THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

No. 95 APRIL 1946 SIXPENCE

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Editorial

ONCE more Spring has come, and throughout school "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" are being welcomed vociferously and, in spite of sore throats and lost voices resulting from our "spring" weather, we hear at every step that our would-be Japanese friends from "The Mikado" are progressing favourably.

Tension has gone from the school — the "Leavings" are over, and no longer are sweating brow and pallid face to be seen bowed over Science, Latin or Maths. Form V. has heaved sighs of relief, lifted weary heads and has plunged into a round of gaiety in celebration of the battle which has been fought and, we trust, won.

Speaking of gaiety, we remember the Christmas Dance and the lovely ladies and handsome men who let themselves go in evening dresses and bow ties. In spite of torn frocks and wilting collars, the dance went off uproariously under the able direction of our popular Masters of Ceremony, Mr Wardlaw and Mr Wood. To follow the success with another, Form IV. are once more showing their initiative in holding another dance at the end of this term, the proceeds of which will go to the funds of the Scottish Red Cross Sanatoria on Deeside.

We notice with sadness that our suggestion of turning the water tank into a bathing pool is not to be taken. But it is unlikely that we shall see the end of it for some time as our workmen have a hard job in front of them. Even yet our budding Nancy Riachs and Johnny Weismullers may astound Dundee by their feats of swimming.

Another sad loss must be mentioned—that of the case of animals in the front hall of the Boys' School. Its loss has been mourned as there is now nowhere to put cases at lunch-time. The animals, however, have been turning up all over school, and we notice especially a penguin to which Mr Wardlaw is extremely attached.

The front hall has been painted, and this year has been started off bravely with the school, or, rather, part of the school shining brightly. The next thing to do is to attend to the roof of the Hall. That drooping ceiling paper has fascinated many eyes during many prayers. Let us hope that the good work started in the Boys' School will be extended across the road.

We are now well into this first year of peace, and many F.P.'s are once more visiting school after years in far-off lands. Some of their experiences have been gathered together in this magazine, and the editors wish to thank them for the trouble which they have taken in writing these articles. The High School has been represented in many campaigns during the war, but it is only now that we are hearing many of the stories of these days which are now past. To everyone of these men and women who have helped to add to our Roll of Honour we wish the best of luck in this era of peace.

School News

WE wish to draw attention to the list of names of Old Boys and Old Girls who served in the Forces during the War. This supplement to our magazine has been made by Miss Helen F. Falconer, and has been published at the request of the Committee convened to honour their service. Would those concerned please read Miss Falconer's note at the end of this magazine?

* * *

We record with appreciation the gift of a Bible for use in the school in memory of the Very Reverend Dr Adam and Mrs Philip, formerly of Invergowrie.

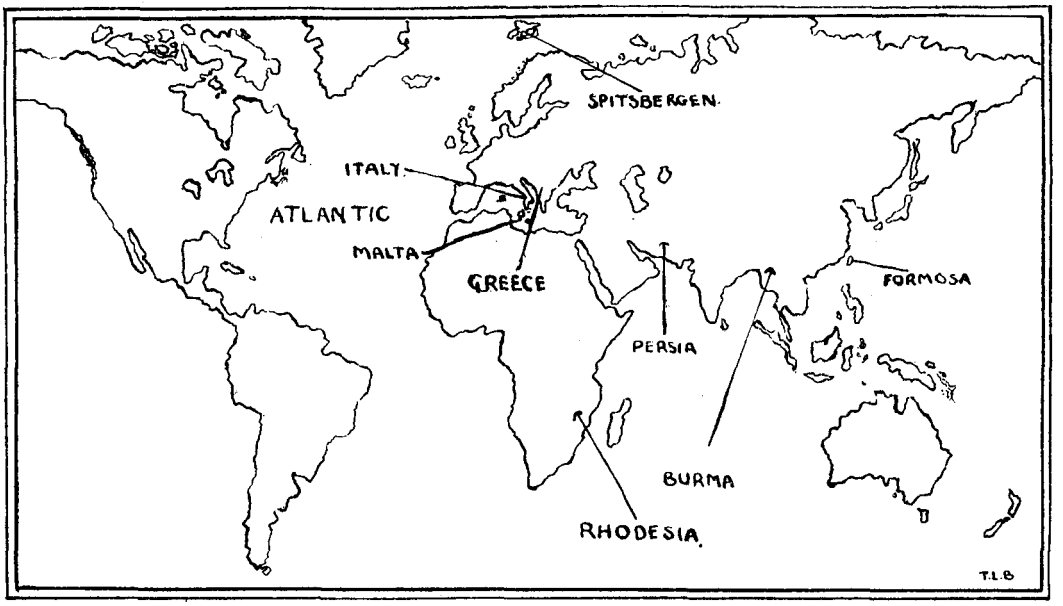
* * *

The deaths of two notable High School masters, Mr James Mackie Smith and Mr Robert MacKenzie, are reported in this issue. Both names to the present generation of schoolboys and girls are legend, though Mr Mackenzie is the nearer to us in memory. We remember their lives and work with gratitude. We are reminded of both by recent gifts to the school. In our last issue we recorded the gift of a set of High School Magazines from Mr MacKenzie. In this we give thanks to Dr Winifred Smith, the daughter of the late Mr Mackie Smith, for the gift of an etching press to the Art Department. This press was presented to Mr Mackie Smith many years ago by his colleagues.

* * *

Warmest congratulations to the Rifle Club for their success in winning the Mitchell Trophy. We publish the photograph of the winning team in this issue.

"Frae a' the Airts"



NORTH	*Spitzbergen*	-	Lt. Alan T. Peacock, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.
SOUTH	*Italy* - -	-	Lt. Ian S. Kidd, A.&.S.H.
	Malta - -	-	Lt./Comm. (A) Graham M. Patrick, M. in D., D.S.C., R.N.V.R.
	Rhodesia - -	-	Fl./Lieut. D. Gordon McCall, R.A.F.
EAST	*Greece* - -	-	Major Murray H. Cochran, M. in D., B.W.
	Persia - -	-	Captain I. David Recordon, R.A.M.C.
	Burma - -	-	Sgt. Ian P. Bruce, R.A.
	Formosa - -	-	Capt. George Blair, R.A.M.C.
WEST	*The Atlantic*	-	Lt. (A) James M. Hutton, R.N.V.R.

Spitzbergen

Dear Mr Bruce,

WHAT a task you have set me! Unfortunately their Lordships at the Admiralty did not let me keep a diary of day-to-day events, but I'm rather glad in a way, because many of the entries would be monotonous monosyllabic half-mutterings — " snow " or " cold and wet." Brrr! However, let me tell you about one of the brighter moments when we weren't bucketing up and down the Murmansk " club run " and when we had more consolation than just the thought that U-boats and aircraft chasing us were having just as bad a time as ourselves. Let me tell you instead about Longyearby. (78 degrees 12 min. N., 15 degrees E.)

Now that you've found it, on the Atlas behind your desk, nestling in the upper niche of cleft Spitzbergen, just repeat the name again. Doesn't it sound enchantingly mysterious? Long-year-by — I've never dared to find out what it meant in case I suffered the awful disillusionment of years ago when I first repeated " Erehwon " backwards! But it is just about the last place on the road to nowhere, and when you glide up on the tip of the Gulf Stream's tongue, past the towering ice mountain on the port hand and into Ice Fiord, you enter a land of mystery and Longyearby is its gateway.

What do people do, stuck up there? There are people there, I suppose, you ask? Long years back they discovered coal at Longyearby. You could just pick it off the ground

like pebbles off a beach. So they sent miners from North Norway and the coal went back to supplement the scarce wood fuel in Tromsö and Hammerfest. (They tried to export the coal to Scotland, but when they opened the holds at Methil there was only coal dust there!) When the Germans occupied the Norwegian mainland in 1940, our friends across the North Sea had one little spot left which belonged to them. They kept a small garrison to look after the mines, collect valuable meteorological and other information which they transmitted to Great Britain. They took a pride in still being on native soil.

But to be garrisoned there too long had its dangers. In 1940 they had to set the mines on fire in case the Germans came. They are smouldering to this day. In 1943 the "Scharnhorst" and "Tirpitz" came out for some target practice at the mining installations by Longyearby's tiny jetty. The battleships opened up with their secondary armament. A single Oerlikon gunner raked their decks from the foreshore. In August, 1944, a U-boat surfaced in the Ice Fiord and sent a landing party ashore, but they were beaten off; the only damage caused was to a small motor-boat, but it was their only one. So when the ice line receded to the North Pole crest, and the days got longer, we sent reliefs and supplies, and took back those who had lived through the winter of perpetual night.

That's why I happened to go there. About a fortnight after D-Day, when my friend K. and I had got over the disappointment at not being in the Channel, we found ourselves looking over the stern on a 6-in. cruiser in the Forth of Clyde. We had already noticed the Norwegians on board; our eyes were following the lay of a hawser towards what appeared to be confirmation of our speculations about this trip—two landing craft! However, it wasn't a second invasion after all. It was to be a real Arctic expedition as we soon found out. Further examination revealed food packing cases, medical stores and all sorts of paraphenalia which made H.M.S. J—— look rather like her untidy cousin, a cargo ship. The relief troops lined the guard-rails, paced the deck or sprawled over their piles of gear playing cards. Most of them had been to Spitz before, some were the miners of the island in khaki disguise. They were killing time. They were impatient.

It took us five days; weather fine, sea and swell moderate, no confirmed U-boat contacts and German aircraft carefully but neatly dodged. This was a fast job of 22 knots, based on an official zigzag course with scope for all the embellishments of high-speed manœuvre that the "straight ringers" revel in. The captain rubbed his hands at all the extra work he was giving our destroyer escort as they jockeyed into quarter line or fell astern to form up in line ahead. This was the real stuff after convoys, where a senior officer might have to fly his flag in one of those dreadful converted "banana boats"—the escort carriers! But most of us were content at being on an adventurous, 1800-mile trip at 16 knots more than we were used to, and a certain pride at going further north than any of our cruiser squadron had ever been.

Our only visitor in the whole of our wide sweep across that frightening expanse of cold sea was a Greenland Owl, that huge bird with talons long enough to gore a rabbit and a wingspan approaching that of a Ju. 88. (We thought it was one at first.) He touched down, exhausted, on our spinning radar aerial, 300 miles from the nearest piece of land, having picked on possibly the only bit of shipping in 14,000 square miles of the Arctic. It flew off the next day when it saw the great glacial tower in the distance at the entrance of Ice Fiord. It disappeared towards the north-east, to where the expectant garrison would be watching on the quay at Longyearby, as they would have been for days now, listening in the silence for the throb of our engines.

The bird was our messenger.

They would now soon know of our coming.

ALAN T. PEACOCK.

Italy

I COULD yarn for hours about Italy; about the backward South, with its rolling hills and scorching sun which beat on us as we toiled north until our very equipment was as soaked as our shirts; of bitter nights in the Appennines when we prayed for dawn; of the black, swift rivers which cost us so many lives; of the grapes and the figs, the fleas and the malaria; of the people as varied as the beauties of their wonderful country.

Italy is a land of contrasts and extremes. Their mountains seem higher as they drop

precipitously into deep valleys; there is no mean between the coastal strip and those same mountains; ancient buildings and yet more ancient customs are side by side with the most modern flats and implements; extreme riches have poverty as their neighbour; and filth makes a people contemptible in a land of surpassing beauty.

Let me tell you the tale of how I first set foot on this land, in the Eighth Army's crossing of the Straits of Messina. It was no cut-and-thrust, bloody operation, so I warn you not to expect an account of a hair-raising battle, but it was exciting enough, and every moment of it is clear-cut in my memory as a hill in the Mediterranean Sea.

At the end of August, 1943, our battalion was lying thankfully at the kindly foot of Mt. Aetna in Sicily, recovering from wounds and malaria, joking with the country lasses, and enjoying lazily the dusky vines and the view over the pink and white shimmer of Catania to the blue of the Mediterranean beyond. At last the peace was broken. We were told we were to head another assault landing. Routine began at once, and last-minute training for reinforcements. Air photographs arrived of beaches and objectives which we memorised. My Company, " D," was made a spear-point company, with John of 17 Platoon landing first to clear the wires, and then myself going through to take objectives. Finally " Monty " spoke to us and promised us beer " on the other side." We were ready for — where?

One black night we left Catania harbour in landing craft and crept up the Straits. We did not know where we were going, we could not see where we were going, and excitement was mounting even although we realised we were merely transferring to our final jumping-off stage. A light flashed for an instant on our left, but so suddenly in that silent blackness that everyone winced as if a gun had been fired. In another moment the craft grated on the beach of a Sicily we had not even seen approaching. Over the beach we filed, across a road, and were piloted into a maze of dense groves on the hillside. We had to strain to see the man in front, and muffled a curse as we struck a stone or were jabbed viciously by an invisible tree. The line stopped. We dug in and dropped, suddenly dead tired, into the holes.

Next morning we saw where we were, a few miles south of Messina, and, across a mile or two of blue water, Italy rose high, mysterious, and for the moment peaceful. So that was it; we were to cross by the quickest and most obvious route. All morning we spent examining through glasses the three ravines which were to mark the three landing beaches, and I am sure I could still go over that ground confidently in the dark. Then followed a final check of arms and ammunition, and there was nothing more to be done except wait.

Merely waiting, that was all, but as usual it was the worst part of the battle. As the sun turned afternoon into evening, the battalion fidgetted and cursed uneasily at the delay, and when darkness fell the silence was even more unbearable. A Sicilian, who had obviously had one over the eight of the local vino, blundered on us singing throatily. Someone snapped at him to shut up, and we were back to the silence again.

The order to move came at last, just after midnight, and we picked our way down to the beach where the landing craft were already lined up. A naval officer was introduced to me. " I'm taking you over," he grinned. " A bit chilly to-night, isn't it? If you pile your chaps in just before four we can chug across."

The tension had broken, and we slept for a couple of hours on the cold sand in our equipment before taking our place in the L.C.A.* Large fires had started burning on the Italian hills which we did not like, but we were on our way now, and marshalling on the water. There was absolute stillness. Suddenly behind us three guns fired as one—crack—and three tracers fizzed over our heads giving directions to the three beaches; not another sound followed; crack, went another three exactly as before; silence; crack, and a final three arcs dragged in their wake complete quiet. My spine began to creep. This certainly was a dramatic way of fighting a battle.

Then every gun in Sicily seemed to open up from the shore we had just left, and we could distinguish in addition rocket-firing ships and big naval guns. Jerry was doing a little answering, and the noise made our ears crackle continuously, but, oh, how we infantrymen loved the sound of those guns of ours! We were beginning to enjoy ourselves

*Landing Craft, Assault.

now. The whole of the Straits was reeking with smoke, and we could not see five yards ahead, so the flotilla was becoming slightly mixed in parts in spite of three direction searchlights jabbing the sky from Sicily. I was peering ahead when we rammed another craft midships, and from the impact shot through the guard doors on to the drawbridge. One of my corporals hauled me back. "Are ye hurt, Surr?" he asked grinning. "Ye were a wee bit previous there!"

We were beginning to despair of finding the beach when we suddenly grounded and rushed through John's platoon into cover. I knew at once from the nature of the ground that we had hit the wrong ravine, but at least all the company was together, so we could penetrate on our own account. At that moment an ammunition dump went up on our right, and we spent the next few minutes experimenting in how flat a human being could lie on the ground.

There seemed to be no doubt that the Germans were going back as quickly as possible, but we had to be careful, for I found a belt of tree mines, and we knew there would be many more little surprises waiting for us. As dawn broke, I made out a little hill village commanding the ground before us and was ordered to take it. There were white flags out, but that was another trick we had met before. However, we reached it without incident, and found the few inhabitants left completely shell-shocked. Women were laughing and sobbing hysterically, and even a cat staggered drunkenly before me over the track and was sick.

Charlie with 16 Platoon went off down the road on the left to explore. Immediately there was the purr of machine-guns and the platoon went flat. A moment later scores of Italian soldiers, who had been left behind by the Germans to cover the retreat, rushed forwards and implored Charlie volubly to take them prisoner. Charlie looked disgusted, and, pointing down the road towards the beaches, told them to try and surrender to someone else who had more time. So off they scrambled, intrigued by this new game.

Well, there my story ends as the other two brigades went through us, and took the lead. On the following afternoon I climbed to the top of the headland on the very tipmost toe of Italy, and perched on the battlements of an old castle looked over the Straits to the beauty of Sicily stretching south to where I thought I could see Aetna which held so many of my memories. When at last I turned to my right towards the coastline of Italy, winding north to the unknown, the sun went down into the unforgettable blue of the sea, and the hills turned first hazy and mysterious, and then black and threatening, and I fell to wondering what adventures lay beyond them, what hardships, what losses, and I was glad I did not know.

IAN KIDD.

Malta, 1942-43

Impression I.

"YES," said the submarine commander to his midshipman passenger, "it is an island of churches, chapels and road-side shrines." The submarine, on passage between Gibraltar and Malta, was about to enter the "swept channel" through the minefield round the island, and the navigating officer was endeavouring to establish the submarine's position from bearings of the prominent churches as shown on the Admiralty chart. However, as there were many more prominent spires and towers than were shown on the chart, he had called for the assistance of the other officers on the bridge to help him in his selection.

Thus at 8.30 on a fine November morning in the third year of the war, I saw Malta. Considering that it was the only piece of British-held territory for at least a thousand miles, it did not look very impressive. It rather looked as if it did not care whether or not it was a bastion in the defence of the British Empire. It was flat and yellow—all shades of yellow—bright yellow, dark yellow, drab yellow, yellow—yellow and flat. True, it was higher towards the centre, and the cliffs at the edge were broken here and there by sandy bays, yet it was flat—yellow and flat.

I suppose that I had expected or hoped to see a pillar of rock rising from the sea, like Gibraltar — a physical show of defiance capped by a proudly fluttering ensign — a challenge to all her enemies—Malta. And so I was disappointed with this flat, uninspiring little island which, as we came nearer and it occupied more of the horizon, seemed indeed to be an island of churches. It had an air of peace and sanctity. Little square yellow houses and farms; little fields walled with yellow stone; a few scattered trees—quiet and

Back Row—G. Linton. J. Hall. W. McHugh. I. Robertson. D. K. Smith. R. V. Doe.
Middle Row—K. Angus, A. Moore. J. Sharp (Capt.). I. Macbean. G. Mottashaw.
Front Row—J. Blair. R. Chawla. W. Clark. L, Ferguson.

Back Row—H. B. Gibb. H. I. Carlton. A. J. Bowie. A. M. Wanless. A. J. Mackenzie. K. G. Lowson. J. G. Ogilvy.
Middle Row—W. E. Stark. I. R. Scott-Walker. R. P. G. Richardson (Capt.). A. S. McLeish. L. S. Drever.
Front Row—R. O. C. Webster. D. M. Jamieson. A. G. Dick. I. D. McIntosh. T. L. Buttars.

Rugby 1st XV.
Rugby 2nd XV.

peaceful—hardly a movement to be seen. There were no gun emplacements, trenches, barbed wire entanglements visible. There were no army lorries on the coast road, no aircraft in the sky. Perhaps this was the land of the lotus eaters. Perhaps there was no war here. The war seemed far away — very far away.

" Port thirty," shouted the officer of the watch. The submarine heeled round to let a black, horny Italian mine wallow past the starboard side.

Far away?

Impression II.

Reggie and I left Valetta about 9.30 that morning, having missed the last of the two morning buses across the island, and so we had six miles to walk. We went down the main avenue outside the town and overlooking Grand Harbour. It didn't look very grand. The wharfs, almost completely rubble, enclosed a harbour where rusty masts and funnels poked through the water to show that more destruction lay beneath. However, here and there a white ensign fluttered from the mast of a destroyer or minesweeper to show that the Navy was still there.

We walked on up to the houses at the end of the harbour. Here the pavements were obstructed every few hundred yards with piles of stones, some orderly, some the result of yesterday's raids, a tangled mass mixed with beams, doors and all the other component parts of a house. These houses were built of sandstone blocks about three feet long and eighteen inches square. This made the initial clearing of the rubble arduous, but allowed neat walls to be re-erected to keep the rest of the rubble off the road.

We passed the entrances to the deep shelters dug 30 feet below in the sandstone. These shelters, safe from even a direct hit, were probably the main reason why it was able to withstand the Luftwaffe's attack. Round the entrance to each shelter was a pile of chunks and chips of sandstone. These were not the debris of the original shelter construction but that of personal shelters being dug below. These personal shelters were coves hollowed out of the walls of the original shelter tunnel and were made by individuals or families for their own personal use. The work involved was not skilful, nor did it require complex tools, for the sandstone was soft enough to be easily chipped by a light pick or small axe. And thus, thirty feet below the surface, the Maltese families sat in safety and comfort.

Out of the town, we trudged along the deserted road on either side of which lay the Maltese farmers' fields. Often no more than 20 yards square, each was surrounded by a stone wall to prevent the precious soil being blown away to some other field and finally into the sea. How much soil there actually was could clearly be seen where, here and there, a bomb had vainly attempted to form a crater—a foot deep—and six inches of it in rock. In these closely guarded patches, the farmer grew his crops. Here and there in the corner of a field grew a scraggy tree, whilst in others the enamelled dark green of a prickly pear bush made a patch of colour.

However, we were only interested in getting back to the 'drome, and when a donkey cart came up the road Reggie called out to the driver and asked for a lift. The fellow stopped his cart, grinned and pointed to the back of his two-wheeled cart. It was an uncomfortable looking contraption, with only slats forming the main body, but we clambered on thankfully. Thus we rode on a donkey cart in order to be at the airfield in time to fly. Was that the war? Was it Malta? Perhaps it was both.

Impression III.

" R7M, R7M, R7M, R7M . . . ."

Malta wireless station was making its call every five minutes, waiting to give radio assistance to any aircraft that required such aid. We were the only aircraft up from the island that night and we required that assistance, but a broken radio transmitter prevented me from asking for it.

" R7M, R7M, R7M."

The signals were becoming fainter now. There was no doubt but that we had passed the island. Low cloud at about 500 feet hid most of the sea whilst the stars were hidden by more cloud above us. It was very dark and somewhere in that darkness behind us lay Malta, but exactly where I didn't know.

" R7M, R7M, R7M . . . ."

Blast that operator on Malta — 45 minutes fuel left — enough for 60 miles — we might just make Sicily, find our position and get back. Probably we won't make it and we'll end up in a P.O.W. camp, but it's the only hope.

" We've missed the island, old man. Steer 030 for Sicily then we'll find our position and try to get back."

" O.K." said the pilot in a resigned tone of voice.

" R7M, R7M, R7M . . . ."

There goes Malta again — if only I could fix this wireless transmitter — is it this? — or perhaps that is what is wrong. Might be that valve, but I haven't a spare so that can't be helped.

" R7M, R7M, R7M . . . ."

Oh, shut up! — is this wire broken?— what about this switch — that's done it— now will it work — call Malta.

" R7M, R7M, V K8FL . . ."

Did he hear it? . . . . . Yes!

" K8FL V R7M."

Malta, we'll go back!

" C . O . U . R . S . E . . . 2 . 0 . 0 . . . "

" Steer 215 for base," I tell the pilot. " I have a D/F bearing from Malta."

Good Old Malta — Jolly fine island.

GRAHAM PATRICK.

Rhodesia

I SHOULD like to begin this short article with a word of hope for those unfortunates who have suffered, as I did, in the past at the hands of a stony-hearted Editor. Each and every quarter my modest attempts to achieve a little fame, to give the public the benefit of my wit and facile gift of expression were cast with unfailing regularity into the shame and degradation of the waste paper basket. How often have I sneaked into the Editor's room and tenderly lifted my crumpled, sullied gems from their vile surroundings. Now, at last, after many years, my chance has come. So, to all of you whose hopes are flagging, I say, " Be of good cheer." Perhaps your greatness will be recognised some day too.

How should I start? This problem has been causing me no little worry these last few days. Perhaps I should open with what the Americans call "Vital Statistics." How easy to fling in the reader's face fact after fact about Rhodesia, its size, population, history, neighbours, in fact, all the wealth of concentrated detail that can be found in any guide book. Like the guide books, perhaps I should pretend to labour under the misapprehension that people have a perfect thirst for dates, memorials and details. The major snag to this approach (and here follows a shameful confession). I found, despite my year's stay in Rhodesia, I didn't know anything about its size, population, rivers or history. However, I found as I hunted for guide books and information that more and more memories of my sojourn came to my mind. I soon realised that without any outside aid I could only describe a few of my experiences.

Rhodesia is divided into two parts, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, each with a separate Colonial Administration. My only trip into Northern Rhodesia was of very short duration, when one afternoon I journeyed across the Victoria Falls Bridge, over the border into Livingstone. When, therefore, I refer to Rhodesia, I mean Southern Rhodesia, bounded in the south by the Limpopo River and in the north by the Zambesi. Between these two rivers lies a land of amazing contrasts and unique beauty.

Strange to say, as we crossed the border from Bechuanaland into Rhodesia, I felt a little disappointed. Most of us, I think, on the long, tedious sea journey to Africa had spent quite some time imagining, visualising, and wondering what sort of a country we were going to. We pictured a tropical, green, densely vegetated country, with wild animals of all sizes and shapes lurking in the undergrowth. Here, instead, was mile after mile of scrubby, sandy waste with occasionally a kopje rearing up its stony head. In place of green tropical vegetation was brown grass, thorny shrubs and gaunt cacti. Here and there by the banks of a dried-up river were native kraals with very little sign of life, save a lazy curl of smoke from the fires and a few thin, unhealthy native cattle, no snakes, no monkeys, no lurking animals. It didn't take us long to realise how great a blessing it was that Rhodesia was not one vast jungle. Some of us learned later what it was like to live in a tropical paradise. Live is the wrong word, exist is perhaps more truthful, existing, I thought, at times for the benefit of thousands of biting, crawling insects and bloodthirsty mosquitos, hardly able to breathe in the humid heat. In times like these, I would have given anything for the dry healthy Rhodesian climate.

We arrived in Bulawayo after a 2½ days' journey from Durban. Bulawayo's station boasts of the longest platform in Africa, specially built to accommodate the whole length

of the Johannesburg-Beira train. As you step off the train a large bronze plaque inset in one of the walls informs you that " Bulawayo " is the native name meaning " Place of Slaughter." It would appear that a very bloodthirsty native chief called "Lobengula" had his headquarters in this place and from time to time would hold the odd slaughter to escape from the boredom of a peaceful, idle existence. Lobengula, I have been told, was a man with many wives—there may be some connection!

The first sight of Bulawayo as you leave the station is a little puzzling, for your eyes would have you believe you are in India. The streets are full of Indians with their red "tarbooshes," and the women folk in saris, and above the shops are such names as Ram Chatu or Parshotam. Curious as to this anomaly, I made enquiries and found that Indians form a relatively high proportion of natives in Rhodesia. The Indian has a flair for setting up business and cheating the less intelligent but much more honest Matabele native.

During our initial training in Bulawayo we grew to know and like the countryside. We were introduced to a form of training aptly nicknamed " Bunda Bashing." We were transported miles out into the country, split up into parties of five and six, given a map and compass and told to find our way to some meeting spot where transport would be waiting to take us back to camp. Each trip we made the distance was increased until eventually we travelled twenty miles or more, pushing through scrub, scrambling down and up the banks of dried-up rivers, climbing kopjes, and discovering everywhere new beauty. It was on these journeys we came across the large green grasshopper three inches long, the small hordes of locusts (roasted and eaten as a delicacy by the natives), the flocks of guinea fowl and the strange long-legged Secretary Bird on the hunt for snakes. Occasionally we would startle into flight a small buck and send it fleeing for cover. All over the Bundu are scattered " ant hills," some as high as ten feet. The tops of some had been broken into by ant bears in their night marauding expeditions, revealing inside a wonderful system of galleries and tunnels.

Many of these expeditions used to end up at Matopos Dam. How thankfully we used to sit down on the veranda of the hotel, dusty, hot, dishevelled, but triumphant, and survey the beauty of the spot Cecil Rhodes chose as his last resting place. It is here he would sit and visualise the future of the country he founded. Rhodes is buried at the top of a huge granite hill, so smooth on one side that it is almost impossible to climb. His grave is surrounded by huge stones, round as sea pebbles and large as houses. From the summit you can see a world of rough, grey rocks spattered out on a desert landscape as if idly thrown down by a giant hand.

During the latter stages of our training we sometimes carried out cross-country flights to " Zimbabwe," about 200 miles from Bulawayo. At Zimbabwe, near Fort Victoria, you find the unsolved mystery of Rhodesia, the " Zimbabwe Ruins." Here are the ruins of massive buildings, built of granite blocks. Who were the builders? Phœnicians, Persians, Parsees or Bantu? Nobody knows. Some investigators have dated the building of these ruins as far back as 2000 B.C. The main ruins lie in a valley, while overlooking the valley is a high granite kopje known as the Acropolos. On its summit rise the high outer walls of another strange mass of ruins, a maze of stone walls with queer narrow passages winding in and out among the huge boulders. I can remember flying round and looking down on the ruins, trying to picture them as they were some 2000 or 3000 years ago. Perhaps it was a vast palace where some potentate held his court or perhaps a temple where strange rites and sacrifices to gods now unknown were carried out. Time and petrol were running short and I knew my instructor was much more interested in my safe return than idle conjectures about the mysteries of the past.

I made only one short trip to Salisbury, the administrative capital of Southern Rhodesia, a delightful town situated in the midst of wonderfully fertile country. All around are valleys and fields of maize, fruit farms, tobacco farms, flowers of such beauty that they defy description by my meagre pen. Nearly every garden in Salisbury has in season trees laden with fruit, oranges, limes, lemon or guava. The avenues of Salisbury are lined with trees which, in bloom, are covered with a mass of blue or red flowers, a wonderful sight. How pleasant to sit in the cool of the evening listening to the incessant chirping of the crickets and watching the magnificent sunset,

I fear I have exceeded my allowance of 1000 words, yet I cannot finish without some mention of two famous spots, one in the East, the other in the West.

In the east, on the border of Portuguese East Africa, is Umtali and the Eastern District. Here is a contrast to the semi-desert of Bulawayo and the green fertility of Salisbury. Here is grandeur and beauty amongst the huge mountains and deep valleys of the Vumba Hills. From Umtali with its shining white buildings and broad streets you can look up in any direction to the ever-changing gorgeous coloured mountains. I think, of all the places in Rhodesia, this was my favourite, perhaps because I was reminded by the scenery of the unbeatable beauty of the Scottish mountains.

About the famous spot in the west, the Victoria Falls, I have little to say. If I, for a moment, thought I were capable of describing one tenth part of the spectacle I should fill this and many other pages. What happens to the Zambesi River between Livingstone Island and two miles below the gorge defies any description. It's a strange sensation to gaze at this avalanche of water and realise that your mind just can't assimilate all the wonderful magnificence of the scene. I shall never forget the sight of the falls seen from the Rain Forest at full moon.

Journeying up the Zambesi River in a canoe I found the Africa I had imagined. Trees, covered with creepers, overhung the river, their branches alive with monkeys of all sorts and sizes. Occasionally we would pass a sleeping crocodile basking in the sun or another effortlessly sliding down into the water. Now and then a hippo. would raise its head and yawn or swim around with a calf precariously perched on its back. After we had passed through the game reserve and seen giraffe no more than ten feet away, zebra, roebuck, impala and hosts of other animals my cup of experience was overflowing.

I would like to say this to all would-be travellers, you may travel all over the face of this earth, but in this one country no more than 400 miles square, you will find enough experiences to last a lifetime.

GORDON MCCALL.

Greece

IN the early days of December, 1944, my battalion was rather uncomfortably ensconsed in the transit camp at Taranto awaiting transportation to take us for a much needed rest to Palestine.

Shipping arrived and, like a bolt from the blue, news came that our destination had been changed and that we were now heading for Greece—and trouble. Two days went by, and we found ourselves lying in the bay opposite Piraeus. The sun was shining brightly over the port, and the Acropolis could be seen in the distance — everything seemed at peace — then the sound of mortars and machine guns broke the silence.

With thoughts of holiday and rest, no one was conversant with the Greek affairs, and now a voice came over the ship's wireless trying to explain exactly who E.L.A.S., E.A.M. and the different political parties were and what they represented.

The port was under fire, and with the aid of landing craft we were eventually put ashore to the east of the main Athens road. Then followed a few weeks' hard work, first street clearing and later patrols in the hills.

Our first impressions of Athens was good, mainly I think because so many of the Greeks could speak English and everyone seemed so willing to help. Athens, once settled down, was an attractive city, clean and tidy. House planning did not seem to exist. The builder just seemed to choose a spot, build, and then put a wall round. The result was that frequently a beautiful house in all respects found itself surrounded by a number of poorly constructed buildings.

Shops seemed to be full—with things now almost unknown to us — watches, cameras, everything except food. Prices were, however, in these early days, prohibitive, with the drachma standing at 600 to the pound. This has now, I believe, gone up to 20,000 to the pound.

Unfortunately, no good system of rationing was evident, with the result that the man who ould afford to pay, fed well, and the majority of the others found themselves very hungry.

Christmas celebration in the middle of the troubles was impossible, and the army in its elastic way decided that Christmas for us would be February 3rd.

After that we again left Athens, taking the road to Thebes and onwards to Khalkis. Once outside Athens the roads rapidly deteriorate and almost equal the worst of our farm roads. So they are throughout most of Greece. Bands of men, women, and children could be seen at infrequent periods trying to repair the roads, but their only available material was earth from the fields. The country was very hilly, and the hills barren, the only really good cultivation being along the river beds. Our job was now that of village survey.

Many of the villages are built well up in the hills and are, therefore, for a part of the year cut off from the outer world. A number of them were totally destroyed by the Germans and only the empty walls are left standing. The utility homes of some of these people appeared to be haystacks with the inside removed. Conditions were mostly very poor, and the main diet in many cases at the end of a hard winter was walnuts. Each village has its headman and village committee, and the usual practice was for the survey patrol to stay the night at the village while the officer in charge interviewed the committee.

I found myself thinking often that some of these people were so dulled with the recent years' sufferings that they had ceased to care. I was once told by a Greek that Greece was like a child with a big head—the head being Athens, and how true I often used to think that statement.

At this time no railways were running in Greece. Very little rolling stock remained intact and practically every bridge had been blown up. I did later see a small line opened at Patras, and when the first train arrived it had a tremendous welcome, a welcome which I am sure must have rivalled in enthusiasm the opening of the North American Railway. Privately owned lorries were few, and as no spare parts were available they seldom managed a journey without encountering numerous breakdowns.

From Khalkis we moved to Lamia, and from there frequently visited the famous hot spring nearby.

This spring comes out of the rock wall nigh at boiling point and comes down in a rivulet to a small bathing pool and bath house. Despite the fact that one got just as dusty travelling back to camp we enjoyed these trips.

Jamina, near the Albanian border, received us next. At Easter, here as elsewhere in Greece big celebrations took place for the first time since the occupation. All evening the streets were thronged with people, and as darkness came down everyone lit enormous tallow candles which they carried. Looking down on thousands of these made rather an eerie spectacle. At midnight large processions made their way from the different churches to converge in the centre of the square. Each procession was led by chanting priests carrying the effigy of Christ. These met at one point, and then the processions slowly wended their way back to the churches followed by the crowd.

Here the prices were more reasonable. One of the best purchases was beautiful filigree silver work. Foodstuffs were costly, an egg being valued at anything up to a shilling. Strangely enough the barter value of an empty tin which had previously held dehydrated potatoes was twenty eggs, and so many a tin changed hands. These tins the Greeks used as containers for goat milk cheese.

The hot weather had arrived and with it the varied smells only to be found in foreign lands. One street which housed seven cafes soon became known to us as the " Street of the Seven Smells."

The prison here, as elsewhere, was more than filled to capacity. The problem is that until you became a convicted person you must be supported with food by your family, and that length of time was often elastic and frequently prolonged.

It was a common sight to see prisoners sitting at the windows holding court to their many friends outside.

Picture shows were held in the open, and one of the stupendous attractions at that time was the silent picture of Ben Hur which was at its best twenty years ago.

There is a very large Turkish quarter in Jamina, the stronghold in former days of Ali Pasha, of whom many lurid tales are told.

With the arrival of the hot weather we established a rest camp on the Island of Corfu —about six hours' journey away—three by road—three by caique. If I were to leave Scotland I think I should make Corfu my home. We were fortunate in being able to take over Mon Repos, a summer residence built for the King of Greece. The people were exceedingly kind to us, and the tennis, bathing and picnics have left many happy memo-

ries. The ex-Kaiser had a large mansion built on Corfu, all the material to build it having been brought from Germany.

I next journeyed to Volos, crossing the Larissa Plain. It was so hot by this time that I journeyed by night. Billets in Volos were hard to find, and it almost seemed that we had outstayed our welcome. Little work other than rather heavy guard duties was done and spare time was spent bathing and sailing.

My time was practically up, and I was quite glad when I was able to cut the traces and start for home.

I tarried a few last days in Athens. I saw the ever admired pipe band play for the changing of the guard at the Headquarters of the Government and the Evzones changing guard on their own headquarters.

Nights were spent at the Cellar, the Argentine and the Miama, and so I said my farewell to Athens and Greece.

MURRAY H. COCHRANE.

A Glimpse of Paiforce

V.E. Day en route to Haifa. A train is not perhaps the place one would choose to celebrate such an occasion, but then one can hardly expect such considerations to interfere with the service machine. And somehow the fact that I was being sent to Paiforce seemed to make up in some peculiar way for the absence of festivities. At that time such was my abysmal ignorance, Paiforce only vaguely meant some out-of-the-way body of men to whom the B.B.C. allotted quite a sizeable part of its Forces Programme. It certainly had not dawned on me that P.A.I. stood for Persia and Iraq; but the gap in my education was quickly being filled in. From Haifa, what seemed almost a toy train took me up through the Palestine mountains and within sights of many well-known Biblical place names to Damascus in Syria, and there I was surprised to find that my journey was to be completed by motor coach. The Nairn desert coaches are, however, no ordinary charabancs, and when I tell you that they travel almost non-stop for twenty hours across open desert and at something like 45 miles an hour, you will realise that something very much out of the ordinary run of buses is required. The coach in which I travelled seated about 30, and owing to the length of the journey the seats could be tipped back at will to enable one to recline and sleep in comfort. The temperature was controlled by an air-conditioning plant, and an attendant was at hand to supply food and drink. This luxurious coach was pulled by a 150 h.p. Diesel engine, and we left Damascus at mid-day one day and next morning I stepped out at my R.A.F. station in Iraq. A large signpost (calculated to either cheer or depress, according to one's mood) announced that whereas London was 3287 miles west, Baghdad was but 55 miles further on. Habbaniya, the R.A.F. station in question, is quite the most elaborate airfield in the world, and is reputed to have cost seven million pounds to build. It is a wonderful example of what modern engineering can achieve, for out of what was not many years ago rolling desert, a man-made oasis sheltering more than ten thousand souls has been made. Using the water of the River Euphrates, which flows by, an irrigation system was evolved, permitting of woods, trees and shrubs to grow abundantly. Everything that human ingenuity could do to make life interesting and bearable has been done: there were facilities for tennis, squash, cricket, football, hockey, riding and many other games: there were beautiful swimming baths and an indoor and outdoor cinema: the quarters were spotless with flyproof doors and electric fans: there was even a hunt, complete with foxhounds! But in spite of it all, the majority of us were not happy. Somehow everything was just too artificial, and one longed for the irregularity of nature and the unexpectedness of a fresh scene without geometrically correct angles. Perhaps the prolonged intense heat did not make for a philosophical frame of mind, but I think an additional factor was that one had a feeling of being quite trapped in a very delightful prison surrounded interminably by sand. Here and there, by the sides of rivers, small villages and an occasional big town rose, almost grudgingly, to break the monotony. But by our standards, everything seemed to be incredibly dirty and squalid, and one saw little evidence of hard work being done to improve conditions. It was hard to realise that this had once been the centre of the civilisation of the world, and that the waters of the Tigris and Euphrates had then been used to support thirty-five million Babylonians, whereas to-day but five million people live in Iraq. When the

ancient empire fell their comprehensive and ingenious system of irrigation was destroyed and was never replaced.

It was with a sense of relief that I heard the news that I was to leave this arid land for the hills of Persia. The very thought of a mountain was pleasurable, and a two hundred mile journey brought me to the foothills of the range which borders Northern Iraq, and thereafter it was a steady and steep climb. The road was a marvel of construction, and had been re-made during the war to take the thousands of ten-ton lorries conveying Allied aid to Russia from Basra on the Persian Gulf through Teheran to the U.S.S.R. Our own Devil's Elbow seems insignificant in comparison with the many hairpin bends and sheer drops of the Shah Pass on the Pai-y-tak, and in consequence engine boiling was the rule rather than the exception. As the road wound higher and higher into Persia, so it grew cooler and the vegetation increased. Our camp nestled in a moderately fertile valley, and although one took a day or two to get accustomed to the altitude of 5000 ft., and although I had exchanged my tiled room for a tent, the sense of freedom experienced was truly remarkable. The Persians here did not have a much better lot than the Iraqis, being little better than serfs, but they struck one as being more contented. The tribesmen in the hills were a very different proposition, and they only stopped stealing from our camp when we mined the wire and let them see we wished to protect our own property. Further north, the country was quite prosperous, and one could not help feeling that under a less feudal system, and a more scientific use of the soil, the lot of the individual could be greatly improved. On more than one occasion I enjoyed hospitality from a village chief and was given a great welcome. The chiefs live in great style, eating from silver and riding the most magnificent horses, their main tasks in life being to adjudicate in the case of disputes and collect taxes from their villagers. It is in these villages, often in almost inaccessible parts, that the famous carpets are made, and often it takes a family a whole year to make a single one. Until recently the dyes were extracted from local plants, but unfortunately this practice is becoming rarer as synthetic dyes become available, with a consequent deterioration in some of the traditional colours.

When my time came to leave Persia it was not without regret, for it offers much to which we in Scotland have grown accustomed—beautiful scenery, rugged mountains and rippling rivers with the addition of a very fine summer climate. As for Iraq — it's not for me.

RALPH RECORDON.

Burma

THE war has done much to sharpen the interest of the British people in the Empire which, for so long, they have taken for granted. Of nowhere is this more true than Burma. Burma became the battleground of the great land campaign of the Far Eastern War, and the floodlight of publicity and propaganda was turned on it. From letters and newspaper articles, from news reels and the radio, the people of Britain began to build up a picture of the country. They became familiar with the mountains and dark, impenetrable jungles which enclose the land in a horseshoe embrace, with the green rice-fields of the Central Basin, with the golden pagodas and shrines scattered over the countryside. The names of the rivers and towns, even the villages, became household words. It is a familiar picture now, but it is not complete. The Burmese, whose land it is, don't come into the picture. Interest was centred on the British, Indian and African troops who were driving the Japs out of their jungle strongholds. If the Burmese were mentioned it was merely to add local colour to the scene. They seemed to be as ornamental as the pagodas. Can we dismiss them, then, without further consideration? There will be grave trouble in store for us if we do: During the closing stages of the Burma campaign I was operating with a Burmese guerilla company, and after the Jap surrender I became acquainted with several prominent members of the Anti-Fascist Organisation, the political party which has arisen out of the resistance movement. From these young officers and politicians I learned much about the people and their aspirations. The problems of liberation are as urgent in Burma as they are elsewhere in the world, and if we are to solve them we must get to know the people and the events which have moulded their character.

Burma was conquered by us in the course of the 19th century. We cannot justify such

an action by our ideas of international conduct at the present day. Sufficient it is to say that if we hadn't occupied the country another European power would. At that time industrialism was rampant in Britain, and it was men of the industrial and commercial classes who came out to develop Burma. Admirable as are many of the qualities of a business man, they do not fit him to guide the destinies of an alien people. The British who went to Burma wanted to get rich quickly, and they found a people who did not understand this obsession for wealth. The Burmese were a peasant folk living under feudal conditions, but unlike the other peoples of the East, they were not troubled with the problem of over-population. There was no great pressure on the land. The vast majority of villagers had their own house and farmland. The monsoon rains watered their fields and the sun ripened their rice-crops. They did not have to toil hard to provide themselves with their simple wants. They could afford to lie back and take things easy. The Bhuddist religion taught them tolerance and kindness, but more, it taught them the transient nature of all material things. Is it little wonder that they scorned wealth? They felt that happiness was complete when they had a house of their own, a wife and children, a cart and bullocks, a set of chess and dice and a bottle of wine.

But in the eyes of the British they were poor men living in a land of potential wealth. Teak and rubber, oil, gold, silver and wolfram were there to be developed. If we had thought first of the interests of the Burmese, we might have overcome their prejudice to any form of work except cultivation of the soil and educated them to share in the development of their country. Unfortunately we were in a hurry, and our industrial policy had no place for them. We encouraged labour and capital to come in from India and China, and soon the industry, retail trade and professional life of the country were controlled by the British, the Indians and the Chinese. Much of the land fell into the hands of Indian landowners, and many of the peasants into the clutches of the money-lenders. Certainly our rule brought many benefits to the Burmese. We gave them peace and justice. We provided roads, schools, hospitals, and irrigation schemes. But the Burmese did not see that. They saw that foreigners were waxing rich in their land and that they were despised because they were poor. In their own country they were of no account, and a sullen hatred entered their hearts against those who had usurped their land. It was that feeling of hatred and frustration which in 1930 urged them on to revolt, trusting in bows and arrows and the ghosts of the departed against machine guns. And still they dream wistfully of the days when they had a king of their own, and forget the chaos and bloodshed which usually accompanied that despotic rule.

While the peasants dream of bygone days, there are others, many of them students, who dream of a future when they will control the destinies of their country. Before the war they were toying with revolutionary ideas. The measure of self-government which was granted to Burma in 1937 seemed to them only to entrench the commercial interests in their position of power. Their political movement went underground with the intention of undermining British rule. Some entered into negotiations with the Japanese, a grave blunder to make but perhaps an understandable one. After all, the Jap slogan of Asia for the Asiatics must have seemed very like Burma for the Burmese.

General Aung Sein, commander of the Burmese forces who assisted the 14th Army, was one of those who went to Japan. He was not convinced of the sincerity of the Japs' promises, but he thought that, if the Japs attacked the British in Burma, there would be a long holding engagement on the frontier during which his army would occupy key positions in the country. The speed and weight of the Jap advance surprised him as much as the British. His plan misfired. The Japs showed no signs of respecting Burmese independence, and once again Aung Sein and his men went underground. They made contact with our command in India and convinced them of their determination to expel the Japs. We provided them with supplies and ammunition, and these guerillas assisted the advance of the 14th Army in a way which has received too little recognition. A ragglе-taggle army, displaying a remarkable diversity of uniforms and armaments, they proved masters of guerilla tactics and made life for the Jap soldiers in the rear areas as insecure as in the front line.

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civilian life, burning with a new spirit of national consciousness, and this awakening has spread to the other sex. Burmese women are demanding a greater stake in the country. They have always enjoyed a remarkable degree of emancipation, and, in the war against the Japs, they played their part, fighting side by side with the guerillas, acting as nurses and teachers and spreading propaganda amongst the peasants. To-day they have their suffragette movement, and I went to a meeting in Rangoon where the battle-cry was one which still rings out in this country, " Equal Pay for Women."

But the women join their men-folk in their eagerness for independence, and their hopes are centred on the Anti-Fascist Organisation. I have touched on some of their grievances and shown their aspirations. These young Burmese realise they must live with the times and that times demand the development of their country industrially. They think that they are capable of undertaking the task. The question is whether they will be content to accept Dominion Status or whether they will hold out for complete independence, if such a conception can mean anything to a small country. Burma needs our help as never before. It would be disastrous for her if we left, but there are hot-heads in the A.F.O. who demand complete independence. If their influence is not to prevail, we must deal sympathetically with the reasonable aspirations of the Burmese. We must put their interests before ours. We must remember they are not ornaments. IAN P. BRUCE.

Formosa

ABOUT June, 1942, I met Pud Fraser, Jimmy Grant, and Bobby Thoms in Singapore. They were the first Old Boys I had met, although I knew that Norman Findlay and Donald Barrie were also there. I learnt that George Graham, now Major Graham, I.M.S., was Medical Officer with a working party in the town. To the best of my knowledge we were the only Old Boys present. I am glad to say that we have all come through safely. In August, 1942, I saw Donald Barrie just before he set off for Japan. I left shortly after, and a description of the journey may be of interest. We were taken by truck to the docks and, after waiting for several hours, we eventually boarded a ship called the " England Maru." We thought we were not too well off for accommodation, but in comparison with most people we had a pleasure cruise. There was nearly enough space for the whole party to lie down. There were 1,100 of us and almost an equal number of Japanese. We lived on the lower deck and they were above us. We were allowed on deck from 9.30 till 11 in the morning, and from 5.30 to 6 in the evening. The Japs had a galley on deck, and we drew a ration of rice and vegetable stew at eight in the morning and at six in the evening. Fortunately we had with us a quantity of bully beef and meat and vegetable ration which we ate in small amounts at mid-day with tea which the Japs kindly provided. This was green tea without sugar or milk but was very refreshing. There were about 350 men in each hold, with a medical officer in each. I was lucky in that I had brought one of my regimental medical panniers with me, and so was able to carry out a little treatment. We reached Keelung, a port on the north-east coast of Formosa, three weeks after leaving Singapore. After disembarkation the party was divided into two groups of approximately 550 each. My party was taken by train to Taihoku, which is the capital of Formosa. From Taihoku we marched about four miles to the camp. It consisted of seven huts each 84 feet long, 18 broad and about 12 feet high. A wooden platform about 18 inches high and 7 feet broad ran down each side of the hut, leaving a space of 4 feet in the centre. This passage was just wide enough for a table, which was 18 inches broad. The camp was surrounded by a bamboo fence nearly 20 feet high, with a moat outside.

The men were employed in making a large ornamental garden of an area of about five square miles. The work was most monotonous, involving the carrying of earth in a seemingly purposeless manner from one place to another. About half the men would dig, and the remainder either loaded the stretchers, or carried them. These stretchers were made of bamboo. Two bamboo poles about seven feet long had a framework of bamboo strips stretched across the centre. The result was an article very like our regulation Army stretcher. Later, when the earth had to be carried a greater distance, a small railway was put down, and the men pushed small trucks along the line.

This meant that they were walking at least ten miles a day, and consequently they became most fatigued. When this work was completed only 250 men were kept in the camp. Men who had been in technical units, e.g., motor mechanics, were sent into the town to work in a locomotive repair shop. These men were in a camp near the aerodrome, a very vulnerable area, but fortunately they had no casualties from bombing.

A scheme was started for making articles from bamboo. I don't think the Japs realised the value of this. It meant that men who could not work outside could do this lighter work. Many types of articles were made, e.g., brushes, waste-paper baskets, small baskets with handles, flat baskets like fishermen's baskets, bamboo doors, beds, and unofficially, things like chop-sticks, knives, forks, pipes, and cigarette holders. I spent almost three years in this camp.

On August 26th, 1945, five Superfortresses, each with the words, " P.W. Relief Supplies," marked on the underside of the wings, dropped food and clothing and, to my great joy, medical supplies. This performance was repeated two days later. On 1st September we were warned by the Japs that an American officer would visit the camp. The following morning two Jap staff cars arrived, and out stepped one of the largest men I have ever seen. He was a naval lieutenant, and was accompanied by another naval lieutenant and and army captain. Their first words were, " Well, boys, you're free." Events moved rapidly after this. Two days later American cruisers and aircraft carriers arrived at Keelung, and by the 6th of September only 90 of us remained in the hospital in Taihoku. That day the cruisers Bermuda and Argonaut with an escort of three destroyers and a frigate came into Keelung Harbour, and immediately navy doctors and sick bay ratings came to Taihoku. They looked at our patients and, after obtaining the necessary information about the patients, relieved us and our orderlies. The following evening we, i.e., the medical staff, were taken to the cruisers. No words of mine can ever express adequately our gratitude to the Navy. They rigged us out with whatever clothes we needed, fed us wonderfully, gave us quantities of Navy tobacco and cigarettes, and in fact did everything they could for us. I had always hoped that we should be taken off by the Navy, and when I saw the White Ensign flying on those ships my dream had come true.

The New Zealand hospital ship, " Maunganui," arrived later, and by the 9th we and our patients were all aboard. The ship sailed on the 12th, and by half-past four in the afternoon we had seen the last of Formosa.

GEORGE BLAIR.

The Atlantic

WAR cannot change the ocean. However long and fierce the battle on its surface and in its depths, the Atlantic looks always the same. The winter gales blow, raising waves to thirty feet to smash upon the deck, sweeping away all that is not secured, men and equipment alike; to toss and roll the ship till its seems impossible that her bow should reappear beyond this largest wall of water and her screw turn aimlessly twenty feet in the air; till nothing can apparently stop her from sinking sideways to the bottom. The sun shines from a cloudless sky upon the level blue water, disturbed only by the bow waves and wakes of speeding ships, and upon the hands in shorts and shoes, seeking its comfortable warmth—and who can say, " Here is war " or " Here is peace "?

No blasted trees, no shattered rows of homes denote the past struggle of violent men. Some patch of oil from a sunken ship, some planks or scraps of clothing are all we see, rarely enough, in miles and miles of water. The ruins of naval war, and they are those of noble men and worthy ships, rest many fathoms down; in enough profusion, God knows, but where we cannot see them.

Who then knows? The seamen do. From unfamiliar convoys they keep watch on every wave and every cloud, for the danger is ever present of a submarine or bombing aircraft. No time to watch the regular pattern of the sea and wonder at the changing sky; all is hostile and must be ceaselessly examined. No longer can they send friendly greetings to a stranger on the horizon. There must be challenge and suspicion. It is safe only to treat all as foes; there is now no easy brotherhood of the sea. And from their tired, straining eyes and the lifebelts continually round their waists, from the endless expectancy of a shudder and bang, the seamen can tell that here is war.

But after the weary crossing, with knowledge of a job completed, of rest well earned

and recreation well deserved, there are new cities to be explored and new people to meet. The Americans are ready to do what they can to entertain their Allies' seamen at theatres, cinemas and watching broadcasts. They are hospitable in their invitations for weekends, to parties, dances and games. The entertaining, friendly sailor soon gets to know the ordinary people of America, especially with his knowledge of their speech, gained from the cinema. He soon learns that they are much as he is; all Americans do not live in mansion houses, the girls are no prettier than at home, even if no allowance is made for their greater selection of unrationed clothing. Americans have to work for their daily bread as we do, in just as bad conditions of crowding and hurry.

Canadians are friendly people, too, and have many similar characteristics to their neighbours. They are proud to belong to the British Empire and even prouder to be Canadians, for it is a poor man who lacks pride in his own, however hard he may be opposing its failures and faults.

But of America and Canada I know only from my friends. It was my misfortune, despite the vast expanse of water that I covered, to visit only three foreign ports, if you can call them that. Anchorage is better.

The first was in Hralfjord in Iceland. Part of the Home Fleet was there waiting for the Tirpitz if she dared to attempt a passage to the Atlantic. We waited there, too, for a convoy to escort, in this narrow fjord, with steep sides rising to two thousand feet. Here and there on our passage up we saw a patch of lesser slope with a few stone cottages and some small ploughed fields. It was a lonely spot, with only a few golden eagles besides the small American garrison, with its usual contingent of jeeps flying interminably along the stone and earth roads. It was too far to investigate the country beyond, if indeed the boulder-strewn, snowbound plateau was worth investigating.

There was little to do except play deck hockey and see the various films which the other ships had on board. But I have one vivid picture in my memory. It is of the perfectly calm water of the fjord, disturbed only by the wake of the motor boat returning from the flagship, reflecting the snow-covered hills half-a-mile away, and bright in the full moon which gave a softening touch to the normally hard grey outline of the warships; a picture of gentle might in that lovely background.

Argentia was much more interesting. The derelict site of a silver mine in Newfoundland had geen given to the Americans as a naval base. Part of the American Atlantic Fleet was there when we first visited it. Round the anchorage was a cliff of bright red earth and rock, liberally covered with dark green fir trees, and across the water a host of launches, barges and motor boats sped with mail, stores, leave parties and visiting officers.

The Americans were very well organised ashore. They had built a small town round their hangars and workshops. Large, airy barrack blocks surrounded the jetties and stores, and shops abounded. To the displeasure of the Newfoundland Government we were allowed to buy what we liked, tax free; tins of fruit, sweets, shoes, dressing-gowns, pens, watches, cosmetics, and stockings were equally available for the Americans and ourselves. They made us very welcome. We were admitted to the cinemas, where they showed the latest films, free, could share steak and chips and fruit salad at their clubs, and use the bus service and the innumerable taxis to be had for the asking. We mixed very well with them, and many pleasant evenings were spent together. One thing they could not understand—although they played soft-ball, a variety of baseball, where there is even more shouting and less action—they could never understand why we wanted to change into sports kit and play a hard game of hockey or football. Whenever we managed to make a pitch, a crowd of amazed Yanks would chew gum and wander along the touch line.

We did not see much of the local "Newfies." The girls preferred Americans, who had more money, and the men were a surly type, rather distrustful of us. But at a little distance, in Placentia, a village of wooden shacks and roads with a little ferry to cross the gulch, we were more than welcome. We could buy sugar and ice-cream and even films from friendly store-keepers.

One week-end twenty of us went camping in the back woods, twenty miles inland. We cut down trees to make room for our tents, and spent three glorious days (despite the November cold) exploring slowly up the river and through tangled, boggy woods and cooking and eating food, (we had at least ten

eggs each) and holding sing-songs beside quite illegal fires. Whether we would gladly have become backwoodsmen if we had had to provide our own food is another matter.

Our only other port was Gibraltar. It was galling to find that there was smallpox in the town and to have to wait four days gazing longingly ashore waiting for a vaccination to take effect. Organised games was the best excuse for getting ashore then with the Naval authorities, and we played an incredibly fast game of hockey on a sun-baked pitch. From there it was easy to climb the rock and see the Mediterranean, Ceuta, Algeciras, where a wrecked Italian steamer was being used as a base for one-man torpedoes, and Le Linea where a hostile gentleman relayed to Berlin the activities of every aircraft and ship in the colony. We saw the monkeys on the rock, fewer than before but still there, playing fearlessly amongst the trees on that sheer cliff.

Entering the town was a little tricky, but the patrols were not to know who were properly vaccinated and who not. Passing through the palms and bushes of the parks, we reached the main streets with well-stocked shops amongst the white and yellow houses. Watches could be had quite easily at a price, and the shopkeepers, most of whom lived in Spain, had many bracelets, necklaces and trinkets, " guaranteed made in Barcelona and Toledo " upon which Jack obligingly spent his money. It was a disaster that the bananas and oranges which were everywhere in the shops and on barrows were unsafe at that time and that cafés were not recommended. It was really satisfactory, however, to see from the returning boat the power of the British Navy, massed alongside the moles resting and refitting before resuming the task of keeping the straits free.

It is more the land round about it than the sea that makes a sailor's life enjoyable. Days of sunbathing on a motionless deck and nights spent rolling sleeplessly about the Bay of Biscay tend, after a time, to lack variety, and even watching from the deck the sea and ships in convoy palls after a while although I was never bored in viewing the same ships from the air. The idea of going somewhere is what makes life interesting. Our battlefield is free from scars already. We shall have to join the others in restoring theirs and help them in that tremendous effort.

JAMES M. HUTTON.

The School Dance

" Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
Will you join the dance."

" WHAT," said the Superior Boy of Form VI, " is a School Dance? Not, as you may imagine, a dance held in school—at least not necessarily. It is conceivable that a dance can be held outside the school premises and still be a School Dance." Quite so, we said—we being the official Reporter for D.H.S. Magazine. In any case on Friday, 14th December, at 7.30 p.m., we had the School Dance.

There were present Mr and Mrs Bain, the Staff, the girls and boys from the Senior Forms of the High School. " Hence," interrupted the Superior Boy, " this was a School Dance. Extract any of the components mentioned and it may be a dance, but *not* a School Dance. Extract " (the Superior Boy was getting into his stride) " the currants from the plum pudding and it may be a pudding, even a steam pudding, but *not* a plum pudding. Likewise remove girls and boys and you may have a dance—a Staff Dance; or remove Staff, and you may have a dance, but *not*——"

" Enough!" we (the official reporter for D.H.S. Mag.) bellowed at the Sup. Boy, F.VI., " we've had enough." We had come to report, but—well—you know, what with Dashing White Sergeants and Ladies' Choice (yes, we were up at that) we simply let the reporting go. We really were enjoying ourselves until—" As I was observing," continued the S.B., F.VI., "the particular charm of these functions is that one meets authority on terms of equality. This is the sole occasion when pupils and staff are together on pleasure bent, and I am rejoiced at the prospect of a festival in which youth is happy in the company of age, and age participates in the innocent enjoyments of youth."

We could endure it no longer. We fled. We hid in the Paul Jones as it swirled upon us. And there were tall boys and short boys, and thin boys, and fat boys; neat boys, expert at the dance, and boys angular, not so expert, but game for anything. And, of course, there were girls, or young ladies, certainly not schoolgirls, in green, and pinks and blues. (Made a shocking error, mistook one of Staff for Pupil!) By comes—what was her name? —Mary, Margaret, Sheila of Form IV. or V. —having the time of her life. Up sails J— of what form? He can do it. He's been at the game for long. Yes, we had a good time, good supper, pleasant company—except, of course, for S.B., F.VI.

But when we got home and had turned into the Editorial bed, on thinking matters over, we were forced to conclude that S.B., F.VI. was very nearly right in what he said. The fun was that we—the High School—were all together, and doing our best to be pleasing to one another. Of course, S.B., F.VI., was not quite right. He'd missed out one thing from his definition of a dance. He'd forgotten the Band.

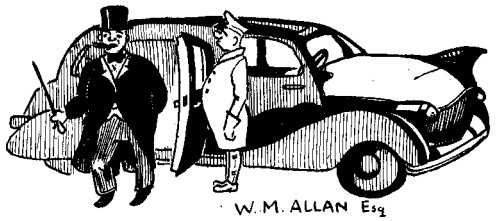
—AND THE PARTY

One hundred and ninety-eight children were at the Party. Now, sisters, brothers, mothers, fathers, think of the noise and confunsion they might have caused. But we did not. We were too busy to be just noisy. We began with a March, then the Grand Old Duke of York and all the rest followed as usual and were as much enjoyed. I don't know which was the favourite game. " The Farmer's in his Den," was played with great enthusiasm, but the " Emperor Napoleon " seemed equally appreciated. There was a rare moment when Nigel Paton, not having been initiated into the rules, examined with mystification the silent faces of the players which by his way of thinking (and that of any other sane man) should have been trolling forth the song. It was all very exhausting—at least for anyone over eight. Mr Wardlaw stood up to it wonderfully well and lasted out the whole afternoon. We were nearly overcome by one finger, one thumb, one ear, sit down, stand up, turn round, keep moving, etc., etc. But the youth of the school performed it over and over and were ready for more. " Sing a Song of Sixpence," " Pop goes the Weasel," " When I had a Motor," " To Push the Business on," " Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley "—the one hundred and ninety-eight went through them all.

Then came the tea or the milk as you preferred. Though we had all brought our own buns, we did not lose much in enjoyment. Afterwards came the cinema show, which was as uproarious as should be. So it was all over; it had gone off just as if it had merely happened. But we have reason to believe that if Miss Brown and all the other ladies whose classes made up the Party—not to mention the extra hands, including Mr and Mrs Bain—had they not been there, the Party would not have gone so well. It might even not have gone at all.

Twenty Years After

AFTER breakfast one morning the idea occurred to me that I should like to visit some of my old school friends. Lighting a cigar, I opened the garage doors and, shouting to the cook that I would not be home for dinner, I started the car and roared off down the drive. Once on the main road, I glanced at the address-book which lay open on the seat beside me. I could afford a day off, for my business practically runs itself, and I am the boss anyhow. The first name my eye lit upon was William Allan, 7 Clive Buildings.



He is a prosperous business man, and Clive Buildings, where he lives, is the most fashionable block of flats in the city.

Leaving the car at the nearest garage parking space, so that I wouldn't have to pay the fee of the usual car-park, I entered the shining main door and took the elevator to the seventh floor; Mrs Allan answered my ring, and with a bright smile ushered me to the study where her husband was. He was standing with his back to the door, gazing out of the window. He came forward smiling, showing many gold teeth, and we shook hands. He was the picture of wealth, fat as butter, with huge rings on his plump fingers. Up here, away from the noise of traffic, with the sun shining brightly in through the wide, steel-framed windows, it was very peaceful. I admired his collection of Picasso paintings, then I left saying that I had other calls to make.

On street-level once more, I collected the car when the garage attendant's back was turned, and drove on out into the country. My next stop was "The Halls," a large white country house where, still enjoying a bachelor's freedom, lived John Hall. Broad lawns stretched in front of the house, and trees shaded the drive. The house-keeper told me that the master was round in the tool-shed. It was there that I found him, rummaging in a large tool-box with an old soft felt hat on his head. After shaking hands, he showed me round his estate. It was of the usual country-house style, with neatly-clipped hedges, white garden-seats and sunken rose-gardens. Be-

yond a screen of blue-green cypress trees, which waved their foliage heavily in the warm breeze, lay the open fields. When I told him that many a tired business-man in the city dreamed of such a house, he said, " Ah, I dare say, but, speaking for myself, I would rather travel abroad, see other lands, customs and peoples." He took me indoors, and to follow up his statement, showed me his library, full of books of travel and adventure. He invited me to stay to lunch, but I declined with thanks, but not without regret, for I thought if Mr Hall's dinners are like his home, then they must be well worth eating!

Behind the wheel again, I was soon speeding once more towards the town. I stopped outside the restaurant where I had promised to meet Ian White. As I had expected, he was late, and it was ten minutes after the appointed time before his slouching, shuffling

figure appeared. He was, of course, full of apologies. During an excellent lunch we talked of old days. Ian had tried several jobs, but had not found one that suited him

yet. At present he is living on some money he made in a sweepstake.

He intended to go and visit his friend, Mottashaw, who had been a partner to him in the ownership of a fish restaurant, and as the latter's present abode was on my route home, I offered to give him a lift. Arrived at his destination, I ejected him forcibly from the car, leaving him standing on the kerb shaking his fist after me. As it was too early as yet to go home, I had a run in the country and arrived home in time for tea.

After this meal I lit a cigar and looked over the entertainments in the evening paper. I had given up all hope of seeing any more of my old school friends that day, so imagine my surprize when another opportunity for this very purpose came my way. This is what it was:— At the Palladium Theatre, the leading comedian of to-day, Jack Taylor!

Letter of Protest

The Editor,
The High School Magazine,

Dear Sir,

It has come to our notice that a street pavement plasterer, a bow-tied brush slopper, a star-staring, crystal-gazing proselyte intends to deface the pages of your magazine and defame the honour of our names. We beg to record a protest against this paper-smoking philanderer. We, the maligned gentlemen are, in fact, honest and hard-working citizens, who have for many years contributed to the well-being of the community. Modesty or the laws of libel forbid our reporting the nefarious activities of MILLAR UNLIMITED, but we request you to clear our name.

Yours faithfully,

IAN WHITE
WILLIAM ALLAN
JOHN HALL
JOCK TAYLOR

The Homecoming

IT had been four years since they had seen their father. Four long years of waiting and hoping. This was the greatest homecoming they had ever experienced.

The train was due to arrive at half-past four. They had been at the station an hour before the time just in case he was early. Perhaps he had missed the train? He might have been recalled to his unit! These terrible thoughts passed through their minds, but they consoled themselves with the thought that that kind of thing did not happen on an occasion such as this.

They began to think what it would be like when their father was home—sitting by the fire talking and recalling memories. They were brought back to reality by the shout of the porter who said the train would be late. They did not mind waiting though. They had waited four years already for this joyful moment. Thoughts arose in their minds of the people who would never see their fathers again, people who would always wait in vain.

A loud scream from the train let them know the time had come. They rushed to the edge of the platform anxiously waiting to see the familiar face. " There he is," they shouted, and he turned as he got off the train. Never had there been such a perfect homecoming.

W. M. A., Form III.

Junior Section

THE NICE DREAM

One night, when I went to sleep, I had such a nice dream. This is what it was. I found myself in a large hall. Elfs and gnomes stood round, who do you think, the fairy queen. She was surprised to see me and asked me my name. I told her, and she asked me to her ball. Oh, what fun we had. When the moon went the faries stopped dancing. They took me home to my gate. Suddenly, thud. I woke up and found I was lying on the floor. Oh what a nice dream! J. W. (L.I.A.G.).

SLEEP

Silence in the courtyard,
The king is fast asleep,
The birds surround the queen as she
Lies in slumber deep.

DORIS YOUNG (L2).

MY KITTEN

I have a little kitten,
And I call him Snowy White.
I leave a saucer full of milk
Out for him every night.
I bought him a ball one day,
And you should just see him play.

KATHLEEN HERON (L. III. G.).

A LIMERICK

There once was an old man of Kent,
Who refused to pay his week's rent.
The landlord said, "Shunt,"
The tenant replied, "Wunt,"
The crazy old man of Kent.

CLIFFORD ALLAN (LIII.).

MY PETS

My pets are very dear to me,
I play with them so happily,
I have a cat, I have a dog,
My dog is firm as any log.

I have a duck, I have a hen,
I keep them both in a little pen.
I have a rabbit and a foal,
But my poor rabbit has no hole.

I have a cow, I have a deer,
But as you see none are here.
It seems a lot—but they make no noise,
For after all—they're only toys.

ELSPETH SWINTON (L. III. G.).

THE FLOWERS

The flowers are all out,
And the poppies in bloom,
And the bluebells are singing
Their quaint little tune.

THE BIRDS

The birds are all singing
To me from their nests,
The gay lark is winging
His way to the west.

I. M. BOYD (L. III. G.).

THE CIRCUS BEGINS

Who does not like a visit to the circus! What a glorious sight is the big striped red and white tent with its enchanting centre. The caravans are gaily decorated with lanterns, flags, and bright ribbons. We will buy a ticket at the door and enter through the bright curtain and past a brass band which is playing its loudest. Suddenly the band stops, and the ringmaster comes in dressed in a tall hat, black trousers, white shirt, and black jacket. E. A. MILLER (L2).

THE RABBITS

At evening when the sun sinks low,
The rabbits to their burrows go.
Some are brown, some are grey,
Some are weary after a long day's play.

Some stay to watch the coloured sky,
Until the darkness is too nigh,
And in their burrows they will sleep,
And there will lie in slumber deep.

JEAN HAY (L. III. G.).

FAIRY GLEN

Down the Fairy Glen,
Fairies live in flowers,
Elfs and little men
Live in leafy bowers.

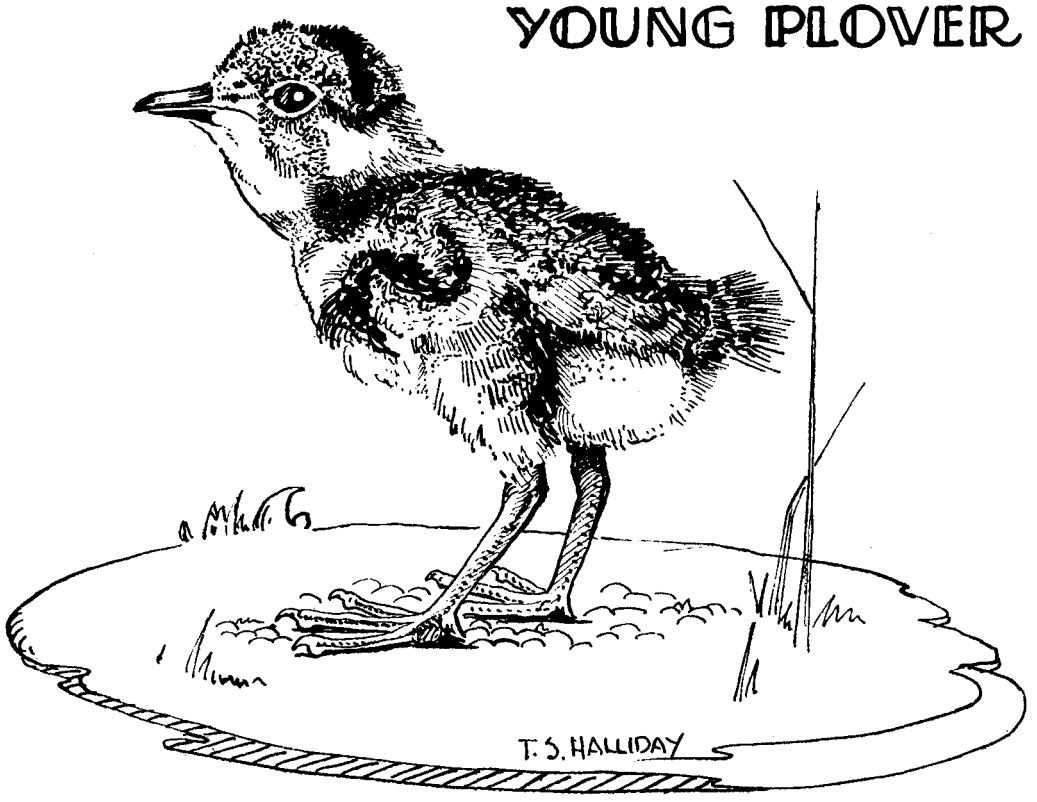
DUSK

In the growing darkness on the hill I stand,
Watching the setting sun.
The wind grows colder on my hand,
Night is coming, day is done.

Oh! what a beautiful sight I see,
Standing here by the cairn.
Down by the village the darkening sea,
Up above, the changing sky.

KATHLEEN ROSS (L. IV.).

YOUNG PLOVER



YOUNG Plovers or Lapwings are usually hatched out in early May, just when grass is long enough to afford them natural cover. They leave the nest almost as soon as they are born. Through their colouring they are extremely difficult to see and will lie perfectly still if danger threatens.

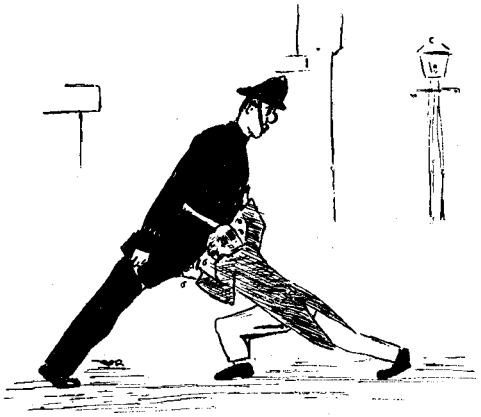
Should anyone approach the neighbourhood of the young birds the parent will behave as though it was wounded in an attempt to draw off the intruder.

HISTORY IMPROVED AND THE FUTURE FORESEEN BY L. III .G.

The next step in wireless telegraphy will be that we will be able to see and hear people sinning.

The Pied Piper was half-yellow and half-red. (In fact, a split personality.—Ed.)

Sir Robert Peel erected policemen. (Some of them are still standing.—Ed.)



PETITION OF RIGHT (LATEST EDITION)

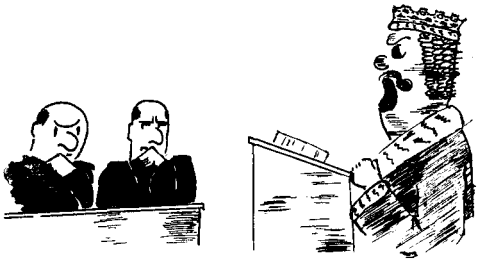
1. No soldier should be billetted or lodged in public houses.

2. No soldiers should be billetted or lodged in a house without the housekeeper's consent.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE STUARTS BY FORM II.

Next year a conference of the clergy was held at Hampden Court. (So that's how the Hampden roar began!)

When the Puritans tried to speak James howled them down.



WISDOM FROM FORM III. BOYS

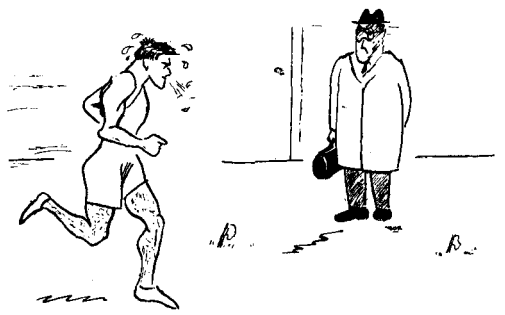
Translation from the French—Joan of Arc had the finest figure in French history.

Q.—What type of music did Beethoven chiefly write for the piano?

A.—Sinatras.

MARVELS FROM THE MIXED FORM IV.

The Prologue



There was also a . . doctor of *physique* (Surely not Mr McLaren?)

News of the Wyf of Bath—" Husbands at Church door she had five."

J.R.—She had at least five husbands who waited at the Church door for her.

Henry of Navarre granted some tribulation to the Huguenots.

FORM V. FOLLIES

Henry VIII. ordered all the monasteries in the realm to be disillusioned.

Elizabeth is the next important Tudor depot.

AND FINALLY FORM VI.

FULMINATING

Mr Laird doing the " Pilgrim's Progress " —" When Christian meets Giant Despair the parallel in life is . . . .

Wanless—" Bankruptcy."

J. A. (at Chemistry doing thiosulphate titrations, which take some time to react)—You should run in 1 c.c. and come back after the holidays.

D.H.S.

Mournful building, dark and grey,
Must we see you every day,
We'll only wait till you decay,
Hateful building.

Like a prison, there you stand,
Dominating all the land,
Were you built by Satan's hand,
Hateful building?

When we see you we perspire,
To see you fall is our desire,
Or watch you being devoured by fire,
Hateful building.

So still we live, but live to hate,
We'd pay to see your ghastly fate,
When you pass through H—'s open gate,
Hateful building.

Buying a Paper

The other day I stood at the corner of a busy street where a rough-looking man was selling newspapers. His chin gave the appearance of late rising and the absence of a razor, while a red nose gave him quite a bibulous look. He shouted from time to time in a raucous voice which had a peculiar grating sound as if he were chewing slate-pencils. His one arm hung loose and his back was round—in fact his whole appearance offered an illustrative point to the Darwinian theory of man's probable descent from the anthropomorphous apes.

At this moment a mild-looking man with a raglan coat and a sage-green fedora stopped to buy a paper. The rough-looking vendor held out the desired paper and proffered his hand to receive payment for the same. The mild-looking man, whose name was inevitably Jones, plunged his hand into his trouser pocket for a coin. From the subsequent expression on his face I deduced that the required coin was not there. The pigmentation in Jones' (I may be permitted to call him this) face underwent an intensification, and he started beating his pockets wildly. It was no use. His haunted face proclaimed that he hadn't a cent on him, but he manfully tried every pocket. He wrenched out an empty note-case and lied. " I'm frightfully sorry, I've nothing short of a pound."

There is something very pathetic about someone who buys an article and whose pecuniary resources are insufficient to meet the cost of it. The sight of poor Jones standing holding the paper with the bestial vendor looming over him touched me deeply. The paperman was beginning to look dangerous. Poor Jones tried to depart unobserved, but the paper-man grabbed his collar. I could stand it no longer. I stepped forward and offered a penny to Jones. He gave a gulp of thanks, shoved the coin at the paper-man and, reckless with misery, rushed on to a passing bus, careless of where it was taking him. How he paid his fare I cannot imagine.

D. DORWARD (F. IV.).

A Highland Journey

The highly pitched, sharp English voices seem sadly out of place in this busy Highland station. The train has just come in and the passengers gladly leave the close crowded compartments. The men from the hills and the glens with their soft, pleasant lilt and wearing rough Harris tweeds, call their dogs to heel and quickly depart—some on foot, others by bicycle, but most of them board one of the waiting buses which will take them to Lochinver or Tongue or even further afield. The visitors from the South make for one of the hotels, or they too board the buses. They look rather odd with their fashionable town clothes and their numerous cases.

The road to the right past the station leads us to the mountains which surround the village. As we look back we see Loch Shin, surrounded by trees, gleaming in the sunlight, and the white houses go down to the very shores of the Loch.

For the next few miles, until the hunting ground of John McNab is reached the road follows the course of a small river. From there the road winds across a desolate stretch of moorland covered with wind-swept heather, peat bogs and lochans surrounded by white, waving cotton-grass. A few peats are gathered at the roadside ready for carting away and small neat piles of those that are still drying line the bogs. There is nothing to be seen except a few whaups and a solitary golden eagle from one of the neighbouring mountains lazily circling a patch of ground.

At the next village we leave the main road and follow a mere cart-track covered with thick dust and loose stones, up the side of another loch. A high mountain which is a landmark for many miles up the Strath encloses one side of the loch, but otherwise there are long stretches of moorland, and, in the sheltered places, clumps of silver birches and rowans growing among deep, thick bracken.

The River Naver, which is one of the finest salmon rivers in Scotland, flows northwards out of the loch, towards the Atlantic. All along its banks there are bright emerald green patches, surrounded by a few loose stones, which are all that remain to tell of the many houses that lined the valley. The turf on these places is smoother than that of many a lawn and the heather never seems to grow over them. Even to-day the people speak with hate and scorn of the evictions, although they happened nearly two hundred years ago, and they have no good-will for the descendants of those who turned their clansmen out of their homes to give pasturage for sheep.

A chain of brochs runs down the Strath from the coast to the loch. They were built of thick stone, and some of them are still in good condition, and many years ago were used to send a warning of approaching danger from the sea. Another stone, erected recently, marks the spot of the first gathering of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

A small village, to which many English visitors come, stands at the estuary of the river, looking out to sea. In the south the shapely peak of Ben Loyal—the Queen of Scottish mountains — is just visible, with Ben Hope lying behind it, and, on a clear day, the hazy blue outline of the Orkneys can be seen surrounded by the white line of the Atlantic breaking on their coasts.

L. MacB. (Form VI).

CAIRDS

Teen-Age Wear for Spring

WE Offer a Very Attractive Choice of Coats, Suits, Frocks, Skirts and Slacks, and Sportswear for all occasions. Utility and non-utility qualities.

A. Caird & Sons, Ltd.,
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The Late Mr Robert Mackenzie, M.A.

BEFORE beginning the formal business on 7th February, and at the request of the Chairman of the Directors of the High School, the Rector referred to the recent death of Mr Mackenzie, " who prior to his retiral in the year 1937 had been for thirty-seven years in charge of the Commercial Department at the School and who had been held in affectionate regard by the Staff and all the pupils who had known him. The Directors agreed to record their regret at the passing of this loyal and devoted teacher whose familiar and distinguished figure would be greatly missed both in the School and in the Community."

He was appointed to the Staff in September, 1900, and retired in September, 1937. In a copy of this Magazine an artist visualised the latter event correctly when he showed one of the Doric pillars collapsing. In the April issue of 1920, a detailed account can be read of his earlier career. But there are some features which may be referred to now, while yet a generation which knew him, even slightly, is still about these venerable pillars.

In 1900, Individualism was rampant, in classroom and field; certain masters took an interest in certain sports, and girls and boys selected that towards which they felt a personal urge. Mr Mackenzie, coming from the homeland of Shinty, and a keen player of the same, at once suggested the introduction of Hockey among the girls. That barbarous game of the North is just hockey with all the " restraints " removed. By 1901 he had a team ready to meet other schools, and its first " away " match was against Morrison's Academy, Crieff. A crushing defeat was received, to be followed, however, by as crushing a victory in 1902. He never minimised a defeat, nor did he ever exaggerate a victory. I am sure it will be of interest to the O.G.C. and others to give the maiden names of that first team, a photograph of which hung in his classroom for years:—E. Andrew, N. Crichton, J. Douglas, M. Lamb, C. Lawrence, H. MacIntosh, L. Paisley, R. Pattullo, C. Wilson, R. Wilson (capt.), J. Williamson.

This voluntary and pioneering work was carried on session after session until the whole district was, and remains, infected, culminating in the memorable seven-a-side tournaments. Gradually he withdrew from active participation however, but never from that of a constant spectator and impartial critic. At the June Games the long jump, the high jump, and putting the weight were always supervised by him.

In 1925 Mr Mackenzie acted as Treasurer of an organised effort to raise funds for the School Grounds; and from the inception of the Schools' Savings Scheme in 1916 until he resigned he carried through the laborious clerking required, without a single error. He managed also the staging of the prizes and medal distribution in the School Hall at the end of June, where even a trivial slip may well cause embarrassment.

To the Staff at all times, Mr Mackenzie was more valuable than the school register, for never did he seem to forget a pupil with whom he had come in contact. Dress, appearance, habits, character, career were registered in his mind with an accuracy and yet with a charitableness which made him a welcome figure to meet, by young or older, by saint or sinner.

After he retired in 1937 he observed the School's vacations as if he were still on the Staff, and no High School girl or boy failed to get a warm Highland greeting—and sometime something more—should he chance to see them at his " family seat " by the Kyles of Sutherland.

He died in Dundee on Wednesday, 24th January, but his body was brought home to rest in Kincardine Ardgay on 29th January, 1946.

Requiescat in Pace.

J. B. M.

Mr James Mackie Smith

By REV. DR. McCONNACHIE

IT has been my good fortune to have in my congregation, in the course of the last thirty years, three prominent High School teachers —Mr John Maclennan, Mr J. Mackie Smith, and Mr Mackenzie—who have now passed away. Mr Maclennan and Mr Mackenzie were unmistakably of Highland stock, with the fervour of the Celt. Mr Mackie Smith was a Lowlander of a different type, cast in the mould of Angus, a man of strong, resolute character, not much given to emotion or sentiment, and reticent about the deeper things on which he rested.

It is only when a man dies and passes from this mortal scene that his life can be viewed in its true perspective. If it had littleness in it, we see it; if it had greatness, we see the greatness. If it was a full-orbed life it first comes steadily into sight.

The life of Mr Mackie Smith was a full-orbed life. I do not think that any of us ever saw littleness in him, but I am sure that we were conscious of a certain greatness and dignity and completeness. He combined strength and gentleness. He had his stern side, as his pupils may have discovered, but he had also a gift of playful humour. A man himself of great moral rectitude, he had a fountain of compassion for the scallywag. He was the kindest of men, the friend of everybody. "So our great friend is dead," said an aged member to me, voicing the feelings of all.

What was it which gave to him that strength and graciousness, that nobility and courtesy which we all remember? It was his strong faith in God, before Whom he humbled himself, that made him the man, the true gentleman, the great Christian and Churchman that he was. He spoke little about religion, but his whole life spoke religion.

He was a man of outstanding intellectual ability, gifted both by nature and by grace. While he chose to be an artist and teacher of art, he might equally well have been a lawyer. With his clear, logical and well-ordered mind, he could state a case, or pursue an argument with a perspicacity which few possessed.

Mr Smith had two great passions, a devotion to art, and a devotion to religion and to the Church, which blended into so complete a harmony that they could be regarded as two aspects of the one passion.

It was as an artist and art master that he was known in the High School, and never was school more conscientiously served. But he did more than teach art. He taught pupils. He trained character. He knew every pupil by name and headmark, and followed their later careers with warm interest. His judgment of their character was always shrewd but kindly.

As an artist, he lived in his art, both inside and outside school. He delighted in water-colour, and filled his holiday hours out-of-doors with busy sketching. But he worked also in oil. He had not studied in the Dutch and Flemish schools in vain, and his interiors were always engaging. At the last local art exhibition in Dundee I observed a group of simple folk gathered round one of his interiors—a simple kitchen in Glenesk. For the modern impressionist school he had little use, preferring to work in the old detailed style, and he would freely admit that he was counted as old-fashioned, but that did not disturb him.

His retiral from the High School, when the time came, was for him only a change of activity. Neither with hand or brain could he ever be idle. He was, I think, the most diligent worker I ever knew. "Unhasting and unresting" was the note of his life. After his retiral he took up etching and pursued it with enthusiasm for years. But he continued his painting also, and retained to the end his keen discerning eye for what would make a picture. At the Exhibition to which I referred he enjoyed the pleasure of having a picture sold—a pleasure no artist despises. His passion for art, and especially for ecclesiastical art, never faded. One of his last regrets was his inability to go to Edinburgh to see an exhibition held last May. He pored over the catalogue I brought back for him with all his old enthusiasm.

His second, and even more central and consuming passion was his Church and, in particular, St John's, for which he gave constant and unremitting labours through many years. The blood of the Scottish Reformers and martyrs, the blood of George Wishart, the Mearns lad, who began his work as a teacher in Montrose, his own home-town, ran in his veins. He took an intense interest in the study of his own denomination, the Free Church of Scotland, especially in the story of the Disruption. But no less occupied was he with its later Union with the Church of Scotland. He gifted to St John's a copy of the picture of the last General Assembly of the United Free Church, along with a key to it, prepared with immense labour—deposited in a lovely wooden case—a true memorial of his historical pursuits, and a witness to his enduring love for the Church of his fathers.

I pass over with only a word or two the two great griefs which overtook him and left their chastening mark upon him, the death of his son, Mackie, who was cut off in the midst of a University career of great promise; and the death of his dearly beloved wife who died in her sleep beside him. They were terrible blows, but he fought his battle out and showed a fortitude that was truly great. They did not unman him, or turn him aside from his chosen tasks. On the contrary, he appeared to plunge only the deeper into them.

The result of this backward look is that we recognise in Mr Mackie Smith's life a rare consistency. All his activities fitted into the one pattern. Despite his sorrows, his life was on the whole a happy life—happy in his home, his art, and his Church. His colleague, Mr Meiklejohn, remarked to me that he had never heard his " grumble."

He worked on until he could work no more. When he felt that the vital forces in him were ebbing he began with calm deliberation to put his house in order. He spent weeks on papers and documents for those who should come after him, carefully labelling and indexing them. Thus he continued busy and happy to the end with a heart at leisure from itself.

He was happy also in his going, reminding me of what Bunyan wrote of Christian: " After they had committed themselves to the Lord for protection they betook themselves to rest. The Pilgrim they laid in a large Upper Room whose window opened toward the sun rising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day."

EARTH BOUND

'Tis dead of night, and all is still,
An eerie moon leers o'er the hill;
A shrieking owl wings through the air,
And shrinking fox creeps to his lair.

In the churchyard, clammy and cold,
From the gloom, from steeple old,
Round the yew tree, flitting, light,
Evil bats wheel through the night.

O'er the grave-stones worn and grey
Where the flesh worm finds its prey—
Dim inscriptions faintly bear
Name of " someone " lying there.

'Tis dead of night, and all is still,
An eerie moon leers o'er the hill;
Now, from grace, from crevice, nave,
From crack and furrow, well and burrow,
Creeping, gliding, whirling, sliding.

Jumping tombstones, leaping mounds,
Form dissembling, glimm'ring, trembling,
Uttering weird and mournful sounds,
Spirits, ghosts pour forth from hiding.

Round and round, fantastic sway,
A seething mass of white and grey,
Quicker, quicker, whirling, twirling,
Round about them, black mists birling.

With a sudden shriek they rise
Up and up into the skies. . . .
Then floating down with awful yell
Each slinks away to clammy cell.

The eerie moon leers o'er the hill
. . . The night is still.

R. P. S. (F. IV.).

Music Notes

The Mikado

Arrangements are now proceeding apace for the forthcoming production of "The Mikado," to be given by the senior pupils during the summer term. Four performances are to be given in the Training College Hall, Park Place, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th June, at 7.15 p.m. Tickets will be on sale, and parents and friends will be able to book seats, on applying to Mr Treasure, during the latter half of May. The general public will have an opportunity of booking at Messrs Methven Simpson's, Ltd., Reform Street, after 3rd June. The prices of tickets are:—Reserved, 3s 6d and 2s 6d; Unreserved, 1s 6d.

It is to be hoped that everyone will rally round and support our efforts. It is a great pleasure to us all that, once again, we are to have the valuable assistance and guidance of Mr Arthur J. Millar, of the Dundee Operatic Society, whose knowledge and wide experience in the production of these operas, is second to none, and whose enthusiasm and thoroughness, combined with the loyal cooperation he will receive from all concerned in the cast, will go far to ensure another (we hope) first-class performance.

The Literary Societies' Musical Evening.

Although now an event of the distant past (taking place too late for mention in the last Magazine) the musical evening given by the combined Societies, just before the Christmas holidays, was an evening enjoyed by all present. The high level set by last year's Societies was well maintained, and some creditable performances of songs, duets, instrumental music, and recitations were given. The senior girls' choir gave some fine renderings of part songs, but had a strong rival in the senior boys' choir, which appeared for the first time, and gave an excellent account of themselves. An orchestra of diverse instruments did noble work, and received loud applause for their efforts.

We are all looking forward to the next performance at the end of this term, when rumour has it that Miss Foggie and various members of the Societies are preparing two plays for our entertainment. If rumour be true, then, knowing the high standard of Miss Foggie's work, and that of her previous productions, we can be sure of another night of real enjoyment.

The Leng Medal Competition.

This interesting competition attracted, as always, a large entry, especially among the girls, and on the afternoon of 21st Jan., a crowd of eager competitors assembled in the Singing Room, where Mr Jas. Easson, Music Director to the Dundee Education Authority, waited to test the abilities of the various candidates. After a keen competition, the winner of the Medal for the Girls was Christine Riddel (F4), while the Boys' Medal was won by James Powrie (F3).

Some very good renderings of Scottish songs were given, and the marks showed a very close contest between those at the head of the list.

The Scottish Orchestra Concerts.

Twice during the present session the pupils have had the pleasure of spending an afternoon in the Caird Hall in company with the Scottish Orchestra. Just before the Christmas holidays, the senior pupils had their concert, while at the beginning of February the Juniors went down to learn how delightful a programme of orchestral music can be.

Those who went for the first time got a great thrill seeing and hearing in intimate detail such a grand combination of instruments. Not the least enjoyable was their own little effort in joining with the rest of the hall in singing "Jock o' Hazeldean." The next concert will be awaited with keen anticipation, and will surely prove just as enjoyable as the previous performances.

THE NEW ENGLISH TRIO

Ruth Dyson, Pianoforte; Gwyneth Trotter, Violin; Edna Elphick, Violincello.

The visit of the New English Trio to the High School on the 11th of January was an event of musical importance. A very appreciative audience heard the three ladies who comprised the trio play in concert and solo. There was warm applause both for trio music proper, as for the Mozart Rondo, for such arrangements as the Skye Boat Song and for the solos by violin, piano and violincello. It would be impertinent for us to commend the skilled playing—we are aware we are honoured by the presence in the school of accomplished musicians—but we feel bound to express our pleasure in the programme chosen for us and specially suited to our taste. Another factor went to the success of the programme—its presentation. While Miss Dyson was mainly responsible for this—her informal remarks were most happy—Miss Trotter and Miss Elphick also introduced their instruments and pieces to us. We learned without being aware of our instruction, being directed as to the intention of the music. At the conclusion of the concert the Rector voiced our thanks.

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THE

MIKADO

The Curtain Rises

A low bustle was heard over the entire theatre. Everyone was discussing the play which they were about to see. The younger members of the audience were becoming rather bored as the play was already late in starting. All eyes were on the lights which, they knew, would commence to dim just before the curtain would rise. Seconds passed—minutes passed—and still the show gave no impression of beginning. Before long the low bustle rapidly increased until everyone was shouting " boo " at the top of their voices. Even this disgraceful state of affairs failed to have any effect on the producer or whoever was responsible for the opening of the play.

Not until fully ten minutes later did the lights appear to be darkening. Darker and darker the theatre became until finally everything was in complete darkness. All was still and quiet for a moment. Then to everyone's satisfaction at last the curtains began to rise. A shout of joy escaped the lips of many of the audience—only to be taken aback by the curtains immediately falling before it had completely risen.

Within a moment the whole theatre was in an uproar. Crowds broke through the door leading on to the stage and smashed all they saw. The magnificent curtain, woven with very varied shapes and colours, was ripped down from its rail and torn into many pieces by another mob. Others smashed their way to the pay-box, and money went flying in all directions. Screams could be heard from many of the female sex whose chief intention was to get clear of the theatre.

Not until after midnight did the police succeed in quelling the uproar and did the theatre again remain in complete silence.

J. E. P. (F. III.).

MUSIC NOTES—continued

We hope the New English Trio will visit us again soon. In the meantime, here is the programme whereby we can recollect our favourites.

PROGRAMME

Trio

1. Minuet from "The Little Serenade" ... Mozart
2. Rondo from Trio in G ..... Mozart

Violin Solos

3. Sicilienne ..... Paradies
4. Liebesfreud ..... Kreisler

Piano Solos

5. Jigard Saraband ..... Dubarry
6. Waltz in A Flat ..... Brahms
7. Golliwog's Cake Walk ..... Debussy

Trio

8. Trio Sonata in B Flat ..... Schubert

Violincello Solos

9. Bourrée ..... Handel
11. Minuet from " Berenice " ..... Handel
11. Allegro Spiritoso ..... Senaillé

Trio

12. Gypsy Rondo ..... Haydn
13. Skye Boat Song ..... arr. Alec Rowley.

SPRINGTIME

Primrose, celandine and snowdrop fair
carpet the quiet wood,
Daffodils dancing everywhere
add to the Springtime mood,
And blossoms yield their lovely scent
from gnarléd apple tree.
The air is filled with deep content
and laughter of the free.

J. H. S. (F. I.).

What's in a Name?

What's in a name? A lot, I should say. Think of the people who have gone through this world burdened with some terrible name which has caused them much embarrassment and has made them the object of gibes. Those poor creatures whose misguided parents have christened them Jehosophat or Hezekiah or Sophonisba. How they are to be pitied. And those names which practically state the owner's date of birth! There are the Herbert Kitchener Browns and the Douglas Haig Smiths which resulted from the 1914-18 war, and the many Winstons and Franklins who are taking their first steps today. It is not such a calamity for men, but I am afraid that Victory Simpson and Halfia Mary Jones may live to curse their godparents for their too historic names.

Parents should beware also of initials. Many a nick-name which sticks throughout a lifetime is manufactured from the initials on a school-case. Think of the poor boy whose name was Michael Unwin Duff — his name was MUD to the end of his days. There is also the case of Elizabeth Small Austin who, I believe, is still sometimes called "Baby Seven." Yes, it would be a good idea if fond mothers and fathers would consider carefully before they name their darling child.

The saddest of all these misnomers are, I think, those names which are, to say the least, unfortunate. Trixie may be very sweet for a rosy baby, but when the baby grows up into a thin, bony old maid the name is not exactly suited. And those romantic novelette names which gives us such incongruities as Isolde McGregor handling the plough, and Alonso Higgins making clogs in Lancashire.

It is a problem and it will not be solved until parents and god-parents become sensitive to the importance of names. As long as girls are named after father, which results in Thomasina and Peterette, and boys have afflictions such as Marmaduke and Aloysius thrust upon them, this form of torture will go on. I believe it has been suggested that children should be provided with numbers until they are old enough to chose names for themselves, but even then, there could be complications—think of Whitehall 1212 or Vat 69!

M. T.

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club

The Club records with deep regret the death of Mr Robert Mackenzie, M.A.

Promotions

John M. Owen, now Warrant Officer.
James B. Stephen, now Captain, R.E.M.E.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Although the effects of demobilisation are not yet being fully felt, there is a slow but steady stream of old boys returning to civilian life. One of the activities which the Old Boys' Club is anxious to pursue is to help these returning men to get into touch with their former friends and fields of activity. All the old F.P. Athletic Clubs are being revived, and the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs are anxious to foster these and to weld them into the closest possible association. A dance is being held on 1st April, and other functions will be arranged as the season progresses.

The officials of the Club are anxious that it should fulfil its purpose as an organisation by which former pupils may keep in touch with their old school friends. They will welcome any suggestions that may further this objective. Any such suggestions should be sent to the Honorary Secretary, who will see that they are given all due consideration. The strength of the Club is in the activity and enthusiasm of its members.

A. R.

Reports

Boys' Literary Society Report.

The Society has met as usual in the Lecture Room on Friday evenings during the term, and a number of interesting debates have been held. These included a mixed debate, when the subject of present-day youth's emphasis on amusement was discussed with the Girls' Society. Other debates were " That Modern Tolerance is the Child of Indifference," and " Utility versus Amenity in the Modern World!"

On 1st February a trial by jury was held, when Major McLaren of the Cadet Corps was tried on various charges of cruelty and ill-usage of boys in his unit. The judge and counsel were attired in traditional robes and procedure was modelled on that of the High Court. Happily, Major McLaren was found " not guilty " on all charges.

A verse night was included in the syllabus, and here representatives from each class read examples of their favourite types of poem.

Three very interesting lectures were given—one by Professor Preston on " Metals and Atoms," and one by Mr Brown on " The Land of Burns." These were both illustrated with slides shown through the epidiascope, as was the third, Mr Laurie's " Landscape Architecture as a Career."

Attendances have remained at a high level during the term, and a good turn-out is expected at the Society's dramatic evening, which will conclude the 1945-46 session. D. J. P.

Girls' Literary Society.

The meetings of the Society have maintained quite a good standard, although the attendance of senior members has gone down, probably owing to the stress of Leaving Certificate work.

The first meeting this term was a debate with the Boys' Society when the motion was, " We regret the emphasis laid on amusement by modern youth." The trend of the debate was in favour of the motion, but when the count was taken the motion was defeated by a large majority.

We were lucky this term in receiving an interesting lecture entitled, " Metals and Atoms," from Professor Preston who is Professor of Physics at U.C.D., and we thank him very much for coming to speak to us.

Other meetings included a " Hat-Night," Form II. Night, and Form IV. Papers.

The session's activities concluded on 29th March with a Dramatic Evening.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking our President, Miss Foggie, and our Vice-President, Miss Mains, for all that they have done to make the meetings successful. E. A. R.

Rifle Club

In September, 1944, the Dundee High School Cadet Coy. decided once more to take up shooting in earnest. Mr Halliday took over the job of secretary, treasurer, president and all the other jobs connected with a rifle club. It was in September, 1944, that we entered our first competition, the " News of the World " individual championship. But only a 16th place was taken in the prize list. At this point I must mention Mr Stark, our devoted instructor, who spends all his time telling us how to put ten shots in a threepenny piece. Next a team of seniors and juniors were entered for the S.M.R.C. " Spring " Competition. The senior team was composed of G. R. Linton, I. A. Duffus, R. Brown and J. Kay-Butler. The juniors consisted of W. E. Stark, I. Stark, A. Dick and C. Gray. In this competition the seniors came in third, but the juniors were unfortunate. They were easily first, but as one boy was over age they were classed as seniors.

In May of that year we entered two teams for the S.M.R.C. " Summer " competition. The only change in the teams was A. Shepherd in place of A. Dick. This was the first prize the team brought to the school. The senior team came in second, each of its members getting a bronze medal. The juniors took a third place in this competition. Mr Alex. Robertson, our convener, was kind enough to present these medals to the team. Once again we must thank Mr Stark and Mr Halliday for the work they did towards winning these medals.

This achievement encouraged the whole school to greater efforts. So next term we decided to be first in the " Winter " competition. This we did with the following team:—G. R. Linton, I. A. Duffus, W. E. Stark and R. Brown. We won the Colonel Mitchell Challenge Cup.

Once again Mr Robertson presented the prizes, a silver spoon to each member of the team and a substitute cup to our captain as the actual cup had been held up. It is thought that rather much publicity was given to this " triumph " as the papers called it.

It was now decided to let non-cadets into the club, so on 15th January, 1946, the following office-bearers were appointed:—Hon. Presidents, Ian M. Bain, Esq.; Major T. McLaren; President, Capt. T. S. Halliday; Vice-President, Lt. J. Stark; Senior Shooting Captain, G. R. Linton; Junior Shooting Captain, I. Stark; Secretary, W. E. Stark; Asst. Secretary, I. A. Duffus; Treasurer, J. Kay-Butler. Members of Committee—R. Brown, G. Mottashaw.

Since then we have, with a team of 10, reached the finals of the " News of the World " National Cadet Force competition, and G. R. Linton has reached the finals of the Individual Championship of Scotland.

The following boys have passed for a "A" Class Marksmen in the S.M.R.C. Marksman Competition:—G. Linton, I. Duffus, J. Kay-Butler, I. Stark, R. Brown, H. Carlton and G. Leddie. Also G. Linton and I. Duffus have got an "A" Class Certificate in the S.M.R.C. Services Marksman Competition.

Our profound thanks are given to Mr Halliday and our coach, Mr Stark, for the work they have done for the Club. I. A. D.

Hockey Report.

I indicated in my last report that although we had suffered a number of reverses I had hopes that we would yet give a good account of ourselves. The following results show that, in the main, our hopes have been fulfilled:—

RIFLE CLUB—*Back Row* (*left to right*)—L/Cpl. Duffus, C.Q.M.S. Linton, Cdt. Brown.
Front Row (*left to right*) – L/Cpl. Stark, Lieut. Stark (instructor).

Back Row—J. Adamson. B. Robertson. M. Wallace. F. Turpie. A. Henderson. A. Thomson.
Front Row—I. Cassaday. A. Dunn. D. Paterson (Capt). L. Mitchell. A Chawla.

	For	Agst.
Lawside Academy, H., ...	4	0
Morrison's Academy, H., ...	2	0
Bell-Baxter School, A., ...	2	2
U.C.D., ...	3	0
Morgan Academy, A., ...	0	2
Harris Academy, A., ...	4	4
D.H.S. F.P.'s, ...	5	4
Morrison's Academy, A., ...	1	1

The Morgan game has been our only reverse, but it was an enjoyable one nevertheless. We derived a certain pride in having drawn with Bell-Baxter away from home, for the game took place on the morning after our Christmas Dance, and late hours are not conducive to good hockey.

We much regret that our games with Bell-Baxter (H.), Grove (H.) and Perth (A.) had to be cancelled owing to adverse weather conditions.

F. V. P. T.

Cadet Report.

Since our last report, training has proceeded normally. The taking of Cert. A has now become voluntary, which is an indication of our gradual return to peace-time conditions. After Easter it is proposed to hold the parades on Friday afternoon at Dalnacraig.

There are several competitions in which the company is taking part:—The King George V. Trophy, in which 70 per cent. of the company are engaged; the Strathcona Shield; and the the Spring Competition for Youth Organisations.

The Mitchell Cup, which is an all-Britain award for miniature shooting, has been won this year by our company. Mr Alec Robertson, Convener of the Cadet Committee, presented the cup to the team, which was as follows:—Q.M.S. G. Linton, L/Cpl. I. Duffus; L/Cpl. W. Stark, Cdt. R. Brown. The score was 782 out of a possible 800.

At the Christmas Course at The Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot, Sgt. Richardson gained a "D" Certificate.

The band, which continues to improve, is assisting the G.T.C. at a church parade on 31st March.

No decision has been reached yet regarding this summer's camp.

Q.M.S. G. R. Linton will represent the Company at the Army Cadet Force National Victory Rally in London from 5th to 7th April, 1946.

Ranger Report.

In spite of the absence of Miss Mudie, the company has been holding its meetings as usual on Friday afternoons, one of which was spent with the Guides, teaching them camp songs.

Our first-aid work has been progressing steadily, and we have now nearly completed our course. We hope to see most of the company with at least one H.E.S. Certificate very soon.

The prospects of having a camp again this year have been fully discussed, and it is expected that some of last year's members will come with us if we obtain a suitable site.

We are glad that Miss Mudie is back with us again, and we would like to thank her for her interest in us throughout the term. L MacB.

Guide Report.

The Guide work this term has been carried on as usual though hampered by lack of attendance due to the influenza epidemic. The badge tests for which we are now preparing will take place shortly.

A number of the Company attended a lecture, in Training College Hall, to Scouts and Guides by Miss J. W. Bauman on the part played by these movements in occupied Europe.

On 1st February the Rangers, whom we were pleased to have with us, taught us some new camp-fire songs.

The Company hopes to hold a camp this summer, though it is feared the number likely to attend will be very limited. Every effort is being made to overcome the numerous difficulties. C. A. M.

Rugby Report.

Rugby has continued this term with only seven of the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd XV. games having to be cancelled owing to ground or weather conditions. The 1st XV. has not fulfilled the promise it showed at the beginning of the season. A lack of co-operation has been responsible for this. The 2nd XV. were unfortunate in having their unbeaten record broken in their last match, which they lost by two points. They have had a very successful season. Caps have been awarded this season to A. D. E. Sharp, R. C. V. Doe, G. W. Mottashaw, I. W. Robertson and G. R. Linton.

Results:—

1st XV. Games

	Pts. For	Pts. Agst.
Morrison's Academy, ...	3	57
Madras College, ...	0	3
Morgan Academy, ...	6	19
Perth Academy, ...	0	34
Arbroath High School, ...	24	0
Aberdeen Grammar School,	16	14

2nd XV. Games

	Pts. For	Pts. Agst.
Madras College, ...	66	0
Morgan Academy, ...	3	0
Robert Gordon's College, ...	21	0
Perth Academy, ...	3	0
Harris Academy 1st XV.,	20	0
Aberdeen Grammar School,	3	5

Final Results—1st XV., played 14, won 7, lost 7; for, 148 pts.; agst., 191 pts.

2nd XV.—Played 16, won 14, lost 1, drawn 1, for, 351 pts.; agst., 36 pts.

The Junior Fifteens have kept up their keenness and show promise for the future.

The House Championship was won by Wallace, who beat Lindores by 5 points to 3 on Saturday, 23rd March. This year all House Games were played on the same day, but a deciding match had to be played a week later.

Our thanks are due this season especially to Mr Ford and Mr Wood, who have refereed the majority of our matches. We also remember the Rector, Mr Wardlaw, and Mr Smart for their support, nor can we forget Mr McLaren, whose experience has so often helped the teams.

We record with pleasure that Sandy Murray, who played in 1942, was chosen as full-back for Scottish Universities against English Universities and against the Kiwis. Sandy Mann, who captained the 1941 side, played against Ireland on 9th March. We congratulate both these F.P.'s on achieving this honour, and hope the school will take note of their success.

It should always be remembered that the game comes before the winning of victories. But the winning of victories does bring pride and enthusiasm to play the game harder and better, and this first post-war season has seen us well on the way towards improving our rugger. J. S. G. B.

Roll of Honour

of Dundee High School Former Pupils

Chap. Alec W. Abel, Royal Army Chaplains Dept.
W/Co. Arthur G. Abel, R.A.F.
Lt.-Col. Noel K. S. Adam, Indian Engineers.
Capt. Gavin G. Adams, M. in D., The Rajputana Rifles.
Major Thomas Agnew, M.B.E., B.W.
F/Lt. Ronald S. Aiken, R.A.F.
Sgt. Charles W. Aitken, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars.
2/Lt. John B. S. Aitken, Royal Signals.
Bdr. Alastair R. C. Alexander, R.A.
T./Surg./Lt. Ian R. W. Alexander, M. in D., R.N.V.R.
Pte. Isobel B. Alexander (Doe), A.T.S.
3rd/O. Jean R. M. Allison, W.R.N.S.
Lt. William Ronald Allison, S.A.A.F. Killed, March, 1944.
Pte. Alexander Anderson, R.A.S.C.
Gr. David S. Anderson, R.A.
Capt. Gordon F. Anderson, M.C., B.W.
Sgt. James S. Anderson, R.A.P.C.
Gnr. John D. Anderson, R.A.
O/Cdt. Ronald H. S. Anderson, R.A.F.
Sgt. John M. Anton, B.W.
L.A.C. Stewart Anton, R.A.F.
Lt. A. Fleming Baird, R.M.C.
Sub./Lt.(A) Stefano F. Barbieri, R.N.V.R.
Lt. Donald A. Barrie, R.E.M.E.
O/Cdt. Mudie Barrie, B.W.
R/Officer Ronald S. Barrie, M.N.
Spr. Arthur I. Barry, R.E.
P.O. Wren Elaine T. Baxter (Stewart), W.R.N.S.
L/Comd.(S.) Herbert Beats, R.N.V.R.
Capt. Nancy M. Beattie (Morrison), R.A.M.C.
Capt. Isobel M. Begbie, R.A.M.C.
A.C.2 F. Gordon Bell, R.A.F.
P.O. Graham F. Bell, R.N.V.R.
F/Sgt. Alan R. Beveridge, R.A.F. Killed, July, 1941.
F/Lt. R. Graham Beveridge, R.A.F. Killed, April, 1942.
Cpl. James A. Birrell, R.A.F.
Capt. W. Gibson Birrell, R.A.M.C.
Capt. Blair S. R. Black, B.W. Killed, Sept., 1941.
F/Lt. William M. Blackwood, R.A.F.
Capt. George Blair, R.A.M.C.
Cdt. Cyril W. Bodin, M.N.
F/Sgt. Hugh A. A. Bodin, R.A.F. Killed, Sept., 1944.
Cdt. Ian M. Bodin, M.N.
D/Mech. Henry S. H. Bond, R.E.M.E.
Capt. Cecil B. G. Bowden, R.A.
W/O. J. Nicol Bowen, R.A.F.
Vol. Estelle D. Gracie Bowman, W.T.S. (F.A.N.Y.)
Cpl. James R. Bowman, R.A.M.C.
S/V.A.D. Gladys M. Boyd, R.N.
C/Pay Clerk James Boyle, Coast Guard, American Forces.
Lt. Thomas Boyle, 96th Engineers, American Army.
Major James B. Braid, M.B.E., R.A.
F/Lt. J. Logan Briggs, D.F.C., R.A.F.
Capt. Norman W. Briggs, R.A.
S/L. Robert P. Breen, R.A.F.
S/Capt. Nancy D. Brock, Transport Division.
Cpl. John F. Brodie, R.A.S.C.
Pte. John L. A. S. Brough, B.W.
Cpl. Dorothy Brown, W.A.A.F.
P/O. John C. Brown, R.A.F.
S/Pilot J. Donald Brown, R.A.F. Killed, April, 1941.
Sc/O. Kathleen P. Brown, W.A.A.F.
Sgt. Ian P. Bruce, R.A.
Pte. Evelyn M. Brymer, A.T.S.
Pte. James K. Brymer, R.A.S.C.
Lt. David S. Bryson, R.A.S.C.
Surg./Lt. W. Edmund A. Buchanan, R.N.V.R.
Capt. Frank G. Burnett, The Border Regt.
Capt. Kenneth J. Burnett, The Border Regt. Drowned, May, 1945.
Lt. Robert A. Burnett, R.N.V.R.
Coder Stephen P. Burnett, R.N.V.R.
Gunner David M. Burns, R.A. Died, Sept., 1943.
Sub/Lt.(A) Myles M. Burns, R.N.V.R.
Capt. Ronald K. M. Burns, M. in D., R.A.
Sgt. William M. Burns, R.A.F.
W/O. Eric Byers, R.E.M.E.
Cpl. Gordon L. Caird, R.C.S.
T/Capt. William S. Caird, F.O.U., R.A. (Airborne).
F/Sgt. Frederick A. Cairncross, R.A.T.G.
Comdr. D. Stewart Campbell, M. in D., R.N.V.R.
Cpl. Sheila G. Campbell, R.A.S.C.
Surg./Lt.-Cmdr. Walter G. Campbell, R.N.V.R.
L/Radar/Mech. Robert A. Cant, R.N.V.R.
Sgt. Ian H. B. Carmichael, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
Lt. Stewart G. Carmichael, Pioneer Corps.
Writer Herbert R. Carstairs, M.N.
Major Charles T. Cathro, M.C., B.W.
Lt. George K. Chalmers, R.A.
O/Cdt. Malcolm Chalmers, B.W.
Sister Anna M. Chitty (Webster), P.M.R.A.F.N.S.
Sgt. Alexander Clark, R.A.C.
Guardsman Norman Clark, Scots Guards.
C/Wren Jean I. R. Climie, W.R.N.S.
F/O. Betty H. S. Cochran, W.A.A.F. Died, Oct., 1945.
Major Murray H. Cochran, M. in D., B.W.
Major William B. Cochran, Dogra Regt.
N/O. Helen W. Collie, M. in D., T.A.N.S.
Capt. Lewis I. Collins, M.C., B.W.
Sgt. Lewis J. A. Collins, B.W.
Lt. Donald M. Colquhoun, B.W.
Pte. J. Gordon Colquhoun, R.A.S.C.
Lt. Janet S. Conn, R.A.M.C.
C/Eng./O. Arthur W. Cooper, M.N. Killed, Nov., 1942.

2nd/O. Iain R. Cooper, M.N.
Lt. John F. Cooper, R.E. Killed, March, 1943.
3rd/Eng./O. Norman R. Cooper, M.N. Killed March, 1941.
2nd/O. Ronald M. Cooper, M.B.E., M.N.
Capt. John A. Couper, B.W.
S/Sgt. James Coutts-Duffus, M. in D., R.E.
Lt. Ian S. Cowley, B.W. Died, April, 1943.
L/Bdr. A. Tattersall Crane, R.A.
L/Wren Isobel Crawford, W.R.N.S.
Lt. John L. Crawford, R.N.
Signalman Robin Crawford, Royal Signals.
Cpl. John W. Cree, S.B.S.
Cpl. Gilbert D. M. Crerar, B.W.
Capt. John H. Crook, The Glasgow Highlanders (H.L.I.).
A/B. Marcus M. Cross, R.N.V.R.
Lt. W. Lindsay Cuthill, M. in D., Gurkha Rifles.
Capt. David J. Davidson, R.E.
A/B. William S. Davidson, H.M.L.C.T.
A.C.1 J. Stuart Dempster, R.A.F.
Capt. Derick A. E. Dewar, R.A.M.C.
Cpl. Gordon Dewar, R.A.F.
P/O. W. Gordon Dickie, R.A.F. Killed, August, 1940.
F/Sgt. W. Vaughan Doe, R.A.F.
Lt. Gordon D. H. Doig, R.C.S.
Sec./O. Irene A. Doig, W.A.A.F.
Dr. David M. Donaldson, Church Army.
Capt. Ian M. Donaldson, M.C., B.W.
Craftsman James M. Donaldson, R.E.M.E.
Capt. R. R. Douglas, R.A.
Jnr.-Comdr. Jean G. Drummond, A.T.S.
S/I. Thos. J. Drury, A.P.T.C.
Lt. Douglas S. Dryden, R.A.
F/Sgt. Spencer Dryden, R.A.F.
L/Sgt. George S. Dudgeon, D.C.M., Scots Guards.
Chap. J. Douglas Duff, R.N.
S./P./I. Robert C. Duff, R.A.F. Killed March, 1940.
Gnr. John C. Duffus, R.A.
Sub/Lt.(A) Ian M. Duguid, R.N.V.R.
L/Cpl. Myra G. Duguid, A.T.S.
2nd/O. William P. Duguid, M.N.
Capt. Ian V. Dun, R.A.S.C.
Pte. Ronald D. Dun, R.A.P.C.
Cdt. Alexander Duncan, M. in D., M.N.
Lt. David P. S. Duncan, Gordon Highlanders.
F/Lt. James M. Duncan, R.A.F. (Medical Service).
W/Bdr. John S. Duncan, R.A. Killed Feb., 1943.
Sgt./W.O. Gordon B. Dundas, R.A.F. Killed Sept., 1941.
Lt. David M. Edwards, D.S.C., R.N.R.
Lt. Peter L. Edwards, B.W.
Major David R. Elder, M.C., B.W.
Capt. Eunice Eilen (Heath), R.A.M.C.
Sec./O. Eileen B. Farquharson, W.A.A.F.
Major Joseph G. Farquharson, The Kumaon Regt.
Major Ronald C. Farquharson, R.E.
Major Thomas I. Farquharson, Rajputana Rifles.
Lt. Duncan A. Ferguson, R.A.S.C.
Tpr. Lionel L. Ferguson, Fife & Forfar Yeomanry.
Sgt./A.G. Ronald B. Ferguson, R.A.F.
Sub/Conductor Harvie S. Findlay, R.A.O.C.
Craftsman Norman K. Findlay, R.E.M.E.
2nd/R.O. David Scott-Fithie, M.N.
Sgt./P. Andrew D. Fleming, R.A.F.
W.O. Gordon J. Fleming, R.A.F.
Lt. Robert L. Fleming, North Irish Horse.
Sgt. William A. Fleming, Volunteer Force, F.M.S.
Dr. Peter G. Flett, R.S.
Pte. Donald J. Forbes, R.S.
F/Lt. Hamish Forbes, R.A.F.
Capt. James S. Forbes, B.W.
Major William B. Foster, R.E.
F/Lt. Ernest W. Forwell, D.F.C., R.A.F.
Lt. Lockhart Frain-Bell, R.A.M.C.
Capt. George Fraser, R.A.
Pte. Doris B. Fredman, A.T.S.
Wren Louise M. Gabriel, W.R.N.S.
F/Sgt. John F. Galloway, R.A.F.
F/Sgt. Douglas C. Garden, R.A.F.
Sgt. Ian R. Garden, R.A.F.
Signalman W. Sinclair Gauldie, R.S.
Capt. John C. Geddes, Gurkha Rifles.
A/A.B. A. Barrie Gibbs, R.N.
Squad./O. Eirene C. J. Gibson, W.A.A.F.
Surg./Lt. James B. Gibson, R.N.V.R.
2nd/O. John M. A. Gibson, M.N.
Writer Eric C. Gillanders, R.N.V.R.
Major Neil A. Gillanders, R.A.
F/Lt. S. Roy Gillanders, R.A.F.
Sgt./Nav. Harold Gillies, R.A.F.
3rd/O. Elnora M. Gilmour (Fordyce), W.R.N.S.
Shipmaster George S. Glass, M. in D., Rescue Fleet, M.N.
Capt. Clement T. Godfrey, R.A.S.C.
Lt.-Col. Gilmore B. Godfrey, M.B.E., Indian Engineers.
2/Lt. Francis W. Graham, R.A.
Major George A. Graham, I.M.S.
L/Cpl. Arthur R. Grant, C.M.P.
Capt. Charles B. Grant, B.W.
Major David A. Grant, R.A.
Major Donald B. Grant, R.A.
Jnr./Comdr. E. Mary Grant, A.T.S.
Capt. Ian M. Grant, R.A.M.C.
Capt. Jack L. Grant, R.A.M.C.
Capt. James J. Grant, Punjab Regt.
Lt.-Col. John M. Grant, Ordnance Corps, I.A.
Lt. Quintin S. Grant, R.A.P.C.
2/Lt. W. Gray Grant, The Royal Scots.
Wren Winibelle Grant (Farquharson), W.R.N.S.
2/Lt. David M. Green, B.W.
Wren Jean Gregory-Smith (Sime), W.R.N.S.
Capt. Fergus G. Greig, Frontier Rifles.
F/Lt. Malcolm R. Greig, R.A.F.
Major A. Gordon Grossett, R.A.M.C.
Major Charles Hackney, R.A.M.C.
Major Douglas Hackney, M. in D., Royal Garwhal Rifles.
F/Lt. Edward T. Halley, R.A.F. Killed Dec., 1942.
Pte. George Halley, R.A.S.C.
P/O. Margaret S. Hammond (Larg), W.R.N.S.
L.A.C. William R. Harvey, R.A.F.
Cpl. Colin C. Hayens, Seaforth Highlanders. Killed Dec., 1944.
Lt. Kelvin C. B. Heath, R.A.
Major Stuart W. E. Heath, R.A.O.C.
Capt. Wallis A. Heath, M.C., R.E.
A/L.A. Alex. S. Henderson, F.A.A.
Wren Isobel J. M. Henderson, W.R.N.S.
Coder William K. Henderson, R.N.
Cpl. George High, Scots Guards.
Sister Margaret J. Hogan (Leslie), Q.A.I.M.N.S. (R.).
Bdr. Gordon S. Hope, R.A.
L/Cpl. John E. Hope, R.S.

3rd/O. Margaret G. Holding (Thompson), W.R.N.S.
L/Writer James B. Houston, R.N.
Major Fergus W. How, B.W.
A/Major James M. L. Howat, R.A.M.C.
Capt. Charles J. Howe, R.A.
Lt. Robert F. Hunter, Gurkha Rifles.
Capt. Donald C. Hutcheson, R.I.A.S.C.
C/Ensign Moira C. C. Hutchison, F.A.N.Y.
Lt.-Col. Thomas C. A. Hutchison, M. in D., R.A.O.C.
Lt.-Col. Wm. R. Hutchison, M. in D., R.E.M.E.
A/L.A. George A. Hutton, F.A.A.
Lt.(A) James M. Hutton, R.N.V.R.
Col. James M. Ireland, M.B.E., O.B.E., R.A.O.C.
Capt. Ian Isles, M.C., Derbyshire Yeomanry.
L/Wren/Coder Margaret Ison, W.R.N.S.
Cpl. Philip O. Ives, Royal Signals.
F/Lt. Henry Jack, R.A.F. (Meteorological).
Capt. H. M. Jackson, Inteiligence Corps.
Major J. W. C. Jackson, Indian Forces.
P.O. William L. Jackson, F.A.A.
Sgt. Alexander B. Jeans, R.A.F.
Sgt. Douglas R. Jeffrey, R.A.F. Killed March, 1943.
Lt. John Johnston, R.I.A.S.C.
F/O. W. C. D. Jones, R.A.F.
Lt. James Keir, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Killed Dec., 1941.
Sgt. Kathleen Kemp (Carlton), W.A.A.F.
Lt.-Col. H. C. H. Ker, R.A.
S/Sgt. Alastair R. Kidd, R.A.O.C.
Midshipman D. Ian Kidd, M.N.
Lt. Ian G. Kidd, A. and S.H.
E/Officer Robin B. Kinmond, M.N.
Signalman Peter Kinnear, R.S.
Major William L. Kinnear, M.B.E., R.A.M.C.
Major Arthur S. Kydd, R.A.
L/Bdr. Ronald G. Laburn, R.A.
Christina E. Laird, Church of Scotland Huts, C.M.F.
Capt. A. Gordon Laird, R.E.
1st R/Officer J. Alastair Laird, R.N.R.
L/Cpl. James S. Laird, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.
Capt. Kenneth A. L. Lane, M.B.E., R.A.S.C.
Major A. Eric Larg, B.W.
L/Cpl. Hamish L. G. Laurie, Royal Scots.
Sgt./Pilot F. Bruce Law, R.A.F. Killed Sept., 1944.
P/O. Kenneth K. Law, R.A.F.
Lt. David K. R. Lawson, M.C., R.E.
Lt. Edward I. Lawson, R.A.
Capt. John A. R. Lawson, R.A.M.C.
Sub/Lt.(A) Frederick L. Lees, R.N.V.R. Killed July, 1940.
Lt. Robert D. Leitch, R.E.M.E.
Major Alan C. Lemon, M. in D., R.I.A.S.C.
L/Cpl. Catherine K. Lemon, A.T.S.
Major Scott Lindbergh, Royal Military College.
Major A. J. Lindsay-Robertson, R.A.
Dr. G. Allan M. Little, R.A.S.C.
Signalman Peter S. Low, R.S.
Major William Low, R.I.A.S.C.
Lt. Dugald I. Low-Mitchell, R.A.
Guardsman Lachlan G. Low-Mitchell, Scots Guards.
Sub/Lt.(A) Victor S. Lowden, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.
Major Alexander Luhrs, R.A.C.
Major Alexander S. McCall, The Baluch Regt., I.A.
F/Lt. D. Gordon McCali, R.A.F.
Capt. Ian G. McCall, R.A.M.C. Drowned Oct., 1943.
Capt. T. Ramsay McCall, A. and S.H.
Capt. Bertha A. McDougall, R.A.M.C.
F/Sgt. Hugh D. Macdougall, R.A.F.
R.Q.M.S. Ronald S. McDougall, Scottish Horse.
Capt. Charles A. McGregor, B.W. Killed, Oct., 1942.
Sub/Lt.(A) J. A. Ross McIntyre, R.N.V.R. Killed, May, 1945.
Sgt./Observer A. Ian Mackay, R.A.F. Killed, April, 1943.
Sgt./Observer J. Douglas Mackay, R.A.F. Killed, Aug., 1941.
Major Eric J. Mackenzie, M. in D., R.E.
Sub/Lt.(A) R. Murray Mackenzie, R.N.V.R.
Capt. D. J. Bruce McKinnon, R.E.
F/O. (Sister) N. F. McLaren, P.M.R.A.F.N.S.
Major Robert A. McLaren, M.C. Tank Regt., R.A. (A. and S.H.).
P/O C. Ramsay McLeish, R.A.F.
Capt. George D. McPherson, I.A.D.U.
L.A.C. James P. McPherson, R.A.F.
Sgt./Pilot Henry B. McQueen, R.A.F.
Sgt. Barbara McVagh (Fleming), W.A.A.F.
Sub/Lt. G. Allardyce Main, R.N.V.R.
Major John S. Mann, R.A.M.C.
F/Sgt. Harry W. H. Marnie, R.A.F.
Major A. Theodore Marshall, R.E.
A.C.1 J. Campbell Marshall, R.A.F.
Writer John G. Marshall, R.N.V.R.
F/O. Walter A. Marshall, R.A.F.
Major Ernest M. Martin, I.A. Died, Dec., 1942.
Lt. Donald M. Mathers, R.A.
Capt. R. Malloch Mathers, R.I.A.S.C.
Major W. A. C. Mathieson, M. in D., M.B.E., R.A.
Sgt. James L. Y. Matthew, R.A. (Scottish Horse).
Guardsman John K. R. Melrose, Scots Guards.
Bdr. Neil G. Melrose, R.A. Died, June, 1945.
Lt. A. John Melville, R.A.
F/O. Alastair Mill, R.A.F.
Bdr. Douglas Millar, R.A.
C.S.M.I. Gordon Millar, A.P.T.C.
F/Sgt. Harry C. Millar, R.A.F.
Lt. John B. Millar, R.A.S.C.
Sub/Lt. Lindsay J. Millar, R.N.V.R. Killed, March, 1942.
Capt. W. M. N. Millar, M.C., Dragoon Guards.
Lt. Arthur A. B. T. Miller, R.A.
R/Officer Duncan S. Miller, M.N.
Capt. Robert C. Miller, Gurkha Rifles, I.A.
Pte. Ishbel Milne, A.T.S.
A.C.1 John D. Milne, R.A.F.
Capt. Keith Milne, R.A.M.C.
Capt. Robert W. Milne, R.I.A.S.C.
Sgt. Hugh Mitchell, R.A.M.C.
Capt. W. Stewart Mitchell, R.A.
Capt. Alexander A. Morrison, Royal Army Chaplains Dept.
F/Lt. Daniel J. H. Morrison, R.A.F.
Capt. Ralph H. Morrison, R.A.
L/Sgt. David Morton, R.E.
L.A.C. Ian C. Morton, R.A.F.
Sgt. Andrew G. Muckart, R.A.
W.O. Grant Muckart, D.F.C., Pathfinders, R.A.F. Killed, April, 1944.
Cpl. James Muckart, R.A.S.C.
Capt. Andrew W. Mudie, R.A.P.C.

Sgt./Pilot Ian P. Murray, R.A.F.
Sgt./A.G. Patric I. Napper, R.A.F.
Capt. Arthur H. S. Neave, B.W.
L/Cpl. John E. Neave, R.A.O.C.
Sgt. Conrad H. Newstead, R.A.F. Killed, Aug., 1941.
F/Lt. C. Duncan Nicoll, R.A.F.
Capt. David D. Nicoll, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry. Killed Nov., 1944.
Lt. Earle W. Nicoll, B.W.
S/L. J. S. Nicoll, M. in D., R.A.F.
Capt. J. Scott Nicoll, Frontier Force Regt. Killed, July, 1944.
C/R/Officer James S. Nicoll, M.N. Drowned, Sept., 1944.
Lt. Alexander F. Niven, R.E.
A.C.1 Dennis R. O'Donnell, R.A.F.
A.M./L. W. Montgomerie Oliver, F.A.A.
Telegraphist William M. Osler, R.N.
Lt. Gordon E. Panton, Recce. Corps.
Lt. Ian W. F. Panton, M. in D., R.N.V.R.
5th/Eng. Officer James E. Paterson, M.N. Killed, Oct., 1942.
Lt. T. Renwick S. Paterson, R.A. Killed, Jan., 1944.
Capt. William Paterson, B.W.
Capt. Douglas R. Paton, R.A.
Lt.-Cmdr.(A) Graham M. Patrick, M. in D., D.S.C., R.N.V.R.
F/Sgt. Robin C. Patrick, R.A.F.
Cpl. Frank Patterson, R.E.M.E.
P/O. Robert L. Patterson, R.A.F. Killed, July, 1940.
Lt. Alan T. Peacock, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.
L/Bdr. George A. Pearson, R.A.
Lt.(E.) Ian F. Pearson, R.N.
Signalman Ian A. Peebles, R.S.
P/O. J. Harvie Petrie, R.A.F. Killed June, 1943.
P.O. Mabel R. Petrie, W.R.N.S.
P/O. Alaistair K. Philip, R.A.F.
Major Francis L. Philip, M.C. and M. in D., R.A.
Lt.-Col. G. Harold Philip, R.A.
Lt.-Col. Herbert D. Philip, M.B.E., R.A.
Cpl. John H. Philip, R.A.F.
Capt. Kenneth L. Philip, B.W.
L/Bdr. Talbert S. Philip, R.A. Died of Wounds, Aug., 1944.
Sgt. Adam Piggot, B.W.
Major David E. T. Pithie, R.A.S.C.
Capt. Henry C. Plant, Gurkha Rifles.
Sgt. Joyce Pool (Elder), A.T.S.
Major Alex. C. Potter, R.A.
B.S.M. James T. Potter, R.A.
Lt. David L. Prophet, H.K.V.D.C.
Wren Joan Rainsbury (Gunn), W.R.N.S.
Major A. Lawson Ramsay, R.I.A.S.C.
S/L. Ian M. Ramsay, R.A.F.
Sub/Lt.(A) John B. Ramsay, R.N.V.R.
N.A.II. David B. L. Rankine, F.A.A.
M.O. George Rankine, British Red Cross Society, China.
Gunner Dr/Op. Charles A. Rattray, R.A.
Capt. John R. Rattray, R.A.P.C.
Capt. J. David Recordon, R.A.M.C.
F/Lt. Ralph W. Recordon, R.A.F.
Major Alan Reid, R.E.
C/Ensign Catherine Anne Reid, F.A.N.Y.
Midshipman J. Graham Reid, M.N.
Capt. Thomas W. Reid, R.E.
Capt. Duncan M. D. Rice, Gurkha Rifles.
Sister Maureen B. Richardson, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.
Sub/Lt.(S) George F. Ritchie, R.N.V.R.
Physio-Therapist Mabel L. Ritchie, Physio-Therapy Service.
Lt. William Ritchie, R.A.C.
Conductor (Ord.) Edward W. Robbie, R.A.O.C.
Lt. Gordon J. Robbie, B.W.
Sister Barbara S. Robertson, M. in D., Q.A.I.M.N.S.(R.).
Cdt. Ian G. Robertson, M.N. Died, May, 1941.
Paymaster-Lt. James C. Robertson, R.N.V.R. Killed Nov., 1941.
F/Lt. John D. Robertson, R.A.F.
Sgt. Lewis F. Robertson, R.A.F.
Major Robert B. Robertson, M.B.E., R.A.M.C.
Major W. Stewart Robertson, R.E.
Cpl. James H. K. Rorie, Fife & Forfar Yeomanry.
Surg./Lt./Comdr. Ronald A. B. Rorie, R.N.V.R.
Sgt. Thomas H. B. Rorie, R.E.M.E.
Lt. R. M. Rorke, R.A.S.C.
Cdt. Harold S. Ross, R.A.F.
Major John Graham Ross, D.S.O., The Parachute Regiment.
Surg./Lt.(D) W. Malcolm Ross, R.N.V.R.
O.S. Robert A. Ruddiman, R.N.
L.A.C. William H. Rutherford, R.A.F.
S/Sgt. Charles J. M. Scott, R.E.M.E.
Major Frederick Scott, R.A.
Dist. Supt. Lillias E. Scott, N.A.A.F.I.
Gnr. Ronald M. Scott, R.A.
Capt. William G. Scott, F.M.S.V.F.
Sgt. William M. Scott, D.C.M., Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
Dr. Helen M. Scrimgeour, A.T.S.
Capt. John W. Scrimgeour, R.A. Died, June, 1944.
Capt. John W. F. Scrimgeour, R.A.M.C.
Lt. James H. P. Scrymgeour, M. in D., R.E.
Sub./Lt.(A) James D. Sharp, R.N.V.R.
Capt. Douglas M. Shepherd, East Africa Intelligence Corps. Died, June, 1943.
Cpl. Edward H. L. Shepherd, R.E.
Wren E. Muriel Shepherd, W.R.N.S.
Sub/Lt. John I. Shepherd, R.N.R.
Leader Girl Mary B. Shepherd (Bowman), W.T.C.
Trooper Fred L. Sheriff, R.A.C.
Wren Jennette M. Leslie Shepherd, W.R.N.S.
L.A.C. Douglas M. Sibbald, R.A.F.
Craftsman John F. Sibbald, R.E.M.E.
Tpr. Charles M. Sime, 20th Armoured Regt., N.Z.E.F.
Lt. Peter Sime, R.N.V.R.
Lt.-Com.(E.L.) Thomas L. Sime, M. in D., R.N.V.R.
L.A.C. John H. Simmers, R.A.F.
Capt. David A. Simpson, Glider Pilot Regt.
Pte. Stanley D. M. Simpson, B.W.
T/Capt. W. F. Simpson, R.A.S.C.
L/Cpl. William M. C. Skinner, Royal Scots.
Capt. Fred Slimman, R.E.M.E.
3rd/O. W. H. M. Small, M.N.
Capt. Craig C. Smellie, A. and S.H.
Major Daniel S. Smith, Indian Cavalry.
2nd/R.O. David I. Smith, M.N.
Sub/Lt. Douglas A. Smith, R.N.V.R.
Major George B. Smith, R.A.
Capt. Kenneth R. Smith, M.B.E., B.W.
Major William C. Smith, R.A.M.C.
Capt. William C. Smith, R.A.S.C.

1st/R.O. David N .Snodgrass, M.N. Died, June, 1941.
Cdt/R/Nav. Nigel Snodgrass, R.A.F.
Capt. Robert S. Snodgrass, R.A.
Lt. James R. Soutar, R.N.V.R.
L.A.C. Ronald D. Soutar, R.A.F.
Capt. Alexander D. Spence, Rajputana Rifles.
Capt. James C. Spence, I.A.O.C.
Capt. W. Harvey Spreull, Seaforth Highlanders. Killed, April, 1943.
L.A.C. Alastair C. Stalker, R.A.F.
Lt. Alexander M. Stalker, R.A.M.C.
Capt. George C. Stalker, R.A.
Signalman John M. Stalker, Royal Signals.
Major Ker R. Standing, M. in. D., Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.
Capt. James B. Stephen, R.E.M.E.
W/C. Joseph C. Stevenson, R.A.F.
Sub/Lt. Alistair I. Stewart, R.N.V.R.
A/L.A. Douglas C. Stewart, F.A.A. Killed, Aug., 1941.
A/P.O. John S. Stewart, R.N.
A/B. W. Grahame Stewart, R.N.V.R.
Lt. John Stohlner, R.A.M.C.
A.C.1 Raymond D. Strachan, R.A.F.
F/Lt. Richard A. Strachan, D.F.C. and Bar, R.A.F.
Cpl. Ian G. Styles, B.W.
F/Lt.(T) George D. Symington, R.A.F.
Lt.-Col. Iain B. Taylor, R.E.
Lt. James K. Taylor, R.N.V.R.
Capt. Thomas H. Thoms, R.E.
Lt. Ian B. Thomson, B.W.
Cpl. Ian L. Thomson, R.A.F.
Craftsman George W. R. Thow, R.E.M.E.
P.O. Ada M. F. Tilney (Macaulay), W.R.N.S.
Signalman Alex. Tough, R.S.
Capt. Ian M. Troup, R.A.M.C.
Lt. W. Douglas Waddell, Royal Marines.
S/L. C. B. Walker, R.A.F.
S/L. Herbert E. Walker, R.A.F. (Medical Service).
F/O Catherine M. Walker, W.A.A.F.
A.C. David W. Wallace, R.A.F.
Writer William Wallace, R.N.
C/Ensign Josephine F. A. Walls, F.A.N.Y.
F/O. Alexander Wardlaw, R.A.F.
Wren Felicity A. S. Watkinson (Grove), W.R.N.S.
Lt. Ronald S. Watson, R.N.V.R. Lost at sea, Dec., 1941.
Capt. William J. Watt, B.W.
Wren Jean M. Webb, F.A.A.
Lt. William V. Webb, Royal Signals.
B.S.M.(A.I.G.) Richard G. Webster, R.A.
Sgt. Katherine M. White, W.A.A.F.
Wren Vera M. Whitehouse (Lane), W.R.N.S.
Apprentice Andrew H. Whitelaw, M.N.
3rd/O. Cecil K. Whyment, M.N.
Writer Noel G. Whyte, R.N. Died, Oct., 1942.
A/C. Patrick J. Whyte, R.A.F.
L/Coder Charles D. Wighton, R.N.
A/B. David J. D. Wighton, R.N.
Capt. John Wighton, Punjab Regt.
Capt. Gavin L. Wilson, R.E.M.E.
Major G. B. Wilson, B.A.D.
L/Bdr. J. Douglas Wood, R.A.
L/S. William J. H. Wooler, R.N.
Sgt. Alan D. Wright, R.A.M.C.
F/Lt. Douglas M. Wright, R.A.F.
Major James A. Wright, M.C. and Bar. Killed, Nov., 1944.

The above is a list of names of Former Pupils who have served in H.M. Forces. If there is any inaccuracy or omission in it, kindly notify me immediately so that it may be rectified before the complete roll of honour is finally published. Many have not yet returned the postcards, asking for particulars of their war service. I should be glad if these cards, duly completed, were returned to me now. In distributing these cards, some names may have been unavoidably omitted owing to changes of address. Any F.P. who has not received a card and whose name should have appeared in the above list, should send me, as soon as possible, the following particulars —Name, Address, Rank as at VJ-Day, Unit, Awards.

HELEN F. FALCONER,
High School,
Dundee.

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