

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 93

JUNE 1945

SIXPENCE

MACGREGOR, the Book Mart
8 WHITEHALL STREET, DUNDEE

School Text Books
and Stationery

The Best Books for
Young People

All the Latest Books
as Published

TELEPHONE 5439

JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.

FOR SUPPLIES OF
Fresh Fruit and Flowers

'PHONE 2145 and 2146
(TWO LINES).

W. E. DRYDEN,
23 Victoria Road, DUNDEE
(Top of WELLGATE STEPS).



The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 93.]

JUNE, 1945.

[SIXPENCE

Editorial.

O Muse of Homer and of Beau Brocade,
Lend to the Editorial thine aid!
Say, Heavenly Muse, what subject shall in-
spire,
What theme shall kindle our poetic fire?

PEACE! cried the Muse from Mount Par-
nassus' height;
Sing PEACE, sing all our enemies in flight,
And glorious triumph (though Japan holds
on)
And Victory in Europe lately won.

Yea, Muse! ev'n so. Indeed 'tis matter fit
To exercise the highest flight of wit—
Those VE-days with flags flown everywhere
As hammers, stars, suns, lions thronged the
air,
And, ah! the roaring dance in City Square!
Though crowds were brought almost to end
of tether
When favoured with some special Dundee
weather.

How dare you write of weather? storms the
censor;
Aha! with peace's advent, the dispenser
Of foul and fair has left the Straits of Dover,
And now, with his depressions, roams all
over.
And other signs show war-time has gone by:
Our precious water tank is now drained dry
(And strange discoveries were made
therein!)
The dreary netting which, though wearing
thin,
Obscured our view, is being ripped away:

But the "Rest Centre" Board's still on dis-
play.

Festivities this term have crowded on.
An Easter dance, and then for victory won
Our celebrations: in a week or less,
An innovation, Civic Week, took place,
Wherein, among the shows, a pageant was
Where four School maidens gained them
great applause.

Victoria Day beheld a startling sight,
When, at the Grounds, arrayed in dazzling
white,
The Senior School appeared, on pleasure
bent,
Delighting in its tennis tournament.
And we have had our Sports, it **didn't** rain;
'Neath sunny skies our athletes strove for
fame.

O furious warfare with the straining rope!
O pieces flying as the records broke!
There Herculean contests thrilling raged;
With egg and spoon and skipping rope were
waged

Struggles sublime, and mighty battles staged.
The Gala, too, has shown our sporting skill
And power of lung—our ears are ringing still.
Our pen would fail us to record the throng
Of high achievements: we have laboured
long,

Though this term sees no working other-
where,
And we object to labour whatso'er.

With great relief we end our doggerel.
To you, and to the School: good luck, fare-
well.

NOTE OF APPRECIATION

We note with approval the wooden plaque with the School crest now in the Sports Pavilion. We thank Messrs Halliday and Murray for directing Billy Stark in his execution of the work, and, of course, we thank the executant.

REQUEST

Have you any "bun" pennies? Their value is **one** penny. Quite a fair sum of money has been collected for Dundee Royal Infirmary by the handing to Miss Whytock

of these "bun" pennies. You will know them by the head of the young Queen Victoria, her hair done up in a bun. You may drop them into Miss Whytock's box if you like.

STOP PRESS

With much pleasure we hear of the distinction of Mr Donald M. Ross at Edinburgh University — 1st equal Latin Literature, 1st Roman History, 3rd equal Latin. We offer him congratulations.

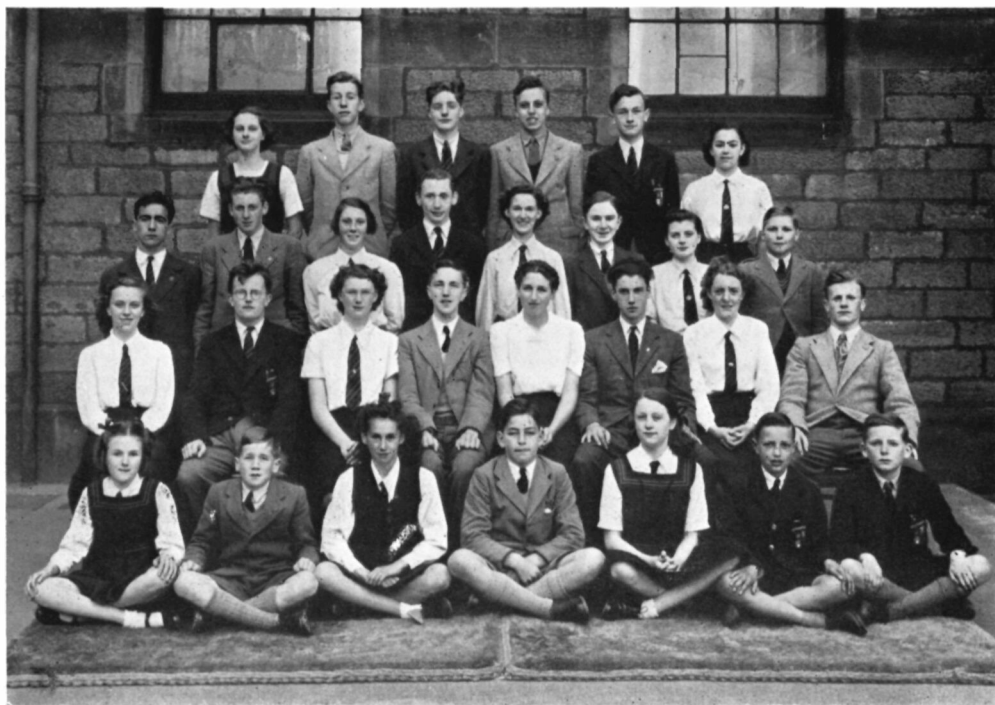
VE-Day.

ON the eighth of May we reached the end of the war with Germany, and after two days' holiday returned to our usual work. The symbolism is appropriate. Most people realise quite clearly that there is still another war to finish, that the problems in front of us are immense both in number and magnitude, and that it is only by systematic application to the task in hand that there is any hope of their solution. For good or ill, the future depends wholly on what boys and girls all over the world are learning to think and do to-day. While there was great relief that the first stage of the journey has been successfully accomplished, even among the young rejoicing was tempered by the knowledge of what the past has cost and what the future portends. Many have lost relatives, all have lost friends, most have had their homes broken by the call of service, and others still await the summons. They are also asking questions, wondering what went wrong before and how similar mistakes may be avoided in the future. Is there any answer?

At the end of the last war General Smuts stated that mankind was once more on the march, and he looked forward with hope to a period of increased friendship and co-operation among nations. But for all his wisdom and experience he was wrong. The last war turned out to be a single episode in a world upheaval, in spite of the hopes of peace and progress which followed the armistice of 1918, and in spite of an apparent improvement in international relations during the

next ten years. If the war of 1939 turns out to be merely a further stage in world conflict, then once again all the sacrifice will have been made in vain. This time hopes are not pitched in so high a key, but perhaps there is gain rather than loss in such an attitude. The seas on which the first International Organisation was launched were uncharted, whereas men have now a fairly clear idea of the rocks and currents likely to be encountered; but it will need courage, determination, wisdom and skill to weather the storm and bring the world safely out of the dangers which have beset the first half of the twentieth century. It is both desirable and necessary to take stock of the fruits of victory and investigate the reasons for the failure of the League of Nations in the inter-war years.

Already much has been gained. The western seas have been swept clear of danger, and terror no longer rains from the skies. Vast areas of Europe have been freed from the invader, and nations are struggling back slowly and painfully to control of their own life and destinies. In Germany children play on the swings at Buchenwald, and Belsen has been burned to the ground, while peace-loving citizens, trying hard to remain true to their own conscience or creed, are safe from the fear of the Gestapo and the informer. Even for Germany—perhaps for Germany most of all—it has been a great deliverance. Hope at least has been restored, but little has yet been done to repair the broken structure of the continent and point the way to a life of greater



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet

Back Row—Ismay R. J. Kerr (Girl's Senior Swimming Championship); D. Wilson (McEwan Cricket Prize); I. A. Duffus (Urquhart Cup—Champion Shot); J. S. G. Blair (Boase Medal and Pirie Cup for Golf); G. R. Leddie (McEwan Cricket Prize); Anne M. Thomson (Leng Silver Medal—Singing).

Second Row—R. S. W. Chawla (Dux, Gym, Form II. Boys. Polack Gold Medal); D. H. K. Barrie (Bryson Prize for Technical Subjects); Joyce Pringle (Dux in Gymnastics—Girls); G. W. Mottashaw (Champion Athlete—Airlie Cup, Winner of the Mile—Loveridge Cup); Helen M. Crockatt (Cunningham Medal for the Dux in Science); D. F. Collins (Dux—Form III. Boys—Jane Spiller Prize); Dorothy S. Nichol (Dux (equal) in Mathematics—Dott Memorial Medal); M. J. R. Miller (Junior Swimming Championship).

Third Row—Winifred A. H. Wilson (Dux Form III. Girls—Jane Spiller Prize); I. D. McIntosh (Dux in Art—Dott Memorial Medal); Margaret R. Reid (Dux in French—Armitstead Medal, Dux in German—Dott Memorial Medal); A. Smith (School Dux—Boys); Elizabeth A. Menzies (School Dux—Girls and Dux in English, Latin; Girls' Tennis Champion); William S. Taylor (Dux, Boys in Gymnastics—Ballingall Gold Medal); Sheila M. Elliott (Dux (equal) in Mathematics—Dott Memorial Medal); S. Hynd (Intermediate Champion Athlete—Harold Young Martin Rose Bowl).

In Front—Margaret D. White (Dux of Lower V. Girls—MacLennan Prize); Ian S. Stark (Oakley Cup—Best Shot, 1st Year); Yvonne D. Cassaday (Girls Junior Tennis Cup—presented by Mrs Crystal); A. S. J. Sharp (Junior Champion Athlete—Aystree Cup); Maureen Wadsworth (Girls Junior Swimming Champion); Ian Taylor (Dux of Lower V. Boys—Polack Prize); J. S. White (Prox. Acc.—Dux Lower V. Boys). Absent—Henry B. Gibb (Boys' Championship Trophy for Swimming).

security and promise. It is essential that a new international body should be created, under whose protection nations may ultimately be able to rise to the height of their own stature, so far as they can themselves combine social progress with self-restraint and mutual help.

Such a body was first created in 1919. The League of Nations was meant to secure just those objects of world co-operation and peace which to-day are the clear or unvoiced desire of every decent citizen. But men and women had not been educated to its necessity, and were apt to regard it as something extraneous to themselves, which could function without their active support, or as a hindrance to their own national aims. Such indifference or opposition has meant another war, and there is no nation free from blame. The United States of America, which was largely responsible for the creation of the League, never became a Member, and withdrew into the policy of isolation which she had pursued before 1914. France, baulked of a promised alliance with Great Britain and the United States, used the League for her own ends, and tried to perpetuate her military predominance in Europe. Japan laughed the League to scorn when it attempted to interfere with her Manchurian adventure, and replied to a vote of censure by withdrawing. Italy defied the half-hearted sanctions imposed upon her, and went on to conquer and annex Abyssinia. Russia, in contempt of her obligations, imposed her will by force on Finland. The smaller countries, frightened by the guns and bayonets of the great Powers, took refuge in a weak and hopeless reassertion of neutrality. Throughout the whole period, Great Britain hesitated, now appearing as the champion of collective security, and now pursuing a timid policy of concession in the face of threats. When the final challenge came from Germany the League had been broken in pieces, and only a weak and unco-ordinated defence could be offered to the mighty onslaught of 1939.

The war has seen what in effect was the gradual rebuilding of the broken fragments of the League, until the United Nations were able to wield overwhelming power and bring it to bear relentlessly on the aggressor. At

one time only the foundation was left, for, in spite of failures and shortcomings, it is the general policy of the British Empire which was reflected in the aims of the League. Since 1940 the nations have gathered round that nucleus until in 1945 nearly fifty sovereign States have met in conference at San Francisco to hammer out the constitution of a new international organisation. It cannot be doubted that if these nations had held together in the years between 1919 and 1939 any challenge from a recalcitrant State could easily have been met and overcome. The new "League" looks as if it is likely to have more power than the old, and the provision for joint action should make defiance a hard and dangerous game. Whether it is as firmly planted in the principle of understanding and justice is another matter. Probably we ought not to be down-hearted in consequence, because the conference meets at a time when sheer force is the dominant factor in the world, and every government must first establish order before it can go on to establish the conditions of better and fairer living. The first draft of the new covenant is not the final word, and political progress consists in the gradual substitution of consent for force.

Here then is the call to the young, the finest memorial which they can construct to those who have given their lives. The task in front of them is hard, and demands clear thinking and intensive study of past and present history. They must relieve hunger, reconstruct the shattered economic and political life of Europe and a great part of Asia, improve the conditions and standards of life, and bring back to the world that respect for human freedom and personality which is the heritage of Christian civilisation; and while doing that they must create the necessary machinery to ensure international peace and co-operation. It is a splendid challenge, and I believe it will be cheerfully accepted. Events have given the boys and girls of to-day a clearer vision than was the case a quarter of a century ago, and when the testing time comes again, five, ten, or twenty years hence, they will, I think, be found equal to the greatness of their opportunity.

L. M. B.

Victory.

CAPTAIN HARTWIG of H.G.M.S. Hanover was uneasy. A premonition of approaching danger was not lessened by a gale which, whistling above the craggy heights of Heligoland, crashed billows of seething foam against the sturdy concrete moles which guarded Germany's island fortress.

The Hanover, a battleship of the Deutschland class, was anchored in the midst of a heterogeneous squadron of warships, amongst them a flotilla of destroyers and a big battle-cruiser whom she partially screened. The tall pole-masts of the battleship swung slowly against the dark clouds which, racing swiftly above the storm-ridden sea, cast a gloomy pall over the dark anchorage. The captain, musing over his past and present fortunes in the sternwalk of his ship, thought pityingly of the hardship and discomfort that the guard-ship must be enduring. Turning, he noticed near the entrance a streak of white foam which he supposed to be a wave and dismissed at once from his thoughts. But he was mistaken, for the supposed wave was in reality the wash from the wake of the leading C.M.B. as it moved in under electric power, its torpedo tube loaded and ready.

Scarcely had the captain reached the upper deck when a deafening detonation shook the air. Turning quickly he beheld a tall column of water and debris tower slowly upwards from the side of a big armoured cruiser anchored against one of the moles. Hardly thirty seconds had elapsed from the torpedoing of the Furst Bismark when the shrill insistent blasts of the Hanover's buzzer resounded throughout the decks. Booted feet pounded along passages and up gangways as stalwart, fair-haired Teutons ran to their action-stations. Already the ship was quivering to the recoil and blast of its port six-point-sevens mounted in casemates and turrets. Before the eleven-inch guns of the Hanover could be depressed sufficiently to fire on the elusive, scarcely visible C.M.B.'s, two ominous streaks of bubbles were seen to be converging swiftly on the hapless warship. Anchored and with propellers motionless, her six-point-sevens thundered impotently at her tiny foes. Then the torpedoes struck the doomed battleship amidships and forward.

With a roar, men, steel and guns were hurled skywards. When the fountain of debris and water had subsided, the battleship was listing heavily to port, down by the bows. The gunners remained at the posts with commendable courage until the water rose about their feet, firing their guns if these were still serviceable. The rest of the ship's company ran for lifeboats and rafts, and those who could dived into the water in order to swim to the shore.

Meanwhile the little force of motor-boats had suffered casualties both in boats and personnel. No. 8, in the act of sinking a depot-ship, was hit by a salvo of shells fired from the Von der Tann. In an instant she was burning furiously, lighting up the dark water, torn by shell-bursts with a red and lurid glare. Another double explosion rent the night, and a towering wall of water momentarily hid from view the forbidding bulk of the Von der Tann, from whose super-structure and free-board, long red tongues of flame were leaping. The explosion of the torpedoes had detonated the magazine of the port eleven-inch gun-turret, and the water, rushing through the great rents torn in the battle-cruiser's hull, had caused her to list more and more heavily to port.

Finally, when smoke and steam pouring from the funnels showed that the water had reached her boilers, she slowly turned turtle and sank, leaving two-thirds of her company struggling and drowning in the vortex. By now it was imperative for the British craft to withdraw, not only because the gunfire from shore batteries and the forts was becoming heavier and more accurate, but because, besides the destroyers which only carried twelve pounders as their armament, there was a flotilla of light cruisers which carried guns heavy enough to sink a destroyer, let alone a C.M.B.

So Number one, signalling with Aldis lamp and flags, raced through the entrance, lit up by the flares, searchlights, tracer bullets and shells that wove a canopy of light and death over the basin. Her satellites closely followed, leaving a scene of indescribable chaos and destruction behind them. But they were not out of the wood yet. Given a start they could out-distance the cruisers and possibly the de-

stroyers. But there was the guardship to reckon with, although a turbulent sea and a bad light are not adjuncts to good shooting. Scattering, the C.M.B.'s easily dodged the erratic fire of the battleship except Number Three who, when her big-end seized up and her camshaft broke, lay helpless in the troughs of the waves while the battleship directed at her a murderous fire from both six-inch and nine-point-four-inch guns as well as from her quick-firers which, after her men had been taken off by Number Four, soon sank her. The six C.M.B.'s, forming up in line ahead, raced off into the darkness of the west.

But the Germans were not so easily thwarted. A light cruiser, the *Ariadne*, accompanied by four destroyers, tore in pur-

suit, her guns radiating like the spokes of a wheel. Searchlights swept the waves and dull, red spurts of flame jetted from her four tall funnels, mingled with volumes of black smoke. Other light cruisers brought up the rear. When dawn broke, flushing the eastern skies with light, flocking the paling seas with amber gleams, the crews of the battered, shrapnel-torn motor-boats saw with joy that the German ships had not gained on them and that British light warships were steaming up in support, followed by Beatty's battle-cruisers. The motor-boats greeted them with joyful acclamations as the great, grey warships rushed past, their salvos ringing out over the sea, the crews knew that the victory already won by them was being driven home with a vengeance.

F. G. (IV.).

Music Notes.

"Musicales" of the Literary Society.

TO mark the close of the winter sessions of the Boys' and Girls' Literary Societies, a joint meeting was held in the Hall of the Girls' School on the evening of 3rd April, when, in the presence of Mr and Mrs Bain and the members of the staff, a musical evening was carried through by the members of both Societies.

Great credit was reflected on those who were responsible for arranging the programme, which was of a much higher standard than has been the case for some time, each item being well chosen and performed with obvious enjoyment on the part of the performers and greatly appreciated by the audience.

The general excellence of the various vocalists, violinists, duettists, etc., showed that there is no lack of talent in the D.H.S. The programme was under the able direction of Alex. Smith, who made a most excellent comper. It speaks well for the future musical activities of the Societies, and also for the School, that the pupils themselves were responsible for a programme of such a high standard, and so, giving "those who come after" an idea of what will be expected from them at future musical evenings.

We recollect with pleasure the visit of the British String Quartet to the School. A large

audience was appreciative of their music, especially Tschaikovsky's "Andante Cantabile," and Grainger's "Molly on the Shore." It is hoped that in the near future we shall have more visits from eminent musicians.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Opera

Owing to the war-time restrictions on printing and publishing, and the scarcity of paper, such great difficulty has been experienced in obtaining copies of the "Gondoliers," that the Music Department has been obliged to cancel this opera altogether, and have substituted "The Mikado" in its place. Some classes have already "broken ground" on some of the chorus work, and all are looking forward to the time when the work shall start in real earnest. As this opera is such a popular favourite I am sure the practices and rehearsals will be greatly enjoyed by all.

A Request

As many more copies of "The Mikado" are still needed, in order to facilitate the work at the practices, the Music Department would esteem it a great favour if any reader who has a vocal score of this work (with or without accompaniment) lying unused in their music cupboards would either lend them for the pupils' use, or give the Department an opportunity to purchase them.

H. H. C.

A Recollection of Childhood—No. 2.

By Form V.

FROM the first composite composition by the first class in the school (published in our last issue) we turn to our second by Form V. They (age 16-18) write on what happened to them, for the most part, between the ages of three and six, and consequently they try to record experiences contemporaneous with those of Class I. To make an exact comparison Form V. should be writing of their present, as did Class I. Nevertheless, this complication of the issue has yielded interesting results, and their relation to this subject is not necessarily different from their relation to any other. The gap between ages 6 and 16 is stressed rather than blurred.

The first obvious difference is that Form V. are creating characters and setting them in an environment. The experience is not one which happened to them, but to a person who lived a long time ago and who is very different from them. At least they are recollecting something which happened to somebody whom they once were. The children they see do strange things, but by an act of imagination the writers are identified with their former selves. But there is no true return. Certainly in every case some vivid and compelling memory is brought before us, but it is not necessarily a recollection of the actual incident. In most cases it was not what the child said or did which was of importance, but the adult's reaction to the saying or doing. The incident was then given a value to the child mind which was factitious and on reflection it is established in her mind as being important. The last example is a case in point. For us, and for the writer now, the interest is in what the child replied. The importance of the original experience to the child was her fears. The experience, however, is made memorable by the impression that was made on the adult by the child. This is also well illustrated in number five, where the toothpaste serpents acquire importance from the adult's remarks. In such cases it is hard to say how much was remembered from the original event, and how much was contributed by the telling and re-telling of parents. Nevertheless having taken account of these contributed effects, these essays are

so much like little brilliant lights in a surrounding darkness that I feel sure at least some elements have been brought out of the writer's child consciousness. They are used to revive the self-conscious adult imagination.

From a general consideration another point emerges—that most record a frustration of will or a deprivation. Most have to do with the child's acquiring knowledge of an objective world (as where the shining gold radiator turns to iron). The experience is in fact a means of growing up: and by growing up I mean acknowledging a world other than a self-invented one, a world of limited possibilities. If this is a major theme, there is also occasionally the revelation of the terrible limitless world of child loneliness, a world whose only unchanging objects are parents. Our writers look back above all conscious of the passage of time. How different is—"This morning as I awoke I heard the birds singing and they flew away—(Wendy)" or this—"In the spring up high in a tree there were three little birds. I saw snowdrops under the tree and sparrows flying around and other birds too—(Fergus)"—from those that follow. Each type of consciousness has its own validity, its own right to exist. But it is at least doubtful if we can have the second type if the "innocent eye" of childhood is wholly destroyed.

I must have been about three. I was walking along a long straight road, lined with tall dark trees. That road is one of the few scenes of my early childhood that I remember. I remember walking doggedly along it trailing a wooden duck behind me; walking away from the car and my parents, along this unknown road with one object in view—the kitchen scissors.

My uncle had just given me the duck, and the string was too long for my liking, so I decided to get the kitchen scissors to cut it. So off I went.

I seem to remember going along that road for a long time—though it can't have been many minutes—before my mother ran after me and told me that I could not go for the kitchen scissors. I was very disappointed. I

SCHOOL TESTS

WE don't refer to Maths., Latin and other distasteful subjects, but to the severe tests to which school clothes are subjected by girlish girls and buoyant boys. Cairds attire stands up to quite a lot of, yes, abuse, without showing signs of giving in.

Whether for Dundee High School or any other School, Cairds can supply the needful, from the article which adorns the cranium to the hose at the other end.

Cairds have always specialised in outfitting young people, and whether garments are required for School, Holidays, or Dress Wear, mothers should include a visit to Cairds when next in town.

A Caird & Sons
Ltd.

'Phone

DUNDEE

4785

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

P. NUCATOR & SON

(Sole Partner—ALFRED NUCATOR),

78 and 80 BELL STREET,
DUNDEE.

PLUMBING, HEATING, SANITARY FITTINGS.

WATERPROOFS

FOR

Men, Women and Children

OILSKIN. RUBBERPROOFS. RAINCOATS.

LEATHER JERKINS. WAISTCOATS.

RUBBER WELLINGTON BOOTS.

FOR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES

(Available against permit only).

INDIA RUBBER HOSE, SHEETING, Etc.

D. M. MELDRUM & CO.

13-15 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE

know now why I could not go. We were outside Edzell at the time.

E. A.

* * * * *

Desolation, frustration, disappointment and loneliness were mine that first day of school life at the tender age of four years. When I was left on my own in a huge classroom utter desolation descended upon me. Then to my horror an orange pencil was thrust into my hand, and my first lesson was to learn to write O for orange, with this long, sharp-pointed orange pencil. I determined to master O, thinking on completion I should get a different coloured pencil for the next letter, so I made O's as fast as I could. I had been horribly deceived! This place that I had been told was all that was wonderful was only a place where everything friendly and comforting was taken from you. First, my Mummy, then my lunch (a tiny cluster of green grapes). Then my coat and hat, and now to complete my sense of disappointment and loneliness no other coloured pencil was forthcoming and I was desolate.

So I ran home and never entered that building again.

G. R. B.

* * * * *

One day when I was very small my mother asked me to go and post a letter for her at a pillar-box only a few yards away from our gate. I refused. The next thing I knew, my mother had gone out with the letter herself. Suddenly I realised that I was in the house—alone! Never, never will I forget the fear that ran through me at that moment. I ran out of the house and after my mother as fast as my tiny legs could carry me crying, "Mummy, mummy, don't leave me, don't leave me!" She didn't.

A. M. C.

* * * * *

I was four years old. I was asleep. Suddenly I woke up. There, just beside my bed, was a tall, shimmering figure. In the twilight it wore a pale amethyst robe. "Good night, God," I said, turned over, and fell asleep. For years I would say, "God kissed me good night," until I found my mother's old dressing-gown—pale amethyst.

S. R.

* * * * *

One rainy afternoon my young brother and I went to sail toy boats in the bath. When our mother came upstairs a few minutes later she found pink, green and white "sea-

serpents" floating about all over the place. Two empty tooth-paste tubes and a large tube of shaving cream lay on the floor.

L. M. B.

* * * * *

I was quite young, and I had just discovered "war"! I could not believe it. Then I was told that my father had been a soldier in the last war. It was overwhelming. I sat and thought about it. Then I heard my father's footstep at the door and I ran to belabour him with my clenched fists. "You're a bad man for killing those nice, kind Germans!" I was very young.

M. M. T. R.

* * * * *

There was a radiator in the hall of our new house, and it was gold. It shone so brightly that I was dazzled, and yet I had to look at it. It was unreal, like a sun. I went up to it and touched it; it was cold, irony and real. I cried; lots of people asked me why, but I couldn't tell them.

C. C. Mc. N.

* * * * *

It is hot; very hot, and in the mid-day sun the pavement is strangely white. I am running very fast, a soft breeze blowing my dress tight against me. Then suddenly I am caught up in Daddy's arms, lifted high above the world and carried off, fervently protesting that I am Daddy's girl for always.

K. A.

* * * * *

One day I toddled into the kitchen and finding the oven door ajar, popped my head round it. Something caught my eye, it was a row of little lights at the back of the oven, and I promptly decided to investigate my latest discovery, so I stretched out my hand, not daunted to find it too short to reach my goal, I put my head right inside, seated myself on the foot of the oven and extended my arm once more—the smell of burnt flesh reached my nostrils. My yells soon brought my mother from the next room, and I was whisked off to the doctor. That afternoon I thoroughly enjoyed strutting about Draffen's displaying bandages and sling, acknowledging superiorly pitying words and glances.

I. J. E.

* * * * *

On the sitting-room table was a box containing some round, flat, sugar-covered boilings of a dull brown colour. I found them there one day and decided that they were just

another example of grown-up dullness. Fancy eating such drab sweets when there were so many bright ones in the world! Then a brain-wave must have come into my head. I took each sweet, one by one, carefully sucked the sugar off, and at the right moment, when the sugar had all disappeared but the sweets had not diminished in size, I put them all carefully back in the box, where they lay resplendent in shiny smoothness. As I replaced the lid I felt like one who had righted a great wrong . . . and nobody ever found out.

W. M. T.

* * * *

A little girl, aged about five and a half, overcome by the desolation of the scene around her, sat wrapped in a coat in a big armchair in the middle of the room, and cried. The family—mother, father and herself—were moving and everything up to now, the packing, the journey, the new house, but seven miles distant from the old one, had been exciting. But now, unaccustomed to the chaos which reigned around her, bewildered and perhaps a little lonely, she felt the excitement die away. For a moment, something of an adult feeling, an insight, came to her, and she thought the situation over. They were cut off from the old world and were to start anew. All the old friends were left behind — seven miles was such a long way to the little five-year-old, and they didn't know a soul in this new home. So she just sat down and cried.

I think I can understand this impulse, for, you see, I was the little girl, and that scene is one of my most vivid of early memories, in fact, almost the only thing that remains in my mind at all about that "drastic action"—moving house.

J. I. M.

* * * *

The girls in the baker's shop knew me well and my order was invariably the same—"trois mille feuilles, s'il vous plaît." A mille feuille is a flaky cake with cream in the middle, so flaky indeed that it was nominally supposed to contain a thousand flakes! They were delicious!

One day, however, only two "mille feuilles" were left, and as we were three I had to buy another cake. I liked the look of a "gâteau rhum" and selected this as my third cake.

Quite proud of my purchase, I returned

home and opened the bag. There was an upturning of noses (exaggerated for my benefit, I have no doubt!) when they—my father and mother—observed the "gâteau rhum"—a doughnut affair, dripping with a rum which, I am told, emitted the strong, treacly smell which is associated with rum.

I can still remember my saying, "Well, I'll eat it myself." And I ate it, and what is more, enjoyed it.

F. V. P. T.

* * * *

One of my earliest recollections is of lying in bed upstairs, gripping my mother tightly round the neck and begging her not to leave me, for she was going down to fill hot-water bottles. After being told that God would take care of me, as He was everywhere and could do anything, I remarked, "Well, you stay here and let God go and fill the bottles!"

J. K. W.

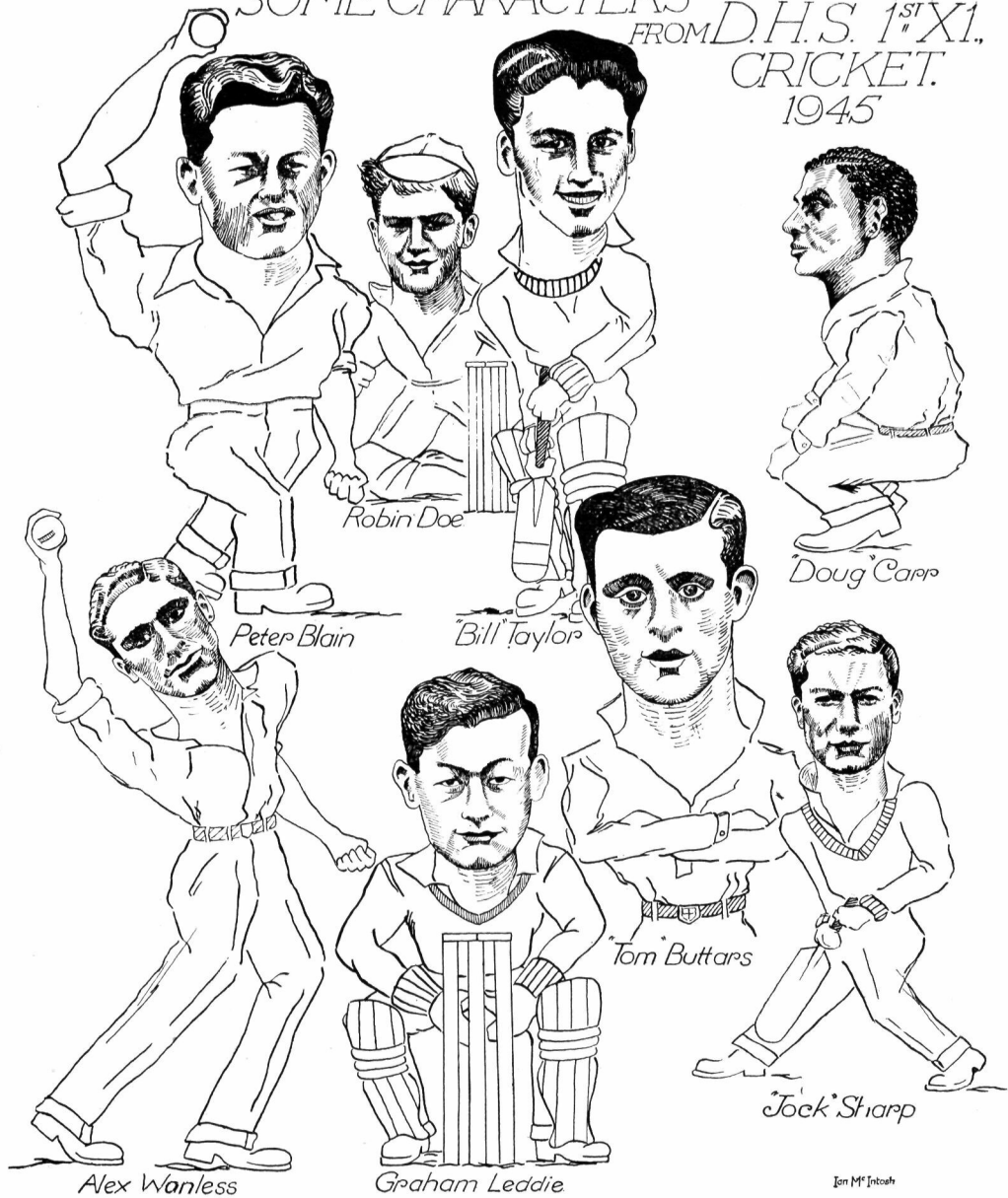
Going to School in a Snowstorm

The wind wraps round my face; the rain
Closes my eyes and dribbles down my neck,
I bend my head, wish I was in the train,
My heels dig in the snow as on I trek.
Shielding my eyes, I force my way ahead.
I turn my back a moment, blink my eyes,
The whirling blast no longer stings my face,
A moment of relief; but my way lies
Against the blinding snow's hard pace,
I have to turn again against the flow.
The snow beats hard against my coat and
sticks,

I cannot see before me, nor behind,
I stumble blindly on like one who picks
His way to shelter that he cannot find.
I sometimes think snow is thrown up,
Before it falls to earth,
It falls like specks of summer clouds,
And dives down smoothly like a bird.
It does not strike the ground at all,
It comes and lies down quietly;
You do not see it fall like rain,
You watch it thicken noiselessly.
The summer has its green and blue,
The spring its flowers and leaves that grow,
The autumn has its brown and gold,
And winter has its snow.
But when it brings, as it does now,
A heavy wind, and breathless cold,
It also gives us men a sight
Of Nature's wonder, and her might.

S. G., V.

SOME CHARACTERS
FROM D.H.S. 1ST XI.
CRICKET.
1945



Junior Section—No. 3.

Essay by Classes II. and III.

THE third of our composite compositions returns us from ages 16-18 to 7-9. Two subjects were set—Morning at the Farm and A Holiday at the Seaside. Even at this early stage it is difficult to generalise, for while some have the qualities of pure vision—as had almost all those of Class I.—there is added in some cases a vigour that springs from delight in participation. There are others, alas, which have the primness of the adult. Of these we ask, what have they lost? True, there is the gain of grammar, punctuation, correctness, but there is the loss of—to some extent—sincerity. The authors write to please others—already many are literateurs composing for an audience and according to prescribed rules. One aspirant writes, “Taking in the beauty of the farm.” From the vague, important adult world correct, pleasing, phrases reward youthful industry. Without our willing it we consign to youth our insincerities. Yet the author of the above phrase redeems himself when he refers to the “ducks in a steady line.” We still have at this stage, a living art.

L.II.

It was morning at the farm, and everybody was getting up. In the family were Mr Giles (the farmer), his wife, Mrs Giles and the tractor boy, John. John was a boy of seventeen. He was very stout, and had very quick wits. They were all sitting round the table having breakfast. It was only half-past seven, and work began at eight o'clock, so they went to the stables to get the horses that were to be yoked to the plough. Mr Giles said he would do one field with the plough while John would do the other with the tractor. Mr Giles hoped they would be finished in three weeks.

GAVIN.

One day I went to the seaside with Mummy and Granny. We took the Barnhill bus which stopped at Panmure Street. We went under a bridge across a road, and landed on the beach. I made sand castles and then went for a stroll. The tide was out, so we could go a little bit out. We gathered shells and opened them and found, to our delight, seven little pearls inside the shells. When we were going across the road to get the bus home we saw a notice on the grass at the top of the beach. It was warning bathers of “quicksands.”

MELVILLE.

When I opened my eyes early in the morning the sun was shining into my bedroom. I jumped out of bed, dressed very quickly and ran downstairs. I heard the rattle of pails and the cows mooing before being milked. What a lot of different sounds I could hear—

dogs barking and cocks crowing! I gulped down my breakfast and ran outside. Clyde, the old black horse was waiting to be harnessed. I got a ride on his back to the brook, for he was very thirsty, and a ride back again.

CLIFFORD.

In the morning I am wakened by the cock crowing. So I get up and the farmer tells us to go and bring in the cows to be milked. Sometimes the calves run away and we have to run after them. We hear the little lambs bleating and the dogs barking as the shepherd takes the sheep to the meadows. IAN.

When I woke up in the morning I rose out of my bed and went to the window to open it a little wider. When I looked up at the sky I saw the sun rising in the distance behind a big hill. I dressed very quickly and ran downstairs for my breakfast. After I had finished breakfast I ran out to get a ride in the cart.

ANDREW.

One morning I was at the farm, and oh! what a noise was going on. The cock was crowing and it was funny to see it perching on its toes. The sheep-dog was rounding up the sheep and barking. The sheep were baaing, and the cattle were lowing as they were milked. The farmer let me see the horses. Some were ploughing, but most of them were free, and so, with all this to entertain me, the morning soon flew past.

ELSPETH.

At the seaside there were beautiful pink

and blue shells. We often used to have a bathe and get our feet tangled amongst the seaweed. After a while we began to walk along the sandy beach. We settled down again beside a cave which we all went to explore. At the door there was a Roman's head which we had to squeeze past. When we got in we found a small pool of water. In the pool of water there was a family of frogs sleeping under a big stone. RUTH.

When I went to the farm I saw a young lamb. I watched him frisking with his sister. Jane, the milkmaid, said, "You can milk the cows, darling." Nellie, the mare, had a young colt and filly. The pigs lay dreaming in the brilliant sunshine. A small breeze arose and the bull lashed his tail in my face. At ten o'clock I fed the hens. Later I had tea and toast with home-made butter. JEAN.

L.III.

"Cockadoodledoo!" went the cock. Far away in the distance, from the rival farm, came the answer. Clucking loudly, the hens came to life. "Grunt," went the pig, and then a chorus of grunts. A window in the house was suddenly lit up. "Wat's all the noise about?" said a voice, then the door of the house opened and out walked the farmer. "Good morning," said the farmer to a figure passing. "Gud morning, zur, it be going to rain to-day by the looks of the clouds, zur."

JOHN R.

I awoke early one morning on a farm. The sky was lovely in the clear morning air, the red clouds clearing to leave a sky of unbroken blue. I went to my window and stood there in the crisp, morning air, smelling the honey-suckle and taking in the beauties of the farm. The cock had stopped crowing and was strutting about proudly. The ducks and geese were walking in a steady line to the pond. The cows were lowing and the milkmaid was hurrying towards them with a pail. I heard the horses neighing shrilly in their stalls. Then the sound of the pigs grunting came to my ears. Oh, that I could return to that farm! EWAN.

It was six o'clock at the farm, and as I put on my clothes I heard a shout from below in the yard. I ran downstairs and went outside.

I was just in time to see a horse gallop away down the road. I saw all the workmen saddle the fast horses and give chase. I asked if I could help, and the farmer said, "Yes." I saddled my pony and started after them.

BOB.

With much difficulty Mr Jones roused himself and went down to the farmyard. The cock was crowing, and everything was astir. Even the old goat was awake. Old Joe went down to the field to plough it with Prince and Dinkie, the two horses. Mr Jones exercised Billy the bull and fed the hens. He also cleaned out the incubator and shot the rabbit which was eating the lettuces.

MALCOLM.

It was morning at the farm and I looked out of my window and saw the bright yellow sun and the clear blue sky. I got dressed and went downstairs. I had real egg and ham for breakfast before going out to the animals. I went to the hens first and saw the chicks, but the mother wasn't keen on my doing this. Then I went and saw the sheep being sheared. It took a man all his strength to get one, but at last the vexed animal had to go. The last animals I saw before going to dinner were the pigs. One pig could snore as well as my grandfather, and that was a great feat for my grandfather certainly can snore.

ARTHUR.

The cock always tells you that it is morning. The farmer has to rise at the crack of dawn to milk the cows and get the milk away with the early train. I thought I might have seen the cows being milked, but I was too late.

DOUGLAS.

One day I decided to go to the seaside. When I reached my destination I ran down to the water's edge to see if I could find any strange shells. Sure enough, there were plenty of funny ones. I gathered them up and put them in my pocket then Mother came down to the beach to call me in for tea. After tea Father told me the names of some of the shells. There was the cockle shell; the mussle; and about eleven more. Afterwards we saw a seal. When I saw it first I ran because I thought it would chase me. Afterwards I came back and had a good look at it. It was all curled up like a coil of a serpent.

I thought it was sleeping, but Daddy said it always had one eye opened. As we went back to the house I saw a little shell. I asked Daddy if it was a shellfish, but he said it was a snail shell. So I went home to my bed and was scarcely in it when I fell fast asleep.

YVONNE.

* * * *

When I was staying at Elie I took a baby out in the morning down to the sea. He played in the sand and paddled at the edge of the water. I took him for ice-cream too. Sometimes I was glad to get rid of him, for I wanted to go out on my bike. One day I went in for a bathe, and was the water cold? It wasn't so bad when I got under, but I was glad to get out. The next day we went round to the big stone pier. We took the baby in the pram for it was a long walk. We saw a few minnows and eels, and some boys were fishing. We stayed there for some time, and the baby was rolling about on the grass. Another day Harvey, the baby, and I were left alone, all the others were out, so at his bedtime at eleven o'clock in the morning I got his pram and strapped him in, just as his mother does. After lunch I went to see him, but he was wide awake, so I took him in for his lunch. He wouldn't take his lunch without me, so I had to stay with him. When we had to go home I was with the baby. He bumped his head twice on the ashtray in the train and he began howling. He is back in London now so I don't see him. FREDA.

* * * *

One morning I wakened in a strange bedroom, but I forgot that I was away my holidays. I was then called for breakfast. After breakfast I went to the foot of the garden to find that it led on to the beach. I ran out of the garden and began to play in the sand. I built a huge sand castle with a moat round it and filled it with water. I made small holes in the castle walls and put pieces of broken glass over them for windows. I found a piece of wood and used it as a drawbridge. Then I put a sheet of paper on a stick and stuck it in the top of the castle for a flag. Round about I built sand houses, walls, and roads. It took a long time to make everything, but at last it was finished. JOVCE.

* * * *

I wakened one morning to find the sun streaming in at my bedroom window. I dressed hurriedly and ran downstairs to

breakfast, singing all the time because I was happy that it was a nice morning and I could help on the farm. My Mother asked me if I would like to help her to feed the hens; and of course I said, "Yes." It was funny to see all the fluffy chickens scrambling in front of their mothers to get the food first.

MAUREEN.

* * * *

When I woke up in the morning the sky was as blue as bluebells and the birds were singing in delight. I got dressed quickly, had breakfast and ran out on to the farm.

ISMAY.

* * * *

The best morning I ever had was on a sheep farm. Although it was a sheep farm, there were other animals such as hens, pigs, and turkeys in the farmyard. The sheep were kept to the hills which rose high above height, purple and green with heather and bracken, with here and there a plantation of spruce or larch trees. A mountain stream flowed through the valley and on the banks away to the left towards the mouth of the glen is a busy sawmill with its ever-growing pile of sawdust which, wafted in the breeze, brought that sweet pine scent. It was lovely to go and play in the wood and play. We used to make a bridge over the burn and play at shops. ELIZABETH.

* * * *

I woke up early just in time to hear Jinny moo her morning moo. I watched the farmer fetch the five cows, Jenny, June, Sally, Patsy and Pam. The farmer said, "There you are my lass, milk them all."

PENELOPE.

RIVER

It has been raining. The wet sand silvers in the reflection of the evening sky. Here and there on the beach are smooth, dark rocks, some in loose heaps, some scattered singly. Sharp, grey-green grass covers the low cliff behind. Straggling along the cliff-top the gorse bushes shine faintly luminous, and the air is spiced with salt and rain and gorse. Beyond the cool rocks and the sand lies the river. Here it is wide, the farther shore is but a thickening of the light sea mist. There is no wind to stir the water, and the taffeta waves rustle softly on the sand. A seagull cries once and is gone. The silence echoes and it is night. S. R.

Junior Red Cross Link 307.

JUNIOR RED CROSS LINK 307 has celebrated its first birthday! What has it contributed in one year to the threefold aims of the Junior Red Cross? Who are the members? What are the aims? Dundee High School is Link 307! Health, Service and International Friendship are its aims!

The registration of the Link, however, introduced very little that was new to High School pupils. Since the beginning of the war, they had enthusiastically collected all the things that could be collected for the Red Cross; they had served in harvest and berry-field; they had gained first-aid certificates. More recently their enthusiasm for "Les Amis des Volontiers français" is an earnest of their desire for international friendship.

But in January, 1944, it was decided that, since School already possessed all the qualifications, it might as well have the name and, if so minded, wear the badge of the Junior Red Cross. For lecture courses in First Aid, Form IV, girls are recognised as each year's active and senior members, and from their numbers are elected the officials of the current year. Meetings are held on Friday at 3.10 p.m. and an examination at the end of the lecture course. Mr Bain and Miss Whytock are the patrons of the Link and Dr W. Wyffe Dorward the examiner.

The Portfolio

Link 307 had scarcely received official recognition when it was invited to prepare a Portfolio. Twenty pages of given size had to be suitably covered with contributions on a choice of eight of ten prescribed subjects. Junior Links throughout Scotland had to submit portfolios for judgment in April. Less than three months—the editor of the magazine can imagine our feverish activities. In the cause of international friendship we had to compile some information about ourselves which we hoped would interest Junior Links in other countries.

The prescribed subjects, with a little persuasion, could be grouped under three heads—Dundee High School; City of Dundee, Angus; Scotland. What a pride we felt in that artistic cover of ours, executed in the Art Department; bearing our full address, the school badge, Dundee coat of Arms and the Thistle of Scotland, each with its motto!

How carefully we wrapped it in its Glamis fabric cover!

On the first page we introduced ourselves and, for the benefit of the non-classical, explained our mottos. The fly-leaf bore our greeting in the form of Stevenson's Envoi.

Go, little book, and wish to all,
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.

The history of the School was illustrated with Mr Cadzow's page from the centenary magazine showing school and its historic antecedents. Academically we did not too badly and in sport, "Well," we said, "see for yourselves; here are some of our sports snapshots"—Cadet Band at School Sports; winning the high jump; the finish of the mile race; lined up for the egg-and-spoon race; and, sweetest of all, the littlest ones at the starting line with bright, expectant faces and fascinated eyes fixed on their starter. Health and Service were insinuated in the form of snapshots of the boys—"In the Esk," "Lumber Camp," "Clattin' Neeps in Glen Clova"; and the girls—"Guide Camp at Edzell," "Camp Bathing Party," "Berry-pickers, 1943"—each with its background of local Scottish scenery.

"The Royal Family" was one of our prescribed subjects, so what more natural than to choose "The Queen and Glamis" for its title. The result was a refreshingly unstereotyped article on anecdotes of the Queen's childhood and ancient tales of Glamis Castle.

What of our city? We did not claim it to be a beautiful city, but we did give ourselves rein on its situation and its river—

"Behold the Tiber!" the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the Tay from Baiglie's ample side.

But where's the Scot who would the vaunt repay

And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay!

—Scott.

Photographs by Valentine of the Tummel, Glen Lyon and the Tay Bridge illustrated this topic.

Then we told those other Red Cross

Juniors (somewhere in America) about Dundee's jute trade and the once busy service of jute boats from Calcutta. Our supply of raw flax once linked us closely with Riga and Flanders; later the neat square bales were labelled Latvia and Estonia, and in the last five years we have had some home-grown flax, some from Egypt and South Africa and most recently from Canada. We mounted samples of jute sacking, hessians and tarpaulings, flax canvas and sail cloth—all made in Dundee.

"A famous Scotsman"—what did we do with a subject like that? We utilized our flyleaf for Stevenson's Envoi; a thread of Burns ran through the whole—Burns' Grace to finish off our "Scottish Recipes"; Burns in our "Nature Notes"; Burns' songs as footnotes to our "Scottish Scenes and Songs"; and Burns' Prayer on the back cover—

"Oh, Thou who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
O, never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament
and guard."

Finally, a masterly contribution on Sir Walter Scott was most interesting for its appreciation of the virtues and failings of the Scottish character as depicted by the Wizard of the North.

Our original illustrations included "National Costume," full-dress and school versions, and "Semi-Precious Stones of Scotland."

The last contribution consisted of a list of names and ages of contributors, and if some of these do not find their contributions specially mentioned here it is not from lack of appreciation but lack of space that the omission is made. A reproduction of the portfolio would speak more eloquently than this article.

Our portfolio has gone to America, but we have not yet received an acknowledgment of its arrival. Meanwhile another by much more junior Link members, average age 9½ years, arrived last year from Roosevelt School, Great Falls, Montana. In reply to this LIV. girls have prepared an interesting and beautifully written portfolio.

Our Portfolio was awarded First Place in

the competition, and a prize was presented by the Scottish Branch of the Red Cross. Mrs Wm. Allan, Country Director of Red Cross in Dundee, presented the Junior Link with an additional prize entitled "The Sun Stood Still," dedicated by its author to the Red Cross "who made life bearable" in prison camps from Tobruk onwards.

The Sports.

"WHO," said the smallest boy in the High School Grounds on 2nd June, 1945, "is that man with white clothes on and a gun?" "That," said the biggest boy (or nearly), who had seen the man in white, in khaki, in grey, with and without gun, "is Mr McLaren."

At 1.15 in fine weather Major McLaren set the Sports going. The pipe band started on its rounds, and we were off on a successful Sports Day which suggested, by its numbers in the races and round the ropes, peace time. Talking of time, there were all sorts of times at the Grounds. There was High School time provided by the clock minders, Messrs Smith and Angus. "Could you tell me the time?" asked Angus, as if High School Time were not good enough to go by. Then there was Mottashaw's time when he reduced the school record for the 440 yards from 53 3/5 seconds to 51 1/5 seconds; and at the end there was Captain Keay's time. He said it was fifty years since he had first set foot in the High School. This directed our attention outside the ropes.

We know the most important matter is to run, jump, throw and so on, and that the most important people are inside the ropes, running, jumping, etc. (Bye the bye, did you see Mr Laird do the high jump—3 feet some say!). But outside the ropes is fifty years and sixty years and seventy years and all the way down the scale—all brought together under the aegis of the High School—old old boys, old old girls, and young old girls, old staff, young staff, parents and progeny and the Blain dog. Mr Mackenzie was there as was proper, Mr Borland returned, and Mr Wardlaw dropped in as from above. There were many from the services and some back from Germany.

These were the Sports—culminating in 23 entries for the mile and Aystree winning the tug-of-war.

Ding Dong Bell.

As it is:

Ding, Dong Bell! Pussy's in the well,
Who put him in? Little Johnnie Thin.
Who pulled him out? Little Tommie Stout.
Wasn't that a naughty boy, to drown poor
Pussy Cat?
As it might have been:

CHAUCER

John Thin a black cat hadde he,
But he done by it shamefullie.
He wiste on a day the cat to drowne,
So in a well he dropt it downe,
The pauvre beaste was nearlie dede,
When Tom Stout to its mercy sped,
Al-though twas drooned, he was y-kind,
Not like John Thin, who had a cruel mind,
Like many a man so hard was he of herte
He might not wepe al-though him sore smerte.

MILTON

But hark, the cry sweeps round and round
again,
As cruel act of *Tarquin* was convey'd,
No cruelty to man, but act of wrath
To tiny *felis*, who no harm had done,
To his tormentor, *Thin*, so named.
Pacuvius of the same has sung, "A cat
Thrown in a well, but rescued from sure
death,"
By *Stout* taught in Pythagorean mercy.

BURNS

Ae nicht I heard an awfu' tale,
My frien' was startled by a wail,
And fand a callant ca'd Jock Thin
Beside a well,
Lifted a cat and thrown it in.
And there anither, ane Tam Stout,
Ettled to pu' the puir beast out.
He gat the beastie in the bucket,
(A kindly lad)
And pu'ed it oot, a' wat and drookit.
Just think, my friends, to droon a cat,
The lad wis worse than ony rat,
I'm glad the beastie didna dee,

I'd been fair sad.

God bless thon lad wha gat it free.

WORDSWORTH

The trees were cloth'd in wond'rous bloom,
And warm the sun on fragile seeds new-born,
And all was peace, and all was quiet,
Until the sad story
Of John Thin's pet, a tiny coal-black puss.
An unkind shepherd lad was John,
So harsh and cruel that he drown'd his cat,
He threw it in a well,
Not only that, but also watch'd it die.
But Mercy still is always where
Men work at simple toil upon the land,
Tom Stout, hearing the cries, came up,
And got the soaking cat
Out of the well, and tried to give it life.
I oft remember this, an Act of God,
Performed on one of His created beasts,
Framed in those fresh and fair surround-
ings

ONE OF THE MODERNS

At a farm, where in youth I holidayed,
This peep-sight of the Modern World.
A boy, of appellation peculiar,
John Thin, threw his cat into a well,
Due to a lack of Means
(This a result of Capitalism)
Of feeding the unfortunate beast.
But Thomas Stout withdrew the unfortunate
Beast. Which, however, died.
What a civilisation to force
So horrible an act.

S. A. (V.).

RESULTS

We sit and shiver in suspense,
The marks get slowly lower,
My paper's not come out as yet,
I dread it more and more.
Without a doubt it will come last,
I feel it in my bones,
The teacher heaves a fearful sigh,
The class gives way to groans.
M. B.

REFLECTIONS ON FORM FIVE GIRLS

This is the voice of Form Five speaking,
To catch your humour it is seeking.

Let's start with one whose name is Eggs,
I'm sure you've seen her coffee'd legs.
She has a friend and she's called Jean
Who's mighty tall and mighty lean.

Betty Rob's a fine, broad lass,
In fact the broadest in the class.
And there's our friend whose funny habits
Even lead to keeping rabbits.

Now in the person of Marie Roy
We have B——'s film star, Myrna Loy,
And don't forget our old friend Ali,
With P——y Bruce she's awfie pally.

Now in our class there's a happy pair,
Doreen and the girl with the golden hair.
Did I say hair? Have you seen Flo's?
How she combs it no one knows.

We're not without a songstress here,
To Tiz we always lend an ear.
And Margaret Tait, our musical friend,
Plays the Nutcracker Suite to its bitter end.

At lower French Duck's far the best
At Higher yet she'll pass the test.
There's also Lena, meek and mild,
She's Mr Owatt's, problem child.

Now Gladys, she excels at art,
In plays as well she takes a part.
Not forgetting Midge and Jane,
As shorthand typists they'd win fame.

As goalie Betty's really fine,
She seldom lets them cross the line.
Midst hens and horses and cows too,
Morag will show you what to do.

At tennis Loopy's in the team,
To watch her really is a scream.
At the rink Midge K. is thrivin'
That is when she isn't jivin'.

If Joyce is going to tend our teeth,
She'll need some help from Mr Seath.
Remember Albert? He's our pet,
Young Catherine will be jealous yet.

We hope with this you've been amused
And also that you will excuse,
The metre, grammar and the verse,
We know it couldn't be much "worse."

REFRESHING PICTURES.

THE actions and events of school days in later years become pictures that are refreshing to the memory. Holidays can be made a saving period as well as spending. How pleasant it will be when school days are over to think that you did something to help our country to recover from the wastes of war. Save now to spend later.

DUNDEE TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK

A COMPLETE SAVINGS SERVICE NEW ACCOUNTS OPENED
COMPOUND INTEREST FROM £2 10/- per cent. per annum

Head Office: 2 EUCLID STREET, DUNDEE

Branches throughout Dundee and at

**FORFAR, KIRRIEMUIR, BRECHIN, EDZELL, FRIOCKHEIM, MONIFIETH,
CARNOUSTIE, ST. ANDREWS, GUARDBRIDGE, TAYPORT, NEWPORT**

Funds Exceed - - £17,500,000

A Recollection of Berry Picking.

I THINK we all loved Keathbank House. It was beautifully situated in a tiny hollow by the side of the River Ericht, at the point where the water is forced into a narrow gap known as the Soldiers' Leap. As you walked down the drive, flanked on both sides by tall jagged trees, you could just catch a glimpse of it. As you got nearer you noticed how unbalanced it was with one French window and the other bay. Before it there stretched a big lawn, and on the river side there was a vegetable garden— forbidden territory! Miss Whytock took us down once to see the old round summer-house which was at the bottom of the garden. It stood right above the swirling river, and the planks were so rotten that we had to view the Soldier's Leap one at a time. Unfortunately behind the house there was a jute factory, a very small one, but all the same a factory, worked by a canal from the river. Every morning at eight the water would rush through the opened sluice and we could hear the wheels beginning to get up speed.

In the house there were two bedrooms, a dining-room, and a kitchen downstairs, and upstairs two big bedrooms, a medium-sized bedroom known as the half-way house, because it was three or four steps lower down than the others, and a tiny bedroom which held two camp beds and no more. Then, of course, there was the bathroom, which was the cause of many a squabble as to who should occupy it first.

We usually got up about six o'clock. If we were early enough, and lucky enough, we would sneak into the bathroom before our turn, armed with toothbrush and towel. If we were unlucky we had to stand in a queue. After we had washed, dressed and made our palliasses, we went down to breakfast. We didn't have any grace at breakfast because everyone came down at different times.

We set out from Keathbank just as the mill was beginning to tune up. Our "luggies" clattered in our pails as we walked. Most of us wore dungarees which grew grubbier and grubbier as the days went by, but some people even went as far as wearing Boy Scout's uniform complete with hat (at least it looked like that!) Another girl had got hold of her father's boiler-suit

and you can imagine what that would be like! When we arrived at the field, Pete, the grieve, gave us drills and then left us to our own devices. In the early morning, before the sun had come over the hill, we were fresh and full of vigour, with the result that we picked "clean." Later on, however, when the sun was scorching, our backs got sore and Peter would come along after us putting rasps in our "luggies" (which, by the way, are little pails you tie round your waist).

About half-past nine two of the girls who were on mess-duty brought us sandwiches and lemonade. As soon as we heard the mid-yokin' signal we dumped our pails and rushed madly down the drills for that ten minutes of bliss. After this short break there was no respite till twelve. We were faced with another two hours of picking raspberries. I shudder at the very memory of it. No sooner had Pete blown his whistle for lunch than we were slowly filing down to the weighing machine. The local pickers picked pounds and pounds of raspberries. We were very slow compared with them. However, some of the girls hadn't done so badly, and they had to squash their berries down with their gum-boots (so I'm told). At last we reached home again and after a tiring forenoon sat down to a perfect lunch, cooked as only teachers know how. Curiously enough we sang our graces, and I remember one occasion when my room mates were in very high spirits and conspired to dissent from the usually harmonious state of affairs with the result that the grace ended up like a cats' chorus.

The afternoon on the field was much the same as in the morning, except that we talked more and sang louder to outdo the Edinburgh Guides. However, we really felt sorry for them, as they had raspberries for desert every day and mashed raspberries for jam! Why, we couldn't get far enough away from rasps after we had been picking for a few days. We saw raspberries just as you see sunspots after looking at the sun. We saw them everywhere. They haunted us by night and day.

There were many people whom we got to know. First, there was Pete, the foreman; a grand old chap with kind eyes and a big

moustache. Then there was Albert, a quiet fellow who was also commissioner at a cinema, and last but not least there was Tom who kept on telling us of his travels to Palestine and in short just hindered our work. And, oh, I nearly forgot the squirrels. We knew them quite well, too. They used to come down the tree to the pig pail, looking for scraps of bread and meat. They were timid little creatures but so pretty to watch. There was one who was even brave enough to come up to the front doorstep and run over Zebe's feet. She was so excited she came running upstairs and told us how a little squirrel had put its feet on her paws.

If it rained we either wrote letters, read or played the gramophone, sometimes bringing the roof down with the capers we did to the music. When it was sunny we lay in the garden or went cycling tours up the Cally road. In the evenings we usually went to the pictures and afterwards to the fish and chip shop. We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

Judging from my experience bean feasts are never very successful, at any rate ours wasn't. Everyone was far too sleepy to get up and no one was hungry. The lemonade was too weak and the biscuits were soft, and the cake was much smaller than we had expected. And besides we didn't have the satisfaction of doing something in secret because we were sure the teachers knew all about it.

Although perhaps we disliked picking raspberries very much we felt we had done a good job of work, for the Keathbank girls picked six tons of berries in two weeks. However, the times we had off duty more than made up for our tiring work on the field. Thanks are, of course, due to the teachers, without whom there would have been no berry-picking, no Keathbank, no pleasant memories.
M. R. R.

A SUMMER DREAM

The world slumbered, bathed in the burning sun;
And from the drowsing village came a sleepy call
And a gentle murmur, then quiet over all.
The gaffers, pinafores, quaffed their ale at noon.

The lazy brook slipped slowly by the bank,
And gathered sweetness from the drifting May,

Then mingled with the soft and scented hay,
Passed the bowing daisies and the grasses dank,

'Neath oaks and poplars, crowned with greenery,

In the cool shade of the lacy beech
Reflected in the deep stream pools, where each

Slender form is mirrored gracefully.

A gaudy bird skimmed lightly o'er the stream,

Breaking the shining surface into rings
Glimm'ring and shimm'ring, ever widening,
Where the nodding rushes dream.

A moorhen, clucking softly in the reeds,
Called her brood, where in the stream's reflection

Kingcups, iris, were painted to perfection,
And slender, quiv'ring grass shook dusty seeds.

The mirrored stillness, ripples strove to break.

The long-legged heron preened a ruffled feather,

Some wild-duck screamed of changing weather;

And a brown vole swam with widening wake.

R. S. (F.III).

THE TEACHER AT HIS DESK

The teacher is at his desk—he is wearing the customary black gown. We all respect him as he reads extracts from the poetry book. As he reads we cannot help but notice his gray head and pale blue eyes. As he reads he explains and tells jokes. We all sit with rapt attention as he controls us with his powerful reading. A set of boys, such as we are, is difficult to control, yet we are like lambs when this period comes. He awes us as we have never been awed before. He has a never failing sense of humour, but he naturally demands the best of work. Yet we all love him. His hand is heavy when he must punish, but we forget the punishments he gives us, and in their place we have a respect for him, an admiration for him, and most of all a love for him.

A. J. (F.II.A.).

Scottish Farmer's Diary.

(Continued from April Issue.)

APRIL.

April is a very busy month. The whole countryside is becoming greener and greener every day. Few people give any credit to the farmer for this beauty. The countryside, though so green, has its many shades—the sea-green of the wheat, the bluish-green of the oats, and the silvery green of the barley. As an offset there are patches of yellow kale flowers and the brown and red fallow.

In the midst of this beauty the farm work goes on. Usually there is some barley to sow, and the favourite saying is: "When the blackthorn blossoms white, sow the barley day and night."

In April, too, the farmer must prepare for the hay crop which he will cut in fourteen month's time. He sows it in the growing crop, barley or oats, which is now three or four inches high. Since the small grass seeds are protected by only a light covering of earth, the growing crop preserves them from drought. The oats also attract the dew to give the little plants sufficient moisture to keep them alive.

Everything seems to be multiplying in April. Birds are hatching out their young; lambs frisk in almost every field; a young foal is frolicking in the paddock near the farm. The foal usually sleeps in a loose-box at night, but it is always turned out for the day. The poultryman's hands are also full just now. The hens are apt to go broody and hatch out their chickens early in April.

The shepherd has a very gruesome task in April. He must tail all the lambs and mark them with the farmer's brand. Shortened tails do much to prevent ground maggots from lodging and breeding in the lambs' wool.

The potato farmer must also be busy this month. He must, if at all possible, have most of his potatoes planted by the end of April. The potatoes are first laid in shallow boxes to enable them to start sprouting. They are then placed 10 to 12 inches apart in drills, covered up and there Nature is left to do its work.

The next job is to sow the sugar beet and

mangels, both important crops. They are sown on top of the drills and should be in the ground not later than the end of April.

Should potato planting hold up the farmer he must make this his first concern in May.

MAY.

May is the month that empties all the farm buildings. By now it is warm enough at nights to allow animals to sleep outside and therefore puts an end to that tiresome business of cleaning them out every day. The young calves especially are very frisky when first put out to the grass. They run, dance, jump and buck, then stand looking very foolish. But soon they settle down to eat the fresh, green grass with which nature has provided them. The dairy cows, fattening cattle and horses, too, can now be put out into the pastures at night. The horses are especially glad when May comes because they have been living on the same diet all winter, and although the carters have groomed them carefully they are glad to have a chance of scratching their own backs.

When May comes, however, the farmer is kept busier than ever. His chief worry is to keep pace with the flock. By now the lambs are eating as much as do their mothers, and the ploughmen have a hard job to keep up with them. But the fields are ploughed and sown with sugar beet or mangels. These seeds, given the right weather, shoot up very quickly. So do the weeds. These weeds are killed with a drill harrow which cuts between the rows of plants and uproots all the weeds. If the weather is dry the harrow makes an excellent job.

As soon as the harrowing is finished the plants grow away at top speed. But to grow good root crops the plants must be singled out, sugar beet and turnips fifteen inches apart, mangels twelve inches apart. When the fields have been singled they are given a dose of nitrogenous manure and the drill harrow is once more sent to scuffle between the rows.

In May the farmer cuts his first crop of the year, namely, the wool crop. The shearing

can be done either by hand or machine. The fleece comes off in one bit except for a few odd locks. These are put in the middle and the fleece rolled up into a bundle and tied with the wool from the neck.

Another May job is to overhaul the hay-making machinery. Each day the grasses and clover become taller and already the hay fields ripple in the breeze. When June comes the farmer must make hay when the sun shines and he cannot risk the chance of a machine breaking down for want of attention.

Towards the end of May the sea-green colour of the wheat becomes steely grey, what farm folks describe as "sticky." This means that the wheat plant is losing its grass-like appearance and beginning to shoot up straight straws towards the top of which a bulge begins to form. The bulge is the young wheat-ear. Country folk say that the month of May never goes without a wheat-ear. What they mean is that, no matter what the weather, at least one wheat-ear can be seen on the last day of May. But not until perhaps the second week in June will the field be in full ear.

JUNE.

June is the hay-making month. In addition there are turnips to horse-hoe and single. The sheep must be tended and the cows fed and milked regularly. All this is just the ordinary routine work of the farm; but hay-making is the most important. It is easy enough to cut the hay, but it is a very chancy business to rick it. Sunshine, the natural drying machine, is very liable to turn to rain and then the hay is spoilt. The irony of it is that good quality hay is always the cheapest to make for it is made by the sun. But bad quality hay which is always made in bad weather—sun dries it one day, rain spoils it the next—is very expensive stuff. It costs at least twice as much as good hay because it has to be turned after every rainstorm. The extra labour must be paid for. But the gamble must be taken.

The grasses are now about two feet high and the clovers are a mass of white and purple flowers. The crop is ripe and must be cut without delay. The cutting is done with a mowing machine drawn either by a tractor or two horses. When it is cut it is left for a day or two in swathes to enable the sun to dry the top of it. It is then turned over by a

swathe-turner and the green underneath is now exposed to the sun.

One way of testing hay to see if it is ripe is to twist it into a rope and see if it will break. If it does, it is ready to lift.

There are still two ways of spoiling the hay even if there is no rain. If left too long in swathes it will become bleached and lose its nourishing content. If, on the other hand, it is put into the rick too soon it will turn black and sour in the middle and, perhaps, catch fire. The greener the hay without the rick getting too hot the better, as it then retains a greater feeding value. It is said that the farmer who never makes a hot rick never makes first-class hay. When the fields are cleared the cows are turned into them to graze. Very seldom in Scotland do farmers cut the second crop of hay or aftermath on account of lack of time. Somehow or other, both large and small farms manage to secure sufficient good feeding with which to winter the livestock.

JULY.

If ever there is a breathing space in the farm year it happens in July. By now the haymaking is finished except in northern Scotland. All the crops will have been sown and the bulk of the singling finished. The barley and oats will be in ear and everybody is waiting for the harvest in August.

This month the thatcher plies his craft. The hayricks made in June must now be thatched to prevent the winter rains spoiling the grain. The thatch is made of wheat straw and thin sticks of hazel are used to peg it down firmly to the roof of the hayrick. Thatching is done in the same way as laying tiles. The thatcher lays the first slips of wheat straw on the eaves of the roof; the next row of slips has the bottom ends overlapping the tops of the first row; and so on.

During July the flocks of sheep in hurdles on the arable land will be feeding on vetches. Another name for this plant is tares. It is leguminous, that is, its seeds resemble peapods. The flowers are light purple and they make excellent feeding for sheep. If the supply of vetches prove inadequate the sheep are folded over the clover aftermath. This is the second growth of the hayfield and it grows very rapidly.

July is also the time for sheep fairs where farmers buy and sell ewes and lambs either

for fattening or breeding. The age of a sheep can be reckoned by the number of incisor teeth in its lower jaw. When a shepherd takes a flock to market he has to mark each sheep according to its age.

At this time of year the hill sheep are grazing on the mountain pastures. Sheep farmers in Scotland, Wales, Cumberland and Northumberland usually rent small farms but they have the right to graze large tracts of mountain pastures in summer.

Other July work consists in overhauling the harvesting machinery, replenishing the binder twine and getting in a good supply of paraffin. It would never do to be forced to waste fine weather in harvest-time owing to neglect of this essential job.

Towards the end of the month the patchwork of the countryside looks splendid. All the grain fields are turning yellow and the wheat to a deep golden as it ripens. The whole countryside seems to be prospering, showing at last the result of the farmer's hard work during the past year.

AUGUST.

August is the month of the grain harvest. True, as one travels northwards the crops ripen later and later. In the Highlands the crops may be cut even in late September. Grain crops are usually cut with a self-binder drawn by horses or tractor. On some large farms, where many acres of grain have to be dealt with, a combine harvester may be employed. But even these new inventions fail in the face of the weather. A storm may lay a field of oats flat in half an hour. In this case the ancient scythe and the reaping hook will be pressed into service. But as a rule, nine-tenths of Britain's grain crop is cut with a self-binder.

Perhaps the longest and warmest job is stooking. This enables the grain to dry much more quickly and so to ripen. In fine weather wheat requires about seven days in the stook and oats a fortnight. The common saying is: "Oats should have three Sundays in the field."

Having got his grain cut and stooked, the farmer's next job is to get it stacked safely. The stooks are then forked sheaf by sheaf on to a cart or wagon and driven to the stack where the stack-builder plies his craft. There is considerable art in building a stack. From

the beginning the middle must be kept higher than the outside and the roof must be well sloped to allow the rain to drain off.

During the last few years the combine harvester has come into Britain. In one operation this machine cuts, threshes and bags the grain. The straw is deposited on the stubble in long rows and the grain-filled bags are dropped at intervals to be picked up by lorry. This machine may seem to some people to save labour but it has its disadvantages. Such a machine is expensive and in our small fields it is not worth the labour in getting it through a narrow gateway if it is required for only an hour or so. Further, its threshing mechanism, mobile and necessarily small in scale, must be run at high speed to do the work efficiently. This has a detrimental effect on the straw which it delivers in a rather chewed condition. Such straw has few uses.

Towards the end of August the barley will be ready to cut. One can always tell when the barley is ripe. There are no purple stripes running up and down the ears. As it is dead ripe when it is cut, barley does not need to stand very long. In bright sunny weather barley can be cut one day and stacked the next.

But what does the farmer do when it is wet? Granted he will grumble, but he can still overhaul his machinery, set up stooks which have been blown down and even start to thatch his stacks which have settled properly. So there are jobs to be done even if it is wet. Most important of all, however, is to get the harvest led safely home.

SEPTEMBER.

The last month of the farming year; fields which are rapidly becoming barer every day show a green and gold sheen. Perhaps a few stooks are scattered over the yellow stubble, but if the weather is fine they are soon in the stack.

The green haulm of the potatoes is rapidly dying down to shrivelled brown sticks, and the hayfields are covered with short green grass. The only crops which thrive in September are the root crops—turnips, beet, etc. Towards the end of September the potato harvest begins. Women and children flock out to the field from towns and villages to help with this last important harvest. "Bits" are allotted and the digger begins its work.



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row—A Sharp. A Calder. R. V. Doe. A. Wanless. G. Leddie. T. Buttars.

Front Row—W. Stark. D. McIntosh. W. S. Taylor. P. Blain. R. Grierson.

**Cricket 1st XI.,
1945.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

Potatoes are stored in pits, covered with wheat straw and then with six inches of earth. They must be carefully protected from frost so that in winter it is a common thing to add an extra covering of earth to the pits. Many thousands of tons of potatoes can be lost if frost works its way into the pits.

Having reached the end of the farming year it would be wise to devote a little time some wet day giving thought to farming of the past.

Several years ago, if a townsman was asked what he thought was the main business in farming he would immediately reply—"Growing wheat." Up to a few years ago this was perfectly true. Farmers grew wheat for home use but every year their capital was disappearing. To stop the rot something had to be done. In consequence, British farmers turned to livestock—to dairying. They looked to mixed farming for more balanced results. The growing of grain only robs the soil of its fertility whereas dairying puts it back. If

grain is grown year after year the soil becomes sour and devoid of vital properties. The only remedy is to give it organic manure.

Livestock required grassland and before the war farmers were increasing their acreage of pasture-land. But the war came: foreign and colonial wheat could not be brought because of shipping difficulties. Therefore the farmer once more turns to wheat-growing for home consumption. The colour of the countryside changes from green back to the old familiar golden brown. But the land is in good heart—thanks to the foresight of the farmer in peace time. There is sufficient fertility stored up in the soil to grow grain crops for several years. When peace comes there is no doubt that the British farmer will again go back to livestock or mixed farming.

But to return to September. The 30th comes at last and ends the farming year. To-morrow a new one begins. Farming never stops.
J. P. (VI.).

Paint and Powder.

*"One would not sure be frightful when one's dead
And Betty give this cheek a little red."*

—POPE.

DO not think that the use of beauty preparations by women is a modern practice—far from it. Over three thousand years ago the women of ancient Egypt—Cleopatra and her followers—employed paints and cosmetics for making themselves attractive, and their toilets were often quite as elaborate as those of the fashionable women of to-day. They softened their skins with perfumed oils and ointments and coloured their lips and cheeks with finely powdered red ochre. "Kohl," a black mineral powder, was applied by means of an ivory or wooden bodkin to line the eyes, thus making them appear larger and more brilliant, and also to darken the eyebrows. Nor were the hands neglected, for the fingers and nails were carefully coloured and stained with henna. Perfumes were well-known and of wide variety.

Babylonian and Assyrian women also applied a black powder to their eyes and to keep their skins smooth they rubbed them with finely powdered pumice-stone. Then as a powder they whitened their faces with white lead.

The Hebrews adopted many of the habits of the Egyptians and there are in the Old Testament several allusions to the use of cosmetics by women such as Jezebel, etc.

Paints and powders for the skin were very frequently used by the women of early Greece and Rome. For the face they employed preparations of white lead or face powder composed of corn, or pea-flour and barley meal. Their cheeks and lips were coloured with vermilion. A rather unusual custom was to shave the arms and apply white lead to them also. Hair dyes were used by those who wished to change the colour of their locks, but with what success it is difficult to say. The hair of the Romans being generally dark, there was a great desire to change it to a blonde or golden colour, but they did not know of our hydrogen peroxide—so much in demand nowadays, and so for the purpose they used a kind of soap made from goat's fat and ashes. But these applications, like many to-day, often did more harm than good, because we are told that when the dyeing process was unsuccessful the lady cut off all her hair and wore a blonde wig!

Even our ancestors, the ancient Britons and

the Scottish Picts, had their own type of make-up, only it took the form of war-paint. The Romans must have had a surprise awaiting them, in the form of our blue and red painted forefathers. This daubing of paint on the body to create fear in the hearts of opponents is common to nearly all barbaric and savage peoples. As examples we have the American Red Indian, the New Zealand Maori, the Australian aborigine and the African negro. But did you know that in the case of the Red Indians and our forebearers the war-paint of woad and vermillion also formed a protective coat for the skin against the cold?

So through the ages, one might go on describing the various methods and preparations by which women thought that they enhanced their beauty and added to their attraction. The number of books containing recipes for beauty treatment, written during the Middle Ages and the Elizabethan era, is colossal. Each century gained or lost a fashion in make-up.

In the time of Louis XV., the craze for cosmetics, lotions, face-packs and powders was universal among the ladies of the court. The skin was often plastered so thickly with pastes, that little of the natural complexion was visible. Immense sums of money were spent by fashionable beauties, in these preparations of the toilet. Powder and patches are always closely associated with the 17th and 18th centuries. There is a tradition that the little black patch was first used by a fashionable court lady to cover a disfiguring mole on her cheek, and she found the effect so satisfactory that she continued to wear it. The fashion spread rapidly until it became so exaggerated, that we are told of one lady pictured in a fashion magazine, whose face was elaborately decorated with patches of various shapes and sizes, among which was a miniature coach and four. The popularity of the fashion and the excess to which it was carried caused the strict Puritan Party to introduce a Bill into Parliament in the 17th century to suppress it. This did some good but during the reign of Queen Anne it broke out again. In its second phase it was carried just as much to excess when people of different parliamentary parties wore their patches on different sides of the face.

In the last century our great-grandmothers used an application for the skin called "Pomade Divine," which was believed to have many

virtues. It was a great favourite as it could be made at home, and consisted of such ingredients as cloves, nutmegs, cinammon, camphor, lard, and Attar of Roses perfume. These, they were directed to stand in a water bath all together for five hours, strain, then heigh-ho for a beautiful face!

In early times many of the paints and powders used were chosen for the appearance they produced with small regard for their effect on the skin. One of the first books on chemistry as opposed to alchemy, written in 1675 by a French medical man, gives several recipes for cosmetics consisting of preparations of lead, tin and antimony. One is inclined to wonder how many cases of lead poisoning resulted from the use of the lead compounds. The writer also recommended among other things snail-water and frogs-spawn water for whitening the skin and removing spots.

Nowadays in considering the effect of a face cream or powder, the structure and functions of the skin are taken into consideration. Preparations containing harsh materials are likely to lead to the clogging of these functions and the ruin of a beautiful complexion. Tinted face powders and rouges are said to be harmful as they may contain insoluble ingredients or colouring materials which might prove very irritating. The old-time rouge was a form of iron oxide—common red rust, used also for polishing silver, but carmine, a produce prepared from cochineal, finds greater favour to-day. Cochineal itself is a dye obtained from the dried powdered bodies of coccids, scaly insects which infest a certain variety of cactus in Mexico and Peru. So now you know where the lovely pink colouration we find in icing or sweets or even the cakes we buy "downstairs" comes from.

Face creams are preparations with a fatty or oily base and may or may not contain mineral ingredients. A favourite base is lanoline, a grease given out from the skin of sheep and absorbed by the wool. In the preparation of sheeps' wool for textiles this material is extracted and purified. Among other bases in common use are vaseline, almond oil, witch hazel, paraffin wax and pigs' lard. These last two with colouring matter and a dash of perfume are also used in the manufacture of lipstick. Nail varnish is only an enamel made from a resin called benzoin.

SCHOOLWEAR

for Your Son and Daughter

THE outfitting of young people for school is an open book to Smith Brothers. Indeed, this shop provides everything from head to toe, with the exception of footwear. And as reliability is one of the qualities you always find here, mothers and guardians need not hesitate to place their orders with Smiths.

Smiths
1-9 Murraygate, Dundee
Phone 5041/2

Be Prepared for the Fruit Season

Buy your Snap Closures now. Fit ordinary 1 lb. and 2 lb. Jars.

2 lb. size packets contain 6 clips, 12 lids and 12 rubber washers.

2 lb. size with no clips contains 15 lids and 15 rubber washers.

1 lb. size packet contains 6 clips, 12 lids and 12 rubber washers.

1 lb. size with no clips contains 18 lids and 18 rubber washers.

3/2 per packet, postage 5d extra.

PHINS, 29 Nethergate, Dundee.

'Phone 6094/5.

Wonderful new comfort for feet—when your shoes are
repaired **“The Malone Way”**

The Malone Shoe Repair Service

Central Receiving Office:—62 NETHERGATE
(opposite OLD STEEPLE)

OTHER BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE CITY

'PHONE 2131

Factory and Office:—MID STREET, DUNDEE

Perfume consists of the aromatic essences taken from crushed flowers or vegetable and blended with alcohol, or some other spirit. The beautifully tinted and scented bath salts we buy at usually rather high prices are really washing soda crystals coloured with a Fairy dye and perfumed.

But do not be dissuaded by any of this information from further or future use of cosmetics, because chemically modern preparations are perfectly pure and harmless. It is perhaps the application of them that should be considered more. S. M. E. (F. VI.).

Translation from the German of THEODOR STORM.

THE lake was shaded far out by the silent woods, but its centre lay in the faint, sultry light of the moon. From time to time a gentle rustling shivered through the trees. There was no wind save the breath of a summer night.

Reinhard wended his way aimlessly along the edge of the lake. He could make out a white water-lily a mere stone's throw from the land. Suddenly he was seized with a desire to see it at close quarters. He tore off his clothes and stepped into the shallow water. Prickly plants and sharp stones cut his feet, and he seemed unable to get into water deep enough for swimming. Then all at once he was out of his depth, the waters swirled over him, and some time passed before he came to the surface again. Now, treading water, he swam about in circles until he discovered where he had gone in. Soon he saw the lily again; it lay all alone among its big glossy leaves. He swam slowly out, and little drops of water shone in the moonlight as they trickled down his arms which he occasionally lifted out of the water; but it seemed as if the distance between him and the flower were still the same; only the shore, when he looked round, lay behind him wreathed in mist. But meanwhile he did not despair, but kept on swimming in the same direction. At last he came so near to the flower that he could plainly distinguish the silvery leaves in the moonlight, but at the same time he felt as if ensnared in a net. The smooth stalks reached up from the ground and entwined themselves round his naked limbs. The unknown waters lay dark and dismal around him, behind him he heard a fish plash. Suddenly

he felt so queer in this strange element that he tore at the tangle of plants with all his strength and swam back in breathless haste to the shore. Once there, he saw, as he looked back over the lake, the lily lying, as before, far away and alone over the dark depths. E. M. D. (F. VI.).

Translation from the French of ANDRE MAUROIS.

ORGANISED hunting for Shelley became one of the great games at Eton. Some of the hunters would find the odd creature reading a poem at the riverside and would immediately start shouting. His hair flying in the breeze, Shelley would take to flight across the meadows, up and down the streets and in and out the cloisters of the school. Finally cornered against a wall, trapped like a wild boar at bay, he would let out a piercing shriek. The crowd of boys would pin him to the wall with balls which they soaked in mud and threw at him. One voice would cry "Shelley!" and "Shelley!" another would take up the call. The old grey walls would echo again and again with shrill cries of "Shelley." A toadying fag would tug at the tortured boy's clothes, another would pinch him, a third would creep up without a sound and with a kick send flying into the mud the books which Shelley clutched convulsively in his arms. Then all fingers were pointed towards their victim, and a renewed cry of "Shelley! Shelley!" succeeded in shattering his nerve. The fit of hysterics awaited by the tormentors would finally come over him — a bout of temper which made the child's eyes glitter, his cheeks grow pale and his limbs shake.

Tired of seeing the same thing happen again and again, the boys would go back to their games. Shelley would pick up his mud splattered books and, lost in solitary thought, would slowly make his way towards the beautiful meadows which line the bank of the Thames. Sitting on the sunlit grass, he would watch the river glide past. Running water has, like music, the ability to change gently sadness into melancholy. Both, by the incessant flight of their fluid elements, softly instil in one's mind the serenity of oblivion. The massive towers of Windsor and Eton raised up around the rebel child an obdurate, hostile world, but the trembling reflection of the willows soothed him by its fragility. E. M. D. (F. VI.).

Girl Guide Nature Notes.

The Legend of how men came to use Flax.

ONCE upon a time, a man took his bow and arrows and went out to find what he could in the way of food or skins.

As she watched him set out, his wife called after him, "Bring back a good dinner."

But, when he returned, there was no fat deer slung across shoulder, not even a rabbit or a hare; only a faded blue flower which he clutched in his fingers!

"Where is our dinner?" demanded his wife.

Then the hunter told his story. How that he chased a deer until it vanished in a cleft in the rocks. When he came to the cleft, he was surprised to find the entrance to a large cave. He ventured in and found to his astonishment a great hall, all shining and sparkling with jewels and precious stones. At the far end of the hall sat a lovely lady on a throne of emeralds, and her beauty was such that it lighted the hall even more than the gleaming jewels.

"Knowing that she must be some goddess," he continued, "I bowed low before her. She smiled at me and said,

" 'You may have a gift from me to take home to your wife. Choose what it will be.' "

"I hope," said his wife, "that you have brought me a bag filled with precious stones."

"No," replied the hunter, looking rather abashed. "I noticed that the goddess held in her hand a little blue flower which exactly matched the colour of her lovely eyes, and I asked her for that as my gift."

"You stupid fellow," scolded his wife. "Fancy asking for a flower when you might have had a fortune."

"The goddess told me I had chosen well," said the hunter. "She gave me the seed as well as the flower. She told me to plant the seed in the garden, and said that in the summer she would come herself and show us what to do with it."

"We shall see," scoffed his wife.

The hunter planted the seed in the garden and waited to see what would happen. In the spring green shoots sprang up, and in the summer little blue flowers the colour of the sky opened their petals among the green leaves.

One sunny day the goddess, whose name was Holda, visited the hunter's home.

"I have come as I promised," she said, "to show you what to do with the flax flower. Can you spin?" she asked the wife.

"No," was the reply.

"Can you weave?" asked the goddess.

"No," again was the reply.

In those days none knew how to spin or weave. They were dependent on the skins of animals for their clothes.

The goddess taught the hunter and his wife how to spin flax and weave linen. When the first piece of linen lay on the grass bleaching white in the sun, the wife clapped her hands with delight and cried:

"You made a right choice when you chose your gift. I would rather have the snowy piece of linen than all the pearls and diamonds you saw in the cave. We can make a fortune with this."

"Industry brings the best fortune," said Holda as she departed.

As well as the industrial use of flax, I have noticed some very pretty borders of blue and white flax. The flowers only last about a day, and soon beneath the plants when they are in flower is a lovely carpet of blue and white.

A. THOMSON.

SALMON.

The salmon is a creature of sheer loveliness. It lives in the sea and eats herrings, shrimps and prawns. Salmon make without a halt the great change from salt water, which immediately would be fatal to their eggs, to fresh water in which these eggs must hatch; but the further they recede from the sea, the less are they like the fish which came from it.

The males, which are golden on the underside, battle ferociously for their silvery mates, and death sometimes happens when a greater salmon fights a smaller. But the male is provided with a beak which resembles the branches of a deer. It is Nature's marvellous provision to prevent the males from killing each other wholesale.

The beak is not bone but cartilage, therefore it is not as dangerous as it seems. But when the great swim is on, up and up the

stream the fish does not eat anything. Its yearly stay in the river usually amounts to four or five months, but in all that time the salmon takes no food!

Although the salmon is caught by hooks and flies, it is not because it is hungry, but because it is curious.

Falls and weirs do not deter the salmon. So long as there are points in the ascent, not more than six feet apart, he will get up, leap by leap. Of course, sometimes salmon make mistakes and jump clean on to the river bank.

Sometimes floods, too, are disastrous. The

swirls of flood water may bring vast masses of mud and slime into the fairway of a river and bury masses of salmon alive. When the river subsides thousands may be found in the mud; this happened in the Findhorn in Forres.

The females lay their eggs in hollows wriggled out by themselves in the gravel. The eggs hatch in thirty days in mild temperature to five months in cold weather. The young stay their first two years in the river, but at the end of that time they go down to the sea.

A. D. HOGG (F. I.A.).

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

NOW that conditions are improving, we are looking forward to the early resumption of the Club's activities.

We are hoping to enrol in our membership lists the boys leaving School at the end of this session. Application Forms will be issued to the Senior Classes before the end of the Session, and can also be obtained at the Honorary Secretary's office, 11 Panmure Street, Dundee. Subscription for Old Boys under 21, 2/6; over 21, 5/-. Life Membership Fee, £3 3s (minimum).

At the last Annual General Meeting the following office-bearers were appointed for 1944-45.

Hon. President: Professor William Annan, C.A., F.C.W.A.

Hon. Vice-Presidents: Ian M. Bain, M.A., B.A.; H. Craigie Smith; T. S. Murray, D.Sc., James S. Nicoll.

President: John R. Crystal.

Vice-President: Alex. Robertson.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: C. E. Stuart, C.A.

Hon. Auditors: Moody Stuart & Robertson, C.A.

Executive Committee: Frank G. Young, Ian M. Grant, P. K. M. Smith, W. L. Marshall, G. F. Ritchie, Keith Milne, Lewis I. Collins, John W. Thomson, T. McLaren, Ian T. Carrie, Donald M. Ross, Alex. R. Murray, W. S. Phillips.

Active Service

Ronald M. Mackenzie, F.A.A.

Awards

Fl/Lt. Richard A. Strachan, R.A.F., Bar to D.F.C.

Pro Patria

Lt. W. R. Allison, S.A.A.F., reported missing 1st March, 1945, now presumed killed.

Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

WE have pleasure in sending our greetings to all members of our Club. The annual re-union was held on a Saturday afternoon in November, and was a well-attended and enjoyable function. Next session, however, we are having an evening meeting in the Regent Rooms, and the date has been fixed for Friday, 30th November, St Andrew's Day.

At the Annual General Meeting the following office-bearers were elected:—

Hon. President: Mrs Agnes Savile, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P., Dublin and London.

Hon. Vice-Presidents: Lady Beveridge, M.A., O.B.E.; Miss Hilda Lorimer, B.A., M.A.(Oxon.); Miss Isabel Gray, L.R.A.M.; Miss Jean G. Anderson, L.L.A.

President: Dr Winifred J. Smith.

Vice-Presidents: Mrs James Lee and Mrs Leslie Weatherhead.

Hon. Secretaries: Miss Mary Borland; Dr

Kathleen Jack, 86 Grove Rd., Broughty Ferry.

Hon. Treasurer: Miss M. W. S. Johnston, 1 St Johnswood Terrace, West Park Road, Dundee.

Executive Committee: Mrs James Scott, Miss Sheena Bruce, Miss Margaret Robertson, Miss Margot Cosh, Miss Agnes Mudie, Miss Winifred Cooper, Miss Jean Ritchie, Mrs Brush, Miss Dorothy Adams, Mrs Gordon Rea, Miss Gwynne Soutter, Miss Jean Richardson, Miss Moyra Treasure, Mrs A. T. Millar, Mrs Kemp, Miss Barbara Robertson (ex-officio).

Miss Margot Cosh, 5 Magdalen Place, has agreed to act as interim hon. secretary on the resignation of Miss Borland, who has gone to London.

The following have joined the Club since June, 1944:—

Audrey Allan, Westbourne, Monifieth.

Mrs Margaret Ameberton, R.A.F., Andover, Hants.

Miss E. Anderson, High School.

Elizabeth Baird, 17 Brook Street, Broughty Ferry.

Eleanor Bowen, The Manse, Douglas Ter.

Norma M. Currie, 56 Forfar Road.

Sheila Dick, 1 Cambridge Street.

Miss R. Falconer, High School.

Miss Dorothy Foggie, M.A., High School.

A. Fredman, 15 Springfield.

Louise Gabriel, 38 Lammerton Terrace.

Miss Gladys Gairns, M.A., High School.

J. Grady, 9 Kerrington Crescent, Barnhill.

Miss Aileen Gray, M.A., High School.

Elinor K. Johnston, The Rowans, Invergowrie.

Violet Johnston, Cunmount House, Kingennie.

Joyce Keddie, 7 Marchfield Terrace.

Jean S. H. Kidd, Summerlea, Broughty Ferry.

Margaret J. Leslie, 417 Strathmartine Road.

Miss Jean Low, M.A., High School.

Helen McLagan, Rustic Bank, Glencarse.

Barbara McNaughton, 44 Glenogil Avenue.

Elizabeth J. Mann, 24 Bank Street.

Miss Mains, High School.

Mrs Marshall, 3 Alton Terrace, Broughty Ferry.

Yvonne Marshall, 14 Kerrington Crescent, Barnhill.

Joyce Murray, 325 Kingsway.

Eunice Richardson, 2 Law Street.

E. G. Ross, 10 Wortley Place.

Miss Swan, B.Sc., High School.

Cynthia Swayne, 5 Adelaide Place.

Mrs Annie M. Whalley, 6 Craig Road, Tayport.

A. Wighton, 82 Grove Road, Broughty Ferry.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages:—

Miss Nora Allan to Cpl. W. J. Taylor.

Miss Margaret Scott Larg to P.O. Richard Lewis Hammond, R.A.F.

Miss Mabel Matthew to Mr John Ackroyd.

Miss D. Cynthia Miln to Mr A. F. T. Sturrock.

Miss May Myles Keibel Smith to Mr Wm. S. Gray.

Miss Jean Spreull to Major B. T. Howells.

We place on record with regret the deaths of:—

Mrs Henderson, Clarendon Terrace.

Miss Marie Imandt.

Mrs James Nicoll, 5 Oakwood Terrace.

Mrs W. Jackson Young, 47 Summerside Pl., Leith.

Names to be added to the List of F.P.s serving with the Forces.

2nd Lt. William Gillespie, R.E.

Lt. Janet S. Conn, R.A.M.C.

F/O. Irene Gibson, Air Ministry.

Surg.-Lt. James Gibson, R.N.V.R.

Bdr. Gordon S. Hope, C.M.P.

Sign. John E. Hope, A.A.O.R.

Pte. Hamish L. G. Laurie, Royal Scots.

Surg.-Lt. (D) W. Malcolm Ross, R.N.V.R.

Robert Ruddiman, R.N.

L.A.C. Douglas M. Sibbald, R.A.F.

Capt. J. Greig Sibbald, Parachute Regt., Army Air Corps.

Cfn. John F. Sibbald, R.E.M.E.

Pte. William M. C. Skinner, Royal Scots.



Back Row—I. Mitchell. A. Dunn. C. Riddell. M. Paterson. C. McIntosh. B. Gray. S. Carlton.
Front Row—A. Thomson. Miss Coutts. Miss Whytock. Miss Gray. N. Cunningham.



[Photos by D. & W. Prophet.]

Standing—J. J. Adamson. D. W. Duncan. I. E. Cassaday.
Seated—E. A. Robertson. E. A. Menzies, D. G. Paterson. Absent—K. K. Allan.

**Patrol Leaders,
 2nd Dundee (High School) Company Girl Guides.
 Girls' Tennis Team, Session 1944-45.**

**Dundee High School
 Magazine.**

PROMOTIONS

Alexander S. Jack, Black Watch, to Major.
 Eric J. MacKenzie, R.E., to Major.
 Gordon S. Millar, A.P.T.C., to C.S.M.I.
 John B. Millar, R.A.S.C., to Lieut.
 Ian Ramsay, R.A.F., to Squadron Leader.
 Thomas L. Sime, R.N.V.R., to El.-Lt. Commander.
 David Young, R.I.A.S.C., to Capt.

AWARDS

Major James A. Wright, M.C., Black Watch, posthumously awarded Bar to M.C., March, 1945.
 Major Charles W. Cathro, B.W., awarded M.C., May, 1945.
 Major Eric J. McKenzie, R.E., mentioned in despatches, January, 1945.
 Major Robert A. McLaren, A. and S.H., awarded M.C., May, 1945.
 F/Lt. Richard A. Strachan, D.F.C., R.A.F., awarded bar to D.F.C., April, 1945.
 Capt. Edward C. Harley, Royal Tank Corps, awarded M.C., June, 1945.

PRO PATRIA

Lt. William R. Allison, S.A.A.F., missing on 1st March, 1944, now officially presumed killed.
 Sub-Lt. (A) J. A. Ross McIntyre, R.N.V.R., killed in Far East, May, 1945.

Capt. Kenneth J. Burnett, Border Regt., died, as result of drowning accident, on active service in Germany, May, 1945.

Miss H. F. Falconer will be pleased to receive any names of F.P.'s serving in H.M. Forces and any news of promotions, etc., for publication in next School Magazine.

RETURNED PRISONERS OF WAR

Lt. Donald M. Colquhoun.
 Lt. Duncan A. Ferguson.
 Pte. Arthur Grant.
 Pte. George Halley.
 Capt. Wallis Heath, M.C.
 Lt. Ian G. Kidd.
 Major Wm. L. Kinnear.
 Pte. G. Alan M. Little.
 Cpl. Ian MacLagan.
 L/Sgt. David A. C. Morton.
 L/Bdr. A. G. Muckart.
 Cpl. J. Muckart.
 Cpl. John Muirhead.
 2nd Lt. Gordon J. Robbie.
 Major J. Graham Ross, D.S.O.
 Major Fred Scott.
 Cpl. Edward Shepherd.
 Capt. David A. Simpson.
 Lt. R. Ogilvy Smith.
 Capt. William C. Smith.
 2nd Lt. James H. P. Scrymgeour.

Reports.

Cricket Club Report

The weather was rather unkind to us at the beginning of the season, so that we had to tackle our first few matches with only an afternoon's practice. This was unfortunate as our first three matches were against the stiffest opposition we shall meet this season.

Our next match, however, proved to be definitely in our favour, and the team regained its confidence. We are keenly expectant of winning our remaining matches.

Only five members of last year's first XI. have remained in the team, but the keenness of the others makes up for their lack of first XI. experience. The batting and bowling of both first and second XI.'s is good, and although the fielding might be improved, it is not due to lack of enthusiasm. Next year's first XI. should prove formidable.

Finally, thanks are due to Mr More, as President, and Mr Stark, as coach, for their unbounded interest in the teams, and all members of the staff who have given up their time for our benefit. W. S. T.

Cricket Caps, 1945—William S. Taylor, Graham R. Leddie, Dickson Wilson.

Tennis Club Report.

The tennis team has been quite successful again this season, despite very limited practice due to bad weather. So far we have had two matches with the Harris and one with the Morgan. We won two of these matches, and the third, with the Harris, was a draw.

The team is as follows:—E. Menzies (capt.), D. Paterson, E. Robertson (secy.), D. Duncan, K. Allan, I. Cassady, J. Adamson (reserve).
 E. Robertson, D. Duncan, K. Allan, I. Cassady.

We were again fortunate in getting, on two occasions, sound coaching and advice from Miss G. East.

The senior tennis tournament only included the over 14's this year, as Mrs Crystal has kindly gifted the juniors a cup of their own. It was won by Y. Cassaday, and the senior cup was won by E. Menzies. The Victoria Day American Tournament was a great success this year. It was won by A. Scott and D. Paterson.

We should like to thank Miss Whytock for her never-failing interest in our activities, and Miss Foggie for coming to encourage and coach us whenever the weather gave us half a chance to practice.

E. A. R.

Golf Club Report.

The Golf Team this year has been unfortunate in only having one of last year's team available. The lack of practice, together with the shortage of materials for play, has also militated against the success of the team. So far, we have lost all our three matches, including a 6-0 defeat from Morgan, who were beaten last year by 4 matches to 2. However, we are getting our swings grooved, and are hopeful of doing better in our matches to come.

The Boase Medal was played in good weather and a fresh west wind on Wednesday, 30th May, and was won by John Blair with an 85. The Pirie Handicap Cup Competition, played in a more leisurely manner these past two years, is not yet finished.

It is only due to the true keenness of the now few golfers in the school that we have been able to have a team at all this year. Next summer, with more balls, clubs, and time, this year's team, all potential match winners, should be a redoubtable side.

J. S. G. B.

Swimming Report

Another successful swimming term is drawing to its close. Interest has never flagged, and the keenness shown by the junior classes augurs well for future years. This is particularly evident since, at the Annual Swimming Gala on Tuesday, 5th June, Ismay Kerr, of Form II., by a good performance won the Girls' Senior Championship. H. B. Gibb came out an easy winner amongst the boys. The girls' Junior Championship was again won by Maureen Wadsworth, and the Boys' Junior Championship was keenly contested and eventually won by Michael Miller.

Mr Alex. Robertson presided at the Gala, and Mrs Robertson presented the trophies.

Thanks are due to Miss Whytock, Mrs Livingstone, Miss J. S. Brown and Mr Gibson for their keen interest and active support during the term.

E. M. D.

Cadet Report

During the summer term the Company has paraded at Grounds on Fridays, and has made progress in training. Work for "Certificate A" has occupied most of our time, and in the examination on the 27th May a very satisfactory percentage of the cadets passed.

The Annual Inspection of the Company took place on the 25th May. The Inspecting Officer was Lt.-Col. Murray, who is Commander, Tay Sub-District. After taking the salute at the march past, he watched the routine training of the cadets under their N.C.O. Instructors, and expressed his great pleasure at the very high standard of smartness and efficiency of the Company. Finally in a talk to the cadets, Lt.-Col. Murray stressed the great importance of cadet work, in peace, as well as in war.

Our shooting teams, both Junior and Senior, have done very well this past term, and in the "All Britain contest" distinguished themselves notably.

Camp this year will be held at Barry, and although rather near home, we are hoping to find it no less attractive than past camps.

Our thanks are due as usual to all our officers, and particularly to our Company Commander, Major McLaren, who devote so much time and energy to our training and welfare. To Pipe-Major McLeish we are also grateful for the keen and kindly interest he takes in the Band.

A. D. E. S.

Through the kindness of Doctor T. Sprunt, the Annual Camp Piping Competitions will be renewed this year. We wish to thank Dr Sprunt who, yearly, is to present a prize for the best Junior and the best Senior piper.

Guide Report.

Guide work has continued throughout the term as usual. At the present moment the Guides are going in for their proficiency badges. Last week the four P.L.'s, who are going in for their First Class Badge, went for their half-day's hike. Each Patrol Leader took two Guides with her. Miss Mudie joined them later and inspected them.

The term's activities include the Sports, held as usual at the High School Grounds, also a parade in St Mary's Church.

We are very sorry to hear that Lieut. Coutts is leaving us this year. She has done invaluable work. We shall miss her particularly at "badge times," when on several occasions Lieut. Coutts must have put in many hours of somewhat tedious labour. We give her our sincere thanks.

N. M. C.

Ranger Report.

As the summer term is now drawing to a close, arrangements are being made for camp, to be held at Fincastle House, near Blair Atholl, from 30th June till 9th July. We are glad to see that most of the Rangers are taking this chance of going to camp, because it forms a most important part of the H.E.S. training. Miss Swan, Miss Gray and Miss Low have kindly consented to join our camp.

Our first outing this term was to Auchmithie, where we stayed at the Youth Hostel. Owing to examinations, only a few Rangers were able to attend this week-end trip.

Captain Mudie had been fortunate to get a corporal from the Royal Corps of Signals to teach us Morse. Already we have been instructed in both sending and receiving messages.

The larger part of our H.E.S. training is now complete, and several Rangers are going up for their test in the autumn.

The Company was further honoured this term when the four Patrol Leaders were asked to serve tea to army officers who were inspecting the Cadet Company at the Grounds on 25th May.

We are also entering a senior team for the Guide Sports this year, which are to be held at D.H.S. Grounds on 15th June.

A new Patrol Leader had to be appointed this term for the Wolf Patrol. B. Robertson was elected, with A. Marshall as her second.

To finish, we would like to thank Captain Mudie and others who have helped us in training, etc., throughout the first year of the 2nd Dundee Ranger Company.

J. P.

Best Possible Quality at
all times



ANDREW G. KIDD Ltd.

Bakers and Confectioners

Registered Office and Bakery

5 LYTTON STREET
DUNDEE