"Probably Plex became scared after he shot Bennett," ventured M'Carthy.

Orlando remained silent for a moment, then rose and examined the tray on the table. There was a half-empty bottle of wine, two wine glasses, an ashtray with some twelve cigarette-stubs and a tin of cigarettes. Orlando observed that the cigarettes had a little red crescent marked on them. On opening the tin he found the cigarettes inside were of the same make and that there was a considerable number of them. Orlando took a note of the brand and determined to obtain some at a later date. He now became aware that the atmosphere of the room was still pure although all the windows were closed.

"Have the windows been shut all the time?" he asked M'Carthy.

"They've been shut all the time I've been here," grunted M'Carthy, who was writing a report on the case.

"Where's the corpse?" asked Orlando. The reply was that it had been removed to the morgue. Then changing the subject Orlando asked if he could be allowed to question the valet, Berthollet. Permission was granted to do this. Orlando peppered M'Carthy with a few more questions through which he discovered that Plex had been arrested at his house. On questioning Berthollet, Orlando found his story corresponded exactly with M'Carthy's version.

Orlando then left the flat, after eliciting information where Plex was being detained, and proceeded there. He found that Plex was bewildered by events and steadfastly maintained that he was innocent. However, when Plex became more coherent, he denied that he had visited the jeweller's flat the previous day but admitted that he had been there two days before. Plex's statement carried a ring of truth in it and Orlando, who had a keen insight into the minds of men, decided that Plex was either telling the truth or was a consummate actor.

Accordingly Orlando decided to make inquiries about the day on which Plex said he



[Photos by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row—E. Steel.

M. G. Thompson.

M. L. Weir.

Middle Row—C. M. Wallace.

F. C. Ritchie.

In Front—G. W. Brown.

A. M. R. Nicoll.

M. S. Brown.

Back Row—P. A. Stewart.

J. Johnston.

H. B. Macqueen.

J. S. Laird.

Middle Row—G. M. Cameron.

J. A. R. Lawson.

I. P. Bruce.

K. Milne.

K. L. Philip.

In Front—A. T. Peacock.

P. Kinnear.

**Girls' Tennis Team and
Boys' Cricket XI., 1938.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

had visited the jeweller's flat. He returned to Russell Square and questioned the liftman, thus gaining some interesting information. The liftman was at first uncertain whether it was one or two days before that Mr. Plex, whom he knew by sight, had visited Mr. Bennett's flat. However, on receiving a crackling piece of paper, his memory returned in marvellous fashion and he declared that Mr. Plex had visited the flat two days previously. It had been raining heavily on the day in question and he remembered seeing Mr. Plex throw his sodden gardenia into a waste-receptable near the lift-shaft.

While returning to his flat Orlando sent an urgent telegram to the Sûreté in Paris to discover whether Berthollet was listed on the identification files, and also purchased a tin of cigarettes of the same brand as those found in the jeweller's flat. Shortly after Orlando had finished afternoon tea, he received a telephone message from M'Carthy, who was in jubilant mood, announcing that the revolver used to murder the jeweller had been found buried in Plex's garden. Orlando began to concentrate intensely on the crime, and as he always concentrated better when under the soothing influence of a cigarette he opened the tin he had bought. The evening passed slowly, but about 9 o'clock he received a telephone message from Paris in answer to his inquiries about Berthollet. Replacing the receiver, Orlando re-entered the lounge, and became aware of the fact that the cigarettes had a strong, though not unpleasant, aromatic smell. He returned to the telephone and rang up M'Carthy whom he asked several questions, and the two agreed to meet at the flat in Russell Square an hour afterwards.

Orlando donned his motoring coat, placed the tin of cigarettes in a pocket and descended to the Benz. Half an hour later he brought the Benz to a stop at the flat in Russell Square. On reaching the flat, he was immediately admitted.

"Well, what's your theory?" greeted M'Carthy.

"Merely cigarettes," said Orlando, mysteriously. "We are going to smoke twelve cigarettes in this room with the windows closed!"

Some twenty minutes later four constables,

M'Carthy and Orlando had finished smoking twelve cigarettes.

"We shall return to this room in one hour and forty minutes and we shall then have the conditions in which you entered the room," said Orlando, calmly.

M'Carthy was speechless: the constables looked amused. A constable was left on guard over the flat while M'Carthy and Orlando spent most of the time drinking coffee and discussing various points in the crime.

One hour forty minutes later M'Carthy threw open the door of the room and looked around mystified.

"Notice anything?" asked Orlando.

M'Carthy replied that as far as he could see nothing had been disturbed but that the air was thick with the fumes of tobacco.

"Was the air like this when you entered the room?" Orlando asked.

"No, it was quite fresh," was the reply.

Orlando then explained several things to M'Carthy which resulted in Berthollet being brought from a lodging-house, where he was staying, to the flat. Berthollet was shown in and waved to a chair by Orlando.

"Good evening, Berthollet," said Orlando. "I've had you brought over to clear up a few points!"

Berthollet remained silent.

"Were the windows closed when you entered this room last night?"—this from Orlando.

"Why, yes, sir."

"And was Mr. Bennett dead when you entered? You are sure he wasn't dead when you left, Berthollet? You ought to know. You killed him." Orlando's voice cracked like a whip-lash.

The Inspector was an impersonal spectator.

Berthollet was becoming desperate. "I don't know what you're talking about. Why should I kill him?" he stammered.

"You had a £20,000 necklace to gain by it." Orlando's voice was like ice, like a surgeon's scalpel, dissecting all Berthollet said. "When Plex came here two days ago you carefully laid the wine glasses and ashtray aside. You had planned for a long time to rob Mr. Bennett.

Then yesterday about 8 o'clock you shot Bennett, stole the necklace and scattered several vital clues such as the tray and wine glasses about the room. You even went so far as to put a visiting card between the cushions and a gardenia in the dead man's hand. Then you went out and during that time you buried the gun in Plex's garden; and then to give a semblance of reality to your story you made a few purchases. Then you returned and gave the alarm. Very ingenious, but you overlooked one important point!" Orlando's voice died away. There was electric tension in the room.

Then McCarthy intervened.

"Georges Berthollet, I arrest you for the wilful murder of Roger Bennett, and I warn you that anything you may say will be used in evidence against you." But Berthollet sat silent and ashen-faced in the armchair.

The necklace was later found in Berthollet's room at the lodging-house.

Later, as Orlando recounted the crime in the Assistant-Commissioner's office, New Scotland Yard, the Assistant-Commissioner asked what the important point was that Berthollet had overlooked.

"He forgot," said Orlando, "that this type of cigarette leaves a distinct smell in a room for a long time after it has been smoked. Moreover it shows that circumstantial evidence can be used by the criminal to circumvent the law. I wonder if it has ever succeeded before?"

But the Assistant-Commissioner had become at that particular moment very deeply interested in a divisional report.

PADRAIG GABHUINA (IX.)



A93.

WE left Feughside Youth Hostel at 9.30 and about five minutes later cycled into Banchory.

"We turn to the left," said Fraser. "Look out for A93."

A little further on we joined the main road. We cycled steadily on through the large woods of Deeside, which screened us from the wind. I liked that road to begin with. Its surface of granite chips seemed to be ideal for cycling, but I was soon to change my

opinion. We reached Aboyne and then our troubles began.

The wind changed until it was in our faces. The dull sky was broken through by the sun which then beat mercilessly down on our bare heads. We had a stiff fight to get moving and the road did not help. At some places, even on level stretches, we had to dismount, so strong was the wind. It took us four hours to do 33 miles along that road. And so we rested!

We had dinner, that is a few thick slices of bread and a bottle of lemonade each, within sight of Balmoral Castle, but as time was short we soon mounted our trusty steeds again and headed for Braemar.

The road twisted and turned. It seemed rougher than before, and after we passed Braemar it became worse. A93 indeed! It should have been B93. Up and up it rose into the hills. We could see the snow now, and far up on the hillside six stags gazed down at us. Then we saw the all-famous sign "dangerous corner." It was the "Devil's Elbow!" We free-wheeled down a gentle slope and saw the drop.

Snap! My back brake refused to function just on the Elbow! I grabbed my front brake in time but nearly jerked myself off, but I survived the turn and free-wheeled easily down to the Spittal of Glenshee. I felt on better terms with the road now that the worst was over, but after a few miles more we turned off towards Kirkmichael, leaving A93 to descend the valley to Blairgowrie.

A. T. PEACOCK (Cl. 8.).



I Am ?

I am a coloured kite, straining for flight ;

And yet I am the child who holds the string
Too short, too tightly, fearing the blowing
wind,

Fearing that he might lose his pretty thing.

Some day the kite will find height common-
place,

The child, indifferent, give the wind his toy.
Then I will laugh to know myself at last.

I am the wind, no kite nor jealous boy.

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W. E. DRYDEN,
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(Top of WELLGATE STEPS).

The Departure of a Steamer.

I AM a docker working like thousands of others at unloading and loading cargoes from huge ships that tie up here, and then, as though wearied with their stay amongst our dirty docklands, put out as fast as possible for prettier and cleaner shores.

I see none of the wonderful passenger-boats with their happy, carefree holiday-makers. Instead, I see Lascar seamen thick with grease labouring under the weight of the hatch boards, while a massive bearded Sarong keeps urging on their straining bodies. At last the hatch is closed, the sheet wrapped over, and the Lascars prepare to cast off.

Clouds of dust and dirty smoke show me that farther down she is coaling and getting steam up. The steam shovels are shovelling in coal faster and faster, as time is money and she cannot miss the tide.

The few white officers patrol back and forward on her seasoned decks ; they look up at the sky, turn round, and continue their ceaseless pacing. I wonder what they think, setting out once more for the magic East with its burning sun, marble palaces and glittering bazaars. Or perhaps the thrill has worn off and they are sorry to leave the filth and damp of Britain for the muddy Ganges and the tropic heat.

The whistle goes—she is casting off—the Lascars are rushing about like disturbed ants, and amid the hooting of the tugs, the rattle of the cranes, and the vibration of her engines, she slowly draws away from the quay and loses all contact with Britain for many months.

There is no one to cheer, wave or shout goodbyes, only the backs of the dockers disappearing into the sheds, never waving or

looking, for after all it is only another ship to them.

She is out in mid-channel now ; her bow is turned to the East ; the tugs cast off ; the dark clouds spatter her decks with rain, and, in the gathering darkness, she and her escort of screeching sea-birds float slowly down the river, carrying my dreams with her to America, Africa or India.

WINIBELLE FARQUHARSON (Class VII.).

Padding.

You say you want a triolet,
Only you leave the theme to me ;
You know I never tried, and yet
You say you want a triolet.
I scrape and scrawl, I fume and fret,
The rhymes won't come, the phrases flee ;
You say you want a triolet,
Only you leave the theme to me.

Nae poet I, I canna' help it,
I wasna' on Parnassus whelpit,
Nae canty sangs hae I to sing,
Losh ! it's a maist dumbfoon'rin' thing.
I'm a' bog-javelled i' the pate,
And trachled sair and unco' blate,
Auld Beelzie maun hae tent ma' wits
And ca'ed ma memory a' to bits.

I canna grab the thochts that caper
Sae tantalisin' roond ma napper,
Like bandies slitherin' thro' the puddle
When frae the bank I stoop to guddle.
But, fegs, when maist I feel despairin',
I see the snaw-white pages starin',
And scratch my stubble brain to glean
Twa verses for the Magazine.

X.

Readers are requested to patronise the
firms who advertise in this Magazine.

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

THE Club held its Annual Outing to Kirriemuir on 21st May, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent by all who were present. The more hardy members braved the rugged grandeur of Glenclova while the less ambitious contented themselves with the hazards of the Kirriemuir Golf Course. The following gentlemen were very much on their game and carried off the prizes :—

J. Ross Taylor	=	84-14=70
James Cadzow	=	86-14=72
Lewis I. Collins	=	85-10=75

The excellent arrangements were in the hands of our Outdoor Entertainments Con- vener, Lewis Collins, but the Secretary gets the blame for the handicaps.

The Club entertained the Members of the Perth Academy F.P. Golf Club to a round of golf at Rosemount on 27th May. After a

hard tussle Perth Academy carried off the honours.

We are looking forward to our Annual Cricket Match versus the Present Pupils on Friday evening, the 17th June, when we hope the weather will be favourable and our team able to keep up the high standard of cricket which spectators of this game now expect.

Our Membership still remains just over the 500 mark, but we expect that it will be greatly increased when the F.P.s who leave school in June join up. Membership application forms are on tap at the office of the Hon. Secretary, C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

It is our sad duty to report the death of one of our younger members, Charles M. Whyte, 1932-35, 14 Forfar Road, Dundee, who died after an illness lasting only ten days.

Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

THE Club continues to flourish and to add new members to its ranks.

We take this opportunity of sending our greetings to those old girls who live far away from Dundee and who by being members of the club show their continued interest in their old school, their old friends, and the School Magazine.

Last winter our Re-union took the form of a dinner, and the evening was so much enjoyed that we have decided that the meeting will take the same form next autumn. How we wish that all the distant members of our club could take part in this very sociable gathering once a year!

Our Annual Business Meeting in March was enlivened after the necessary business was done, by an address given by Miss Barbara Robertson on "Physical Training as a Career for Girls." In view of the "Keep Fit" campaign, this talk was of very great topical interest to everyone.

The next social function takes place next Saturday, the 25th, when we have our annual motor rally at Edzell. As this is the only point of contact between the Old Boys' and

Old Girls' Clubs, we hope that there will be a good turnout of motor enthusiasts.

The following are the office-bearers and Executive Committee elected at the annual meeting.

Honorary President—Mrs. Agnes Savile, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P., Dublin and London.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Jessie Mair, M.A., O.B.E.; Miss Hilda Lorimer, B.A., M.A. (Oxon); Miss Isabel Gray, A.R.A.M.; Miss F. Marie Imandt; Miss J. G. Anderson, L.L.A.; Miss A. F. Barrie, M.A.

President—Mrs. William Allan, J.P.

Vice-Presidents—Miss E. Lee and Mrs. H. J. Carlton.

Hon. Secretaries—Mrs. Preston Watson, Eildonhurst, 500 Perth Road; and Miss Margaret S. Larg, 63 Clepington Road.

Hon. Treasurer—Miss M. W. S. Johnston, 3 Kingsway W.

Auditors—Messrs. Henderson & Loggie, C.A., Dundee.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Wm. Luke, Miss

Barbara Robertson, Miss J. Fernie, Mrs. Donald, Miss J. J. Ferguson, Mrs. Wm. Walker, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. J. F. Ramsay, Miss K. Scrimgeour, Miss Whytock, Miss J. M. Mathers, Mrs. Neish, Miss F. E. Cooper, Miss D. Mess, Miss E. Burns Petrie, Mrs. D. B. Mathers (*ex officio*).

The following are the names of new members whom we welcome to our Club :—

Miss Muriel Allan, Westbourne, Monifieth.
Miss Jean H. Bowen, 33 Clepington Road.
Mrs. D. Ness Brown, 6 Hill Crescent, Wormit.
Miss Helen Martin Brown, 10 Garland Place.
Miss Agnes Kirkland Conn, St. Stephen's Manse, Broughty Ferry.
Miss Rhoda W. K. Davie, 32 Strips of Craigie Road.
Miss Margaret Forbes, Dist. Manbheim, Behar, India.
Miss Margaret Y. Harvey, 67 Mount Annan Drive, Cathcart, Glasgow, S.4.
Mrs. Henderson, Netherlea, Glamis Terrace.
Miss Margaret M. Laird, 22 Inverary Terrace.
Mrs. Pamela Lawson, Rohallion, Monifieth.
Miss Nan E. M. M'Cash, 79 Byron Street.
Miss Margaret C. B. Main, Albany Terrace.
Miss Jessie Main, Albany Terrace.
Miss Kathleen K. Malcolm, Highfield, Glamis Drive.
Miss Lillias M. S. Mann, Dunaber, Ninewells.
Miss Mabel H. Matthew, 36 Swanage Road, Southend-on-Sea.

Miss Jean M. Mathers, 20 Adelaide Place.
Miss Pauline M. J. Quig, The Manse, Monifieth.
Mrs. David L. Robertson, 3 Errol Terrace.
Miss Anne S. W. Robertson, 3 Errol Terrace.
Miss Gertrude A. Scott, Afton Bank, Broughty Ferry.

Miss Daphne M. Shepherd, Whiteburn, Craigie.

Miss Margaret M. Watterston, 6 Duff Street, Maryfield.

Miss Patricia Whitton, 3 Alpha Terrace, Broughty Ferry.

MARRIAGES.—We record with pleasure the marriages of the following members and hope that any omissions will be notified to the secretaries :—

Jess Davies to George F. Ritchie, 8 West Park Gardens, Dundee.

Lora MacCaull to David Morgan Graham, Graystones, Dundee Road, Forfar.

Gladys Lichtsheidel to John Neish, 45 Bruce Road, Downfield.

Gertrude Mackay to N. M'Lennan, 12 Brent Close, Dartford, Kent.

Mrs. Edith Gibb to D. H. Brackenridge, Netherlea, Newport.

We deeply regret that the Club has lost five of its members by death :—

Miss Bella Farquharson, Mrs. Macqueen, Mrs. Mackenzie Stewart, Miss Mildred Suttie and Mrs. Frank Young.

Reports.

CRICKET REPORT.

Once more the 1st XI. has enjoyed a very successful season. After a defeat at the hands of Perth Academy in the first match of the season, the team never looked back and six successive victories have been recorded, including two against Aberdeen Grammar School. The School batting has been consistently good, and the fact that not more than three bowlers have been called on to bowl reveals a sound bowling strength. An improvement could be made in the out-fielding of the team, but the fielding close to the wicket has been of an exceptionally high standard. Although rain has been frequent this season, only one match has had to be postponed.

The 2nd XI. also has done well. Weak batting on two occasions brought about their only defeats, and it has been mainly their good bowling which has brought them success. The team is composed mostly of young players, and we hope that under the tuition of Stark, who has been of great service to us, they

will one day form a very fine 1st XI. Once more we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Wardlaw and Mr. Paton for taking charge of the 1st and 2nd XI.'s respectively.

AVERAGES.

	BATTING.		Runs.	Average.
	No. of Inns.	Not Out.		
K. Philip	.. 4	1	91	30.3
I. Bruce..	.. 7	—	175	25
J. Lawson	.. 7	1	150	25
J. Johnston	.. 6	1	55	11
A. Peacock	.. 3	1	22	11
K. Milne	.. 7	1	60	10

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
I. Bruce	.. 76	172	28	6.1
J. Lawson	.. 64	140	21	6.6
G. Cameron	.. 58	104	15	6.9

TENNIS REPORT.

Owing to the rather unsettled weather of the past few weeks our tennis term has been somewhat shortened. Crieff have been put off twice and Morgan once. However, we are trying to fit these matches into a rather busy three weeks. Our results up to date are :—

Harris (Home) 5-3, 1 draw.
Morgan (Away) 3-5, 1 draw.
Madras (Home) 5-0, 4 draws.

As the School championship has not yet been decided we cannot add our congratulations to the champion to this report. The enthusiasm of the younger members of the senior School, both in entering for the tournament and following the activities of the team, has been good to see, and we hope that they continue to be so right up the School.

The team had two coachings from Miss East, and her criticism and corrections have enabled us to "come on" very much.

Quite a number of our girls have this year again entered for the Midlands Tennis Tournament, and we say "congratulations" to the victorious and "hard luck" to the defeated.

We must now thank Miss Whytock for her work and help in all tennis matters.

C. W.

CADET REPORT.

Uniform parades were started right at the beginning of this term and a marked improvement in smartness and turn-out has resulted. The parades have taken place almost every Friday at the Recreation Grounds where the Company practised drill either by platoon or as a whole. The platoons for camp have been made up and are now working together. The platoon N.C.O.'s for the three platoons are as follows :—

No. 1 Platoon—Sergeants Grant and Nicoll.
No. 3 Platoon—Sergeants Hutton and Pearson.
No. 3 Platoon—Sergeants Dewart and Caird.

Out of the 160 cadets in the Company 104 are going to camp. This is rather disappointing as we had hoped for a record year and as camp is of such enormous value to the cadets. The camp will be at Cortachy as usual and will take place the first fortnight of the summer holidays when it is hoped the weather will be more pleasant than it was last year.

The summer promotions are as follows :—

Cpl. Nicoll, J. S., to Sgt.; Dr./Cpl. MacLagan to Dr./Sgt.; L./Cpl. Duncan to Cpl.; L./Cpl. Scrimgeour to Cpl.; L./Cpl. Jones, W. O. D., to Cpl.; L./Cpl. Stalker, A. M., to Cpl.; L./Cpl. Hunter to Cpl.; P./L./Cpl. Miller to P./Cpl.; Dr. Scott to Dr./Cpl.; Cdt. Miller, G., to Cpl.; Cdt. Milne, K., to L./Cpl.; Cdt. Green to L./Cpl.; Cdt. Gillespie to L./Cpl.; Cdt. Melrose to L./Cpl.; Cdt. Peters to L./Cpl.; Cdt. Cuthill to L./Cpl.

D. A. E. D.

GIRL GUIDES.

In a fortnight's time we will be holding the last meeting of the year.

An important event, in March, was the visit of our District Commissioner, Mrs. Thomson, who inspected the Company.

The officers arranged a "surprise night" for us in

the form of a "Beetle Drive," which was greatly enjoyed.

During the term we have been working for badges and for the Shield which is in possession of the Skylark patrol.

We are all eagerly looking forward to our annual camp. This year it is to be held on the old site at Kirkmichael and a large number of Guides is expected.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking our officers for their unfailing interest and for all the work they put in throughout the year in connection with Guides.

M. S. P.

GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB.

The Annual Gala was held on Tuesday, 7th June, at the Central Baths. Miss Bessie M'Lean, an F.P. and Midlands Champion, was judge. Mrs. Meldrum Smith presented the prizes and cups.

The entry was large this year, and competition was keen, specially in the Junior Section. June Mackie, with 14 points, won the Senior Championship Cup; Leslie Shepherd was runner-up with 9 points. Molly Edwards won the Junior Cup.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the members of staff who show so much interest in the Club, and without whom our gala would not have been so successful.

J. M. and J. E.

SWIMMING CLUB.

Swimming still continues popular in the School. We can claim an increasing interest in a sport exceedingly beneficial to physical development. As a result of the practice put in on Wednesday afternoons, the standard of swimming has been well maintained. The Gala bore evidence to the enthusiasm of all.

Mr. Lee was again judge of the diving and graceful swimming events. Mr. Carlton, an "Old Boy" of the School, presided, and Mrs. Carlton graciously presented the prizes. The Junior Championship was won by J. S. Nicoll, while the Senior Championship went to George Rankine. The F.P.'s won the "Squadron Race" and Aystree narrowly defeated Airlie in the Inter-House Relay race.

The whole programme was carried through with perfect precision due entirely to the splendid organising powers of members of the staff.

G. R.

GOLF CLUB.

Although the standard of golf has improved during the present season the golf team has not been altogether successful in the matches so far played.

The record is :—

Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.
5	2	1	2

The Boase Medal produced some exceptional scores this year, five of the qualifying players breaking 80. In the final round the best return was made by Ian L. MacLagan. The Pirie Handicap Cup was won this year by Ian G. Kidd. We had looked forward to our match with the Staff, but owing to their difficulties in raising a team the fixture had to be cancelled.

We have had, however, a very enjoyable season, in great measure favoured by the weather and with five of this year's team coming back, next year promises to be very successful.

A. F. M.

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