

*A. E. MacLachlan*

# THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



SEPT-CENTENARY NUMBER, 1939    SIXPENCE

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# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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No. 75.]

JUNE, 1939.

[SIXPENCE.]

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## Editorial.

**S**EVEN hundred years is too long a period of time for us to grasp : it is beyond the range of our imagination, for we live ordinarily, as it were, from day to day, doing what work is necessary, taking what decisions are necessary, without any far-sighted plan. Yet, looking back on the long history of the school, we can see that its genius has pursued a steady purpose, keeping through all those centuries the same noble ideal before it—to give knowledge and to foster a desire for it, to train and prepare the young minds entrusted to its charge for the harsher and more perilous school of life, to give that truly liberal education which leads to the acquisition of a sane, independent and balanced judgment and a fuller appreciation of aesthetic and spiritual values.

We are the inheritors of great renown. Too seldom do we realise it, but in this year of the sept-centenary we should try to assess our heritage and draw from it example and inspiration, of which it is so rich a source. For seven hundred years these halls, or their predecessors, have been sending out pupils : as the centuries passed knowledge grew and freedom of thought, and teaching methods improved. Adown the years countless youths went forth, enabled and eager to serve their community and their country. And they did serve and that nobly, many even unto death. "And they still do so," we can say with decent pride. Look in the busy mart and counting-house, in the Civil Service, the Colonial Service and the University Lists. Read the names on our War Memorial.

And they will continue to do so—

"That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

It is unthinkable that the source should dry up, that the school as we know it should fade and pass, that this increasing purpose through the ages should be thwarted at last. It must not be.

Let us press on then. It is not enough to dwell on our glorious past. We, too, must be up and doing, striving not merely to pass on our heritage undimmed and untarnished but increased and enriched by our efforts. With all the will and strength we have let us try to make our contribution no less glorious than those which have already been made.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is most fitting that the sept-centenary celebrations should coincide with the scheme for reconstructing the school. For some years now we have been gathering our strength to fulfil this task, and this anniversary gives an added point and urgency to our efforts. Several functions have been held this term in aid of the reconstruction fund and as part of our celebrations. All have been very successful.

On Sunday, the 18th, the School attended a service in St. Mary's Church, where an inspiring address was given by the Rev. D. P. Thomson, an old boy of the school (see elsewhere in this issue). Otherwise, despite the heat and the sept-centenary exaltation, the school work has carried on almost as usual. The quarterlies and the "qualifying" have come and gone. The

School Sports on June 3rd were the triumph of organisation we have come to expect from Mr. M'Laren—a splendid field day in brilliant weather. Swimming, cricket, tennis and golf have been enjoyed to the full, and the Cadets and Guides have been tested and found excellent in quality and work. On the 16th June, the School Exhibitions of Needlework, Art and Handwork gave testimony to the fine work done in these departments.

We are happy to have news from Bruce at Oxford and Mathieson (our "Centenary" editor) at Cambridge. We are sorry to lose Miss Fernie. As pupil and teacher she has always been *persona grata*, and now that she is leaving to be married she carries with her all our best wishes. Good luck to Messrs. Catto and Wood who are also going to take the plunge this summer.

A few more days and this memorable session ends. We have worked hard and are a little weary, but very happy, for success has crowned our efforts. We can honestly say we have earned a rest. To Cadets and Guides—a successful camp and good weather; to those leaving school—good-bye and good luck; to all—a good holiday.

## University Successes.

### 700—And Still Going Strong.

As we go to press news of school and 'varsity successes comes to hand. They make pleasant reading, especially at this time of celebration.

The School, this session, has the unusually large number of 53 group Leaving Certificates to its credit. J. HUTTON has been awarded a Cowan House Scholarship at Edinburgh. G. PARTICK has gained a good bursary at St. Andrews, and L. FRAIN-BELL is well-placed at Dundee.

At the Universities :

**Edinburgh.**—J. BROUGH has graduated M.A., with 1st Class Hons. in Classics, and has gained a travelling Scholarship for further language study in Germany.

**St. Andrews.**—HENRY JACKSON graduated M.A., with 1st Class Hons. in Classics. Awarded Major Scholarship for Lincoln College, Oxford.—1st equal for Guthrie Scholarship, St. Andrews.

MARTIN FEARN graduated M.A., with 1st Class Hons. in Economics.

DOREEN TULLOCH, Medallist in Phil. and in Moral Phil.

DERICK A. E. DEWAR, Medallist in General Chemistry and in General Physics.

GORDON DOIG, Medallist, General Mathematics.

RALPH LUMSDEN (St. A.), Caird Travelling Scholarship (£450).

**U.C.D.**—EDWIN R. WINTON has been awarded a Commonwealth Scholarship for work in Industrial Chemistry.

MAY SMITH has taken 1st place in Special German, and has been awarded a free Summer Course of 3 months in the University of Nancy, France, and a German Exchange Scholarship for Session 1939-40, to be spent at a German University.

DOUGLAS LATTO has passed final M.B., Ch.B.

Passed final M.B., Ch.B., JAMES M. DUNCAN.

WINIFRED I. McNICOL (with commendation).

ERIC G. MCPHERSON.

BRIAN S. TULLOCH (with distinction).

GEORGE D. MCPHERSON passed final L.D.S.

J. H. MARTIN, Medal in Special Physics.

**Cambridge.**—WM. A. C. MATHIESON (at King's College, Cambridge), 1st Class in Classical Tripos, Part I.

**Oxford.**—IAN P. BRUCE has topped the batting average for Balliol College. 12 innings, 8 times not out, 307 runs, average 75.—Well played!

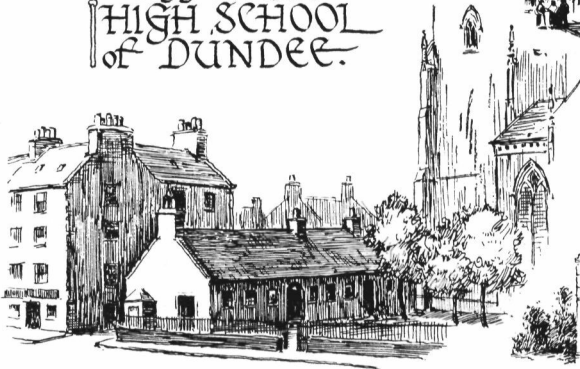
\* \* \* \* \*

J. C. BRAND has been selected to play as wicket-keeper for Scotland against Ireland.



Early in the 13<sup>th</sup> Century Gilbert Bishop of Brechin granted a Charter to the Abbot and Monks of Lindores to plant Schools in Dundee. This was confirmed by Pope Gregory IX on 14<sup>th</sup> February 1239. The succession is traced to the Dundee Public Seminaries which were incorporated in 1859 as The HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE.

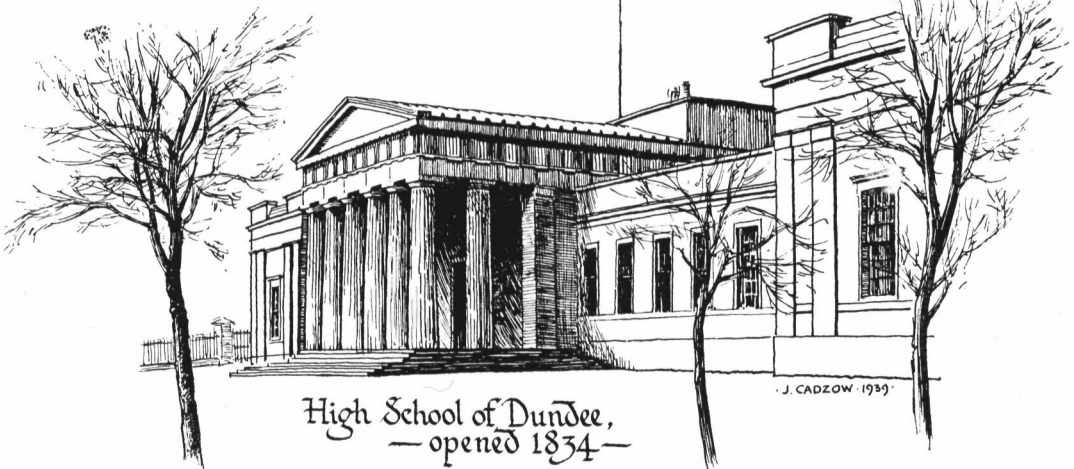
Dundee Grammar School,  
St. Clements Lane,  
16<sup>th</sup> Century.



Dundee Grammar School,  
School Wynd—17<sup>th</sup> Century



Dundee Academy,  
The Hospital, Nethergate,—18<sup>th</sup> Century.



High School of Dundee,  
—opened 1834—

— J. CADZOW — 1939 —

## Sept-Centenary Greetings.

### From Lord Provost PHIN.

As Lord Provost of the City I am delighted to congratulate the High School on reaching its sept-centenary.

Former pupils have rendered valuable service to the community, having taken not only an interest, but in many cases an active part, in public life. The ground-work received at the High School has stood them in good stead, and they have proved themselves thoroughly efficient administrators in many spheres.

As Chairman of the Directors of the High School, I would say that it is to the present pupil we look to maintain the tradition of High School efficiency. This can only be done by dint of hard work and concentrated study. It were well that the pupils remember that it is a duty to themselves to be thoroughly prepared and able to enter professional, commercial or industrial life and thus enhance the already high reputation of Dundee High School.

JOHN PHIN.

### From President of Old Boys' Club.

It seems fitting in this Sept-Centenary year that a message of Greeting and Congratulation from the old boys of the School should appear in the magazine.

The Old Boys' Club, therefore, in full appreciation of all the School has meant to its many members, at home and abroad, tenders its Greetings and Thanks to the Directors, Rectors, Staffs, and all connected with the administration of the School, past and present. It congratulates the School of to-day on the great effort it is making to maintain the prestige and high efficiency of the past, and it feels assured that while this excellent spirit endures, the Old School can look forward to many more centuries of useful work and service.

T.R.L.

### From President of Old Girls' Club.

To the very young a year seems an eternity. As we grow older, if we are happy and in the place we want to be in, anniversaries have a way of coming round with amazing rapidity, but the thought of a 700th anni-

versary fills me with a sense of awe and unreality. Away back in this dim and misty past the School had its beginnings, yet she will never grow old for the spirit of youth is perpetually within her walls.

I think there is no better way of recapturing something of one's own lost youth than to revisit the old School, nothing else brings back so vividly the joys and perhaps the miseries of our early years. There may be a little sadness in going back to the place where one has spent years of one's childhood, but memory, like the sundial, registers the sunny hours more clearly than the dark ones, and perhaps makes them seem brighter than they were, because they are only a memory.

When I enter the Hall of the Girls' School the staircase is thronged with happy and friendly shadowy figures. Some of them have since been lost sight of, others have travelled along the road with me and the friendships remain. I think remembrance plays such a large part in real friendship, that it is not surprising that the friends of one's schooldays are often the most dear. As we get older we do not make many new friends. We are all too busy and settled in our own circles. We may make many new acquaintances but we cannot say to them, "Do you remember?" which is half the joy of real friendship.

My wish for the present pupils is that when their time comes to leave the old School they will do so equipped with learning, happy memories and especially with friends. Learning you may forget, but memories and friends go with you along the dusty road of life.

EDITH LEE.

### From Rev. J. H. Duncan, of St. Mary's Parish Church.

Church and School in Dundee can trace back their histories for 700 years and find their beginnings in the labours of the monks of Lindores Abbey. While many changes have taken place during seven centuries, and while there are now many churches and many schools in the city, the Parish Church, still called the Church of St. Mary, and the High School of Dundee are the direct descendants of the ancient foundations and can claim to

have exerted all through these years their influence on the generations as they have come and gone. As they have a common origin they have still a common aim—to serve the community in the midst of which they are set and to keep alight the lamps of Faith

and Knowledge. The pleasant duty falls to me as the present incumbent of the Church of St. Mary to offer congratulations to the School on its long and honourable and distinguished service, and to express the hope that it may continue to flourish.

## The Rector's Message.

THIS year the School celebrates the seven-hundredth anniversary of the traditional date of its founding. No one claims that the date is historically exact: indeed it would appear from an earlier Charter that the ancestor of the Grammar School was in existence some years before. But the first date which emerges from the mist—if even that is accurate—is 14th February, 1239, when a papal bull confirmed some previous grants to Dundee. We are certainly entitled to believe that by that date the first steps had been taken, which, under the official sanction and guidance of the Church, led down the road of time to the Grammar School and on to the High School of to-day. After all, is not 753 B.C. accepted without any evidence at all as the date of the foundation of Rome? Our date—which is far more important to us—is the latest, not the earliest, which the available evidence entitles us to claim.

During the centuries of its existence, what are the causes with which the School, through teachers and pupils, has been most prominently identified? I cannot do better than follow the analysis of the Rev. D. P. Thomson in his vivid and interesting address at the sept-centenary Service. Mr. Thomson stated these causes as national independence, freedom of thought and conscience, the right to govern ourselves, and social reform, and recalled the names and deeds of pupils who had given their service and their lives to these movements. The greatest writers of our country agree, generally speaking, in setting these principles in the very foundations of their thought: and the literature of Greece and Rome, which has helped to mould many of our minds, takes the first three as axiomatic in theory, though unrealised in practice. But in recent years the tradition of sturdy independence, which for centuries both here and in Europe was regarded as the ripening fruit of civilization, has been derided and more narrowly

confined. In some countries it has almost ceased to be—temporarily, we know, for the old wine must yet burst the new bottles, but the further the ebb of freedom, the more difficult and the longer will the tide take to return.

It is in such circumstances that we are appealing for the necessary funds to ensure the freedom and reform of the School, the two principles for which it has stood in the past. To judge by the response made by pupils and parents during the present session, it is overwhelmingly clear where they stand. They wish to maintain and extend the tradition of the School. With a full knowledge of the stuff of which our boys and girls are made, I maintain that we must not fail them, or make their hold on individual freedom and initiative more precarious: for the School has an individuality of its own, which it passes on to its members. Any acceptance of standardisation would, I am sure, fill the supporters of the School with regret and probably with a desire to retrace their steps. That, however, is a possibility which cannot be contemplated. I am assured by the Scottish Education Department that they wish the School to retain its independence and the characteristic features which that implies, while at the same time they insist on the buildings being made appropriate to modern needs. We are already within sight of the goal and there must be no stumbling before it is reached. I know that the times are difficult, and the outlook uncertain. The opportunity is all the greater. We thank those who have already given so generously, and appeal to those who are still hesitating. With enthusiasm and sacrifice, the money can be raised and an ideal preserved. Such a result will bring a sense of achievement and work well done.

In pleading for variety and distinction among our Schools, and in particular for the preservation of the individuality of our own

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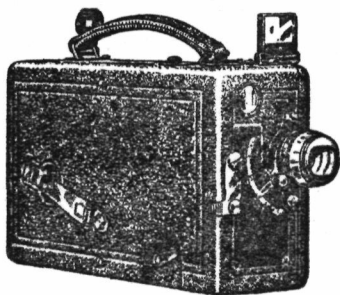
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School, I am actuated by a belief that such variety is the fundamental basis of a democratic society. Any other method leads slowly but surely to authoritarianism and monotony, however much we may hope to avoid these ends. There is no easy way if we are to retain and extend the hardy independence and the progressive initiative which Scotland is in danger of losing through apathy. That apathy is the measure of what has been lost already: and it is for us to see that no more ground is yielded. I am reminded of Hazlitt's analysis of the

principles inherent in the thought of Burke, one of our greatest thinkers: "To think of reducing mankind to the same insipid level seemed to him the same absurdity as to destroy the inequalities of surface in a country . . . He believed that their several stations and employments should be assigned . . . so as to nourish their hopes, to lift their imagination, to enliven their fancy, to rouse their activity, to strengthen their virtue, and to furnish the greatest number of objects of pursuit and means of employment." I. M. B.

## The Fete.

D.H.S. Grounds, 17th June.

Walk up! Walk up! All the fun of the Fair! Come on father, get rid of all inhibitions, show yourself a 100% he-man and smash dishes, *ad lib*, while you may. Junior has already bagged three coconuts. Mother is using all the force of female lungs attempting to ring a bell by blowing red liquid up a tube. Jove, the old school has gone gay with a vengeance and it has roped in parents galore to join in the fun—and, of course, pay for it. For while celebrating we are also working hard to collect money for our reconstruction fund. Saxpences are being banged cheerfully all round the stalls and, dash it all, sir, why not? It's good fun and it's helping the school. Let it go! Whoopee!

Hello, who's this—a brass-hat? That, says a parent, proudly, is Major-General Fortune, C.B., D.S.O., my old O.C. Haven't seen him since—17, at Bapaume. Great chap—one of the best. He's going to inspect the Cadets. Now he's taking the salute as they march past. Gad, sir, they're smart, these youngsters—no wonder it's so easy for ex-cadets to obtain commissions in the terriers. Efficient training—what? And lots of it. Credit to the school and to their officers. Good men—what!

Round the stalls again. What about a nice fowl or a Loch Leven trout—beauties, aren't they? Not too warm is it? Let's try the tea-tent—eat what you like for a bob. No, Junior, I'm paying no doctor's bills—eight ice-cream cones are enough. And aren't the F.P.s doing their stuff. Everyone working with a will, serving tea, ices, lemonade, or

running their own stalls. And the local tradesmen, shopkeepers, merchants, contractors, farmers—they played up like heroes. They almost rained gifts of every kind on us. It's a good world sometimes! Back to the centre of the field once more. Now it's the turn of the Junior School. Deftly and unfalteringly they form the quarters of the School Shield—a pretty piece of work to watch.

A little later—Captain M'Laren has undergone a transformation. He's a gym. instructor now and he puts the Seniors through a striking and attractive display of gymnastics and games. Mac and Miss Whytock have trained them well.

6.30 and the drift homeward begins, though willing workers toil yet for many hours to clear the field. The cash is counted—£365. Well done, and thanks to everybody.

\* \* \* \* \*

Other highlights of the celebration period were, a cricket match, School v. Old Boys, on the evening of the 16th, which the School won by sixty runs; the fine speech by Colonel Guthrie, of Guthrie Castle, when he opened the Fete; the Church Parade to St. Mary's, and the stirring and inspiring sermon preached there by an old boy of the School, the Rev. D. P. Thomson, M.A., of Cambuslang (see elsewhere in this magazine) and, as a grand finale, the splendid performance of the "Pirates of Penzance," in the Training College Hall. For this last, our rector, Mr Treasure, Mr Millar, of the Dundee Operatic Society, and the pupils concerned, have worked hard,

very hard, to ensure a successful production. Their efforts have not been in vain.

As a school, we have tried to do our bit this session, to raise money for the Fund; we have

raised over £600, but we must also remember that it was the parents, friends, and helpers, who contributed so generously, that made it possible for us to raise such a sum.

## “Our Heritage and our Task.”

A Sermon preached at the Special Service in The Parish Church of St. Mary, Dundee, on Sunday Afternoon, 18th June, 1939.

*“Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us . . . run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.”*—Hebrews, xii., 1-2.

The writer of this book was a lover of his country, a student of history, a man of affairs and a devoted follower of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. The people to whom he was writing were of all ages and types, scattered abroad over almost the whole known world, and some of them up against altogether exceptional difficulties. They had three things in common—a great heritage, a great task and the knowledge of one sure road to success. It is about these that he is writing to them here, and about the same three things that I want to speak to you for a little this afternoon.

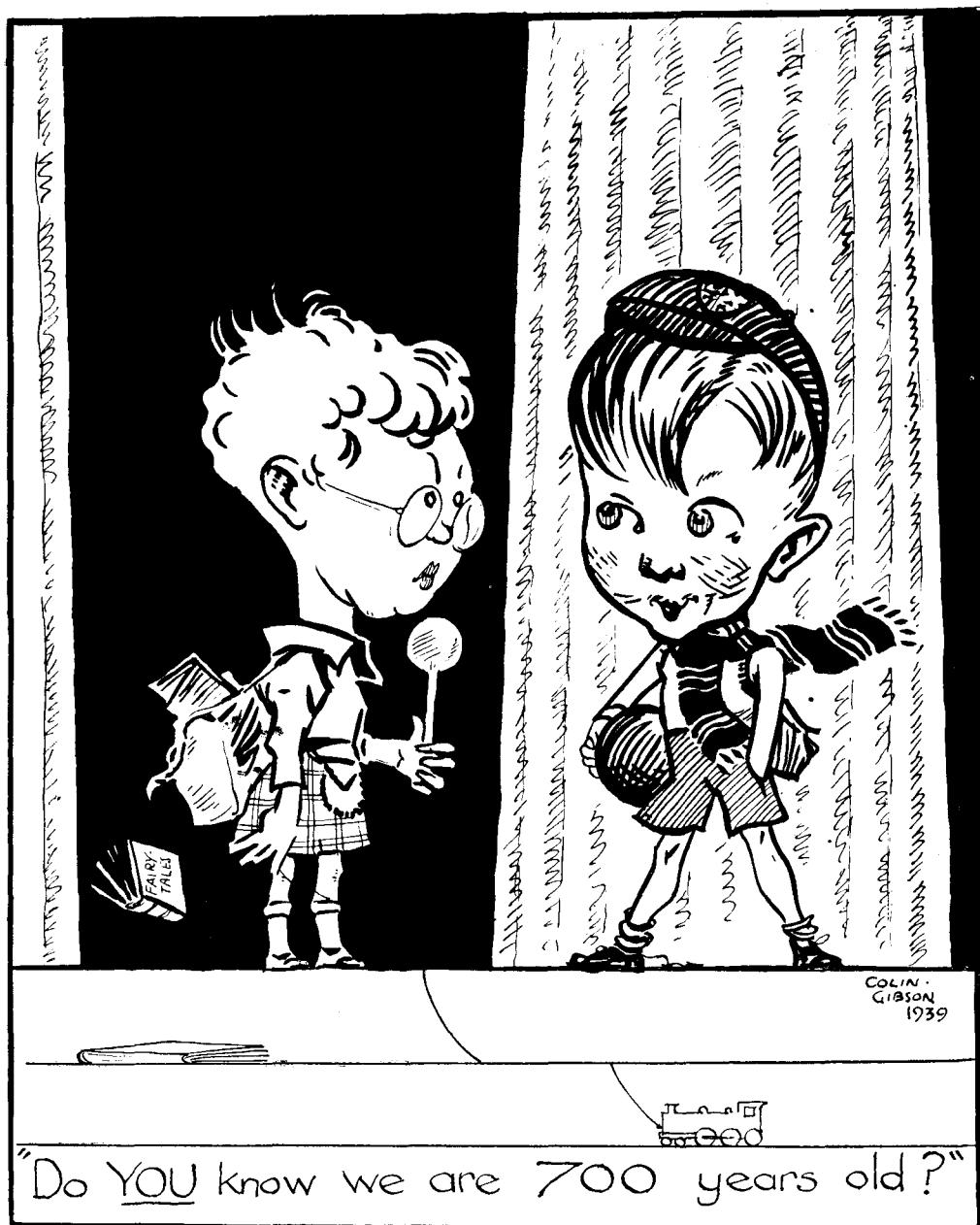
I. A GREAT HERITAGE.—You have a great heritage, says the unknown writer of this epistle, as he writes to scattered and often persecuted and sorely tried Hebrew Christians in that old Roman world. Don't forget those who have gone before you. Take time to recall the men and women they were, the victories they won and the contribution they made to the world. Nothing will hearten you more than that!

It is of our own great heritage that I want you to think this afternoon, the heritage of a school more than 700 years old. These three constituent elements—the Grammar School, the English School and the Academy—have had some great Headmasters. Think, for example, of David Lyndesay, who became successively Minister of St. Mary's—a post which he held along with his rectorship—Bishop of Brechin and Bishop of Edinburgh. It was he who crowned Charles I. king at Holyrood, and he who tried to stay the fury of the mob the day Jenny Geddes flung her stool

at the head of the presiding Dean in St. Giles, and precipitated the crisis that led to the fifty years' Covenanting Struggle. And of Thomas M'Gibbon, a still earlier Rector, who risked his livelihood rather than give an undertaking to the authorities that he would maintain silence about the things in which he believed—the doctrines which were to become the foundation stones of the Scottish Reformation. There are many others I cannot even stop to name.

It is not of famous headmasters, however, that I want you to think to-day, or of great teachers—and there have been many—but of what former pupils of this School have done, and of the sort of men and women they have shown themselves to be. With three of the greatest causes in which our country has ever been engaged the names of Old Boys of the Grammar School of Dundee, the most venerable of our constituent elements, are closely and honourably, and most memorably identified—with the struggle for National Independence at the close of the 13th century, with the struggle for Spiritual Independence in the middle of the 16th century, and with the struggle for the rights of the common people to share in the government of their country at the beginning of last century, that culminated in the Reform Bill of 1832. To each of these conflicts former pupils of this School made a notable and even decisive contribution.

(1) *There was first the struggle for National Independence*, and I think it will be agreed that of the two names inseparably associated with that fight—William Wallace and Robert Bruce, the greater from the point of view of character and spirit is that of Wallace. It was he who played the nobler if not the more decisive role. Whatever may be the final verdict about Blind Harry's statement, and some of us will not readily give up that tradition about young William Wallace coming into the old Grammar School for his lessons



from Kilspindie—of this we have ample proof, that many an old Grammar School boy fell fighting under the banner of Wallace, and by the side of Wallace, for the liberation of Scotland from the hand of the English invader.

(2) In the second great struggle of which I have spoken, *the fight for spiritual freedom* which culminated in the Scottish Reformation of 1560, I venture to say that no School in broad Scotland made a greater contribution to ultimate victory than did our own. It was not John Knox by whom the real pioneer work was done, nor was it Patrick Hamilton, the first of our own Scottish martyrs, or George Wishart, who preached with such power here in Dundee beneath the old arch in the Cowgate that still bears his name, to the plague-stricken outside the city wall and the whole who were within its gates. An earlier, and in some ways an even more vital contribution was made by three brothers—all Dundee boys and pupils of this school—John, James and Alexander Wedderburn, whose “Dundee Psalms”—the “Guid and Godlie Ballads”—did more than perhaps anything else, along with the satires of Sir David Lindsay, to prepare the way for ultimate victory. And if I name the Wedderburns—whose family were to render such notable service to the City of Dundee, and twelve of whom appear in “The Dictionary of National Biography,” I must not allow myself to forget those other Grammar School boys who stood by them in the fight—James Haliburton, for thirty years Provost of the town; Thomas M’Gibbon, the Rector of the School; and Paul Methven, the Minister of St. Mary’s, who courted exile rather than cease to plead with all the eloquence at his command the cause he had espoused. Is it any wonder, with men like these occupying the positions and playing the parts they did, that Dundee was foremost among Scottish towns and cities in that great sixteenth century struggle for spiritual independence?

(3) Then, thirdly, there was *the struggle for the rights of the common people* that culminated in the Reform Bill of 1832, and which we whose school stands at the head of Reform Street, and faces the statue of George Kinloch, in front of the Albert Institute, the Old Boy who played such a part in that struggle, cannot allow ourselves to forget. I stood there last night in front of that statue and recalled the great meeting on the Mag-

dalens Green, attended by over 10,000 people, which George Kinloch addressed right in the heat of the fight, and which led to his trial for sedition and banishment from the country; and I remembered that although he came back from exile to enjoy the triumph of the cause for which he had fought so long and so gallantly, and lived to be elected first M.P. for Dundee, he was not long spared to rejoice in the fruits of victory.

It is not of men like these only that I am thinking—and that I want you to think—to-day, although we do well to recall them. It is of men who have served their town and their country faithfully, and who have left us the record of their life and their loyalty, and of the mark they made on their own generation, on the pages of national and municipal and even of world history. It is of the unnamed and unremembered multitude—in business, in industry, in the professions, in public and civic service and in private life—whose spirit, whose ideals, whose patience and whose fidelity, have given our great school the proud name she possesses to-day. And who of all these am I to choose as most typical of the best that the High School can show—that the old Grammar School could produce? I might take James Haliburton, who died in the year 1588 after being for 33 years Provost of Dundee, and on whose monument, which used to stand in this very Church, were inscribed these brief but memorable sentences: “Provost of Dundee.—Defender of His Country—Protector of the Orphan—and a Son of the Church of Jesus.” Or I might take Henry Scrimgeour, whose family, like that of Haliburton and Wedderburn was so long and so closely identified with the public life of the city, himself a student first of St. Andrews and later of Paris, the friend and intimate of George Buchanan, the scholar of the Reformation, of George Wishart and John Erskine of Dun; Professor in the University of Geneva, advisor and counsellor of Calvin and Beza, and confidant of half the literary lights of the Europe of his day; on whom the great Swiss city was proud to confer its freedom. But if I want an example of the school at its truest and best it is to George Dempster of Dunnichen that I turn.

George Dempster was a business man in this city in the 18th century, the head of a great banking concern with an international reputa-

tion, built up largely by his own ability and industry. For thirty years he represented in Parliament the constituency that then included not only Dundee but also St. Andrews and Perth, and in an age of political jobbery and corruption he was known to his contemporaries in "The House" as "Honest George." One of the most advanced thinkers of his time, he was in the forefront of every cause making for social reform. For crofters evicted from their lands in the Highlands he provided ground in the county at his own expense. The Deep Sea Fisheries of Scotland he helped to put on a sounder financial basis. Again and again he was called in to arbitrate in labour disputes, and in Glasgow, where his services had averted what might have been a very serious riot, the grateful Magistrates insisted on naming a street in his honour. A man of science and an accomplished literary critic, a master of both ancient and modern languages, it was said of him that there was no subject within the entire compass of human knowledge of which he was ignorant. The learned of Europe sent him their works to revise, and artists and architects their plans to examine, before submitting them to the public. He himself wrote extensively on many subjects, and worked untiringly long past his fourscore years. When at the age of 86 he was called to his fathers the "Scots Magazine" paid him this remarkable tribute: "It may be safely said that no man in the present generation has left the world more applauded and admired than Mr. Dempster of Dunnichen."

Do you wonder that I say we have a great tradition to live up to?

II. A GREAT TASK.—"You are called," said the Apostle, writing to these scattered Hebrew Christians, "to a great task," and the same can be said of us. Life, says the writer of this book, is a race—fascinating, exhilarating, demanding! It is a long distance race—over hilly and broken country, across many a weary mile—not the short, sharp burst of a hundred-yard sprint. It is a team race—a relay race—and just as the baton has been handed on to us by those who have run so finely in the earlier stages so must we hand it on to the generation that follows after—to the runners who have the next long lap to cover.

None of us here can hope to live to ourselves, not the youngest girl or boy. The city we live

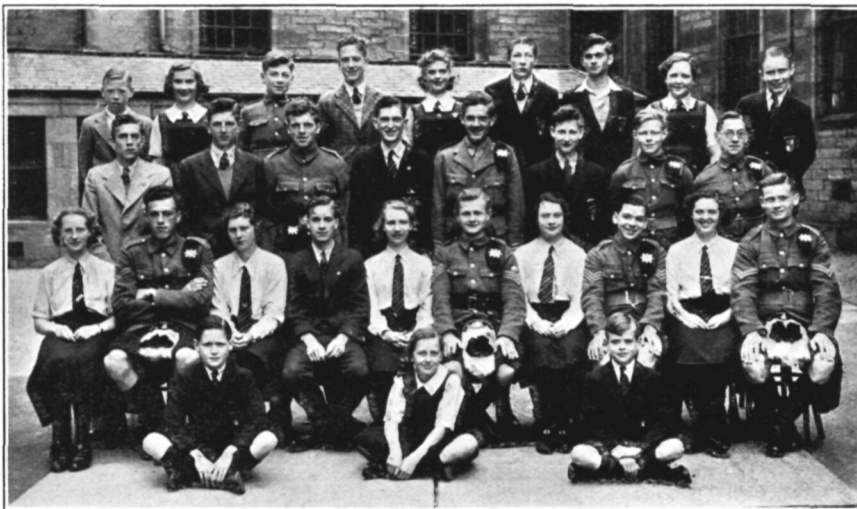
in, the school to which we belong, are going to be judged to some extent by the sort of men and women we become. They are going to stand just a little higher or a little lower in the estimation of the world by what we are and do. This world is going to be a little cleaner, brighter and more wholesome—a little happier and healthier—because we have lived in it, or it is going to be the reverse. In the end of the day it is not the name you have made, the wealth you have accumulated, or the honours you have won that is going to matter—it is the character you have fashioned and the contribution you have made to humanity.

III. ONLY ONE REAL HOPE OF SUCCESS.—"A great task," says this wise old writer, "and a hopelessly impossible one if you try to accomplish it in your own strength." There is only one real hope of succeeding and that is to have your eyes fixed on the great Captain and Master of Life, to take Him as your Guide, your Leader and your Friend.

It is not the equipment you get at school that is going to see you through. It is not the ideals that are given to you at home. It is not your own grit, or patience, or courage or perseverance. These things of themselves will not suffice. It is only by simple, wholehearted reliance on Jesus Christ that you can ever hope to win out. "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

Now what does that mean? It means taking Jesus Christ to be your Guide through all the doubts and perplexities of life. It means finding in His life and teaching your standards and your ideals. It means learning to look to Him daily and hourly as Saviour—from selfishness and sordidness and futility, from laziness and from unreality. It means committing yourself absolutely to Him as Lord and Master, giving Him the unwavering and wholehearted allegiance of your life. It means finding in Him more and more as the years go by and life springs its sorrows and surprises upon you, the Friend and Companion of your everyday. And you can tell Him to-day, here and now in this Church, that you want to take Him as such. In Him alone can you ever hope to realise your truest and finest ambitions, your deepest and surest longings.

\* Several passages have been omitted in the interest of space.



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.]

*Back Row*—R. S. McKelvie (Leng Silver Medal—Singing). Beryl D. Cameron (Dux, 7th Class Girls—Jane Spiller Prize). D. I. Kidd (Junior Championship Cup—Swimming). Alan T. Peacock (Loveridge Cup—Mile Race). Mary Bowman (Championship Cup—Swimming). Graham F. Bell (Tennis Championship). George F. Lowden (Harold Martin Cup—Champion Athlete of Middle School). June Buchanan (Junior Championship Cup—Swimming). I. H. B. Carmichael (Dux, 7th Class Boys—Jane Spiller Prize).

*Second Row*—John B. Ramsay (Dux Commercial Dept.—Caird Prizes in Phonography). Alan F. Muir (Boase Medal—Golf). Ian Donaldson (Pirie Cup—Golf). Douglas M. Caird (MacEwan Prize for Cricket). Keith Milne (MacEwan Prize for Cricket and Urquhart Cup—Champion Shot). John C. Brown (Aystree Cup—Champion Athlete of Junior School). Hugh M. Small (Polack Gold Medal—Gym., 6th Class Boys). W. L. Cuthill (Championship Trophy—Swimming).

*Third Row*—Marjorie Brown (Tennis Championship). William J. Watt (Dux—Art). Helen M. W. Hunter (Dux—Needlework). John M. Wilkie (Dux—Greek). Joyce C. Elder (School Dux—Girls, Dux Gym.). James M. Hutton (School Dux—Boys, Dux—English, Maths., Latin). Rhoda Jack (Dux—French). Graham M. Patrick (Dux—Science). Margaret G. Thompson (Dux—Music). William F. Ross (Airlie Cup—Champion Athlete; Ballingall Gold Medal—Dux Gym.).

*Bottom Row*—Michael Miller (Oakley Cup—Best Shot, 1st Year). Sheila Allan (Dux—4th Class Girls—John MacLennan Prize). A. W. Macdonell (Dux—4th Class Boys—Polack Prize).

*Absent*—Edith Robertson (Leng Silver Medal—Singing).

School Medallists,  
Session 1938-39.

Dundee High School  
Magazine.



John of Lindores — "How does the child Brother?"

Friar — "Fairly my Lord Abbot. Though his nourishment be yet irregular, he takes cheerfully from both great and small and his growth is well assured."

## The Ballad of D.H.S.

The Bishop of Brechin he went to Lindores,  
Years and many years ago,  
And said, "Ye shall build me a school on  
the shores  
Of the Tay." Seven hundred years ago.

The Abbot, and he was a skilly man,  
Years and many years ago,  
Set about doing what an Abbot can—  
And they could, seven hundred years ago.

They made them a school by St. Mary's  
Tower,  
Years and many years ago,  
With the choice of the masters in Lindores'  
dower.  
That was just seven hundred years ago.

The Abbey decayed but the school it went on,  
Years and many years ago,  
Which would have brought joy to the good  
Abbot John,  
Had he known, seven hundred years ago.

Buildings and new buildings took the first's  
place,  
Years and many years ago ;

But the spirit behind the school's changing  
face  
Was the same, seven hundred years ago.

The lads who attended it minded their books,  
Years and many years ago.  
They learned to fear God and the dominies'  
looks,  
As they did seven hundred years ago.

The history wild of this land at our hearts,  
Years and many years ago,  
Was changed more than once by those laddies  
of parts,  
Between now and seven hundred years ago.

But now there's a threat that was never  
foreseen,  
Years and many years ago.  
We must struggle to keep the fair memory  
green  
Of that day seven hundred years ago.

My friends we must run with the torch that  
was lit,  
Years and many years ago.  
The road is uphill for the next little bit,  
Keep trust with seven hundred years ago.  
A. L.

## An Undergraduate at Oxford.

**B**EFORE going up to Oxford I had received two impressions of the place from books I had read. One was that Oxford was a "city of dreaming spires," the other that the life of the undergraduate there alternated between "a sherry party and an essay." That Oxford merits the first description is beyond any manner of doubt—any words of mine would be all too inadequate to express its beauty—but the author who disposed of 'varsity life in Oxford in the words quoted above reduced it to a much more simple and uninteresting affair than it actually is.

The University is composed of numerous colleges, and the life of the undergraduate is essentially that of the college to which he belongs. At one time indeed each college kept very much to itself, and the members

of one college were little better than strangers to those of another ; but the increasing number of clubs and societies has done much to remedy this. The Junior Common Room is the centre of the college social activities, and at Balliol a rich Scottish flavour, coupled with a wealth of American humour, has helped to make the Balliol Common Room one of the most envied in Oxford. Indeed, it is the Englishmen who must feel themselves strangers in foreign territory. At the present moment many of the Common Rooms have undertaken to raise funds among their members to support a refugee in the respective colleges during the period required for a degree.

I shall not say anything about work at Oxford, because, as everywhere else, it is something which has to be done if success



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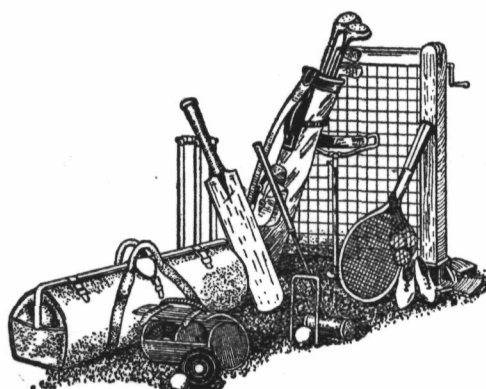
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is to be achieved. Lectures are over by the morning, and the rest of the day is left to the undergraduate to dispose of as he likes. Every facility is offered to those who wish to partake in the more energetic exercises, while in the evenings entertainments which should satisfy all tastes are provided. I should imagine that an Oxford audience is the most appreciative as well as the most derogatory of all audiences, depending on how they receive a performance; and they are certainly not averse to giving vent to their feelings by word, gesture or missile. Of all the societies, the Oxford Union, of course, is the most famous, and many a politician has made the Union a training-ground for his future career in the House of Commons. Serious questions, mainly of political significance, are discussed often with fierce enthusiasm on either side, but, as experienced speakers there know, it is only by adopting the mock-heroic attitude that one can win the favour of the Union. Scotsmen have taken a prominent place in the Union, also, and the ex-President and the President-elect have both come from the land of the thistle. There are too many other clubs and societies to mention any of them; clubs representing every shade of political opinion, societies which patronize the arts and some which are formed merely to afford an excuse for wearing a tie and holding a dinner—one of the greatest joys the Oxford undergraduate knows.

No mention of Oxford would be complete without a word about the river. In the summer term everyone adjourns to the river to pass a quiet and peaceful day amid the sunshine, indulging in that peculiarly English pastime known as punting. Personally I know of no pastime less suited to a peaceful day than punting. To the novice every approaching punt seems to bear a strange and unavoidable affinity; the trees overhanging the river are an almost impassable obstacle, the punt-pole is much too long, and every movement of it drenches him with spray. Worst of all, the experienced Englishman seems to take an almost primitive joy in watching his more unfortunate fellow fall in, and in doing nothing to help him out, as I have found to my cost. The unfortunate being, suspended on a pole in mid-stream, does not belong solely to the imagination of the cartoonist in "Punch." But, despite all these trials and tribulations, the river bears a charm which cannot be resisted.

One word, in closing, about the old school. Just as its former pupils have travelled over the face of the earth, so has its fame, and it was gratifying to hear the name of Dundee High School quoted during a debate by a member of the Union—not a Scotsman at that—as a school having one of the longest and proudest records in the country. Long may it prosper!

I.P.B.

## Cambridge Reflections.

KING'S COLLEGE,  
CAMBRIDGE,  
*June.*

They have cut down the old willow at King's Bridge. The denomination "they" does not cloak the identity of the anonymous but fiercely maleficent persons of a Lear limerick or the ever-menacing "ils" so feared by the hero of Tarascon. It is rather a generous "nom de scie" to shield the blushing individuality of the innocent instruments of a higher authority. Nor was the motive of authority mere vandalism but a high-minded forethought for public security. The tree was a danger to mariners, it threatened to yield to the necessity of age and fall into the river. Euthanasia was the only course, as

life in the summer term at Cambridge is the river.

Thus, like the river, we creep upon our subject, which may be clarified by a note to the uninitiate. This is my response to an appeal from the genial editor for a contribution from Cambridge to the Sept-Centenary Magazine. It is not a formal indictment of the alumni at Cambridge, *privatim et seriatim*; this would be beyond my powers and knowledge. It is but a rambling letter which may stroll into print if the editor is uncritical and needy enough. Contributors to an anniversary publication should in justice to the occasion take their stand upon the firm ground of the present and with searching eye look before and after to gather lessons from the past and

utter counsel for the future. I find difficulty in this as I am neither historian nor oracle, and I have already taken my seat in a punt, on a river which is vagrant and timeless.

Summer in Cambridge meets us when we arrive and is still fresh when we leave. It holds time back by the forelock and has a special freedom for those who essay the difficult profession of indolence. This is a profession dedicated to the proposition that only the useless things are ultimately important. It has been well said in an apology for idlers that, "idleness so called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognised in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself." This position is prostrate on the cushions of a punt, where one may idle with the greatest assiduity. The idler may put in his time by reading, as fancy indicates or necessity dictates, or may merely meditate and soak up the sun. He may enjoy convivial merriment or the more recondite pleasures of water-borne seclusion. (Amaryllis prefers the shade). The river, I reiterate, is timeless, save perhaps for a member of a racing eight. Its movement is imperceptible and so slow as almost to rebut the saying of Heracleitus, by which he set great store, that no man may step in the same river twice. I stepped into it thrice in one evening, but that is another story.

This active sloth conduces to the contemplation of tradition; life takes on a new perspective when viewed from the level of the water. This is its educational value. In spite of Ionian science this same river has flowed past these same walls and under these same bridges for a good space of time. This thought gradually presents itself and links up with other reminders of the value of many

traditions woven into the fabric of this ancient foundation (I was about to say enshrined, but rebuked the Muse). We feel that the immediate present may best be commended to a wise and salutary neglect. To be over-anxious for the morrow is one of the unchristian failings of to-day. Hence from a glance at the past we take this counsel for the future, that Rome was not destroyed in a day and the good has a quality of persistence. On the river the days drift on—*pereunt et imputantur*—but not altogether without profit, since the traditional task I professed to shirk I have performed all unwitting in my Lethæan coracle. But the fee per hour is now more than two obols! *Auri sacra fames!*

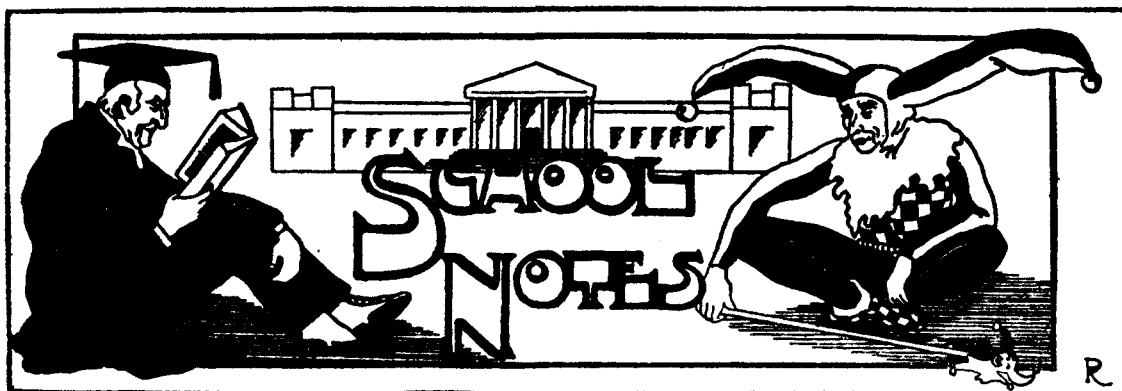
The exasperated reader may now justly rebuke me, saying: "You are not the only representative of the school at Cambridge, nor is King's the only college." Reader, you are partly right. Let me digress for a moment. Bowden I have seen in Cambridge and Briggs. Pottinger I meet almost daily, as his habitat is separated from mine merely by a row of spikes blushed with the blood of King's and Queens'. Their activities are many and more worthy of their origin than mine. Next year Ritchie comes in triumph to Peterhouse and Brough brings his learning to John's. Rest assured, anxious reader, that your traditions are in safe hands after all.

This digression has broken or rather dammed my stream of thought. So I must return to the river and resume my drifting to the caverns measureless. They re-assure me and say that there is dancing beyond Acheron. Return Alpheus! The classic obeys, and, albeit in more sprightly dress, falls into leisured step with the aged Cam.

Ave atque Vale,

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### On Dit.

Miss Barrie.—“ Now, have you got the geography of the situation ? ”

Mr. Munro.—“ Furst.” (First.)

Mr. Taylor.—“ The Pirates of Penzance.” (ance.)

Mr. Wardlaw.—“ Simply.”

Miss Mess.—“ Simply ridiculous.”

Mr. Bain.—“ In actual fact . . . that's what's wrong with the world to-day.”

Mr. Cadzow.—“ Now, I say to myself—will I do this—and then I say to myself . . . !! ”

Miss Coutts.—“ Absolutely mental.”

Miss Whytock.—“ I think you people are daft.”

Miss M. Brown.—“ Now it will be no use unless we settle down and master this lesson thoroughly.”

Mr. Marshall.—“ Everything in the garden's lovely.”

Mr. Borland.—“ Work hard now and I promise you a most enjoyable third term of English.”

Mr. Laird.—“ Joking apart . . . ”

Tiny-tot to Jessie (after Miss J. Brown has been telling the little girls that the school is 700 years old) :

“ The school is 700 years old : were you there then ? ”

### After Sports Day—

Mr. Gillman to Jessie : “ Mr. M'Laren has lost his voice.”

Jessie (with dry irritation) : “ Well, if I find it, I'll put it in the waste-paper basket.”

### Class IX.G.—

Teacher : “ Correct this sentence, ‘ I prefer to go to church than to stay at home.’ ”

Vera (resolutely) : “ I prefer to stay at home.”

Mr. Miller, at Pirate practice : “ We'll just go back to the place where the girls come in ‘ *so very incompletely dressed.* ’ ”

### Leavings Oral—

Inspector, to Vera : “ Do you know any repetition ? ”

Vera : “ Yes, do you want Shakespeare or poetry ? ”

### PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

Mabel : “ To-day he is out of his indentures.”

Jean Spreull : “ Oh, dear ! Has he lost his teeth ? ”

Mr. Webb (discussing the meaning of *gouvernante*) : “ It usually means governess, but if I had a *gouvernante* what would it be ? ”

Smellie : “ A nurse ! ”

Mr. Gibson, to Small who is trying to be funny : “ Trying to be a comedian in a small way.”

### Qualifying Examination—

Sturrock : “ Will the dictation be written down on paper ? ”

### Examinations—

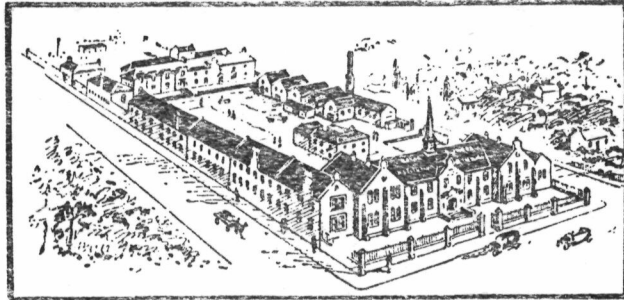
Class VIII. : “ The elephant was referred to by Sir Toby when he said Sir Andrew could dance.”

Class V. : “ Fish and vegetables are caught and reared in British Columbia.”

“ John Wycliffe was a reformer, but after a while he went too far and became a rector.”



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## Canada.

CANADA has been very prominent in the news recently owing to the visit of our beloved King and Queen to that great country. Part of their tour has reminded me of a most interesting trip I had in Quebec and Ontario, last summer, before arriving here.

We arrived in Montreal on a day which was the start of a long heat-wave. We stepped off the train into a stifling atmosphere and hastily rushed to get our train for Ottawa. Four hours later we arrived in the capital city, with its fine trees and lovely gardens, which blended well with the quiet dignity of its architecture. We viewed all this from the Peace Tower of the Parliament Buildings. Toronto, the capital of Ontario, is very different from Ottawa. It is eight times as large and bustles with life to the top of its highest buildings. We arrived there next morning and just managed to catch a boat for Niagara. Towards ten o'clock we were well out on Lake Ontario with a strong pleasant head-wind blowing. Nearing our destination we were almost obliged to stop as there were so many small craft about. We disembarked at Queenston, a place famous in Canadian history. From this point we went at break-neck speed along the Niagara gorge to Niagara, three miles distant. As the gorge got deeper and narrower I felt a thrill of expectancy of seeing, at last, the world's mightiest waterfall. I expected, at any minute, to see great volumes of white foam and spray. We reached the town of Niagara and the first thing we heard was a continual roar which grew and grew until we rounded a corner. There, not far off, were the falls gloriously white and sparkling in the noon-day sun. Hot and dry as it was we could feel the warm spray of the great cataracts a quarter of a mile off. We sailed in whirling currents as near as possible to the falls in a small steamboat built for the purpose. For this we were provided with waterproofs and sou'westers. We certainly needed them for the spray rose in dense clouds and prevented our seeing much. It resembled a torrential rainstorm. In "The Cave of the Winds" we again received great showers of spray as we watched 160 feet of water thunder past.

On entering Toronto harbour that night, we

saw the city ablaze with lights. It indeed lived up to its reputation as the best-lit city in the world. The Bank of Commerce, the Empire's tallest building, towered high with myriads of lights. The next day, from the twenty-third storey of the Royal York Hotel we looked down on a Toronto baking in 100° F., and the broad expanse of Lake Ontario was lost in a heat-haze towards the edge of the horizon.

In the afternoon we embarked for Montreal. Early next morning we entered the great St. Lawrence River, passing through the Thousand Islands, which, though small, are very beautiful. Then we "shot the rapids," but not in the exciting way I imagined. Fair-sized steamers now take the place of canoes. The boat we were on, incidentally, is the only one that can use the river from Brockville, Ontario, to Montreal. We came upon the rushing, roaring rapids every now and then and the engines were turned off—which showed us how fast we moved with the current. In the greater rapids the jarring was considerable, and accompanied by their deafening sound we descended on Montreal hot and painfully sunburnt. As the last and wildest rapids were past we saw Montreal in the distance; and over all, on a hill, the great dome of the new St. Joseph's Oratory glittered like a diamond. Montreal, third largest French-speaking city in the world, is three-quarters French. The clerks in the shops speak both English and French.

The next day we left the cosmopolitan city and stepped off Canadian soil on to a C. P. liner. Before a liner sails there is always great excitement. That day messengers, at the last minute, came dashing aboard with great boxes of flowers. People, overstaying their "good-byes," hastily retreated ashore before the gang-plank was pulled away. The siren blasted out its deafening roar and the diminutive tugs began their powerful work, belching black smoke which was none too pleasant. Soon we were sailing down the river, closed in on both sides by peaceful French-Canadian countryside and calm as a mill-pond.

When nearing Quebec that evening, we made a point of being on deck as we sailed underneath the famous bridge. We were always

convinced to the last that the masts would never clear it. There is only about eighteen inches clearance from the river-bed too, so that there is a considerable vibration.

As we rounded the bend in the river the sky darkened; and a strong wind, accompanied by rain, blew up. As we approached Quebec city the Heights of Abraham, now looming up in the gathering darkness, were now and then vividly lit up by flashes of lightning, as also was the towering mass of the Chateau Frontenac, which crowns the Heights. We slowed down to take on passengers and we soon saw nothing of the old French city but a mass of faint twinkling lights far behind. As night advanced, the rising woodland on either side became almost black and indistinct against

the inky sky. It was difficult to tell where one really was except for the hum of the turbines and the swish of the spray. The following day we were in the gulf and we felt a distinct drop in temperature of about 50° F. We hurriedly donned our winter wear. The wind blew with a tang of ice-bergs now. Another day passed and we braved the cold to watch the last of Canada fade from sight. This was lonely Belle Isle, eternally shrouded in ever-changing mist. From the great rocky shore a fog-siren moaned out its warning. Breakers were pounding its steep side. As the island became fainter and fainter I could not help feeling a certain wistful regret at leaving even this forbidding piece of land—the last, lonely outpost of Canada. J. McL.

## A Day in the Life of a Doctor.

**A** SHRILL whistle below my window awakened me with a start. I jumped up, and glancing at the clock found it was nearly six o'clock. A haze was lying low across the lake, foretelling another day of heat. I dressed quickly and by six o'clock I was outside, to find my canoe all ready and Bill, my Indian servant, sitting restlessly on the shore. I had no need to ask Bill if everything was packed in the canoe. For years we had been through the same routine and never once had he forgotten the smallest article of my equipment. I greeted Bill with a hearty "Good morning," and received in return the usual nod, but not a word did he utter. I stepped into the boat and immediately Bill pushed out from the shore, and with real Indian agility turned the canoe around and began to paddle noiselessly across the still quiet water. My day's work had begun.

Soon the sun broke through the mist, and I was able to admire the scene around me. On all sides stretched thick, mysterious woods. A calm, clear stretch of water lay ahead, and we could now just make out the small clearing at which we were aiming.

We arrived at the other side of the lake about an hour later. I stepped out of the boat taking with me my tiny bag and a little package which contained our breakfast. Hardly had I stepped ashore, when Bill swung the canoe on his head and we began our portage to the

next lake. The walk lasted for about a mile and then we came in sight of my tiny log cabin, built on the shore of Lake Lomogamy. I made straight for the cabin while Bill deposited the canoe. This was my first stopping-place for the day. Here I ran a small clinic which was open until ten o'clock each morning. Many mornings, of course, no one would come to the clinic and this morning no one had appeared as yet, and having tidied up inside I sat down outside to eat my breakfast. Dead stillness reigned everywhere. Bill was eating in silence by the side of the lake. All at once I heard a queer muffled sound which reminded me of a sob. I jumped up and found a tiny Indian girl huddled up on a tree stump quite near my cabin, sobbing bitterly. At first she seemed afraid and would not speak to me. Finally, with a great deal of persuasion she told me that she had been sent early this morning from the Indian Reserve of Togascawa to be here when I arrived. She told me her mother was very ill and wanted me to come and see her as soon as I could. I quickly shut up my cabin and followed the child as she hurried through the woods. We followed no path, none of the trees were marked, and yet the child knew instinctively how to get to the Reserve in the shortest time.

I arrived eventually at a small timber house and found that the Indians were very doubtful about my seeing the woman. After a good



[Snapshots by courtesy of J. D. Brown, Castle Street.

Sports Snapshots—including  
Boys' Golf Team.

Dundee High School  
Magazine.

deal of arguing I was at last allowed in, to find an Indian woman critically ill with appendicitis. An operation performed immediately might be the only chance of saving her. Here again I met with difficulty, mingled with opposition. The nearest hospital was nearly ten miles away. It was indeed small and in some ways primitive, but it had all the requirements and it was a case of necessity to have the woman removed here. I had practically given up all hope of making the Indians see my point of view. They did not trust the white people in the hospital and brought forward all kinds of excuses. Finally, however, we got our patient laid as comfortably as possible on an improvised stretcher, and we all took our turns in carrying it along the six-mile track through the bush. This was by no means an easy task, but worse was yet to follow. We had to cross the lake to get to the hospital, and the only means of crossing was by canoe. All the canoes were much too short and narrow for the stretcher, so we put two canoes together and placed the stretcher across them both, while an Indian at each end of both canoes paddled us along as evenly and smoothly as was possible. This was indeed a difficult task, as a canoe is easily overturned at any time.

Within half-an-hour of our arrival the operation was successfully carried out, and I continued to my next calling-place. I should normally arrive at Timiskaming by noon, but after my delay it was nearer four o'clock when I finally arrived. Here a kind of skin disease was spreading amongst the men and I had many patients to attend to. Another very old woman had come to me with an old cloth wrapped around her arm. I found a large gash across her wrist which, she explained in broken English, she had done with an axe, while helping to clear away trees from her house. This certainly shocked me as the woman was well over seventy, but was still helping the men in the bush.

My next visit was at the tiny Indian school.

This weekly visit I always greatly anticipated. The children were now beginning to be quite friendly and were learning English rapidly. They all had different stories to tell me as I inspected them, and I never left without looking forward to my next week's visit.

I now made my way back to the clinic, where I had left the patient Bill early that morning. It was a long journey alone, partly on foot, trampling through woods, and partly by water. When I reached the clinic I found Bill waiting, all ready to take me home for the night. I asked what he had been doing all day, and if any more patients had arrived after I left. Both questions he answered in one word—"Lots," at the same time handing me a piece of paper on which were written various complaints to be treated next day. Good faithful Bill! He never spoke a word more than was absolutely necessary, but he was one of my most efficient servants.

As we paddled across the lake the shadows were lengthening. A cool breeze was playing over the water, and the scorching heat of day was giving way to the shades of evening. The sun was far down in the west, casting its last lingering rays into the approaching night. Everything was quiet. As we silently rounded the homeward bend of the lake we were faced suddenly with three deer, standing knee-deep in the water, drinking contentedly in the cool of the evening. I raised my gun, which I always carried in the canoe. Suddenly all three looked up, sensing our presence. They gazed innocently at us with wide-eyed wonder, but made no attempt to move. I had not the heart that night and I lowered my gun again, much to Bill's indignation, as he considered we had lost a splendid opportunity of obtaining our evening meal. We passed on. The deer resumed their drinking. Only the rhythmic lap of the paddle broke the eternal silence. We were nearing home again and the end of another day's work.

"CANADA."

## Careers—The Secretary.

By Wallace Attwood.

**I**N Napoleon's army it was stated every soldier carried a Field Marshal's baton in his haversack. Certain it is that nearly all Napoleon's generals rose from the ranks. There was no element of luck in their promotion—Napoleon was much too astute to jeopardise his success by trusting to chance in his selection of his chief lieutenants. Each one possessed special qualifications or outstanding ability which had been tried in the crucible of conflict.

In the less hazardous paths of peace such reflections are not out of place. We have little doubt that every boy or girl who enters an office has already visualised himself or herself as sitting in the Secretary's chair or occupying the Managing Director's room. It must be so because no other reason can account for the thousands of boys and girls who take up office-work on leaving school. The pay cannot attract because ordinary office-work is amongst the most poorly paid positions. Ambition must be the spur—and it is good to have a goal, for with nothing to strive for life would be a drear, drab affair.

Have you ever visited the head of any of our large commercial concerns? To reach him you have, no doubt, traversed several rooms constituting the General Office. Here the clatter of typewriters operated by girls of all ages; there the counting-house with men and boys bent round-shouldered over ledgers—all merely part of the machine without individuality, many without even hope. They are just part of their machines, or cogs in a mechanism turning out typewritten or handwritten matter.

Now you are received by a neatly-dressed competent man (or woman)—the Private Secretary. Quietly and courteously he (or she) enquires your business, and conducts you to a chair by the desk of the chief. What a contrast between the Private Secretary and the drones in the General Office—better conditions of working, higher social standing, and, obviously, increased salary! And yet the basic qualifications required of both types of workers are much the same—average intelligence, education and common-sense. The only difference lies in knowledge. Those in the outer office knew enough to be just

typists or clerks, the private secretary possessed the additional knowledge required for the more responsible job.

At last you are in the presence of the Secretary of the firm—the man (or woman, because many women now fill this responsible post) upon whom the directors rely for the smooth running of the business. An efficient secretary invariably means an efficient business. What a gap separates him (or her) from the outer office! But it is a gap that can be bridged and the spans of the bridge are knowledge and training.

There is no scarcity of positions for the qualified secretary—as in most professions, there is no overcrowding at the top of the ladder, all the struggle is on the bottom rungs. Think of the thousands of limited companies there are in the country; each one of these is compelled to have a secretary. Every pupil who leaves school and enters an office can become a qualified secretary.

### THE CHARTERED INSTITUTE OF SECRETARIES.

Founded in 1891 the Chartered Institute of Secretaries is the senior professional society of secretaries, and its examinations are recognised by public, municipal, and business concerns throughout the country. Anyone aspiring to the position of Company Secretary should secure the qualification and recognition that the passing of the Institute's examination bestows.

The Examinations, consisting of Preliminary, Intermediate and Final are held in June and December (the Preliminary examination is held four times a year) in London, Belfast, Birmingham, Bradford, Sheffield, Bristol, Cardiff, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Stoke-on-Trent, and such other centres as the Institute may direct.

**PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.**—Exemption from this may be granted to candidates who can produce evidence of possessing good general education, such as Matriculation, etc.

**INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.**—Candidates must have passed or been exempted from the Preliminary Examination and be either articled



[Photo by D. & W. Prophet.

*Back Row, left to right—M. Thompson. G. W. Brown. L. Weir.*  
*Middle Row, left to right—A. M. R. Nicoll. E. Steel (Capt.). M. S. Brown.*  
*Front Row—E. D. Lawson. I. A. Doig.*

**Tennis Team,  
1939.**

**Dundee High School  
Magazine.**

clerks to a member of the Institute or Registered Students of the Institute.

Subjects :—(1) English ; (2) Secretarial Practice ; (3) Economics ; (4) Accountancy ; (5) Mercantile Law ; (6) ONE of the following :—The Law relating to Companies, to Real and Personal Property, to Railways, to Shipping, to Gas, to Water, or Electricity Supply or other similar undertakings, to Insurance, to Local Government and Municipalities, to Education, to Rating, to Lunacy, to Building Societies, to the Relief of the Poor, to Patents and Trade Marks, or other branch of Law approved by the Council ; (7) ONE of the following :—Commercial Arithmetic, or French, Spanish, German or other foreign language.

FINAL EXAMINATION.—Candidates must be not less than 21 years of age and have passed the Intermediate Examination.

Subjects :—(1) Secretarial Practice ; (2) Economics ; (3) Accountancy ; (4) Mercantile Law ; (5) ONE of the following :—as in No. 6 ; EITHER Banking and Exchange OR a foreign language.

#### CORPORATION OF CERTIFIED SECRETARIES

Founded in 1923, this influential body enjoys wide support and recognition, and its members are designated "Certified Secretaries."

The examinations are open to all men and women desirous of qualifying for secretarial and similar work. Examinations are held twice a year in London and leading provincial towns.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION. — Exemption from this examination is granted to candidates over 15 years of age producing evidence of a good general education.

On passing or obtaining exemption from this examination, candidates for the Intermediate examination register as students with the Corporation.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.—Certain candidates may obtain exemption from some of the subjects of this examination, e.g., those who have passed the Final Examination of Chartered or Incorporated Accountants, the Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants, Cost and Works Accountants, and certain other professional bodies.

Subjects :—Economics ; Company Law ; Commercial Arithmetic ; Secretarial Practice ; Book-keeping and Accounts ; English ; Mercantile Law.

FINAL EXAMINATION.—This examination is in two parts, which may be taken separately, or at one and the same time.

Subjects—Part I.—Accountancy and Income Tax ; Secretarial Practice ; Economics ; Law, Conduct of and Procedure at Meetings. Part II.—Banking and Exchange ; Company Law ; Mercantile Law.

One final word of advice may be given to those about to enter an office. Don't be content to remain a typist or a clerk ; aim at getting a professional qualification to lift you out of the rut, and, above all, don't keep your wish-bone where your back-bone ought to be.

" L."

That's neutral—that's top,  
Have you got that clear ?  
And now do you think you  
Can put her in gear ?"

" Now watch that old cow  
And change into top ;  
That's second !—go slower—  
Take out that clutch !—STOP ! ! !"

" Now what would you do  
If I weren't here ?  
Unless I had stopped her  
She'd be down the pier."

" Now start from the first  
And put her in low ;  
Now you're going all right—  
Change to second—OH ! ! !"

" Back to neutral quick !  
That's reverse you're in ;  
Turn off the engine ;  
Good life, what a din !"

" Now start her once more.  
Leave the gears to me.  
We ought to be back home now,  
It's long after three."

" I'll try you again  
About half-past-five.  
It's a wonder to me  
We're both still alive."—E.M. (VI.).

## Spice Island.

AS I was only six years old when my parents came home from Ceylon on transfer to Nyasaland, I do not remember a great deal about the "Island of Spices." Some things, however, stand out quite clearly in my memory.

We lived four miles from Kandy at a place called Peradeniya. Colombo, the main port of Ceylon, was only sixty miles away. Peradeniya is famed for its botanical gardens, and it was in these gardens I used to play every afternoon. I remember the big trees which were easy to climb, the palms and the river which encircled the gardens. I could still draw a plan of our bungalow which was large and airy. I have quite a clear recollection of native "boys," especially the Appu (head-boy). He made wonderful curries which, unfortunately, I was too young to eat. I used to carry a little stool to the back verandah and watch him rolling the spices on the curry stone.

Often we used to see elephants passing on the road close to the bungalow, and I have seen two of them—one pulling and one pushing a heavy case of machinery bound for one of the many tea estates. Once a year there was a festival, which lasted for ten days, called the Perahara. They used to have their processions

at night, but in the last day it was done in broad daylight. We used to go up and see this procession which consisted of anything up to eighty elephants, the most important of which carried a tooth of the Buddha. It was a very large elephant and was also sacred, and as it walked, natives unrolled a long strip of cloth for it to go on. They were very skilful at taking it up and laying it down again, for the procession never seemed to stop.

There was another festival called the Wesak—and I remember seeing all the paper lanterns hung out from the houses and the "boutiques," which were little shops that lined the road between Peradeniya and Kandy.

Sometimes we used to go down to Colombo. I remember the twisty road and the "half-way-house," where we stopped for a little refreshment. All I remember of this is the heat and the rickshaw rides down to the Galle Face and the sea every morning at 6 o'clock. The Galle Face is a long strip of land along the seashore on which stood some old idols. We went home to the bungalow at about half-past seven, where we stayed till evening. For the worst of the hot weather we went up to Nuwara Eliya at a height of 6,000 feet.

H. S. (Class VI.).

## The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of!

I HAD just finished reading "The Man who was Thursday," by G. K. Chesterton. It's an extraordinarily entertaining book, which is concerned, you may remember, with a body of anarchists who all turn out to be police officials. This may sound confusing but it explains my strange adventure. I pushed the book back in my bookshelf and yawned contentedly as I gazed at random at the many books in the latter. Listlessly I tried to pull one out called "How to make more Money!" (oh, happy thought!) but it refused to budge. My next pull was so hard that my inability to move it caused me to pitch forward and hit my head on one of the shelves.

Suddenly the book-shelf revolved! Yes, believe it or not, just as in crook films, but instead of stolen bonds being revealed I saw a small passage before me and a panelled

door at the end! Involuntarily I went down the passage and the following notice confronted me: "Society for the Suppression of Eating Ice Cream in Public. All interested invited." I knocked on the door. A sliding panel opened and shut. The bottom half of the door opened; something grabbed me by the legs, turned me upside down in a confined space, let me fall, and I was greeted with the faintly familiar words, "You know no more about landing than flyin' in the air!" The figure addressing me was masked and wore a bowler hat. I turned round in a daze. Some masked figures were sitting at a table ardently talking. I gathered a few of their words:

... "There must be no confu-usion. If my memory does not fail me . . ."

... "The building must be systematically removed, something practical . . . something the British working-man can do . . ."

Telephone (House and Office) 4354, Day or Night.

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(Top of WELLGATE STEPS).

# BRITISH ASSOCIATION

## FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

*An Invitation which will not be repeated for 30 years.*

You are cordially invited to become a member of the  
BRITISH ASSOCIATION, which has honoured  
Dundee by agreeing to hold its meeting in the city this  
year from 30th August to 6th September.

Lectures, Receptions, Garden Parties, Excursions, Dance, etc.

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*ENLIGHTENMENT, ENTERTAINMENT, ENJOYMENT FOR ALL.*

It is hoped to create a record for attendance at the meeting. Will **YOU** join?

**MEMBERSHIP TICKETS, £1 1/- (STUDENTS' TICKETS, 10/-),**

On application to Quintin B. Grant, Esq., Hon. Local Treasurer, Royal Bank of Scotland, 3 High Street, Dundee.

## THE FAVOURITE 3

### *Barrie's*

STILL FRUIT DRINKS are undoubtedly the finest thirst reducers you can buy—and they are good for you too, and so refreshing—you can taste and appreciate the fresh fruity flavour at any time. Get a bottle of each to-day.

**ORANGE, LEMON, GRAPE-FRUIT**

### *Barrie's*

DUNDEE  
AND  
GLASGOW

... "Simply *this*, take a test-tube and add a *little* potassium nitrate."

... "R-Really, I'm a wee bit dubious ..."

... "But to all intents and purposes, theoretically I would suggest, for the sake of argument that ..."

... "But who's going to do it?"

At this point there was a hushed silence! During it I reflected, "These people, vaguely familiar by their conversation but obviously *great enemies of society*, are going to do some ghastly deed."

They all looked at me. Then the head of this strange, motley group, giving me a cursory but suggestive glance, addressed me, "I want you to take this ... er ... article to a ... m ... friend of mine." He pointed to a box on the table in front of him. Instinctively, as I seemed to have a fixed idea that this person was authority itself, I obeyed his instructions and was led to a small car with no lights, which drove me into the pitch darkness. It was then that I realised what I was doing. Perhaps there was a bomb in the box, but no! Opening it cautiously, I saw by my cigarette lighter (carefully concealed previously), that in the box was a sewn-up gown and a cracked tea-pot. On

the top of the box was written, "This Way Up. To Room 13B." I laughed loudly. This was no bomb but it might cause a human explosion!

I was deposited outside a small stone building, with a green door. The latter opened suddenly. A jagged piece of waxed hair pierced my lower lip, the box was grabbed from me, a voice said, "No prayers," and the door was slammed. Silence reigned. I looked round. There was no car. Above me a dark shadow loomed up into the heavens. But the silence did not last. A shattering explosion rent the air. The grey shadow turned into a ghastly red inferno of mangled iron. The smell of burning leather gave me a clue. Good Heavens, it must have been a bomb after all! I ran away into the night, but beyond the ruins I saw my deceivers warming their hands and shouting exultantly. I made for them, but could not think why they should do this. I was about to denounce them when someone tapped me on the shoulder and said:

"You fool! Ever heard of Fire Insurance?"

I woke up with the book, "How to make More Money!" in my hand. Out of it slipped a couple of pink raffle tickets. I laughed.

A. T. P. (IX.)

## The Diary of a Laisey Skuleboy.

8 15 a.m.—A loud clanking rattle awaketh me from my slumbers.

8 20 a.m.—Alarm clock, the disturber of the peace descends in an unclockish manner by the window.

8 30 a.m.—Mother shouts.

8 35 a.m.—Mother yells.

8 40 a.m.—Mother screams.

8 45 a.m.—It flew through the air with the greatest of ease — one wet sponge.

8 50 a.m.—Father's footsteps on the stair I heareth. Hurried departure from hibernation.

8 52 a.m.—At breakfast am called a hippopotamus by young brother.

8 55 a.m.—Go to zoo to see what hippopotamus looks like.

9 15 a.m.—Arrive home and bash young brother.

9 30 a.m.—Get to school. Teacher asks whither I have went.

9 35 a.m.—Teacher asks why I am not sitting down. (I can't.)

9 45 a.m.—Tug Wilson and me are having a game of x's and o's. Tug says he won. I don't.

9 46 a.m.—One argument between me and Tug.

9 48 a.m.—Another argument—me and Tug v. Teacher.

9 50 a.m.—Came off second-best. Standing once more.

10 00 a.m.—Bell goes, great relief.

10 10 a.m.—Arrive at Maths. room after tiring trek across playground.

10 15 a.m.—By amazing calculations found the answer of a problem to be 7 days, and then saw that teacher got 1 week. Cannot see how I was wrong.

10 20 a.m.—Fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

## Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

The Annual Outing was held this year at Edzell on the 6th May. The winner of the Golf Tournament was Mr. A. W. Mudie with a net score of 73, and the runner-up was Mr. L. W. Myles with a net score of 76.

The Cricket Match with the Present Pupils which will have taken place by the time this Magazine is printed will, it is hoped, be its usual success. The Old Boys' team (under the leadership of Mr. W. M. Peter) is putting in some strenuous practice so that they will be prepared for their big night on the 16th.

There has been a Meeting of the representatives of the various Athletic Clubs the Old Girls' Club and the Old Boys' Club, who have met with a view to affiliating the various F.P. organisations of the School and of having a Central Committee consisting of members appointed by the different Clubs. This Committee would deal with any matters which are of mutual interest to the various Clubs.

The Membership of the Club now stands as follows :—

Ordinary Members	..	374
Life Members	..	143
Hon. Member	..	1
		—
		518
		—

### Obituary.

We regret the passing of Dr. Robert Cochrane Buist, M.A., M.D., Hon. LL.D. (St. A. and Edin.), J.P., 16 Airlie Place, Dundee. 1873-76.

The Secretary is busy preparing for an influx of new members. At the close of the school session we now look forward to the majority of the new Old Boys joining up at once, and we are confident at this time when

the ensuring of co-operation between the School and its former pupils is so necessary that we shall have an influx of new members even greater than ever. We shall be very glad to welcome our new members, and hope that in so doing we shall be receiving a further substantial accession to our strength. Membership Application Forms are available from the Honorary Secretary, C. E. Stuart, 11 Panmure Street Dundee.

### From an Old Boy.

Good red blood freely circulating through our veins and arteries is one of the essentials of healthy life. Every day fresh corpuscles are being poured into our blood-stream to carry on the work of life. If anything happens to lower that supply we fall ill and eventually cease to be. As with the human body so it is with a corporate body, and the reason that our grand old School has weathered the storms of life for seven hundred years is that it has had a constant stream of new blood coming in each year to maintain its circulation—new blood which, though finally absorbed into the main stream, retained the essence of its own personality and so affected the whole. Thus in the ever-changing stream of pupils the life of the School has been maintained.

We of the Old Boys' Club would take the opportunity of this Sept-Centenary celebration to send a particularly cordial greeting to the old School and to its present pupils. We would also send an equally special invitation to those leaving School to join our ranks and so bring fresh vigour and new ideas into our fellowship. We, like the School, are dependent upon new blood and only by its constant incoming will the Old Boys' Club of tomorrow be what the present pupils of to-day would wish it to be.

## Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

Members of the Club send heartiest greetings to the Old Girls at home and abroad, who do not have the opportunity of joining them at the Re-unions and Meetings. It is our hope, we shall have the pleasure of meeting you at our functions when you are in Dundee.

We are delighted to welcome our new members and hope they will enjoy their association with the Club.

The Re-union held in Draffen's in September was voted a great success by all who attended it.



[Photo by D. & W. Prophet.

*Back Row, left to right*—J. S. Laird.      W. Frain-Bell.      W. Ritchie.      G. A. Main.

*Middle Row, left to right*—A. T. Peacock.      D. M. Caird.      K. Milne (Capt.).      H. B. Macqueen.  
A. D. Spence.

*Front Row*—K. P. Duncan.      P. Kinnear.

Variety being the spice of life, the Annual General Meeting changed this year from a business only meeting to a business plus social evening. The business of the Club was gone over first, Mrs. Wm. Allan, the retiring President presiding. After the business items, we enjoyed a cup of tea, followed by a Musical Evening. This meeting was held in Ingram's Rooms.

The Club is giving its whole-hearted support to the School Fete—running the Tea Marquee in conjunction with the School. We also have the Ice Cream and Refreshment Stall. We hope the weather will be on its best behaviour and so enable everyone to make the Fete a great success.

The Club extends a welcome to all girls leaving school this year. Come and join the Club, girls. We are sure you will enjoy it. We shall look forward to meeting you.

The following are the Office-bearers and Executive Committee, elected at the Annual General Meeting :

*Hon. President* :—Mrs. Agnes Savil, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P. (Dublin and London).

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

*President* :—Miss Edith Lee.

*Vice-Presidents* :—Mrs. H. J. Carlton; Miss Kathleen Stevenson.

*Hon. Secretaries* :—Miss Margaret S. Larg, 63 Clepington Road, Maryfield; Miss Helen Lamb, 18 Pitkerro Road.

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

*Hon. Auditors* :—Messrs. Henderson & Loggie, C.A., Dundee.

*Executive Committee* :—Mrs. Wm. Walker, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. J. F. Ramsay, Miss K. Scrimgeour, Miss F. E. Whytock, Miss J. M. Mathers, Mrs. Neish, Miss F. A. R. Cooper, Miss D. Mess, Miss E. Burns Petrie, Miss A. Maxwell, Miss J. Spreull, Miss A. Robertson, Mrs. Wm. Smith, Mrs. A. M. Nairn, Mrs. Wm. Allan, *ex officio*.

The following names have been added since 1st June, 1938 :—

Miss Laura Abbott, 17 Bank Ave., Downfield.

Miss Ray Black, Coralbank, Blairgowrie.

Miss Mary M. F. Brunton, 34 East Haddon Road.

Miss Winifred J. Cable, 53 East High St., Forfar.

Miss Dorothy Campbell, 12 Ancrum Road.

Miss Catherine A. R. Cooper, 17 Douglas Ter., Broughty Ferry.

Mrs. Norman Duncan, "The Lodge," East Newport.

Mrs. Duncan, "The Manse," Dalkeith Road.

Miss Isobel M. Fernbach, 10 West Queen St., Broughty Ferry.

Miss Phyllis M. N. Fleming, 40 Thomson St.

Miss Edith Mary Grant, "Ardownie," Monifieth.

Miss Sheena Howie, "Balhelvie," Newburgh.

Miss Mary Johnston, 442 Blackness Road.

Miss Agnes R. M. Leitch, "Honora," Cupar, Fife.

Miss June Mackie, 281 Strathmartine Road.

Mrs. Jean F. Milne, "Westbank," Wormit.

Miss Catherine P. Morgan, 13 Kilburn, Newport.

Mrs. J. H. Needham, 43 Rhodes Avenue, Alexandra Park, London, N.22.

Miss Sheila Ore, 5 Drummond Street.

Miss Jean Pate, "Lismore," Carnoustie.

Miss Marion Plant, 322 Blackness Road.

Miss Christina B. Preston, 17 Cloan Road, Downfield.

Miss Margaret Purves, "Easterbank," Barnhill.

Miss Freda Ritchie, 284 Strathmore Avenue.

Miss Margaret B. Ritchie, 58 Claypots Road, Broughty Ferry.

Miss Sheila M. Ross, "Inglewood," High Street, Carnoustie.

Miss Eileen M'I. Scott, 103 Dundee Road, Broughty Ferry.

Miss Betty Keble Smith, Grosvenor Terrace.

Miss Mary S. Soutar, "Harecraig," Broughty Ferry.

Miss Catherine Spreull, 11 Tay Square.

Miss Effie A. Spreull, 11 Tay Square.

Miss Catherine Wallace, "Reresmount," Broughty Ferry.

Miss Betty Wilkie, "Howrah," Strathmartine Road.

MARRIAGES.—We record with much pleasure

the marriages of the following members. Any omissions should be notified to either of the Secretaries.

Muriel Hunt to Allan J. M'Lean, "Ravenstone," Scone.

Margaret Finlayson to Thomas Thomson, "The Cottage," Bridge Lane, Barnhill.

Eleanor M'Donald to J. Shaw Brown, 26 Comely Bank Grove, Edinburgh.

Margaret Mackenzie to George Carnegie, 10 Wortley Place.

Barbara Ramsay to Leonard Galloway, 375 Arbroath Road.

Gertrude Scott to Douglas Keiller, 10 Middleton Street, Calcutta, India.

We regret to place on record the death of one of our members:—Miss Annie Lamb, Constitution Road.

## Reports.

### Guide Report.

Once more we have come to the end of another year's Guiding and we are now looking forward to our Annual Camp, which is to be held at Kirkmichael.

During the recent Guide Week the Company helped in the collection of goods for the Royal Infirmary, and also attended the Church Parade at the end of the week.

For the last few weeks we have been working for the Summer Badges, and all our Recruits have passed their 2nd Class Tests. Competition has been very keen for the Patrol Shield, which finally went to the Chaffinch Patrol.

May we take this opportunity of showing our appreciation of all the time our Guiders spend to make Guiding so pleasant and profitable for us. J. C. E.

### Cadet Report.

The Company has paraded in uniform this term, and extra parades have been necessary in preparation for the general inspection on 17th June and the church parade on 18th June. By the time this report appears both of these events will be over.

We are very fortunate in being able to have our annual camp this year as usual. Those units which are dependent on government issue of camp equipment will be badly handicapped this year as all government stores are required for the expansion of the military forces. We are in the happy position that our camp equipment is the property of the corps.

Rather less than a hundred cadets are going to camp. From a roll of 160 this seems an inadequate representation. It is difficult to understand how any cadet who has put in his training during the session can allow any considerations that are not of great importance to interfere with his attendance at camp.

Spring promotions are as follows:—

Sgt. Grant to be C.S.M.

Sgt. Hutton to be C.Q.M.S.

Cpl. Patrick to be sergeant.

Cpl. Duncan to be sergeant.

Cpl. Stalker to be sergeant.

L/Cpl. McCall to be sergeant.

L/Cpl. Ross to be corporal.

L/Cpl. Gillespie to be corporal.

L/Cpl. Stohler to be corporal.

L/Cpl. Alexander to be corporal.

L/Cpl. Waddell to be corporal.

L/Cpl. Cuthill to be corporal.

Cd. Chodorowsky to be corporal.

Cd. McCall to be lance-corporal.

Cd. Small to be lance-corporal.

L/Cpl. Milne to be Drum Major.

Dr. L/Cpl. Thomson to be Drum Corporal.

### Tennis Report.

Our tennis season, although short, has been quite successful. Four matches have been played against Madras, Morgan, Harris and Crieff, leaving us with a return match against Madras.

There was a large entry for the School Championship, the finalists being Marjorie Brown and Linda Weir. The cup went to the former after a three-set match.

We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to Miss Whytock for the interest she has shown in our matches throughout the season, and we also thank Miss East for her valuable services as coach.

L. W.

### Cricket Club, 1st XI.

Although there are not many of last years' team back we have had quite a good season. The batting has been of quite a good standard. We have again had the able services of Mr. Stark as coach. We take the opportunity of thanking Mr. Macgregor for giving up so much of his time to help us. This season all the team have been supplied with caps.

#### AVERAGES—

##### BATTING:

BATTING.				
	No. of			Aver-
	Innings	Not out	Runs	age.
Caird .. ..	8	0	134	16.7
Spence .. ..	7	2	80	16
Peacock .. ..	8	2	92	15.3
Kinnear .. ..	9	2	88	12.6
Milne .. ..	9	0	86	9.5

##### BOWLING:

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Average
Ritchie—14 wickets for 60 runs	..	..	..	..	4.3
Main—27 wickets for 155 runs	..	..	..	..	5.7
Milne—16 wickets for 193 runs	..	..	..	..	12.06
Kinnear—10 wickets for 133 runs	..	..	..	..	13.3

### Cricket Club, 2nd XI.

The 2nd XI. have done moderately well this season. Bad fielding in the out-field and weak batting have resulted in three defeats, but successes have been due mainly to good bowling and in-fielding. Bad weather has caused the postponement of four matches. The team is composed mostly of young but promising players, who have gained valuable experience this season. We express our thanks to Mr. Stark for his constant service to us, and to Mr. Taylor for taking charge of us.

W. L. C.



